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LAURETTA

From a Painting by Jules Le Febre

Questions and Answers

E. H. B., Naperville, Ill. There is an old story which runs something like this: Two armies once met on a field of battle, one army large, the other small. The general of the large army sent an ambassador to the other commander asking him to surrender, because he did not want to cut the small army to pieces. The second general, calling out three men, commanded the first to leap from a precipice, and he obeyed; the second to put a dagger into his heart, and he obeyed; the third obeyed another fatal command. The general told the messenger that his entire army was composed of men like these. The leader of the larger army, upon hearing this report, immediately surrendered. Where can this story be found? Is it legendary or historical?

The story can be found in Baxendale's *Dictionary of Anecdote*, paragraph 3994. No names are found in connection with the narrative, but there is no reason why it could not be historical. Incidents of courage and obedience as striking as this are found in the authentic histories of Greece and early Rome. This incident is said to have occurred in the ninth century, the characters being a king, with 20,000 men, and a young general with 500.

Rev. E. P. Boynton, Kendallville, Ind., writes, apropos of a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG concerning the sinlessness of Christ: "The Bible nowhere says that Christ 'could' not sin. It does definitely and plainly imply that Christ *could sin*. The mere fact that he was tempted is proof of that. Either Christ could sin, or, in his utter ignorance, he *thought* he could, or there could have been no real temptation—that, I am sure, is self-evident. If Christ could *not* sin, there is no merit for him whatever in the fact that he was 'sinless.' If Christ could *not* sin, then there is no inspiration and encouragement for us in the fact of his pure and spotless life, and much of the Gospel's sweetness and power is gone for me, and gone from the message I have to deliver to men who are tempted and tried to the utmost. It is not merely that Christ *in us* is able to keep us from sin, but that Christ *in our place* was able to keep from even a suspicion of sin, that appeals to us mightily and makes the Gospel message sweet and rich to us."

A. D. Y., Plant City, Fla. Please explain Rom. 5: 7.

The passage is "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." The apostle is illustrating the fact of the Atonement by the facts of everyday life. He says it is hard to find one man who will die for another, even if that other be righteous; but that for a man who is really *good* (a stronger, warmer word than *righteous*) some might be found who would be willing to die. Then follows the keen application: Though we were neither good nor righteous, yet Christ died for us.

F. O. B., Grand Island, Neb. There is a man at Westerville, Neb., said to be 117 years of age. I should like to ask, if this man had saved a cent a day for a hundred years, what the sum would amount to, figuring compound interest at seven per cent.

$3,170.37.

Mrs. E. D., Central Bridge, N. J. Will you please explain through THE MAIL-BAG the meaning of I. Tim. 5: 24-25?

Some men's sins are so open and flagrant that they are convicted before being brought to trial. Others hide their sins so that the conviction comes only after investigation. Likewise some good works are of such a nature or done in such a way that they cannot escape detection; and even good deeds done secretly will ultimately become known. "Enquiry will bring them to the light of day in spite even of the wish or humility of the doer."

H. E. F., Durand, Wis. The brethren of Jesus are named in the New Testament as James, Joses, Simon and Judas. In Matt. 12: 46; Matt. 13: 55; John 2: 12, and Acts 1: 14 they are generally understood to be proper brothers, all being named together conjointly with the mother of Jesus, and the same is inferred from John 7: 5. Some of the early church writers, however, held that they were merely relatives or cousins (sons of Mary the sister of Jesus' mother) it being a common custom to call all immediate relatives, nephews, cousins and half-brothers, by the general designation of "brothers" or "brethren." Further, the early fathers of the church held that Mary, the mother of Jesus, had no other children. The question still remains open whether they were not the sons of Joseph by a former marriage, and therefore half-brothers to Jesus. On the other hand Matt. 1: 25 and Luke 2: 7 favor the view that they were brothers and that Jesus was the "first-born." Sisters of Jesus are also mentioned in Matt. 13: 56 and Mark 6: 3, but their names are not given. Much has been written on the subject without positive determination, although most modern commentators hold to the opinion that the "brethren" in question were the sons of Joseph and Mary and that Mary's mother's sister had two sons, named James and Joses.

Reader, Fruitvale, Cal. There are a goodly number of good people who say nobody, under our present order of society, can be in a legitimate business and be a practical Christian. Now, would Jesus, if he were on earth to-day, be an upholder of the present capitalistic system, or would he condemn it?

Jesus said it was a hard thing for a rich man to enter into the kingdom; but he also showed, in the parable of the talents and other parables, that riches, properly regarded, and not held as a personal possession to be used for selfish and worldly purposes, but as a trust to be applied conscientiously, may be made a source of blessing. There are many men of large wealth who are useful members of society and who administer their means wisely and conscientiously. Besides, we are not to be the judges of the hearts of men. It has become a habit with many to condemn wealth and its possessors indiscriminately; and it is true that there is much in the present conditions of society that is open to legitimate criticism, but honest men of strict integrity can be found in every honorable line of business, and an active life is as much respected to-day as when Prov. 22: 29 was written. A man who directs his efforts mainly to the acquisition of wealth, without regard to its responsibilities, incurs great spiritual danger. For the use we make of our talents and opportunities we shall be held strictly accountable.

Mrs. M. A. S., Akron, O. Would it not be a good idea to have the Ten Commandments taught to the children in the day school and Sunday School? Neither Jews nor Catholics could object.

The idea is a good one. No person or sect could offer any reasonable objection to this. The Ten Commandments are rarely taught to children now. Every child should be made to learn them.

R. J. A., Puyallup, Wash. The tithe is of the "increase." See Deut. 14: 22-28; 26: 12, also the 28th chapter of same book, and other related passages. If we act conscientiously, we will not "rob God" by multiplying our expenditures until nothing is left for his work. "The liberal soul shall be made fat," and this especially applies to the character of our gifts to God's work. While we are not to devote to that work money which we may rightfully owe to our creditors, we can exercise self-denial in many things, so that our tithable "increase" (or, if no increase, then our surplus over and above all proper expenses) may be such as to assure a liberal gift to the cause of religion.

H. H. W., Camden, N. J. A friend asked me what the length of Noah's Ark was, and how it could have contained two of a kind of every animal.

According to the directions in Gen. 6: 15, the Ark was 300 cubits long, 50 cubits broad and 30 cubits high. Bible students have been greatly puzzled over the length of the cubit, which seems to have varied greatly in ancient times. It is evident, however (from Deut. 3: 11), that it was taken as a measure from the human body, and may have been either from the wrist to the end of the third finger, or the entire length of the lower or forearm, from the elbow to the wrist, or even from the elbow to the finger-point. One authority, Celsus, says the cubit was identified with the *ulna* or under and larger of the two bones of the arm. The Egyptian cubit, which the Hebrews may have taken, measured six hand-breadths and the Jewish Rabbins (as the *Mishna* states) assigned six hand-breadths to the Mosaic cubit, while Josephus says a cubit was equal to two spans, the span being equal to three hand-breadths. Ezek. 40-5: 43-13 speaks of the cubit "which was a cubit and a hand-breadth" which was the Babylonian cubit. It would thus seem that the Ark, though its size cannot be confidently stated, was a very spacious vessel, probably exceeding 500 feet in length, fully 85 feet broad and over 52 feet high. In 1609 Peter Jansen of Horn, in Holland, built a vessel of these proportions and found that it would stow fully a third more cargo than ships of its size built in the ordinary manner. It had 3,600,000 cubic feet of space, and after nine-tenths had been assigned for food storage there was still room for 7,000 pairs of animals, each with 50 cubic feet of space. It was, in fact, a huge floating storehouse rather than a ship.

A. R., Woonsocket, S. Dak. Define the meaning of the old saying, "Hope against hope." Has it any parallel in the Old or New Testament?

The phrase, "Hope against hope and ask till ye receive," is found in Canto V. of Montgomery's poem, *The World Before the Flood*, and has become a familiar saying. Though the precise language has no parallel, there are many expressions that convey the same meaning. Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, wrote "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Ps. 146: 5 conveys the same idea when it says that when all other expectations fail, our hope is still in God. Paul (in Rom. 5: 4; 15: 13, and also I. Cor. 13: 13, and many other passages) makes hope one of the chief Christian virtues. A fine passage, which might be construed as hoping against hope, is Ps. 119-81.

HELPING MEN WHO HAVE "TOUCHED BOTTOM"

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:

DURING the last six months I have had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance with the work of the Labor Settlement of the Bowery Mission, and as the work of the Settlement here in Wakefield has impressed me so favorably, I wish to write of a few benefits that it has brought to the community, as well as to the church of which I have the honor of being the pastor.

In the first place, the Labor Settlement in Wakefield is a strong rebuke to the men who frequently pass through the town as vagrants, able to work for an honest living, but too lazy to be independent. The parsonage, as a rule, is the stop-over restaurant for these "knights of the road." Formerly they had to be dealt with according to the particular needs of each, and this not only used up considerable time, but it often encouraged the indolent to greater vagrancy. Now we direct them to the Labor Settlement, where they can earn their bread by sweating over a bucksaw. I believe this is permanent charity. At least, the tramp never comes back.

Moreover, the men from the Settlement attend the various meetings of the church, and their ringing sincerity tends to stimulate the members of the church, the younger people in particular, to greater appreciation of the strength and efficacy of the Gospel of Christ. Young people in the church of to-day need to see Christianity applied. They want to see the Gospel actually work. And when the men from the mission modestly tell what God has done for them, our Christian people at once take notice of a power actually working around them, even to the salvation of men hungering and thirsting for righteousness. I gladly bear witness to the new interest in spiritual affairs shown by the church because of what they have seen and heard as they have watched the growth in the lives of the men from the Settlement. Not once have I heard it said: "What a burden these men are!" On the contrary, it is frequently urged: "What a blessing they really are!"

Perhaps the one feature of the Settlement work that appeals most to me is the way the men are gripped for Christ, the way they are braced up in manliness and Christian virtue. It is not enough that the Settlement shall be a clothing store or a restaurant or a workshop for the poor men who touch the bottom in their unfortunate plight. The Settlement must be an altar to these men, where they can catch a glimpse of their possible manhood, as well as their awful sinfulness. This work the Labor Settlement is satisfactorily accomplishing. The men are being transformed into new creatures in Christ Jesus. Under the consecrated leadership of Rev. Mr. Conway, all the men who come to the Wakefield branch of the Settlement are given a vision, and an opportunity of realizing the vision, of a life strong in manliness, pure in Christliness, and noble in conduct.

It is solely because I believe the work is splendidly realizing the Kingdom of God among men that I have written these words of sincere appreciation.

Faithfully yours,

Wakefield, New York City. JOHN W. LAIRD,
Pastor of Grace M. E. Church.

[The Bowery Mission Bread Line, now in full operation and feeding over one thousand homeless and destitute men and boys every morning at one o'clock; the Free Labor Bureau, which brings thousands of the unemployed in contact with employers every season, and the Labor Settlement, where "down-and-outs" are helped back to self-supporting manhood, are all worthy of the generous assistance of our readers. Contributions for the work of the Bowery Mission should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.]

Miscellaneous

A. L. C., Elmwood, Okla. No statistics on the subject.

J. M. S., New Berlin, O. The song book used at Ocean Grove Camp Meeting last season was entitled: *Ocean Grove Songs*.

A. G. E., New York. Send the deed to the official registrar at the county seat of the county in which the property is situated, accompanied by the recording fee.

E. L. P., Ashtabula, O. No, suicide is nowhere justified in the Bible. It is a crime against God and man. See Paul's advice to the Philippian jailer to do himself "no harm"; also Job's brave resolve even in the midst of his worst afflictions to wait patiently "all the days of his appointed time."

L. A. A., Indian Fields, N. Y. The discussion on "how much does a convert cost?" which we published on November 8, practically exhausts the subject. We do not see how anything could be added to advantage. It is obvious that owing to differences in methods and in comparative outlay, the cost will always vary largely in different localities.

J. E., Owensdale, Pa. The name of David's mother is not given in Scripture. The reference to Abigail, one of the members of Jesse's family, in II. Sam. 17: 25, is frequently misunderstood. The Nahash there mentioned is either another name for Jesse or it refers to Nahash king of Ammon, one of whose wives afterward became the wife of Jesse, as stated in the chronicles of the Jewish church.

Rev. J. R. R., Cauthornville, Va. Paul, in the passage you quote, was making a cautionary observation for the benefit of parents who unreasonably, and perhaps selfishly, opposed their children's marriage. Such opposition should always be well founded. While the apostle in no sense means to reflect against parental authority, he evidently considers that it may be carried too far. He nowhere recognizes the parent's right to dictate the choice of his child in marriage.

A. C. T., Willcox, Ariz. No one can even approximate the time that has passed since the Creation. The best scholars can only conjecture, and they differ greatly. The dates you see in the margin of many Bibles were calculated by Archbishop Ussher, who lived in the seventeenth century, and whose object was to trace human history *backward* and *forward* from the time of Christ. They have nothing to do with the time of creation. The Bible itself (see Gen. 1: 1) gives no clue, but simply says: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

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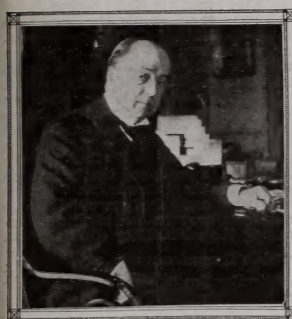
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME



Hon. P. C. Knox, Secretary of State

State Department Building, Washington, D. C.

W. McNeir, Chief Clerk, State Dept.

OUR RUSSIAN TREATY ABROGATED

By WALDON FAWCETT

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of the United States has a serious breach between our government and a friendly power been precipitated so suddenly as in the present strained relations with Russia. For after only a few days of really active agitation, President Taft on December 18 abrogated the existing treaty between the United States Government and Russia.

After seven hours of debate the Senate, on the following day, adopted the resolution which ratified Mr. Taft's action. All attempts to change the wording of the resolution by amendments were defeated, and the final vote of 72 to 0 represented the full strength of the Senate in attendance. The cause of this abrogation is Russia's persistent refusal to honor the passports of American citizens of Jewish faith. The issue is by no means a new one. At frequent intervals for years past the American public has been aroused by recitals of the annoyances to which American Hebrews traveling or attempting to travel in Russia have been subjected. There has been from time to time much agitation of the subject, and various measures of protest have been proposed. But despite the fact that this resentment has been gathering force for so many years, the present radical action of the President came as a surprise not less because of its suddenness than by reason of the unanimity with which our national lawmakers gave it their endorsement.

The remedy to which the national legislators have had recourse is presumably the most effective that can be applied under such circumstances. The abrogation of a treaty between two powers—and particularly a treaty of long standing—is always a serious matter. It is not, to be sure, in any sense equivalent to a termination of diplomatic relations such as is likely to be followed by open warfare, but it indicates serious popular dissatisfaction in the country thus severing sentimental ties. More serious yet, it sadly disturbs if it does not entirely interrupt commercial relations between the two countries. Thus in the absence of a mutual understanding between the United States and Russia, American firms and individuals can do business in the Czar's domain only at their own risk. In short, there is engendered an international coolness that might lead to more serious ill-feeling.

It is more than likely that the officials at St. Petersburg little expected such decisive action by the American Government. The passport discrimination issue has long been the subject of diplomatic interchanges with Russia, and President Taft in a message sent to Congress soon after it convened in the present session reported that progress was being made. These assurances, however, failed to inspire the confidence that might have been felt had it not been for the length of time this issue has been pending, and the reputation of the Russians as skilled diplomatists, adept in the art of prolonging negotiations which include the possibility of an adjustment to their disadvantage. Undoubtedly the popular agitation of this subject throughout the United States during the past few months has been carried on more energetically than at any time in the past, and the protests voiced have carried the more weight by reason of the non-sectarian character of many of the mass meetings of protest. Thus the committee which recently appeared before the Foreign Relations Committees of Congress to urge action was headed by one of the most prominent Hebrews in America—Mr. Oscar S. Straus, former United States Secretary of Commerce and Labor and former United States Ambassador to Turkey—and included in its membership prominent representatives of other religious beliefs, clergymen such as Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D., and Rev. Donald C. MacLeod, D.D.

A specimen United States Passport bearing an official number and the State Department Seal.

Mr. John A. Towner, Custodian of Treaties, consulting the recently abrogated Russian Agreement.

The treaty which has been terminated had been in force since the year 1832. The paragraph which is pertinent to the present controversy as fixing the status of American citizens reads as follows: "The inhabitants of their respective States shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places and rivers of the territories of each party wherever foreign commerce is permitted. They shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy to that effect the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside, on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulations in force concerning commerce."

The United States House of Representatives, by a vote of three hundred to one, declared that the government of Russia had violated this treaty by refusing to honor, on account of race and religion, American passports duly issued to American citizens, and that in the judgment of Congress the treaty, for this reason, should be terminated at the earliest possible time. There is little doubt that the resolution as passed by the House could have been immediately adopted by an almost equally decisive vote in the Senate had it not been desired to defer action in the upper house for a short time in the hope that with such evidence of the temper of Congress Russia might be the more ready to terminate satisfactorily the diplomatic negotiations which have been in progress to this same end. President Taft,

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A SERMON

By

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.*

The Art of Peaceable Living

TEXT: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Romans 12:18

SOCIETY included but three classes—the poor who were beggars, the rich who were sycophants, the soldiers who for gold fulfilled a tyrant's will. Midst such conditions traitors were found in the Senate, poisoners were in the palace, while hired spies knelt side by side with praying Christians. Soon also fierce persecution arose. The disciples experienced the horrors of the dungeon, the thumbscrew and the fagot. Becoming fiendish in cruelty, Nero clothed the Christians in garments dipped in pitch and tar, and used their blazing forms for lighting up his garden party. Outraged and threatened with extermination, the disciples bethought themselves of swords and shields.

How could they live in peace with their destroyers? Instinct whispered: "Defend thyself!" Self-interest said: "Meet storm with storm, and stroke with stroke." But in the moment when persecution was fiercest, Paul urged non-resistance. He bade the disciples meet the spy with pity, meet the jailer with gentleness, meet the executioner with forgiveness, thus heaping coals of fire upon the head of each enemy. In that hour the persecutor made sharp his sword, and Nero starved his lions to-day, that to-morrow the beasts might be the fiercer for human blood. When all was ready the murderers leaped upon the unresisting disciples. Then, indeed, did Christ's disciples go forth as sheep midst wolves. Then did the dove go forth to conquer the eagle and hawk. Having pledged universal conquest to these sons of gentleness, Christ sent his peacemakers forth midst all the thunder of universal battle.

Difficulty of Peaceable Living

Paradoxical, indeed, Christ's principles of right living. "Abhor that which is evil, yet love the evildoer; live peaceably with friends, yet maintain peace with enemies." What unique contradiction meets us here! History tells us of a Roman soldier who was condemned to beasts in the Coliseum. When the lion sprang into the arena, it stopped, startled by the voice of the soldier. A moment later the lion was crawling at the prisoner's feet and licking his hands.

The event proved that once, while passing through the African forest, this soldier chanced upon a lion suffering from a thorn that had passed through the foot. By extracting the thorn he made the wild beast to be his friend and a pet, only to meet the lion years later in the arena. Strange, indeed, would it be if this story were true, yet less strange than that such a man as the beloved disciple, John, should by his gentleness extract the fangs of cruelty from a Nero or a Domitian—monsters, these, who exceeded untamed lions in fierceness. Yet good men and true are commanded to maintain peace with all men, while also maintaining an uncompromising hostility against every form of iniquity. But how can Moses, heir to the throne of Egypt, abhor the cruelties perpetrated upon his enslaved brethren and yet live peaceably with the tyrants who abused those he loves? How can David, dodging the javelin that Saul hurled, hunted like a partridge upon the mountains before the cruel king, live at peace with the tyrant who pursued him? How can Paul live peaceably with the mob at Ephesus, who stoned the scholar through the streets and left him half dead by the wayside?

The Victory of Peace

And yet, if Christ abhorred sin and breathed forth words that were like flames of fire consuming men's iniquities, he also maintained peace with Judas, who betrayed his Master, and with Pilate, who tortured the Man in whom he said he found no fault. Leaving this word, "Blessed are the peacemakers," as a watchword for his disciples, Christ sent them forth to war against iniquity, indeed, but also to live peaceably with the transgressor, whose sins they must needs destroy. And if we recall the early conflict of Christianity with heathenism, and review the story how it conquered the Roman world, we shall find that the disciples achieved their victory because they were peacemakers and peacelovers. It has been said that each persecuted Christian by his courage and Christian spirit conquered his own jailer and executioner.

An Era of Quarrelsomeness

Full eighteen centuries have passed, and once more has come an era when peacemakers are despised, and physical force is enthroned. So far is mankind from believing in peacemaking that England's emblem is not the lamb, but the lion; and America's banner is emblazoned not with the dove, but with the eagle, with its beak and talons; while Russia's symbol is still the bear.

The foreign nations, whose harbors are crowded with torpedo-boats and warships, whose strongholds bristle with cannons—these nations that stand over against each other like armed fortresses, and to-morrow may cause Europe to tremble with the march of armed men—these peoples exhibit anything save a belief in social progress through peaceloving and peacemaking. To-day the world believes that progress rides forward upon a powder cart. The angels' song of "Peace on earth" has given place to the song of the bombshell and the shriek of the cannon-ball. If the sword has fallen from man's hand, it is that it may be replaced with the pistol.

That nation ranks first among the nations that has the greatest number of ironclads and the largest standing army. Upon the tomb of the old Christian scholar who lies buried in Carthage is carved an open book and a lighted lamp. For the sage loved to lighten each good man to the truth and the light. When an English yacht anchored off Constantinople the owner lost overboard some treasure, and sent a diver down to recover it. But the diver hurried back horror-stricken, and refused to return because he found himself midst human bodies standing up in the water, each being held down by a sack filled with stones. Surely peaceableness is not characteristic of the Turk! Should we choose a symbol for the Turk it would not be the dove, but the butcher-knife, and a tight noose for the neck.

The Conflicts of Life

In view of the fact that the feuds of the past have cost this generation the rich treasures of antiquity, it would seem as if former feuds would fully satisfy man's love of conflict. Yet, strangely enough, ours is by way of pre-eminence an era of strife. Society has become litigious. Our age has cheers for him who is a good fighter and rides rough-shod over opponents on his way to certain victory. Gentleness is despised, brute force is enthroned.

Peaceableness is counted lack of fire and spirit. Many suppose that a meek man is one in whom the red blood has been bleached out white. The tendency to quarrelsomeness appears in industrial strife, in political feuds, in the increase of litigation. Indeed, the history of the labor troubles with their strikes, lockouts, and riots, both in England and America, of the past few years, is such as to remind us of the wrangling of tigers and lions, and the cruelty of sharks; killing not to consume, but merely for the delight of killing.

What quarrels also hath competition bred! During the middle ages, not infrequently, some prince for the amusement of his courtiers would place swords in the hands of two men condemned to death, rewarding the victor in the deadly duel with his freedom. In that hour when desperate men fought for life itself, men performed marvelous feats of swordsmanship. With flashing rapier the knight literally created a blue circle before his breast. These old-time battles between knights interpret to us how modern competition has come to mean life for one merchant and death for another. Just as the builder lifts his ax upon this forest tree, and hews it into a column for his temple; just as he takes marble from this quarry and iron from that mine, and ravages forest and field for treasures with which to make strong and beautiful his house or factory, so, under the name of competition, a man chokes off the market for his neighbor, or through an unscrupulous trust despoils his brother of his possessions, and, causing one man's business to topple down in ruins, selects from the heap such treasures as he needs for his own enrichment. As a woodsman goes into the forest to hew down the tree he needs, so the modern youth is taught to make his talent sharp against those of his fellows whom he needs to build into the structure of his career.

The time was when two citizens appealing for the suffrages of the people, fulfilled all the laws of courtesy and public seemliness. But ours is an era when an aspirant for public honor despises gentle words and courteousness. Rather does he attempt to drown his opponent in a flood of billingsgate. In a meeting held for purposes of reform one citizen indicted another citizen, equally honorable, and termed that opponent a "vampire," a "traitor," a "sycophant," a "whited sepulcher," "food for the lamp post." Later on it developed that these two citizens were as one as to the matter in hand. In the last analysis, no enemy could find ground for such language, save that the two men held slightly different views regarding the advisability of free trade.

Public Quarrelsomeness

The modern disinclination to peace appears in the statement that there is one lawyer for every one hundred citizens. From this fact we infer that fifty of these citizens must be having a great deal of trouble with the other fifty, and that their quarrels must not only be frequent, but violent and long, to keep one lawyer constantly busy in settling up the strife of fivescore men who ought to live in peace and quiet. In the home, also, every tenth marriage is dissolved by divorce. Even in the ecclesiastical realm the quarrelsome traits sometimes appear. The time has gone when a council can imprison a man or take away his property for what is called heresy. But in modern times a more exquisite form of punishment has been invented—one that despoils men of reputation and ecclesiastical rights. Midst the universal strife, many are longing for the return of "the gentleman of the old school"; courteous, gentle, refined, a maker of peace, and a lover of peace. Meanwhile, Christ's word reigns supreme. For blessed, indeed, are the peacemakers. He who seeks peace alone is the architect of God's enduring civilization.

Should we search out the reason why meekness and gentleness are in disrepute, we should find the explanation in the fact that many regard peacefulness as a sign of inferiority, confusing it with lack of spirit and courage to resent insult. But meekness is not mere dulness or deafness. Gentleness is not lack of strength. Peacefulness does not betoken insensibility; it is not the endurance that belongs to the slave crouching before his master; nor the quiescence of the trader who restrains his tongue that he may drive the better bargain; nor is it the conscious investment of the wily politician who flatters his constituents—whose votes he seeks, but whose persons he despises.

Nothing taxes man's ingenuity so much as the task of peaceable living; the using men, yet not abusing them; the securing of the proper ends of business for one's self, without injuring the happiness or prosperity of others. By reason of peculiarities of temperament and education and circumstances, life is full of conflict and each day threatens to be an incessant battle. Ours is a world where competition is fierce; where the mouths exceed the loaves; where there are more hands than tools; where every place is spoken for; where statesmen call each other politicians; where lawyers term each other pettifoggers; where physicians call each other quacks; where merchants compete with merchants for success as general struggles with general for some fortress or battlefield.

The Final Art—Peace

What an art is the art of smooth living! Would that our era, founding schools of astronomy and biology, would also found a school to teach the science of peaceable living. For when every other art has been secured and every other science mastered, there still remains the art of so carrying the faculties through life as to make men and not mar them; as to bless men and not blight them. The classic story tells us that the goddess mother grieved when she saw that her earthly child must make his way alone through life's thorns and thickets. In love, therefore, the goddess drew near to the boy and taught him how to parry and protect himself. Going into the forest, she pointed to the bough that made the best bow. She taught the boy how to

Continued on next page

* Pastor, Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Hon. P. C. Knox, Secretary of State

State Department Building, Washington, D. C.

W. McNeir, Chief Clerk, State Dept.

OUR RUSSIAN TREATY ABROGATED

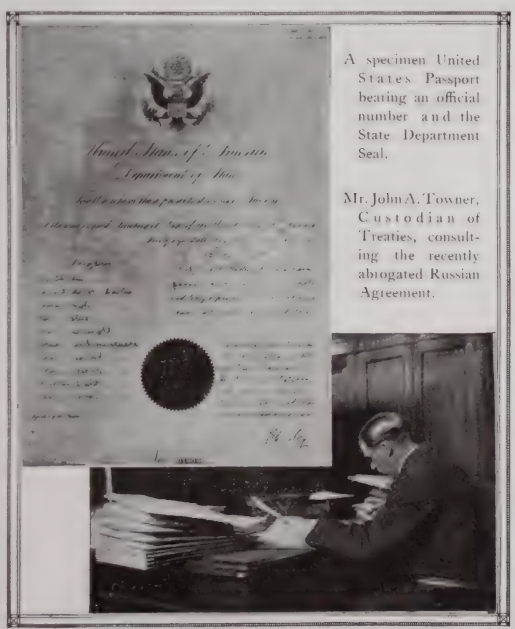
By WALDON FAWCETT

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of the United States has a serious breach between our government and a friendly power been precipitated so suddenly as in the present strained relations with Russia. For after only a few days of really active agitation, President Taft on December 18 abrogated the existing treaty between the United States Government and Russia.

After seven hours of debate the Senate, on the following day, adopted the resolution which ratified Mr. Taft's action. All attempts to change the wording of the resolution by amendments were defeated, and the final vote of 72 to 0 represented the full strength of the Senate in attendance. The cause of this abrogation is Russia's persistent refusal to honor the passports of American citizens of Jewish faith. The issue is by no means a new one. At frequent intervals for years past the American public has been aroused by recitals of the annoyances to which American Hebrews traveling or attempting to travel in Russia have been subjected. There has been from time to time much agitation of the subject, and various measures of protest have been proposed. But despite the fact that this resentment has been gathering force for so many years, the present radical action of the President came as a surprise not less because of its suddenness than by reason of the unanimity with which our national lawmakers gave it their endorsement.

The remedy to which the national legislators have had recourse is presumably the most effective that can be applied under such circumstances. The abrogation of a treaty between two powers—and particularly a treaty of long standing—is always a serious matter. It is not, to be sure, in any sense equivalent to a termination of diplomatic relations such as is likely to be followed by open warfare, but it indicates serious popular dissatisfaction in the country thus severing sentimental ties. More serious yet, it sadly disturbs if it does not entirely interrupt commercial relations between the two countries. Thus in the absence of a mutual understanding between the United States and Russia, American firms and individuals can do business in the Czar's domain only at their own risk. In short, there is engendered an international coolness that might lead to more serious ill-feeling.

It is more than likely that the officials at St. Petersburg little expected such decisive action by the American Government. The passport discrimination issue has long been the subject of diplomatic interchanges with Russia, and President Taft in a message sent to Congress soon after it convened in the present session reported that progress was being made. These assurances, however, failed to inspire the confidence that might have been felt had it not been for the length of time this issue has been pending, and the reputation of the Russians as skilled diplomatists, adept in the art of prolonging negotiations which include the possibility of an adjustment to their disadvantage. Undoubtedly the popular agitation of this subject throughout the United States during the past few months has been carried on more energetically than at any time in the past, and the protests voiced have carried the more weight by reason of the non-sectarian character of many of the mass meetings of protest. Thus the committee which recently appeared before the Foreign Relations Committees of Congress to urge action was headed by one of the most prominent Hebrews in America—Mr. Oscar S. Straus, former United States Secretary of Commerce and Labor and former United States Ambassador to Turkey—and included in its membership prominent representatives of other religious beliefs, clergymen such as Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D., and Rev. Donald C. MacLeod, D.D.



A specimen United States Passport bearing an official number and the State Department Seal.

Mr. John A. Towner, Custodian of Treaties, consulting the recently abrogated Russian Agreement.

The treaty which has been terminated had been in force since the year 1832. The paragraph which is pertinent to the present controversy as fixing the status of American citizens reads as follows: "The inhabitants of their respective States shall mutually have liberty to enter the ports, places and rivers of the territories of each party wherever foreign commerce is permitted. They shall be at liberty to sojourn and reside in all parts whatsoever of said territories in order to attend to their affairs, and they shall enjoy to that effect the same security and protection as natives of the country wherein they reside, on condition of their submitting to the laws and ordinances there prevailing, and particularly to the regulations in force concerning commerce."

The United States House of Representatives, by a vote of three hundred to one, declared that the government of Russia had violated this treaty by refusing to honor, on account of race and religion, American passports duly issued to American citizens, and that in the judgment of Congress the treaty, for this reason, should be terminated at the earliest possible time. There is little doubt that the resolution as passed by the House could have been immediately adopted by an almost equally decisive vote in the Senate had it not been desired to defer action in the upper house for a short time in the hope that with such evidence of the temper of Congress Russia might be the more ready to terminate satisfactorily the diplomatic negotiations which have been in progress to this same end. President Taft,

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A SERMON

By

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.*

The Art of Peaceable Living

TEXT: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Romans 12:18

SOCIETY included but three classes—the poor who were beggars, the rich who were sycophants, the soldiers who for gold fulfilled a tyrant's will. Midst such conditions traitors were found in the Senate, poisoners were in the palace, while hired spies knelt side by side with praying Christians. Soon also fierce persecution arose. The disciples experienced the horrors of the dungeon, the thumbscrew and the fagot. Becoming fiendish in cruelty, Nero clothed the Christians in garments dipped in pitch and tar, and used their blazing forms for lighting up his garden party. Outraged and threatened with extermination, the disciples bethought themselves of swords and shields.

How could they live in peace with their destroyers? Instinct whispered: "Defend thyself!" Self-interest said: "Meet storm with storm, and stroke with stroke." But in the moment when persecution was fiercest, Paul urged non-resistance. He bade the disciples meet the spy with pity, meet the jailer with gentleness, meet the executioner with forgiveness, thus heaping coals of fire upon the head of each enemy. In that hour the persecutor made sharp his sword, and Nero starved his lions to-day, that to-morrow the beasts might be the fiercer for human blood. When all was ready the murderers leaped upon the unresisting disciples. Then, indeed, did Christ's disciples go forth as sheep midst wolves. Then did the dove go forth to conquer the eagle and hawk. Having pledged universal conquest to these sons of gentleness, Christ sent his peacemakers forth midst all the thunder of universal battle.

Difficulty of Peaceable Living

Paradoxical, indeed, Christ's principles of right living. "Abhor that which is evil, yet love the evildoer; live peaceably with friends, yet maintain peace with enemies." What unique contradiction meets us here! History tells us of a Roman soldier who was condemned to beasts in the Coliseum. When the lion sprang into the arena, it stopped, startled by the voice of the soldier. A moment later the lion was crawling at the prisoner's feet and licking his hands.

The event proved that once, while passing through the African forest, this soldier chanced upon a lion suffering from a thorn that had passed through the foot. By extracting the thorn he made the wild beast to be his friend and a pet, only to meet the lion years later in the arena. Strange, indeed, would it be if this story were true, yet less strange than that such a man as the beloved disciple, John, should by his gentleness extract the fangs of cruelty from a Nero or a Domitian—monsters, these, who exceeded untamed lions in fierceness. Yet good men and true are commanded to maintain peace with all men, while also maintaining an uncompromising hostility against every form of iniquity. But how can Moses, heir to the throne of Egypt, abhor the cruelties perpetrated upon his enslaved brethren and yet live peaceably with the tyrants who abused those he loves? How can David, dodging the javelin that Saul hurled, hunted like a partridge upon the mountains before the cruel king, live at peace with the tyrant who pursued him? How can Paul live peaceably with the mob at Ephesus, who stoned the scholar through the streets and left him half dead by the wayside?

The Victory of Peace

And yet, if Christ abhorred sin and breathed forth words that were like flames of fire consuming men's iniquities, he also maintained peace with Judas, who betrayed his Master, and with Pilate, who tortured the Man in whom he said he found no fault. Leaving this word, "Blessed are the peacemakers," as a watchword for his disciples, Christ sent them forth to war against iniquity, indeed, but also to live peaceably with the transgressor, whose sins they must needs destroy. And if we recall the early conflict of Christianity with heathenism, and review the story how it conquered the Roman world, we shall find that the disciples achieved their victory because they were peacemakers and peacelovers. It has been said that each persecuted Christian by his courage and Christian spirit conquered his own jailer and executioner.

An Era of Quarrelsomeness

Full eighteen centuries have passed, and once more has come an era when peacemakers are despised, and physical force is enthroned. So far is mankind from believing in peacemaking that England's emblem is not the lamb, but the lion; and America's banner is emblazoned not with the dove, but with the eagle, with its beak and talons; while Russia's symbol is still the bear.

The foreign nations, whose harbors are crowded with torpedo-boats and warships, whose strongholds bristle with cannons—these nations that stand over against each other like armed fortresses, and to-morrow may cause Europe to tremble with the march of armed men—these peoples exhibit anything save a belief in social progress through peaceloving and peacemaking. To-day the world believes that progress rides forward upon a powder cart. The angels' song of "Peace on earth" has given place to the song of the bombshell and the shriek of the cannon-ball. If the sword has fallen from man's hand, it is that it may be replaced with the pistol.

That nation ranks first among the nations that has the greatest number of ironclads and the largest standing army. Upon the tomb of the old Christian scholar who lies buried in Carthage is carved an open book and a lighted lamp. For the sage loved to lighten each good man to the truth and the light. When an English yacht anchored off Constantinople the owner lost overboard some treasure, and sent a diver down to recover it. But the diver hurried back horror-stricken, and refused to return because he found himself midst human bodies standing up in the water, each being held down by a sack filled with stones. Surely peaceableness is not characteristic of the Turk! Should we choose a symbol for the Turk it would not be the dove, but the butcher-knife, and a tight noose for the neck.

The Conflicts of Life

In view of the fact that the feuds of the past have cost this generation the rich treasures of antiquity, it would seem as if former feuds would fully satisfy man's love of conflict. Yet, strangely enough, ours is by way of pre-eminence an era of strife. Society has become litigious. Our age has cheers for him who is a good fighter and rides rough-shod over opponents on his way to certain victory. Gentleness is despised, brute force is enthroned.

Peaceableness is counted lack of fire and spirit. Many suppose that a meek man is one in whom the red blood has been bleached out white. The tendency to quarrelsomeness appears in industrial strife, in political feuds, in the increase of litigation. Indeed, the history of the labor troubles with their strikes, lockouts, and riots, both in England and America, of the past few years, is such as to remind us of the wrangling of tigers and lions, and the cruelty of sharks; killing not to consume, but merely for the delight of killing.

What quarrels also hath competition bred! During the middle ages, not infrequently, some prince for the amusement of his courtiers would place swords in the hands of two men condemned to death, rewarding the victor in the deadly duel with his freedom. In that hour when desperate men fought for life itself, men performed marvelous feats of swordsmanship. With flashing rapier the knight literally created a blue circle before his breast. These old-time battles between knights interpret to us how modern competition has come to mean life for one merchant and death for another. Just as the builder lifts his ax upon this forest tree, and hews it into a column for his temple; just as he takes marble from this quarry and iron from that mine, and ravages forest and field for treasures with which to make strong and beautiful his house or factory, so, under the name of competition, a man chokes off the market for his neighbor, or through an unscrupulous trust despoils his brother of his possessions, and, causing one man's business to topple down in ruins, selects from the heap such treasures as he needs for his own enrichment. As a woodsman goes into the forest to hew down the tree he needs, so the modern youth is taught to make his talent sharp against those of his fellows whom he needs to build into the structure of his career.

The time was when two citizens appealing for the suffrages of the people, fulfilled all the laws of courtesy and public seemliness. But ours is an era when an aspirant for public honor despises gentle words and courteousness. Rather does he attempt to drown his opponent in a flood of billingsgate. In a meeting held for purposes of reform one citizen indicted another citizen, equally honorable, and termed that opponent a "vampire," a "traitor," a "sycophant," a "whited sepulcher," "food for the lamp post." Later on it developed that these two citizens were as one as to the matter in hand. In the last analysis, no enemy could find ground for such language, save that the two men held slightly different views regarding the advisability of free trade.

Public Quarrelsomeness

The modern disinclination to peace appears in the statement that there is one lawyer for every one hundred citizens. From this fact we infer that fifty of these citizens must be having a great deal of trouble with the other fifty, and that their quarrels must not only be frequent, but violent and long, to keep one lawyer constantly busy in settling up the strife of fivescore men who ought to live in peace and quiet. In the home, also, every tenth marriage is dissolved by divorce. Even in the ecclesiastical realm the quarrelsome traits sometimes appear. The time has gone when a council can imprison a man or take away his property for what is called heresy. But in modern times a more exquisite form of punishment has been invented—one that despoils men of reputation and ecclesiastical rights. Midst the universal strife, many are longing for the return of "the gentleman of the old school"; courteous, gentle, refined, a maker of peace, and a lover of peace. Meanwhile, Christ's word reigns supreme. For blessed, indeed, are the peacemakers. He who seeks peace alone is the architect of God's enduring civilization.

Should we search out the reason why meekness and gentleness are in disrepute, we should find the explanation in the fact that many regard peacefulness as a sign of inferiority, confusing it with lack of spirit and courage to resent insult. But meekness is not mere dulness or deafness. Gentleness is not lack of strength. Peacefulness does not betoken insensibility; it is not the endurance that belongs to the slave crouching before his master; nor the quiescence of the trader who restrains his tongue that he may drive the better bargain; nor is it the conscious investment of the wily politician who flatters his constituents—whose votes he seeks, but whose persons he despises.

Nothing taxes man's ingenuity so much as the task of peaceable living; the using men, yet not abusing them; the securing of the proper ends of business for one's self, without injuring the happiness or prosperity of others. By reason of peculiarities of temperament and education and circumstances, life is full of conflict and each day threatens to be an incessant battle. Ours is a world where competition is fierce; where the mouths exceed the loaves; where there are more hands than tools; where every place is spoken for; where statesmen call each other politicians; where lawyers term each other pettifoggers; where physicians call each other quacks; where merchants compete with merchants for success as general struggles with general for some fortress or battlefield.

The Final Art—Peace

What an art is the art of smooth living! Would that our era, founding schools of astronomy and biology, would also found a school to teach the science of peaceable living. For when every other art has been secured and every other science mastered, there still remains the art of so carrying the faculties through life as to make men and not mar them; as to bless men and not blight them. The classic story tells us that the goddess mother grieved when she saw that her earthly child must make his way alone through life's thorns and thickets. In love, therefore, the goddess drew near to the boy and taught him how to parry and protect himself. Going into the forest, she pointed to the bough that made the best bow. She taught the boy how to

Continued on next page

* Pastor, Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BEGIN THE YEAR WITH CHRIST

BEGIN the year with Christ, my friend,
Begin with him the year;
Step boldly out on untried paths
Without a shade of fear.
He sees the way, he knows the path
O'er mountain top or vale.
He'll lead thee with his own right hand;
With him thou canst not fail.

A glad new year, if here or there,
This coming year shall be,
So free from doubt and anxious care
If he but walk with thee.
Then nestle close thy hand in his
And sing along the way,
And he will whisper words of cheer
To brighten every day.

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

The Art of Peaceable Living

Continued from preceding page

fit a sharp stone into the end of his spear. She showed him an herb that would extract the poison from his flesh in the event of a wound in battle. She taught the youth how to sail his little craft amidst opposing currents. She pointed out the hidden rocks. Divinely taught, the child became a hero, and walked the earth like a crowned king. Happy indeed those parents who rise up early and sit up late to teach their children how to live smoothly and peaceably with their friends and neighbors. Of such parents it may well be said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they are the children of God."

Hitherto our earth has known but one happiness-maker and one peace-producer. Passing through life, Jesus Christ loved peace and pursued peace as other men pursued gold and fame. Having made peacemakers blessed, he entered into the kingdom where peace is perfect. Happy the community whose citizens imitate Christ's example and so walk and work and bargain with men that without strife, like the silent sunbeams, they bless all who come within the radius of their life. Happy also the church, all of whose sons and daughters move through life exhaling benefactions, healing enmities, soothing strifes, being like unto those fruit trees that, filling the orchard with fragrance, stretch their boughs over the garden wall and drop bounty upon each passerby.

For he who lights the lamp of aspiration in his brother's breast and never through quarrel quenches it; he who meets scowls with smiles, storms with calm, indignity with manly forbearance, is indeed become the son of God and the architect of civilization. Of one general it is said that his presence through inspiration and stimulus was worth a regiment of men. Thus one buoyant, cheerful, serene, and self-sufficing Christian man or woman, whose personality exhales peace, means good fortune to the republic. The real beauty of the Christian life does not appear until gianthood has become gentle, until the man of war has inflected his strength toward peace, until the hero disdains to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. For the man of peace is he who bringeth judgment unto victory.

ANVIL STROKES

..WORDS fitly spoken are not fitfully spoken.

..THE envious spirit invites an early old age.

..YOU cannot drive away a fit of the blues by getting red with anger.

..WHO is mastered by unruly tempers lives in spiritual anarchy.

..THE occasion which calls for less than your best is not an opportunity for self-improvement.

..IF ONLY the well-spent days should be counted, some very long lives would be exceedingly short.

..CRITICISING the preacher is a cheap way some folks have of getting out of paying him anything.

The Source of the Healing

By EUGENE THWING

A WEEK or two ago I heard a very interesting hospital sermon by the head of a great Christian hospital. Now, let me tell you something about this hospital sermon and what, outside its own current of thought, it suggested of special comfort for the coming year.

The double ministry of Jesus in "preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people," was the theme, and the head of the great hospital emphasized the fact that Christ "never divorced these two ministries." The wonderful record of his work for the suffering multitudes was selected from the Gospel narrative and retold impressively. "No wonder," exclaimed the preacher, "that his fame went throughout all Syria. In their eagerness they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them."

After he had been healing and teaching for barely three years, he told his disciples that he must leave them and that "the works that I do shall ye do also; and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father."

Then the preacher spoke of the splendid work done by the hospital under his charge, as a fulfilment of the promise—as an actual and literal carrying on of the same blessed work to which Jesus gave so much of his time while walking to and fro through Galilee. The hopelessly crippled had gone into the hospital, and had come out walking. The weak were made strong; the sick were made well; the dying were snatched back from the jaws of death; the "garment of praise" was given to many "for the spirit of heaviness."

. . .

HEALING of the sick is one of the first, the most imperative, and the most beautiful works to be done in the world, especially by following the great Physician. Foreign missionaries have always found it the surest way into the confidence and into the heart of heathen people. Home missionaries, in the city or on the frontier, have the same experience. Everywhere, among all classes, the very best credential the Gospel can have is that it goes hand in hand, inseparable, with sympathy, and love, and helpfulness for human weakness and need.

No work for the coming year will bring greater joy or richer rewards to the worker than the ministry of healing; the lessening, by whatever degree, of the great sum of human suffering. That is the chief reason THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is so much loved, and its readers are such a happy multitude. More and more these readers—these partners-in-work with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—are becoming accomplished and aggressive as the world's makers of joy.

. . .

YES, that is inspiring and beautiful, but sometimes we want much more. It isn't enough to know that the blessed Saviour and Physician went up and down the hills and valleys of Galilee "healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." It isn't enough to know that "his fame went throughout all Syria," and that the eager multitudes thronged upon him with their diseases and their torments, their weakness, their blindness, and their sorrow, and were healed, every one. It isn't enough to know that he has sent his disciples, innumerable, into the world to do the works that he did. It isn't enough, even, to know that we, ourselves, are among these very disciples, giving our hearts, our time, our money, our strength eagerly to the appointed work as well as we can.

We want *him*. We cannot join the multitude in Galilee, but we need *him* just as much as they did. We refuse to think of his blessed miracles of healing as things of a past day in Palestine. We refuse to think of them as available now only by proxy. We want to feel *his own* tender, healing touch on the sore and quivering body. We want to hear *his own* gentle voice of love, full of sympathy and understanding of our pain, soothing and speaking peace to our tortured hearts.

And this is just what we may have. Indeed, we have had it again and again. Why should we ever forget it and fail to take what is for us just as truly as it was for the multitudes in Galilee two thousand years ago?

. . .

IS IT to be supposed for a moment that any physician or surgeon, no matter how great his technical skill, if he is a godless man, can do as much for the healing of the patient as the man, similarly equipped, who, in addition, is full of the spirit of Jesus? Who, then, is the real physician?

Two men were telling each other of their wonderful experiences in withstanding sickness. One said that he had been under a very unusual strain for a long time and his friends had marveled that he did not break down.

Spent and weary—every nerve aching, and head throbbing with the pressure of work done under forced draft—it seemed inevitable, when at length he sought his bed, that the night would be restless and the morning dull with pain.

This is what he did: Kneeling at his bedside he told the real Physician, frankly, about his case. He had been compelled to work longer and harder than the laws of health permitted. He must meet certain responsibilities and obligations, and must not spare himself. Now he was very tired and sore. Would not the dear Physician, in the circumstances, forgive his trespass on fixed physical laws and give him five hours of good, refreshing rest, and let him rise renewed in strength and free from pain in the morning? The request was granted many, many times.

How often we complain, as the psalmist, whose "soul refused to be comforted," and whose "spirit was overwhelmed." Our pain or our sorrow is too much to bear. "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" Then like the psalmist, we are ashamed, and we say, "This is my infirmity." All we need do is to go to the Physician who heals now just as fully and lovingly as then. "He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds." He does it in secret, when we go to him direct, and he does it through his agents, in whom his Spirit is the operating power.

"His fame went throughout all Syria" twenty centuries ago. His fame has gone throughout all the world to-day. We are helping to spread it. We are going to do more than ever this year to bring the multitudes to him for healing both soul and body.

RESOLVE AND ASPIRATION

I'LL lay my hate upon the shelf
And love my neighbor as myself;
Of all to whom a wrong I've done
I'll ask their pardon—every one;
I'll feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Give cheer to all who seek my door;
Ascribing all to primal cause,
I'll murmur not at Nature's laws;
Though dark the way from earth to heaven
Accept my lot as God hath given.

I'll do the right and shun the wrong,
Whene'er I can and get along,
But should I err of heart or head,
I hope at least it may be said
(Of course, I mean when I am dead):
"He did the very best he knew,
He gave to each his earthly due—
Engaging not in selfish strife,
Content to live the Simple Life."

JAMES MURPHY WARD.

The Print of the Nails

THERE is a strange legend of old St. Martin, writes J. R. Miller in *The Examiner*. He sat one day in his monastery cell, busily engaged in his sacred studies, when there came a knock at the door. "Enter," said the monk. The door opened and there appeared a stranger of lordly look, in princely attire. "Who art thou?" asked St. Martin. "I am Christ," was the answer. The confident bearing and the commanding tone of the visitor would have overawed a less wise man. But the monk simply gave his visitor one deep, searching glance and then quietly asked, "Where is the print of the nails?" He had noticed that this one indubitable mark of Christ's person was wanting. There were no nail-scars upon those jeweled hands. And the kingly mien and the brilliant dress of the pretender were not enough to prove his claim while the print of the nails was wanting. Confused by this searching test-question, and his base deception exposed, the prince of evil—for he it was—quickly fled from the sacred cell.

This is only a legend, but it suggests the one infallible test that should be applied to all truth and to all life. There is much in these days that claims to be of Christ. There are those who would have us lay aside the old faiths, and accept new beliefs and new interpretations. How shall we know whether or not to receive them? The only true test is that with which St. Martin exposed the false pretensions of his visitor: "Where is the print of the nails?" Nothing is truly Christ which does not bear this mark upon it. A gospel without a wounded, dying Christ is not a gospel. The atonement lies at the heart of Christianity. The cross is the luminous centre, from which streams all the light of joy, peace and hope. That which does not bear the marks of the Lord Jesus cannot be of him.

A Slight Misunderstanding

NIGHT was coming on, the storm was increasing and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a distress signal. The rocket was already lit and about to ascend, when a solemn-faced passenger stepped up.

"Cap'n," said he, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on any man's patriotism; but seems to be this here's no time for celebratin' an' settin' off of fireworks."

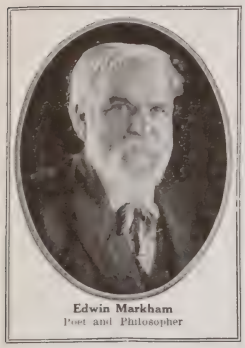
ENLARGEMENT

WHAT great things in our own days have we done,
For liberty, and progress, and the right!
Surely we have revealed a lordly might,
And what our fathers strove for we have won.
Look, how our paths have widened to the sun!
We have enlarged our lattice to the light,
Our old age slopes more gently and more bright;
We have smoothed the paths wherein the young feet run.

Yea, verily, the boundaries of our world
We have enlarged; our flag is now unfurled
Over a vaster reach of lands and seas;
Our peoples have grown one in heart and aim,
Coequal heirs and builders of our fame.
And one in human nature's charities.

What "Best Gift" Can 1912 Bring?

A National Symposium to Which Many Distinguished Americans Contribute



Edwin Markham
Poet and Philosopher

"What in your opinion would be the best gift the New Year could bring to the American people?"

THIS exceedingly interesting and timely question, which was lately sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to a number of representative Americans, foremost in the wide field of national thought and action, has elicited many remarkable answers. In almost every instance, the replies show that the writers have been inspired by the highest motives, and whether the sentiment expressed has reference to the material or moral well-being of the nation, it is in every case one that is prompted by a true appreciation of what is most needed for the betterment of present conditions. There were a thousand alluring and delightful things they might have chosen, had they been minded to select mere transitory benefits; but they have looked at the problem with patriotic eyes. A large proportion of the letters received indicate the desire to see such a development of character as will lift the whole country to a higher plane and give it a clearer view of that "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

Among the writers are statesmen, generals, admirals, governors, mayors of great cities, leading divines, famous poets and novelists, well-known artists and other professionals. With such a variety of minds, it was inevitable that the point of view should vary considerably; but this variety gives added charm to the presentation. The principal letters are given below and deserve a wide reading, as showing the perspective of broad-minded, thoughtful Americans in regard to the present conditions and most immediate needs of our people.

* * *

"A New Social Passion to Translate Christianity into Action," Writes Poet Edwin Markham

THERE is one gift for the American people that would top all others as the Matterhorn tops the anthills at its base. I refer to the gift of a new social passion, a passion that would impel men to organize society in the spirit of the Good News of Jesus. We produce in great abundance the necessary things of life, but we have not yet learned how to distribute them righteously. We need to discover the economics of the Kingdom of Heaven. We need to find a way to make the Golden Rule the working principle of the industrial order. We have committed this Rule to memory: we now need to commit it to life. We believe in brotherhood: we now need to find a material basis for brotherhood. We believe in Christ: we now need to create a working-form for Christ.

West New Brighton, S. I. EDWIN MARKHAM.

* * *

"Compulsory Military or Naval Service," Writes Rear-Admiral Richard Wainwright, U. S. Navy

COMPULSORY military and naval service for two years for all sons of citizens between the ages of seventeen and twenty. The character-training for two years would be the capstone to free education, would furnish the country with better citizens, would protect the country against all foreign aggressions, and would give the enlightened American people that due weight in the council of nations that tends toward universal peace. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

* * *

"The Ratification of the Peace Treaties by the United States Senate," Writes Governor Hay of Washington

IN MY OPINION the best gift that the New Year can bring to the American people would be the ratification by the Senate of the arbitration treaties now pending between the United States and Great Britain and the United States and France. M. E. HAY, *Governor.*

Olympia, Wash.

* * *

"That the Whole Nation Might Live Up to the Golden Rule," Writes Governor Colquitt of Texas

IF THE American people could all make up their minds to observe and live up to the Golden Rule and do unto others as they would have others do unto them, it would be the happiest New Year a new year could bring to the American people. O. B. COLQUITT.

Austin, Texas.

* * *

"For Americans to Cease Making Money Their God and Learn to Live Sanely," Writes Paige Harrison, Artist

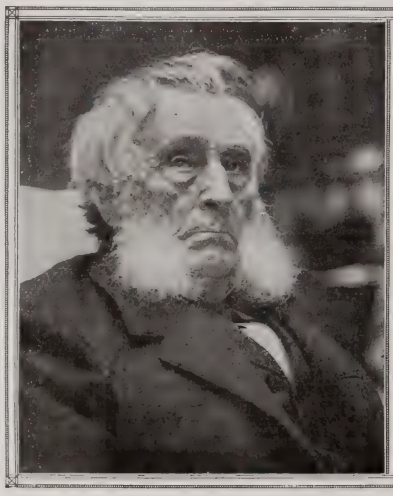
THE best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be the ability to place money in its true relation to the other things of life, the ability to be "passing rich on forty pounds a year," the ability to get joy from the truly joyous things — beautiful music, beautiful pictures, beautiful books, sunlight, flowers, and the songs of birds—some of which can be had for the asking wherever our lot may be cast, whether in the city slum or the loneliest country village. As a people, we have so long been waging war against the brute forces of nature that the mere conflict has come to represent life itself to us; and having conquered the wilderness, we continue to battle for money—as an end, and not a means to an end. In Germany, England, France, Italy, the public picture galleries are filled daily with true picture-lovers, who come from all classes of the population. In America they are a desert, save on Sunday, when every language of Europe but English is heard in the subdued murmurs and exclamations of admiration from the slow-moving throng.

Plymouth, Mass. BIRGE HARRISON, N.A.

* * *

"Adequate Laws to Stop Lynching," Writes Rear-Admiral Schroeder, U. S. Navy

THE best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be a set of laws and methods of judicial procedure and scale of punishments which would render possible and certain a prompt administration of justice and meting out of swift and adequate punishment for misdemeanors and more particularly for crimes. Leaving aside the consideration of crimes against property, I think Americans would hesitate in applying the term "civilized" to any other of the so-called civilized countries in which uncontrolled mobs were to perpetrate atrocities so fiendish as those to which we are becoming accustomed in this otherwise fair land. One such crime, unpunished, breeds familiarity



Editor of The Christian Herald,

Bible House,

New York City, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The best gift we could wish the New Year would bring to the American people would be a repeal of all Tariffs upon imports and the conversion of every Custom house into a Store house for our imports.

Yours very truly,

John Bigelow

November 27. 1915.

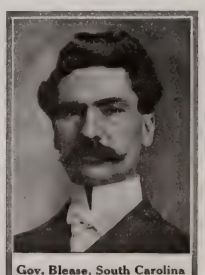
The Late John Bigelow's "Best Gift"—"Repeal All Tariffs on Imports." His Last Public Letter

Gov. Colquitt, Texas

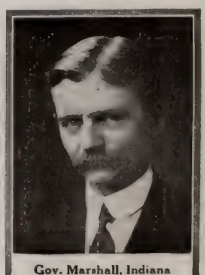
Dr. R. A. Torrey

Will N. Harben

Gov. Clark, Alaska



Gov. Blease, South Carolina



Gov. Marshall, Indiana

Great Minds Discuss the Problem

Statesmen, Generals, Governors, Mayors, Poets and Preachers Give Their Choice of the "Best Gift"

with its horrors and renders its repetition more and more frequent; and the complacency with which it is viewed by society at large (almost) is painfully evidenced by the failure of the authorities to carry out the law and punish the offenders. When the actors and passive spectators in such scenes pose to be photographed; when the editor of a paper publishes in his own paper that he glories in being one of a band who burned a negro, and yet a coroner's jury gives a verdict that the victim came to his death at the hands of persons unknown; when a thousand men burn a wounded negro in broad daylight publicly, and an American crowd afterwards cheers the acquittal of one who had actually confessed being an active participant in the crime—it seems that a terrible poison is permeating our racial veins.

Washington, D. C. SEATON SCHROEDER.

. . .

"An Awakened Public Conscience," Writes Governor Cruce of Oklahoma

AN AWAKENING public conscience resulting in each individual citizen doing his full duty as a citizen of the nation, thereby insuring to the American people just and righteous government, administered by honest officials in the interest of all the people. LEE CRUCE, *Governor.*

. . .

"Riddance of Public Slanderers, Who Bear False Witness for Bribes," Writes Governor Clark of Alaska

THE best gift? Riddance of the public slanderer. I mean from those persons who, for filthy lucre, or passing fame, or the purposes of the demagogue, knowingly bear false witness against public men and measures, thereby striking at one of the cornerstones of self-government, which is the intelligent confidence of the people in those elected representatives of theirs who are honest and earnest and—but for the foul tongue of slander — of good repute.

WALTER E. CLARK.
Juneau, Alaska.

. . .

"To Make Us Worthy, as a People, of Divine Blessing," Writes Governor Osborn

A FULL understanding of our national and individual dependence upon the Supreme Power and an earnest effort to be worthy, as a people, of divine blessing.

CHASE S. OSBORN,
Governor.
Lansing, Mich.

. . .

"To Open Communication with the Spirit World," Writes Will N. Harben, Author

IN response to your interesting question, I agree with Dr. James H. Hyslop in the opinion which he recently expressed in an interview published in the New York *Times*, that there could be no greater gift to the whole world than for the Society for Psychical Research to produce indisputable scientific proof of a life after death. The immediate result of such proof on our present blind morality would be as astonishing as it would be satisfying. That I cling to the hope of such a discovery may be due to a rather vivid imagination; but I would rather regard it as due to intuitive inner whisperings of occult truth in response to an inexpressible yearning of years, and a certain fitness of such proof into a divine scheme of development. WILL N. HARBEN.
New York City.

. . .

"The Election of Theodore Roosevelt," Writes Amelia E. Barr, Author

I THINK the greatest gift the New Year could bring the American people in A.D. 1912 would be the election of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as President and directing genius of its destiny. We need a President who can *do* things and who is not afraid. That the politicians do not want him is the best of all reasons for asking from the New Year the desire of the people and the patriots—Theodore Roosevelt—for our next President. AMELIA E. BARR.

. . .

Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder
United States Navy

"A Clearer Realization of Spiritual Things," Writes Governor Marshall of Indiana

IN MY OPINION, the best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be a realization of the fact that the things seen are temporal, while the things unseen are eternal; and that national righteousness must be builded not upon laws and ordinances, but upon the righteousness of the individual man. THOS. R. MARSHALL, *Governor.*

. . .

"To Save the Nation Through Better Training of the Child," Writes Hannah K. Schoff, President of the National Congress of Mothers

IF THE American people could realize that infant mortality, disease and crime are the result of lack of proper care and training of the little children, and would set themselves to remedy this with earnest purpose and with practical, intelligent methods, it would be the greatest advance in American life. It is because of our belief in the infinite possibilities that exist in every little child that the National Congress of Mothers is organizing the parents of the whole country to study the needs of children and to give each one the opportunity which will insure his best development physically, morally and mentally.

HANNAH K. SCHOFF.
New York City.

. . .

"A Clear Vision of Right Living," Writes Rev. F. F. Shannon, D.D.

I THINK the best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be the gift of a new appreciation of righteousness. It is forever true that righteousness — and righteousness only—exalteth a nation; exalts it in all true prosperity, in all wholesome joy, in all noble service, in all brotherliness at home, and in all kindliness toward all peoples. We are a wonderful nation, and a sublime vision of Him whose name is Wonderful will make our country more wonderful and useful in transacting the august business of national and individual life. This, I think, is by all odds the best gift the New Year, under God, could bring to the American people. FREDERICK F. SHANNON.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . .

"A Return to Plain Living and High Thinking," Writes Margaret E. Sangster

THE best gift which the New Year could bring to the American people would be a return to the simplicity of a former day. Plain living and high thinking, a recognition of Almighty God in the ethics of home and business life, and the strengthening of the family bond, would save the republic from drifting

Continued on page 10

THE SPEAKER'S ROOM
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

December 9, 1911.

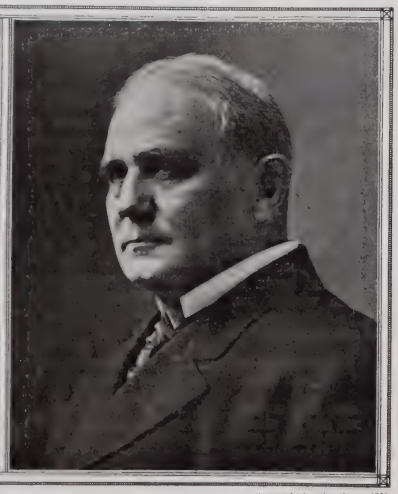
Editor Christian Herald,
Bible House, New York City.

Dear Sir:

In my opinion the best good the New Year can bring to the American People is continued peace with all the world.

Truly your friend,

Champ Clark



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Speaker Champ Clark's "Best Gift"—"Continued Peace with All the World"

Pastor C. M. Sheldon

Mr. W. R. Moody

Gov. Cruce, Oklahoma

Mrs. Hannah Schoff

Maj.-Gen. Carter, U. S. A.

Gov. Hay, Washington

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President | GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor | THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The Blessedness of Giving

HOW much genuine joy and blessing the gifts of generous-hearted men and women bring to both givers and receivers at this season! Every year multiplies evidence of the fact that there is in this land of ours a great army of God's children who delight in doing his will and in reaching out a friendly hand to others. Their attitude toward the poor and unfortunate, to whom they are ever kind, is to us a continuous revelation of Christlike sympathy and helpfulness. It is not merely that they give material help—they give themselves, their love, their prayers, their counsel, and they do this with a modesty that thrusts aside all desire of worldly recognition. Herein lies the real secret of true benevolence, the art of giving while the giver himself remains hidden behind his gift. During the last few weeks, hundreds of such instances of noble, self-sacrificing generosity have come within our knowledge—cases that remind us of the famous "rule" of John of Doncaster:

"What I gave, I have;
What I spent, I had;
What I kept, I lost!"

And when we give ourselves for others, for the love of Him who gave himself for us all, our gift, be it great or small, is one that cannot fail to bring joy and blessing.

"According to Our Faith—"

SEVEN governors, two admirals, one general, three authors, a poet, an artist, four mayors and a number of ministers are telling us on another page their New Year wishes for the American people. Suppose any one of them, or all of them, were really able to "wish these good things on us"! Suppose they were not only wishes, but gifts! Suppose these fine things should come true, or at least begin to come true, in 1912! Two or three wishes are expressed about which there might be differences of opinion; but for the most part they are for things we all agree about as desirable.

Let's change these wishes into horses; let's be princes this year, riding, instead of beggars afoot! Can it be done? Let us see.

There are something less than ninety million people in the United States. Just about one in ninety reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Suppose this big one-ninetieth should determine to bring these wishes down out of the skies of thought to the ground of our streets and fields, the floors of our homes and shops.

"A genuine revival of religion" is Dr. Torrey's expression of the greatest need. You say: "Of course an evangelist would say that." But hear Governor Blease of South Carolina: "The best gift the New Year could bring the American people would be a strict obedience to the divine injunction, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself!'" Governor Marshall wishes that we might have the "realization of the fact that the things seen are temporal, while the things unseen are eternal." Governor Osborn wishes for us "a full understanding of our national dependence upon the Supreme Power and an earnest effort to be worthy, as a people, of divine blessing." All this means what Dr. Eaton calls in the wording of his wish "a profound spiritual awakening."

Others wish the best kind of physical and mental prosperity to our people—a chance to work, the practise of kindness, cure of deadly ills, leisure for culture, and other high gifts. They are all things that can be done.

How?

If one million CHRISTIAN HERALD readers should pray, pray as they never prayed before, for the "profound spiritual awakening"; should ask God to smite us, or scare us, or shout to us, or whisper to us, or make some mighty sign to us which should turn hearts everywhere toward him; if we should pray that his Spirit come down, fiery, omnipotent, into our hearts, and into the hearts of our neighbors; if we should do that and should mean it, and should persist in doing it and meaning it, such changes would be wrought in our thinking and the thinking of our friends that our prayers would soon be turned to blessings, the wishes to facts. A million people praying, adding their prayers to the prayers of other millions, urging still others to join them in the praying, would mean that countless hearts would begin to burn with a more ardent love for God; and all these millions, loving God more warmly, would soon learn new secrets about the magic of loving one's neighbor as one's self.

Shall we ride this year, looking upward—or plod on, face downward toward the dust? One million people praying desperately that God's will be done in America this year! One million people determining not only to pray but to believe, and not only to believe but to work! Will you begin to pray now, you who are one of the million—and every one is one-millionth of the whole, one-millionth, for whose prayer a silence is waiting, a blessing hanging high that will descend somewhere if the prayer is uttered?

"Turn our hearts to thyself, O God. Send conviction and salvation upon us. Show us the difference between right and wrong, and save us so that we shall love the right and do it. Show us our sin, and show us how it may be undone; show us thy righteousness, and how we may receive it. Make us love thee so truly that we shall serve thee practically by helping others. Turn us to thyself so that we may lead others to thee, and to gladness, and to soundness of soul and mind and flesh. Take possession of our nation for thyself. Tell me now what I can do to prepare the way for the coming of thy Spirit into the lives of the people and of the land I love. Amen."

The Russian Treaty Abrogated

IN ABROGATING the treaty of 1832 with Russia, our government has taken a step which must command not only the approval of American citizens but the respect of right-thinking people everywhere. Our position under that treaty, in view of the course of Russia in its treatment of American passports, was an anomalous one. It was not a Jewish question, for it affected the whole status of American citizenship and especially the manner in which that citizenship was regarded abroad. Our government represents the principle of absolute freedom of religion, which it guarantees to all its citizens. It is bedded on this foundation rock. Not only do we assure our own sons and daughters of this right, but we extend the same privilege to the citizens of other countries while on American soil. We have a right, therefore, to expect of those governments with which we are on friendly terms, that they should recognize this principle by according the same privilege to American citizens within their jurisdiction. This reciprocity is accorded to us everywhere except in Russia. Our diplomatic remonstrances have been ignored, and our citizens—not merely Jews, but Protestants and Catholics—have been treated as criminals, because they claimed the right to worship in the religion of their fathers. Russia's persistent violation of international courtesy in this respect has put our country to open shame.

It was inevitable that there should be an end to such conditions, and the unanimity with which both houses of Congress endorsed the President's action, correctly reflected the overwhelming sentiment of the country in favor of breaking the treaty. This has now been accomplished, and the way has been prepared for a new treaty by the Senate resolution, which is couched in firm yet temperate terms. The situation was not one calling for jingoism; for while there was ample provocation for reflecting upon Russia, the moderate procedure was the wiser, and will accomplish the same purpose.

When the old treaty was drawn, nearly eighty years ago, it was impossible to foresee conditions which have arisen in recent years. If we may judge from the temper of the Russian people themselves, they have little real sympathy with the persecuting and exclusive spirit of the bureaucracy. That spirit, which found expression in the brutal persecution of the Jews at home and in violent animus against those who, after having become citizens of this republic, revisited Russia, is a relic of the old Jew-hating and Jew-baiting days, and is out of keeping with modern civilization. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact, apparent all through history, that those governments and peoples which were active persecutors of the Jews have been visited with retributive punishment for that special offense. This extraordinary truth calls to mind the words of the prophet who, when asked to curse the house of Jacob, replied by blessing them: "Blessed be every one that blesseth thee, and cursed be every one that curseth thee."

Our course in this whole matter is one that cannot fail to impress other governments with the American love of justice, and also with the fact that American citizenship the world over must have a higher meaning and be more respected than heretofore.

Why Not The Hague?

FILLED with the spirit of human kindness and the love of peace, a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD writes to inquire why the "Little Father"—the Czar—does not take his dispute with Persia to the Hague Court, if he really believes that Russia has a grievance against that country. Unfortunately, this is about the last thing he may be expected to do, although he originated the Peace Court for the settlement of just such quarrels. Persia itself has appealed to The Hague, but there has been thus far no responsive note. It has been aptly said that "the largest room in the world is room for improvement," and this applies with special pertinency to the present attitude of Russia and England toward Persia. Within a few months, with the able assistance of Mr. Shuster and his associates, Persian finances have been regulated, graft eliminated, a constitution adopted and the government put on a sound business basis. This, however, doesn't suit either of the two great "Christian powers," which are said to have agreed on a joint plan involving the dismemberment of the ancient kingdom, under conditions that have all the characteristic earmarks of a huge land-grabbing scheme. Mr. Shuster, as the friend of Persia and of fair play, has thus far so successfully blocked their plans that his dismissal is demanded on the diplomatic pretext that the "interests" of the two governments have not been sufficiently considered. It is not improbable that before this, the "Little Peace Father's" Cossack regiments may be knocking at the gates of Teheran, threatening everything but peaceful measures if Shuster should persist in remaining. It is evident that the Czar means to have quiet and peaceful relations with Persia, even if he has to fight for it. The Hague Court is too far off, and besides, he is in a hurry.

General Notes

—EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria is apparently failing. His health has given much concern to his relatives lately.

—PRESIDENT EMERITUS DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT of Harvard, who started a few weeks ago on a trip to India and Japan in the interests of international peace, became suddenly ill while in Ceylon. An operation for appendicitis was necessary, and was performed at Kandy. Dr. Eliot is reported as convalescent and rapidly regaining his accustomed health.

—IT IS DIFFICULT to understand the "method in the madness" of the vandals who deliberately mutilate public paintings or statuary. The historic canvas of "The Battle of Lake Erie," adorning one of the stairway landings in the capitol at Washington, was cut by some unknown person on December 19, a strip two feet long and two inches wide being severed from the lower left-hand corner of the painting. Fortunately, it can be replaced, the strip having been found on the floor.

COULDN'T STOP TO EAT

I have received the premium—*The Women of the Bible*—and have read it through. It was so interesting I could scarcely stop to eat. It is a fine description of the Bible women; some good, some bad, but that is true of the women of to-day. The *Almanac*, too, is grand and instructive. Many thanks for the.

Shellsburg, Ia. MRS. MARTHA JOHNSON.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Entombed Miners Dead

NEARLY a hundred men went down into a mine in Briceville, Tenn., Saturday, December 16, and only five of them came out alive. The explosion killed some suddenly and their mangled bodies were soon found. Others ran to the various labyrinths of the mine for safety and escape, and the black damp suffocated them. The rescuers came upon two men who had been made insane by the tragedy, and who ran screaming away from those who had come to save them and were lost. Men attempting an escape made chalk marks on the walls, hoping to be traced and rescued. The first miner of the five who were rescued to reach the surface was William Henderson, fifty-five years old. He came from the entry quite unassisted and resisted efforts to carry him home. "Oh, let me walk," he protested, but without avail. Henderson made the following statement of his experiences: "We bratticed up the entrance to the mine room. With our coats we fought back the afterdamp that came through the cracks in the brattice, and then stuck our coats and other articles of wearing apparel in the hole of the brattice. We had lights, our dinners and each of us had from a half to three quarters of a gallon of coffee and water in our dinner pails. We remained in this room quietly for several hours, burning one light and taking turns at eating. Late Saturday evening Arthur Scott and Dore Irish left the room and attempted to make their way back and reach the entrance of the mine through the overpass. That was the last we saw of them. The next morning we made our way, the air having been purified by the fan, into the entry and passed over into No. 18, endeavoring to find the way out. We ran into gas and were forced to go back to Room 2 in No. 19, where the air was pure. We remained there until discovered." No pen can describe, nor imagination conceive, the awful sorrow of the families of the Cross Mountain victims. Brother miners worked in desperation to release the entombed men. Individuals and organizations gave their sympathy and help, but the agony and loneliness were unspeakable. We who enjoy the arts of civilized living, and the warmth of comfortable homes, do not realize how much it costs some men to furnish these for us. What awful risks they have to take for the welfare and happiness of their fellow men! Nor do we recognize what a debt of gratitude we owe them. They are an industrious, hardy, brave set of men. The families of the dead miners of Briceville will have the universal sympathy of the nation, and whatever material assistance they need. Rev. E. M. Ritchie, pastor of the Methodist Church at Coal Creek, and other ministers and priests, were present with their sympathy and services. This is but another one of the numberless tragedies that remind us of the uncertainty of life, and call attention to the injunction of the Master:

Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. (Matt. 24: 44.)

Try the Bible

Rev. Dr. Jowett made an address at the one hundred and second anniversary of organized Bible work in New York City recently, which emphasized a very important truth, that of the practical experimental use of the Bible in everyday life. He urged men to cease looking for errors in the Scripture but to try it. He said: "Too many people know the Bible only as literature. It is as if they knew the guideposts of a country and nothing of the climate. They take up the Bible as literature and not as a revelation; they go to the Bible as students, but never as sinners; with curiosity, but not with need; they know the letter and not the spirit. They do everything with the Bible except try it. That is the one indispensable thing." Never say of the Bible that it is obsolete when you have not read it. Try it and you will know its truth. The practical application of the Word to the salvation of the soul is mentioned by the apostle:

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith, which we preach. (Rom. 10: 8.)

Policeman Handsomely Rewarded

Lieutenant Lyons of the New York City police force was a patrolman on his beat near the ferry at West Twenty-third Street fifteen years ago. It was then that a woman, accompanied by a six-year-old child, came to him in great distress and told him that thieves had picked her pocket, and that she had not a cent with which to pay her carfare to Elmira. Lyons let her have the money and he never heard a word from her from then till the other day, when a tall, well-dressed man walked into the Charles Street Station and asked, "Are you Lieutenant Lyons?" Lyons said he was. The stranger continued: "I have a nice Christmas present for you. I am here to tell you that you have been left $20,000." Lyons could not believe his ears, and then, thinking that the man was playing a joke or was crazy, said: "Now, look here. I am busy with my roll-call. I do not want any of your funny business." "It's the truth," replied the stranger, and he handed Lyons a copy of the will which had remembered him. It took quite a little time to identify the woman who had left him the money. Then he called to mind the penniless woman whose carfare he had furnished, and the fact that at the time she took the number of his shield, and his name. The policeman is one of the most useful members of society. The reward he is likely to get for his fidelity and courage is the night robber's dagger or bullet. It is a beautiful thing to see the tangible recognition of the manliness and large-heartedness of the policeman, and substantial gratitude for a friendly act performed. Good deeds are not done for reward, or they would not be good; but it is the tendency of virtue and noble service to secure a reward. The modest people who humbly do duty and serve others will be surprised with the rewards that lie along the pathway of life, and in the great world beyond.

Thou shalt do that which is right and good in the sight of the Lord; that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest go in and possess the good land. (Deut. 6: 18.)

Fatal Fanaticism

On the day that Rev. Frank W. Sandford was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for the death of members of his sect through his blind religious fanaticism, Mrs. Eliza Thorpe, of Macon, Ga., undertook to walk on the water by faith, and sank down into it and was drowned. After attending a meeting of the "Holy Roller" religious society she became inflamed with the enthusiastic belief that she could walk on water and that God would hold her hand and keep her from sinking. She ran down to the river, took off her shoes and cloak, and waded into the water. She kept on till she stepped beyond her depth, when the current caught her and swept her under, and when they recovered her body ten minutes later life was extinct. Nearly a hundred persons on the bank witnessed the tragedy. The danger of our time is not too much but too little faith. Now and then we find persons like Sandford, whose fanatic faith brought punishment by the courts, and Mrs. Thorpe, whose abnormal religious zeal made her a suicide. There are laws in the natural world as imperative as in the spiritual world, and if they are broken inevitable penalties will fall. There are larger answers to faith than most people would believe, and yet there are more limits in the operations of law than an insane fanaticism will admit. Poor Mrs. Thorpe had no right to presume that, because Christ held Peter up while he walked on the water, such a miracle would be wrought in her behalf.

And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And he walked on the water, to go to Jesus. (Matt. 14: 28, 29.)

SCENES FROM THE BRICEVILLE MINE HORROR

Schoolhouse to Which the Bodies of the Victims Were Taken
Anxious Watchers at the Entrance to the Shaft of the Cross Mountain Mine

A Boy Hero

A savage Newfoundland dog, acting as though he were mad, broke his chain in a yard at Blake Avenue and Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn, the other day and ran toward some children who were playing near by. Harry G. Edis, a truck driver seventeen years of age, who was delivering goods in the neighborhood, seeing the dog running after and snapping at the frightened children, ran to their rescue, and the dog attacked him savagely. The boy accepted the challenge, and having no weapon—not even a rock or stick—he entered upon the desperate contest. He seized the brute by the neck and wrestled with him for some time. The animal in his attempt to get at the boy's throat rose on his hind feet almost as high as the boy's head. Though young Edis was bitten terribly in the hands and arms, he did not give up the fight, but only continued it the more vigorously. At last he got a grip with both hands on the dog's windpipe, and throwing him to the ground, choked the life out of him. He coolly went to the doctor's office, had his wounds cauterized, and then went back to where his dead antagonist lay and carried the body to the police headquarters that the Board of Health might determine whether the dog was mad or not. This boy is a magnificent specimen of the real hero. Not one boy in a thousand of reasonable courage would tackle empty-handed a dog of that size, presumably mad. But this boy was afraid the little children would be hurt, and he did not think of himself for an instant. He dared and took all the risk for others and became a hero worthy of the notice and admiration of the people of the country. What a splendid example this boy set to the young men, and in fact to all the people of the land, obeying the injunction:

Quit you like men, be strong. (I. Cor. 16: 13)

The Telugu Mission Diamond Jubilee

THE Telugu Baptist Mission is one of the most flourishing on the foreign field. Of the 60,781 communicants of the Baptist Church in South India, under the direction of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, 56,500 belong to the Telugu Mission, which extends from the region north of Madras to territory beyond Secunderabad. In the year 1910 1,554 converts were baptized by the workers of this Mission, which includes about 140 churches. The Mission supports 640 schools, enrolling 16,000 students.

The Diamond Jubilee of this work celebrated recently brought together a notable company of clergymen and missionaries and was an occasion of enthusiasm and blessing. In 1836, Rev. S. S. Day began his work in India, from which the Telugu Mission has grown. Present at the Jubilee, celebrating the work of this pioneer and its splendid results, were Dr. T. S. Barbour of Boston, Foreign Secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Professor A. W. Anthony, D.D., of Bates College, Maine, a member of the Board of Managers of the Society, Dr. C. N. Patton, Home Secretary of the Board of Foreign Commissioners, Dr. J. S. Chandler, of the Madeira Mission, Rev. D. Gilman, Dr. E. W. Kelly from Burma, Rev. G. G. Crozier, M.D., and Rev. S. A. Boggs from Assam, and Rev. G. H. Hamlin and Rev. H. E. Wyman of the Free Baptist Mission in Orissa.

Special attention was paid through the Jubilee Conference to the subject of Christian education. The subject of Church Federation was also given a prominent place in the deliberations. Great enthusiasm was kindled when it was announced that the British and Foreign Bible Society, in a spirit of Christian courtesy and kindness, had made it possible for the Baptist Church to unite with this organization in a union version of the Telugu Bible, which will be satisfactory to all the churches. Another great step in Christian union, as well as an advance movement in education, was a unanimous resolution to amalgamate the college work of the Mission with the work of the Christian College of Madras.

The great event of the session was the laying of the cornerstone of the Coles-Ackerman Memorial High School at Nellore, for whose erection Dr. and Miss Cole of New York contributed $10,000. Resolutions were also passed at the Conference in support of the International Peace Movement.

During the seventy-five years of the Baptist work in Telugu there have been approximately 100,000 conversions. One of the most encouraging features of the work is the fact that many of the recent converts have been from the higher castes. One young missionary alone, the Rev. E. O. Schugren, baptized 133 high-caste converts in 1910. The outlook for the future is full of promise.

Native Christians Leaving a Tent Meeting During the Jubilee at Nellore

What "Best Gift" Can 1912 Bring?

Continued from page 7

into degeneracy, and establish it in honor among the nations.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
Glen Ridge, N. J.

. . .

"A Profound Spiritual Awakening," Writes Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D.D., of New York City

THE best gift which the New Year could bring to the American people would be a profound spiritual awakening. As we blow up sterile soil with dynamite in order that the trees planted therein may find space and welcome for their roots in the deep subsoil, so it is necessary to disturb the spiritual nature of men in order that entrance may be found for high thoughts, ideals and purposes. For almost a generation we have been living on inherited moral force in this country. We are facing problems which can only be solved by an enlightened and awakened moral judgment. The great need of the hour is a deeper religious experience and a sturdier moral discipline on the part of the individual. This would be the greatest gift which the New Year could bring to America.

CHARLES A. EATON,
Pastor, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

. . .

"A National Hunger and Thirst for Righteousness," Writes Pastor Charles M. Sheldon, Author of "In His Steps"

IF I were the New Year, and had it in my power to bring just one thing to the American people, I would bring to them the hunger and thirst for righteousness. The greatest need we have to-day is not a need of abolishing poverty, or giving people more things, or wiping out the causes of disease, or solving the problems of temperance reform, housing of the people, day's wages, or anything of the sort. But the great need of the people, rich and poor, high and low, old and young, white and black, is the need of right living. There are some terrible conditions in our American civilization. There is hatred between white and black. There is the curse of drink, especially the making of it. There is the fearful passion of lust and uncleanness among all classes of people. There are murders, 10,000 last year. The whole country which we love is in need of the righteousness of the eternal God. If I could give that to this country as a New Year's gift I know that all the rest would follow.

CHARLES M. SHELDON.
Topeka, Kan.

. . .

"The Discovery of a Consumption and Cancer Cure," Writes Julia Marlowe

IN MY opinion the best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be a cure for tuberculosis and cancer.

JULIA MARLOWE.
New York City.

. . .

"A Genuine Revival of Religion," Writes Professor R. A. Torrey, America's Great Evangelist

IN MY opinion, the best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be a genuine revival of religion in the power of the Holy Spirit. Not a work gotten up by man's machinery, but a real work of God sent down from above in answer to the prayers of true and earnest followers of Jesus Christ.

R. A. TORREY.
Limerick, Ireland.

. . .

"Greater Reverence," Writes W. R. Moody

A DEEPER sense of reverence would be the greatest blessing we could have just now. The attitude of the present generation toward God is characterized by an easy familiarity that denotes superficial thinking, and as a natural sequence of the attitude towards the forms of law and order, is resulting in social disorder. If 1912 would bring to the American people greater reverence, it would result in healthier conditions in our religious and social life.

W. R. MOODY.
East Northfield, Mass.

. . .

"Opportunities for Leisure and Artistic Enjoyment," Writes Walter Damrosch

SUCH an ideal economic condition that every decent man may be sure not only of plenty of bread to eat for himself and his family, but also plenty of leisure time to devote to the real object of life, the cultivation of art and the adoration of beauty.

WALTER J. DAMROSCH.
New York City.

. . .

"Less Fear of Evils that May Never Happen," Writes Major-General Carter

A KEENER appreciation of the benefits of the advanced civilization of which we are a part, and less fear of evils which may never arrive.

WM. H. CARTER,
Major-General, U. S. Army.
Washington, D. C.

. . .

"To Love God and Our Neighbor More," Writes Governor Blease

THE best gift the New Year could bring to the American people would be a strict obedience to the divine injunction, "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

COLE L. BLEASE, *Governor.*
Columbia, S. C.

. . .

"To Bar Drinking, Gambling and Idleness," Writes Governor Gilchrist

THE mothers have more to do in training the sons and daughters than the fathers. The best gift that could be given the children—the future American people—is the knowledge that no one can accomplish results who gets drunk, gambles and won't work.

ALBERT W. GILCHRIST.
Tallahassee, Fla.

SEVERAL mayors give their interpretation of the best gifts for the New Year.

Leading Mayors on the "Best Gift"

Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Mass., writes: "The best gift would be to increase the sense of responsibility on the part of the rich to those who are less fortunate, and a cessation among the poor of the spirit of discontent, in so far as it leads to bitterness and vindictive action rather than to self-improvement."

Mayor Samuel L. Shank, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "The best gift the New Year could bring would be a substantial and permanent decrease in the high cost of living and some definite plan formulated to bring a closer relationship between the producer and the consumer."

Mayor William S. Jordan, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes: "In my humble opinion, the best gift would be that the equality of opportunity should be made a fact as well as a theory in this republic. To bring it back to this basic principle and to set it once more truly and firmly on its foundation of 'equal rights to all,' is the greatest gift the New Year could bring."

Mayor Darius A. Brown, of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "The best gift would be such changes in the social, economic and industrial conditions that the following results would be accomplished:

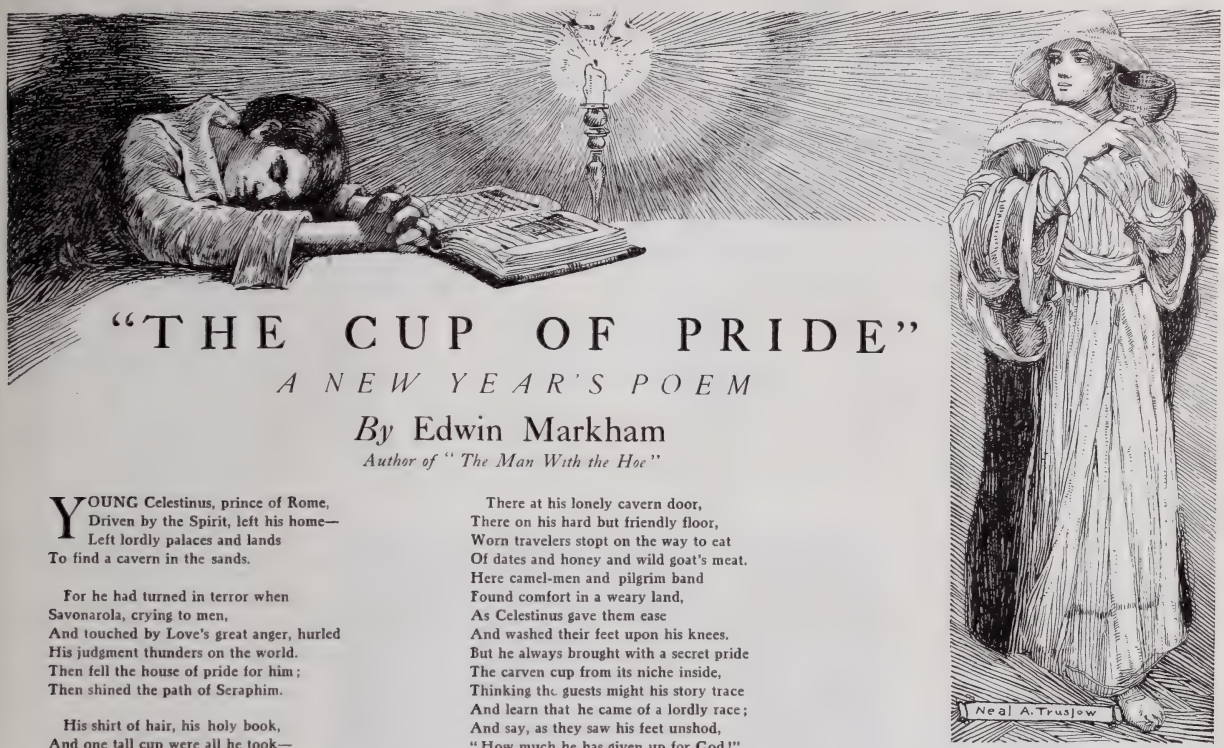
"First. That every man who honestly desires to do so would be given an opportunity to secure employment at such compensation as would enable him to adequately provide for himself and his family.

"Second. That the attitude of society toward the male and female delinquent will be such that when they honestly desire to live a decent and virtuous life, every possible encouragement and support will be given them.

"Third. That every man and woman will be judged, not according to their social or financial position, not according to what they think they are, nor according to what others think they are, but according to what they really are.

"Fourth. That the masses of the people will be given so square a deal that there will no longer be any necessity for charity and philanthropy."

President Russell H. Conwell, of Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "The greatest need of the American people is to fear hard times sufficiently to make them feel the need of God's care, and incline them to seek his protection."



"THE CUP OF PRIDE"

A NEW YEAR'S POEM

By Edwin Markham

Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

YOUNG Celestinus, prince of Rome,
Driven by the Spirit, left his home—
Left lordly palaces and lands
To find a cavern in the sands.

For he had turned in terror when
Savonarola, crying to men,
And touched by Love's great anger, hurled
His judgment thunders on the world.
Then fell the house of pride for him;
Then shined the path of Seraphim.

His shirt of hair, his holy book,
And one tall cup were all he took—
One carven cup whose lettering told
Of his princely race and their deeds of old.
So out by Elim's seven tall palms,
With sound of penitential psalms,
And aching knees and fastings long,
He strove to purge away the wrong
His deeds had heaped in those wild years
When he had sown the seed of tears.

But not alone with prayer and praise
Did Celestinus build his days.
He led afar a little stream
To glass the dawn and the starry beam.
He scooped each day the sandy hole
That held well-water as a bowl,
To gladden the conies in their play
And hearten the camels on the way.
He made the stream that was so lean
A winding path of trembling green,
Where vine-leaves lifted and white pease,
And barley for the wind to tease.

There at his lonely cavern door,
There on his hard but friendly floor,
Worn travelers stopt on the way to eat
Of dates and honey and wild goat's meat.
Here camel-men and pilgrim band
Found comfort in a weary land,
As Celestinus gave them ease
And washed their feet upon his knees.
But he always brought with a secret pride
The carven cup from its niche inside,
Thinking the guests might his story trace
And learn that he came of a lordly race;
And say, as they saw his feet unshod,
"How much he has given up for God!"

And yet in his prayers the hermit cried,
"Lord, have I purged away my pride?
Am I little and humble in Thy sight,
And moving hourly toward the light?"
And God was listening to this, and glad;
Till at the end of a happy year,
He turned to the angel Arabad:
"Go, for this child is very dear—
Go to the sands this soul to save."
So came one night to the hermit's cave
A pilgrim with starry eyes and grave.

Quickly the hermit smoothed a seat,
Spread for the traveler bread and meat,
Pouring the goat's milk foaming and cold
Into the cherished cup of gold,
The goblet carven with curious grace
To tell the glories of his race—
Their births, their deaths, their princely reigns,
Their daring deeds, their splendid pains.

Softly they talked with bite and sup,
Yet spoke no word of the boastful cup.
But lo, in the hush of the desert night,
When sleep on Celestinus fell,
There shined round the pilgrim a mystic light.
And he rose and took from the hermit's cell
The lordly goblet loved too well,
And bore it away in his camel-pack
And faded to air on the desert track.

But he sent on the hermit's soul a dream
That threaded the dark like a starry beam,
Bringing these words from the world's extreme:
"Your goblet, brother, I must destroy,
As we take from a child a perilous toy.
Let go of the past, both deed and date:
Only your own act molds your fate—
Only the man you are to-day
Counts when the judgment angels weigh!"

S H E P H E R D S

By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

A Two-Part Story, of which this is Part Two

IT WAS a perfectly horrible time, however—the kind of time you look back to and wonder if you didn't dream it in a nightmare. The whole house smelt of carbolic; and a horrible *waiting* feeling seemed to have settled down on it—and us. You've got to go through it yourself to understand just what I mean. There was a great yellow sign on the house; and it was so quiet inside that every time the doorbell rang it sent prickly caterpillars wriggling up and down your spine.

Father was the only one who went out—he had to, you see. For there were lots of our people going through the same thing—and worse. Mrs. Delany's little Mary went, in spite of the antitoxin. Father was on the rush from morning until night.

Upstairs Mr. Harwood and Allie nursed Jimmy and Florian, and downstairs Cissy and I cooked and washed dishes and did the best we could. Cissy burnt her arm and hid it with her sleeve, and we didn't know anything about it until long afterward, when Allie noticed the scar on her wrist, and Mr. Harwood covered it with a bracelet. And every morning Mrs. Merrivale's big red automobile stopped outside the house, and she herself came to look at Mr. Harwood through the window. She deluged us with fruit and wines and jellies, which Cissy used to share with the parish.

Father used to stand at the foot of the steps, while Mr. Harwood, with his head tied up in a towel, and a clean sheet pinned over his clothes, would stand at the top, and call down, in his pleasant voice:

"No change for the worse yet, thank God!"

He kept insisting right along that they'd come through all right. But diphtheria is really a dreadful thing, it seems. Jimmy's case wasn't so bad; but Florian had a hard time—it looked as if he couldn't fight it off, even with the antitoxin. Most of the time he wasn't conscious at all.

I remember the worst night of all, when they said he was at the turning-point. Cissy and father and I knelt in our old study. We couldn't sleep, and we couldn't pray—at least, I couldn't. For Jimmy's my chum, you know, and Florian's the baby. Cissy says she dreams of that night yet, when she's eaten too much.

Father looked older and grayer and sadder than I'd ever seen him.

Upstairs everything was perfectly still, except when you'd hear Allie's light foot, or Mr. Harwood's heavier tread. It was dawn when he came to the head of the stairs and called:

"Jimmy's asleep. And Florian's passed the crisis, and he's asleep, too. They've pulled through!"

Cissy and I clung to each other, but father knelt down on the floor, and cried.

Say, you never saw kids pick up like those two did. They got well in jumps, Allie said, although she was very careful, and kept them in bed a frightfully long time, it seemed to me.

And then Mrs. Merrivale's big auto came, and carried Mr. Harwood off. And that's the last we saw of *him*. And Allie had time to draw a long breath and wonder about her broken-up confirmation class.

"Oh, that's all right," said father. The bishop left so suddenly that everything had to be deferred. He has returned, however, and I'll get your class in shape again, Allie, and do the best I can with it."

So Cissy sent her dress to Annie Fennis, and father found another teacher for the class—Allie had her hands too full of Jimmy and Florian

Continued on page 18

Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

By Charles M. Sheldon.

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER IX—*Continued*

THE district court room was crowded when the great trial of Brander Cushing for manslaughter in the famous naval factory horror came off.

There had never been such a case in Dockville. Brander Cushing was in many ways its foremost citizen. His wealth, his position, his skill, his national prominence, all combined to make the trial one of commanding interest.

He had hired the most skilful lawyers that money could retain. He was going to make the fight of a lifetime for his liberty. For as the trial proceeded he grew more and more convinced that his position was desperate. All the delays and technical quibbles that the law permits had been used, and now the case had reached its most intense stage in the calling of witnesses who had survived the horror.

The first witness called by Silas Fleming was the Fire Battalion Chief.

After any number of objections had been offered by Cushing's lawyers, the court ruled that the chief could tell his story in his own way. Then with all its harrowing details he told the story of the awful catastrophe.

A negro porter was called next—one of the common heroes of the tragedy. He testified:

"The elevators ran until they couldn't run. We were putting in the switch cables till they were overrun with water. They stuck. The circuit breakers were blowing out. I had too much on my car. The car gave way. They jumped down and everything, on top of me. Because of the smoke I could not see where the floor levels were, and had to open my doors at random. They were holding my hands and pulling my hair and jabbing me in the face. I do not know what I hit. The door would not close and all the glass came down on me. They fell on me and I could not stop them. They slid down the ropes. They jumped on the roof of my car. About twenty jumped on top of the roof. Even when the cars were far below them, the girls continued to jump, and their bodies wedged in between car and shaft. Above one elevator nineteen bodies were found so. It did not take long to finish the elevators." And he added with an ashen face, "I haven't had a good night's sleep since."

Silas Fleming, with a significant look at the jury, now called Hermosa Howard. Hermosa took the witness stand, which was directly in front of where Brander Cushing was sitting. In substance her testimony was as follows:

"We ran first to the elevator, and the man was not up. We knocked on the door, and he didn't come. We then turned to the stairway door. It was locked and there was no key there. . . . I tried to break it open, and I couldn't. . . . There was a woman forty years old there who was burned—Mary Herman—and Bessie Bischofsky, and there were others, and they were next to me and with me at the door; and I said to the woman, 'You try! You may be stronger.' She said, 'I can't.' So then I said, 'Let us all go at it!' And we did. I can swear positively the door was locked."

Cross-examined by Cushing's lawyer the story of her rescue by Sidney came out with glowing—yes, startling — clearness. Hermosa acted out parts of it. At points in her narrative different ones of the jurymen stood up. People in the court room swayed back and forth as Hermosa told how Sidney braced his foot on the board, and men and women in the audience held on to the backs of the benches in front of them as she told of the falling board and Sidney's hair-breadth escape. A sound of applause rose over the room, quickly suppressed by the court. Brander Cushing's counsel looked pleased at the impression made by this witness. The jury would surely take some account of this service so bravely rendered by Brander Cushing's son.

Athanasia was called.

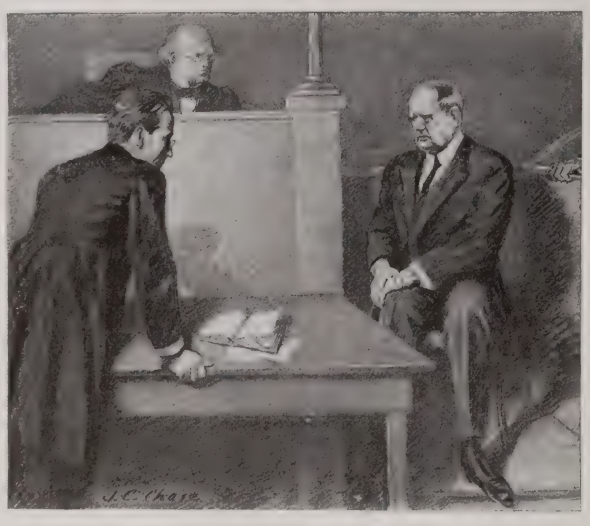
Athanasia faced the crowded room with a calm face, but the red spot glowed deep on her cheek as she glanced first at Hermosa and then at Brander Cushing. After the preliminary questions, "You were with Miss Howard and the others at the door by the elevator on the seventh story?"

"Yes, sir."

"Describe what took place there."

"We crowded up to the door and pushed on it. I am sure it was not locked. I saw it give way a little. I thought I would be dead, too. . . . But the smoke and flames were terrible, and some of the girls said it was better to be smashed than burned, and they wanted to be identified. They didn't want to jump, they was afraid. They was saying their prayers first, and putting rags over their eyes so they would not see. Up on the seventh they were jumping, too. I heard Yetta say to Natie, 'You jump first.' But when she had said her prayers she said, 'No; let me jump now.' Then she began to raise her arms as if she was talking to some one up high and then she jumped."

In the afternoon, Fleming brought on one of the janitors, who produced a blackened lock with the bolt shot back. This lock he claimed to have found near the broken passage and stairway at the head of which Hermosa testified the girls beat with their fists so vainly. This lock evidently made a great impression on the jury.



"'You admit the papers were served?' asked Fleming. 'I do,' was the reply"

It was the end of the second day before Brander Cushing was summoned. The witnesses had been disposed of with great rapidity. There had been little cross-examination.

Cushing was called by his lawyer first to testify to his knowledge of the locked doors. He made out a clear case of not guilty, at least in the minds of the spectators. But the jury was impassive. Silas Fleming did not cross-examine this testimony. All he did at its conclusion was to reach out over the table and shove the blackened lock a little nearer the two rows of jurymen.

Next came the matter of the fire-escapes, and Brander Cushing's responsibility. The deputy fire marshal had been put on to swear that the papers had been duly served. Severely cross-examined, he was evidently embarrassed and confused by the fact that no record of such service could be found with the fire department. This made an evident impression on the jury which all Silas Fleming's ingenious questioning could not remove.

It was Brander Cushing's lawyer's turn to question his distinguished client in rebuttal.

The afternoon was wearing away. The lights had just come on. Every one was tired and strained nervously by the rehearsal of the tragedy. Hermosa's face turned wistfully, with a mysterious deepening, toward Sidney. Athanasia, stooping even in her seat, never let her gaze waver from Brander Cushing's face. And he, with Sidney confronting him, now leaned slightly forward as the lawyer put the question:

"Mr. Cushing, were these papers that the deputy fire marshal swears were served on you ever served?"

Brander Cushing looked steadily at Sidney as he answered.

CHAPTER X

THE lawyer repeated the question, Brander Cushing was so slow about answering.

"Were the papers ever served on you, Mr. Cushing?"

"They were."

"The two words fell into the intense silence of the room like reports of an explosion. The lawyer leaned forward in amazement and said,

"They were *not?*"

"They *were.*"

Again that dropping of two words into the deep silence of the court room. Then a rustle like a sigh from all together ran through the audience like water running over glass.

The judge, who was a trifle deaf, spoke sharply to the court stenographer.

"Read the question to the witness and his answer."

"Question: Were the papers ever served on you, Mr. Cushing?

"Answer: They were."

The stenographer sat down. The judge leaned forward over his desk and eyed Cushing as if another man had come in and taken his place on the witness stand. As, indeed, he had. Silas Fleming had risen, one fat hand on the big table littered over with law books and papers. His lips were parted and his big eyes were staring. Sidney had also risen and stretched out an arm towards the witness. It was his word that broke the dead silence.

"Father!"

And then he sat down and bowed his head on his arms.

Athanasia Ward was sitting on a bench just back of Sidney's chair. She bent forward and stretched out her arms. Her hands could not quite touch Sidney. Hermosa, seated beside her, drew her back. On Hermosa's face there was a tear, and her heart was beating fast. Over all the court room passed again that breath of intense interest following the moments of stupefied suspense. Again the silence was broken by Brander Cushing's calm, cold voice.

"The date of the service of the papers was September the 18th. The deputy marshal served them in my office at the shipyard in the presence of myself and my son."

Brander Cushing's counsel turned to Silas Fleming.

"This witness seems to belong to the prosecution," he said. With a strange look at Cushing, he sat down.

"You admit the papers were served?" asked Fleming.

"I do."

"On the eighteenth?"

"On the eighteenth."

"In your office?"

"Yes."

"In the presence of your son?"

"Yes."

"Where are the papers?"

"I destroyed them."

Silence.

"Your honor," said Fleming in a low voice, "I have no further questions." He bowed to Brander

Continued on page 14

think something had fallen against it outside in the entrance to block it."

Astonishment was in the faces of judge, jury and spectators. Silas Fleming suppressed an oath. Hermosa held up her hand solemnly to warn Athanasia of her oath to tell the truth. But to all questioning and cross-questioning, Athanasia simply repeated the same story in the same words, as if she had committed them to memory. Nothing could shake her testimony. When she finally went down there was a look on her face such as few martyrs wear and a bewildered judge, jury and audience. Only on Sidney's face there had crept during the last few minutes an expression of wonder and shame and sorrow that grew as the trial proceeded.

Silas Fleming called one of the Italian girls who had escaped in some miraculous manner she was unable to describe.

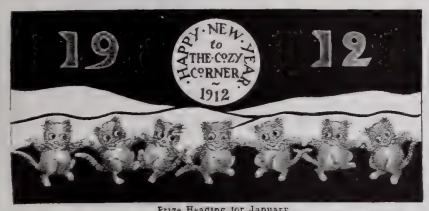
She said in substance:*

"We started to run, and the flames came out all around. Some of us began to catch fire. Almost none jumped till they were on fire. And those who weren't had to keep away from those who were. The flames were near me. My mouth was full of smoke. I wanted to get on a table and jump. But the windows were too crowded, and I seen so many bodies lying dead on the ground that I

* A part of this scene has been copied from a newspaper account of an actual court trial. Credit should be given. I do not know the writer. C.M.S.

HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Prize Heading for January

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: *January is the time of beginnings, and another Happy New Year begins for us here in the Cozy Corner. What a happy, busy twelvemonth we have spent together! for it was about this time last year that we began really to know one another.*

I have many surprises to tell you about that are tucked away in Cozy Corner plans for 1912; but I shall not fill this New Year's message with plans and promises. You must watch very closely and discover for yourselves that what so many of you so often say about our little Cozy Corner Department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *is constantly true of it: It gets better and better all the time. And I thank you, my dear, hearty, ambitious boys and girls, for inspiring it, because you do.*

Many young people will join our ranks this year who have not been with us before, because THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *is constantly making its way into new homes everywhere. A Happy New Year to you all, and a glad, warm welcome into the Cozy Corner. We want every boy and girl in the homes where* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *goes to be with us this year. Remember, the Aunt in the Cozy Corner wants to be a very real part of your boyhood and girlhood. And when we are all older we shall love so dearly to look back on the time when we worked and played together in Happy Cozy Corner days.*

Very lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

SOME NICE WORK BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

My Dolly

I cried and cried
When my dolly died.
"You will get another,
Just go play with brother,"
Said mother gladly,
While I wept sadly.

Jennie Moore and Mamie Lack
Brought their dollies, dressed in black.
We covered her with flowers white—
The service in the sweet sunlight—
I cried and cried
When my dolly died!

When the service was over,
We buried her in a grave of clover.
I hung some crape on my doll-house door,
And stood and cried some more.
Oh, I cried and cried,
When my dolly died!

Illinois. MAXIE LYONS, *age 11.*
First prize, gunmetal watch.

A True Wolf Story

MANY years ago, when the Middle West was nearly all wildwood land, my great-grandfather, then a young man, started from Ingham County in Michigan to the town of Dexter, a distance of nearly forty miles, to buy a piece of land on which to grow corn. At dusk on the first evening of his tramp he heard the first cry of a wolf, then another and another. He knew by this time that wolves were following him. He cut a stout stick and trimmed it as he hurried on his way. Soon the wolves were so near that he turned and faced the pack, thinking he would soon be overpowered and killed. As they crowded closer he kept them at bay as best he could with his stick, and all at once in his nervous excitement he began to whistle. Strange as it may seem, the wolves drew back at the sound, so he walked backwards for a long time, whistling as he went, the wolves following at a safe distance, and as long as he whistled they came no nearer. At last he could whistle no longer, for his lips were paralyzed, and no sound would come. Then slowly and softly and in a high, piping voice he began to sing. Grandmother says, "I suppose that never a man ever sang with so much terror in his heart before." After a time, exhausted and dazed but still singing, he reached a settler's house and in the morning took up his journey again in safety.

GOLDA UNDERHILL, *age 11.*
Prize, Brownie kodak.

I Made It Myself

OUT of one-by-four planking I made a dandy tool-box. This is a diagram of it; almost any boy can make one. In the compartments we keep nails, staples, punches, chisels, wrenches, pincers; outside on one side a horizontal leather strap holds the hatchet; outside on the other side a vertical strap and a bent staple holds the saw, and everything is compact and in place. The barn tool-box, 18 inches long by 8 inches wide, is a family institution; we could not get along without it now.

JACK CADY, *age 13.*
Prize, Brownie kodak.

Among First Prize Winners

Anna Bunting, 13, Canada; Charles Huffman, 9, Iowa; Blanche Jones, 11, New Jersey; Elda A. McCaw, 13, Massachusetts; G. Raymond Schrader, 15, New York; Maggie Redfern, 17, Washington.

The names of forty-two boys and girls, who recently have won Supplementary Prizes, and of thirty whose names are on the Cozy Corner Honor Roll for work that is above the average, have been crowded out this week, but will be published in next week's CHRISTIAN HERALD.

An Enigma

I am quite a useful article,
And found in many a form;
I am seen upon the ocean
In sunshine and in storm;
The doctor prescribes me
When your throat isn't right;
When the settler builds his cabin
I help to make it tight.
I am scarce upon the prairie,
But in the forest found;
And I am quite abundant, too,
Where little dogs abound.

All who guess the enigma correctly and enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage will receive a Cozy Corner Souvenir for January.

Good-Night Verse

The day is gently sinking to a close;
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
Where thou art present darkness cannot be;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

The Care of Cut Glass

Cut glass is easily chipped. It is best, therefore, to wash it, one piece at a time, in a wooden tub or a padded dishpan. Never put cut glass in very cold or scalding hot water.

To wash: Make a suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm water. Let the glass remain in the suds a few minutes. Then go over it with a medium stiff nail-brush. Rinse twice in water of same temperature as the water used for washing. The first rinsing water should be clear. To the second, add a little bluing; bluing gives a brilliancy to cut glass that cannot be produced in any other way. Dry with a soft flannel or a piece of cheesecloth which has been washed. Polish with soft tissue paper.

If you have a great deal of cut glass and use it frequently, it is a good idea to provide yourself with a supply of jewelers' sawdust, which can be dried and used over and over again. After washing the cut glass, place it in a box and pour sawdust over it. Rub the glass with handfuls of sawdust, and it will soon be dry. Any sawdust that may have attached itself to the glass can be removed with a brush.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

Answered Prayers

Miss E. A., Ohio. "The Lord has answered my prayer and I thank him for it."

S. J. C., Howe Cove, N. Y. "In answer to prayer I saw a father and mother converted."

Mrs. G. L. H., Troy, N. Y. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answer to prayer."

E. P., Blue Springs, La. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness through answered prayer."

Mrs. K. C., London, Ont. "God has raised my daughter from a sick-bed in answer to prayer."

M. S., Wallace, Idaho. "God answered my prayer during the dreadful forest fire at Wallace, Idaho."

Mrs. P. K. S. "My son was in great trouble. I asked God to help him and he has answered my prayers."

Mrs. A. O. V., Utica, N. Y. "I want to testify how wonderfully the Lord has brought me through awful affliction."

M. K. F., Cambridge Springs, Pa. "I was in very deep trouble over some temporal matters. I took it to God in prayer and he most graciously answered."

C. C. R., Zion City, Ill. "I have received answers to many prayers in the last year, and find that God's word is 'yea' to them that believe."

Subscriber, Lafayette, N. Y. "I acknowledge the return of a son who left home. This is only one of the many prayers which have been answered."

Mrs. N. E. H., LeRoy, Ill. "I want to acknowledge my gratitude to the Lord for answering our prayers and restoring me after a severe affliction."

Called Higher

William Williams (79), of Primrose, Ia., was called home on July 20 last.

Mrs. Eleanor R. Shaw (76), of Akron, O., has passed to the reward of years of service.

Mrs. William P. Goodall, nee Julia Boon, aged 78 years, of Macon, Ga., departed this life on September 21, 1911.

William M. Martin (66) died at his home in Charlotte, N. C., on September 1. He was for many years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. A. P. Hodgdon (87), of Boothbay, Me., passed to her rest on July 7 last. She had been for twenty years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. Neil G. Reid (70) died at Ann Arbor, Mich., on October 22. She had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the past twenty years.

Mrs. Charles Darby (80), of Antioch, Ill., passed to her eternal rest on February 17 last. She was for many years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mr. S. M. Dearth (78) died on November 5, 1911, at his home near Franklin, O. He had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years.

Mrs. E. E. Brayford (72), of Hood River, Ore., was called home in August last. She had been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over twenty-five years.

William D. Botkin, of Bixby, Okla., passed away on June 6 last after a long illness. He had been for many years a devoted Christian and a subscriber to this magazine.

Rev. Alva Byers, of Salem, Ore., passed away recently at the home of his daughter. Mr. Byers, who was 79 years of age, had been in the active ministry for forty years.

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 12

Cushing as he had never bowed to any person in his life. The judge seemed to wake from a dream.

"That is all, Mr. Cushing. Call the other witness, Mr. Fleming."

Sidney took the stand. All eyes were on him. In that brief experience he had aged. No one could know the depth of feeling that flooded his soul as Silas Fleming put the question to him almost mechanically:

"Were the papers of notification for the erection of the fire-escapes on the naval factory building served on your father in his office by the deputy fire marshal?"

"They were."

"On the eighteenth of September?"

"Yes."

"You saw them yourself?"

"I did."

Silence.

"That is all." Fleming bowed again. Sidney stepped down. The jury as a man followed him as he went and sat beside his father. On the faces of both of them there was a look that every man respected. An awed silence pervaded that dingy old room where so much of human sordidness and dirty guilt had been common. And men looked into one another's face with parted lips, asking questions silently, still baffled by the event.

Silas Fleming turned to the judge.

"That is our case, your honor."

He sat down again and whispered with his colleagues, and then rose to make his summing up to the jury.

Evidently Silas Fleming was not himself. His characteristic bullying, aggressive, storming manner that went naturally with his massive, ponderous arms and shoulders had received a distinct shock. He made a brief statement of the facts of the fire, but did not emphasize the fact of the locked door. At the end he dwelt briefly on the fact that the accused had admitted the service of the fire marshal's papers and that the case of the State against him was thereby sustained. And then he closed with this remarkable appeal to the court:

"May it please this court and jury, the astonishing confession just now made by the accused puts this prosecution on a new basis. As the prosecuting attorney, I beg to ask the jury to bring in a verdict tempered with mercy. There is no proof that Brander Cushing was responsible for the locked doors. For his negligence in the matter of failure to provide the fire-escapes as required by law, I plead, your honor, for indulgence to be shown as far as possible."

With this astonishing peroration, Silas Fleming sat down.

And then the counsel for Brander Cushing rose to reply.

This lawyer, a keen, fully equipped corporation counsel, skilled in all the technical subtleties of evasion and temporizing and the making of black into white in which long years of practise had made him master, had been whispering to Brander Cushing during Fleming's hesitating and halting address. Evidently the whispering had not resulted in anything satisfactory, for when he rose his face betrayed a baffled look.

But as he went on, he warmed to the defense of his strange client. He dwelt on the fact of his lifelong honesty and probity, of his many acts of kindness shown to the people in the factory and the tenement, and in his own shipyard. He reviewed the evidence with keen analysis and proved conclusively that Cushing had not been guilty of ordering the doors of the factory rooms to be locked. And then he launched out into a magnificent appeal based on this man's son's heroic act at the scene of the disaster. It had nothing to do with the charge against Brander Cushing, and every one knew it; but nevertheless it had an evident effect on the jury. And at the close, he touched on the admitted confession of the service of the papers, but pleaded with real eloquence for a verdict that would not consign to a future of shame and dishonor a man who had committed one fault in a whole lifetime of honorable and kindly deeds.

The judge, an old man, cautious, cold of intellect and bearing, charged the jury.

He sharply criticized the counsel for Brander Cushing for bringing forward as an argument Sidney's action as if it had any bearing on the case. He coldly reviewed the testimony in regard to the locked doors and emphasized the accused's confession, and reminded the jury that the indictment under which Brander Cushing was being tried covered both manslaughter and criminal neglect. If he was convicted on both counts it meant a penitentiary sentence of twenty-five years. If the jury should find for criminal neglect only, the law fixed the penalty at ten years for the maximum and five years for the minimum imprisonment, with a thousand dollars' fine.

The jury filed out. There was question with the court as to the time for waiting a verdict. The judge announced that the court would await the usual hour of adjournment, and if the jury did not arrive at a verdict by that time, adjournment would succeed.

In this waiting period, while a subdued murmur and buzz passes through the room, let us look into Brander Cushing's soul and seek for the reasons that have brought about this deep crisis of his personal history.

From the moment Sidney had promised, on that night of his return from Washington, to stand by his father in the denial of the service of the papers, Brander Cushing had never had a moment of real peace with himself. Sidney had requested his father never to mention the matter again, and during all the driving energy of the work at the shipyard, not a word had been spoken about it. But in spite of his most desperate efforts mentally, Brander Cushing never once succeeded in blunting a naturally keen sense of justice which he possessed. The thought of his own perjury did not disturb him greatly. He was one of those men who can say quite glibly, "Oh, I don't care whether there's a future life or not. I'd just as soon die as not." But it was different when Sidney, his own son, was involved. He loved him with a passion that was the accumulation of a love that had no other channel of expression. His friends were very few. His wife had died when Sidney was a baby. He had no brothers or sisters. His entire forceful, dominant, vital, abounding personality went out towards this young man so like himself outwardly, so strong and brave and generous and open-hearted. He loved him more than he loved himself. And the thought of forcing this bright, clean spirit into perjury filled his soul with fear.

The trial had stirred Brander Cushing to the depths of his deep nature. He had endured all the tortures of self-condemnation as witness after witness had told the horrible story of that result of his own carelessness. And then, Athanasia! He saw at once through the transparent guilelessness of the girl's evident but vain attempt to shield him by perjuring herself about the facts of the locked door. And her reason for it? Sidney! His mind, extremely keen and swift, searched his memory of her face as she sat in the court room, her gaze fastened on Sidney, the wistful, child-like, hopeless look that betrayed her feeling without any effort at concealment. What! This crippled, hunchback girl ready to perjure herself and contradict her dearest friend for the sake of his son and himself! And he, Brander Cushing, eager to thrust his son into the lifelong infamy of a lie

Continued on next page

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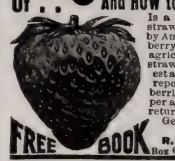

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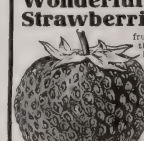

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

that would brand them both for all time!

He had never known a real sacrifice, not even for Sidney. How could he make this one? The result—ignominy, shame, loss of reputation, a felon's fate, dishonored old age, his ambition shattered, lifelong ruin! Surely a lie was better for them both than all that hell on earth that stood over against the speaking of two words instead of three. On the other hand, there was the possibility of acquittal. Even if his confession of guilt made the indictment justified, the very fact of his confession threw him on the mercy of the court.

All the intricate workings of the human heart will never be known. All that prompted Brander Cushing to save his son that day from perjury can never be analyzed. But as he sat there waiting for the jury to come in with its verdict, he held his son's hand as he used to when he walked out with him when he was a little boy. Somehow he felt that, no matter what happened, the hand that touched his would be strong enough to pull his soul out of hell.

Did you ever have a little child, as it walked by you, slip its little hand into yours without being asked? And have you, as its soft little palm gave itself with perfect confidence to your bigger one, been able to say, "Thank God, I am pure, and worthy of this little one's confidence in me"?

Such was Brander Cushing's feeling as he sat there that day waiting for that jury to come back.

When they finally did file into the court room, it seemed only a few minutes since they had left. The conversation instantly ceased. The judge came in from his room back of the platform. The court bailiff spoke his word, and the foreman of the jury stood up. He held a slip of paper in his hand.

"Are you ready, gentlemen of the jury, with a verdict?"

"We are, your honor. We have been on our knees asking God to direct us. We find the accused guilty of criminal negligence in the matter of the failure to provide the fire-escapes required by the law, and we commend him to the mercy of the court."

Brander Cushing stiffened in his chair. His face was like marble. The judge beckoned Fleming and Cushing's attorney up to the desk. There was a whispered conference.

"Is there any reason why this case should not be closed right here?"

"None that I know of," said Fleming. He was simply dumbfounded by the course of events. Cushing's counsel simply said, as he shrugged his shoulders,

"My client says he prefers going to State prison to waiting in the filthy county jail for the outcome of a useless appeal."

"There is nothing else, then, gentlemen," said the judge, except to pronounce sentence. Is that your final word?"

"It is, your honor."

The lawyers went back to the table and sat down. Again Cushing's lawyer whispered to him. Again he shook his head.

The judge, after a moment, said slowly,

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced on you now?"

Brander Cushing stood up. His strong fingers were clasped around the railing in front of the jury box. He looked straight at the men who had just given their verdict, then turned to the judge and said distinctly:

"No, your honor."

The judge hesitated a moment, then spoke gravely and with unusual feeling.

"There is no discretion with the court. The law fixes the minimum penalty at five years' imprisonment and a thousand dollars' fine. The recommendation for mercy cannot carry with it any change of that sentence. I therefore sentence you, Brander Cushing, on the finding of the jury, to a term of five years' imprisonment in the State penitentiary and the payment of one thousand dollars' fine as fixed by law. And," he added with an emotion as unusual as the whole trial had been, "May the mercy of God, which all of us need, be extended to you and yours."

To be continued

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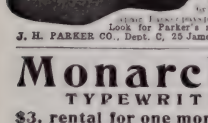

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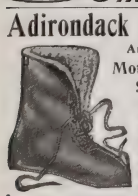
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BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Old New Year's Customs

IN OLD Manhattan, when the Bowery and Maiden Lane were what their names indicate, when fashionable homes clustered around the battery and gardens grew where now the tenements throng, the New Year was ushered in with social pomp. The custom of making calls on the first day of January did not fall into abeyance until a very recent period. As the big city stretched itself over immense distances, running up Yonkers way, extending far over Brooklyn and Flatbush and sending lines of communication into Connecticut and New Jersey, New Year's calls became less and less practicable and house parties superseded them.

The New Year is at present a favorite time for house-parties in the country, to which city folk joyfully escape, and for various forms of social diversion, alluring domestic groups and starting the year under gay auspices. The custom of making calls, coming down from old Manhattan until about the middle of the last century, was peculiarly appreciated in New York. Preparations for hospitality were made beforehand, and the matron who prided herself upon good housekeeping spread her table generously for the entertainment of a number of guests who would begin calling about noonday and continue coming until midnight. The streets were notable by reason of the absence of women, who on New Year's Day remained within doors, beautifully dressed and ready to give a cordial and winsome greeting to their friends and kinsmen. Black-coated figures, debonaire and gallant, marched steadily along at a brisk pace. Motor-cars, taxicabs and electric street-cars were then unknown, but private conveyances of every description were in requisition and carriages dashed up to the doors of houses where ladies were receiving, while gentlemen, hat in hand, hurried swiftly within to utter compliments, give good wishes and taste the delicacies offered them.

Cold turkey at one end of the table and a cold ham or round of spiced beef at the other, pickled oysters between, chicken salad and tongue in jelly, furnished the substantials for a New Year's table. Rich cakes black with fruit, and covered with white icing, pyramids of macaroons, delicate sponge cakes, home-made candies, creams and confections and fragrant coffee were the temptations set before the callers and urged upon them. In the evening the young people had their own good times, and many a betrothal dated from New Year's Day. The second of January was devoted by women to calls upon one another, the streets again blossoming out in the gaiety of their winter toilettes.

The greetings everywhere exchanged to-day were heard cheerily in old Manhattan. What better words can we choose for our holiday greeting now than the familiar wish that our dear ones may have a happy New Year? Happiness is not so elusive as some people would have us think. It is within our reach if we are willing to lead simple lives, to deal generously and honorably with every one, and seek happiness in little things.

* * *

To the Half of My Kingdom

THE monarch of antiquity, when he held out the golden scepter to the beautiful Queen Esther, told her to ask what she would of him, saying that he would grant her anything she wanted to the half of his kingdom. That was a liberal and elastic offer. The average man goes a bit further to-day, for he offers to the queen of his heart and home the whole of his kingdom. Everything that he possesses is laid at her feet, and he counts himself fortunate in having her love and in being able to bestow upon her the fruits of his labor. All that he asks is to make her happy. This is the frame of mind of the loving husband. How then does it happen that a letter like the following drifted like a shadow into the middle of a sunny morning where the editor of this page was sitting at her desk?

"I love my husband and he loves me. We married for love, and we are still in love with one another. We have the most beautiful child in all the world. The baby is six months old. We both adore him. Yet, half the time Jack is so cross and fault-finding that I don't know what to do. I do not answer him back. I just break down and cry, and then he is twice as cross. He makes a good living, but he never gives me a cent. My clothes are wearing out, and I do not see any prospect of new ones. Jack never imagines that I can need a new frock or wrap or so much as a pair of shoes."

Another, a man's letter, dwells shrinkingly upon disparity of age. "I am forty and in love for the first time with a girl of twenty-two. May I dare ask her to overlook the years between us?" A girl of twenty-two need not fear to say yes to a suitor of forty, for a man at that age has not reached his meridian, but when the difference is on the opposite side, the woman of forty should beware of mating with a youth of twenty-two.

When a man's single he is, in these days, and in city life, so often made comfortable in bachelor quarters that his thoughts do not turn toward marriage as inevitably as in simpler days they did. He may pay for having his buttons sewed on and his dinners cooked, and he may grow selfish and crabbed and critical and self-conceited in his single life, not realizing that he is disloyal to society and preparing for himself a lonely age. In primitive settlements and in frontier life, where women are at a premium and luxuries are few, men better appreciate women. A young army officer who had been serving a long time in a rough border country rode one day through a village where the Monday's wash was hanging on the line. He dismounted and sprang over a fence and kissed the hem of a woman's apron. That apron was to him the symbol of domestic bliss.

Neither woman nor man was meant to live in solitude if love and loyalty and propinquity can bring the right two together and enable them to exchange the sacramental vow that pledges fealty "until death do us part."

* * *

Let the Children Have Pets

IF THE children are to learn kindness to animals and gentleness and responsibility for the protection of the weak, let them have pets. The boy in the country should have his dog, the dog being a real friend and companion to the master who understands him. In the crowded cities dogs have not liberty enough, and one cannot help pitying them when they are led about at the end of a leash and taken from the house for airings. In the country, where they have room to run hither and yonder, they fit into the environment. One of the most charming books written by the late Lawrence Hutton, a man whom every one loved, was a bit of his own biography and bore the title, *A Boy and Four Dogs*. The children who have no pets lose something of their birthright.

TIED DOWN
20 Years' Slavery—How She Got Freedom
A dyspepsia veteran who writes from one of England's charming rural homes to tell how she won victory in her 20 years' fight, naturally exults in her triumph over the tea and coffee habit:
"I feel it a duty to tell you," she says. "how much good Postum has done me. I am grateful, but alsodesire to let others, who may be suffering as I did, know of the delightful method by which I was relieved.
"I had suffered for 20 years from dyspepsia and the giddiness that usually accompanies that painful ailment, and which frequently prostrated me. I never drank much coffee, and cocoa and even milk did not agree with my impaired digestion, so I used tea, exclusively, till about a year ago, when I found in a package of Grape-Nuts the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'
"After a careful reading of the booklet I was curious to try Postum and sent for a package. I enjoyed it from the first, and at once gave up tea in its favor.
"I began to feel better very soon. My giddiness left me after the first few days' use of Postum, and my stomach became stronger so rapidly that it was not long till I was able (as I still am) to take milk and many other articles of food of which I was formerly compelled to deny myself. I have proved the truth of your statement that Postum 'makes good, red blood.'
"I have become very enthusiastic over the merits of my new table beverage, and during the past few months, have conducted a Postum propaganda among my neighbors which has brought benefit to many, and I shall continue to tell my friends of the 'better way' in which I rejoice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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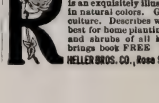
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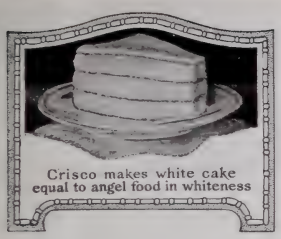


Crisco makes white cake equal to angel food in whiteness

An Absolutely New Product

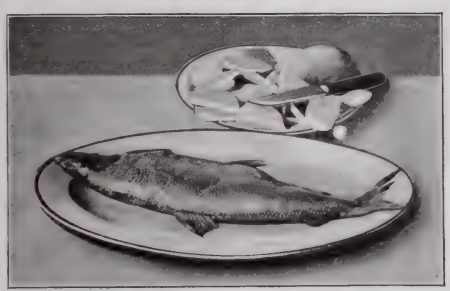
Foods fried in Crisco are light and flaky

A Scientific Discovery Which will Affect Every Kitchen in America

TWO years ago, a new and heretofore unknown food was discovered. This discovery remained a secret while the food was submitted to every possible test. Then, within the last year, it was furnished to a large number of chefs and domestic science teachers to experiment with. The tests were successful and proved that the food was *ideal*, something that the American housewife had always needed.

The many advantages of this new food may seem unbelievable to women who never have had an opportunity to use it, but they are now known, proven facts in domestic science schools and in hotel kitchens, where cooking is a science or business.

This product is purely vegetable and is to be used in cooking wherever you now use animal fats, such as butter or lard. There is not a meal served in your home in the preparation of which Crisco, the new product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking, is not needed. It is impossible to give here *all* the advantages of Crisco, but the ones which come closest to home are outlined.



Fry Fish, then Potatoes in the same Crisco. The Potatoes will not Taste of the Fish.

This Seems Impossible Until You Do it Yourself

YOU can fry fish in Crisco, and the Crisco will not absorb the fish odor! You then can use the same Crisco for frying potatoes without imparting to them the slightest fish flavor. Heretofore, you may have hesitated to fry fish because it meant the wasting of so much lard. With Crisco, not a drop need be thrown away; it can be used and re-used which makes it very economical. Will you not make this fish and potato test and learn for yourself that it is possible to fry food after food in the same Crisco without imparting to one food the flavor of another?

Dry Frying—A Radical Change

THERE is another unusual feature of Crisco which makes a radical change in frying. You have noticed that the quicker you fry, the better results you secure. All cook-books say "Heat your fat smoking hot." Lard smokes and burns at 400 degrees, and any temperature above this point is not practical, owing to the discoloration and the quantity of smoke given off. You can heat Crisco very much hotter than lard (455°) and it will not burn nor smoke. To realize fully the advantages of this high frying point of Crisco, cook potatoes in it.

Cut the slices a quarter of an inch in thickness; soak them in cold water; then thoroughly dry them in a cloth.

Heat the Crisco very hot and put in just a few potatoes at a time.

Do not put in too many at once, or they will cool the Crisco and you will lose the benefit of its high frying point.

Crisco fries so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption, thus the full flavor is retained and the potatoes are more healthful than when soaked with grease. The outside is a rich, golden brown and the inside is light and mealy, like a baked potato. No black specks spoil your food, and no "frying odor" permeates your dining-room and kitchen. When you use Crisco for frying, the improvement is so marked that you can see the difference at once.

Have You Hesitated to Eat Pastry?

From a standpoint of health, the discovery of Crisco is of great value. Pie has been called the great American dessert, and many have eaten it *in spite of the fact that they believed it to be indigestible.* Crisco makes foods more digestible. Doctors are the strongest advocates that Crisco has. Many physicians personally are recommending it to their patients, because the vegetable ingredients, of which it is made, are more readily assimilated than are animal fats. They know that Crisco has great nutritive value, and since its discovery you can eat freely foods that heretofore you could not digest.

A New Standard

UNTIL Crisco was discovered, butter was the standard for good cake-making. Crisco gives a richer, finer flavored cake than can be made with butter. Butter is nearly *one-fifth* water while Crisco contains no moisture, but is *all* shortening. Cake made with Crisco may be kept longer without loss of its original fine flavor and soft texture. Both table and cooking butter vary in flavor and richness during the different seasons. Crisco never varies. There is but one quality—the best. Every package is as rich as the first one. This unfailing richness, this absolute uniformity enable you to make your cake delicious with regularity. Your results in cake-making do not vary in the exasperating way they have done heretofore, so you never waste foods because they do not "turn out" well. You get actually better results than with butter, *at about half the cost.* Crisco makes as fine and wholesome a cake as rich cream, with an equally delicate and delicious flavor.

Butter Nearly One-fifth Water

Every Woman is Interested in This

FROM the viewpoint of economy, Crisco, the new product for cooking, excels. Foods fried in Crisco absorb less, consequently there is more Crisco left. In deep frying, it is apparent how little Crisco is used—how much of it is left, as one woman said, so little Crisco was absorbed that it seemed to her as though she had just as much when she finished as when she started to fry. This is another reason why Crisco is so economical.

Crisco also keeps excellently. It does not become strong. It is so clean and pure in origin and manufacture that it stays sweet and fresh. Crisco is never sold in bulk, but is put up in immaculate packages, perfectly protected from dust and store odors. No hands touch it, no unsanitary paddles nor wooden boats. You are sure that every package of Crisco is wholesome.

Lard Two-thirds Gone

Dip out a spoonful and look at it. You will like its very appearance, for it is a pure cream white, with a fresh, pleasant aroma. It is crisp and flaky, just the proper consistency to make it ideal for creaming in cake or for working into pie crust.

Crisco Two-thirds Left

THESE are strong statements, but they are facts which you can prove for yourself. Give your grocer an order for a package today. It requires no experimenting—you use it where you now use butter or lard, and in just the same way. Make the fish and potato test; try it for "dry" frying; try Crisco pastry, Crisco white cake, best of all try Crisco biscuits, and you will become a Crisco enthusiast and realize why its discovery will affect every family in America.

On request, we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco the new, and heretofore unknown, strictly vegetable product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking. Address Dept. S.

Sold by grocers at 25c the package except in the Far West

Crisco—Better than Butter for Cooking

Crisco is being placed in the grocery stores as rapidly as possible. If your own grocer does not yet keep it, you probably will find it in one of the other stores in your neighborhood; if not, we will send you by mail or express, charges prepaid, a full sized package for 25c. If you order from us, write plainly your name and address, and also let us have the name of your grocer. Not more than one package will be sent direct from us to any one customer.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Dept. S, Cincinnati, Ohio.

S H E P H E R D S

Continued from page 11

to bother with it. She looked very pale and thin, too, and father sighed, and wished she could have a rest.

For Allie had changed, somehow. She wasn't so merry, and she'd fall into brown-studies and sit with her hands in her lap staring straight in front of her. Cissy wondered if perhaps she might not be missing Mr. Harwood—we were—and feeling a little sad because we never saw him any more. But Allie said Cissy was a stupid little girl to think such things. Which was really very unkind of her, and made Cissy cry. For Cissy isn't stupid at all, as she very well knows.

Father said that Cissy and I might go over to Mr. Rockwell's church with him the Sunday our parish-class was confirmed. Allie put a few more darns in the old white muslin, and told Cissy not to breathe too hard while she had it on her. She tied up Cissy's long hair with blue ribbons, and trimmed over her hat with daisies. You can't imagine how nice Cissy looked, for she is really a pretty little girl, even if I say so myself. And she was very happy, too, for Annie Fennis had come by the house in her new white dress with the white ribbons. And she cried, and kissed Cissy, and said she'd remember it to her dying day, and she wanted us to know that she'd try to grow up as good as good, and show us that she was worthy of the beautiful thing—that's what she called it—that Cissy had done for her.

"I have sometimes thought, Cissy, my dear," father told her, "that I should perhaps have accepted other calls, where my children might have more than they have at present." He bent down and kissed her in a solemn sort of way that made her open her eyes very wide. "Your muslin frock has taught me that I was right in obeying the dictates of my heart, and staying—here. On high days in heaven, the holiest angels wear muslin frocks with darns in them, Cissy."

"Then I don't see what's the use of being an angel," said Cissy, and father laughed.

Mr. Rockwell's church had been decorated with wagon-loads of palms and lilies and azaleas, and the marble altar was full of twinkling lights. People kept pouring in, until every pew was crowded. You could smell flowers and lights and incense; and the sunlight that streamed through the great stained-glass window over the altar showed a Man with nail-prints in his outstretched hands. He looked sort of lonesome up there by himself in that big rich church. I wondered if he wouldn't feel more at home in our shabby old church, where father used his name to comfort the sad, tired men and women who are so poor and often what I suppose you'd call wicked; but who have so little, who lose so much, and only in that Name hope to find anything at all.

The big organ sounded a few trembly, gurgling notes, and then the music spread out, rippling and splashing, like sea water on the beach. The cross-bearer, and the singing choir-boys and the surpliced rector came out of the sanctuary and moved up and down the aisles in procession, with the music rising and falling and following.

Cissy caught me by the sleeve, and nipped me cruelly in the arm, and we leaned forward, staring. The new bishop had come forward in robes that trailed after him. Taller he was, if possible, and he looked older and grayer, but we knew him at once. It was Mr. Harwood; our Mr. Harwood. Cissy fell to pinching herself, then, and I leaned over and touched wood.

Why, he'd slept on a cot in our hall, and he'd nursed Jimmy and Florian with a sheet pinned over his clothes and a towel knotted about his head. He'd played with us and eaten our cookies and drank our syrup-and-water. And the day before he left, he'd mended Allie's chicken-house and set the Anarchist hen on fourteen eggs.

So we sat there stunned, and watched him confirm the children, and listened to him preach—and it might have been father himself, it was so simple and direct. He does not preach like Mr. Rockwell, who always has something perfectly lovely to say about the Higher Thought and the Soul of Man, and Art. And he has, not got what Reg Wright calls a Bazoo.

I dare say his preaching isn't very fine, for Cissy and I understood every word he said. Indeed, we heard some ladies in the vestibule, as we were going out, say they'd hoped for something more cultured; he hadn't touched any problems of the Newer Thought, and he hadn't quoted anything but the New Testament.

Father had asked us not to worry Allie about anything—for as I've said, Allie hadn't been like herself of late—so we didn't say a single solitary word to her, although we were simply bursting to. Bishop Ellison wasn't Bishop Ellison—he was Mr. Harwood; and Mr. Harwood wasn't Mr. Harwood—he was Bishop Ellison. Cissy said it made her head feel like a pinwheel; for me, it made me plain silly.

After our dinner we went down to the study, where we always spend Sunday afternoons. Cissy had *The Bible in Spain*, which is lots better than it sounds. And I had *Treasure Island*, which is fine, especially as there are no women in it. I wonder why more writer people don't leave women and girls out of books? No, they stuff them in, and of course it worries you to death while you're reading. Things are always happening to them, which of course you can't help, as you aren't in the book.

We didn't hear father come in, until he called to us from the study door, and when we looked up, Mr. Harwood was smiling over father's shoulders—or rather, Bishop Ellison was.

"Come and be properly introduced to the bishop," said father. But we two just sat and stared like owls.

"John Harwood Ellison," said the bishop. "Why, Cissy girl! And Jack? Not a word for old friends?"

We forgot our manners right then, and rushed him like we do father. For we loved him, and we'd missed him so horribly, we couldn't help it. We were still hugging him when Allie came downstairs to give father his dinner, which had been put by in the oven for him.

Allie had on a plain blue gingham dress, and the white apron she wears about the house. She'd been sleeping while we were reading, and her face was still rosy, and her hair hung in a big shining braid with curling ends. It's a fine thing for Allie that her hair curls of itself, for she'd certainly never find time to do it.

"I'll get father's dinner, Allie," offered Cissy. She turned and asked the bishop if he'd dine with father, too, and he said he was simply dying for another meal at home.

"We've got bread-pudding with the sort of sauce you like. And we've got the hen that quit laying, and she isn't very tough, for I boiled her all yesterday afternoon. And I'm glad you're in time to eat a piece of her," said Cissy.

The bishop laughed and said he'd eat anything but his friend the Anarchist, and to make ready the feast while he went upstairs to call on his kids. You could hear 'em squealing like the pig-that-couldn't-go-to-market when they saw him, although Allie took away the stuff his pockets were

Continued on next page

SUCCESSFUL MOTHERHOOD

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ALL DRUGGISTS

11-61

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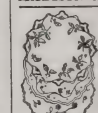

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S H E P H E R D S

lined with, and said he should have known better.

We are always allowed to sit at table with father when he's having his meals, only we have to keep quiet. So we were like mice.

The bishop stirred his coffee, and then he asked, quite suddenly:

"How should you like to be transferred to another—and a better—parish? You are not so young as you once were, and the work here is enough to tax the powers of the strongest young man. Besides, there'd be more chance for the children."

Father turned quite pale. He said, hurriedly, that he didn't want to be transferred; and that the old bishop had understood that.

"You have talents—don't you think they deserve greater recognition than this poor place affords?" The bishop looked at him steadily.

"No!" said father. "No! This is my place, these are my people. I'm used to them, and they to me. And if I have any talents—or if I had ten thousand times more than I have—they're none too good for God's poor. And as for my children, they're a poor man's children. Let them, then, see how other children live — and die. As for better chances for them—" Father looked over at Cissy's darned frock, and a smile spread all over his face. And Allie laughed softly, too—"why, what better chance can any human being have than his share in the common lot of suffering, and love, and service?"

"Then," said the bishop, "you'll stay here?"

"When you can get some one that can and will serve my people better than I, I will go, gladly," said father. "But I haven't outgrown my usefulness yet."

"No," said the bishop. "You haven't. And I'm rather relieved that you'll stay here. It gives me a place I like to come to." He looked at Allie, but she had turned her head aside.

And then he went on to say, still looking at Allie, that he'd been charmed with the friendliness and frankness of just *us;* and he was afraid he'd spoil all our pleasant time together if he'd said he was Bishop Ellison, so he'd just given us his name of Harwood, which his nearest friends call him. He'd intended, of course, to see father the next day; but when he found Florian and Jimmy so ill, and help so urgently needed, he couldn't bear to foist a bishop on us—it was simpler to let just plain Mr. Harwood lend a helping hand; and he mightn't get the chance, as the bishop. As he jolly well wouldn't, of course! Fancy Cissy giving syrup-water and ginger cookies to a bishop, or Allie letting a bishop sleep in the upstairs hall, or mend a chickenhouse and set hens! Why, we couldn't do it.

Then a batch of people came to see father; they always do on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Delany was among them, in an old wisp of a black bonnet that showed how thin and pale and sad her kind, kind face had grown. She came right up and shook hands with the bishop, quite plain and friendly, as indeed they all were. They're so used to dealing intimately with father that it would take more than a strange bishop to faze them.

After that, he came very often. Sometimes Mrs. Merrivale brought him, and *she* always stayed with Jimmy and Florian. She'd had one little son, she told us, and she'd lost him. Mothers—even when they're rich ones—don't forget.

"You really *can't* lose anybody," Jimmy told her, "that God finds. Mrs. Delany says so. God found her little Mary, and that's how she knows."

Mrs. Merrivale turned her head and looked up at the bishop.

"You thought you'd give *these* children a better chance!" she said, and bent and leaned her face against Jimmy's.

She is very different when you know her—just as kind as kind! She used to take Cissy out with her a great deal; and the way she petted Florian and made up to Jimmy would make you wonder. It did make Jimmy wonder, but you can't spoil Jimmy much. If you give him too much he'll share even, and if you don't give him anything, he won't mind.

I couldn't, however, think what was the matter with Allie. Cissy and I were worried about it—she was that silent and far-away you couldn't get a word out of her; although Allie is never anything but kind.

And then one afternoon, when the bishop had come as usual to see Florian, I got a surprise.

I'd been out in the yard, and I'd found our Brown Leghorn, who is a hen of no sense whatever, insisting upon setting on one real egg, one china egg, and three iron bolts; and I came back to the house to ask Allie if I mightn't put some real eggs under her. The dining-room door was ajar, and Bishop Ellison was standing by the table, looking down at Allie.

"Allie," he said, "Allie, should you think it possible for a young and lovely lady to love an old fellow—like me, for instance?"

I'm sure I don't see why the youngest and the loveliest lady shouldn't. As for Bishop Ellison being an old fellow—shucks! If he'd quit being bishop they'd be glad enough to let him pitch on the Big League, let me tell you; and I know baseball *some.* I didn't wonder that Allie put up an eyebrow at him.

"And are you an old fellow?" she wondered.

"I'm afraid so, Allie," he said, rather sadly. "Unless," he hurried on, "you could lend me your youth, and sweetness, and goodness, my dear. I think then I'd be young, Allie."

I didn't want to listen; I'd started to call out; but I was too surprised and scared to move or speak.

Allie looked up. "Why, I didn't dream—I couldn't think—" she stammered. And I could see that she was trembling.

"Ever since the first time I saw you," said the bishop, "crying motherly over those little boys—ever since I came into this house of love and service, and learned what a Shepherd is, my love for you has grown, bright and beautiful, day by day."

You can't imagine the look that came into Allie's face then. Her lips were parted; and her eyes so sweet that I wanted to cry when I looked at them.

"You have so much more—you are so much wiser, and better than I—" she began, timidly. But the bishop stopped her.

"Nothing, nothing, without you. Worse than a beggar without you, Allie!" he said.

Allie seemed to gather all her courage together, for she looked up and faced him.

"But you aren't—without me," she said, in her soft voice. "Why, I've always—" And she stopped, and the red caught her from her chin to her forehead.

The bishop just made one forward step; right under my popping eyes he picked her up and kissed her on the mouth.

That brought me to my senses, and I coughed. With my eyes on the ceiling and my ears on fire, I asked for the setting of eggs. I think I should have burst into a great howl, if I'd not been too mortally ashamed.

You can't live without learning, of course; and I dare say I can see a hole in a ladder as well as most. And of course it's a very, very, very serious affair—and means that you can expect big changes in your family—when your bishop says he can't live without your sister—and ends by kissing her on the mouth.

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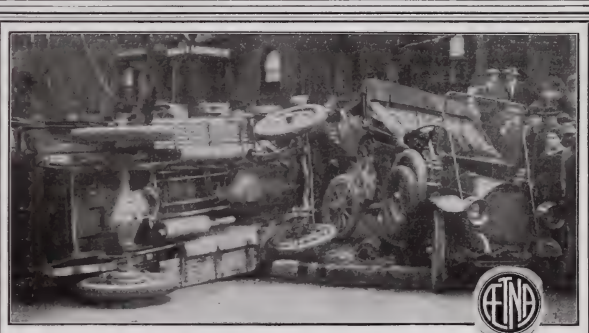

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THE PROMISE-KEEPING GOD*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THERE was no impatience or distrust on the part of Zacharias and Elisabeth toward God in regard to the promise he had made to them that they should have a son in their old age and that his name should be John (meaning "whom Jehovah loves"), and that he should have the power and spirit of Elijah, and be the forerunner of Christ the Lord. Let us read this promise over, stopping to weigh each word. Great as it was, Zacharias and Elisabeth were not staggered by it, but in faith they waited for God to redeem his promise. They waited almost a year, and the child was born at the time the sweet spring flowers were blooming. When he was eight days old God's minister came to give him the first rites of the church of the Jewish religion. Neighbors and relatives of Zacharias and Elisabeth came to be present on so great an occasion; no doubt the humble home among the hills was filled to the utmost capacity.

The Benedictus

"Our God and the God of our fathers, raise up this child to his father and mother, and let his name be called in Israel Zacharias, the son of Zacharias." This was the prayer being offered as the closing part of the ceremony. "Not so," said the mother, "but he shall be called John." "There is none of thy kindred called by this name," they said. And then they appealed to Zacharias himself. He could not answer by word of mouth, for God's seal of silence was still upon his lips; but he asked for a writing tablet, and wrote, "His name is John," and so in the minutest particular God's promise was carried out. Then, all being fulfilled, God took away the seal that held the portals of Zacharias' speech, his tongue was loosed, and he spake, blessing God. Then the people were amazed, and they realized that a wonderful child had been born. "What then shall this child be?" they said one to another. Then there burst forth from Zacharias a sublime song of praise to God, which has been recognized as a classic through all the ages and is called "The Benedictus." Let us read it, and sing it, too, in our homes (Luke 1: 68-79).

Edersheim in *The Life and Times of the Messiah* says: "The first evidence of Zacharias' dumbness had been that his tongue refused to speak the benediction to the people (Luke 1:18-20), and the first evidence of his restored power was that he spoke the benediction of God in a rapturous burst of praise and thanksgiving." Edersheim further says: "This hymn of Zacharias closely follows, and, if the expression be allowable, spiritualizes, a great part of the most ancient Jewish prayer: the so-called 'Eighteen Benedictions'; rather, perhaps, that it transforms the expectancy of that prayer into praise of its realization."

God's Promises Sure

A promise made, and a promise fulfilled. What is the difference? The first gives the joy of hope, the second, the joy of realization. They compare in measure according to the faith we have in the one who promises. Jesus Christ is the surety of God's promises, in him is yea and amen.

The Bible is a book of God's promises. One might as well try to count the stars as to count them, but men have essayed to do both. More stars are yearly coming into vision as greater lenses are produced. It must be so with God's promises; the more enlightened our souls are by the Holy Spirit, the greater vision we shall have of the promises of God.

Some of God's Promises

I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Heb. 13: 5.

I will guide thee with mine eye. Ps. 32: 8.

I will also save you from all uncleanness. Ezek. 36: 29.

I will put my Spirit within you. Ezek. 36: 27.

I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Isa. 41: 10.

I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. John 14: 18.

I will give you rest. Matt. 11:28.

I will give unto him that is athirst . . . of the water of life freely. Rev. 21: 6.

I will open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing. Mal. 3: 10.

While they are yet speaking, I will hear [in answer to prayer]. Isa. 65; 24.

I will strengthen thee. Isa. 41: 10.

I will write upon him the name of my God. Rev. 3: 12.

I will come again and receive you unto myself. John 14: 3.

And the half has not been told of the riches of God toward us contained in his promises. Some one is said to have counted 6,300.

The Riches of the Promises

The old Scotch preacher, Dr. Guthrie, has said: "The condition of believers very much resembles that of a man of boundless influence whose wealth lies not so much in money as in money's worth—in bills and bonds, that, when due, shall be duly honored. With these promises, the poorest Christian is really a richer man than any other men, with all their possessions; nor would he part with them for the world's wealth. A rude and naked savage—the dupe of avaricious men—barters a coronet of gold or a handful of pearls for some worthless trinkets, and buys the wonders of a mirror, the tinkling of a bell, or a string of colored beads! The child of God knows better than to sell what is of surpassing value for anything intrinsically worthless. With this promise, "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure," he holds himself richer, more sure of meat to eat, and raiment to put on, than he would be with the wealth of banks."

Sometimes people seem to have as little comprehension of the promises of God as they have of the value of bonds. A man came to Washington from a distant State bringing with him seventeen thousand dollars in United States six per cent. bonds. He came to the treasury and demanded gold for his bonds as he had paid gold for them. When told that a draft on the United States Treasury was as good as gold, he still insisted upon the gold being paid to him, and would not listen to any explanations. He became very much provoked when the treasurer endeavored to persuade him to accept drafts, and have them cashed when he should reach home. There was nothing to be done but give him the gold. It weighed about seventy pounds, and was in $20 gold pieces. He got it all into his valise, he staggered under the load, and then bethought himself that he had better count it before leaving the treasury. A room was assigned to him for that purpose, and a detective was appointed to see that he made no attempt to defraud in the counting. After the entire amount had been carefully counted and found to be correct, the possessor was persuaded to express the coin to his home instead of trying to carry it there in his valise. This

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for January 14, 1912.** The Birth of John the Baptist. Luke 1: 57-80. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for he hath visited and redeemed his people." Luke 1: 68.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

incident illustrates the unwisdom that some people show in their efforts to take hold of the promises of God, when they do not see that God means ever present, everyday practical help to them and that to trust him adds no burden, but brings relief from care and sorrow.

Taking God at His Word

Zacharias and Elisabeth took God at his word and entered into covenant with him to do their part. That must be our attitude toward him, if we would receive his blessings. If we are not doing what he expects of us, we will not be in a position to receive his blessings. It will be no adequate excuse for us to say, "It is too hard for me." Depend upon it, in every command of God there is wrapped up a promise that strength will be given to obey. All God's biddings are enablings. When the ten lepers came to Jesus saying, "Master, have mercy on us," Jesus did not reach out his hand and touch them, and so heal them. He simply gave the command: "Go show yourselves unto the priests." That was according to the law for the leper who had become clean (Lev. 14: 1-3). The ten lepers were not clean (healed), but as they went, they were cleansed. If they had looked upon themselves and said, "Lord, we cannot do it," the blessing of restoration would not have come to them. In all things, let us believe the promises of God and do our part in co-operating with him.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

Make on the blackboard in large letters the word "Promise." Ask the children to tell what a promise is. Then ask such questions as, Who has made promises to you? To whom have you made promises? Ask what a "broken promise" is. Tell them that a broken promise is very like a lie; it is a lie unless we made the mistake of promising more than we could do.

"God always keeps his promises." Print this in very large letters on the blackboard, and have it read by several children in succession, and then by all in concert. Then show the picture on the roll used in last Sunday's lesson of Zacharias standing beside the altar of incense listening to the angel giving him a promise from God. If the teacher will say, "Tell what you see in the picture," it will be the easiest way to review the preceding lesson about God's promise that he would give a little son to Zacharias and Elisabeth, a little son who should grow up to be a great helper of the Lord Jesus.

Let the teacher then show the second picture in the roll, and ask the children to tell what the picture is saying to them. Get them to point out Zacharias; try to have them tell what they think he is saying and doing, then read to them from the Bible about it, also read about the little boy when he was eight days old, and his name "John" was given to him. To thus question a story out of children is sometimes to be preferred to "telling" them the story, because it leads them to think, and also to remember if they have ever heard the story before.

"Let us try to keep our promises." The teacher should print this on the blackboard in large letters under the sentence, "God always keeps his promises." Get the children to tell some of the promises they have made their parents about not saying and doing bad things. How many of them want to promise their Sunday School teacher that they will try to be more like Jesus every day?

OUR RUSSIAN TREATY ABROGATED

Continued from page 3

pon learning that the Russian authorities had raised a mild objection o the use of the word "violated" in he Sulzer resolution, called an extraordinary session on Sunday evening to onsider the matter. It was then decided that the President should act on is regular authority in such matters nd ask the ratification of the Senate efore the Christmas recess.

As the President and Senate possess he treaty-making power of the nation ntirely independent of Congress, this as made it possible to exclude from he actual diplomatic exchanges the ext of the Congressional resolution, nd so prevent any unpleasantness in he negotiation of a new treaty.

When that matter is taken in hand he government will insist on two conditions. The first will be that American passports must be honored by Russia, and the second, that Russia hall recognize the right of expatriation by her subjects who become naturalized citizens of the United States.

Passports, the bone of the present ontention, might be described as globe rotters' certificates of character. The assport in its present form is accounted a Spanish invention, dating rom the days of the dreaded Inquisition, and the first ever given in France vas signed by Charles V of Spain when he was besieging Marseilles in 537. A special bureau of the State Department at Washington, known as he Bureau of Citizenship, is maintained solely for the issuance of passports, and during the average year it makes out more than 25,000 of these guarantees by Uncle Sam that the travelers are desirable persons to be entertained in another country.

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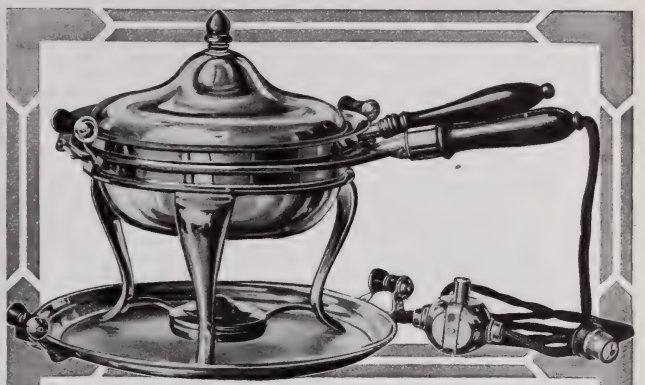

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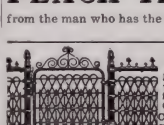

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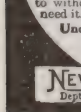

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What the Bond-buyer Has a Right to Expect

*By ALLEN G. HOYT**

WHEN an investor buys a bond of a corporation, he becomes a creditor of the corporation. The corporation promises to pay him a certain sum of money at the maturity of the bond and interest semi-annually during the intervening period. No matter how successful the corporation may be, or how large its earnings may become, the bondholder gets only his four or five per cent. as promised by his security. The larger earnings benefit the stockholders, who are, in fact, the owners of the corporation. Since the stockholders get all the benefits of the increase of the corporation's earnings, they should take all the risk. The bond-buyer is concerned only in the security on his loan and that security ought to be ample. The bond-buyer should not be expected to take any chances.

It occasionally happens, however, that an issue of bonds is brought out on an entirely wrong basis. They are not properly secured and the bond-buyer sooner or later suffers loss. As the default in the payment of interest on a bond is an unusual occurrence, it has a certain news value, and consequently receives a great amount of publicity. This publicity has a tendency to disturb bond-buyers in general and reacts harmfully on all those who are interested in advancing the cause of conservative investment banking. Many bankers, by advertising, magazine articles, pamphlets, circulars, etc., are constantly engaged in the task of educating the investment public to avoid the poorly secured issues.

Paper Securities

One class of securities usually avoided by careful investors are the bonds of companies which exist only on paper, or which are in a state of construction and which have not demonstrated their earning power.

Not infrequently a promoter will offer to a banking firm—at a very attractive price—an issue of bonds on an interurban road to be constructed between two thriving cities. The promoter will be full of enthusiasm over the tremendous business awaiting the road from the first day it is opened to operation and his prospectus will be a pæan of tributes to the fertility, resources and general prosperity of the territory to be served. The proceeds of the bonds will, according to the promoter, construct and equip the road in the best manner, and the possibility of failure is beyond the bounds of reason. If the banker coldly refuses to be affected by the promoter's enthusiasm, the promoter may offer him a bonus of stock in the road as an additional incentive. Ordinarily the conservative banker is not interested in properties which exist only in imagination, and which have yet to demonstrate their earning capacity; but this hypothetical case illustrates just the kind of a security the bond-buyer ought not to be expected to buy. In this instance, let us suppose the promoter should interest a banker in buying the bonds and that the banker should succeed in distributing them among his clients. Consider the position of the bondholder. If the road succeeds he will receive at maturity the payment of the principal of his loan and his five or six per cent. per annum during the intervening period. The promoter and his friends will receive bountiful dividends on the stock, for which they paid nothing, which will have a larger and increasing market value. On the other hand, if the road fails the bondholders who have put up all the money will bear the entire loss. The promoters, having no money in the project, will have lost nothing except a little of their valuable time.

Undertakings of this kind ought to be handled differently. If it appears that an interurban road between two communities would prove profitable it ought to be constructed by men of capital who can afford to take some risks. Let them bond the road for a part of its cost and let the balance be represented by stock. The bonds should be carried by the capitalists either personally or through their banks and should not be offered for sale to investors until the road has been completed and in operation long enough to show that it can earn a substantial surplus above the amount necessary to pay the interest on its bonds. As the stock represents actual money put into the property by the owners, there will be an equity behind the bonds which will, of course, afford additional protection. In other words, the bonds are secured by a mortgage which represents only a part of the cost of the road, and before the bondholder can suffer the owners will have to lose all they have risked in the venture. In protecting their own money they will have to protect the bondholders.

Investigating the Bond Dealer

The bond-buyer cannot go into all the matters which must be investigated in order to be sure a bond is safe. He must depend very largely upon the bond dealer who offers him any block of securities. He can, however, investigate the banker who stands sponsor for the bonds. If the investor lives in a small town, let him consult his local banker. If the local banker does not know the firm offering the bonds, he can secure from his correspondent in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or wherever the banking firm is located, pretty full information regarding the standing, the reliability and general reputation of the bond dealer trying to sell the securities.

Many losses suffered by bond-buyers would never have occurred had they taken the precaution, before buying, of first investigating the standing of the firm which was offering the bonds for sale.

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The few score reindeer have grown to 27,325, distributed in forty-two herds. More than one-half, or 14,993, is owned by natives who, before the advent of the reindeer, were in a state of the most wretched poverty. Of the remainder, 3,730 are owned by the United States, 4,194 by missions, and 4,407 by Lapps. The total income of the Eskimos from the reindeer industry, during the year last reported, was $24,636.09. It promises well for the conscience of the nation that we have come at length to recognize kinship with our little brown brother whom, heretofore, we have left to be despoiled by the trader.

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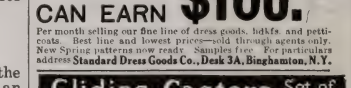

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

ncident illustrates the unwisdom that ome people show in their efforts to ake hold of the promises of God, when hey do not see that God means ever present. everyday practical help to hem and that to trust him adds no burden, but brings relief from care nd sorrow.

Taking God at His Word

Zacharias and Elisabeth took God at is word and entered into covenant vith him to do their part. That must e our attitude toward him, if we vould receive his blessings. If we are ot doing what he expects of us, we vill not be in a position to receive his lessings. It will be no adequate ex-use for us to say, "It is too hard for me." Depend upon it, in every com-nand of God there is wrapped up a promise that strength will be given to obey. All God's biddings are en-ablings. When the ten lepers came to Jesus saying, "Master, have mercy on us," Jesus did not reach out his hand nd touch them, and so heal them. He imply gave the command: "Go show ourselves unto the priests." That vas according to the law for the leper who had become clean (Lev. 14: 1-3). The ten lepers were not clean (healed), but as they went, they were leansed. If they had looked upon themselves and said, "Lord, we cannot lo it," the blessing of restoration vould not have come to them. In all hings, let us believe the promises of God and do our part in co-operating vith him.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

Make on the blackboard in large let-ers the word "Promise." Ask the children to tell what a promise is. Then ask such questions as, Who has nade promises to you? To whom have you made promises? Ask what a "broken promise" is. Tell them that a broken promise is very like a lie; it is a lie unless we made the mistake of promising more than we could do.

"God always keeps his promises." Print this in very large letters on the blackboard, and have it read by several children in succession, and then by all in concert. Then show the picture on the roll used in last Sunday's lesson of Zacharias standing beside the altar of incense listening to the angel giving him a promise from God. If the teacher will say, "Tell what you see in the picture," it will be the easiest way to review the preceding lesson about God's promise that he would give a little son to Zacharias and Elisabeth. a little son who should grow up to be a great helper of the Lord Jesus.

Let the teacher then show the second picture in the roll, and ask the children to tell what the picture is saying to them. Get them to point out Zacharias; try to have them tell what they think he is saying and doing, then read to them from the Bible about it, also read about the little boy when he was eight days old, and his name "John" was given to him. To thus question a story out of children is sometimes to be preferred to "telling" them the story, because it leads them to think, and also to remember if they have ever heard the story before.

"Let us try to keep our promises." The teacher should print this on the blackboard in large letters under the sentence, "God always keeps his promises." Get the children to tell some of the promises they have made their parents about not saying and doing bad things. How many of them want to promise their Sunday School teacher that they will try to be more like Jesus every day?

OUR RUSSIAN TREATY ABROGATED

Continued from page 3

pon learning that the Russian au-horities had raised a mild objection o the use of the word "violated" in he Sulzer resolution, called an extra-rdinary session on Sunday evening to onsider the matter. It was then de-ided that the President should act on is regular authority in such matters nd ask the ratification of the Senate efore the Christmas recess.

As the President and Senate possess he treaty-making power of the nation ntirely independent of Congress, this as made it possible to exclude from he actual diplomatic exchanges the ext of the Congressional resolution, nd so prevent any unpleasantness in he negotiation of a new treaty.

When that matter is taken in hand he government will insist on two con-itions. The first will be that Ameri-an passports must be honored by Russia, and the second, that Russia hall recognize the right of expatria-ion by her subjects who become nat-ralized citizens of the United States.

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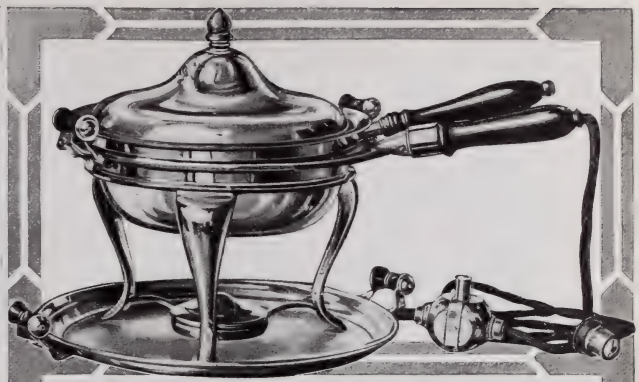

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What the Bond-buyer Has a Right to Expect

*By ALLEN G. HOYT**

WHEN an investor buys a bond of a corporation, he becomes a creditor of the corporation. The corporation promises to pay him a certain sum of money at the maturity of the bond and interest semi-annually during the intervening period. No matter how successful the corporation may be, or how large its earnings may become, the bondholder gets only his four or five per cent. as promised by his security. The larger earnings benefit the stockholders, who are, in fact, the owners of the corporation. Since the stockholders get all the benefits of the increase of the corporation's earnings, they should take all the risk. The bond-buyer is concerned only in the security on his loan and that security ought to be ample. The bond-buyer should not be expected to take any chances.

It occasionally happens, however, that an issue of bonds is brought out on an entirely wrong basis. They are not properly secured and the bond-buyer sooner or later suffers loss. As the default in the payment of interest on a bond is an unusual occurrence, it has a certain news value, and consequently receives a great amount of publicity. This publicity has a tendency to disturb bond-buyers in general and reacts harmfully on all those who are interested in advancing the cause of conservative investment banking. Many bankers, by advertising, magazine articles, pamphlets, circulars, etc., are constantly engaged in the task of educating the investment public to avoid the poorly secured issues.

Paper Securities

One class of securities usually avoided by careful investors are the bonds of companies which exist only on paper, or which are in a state of construction and which have not demonstrated their earning power.

Not infrequently a promoter will offer to a banking firm—at a very attractive price—an issue of bonds on an interurban road to be constructed between two thriving cities. The promoter will be full of enthusiasm over the tremendous business awaiting the road from the first day it is opened to operation and his prospectus will be a pæan of tributes to the fertility, resources and general prosperity of the territory to be served. The proceeds of the bonds will, according to the promoter, construct and equip the road in the best manner, and the possibility of failure is beyond the bounds of reason. If the banker coldly refuses to be affected by the promoter's enthusiasm, the promoter may offer him a bonus of stock in the road as an additional incentive. Ordinarily the conservative banker is not interested in properties which exist only in imagination, and which have yet to demonstrate their earning capacity; but this hypothetical case illustrates just the kind of a security the bond-buyer ought not to be expected to buy. In this instance, let us suppose the promoter should interest a banker in buying the bonds and that the banker should succeed in distributing them among his clients. Consider the position of the bondholder. If the road succeeds he will receive at maturity the payment of the principal of his loan and his five or six per cent. per annum during the intervening period. The promoter and his friends will receive bountiful dividends on the stock, for which they paid nothing, which will have a larger and increasing market value. On the other hand, if the road fails the bondholders who have put up all the money will bear the entire loss. The promoters, having no money in the project, will have lost nothing except a little of their valuable time.

Undertakings of this kind ought to be handled differently. If it appears that an interurban road between two communities would prove profitable it ought to be constructed by men of capital who can afford to take some risks. Let them bond the road for a part of its cost and let the balance be represented by stock. The bonds should be carried by the capitalists either personally or through their banks and should not be offered for sale to investors until the road has been completed and in operation long enough to show that it can earn a substantial surplus above the amount necessary to pay the interest on its bonds. As the stock represents actual money put into the property by the owners, there will be an equity behind the bonds which will, of course, afford additional protection. In other words, the bonds are secured by a mortgage which represents only a part of the cost of the road, and before the bondholder can suffer the owners will have to lose all they have risked in the venture. In protecting their own money they will have to protect the bondholders.

Investigating the Bond Dealer

The bond-buyer cannot go into all the matters which must be investigated in order to be sure a bond is safe. He must depend very largely upon the bond dealer who offers him any block of securities. He can, however, investigate the banker who stands sponsor for the bonds. If the investor lives in a small town, let him consult his local banker. If the local banker does not know the firm offering the bonds, he can secure from his correspondent in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or wherever the banking firm is located, pretty full information regarding the standing, the reliability and general reputation of the bond dealer trying to sell the securities.

Many losses suffered by bond-buyers would never have occurred had they taken the precaution, before buying, of first investigating the standing of the firm which was offering the bonds for sale.

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Reindeer in Alaska

IT IS only a few years since the United States Government, as an experiment which it was hoped would help the Eskimos and Indians of northern Alaska, imported a few score reindeer from Norway, with a number of Lapps skilled in their care. Subsequently other reindeer were brought from the opposite coast of Asia, and although it was known that the particular form of moss or lichen on which these animals live, and which flourishes under the snow, was abundant within the American Arctic Circle, the attempt to introduce reindeer was regarded by a majority of our citizens as being quite as wild and visionary as was the purchase of Alaska by Secretary Seward in 1867.

The few score reindeer have grown to 27,325, distributed in forty-two herds. More than one-half, or 14,993, is owned by natives who, before the advent of the reindeer, were in a state of the most wretched poverty. Of the remainder, 3,730 are owned by the United States, 4,194 by missions, and 4,407 by Lapps. The total income of the Eskimos from the reindeer industry, during the year last reported, was $24,636.09. It promises well for the conscience of the nation that we have come at length to recognize kinship with our little brown brother whom, heretofore, we have left to be despoiled by the trader.

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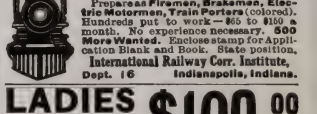

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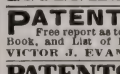

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Winning Young People*

THAT habit rules the world has been said, in one form or another, y many philosophers. After a man's abits become fixed, it is almost impossible to change them. Therefore it is f the utmost importance that in youth, hen they are first formed, they should e formed aright. Every young person who reads these lines well knows hese ancient truths, but when he is rying to bring his friends to Christ, it ay quicken his impulse to remind imself of this vital consideration—hat if they are not saved to the kingom in their youth, the chances grow maller as the years pass.

You will perhaps find, if you can et a chance for a long, intimate talk ith a friend whom you are trying to nfluence, that he has always believed, n a more or less indifferent way, in od and the Bible.

"If you really believe in these hings, why don't you come out openly nd say so?" you can ask him.

He may inquire, and honestly too, How shall I believe any differently rom the way I believe now, in order o call myself a Christian?" Many ave wished to know this. It used to e thought that a great upheaval of he whole nature was necessary before ne could become what is called "conerted." We are wiser now. We know hat the Spirit often works noiselessly n the heart, though as effectively as the floods of tears and the moans nd shrieks which once accompanied a hange of heart were still common. herefore you can truthfully say to our friend, as a wise minister once aid to a young woman who spoke to im in the same way, "Your belief is ll right. Just hold on to it, pray God o strengthen it—and simply act it nt."

"Take the first turn to the right and eep straight on," were the directions given by the great Professor Peabody, when some one asked him the way to the heavenly city.

There are few thoughtful young people who cannot be appealed to on the ground of saving the Church for society. If you cannot touch the heart of your friend by dwelling upon the sublime sacrifice of Christ; if you cannot impress upon him the goodness of God, as revealed in human history; if you cannot show him the personal duty and privilege of obtaining salvation; still you may perhaps reach him through the fear of losing the spiritual note from society. Say to him, "Do you want the churches banished from our communities? What else is there that stands for the ethical and the spiritual among us? Are we to be deprived of the ministers who christen and marry and bury us? What would our society be without them?"

Even an indifferent youth will usually give the right response to these questions. Then press home the inevitable corollary: "And you dare to say that you consider the Church and its ministers essential to the well-being of society, and yet you are mean enough to wish their support to devolve on others! If you believe in God and his work on earth, be a man and live up to your belief."

It is a poor sort of a youth who does not, when shown his duty in such a clear light as this, rise to the mark and admit his fault. Once get him to acknowledge himself a coward and in the wrong, and he can generally be brought over to "the Lord's side," and then his deeper soul-experience will begin.

As we are told in one of the beautiful daily readings for this lesson, we cannot expect to attract our friends all in the same way. We must become "all things to all men," within the limits of reason and godliness. But none of us should rest until all those with whom we are associated are Christians. God will surely help.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, Janua- y 14. TEXTS: Prov. 11 : 30; Rev. 22 : 16, 17.

New York's "First Citizen" Dead

WHEN Andrew Carnegie, on his seventy-sixth birthday, visited John Bigelow, who celerated on the same day the beginning f his ninety-fifth year, the capitalist nd philanthropist wished the author nd diplomat many happy returns of he day. Mr. Bigelow shook his head, eplying that this would be his last irthday anniversary. His words, poken less than a month ago, have roved true, and the nation is mourng the loss of one of its most honored nd best loved citizens. Mr. Bigelow ied at his home in New York on December 19. He was seriously ill for nly a week, though his health had een failing for some months. He beame ill after returning last spring rom a trip to Europe, but was well nough a few weeks later to take part n the opening of the New Public ibrary in New York City, of whose Board of Trustees he was the presilent. A cold which he contracted on his occasion clung to him throughout he summer and hastened his death.

John Bigelow's life extended over nore than two-thirds of our nation's xistence. He lived during the lifeime of every one of its Presidents xcept the first. He witnessed the dministration of twenty-three Presilents, thirty-five governors of New York State, and forty-five mayors of New York. He was in personal touch vith practically all the literary men nd movements of our nation's life. No more striking comment could be nade upon the progress of science and ivilization during his lifetime than to say that he lived from ten years after he launching of the first steam vessel o eight years after the first successful airship flight. Born in the little town of Bristol, later Malden, N. Y., educated at Union College, a lawyer in New York in 1837, associated with William Cullen Bryant, one of the most ardent and forceful of the early abolitionists, in the editing and ownership of the New York *Evening Post*, consul to Paris in 1861, minister to France in 1864, diplomatically turning the support of France from the Confederacy to the Union, secretary of state in New York in 1875, president of the trustees of the New York Library, a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, author of more than a score of books, preserving his mental strength and his warm interest in human affairs almost to the very hour of his death, a gentleman, a patriot, an optimist, a Christian, John Bigelow's name will be forever one of the finest ornaments of America's history.

A Puritan by birth and training, Mr. Bigelow, early in life, came under the influence of the Swedenborgian Church and remained an ardent believer in its theology and supporter of its work. Interviewed not long ago, for some facts to enter a biographical sketch, he told his caller that not much of his life would be of interest to the public, unless a point were made of his religion. His book, *The Bible that Was Dead, and Is Alive Again*, states his religious views and gives hints of his own religious experience. A new edition of this work, which was printed privately in 1893, is soon to be brought out for the public under the direction of Dr. Julian K. Smyth, minister of the Swedenborgian Church in New York, and for many years Mr. Bigelow's pastor.

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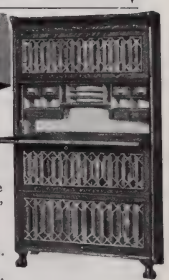

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THE HOLY FAMILY. From the Painting by Ludwig Knaus

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This is the twenty-fourth model which I have created in the past 25 years.

They have run from one to six cylinders — from 6 to 60 horsepower.

From the primitive cars of the early days to the most luxurious modern machines.

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I have learned by experience that people like stunning appearance.

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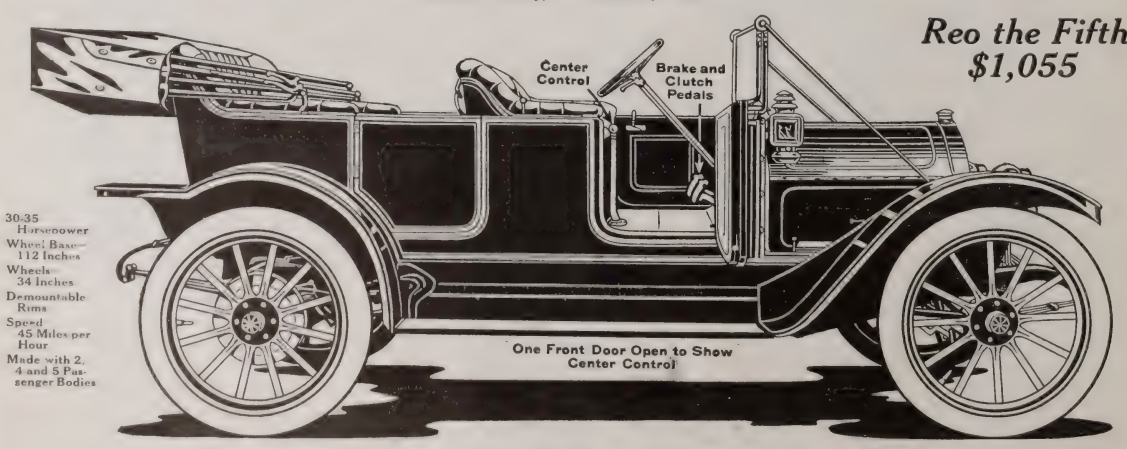
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Their Mother's Portion

Distributing Basket Dinners on Christmas Morning in the Bowery Mission

A Tenement Mother

THE FEAST-DAY OF GOD'S POOR

How the Blessed Christmastide Was Celebrated at the Bowery Mission

CHRISTMAS bells began to ring on the Bowery long before the dawn of Christmas Day. It was one of the greatest days in the history of the Bowery Mission. At one clock in the morning, fifteen hundred hungry, omeless men and boys were given coffee and food at e Mission. Silently the long "Bread Line" passed to the building and out again into the night. No e may know what memories of other Christmas ays were in the minds of the homeless ones whom e Mission welcomed and cheered.

At 9 o'clock there was a distribution of Christmas nners to a large gathering of poor families. uring the week before Christmas the workers of e Mission had visited and investigated hundreds poverty-stricken homes on the East Side, search- g out especially those "silent sufferers" who, ough sorely pressed by poverty and want, yet tain too much of the old-time self-respect to make eir condition known and become applicants for ublic charity. There are o more worthy people mong God's poor than ese silent ones. Over a ndred baskets, each con- ining a substantial hristmas dinner for ten ersons, were given out to ose whose cases had been refully investigated. Mr. ames T. Hunt, the busi- ess manager of the Bowery ission, had charge of the hristmas arrangements. ven he was astonished to arn that, in many cases, e people who had been sited and put on the list r Christmas dinners were o poor that they had no eans of cooking the meal -no stove, no fire, not a enny to buy fuel of any nd! So the chickens that ent out in those baskets ere cooked before being elivered.

It was a sight for the en of a Hugo or a Dickens o describe, when the lower oor of the Mission was pened on the gray dawn of hristmas morning, to ad- it those who were to receive Christmas dinners. There were old women and young women, some of them mere girls, and as they crowded the long hall, and sat waiting their turn, one could see that they belonged to a class who had been beaten and buffeted by misfortune, poverty and sickness. They were truly the "daughters of sorrow." One tenement mother with seven children sent word by a neighbor that she could not come, because her "husband died last night," and would not the superintendent kindly send her basket by the neighbor? Another mother had five hungry children of her own at home and three of her daughter's, whose husband had lately died. Her own husband had no work. There were in that gathering the lame and the bowed; women with haggard faces, whose weary eyes and pale skin showed that they had not had a holiday these many years. Some had shawls around their heads and shoulders. Probably no less than a dozen nationalities were represented in that single gathering on Christmas morning. There were a few children there, too, bearing cards that had been addressed to their mothers; but the main part of the assemblage was the mothers themselves. Mr. Hunt, with his board of mission workers, saw to it that every bearer of a card received a basket filled with good things to eat.

Through the kindness of several generous-hearted readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, special provision had been made for a particular class of cases. A number of poor homes had been visited for this exclusive benefaction and the result was that fifty poor mothers, whose cases were of a character to deserve special attention, were invited to come to the Mission on Christmas morning at the same hour at which the general distribution of Christmas dinners was going on. Each of these was privately handed a five dollar bill by Mr. Otto Koenig, the President of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and one of the Trustees of the Mission. As the recipients left, their expressions of gratitude, if they could have been heard by the donors of the gifts, would have convinced them that their generosity had reached a most deserving mark.

On Christmas evening, luncheons in boxes were given out to 1,200 unemployed and homeless men and lads. There was an almost unprecedented attendance at the services in the main hall of the Mission, police assistance being necessary to keep back the immense crowd that gathered about the doors and struggled for admittance. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird ("Mother" Bird) presided over the meeting, assisted by Mr. Hunt, the Rev. Dr. John G. Hallimond, the Superintendent, being absent through sickness. Several rousing addresses were given, but the best of all were the testimonies of a great number of converts who told how the Mission had lifted them from the

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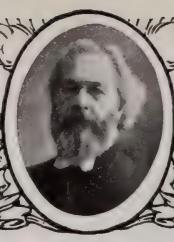
The Mothers Crowded the Long Hall and Sat Waiting Their Turn

A SERMON

By

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.*



THE HEAVENLY WORLD

TEXT: "And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke 23: 43

MEN in general are allured by the prospect of foreign travel. We want to go abroad after we have once been. We wanted also to go abroad even before we had once been. Quite before we had visited London or Paris, Berlin or Vienna, those cities had become to a degree domesticated in our thought. While we were certainly unfamiliar with their detailed features, the peculiarities severally of their structure and arrangements and methods of life and action, enough had been brought to us by the story of foreign travel, as recorded by others, to certify us of the reality of those cities, and to assure us of the existence, between them and American towns, of a certain amount of identity.

Before we went we had learned to believe that they are not so utterly different from urban life as familiarized to us here. If we had supposed that everything there was going to be absolutely different from things as we know them here we never should have been interested to go. There would then have been nothing more in foreign sojourn that would, or that possibly could, have allured us and made appeal to us, than there would be in attempting to read a book that is written in characters with which we have no acquaintance.

We like new things, and the newer the better and the more of them the better, only they must at least be strung upon a thread of familiarity. We cannot think with any thoughts that have not become our thoughts; when we imagine, that is, when we make mental images, we may give to them a fresh and original shape but we shall construct them out of material that was already lying in our minds.

Our Conceptions of God and Heaven

Now therein lies the reason why heaven is likely to be so unreal to us, and is the reason why to very many people it is so absolutely uninteresting. We sing together of the joys of the heavenly world, and such hymns are often rendered with a good deal of vocal enthusiasm, which sometimes means more, and very often means less. And if it means less it is because the music of our souls is played upon a stringless harp; and by this I mean that the music which we render has back of it no substantial thought to which it plays the accompaniment or to which it gives musical expression. So that the enthusiasm just mentioned becomes a bodiless kind of enthusiasm, in that respect like a bubble, which is brilliant but lacking sufficient substance to render the brilliancy permanent; so that we are not always sure that the heavenly-mindedness of the song guarantees the continuous heavenly-mindedness of the songster.

There are people who are so concerned not to do injustice to the infinitude of the Divine Being and character, that they are averse to conceiving of him under any aspect that has the slightest touch of finiteness about it, and at the impulse of an honest spirit of reverence and worship decline to import into their mental picture of God any colors taken from the palette of human character and life. Now, the personal qualities that make up the human soul are the only personal qualities of which we know anything; so that unless we employ human qualities in framing our conception of God we can have no conception of him and no thought about him except that he is unthinkable. The humanization of God in Christ Jesus is exactly shaped to match this necessity. It is equivalent to an assertion that God can be thought under human terms without doing necessary injustice to the Divine Being. Christ as depicted in the Gospel is the warrant we have for talking about God somewhat as we talk about each other, attributing to him intelligence, purpose, affection and grief as we do to personal beings that are only finite. For the purpose of making God actual to our thought and feeling Christ translates God into terms of human quality and experience.

So that now, in a way that is inadequate to be sure, but valid as far as it goes, we can think God, and the point I wanted to make is that that is the only way by which he becomes interesting. I use such words reverently but they are the only words we can use. If we cannot humanize God to our thought and affection we can have no God except the "unknown God" to whom the Athenians erected an altar on Mars Hill, which for practical results is no God at all. So far as relates to actual effects as well rub out everything that exists in the universe and deify the infinite of space which would be the only thing remaining.

The Soul Should Feel Heaven's Reality

The purpose of the illustration just employed is to set forth this fact: that only that can become a source of beneficent influence upon us which has first been made interesting to us. Numberless illustrations of that principle could be adduced were it necessary. No reality feeds the soul to which the soul has not first actively and with a certain intensity of activity committed itself. The soul is appetized by a sense of the appetizing quality of the nutriment that it gives itself to.

So that if the heavenly world—the paradise of our text—is to be a working factor in present experience it will have to be so by becoming something more than a colorless blank in our thought, nay rather by becoming a reality in our thought, and an interesting one—which it ordinarily is not. People rarely think much about heaven except in a blind, hesitant and meaningless kind of way, with very much the instability of gaze with which they glance into those depths of celestial space where there are no stars. So much of the night-sky as is peopled with stellar lights will hold our vision fixed and firm, but it is different when we look with no determinate object given us to look at, and no prescribed path along which our vision can run.

The situation of difficulty which we face here is one, apparently, for which we are ourselves in part responsible. People in order to make heaven as heavenly as possible, have felt it necessary to make it as unlike the present world as possible. We have been, I am sure, too much like the painter who would not paint in color for fear of disgracing the rainbow, or like those of us who, out of the desire not to detract from the dignity of the Divine Being, have been so careful not to humanize him, and so particular not to think of him as being in any respect like ourselves or like anything else that we are acquainted with that we have largely deprived ourselves of the power of thinking of him at all, or finding that in him which can interest us.

The Future World Linked with the Present

We have put such a complexion upon the future world, or rather have so deprived it of all complexion, as to all intents and purposes to rub out its reality and to leave it an uncongenial and dismal uncertainty; not so absolutely nil as to prevent our hymning its praises when on occasion the impulse seizes us, but too far out of relation with terrestrial experience to enable us to think candidly about it or to have any definite and sustaining expectation in regard to it or to have anything but grim foreboding excited by the thought of possible entrance into it. And yet we can give to ourselves no good reason for so disjointing what we call the future world from the world of which we have present experience, as to close up the highway of thought and expectation and not only to render that world foreign, but put it quite outside the frontier of the known universe and fundamentally distinct from it in its construction and government.

One thing which the study of nature has taught us is that there is nothing freakish in God's system of production and administration. The charm of science is that the further and deeper it carries its investigations the more numerous the traces which it discovers of underlying unity. It is like a piece of music wrought out into a series of contrasting variations, but with all those variations kept artistically consonant with the original theme. In whatever direction the scientist looks that which he discovers is a reminder of somewhat that he had elsewhere discovered.

To say that the octave of colors is an exhibition to the eye of what the musical octave brings to the ear, is but a striking, I would say a thrilling, example of the mutual understanding which pervades nature through all her parts. God's discourse pronounced by the material world never seems to wander away from the text upon which it is preached. Wherever we go, we find something which resembles the strangeness of the new home and helps to make what we had found before. What appear at first to be exceptions to established rules reduce, upon further examination, into conformity to those rules, and the rules themselves show, upon study, to be only variations of some one discovered or suspected deeper rule.

And when leaving the coast-line of our little globe we push out into the broad sea of the eternal distances we find the same thing over again. The laws that control the fall of an apple determine the moving of the stars. The material that makes out the structure of the heavenly bodies so far removed that were they to become extinct the last ray of light which they shed would still be on its way toward us for centuries after they had become darkened, is the same material as that upon which you tread in your own garden and obedient to the same chemical ordinances. Wherever we touch God's handiwork we find the occurrence, recurrence and repetition of what we had encountered before and elsewhere. Were he to construct other worlds than those already in existence we have every reason to believe that they would be framed upon the same model as lay in his mind and was followed in the creation of those already existing. Whatever innovations might be introduced in the matter of details we judge from what we know of his working hitherto that in fundamental feature he would adhere to the structural lines upon which his previous productions have been laid down.

There are doubtless heavenly bodies so remote as never yet to have been brought within reach of the human eye by the aid of the most powerful instruments. It is not daring too much to say that if such bodies exist we already know what they are made of, the laws which are in force upon and within them, and the physical relations in which they stand to the other parts of the universe.

Death Is "Stepping Into the Next Room"

The conclusion to which all such illustrations lead seems inevitable, this namely, that, so far as the general outlines of life are concerned, existence in the world into which we have not yet entered will be modeled after the scheme of the life that we have already learned to know: that the rude break by which we may have conceived the life there to be disjointed from the one we are living here is the outcome of uninstructed fancy, and unjustified by any facts that are at command and available for purposes of anticipation. A New Englander as distinguished for his intelligence and culture as for his piety expressed his conception of the situation by saying that to him "death was very much the same thing as stepping into the next room." The room might be different in its furnishings and not altogether the same in the uses to which it was put, but with only a threshold between the two and both of them inside the same house, and structurally harmonized with all the rest of the building.

So conceived—and in view of all known facts I do not know how we can rationally conceive it otherwise—so conceived heaven begins to become interesting, interesting because thinkable, interesting as London is interesting even before we have learned personally to know it.

The "Uninterrupted Continuity" of Heaven

A dear friend who went into the "next room" some years ago—a man intensely involved in the activities of this world, practical to the last degree but as spiritual in his experiences as he was practical in his secular engagements—said not long before his death: "I am very curious to know how it is going to be there." Heaven interested him.

Feeling as he did that there existed a thread of uninterrupted continuity along which the soul moves without jolt or jar into the fresh but not strange experiences of a new chapter of existence, his mind was able to think about it all easily and pleasantly. When one moves out of a home endeared to him by many happy years and transfers himself to another abiding place, he likes to carry over with him some articles of the furniture with which his former apartments have been graced and made comfortable, and which have become precious by a long term of use and acquaintance. The thought of being able to do so diminishes the strain of removal, mitigates the strangeness of the new home and helps to make the life which he is going to live there, to that

Continued on next page

* Pastor Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

THE GARDEN OF FORGIVENESS

THERE is a garden, far, oh, far away,
Kept for the souls who sinned and suffered most.
The sword of God forever guards the way,
And round its borders camps a heavenly host.

A gentle wind breathes through the tufted grass,
Rich with the scent of roses in their bloom;
And, with the wind, all sins and sorrows pass,
Leaving a sweet contentment in their room.

Here are no troubles; here are none that weep;
Here come no thoughts of sadness or despair;
But fairest flowers, in fullest beauty, sleep;
And softest sunlight fills the dreaming air.

The murmurings of fountains, low and sweet,
Forever fill the ear and never cease,
Soothing the silence with a gentle beat,
Like kindly voices, speaking words of peace.

And there, forever and forever, rest
The weary souls, unburdened of their sin;
And cursed things are here forgiven and blessed;
And wicked hearts are made all clean within.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

The Heavenly World

Dr. Parkhurst's Sermon Continued

extent companionable with the one he has been living elsewhere.

Even in the words which we have employed as text, although those words were spoken under the most solemn circumstances possible, when both parties to the conversation were just upon the threshold of the other world, were brought out two significant facts which fold in naturally into the creases of present experience and which set ajar the door and afford a reassuring glimpse into what lies within. One of those facts is that there is no distance between that world and this; that there is no dark, between-rolling stream across which the tremulous mariner will require to be transported to some mysterious and dreadful shore. *To-day,*" said our Lord; before sunset. The other fact is that acquaintanceships are not obliterated nor friendships dissolved by the soul's removal into the heavenly sphere. No life here is perfect without love. No soul is large enough to live a perfect life alone. Heaven would be unheavenly were there no place in it for the comradeship and sympathy of spirits that are kindred. It is not living unless it be a living together. "To-day shalt thou be *with me.*" Before sunset we shall be together there. Or, as it was tenderly phrased by Tennyson,

> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside,
> And I shall know him when we meet.

And that which I have given you this morning has not been merely, nor so much, for the purpose of bringing comfort to those with whom the event of death means anxiety and bereavement; nor merely with a view to relieving a little the burden of uncertainty which in so many minds—most minds, I suppose—attaches to the passage of the soul hence; but rather that our souls might have a richer consciousness of life's roominess.

An unthinkable heaven practically renders void the doctrine of immortality. It does not prevent our being immortal, of course, but robs the doctrine of all vitalizing influence over earthly life and experience. A reality—no matter how real it is—a reality wrapped about with so dense an obscurity that we cannot at all think our way into it is not an open door, but a wall of adamant against which the soul can only fling itself helplessly.

Our life, even though it be a century long, is a stuffy prison-house. A mere colorless conception of great times to come is an agony, not a hope. We want something belonging to it that we can think; easy tracks out upon which our thoughts can run, undismayed and unwearied. We want to feel the rush of the winds blowing in upon us fresh and lustily from off the heights of the years eternal.

That helps to make great living, with the eighty-year wall blown down and the century line washed out, and the little day we are living in and the small place we habit in, saturated with a bit of the fulness and vastness that reaches all the way from the eternity that is past to the ages that stretch forth to the interminable hereafter.

The Peaceful Warrior

By EUGENE THWING

THE world loves a good fighter and a good fight. There is joy in a hotly contested battle—a challenge to the best that is in us. Fighting is natural and necessary all through life. We were born fighting, and most of us will fight to the last moment of breath. Yet here we are, to-day, in the midst of the battle, earnestly preaching peace. Hardly has the sound died away of the Christmas chimes and anthems proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will toward men." We cry "Peace! Peace!" and there is no peace. Everywhere the fight is waging. We are in the thick of it. Not one of us can lay down his weapons, and only the valiant warrior, who can "endure hardness like a good soldier," can hope to join with Paul in the triumphant shout of victory at the end.

The world wants no peace and will give none. Touch the world at any point and instantly you have a fight on your hands. Whatever your daily duty, whatever your ambition, whatever your unselfish purpose, the world and the devil are sure to thrust at you with sharp weapons, and place in your path every hindrance to prevent the attainment of your end. Every fighting quality must be called into play to meet the threatenings, the blows, the trickery, the false accusations, the slow, deadly hostility or coldness of the world, the "fightings within and the foes without," when you set out to achieve a good work; and, as Roosevelt says, it is only "through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things."

Yet in all this turmoil of struggle and conflict, peace is a joyous possibility—nay, it is a needful condition to victory; for, strange to say, only the peaceful warrior can win the perfect victory.

. . .

IN THE terrific battle at Sedan, a Prussian soldier was fighting valiantly. His bravery and steadfastness before the enemy inspired his comrades on every side. A bullet struck him, and he fell. Two of his comrades lifted him to a place of safety. They had not gone far when he said, "Put me down. Do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying."

They laid him gently down and returned to the field. A few minutes later, an officer saw him weltering in his blood, and asked, "Can I do nothing for you?" "Nothing, thank you," the soldier replied. "Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer. "No, thank you, I am dying." But the officer insisted. He could not leave the man to die unattended and uncomforted. "Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?" The soldier smiled. "I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament. Will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' I should like to hear you read that."

The officer found the place and read, "Peace I leave with you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The smile on the dying man's face was in strange contrast with the noise and carnage close by. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more." And so the peaceful warrior left the tumult of battle, his part in the fight ended, his spirit of peace triumphant over all.

. . .

PEACE is a beautiful thing to die with; but it is an indispensable thing to live with and to fight with. Every other weapon may be employed in the battle of life; if peace be lacking there is weakness and danger of defeat.

Worry crowds into the heart of the business man whose soul is not at peace. Worry destroys his nerve, interferes with his initiative, scatters his energies, befuddles his brain. He may fight doggedly—desperately. The devil of worry will defeat his efforts and destroy him in the end. With peace filling his soul, he is fit for the most gigantic tasks, because all his powers are at command. His head is cool, his brain active, his heart eager, his faculties alert. He meets opposition and difficulties calmly and applies himself shrewdly to gaining the mastery. Nothing disturbs his balance. Like the stabilisator invented for the flying machine, to enable it to maintain a safe equipoise in treacherous winds, peace keeps him steady while the tempests or the squalls of life beat against him. He knows he is safe in the final outcome.

. . .

A SPLENDID woman of my acquaintance presided over a happy home. Her talented husband and two noble boys were her pride, and joy, and comfort. The husband was taken ill and lay for a long time helpless before he died. All the burden of care and support fell upon the wife, who refused to interrupt the school work of her sons. She combined the labor of nursing in the sick room with that of bread-winning for the family. When she was left alone with her two boys, she still carried her burden courageously alone until the eldest began his business career. Then she thanked God and said in her heart, "God hath given me a man in the place of his father."

The young man plunged eagerly into his work with a glad sense of taking his own share of the burden. He made quick progress toward a successful career. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he also was stricken down with a dreadful disease. He lay at death's door, thousands of miles away from mother and brother. The daily fight against despair and bitter rebellion in that mother's heart was none the less real because so little of it could be seen by others. "I must not let myself go to pieces," she said, quietly, as she kept on with her work and met her routine responsibilities. Then, when the time came to go on a long journey to her son's bedside, perhaps only to say good-by, she sent this message: "I am hoping for the best, but I know whatever comes will be the best."

Oh, the majesty of the warrior who can fight the bitterest of fights with a soul at peace—who can say, with Paul, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair. Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. For which cause we faint not, but though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

ANTICIPATION

WHEN we shall see the dear, familiar faces
Which cheered our fireside in the long ago,
When we behold, instead of vacant places,
The friends whose tender love once blessed us so;
When their warm handclasp shall the grief have banished,
Which ne'er has left us since they went away,
Joys will return which with their presence vanished,
While happiness our constant guest will stay.

When we shall hear the well-remembered voices
Breathing our name as in the days gone by
(Ah, at the thought our full heart now rejoices,
While we cannot repress a longing sigh),
Then shall we know that home, whose ties were broken
As one by one left for the heavenly shore,
Is ours again, not missing one dear token,
And from it none shall go forever more!

MARIAN L. WARD.

A Famous Art Cover

THE painting of which our front cover is an excellent two-color reproduction is one of the noted pictures in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. The gentle mother in her scarlet robe and blue mantle, with a soft gray veil about her head and shoulders, holding her baby adoringly in her arms, is the ideal mother ideally portrayed. Before her stands a cherub with clasped hands and face upturned in adoration of the Holy Infant. Like the famous Immaculate Conception by Murillo, the most highly prized painting in the Madrid Galleries, the entire atmosphere is full of cherubs. The painting is clearly not a Christmas picture; its special charm lies perhaps entirely in brilliancy of color and distinctly naive treatment of the most familiar art subject.

The artist, Ludwig Knaus, was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1829. By a close study of modern French masters, Knaus perfected himself in the technical part of his art, won many medals, honors and titles of distinction, both in France and in his own country, and died scarcely a year ago, foremost genre painter in Germany.

"Go to Work, Brother!"

MOODY and Sankey, the great evangelists, were on a Gospel tour along the eastern part of New York State. They had reached Newburg and were holding a two weeks' revival service in the large rink which would accommodate four thousand persons. On one particular night, every square foot of space was occupied. Then the doors were barred and locked. After Mr. Moody had preached one of his characteristic sermons with telling effect on the large audience, he glanced around and, perceiving a young man seated near the pulpit, he shouted out in clarion notes three times—"Go to work, brother! Brother, go to work! Go to work, brother!" The young man was completely surprised at the personal appeal, but he became a worker and since that time has felt that though Moody was the messenger, the message itself was really from God. W. H. W.

NAIN

OVER the beaten hillside path
A Stranger came to-day.
Along the rugged mountain height
Where lingered sunset's fading light,
And stayed the dim approaching night,
He came upon his way.

Over the beaten hillside path
A Stranger went to-day;
But a glorious victory there was won,
And he left behind a song begun
In the risen life of the widow's son.
Hail to the Lord alway!

MYRTLE HUMPHREYS.

TWO DELIGHTFUL BOOKS

With pleasure I acknowledge the interesting and useful *Almanac* with thanks. Also the charming book, *Women of the Bible*, so skilfully grouped and beautifully written by the estimable and gifted Margaret E. Sangster.

Brockport, N. Y. MRS. R. H. SCOFIELD.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President | GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor | THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The People's Will in China

IN THE transforming process which is now going on in China, the world is witnessing what may prove to be one of the greatest miracles of the ages —the change of more than one-third of the entire human race from despotism to a republic. This is the direction in which events are now tending. Yuan Shi Kai, although personally favoring any reforms that would save the dynasty, recognizes the strength of the popular movement against the throne, and is apparently prepared to yield to the demand for a republic. He has told the revolutionary leaders, however, that the question must be settled for the whole country by a representative assembly. Should it decide for the republic, Yuan will then efface himself from political life. It may even be that before this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches its readers, the future of China will have been decided. Meanwhile Russia, England and Japan are all intensely interested in what is taking place. Mongolia, Turkestan, Manchuria and Tibet may proclaim their independence, and should this happen, there may be great spoil in the near future for the land-grabbing foreign Powers. It is hardly to be expected that the whole country will stand by the republic, which will be strongest in Central and Southern China. It is a history-making time and the whole world is interested in the outcome.

Who Was to Blame?

THE entire country was inexpressibly shocked last March by the news of the cruel fire at the Triangle factory in New York, which destroyed one hundred and forty-eight lives; there was a second shock on December 27, when the proprietors of the factory were acquitted of the charge of manslaughter on which they had been indicted.

Who killed these girls? Some one did. It was not God, nor themselves, nor blind forces of Nature. They died because some one who ought to have protected their lives did not do so. Other workers will die in the same manner unless the laws and the courts find a way to punish and do actually punish the men who are to blame.

A number of things must be done. The laws must be made so strict and so plain that everybody shall know exactly where the responsibility lies for each item of the factory workers' protection. Inspectors must be appointed with the gravest care and discrimination. Reports of inspection must be watched so closely and the inspectors themselves examined so frequently that the possibility of bribery and falsification will be reduced to a minimum. If there are at present perplexing entanglements between different commissions these must be cleared up; the Fire Department and the Factory Commission must have the clearest possible instructions and their inspectors compelled to do thorough work. Owners and lessees alike must be made to understand the requirements of the law and obey implicitly. Finally, public sentiment must be kept stirred up, individuals and organizations must continue to agitate the question until, so far as is humanly possible, the lives of workers are really safe.

Mr. Taft on World Peace

PRESIDENT TAFT has again come before the country in an appeal in behalf of world peace and more immediately in support of the arbitration treaties awaiting ratification in the Senate. In a notable article in the *Century,* he urges that the nation's self-respect and high sense of duty should impel it to grasp the greatest opportunity ever set before any people to take our rightful place as leader in the peace movement. He says:

> The nation's greatness, its wealth of resources, and the demonstrated bravery of its men, which preclude even the suggestion that it is actuated by cowardice; its freedom from entangling alliances and its comparatively insular position—all combine to make possible its leadership in this great movement. The people of the world look to us to give this impetus to the peace movement.

China's civil war and Italy's unprovoked assault on a weaker Power are both questions, he declares, which ought to have been brought before a peace tribunal. Answering the objection that a nation cannot properly submit to such a tribunal any question which affects its vital interests or its national honor, he says with emphasis: "I would rather take my chances of securing a just decision from a commission composed of honorable men than from the god of war!" Human experience proves that a nation is not the best judge of questions involving its own rights. Moreover, no just nation can desire any other settlement of its quarrels than a just and equitable one. To assume that a just settlement can be reached by mere force of arms, rather than by law, would be preposterous. An impartial court is the only tribunal before which such questions can be taken, if it is desired to reach a righteous and equitable decision.

It is a fine thing to have the official head of our government put himself on record in this clear and logical manner in favor of substituting law for the arbitrament of war. Yet President Taft simply echoes the oft-repeated declaration of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that war settles no dispute equitably, but only demonstrates the superior strength of one Power over another. He says:

> War may demonstrate which nation has the larger army, the more powerful navy, but does it determine the merits of the case? If might makes right, it does; but if not, what does it settle except where exists the greatest might?

We hope to see in the near future the two arbitration treaties approved by the Senate; and then, as the President pointed out in a recent address in New York, when this is done, we can proceed to make similar treaties with other nations, and those nations with each other.

The Greatest Theme

IN THESE days, when so many moral doctors are inclined to go lightly over the old question of sin and the old ideas as to how to get rid of it, it is refreshing to observe in authoritative quarters signs of adherence to facts long ago established. Whatever may be the outward forms and manifestations of the troubles of mankind, the real trouble, in individuals and in society, is sin. And the cure for sin is the Cross of Christ.

A forceful editorial appeared recently in the *British Weekly* restating these facts in no uncertain terms. Real cases of conversion were reported with conviction and enthusiasm. Special reference was made to a book just issued which is being heralded on both sides of the Atlantic as a stalwart testimony to the old faith. The Rev. George Steven delivered the Cunningham lectures at Edinburgh for 1911, on the subject of "The Psychology of the Christian Soul." The substance of these lectures has been put into book form under the same title and published by Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Steven is a scholar, which is a good thing. But he also "has religion," which is a still better thing. Putting his scholarship and his spiritual insight and experience together he has given the world a great book.

He is not afraid to discuss the subject of sin. He traces the facts of sinning through from bias to sin, attention to sin, temptation to sin, to the hideous *slavery* of sin, and outlines the process by which the soul is liberated in conversion. Mr. Steven distinguishes sharply between "intellectual conversion," in which a man passes from one mental conviction or state to another; "moral conversion," in which a man reaches through moral struggle the conviction of God's existence, and "Christian conversion," which is what the Church calls the conscious turning of man from sin to God. "It is not merely a moral change, a reform in conduct or in temper, but a change in his personal relation to One who is over all. Conversion is the acceptance of God's love and the surrendering to it of a whole life."

It would be difficult indeed to find anywhere finer devotional reading than the closing chapters of Mr. Steven's book, "The Capture of the Soul by God" and "The Soul in the Presence of God." "The Old, Old Story" is told again in the words of the scholar and the artist. "It is in this act of contemplating Christ that the change comes."

The last chapter progresses to a thrilling climax. The soul is in God's presence. The redeemed soul finds God in nature, in the Word, in the sacraments, in prayer. Through all the spiritual life is a *mental* life. The man—normal, sane, thinking—enjoys the friendship of God. At last prayer may become only a "desire that the will of God be done."

There are three great, insistent words in the book: the *mind, sin, God.* Its message may be summed up in this (It is not new, but it is told with new power): God has found a way to heal the hurt of man's mind and bring him into friendship with himself. And the way is Christ.

A Lie Traced to Its Source

ALTHOUGH a lie may travel far and fast, it usually trips itself up at the end. Several months ago, a "loose talker" in Seattle set afloat the story that a large part of the cargo of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD famine relief steamship *Buford* had been sold in China, as the natives did not know how to use the flour. In our issue of October 4 last, we gave attention to the circulator of this remarkable fabrication, who claimed to base his statements upon an interview with Judge Rufus H. Thayer, of the United States District Court in China. That official, who was then at sea on the voyage back to his post, on his return was questioned by Chairman John C. Ferguson of the Shanghai Famine Relief Committee, who has written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Peking, under date November 28, 1891:

> I wrote Judge Thayer about the matter when he arrived in Shanghai, and he replied as follows: "I fancy that the incident to which you refer grew out of an interview with me in Seattle in which the reporter indulged in some enlargements and inaccuracies. He referred to the matter of alleged sale of the *Buford* cargo of flour, and quoted statements made by a *flour agent in the Orient, who represents some Pacific coast mills.* This man was on the steamer with me from Honolulu to San Francisco, and I recalled that he had told me the same story. *My statement was confined to the announcement that I did not know anything about it.* I saw the reported interview, did not recognize it as covering much that I actually said, but it did not occur to me that it was of much importance or would attract any attention."
>
> This particular flour dealer made himself very active in Shanghai when the news of the *Buford's* coming with a cargo of flour was received. He protested to Dr. Wilder, fearing that our committee might sell it all as we did sell a small consignment of one hundred bags sent us from Seattle by Mr. Pigott and friends. This consignment was sold because we could not distribute it as easily and with as good effect along with rice and other cereals, but *we had no trouble in disposing of all the Buford cargo to the utmost advantage.* We made it go about three times as far as it would have done alone by distributing bean cakes with it. These bean cakes were ground in mill-stones by the people and mixed with the flour. I can only wish that the old *Buford* might come out again this year with another cargo for the poor famine sufferers.

This unqualified denial by Judge Thayer of the statements attributed to him and the equally positive declaration of Chairman Ferguson of the Shanghai Committee that none of the *Buford's* cargo, representing the gifts of our readers, was sold, but that all was distributed among the sufferers, puts the final clincher on the "loose talker's" story, showing that it was a lie out of the whole cloth. Thus the fabrication, after traveling half way round the globe, has been overtaken and exploded where it originated.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Lighthouse for the Blind

ON DECEMBER 20 President Taft laid the cornerstone for the first settlement house for the blind in the world at No. 111 East Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. In the rge audience were several hundred blind men and omen. The President sat in the big oak chair that enry Bauman, the blind cabinetmaker, had made. n the raised platform also were Joseph H. Choate, overnor Dix, Dr. John Finley, Miss Winifred Holt, d others. A band composed of blind boys played tional airs as the President arrived and departed. r. Choate said: "It will not be a luxurious home r idlers, not a place of refuge for the blind men d women to eat and sleep, but a workshop, a bee- ve of industry, a typical settlement house, where e blind can learn to make themselves useful." iss Grace Keator, president of the Blind Women's ub, of New York, presented the trowel to Presi- nt Taft with which he id the cornerstone of the ew building. The Presi- nt dipped the trowel in tub of mortar and pre ared the base to which e big stone was lowered. r. Taft said: "I sincerely ope, as we all do, that on is cornerstone will be ared a structure which ill be most useful to the ind and typical of the ity which we who have ir sight owe to those who ave a more difficult jour- ey to make in life." Miss olt delivered an address, which she said: "We ave proved that this is ot a work of charity, but justice, and a pretty ood business proposition r the community. As a iend of justice and free- om you have come to us, r. President, and we are rateful beyond words." iss Holt and Dr. Finley oth referred to the $40,- 00 mortgage on the new roperty, and said it was eir hope that it would be fted by friends of the in- titution. William I. candlin, of the Blind en's Self-Improvement lub of New York, told resident Taft how grate- il the blind felt toward im for the interest he had nown by his presence on is and other occasions. he advancement made by ne blind of our land in nowledge and practical ndeavor in a generation simply marvelous. No ne would ever dream that uch strange things could e done by them in the fine arts, the learned profes- ons and the mechanic arts. One of the most beau- ful features of this most beautiful benevolence is rovision for helping the blind to help themselves in ne matter of self-support and of useful service. eople can see without eyes the most important ings, truth, beauty, love, duty, God, the spiritual niverse. These institutions are the educational nd religious lighthouses to give keenness and readth of vision to the blind. The lighthouses of hristianity are illuminated by the life of God.

Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the orld: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall ave the light of life. (John 8:12.)

President Taft Laying the Cornerstone of the First Settlement for the Blind, New York City

avors Came Too Late

Fifteen years ago Patrick Tierney, a clerk in a tore in Somerville, N. J., on his way to work sud- enly disappeared. He was on good terms with his mployers and his parents, with whom he lived at Raritan, a mile away, and there was no moral rea- on for his disappearance. His parents remem- ered that he had said several times he had a mind o go to Alaska and get gold enough to take care of hem in their old age. Five years after the time he eft he wrote his father and mother that he had not ad any luck worth considering. The other day a all, handsome man got off the train at Raritan and urried to the old Tierney homestead, where he found a stranger who told him that Mr. Tierney had been dead five years, and his wife had died a year or so after. The son caught the pillar of the porch, and cried like a child as he said, 'I have in these two suit cases a fortune in gold nuggets, which I have been saving for ten years to keep father and mother in their last years, and now they are gone and the ambition of my life is defeated. He had gone from Alaska to Peru and gotten the gold out of the Andes. The son's intentions were good, but he made a great mistake. When he made his first finds he ought to have sent home letters and checks to encourage and help the old folks who had done everything for him, and he should have continued the help each year, for father and mother had had a hard time in the drudgery of caring for a large family on a small income. There are so many people who are intending to do some great thing in the future for loved ones when death makes such havoc with earth's plans, and they are like the clerk who struck it rich too late with their help to father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife or child. The thing to do is to make our loved ones just as happy as possible and help them as much as we can now, not fifteen years, nor one year from the present. Of course, it is important to provide for the rainy day at the last, but it must not be forgotten that there are hungry and cold and sick and weary days for those we love which call for our help. In help to relatives, in the blessed charities of earth, as well as in spiritual decisions, the words of the apostle are recalled:

Behold, now is the accepted time. (II Cor. 6:2.)

Dog Saves Three Firemen

At a fire in the furniture warehouse of Adolph Finkenbergs, on Third Avenue, New York City, three firemen were cut off from view and from escape by the dense smoke that was stifling them. Though the ladder reached to within a few feet of them they could not see it, and their cries for help were drowned in the roar of the engines, the rattle of the elevated trains, and the confusion of the crowds below. Fireman Norton's dog Happy, the mascot of Engine Company 36, recognizing the cries of his master in the black cloud of smoke, made a dash for the ladder and began climbing it. Norton, with Heemsath and Bornholtz, his two imperiled companions, made out a small object coming up toward them. It was Happy, and then they realized for the first time that the ladder was there for their escape. They climbed out of the window, from which clouds of smoke were pouring, into the arms of a fireman who, watching the dog's trick, had followed him to the rescue of his master. The dog was wild with delight and affection at the relief of his master. How nearly human was the love and active service of Happy, the mascot, and how they suggest to men and women the lesson of sympathy, fidelity and active endeavor to save the bodies, minds and souls of others in imitation of the One who said:

The Son of man is come to save that which was lost. (Matt. 18:11.)

Turkeys and Ducks Decreasing

The country is astonished at the report of the Census Bureau at Washington, suggesting the possibility of the extinction of the turkey in America within a dozen years. The report says that there were 6,594,695 turkeys on farms in the United States in 1900, and only 3,688,708 in 1910. At that rate of decrease this bird would be found only in the zoological gardens in 1920. The number of ducks decreased with almost similar speed. In 1900 there were 4,785,810, while in 1910 there were only 2,906,525. The geese have gone more slowly. In 1900 there were 5,676,788, and in 1910 4,431,981. During the same ten years the number of chickens has been increased from 233,566,021 to 280,345,133. The wild turkey, a native of North America, has gone like the red men that hunted it. Now the tame turkeys are going. The young are hard to raise. The wet grass chills them, disease easily attacks them, enemies devour them. But the passing of the turkey can be traced to the enormous consumption of this foul. Poor men will buy turkeys certain times in the year. Rich men give car-loads of them to the workmen at Christmas and Thanksgiving time. No leading hotel in any great city would think of leaving roast turkey off the bill of fare for dinner. We are a nation of vandals in the destruction of our forests, and of gluttons in the consumption of our turkeys and ducks. Much attention is being paid to duck farming, and the decrease of this foul may be checked, as scientific chicken farming for eggs as well as flesh has kept the balance on the right side. The use of fowls as an article of food is in harmony with the Mosaic injunction:

All clean fowls ye may eat. (Deut. 14:20.)

Wife Kills the Bear

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Harvey, of Tenafly, N. J., had been staying a month at Yoke Pond, Me., and started for home. The husband went on the trail toward the depot, the wife to follow an hour or two later. On the summit of Boardman Mountain he met an angry she-bear, which went for him. Dropping his pack he climbed a spruce tree, just getting out of reach of the bear's claws. In his haste he dropped his mittens, and as the temperature was near zero his hands were badly frozen, and he had to strap himself to the tree to keep from falling out. Two hours later the wife came on the trail to the scene, and the bear left the tree and started growling for her. She was carrying the gun and fired one shot. That did not stop the brute, but the second one did, and left the bear dead ten feet away. Woman's heroism is proverbial. Wives have saved their husbands many times, their bodies in health, their minds in illumination, their morals by example and love, their souls by their influence, their sweet affection, and their prayers. The prophet illustrates a horrible situation by the experience of a man pursued by a wild beast:

As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him. (Amos 5:19.)

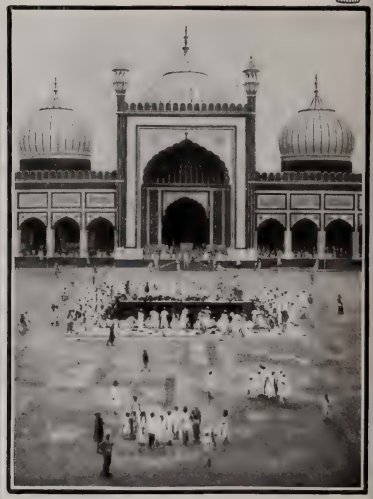
Scenes in Delhi, India's New Capital

The Historic Mosque of the Khan Khaya, Delhi

The Famous Jumma Musjid, the Largest Mosque in the World

The Tomb of Saf-dar Jumma

Mohammedans in Delhi Going to Prayers



A Religious Celebration on a "Holy Day"

The Famous "Kashmir Gate" of Delhi

A Minaret

Chandni Chauk, the Delhi Fruit Market

The Viceregal Seat of Government Was Transferred From Calcutta to Delhi by a Royal Edict Issued During the Durbar

ON HIS BEAM ENDS

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

NEW YEAR'S DAY had come and gone at our little winter hospital. "The mildest winter this fifty year, Doctor, anyways," the patriarch of the village declared it. "Why, years ago us'd drive round heads many times 'fore Christmas, and now there's open water right to Uncle Adam's stage," he added in a somewhat querulous tone, as if that was a modern innovation not to be accepted without protest, that the open Atlantic beyond the steep cliffs that formed our harbor mouth should still be free of the Frost King's control.

"It's only my second winter on the Coast, Uncle 'Lige," I answered, "but I haven't noticed any heat to complain of. They wouldn't call this sultry where I came from, and so long as the heads keep the seas out of the harbor I can forgive the ocean, if it does love Jack Frost's rule as little as I do. I'm sure there's snow enough on the land to suit any one."

"Well, well. It all helps to fill up the holes, Doctor. But you can't trust to cross the tickles yet, and it's too long to go round till we get a drop o' rain to give the snow a surface. It's this 'twixt and between that's no use. It's never no use anywhere."

"Well, Uncle, I'll admit it keeps the hospital slack of work—people can't get to us any better than we can get to them. So I'm going to try a trip on Monday to the West Coast with the dogs, and see how the folks are getting on, as it's a long while since we heard from them, though I heard the first mail has come to Lock's Cove across the country."

"Yes, I know the trail's cut, and you're young still. Perhaps you may," he reiterated, "but don't take norisks, Doctor. Don't take no risks."

It was two weeks before once again our dogs brought up at the hospital doors. We had only covered some three hundred miles on the trip, having visited a great number of scattered hamlets and villages. But we arrived home with a good conscience. For food for our dogs had everywhere been plentiful and they got back as fresh and as sturdy as they started. We had left very little sickness behind us on the Coast, and expected a rest for quite a while among our own people.

But the unexpected always happens. That very night, we were called out of bed by a loud knocking at the hospital door. The voices of men and the sound of dogs on the crisp snow greeted our half-wakened senses. "Who's there?" from the window brought in stentorian tones the information, "It's me—Jonas—we've come over from Stark's Cove. Jennie Gardner broke her arm yesterday, so them says."

"All right, I'll be down directly. Go and call Ben out to give your dogs a feed."

As the messengers were from the Coast we had not visited, and brought us no news of any further trouble, and since haste seemed the object most to be desired, we decided to take no equipage beyond that needed for this particular case, thus enabling us to load our sledge as little as possible. This was more especially desirable as fresh snow having fallen in the night it became all the more important that the *komatik* should run lightly. As it turned out we did well, for the downfall continued steadily all the morning, and the drifts were enormous when we had to force through wooded country.

Night overtook us, in the middle of the country, and glad enough we were in a dense spruce thicket, called the "Green Ridge," locally, to dig out a wayside log tilt or hut, and to crawl down into it for the night. With the perversity that sometimes appears to characterize inanimate things, the downfall during the hours of darkness was almost phenomenal, and though we were ready for starting long before daylight we were forced to hasten slowly by being unable in the dark to unearth two recalcitrant dogs who were hidden snugly asleep under the snow.

The overcoming of physical difficulties is one of the chief pleasures in life, so when, as it grew dusk that evening, we emerged on the southern shore of the Straits of Belle Isle, we felt quite pleased with ourselves, even if we had lost twenty-four hours on our usual time. Soon three miles only remained.

"'Ouk! ouk! ouk!' and our little cavalcade was off in the new direction"

The familiar lighthouse out on an island was in sight and we expected in a few minutes to be in the warmth of the comfortable cottage of our patient.

But as chance would have it, just as we came to the parting of the trails, one leading out to a little village on a long promontory, we noticed so many fresh tracks of *komatiks* that we guessed something unusual must be occurring. "Anything wrong out at Safety Cove?" I sang out to the messengers who had come to fetch us. "Nothing we knows on, 'cept us heard Jim Kempson had a hurt on his knee, but us 'lows there must be more than that doing to take all this lot out there. For they hasn't come back by their tracks, and there's a power of 'em gone."

"There's a couple of men up on the top, Doctor," one of the men shouted as we swung round the next hillside, and a little bunch of houses nestling above the cove loomed up against the snow. "'Low them's watching to see us pass. See, them's got a flag up!" he added excitedly. "All right, Charley, Ouk! ouk! ouk!" (to the right) to the leading dog, and our little cavalcade was in less than a trice swinging off in the new direction.

Evidently we were spotted instantly by the vidette, for they commenced running down the hill to meet us, and we were soon in possession of the facts that were causing trouble. Jim's knee had got worse and worse, and "there was no stopping it." It had swelled up and down till his leg was as large as his body, and all hands said he was dying.

According to the custom of the Coast under these circumstances, all his friends had gathered from far and near to show their sympathy—"just to see him off," as some one once put it. Jim had a wife and four children, and only four rooms all told—a kitchen and living-room below and two tiny bedrooms in the slope of the roof above. The inevitable result was that the house was packed like a beehive and the air could almost be cut in slices with a knife. In one of the small upstairs rooms lay poor Jim on his back, struggling for life, encouraged by as many friends as could get in at once, but hampered sadly by bad air and heat.

Having succeeded in the delicate task of persuading this kindly assembly that their room was really of infinitely more value than their company, and in sending the four children to other houses, we retained three good handy men and started in to work.

With as little noise as possible the board partition between the two bedrooms was taken down, and one hand told off to plane it up, and convert it into a full-length bath. Assistant No. 2 was detailed to make a window in the roof, and No. 3 to carry away everything movable to the store outside. The new room was meanwhile cleansed and all the kettles of the village set boiling, as many as possible on our own downstair stove. Food was also short; there was neither a drop of any stimulant nor a tin of milk obtainable—much less fresh milk. Messengers volunteered to try and cross the ice and get some at the lighthouse; and fortunately in this they were successful.

The condition of the patient resembled that of a rapidly spreading erysipelas. The only hope of saving his life lay in numerous and extensive incisions. As no lancet was obtainable, our hunting-knife had to be impressed to replace one. An anæsthetic anyhow was out of the question. For an antiseptic a bottle of strong carbolic acid, left in the next village by our hospital boat for another case the previous summer, was fortunately brought in just when we were ready, and after some hot milk had been administered, the rough but most admirably sensible full-length bath, made out of the old partition — the seams well caulked with pitch — also made its appearance. Filled with its warm antiseptic solution, it was immediately put to use. The patient, in whom seven long incisions had been made, was placed reclining in it. He described it after as being like crimping a cod.*

Regular port and starboard watches were set, and when morning dawned we ventured to finish our own journey and settle the broken-arm patient before turning in for some sleep.

This cheerful woman whom we had originally set out to help almost persuaded us that it was a pleasure having a broken arm—the chance for his life it was the means of giving to her poor neighbor, to her mind quite offset the inconvenience and the pain which would make so many people selfishly introspective.

The supply of milk from the lighthouse was limited, and it had to be served out as if it were rations for a shipwrecked crew. Fortunately some of the boys came across ptarmigan on the second day, and the fresh broth was as welcome as the first flowers of spring. Numbers of small offerings of this kind were gladly brought in from a distance of many miles, as soon as the news reached along the Coast of the reason they were needed. The unstinted, unselfish kindness of the poor for the poor made even these anxious days a benediction to us workers. Surely the real kingdom of God was deeper in the hearts of this people than any one could possibly have supposed. The showers of kind acts, little though they may have appeared, were no small spur to all the rest of us to do our best, as night succeeded day and there still was no improvement in poor Jim's condition — nothing that suggested to us any chance of ultimate success. The fourth day was drawing to a close. Though a crowd of friends sat with me by the log fire in the fisherman's hut, where I was being temporarily entertained, my mind kept wandering over the miles of snow back to our people on the Western coast. I knew that by now the sick that we had left behind, and possibly others who had gathered since, must be anxiously awaiting my return. I was too restless to notice even much of the conversation. So, not unnaturally, I had failed to realize that the talk had turned to Jim and his chances, and what to do with his little ones if he did not pull through. "There's no money round here on Jim's chances, Doctor," one man remarked, "though they does say he seemed like clawing to windward a bit after them cuts."

"Don't be too sure, Dick," chimed in another, "Jim's lived hard o' late, but there's good stuff in him. There wasn't a soft spot in his timbers when this took him."

"It was always that way with Jim," added a third. "Not much to look at in fine weather, but never no give when t' pinch came."

One of the company, sailor-like, had been out to get "a sight o' the weather," not for any particular reason, except that the men find it hard to sit still for

Continued on page 43

* This process consists of cutting through the skin of the codfish as soon as it is taken from the water so that the muscles may contract and thus enhance the value of the fish.

Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER X—*Continued*

AFTER a moment of awed silence, the crowd slowly left the court room. Hermosa had great difficulty in getting Athanasia out. Silas Fleming stood awkwardly by his table looking at Brander Cushing. Then he suddenly crowded over to where he stood and held out his hand to him. Cushing did not seem to see it. Fleming's great red face went the color of purple. He drew his hand back, stood awkwardly a moment and then backed away without saying anything.

Father and son faced each other. Brander Cushing's arm was over Sidney's shoulder. At once it seemed to the older man as if this big young fellow was his little boy again. He smiled at him and said:

"It's all right, Sid. Don't worry. It will all come out all right."

Sidney choked. What could he say with all those people about? The most tragic event of his life was taking place before all those morbidly curious strangers. A few intimate friends of the two had come up and were trying to say a few stammering words of awkward sympathy. They were shocked unspeakably. The whole affair bewildered the entire community of Dockville. There were rumors of an appeal to the governor for a pardon. The morning papers would contain in detail the account of all the remarkable day's events. And no heartache would be spared. No vivisection of tenderest private feelings would be wanting. The horror of it blinded Sidney as he stood there feeling as weak and helpless as a child with his father's arm around him.

"What made you do it, father? I would have stood by as I promised."

Brander Cushing smiled at him.

"I am not sorry, Sid. I am not sorry."

The officer of the court came up and gently touched Cushing's arm.

"You're in my custody, sir."

"Can I go with him as far as—" Sidney made an appeal.

"You can go as far as the door if you want to."

"Better not come, Sid. The county jail is not very clean." Brander Cushing spoke calmly, with a strange smile.

But Sidney linked his arm in his father's and the officer by the side of them moved out of the court room across the street to the county jail, where Brander Cushing was to await the sheriff's time to take him to the penitentiary.

At the door of the jail, Brander Cushing turned to his son.

"I don't want you to come in, Sid. Go on with the work. Get your friend Gordon Ford to come and stay with you."

"O father! Father,I can't bear it!" Sidney turned and flung his arms around his father's neck, and then, as if he were a child again, he kissed his father, and Brander Cushing for the first time that day yielded to emotion. Down his hard white face tears ran.

"Yes, you can, Sid. Because you are a Cushing. Remember, boy. I may be guilty of neglect but I have never deliberately been guilty of dishonor. We can live it down."

Even there, under the shadow of the penitentiary, Brander Cushing's iron determination found expression. And even then, Sidney wondered at it as he turned and, in despair himself, went away to creep up to the house, fiercely denying interviews with several newspaper men who were about the door. Once inside the home, he locked the door, told Angus to keep every one out, walked into the library, and flung himself down on a couch, crying out in great sobs:

"Oh, father! father! What made you do it? What made you?"

CHAPTER XI

JUSTICE in this country has a proverbial habit of going on lame feet. But there are exceptions. Sometimes there is a swiftness about its actions which is almost as appalling as its delays.

The counsel for Brander Cushing had been ready and able to use every means of delay that the law permits. But from the moment the jury had brought in their verdict even these shrewd agents of the miscarriage of justice saw there was not the glimmer of a hope for their client. He had openly acknowledged his guilt, and there was no possibility of any other court reversing the decision. They could interpose all the postponement that great wealth and influence can buy, but Brander Cushing, after all the facts were before him, fiercely told his counsel to let the law take its way with him. Rather than linger in a filthy county jail he was ready to be sent up to the State prison, which at least was kept on strict sanitary principles.

So, one day, only a brief time after the trial, Brander Cushing, shipyard contractor, man of business and wealth, distinguished for great qualities as an inventor and builder of warships, walked into a little room seven by eight, and realized after some fashion that that little cell was to be his home for five years; also that he was now a convict, fed and clothed and housed at the expense of the State, and that his career as a man and a human being among men was over.

But—was it?

He would not permit Sidney to go with him to the State prison. He said good-by to him the day before the sheriff took him out of the jail. They were allowed to be together alone.

"I've written out some things for you, Sid." Brander Cushing gave Sidney some papers. "I look to you to go on and finish the *Columbia*. Our contract can be extended over the five years if necessary. There is no reason why the men in the yard should suffer from a shut-down, and I have been allowed to make arrangements with Macdonald and Stuart to run things as usual. Sid, if you want to do anything for me, see that the new ship equals my ambition. It will bring honor to the name of Cushing."

"Oh, father! How can I go on? My heart is broken! I cannot live through it!"

"Yes, you can. *I'm* living through it." Brander Cushing spoke almost roughly to hide the emotion he did not want Sidney to see.

They parted after kissing each other. And Sidney, bewildered, numbed all through by the stroke, went back to the empty house, feeling as if the world had come to an end and asking God to curse him that he might die.

But it is a remarkable and hopeful fact that people do not die even when they think their hearts are broken. They continue to live, and, strange as it may seem, they have many happy days, and time puts its soothing hand over deep red wounds of grief and heals them.

So Sidney Cushing came out of that seemingly bottomless horror of hopelessness and grew to see the day when he could smile and work again as if the world contained all the things worth having.

A number of important factors made this possible. Among these there was, first of all, the work at the yard. After the first numbness of the horror had passed he found that he was surrounded by an atmosphere of respect and sympathy that helped him wonderfully. The officers in charge, Macdonald and Stuart, paid him the respect and almost reverence such men know so well how to give. The men in the yard seemed to feel the responsibility thrown on them to do their best. After all, they said among themselves, justice had been done. The guilty man was being punished. This fine young fellow who had risked his life to save the girls was not to blame for his father's faults. He was nerve, he was, to go on with the ship while his dad was working out his time. And so every one of the four thousand blackened, rough, but for the most part skilled workmen in Cushing's shipyard went to work every morning with a united feeling to satisfy Sidney with a good job. The *Columbia* would beat every dreadnought afloat. The young fellow would be proud of it.

All this kept Sidney so busy physically that he was astonished to find himself after a while sleeping soundly, and every morning when he woke he would kneel and say his morning prayer asking for mercy on that figure over in the penitentiary. Then down to the yard to work (for his sake) with desperate energy, in order to forget as well as remember.

There were other things that gave interest to life at this strange time in Sidney Cushing's career.

There was a letter—yes, two letters—that had come from Washington.

The first had come a day or two after the news of his father's indictment.

Pax Marston wrote:

"MY DEAR MR. CUSHING: This is to assure you of my deep sympathy with you in the great trouble that has come upon you and your father. I feel sure all will come out well, for your father will be able to prove that he was not guilty. I was troubled when you went away so soon that day after our talk together on the cruiser, and I felt sure from your manner that some bad news must have come to you. I wish I could do something to prove my friendship for you. Father and mother and Cousin Ed also wish to be remembered, and send you their best wishes.

"Very heartily your friend,
"PAX MARSTON."

The second letter had come the day after his father was sentenced. She wrote:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I may call you so, may I not? The news that has just reached us is terrible. It seems as if some great mistake had been made. We cannot believe that this has come to you. You will believe, won't you, that my deepest sympathy is with you. What a fearful thing to happen! What will you do? You will be brave, won't you? And—do not forget, I am thinking of you with a great prayer in my heart that you may have strength given you to bear this great trouble.

"Always your friend,
"PAX MARSTON."

To these letters, which revealed, in words and phrases, the feeling that Pax Marston had allowed on such brief acquaintance to spring up in her heart, Sidney had replied, repressing his own feeling to a large extent. He had deep in him a sense of horror of his position, a feeling of hopelessness, now that he was the son of a convict. The brand of it seemed almost to be stamped on his face where all men could see. But he sobbed as he kissed the letters and put them away with the bow of ribbons—those bright bits of color that seemed every time he looked at them to reflect the vivacity and loveliness of Pax Marston's face.

Other events were added to these. Hermosa and Athanasia! How strangely those girls seemed to become a part of his life history—more strangely after his father's sentence than before.

The day of the trial, after Hermosa had succeeded in getting Athanasia out of the court room, she took her to her own room across the hall from her

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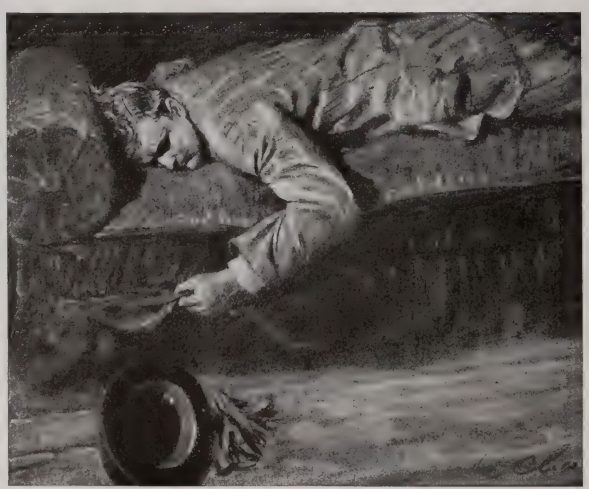
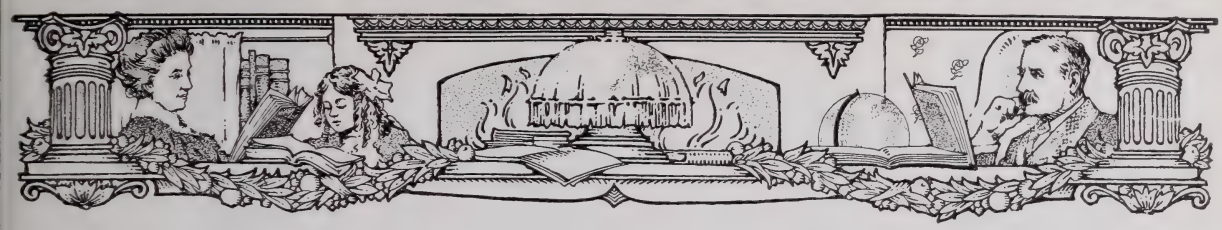


"'Oh, father! father! What made you do it? What made you?'"

CHATS BY THE WINTER FIRE



Day In and Day Out

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A BRILLIANT professor in an Eastern college was asked by a man who was taking notes for a directory how he earned his living. "I earn it by day labor," replied the professor. His friends were diverted a little later when they saw attached to his name in the city directory the words, "Day laborer." Yet the professor told nothing but the precise truth. He merely did not specify the kind of labor that he did.

The old Latins had a maxim to the effect that to labor is to pray. Surely in the whole world there is nothing so much to be honored as faithful and conscientious labor; the skilled hand bent to the task, the brain directing the muscles, the thoughts of the soul translated and interpreted by actual deeds. President Wayland, in his time one of our greatest American educators, said pithily, "Nothing can stand before day's work." By which he meant to say that it is not the clever spurt, but the persevering effort carried on day in and day out, that tells for success in the end. Each of us should be a day laborer. For the matter of that, few of us escape the necessity of patient toil.

The doing of one thing over and over makes the specialist in any line. Every housekeeper is aware that when she goes into the kitchen herself, and with her own hands makes delicious bread, cakes and pies, she can tell to a nicety what her results will be. She cannot be sure that her ingredients will not be ruined, her dinner spoiled and her family peace interrupted by the ill-temper consequent upon indigestion, when she delegates her cooking to a housemaid. The woman who does her own work sometimes craves our sympathy, realizing as she does that "man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done"; still, it is she who is independent, whose home is well ordered, whose table is daintily spread, and who never needs to sit down and bewail waste.

One of our readers, the other day, finding that breakfast was late while the men of the family were watching the clock afraid lest they should lose a train, and the daughter of the house was really anxious to set off in time for school, stepped into her kitchen. She found breakfast only half prepared, the coffee not made, the cereal not started and the biscuits not browned, while the light-hearted maid of the hour was merrily practising a dance, right foot and left foot, humming a little tune to keep time, before the kitchen mirror. Here was a chance to exercise self-control. The day laborers who belong to the order of this maid exact wages for their inefficiency quite as high as do those who know their work and perform it well.

Wherever we labor, in whatever field, let us say to ourselves, "Blessed be drudgery!" From the lowest to the highest round of the ladder, whether it be for the painting of a great picture, the directing of a great enterprise or a task of humble nature, the worker who is worthy of his hire does not disdain painstaking labor, giving the best that is in him without stint.

* * *

Women in Council

SOME weeks ago a problem was suggested by the indecision of a wife who had an opportunity to become a bread-winner, but who doubted whether it would be well for her to accept it, as she was uncertain what effect might be produced on her home by enforced absence from it during a number of the daylight hours. The friends who have considered the case have sent in their opinions, some of which are here presented.

A Husband's Opinion

"No woman can be the true companion of man if she is to neglect the personal supervision of the home and its appointments for something else. No amount of hired help can build the home, nor atone for the loss of the woman's touch. When a man comes home tired and worried on account of the strain of business it is not the mere fact that the house is in order and meals prepared that cheers and rests him; it is that he is met by a loving, dutiful wife who has given the personal touch to every arrangement of that home, which is her pride.

"I have not taken into consideration the objection that when a woman goes into business she takes a position a man should have, although it is a fact. Nor have I mentioned that a wife's control of household affairs adds largely to their income and thus enables them to live better on the salary of the husband. Both of these truisms should be taken into consideration. It should be mentioned, however, that the business woman is kept from doing her whole duty to God, to her husband and to society because she is thus prevented the enjoyment of that most sacred, God-given privilege —motherhood.

"The real home is presided over by a womanly wife whose only interest in business is confined to a sympathetic concern for whatever engages her husband's attention. A real mother cannot divide her attention between her children and an artificial life filled with the rush and strain of the marts of trade. A. P. W."

How They Might Manage

"I understand that the Beans have no children. If no children come for some years she can go downtown with her husband and return with him at night, and they can thus associate together much more than they otherwise would. If they have not already furnished a home, my suggestion would be to rent a few rooms, where they can sleep and the wife can prepare their breakfast. They may take their other meals downtown, sitting at the same table if possible. By saving their earnings for a few years, they will soon be able to own a home.

"X. Y. Z."

A Common American Mistake

"Mr. and Mrs. Bean have made an unfortunate beginning, being situated in a suburb where their neighbors are more well-to-do than they themselves. Americans as a class live beyond their means, not necessarily going into debt, but stinting and economizing in hidden ways in order to add to appearances. But however good and devoted a husband may be, it is a mistake for a wife to become self-supporting or even a small wage-earner. It forms the little "rift within the lute," and the harmony of married life is marred. Besides, later on, if she becomes dependent on him again through force of circumstances, it will irk them both. She will find the strain of office work greater than it would be upon her if she were single; her social duties are more and she has more home duties. If her position were at all severe in taxing her responsibility, she will find in five or ten years that she has defrauded herself of much of her good health. She would find, too, that they would have but little home life. C. M. K."

Money vs. Home

"If Mrs. Bean thinks the chief object of life is the making of money, by all means let her take up with her friend's proposition. On the other hand, if she really loves her husband she will make it the object of her life to learn, if she does not already know, how to keep a home comfortable that a tired, hungry man may enjoy those hours of his life that are not engaged in business. The hired help that will take an interest in the home in the absence of the mistress is rare. Married people should anticipate eagerly the coming of offspring. A wife who is engaged in outside business can hardly expect the happiness of motherhood. M. E. R."

Another View

"Mrs. Bean would do well to accept the position offered her. The time is near at hand when marriage will not interfere with a woman's ambition so much as formerly. However, a woman who would be a bread-winner, or who would give her time to the world at large, must forego the joy and blessings of motherhood. But a childless home is better than an unmated one. C. S. P."

* * *

What the editor thinks on this subject will be given in another issue.

An "Old Ladies' Home" in France

THESE dear old ladies have found a quiet haven in which to pass life's eventide. Some of them have survived their nearest and dearest and are bravely facing the loneliness of age. Others, after years of honorable toil, have been obliged by a struggle with poverty to find an asylum in a Home with a capital H. Whether they enjoy its comforts and privileges depends very much on their dispositions and temperaments. The lovely women in the picture are apparently at peace with the world and are quite content in a pleasant and harmonious home.

APPRECIATES THE ALMANAC

I was much delighted when I received your lovely *Almanac* to-day. Please accept my sincere thanks for same. With best wishes for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I am,

Mauch Chunk, Pa. MRS. T. C.

Brander Cushing's Ambition

father's. The two girls were alone there. Since the factory fire, both girls had secured places in a department store in Dockville. Athanasia had refused to go anywhere without Hermosa, so Hermosa had found a place for her as bundle-wrapper in the toy department. Athanasia was wonderfully quick and deft with her fingers.

She quieted quickly when once in the room. Her mother, who worked in one of the hotels as helper in the laundry, had not yet come in.

After a while, Hermosa said:

"Athanasia, why did you perjure yourself? You knew the door was locked. It was of no use for you to lie, after all the other girls had said."

"You know why."

"How do I know?"

"I did it to save him."

"To save—Mr. Cushing?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Mr. Sidney. I love him."

"Athanasia!"

"I do. So do you."

"Athanasia!" Hermosa ran over to her and almost roughly put her hand over Athanasia's mouth.

As soon as she had taken it away, Athanasia said,

"You know you do, Hermosa. We both love him."

"No."

"Yes, we do. Wouldn't you go to jail for him?"

"That would be easy."

"Wouldn't you die for him?"

"Oh! That would be easier!"

"Easier?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Athanasia! poor simple heart! what do you know about love?"

"I don't know much. Do you think any one ever could love me, Hermosa?"

Silence, except for Hermosa's soft crying, as she sat near Athanasia and caressed her black hair.

"Do you think it is wrong for me to love him, Hermosa?"

"I don't know."

"Is it wrong for you to love him?"

"Yes, yes! O God, forgive! He is not for either of us. Athanasia, tell your heart to be quiet."

"It is quiet, Hermosa, whenever I think of him. He is so brave and so good. My heart is quiet when I think of him. Is yours, Hermosa?"

"Oh, be still, Athanasia! What do you know about hearts? Think of what has happened to him to-day. Do you think his heart can find room for any one but his father now?"

"But he will need more friends now than ever, won't he, Hermosa? Won't he need us to love him more than ever now?"

"Hush, child. It is wrong for you—for me—to think of him so."

"But I don't see why," Athanasia persisted. "If he has lost his father, how can he live unless some one loves him?"

"Pax Marston can love him."

"Pax Marston? Who is she?"

"Never mind, Athanasia. You must not love Mr. Cushing any more."

"I cannot help it. I shall love him till I die. It will not do him any harm. How can it? Does it harm people to love?"

"It kills some."

"But it will not kill me. I shall pray every night for him and his father. Will you, Hermosa?"

"Yes, yes! That will do no harm."

"I think God will forgive me for lying about the door, don't you?"

"Yes."

"God is good, isn't he?"

"Yes, yes. God *is* good, Athanasia, and I am a wicked, wicked girl. Pray for me, Athanasia, when you pray for—for them."

"I pray for you every night, Hermosa. You know I do."

"Thank God!" said Hermosa gently. Then as Mrs. Ward came into the room, Hermosa slipped out and went in to her father.

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Sidney Cushing was only dimly conscious at times of all this as he went about his work. But he seldom saw either of these girls of the common people. Once he called and found Mr. Howard alone. Once he met Hermosa and Athanasia on the street and stopped and spoke a moment to them. But the experience he was having was so deep, his work was so exacting, his memory of Pax Marston was at times so engrossing, that he thought of the girls he had rescued from the fire (whenever he did think of them) as part of an experience which he would like to forget instead of remember.

As days went on, he grew more restless in many ways. Religiously he had been a ritualist. Somehow there crept into his soul a great longing for deep religious experience. He found himself Sundays spending the time at first aimlessly. He would take long walks in the woods. One week Gordon Ford came and stayed with him. It was not satisfactory. The two had no deep things in common. Besides, he fancied Ford felt embarrassed by Brander Cushing's conviction.

Then he took to going about to the different church services in Dockville. There were fifteen different church organizations in the town. He would slip into a back seat, generally stay through a service, and go out before any one could speak to him. Many times his heart was moved and his hope quickened by a sentence in prayer, by the aspiration of a hymn, or by some great thought in a sermon.

One Sunday he found himself in a little church building down near the river. He had declined a seat down the aisle offered by a pleasant young man, and had sat down in a rear pew. A little gallery ran around half way up the side of the building, as if the building committee had run out of funds at that point. As he looked around before the service began he saw, at the extreme end of this little unfinished gallery, Hermosa and Athanasia. Athanasia's mother was with them.

About the middle of the sermon, Hermosa's glance wandered over the church. Finally her eye saw Sidney. The sermon was different from any Sidney had yet heard. It was helping him. He was listening with an intentness that Hermosa could not help noting. Her own look went back to the preacher, and in the closing prayer that followed the sermon, her heart sought for the peace of God. But when she stood up during the last hymn, she knew that Sidney had seen her and Athanasia, and as she came down the little stairs she met him in the vestibule, where he had evidently waited to speak to her.

Chapter XII

HE SPOKE very simply to them.

"I'm glad to see you. I did not know this was your church."

"Yes. Mrs. Ward and Athanasia and I have been members here for a long time. Won't you meet our minister? Mr. Freeman, this is Mr. Cushing."

Mr. Freeman greeted Sidney heartily, spoke a word to Hermosa, Mrs. Ward and Athanasia, and then turned to some others of his people. If he knew who Sidney was he had not betrayed the fact by anything in his words or his manner. There could have been nothing more simple and unaffected than his greeting.

Sidney went out with the three and walked along by Mrs. Ward. Athanasia's mother had met Sidney only twice. She was a plain looking woman but her face bore marks of a peace that made it attractive. After a few words in which she repeated what she had said to Sidney the first time she met him by way of gratitude for the rescue of her daughter, Mrs. Ward said quietly,

"Would you feel able to come and take a meal with us some time?"

Sidney was astonished, but his natural good breeding concealed his astonishment from Mrs. Ward.

"Certainly, Mrs. Ward. I should be glad to come."

"Sometimes, Sunday evenings, Hermosa and her father come over to our rooms and we have a plain meal together. Could you come to-night? Mr. Howard wants to see you. You have no idea how eager he is for company at times."

Hermosa and Athanasia were walking in front. Hermosa turned a little and said,

"Yes, father has often said he would enjoy a good visit with you. But he has never dared ask for any of your time. We all know how busy you must be."

"I shall be glad to come, Mrs. Ward, and" (speaking to Hermosa) "I shall be glad to talk with your father and hope to get better acquainted with all of you."

"At seven o'clock," said Mrs. Ward. And Sidney parted from them at the next corner, taking off his hat with the same manner he would have shown to ladies of title, and going his way to the big empty house somewhat astonished at the invitation, but really excited to a degree in anticipation of what the evening might have in store for him.

Let it be said for the benefit of the incredulous, for those who never get out of the drawing room of life into its kitchen and back yard, that Sidney Cushing was absolutely devoid of class feeling in any form. When he walked into the shipyard and viewed its driving energy, he could truly say that every one of the blackened, grimy, sweating, hoarse-voiced men at work there, stood for a real human being to him. Also it had been his happy education, from the time he was born, to honor labor. Brander Cushing had ground that into him from the start. Any human being who was handling tools, making something that was needed, adding to the world's necessities, was a human being to be reverenced and honored.

"I don't care if he is the son of the Great Mogul!" he once shouted to a well known business man in Dockville, who was trying to find an excuse for the son of a rich man who was an idler; "I don't care how much money his father has. If that boy can't do anything but black shoes, he ought to be doing it. Let him use his hands if he hasn't brains enough to get a job with his head."

So it did not occur to Sidney that he was condescending in any way to take tea with a woman who worked in a hotel laundry, and two girls who worked in a department store, and a blind paralytic who made horsehair ornaments for a living. Were they not simply toilers in the world, like himself? And as he sat in the library of the big silent house that afternoon, for the first time the question occurred to him with almost absurd suddenness: "Are warships, after all, more necessary to the world than the toil that keeps these tenement dwellers so busy all day?"

It must also be said by way of introduction to Sidney's acceptance of this invitation that he experienced a feeling of satisfaction, permeated with real pleasure, when he thought of these plain toilers of the people, and their simple gratitude to him for his service to them during the horror through which they had passed. Among Brander Cushing's acquaintances, there were some who after the name of convict had been put on him were unable to resume the same relations to Sidney.

Sidney felt the deepening shame and horror of his situation as time went on. A few of his choicest friends were

Continued on page 41

The simplest Gown looks well on a Figure of Correct Proportion if Carried Well.

You Can Weigh Exactly what You Should Weigh

My pupils are among the most refined, intelligent women of America. They have *regained* health and good figures and learned how to **keep** well. Each has given me a few minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit each individual's needs.

No Drugs—No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense*.

Be well—nothing short of well.

Radiate Health—so that every one with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed.

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at **your best.** You wield a stronger influence for good, for education, for wholesome right living, if you are attractive and well, graceful and well poised—upright in body as well as in mind—and you are happier.

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others.

I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have corrected more

Chronic Ailments and built up and reduced more women during the past nine years than any physician—the best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils.**

I have

Reduced about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs. I have rounded out and

Increased the Weight of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

Won't you **join us**—we will make you and the world better.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

Sit down and write to me NOW.
Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I should like to tell you about it.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 18, 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman

HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

It is good to be merry and wise; it is good to be honest and true.—Burns

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass; you cannot change an Alaska crystal to a South African diamond; you cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man.—*George Washington Doane, 1799-1855.*

Some Ways to Make Spending-Money

EVERY mail brings requests from boys and girls asking for suggestions and advice about making spending-money. These are a few of the ways I have known to be successful and at some other time I will tell you much more about earning spending-money:

Robert Tarlau, Who Edits a Boys' Magazine

With a pyrography outfit a boy in Augusta, Me., has worked up an excellent trade in leather post cards. He buys the leather in sheets, he cuts out post cards himself and burns original designs and interesting quotations and sentences on them. Original ones are much in demand, and sell for fifteen or twenty cents each. This boy advertised his cards by sending samples of his work to his friends. Orders very soon began to come in, and now he has all he can fill.

Two girls in Raleigh rented a corner in the best grocery store and sold candied orange peel, preserved ginger, home-made jellies and home-made cake and candy. They had a hard time the first six weeks, but gradually their home-made dainties became known, and within the year they had rented the half of a small shop on a main street and are steadily increasing their business.

A lame boy in the Children's Home in my own village in Kentucky whittles better than most people. He has to spend much of his time in bed, but he is never idle. With a sharp penknife and soft pine blocks he whittles wooden toys that have a ready sale among the visitors to the home. Boats, wagons, tops, dolls' furniture, balls, tubes and cylinders, delightful toys that bob and float, turn out like magic, until little John Chambers and his neat little bank account are quite the talk of the Children's Home.

Cozy Corner Little Folk

Dolls' Dressmaking and Millinery

FOR more than three years two ingenious girls in California have earned twenty dollars a month apiece with doll dressmaking and millinery. During the last six months they have turned their establishment into a Dolls' Hospital. Little girls carry their dolls to the older girls to be mended and dressed, many of them bringing materials for underclothes and dresses. The girls keep a supply of patterns and drawings and on Saturday afternoons they have a little sewing class.

Little Celestia Mow
Of Ashland, Ore.

Three of my nephews own a magic lantern; the lenses are best quality and every picture can be clearly thrown by means of the reflectors on to a sheet. Invariably when there is a church fair, a school entertainment, or a charity party of any kind, these boys set up their magic lantern and present a Post Card Travelogue, a Trip to the Holy Land, or Illustrated Songs, which the boys have illustrated themselves with snap shots, and usually each picture is accompanied by the song it illustrates — sometimes by phonograph, sometimes with the piano. The boys always have a successful entertainment and make money.

Cozy Corner Girls range from very little people to eighteen years

Mary C. in Philadelphia is eighteen years old. Twice a week she steams suet pudding in deep cups, wraps them in oil paper when they are done, and sells them for ten cents each. Her recipe is: One cupful of chopped suet, one cup of raisins and currants mixed, one cupful of molasses and a cup of milk. To this mixture add, when sifted together, half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda, one-fourth teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and one-half cupful of flour. Steam in cups two hours. With thirty-two regular customers a week Mary C. manages to make a neat little sum of pin-money.

Geography Puzzle

DURING the holidays I visited my uncle's farm in Arkansas. On our way from the depot the wheels of the carriage ran over a (city in Arkansas). I fell out and bumped my head until it was (a sea in the southwest of Asia) as black could be. In the chicken-run I stepped on a (city in Italy) hen and fell down and sprained my knee. By this time my (cape in Washington) knew no bounds and I (a port in Africa) I must return home. But Aunt (a city in Bulgaria), who is always kind and thoughtful, bade me cheer up. By the end of the week, when I had got only (islands in the Pacific) in my visit, they made a large (cape in Africa) fire to celebrate my departure and, all on a (lake north of Minnesota) day I bid (a cape in Greenland) to my Aunt (the city in Bulgaria) and Uncle (whose name is the same as the well known lake in Africa named for the Prince who was consort of Queen Victoria), and returned home.

For the best answer to this puzzle a first prize of a guaranteed gunmetal watch, a second prize of a pair of indestructible stamped steel ice skates, a third prize, a fountain pen, and twenty-five supplementary prizes, will be awarded strictly in order of merit. Work to be in by February 1.

More Prize-Winners and Honor Roll

Dwight Gray, 9; Harold D. Winney, 11; Rachel Poist, 16; John Richards, 12; Frances M. Hollingshead, 11; Opal Blinn, 13; Arthur Burnett, 14; J. Wellington Willard, 16; H. F. Pease, 11; Frank Clemensen, 10; Gladys M. Elliott, 11; Catherine J. Jones, 11; Alice Gorvin, 14; Harold Walp, 11; Earl S. Hartman, 13; Ernsdena Grein, 15; Helena F. Kastein, 13.

Supplementary Prize-Winners

Eugene Evans, 17; Frances Zehr, 15; Margaret Griffith, 12; Florence Moyer, 13; Mary Mitchell, 16; Gladys Hewett, 12; Eleanor Harman, 14; Gertrude Bartz, 14; Rubina Pankraz, 11; Anna B. Nikkel, 14; Louise Nikkel, 14; Helena F. Kastein, 13; Olive Kern, 12; Jessie M. Rose, 12; Florence Jeutschke, 17; Velma Hazelwood, 13; Marion P. Williams, 12; Lois G. Grisby, 13; Marguerite Lotte, 12; Ellen L. Johnson, 16; Theodore Sherwood, 12; Flossie Unwin, 16; Winfred W. Campbell, 11; J. Frank Morton, 10; Ruth E. Anderson, 14.

Honor Roll

Dwight Gray, 8; Katherine Jones, 12; Ruth E. Anderson, 14; Ethel Hollenbeck, 13; Ellen L. Johnson, 14; Arthur Burnett, 14; Hester L. Leaverton, 11; Ruth Irene Hutchins, 14; Frances M. Hollingshead, 11; Belva Tucker, 12; Marie Stewart, 14; Alice Newman, 11; Bernice E. Kopp, 11; Raymond E. Osborne, 13; Mary Sheehan, 11; Harry H. Scheibler, 14; Ada L. Pirae, 12; Lulu W. Titus, 14; Mabel Lemke, 14; Dora Nielsen, 15; Howard T. Stahl, 13; Paul C. Parks, 9; Marion A. Van Buren, 11; Louis Kimrey, 13; Alberta Schneider, 14; Robert Howe, 11; Kenneth Kober, 9; Rachel Metzler, 13; Howard Whisler, 14; Ethan D. Alyea, 15.

Every one is welcome in the Cozy Corner. Eighteen is the age limit of the prize offers, but there is no limit at all to our hospitality and good fellowship. Big boys and little boys, big girls and little girls, as you come crowding into the Cozy Corner, welcome! we are proud of you all.

Our Good-Night-Verse

My little children, let us love one another; for love is of God.
He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Ever lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

Putting the World to Bed

The little snow people are hurrying down
From their home in the clouds overhead;
They are working as hard as ever they can,
Putting the world to bed.

Every tree in a soft fleecy
nightgown they clothe;
Each part has its nightcap
of white.
And o'er the cold ground a
thick cover they spread
Before they say good-night.

And so they come eagerly sliding down,
With a swift little silent tread,
Always as busy as busy can be,
Putting the world to bed.

ESTHER W. BUXTON.

Household Hints

A tablespoonful of melted paraffin added to a bowlful of hot starch will give a smooth, satiny finish to clothes after ironing.

Black cloth can be renovated by sponging it with ammonia water, in the proportion of one ounce bicarbonate of ammonia to a quart of water. Rinse well before drying.

To restore the new appearance to ribbons, press with a hot iron between two sheets of manila paper. Or, they may be dampened with a sponge, then rolled tightly around a medium sized round bottle. The bottle should have a smooth surface.

Left-over mashed potato may be saved from waste if prepared in one of the following palatable ways: To three parts mashed potato, add one part finely crumbed bread or crackers. Fry in butter or meat drippings. Or, to a cupful of mashed potato, add a well-beaten egg, mix thoroughly and fry as above.

Nasturtiums are a pretty addition to the winter window box. Watch the nasturtiums in your garden and when in the early autumn they are at their best, break off the branches with the most buds and blossoms and put them in jars of water. In a few weeks roots will form, and very soon after this there will be flowers which will bloom all winter.

"My, but these Beans are Good!"

Hungry boys and girls are always glad to have

SNIDER
PROCESS
PORK & BEANS

Right eating is of *first* importance in the making of intelligent, fully developed boys and girls—keen of mind, strong of body.

Judged by the chemical analysis alone, we should give beans the very highest place among foods. Beans, remember, are 84% nutriment. They contain protein, the strength-making food element that builds bone and muscle, in greater quantity than the best cuts of meat, also a large percentage of fat, besides a considerable amount of starch.

"Pound for pound, they would thus be more valuable than meat or our best cereals." Thus states "Uncle Sam," of beans, in one of his special bulletins on "The Nutritive Value of Foods."

Growing children should eat Snider's—the *right* kind of Pork & Beans—at least two or three times a week. They may even take the place of meat at dinner, and they are the universal favorite for the after-school luncheon.

Snider's Tomato Catsup whets the appetite and aids digestion. Use it upon meats, hot or cold, on fish, *oysters*, and in gravies.

Snider's Chili Sauce is delicious on all meats and fish.

Ask your Grocer to send SNIDER'S — the food of superior quality.

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Anxious, Chillicothe, O. A friend asserts that all that is necessary for salvation is faith in Christ, and that baptism, good works, etc., are simply accessories. Is this correct, according to the Gospel teaching?

It is a strained statement and capable of misleading. A good tree is known by its fruit, and if a man, claiming to have faith in Christ, failed to render him obedience or to follow him, we should seriously doubt the genuineness of his conversion. "The devils believe and tremble," but they never think of serving. The true believer is one whose faith is not satisfied with inaction, but who must be up and doing to demonstrate his love and gratitude to his Master by serving him. Depend upon it, any faith that is unproductive, when it might be otherwise, is spurious. Real faith is known by its works.

Mrs. R. O. P., Custer, Ky. Why were the Levites so necessary to Ezra's company back to Jerusalem? Why did they not volunteer as did the rest?

It was Ezra's aim to restore the character of the people of Israel as the "chosen race" and to re-establish the old customs as to the holding of property, the administration of government and ecclesiastical forms. He was both a priest and a scribe and he was commissioned not only to maintain the prescribed worship but to restore the entire theocratic administration. He is regarded as, next to Moses, the greatest lawgiver of the race. It was natural that such a man, with such a great commission in hand, should have given prominence to whatever related to the work of the priests and Levites. Yet he had difficulty in persuading even a small number to return at the outset. To them he committed the care of the treasures he carried and which were to be delivered safely in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, and upon them he depended largely for the success of his mission. The Levites were specially set apart for the offices of the sanctuary. They were comfortably situated in Babylon and evidently did not believe much in Ezra's enterprise. Those who went with him, however, resumed their functions as teachers and interpreters. They ultimately took their own places, and were present in full array later, at the great dedication of the wall.

Mrs. M. D., Pittsboro, Ind. 1. Why was the tribe of Manasseh divided and given land on both sides of the Jordan? 2. Why did not his father inherit his own portion, the same as his brothers?

1. There seems to be no reason for the division of the tribe of Manasseh except that half of the people belonging to it preferred to settle on the east rather than west side of Jordan. The tribes of Reuben and Gad requested Moses to be allowed to settle east of Jordan (Num. 32) and half the people of Manasseh apparently joined in this request (Num. 32: 33). 2. Of course all the twelve sons of Jacob had died long before the division of the land of Canaan among the tribes. The tribe of Joseph had been divided into two parts before this—the descendants of Ephraim and the descendants of Manasseh. This division was probably due to the peculiar form in which Jacob blessed the two boys, giving the better blessing to the younger son, Ephraim (Gen. 48).

Mr. S. Robitschek, Lowell, Mass., writes: "It is a matter of regret in this country of vast enterprises—in New York, the city of many millionaires, where so many have millions that are not needed—that the 'Bread Line' 'still keeps marching on.' I would almost say a war would be preferable, or at least more honorable. Could you not inaugurate some enterprise like the following? Get one thousand rich New Yorkers to give $1,000 each, the million to be used to buy 100,000 acres of land in Texas, then to raise cotton, rice, fruit, cattle, fowls, etc. Let the capital bear six per cent. interest, and let them take down every unemployed person, paying $1.25 a day, more to skilled labor; with the privilege of the laborers taking up a small farm for themselves when they have saved a little money; building houses, roads, railroads, cotton mills, etc. Such a plan would give every unemployed person in New York a chance to work. Almost everybody could take a five or ten-dollar share. Incorporating work like that would be preferable to incorporating missions and bread lines."

Our correspondent's desire to help the poor and unfortunate does him credit. If there were only enough men of his mind, the thing could be accomplished. Certainly, the best of all remedies for such poverty and congestion as are found in New York, especially every winter, is to get the able-bodied men and lads back to the land, or to some place where there is not an oversupply of labor. Meanwhile, the Bowery Mission "Bread Line," Free Labor Bureau and Industrial Settlement all three combine to do their share in lessening the misery among the unemployed in the great city. Those who assist these three agencies, actually in operation, are doing the work that lies nearest at hand and which perceptibly helps to relieve the immediate need.

G. D. M., Meriwether, Ga. 1. Please explain I. Kings 20: 6. What more had Ben-hadad demanded of Ahab? 2. What city is called "City of Brotherly Love" and why?

On this subject, Gray in his Biblical Encyclopedia says: "Disappointed by Ahab's consent to an indignity which he had believed no monarch could submit to, and prevented by honor and custom from going back from his word, Ben-hadad proceeds to put a construction on his former demands, which at the first they were certainly not intended to bear." Ahab's tame and submissive answer seems to have stirred Ben-hadad to insolence and his arrogant (see verse 10) and boastful threat was properly punished by the decisive defeat of his army. 2. Philadelphia is called the "City of Brotherly Love" because this is the exact meaning of the word; it is a Greek word written in English letters.

G. W., Honeoye, N. Y. Please explain I. Kings 22: 22.

This verse is part of a vision which the prophet Micaiah is describing to the king. Since it was a vision, there is no reason why it should receive a literal interpretation. A lying spirit had certainly taken possession of the other prophets. Micaiah is giving a graphic description of the evil spirit going out to mislead the prophets; the fact that God permitted his going is evident, and is only another illustration of the truth that when the Holy Spirit is withdrawn from us, the powers of evil are ever ready to seek an entrance. King and prophets alike were bent on evil. The king's doom was already sealed because of his great wickedness. Nothing would have saved him but a real and personal repentance, and he was so set in his evil course and spoiled by his crimes that there was no hope of this.

W. R. W., Dallas, W. Va. Do you think it is right to take up, at the Sunday service, the matter of repairing the church, to take subscriptions for such work, to appoint committees to look after it, etc.?

While all such work is done directly for the church, yet as it relates more particularly to the business side of the church, it may very well be transacted on a week day. There are many pastors who draw the line sharply at anything that will give a business aspect to the services on the Lord's Day. A simple announcement from the pulpit is, of course, unobjectionable; but any discussion of business affairs can be done with equal satisfaction and more propriety at a week day meeting.

J. A. B., Paterson, N. J. I have read with interest your exposition of the "unpardonable sin." Can this sin be committed nowadays?

According to the best authorities, the unpardonable sin was attributing the miracles of Jesus to diabolic agencies. Professor David Smith, one of the ablest of modern expositors, says: "The Pharisees whom Christ was rebuking spoke against conscience. They deliberately called evil good and light darkness. This is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit—silencing the voice which testifies in the soul, trampling upon the instincts of one's spiritual nature. It is a spiritual law that, if we stifle and neglect conscience, it grows dim and finally dies." This condition can be duplicated even to-day, where a man, fast in the bondage of sin, scorns repentance and is so satisfied with his bondage that he remains in it perpetually; consequently, as his condition makes repentance impossible, his sin remains unpardoned. Professor Smith takes the same view which THE MAIL-BAG has repeatedly stated, viz.: that if a person is troubled by the fear that he has committed the unpardonable sin, this very fear is evidence that the person is not beyond the reach of grace, but that it is still working in him and making his soul sensitive to the Spirit's pleadings.

G. B. L., California. Will the Jews return to Palestine before the beginning of the millennium?

The final ingathering of the Jews, no less than of the Gentiles, under the standard of the Gospel, is certainly taught not only in the Old Testament, but also in the New (see Rom. 11: 26, 27). Commentators interpret this passage in two ways: some as the national recovery of Israel, and others as the spiritual recovery only, the former, however, predominating. Tholuck, Meyer, Alford, Hodge and others hold this former view and it is unquestionably very widely held to-day. See Ps. 14: 7; Isa. 59: 20; Ps. 20: 2; 110: 2; Isa. 31: 9, and Jer. 31: 33, 34. Those who hold this view believe that the Jews will yet return in a converted state to their old ancestral realm. Some commentators claim that the language is not to be interpreted as foreshadowing their literal return to Palestine, but that it refers to their expectations of the Messiah.

Miscellaneous

G. R. G., Vancouver, B. C. The English of *ne temeri* is "fear not."

If L. D. S., Orange, N. J., will send her full address, her question will be answered by letter.

Reader, Dresden, Ont., Can. There can be no such thing as Christianity without Christ. The phrase is employed to describe certain so-called religious cults which, while recognizing the humanity of Jesus and avowing admiration of his teachings, disclaim his divinity and contend that man, unaided and through the power of human will, can work out his own salvation.

W. B. McB., Leitchfield, Ky. "Habergeon" (see Neh. 4: 16) is simply an old English word meaning "breastplate," a part of the mail armor worn by soldiers in ancient times. It might with probably greater accuracy have been translated "coat of mail." It was a garment or covering backed with linen strongly and thickly woven, and banded around the neck and breast with a covering or border of mail, the whole being of sufficient strength to withstand the blow of sword or ax or the impact of an arrow.

The Other Side

AS AN Italian and a regular reader of your most interesting paper, I feel moved to enter a word of protest against the tone of your article in issue of November 22, entitled, "The Horrors of War." It has now become public knowledge that the reports circulated during the early days of the war were gross exaggerations. Considering the fact that the Italian troops were attacked in the rear by the Arabs in a most treacherous manner, their conduct under these most exasperating circumstances can only be described as most exemplary.

To give you the other side of the story I append the following translation of an article which appeared to-day by M. Gaston Leroux, one of the special correspondents of the *Matin* at Tripoli, and who, being a Frenchman, cannot be accused of being influenced by national impulses:

"The bersaglieri who fell on the 23d of October died not only like heroes, but like martyrs. I cannot find words equal to expressing the horror I felt when to-day, in an abandoned cemetery, we discovered these unfortunate remains. In the village of Henni, and in the Arab cemetery, there had been a veritable slaughter. Of the eighty unfortunates of whom we found the remains there, it is certain that at least half had fallen alive into the hands of the Arabs, and that all had been carried to this place surrounded by walls, where the Arabs were sheltered from the Italian bullets. Then happened the most terrible and ignoble butchery that could possibly be imagined. There are those with feet and hands torn off and the bodies afterwards crucified. One bersagliere had the mouth torn open as far as the ears. Another had the nose sawed all over. A third had the eyelids sewn with string from a sack. When one remembers that, only two hours previous to their death, these heroes had divided their rations amicably with the Arabs who would afterwards torture them, it is impossible not to feel an unspeakable sense of stupor and horror. I saw in this cemetery a quantity of naked remains infested with spiders, toads and flies. But fortunately at three hundred metres from us the Italian guns boomed, and the fusilade of the Italians crackled in an affirmation of victory. I shall never be able to forget to-day and the contrast of war and peace, of infinite outrage, and well merited joy."

I leave this before you, feeling it only right that you should have both sides of the question before accusing us Italians of acting barbarously.

Venice, Italy. L. DA VIAU.

An Oregonian's Appreciation

I enjoy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a whole for its optimistic tone. It never gives one the blues to read it. I have taken the paper for about nineteen years, and have found much in its pages to help and encourage me, as a mother who is trying to lead her children heavenward. I particularly like the Sermonic Page, Mrs. Sangster's, Bible and Newspaper, and the Sunday School Pages. All these are a help to one living away from church and Sunday School and with only what Christian influence one can draw around the home. I am glad that you are going to add Bible study to your 1912 paper—that is something many of us will enjoy.

Thank you for the 1912 *Almanac*. It is a relief to look at it, and notice the absence of patent medicines. Your paper is certainly a success and a help to many, and when one thinks of the price, it cannot be equaled anywhere. MRS. R. A. KNIPP.

Perdue, Ore.

Rosy-cheeked children—

Are your boys and girls bubbling over with bodily health? They should be. A daily breakfast of Ralston will supply them with energy for the day, and give them a substantial surplus to grow up on.

Ralston Wheat Food

is just the best whole hard wheat, ground into golden brown granules that cook up into the nuttiest, meatiest dish you ever tasted. Children just love it. And they need the solid nourishment that Ralston provides.

Ralston is not factory cooked—it comes in condensed form, to be cooked fresh for every breakfast—therefore more economical than other foods. A cup makes six breakfasts—a box makes fifty bowls, when cooked.

Don't delay! give your boys and girls Ralston Wheat Food—it will make them strong, rugged and healthy. Begin tomorrow; you'll like it, too.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour
makes delicious nourishing bread, muffins, rolls etc. Try it too.

No boy wants imitation underwear.
See that it has the label shown below.

Summer Underwear

Sold Everywhere
BOYS' Two-piece Suits per garment 25c
Boys' Union Suits, 50c
MEN'S Shirts & Drawers Any Style 50c
Men's Union Suits, $1
Chalmers Knitting Co. Amsterdam, N. Y.

"TRADE MARK"
Porosknit
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
This Label on Every Garment.

POST CARDS

10 Valentine - - - - 10c | 10 Washington's Birthday 10c
10 St. Patrick's Day - 10c | 10 Birthday - - - - - 10c
10 General Subjects - - 10c | 10 Greetings - - - - - 10c
Three 10 cent packages mailed for 25c. One package of each of above 100 high grade cards mailed for 50 cents; 100 for 80 cents. We mail a special assortment of any of the above subjects for 60 cents per 100.
MADISON ART COMPANY, Madison, Conn.

JESUS OUR SAVIOUR*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

NAZARETH would have been the place of Jesus' birth if Mary had not gone to Bethlehem to be enrolled according to the decree of Cæsar Augustus that "all the world should be enrolled." The journey of eighty miles between Nazareth and Bethlehem was undertaken in probably less than a week before the birth of Jesus. We must consider the decree of the Roman king a part of God's great plan which helped in the fulfilment of the prophecy that Christ should be born in Bethlehem. (Micah 5: 2.)

So crowded was the little town of Bethlehem with those who had come for the enrolling, that the only lodging-place Joseph could find for Mary was in a cave among the cattle. Such caves abound in the limestone rocks by which Bethlehem is surrounded. They were sometimes used for the housing of cattle; particularly this would be the case when the khan was not sufficient for the number of animals on which had ridden those who had come for the enrolling. It is not difficult to find that cave to-day. It is indeed the center of attraction in Bethlehem, the most honored shrine in all the town. Over it is built a great church, called the Church of the Nativity. The holy of holies in that building is the cave itself. It is now called the Chapel of the Manger. It is sealed with white marble, and in the marble a silver star is embedded, and around the star are sixteen swinging lamps that are constantly kept burning, and in the midst is the inscription, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*" ("Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary"). And to us was born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!

Almost countless are the pictures that have been painted of the manger cradle at Bethlehem; but one by Correggio is peculiar to itself, because the manger is filled with a heavenly light which radiates from the Holy Child lying in his mother's arms. It illumines the face of the Mother bending over the Child, and thus glorifies motherhood. It strikes the faces of those who have come to look upon the Child, typifying the Light to lighten the world, which came with the birth of the Saviour. The light falls even upon the beasts, which seems like a foregleam of the kindness to animals which should be a part of the rule of Christianity.

To-day in Bethlehem hear I
Sweet angel voices singing,
All glory be to God on high
Who peace on earth is bringing.
The Virgin Mary holdeth more
Than highest heaven most holy;
Light shines on what was dark before,
And lifteth up the lowly.

—*Written in the Eighth Century by St. John of Damascus.*

The first to catch the gleam of the Light of the World were the shepherds, watching their flocks in the fields near by Bethlehem. They were first, because angels first came to them with the message that the Christ Child was born who should the the Saviour of the world. They were first, because they lost no time in going to find that Saviour. They were the first among men to proclaim him Saviour, as, returning from the manger, all along the way, they glorified and praised God for all the things they had heard and seen as it was told unto them by the angels.

Jesus, the Children's Saviour

Perhaps we have sometimes wondered why Jesus did not descend from heaven in the full strength of manhood, and so have avoided all of the weakness of infancy and childhood. Ah, he knew too well the foolishness of man, who would have said, "Children have no lot in this matter." But since the Infinite became the infant, we must know that he is the children's Saviour, as well as the Saviour of men. They will understand to love him for his love, to love back again, and to ask his forgiveness when they have done wrong. Do not let us misguide them by telling them to be good and they will get to heaven. Let us not hold back the truth of a Saviour until some "psychological" age prescribed by man. Some one, speaking of the doubt of some parents in the possibility of their children understanding the plan of salvation, has said, "If the little son of one of these should come to him in the night, as Samuel came to Eli, he would say, 'Go to sleep, child. It is not at all likely you will understand what the Lord says to you.'" The parents who have caught the true spirit of Christ will rather tell the child, "God has something to say to you that will help you all your life to do as he wants you to do."

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for January 21, 1912.** The Birth of John the Baptist Foretold. Luke 1: 5-23. GOLDEN TEXT: "Without faith it is impossible to please him." Heb. 11: 6.

Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 38

unchanged toward him. But others—he was doubtful about them. He could not trust them. But these people in the double decker? These people, who were related to him in the special tie of a grim and tragic story of life, these were even more closely drawn to him on account of his father's crime and its punishment. And he knew as he walked along towards the tenement that whatever else he was going to that night, he was going into a circle of perfect trust and sympathy for which his clean affectionate nature hungered.

With all this, it must be clearly understood that Sidney Cushing had not the slightest idea that Hermosa or Athanasia regarded him in any other light than that of a friend. And his own feeling towards Pax Marston prevented and precluded any other sentiment toward either of them.

The scene at his father's trial had not opened his eyes. He had seen simply an act that expressed on the part of this feeble-minded girl a feeling of regard for his father and a desire to shield him, Sidney, from dishonor. But that each of these girls loved him, each in her own way, was a condition so remote from his thought of them, that it never even suggested itself to him.

When he went up to Mrs. Ward's room, he found Hermosa's father there wheeled in across the hall in his reclining chair. He greeted Sidney earnestly and while the girls were helping Mrs. Ward about the meal, he and Sidney talked together.

He had not talked with the blind man two minutes before he began to be amazed at his knowledge of men and events. Where did he get it, this human wreck, passing the leaden years in this double decker tenement, shut in away from the noise and conflict of human passions? Hermosa? Was she the answer? Perhaps it was from that moment that Sidney Cushing began to think that Hermosa Howard was more than a simple toiler in the army of working women, and to observe her more closely and with growing interest.

"How have you been lately?" Sidney asked with the gentle courtesy common to him.

"I am always well, I have no pain. And you?"

"I have never been sick. I have much to be thankful for that way."

"Yes. What a blessing it is to have one's faculties! There is nothing more terrible than loss of one's mental powers. Will you tell me something about the new ship? I am much interested in it."

Sidney began to say something about the size and general dimensions of the *Columbia*, when to his amazement Mr. Howard interrupted him.

"You will excuse me. But I know all that. What I want to know is your opinion about the value of such a vessel as the *Columbia* compared with that new dreadnought just planned by the Argentine Republic. You know the figures are given as 760 feet at its waterline and the extreme breadth at the same point 102½ feet, an estimated speed of not less than 24½ knots an hour (that is over 27 miles, isn't it?) and a displacement of 32,000 tons. Suppose a war should break out with Argentina? The range of this new vessel contemplated by Argentina is computed at 21 miles effective target practice, while the *Columbia*'s best guns will not carry over 20. Besides, the new Argentine vessel carries a fighting force of 1,400 men and 126 officers, which is 300 more than the *Columbia* can handle."

Sidney stared at the blind man in stupefied astonishment.

"But what—what earthly chance is there that the United States will ever go to war with such a country as the Argentine Republic?"

"But if we should, what would hinder even a little country like Argentina from beating our navy into scrap iron? This new vessel, which is the superior of every one of our warships, even this one you are building, could begin firing nearly two miles in advance of any vessel of our fleet. She could disable a dozen of our ships before they could get within range."

"Then," said Sidney with a laugh, "we must build a bigger one than theirs."

"Ah! That is the only answer. I see you have thought it out. And then—when will the building of bigger ones cease?"

"When one country or the other runs out of funds."

"Or the people refuse to pay the bills."

"There is little danger of that," said Sidney carelessly.

"We must not be too sure." The blind man spoke softly. "The people, the people, what do we know about the people? They are the mysterious unknown factor in all history. They are long suffering, they are slow, they are stupid, they are sometimes unreasonable, they will permit all sorts of injustice up to a certain point, against themselves, but always there comes a time when the people act. Sometimes suddenly, sometimes slowly, but they act. And then all carefully laid plans of tyrants and rings of powerfully selfish men come to naught, and the people have their way. That is history. The history of the world, Mr. Cushing, is in the end made, not by rich legislators or cunning kings and despots, but by the common people, the same sort of people who followed Jesus around over Palestine. But I think we ought to remember that these common people know more and think more now than they did in Jesus' time. It is because they are gradually, thanks to him, getting more abundant life."

Sidney sat still in astonishment. And before he spoke again he was invited by Mrs. Ward to come into the next room where the meal was served.

To be continued

Ill fitting shoes worn in babyhood are responsible for the malformed feet of many grown-ups. Mothers should observe the greatest care in selecting shoes for the infant and older children.

For growing children select only shoes made on orthopedic lasts, with plenty of room in the toes for the normal development of the bone structure of the foot.

The infants' footwear must be finished as smoothly inside as outside, with no rough seam to irritate the tender skin, causing pain and discomfort, and often permanent injury.

Every shoe shown in The BABY BOOK is made to our special order and conforms to these important requirements. Mailed free on request.

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Peace Circles and Treaties

NOTHING is so important in the Peace Movement to-day as the ratification of the Peace Treaties. There is a general call going forth throughout the United States for the help and co-operation of individual citizens to bring about the ratification of the Peace Treaties between Great Britain, France and the United States.

There has been a great growth in popular sentiment during the past few weeks in favor of the immediate ratification. Many conferences of religious bodies have passed urgent resolutions asking the United States Senate to ratify these treaties. Upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand sermons were recently preached upon an appointed Sunday, advocating the treaties. Public men everywhere, leaders in political life, captains of commerce and industry, men of letters, representatives of boards of trade, commercial organizations, national associations throughout the length and breadth of our country and in England and France as well, are urgently requesting their ratification.

There has been not a little cry in both Great Britain and France, connected with deep regret that the treaties, which were first offered by the United States, and which were so enthusiastically received by these two sister nations and signed at once, should be blocked by our Senate. It would be a very strange condition of affairs indeed if the nations to whom they were offered should sign them enthusiastically and the nation which first offered them should be the one to ultimately block their acceptance.

Will the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD co-operate with the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles? Will the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles and their friends—will all the readers of the magazine and their neighbors and acquaintances join us by writing a personal appeal to their Senators at Washington, D. C.?

Remember, it is your privilege to add your individual effort to the great cause of peace. It is your privilege to organize a Peace Circle in your town, in your church or in your home. The Great Creator works through his people.

The general topic for CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles for the fortnight ending January 26 is *"The Benefits of Peace."* Leaflets, organization pamphlets and other peace literature covering a wide variety of topics, and many suggestions for special social features will be furnished the secretaries for use in the service of Peace *free* and also to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who will enclose postage to defray cost of mailing.

Address, CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

If the Saviour of the World had not come as a child, he never could have said: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," and so men would have missed one of the most impressive teachings of the Lord Jesus. What Jesus was in his birth, conversion is in our Christian lives.

A large and merry picnic party had gathered one summer day. The early dinner was spread on a grassy slope, and was eaten with much mirth. But on one of the party the merriment grated, a young man who shortly after lunch left the gay party and wandered alone along the river bank. He saw a scrap of paper floating along, and he said to himself, "I am as helpless as that bit of paper. I am being carried downwards by a strong stream from which I cannot escape." As he spoke he stopped the paper with his stick, and lifted it out of the water. He saw that it was a part of a torn-up letter, and as he glanced at it, he saw the word "miserable." He looked at it again and read: "I assure you I used to be very miserable," then a piece was torn off, and he read, " . . . nd trust Jesus only . . . salvation and now . . . joy and peace." That was all, but over and over again he read the message on that wet scrap of paper. He saw at once that it had been written by some one who, like himself, had once been very miserable. But he also saw that the writer had been led to trust in the Lord Jesus as a Saviour, and had found real joy and peace. "How I long to find the same," said the young man. "If only I could know all this, and be quite sure that Jesus Christ was my own Saviour." Then there came into his mind the words: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "Oh, it is true, it is true," he cried aloud. "When he was on earth, he received sinners—will he now receive me? Yes," he continued, "he promises to, so I will try him." Carrying the bit of wet paper in his hand, he stole quietly among the trees, and knelt down on the grass, and told God of his sin and wretchedness, and asked him for pardon and deliverance from his sins. The afternoon passed on, his friends missed him, and searched the woods, and shouted his name, but he never heard them. The next day one of the party sought him in his home, and asked why he had left them. "This will explain," was his answer, as he put into his hand a small bit of torn paper with some writing on it. "But what does it mean?" asked the friend. "It means," was the quiet reply, "that a great change has come over me. Yesterday I was one of the most wretched men on earth. I scarcely like to speak much of my newfound happiness, it all seems so sacred, but to-day I know that Jesus Christ is indeed able to save even the chief of sinners, for, thank God, he has saved me."

Teaching the Lesson to Children

Let the children sing two or three of the songs they learned for Christmas, and then ask them if they want to hear more about Christmas. Undoubtedly they will be in a mood for it. Print on the blackboard in large letters, with colored chalk — red and green — the Golden Text: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Tell them that Jesus is our Saviour because he came from heaven to show his love for us and to forgive our sins, and help us get ready to live in heaven forever with him. Tell the sweet story of how the Saviour was born as a little child that all children might know that he would be a Saviour to the children.

The Feast-Day of God's Poor

Continued from page 27

slough of despond and placed them securely upon the solid rock. The absolute sincerity of these rescued men, and the plain, unvarnished tales they told, deeply impressed the audience and many others present were led to declare their purpose to renounce the old life and begin all over again.

It is hardly possible to estimate the enormous good accomplished at the Bowery Mission on this one day of the year. The wide-spreading influence of the benediction that went forth from the old Gospel Lighthouse this Christmas is limited only by the size of the earth, and the sweetness of the blessing extended to a better world as well.

All through the night before Christmas, the Mission workers were busy in preparation for the festal day. In the small watches of the early morning, a knock was heard at the door and a young man was admitted by Mr. Hunt. He was not recognized by any one, nor could he be persuaded to give his name.

"The Bowery Mission," said he, "is doing a magnificent work, a superb work, for humanity. I merely dropped in to wish you all a Merry Christmas and leave a little change to help feed the Bread Line."

He shook hands with Mr. Hunt and disappeared. When Mr. Hunt opened his hand there were in it five glittering ten-dollar gold pieces. This is one of many similar instances that illustrate how the Mission is maintained by voluntary contributions that come from every part of the civilized world, many of which are given anonymously.

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Tuan Fang, the Great Viceroy

Continued from page 30

I learned, afterward, that Tuan Fang was instrumental in removing opposition to the orphan fund, shown by several mandarins of high rank who came within the sphere of his authority.

At the time of the Boxer rebellion Tuan Fang saved the lives of nearly one thousand Christian missionaries and their families by giving them escorts of imperial troops from the danger zones of the interior to the coast. In so doing he was acting in direct contravention of the orders of his mistress, the great Dowager Empress Tzi Hsi, who, as will be remembered, sided at first with the Boxers. Twice she ordered Tuan Fang, commander of the imperial forces in Shensi, to turn the Christians over to the Boxers for slaughter, and twice he ignored the order. I asked his secretary, Taotai Wong, a graduate of a Worcester, Mass., seminary, what Tuan Fang would have done had the empress's order been repeated the third time.

"Killed himself," was Wong's grim rejoinder. "Later, when the dowager saw that the Boxers intended her death, she turned to Tuan Fang for protection and was by him conducted to safety."

Tuan Fang, as high commissioner to inquire into Western educational methods, visited the Occident after the Boxer war and, becoming deeply interested in archæology while visiting Egypt, made many imprints of basrelievos at Luxor, Karnak and Memphis, afterward reproducing them in miniature on Chinese banners and presenting copies to those he deemed worthy of the honor.

He was a great man, was the viceroy, a great administrator and, though Chinese, loyal to the Manchu dynasty, from which he had received high honors. It was while trying to carry out the orders of the lately resigned regent to put down the rebellion by armed force, that Tuan Fang met his death. He told the writer that he hoped before he died to see two great reforms in China and they were, first, a unit of financial value that would not fluctuate, and, second, an equable system of taxation under which official corruption could be discouraged if not eliminated. E. R. JOHNSTONE.

On His Beam Ends

Continued from page 35

long at a time. A breeze of fresh cold air as he opened the door roused us to the fact that he was returning, and in the conventional way, hardly even anticipating an answer, he was greeted with the usual question, "Well, what of it, Sam? Anything doing?"

"Night's fine," he replied. "There's lights moving across t' hill by Jim's house—seems as if something was going on over there."

There was at once a general move in the company, and each man momentarily searched the faces of the others. Soon the whole company were on their feet, and one by one, almost shamefacedly, slunk out into the night.

For myself, I just sat on staring into the fire, wondering if all our efforts and prayers that this humble life might be spared us a little longer, had been in vain.

The hurry of steps and the lifting of the latch brought me quickly back from the land of dreams. A muffled figure, with a large hurricane lantern, was being ushered in by the crowd of friends who had just gone out.

The footsteps told me the news was good before my uncouth looking head nurse with his irrepressible Irish humor broke out: "Bedad, Doctor, Jim's showing ould Nick a clean pair o' legs after all. He's hisself again if ever he was."

"Be sensible, Pat, and tell me what has happened."

"Oh, don't distress yourself, Doctor; 'tis himself that's woken up and asked for something."

The diagnosis of a professional nurse would have given me no more confidence. This was not the first sick bed Pat had watched over by a long way, rough fisherman though he looked, and the instinct of simple love is often as true a guide as even text-book or lecture. It was with a load off my heart that I started to accompany the faithful watcher back over the snow.

"Prayer is out of date," a man of millions said to me only a few days ago. "No one believes now that prayer makes any real difference." But I like to think still that there are "more things in God's heaven than man wots of," and though Pat and I said our prayers differently, we both thanked God together that night for sparing the life of the man we had, each in our own way, been asking God for.

As I harnessed up the dogs next morning and started on a seventy-mile drive home, the very team seemed to be of my mind also, and even the weather chimed in and endorsed the verdict that God is in his heaven, and that so long as he permits us to believe that we can serve him, life is very much worth while.

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I have been carefully reading and heartily enjoying your charming paper for nearly a year. It is, in my judgment, beyond criticism, and is calculated to brighten, instruct, and make happy the large circle of those looking out for just what it contains.
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A Treasury of Knowledge

The Christian Herald Almanac was received to-day, and I thank you for the kind remembrance. I think it a great thing. I have looked it through, but it will take a long time to study all its contents. There are a great many things in it that it will be well to know.
Castile, N. Y. MRS. H. S.

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New Salem, Ind. MRS. BERTHA IRELAND.

Just the Book That Was Needed

We are very much pleased with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Almanac*. It seems to be just what we needed. I have put a string in it to hang it where it will always be handy. We thank you for such a useful present, and wish you all a merry Christmas.
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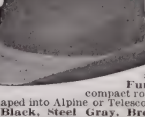

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Scientific Poultry Keeping

By C. S. GREENE

POULTRY keeping is a science. The primitive methods formerly practised in feeding and caring for mongrel birds of all sizes, shapes and colors are gradually being superseded by new and improved methods of managing pure-bred flocks which are both handsome and profitable. This change has been brought about by several causes, all tending toward the production of the same effect—the advancement of the science of poultry raising. Perhaps one of the most potent factors which aids in the rapid progress of this development is the great and increasing demand for strictly fresh eggs and poultry meat of a reliable quality.

To meet this demand has been the aim of practically every utility poultry breeder, while the production of standard bred birds for exhibition and the fancy trade has occupied the time and attention of many of the brightest workers in the poultry field; and that their efforts have been both pleasant and profitable is proven by the numerous poultry plants situated in all parts of the country, where health, wealth and happiness all combine to establish the highest ideal of country life. To men and women, young and old, rich or poor—no matter what station a person occupies in life—modern poultry keeping offers a practical means for support, and in some cases comfortable fortunes are made by the application of strict business principles, combined with close study, hard work and a natural adaptation to the business.

No greater mistake can be made when starting to keep poultry, either as a business or as a side line, than that of thinking very little preparation or knowledge is required to make a success of the venture. While this view has been taken and advocated by many out-of-date writers and poultrymen, the numerous abandoned poultry plants which may be seen in traveling over the country stand as silent but conclusive evidence of the folly of such teachings.

Only about thirty-five years ago the first practical incubators were placed upon the market in this country. Previous to this time chickens were hatched and raised in the natural way. Large poultry farms were considered impractical, as no satisfactory method of hatching, feeding and caring for large flocks of fowls had been found at that time. After the introduction of incubators and brooders, improvements in their mechanism and in the manner of caring for large flocks came thick and fast, until the present time; and while we look over the broad field of poultry work and knowledge in its present stage of advancement we can see instinctively many chances for future improvement.

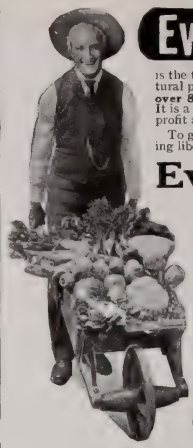
In the early days a chicken was a chicken and a hen was a hen without regard to her individuality, except perhaps the single consideration of size; but recent records of sales of individual birds ranging in price from a few dollars up to several hundred prove that there is just as much difference in the value of poultry as there is in the value of any other class of live stock on the farm. The highest prices have been obtained for birds solely on account of their exhibition or fancy points, leaving the scientific development of superior egg-laying qualities to be developed in the future to its highest state of perfection. Work along this line has been undertaken comparatively recently with satisfactory results, and it is along the line of improving utility poultry breeding that the most valuable work for the advancement of the science may be expected in the future.

The average laying capacity of the hens in the United States and Canada cannot be proven by statistics to have increased to any great extent during the last decade; but special work along this line has been attempted at several agricultural colleges and experiment stations and by a few utility poultrymen which show that marked progress is being made. Some of the most valuable official work along this line has been performed at the Maine State Agricultural Experiment Station at Orono, and at the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station at Ithaca, N. Y.

While it is not possible to state the exact average production of eggs per hen in one year, it is conservatively estimated in the United States to be about seventy. By improved methods of breeding, feeding and selection birds have been found at the above mentioned stations, with actual individual records of 200 to 257 eggs per year. Only one hen has been found at Cornell that laid as high as 257 eggs in a year, but this one example of the degree of perfection to which the breeders' art has attained is valuable for the pace it sets for others to follow and surpass. The net profit obtained from the sale of these 257 eggs amounted to $5.06, according to the figures given out by the experiment station. Remember, this product was secured by selling the product of this hen at market prices and does not take into account any extra profits which might be secured from the sale of eggs for hatching and pedigreed breeding stock, which is always in demand. While this record is very good, it must be admitted that it does not as nearly approach the limit of production as does the performance of the world's greatest producing cow, Colantha IV's Johanna, who gave over 27,000 pounds of milk, from which 1,247.8 pounds of butter were made in one year.

The lesson to be learned from this comparison is that chickens have been handled and bred in flocks until recently, while cows have been scientifically bred for greater production by keeping accurate individual records and breeding from only the best. Modern poultrymen realize that the same methods of individual selection must be more generally applied to the poultry business if it is to retain its present rank in the progress of the world's work. The use of modern ideas, inventions and equipment are essential to any great success with poultry either on a large or small scale.

It is very necessary that workers in the field of poultry culture should avail themselves of all the information obtainable from these sources if adequate profits are expected to result from the money invested and labor performed. Book knowledge alone is not a safe guide by which to launch a poultry enterprise. Like other branches of farming, both theory and practice are necessary for assured success, remembering that as "mighty oaks from little acorns grow," so do large and prosperous poultry farms gradually develop from very small beginnings.



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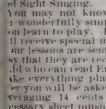

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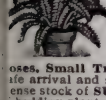

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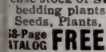

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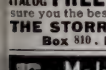

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15 VALENTINE CARDS 10c
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Revolt Against Wrong*

IN ORDER to stop the ravages of particular sins in certain places at certain times, God has raised up many great heroes. As with Savonarola and Polycarp (it will interest and thrill you to read the history of their wonderful deeds), they often have lost their lives, after enduring unspeakable tortures; but they, like Paul, have counted all things but loss if only they might serve their Master. The names of thousands of these saintly men have been preserved only in obscure records. Hunt them out and see through what terrific struggles of heart and life our heritage of liberty and civilization and pure religion has come to us.

There was one of these heroes in the island of Majorca in the thirteenth century. His name was Raymond Lull and he belonged to a noble family. Appalled by the incursions of the Arabs, he determined to devote his life to the extermination of Islamism. For nine years, in the face of tremendous obstacles, he studied the Arabic language and literature. Then he tried in vain to secure the co-operation of his king, of England, of the Council of Vienna, and of the Pope. He told them that Mohammedanism was the greatest foe that Christianity had to meet, but they declined to assist him. Single-handed he went to Tunis and challenged the great Moslem doctors in debate. He was thrown into prison, but his magnificent courage so captivated his Moslem keepers that they released him. Returning at once to aggressive Christian work, he was again arrested, and this time he was killed. To-day we need more Raymond Lulls, for the power of Islam in the East is rapidly increasing. Who will go and help to stay its progress?

In our own days, there are on every side deadly evils to fight. In a small Connecticut town, a man has recently died who had for many years devoted himself to the purification of politics. Having amassed a competence, he had retired from business, on purpose to give his whole time to pure patriotism. He printed and circulated noble and uplifting literature. Never seeking office for himself (though accepting small positions from time to time), he labored with good men to take it, and with the politicians to nominate them. In his own town he was in the forefront of the workers for clean streets, pure water and milk, cheap gas and cheap transportation, the suppression of the saloon and all vice—for everything that makes a community better. When he died, the whole place went into mourning. He had endeared himself to all by his unselfish devotion to the interests of the poor, and by his modest refusal of honors and rewards. Yet few outside of his immediate vicinity knew the name of this ardent patriot. Such as he are "the handful of corn in the earth," whose fruit shall "shake like Lebanon," and who are ordained by God to save us.

A flavor of fanaticism sometimes marks the strong souls whom heaven sends to strike down our Apollyons. Ridicule and persecution, even to the death, have tried to blight and overcome them; but to them has been due the most of the great blessings of this favored land. Let us try to hold fast to all that they have won for us. If we do not, they, looking down upon us from above, may share the feeling of rugged old John Adams, when he said in his last days: "Posterity! you will never know how much it cost to preserve your freedom. Make good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent it in heaven that I ever took pains to preserve it."

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, January 21. TEXTS: I. Kings 18: 17, 18; John 2: 13-17.

Breaking Down the Idols

A LETTER from Miss McIllwraith, a missionary at Travancore, South India, says: "The other day we went with Miss Casi to swear in under the flag the remaining five families (heathen) of a village where nearly all were Salvationists. The five families were in the meeting. One man was greatly affected. One of our workers went and put his arms around the man and prayed over him. He got quite quiet and was the first to come forward and the first to say, 'Pull down the devil-temple in the midst of our village.' We all went in procession, broke down the devil-temple and marched round the village, breaking down the stone and mud idols."

Answered Prayers

Mrs. J. B. W., Montpelier, Vt. "The Lord restored my daughter to health."

N. H. J., Poultney, Vt. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer."

Mrs. H. R. C., Harrisonburg, Va. "God has answered my prayer and has blessed me."

C. M., Roy, Wash. "I wish to acknowledge that God has helped me with my studies."

Mrs. K. E., Little Rock, Ark. "God has answered my prayer regarding an accident."

M. V. L., Angola, Ind. "I wish to add my testimony that God does answer prayer if we only have faith."

J. M. C., Woodville, Texas. "Prayer for a loved one, who was in danger of going wrong, was answered."

Mrs. F. S. G., Springwater, N. Y. "The Lord has been very kind to me and heard and answered my prayers."

Mrs. H. C. B., Martinsburg, W. Va. "I was in great financial trouble, and prayed to the Lord. He heard and answered my prayer."

Mrs. C. M. P., Portland, Ore. "I am almost eighty years old and can say that the Lord has answered many prayers for me in a way no earthly friend could have answered."

Mrs. T. S. J., Baconton, Ga. "I prayed for success in an undertaking that I was inexperienced in, and was bountifully blest. My prayer was answered."

A Book of a High Order

Very many thanks for the book, *Women of the Bible*, by Margaret Sangster. It is both interesting and instructive. I wish that many more books of this class might be written to replace those of a less high order of composition. Again thanking you, I remain,
Concord, N. H. (MRS.) L. J. H. FROST.

Called Higher

BLESSED are they that mourn—oh wondrous sermon,
From lips divine upon that sacred mount,
While gentle eyes beamed looks of love and pity
From that pure heart, the sinner's cleansing fount.
They shall be comforted—oh blest assurance
Of one who came to share a sad world's woe,
Knowing full well the Father's tender mercy,
Who, being Love, would of His love bestow.

Mrs. V. C. Hauser, of Winston Salem, N. C., was called to the heavenly home on August 12 last.

Rev. J. F. West, of Spartanburg, S. C., was called to labor in the greater vineyard on July 13 last.

Elijah Bradrick (88), of Athens, O., was called to the reward of a long life of active Christian service on July 9 last.

Mrs. Mary A. Radcliffe (75), of Shelton, Conn., an active temperance worker and earnest Christian, has been called to her reward.

Edward Rolfe, Sr. (92), of Oxford, Fla., was called to the great beyond in June last. He was for many years a faithful follower of Christ and a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. Susan Adams (89), of Warrensburg, Mo., has been called home to the reward of a life of service. Through the last few years of her life she was an invalid, but never lost the good cheer of life.

It Appeals to the Heart

I wish to tell you how pleased I am with *The Women of the Bible*. Like all Mrs. Sangster's writing, it appeals to the heart. I am sure it will do good to all who read it. I thank you, too, for your very useful *Almanac*. It contains much important and interesting information.
New York City. (MISS) M. J. SWIFT.

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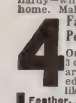

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is a sour stomach. It often results in a sour disposition, as well as pain and distress. Sure relief may be obtained by the use of Murray's Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), which absorb gas and acid, prevent fermentation, and sweeten both stomach and disposition. *Once only*, 10 cents in stamps will secure a full size, 25 cent box. A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

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We ship quick from St. Paul, Buffalo, Kansas City or Racine.

Belle City Incubator Company, Box 127 Racine, Wisconsin

AGENTS Make $30 per Wk. This AWL

sews a lock stitch like a machine. Best thing ever made for repairing Harness, Shoes, etc. A dozen exclusive features. Demand is immense. Sales astounding. Roy Sage writes "Rec'd Awl today sold 5 in 15 min." L. Perrine says "Sold 9 on way home with sample." Lowest price, biggest profit, greatest value, quick sales. Drop everything and write for sample and instructions.

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Worth-While Ambitions*

THAT brave old saint, George Herbert, advised his readers to aim at the stars, for though they would never hit them, they would shoot far higher than if they aimed at a tree-top. It was good counsel, yet common sense must be applied to it, as to all such poetic and extravagant figures. It is wise to keep to one's self one's profoundest ambitions. A great man, when asked what had been his favorite motto in life, replied, "Never tell what you are going to do until you have done it." It is a good one.

Among the most pitiful sights in life is a man who has no especial object; who plods along from day to day vaguely hoping for advancement, yet studying no methods and taking no deep thought concerning ways and means. Such men are likely to believe in "luck." They say that you had "better not expect anything, and then you will not be disappointed"; "if a prize is coming to you, it will come, if not, it won't, and you cannot help it."

You might as well say that your daily food will come to you "without doing much about it." There is very little success in this life that is attained without patient, persistent, deliberate planning for it. Most of the men who reach high positions have begun by aiming at a certain thing; reaching it and then bending all circumstances toward the attainment of the step above it; and so on until there are no more "worlds to conquer."

What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.

The high aim ennobles. Men die the better for it; even if they have not gained their hearts' desire, they are glad if it was a worthy and splendid one.

It is said that an artist once brought to a die-cutter a design for the cover of a book.

"You will have to change it," said the artisan. "That cannot be cut in brass."

"I do not think," said the artist kindly, "that art should be subjected to mechanical restraints. Just try it."

The die-cutter did try it, and he related to his fellow-craftsmen with glee that he had done something which the traditions of his craft had accounted impossible.

So the Christian ideal is often felt to be impossible of attainment; "but," as a wise man has said, "we help men most when we do as our Master did, persuading them to reach for the highest."

And remember that ideals are contagious. Many an aspiring youth has started out determined to follow some lofty model; but, mixing in the crowds of men and finding how base and sordid many of them are, he has called himself a fool and a "chaser of rainbows," and has lowered himself to the level of the herd. On the other hand, the steadfast hero spreads heroism around him. By his high thought others are led to think likewise. A good watchword for us all to take is the grand last stanza of "The Chambered Nautilus":

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, January 21. TEXTS: John 17: 20-24; Rom. 8: 18-21.

Cutting Out the Gems

I dare not go on with my day's work without pausing to thank you for this week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. Literally, I have clipped it from cover to cover, until it looks like one of mother's old-fashioned lamp-lighters with which I used to be familiar down on the farm. By actual count, I found a round dozen cuttings, all gems for sermonic illustrations, while my eyes are steadfastly set upon a thirteenth, which I am determined to have, superstition or no superstition. Blessings on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—its editors, its craftsmen, its contributors, and its world-wide family of readers.

Brooklyn, N. Y. S.

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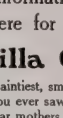

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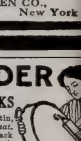

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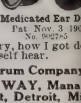

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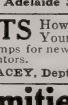

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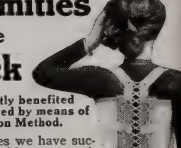

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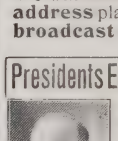

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1912

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

"THE LAST TOKEN: A CHRISTIAN MARTYR." From the Painting by Gabriel Max

(See Page 53)

Our Mail-Bag

Questions and Answers

L. O. M., Mount Joy, Pa. What influence should a Christian have on his community?

By his upright and exemplary life, his helpfulness, his readiness to give counsel and aid to those who need it, his generosity to the poor, and his practical faith, as shown by his works, he can exert a good influence on all with whom he comes in contact. He should never miss an opportunity to "let his light shine," so that men may know that he is a follower of Christ. He is a living evangel and by his influence and example attracts others to the source from which he himself draws courage and strength for the struggle of this life and assurance for the life to come.

C. A. K., Buffalo, N. Y. What is meant by "agreeing with thy adversary quickly"?

The passage is a part of the Sermon on the Mount in Matt., 5th chapter. Jesus had been speaking about quarrels between brothers, and urging reconciliation of such differences in the spirit of love, before coming to the throne of grace. Then (verse 25) he diverges to the question of lawsuits, which were common then as now, and advises his hearers to keep out of the hands of the law and to escape its penalties by settling their disputes between themselves. But he went further than this, for his language pointed to a higher tribunal, to which all must come for judgment and where condemnation awaits them which can only be escaped by their repentance and acceptance of divine mercy.

S. M. D., Wallingford, Vt. If a Baptist minister is not ordained, can he pronounce the benediction, give the right hand of fellowship, baptize, and conduct the Lord's Supper?

We have submitted this question to Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D.D., of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, who replies as follows: "According to Baptist polity, the minister received his authority to baptize direct from the Lord, in the great commission to preach the Gospel and baptize. Singularly enough, he receives his authority to preach, pronounce the benediction, give the hand of fellowship and administer the Lord's Supper from the local church which he is serving. This is true in both theory and practise, if he is not ordained. While it is not usual for unordained men to administer the Lord's Supper, they have a perfect right to do so, if they are so empowered by the church they are serving. Ordination, from the Baptist's point of view, is simply a general recognition of a man's fitness to do the work of a pastor. But any local Baptist church may ignore this general ordination if they wish, and they themselves empower their preacher to administer the ordinances."

S. W., Keene, N. H. 1. Please explain John 1: 1, 2, 3. 2. Is the belief that there is no future life greater now than forty years ago? 3. Is it correct for a minister to say that "one is mistaken in supposing that cessation of labor on the Sabbath is an act of worship or a matter of religion, but is simply a matter of physical, social and domestic necessity"? Would it not be breaking the fourth commandment?

1. These verses are, in epitome, the characterization of God as the eternal and omnipotent Creator. The "Word" is "the manifestation and expression of God to those without him," and is one of the highest and most consecrated titles of Christ, as distinct from God, yet inseparable from God, and associated with him, and the same with him in substance and essence, being possessed of the essentials of divinity. It was this "Word" who was "in the fulness of time made flesh." The three verses emphasize at once the distinctness and unity of God and the "Word." The whole passage constitutes a denial of the eternity and non-creation of matter. 2. No; the belief in a future state, which was held but dimly before Christ, has spread throughout the world since Christ "brought life and immortality to light" and is still spreading, notwithstanding the efforts of materialism, agnosticism and infidelity. 3. Any work on the Lord's day that is not either of necessity or mercy is a desecration. Some place a very liberal interpretation upon this; but the true Christian holds that one day in seven belongs to God. With this clearly in mind, there can be no misunderstanding. It is not a day for pleasuring or money-making.

T. H. W., Uniontown, Md. Were Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego brothers? Dan. 1: 6, says among the captives they were of "the children of Judah." Does that mean Judah's sons or of the tribe of Judah?

It means of the tribe of Judah. There is no evidence that they were brothers in the sense of blood relationship. Shadrach was the Chaldee name of Hananiah, the chief of the "three children," or young men of the tribe of Judah, who were Daniel's companions. He was taken captive with Daniel and a number of others at the first invasion of Judah by Nebuchadnezzar about B.C. 606. All four were young men of kingly bearing of the royal tribe of Judah and

Continued on last column

THE DERELICT

By FREDERICK WILSON

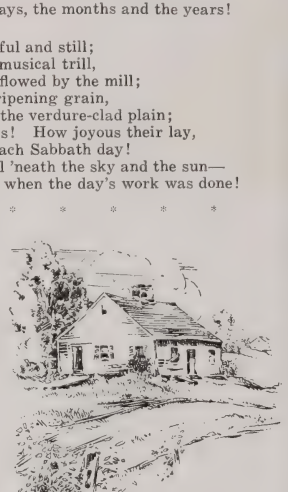
THE Wanderer shivered and snuggled within
The scanty protection that covered his skin,
For the wind was as ice and his clothing was thin.
His face bore the impress of poverty stark,
And hardship had left its indelible mark.
How keen was his shame as he shrank from the light,
Courting the shadows and screen of the night!
How hungry the look, how dejected the air
Of the Wanderer adrift on the Sea of Despair!

But where should he wander? It matters not where,
The results were the same: nobody would care
For the Derelict's woes or the tramp's sullen air!
But hark! Voices singing! The organ's sweet strain!
As the hymn "Rock of Ages" he hears once again,
The vagrant soul halts and its turbulence quells,
While Mem'ry enweaves her magical spells
To conjure the past. Ah, how bitter the tears
As Time turns the days, the months and the years!

The old country homestead, so peaceful and still;
The warbling of birds, with their musical trill,
And the murmuring brook as it flowed by the mill;
The incense of blossoms, the ripening grain,
The sweet-smelling hay and the verdure-clad plain;
The old village church bells! How joyous their lay,
Inviting to worship on each Sabbath day!
How sweet was the toil 'neath the sky and the sun—
But sweeter the rest when the day's work was done!

* * * * * * * *

A sign beckoned "Welcome!" The
light's cheerful rays
Bespoke warmth and comfort. The
service of praise
Preceded a sermon in quite a new
phase.
'Twas a Sermon in Coffee, a Sermon
in Bread,
A Sermon on Love—though nothing
was said.
But it went to the heart and it
stayed there, too,
Conceiving the impulse for some-
thing to do;
Creating new strength as hope
dwelt within—
Imparting fresh courage to strive
and to win.



"THE OLD COUNTRY HOMESTEAD, SO PEACEFUL AND STILL"

With sad face upturned toward the
stars of the night,
He murmured: "O Father, give
strength with the light,
And I'll strive once again with the heft of my might,
Though elusive the toil that I've missed for so long."
(Ah, the gratitude, offspring of hope, was strong.)
"I'll shatter the shackles of John Barleycorn
If Thou wilt give strength with the birth of the morn.
Oh, grant that I clasp once again to my breast
The ones that I love. To be Home and at rest!"

Again the old homestead, so peaceful and still;
The warbling of birds, with their musical trill,
And the murmuring brook as it flows by the mill;
The odor of blossoms, the ripening grain,
The scent of the hay and the verdure-clad plain.
And the Wanderer? He toils 'neath the sky and the sun,
And sweet is his rest when the day's task is done.

* * * * * * * *

When Hope's crucified (the moral is plain),
Trust God, and the Spirit exalteth again.

We're one and all creatures of circumstance;
Some would be great if they had but a chance.
And some that are mighty would measure as naught,
Deprived of the fruits Opportunity brought.
Then let's do our share to lighten the load
Of less fortunate brothers, whose toilsome road
On the journey of life is bestrewn with care,
And who need but love's leaven to do and to dare.
Though kind deeds themselves always bring their
reward,
Who gives to the poor but lends to the Lord.

Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

of superior understanding or education. Meshach was the Chaldee name given by the Babylonian court to Mishael and Abednego was the name similarly bestowed on Azariah.

L. S., Grand River, S. D. 1. Could Christ sin? 2. Please explain I. Pet. 3: 19, 20. He speaks of preaching to "the spirits in prison."

1. We are told in the Scriptures that he was in all points tempted like as we are "yet without sin" (Heb. 4: 15). Whether he could not sin has been much discussed. Doubtless he could have yielded, but the fact remains that he did not yield to temptation and continued to the end an example of perfect purity and sinlessness—the condition of man before his fall. 2. This passage has been interpreted to mean that he announced the Gospel to the antediluvians, whose spirits were "in prison"—that is, in the chains of darkness—and made known to them the completion of the Divine plan for man's redemption.

Mrs. C. A. S., National City, Calif. Please explain Rom. 6: 3, 4, 5.

Being "baptized into death" implies that those who have gone through this experience have formally surrendered the whole state and life of sin, as being dead in Christ. Verse 4 is more accurately interpreted "by the same baptism which makes us sharers in his death we are made partakers of his burial also," thus severing our last link of connection with the sinful condition and life which Christ brought to an end in his death. Possibly immersion was alluded to in this verse as symbolical of burial and resurrection. Verse 5 is self-explanatory.

J. B. M., Denver, Col. What are the actual changes in connection with the transfer of the seat of government in India?

They are (1) the transfer of the central authority from Calcutta to Delhi, the ancient capital; (2) a governorship for the presidency of Bengal, which is to include the five Bengali divisions now apportioned between Bengal, Eastern Bengal and Assam; (3) a new province to take in Behar, Chota Nagpur and Orissa, and (4) a chief commissionership of Assam.

Miscellaneous

H. E. L., New York. He is a Hebrew Christian and a member of an interdenominational religious organization.

E. McK., Hillsboro, Ky. The chief causes of a nation's indebtedness are: War, army and navy support and pensions.

Ruth W., Nebraska, Neb. Christmas entertainments are usually held on week day evenings, and not on Sunday, for the reason that it is the Lord's day and should not be invaded by amusements.

T. V. S., Yorkton, Saskatchewan. The passage to which you refer is I. Cor. 14: 34. This, however, is not to be applied generally. Social conditions at Corinth in the time of Paul were such that he considered it advisable to counsel modest and unassuming demeanor on the part of Christian women, to distinguish them from the immodesty and forwardness of non-Christian women of that period. Like many other passages in Paul's writings, it was advice suited to the time and the occasion. Elsewhere in the Epistles we find full recognition of the character and abilities of Christian women, although it is unquestioned that they did not in those days take as prominent a part in religious affairs as they did later. To-day, they are doing magnificent service in many branches of religious work and constitute a powerful factor in the advancement of Christianity.

Remembered the Bread Line

Business Manager of Bowery Mission.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of December 22 was mislaid and not opened until after Christmas, so I was not able to send you the money to give the men a slice or two of roast beef on that occasion; but it will come in just as well for New Year's. Enclosed please find check for fifty dollars, to go as far as it can. Please do not mention my name in regard to it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Kindly say that it was given anonymously in memory of a deceased father, who took an interest in the Bowery Mission. ——.

A Great Blessing to All

Your charming letter to "Our Readers and Ourselves" (page 1213) is great. I reach out my hand to you. Shake for 1912. Your MAIL-BAG is worth the subscription. The paper is a great blessing to all who will take it. All hail for 1912! JOHN D. ROGERS.
Round Lake, N. Y.

. . .

"A Sure Antidote for the Blues"

I received the *Almanac* and *Samantha at Coney Island* and am more than pleased with them. The *Almanac* is a great store of information and *Samantha* is a sure antidote for the blues. Thanking you for your favors, I remain your faithful reader,
Coyle, Okla. J. A. PFALZGRAF.

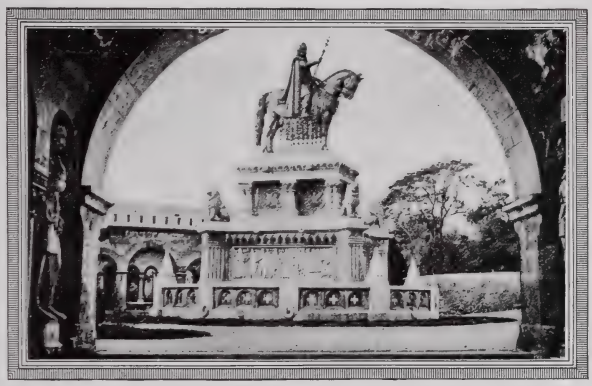
NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Rev. Paul Nyary, a Young Hungarian Pastor

The Memorial Monument to King Stephen at Budapest



Hungarian Shepherd in National Costume

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN MAGYARLAND

By Rev. FRANCIS E. CLARK, LL.D.

Founder and President, Christian Endeavor Society

THE Magyars or Hungarians are a people apart, and occupy a unique place in the very heart of Europe. Moreover, they are sending their sons and daughters to Amer-a by the hundred thousand, and will, undoubtedly, ɔert an important influence on the character of the ɔnglomerate American of the future.

Furthermore, contrary to the opinion of most mericans, there is a strong, vigorous and numer-ıs Protestant element in Hungary, for, out of the xteen millions of people of Hungary proper, no ss than four millions profess the Protestant faith. ll these considerations, it seems to me, make the lagyars, and especially their religious life, well orth the consideration of the readers of THE HRISTIAN HERALD.

I have just spent a busy fortnight among the ıurches of Hungary, and have come to admire, as have on former visits, the sturdy independence, ıe whole-hearted hospitality, and the evangelical ɔarmth of these noble Christian men and women.

First, a few words about the race history of this ɛmarkable people may not be out of place. They re distinct from all the other peoples of Europe, ıe Finns alone excepted. Their ancestors, many centuries ago, swept down from the plateaus of the Ural Mountains upon the rich prairies of Hungary, and, by the very force of their inherent character, as well as by their valor at arms, overcame or assimilated the former barbaric inhabitants, and ever since, amid the vicissitudes of almost constant wars and even frequent defeats by many enemies, have maintained their individuality, and, for the most part, their undisputed supremacy, in Southeastern Europe.

In race and language they are allied to the Turks on one side and to the Finns, another branch of the same family tree, on the other. Yet, though related to the Turks, they were the most consistent and successful enemies of Mohammedanism in all Europe. In fact Hungary, for centuries, was the buffer State between Christian Europe and Mohammedan Asia, and many a hard-fought war did her people wage, almost single-handed, to repel the tide of Islamism, which often threatened to submerge all Europe.

Germany and Austria were too much occupied in their own affairs to give Hungary much aid in this valiant fight for the Christian faith; England was too far away to help, though Cromwell did take a hand on one occasion on Hungary's side; and Russia had not then emerged from barbarism sufficiently to count on the side of Christianity. So Hungary was often left to do battle alone. Sometimes she had to fight both her Moslem neighbors on the east and her Christian neighbors on the West. Sometimes she was defeated and sometimes victorious, but, for the most part, she maintained her national integrity and her national faith, and, on the whole, augmented her national boundaries.

When the great Reformation, headed by Luther and Calvin, swept over Europe, Hungary gave herself whole-heartedly to the new faith, and, for a time, was almost wholly a Protestant nation, adopting the Calvinistic doctrines in all their rugged simplicity. Persecution, however, soon set in. The most powerful nobles were still Roman Catholics. Austria, her nearest and greatest neighbor, with whom she was often allied as she is at present, exerted her great weight to crush out the Reformed

Continued on page 58

The Protestant Church in Pecs, Southern Hungary

The "Great Church" of Debreczin, Hungary

A SERMON

By

Rev. A. C. DIXON, D.D.*

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES

TEXT: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on to perfection." Heb. 6:1.

THE house in building leaves the foundation without forsaking it. The book in writing leaves the alphabet without forsaking it. The anthem in making leaves the scale without forsaking it. The foundation remains an essential part of the house, the alphabet an essential part of the book and the scale an essential part of the anthem. So the Christian, in going on to perfection, leaves some of the first principles without forsaking them. Though in a sense he has risen above and passed beyond them, he carries them with him as an essential part of his life and character.

Some of these fundamental principles which we are to leave without forsaking are given in the text, and it is our purpose to consider them.

Repentance from Dead Works

A foundational experience is in the words "repentance from dead works." It is not repentance from sin. Sin is not a dead work, but rather a work that kills. It is the assassin which by slow poison or dagger thrust murders the soul. A "dead work" is a work upon the merit of which one depends for salvation apart from Jesus Christ. It is dead, because it is separated from the source of all spiritual life. The man who depends upon his character as the ground of justification before God, while he declares that he has no need of an atoning Saviour, is relying upon a dead work—dead because it is a character without the life of God in it. The man who depends upon salvation through baptism or any other external ordinance, is trusting to a dead work. The fruit of the Spirit grows upon the tree of grace. Dead works are like wax fruits manufactured and hung upon a tree. They are mere imitations of life.

Max Muller declares that the difference between Christianity and all other religions is in the fact that Christianity saves by grace, and all other religions seek to save by works. Salvation by grace humbles the soul, while salvation by works glorifies self. In salvation by works "Christ and Him crucified" is displaced by "man and him glorified." Salvation by grace produces live, luscious fruit; salvation by works produces only dead, tasteless imitations. Even the fruits of the Spirit become dead works, if depended upon for salvation. "Love, joy and peace, as fruits upon the tree of life, are alive and good, but "love, joy and peace," depended upon as our ground of justification before God, are dead works. Church membership as the expression of Christ's life within us is living fruit, but church membership as a basis for salvation is a dead work.

A foundational attitude of soul is in the words "faith toward God." It is the opposite of faith toward works. There can be no growth without this soul attitude toward God. As well try to make a plant grow that never turns its leaves towards the sun. As well seek the development of animal life without the light. It is more than faith towards truth. One may believe that the Bible is the Word of God without trusting God for salvation. One may even believe in the deity of Christ without trusting Christ as Saviour. One may believe in salvation by grace without appropriating grace for his own salvation.

The Spirit of Obedience

A foundational disposition is in the words, "the doctrine of baptism." There may be reference to the ceremonial washings of the Jews or to Christian baptism, perhaps to both, but the underlying meaning is the same in each case. The Jews practised ceremonial washings because they believed that God commanded them. The Christians practised baptism because Christ commanded it. The disposition of the soul was the same in both cases, though the disposition of the Christian marked a higher type of spirituality than the disposition of the Jew. In both cases, however, that disposition could be defined as the spirit of obedience. It was a desire to please one whose authority they acknowledged. This disposition is essential to Christian growth. Indeed it is essential to Christianity itself. No one who lacks it is a Christian. Christ was obedient unto death, and, if we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of his.

This disposition for the lack of knowledge may show itself in mistaken ways. It may fail to do the exact thing that Christ commanded, and may not be excused for ignorance when knowledge is in reach; but the disposition to obedience in the soul is more important than the outward act. A mother told her children to go into the garden and gather some flowers. The happy laughter which came from the garden was proof that the disposition to obey imposed no burden. Two of the children came into the house with their hands full of roses, but one little half-witted boy, who heard his mother's request, came in with his hand full of weeds and sticks which he had gathered. There were no flowers among them, and yet the mother forgot the bright children with the flowers, while she took the half-witted boy into her lap and kissed him and praised him for what he had done. In act he had disobeyed, but in disposition he was obedient. It was the disposition that counted with the mother as she took the handful of weeds and sticks and arranged them for a place on the table beside the flowers. If, in our ignorance, we bring only weeds and sticks, while others bring their flowers, He will not despise the disposition which prompts the act.

A foundational faith is in the words "resurrection of the dead." Both words in the Greek are without the article and might be translated "resurrection of dead things," whether souls, bodies or institutions. It is fundamental that a Christian believe in resurrection, which means the power of God to give life to the dead. Of course, he believes in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. His Lord, who was "crucified, dead and buried," rose from the dead on the third day according to the Scriptures. The very body that was laid away in weakness came forth in power. Of course the Christian believes in the resurrection of his own body. The plants that spring up from the soil, budding and blooming above the grave of his loved ones in the springtime, are to him symbolic of the fact that the dead who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and shall come forth.

"Dead Souls"

There are dead souls all about us, and the soul dead to God can be made to pass from death unto life "through the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead." In other words, the resurrection power of God is ready to co-operate with our faith in raising dead souls to life.

Faith in this resurrection power is essential to success in winning souls to Christ. There are no hard cases. God can raise to life one dead soul as easily as another. There may be degrees of life but there are no degrees of death. Every corpse is equally dead. Lazarus was no more dead the fourth day than he was the moment after the breath left his body. Every bone in Ezekiel's vision was equally dead, and it was, therefore, as impossible to raise one as another. But when, in response to Ezekiel's prayer, the breath of God came upon them they were all equally easy of resurrection. The miracle-working resurrection-power of God is the one thing needed, in order to bring about the salvation of the wickedest man or woman in the world.

A foundational equipment is in the words "laying on of hands." Beyond doubt this refers to the enduement of the Holy Spirit. The apostles laid their hands on people and they received the Holy Spirit. What relation the laying on of hands had to the imparting of the Holy Spirit we are not told. It may have been the method by which the miraculous gift of the Spirit was imparted to others, or it may have been in recognition of the fact that the Holy Spirit was already given. As to whether one person to-day has the power to impart the Holy Spirit to another we do not know. If it be true, then our difficulty is in finding the person or persons who have such power. There are those who claim the power by virtue of their official position, but their credentials are not satisfactory to some of us. However, we need not spend time in seeking to learn whether or not one may impart the Holy Spirit to another after we have learned, on the authority of God's Word, that every Christian may receive the Holy Spirit for himself. The ceremony of imparting may, with reason, give way to the act of receiving. Jesus said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask him?" Here the Holy Spirit is offered for the asking. James wrote, "Ye have not because ye ask not." It was while the apostles were at prayer that the Holy Spirit came upon them at Pentecost, not while they were laying hands on each other.

The Expectation of Judgment

A foundational expectation is in the words "eternal judgment." Judgment may mean a decree for us or against us, though its usual meaning is a degree of condemnation. Judgment for the penitent believer is eternal, and judgment against the impenitent unbeliever is eternal. Certainly there is no teaching that either decree will be revoked after death. But what has my faith in eternal salvation for the righteous and eternal condemnation for the wicked to do with the perfection of Christian character? Much every way. The man who believes that the destinies of men are not settled in this life, but that they will have another chance after death, lacks incentive to earnestness in living or working for the salvation of others. If I can repent in the future, why not eat, drink and be merry here, if I feel so inclined? If my friends may be saved after death, why should I be earnestly concerned about them now? The doctrine of future restoration is paralysis to Christian earnestness, while it is an opiate for the conscience of the man who wants to live in sin. It proves a shallow surface view of sin and holiness. It would comfort with a false hope some whose loved ones have lived and died in unbelief at the risk of damning thousands who ought to repent and turn to God to-day.

A foundational necessity is, by fair inference, at the bottom of all this. It is a twofold necessity. First, if we would "go on unto perfection," we must have these elemental and essential things. We must have an experience of salvation by grace; we must live with the attitude of faith toward God; we must have the disposition to obedience; we must be endued with the Holy Spirit; we must exercise faith in the resurrection power of God; and we must be influenced by the expectation of eternal judgment for saints and against sinners. Let us see to it that we have this foundation before we try to build this alphabet before we try to write a literature of Christian life; this musical scale before we seek to compose the songs of life.

Spiritual Progress a Duty

A second necessity is that, having the foundation the alphabet, the scale, we should begin at once and persevere in erecting the building, writing the literature, composing the songs. Some children have learned their alphabet and then refused to study their ignorance and illiteracy a reproach to them and their parents. Some have learned the musical scale and then ceased their efforts, willing to remain ignorant of music. Is our experience like a foundation without a superstructure? like a book all alphabet and no literature? like a musical composition all scale and no harmonies? Hear the command, "Let us go on unto perfection." Run toward the goal. If you cannot run, walk. If you cannot walk, creep or crawl. But "go on." Begin with what you are and have. Do not wait for more before you begin to seek the best. An artist spent years looking for a piece of wood out of which to carve a statue, and after searching the country for it, he found just what he needed, hard, smooth, and rich-grained lying neglected in his own home yard.

A farmer's son went to college and studied mining engineering. He was offered a position at a salary of $25 a week but he refused, saying that he intended gaining a fortune by discovering a rich mine. He went West and worked for years in search of his rich mine, with an income of less than $25 a week, and returned home discouraged, to find that his younger brother, sitting one day on a stone in the shade of a tree, noticed that in the stone there were some little white particles unlike the rest of it. He had the stone tested and found that it was a

Continued on next page

* Pastor, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, England.

NEARING SHORE

HOW gleam the far, fair lights on shore
That tell of home and rest.
While landward rolling in the breeze
We plow the wave's white crest.

How faint and sweet the voices sound
That call to us from shore;
They call to peace and love and rest,
Our long, long voyage o'er.

Upon the strand soon we shall stand,
Our faring forth all done;
And we shall bless our Captain then,
Glad for the haven won.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

Foundation Principles

Continued from preceding page

index to a great silver mine on the old farm, which enriched the family. Let us begin where we are, with the commonplaces of life, and seek to make out of them the best we can. Do not make the mistake of gazing at the stars a million miles away and falling into the ditch at your feet. Do not forget the stars, but look out for the ditch. In its gravelly bottom may be a fortune for you. The stars will keep. We may reach them best by way of the ditch. I would not "hitch my wagon to a star," for stars were not made to guide or hold wagons, but I would try to make my old wagon the star wagon of the neighborhood. Use commonplace things for God. Invest your own common everyday life for his glory, and see if he does not pay interest in your transfigured character.

As Christians should begin at once with what they have, and "go on unto perfection," so every sinner should begin at once with what he has and become a Christian. He can make a beginning with his sins. If he is honest, he will not have to go far to find them. Make an inventory of them before God and ask him to forgive for the sake of Christ. You may not know much about Christ. Perhaps you have been taught to believe that he is not divine. I will not stop to argue with you, though I think the argument strong enough to convince an unbiased mind. Begin on the sure foundation that you are a sinner and need salvation. Then confess your sins to God and accept the Christ you know as the sin-bearer. He will do the rest.

A New York pastor urged an intellectual but dissipated man in his parish to become a Christian. The man replied, "I cannot believe in the inspiration of the Bible, in the deity of Christ, or in prayer." "Do you believe in your own sins?" asked the pastor. "Oh, yes," replied the honest soul, "there is no doubt about my being a sinner, and sometimes I am in hell." "Are you willing to bring your sins to Christ for forgiveness and let him, whatever you think of him, take your guilt?" "But," he said, "I can't believe in the inspiration of the Bible, in the deity of Christ or in prayer." "Just now," persisted the pastor, "I am not asking you to believe these things. You know you are a sinner, and in sin there is a taste of hell. Now, I offer you Jesus Christ as your Saviour from sin. Will you accept him as such, and leave all questions that puzzle you for future solution?"

The man went to his home and that night he accepted the Christ he knew as his Saviour, and came to the meeting the next night to tell the people the joy of forgiveness that was in his soul. After several days of joyful testimony which led others to Christ, the pastor gently said, "What do you think now of the deity of Christ?" "If he were not divine," he replied, with great emotion, "he could not have done what he has done for me." And there was no difficulty then about believing in the inspiration of the Bible and in prayer. Like the blind man, he knew little of Christ, but one thing he did know: that, whereas he was blind, now he could see.

Come with your guilt of sin to the Christ you know, and receive him as your Saviour. It will not be long before he will reveal himself to you in his fulness.

Only a Tramp

By EUGENE THWING

HE WAS walking the railroad track down by the creek in the early morning. Suddenly the train struck him, killing him instantly. What of it? He was only an unknown tramp. A tender-hearted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends us the story with a letter of sympathy. Half a dozen lines in the local newspaper had recorded the bare facts. The man wore a striped shirt, faded trousers, heavy boots, blue overalls, brown blouse, and a gray vest. In his hand he carried a red handkerchief in which were a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes. In his pocket was a letter addressed "Dear Father," and signed, "Your Son," but with neither name nor address. His body was buried in a pauper's grave and his memory in a few lines of small type. Who cares? He was only a tramp.

"Dear Father." Ah, somebody *did* care. Off yonder, in the distance, somewhere, is a home, and a "dear father," waiting,—waiting—

"Your son." So he was more than a tramp; he was a *son;* nay, "dear father," he was *your* son. Perhaps he had been eating of the husks, and now his face and his weary steps were turned toward home and "dear father." Across the distance the father's heart went out in yearning; his hand was stretched now and again in eager welcome toward the road by which his boy might come. Across the distance the tired boy's heart was straining to reach his "dear father"; his hand trembled with longing to grasp his father's hand, that he might look through the big, manly tears and whisper, hoarsely, "Dear father, I am your son; I have come home."

Perhaps he was ashamed; perhaps he was too poor; perhaps—ah, if only there had been some maker of joy to find him, and bring him to his "dear father" before it was too late!

* * *

ONLY a drunkard and a crook, "panhandling" for a drink. He had worked the barkeeper to the limit, and could get no more from him without the coin. He tells his own story:

"So it was me for the curbstone an' any holdup I could make.

"I piped my man a couple of minutes later. He was comin' along with his head down, kind of studyin', an' I ups to him with the old whine about bein' starved, countin' on gettin' a strangle hold the second his hand went to his pocket."

The next day, captured by the very man upon whom he was "countin' on gettin' a strangle hold," he was taken straight to his "dear Father" and became an acknowledged son. Now he is one of the most successful of missionaries. His story is one of thousands.

The heavy train of a busy, ruthless world is rushing on, day by day. On the track, in the dim mists of discouragement and weariness, or in the darker shadows of crime, are many hopeless wanderers. The Bowery Mission, for example, is full of just such failures, who through yielding to appetite, or for lack of early training or education, or because of evil associates, have gone down to this desperate condition. Thank God, there are men and women who can see that "only a tramp" is worth saving, and that for every son there is a "dear father."

* * *

NEVER have I read that Christ uttered any high praise for the wealthy, or powerful, or famous members of society. His values and sense of proportion seem to have been quite different from ours. From time to time his followers tried to force upon him what they regarded as high honors and great power and dignity. They would have made him king and fought for him to the death. He might have answered, "Yes, I could belittle myself and become a mere emperor; or I might degrade myself and be a mere millionaire; but I prefer the exalted position of servant, the dignity of poverty, the glory of self-sacrifice."

Only a lame beggar, whose sores the dogs were wont to lick; yet he rested in the bosom of Abraham, while the rich man, who had so often turned from him with indifference or disgust, begged, in torment, for a drop of water to cool his tongue. Only a thief on the cross; yet he received the promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Only a few loaves and small fishes; yet they became the bountiful supply for five thousand hungry men.

If the Lord Jesus were to look over the newspapers of to-day, he would pay scant attention to the front page articles telling of the great men of earth and their doings. He would hunt out the obscure columns, and somewhere, near the foot of the column, he would find a little item in small type telling of "only a tramp," or "only a beggar," or "only a poor widow," or "only a tired, discouraged workingman," or "only a cripple," or "only a waif." At such items, a very tender look would fill his gentle face, and he would go at once to search out the neglected "onlys," carrying them the ministrations of his love for their every need. It is "the least of these" whom he honors with the intimate term, "my brethren."

* * *

TAKE this money," wrote a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sending a generous sum, "and use it where it is most needed. Do not pick out the 'worthy poor,' but, for Jesus' sake, seek also the unworthy. Don't ask if they *deserve* help; ask only if they *need* it."

Only a tramp—tired, defeated, driven from every door; yet under the old striped shirt a heart was beating with love for a "dear father," and in the loneliness of night he cried out, "I am your son!"

Only a tramp—there are thousands like the one whose story was sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by a tender-hearted sympathizer. They are dragging their tired feet along the railroads and the dusty highways, begging, perhaps, for food, or shoes, or shelter; but longing less for charity than for a brother's warm handclasp, or the welcome of a "dear father."

Only a tramp; only an obstructed life; only a failure; only a drunkard; yet brothers, with us, of the Lord Christ.

THE PASTOR AND THE PEDLER

A CLERGYMAN, who longed to trace
Amid his flock a work of grace,
And mourned because, he knew not why,
Yon fleece kept wet while his kept dry,
While thinking what he could do more,
Heard some one rapping on the door,
And opening it, there met his view
A dear old brother whom he knew,
Who had got down, by worldly blows,
From wealth to peddling cast-off clothes.

"Come in, my brother," said the pastor,
"Perhaps my trouble you can master.
For since the summer you withdrew,
My converts have been very few."

"I can," the pedler said, "unroll
Something perchance to ease your soul;
And, to cut short all fulsome speeches,
Bring me a pair of your old breeches."

The clothes were brought; the pedler gazed,
And said, "No longer be amazed;
The gloss upon this cloth is such,
I think, perhaps, you sit too much,
Building air castles, bright and gay,
Which Satan loves to blow away.
And here, behold! as I am born,
The nap from neither knee is worn!
He who would great revivals see,
Must wear his pants out on the knee.
For such the lever prayer supplies;
When pastors kneel, their churches rise."

LILA F. DORSON.

Do You Know Your Bible?

THE "Bible Question Series," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last year, met with so enthusiastic a reception from our readers that, as announced in our prospectus for 1912, it has been decided to make it a regular department hereafter. The lists of Bible questions will appear monthly, and this, it is hoped, will afford ample time for all of our readers who are interested in Biblical research to send in their answers, each list of answers appearing simultaneously with the list of new questions. The series is designed to stimulate Bible reading and to interest young and old alike. There is no more delightful or profitable occupation for leisure hours than "searching the Scriptures." Very many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already wonderfully familiar with the Book of books, and know the preciousness and helpfulness of keeping in close touch with God's Word.

We cordially invite all to join this informal class for Bible study, and to be as prompt as possible in sending in their replies.

Bible Question List No. 1

1. What one thing does the Scripture say God cannot do?
2. What was the longest drought ever recorded in the Bible?
3. Where is the first mention made of beggars?
4. Who said: "To obey is better than sacrifice"?
5. Who was first to be known as a Doctor of Laws (prototype of the modern LL.D.)?
6. What verse contains in five words the journey every Christian has accomplished?
7. What was the first anti-migration movement and how was it frustrated?
8. What good man was divinely warned to curb his ambition and "not seek great things" for himself?
9. Who delivered the first Gospel sermon, taking a passage as a text and expounding it?
10. What are the requirements, as Jesus named them (in a single verse) for the bringing forth of good fruit?
11. What aged man had his son killed by a boy to whom he had shown kindness?
12. In connection with what operation are physicians first mentioned in the Bible?

Address all answers: "BIBLE QUESTION CLASS, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."

"The Christian Martyr"

(*See illustration on first page*)

AN UNUSUALLY striking and appealing picture is that by Gabriel Max, entitled "The Christian Martyr." Clad in soft white drapery, with a black mantle wrapped about her head and shoulders, the young girl in the arena seems completely oblivious to the wild beasts about her, and with one hand raised touching the high wall which is her prison, she turns up a beautiful, wistful face to see who it is that has thrown the rose which lies at her feet. The picture was painted in Prague in 1880, and purchased by Mrs. Katherine Lorillard Wolfe, who presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

China's First President a Christian

ALTHOUGH Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the young and talented reformer who has just been chosen as provisional president of the new republic of China, was for some time a resident of the United States, little was known of his career and personality by Americans. A writer in the *Westminster Gazette* of London, who is a personal acquaintance of Dr. Sun, tells us something concerning the life, the principles and the patriotic aims of this youth—for he is still a very young man—who has suddenly emerged from obscurity to assume the leadership of more than one-fourth of the world's population, in their great struggle for liberty and popular government.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, President of China

First of all, we note that this intimate friend of Dr. Sun declares that the first president of China is a Christian! "Jesus of Nazareth is to Sun Yat Sen a living source of joy and comfort. All through the pages of history, the heroes, saints and martyrs have, he declared, been speaking to us of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the need to help the weak, to champion the cause of the poor and lowly."

When addressing his countrymen on the subject of religion, Dr. Sun does not attack Buddha or Confucius, or make a mock of any of the old faiths. He knows that these beliefs, wrong though they be, have been held for many generations in China and that they are very dear to most of his people. He wins them to Christianity by the simplest and most direct form of appeal. Addressing a meeting of students, he said, "My brothers, applied, practical Christianity is our true need. Away with commentaries and doubts. God asks your obedience, not your patronage. He demands your service, not your criticism."

Dr. Sun Yat Sen was born forty-four years ago in Heungshan, and is a farmer's son. His father was a Christian convert. Sun was educated in a Christian mission school, and finished his studies at an American college in the Sandwich Islands. He returned to China and studied medicine under Dr. Kerr at the Hongkong Medical College, where he was the first student to receive a diploma. It was there, too, under American influence, that he first imbibed his ideas of political freedom for his native land. When he began to work among his countrymen, he was deeply impressed with the miserable conditions by which they were surrounded. Soon he identified himself with the reform movement and in a few years he became one of the leaders of the organization in Hongkong and Southern China. The leading spirits were educated young Chinese who pledged themselves to plan for reform and emancipation. Young Sun Yat Sen was at the head of this movement from the first as the real leader. He is described as being a man of brilliant qualities, yet with reserve stamped on every step he takes; unselfish, patriotic, courageous and able; "no idle dreamer of dreams, no adventurer seeking, under the cloak of philanthropy, to float some scheme for his personal profit and aggrandizement"; no disgruntled politician, and with nothing in common with the familiar type of the loud-mouthed blatant reformer, but a sincere, thoughtful, conscientious man whom Western education and years of travel have broadened and strengthened and lifted up to the standard of a true patriot whose Christianity and love of country have impelled him to risk not only his career, but his life, for China. For many months he traveled in England and the United States in disguise, as a salesman, while there was a standing reward of many thousands of dollars offered for his delivery to China, dead or alive. At every opportunity he made propaganda and won adherents to the cause of his country's emancipation from despotism.

While the young reformer was traveling abroad he was really doing the most important kind of missionary work for his country in upbuilding the great movement for its emancipation. His education and general training and all of his ideals were the result of his contact with Americans. This can also be said with equal truth of many of the young men associated with him, a number of whom had been educated in the United States. As we have already said, Dr. Sun is an earnest speaker, though he makes no pretensions to being an orator; he talks clearly and with an earnestness that carries conviction and he is thoroughly familiar with his topic. The Chinese mind is logical rather than emotional and loves straightforward, logical statements. And Dr. Sun's influence over his fellow countrymen arises wholly from the fact that they have been convinced of his absolute truthfulness, his wise conservatism, his thorough knowledge of home conditions, his invincible determination, and his genuine patriotism. Money has poured into the revolutionary treasury as the result of his appeals, so that the movement has never been hampered by lack of funds. Three times the revolution seemed about to reach a climax, only to be checked by the caution of its leaders, who decided that the time was not yet ripe for the great attempt. The fourth attempt has succeeded, and the whole world has been surprised at what has been accomplished.

Immediately after his election to the provisional presidency Dr. Sun proceeded to Nanking by train. There he held a reception and formally took the oath of office. His first act was to change the Chinese calendar from the old to the European system. The Chinese year will now start on January 1 and dates will be written from the first year of the republic. Though the final official list of the new cabinet is not yet available it has been announced that the following selections have been made: Vice president, Li Yuen Hung; finance minister, Chin Chin Tao; premier and war minister, Huang Sing; attorney-general, Wu Ting Fang; foreign minister, Wang Chung Wei; marine minister, Captain Wang; chief of staff, General Hsu. It is uncertain who will receive the other minor portfolios and some changes in the list are possible. The combination as it at present stands is regarded as a strong one.

Though the revolutionists have progressed so far in their formation of a government in the South the struggle is yet far from finished. Yuan Shi Kai, the imperial premier, has brought to nought the negotiations at Shanghai by the repudiation of his peace commissioner, Tang Shao Yi. His insistence, backed by the united action of the commanders of the remaining loyal imperial troops, has finally succeeded in opening the coffers of the Dowager Empress and the imperial princes, $2,500,000 being forthcoming. Upon receiving this sum Yuan Shi Kai cut off the negotiations which had been in progress with Dr. Wu Ting Fang and notified the legations at Peking that he was ready to fight to the finish. There is a great deal of dissension in the ranks of both parties. Some are satisfied that the republican government cannot stand, while still others express full confidence in it.

The Celebration of the First Day of the Chinese Republic in New York's Chinatown

Upon the announcement of the declaration of the Republic all Chinatown joined in a grand celebration. The new flag was officially raised and Dr. Sun's picture was unveiled. Thousands of firecrackers gave vent to the enthusiasm of Young China

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

THE STARTLING STATEMENT is made that there are in New York City more than forty thousand children in the tenements doing work for employers. The figures were given by Mr. George A. Hall, representing the Child Labor Committee, before the Factory Investigating Committee. The wages run from $2 to $3 a week. To say nothing of the wickedness of it, it is extremely short-sighted for a community to wreck its child life in this desperate and wholesale fashion.

—IT IS ESTIMATED THAT something like $500,000 was spent on the New Year's Eve festivities in New York by the gala parties which assembled in the large hotels to "see the New Year in." A pretty high price to pay for a frolic! One incident is worth noting: A certain rich young man, wishing to create a novel sensation, had a pail of champagne placed before him on the table. On the stroke of midnight, he laved his hands in the sparkling liquid, and, amid the plaudits of his party of merry-makers, exclaimed, "Thus I wash away the sins of 1911." Probably more were shocked than amused at the blasphemous remark. A new year begun under such profane auspices can hold for those who indulge in such wickedness nothing but sorrow and regret.

—IF IT BE TRUE, as related in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington, that the War Department has come into possession of the facts that certain labor leaders on the Pacific coast actually defied the government and trampled on the flag, the condemnation of such offenders will be swift and emphatic. Major-General Wood and Major-General Ainsworth, the former the chief of staff and the latter adjutant-general of the army, are both declared to be in possession of photographs which show President Gompers of the Federation of Labor, standing on the flag while addressing a labor meeting, and President J. A. Kelly of the San Francisco Building Trades Union, also standing on the flag. This took place at a meeting at Oakland, the official report alleges. The *Army and Navy Register* of Washington, a semi-official publication of the military service, states that "these photographs have been sent officially and are duly authenticated."

—A DECLINE IN THE DEATH RATE in seven of the eight cities of the United States having a population above 500,000 and a generally low death rate throughout the United States are shown in the preliminary mortality figures for 1911, given out at the beginning of the new year by the Census Bureau. The area from which complete mortality returns are received now covers twenty-two States and forty-five cities outside these States, embracing a total population of 57,327,697. The 1911 death rate was 14.4 per 1,000 of population, compared with 15 per 1,000 in 1910. In Boston the rate increased from 17.2 to 18.5. Of the cities in the half-million class Cleveland's rate of 13.5 is the lowest. Pittsburg shows the greatest decrease in the death rate, its proportion of deaths per 1,000 of population being 14.7 in 1911, as compared with 17.9 in 1910. Figures for the other cities for 1911 were: New York, 15.5; Chicago, 14.3; Philadelphia, 16.3; St. Louis, 15.5; Baltimore, 18.4.

Peace Banqueters Support the Treaties

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THE DINERS AT THE CITIZENS' PEACE BANQUET IN THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK, ON DECEMBER 30

THE Citizen's Peace Banquet, held in the big auditorium of the Waldorf Astoria, New York, on the 30th day of December, 1911, was in point of attendance, enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, one of the most brilliant gatherings ever held in the interest of peace. Upwards of two thousand distinguished guests met in good faith to record their approval of the peace treaties now awaiting ratification by the United States Senate.

Hundreds of flags of all nations, bordered with the broad white band which to-day makes of any flag the symbol of peace, were the decorations. The word "PAX," in large illuminated letters, blazed above the speaker's table, and the inspiriting motto, "Let Thy kingdom come on the earth," in parti-colored lights, shone out like a luminous benediction over the brilliant scene.

When, at the stroke of seven-thirty, every guest was seated awaiting the arrival of the principal guests of honor, President Taft, followed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. John Temple Graves, Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Henry Clews, Senator John Dundurand of the Dominion of Canada, Congressman William Sulzer, Bishop David H. Greer, Congressman Richard Bartholdt, John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, Rabbi Silverman, and others, filed in and took the places reserved for them. The guests seated at the smaller tables rose in a body and applauded with enthusiasm. Mr. Carnegie, seated at the President's right, took up the toastmaster's gavel and called for "Quiet, please," after which the Rev. David James Burrell invoked a blessing upon the assembly.

During the dinner the diners visited from table to table, and an air of good fellowship prevailed, while strains of familiar folk-songs, medleys and national anthems from a string band in the balcony called forth from time to time storms of impartial applause.

It was after ten o'clock when Toastmaster John Temple Graves (in view of the many rumors of disturbance that had been circulated early in the evening among the guests, with warnings that persons hostile to the peace movement had planned a demonstration in much the same way that the recent mass meeting at Carnegie Hall had been broken up) rose briskly to his feet and announced that "there never was a banquet so swaddled in stormy gossip, so cradled in ruction and dispute, that had passed into a serener consummation than this one. If there had been war within its ranks and dissension in its council," he said, "every vestige of such a condition has vanished in the sanction and enthusiasm of the brilliant and representative assembly gathered here to-night." He introduced President Taft with these words:

"The stateliest steps that have been taken for peace in human history have been taken by the twenty-seventh President of the United States. While patriots have preached and poets have sung and journalists have written, the President, without noise or protestation, has presented the evangel of peace at the door of every chancellery in Europe and the East. His two great treaties await the laggard Senate's vote. I present to you William Howard Taft, the great Peace President of the Republic's life."

Thereupon the band immediately struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," in which with lusty voices the whole assembly joined. The cheering was continuous until the President began his speech. It was a brilliant and masterly defense of the cause of Peace and set forth logically and concisely his reasons for believing in the early ratification of the peace treaties now in the hands of the Senate. Point by point, he answered the principal attacks that have been made on the arbitration treaties, and scarcely a moment passed that he was not interrupted by applause. He said in part:

"Why am I in favor of these treaties?" I regard them as the first step toward the establishment of such an arbitral court as will establish world-wide peace. There is not the slightest likelihood that we will get into war with France or England, but it is the example that the United States can set before the nations of the world that will prove so valuable in the procuring of peace the world over. If we make these treaties, other countries will make like treaties. Soon we shall have the desired structure for the great end toward which we are working. The nations of the world look to us. I ask your influence for the consummation of the ratification of these treaties.

"Perhaps, in my enthusiasm on behalf of Peace, I go pretty far; but it seems to me we are in a position to lead the world in this matter of Peace. We have begun it and the world looks to us to continue to lead it, and we have done it with these treaties. There is a higher law than the *letter;* it is the *spirit.* Shall our country fail to glorify our national honor by leading us away from the ways of war, to the ideal arbitral court and to the higher recognition of the majesty of the law? Are we going to disappoint the world?"

Here the President was interrupted for two minutes with cheers and applause. Men rose to their feet and cries of "No! No!" resounded from every quarter of the hall.

Other speakers of the evening were Andrew Carnegie, president of the New York Peace Society, Oscar Straus, former Ambassador to Turkey and Peace Envoy to the Congress of International Peace; Henry Clews, treasurer of the International Peace Forum, and Mr. Towne, former United States Senator from Minnesota.

Rabbi Silverman, in a few words prior to the benediction, reminded the guests that the angel song, "On Earth Peace, Good Will to Men," was not only the sublime benediction of the world, but it was the sublimest prophecy of the ages, foretelling this very moment the dawn of world-wide peace.

A large number of letters from Americans prominent in public life were read from the platform. All the writers warmly advocated the peace cause, and urged the ratification of the treaties. A letter had been written by Ex-President Roosevelt, opposing ratification on the ground that the treaties should first be amended and that in their present condition they made the attitude of our government "nonsensical as well as hypocritical"; that the treaties do not make for real peace and would put us in a position of insincerity before the world; that we stultify ourselves by advocating the submission of all differences to The Hague—including those involving national honor—and in the same instant settling our own difference with Russia in a high-handed way by abrogating a treaty of long standing instead of carrying the matter to The Hague, in accordance with our own avowed principles. Mr. Roosevelt's letter was not read or even mentioned at the Peace banquet.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President | GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor | THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The Good Time Coming

NEVER let any one tell you that times are hard, that the wolf is at the door and the end of prosperity is at hand. There has never been an hour in the history of the world, from the days of Nineveh and Babylon until those of New York and Chicago, of London and Berlin, and of Calcutta and Bombay, when people were not saying precisely this thing. There have always been times of too much expansion succeeded by depression in the money market; there have always been those who have looked enviously on the indulgences of the rich which they never hoped to share, and there have always been the pessimists who have gone about with shaking heads and doleful speech. Yet the skies have always been blue, the sun and moon have kept their appointed way, brave hearts have surmounted difficulties, and life has had its sunshine oftener than its storm. Here we are in the early beginning of a New Year. It is to be a good year, a year of happiness in our homes, of mutual love and confidence, of advancement in the Lord's kingdom, a year of valor, hope and fruition. Away with discouragement! Each morning as we waken let us welcome the day with thanksgiving for the night's rest, and at each day's end let us be glad that the dear ones are with us, that the young folks are care-free and merry, and that no burden is too heavy to be borne if the great Burden-Bearer helps us to carry it. Those who continually prate of hard times are responsible to some extent for their continuance. The right attitude of mind is to thank God and take courage!

An Industrial Commission Asked

WHEN President Taft was in New York recently, he was waited upon by a delegation representing a body of prominent citizens, and urged to appoint a Federal Commission to consider industrial conditions. This is an outcome of the McNamara case, the trial of which disclosed the fact that the antagonism existing between labor and capital was of a nature so aggressive and full of menace that it affected the whole country and could only be satisfactorily investigated by the Federal authorities. The delegation urged that the Commission should be modeled after the Anthracite Coal Commission, and have powers equal to those of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The suggestion is timely and will, no doubt, receive attention. There should be some authoritative tribunal before which the whole matter at issue could be thoroughly threshed out. It would be a far-reaching inquiry, but there are immense possibilities of good resulting from it. Nothing can condone or extenuate the resort to criminal violence, to which certain labor leaders have been consenting parties, if not participants; but if both sides were fairly presented, and if the Commission were to sit as a High Court of Labor, clothed with sufficient power to enforce its findings, the disturbed atmosphere would be cleared and a better feeling would take the place of the present bitter antagonism. We believe such a Commission would be welcomed by all parties. By all means let both sides be heard, and let the responsibility for existing conditions be put where it properly belongs.

The Playfulness of Theodore

OUR versatile fellow-citizen, Colonel Roosevelt, continues to emerge from his statesmanlike retirement with encouraging frequency and to "do things" that make lively reading for the newspapers. Without his strenuous personality and the kindly interest he takes in public affairs—in the intervals of serious editorial work on the *Outlook* and spells of hermit-like seclusion at Oyster Bay—such matters as a Peace movement or a Presidential campaign would be tame, vapid, monotonous. Fearing that the recent Peace banquet in New York might prove a rather dull function, and being naturally a newsmaker, he benevolently decided to interject into the proceedings something that would prevent the diners from being bored by platitudinous speeches. His letter to Mr. Bloomer, criticizing the President, opposing the ratification of the Peace treaties as illogical and hypocritical and all the rest of it, was cleverly designed as a true Rooseveltian bombshell—such a missile as the fun-loving Colonel delights in launching at friend or foe with equal impartiality. That it exploded prematurely and nobody cared, and that the dinner was saved by a rather narrow margin, was simply a misadventure. Such things happen occasionally in the life of every strenuous statesman. It made big news anyway, and put the Colonel right in the spotlight for a whole brief day, besides keeping several hundred rather timid people, including all the foreign ambassadors, away from a good course dinner. As for the poor little Peace Dove, she disappeared from her perch right over the President's chair and hasn't been seen since!

But the campaign is young yet. There will be lots of opportunities for the Colonel to make lively news between now and Convention time. What he may or may not do in his playful moods—now that he is likely to be a Presidential candidate—we can only conjecture. It should not be forgotten that there is a great host of Americans who admire Roosevelt's courage, his patriotism, and his unimpeachable integrity in public affairs, who will hail his entrance into the lists. There are tremendous possibilities open to one so resourceful. Even now, in calm, reflective moments, we seem to hear the Colonel—with characteristic open smile and cautionary finger on lip—saying in sibilant, delighted tones: "Ssh! Not a word! Not one word!"

Russia an Anachronism

RUSSIA'S premature march on Persia's capital seems to have been suddenly halted if not abandoned. She has exacted a "bloody toll" at Tabriz, in accordance with her threat of teaching the practically helpless Persians "a lesson long to be remembered." It has been a spectacle for the whole world to observe the deliberate manner in which the Czar's government, which claims to be Christian, has vindicated its reputation for cruelty by shooting down defenseless women and children in the streets of Tabriz, hanging the native clergy, and sending prisoners in batches to be executed after a summary court-martial. Truly, Russia has taught Persia a lesson; but in doing so she has added one more dark and hideous chapter to her long record of crimes against human liberty which can never be forgotten. She is a ghastly anachronism—a power still medieval in her tyrannous and barbarous methods of dealing with her enemies. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar" is as true to-day as when it was first uttered in the Napoleonic campaigns.

Let Us Be Sensible

ONE of the New York weeklies made a feature in its elaborate Christmas number of a poem from the pen of a woman writer who has won some degree of literary fame. It may appear somewhat ungallant to attack this bit of verse, but it contains so flagrant an example of the kind of loose thinking which is prevalent nowadays that a rebuke and a warning are certainly deserved. It is a pity, too, because many of the lines are strong and wholesome, though one can hardly help fearing that in her disdain of creeds the writer would go too far and let slip some things that neither the church nor the world can spare from its thinking. Her clarion call to sympathy and sacrifice and service is good and true. But how can any sane man or woman write such nonsense as this:

> And sobs will sound forever through his laughter,
> Until he knows *that He himself is Christ.*

Now here is sheer idiocy. No man will ever be Christ. Many people are being pushed off from this foundation stone of clear thinking: there can never be any loss or blurring of personal identity in human or divine relationships. The Buddhists have the weird idea of Nirvana—the state in which the soul loses its identity and becomes absorbed in the personality of God. Christian Scientists have revived the old fallacy of Monism—that there is only one essence, and that essence is God, of which all persons are little pieces. Mark Twain aptly pointed out that the Christian Science formulæ sound as well repeated backward as forward.

But sane thinking proceeds on the basis that I am I and you are you and God is God. There can never be any merging of personalities which changes one person into another. Love is a relationship between two persons, not a blending of two persons into one. The phrase is used sometimes, but can only be figurative. Two people may love each other so that they may be said to be one; but they do not become *one person.* They become a union, a pair, an amalgam, but each personality remains forever distinct.

Christ is a real person; he is in the world to-day. Lyman Abbott declares that the prime fact of Christianity is "the perpetual presence of a great personality." Christ is at hand; he is mingling with humanity; he is a Saviour, a friend; he comes to dwell with, we may even say in, the human soul, as two people may live together in the same house. But Christ is always Christ and each individual human soul is always an individual human soul.

Paul used many strong phrases to express his union with Christ, but none of them could be made, even by the most reckless interpretation, to infer that he thought he was Christ. His old, self-willed life had perished, had been crucified with Christ, but there was never in his mind the slightest confusion of his own personality with that of Christ, never any feeling that his personality had become the personality of Christ. "Christ liveth in me," was his highest thought. Martin Luther said if one should knock at his breast asking who dwelt within he would say: "Not Martin Luther, but Jesus Christ." But he would have been horrified if any one had thought that he meant to imply that he was Christ.

Paul declared that Christians have received the spirit of "power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Let us, at all costs, keep sane.

General Notes

—THE SUDDEN DEATH OF Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, eldest son of the great novelist, is a peculiarly sad event. His life seems to have been one of keen disappointment, though his character and gifts appear to have been fine and noteworthy. At twenty years of age he went to Australia, where he engaged in the business of stock-raising. In this enterprise he first made and then lost a fortune of something like $100,000. Here also his wife was killed in a runaway accident. Two years ago he came to England to lecture on his father's life and work, and last autumn visited this country to continue his platform work. He lectured in various cities, and returned to New York only a few days before his death, which occurred at the Hotel Astor on Tuesday, January 2. The disappointment of his personal friends and the friends and admirers of his father is especially acute, because plans were being made for a celebration of Charles Dickens's birthday in Carnegie Hall on February 7, at which Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens was to have delivered an address.

—LATE IN DECEMBER the War Department at Washington, D. C., received a dispatch from Major General Bell, commanding the Philippines division of the army, stating that the outbreak of Moros at Dajo had been completely suppressed and that 300 hostiles with their wives and families had surrendered. The most seriously injured man among our forces was Captain John W. Barker of the Third Infantry. Captain Barker is a native of New York. He graduated from West Point in 1894, and has served mainly in the Ninth and Third Infantry. An interesting feature of the capture of the Moros was the collection of rifles that was taken from them. They embraced modern guns, old-fashioned United States carbines, several tower muskets probably 150 years old, and several muskets branded with the letters C. S. A.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

For Advancement of Science

THE executive council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held its sessions in nineteen halls and assembly rooms all over Washington. It is estimated that nearly four thousand of the most eminent scientists of the country were present and took part in the meetings. They remained at the capital until December 31. Among those present and taking part in the exercises were Dr. L. O. Howard of the Department of Agriculture, Frank W. Clark, president of the Washington Academy of Science, Robert S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, Professor H. F. Nachtrieb of the University of Minnesota, Professor Henry B. Ward of the University of Illinois, Professor J. McK. Cattell of Columbia University, Professor F. L. Stevens of the University of Porto Rico, Professor H. S. Fairchild of the University of Rochester, Professor C. H. Herty of the University of North Carolina, Professor Simon H. Gage of Cornell, M. A. Bigelow of Columbia, Professor Henry E. Summers of Iowa State College, A. L. Roach of Hyde Park, Mass., Dr. George M. Kober, of the Georgetown Medical School, Dr. Herbert Osborn, Professor J. Pease Norton of Yale, and Professor Duncan Johnson of Johns Hopkins University. Among the multitude of subjects discussed at the meetings were sanitation in the home and country at large; observance of the laws of health for the individual and society; the Great White Plague that breathes its withering breath in the faces of so many of our inhabitants; infant mortality; pure milk for babes; playgrounds for children, and the protection of our ports against the depopulating pestilence of other countries. What a glorious age of scientific advancement is this in which we live, and how much it contributes to the health, happiness and usefulness of men, and how strangely is a divine providence making it tributary to the progress of Christ's kingdom! The advancement of knowledge is pictured in a figure by the wise man:

By knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches. (Prov. 24:4.)

Well-Known Scientists Who Were in Attendance at the Washington Sessions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science

Brother's Plea Moves Judge

Three Train children, named Ernest, Tessie, and Anthony, aged ten, eight and seven respectively, were marched up to Recorder McGovern of Hoboken, N. J., on the charge of stealing 52 electric lights from Public School No. 3, and selling to a man for $1.80. Ernest confessed that he alone was responsible for the theft, and the judge said to him: "I guess we shall have to send him to the Hill for a time. I am sorry." Then the shrill voice of seven-year-old Anthony piped up as he put his arm across the shoulder of his erring brother: "Say, judge, you ain't goin' to send me brudder to Snake Hill? You know what dat would mean. He'd go wrong fer good if he went to de Hill. He's sorry he took dem lights, but Ernest never had no money and our old lady has to work." There was a craning of necks as the boy's voice rose higher and higher, until it broke into a whimper. Then Anthony left the side of Ernest and ran to the side of the stern recorder. He dropped to his knees and wound his arms around the judicial legs. Before the judge and the court could recover from their astonishment, Anthony began another plea for his brother. "Please, judge, don't send him up. He's bigger'n me. I'll go fer 'im. Lemme go to de Hill fer Ernest." The recorder leaned forward and regarded the kneeling lad for some moments before he unwound Anthony's arms from his legs. Then he recovered his proper judicial sternness: "Anthony Train, go back there and stand by your brother. Now, Ernest, I will not send you to jail for stealing those electric lights, and it is because of that plea of your little brother. He is seven years old, but he is a man. He is so much more of a man than you can ever hope to be that I will parole you in the custody of your younger brother and we shall see if you can behave. Anthony, you are a mere boy, but I feel I can trust the prisoner in your care. Report to me every Thursday morning until further notice. Now go home." The heroism of this little street urchin in offering to go to jail instead of his guilty brother, and his pathetic plea for him, recall the fact that our Elder Brother did suffer the penalty in our behalf, and that he makes continual intercession for us.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. (Heb. 7:25.)

Party Planned, Funeral Held

Miss Fannie Platt Van Cott, only daughter of a former fire chief of Brooklyn, sent out invitations for a Christmas party at her home on December 23. Two hours after she had mailed the invitations she suddenly expired in one of the rooms of the Girls' High School, and her funeral was held on the very day she had set for the Christmas reception. Miss Van Cott was a member of the senior class and would have been graduated from the Girls' High School on her sixteenth birthday, January 26 next, and would have been the youngest girl to have finished her four years' course at the high school. Her friends say that overstudy taxed her body and left it an easy prey to the stroke that took her away. She had such fondness for her studies, and such an ambition to excel in them, that she hardly took time to eat or sleep. There are some children who are naturally stupid and do not like to study, there are others who are bright but are easily diverted to play or amusement, and not a few are overambitious about their school work and sink down as physical wrecks as the penalty. Though Miss Van Cott was a good Christian girl and in her translation was graduated into a higher university, it was a pitiful thing for so beautiful, competent and promising a person to die at Christmas time, to which she had looked with so much joy, and to die as the penalty to her determination to excel in the best things. The Preacher has described the depressing effect of overstudy on the body.

Much study is a weariness of the flesh. (Eccles. 12:12.)

Painter in Old Age

Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis, who retired from active service in the United States Navy four years ago, has thirty-two paintings on exhibition in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, D. C., which is one of the finest public galleries in America and one in which the knights of the palette and brush consider it quite a triumph to have their pictures exhibited. To a singular genius he has added painstaking industry, and has pushed himself up into an enviable place among the best landscape painters in water colors in this country. At a time in life when he was supposed to have finished his mission, and to be allowed to go back and sit down in a corner and be very still, the old hero of the Civil War and Spanish-American War appears as virile in his intellect as he was at thirty, and has become a master of art, reveling in a realm of beauty, and transferring the beauty from his own soul to canvas, to delight and bless his fellows. What a beautiful example this grizzled veteran and this delicate artist sets to old men who think there is nothing left for them to do. This strong, beautiful old man is thus described:

And thine age shall be clearer than the noon day; thou shalt shine fourth, thou shalt be as the morning. (Job 11:17.)

Fewer Immigrants Coming

The tide of immigrants to the United States is lower now than it has been since 1908, when only 550,758 came to and 654,238 went from our shores. The nearly half a million foreigners who went from us this year is 100,000 more than last year, but is about the average of emigration for the past five years. The officials say that Canada and the Argentine Republic are taking thousands of the families that would otherwise have come to the United States, and that the removal of English-speaking, better-class farmer families from the Eastern and Middle Western States to the newly opened rich lands on the northern side of the Canadian border represents a large portion of our loss for the present year. Most of the aliens seeking employment in this country now come from Mediterranean ports, but more of them have returned than have arrived during the year. The following comparative figures for arrivals and departures of third-class passengers may be of interest:

Year.	Arrivals.	Departures
1911.....	781,058	486,794
1910.....	1,102,839	359,574
1909.....	1,068,422	280,628
1908.....	550,758	654,238
1907.....	1,170,295	537,511
1906.....	1,329,585	333,505

The figures for 1911 are incomplete, as they are only computed to December 1. It is just as well that we halt a little in our immigration that we may have an opportunity to better assimilate the elements we take into our body politic. It is the best blood from the best nations that has made our country what it is, but the conglomerate elements have had to be Americanized to make the great commonwealth we have. We have been hardly able to Americanize the million a year that have been coming to our shores. It is a matter of congratulation also that some very undesirable and very dangerous characters are going and being sent back to the lands from which they came. Migration from the instinct of self-support, of avarice, ambition or religion is tributary to a better civilization. The prophet makes reference to this fact:

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. (Dan. 12:4.)

Reindeer as Food Product

Mr. William F. Lopp, of the government service, has just returned from a 14,000 mile tour of inspection through Alaska on behalf of the bureau which has especial care of the reindeer problem in the northern peninsula. He is quite enthusiastic on the subject. He says that reindeer meat from Alaska may be a food common to the American table in the near future to supplement a reduced beef supply. He said: "A commercial shipment of reindeer meat, the first made into this country, has just been received at Seattle. In twenty-five years from now at the present rate of increase there should be 3,000,000 prime beef reindeer in Alaska on which the people of this country can depend for much of their flesh diet. Reindeer can be raised more cheaply than cattle because they will thrive on wastes so barren that even goats would starve there. There are 400,000 square miles of frozen tundra in Alaska fit for nothing else, but which as reindeer ranches would provide abundant pasturage for 10,000,000 of the animals." If Mr. Lopp is true in his prophecies, it will aid greatly in settling the question of a natural meat supply, and of meat prices. In the Mosaic dispensation the members of the deer family were permitted as food, among them being

The hart, and the roebuck, and the fallow deer. (Deut. 14:5.)

THE BEEF TRUST ON TRIAL

GREAT interest is aroused over the trial of the indicted "beef packers" in Chicago. The effort of the defendants to take the case directly to the Supreme Court without going through the ordeal of trial before the United States District Court in Illinois failed, and the trial is going forward according to schedule.

The public is wondering if it is about to find out some of the causes for the "high cost of living"; capitalists and monopolists are waiting to learn how seriously the Sherman law, with its latest interpretation by the Supreme Court, is going to interfere with business; officers and employees of the packing companies, both inside and outside the "trust" are wondering what is going to happen to the meat business; stock raisers are wondering what will be the price of beef "on the hoof" after the agitation has subsided; and ten anxious men are wondering whether or not they will have to go to jail.

Along near the beginning of the trial startling testimony was given by Mr. Henry Veeder, son of Albert H. Veeder, attorney for Swift & Company. The elder Mr. Veeder told something of the operations of a mysterious association of which his son was the secretary and which met weekly to discuss the meat market. The younger Mr. Veeder followed his father to the witness stand and gave specific information about the work of this association. As secretary he rented a suite of nine or ten rooms in the Counselman Building at Chicago, but the association itself had no name, and no signs appeared on the doors. Representatives from eight large beef concerns met every Tuesday afternoon in these rooms and determined the questions of shipment and prices. Each firm was represented by a letter, inferentially to keep the operations secret, and the selling territory was separated into districts also designated by letters. Advices were sent out to the various firms from this office directing the size of the shipments to be made to the various districts during the coming week. In case any firm represented "overshipped" it was fined for the offense. Apparently the most serious items of the evidence so far presented are those which show that the interested firms were directed to keep prices up to a certain margin in the various territories. If this evidence and testimony can be sustained it will substantiate the government's contention that the combination was unlawful.

A Scene in the Courtroom During the Trial of the Accused Meat Packers

The particular association of whose existence and work Henry Veeder testified continued its activities from 1893 to 1896. Testimony was given that there was a break of two years in the operations of the company, but this was subsequently discredited by letters showing that its activities were continued without serious interruption until 1903. In that year the National Packing Company was formed by the merging of thirteen companies into one organization with a capitalization of $15,000,000.

Special interest is shown in the matter of arrangements for the sale of by-products. The defense fought vigorously to exclude testimony relating to the operations of the Kenwood Company and the Ætna Trading Company which are alleged to have been organizations under the control of the packers for the disposal of oleo and casings. Judge Carpenter, before whom the hearing is being conducted, ruled that the testimony regarding these concerns was relevant and should be admitted. The government claimed that the profits of the Kenwood Company in one year amounted to 285.7 per cent. of its capital stock, and that those of the Ætna Company were proportionately large.

Mr. Buckingham, in his opening statement for the defense, claimed that the actual profit on each head of cattle is not more than $1.50, one-fourth of a cent per pound on the dressed beef, and one-eighth of a cent per pound on the gross weight. An animal weighing one thousand pounds will, he stated, dress out in beef about five hundred and fifty pounds, the rest going to waste products. He contended that the defendants have earned less than 10 per cent. yearly on their investment and that the buying and selling are actually on a competitive basis, at least fifteen hundred other concerns being in the field.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN MAGYARLAND

Continued from page 51

religion. Religious wars succeeded, in which the Catholics were often successful, and Hungary slipped from her proud position as one of the first Protestant Powers of Europe, and is now predominantly, though not overwhelmingly, Roman Catholic and Greek Catholic.

Such in brief is the history of the people of Magyarland, and here, as I have said, are millions of our brothers and sisters, our co-religionists of the Protestant faith, and here are millions, too, of our future fellow-Americans of all faiths, Jews and Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants.

The census shows that there are some ten or twelve millions of Greek and Roman Catholics, two million and a half of the Reformed Calvinistic faith, a million and a half of Lutherans and a scant hundred thousand Unitarians.

The Reformed Church is the great evangelical force of Hungary, its adherents being pure Magyars, while the Lutherans are largely Germans, who have adopted Hungary as their fatherland.

These Calvinists, whose doctrines and church government are much like the Presbyterians, are not only a great religious, but a great political and patriotic force as well. True to the tenets of their noble religious leader, they have stood for liberty and freedom, and for the rights of individual conscience, as sturdily as would old John Calvin himself.

It was in the great Reformed Church of Debreczin in Eastern Hungary, an enormous building that holds some four thousand people, that Kossuth, in 1849, proclaimed the independence of Hungary, and her freedom from the rule of the Hapsburgs. In the Protestant college near by, Kossuth and his co-laborers for liberty drew up their declaration of independence. Their old college hall is as sacred to Hungarians as Independence Hall is to us.

I felt honored a few weeks ago to speak to a great audience from Kossuth's pulpit in this same hall on Christian Endeavor, and what it might do to promote among Hungarian youth the freedom wherewith Christ makes us free.

Some few of my readers are old enough to remember perhaps Kossuth's years of exile in America. What a furor of enthusiasm he aroused by his eloquent English as he told of the wrongs of Hungary and her brave fight for freedom!

I wonder if our American people to-day are as much in love with the ideals of Kossuth, which indeed were the ideals of Washington and Lincoln, as were our fathers in the middle of the last century. Would we spring to the side of liberty as they rallied around Kossuth, and as Samuel G. Howe and other patriotic Americans threw themselves into the struggle of the Greeks for freedom?

Probably no foreigner ever visited America who stirred so deeply the hearts of our people, or who was received with such wild acclaim as was Hungary's hero, Louis Kossuth.

It was my privilege at another Christian Endeavor meeting in one of the Reformed churches of Budapest, to meet a niece of Kossuth who, because of her relationship, shared her uncle's exile and lived no less than ten years in America, a country for whose political and religious life she has the greatest esteem and affection to-day.

Let us visit together, before we finish this article, one of the great Reformed churches of Hungary, and join our brothers in their common worship. We will choose the Calvin Church, which stands at the head of Calvin Square in the very heart of Budapest, Hungary's capital, and one of the most beautiful and enterprising cities of the world. The pastor of this church is Dr. A. Szabo, known as a scholar, preacher and author throughout Hungary. He has just published the first volume on foreign missions in the Hungarian language. As president of the Hungarian Christian Endeavor Union and editor of the Hungarian Endeavor paper, he has a wide influence and is greatly beloved in many parts of Hungary.

As we enter the great church we find a large audience already assembled, so large indeed that all cannot find seats, and scores, if not hundreds, will stand throughout the service.

The church is very long and very high, with two lofty galleries in the rear coming half way toward the pulpit, which is ascended by a flight of spiral stairs, until almost a dizzy height, on the level of the galleries, is reached. The service begins. All rise and with clasped hands and closed eyes the people join in the pastor's invocation. A short passage of Scripture is read, and during this, too, the people reverently stand. A hymn is given out and Professor Kovats, a gifted choir leader, marshals a large chorus of Christian young people, and leads the congregation in splendid, hearty singing. For the more familiar social meetings many of our own Gospel hymns, translated into Hungarian, are sung, and *Hallelujah*, the new Christian Endeavor hymn book, is very popular, having passed through several editions. For this service, however, the more stately hymns of the church are used, and right lustily and harmoniously are they sung.

Pastor Szabo, whether he preaches his own thoughts or interprets what another says, as he translated for me on many occasions, is always earnest, forceful and eloquent, and possesses that greatest gift of a good interpreter, the power of throwing himself into another's thought, making it his own, and speaking it out with a vigor and eloquence which possibly the original lacked. Thus the service goes on for perhaps an hour and a half, the patient audience largely standing before the service is over, and crowding up around the pulpit on all sides, the better to hear in the long Gothic aisles.

There are two thousand such Reformed churches in Hungary. Not all, nor indeed many of them, so large as the one in the Calvin Square of Budapest; not all of them with such earnest, evangelical and evangelistic pastors as Dr. Szabo, for there is a large "liberal" element in the Reformed Hungarian Church; but all stand for the Bible as the Word of God, and for our Lord and Saviour as God's only begotten Son. They stand for freedom of worship and for liberty of conscience, and are a great element in the saving salt of Hungary.

I might take you into many another similar church and show you Pastor Kovats (this is the Hungarian for our familiar "Smith") of Szatmar, and Pastor Uray of Debreczin, and Pastor Nyary of Pecs, and, in all, we should find the same earnestness of purpose and devotion of spirit as in the older pastor of Calvin Square. These are our co-religionists, our allies, our brethren of this historic land of the Danube. Let us join our prayers with theirs that His kingdom may come in Hungary as well as America, and that His will may be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Finer Than Anticipated

The Bible premium came all right and in best condition. I can scarcely tell you how I am pleased with it. It is finer and more complete than I had anticipated; therefore I shall find much comfort in its use. Also I have received the beautiful *Almanac*. It is exceptionally good—so very full and complete. The whole family praise it for its general information on so many subjects. Please accept my fullest thanks for them both, as I highly prize them. I like the paper, and recommend it to every one and everywhere. MRS. SARA J. COOPER.

Cincinnati, O.

THE RECKONING

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

FROM the darkness of the alley Blinker's white face looked to the glare of the distant avenue. His breath was coming in gasps; the hoarse cries of his pursuers were still tingling in his ears—they had been like bloodhounds on the track—they would scent him yet! The thought struck the quivering keynote of fear—they would *scent* him yet!

He shrank back into the scanty recess of a decaying doorway. He must foot it again, there was no other way. His hand crept up the rough paneling; it was dingy, splintered in places from aimless missiles; only a crumbling partition, a thing of wood, yet it might as well have been a stone wall! When they entered the alley, it would keep him a target, without hope of release, and the missiles would not be aimless.

Blinker, as he thought of the fiery faces that had met his backward glance, shuddered and for a moment grew still, with taut, stiffened muscles—through the medium of distance they loomed none the less terrible. If they got him this time it would be all up, all up—when the world was budding green, and the blood ran in his veins like the sap in young trees! Blinker was still young enough to throb at the quickening touch of spring.

He leaned forward, jerking at his breath. No one had ever told him that the way of the transgressor was hard. He would have described it himself in a better manner—it was ticklish. As fresh sounds came to him from the black spaces beyond he felt that this was the climax—the biggest fight, so far, in the game—and no one could tell yet which side would win!

A relentless "halloo" pursued him from the avenue beyond; it struck him like the thrust of an angry hand. Red lights, that wavered in circles, danced for a moment before his eyes. He measured his arms, drew a savage breath—and bolted.

It was like a journey on wings; he never felt the earth, save when he tripped on some cobble or uneven scrap of pavement and fell on his knees, to be up again as soon, fighting for breath, with the stars swirling madly above him in the night sky! They were reeling, those stars—they were drunk with the winds of heaven, the spring winds, as he was drunk with a mad desire to escape—to escape! He forgot what—he only remembered that he *must*, that he was tracked, that he must fly on faster, farther, till somewhere the world showed him a dark place to hide in!

He drew up with a sudden start. The lights of the Bowery twinkled wickedly before his eyes; he had circled the earth to turn up at the starting-point! He was back, almost on the brink—not five blocks from where it had happened!

He stood for a moment stunned. He saw it all over again—the faltering figure of the old man, the sudden blow that had keeled him over, the gathering crowd, black and angry, with its cries of shame from as hardened throats as his. The old man! And to find no money after all, only a gold ticker hung on a black ribbon! With absent fingers he felt for it in his blouse; it was there safe enough, a hard circle of yellow metal; perhaps in the end it would pay! His eyes wandered uncertainly up and down the narrow avenue. It was filled with sauntering figures, the denizens of the quarter; some of them walking with the stealthy steps of habitual crime, some of them staggering under a burden of cheap beer, others, girls and women, leading little children—for childhood's day there did not end with night.

He pulled his hat over his eyes, and squared his jaw—he was braced to dare it out! He mingled with a group hurrying southward, carelessly pushing into the heart of it. Nobody noticed; curiosity was dead there—there was no vital interest in anything unless it was the brass buttons of some officer of the law.

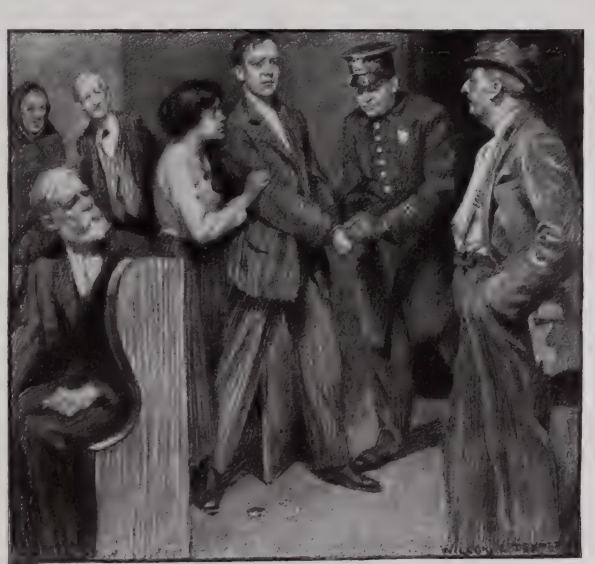
He began to breathe more naturally; he even got back to his old swagger—the Game was as easy as this! But his eyes were startled into terror again. On the corner, a remnant of the crowd that had drawn to look at *him* was still standing, and in their center, talking and gesticulating, he saw the figure of his old-time friend, Tapsy Magin! For months he had been his deadliest enemy; there would be no quarter now!

Blinker, in the very jaws of defeat, staggered forward; then, with a low growl, he pulled up and darted back the way he had come. The earth was cruel—there was no place for him to hide in!

He kept to the inner side, passing lighted shop-windows with furtive eyes. Then, suddenly, he saw a way of escape—there was the Mission across the street, its rude door wide open, its meek-faced exhorter on the rickety steps, inviting to the feast within. Blinker laughed into the night—he had won! He would be safe at last. With easy gait he swung across to the other side, and went boldly in.

Come while yet there is room!
Come while yet there is room!

the plaintive cry echoed through the dingy hall. He took off his hat, rumpling his hair with a nervous hand, then he found himself on the very last row of a line of creaking benches, listening to a girl singing a Gospel hymn. Two gas jets, shivering under a draft from the open door, framed her face in a circle of wavering light: a delicate face, with something weary about the mouth. Her brown eyes lighted on him for a moment, then she went gravely on. Some one said "Glory!" It was a man across the aisle, with white hair—an old man. The sight brought a sickening inward vision of that other old man! A woman next to him handed him a hymn book.



"'Don't you care, my girl. I beat 'em out. It was n't as if they took me. I give myself up—I'll pay the reckonin'!'"

He took it awkwardly, the little black notes dancing before his eyes, and still he was listening to the girl's sweetly compelling tones—"Come while yet there is room—"

Presently she finished. She stepped down from the little platform and came modestly along the aisle. Before Blinker realized it she was sitting quietly at his side on the last row. He held his breath—to be so near such a white, young thing!

They were beginning another hymn. He grew ill at ease, shuffling his feet on the bare board floor, then, with a red flush on his forehead, he held out the book in his hand:

"Sing," he stammered, "I dunno how!"

She took it smilingly, holding it that he might look on too. "Ain't it a good meetin'?" she whispered. "There's been two sinners reclaimed already, there—down at the front—next to the woman that's cryin'."

A faint smile crept over his hard lips.

"That feller? He's loaded—he ain't no idea what he's doin'—I know him—he's Binky Short—he's been saved a couple of times, but he don't stay so!"

Her face fell into pained lines. "You mustn't—" she said, "the Lord's reclaimed him—he'll say so in a while, when the testifyin' begins."

The meeting went on; the girl listened attentively, her face lighting up with the fervor of her emotions. Blinker sat back watching her. A sense of peace, of security, crept over him—he could almost have gone to sleep. He smiled; hiding in a Mission—a strange place—they would never look for him there! He had fought shy of them all his life, till he had needed one to save his skin. At the thought he laughed under his breath—but the girl heard him.

"Don't," she whispered, "it ain't right!"

He stopped, strangely rebuked. In a new mood, with a desire to please her, he kept his eyes on the platform. The speaker had an insistent voice, with something sharp about it; it cut through the outer covering of Blinker's hardened mind—it made him think.

"Lord, Lord, turn some sinner to the way to-night—some one to-night! Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand! Ye say safety when there is no safety—the fires of hell are scorching your souls!"

He sat down and there was a sigh of relief; it had been short and vital. Some one began a prayer—it was a woman, and her voice rang tremulous with the message of repentance. Blinker began to fidget—it got on his nerves! He sat upright, staring ahead of him into space. He felt a touch on his arm.

"Why don't you pray?"

The girl was looking at him strangely. Suddenly a light swept over her face. "You're a sinner! Lord help you! You're a sinner!"

The woman had stopped. The girl rose courageously. "There's a sinner back here. I ask your prayers for his soul!"

"A sinner!" It was whispered over the little assemblage.

"Lord bless you, brother, stand up!" The white-haired man was looking his way.

Blinker grew red, hot, indignant. He sat doggedly in his seat. The girl watched him, tears in her eyes. She struck up a hymn: "'Whiter than snow."

Blinker frowned heavily; there was no such thing! Snow was dirty, sodden; it lay all winter in a coating of frozen mire over the streets of the city! Yet still the girl's voice trembled above him: "Whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow."

While the rest took up the chorus she leaned closer.

"Ain't you sorry? Haven't you done anything to be sorry about?"

He laughed in her face. His hands were working convulsively. It was terrible—terrible. He could have struck her sweet eyes to dim the searchlight she was flashing over his soul!

She put out her hand. "Don't!" she cried, "don't! oh, aren't you sorry? God, make him sorry!"

Suddenly she bent forward, sobbing, her head on the bench in front. It was more than Blinker could stand. He touched her roughly.

"Shet up—will you? I—I—hang it—I *am* sorry—since I seen you!"

She shook the tears from her eyes. "Oh," she cried, "oh, thank the Lord for that!" She leaped to her feet. "There's a sinner here who's sorry. Oh, pray for him!"

The platform speaker stepped over to the edge. "Brother, stand up!"

Blinker felt the muscles of his face twitching. The girl stretched out her hand; he put his cold fingers in hers and she drew him slowly to his feet. He paused for one terrible instant—the lights were dancing, his head was swimming; there were strange wet circles about his eyes; he felt as if a hand were reaching down and clutching his heart! Something dropped from his blouse with a metallic thud—the sound opened the floodgates.

"Yes," he cried wildly, "I'm up—I'm on my feet—I'm a sinner—a black sinner! I stole from an old man. I knocked him down. I saw his white head—I—God forgive me!" He stopped short, breathing heavily—he could hear the sound in the tense stillness—then, before his staring eyes, he saw a figure, a man's figure, standing in the doorway—it was Tapsy Magin!

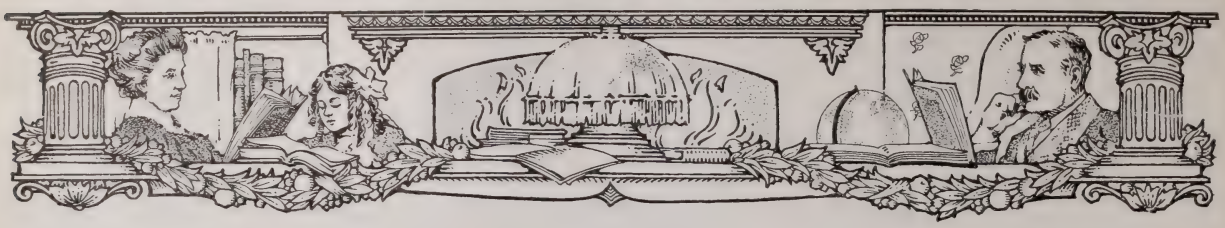
The girl was still holding his fingers. The touch put fire in his veins.

"Courage," she whispered, "courage! Tell it all!"

Blinker swayed uncertainly. He was like a weak tree under the sweep of a storm. Then, his eyes on the face in the door, he went on, huskily, loudly, triumphantly: "It was an hour ago—the crowd came after me—I'd laid him low! I doubled on 'em—I beat 'em out—yes, I beat 'em out! I won square—I hid in here—it was safe enough, I could

Continued on page 66

WHEN THE YEAR IS YOUNG



A New Bugle Note

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE public schools of Los Angeles, Calif., are sounding a bugle note in a practical advance in the education of girls. They are giving the girls instruction all along the line of future womanly duty and opportunity, beginning with the deportment of young girls during courtship, and going forward into the details of home management, mothercraft and household industries in general. It would seem that boys as well as girls should share in training of this kind. Our young people are taught many things in the schools which do them little good either in the way of intellectual training or of utility after leaving school.

The fundamental necessity in education is the bringing out of mental powers, the building up of character and the imparting of adequate preparation for the demands sure to be made upon the individual when childhood is past. The interesting feature in this course is the fact that pedagogy is concerning itself about the home and taking for granted as desirable the early marriage of young men and women. The tendency has latterly been to defer marriage until the first bloom of youth and enthusiasm was over.

One portion of the Los Angeles curriculum has to do with keeping accounts, domestic economy, marketing and the payment of hired help. How much of what the girls learn in school about these important details they remember and assimilate, it is difficult to foretell. Some of the best housekeepers among our readers are aware that they entered upon the married state with little actual knowledge of housework, cooking, catering and all the rest that pertains to the ordinary home. Yet a bright, intelligent American girl who is conscientious, devoted to the husband of her choice and anxious to make a success of her homemaking, has often acquired all the needful information to take her steps steadily to success in the course of a very few weeks. There are those who can testify to a few mortifying blunders which were taken as occasions for improvement later on, but who are quite sure that they never made the same mistake a second time.

We recognize with pleasure and deep appreciation the consecration of the great body of school teachers to school children. Children between the ages of seven and fifteen spend more daylight hours with their teachers than with their parents, and the stamp that they receive for life is often set upon them before they have arrived at the opening of the teens. No body of people in our country work harder and more faithfully than our teachers, and to no others does the Republic owe so large a debt. If matrimony is to be taught as a profession by young women who are not yet married, many of whom are just out of college, we shall watch with interest the effect it may have on our future citizens. Fortunately for our boys and girls, they are in no danger in schools, either public or private, of falling into the hands of so hypocritical and despotic an ignoramus as the renowned Mr. Squeers, the principal of Dotheboys Hall in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Here is a famous passage: Nicholas is about to begin work as an usher or assistant teacher under Mr. Squeers.

"'This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby,' said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. 'We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?'

"'Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window,' said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"'So he is, to be sure,' rejoined Squeers. 'We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, winder. a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle in the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?'

"'Please, sir, he's weeding the garden,' replied a small voice.

"'To be sure,' said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. 'So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby. What do you think of it?'"

. . .

A Progressive Centenarian

MRS. PRISCILLA INSLEE, who celebrated her one hundredth birthday at her home in New Brunswick, N. J., on the twentieth of December, had a telephone installed in her dwelling a few days earlier than her gala anniversary. An active old lady, retaining sight and hearing and all her faculties unimpaired, Mrs. Inslee has given three rules for the defiance and conquest of Time: "Never worry, forget nerves, trust in God."

Knowing that many of her friends might not be able to call upon her on her birthday, she had the telephone brought in so that they might transmit their messages of congratulation by means of the wire. She has had little to do with illness in her long life, which has been spent almost wholly in Middlesex County, New Jersey, and she still has a hearty appetite, enjoys her food and eats what the rest of us do. Very likely Mrs. Inslee could add to her three rules another which erects a barrier against the encroachments of age. "Keep an open mind to the reception of new ideas, and count your friends among younger as well as older people."

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD

Reading the old, sweet story
With the love-light in her eyes,
There comes to her thought the glory
That flooded the midnight skies

When the drowsy sheep were fast asleep
In the fold of the upland plain,
When the angels sang together
And the shepherds heard the strain.

. . .

Precaution Against Colds

DURING the inclement season of winter, the period when storms are frequent and a thaw is as dangerous to health as a blizzard, it is well for every one to take precautions against what we call a cold. Never pass without attention the danger signal of a chill. Three-fourths of the people who are really ill from an established cold, a malady that usually runs its depressing course and takes its own time to depart, might rout the enemy by sending for their physician at the first intimation of chill. If no doctor is at hand and the sufferer has the courage to try an old-fashioned remedy familiar to our grandparents and bitter in the extreme, they may try the effect of a large cupful of hot boneset tea. This vigorous herb remedy is seldom ineffectual.

We take cold when our feet are unprotected, when we are weary and when we are mentally excited by trivialities which should be treated lightly instead of allowed to become burdensome. A fit of anger may be the precursor of a cold. The woman who takes daily exercise out of doors, dressed as one should be to face stormy weather, will usually be able to throw off the malefic germ which seizes on depleted vitality. Children should not be suffered to take cold at all. In these days the baby whose nap is taken out-of-doors in the coldest weather is a sturdy little being, who is seldom ill. The young girl on her way to a party, who carries her slippers in a bag and goes her way well shod, will not come home with a sore throat and a cough.

A sneeze should be interpreted very much as if it were a warning to look out for the locomotive. The gist of the matter is that the habit of life should be health. Interruptions in health are much oftener due to negligence or folly than to a providential dispensation. If we are comfortably housed and lead simple lives, illness should pass us by. The gospel of good health is in our cities carried to-day into the crowded schoolrooms, into the tenement quarters and into the homes of the very poor, by the friendly counsel and kind presence of the visiting nurse, who is as an angel of mercy quietly going on her daily rounds.

. . .

The Best Doll

The mother who prohibits the little girl from playing with her best doll, or who obliges the child to put her doll away on Saturday and not touch it again until Monday, is a much mistaken mother. She would not herself like to be deprived of caressing her dearest baby on any day in the week, and what would become of her were she forbidden to see the child, play with it, or care for it on the best day of the whole week?

Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER XII—*Continued*

HERMOSA had come into the room and started to wheel her father up to the table. Sidney offered to do it.

"I'm used to this," Hermosa said. "I know just how."

"Then you can teach me."

"You pull this lever off the hind wheel to begin with. Then you push down, not too hard, on this back piece."

"I see. Let me do it, Miss Howard."

Hermosa stepped back and Sidney gently pushed the chair into the other room and up to the place Mrs. Ward indicated.

When they were all seated, there was a moment of quiet. It flashed over Sidney in that moment that these people were all Christians, members of the Church and believers in the religion into which he himself had been born. Under the impulse of the new restlessness and religious hunger that had lately beset him, he began to wonder vaguely whether in any way he might learn or receive what he yearned for here.

It was so vague and undefined that he did not know what it meant at the time. Afterwards, he remembered vividly every detail of that table scene.

They were saying softly together an old German grace. The blind man seemed to set the time for the rest, as they repeated with a gentle gladness:

For these and all thy gifts of love,
We give thee thanks and praise;
Look down, our Father, from above,
And bless us all our days. Amen.

"We feel proud to have you with us to-night," said Mrs. Ward, as she passed Sidney a plate of bread and butter sandwiches and asked him if he used sugar in his tea. If Sidney had been at Admiral Marston's, Mrs. Marston could not have said anything much different.

"I'm very glad to be here," said Sidney with growing interest in his surroundings. "Yes, please, one small lump."

"You will be popular here, Mr. Cushing, if you take small lumps of sugar, at the present price of it."

Hermosa spoke with a bluntness that seemed predetermined. What was she trying to do? Impress as deeply as she could on Sidney the poverty of the people he was with, and so widen the gulf between him and—

Athanasia's mother seemed a little embarrassed by Hermosa's remark. But she laughed and simply said, "Of course, sugar is unusually high at present. But it's like everything else. I have no doubt if we had to order a warship from the grocer it would come high."

"I am sure it would," said Sidney, laughing. "Warships are expensive luxuries. Very few folks can afford to have them on the table."

"Did you ever think," said Mr. Howard, "how it happens that sugar suddenly advances a cent or a cent and a half a pound, without any apparent reason?"

"I am afraid I don't give it much thought," said Sidney.

"The government fined a sugar trust over two years ago for cheating on its scales. The sum was over a million and a half and the trust has turned the amount over to the government. Now, after the lapse of a year and a half the trust begins to advance the price. Our anti-trust laws are curious things. We think perhaps we have curbed a trust by finding it guilty and ordering it to pay a fine. How easily we fool ourselves! The trust pays the fine and then advances the price. Who pays the fine in the end? We do. The people. The trust is a commercial organization. It deals in a necessity. Warships are not necessities, but sugar is. Oh, how patient the people are! How they seem to love to be fleeced and robbed and fooled! But I don't think they will forever."

Sidney sat still in astonishment. The company around the table seemed to take Mr. Howard's remarks as if they were daily used to them, as indeed they were. Hermosa smiled. Athanasia spoke up.

"*Forever* is a long time, isn't it, Mr. Howard?"

"Yes, but there's lots of it. There is plenty to go around."

"Isn't it nice to think of a time coming when we won't need either warships or sugar?" said Athanasia with perfect simplicity.

"We don't need warships now," said Mr. Howard in his quiet voice. How is it that blind people always have quiet voices? Even in the midst of his most earnest talk, Theodore Howard never raised the pitch of his voice. Sidney was fascinated as he listened to him.

"Has father been arguing with you, Mr. Cushing, over the subject of war?" Hermosa spoke not apologetically but with a trace of wistfulness as she looked from Sidney to her father. She was sitting beside him and Sidney noted the look of the girl's eyes as they turned to the figure in the wheel chair, and placed a hand for a moment on his arm.

"Father is deeply interested in the whole subject of war and its causes and its equipment and its cost. I don't believe there is a navy in the world that is not familiar to him. He has a wonderful memory for figures and it has been cultivated by his habit of thought. I wonder if you would like to hear father recite that poem of Robert Whitaker's called 'My Country'? Father, do you remember that? It came up in our study last week of social verses, and you thought it was so fine. I don't agree with it all, but—can you say it, father?"

Hermosa seemed to have something of the pride a parent might show in asking a precocious child to play or sing something. But the minute she spoke of Whitaker's poem, her father's face glowed with real enthusiasm.

"I can remember every word of it. It begins, 'My country is the world—' Wait, just a moment, Hermosa, until I get the rhythm."

They all sat silent in the dusk as the blind man with his lips moving slightly seemed to be going over with himself the different lines. And then he recited, clearly, the whole poem.

My Country

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life currents mount
And mantle brows like snow,
Or red, or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor State,
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And whereso'er men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform, brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time,
But spite of ignorance and hate,
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn
When all shall own this sign,
And love of country, as of clan,
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

Tommy: "What's this, Aunty? Soap?"
Aunt Mary: "Yes, dear; Ivory Soap."
Tommy: "What's it for?"
Aunt Mary: "To wash children with."
Tommy: "Won't it wash grown people, too?"
Aunt Mary: "Of course it will. Don't you see I've just used it myself?"
Tommy: "Is it Ivory Soap that makes you so pretty, Aunty?"
Aunt Mary: "Partly. I keep myself clean with Ivory Soap. Nature and pleasant thoughts do the rest."

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CHAPTER XIII

There was a moment's pause after the blind man ceased. Hermosa was speaking.

"But of course much of it is purely ideal. Men must belong to some particular thing. They have to belong to a town and a State and a party to do things. They must learn to love their own country and be true to it before they can learn to love the world."

"I believe all that, too," said her father calmly. "Just as I believe every one ought to belong to some particular church in order to learn how to belong to the Church Universal. At the same time, I think the different sects will have to lose their sectarianism before the churches can do the greatest work for the master. I love my own church, but I don't want that feeling to hinder me in any way from loving the Master's Kingdom more than I love my own church."

"Would you be willing to tell me something more about your church?" Sidney seemed to be asking a question of all of them. And he could not help noting the look of pleased interest that leaped into their faces on hearing his question.

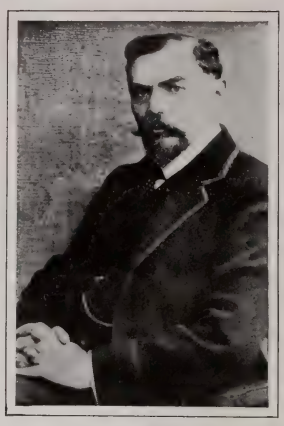
"Mr. Freeman has been our minister, how long is it, Athanasia? You always know."

Continued on page 64

Famous People in the World's News

The Late Rear-Admiral Evans

Lady Henry



Alfred M. Frind

A National Hero Dead

BY THE death of Rear-Admiral Robley Dunglison Evans, who passed away at his home in Washington, D. C., on January 3, the United States navy lost one of its most popular and picturesque figures. As "Fighting Bob," a sobriquet attached to his name much against his wishes, he was known to every schoolboy in the land. The nation never lost sight of him, and with the possible exception of Admiral Dewey no one in the navy stood higher as a popular hero.

The rear-admiral's death came very suddenly. He had lunched with Mrs. Evans, his daughter, Mrs. Harold F. Sewall, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. F. Taylor Evans, and was in his library about two o'clock when seized with acute indigestion. Though the best medical aid was summoned immediately the admiral died at about four o'clock. All who have ever come in close contact with Rear-Admiral Evans have expressed their deepest regret upon learning of his death. He was known and loved in every port where the American navy is known, and there does not live to-day an American naval officer who does not prize among his yarns of the sea some tale of which Admiral "Bob" was the hero. But his death will not be a shock to the American navy alone, for he was also the best known in the foreign service of all the American flag officers.

Rudyard Kipling was one of Admiral Evans's warm friends, and it was he who wrote the poem that follows in one of a set of his works sent to the admiral:

Zogbaum draws things with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
And you sit aloft in a conning tower
Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business
And I take care of mine,
And you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows
And I can handle my style,
And you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile.

"To him that hath shall be given,"
And that's why these books are sent
To the man who has lived more stories
Than Zogbaum or I could invent.

Admiral Evans was born in Floyd County, Va., August 18, 1846, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Andrew Jackson Evans. When he was ten years old he was sent to Washington to live with an uncle so that he could get the advantage of the Washington schools. In 1859 he decided that a naval career would suit him, and he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from Utah, on September 20, 1860. He became an ensign in 1863, and was attached to the steam sloop *Powhatan*, in the West Indian squadron, the following year. He participated in both the naval attacks and the land attack on Fort Fisher in 1865.

Fifteen years after the war ended Evans had a chance to prove his worth in Bering Sea, where he was sent to keep track of the British seal poachers, a job handled so well that he stopped poaching and at the same time kept from offending Great Britain.

The public dubbed him "Fighting Bob" in 1891, when he took the *Yorktown*, a gunboat, to Valparaiso during the Chilean troubles. After taking aboard all the Americans who were in danger he was angered by some act of the Chileans and cabled to Washington, "I demand permission to bombard at once." He didn't get it, but the country realized there was a real fighter on the job.

Captain Evans commanded the *Iowa* through the war with Spain, taking a prominent part at the battle of Santiago, in July, 1898, where his vessel was the largest in the action and led in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's *Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya, Reina Mercedes* and *Almirante Oquendo*.

Following the war with Spain, Captain Evans became a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, and in 1901 he was commissioned a rear-admiral. He was placed in charge of the newly formed Atlantic battleship fleet soon before it started on its famous cruise around the world, on December 16, 1907. In taking the fifteen battleships with their auxiliaries around the "Horn" and into Magdalena Bay, reaching the latter point two days ahead of time, he performed a feat which nearly the whole world pronounced impossible. Illness compelled Rear-Admiral Evans to leave the fleet at Magdalena Bay and rest up at Paso Robles. A month later, he rejoined his ships at San Francisco, and on May 7, 1908, was relieved of command officially.

To the day of his sudden death Rear-Admiral Evans took an active interest in navy matters. Since his retirement in 1910 Rear-Admiral Evans had lived quietly at his home in Washington, spending the larger part of his time in writing or discussing naval matters.

* * *

Lady Henry Visits the East Side

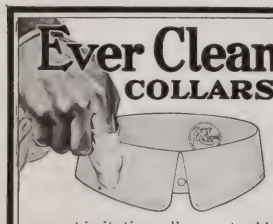
AFTER inspecting the Henry Street Settlement House in New York City and witnessing a production of "The Sleeping Beauty" in the gymnasium, Lady Henry, a visiting English philanthropist who is known widely for her work in behalf of London's poor, expressed amazement at the progress in settlement work in this country. Lady Henry was the guest of Miss Lillian Wald, and in her party were Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin and Bishop Darlington. Lady Henry has during her visit gone to several other settlement houses in the lower part of New York and looked into the work that is being done for the homeless at the Bowery Mission. Her praise of the work was given after careful study.

"It is all very wonderful," she said after leaving a dinner at the Henry Street house. "We have been organized in England so much longer, but I will have nothing but the most glowing reports to make when I return. So much is done here that people know nothing about, and if they did they would be quite amazed, I am sure. It is so well organized and growing so rapidly."

* * *

Founder of Germany's Peace League

MR. ALFRED M. FRIND, one of the most famous of Germany's leaders in the great propaganda for world peace, has recently received the further distinction of being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1911. Mr. Frind was born in Frankfort in 1864 and since his graduation from one of Germany's most famous universities has been active in the promotion of the peace idea. He is the author of many books that have proved great successes and to him is accredited the founding of the German Peace League. It was for this last work that the Nobel Prize was awarded him.



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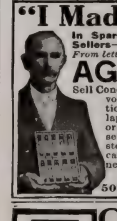

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Our Boys and Girls

All fair devices that were ever fancied are not worth a lie.—Moody.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested. —*Lowell.*

A Hero at Ten

THE other day, in one of the crowded public schools in New York City, a small boy running down the corridor toward his recitation room smelled fire. He stopped to open the nearest door of what proved to be an empty schoolroom ablaze with flame that had already eaten its way through many desks and benches. Quick as wink he closed the door and fled to his teacher. Instead of shouting "Fire!" as nearly all boys or girls and most "olders" would have done at such a moment, Will MacCallum stepped up to his teacher's desk and in a voice that none of the pupils could hear whispered: "Teacher, the school is on fire." In less time than it takes to tell it he ran down to the principal's desk with a piece of paper upon which his teacher had hurriedly written the word "Fire." In ten seconds the signal for the fire-drill rang out sharply.

Doors were thrown open and in double file, keeping step at double-quick march, and with no confusion at all, every pupil in the sixteen rooms of the schoolhouse filed out. Inside of three minutes, the building was empty, and William MacCallum, just turned ten, had won his first honors as a hero.

To be cool-headed and quick in action, to be cautious but daring, and ready on an instant to perform *unquestioning* the duty at hand, these are some of the little traits of which greatest human characters are made.

Honor and Fair Play

A man who is honorable is always to be trusted. He will never tell an untruth, deceive his superiors or employer, and will never do a dishonorable action. His honor guides him in everything that he does. If you see a big rough bully going for a small wee boy, try to stop him, because it is not fair play. If ever you feel inclined to cheat in order to win a game or feel very unhappy when the game is going against you, just say to yourself, "It won't kill me if I do lose; one can't win always, though I will stick to the game in case of a chance coming." If you keep your head in some such way as this, you will very often find that you will win after all; but don't forget when you do lose a game to cheer the winners or shake hands with and congratulate the fellow that beat you.

AN ARAB SCOUT

Are You a Club Member?

THE Aunt in the Cozy Corner wants especially to hear this week from boys' and girls' clubs. Are you a member of a club? Are you planning to get up a club among your schoolmates, your chums and companions? Do you want to plan for a series of good times together during the coming winter and early spring? Are you interested in making pin-money, in parties, social evenings, getting up a fair, nature study, a penny bazaar and ever so many other nice things? Write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, who has interesting plans of all kinds for boys' and girls' clubs. Be sure to ask for only one plan at a time and enclose stamp to cover postage.

A Guess-Me-Please

Two brothers are we, with five children apiece,
A number which rarely is known to increase;
We are large, hard, and black, we are soft, white, and small,
But without us mankind could do nothing at all.
We labored with Adam in tilling the ground,
Yet in the Queen's court we may also be found.
Without us no vessel the ocean could roam,
Yet though we go forth, you will find us at home.

Send all answers to puzzles and prize contests and letters in the Boys' and Girls' Department to

Very lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Our Good-Night Verse

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path . . . Be satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Our Little People's Corner

HANNAH JANE

I

THEY say my dolly no more counts,
Because her head's not on—
Because her chest is battered in
And one poor leg is gone.
Aunt's given me another doll—
From Paris, too, I think—
She says 'Mama" and sits and walks;
Her dress is pretty pink.

II

But I—I like my old doll best;
My Hannah Jane's my pet.
What if she does look all smashed up?
The sawdust's in her yet!
I'm sure that if my head was gone,
Besides a leg or two,
My mother'd love me just the same
As when I was brand new.

III

Oh, Hannah Jane, they say you're plain,
But I don't think it's fair;
You once had china eyes that closed
And lots of yellow hair.

IV

Oh, Hannah Jane, they say you're plain,
But you're not plain to me;
For lovely is as lovely does;
And so—how can you be?

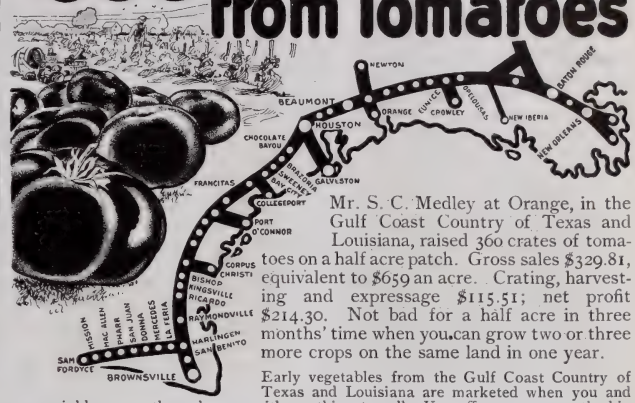
I've stacks and stacks of other things,
But none I like so well;
A woolly lamb that bleats and baas;
A worn-out dinner-bell;
A shadow horse on which I ride
When goblins chase at night;
A patchwork bag, and silver chain;
A Teddy bear that's white.

VI

And then I have a row of stones
All turning into gold;
You keep them in the sun, you know,
Until they're one week old.
I have a little rocking chair;
A track and 'lectric train;
And when I'm tired of all the rest,
I still have—Hannah Jane!

RENA CARY SHEFFIELD.

$659 an Acre from Tomatoes



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Every month has its crops, its profits and gratifying surplus for the bank account. Every month is a joy—warm in winter, refreshing gulf breezes in summer. Every month is a money maker and a health builder.

Do not let the steady grind of office, factory or shop deprive you of your right to freedom from the fear of being superseded or superannuated in the employ of others. You can lead a life of freedom and happiness and be your own boss in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana.

Investigate: The trip down there, via the Frisco, is worth the little cost of going. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, round trip fares, via the Frisco Lines, to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana are very low, Chicago $37.50 or less, St. Louis and Kansas City $32.50 or less, Birmingham $37.50 or less, New Orleans and Baton Rouge $20 or less.

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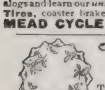

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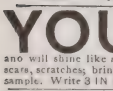

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 61

"He baptized me," said Athanasia eagerly. "That was twenty years ago. Hermosa was four years old at the time."

"Now you know how old we are, Mr. Cushing," said Hermosa, "if Athanasia will tell you how old she was at the christening."

"I was six months," Athanasia said gravely. "Father held me. Of course, I don't remember much about it, but I've always been glad Mr. Freeman baptized me."

"Yes, Mr. Freeman is a fine man. We all love him," said Mr. Howard. "Over twenty years. I remember him when he first came to us. He has been a great blessing to us all. He has been with us in all sorts of trouble and I don't know what we would have done if the church had not given us right visions of life."

"His sermon was helpful this morning," Sidney said thoughtfully.

"They are always helpful," Hermosa said. "He says the things we need to hear."

"You don't understand, you can't," Sidney spoke in a low tone, speaking to all of them, but looking at Hermosa, "how much I would like to—"

Hermosa was startled. A glow slowly crept over her face. There was a wistfulness about Sidney's manner that appealed deeply to her strong religious nature. The little circle about the table was silent with sympathetic interest. Sidney went on, with much inward hesitation but a pleasant feeling that he was with those who understood, after all.

"I would like to belong to a church where it really meant as much as it seems to mean to you."

"It means more than we can tell, Mr. Cushing," Mrs. Ward said. "It covers long years of real helpfulness."

And then the talk for some reason drifted off into other matters as talk is apt to do, and Sidney did not recur to it again until the meal was over and he had wheeled Mr. Howard into his own room to find materials with which to occupy his hands. Then when Sidney and Hermosa were alone together she said,

"I let father do all he can for himself even at a good deal of trouble to himself. It is good for him."

"Yes. You must tell me how you find time out of your working hours to teach him so much."

"In the first place I am unusually well and strong."

Sidney looked carefully at this girl of the people. And what he saw impressed him then and afterwards powerfully. Yes, Hermosa Howard was strong. Her face was the face of one who had never known physical pain or weariness.

"Father seems to need very little sleep. Sometimes I read to him for two hours at a time. He has a wonderful capacity for remembering and retaining the main facts."

"My father has the same ability. I have known him to carry in his memory the dimensions of all the great warships of Great Britain and Germany."

Hermosa was startled at Sidney's mention of his father. Then she said, in a low voice, a little hesitatingly,

"May I—do you—may I ask how your father is— Is he well? Is it right for me to talk to you about him?"

"You are almost the only person—you and Athanasia and the rest here, who can—talk with me. It is a relief. Yes, he is quite well."

"Do you—can you—see him often?"

"No, I do not think it is best for either of us."

"Does he—retain any interest in the new ship?"

"He seemed as deeply interested in it as ever."

"When will it be finished?"

"The work has excelled anything ever known. We shall be able to finish, I think, a year in advance of the contract. I have never known the men to work so intelligently and swiftly. I am going to Washington to-morrow to see the naval committee. It will be a pleasant surprise to them to hear the news. They have been urging haste."

"To Washington?"

"Yes."

"Will Miss Marston christen the new vessel?"

"I don't know." Sidney was astonished.

"Are any but daughters of admirals allowed to christen warships?"

"The daughter of our yard superintendent christened the cruiser *Vengeance*."

"But it is not common?"

"No."

Silence.

"Would you care to christen a warship, Miss Howard?"

"No, I do not believe in them, any more than father does."

"Hermosa!" her father called her and she went across the hall and soon came back wheeling him into the room.

The rest of the evening Sidney spent with the friends in a general visit.

When he went away, it was with a mingled feeling of pleasure and disappointment. There had been times during the evening when it seemed as if Hermosa was on the point of saying something that would enlighten him as to her real religious experience. And then suddenly the door seemed to shut in his face. He asked if he might bring over some books to Mr. Howard and his offer was eagerly accepted by the blind man. He parted from the company with a few cheerful words of thanks on his part for the evening's pleasure and of gratitude for his coming on the part of Mrs. Ward and Athanasia. And all the way home it was Athanasia's bright face that recurred to him as she had stood in the doorway and waved her hand at him.

"Poor girl! How thankful I ought to be that I am straight and strong."

He went into the lonesome house and sat down in the library. The horror of his situation at home had grown upon him as the months went by. One of the means he had chosen to drive this away was to turn on all the lights in the lower part of the house, go into the library and read. He had also of late begun to write out some of his experiences. It was not a diary but rather a running sketch of the day's doings put in the form of imaginary conversations between himself and an imaginary friend. For this friend he had once or twice substituted Pax Marston.

He had been at work on these conversations for half an hour and was growing interested in them, when the bell rang.

Angus and the servants had gone up stairs. Sidney went to the door.

He opened, and in the light of the porch, there stood Ed Marston, the Admiral's nephew.

"What, Marston! I'm glad to see you. Come in!"

Marston came in without a word, looking sadly and wistfully at Sidney.

CHAPTER XIV

AS SOON as Sidney had caught a full look of Ed Marston's face he exclaimed,

"What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"No."

"You don't look right. Come in here. Sit down in that chair. There is no bad news?"

"It depends. I should call it so if I were in your place."

"Talk out, man. Is it Pax!"

"Yes. Do you know—I believe Pax is dying."

"Dying!"

"On your account."

"On my account?"

Continued on next page

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Please send me a FREE start in business and the two beautiful booklets for boys.

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

"Maybe I haven't any business to come in on this. But somehow I couldn't keep out. It's no secret, I guess, that Pax thinks a lot of you."

Silence.

"But since your father, your father—"

"Went to the penitentiary for telling the truth," said Sidney bluntly. "You can't hurt my feelings, Marston, I've been through too much."

Under his breath Marston said, "I should say." Then he continued aloud, "Well, Pax has not been the same girl since that. Old Unc' Marston and Aunt Lydia—well, perhaps you know how they feel."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want a fellow to put the probe in and twist it around?"

"I haven't time to take an anaesthetic," said Sidney with a wan smile.

"Well," muttered Ed, "what did I come up here for anyhow?"

"I don't know. Tell me."

"I think the world of Pax. I can't bear to see her suffer. She—well—I believe that girl is awfully in love with you or some one, and Unc' Marston swears that she shall not be the wife of the son of a—a—"

"Go on."

"A convict."

Silence.

"It's none of my business, I know, Cushing, but I can't bear to see so much unrequited feeling being wasted and I thought maybe you would know what to do and so I came up to see you. If you want any help to carry her off I'm your man. Only I won't go any foolishness about walking, you know. If it's done, I'll engage a two-seated rig and we'll go comfortably."

Even at that moment of confusion and turmoil of mind, Sidney could not help smiling at the careless young lieutenant.

"What can I do?"

"Storm the fortifications. Shell 'em out. Drop some lyddite into Unc' Marston's coffee."

"I was planning to go to Washington to-morrow. But—"

"Good. Pax will be awfully glad to see you."

"If I call, I shall ask to see the admiral and Mrs. Marston before I see Pax." Sidney spoke very gravely and his face was very pale.

"Well, Unc' Marston thinks a lot of you, I know, and Aunt Lyddy took to you first time she saw you. Still, I don't know. They're bang up society, you know. And the fact of your father being in—in—State prison isn't the best testimonial for you. If I were in your place I believe I would make all the necessary arrangements with Pax first and see Unc' Marston last. She's of age. She passed the sixteenth anchor buoy five years ago."

Sidney was silent. It is doubtful if he heard all Marston was rattling off. The whole thing raised questions in his mind that confused and troubled him. Even Marston, careless-minded as he was, saw it, and had the sense to say little more. Only he came over nearer Sidney and said with boyish frankness and good will,

"Cushing, whatever you do I know will be just right. And if Pax is yours with her father's and mother's consent, why, no one will be gladder than I. Why, we'll be cousins then, won't we? And I'll have to call you Sid."

"You may now."

"No. You're too old for me. But you don't blame me for coming up, do you?"

"No, I appreciate it."

"Will you go to Washington anyway?"

"Yes. The business on the *Columbia* requires it."

"You can tell what to do when you get there?"

"Yes. The admiral is in Washington?"

"Yes. He sails for the Isthmus next week to make some inspection. Lucky you can find him this week. He's always at home evenings unless there's some function and it's a quiet time in Washington just now."

Sidney insisted on Marston's staying with him over night and the next morning they took the first express to Washington together.

On the way down Sidney let Marston rattle on at random. He was silent himself. Many questions kept rising up before him. What were his real feelings towards Pax Marston? Did he really and truly love her, or was his emotion, whenever he thought of her, one of passing interest in an unknown personality? He had met her three times. He had talked with her on a small range of topics. He did not know her real character, her aims, her real ambitions, her tastes, her habits, her religious ideas or her friendships. And even if he met all this with the assertion that he did love her enough to risk all to ask her to be his wife, what happiness or peace could he offer her if it was all to be won at the risk of a breach with her own family? And added to it all the tragic fact that she would marry a man whose father had been found guilty of breaking a law and was now serving time in a penitentiary. As he neared Washington, however, the memory of Pax Marston's vivacious face quickened. Once he interrupted Marston, venturing to ask,

"Did you say she was much changed?"

"Who? Pax? Well, you know a girl can't cry every day without washing the color off her complexion some. But her eyes look brighter for so much moisture. She is so handsome you couldn't spoil her looks in a hurry. She'll look good to you all right."

When they parted at Sidney's hotel, Marston wrung Sidney's hand fervently.

"If you need a taxi or a preacher or anything in a hurry call me up. I'm at the club on H Street. I'll stay in all day and night ready to slip my cable when I get your sealed orders."

Sidney smiled, promised to avail himself of Marston's services if he needed them and spent the rest of the day at the business that the *Columbia* demanded.

To be continued

Called Higher

B. B. Scott (80) died in Creswell, Ore., November 30, 1911.

Mrs. Hannah E. Stevens (79) has gone home to her loved Master. She died at Omro, Wis., at the home of her daughter.

Miss Clara D. Oliver (73) passed away on May 13, 1911, after a long and painful illness. She was for many years a reader of this paper.

Emil W. Sallach, of Albion, Mich., was called to his reward a short time ago. He was an earnest Christian and for many years a reader of this paper.

James Dudgeon (83) died February 26, 1911. He had taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over twenty-five years, and had preserved every issue during that period.

Benjamin W. Edgar (95), of Metuchen, N. J., died April 20, 1911. He was an exemplary Christian, and for many years a reader of this magazine.

William Hitchens (72), of Port Huron, Mich., died very suddenly on August 21, 1911. He was an ardent worker for the Kingdom for over fifty-three years, and a subscriber to this magazine for thirty years.

Mrs. Mary Baker (60), of Rushville, Ill., was called home on August 10 last. Through many years of suffering she proved the quality of her Christian convictions by her unwavering patience and good cheer.

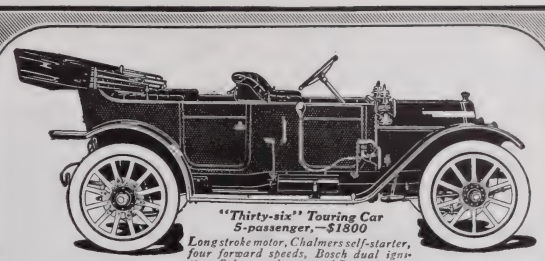
Mrs. Otis R. Corbett (84), of Watkins, N. Y., sank peacefully to sleep on March 10, 1911, in the home where she had lived for over sixty years. She was for many years a subscriber and constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Good Wishes From Colorado

May your good work continue, and the goal you are striving to reach be attained. While the little I can do is limited, I am always ready and willing to do all I can for you and the cause for which you are laboring.

May the blessings of heaven be with you in your endeavors. T. E. ADAMS.

Del Norte Lumber Co., Del Norte, Col.



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"Leans Right Up In the Collar and Pulls"

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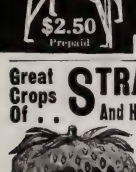

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THE RECKONING

Continued from page 59

'a' stayed till late and got away—I could 'a' beat 'em out! I wanted to—till the girl made me tell—now, I'm sorry for what I done—before God I'm sorry! They ain't takin' me—I'm givin' myself up!"

Under the spell of his burning eyes the straining faces were held; there was no sound save the sound of the girl's sobbing. Tapsy Magin, with a queer smile, silently disappeared in the shadows.

Blinker staggered, then he fell back into his seat; his eyes were bloodshot. The girl was still clinging to his hand. She began to sing again—

> I was a wandering sheep,
> I did not love the fold—

Blinker heard it as in a dream—there was a strange look on his face. He held up his head. For the first time in his life nothing mattered—and everything mattered! He was at odds with the world, and at peace with his own soul. The sensation was new and vivifying; he did not try to understand it, he only felt it, and sat under it restfully, as under a cool wind at the end of a scorching day.

They gathered about him; they pressed his hand; he began to feel that it was good to live—to think strange things, to have lurid desires for a home—that unknown harbor for restless souls—to possess a wife and little children, a wife with sweet eyes to keep him in the straight road! He looked over at the girl timidly, respectfully, he touched her as he might have touched a lily in the hands of a child, and she did not turn away—when she met his eyes she smiled. And then, Tapsy Magin in the doorway again—and an officer! He saw the brass buttons picked out like points of fire on the blue coat; why did they remind him of stars in a dark sky? Perhaps it was because his eyes were moist, almost dim!

"Where is the man?"

In the sympathetic silence Blinker stood up. He stepped forward, meeting Tapsy Magin's shifting eyes boldly—he was not afraid! He saw himself taken as a desperate criminal, he eyed the handcuffs with contempt.

Tapsy Magin thrust his loose jaw forward. "Ye will sing psalms—then sing 'em to the bars in the pen!"

The girl was leaning weakly against the wall. "Oh," she cried, "don't take him, officer; let him go and sin no more; let him go!" Her voice trailed off miserably.

Blinker eyed her a moment silently, then he straightened up. "Don't you care—" he said brokenly, "don't you care, my girl. I beat 'em out. It wasn't as if they took me. I give myself up—I'll pay the reckonin'—I will, sure—and I'm sorry I knocked out the—old man!" His voice choked, but he went out with the look on his face of a man who has won the fight.

That night Blinker came to two conclusions, the force of which swept his face clear of lines; one was that a cell is not always a prison—he still saw the girl's eyes—and the other, that he would have done it all over again!

The game was up. It had been a long game, and a ticklish one—and it hadn't paid! He saw that now. He felt sorry for the other poor dupes who were still playing it!

He sat on the edge of the bare cot, his rough hands hanging helpless. He was like a Samson shorn of his strength. His mouth drooped painfully, and yet somewhere in his soul there was a note that he had never struck before, and it was vibrating in a strange new way.

The morning came. There was no sunlight to announce it, only a gray shade on the whitewashed walls. When the lock turned later on, Blinker knew it was the summons—the reckoning had come!

His entrance into the court room was early, yet there was a crowd. Blinker hung his head; he felt ashamed, like a man about to be tied to a whipping-post in full view of a thousand eyes. A woman near the front laughed shrilly.

"Ain't he the villain, though—you could tell it by the look of him!"

The words struck a new, sore place. After that something followed. Blinker had never been caught before, but there were a dozen officers to swear that they knew him well—he was an old bird at the game. The magistrate considered him sharply.

"Who is here to press the charge?"

Blinker raised his head, his dull eyes wandering over the unfamiliar faces. Suddenly he saw them looking confidently at the door. He turned uneasily, and saw—the old man! The old man he had knocked out and laid low! Behind him was a girl with sweet eyes.

Then, somehow, he lost himself in a fog. He heard some one speaking, in calm, even tones, that smoothed his lacerated feelings like the touch of a kind hand. It was the old man.

"Your honor, I spend my life in the slums. I help the unfortunate whenever I can—you will know me by reputation. This man, the prisoner, knocked me down last night—it was on the lower Bowery—but he didn't strike so hard—I was only stunned and a bit shaken. I believe he is sorry—this girl hunted me up and told me so—he confessed it at a mission last night. I desire to waive the charge, your Honor."

The court room leaned forward, breathless. The magistrate, frowning heavily, looked over at the girl.

"Are you the prisoner's sweetheart?" he asked.

She trembled, paling before the scrutiny of his eyes, then she looked up bravely.

"No, sir, not that—but I know, oh, I *know*—after this—he will be good!"

Her voice died away. Blinker, steadying himself at the rail, felt that she had discovered the hidden things of his soul!

The magistrate centered his gaze on a minute speck in the shifting sunshine; there was a pause—the courtroom, as it so often did, was waiting. Something disturbed the silence: an audible sob. It came from the woman in front who had called the prisoner a villain! The old man, standing by the girl's side, waited silently, his face calm and beneficent—he was like a picture of Time standing still.

Blinker felt his throat thicken with something like tears — his fingers, clutching the guard-rail, trembled and then grew still—all the riotous years of his life seemed to have been leading him up to this moment!

The magistrate turned suddenly; his relentless eyes swept over Blinker's face in a deliberate search for falsehood.

"Is that true?" he said slowly. "*Are* you sorry?"

In the revolving cycle of his emotions Blinker was conscious of nothing—and everything. His gaze wandered out to the girl, pitifully beseeching—from somewhere in his throat came a muffled sob. Then he flung his head back and faced the magistrate.

"Yes," he whispered brokenly, "I *am* sorry—and it ain't no lie!"

The magistrate and the court-room looked at each other.

"Case dismissed—call the next prisoner to the bar!"

Blinker, as in the daze of a dream, stumbled forward. The crowd cleared a place for him to pass by. Into his face had crept the look of a child who knows not which way to go, but an officer curtly showed him. The old man, retreating into the corridor, looked back; the girl was waiting in the doorway—her lips were parted, her sweet eyes met Blinker's in a long, steadying gaze. Suddenly she turned and went out, too; and Blinker, shading his eyes with his hand, followed her!

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Monsoon Rains Fail in India

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have so often responded to the cries of distress in different parts of the world, will learn with regret that the western part of India is again threatened with famine. Since the great famine of 1900, there has been sufficient rain each year in all parts of India to meet the wants of her 315,000,000 people. Twelve years have passed without a famine. In the meantime, many great irrigation works have been completed by the government, and many hundreds of thousands of acres, in districts where famines easily occur, have put their owners beyond the power of any ordinary drought. Other irrigation works under construction have promise of great usefulness when completed. These years have been prosperous years, with generally abundant harvests. Labor has been at a premium, and the financial ability of India has never been better.

The monsoon rains, June to October of this year, have, however, been fitful and insufficient. Deep anxiety was felt for all northern India. Withering crops over her vast plains spread gloom among her people. India turned to her gods in earnest supplication for rain. The government took such preparatory steps as prudence suggested. Happily the September rain came in time to save the growing crop, and from poor to abundant harvests characterize the greater part of India. The exception is the northern part of the Bombay presidency, including Kathiawad, Gujarat, Khandesh, Ahmednagar and Sholapur districts, and some neighboring regions and native states. The September rain that would have ripened the growing first crops of the year failed almost entirely. Here and there, only crops have been saved. There being no rain in this zone during September and October of any value, it has been impossible to sow the second crop. No rain can now in the nature of things be expected until **June of this** year. Failure of crops, no fodder for cattle, and scarcity of water for even drinking purposes, are the conditions now prevailing over large portions of the northern part of the Bombay presidency. Only the most strenuous efforts on the part of government can now avert starvation, disease and death.

The lessons learned by the government in the great famine of 1900 will enable it to deal more effectually during this expected famine. The people also will avail themselves more readily of the means employed by the government for their assistance, for the efforts of the government will be better understood and appreciated. But ignorance of what to do, unintelligently directed efforts, negligence of opportunities open to them, delay where they should act promptly, physical weakness preventing needed action, love of home proving stronger than the instinct of self-preservation, dislike of hard work, trusting to something turning up, dependence on fate rather than on effort, the graft of petty Indian officials who will use opportunities for filling their purse—all these and many other causes will tend to frustrate the best intentions and the best endeavors of the government.

Meantime it is helpful to recognize the importance of the steps the government is now taking at this early stage. The first stress is felt by the cattle. The Indian farmer depends on his cattle. They must have the first aid. Large quantities of fodder are being brought by rail from distant places and sold at a very cheap rate. Contractors have been engaged to continue this supply as may be needed. Government reserved forests have been opened to free grazing. Temporarily unnecessary cattle are being sent off to distant grazing grounds. Money is being lent to farmers to dig wells, to produce fodder where irrigation is possible, and to purchase fodder and seed. Thus the government hopes to save all the cattle worth saving. Land taxes automatically cease as ability to pay them ceases. For those not farmers, for the hill tribes, for the poor artisans whose trade has ceased to yield them anything, for the laborer for whom there is no work, government has provided for the extension of public works now under construction, such as railway embankments, irrigation works, canals and other profitable constructions. Plans for prospective railways and irrigation works already surveyed have been taken from their shelves and are being held ready for execution. Where famine conditions seem already severe, test works have been opened that give employment and gauge the stress of the distress. Thus the government is keeping pace with the steps of the coming famine, and will be found prepared and able to cope with it when it comes. At the same time some things will be beyond the government's power, and distress will be keen. Starvation, though unnecessary, will exist, and deaths from famine will not be altogether avoided. To help, or not, will not be a matter of choice for missionaries. In the villages where there are mission schools, the mission agents will meet the distressed and the necessity of helping will be imperative. When the hour for help comes, India will again experience the fulness of Christian love and sympathy.

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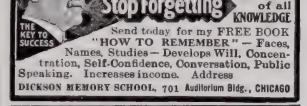

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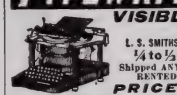

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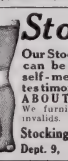

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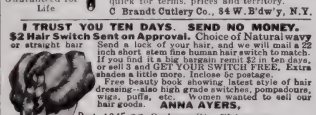

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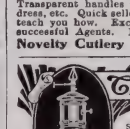

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As to Mortgages on Real Estate

By S. W. WELLS*

I VENTURE to make some comments on your excellent article in the issue of October 25, entitled, "Mortgages on Real Estate," which I trust will at least serve the purpose of turning the thoughts of your investing readers toward some important aspects of real estate investments. The five requirements of any investment, as you name them, seem to warrant almost equal consideration, while certain of them in my judgment are of almost negligible importance compared to others. These are:

1. Safety of principal and interest.
2. Rate.
3. Convertibility.
4. Prospect of increase in market value.
5. Stability of market price.

First of all, let me urge every investor to print the first requirement, "safety of principal and interest," in bold letters and place it prominently before him as a constant reminder of the one real requirement. My personal experience in the investment business has indicated that far too often the ordinary investor attaches disproportionate importance to the other characteristics of a proposed investment.

Second. Permit the suggestion that these words be added always to rate: "No higher than consistent with absolute safety of principal and interest."

Principles of Convertibility

Third. The requirement of convertibility, or cash availability, for an ordinary investor appears frequently to be a mistaken need in his mind and proves a most expensive luxury. There often exists an actual requirement for quick convertibility in the assets of companies upon which a sudden demand may unexpectedly be made, and sometimes the affairs of a private investor may be in such condition as to render this requirement a necessity. For the most part, however, the investor of limited means, who sacrifices from one to two per cent. of interest rate in owning high grade listed bonds, suffers a useless loss caused by a misconception of his own requirements. A thorough appreciation of the meaning of true availability should be had. Any good sound security, bond or mortgage, is fairly convertible into cash within a reasonable time under ordinary financial conditions, just as any good property is reasonably convertible or available as security for raising funds by borrowing.

Now, real convertibility, which is usually construed as instant convertibility under all financial conditions, is found in only a few of the highest-grade securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which yield a rate of income not welcome at all to the average investor. A great many persons, to the writer's knowledge, enjoy the feeling carried with these listed securities, "that they can get their money out any time they want it," who have no real requirement whatever of the kind which they are paying so heavily to enjoy.

In Times of Financial Stress

Let it be said in passing, that a great many securities possess a fair-weather convertibility which fades away in times of financial stress. It is at such times generally that the real need arises to convert, and it has been shown that at such times there are two convertible classes of securities—the high-grade listed bond and the thoroughly sound desirable investment which is constantly required by the large institutions. The really well secured real estate mortgage then comes into its own and shows itself superior to a host of intermediate investments which sell on a more or less fictitious quality of convertibility.

Fourth. The prospect of increase in market value of the investment is a hazardous consideration to have weight in an investor's mind. Let the consideration rather be the probable and logical increase in value of the property securing the loan, which reverts again to the first requirement, "safety." Such considerations as the possible increase in market value border on the speculative possibilities of an investment, and this is admittedly dangerous ground for the untrained investor. If the probable increase in value of the mortgaged security takes place there may then arise a slight enhancement in value of the mortgage, be it railroad, city real estate or farm land. The elemental consideration still remains the ultimate return of principal intact. This for the bona fide investors who, it is presumed, form the reading class of your magazine.

Stability of Market Price

Fifth. Stability of market price is best assured by increased earnings of property or property value increase. Let this be merged again in the first consideration.

I wish to offer my commendation most heartily to the point made in your article, that because mortgages do not enhance in value, they do not therefore shrink, and for that reason, they are removed from the field of speculation. Is this not the prime consideration to occupy the mind of an investor who wishes to be assured of a regular income on capital? Our experience in a general investment business has demonstrated that anything even remotely bordering on speculative value is most dangerous seed implanted in the minds of investors. To make them appreciate that what goes up may come down and keep on coming, has seemed to us our best educational note.

One Further Consideration

There is one further consideration in making investments which might well be given a place among the requirements you name. Let the investor thoroughly acquaint himself with the company through whom he proposes to obtain his investment. The advertisers in discriminating magazines may perhaps first merit his attention. A further investigation is always possible through some disinterested financial agency at home in whom he has confidence. The analysis of a security as suggested in your article is good, but inadequate to insure safety in dealing with an irresponsible company whose reputation is not more valuable to them than any possible present profits.

*Of Wells & Dickey Co.

Bricks and Tiles

EVERY State and Territory in the Union, excepting Alaska and Hawaii, is a producer of burned clay in some form. Undoubtedly the rapid introduction of concrete into the building trades has in the last few years greatly reduced the amount of bricks used in masonry, yet the aggregate production and value of the industry is still enormous. Including the coarser forms of pottery, the total value of these products in 1910 was $170,115,974; of this sum $18,111,000 should be credited to fire bricks, and to drain tiles $10,389,000. But it is the familiar common brick that heads the list with an output valued at $55,219,551. Vitrified bricks, used for paving, total $11,269,586. This sum was slightly exceeded by the output of clay sewer-pipes, which amounted to $11,428,696. Despite the competition of concrete and the use of up-to-date machinery, the price of structural bricks is steadily increasing.

COFFEE vs. COLLEGE

Student Had to Give Up Coffee

Some people are apparently immune to coffee poisoning—if you are not, Nature will tell you so in the ailments she sends as warnings. And when you get a warning, heed it or you get hurt, sure.

A young college student writes from New York:

"I had been told frequently that coffee was injurious to me, and if I had not been told, the almost constant headaches with which I began to suffer after using it for several years, the state lethargic mentality which gradually came upon me to hinder me in my studies, the general lassitude and indisposition to any sort of effort which possessed me, ought to have been sufficient warning.

But I disregarded then till my physician told me a few months ago that I must give up coffee or quit college. I could hesitate no longer, and at once abandoned coffee.

"On the advice of a friend I began to drank Postum, and rejoice to tell you that with the drug of coffee removed and the healthful properties of Postum in its place I was soon relieved of all my ailments.

The headaches and nervousness disappeared entirely, strength came back to me, and my complexion which had been very, very bad, cleared up beautifully.

Better than all, my mental faculties were toned up, and become more vigorous than ever, and I now feel that no course of study would be too difficult for me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Young People's Societies

Our Native Land*

NEVER was wiser proverb than that "charity begins at home." The man who allows his own family to go ragged, ignorant and unchurched, and puts his property and his efforts into foreign evangelization is an almost unthinkable creature. None but an imbecile could, we would say, pursue such a course; and yet the country which lets its own dark corners go unlighted while sending torches to illumine the darkness of other countries, is in a similar case. We should strenuously do the one, while not leaving the other undone.

It is related of the saintly Frances Havergal that when, in the year 1873, she felt that she had come into the full illumination of the Spirit, her first prayer was for the conversion of those in the home where she was then visiting. The family was composed of ten persons, several of them unconverted, and none of the rest active Christians. "Lord, give me all this house!" she prayed with an agony of desire, and her petition was granted. She felt that her first duty was to those immediately surrounding her. That done, she could go on into wider fields. It is a good lesson for us all.

Not very long ago, we were told that 74 per cent. of the discharged convicts of a certain section of Europe came to this country. Many of the immigrants are tainted with a prison record, yet they are able at one port or another to lie or smuggle themselves in. Some of these men and women settle in the far interior. More remain in the coast cities. Wherever they are, they are a menace to our government and should be surrounded by uplifting influences. This is only a single one of the scores of what may well be called "indigestible classes," which form our polyglot population.

It is estimated that a large per cent. of our immigrants, good, bad and indifferent, push westward; and that the proportion of foreigners in the States west of the Mississippi is two or three times as great as in those east of it. Henry Ward Beecher once hopefully declared that we were unnecessarily worried over the extent of immigration, that "a lion can easily swallow and digest an ox"; to which Dr. Josiah Strong replied logically that if the lion should chance to overeat on ox-meat, or should chance to devour a diseased ox, we should have on our hands a very sick lion. The moral is plain. We must realize that our country is in danger of being permanently weakened and injured by the tremendous influx of foreigners, many of them oppressed and ignorant peasants from the least progressive countries.

An enormous number of the inhabitants of the Middle Western States have, during the last ten years, removed to the great new commonwealths, taking up land in remote sections and founding new communities. Some of these people are stanch Christians and carry their faith with them as they go; but many more were either infidels or lukewarm Christians to begin with, and they are likely to grow worse in their new environment, unless helping hands are stretched out to them.

Let us see to it that these helping hands are supplied. Few of us understand the awful extent to which in some frontier communities, and in the purlieus of our cities, not only vice and irreligion, but disloyalty to our government and positive anarchism, have developed. Not only for the sake of God and our religion, but for the sake of sanity, good government and patriotism, do we need zealous and intelligent home missionary labor. Let us promote it by every means in our power.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sunday, January 28. TEXTS: Jer. 40: 1-6; Ex. 3: 1-10; Mark 5: 18-20.

Foreign Missions*

IN John R. Mott's *Decisive Hour of Missions*, he quotes thus the terrible accusation of an Asiatic against the merchants and laymen who represent Christian countries abroad: "You come to us with your religion. You degrade our people with drink. You scorn our religion, in many points like your own, and then you wonder why Christianity makes such slow progress among us. I will tell you. It is because you are not like your Christ."

All the efforts of our missionaries are often not enough to counterbalance the deplorable influence of these wicked representatives of the so-called Christian countries, who scatter with truly fiendish industry, not only strong drink but streams of agnostic and other destructive literature wherever they go. Pundita Ramabai has said: "The majority of the higher classes in our schools are getting Western secular education, which is undermining their faith in their ancestral religion. They are not getting anything better to take the place of the old religion in their hearts, and are therefore without God, without hope, without Christ, going down socially and morally."

Mohammedanism is making terrible inroads in the East Indies and Africa, a new foe for our devoted missionaries there to fight. Their cry is now for the means of giving Christian education to the people. The Oriental mind is aroused. Education it will have. Its curiosity regarding Western science and art is poignantly awakened, and unless Christian institutions are established there, the rationalistic and atheistic schools will prevail.

Have you ever chanced to notice the fervent avowals of joy in their work which most missionaries have made? There have been few of them who have not testified as they laid down their labors, that they were glad of their choice. As old Archdeacon Moule said, after fifty years as a missionary in China, "Could I live my fifty years over again, I should wish to change much early and late and in the middle distance, as to personal action and zeal; but I would not change my occupation or desire anything happier or nobler in ideal."

One of the direct results of Christian missions in Bombay is mentioned by Dr. Hume, and is one of the most encouraging signs of the times in India. It is the establishment by high-caste Hindus of a mission for the elevation of the depressed classes. It seeks to "promote education, provide work, remove social disabilities and preach good citizenship."

By those who have known India in the past, this innovation is regarded as nothing short of miraculous.

Last July there died in Chefoo Miss Downing, a missionary from St. Johnsbury, Vt. She had worked, with only a year's rest, continuously since 1866 in Chefoo. For years, says *Woman's Work for Women*, she conducted a girl's boarding school, and she helped also in the establishment and conduct of other schools. She assisted substantially in the building of a vacation home in Chefoo for tired missionaries. A self-supporting worker, she gave untiringly of her means and of her strength. When she died, the flag at the United States consulate hung at half-mast, the church bell tolled her age (82), and a company surrounded her grave, singing her favorite song, "Heaven Is My Home."

Could there be a more beautiful, a more useful life than this? It should be an example to thousands of others among our well-to-do women.

But it is generally the poor who wish to minister to those who sit in darkness; and they must be paid and their work sustained. Let us give to them freely.

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, January 28. TEXTS: II. Cor. 5: 14-20.

Josef Hofmann Is Now Acknowledged the Greatest Pianist in the World

In that opinion practically all the leading musical critics now agree. It was this belief in Mr. Hofmann's powers and musical knowledge that led the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, five years ago, to ask the great pianist to join the magazine's editorial staff and conduct a monthly department in which he would answer the questions of piano students.

For five years Mr. Hofmann has done this, and is doing it now. He has answered hundreds of questions during that time, placing his unquestioned knowledge of the piano at the free disposal of every piano student.

So that no matter in how small a community a girl who loves her piano may live or how far removed from a musical center she may be, the free advice of the greatest of living pianists is at her disposal. Read his department, for example, in the February LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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These questions were:

How did college affect your health?
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In what way could the girls' college be bettered?

Perhaps this is the most careful and searching inquiry as to the absolute value of a college education by the only women qualified to speak — the women who tried it.

The results of these months of work are now being given in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. One of the articles is in the February number.

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THE INFANT CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

YOUTH and old age, side by side, is a favorite subject with artists. The old fisherman rowing his boat over the tossing waves with his little granddaughter at his side; the grandfather with his grandson upon his knee; the grandmother and her granddaughter side by side, "sweet sixty and sweet sixteen," are truly lovely pictures.

In to-day's lesson we have such a picture. We see in the temple of God the aged Simeon, probably one hundred and three years old, holding in his arms the infant Saviour; a look of soul-gratification illumines his face, as he realizes that this is indeed the "Lord's Christ" whom the Holy Spirit had promised that he should see before his death. We can almost hear the old man saying to the company gathered there (priests and others to witness the presentation of Jesus in the temple according to the law), "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." (Luke 2: 25-32.)

Youth and Old Age

Then there was another beautiful picture of Youth and Old Age, as Anna, the prophetess, eighty-four years old, came into the temple and stood beside the holy Infant, with the love-light in her eyes falling first upon the Child, and then upon the company of people, as she told them that he was indeed the promised Messiah whom they had so long desired. We do not wonder that this occasion has been painted by several different artists, and that it is a favorite subject in Christian art. But what of the dear Virgin Mother, almost a child herself, who had come to the temple with her Child? She, too, looked on the beautiful picture of the Babe and the aged people, and it was almost beyond her comprehension, for it is said that she and Joseph "marveled at those things which were spoken of him." (Luke 2: 33.) Mary had come not only to bring her Child according to the law, but also to offer a sacrifice for herself—a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. But how did Simeon and Anna chance to be there at the auspicious time? Ah! there is a great thought in that connection: Simeon, though aged, and possibly somewhat infirm, instead of abiding quietly in his home, lingered much about the house of God with holy expectation in his heart. And as for Anna, it is said of her that "she served God with fastings and prayers night and day in the temple." She had not permitted old age to condemn her to a place in the chimney corner at home.

"I only ask to live just as long as God has any work for me to do—and not one moment longer." This is what Theodore L. Cuyler said after he had been fifty-six years in the ministry, and he said this when he was still pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in the United States. It is a common saying: "It is better to wear out than to rust out." And truly, is not rusting out the more deadly? For when rusting begins, it eats deeper and deeper until it paralyzes all human energy, while what is called the wear and tear of life is rapidly made up.

"You might as well lie down and die as to stop your work," said one friend to another who had become somewhat discouraged by what seemed to be a weakening of powers. Mrs. William Schauffler, who for nearly sixty years had been a missionary, had been ill for some weeks, and although somewhat recovered, seemed too weak ever to rise again from her bed. She sent for her son, Rev. A. F. Schauffler, and she said to him: "Frederic, I think the time has come that I am to leave the world." "Why do you think so, mother?" he asked. "Because the Lord does not seem to have anything more for me to do; nobody seems to need me." You are mistaken, mother," the son replied; "there was a Jew here a few days ago, in much distress, wishing that he might see you, and get some advice from you." "Is that so? Could you send for him now? I would like to see him;" and she showed evident signs of reviving strength, just as a fire that is stirred burns up brightly. The Jew was brought to her bedside and got from her the wise counsel he so much needed. Nothing more was said about dying, and indeed Mrs. Schauffler lived eight years longer—eight years of usefulness. Her son has said that undoubtedly his mother's life would have ended when she thought there was nothing more for her to do, if it had not been for the coming of the Jew.

The Lessons of Old Age

There are many lessons which old age can teach, but the preserving of the power of helpfulness to others is one of the most practical lessons of all. There is a right way and a wrong way to be helpful. A writer signing himself "Spectator" gives some good advice in this matter when he says: "The Spectator himself, though not so young as he once was, is not so old as to make it impossible for him to be older if he should live long enough. This being the case, he hopes that these few lines will not be taken as an impertinence by his elders and betters. After all, this advice is not really meant for old people, for then it is too late to change any habit of the mind; but he wants to urge those who are growing old to consider their peculiarities while it is in their power to do so, and above all to give themselves larger and wider interests than those of the small practical details of life." As a warning, the Spectator cites the case of an old lady who had lived a most efficient and useful life in many ways. She had always taken the entire management of her household, never allowing any of her children to assist or interfere with her arrangements. But now, when no longer strong enough for such activities, she wearies herself and every one with incessant questions as to what has been done, and what is going to be done, and her unwillingness to trust the judgment of any one else is a sore trial to those who must now do the work. The Spectator remarks: "If this woman had thought and read more widely at an earlier period of her life, and thus given herself the power of discriminating between what is really of importance and what is not, her old age would have been far more beautiful and useful." One old woman who had lived beyond one hundred years, and was even then making public addresses to very cultured people, was asked: "What is the secret of your long life?" She replied: "I rather think it is because I haven't worried out my life thinking on small subjects."

Here we turn again to look at the aged Simeon, and Anna the prophetess. How full of instruction their old age seems to us, and we thank God for putting that scene in the temple into the Bible. A gentleman who has just entered "the sunset watch of life" has made a change in the familiar lines in which age is compared to a lovely Lapland night, to read as follows:

An old age serene and bright
And lovely as the sunset light
Shall guide thee to thy grave.

The Duty of Youth to Old Age

A traveler in the Tyrol tells how she was awakened one morning very early by the music of a violin and flutes under her windows. She could not guess the occasion of it, but when she went down stairs she found the house all decorated with flowers, and there was a table covered with gifts such as a worsted shawl, warm gloves, baskets of flowers, cake, etc., and every gift had pinned to it some message of love. A chair was placed by the table for some one to occupy it. The traveler asked what it all meant, and the reply was: "It is grandmother's birthday." The grandmother in her spectacles, high velvet cap and white apron, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visitors, and dealing out cake to all who came.

But it is not alone on grandmother's birthday that she should receive loving consideration. To be hands, feet, eyes, or ears for grandma and grandpa every day in the year should be the great delight of a child or young person, while advice given by them should receive close attention and be followed by swift action.

Who would ever think that grandma might even be a rival to Santa Claus? A grandmother living in a distant city made two pretty little gingham dresses for her three-year-old granddaughter, and sent them to her. The little one was so pleased that she was unwilling to wear any of her other dresses. A few weeks later, the mother proposed sending the rather large family of dolls to Santa Claus to have him redress them. But little Betsy stoutly objected, saying, "I don't want Santa Claus to do it, but my lovy grandma."

Oh, yes, these lovely grandmas,

They have gathered for me the roses of life
And stripped their thorns away.
They have given caress, and kept off strife
Through many a sorrowful day;
They have raised the cup to my fevered lip
With a touch that never jarred,
They have held me up when I feared to slip
O'er ways both dark and hard.

Young people show the goodness of their hearts and the nobility of their lives when they rejoice in their grandparents and look up to them. Many are quite willing to do this if they can thereby lay claim to some great name, but that does not count in heaven, and that is not what we mean here, but rather what the apostle Paul wrote about in a letter to Timothy: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded that in thee also."

The boys and girls of to-day are sure to be the grandparents of two or three generations hence, and that is another reason why they should love and reverence their grandparents now. If they do not, they will be sowing the seeds of irreverent treatment for themselves by and by.

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for January 28, 1912.** The Presentation in the Temple. Luke 2: 22-39. GOLDEN TEXT: "For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples." Luke 2: 30, 31.

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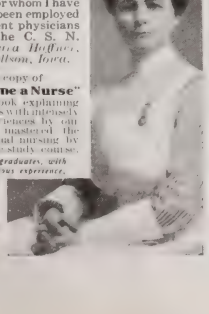

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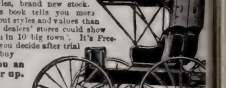
Phelps sells only direct from factory. All latest styles, brand new stock. His book tells you more about styles and values than 25 dealers' stores could show you in 10 big town. It's Free. If you decide after trial to buy



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A cube to a cupful
A cupful in a minute

Oxo Bouillon—appetizing, nourishing, easily digested. Quickly builds up lagging strength. Always ready—Simply place a cube in a cup and add hot water.

In tins of four sizes

4 for 10c	50 for $1.20
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At your dealer's or sent postpaid by us.

FREE—*Send us your dealer's name and address and we will send you a box of Oxo Bouillon Cubes free.*

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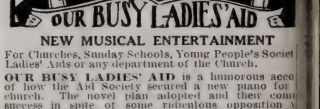

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For Churches, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Ladies' Aids or any department of the Church.

OUR BUSY LADIES' AID is a humorous account of how the Aid Society secured a new piano for the church. The novel plan adopted and then carried to success in spite of some ridiculous opposition will entertain any audience. Highly recommended by Ministers as extremely well adapted for church performance.

Easy Choruses—Comical Dialog—Easy To Get Up
Single copy 35c. $3.50 per dozen.

Examination copy loaned if three cents postage is sent with your request. To be returned promptly if not purchased.

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A complete Light Plant weighing 7 lbs. Portable, absolutely safe, 300 c. p. brilliant light 3/4 cent per hour. Saves 90% of your light bill.

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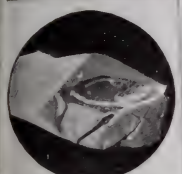


Food prepared for cooking placed in a bag

COOKING IN PAPER BAGS

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.00. Postage 15 Cents Eqtra.

The method of cooking well-nigh everything but soups in paper bags, on a broiler, in any and every kind of oven, is clearly and fully explained in the new book, *Paper Bag Cooking*, by M. Soyer, the famous chef of Brooks' Club, London, the originator and perfector of this system, which bids fair to revolutionize cooking the world over. The American edition has been revised by Marion Harland's daughter, Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water, the American equivalents taking the place of English culinary terms.

The advantages of the method—there are no disadvantages—make it a boon alike to rich and poor, to those who cook themselves and those who enjoy the cooking of others, and for these reasons:

1. It makes every dish more savory and nutritious.
2. It is economical: the food weighing practically the same when drawn from, as when put into, the oven.
3. It is labor-saving—no cleaning of pots or pans.
4. It is hygienic—no germ-haunted cooking utensils.
5. No smell of cooking—the bag is sealed with a clip.

It is clear that, where paper-bag cookery is adopted, the kitchen—especially the humble kitchen—will become a new room, for, greasy pots and pans virtually dispensed with, the atmosphere will be changed. The activity of the microbe will also be hindered. Labor will be saved, and quicker cooking will lower the coal and gas bill. For dwellers in small flats and single rooms—for bachelors and bachelor maids, clerks, typists, and school-teachers—the advantages are obvious, and not the least of these is freedom from the odor of cooking.

With each copy of Soyer's "PAPER BAG COOKERY" will be sent Two Dozen Special Paper Bags.

WEATHER HOUSE

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.00.

The artistic little weather house shown here is made in Germany and especially imported for us. It perfectly fills all the requirements of a thermometer and barometer. If the weather is going to be fine the children will appear at the door; if the weather is going to be bad the children will go indoors, and the old lady will come out dressed for a storm. While the construction is very simple, the barometer is thoroughly reliable and accurate. The changing positions of the children and the old lady will be a source of constant interest to all members of the family. Postage 15 cents extra in either case.

A Choice of Either of the Premiums Described Below Given Free to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.00.

AVIATION CAPS

These extremely popular caps are made of very heavy soft all wool fleece yarn. They are very stylish and suitable for wear with any costume, and are extremely comfortable for cold weather wear in outdoor sports, such as skating or driving. The body of the cap is pure white, finished with a turned-up colored band. Choice of any color desired. Postage, 10 cents extra.

KNITTED COAT SWEATERS

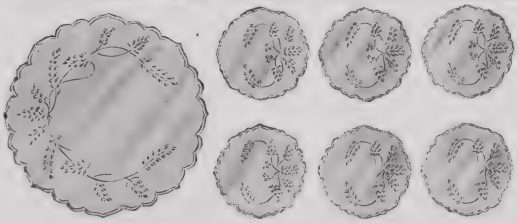
This sweater is one of the most serviceable and satisfactory garments a child can possess. It is made of fine quality yarn, cut the latest coat style, having two side pockets, and heavy knitted band down the front, fastened with white pearl buttons. Can be furnished in white, red or gray, and sizes 22, 24 and 26, so that children of all ages can be fitted. We will *Give Free for Two New Subscriptions at $1.50 each, postage 20 cents extra, the same garment in misses' size*, running from 26 to 34.

For Three New Subscriptions at $1.50 each, postage 20 cents extra, we will send a lady's coat sweater in any of the following colors: White, oxford, or navy. This is a beautifully finished garment, and will be found extremely comfortable for cold weather wear. Can be had in sizes from 36 to 44. Postage, 15 cents extra in either case.

BISQUE DOLL

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing Two NEW Subscriptions to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.75.

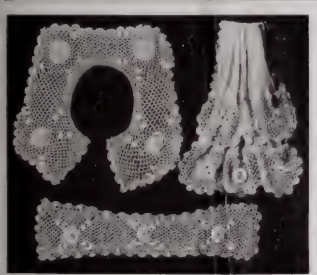
This is one of the most charming and lifelike dolls a little girl could own. She is twenty inches high, has genuine bisque head, beautiful eyes that open and shut, and beautiful curly hair. The body is made of best white kid, thoroughly sewed, and has especially constructed jointed hips, which make it possible for dolly to sit or lie down in perfect ease. Packed in a strong box and sent by express at receiver's expense.



LUNCH SET

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.00.

This artistic lunch set will appeal to every one interested in dainty needlework. It consists of one centerpiece, 18 x 18 inches, and six doilies each 8½ x 8½ inches, stamped on pure white imported linen. With the set is included one bone stiletto and twenty-five skeins of D. M. C. Embroidery Cotton, which is a sufficient quantity for working the eyelet design and scalloping the edges.



REAL IRISH POINT LACE

A Choice Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.00.

You may have either one of the collars or the jabot shown in the illustration for one new subscription. They are all three made of real Irish point lace, not imitation, and they are the most stylish and latest designs worn in New York at the present time. The standing and Dutch collars are made after a rose design, and the jabot has a conventional clover design. The jabot is made up with a very fine quality of batiste. Postage, 4 cents extra.

UP-TO-DATE FANCYWORK COMBINATION

Given Free as a Premium to Old Subscribers for Securing One NEW Subscription to The Christian Herald at $1.50. Or Sent with One Renewal Subscription for $2.00.

This combination outfit will surely please every woman, as it contains up-to-date designs for all kinds of fancy work. Some of these are stamped on the goods ready to be embroidered, others are perforated on bond paper, enabling one to use the pattern over and over again. This beautiful outfit consists of one 18 inch pure imported linen centerpiece, one corset cover stamped on fine quality nainsook, one pillow top hand-painted on Aberdeen crash, five skeins of Queen Louise embroidery floss for outlining the pillow top, one bone stiletto. Also the following embroidery designs, which are full size, perforated on three sheets of 22 x 28 inch bond paper, strong enough to be used several times: One scarf, four Dutch collars, three turnover collars, one pillow case, one doily 5½ x 5½ inches, one bow, seven sprays, one handkerchief case, one belt, one shirtwaist, collar and cuffs to match; one complete set of alphabet letters, three-fourths of an inch high; one complete set, 1½ inches high; one table cover, two borders, one anchor, also a cake of "Ideal" Stamping Preparation, Poncette, and directions for stamping.

Tire Cost—Where It Goes

23% is Due to Rim-Cutting—
25% is Due to Overloading

We sent out men to look at thousands of ruined clincher tires.

And 23 per cent. of all those tires were rim-cut.

Sometimes this ruin is the driver's fault. He runs the tire partly deflated.

It is usually due to a puncture.

A clincher tire which goes flat may be wrecked in a moment—ruined beyond repair.

On the other side, note this:

No-Rim-Cut tires are more widely used than any other make of tire.

Men know they can't rim-cut, so they get more abuse — more under-inflation — than any other tire that's made.

But, despite all this neglect, we have never had an instance of rim-cutting in all the hundreds of thousands used.

Most tires are overloaded.

Not through any fault of the motor car maker. He equips for expected load.

But you add heavy extras.

And some of your passengers sometimes overweigh the expected 150 pounds.

The result is a blow-out.

That's why we make No-Rim-Cut tires 10 per cent. over the rated size. The manner of fitting permits that.

That means 10 per cent. more air—

Ten per cent. more carrying capacity.

And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

Yet these tires which can't rim-cut — these oversize tires — now cost no more than other standard tires. That's why they outsell others.

Average Saving, $20 Per Tire

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions double the life of a tire. This judgment is based on 13 years of experience, with 800,000 Goodyear tires.

If that is so, this single invention is saving an average of $20 per tire, figuring various sizes. On our output this year that will mean $10,000,000.

Those figures, of course, are only approximate. One can't be exact on the cost of tire upkeep.

Proper care and inflation, roads, speed, loads, etc., all affect tire mileage.

But the figures are fair.

Certain it is that No-Rim-Cut tires save all the ruin of rim-cutting.

Certain it is that their 10 per cent. oversize adds an average of 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

No Extra Cost

These patented tires, when first brought out, cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Now they cost an equal price. Our multiplied output has cut the cost of production.

Note what that means.

No-Rim-Cut tires, 10 per cent. oversize, cost just the same as old-type clincher tires. The saving is entirely clear.

You get all their advantages by simply insisting on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

By Far the Leading Tire

Now note the judgment of users.

The demand for these tires has doubled over and over. It now exceeds the demand for any other type of tire.

Last year's sales on No-Rim-Cut tires exceeded the previous 12 years put together.

This year, 108 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires.

That's the result of experience.

These tires have been tested by not less than 100,000 users. And that is the result of the testing.

Isn't that evidence enough?

THE NEW GOODYEAR NON-SKID TREAD

Tough
Deep-Cut
Double-Thick

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Non-Skid Treads, if Wanted

Now these tires, if you want it, come equipped with an ideal Non-Skid tread.

Not any short-lived protection. Not a mere corrugation in a regular tread.

This is an extra tread, vulcanized onto the regular, so it gives you a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber. And its thickness permits these deep-cut, enduring blocks.

The road surface is grasped by countless edges and angles—grasped with a bulldog grip.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed the same as on smooth-tread tires.

One moment's comparison reveals a dozen advantages over any other non-skid invention. We have worked for three years to perfect it.

The Final Tire

The tire of the future, beyond any question, will be this No-Rim-Cut type.

The old-type clincher—the hooked-base tire—is being displaced on thousands of cars each month.

After 13 years of tire making we consider this tire the best that we ever can make.

It is so close to perfection that our liberal warrant now costs us but a trifle per tire.

Rubber never can be made more impervious to wear. Fabric can never be made more enduring.

This type and this tire, in our estimation, represents finality in tires.

Our new Tire Book is ready. It is filled with facts, based on 13 years of tire making, which every tire user should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, CALUMET STREET, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities **We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits**

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. **Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.**

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Christian Herald

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1912

VOL. 35—NO. 4. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

MME. MOLÉ-RAYMOND. *From the Painting by Vigée-Lebrun*

See page 77

Study this picture—
There's a story in each face

HERE is an opportunity for ***you*** to write an advertisement that will be read by millions and millions of people. For the best advertisements ***written by amateurs*** on Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder for the illustration above

$400 will be awarded

First Award, $100 Second, $50 Third, $25 10 Awards $10 Each 25 Awards $5 Each

Write your advertisement in your own way in simple terms and short sentences. You can get facts and arguments about

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

in the advertisements now appearing in the **Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, Delineator, Designer, New Idea, McCall's, Everybody's, Munsey's** and other publications, one of which you probably read. While it is not compulsory to buy Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder to enter this contest, the literature in the package, as sold everywhere, will give additional helpful information.

Do not tear out this page. Use it only as an inspiration and guide. Write your advertisement on one side of plain sheet or sheets of paper just as you would any composition. Avoid big words. Awards will be made on neatness, simple language, sound reasoning and brevity.

We suggest that you write a short introduction based on the ideas you get from the picture, such as the consequences of neglected teeth and the benefits of well-cared-for teeth, this to lead up to the highly efficient, beneficial and safe-guarding qualities of **Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder**—in all 200 to 300 words. No person engaged in the advertising business or member of his or her family is invited to enter this contest.

Contest closes midnight, April 1st. Mail your advertisement, signed with address, to Contest Dept. C, Dr. I. W. Lyon, New York City. Awards will be made by jury appointed from their advertising departments by the following publications: Everybody's, McClure's, Cosmopolitan, Munsey's, Delineator, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, Literary Digest. Winning advertisements will be published after May 1st with names of winners.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Huddling in a Sheltered Doorway for Warmth

An Apple-Woman Braving the Cold

Teamsters on the River Front Trying to Keep Warm

JANUARY'S GREAT COLD WAVE

THE first weeks of the new year brought to the greater part of the North American continent the lowest temperatures which have been recorded in some sections for many years. A great cold wave swept across the country from the Rocky Mountains, causing intense suffering and a great loss of life and destruction of property all through the Middle West. A dispatch from Denver, Colo., on January 6, stated that 30,000 cattle were starving or freezing to death in western Kansas and eastern Colorado. The value of this live stock is estimated at over $1,500,000, and it is believed that there is little hope of saving a large number of younger cattle, which had been left in the open to winter.

Appeals for aid from the poorer section of all the cities and towns throughout the country have kept the churches and charitable organizations working at their fullest capacity to provide food and clothing. During the first days of the cold snap, thirteen deaths were recorded in the West and Middle West, and the temperatures ranged all the way from 34 degrees below zero in Winnipeg and some of the other western Canadian cities through the entire range of the thermometer up to one degree below zero in Pittsburg and about zero in New York City. When the coldest weather struck Chicago the charitable organizations were forced to their wits' end to devise means for relieving the distress, which they found more extensive than they had ever before known it in the city.

The coming of the cold wave to the Atlantic seaboard was accompanied by a terrible storm, which raged up and down the coast, causing a number of shipwrecks and a great deal of distress on the coast. Atlantic steamers came into the eastern ports clothed from waterline to truck with ice and snow. Only a few hours before the storm signals were hoisted the entire American fleet had been dispatched to a point south of the Bermuda Islands to carry on squadron drill and war manœuvers. The storm overtook the fleet and sent it limping back to the nearest ports in what was practically a disabled condition. Shrouded with ice and snow, the smaller vessels made Hamilton, Bermuda, while the larger ones ran for Chesapeake Bay. The officers reported that they encountered seas which threw great volumes of spray down the funnels of the *Delaware*, one of the largest of battleships. Considerable anxiety was felt for three of the torpedo-boat destroyers, which are not in any way constructed to withstand such heavy weather. A number of the larger and more powerful vessels of the fleet spent two days in searching for their smaller and disabled fellows. After these little boats had been safely assisted into Hampton Roads one of the officers from the *Terry* said jokingly that he had some difficulty in making up his mind during the height of the storm whether he was navigating a torpedo boat or a submarine, the heavy seas broke over the little ship so continuously.

Though the temperature in New York City did not reach those lower registers that had been reported from the Middle West the suffering was no less intense, for when the northwest wind brings a cold wave to New York it is usually accompanied by such humidity that the discomforts are as keen and the effects as apparent as though the thermometer really registered very much lower than it actually does. The first night of the intense cold brought to light an almost undreamed of amount of destitution and suffering in the city. January 5 recorded the lowest temperature of any similar date in the last forty-one years, and though this may have had a great deal to do with the amount of suffering that became known to the public it was a matter of great astonishment to the charity workers to find such large numbers of men unemployed and reduced to such dire poverty that the coming of this cold weather forced them to seek clothing and shelter at the expense of the city and the various charitable organizations. That night the missions of the city, the Municipal Lodging House and every other place of refuge were so crowded that the Charities Organization appealed to the city for more space, and succeeded in having the chapel of the morgue opened and warmed for the use of the homeless. Among the crowd of men waiting for the doors of the Municipal Lodging House to open at night it was said that the inability to get work during the last few months was the cause of their being driven to accept public charity for the first time in their lives. "We are willing to work," many of them said, "but every one seems to be

Continued on page 78

An Ice-Coated Steamer Just In From the North Atlantic

A SERMON

By

Bishop Henry W. Warren, LL.D.*

The Primary Law For Greatness

TEXT—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Lev. 19:18

THIS is usually supposed to be a New Testament doctrine, inculcated by Christ. So it is. It is mentioned seven times in the New Testament. But it is also an Old Testament primary doctrine.

Revelation and science both concur in the statement that this solid earth was once measureless gas, without form and void, and darkness rested upon the face of the deep. By what process could the beautiful world with its infinite potencies and possibilities be made to evolve and appear? One single force or law was put into it, and only one effective force, that of gravitation. It was the means by which God's command "Let light be" was made effective. Also his other command: "Let the dry land appear and let the waters be gathered together in one place." Other forces and laws were added subsequently for chemical purpose, for vegetable, animal, intellectual and spiritual life. But gravitation was the primary law for world-making.

So when God would make a spiritual universe out of the chaos and divisive hates that sin had brought, he declared the primary law of gravitation or attraction, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself." Other unfoldings and developments wanted follow in due time.

The Development of Mind

It is to be noticed that this is not mere exhortation or advice, but it is *law*. Law is the condition of best existence, nay more, the condition of any existence sooner or later. God's laws for men are not arbitrary enactments, nor edicts issued in the exercise of his sovereign will, but they are announcements of infinite wisdom, vitalized by infinite love, of what is necessary for man in his development as a child of God. The Father is omnipotent and omniscient. These are his attributes, not his essence. It is never said God is strength, nor God is wisdom, but it has been said God is love. This is the essence of his being, and if man is to be like him he must have love as the highest quality of his being, the essence of his nature. Knowledge and strength are good, but love is necessary. It is the assertion of the highest philosophy that the alter is necessary to the ego; the social to the self. There would be no eyes if there were nothing to see. Eyes already organized and efficient die in the darkness of Mammoth Cave. There would be no ears if there were no sounds. There would be no conscious being unless there was something to be conscious of. Self thoughts outwardly projected are the essence of what is social. Something to project itself upon is necessary to the development of each faculty of man.

This world is adapted to develop every quality and attribute of man's varied and composite nature. It is a gymnasium for developing strength. Every movement of the infant, of the toiler for bread, of the exultant joy of the mountain climber, is for bodily strength. Even more is the world a gymnasium for the development of mind. If one were to assert that matter is superior to mind it would provoke immediate and deserved denial. Matter has no power of initiative nor will. But if one were to assert that matter has intricacies, potencies, possibilities, chemical affinities and repulsions, radio-activities beyond the power of the discernment of the human mind in its present state of development, it would or should meet with universal assent. The infinite God never laid his hand on aught, or ever spoke to aught without leaving in it potencies and possibilities beyond the understanding of finite minds.

The heart is ever singing to itself
  In soft and soul-like sounds we cannot hear:
The stars of morning sing, and soundless words
  Make God's commands run swift from sphere to sphere.
Each flower is always sending incense up
  As if in act of holy worshiping.
Till fragrant earth is one great altar like
  To heaven where saints their prayer-filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays, writ full
  Of mysteries we cannot read nor see,
Of histories so long and goings forth
  So vast the volumes fill infinity.

These are all for the development of mind. Even the uncountable myriads of the stars exist for that purpose, if not for that purpose alone. It is certain that none of the planets of our solar system could sustain such life as ours with the single exception of Mars, and that is more than doubtful. It may therefore be asserted with great probability of truth that this earth is the only humanly inhabited orb, and the rest exist for a mental gymnasium for man. He that would gladly die for the spiritual development of man would as gladly create a million starry systems for his intellectual development. They declare the glory of God. And he says to his child, "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created all these stars, who bringeth out their host by numbers. He calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one is lacking."

God's Love Our Highest Model

There is equal effort to develop the will. Man is called upon to decide and act almost every moment of his life. And besides this personal drill God offers to reinforce man's will with the strength of his own. After Paul had set before his dear Philippian converts one of those high ideals of life utterly beyond the deductions of the philosophers, the hopes of the optimists and the dreams of the poet, he says to them, "Work out your salvation, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do up to the limits of this ideal which is his good pleasure." Thus a man whose will has been weakened till the least temptation is stronger than his ability to resist, can be victorious by the added will of the infinite God, who speaks and it is done, who commands and it stands fast.

There is still greater incentive for the development of man's affectional nature. The boughs of trees and the stems of flowers are living arms presenting fruit, blossoms and odors to call out love. The solemn majesty of the sea and the glory of the morning and evening sky appeal most tenderly to man's affectional nature for its development. Does one feel solitary, alone and sad? God setteth the solitary in families, fills all hearts with mutual love and sends little children to waken and cherish tender affection. And besides all this from the earthly standpoint, God seeks to develop love from the divine standpoint. His infinite care is over all of his children. He comforts their sorrows, bears their burdens, heals their infirmities, and to save them from their sins his Son suffers and dies. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. Love begets love or should. He says, "Thou must love me who have died for thee." Then he sheds abroad the love of God in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. It is such a love that nothing can separate us from the love of God. Neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword, nor death, nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The Perfection of Jesus

But did any one ever come to such height of character as to keep this law of loving God supremely and his neighbor as himself? Certainly. There was the ideal and model man Jesus Christ. He was in ineffable glory with the Father before the foundation of the world. All things were made by him, and by him all things consisted. He lived in the perfect state. The river of life flowed full. Banked on either side was the tree of life, the mere leaves of which were sufficient for healing the woes of the groaning nations. What must its fruit avail! But because he loved his neighbors as himself he left all that glory, all that abundant life, came into our circumstances, took our smitings, spittings and ignominious death because he loved the church and gave himself for it.

But you say that was the Son of God, and he of course could keep the perfect law perfectly. But this law was given for man in the beginning and was reenacted by Christ himself for men. There came a certain lawyer anxious to catch him in his words and asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He made the lawyer repeat the law and when the lawyer asked "Who is my neighbor?" he gave the parable of the good Samaritan and the Jew, between whom there was the most bitter enmity, and yet the Samaritan showed mercy to his enemy beyond what men of the same blood and faith had done. The Lord applied the example by saying, "Go thou and do likewise." It was a re-enacted law, giving an example of living up to the other divine precept, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

But one may still ask: Did any one besides the Model Man ever live up to the perfect law? Certainly. God asks no impossibilities. There must be achievements equal to requirements. Take the case of the apostle Paul, a man of culture, refinement, high ideals, noble birth, but he took persecution and martyrdom like his Lord. Think of the long years in which it could be said, "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day have I been in the deep"—in every kind of perils the long years through till he could say, "I am crucified with Christ." O Paul, why don't you quit? Go back to your beloved city of Tarsus and walk its academic groves again. Hear his answer: "Because the love of Christ constraineth me." The same love that constrained the Lord to suffer and die for his brethren, constrained Paul to suffer and to be ready to be offered for his brethren. How rich, constant and ever ready that love of Christ for Paul was! The Lord had a habit of appearing to Paul in any time of special need. Was he tossed by Euroclydon fourteen days and nights till the seamen knew not where they were! In the night the Lord stood by him, saying, "Fear not, Paul, thou shalt be saved and all that sail with thee." And when he was stoned to death at Lystra and dragged out of the city and flung on the refuse heap, then I think it was that the Lord took him into paradise and let him hear unspeakable words not possible for a man to utter. Having received strength of God, and seen the powers of the world to come, he came back and reanimated that bruised body; rose up of himself, walked into the city and the next day walked twenty-one miles to Derbe. It was because of such love of God that he was able to love his neighbors so sublimely. Because of such love he was able to say to the Galatians, "My little children for whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you." Because of such love he was able to say to the Romans, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh. Because of such love he would be willing to take the place for his brethren which Christ took for the world.

No Real Greatness Without Love

But does any one say that this great love felt by the apostle Paul, who had seen the Lord on the way to Damascus, and to whom Christ appeared in the great crises of his ministry, is too great for the ordinary Christian of to-day? No, no! All possibilities of greatness of yesterday are possibilities of today. Greatness is not a characteristic of the dawn of Christianity and mediocrity a characteristic of its noonday. We are ever to go on to perfection not only in the next world but in this. Even Christ in the midst of his great works of healing said, "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." We do. Over seven million cases of physical disability are treated each year by Christian physicians in India and China. Revelation consists of onward and upward steps. What was appropriate for Israel just out of Egypt is no large enough for a perfect world and a perfect heaven. And we are dependent on revelation and assistant grace for the knowledge and the keeping of the perfect law of greatness.

Let it not be supposed that greatness is confined to a few eminent men. No, indeed. Every one that practises the law shares in its results. Many a humble mother, loving her child even more than herself towers into that sublime greatness of the infinite God. Many a soldier loves his country and dares and often endures martyrdom for its sake. Indeed there can be no real eminence without love. Paul sums up the blessed trinity of highest graces and says, "Now abideth faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love." Love is necessary to greatness in any department of life. A lawye

Continued on next page

* Bishop Warren, of University Park, Colo., is one of the great leaders of Methodism in America.

TEACH ME THE WAY

TEACH me the way, O Christ, teach me the way.
I am so weary of this worldly life—
So weary of contention, pain and strife.
I'm groping in the darkness, day by day,
And earnestly I seek to know the way.
I'm diligently reaching for thy hand,
To guide my footsteps to a fairer land.
Teach me the way, O Christ, teach me the way.

Teach me the way, O Christ, teach me the way.
Though others may misjudge me, thou art just.
Thou knowest all—in thee I put my trust.
Help me to say, "Forgive them," and to be
Each day, dear Saviour, more and more like thee.
O gentle Shepherd, hear me as I plead.
I give to thee my all—I do, indeed!
Teach me the way, O Christ, teach me the way.

Teach me the way, O Christ, teach me the way.
May I not seek for honor, riches, fame,
But ever seek to glorify thy name.
My highest aim in life, oh, let it be
To live for Christ, uplift humanity.
Upon thy tender, gentle, loving breast,
There, blessed Jesus, let my soul find rest.
Teach me the way, O Christ, teach me the way.

Bucyrus, O. MADGE MORRISON COOK.

Primary Law for Greatness

Continued from preceding page

may be keen, sharp, full of expedients, ready to object, appeal, ask for new trials, but suppose he has no love of justice, right, welfare of the community, supreme vindication of law. He may become a criminal lawyer in both senses of the word. He may use his sharpness on his client if his personal interests call for it.

An officer of the government may be skilled in all the arts of diplomacy, may be familiar with history, may know all the tricks of graft, and all the ways of bartering influence, of being true to party and more true to himself. But if he has no patriotism, no love of fellow men, he may be like Lord Bacon, "the greatest, meanest of mankind."

There is one word that is used but three times in the New Testament. It is applied to Christ on the mount of transfiguration. His body was transfigured and shone with the glory that he had with the Father before the world was. No wonder that the disciples were sore afraid. The next time it is used is of the soul's conversion. Rom. 12:2—"Be ye transformed [transfigured] by the renewing of your mind." The same word is applied to man's great change that was applied to Christ, and often with like effect. It is used the third time in II. Corinthians 3: 18—"We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed [transfigured] into the same image from glory to glory." It is no wonder that faces shine when the love of God is shed abroad by such an agency.

Love, being begun by human effort, turned into rapture by divine response, can be cultured into great growths like any other faculty. Other faculties grow by exercise; this also. There are love gymnastics as well as those for body and mind. They consist in service of the one beloved. The least service rendered to the object of one's affection enhances that love. The ideal love is that of a mother for her child. Like the love of God it passeth knowledge. It cannot be accounted for on any ground of reason.

Love for God grows in the same way. What but a curriculum of service could have raised Paul into such a height of love? The relation of this love to one's neighbor, resulting in godlike character, is recognized in the final awards of the judgment. All giving of food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, all service to the sick and imprisoned, is recognized as fitting one for the companionship of him who loved the church and gave himself for it.

Oh, then, wish more for God; burn more with desire;
Court more the dear sight of his glorious face;
Pray longer, pray louder for the sweet gift of fire
To come down on the soul with its whirlwinds of grace.
God longs to be longed for; He loves to be sought.
For he sought us with such longing and love.
He died for desire of us—wonderful thought!
And longs for us now to be with him above.

How Is Your Atmosphere?

By EUGENE THWING

MY! BUT the wind certainly can blow around the skyscraper corners of the big city! It was biting and cutting and tearing at a great rate the other day, and a mere man had to fight against odds to go anywhere in the streets. Dust and snow and torn newspapers whirled about the poor, struggling pedestrians in a blinding cloud. "Watch your step!" that habitual cry of the subway train guards, became an imperative necessity in the mixture of men and automobiles and trucks and trolley cars, while eyes were blinded, hats and coats were tugging to get away, hands were freezing, and a general state of tempest, turmoil, and temper was everywhere.

Two men collided at the entrance to the subway. A curse and a growl from one of them, as he tried to crowd past, seemed in keeping with the vicious snarl and bite of the icy wind. The other man laughed good-naturedly. "Beg pardon, brother," he exclaimed. "Some breezes, eh?"

So they separated, swept along with the wind, yet each man carrying his own particular atmosphere with him. Weather, temperature, winds or seasons make little difference. A biting chill surrounded one man. Come close enough and you begin to feel uneasy—storm signals are always out. Look out for a nasty bit of weather as soon as you come within the radius of his atmosphere.

The other man carries sunshine and warmth wherever he goes. Even the winter's gale does not blow it away. The frost cannot prevail against it. In a cold, stormy world he is a bright spot of glowing, radiating warmth and brightness, as the oasis is a refreshing island of green in the desert of sand. He melts other people's coldness. He cheers their gloom. He quiets their storm.

. . .

EVERYBODY is carrying an atmosphere all his own, or her own. You have been in a gay circle of friends, when the door opens and a newcomer enters. All at once the temperature in the room seems to drop. Conversation begins to lag. The spirit of all seems to be stricken with a blight. Some one has brought a chilling atmosphere into the room, and all have felt its unpleasant influence. You can recall experiences of just the opposite kind. There are persons whose coming is always a signal for increased animation and goodfellowship. No gathering is dull after they arrive. They are looked for to "break the ice." They diffuse warmth and gladness. They are the makers of joy who are blessing the world every step of their way.

A freezing atmosphere is to be shunned. It destroys the life of friendship and strikes inward, destroying the one who carries it. Cold formality, aloofness, lack of wholesome enthusiasm, constitutes an atmosphere of misery. "He that hath friends must *show himself* friendly." His friendliness must have initiative and a good hearty assertiveness. There must be about it a generous warmth that spreads its pleasant glow around those who come within its influence.

It is necessary, with deliberate intention, to *give out* friendliness rather than to wait, expecting to *receive it*. Too many are willing to *respond* to friendly advances but are slow to make them. "If thy heart yearn for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank to him."

. . .

TOO much heat is as bad as too much cold. Scalding or roasting is even more destructive to life than freezing. Love cannot survive long in "hot water." The atmosphere of some persons is like steam, uncomfortable to feel or to breathe. In the household quarrel the conflict of atmospheres has created a storm. Look out that the family barometer points always to "Fair." Don't put the duty on some other member of the family. The husband, the wife, the brother, the sister, each has a personal responsibility for the home atmosphere. Let no familiarity breed contempt for so helpful a guide as this: "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and improves the atmosphere.

Bad smells are decidedly injurious to good atmosphere. The odor of a mean suspicion may poison all the air of a home, or a church, or a society; and suspicions are seldom well grounded. "Love thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked." Believe in your friend to the very last ditch, and *show him* that you believe in him. That will make him the more eager to prove himself worthy of your trust.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Criticism makes almost as bad an odor as suspicion. Put away the hammer. You will surely destroy your own pleasant atmosphere, and perhaps a brother's or a sister's, if you carry that mischievous weapon during 1912. Burying the hammer is more important than burying the hatchet. Conversations filled with criticisms and harsh judgments of persons who are absent may be tolerated for a time, but however earnest such criticisms may be, or however well founded, they grow distasteful, and friends begin after a while to avoid you. You will wonder why, and very likely no one will have the courage to tell you that you have gathered to yourself an unpleasant atmosphere.

. . .

HAIL to the dispenser of good fellowship and cheer—not humor merely, but downright, wholesouled friendliness and kindness for those absent as well as those present. As Henry Drummond puts it, "Without distinction, without calculation, without procrastination, *love*. Lavish it upon the poor, where it is very easy; especially upon the rich, who often need it most; most of all upon our equals, where it is very difficult, and for whom, perhaps, we do least of all."

A happy motto and resolve for the year is just *love*—love at home, love abroad; not a benign and passive love, waiting to receive and to respond, but an aggressive, assertive love, impelled by the force of its own eager initiative to bestow itself unselfishly upon those who need it. Let us gather the sweet fragrance of kindly affection and sympathy, the gentle aromas of service, the warm radiance of helpfulness and brotherly love, that our atmosphere may carry blessing to all through the busy days to come.

THE CHAPLAIN'S DREAM

THE first faint light of morning was stealing
o'er the sky,
As a warder led a guilty man from his lonely
cell to die.

A sullen, remorseless man was he, and the
chaplain day by day
Had prayed him to make his peace with God,
ere he entered Death's dark way.

But never by a word or sign would the man
repentance show,
And unrepentant to his death the chaplain saw
him go.

Many a day did the good man grieve for a soul
he thought lost to heaven,
And many a prayer did he offer up, that the
man might be forgiven.

One night he dreamed, as he lay asleep, that the
angel of mercy came
With the scales of justice in his hand, the
criminal's fate to name.

He saw him take the loads of sin, and with a
sigh and frown
All in one balance place them, where they
heavily weighed it down.

In the other balance a burden small with loving
care was laid,
And with a thankful heart he saw the load of
sin outweighed.

For the little thing that outweighed the sins
and stilled the chaplain's fears
Was the convict's old red handkerchief, wet
with a few salt tears.

G. C. BOUGHTON.

The Girl with the Muff

(See Illustration on Cover Page)

THE portrait of Madame Molé-Raymond is easily the favorite among the many admirable portraits painted by Madame Vigée-Lebrun. A beautiful woman dressed in soft violet silk with a close bodice of blue and a picture hat with a white rosette and a flying feather and a huge muff walking forward with a briskness that sends her curling hair and soft white scarf flying out in streamers behind her and laughing as she goes is a distinctly charming portrait subject. One famous critic said of the original painting, which for many years has hung in the Salon Carré of the Louvre: "There is almost enough action and witchery in that girl to carry her right out of the canvas."

Madame Vigée-Lebrun was all her life fêted, petted, admired. She was beautiful, clever and charming. At fifteen she painted admirable portraits; at twenty-eight was received in the Academy—the youngest member that had ever been admitted. In her delightful autobiography we read of a certain prophecy which she maintains had much to do with her success in art. "At the age of seven," she says, "I made a picture by lamplight of a man with a beard. When my father saw it he went into transports of joy and exclaimed, 'You will be a painter, my child, if ever there was one,' and all of my life I worked to fulfil that prophecy." Before she was twenty years of age her talents were highly esteemed throughout Europe, and until the end of her life—Madame Lebrun died in 1842 at the age of eighty-seven—flattering honors and attentions were showered upon her.

In her color there is something of the soft and delicate tones of Greuze. The somewhat teasing charm of the transparent freshness of her canvases was the constant wonder and admiration of the older and more experienced artists of her time.

ANVIL STROKES

..NO MAN ever lifted himself by doubting the story of the Fall.

..SOME folks whine so much that they actually think it is musical.

..IT IS hard for temperance folks to temper their joy when the saloon is whipped.

..SOME brothers search out the weak members of the flock, not to share with them, but to shear them.

..NO MATTER how wise you are, there is bound to be somebody who thinks your ideas are foolish.

..IF MEN could buy only what they ought to have, with money, there wouldn't be nearly so much scrambling for it.

A "UNITY" MISSIONARY BANQUET

THE DINERS AT THE GREAT MISSIONARY UNITY BANQUET AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK CITY, ON JANUARY 9

ONE of the most significant events in a period notable for the inauguration of impressive religious movements was the gathering at Delmonico's, New York, on the evening of January 9, arranged by a committee created by the Missionary Education Movement. The invitation brought together three hundred and seventy-five men and women representing the ablest leadership of all that comes under the word Missions to-day in America. As those present sat side by side about the richly spread tables, and listened to the sheaf of splendid addresses, the line between the near and far in Christ's work melted away. The Rev. Dr. Fred P. Haggard of Boston, of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, whose guiding hand has been seen in the development of the Missionary Education Movement, presided with a humor and graciousness which put everybody at ease, and called on the Rev. Dr. William I. Haven of the American Bible Society to offer the invocation. Dr. Haggard referred to the personnel of the company, the wide interests represented, the character and standing of the speakers, and said that all were present to assert the essential unity of the missionary task.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto *Globe*, in speaking on the power of the Missionary Idea, said that things happen because ideas are at work, and that of all ideas the most deserving and compelling is the missionary idea. But it is not merely a speculation; it is an obligation.

As Dr. Arthur J. Brown of the Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church, North, presented the subject of unity in foreign missionary work, he opened by showing, with many a surprising and laughable turn, that the enduring and valuable features cherished by the leading denominations in their past history are now held by the churches in common, forming a basis of union that once did not exist; and that still more profoundly are the churches one in maintaining the great essential teachings of the New Testament which compose their message to unevangelized humanity. He closed by pointing out sections of the foreign field in which already there is comity in assignment of territory among different boards and in the maintenance of union schools, colleges and hospitals.

Dr. Hubert C. Herring of New York, General Secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, eloquently portrayed the rapidly growing unity of action, comity, and co-operation among the home mission boards shown first in the organization of the Home Missions Council, which includes fourteen leading denominations of the United States. Already the Council has inaugurated practical lines of co-operation in the care of the Indian tribes, and is just now engaged in making a survey of fifteen Western States, called the "Neglected Fields Survey," following which effort will be made to allot among the co-operating organizations the more than one thousand communities in those States now utterly devoid of the helpful services of the Church.

How the challenge to the local church made by the present missionary opportunity can be met was next defined by Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, General Secretary of the Missionary Education Movement. He held the closest attention and interest of the company as he showed that the situation summons the local church to unify its missionary program and its methods of giving. More thorough loyalty by the local church to its denominational institutions and agencies is needed in view of the counter attraction of non-denominational and even interdenominational agencies, and will strengthen the spirit of unity, for unity does not mean uniformity.

Most happy was the choice of Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd of the Episcopal Board of Missions to show the essential value of Christian Unity to the accomplishment of the missionary task. With instant stress he uplifted the truth that the will of Christ must have more weight than our private opinions, and declared that in the missionary enterprise we are not out on a holiday, but that peoples whose subtle thought and philosophy we are seeking to meet were far advanced before our race had begun to be civilized. It is by studying our task and doing it together that we are becoming one.

Seldom does so large a Christian company meet in which practically every person has some vital part in the Church's world task; while at the close each seemed to possess the conviction that the occasion and addresses registered the completest exposition and pledge of Church and missionary unity thus far seen.

CHARLES H. MORGAN, *Ph.D.*

JANUARY'S GREAT COLD WAVE

Continued from page 75

cutting down working forces more than ever this winter; we have been on short time or out of work for weeks, and we have no money to help us through this spell."

One of the busiest centers of the relief work was at the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society's quarters, at No. 225 East Broadway. Whereas usually a maximum of four hundred persons are fed there on a Saturday, on the 7th more than 800 were taken care of, 150 of them being women.

The following morning the Bowery Mission sent out an appeal to a number of the churches of the city, urging them to open the basements or vestries of their church buildings for the shelter of the homeless. A number of the churches complied with the request immediately and that night sheltered hundreds of men and boys, to whom the Bowery Mission sent coffee and rolls similar to those served out to the Bread Line.

The following morning the New York *Sun* said, "The cold drove many homeless men to seek shelter at the Bowery Mission, 227 Bowery, and the Municipal Lodging House, at Twenty-fifth Street and East River. About 500 were sheltered at the mission and 738 were provided for at the lodging house. In addition to these 250 were cared for at the settlement house of Grace Church, at 415 East Thirteenth Street, and 150 at Lyceum Hall, 209 East Forty-second Street, part of the parish house of St. Bartholomew's Church. Coffee and rolls were given to the men in these places.

"At the service of the Bowery Mission last night the Right Rev. James Darlington, Bishop of Harrisburg, spoke to a large audience, and Miss Alice Preston sang. After the service the men got a lunch of bread and coffee before they were sent to the various shelters outside of the mission that had been provided for them.

"'The men we are getting are a better class by 100 per cent. than our usual lot,' said Manager Hunt of the Bowery Mission. 'Most of them are working men, and there have been eight or ten college men among them. We ourselves are furnishing beds for two hundred, outside of the numbers that are being taken care of here,' he said. 'Altogether both directly and indirectly about a thousand men will be provided with a shelter through this mission.'"

The disclosures which the first night of intense cold made of the condition of the men of the Bread Line were appalling. A number were found who were clothed only in coat and trousers and whose stockingless feet were covered with the most wretched sort of broken shoes. Manager James T. Hunt, of the Bowery Mission, immediately appealed through the daily newspapers for clothing to be supplied to the men. The United Charities Organization found similar conditions among those it sought to relieve, and it too appealed for all the old clothing which the more fortunate might have to send for the use of the poor.

A BILLION HIDDEN IN FIRE RUINS

Photo, Brown Bros., N. Y.

Looking Down the Canyon of Broadway at the Fire, Trinity Church at the Left

An Ice-Encrusted Engine at Work on the Great Fire

Photos, Underwood & Underwood

A Corner of the Ruined Building Where Several Persons Perished

THE morning of January 9 was one of suspense and horror to lower New York. The Equitable Life Assurance Society Building, covering the entire block from Broadway to Nassau Street and from Pine to Cedar Streets, was destroyed by fire, taking with it the lives of seven men and throwing the business of the city into confusion. Securities approximating a billion dollars were imperiled in the burning building, and after the flames had subsided, lay hidden under masses of icebound wreckage, from which it was the work of days to extricate them. Fire lines blocked all vehicles and pedestrians from Wall Street to Liberty, and from Broadway to a line between Nassau and William Streets. The Stock Exchange did not close, but agreed to suspend the rules regarding prompt delivery of stocks. When the Exchange opened the following day, the rule was re-enacted to apply to all purchases in which securities stored at the Equitable Building figured. A number of important banks were forced to suspend operations or make sudden moves to temporary headquarters. Many of the important records of the Equitable Society were stored in another building, but officials declared that even if policies and records were destroyed, they could be duplicated from other records elsewhere available. It was thought at first that the total property damage would reach an enormously high figure, but when all accounts were balanced the actual losses were found to be comparatively slight.

This startling statement is true because the Equitable Building, though beautiful and imposing, was, as a matter of fact, simply an incumbrance on a bit of land worth from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. It had been estimated that the cost of removing the old building to make room for the enormous skyscraper which the Society had for some time been planning to erect on the same site would be $300,000. A valuable library in the rooms of the Lawyers' Club, on the eighth floor, was destroyed, and the loss of many papers of value, as well as other property, was suffered by tenants of the building, some of whom transacted business of far-reaching importance. Among the most important firms whose headquarters were at 120 Broadway were the Central Pacific, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies, and the Harriman Estate.

It is probably not too much to say that this small section of New York which was shut off by the fire is the busiest locality in the world. In an authoritative quarter the statement was made that "there was no other private business building in the world that could be compared with the Equitable Building in respect to the magnitude of interests assembled under its roof, no other, the burning of which would have imperiled so many hundreds of millions of securities, or have been the cause of so serious a derangement of financial affairs."

There are no braver men than firemen. And there are no braver firemen in the world than the fire fighters of New York. They are soldiers—soldiers at war every day. And they never had a tougher fight on their hands than the fight to get this stubborn and gigantic fire under control. They labored against fire and wind, cruelly cold weather and ice—ice which stiffened their coats, covered their faces, hardened their hose, buried and almost stopped their engines. Under the shadow of crumbling walls, amid falling stones and shattered timbers, they fought grimly to save property and life. While the battle was at its height, some one stated that eight men were still in the building, and Battalion Chief Walsh called for volunteers to go with him to their rescue. Fourteen men offered themselves and with their chief started up the ladder. They entered the windows of the fourth floor and began a search for the missing men. Not finding them, the chief ordered his men to make their way down stairs, searching as they went. His last words were:

"Go ahead, boys, I can take care of myself."

But he could not, for with a crash, followed by other crashes, the floors and roof came tumbling down, and the brave chief was never seen again.

The most spectacular rescue of the day, following an experience of indescribable terror, was that of Mr. William Giblin, president of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Company, whose offices were in the basement on the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street. He was notified very early in the morning that the building was on fire, and hurried down town, going into the vaults to rescue important papers, accompanied by a special officer, a watchman and two porters. After they had entered, the great steel door swung shut, making them prisoners. Wreckage from the upper stories was raining down on the floor above them, and segments of wall and roof were falling to the ground at the windows where they clambered for rescue. The firemen, when they finally heard the cries for help, braved the falling masses of stone, sawed through an iron bar, and pulled all but one of the men to safety.

The name of Fire Chaplain Father McGean must be added to the list of men who proved themselves heroes that day. He faced the fiercest dangers with the foremost firemen to bring spiritual consolation to men believed to be doomed.

As is always the case, the great catastrophe gave the real kindness in the hearts of men a chance to assert itself. The only real enthusiasm during the dull day at the Stock Exchange was aroused when the motion was made and passed to take up a subscription for the families of the men killed at the fire. The Exchange also opened its exclusive and luxurious luncheon room to the fatigued, half-frozen firemen and policemen. Many others joined in this work of bringing refreshments to the men on duty.

No one knows how the fire started. It was discovered in the basement soon after five o'clock. Some criticism is expressed because the employees of the building did not turn in the alarm of fire more promptly. They believed they could extinguish it with the apparatus and help at hand in the building, but the flames got beyond their control and swept through the elevator shafts, setting the wooden floors ablaze. The Equitable Building was erected in 1869 and was believed for many years to be really fireproof. The late President Hyde declared it to be indestructible. Another mark is scored for the superiority of steel structure for great buildings. New York loses another of her imposing landmarks. The officers of the Equitable Society have been planning a colossal building, sixty-two stories high, to be reared on the old site, but are considering now the advisability of abandoning this project and building a less pretentious structure perhaps in another part of the city.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE LLOYD-GEORGE INSURANCE BILL has passed the British Parliament. Germany, France and several other continental countries have already enacted similar measures, although on a smaller scale. It is an effort to solve the great problem of poverty in England, and while it will result in a large increase in taxation, the benefits to be derived will be immeasurable.

—MRS. FISK, widow of General Clinton B. Fisk, died in her home at New York City on January 1. Throughout their life together Mrs. Fisk aided her illustrious husband in his work of education and reform. They established the Fisk University at Nashville, which has been one of the leading forces in the education and betterment of the negroes. Besides the more practical work accomplished by this university it has ministered greatly to the world's inspiration and pleasure by the sweet singing of its Jubilee Clubs. Mrs. Fisk was for many years president of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

—GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, former President of the Mexican Republic, now an exile in Europe, has been decorated by the Swiss Government with a medal of honor and placed himself in line for a Carnegie hero medal for his brave rescue of a child from drowning in a Swiss lake last month. These facts have just reached Washington in a letter received from a member of the entourage of the former President. The letter states that while General Diaz was in Berne, one day during November, looking into the beautiful lake, accompanied by members of his family, he was amused by the antics of several children playing on the shore. A little girl toppled over into the lake and just as the spectators were expecting a tragic drowning, a grizzled veteran of eighty-one jumped into the water and rescued the child after a long swim. For his bravery General Diaz has been decorated with a medal of honor.

—IT IS NOT YET POSSIBLE to say how deeply the government probe of the widespread dynamite conspiracy may go, but evidence of its penetrative activity is found in the indictment of nine men by the Federal Grand Jury of Los Angeles, Calif., on the charge of conspiracy to transport dynamite in violation of the Federal statute. Among the indicted are two prominent California labor leaders, Olaf A. Tveitmoe and Anton Johannsen, and a labor leader of Salt Lake City, J. E. Munsey. McManigal, the McNamaras, David Kaplan, and a man named Schmidt are all included in the new batch of indictments. It is understood that McManigal will be held as a government witness in the coming trials. The specific act charged against the indicted men is the transportation of the explosives which were used to wreck the Llewellyn Works in December, 1910, which were brought from Riverside, Calif., as a part of an interstate trip from Chicago. Conviction of any of the accused will mean a two years' penitentiary sentence, or a $10,000 fine, or both. Many witnesses have testified before the Grand Jury, which has been hard at work on the cases ever since the McNamaras were sentenced. Tveitmoe and Johannsen are prominent in the building trades unions, and E. A. Clancy, who was also indicted though not arrested, was business agent of the Structural Iron Workers' Union.

—MR. ERNEST A. EGGERS, letter carrier and reformer, reports that ninety per cent. of the post offices in the United States are now closed to callers for mail on Sunday. Mr. Eggers is the pioneer of this reform. The first office to be closed was that at Colorado Springs, Colo., where the ministers' association, acting in co-operation with the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States, conducted the successful campaign. The second city to follow the example set at Colorado Springs was Detroit, where 25,000 persons signed cards requesting the closing of the post office on Sunday. Evanston, Ill., and Toledo, O., followed, and the movement grew to such an extent that the First Assistant Postmaster General referred favorably to the vigorous movement for Sunday closing in his annual report. Christian Endeavorers in Chicago entered the campaign, and Congressman Mann, of that city, has introduced a bill into Congress, known technically as House Bill No. 9433, which provides for discontinuance of Sunday deliveries at all post offices in the United States.

BEST OF ITS KIND

When renewing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I meant to thank you for the *Almanac*. I, with others, have much enjoyed looking it over. It is the best thing of the kind we ever saw.

Troy, Pa. MRS. THEO. WALDRON.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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It is always a pleasure for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *to ask the co-operation of its readers in anything that relates to the improvement of the paper. Some weeks ago, a very large number of them, at our request, kindly sent to us indications of their preferences with regard to various Departments. We take this opportunity of further inviting them to express their preferences regarding the minor Departments listed below, which are now running in the paper. If they find them helpful, we would ask them to say so; and if the contrary, let them reply with equal frankness. Our sole object is improvement, on the lines best suited to the needs of our readers and the requirements of a first-class Family Weekly. We may add that these views are solicited not for publication, but for our personal information:*

Christian Endeavor	*"Answered Prayers*
Epworth League	*Called Higher*
Among Christian Workers	*Poetry*
Financial Page	*Music*

Write your preferences on a postal and address, "Publisher, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *Bible House, New York City."*

Secularizing the Church

THERE are evidences that the movement for church secularization, on the plea that it is necessary to "draw the people," has run its course. We have seen many experiments tried within the last few years, and many new-fangled notions of "warming up the church" and "making religion attractive" introduced for the purpose of swelling the audiences. For a time, these expedients seemed to be crowned with a measure of success. Athletics, concerts, political and sociological lectures, debating clubs, moving pictures, games, and even modified vaudeville were among the attractions. Some of the churches were almost wholly metamorphosed into social clubs. After the novelty of the thing had worn off, it ceased to draw, the crowds fell away, and the last state of that church was worse than the first. These meretricious aids failed to keep up the interest. The one thing was lacking which the human soul needs—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Two years ago, a church of this up-to-date, secularized character was founded in New York. It was hailed as the pioneer of the new social revolution which was to be the attribute of the church of the people. It was a social center, a place of entertainment rather than a church, with a maximum of amusement and a minimum of preaching. Prayer was sometimes dispensed with. Now, the experiment having run its course, the spiritual harvest has proved so unsatisfactory that the enterprise has been abandoned, as far as the secularization of the meetings is concerned. Hereafter it will be a church in fact as well as in name.

Every faithful pastor must realize the tremendous truth conveyed in the Saviour's words: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The Gospel does not stand in need of cheap, adventitious aids. It can stand independent of crutches, and when faithfully presented by a preacher who has a message and a call to deliver it, it will never lack an audience. There are many activities of a social and attractive character that may properly be conducted by the church as an organization, but these should not interfere with the preaching of the Gospel. God's message of love and mercy to a dying world does not need the cheap embellishments of the showman to commend it to earnest men and women. By all means let our churches have their settlements, their sociables, their varied organizations for expressing a friendly and helpful interest in the world about them; but they should let the old Gospel have free course over all, unhindered and unburdened with impediments which have dragged down many a good church that has yielded to the delusive lure of secularization "on popular lines." When a church runs up the flag of the world alongside of that of the Cross, it is not difficult to foresee the end of its spiritual usefulness.

Gains in Mission Gifts

THE last five years have witnessed a remarkable increase of spiritual activity on the part of the men of the churches. The severest test of the reality of this increased interest is the test of self-sacrifice, and a simple measurement of self-sacrifice is the dollar. Statistics show that in the five years of the work of the Laymen's Missionary Movement the total offerings in the United States and Canada for foreign missions have increased from $8,980,000 to $13,350,000. The greatest gains were made in 1909. In that year the increase of gifts over 1908 was $1,255,954. This increase took place during the first part of the sweeping campaign conducted by the Laymen's Missionary Movement throughout the United States and parts of Canada. It is not surprising that the gains last year were less than those of 1910, partly because no vigorous public campaigns were conducted, and partly because under the stimulus of the earlier campaign the contributors probably reached to so much nearer the maximum of their ability to give that they could hardly be expected to show a marked increase the following year. It is true, however, that in 1911 the total gifts from all Christian nations to the cause of missions were slightly less than in 1910. This is said to be chiefly due to the disturbed industrial conditions in Great Britain, where the decrease is found. But, to go back eleven years, the missionary offerings of Protestant Christendom in 1911 were nearly ten million dollars more than in 1900.

In Strange Places

IS THERE any land under the sun where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not go?" asks a much-traveled reader. "Wherever I journey," he writes, "I am constantly being surprised to find that it is known and read by some one there who is interested in the onward progress of the Kingdom. Even in out-of-the-way places, where one would least suspect it, it is the same." Our friend's letter only goes to prove what many already know: that our Family Circle takes in a very wide range. Sometimes we have unique evidence of this fact, as when a traveler who was crossing Africa (from Benguella to Zambesia) found in a native settlement in the remote interior a much worn copy of the paper—the reminder, doubtless, of some missionary's visit there. Only a few days ago, a reader in China, Mr. H. N. Kinnear, wrote us, enclosing a CHRISTIAN HERALD which was found among the débris in the Tartar general's yamen, which had been looted after the recent battle at Foochow. Perhaps the oddest of all, however, was a letter received from a far Western State, in which the writer enclosed a faded and fragmentary page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which he had found in the nest of a bird in a tree, where it had been used for many months to give warmth to the young brood. This, from the silences of nature in remote places, is strongly remindful of the words of the Preacher: "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

The Bible Again the Best

TWENTY-SEVEN thousand five hundred dollars for a Bible! That was the sum paid by Mr. Bernard Quaritch for a Gutenberg Bible at the Hoe Library sale in New York on January 9. The volume to bring the next highest price at the sale was a copy of the Sixth Book of the Decrees of Boniface VIII., which brought $3,250.

Again a copy of the Bible takes its place in the list of the world's most precious books. The volume for which more money was paid than for any other single book in existence is the vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible, bought last May for $50,000 by Mr. Henry E. Huntington, of Philadelphia. A copy just like this is in the possession of the New York Public Library. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan recently purchased the Huth copy of the Gutenberg Bible for $29,000. The volume purchased by Mr. Quaritch will doubtless be taken to London, but this still leaves the United States as the home of the three most valuable Bibles in the world.

Even people who do not find it possible to enthuse greatly over the mere fact of big prices for rare books will like to think that the volumes which are recognized as having the greatest historical and artistic value are copies of the Word of God. Its spiritual and eternal treasures are priceless; but even its physical and perishable forms are recognized as of imperial worth. Very few are able to secure costly copies of the book; we may all have within our hearts the richest blessings promised to humble souls in these golden words of God.

The Eloquence of Silence

THAT Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is still a live wire, politically speaking, and the biggest kind of a newsmaker, has once more been demonstrated. At the Aldine Club dinner in New York recently, he set some six hundred guests and members guessing when he took them into his confidence, having pledged them to secrecy, and told them just where he stood regarding the Presidential campaign. As we ourselves heard the Colonel's remarkable speech, we can say nothing more than that it was, as he himself might felicitously express it, "a corker," to have heard which, with its mirthful allusions to his critics, its compliments to those who persist in attributing speeches to him, which of course he never made and with its sturdy sense and broad-gauge Americanism, would have "de-lighted" any one not either prejudiced or hidebound. But the CHRISTIAN HERALD is not a political paper and never prints political speeches, so, as far as we are concerned, the Colonel's brilliant effort must pass into oblivion, among the things lost yet not forgotten. No inducement could persuade us to reduce that wonderful speech to cold type. Wild horses cannot draw it from us, nor could the combined pleadings of our esteemed friends Taft, LaFollette and Bryan wring from us the essence or language of that sphinx-like utterance. Our lips are hermetically sealed.

Churches as Storm Shelters

HOW many times in the story of the Master's life we read that "he had compassion on the multitude." Moved by the Christ-like spirit, a number of the leading New York churches, during the recent cold wave, opened their doors to give shelter and refreshment to the homeless and destitute. They did this in response to an appeal from the Bowery Mission, which found its own facilities altogether insufficient to house the thousands of freezing wanderers who sought a refuge from the deadly cold. It is surely a splendid illustration of the humanizing power of Christianity when the rich and influential churches seek to help in a work of this character. All honor to the pastors who set the example! May the day soon come when the doors of God's house will stand wide open to welcome all who may come for help or consolation, and when every preacher and every member will call the humblest stranger "Brother" and thus realize the blessedness of His commendation who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

The Passing of the Manchus

—ALL THE HOPES of the Manchus seem to be crumbling in China. Yuan's diplomacy has failed. England and Japan, to which powers he looked for financial and moral support in his scheme for saving the dynasty, have both refused to make a loan and have preserved rigid neutrality. All he may be able to do in the last extremity, is to arrange such safeguards for the Emperor and royal family as may assure their unhindered retirement.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Rear Admiral Evans's Funeral

THE funeral of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans in Washington on the afternoon of January 5 was said to be the most impressive one held in this country since that of President McKinley. The services at All Saints' Church, which were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. U. G. B. Pierce, consisted of the ritual for the dead and the reading of an ode by Tennyson. The deep solemnity of the service was emphasized by the tolling in the belfry of the old Concord or "Paul Revere" bell, which had rung warning to the Minute Men at Lexington to make ready for the first battle of the Revolution, and which now hangs in Washington. President Taft and his cabinet, members of the diplomatic corps, army and navy officers, members of the two houses of Congress, and prominent citizens crowded the church. The coffin borne to the altar was covered with the flag that floated from the *Iowa* at the battle of Santiago, on which rested the sword the men of the *Iowa* had given their commander after the battle. The only other thing on the coffin was the wreath bearing the card of Emperor William of Germany, who had deputed Commander Petzman, naval attaché at the German embassy, as his personal representative at the funeral of his friend. Many and beautiful floral tributes were piled up in the vestibule of the church. The family reached the church at 2.30 o'clock. Mrs. Evans was escorted by her son, Lieutenant Commander Frank T. Evans. In the adjoining pews sat the President, Secretary of the Navy Meyer, General Nelson A. Miles, Admiral George Dewey and the pallbearers, Rear Admiral Schroeder, Rear Admiral William Swift, Rear Admiral R. F. Nicholson, Rear Admiral C. H. Stockton, Rear Admiral J. E. Pilsbury, Rear Admiral W. H. Bronson, Major General J. P. Sanger and Major General Anson G. McCook. Eight sailors from the *Dolphin* bore the coffin from the church on their shoulders, to the accompaniment of muffled drumbeats from the band of the Naval Academy. As the march began the Academy brigade of midshipmen led the way, followed by the Marine Band at the head of a battalion of marines from the Washington Barracks, a battalion of bluejackets from the navy yard and a field battery from Fort Myer. The body, borne on a gun-carriage, was taken to Arlington Cemetery, accompanied by the Loyal Legion, Grand Army of the Republic, Spanish War Veterans and other delegations. The committal service was read by Rev. Dr. Willbourne. "Taps" was blown at the grave as the body was lowered, followed by the artillery salute. And thus the great naval commander who gave himself to the service of his country when a mere boy by a baptism of blood, and continued in it with all-daring courage and undying patriotism to the age limit, was accorded by his government a burial somewhat in harmony with the ability, character, and life of the loyal hero of the seas. The funeral, yes, the funeral, the end of the earthly record, the close of the earthly tragedy of admiral and sailor, of general and private soldiers! To the city of the dead all navies sail and all armies march. Truth, justice, love, sacrifice, are things that do not go down into the grave, but have an immortality on both sides of it. Admiral Evans's career recalls the Bible story of another great one of whom it was written:

I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers. (Ps. 89:25.)

The Gun-Carriage Bearing Rear Admiral Evans's Body About to Leave the Church

Horse Saves Man's Life

Frank Tracy, of Wallingford, Conn., claims that his life was saved by his horse Starlight. He went to Oakdale Tavern, three miles away, with a load of baggage and was so badly chilled on the return that he fell in an unconscious condition into his wagon. His horse, turning corners with unerring accuracy, brought Tracy to his place of business, where aid was promptly afforded. After working over him for two hours the doctors pronounced him out of danger. Tracy says the horse will never have to haul another load. The horse had the home instinct so many animals have and this led to the relief of his master. It was proper for Tracy to be grateful to Starlight, but he made a mistake in the kind of a reward he promised his horse—a life of idleness. Nothing could have contributed to the ill health or ill temper of the horse more than to stand idle in the stable all the time. A reasonable amount of exercise is good for a horse as it is for a man. This beneficent law is on both:

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. (Gen. 3:19.)

Reads Bible in Storm

The *Mary Adelaide Randall*, a four-masted schooner carrying 1,700 tons of coal from Norfolk to New London, encountered one of the fiercest storms of the season and was wrecked on the rocks near Point Judith. Believing that their end had come Captain Groucher gathered his men in the flooded cabin and opened his Bible. In a calm, steady voice the old sailor read the Scriptures to the men who believed they were about to die. Not a man whispered. Outside was pitch darkness. The winds roared so loudly and the waves pounded the vessel so furiously that the captain had to raise his voice to a shout in reading. As the ship seemed about to be wrenched to pieces the captain closed the Bible and all hands knelt on the floor. First they repeated in unison the Lord's Prayer and then the captain prayed an earnest prayer for their rescue. He was in the midst of his prayer when one of the men saw the flash of a signal light on the shore a mile away and cried out to his mates. It meant that their plight had been discovered. It was then four o'clock in the morning, and taking hope the seamen clambered to the masts and hung on grimly despite the pitching of the craft. The life-savers finally reached the schooner and the nine men were brought ashore, but not till the surf boat had been abandoned near the rocky coast and the men had swam through the heavy sea to land. There is no storm in the material or spiritual world, and no danger to body, mind or soul in which it will not be the proper thing to read the Scripture and call upon God for help.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear them cry, and will save them. (Ps. 145:19.)

Dove Flies in Cathedral

While Bishop Greer was preaching a sermon on peace in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Christmas morning, a literal "white-winged dove of peace," which had gained entrance to the building through an opening in the southwest corner, flew back and forth over the heads of the congregation, and alighting on a pillar in the north choir sat there during the rest of the service. The audience, which at first seemed disturbed at the presence of the bird, was thrilled with the symbolical significance of the event. The bishop during his sermon looked several times at the dove, which did not seem in any way embarrassed by its surroundings. Bishop Greer said at the close of his message: "Statesman and politician, Senate and people, nations and individuals, with all thy faint misgivings, with all thy false timidities, thy personal prides and passions, thy personal justifications, thy personal glorifications, 'put thyself into thy scabbard'; and with all the old grudges and rivalries and hates making discord in the church and fighting among the nations wiped and blotted out, and with the blessed Christmas psalm ringing and singing in thy soul, go, old dying year, go, and depart in peace. Not the peace of the midnight gloom, but the peace of the morning dawn; not the peace of a passing stoical and submissive acquiescence, but the peace of glorious action and the peace of joyful hope; not the peace of a funeral march but the peace of a pæan of love; not the peace of death, but the peace of life, a more abundant life. Go, old and closing year; go and depart in peace, and thus help to usher in, not for a little fleeting hour, a day or a week, but forever, among all nations, kindreds, tribes and tongues, in the church and in the world, the victory of Christmas." At every genuine service in the house of the Lord there is the presence of the heavenly dove that appeared at Christ's baptism.

And, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him. (Matt. 3:16.)

A Sensible Nobleman

The Earl of Tankerville and his wife, who was Miss Leonora Van Marter, are on a visit to this country for the purpose of placing their son and heir, Lord Ossulston, fourteen years old, in an American school. The youth is in a preparatory school in Boston, and is known there as plain Charles Bennett. When prepared he will enter an American university. After one year at Eaton, Lord Tankerville decided that his son needed the kind of an education the universities in this country afford. The Earl said to a representative of the press in New York: "Your young men in America work. I want my son to work and I particularly want him to grow up in an atmosphere where work is not regarded as something to be ashamed of. He will inherit about 31,000 acres from me and he must learn how to manage and conserve this estate. If the House of Lords is in existence when my son succeeds me, I want him to be a helpful member of that body. With the propaganda Lloyd-George is putting through it begins to look as if English peers will have to take off their coats and chop wood. That wouldn't be a bad thing, either, for the peers. All a father can do for his boy is to give him a fair chance, and that's what I'm doing for my lad. I want him to be equipped to face whatever the future may bring in England, whether it be revolution or a gradual leveling upward of all classes of society. We are growing to look up more and more to the man and less to the title." This nobleman spoke very sensibly. Some sons of the rich in this country, as well as in England, think it unnecessary and degrading to work, and not all parents are wise enough to hammer better sense into their heads. His tribute to the value of our educational system and our democratic institutions in the preparation of young manhood for the largest usefulness is just. His recognition of the relation of hard work to earthly success, and to the development of the best manhood and mastery, is wise. The industry the Earl counts so necessary to his son, who is to inherit over 30,000 acres of land and a lordship in a great empire, is thus referred to by the wise man:

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread. The hand of the diligent shall bare rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute. (Prov. 12:11, 24.)

BRANDER CUSHING'S AMBITION

A Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER XIV—*Continued*

MARSTON called Sidney up just after dinner to tell him that Unc' Marston would be at home that night.

"You had better call without telling him you're coming," Ed's cheery voice rattled through the telephone. "I have an idea the admiral might retreat if he knew you were going to storm his works. If you see Pax tell her I'll be best man on short notice."

At eight o'clock Sidney stood at Admiral Marston's door, his heart beating with more nervous expectation than he had ever known at a critical athletic contest where he knew his university was depending on him for prize honors.

He told the servant he wanted to see Admiral Marston. It seemed to him he waited an unusually long time before the admiral appeared.

At last he came out of his little office room at the end of the drawing-room. Sidney walked slowly forward to meet him. At first Sidney thought the admiral was not going to shake hands. But he did finally put out his hand and said as he did so,

"I—I—this is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Cushing. Will you—come in here?"

He motioned with evident embarrassment towards his little office and Sidney went in and took the chair the admiral motioned him to take. Marston shut the door carefully and sat down at his table.

Sidney's nervousness had all passed, and he was fully self-possessed. The admiral's hesitation and uneasiness seemed to grow.

"I'm glad to see you," he stammered.

"Are you really, Admiral Marston?"

"Of course. Things have changed—a good many things have happened since—since you were here last."

"Yes, a good many. May I venture to ask how is Mrs. Marston?"

"She is well, I believe."

"And—Miss Marston?"

"She has not been very well this winter."

Silence.

Then Sidney said, speaking slowly and with great care,

"Admiral Marston, I want to be perfectly frank with you. I have come to see Mrs. Marston and yourself about your daughter and get your consent to—to—meet her and—"

Admiral Marston's voice broke in harshly.

"Mr. Cushing, do you mean to say you love my daughter after the very brief acquaintance you have formed?"

Over Sidney's whole nature it seemed to him at that moment that his hunger for human affection flowed. There was a small photograph of Pax on her father's desk. It brought to poor Sidney's imagination the picture of her as she stood on the platform ready to christen the warship. Again he saw the little bow of ribbons as it floated over the river. Again he saw the streamer of color that the breeze that afternoon on the Potomac wafted to him from where she sat. And he answered with an impulsive, wholehearted, positive feeling that had not been with him when he entered the house:

"Yes, Admiral Marston, I do. I love her."

"I am deeply grieved, Mr. Cushing. To save you any suspense, I will say at once, the thing is impossible. It is out of the question for me or Mrs. Marston to give our consent to anything of the sort."

"Do you mean that it is because my father is in the State prison?"

"Since you are so direct, that is what I mean."

"What has my father's condition to do with—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Cushing, I will not argue. It can do no good. I believe you will see the matter as we do. Pax's happiness cannot be wrecked by an emotion. She does not know her own mind."

"Might I see Mrs. Marston and talk with her?"

The admiral hesitated curiously.

"She is not here."

"Might I see Pax with you, and—"

"She is not here."

"Could I see them at any time?"

"They are not in the city."

"Not in the city?"

"To be frank with you, Mr. Cushing, my wife and daughter sailed this morning for Europe."

"Europe!"

"By this time they are somewhere out near Point Judith. Listen to me, Mr. Cushing. When I learned that my nephew had gone up to Dockville to see you, I had a suspicion that you might come here. Mrs. Marston shares with me my anxiety about Pax. She is our only child. It is no secret, though it is a painful fact, that she has allowed herself to fall into a feeling for you which, in the nature of the case, her mother and I have felt would in the end lead to great misery and wretchedness for you both. We decided to send her abroad. I cannot express to you how exceedingly painful all this experience has been for us all."

Sidney sat still. What could he say? What could he do? The room whirled around him. The last things seemed to be slipping out from under him. He was sitting near enough the end of the admiral's table so that his arm was resting on it. Suddenly he flung his other arm down, laid his head on them and gave expression to a muffled cry of pain that made Admiral Marston wince.

"Come, come, my boy. You're taking this hard. I regret the necessity for our action. It seems the only thing possible."

Sidney lifted up his head. Slowly he sat back straight and proud.

"In other words, you are a judge of others' happiness on your own standard. You visit the sins of a father on a son and daughter. Are you God to do a thing like that?"

"I have done what seemed best," said the admiral stiffly. "I have no apologies. Personally I have no objection to you. If — if — your father had not— But there is no use to discuss it. The whole thing so far as you and our daughter is in question is impossible and I will say that nothing can ever change Mrs. Marston's mind or mine."

Sidney stood up. He looked very tall and straight. He bowed.

"Good evening, Admiral Marston," he said, and walked directly out of the room and out of the house.

He never knew whether Admiral Marston ever made any attempt to call him back or not. He was too much disturbed and for the time too much angered to notice. For the action of the admiral and his wife had seemed to him like tne grossest injustice. He hotly went over the interview and bitterly commented on the fact that to society in general, that is, to the society in which he had so far moved, the fact of his father's disgrace threw over the son as well the black cloud of distrust and the shrinking of those who drew their skirts about them to escape contact and pollution.

After he had gone to his room in the hotel he brooded for an uncounted time. It seemed to him that life was a wretched thing throughout and that he was an outcast and hopeless. For a moment also he felt a resentment against Pax herself. Why had the girl, if she really cared for him, allowed even her mother to take her away? She might have— Then he reproached himself for blaming her and sat wretchedly going over all the hopelessness of it, when the telephone rang.

It was Ed Marston's voice.

"I've been anxious to know how you came on and off. Did Unc' Marston silence your turret guns, or did you torpedo him before he got within range?"

"Mrs. Marston and Pax sailed for Europe this morning."

The silence was so much longer after this announcement than the usual pause which Marston's conversational habits allowed that Sidney did not know what he was doing. Then—

"Well—that beats me. Shall we capture one of Unc' Marston's cruisers and go after them?"

Silence on Sidney's part.

"I'll tell you what you can do, Cushing. Propose by wireless. A fellow in New York did that the other

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LIQUORS POURED INTO THE SEWERS

ON DECEMBER 29 the old police headquarters of New York City, 300 Mulberry Street, was the scene of the destruction of the contraband wines and liquors which had been seized by the excise department in raids upon premises which were operating both as manufacturing plants and sales places for liquor and which were without licenses. Eight big casks, six crates of bottles and fifteen demijohns were rolled and carried out into the courtyard. They had been seized in raids made on houses in East Sixty-fifth Street and in Prince Street last June. The seizure included two casks, each holding 240 gallons of wine. The casks had been built inside of the Sixty-fifth Street house, and it was necessary, Mr. Charles Firestone, chief counsel of the New York office of the State Excise Commission, said, to tear down a section of the wall before they could be taken out.

In all there were 2,400 gallons of wine, fifteen demijohns of wine and whisky, forty bottles of Scotch whisky, three kegs of beer and several cases of miscellaneous cordials, syrups and fancy liquors. When all had been wheeled out into the court three men of the excise department armed with axes were set to work to break them up. The court is provided with a grated manhole opening in the center of its sloping pavement, and into this the liquids ran and so down into the sewer. Mr. Firestone was assisted by William W. Sweetser, his deputy, and Thomas F. O'Connor, property clerk of the Police Department.

Destroying Contraband Liquors at Police Headquarters, New York

The whole affair was not without its comic side, for somewhere out in Mott Street the Mulberry Bend Band was practising "The Heart Bowed Down" in a more or less indifferent fashion. When Mr. Firestone heard this he laughed and pointed to a shedlike door which leads from the courtyard to Mott Street and through which the strains of the music filtered. "If those fellows knew just what they were playing a dirge for," he said, "there wouldn't be enough men in the building to keep that door standing." Nobody volunteered to go out and make an announcement.

Only a few weeks ago Mr. Firestone superintended an even greater destruction at White Plains. There he broke 4,800 bottles of champagne, six cases of Scotch whisky and several casks of still wines seized in raids at Yorktown. Some of the wine destroyed on December 29, Mr. Firestone said, usually sold for $2.40 a gallon. It was made on the premises in Sixty-fifth Street, where an elaborate plant of presses, strainers and vats was found.

An Armenian Reader's Commendation

I have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twelve years, ten years in Turkey, and two years here. When not provided otherwise, I subscribed myself, which cost me to labor ten or twelve days to pay one year's subscription. It is the best religious paper and is free from denominational prejudices. All Christian Armenians, either in Armenia or other parts of the world, like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

La Grange, Calif. S. SAMUELIAN.

The Noiselessness of Rebecca Leigh

By ELIZABETH NAGEL

REBECCA gazed about at the forlorn, precise room and formed her opinion immediately. "Cold looking!" she said to herself. "Not much—much heart!" "I hope you are well, Aunt Mary," she said aloud. "The people out home said you were very kind to take me. I'll try to be good."

"I hope so indeed!" The sharp, old eyes peered from out the lined, old face into the small, pale one of Rebecca Leigh. "Of course, you couldn't go to an orphan asylum! And I'll try to do my duty by you, child, though it's hard indeed at my age! Children are so noisy!"

Rebecca stared. "I didn't think it was just a duty, Aunt Mary," she said. "I thought you wanted me!" But Miss Mary Thorneley had not heard; she had already, as far as possible, dismissed the presence of her unwelcome guest from her mind.

In the months that followed her entrance into the house without much heart, Rebecca did try to be good—and she succeeded. More than that, she tried to be quiet, and she succeeded there also. She went to school, she helped in the housework, she studied and she read. If she ever played, it was not for Miss Mary to notice it. Playing always made noise and Miss Mary hated noise. Rebecca put it to herself this way in the very beginning: "Daddy used to say I could make more noise than a dozen other children. But I won't make any here—not a single—single bit!" So the cold looking little house was as cold and cheerless as it had been when Rebecca first entered it. The advent of a child had made no difference at all.

But for all this Rebecca Leigh, thin-faced bit of a girl that she was and daily growing thinner in the congealing atmosphere of her aunt's house, had some slight outlet for her child's nature. This outlet was the company of Sally Peters. Sally Peters was a fat, good-natured little girl of the village, who never asked questions, never thought anything strange, never minded, in a word, that Rebecca came always to her house, while she never went to Rebecca's. In Sally Peters's house, Rebecca Leigh became her wild, harum-scarum self, and laughed and shouted and played as gaily and as noisily as any child of her age; only perhaps more so, not only because of what Daddy had said, but because of the bottling up process she constantly underwent at her aunt's house.

Still, a child needs more than play, and that was another reason why Rebecca grew thin. A child needs love. Rebecca especially. For Rebecca had been the heart's delight of her mother and father before they had so suddenly left her and her nature was sensitively keyed to affection. And sometimes during the long winter evenings of that first long winter at Miss Mary's, Rebecca, with her wild eyes on Miss Mary's composed face, felt like running over and throwing herself in Miss Mary's arms. "She's my blood," would cry Rebecca's heart on these occasions. "My blood!" But that wasn't all of it, for deep down in her heart Rebecca Leigh had, even though seeing her many faults, come to love dearly that grim-featured, cold-natured Aunt Mary.

Then spring came, a very lovely and placid spring, balmy and life-giving, and with it Miss Mary awoke from her preoccupation with herself and her affairs past and present, to take note that the little face opposite hers at the table was becoming very thin. Perhaps after this Miss Mary commenced to notice her little niece with some feeling. At any rate she said out loud one day, when thinking the matter over, quite to her own surprise: "I wish she'd—I wish that child would make some noise. It's un—unnatural, that's what it is!"

A short while after this Rebecca made a request of her aunt, really her first request. Very primly and frankly did Rebecca accost her aunt, and thus: "If you please, Aunt Mary, may I go to Sally Peters's house after school to-day to stay for supper, and the evening? Several of the school children are coming and Mrs. Peters has asked me."

Miss Mary gazed at Rebecca and once again a sense of the pallor of the child's face assailed her. "Don't you feel well, child?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you," replied Rebecca patiently. "Please do you mind if I go? Sally's father will come home with me. It's my birthday and—"

"Your birthday!" said Miss Mary sharply, almost as if it were presumptuous of Rebecca to have such a thing. That wasn't the meaning of her sharpness, however, for with the word "birthday" had come, like a breath of a keen biting wind, the remembrance of a message sent her on the very day of Rebecca's birth by that brother now dead. Miss Mary was rather a spasmodic person and thoughts came to her suddenly. Somehow for the moment, gazing at Rebecca, she could see, not the Rebecca of to-day, but a tiny mite of a baby—her brother's baby.

"Yes, I suppose you can go!" she said. "You'll be home early?"

"Yes, Aunt Mary. Thank you."

And surprisingly enough, Aunt Mary, watching Rebecca go down the road, heard herself repeating aloud and as if the idea were utterly a new one, the same words that Rebecca had often spoken so passionately under her breath: "She's my blood! My blood!"

"Recklessly, Miss Mary got out from ancient trunks all the bright things of her youth"

Then, though subtly displeased with herself for this unwonted show of feeling, the old lady took her way upstairs. In her prim, cold room she sought out her brother's letter, and re-read his words of twelve years ago—the words written when Rebecca was a tiny, helpless little babe. And suddenly somehow, Miss Mary connected the tiny babe with Rebecca of to-day and this thought made her cheeks glow and her heart beat quickly.

It was a strange afternoon that Miss Mary passed, an afternoon peopled with spirits of other days. The old lady tried to frown all these loving spirits away, but she couldn't, any more than she could frown away the feeling that she was lonely in Rebecca's absence. Try as she would, Miss Mary could not chase from her mind the memory of that pale, little face, that unconsciously yearning little face of her dead brother's child. "Only a child still!" said Miss Mary finally aloud. "Only twelve!" And again, "I suppose she does miss them—why, she's only a little child!" And Miss Mary realized in a flash that certain things were missing in her house that shouldn't be missing in a house where there was a child.

Sitting alone at her early supper, Miss Mary tried again to push all of this away, and to force her mind into its regular severe grooves; but not so—something stronger than Miss Mary's will was at work and would not be withstood. "Her birthday!" said the old lady at last, arising from an untasted meal. "Humph!"

That "Humph" was the final shot thrown at herself by Miss Mary Thorneley, for with it that old lady, with very bright eyes and a swiftly beating heart, went out into her kitchen and recklessly making a huge fire, spent several hours in what she would usually term "foolishness." For she made—that prim, cold-hearted Miss Mary—she made a round, round cake, all pink and white, and she searched out twelve pink and white candles, and decorated that cake, and she powdered its icy pink and white top with pink and white candied caraway seeds, and then she stood looking at what she had done, and the glow surrounding her became more and more vivid, more warm and loving and—human. There was more to follow; Miss Mary wasn't the sort of a person who does things by halves. With unshed tears behind her eyes, tears for the lonely little girl of twelve, that little girl, pale, wistful and unwanted — unwanted until now—the old lady Thorneley moved about her small, cold house supplying as well as she could those touches of brightness necessary to young life. Recklessly Miss Mary got out from ancient trunks all the bright things of her own youth which she had put away as "foolishness" with oncoming years, and spread about with a lavish hand a very bloom of gay colors. And still that wasn't all. For by lantern light did Miss Mary go outside to gather what few spring blossoms she could find. When she re-entered her house again something in her heart raced gladly out to all the color and life. So you see Miss Mary was not quite dried up despite her years of solitary self-repression.

"Land, but I'm glad I woke up," acknowledged Miss Mary to herself, as in her warm and glowing dining room, with its festive birthday table, she sat down to wait for Rebecca's home-coming. Nine o'clock, chimed by the old clock, started Miss Mary to worrying and nothing would appease her but to start off to the Peters house to see if something had not happened to Rebecca. She lost all fears, however, on approaching that hospitable dwelling, for windows were gay with lights and the house merry with laughter. Amid the happy clamor, Miss Mary caught above the rest, one sweet, childish voice, clear and ringing with joyous life and — strangely familiar. Miss Mary paused in absolute wonder. "Can — can that be Rebecca's voice!" she whispered.

Then Miss Mary crept nearer to the window, and gazed within. In the midst of a merry throng was Rebecca Leigh, the noiseless Rebecca Leigh, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining, her small limbs never quiet, her voice ringing laughter and infectious merriment. Indeed, to Miss Mary's astonished gaze, Rebecca was like a mad little sprite of pure joy. "I never knew," muttered Miss Mary wistfully, "I never, never knew!" Upon this Miss Mary gulped hard. For now she knew indeed!

And then Miss Mary, forgetting everything, called out—"Rebecca! Oh, Rebecca!"

Still so noisy were the merry children no one heard but Rebecca herself. So loving was Rebecca Leigh that I think she would have heard and answered the voice of love anywhere. And Rebecca quietly withdrew herself from the crowd and went out to Miss Mary. It isn't very clear how Miss Mary explained, or if she ever did explain, or if Rebecca just understood without a word, but the moon, appearing over the hilltops a few minutes later, disclosed to the soft spring night a very tender sight —an old lady and a little girl clasped in fond embrace. Then the moon saw Rebecca's face as she

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OUR · MAIL · BAG

Questions and Answers

J. M. C., Sonoraville, Va. 1. Since we are told that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, what became of Elijah's and Enoch's bodies? 2. Where was Christ's spirit during the three days in the tomb? 3. The Scripture says Judas was a thief. Where does it give the proof?

1. The bodies of these men were doubtless "changed" as Paul describes in 1. Cor. 15: 51, 52, the verses immediately following the one you quote. Their flesh was changed into bodies like that with which Christ rose from the dead. His resurrection body seemed to be made of flesh, but it was clearly different from that which he possessed before his death, and of which our "corruptible" bodies are now made. All the redeemed, the saints who have died before Christ's coming and those who are alive when he comes, are promised these new "celestial" bodies for the heavenly life. 2. We know in general that it was among other departed spirits, but under what circumstances or in what location no one can tell. 3. The proof is not given. The simple statement is made that such was his character.

I. A., South Dansville, N. Y. What became of Judas Iscariot? Did he ever repent of his awful sin?

The fate of Judas Iscariot is given in Matt. 27: 5. His fate was that of a reprobate, and there is no evidence that his remorse led to true repentance. See Acts 1: 25.

W. H. G., Lockport, N. Y. Please explain Ps. 103: 5.

The old eagle casts off its feathers and becomes bald, like the young ones, and is then covered with new feathers. The ancients believed that every tenth year the eagle soared aloft into the "fiery region" of the sun, and thence plunged downward into the sea, where, dropping its feathers and its outer skin, it acquired new life.

D. C., Toronto, Can. 1. Please explain Matt. 20: 10. 2. Also Matt. 22: 14.

1. This was a rebuke to the murmurers against the generosity which would give to the humble workers, though late, special recognition for their earnestness and zeal to make up for lost time. It may be that the worker who labored all day had only given perfunctory service, while the late brother had worked with heart and soul and with a spirit which won his Lord's approval. It is *not the work itself, but the spirit of the worker, that counts with God.* 2. This is one of Jesus' terse and pregnant sayings which he more than once uttered. "Called" here means "invited," and the sense is that many receive the invitation of the Gospel who will not ultimately be among those chosen to salvation through sanctification of the spirit and belief on the truth. In a wider application, it may mean that even some who have nominally worked in the Lord's service, may at the very last prove to have been no chosen workmen at all but insincere and self-seeking. This last view is an application so severe that one naturally recoils at its contemplation.

Mrs. J. A. H., Portsmouth, Va. Will you please explain Matt. 5: 17-19; Matt. 19: 17; Luke 16: 17; Rom. 3: 31; Rom. 8: 7; James 2: 10-12; I. John 2: 3, 4?

We get a better start in the study of this interesting list of passages by taking Luke 16: 17 first, reading also verse 16. The law, in its literalness, endured until the time of John the Baptist. After him the kingdom of heaven was preached, the new kingdom whose law is love, whose king is Christ, and whose members are empowered by the Spirit of Christ to keep the greater and more comprehensive law of love, the law which includes and intensifies all the details of the ancient moral law. The law, while in Jesus it loses some of its ceremonial details, loses nothing of its real power; it is no less powerful, even by the tiniest measurement, than it was before. Matt. 5: 17-19: Christ fulfilled the ceremonial law; he kept its authenticated details, and in his death all the requirements for sacrifice were satisfied and ended. While he kept the law and was to fulfil it, the Scribes and Pharisees were evading the law. By their interpretations and additions they really deprived it of authority. Jesus told them they must not dodge the law but keep it. He even indicated that those who kept the old law most carefully, as Paul did, would be given high places in the work of his new kingdom. Matt. 19: 17: This again was counsel given *before* the Atonement. The way of life then was to seek to keep the law. Rom. 3: 31: Here the declaration is made that the Gospel establishes the law. Men without the Gospel had little power to keep the law; the Gospel gives them power to keep it, and thus gives the law its rights, establishes it, makes it possible for its authority to assert itself. Rom. 8: 7: The carnal mind is Paul's expression for the natural, evil, wilful state of humanity. In that sinful, natural state a man cannot keep God's spiritual law. Paul uses also the term "old man" in the same sense. His teaching is that this "old man" is to be "destroyed" (Rom. 6: 6), "put off" (Col. 3: 8, 9; Eph. 4: 22). James 2: 10: This verse is undoubtedly true whether it is applied to law either before or after the Gospel. The judgment of the whole law as an institution came upon the man who violated any part of it; and under the Gospel a man is under the same obligation to keep the whole spirit of the moral law and to obey the words of Christ. We dare not disobey or displease Christ in the very slightest detail. I. John 2: 3, 4: These verses make a good climax. John tells about the "perfect love," which enables humble Christians really to keep Christ's law of kindness. That is the great secret. Paul declares: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." If we love Jesus perfectly we shall not displease him by disobedience; if we really love our neighbor we will do him no harm, but all the good we can.

W. W. N., Asotin, Wash. 1. Is the passage, Mark 16: 9-20, a later addition to the original MS. of the Gospel? 2. Please explain the expressions, "sons of God" and "daughters of men," in Gen. 6: 2. 3. Is there any Scriptural support for the theory that the giants of old were the descendants of angels who had taken daughters of men for wives?

1. This was answered in our issue of November 8. The verses are probably a later addition. 2. The best explanation of the expressions, "sons of God," is that it refers to spiritually minded men; here especially to the descendants of Seth as distinguished from the descendants of Cain. The passage about which this controversy has arisen is Gen. 6: 4. The best translation is that of the American revision, which brings out the fact that the "giants" and "mighty men" were the same. The whole matter is obscure, because the exact meaning of the expressions, "sons of God" and "giants," is not positively known.

S. E. A., Fenton, Mich. I have been very much interested in the story, "Brander Cushing's Ambition," and especially in the statements made concerning our navy. Why must we go on increasing our war forces after signing the peace treaty? It doesn't look to me as though the treaty meant much if we go into a war at the first chance, and if we do not intend to go into a war, why all this preparation?

Many others no doubt feel as you do on the subject, that it is inconsistent to advocate peace and yet continually increase our war armament. The only argument that can be advanced in justification is that under present conditions the power which is strongest is best able to preserve peace, while a weak power, which voluntarily reduced its armament either in troops or warships or both, would be an easy prey to other powers that might have designs upon it.

Reader, Pennsylvania. II. Cor. 12: 2 says: "Such an one caught up to the third heaven." I have heard two sermons recently by different ministers. The one said the birds lived in the first heaven; the clouds were in the second, and the third was the home of the soul. The other stated that childhood was the first heaven; the Church the second, and the third the home of the soul.

According to the ancient writers, there were several degrees of spiritual elevation, these being revealed in visions. The "first heaven" (the first of these degrees) was that of the clouds and the air, the "second" that of the stars and sky, and the "third" was above both of these, where God's glory continually shines. See Eph. 4: 10.

J. H., Sacramento, Calif. The books that have been written on the "signs of the times," as indicative of the approaching end of the Age, would fill a good-sized library. Many commentators and interpreters of prophecy have dealt with the subject of the restoration of the Jews. All agree that the time is coming when Israel will be reconstituted as a nation, some holding that the race will return to its ancient seat in Palestine. See answere to "G. B. L., California," in MAIL-BAG of January 10. Of late years, there has been a considerable influx of Jews from Russia and Turkey to the Holy Land, and there are now a number of thriving Jewish settlements between Jerusalem and the seaboard. The Zionist movement, founded by Theodor Herzl some years ago, and which had for its object the early return of the Jews to their native land, has lately seemed to languish. Palestine still remains a Turkish possession, although Jewish capitalists have now large holdings there and have greatly stimulated Jewish immigration. From time to time there have been hopes of such a development of the Jewish movement as would lead to acquiring Palestine by purchase, but such a thing has not yet been actually attempted. Still, it may come in the near future and the old land may once more be the home and Jerusalem the center of Jewish national life, although there still may be many members of the race in other lands. Prophecy clearly points to the restoration of Jerusalem, after it has been "trodden down of the Gentiles" during a prescribed period. See Luke 21: 24 and related passages.

J. L. L., Aberdeen, S. D. In *The Christian Herald Almanac*, you speak of restitution. Is the wrongdoer to make it right with the person to whom a wrong has been done, before he can expect to make it right with God and be forgiven?

Wherever it is possible to rectify a wrong, or restore to others what we have taken unjustly by any means, it should be done. Restitution is taught in both the Old and New Testaments. We are bound to restore a thing, or its value with the natural increase, to compensate for the loss sustained. Sometimes, however, it is impossible to make restitution, as the opportunity may have long since passed away; but where the opportunity exists, a man of true Christian principles should avail himself of it, if he has the means.

Two Chinese Revolutionary Generals in the Field

GENERAL YUANG HUNG, one of the revolutionary commanding officers, and the second figure from the left of the picture, is here photographed in the field near Hankow. General Li, with whom he has just been conferring, is the officer reading a despatch. The white sleeve-band badge of the revolutionists is plainly shown on General Li's arm.

Miscellaneous

S. K. J., Media, Pa. The names of the two thieves crucified with Christ are preserved in tradition as Dismas and Gestas, the former being known as the "penitent thief."

L. B. L., Smithfield, Pa. 1. There is no such passage in the Bible. 2. It is customary, in most denominations, for the audience to bow the head during prayer. The upright attitude is regarded as irreverent.

T. B. C., Prosser, Wash. There are cures by mental suggestion altogether outside of religious influences, and we are disposed to regard those you mention as belonging to this class. They cannot be said to have any spiritual value.

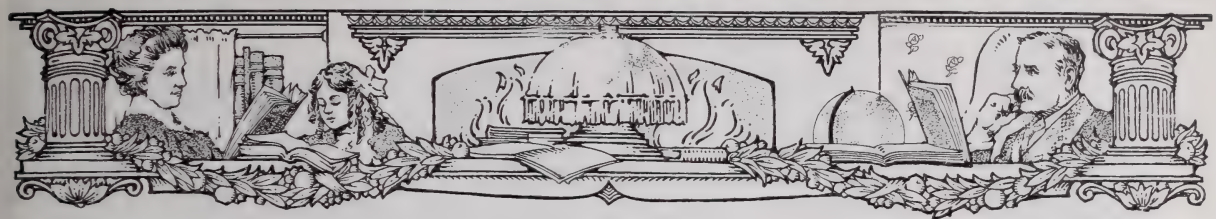
G. W. P., Lebanon Junction, Ky. Your letter shows the danger of dealing with text without context. If you will read Rom. 7th chapter, and especially verses 7 to 24, it will be clearly seen that the passage in I. John 1: 7-10 must be interpreted in the light shed by other related passages. See also Rom. 8: 1-3. Paul in these passages sets forth the continual warfare that is going on in every man's heart between the carnal and the spiritual, and which the regenerate feel, even while they realize that sin has lost its dominion over them, and that, through grace, they are enabled to resist temptation and to overcome the world.

Good Wishes From Virginia

I have just finished reading "Our Readers and Ourselves" in the November 29 issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and feel like writing you what a great comfort and pleasure the dear old paper has been to my husband and myself. It is sent us each year as a Christmas gift by our sister, Mrs. Grattan, as the one thing we most desire. Dr. Jowett's sermon in the same number has been worth the price of the paper.

Hoping you may long live to help others and have your subscription list doubled each year, I am, etc., MRS. GEORGE CHRISMAN.
Harrisonburg, Va.

Over the Four o' Clock Teacups



Is Calling Obsolete?

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE ARE really in danger of losing something very precious and friendly from our social intercourse because informal calling is gradually becoming unfashionable. The custom is not yet obsolete, but it is threatened with peril because of certain conditions that have obtained vogue lately. To-day a hostess sends out an invitation to every one on her calling list, in terms like the following: "Mrs. Abner Meredith Jones will be at home to her friends on Friday afternoon from four till seven," the place and date being clearly indicated.

The friends of Mrs. Jones take pains to accept her invitation, they assume their best apparel and their finest company manners, and they arrive in a crowd at four o'clock and keep on arriving in instalments until the darkness settles down on the day. There is a bountiful collation, and there may be hired waiters and an orchestra. There are several ladies in the receiving line, and the whole affair, while cordial and beautiful, is beset by formality. After it is over a tired hostess sits down and breathes a long breath. She has done her duty to society for the season. During the next fortnight she may receive a number of party calls, but they will soon be over, and she will then be in no danger of interruption from the neighbors or the outer circle of her friends for a long time to come.

Another method much enjoyed and not without arguments in its favor is adopted by women who have a series of days at home, when their friends may come to them informally from December until March, or from January until May. They send out their visiting cards by mail to every one they know, with "Thursdays until March" (or May), written or engraved thereon. They may prefer Monday, Wednesday or Saturday as the day to be reserved for friends, and if they thus set apart a day they are under an imperative obligation to stay at home until the period they have indicated is over. Tea and wafers, or an equally simple refreshment, is enough to serve to friends who call on one's ordinary day at home.

What we hope may return and regain its former pleasant sway is the old simple custom of running in upon a friend and having a bit of talk without notification or special invitation. The surprise of a little visit from a friend drops sweetness into the cup of life. When somebody whom one loves and admires has an impulse sufficiently strong to persuade her to leave her fireside and call upon one for a chat or a confidence, for the purpose of telling good news or expressing sympathy in a time of trouble, there is an evidence of actual friendship that is absent from our present formal hospitality. Let us determine for ourselves that the occasional caller shall receive a hearty welcome, and if, in the course of a morning or an afternoon, our thoughts turn to some one whom we would like to see, let us throw down the gauntlet to fashion and follow obediently the gracious inclination. Calling should not be permitted to become obsolete, nor should we always insist on seeing friends only when it is entirely convenient.

"TWILIGHT"

Soft falls the Sunset's lingering gold,
The day drifts on to evensong;
Soon night will rest on wood and wold,
And far above the stars shall throng.

. . .

Familiarity with the Bible

WHOEVER reads the fiction of this year, or dips into the essays of the season, or even reads the daily papers, will note that familiarity with the Bible is gradually falling out of fashion. In the works of Arnold Bennett, Ian Hay and William De Morgan there is constant use of the vigorous and idiomatic English of King James' Version. The essays of G. K. Chesterton, of Arthur C. Benson and of Samuel Crothers show that these writers were brought up in the daily hearing of the Scriptures and in their study from childhood. Family prayers have been crowded out of too many American homes. Children do not hear the Bible read morning by morning. They go to Sunday School or stay away at their discretion, and there is a conspicuous absence in many churches of children in the pews. "Are there no children?" inquired a visiting clergyman from England, "or do American children never go to church?" For one or another reason, the Bible stories, the Bible messages and the Bible phrases have ceased to be part and parcel of everyday life. The Bible is not read, as once it was, in our public schools. While the authors above mentioned display wonderful familiarity with the sacred Book, weaving its striking phrases unconsciously into their narratives, a great number of others who have forged to the front seem never to have heard anything that belongs to the sacred pages. We shall do nothing so good for the rising generation as to restore to it familiarity with the vocabulary of the Bible.

. . .

A Useful Suggestion

WILL you give me space to say a word about taking liberties with drugs? When a physician orders remedies ought they not to be taken precisely according to his directions? Many people are singularly careless about taking medicines in the dark. No one should ever rise at night and take pills or liquids without first lighting a candle or the gas and looking at the label on box or bottle. Valuable lives have been sacrificed to the lack of this precaution. I knew an agonizing instance of the death of a child who took from a shelf a piece of bread and butter sprinkled with arsenic and left for the purpose of poisoning rats. I wish to utter my word of warning.

"CORNELIA D."

. . .

Picking Up After Molly

I HAVE always trotted about and picked up after Molly," said a weary mother, as Molly disappeared down the street on her way to school. Molly in her early teens and her first year of high school left the house every day after breakfast in a mental state that might be supposed the fit accompaniment of a cyclone. She had invariably lost her grammar or her algebra, the report that had been signed overnight was missing, and even her hat and jacket had perversely hidden themselves out of sight. To start Molly for school took as much energy on the part of the household and subtracted as much from her mother's vitality as if the child had been booked for an ocean steamer and was setting out on a twelve months' absence. This is no exaggeration. It is only a plain statement of a commonplace fact. There are Mollys and Bettys and Dollys almost without number who can never find their raincoats, umbrellas or overshoes when they are needed; who grow desperate as the relentless minute hand points toward nine, and who inaugurate confusion in the home before they leave it in the morning, all because weakly indulgent mothers have trotted after them and picked up what they dropped. If you really love your daughter do not be a slave; do not run here and there to find what she has mislaid; let her learn the blessedness of order by having a place for everything, and personally depositing everything in its place. In her closet, on her special nails, in her bureau drawers and in her room a girl should be neat and look after her own belongings.

BETTER THAN THE DESCRIPTION

The Christian Herald Almanac for 1912 arrived several days since, and I think you people are a little bashful in speaking of the merits of your premiums. I find the *Almanac* much better than your description of it. Many thanks. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD minion, morocco-bound, Red Letter Bible also arrived in good condition. What a glorious holiday remembrance it was! It is much nicer than you have ever described it to be. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for your generous premiums.

Washington, D. C. JACOB PERSINGER.

Your New "NATIONAL" Style Book is Ready

YOUR New "NATIONAL" Style Book is ready and will be sent you *free* if you send us your name and address.

The New Spring Style Book gives you full information of New York Styles in every kind of apparel. It offers you your choice of all these most beautiful fashions at prices so low that purchasing from this Style Book will mean to you more clothes as well as better and more stylish and becoming clothes than you have ever bought before.

Waists	98 cents to $6.98	Hats	$1.98 to $19.75
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"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits

Made to Measure **$12.50 to $30**

Samples of Materials Sent Free

These beautiful Made-to-Measure Suits alone would amply repay you for writing for your Style Book. Each suit is cut and made to the customer's measure. And there are over 300 materials to choose from. Nowhere in the world is equal opportunity offered you in the selection of your Spring Suit.

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218 West 24th St., New York City

This Book will be sent you Free by return mail if you send your name and address.

Our Boys and Girls

The Value of a Friend

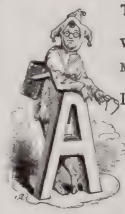
So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

TYLL EULENSPIEGEL

(Owlglass)

Where'er the wave of Rhine doth lave,
Man's memory is still his grave.



ALL in the little village of Brunswick, oldest, oddest town in Germany, where the people are a quaint, superstition-ridden folk, who believe in gnomes and witches, ogres and fairies, and even old men sometimes are known to put bowls of cream upon the doorstep at night by way of invoking good luck from the "Lubberfiend," Tyll Owlglass was born in the fourteenth century, and, by the magic of some unaccountable reason, Tyll is still the dominating spirit of Brunswick and of a great part of the surrounding Black Forest country.

Since our space is very limited and our story very long, I shall have to ask you to step with me for a moment, please, into the enchanting village square of Brunswick, ringed around with its little bakeshops, that have leaned together so long as to be entirely dependent upon one another now, and read Tyll's story in a nutshell there. Look into the windows of these really beautiful little bakeries, where to this day, in memory of Master Owlglass, heaps of fresh gingerbread owls and long-tailed monkeys with currant eyes are for sale. From generation to generation the little bakeshops dream of the old merry days when Tyll Owlglass was baker's boy to Arnold Kramer, chief of the famous Brunswick bakers, who made for himself a Brunswicker fortune out of the whimsical birds and beasts, and especially monkeys and owls, that Tyll cut and baked for him.

Now look at the beautiful bronze fountain in the center of the square. Did you ever imagine a fountain so fine as this one? See, there he lilts in bronze, Tyll, a boyish fellow, balancing a tiny slipper upon his toe, surrounded by a circle of solemn owls and grinning monkeys with long tails, spouting water from their mouths. Notice that the monkeys' heads are rubbed away a bit, and always they are very smooth and bright. This is done by loving hands of little children; for all day, and every day, from generation to generation, children play around that fountain on their way to and from school, and there is rarely a game but Tyll Owlglass has some part in it. Think of that! After so many years!

Tyll Owlglass was so beloved of the villagers of Brunswick in the fifteenth century that they accounted their general welfare at that time to his droll and bubbling high spirits. They met him more than half way in his rogueries and waggeries, and when he outwitted them the good folk only honored him more. "Tyll was always a gentleman," to this very day you can hear them say it: and when his fame spread abroad, for he was clever as well as mischievous, he was sent for by kings and princes and dukes to cheer them when they were low-spirited. His doings abroad were ever the good-natured gossip of the Brunswickers, and they glory in his memory.

We hear little enough of Tyll Owlglass in this busy, hurrying country, where we have small time for tradition and romance, but at least we may recognize that to few mortals has been granted such an enviable place in the history of his country as to Tyll Owlglass, whose native village is pointed out with pride to the traveler, and whose memory is kept alive by freshly baked gingerbread monkeys and owls, and by little children who fancy they play with him in their games around a rarely beautiful fountain where the traveler may read this delightfully whimsical inscription:

Tyll at His Pranks

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
THE JOLLY CHAP
TYLL EULENSPIEGEL
IN THE PLACE WHERE HE ONCE
BAKED OWLS AND LONG-TAILED MONKEYS
FOR ARNOLD KRAMER

This is a true story, my boys and girls, and some day perhaps I shall be telling you more about the quaint places I have visited in my journeyings round the world.

Very lovingly and faithfully yours,

Uncle Ben

Little People's Corner

A Little Lecture for Little Girls

For the little girl who is pretty when she is good, "but when she is bad she is horrid":

"Young people have a right to be homely. They may be born so, and therefore cannot help it. But no older person has any right whatsoever to be ugly. She has had day after day in which to grow beautiful." — *Mrs. Johnston, in "Talks to Little Folks."*

Good Morning

Good Night

A CHILD'S HYMN

By M. Betham-Edwards

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

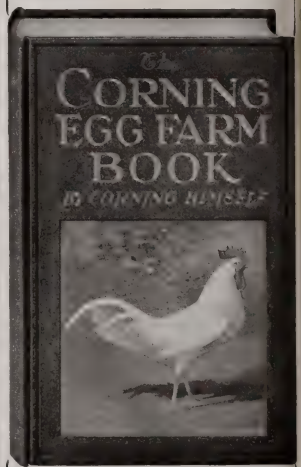
The Corning Egg Farm Book

by Corning Himself

The Greatest Poultry Book Ever Written, of the Greatest Egg Farm Ever Known

The Plain, Straightforward Story of What Has Actually Been Accomplished in Five and a Half Years, and Is Being Done Every Day, on The Corning Egg Farm.

Every Owner of Hens Needs This Great, New Corning Book. It Means an Increase in Eggs, Chicks, and Money Receipts that Will Astound You.



Every Corning building, every idea in mating, every wrinkle in hatching, brooding and feeding is adaptable to any size flock, a few hens in the back yard, or flocks of hundreds and thousands. Remember, the Cornings started with only 30 hens, and had to feel their way along, accommodating their method and increasing their Plant as their flock grew.

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In this New Book the Cornings tell you how to get the large, white eggs of delicate, delicious flavor, and more of them than you have ever had before. We get higher than the highest market quotations, and are never able to fill all orders. Last year we received more than three times as many orders for hatching eggs as we were able to fill. Every hen we could spare for breeding was sold in the early Spring for August delivery. This is how we make so much money with our poultry.

To-day we have on the Farm 15,000 Pullets and Hens; 15,600 Incubator Capacity at a Hatching; 264 feet of Brooder House; 650 feet in length of Laying Houses and 58 buildings with a floor space of 18,455 square feet.

$6.41 per Hen, per Year Has Now Been Surpassed on The Corning Egg Farm

and this New Book tells you how. Nothing has been done on The Corning Egg Farm that cannot be accomplished by any one of fair, average intelligence, and a reasonable amount of ambition. In fact, there are breeding and egg farms of different size, scattered all over the country, stocked with Corning Stock, run on Corning Method, and all making money. **This New Book tells you how to do what Cornings have done.**

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THE CORNING EGG FARM

Bound Brook, New Jersey

Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 82

day because he couldn't wait. The girl was coming home from a summer vacation and he was afraid another young man in the same tours company with her would get ahead of him. If you say so, I'll get the wire right off."

"No, Marston, my good fellow, you can't help me in any way that I know. I'm not fit to talk now about it."

"I'm an ass. Kick me at your end of the line, will you? I want to see you to-morrow if I may. Good-night."

He hung up before Sidney could say that he would be glad to see him, and Sidney went to bed to pass a sleepless night.

In the morning he reviewed the situation from all sides. It looked as hopeless as ever. Marston came over to the hotel and offered sincere sympathy, his usual flippant, reckless manner so subdued that Sidney was touched deeply by it.

The business he had come for occupied him for the next two days, but by the end of the week he was back in Dockville.

The only thing left for him that promised any mental relief was the building. Into this he now plunged with a fierceness and at times bitterness that threatened to change in many ways his usual noble and high-spirited courage.

At this time in his strange career Sidney Cushing had, besides the finishing of the battleship, two factors determining his future. He did not at the time understand all the significance of these factors. They were Hermosa Howard and his own father.

Two weeks after his return from Washington he had carried the books to Mr. Howard and had an interesting talk with the blind man. At that time he learned through him a little more of Hermosa's character and purpose. He had called again with more material from the shipyard office, plans, diagrams and sketches in which Mr. Howard was interested and one or two models which he could feel with his sensitive seeing fingers. At that time Hermosa was present and what she said added to Sidney's growing interest in her. But it was simply an interest that touched his feeling of respect for her and raised a few questions in his mind.

With his father, the influence that at this critical period kept him from going to pieces entirely was the passionate desire to fulfil to the letter Brander Cushing's ambition to give the United States the most perfect fighting machine the world had ever known. That passion had grown with the son, as the time went by and the ship began to near completion. And when, several weeks later, he went up to the penitentiary to see his father on one of the few visits he had allowed himself to make, he carried with him papers, plans and photographs to show his father how the work was coming on.

CHAPTER XV

WHAT of Brander Cushing during this period of death in life for him?

When he entered the place, he had been assigned for his daily task the keeping of office records. This was supposed to be work suited to his ability and choice on account of his distinguished character and talents.

But one day after he had been in the prison two months and its clocklike routine had begun to envelop him in its daily monotony, he asked to see the warden on a special matter. The warden was a man of unusual ability and of deep and real Christian character. He had been appointed to the position by the earnest work of a group of churches which had influence with the State governor. He had known Brander Cushing before his conviction and had a great interest in him. When Cushing asked to see him he had him brought into his private office where he had frequent conference with the prisoners. When the door was closed, the following remarkable conversation took place:

"Mr. Armstrong, I have not made a request of any sort since I came here. May I make one now?"

"Certainly; and if it is possible we will grant it."

"I should like to do some work outside of the office."

The warden hesitated.

"There is no outside work just at present except the brickyard, owing to the refitting of machinery elsewhere."

"Put me into the brickyard, then."

"You?"

"Yes. Am I not flesh and blood like other men? The office work is killing me. I need hard physical labor to keep me in good condition."

"Of course you can be assigned to the brickyard. But — will you take charge of the foreman's oversight?"

"No. Put me to hauling clay and molding. I want to work with my arms and legs. I don't want to bother with my mind. I want to work so I can sleep."

The warden looked at him compassionately. He could see the regular signs of prison hardening in Brander Cushing's face. He wanted to do or say something to let Cushing know that in all the world, even in those prison walls, there was one man who cared for his soul. He ventured to say,

"My brother, will you, without my mentioning it again, as long as you are here, regard me as a friend instead of a jailor?"

Over Brander Cushing's pale face a great flush of color swept. Then his face grew hard. Lines around his mouth stiffened. His fingers clutched the arms of the chair tighter. The warden never ceased to look at him clear-eyed and manful. But Brander Cushing made no response, and the guard came in at Armstrong's summons. Cushing went away without another word.

Next day he was out in the brickyard working with a gang of the roughest men in the prison.

The nature of the work required a special heavy suit. This was soon plastered with wet clay. His nearest friend would not have recognized Brander Cushing after he had been in the brickyard two hours. He worked with tremendous energy. It seemed as if devils were lashing him. But one result of it was sleep. After the first stiffness was gone, he anticipated day by day the exhausting nature of the task. He had no acquaintance and sought none. The only time he ever met the other prisoners was at meal time and at the chapel service on Sunday. At these times the rule of silence was observed. Brander Cushing would have observed it anyway. He did not want to speak to any one. He would not have spoken if leave had been granted.

What was passing in this remarkable man's soul during these days of physical toil as a number instead of a human?

It is, of course, well understood that, for a man in his position, even after he had acknowledged his guilt in open court, he might have used every device known to the law, aided by unlimited means, to delay his imprisonment. But as has already been said, once he had determined to make the sacrifice for Sidney's sake, it seemed as if he were hurried by no choice of his own along the track he had followed. The business men and acquaintances who had known him were simply dumbfounded when Brander Cushing apparently submitted to go to prison without a fight. They did not understand the man. He had the foresight to see as well as his shrewd lawyers that no higher court would reverse the district court's decision, but there were other things entering into it all

Continued on next page

How to Ruin a Dish of Beans

Would it pay us—and does it pay you—
To spoil this dish for a cent or two?

IF ONE wants to skimp, or if one doesn't care, it is easy to spoil baked beans.

Take the beans as they come. Don't stop to pick out just the ripest and plumpest—beans all of one size.

Use a sauce made of low-grade tomatoes — of tomatoes picked green, or of scraps from a canning factory.

Bake in dry heat, and too quickly. Some will then be crisped, some broken and mushy, and all will be hard to digest.

In homes and in factories, millions of meals are spoiled in such ways.

DOES it pay?

One may save, perhaps, a few pennies per meal. But think what one loses.

Beans are 84 per cent. nutriment—more nutritious than meat. They cost one-third as much. Does it pay to make them uninviting?

And is any food worth eating if it can't digest?

WE KNOW that it isn't.

So we buy choice beans, and pick out the finest among them. They cost us last year an average of $2.45 per bushel.

We make our sauce from Livingston Stone tomatoes, ripened on the vines. It costs us five times what common sauce sells for —just to get a superlative zest.

We bake in high heat, and bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Thus the beans are made digestible.

We bake in steam ovens, so the beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole.

And we bake the tomato sauce with the pork and the beans, so the flavor and zest go through.

IS IT expensive?

The materials are. But we bake for a million homes, so we save on the baking.

Your home-baked beans cost a little more, if you figure the fuel and sauce.

Some factory-baked beans cost a little less. You can learn by one meal if that skimping pays. A million homes know that it doesn't.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

Note that Van Camp's Beans now outsell all other brands together.

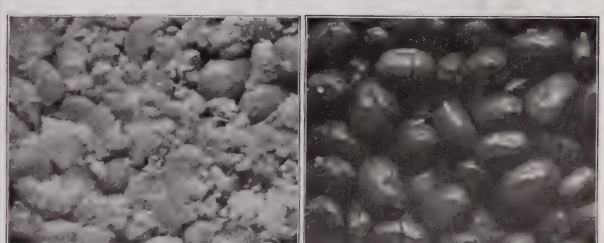
Note that a million housewives who used to bake beans now let our chefs bake for them.

That is due to the fact that no other kitchen bakes beans that compare with Van Camp's.

You will know this when you try them.

Three Sizes: 10, 15, and 20 Cents per Can.

Van Camp Packing Co. (Estab. 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.



Home-Baked
Mushy and Broken

Van Camp's
Mealy and Whole

(Taken from Actual Photograph)

(201)

Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

that determined his course and led him to do as he did.

Two passions survived all the personal horror of his disgrace. One was his love for Sidney. The fact that he had saved the boy's honor was a glowing fact which his soul gloated over. As he threw the wet clay into the box, filled it, and piled it up, then took hold of the handles on his end while another prisoner carried the other, his proud spirit never ceased to picture Sidney as clean and pure out in the free world from which he himself was shut in, and the thought sustained him as if a lost soul in hell should claim credit for committing some crime to save a weaker one.

The other passion that still survived was his ambition for the new warship. After all it was *his* warship, the child of his own brain, the creation of his own genius. He had even been allowed to send out instructions to McLeish and Merrill that had been necessary when questions had arisen as to construction of parts that were beyond the skill of any one but himself. When the vessel was finished it would be his own. He had visions of its action in a real war. He prayed that a war might come so that the ship might be tested. He daily rejoiced in the thought that his own son was as deeply interested in the whole thing as himself.

There was added to all else, in Brander Cushing, an iron will not to go down in darkness. He said to himself, "I am coming out of here to resume my place among men and compel them to give me my old place again. I will not break down nor let them ruin me. I will take care of my body and mind. The world shall not break me even here." He was as proud as Lucifer. He shook his fist at society, the world and God.

He read constantly during every moment allowed by the strict prison rules. And he received permission from the warden to let Sidney bring to him all the newest volumes on the science of war and the newest data concerning the armies and navies of the Old World.

This then was the mental condition of Brander Cushing when Sidney next visited him, a few weeks after the visit to Washington. They were allowed freedom to talk together with no guards present.

At once Brander Cushing noticed the marks of unhappiness on Sidney's face. Do all he would he could not conceal what had been left there by his recent experience.

"You are in hell on my account. Can I do anything? Of course not."

"Father! Father! Don't. It kills me to have you speak so."

"Is it Miss Marston? I see. I see. Those fools that call themselves civilized would shut you out because of me. Sidney, I vow to God I will come out of here and make Admiral Marston and his wife apologize on their knees to me—yes, to me—for this treatment. I have influence, even here in this devil's cage, to bring to bear on him and his. I tell you, if you want to marry Admiral Marston's daughter, you shall."

"Father, it is not—you do not know all. Miss Marston and her mother are abroad, I do not know where. I do not know when they will return. It is all uncertain. For all the world, father, do not add to your trouble by worrying over me."

"I will not worry. I will act, when I leave this place. Sidney, do you not know I am ready to go through torment every day for you?"

"I know it too well. What can I do all my life to show it?"

"Fill out my ambition, boy. I know your heart is in this ship, as mine is. I don't hesitate to pray for war. Real war. There is no telling when we may get one. The nations are arming for some great conflict. When it comes it will be the greatest in history. And when it comes there will be no dreadnought can stand against ours, against yours and mine, Sid."

Used as he was to his father's former complete abandonment to his life work, Sidney almost shuddered at the blunt expression of the war mania in his father. But he responded as he had always done to his father's boundless enthusiasm over the subject, and when he was back again at Dockville he plunged heart and soul into the work over the new ship and took great pride every day as he watched its black and frowning strength, symbol of man's savagery and brute force even two thousand years after the advent of the Prince of Peace.

Four months went by. Brander Cushing still worked in the brickyard.

One day he noticed as he started to pick up his clay box handles that a new prisoner was on the other end. His face was so dirty and disfigured that he could not have recognized him if he had been familiar.

But when the men washed up in the brickyard wash-house at noon, Brander Cushing found this same man was next to him at the wash-bowls. When he wiped his face, Brander Cushing stared and could not refrain from an exclamation. But the men outside were permitted to talk a little.

"Andrew Brodig!"

The man stared back at Cushing.

"Yes. And you?"

"I? I am an enemy of the people. Do you remember having a little tussle with me in Dockville once?"

"Yes, yes. And you are here now?"

"Yes. And you?"

"And I."

That was all they said. Cushing was annoyed at dinner time to find this man sitting next to him. He ignored him as if he were not there. Andrew Brodig had evidently been blown up by something. His right eye was gone and there was a great unhealed scar running over his face from his left cheek to his chin.

At chapel service on the following Sunday Cushing was annoyed again to find Andrew Brodig seated next to him. He did not want to have anything to do with him and resented the man's presence. He reminded him of things he wanted to forget.

Next day out in the brickyard Andrew Brodig started to speak.

"I don't want to hear you," Brander Cushing said roughly. "Take hold of your handles and move along."

Andrew Brodig looked venomously at Cushing but did as he was told and throughout the week they worked together, this strange pair, as far apart physically as a clay-box, as far apart mentally and spiritually as the ends of the earth.

On Sunday there was a new face in the pulpit beside the prison chaplain. He was introduced later as the Rev. Rufus Freeman of Dockville. Warden Armstrong invited in on special Sundays of the year preachers from outside, men who, he knew, had a real message for men.

When Freeman began to speak Cushing prepared to listen, as he had listened to all the chapel speakers, with a cold sneer and a hardening heart.

But half way through Freeman's talk a sentence arrested him. What was that? How did Freeman, this hired priest, this canting hypocrite, know that about him, Brander Cushing? He found himself listening with a real resolve to follow the speaker's thought. The significance of that moment, which was to have such stupendous bearing on his whole being, did not for an instant suggest itself to him. He had turned his head slightly to get a better look at the speaker, and in doing so he noted Andrew Brodig's face. Over him also had come a look of startled surprise at something, and he was leaning forward, following the preacher's words with the greatest intentness of feeling.

To be continued

A Great "Queen"

Horse Story

"KATE and QUEEN"

By Prof. Jesse Beery

King of Horse Trainers

Equals the famous "Black Beauty" in human interest—surpasses it in practicalities. "Kate" a victim of poor handling is vividly contrasted with "Queen" who was more fortunate. You sympathize with one—rejoice with the other—even as you each for the glum waif and laugh with the child of fortune.

Prof. Beery has skillfully woven into this intensely interesting and true story, many valuable suggestions for handling horses—a result of a lifetime's experience.

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Prof. Beery desires that every horse owner, trainer, breeder—everyone interested in horses—should read this great story. To make it possible, for a short time he offers every interested horseman a copy, worth $1.00, for the remarkably low price of

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FREE With each book we send free a beautiful colored picture of Queen—oil painting effect—suitable for framing. Order today. Address

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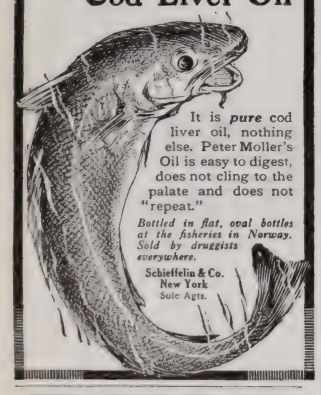
"Free from Disagreeable Taste and Odor"

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil



It is *pure* cod liver oil, nothing else. Peter Moller's Oil is easy to digest, does not cling to the palate and does not "repeat."

Bottled in flat, oval bottles at the fisheries in Norway. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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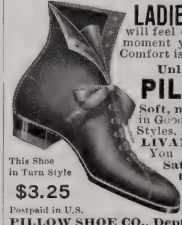

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A Family Flock of Fowls

By A. F. Hunter

FRESH-LAID eggs are selling at sixty to sixty-five cents a dozen, and almost impossible to obtain even at that price; why should not every household keep a small flock of fowls and have its own "strictly fresh-laid eggs" for the breakfast table? The greatest obstacle to such a most desirable accomplishment is man's natural conservatism; he never has kept a family flock of laying hens on a few square feet of ground in the back yard, hence naturally supposes he cannot now keep them. Then, too, one's imagination conjures up objections on account of the labor involved, or by the neighbors who find the noisy rooster a nuisance. The great majority do not realize that with the advances in modern poultry keeping the labor of caring for a flock of fowls is insignificant, and that the pernicious male bird is not only a nuisance because of his noise, but that the usual flock will lay better if there is no male bird about; in other words, unless one plans to hatch and grow chicks in the spring he saves the cost of feeding a useless rooster and actually gets more eggs, if the flock consists of females only.

Little has been written about the possibilities of keeping a flock of fowls on a small piece of ground, a flock, say, of ten or a dozen layers, kept in a house 6 by 8, or 8 by 8 feet square, and never permitted outside the house at all. There are some minor advantages in having a small yard attached to the hen house, and allowing the birds to have outdoor range and exercise in pleasant weather, but it is not at all essential where the birds are kept for eggs alone, and many a town or suburban poultry keeper who keeps a flock simply to provide fresh-laid eggs for the family never allows the birds to go outside the house provided for them until they go to the butcher.

It is sometimes difficult for the back-yard poultry keeper to find desirable pullets each season, and not a few such make their arrangements with a farmer-friend back in the country to ship him a flock each fall; in some instances poultry keepers have grown into a line of this trade, and arrange to supply their customers with ready-to-lay pullets each season. One such with whom we are acquainted lives near Toronto. A friend living in the city was complaining of the difficulty of obtaining dependable eggs for his household and Mr. B—— said: "Why not keep a small flock in your own back yard, and produce your own eggs?" The pros and cons were discussed, and the result was that the city man built himself a small poultry house and the poultryman shipped him a dozen pullets that were about ready to lay. The eggs were soon coming along with praiseworthy regularity, to the gratification of the wife and children and envy of the less fortunate neighbors.

When the price of eggs began to drop rapidly, along in March, now and then a hen was killed and dressed for the Sunday dinner, and when the wife and children went back to the old home for a summer's outing the birds remaining were sold to the butcher to dress for market. The house was cleaned up, whitewashed and made ready for another flock of pullets in October, and the family flock was renewed. Others had by this time begun to see the advantages of a few square feet of ground in the back yard, and had built small poultry houses, also, and now Mr. B—— has something like a score of such families to whom he regularly supplies a flock of near-laying pullets each season.

That such a small flock of pullets may be made decidedly profitable is shown by the experience of a man living in a populous suburb of Boston. One fall this man was attracted by the good appearance of a flock of pullets he saw in the show window of a firm of

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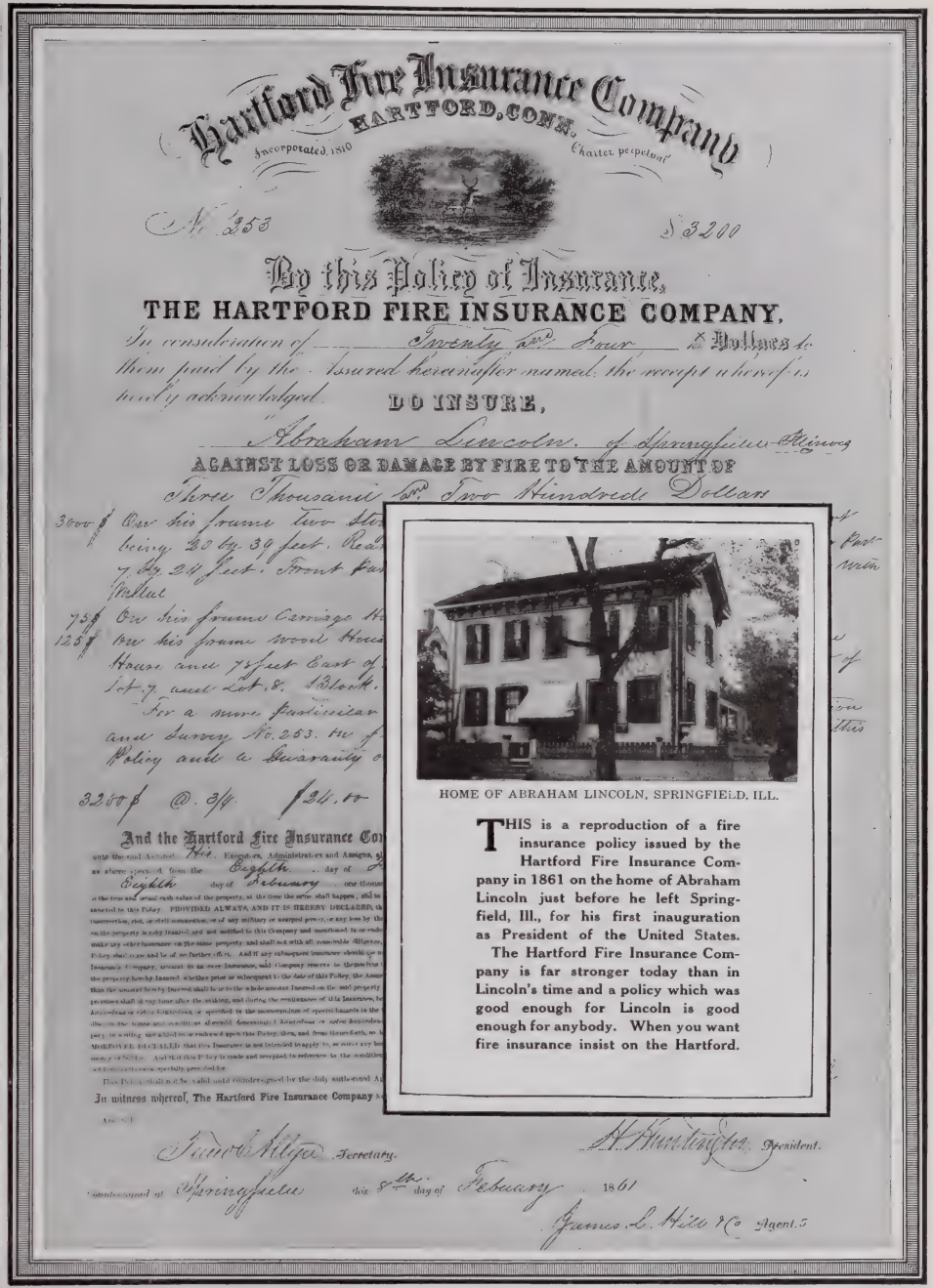

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HARTFORD, CONN.
Incorporated 1810 Charter perpetual

No. 253 $3200

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In consideration of Twenty Six Dollars to them paid by the Assured hereinafter named, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged
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Abraham Lincoln of Springfield Illinois
AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE TO THE AMOUNT OF
Three Thousand Two Hundred Dollars

3000 On his frame Two Sto... being 20 by 30 feet. Rea... 7 by 20 feet. Front Pa... Millar

750 On his frame Carriage H...
1250 On his frame wood Hou... House and 7½ feet East of... Lot 7 and Lot 8 Block...

For a more particular... and Survey No. 253. the... Policy and a Guaranty o...

3200 @ 3/4 $24.00

And the Hartford Fire Insurance Co... unto the said Assured, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, ... as above specified, from the Eighth day of February one thous... at the true and actual cash value of the property, at the time the loss shall happen, and to... inserted in this Policy. PROVIDED ALWAYS AND IT IS HEREBY DECLARED, th... insurrection, riot, or civil commotion, or of any military or usurped power, or any loss by th... on the property hereby insured, and not notified to this Company and mentioned in or endo... make any other insurance on the same property, and shall not with all reasonable diligence... Policy shall cease and be of no further effect. And if any subsequent insurance should be m... Insurance Company, account in no event hereunder, said Company reserve to themselves t... the property hereby insured, whether prior or subsequent to the date of this Policy, the Assur... than the amount hereby insured shall be or to the whole amount insured on the said property ... premises shall at any time after the making, and during the continuance of this Insurance, be ... Assignment or other disposition, or specified in the memorandum of special hazards in the ... the on the house and on all of said described Merchandize or other Interests ... part, in writing, specially or endorsed upon this Policy, then, and from thence forth, we h... MODIFIED HEREALL: that this Insurance is not intended to apply to, or cover any loss ... more particular. And that this Policy is made and accepted, in reference to the conditions ... and hereto specially prescribed.

This Policy shall not be valid until countersigned by the duly authorized A...

In witness whereof, The Hartford Fire Insurance Company ...

Secretary. President.

Countersigned at Springfield this 8th day of February 1861

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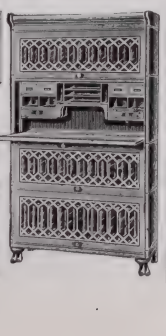

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A Family Flock of Fowls

Continued from preceding page

poultry-supplies dealers in Boston, and finding that he could buy them for a dollar apiece he engaged them, went home and built a small hen house out of lumber obtained by knocking a few packing cases in pieces, and covered it with tarred paper, and when the birds arrived they were domiciled in the new house and a small run-way adjoining. The birds were just common, mongrel pullets, which explains why they were sold so cheap as a dollar apiece, but they proved themselves to be layers, and our friend was soon enjoying fresh-laid eggs and producing eggs to sell to neighbors.

There were twenty birds in the flock, and from the date of their purchase in the fall till the 7th of July following the cost of the food bought for them was $19.50, making a total cost of twenty pullets and their food of $39.50. During the fall, winter and spring this flock of pullets produced eggs to the value of $80.89, many of which were consumed by the family and the balance sold to neighbors at the going market price; those used in the family were credited to the flock at the same prices as those sold.

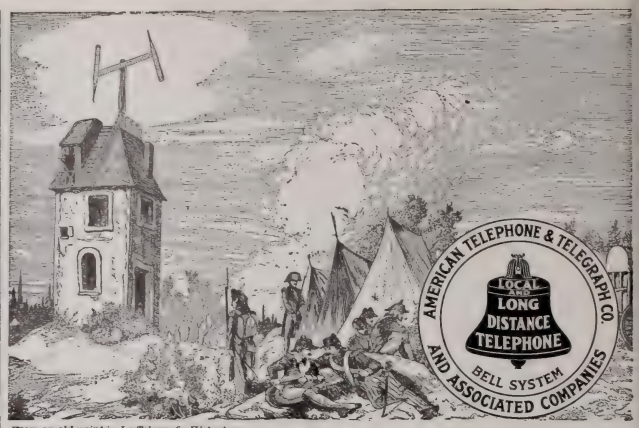
The family left home to go into the country for the summer on July 7 and the hens were sold to the hen-cart man, alive, at the market price, for $10.12, which makes the grand total of eggs and poultry foot up to $91.01. Deducting the cost of the pullets and the food bought there was a balance of $51.51 net profit, which is a fraction over $2.50 profit on each pullet purchased. The food cost would have been somewhat greater if all the food consumed by the birds had been bought, but the table waste of the usual household is a considerable help in feeding a flock of fowls, and the table waste costs nothing—it is usually thrown into the swill bucket.

Another case in point is that of a young lady living in a small city who had impaired her health by too confining work in a city office. Her physician ordered her to a sanatorium for rest and upbuilding, and when she returned to work he instructed her to eat four fresh-laid eggs daily; two eggs for breakfast and the others raw, in milk. Finding it difficult to obtain dependably fresh eggs she persuaded her mother to permit her having a small flock in the home yard. A portable house was purchased and fifteen pullets installed in it. A small brother was paid ten cents a week to feed and care for the flock, two bags of ready-mixed food were bought, and the result of the venture was not only all the eggs the young lady needed and a supply for the family, but there was a surplus which found a ready market at the corner drug store, bringing ten cents a dozen above the market price.

Such examples show how easy it is to have fresh-laid eggs for the family if we go about it in the right way. There need be no noisy rooster to impose upon the neighborhood, nor unattractive, filthy yard to offend the eye.

A mixture of meal, bran and meat scraps is kept before the birds all the time, they eating of it as the appetite prompts them; twice a day a small handful to each bird of dry grain is thrown into scratching litter on the house floor, and they are given needed exercise in scratching and searching for the grains. A hopper of grit, oyster shells and charcoal, each in a separate compartment, hangs upon the wall of the house convenient of access, and there is a drinking fountain of water, rinsed and refilled once a day. The droppings should be cleaned from the roost platform every other day in winter, twice a week in summer, and they are a most valuable dressing for the lawn and garden.

The simple "chore" of caring for such a flock of fowls calls for but a few minutes' time each day, and the satisfaction of having dependably fresh eggs for the family and an occasional fowl for the table is our best reward.



From an old print in La Telegrafe Historique.

Napoleon's Visual Telegraph

The First Long Distance System

Indians sent messages by means of signal fires, but Napoleon established the first permanent system for rapid communication.

In place of the slow and unreliable service of couriers, he built lines of towers extending to the French frontiers and sent messages from tower to tower by means of the visual telegraph.

This device was invented in 1793 by Claude Chappe. It was a semaphore. The letters and words were indicated by the position of the wooden arms; and the messages were received and relayed at the next tower, perhaps a dozen miles away.

Compared to the Bell Telephone system of to-day the visual telegraph system of Napoleon's time seems a crude makeshift. It could not be used at night nor in thick weather. It was expensive in construction and operation, considering that it was maintained solely for military purposes.

Yet it was a great step ahead, because it made possible the transmission of messages to distant points without the use of the human messenger.

It blazed the way for the Universal Telephone service of the Bell system which provides personal intercommunication for 90,000,000 people and is indispensable for the industrial, commercial and social progress of the Nation.

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Our Peace Circles Busy

OPINION as to the fate of the pending arbitration treaties varies greatly, though it is almost universally recognized that when they are ratified a great advance will be made toward peaceful settlement of international disputes. Against those who have set themselves up as judges of the constitutionality of the arbitration treaties and pronounced adverse judgment, there is an array of distinguished jurists and lawyers who have taken the other side and have found the treaties constitutional. Some men who have declared themselves on their constitutionality are: President Taft, Secretary Knox, ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont, Governor and former Chief Justice Baldwin of Connecticut, Senator Sutherland of Utah, Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, Senator Elihu Root of New York, Joseph H. Choate of New York, Senator Burton of Ohio, Senator McCuother of North Dakota, John Bassett Moore of Columbia University, James Parker Hall, Dean of the Chicago University Law School, and former Chief Justice Knowlton of Massachusetts. It would seem that after men of such high standing in the legal profession had passed upon the treaties and found that they neither violated the constitution nor infringed upon the prerogatives of the Senate, others might be willing to believe in them. Opposition to the treaties on legal grounds in the face of such an array of lawyers cannot be anything more than a paltry excuse to vote against them. In view of the fact that practically the entire population of the United States, England and France favors ratification of the treaties, it is apparent that they can be defeated only by technicalities and quibblings.

Debate on these treaties will in all probability be resumed in the Senate just at the time this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches our readers. Members of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Leagues should write to their Senators, urging them to support the arbitration treaties, and there will be a great work done in the advance of the Peace Movement.

Why the Arbitration Treaties Should Stand

The topic for discussion in CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League Circles for the fortnight ending February 7 is: "Why the Arbitration Treaties Should Stand." Booklet prepared by Denys P. Myers will be forwarded *free* to members of CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace Circles or to peace advocates for a two-cent stamp to defray the postage.

Reference books recommended: *War or Peace*, by Hiram M. Chittenden. (McClurg & Co., $1). *Universal Peace; War is Mesmerism*, by Arthur E. Stillwell. (Bankers' Publishing Company, $1.) *Peace Problems*, by Frederick Lynch, with an introduction by Andrew Carnegie. (Fleming Revell, 75 cents.) *First Book of World Law*, by Raymond L. Bridgewood. (Ginn & Co., $1.50.)

Called Higher

Mrs. H. H. Morehead (88), of Newcastle, Pa., passed away September 7, 1911.

Mrs. Luthera Thaxton (94), of White Hall, Ill., died October 23, 1911. She had been for many years a reader of this magazine.

Emily F. Parrott (62) died August 15, 1911, at Joliet, Mont. She was for several years a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Dora Fitzgerald (76) died November 9, 1911, at Boone, Ia. She was for thirty years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Tobias B. Delinger (67) passed peacefully away on October 11, 1911, at Quarryville, Pa. He was for a number of years a subscriber to this paper.

Mary A. MacCracken (76) went to her last home on April 10, 1911. She was for thirty-three years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Robert B. Meek, of Buffalo, N. Y., was called away to a higher life on September 28, 1911. He had been a reader of this magazine for over twenty years.

Mrs. H. C. Riddell died recently at her home in Marion, Ia. Being entirely deaf, she derived much comfort and benefit from the sermons published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Rev. B. G. Wood (80), of Bluford, Ill., passed away recently after a ministry of thirty years for the Church of the United Brethren. He was for several years a subscriber to this magazine.

T. W. McClellan, after sixteen years of invalidism, died at the Veteran's Home, Napa County, Calif., July 7, 1911. He was one of President Lincoln's bodyguard from 1863 till the close of the war.

Mary Elizabeth (Smith) Blauvelt passed away September 26, 1910, and her husband, John D. Blauvelt, October 12, 1911, both having lived three score years and ten. Mr. and Mrs. Blauvelt were residents of West Norwood, N. J., where they were for a number of years subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The burial services of Mrs. Barton C. Harp and her two small children, William and Henry, together with that of her sister, Miss Lena Hughes, took place in November last at Lexington, Ky. This family were the victims of a terrible accident at a railroad crossing in that part of the country. The wife and little ones constituted Mr. Harp's entire family.

Mrs. Cordelia A. Slack (80) passed away recently at her home in Malden, Mass., where for many years she devoted herself ardently to both home and foreign missionary work, and was one time president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. She saw her duty and did it as bravely as her heroic husband who, in defense of his country, died on the battlefield of Antietam. The deceased was for many years a subscriber to this magazine.

Among the Workers

—THE ABIGAIL FREE SCHOOL and Kindergarten of New York is making an effort to secure a permanent home instead of the present premises at 25 Charlton Street. The superintendent and secretary of the school is Mr. C. P. Devare.

—THE ENGLISH evangelist, Rev. E. P. Telford, will hold a series of services in California towns and along the Pacific Coast at an early date. On former visits to this country his work was attended with great blessing.

—GIPSY SMITH'S revival campaign in the Pacific coast cities includes Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Great spiritual results have followed the work at the points already covered.

—IDA L. REED, author of the famous hymn, "I Belong to the King," and many others, is a chronic invalid and in extreme poverty. She is now an inmate of the German Hospital in Philadelphia. Miss Reed's beautiful hymns are sung all over the English-speaking world.

—DR. JAMES A. REED, pastor of the Charles Street United Presbyterian Church, New York, forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a check for $13.85, which was a Thanksgiving Day offering from the church for the Bowery Mission Bread Line. This generous and timely gift supplied a midnight meal to 554 men and lads at a cost of 2½ cents each.

The Noiselessness of Rebecca Leigh

Continued from page 83

raised it to her Aunt Mary, and saw also the sweetness and light that answered its loving gaze, and the moon knew that the old lady and the little girl understood each other very well.

Miss Mary presently came enough out of the clouds to tell the child of what had happened at home. And then with a glance at the gaily lighted Peters house she said boldly: "It's a large cake, and if Mrs. Peters doesn't mind, can't we take them all over home with us and have a second birthday party? I want," continued the old lady with a tremble in her voice, "I want a lot of noise in my house—a lot of noise!"

"Oh, Aunt Mary!" cried Rebecca joyously. "Oh, Aunt Mary!" Her eyes were beaming like twin stars. She kissed the old lady and gave her a good, rollicking bear hug and catching her hand firmly said, "Come in and let's ask them—ask them home to my birthday party!"

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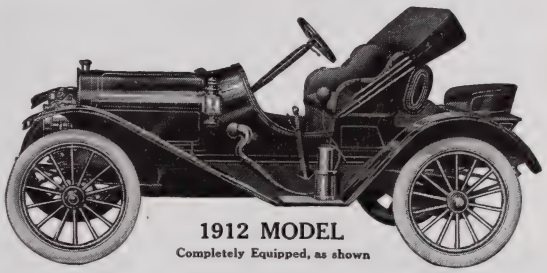

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IT sometimes happens that a woman, on the death of her husband, is left without any means of support. Her duties have not fitted her to meet the problems of making a living for herself and her children, and she has to fall back upon her skill with a needle. Such skill is so poorly paid that poverty and privation stare her in the face.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

THANKFUL THOUGH WEARY

O MEN! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart;
O women! sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your cares to-day and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Go sit beside the hearth again,
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tenderer heart and hand
The remnant of your household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head,
Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day—
The blessed past is safe alone;
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasure of his love.

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Young People's Societies

Endeavor Ideals*

NOBODY wishes to intimate that the ideals of our society differ markedly from those of the Church Universal of which we are a branch; but there are many particulars which young beginners may well emphasize, and of which it is, perhaps, somewhat less necessary to remind older Christians. That was a clever speech of one of Miss Thornycroft Fowler's characters, in which she was made to say, "I used to think when one had got to a sensible age, one would have outgrown the snares and wiles of the devil; but I find that he has got them suited to fit all ages and sizes, as they say of ready-made clothes."

Thus certain temptations belong rather more to one decade of life than to another, and it is well to be stiffly on guard against those of our own especial time. When we walk "the slippery paths of youth" it is only God's grace and the most earnest efforts on our own part which can "preserve us safe and lead us up to man."

The saloonkeeper and the denkeeper expect to make their largest profits from the young. As the prophet says, it is for them that these beasts of prey "lay their wait." Eager to "see life," perfectly sure that they can never become like the unsightly wrecks of manhood and womanhood which they sometimes see haunting the purlieus of the town; ignorant and reckless of consequences, of which they may have been told but which they usually do not believe and cannot realize, our young men and women are all too likely to go astray, unless strong home or church influence deters them. It is therefore of the greatest importance that we of the Christian Endeavor should bring into our fellowship all that we can. The missionary spirit should burn brightly among us. The history of our society is ennobled and enriched with the stories of saved souls, through the loving services of our recruiting officers and members who have gone into the highways and byways and have bidden the wanderers to come in.

We may well pattern after Philip, whom Mr. Wells, in his *Bible Miniatures*, calls "the Finder." No sooner had he come to Christ than he urged Nathanael also to come. And Mr. Wells in that same book gives us a note of encouragement, when he points out strikingly that Peter, who was weak and wavering in early life, with no more stability than the water that he tried to walk upon, yet became like a rock through his love of Christ, as we may all become if we will but follow and trust him.

It is as evangelists and soul-winners that we young people must do our best work. Mr. Moody, in stinging words, often reminded his hearers of this great duty. "It is a thing to weep over," he said once, "that we have thousands of church members who are good for nothing toward extending the Kingdom of God. They understand bazaars and fairs and sewing-circles; but when you ask them to sit down and show a man or woman the way into God's kingdom, they say, 'Oh, I am not able to do that. Let the deacons do it, or some one else.'

"This is all wrong. There are many church members who are, as it were, hobbling about on crutches. They can just make out that they are saved and imagine that is all that constitutes a Christian. As far as helping others is concerned, that never enters their heads."

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves,

said our greatest poet. We are here to help strenuously, continually those about us, and the noblest and best help that we can render is to lead them to Christ. That is what the "endeavor" means in the name of our society.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, February 4. TEXT: John 15: 1-8.

False Security of the Wicked*

THE secret of the bravado of the wicked in this world lies probably in their frequent prosperity. They sometimes flourish "as the green bay tree," and up to their death are apparently undisturbed in their sins. The Creator has undoubtedly prepared for such miscreants a punishment in the world to come.

But fortunately for the promotion of morality on earth, sin generally receives its compensation in this life. The drunkard has no real pleasure. His sole hope of peace is in sinking himself to that brutish condition in which he ceases to be a man, and is only a half-conscious and loathsome animal. The robber is usually haunted with such acute remorse that sleep deserts him. Within the past year the papers have told us of several such men who have voluntarily surrendered themselves up to the law rather than suffer longer the pangs of concealed guilt. Dissipation of any kind usually brings on disease, sooner or later. Often this is inherited by helpless children. "The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge," says Jeremiah, and this awful truth continues down all the generations.

One of the commonest delusions regarding this matter exists among men and women of genius. Some great painters, musicians, and authors have felt themselves to be superior to God's laws, and responsible only to their own souls. The so-called "great," the kings and princes, the very rich, the generals and admirals, have sometimes, indeed, too often, acted on a similar principle. "I am not a common man," said Napoleon, "and the laws which govern common men do not apply to me."

If the conspicuous characters in every community had discarded this pernicious doctrine; always been earnest Christians; had used their power as leaders to "set the pace" aright, had tried to turn the faces of men Godward, evil might even now have been greatly diminished. Let us be thankful that so many of the foremost men and women of America are setting an example to-day of purity and probity. Indeed, it is believed by many politicians that no man of tarnished character can ever again obtain an election to any high political office here; and there are signs that, though so-called "society," composed as it is largely of idle people (very busy over nothing), is still far from guiltless, the morals of our land are steadily improving. As for the so-called "leisure" people, they can scarcely be expected to do better until they are provided with some sort of regular and important work; for work is the only safety of the human race.

The rich and the highly gifted are not the only classes, alas, which dare to transcend the laws of the Highest. Each and every human being is all too apt to consider himself as an exceptional being in this respect. We invent excuses for ourselves—say to ourselves, perhaps, that we have never done this before, and that we are so good otherwise that our kind heavenly Father will surely not lay up against us such a trifling misdemeanor.

One of the best of men in most matters, a deacon and theologically very strict, was recently arrested for watering the milk which he sold. He pleaded in extenuation of his fault that his cows were highly bred and their milk was so much richer than his neighbors' that he felt obliged to water it in order to bring it down to the average. We are all too apt to treat our own shortcomings just as tenderly. Instead, we should learn to judge ourselves even more severely than others.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, February 4. TEXTS: Amos 2: 14-16; Gal. 6: 7, 8.

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To Christian Herald Readers

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Lincoln was consumed with a desire for education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home with the precious prize, burned one pine knot after another while he studied its problems. He did not dream of the White House in those lonesome days and nights when his enthusiasm urged him on. Who shall say it was not the early enthusiasm that made him the liberator of millions of his fellow men and the hero of every American boy?

Boys are always dreaming about genius, of what it can accomplish, and wondering why they do not have it. They do not understand, perhaps, that enthusiasm is the right hand of success, and that persistency performs miracles. They do not realize, as you do, that the great majority of men who have risen to be superintendents, managers and proprietors of great businesses, found their first opportunity at the bottom rungs of the ladder, and in their boyhood desires and pleasures.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can help your boy and others. They will surely earn good incomes if they do a little work for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week; but better than that, they will become more self-reliant and more manly.

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Jesus, the King Over All*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT IS now a custom when a king-child is born to announce the birth with great pomp and ceremony. Bells are rung and high potentates assemble, and the king appears in their midst with his heir, the heir to the throne, lifted high in his hand. But Jesus Christ is the only newborn King ever announced from the high court of heaven, and for none other has a new star ever been set in the firmament. There appeared men to do him homage; first the shepherds with their tribute of praise, afterward the wise men from the far-away East with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh; and later, principalities and powers, even hell itself, acknowledged his kingship, using King Herod as emissary, in the effort made to destroy him, when the edict went forth that all the babes in Bethlehem should be slain, of two years old and under. We have visited the litle chapel devoted to the memory of those innocents, which is connected with the Church of the Nativity; there our tenderest thoughts went out for those tiny first martyrs for Christ.

The Visit of the Magi

Not the least marvelous part of the advent of the Christ King was the visit of the wise men from afar, so very far that it was not less than twelve hundred miles in direct line from Persia to Jerusalem, across the Arabian Desert. It is probable that the wise men went a longer, round-about way to avoid the desert, and they went by slow camel train, so that their journey might easily have taken them the larger part of the year. Those wise men, not being Jews, and yet starting out to find him who was born King of the Jews, have been the marvel of the ages. How did they know about the expected birth of such a King? and how did they know about the new star which should appear at his birth? Their knowledge had two sources:

1. They had learned from their master-teacher, Zoroaster, about the coming of the Messiah. There is a legend that Zoroaster, beside the fountain of water called Glosha of Horin, predicted to his disciples the birth of Christ and the appearance of the star.† It is claimed that in a seven days' trance the whole future of religion was granted to Zoroaster. The Persians were so learned in the appearance of the heavenly bodies that "a new star" would be immediately recognized by them.

2. The second source of the knowledge of the wise Persians concerning him who should be born King of the Jews was probably from the Jews themselves, even from the prophet Elijah through one of his disciples, who informed the Persians of the sign of the birth of Christ, and that they should bring him gifts. (Quoted from Gottheil by Professor A. V. Williams Jackson in *Zoroaster, the Prophet of Ancient Iran*, pp. 98 and 201.)

The King of Kings

It really matters very little what was the source of their knowledge. The fact is, they had the true conviction, and loyally pursued it until it brought them to their desired end.

The newborn earth-king soon has his day, and it is only one day, or two at best, in the sight of the Infinite; but for nearly two thousand years the birth of Christ has been celebrated, and with ever increasing joy. His nineteen hundred and eleventh birthday celebration, just passed, has been the most widely observed, and the gladdest, of all. This worldwide holiday has a momentum which insures its still further increase from sea to sea, and to the uttermost parts of earth.

Let us hear the testimony of some of the great people of the earth who have spoken concerning the Christ King. At the coronation of the young Queen Victoria of England the oratorio, "The Messiah," was sung by a chorus of trained singers. When the "Hallelujah Chorus" was reached, and its climax burst forth in "King of kings and Lord of lords," the young queen arose, and meekly bowed her crowned head in recognition of Him "whose right it is to reign." And this she did in defiance of court etiquette, which required that she should remain seated.

Charles Lamb said: "We uncover to Shakespeare, but we kneel to Christ." Jean Paul said: "The Nazarene hath lifted the gates of empire off their hinges, and turned the streams of the centuries out of their channels." Carlyle's tribute was: "He walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, but his sphere-melody, flowing in mild and native tones, and being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows in sounds in all our hearts, modulating and divinely leading them." Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, making these quotations, added: "Looking backward we see the centuries sloping up towards Bethlehem's hill, and all the streams of civilization flow therefrom. Looking forward, all men wise and strong feel that the hope of society's progress is in this; that at last men will translate his spirit, teachings and example into all activities of the home, the market and the exchange." But none of these things will any of us do until we seek and find him whom the wise men sought and found.

The Hall of Christ

There is at the New York Chautauqua a unique building called "The Hall of Christ." The idea of having it originated with Bishop John H. Vincent, who says of it: "The hall is a symbol, a representation of home and church circles scattered all over the land, devoted to the same work, the study of Christ. It is again a place of worship of the Christ—a service of silence, of sacred song, of reading, of prayer and meditation, a place for reverent, honest and fervent study of Christ as a personal Saviour." The hall was built through the gifts of hundreds of people to whom the idea appealed. It is mainly constructed of white Roman brick and white terra cotta. The stained glass windows present in chronological order events in the life of Christ. Inside, large drawers are made to contain photographs, engravings and other pictures of Christ, and there are books on shelves about Christ, all easily accessible to those making a study of them. There is a large audience room where lectures can be given. There is a beautiful sentiment about the Hall of Christ, because it seems to embody the idea of the personal touch. It suggests how, by feeding upon Christ, we may make our own lives white and beautiful like his.

The Hall of Christ is white and glistening in appearance, and this is suggestive of the purity of Christ, and as we consider it, we can but wish that we might have purity in our lives.

But there are some people who have missed the mark by trying to copy the outward appearance of Christ. One evening at a Gospel meeting where two hundred or more were present, a man came in alone, and walked the length of the hall, taking his seat in the front row. He was dressed all in white, his

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for February 4, 1912.** The Wise Men Led by the Star. Matt. 2. GOLDEN TEXT: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else. Isa. 45:22.

† See Gottheil, *References to Zoroaster*, p. 29.

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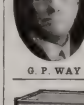
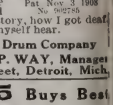


G. P. WAY



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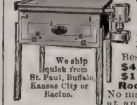

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"But to his surprise, (and that of everybody else), I did not tire of Grape-Nuts, and became better day by day, till, after some weeks, my stomach entirely recovered and I was able to eat anything my appetite craved.

"My nerves, which had become so weakened that I feared I would become insane, were also restored by the Grape-Nuts food in connection with Postum which has become our table beverage. I appreciate most gratefully and thankfully the good that your food preparations have done me and shall be glad to answer any letters inquiring as to my experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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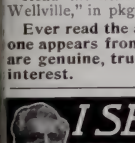

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

clothes being of a peculiar type. His hair was long and light in color, parted in the middle, and caught behind his ears. His face had the appearance of being modeled after the typical Christ pictures. The imitation of Christ was in his every attitude and movement. The apparition was startling; then came indignation that any one should have so presumed as to make himself up in that style, that he might make it seem that Christ had come again and taken his place among men. He of course attracted general attention, but said nothing, and finally at the close of the meeting passed out alone. The real imitator of Christ will think not of looks, but of words and deeds in helping others. How does Jesus help others?

He is a path if any be misled:
He is a robe if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman he is free;

If any be but weak, how strong is he!
To dead men life he is, to sick men health;
To blind men sight, and to the needy, wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth. FLETCHER.

In our small way let us carry his Gospel of help, and find our greatest happiness in living service to our King.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

Let the lesson be introduced by having the children sing two, or even three, of the beautiful songs they learned at Christmas time. Let the teacher then pin to the blackboard a star cut out of gilt paper, and then sing herself, or repeat very slowly and tenderly, the following lines:

The star shone brightly overhead,
The air was calm and still,
O'er Bethlehem's fields its rays were shed,
The dew lay on the hill;
We see no throne, no palace fair.
Where is the King? Oh, where? Oh, where?

Let the teacher then fasten under the star a crown cut out of gilt paper, and sing:

An old man knelt at a manger low,
A babe lay in a stall;
The starlight played on the infant brow,
Deep silence lay over all;
A maiden bent o'er the babe in prayer.
There is the King! Oh, there! Oh, there!
Oh, there is the King! Oh, there!

Jesus is our King, and we ought to love and serve him as long as we shall live. Let us tell him so:

We fold our hands that we may be
From all our play and work set free.
We close our eyes that we may see
Nothing to take our thoughts from thee.
Into our hearts we pray thee come,
And may they each become thy home.
Cast out the sin and make them free,
More like the Christ child may we be.
Then open our eyes thy light to see,
Lift up our heads to praise thee still,
Open our hands to do thy will.

After the prayer, let the story of the coming of the wise men to find Jesus be told them.

Answered Prayers

E. M. P., Dwight, Ill. "My prayers have been answered many times, for which I thank God with my whole heart."

Mrs. M. R., Lynn Haven, Va. "God answered prayer, which gave me great joy. Thanks be to him."

Mrs. R. D. H., Baldwyn, Miss. "God in his goodness has heard and answered my earnest prayer many times, for which I praise his holy name."

B. W. C., Troy, N. Y. "I want to say that God answered one of my prayers, giving me what was most desired."

Mrs. E. M. P., Blue Lake, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer."

Mrs. M. S., Port Republic, Va. "The Lord has been good to me and answered my prayers in sickness and trouble."

F. M. S., Hagaman, N. Y. "I prayed to the Lord to restore me to health. My health has improved wonderfully."

Fine Tonic for Blue Days

The Christian Herald Almanac received. It is the very best of the kind we have ever had, and the premium, *Samantha*, is fine. We all enjoy it; it is a fine tonic for blue days. May the year 1912 be one of prosperity to you.
Muncy, Pa. MRS. D. W. BUFFINGTON.

The Sheerest Hose for Dress Wear—
Guaranteed

It is easy enough to guarantee hose that are cumbersome, coarse and hot. The wear in "Holeproof" is in its *yarn*, not its *weight*. The light weights will wear just as long as the heavy. The reason is that we use cotton yarn costing an average of 70c a pound. We could buy common yarn at 30c a pound. But our yarn is 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest, most flexible, lightest weight, yet the strongest yarn that's sold. That's why *the hose* can be made light and strong. That's why *95 per cent of our output* has always *outlasted our guarantee*, including these *light weights*.

A Million Wearers

A million people know "Holeproof." The fact that so many have been convinced should bring more or less conviction to you. If a million have tried them and swear by them now, don't you think you may do the same if you try them?

Carl Freschl

The signature above identifies the genuine "Holeproof," and you *want* to identify it for it is the original guaranteed hosiery, and there are scores of the heavier kinds.

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FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

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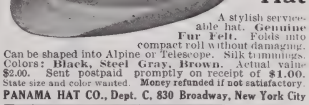

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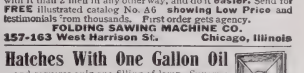

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1912

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The Opalescent River

By George Gardner Symons

OUR · MAIL · BAG

Questions and Answers

U. C., Topeka, Kan. Please explain what was the sin of Saul, as mentioned in I. Sam. 13: 13, 14. If it was offering a sacrifice, why was that a sin for Saul any more than for Samuel, who did the same thing, though not a son of Aaron?

Saul's chief sin was disobedience. Samuel, the recognized representative of God in the nation, had commanded him to wait till he arrived in Gilgal, saying he would come in seven days. Saul did not wait till the end of the seventh day, thereby showing an impatient and disobedient spirit. God demands that men obey him implicitly. "To obey is better than sacrifice," Samuel said to Saul on another occasion of his disobedience. Probably, also, Saul had no right to conduct the ritual of sacrifice. As to Samuel's doing so, he may simply have ordered it done, directing Eleazar the priest to conduct the ceremony; or his office of prophet may have given him the authority to act also as priest. Furthermore, though not a descendant of Aaron, he belonged to the priestly tribe of Levi.

J. L. J., Sterlingville, Alberta. Please point out the harmony between Matt. 27: 7 and Acts 1: 18.

A very fair inference is that the word "purchased," in the verse in Acts, means that Judas had taken the first steps in the bargain. This may account for the decision of the priests to go ahead and complete the transaction and buy the field outright.

Mrs. C. B. C., Granville, Mass. Please explain (1) Eph. 6: 12, (2) Matt. 5: 5.

(1) This verse is a recognition of the existence and power of evil spirits. There are kingdoms of evil, ruled by wicked beings, which are fighting the powers of good. Against these powers the Christian, protected by the armor of God, is called to fight. The expression "in high places," or as translated in the margin, "heavenly places," may mean that even in the highest Christian experiences we are subject to temptation, which is of course the case, or that we must contend with the evil spirits for the possession of these high places in the spiritual world. (2) "The earth" or "the land" here probably has a spiritual meaning. Spiritual attainment is often compared to the acquirement and possession of land. Thus the conquest of Canaan by the children of Israel is sometimes used to illustrate the conquest of spiritual possessions by the Christian. Compare Heb. 3: 7—4: 11.

Friend, Jordan, Mont. Why is it that the Lord seems so much nearer and dearer at times than others, even when there is no sense of having wandered away from him? Are some Christians so perfect that they enjoy these supremely happy moments continually, or is such continual blessedness reserved only for heaven itself?

Even perfect Christians are sometimes "in heaviness through manifold temptations" or trials. The human brain is such a delicate organ, and the human body so imperfect that many times the things we are surest about become obscure; in sleep, for instance, or in extreme fatigue, or suffering, or even nervousness. Our chief concern must be to keep free from sin. We may be cleansed and kept clean by the blood of Christ; and while we are trusting him for cleansing, we shall be, under normal conditions, conscious of his presence.

W. H. H., Ambler, Pa. Please explain Ps. 90: 3.

This verse is a poetic statement of the natural process whereby God brings about the return of all physical life to dust (See Gen. 3: 19, last clause).

W. G., Lodi, Wis. Is it possible that the body of a person erroneously pronounced dead and being embalmed in the usual manner could revive again?

It is absolutely impossible. Furthermore, before the work of embalming is begun, a number of tests are made to establish positively the fact of death.

Mrs. P., Washington Court House, O. Please explain Heb. 6: 4-6.

It means that those who have once received in their hearts the knowledge of the word of truth, and have experienced the enlightenment of divine grace and blessing and a sense of forgiveness and acceptance, yet who have not enjoyed all the fulness of Christ or entered into the appropriation of his promises—when such fall away, it is in the nature of a wilful apostasy. They knew the truth and had the light, and yet, instead of going on to perfection and crucifying the world through the cross (see Gal. 6: 14), they crucified Christ anew. The Hebrews, who were addressed, had not yet so fallen away; but the writer warns them of what would be the ultimate result of deliberate retrogression. They would be sinning against light and putting Christ to open shame. He does not refer to the "elect," but to those who having begun the Christian life had not progressed sufficiently to make their calling and election sure.

P. A. G., Kenna, N. M. When was the Sabbath changed from the seventh to the first day of the week?

The New Testament indicates that the Jewish Christians held both days holy. Paul evidently preached in the synagogues on the Sabbath, but it was on the first day of the week that the Gentile Christians met to break bread (Acts 20: 7). This second sacred day was called the Lord's Day to distinguish it from the Sabbath, and was probably the only one observed by the Gentile converts. There is a hint of their being called to account for observing that day only, in Col. 2: 16, where Paul bids them pay no heed to their critics. *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, written certainly before the year 100 A.D., speaks of the Lord's Day and refers to it as a day of holy meeting and the breaking of bread (chapter 14). The primitive Christians everywhere kept it so solemnly. Pliny, the historian, refers to this fact in his letter to Trajan about A.D. 100. Justin Martyr (A.D. 140) describes the religious worship of the early Christians, their sacramental observances, etc., on the "First Day." Other early writers who make clear and unmistakable reference to the Lord's Day are Dionysius of Corinth, Irenæus of Lyons (who asserted that the Sabbath was abolished), Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Origen, Cyprian, Commodian, Victorinus, and lastly Peter of Alexandria (A.D. 300), who says: "We keep the Lord's Day as a day of joy because of him who rose thereon." These evidences cover the first two centuries after our Lord's death and indicate that the Lord's Day is an institution of apostolic sanction and custom. All grounds of doubt are swept away by the fact that Constantine in an edict issued in A.D. 321 honored that day by recognizing it as one sacred to the Christians, and ordered that business should be intermitted thereon. Finally, the Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325) in its official proceedings gave directions concerning the forms of Christian worship on that day, and the Council of Laodicea (A.D. 364) enjoined rest on the Lord's Day. Thus by apostolic usage, by law and custom, by imperial edict and by the highest councils of the early Christian Church the change has been accepted and approved.

G. A. P., Crab Orchard, Ky. Was the story of the rich man and Lazarus a parable or an actual fact?

It was a parable—an illustration of the kind made familiar in the teachings of Christ. It is the only parable in which a proper name is employed, and Lazarus was probably chosen because it was a common name. By some both men in the parable have been considered as real personages, and one tradition even gives the name of the rich man as Dobruk, while another gives it as Nimeusis. Neither tradition is deserving of credit, and the best commentators agree that the two characters were described by the Saviour simply to illustrate two types of men.

Reader, Milwaukee, Wis. What was the aggregate of the gifts made last year for benevolent and religious purposes?

Approximately $40,000,000 for home missions, $11,000,000 for foreign missions, $32,000,000 for education. In all over $250,000,000 were given for philanthropies of various kinds. Carnegie was the largest individual donor, his gifts aggregating $43,000,000. The greater proportion of all gifts to religion came from the rank and file. The Catholic gifts for philanthropy and education totaled $13,000,000.

New Model Tenements to Fight the White Plague in New York

THREE years ago Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., decided that the white plague could be scotched by building sanitary homes for the poor. She selected a site on the East River, New York, taking in most of the block between East Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Streets, and gave orders to an architect to prepare plans for such a home as she had in mind. With ample means Mrs. Vanderbilt was able to say, "Spare no expense; make the buildings absolutely fireproof and a model for the world." The result is a structure that is beyond criticism from a hygienic or any other point of view. Within a short distance from the river, the view from the roof or from any of the windows on the river side is a comfort to eyes accustomed to the squalor of New York's East Side. Access to this roof is easy for any of the tenants, for staircases adjoin every suite of rooms, leading to the roof, and affording easy escape in case of fire. The staircases make each apartment a unit, which communicates with others through the open air. This entirely eliminates the dark, ill-ventilated, disease-breeding interior hall and staircase of the ordinary city tenement. The open staircases are protected from rain and snow by glass louvres, projecting from each story. The rooms are provided with an up-to-date range for cooking, and the bath-rooms are provided with the very latest-style plumbing, with porcelain tubs and nickel-plated fittings. The rooms rent for from $1.25 to $2 a week per room, so that a small family, small enough to live comfortably in a three-room-and-a-bath suite, would pay $3.75 a week. A restaurant is to be opened at which food will be sold at cost. The roof is a sun-parlor and fresh-air garden combined.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION

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Miscellaneous

McG. We know nothing about the pastor in question further than what appears in the daily newspapers.

H. R. H., Woonsocket, R. I., apropos of a recent note in THE MAIL-BAG, on "hoping against hope," calls attention to the passage in Rom. 4: 18, "in which (he writes) the phrase finds an almost exact Scriptural counterpart."

E. L. S., West Newton, Pa. The passage in Luke 18: 32, 33 was absolutely fulfilled. The Jews arraigned Jesus before Pilate, the Roman governor, and he was delivered over to the Roman soldiers and taken by them to Calvary. It was Roman soldiers who carried out Pilate's sentence by crucifying Christ. Roman soldiers who parted his garments among them, who kept guard by the cross and who pierced his side, and they did not leave until their duty was fully accomplished. (See Matt. 27: 27 and 54; Luke 23: 47 and rest of the chapter; John 19: 23, 32, 33, 34.)

Harriet L. Cahoon, Swampscott, Mass., writes: "In THE MAIL-BAG recently the question was asked, where the words 'the round world' are to be found in the Psalms. I should like to call attention to the fact that the Prayer Book version of the Psalms (which is an older translation than the Authorized Version) quotes these words in several passages. Three I give as follows: Psalm 93: 2: 'He hath made the round world so sure that it cannot be moved.' Psalm 96: 10: 'Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king; and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; and how that he shall judge the people righteously.' Psalm 98: 7: 'Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is; the round world and they that dwell therein.'"

P. H. C., Evansville, Wis., writes: "I note that in answer to a correspondent in your issue of January 3, you say that 'the ten commandments are rarely taught to children nowadays.' Possibly this is true of the Evangelical Sunday Schools, but not of the communion to which I belong. One of the prayer book requirements for confirmation is: "That none shall be confirmed, but such as can say the creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the ten commandments.' Their teaching, therefore, becomes obligatory in every Episcopal Sunday School. It is safe to say that out of the 55,000 or more confirmed annually, not one would fail in their repetition. Also, our clergy are required to repeat the entire Decalogue, the people saying after each commandment, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law,' once on every Sunday or Holy Day when they celebrate the Lord's Supper."

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

HEROES OF THE LIFEBOAT

Quiet Days Along the Coast, Inside a Life-Saving Station

The Cape Henry Lighthouse and Wireless Station

"'Stand by to man the breeches buoy!' Waist deep in the winter sea"

ALMOST one solid month of storm and penetrating cold! Almost a solid month of continuous watchfulness and heroic duty for those sturdy fellows who patrol our coasts, the life-savers and the revenue cutter men. Housed snug beside the fire, safe from the gale that whistles in the eaves, it's hard to realize that such a winter as this brings no "piping times o' peace" for those who stand at the very door of the perils of the sea to save what they may of human life and property. Of the army and the navy unending tales are told in a thousand papers and magazines, but of the stalwart corps that braves the lonely dangers of our coast we hear little or nothing. Yet an army of over 10,000 men stands watch, and watch about to tend the lights and buoys or hasten succor to those who go down to the sea in ships. To-night through the winter starlight or the driving storms the beacons flash their warnings from the rocks and shoals and ruddy lights gleam in little gale-swept stations on the sand where the surges pound and pound and pound—little stations where the rocket-gun and motor boat there sit quiet men watching and waiting for the flare of the rocket, or the helpless shout that tells their patrols of a ship in danger on the shore.

Then comes the call for brain and brawn and bravery greater than ever sighted a turret gun or faced a bullet. Out with the boat, into the surf and over the bar! Out with the gun and the rocket to send her a line! Stand by to man the breeches buoy! Waist deep in the winter sea, what matter if the wind drives sand and snow and spume till it raws the face and hands are numb with the biting cold? There's life aboard that ship; and here are men for you.

When summer's blazing sun drives a million restless feet to the sands the winter storms have washed so white, the surfman loafs in the shadow of his station and yarns to us of a hundred wrecks and his babies at home and the chap who jibed his boat and was brought in very wet and penitent from just out there in the offing, day before yesterday. Perhaps next summer he will tell us of this January, for this month the storm-swept Atlantic coast has piled up a record of havoc and wrecked ships and suffering men that rivals any of the last decade. More than fifty tempest-tossed vessels and their helpless and frostbitten crews have been aided by the revenue cutter and helped to havens of safety. The aggregate value of the salvaged ships and their cargoes runs into millions of dollars. Almost hourly Captain Commandant E. P. Bertholf received wireless appeals for help sent by the disabled ships themselves or by passing steamers. Every one of his dozen and a half cutters and tugs on the Atlantic seaboard has been on duty in response to the "S. O. S." wireless calls for help.

When the Life-Savers' Work Is Done

Yet there come the days of placid seas and long quiet hours when thoughts turn homeward and to those deep things of the soul which few men who know the sea and its vast loneliness treat lightly. Isolated and with Sunday marked only by the ending rows of figures on the calendar these men seem shut away from much that the world holds dear in its religious life. Of all the missionary endeavor of the world there seems none more peculiar unto itself than the carrying of the Gospel message to these stations of the lonely dunes and islands and rocky steeps of the sea.

The work was started a number of years ago by the Rev. R. Ashley Cake, of Port Washington, an ordained elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who entered the work entirely at his own expense, trusting implicitly for the necessary support for the years to come. For the last fifteen years Mr. Cake has been carrying on this work which was at first intended to reach only the life-savers, who comprise the only department of government service which, though entirely dependent upon itself, is without a system of chaplaincies; but during the years that the work has been in progress it has not only reached the surfmen, but lighthouse keepers, sailors, baymen and fishermen and the residents of some of these lonely coasts and islands where there is neither church nor pastor. Mr. Cake is well known in most of the life-saving stations and lighthouses from North Carolina to Massachusetts. Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island have all been visited year after year in this unique work of holding services on these windswept islands and lonely coasts. It takes a big, all-embracing Gospel to reach these men; so year after year they have listened to the sacred story shorn of all denominational doctrines—just the simple fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and salvation through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Congress has never as yet made any appropriation for the salaries of chaplains for the men of the life-saving service who, odd as it may seem, are Treasury Department employees. When the superintendent of the service, Captain Commandant S. I. Kimball, was asked regarding this matter he stated that though it would be an entirely new move he would willingly lend his support to a bill asking an appropriation for this purpose. At the suggestion of Mr. Cake, Congressman J. J. Gardner, of New Jersey, drafted and submitted a bill providing for a system of chaplaincies on the same principles as have the army and navy, which is now with the Congressional Committee on Foreign and Interstate Commerce.

In the meantime the self-appointed evangelist to the life-savers goes on his undisturbed way up and down

Continued on page 106

A SERMON ON CHRIST'S EXAMPLE

By Rev. Richard W. Jungfer*

TEXT—Mark 1:35-39

CHRIST had very little immediate and apparent success in his work. It is true, the people came to him in great numbers; sometimes there were several thousands. It is true, they staid with him for days, forgetting everything in the meantime—their business, their pleasures, their troubles, and even their bodily condition. It is true, they missed him and sought him, going miles and miles until they found him. It is true, they praised him with a loud voice and sometimes the whole country was astir on his account. But apparently it went no further. When he put the people to a test they all left him save the twelve disciples. And even these did not understand him. To the very last, even on the Mount of Ascension, they believed that he would found an earthly kingdom, and each sought to gain the most prominent position therein. It was discouraging. But the Master was not discouraged. It is true, he shed tears when he saw Jerusalem, but they were not tears of discouragement. They were tears of pity for the inhabitants because they did not know the things which belonged unto their peace.

Be Not Discouraged!

Why did he not get discouraged? Our text tells us why. Before he began his day's toil he prayed for help. He did his duty. In our text he says, "Let us go into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth." He did works of kindness, for we read that he cast out devils. Many a teacher in Sunday School and in public school, many a humble worker may be having no apparent success. Do not get discouraged. Follow the example of Christ and you will have no reason to reproach yourself; and if anybody else should do so you will have a good conscience.

Jesus was a very busy man. If he did seek rest in a solitary place he was sure to be followed by his disciples as in our text, or the multitude would seek him until they found him. And he gave himself no rest. There he was, sitting on the brink of Jacob's well, tired as he could be. But when the woman came for water he immediately began to talk to her about her spiritual welfare. When she had left he sat there in deep thought, making no effort to eat. At last the disciples begged him, "Master, eat." He said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." He was tired at another time, but when he saw the mothers come with their babes, when he saw how they were rebuked by his friends he was up in a moment and at work. Jesus loved the world. He strained every effort to save it. He said of himself, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." He worked all the time, that they should have no cloak for their sin. Although he had so much to do, yet he had time for prayer. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."

Family Prayer

I have asked many families if they have worship. Some of them have answered me, "We have no time, we have too much to do." These same people spend much time in gossiping, in reading the newspaper and in other ways. My friends, begin the day with prayer. God will help you. You will do better work than otherwise. Prayer is a source of strength and inspiration. If Christ had not prayed it would have been impossible for him to accomplish his task. He found strength in prayer when he was downhearted; he found strength to resist the tempter; he found strength to go his way of suffering. There were many things to vex him, but in prayer he found peace. Ah, I wish that every one in this wide world would begin the day's work with prayer. Surely every one who asks God's blessing upon himself will not only be helped in his work, but will also be kept from doing wrong.

A family which consecrates itself to God every day will be more closely united than one which does not. It is inspiring for the children to hear their venerable father ask God's blessing upon all, to see him perform the highest office man can have, the office of a priest of the Most High. Any one who prayed before he started the day's work began it right and feels himself under the protection of God. Indeed, the most courageous and best workers have been at all times men and women of prayer.

A child noticed a hod-carrier running down the ladder. When the man reached the ground the child said: "Aren't you afraid to go way up there?" When the man shook his head the child said, "Oh, I know why; it is because you prayed to God to protect you." From Scripture we know that the angel of the Lord encampeth around them that fear him and delivereth them. Prayer is the highest privilege that man has. Think of it! We sinful mortals can come to the Almighty and holy God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and can address him not as a subject, but as his child, saying Abba, Father.

The Power of Prayer

There are people who are ready to pay any price for the honor to be received at a royal court. Here is a higher honor, but there are so many who scorn it. Honored is the man who can pray. He is rich though he be poor. I have prayed in the homes of the godless. I have noticed tears in their eyes every time. Why did they cry? They were conscious that they were lacking something; they were translated for the time being into a nobler sphere, they felt the presence of God. Prayer is a Jacob's ladder on which you can ascend into heaven. All our great men and women, I do not mean those whom history calls great, but whom God calls so, were men and women of prayer. Prayer is the most powerful factor on earth. The superintendent of the Bethlehem Royal Hospital in London comes forward with the declaration that prayer is the best remedy for mental distresses of all sorts. When a ship in mid-ocean is in distress it sends out a wireless message for aid. This message will be received by other boats and these will immediately rush to the distressed ship to give aid. A prayer is a wireless message for aid. It will be received in heaven and aid will come. Prayer will keep all purer in deed, thoughts and words.

A chaplain in a State penitentiary noticed a sentenced murderer say grace before he ate. "Did you always pray?" he asked. "No," he said, "at home we did, but when I left home I stopped, and that was the beginning of my downfall. I have been employed in more than twenty houses, but not in one had they prayer. We started the day's work like animals. And by and by one becomes an animal. If I had continued to pray, I would not now be here awaiting the day of my execution."

Ah, beloved, pray! It is for your sake and for your children's sake. Do take time to pray. It does not take a great deal of time to pray. Christ is opposed to long prayers. The prayer he taught is very short. Elijah's prayer on Mount Carmel was only a few words, and God heard it immediately. Paul does say, "Pray without ceasing." A pious woman was asked what this meant. She said, "I understand it this way. When I arise in the morning, I pray, 'Lord, let me arise from my sin that I may arise on the last day.' When I wash myself I pray, 'Lord, cleanse me from my sins with thy precious blood.' When I sweep I pray the Lord, 'Help that the old leaven and all wickedness may be swept and purged out.' And in this way I pray without ceasing all day." A person of prayer will never get discouraged and give up. If he does feel downhearted he will know where to go to get strength.

Not Prayer Alone

But Christ did not stop at prayer; he always did his duty. It was his business to save the world. But the world could not be saved unless it believed. And how could it believe unless some one preached the message? Therefore it was his business to preach: for therefore he came forth. Every time he preached he put his whole soul into it. He pleaded with the people; he told them of the love of the Father; he told them what the kingdom of God was like; he told them what to do. His whole face was then aglow with enthusiasm and his countenance was that of an angel. The people were astonished. They all said with one accord, "He preaches with authority and with power, and not like the scribes." When the officers returned without Jesus, whom they were ordered to arrest, they said, "Never man spake like this man."

Christ, having done his duty, never allowed him self to become discouraged.

On one occasion the disciples asked him, "Lord are there few that be saved?" He answered, "Man will seek to enter in and shall not be able." Thi knowledge must have been very painful to him, bu he knew that it was not his fault, as he had don everything in his power. Many a Sunday Schoo teacher has seemingly no success; she feels like giv ing up her work. Don't do it. If you can honestl say that you have done your duty, that you stud the lesson so that you almost live in it, that you d your best when in the class—if that is the case, the you need not feel discouraged. Keep at it and leav everything to the Lord. Who knows but that th good seed will some day begin to grow? Wheat lie in the ground during the entire winter, but as soo as the warm sun of spring strikes the ground th seed begins to grow. As soon as the love of God i able to penetrate into the heart of your children th good seed which you put there will begin to grow

The Best, in God's Strength

We shall see the result in glory. Many a publi school teacher is disheartened. Try as she may sh sees no advancement, and what is worse, some of th parents complain and find fault. Teacher, if yo know and can honestly say, "I have done my best my method has stood the test," you need not fea anything. Go ahead, try to do even better, and Go will strengthen you. No matter who you are, if yo are a servant, if you work in an office, store, shop o factory, always do your best. Every one who doe so will improve every day. That will give hin pleasure; his confidence in himself will increase an he will be more agreeable in his behavior to others

Look at the difference between a child tha knows its lesson and one that knows it not. Th first child's face will be flushed; it will be impatien for school to begin; it will talk about the lesson t the other children; if called upon it wants to recit the whole lesson. If any child misses, its hand wil go up in an instant. Suddenly the bell rings. Th child looks up in surprise. "What! recess already My, how time does fly!" The other child is differ ent. Does it love school? No. Does it love th teacher? No. It complains about the lesson bein too long, the teacher being too cross, and so on What is the trouble? It is a careless child. Wor will be a pleasure, life a delight, to all who do thei duty. Look at the Master, how he spoke to thos who criticized him. Surely it will be seen that thos who do their duty will have a clear conscience and consolation which will keep them from getting dis couraged. Therefore follow the example of Christ

The Great Example

Christ did works of kindness. We read tha Christ cast out devils. It was not his mission t work miracles. He did not come on earth to hea the physical ailments, but to save souls. It was fo this reason that he forbade the people to tell an one what he had done for them. But he had a hear full of love. When he saw the suffering of the people when he saw the tears of the bereaved, when h heard their cries and appeals for help, his heart over flowed with love. Those possessed of devils were sorry set of people. They were not lunatics, a these are separately mentioned, but people with ev spirits. These unfortunate ones were sometime very fierce, so that no one passed that way. Som were dumb and blind, others were like raving mani acs tearing all fetters and chains, crying and cuttin themselves with stones. Think of it. Here is person with a devil. He is changed suddenly into well person, who sinks at the feet of his Saviou crying, "O my God!" Think of the joy of the fam ily to see him well. No wonder that the multitud arose and praised God with a loud voice.

Jesus performed such acts of kindness all th time. If the people hated him they did so withou cause. He gave them no offense. He did them onl good. He showed no partiality. He healed the cen turion's servant, as also the beggar; he called bac to life the poor widow's son, as also Jairus's daugh ter. He spoke kindly to the rich young ruler, an also to the poor sinner. He treated all alike wit great kindness. Therefore he was not discouraged he did all he could. Let us do the same. To d

Continued on next page

* Pastor, Lutheran Church, Sharpsburg, Pa.

THE ROAD OF LIFE

CHILDHOOD is but a stepping-stone
To life's maturer years;
The prelude to a symphony
That fills our eyes with tears.

The way is long, the path is rough,
And reaches to the sky;
And though full oft is heard the laugh,
For oftener 'tis a sigh!

As we press on to reach the goal,
A backward look we cast
Upon the spots to memory dear,
The joyous springtime past.

The glad reunions Christmas brings,
With loved ones at the home,
Who, scattered now, are gone from earth,
Or o'er the wide world roam.

The missing ones we ne'er forget
Till shadows flee away,
And we are with them in a land
Where night is changed to day;

Where sighs and sorrow are no more,
But songs that never cease;
Where joy eternal fills the breast;
Where turmoil ends in peace.

I. H. B. H.

Christ's Example

Continued from preceding page

good makes happy. "Blessed are the merciful," says Christ. No one will dispute this who has ever done any works of mercy. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. True, we cannot cast out devils, but we can cast out that spirit of despondency which has taken possession of many a poor family. You will find families destitute of the necessities of life. Many a father is downhearted when he thinks of the coming winter. Winter is not the poor man's friend. There is clothing needed to keep warm; one must eat, and the rent must be paid. And there is no work and no prospect of getting work. It is the spirit of despondency which consumes his strength, which is endangering his reason, which is shortening his life. You who have means can indeed become an angel of mercy. The streets of our cities are filled at night with pleasure-seekers. Some go to the theaters, some to concerts. They pay heavily for what they get, and it is poor pleasure, at best. Ah, if these would look up despondent families and cheer them up and help them to bridge over the hard times, if they would go to the sick, to the widows and orphans, they would get genuine pleasure.

There is fun in doing good. It is said that Christ never laughed. I do not know if this is true, but I do believe that Christ was the happiest man that ever lived, because he did so much good. You will find the largest number of happy ones around Christmas. Why? Not because they expect to be surprised, but because they are working to surprise some one. To do good beautifies character. The face is the mirror of the soul. A noble man will have a noble face. "You will find Abraham Lincoln a very ugly man," was said to a lady who wished to see the President in behalf of her sentenced son. "It isn't true," she said when she returned with the pardon for her son; "I never saw a more beautiful face in my life."

There are some who do not believe in heaven. I wish these would obey me during just one morning. I would tell them of the homes of the poor. I would ask them to go there with a basket full of groceries, to send them coal and pay their rent, and then read the Twenty-third Psalm, and then have prayer. If these feel sorry for what they have done, if they do not see heaven open, I will return to them their money. I am not rich, but I am not afraid to make such a bargain. Be kind to everybody; to friends, but especially to your enemies. God loves those who do his will; they are blessed. No disappointment can dispel this blessedness. He is wise who follows the example of Christ, who begins the day with prayer, who does his best, and who is kind to all. May God help you to do these things.

A Millionaire for a Day

By EUGENE THWING

YESTERDAY a happy-go-lucky fellow, living by his wits; to-day a "millionaire" spendthrift, scattering money in the giddy, gilded resorts of the metropolis; to-morrow without a dollar again, "broke," uninteresting, forgotten. That, in a word, is one week's history of John J. McDevitt, who bubbled and sputtered into notice a week or two ago, furnished columns of gossip for the newspapers, and then subsided into oblivion.

McDevitt was clever enough to turn a lot of voters in Wayne County, Pa., against the regular party choice, a rich contractor, and got himself nominated by the direct primary to be the Democratic candidate for county treasurer. The party managers were afraid he might also be elected, so they bought him off for $2,500 cash. Suddenly the whilom reporter, kitchen hand, lecturer, patent medicine vender, and jack-of-all-trades found himself facing the crisis of his life. He didn't know it. Opportunity stood before him unrecognized.

"Whatever shall I do with $2,500?" The burden of so much money lay heavy upon his soul. It meant nothing to him except as it represented something that millionaires are supposed to have in abundance for the gratification of every whim.

"I'm going to live like a millionaire for a day, and see if I can feel like one," declared McDevitt. "And then I'm going broke. Any man who has money must be selfish. Therefore the only way to be unselfish is to be broke."

With which distorted philosophy young McDevitt pushed aside the outstretched hand of opportunity and entered upon his brief heyday of lavish living as a mock millionaire. He hired a special train of Pullman cars with fast engines to take him in lordly style to New York. That cost him $600. He hired a valet and a doctor to attend him night and day. He distributed five-dollar tips, scattered twenty-five cent cigars, and posed for many photographs. Upon his arrival in New York he engaged expensive rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria and tried to eat like a millionaire in the dining-room, but oysters on the half shell, filet of sole à la Phileas Gilbert, and the various strange garnishments did not appeal to his untrained palate, so in despair he called for scrambled eggs and coffee. By his eager companions he was conducted through the dazzling lobster palaces of the Tenderloin, taken to the theater, flashed about town in taxicabs, and finally sent back to his home city with his ambition to "go broke" realized. But he had not learned how it feels to be a millionaire; and he had squandered far more than his money.

. . .

WHAT do you think of John Jay McDevitt? What would you have had him do with the $2,500 which came to him so unexpectedly? Is he more to be pitied or to be condemned? What a help that money might have been to him if he had used it to start in business! He is a young man, with the possibility ahead of him of many years of life. What kind of life will it be? What *might* it be if given a strong impulse in the right direction? Suppose he had decided on a college course, or a period of technical, or literary, or scientific study? He might have made himself in a few years a civil engineer, or the editor of a great newspaper, or a physician. Suppose he had said, "I was nominated by accident for a public office which I could not fill. I will turn the joke into a serious reality. I will equip myself for the public service, and next time I will be ready."

Suppose that John Jay McDevitt, knowing by experience the pangs of hunger, the bitterness of friendlessness and of cold, and exposure, had said, "Now is my chance to hunt out my brothers who suffer want and give them a helping hand." He might have made his name a blessing instead of a byword.

The young man stood at the crossroads of life's journey. He might have chosen the way which would take him on and up to a career of dignity and usefulness. In that one day of decision his hand might have grasped the beginnings of all things worth while for the days to come. Opportunity bade him be a man and rise to influence and power. He threw it all away for a fool's holiday.

. . .

HOW does it feel to be a millionaire? Let no one covet the sensation. Expert testimony is not lacking to prove that millionaires are the poorest of the earth when they count their store of happiness. Their worries are multiplied, their discontent increased, their labors, often, are most exacting; but their peace of mind is destroyed, and their hours of happiness few and far between. John Jacob Astor the First, with all his colossal wealth, was profoundly unhappy, and when one congratulated him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, saying that he must be a very happy man, he exclaimed in a tone of bitterness: *"Happy! Me happy!"*

. . .

ONE day a millionaire! Notwithstanding his prodigal spending, John Jay McDevitt failed to gain the experience he sought. Yet, in the truest sense, every man or woman, especially every young man or woman, who has one day of health and opportunity, is potentially a millionaire in the best things earth or heaven can offer. Not one of us can ever have more than *one day* at a time. The whole destiny of life is centered in this *one day*. What we *shall be* must grow from what we *are*. What we shall do must begin in what we do now. A career must start with a single act in a single day. If that act is not accomplished the career can never be realized.

"There never was a day," said William Burleigh, "that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before, and never can be again." How many millionaires of future greatness, rich with blessing for the world and honor for themselves, are standing *to-day* at the possible starting-point of a noble career! Some simple act, some decision, some vision, some consecration, will make this day glorious forever.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life.

GROWING OLD

DID you say you were growing old? Ah, no, this is just life's morning;
Lives that are hid in Christ know nothing of growing old.
What are the years you have lived to eternity still before you,
Crowning the present life with a glory yet untold?

Life is Eternity's schoolroom, where we in our understanding
Are but as little children conning our lessons o'er.
Our life is all before us, glorious, never-ending,
Filled with a joyous fulness from the Father's boundless store.

Did you say you were growing old? Nay, your heart is young with gladness,
With joy of a life well spent, and a wealth of love untold;
While before you eternity's ages, whose glory we cannot measure,
Are yours forever and ever. Say not you are growing old.

Barron, Wis. MABEL BROWN DENISON.

"Praying Andy's" Table

ONE of the most remarkable instances of the innocent suffering for the guilty was brought to light in Pennsylvania last year when Andrew Toth, a Hungarian, was released from the Pennsylvania State Prison for a crime he had not committed. He was serving a life sentence commuted from a sentence to death. Keenly alive to the injustice of his sentence, poor and friendless, deserted by the few friends he had, Andy Toth did not lose faith in God. He had been a praying man all of his life and after he was cast into prison he spent so much time in prayer that he came to be known in the prison as "Praying Andy." The prayer sent up to the throne of grace many times a day was that his innocence might be established, and when it was established he expressed no very great surprise, for he said that he had felt sure that his prayers would some day be answered.

"Praying Andy" was very skilful with his fingers, and during his long confinement in prison he spent many days of his leisure in fashioning a remarkable mosaic table consisting of seven thousand and fifty pieces of wood of different kinds. This table may well be called the table of many prayers, for as Andy Toth put each bit of wood in place he stopped for a moment, closed his eyes and offered up a fervent prayer that his innocence might be established.

"Praying Andy" was unfortunate enough to be mixed up with a labor riot at Braddock, Pa., some twenty or more years ago. A watchman connected with the steel works was killed and Andy Toth and two other Hungarians were charged with the crime. He had come to our country from a little town called Abanj, leaving behind him a wife and several children. He had worked hard and had saved enough money in the six years he had been here to almost pay off the debt on his little farm in the homeland. It was on New Year's Day that the labor riot came. It was an evil day for Andy Toth, for the events of the day brought upon him a sentence of death on the scaffold. This was finally changed to a life sentence in prison. Andy Toth's faith in God held firm through twenty long years. Then came his reward. It was the confession of the guilty that set the innocent free. Some one tried to get a bill through the Pennsylvania State Legislature allowing Andy Toth ten thousand dollars for the time he had lost in prison. It would have been slight compensation for twenty years out of his life. The bill failed to pass because it was said that it was unconstitutional. The attention of Mr. Andrew Carnegie was called to the case, and after a careful investigation of all the facts Mr. Carnegie settled a life pension on Andy Toth and sent him back to his wife and family in Hungary. The story of "Praying Andy" illustrates the fact that the prayer of faith "availeth much." M. M. M.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE

ONE bitter evening during the last week of the National Automobile Show, which nas just closed in New York, a draft horse toiling uncertainly over the slippery asphalt of Madison Avenue lost its footing and fell sprawling to the pavement. Automobiles, *honk-honking* an alarm, dodged alertly around on both sides of the poor beast, and proceeded swiftly on their way. On one side of the street stood the building of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; on the other side stood Madison Square Garden, into which was pouring a constant stream of enthusiasts eager to view the latest improvements in motor trucks.

"Does it occur to you," remarked a bystander, "that the Automobile Show and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are rival institutions? The society has worked nobly for years to protect horses from brutal drivers, from bad weather conditions, etc., but the development of the motor truck has done and will do more for the relief of the overworked beasts than all the societies in the world. It is even possible that with the further development and cheapening of the motor truck the day may come when it will be declared inhuman and unlawful to use horses for many purposes which are considered humane to-day."

A review of the exhibition did indeed indicate that such a conclusion was not overdrawn. The great hall of the Garden was stocked full of motor vehicles seemingly intended for every possible use to which a horse might be put, whether in the city or country. A large majority of these vehicles had already been ordered by the various mercantile concerns throughout the country, and were here exhibited not with an idea to prove the theory of the motor truck, but as actual specimens in use or about to be used.

There were delivery wagons of all sizes, with the names of well-known department stores already painted upon them. There were coal wagons, the bodies of which were moving up and down in the act of dumping imaginary coal. Some of them were capable of holding six tons. There were automobile fire engines, hose carts, hook and ladder, chemical engines, with the names of the prospective companies and the towns in which they were to be operated, emblazoned upon them. In front of one of them was a placard to the effect that a similar engine in Lexington, Ky., had run 15 miles to a neighboring town in 36 minutes, drawn water from a creek with a 15 foot lift, pumped it through 1,050 feet of hose for 5½ hours continuously, with the result that $100,000 worth of property was saved. On another engine it was stated that a facsimile, located in Newark, N. J., had made 26 fire calls in one day, a feat which would have been impossible with horses.

There were great tank cars showing how Standard Oil is to be transported from small town to small town. There were great trucks carrying a load of huge beams of yellow pine, so heavy that not less than six horses could possibly have moved the load. There were patrol wagons which had been ordered by the police departments of various cities.

There were trucks which were soon to be operated by various health boards. These had "sanitary bodies"; that is to say, every part of the body of the machine was made of metal welded or brazed together and without any rough surfaces, so that every part of the body could be flushed and thoroughly cleansed of all disease germs. One of these was for Cleveland, O.

A safe deposit wagon was a curious affair which looked primarily like a huge cage on wheels. It had been ordered by a trust company in Newark, N. J., and was a marked contrast to an automobile bus, a comfortable looking, well upholstered affair, which had been ordered for the use of the officers of West Point.

Among the exhibits were several automobile ambulances which were expected to get over the ground to relieve prospective sufferers in quicker time than any mere horse would take. A fascimile of one of these ambulances had already been sent to Calgary, Alberta, Canada. It was a veritable hospital on wheels. Not only did it have all of the necessary appurtenances for quickly conveying a sufferer to the hospital, but it had many other appliances for giving first aid to the injured. It was entirely enclosed, had a heating system connected with the engine, hot water for the surgeon's use, an operating table, toilet arrangements for the patient, and shock absorbers so that the patient might feel the least possible jar in being taken to a hospital.

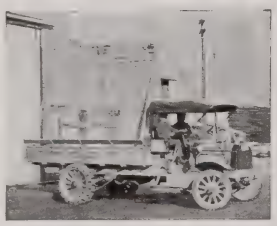
A number of the motor trucks had made records in carrying capacity and in long-distance going. One of these was covered with a "prairie schooner" top. It had traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, over hard roads and soft, through valleys and over mountains, over places where any horse might go, and over others where most horses could not. It left New York the afternoon of July 8 and reached San Francisco the morning of August 24, having covered 3,830 miles in forty-six and one-half days. The canvas "prairie schooner" top was used not only because it was light, but because it could be easily lifted off the machine and used as a tent by the operators of the motor car.

There were exhibits which indicated that the automobile is not only rapidly becoming the popular mode of transportation from small town to small town, but also that it may be of familiar use on the farm. Some of the exhibitors talked of motor plows which had been sold, particularly on the great wheat farms of the West. Perhaps it is less a feeling of human kindness for the horse than the greater economy of the motor truck that has induced many business men to abandon the use of the animal for the motor. In any event it would seem that the day of the horse is passing rapidly.

Several Boards of Education Use a Car Like This

Motor Cars Used by the Government Printing Office

A Garbage Truck Dumping on a Hillside

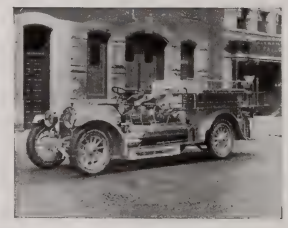


Carrying a Load of Plate Glass in a Motor Truck

Out on a Sight-Seeing Excursion

This Prairie Schooner Truck Traveled Across the Continent

A Load of Coal Going Up a Steep Hill



A Motor Fire Truck That Is Being Used in Small Towns

Shall the Government Own the Telegraphs?

SOMETHING of a sensation has arisen in official circles in Washington over the fact that Postmaster General Hitchcock has publicly pronounced in favor of government ownership of the telegraph lines of the United States and their operation as a part of the postal service. On January 15, the news was published in Washington dispatches throughout the country that the Postmaster General would embody this recommendation in an official message to be communicated to Congress. It was added that he had decided upon this course after a full year's consideration of the subject, including a study of the operation of government-controlled systems of postal telegraphs abroad. In a formal statement of his intention, Mr. Hitchcock said:

> Should this recommendation be adopted, I am convinced it would result in important economies and in very materially lower telegraph rates than now are exacted. In approximately fifty countries—notably Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia and Japan—government-controlled telegraphs now are in successful and profitable operation. In many of the countries they are operated in connection with the postal service. These telegraphs serve an aggregate population of 950,000,000, and in every instance they have been found to be of immense practical benefit to the people, in both promptitude and cost of the service.
>
> In this country post offices are maintained in numerous places not reached by the telegraph systems, and the proposed consolidation, therefore, would afford a favorable opportunity for the wide extension of telegraphic facilities. In many small towns where the telegraph companies have offices the telegraph and mail business could be handled readily by the same employees. It is evident that the separate maintenance of the two services under present conditions results in a needless expense. A method for acquisition of telegraph lines is prescribed in Section 5267 of the Revised Statutes, which provides that for postal, military or other purposes the government may purchase telegraph lines, operated in the United States, at an appraised value. Because of the more extensive organization maintained by the postal service and the freedom from taxation and other charges to which private corporations are subject the government undoubtedly could afford greater facilities, at lower rates, than are offered by companies now conducting the telegraph business.
>
> Next to the introduction of a general parcels post, for which there is a strong popular demand, the establishment of a government telegraph system offers, in my judgment, the best opportunity for the profitable extension of the nation's postal service.

Mr. Hitchcock does not propose to recommend that the government should acquire the telephone lines except possibly in cases where they are operated in conjunction with telegraph lines and are integral parts of definite telegraph systems. About 100,000 persons are now connected with the telegraph companies throughout the country. A crude estimate appraises the value of the existing telegraph systems proposed to be acquired at $250,000,000, which, however, may be much below the actual value. It is claimed by those who favor the aquisition, that it will result in a reduction of one-third of the present rates to the public and yet leave a profit on the investment.

President Taft has never been regarded as an advocate of government ownership of public utilities. The Postmaster's proposition is understood to have been made on his own initiative, and not as a part of the administration's policy. How it will strike Congress cannot even be foreshadowed. Senators who were interviewed expressed surprise, as they had not even heard of the project.

Little Pu Yi, "The Son of Heaven"

China's Child Emperor and His Court to Go Into Exile. Yuan May be President

EVENTS of the greatest importance to the world are taking place in China. Although the war is not yet over and the revolutionary forces are still in sharp conflict at several points with the last remaining loyal imperial troops, it now seems to be inevitable that the republic will triumph and that the last members of the ruling dynasty will soon set their faces northward to exile. All of the Manchu princes are now reported as favoring the abdication of the throne. Premier Yuan Shi Kai has exhausted every expedient at his command to save the wreck of the dynasty. Should it depart, he will still remain the "man of the hour," to whom the distracted nation looks with hope for the restoration of peace and order. Provisional President Sun Yat Sen has intimated that if Yuan, being convinced of the nation's desire for a change, will espouse the common cause, he will be prepared to step aside in order that Yuan may become the president of the Chinese Republic.

Pu Yi, "The Son of Heaven"

According to the program, as arranged at Peking, Yuan Shi Kai and the cabinet will tender their resignations. These being formally accepted by the throne, Yuan Shi Kai will be delegated as the nominal head of the government. The next step is the formal abdication of the emperor. Of course, little Pu Yi is but a puppet in all of these arrangements. He is only seven years old and can hardly have any realizing sense of the importance of what is taking place. The court will then go to some distant retreat to live in quiet on a liberal allowance granted by the National Assembly.

Little Pu Yi, "Son of Heaven," has had a sad childhood. He was taken away from his mother while little more than an infant, and brought up by Princess Yehonala, whom he never learned to love. In the palace, he is addressed as Wan Sui Yeh ("Lord of Ten Thousand Years") by her order. His education has hardly a parallel anywhere in the world. At six every morning, the little fellow is awakened by the singing of the palace attendants, and should he cry, instead of smile or laugh, on awakening, the singers are punished with stripes. Ten court dignitaries superintend his toilet and take him to the Princess Yehonala, who completes it by putting on the imperial button, every one kneeling during this little ceremony.

Although Pu Yi is somewhat stunted in stature, owing probably to the fact that in babyhood he was not allowed to walk on the ground but was carried by attendants, he is by no means a weakling. He is fond of tricks and plays many pranks upon his attendants. He occasionally prods his guardian, Princess Yehonala, with a hatpin, and he thinks it a good joke to thrust some of his dessert down the necks of the kneeling attendants. He is fond of singing, and sometimes lies awake at night for an hour or two shouting his favorite songs. He likes toys, too, and has been known to take to bed with him a tiny train of cars, presented to him by a mandarin. He has a number of tutors who are fine scholars according to Chinese standards, but he gives very little attention either to the precepts of Confucius or the long talks on constitutional government, or the dreary language lessons they inflict upon him. He has been denied almost all the innocent pleasures of childhood and although he is nominal ruler of nearly four hundred million souls and is attended by nearly twoscore stiff and pompous Chinese nobles of high rank, whenever he walks, the poor little fellow, like all children, grieves for the companionship of little folks of his own age, and would gladly exchange all the pomp and vanity of the ancient dragon throne for a merry romp and an hour's freedom from his oppressively vigilant attendants. Even in exile, little Pu Yi will be surrounded by the same environment, his Manchu guardians hoping that some day the fortunes of the dynasty may change and that the "Lord of Ten Thousand Years" may be recalled to reign over his people—a contingency extremely remote, judging from present appearances.

Recent letters from missionaries to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD tell of the troubled conditions and widespread suffering that have resulted from the war. Miss Alice J. Whittier, whose remarkable poem appeared lately in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes from Shanghai, describing the retreat of the missionaries from their various posts down the river:

> A fleet of some twenty houseboats and eleven smaller boats were all herded together and guarded by two grim gunboats. There were two hundred refugees on board, the majority being Protestant missionaries. There are some missionaries still remaining behind, but they are almost entirely single men. We all think the consuls feared international interference. The British consul gave the order first to leave, and a great hum arose from the one hundred and one Canadian Methodists and twenty-nine China inland missionaries. Then came the combined order from all the consuls in Shanghai for all refugees to go down the river.
>
> The houseboats, stripped of all sails and masts and pulling ropes, and manned with rowers, look like huge water beetles with kicking legs on each side.
>
> But oh! the cry of the rowers! It breaks the heart—rising, falling, and ringing back from the cliffs like the wail of some forgotten younger world. Towards home? Yes! but we cannot yet realize it, and only think of pathetic faces of friends and servants and school children left at Kiating in fear and uncertainty; of pretty homes and personal possessions left behind; and of the great lonely land itself, that pulls at the very strings of our being.

At Ichang, Miss Whittier, with others, secured passage on the Japanese steamer *Nanyang Maru*, on which they made the rest of the voyage. On reaching Hankow, she writes:

> American consul not long after coming back, and he showed me a long steel bullet that he had picked up hot an hour before. It flew just over his head and flattened on a wall. They will not let us go on the upper deck, as a man was wounded there yesterday.
>
> The night after leaving Hankow, we met three gunboats stealing up river. We supposed they were the revolutionists' expected reinforcements.
>
> After leaving Hankow we saw the yellow dragon flag (of the Manchu dynasty) floating over only two cities. One was a large Manchu city, and they had shut the gates and slaughtered every Chinese soul inside! The other city is held by 20,000 imperial troops, but we passed a fleet of a dozen or more gunboats going to try to reduce it.

They reached Shanghai safely after their two thousand mile journey, and were there at last advices.

Rev. Z. Charles Beals, missionary at Wuhu, China, writes: "Blood has run like water around Hanyang and Hankow, and many terrible scenes have been witnessed in Nanking also, under the order of General Chang Hsuin. He has been chopping off the heads of any queueless student he could find. Hundreds have been slain by him. A reward of $60,000 has been offered for his capture. After the city of Nanking was surrounded by the revolutionaries he made good his escape one dark night and took the north road toward Peking.

"Trade for the last six months has been at a standstill. The native banks have done no business for a long time. The famine spreads all along the Yangtse River. Beggars beseech on every hand. Strong men, who were once honest farmers, have turned robbers. This, with the loose rule that is in vogue now, makes life for the wealthy rather uncertain. Relief work has begun to help relieve the strain. In almost all cases this relief is given to those who are able and willing to work repairing the breaks in the high dikes.

"To-day I received two letters with checks enclosed, one from Mrs. Thomas Campbell for $27 to be used toward a native worker, and one for $48 from Mr. W. A. Maw to be used for famine purposes. Thanks for your part of the work. God bless you."

The Foreign Military Attaches and the Officers of the Legation Guard at Peking

Mr. Dingle, of the American Bible Society, most kindly took us to dinner, after which he took us up to a high flat roof, where we could see the imperialists and revolutionists on opposite sides of the river blazing away at each other with Maxim guns. The revolutionists were waiting for reinforcements and not doing very much till three imperial steam gunboats made a sortie on their position. Then the old Yangtse looked as if it were filled with spouting whales. Poor Hankow! It looked, as we saw it from the river front, like the ruins of San Francisco after the earthquake.

Mr. Dingle thought it was too hot for us to come back to the steamer the way we went to dinner, and I was talking with the

The Opalescent River

(See cover)

MR. GEORGE GARDNER SYMONS, whose painting, "The Opalescent River," is the subject of this week's cover, is among the foremost American landscape painters and has been awarded many prizes and medals of distinction. Mr. Symons was born in Chicago in 1861, studied art in Paris, Munich and London, and was still a young man when he was elected member of the Royal Society of British Artists and appointed honorary member of the Union of International Beaux Arts. In 1909 "The Opalescent River" won for the artist the Carnegie prize of the National Academy and was forthwith purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

Mr. Symons' surpassing skill in composition and as a painter of delicate and transparent beauties, in scenes apparently bleak and colorless, is probably the main secret of his genius.

The Opalescent River is a small stream in the Deerfield Valley in Connecticut, and by the skilful handling of light and shade and his splendid command of delicate color effects the artist seems to show us as we have rarely seen before some hidden beauty of bleakness in a river blocked with ice. The landscapists of Eastern America are fast coming to their own in the painting of winter scenes. It has taken years apparently for them to discover that not in the opulent color and mass of the summer landscape lies their chance for distinctive work but in the winter scenery as it exists from the lower part of New England south to Virginia.

Other paintings in much the same key by the same artist are: "The Wind and the River and the Struggling Stream," which is in the Cincinnati Art Museum, and "Rock-Bound Cornwall," which, by a certain play of light and shadow and delicate tints, seem to persuade us of unguessed beauties in stern and rock-bound coasts.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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A Prince of the Papacy

TO THOUGHTFUL Americans who witnessed the recent spectacular demonstration in New York, when 300,000 Catholics assembled to honor the newly created Prince of the Roman Church, John, Cardinal Farley, there must have come strange reflections. As a tribute to the distinguished prelate, it was picturesquely effective. But it was as a religious demonstration that it possessed a peculiar significance. For the first time in the nation's history, we witnessed on these shores scenes of religious veneration and enthusiasm that recall medieval days, when the Roman Church was at the height of its ecclesiastical and secular pomp and power in the Old World. Now, that power, though decadent at its ancient center, is strongest and most active at its periphery. In point of numbers and wealth, the Western Republic has become the greatest Catholic country in the modern world, and the recent spectacle in New York has heightened the hope of the Catholics that the dream of an American Pope may yet come true.

Looking at the situation with a broader vision, however, we cannot find any reason for serious apprehension. The Roman Church has lost its ancient hold in Italy, France and Portugal, and the same is doubtless true of Spain. This expansive emancipation is due in great measure to the spread of education, which is fatal to ecclesiastical domination. It cannot be forgotten that Rome has always been the foe of human progress and popular enlightenment. It has bound its humblest followers in chains of superstition and darkness. Ignorance and poverty are the lot of the common people wherever it has its greatest power and influence. It has even withheld the Bible from the people and forbidden it in the schools. Any one acquainted with conditions in Southern Europe, in Central and South America and in the Philippines, must admit the truth of this indictment. Here, however, conditions are wholly different. While religious freedom, to its utmost reasonable limit, is our valued inheritance, any attempt to abuse that splendid privilege would only result in disaster. This being so, we can see no cloud of Roman domination on the horizon. We owe it to the common sense and patriotism of our fellow-citizens of the Catholic faith to believe that they, too, realize the futility of attempting to revive, in this land of progress and enlightenment, the secular and political influence of the church when almost every civilized nation in the world has already thrown off these bonds in the struggle for social and religious freedom.

The Peace Treaties and the Senate

IT IS a splendid thing to have high ideals. To shatter these ideals, especially when they relate to the interests of a nation or of the world, would be nothing less than a disaster. For many weeks the fate of the peace treaties in the Senate has seemed to hang in the balance. At last a compromise has been effected which will save the dignity of the Upper House, and the treaties with France and England will be shortly ratified. Fortunately the time has passed when a great nation is in danger of suffering loss of prestige through favoring arbitration. Love of peace is no longer regarded as an index of weakness, but rather an indication of moral and spiritual courage. Universal peace may never be realized this side of the millennium, but it needs no argument to prove that it is the duty of every great and enlightened government to strive and struggle, by all honorable means, toward that end. And it is indisputable that the stronger is the better able to command peace, as the world is now constituted. But there will come a time when it will be different, and when the highest ideal of a great sacrifice for peace may yet be realized. "I would that some Christian nation," writes that spiritual preacher, Rev. J. H. Jowett, "would disown the answer that the law of nations is the law of beasts, and, 'laying aside every weapon of carnal warfare,' would rely for her continued existence upon the powers of reason, 'upon the service she could render to the world,' and 'the testimony she could bear to the Lord Christ.'" This seemingly unapproachable ideal may come to pass even before that day when the kings and rulers of the earth will cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, when the great capitalists, the captains of industry, of finance, of invention, the leaders of men in a thousand vast activities, will all lay down their power for a new consecration, and when the weapons of war will be converted into the instruments of husbandry. Meanwhile, let us be sincerely thankful for the progress peaceward thus far and take courage and go forward.

The "Obey" in the Marriage Service

THE beautiful marriage service of the Episcopal Church has always been a favorite with women, and they have frequently asked for it when, as members of other churches, they were entitled to a different ritual. The promise on the part of the bride to "love, honor and obey" the bridegroom has seldom seemed other than agreeable to the woman who is called upon to trust her entire future to the husband of her choice. There is an austere dignity and quiet grace in the Episcopal ritual that are matchless in their simplicity and fitness for the most solemn occasion in the lives of woman and man.

An incident that recently took place in England, where the Archbishop of Canterbury was the officiating clergyman in the marriage of an aristocratic pair, has been widely quoted and has called forth no little comment. The bride, in her repetition of the service, was silent when she should have uttered the word "obey." The question has been raised as to whether this omission on her part flawed the ceremony and made it illegal. Whatever the opinion of lawyers may be, it is obvious to the general public that this dumbness of the bride at an instant in the ceremony could have no effect beyond the marring of a perfect sacrament. Although the bride is usually the more self-possessed of the two who are pledging their life-long vows, she may be pardoned if a convenient tear or passing tremor should happen to seize her to her embarrassment, while repeating the phrases that fall to her in the solemn rite. The amusing part of the affair is to be seen in the tremendous seriousness with which clergymen and other men are discussing the relative positions of husband and wife. The man is declared with emphasis to be the head of the family. Sometimes he is; sometimes the wife is. When the man declares himself as the ruler of his house and the absolute lord of creation, there is always an undercurrent in the minds of his friends to the effect that he protests too much. In actual human existence, and in the loving relation that is the rule and not the exception in married life, there is only the question of mutual service, fidelity to the bond and continual affection, never intermitted. Until the end of time, the womanly woman will go on promising to obey, and putting her own interpretation on fulfilment of the promise. As for the manly man, he would scorn to exact obedience from the woman whom he regards in the depths of his heart as his comrade in all things.

Alpha and Omega

RABBI WISE said a startling thing in his address to the Free Synagogue in New York on January 14. Without entering at all into the discussion of the circumstances which led to the address itself nor its bearing on present social and political questions, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is interested in the statement made by this influential Jew that he does not consider Judaism a finality.

This is a frank statement made by a sincere man. But no Christian can read these words without feeling instantly that here is the foundation difference between Judaism and Christianity. Christianity is final. Even the most thoughtful believers find it so; that is their deepest conviction as well as their highest emotion. To have found Christ is to have found the ultimate goal for mind and spirit. He is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last.

"Art thou he that should come?" asked John's disciples of Him, "or look we for another?" But the disciples of Jesus cease to ask that question. "Lord, to whom shall we go?" they cry. "Thou hast the words of eternal life."

"To me Judaism is not a finality," Rabbi Wise declared. "I regard it as something more than a preparation for Christianity, but I believe that some day it will pass; that it will grow; that it will be merged into something still greater."

The Christian Church believes that this "something greater" is Christianity. No more splendid task awaits the church, its groups and its individual members, than the task of attempting to win the ancient people of God to the greater and final truth revealed by his Son. It is work that can be done quietly, without show or expense. In our cities and villages Jew and Christian mingle closely enough in business and social matters so that it is not hard to get them to discuss matters of faith. They come to learn that the Christians honor their Scriptures, respect their history, and claim only that Christianity is the very completion and fulfilment of the principles and promises of Judaism. The true meaning of Judaism is found, its true glory seen when the light of Christianity flashes upon it. Men know that this is the goal toward which the prophets pointed. Jewish children go to our public schools, read the books from our libraries, our newspapers and magazines. They learn that real Christianity is clean and kind and beautiful. They lose and help their parents to lose the ancient prejudices against it. They may be led to see that Christianity is the ending of the long journey of their fathers' faith.

The church has much to be ashamed of in the history of its attitude and conduct toward the Jews. We have come, here in America, to better days. We know that nothing but kindness can conquer. We must join again in Paul's great longing: "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." We must point them to that radiant life which stands out as the whitest, most dazzling light in their people's history and the history of all peoples. We must win them to this great Priest of theirs and ours, who is "able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

General Notes

—THE UNITED STATES has sent an official warning to Cuba, declaring that unless the internal disturbances there are quelled this nation will intervene to assure the continuance of the republican government.

—IN A SPECIAL message to Congress sent in on January 17, President Taft communicated the result of the work of the Economy and Efficiency Board, showing how three million dollars may be saved in the conduct of the government without reducing the efficiency of the service.

—THE SUPREME COURT OF the United States has upheld the constitutionality of the Employer's Liability Act of 1908. Decision was rendered in four cases on January 15, in one of which the much-discussed opinion of the Court of Appeals for the State of Connecticut was reversed.

—SOMETHING OF A STIR has been created in the presidential campaign by the dropping of Governor Woodrow Wilson's name as a Democratic presidential candidate from the editorial page of *Harper's Weekly*. The statement is published that at a recent conference in New York, Governor Wilson told Colonel Harvey that the support of his paper was injuring the governor's candidacy. Colonel Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, has stated that Colonel Harvey was "grievously wounded." Just how the incident will affect Governor Wilson's chances for the nomination is uncertain at the present time.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Lawrence Mills Strike Riot

THE mill district of Lawrence, Mass., was thrown into a state of disorder on January 12 by a riotous outbreak of Italians and other foreign operatives, who left their work in the Wood, Ayer and Washington Mills of the American Woolen Company because of the reduction of two hours' pay a week incidental to the operation of the new fifty-four hours' law. As the Wood Mills, one of the world's largest worsted plants, employs 6,000 hands, and the other mills together total many more, nearly 15,000 operatives were idle when the mills were shut down early that afternoon. As this is the busiest season of the year the owners determined that there should be no suspension of operations and the following morning goodly numbers reported for work. But the strikers used force, employing shuttles, clubs, stones, coal, and even knives and pistols. The police were called to defend the mills and the men who wanted to work, but a huge mob of strikers resisted and fought them. Then Mayor Scanlon asked for the aid of the militia, and the riot virtually closed all the mills of the city and left 30,000 operatives idle. The police and soldiers used the hose with ice-cold water to some advantage, as well as the club and bayonet. Fifty-two nationalities are represented by the workers in the mill district, and forty-five languages are spoken.

As soon as the strike rioting assumed alarming proportions the mayor declared martial law and issued this warning against disorder: "The soldiers will shoot to kill to-day, if necessary. I will keep order here if I have to call on the whole Federal army. This trouble comes from about five hundred Socialists and Anarchists who are stirring up the mill hands and intimidating them and preventing them from going back to work." With a return of quiet conditions in the mill district through the presence of eight companies of militia, whose rifles and bristling bayonets awed the strikers, State and city officials busied themselves to bring about a speedy settlement of the difficulties. The strikers agreed to confer with the mill agents, in the presence of the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Although John J. Ettor, of New York, the directing head of the strike in his capacity of National Organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World, declared his belief that the strikers could gain nothing by arbitration, other members of the executive committee were favorably disposed to the proposal, and after some demur the New York leader consented to it. The demands of the strikers are that the mill owners shall grant an increase of fifteen per cent. in the wages they previously received under the fifty-six-hour law, double pay for all overtime, and the abolition of the bonus or premium system. The original grievance which precipitated the strike was that the strikers wished to be paid for fifty-four hours' work the same wage scale which prevailed for fifty-six hours. Recent events have made the public very sore on Anarchists, who are the greatest enemies of labor, and who stir every bad passion at the least provocation and do not stop short of murder to carry out their diabolical plans. They are very well described in the good Book:

For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence. (Prov. 4:17.)

The Massachusetts State Militia on Duty in the Midst of the Strikers at Lawrence

A Little Sister Republic

The smallest republic in the world, without contradiction, observes a Paris contemporary, is that of Tavolara, a little island situated about seven and one-half miles from Sardinia. It is a little more than a mile in length, and has a population of fifty-five. The sovereignty of the island was accorded in 1836 by King Charles Albert to the Bartoleoni family. Up to 1882 Paul I reigned peaceably over his little island kingdom, but at his death the islanders proclaimed a republic. By the constitution of the republic the president is elected for ten years, and women exercise the franchise. A democratic form of government seems quite the fashion now. In the last generation or two the common people have been coming into their divine heritage of self-government. In another generation or so all nations, whether they call their chief king, queen, emperor or president, will be republican in fact. The tiny republic in the little island has the same principle of liberty the larger nations have, and France on one side and the United States, the greatest democracy in the world, on the other, will take the hands of this least republic and bid it godspeed. Out of one of the smallest communities there came the greatest One of the world.

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel. (Micah 5:2.)

New Rochelle's Pearl Fisheries

Mr. Harry A. Archibald, a member of the City Council of New Rochelle, N. Y., ordered a half dozen raw oysters at a restaurant in his city. Something hard was found in the first oyster. He extracted it and found it to be a pearl. On examination he found that two out of the five remaining oysters on his plate contained each a pearl. The papers report that one of the pearls is worth $150, and the other two $125. The waiter was so excited that he took a day off and opened all the oysters in the cellar to find pearls, but failed. The councilman had worked the pearl fishery of New Rochelle for all it was worth. Some of the costliest gems of truth and virtue, and some of the most beautiful characters incarnating them are to be found in primitive and homely surroundings. The jewels of thought and sentiment and character are not to be found by accident like the pearls were in the plate of oysters. They are to be had by hard searching and diligent labor, and they are the more precious.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies. (Job 28:18.)

Brings Bugs 12,000 Miles

R. S. Woglum, of the Bureau of Entomology, Department of Agriculture, started from Washington a year and a half ago in search of a bug that would kill the white fly, which has done such damage to the orange groves of the United States. He had to go 12,000 miles before he found the parasite that would serve his purpose. After searching carefully in many countries and making a complete circuit of the earth he returned to Washington with six orange trees loaded down with the bugs. He found the desired parasite in the orange groves of India, and thence shipped the carefully boxed trees and their lively burden, which when unpacked proved to have stood the trip on sea and land in excellent shape, and were ready to breed and move on the enemy. Nature almost always has some remedy for every malady, some repair for every damage if men can find it; and it is also true in the spiritual world. There is a cure for every disease; a restoration of every wreck; life and growth from blight and death. This curative force and the necessity of its practical acceptance is included in the question of the prophet:

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jer. 8:22.)

Joy Ride Kills Five

Two young men and three young ladies, some of them of the leading families of Trenton, N. J., went out in an automobile for a joy ride the other night and on their return home from their gay time early in the morning with the thermometer at zero the car plunged over an embankment at the turn of the road at Brockville, a suburb of Trenton, on to the ice of the power canal there. The heavy weight of the car broke the ice and the car went down, drowning five of the six like rats in a trap. The young man driving his father's machine climbed up over the steering wheel and disentangled and saved himself. He ran along the icy road for a mile and a half to a roadhouse, where he told the story of the fatal accident and then fell to the floor. His icy clothing had to be cut from his body, and it was with difficulty his life was saved. A party was immediately formed for the rescue of the drowned bodies. It is the old story of the swift penalty that sometimes falls upon physical and moral recklessness. The visit to the roadhouse figures in the night's revel, and the liquor that was not consumed was found in flasks in the pockets of the dead. It is said that the young man took the car out not only without his father's consent but against his positive orders. This tragedy and others like it ought to be a warning to the young, but they are liable not to be so. Fast young men will continue to entice giddy young girls to the fatal merriment of the joy ride and there will be foolish mothers who will not have force of will or conscience enough to say no to it. The automobile run by a prudent, sober man sometimes meets accidents, but under the care of a reckless man and one muddled with rum it is a veritable engine of death. The driver who through folly or intoxication sacrifices precious lives should promptly be placed by the hand of the law behind the bars with the other murderers. Such criminal recklessness breaks the commandment,

Thou shalt not kill. (Deut. 5:17.)

Where Are the Mackerel?

Not many years ago vast schools of mackerel sported along our New England coast. Now that fish is becoming rare. Twenty-seven years ago there were 500,000 barrels of mackerel offered to the public; last year there were only 2,700 barrels; and it was not because there was less demand for this kind of fish, but because the fish itself could not be found. The sixteen hundred fishers who search the sea to discover the schools of mackerel have hoped in vain for the last ten years. Fifty years ago a barrel of mackerel could be bought for four dollars; it will take now something like ten times that much money to buy the same quantity. This passing of the mackerel should be a matter of concern and of practical consideration, and if possible help, from the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington. This fish whose departure we regret would not have been allowed as an article of food to the Jews of old; it would have been counted by the law as unclean, because, though it has fins, it has no scales.

These shall ye eat of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers, them shall ye eat. (Lev. 11:9.)

THE NEW STAR IN OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF SANTA FE, THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO

A Holiday in Town

UNCLE SAM has just added, by presidential proclamation, a forty-seventh star to his flag, and New Mexico is finally one of the sisterhood of States. New Mexico, perhaps more than any other part of the Union, has been misunderstood and misconceived by those who have not visited the great and new Southwest, and to the average American all notions of what persists there are rather apt to consist of the melodrama of the motion picture film and the old stories of the mining camps and the desert. Only four or five years ago, when a great industrial and agricultural exhibition was held at Albuquerque in connection with the National Irrigation Congress, were the people even of the new State itself awakened to their own possessions and possibilities. All the Middle West has known for years that the great semi-arid lands of New Mexico were rich in natural resources not only of mineral wealth but of oil and water. Yet to them, as well as to the Eastern people who visited the exposition, the display of agricultural products was a revelation. They were prepared to see the wealth of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron, turquoise and other valuable minerals that were spread before them; but the exhibits of field and orchard products were a denial of all tradition. They went with the belief that New Mexico was a desert, where valuable ores and gems lay hidden in the mountains, but where the surface was impossible for the uses of man. So when they saw products of the soil, produced with the aid of irrigation and the evidences of the spread of agriculture that is rapidly putting the farms ahead of the mines of the new commonwealth, they faced a revision of ideas that bordered on revolution.

Still big with that bigness which all the world has come to associate with western America, still big in its wonderful mountains and deserts and ranches, New Mexico is changing its type. No longer the chaps and spurs of the two-gun cattleman, the pick and pan of the prospector and the other earmarks of her frontier days confront the traveler on all sides. To-day the farmer's wagon, not the rancher's pony, is found in the streets of her growing towns, and her valleys are clothed in the green of farm and orchard. Slowly, and as silently as any newly developing section of the country ever conducts, New Mexico has installed great irrigation projects, pumped water from the depths of the earth, planted her orchards and great vegetable gardens, sown her varied crops and now reaps the reward of her enterprise and industry in the accomplishment of her Statehood. Once more the new overlays the old in this the oldest, newest land of our country. Oldest, for here before the dawn of European civilization lived the cavemen, then the Pueblos, the outlying bulwarks of the high Aztec civilization of Montezuma, and Spain had set her stamp upon the Santa Fé of those days almost twenty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth.

Staking Out a Claim

Though surrounded by the relics of man's age-long occupation of the land, Santa Fé, the new capital, is growing in typically Western style, growing with wide, pleasant streets, fine public buildings, and beautiful churches and residences.

HEROES OF THE LIFEBOAT

Continued from page 99

the coast, asking no aid for his work but accepting gratefully what offerings may come along to defray the expenses of his journeyings. Not phased by storm or danger, he goes about his life work, saying, "I could not be more conscious of divine leading than I would be if I saw the divine arms encircling me. I know the angel of his presence directs my pathway, as fully as though I could hear him say, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' When not conscious of the divine presence I use my own intellect, but with the additional thought that at no time am I alone, but that God always is with me. It matters not whether I be climbing the rocky cliffs, walking the sandy beaches, treading stony paths, or crossing treacherous inlets, my implicit faith in God is the lamp that guides my feet at all times." It was in the worst of a cold storm of last year that Mr. Cake came across from Block Island to Newport, arriving at Newport in the snowstorm at a late hour in the afternoon. He started to Brenton Point Life-Saving Station, but darkness soon set in, and he was lost in the terrible storm. He later said, "Realizing I was lost in the thickets, unable to find the roadway, I climbed a large boulder, standing in the snow two feet deep, and peered through the darkness to see the lights in the far distance, but was unable to tell whether they were on land or sea. I lifted my whole being up to my heavenly Father and tried to pray; I was cold, tired, weary and almost ready to drop. In my efforts to pray I could only say two words, 'Our Father.' It was enough. I immediately came down, and some message sent of God led me out of the thicket into the roadway. Then going but a short distance, with a turn around the corner, I saw a light in the distance. It looked like a cottage home nestled among the sand hills. I was going to tell the inmates that I was lost, tired and hungry, and ask their hospitality through the night. Imagine my delight when I came to the door and found that I had been led direct to the Brenton Point Life-Saving Station!"

Mr. Cake not only commands the confidence and respect of those among whom he labors, but has the highest endorsement of the inspectors of the various districts and of the captains and lieutenants of the service. Ex-Governor Stokes of New Jersey has written: "If we had more men like Mr. Cake we would have a better country and better State affairs." The annual report of the Life-Saving Service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, records that during that year 1,461 vessels met accident or disaster sufficient to bring them within the field of operation of the life-saving crews. The amount of property involved was estimated at nearly twelve million dollars, less than two million dollars of which was lost. On those vessels were 8,845 persons, 5,770 on the larger boats and 3,075 on the smaller craft; and although many hundreds would have perished without the life-savers, with their aid all but thirty-seven were rescued.

Calm Weather Drill with the Rocket Gun

"LITTLE MOONFLOWER"

ANY reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may send for our free illustrated booklet on *Little Moonflower.*

It tells a touching story of childhood in China, where there are thousands of poor, little destitute children, orphaned by the war and the famine—sweet-faced girls and bright boys—who need our help. Send us a postal stating how many copies you can use to advantage in your own circle and among your friends. Address CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

Kansas Women Who Have Done Things

Lilla Day Monroe

KANSAS has always been one of the most interesting of the United States. A number of causes have conspired to this end. Kansas has put successfully into operation laws at which many other States have balked; its great land boom and remarkably rapid progress during the following years have all added to the State's unique interest. The passage of rather drastic laws in some of the nearby commonwealths drove into it many of their most liberal-minded and independent thinkers, who proceeded to try out one theory after another. Slavery, prohibition, the silver bugaboo, woman suffrage, and almost every other so-called "ism," have been discussed and voted upon in Kansas. Kansas is one of the few States that have successful prohibition laws and as early as 1887 women had municipal suffrage there. Some believe and predict that the State will, within a short time, join the ranks of those in which women exercise the full right of franchise. It is a good comment not only upon the climate of this famous State, but upon its high level of intelligence and morality also, that its death-rate is the lowest in the world (7½ to every 1,000). The average of education there is very high, the clubs are unusually progressive, and religion is reverently regarded. These fine conditions are said to be due largely to the splendid women of Kansas, an assertion which receives support from the records and faces of these noble examples.

One of the most prominent women of Kansas is Mrs. C. B. Hoffman of Enterprise, a devoted wife and the mother of six children, "who," says her biographer, "have been educated to work with their hands and to think." A studious and progressive club-woman, filling many high club-offices; active and sympathetic in charitable work; broad and loving in her religion; full of humor; an ardent advocate of equal suffrage and temperance; giving of her wealth freely, and opening wide the doors of her hospitable home to all good causes; Mrs. Hoffman rightly holds a foremost place in the respect and affection of her fellow-women.

Mrs. Lucy B. Johnston is the wife of the Hon. William A. Johnston, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, and has used her high position for the furtherance of the noblest ends. One of the first members of the Social Science Club of Kansas and Missouri, she early learned the value of organization. As federations were formed, she advocated the transformation of the club into a State federation. Through this, she was able to promote her favorite schemes of traveling libraries, and also of manual training and domestic science in the schools. She was especially successful in her efforts for establishing a State Industrial School for Girls. She has organized many clubs; is president of the Kansas Branch of the Western College Alumni Association; is vice-president of the board of directors of the Y. W. C. A. of Topeka; president of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association; member of the board of directors of the General Federation; member of the visiting committee of the State Board of Control (over charitable institutions); State Regent of the D. A. R. Society.

Kansas has attained to unusual publicity this year chiefly through the plucky conduct of Mrs. Ella Wilson. Elected without an effort, and almost against her wish, as mayor of the little city of Hunnewell, she has still felt it to be her duty to accept the office. The mother of boys, she has desired for years to live in a community as free as possible from temptations to vice. She saw that if she should become the mayor of her little home town, she could do much to rid it of its saloons and gambling-dens. Therefore she decided, though a devoted and notable housekeeper and home-maker, that she would seize this opportunity to purify Hunnewell. But the six men who had been elected as the city council did not share her wishes. They refused to abide by her rulings, and the case of the rebellious aids and the firm and dignified mayor went to the attorney-general and to Governor Stubbs, and they decided that the mayor must be upheld.

"My office," said Mrs. Wilson, "means more to me than just a simple mayoralty of a Kansas town. If women can do good here, they can do good elsewhere." The plain, modest, common-sense course pursued by Mrs. Wilson has won her the sympathy of the entire country, especially of its mothers, whose battle she is so valiantly attempting to aid.

Mrs. C. B. Hoffman

The late Governor Robinson of Kansas was honored in 1898 by the legislative appropriation of $10,000 for a bust of him, to be placed in the State University. The regard in which he was held by Kansas was well deserved; but no small part of his success in life was due to his wife, Sara T. Dwight Lawrence. Born in Belchertown, Mass., the daughter of the distinguished lawyer and statesman Myron Lawrence, and of a mother who bore the famous name of Dwight, Sara Lawrence came honestly by her intellect and her high character. In 1849 she married Dr. Robinson. One night Mr. Thayer spoke in Chapman Hall in Boston upon the need of "Free State" believers as settlers in the newly opened State of Kansas. The enthusiasm ran high, and Dr. Robinson rose and promised to go, and at once, for "Kansas must be saved." He and his wife suffered unspeakable persecutions from hostile neighbors, but they bore everything cheerfully, sure that God was with them. This highly educated, refined and deeply religious woman has been a tower of strength to Kansas. Since her husband's death, she lives quietly at Lawrence upon the large estate that he left her, but which will ultimately go to the State University. Mrs. Robinson wrote *Kansas, Its Interior and Exterior Life*, and her facile pen has been ever at the service of all good causes.

Mrs. Lilla Day Monroe began teaching at the age of fifteen in the State of Indiana, but was able to study later in Terre Haute and to teach a few years more before she married Lee Monroe, a young Kansas lawyer, in 1885. She became not only his wife, but his assistant in the overwhelming rush of business which followed the great land boom of that period. She was admitted to the bar of the Kansas Supreme Court in 1895, her husband being then the judge in the Twenty-third Judicial District. Her legal training has greatly helped Mrs. Monroe in her devoted efforts to raise the status of women. She is a member and officer of the State Federation of Clubs; Kansas secretary of the General Federation; president of the Topeka City Federation; president at one time of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association; member of the Eastern Star, Daughters of Rebekah and W. C. T. U. societies; founder of several important clubs; a loyal Methodist; editor of several departments in different journals, and an accomplished writer and lecturer.

Mrs. Monroe is the mother of four fine children; is an accomplished cook and needle-woman, and a most successful home-maker, and every other Kansas woman is proud of her.

Among the scores of other distinguished Kansas women are Mrs. Victoria Murdock, editor of the Wichita *Eagle;* Mrs. W. R. Stubbs, the wife of the governor, and Miss Margaret Hill McCarter, the author.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

Mrs. Ella Wilson

Lucy B. Johnston

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—PROFESSOR JOHN GRIER HIBBEN has been elected president of Princeton University, succeeding Dr. Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey. The appointment of Professor Hibben has met with warm approbation from friends and alumni of Princeton and from educators and scholars throughout the country. He has been Professor of Logic at Princeton since 1893. Dr. Hibben is a Presbyterian clergyman, a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary.

—THE FIRST IMPORTANT naval battle in the Turco-Italian war occurred in the Red Sea on January 7, with the result that an Italian cruiser squadron fought and sank seven Turkish gunboats after a sharp conflict. A large number of Turkish seamen went down with their ships, but others were rescued by boats from the Italian warships. The Turkish gunners displayed utter incompetence, their small guns being fired wildly. The shells from the Italian ships were not directed at the Turkish yacht *Fauvette*, which accompanied the gunboats, and she was the only unit of the Turkish flotilla which was not destroyed. She is being convoyed to Italy. The action occurred outside the Bay of Kunfida, a small walled town with a garrison and two forts about 500 miles north of Aden on the east coast of the Red Sea.

—ON JANUARY 14 the Spanish cabinet resigned as the result of a divergence of views with King Alfonso as to the advisability of commuting the death sentence of one of the rioters who murdered a judge and wounded several court officials in the town of Cullera, province of Valencia, last September. The trial and conviction caused a great stir throughout Spain, as the radicals, realizing that they could work up no sympathy for the perpetrators of such a sordid crime, raised a false issue, accusing the government of all sorts of cruelties and tortures. King Alfonso was persistent in his decision to save the man from death and even though Premier Canalejas y Mendes advised pardon for six of the accused rioters and felt that it was good policy on the king's part to lighten the sentence of the seventh, he advised making this case an example. When he learned that public opinion entirely supported the king, he announced that he deferred to his majesty's judgment, and would prepare a decree to that effect without delay, but, considering as he did that the ministry had made a mistake, it was his duty to hand in his resignation. King Alfonso urged him to reconsider his determination, but he remained firm.

—THE MINISTRY OF THE French Republic has again been changed. After a series of charges and countercharges, which filled the French press for several days, M. Caillaux, the premier, was forced to retire, and M. Raymond Poincare was called upon to form a new cabinet. The entire trouble arose from evidence which became public that M. Caillaux had, during the Franco-German negotiations on the Moroccan situation, carried on secret communication with the German authorities at Berlin. This, it is believed in France, seriously endangered that country's close friendship with Great Britain. The British public has in turn taken the matter so seriously that the foreign secretary, Sir Edward Grey, may be forced from his portfolio. The new French ministry is announced as follows: President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Poincare; Minister of Justice, Aristide Briand; Minister of War, Alexandre Millerand; Minister of the Interior, Jules A. J. Steeg; Minister of Marine, Theophile Delcasse; Minister of Colonies, Aubert Francois Lebrun; Minister of Finance, Louis Lucien Klotz; Minister of Public Works, Pierre Dupuy; Minister of Education, M. Guistchau; Minister of Agriculture, Jules Pams; Minister of Commerce, Fernand David; Minister of Labor, Leon Bourgeois. In all the forty-seven cabinets of its forty-one years of existence the French Republic has vainly looked for the "grand ministry." Some of the best authorities claim that this new cabinet is the most able and promising that France has ever had.

THE ALMANAC GAVE INSPIRATION

I received the *Almanac*, and reading the "Hard Bible Problems Solved" gave me inspiration. Indeed, its entire contents gives one valuable information on every page. Accept my warmest thanks. Sincerely hoping THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will have a prosperous year in 1912, I am, etc.,

Mayersville, Miss. MRS. M. B. FOSTER.

THE LAST LETTER

By GRACE BOTELER SANDERS

"IT'S a shame for you to go out such a day as this! Why, it's away below zero, pa!" grumbled Mrs. Bascom, shaking her head so vigorously that every stiffly starched ruffle on her gingham sunbonnet which she wore summers to keep off the heat and winters to keep off the cold, fluttered gaily. "There won't be a half-dozen letters; just a lot of silly post cards and notes to gratify the vanity of some giggling girls. I'd stay right at home, Jeremiah!"

The old man, who was reluctantly pulling on his heavy felts which had been warming by the fire, stamped one foot vigorously and with a jerk brought the refractory boot to place.

"I wonder how many times it is necessary to explain to a woman that business is business," he queried with mock severity, at the same time giving his old wife a fond glance which set every nerve to tingling. "'Tain't a question of what we want to do or think. The United States mail has got to go, rain or shine, if there ain't but one measly circular in the whole pile. Even passenger and special trains must make way for it."

"If you was a regular man or was getting big pay it wouldn't be so bad!" interrupted the wife emphatically; "but this business of you going out in the cold to take another man's place when you only get a few cents' pay—mebbe he'll never give you the money—is too much! You'll traipse all over the country road and get the rheumatism. Then who'll take care of you, and who'll pay the doctor's bill?"

Jeremiah Bascom, who had buttoned the shabby old coat about his throat, took the little woman to his heart.

"There, there, mother, you don't understand," he soothed, patting her shoulder awkwardly. "If I didn't get a cent of pay I'd go just the same. I promised Jim Harris's wife that I'd take Jim's place,I give my word,and I'll stick to it. When I qualified for a substitute I promised to attend to my duty. So there's another reason. But the principal one is this: Jed's been raving in delirium for several days and all the time he's been talking about the mail route and the letters. He was so afraid he would lose his job, for you know this rural delivery is all that stands between starvation and his family. It ain't no small thing to lose your job in the winter time. His wife said he was as crazy as a hare when she told him I would take his place, but he quieted right down and has been getting better ever since the worry was taken off his mind. You see he believes in me. Mother, do you want me to shirk my duty now?"

The little old man's gray head towered proudly above the shining one of his roly-poly wife. His whole shabby figure seemed to irradiate good cheer. The light within, the call of duty, had made Jeremiah Bascom forget that he was old and rheumatic and poor. In the light of sacrifice this commonplace service had become a hero's crown.

"The money'll come in handy, too, mother," he added hesitatingly. "At my age I don't get many chances to make two dollars a day. Why, that'll buy our groceries for almost two weeks. Be a good girl, now, and let me go!"

The old lady dashed her tears away to return his kiss, and in another moment he was gone. Through a mist of tears she watched him trudge across the barnyard and climb into the mail wagon which was waiting and drive hurriedly away.

Once out of his wife's sight, Jeremiah Bascom lost the cheery smile and the song. Other troubles than the cold made his heart ache this winter morning. And as the wind whistled and he drew the lighted lantern closer to his cold feet, it seemed to the old man that his very life blood was turning to rivers of ice.

Mary did not know, and he had not the courage to tell her yet. He had been discharged the week before from the little hardware store where he had worked ever since the bank had failed taking all their savings with it. Last week he had celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday with only a few dollars to keep them from starvation, with a debt hanging over their little home and with no work in sight by which he could earn a livelihood. Yesterday he had received a notice that the money must be paid or the property surrendered.

Only to-day did he realize the horror of being old and poor and childless. The chance to act as substitute on the Rural Route had come almost providentially, it seemed to him. But Mary did not know. Why worry her until it was necessary? She had believed that he stayed at home because he was not feeling well. Only to-day, as he drove through the desolate, snow-covered country, did the awfulness of old age without a support dawn upon him. He did not feel old. His eyes were bright, body strong. He was as anxious and as able to work as ever, but he was to be laid upon the shelf because he was old in years. If he could only prove his worth some way!

"With lantern and mail the old man started"

He stopped now and then at the comfortable farmhouses to leave the messages from the outside world. His heart writhed and burned with the injustice of it all, as he saw their prosperous, happy lives and compared them with his own need. For he and Mary were on the outskirts of the City of Starvation.

When the bank failed, taking their money with it, he had cheerfully set to work and grumbled little. Then he could work and save for the future. The blow had fallen without a moment's notice, and found them unprepared. A tear trickled over the old man's cheek. He wiped it hurriedly away as if he were ashamed. He had not shed a tear since Edward, their only son, had gone away. At the same moment a snowflake fluttered down and lay melting on the cheek beside the tear as if to show him that all the forces of nature knew and sympathized.

For the first time, the old man, looking up, saw that the sky was darkened by heavy clouds. An ominous roar came to his ears, and with a swoop and a howl the snow and storm were upon them. The light wagon was almost swept off the road. Jeremiah Bascom was obliged to use the whip on his fat old horse when the wind had quieted enabling him to go on. The snowflakes were falling so fast that he could not see ten feet in front.

But Bess knew the road. Continued urging was necessary at every drift. When noon came and he should have been through, they drove into Jim Hannigan's barnyard. It was the last stop but one.

The Hannigan boys saw the old man and his horse coming and ran to meet them. They hurried the horse into the stable, where she was rubbed down and fed with hot bran. Her master was warmed and fed in the comfortable dining-room. With cheerful company, in the fire's cheerful glow, the old man forgot his worries. It was one o'clock when he rose to go.

"I've only one more stop to make, and I'm not sorry!" he laughed as he pulled on his gloves. "I'm ever so much obliged to you folks for bolstering me up a bit. I don't see how me or Bess could have gone an inch farther. I've a letter for Miss Hornblow. I reckon she's expecting it. The postmark's from away off somewhere in Californy."

"Them Hornblows are queer people," volunteered Jim Hannigan; "they're poor as poverty, everybody says, though they made such a splurge when they first come into the neighborhood, buying that fine farm and vanloads of elegant furniture. Blackburn was telling me yesterday that they hadn't paid a cent since that first payment. The roads are turrible down that way. You'd better leave the letter until to-morrow. By that time mebbe they'll clear a little. It's probably nothing but a circular."

Bascom shook his head and laughed mirthlessly. "You're as bad as Mary Jane," he said. "Don't you know the United States mail has got to go? I'd better be trottin' along, I guess. It'll be night now before I get home."

It was a mile and a half from Hannigan's to the Hornblow farm, and over the worst of mud roads. The snow was still falling and was drifted high in the fence corners when Bess reached the crossroads. It was with great difficulty that she reached the schoolhouse, and the little bridge just on the other side. At the edge of the bridge Bess stopped, and no amount of urging would drive her on. When her master investigated he found that they were on the very brink of the precipice. The bridge had gone. The beautiful home of the Hornblows was still half a mile away. From the elevation at the top of the hill Bascom looked longingly at the column of smoke which was pouring from the chimney. How could he reach it? He could not cross the river with the horse and wagon. There was only one thing to do—hitch Bess and leave her here while he went on foot with the bit of paper. Drifts were almost waist deep, but he must brave them.

Tying Bess securely to an oak, with mail and lantern the old man started. His fingers became numb with the cold, he stumbled and fell, getting eyes and ears full of snow. Undaunted he went on until he ascended the tall steps at the big house and heard the clock striking two. Almost frozen, he fell upon the threshold.

Hatty Hornblow heard the noise and ran to the door. She picked up the old man and hurried him into the kitchen, where they plunged his feet into water and poured hot drinks down his throat.

When he produced the letter for which he had risked so much they knew who he was. Made comfortable, nodding dreamily, he listened while the girl read the letter to her mother and brother.

"DEAR ONES: I am afraid things are serious with you by this time. I am back from the Klondike and in the dear old States once more, and have been for almost a week. I wrote several times, but as I have received no reply, concluded that you had not received them. My partner and I left Dawson City with about $500,000 each, arrived in San Francisco O. K., but we had scarcely found a lodging-place when Ned was taken with rheumatic fever, and was perfectly helpless.

"He is an A number one good fellow, has been a friend to me, so of course I could not leave him sick and alone. He had been in the country longer than

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Around the Cozy Home Hearth

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Fires in Winter

NO SOONER does the inclement season of winter fairly set in than households and communities are menaced by the terrible danger of fires. The old adage that fire is a good servant but a bad master is over and over verified when great buildings are wrapped in sheets of flame to the loss of life and property. The heroism of the men who fight fire surpasses that of soldiers on the battlefield. Climbing to dizzy heights, penetrating through blinding smoke and scorching heat to save those who are caught in a burning building, the brave fellows who fight fire think only of the duty that calls them into the midst of the furnace. The public is swift to forget their valor, they are seldom laureled, and the pay they receive is insignificant in comparison with what they deserve. Thus it has ever been with the real heroes of humanity.

It behooves every one to be vigilant in guarding against the peril of fire. On a night of roaring wind and wild storm it may well be that the carelessness of a single householder may start a calamitous fire that will at racing speed sweep over a whole village or town. Those of us who have had the life-long habit of caution are sometimes panic-stricken when we suddenly discover that we have been on the brink of disaster. A match supposed to have exhausted itself may be smoldering, and presently draperies are in a blaze. Sometimes it is the baby's bed or cradle with the baby in it that is caught in a whirl of flame. Sometimes a chafing-dish, a spirit lamp, the percolator on the breakfast table, the gas range or radiator, and very often an unsuspected defect in a flue is the occasion of the trouble. A woman one winter observed, or thought she observed, a suspicious smell of smoke in the house, yet could not account for it. This went on for nearly thirty hours; then it was discovered that a fire had been smoldering in the walls of the house during all that time, and it was with much difficulty and no little loss that the house was saved from ruin. Fire lighted on a hearth on a January morning sent at once a cascade of burning coals and wood directly into a pile of kindlings in a cellar below, with the result of entire loss of a house and everything in it, while the family escaped only with their lives.

Prudence should lead to the keeping of valuables in a safe, either in a deposit vault or in one's home. Every one retiring at night should know where to place a hand on clothing that may be needed at a moment's notice. The propriety of fully insuring property is manifest, but insurance covers only money loss, and this is sometimes the smallest. No insurance is sufficient to repay the owners of family heirlooms for their destruction by fire, and the thousand sweet associations that gather through the years around every home can never be compensated by gold and silver.

* * *

Plain Words With Women

EVE'S daughters have always been conscious that they possessed a delicate network of nerves. It has never been the fashion for the rank and file among women to bring their nerves to the front, making them the excuse for ill temper or permitting them to spell martyrdom and melancholy, at least so far as the majority are concerned. Considering the present situation as American women confront it, their nerves are responsible for more suffering than was common in former days. Notwithstanding all the labor appliances of the period we women seem to have little leisure, not enough time and far too much to do. The demands of growing children are increasingly in excess of what parents can easily supply. To educate a girl or boy, even in the public school, costs much more to-day than thirty years ago. To dress a young girl so that she may appear to advantage not merely in the regular school work, but in the various social functions that are school adjuncts, costs money. Beyond this, if the income is limited it makes a drain on the mother's energy, initiative and strength. The pace of life is rapid, and in cities especially, the close proximity of neighbors whom frequently one does not know, and the incessant noises of the street, consume vitality and are a potential cause of nervous trouble. Here are two or three suggestions for the nervous woman. Take them at their face value.

First, eat fat. Do not smile at this practical bit of advice. Ask the family doctor whether the physical nervous system does not require nutrition, and he will tell you without demur that part of every woman's daily diet should be fat. Those who carefully eliminate fat from their diet on the plea that they do not like it are taking the obvious road to nervous breakdown. Not only ought women to eat the fat of meat and of nuts, but they should make good use of butter, olive oil, cream and other substances in which pure fat predominates.

Second, the woman who is nervous should rigidly restrain herself from its outward expression, either in fretfulness of tone, down-drooping of her mouth, contraction of her forehead, or complaint of any sort. A good rule is to look cheerful when one feels blue. At the moment college slang has introduced a new word. If somebody is cross, he or she is said to be "peeved." Don't be "peeved." "Laugh and the world will laugh with you." "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Never, whatever happens, condescend to wear the air of one who is injured. Self-control and uniform politeness go hand in hand. She who disdains to be considered nervous will not be at the mercy of her nerves.

Third, trust in God. Not only rest when you are tired, but rest your heart by living in the sweet and helpful thought that God is caring for you. Nobody ever dropped down under to-day's load, but the load of accumulated future days is too heavy for human endurance.

Build a little fence of trust around to-day
And therein stay.

* * *

THE WEDDING DRESS*

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HOW much of life it hath held, dear,
This little warder of thine,
Filled with the dreams and the fancies
Ever to girlhood divine.
Wasted and useless and woful
Seem the fair broideries now,
For the dreams that can never come true, dear,
Since a craven has broken his vow.

Put them away in the chest, dear,
Hide them and turn the key;
All the sweet hopes that have faded,
All that was sacred to thee.
Over a broken troth plight
Tear-drops are falling like rain,
Life hath its hour of anguish,
Sharp is the smiting of pain.

Fold them away in the chest, dear,
Drink the last drop of the cup;
Then arise brave and undaunted,
Breasting the gale with head up.
Yet shall the mists of thy sorrow
Melt in the sunshine of love,
Peace in some brighter to-morrow
Over thee bend like a dove.

Close up this room in thy heart, dear;
Pure as the virginal snow
Is the white of the exquisite raiment,
To thee the heart's symbol of woe.
Walk on thy journey alone, dear,
Somewhere are waiting for thee
Honor and faith and good cheer,
In the dawn of a day that shall be.

* *This striking picture by Frederick W. Elwell was one of the exhibits at the London Academy last summer.*

Gifts for Missionary Box

IT IS a little singular that in the choice of gifts for the missionary and the missionary's wife, people in general fancy that they must either adhere strictly to that which is useful without much reference to the beautiful, or that they must eliminate everything secular, amusing and ornamental. The wife of a missionary in the home or the foreign field is a Christian woman with tastes and desires precisely akin to those of other women in the church. She does not wish to limit her reading to books of devotion. A book of interesting fiction about which people are talking is quite as appropriate for her as a collection of sermons. The minister himself does not exclusively read theology, nor is his preaching the better for having his library filled with commentaries. If books are sent in the missionary box, they should be chosen with a view to the pleasure of the whole family. In every missionary box there should be an envelope containing money, with a brief word saying that the recipient is to spend it in whatever way will add most to the comfort, security and enjoyment of the household.

In the selection of gifts for friends whose birthdays or pleasant home anniversaries it is a delight to remember, caution should be observed in at least one direction. "Why in the world," said a lady who is popular and beloved, "does every one send me either a cross or a Madonna? On one of my birthdays I received no less than seven pictures of the Madonna."

In the presentation of a variety of gifts we should ask ourselves how they may be made to confer the greatest happiness. A surprise gift from wife to husband, husband to wife, or friend to friend, conveys a unique pleasure. The tired woman at home will be wonderfully helped over her hard place by an unexpected offering that may have cost husband or son a trifling self-denial, but is to her the sudden flashing of a little candle of love on the commonplace road.

Brander Cushing's Ambition

A Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER XVI

IT WAS Saturday night and Sidney sat alone in the library of the big empty house. The mail had been late that afternoon, owing to a fire at the post office, and Angus had only just brought in some letters and laid them on the table.

"Is there anything you want, Mr. Sidney?"

"No, Angus, thank you. You may go out for the evening if you like."

The servant went away and Sidney picked up the letters to look them over carelessly. He was very tired after the hardest week's work he had ever known. As he slipped the envelopes slowly through his fingers one with a foreign postmark arrested his attention.

He started at the sight of the handwriting, let the other letters fall, opened the envelope and with trembling fingers took out the letter. A faint perfume of wood violets softly breathed through the room.

The letter was dated at Balholm, on the Sogne Fiord in Norway.

"DEAR FRIEND: I am breaking all the conventions of the society into which we have both been born, but I must do something or lose my own self-respect even more than I am now in danger of doing by writing this letter to you. My father has written my mother and me of your visit to Washington and its result. This will perhaps help you to forgive the seeming boldness of this which I am doing and explain to you in part my leaving home without a word of farewell. If I had surely known that you cared—but how can a woman know surely? I thought I knew—but—even now I cannot be sure that father told all that you said, or fully gave to mother the exact words. But it seems so cruel—all that has occurred. And my heart is heavy for your great and bewildering trouble—your father. May I be allowed to mention him? What a sacrifice! How it shames poor me, who have never known what it means to endure a real grief of that sort.

"I am sitting in the little forward room of a cottage hotel at the head of this beautiful Balholm Bay. The mountains come down so close that the town has only one main street that is level. The farmers are rowing their little loads of hay across the water in their skiffs and carrying it ashore in their arms. The men and the women seem happy together. There is a great tourist vessel at the dock and a small cruiser a little farther out, besides a flock of pleasure yachts which have come in here from Gudvangen. The little boys and girls knock at our door every morning with baskets of the most beautiful strawberries at a ridiculously low price, and sometimes they carry delicately carved tinas and the curiously whittled chains with the bride spoons made in Nordanger. And the quaint costumes of the women in the hay fields hanging the wisps of hay on the fences, the little two-wheel carts, the neat and fresh-faced girls in the dining-room, the absence of all worry and money-making on the part of the men one sees—all these things, together with a most delicious color in a Norwegian sky and clear blue and white in its glacier water, combine to make one happy at heart if the heart could forget, forget—

"I remember you said once in what seems to me years ago that you had been brought up from childhood to obey your father implicitly. The same is true of me also. I have never for a moment thought of doing anything contrary to my parents' wishes. My father has been all his life accustomed to issue orders and to have them obeyed. So when he ordered my mother and me to leave home so suddenly, I had no thought of resistance. I should, perhaps, have said or done something—do you blame me for going? Besides, what hope—but I am again feeling that my understanding of all is not fully what it ought to be. Do not—you will not, will you?—do not think me over bold and lacking in all true womanly feeling, but I am sure your eyes did speak to me that day before you went back home, before your father—

"I do not know how long we shall be gone, or what our next address will be. My mother does not take me into her confidence as to our future plans. I know nothing about them.

"If you should write me you can address to the care of Bennett's in Bergen. There is one reason I am writing, about which I am more certain than about anything else. I want you to know that the horror which has come to your life has not changed my friendship for you. My heart is filled with overwhelming pity as I think of the strange thing which has come to pass with you. May I therefore sign myself as your sincere and faithful friend, PAX MARSTON."

For a very long time Sidney sat there pondering over this letter from the daughter of the admiral.

When somewhere in the house he heard and counted mechanically a clock strike eleven, he was still sitting in the same place re-reading the letter and going over certain phrases in it.

What was the matter with him? Why did his heart feel so strangely dissatisfied? Was he criticizing the girl because she had not written, in so many words, "I love you"? How could he expect that? On the other hand was he criticizing her because she had written even all she had? What more or what less could she have done? Would he answer the letter? If so, what would he say? Did he truly love her as he had told the admiral he did? And if so, and she also loved him, what hope of happiness with Admiral Marston and his wife bitterly and irrevocably opposed to their daughter marrying the son of a convict? And could he ever ask her to break all those strict rules of society and of family prejudice which were a part of her very being? What happiness could ever flow out of such a departure from custom and social standing and above all of consent on the part of the family? It was too great a risk, it involved too many people.

Should he write to her, and if so, what could he say? Again the question tortured him, did he really love her enough to break with all conventions, ask her to break all the filial ties of her home, deliberately disobey her father and mother and run the fearful risk of losing out of her life all the things which are held so dear by all those to whom society and its regulations mean the very life itself?

Anyway he could compel himself to look at the question he was confronted with difficulty. And after unavailing tossing of it all back and forth almost the only conclusion he could reach was that in spite of his position, in spite of the disgrace which he shared with his father, she had not allowed that to influence her friendship; was that the strongest word she had written? Yes, friendship. At least, she was not like some of the friends so-called who had known Brander Cushing before he went to prison; she at least had not permitted that horror to warp her feeling or prevent Sidney from establishing some sort of understanding that might grow into a love so great that all other ties, even those of the family, might be broken and thrown away.

The next day was Sunday. He had been to hear Mr. Freeman twice since that first time. The religious unrest that beset him was as deep as ever. During all this upheaval of his mind and heart he had passionately longed to find a spiritual peace which he knew some people really possessed. And—he could not escape the fact—every time he thought of his own religious longings, Hermosa Howard occurred to him. There was something about the girl unlike other girls he had known. He tried to think it was perhaps her unusual bodily health and strength. He recalled how on that afternoon of the fire she had obeyed his shout when he called across the swirling smoke, "Push your end of the board there! It's slipping off here!" Again he could feel the board move under his foot. Again he realized as he had at the time the fact that over there in that blood-red room where hell was raging, one girl had kept her senses, as calm and collected and resourceful as if she had simply gone to the window to open it for fresh air. And he recalled his own thought as he stood there agonizing to reach out farther and grasp the arm of a girl who had fallen off the board — "Brave lass! Oh, she is brave!"

But when he mused over it, there was something more than physical courage in this girl of the people. It was spiritual. It touched heights of religious faith to which he was a stranger. And he was hungering for the same possession. The trial that had come to him had left him stranded on a stretch of undefined territory. He did not doubt or question the existence of God. But aside from that he found no comfort in religion, no peace of mind, no ecstasy or enthusiasm. His father had taught him great ethical truths which had kept him straight and clean morally. But when it came to deep or high acquaintance with a heavenly Father he was as ignorant as a child. And it must also be said that he had never known any personal feeling for Christ as a Redeemer or a Friend and Comforter. In other words, a personal Christian faith was absolutely unknown to him. He had never experienced it, and he longed to know what it meant, with a desire that grew upon him and expressed itself in his very face, which revealed more and more his longing and his heart hunger. His countenance had grown to have a wistful expression, a search for an unrealized hope, for a goal of peace which the wings of his soul had never been able so far to attain.

It is not strange, therefore, that he had gone to hear Mr. Freeman again, and finding that something about his preaching began to touch his aspiration, he went this Sunday after Pax Marston's letter had come. It is not strange, either, that yielding to a vague questioning about Hermosa Howard's religious life he should again accept Mrs. Ward's simple invitation to come and take tea with them that evening.

CHAPTER XVII

AGAIN, as before, Hermosa and her father were guests at the Wards' table. Again, as that first time, Sidney was touched by the simple words of grace spoken at the table, and again he almost eagerly led the talk himself up to the question of the church and asked the privilege of putting questions. Every moment his astonishment grew

Continued on next page

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

as he listened to the answers Hermosa gave. For as if almost by mutual consent, after a little, nearly all the conversation was confined to these two, not by any formal agreement but as if it were natural and to be expected. As it went on, Sidney almost forgot that any one else was present except Hermosa and himself.

"Then, does the church to which you belong satisfy your heart and mind? I cannot understand it."

"It is not only the local church that appeals to us. It is the church of all history, the church of all time that has been in the world. We also remember that, whenever we think of our own church."

"But has not the church of history been very often wrong and has it not done some very wicked and foolish things?"

"Yes. Because it has been made up of common men and women. But the good the church has done has been infinitely more than the harm. Do you know any institutions of our modern life that are to-day doing greater good that have sprung into existence without having been inspired or started by the teaching of Christianity in the church?"

Sidney tried to think of some, but was not able. His mind was absolutely honest always. He was unfamiliar with quibbles and sophistry.

"It would be interesting to hear your list of the things in the world which have helped it upward and forward and have, as you believe, come into existence through the efforts or inspiration of the church of history."

"Let me name them, Hermosa," broke in her father. "Let me give Mr. Cushing a list. You know we have just been over the social outline of 'Christianity as a Source of World Progress.'"

"Well, father," Hermosa smiled, "if you miss any I will try to remember them."

Sidney will not soon forget how the blind man eagerly checked off each item on his fingers, speaking with a certain glow on his face that was like a clear light shining through the skin.

"I think first mention should be of the Brotherhood Idea which the church started. It was absolutely unknown before then. Let me go over the list without explanation:

"The abolition of slavery; the emancipation of woman; the value put on childhood; the education of the masses; the evolution of republics; the movement against intoxicating drink; the organization of missionary societies; the organization of Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations; the rise of young people's societies; the organization of social centers to fight disease; the establishment of hospitals and asylums for sick and dependent people by the State; the use of co-operative institutions in business; trade-unions; organizations to educate the people against war; Sunday Schools; Bible study classes; the printing press; reform associations to produce a cleaner dramatic life; the gathering of the people in mass conventions to discuss great questions of common interest."

"I don't agree with you about trade-unions," said Sidney with unusual spirit. "Do you mean to say you consider them the offspring of Christian teaching?"

"That is because you are a capitalist. I don't excuse the shortcomings of trade unionism, but it should be regarded as a whole. On the whole I believe it has benefited the world of labor and of capital as well."

"But take this very tenement in which you are now living, this double-decker. It is a product of a Christian age. And in many ways you must know, far better than I do, what a miserable thing this is to house human beings. Forgive me, Mrs. Ward. Your rooms are as neat as wax. But you know how inconvenient the whole tenement is. What has the church done all these years to improve such conditions?"

Hermosa's cheek glowed with a deep red spot. It was the first time Sidney had ever seen her angry.

"Is the church to blame for all the bad things in the world? Then you can blame Christ for not being able to convert the Scribes and Pharisees. Everybody nowadays takes an easy fling at the church whenever anything goes wrong in society. In a recent muckraking magazine a writer who never belonged to a church in his life and never spent an hour on any real problem to solve it personally, blames the church for everything he sees that is vile and unjust. Was the father of the prodigal son to blame for his son's riotous living? I am angry, Mr. Cushing, every time I hear people blaming the church for not doing everything. Has the business world no duties? Has the home no obligations? Has the press no divine law as well as the pulpit compelling it to do all it can to make a better world? Who or what keeps up the war spirit of the world in spite of the church of the living God? Is it not the manufacturer of warships and explosives and armor? Is the church to blame for all that? Is it to be scored for not creating miracles when even Christ had to say of the people, 'They *will* not come unto me that they might have eternal life'? The church has borne all through the ages the burden of a criticism that I believe is wickedly unjust. It should be judged by the unparalleled achievements it has wrought for human advancement, not by the miserable stumbling-blocks which man's own selfish and hateful resistance has thrown in its way."

Hermosa forgot herself as she spoke. She had risen from the table and her tall, vigorous figure, her outstretched arm, her clear, deep voice appealed to Sidney with a new and thrilling experience. What a splendid creature she was, this girl, this woman of the people! What a picture or statue she would make if she could now be depicted on canvas or in marble by some great artist! He must have shown something of his feeling to Hermosa as he sat opposite her at the table, for after a moment of pause as she stood there, she colored deeply, looked around at the little circle of silent forms and sat down quickly.

"Isn't Hermosa fine when she gets mad?" said Athanasia simply.

"Athanasia, hush!" Hermosa said in a low tone, putting her hand on the crippled girl's arm.

"But you are, you know. You never look so fine as when you are really and truly angry. Don't you think so, Mr. Cushing?"

Sidney smiled. Hermosa blushed deeply and tried to laugh. But she was not able to conceal her embarrassment.

"Miss Howard hit the manufacturers of war material pretty hard. Of whom I am one."

"I wasn't thinking of you," said Hermosa, looking down.

"I know you weren't. It was the thing itself you were thinking of. But really, isn't it the government that is to blame for the warships? We simply make what the United States asks for. Do we create the demand for warships?"

"I wish you were making something else," said Hermosa sadly.

"But that does not answer my question. Am I to blame for making warships or is the government, the congress, the people, that orders them built?"

"You are both to blame. There should be neither demand nor supply for such murder machines."

Hermosa spoke as bluntly as if Sidney had been a stranger to her. Again she asked herself, "Shall I not

Continued on next page

Madam—Your Grocer Will Tell You the Facts About Heinz Tomato Soup

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He knows that on Heinz Tomato Soup it means choice tomatoes—picked at the prime of ripeness—prepared the very day they leave the vines—with the addition of rich cream and pure spices.

He knows the painstaking *care* that has made Heinz quality possible. And he should tell you—for *his own interest* as well as ours—that he is satisfied to make a little less profit on Heinz 57 Varieties in order to give you more quality for your money.

These are the facts about Heinz Tomato Soup and it is the easiest thing in the world to satisfy yourself of its goodness. Just try one can.—If you do not like it your grocer will refund your money.

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

crush my feeling for him by anything I can say that will rouse his dislike?"

Oh, Hermosa, do you know this young man's character at all yet, to think that may be the way to create his hostility? May it not in the end provoke his admiration?

However that might be, Sidney certainly showed no feeling of dislike towards Hermosa for her plain language. He said thoughtfully and with great simplicity:

"Of course, the *Columbia* is a sacred contract made between the government and our company. Have I told you, my father's heart is bound up in the ship? He is just as proud of it as if he were— He expects me to be just as enthusiastic over it as he is. He says he prays daily for a war so the ship when finished can have an actual test in battle."

"Do you do that?" Mr. Howard asked soberly.

"I can't say that I do exactly. But could you blame me very much if I felt willing to do anything to please my father, who is where he is to-night for my sake?"

The little group around the table was silent. That scene in the court room! That cell at the penitentiary! What tragedy this young man, this young fellow so willing to obliterate all social distinction, had known! How could the little group feel anything for him but profoundest pity? And oh, Hermosa, you have good reason to say wildly in the silent command you are uttering, "My heart must be still! I cannot bear to see him here! It is too cruel a pleasure for me to bear!"

When the simple meal was over and Mrs. Ward and Athanasia were clearing off the dishes, Sidney had wheeled the blind man into the other room as he had the first time. There was a longing with him to talk with Hermosa again, without even the presence of her father. And as if to help him in bringing about such an opportunity which his own simple and direct nature would never have attempted by evasion or diplomacy, Hermosa's father again asked to be wheeled into his room to gather his weaving materials together before he came back. And Hermosa with a little heightening of color returned and without any real suspicion of Sidney's longing, gave him the opportunity he had been wishing for.

"Do you, would you—be willing to answer a few more questions, Miss Howard? I seem to be in the questioning mood to-night."

"Yes. I may not be able to answer, but I will do my best."

"It is about your religion. Naturally, I hesitate. But do you really get satisfaction from it?"

Over Hermosa's face a change came. At first Sidney feared for a moment that she was going to be angry. Next he experienced a swift self-reproach that he had even imagined such a thing.

"I cannot tell you—can any one tell another a thing like this? But my religion is my life. I cannot imagine my life without it."

"Then you are satisfied?"

"Yes." And Hermosa answered truly. For compared with her love even, her religion was the greater.

"I don't understand it. I am not satisfied. Of course, I believe in God. But the belief does not make me happy."

"You have had great and terrible experiences to face. Do you think that would account for some of your unhappiness?"

"And you? Surely your experiences must be far harder than mine."

"My mother," Hermosa spoke almost as if she were alone in a meditative mood, that fascinated Sidney, "died when I was six years old. Even at that age, I can remember how splendid her Christian faith was. She and father both belonged to the church and owed everything to it. In times of illness and trouble I do not know what would have happened to us if the church had not helped father and mother out. We have always been poor. One year after several months' illness when our expenses were twice father's earnings, a group of women in the church quietly paid off every obligation, leaving father to settle in time when he got well and was able to work again. Scores of times people in the church have helped not only in money but in deepest sympathy and friendship. The young people bought father's chair for him and they are sending him now copies of the Bible for the blind. I have belonged to the Sunday School all my life. It has given me a wonderful amount of help. I do not know what I would be without it. One of my dearest friends is my old Sunday School teacher. Our minister, Mr. Freeman, has stood by us in all sorts of trouble. He has been with us at times of death, at mother's death and again when my younger sister died, and when my older brother was brought home from the shipyard fatally injured, and again when father received the blow that led up to his present condition. All through these experiences it seems to me the church has held out its helping hand and blessed us with its fostering care. I learned to love my Redeemer in the little church where Mr. Freeman has preached for twenty years. It is not a dead thing of formality and custom, but a warm living reality. And eternity only can tell the story of what the church and religion have been to father and mother, to Mrs. Ward and Athanasia and to me."

"I would give anything, Miss Howard, if I could have something like that in my life. I am hungry for it. Can you not tell me now how I can get it?"

"I? Tell *you*?"

"Yes. You feel all this as a real thing, you say. If it means so much to you why does it not mean the same to me? I am hungry for it. I am unhappy without it."

"Unhappy?"

"Yes."

And for the moment across Hermosa's mind and heart flashed the wild question, "If he loves Pax Marston and she loves him how can he be unhappy? If—"

But she answered quietly:

"My religious life has been a growth. I was born as naturally into the church as I was into my own home. I inherited my father's and mother's affectionate feeling for it. It has seemed as easy and natural to love the Lord Jesus Christ as to love my own father or Athanasia. But when you ask me how you can come to have that feeling, that experience, do you think it possible for me to tell you exactly? I—I—"

Hermosa faltered. Deep waters seemed to roll up at her feet. Facing this young man, looking into his wistful eyes, remembering all she owed him, and all she had come to think of him—her heart was bewildered at the request he made, and no wonder she faltered in front of his heart hunger. In all her brave strong life no such thing had ever happened to her. She had always believed that one person could lead another one to Jesus even as Andrew brought Peter to the Master. And so she said, with a bravery which even she herself never fathomed, "Have you not always called yourself a Christian? It has always seemed to me you have all the marks of one."

"But why has not the church meant more to me? Why have I not known all these beautiful things you say about it?"

"Because the church has through all the years worked silently and perhaps you have never realized yourself the debt you owe her. In the nature of the case, vast deeds of mercy, of daily philanthropy, of personal helpfulness, of world-wide sympathy have flowed out of the church in a stream so constant, so quiet, so unadvertised, that the world, pardon me, your world, has come to overlook the greatest force in all history. You have forgotten that the church is of divine origin. You have thought all the time that human progress was being caused by science, or education, or modern methods of business, or inventions, whereas the church of the living God has been the historical power under all real progress and happiness. And Christianity has not been a personal thing to you. It has been a thing of history but not of your history. You have respected it but never loved it."

Sidney looked thoughtfully at Hermosa. He could hear her father calling her name.

"Tell me, Miss Howard, how I can be a real Christian and enjoy my religious life as you enjoy yours."

"Oh," Hermosa cried with a passion that was the finest and purest that ever filled a human heart, you must learn to love the Lord and Master as your Redeemer. You cannot be a Christian and stand outside of Christianity, any more than you could be a real lover of some one and simply respect her. I cannot, oh, I cannot tell you. It is a thing between your own soul and the Saviour. You should not be asking me, but him."

She was so deeply agitated that she covered her face and before she heard her father calling her, she had offered a prayer as sincere as an angel's that this soul she loved (oh, how truly!) might find the peace of God.

Hermosa Howard, girl of the people, you will never know until you reach heaven, what a great prayer that was you offered for the soul of the man you loved.

Sidney did not stay much longer. His talk with Hermosa had opened up new channels of meditation. He wanted to get home, back into the big empty house, and in silence there muse over his own soul's needs.

When he came away he felt that somehow he was attended by the prayers of that simple group he had left in the little room. There was a tear on Hermosa's cheek as she said goodnight. And it was her face and words that lingered with Sidney as he walked home.

To be continued

INCREASING THE EGG CROP

SECRETARY WILSON of the Department of Agriculture estimates that, between the producer and the consumer, there is an annual loss of $45,000,000 in the egg crop of the United States, the greater portion of which falls on the farmer, who is by far the largest producer. Of this enormous loss, fully one-third, or $15,000,000, is caused by heat, which develops the embryo in the fertile egg.

The Secretary says that if farmers and others engaged in this production of eggs would market their male birds as soon as the hatching season is over, a large saving would be made, as practically every unfertilized egg would grade a first or second, if clean and properly marketed.

An Appreciative Reader

I desire to thank you for two things. First. For your very valuable *Almanac* for 1912, for it reflects creditably on the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Second. For your very accurate and honest restatement of the doctrine of the "Single Tax" as proposed by Henry George. Being a firm believer in the justice and efficiency of the proposition of Mr. George, I am glad to say that yours is the first ungarbled and accurate statement of the doctrine that I have seen in the public press in thirty years. Honesty and candor are not dead yet; there is *some* pure gold even if there is much dross. GEORGE M. STOVER.

Boonsboro, Md.

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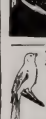

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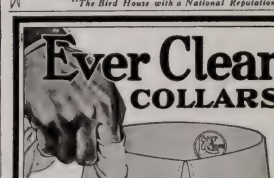

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American Girl Papers

By AN AMERICAN GIRL

Our Birthright to Beauty

THERE are no ugly girls. There are only girls who do not know how to be beautiful. This is a broad statement, and will no doubt be contradicted; but I shall stand by it, and if you will permit me for a moment to defend it, I believe you will agree with my point of view.

Youth is beauty in much the same sense as God is Love, Right is Might. Youth includes beauty, the way the flavor of the grape is in the vintage. Beauty in youth is an inheritance, reaching back to the origin of life, and is the eternal evidence of God in his handiwork. The pageantry of the spring; the procession of flowers; the new grass; the plumage and songs of birds; the beautiful pelts and mysterious and lovely ways of young animals; the miracle of the morning, its lights and its shadows; the lowliest savage arraying herself in paint and bright feathers and little shells in an attempt to bring herself into harmony with the freshness and beauty of nature; the transcending spectacle of the night with its subtle powers to awaken in our souls ever fresh emotions of supreme delight; these are some of the ever living manifestations of beauty and youth everywhere about us in the world.

Beauty Is a Talent and Can Be Cultivated

Part of All Beauty

NOW, we as girls are a part, a very important part, of that youth and beauty; and to be included in God's plan of beauty in his world is our birthright. Have you ever really thought of yourself as youthful and beautiful and a part of God's plan? Try it and see what it will do to your spirits. Look into your mirror, and if what you see there is the reflection of a dissatisfied or selfish or undeveloping personality, it is with selfishness then, and dissatisfiedness that you are concealing your youth, your beauty. Believe me, and look again. If you see reflected there eyes that are dull, a complexion that is not clear, a mouth around which there are no lines of sweetness and strength, the beauty of your youth has been impaired and you must hasten to repair it before empty vanity shall replace it. Remind yourself of your birthright and ask yourself, "Whose fault is it that my image in the glass is unlovely?" Do not bother much about the answer to your question, but from that moment allow your perfectly normal and innate desire for beauty to take a definite hold upon you. Do not be afraid of it—it is God's written message upon your soul—and make up your mind promptly to clear up all doubt of your comeliness in the shortest possible order, by simply *daring to be beautiful*. Invite the beauty that you miss from your face and find hidden away in your disappointment, out into your life; welcome it and recognize it incessantly. Set beauty where it belongs, in your life—and it belongs everywhere. Beauty in its human manifestation is largely a question of capacity for expressing it. Make up your mind that you will see it, and seeing it, that you will express it, and already a new life shall begin—a life to make your girlhood a joy to live, a glory to look back upon.

The Privileges of Youth

THERE is no beautifier in the world like the wish to scatter joy. There is no beauty so great as the buoyant energy of youth, the elastic step, the fresh glow of health and intelligence, the ever ready sympathies and generous impulses that are the instincts and privileges of youth. Waken up to them, be strong, courageous and determined. You will be surprised at the transformation that your body will undergo; for remember this, your body is built of living cells with an infinite capacity for fresh impulse. Just as those cells have responded to the call of selfishness and discontent and written their message upon you, just so unerringly will they at your suggestion write the message of beauty and gladness there. In the ruddy light of your youth the promise of a glorious womanhood shall shine through and blot away the close scrutiny and the small point of vision behind which your beauty may temporarily have vanished. Lest from so exalted a point of view you shall maintain that my theory of your beauty is impractical, I ask you, my dear girls, to *try it out*. Help yourselves along by minding carefully the little touches of dress and hair that make for charm. Have a care for your manners and voice. Remember that out of a sincere and loving nature untold beauty springs. And above all else, have the courage to be beautiful, for beauty follows such courage as surely as the day follows the night. And no one can truly say that you are not beautiful.

Answer to the Puzzle of December 27

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
Yes, Johnny, you *might* have seen him pass,
Had you been living near Boston, Mass.
You *are* so foolish I think we will
Go on to the Battle of Bunker Hill.
No, Willie. You'll find that history states
Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates.
What? No, Eliza, you must forget:
The name of the Frenchman was Lafayette.
Well, getting back to our work again,
Stony Point was captured by General Wayne.
From across the ocean came moans and groans,
At the sea-fight won by John Paul Jones.
What's that? Of course *he* was not the one;
Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.
And now I guess you can go and play;
That's lesson enough for a single day.

The Prizes Were Awarded to:

Howard Medert, Ohio, age 14. Gunmetal first prize watch.

Ruth L. Buddington, Connecticut, age 14. Rochester premo camera.

Robert Rankin, Tennessee, age 12. Best quality jack-knife.

Hazel C. Foster, New York City, age 9. Japanese paints.

Supplementary Prize-Winners

Wilmont Harvey, Pennsylvania, 13; Edward Brown, North Carolina, 8; Ethel M. Watts, New York, 13; Anneta Griffiths, Wisconsin, 11; Bessie Garrison, South Carolina, 16; Ruth Gaylord, Connecticut, 12; Emma Martin, Iowa, 14; David B. Chisolm, Ohio, 9; Herbert Seers, Wisconsin, 10; Ruth Benson, California, 16; Arlo Vance, Maine, 12; Arthur Thomas, Michigan, 10; William Blair, New Jersey, 11; Edith Lemke, Minnesota, 11; Edward Aiegiman, Pennsylvania, 11; Thelma Marshall, Ohio, 8; Lora Eastman, Massachusetts, 14; Grace Johnston, Nebraska, 12; Eddie Standstadt, California, 14.

The names of other prize-winners will be published later.

Aunt Ruth's Cozy Corner

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Churches House the Homeless

IT HAS been proved again.

The churches are eager to do the thing that needs to be done if some one will just suggest it. Most of the big forward steps have seemed simple things when taken. Everybody says, "To be sure! Why wasn't it done long ago? We ought all to have thought of it."

Or sometimes the suggestion has been made and the way of taking the first step has not been clear. So the thing was delayed. Then suddenly some one has the thought and says: "Look here quick! This is the thing to do. Come on!"

And straightway the thing is done. To think that it ought to have been done a hundred years ago should only make us step more lively, now that we have started. There is no need of looking back with regret that it was not begun sooner; the job now is to keep moving and call others to get into step.

That's one introduction to this story.

Here is the second. A man stands at the corner of Second Avenue and First Street at night, when the thermometer is showing a perverse determination to reach that cipher on the scale and go below it. He is not barefooted—not quite. He really has a pair of shoes. He also has a pair of trousers—no suspenders; but a rope answers fairly well if you draw it rather taut—and there is little inside to interfere with a very taut pull. Then a coat, and some sort of a hat. Overcoat? Oh, that would be a joke. A vest? Not for many months. Surely a shirt? No, indeed. An undershirt, of course? No, positively not.

Where is our friend to sleep? With the thermometer at zero the park bench is inhospitable.

But there are churches in this city, nearly a thousand of them. That is, nearly a thousand Protestant churches, besides the Catholic churches and the synagogues. Well over a thousand places set apart to the worship of God. Our friend with no undershirt nor overcoat nor socks can surely find some church door swinging open where he may stagger in out of the killing weather and lie down, can he not?

Yes. There is one place of worship whose door swings open to him. It is the chapel of the morgue.

Snow is whirling down now. It gets into his neck, and rattles down inside his coat. This sends a new sort of shiver along his skin and through his bones. He feels a bit dizzy. Twenty-second Street!

"I guess I can make it."

So he gives the rope another hitch, pulls down his cap to shield his eyes, tries again to hunch his coat collar tight enough about his neck so that the snow will not drive in and down. His fingers? His fingers stopped aching long ago. And his feet will begin soon to grow numb. Head slanted toward the stiff north wind; hands huddled in the holes where pockets used to be. Never mind the ears. Forward, march! To the chapel of the morgue.

And mellifluously, worshipfully, through the starlit night the church bells send the note of midnight through the icy air; while not one man but hundreds of men wander shelterless on the streets.

Nothing was needed but a word. And the word came. The people down at the Bowery Mission were working night and day. Conditions were worse than at any time in almost twenty years. Conferring with his board of managers, the acting superintendent of the Mission, Mr. James T. Hunt, sent out a straight-from-the-shoulder call to about a dozen pastors of prominent churches. Would they, he asked, help lead a movement to open the city churches to the shelterless during the zero weather? And the answer was as quick and eager as the call. They would.

Grace Church, fine old beautiful Grace Church threw open the door of its parish house, even interrupting, for the time being, its kindergarten arrangements. Trinity Church, historic Trinity, hurried to equip a disused hospital on its property, putting in beds for 135 men. Along with Dr. Manning and Dr. Slattery, the rectors of Trinity and Grace, Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin, pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Leighton Parks, rector of St. Bartholomew, were among the first to act.

Dr. Coffin sent a man down to the Mission with money from his Men's Association to be spent in putting men to bed who were homeless. St. Bartholomew's opened its Lyceum hall, making room for 150 men each night. Dr. Jowett, Dr. McLeod, Dr. Sedgwick, Dr. Lange and other pastors sent money or promises of co-operation. Dr. Ernest M. Stires opened St. Thomas parish house. And the movement has just begun. The warmth of the churches is to save Christ's poor from freezing.

Meanwhile at the Bowery Mission the men keep crowding in. One night so eager were they to get out of the cold that when the inner doors were opened the crowd surged in, breaking the iron gate before it could be folded back. They lie there on the benches, packed in tight, and on the stone floor, under the seats. They crowd upstairs to the floors above and sink gratefully down wherever they can find a place.

And they are not bums nor hoboes, nor drunks, nor panhandlers, these fellows. They can't find work; that is all. So of course they haven't the ten cents they need for a bed, nor the two cents for a cup of coffee.

Willing to work? Give them a chance. While the ruins of the Equitable Building were being hurriedly cleared away the manager sent word to Mr. Hunt that he wanted thirty men at once to work all night. Mr. Hunt answered that he would have them there in three-quarters of an hour. The manager was skeptical. Could he find them? Would they come? Would they work?"

Mr. Hunt said: "I can give you 30 or 300. And they will work."

This was the night the boys broke the gate. Mr. Hunt put the question to them one by one after he had them inside.

"It's an all night job. I think they will give you something to eat at midnight, but I'm not sure. Twenty cents an hour."

Understand, these men were right in off the sidewalk, and there is no likelihood that they had had any supper, nor dinner. And the first thirty men who were asked agreed to go; and the squad showed up unbroken at the appointed hour, much to the manager's amazement.

Meanwhile letters from the pastors are coming in saying that they will continue to help, and others are joining the ranks.

To-night the wind will be rising a tone or two on the scale; the blinds will shake on their fastenings a little more savagely; perhaps, if your bed is near the open window, a flake of snow, slipping in, will float down lightly to your face. You will wake up and reach out to draw the extra comforter from the footboard, tucking it lazily under your ears. Then you will drift back to sleep, smiling.

And these brothers of yours and mine will be huddled on the mission benches and on the floor. Some of them will be seeking wistfully an open door under the steeple where the bells are chiming. More doors will be open night by night, and week by week. And when spring comes again, conquering frost and snow, the churches will have been blest with new grace, and the humble brothers of the streets will be surer than they have been hitherto that the Church of Jesus is their friend.

A boon to the busy housewife is a dessert all ready to serve. By using

There's no lie on the label

There's no LYE in the can

She will find variety, flavor and perfection.

"Hunt for Hunt's"
They're worth looking for.

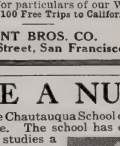
The grocers who carry them are grocers who deserve your patronage.

Write at once for particulars of our World's Fair Contest. 100 Free Trips to California.

HUNT BROS. CO.
112 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

BECOME A NURSE

"I have found The Chautauqua School of Nursing prompt and reliable. The school has done all it could to make my studies a success. With pluck and perseverance there is no reason why one cannot became an efficient and successful nurse by taking this course. This statement has been endorsed by physicians for whom I have worked. I have been employed by eight different physicians since taking the C. S. N. Course"—*Clara Huffner, (photo) Donnellson, Iowa.*



Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book explaining methods; 248 pages with intensely interesting experiences by our graduates, who mastered the art of professional nursing by the C. S. N. home-study course.

Thousands of our graduates, with and without previous experience, are to-day earning $10 *to* $25 *a week*

TENTH YEAR

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
341 Main St.,
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HOW TO GET BETTER LIGHT From KEROSENE (Coal Oil)

Recent test by Prof. Rogers, Lewis Institute, Chicago, and Prof. McKergow, McGill University Montreal, on leading oil burning lamps show the Aladdin Mantle Lamp is the most economical and gives over twice as much light as the Rayo and other lamps tested. It is odorless, safe, clean, noiseless. Better light than gas or electric. Every Aladdin Lamp fully guaranteed and protected by patents in nearly every country on earth. Our burners fit your old lamps. To introduce the Aladdin, we will give

ONE LAMP or BURNER FREE

in each neighborhood. Send postal with name and address, ask for cat- AGENTS Ball sold over 1000 on money back slogue M. guarantee—not one returned. Bruner sold $800 in 15 days. Ask for liberal agency proposition. Sample lamp furnished.

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 104 Aladdin Building, Chicago, Ill.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets

FROM THE MILL 33⅓% SAVED

Buy from the manufacturers and save dealers' profits. 25,000 satisfied customers.

Well-known Regal Rugs, 6x9, Reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. Brussels Rugs, 9x12, greatest value known, $3.60. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9x12, $8.75. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12, $16. Standard Axminsters, 9x12, $16.80. Best quality Lace Curtains, 45c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleum and Furniture at mill and factory prices. Write today for our New Illustrated Catalog, No. 15, showing designs in actual colors. SENT FREE.

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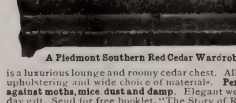
Moth-Proof Wardrobe Couch



A Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Wardrobe Couch

is a luxurious lounge and roomy cedar chest. All prices. Finest upholstering and wide choice of materials. Perfect protection against moths, mice dust and damp. Elegant wedding or birthday gift. Send for free booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar" and big illustrated catalog showing full line of couches, chests and chiffoberes. Many sizes and styles. Shipped DIRECT FROM FACTORY AT FACTORY PRICES ON 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. ALL FREIGHT CHARGES PREPAID BY US. Write us TODAY.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 21, Statesville, N.C.

GRAND TO LIVE

And the Last Laugh is Always the Best

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman, "now I laugh to know there is.

"Since childhood I drank coffee freely as did the other members of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl; and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter, at the age of 38, I seemed to be on the verge of consumption.

"My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting.

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change.

"I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled.

"The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they enquire what brought it about I answer 'Postum, and nothing else in the world.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

LADY WANTED AS REPRESENTATIVE

in unoccupied territory to introduce a beautiful line of imported and American fabrics, consisting of wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, lidkfs., petticoats, etc.

The line is very strong on beautiful hand embroidered St Gall Swiss, Belfast Linens, white and colored Mercerized Cottons, fine Egyptian Tissues, Voiles and other beautiful novelties.

Many exclusive patterns not shown by other houses of this character.

Energetic ladies who will thoroughly cover their local territory preferred. To such, a good income is assured as we pay liberal commissions and protect territory. Business continues the year around. Liberal credit extended to responsible ladies upon satisfactory reference.

Several hundred choice samples with full instructions, express prepaid in an attractive sample case.

Business can be started at once without expense to yourself. We guarantee our materials to give satisfaction. An assured income for you.

Your immediate inquiry will receive our prompt attention.

Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 3-A. A., Binghamton, N. Y.

Buy the Original

ZIMMERMANN "AUTOHARP"

"The Nation's Favorite"

None genuine without our trade mark "Autoharp." A musical instrument adapted to all classes. Actual music goes to direct from us.

"Easy to Play, Easy to Buy."

Send for Free catalog. Up-to-date music. Write today.

THE PHONO-HARP CO.
East Boston, Mass

Nulite Gasoline Table Lamp

A complete Light Plant weighing 7 lbs. Portable, absolutely safe, 300 c. p. brilliant light ½ cent per hour. Saves 90% of your light bill.

AGENTS Write for Special Offer on complete line of gasoline lights and systems. Over 200 different styles. Highest Quality. Lowest Prices. Exclusive territory for capable users, county and traveling salesmen. 72 page illustrated catalog free. Write today.

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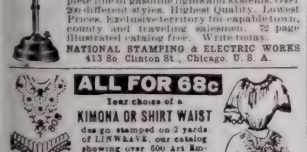

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Your choice of a

KIMONA OR SHIRT WAIST

dress pattern stamped on 2 yards of LINWAVE, our catalog showing over 600 Art Embroidery designs and 20 different embroidery stitches.

ALL DELIVERED FOR 68C.

P. W. Keller Co.
Waterloo, Iowa

POST CARDS

10 Valentine - - - - 10c
10 St. Patrick's Day - 10c
10 General Subjects - 10c
10 Washington's Birthday 10c
10 Birthday - - - - - 10c
10 Greetings - - - - - 10c

Three different packages mailed for 25c. One package of each of above 30 high grade cards mailed for 50 cents; 100 for 90 cents. We mail a special assortment of any of the above subjects for 60 cents per 100.

MADISON ART COMPANY, Madison, Conn.

Famous Author-Preachers

IN A RECENT issue of one of the great metropolitan dailies, Mr. E. J. Edwards instances a number of well-known authors who are at the same time engaged in the active pastorate of well-known churches. He speaks of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who, even at his advanced age, is carrying on his combined professions of clergyman and author. The most notable examples he cites are Charles W. Gordon, who is perhaps as well known to the world as Ralph Connor. Mr. Gordon's entry into the profession of literature might also be taken as a type of many of those who follow in the course of the article, for it was to a certain extent unpremeditated.

"My break into literature was accidental, as well as providential for me," said Mr. Gordon on a recent visit to New York. "I had lived to be thirty-eight and no thought of ever getting into print had ever entered my head. I had been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Winnipeg for about four years and was deeply interested in missions, especially at the mining and lumber camps of the Canadian Northwest. The apathy shown by the people of my own denomination got on my nerves, and the small size of the appropriation made by the Committee on Missions for my district so exasperated me that I went to the editor of a religious weekly published at Toronto and told him what I thought of the matter. I asked him to wage a campaign for mission funds through his columns, and he gave me permission to ventilate myself. 'Put it in the form of a story,' he advised, 'or no one will read it.'

"It was an untried proposition, but it seemed possible. I had lived among the people I wanted to help so long that I knew them and their condition and had but to tell the truth to make an interesting story. I sat right down in that office and wrote a sketch—what is now the first chapter of *Black Rock*. When it was finished, I showed it to my friend, and he was very complimentary. 'It's good enough to print,' he said, 'and it will go into our next issue.' I was not willing that my name should appear in connection with the story, for it might have put me on bad terms with the Mission Board. Ralph Connor was the invention of my Westminster friend. I never heard of Ralph until I saw his name at the end of my story. I have never had any reason to cut his acquaintance."

Another name which has become known throughout the world as that of one of the great literary clergymen is Cyrus Townsend Brady. Dr. Brady was graduated from the United States Naval Academy but found that he was unsuited for the life of the sea. He went into railway construction engineering and it was not until several years later that he took up the study of theology and became a Protestant Episcopal minister. It was not until he was thirty-eight years of age that Dr. Brady "happened" into literature, as he chooses to phrase it. It was because he needed funds to carry on his mission work that he took up writing and though since then forty popular books have come from his pen he has never allowed his literary career to interfere with his profession as a clergyman.

Charles M. Sheldon is another of the famous clergyman-authors. When Mr. Sheldon's first book appeared in 1891 his name was known only to the comparatively small circle of his home city, Topeka, Kansas. Ten years later, his name was known through the whole civilized world and this rather mild-mannered, shy Congregational minister had become a greater importance to the American newspaper world than any other novelist of the day. His comings and goings and sayings were flashed by wire all over the country like those of a President. During the intervening years, millions of volumes of his books had been sold.

The works of Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, although all of a religious and evangelical nature, have been translated into more different languages and dialects than those of any other clergyman either living or dead. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has taken a place as one of the foremost men of letters of the day, yet he does not allow his professorship of English Literature in Princeton University, or his successful career as an author to interfere with his regular duties as pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York City.

Mr. Edwards names many more clergymen whose personalities are familiar to all the reading public of America. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, though still in the active pastorate, has found time to provide the publishers with material which makes for him a popularity entirely outside his vogue as a forceful pulpit orator. Dr. Parkhurst, having become famous as a great preacher, has added to that fame the laurels of a well-known author and writer for the daily press.

Called Higher

Lewis K. Chandler (58), of Montchanin, Del., was called to his heavenly home on April 30, 1911.

Harlow Fassett (82), passed away on October 15, 1911, at Binghamton, N. Y. He was for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. L. W. Gray (63), a prominent woman of Indianapolis, Ind., died September, 1911. She was one of the first school teachers of that city, where she taught for many years.

Mrs. Mary H. Hall (70), after long suffering, died at Ravenna, O., September last. Mrs. Hall was the writer of many poems, two of which have been placed in standard song books.

Mr. A. Spencer Wolcott (84), of Fayette, Mo., died August 23, 1911. He was an earnest Christian worker, and as a member of the Salvation Army was instrumental in saving many souls.

Mrs. T. W. Waring (68), of Hartsells, Ala., was called home to her reward on December 18, 1911. The poor and needy were never denied her charities. She was for twenty years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. Fannie C. Moore (70), a resident of Austin, Texas, since 1873, died suddenly in that city November last. She was the widow of Rev. F. Carson Moore, one of the religious pioneers of Texas. Mrs. Moore was a life subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Frederick P. Allen (79) died recently at Troy, N. Y., where he was for many years prominently identified with commercial, political and social interests in which he adhered to the strictest principles of honesty and integrity. He was long a subscriber to this magazine.

Answered Prayers

E. T. S., Lubbock, Texas. "I want to acknowledge prayers answered."

G. A. B., Wilcox, W. Va. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer."

E. C., Creighton, Mo. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that the Lord has answered my prayer."

Mrs. M. K., Moundridge, Kan. "I know God hears and answers prayers, for he has helped me through great trials."

E. M. A., Elderton, Pa. "I was in great trouble for almost two years, and I went in prayer to God. He has answered my prayer."

H. B. McC., Bellingham, Wash. "I kept praying to the Lord to heal my body, and he has taken away all my pains and I am well again."

G. J., Wethersfield, Conn. "I prayed to God that I might have strength to overcome an evil habit. My prayer was answered, and to-day I am free."

Mrs. W. B. O., Timonium, Md. "I want to acknowledge that the Lord has heard and answered my prayers many times, and I bless his holy name."

Mrs. A. VanD., Georgia. "My baby was sick for six long weeks and I asked the Lord to restore her to health. He has answered my prayers."

Mrs. M. J. C., Littleton, Colo. "The Lord has healed me of an almost incurable disease, and I wish to acknowledge to the world his answer to prayer."

"Our Folks" Wrote This Advertisement

Here is an advertisement made up of phrases culled from letters written by Farm Journal subscribers:

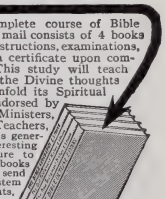
"It beats everything I have ever seen in the value you get for the money you give for it. . . . We cannot keep house without it. . . . It is the most instructive paper that comes to our home. . . . When I want reliable information on any subject I consult Farm Journal. . . . It's the only paper my wife reads, and we take many others. . . . The variety and quality of its material is surprising. . . . To stop it would be like stopping the visits of a good friend."

Pretty strong advertisement, isn't it?—and remember it was written by our subscribers, not by us—and we could print easily a *thousand such advertisements* from the letters we have on file. Wherever you live, whatever your business, you need such a paper in *your* home. For only $1 we'll send it monthly for five years.

FARM JOURNAL
184 N. Clifton Street, Philadelphia

I WILL TEACH YOU THE BIBLE

My complete course of Bible study by mail consists of 4 books with full instructions, examinations, etc., with a certificate upon completion of the course. This study will teach you fully to understand the Divine thoughts of the Bible and will unfold its Spiritual meaning. It is fully endorsed by ministers, is adapted to Ministers, Sunday School Officers, Teachers, Parents and Bible students generally. My course is so interesting that it becomes a pleasure to study. Write me for my books and start now. I will gladly send you endorsements of my system by leading ministers, students, etc., upon request.



Prof. E. S. Young, D. D.
Dept. 2. Canton, Ohio

Some fine day You'll Come West!

Yes sir, yes ma'am, you'll come right into this garden land of *yours* where birds sing and flowers bloom all year; where winter is but a name! You'll come into *your own* in the wonder states of the Pacific Coast!

Life's Worth Living to sit by the winter's fire and plan what *you'll* do about the *real* west; not this year, perhaps, but before many years. For the call of the *real* west is right in your blood.

Will you listen to over 100,000 men and women—members of the Sunset League—who want you to know the *real* west as they know it? Will you kindly sign and mail the accompanying coupon TODAY? And enter into the spirit of good living and sunshine and gladness!

We want to tell you the name of a family in *your own neighborhood* who know the *real* west. They want to help you now, too.

A 2c Stamp brings to your home or office *immediately* a sample copy of "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly Magazine," with its magnificent four-color photographs of Western scenes; a booklet describing the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego in 1915; and any one of our descriptive booklets about ***California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona or New Mexico.***

Besides, that 2c stamp puts at *your* command the "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly" Information Bureau. Let it tell you *everything* you want to know about this *real* west of yours. And we'll send information about the Sunset League that has no dues.

"GET ACQUAINTED" COUPON

SUNSET-THE PACIFIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE
INFORMATION BUREAU, San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 2c stamp. Please send, fully prepaid, Exposition booklets, marked copy of Sunset-The Pacific Monthly Magazine, and booklet about

_____, *without any further obligation on my part.*

Name _____

Street _____

City or town _____ State _____ F-2

Anti-Saloon Convention

THE Anti-Saloon League of America held its Fourteenth National Convention in Washington, D. C., recently. Several hundred enthusiastic delegates from forty-three States were in attendance. The convention's close not only saw the temperance forces in general more united and aggressive than ever, but the adjournment was the signal for the opening of a nation-wide campaign for a bill to limit the interstate liquor traffic.

A banquet, at which nearly four hundred sat down, including more than fifty Senators and Congressmen, not to mention ex-governors and distinguished workers from many States, was the opening feature. The following day, two sessions were held in the Calvary Baptist Church, attended by 172 delegates, representing 39 States and 26 organizations. Governor Mann of Virginia presided at the morning session and Mr. George W. Norton of Portland, Me., during the afternoon. The proceedings at the banquet had included addresses by Dr. Baker, Senator Curtis of Kansas, Congressman Sheppard of Texas, Ex-Governor Hanly of Indiana, and others, all pleading the necessity for a bill which will prevent the "dry" community being provided with liquors under the Federal protection of interstate commerce. The sessions of the following day concerned themselves with the same topic. There was a spirited legal debate, in which Ex-Governor Hanly, Mr. Fred S. Caldwell, an Oklahoma lawyer, Judge Alexander of Mississippi, and others took part. The main difference of opinion came as to whether the proposed law should direct itself to prosecuting liquor shippers as soon as the consignment passed the State line into "dry" territory, or to prove the purpose of shipment contrary to the laws of the State to which it was consigned. A committee was appointed, which met on Saturday, and decided by majority vote to endorse the Webb bill, modified somewhat, which involves the proving of unlawful intent.

Hon. John G. Woolley gave a splendid address at the opening mass meeting on "Prohibition with the People Behind It." Next night Governor Noel of Mississippi and Congressman Hobson of Alabama supplied the inspirational element with strong speeches. A third evening's program was filled by speeches from Dr. George R. Stuart, Mr. Ernest H. Cherrington, and Judge Blair of Portsmouth, O., "the man who cleaned up Adams County." Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee, the tall, handsome, stalwart "Baby of the Senate," added his plea for a law against the interstate liquor traffic. Among the other speakers were Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, of the Methodist Foreign Board, on "Foreign Missions and the Liquor Traffic"; Mr. Fillmore Condit of New Jersey on "Alcohol and Insanity"; Mr. G. R. Moore of Newark, N. J., on "Temperance in the Army"; Rev. Joseph Clark, D.D., of Columbus, O., S. E. Nicholson and others.

Superintendent Baker's report was a militant one. He demanded an increase of his working force from 350 men now in the field to 1,000. If the present Congress did not enact the needed legislation against the interstate liquor traffic, a body would be elected which would do so.

Legislative Superintendent S. E. Nicholson, in his report, gave a survey of the interstate legislation question. Interesting, too, were the reports from Maine, where prohibition just won, and from Texas, where it almost won. Then there was a report on the growing work of the Lincoln Legion, in which Dr. H. H. Russell, founder of the Anti-Saloon League, is enrolling thousands of boys for total abstinence. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Bishop Wilson, and Dr. Ervin S. Chapman of California were among the other speakers. The sessions were held in the historic First Presbyterian edifice, and in Calvary Baptist Church. The sessions were enlivened by enthusiastic singing, led by Prof. E. O. Excell of Chicago. The choice of the next place of meeting, two years hence, will be left to the Board of Trustees.

THE LAST LETTER

Continued from page 108

I and was able to tell me many things which contributed to my success.

"During his illness I learned several things which I did not know, although I have been with him constantly for more than a year. He left home when but a boy because of a quarrel with his father. His name is Bascom."

The old man by the fire ceased to nod and sat up stiff and straight. What was this girl with the musical voice reading so calmly? Could Ned be Edward, who he had always believed had slept beneath the Southern soil for years?

"Strange to say," the girl continued reading, "he was raised only a few miles from our new home. If you see his father tell him that we shall be in Midway in two or three days. With us we shall bring enough to quiet forever your financial worries. By-by until we meet again."

The joyous wife and the children were silenced by the sudden activity of their visitor.

"Will you read that again, Miss?" he cried, rushing over to the chair where the girl was sitting, "that about Ned Bascom. Can it be my boy who I thought was dead, coming back to his father? Read it, Miss!"

Slowly and carefully the girl read once more the news which meant so much to Jeremiah Bascom.

The stars were shining in a clear sky when the old man drove into the lot at home. In a maze of joy, all the long way he had been singing and turning this question over in his mind: What if he had not done his duty?

The old wife, who had been frightened because of his long absence, met him at the door, tears raining over her cheeks, but the complaining words were never spoken. Silenced by the joy written on her husband's face, Mary Bascom listened for the words: "Glory to God, Mary! Our son who was lost is found!"

A few days later a bearded man, who had gone away a dimpled boy, arrived in Midway with money enough to keep his parents in comfort until the end of their days. The tangled business affairs were made straight. Jim the mail carrier was cheered by a substantial present which made him forget the worries of convalescence, but only Jeremiah Bascom knew of the sudden transition from joy to sorrow which came on that winter day, when he delivered the last letter.

A Western Reader's Appreciation

Dear Christian Herald: As well as I remember, it was in 1889 I first became a reader of your paper. Several years later, I had the paper sent to my mother, and I do not think I have missed a number during all these years, and I want to say, except from the Bible, I have had more encouragement and real pleasure from it than anything else I have read. The work you are doing is one of good far beyond me to express in words. I have watched you grow from year to year, and while I have been able to assist in the work but little, my sincere, heartfelt interest has been with you and the good work you are doing. T. E. ADAMS.
Del Norte, Colo.

THIS BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAVURE, IN COLORS, FREE. To every member of the great Christian Herald Family who will send us a list of 10 names of boys who will be likely to sell THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, together with 10 cents in coin or stamps to cover the cost of postage, packing and handling, we will deliver—Free—the famous photogravure of "Dreamland," measuring 18x13 inches, in water color applied by hand.

Read the Following

NO barrier, however formidable; no obstacle, however insurmountable it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted boy, can bar the way to any boy possessed with honest and earnest enthusiasm.

Lincoln was consumed with a desire for education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and after returning home with the precious prize, burned one pine knot after another while he studied its problems. He did not dream of the White House in those toilsome days and nights when his enthusiasm urged him on. Who shall say it was not the early enthusiasm that made him the liberator of millions of his fellow men and the hero of every American boy?

Boys are always dreaming about genius, of what it can accomplish, and wondering why they do not have it. They do not understand, perhaps, that enthusiasm is the right hand of success, and that persistency performs miracles. They do not realize, as you do, that the great majority of men who have risen to be superintendents, managers and proprietors of great businesses, found their first opportunity at the bottom rungs of the ladder, and in their boyhood desires and pleasures.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can help your boy and others. They will surely earn good incomes if they do a little work for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week; but better than that—they will become more self-reliant and more manly. Read how easy it is to sell THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Chadron, Neb., January 8, 1912

Dear Christian Herald Publishers:—I got my first ten papers this evening after school and sold all in about an hour of canvassing. Had in mind a number of people I was sure would buy, but did not get to them at all. I enclose my order for 20 more papers.
Yours truly, FLOYD EDWARDS.

Saskatoon, Sask., Jan. 6, 1912

Dear Sirs:—I received five copies of The Christian Herald yesterday morning. I sold them all in twenty-five minutes. I like my job fine. I hope I'll win the pony.
Yours sincerely, NELSON VOGAN, 507 Avenue G, South.

Aurora, Ill., January 12, 1912

Christian Heralds sell fine here. I received 15 copies at 3:30; all gone at 5:00. Enclosed find order for 30 copies. THOMAS PATERSON, Jr.

Your boy is making his life now; let THE CHRISTIAN HERALD help.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

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WILDCAT INVESTMENTS

A FEW weeks ago Julian Hawthorne, a son of the illustrious Nathaniel Hawthorne, and himself a writer of some note, appeared before the Criminal Branch of the United States Court in New York City, to answer to a charge of using the mails to defraud. The specific charges against Mr. Hawthorne and his associates, among whom is Josiah Quincy, ex-mayor of Boston, is that they had induced the public to invest to the extent of $3,000,000 in the stock of various companies owning worthless mines or mining rights in Canada. To persuade the public to buy these stocks, the literary gifts of Mr. Hawthorne contributed more than any other element. He wrote personal letters to thousands of citizens of the United States setting forth the enormous profits to be realized in the mining properties and advising the purchase of stock before the price was advanced. The apparently friendly and guileless style of these letters proved peculiarly effective and led great numbers of people all over the country to invest their hard-earned savings in the shares of the Hawthorne Companies. It is the claim of the United States Government that these investors will never get anything from their interest in these companies, except the beautiful gold-sealed stock certificates which were issued to them. In other words, the public invested $3,000,000 and got nothing, if the contention of the government is correct.

The bringing to light of fraudulent schemes of this character should impress the people of this country with the extreme danger of putting their money in enterprises of which they know nothing except for the letters and advertisements they read regarding them, written by those who have the stock to sell. Yet the fact remains that the country is flooded with letters and advertisements offering for sale stock in mining, real estate and manufacturing companies, and promising huge profits, and that not one in a thousand of these companies will ever pay back to the investors a cent of profit or principal. The pathetic fact always reveals itself in connection with these swindles that it is not the wealthy or the well-to-do who are made the victims of these enterprises, but the poor and those in moderate circumstances, whose savings represent years of self-denying economy, and who are led away by promises of quick and large returns on their investments. The plan adopted by the promoters of most of these companies is to advertise and sell stock in localities as far away as possible from the plant or mine or real estate which the stock is supposed to represent. This prevents inconvenient inspections by the prospective investor. Experience has shown, too, that distance lends enchantment in such cases, and that the farther away the victim is from the locality of the investment, the more attractive the investment seems to him. After the investment is once made, and the savings of the investor safe in the pockets of the promoter who sold the stock—for that is as far as it generally gets—the very fact that no return is made on the investment can be used as a source of additional profit by the promoter, for after a time inquiries begin to pour in from anxious investors asking why no dividends have been paid, or if any have been paid why they have ceased. In reply to this the promoter answers that if the stock certificate is returned, and an additional payment made, the stock can be exchanged for that of some other and more successful company. The new company may then proceed to pay one or two small dividends, and the promoter pockets this second payment, which his victims have oftentimes ruined themselves to make, and the new stock soon proves as worthless as the old.

There is no adequate remedy at law for the victims of these swindlers, for they generally have no funds left to employ attorneys, the company whose stock they hold has nothing, the promoter's ill-earned fortune cannot be reached, and nothing remains but a beautiful stock certificate, and the lesson learned at the expense of the savings of a lifetime. The fact that the promoter may be convicted by the government of the crime of using the mails to defraud, and imprisoned for a term of years, is cold comfort to those whose funds have contributed to his defense.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers these simple facts relative to investments:

1. The fact that a company has a large so-called "paid-up" capital is no proof that its properties are of any value.

2. In all probability the money paid by small investors for the stock of unknown companies will never get beyond the pockets of promoters, though a small percentage of it may be returned as "dividends" as a bait for further contributions.

3. Don't invest your savings in any company which does not give you good references both as to itself and as to its promoters, unless you are personally acquainted with the actual business and prospects of the company. Besides this, get a financial report of the company and go over it with some one experienced in investments of the character offered.

4. Do not invest in stock at all. A good well-secured bond, a high-class first mortgage, a secured note, a savings bank, are to be preferred.

5. Be content with a small rate of interest and safety. Most experienced capitalists are.

Why Not Our Own Tea?

OUTSIDE of the consumption in Ceylon, China and Japan, at present the chief lands of production, the commercial world consumes annually 700,000,000 pounds of tea, or about one-half pound for every human being on the earth's surface. Although we are considered a coffee-drinking nation, yet we consume yearly about 70,000,000 pounds, or one-tenth of the total exported from tea-producing countries, and costing us at the lowest estimate, $16,000,000. In the days of John C. Calhoun, the wide-awake planters of South Carolina believed that their State, favored in so many other ways, was well adapted to tea culture. The experiment was tried before our Civil War, and but for that event, the first venture would, long ere this, have been a demonstrated economic success. Again, under the encouragement of the government, South Carolina is turning her attention to the tea-plant. It has been proven that, next to wheat, there is no plant that so readily adapts itself to a wide range of conditions as does the tea shrub, or tree. The countries now producing tea for export have the seemingly great but really doubtful advantage of cheap labor, for such a condition cramps initiative and makes for stagnation. American ingenuity is already testing mechanical pruners and pickers, meant to do quickly and thoroughly what the human hand has so far done laboriously. While it is not well to prophesy, unless one knows, it requires no great gift of penetration to foretell that within the next generation the United States will be growing, if not all the tea necessary, certainly a goodly part of it, and that part of a goodly quality and at a reasonable price.

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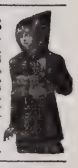

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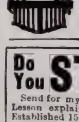

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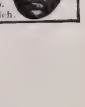

JESUS, THE BOY OF BOYS*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE child grew"—Jesus grew. If Jesus had not been born a child, and grown as a child, it could not have been said of him that he was "One that hath been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. 4: 15), for children have temptations as well as grown-up people.

"Waxed strong." (The Revised Version omits "in spirit.") His little body day by day gained strength, first to sit up, then to stand, then to walk, then to run, then to work in the home, and in the carpenter shop of Joseph. Every mother and Sunday School teacher should make a collection of pictures of the childhood of Jesus, copies of pictures by the great masters, costing but one cent each, cabinet size, and smaller, one-half cent each. These should be pasted in a scrap book, or on a long strip of paper folded in book form, the children doing the work assisted by the mother.

The Home Training of Jesus

"Filled with wisdom." Undoubtedly Jesus had the same training that was given to other little boys in Nazareth; first he had the home teaching, beginning with the *Mezuzah*, which was a small roll of parchment having the name of Jehovah on the outside, and hung up in a little case at the side of the entrance door. As parents passed in and out of the house with the little child in arms, they would reverently touch the Holy Name, and then kiss their fingers. First the child would wonder, and then come to understand the lesson of reverence toward God. Then there were certain feasts observed in all Jewish homes, and undoubtedly in the home of Joseph and Mary, such as the weekly blessing of the house; the week of unleavened bread during the Passover, and the *Chanukah*, the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple, with its illumination in each house. The first evening one candle would be lit for each member of the household, the number increasing each night till on the eighth it was eight times that of the first.† And then there was the Feast of Tabernacles, when the whole of the family, even the youngest child, lived for a week in a booth of leaves. So it has been said, "Long before a child could go to school, or even to the synagogue, the private and united prayers, and the domestic rites, whether of the weekly Sabbath or of festive seasons, would indelibly impress themselves upon his mind."

How incomprehensible it seems to us that the Infinite swathed in the infant could thus grow in wisdom! But that was God's way of giving a Saviour to all mankind, from youth even to old age.

Jesus' School Days

At five years of age Jesus was undoubtedly sent with other boys to the synagogue school, where he began the study of the Bible, the Pentateuch, or more definitely with the book of Leviticus. We seem to see the little boy Jesus at school, seated on the floor with the other boys in a semi-circle around the teacher, "thus encircled by his pupils as by a crown of glory." Jesus might have had a tin slate, such a one as we secured in a synagogue school in Nazareth, a text of Scripture partly written on it with ink and a reed pen. Until the boys in the Nazareth school were ten years of age they were instructed in the Law and the Prophets, after that in the Poetical and Historical books of the Bible, called by the Jews "the Hagiographa." From ten to fifteen years of age Jesus undoubtedly studied in the synagogue school the Mishna—a Commentary on the Law; during the latter part of that time boys were expected to enter into theological discussions, hearing the rabbis (teachers of the law). Now we understand why Jesus was found among the rabbis, both hearing them and asking them questions.

"Why hast thou thus dealt with us?" Mary and Joseph had taken the boy Jesus at twelve years of age to the temple at Jerusalem, at the time of the Passover, that he might become according to custom "a son of the law" (we would say "join the church"). After they had started on their return journey, they could not find Jesus among the pilgrims, so they went back to Jerusalem to seek for him. After they had sought for him a whole day in the city, they came to the temple, and found him among the doctors (rabbis). He was indeed the center of attraction, a wonderful boy, whose understanding and words astonished everybody who heard him. Notwithstanding this, Mary and Joseph upbraided him because he had lingered behind. And when they told him that they had been seeking for him "sorrowing," he answered in a surprised way, "How is it that ye sought me? Knew ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It was as if he had said: "It is surprising that you could expect to find me anywhere but here in my Father's house."

"Christ Among the Doctors"

We think everybody has seen a copy of the marvelous picture of the boy Christ among the doctors, painted by Hofmann. Mr. Robert E. Speer in his book, *The Master of the Heart*, tells the following beautiful story about it: "I went one Sunday afternoon in New York City, not long ago, to a religious meeting, where a man was talking to men about Hofmann's pictures of our Lord. He had an excellent collection of them in stereopticon slides which he was showing to this crowd of men. He reserved until the last the picture of Jesus as a lad, talking with the doctors in the temple. As he threw the picture on the screen, he told the story of how he had come into possession of his copy of it. He had gone to visit Hofmann immediately after the completion of that painting, and the artist gave him the first copy. He brought it home, and put it in his business office in New York City. One day as he was sitting there, a judge of the Supreme Court of one of the New England States came to consult him about some business. He saw the picture standing on the easel. He looked at it all the time he was discussing his business, and after business was over he sat a little while, still looking at the picture, and then went away. Later in the morning he came back and said: 'I want to see that Boy again.' He was invited to sit down, and he sat down, and gazed at that face, at those great open eyes, at that look of purity, which speaks of such hope and strength for men. He sat for nearly an hour looking at it, and then got up, his eyes very moist, and walked away. In the afternoon he came back, and said: 'I would like to see that picture of the Boy once more.' The owner gave it to him and said: 'Go into my private office, sit down, and look at it as long as you want to.' He took the picture, and went into the office, and laid it down in his lap, and wept over it. An hour passed, and then he came out and laid the picture down, and with the tears running down his cheeks he said: 'The Boy has conquered me.' And he went out from that room with the picture of that Boy lingering in his life and transforming it. 'He is living now,' said the speaker, 'an influential Christian man in his own State, teaching scores of young men in his Bible class of him upon whom he had looked, and by whom he had been changed."

Jesus as a Pattern for Boys

"He went down with them." He left the temple and returned to Nazareth with Mary and Joseph. He obeyed those who had the rule over him, being yet a boy.

"Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," and so there was a beautiful harmony in his unfolding life.

We will say to every boy reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, if you want to be a Christian gentleman, you must be a Christian gentle boy first, and the very best places for you to show forth the Christian graces are in your home, and on the school playground, or in business if you have become an employee.

We cannot think of Jesus as having been an idle boy, or one who had to be urged to get busy. There are beautiful pictures of him helping his mother carry water from the fountain; bearing a board on his shoulder as Joseph directed him out of the shop window where to take it; holding the line while Joseph is marking a chalk line; cleaning up the shop by gathering up the shavings, with his mother Mary sitting by, and doves resting overhead. Opportunities for boys to get busy are continually widening. For example, twenty-one boy corn-growers from the Southern States have recently visited Washington to receive prizes from the Agricultural Department. One boy had raised two hundred and twenty-eight bushels and three pecks of corn on one acre of ground. As a boy Jesus must have had something to do with the fields, or he could not have said so many things about sowers and husbandmen and harvests.

The way Jesus studied the Bible as a boy should be an incentive to every other boy to do the same thing. As we glance through the Old Testament in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Red Letter Bible, where we see printed in red the passages which Jesus quoted afterward in his preaching and teaching, showing that he had learned them when a boy, we can but feel that Bible study is just the right thing for boys. Why would it not be a good plan for each boy to have a Red Letter Bible, so that he might more closely follow Jesus in his Bible study? If a boy can have time to read and study only one book, that book had better be the Bible.

The Guide to Success

When Moses had died, and God had appointed Joshua in his place as leader of Israel, he appeared to Joshua with this message: "As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. . . . This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and thou shalt have good success." (Joshua 1: 5, 8.)

Above all things to be learned from the boy Jesus is the habit of being found in God's house, and of becoming a son of the law—a son of the Gospel—a member of the Church.

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and thee,
Lord of my life, I come!

Premiums Highly Satisfactory

This morning I received *The Women of the Bible*, by Margaret E. Sangster. It is a splendid book, and the pictures are beautiful, giving one a knowledge of ancient dress. I shall enjoy reading it. The *Almanac* came a few days ago. It certainly does give much information. Please accept my sincere thanks.

ANNA AGNES THOMAS.

Germantown, Pa.

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* **The International Sunday School Lesson for February 11, 1912.** The Boy Jesus in the Temple. Luke 2: 40-52. GOLDEN TEXT: "How is it that ye sought me? Knew ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Luke 2: 49.

† We are indebted to Edersheim on *The Upbringing of Jewish Children* for these facts.

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Young People's Societies

The Strong and the Weak*

TENNYSON long ago bewailed the "lust of gain," which has made the hand of power forever oppress the helpless, till only "the ledger lives" and

. . . the poor are hoveled and hustled together like swine.

* * * * * *

And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.
And another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poisoned poison behind his crimson lights.

It seems now as though the day of pure food and pure drugs has dawned; but it is not yet in the full flush of noontide, and even if it should ever come to that, there are plenty more evils of the same sort to cure. The greed of the unregenerate man who feels himself growing stronger and stronger, is apt to keep pace with his power.

Thus was born slavery, probably in the infancy of the race, and it is a shame to our humanity that it was not until the middle of the last century that, first, Great Britain, and then our own country, broke forever the shackles of the slave in the two freest lands on earth. Greece and Rome had a civilization to which, in some respect, our own is inferior; yet the idea of getting the world's work done without slaves was to them incomprehensible. Even their wisest men, in works which in point of style and depth of thought are considered by many critics to surpass any of modern times, astonish the candid reader by the naive manner in which they assume that slavery must always exist, and, on the whole, is a good thing.

Fine men began to work with their hands and saw that it was good for them so to do. It was an epoch in human history when the discovery was made that the refined and tenderly bred could do so-called "menial work" and still preserve their "gentility." For ages the hearts of the generous had yearned over the privations and sufferings of the slave. Now it was revealed that a civilization could exist without him, and still get its work done. It was even claimed that no civilization could fully develop while slavery blotted it.

The arch-apostle of this great doctrine was, perhaps, Abraham Lincoln. He realized, as probably few had ever done before him, that liberty was the dearest treasure of man, and it was his happy lot to bestow it upon millions of his fellow men. It would have come to them ere long in any case, for the spirit of justice was strong among our Southern planters, and a movement was on foot to gradually abolish slavery; but in the providence of God, it was to Lincoln that the task fell.

In the same way, throughout the whole world, slavery must go, not only the slavery of the cotton and rice fields, but all the other minor forms of slavery by which those who can, push wages lower and lower; or form great trusts, under a guise of "economizing production" in order to lower prices, and end by doing just the opposite.

The strength and influence of many great combinations are alarming. They make slaves of mankind; but "instead of the thorn shall come up the myrtle tree." The spirit of brotherhood is abroad in the land, and our God shall make it to prevail.

* Epworth League Topic for Lincoln Sunday, February 11. TEXTS: Amos 8: 4-7; James 5: 4.

The Best Kind of Almanac

I received your *Christian Herald Almanac* yesterday, and hasten to thank you. We think it very nice indeed, for it contains much valuable information. No one can go without an almanac of some sort, but many of them contain things which we can well go without. I have no doubt your subscribers one and all will be much pleased with the new almanac.

Exeter, N. H. ELIZA W. B.

Generosity*

THE need of cultivating this most captivating of the virtues is well indicated by the constant admonitions of Holy Writ. (See the words of Jesus in Matt. 5: 42; 6: 1; 10: 8; 19: 21; 25: 40; Mark 12: 44; Luke 6: 35, 38; Luke 12: 15, 21, 22, 33; Luke 14: 12-14. Then look through the Acts and Epistles and see how many there are the commands to give.)

But the giving of our money is only one of the modes which Christ has provided for us whereby to show our generosity. Paul says: "To you it hath been granted not only to believe on him, but also to suffer in his behalf."

"We must all," says Henry Kingman, "stand like a rock for the kingdom of Christ among men. That kingdom does not make headway against the world, save by stern effort and self-denial, rooted in prayer and in fellowship with God." It can come only by lavish giving on the part of all of us who are trying to serve him—giving, let us repeat, not only our money but also of our time and thought.

No character in history has more wonderfully illustrated the nobility of this virtue than did Savonarola. Against the wishes of his parents, and desiring only to escape from the awful sin of the period, which saddened and bewildered him, he entered the monastery of St. Dominic. He did not ask to become a monk, but only to be a drudge and to do the most menial work. From this place he went to St. Mark's in Florence. He had heard much of the culture of that beautiful city and he hoped to find virtue there; but there, too, beneath the outward veneer of refinement and education, lurked the same corruption which had so depressed him in other cities. He preached here and there, but his severe denunciation of their favorite sins only offended the people, and they would not go to hear him. At the same time, Fra Mariano, another monk, was preaching and drawing great crowds, with poetry, with classical quotations and philosophy.

"This is only play," said Savonarola. He prayed harder than ever, convinced that sound doctrine, simply preached, was all that would save the people from their sins. The power of the Most High came upon him as he mercilessly condemned the frightful vice of the Church and the populace. After years of this inspired preaching, the people were deeply stirred and a great revival of pure religion took place. But the wicked Pope Alexander VI, with his cardinals and priests, could not bear the bitter attacks of Savonarola, and in 1498 he ordered the great evangelist to be burned to death in the public square of Florence. His last words were, "The Lord hath suffered as much for me." He gave up wealth, comfort, popularity, everything for his Lord.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, February 11. TEXT: II. Cor. 9: 6-15.

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THIS OFFER IS NO CATCH. It is a solid proposition to send, on trial, fully guaranteed, a new, well made, easy running separator for $15.95. Skims hot or cold milk; making heavy or light cream. Designed especially for small dairies, hotels and private families. Different from this picture, which illustrates our large capacity machines. The bowl is a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned. Gears thoroughly protected. Western orders filled from Western points. Whether your dairy is large or small, write us and obtain our handsome free catalog. Address:
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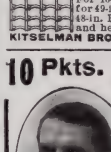

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Drawer 31 Madison, Wis.

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Incandescent. 100 Candle Power. Burns common coal oil. Gives better light than gas, electricity or six ordinary lamps at one-sixth to one tenth the cost. Fits your old lamp. Unequaled for fine sewing or reading. COSTS ONLY ONE CENT FOR SIX HOURS
We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our Special Offer to secure a Beacon Burner FREE. Write today. Agents Wanted. HOME SUPPLY COMPANY, 224 Home Building, Kansas City, Mo.

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incubators and brooders are better than ever—biggest money makers. Miller's Free Book better than ever, too. Write quick for early start and biggest saving.
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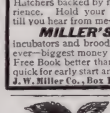

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ALL DRUGGISTS 11-63

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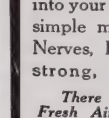

Is a complete treatise on strawberry culture written by America's greatest strawberry expert. Indorsed by agricultural colleges and strawberry growers of highest authority. Government reports show that strawberries yield more dollars per acre and give quicker returns than any other crop. Get our book and learn how. IT'S FREE!
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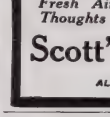

and Almanac for 1912 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c.
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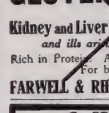
Rich in Protein. Ask your physician. Leading grocers. For booklet or sample, write
FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N.Y., U.S.A.

GREIDER'S FINE POULTRY



Book and calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages, 72 varieties pure bred, 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions. Incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great—this book—only 15 cents.
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WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY
and Turnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry powders; money-back guarantee; outfit free; new plan; steady work. Address
BIGLER CO., X 562, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

PEACH TREES 800,000 Peaches 5 to 7 feet 10c; 4 to 5 ft. 8c; 3 to 4 ft. 6c; 2 to 3 ft. 4c. 200,000 Apples, 50,000 Pears, 50,000 Plums, 100,000 Cherry, 300,000 Carolina Poplar, and millions of Grape and Small Fruits. Secure varieties now, pay in Spring. Buy from the man who has the goods and save disappointment. Catalogue Free to everybody.
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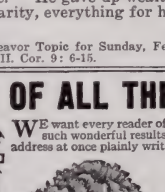
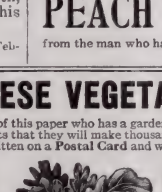
SEEDS OF ALL THESE VEGETABLES GIVEN AWAY FOR TESTING

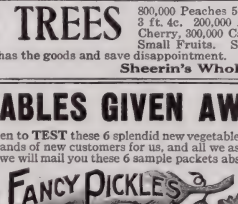
Giant Climbing Tomato—Most wonderful tomato we ever knew. Climbs trellises 12 to 20 feet. Fruits often weigh 2 lbs. each, very smooth and solid, few seeds, handsome red color.



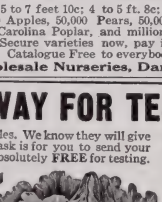
12 Day Lettuce—After once trying this variety you will say it is the quickest grower on record, always very tender, crisp and sweet.



15 Day Radish—A wonder for quick growth. Will produce radishes fit to use in 15 days. Is very crisp and tender, scarlet color.



Fancy Pickles—Here is a cucumber to be proud of. It is a marvel of beauty, grows very quick and just right size for pickling. You should grow this excellent variety.



60 Day Cabbage—Quickest growing cabbage in the world. Heads quick, very solid and splendid quality. Try it and you will say it is a wonder.

Sugar Parsnips—Very best variety for home gardens. Roots large, very smooth, flesh fine-grained and excellent quality

Remember we will send a Sample Packet of all these 6 varieties of SEEDS absolutely FREE to every reader of this paper who has a garden and will test them. Several dollars worth of vegetables can be grown from this lot of seeds. Write your name and address plainly on a Postal Card and it will bring them. *Do it today before all the sample lots are taken.*
Our 1912 CATALOGUE of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, and Rare Fruits with our Special Bargain List with Color Plates, will be sent FREE with every lot.
Address—MILLS SEED HOUSE, Dept. 21, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

The Wheel of Fortune keeps turning in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana.

Every Month turns out profit for the Gulf Coast Farmer

HE does not earn for a few months and yearn for the balance. His year is a complete circle of profits and big profits too. He is traveling the road to wealth with the throttle wide open and a clear track ahead. He no sooner markets one crop and banks the profits than he plants another.

$2,500 Profit from 9 Acres Cabbage.

M. C. Myrtle planted 9 acres in cabbage on his farm four miles from Brownsville, in the lower Rio Grande Valley of the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, and made a clear net profit of $2,500, after paying all water, rent, labor, commission, brokerage, etc. An average net profit of $277 an acre.

$2,300 from 6 Acres of Strawberries.

M. L. Mebene owns a farm near Chocolate Bayou, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. He has a 6 acre patch of strawberries. For his strawberry crop, this past season, he was paid $2,300 cash, f. o. b. cars at his home station of Chocolate Bayou, Texas.

$4,000 Net Profit from 37 Acres.

A. P. Begley, a farmer 2 miles from Brownsville, in the irrigated section of the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, owns 25 acres, and rents 12 adjoining. He raised sorghum, cotton and cabbage; and after paying rent of land adjoining and all other crop expenses, he realized a net profit of $4,000 in one year.

THESE crops represent only a part of a Gulf Coast farmer's profit. Other crops, grown on the same land, also add to their bank accounts. As many as three or four crops come off of the same land in one year.

Mail This Coupon Today

Are You Making Money This Fast?

There is no reason why you shouldn't. There is plenty of land to be bought at low prices, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, where you should be able to duplicate these results.

If you are a farmer you do not have to stop farming and go to raising "garden truck." You can grow staple crops just as you do now—only you will get bigger yields. The crops you grow after your staple crops are harvested are just extra—that much profit you do not get now.

If you are a city man, tied to a desk or to some job in a shop, secure in your position only so long as the boss likes you, the Gulf Coast Country holds out to you security, health, independence and profit. You do not have to become a regular farmer—the garden trucks and fruits offer you abundant profit the year round.

A Delightful Place to Live

You could not imagine a more delightful place to live than the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. From one end to the other this wonderful country skirts the Gulf of Mexico. Its people practically live in a summer resort all summer and in a winter resort all winter.

The climate of the Gulf Coast Country more nearly reaches perfection than that of any other part of America. The people are good families—mostly from the farms, shops and offices of the north—drawn there not only by the certainty of big profits, but to get away from the cold, dangers and expense of northern winters. They have established schools and churches and have built up modern towns and cities where every social advantage is to be enjoyed.

Go See This Wonderful Country via Frisco Lines

while land prices are LOW. The pleasure of a trip through the Southwest, via Frisco Lines, would alone be worth the little cost of going. Every 1st and 3d Tuesday of each month you can buy round trip excursion tickets, via Frisco Lines, to any point in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana as follows—Chicago $37.50—St. Louis $32.50, or less—Kansas City $32.50, or less—Birmingham $37.50, or less—Baton Rouge and New Orleans $20.00, or less. To many Louisiana points the fares are even lower. The Frisco Lines operate splendid, electric lighted, solid steel trains daily from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Birmingham and New Orleans. Every day in the year these trains carry through cars to the Gulf Coast Country, and on excursion days have through tourist sleepers.

Three Splendid Books Free—one on the mid-coast country of Texas, one on the lower irrigated sections of the Rio Grande Valley and one on Louisiana—all beautifully illustrated, showing some scenes in COLORS. They describe the country and crops from one end to the other—giving examples of successes, with PERSONAL statements by men who have gone there and made good. This coupon, signed and sent to me will entitle you to a FREE COPY OF EACH BOOK (while they last). MAIL IT TODAY.

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I would like to know more about the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. Please send me free of charge, your handsome books describing the country.

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Christian Herald

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1912

VOL. 35—NO. 6. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Lincoln Studying Law in His New Salem Grocery

From a Painting by Blendon Campbell

Ivory Soap in the Nursery

HERE are suggestions, information and advice that will interest mothers.
They are intended to be helpful, and we think they will be.
They cover as many phases of child life as space permits—the care of the body as well as the articles of wear that protect it.

Thousands of women who read this were "brought up" on Ivory Soap. We do not need to tell them how good it is. *They know!*

The Procter & Gamble Co.

The Bath In order that the body may be in a state of good health, it is necessary that the skin be kept absolutely clean. For that purpose, nothing is quite so good as Ivory Soap.

To bathe a baby, you need: A soft linen washcloth or a piece of flannel, a sponge, a cake of Ivory Soap and a couple of very soft towels. A piece of rubber sheeting, about fifteen inches square, to go on the bottom of the bath tub, to prevent slipping when getting in and out, is desirable.

The water should be about 95° in winter and from 85° to 90° in summer. Test the water with a bath thermometer or bare elbow. If it feels warm, *not hot*, it is all right.

Put baby in the bath. Moisten the washcloth and apply soap, first to the head and neck, then to the arms, next to the body, and last, to the legs and feet. Fill the sponge with water from the tub and squeeze its contents over the face, arms, body and legs, repeating this until all dirt and soap are removed. Dry by "patting," not rubbing, with the towels.

The best hour for an infant's bath is about ten in the morning. In no event, should a bath be given immediately after a meal.

If a child's skin is unusually sensitive, a salt bath should be given occasionally—a teacupful of salt in two gallons of warm water.

For children over three years of age, three full baths a week are sufficient. However, they should be given a sponge bath, without soap, every morning, before breakfast.

In very hot weather, a sponge bath, twice daily, in water about 90°, is recommended.

The Care of the Hair Until a child is three years old, its hair should not be cut. Use a soft brush—not a comb. For older children rub the scalp gently every night. This brings the blood to the scalp and stimulates the follicles from which the hair grows.

Washing the hair once a week is often enough for cleanliness. The use of a pure soap is essential because *any excess of alkali in the soap will make the hair brittle.*

To remove dandruff, massage the scalp with warm olive oil, and wash with warm Ivory Soap suds.

Brushes and combs should be washed once a week in a quart of cold or lukewarm water with a teaspoonful of ammonia in it, using Ivory Soap and water to complete the operation.

An Inexpensive Tooth Powder An exceedingly satisfactory tooth powder is made by mixing five cents' worth of powdered orris root and five cents' worth of precipitated chalk with half a cake of Ivory Soap, which has been chipped, dried and thoroughly pulverized. Add 15 drops of oil of wintergreen. Bottle and use as needed.

To Clean Children's Finger Nails Moisten a cake of Ivory Soap and draw it gently across the child's nails until they are filled with the softened soap. Then the nails can be cleaned easily If the finger tips are allowed to soak for a few minutes after being soaped, the nails will clean themselves.

A Physician's Advice "Having had repeated cases of skin irritation from the use of ordinary laundry soap, I now request mothers and nurses always to employ Ivory Soap for washing all articles that come in contact with the skin. It not only cleans the garments perfectly, but there is no injurious effect."

Woolen Undergarments, Sweaters, Jackets, Etc. Full information about the best way to wash woolens and flannels will be given in next month's advertisement of Ivory Soap. For present purposes it is sufficient to say that children's undergarments, sweaters, jackets, etc., should be washed in a heavy suds of Ivory Soap and warm water. They should be rinsed in two waters of the same temperature* as that used for washing, gently pulled into shape and laid on a flat surface in a warm place where they will dry quickly. A little Ivory Soap in the last rinsing water has a tendency to make woolens, etc., softer.

* This is very important, for if water of a different temperature is used for rinsing, garments will shrink.

To Clean Children's Stuffed Toys, Etc. Make a heavy suds of Ivory Soap and, with a small brush, apply it to the surface of the toy. Rinse thoroughly and quickly by pouring clear, lukewarm water over it. Do not squeeze the toy but shake it as free as possible from water and let it dry in the sun. Rubber toys, too, should be cleaned frequently.

To Clean Children's White Kid Shoes Apply Ivory Soap Paste with a flannel cloth; polish with a clean, dry cloth.

Another way to clean white kid shoes is to rub the soiled places with a cloth dipped in ammonia and then applied to a cake of Ivory Soap.

IMPORTANT! Exquisite cleanliness is necessary in the care of bottles and receptacles used in the preparation of a baby's food.

To Clean Bottles: Dissolve a few shavings of Ivory Soap in a quart of hot water. Rinse a bottle first with cold water, wash in Ivory Soap suds and then scald with boiling water. Pitchers, bowls and spoons should be treated in the same way. Rubber nipples should be scalded daily besides being turned inside out and washed.

An Ivory Soap Bubble-Party An excellent way to amuse children who have to stay indoors on account of the weather is to have an Ivory Soap bubble-party. The expense is trifling; and the bubbles are a source of endless delight.

Directions: Dissolve half of a small cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in two quarts of lukewarm water. Add five drops of glycerine. Furnish each child with a clay pipe, a quill or an empty spool. Gum arabic added to the Ivory Soap suds will make the bubbles more elastic. Strawberry juice will make them red.

IVORY SOAP PASTE—We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only in the nursery, but also in the laundry and for general household use.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste: With a knife, vegetable grater, or food chopper, shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts, or two small cakes into four quarts of water. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about 15 minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in a china or glass jar with tight-fitting top. Use as needed.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses in the Laundry—for the Washing of Woolens and Flannels.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Greek Peasant Woman

The Fortress on the Summit of Acro-Corinth

A Greek Soldier and His Bride

In the Footsteps of St. Paul

On the Way to Corinth, and What We See To-day

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President Christian Endeavor

MY PURPOSE, in the articles which I propose to write for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is to make as vivid as possible to my readers, by pen and picture, the present-day aspects of the places made forever memorable by the visits of St. Paul the apostle.

Paul was an indefatigable traveler. It is scarcely too much to say that there were few important parts of the then known world that he did not visit or plan to visit, for he was really on his way to far-off Spain when, in Rome, a longer journey (or shall we say shorter?) bore him to his heavenly home.

The love of Christ constrained him to go from city to city, from country to country, to preach the unsearchable riches of the Glad Tidings which he was especially commissioned to bear to the Gentiles.

Fortunately, we can trace his route of travel more definitely and surely than that of any other man of antiquity. Paul was a man of the cities. He was no John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness. He went where men were congregated. He visited the market-place, the synagogue, the arena of national sports and contests, the precincts of heathen temples even; wherever he could get a hearing for his wonderful message of Christ and him crucified.

On this account, too, we are able to identify his routes of travel, and to walk in his very footsteps as in those of no other sacred writer, for these great centers of population with which he is identified, Tarsus, Jerusalem, Damascus, Antioch, Ephesus, Salonica, Corinth, Athens, and a score of others are still on the map of the world.

Some of them are even now great and important cities. In others, we can only trace their former greatness by their crumbling walls and scattered marble fragments. Yet there is scarcely a single town, large or small, which St. Paul is known to have visited that cannot be identified to-day.

It has been my privilege, in meeting my engagements in many lands, to visit most of the cities of St. Paul, some of them more than once; and I have been impressed with the freshness and vividness which is imparted to the Gospel narrative when read upon the spot where the events occurred, and the new interest aroused in Paul's great epistles when read in the very cities from which or to which they were indited. Something of this freshness I hope to impart to these articles, which will be actually written from these same cities, and with the scenes which Paul saw newly stamped upon my mind.

Of course it will be impossible, except by the study of ancient sources of information and perhaps a permissible use of the imagination, to reconstruct the *cities* as St. Paul saw them, for they have been buried for many a century, and new cities have often been built upon their ruins; but Nature's unchanging monuments are much the same now as then.

The Cilician Gates—a great cleft in the Taurus Mountains—open their narrow doors to the traveler to-day exactly as in St. Paul's time, and there is no other possible way of traveling overland from his birthplace, Tarsus, to Iconium and Derbe and Lystra except over the very same path that he trod and over the same Roman bridges that he crossed.

The Ægean Sea laves the shores of Salonica to-day as it did when St. Paul wrote his letters to the beloved Thessalonians. Acro-Corinth looms up behind the ruins of that ancient metropolis as it did when, in the zenith of its power, Paul found Aquila and Priscilla there, and worked with them in their tent-making establishment.

Though the shrines and the statues of their gods no longer adorn the agora of Athens, and only the ruins of the greatest temples remain, yet the Acropolis towers above Mars Hill as it did in Paul's time. Hymettus, still famous for its honey, extends its encircling arms around the fair city as in the olden days, and the waters of Piræus, the harbor of Athens, still glitter in the brilliant sunlight as when Paul gazed upon them from the spot where he made his eternally famous speech to the "men of Athens."

I shall not attempt to follow chronologically the journeys of St. Paul, for each place that he touched leaves its own unique, individual impression, and I desire to write about it while its spell is still upon me rather than from the remoter, even if calmer, study.

We will begin with Corinth, which St. Paul visited three times. I write while I can still see the mountains that surround it on the east, and hear the lapping of the waves of the beautiful gulf as they are stirred by the north wind.

Paul came to Corinth on his first visit by way of Athens, when he had been driven out of Berea in peril of his life, sailing from some unknown port at the northern end of the Ægean Sea, and going overland probably from Athens to Corinth.

The modern traveler is more likely to reach Corinth from the Adriatic, sailing from Trieste in Austria or from Venice or Brindisi in Italy to Patras, on the northernmost edge of the Peloponnesus. Patras has

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Acro-Corinth or the National Citadel, the Modern Village in the Foreground

A Sermon

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

Changing the Collar for the Yoke

TEXT: "Take my yoke upon you."—Matt. 11:29

THE yoke does not impose an extra burden; it is an implement by which the old burden is made light. The oxen plowed in couples, sharing the yoke. The burden which would have been irritating, wounding, exhausting, if dragged by a single ox, becomes tolerable when shared by two. And so a yoke was just a curved wooden collar by which a pair of oxen were joined together for the purpose of drawing a wagon or a plow. The all-significant matter to remember is this: the yoke is an implement for two, and in the double pull the yoke becomes easy and the burden light.

How His Yoke Lightens Our Load

And therefore Christ's yoke is not a collar of obligation, a responsibility slipped upon our single neck, in which we are then sent forth to plow our lonely furrow in the heavy field. Christ has no single collar; he only deals in yokes. If we are wearing a single collar, and straining at our load, the collar is of our own fashioning; we have not obtained it from the hands of Christ. The Lord's collars are yokes fashioned for two, and he himself is always one of the two.

And thus the significance of our Master's appeal is this: "Take off that single collar! Exchange it for this yoke, and let me share the burden with you!" The offering of a yoke is the gracious offer of a partnership. It is the tender purpose of the Lord that we should pull our loads in fellowship with him. But we decline the partnership. It is the tender purpose of the Lord that we should lose our loads in fellowship with him. But we decline the partnership; we work in single collar, and our necks are galled, and our strength is broken.

Overburdened People

We "labor and are heavy laden." We are like the laboring ox, straining, fainting, falling, burdened to the point of pain, crushed beyond endurance. Such are the deadly effects of the single collar. Life becomes irksome and burdensome. Our spirits become irritable and despondent. There is no spring in our goings, and our days are gray and commonplace. But this is not the purpose of our God. Life is not intended to be a bloody tragedy, its roads choked with fainting souls dropping beneath their load. Life is purposed to be bright and buoyant, with gleams of innocent comedy, and its night-times filled with songs. But let my readers look around. There are a multitude of burdened men and women carrying loads beyond their strength. The pilgrim's way is loud with groans and sighs. Where is the dance of the vintage? Where is the song of the harvest home? God's children are fainting on the long road; they are dropping at the hill. What is there wrong? It is the fault of the single collar. We are resolving life into individualism when it was proposed to be a fellowship. We are making it merely human when it was intended to be divine. We are wearing a single collar when it was intended that we should wear the yoke. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

The Master's Offer

Let us look at some of these burdened people, in whose lives a moral and spiritual revolution would be worked, if only they would share the yoke of Christ. Here is a man plowing a bit of heavy land. It is a patch of desert abounding in scrub, or it is a stretch of unclean soil, filled with wiry roots of ancient custom and tradition. Or it is a plot where everything seems unyielding, and the plow can make no headway. And the strain tries the spirit; the heart loses its optimism, and the will becomes lax and irresolute. He "labors and is heavy laden." Work of this kind is a very hopeless labor; it is positively heart-breaking if it be attempted in a single collar. And so our Master speaks to such a man, and says: "Take off that collar; share my yoke with me! Let me be a fellow in thy labor! Take me into partnership; let us do that long, heavy furrow together! Let me bring the power of the resurrection into it." "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

The Monotony of Life's Burden

Here is another man dragging the burden of the constant commonplace. When life is full of changes the changes themselves may provide a rest. The change brings other muscles into play. It is restful even to lift the eyes away from the detailed work, and allow them to roam over wider space. But some lives are burdened by a fearful monotony. Theirs is the monotony of waking to the unchanging program. Theirs is the monotony of the road to work. Theirs is the monotony of the work itself. There is the monotony of the return; a gray, gray road! Gray, gray, gray, for ever gray; never a change to scarlet or blue! Every morning the same gray load on the same gray road, the journey to begin at the metallic stroke of the clock, and at the metallic stroke of the clock to cease. And oh, the sighs that rise along that road! The old, old round! And often it is so hard to drag along; and the ox-like soul staggers and faints.

His Yoke Makes Labor Sweet

What shall we say about it? We were never intended to drag along that gray road in the harness of a single collar. Let the man try what will happen if he changes the single collar for the yoke of the Lord. It is not only that the load will become lighter, but the road will become brighter. What a difference a companion makes to one's pilgrimage! I said to a couple of pedestrians, "Did you see Warwick's gloomy prison as you came along?" "No," was the answer; but then they were two lovers, and their absorption in each other made them immune to the gloom! And I might say to many a soul, "Was not that a bit of monotonous road at noon to-day?" or, "Was not that a wearisome struggle in the evening?" and the answer would be, "I never noticed it, I felt like singing all the time!" But then these people are lovers, and their Companion-Lover is the Lord. They shared a common yoke, and walked a common road. If my readers want to see what the Lord can do with a monotonous road, let them exchange the collar for the yoke, and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

The "Burden of Ruined Hopes"

There are other people who are dragging along the burden of ruined hopes. This is a very burdensome road. Life's early proposals are defeated and broken, and the desolate heart is dragging the ruins to the grave. Life began in some soaring purpose, some fond, aspiring vision, which lifted the soul into the high firmament of hope and vision. And then the beautiful, delicate thing was smitten, and its ruins were borne along through the rest of the dull and leaden days. Here is a young woman with strong desire to be a missionary. She lives for it, thinks of it, dreams in it. It fills her entire vision, and constitutes the magnetic goal of her life. The season of consummation is drawing near. She is medically examined; she is condemned as physically unfit, and her application is rejected. And so all her fine aspirations fall to the earth in pathetic ruin, and for the rest of her days she drags a big load of wrecked ambitions and broken hopes.

Loads that Oppress the Heart

Or here is a father who builds a stately palace of hopes, founded on the future achievements of his son. The palace is big and roomy, restful and inspiring, bright and sunny with the light of filial triumph. And then the son is stricken! He faints and fails, and this stately house of ordered hopes tumbles in disastrous heaps. The broken things are gathered together, and the heart just drags ther along the dull and cloudy way. What can be said t all these troubled souls? Just this: The mistake o all mistakes is the single collar. To harness our selves to the pathetic burden of ruined hopes an tug them along by night and day is fearfully ex hausting work. There is nothing like it for induc ing premature age; nothing like it for creating mood in which the song of the birds is never heard But with Jesus as our yoke-fellow the heavy broke hopes become lighter, for newer and more wonderfu hopes appear on the road, full of life-giving grace and inspiration. Here, too, "death is swallowed u in victory."

The Heavy Burden of Sorrows

And there are those who are dragging the burden of common sorrow. There is nothing unusual about their sorrow; it is just a wan piece of a familiar grief. Perhaps it is the death of a little child, and the light is out! It is a rutty road on a cold wet night, and a heavy load to boot. There is nothing for it but to take the yoke. When the Lord comes into the bereaved life, a strange, quieting light begins to shine, even the holy, hopeful light of the Eternal Morning. When he becomes our yoke-fellow, yesterday decreases in burdensomeness as the morrow increases in glory. That is ever the ministry of the divine fellowship in any kind of human need. The golden age of a life is removed from the past and enthroned in the future. The light that followed behind goes on before. The examples might be multiplied. There are those who are cumbered with a load of care. There are those whose lives have to be dragged through temptations which act upon the soul like magnetic mud. There are those whose hindrance is a loneliness unbroken by any familiar friend. There are those whose goings are hampered and entangled by uncongenial attachments. And there are those whose burden is an imperfect body, the very vehicle having a broken axle or a broken wheel.

Help for the Heavy Laden

What shall we say to all these laboring and heavy laden souls? We will give them the old, sweet, evangelical word: Drop the collar and take the yoke! accept the partnership of Jesus, and let the fellowship be divine. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Anvil Sparks

..OPPORTUNITY spoils if kept waiting.

..REFORMATION, like charity, begins at home.

..HOME-MADE religious experience is the best.

..DON'T expect to be stampeded home to glory.

..THE coveted goal does not approach while you wait.

..SOME folks run off from duty to vainly stalk happiness.

..THE heart of granite is seldom celebrated on a tombstone.

..A SINCERE heart does not need to be advertised by a solemn face.

..A CHARITABLE disposition is one of the secrets of a benign old age.

..WHILE we look for a better day to come, let us see how good we can make to-day.

..FEW preachers ever thaw out a frozen church by presenting hell-fire all the time.

..THERE are folks who seem to think that they cannot have backbone without bristles.

..THERE is no car line to heaven; if you find yourself sitting down as you journey, you are not on the way.

* Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

COMPENSATION

WHAT matters it how long the day,
If, having done the best I could,
I look back at its close and say,
"I've wrought some little good"?

What matters it how long the years,
If I shall know, when life is done,
Though wrought with toil and pain and tears,
The victory has been won?

Dyersburg, Tenn. MARIE LOUISE MOSS.

More Bible Class Blunders

NOT long ago, a lady consented to teach a class of young girls in the Sunday school of a prosperous city church. The ages of the girls ranged from twelve to seventeen. Some of them were in the second year of the high school, none were classed lower than the highest grammar grade. The lesson was one of a series on the life of Christ. The teacher began by asking where the events of the lesson took place. The girls referred to their lesson papers and promptly answered, "Palestine." Ordinarily this would have ended the geographical questions, but this teacher put one more, "Where is Palestine?" and to her surprise received no reply. She restated the question, varied the name by calling it the Holy Land, Judea, even Canaan, but in vain.

Another Sunday school has written tests. Here are a few answers, culled not from the younger children's papers, but from those of the highest grade, many of them written by high school pupils.

"Samuel's wife's mother had a fever."

"Jacob was one of the six apostolic leaders."

"Peter's vision was of a ladder on which angels ascended and descended, while God was standing in the center."

"Agrippa was Peter's wife."

There was some difference of opinion about Peter's wife, for one boy stated that her name was "Ananias" and that she "deceived Peter."

A certain Sunday school had just begun the study of the life of St. Paul. The lesson papers did not arrive in time for the first lesson, so one teacher decided to find out how much her class knew about Paul to begin with. The class was composed of seven young women, none less than seventeen years of age. One of these went to business, two were high school girls, two were in a training school for teachers. All came from Christian homes.

"I want one fact from each of you about Paul," said the teacher, "but a different fact from each one. I will begin with you, Ruth."

Ruth appreciated her good fortune. Every shrewd Sunday school pupil has learned that there is a formula which, with the change of two words, will describe any Bible character. Ruth applied the formula. She answered promptly, "Paul was a good man and did that which was pleasing in the sight of the Lord." Had she been asked to give one fact about Judas Iscariot she would have said, "Judas was a bad man and did that which was displeasing in the sight of the Lord." The formula having been appropriated, there was nothing left for the other six girls. The teacher did not succeed in drawing from the united class one single definite fact about the life of the greatest of the apostles. There was no reason to think that they would not have been glad to tell any facts at their command. The conclusion is forced that these bright girls, two of them at least expecting to become teachers, knew absolutely nothing about St. Paul. But, as they had just finished a two years' course of Old Testament study, they did not ask, as did a young woman recently, if "Saul of Tarsus was the same Saul as the one who was king of Israel."

Yet the ignorance of many an adult, even, is amusing as well as amazing. It was a clever member of a brilliant circle who could not see why her friends smiled when she referred to "Christ's talking with Rebecca at the well."

MAY ELLIS NICHOLS.

What a Subscriber Discovers in the Publisher's Office

By EUGENE THWING

TO SAY that the publisher was surprised would put it mildly. In a few minutes the subscriber was even more surprised. Then, a little later, both were so thoroughly pleased and satisfied that it is worth telling about. Here is the way the talk began:

"Yes, we like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much indeed," said the subscriber; "it grows better every year; but I do wish you wouldn't print so much advertising. The paper would be a good deal better without any. It crowds out the reading matter. Especially, I object to finding advertisements alongside the reading columns, where they distract the attention."

"Why, bless your heart!" exclaimed the publisher as soon as he could recover a little from his surprise, "we'll do almost anything for an old subscriber; but wait a minute; is your subscription paid up for this year?"

"Yes, indeed! It's always paid before the end of December, and will be, I hope, for many years to come."

"So! Delighted to hear you say so. Shake hands again. How long do you count upon receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, did you say?"

"Why, as long as I live, I hope."

"Or, as long as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lives. Naturally, you hope THE HERALD will live at least as long as you do, since you are so fond of it."

"Yes, certainly, of course, and much longer," exclaimed the subscriber, cordially.

"Thanks; but we were speaking of advertising. You would like to have us stop printing advertisements in the paper?"

"Yes, personally, I should be glad if you would."

"Well, my friend, death would part us very soon if we did that. The amount you and other subscribers pay for a year's subscription does not cover the actual cost of producing the fifty-two copies sent to you during the year, and without the income from advertisements it would be impossible to make such a big, fine weekly at so very little cost to you."

"Well, that puts another aspect on the matter. I hope you will always have plenty of advertising if it is so necessary to your welfare."

"And to yours; you must remember that our interests are inseparable. But to change the subject, what do you think of the China famine relief work this past year?"

"Splendid! It was positively one of the noblest things that happened in 1911. Thousands of people are thankful that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD exists and is such a power for blessing humanity."

"Yes? I wonder if you happen to be interested in the Children's Paradise at Mont-Lawn?"

"Most certainly I am. I contribute to it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every summer, and I have been up there more than once. It is a very beautiful work. Many of our future men and women will have reason to bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for sending them to Mont-Lawn."

"Fine! Doubtless you approve also the work done for the Bowery Mission, and in other similar directions?"

"Of course. It is a constant inspiration to me, and I believe to many of your subscribers. I devoutly pray that you may continually be strengthened in all these noble enterprises for helping those in need."

"Thank you. Did it ever occur to you how large a part of that 'strength' you pray for comes to us from the advertising income of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? With a large advertising patronage we can make a large, handsome, interesting paper, which would be impossible otherwise. We can thus attract and hold a large number of subscribers and interest them in these noble works for humanity which you commend so highly. Take the advertising out of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and you take the support of every good enterprise which receives such support through this paper."

"Dear me! What have I been saying? Forgive me for being so short-sighted. Now I shall be positively greedy to see you get as much advertising as you possibly can."

"Not so fast, my dear friend. We never want as much advertising as we can have, not even for the sake of Mont-Lawn or the Bowery Mission. Every year we refuse thousands of dollars' worth of advertising because we are protecting your interests."

"Indeed! You surprise me."

"Perhaps you have been accustomed to thinking that all the editors and editing of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were in the editorial rooms. The truth is that the advertising columns are just as carefully edited as the reading matter. The Advertising Manager would no more allow an unclean, or deceitful, or ugly advertisement to gain admittance to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD than would the Editor admit an improper story, or editorial, or illustration. The Advertising Department is just as fully controlled by a lofty spirit as the Editorial Department, and just as careful of what it sends into your family."

"This is really a revelation to me. I never thought of it that way."

"Just a moment; not only do we watch the quality of the advertisements themselves, but we make every effort to be sure of the honesty and reliability of the advertiser. We want to know that all claims and promises made to our readers will be made good. We even go so far as to *insure* our readers against loss from any misstatements or misdealings, and agree to refund any money so lost.

"This rule does not apply to advertisements of a financial nature, for the reason that, while we scrutinize advertisements of this class even more closely than all others, we expect our readers to exercise their own judgment when it comes to investing their savings. Furthermore, one single error on our part might mean a loss to so many of our readers that it would be absolutely impossible for us to make good the loss. We do not promise anything that we might not be able to perform."

"Say! I'm glad I came in. What you tell me makes me more than ever proud to be a subscriber for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

"By the way, you said something about the advertisements crowding out the reading matter, I believe."

"Yes, that did make me a little sore at first, but after what you have told me I am perfectly willing to sacrifice part of the reading space."

"That shows a generous spirit, but let me tell you just one thing more about our friend the advertiser. He *gives you more reading space* instead of taking any of your space away. With the advertiser's help we are

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BE YE STEADFAST

WHAT matters it though pleasures lure
When duty calls to serve?
A steadfast soul will stand secure
Nor from his purpose swerve.
The right with him shall be maintained
Until his good intent is gained.

What matter though the shadows fall
Across his onward way?
Though darkness hovers like a pall
To hide the light of day?
A steadfast soul—undaunted still—
Will seek to do the Father's will.

What matters it though chilling frost
Be felt on every hand?
He still will hope, all is not lost,
More firmly he will stand!
A steadfast soul still toils and strives,
He'll do his best for human lives.

What matters it though desert sands
Are stretching on before?
He'll forward go, if God commands,
As did the saints of yore.
The steadfast soul, unharmed by strife,
Shall wear at last a crown of life.

No pain, no pleasure, shall prevent
His onward, upward course,
His Father's will his chief intent,
His Father's wish its source.
The steadfast soul his goal shall gain;
His noble work is not in vain.

J. M. MORSE.

A Sermon a Mile Long

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR, head of the China Inland Mission, was a man whose heart and soul were to an unusual degree bound up in the principles in which he believed. He would countenance no compromise with evil. An illustration is found in an incident related by his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, at a memorial service in Shanghai. Among other instances showing his father's characteristics Dr. Taylor gave this story:

"We arrived in China with him on April 17 last, and at once proceeded up the Yangtse River to Hankow. From there we went by rail into Honan, with no plans made in advance, but just following God's leading. Two or three stations were visited, one requiring two half-days in a sedan chair. He was so weary at times that it seemed he could not keep his seat. At one station the residence was nearly two miles away from the worship hall. After resting on Saturday the question arose as to whether he would take a sedan chair there on the morrow. It seemed the only possible way for him to be present at the service.

"The question was put to him. He would not have the sedan (which is carried on the shoulders of four men), and so break the day of rest for others. He began the walk, starting an hour and a half before the time, managing to take a few steps and then resting upon a little chair which we carried. His progress could be only step by step, and then a rest. The country people gathered around and asked why we did not have a sedan. We explained God's wish that all should rest and worship on that day. Indeed, before we reached the place of worship we had preached a sermon more than a mile long."

Is not this also a sermon to many Christians who lightly regard the Fourth Commandment, and in many ways dishonor the Sabbath day?

REV. WALLACE S. FARIS.

Rooseveltian Epigrams

THE only way to achieve anything in religion, in business, in politics, is through co-operation.

The big man in this world must learn *humility*, if he is to do his work well. If he does not realize how small he is in comparison with the other men and women, he will not help the world to go on.

The work of any leader sinks into insignificance compared with the work of average citizens.

We are all on life's chessboard. In business, farming, politics, town or government we are all players. There is no one man, no, not the best player, who can dispense with one pawn.

3,000,000 STARVING IN CHINA

The Christian Herald Appeals for the Famine Orphans—An Opportunity for Service

WAND DRILL KINDERGARTEN SEWING CLASS

Scenes in an Orphanage Among Famine Waifs Supported by Christian Herald Readers

AFTER passing through a series of experiences such as no other country in modern history has undergone, China has again reached a point where she is entitled to the sympathy and the immediate assistance of the civilized world, in order to prevent a still greater calamity. Afflicted by floods, famine, and plague, her condition, even before the outbreak of the revolution, was one to awaken universal pity; but now it is immeasurably worse. At the present moment, according to the reports received from many reliable sources, including missionaries, there are not less than 3,000,000 Chinese facing actual starvation!

Mr. M. C. D. Jameson, a well-known engineer who was sent to China to devise a plan for preventing the devastating floods which annually resulted from the overflow of rivers, reports that the misery and distress which followed last year's famine have been "incredibly magnified and increased." He adds that if ever there was a time for Americans to relieve suffering, *"it is here and now in China."* This trouble is just beginning, and before the middle of May it will attain the proportions of a national tragedy. Without seed to plant or animals to plow, the people in several of the provinces will "simply have to lie down and die of sheer starvation." Even now, the land is full of beggars—all starving. Most of them a few years ago were thrifty farmers; now they are penniless and hopeless. Mr. Jameson says that the dead bodies of men, women and children are frequently found lying on the roads.

Our government at Washington has received full information and is taking steps looking to relief measures on a large scale, in conjunction with the Central Relief Committee at Shanghai. An influential committee has been organized in New York, with Bishop D. H. Greer (Protestant Episcopal) as chairman and leading representatives of other denominations and many prominent citizens as members, for the purpose of raising a large relief fund. The various foreign mission boards are also represented. A committee has been appointed to consult with President Taft regarding a plan of operations.

The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have been identified with relief work in many lands and who gave generous aid to China a year ago, are again invited to practical service in aid of suffering humanity. We are in receipt of letters from a number of missionaries in the Chinese field which present prevailing conditions in terms that cannot be misunderstood. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD takes this opportunity to make a special appeal in behalf of the Chinese famine orphans. There are at the present time nearly 2,000 of these waifs of the last famine in orphanages in different parts of China, who were provided for by the generosity of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Through the death of patrons and other causes, that provision in many cases has ceased, leaving several hundred orphans unprovided for.

Famine Waifs Need Our Help

The following touching plea in behalf of the little boys and girls in the Christian Herald orphanages is from the pen of one of the missionaries and is personally addressed to our readers, whose thoughtful and generous consideration it deserves. The writer is telling of the seven hundred famine waifs who are now without support, yet who cannot be dropped, especially at this terrible time in midwinter, and with war and famine raging. To drop them now would mean to send them out to death by starvation. He writes:

I am writing from the depth of my own heart, for I am one of those who were instrumental in opening one of the orphanages, into which we received seventy-five bright little boys about ten years of age.

But the funds are not sufficient; the number of orphans must now be cut down to 1,200, and so 700 children, who had been given over to the care of your representatives in China, must be turned out into a cold, hungry, homeless world, and the doors barred behind them. We do not believe you would permit such a cruel and inhuman thing. It would bring reproach on the good name of the American people just at the time when a new-born nation is looking to us for sympathy and help.

There is only one way to prevent it. That is: to send in the funds which will enable the work to be carried on. The managers are perfectly willing to forward for this purpose all that is sent to them, and surely you do not expect them to become personally responsible for a work which was undertaken on your behalf?

There is no kind of work done by any of the missionary organizations which presents such an unanswerable argument for the disinterested benevolence of genuine Christianity. This work not only puts a worthy emphasis on the importance of caring for the children of the poor of the land, but it promises also to provide the church of China with many useful servants. My last letter from the superintendent of the Compassion Orphanage at Ningpo (who by the way is himself a splendid type of consecrated young manhood) tells of ten or more of the lads going about in companies of two or three doing evangelistic work in the neighborhood. Summer before last, an epidemic visited the orphanage and some five or six of the lads succumbed to its attack. The testimony to a genuine trust in Jesus as their Saviour, which some of these lads gave, was truly beautiful and inspiring. It is a work that is tremendously worth while—this planting the seed of eternal truth in the rich soil of young hearts. And whoever becomes a participant in this splendid work may take as his own the word of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

J. E. SHOEMAKER,
Compassion Orphanage, Ningpo, China.

Food at Famine Prices

E. Christopherson, a missionary at Loging, South China, writes: "There is great suffering among the people on account of the lack of food. In this district the crop has been destroyed by drought and the price of rice is very high. Truly, God is visiting China and teaching her some hard lessons. Pray for us and for poor China!"

L. E. Jones, China Inland Mission, Sinchanghsien, Chehkiang, writes:

The troubles of China have entered into every detail of our life-work. In spite of the greatest possible unrest and fear of being revisited by outlaws, we have kept the schools together, and some of the children have given themselves to prayer as never before. "The Lord is my refuge," has a new meaning now for quite a few. A band of robbers, numbering several hundreds, visited our city. Their shots came whizzing over our buildings, and once we narrowly escaped. But "He covered our heads in the day of battle." I was very sorry to learn that you cannot keep up the support of as many orphans as in the past, and wonder what will become of those dropped. Another opportunity of proving that God is faithful. But why should America forfeit such grand service for God and China? Will the people who did so grandly in the past again lend a helping hand to China, for surely there never was greater need for training the children of this vast empire in the way they should go, than now. With thanks for the past and a plea for the future, I am, etc.

The Worst Famine in Fifteen Years

Rev. W. F. Junkin, of North Kiangsu, writes:

As far as I can judge, after a trip through the three districts, Suchien, Suining and Pichow, the famine this winter and next spring is going to be the worst, not only in these fifteen years, but the worst in the lives of any of the inhabitants. I think flour will be selling at 100 cash a catty before Chinese New Year.

Sad accounts have been received of the present condition of affairs in different parts of the country. At Sianfu in Shensi Province it is a story of bloodshed, murder, pillage and outrage. The foreigners fled, but too late to save some of their lives. Manchus were shot, sabered or burned wherever found. It is said that in one week twenty to thirty thousand of Manchus had been butchered or disappeared. There was a dreadful carnival of slaughter, looting, incendiarism, when the rebels entered Sian—an orgy which lasted three days and at which no sentiment of humanity was shown to the victims. Women and even children were cruelly butchered. Foreigners shared the general danger of those days of anarchy and massacre and a number are known to have perished, including two or three missionaries, several teachers and six boys and girls of the orphanage. In Hantcheong, in the southern part of the province, churches and Christian homes were burned, native Christians killed and missionaries compelled to fly. Brigandage followed the uprising.

What a Trained Nurse Saw

Miss Elizabeth Corriher, a trained nurse, writing from Kashing, says: "The question of famine help is again upon us and some feel that only Christians should have help; but then comes the humane side. It is not easy to eat while at your door numbers are starving.

"The revolutionists seem well organized, and there seems to be no secrecy as to their intentions—that they are to overthrow this dynasty. Several cities in the north have been taken and a new flag is flying. The flag is red, white and blue. They have issued a proclamation that no foreigner is to be touched, but they do not want any foreign power to interfere. Thursday night a boatload of wounded were brought—gunshot cases all ten of them—from a little skirmish just below here. Next day, a messenger came to tell one of our patients his grandfather had been bitten to death and his body torn to pieces. He was one of the wealthy gentry of the city. Another man was bitten to death also. This is a common way to kill a man. A mob jumps on him and bites him to death. Don't forget to pray for us and our work in these unsettled days."

Rev. E. C. Lobenstine writes from Shanghai: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S aid, especially last year, is most gratefully remembered, and did more than any other agency in securing relief. The need this year is worse than ever. China is passing through a flood of fire and blood. We plead with you to bear with China a little longer. We have faith to believe that there are better days ahead."

Send Your Gift for the Famine Waifs

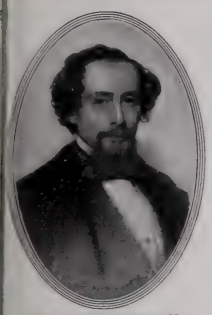
These extracts are taken from a few of the many letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. While all are pitiful in their tales of sorrow and suffering, the case of the little famine orphan waifs presses most heavily upon our hearts. We ask our readers to help us care for these helpless little ones. And we believe that in the great generous heart of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family our appeal will find a quick response.

The following contributions for our China Famine Orphan Fund have been received up to date:

E. O. Tryon	$2.00
Miss A. Taylor	1.00
Mr. Samuel M. Engle	2.00
Miss F. Wetmore	1.00
Mrs. M. T. Andrews	1.00
Mr. William N. Hamilton	5.00
Mary E. Horton	2.00
J. D. Williams	2.00
Mrs. Lippold	1.00
Mary R. Walker	1.00
Mr. John E. Parvely	10.00
Mrs. I. J. Steanne	2.00
Mrs. Amanda Smith	1.00
Mrs. George Gruetzmacher	1.00
Mrs. E. M. Buck	5.00
E. E. Hafenriechter	10.00
Mrs. George Watson	1.00
Mrs. E. J. MacArthur and Mrs. Mary E. McCormick	2.00
Mrs. C. O. Graves	5.00
Sarah E. Rosedale	10.00
Mary B. Gillespie	1.00
Cecil G. Osborn	1.00
Mrs. J. A. Goodnow	5.00
Mrs. L. H. Gietzen	1.50
Mrs. C. B. Randall	2.00
Anna A. Mains	1.00
C. H. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
Reader, White Cottage, O.	2.00
I. H. N., Lanark, Ills.	10.00
Two Readers, Peterboro, Ont., Can.	2.00
No Name, Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
No Name, Ypsilanti, Mich.	1.00
No Name, Oakland, Calif.	1.00

All contributions should be addressed: "CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."

Centenary of the Beloved Novelist



Charles Dickens When He Visited America

CHARLES DICKENS was born just a hundred years ago. Into the home of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office at Portsmouth, a baby was born on February 7, 1812. And two nations are vying with each other now to make his centenary notable.

It is probably not too much to say that Dickens has been more genuinely and more ardently loved by more people than any other novelist of any land or time. Men laughed with Thackeray and smarted under his keen satire, men and women admired George Eliot's skill, Charles Kingsley has his faithful and affectionate followers, Victor Hugo stirred France and fascinated other nations, Tolstoy was truly loved in Russia and sincerely liked and revered in other lands, Hawthorne aroused a nation's pride and made all the world praise his noble work, Kipling has won enthusiastic praise and a strong personal following—but Dickens has been loved by successive generations with an ardor which is entirely unique. Dean Stanley, delivering the eulogy at the novelist's funeral in Westminster Abbey, thus expressed his estimate of the world's affection for this gifted and hearty man of letters: "Of Charles Dickens I would rather say that no one was ever so much beloved or so much mourned."

Many a traveler to London finds the memories of Dickens and the atmosphere of his books more real and vivid than the history of the great city and the nation. Slipping into London on the train from Dover on a typically wet London day as the great pile of the Parliament buildings, the towers of Westminster and the dome of old St. Paul's become visible through the gray air, one is apt to think, not of the great statesmen and rulers and warriors and churchmen who have made the Empire, but rather of David Copperfield, struggling with shorthand and literature in the courts and in his chambers near the Strand, loving, winning and losing Dora, then coming back, after many years, to Dover and riding out through the frosty air to win the heart of Agnes at old Canterbury. One thinks of Micawber, of Steerforth, of dear old Traddles, of Mr. Peggotty hunting through the mazes of London streets for little Em'ly. Then one thinks suddenly of the stormy sea at Yarmouth, of the old house torn down by the wind, of Ham lying dead in the sand at Steerforth's side. Wandering about the London streets, one hopes to meet Sam Weller or his father, or Mr. Snodgrass, or perhaps even Mr. Jingle. One begins to pity Dick Swiveller again, shutting himself off, street by street, from all approaches to the Strand through his distressing habit of contracting debts in the shops along the various thoroughfares. One shudders at the thought of meeting Blandois, one looks out for shrinking Little Dorrit, one hopes to catch a glimpse of Captain Cuttle or Walter down where the ship-chandlers flourish. One goes, of course, to the Old Curiosity Shop and looks about for sign of Little Nell. If one takes a bus out of the city and walks along the river bank, one remembers Clennam, strolling thoughtfully out to Mr. Meagles' home, meeting "Pet" at the end of the avenue of trees and bidding her good-by, stooping to give the roses to the softly flowing water, then going on to the house to talk with his host and Mr. Doyce. Back in the city, crossing the damp streets, one thinks of little Jo, then suddenly of Lady Leicester clasping the bars of the cemetery gate, and one's fancy flies to the dark old manor house where "the rains were out in Lincolnshire."

Mr. Pickwick, Tom Pinch, the Cherryble Brothers, Martin Chuzzlewit, Bob Sawyer, Mark Tapley, Eugene Wrayburn, Lizzie Hexam, Jennie Wren, Esther Summerson, the Little Marchioness, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Wickfield, Mr. Boffin, how they haunt the streets and fields! This is the real England—the England of dashing stage coaches and resounding horns, of swinging lanterns at the inn-yard gate, of frosty fields, of Christmas cheer, of love and friendship and good hope that is not blind to the sorrow and the shame and the sin, but strives to put an end to these. Such is the England Dickens knew and made immortal.

But he wrote not for England, but for all the world. The human nature he knew was human nature everywhere, and the people to whom he gave life are friends and brothers of mankind. It is no wonder that such fire as he had is called the "divine fire." He made a world and peopled it, and his people are blessed with immortality.

It is impossible to estimate the effect of Dickens' work upon the social structure of the civilized world. At a time when nations were waking with a new sense of freedom, when people were realizing that the real power of society lies not in gold nor crowns nor books, but in men and women and little children, Dickens made his vivid, kindly, often humorous, and sometimes grotesque interpretation of humanity, and showed again the worth of every human soul. The citizens of France had not yet completed the overthrow of oppressive royalty; America was taking its early steps in the long journey of freedom; the men of England had still in their minds the memory of the barons' victories over King John, and Cromwell's vanquishment of tyrannous King Charles, but there were more victories to be won for the workers and the children and the countless legions of the lowly. In France a great skeptic and fanatic dreamers and frenzied mobs had led the way toward true democracy; in England the Wesleyan revival had stirred the nation's conscience towards God and humanity, and sturdy statesmen had planned for laws which would protect and uplift the people; in America Franklin and Jefferson had prepared the way for Lincoln and for later leaders of social reform. And on this stage where the drama of social freedom, social justice, and social kindness was being enacted, Charles Dickens came, with his tender heart, his restless mind, and his magic pen, and he added to the characters of flesh and blood a host of spirit lives who made men see the real values of life, and led them to hasten the day when oppression and injustice shall perish, the day when—as that other dreamer hoped who sang instead of telling tales—

> Man to man the world o'er
> Shall brothers be—and a' that.

It is of course impossible to calculate with anything like accuracy the relation of a nation's literature to its laws, but history must always concede to Charles Dickens a large part in the social quickening of Great Britain and of America, which led to greater concern for the unfortunate and to legislation which made for society a more just and consequently a more solid foundation. Other items beside the cleansing and later the abolishment of the debtors' prisons will be accredited to him when the whole story is told of the ultimate triumph of social kindness.

Charles Dickens as a Young Novelist

The hundredth anniversary of the novelist's birth began in New York with a centenary banquet at Delmonico's on February 6, at which notable men and women were given the honor of expressing their appreciation of his character and work, among them F. Hopkinson Smith, Dr. William T. Manning, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, Miss Agnes Repplier, William Bayard Hale, and Edwin Markham. Forty-four years ago, shortly before Mr. Dickens' return to England from his second American trip, he was given a dinner at the Delmonico's of that early time on this same evening, February 6. The resentment felt against him for his previous criticisms of American life and character had given place to a cordial appreciation of the author's work and a great personal fondness for him as a man, an artist and a friend. The chief function of the centenary celebration is to be a great meeting at Carnegie Hall on the evening of February 7, at which Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie will preside, and Dr. Henry Van Dyke and others will speak. Ex-President Roosevelt, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. J. P. Morgan and many other people of prominence are members of the Dickens Centenary Committee, which has been acting in connection with the Dickens Fellowship, the Civic Forum, and the League for Political Education in completing arrangements for the anniversary.

The question of Dickens' religious life and teachings is of perennial interest to Christian people. He was essentially a conservative in religion, liking the quiet, stately ways of the old Church of England, rejoicing alike in the services and chimes of its great cathedrals, and the dim, still atmosphere of the little rural churches where shy young couples were wed, where infants were christened, whence the dead were buried. Here is one of his many confessions of faith:

"Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall I came to the village, and the churchyard where the dead had been quietly buried, 'in the sure and certain hope' which Christmas-time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them! No garden that I passed was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden, and that 'she, supposing Him to be the gardener,' had said, 'Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.' In time, the distant river with the ships came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen mending their nets, who arose and followed him—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore, by reason of the multitude—of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen him might fall as they passed?"

The Old Shop in Portsmouth Street Where Little Nell Lived With Her Grandfather

The Temple Where Tom Pinch Worked for a Mysterious Employer

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The Suffering in China

THERE is no sadder picture presented to the world to-day than that which is described in the missionary letters from China, which we print in this issue. To famine, flood and plague have been added the horrors of war, and we are not surprised to learn that millions of the people, ruined by this succession of misfortunes, have now reached the last extremity and are face to face with starvation. In the relief movement begun on a large scale in our own land there is much hope. America will respond with its usual generous promptness, and with all the agencies of helpfulness at work, many thousands of precious lives will doubtless be saved.

There is one aspect in the Chinese situation which appeals with more directness than any other to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is the sad condition of the famine children in the orphanages. Some two thousand of these little waifs for several years past have been supported through the generosity of our readers; but now, through the deaths of patrons and other circumstances which could not be foreseen, many of them are left totally unprovided for. This, happening in the midst of so many calamities, constitutes a very sad problem for the missionaries. Our hearts thrill as we read of the perils which the devoted workers are facing, in their efforts to protect their little charges during these days of danger. They deserve the most loyal and generous support our readers can give and we confidently appeal in their behalf. Let us assure the welfare of the helpless little famine waifs, who are friendless save for the missionaries, and homeless but for their sheltering care. There are several hundred of them who need to be provided for at once. If every reader of this journal who has the welfare of the orphan children of China at heart will come to their rescue *now*, a great blessing will result!

We do not believe that the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, which has done so much for China in the past, will turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the orphan children. They were placed in the orphanages by the missionaries, who look to us confidently to uphold their hands in this time of trial. Not one orphan child should suffer through our neglect. All must be assured of food, shelter and protection. We plead their cause In His Name who loved the little children. Every gift, no matter how small, which you may send will be applied to their support, and will be a means of joy and comfort to the missionaries who are risking their lives for these little ones. For the honor of Christian America let it not be said that a single child in any orphanage throughout China suffered. Send in your gifts *to-day* to the China Famine Orphan Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

Our Princely Visitors

THE American populace is a delightfully inconsistent aggregation. We profess to disdain all pretension to royalty, yet when a royal visitor arrives we never take second rank as enthusiastic welcomers and entertainers.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, accompanied by the Duchess, and their daughter, Princess Patricia, have just been making an unofficial journey to this country, paying a visit to their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of New York, with whom they became acquainted when Mr. Reid was the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

Everybody was glad to see them. And everybody who did not see them wishes he had. There will be some anxious-eyed, quaking citizens who will see in this popular interest in royalty another perilous sign of a growing desire on the part of the American people for a royal family of its own. They fear that America will repeat the ancient folly of Israel and beg its prophets to anoint a king. They foresee the dreadful time when the Montreal papers will be announcing, under-shouting headlines, the arrival of the reigning king of the United States, with queen and royal princesses and stalwart princes of the blood.

We may laugh at such fancies without lessening our respect for the ancient and noble institutions of the great Empire which is our mother. Queen Victoria was loved here in life, and mourned in death; the late King Edward was prayed for here as well as at home during the alarming illness preceding his coronation, was hailed on his ascension to the throne and honestly mourned when he died. With the young King George we have hardly become acquainted, but we are going to like him and shall be glad to give him a royal welcome if he can find it possible to visit us. And we are glad to have Queen Victoria's son come with his family to see our big city and meet our handsome ladies and gallant men. We are proud to see him, with his hand at the lever, running a railway train out of the Pennsylvania terminal station on his way to see our President and survey our capital. We are pleased that all our social leaders and government functionaries appeared so well at ease in doing him honor. We hope he will like the United States, and that he will help our Big Sister of the Snows to work with us in making North America not only a continent of wealth and power but a land of real freedom, of true justice, of pure worship and of widespread kindness.

A Year of Church Progress

THAT the year lately closed has been one of substantial progress among the various Protestant denominations in the United States is shown by the latest report of Dr. H. K. Carroll, who was in charge of the government census on religions. Dr. Carroll in an article in the New York *Christian Advocate* reviews the present standing of the various denominations and gives statistics which show that during 1911 the aggregate increase in membership has been 600,000 and in the number of churches 2,800. The following figures state the growth of the leading denominations:

Denomination	New Churches	New Communicants
Adventists	11	118
Baptists	121	31,428
Brethren (Dunkards)	28	830
Catholics, Eastern Orthodox.	*no report*	39,000
" Western	240	131,565
New Jerusalem	6	76
Congregationalists	*no report*	6,000
Christian Scientists	202	*no report*
Evangelical bodies	(decrease) 20	1,509
Friends	70 (decrease)	922
Lutherans	519	46,411
Scandinavian Evangelical	421	10,500
Pentecostal	42	501
Methodists	394	204,289
Presbyterians	255	23,416
Protestant Episcopal	49	18,540
Reformed	38	3,748
Salvationists	(decrease) 44	449
Spiritualists	500	50,000
United Brethren	(decrease) 40	8,515
Unitarians	10	*no gain*
Universalists	5	898

Dr. Carroll notes that the total net increase is less than one and seven-tenths per cent. No statement as to the increase or decrease of the Christian Scientists was furnished and this is true of several other minor bodies. Lutheran churches are shown to be gaining rapidly in organization, equipment, and numbers. The figures, though by no means as complete as could be wished, are instructive as showing the material vitality of the different denominations.

Bacon's Theology

FRANCIS BACON, statesman, philosopher, theologian and confessed corruptionist, was one of the most brilliant figures in English history. His system of philosophy had a distinct influence upon the thought and feeling of his age, and his pronounced literary ability gave to that system a vogue which even yet holds attractions for many students. In theology, however, while he was a firm believer in the divine revelation, his studies were for the most part superficial and tended towards materialism and rationalism. The attempt to prove that he wrote the plays of Shakespeare, though insistently maintained by a small faction of his admirers, has never been seriously considered. Now comes the intelligence that the same group of Baconians have put forth the claim that Lord Bacon was the final revisionist of the Authorized Version of the Bible in the reign of King James, and that his facile pen gave to it that finished grace of diction and charm of style which have been the admiration of Bible readers for three centuries. Specifically, the claim is put forth that after the revisionists completed the Bible, the result of their labors was entrusted to the king, and that for nearly three years Francis Bacon then solicitor-general for the crown, and immersed in court politics and intrigues, was occupied in editing and revising the manuscript before it went to the printers.

To those who know the history of the Authorized Version, the absurdity of this claim of Baconian authorship is at once apparent. The task was entrusted to a large body of the most learned men in the two leading universities, Oxford and Cambridge; the real work began in 1607, was completed in 1610 and revised the same year, the revision occupying nine months. Forty-seven eminent scholars shared in the translation. Each of the six great companies of workers passed its finished task on to the others "to be considered seriously and judiciously." Thus the whole Bible underwent at least six different revisions by the most learned men of that age. Within a year after its completion, the Bible was printed in Gothic letters by "R. Barker of London," published in folio, with the royal approval, and issued to the churches. The first copy was presented to the king himself. To assume that it was given over to Lord Bacon or to any one else for subsequent revision, is so obviously absurd that the very claim carries its own counter-evidence and reputation. All the historical facts concerning the Authorized Version are well known and absolutely authenticated, so that the Baconian revision theory must simply be set down as a silly literary conjecture.

Telegraphs and Telephones

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK'S declaration in favor of government ownership and operation of the telegraphs has already borne fruit. Representative W. J. Carey of Wisconsin has introduced a bill in the House which provides on an elaborate scale for the purchase and operation of the lines. This is only one of several measures which may be expected on the subject during the present session. The Carey bill provides for putting the whole system under the supervision of the Postmaster-General, with a Commission of Telegraphs in immediate charge, the cost of the lines to be covered by an issue of bonds.

It is a rather notable coincidence that, simultaneously with the presentation of this scheme in Congress, the government of Great Britain assumed ownership and control of the gigantic business and assets of the British National Telephone Company, including practically the employment of its entire staff of 18,000 persons, one-third of them women, who are now under civil service rules. Arrangements for this wholesale transfer occupied one year and the change was accomplished without the slightest interruption to business. It included the transference of 1,600 exchanges, 560,000 telephone stations, 600,000 subscribers, and 1,253,890 miles of telephone wires. This is a pretty good record for an invention which less than half a century ago was regarded merely as a "scientific toy."

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Visit of Duke of Connaught

THE first visit of British royalty in many years to this country was made by the Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada and uncle of the King of England and the Emperor of Germany, the Duchess of Connaught and their daughter, the Princess Patricia, who were the guests of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in New York. The royal visitors reached New York from Ottawa on Monday morning, January 22, and remained until Friday of the same week. There was a round of luncheons, dinners, and receptions of the most brilliant character. Some of them rivaled the splendor of king's palaces. On the first day the royal party displayed good sense and taste in visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art. They were greatly pleased with the new Egyptian Hall, with its ten rooms full of priceless antiquities. There they beheld the likeness of Artenesia, a princess of two thousand years ago. A painted portrait of her is attached to the costly gold-leaf casket which contains her mummy, one of the best preserved and most valuable in the Egyptian collection. The visitors were deeply impressed with Van Dyck's life-size portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, a distant relative of theirs. The Duke went to Washington on Thursday to call on President Taft, and, accompanied by Ambassador James Bryce, he was received at the White House in the afternoon, and at night dined with the British Ambassador. This is the Duke's second visit to America. The first was when he visited New York as Prince Arthur forty-four years ago. He entered the army as a mere boy, and since that time has been connected with every arm of the service as an infantry officer, a gunner, a sapper, a cavalryman, and a guardsman. He fought in the Soudan. He was major general in India for six years, three years of the time in command of the army of Bombay. The Duchess, who accompanies the Duke, is the daughter of one of the most celebrated military leaders of the nineteenth century, the late Prince Frederick Charles of Germany, to whose army Marshal Bazaine surrendered Metz with thirty generals, 10,000 officers, and 200,000 men. The Duke and Duchess have three children, a son, who is a soldier and diplomat, and two daughters—Princess Margaret, married to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and Princess Patricia, born on St. Patrick's Day, who accompanied them on their visit. Princess Patricia is twenty-five, very brilliant and singularly popular. The circumstances of her birth and her name, as well as her democratic spirit, have made her an idol of the Irish people. It is reported that she declined offers of marriage by King Alfonso of Spain, Manuel, lately King of Portugal, the Crown Prince of Germany, and other royal personages. The royal visitors were worthy of the splendid reception they received, not only because the Duke is the son of Queen Victoria, the duchess the daughter of one of the greatest generals, and the princess a woman charming and popular, but because they have the real royalty of ability, character and service. Their visit will be another cord of love to bind the United States more closely to Canada and to the mother country. The preservation of dignity and authority among princes in Israel is thus referred to:

So shall not the inheritance of the children of Israel remove from tribe to tribe: for every one of the children of Israel shall keep himself to the inheritance of the tribe of his fathers. (Num. 36:7.)

H. R. H. the Princess Patricia

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H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and Ambassador Whitelaw Reid Leaving Mr. Reid's Residence

H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught

Advice in Securing Riches

Frederick Weyerhauser, the St. Paul multimillionaire, was interviewed the other day at Pasadena, Calif., and gave the following rules on how to get rich: "Make up your mind to work at something really worthy of work and work hard. The surest way to make money is to save money and to use what you have. Don't be afraid of long hours or constant attention to your work. Work can be made a joy, an economy, a pleasure, if you combine an object worth while with the determined ambition to win. Any young man can get rich, can succeed, if he saves, if he has a definite and honest purpose and is so filled with the purpose that work ceases to be a hardship and becomes a privilege." This advice is splendid and can be followed to advantage by many a young man anxious to make a financial success of life. But it must not be forgotten that many who undertake business for themselves fail. After the young man has done all the millionaire has advised, there will then be enough unforeseen unfriendly circumstances, enough things for which he is not responsible; enough competitors a little smarter and more industrious than he, and it will be the few, not the multitude, that will get rich. What of that? Getting rich and success are not synonymous terms. Besides the advice the rich man gave, there should be added reliance upon divine wisdom and power, which is so potential a factor in even purely earthly success. The relation of piety to earthly prosperity was taught in the earlier history of the race:

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man. (Gen. 39:2.)

Devotion to Mother Rewarded

As a reward for years of devotion to a sick mother comes a bequest of $75,000 to Mrs. Harriet Hall of New York City from an old great-uncle in Glasgow. Years ago, when Mrs. Hall was a little girl, her great-uncle visited her parents in Syracuse, N. Y. The mother was ill, and though there were eleven children in the family little Harriet seemed to consider herself the guardian, companion and nurse of her mother. The beautiful picture of the child's devotion to her mother attracted the notice and affection of the Scotch uncle, who, dying childless, left Harriet his fortune. When asked what she intended to do with the fortune, she said: "First of all, I am going to see that my mother has every comfort possible for her declining years. Then when the time comes that mother no longer needs me I am going to see something of the world. In doing that I shall live over again the scenes that my mother knew. She was born in France. My father was an artist in Glasgow years ago, and of course I shall some time visit the places he knew and loved." While there is some neglect of parents severely to be condemned, the rule in America is, revere and love, and treat with tenderest care, father or mother in health, and especially in sickness. Mrs. Hall did not expect the fortune as a reward, yet it came to her. Reverence for parents, which Mrs. Hall manifested, had a promise of an especial reward.

Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee: that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. (Deut. 5:16.)

German Boys Fought Duel

Two German schoolboys only seventeen years of age fell in love with the same girl, aged thirteen, and consequently fell out of love with each other. The jealousy and hate burned to such a blaze that they had recourse to the "code of honor" to settle their dispute. So on a cold day in January they went to a forest outside Detmold, and at daylight they settled the matter with arms. They fought the duel with pistols at fifteen paces, in accordance with the most approved regulations governing such affairs in the best German society. At the first exchange of shots one of the boys fell dangerously wounded in the chest. The other was not hit. This was the second duel of the kind between schoolboys during the same month in the same neighborhood. This is a shocking relic of barbarism, and the strong arm of the strong German law should put a stop to it once for all. The victor, instead of being looked upon with honor, should be put in a cell for a long term for the purpose of meditation. Grown-up boys do not do much better. They quarrel and fight over their loves for people or money or fame, often using weapons upon each other, and the papers and courts reveal the tragedy. And nations do worse than the boys; they often fight and shoot each other for little or no reason. The overt act sheds the blood but it is the hate in the heart that prompts it. The boys and the older people they imitate were murderers in heart before they took in their hands the weapons of steel.

Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer. (I. John 3:15.)

Railroad Officials Killed

On the morning of January 22, there was a fearful wreck on the Illinois Central Railroad at Kinmundy, Ill., in which were killed James T. Harahan, until recently president of the Illinois Central, Frank O. Melcher, second vice-president of the Rock Island, E. B. Pierce, general counsel of the Rock Island, and Eldridge E. Wright, vice-president of the Rock Island Bridge Company, and son of Luke E. Wright, formerly Governor of the Philippines and Secretary of War. The New Orleans express was standing on the track somewhat behind time when the Panama Limited came crashing along the same track at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The engine of the limited ran into the rear car of the express and half way through the private car in which these unfortunate officials were asleep. The men were fearfully mangled. Mr. Harahan was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1843. He worked his way up from a peanut vender on the train to the presidency of the Illinois Railroad system, which E. H. Harriman took away from Stuyvesant Fish and gave to him. A few months ago he was retired by the company on a pension. On Thanksgiving Day, 1906, the Southern Railway killed its president in a rear-end collision. The Illinois Central now kills its former president and other officials in the same manner, and the criminal recklessness of human life in the operation of our American railroads is bitterly criticized. During the year of Spencer's death in 1907 fatal accidents to passengers in this country reached the maximum of 610. The number of passengers killed fell in 1908 to 381, in 1909 to 253, and rose again in 1910 to 421, of whom 217 lost their lives in train accidents. In 1911, 356 passengers were killed, 142 in train accidents. The British railroads killed but 23 passengers in train wrecks in 1910, and while in 1908 102 passengers lost their lives on British railways and in 1909 83 from all kinds of accidents, it is claimed that but one was killed in two years in train wrecks. This fearful massacre should wake the States and nation up to immediate action and reform. There must be some heavy penalties for those responsible for these murders. Some long or even life sentences would be salutary. The running down of Italian laborers on the tracks does not arouse the country as it should. Maybe the killing of presidents of the roads will bring the public to its senses and duty. This responsibility for careless killing was punished by death in the Mosaic law.

If the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to its owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death. (Ex. 21:29.)

DEACONESS WORK IN AMERICA

A FINE FIELD FOR WOMANLY ENDEAVOR

THERE are tens of thousands of women in America to-day who might give a few years of their lives to some direct religious work, and so not only do much that is waiting to be done, but also be the better and broader for it in their own personal character." Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, founder of the Methodist Deaconess work and secretary of its Deaconess Association, writes these words to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sending the photographs of a number of young women who entered the work last year.

There are hungry people to be fed, sick people to be tended, lonely people to be cheered, sad people to be comforted, bad people to be helped to holiness. All these and other tasks are attempted and wrought by the noble band of women called deaconesses.

The office of deaconess in the church dates from the beginning of Christianity. The Lutherans, led by Dr. Fliedner, of Kaiserworth, were the pioneers of the modern movement, which has recognized the ancient order and given it new vitality and scope. He established an institution for deaconesses as early as 1836, and the movement was communicated to the Lutherans in America, who began the work on this continent some years later. The Episcopalians have long emphasized the value of women's work in the church and have various orders and groups of women workers. But the Methodists of America have done more than the other denominations to make the order of deaconesses prominent and to organize and promote its work. The General Conference of 1888 recognized the deaconess as an official of the church and provided for her formal consecration.

A few years before this Mrs. Meyer had established the Chicago Training School for City, Home and Foreign Missions. From the beginning the movement has grown among the Methodists, until there are now over one hundred deaconesses' homes and training schools in the United States under the direction of that denomination. Homes have also been established in several cities of India. The Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and other denominations also conduct training centers for deaconesses and direct their work.

Mr. James N. Gamble, of Cincinnati, a prominent Christian layman, is the president of the Methodist Deaconess Association, of which Mrs. Meyer is the secretary. There are now four hundred and forty-seven workers in the association. On this page are the photographs of twenty-eight of the women who took up the task of Methodist deaconess ministry in 1911.

The deaconess movement is abreast of the times. Young women feel nowadays that they are not getting the most out of life by sitting still and merely "being ladies." There has been a serious economic waste in the policy that brought a young woman home from boarding school or college and placed her in her father's house with no definite claim upon her time and abilities. The deaconess movement offers a fine medium for connecting these strong, clean lives with the needs of a waiting world. The call for new workers is constantly going forth. Mrs. Meyer writes: "More women still are urgently needed—visitors, nurses, workers with children, evangelists, stenographers, teachers, field-workers, singers." It is a happy life. She hopes that many young women, studying the bright faces of the brave, consecrated women whose photographs are given here, will ask earnestly: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Mrs. Meyer will be glad to answer any communications about the work addressed to her office at 4949 Indiana Avenue, Chicago.

Among the Workers at Home and Abroad

—COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER, of the Salvation Army in India, writes that the Army has been awarded the gold medal for its exhibit at the Mysore Silk Exhibition. The Army missions are making a fine record in their silk weaving industries.

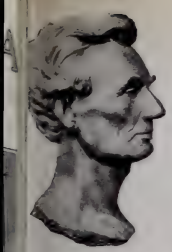
—EVANGELIST DAN SHANNON, of Grand Rapids, Mich., recently held a series of meetings at Clovis, Calif. Special trains came from Madera, Selma and Sanger, near by towns in the San Joaquin valley. Among his converts are quite a number of Catholics.

—EVANGELIST NICOLAS ZAMORA writes that the Evangelical Methodist Church in the Philippines has work at present in the provinces of Manila, Cavite, Bataan, La Laguna, Rizal, Bulacan, Nueva Encija, Pangasanan, Albay and Cagayan. The church has ten ordained ministers; four not ordained; 175 preachers; and 12,000 members.

—DR. W. H. FORSYTHE, Louisville, Ky., writes: "God willing, please open THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S doors and receive subscriptions again for the suffering in China now. I inclose a little for China ($10). Many will give, I believe, if only given an opportunity." All contributions for China will be forwarded to the missionaries.

—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in receipt of an interesting letter from Mr. George Washington Laurence, of Seguin, Wash., telling of his trip to Seattle at the time of the Gipsy Smith evangelistic meetings in November. He writes that in one afternoon 1,150 school children made the decision for Christ. At the men's meeting, when the request was made for those who loved God to stand, 6,000 men rose to signify their loyalty to him. Altogether 4,500 conversions were reported—a glorious work!

—SELDOM IS A FINER story told than the simple story of the life and work of the Rev. John Fleming Cowan, D.D., pastor for fifty years of the Presbyterian Church at Auxvasse, Mo. He was born in 1837, studied theology with his father, also a Presbyterian clergyman, was graduated from Westminster College and from Princeton Theological Seminary, returned to the West and accepted, at the age of twenty-four, the call to the Auxvasse Church. And now, after fifty years, he is its pastor still. He has preached to his congregation 2,500 times, besides numerous sermons preached elsewhere. Since 1888 he has resided at Fulton, Mo., where he is professor of modern languages in Westminster College, but his educational work has not interfered with his pastorates, and he still keeps the church he cared for a half century ago. His parishioners in Calloway County held a two-day celebration recently commemorating this fiftieth year of his pastorate.



THE SAVING OF BILLY

A Lincoln Story Never Before Published

By WAYNE WHIPPLE, Author of "The Story-Life of Lincoln"

LAWYER LINCOLN was in a quandary. It was the ever present question, "How much?" On one side stood his honest charity; on the other was arrayed his family. His little wife had been reminding him again that the boys were growing up and would have to be educated. They ought to have the chance that had been denied him by stern fate and by his father. Yet with all his want of knowledge and advantages he had been elected once to Congress.

"She says I'm always saying 'Give the boys a chance'—then why not my own boys as well as that Bill Herndon? What if one of our boys, with his mother's wit and 'know-how'—and her big ambition, too—should get to be President of the United States! Then she'd be mistress of the White House after all." He laughed sadly at the very idea. "The son of poor, awkward, ignorant 'Abe' Lincoln, the backwoods roustabout—that never had a chance in the world—a President! Well, why not? Stranger things have happened. This is a free country. Which one of the boys could do it? Poor little Tad! Bless him—he couldn't—handicapped from birth. Strange folks don't understand him! Willie?—he's altogether too fine—too good! And Bob?—he don't care a continental whether school keeps or not. His mother would have a hard time making a President of Bob. Too independent!

"Mary's chances for the White House look pretty slim! She's too ambitious—for her own comfort—and mine. She's like the child crying for the moon. Says I'm the one that's got to gratify that whim o' hers! Ridiculous!" He laughed again. "Don't the women get the queerest ideas into their heads? Can't help it, I reckon. 'Tis their nature to."

He started up and glanced around the dingy, dusty office. Everything grated on his present mood. He had the habit of thinking aloud—in the tone of one long accustomed to being alone. "I do think Billy might plow out here once in a while; he never gives it a 'lick and a promise' even. But I suppose if he should slick up, it would be like that time Mary raised the roof a half-story while I was out on the Circuit. I'd think I'd got into the wrong pew. I wouldn't know the place."

He began to paw among the papers on the old secretary-desk with such vehemence that a piece fell down from the broken pane in one of the glass doors. "Oyez, oyez, oyez," he called forth with the monotone of a court crier, "Strout *versus* Anderson, come out of your hole if you're within the sound of my voice, and enter your appearance, or I'll have you up for contempt. I wish Billy'd keep track of the calendar at least. When it comes to law and order he's even worse than I am. That's saying considerable, I'll admit. But what I can't carry in my hat I manage to keep in my head."

His head just then was in the cloud of dust he had raised, so he stopped pawing and slumped back into the wooden armchair, coughing.

"Poor old Billy! Maybe I'm—too—har—hard on him. He—he's—hav—having his struggle—too—hoo—hoo!" and he gave way to a paroxysm of compunctions and coughing. "He promised last time that he'd never touch it again. It must be terrible—that appetite and the constant temptation. I wish that Hogan and his rum-hole were in—the place where they hail from. Whenever Billy comes up missing like this, it worries me. Didn't expect me back so soon. Thought I wouldn't know. Poor Billy!"

Mr. Lincoln heard footsteps out in the hall. "There comes Billy now!" and he rose and stood with a long arm outstretched and a broad smile of welcome on his face. "I was too suspicious—why, hello, Clarke! I thought 'twas Billy Herndon—my partner, you know. I just got home from Bloomington late last night. I suppose you got my little remittance from there."

"Big remittance, you mean, Mr. Lincoln. Why, it's like picking up a thousand in the gutter. How on earth did you manage it—without a suit or anything?"

"Well, I was strolling along on the sidewalk, thinking about nothing in partickler and everything in general, when who should I see looming up ahead but our old friend Smithson. I skipped across and kept my eye on him from the other side. Before long he turned in. He had a shingle out—but the name on it was 'Smith' without the 'son.' I could see he was making himself to home there, so I jest skips round to my friend Green, the constable. As quick as that"—Mr. Lincoln snapped his long fingers—"I decided not to get out a summons for him—not at first, anyway. I jest told Green I had a man I wanted him to meet. He thought 'twas some one I wanted shadowed—and arrested some time, perhaps. I thought Smithson would be likely to know the constable by sight.

"My little scheme worked like it was greased. When Smithson saw us coming in he turned red as a beet, then white as a sheet. His eyes went this way and that, and if there'd been a winder open, he'd ha' dove out of it sure as preachin'. But I sings out, assuringly, 'Hello, Smith,' says I, calling him by his *alias*. 'Jest dropped in to extend my condolences for your loss,' says I.

"'My loss,' says he, 'what—'

"'Yes,' says I with a meaning grin, 'I see you've lost your "son."'

"In a second he saw what I was driving at and he says as quick as scat, 'Yes, so I have! Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, thank you,' so cheerfully that Green he stood and stared at the pair of us. Then I introduced my friend Green to my friend 'Smith,' and Smithson began to turn all the colors of the rainbow again. But I gave Green the wink to vamoose, and asked him if he'd be in for an hour or so, as I was coming to see him on particklar business. As soon as he went, I says to Smithson, 'Get rid of that young feller somehow, for I want to speak with you privately.' He was that flabbergasted he told the clerk he'd 'better go to dinner now'—when 'twasn't much after nine o'clock! The young man stared, and opened his mouth—but he decided not to ask any questions. He seemed to sense it that something was up. As soon as he'd gone I asked Smithson what he meant by leaving Springfield between two days, and sailing under a false name, and all that. I told him I had a good deal of information of deep if not painful interest to him. Was he prepared to get bail? Would he take the chances of a suit, with disagreeable consequences, or was he willing to settle up your claim right away?

"He asked the amount of the claim. I told him that with interest it came to over eleven hundred dollars, but we would accept a thousand if collected without delay or expense. He looked relieved and said he had about that much in the bank. His hand shook so he could hardly write the check. I had him draw it to my order and I endorsed it. He shut up shop and went along to identify me, though they knew me well enough at his bank, but it was coming so easy I was afraid he'd slip through my fingers yet. Then I walked back with him, and there, alone in his office, I talked to him like a Dutch uncle. I think he soon got the impression *somehow* that he couldn't go round swindling people right and left without getting come up with. I showed him how we were doing him a great kindness in not exposing him, jest to let him draw out gracefully. I told him if I heard of his playing another underhanded trick, I'd turn all the constables loose on him and he would end his days in some cool, quiet retreat. He broke down, and gave me his hand and word that he would walk straight as a die hereafter. I wish I was sure he would, but I'm afraid of deathbed repentances. I made that collection and gave him all that free advice before his clerk got back from dinner!"

"That was quick work, Mr. Lincoln. You remember we agreed to go halves on this."

"Did we, though? I recollect that *you* said we'd go halves, but you also said I could have all I could get out of that rapscallion. Have you brought it all over for me?"

"No. I knew you wouldn't take it all. You said you weren't a highwayman. But I *did* bring half."

"Well, I'm not a *half*-highwayman either. I don't do things by halves. 'Whole hog or none,' you see. Clarke, I'll tell you jest what I will do. Give me ten per cent. of the collection and we'll call it square. That's liberal for you and more than I've earned, for I was there on other business and happened to run across our man, so I didn't have to bring suit or make costs or anything."

"That's just it, Mr. Lincoln. You collected the whole amount without involving us in costs and expenses, and you should have the benefit of it. Please be reasonable. If you won't accept half, take two hundred and fifty. Twenty-five per cent. isn't a big commission for a risky collection like that. If we hadn't got any of it you would be the last man to charge anything. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

"No, Clarke, I'm sorry I can't see it that way, but I can't. Right's right, and wrong's wrong. It's awfully liberal and kind of you, but a hundred's all I can take. I don't believe in riding a free horse to death. If you want to, you might send Josh Green, Constable, Bloomington, Illinois, five dollars for the service he did us—to make up for the summons he didn't get to serve."

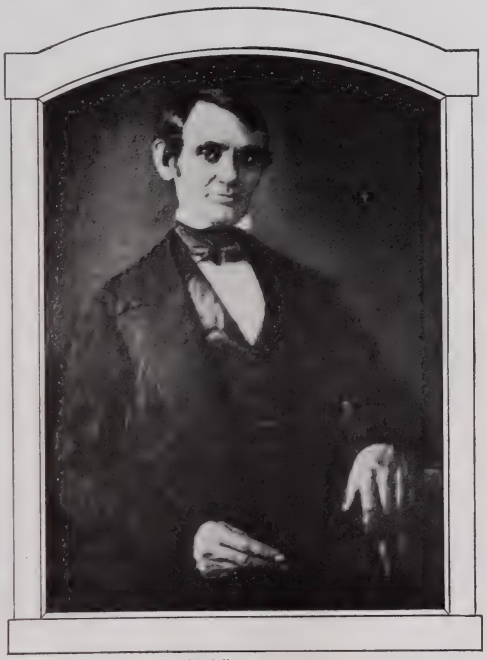
"All right, Mr. Lincoln, I'll make a mem. right away and we'll take care of Mr. Green. Now I'm going to tell you what we'll do! I won't pay you your hundred now, for you would consider the account closed. But as soon as I get back to the office, I will enter on our books $250 to the credit of Abraham Lincoln, as his commission on the Smithson collection. You're not a rich man, Mr. Lincoln, and you can't afford to throw away money like this. You'll need that two-fifty one of these days, and it will be there ready, on demand, for you and you only. I didn't think you were back, so I brought this cash over to hand to your Mr. Herndon in your absence. He would have accepted it, and then you would have *had* to take it."

"Clarke, you're mighty kind, and if I were in need I'd come to you as quick as anybody. But you can see that this is a business, not a charity transaction. A hundred dollars is ample for the service rendered. If it weren't for Herndon I wouldn't accept over twenty-five or fifty at most. I have no right to stand in his light. And the sooner you make up your mind to charge the rest off to profit and loss, the better for all parties concerned."

"Well, I'm sorry you can't see it in a different light. It seems funny, doesn't it, for a client to be pleading with his attorney to accept a larger commission?"

"Yes, and it's still funnier for a lawyer to refuse it," said Mr. Lincoln with a twinkle that showed that the humor of the situation was not lost on him. Mr. Clarke repeated that the money would lie idle till called for, and left Mr. Lincoln alone to his apprehensions about Billy.

Continued on page 138



From the collection of Americana of F. H. Meserve

Lincoln in 1848, From His Earliest Known Portrait

In the Footsteps of St. Paul

Continued from page 12

always been a place of importance in Grecian history, but the modern town is a dirty, uninteresting city of some 40,000 inhabitants, important commercially because of its fine harbor, but in no other way. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Patras, and tradition has it that he was crucified and buried there.

The traveler, bound for Corinth eighty miles distant, waits only for the first train that can take him out of Patras. It is indeed a charming ride that is before him. The little railway, with its diminutive cars, is little more than a steam tram whose express trains travel at the astonishing speed of some fifteen or sixteen miles an hour! But what is lacking in speed and comfort is more than made up by the beautiful scenery which meets the eye at every turn. This expression means more than in ordinary parlance, for the railway follows the sinuosities of the Gulf of Corinth, and the turns are many and rapid.

Now it skirts the shore so closely that one could throw a stone into the blue waters from the car window. Then it shoots inland for a few rods, only to be stopped by the impenetrable wall of the stern granite hills of the rocky Peloponnesus, when it turns to the shore again and is carried over causeways of stone that cross great gullies, and sometimes through rocky galleries that seem to be cut out of the overhanging mountain.

Yet the scene is not altogether one of forbidding mountains and fathomless gulfs, for there are stretches of fertile plains covered with vineyards, from which come the little grapes, called "currants" in commercial language, which form the chief article of Grecian commerce. It is an interesting fact that our English word "currant" is a corruption of Corinth, the city from which these little dried grapes were first exported.

We see from the car window also many olive trees, sometimes standing in orchards but more often singly, stretching their gnarled and distorted branches toward heaven, wherever on the rocky hillside they could find a little soil in which to plant their feet. Orange and lemon trees, too, abound, and figs and Indian corn testify to the semi-tropical character of the climate.

The people whom one sees from car windows and at the railway stations are not at all the heroic Greeks of the Iliad and Odyssey, but for the most part are dirty and ragged, with the exception of the soldiers, who are smart and fine enough, especially the officers in their elegant uniforms.

The country houses match the country people, and generally look as dirty and dilapidated as their inhabitants. Mostly built of adobe bricks, sometimes of stones daubed with mud, few contain more than two rooms each and most of them but one.

But children abound wherever there is a village or a single farmhouse. Bright, attractive, black-eyed, black-haired boys and girls they are, giving hope for the future of Greece if only she can have a few more generations of peace and comparative prosperity under a just and progressive government, such as the last generation has given her.

There is but one place of any size between Patras and Corinth, the town of Ægion, and as the town lies back from the railway, the only impression the traveler gets is of some great sheds stored with currants waiting for shipment, and a throng of frowsy peasants waiting to crowd into the third-class cars.

But though man, as in most countries of the Near East, is somewhat vile in his outward appearance, yet every prospect pleases. Through more vineyards and orange groves, past tall cypress trees and pine forests we ride, now cutting our way under the beetling brow of an overhanging mountain, then again skirting the very edge of the Gulf, until after some five hours of such an enchanting journey a great conical hill rises before us out of the center of an elevated plateau. The train circles around this hill, though at some distance from it, slows up, comes to a halt, and the conductor calls out, "Korinthos."

A Group of Greek Peasant Children of To-day

We are at last in this world-famous city. Here for three thousand years men have lived and loved, have worked and traded and fought. Twenty-five hundred years ago Corinth was at the zenith of her power. Since then her star has often waned and waxed. She has fought many battles, conquered and been conquered in turn. The Greeks of various provinces, the Romans, the Sicilians, the Turks, the Venetians, and again the Turks, have been her masters. Now again she is ruled by her own chosen king, though she has not yet recovered from the last hundred years of Turkish rule which she endured.

After all these triumphs and vicissitudes she to-day has scarcely the shadow of a shade of her ancient glory. A poor little Greek village of a few score of inhabitants occupies the site of the once magnificent and luxurious city, whose splendor voluptuousness and profligacy were a proverb throughout the world.

The striking, conical hill that we saw as we approached the city by the railway is Acro-Corinth, the Acropolis or citadel of Corinth, and during all these thirty centuries it has looked down upon the grandeur and the squalor, the utter destruction and the magnificent rebuilding of this devoted city under the Roman Emperors.

It has seen dynasties come and go, and conquering armies of many nations marshaled on the plain below, while its rocky fastnesses, fortified by its many conquerors, have dominated all the country about. It has seen great men come and go with different dynasties. Emperors and kings, philosophers and statesmen, poets and historians; but among them all is one supreme figure. He is not imposing in appearance or magnificent in raiment. According to his own modest statement, his "bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible." He came not with a conquering army or a kingly retinue. Quietly and unobserved he entered Corinth and took his place in a tent-maker's shop, side by side with the other workmen, who very likely were slaves.

Yet this man, above all the kings and philosophers and orators and wits of all the ages, has made Corinth famous. Who would go to Corinth to-day had not Paul trod those ancient streets? A few archæologists might dig for the treasures of antiquity in the buried city, to be sure, but it is safe to say that the modern world, as a whole, would know little and care less about Corinth had not that little, poverty-stricken Jew visited the city some 1,850 years ago, and made it his abiding place for long months and years.

From Corinth he wrote his first pastoral letters, those to the church in Thessalonica, and later his important Epistles to the Galatians and the Romans.

To Corinth, after his departure, he sent those wonderful Epistles which bear that city's name, and made it forever famous. So that either from or to this city were written the greatest of the Epistles and a large part of the New Testament.

But what Paul found in Corinth, and what we shall see there to-day, we must reserve for another article.

BRANDER CUSHING'S AMBITION

A Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER XVII—*Continued*

IT WAS a habit of Sidney Cushing to follow everything out to its logical conclusion. He had been trained by Brander Cushing to ways of exact thinking. In the work of the shipyard there was not a bit of designing or construction that did not come under the rule of strictest probing and testing. Sidney had developed a habit with himself of exactness and honesty which permeated every phase of his thinking being. He was incapable of hypocrisy. A thing must be true all over or it was not true. If it led to a complete upsetting of all previous habits let it, but the main thing was not to be juggled with.

He was tremendously in earnest in his longing for religious satisfaction. For the time everything else was of less account; even Pax, even his father, even the ship and all it stood for were not to be compared with his own soul-hunger for God and his peace.

As the time went by unnoticed that night, Sidney Cushing entered upon a wrestling for a soul-vision by the side of which all physical battles are pastime. Men talk profoundly of what they call the great historical battlefields and campaigns of famous captains of war. They are all as cheap and childish as the blocks a baby piles up and tips over compared with the conflict that a soul feels when it is really battling for its own life. And it may truly be said that when Sidney bared his heart to God that night and cried out in real soul-hunger for Him, a scene was being enacted that surpassed for magnitude and grandeur all the pitched battlefields of history.

At last at some time in the deep silence that settled on the library where he knelt (how long, he had not measured) there came to him some clear and distinct personal feeling of his relation to the divine and he was saying to himself as he unconsciously repeated Hermosa's very words, "Oh, I must love Him as well as respect him. And if I love him, I must follow him, and if I follow him where will it lead me? If I actually become a Christian what will it require of me? A belief in the Brotherhood? A love for the Kingdom of God and a real honest passion to build it up?"

And then there flashed into his mind the picture of his father as he had last seen him, his hard indomitable will defying disgrace, living in the ambition of his vision of that perfect engine of destruction for which he daily prayed a war might occur to test its proud and towering strength. How? If he, Sidney, became a real follower of this majestic Redeemer of the world, could he continue to have an enthusiastic faith in the things which made his own father enthusiastic even in the penitentiary? And what did he owe to that father? Would it break his heart to say to him now, "Father, I am a personal lover of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not and cannot any longer feel as you do about the business of our lives. I cannot be honest with you and conceal a real revolution of heart and mind. You will have to seek your satisfaction alone. I cannot any longer meet your ambition. It does not represent my passion in life."

It seemed to him, as he asked these questions, that he was in Gethsemane with his Lord. He pressed his head upon his hands and cried aloud, "My Lord and my God!"

CHAPTER XVIII

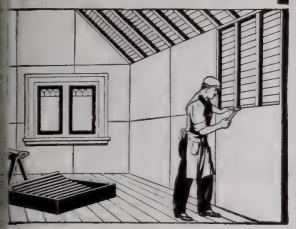
WHEN the gray light of early dawn first entered the library where Sidney Cushing had spent the night in his quest for a God to love, it found him very close to his heart's desire.

This was how Sidney Cushing found God, in his overmastering demand, in his soul hunger which would not be denied. And up he rose from his knees as the sun came into the library, thenceforth a new man in Christ Jesus.

I do not think even he realized the full meaning of that change in his whole life purpose. He could not. It was too great. Men talk about the beauty

Continued on page 136

Finest Walls Half Cost of Plaster



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NOT for a cheap, trashy instrument, but for the good old reliable Cornish Pianos and Organs, standard for 50 years. Our **New Credit Plan** permits you to select a plan of payment on the **Most Liberal Basis ever** offered by a responsible **manufacturer.** We can do it because

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You need this book whether you have a city lot or a large country home. Suggests new and unusual trees, shrubs and old-fashioned garden flowers which will make your garden distinctive.

Meehans' Trees and Shrubs

are vigorous—hardy—dependable growers. Fifty eight years of horticultural experience has taught us what is most artistic and practical. Be sure to get this valuable book—a request brings it.

THOMAS MEEHAN & SONS
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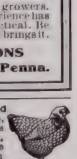
50 Best Paying Varieties Pure-Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Eggs, Dogs and Incubators. **All at Low Prices.** nd 4c. for my Book which gives reliable formation worth many dollars to you **. A. WEBER, Box 940, Mankato, Minn.**



American Girl Papers

Amy Dorrit
Drawn by R. B. Birch

David Copperfield
Courtesy Bobbs-Merrill

By AN AMERICAN GIRL

Dickens' "Little Women"

AMONG the anniversaries which the nineteenth century prepared for the twentieth, the centenary of Charles Dickens is one of the most brilliant, and the 7th of February, which is the great author's birthday, will be commemorated throughout the English-speaking world.

No one can quite escape from Dickens. People may or may not care for his works, may or may not be familiar with his world peopled with types of men and women and girls and boys so true to life that from generation to generation they remain types still; but escape that world one scarcely may, and indeed nowadays it would be difficult to think of a world without Dickens's characters in it. Old Scrooge, for example, and Mr. Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Pecksniff, Barkis and Betsy Trotwood, Uriah Heep and Sairey Gamp, The Artful Dodger, Dolly Varden—we know them and their characteristics the way we know our own fingers and toes, and David Copperfield, the poor-house boy. If you boys and girls who should be reading this article do not as yet know David Copperfield, get acquainted with him at once, for you will almost *need* to know him before you are much older.

Dickens' Girls

NOWHERE does the transcendent art of the great novelist shine more radiantly or with greater warmth than in the creation of his girl heroines. The deep kindly interest and gentle courtesy, the tenderness and love with which the great-hearted genius portrays types of girls has never been surpassed. They are human beings each one of them, and it is surprisingly good to add them to our own world. Do you know Florence Dombey, "the blessed daughter," "the adored sister," that girl of girls? Do not miss knowing her; you will ever after recognize lovely, lonely girls when you meet them, and your understanding of them will grow very keen. And Kate Nickleby, and Little Nell, Ruth Pinch, Jennie Wren, the doll's dressmaker, Charlotte Neckett, familiarly known as Charley, whose capable hands were never idle and "gave even to the poor garret with its one chair, its big uncomfortable bed and bare walls, an air of home"—do you know these girls?

Do you know Dora Spenlow? Could any warm-hearted boy or girl help falling in love with Dora? There are so many Doras in the world — gay, faithful, trifling, adorable Doras. And Em'ly, that dainty little person with blue eyes and shy quiet ways, living her little life in the old hulk house by the sea; and then Emily, the older girl, going away to a new world to begin life over again, and ever willing to live her little "span" as best she could. I sometimes think if I could know and love only one of Dickens's wonderful girls I should choose to know Emily in the story of *Copperfield.* Do not miss Sissy Jupe or Louisa Gradgrind in *Hard Times,* or Amy Dorrit with her wonderful love for Arthur Clennam, or Lizzie Hexam in *Our Mutual Friend.* Lizzie, brought up in the shadows of ignorance, with no education and less knowledge to help her on in the world; yet what a radiant creature she blooms at the end of the story! There! I must stop; the company grows too numerous, and I have about reached the limit of my space; but to girls touching their teens these are friends worth making.

A Tribute to Dickens

IF THOSE of us who shall not be able to pay the tribute of a flower on his grave in Westminster Abbey on the 7th of February, would take down our *David Copperfield* from the library shelf on that day and read somewhere along in the twelfth and thirteenth chapters where the little boy sells his jacket to the old-clothes dealer and sleeps under the walls of Mr. Creakle's school where he had known Steerforth and Tommy Traddles, and then makes his way into the old-fashioned gardens, where Betsy Trotwood calls out, "Go away, go away, no boys allowed here!" and our heart stands still, we would not stop there, we would skim over the fascinating pages until David finds a home at last, and prays his immortal little-boy prayer. Perhaps you will be able to put the fascinating book down then, but I fancy you will reassure yourself by reading headlong on and on to the very end; and this would be a genuine tribute to the great Charles Dickens, who said of his *David Copperfield,* "Of all my books this is the one I love best."

Among the Little Folk

Lullaby, My Dolly

Rockaby, lullaby, dolly of mine;
Now day is ended, the little stars shine;
The kitty looks like a white snow-ball,
Curled up so cozy in grandmother's shawl.
Old Bruno, too, is tired of play,
Soundly he sleeps on his bed in the hay.
Out of the window I see the moon float
Through the dark sky like a bright silver boat
Rockaby, lullaby, while fairies peep
In at the window to see if you sleep.

REGINA BEVERLY MASON, *age 15.*
Georgia.

O CALICO TOWN

HAVE you ever been to Calico Town,
Where all the houses tumble down,
And the roads are paved with calico brown?
The cobblestones are calico—
The horses and carts and the trees, you know.

O Calico Town!
O Calico Town!
That is the place to go,
Where all the houses tumble down
Each time the brisk winds blow.

The calico people live up there,
And trim little calico clothes they wear.
They've calico shoes and calico hats,
Calico dogs and calico cats,
And everything there is calico.
If you haven't been you must surely go!

O Calico Town!
O Calico Town!
It's just beyond the rain;
So when it comes a-pouring down,
Just take an aeroplane.

RENA SHEFFIELD.

Our Good-Night Verse

And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. Ex. 33: 14.

Lovingly and faithfully yours

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

First on the List

In oyster season, especially, the wise provider orders a good supply of

SNIDER'S Tomato CATSUP

"Condiments are essential constituents of the diet. Their importance rests upon the power they possess of improving appetite and, by so doing, of increasing the digestive power," says Dr. Robert Hutchinson, the recognized authority on dietetics.

If you want a delightful appetite producer, just try Snider's Catsup upon oysters in all styles, on meats, hot or cold, especially steaks and chops, and upon fish, spaghetti, macaroni, in all gravies, etc.

Snider's Catsup, famous for over a quarter-century as *the* catsup, is made of most costly materials. Only sound, perfect tomatoes and the best seasonings are combined in the special Snider way, to make this "sauce par excellence," a delicious dainty that keeps indefinitely.

Snider Process Pork & Beans are a perfect food. Serve them often.

Snider's Chili Sauce is a universal favorite upon meats.

"Snider's and none other" should be the order — for quality and purity.

"It's the Process"

The T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
Cincinnati, U.S.A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World

The simplest Gown looks well on a Figure of Correct Proportion if Carried Well.

You Can Weigh Exactly what You Should Weigh

You can be **Strong—Vigorous**—full of Life and Energy.

You can be free from **Chronic Ailments**—every organ of your body strong as nature intended.

You can have a **Good Figure**—as good as any woman.

You can have a **Clear Skin.**

I no longer need to say what "I *can* do," but what "I HAVE DONE." I have helped 49,000 of the most cultured, intelligent women of America to *arise to their very best—why not you.*

No Drugs—No Medicines

My pupils simply comply with Nature's laws.

What My Pupils say:

"Every one notices the change in my complexion; it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no *rheumatism*, or sluggish liver, and I can *breathe* now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"*My weight has increased 30 pounds.* I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves* are *so rested!* I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have *taken off my glasses*, and my *catarrh* is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *growing*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I'd like to tell you about it.

SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 18, 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is the best authority in America upon the regaining of woman's health and figure thro Natural, Scientific means.

OUR COMFORT CORNER

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"Mother"

"MOTHER" is the sweetest, holiest, tenderest and blessedest word in the language. No other name means quite so much to hearth and home. Kathleen Norris had a happy thought one day, and it crystallized into a happy book that came out at a happy hour. She named her book *Mother*. On the day that the book drifted out of space into my hands it was read through at a sitting and laid down with a sigh. The sigh was an expression at once of extreme satisfaction and of regret that the story was not longer. In this charming book there is concealed the gist of many sermons. Could it be placed in the hands of every engaged couple, of all the young married folk, of the people generally, poorer and richer, striving, thriving, aspiring and attaining, who compose this nation, its motive and message, understood and received, would uplift us to a vantage ground and a higher plane than any to which we have as yet attained. *Mother*, by Kathleen Norris, is a human document. The story is unpretentious and, if I may coin a word, is singularly homey. Reading it one says to herself, "Yes, this is true. I have seen it, I have been in a situation like this, or I have been a spectator." This dear story-teller is describing precisely situations and conditions that we meet in daily life, in city and country, wherever people live and love and struggle.

The stigma of reluctant motherhood has been somewhat unjustly attached to the modern woman. There is fully as much reluctant fatherhood, and it is only fair to mother, wherever we find her, to say that she accepts every drop of her cup, the bitter and the sweet, and counts the cost of her destiny, entering upon her period of sacrifice and her hour of coronation with open eyes. There are, of course, those who prefer the solitude of a childless home, or the limitation of a family to the single child or the two or three, for reasons that seem good to themselves. The onus of this, when parenthood is not valued as it should be, does not lie alone upon wife or alone upon husband. To do her justice, woman, once awakened by true love, possesses the mother heart.

It would not be fair to this little book to outline its story. I do not believe in revealing the secret of a book to those who have before them the pleasure of reading it. I have heard too many times the exclamation, "Don't tell me what happens. If you do you will spoil the story." This much I will say: that the mother in the story dominates it from the first to the last page. She is strong, feminine, serene and sincere. You can run to her with your troubles if you are a child, and she will comfort you. If she is your neighbor, you will ask her for advice. She sees the funny in things. She is capable of wrath on occasion, but it is the swift lightning that purifies the atmosphere. This mother is the mother we adore in our memory if we have lost her, and cherish with the greatest tenderness if she is still with us. She is the right kind of wife for a hard-working man who faces the stern realities of a day when success is not always to the deserving. She is the mother who has not been afraid to meet the needs day by day of the large family, who trusts in God with serene faith and has time to be helpful to her friends. The necessity for economizing does not daunt her courage, and she utters no weak complaints. There are young people in the book, the kind of young people with whom we are best acquainted. There is a lovely young girl who stands, as many girls do, on the threshold of life, dissatisfied, restless, and out of heart with the present situation. She needs vision and, in due time, it comes to her. A little thread of sentiment runs through the story and in the end contributes to the perfection of its weaving.

The story shifts from a home of plain living into one of considerable splendor. Here again I reveal no secret, but you who read will bear me out in the statement that we derive a certain amount of reflected luxury from reading about the privileges of our multi-millionaires. The woman who lives in a cabin has much enjoyment in reading about another woman who lives in a palace. If one small cake of violet soap is an indulgence for which a woman of refinement saves up her pence, there is a curious complacency that creeps over the mind when she thinks about, or reads about, the mistress of a mansion who buys violet soap by the dozen boxes, and has bath-rooms that shine with porcelain and silver.

I have said enough to let my friends know that I envy them the pleasure they will have in the possession of Kathleen Norris's story. I may add that it is one of the rare books that one loves to own, likes to lend and buys to give away. It will bear reading more than once.

. . .

Joy Cometh in the Morning

READING the story of life as it is told from week to week in letters from friends who never shall know one another face to face, but who often meet in this Corner, the impression deepens that sorrow does not kill. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Not long ago a mother told how she had been standing at the water's edge, powerless to help, and had seen her only son, a splendid fellow just entering his early manhood, drown before her eyes. Others were saved; her boy was lost. Yet, reading her brave words, came the conviction that the bitter cup that she had drained had been sweetened by resignation. After the first onslaught of grief, she realized with vivid understanding that her dear one had been suddenly called to higher service, that great honor had been put upon him and that in the presence of the angels of God he was living and doing the Father's will. Through this mother's letter there rang a note of victory, the victory of faith. The picture of her boy showed a face strong, candid and manly. It must be unspeakably hard to go on the way without him, but the mother and sister feel that they shall meet him again, and they can endure the loneliness as they think of the everlasting home. With them the word is

One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me.
But heaven is nearer and Christ is dearer
Than yesterday to me.

. . .

A Voice from the Kitchen

THE woman who employs help in her housekeeping often complains of unskilled and untrained service. She affirms with truth that high wages do not insure an adequate return, that the cook is wasteful, the house-maid

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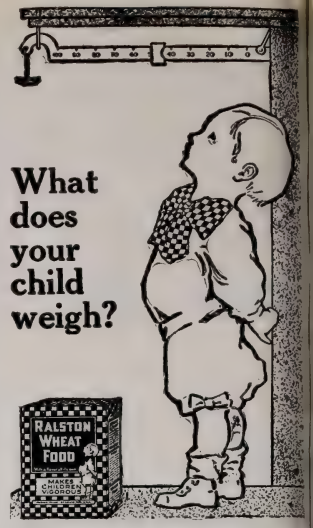

It is very important to keep the weight of your children up to standard while they are growing. It is the time when strong constitutions are built. Children need good substantial food—the kind that will stick to the ribs.

Ralston Wheat Food

contains the very nourishing elements that build flesh, bone and muscle. Pure, ground, whole wheat with all the nutriment left in. Has the natural flavor and color of the whole wheat.

Ralston is not factory cooked, but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen, and brought to your table tempting and delicious. Get a package of Ralston today, for your children's sake. You will like it, too.

Ralston is most economical—one cup makes a breakfast for six; 8 cups in a package.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour
makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it, too.

Ralston Purina Company St. Louis, Mo.

Send Us Your
Old Carpet
We Will Make
New Rugs

By our improved method of weaving, we make beautiful rugs totally different from any other rugs woven from old carpets. Read our guarantee. Ours is the oldest and largest factory of its kind in America. Established 38 years.

Rugs, 75c and Up

Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Every rug guaranteed to wear ten years. Grand Prizes at three World's Fairs.

We Pay Freight

Your old carpets are worth money no matter how badly worn; don't throw them away.

FREE Write today for book of designs—in colors, prices and full information.

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. 25 40 Laflin St., Chicago

Pozzoni's Complexion POWDER

The Greatest Beautifier of Them All

Producing a smooth, velvety complexion, bringing out the natural tones of the skin. Its absolute beauty, almost impalpable fineness and softness makes *Pozzoni's Complexion Powder* cooling, refreshing and beautifying to the most delicate skin without injury. It is the only complexion powder that really clings—the only one put up in a *wooden box*, which retains all its delicate perfume until entirely used up.

5 Colors—Flesh, Special Pink, Cream, White, Brunette.

50c—EVERYWHERE—50c

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint — the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
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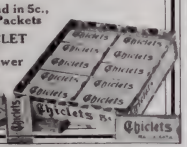


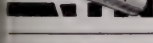
Pens that have elasticity—make either a fine or a coarse stroke—and don't stay spread—retain perfect writing points after long, hard use.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Steel, tempering, grinding—they do it.

Sample card of 12 different styles with 2 good penholders sent for 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N.Y.



REVERSIBLE "Linene" COLLARS CUFFS AND BOSOMS

ARNOLD KENNELL ROBBINS VAN ZANDT TYSON

Of Fine Cloth Starch-Finished, Can Be Worn Both Sides

Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten. Sample box by mail, 20 cents, or single collar, 6 cents in U. S. stamps. *Be sure to name size and style.*

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO. Dept. T1, Boston, Mass.

OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

dilatory and the waitress perfunctory in the work they undertake. There is unfortunately a general shrinking from household work on the part of intelligent American young women. They prefer the greater independence of employment in offices, shops and factories. They explain that specified hours, routine duties and evenings that are their own are more attractive than the ordinary life of a maid in a family where, though she work from sun to sun, her work never seems to be really finished. There are employers who fail to understand that the woman in the kitchen ought not to toil from early morning until late evening without time to sit down and rest. There are those who are rigid in exacting of the maid continual waiting on the door, continual running up and down stairs, and readiness to perform all sorts of little offices that were certainly not mentioned in the original agreement. "Do write something in behalf of hired help," writes one of our readers who is earning her livelihood in this honorable calling. "The lady with whom I live is a sincere Christian. She goes to church and prayer-meeting and does a great deal of good, but she is never willing to let me fold my hands for a single half hour, and I am strictly held to my afternoons out, never having an extra hour in the evening."

If this employer could but take another view of her Christian opportunity she might brighten the life of her maid, and bind her fast by closer sympathy. It often happens that there is a very loose contract between employer and employed in domestic work, and of all contracts none are less satisfactory than those which are not clearly stated.

When a maid is engaged, the mistress should as far as possible indicate what is expected of her, and she should not take offense if the maid on her part requires certain privileges. In the old days in the South soon after the Civil War, the Northern mistress confronted the leisurely and good natured colored servant. The former was sometimes surprised by the philosophy of the latter. One placid New England gentlewoman, having for several weeks borne with the tardy progress of her laundry work, ventured upon remonstrance. To her Aunt Hannah, a queenly woman, brown of tint and regal of bearing, she said quietly, "Won't you tell me, Auntie, how it comes to pass that you begin my little washing on Monday morning, and never bring me the last of the ironing until late on Saturday night?" Aunt Hannah smiled a slow, genial, mirthful smile, and in honeyed accents said, "If I should finish that ironing by Wednesday, you'd find about twenty extra things for me to do before Saturday. There isn't any need to hurry that I can see."

The establishment of a friendly sympathetic relation in the home between maid and mistress, and adherence on both sides to the terms of a contract, would settle agreeably a situation that is too often trying.

. . .

The Etiquette of Calls

ALTHOUGH calling, as has already been said on this page in another connection, is at present somewhat out of fashion, it is so convenient and obvious a social custom that its return may safely be predicted. The exigencies of business often compel a family to remove from a familiar home town to a distant locality. A letter from a correspondent outlines her hesitation in rather graphic terms as to the use of her visiting cards. "Where we formerly lived," she says, "it was usual to exchange cards when making calls upon friends, and in a first call upon a married friend I would leave one of my own and two of my husband's cards. In the village where I now reside the people are extremely kind and seem disposed to be friendly. Nearly every one has called, but in not a single instance has any one left a card. It looks very much as though visiting cards had not penetrated this neighborhood. My perplexity is this: In returning my calls shall I do as I would have done at home, or shall I simply leave my cards in my bureau drawer and send in my name, if it be necessary to tell who I am?"

As visiting cards are merely bits of engraved pasteboard intended to serve one's convenience, and as they have not been in this case left by callers, the really polite and courteous thing must be to omit them altogether. One must be careful never, even by implication, to hurt the feelings of any one who might perhaps be sensitive. There may be among these new friends women whose acquaintance will be very much worth while, although they are not accustomed to the little frills of fashion.

. . .

The Child's World

THE child's world is bounded by the walls of the home. To the little child, father and mother are potentates, and no king or queen has greater authority to utter a final word than parents have in the hearing of the child. How then can it be explained that little children are intractable, disobedient and obstinate? In nearly every instance of infantile rebellion parents have only themselves to blame. They have the little one under their hand from the hour of earliest consciousness, and gentle authority, never intermitted and always loving, would make the child's world what it ought to be, a place of fullest sunshine. "Train up a child in the way he should go" signifies study of the child, sympathy with its joys and its griefs, and understanding of its inexperience.

. . .

In the Purchase of Books

THE book-lover is not satisfied with reading a book once. A good book will bear reading several times. A book borrowed from a library must be returned in due course. It has already made its way to many homes, and the pages have been turned by many hands. Just as the thrifty person would not like to be condemned to borrow furniture, dishes and kitchen utensils, the home economist should not be contented until the nucleus of a library has been formed. In the purchase of books adhere to the homely motto, "Be sure you are right; then go ahead." Is the book one that you will care to keep? Is it the work of an author who has something to say? Has it a message, or does it command respect? Lay aside a weekly sum for the purchase of books, and if possible once a month add a volume to your library.

Called Higher

Beynard W. Yost, of Lancaster, Pa., passed away March 21, 1911.

Mrs. Emma Allen (74) died in her home in Chicago, February 13, 1911.

Mr. W. H. Thomas (71) passed away at Harrisburg, Pa., April 10, 1911.

Jeanette Adair Walter (24) was summoned to her heavenly home, December 9, 1910.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Stephens (73) died March 30, 1911, at her residence at Vankleet Hill, Canada.

Harvey E. Herr (22) died August 10, 1910, and Mrs. Sabina S. Herr (74), January 19, 1911, at Annville, Pa.

Philip Manhart (87) died July, 1910. He was a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family ever since the publication was founded.

Mrs. Eliza Ball (84), of North Brookfield, N. Y., passed away March 30, 1911. She had long been a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

Mrs. R. W. Chapman died in her 72d year in July last at Plainview, Minn., where she was active in church work and is much mourned by a host of friends.

Lewis W. Sayles (73), of Lawtey, Fla., passed away May 30, 1911, after a lingering illness. He was a great admirer of this paper, to which he had subscribed for many years.

Dry Frying with Crisco

IN Crisco, the new cooking product, foods fry so quickly that they are always dry and flaky. Crisco heats to such a high point that you can cook foods in it in less than half the time usually required. Potatoes fry in Crisco in four and one-half minutes, instead of ten. They fry so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption so that they are crisp and deliciously dry. They are absolutely digestible, wholly different from potatoes soaked in ordinary fats.

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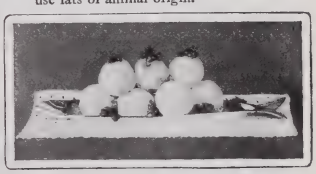

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from page 132

of a moral life, and Sidney had led it on a very high level, but he himself told Hermosa afterwards that there was as much difference between his life now and before, as if he had really been living the life of a desperate sinner. So much more resplendent and towering is the spiritual than the moral definition of Being.

But if he did not grasp all the meaning of his new life there were certain factors in it that were clear enough to him even that morning, and they grew more clear every hour. His spiritual vision seemed to affect all his relations to others, even to Pax Marston. He did not know, even now, exactly what his own real feeling towards her was. He had told her father he loved her. And he had been honest at the time. But did he really and truly love her as one should love a woman who was to be his wife? What did he know of Pax Marston's religious convictions? Absolutely nothing. What was there in her best nature that would respond now to his own vision of a God to love and serve? He was unable to say. What would be her feeling if he were to write her now and tell her that he was another man from the one she had met and known? What would she say if she knew that the entire world in which she and her people had moved all their lives was so changed to Sidney that he had lost his respect for it, and was beginning to ask himself how he could make the stupendous change of a life occupation which had become anti-Christian, hostile to every new and fresh definition he was gaining of Christian discipleship?

And at this point he was irresistibly driven in his questioning up to that indomitable figure in the penitentiary. His father! His ambition! The new warship! This monster killer, around which Brander Cushing's prayers revolved!

How about all that! Could he go to his father and deliberately say, "Father, I have had a religious experience which has raised serious questions in my mind about the entire subject of war and war material. I do not believe I can make you understand, but as I look at it now the whole thing in which we are engaged seems horrible. It is all in absolute contradiction to the teachings of Jesus, who has become my Master. Father, do not misunderstand me. I do not, of course, mean that we can repudiate a sacred contract. We must make the *Columbia* the most perfect fighting machine afloat. But it ought to be the last we shall ever undertake. I know that your ambition is centered in this ship. I know you have said you daily pray for war in order to give the ship a practical test. But oh, father, can I make you understand how terrible it all seems to me now, how utterly impossible for a Christian disciple to entertain?"

Well, could he face his father with a speech like that? The father who had given his very life for his son? Could he pretend, in the face of a sacrifice like that, that his new religious convictions were higher and better? Could he break his father's heart now by withdrawing his enthusiastic support from a lifelong ambition which burned so fiercely in that heroic heart and around which the father had poured an unstinted passion divided only by the affection he lavished on his only son!

Or, was there an alternative? Might he not pretend to be the same as of old? Why say anything to undeceive his father? Why not keep still and let the truth of his new life appear in time, but not at once? Why not spare his father the shock of this disclosure and the bitter disappointment he would inevitably suffer if it were revealed to him in all its intensity?

He went over all this with deep earnestness. I do not think, indeed, I am sure, he was not unhappy or morbid over it in any way. There was a peace of God in his soul, which was the finest, most joyful thing he had ever felt. That was indeed his best proof of the new and happy life he had begun. While he could not escape the questions about his father and how at last he ought to answer them, he was not anxious about it. And at the close of that eventful day, after he had offered his nightly prayer for blessing on his father, he sank into a sleep so refreshing and blessed that it seemed to him when he awoke as if the angels of paradise had been there.

During the days that followed, he worked as usual at the shipyard. Unexpected problems came up that week. In the first place, there was a serious accident to one of the traveling cranes. It was of such a nature that it would require several weeks to repair the damage. In the second place, there had been delay on the part of a supply company to furnish necessary fittings, and this delay would embarrass the work on the ship in that department.

But the most serious thing that confronted Sidney at the most important crisis in his life was the rumor that greeted him the second day that week, of a threatened strike. The moment it came to him he called in Stuart, the yard superintendent.

"This is serious news, Stuart. I hope it isn't true."

Stuart shrugged his big shoulders.

"I'm afraid it is, though. It's been brewing all winter."

"Has it anything to do with my father or me? Don't hesitate to say so if it has."

"No. Nothing to do with it. Purely sympathetic strike to stand by the men at Farrar's Casting Works. Three hundred of them went out yesterday. The balance probably to-day. We shall get some word before the end of the week. Maybe sooner."

Sidney sat in the office confronting Stuart thoughtfully.

"I wish father was here."

He said it so quietly and naturally that Stuart was deeply touched. He sat silent, looking at Sidney sympathetically.

"Is there anything we can do, Stuart?"

"Not a thing. We're as helpless as babies. If your father was here he couldn't do a thing. If the men go out it will be on a general order, and you will be notified."

That very afternoon, Sidney, sitting in the office, was advised of a delegation from the casting rooms who wished an interview. At once he understood that matters had come to a head.

The delegation came in, fronted by MacKenzie, foreman of the department. He was somewhat embarrassed, but after a moment stated quite bluntly the situation at Farrar's mills and gave notice of the general order from the officers in charge, ordering withdrawal of all the men in the casting rooms of Cushing's shipyard.

Sidney was very quiet and simply said,

"When are the men going out?"

"To-morrow or next day."

"You say there is no dissatisfaction over your own scale?"

"No, sir. It's all right."

"Do you have any idea when the difficulties at Farrar's will be settled?"

"I have not."

"If you were in my place, would you hire men to take your places after you go out?"

MacKenzie was dumbfounded at the simple question. Finally he managed to say,

"I'm not in your place."

"Will there be trouble if we try to get in new men?"

"I can't say."

"How many men have you in the casting rooms?"

"Eight hundred and fifty."

Sidney looked very thoughtfully at

Continued on next page

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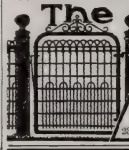

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

im. MacKenzie had been in the shipard ever since Sidney could remember. "I'm sorry for this, of course, MacKenzie. We are under contract to get ut the *Columbia* by the end of the hree-year limit. The delays have aleady put us back seriously. Your ction will cripple the entire work. I hall do all in my power to seek a aceful and Christian adjustment of he difficulty. But of course I have no nfluence with Farrar's Casting Works. don't know as there is anything more can say just now, only to express my eep regret that your action comes at ust this time."

MacKenzie turned to go out but topped at the door. All the men topped in the corridor to listen.

"I don't mind saying, Mr. Sidney, hat I'm sorry this has come up right ow. We've no quarrel with you or he yard. But orders are orders."

Sidney smiled sadly but made no anwer and the men slowly went away.

That night, Sidney, as he sat in the ibrary, after several hours' conferace at the shipyard offices with his uperintendent, decided to go up to the enitentiary and counsel with Brander Cushing over the situation. He did ot feel able to cope with it alone. The superintendents themselves had een divided as to the best course of ction. Several had asserted with more r less emphasis that it was impossible o find eight hundred and fifty skilled men for the casting rooms.

Others just as vigorously declared hat the men could be found, and that he company ought to get them and ay no attention to the walkout.

Sidney longed to see his father. At he same time he confronted the hought of meeting him with this rouble. He knew what his father would have said to MacKenzie. He would have moved heaven and earth to ill the places of the men who had walked out. At three different times n the history of the Cushing yard big trikes had occurred. Cushing had ought them all. Once he had called n the State militia and Dockville had been an armed camp. There had been ome lives lost, an immense amount of suffering among women and babies, an enforced idleness lasting over six months and finally a compromise which both sides might just as well have made at the beginning.

With his mind more or less busied with all this new and perplexing situation, Sidney was in a condition of remarkable tranquillity. What had come into his life? What was the meaning of this joyful peace? It was nothing but his full and unquestioning acceptance of God's promise, his willingness to take the Master at his word when he said, "In the world ye have tribulation. But be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

To be continued

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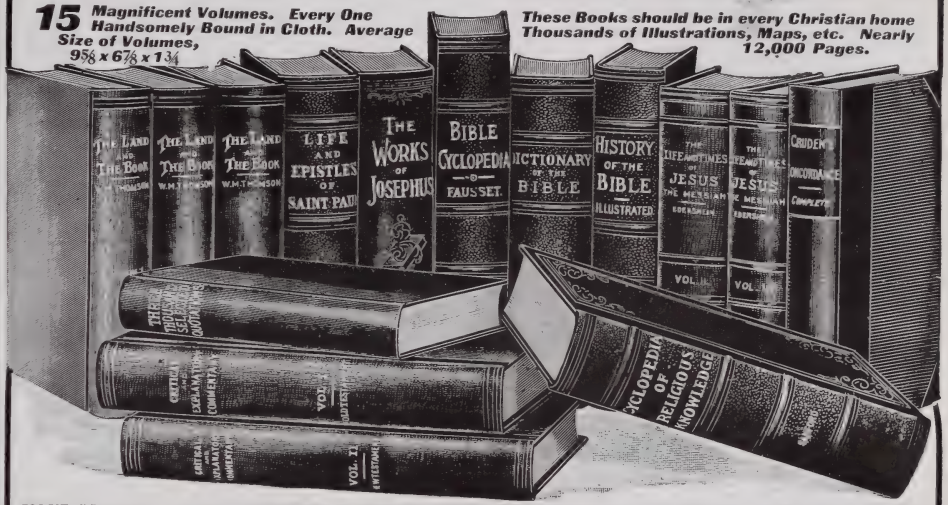
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THE SAVING OF BILLY

Continued from page 131

"I jings," he said again—it was his most violent swear-word—as he ran his bony fingers through his already disheveled locks, "I wish I knew whether Strout *versus* Anderson comes up this morning. Guess I'll have to go over and see, and perhaps I'll meet him somewhere."

He got up, put on his tall hat, after arranging several papers behind the sweatband, and started on. He did not ask any one in the building about Billy. They probably had heard, for they all knew too much about him already. He met several friends as he strode down the stairs, out on the street and diagonally across the square. If any of the several friends he met on the way knew anything to the detriment of William H. Herndon, they were too wise to go tittle-tattling to Abraham Lincoln about him. Walking, in an elaborately casual manner, around the court-house with a furtive eye on the gratings of the lock-up, he almost collided with Billy, under the convoy of an officer.

"Bless my soul, Billy, where have *you* been? What are you doing?" The constable retired a short distance, but not too far to hear everthing that passed between the partners, and made an ostentatious survey of the cornice of the building and the tops of the surrounding trees. Herndon looked down and did not answer.

"What's the matter now?" Mr. Lincoln repeated.

"Nothing," returned the junior partner. "Er—that is—nothing much. Several of us were around at Hogan's again last night and—and—well, he has just been telling me that some of the fellows broke up the place. I got a postponement this morning and we've been over to see him. He claims a thousand dollars damages. It's ridiculous! I believe he broke that mirror himself. I'm sure I didn't do anything, Mr. Lincoln. I'm always quiet and peaceable when I'm—when I'm—not myself."

Mr. Lincoln laughed. "Yes, if you're ever peaceable it's when you're not yourself, Billy. Who was with you?"

Herndon's eyes shifted uneasily. He was willing to put the blame on other shoulders, but when it came to telling whose shoulders—that was quite another matter. "They're trying to get bail now," he said evasively.

"Why didn't you come right to me, Billy, as you generally do?"

"Well—I—I—didn't suppose you were home."

"That's it. You thought I was away, and wouldn't find out. Do you think you're treating me square, Billy?"

Herndon remained silent, pushing a piece of gravel about with his foot.

"What *are* we going to do, Billy?" asked Lincoln in an agony of tenderness, "after all your promises? This can't go on forever. There must be an end. It means ruin for us both. I can't stand it any longer. You're breaking my heart, Billy. Be a man, can't you? You're a splendid fellow, but for this one thing. That's what makes it so hard. O, Billy, Billy!"

Herndon, deeply moved, began to stammer.

"No, Billy, don't make any more promises—nor excuses. I can excuse everything—but not keeping your word with me. I *can't* stand that."

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, what *can* I do then?"

"Oh, I don't know, Billy. I *don't* know!" The tall partner's great angular hands were clutching each other, his deep gray eyes were swimming. "If some one would only knock that Hogan and his whole kit and caboodle to Halifax there might be some hope for us—or if you could only brace up and be a man! I reckon that's what you'll have to do, Billy."

There was a pause. Mr. Lincoln soon regained his presence of mind.

"Billy," he asked suddenly, "when does Strout *versus* Anderson come up? I looked everywhere for the trial list."

Herndon spoke quickly. "Really, I don't remember, but if Moseley, there," pointing to the constable, "will go around with me I'll look it up on the calendar for you. I'm sure it's not down for to-day."

"No, Billy, I don't think it would look quite right for a member of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon to go in there in custody—"

Herndon winced. "Of course it wouldn't, Mr. Lincoln. I'm sorry, though, to put *you* to all that trouble."

"But what about getting me into all *this* trouble, Billy?"

Herndon writhed. "I don't know, Mr. Lincoln. I reckon you'd better give me up. I deserve to sweat for it. Never mind Hogan. Don't go near him. He's mad and won't listen to reason. Those other fellows can't raise anything, so he blames it all on me. He demands a thousand dollars. He thinks you'll raise it for me. I didn't do the damage. I know I didn't. His whole place wasn't worth it either. It's blackmail, that's what it is, rank blackmail!"

"Well, Billy, I'll try it on. I won't call there this time. Still, I don't want you to spend another night in that old calaboose. I'll see what can be done. Here, Moseley, you take him into that vacant room in the court-house, while I see what I can do for my partn—my friend. I'll make it right with you."

Moseley said he'd do all he could for Mr. Lincoln.

"Cheer up, Billy, we'll have you out of this in three shakes of a lamb's tail. I'm going first to see if our case is reached. If it is, Strout'll be on hand, *I* know. Perhaps we can get it continued on the ground that we are both engaged in another very important case."

Billy winced again. The "old man" was rubbing it in. What if Mr. Lincoln should take him at his word and let him stay in jail after all? But he went along with Moseley, giving him to understand that his partner was sure to arrange a settlement.

Mr. Strout was waiting in the court-room, nervous enough, but afraid to go out to look for his missing counsel lest the case should be called in his absence. Fortunately the opposing lawyer was obliged to ask a continuance, as his client had been unable to be present. This left Mr. Lincoln free to look out for his erring partner. He owned no real estate in Springfield, as the home on Eighth Street was in his wife's name, so he could not go bail for Billy. Instead of looking for some one else to sign a bond on several former occasions, he had taken the trouble to do what he often advised others to do—settle out of court. He knew Hogan would be more exorbitant in his demands than ever if he went to see him in his shattered saloon. He resolved not to go near the man as Billy had advised. Hogan was doubtless well aware that no one was actually holden but the men who had done the damage—and the other offenders were good-for-nothing fellows. It might be necessary to wait a day or two for Hogan to come around; yet he could not endure the thought of letting Billy pass another night—a whole, long, sober night—in that lockup. He tried to think of some way out, besides asking a friend to go on Billy's bond or bearding Hogan in his den.

There was business enough to attend to, but Lawyer Lincoln could not put his mind to it. His partner's plight haunted him. He was as uneasy as a fish out of water. Although Billy had told him to let matters take their course, he knew very well that he could not do that. The man who was so tender-hearted that he rushed to the

Continued on next page

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THE SAVING OF BILLY

Continued from preceding page

rescue of a squealing pig stuck in the mud—in spite of the jeers of his companions—was not the man to desert his partner in his hour of need.

Lincoln got up and walked back and forth in the dingy little office. The air seemed to suffocate him. He went out into the hall and walked up and down there. This gave him no relief. He came back, seized his hat, and hurried down and out into the open square to get his breath. Unable to think of anything better, he walked over to the courthouse to see if the boy was comfortable. Billy was nine years younger, and he was always a boy to Mr. Lincoln. Perhaps by this time Billy had thought of some way out. Yes, he was there, guarded by the faithful Moseley. The room was hot and close and Billy was drowsy. No help in that quarter. He learned, however, that Billy's two partners in distress had failed to suggest any responsible party foolish enough to go bail for either of them. They were not disturbed in the least, for they were both snoozing comfortably in their cell, in the innocent confidence that their legal companion's kind-hearted partner would come to their relief as before.

The dilemma was becoming painful. No one seemed disposed to help him. He began to weaken and started off in the direction of the saloon, but when he came to the street he could not bring himself to turn down toward it. He kept on aimlessly along that side of the square. "This won't do," he said to himself. "I must do something." In lieu of anything better, he kept on walking, faster and faster, around the square, until the attention of several storekeepers was attracted by his giant strides and his long coat-tails flapping behind. Two men, who had heard of Billy's escapade the night before, winked knowingly. On his third round, Mr. Lincoln had almost reached the street of the saloon when a man dodged out of his way. It was Hogan.

"Excuse me," said the tall lawyer, "I didn't see you."

"Misther Linkin, was ye comin' to see me?"

"Coming to see *you?* What do you mean? I'm not in the habit of calling on you, am I?"

"No, Misther Linkin, that ye're not. But yer parthner — he comes affen enough to make up."

"I know he does, Hogan. Entirely too often. I hear he was there again last night, and a lot of your fellows smashed things generally."

"Misther Herndin he t'rowed a bottle first an' bruck the big lookin'-glass behint the barr. He started all the throuble."

"No, excuse me — the man who started the trouble's name was Hogan—Patrick Hogan—when he sold rum—"

"Whisky it was, sorr—whisky."

"Now, Mr. Hogan, you know well enough what I mean. There's got to be a stop to this whole business. Complaints are coming in from your neighbors. You know you came near losing your license a year ago. Next thing you know the court will order your place closed for disturbing the peace. Besides being disorderly, it is known that you are harboring thieves and criminals there. You deserve to have everything smashed. I'm going to enter my complaint against you this very day. I have suffered too much by you, and I'm sick of it."

"O Misther Linkin, just let me tell you, Misther Herndit—"

"Mr. Herndon tells me he did not do you the least harm last night. He's always quiet when he's drunk. You know that yourself, Hogan. Others know it and I know it now. Yet I have paid damages, again and again, for what some miserable scoundrel has done. You always made me believe it was Mr. Herndon. He says for me not to go near you this time, because you're only blackmailing me. I'm going to complain against *you* now. My back's up, and it'll go hard with you, Hogan. You have taken advantage of me for the last time."

"For hivin's sake, Misther Linkin, *don't* talk the loike o' that. Just hilp me out the once, an' give me another thrile and I'll niver sell yer parthner another dhrap."

"It's too late now, Hogan. The only trial you'll get will be over there"—pointing to the courthouse—"for keeping a disorderly place, for disturbing the peace, and perhaps for *blackmail*."

Hogan was terribly scared. He dropped on his knees and seized the skirts of Mr. Lincoln's coat. "For God's sake, Misther Linkin, hilp me, I niver knowed the danger. Be a frind to me the once an' I'll t'row up the business—I'll lave town—I'll—"

"*Will* you, Hogan? How much do you need to get away from Springfield? I don't mean how much damage they did last night, nor how much your business is worth."

"A thousand dollars wouldn't—"

"There, I don't care anything about that. Think, man, you're in danger not only of losing your license, but you're liable for grave misdemeanors which may mean a long imprisonment, besides hiring a lawyer, and all that. Nothing could ever put you back where you were—you have gone too far. How much do you need to get out of town within twenty-four hours? Speak quick, for I can't stop here talking. I'm in a hurry."

Hogan was ghastly white and all ashake. Mr. Lincoln pitied the man from the bottom of his heart, but he did not show it. At last the saloonkeeper spoke:

"Misther Linkin, I'll do it for two honderd an' fifty dollars!"

The very amount to his credit at Clarke's. That's what it's for—that's it!" said Mr. Lincoln under his breath. "It'll be the saving of Billy."

With a great hope breaking out over his anxious face, Mr. Lincoln lifted the astonished saloonkeeper . from the ground.

"Now, Mr. Hogan, let's see if we understand each other. If I put into your hands two hundred and fifty dollars of good money you will withdraw —take back—your complaint against Mr. Herndon and all those fellows, so they can go free, and you will pack up and get out of this town by this time to-morrow?"

"Yis, sorr, Misther Linkin, sorr, I'll do that same."

"Well, I'll do it, Hogan. I'll do it—and I'll do all I can to help you besides. There isn't a minute to lose. You go right over to the justice of the peace—the man where you made your complaint—and tell him you'll take it all back, and I'll meet you there with the money."

Mr. Lincoln, seeing Hogan start off on a run, turned and strode away in the direction of Mr. Clarke's office, murmuring as he went,

"Thank God, there's hope yet for Billy. Maybe we can help Hogan into a better business and save him, too. Perhaps it was wrong for me not to give Billy any say about the Clarke commission. If he'd been there in my place, this morning, his half would have been two-fifty. The money's his, and—it'll be the salvation of the boy. Poor old Billy!"

A Member of the Family

I am not surprised at any effort of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to benefit or give pleasure; so the gift of its 1912 *Almanac*—every page a mine of valuable information—is just one more reason why we, the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family owe a form of thanks that can only be expressed in "works." I am a subscriber for 1912. I show the paper to friends; all attention to its contents, its elevated tone, its freedom from bias and sensational matter, and its world-wide benevolences, and offering a marvelous amount of value at a very low price. I have promised myself to do all in my power to have some part in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S charities in 1912.

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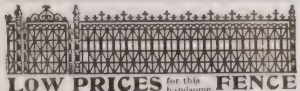

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Modern Poultry Keeping

By C. S. GREENE

MODERN methods of poultry keeping require modern equipment, such as incubators, brooders, bone-cutters, feed hoppers, drinking fountains, etc., which are not necessarily expensive, as they soon pay for themselves either in increased product or decreased labor. Any person who tries to keep poultry as our forefathers did will soon find that it does not pay.

To produce eggs at a profit during the season of high prices, which extends from November to March, requires a combination of all the necessary conditions, such as good stock well bred from a laying strain, proper feed regularly supplied, and intelligent management all the way through until the finished product is placed upon the market. A hen has been properly likened to a steam engine, since all parts must work in perfect harmony, and the neglect of any of the essential points required in caring for a flock of hens may cause failure, just as surely as the omission of a certain valve or wheel on an engine will prevent its running. There are other features, however, that must be taken into consideration with poultry, which do not have to be considered with inanimate objects. Intelligence; natural timidity and extreme force of habit, which every animal and bird possesses to a greater or less degree, are some of the characteristics which must be successfully handled before we can say that our fowls are properly fed and cared for. Here is where a person's natural aptitude for the business counts for the most, and it is in this respect that women often excel men. Fowls should never be scared; one person should always do the feeding.

The proper feed depends upon the breed, age and condition of the fowls. A suitable ration for Leghorn pullets might be entirely too fattening for Plymouth Rock hens. There are, however, a few principles in feeding that may be applied to all classes of layers. The first is cleanliness. The houses must be kept clean, the birds free from vermin, and clean litter several inches deep on the floor. All whole grain should be scattered in this litter to keep the fowls busy. There is no profit in idle hens. No warm mash should be fed before eleven A.M., and then only about three-fourths as much as the birds could eat. A dry mash may be kept by the birds all the time, or only during the afternoon, as conditions require. The dry mash is usually fed in self-feeding hoppers, while the whole grain may be scattered by hand in deep litter on the floor, or by automatic feeders, thereby saving labor.

Many different formulas are used for the dry mash and grain mixtures, but here are two good ones: Dry mash: 2 pounds bran, 2 pounds ground oats, 2 pounds middlings, 1 pound corn meal, 1½ pounds meat scrap, 1 pound cut alfalfa, ½ pound oil meal.

Whole and cracked grain: 2 pounds cracked corn, 2 pounds wheat, one pound oats, one pound buckwheat.

If fowls are inclined to become over fat, the hoppers containing the dry mash should be closed during the forenoon of each day. It must be remembered in feeding that there is no best ration for all conditions, as each one must be changed occasionally to suit changing conditions, and that success depends to a large extent upon the good judgment of the person doing the feeding. In addition to these mixtures grit, crushed oyster shells and fresh clean water must be within easy access. A good dust box, with road dust and ashes is also indispensable.

The best feed and care, however, will not as a rule produce winter eggs at a profit without good early hatched pullets, which can be started to lay in September and October. Old hens, which molt in the fall, usually require several months in which to recuperate, so they are unable to produce eggs in paying quantities before late winter.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

F. M., Wellsboro, Pa. How could Paul be a Roman and also be a Jew?

Roman citizenship was bought and sold at high prices in the reign of Claudius. Paul, born a Jew, also inherited the rights of a Roman citizen at his birth, either by the purchase of citizenship by some ancestor or as a reward granted to his father or grandfather for services to the state. The rights of citizenship, freedom to be considered equal to Romans, was sometimes granted to whole provinces and cities, and frequently to families. In the latter case, it was transmitted from father to son in the direct line. Your other question has been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG recently.

Mrs. F. L., Quinter, Kan. When the captives (the Jews) prayed, were their faces toward the East or was it in the direction of Jerusalem? Is there any passage found in the Bible where the people faced the East when praying?

In Jerusalem, the Jews always turned their faces toward the "holy hill" of the temple while praying (see Dan. 6: 10; II. Chron. 6: 34). The Samaritans, on the contrary, faced Mt. Gerizim. In the court of the temple, the Jews in prayer faced the temple itself (see I. Kings 8: 38) to the Holy of Holies (see Ps. 5: 8). Daniel, while praying in exile, opened his window toward Jerusalem (see Dan. 6: 10). Modern Jews in Europe and America customarily face the East in prayer. It was a custom among the early Christians to face the East, but that has long been discontinued. Mohammedans face in the direction of Mecca.

M. V. B. P., Salem, Mass. In Goldsmith's *Rome*, Vol. II, p. 157, may be read: "In the eighteenth year of Tiberius' reign, Christ was crucified. . . . Shortly after Christ's death, Pilate wrote to Tiberius an account of His passion, resurrection and miracles, upon which the emperor made a report of the whole to the Senate, desiring that Christ might be accounted a God by the Romans." What was Goldsmith's authority?

Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Eusebius, Chrysostom and others have written that Pilate made an official report to Tiberius of the trial and condemnation of Jesus. This is quite probable, but the book known as *Acta Pilati* (the "Acts of Pilate"), which is still extant, is not regarded as genuine. Goldsmith had doubtless read the available material on the subject.

J. C. F., Boulder, Colo. 1. Please explain the 30th and 31st verses of the 13th chapter of Mark. 2. Also the 5th verse of the 3d chapter of John.

1. Whether it meant that the whole would be fulfilled during the life of the existing generation or that that generation would see the beginning of the fulfilment of the prediction is uncertain. Many hold that the whole was fulfilled in the destruction accomplished by Titus; others, that the prediction was accomplished in the complete dispersion under Adrian. Verse 31 is the strongest possible expression of the divine authority. 2. The symbol of water was the initiatory ordinance; the baptism of the Spirit was the work of the Holy Ghost. The two combined in the same clause indicated a thorough spiritual justification. See Ezek. 36: 25-27.

J. M. A., Cleveland, O. Explain II. Cor. 6: 14.

This may have a wide interpretation. "Unequally yoked," means bound together with one who is alien in spirit. In early Israelitish times, marriages with heathen were forbidden; so in Christian times, unions of believers and infidels, or unbelievers in any form, were to be avoided. Righteousness and wickedness cannot pull in the same harness, and as our first duty is to God, we should put away from us all avoidable contact that would hinder its performance.

Reader, Forrest, Ill. Is there any Scripture bearing out a statement which I have recently heard that before the Flood angels came down to the earth, became sinful and married, bringing into the world a race of bad people?

The special passage to which reference is made is Gen. 6: 1-4, where, in reference to the increasing wickedness of antediluvian times, it is said: "The sons of God (*beni elohim*) saw the daughters of men," etc. The Jewish interpreters say these "sons of God" were princes and nobles and the "daughters of men" were women of humble birth. This view, however, is rejected by the best commentators, who hold that "the sons of God" were the Sethites, who had maintained in some measure the filial relationship to God, and who now intermarried with the Cainites, who had been spiritually disowned on account of their godlessness and unbelief. All the evidence leads to the conclusion that the whole arraignment of wickedness upon the earth related to beings of flesh and blood (see Gen. 6: 3) and not to supernatural beings, who, we are elsewhere told distinctly, have no distinction of sex and never marry (see Luke 20: 35, 36). In this view, which seems to be the correct one, the appellation "sons of God" refers to men's moral and in no sense to their physical state. There are many passages elsewhere that bear out this belief. (See Acts 17: 28; Ex. 4: 22, 23; Deut. 14: 1; Hosea 11: 1, etc.)

H. W. S., Keymar, Md. Please explain John 13: 8 and 14.

Christ here was teaching a lesson of humility. Peter had protested against the Lord washing his (Peter's) feet, but the Master, in his reply (see Mark 10: 45), convinced the ardent disciple, who made no further objection. Further, Jesus (John 13: 10) drew the distinction between the simple and hospitable office of feet-washing, customary in the East (which, in itself, had no spiritual significance), and the complete spiritual cleansing of those whose sins had been forgiven and who were regenerate.

M. E. L., Edinburgh, Ill. Please explain (1) I. Peter 3: 19, 20. (2) Luke 14: 26. (3) Matt. 11: 11, 12.

1. This passage has recently been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG. 2. Jesus is here asserting his claim to our supreme loyalty and affection. He tells us that we must be prepared for sacrifice and trial, if we would be his true followers, and that not even those we hold nearest and dearest should stand between us and our duty. "Hate," which is used in Mark, conveys a wrong impression, which is corrected in Matthew, where the sense is made clear that we must *love* Christ more than all else. 3. See answer in recent issue.

T. S. E., Auburn, Mass. 1. Is there an account in the Bible of an attempt to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem previous to the visit of Nehemiah, and if so did it take place before or after the visit of Ezra? 2. If Ezra had been at Jerusalem as a reformer twelve or thirteen years before Nehemiah's visit, how could he find the Jews both temporally and morally in such a deplorable condition?

1. Ezra 4: 11-24 refers to an attempt to rebuild the walls, but this passage evidently belongs in another part of the whole narrative contained in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah. It is not possible to tell just when the attempt referred to was made, except that it was in the first part of the reign of Artaxerxes, before the

Continued on next page

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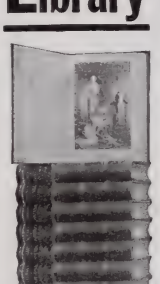

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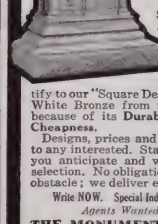

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

arrival of Nehemiah at Jerusalem. 2. The unfortunate condition of the people when Nehemiah arrived appears to have been in temporal rather than spiritual matters. They were poverty-stricken and exposed to the depredations of outsiders. Neh. 13 describes a moral relapse which took place during Nehemiah's temporary absence from Jerusalem. Such sudden backsliding in a city's morals are by no means uncommon, either in history, or in present times; this relapse, however, was evidently much more limited than that which confronted Ezra on his first appearance at Jerusalem (Ezra. 9 and 10).

C. K., Riverton, Neb. Please explain Matt. 12: 43-46.

See the same illustration in Luke 11: 24-26. This is a case in which, though the man had been convicted of sin and had put it out of his heart, he had not taken in Christ, and consequently was an open prey when the wicked one returned with reinforcements. It teaches us the lesson that self-righteousness is no defense against the assaults of temptation; that of ourselves we can do nothing and that if we would win in the battle we must take Christ into our hearts and lives. "He that is not with me is against me."

C. D. H., Andover, O. Where does Christ give permission to eat pork, etc.? Does not that commandment of God stand to-day as it always did?

In Matt. 15: 11 and Mark 7: 15 and 18, Jesus indicated that the ceremonial distinctions between clean and unclean meats had come to an end. The American Revised Version gives this interpretation to the last part of Mark 7: 19. The most direct permission, however, to put an end to the old Mosaic restrictions on meats was the message to Peter found in Acts 10: 9-16. When Peter relates his vision and the experiences which followed it to the first church council (Acts 15), the decision was definitely made that the requirements of the Jewish ceremonial law would not be placed upon the Gentile Christians.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. C. McP., Chaumont, N. Y. It is found in Rev. 22: 16.

Mrs. S. C., Nicholasville, Ky. See answer to P. A. G., Kenna, N. M., in THE MAIL-BAG of January 31, about the Sabbath.

Mrs. Pauline Russell, 111 River Avenue, San Antonio, Texas, would like some reader to send her a copy of the poem on "Damon and Pythias."

H. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. Any or all of our readers are welcome to take part in the Bible Question Series by sending in answers to the questions. The first list of Bible questions appeared in our issue of January 17.

R. V. G., Judsonia, Ark. The paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG concerning Jesus' brethren bears no such construction as you have apparently placed upon it. The divine birth is accepted as a fundamental doctrine of all Christians.

Jennie C., Metuchen, N. J. 1. Ham, one of the sons of Noah, was the progenitor of the negro race (see Gen. 9: 18-27). 2. The name of Cain's wife is nowhere mentioned in the Bible. Traditions are preserved in one of which she is called *Azura*, in another *Save*, but these are not seriously regarded by scholars.

Elizabeth, Altoona, Pa. See answers to W. W., Philadelphia, in MAIL-BAG of April 5, and to Mrs. M. E. S., Pittsburg, Pa., July 5, both in 1911, and both dealing with recognition of friends in heaven.

Any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who may know of the whereabouts of Stephen W. Dottarar, who was last heard from when he resided at Salem, O., will confer a favor by communicating with M. J. Baumgardner, 519 Bighorn, Alliance, Neb.

Alice M. Brooks, Golden City, Mo., would be pleased to receive from any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD information relative to Solomon Augustus Brooks (attorney, New York, 1850-1885) or any of his descendants.

Canadian Reader. The article you mention has produced precisely the result we aimed at, judging from your letter. It has shown the attitude of the person in question towards the Peace Movement—an attitude with which, of course, we have not the slightest sympathy.

Mrs. J. B. D., Galt, Ont. 1. The story you mention about Luther is one of many canards circulated by the enemies of Protestantism to defame his memory. It is utterly untrue. 2. The author you have in mind is probably James Allen, who wrote *As a Man Thinketh*.

J. M. M., Pittsville, Mo. 1. In any good Biblical encyclopedia (preferably McClintock & Strong's) you will find an account of the Great Pyramid. Many books have been written on the subject and many views advanced to show its emblematical significance. 2. Abraham was born in "Ur of the Chaldees" about B.C. 2164.

J. R., Wiota, Ia. Luther died at Eisleben about 4 A.M., February 18, 1546, surrounded by friends, including his two sons, Justus and Jonas, his host and the Count and Countess of Mansfeld. With his last breath, he affirmed his assurance in the truth of the Christian doctrines he had taught. His remains were interred in front of the pulpit in the Castle Church in Wittenberg. The stories you mention were circulated by Catholics and are absolute fabrications.

A. G. J., Marshall, Mo. 1. Polygamy and slavery were both evils apparently inseparable from primitive conditions of society. 2. Long before Israel was a nation, there were races which had attained a certain degree of civilization, with laws for the regulation of civic, social and commercial affairs. One of the very oldest codes is that of Hammurabi (2207 B.C.) of Babylonia—the earliest code known to history—which shows an early civilization and a lofty sense of justice hardly equaled. Fragments of laws anterior to Hammurabi's code have been found.

Couldn't Stop to Eat

I have received the premium—*The Women of the Bible*—and have read it through. It was so interesting I could scarcely stop to eat. It is a fine description of the Bible women; some good, some bad, but that is true of the women of to-day. The *Almanac*, too, is grand and instructive. Many thanks for them.
Shellsburg, Ia. MRS. MARTHA JOHNSON.

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What a Subscriber Discovers in a Publisher's Office

Continued from page 125

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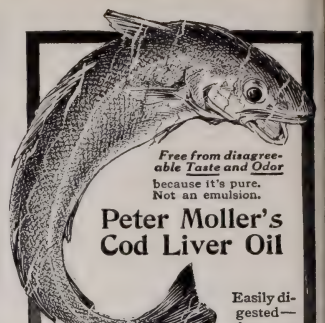

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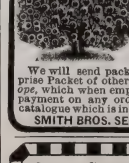

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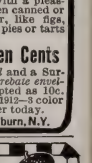


THE FAITHFUL WITNESS*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

BEHOLD John standing before a multitude of excitable Jews, easily roused to passion, and plainly, almost personally, pointing out their sins and urging them to repentance. See him, when the Pharisees of his audience congratulate themselves that his denunciations of sin are not for such righteous men as they are, looking them squarely in the eye and inquiring: "O generation of vipers (they expected, rather, this greeting: "O models of righteousness"), who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Then, seeing their inward confidence in their ancestors' piety instead of their own, he adds, pointing to the pebbles at his feet: "Say not ye, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you, God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the ax is laid unto the roots of the trees (family trees in this case); therefore every tree that beareth not good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." It was as if he had said: "The dispensation has come when ancestral names will no longer be sufficient; there will now be a looking at the root, the heart itself, to see if it is sound, and among the branches for fruit. The new Gardener will say of every tree that has nothing but leaves, 'Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?'"

It has been said that the symbol of John, as suggested by this passage, should be an ax. Bravely did he swing the gleaming ax of condemnation in the forest of hypocrisy, corruption and indifference, "making straight in the desert a highway for our God."

"Cry Aloud and Spare Not"

There was a singular law among the Lacedæmonians that no one should tell his neighbor any ill news. He must be left to find it out in process of time. Not even in case of impending danger and probable distress should any message of unpleasant or painful tidings be directly announced to the person above all others most deeply involved.

God's law, on the contrary, bids us "Cry aloud and spare not" in telling men of their sins and the results that will follow. It takes a courage deeper than the soldier's to do this work faithfully as preachers, parents, teachers and friends; to speak the whole truth when it is unwelcome and uncomplimentary to those that hear it.

We see in the history of John the Baptist the picture of a faithful witness. The first quality in a good witness is that he should understand the subject, or be thoroughly acquainted with the person about whom he is to testify. "Are you acquainted with the prisoner?" is the lawyer's first question. John had the necessary knowledge of Jesus. It has been said by a writer on the life of Christ that "John saw only the sterner elements of the Messiah's character; only a mighty King, who was to baptize with the Holy Spirit and with fire, and stand with his fan in his hand to thoroughly purge his floor and gather his wheat into his garner, while the chaff was burned with unquenchable fire." This author thinks that John failed to see the elements of tenderness in Christ's nature, which led him to preach his very first sermon from the text: "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted." But there is one expression in the preaching of John that, like a flash of intensest light, seems to reveal the depth and thoroughness of his insight into the spirit and mission of Christ. As Jesus approached him at the very beginning of his ministry he cried out, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!"

John himself, as has been suggested, was no "lamb." He was rather the Shepherd's dog, but he recognized a serene spirit and a different mission in Him who was at once the Shepherd and the "Lamb of God." This expression could have had but one meaning to John and to his disciples and to the Jews about them. Each one of them had gone again and again to the temple altars carrying a spotless lamb, whose typical blood was to wash away their sins and point them forward to a coming sacrifice. They had often seen the scapegoat on whose head had been placed their sins taking them away into a wilderness uninhabited. When John said, "Behold the Lamb of God," he must have realized, and the people around him also in some degree, that this Christ was to be the great Sacrifice and Scapegoat they had expected, through whose blood their sins were to be forgiven and taken away. He must have had, by prophetic foresight, Peter's point of observation when he said, "Ye know that ye are redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." His eye was thrown forward as he spake of "the sins of the whole world," even to the multitude of Christians in our own day, who sing "My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb."

John's Vision

He must have seen not only the Lamb slain on Calvary, but also the "throne on which was a Lamb as it had been slain," with the four and twenty elders and the countless throng bowing before him with ascriptions of "glory and honor and praise to him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever." John could not have cried to his audience that day, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," unless, in some degree, he had beheld these scenes that were yet before him.

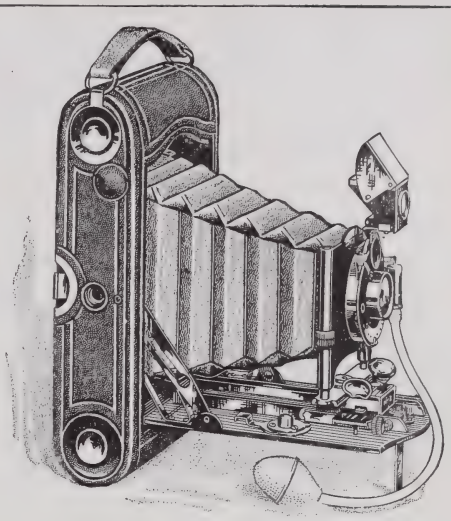
John was fitted to be a successful witness, for he saw Christ not only in his glory as a King, and in his might as a "Refiner and Purifier," but especially because he saw him as a bleeding Saviour for himself and the world; because he beheld him in that deepest expression of his nature and mission, the Lamb of the cross and the throne. Men cannot be good witnesses for Christ if they simply admire him as "the model man." They must see him as a personal Saviour and a Redeemer for the world. Beyond the beautiful form of Christ as he went about doing good, they must be able to see him as the Lamb of Calvary.

The Good Witness

Another quality of the good witness which John displayed was self-forgetfulness. His message seemed to fill him so thoroughly that he cared little for food or raiment, wearing rough camel's hair, and feeding on the locusts and wild honey of the desert, so that many, thinking he lived without eating, called him "devil-possessed." It was his message that "possessed" him. In it he lived and moved and had his being. When all Judea had gone out to hear him, the Pharisees, as the supervisors of spiritual things, thought it necessary to investigate this new religious phenomenon, and they sent a committee to question him. Their interview with him has been called the first examination of a young man for a license to preach. They said, "Who art thou?" Knowing that the expectation of the Messiah was uppermost in their hearts, he at once disavowed any false honor and said, "I am not the Christ."

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for February 18, 1912.** The Ministry of John the Baptist. Mark 1:18; Luke 3:1-20. GOLDEN TEXT: "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Matt. 3:2.



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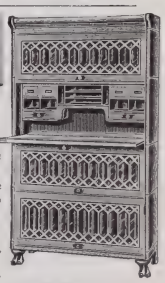

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

"What then? Art thou Elijah?" "I am not." "Art thou that prophet of whom Moses spake?" "No." "Who art thou, that we may give an answer to them that sent us? What sayest thou of thyself?" "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, as saith the prophet Esaias."

"The Voice"

In the reports of conventions, we often see the words, "A voice," with the quotation of some remark from some unknown person. John the Baptist was content to have his words reported down the ages as the utterance of "a voice." He had the spirit that led Joseph to say, when Pharaoh praised him for interpreting his dreams: "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." John might have said "Yes" in the figurative and prophetic sense when they said, "Art thou Elijah?" for he was the spiritual Elijah that was to come; but he was not eager for honor. To be neither Christ nor Elias, nor that prophet, made him of little account to the Pharisees; but he was content to be simply "the voice" that should utter the message of Christ's heart. Enough for him if he could be the star that should lead men to Christ and then be forgotten—"the star that hid itself within the golden beams" of the uprisen Sun of Righteousness.

As the sweetest bird-notes the world hears are those of the nightingale that fills the dark hours with melody when the bird is itself unseen, so John only desired to send his "voice" into men's hearts while he himself was unnoticed. Through the wilderness, intensely earnest, self-forgetful, "the voice" was only heard and felt. Every witness should be such a "burning and shining light" glowing and flashing with a message that fills the soul, and yet so hidden as to be only "a voice" for Christ, satisfied to say,

Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

Shortly after the visit of Moody and Sankey to Glasgow, a little boy passed through the streets of that city one evening singing, "There is a fountain filled with blood." A Christian policeman joined in the song, and at length asked the boy if he understood it. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know it in my heart, and it is very precious." A few days afterward some one incidentally said to the policeman, "Do you know that a woman standing where we are was awakened the other evening by hearing a hymn sung by a policeman and a boy?" That story of the policeman and the boy should encourage every one to be a "voice" for Christ, even if unable to preach, or even to speak in public.

The picture we have given of John as a faithful witness, a picture we should all make our own, is embodied in decayed sculpture at Melrose Abbey. Above the beautiful stone foliage of the south door is a niche in which an image of Christ formerly stood, and beneath it there is still seen a half-length figure of John the Baptist, looking reverently upward to the Master above him, and drawing all other eyes to the same place and away from himself. Under it is written "*Ecce Filius Dei*"—Behold the Son of God. Under it might also be written, "The faithful witness," for when our gaze is so fixed upon Christ that we draw other eyes toward him and from ourselves we bear the truest testimony.

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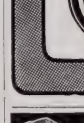

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Easy—Fascinating. Poultry always in demand. Get Ready Now. $10 Starts You. The Advance, 100 egg incubator and 100 chick brooder, value $12, both prepaid $10. We've started hundreds with this outfit. Order today or write for full description how to start, etc.
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EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **our 1912 catalogue**—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the day—really a book of **204 pages, 5 colored plates and over 800 photo engravings,** showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening either for pleasure or profit and embodies the results of over sixty-four years of practical experience.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To everyone who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** we will mail the catalogue

And also Send Free of Charge
Our Famous 50 Cent "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS
containing one package each of **Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Scarlet Globe Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Mammoth Butterfly Pansies and Giant Spencer Sweet Peas,** in a coupon envelope which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

In addition, all ordering from this advertisement will receive a copy of our new **Garden Guide and Record.** This is a hand book of general garden information, planting tables, cooking receipts, cultural directions, etc., etc., and in all is one of the most necessary and valuable of our many publications

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

THE CARELESS GROCER

Blundered, and Great Good Came of it.

A careless grocer left the wrong package at a Michigan home one day and thereby brought a great blessing to the household.

"Two years ago I was a sufferer from stomach trouble, so acute that the effort to digest ordinary food gave me great pain, and brought on a condition of such extreme nervousness that I could not be left alone. I thought I should certainly become insane. I was so reduced in flesh that I was little better than a living skeleton. The doctors failed to give me relief and I despaired of recovery.

"One day our groceryman left a package of Grape-Nuts food by mistake, so I tried some for dinner. I was surprised to find that it satisfied my appetite and gave me no distress whatever. The next meal I ate of it again, and to be brief, I have lived for the past year almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. It has proved to be a most healthful and appetizing food, perfectly adapted to the requirements of my system.

"Grape-Nuts is not only easily digested and assimilated, but I find that since I have been using it I am able to eat anything else my appetite fancies, without trouble from indigestion. The stomach trouble and nervousness have left me, I have regained my plumpness and my views of life are no longer despondent and gloomy.

"Other members of my family, especially my husband, (whose old enemy, the 'heart-burn,' has been vanquished) have also derived great benefit from the use of Grape-Nuts food and we think no morning meal complete without it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—The MORLEY PHONE I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

"The MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF

made low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over One Hundred Thousand Sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 754, Perry Building, Philadelphia

ACHFELDT'S PERFECTION Toe Spring Patented

TELL ME YOUR FOOT TROUBLES.—My Perfection Toe Spring will remove the cause of your BUNION OR ENLARGED JOINT and straighten your toes. Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use. Sent on approval. Money refunded if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved German Silver Arch Support for weak arches and Flat-Foot." Achfeldt's HAMMERTOE Spring will straighten your small toes and prevent corns

Full particulars and advice free.

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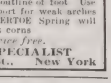
I Was Deaf 25 Years
NOW I HEAR WHISPERS

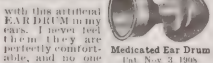
with this artificial EAR DRUM in my ears. I never feel them; they are perfectly comfortable, and no one sees them. I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf, and how I made myself hear.



Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

Artificial Ear Drum Company
Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager
G P. WAY 2 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS Make $30 per Wk. This AWL sews a lock stitch like a machine. Best thing ever made for repairing Harness, Shoes, etc. A dozen exclusive features. Demand is immense. Sales astounding. Roy Sage writes: "Red'd Awl today, sold 5 in 15 min." L. Perrine says: "Sold 9 on way home with sample." Lowest price, biggest profit, greatest value, quick sales. Drop everything and write for sample and instructions. ANCHOR MFG. CO. Dept. 834 DAYTON, O.



Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS

Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed 4c. F. FOY, Box 36, Des Moines, Iowa

"No" and "Yes"

IT IS a common saying, intimating small intellectual ability, that certain persons "do not know enough to say yes and no in the right places." Never was a more mistaken idea. The rarest faculty of the human mind is said by philosophers to be judgment; and only the very best judgment can sometimes tell a man when properly to say "yes" or "no."

Henry B. Wright calls indecision "the sleeping sickness of the soul." We should give time and thought to our convictions, form them solidly and then adhere to them. This is where those "wholesale resolves," sometimes condemned by really conscientious people as "too radical," find their best use. The man who has firmly decided to take no alcoholic beverage whatever, is in a far easier place than is the man who thinks total abstinence "narrow" and "drastic," and in his desire to be "broad," yet "moderate," is forever having to decide whether this or that liquid is too strong or not; and whether he has had all he ought to take, or not. The man who has said to himself, "I will not use tobacco in any form," does not have to discriminate continually between pipes, cigars and cigarettes. It saves an enormous amount of mental friction to make a strong "blanket" resolution of this sort, to say nothing of saving money, setting an example, avoiding nicotine and alcoholic poison, and preserving a higher degree of personal cleanliness than otherwise.

"A will," says William James in his *Psychology*, "is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life."

There is nothing like it—this will, so formed that it can decide on its "yes" and "no" quickly and definitely. We all recognize the power of the man or woman who possesses it.

One of the men upon whom his friends could always count was Daniel. Mr. Moody said that he could imagine men saying to Daniel, "Look here, young man, you are puritanical. Bear in mind that you are not now in Jerusalem; you are in Babylon. You are not a Jewish prince; you are a captive; and if the king hears about your refusing to eat the same kind of meat that he eats, or to drink the same kind of wine that he drinks, your head will soon roll from off your shoulders." But Daniel's piety was one of depth and decision. Not once did he hesitate. He could not say "yes" to proposals which were against his religion—but with him, as with all others who live up to their convictions of right, willing to suffer or die for them if necessary, it was well in the end.

The knight to whom the vision of the Grail should be granted was pictured by Tennyson as one who would never falter. He must be pure of heart, brave and strong of hand; but, above all, he must be steadfast; not lured from his quest by "wandering fires." A holy nun had seen the Grail, "rosered, with beatings in it, as if alive," so that she knew the Holy Cup, which because of earth's sinfulness had been caught up to heaven, had come to earth again. She plaits with her long hair "a strong sword-belt" and binds it upon the stainless Galahad, and then the vision of the Grail is granted to the knights at a banquet, in thunder and "a beam of light seven times more clear than day"; and Galahad, Lancelot and many others of Arthur's pure knights swear to rest not until they find that Holy Cup. Only to Galahad was the reward granted, for he was true and steadfast, never faltering. This legend is a parable; for to the man who decides for the right, never halting between two opinions; never, like the Laodicean church, "neither cold nor hot," come the grandest revelations of God's love.

[*] Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, February 18. TEXT: Ps. 57: 1-11.

Compo-Board

The Modern Wall Lining

Makes Comfortable Homes

COMPO-BOARD is far superior to lath and plaster or any other wall lining.

It is built with five layers of the best air-tight composition obtainable. The inside core consists of narrow strips of thoroughly seasoned lumber. Both sides of this are coated with air-tight cement, the outside of which is then faced with a specially prepared moisture proof paper.

It is then subjected to a very heavy pressure and intense heat, making a straight sheet one quarter inch thick, which has the resisting qualities of a 12-inch solid plaster wall.

It is non-porous. Cold, heat and moisture can't get through it. It won't warp. Keeps the cold out and the heat in—and is damp proof. Saves on coal bills.

COMPO-BOARD is easily and quickly put up, either on the studding of a new building or over the old plaster, without any mess. When the job is complete, you have a surface as smooth as plaster—a surface that can be papered or stencilled or painted in water or oil color. You can decorate easier than plaster, either with or without panels. Lasts much longer than plaster and is more healthful and sanitary.

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See what COMPO-BOARD is, and learn in how many ways you can use it about the house as well as for a wall lining. Sold by dealers in most every town in strips 4 feet wide, and any even length from one to eighteen feet. Write today.

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MAKE MONEY! BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME!

To introduce our new line we send this new Stencil Outfit, 15 cut stencils, 3 tubes, stencil Oil colors, 6 stencil holders, brush, New catalog and instructions. All in strong box for 50c

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Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Healthful for bed chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric. Line with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.

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We Are Proud of Our Christian Herald Boys

The Brightest and Happiest Home Boys in Every State and Province

This is HOWARD G. HARRIS, of Ventnor City, N. J.
He Has a Splendid Record

Two Pony Contests are now on. The boy who does the best work this month gets one of them. New boys are given a Free start in business and are entered at once in the Pony Contest. Other prizes too.

Simply Sign this Coupon

SPECIAL COUPON

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Please send me a start in business and tell me all about how I may win the beautiful Shetland Pony, if I do good work.

Signed.....

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We Save You $128 to $222

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Let us send this artistic piano to you at our expense. We pay the freight. You pay nothing down. Try it for 30 days. If we cannot satisfy you with the piano, we will pay the freight for its return. Take 3 years time to pay if satisfied.

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At the World's Columbian Exposition they won the highest award medal. We offer you direct-from-factory-to-home wholesale prices on Reed & Sons Pianos, giving you the highest artistic quality at a price much lower than your dealer would charge you for a cheap, inferior instrument.

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Full Spring Seat and Back—Covered in Best Royal Leather $3.85

Look at the picture; doesn't this Rocker look inviting with its high, broad, shapely back and deep roomy spring seat! It's made to last forever, and its wide arms, supported by six neatly turned smooth spindles, and massive frontcarved posts, give it the exclusiveness and style that cannot be had in any other rocker. Frame thoroughly seasoned oak, high golden and gloss finish. Best quality Black Royal Leather; workmanship first-class. Price but $3.85 makes it the biggest bargain ever offered. We can afford such values because we own our own timber lands, saw mills, factories and salesrooms. Money back if it is not worth double. Send for our large FREE cash catalogue of Furniture, Rugs, Curtains, etc. Learn at once how much cheaper and better you can buy for cash direct from the manufacturers. We save you all extra profits. Write NOW; better still, enclose $3.85 for this comfortable rocker. Order by number 670. Address (31-1)

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Great Free Premium Offer whereby you get a lot of valuable articles free as a present with orders. *Also the book contains easily understood directions for paper-ing walls*, making paste and hanging wall paper. With these instructions you can hang paper as good as an expert wall paper hanger can.

Go Into the Wall Paper Business Make lots of money. No experience necessary. Every house-owner will buy paper of you. We furnish outfits and instruct and advise you free; *paper hangers, painters please write.*

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AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 25c for one size you need.

DR. LYONS 2201 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

The Call to Service*

THE sainted George Muller early decided that it was wrong for him to demand money for his services. He was equally opposed to the renting of pews, a system which, he said, gave to the man "with a ring on his finger" the best seat, and to the poorer brother the footstool. From the very first of his preaching, he depended solely upon prayer for his living and for the support of his various charities. His only desire was to serve his fellowmen. As for himself and his family, he trusted them wholly to the providence of God.

Surely since apostolic days no faith has been so well rewarded. When he died in 1898, he had received and disbursed $7,500,000, the bulk of it upon the great orphanage at Bristol, his best beloved enterprise, in which 10,000 orphans had been cared for up to that time. In addition to this work, he had distributed nearly 2,000,000 Bibles and Testaments; aided many missionaries; conducted useful Bible schools; made many evangelistic journeys; and circulated more than 100,000,000 religious books and tracts. Never, probably, was such effective work done by any one man. At the time of Mr. Muller's death, $3,000 a week was required to maintain his orphanage. Often a mealtime would be close at hand, and yet there would be no food in the larder, but it always came. The story of his faith and its fruition reads like that of a Scripture miracle, and yet we are told that there are no miracles now.

He had been educated for the Lutheran ministry by his worldly-minded father, not in order to do good in that station, but "so that he might have an easy and comfortable living from the state." The boy led an idle and dissolute life, but all at once he was converted, and then it became his one aim, not "to live at ease in Zion," but to see how much good he could do for the Master. Probably no man ever worked harder or more steadily. His soul, his mind, his body, were dedicated wholly to the strenuous service of God.

In Carl Hilty's wonderful essay upon work, he deplores the laziness of the natural man, which is all too apt to lure him along "the line of least resistance." The fourth commandment, he insisted, lays no more stress upon the keeping of the Sabbath than, in its very first sentence, it lays upon work. "Six days shalt thou labor"; and yet we see all around us men and women, especially the children of wealth, who do not work, simply because they do not need to. Probably there is no test of character greater than the possession of riches. Our Lord had much to say upon this point. The peril is no new one.

A frequent excuse of rich men and women for not going to work in one of the many departments where unpaid service is so much needed, is that they are "not clever enough." It is true that unless one is brought up and trained to "business habits," one is apt to bungle in taking up any sort of work. But faithful effort will soon mend such deficiencies, so that, even if one may not have the ability to lead, one may still do service in the ranks.

Some of the noblest lines of the poets, and some of the grandest flights of eloquence among the great orators and prose writers, have been inspired by the splendor of work. Browning, Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, to say nothing of our own poets; Addison, Johnson, Carlyle, Ruskin and many other of our great prose writers have left us stirring appeals to labor.

And ever, "God First" must be our motto. Some one has written a set of verses with this refrain, and they hang as a monitor in many a home. Serve and ever serve, but let it always be in the name of the Lord.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, February 18. TEXTS: Amos 6: 1-6; Matt. 15: 29-31.

BEST OF ALL ALMANACS

We want to thank you for *The Christian Herald Almanac*. We think it is the finest thing in the line of Almanacs that we have seen in years. We do prize it highly.

Walton, N. Y. MRS. JAMES SCOTT.

This is a picture of my big confectionery store in Springfield, Ohio.

The money I earned, selling Popcorn Crispettes—a new, delicious confection—enabled me to establish it

My Popcorn Crispette Machine made me a rich man. Any other man who goes at it as I did can make a lot of money. I am just a common, everyday sort of a fellow. No reason why I should do any better than you.

Write me today. I'll tell you how I built my big business. I'll tell you just how I went about it—how you can do the same

If you follow instructions you should make more money this fall and winter than you ever dreamed of. Somewhere in your town there is a small store—a half-store, a little nook or even a store window—where you can set up your machine and make money. You can start at home if you wish.

POPCORN CRISPETTES BUILT THIS BIG BUSINESS FOR ME

I stand ready to help other men to make good; men who have business hopes; who are anxious to make lots of money.

Every Time You Take in a Nickel You Make Almost Four Cents Profit

You'll have a good thing all to yourself. I furnish a secret formula for making Crispettes; it's different from anything else. So you escape competition. People buy and buy and buy Popcorn Crispettes because of the taste. They're so different—so tasty and tempting, folks want more and more of them.

In my literature I tell you all about them, about men who have made big money with the machine, and the men tell you how they did it. It's very interesting reading.

Making money isn't nearly as hard as it seems. Half of success is in making the start—the other half is nerve, judgment and a good proposition. I have the proposition—you have the courage—nerve—judgment. Put the three together **now** and make money as I did. At least investigate. Look into the proposition. Get my story and the story of other men who are making money with a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine. Write today

W. Z. LONG, 460 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

MEINECKE'S METAL HOT WATER BOTTLE AND FOOT AND BED WARMER

KEEPS HOT ALL NIGHT COMFORTABLE LASTS A LIFE TIME

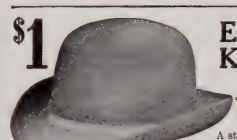
Holds boiling water. Never leaks. Has unlosable stopper, easy filling funnel; flannel cover. Stays hot all night. Better than a rubber bag. Has many more uses. Adopted by hundreds of hospitals, and recommended by doctors and nurses.

Price $4.00 Delivered

Write to-day for YOUR COPY of our FREE BOOK OF THE SICK-ROOM tells you all about this wonderful bottle. Also about our guaranteed $2.00 rubber hot water bag, and many other home and sick-room specialties which you ought to know about. *Valuable in health. Invaluable in sickness.*

MEINECKE & CO., Sick-Room Supplies 52 Park Place, New York

$1 English Knock-about Hat



A stylish serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Grey, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. C, 830 Broadway, New York City

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and learn of our unheard of prices and marvelous new offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write is now.

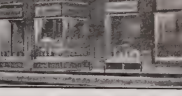
TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at *half usual prices.*

Mead Cycle Co. Dept. M71 *Chicago*

FREE Murray Catalog

Biggest Vehicle Catalog ever Published. 251 illustrations, full descriptions of 138 vehicles and 74 harness designs.

$30 saved on this up-to-date buggy is an example of how Murray saves you ¼ to ½. Shipped direct from factory, 4 weeks' road trial, 2 years' guarantee. Don't think of buying till you have seen this catalog. *Write for it today.*



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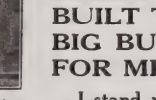

No wear, no tear, no beating. Daintiest articles washed without injury. Tub of clothes washed in 5 to 10 minutes. A child can operate. Well made; will not rust. Lighter than a washboard. Instantaneously attachable to any metal tub or wash boiler. No screws to tighten. Order from this ad. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

$2.50 Prepaid

Rapid Vacuum Washer Co. 75 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.

VIRGINIA APPLE ORCHARDS Pay Big Profits

$50. to $100 Per Month Days a 10-acre APPLE ORCHARD tract in "The Beautiful" Shenandoah Valley of Virginia." Other farm and fruit lands $15.00 per acre and up. Best climate, water, neighbors, churches and markets. Send for "Southern Homeseeker," maps, rates, etc.

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YOU CAN DIG 40 FOOT WELLS

quickly through any Earth with our Guaranteed Well Boring Outfit. Nothing else like it. Cheapest and Best method known. Price $10.00 Delivered.

Send 2c stamp for our big circular.

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SAVE-THE-HORSE TRADE MARK REG'T.

OUR LATEST "Save-The-Horse Book"—Is our 16 Years Experience Treating 25,364 Horses. Ringbone—Spavin—and ALL—Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof and Tendons. With Mistakes left out. DISCOVERIES PUT IN. It is a Mind Settler; Tells How to Beat for Spavin—Where and What To Do For A Lame Horse.—COVERS 58 FORMS OF LAMENESS—ILLUSTRATED.

WE Originated the Plan of—Treating Horses by Mail—Under Signed Contract to Return Money if Remedy Fails. Our Charges Are moderate. But first write describing your case, and we will send out—BOOK—Sample Contract, Letters from Business Men The World Over, on Every Kind of Case and Advice—ALL FREE to Horse Owners and Managers—Only.—PUT HORSE TO WORK and CURE HIM NOW. Write! AND STOP THE LOSS. Address—TROY CHEMICAL CO., 39 Commercial Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

Sturgeon Bay, Wis., November 3, 1911.—My best friend and neighbor used Save-The-Horse on two spavins and cured both. Seeing Mr. Wiegand cure two spavins I decided to write you, etc.—S. Watrous, R. No. 2. B-8-25

Druggists everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with contract or sent by us Express prepaid.

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Signing their Declaration of Confidence in Sanatogen

FAMOUS men and women of many lands, of many occupations in the strenuous life of the modern world—and *fifteen thousand practising physicians*—have written words of golden praise for that greatest of food-tonics—Sanatogen.

These remarkably enthusiastic endorsements by men and women of thought and action, and by scientists of eminence in a conservative profession, recognize the splendid efficiency of Sanatogen as a tonic *food,* as a re-creative *builder* of nerve strength, as sustaining *nourishment* for impoverished conditions of the human system.

Sanatogen reaches sources of energy that have been exhausted, and *feeds* them with its highly assimilable, *constructive* elements—feeds *without reaction* as in the case of drugs, the cells and tissues that have been dangerously drained of their necessary support. Sanatogen is the pre-eminent *restorer*—a scientific combination of elements that answer the hunger of debilitated nerves.

The wide success of Sanatogen as a natural, *elemental* food to brain and body, has inspired a striking and very unusual manifestation of confidence on the part of scientists and laymen alike—men who have *seen* and *experienced* its upbuilding power—men who *know* what it will do. *Their* confidence is an assurance to *you.*

His Excellency Prof. Dr. Von Leyden
Director First Medical Clinic, Berlin University, writes:

"I have gladly and frequently prescribed Sanatogen in cases of delicate patients, in my clinical as well as in private practice and am extremely satisfied with the results."

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"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases (that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin), and have obtained excellent results."

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.
The eminent novelist statesman, writes from London:

"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

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"Over Snowfields Waste and Pathless"
From a Painting by J. Farquharson

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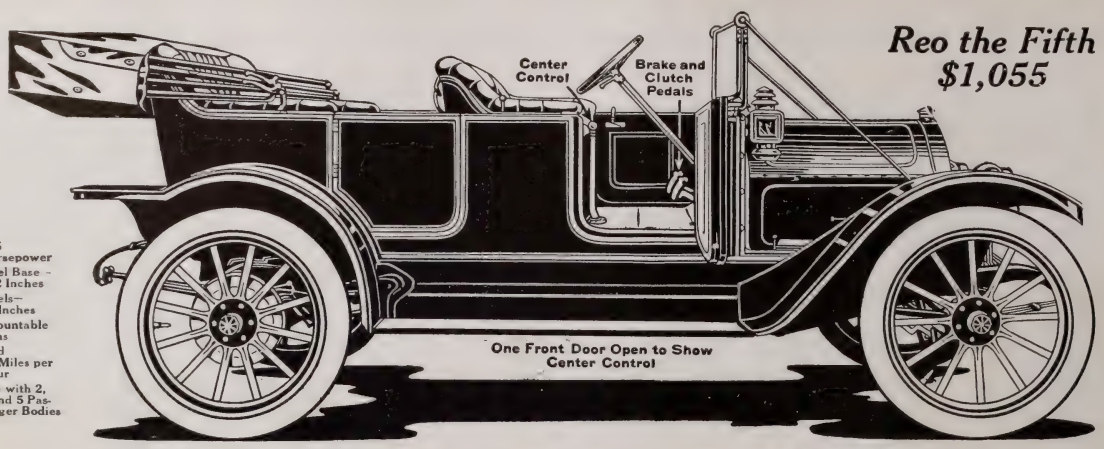

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30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed 45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. **Self-starter, if wanted, $25 extra.**

The Car That Marks My Limit

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have no quarrel with men who ask more for their cars—none with men who ask less. I have only to say that, after 25 years—after creating 24 models and building tens of thousands of cars—*here's the best I know.* I call it My Farewell Car.

I claim for this car no great innovation. The time is past for that.

Thousands of good men, for two decades, have worked at perfecting cars. No man can ever go much further than the best these men have done.

I believe that Reo the Fifth, in every feature, shows the utmost these men have accomplished. It represents, in addition, the best I have learned through 25 years of continuous striving. So it comes, I believe, pretty close to finality.

It shows what can be done by modern facilities, by boundless experience, by honesty of purpose, by the genius for taking pains. And that is all that any car at any price can offer.

The Lessons of 25 Years

Where this car excels lies in what I have learned in 25 years of car building.

I've been learning longer than others. I have learned faster than others, because I had more cars out.

That's my chief advantage.

What some think right, I know to be wrong. What some think sufficient, I know to be reckless.

Myriads of cars used by myriads of owners have taught me every possible weakness. They have shown the need of big margins of safety, for exactness, for careful inspection, for laboratory tests.

I Go to Extremes

For every part I know the best steel alloy. To make sure that I get it, I *analyze all my steel.*

I built a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity just to test my gears.

My axles have twice the needed strength. My bearings are Timken Roller and Hyatt High Duty.

My carburetor is *doubly* heated, and adapted to low-grade gasoline. That makes the commonest troubles impossible.

I carry tests and inspections, throughout the construction, to what men call extremes. Those 25 years taught me the need for precautions.

They also have taught me that men love beautiful cars. My bodies are finished with 17 coats. My lamps are enameled—my engine nickel trimmed.

The upholstering is deep, and of hair-filled genuine leather. The wheel base is long, the wheels are large, the car is over-tired. I avoid all the petty economies.

New Center Control

The gear shifting is done by that center "cane handle." It moves only three inches in each of four directions to change to every speed and reverse.

There are no side levers. Both of the brakes, also the clutch, are operated by the foot pedals. The doors are free from obstructions.

The driver may sit—as he should sit—on the left hand side, close to the cars which he passes. With the old lever controls this was impossible, save in electric cars.

Price, $1,055 the Only Sensation

My greatest achievement, in my estimation, is the price on this new car. No other car begins to compete with it.

This is due to automatic machinery—to enormous production—to making all parts in one factory. It is due to building only one chassis in all this great plant. It is due to small selling cost, and to a very small profit.

But this price is not fixed. This initial price of $1,055 is the minimum. It is based on to-day's low cost for materials. It is figured on a doubled output, due to this new creation.

If costs advance our price must advance. But we shall keep it this low just as long as is possible. That is better, we think, than fixing the price for six months in advance, and leaving big margin to do it.

My Supreme Effort

Reo the Fifth marks my limit. Better materials are impossible, better workmanship out of the question. Better features or devices, if they exist, are still unknown to me.

More care or skill or quality is beyond my capability. At twice the price I could build no better car. If others can, they are better men than I.

Ask for Catalog

Ask for our catalog, showing the various bodies and stating all the facts. We will tell you then where to see the car.

Reo the Fifth, my finest creation, will interest every motor car lover. Ask for the book to-day. Address

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Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Riding Easy in Fair Weather

Copyright, Clarke & Muller

Two Submarines Laid Up for Repairs in the Brooklyn Navy Yard

Preparing to Launch a Torpedo

Copyright, Clarke & Muller

Watch-Dogs of the Sea

Perils of Life Aboard Uncle Sam's Torpedo Destroyers and Submarines

TWO lives lost. More than two hundred men injured. A dozen battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and destroyers damaged; and a repair bill of $250,000 for the Navy Department to pay. All this sounds as if it might be the summing up of the result of a great modern battle, and so it was, though no guns were fired and no human enemy was engaged.

During the week which followed the great January storm along the Atlantic coast there limped into Hampton Roads several of our largest cruisers and battleships, bringing with them the disabled little greyhounds of the sea, the *Roe*, the *McCall*, and the *Paulding*. These little ships, which had on their trial runs proved their capability of developing as high a speed as any vessel afloat, though badly battered and short of the oil fuel which they use, came in triumphant over a storm such as even their own officers had hardly imagined they could brave. The *Paulding* is the fastest of these boats, for on her trial trip over the Rockland course in August, 1910, she made her fastest mile at the rate of 33.94 knots. The *Roe* stands next, having in her four hours' run at top speed averaged 31.43 knots. Except that some of these torpedo boats have three funnels and some only two they are all very similar in appearance, being about 296 feet long, 27 feet beam, and drawing about eleven feet of water. Each one carrid a crew of eighty men. Although they are constructed to stand being heeled over to a greater extent than almost any other type of vessel in the world, they rise only a few feet out of the water and were never calculated to withstand very rough weather.

It is very doubtful if the log of any naval vessel of the world contains records equal to those of the *Roe*. Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Woodward has since stated that he never expected to bring his ship through the immense waves. The indicator on the bridge, which was at times the only part of the vessel out of water, showed that the little ship rolled ninety degrees, being at times clear over on her beam ends. Just at the time when the commanders of the little squadron estimated that the gale was at its height and blowing practically ninety miles an hour the *Roe's* steering gear gave way, and she dropped into the trough of the sea. This little vessel's masts are fifty-two feet high from the water line and although it has been stated that the highest wave yet recorded upon the Atlantic Ocean was not over thirty feet in height, Commander Woodward's estimate that the waves of the recent storm overtopped his masts by several feet have been borne out by the officers not only of the smaller ships but even of the battleship *Delaware*. That the little fellows did not suffer alone is shown by the fact that the *Delaware*—that great floating arsenal—came into port after the storm with her decks swept absolutely clean.

The Battered *Paulding* and *Roe* After the Storm

It will take $30,000 to replace the lifeboats, steam launch and other deck paraphernalia that were swept overboard by a gigantic wave.

There were a number of peculiar incidents in the *Roe's* fight for her life in the great storm. Because of the accident to her steering gear and the impossibility of making repairs, while the ship was breaking all records for rolling and pitching, she lay in the trough of the seas and rolled absolutely at the mercy of the waves for many hours. During most of this time the men were in their bunks holding on. One of the petty officers of the boat, losing his grip when for a moment the starboard side of the ship became the roof of the forecastle, dropped directly across the room into the bunk of one of the other men. Though neither was seriously injured both were pretty badly shaken up.

When it became possible to repair the steering gear, Commander Woodward feared to turn the battered prow of the *Roe* against the oncoming combers, lest she should be swamped, so an old trick was resorted to. A bag of oily waste was lowered over the bow, and as soon as the oil commenced to spread, the *Roe* was able to get her stern to the wind and seas and run for safety.

Though the *Paulding's* tussle was not so strenuous as the *Roe's*, Lieutenant Doyle, her commander, had troubles enough of his own. He managed to keep his bow to the seas, and did not dare to turn and run before them. After he had reached Norfolk, Lieutenant Doyle jokingly remarked that it was the first time that he had ever attempted to anchor in 1,800 feet of water with 110 fathoms of chain. Just after a great wave had crashed aboard and carried away a whaleboat and dory, the double lashings of the port anchor gave way and it went over the bow, carrying its chain out to the very end. To the surprise of all on board the chain held fast and for a few moments no one knew exactly what the results would be, but it turned out to be a very satisfactory accident, as the weight of the chain and anchor steadied the ship and stopped the pounding.

The *McCall* escaped with the least damage of any of the torpedo boats. Her commander was able to run before the high seas and make Bermuda safely, though his fuel was exhausted when he arrived there. The *Terry*, another of the torpedo boats, lost her lifeboats and refrigerators; her bulkheads were badly dented, and, like all her sister ships, her funnels were twisted and bow damaged by the great seas.

The only vessels in the navy smaller than the torpedo boats are the submarines, and it was largely good fortune that they too were not battered by the storm. If they had not been undergoing their regular overhauling they would doubtless have been out for the maneuvers and a great naval tragedy would have occurred, for they could never have lived through the terrible storm.

Sunday School Methods Discussed

R. DOUGLAS FRASER
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HENRY H. MEYER, D.D.
Secretary

W. R. FUNK, D.D.
President

AT THE very heart of all things pertaining to the Sunday School were those privileged to attend the meetings of the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Denominations held in Toronto, Canada, January 23-25, when editors, publishers and secretaries, representing twenty-six denominations, met to discuss measures looking toward better Sunday Schools, with improved courses of study and more effective methods of teaching.

Through the courtesy of the authorities of St. James Cathedral, the commodious parish house of St. James was placed at the disposal of the Council. The Council divided itself into sections representing the editorial, educational, publication and extension work of the several denominations. Papers were read by the Rev. William Walter Smith, D.D., of New York, presenting plans of Sunday School instruction in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and by the Rev. Frank Johnson, editor of the *Sunday School Chronicle*, London, outlining the Sunday School situation in Great Britain. The educational section, Rev. Benjamin S. Winchester, D.D., of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston, chairman, came to an agreement for the investigation of Bible study in preparatory schools, colleges and seminaries, with a view to helping the men and women studying there to educational leadership in the church, also with reference to the present existing foundations, such as the Carnegie, Rockefeller and Sage Foundations, which have no place in their plan for religious education or allied subjects; and favoring the establishing of summer schools for Sunday School leadership in various parts of the country.

Only one address was contributed by a woman—Mrs. J. Woodbridge Barnes of New York, who spoke on the best ways of solving the problems arising from the introduction of the graded lessons.

An entire evening was devoted to the general theme of the correlation of the home and the Sunday School. Rev. Alexander Macgillivray of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, presented the Bible side of home religious training. The psychological side was emphasized by the Rev. Milton S. Littlefield of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"It is clearly evident," said Dr. Henry H. Meyer, secretary of the Council, "that the general Sunday School movement has outgrown or is rapidly outgrowing its machinery for lesson making. The present state of unrest and uncertainty with regard to the general Sunday School situation may be regarded as an evidence of vitality and growth, rather than an occasion for serious concern regarding the ultimate outcome. With the sense of denominational individualism, there has come a new appreciation of interdenominational dependence in our effort to cope with the multiplied obstacles which to-day retard the progress of evangelical faith and fellowship. In Christian education lies the hope of North America. In united effort and co-operation lies our strength. To every enemy of our common faith we must present a united front. To every obstacle to evangelical faith we must oppose a thorough Christian training, with systematic Bible and religious instruction in the home, in the church school and in the Christian college. And where our lines are far flung on the frontier, or intersect in the crowded parishes of our great cities, there we must cease to duplicate our machinery and our effort, raising at every point the standard of efficiency and of service."

The resolutions adopted look forward to the time when the denominations will prepare their own Sunday School lessons. The Council "reaffirms its declaration that to the denominations belongs the sole authority to determine the form and content of lesson courses for denominational Sunday Schools." It further "affirms the right of any denomination, or group of denominations, to accept, reject or revise for its own use any interdenominational lesson courses, or to create for itself lesson courses independent of the Council or other organizations." A committee of eleven was appointed "to consider the principles and methods according to which courses of study for the Sunday School should be constructed and provided for the use of the denominations."

M. K. H.

TWO FAMOUS FOREIGNERS

Sir John Kirk

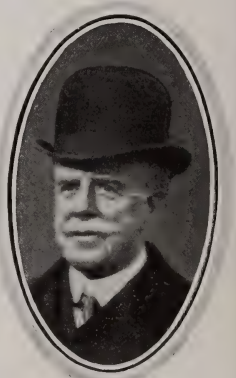
FEW visitors to this country in recent years have a wider circle of friends in both continents than Sir John Kirk, the friend of London's cripple children. At an age when most boys are scarcely interested in such things, John Kirk, a schoolboy and a poor man's son living in the south of London, had already started on the career which has proved a most remarkable one.

Like many great enterprises, the beginnings were surprisingly simple. For years his work went quietly on, practically unnoticed by any save the cripples themselves. In 1907, the late King Edward VII, having heard from many sources stories of the Ragged School Union, summoned Mr. Kirk, its founder, to an audience in Buckingham Palace. He walked all the way from their humble home in Henrietta Street to the palace, where immediately he became quite dazed at the many impressive preliminaries to what he supposed was to be the simple bestowal of a gift from the "King's Charities."

It was a trying moment when a high official conducted plain frock-coated John Kirk into the royal presence. Not until then did he realize what the significance of it all was. At the command "to kneel," he knelt down in the only way he knew, and folded his hands in an attitude of prayer. Almost at the same instant the clap of a sword fell upon his shoulder, and the voice of the King, saying, "Arise, Sir John Kirk!" brought all of his courage back. His good work had found him out; he had been knighted on account of it. Amid congratulations and blessings invoked upon his work, he was shown to a carriage that awaited him at the gate. The story is related by friends how he walked the last stage of the homeward journey, knocked at his own door and when his wife answered his call he addressed her, much to her amazement, as "Lady Kirk." Explanations were in order, and when the happy surprise was ended, the heartiest of congratulations came from the lips of the noble woman who had been his true comrade and helper in all his struggles and who was made the "proudest wife in all London" from the fact that the King had laid the sword of knighthood upon John Kirk's broad shoulders that day.

WIDESPREAD grief has been felt over the sudden death in Egypt of the Duke of Fife, King George's brother-in-law. The event has marred the felicitations attendant upon the return of their Majesties from India; the home-coming of the sovereign and his queen are gloomy rather than joyous.

The Duke, with his family, was traveling toward Khartoum, where he was to have attended the dedication of a cathedral erected as a memorial to the late General Gordon. The vessel *Delhi*, on which the ducal party was proceeding to Egypt, was wrecked off the coast of Morocco, and the passengers were subjected to dangerous and discomforting exposure. No lives were lost in the wreck, but among those who suffered from the exposure was the Duke himself, who contracted a severe cold which later developed into pneumonia. His was another "death in the desert." Instead of helping to honor his friend, he met death near where he had perished.



The Late Duke of Fife

In 1889 the late Duke, then the Earl of Fife, married Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise, receiving on the same day his rank as a duke. Beside the title Earl of Fife, he already possessed those of Viscount MacDuff, Baron Banco, and Baron Skene. The Duke was sixty-three years of age at the time of his death, and had always been honored and beloved by the people. The London *Times*, on the occasion of his marriage to the Princess, said of him: "In character and repute he is blameless, exemplary and well esteemed of all men." He was a large and handsome man, the true soldier and gentleman. In the year 1876 he visited America. He was known during this journey as Viscount MacDuff, in which character he was heir of the gallant MacDuff who slew the guilty Macbeth. The Duke was a wealthy man, owning many estates in the United Kingdom, and being also a member of the London banking house of Sir Samuel Scott. From 1874 to 1879 he sat in the lower house of Parliament as Liberal member for the counties of Elgin and Nairn. From 1879 to 1885 he sat as Lord Skene, in the House of Lords. It is interesting to note that the late Duke was for many years a total abstainer from intoxicants, and that he prohibited the sale of liquor on his Scottish estates.

China Orphans' Plea Answered

The Christian Herald's Appeal in Their Behalf Finds Quick Response

OUR plea in behalf of the Famine Orphans at the various missions is already meeting with most encouraging responses. Friends of missionary work in China all over this country are sending in their gifts, with their prayers that they may be made a means of blessing to the orphan waifs.

Miss A. T., New York City, sends $1 "to feed a child for two weeks." F. W., Northampton, Mass., also sends $1 for the little orphans "from two friends in Northampton, who have just been reading the little book called *Moon-Flower*. "A Christian Friend" in Export, Pa., sends $5 for the support of the unfortunate orphans, adding, "and I also pray that God will bless and save them and the missionaries who are caring for them." J. E. T., Newark, N. J., sends $10 "for helping along the work." C. H. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., sends $1 and says, "I wish it were more, but the dear Lord knows all about it." Mrs. C. A. G., Warren, N. H., encloses $5 "with my prayer for the little ones, and I hope this may be the means of leading some to trust and obey the blessed Saviour." M. B. G., Kingston, N. Y., sends $1, with the hope that it will be "a little help—a raindrop." Mrs. F. C. O., Raymondsville, Texas, encloses $1 which "our little son Gillett has saved." A. A. M., Ilse, Cal., encloses $1 for the orphans, and adds, "may God bless you and your good work." J. B. G., Wilton, Me., sends a silver half dollar and says: "When I was a child, my parents let me cut my teeth on this fifty-cent piece. It has done service in three generations. Now, I wish to put it to some better use, so I send it to you for the Chinese orphans." A. B. McB., Pittsburg, Pa., encloses $1.40, the gift of a Sabbath School class of small boys in Sewickley, Pa., U. P. Church at an entertainment given to help the poor children in China.

That the cause of the orphan waifs is one that awakens sympathy in the breasts of many readers is made evident from the feeling expressed in their letters. Rosa S., Ackland, O., sends 50 cents "to help in the good work of saving the poor little orphan children. May God richly bless it." A Friend in Middletown, N. Y., who does not wish her name to appear, sends a gift of $20. Z. A. N., Bridgeport, N. S., sends $5 and a list of interested friends. Mrs. S. B., Normal, Ill., sends $10, and adds, "I wish it were $10,000. This, as well as my previous gift ($2), was prompted by reading *Little Moon-Flower*. Send some more copies so that I may give them to friends."

Two Little Chinese Famine Orphans

Nearly 2,000 Like These Are Pleading for Support in Christian Orphanages. Will You Help Them?

Missionaries Write of the Suffering

Chairman Webster of the Orphan Committee at Chinkiang has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD letters from a number of missionaries at the various orphanages in which the present needs of the work among the famine waifs in their care are strongly urged. An idea of the perils that beset the missionary workers is given in the following extract from a letter sent by Miss Anna Elmers, superintendent of the orphanage at Antung.

It is two weeks since word came to me at the orphanage in Antungku, that I would have to leave my work for a time, it not being considered safe in interior stations for foreigners on account of revolution and famine. The missionaries in our district, one after another, had left some time before for the open ports, leaving two of us alone, and our nearest neighbors (foreigners) several days' journey away, and between them and us a road made unsafe by robber bands and the two contending armies. These, our fellow missionaries had pleaded with us to leave, but we felt we ought to cast in our lot with the children, until two of our men missionaries two weeks ago arrived, having been sent from headquarters to take us away. This was a severe shock to us, but a severer shock was in store for us when, at the same time, a message came that the number of orphans would have to be reduced.

Beset by Perils on Every Hand

Antung district has had famines in 1907, 1909, 1910, 1911, and this year is worse than any before, for the reason that the population has grown more destitute each succeeding year, and now even those who had a little left from other years are in awful suffering. Many of the people north of us have formed into bands, and rob wherever and whatever they can, so that there is no safety for the poor villagers, so much so, that the mandarins had to give permission to the villagers to kill any one whom they found robbing, the mandarin himself asking for volunteers to help to protect the city. Daily almost, there are executions of robbers in the city. Two days before we left, seven were executed, and their heads hung for three days on the city gates as a warning to the people. The country is in an awful condition. The few relatives which the children have are famine sufferers, and are mostly on the road as beggars. Several of the children who have widowed mothers, I have sent to them, for the time of our absence, giving them the next quarter's remittance, and in this way helping to keep those mothers alive through part of the famine. The rest of the children are left in the orphanage in charge of Chinese Christian helpers. You will remember that we had one hundred children in the orphanage supported by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund until this last quarter, when the number was reduced to ninety-eight on account of the death of two. Last winter we had daily appeals asking us to save children who had been left on the street, and we had to send them away unheeded; but some of them would not be sent away, and came again day after day, so that, weary of them, we had to take them in, so that there were fifteen children in addition to the number which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supports. All through the summer and autumn the same appeals, to which we had to turn a deaf ear, till one day, the 21st of November, after days of pleading, one little boy of about five years came. His mother had died months before, his father, an opium smoker, had left him on the street, and gone, no one knows where. This baby had sat these months on doorsteps day and night, so that even the hearts of the heathen in the city were touched, and they had given him something to eat; but fearing that the cold weather would soon kill him, they made a last appeal for him and another boy, so that in desperation, I told them to bring them. One little fellow was already too far gone; a few more hours and he was beyond suffering; but this boy of five could still be saved and was added to our household.

Some of the missionaries write that terrified natives flock to the missions, bringing with them their children and valuables for protection. Some even climbed over the mission walls and pleaded to be allowed to remain. It was a trying time. Bands of marauders were plundering the country round about; bullets could be heard whistling through the air by day and night; fires raged and alarming noises were heard at intervals. There was little sleep in the missions, for no one knew what new peril an hour might bring forth. Occasionally regular soldiers would fight the brigands and many would fall on both sides. Notwithstanding these dangers, there were missionaries who flatly refused to leave their posts. They knew that to do so would have been to leave to certain death many of the orphans under their care.

A MISSIONARY'S PLEA

I TRUST *the readers of The Christian Herald will respond to your appeal generously," writes Missionary J. E. Shoemaker of Compassion Orphanage, Ningpo, China (now on furlough in this country). "I am sure that every one who has kept in touch with the splendid work done by your paper in behalf of the world's needy ones, cannot but be very thankful that you were moved to undertake a kind of work that sets forth to the world one of the most unanswerable arguments to prove the disinterested benevolence of the Christian religion."*

The Famine Orphan Fund

The following contributions for our China Famine Orphan Fund have been received up to date:

E. O. Tryon	$2.00
Miss A. Taylor	1.00
Mr. Samuel M. Engle	2.00
Miss F. Wetmore	1.00
Mrs. M. T. Andrews	1.00
Mr. William N. Hamilton	5.00
Mary E. Horton	2.00
J. D. Williams	2.00
Mrs. Lippold	1.00
Mary R. Walker	1.00
Mr. John E. Parvely	10.00
Mrs. I. J. Steanne	2.00
Mrs. Amanda Smith	1.00
Mrs. George Gruetzmacher	1.00
Mrs. E. M. Buck	5.00
E. E. Hafenrichter	10.00
Mrs. George Watson	1.00
Mrs. E. J. MacArthur and Mrs. Mary E. McCormick	2.00
Mrs. C. O. Graves	5.00
Sarah E. Rosedale	10.00
Mary B. Gillespie	1.00
Cecil G. Osborn	1.00
Mrs. J. A. Goodnow	5.00
Mrs. L. H. Gietzen	1.50
Mrs. C. B. Randall	2.00
Anna A. Mains	1.00
C. H. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
Reader, White Cottage, O.	2.00
I. H. N., Lanark, Ills.	10.00
Two Readers, Peterboro, Ont., Can.	2.00
No Name, Philadelphia, Pa.	2.00
No Name, Ypsilanti, Mich.	1.00
No Name, Oakland, Calif.	1.00
Rose Strickland	.50
Nancy Hall	1.00
A Friend, Middletown, N. Y.	20.00
Z. A. N., Bridgeport, N. S.	5.00
Mrs. S. Baldridge	10.00
Ed Anderson	2.00

All contributions should be addressed: "CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."

A FARQUHARSON SHEEP PORTRAIT

AMONG the reproductions of the works of modern artists from which many of our recent covers have been taken, few are more interesting than our present subject. The artist, Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., is a Scotchman, who has spent his life among the bleak moors and downs of his beloved country, devoting his time and talent to the painting of what have recently come to be known as "The Farquharson Sheep Portraits."

Though he has for years exhibited at the Royal Acadamy and the Royal Institute in London and at the Liverpool Art Gallery, no living animal painter was ever hurried so peremptorily, or so unexpectedly, into fame. His pictures are among the much-talked-of canvases in London to-day, and while Joseph Farquharson has practically only just been discovered, through his most recent painting, "The Good Shepherd," shown at the latest exhibition of the Royal Academy, he is well over seventy years old, and as full of vigor and ambition as a boy. The picture, "Over Snowfields Waste and Pathless," is simple enough in subject. A few sheep wander drowsily along a trackless river bank; leafless trees that cast strong shadows in the moonlight fill the right foreground, while a distant group of buildings and haycocks faintly touched by the light of the moon shining clear and full for a moment in a lowering sky add much to the depth and interest of the picture; but the loneliness of the sheep that seem to wander aimlessly over the canvas, the rare luminosity and the convincing quality that it is all a true story are the touches of genius which mark it "a little masterpiece."

English critics have frequently compared Mr. Farquharson's art work with the work of Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, whose paintings are as popular in London to-day as they were fifty years ago. While the famous animal painter was far more versatile in his selection of animal subjects and perhaps a braver draughtsman than is Mr. Farquharson, one would look in vain among the familiar pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer for anything approaching either the poetic quality or depth of feeling revealed in the present picture.

A SERMON

By

Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D.*

RADIANT LIVES

TEXT: "They looked to him and were radiant." Ps. 34: 5

ALL NATURE is eloquent of God. It is the earliest volume of Divine revelation and still full of illustrations of the more precious volume of his inspired Word.

Perhaps there is no more striking illustration in all nature of our text and of the spiritual forces it expresses than the latest discovery of modern science, the wonderful substance called radium. At the late meeting of the British Association Sir William Ramsey made radium the special theme of his annual address and called attention to some of its wonderful properties. The most remarkable thing about radium is that it radiates, that is, it gives out rather than receives radiant energy. Surely it reminds us that the glory of the Christ life is unselfishness and service. The radium rays are sent forth at a velocity of over forty thousand miles a second, so that a single ray could go almost twice round the earth in a second. We wonder if our prayers and activities go as swiftly to the perishing heathen of distant lands.

The Radiant Firmament

The heat given out by radium is more than three million times greater than the most powerful oxygen blow pipe. A ton of radium, if so large a quantity could ever be obtained, would have an energy equal to one and a half million tons of coal, which would carry an Atlantic liner for thirty years. It takes more than thirty centuries for a single grain of radium to exhaust itself, so that it practically is almost endless in its radiant energy. What a wonderful realization this gives us of the higher forces of the spiritual world! If God can work so mightily in the coarser elements of matter, how much greater the possibilities of his grace and power through the Holy Spirit!

And yet this wonderful substance comes from the dark caves of earth and is crystallized from pitchblende, something like the common tar which we tread beneath our feet on the asphalt pavements. What a parable of the grace that can pick us up out of the dust and make us radiant with light and life and power which yet shall be brighter than ten thousand suns!

There are two kinds of radiant bodies, namely, those that shine by their own light and those that reflect borrowed light from a luminous body. We never can be luminous bodies, but must always shine with reflected light. This is the thought expressed in our beautiful text: "They looked unto him and were radiant." Their light all came from him and came only when their faces were turned toward his light. When our earth turns away from the sun it is night, but when it turns its face toward the orb of day and looks unto him it is radiant with the morning. This thought is finely expressed in the figure which the apostle gives us in the third chapter of II. Corinthians, "We, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Are we thus looking to him and reflecting his radiance until like Moses our faces shall shine with the reflection of his glory?

Reflected Radiance

But the apostle himself gives us a still finer figure in the next chapter; not merely the reflected light, but the light shining from within the illuminated soul. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Here the figure is not merely reflected light, but internal light, radiating through every avenue of expression and manifestation in a human life. It is the cathedral window which is dark and dead from the outside and gives no sign of its beautiful tints and tracings until the lamps are lighted within and then sheds forth all its manifold glory and all its artistic figures. How we have sometimes seen the light of love, or better still, the light of heaven shine forth from a human countenance when the lamps of the heart were aglow, when the first touch of the joy of salvation had come or when perhaps the vision of celestial glory was opening before the departing spirit.

They who have seen that look in death
No more need fear to die.

When the Lord Jesus comes to dwell within the consecrated heart the illumination which he brings is represented by the same vivid figure. "I will manifest myself unto him," he says, and the original word for manifest means, "I will shine forth with a glory like the sun." Christ wants not merely to be reflected from our outward conduct but from our inmost spirit. The ancient temple of the sun in the land of the sun-worship was a temple of glass. It was not polished stone or transplendent gold; but it was transparent glass through which the sun himself might enter at every point and shine forth with his own native radiance. Have we thus received the light that shone out of darkness to shine in our hearts? And are we radiant through his indwelling and outshining life?

Radium gives out six different kinds of energy, which the scientists designate by the first six letters of the alphabet, a to f. Shall we see if we cannot find a parallel to this in the various ways in which we can shine for the Lord?

The Spiritual Light

1. The Light of Truth. Christ came to reveal new spiritual light to this lost world. What a wonderful revelation he has given to us of God, of righteousness, of sin, of salvation, of duty and of the dark and uncertain future upon which he has brought "life and immortality to light through the Gospel"! How dark this world would be to-day if he had not come! But are we reflecting this light to others? Have we a message like him and from him to our generation? Are our lives speaking for God, for righteousness and for eternal hope? Are we making him known and real to our fellow men and are our lives radiant with testimony, service and blessing to our age and our race? God has sent each one of us to be a living epistle, known and read of all men, and as one has well said, "Our life is either a Bible or a libel."

2. The Light of Purity. Christ's moral witness to the world was even more important than his message of truth. He first lived his Gospel before he attempted to give it to others. The mightiest thing in his career was his inexorable righteousness. By it he conquered Satan and won salvation for his people. If the devil could only have overcome him in the wilderness and for one brief moment tempted him to do wrong and step aside from the path of lowly obedience to which he had consecrated himself, his mission would have immediately failed and our justification been impossible. We are accepted before God through the perfect righteousness which he achieved. How wonderful his purity! It was not a hard, cold, dead Pharisaism, but a radiant goodness. It won the admiration and the testimony of his worst enemies, and even the disciple that betrayed him, the judge that condemned him and the malefactor that hung by his side on the cross gave their last witness to his beautiful and blameless life. And so if the Christ is living in us we will reflect his divine holiness and his heavenly purity, and it will speak to men as he spoke, condemning the world, convicting of sin and making men hungry for the righteousness of God.

They tell of a teacher who among the children of the slums instead of preaching to them about clean faces and tidy garments, will sometimes bring a lily into the midst of the dirty crowd and as they gaze upon its spotless whiteness they instinctively look upon their stained garments and unwashed hands. And one by one, it is said, they will sometimes steal away and come back with as much whiteness and cleanliness as their wretched homes can supply. That radiant flower is a silent messenger of purity. Shall we let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven?

The "Light of the World"

3. The Light of Moral Loveliness. It is possible to be righteous and yet rigid, rugged and even rude. Of such a man the apostle says that no one would die for him. But for the good man, that is, the man with moral charm, some would even dare to die. Christ's purity had this heavenly charm. It was not the righteousness of the Pharisee or the ascetic, but it was as human as it was divine. Even when a child it was said of him that he had favor with God and men. His graciousness attracted at once the sinner and the little child. To those that know him as the spiritual Christ he is "the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." No human art has ever succeeded in perfectly expressing the sweetness of his face and form, and yet Hoffman's head of Christ has so far approximated to the heavenly ideal that many of us have stopped to gaze upon it until it seemed to speak to our inmost souls.

How Joy Illumines

4. The Light of Joy. It is said that Jesus never smiled. Perhaps he had none of the superficial gayety of shallower natures, but his was always a life of peace and joy. "Be of good cheer," was his constant message. "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." Even in the dark hour when the cross was just before him he forgot his own trials and his message was, "Let not your hearts be troubled." He has come to save us from sorrow as well as sin. The world needs the light of our victorious joy. If we can do nothing else for him let us at least rejoice evermore and manifest to our fellow men the peace of God that passeth all understanding and defies all misunderstanding.

5. The Light of Patience. It is when trial, temptation and danger overwhelm us that the joy of the Lord bears its noblest testimony for Christ. It was in the hour and power of darkness and amid the scorn and cruelty of his enemies that the Lamb of God won the supreme triumph of his life and death and taught us how through his grace his love in us may still "suffer long and be kind," and still "believe all things, hope all things, endure all things." This is the only world in which we can ever glorify Christ by suffering. Shall we glorify him in the fires and shine like the radiant stars most brightly when all around is dark?

The Mightiest Radiance of All

6. The Light of Love. Nothing illumines a human face like the light of love. Nothing sheds a sweeter radiance over life than unselfish love. What sweeter memory lives in the recollection of the great majority of men and women than the quiet, tender face and self-sacrificing life of some sweet mother who lived out her life in the children of her affection? The pages of human history are irradiated by examples of patriotic love that counted honor and fatherland dearer even than life. It was love that glorified and vivified the life and ministry of the Lord Jesus. Even Napoleon confessed that in this respect there was no glory like the glory of Christ. "Our empires," he said, "are founded upon fear but Christ's upon love, and to-day there are millions who would die for him." In our Christian lives the mightiest moving force and the brightest radiance must come from love; the love that can stoop to the lowest depths of unworthiness, misery and need; the love that can reach to the farthest breadths of human relationship; the love that can bless its enemies and return good for evil like the Master in the supreme triumph of the garden and the cross.

Beloved, how far is our love reaching and our light shining?

Anvil Sparks

..A HABIT cannot live on neglect.

..AN EMPTY mind is never a contented one.

..IT IS hard to have faith in one who has no faith.

..SAY your prayers, and put them on record by deeds.

..NO ONE ever escapes danger by running away from duty.

..WORDS with a sting in them seldom awaken people to a sense of duty.

..A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing; but none at all is more dangerous still.

..A WEAK nature goes down equally before great good fortune and great misfortune.

* Dr. Simpson is the founder and head of the Christian Alliance (interdenominational).

WHO PLANTS A SEED

WHO plants a seed in the waiting soil,
He plants in faith sincere
That God who blessed old Adam's toil
Will make the blade appear;
That rain will fall to melt the clod,
As from the first decreed—
His heart believes in a living God,
Who plants a seed.

Who plants a seed, whate'er it be,
Or rye, or corn, or wheat,
Plants hope that of its increase he
Will reap the grain and eat;
That God who bade the sun to stand
And wait at Joshua's need,
Will send the sunshine on the land—
Who plants a seed.

Who plants a seed in the morning bright,
Or under the blazing noon,
Plants help for the weak in the ceaseless fight
And a prayer for the coming soon
Of the days when plenty will bless the poor,
And the sons of Mammon's breed
Will find no longer their calling sure—
Who plants a seed.

Green grow and tall, O rustling corn!
And green, O wheat and rye!
Blessing of God on the harvest morn
Under a smiling sky!
The promise holds in every clime
For every race and creed,
To him who toils a reaping time—
Who plants a seed.

Rozobel, N. C. JOHN E. TYLER.

Redeeming a Mining Camp

IN a mining camp far from civilization and free from all that tends to make better, the writer was a witness to the following incident. More than seven hundred men held high carnival in this camp. Gambling, fighting and drunkenness were popular amusements every day in the week, until something happened. One lovely Sabbath morning a man suggested the organization of a Bible class. Well! It was organized, and men who for months had been losing sight of everything like self-respect and wholesome living, entered into the spirit of the thing and came forward with a rush to enrol. Trunks, grips, coat pockets, etc., were ransacked for Bibles and there were soon in evidence some two hundred and forty-three, with more to come as events later proved. These rough men in outward appearance and actions looked at the Bibles and thought of loving mothers, devoted wives and others dear to them, far back in their homes, East, North and South. The effect was wonderful. Seated on rocks, logs and anything available, the class was called to order. The man who had put the question (God always has a man ready upon every occasion to do these things) rose to offer prayer, and the very trees, rocks and earth seemed to echo the inspiration and peace. Other men came into the circle as he prayed, and when the meeting was over, two hundred and eighty men wrote their names in a book that had been hastily provided. There were men from all parts of the Union in that class, led by a man from Rochester, N. Y., who kept the good work going for months until more than five hundred men had taken a hand. Later on women came, children came, churches came and to-day wealth, culture and all that goes to make life worth while have come to that camp. There are men in all parts of the United States who can substantiate this incident if they happen to read this account of it.

PHILIP FALL.

The Greatest Gift

SIR JAMES SIMPSON, the eminent physician and scientist, was once asked what was the greatest discovery he had ever made. Sir James replied: "That I am a sinner and that Christ is my Saviour."

An Ideal Almanac

I desire to acknowledge the receipt of *The Christian Herald Almanac*, which I think the most valuable and instructive publication of its kind I ever saw compiled in so convenient a form. Please accept my grateful thanks for it, and also for the fine and useful book, *The Pilgrim Ship*, which has been much admired by all my friends and acquaintances.

Philadelphia, Pa. ELBRIDGE G. STOUT.

"Darkness Be Over Me"

BY EUGENE THWING

SAY—conductor, d'ye min' 'f I sing a little?"

"Well, I s'pose it'll depend something upon what kind of songs you sing."

The conductor was anxious to take the course that would be likeliest to avoid trouble. It was late, and the car was filled with ladies and gentlemen going home from some evening affair. One poor fellow in soiled clothing had clambered in and propped himself up in a corner. He seemed out of place, but wholly unconscious of it. His drunkenness had reached the stage where the desire to sing was uncontrollable, and a carload of strangers would do for an audience as well as any other.

"I'll give 'em the lates', an'—say, how'd this do?" and he began somewhat boisterously, but brokenly, one of the popular songs of the day.

The passengers in the car edged away, and tried not to notice the fellow in the hope that he would soon be quiet; but he tried one song after another with maudlin insistence upon being heard. His voice revealed the sweetness and range of a trained singer to whom, ordinarily, it would be a pleasure to listen. At length he appeared to notice the aversion with which he was regarded, and stopped abruptly.

"Don't seem to like my singin'," he remarked. "Maybe them songs ain't good enough. Try again, eh? Sure, I know your kind." In a moment he began once more:

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee—

The passengers in the car stirred uneasily, as though about to protest against such a desecration.

E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me—

Thrilling unconsciously with the majesty of the hymn, the man's voice swelled more richly and steadily, and no one smiled. Even the unspoken protest seemed to disappear. The passengers were plainly becoming interested, and the singer noticed the change as he began another verse.

Though like a wanderer,

The man's voice faltered an instant on the last word.

The sun—gone—down,

The song came more slowly, and the voice was sinking lower—

Darkness be over—me—

The last word was almost a sob, as the singer's head drooped forward, and he shrank, silent, into his corner. Tears glistened in many eyes. A lady at the other end of the car began to cry quietly behind her program.

. . .

IN THE car was one man whose heart went out in pity and desire to his brother there in darkness. He saw at once that a sense of sin and wretchedness had suddenly swept over the man; that, perhaps for the first time, he realized his lost condition, and that now, at this very moment, was the time to save him, before his heart grew hard again. Only yesterday, at a revival meeting for men, this church member, who now stood looking at the huddling figure of his unhappy brother, had joined in singing the male chorus, "Throw out the life-line." He had sung the words, "There is a brother whom some one must save," and again, "See! he is sinking . . . Sinking in anguish, where you've never been . . . Why do you tarry? . . . Oh, hasten to-day!" A fleeting thought had come to him of questioning whether the call was for him. Where could he be needed to throw out the life-line to a brother, sinking in anguish? It was so easy to sing such things, and so unlikely that they applied to him in real life. Yet here was the very brother, here within his reach, sinking—in darkness—in anguish; and he, himself, able in an instant to lay hold of the life-line and throw it out with a saving hail.

. . .

REGARDLESS of the other passengers looking on, heedful only of the desperate, instant need of the man before him, thrilling with eagerness to save him before it be too late, he made a place for himself on the seat beside the man, now almost sobered by his revulsion of feeling. He put his arm affectionately around the other's shoulders and spoke quietly into his ear.

"It's dark just now, brother, but I know where it's light; I'm going to take you there with me."

The man looked up surprised and rebellious, and tried to draw away, but the other went on, "It's all right; I'm your friend; I'm going to help you; it will be a real pleasure; I know just what you want; come."

He had glanced out of the car, and now motioned to the conductor to stop. His home was close at hand. As he rose, he lifted the man from his corner by firm but gentle persuasion, and before there was time for much resistance they were off the car. By this time the man apparently had made up his mind to go anywhere with the stranger who was promising him help. Something had taken away his resistance. Perhaps it was the gentle strength and confidence of the stranger; perhaps it was his own sense of need. The life-line was beginning to tug.

. . .

INTO his warm, quiet sitting-room, the good man brought his brother-in-need, and there he loved him. The hours passed unheeded. Some time, it doesn't matter when, they rose to their feet together, and their faces shone. Darkness was over the wanderer no more. The sun had risen again in his soul. His face was flooded with its light. He——

Oh, if this were only true! It seems so cruel to tell the truth, but it must be told. The crowded car was there; the singer was there; the church member was there. It all happened, just as I have said—yet not all. The unhappy man sang "Nearer, my God, to thee"; he sang "Darkness be over me," and the song broke as his head sank upon his sobbing breast, and he huddled in confusion in his corner. The church member looked at him with emotion and earnest promptings to go to his relief. He knew that a brother was "sinking in anguish" and that now was the time for him to "throw out the life-line." He stood there with desire and compassion, *even as you or I might have stood.* But he did not make a place by the man's side on the seat. He did not take him to his home. He did not lead him out of the darkness into the light. He did not love him *enough.* Oh, he did not; but *suppose he had.* Even as you or I?

OUTSIDE

I STOOD in the village street
At the edge of night.
Damp grass hid the sound of my feet.
A beam of light
Streamed from a half-closed blind,
Like a rosy finger
Beckoning warm and kind,
And bade me linger.

Bee-balm and lavender made
Scent in the gloom.
I peered through the lilacs' shade
Into the room.
Mother and child, half asleep
In the curve of her arm,
Watching the firelight leap
Ruddy and warm.

The dew fell like tears from the eaves,
And the lilac bush gray
Rustled its heart-shaped leaves
And waved me away.
My roof is the empty dome
Of a darkening sky.
Warm little human home,
Good-by!

MARGARET ARMSTRONG.

A Japanese on Missionaries

THE following is an extract from an address by Baron Kanda, the head of the Higher Commercial School in Tokyo, at a reception and dinner given in honor of Mr. Russell and Hamilton Holt of New York:

"Let me in this connection pay a humble tribute to that noble band of American missionaries and teachers who have consecrated their lives to the cause of the moral and intellectual elevation of our people—that noble band headed by the late lamented Dr. Hepburn, who with the crown of over four-score years and ten, but with a still brighter one of his immortal work left in the hearts of his pupils here, has recently gone to his well-earned rest. He has left behind him not a few pupils who have since risen to posts of great importance in the life of new Japan, among whom I may point with pride to my honored friend, the president of the Bank of Japan (Baron Takahashi) present to-night. But there are many Hepburns, Verbecks, Browns, and Williamses, the lasting influence of whose labors it is impossible to overestimate. And I am glad to say that this noble band is constantly recruited, and is ever swelling, whose influence is deeply stamped upon the rising generation and will be felt indirectly through generations to come."

A Chinese Girl's Memory

ON SEPTEMBER 25, Tsui Fuk Ki, a promising young teacher in the Women's Training School at Wuchow, South China, passed away. She was the only daughter of one of the Chinese preachers engaged by the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Kwongsi.

Fuk Ki was exceptionally bright, and manifested great diligence and delight in her studies. Years ago, she had memorized all the New Testament, and she seldom got less than one hundred per cent. in her examinations. No girl or boy in the schools was her equal. She was modest and unselfish to a degree; always willing and ready to help when needed.

She was but nineteen years old and had been teaching three years. While attending to her work she found time to study the higher branches. The past few years she had been president of the girls' Christian Endeavor Society in the school. She was also actively engaged in church and Sunday School work.

During vacation last summer, she left her home to nurse a sick colleague. Shortly afterward she was taken sick with typhoid-malaria, from which she died. She was universally beloved and was a most exemplary Christian.

All Better Than Expected

I thank you most heartily for the lovely premiums, the two books and the very useful *Almanac.* All of them are better than we expected. In our home THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes next to the Bible. We couldn't do without it. We pray for God's richest blessings on your work. MRS. M. E. LYNCH.

Bakersfield, Calif.

The Rock-Dwellers of Worcestershire

BY A. W. CUTLER

ENGLAND is a land of quaint nooks and corners, of historical edifices and time-worn curiosities. But that in these strenuous days she should have people who live in rocks is surely something closely akin to news. Yet it is a fact.

Years ago I had heard that near the village of Kinver in Worcestershire there were a number of these strange dwellings, but I must confess to having been somewhat skeptical. I determined, however, to make investigations if ever I happened to be in that section of the "old country."

Recently the opportunity presented itself, and it was in an exceedingly curious and expectant frame of mind that I arrived one morning at Kinver, and inquired of a villager as to the whereabouts of these houses of nature. The direction indicated led to one of the wildest spots I have ever seen. Before me spread a vast expanse of rugged country, partly covered with heather and bracken, partly with closely cropped grass. Here and there stood a solitary tree. Up one great sweeping slope straggled a hedge, which I had been told to follow. This hedge suddenly terminated at what looked like a tin sentry box, but had evidently been a shepherd's retreat in times of storm. I stood upon an eminence from which I could look over the surrounding country. There lay the little village of Kinver, and—yes, there in the valley below I beheld a rock of colossal proportions which was evidently inhabited.

A hasty scramble down the almost precipitous hillside soon brought me to this queer domicile. In front of a cottage adjoining the rock was an old-fashioned bucket well, and near by a swing hung temptingly from the horizontal limb of a tree. My approach had been witnessed by a woman working in a little garden below the rock, who now came toward me with an expectant expression on her face, for the wall of her cottage bore the sign "Teas provided," and she doubtless saw in me a prospective customer. I ordered a frugal repast, and while it was being prepared, I inspected the rock more closely. It appeared to cover a tract of ground perhaps two hundred yards round at the base. The rock was about forty feet in height. There was grass on the top and a lone tree, which waved about in the breeze like a natural flagpole, a fitting finish to this extraordinary dwelling.

At the farthest end of the rock was an oblong opening about the size of a large door. It proved to be the entrance to the quaintest of stables. Cavities in the rock walls, like doorless cupboards, had been utilized for bridle, harness, and other things incident to a stable. The floor and ceiling, the latter some eight feet high, were solid unhewn rock. In the rear of the stable was a pig-pen, apparently a natural formation in the rock, where two corpulent porkers grunted contentedly.

The principal resident of the stable, a piebald pony, was grazing leisurely in a paddock near the garden. It struck me that a photograph of the little fellow, standing in the threshold of his unique shelter, would make an attractive picture, so I went to find somebody to bring him in for me. An old man sitting by the fireside cheerfully consented to do this, and incidentally remarked that the stable was the smallest in England.

After the photograph had been taken I tried to find out something about the rock, but the old fellow could not tell me anything very definite, except that members of his family had lived there for the past hundred years. I asked him if he lived in the rock house or the cottage adjoining, and he replied that in the summer months his two sons slept in the "rock bedroom," which they found cool and comfortable, but that in the winter they all lived in the cottage. I gladly accepted his offer to show me the rock bedrom. There were two rooms, the first used merely as a storeroom, from the rear of which a narrow passageway in the solid rock, led to the bedroom. Never do I expect to see an odder sleeping apartment. The room was about ten feet square, and the rough, uneven walls were literally covered with names and initials, carved and scratched in the rock. A huge wooden bedstead practically monopolized the chamber. Against the wall opposite the entrance stood a time-worn old bench, and at one end of the room the rock had been cut through and a tiny window fitted in.

THE WOMAN AND BOY OF HOLY AUSTIN ROCK

THE LITTLE COURTYARD OF VALE'S ROCK

THE PIEBALD PONY AT HIS STABLE DOOR

THE ROCK-HEWN RESIDENCE NINE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

Lunch over, I went around to the other side of the rock. Here was another dwelling much more interesting than the one I had just left. The rock rose sheer above the entrance for fully thirty feet.

This dwelling had four rock-bound rooms, all scrupulously neat and clean. It was occupied by an elderly woman, a young girl, and a four-year-old boy—a strange trio indeed—an impression which was confirmed when, subsequently, I discovered that they were not related, the girl being simply a friend, while the boy had been adopted when quite a baby. There was a strong atmosphere of mystery about this old lady. An unmistakable air of refinement in her voice and manner spoke of better days. The good soul was far more friendly and talkative than her neighbors around the corner. She volunteered the information that the rock was called the Holy Austin Rock, on account of its having been the abode in the fifteenth century of Augustinian monks, and that recent scientific investigations had proved it to be the oldest inhabited rock dwelling in England, the first occupancy dating back nine hundred years. My hostess informed me that there were two other rocks in the vicinity. One of these, known as Nanny's Rock, was uninhabited, but years ago had been the resort of a daring band of highwaymen. The other, Vale's Rock, was situated about a mile and a half away, and was inhabited by two women, aunt and niece.

Greatly interested, I inquired the location of these rocks, and promptly set out to explore them.

Presently the path began to descend, and in the distance I observed a wood of pine trees. About the middle of this wood was an irregular mass of rock, which turned out to be Nanny's Rock, a series of caves leading one into the other. There were no doorways or windows, and perhaps it had never been used except as a temporary hiding-place for outlaws or tramps. I passed through this wood and out into the open country beyond without seeing any other signs of rock houses. I was beginning to feel that I had gone astray when a sudden turn brought me into full view of Vale's Rock, situated halfway up another hillside, off which it abutted like a seacoast headland. This rock was surmounted by a flagpole and appeared to be about one hundred and fifty feet high. Two brick chimneys showed up against the cliff, marking the section used as a residence. A short, steep climb finally landed me in a tiny yard in front of the entrance. The rock here was exceedingly rough and jagged, making a striking frame for the window which was built into it on either side of the doorway. A tap on the door was answered by a plain-looking country girl. Over her shoulder peered a woman of indeterminate age, busily engaged in knitting a stocking. They received me civilly, though with some diffidence, being apparently wholly unaccustomed to strangers.

I was admitted into the kitchen, the coziest little kitchen I have ever been in. Two cats dozed in true domestic bliss on the white-chalked hearth by the open fireplace, on either side of which an easy chair invited repose. A number of dark oak shelves, laden with crockery, filled a conspicuous corner. In the center of the kitchen stood a small round table; an ancient mahogany screen warded off the drafts from the door, and the whole place was as spick and span as a new pin. There was but one other room, apart from the kitchen, which I did not see.

Long association with these remarkable curiosities had apparently robbed them of their novelty. Not one of these people appeared to think there was anything abnormal about their dwellings or themselves, but rather evinced surprise at the interest they had awakened. But an existence so absolutely at variance with that of the average individual, accustomed to the constant rush and turmoil of modern life, could hardly be imagined.

The Master of Nature's Changelings

IN THE very front rank of those men who are doing great things to-day for the well-being of the race, marches Luther Burbank, the Plant Wizard of Santa Rosa, California. Greater than the greatest warrior, whose purpose is destruction, this man multiplies life in its most beautiful and useful forms. He is making two blades of grass to grow where none grew before, and he is literally causing the desert to blossom as a garden of Allah. Burbank is the darling of Mother Nature; his head is ever on her breast; he knows the rhythmic beating of her heart, and she looks down and whispers to him the secrets of plant life in its myriad forms. "Take this dwarf and make it sturdy; touch this weed and make it beautiful; supplant this fetid odor with the perfume of Araby the Blest. See how I accomplish the work in the long processes of centuries; but here is the magic wand that will work the wonder in a day."

Celtic mythology is full of stories of fairies who stole beautiful infants and left in their places hideous and deformed elves. The Plant Wizard knows that Nature has her repulsive elves, as well as her beauties on whom all her wealth of devotion seems to have been lavished; ignoring the latter, the Wizard turns his attention to the elves, touches them with the magic wand, and lo! the weedy Cinderella of the by way is transformed into a joy forever, or becomes an added blessing to man's growing needs.

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Mr. Burbank in the Midst of His Brilliant-Hued Dahlias at One of the Conservatories

The secret of Nature's magic wand is breeding and selection, which man has been doing for generations to improve his farm-stock, but a something to which he gave but little thought until Luther Burbank demonstrated that the same great law dominates life from the lowest cell form to that perfect and complex work, man. The Wizard knows the genealogy, and so the relationship of plants; he takes two varieties of the same family, as the potato and tomato, weds them, and the product is the pomato—a vegetable partaking of the nature of each parent but unlike either and better than both. He knows that a dead seed will not germinate and that an unhealthy seed cannot produce a healthy offspring, and he is teaching this great truth to our farmers, too many of whom have no ambition to look up and climb out to God's sunlight.

The Wizard has not discovered this, for the knowledge is old and greatly unheeded, that all life-forms, for full development and fruition, need a healthy ancestry, sunlight, air, environment and proper food. But the seed is the base, the foundation of healthful life, without which all else is naught.

To work out his wonderful designs, his recreations, the Plant Wizard needs time, but not so much as change through Nature's unaided efforts requires. For forty years and more he has been at work, and he feels repaid when a decade of patient effort has brought him to the desired blossom, fruit or foliage. We can in a way appreciate, if we cannot understand this patience, when we learn that to produce a desired lily he spent six years and experimented on five hundred thousand plants. Nor are all his efforts successful; the wand fails at times and disappointment follows, but the worker is never wearied, never downcast. He says: "My method was wrong; I will try again," and try he does, till success crowns the long effort.

Forty years ago the Wizard began by improving the white potato, and to-day that tuber is known by the name of its discoverer in every land where the potato is grown. He has added new glories to the flower garden, and in his rainbow grass he has given new chromatic glories to the fields; but with all his love for the beautiful, the Wizard is eminently practical, and so ever keeps in mind the direct benefit to the human race.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently received a letter from Mr. E. H. McEwen, a reader in Hollisterville, Pa., in which the writer says:

"Perhaps it would interest your readers to know that there is a blackberry that grows wild which has no thorns. Three years ago Professor J. B. S. Norton, W. R. Ballard of the Maryland Agricultural College, and myself tramped through the mountains of western North Carolina and found plenty of thornless blackberries growing wild upon the mountains."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD forwarded this information to Mr. Burbank, who replied as follows:

"I have heard of thornless blackberries of certain species having been discovered in North Carolina and along the Eastern coast, but unfortunately the berries were not of any use for food. I have also grown so-called, but not by any means thornless, ones forty years ago.

"Electricity was also known for thousands of years, but it was worthless until developed. Steam was also useless as an aid in performing the labor of mankind until some one made it useful. It is the same with the thornless blackberry. It is now *productive, delicious* to eat, *large* and in every way *valuable for food*, and absolutely smooth like the twig of an apple tree.

There are seedless apples in existence to-day, but none of them are of any commercial value. There was once a so-called stoneless plum, but it was not larger than a large bean and was not fit for human food. The bush was an ill-shaped thorny one and the fruit absolutely useless. Now there are, growing on my farms, splendid prunes and plums which are *stoneless*. Nature gives us a hint and it is man's business to carry out the work to produce results. LUTHER BURBANK."

The Wizard is still in the prime of his intellectual life. He is hourly growing closer to his beloved Mother Nature; he is daily becoming more expert in the use of the magic wand, and so we hopefully wait for and wonder what his next discovery will be.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—IT WAS INTIMATED, DURING a recent discussion in the Italian Chamber, that the government would expend the accumulated surplus of the last twelve years, amounting to $71,425,000, in meeting the extraordinary expenses caused by the war with Turkey and in carrying out various reforms already voted by Parliament.

—THE CAUSE OF PEACE was materially strengthened on January 29 by the signing in Washington, D. C., of a general arbitration treaty between the Argentine Republic and the United States of Colombia. It was signed by Romulo S. Naon for Argentina and General Pedro Nel Aspina for Colombia, ministers from those countries to the United States. As neither country had a diplomatic representative in the capital of the other, the treaty was signed here. The United States took no part in the negotiations. Practically every question involving sovereign rights in international disputes, except those which may conflict with provisions of the constitution of either country, may be settled by arbitration under this treaty. A court consisting of a representative of each country and a neutral third person mutually agreed upon will constitute a permanent adjudicating body.

—CLARENCE S. DARROW, the union labor attorney, was on January 29 indicted for bribery and corruption of jurors by the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, which for four weeks had been investigating allegations of bribery in connection with the trial jury in the McNamara dynamite case. Two indictments were returned, containing four counts. Two of the counts charge Darrow with the bribery and attempted corruption of Robert Bain, the first juror sworn to try James B. McNamara, now serving a life term in San Quentin prison. The remaining counts allege the bribery and corruption of George N. Lockwood. Bert Franklin, a detective, who is alleged actually to have passed the bribe money to Bain and Lockwood, is accused of the same offenses in informations filed some time ago in the Superior Court. Franklin's trial has been set for February 27. The maximum penalty that could be imposed on Darrow for conviction on all counts is thirty years' imprisonment and fines aggregating $10,000. He is under $20,000 bail.

—CONGRESS AS WELL AS the country at large received a great surprise when twenty-one Insurgent Republicans joined the Democrats in the final vote on the Underwood metal tariff bill, which was passed late in January without amendment by a vote of 210 to 109. Three Democrats from Colorado, who frankly declared that their constituents would not stand for the reductions on lead carried in the bill, went over to the Republicans. The action of the "irreconcilable" insurgents was something of a blow to the standpat leaders, who, in the hope of reuniting the Republican Party, emphasized the fact that the Tariff Board has not yet reported on metals and denounced the Underwood bill as an avowed "revenue only" measure.

—ANOTHER OF THOSE attempts at mob justice for which some sections of our country are becoming only too notorious took place in Hamilton, Ga., recently, when a mob of one hundred men broke into the Harris County jail, overpowered the jailer, and took four negroes, three men and one woman, out and hanged them to trees one mile from town. The bodies were riddled with bullets. It is estimated that three hundred shots were fired. The negroes had been arrested, charged with the murder of a well-to-do farmer, who was killed on a Sunday night as he sat in his home, a shot being fired from the outside. The negroes, who were employed by the murdered man, were Belle Hathaway, John Moore, Eugene Haming and "Dusty" Crutchfield. Sheriff Hadley, uncle of the murdered farmer, did not believe there would be a lynching and was in Columbus.

—CALBRAITH P. RODGERS, the aviator, has determined never to make an aerial flight on Sunday. A delegation from the First Congregational Church of Pasadena called upon him, requesting that he plan to finish his recent flight from the Atlantic to the Pacific on some other day than Sunday. Meanwhile the churches of the city were praying for him. The aviator carried out his plan, however, and met with the worst fall of his career. While in the hospital recovering from his bruises he wrote Dr. Fox, the pastor who had headed the petitioning delegation: "I am through flying on Sunday. All my falls have been on Sunday. This last time many people tried to prevent the flight. Many of them offered prayer to keep me from going up. I believe that when a thing is so important that it calls for prayer it's time something was done. I'll not fly on Sunday again."

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE

The Christian Herald Almanac is certainly quite an agreeable surprise. It contains much useful information which will be of great benefit to all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, as well as others who may be fortunate enough to have access to its pages. I want to compliment you on its concise, neat arrangement, from beginning to end, and to say that personally I can see no room for criticism of this, your first effort in publishing an almanac. In fact, I consider it the very best all-round almanac I have ever seen, and predict for you many expressions of thanks from your subscribers. GEORGE W. HALL.
Denver, Colo.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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What is Greatness?

A CURIOUS newspaper error occurred the other day, when the Philadelphia papers set afloat the news that "Forty Immortals" had been named by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The news was promptly wafted to New York and appeared in the morning papers there, with entire or abridged lists of the fortunate men. The following day a paper which had not printed the news announced that as news it was exceedingly stale, because the appointments had been made long ago, and the list itself could be found in a widely circulated almanac. As a matter of fact there are forty-seven names. Three vacancies remain in the total membership of fifty.

This American Academy of Arts and Letters is an inner circle of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which has a membership of 250. The first seven members of the Academy were named by the Institute in 1904. They were William Dean Howells, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John LaFarge, Samuel L. Clemens, John Hay and Edward MacDowell. The number was later increased to 30, and in 1908 to 50. The name of Theodore Roosevelt is included, also that of Woodrow Wilson. The requirement for election is "notable achievement in art, music, or literature."

The French Academy, after which the American has been somewhat modeled, was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu, but lapsed for many years, and was reorganized in 1816. It consists of forty members, elected for life. England has her Royal Academy of artists; America, the National Academy of Design. The Hall of Fame, of New York University, includes only names of men and women who have been dead at least ten years at the time their names are chosen. There are to be 150 names on the tablets of this colonnade, the number to be completed by the year 2,000 A.D.

About the time of the recent annual meeting of the National Institute and American Academy Dr. Frank Crane attempted the interesting and impossible task of publishing the names of the twenty greatest men in the history of the world. These lists are always instructive, but of course never final. All that one can do is to express his own personal estimate. Dr. Crane's list differs strikingly, for instance, from that compiled by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Even the consensus of opinion expressed by vote of many expert and prominent persons is far from infallibility.

The best definition of greatness was given by Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the world's new civilization: "Whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all." His conception is coming to be accepted as the real test; to be great is to be useful. Here is a sort of greatness all may achieve. The road of self-sacrifice and kindly service is open to all. On it every humble wayfarer may have the intimate, affectionate comradeship of the world's One Great Man. And he has promised to make each friend of his with whom he walks, in some real and definite way, like himself.

The New Era in China

DAYBREAK is at hand in China—the dawn of political liberty, the harbinger, let us hope, of better times for the old empire, whose people have so long been patient under oppression. Having exhausted every expedient to retain control of the government, the Manchus have admitted failure and resolved on the abdication of the throne. This was decided at a conference on January 30 between the Empress Dowager and the princes, at which the terms of the republicans were finally accepted. According to a message from Tientsin, the edict of abdication has been signed, but the court will remain at Peking until March, to allay public excitement and to give time to quell the insubordination of the Manchu garrison, which bitterly opposes the royal backdown. Under the terms accepted, the imperial family and the princes will receive pensions aggregating $2,000,000 yearly and will retain their titles (save that of the emperor). This is conceded to save the dignity of the throne and to make the ordeal of the transference of power less severe than if the ruling house were driven into exile. Yuan Shi Kai, who has handled the situation with statesman-like adroitness, has approved all the arrangements in the interests of national peace. He will assist in establishing a stable government, but he has no ambition to become the president of the new republic.

The restoration of tranquillity throughout the vast empire will be no easy task. Bands of robbers infest the country and are holding many of the wealthy Chinese for ransom. It will require all the energy and determination of Yuan and the co-operation of both Manchus and Chinese to suppress violence and halt the wave of crime which has followed in the wake of civil war. In many of the provinces multitudes have been reduced to starvation, and these will be the special object of the foreign relief movement which is now under way in this country and elsewhere. Our readers will here have an opportunity for service in a special field, by assisting the missionaries, who are sheltering the orphan children of the last famine and hundreds of waifs who have become a charge upon them during the present winter. Let us reach out generous hands of help to them in this time of trial. China's cause is the common cause of humanity and we cannot ignore it.

Express Extortions and Postal Blindness

OUR Postal Department is a remarkable institution. Only a few days ago, it entered a vigorous protest against the custom, followed by certain small-fry concerns, of sending circulars and loose advertising sheets, folded in newspapers, through the mail. The Department has a keen eye for petty offenders, but it is stupidly blind to the doings of the big poachers who appropriate its legitimate revenues by wholesale. In the course of the investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington, it was stated by former Attorney-General Simpson of Minnesota that he had examined the rates charged by one of the leading express companies in that State, and found that the concern was paying 55 per cent. of its gross earnings to the Western railroads. The profits of the railroads on express business were 61 per cent., while those of a single express company were 41 per cent. If these rates approximately represent anything like the profits on express business throughout the country, the demand of the shippers of a 30 per cent. reduction on present rates would seem entirely reasonable. Every State in the Union suffers from overcharging and double-end charging. In seventeen years, the percentage of increase in the rates of the railroads from the express business has been larger than from any other source—the ratio of increase per unit of population being: express 105.80, freight 68.06, passengers 51.06, mail 24.50. Merchants' associations in New York, Chicago and other cities are uniting on a general reduction. It would be difficult to produce a better argument than these facts constitute for the incorporation of the express business with the Post Office, under government control. When it is realized that a single express company does a money order business of $352,000,000 annually, and that the number of its transactions realize a total of 67,000,000 yearly, the average citizen is struck with anything but admiration for the business acumen of a department which thus far has shown no appreciation of this vast source of revenue lying easily within its reach.

A Federal Bureau for Children

AN IMPORTANT step was taken in the progress of the movement for the protection of child life when the Senate passed, on January 31, a bill creating a "Children's Bureau" in the Federal Department of Commerce and Labor. A similar bill is now pending in the House of Representatives. While the first and chief item of the new Bureau's work will be the conducting of investigations and tabulation of statistics concerning child labor, its activities will not be limited to this phase of child welfare work. There has been considerable discussion as to the most appropriate departmental connection for the new work, some of the leaders of the child-welfare movement, among them the National Congress of Mothers, having contended that its proper place was with the Commissioner of Education under the Department of the Interior. Whatever final arrangement of details may be made the passage of the bill by the Senate is undeniably a noteworthy victory for reform. Society is realizing that of all its assets children are the greatest. The care of the child is becoming almost the watchword of morals. We are learning that a consideration of the child's best interests is the proper rule for the settlement of many moral questions.

Senator LaFollette's Breakdown

THE breakdown of Senator LaFollette, during his speech at the Periodical Publishers' Association dinner in Philadelphia, marks the first tragic incident of the Presidential campaign. Those who heard him speak were impressed with the conviction that the Wisconsin Senator was laboring under a great strain, mental and physical. The little man of iron had wasted his energies in endeavoring to carry out a schedule so strenuous that few candidates would have undertaken it. Utterly exhausted in mind and body, he was in no condition to make "the speech of his life," which he had designed to do in Philadelphia. His general demeanor, his nervous irritability, his frequent repetitions and tedious recapitulations, and his amazing outburst against the press were all so unlike the LaFollette who had spoken so brilliantly and effectively elsewhere, that they seemed rather the struggles of a sick man bordering on hysteria. His audience could feel only sympathy for the speaker in his breakdown.

The Wisconsin Senator has been a picturesque figure in public life for many years. Able, earnest, forceful, persistent, and with a vigor of expression such as few public speakers can use with equal effectiveness, he was regarded as a man of the highest possibilities. He has many warm friends who would regret his elimination from public affairs even for a single season. His condition entitles him to general sympathy, altogether irrespective of politics. Even those who differ with him, now join in the general expression of feeling for one who has been suddenly overtaken by disaster in the midst of an active and honorable career.

General Notes

—FOLLOWING the deaths of a young Syrian millworker and a Lithuanian woman as direct results of the rioting attendant upon the great strike at Lawrence, Mass., John J. Ettor, the strike leader, and his chief henchman were on January 30 arrested by the State police charged with being accessory to the murders. After the arrest of the leader the rioting was less violent, though the strikers declared they would not return to work till the accused men were liberated.

—EDWIN HAWLEY, one of the great constructive railway magnates and financiers, died at his home in New York, February 1. Mr. Hawley was born in moderate circumstances in Chatham, N. Y., sixty-three years ago. His first railroad job was as a four-dollar-a-week clerk, and from that position he had worked steadily upward till he controlled more than ten thousand miles of railway, representing about a half dozen well known lines, and was director in forty-one corporations. He was a railroad builder rather than a stock manipulator. He obtained control of railroads that seemed to have outlived their usefulness, and by his ability as an organizer he restored them to a paying basis, paved the way for development in many parts of the country and gained millions for himself.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

King George a Mighty Hunter

KING-EMPEROR GEORGE had a magnificent big-game hunt in Nepal during his stay in the jungle from the 17th till the 28th of December, when he left for Calcutta. His ost, the Maharajah of Nepal, accompanied him on is hunting trips. Six hundred elephants were emloyed in the excursions to transport the hunters nd to drive the game toward the shooting box. The wild beasts, hemmed in by the constantly narrowing circle of elephants, could not escape, and the ing was perched high up on the back of one of the elephants where no harm could possibly come to him. Still he is said to be a mighty hunter. His majesty shot three tigers and three rhinoceroses the first day, and of the thirty-nine tigers killed his bag was twenty-four, which only goes to show how deferential the other hunters must have been. His gun brought down more than a dozen rhinos and several bears. It is said that at one time he killed a tiger with his right barrel and turning killed a bear with his left. King George is counted one of the three best shots in England, and there was a newspaper story which had it that in 1904, when he was Prince of Wales, he "brought down 2,190 head of game in seven hours," but as this would be at the rate of over five shots a minute with no misses he must either have used a machine gun or else, alas! it is another one of those untrue stories of great men. King George has handled a gun since he was eight years old, when his granduncle, the Duke of Cambridge, taught him to shoot. Whatever else the king may do, he will never find any difficulty in leading his subjects in the matter of sport. In the earliest history of the world reference is made to a man who was celebrated in the chase.

And he was a mighty hunter before the Lord; wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. (Gen. 10: 9.)

Guinea Pig Rescued

A guinea pig that had been kept in a wire cage in the medical offices of the Equitable Life Assurance Society on the third floor of the building, was taken out of the ruins caused by fire. The little creature did not have a hair singed nor did it show any signs of damage after its burial and fast of sixteen days in the wreck. It was a long, cold and dreary wait in the ice-encrusted laboratory. When Dr. Wolf, its master, found it it began to squeal and express signs of supreme delight. When released it ran over to the feed box under the sink and ate ravenously and long. Billions of dollars were in the vaults in the ruins underneath, precious human lives were sacrificed, among them one of the truest and bravest men the city ever had, Assistant Fire Chief Walsh; and yet here is this little guinea pig that is spared. Life is more than this earthly span. There must be some other world where balances will be adjusted, where the fittest will survive. If the rescued guinea-pig could have spoken with a human tongue it would have said:

We went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. (Ps. 66: 12.)

Blasphemous Fanaticism

There is a society of Moravians in Lodz, Russian Poland, containing a band of fanatical women. Either because he resembled the accepted pictures of Christ, or because he was singularly exemplary, a man by the name of Kowalski was adopted as their "Saviour." They were so sure that he was the Christ that they insisted that he allow them to crucify him, that in his resurrection the people might be convinced of the divine authority of their sect. Whatever the man may have pretended to be to his disciples or worshipers, or others, he drew the line on the cross and nails and spear, and concluded that the sacrifice instead of furnishing an evidence of his Messiahship might result in a permanent corpse; and so he vigorously protested. But thirty of these women, feeling sure he would rise again, stormed his house and were putting their plans of crucifixion into execution when the police came upon the scene just in time to prevent the murder. There are some kinds of fanaticism that are annoying but not dangerous; but the kind that crazed the company at Lodz was blasphemous and demoniacal. Christ makes special reference to such pretenders:

Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many. (Matt. 24: 4, 5.)

Labor War in Lawrence

It was to be hoped that the strike riots at Lawrence, Mass., would have been amicably settled by this time. But the situation has become more intense. Street cars are smashed and property is destroyed. The latest clash between the strikers and those acting as their substitutes and the police and military resulted in the death of two persons and the wounding of others. Governor Foss, though firm in his determination to furnish protection to the mill owners in operation, recently proposed the following compromise: "I request all workers to go back and resume their places in the mills for a period of thirty days, pending the efforts which I shall make to get all the differences adjusted. In view of the fact that no notice was given to the mill operatives of a proposed reduction in wages when the change of hours went into effect on January 1, I request all mill operators to give fifty-six hours' pay for fifty-four hours' work during that period without discrimination. I believe the differences are such as to be easily adjusted if carefully discussed during the next thirty days, and I promise you my best efforts to bring all questions in dispute to a settlement satisfactory to all parties." The two weeks of terrible cold weather and idleness have been hard on the workingmen, and there must be suffering among the thousands of the wage earners if the war shall continue. It cannot be that the mill-owners can do anything but lose money The situation, however, at present is very grave. If the Governor shall be successful in his overtures he may realize the beauty of his mission as described by the Master:

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. (Matt. 5: 9.)

Reward After Nineteen Years

On August 23, 1893, at three o'clock in the morning. the schooner Lottie B., of St. John, N. B., in charge of Captain McCarom, went aground on the rocks south of Thatcher's Island. Soon after the schooner struck, the captain and one of the crew put out in a rowboat to Rockport for a towboat to haul the vessel off. Elliott C. Hadley, who was first assistant keeper of the lighthouse at Baker's Island, and A. C. Whitten, the second assistant, were on duty attending the lights when the wreck occurred, and seeing the rough sea rolling over the vessel, and knowing there were persons aboard, launched their small dory and hurried to the rescue. In a fearful battle with the storm they succeeded in saving all on board. In recognition of the heroism of these men the Canadian Government voted each a beautiful silver watch with appropriate sentiment engraved upon it. By a rule of the United States Government the men were not allowed to receive the gifts. The Senate recently passed an act permitting these presents to be given. Whitten has gone to his reward and his widow received the watch in place of her husband, and Hadley, who is living, accepted his. A certain amount of red tape is necessary, but too much of it is a hindrance. Sometimes it binds certain benevolent institutions so tightly as to check rather than unseal the fountains of mercy and love. Nineteen years was a long time for the present of a sister country to reach two of our heroes. The foot of justice is sometimes slow, but it is sure of its destination, and its road stretches out far beyond the paths that end with the tomb. Many of the rewards of virtue will be found in the other life. The tendency in this life, however, is for virtue to secure a reward, and vice to suffer a penalty. Boaz expresses the thought beautifully:

King George's Elephant Train Fording a River En Route to the Jungle Hunting-Grounds

Photos Copyright American Press

King George Firing at a Charging Rhinoceros

The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust. (Ruth 2: 12.)

Judge Commends Sunday School

It would be hard to find a stronger tribute to the value of the Sunday School as a deterrent of crime than in the statement of a Brooklyn judge. In sentencing George H. Latt, a young man of nineteen, to a term in Elmira for burglary, Judge Fawcett said: "Of all the undesirable professions that of burglary is the worst. No matter how good a burglar you may be, you will be caught and sent to prison sooner or later. I have seen your friends who wished to speak to me about you, and I find that all attempts to have you go to Sunday School have failed. In the five years I have been sitting on this bench I have had two thousand seven hundred boys before me for sentence, and not one of them was an attendant of a Sunday School. Had you gone there I am sure you would not be before me to-day." Every pastor and Sunday School officer and teacher should take notice of this testimony of Judge Fawcett and give it wide publicity, and every boy, including the larger ones, should renew his loyalty to this indispensable department of the work of the church. The Sunday School and church are to make good men and women and citizens in this world, as well as to prepare the soul for the services and enjoyment of another life. Let those who are discouraged at the slow progress of the church look at the glorious work of the Sunday School as a civilizer and savior. Let them read again the testimony of a most credible witness to the value of the Sunday School to save from sin and ruin. The judge verified the truth of the good Book:

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. (Prov. 22: 6.)

OUR · MAIL · BAG

Questions and Answers

A. S. A., Woonsocket, R. I. 1. Are those unfortunate murdered victims lost, because they are given no time before death for repentance, while their murderers ascend to heaven or salvation, having had ample time for repentance and in which to make peace with God? 2. Do parents in heaven mourn over their children who die unrepentant?

1. Any answer to this question would be mere conjecture. God alone is the judge of the hearts of men. We can safely trust not only in his justice, but in his infinite goodness and mercy. 2. Several passages in Scripture clearly point to the conclusion that our loved ones who have gone before us may be concerned about our spiritual condition here. Paul speaks of the "cloud of witnesses," who are watching our struggle. (Heb. 12: 1.) See also Rev. 6: 9, 10. There is nothing about mourning, however. The concern is not mingled with sorrow, though it may find expression in rejoicing (Luke 15: 10).

Enquirer, Redlands, Calif. Please explain James 5: 15.

Healing through prayer and anointing was a gift specially conferred upon the early apostolic church, and which some churches hold to have been transmitted to the present time. It should be noted that the writer does not say that the *oil* will save; it is merely a symbol. The healing here mentioned in the first clause of the verse is of the *body;* the second clause implies that the prayer of faith for one who has sinned will bring forgiveness. The same connection of sin and sickness is employed in Isa. 33: 24; Matt. 9: 2-5, and John 5: 14. See also Ps. 103: 3. The application is found in the next verse, which speaks of repentant confession. The oldest versions of this passage read, "*Therefore,* confess your faults one to another," showing that it must be a precedent condition. This does not justify what is known as the confessional, however, in the sense in which it is employed in the Church of Rome. There, all confessions must be made to the priests. Confession, in the apostolic sense, may be made to any one who is godly and who can pray. It is to be an open confession and not one whispered into the ear of a priest.

Mrs. C. M. H., Saville, Pa. What color should a burial robe be?

A man is usually dressed in his best suit. Dress-suit fronts are to be obtained from undertakers, if desired. Young girls are usually dressed in white. Older women may be dressed in black, white or gray. Children generally in white.

Mrs. J. B. H., Chesterville, Ont., Can. Please explain Heb. 7: 3.

The reference to Melchisedec's ancestry here is one that many find confusing. "Without father, without mother, without descent," etc., means that his genealogy is obscure and unknown and that history contains no record of his birth, achievements or end of life. Yet he was made like unto the Son of God in his typical priesthood. Melchisedec, the patriarch-priest, was the highest and enduring representative of the Abrahamic covenant. So great was Melchisedec and so strongly did his mysterious personality lay hold of the mind of the early Christian Church that Origen pronounced him an angel, while others thought him Shem, the son of Noah, or Enoch, or the incarnation of the Divine Word.

J. J. B., Ladd, O. 1. Who are the witnesses spoken of in Heb. 12: 1? 2. In I. John 5: 8, does the water spoken of mean water baptism? 3. Please explain I. John 4: 2, 3.

1. The image employed here is that of a race in the arena, the surrounding "witnesses" corresponding to those spectators who watch the competitors for the prize in a worldly contest (see Phil. 3: 14). But the writer is describing a spiritual contest watched by a cloud of spiritual witnesses who themselves, while on earth, have been through a similar struggle, and the knowledge of whose presence as spectators of our battle should increase our earnestness, our faith and our determination. 2. The water of baptism is obviously referred to in verse 8. It is a circumstance noted by commentators that these passages, in their present form, are not to be found in the earliest manuscripts and portions of them at least were first written as marginalia to complete the sense of the text, and not adopted into the text until the eighth century. 3. In this chapter the apostle was discussing tests of false prophets. Verses two and three give a plain rule for such a test. However holy our teachers may seem, they are not to be accepted without our testing. In II. John 7, he further speaks of spiritual deceivers and their ways. Even at that early date, there were false and misleading teachers, against whom it was necessary to warn the believers lest they should be led aside into error.

G. N. B., Angola, Ind. Please explain James 2: 10.

It is on the principle (maintained by the Jewish rabbis) that the law is one seamless garment and if you rend a part you destroy the integrity and perfection of the whole. It is as though one discord spoiled an entire harmony, one broken link ruined the chain. The law is a whole, and by breaking any part you break its *wholeness,* though you may not have broken the whole law. God requires perfect, not partial, obedience, and we are not to choose parts of the law to keep and parts that we may break.

J. C. A., Lambton's Mills, Ont. Was there a dispute between the United States and France during the last century, which was settled by arbitration, and who was the American representative at the court provided?

This question was referred to Mr. William H. Short, secretary of the New York Peace Society, who replies as follows: "A convention was signed January 15, 1880, by Mr. Evarts, Secretary of State, on the part of the United States, and by M. Outrey, the French minister at Washington, on the part of France, "for the adjustment of the claims of French citizens against the United States, growing out of the Civil War in the United States; and of the citizens of the United States against France arising during the 'late war between France and Mexico' and the Franco-German war and the insurrection of the communes." The commission was to consist of three members: one to be appointed by the United States, one by France and the third by the Emperor of Brazil. Mr. Asa O. Aldis was duly appointed to represent the United States, M. L. de Geofroy to represent France (afterwards succeeded by M. A. A. Lefaivre), and the Baron de Arinos was appointed by the Emperor of Brazil to serve as president of the commission. The commission convened at the Department of State in Washington on December 1, 1880, and continued its sessions until March 31, 1884, at which date it completed its labors. The final award provided that the United States should pay to the government of France $625,566.35 and the government of France should pay the United States $2,731.82, these sums to be used for paying the several awards made by the commission to the citizens of the respective governments."

S. R., Hertford, N. C. Will you kindly tell what St. Valentine's Day signifies?

Long ago it was the custom in England, Scotland and some parts of France for young unmarried people to meet on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, February 14, and put their names on small bits of paper, which were thrown into a receptacle of some sort and drawn out one by one. Each person became the "valentine" of the person of the opposite sex who had drawn his or her name. This custom seems to be related to a similar practise among the early Romans, connected with the Lupercalia, a feast celebrated in February. As this custom was abandoned among the English the practise grew of sending love missives on that day. The wretched habit of sending insulting caricatures and messages is a modern innovation entirely out of keeping with the spirit of the day. The connection of the merry festivities of this day with St. Valentine may be purely accidental. There were a number of St. Valentines, one of them, a presbyter of the early church, being martyred on February 14, 370 or 371, A.D. This date has been made sacred to his memory, and thus his name has been connected with the festivities occurring then.

Mrs. H. A. M., El Portal, Calif. The question has been asked me by a friend, "What has become of the souls of the heathen who have died without the knowledge of the true God? Were they and are they lost, who have had no chance of knowing anything of this 'Gospel of the Kingdom'?"

Were we able to answer such questions, we would be wise indeed. The greatest minds in religion and philosophy have discussed the fate of the unevangelized heathen. Justin Martyr and Clement held that they were called justified and saved by their philosophy and their virtuous lives under natural law. Zwingle contended that the heathen who had never been evangelized would be forgiven through the merits of Christ, although they had never heard of him. Christ himself said (Matt. 11: 20-24) that the wicked but ignorant people of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah (who lived long before the Gospel age) would be more tolerantly dealt with than those who had heard the Gospel and rejected it. Paul (Rom. 2: 14, 26, 27) shows that those not having either the law or the Gospel "may be a law unto themselves." We cannot therefore assert that the heathen who died in ignorance of Christ are beyond the reach of the Divine mercy, although we may not know in what form that mercy may be extended. In every age and every land God had his witnesses in the person of good men and women, whose upright lives, even under natural law, were a blessing to those around them. Who shall say that such are not acceptable to him? (See Acts 10: 35.) The whole question of heathen salvation is one concerning which no one has a right to dogmatize. It should be left in God's hands.

M. F., Decatur, Ia. I am a professing Christian and I hope a true believer, yet the thought of the hereafter is always with me. Do I do wrong in encouraging this thought? It is not that I do not trust; yet I find the thought an ever-present dread and an apprehension.

You should pray for more faith and keep the fact constantly in mind that He who has promised cannot lie. Professor David Smith expresses this attitude very clearly and convincingly. He says: "If we were truly Christian, we would be less concerned about this question of the hereafter, for we would have a larger and braver trust in God. There is nothing more calming than recognition of the fact that it is not God that damns, but sin. God is our Saviour, and his thoughts towards every creature of his hand are thoughts of good, and not of evil. If any perish, it is in spite of him. He is the Father of us all; and when I think what has been shown us of his heart by his eternal Son, our Brother and Lord, Jesus Christ, I am not afraid of anything that he may do, and I am well content to leave my future in his hands. He will do for every child of his undying affection the best that love can devise. Why should we fret or fear? God knows, and he is our Father."

Breakneck Mt. Storm King Mt.

Diagram of the Great Water Tunnel Under the Hudson River

WHEN, on January 30, Mayor Gaynor of New York City pressed a button sending the electric current to fire a blast that demolished an eighteen-foot wall of granite under the bed of the Hudson River, between Breakneck Mountain on the east bank and Storm King on the west, New York felt that it was one step nearer the possession of an adequate water supply and that one of the greatest of engineering feats had been accomplished. That New York may no longer hear the hated warnings of a water famine when her midsummer need is worst, the city is building in the Catskill Mountains, ninety miles away, a lake some twelve by five miles in size, to be called the Ashokan Reservoir. From this immense reservoir eighty odd miles of tunnel will carry the needed water to the city. It is in connection with this wonderful tunnel that the "syphon"—as it is called—was built under the bed of the Hudson. Vertical shafts were sunk 1,100 feet on each side of the river and from their bases the excavation of the transverse section was carried on. After the final wall of rock was down, it was announced that the floor levels of the two bores had met within a fraction of an inch and that the side lines of the walls were but three-sixteenths of an inch apart. In a little speech, which the mayor made to the assembled engineers and guests at a point under the bed of the river, nearly midway between the two great shafts, he said: "After I was elected, but before I took office, a delegation headed by an engineer of repute waited on me. They declared it to be a demonstrated fact that no aqueduct could be built under the Hudson and that, therefore, no Catskill water could be obtained for New York. I told them that if we could not get it under the river we would get it over. We are here to-day to see the tunnel under the river completed. It is one of the greatest feats in history. Frontinus is the historian of the Roman waterworks, and ours also will have its historians. The cross sections of this aqueduct are seventeen feet. The largest of any Roman aqueduct, so far as I remember, were five by three feet. I say that for the benefit of those who are always contending that past ages were better than the present."

Miscellaneous

Reader, Butler, Pa. See the restoration of the Jews discussed in THE MAIL-BAG of January 10.

Reader, Wooster, O. You will find the hymn "Nearer, my God, to thee," in almost all church hymnals.

S. R. D., Minnesota. History gives the correct version of his death, which is an undisputable fact.

T. T. G., Lawrence, Kan. Your argument is sophistical. No defense or justification of suicide can be found in the Bible.

H. N., Pontotoc, Miss. The passages you mention, referring to (1) the right of women to speak or their duty to keep silence in the churches, and (2) the possibility of living without sin, have been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG in recent issues.

Mr. J. B. G., Wilton, Me., sends this letter with a coin inclosed: "When I was a child, my parents let me cut my teeth on a fifty-cent piece. It has now done service in three generations. Now I wish to put it to some better use, so I send it to you for the Chinese orphans. I know it is not worth the full fifty cents, as it has a hole in it, but it is worth something. I wish it could be as many dollars as it is cents." His gift will be added to our China Famine Orphan Fund, and will help to supply food and shelter for one of the seven hundred little waifs who are unprovided for.

C. J. Z., Canby, Calif. 1. The number 144,000 is symbolical and represents the body of the faithful who shall resist the seductions of Antichrist. See Rev. 7: 14; 14: 1; 14: 3, in which the same number is repeated. Twelve is the number of the tribes of Israel, and appropriate to the church; and this, multiplied by itself, symbolizes stability and completeness, which is again multiplied a thousandfold. Throughout Revelation all the numbers are accepted as symbolical. 2. Pork was unclean under the Mosaic law. 3. Works of necessity and mercy are justifiable on the Lord's Day. If it is necessary that you yourself should eat, it is equally necessary that your horses and cattle should do so.

EMILEEN

A STORY BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

EMILEEN stole another glance across-aisle at the Boy. The Boy was looking at her. He had a friendly smile and little white irregular teeth like blocks of white houses, some three-story and some just two. Emileen noticed one little white house only one story high, but probably that house would grow! She smiled to herself at the funny thought and the Boy thought she was smiling back at him. He sat up straighter and looked back and forth from the empty chair beside him to Emileen. She had distinctly the sense of being invited.

Mother was asleep again with her eyes wide open; it was a *kind* of sleep, Emileen thought, but there could be no pleasant dreams connected with it, for Mother's open eyes were full of a listless dreariness. And Emileen had expected she and Mother would have such a beautiful, beautiful time!

"Come on over." The Boy across the aisle had said it distinctly. Did one have to wait for more of an invitation than *that?* Emileen, with another hasty glance at Mother, slipped down and across.

"What made you come so quick?" laughed the Boy, the little blocks of white houses all in view. "I never saw such a quick person!"

"Why didn't you come across to my house?" flashed Emileen.

"You never invited me!"

They were already acquainted. The lurch of the train around a curve jolted them together amicably. It was then that Emileen noticed the little crutch beside the Boy; the discovery startled her.

"Oh!" she breathed.

"'Twarn't either!" The Boy's voice was hot with a cruel mortification that had the effect of being always just below his little surface ready to prick through. "'Twarn't either why I wanted you to come, 'stead o' my going! Huh! Once I walked a mile! I guess if you could see me walk—" But he did not get up to show her. Whether by his help or not, the little crutch clattered to the floor and mercifully hid itself.

It was Emily who started in again after a brief and uncomfortable silence. There were two color spots on the soft white of Emileen's cheeks.

"What is your name? Mine's Emileen Worth—Emileen for long! Honest-true, it's Emily!"

"Honest-true, mine is Stephen Griffith Renney—for long. I haven't any silly pet name."

"I *prefer* to be called Emileen," she affirmed stoutly. "My father named me that."

"Well, my father called me Stephen-Griffith, but he won't any longer."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"He ain't either dead! He's just as alive as yours is, but he's going to stop *being* my father."

Emileen's startled gaze rested upon the Boy's calm face. What was this unheard-of thing he was saying? He was keeping right on saying unheard-of things:

"That's why me and my mother are riding on this train. What are you and your mother here for?" He leaned over suddenly and whispered a word in Emileen's ear: "You aren't going to that place, are you? Because if you are—You are? Then you needn't think your father will call you silly pet names much longer." The Boy's laugh was elfish and shrill; he seemed to be curiously gleeful that Emily was going where he was.

"He will, too—he'll always call me Emileen."

"Not if he stops being your father, will he? Well—and he's going to stop, isn't he? Of course he is!"

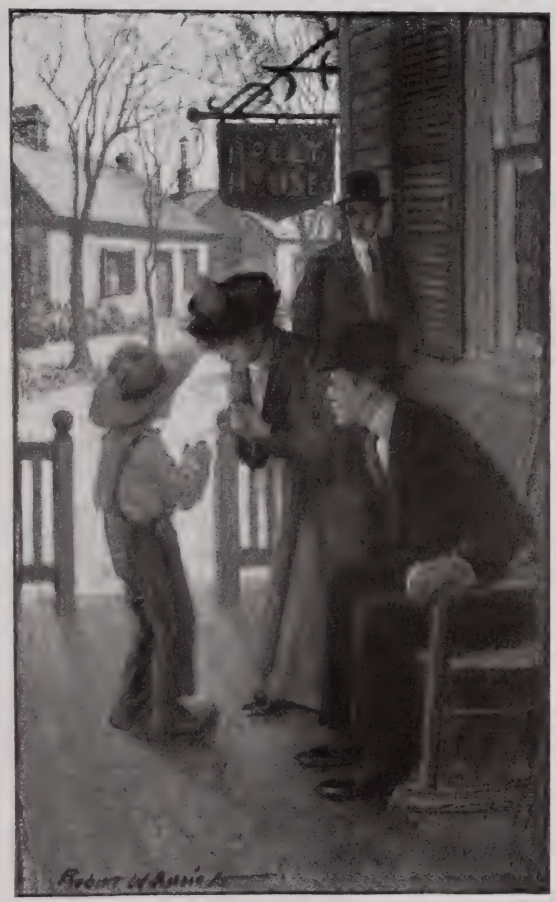
"He *can't* stop," Emileen cried, divided between pain and wrath. "Mother and I are married to him."

"Huh! So's me and my mother married to my father, but we aren't going to stay married any longer. We've got sick of it. That's why we're going to—" He got no further, for Emileen was on her feet. Her face was red with the blood that boiled in her little veins. Horror sat behind the wide little windows of her eyes.

"I'm going back to my mother," she enunciated clearly. "You needn't tell me—I don't care why you're going to *anywhere!*"

"You wait!" The Boy clutched at her sleeve. He was taking his turn now at childish wrath. "Don't you dass to go a step till I get through talking! You needn't go and be impolite. You 'n' your mother are going to get one, too, aren't you? Well—"

"Get one—what?" demanded Emileen, breathlessly. But the word when it came meant nothing tangible to her that the groping little fingers of her mind could clutch at. It was a mystery word that only succeeded in some strange, uncanny way in frightening her. She had never conceived of so dreadful-sounding a word, but her soul rose in revolt at any personal application in it. The mystery-word had nothing to do with her and Mother—they were not going to get one!



"'Be you her paw and maw?' he demanded. . . . 'Because if you be, come along o' me'"

"You must be a stupidy," went on the Boy with a sharp little face of scorn—the Boy himself had an appearance of awful wisdom—"not to know what you were going for! *I* found out fast enough—didn't anybody have to tell *me!*"

"There don't anybody have to tell me," Emileen returned slowly; slowness was imperative, for a tumult of sobs fought in her throat to get ahead of words. "I never invited anybody to tell me. I'm going back to my mother. I'm sorry I came." The sentences came, difficult and short. "I don't like to hear you talk. We're not going to get one either! I don't care what it is! If you wasn't lame I'd hate you!"

Back in her chair across the aisle she curled into a heap and set about the task of untangling her thoughts. It seemed a hopeless task; she wished Father were here to help her. Father—oh, it was about him! The tangles were Father-tangles. She and Mother were going farther and farther away from him every minute—why were they going away from Father? Was it on some terrible errand, as the Boy had hinted? Could Fathers ever stop being fathers?

Emileen slowly turned her chair till she could see Mother plainly. Mother smiled at her and went on sleeping with wide-open eyes. The smile did not comfort Emileen.

Was it possible Father could stop calling her Emileen?

Things came back to her in the shape of little pricking memories. They were Father memories. Of how she had found him sitting on the edge of her bed sometimes when she woke up suddenly. Of how she had never found Father and Mother both there—only one of them at one time and the other at another time—of how they had seemed to love her *separately.* Emileen had always, in some way-in place in her, understood that Mother was not to know of the time Father sat on the bed. She had instinctively refrained from telling Father about the Mother times. She knew suddenly, now, this minute, that she had loved Father and Mother separately.

Could Mothers and their little girls ever unmarry Fathers?

Once she had asked Mother where they were going and would Father come, too, on holidays? What if she asked Mother again now? If she said: "Why didn't we *bring* Father?" She looked again at Mother, lying back in her chair, and Mother smiled again.

Emileen had a curious, sad little sense of the *machineriness* of the smile, as if Mother pressed a button to make it come. What did that word the Boy had said mean? What were he and his mother going to the place ahead to get and she and her mother not going to get?

They were not! They were not! They would not get one, even if it were offered right straight to them—on a gold plate! They would not take anything that Father could not have too.

Could Fathers ever stop being Fathers?

Emileen was beginning at the beginning again. She had been round the dreary, weary circle. The apple the Boy had plucked for her from the Tree of Knowledge she found hard and green; she could never put it back on the tree. It would ripen in her hands.

Could Mothers and Emileens stop staying married to Fathers?

"Mother!" Emileen advanced a timid hand to the fold of soft silk nearest her. It required two tugs. "Mother, let's get out."

"What is it, Emily? What did you say?"

"Let's get out right now."

"Out? Out where? Do you mean off the train?" Mother was distinctly doing her best to be interested.

"Yes, I mean! Let's go back to Father—don't you want to, Mother?" The child's eager face was full of her own wanting. But Mother's face—

"Emily!" It was a sharp little cry of protest. Then it seemed that Mother marshaled her forces of self-restraint. She achieved a smile for Emileen. "You are bored, dear, so soon?" she said. "With such a lot to look at out of the window! Why don't you count things? —telegraph poles, cows, houses? I used to, way up to hundreds."

Emileen's gaze wandered sidewise to the window. "What'll I do when I get a hundred cows?" she questioned idly. "I shan't see 'em all at once."

"Then why don't you—why don't you go over and talk to that little boy. You could play Who Counts Most Things. When I was little—"

"I've been over. We didn't count anything, though." Emileen's slight little body shuddered, but Mother was not noticing slight little bodies. She was already drifting back into her waking slumber.

"I'll go again," Emileen decided suddenly. She would ask the Boy to say that word once more—perhaps she would ask him to spell it. Spelling things helped quite a lot. She would ask the Boy what it *meant.* He seemed to Emileen to be a

Continued on next page

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EMILEEN

Continued from preceding page

very wise boy. When she was perfectly sure exactly what it meant—she would find out what it meant, anyway.

The lure of the Forbidden Tree drew her strongly. The tiny nibble she had taken of her apple, though green, had whetted the appetite of the woman-child.

"Huh, I knew you'd come back!" caroled the man-child. His peaked little face was sharp with knowledge of things. He longed to impart it.

At the end of the lesson Emileen crept back, a strangely stricken little creature. She had the sense of walking a long way back.

The Boy had been a good teacher. Emileen, listening—biting feverishly into her hard little apple—had found out what the Word meant. She knew now exactly. She knew many dreary truths hitherto hidden from her. Emileen was no longer a fair-souled little innocent. Her lesson had explained marryings and unmarryings; Fathers who stopped being Fathers; —what it was she and Mother, the Boy and his mother, were going to the place ahead to get. She could no longer inwardly storm: "We're not! We're not!" for they were going to get one.

The train plunged on over its shining rails, getting nearer to the Place Ahead. Emileen seemed to look far, far behind, down the shining path they had come, and to see Father sitting on the edge of her little abandoned bed—a quite alone, abandoned Father. She looked at Mother with a sad, unchildish tentativeness, as though in some little scale in her soul she were balancing Mother and Father. It was hard to consider them in this new and dual way—the two of them together in one thought. It was harder yet to make decisions when the little soul-scale of her love evenly balanced, Father in one side, Mother in the other; there was no tipping either way of Emileen's balance. But Father—they had left Father—

. . .

To the man who was left came flashing down the wires a startling message: "Emileen missing come at once will wait here have started search."

Without loss of an instant Maurice Worth went to his wife; she was still that, thank God. He found her at the little way-place from which she had sent the dispatch. He found her a white and piteous wife.

"Mary!"

"Maurice! I had to have you!"

"Tell me about Emileen—have you found her?" But he knew she had not. He caught at her hands and shook them in an anguish of entreaty. "Quick! Tell everything, Mary!"

It was but little to tell. The child had been there one moment, and not there the next.

"It *seemed* one moment," Mary Worth sobbed. It was a tearless, terrible sobbing.

"We stopped at a junction." She named it hurriedly. "She must have got off there, but I—Maurice, I wasn't looking!" I made them stop at this place as soon as I knew. I've come back here nights to wait for you. We've tried so hard, Maurice!" She could not bear the awful sternness of his white face. At its sudden breaking up she uttered a cry. Tenderness —an old, sweet kind that she knew—swept over his face.

"Don't be frightened—we'll hunt together. I could always find things, Mary," he said with a sad little smile. The mother's heart bounded with its leap of relief, but the heart of the wife lay, a heavy thing, in her breast, for she had caught a glimpse of a beautiful lost treasure.

He questioned her intently and she told her paltry little story without stint of pride. They went over the dreary details one by one, searching for the child's motives and hidden little thoughts. This precious thing they had both lost brought them momentarily together again; Emileen, in her blind little way, had achieved at least that.

"She was going back to you, Maurice; I feel certain she was. She—oh, I shall have to tell you! She wanted me to get off the train and go back. She *asked* me to." For a space of instants man and woman were both silent, not meeting each other's eyes. Then the woman went on breathlessly, as if, in that silent space, she had run far. "There was a little boy, too—across from us. She went over and talked to him—Maurice, I *sent* her to keep her from talking to me." The woman was determinedly honest, although it was plain that she winced. "Maurice, that little boy told her—things, I know he must have told her! He had a dreadful mother—she told me where she was going—I was so crazy with fear I had to talk to some one—he was a dreadful little boy—Maurice, I'm sure he told her—Emileen had *found out.*" In painful jerks the poor mother brought out the disjointed sentences; it was as though each came bleeding from her lips.

"Don't, Mary!" he cried. He could not bear the humble face of her. He was not used to a humble face.

"I must! I must tell everything that could help us find her." "Us"—their eyes flew together at sound of the little word; it seemed pregnant with significance, the two little letters of it magic letters. They had so long been "I" — "you" — separate beings without magic.

"The dreadful mother and little boy were going—were going with Emileen and me, Maurice," she said slowly, "to the same place. The children talked —I am sure now that Emileen found out. She got off to go back to you. But why can't we *find* her?"

"We will find her—you and I, Mary. It needed us both."

But it was only after weary and heartrending searching. The child's slim little body appeared to have slipped through some crevice in the world's ken; no one seemed to have seen a lone little Emileen. Again and again they began at the junction where she must have got off the train and followed up hopeless, unpromising "clues." There were no promising, hopeful ones.

Agents hunted for them far and wide, supplementing their own frantic efforts. Days went by. They forgot everything but Emileen—there was only Emileen in their world, and she was not there. They were to each other but Emileen's mother—Emileen's father. As such they clung to each other, drawing upon one another's strength and depleting courage.

"She is so little, Maurice! She is afraid of the dark—you know how we used to hear the sobbing and go up and sit on her little bed—"

He knew—he knew.

"And feel for her little cowardly hand in the dark—it used to be trembling when we found it! You know, Maurice—"

He had felt for it—he knew. The cowardly little hand!

"Maurice, do you—do you ever *hear* her? Since she went, I mean—making a little sobby noise?"

"I hear her now," he cried. The sight of his awful man grief tore her heart; she had a little moment of forgetting Emileen and remembering him. She longed, with a gnawing pain of longing, for her old privilege of comforting him. But now—not now.

. . .

It was a ragged, clear-eyed youngster who brought them both comfort—a little woods creature, blinking at the wonders of the open. He appeared at the hotel where they were making their temporary headquarters; some one had directed him there.

"Be you her paw and maw?" he demanded with the brevity of one in

Continued on next page

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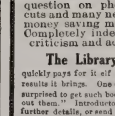

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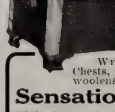

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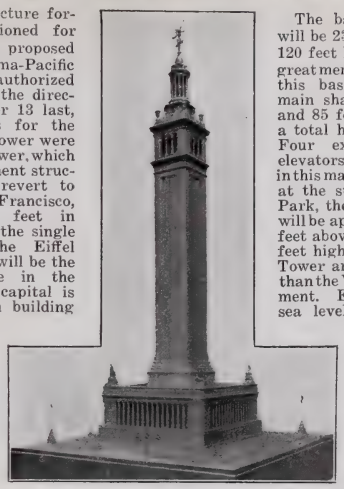
A Skyscraper for San Francisco

THE first structure formally sanctioned for erection on the proposed site of the Panama-Pacific Exposition was authorized at a meeting of the directors on December 13 last, when the plans for the great memorial tower were endorsed. This tower, which is to be a permanent structure that will revert to the city of San Francisco, is to be 850 feet in height and, with the single exception of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, will be the tallest structure in the world. Private capital is to be utilized in building the tower, which will cost not less than $1,500,000 and will be one of the main architectural features of the exposition. In all probability it will be erected at the summit of Lincoln Park, although the site has not been chosen. It will be of steel frame construction with outer walls of marble or terra cotta. Some of the most eminent engineers of the country have passed upon the practicability of the plans and furnished estimates of cost.



The Proposed Panama-Pacific Tower

The base of the tower will be 232 feet square and 120 feet high, containing a great memorial hall. From this base will arise the main shaft, 730 feet high and 85 feet square, giving a total height of 850 feet. Four express passenger elevators will be enclosed in this main shaft. If erected at the summit of Lincoln Park, the top of the tower will be approximately 1,300 feet above sea level, or 316 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower and 745 feet higher than the Washington monument. Even if erected at sea level, the tower will overtop any structure in the world except the Eiffel Tower. It is intended to utilize the tower for a meteorological observatory and wireless station and to install a powerful light, which, under favorable conditions of weather, will be visible 100 miles out at sea. The base of the tower will be surmounted by four groups of statuary and will be surrounded by a frieze depicting the development of the North American continent.

EMILEEN

Continued from preceding page

great haste. "Because if you be, come along o' me, an' if you *bain't*, I gotter go an' find 'em. I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, yes," they cried. Anything to hold him. He seemed a quaint spirit-creature but come to torture them with hopeless hopes. They were only dreaming him there before them.

"Whoo—oo!" A sound like a wood-bird note. "I'm glad you be! I've wore my feet offer me, trompin'! Come along—Maw got her. We be'n dosin' her, pore little skite! Maw's a power for dosin'. But the little skite'd 'a' died if she hadn't come up ag'inst our cabin—be'n out two nights runnin'. Come *on!*"

He was footsore and weak, but tramped on before them splendidly. It developed as they eagerly prodded him that he himself had "been out" two nights, but made little of the fact. He had traveled many miles in his search for the Little Skite's Paw and Maw, but had evidently entertained no thought of giving up.

"Maw said to keep right on. There weren't nobody but me to send. 'You ask everybody you see if they've not lost a little tyke,' she says to me, an' I be'n askin' ever since. I follered the wood-road out to the Clearin' an' jes' kind o' kep' on an' on. Then somebody said to come here an' find you." So he had found them, and the end of their search was in sight at last.

Emileen—a spent and fevered little "tyke"—had been, it seemed, "out o' her head," and unable to give them any assistance as to her identity. The good mother woman of the woods had not dared, in her genuine alarm, to wait for the child's brain to clear. She had sent the boy on his wild little hunt with the simple faith of her kind. He would bring the Little Tyke's folks back with him.

He brought them. Maurice Worth had hired a conveyance to take them all as far as possible into the woods; a doctor went with them. It was a journey of sweet, clean odors, of the sense of elemental innocence in the soul of life—in the crowded silent woods and their shy denizens. Mingled joy and anxiety strove in the Father's and Mother's breasts, but they rode side by side in a sort of soft ecstasy. It was as if they rode not to little Emileen alone, but to something else restored with her to them.

A matter of a few days later the three of them sat arow in the big chairs of a Pullman. Emileen's pale little face was joyous; she sat between the other two as if to prevent another running-away.

"I had to walk," she had been explaining for the hundredth time, "because I went an' didn't take my purse! But I didn't suppose I'd walk right into a woods an' go an' get lost! You'd 'a' called me Stupidy, Father. You may now if you want to."

"Stupidy," he called her, "Little Stupidy!" But his deep voice made it a beautiful tender name.

"Now you can, Mother," Emileen trilled. Suddenly she sat up straight in her chair, her eyes on the outer world beyond her window. Emileen caught familiar landmarks; the train was drawing into a big friendly trainshed. She was acquainted with this place.

"Why, we're going the other way! We've turned around, Mother!" Emileen exclaimed. She turned back to the inside landscape. Her eager glance went from dear face to dear face. She was suddenly aware of beautiful things—that she was loving Father and Mother *together;* that Father had not stopped being Father; that they were all going home.

"Nothing has stopped," thought Emileen in the happy corner of her little soul. But she could not know that something had begun again.

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I am just in receipt, through my daughter, of a copy of *The Christian Herald Almanac.* A glance so favorably impressed me that I went entirely through it before laying it down. I think it is the completest and most useful of its kind I have ever seen in so small a compass. I congratulate you on your ability to condense so much of valuable matter in so small a compass.

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A Delightful "At Home"

DOUBTLESS any one who has a heart either to keep or to give away will welcome an invitation to a Love Feast. And a more delightful "at home" can scarcely be imagined, either for an afternoon or evening, for the party may be as formal or informal as you like.

First choose your guests, then select from the ranks of the world's best lovers those whom you would like to entertain. The list for your choosing is almost endless. A delightful assemblage is Romeo and Juliet, Darby and Joan, Cinderella and the Prince, Jack and Jill, Robert Burns and Highland Mary, Paul and Virginia, Dante and Beatrice, Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

Decorate the invitations with hearts and love-knots and let them read:

The pleasure of your company is requested on St. Valentine's Evening. Please come in the character of Cinderella. You will meet the Prince at the party.

The hour may be indicated by the face of a clock drawn on a heart with hands pointing to the appointed hour. Likewise an invitation must be sent to Juliet, who is promised she will meet Romeo, and so on through the list. The party will be vastly more entertaining if the guests assume as nearly as possible the characters they impersonate. The decorations should be hearts and bright ribbons, and the lights, to be thoroughly romantic, must be waxen candles. Heart-shaped ices and sandwiches can be easily made at home by slicing bread and ordinary brick ice cream with a heart-shaped cookie cutter. A little stew of chicken hearts makes a comical entrée and fruit salad, angel cake, sunshine drops and kisses are simple suggestions to add to the menu.

Forfeits

IT SHOULD be understood that a forfeit must be paid by one speaking upon any other subject than love. If several times during the party lovers change places while the ladies remain seated, there will be no end of a jolly time. If old Joan, for instance, must listen to the fervent and foolish outpourings of Romeo's romantic love, while Jill listens awkwardly to the stately measures of Dante's undying devotion, or Jack pours his vinegar and brown paper woes into sentimental Juliet's ear, the results are irresistibly funny.

Some Delightful Tableaux

IMPROMPTU tableaux may easily follow the "feast." The material at hand is rich and the subjects manifold. "The Proposal," for instance: Pierrot in pantomimic declaration to Highland Mary. "The Rejected Lover": Cinderella turning away from plain Bobbie Burns. "'Twixt Love and Riches": Maid Marian undecided between Cinderella's Prince and Robin Hood; and so on and on, including, of course, tableaux of the real lovers in characteristic positions.

Our Friends, the Birds

EVERY boy and girl with a home and a tree should at this season be doing something special for the birds. It is so easy, and the happy results from a little thoughtfulness are so great.

The birds have not all flown South by any means, And they are like human beings in that they will adapt themselves to circumstances. Remember, the birds will not come if there are cats about. Scatter a little hayseed from the floor of the barn on the bare ground about the yard. Hang some small bits of suet or beef or pork trimmings on the branches of the farthest trees at first. Birds that you never suspected were near will sooner or later surely come and find it. Day by day move the food a little nearer the house, until some bright, glistening winter morning you will have the joyous reward of a flock of lovely, fearless birds feeding at your windows.

Many Will Come

GET things in readiness for the time when myriads of the little feathered folk will be migrating from the South. I remember one season at home we were able to keep around and about the orchard forty-two varieties of birds. We began in the middle of February inviting them to come; we tied small wisps of straw and some horses' hair mixed with silk threads and bits of cotton and lint on the branches of several trees and bushes, we put up a bird-house or two and set drinking-cups and bathtubs here and there. Rough flower-pot saucers with broad edges for the birds to perch on are best to hold the water. A slippery bath will surely frighten a bird away from it. We did not play boisterously in the orchard that spring, nor were the boys allowed to throw stones or use their sling-shots there. And the pet cats, I remember, Shublebabit and Belinda, were sent away on visits. It was a wonderful time in our girlhood at home, that season of the birds in the orchard. I wish that such a beautiful experience might be in the life of every girl. It is so well worth the little extra trouble that it takes.

Birds are not only interesting because they are trustful and beautiful, but they are very useful as well. If you plan to have a flower garden you cannot well afford to do without the birds, for they will destroy many harmful worms and insects and will keep your plants in good condition.

Little People's Corner

REFLECTION

THE little birds are singing
Above their speckled eggs,
The daddy longlegs talks about
His children's lovely legs;

The red cow thinks her little calf
The best that there can be,
And my papa and my mamma
Are very proud of me!

And yet I might have been a bird,
And slept within a nest,
Or been a daddy longlegs
With scarcely any chest;

Or been a little calf or pig,
And grown to beef or ham;
I'm very, very, very glad
That I am what I am!

FRED E. WEATHERLY.

Good-Night

The day is gently sinking to a close;
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
Where thou art present darkness cannot be:
Midnight is glorious noon,
O Lord, with thee.

Lovingly and faithfully,

Aunt Ruth

Cozy Corner

Is This

WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

HAVE you ever run across a case where the law steps between a mother and her children?

Many States have such laws. One of the worst of them dates back to the time of Charles the Second. In Tennessee, right now, in this Year of Our Lord 1912, the statutes say that a father can by will leave an unborn child to somebody other than the mother. Somebody, perhaps, who is not even friendly with the mother. A similar law was until lately on the statute-books of South Carolina.

Laws that, in one form or another, allow a father to deprive a mother of her just rights in the children exist in a majority of the States in the Union.

In thirty-two States the father has a paramount legal right to the child, and the mother only a subordinate right, and in many cases, if a widow, she may in specific instances have no rights at all.

THE DELINEATOR

has had a draft made to form the basis of a new law which should be made applicable to every State in the Union. It is short, simple, and direct, but it includes the best points of every law bearing on the subject. By this, mothers everywhere share exactly identical rights in the child with the fathers.

How does this hit you? Does it strike you as worth while?

Does it move you to feel like working, hoping, praying, and even fighting to have this principle embodied in the laws of every State that needs it. If your heart prompts you to do something for the mothers who have suffered for generations under inadequate or unjust laws, get THE DELINEATOR for March and read every word that William Hard has written under the heading

"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS"

Then do what you can toward interesting your family, your friends, your neighbors, your county, and your State. Get THE DELINEATOR while the impulse is still fresh. GET IT NOW.

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THE NEW CHINA

By Margaret E. Sangster

...D God, whom all the hosts of heaven
with eager speed obey,
...God, with whom a thousand years are as
a fleeting day,
...sendest us another dawn, the gates of
morning lift
...smiting flash of lightning and with rolling
thunder drift,
...ancient idols totter, and the age-long
slumber breaks,
...while, by pangs of travail rent, a nation
new-born wakes.

...rist, who once in Galilee came walking
o'er the wave,
...rong to still the tumult, be swift to rule
and save.
...ith the man who leads the van, be with
the hearts that cry,
...rony and weariness, for help from thee,
Most High.
...th thy banner of the Cross, O gracious
Prince of Peace,
...hina's teeming millions find from wo and
war surcease.

Let not the Christian peoples fall like wolves
upon their prey,
Forbid the shame that in thy name may Mammon plot this day.
May clouds of prayer like incense rise unto the throne above,
May many a contrite sacrifice be blest in thy great love.
Let deepest darkness flee before the cleansing light divine.
O Sun that hath no setting, make haste, arise and shine.

Forgive us for our little faith, O Man of Nazareth,
Forgive us for our feeble doubts, O Lord of life and death.
The glory floods the firmament, the earth is all aflame,
The army of the living God is marching in thy name.
The midnight wanes, the morning comes, the shadows flee away,
A new-born nation rises in the splendid East this day.

TALKS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE

The Expense of Courtship

ONE reason why young men on salary hold themselves back from courtship and are timid about showing attention of a ...eous kind to a girl they especially ...oire, is that courtship has become ...e and more an affair of alarming ...ense. A student in the sophomore ...ls in college whose father can give ...i only a small allowance, a salesman ...n department store or a wage-earner ...r the foot of the commercial ladder, ...not afford flowers and a carriage ...r other adjuncts, considered obliga... upon their escorts by many girls. ...f youth invites a girl to attend an ...door function, to skate with him or ...o on a sleighride, he must pay for ...per for herself and her chaperon. ...the time he has exhausted a ten ...ar bill, he has probably spent more ...n the earnings of a week or the sum ...father can afford to give him. A ...treet young man, being honest, ...s himself from temptation by ...ing aloof alike from courtship and ...n the society in which well-to-do ...s may be met. Possibly he be... ...es, if brilliant and quick at repar... ...a sort of social parasite, a ...fessional diner-out, who drifts into ...selfishness of celibacy before he ...ws where he is going.

...oung women have it in their power ...change the situation. Street cars ...convenient conveyances and should ...n be used instead of carriages, and ...en roses are worth more than their ...ght in gold, they should be spar... ...ly pressed into the service of the ...r who has little cash.

The Boy and the Latch-Key

SPARTAN notions of discipline for the restraint of boys are advocated ...asionally by stern parents who ...ow a backward glance of regret at ...methods of the eighteenth cen... ...y. The fact is that home disci... ...e, if neglected in infancy and early ...ldhood, will utterly fail if enforced ...the summary method of the police... ...n's club when boys are in their ...ns. While children are in the ...sery, habits of obedience may be ...med without harshness by the ...tchfulness of father and mother. ...parents wait until their children are ...ost grown before teaching them to ...t honorable, truthful and trustwor... ...y, they have themselves to blame for ...wrong-doing of their offspring.

"What happened to that tree?" ...nebody said, looking at a crooked ...d misshapen tree. "Somebody ...pped on it when it was little," was ...r answer. "As the twig is bent the ...e inclines," is everlastingly true.

The tiny chap of three or four ...rns much by imitation and may ...sily be taught good manners and ...od morals. At fourteen the boy is ...e product of that which he was at ...ir. At eighteen he fulfils the ...omise of eight. As for the relation ...ween a boy in his teens and his ...ther, it should be fraternal. In conversation recently with a man of middle age who conducts large affairs, allusion was made to his trio of noble sons. "They are straight and clean," said the father. "When they were boys at school I tried to set them a wholesome example, and concerning several forms of indulgence common among worthy people, I told them they might do whatever they saw me do."

The caption at the beginning of this bit of talk refers to the latch-key. What about the boy's evenings? Must it be invariably necessary that father and mother who like to go early to rest must sit up to let the boy in when he comes home a half hour later than ten? If the home be in a town where doors must be kept locked, must the boy always ring before he is admitted? Why not bring the boy up into such manliness that he may be trusted with a latch-key?

"Village Life in America"

SEVERAL years ago the readers of this page were much interested in the story told them of a remarkable diary begun by a little girl of Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1852, and carried on without a break until 1872. The diary was extraordinary in its beautiful simplicity and its description of a charming childhood in a Christian home, a beautiful girlhood in an eventful period of national history, and in iridescent gleams of humor flashing like sunbeams on every page. The writer of this diary has for years been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and her little book privately printed has been appreciated by all who have had the satisfaction of reading it.

Recently it has been published in London by Messrs. Fisher Unwin & Company under the title of *Village Life in America*. The personages mentioned in the diary are classified, and the volume is charmingly illustrated, while two introductions are supplied by friends who are honored in assuming responsibility for a book that has few equals in its appeal to all that is good and noble. When this diary was written the author's name was Caroline Cowles Richards. She has long been Mrs. E. C. Clarke, of Naples, N. Y.

The Child's First Teeth

THE greatest care should be given to the preservation of the child's first teeth. No small boy or girl should ever cry with toothache. Vigilant attention will arrest decay, and the first symptoms should be the occasion of a visit to the dentist. For the sake of the permanent teeth the earlier ones should be retained in the mouth by filling if cavities appear. Too many sweets, too much candy, and too little wholesome porridge are the causes of pain to the child and premature decay of the teeth. As the permanent teeth should serve their owners for a lifetime, it is wisdom unadulterated to take the best possible care of what are called the milk teeth.

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2471. Becomingly styled dress of good, washable gingham, in blue, lavender or black checks. Bodice with four Gibson pleats, banded in Cossack effect and is neatly finished with buttons. Closes in back. A practical dress, unusually pretty and of good, serviceable quality. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Misses, 14 to 18 years. Postage, 25c. Special.. **$1.25**

2474. Charmingly designed dress with deep Peasant yoke and flounce of good Zephyr Gingham, in blue, pink or lavender stripes. The fine all-over Swiss embroidery is set in and contrasts beautifully, the pipings and buttons being most effectively applied. The fashionable Peplum waist is formed of Val laces, and the Dutch collar and cuffs are finished to match. A remarkably becoming dress tastefully patterned, the trimmings adding to the daintiness and style. It's a good, serviceable quality too, and really unusual value. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Misses, 14 to 18 years. Postage, 25c. Price..... **$3.98**

2473. Cleverly designed dress with becoming Peasant bodice of fine all-over Swiss embroidery. The graceful fitting Empire skirt of fine white Pique is finished with a pleated panel back. Pretty sailor collar and cuffs of Pique to match. Hooks in front. Smoked pearl buttons and the nobby black silk tie contrasts beautifully with the white materials. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. **$2.98**

2457 White cotton voile is most fashionable now, and is cleverly used in this handsome dress. Beautifully trimmed with Cluny and deep, exquisitely worked black embroidery, with stylish fringe covering prettily a flounce of black voile. Tiny buttons and black trimmings produce a wonderfully effective contrast. Carefully tucked, the stylish hip tuckings providing correct fit and graceful fullness. A tastefully trimmed, distinctive model of dainty, splendid $6.50 quality. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Misses, 14 to 18 years. Postage 25c. Special..... **$5.98**

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"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"*My weight has increased 50 pounds*. I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves* are so *restful*! I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have *taken off my glasses*, and my *eyesight* is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *growing*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly, and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I'd like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

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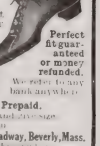

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Aim and Scope of the Garden

BY IDA D. BENNETT

IT MAY seem a quite superfluous question to ask of the woman who loves a garden "What she wants of a garden?" the answer being so irrefutably "Flowers." But the word flowers opens up so wide a vista of garden possibilities that one may well pause and consider down just what one of the many alluring pathways to the desired goal our footsteps shall tread. For the amateur to attempt them all or any considerable number of them is apt to spell disappointment in the end; at least the early days and months of gardening will be sadly hampered by too ambitious an attempt at gardening, although the initial efforts may be so wisely planned as to cover, in time, the whole field of out-of-door gardening.

The garden whose aim shall be the furnishing of an abundance of cut flowers will be quite a different affair from, and quite subordinate to, the garden which one plans to fraternize and live with, enjoying the flowers as they bloom and lade the air with their fragrance through all the changing seasons of the year.

Probably the garden of old-fashioned, hardy flowers offers the greatest possibilities for happiness of any form of gardening, and fortunately, it is one of the most easily and satisfactorily acquired. It has the great advantage of growing insensibly from month to month and year to year. By the simple process of multiplication and division, with the minimum of labor and expense, the small garden of a few square feet may in the course of a few years assume the dignified extent of rods and acres. It is only necessary in planning the permanent hardy garden to allow for this expansion and not place the garden in a position where it is so bounded and hedged in as to make future development impossible.

Of quite equal importance with the future growth or present extent of the garden will be the question of its care, for nothing is more futile than undertaking anything for which the time of strength must prove inadequate. If one loves a garden and undertakes it for its own sake, one should have quite clear ideas as to the amount of time one will be able to devote to it, or of how much one will be willing to delegate to others, or how available sufficiently skilled labor will prove, for I can assure the woman who loves a garden that the employment of unskilled labor is heartrending at times —so much destruction is sure to follow in its wake.

Then one must take into consideration the winter aspect of the garden—whether it is to be merely a place of summer beauty, or attractive the year round, for it is quite possible to have beauty in one's garden throughout the year if one will plant freely of such plants as are conspicuous with bright berries or haws in winter—as the Rugosa Roses, Barberries and the like, or use freely the large class of shrubs conspicuous for their lovely bark in winter, as certain of the willows, some native Spiræa and the like.

Again there are some flower lovers who are fond of much variety in flowers, preferring to grow quantities of one sort one year and something quite different another; for this class of gardeners the garden of annuals offers the greatest range of choice and entails no considerable expense or loss in changing from one variety of flowers to another, as would be the case with perennials or shrubbery. Another point in favor of the annual garden is this: No calculation for the growth of the garden is entailed, as the same beds may be used over and over again for an infinite variety of flowers. This is, probably, the most practical form of gardening for the temporary home and with a judicious use of bedding plants and summer-blooming bulbs can be made to furnish flowers galore for the entire summer.

Answered Prayers

H. A. R., Winterset, Ia. "I want to thank the Lord for hearing and answering my prayers."

Mrs. R. K., Charles City, Ia. "I wish to publicly acknowledge that God has answered my prayer."

A. B., Chicago, Ill. "I prayed to the Lord to convert my brother. He has made a stand for Christ."

L. E. H., Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to prayer for loved ones; also for myself."

Mrs. S. E. L., Westmoreland, Kan. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to my prayer in regard to our sick baby."

Mrs. S. H. J., Johnson, Wash. "My husband was very sick. I took it to the Lord in prayer, and he restored him."

M. F. G., Philadelphia, Pa. "Though given up by a doctor, God restored me to health and answered my prayer."

J. S., Flanda. "I want to acknowledge an answer to prayer for my wandering boy. He has come home."

Mrs. D. W. W., Middlefield, O. "I wish to acknowledge that the Lord restored a dear friend through prayer."

S. L. W., Grafton, Vt. "God has answered my prayer and delivered me from a great trouble, after thirteen years of constant prayer."

Answered prayers are also acknowledged by: E. K. S., Ipswich, Mass.; Mrs. J. W., Baldwin, Kan.; E. M. H., Newburyport, Mass.; Mrs. L. J. H., Prospect, Va.; N. L. P., Braymer, Mo.; Constant Reader, Rockwood, Pa.; M. C., Rixby, Idaho; L. M. Y., Cambridge, O.; Old Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. W., Hillsboro, O.; Mrs. E. I. E., Oakland, Mich.; Mrs. M. E., Sacramento, Calif.; V. P., Bridgeburg, Ont., Can.; Mrs. W. S. W., Custer City, Okla.; I. F. R., Big Springs, Texas; A Reader, Mississippi; Mrs. M. V. R., St. Johnsburg, Vt.; M. F. R., Harrisonburg, Va.; C. D., Coriscana, Texas; Mrs. M. D. B., Sparta, Wis.; Mrs. Z. T. L., Harrisburg, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. R., Shelby, N. C.; M. T. W., Mason City, Ia.; Mrs. A. H. A., New York; Mrs. E. F. R., East Orange, N. J.; M. C. D., Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. T. C. H., Ormond, Fla.

Called Higher

Mr. B. F. Gatton (73), of Jennings, N. C., passed to his reward after a long life of good works. He was a great lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Eliza Jan Cochran died in her home in Tennessee on December 28, 1910, in her ninety-first year. She fell peacefully asleep as she sat reading her Bible.

Mr. James Mosher, for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, died at his home in Portchester, N. Y., February 5, 1911, in his seventy-third year.

Mrs. Charles Mundinger died February 26, 1911, at Dolgeville, N. Y. She was a subscriber to this publication for many years and a faithful follower of Christ.

A loving friend and constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Margaret Jane Becker, passed to her heavenly home February 2, 1911, in her seventy-ninth year.

A. L. Hawkins (83) died February 7, 1911, in Tulsa, Okla. He was for nineteen years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and "thought it the best paper in the world."

James D. Carlisle (81) died in Pittsburg, Pa., July 5, 1911. He was a faithful reader and supporter of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years and an active church worker.

Mrs. Cora A. Harris, of Matteawan, N. Y., passed away on April 4, 1911, aged forty-seven years. She was for a number of years a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

Mrs. Abigail C. Johnson (91) passed away November, 1910, at her home in Ohio. She had been a devoted subscriber to this paper for thirty years. Her whole life was spent in the work of her Master.

Mrs. Elmira Randall departed from this life March 22, 1911, in Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Randall had been a sufferer for nearly twenty years, through which she kept a divine faith to the last. She had been for twenty-nine years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. Mary E. Horton Francisco died in her home in Todd County, Minn., March 20, 1911. Had she lived four months longer she would have celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She retained her mental faculties to the end, and was for years a devoted reader of this paper.

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of the *real* West—this land of blooms and gladness and promise; know its wonders, its achievements—the joyous future it offers you or any man or woman. It is naturally *your* land of hope, of health. Right here you live life all over again.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires Proved Average Oversize, 16.7%

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are advertised as "10% oversize." And we claim that this oversize adds 25% to the tire mileage.

The actual oversize, over five leading makes, was lately *found to average 16.7%*. Note the table below.

Comparison of Sizes Between Six Leading Makes of Tires

Rated Size	Make	Cubic Cap'ty	No-Rim-Cut O'ersize
30 x 3	1—No-Rim-Cut	489 in.	
"	2—.....	402 "	21.5%
"	3—.....	381 "	29.4%
"	4—.....	371 "	31.8%
"	5—.....	383 "	27.5%
"	6—.....	365 "	34.0%
32 x 3½	1—No-Rim-Cut	637 "	
"	2—.....	603 "	5.5%
"	3—.....	577 "	10.4%
"	4—.....	536 "	18.8%
"	5—.....	577 "	10.4%
"	6—.....	546 "	16.5%
34 x 4	1—No-Rim-Cut	858 in.	
"	2—.....	762 "	12.5%
"	3—.....	760 "	12.7%
"	4—.....	733 "	17.0%
"	5—.....	822 "	4.3%
"	6—.....	794 "	8.0%
36 x 4½	1—No-Rim-Cut	1190 "	
"	2—.....	986 "	23.0%
"	3—.....	1064 "	11.8%
"	4—.....	1025 "	16.0%
"	5—.....	1055 "	12.6%
"	6—.....	1080 "	10.3%

Average No-Rim-Cut Oversize, 16.7%

Oversize is not measured by calipers. It is measured by air capacity. Air carries the load.

The figures here show the cubic capacities.

Only three tires in these twenty comparisons came within 10% of our size.

That's because No-Rim-Cut tires have the hookless base. Your removable rim flanges, with these tires, turn outward instead of inward. Thus the tire has an extra flare.

Oversize means over-tired. It means extra carrying capacity without overloading.

It means to save blow-outs—to increase tire mileage—to cut down tire expense.

Yet these over-size tires, which can't rim-cut, cost no more than other standard tires.

That's why they outsell all others.

Adopted This Year by 127 Leading Makers

For the year 1910, 44 leading motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires.

For the year 1911, 64 makers came to them.

For this year we have contracts from the makers of **127 leading cars.**

Last year we sold more automobile tires than in **the previous 12 years put together.**

The sales in late years have doubled over and over, as users have found the tires out.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now far outsell any other tires in existence. Our present capacity is **3,800 tires daily.**

Done by Users

This overwhelming demand has been quickly created by the men who have used these tires.

Tens of thousands of users told tens of thousands of others how their tire bills were cut in two.

And last year we sold enough of these tires to **completely equip 102,000 cars.**

Average Saving, $20 Per Tire

We don't intend to make overclaims regarding these patented tires. The facts alone are sufficient.

With these, as with all tires, the service rendered depends on proper use.

But these tires can't be rim-cut. And statistics show that 23 per cent. of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

That saving is sure.

It is also a known fact that 10 per cent. oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

And No-Rim-Cut tires, as shown above, average more than 10 per cent. oversize.

It is safe to say that these two features together, under average conditions, save $20 per tire.

What We Control

We control by patent the only practical way to get rid of the hooked-base tire.

No-Rim-Cut tires are not hooked to the rims. So you simply reverse your removable rim flanges and let them curve outward.

That gives a resting edge which cannot cut the tire, even when run flat.

It gives an extra flare which permits the oversize.

And it doubles the ease of removing the tire when you need to.

But back of these features lies a tire perfected by 13 years of tests.

Year after year, on a tire testing machine, we have compared formulas and fabrics, methods and processes, until the Goodyear tire has been brought close to perfection.

By actually wearing out tires under every road condition, we have learned how to make the most durable tires.

Double-Thick Treads

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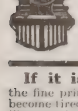

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

A New Serial Story Written for The Christian Herald

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER XIX

IT WAS late, but one task Sidney set himself before he slept: to take the first train in the morning to see his father. Before he went up there he felt impelled to answer Pax Marston's letter. And that, in spite of the fact that when he searched his heart honestly he could not say to himself that he was convinced as he should be of his feeling. Nevertheless he wrote this letter and posted it on his way to the station in the morning, sending it to the care of Bennett's at Bergen.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter was one that I feel I must answer, and yet I am sure it will be difficult for me to write as I should, owing to remarkable events which are happening and to great experiences I am having—so deep and great that they may have much to do with our friendship. Will you understand? I am going to write as frankly and simply as I can, because it is due us both not to deceive ourselves over such a great matter.

I cannot disguise from you or myself that when your father (during my interview with him) declared that he could not entertain the idea of any further acquaintance with you, the world seemed at once to be a hopeless place to me. I will not attempt to conceal from you what has been a fact—that from my first meeting with you at the launching of the *Republic* my heart was drawn to you; and—your letter gives me excuse for saying that your heart responded to mine. All this I frankly express because I feel so much will depend upon what you will think of the confidence I am now about to repose in you, believing you will understand me, and understand, above all, the reason why I am writing as I do in this unusual manner.

I have, within the last few days, had a deep religious experience, which I know will have a vital influence on all my life. Until I know how this will affect your life I do not dare ask you to consider me as you might if your parents gave their consent and your own convictions harmonized with mine. I am saying this very poorly; it is because I am not able to express my feelings in the best way.

But I can and must say this, in order to be honest with you. My definition of life is not what it once was. The whole thing seems different. There is one verse in the Bible that seems to ring in my ears continually: "Wherefore, if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new."

You will want to know what this means. Among other things, this, which will perhaps affect our relations more than any other: I have a growing horror in my heart and mind of the whole subject of war. It seems to me like the very contradiction of all the Christ spirit that our nation, a Christian nation, should be building just such monsters as the one I, as a builder, am at work on at this moment. The more I think of it, the more I am amazed that, after all these centuries of Jesus Christ, the nations which call themselves Christian are the nations most feverishly eager to build more and bigger navies. My soul recoils from all this, and I am facing the entire question with a prayer in my heart for wisdom and strength; for to-morrow I am going to see my father, and I do not think I can keep from him long, if at all, my feeling in this matter. His passion in life, his ambition, is this growing warship. He daily prays for war to test its vast power. And now that I cannot feel as he does any longer, it raises questions in my mind such as I am raising about the effect this confession will have with you. You have been reared in the atmosphere of war. Your people, your relatives are all connected more or less closely with navy and army circles. The people who are your dearest friends in Washington would no doubt regard any one like me almost as if I were insane, or unbalanced. What do you think of me after reading so far? Pardon me, I cannot help asking it. For we are both old enough to know that if two people are to be happy together the religious tie must be the greatest of all. I dare not risk your happiness or mine on an uncertainty, for I am firmly convinced that a real, permanent, enduring, satisfying love cannot exist between two people if they cannot agree on the essential faith of a religious life.

I suppose your father and mother gave you the real reason why they would not consent to our further acquaintance. If they did not, I am going to; for it will not help matters any to try to keep still about it.

It is because my father is now regarded by the world as a convict. I do not need to say any more about that. I accept the verdict of the world in which your father and mother live and I have no argument to bring against it and I would not make an appeal from it.

But now that there is added to that reason for your parents' hostility to me the fact that I am personally antagonistic to the very thing that makes your father's position possible, of course I know very well what effect it will have on him and your mother. I would not attempt to disguise or conceal my views from them. And what effect my views will have, I know without question.

Have you understood? My heart is hungry. I am going to venture to say this: If after all I have written, if after a full knowledge and acceptance of all that I am and hope to be, you can still feel that your life can be shared with mine, and that mine will satisfy you in the most perfect way, I feel that my heart would go out to you in fullest and truest affection. Pax, I cannot say either more or less. If your answer is such that even father and mother and social verdicts and the prejudice of the world are less than your need of me and mine of you—we are of age; true love is a sacred thing; no one would have the right to separate us; but nothing less than a perfect agreement on the things that make life together permanent and joyous is possible.

With all I have written I must tell you I gleaned from your letter that my father's fate had not changed your thought of me. After all I have been through—the treatment of old friends and the coldness of acquaintances—it was an unspeakable comfort to me to believe that all this had not influenced your feeling or prejudiced your mind against me.

I know I have not written all this as I might have said it to you. If you read this to your mother, as you are at liberty to do, will you express to her my kindest regards. She was very kind to me that first evening I was in Washington. How long ago that all seems!

Your friend,

SIDNEY CUSHING.

Was he fickle? How was it he did not know his own mind better? Was he laying down the law to the girl, making stern terms with her, demanding that she conform to his beliefs and opinions before he would tell her he loved her? Could any woman consent to be wooed in this fashion? After posting the letter these questions assailed him, and he was almost tempted to write another letter. But going over all things, he did not know what he might have said differently; and after all, the main things remained. Pax's father and mother opposed him; that in itself had profound influence over her. And his own change of view, his new vision of life, was a thing he could not deny, and no matter whether it seemed to make him uncertain in his own mind, the fact of his religious upheaval would have to be reckoned with by Pax—and in what way? He did not know.

As he neared the penitentiary the thought of his father gradually swept out of his mind the thought of that fascinating daughter of the admiral seated pensively by the open window overlooking the dancing waters of the beautiful Balholm Bay on the Sogne Fiord.

Here, at least, was a love he was unquestioningly sure of. Oh, with what passion he loved that grim, pale-faced, unbroken figure that shook its fist each morning in the face of God and the universe and defied them to do their worst! This father who had deliberately sacrificed for him all that men count dear! Oh, how he yearned to be to him such a son as no son had ever been since the world began! And yet he was going to him now with a new and added passion—the newly born love of a Redeemer who had said once, "If a man love father or mother more than me he is not worthy of me."

When he went into the warden's office, as his regular habit was when he visited his father, Armstrong was busy with one of the prison officials. When he was at liberty and turned to greet Sidney there was a look on his face so remarkable that Sidney was at once impressed by it.

"You have come to see your father. Wait. I want you to meet him in my office alone."

He showed Sidney into his own private room, and went away without another word. When he came back Brander Cushing he said, "Take all the time you want. No one will disturb you."

Continued on next page

LIFE'S LESSONS

I LEARN as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind;
That many a flower that I'd longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine,
They can not banish the sun,
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the weary strength of right.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has been borne from our hearts away;
And those who have never known sorrow
Can not know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.

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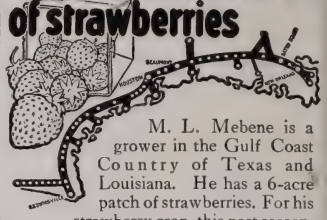

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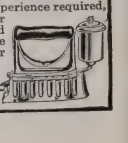

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

He closed the door on father and son and each looked earnestly at the other.

"Father, you have been ill?"

"No. I was never so well in my life."

Silence.

"I had to come up to see you about—about—a new trouble. I grieve to vex you with it, but I need your help. I suppose we have only the regulation time to talk. We must make the most of it."

"You heard what Mr. Armstrong said?"

"Yes. He is a gentleman in every way. You like him, don't you?"

"I love him."

"Love him?"

"Yes, Sid. He has been a brother to me. But tell me what your trouble is."

"The men are going out of the casting room on a sympathetic strike with Farrar's Mills' men. Coming at this time it will greatly embarrass the work. I confess I don't know how to handle the situation, and Stuart and Merrill don't agree about the best course to take."

"Are our men dissatisfied with their scale?"

"No. MacKenzie says they have no quarrel over it. It is a purely sympathetic action."

"Will they fight new men if we try to get them?"

"I'm afraid they will."

Silence.

"Will the men arbitrate?"

"I don't know. You remember, father, Farrar feels—well, you know he feels bitter over our action five years ago when we outbid him on the new type torpedoes. I understand he will not lift his finger to help us now."

"That was all my fault, Sid. We suffer for it now."

Sidney looked at his father in astonishment. Brander Cushing trembled. Sidney went on.

"What would you advise, father?"

"Have you talked with the men?"

"Yes. They say they are obeying orders from those higher. I know they regret going out at this time."

Silence. Brander Cushing's lips were moving. What! What was he saying?

"Father, are you ill? The work here is killing you!"

"No, Sid. I thank God I ever came here."

"You—ever—came—*here!*"

"Yes."

Brander Cushing had been sitting. He now rose and stretched himself up to his full height and said in a tone of the most exquisite mingling of humility and exultation Sidney had ever heard:

"I thank God I ever came here. For here in this place of my punishment I have found my Redeemer."

"Father!" Sidney cried. He had arisen, his intense astonishment and bewilderment breaking out into the cry that burst from him. It seemed to him that the Master had come into that little room, that the miracle of raising the dead to life was being acted out again, and that he and his father were the dead walking out of the tomb, hand in hand together, never more to part until they walked the blessed fields of that paradise where no blight has ever withered the immortal blossoms planted by the angels of God.

"Yes, Sidney. Thanks to the message brought by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Armstrong, I am a new man in Christ Jesus. Oh, can you understand it, my boy?"

"Understand it? Look at me, father!"

Down Sidney's face the tears rained. He stretched out his arms to his father. Brander Cushing saw that light shining in his son's face. And they embraced each other as if each had welcomed the other home from the world that lies beyond our dreams.

After a while Brander Cushing was saying calmly,

"This was last Sunday. At what time, did you say?"

Sidney told him.

In an awed voice, Brander Cushing said, "Sidney, the light came to us at the same time. What do you hear sounding in your heart every moment?"

"If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things have passed away. Behold, they are become new."

"It is the same with me. God spoke to us at the same time and in the same way."

They were sitting looking at each other silently now, musing over the great miracle of transformation.

Finally Brander Cushing rose again and said simply:

"I want Armstrong to come in."

Warden Armstrong came into his office and Brander Cushing said with the simple earnestness of a child:

"Sidney, this is the man who led me into the light. He and Freeman. I owe to them more than I can say. Armstrong, my brother, this is the greatest day of my life. My own son—"

In a few words he told Armstrong of Sidney's experience. Armstrong's face beamed. Now Sidney understood the look that had greeted him when he first met him.

"There is another," Brander Cushing said wistfully. "I wonder if we could have Andrew with us a few minutes?"

Armstrong opened the door and beckoned to a figure standing in the outer office, and Andrew Brodig, the anarchist, came in.

Warden Armstrong had seen some strange things during his charge of that penitentiary, but that was perhaps the most remarkable of them all.

Brander Cushing had his arm over Brodig's shoulder as he told Sidney how he and Andrew had met the Master face to face at the same time, and a few minutes after, they were all kneeling in that little room while Warden Armstrong was praying.

Men talk as if the divine and miraculous were vague and far off in this scientific age. Some, even in the church itself, declare that the age of miracles has ceased. Some even say that miracles never happened. But the greatest miracle of all history was being proved there in that little prison office where the warden was praying with a great heart full of thanksgiving that the Spirit of God had shown his power over three men, each different, each distinct in personality, but all three from this time on to be united in a tie of Christian faith which some time will unite all faiths, all classes and all mankind in one universal brotherhood. It is simply what is happening in every age of history. Did not the Master say, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"?

Before Sidney went back home after that wonderful meeting with his father and Andrew Brodig, he had a heart-to-heart talk about his own change of view. He had been a little fearful about that phase of his convictions. It did not seem possible that his father could go the same length.

"I have come to have a horror of war, father."

"You need not be afraid to tell me. Are not the old things new?"

"Can you feel as I do?"

"It is hard, very hard for me to change my old habits, Sid. But I can truly say the whole thing is different. We must complete the *Columbia*, of course. But I pray God it may never be used in any war."

Sidney went home with a song of praise singing in his heart all the way. His father had given him the best counsel he could as to the management of the strike. Farrar was hostile. The type of workman employed in the casting room was not numerous. The labor required was of such a kind that inexperienced men would do more damage

Continued on next page

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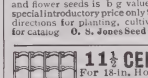

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

and waste more material than the company could afford. But he counseled Sidney against any resort to force to maintain an armed industrial situation.

"It is possible, Sid, that other men will walk out in a short time. It would not surprise me if half or three-fourths of our men go out this winter. If the works close down, you will have to make a new contract with Washington. Pray for wisdom. Don't forget we are acting now under orders from another Master. And don't worry."

CHAPTER XX

EVENTS moved rapidly after Sidney's return to Dockville.

His father's surmise came almost exactly true. Stuart and McLeish differed point blank about the policy to be pursued. Sidney deferred largely to Merrill, an old and experienced superintendent. Merrill was for getting new men to put into the casting room, but for pursuing every peaceful method possible. A few men were secured. They were not molested by the men who had gone out. But a month later over a thousand men struck from the fitters and riveters. At the end of two weeks more, less than 1,500 men were in the yard. And one day two weeks later these all walked out, leaving Cushing's shipyard empty except for the superintendents and office force.

Merrill, Stuart, McLeish and Sidney met in Sidney's room and McLeish said in his dry Scotch manner,

"I believe I will take that personally conducted tour to the Holy Land my minister has been talking about. There will be nothing doing here till the birdies nest again."

"It looks as if we were tied up indefinitely. You'll have to go down to Washington and see the powers that be about our contract. The whole thing is in the air," said Merrill.

But as it happened at this crisis, for the first time in his life Sidney's father was taken ill. It was a fever that put him in the prison hospital and kept him there three months.

Armstrong sent for Sidney and he took up quarters in the prison as a guest of the warden. Night after night Brander Cushing's spirit drew near the shores of that other country and then drew back before the prow touched the landing-place. Night after night Sidney watched, not like a son, but like a mother, over that almost breathless body and prayed (oh, how he prayed!) with heart's yearning for healing mercy.

In that time he came to know Warden Armstrong and love him. The man simply compelled his affection by what he was and did. There was not a hardened, brutalized, desperate, God-forsaken creature in that State prison that Warden Armstrong did not love with all his heart.

When Brander Cushing finally came safely back from that mysterious journey it was five months since the shipyard had been closed. Four thousand men idly tramped the streets of Dockville, jammed its saloons, where they spent the last cent and more, and grew every day more restless, irritable and unreasonable.

Sidney had succeeded through Stuart and Merrill in making some of the necessary arrangements about the ship contract with the government; but there was a part of the business which needed his own presence at Washington, and as soon as he was able to leave his father he planned to go down there.

"Will you see Admiral Marston, Sid?"

"No, father. I don't expect to." Sidney spoke with a sigh.

"I am sorry. Sorry, Sid."

"Miss Marston and her mother are still abroad. I do not know where."

"Do you still think of her, Sid?"

"Yes. I wrote her five months ago I have had no answer."

"It is because of her father and mother?"

"I think so—yes."

"And on my account?"

Silence.

"I am sorry, sorry, Sid. What trouble for multitudes grows out of my sin!"

"No, father!" For the first time since his conversion Sidney felt a pang of real distress. "I cannot bear to hear you speak like that. If Admiral Marston and his wife shut us out on account of—of your being here, I cannot continue to hold the same feeling for Miss Marston. But—I think she does not care any longer."

When Sidney reached home a quantity of mail had accumulated at the house. Most of this was of a business nature, and as he planned to go to Washington the next day, he attended to those letters first. But among his personal letters he noted one with an English postmark and an unfamiliar handwriting. As soon as he could, he opened this and read it. It was written at Portsmouth, England, and was from Mrs. Marston. She wrote:

MY DEAR MR. CUSHING: In your remarkable letter written to my daughter while we were at Balholm you gave her permission to share its contents with me, which she did.

It was, as I have said, a most remarkable letter. And after what may seem to you like an unreasonably long interval I am venturing to answer it myself, but in all I say I voice my daughter's sentiments as my own.

Aside from the facts which before your letter made impossible any thought of a union between our families, the astonishing confession you make about your attitude towards war renders even the slightest hope for you out of the question. We might in time have come to overlook the fact of your father's disgrace, but there would be no hope of reconciling such extreme views as you say you hold with Admiral Marston's position and that of my daughter and myself.

If you have reached the impractical mental and moral condition where you detest war, we have not. I do not hesitate to say frankly that I regard such sentiments as treason to the nation. What would become of us if we had no navy or army? The whole thing is impossible to imagine. If you should come into our family circle with such convictions, what happiness would be possible for any of us?

I trust to your honor as a gentleman (and I know I need not emphasize this) not to pursue your attentions towards my daughter. It will only result in useless suffering for her and all of us.

With all I have written I can truthfully say I have entertained for you a very high regard which I earnestly wish you had not in a great measure removed by the remarkable letter you wrote. Very sincerely yours,

LYDIA MARSTON.

The first feeling Sidney had after reading this letter was anger. After that passed, he experienced a feeling of dull pain. The fact that Pax had not answered his letter but had left it for her mother to do affected him strangely. When he called up her vivacious, kindly manner he was in despair. When he reflected that she had been willing to relegate such a matter to her mother, he was beset with loss of respect for her.

And with all else he realized that after what Mrs. Marston had written, and Pax had *not* written, his romance was over.

To be concluded

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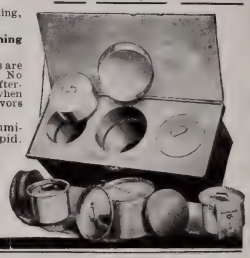

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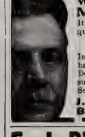

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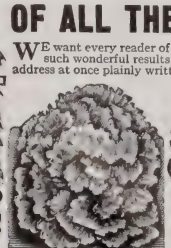

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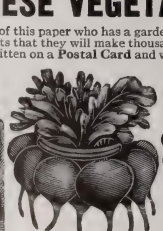

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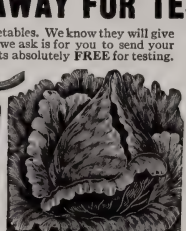

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In Temptation

Sunday School Temperance Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IN THE temptation of Jesus three "fiery darts of the adversary" were broken by him on one leaf of Deuteronomy as an impenetrable shield. The first temptation was an appeal to the innocent physical appetite of a hungry man. The devil, who surely did not proclaim himself with horns and hoofs, but came, no doubt, as an angel of light, such as sometimes ministered to Jesus, pointed him to round stones that looked like loaves, and bade him turn them to bread by a selfish and material use of the new miraculous powers that he possessed for high, unselfish purposes. Jesus answered (as Dr. Holland renders his words):

Oh, not by bread alone is manhood nourished
To its supreme estate;
By every word of God have lived and flourished
The good men and the great.

The second temptation bade him make a great spectacle to convince men suddenly of the truths he brought, which he knew must be slowly wrought in men's hearts. The third temptation was that he should miraculously establish an earthly kingdom, such as the Jews expected, using his divine powers to conquer rather than convert the nations. Because Jesus conquered these real temptations, he is sympathetic with all of us when we encounter temptation.

It is indeed as an angel of light that the temptation to drink often comes—as it came, for example, to Daniel's band, when meat and wine that had been sent from idol sacrifices to the king's table were, as a compliment, passed on to the Hebrew princes in the king's school. It seemed discourteous, if not also dangerous, to refuse such an honor. Many men, and even some women in such cases, have violated their conscience, if not their pledge also, by taking the drink. Esau, when hungry, proved too weak to resist the temptation to sacrifice his estate to gratify his appetite, and "found no place for repentance though he sought it diligently with tears." Gideon's ten thousand soldiers, though more courageous than those who were sent home, were found wanting when, with burning thirst after a long march, they came to a pond, where, though the enemy was on the hill just above them and might sweep down on them at any moment, they threw themselves flat on the ground to drink their fill—only three hundred exercising enough "bodily control" and self-mastery to bend only the knee and, with eyes toward the foe, toss a little water to their parched lips "as a dog lappeth."

In both the last-named cases, as in the temptation of Christ, natural appetite was the occasion of the temptation. If we are called to deny even natural appetites when the devil seeks to use them against us, much more should we resist the temptation to indulge at any time so abnormal an appetite as that which craves what is shown by its very name *intoxicating* drink to be a "toxin," that is, a poison, now shown by science to be harmful even when taken moderately in the mildest and purest wine and beer.

With three texts Jesus protected himself against temptation, and there are three teachings of God's oldest testament of natural law that provide the three strongest defenses against temptations to drink, affording unanswerable reasons why every one should totally abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

I. The Argument of Heredity

Stronger than the selfish arguments, that closing saloons will lessen taxes

Continued on next page

* The International Sunday School Lesson for February 25, 1912. Quarterly Temperance Lesson on the Baptism and Temptation of Jesus, Mark 1: 9-13; Matt. 4: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Heb. 2:18.

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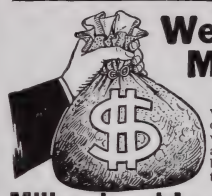

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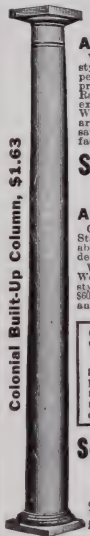

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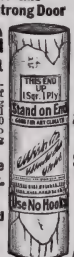

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My 30-Day Free Trial, No Money Down Offer is Sweeping the Country Like Wildfire—All Records Broken—Most Successful Nation-Wide Sale of High-Grade Pianos Ever Known.

The fact that the present high cost of living *is* too high is due to several factors; chief among them is the several added profits of the numerous middlemen who stand between the manufacturer and consumer—and from the high places of the land has at last gone forth the cry—"Get together—manufacturers—consumers! Get together!" I want to say to you that the common-sense way to reduce the high cost of living is *not by denying yourself* but by *skillful buying—buying of such manufacturers as cut out the middlemen and put all these additional profits in YOUR pockets.*

My Plan Revolutionizes Piano Selling

I firmly believe that if there were a piano in every home in America we would be better citizens because of the elevating power of music, and because I want to make it possible for *every* music-loving family to know the real pleasures of piano music, I have originated the wonderful *Adler* plan of selling pianos, by which every home can enjoy the delights of a pure toned, *Adler-Southern Upright* of exquisitely handsome design and durable construction.

Send Me Not One Penny

My *Adler-Southern Upright Piano*, like my *Adler Organ*, must sell itself after free trial in your home and I cannot afford to have a single dissatisfied customer. If I required money in advance I would seem to be trying to bind you to some kind of agreement. But I do not *—I take all the risk.*

Every *Adler Piano* is shipped direct from the great $500,000 *Adler* Factory to the home at lowest wholesale factory prices. I can save you *half your piano money*, because the *Adler Piano absolutely wipes out all Middlemen* and gives *you, the User*, their profits. The *Adler-Southern Upright* not only saves you this, but gives you a piano of clear, permanent tone, responsive, elastic action, durability and finish.

Try It A Whole Month Free

Send for my Piano Catalog. Look it over and tell me the style you like best. Let me ship it to your home at my risk. Keep it a month. Play on it. When you are convinced that the *Adler-Southern Upright* is the best piano you ever saw at any price, pay for it in small convenient amounts—I will not even charge you interest on payments. *No salesmen, no collectors.* If you are not convinced after 30 days' trial, return piano: I will stand all the freight charges, you will be nothing out.

And this is not all—play on it 365 days—and if not exactly as represented at the end of that time—you get your money back. $500,000 Guarantee Bond good for 25 years.

Adler Stands For A Square Deal

I not only save you much money, but make you a most liberal free trial offer, and give you easiest payment terms, on my *Famous Adler-Southern Upright Piano*. You have *everything* in your favor, when dealing with me. Remember, I am the man who made the *Adler Organ* famous; and my wonderful success with the *Adler Organ* induced me to apply the same liberal methods in placing my *Adler Piano* before the music-loving public.

Mail Coupon! You cannot afford to buy a piano until you have seen my plan to save you *half your piano money*, with your own time to pay. Coupon or a postal will do.

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Adler Manufacturing Co. Louisville, Ky.

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

and increase legitimate business, or even the proofs of insurance tables that the man who drinks is cutting down the duration of his life, is the proof science is bringing that wine taken by a father or mother may blight the lives of their children. A man may be willing to fly the motto for himself, "A short life and a happy one," and risk both health and property, but not many fathers will be indifferent when shown the overwhelming proofs that intemperate parents have fewer and weaker children than temperate ones.

Professor C. F. Hodge, of Clark University (*Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem*), found that only 17.4 per cent. of the progeny of his alcoholized dogs were able to live, while 90.2 per cent. of the progeny of the non-alcoholized pair were normal. Professor Demme, of Berne, found almost the same proportion of normal and abnormal offspring in the descendants of ten alcoholic families (17 per cent.) and ten temperate families (88.5 per cent.).

Not only the chronic drinker who has injured his constitution by alcohol, but the one who poisons his body cells by temporary indulgence in this race poison, may find himself afterward confronted with the evidence of his unfitness.

II. The Argument of Patriotism

It was an epoch-making event when the German emperor, in his famous speech to the naval cadets, urged his people to join the Good Templars and Blue Cross Societies, both made up of abstainers, not on individualistic but on patriotic grounds, as an essential condition of national efficiency and supremacy. He said, in part:

"The next war and the next naval battle will demand of you sound nerves. Nerve power will decide the victory. Now, the nerves are undermined and endangered from youth up by the use of alcohol. Later, you will have opportunity to see the target ships and the effect of modern projectiles upon vessels, and from this you will be able to form an idea of the conditions in a battle. If you are in one, you will see frightful devastation and a multitude of things happening. Then is the time for steady nerves and a cool head. Victory will lie with the nation that uses the smallest amount of alcohol. That, gentlemen, must be your position. Then through you the troops will be shown an example, and that goes farthest with the men. Therefore, this is what I expect from you: that here in the naval academy or on shipboard, in all comradeship and friendliness, which need not suffer in any way thereby, you watch yourselves and each other in this regard, that you do not count the use of alcohol one of your privileges."

The patriotic argument has almost won the greatest of moral crusades, that of China against opium, where the cry has been, not that opium injures individual health and happiness, and hurts business, and increases crime and poverty and taxes, but rather this: "That China may be strong." The Chinese people have noted the victories of anti-opium Japan over both China and Russia, and they have noted and associated with opium their own weakness, and so are struggling to rid their nation of it. France also has adopted the argument of patriotism in putting up official posters against "alcoholism," a word we ought to substitute for drunkenness, as the chief peril to be avoided. It means, in the words of the poster: "The chronic poisoning which results from the habitual use of alcohol even when the latter would not produce drunkenness."

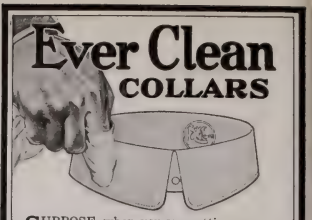
III. The Argument of Race Degeneracy

Great Britain, alarmed by the fact that 80 per cent. of those who offered themselves for the Boer War could not pass the physical examination, adopted the official poster, but with this heading, "Alcoholism and Physical Degeneracy," which suggests that not one race, but the whole human race is in peril of degeneracy through the increasing use of alcohol. It is a new condition that now confronts Europe, in that new methods of manufacture and preservation and transportation have cheapened drinks and carried them everywhere just when the working classes are getting higher wages and shorter hours of labor, and are living to a much larger extent in cities, with social inducements to drink greater than ever before. And these conditions are being rapidly extended to the teeming millions of Africa and Asia and the islands of the sea, where only mild native drinks were in common use until recently.

The first great battle against race degeneracy should be made at the Fourth Brussels Congress on Alcoholism, meeting in 1912 to consider what steps the great commercial nations holding territory in Africa can take to check the natives' increasing use of liquors, which are most injurious alike to morals and missions and legitimate commerce. Not only churches and reform societies, but chambers of commerce everywhere, in protection of honest trade as well as from considerations of humanity, should bring irresistible pressure to bear on this parliament of the world in support of the proposal that all the civilized governments shall by international agreement prohibit the sale of all intoxicants and opium among all the uncivilized and newly civilized races.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER'S VIEW

The *Almanac* is fine. I never saw anything like it. It is everything in a nutshell. I am an old subscriber, past seventy-three years. I don't know how I could do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. S. H. CRAUN.
North River, R. I.



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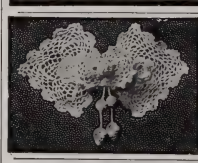

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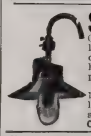

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SAFE INVESTMENTS

A SAFE investment in a general way may be defined to be one that has ready convertibility with a fixed, certain and permanent rate of return. The safe investment is seldom associated with the speculative element. Its very stability is a taboo to the bulls and bears, who reap their respective harvests as the prices of certain securities rise or fall. The seasoned bond seldom inflates or shrinks, and so the owner of such an asset can at any time estimate its value with as much certainty as he can know the cash to his credit after he has balanced his bank book.

A Constant Temptation

When a man who is getting from 4½ to 5 per cent. on his investment learns that his more venturesome neighbor is realizing 20 per cent. on Western mining stock, he is apt to sit apart and question with himself. If he knows that his neighbor has been drawing these dividends semi-annually for two or three years, the conservative man is apt to censure his own timidity, and the more he thinks it over the more firmly he is convinced that the higher percentage is the only road to fortune. Should the man with the low rate of interest be tempted to sell out and invest in the 20 per cent. mining stock, he will find that it has soared out of his reach, and it may be that he consoles himself with the assurance that if another such chance happens along—and it is astonishing how often chances of equal promise are being presented—he will seize on it at once.

There is a factor known in trade as "the law of averages." It has been ascertained by this that the very high per cents and the very low per cents will average about 4 per cent. The case of the man with the 20 per cent. mining stock is not imaginary. He drew his dividends for three years, then they stopped — stopped permanently. He tried to sell out at the recent high price, and was shocked to find that he could not sell at any price. He had invested one thousand dollars, got back six hundred in so-called dividends, and was out four hundred. The man who had invested in the 4½ per cent. security got his dividends regularly, and his security was of a character that could be converted into the original cash at any moment. The first man was fortunate in his foolishness, for he did get back something; usually such promising investments yield only disappointment and impoverishment. The thieves have the money and are encouraged to seek out other victims with hard-earned cash to invest.

A Banker's Opinion

We recently had a talk with an officer of one of the oldest and strongest banks in New York City, on the subject of small investments. He said in effect: "Only those with an inside knowledge of such things have any idea of the enormous sums lost annually through the credulity of people who have accumulated a little money through much self-denial and the hardest kind of work. Such people have come to me for advice, and I have given it honestly, but in most cases I could see that my visitors were disappointed at the smallness of the returns promised by my plans. In their hunger for higher rates of investment they appeared to lose completely all thought of the safety of the investment. Instead of acting on my advice, many of these people, allured by the promises of some wild-cat scheme attractively presented through alluring printing and enforced by the eloquence of well-dressed professional promoters and sharpers, have drawn out their money from my bank and invested it in ventures like the rubber plantations of Central America, or the stocks of a fabulous gold mine with a high-sounding name. Lost it, you ask? Why, of course they lost it, and in the same way the farmer and the tradesman throughout the country are losing it day by day and month by month to the extent of one hundred millions a year, according to our postal authorities, for the supply of sharpers is kept above the average by the ceaseless supply of suckers. In my twenty-eight years of banking experience, I have known of thousands of men, aye, and of poor women, too, who were defrauded, robbed by these legalized bandits. If any of these people ever got back any considerable part of their original investment, the fact has never come under my notice, and I move about with my eyes open."

The man who has saved up a little money for investment, and that is just the kind of a man we are writing for, should sit down and carefully consider every proposition looking to his giving up his cash, and this applies to the solicitors in his own neighborhood as well as to those who come from afar. It should be kept constantly in mind that capital, in unlimited quantities, and controlled by men trained to business methods, is ever on the lookout for profitable investment, and this does not mean so much large returns as assured and fairly reasonable returns. If to-day some man could launch an enterprise requiring one hundred million dollars and which he could convince these business men would pay six per cent. annually with as much certainty as the United States meets and will continue to meet the 3 per cent. interest on some of its bonds, within one month from the date of his announcement the desired capital would be subscribed for five times over, and the stock would command a high premium. If to-morrow the United States decided on a loan of a thousand million of dollars at 5 per cent., the banks would gobble it up so quickly that not a share would be left for the general public.

The Plausible Agent

Now, when the well-dressed, plausible agent appears—he usually comes from a distant city where his company has its headquarters—and solicits you, after he has induced you to read his fairy-like "literature," to invest in a sure-enough eight or ten per cent. stock or bond, would it not be well to ask him why he has not presented his "proposition" to the great bankers of New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, or any other city he may hail from? If the enterprise which this agent is booming, for a large commission to himself, were nearly as good as he represents it to be, don't you know that instead of having to peddle its shares among farmers and tradesmen of distant States, that capitalists from all the world would be crowding the company's offices with certified checks to be exchanged for stock. But the credulous dupe never gives a thought to such matters until thinking is of no avail.

While United States bonds are regarded as the safest kind of securities, the rate per cent. is so low as to offer no particular inducement to the small investor. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that safety is to be measured by the high or low rate of interest in all cases, particularly when the highest rate is not extravagant. The bonds of nearly all our States are quite as safe as are the bonds of the United States, and the same may be said of the bonds of our great and nearly all our smaller cities, though in the case of the latter it would be well to ascertain the reason for the bond issue, the total indebtedness, and the yearly increase or decrease in the taxable real property. But whether the investment is made in the bonds just mentioned, or in some other form of safe security—and there are very many such—the investor should never make a purchase which he cannot pay for outright, nor invest other than the money which he can afford to set aside for the purpose.

How Brownell Got

what he wanted is an interesting story. We give it more complete in last week's Saturday Evening Post and the Literary Digest.

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A TROUBLE MAKER

Coffee Poison Breeds Variety of Ills.

A California woman who didn't know for twenty years what kept her ill, writes to tell how she won back her health by quitting coffee:

"I am 54 years old," she says, "have used coffee all my life and for 20 years suffered from indigestion and insomnia. Life was a burden and a drag to me all the time, and about once a year my ailments got such hold upon me that I was regularly 'sick in bed' for several weeks each time.

"I was reluctant to conclude that coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I am thankful that I found out the truth.

"Then I determined to use Postum exclusively—for a week at first—for I doubted my ability to do without coffee for any length of time. I made the Postum carefully, as directed, and before the week expired had my reward in a perceptible increase in strength and spirits.

"Seeing the good that my short experiment had accomplished, I resolved to continue the use of Postum, cutting out the coffee entirely. This I did for nine months, finding, daily, increased cause for gratification at my steadily improving health. My indigestion gradually left me, my sleep returned, I gained 26 pounds in weight, my color changed from sallow to a fresh, rosy hue and life became a blessing.

"Then I thought I would try coffee again, and did so for a few weeks. The punishment for deserting my good friend, Postum, was a return of my old troubles.

"That taught me wisdom, and I am now and shall be all my life hereafter using Postum exclusively and enjoying the benefits it brings me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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From pure gum rubber, woven absolutely to your measure, at the same price you pay for poor-wearing, ready-made goods.

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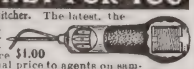

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and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry powders; money-back guarantee; outfit free; new plan; steady work. Address SIGLER CO., X 562, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

Home Missionaries*

IT SEEMS almost an invidious task to compare with one another the saintly men and women who have laid down their lives for the home missionary cause. But without claiming for any especial one higher honor than is due to many others, it is surely proper to speak of those who have most touched our hearts.

One of the great home missionaries was born in 1838, in Princeton, N. J., and died in 1909, leaving behind him a memory which will live as long as our country. He was William Hobart Hare. His parents were pious Episcopalians, and behind them he had also a rich heritage of heroic blood from Puritan and Quaker sources. He was early dedicated to the service of the Lord. Beginning his preaching near Philadelphia, he was obliged to remove to Minnesota on account of his wife's failing health. Going up to Marquette shortly afterward, he saw many Indians. "They wandered about," he said, "as sheep having no shepherd."

For some years after this experience, he continued in ordinary ministerial work, but the sympathies which had been so powerfully stirred would not be quiet, and in 1872 he was elected missionary bishop of Niobrara, a large tract in Dakota and Nebraska, inhabited by the roving tribes of Poncas and Sioux, or Dakotas. His descriptions of his early visits among these tribes read like fiction, and very sensational fiction at that, the audiences in their paint and feathers, and the Indians outside in their unreclaimed barbarism. One, among the Lower Brulés, rode up beside the bishop's party, and remarked in a reckless manner, as he flourished his pistol, "I want my boy to go to school, but I am an old man. I am wounded all over. I like to fight. When a strange Indian threatens to kill me, I say, 'Kill away. That's what I like.'"

Many of his poor Indians received him with suspicion. One chief said, "All the white men that came before you stole our goods and did evil. How are we to know that you are different?" "Watch and see how we live." said the bishop.

Back and forth over his immense diocese, for years he traveled on horseback, carrying his bedding with him, stopping in dirty huts over night, eating coarse fare, and consorting perforce with the "roustabouts" of the frontier.

After a little, he was able to travel with his own tent and a horse and buggy, but his discomforts were not greatly abated. He did not mind them, for he was gaining the confidence and love of his wild charges. He taught them that they were men of the same sort as himself, that they were all his brothers. The results can well be imagined.

Says his biographer, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, "He possessed a rich gift of practical wisdom," also. Prompt, shrewd, seldom deceived, though never suspicious, kind-hearted to a fault, it is plain that he was well fitted to be the "great apostle to the Sioux."

His work later in banishing easy divorce from South Dakota was wonderful. In 1909, the last year of his life, the mayor and aldermen of Sioux Falls sent him a testimonial upon the thirty-six years of his Western labors, in which they said, "The civilization of our Indians is due more largely to you than to any other man. You have built schools and churches throughout the State and magnificent results have been accomplished." Read his life and see how noble it was.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, February 25. TEXT: Acts 10: 23-35.

Exceed Highest Expectation

The Universal Star Finder came promptly. *The Women of the Bible* arrived on the 3d inst. and *The Christian Herald Almanac* came this A.M. Many thanks! These gifts exceed my highest expectations.

May God continue to bless you and make you a great blessing. LYDIA A. FORNEY.
Harrisburg, Pa.

MOTHER

By Kathleen Norris

This Is One of the Great Books of the Year

Kathleen Norris

Its appeal is universal. Now in its fifth edition it is rapidly becoming one of the *best sellers* in the bookstores at $1.00 a copy. We thought so well of the book that we arranged to have the publishers print a special edition exclusively for CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers. Read the opinions quoted below.

(*From the Outlook.*)

"It is not easy to put into words the deep feeling that is stirred in response to an apparently simple story called *Mother*, written by Kathleen Norris. It is so natural that one pauses in reading with oft-repeated reminiscent smiles; so true that tender, remorseful memories keep the tongue silent, though the heart cries out; so sweet and noble that even the callous selfishness of frivolity must be pierced. All this in a perfectly unassuming story of a plain American family, practicing economy of the strictest sort, limited in opportunity, shabby, and happy. The book opens with a scene in a village schoolroom where Margaret, the oldest of a group of seven boys and girls, finds herself discontented, longing for much that she never has had, exclaiming that 'nothing ever happens to us except broken arms, and bills, and boilers bursting, and chicken-pox! It's drudge, drudge, drudge, from morning until night.' Poor, pretty Margaret! We follow her through happy fortune, as she thought, and such as she really enjoyed, but she returns to 'Mother' and home, to learn the beautiful, wonderful lesson which her mother's life of commonplace duties was to teach her. There is not an overstrained moment in the whole happy story. Just the dawning of true appreciation in a daughter's heart of the meaning of her mother's life, and the contrast it presented to that of the delightful woman whose social secretary Margaret has been. Mrs. Carr-Boldt busy! Milliner, manicure, butler, chef, club, card-table, tea-table—these and a thousand things like them filled her day, and they might all be swept away in an hour and leave no one the worse. Read one of the days passed by 'Mother,' the dearly loved, busy, practical mother, and see the difference. If this book, in no sense a moral tract, could be used as a gift book for the holidays, the effect of its common sense and truth would be of permanent value, awakening those who trifle and comforting those who toil for love."

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"You can read it in an hour, but you will not forget it while you live."—*Jeannette L. Gilder.*

"What a joy it is to come upon a book of this kind—a really great little book."—*The Continent.*

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THE SENTINEL

WATCHMAN, watchman, what of the night?"
"O Lord, thy soldiers fight in the dark,
Without moon or stars, of light no spark,
And of many wounds they bear the mark."

"Watchman, watchman, what of the night?"
"O Lord, the sod is trampled and red
With the blood of thy brave soldier-dead.
But a gleam of light glows faint o'erhead."

"Watchman, watchman, what of the night?"
"O Lord, fresh soldiers press to the field;
Sounds anew the clash of shield on shield,
While slowly the lines of the enemy yield."

"Watchman, watchman, what of the night?"
"O Lord, the dawn now whitens the sky;
The shadows of night before it fly,
And thy soldiers lift high their battle-cry."

"Watchman, watchman, what of the dawn?"
"O Lord, the dim dawn has passed away,
Fast driven by the sun of happy day,
And thy soldiers fight in its full ray."

"Watchman, watchman, what of the day?"
"O Lord, thy rule by none is denied;
The peoples of earth in love abide,
While lion and lamb lie side by side."

OLIVE BOOTH GILES.

Among the Workers

—A TWO WEEKS' SERIES of meetings has just closed at Ellenboro, Wis., a preaching point on the Platteville Circuit, resulting in several conversions. The pastor, R. Harold Gee, was assisted by Evangelist F. A. Geisenheimer of Chicago.

—THE BERRY SCHOOL of Mount Berry, Ga., of which Martha Berry is founder and director, celebrated its tenth anniversary on January 25, 1912. The school now has enrolled some 300 students, boys and girls, with nearly as many more on the waiting list.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN of Fairbury, Ill., are now engaged in a union revival meeting with all the churches of Council Bluffs, Ia. Notwithstanding the continued extreme cold (sometimes 25 below zero) the meetings are crowded and scores are converted.

—THE LATEST CONVENTION held under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement at Reading, Pa., was a powerful illustration of the fact that the movement has not lost its appeal to men. More than 2,000 attended the dinner the first evening, and the day sessions were remarkably well sustained.

—THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL Council of Women held an Anti-Mormon mass meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York City, January 10, for promoting the anti-polygamy amendment. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon, of Utah, Hans P. Freece, and other speakers of national reputation delivered addresses.

—UNION EVANGELISTIC services have been held with great success at Pontiac, Ill., by Evangelist Scoville and a company of helpers, under the auspices of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. A tabernacle was built by volunteer help in one day, capable of seating 3,000 persons, and a service was held in it the same evening. As many as four hundred people have come forward for prayers during the meetings.

—THE INSTITUTE AND TRAINING School of the Young Men's Christian Association has recently purchased a block of ground on the south side of Chicago, bounded on the north and south by Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Streets, and on the east and west by Drexel and Ingleside Avenues. It has also secured the initial $50,000 toward a fund intended to be $500,000 for the equipment needed for the work of the school in Chicago and the endowment of its educational work in Chicago and Lake Geneva, Wis.

—ANNA RAE MILLS, a missionary in Taiku, Korea, relates the following incident: "On the Japanese Emperor's birthday all pupils in government schools are required to bow to his picture in some public patriotic exercises. The head officials ordered that private school pupils should not be required to participate if it was contrary to religious principles, but our Taiku local officials ignored that order, and commanded our boys to be present and bow with the rest. Worship of the Emperor as a god is a part of Shintoism, the national religion of Japan, so of course our teachers said our boys could not do it. Then the officials began to abuse them, call them names, etc., and say they had no patriotism or loyalty. 'Oh, yes, we have,' said our teachers, 'only we show it in a different way.' 'How do you show it?' scoffed the officials. 'By praying to our God for the Emperor that he may be wise and good and prosperous,' was the reply. 'All right,' they said, 'come and pray at the public exercises.' They consulted Mr. Adams, who said, 'By all means, go ahead, only make sure they will give you a separate place on the program, lest you get into a box standing with the others, and refusing to bow.' So at the Japanese residency in those big official exercises our boys had a place on the program, all came forward, took off their hats reverently, while the elder stepped forward and prayed our God to bless the Emperor. Wasn't that 'going some,' in these days when so much is said of Japan's growing opposition to missions?"

The Courage of Truth*

DR. GOODELL tells a charming story of the christening of a child. He says: "When I alighted from the automobile which had been sent for me, I entered a very beautiful home where a large company were waiting for me. They were arrayed in richest gowns and wore jewels enough for a king's ransom. The young mother was a dream of beauty. As the father looked at his wife and child, his eyes expressed the devotion of his heart. At last, the service was over. Little groups gathered in congratulation around the parents and the beautiful baby. But neither father nor mother was a member of the church, and as I thought of the temptations which would press upon a child of wealth, I could not bear to think that the little one was not to have a father and mother confessedly given up to Christ and his church."

This faithful pastor seized a chance to speak alone with these worldly parents, read again slowly to them the solemn words with which he had just dedicated their child to God; explained to them the way in which wealth handicapped its children in the spiritual race; and begged them to acknowledge Christ by uniting with his church.

The reward of his noble courage was a request that he would come and talk more with them regarding the matter; and their ultimate conversion. Their home became as a bright and shining light, sanctified to the service of the Lord. And yet if Dr. Goodell had not pressed home their duty, in a way which exercised all his bravery, how different would have been the result!

Fear affects powerfully the whole physical organism. The pores of the skin, the action of the heart, the circulation of the blood, and especially the whole nervous system, are affected. Occasionally a man is rendered somewhat quicker of thought and action by fear; but generally panic and loss of sense result—in the common phrase, a man, under the stress of fear, loses his "presence of mind." If he is exposed to cold or infection, fear makes him a readier victim. To keep cool and unafraid in times of peril is one of the great tasks set before our humanity. The man who achieves it is more likely to succeed than is the coward.

Moral degeneration springs oftenest from fear. Thousands of men have first made the acquaintance of tobacco and of drink, who would never from choice have used them, but who succumbed to the fear of ridicule. Many a woman is suffering from the exactions of fashion and of custom, simply because she has not had the courage to resist them and follow her conscience. A wise writer has said that of all the obligations of life, one of the chiefest is courage.

Some rimester sings that the worst suffering he ever endured was from "troubles which did not arrive." The very word "panic," as Sir John Lubbock reminds us, has come to mean a terror without a cause. Perhaps it is not too much to say that fully half our fears spring from nothing. To a naturally timorous and anxious soul, the expense of will-power needed to overcome fear is very great. A few are too rash and need checking on the side of presumption and over-confidence; but the great mass of mankind may well take to heart Emerson's sage advice:

O friend, never strike sail to a fear!
* * * * * *
He has not learned the lesson of life,
Who does not every day surmount a fear.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, February 25. TEXTS: Amos 7: 10-13; Acts 5: 28-32.

An Encyclopedia of Knowledge

Have you not made a mistake in calling it an *Almanac?* It ought to be called an "Encyclopedia of Knowledge." I am more than pleased with it. And the paper is better every number. I cannot tell which part I like best, it is all good and it's a paper I feel I can't give up, let the price be what it will. Accept thanks for the *Almanac*, and may God bless you all for your good works. MRS. L. A. TUTTLE.

Bezza, O.

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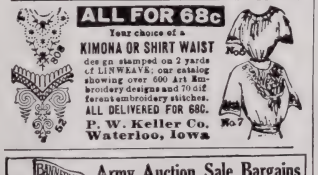

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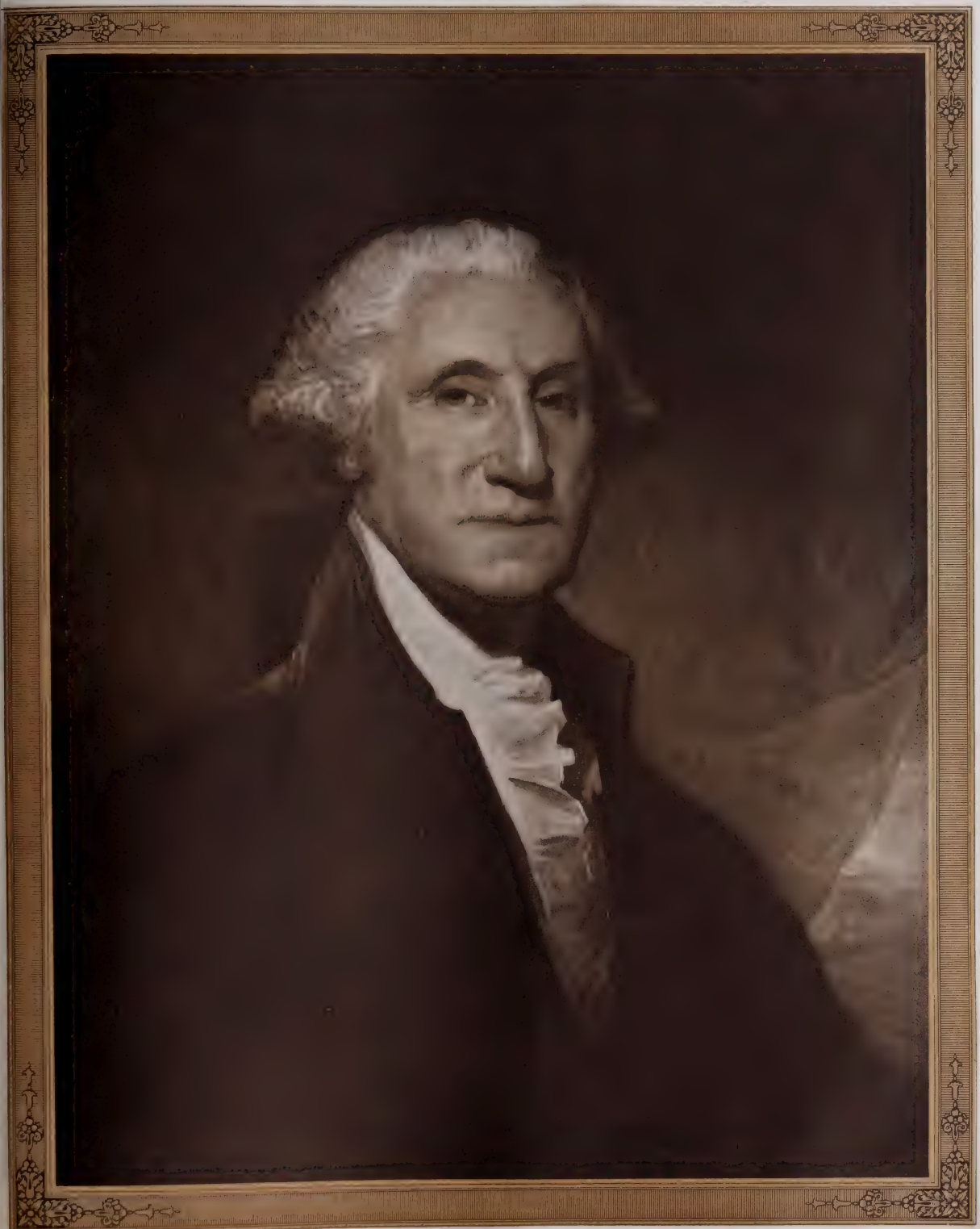

George Washington
From the Painting by Gilbert Stuart

Our Mail-Bag

Questions and Answers

W. G. H., Athens, Ga. Please explain Jer. 12: 5.

Jeremiah had complained of the prosperity of the wicked men of Anathoth, and how they had mocked at his prophecies. Jehovah rebukes him to strengthen his courage, and uses a proverbial phrase which means substantially: "If these unimportant people here are too much for you, how will you be equal to the task before you in Jerusalem where you must encounter the great ones? Is it in a time of peace only that you have courage? How then will you be able to face the dangers at the time of Jordan's swelling?" the reference being to the annual overflow when wild beasts who are driven out by the flood abound in the dense jungles along the banks. The rebuke was designed to arouse Jeremiah's courage and to increase his faith in God in view of the work before him.

B. F., Bloomington, Ill. What is the origin and significance of the title "reverend," as applied to ministers?

Its origin is obscure. It is known to have been in use as early as the thirteenth century. It was a recognized title at the Reformation. The Puritans applied it and Richard Baxter addressed his co-laborers in the ministry as "Reverend Brethren." In the early church the ministers were designated as "leaders." The title "reverend," which came into use later, referred to the character of the office rather than to the individual. It dignifies the work, rather than the worker. Paul, in calling himself an apostle, glorified his ministry (Rom. 11: 13) and this, rightly understood, is the case with "reverend," which, however humble the worker, honors the labor that is performed with a single eye to God's glory and the salvation of men.

Reader, Perkasie, Pa. Your article entitled "Is Church Union Possible?" interested me very much. I am very much in favor of church union. In a town of 2,000 population, where there are seven or eight churches, half that number could have a better service and church pews would be better filled if all members would have the Christian fellowship which that word signifies. To my mind, denomination should be written in very small letters or effaced entirely. All followers of Christianity should be of one fold, under one Shepherd. And if we can have union it must come in God's own way.

That is the only way in which it can possibly come. All efforts to force matters before the necessary preparatory steps are taken would only defeat the purpose. It is obvious that church union is practicable and even advisable in many small localities that are now overchurched; but the conditions are totally different in large cities. On all the essential points of the question your letter is in agreement with the views expressed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

H. H., Latrobe, Pa. Please give me the book and chapter in the Bible where it says: "Confess your sins before man and by man your sins will be forgiven."

There is no such passage in the Bible. Forgiveness is of God alone. Christ taught his disciples to preach repentance and forgiveness of sins, and while their successors in the ministry preach the same Gospel, no man has authority to forgive, although he may announce God's willingness to forgive the repentant sinner. Confession of sin may be made to the brethren (see James 5: 16); but nowhere does the Bible say that it shall be made in the ear of a priest, and nowhere is any one empowered to announce forgiveness of sin, save as it is the will of God to forgive the repentant sinner. Confession itself is an evidence of true repentance and a desire to forsake sin.

B. A. T., Troy, Vt. 1. Please explain Phil. 3: 12-21. 2. I was reading in a religious paper recently that all sickness is from the devil, not from God. What does THE CHRISTIAN HERALD think? 3. Is it right for a wife to give to the church and its different organizations and not say anything to her husband, who is an unbeliever?

1. Verse 11 tells what Paul has not yet attained, *i. e.*, "the resurrection from the dead." In this sense he was not yet perfect, but in another sense he seems to consider himself and others "perfect" as he says definitely in verse 15. The words, "vile body," in verse 21 are translated in the Revised Version, "the body of our humiliation." Paul felt that his purposes, his intentions, his motives were perfect, but his body was a defective machine, not working out perfectly the designs of its Master. He longs for the possession of the "spiritual body" (I. Cor. 15: 44-55), which will perfectly perform its tasks. 2. It is probably true that God sometimes sends sickness upon those who are faithful. This seems the most reasonable interpretation of Paul's "thorn in the flesh." It is true he spoke of it as a "messenger of Satan," yet God permitted it to afflict him just as he permitted the trials of Job. Much sickness is of such a nature that it is hardly true to say it comes either from God or the devil. There are universal laws which govern all natural processes. They may be thought of as simply the methods by which God works. Some

Continued on last column

What a Subscriber Discovers in the Publisher's Office

THE Subscriber who objected to advertising visited the office again the other day and accosted the Publisher as follows:

"Do you know, I was greatly impressed by your argument on the necessity of advertising. I now realize very clearly how it benefits the subscriber by enabling you to give him a larger and better CHRISTIAN HERALD. But there are certain phases of your premium offers that I do not understand."

"Is that so?" replied the Publisher. "Why, I thought every reader understood them. We try to make them as clear and simple as possible."

"Well, maybe it is I who am dense; but it seemed to me that in one offer at least you discriminated against the old subscriber in favor of the new."

The Publisher gasped. "What!" he exclaimed. "Discriminate against an old subscriber? Good gracious! That is the last thing we would do. We want as many new subscribers as we can get; but we would not go back on our old friends."

"Well," answered the Subscriber doubtfully, "in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you offered eight rosebushes to an old subscriber who induced a friend to send in a *new* subscription accompanied by $1.50. And yet if an old subscriber about to renew wanted those roses he was asked to send in 75 cents in addition to the price of his yearly subscription."

"Well, it seems to me the benefit there is all in favor of the old subscriber," remarked the Publisher.

"But if you could afford to give the roses free to the old subscriber for getting you a new subscriber at $1.50, why could you not afford to give them free to the old subscriber when he sends in his renewal at $1.50?"

"No," replied the Publisher. "You have twisted it the wrong way about. In the first place, we do not give these roses away free to any subscriber, old or new. We give them as a reward to the old subscriber for procuring us a new subscriber; and the old subscriber is entitled to that reward for thus helping us extend THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. The new subscriber must pay $1.50 for his year's subscription and the old subscriber must pay $1.50 a year for *his* subscription. That is the regular price of the paper. We are willing to pay the old subscriber for helping us, but surely the old subscriber cannot expect us to reward him if he does not work for us. If he wants the roses under such circumstances, surely it is but fair to ask him a nominal price for them."

"Then, if the new subscriber wanted the roses—"

"He would have to pay extra for them," interrupted the Publisher. "Our offer is **open only to old subscribers** who are interested in extending the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. I cannot make that too plain."

"Well, well!" replied the Subscriber. "I guess you are right about it. Only it never struck me that way before. Come to think it over, you would lose heavily if you offered eight rosebushes to hundreds of thousands of subscribers."

"Of course we would," replied the Publisher. "We feel we are giving full value in a year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as the paper is bigger, better illustrated and all around finer than ever before."

"I've noticed it, and I am amazed that you are able to give a reward even for securing a new subscriber, in addition to supplying fifty-two numbers of such a good publication."

"Well, that is due to the peculiar character of the publishing business. You see here THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in full swing—editors writing, artists drawing, linotypes setting type, proofreaders watching for errors, electrotypers making the metal plates, great presses rolling out the printed sheets, binders putting them together—in short, a full organization conducting the business in an orderly manner. Now, say we are geared up to turn out half a million copies, have a demand for but three hundred and fifty thousand, and desire one hundred thousand *new* subscribers: how much would it cost to print the hundred thousand extra copies? Only the cost of the extra sheets of paper and the cost of binding, folding, addressing and mailing them. Not a cent more for editors, artists, linotypers, proofreaders, electrotypers, pressmen, etc. So you see an extra hundred thousand would not cost so much a copy as the copies we are already printing, and we can therefore afford to give rewards to present subscribers for securing new subscribers."

"But why is it so necessary to procure that extra hundred thousand?"

"There are two very important reasons. The first is to extend the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, to increase its power for good and make it a still greater means of multiplied blessing in spreading the Gospel. You know it is our ambition to enroll a million members. The second is that the more subscribers we have, the better will be the quality of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we turn out."

"How is that?"

"Don't you remember how in our last talk I explained that the amount you and other subscribers pay for an annual subscription is not really enough to pay the expense of turning out a year's copies; how, in fact, we are dependent on the amount of advertising the paper contains? Well, the greater our circulation the more will we be able to charge for our advertising, and the more we can afford to give you a bigger and better paper—better articles, better stories, better pictures. We can only give better quality if we have the money to buy it. Why, do you know that during 1911 we gave you 109 pages of solid reading matter (not advertisements) more than you received in the fifty-two issues of 1909?"

"I see. Everybody is benefited by the increasing circulation."

"Exactly," replied the Publisher. "And that is why we want you subscribers to help us. You are more than mere subscribers. You are our partners. The whole splendid history of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a story of co-operation. It is our subscribers who have supported our charities. We have simply directed their benevolences—have told them where the needs were and passed on their bounty to the needy ones. It is they who form this big Family which is trying to make the world brighter, cleaner, more spiritual and more joyous. Don't you think we are right in asking them to go out and help us get new people to join the Family? And we are glad to be able to reward them not only to the extent of flower premiums, but by giving them the brightest, cleanest, bravest, cheeriest, most interesting, most helpful magazine in the world."

Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

of these, it is true, inevitably produce pain; but most pain arises from attempted or accidental violation of these laws. The New Testament teaching, reiterating and emphasizing many Old Testament promises, is that God is usually willing to heal sickness, whatever its cause or source, in answer to the prayer of faith. 3. It is always best to avoid everything that has any hint of deception. Every wife should receive regularly an allowance from the household income to be spent according to her independent, personal wishes. Better still, she should have equal right with her husband to all the household funds. But deception would only make it more difficult for the Christian wife to win her unconverted husband to the faith.

S. K., Fort Collins, Colo. 1. By what religious denomination is the Bowery Mission run? Is it Protestant or Catholic? 2. Give the genealogy of Tamar, the mother of Pharez? Was she of the house of Abraham? 3. Where may we find the genealogy of the Virgin Mary?

1. The Bowery Mission is Protestant and undenominational. The teaching is evangelical and all denominations are represented among the speakers. 2. She was presumably a descendant of Canaan, the grandson of Noah. Abraham, on the other hand, was a Chaldean, and descendant of Shem in the ninth generation. 3. In constructing their genealogical tables, the Jews reckoned wholly by males. When the line passed to the grandson through a daughter, the daughter herself was not named, but her husband was counted as the son of the maternal grandfather. This explains how Joseph, son of Jacob, who married Mary, daughter of Heli, is counted in the genealogy as Heli's son. The genealogy in Matthew shows the descent of both Mary and Joseph from Solomon, while the genealogy in Luke shows their descent from Nathan. (The last question in your letter is unanswerable.)

Miscellaneous

Many readers have written us concerning the pamphlet *Little Moonflower*, which tells the story of child-suffering in China. Copies will be sent free to any address on request by postal.

A. R., Elm Creek, Neb. 1. Don't know. 2. At a banquet it is not considered a breach of etiquette to decline intoxicants. 3. Some church settlements have gymnasiums for exercise, but we have only heard of one where boxing and wrestling are taught under church auspices, and consider it wholly out of place.

Dorothy F. E., Katonah, N. Y. The language employed in I. Cor. 7: 7 and 9: 5 would seem to imply very clearly that Paul was never married. In the latter passage, Paul implies that for the sake of expediency, he did not exercise his right to marry. He did not wish to impose an additional burden of support on the church and he also wanted to devote his time unreservedly to the Lord's work—hence he remained single.

W. W. M., Winnipeg, Man. 1. If possible, he should make restitution direct to the person wronged, or to his heirs. If this be impossible, let him devote the equivalent to charity or some other form of Christian work, in lieu of restitution. 2. We do not believe an evangelist would snub any one on the supposition of backsliding. He would rather strive to help him to spiritual restoration. Why not see the evangelist and state the case clearly to him?

D. N. F., Eaton, W. Va. The distinction drawn in I. John 5: 16, 17 is that while intercession in prayer for one who is a sinner but "not unto death" is in harmony with God's will, to intercede for one who has sinned against the Holy Spirit (Mark 3: 29) is presumption, as though we would imply by our petition that we were more merciful than God himself. It should be noted that Jesus, in his prayers, interceded not for the world, which had hardened itself in unbelief, but for those who had been given to him out of the world.

Reader, Bridgeport, Conn. 1. The study of astrology, for the purpose of ascertaining its supposed influence upon human affairs and the destinies of men, is not to be confounded with practical astronomy by which natural phenomena may be calculated and predicted. The first is a pseudo-science, and is to-day employed by charlatans and humbugs. The latter is one of the oldest and noblest of sciences. 2. A young girl who encourages the attentions of a man who drinks runs a great risk of forming an attachment which may cloud her whole after life with sorrow and regret. 3. We are responsible for whatever influence we may exert upon others. Hence, if our example in thought, word and deed would save others, and we withhold that influence, we are accountable for such neglect.

THE BEST OF GIFTS

I am more than pleased with the *Women of the Bible*. Like everything from Mrs. Sangster's pen it is both instructive and interesting. Also accept thanks for the *Almanac*. It is replete with information. I think it the best gift you have ever given your subscribers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has become a household necessity in our home.

Newburgh, N. Y. M. F. L. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

The Strikers Kept Back from the Mills by the Militia

The Strikers Parading on Canal Street, Lawrence

QUIETING DOWN AT LAWRENCE

IN SPITE of the agitation of professional strike leaders, and although the basic problems of the disturbance are as yet unsolved, the saner element among the textile workers has triumphed in Lawrence. The violence that made necessary the presence of twenty-one companies of infantry and four squadrons of cavalry has almost entirely disappeared and a fair settlement by arbitration is expected. The feelings of the general public have now swung back to the attitude of sympathy for the great body of strikers which they held before the arrival in Lawrence of Joseph J. Ettor, the cause of most of the violence of the strike. The whole situation is an example of what a bit of well-meant but blundering legislation and a firebrand labor leader can accomplish. A well-known mediator in industrial disputes recently summarized the situation as follows:

"The new Massachusetts law reducing the hours of labor for women and children from fifty-six to fifty-four hours a week no doubt precipitated the disturbances in Lawrence, though it did not have the same result in other mill towns affected. Some time ago, when by a similar law hours were reduced to fifty-six per week, the mills did not reduce wages. This year, on account of dull business and unfavorable prospects, the mills were unable to pay the same scale for less hours of work. The result was that while the law was intended for the benefit of the workers, its operation brought about a decrease of 4 per cent. in their earnings.

"Revolutionary socialists seized this opportunity to incite the workers, most of them foreign born, to rise against the mill-owners. The situation was taken out of the hands of the regular labor organizations, which are part of the American Federation of Labor, by a radical organization called the Industrial Workers of the World. The new leaders counseled destruction of machinery; a war against the employer class generally was agitated rather than improvement of local conditions. There was no calm consideration. The mob spirit prevailed. In the Washington mills, for example, a crowd of men broke down the doors, flourished knives, pistols, and used clubs freely. They stopped machinery and drove men and women from the looms by actual physical violence.

"As a result the State militia was called in and now the mills are turned into armed camps and the streets of Lawrence are patrolled by soldiers. Out of 25,000 operatives in Lawrence about 15,000 are employed by the American Woolen Company. All sorts of contradictory stories have been circulated concerning wages and conditions. The strikers have issued a statement that wages average $6 a week. Rev. Dr. Herbert S. Johnson of Boston reports that the books of one mill show an average of $9.24 for men, women and children. Another mill shows an average of $9.36. The mills are far beyond the average in construction and modern sanitary appointments. Provisions for light and air are unusually good. In one of the new factories, moving stairways are in operation."

The wage reduction is really the only grievance of the operatives and a settlement for a new scale of payment can best be arbitrated under the conditions of ordinary business. A competent authority says:

"In my judgment, there can be but one fair solution to the present trouble (arbitration). A test of endurance between the mills and the operatives will establish nothing of value."

Though the soldiers are still in the streets, the city seems almost as if enjoying a holiday. Crowds move everywhere and the greatest good nature seems to prevail. There has already been and no doubt there will be more distress among the poorer classes of workers who have no savings upon which to draw. Assistance has been rendered those actually in want by various philanthropic societies by the opening of soup kitchens and the formation of bread lines.

The Fire Hose and Cold Water as a Deterrent of Violence

A SERMON

By

Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.*

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

TEXT: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." Ps. 119: 105

THE most remarkable book of the fourth century was *The Confessions* of Augustine; the most remarkable man of that time was its learned author; and the most remarkable woman was Monica, his mother. She had dedicated him to the ministry in his infancy. When he left home to pursue his education she gave him a Bible with her fond farewell. As time passed, in the free-thinking atmosphere of the universities, he suffered a total eclipse of faith. He wandered farther and farther from the true religion until he found himself in the cold region of doubt and intellectual despair. He was sitting in a garden at Rome, lost in despondency, when a child's voice was heard in the distance singing a song with this refrain, *"Tolle, lege."* As he entered the house his eyes fell upon his neglected Bible. *Tolle, lege!* "Take, read!" And, reading, his faith came back to him.

Why We Should Read the Bible

I wonder how many Bibles there are, inscribed with these words by a loving mother's hand: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path"? My mother wrote it on the fly-leaf of the Bible she gave me when I left home. I was going out into the world; away from the influence of home and the family altar; no more to be tethered by a mother's apron-strings. It was the best she could do: to give me a prayer and a light for my pathway.

Have you such a Bible? Where is it? In some forgotten place? On the top shelf of your bookcase, covered with dust? *Tolle, lege!* Take it down, brush away the dust, and read it!

But why read the Bible? Because we need light; and this Book professes to be a light for the journey of life. We walk in darkness; the darkness of sin and sorrow, of doubt and unbelief. We stumble on the dark mountains. He is a singularly fortunate man who, in front of the great problems that have to do with life and immortality, does not feel the need of a lamp to walk by.

But how shall we read it? That depends altogether on whether we believe it or not. You may not be a Christian; you may never have accepted Christ as your Saviour, or the Bible as your spiritual guide. In any case, however, it would be well to read it.

And, first, read it honestly. You say you want to know, to begin with, whether it is the Word of God. This is its claim; and the only way to refute or verify that claim is to open the Book and search it. But you must do that without bias. The Bible is entitled to a "square deal." So much is due from you as an honest man.

It is, however, not an easy thing to approach the Bible without prejudice in these days. The air is so full of anti-Biblical sentiment that a hostile bias is almost inevitable, in the nature of the case. In some of our theological seminaries the students are exhorted to read the Bible as mere literature. They are advised beforehand that its trustworthiness is an old-wives' fable, a fond mother's dream, to be put away with other childish things. Thus the bias *pro* is supplanted by a bias *contra;* and fair dealing is practically out of the question.

Read It With an Open Mind

It is obvious that if there is to be no bias in favor of the truth of Scripture there should certainly be no bias against it. So much is necessary in the interest of common honesty. If any man will thus address himself to the careful reading of this Book, with a mind open to conviction, his verdict is a foregone conclusion. He will surely come to regard it as the veritable Word of God.

But suppose he decides that it is not so? Shall he then go on reading it? Just as he chooses. It then becomes a matter of relative unimportance whether he reads it or not. To be sure, it is the great masterpiece of literature and he would be wise to familiarize himself with its poetry, its eloquence, its philosophy, etc. But, after all, he will take only the same sort of interest in the Bible as in Plutarch's *Lives*, or Shakespeare's plays, or Æsop's Fables, or the *Arabian Nights*. He reads only because he perceives that he cannot be liberally educated without it.

But suppose that, on examination, the Book commends itself to him as the true and trustworthy Word of God? Then it follows that he must read it in a different way. As an honest man he stands now committed to its truth. If he be a minister, he must honestly maintain and defend it. If he be a church member he will find that loyalty to the Scriptures is involved in his covenant vow. The truth of the Book has ceased to be an open question for him. That has been settled. The Bible is no longer in the common category of books. It stands out, far and away, beyond and above them all, distinguished and differentiated by the fact of its inspiration. He thinks of the Bible as Moses thought of the burning bush. The Desert of Midian was full of acacia bushes; but there was only one from which the voice called "I am that I am!" So to the believer there is only one Book so inspired that God is its author, in such a sense that it is divinely said to have been "breathed of God."

So then he reads with a prejudgment in its favor. He reads because he regards it as a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path. He reads not to discover whether the Book is true or not, but with the expectation of finding truth in it. It is his friend the Bible; and as a friend it clasps his hand and leads him along the way.

Second, it should be read systematically, just as one attends to the common needs and obligations of life.

This reading should be done at regular times. In the morning? Surely; for then we pass, alone and otherwise blind, into the unknown country of another day. At night? Without fail; for then again we pass into an unknown country where we are wholly dependent upon the care of God.

It should be read also in some methodical way. A good plan is to read it *seriatim;* that is, through and through, from beginning to end.

Read It Systematically

It should be read, also, by books and, not infrequently, a book at a sitting. Does that look like a terrible task? Let us see. The longest book in the Old Testament is the Psalter, which occupies about sixty pages; not nearly so long as Spenser's *Faerie Queene.* The longest book in the New Testament is the Gospel of Luke, which is about the length of one of Shakespeare's plays. The Story of Esther is seven pages long; and the sweet pastoral of Ruth is three pages; neither of them as long as a short magazine story. The difficulty, therefore, is an imaginary one. The habit of reading the Scriptures in brief and choppy portions only is not calculated to create a proper interest in it. We would not think, for a moment, of reading other books that way.

Third, it should be read critically. The Bible is not afraid of fire and acid. When Christ said "Search the Scriptures," he used the word *ereunate;* a technical word used of a hound on the scent. It suggests a most severe scrutiny. And this Book is worthy of it; the secret of eternal life is in it.

You ask, "What helps are needed to reach and study the Scriptures in this way?" Get a Cruden's Concordance, a Bible dictionary and a short Commentary; and you will need nothing else. But whatever helps you use, be sure you do not farm out your thinking to any other man. Be your own Biblical expert. Let no man take thy crown!

But, after all, the best help to the understanding of the Bible is the Bible itself. The way to interpret Scripture is to compare Scripture with Scripture. Use the marginal references, to this end.

And form the habit of topical study. To illustrate: take the word "Love" or "Repentance" or "Faith," and follow it up in your Concordance until you get the *tout ensemble* of the matter in hand. It was thus that Mr. Moody made himself the wonderful Biblical expert that he was. He came upon the word "Grace" in a difficult passage of Scripture, and began to trace it through the Book in parallel passages. The further he went the more absorbed he became. In his Concordance he found two columns of references to the word; and when he got through with them he was so filled with the subject of grace that he stopped the first man whom he met on the street and mentioned it. "What do you mean by grace?" asked the man. Mr. Moody replied, "I mean the grace of God which bringeth salvation and hath appeared to all men."

In this critical study of the Scriptures you will find difficulties, no doubt. You will come up against many problems which will baffle you. Is that to be wondered at? Daniel Webster wisely said, "If I could understand the Bible with my finite mind, I could not possibly believe that an infinite God made it." Do not expect to solve all difficulties. Let it suffice that they are not against reason. The fact that they are above reason is nothing against them. Lay them aside, as you lay aside the bones at your Thanksgiving dinner, not expecting to masticate them. Leave the dark and difficult things to God. Be satisfied to eat what is edible, and to apprehend so much as is necessary to meet your present needs and solve the vital problem of the endless life.

Fourth, read it practically. What you need as a follower of Christ is an infallible rule of faith and practise; and here you have it.

That means, on the one hand, that you are to believe what it says. It solves every one of the great questions of the spiritual life. And it solves them with a "Thus saith the Lord." You may not always be pleased with the doctrines which it presents or with its way of presenting them; but inasmuch as God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, our personal opinion must not prevent or abbreviate our loyalty to the Word of God.

Read It as a Rule of Conduct

And, on the other hand, as the Book is our rule of conduct we must read with the intention of following it. This is what is meant by the statement that "all Scripture is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work."

If you take the Bible as it stands you will find yourself provided thus with a Creed and a Moral Code; and these two are a sufficient equipment for our spiritual life.

Fifth, read it carefully. For, inasmuch as spiritual things are spiritually discerned, we are constantly dependent upon the Spirit of God. In the last prayer of our Saviour, in his final interview with the disciples in the upper room, he besought for them the unspeakable gift of the Holy Spirit, who should "lead them into all truth."

The Spirit anoints our eyes with eye-salve that we may see. There is many a man who looks into Scripture and sees nothing but meaningless hieroglyphics. There is many another man who, reading the clearest statement of truth, is repelled by it. All this for want of the Spirit's eye salve; for our natural eyes are blind to spiritual things. (I. Cor. 2:14.)

Read It to Know Jesus

And the Spirit also illuminates the pages of the Book, so that things appear there which are not visible to other eyes. And the one thing which the open eyes of the twice-born man can clearly see in Scripture is "the Name which is above every other that is named in heaven or on earth." To him the face of Jesus looks out of the Oracles; his voice speaks in every truth and precept; his hands beckon in "the exceeding great and precious promises." Thus reading with prayer he holds the key to the inner place of truth.

"In nomine Jesu" was the legend that floated from the topmast of the *Pinta* when Columbus sailed through the Pillars of Hercules in quest of Eldorado. In the same Name we search the Scriptures, in the light of the Spirit, for the hid treasures that make us rich toward God.

A missionary on the frontier was called to a farmhouse, five miles across the trackless prairie, to minister at a deathbed. It was midnight when he set out to return; and the skies were black and lowering. The farmer gave him a pine torch, saying, "It will light you home." The missionary said, "It is so little; do you think it will hold out?" The farmer answered, "It will last to light you home." The missionary said, "The wind is blowing hard." The farmer answered, "Don't be afraid; it will resist the wind and light you home." The missionary said, "There's a rain coming on." The farmer answered, "Draw your cloak about the torch and the rain won't hurt it; be sure it will light you home." So I say concerning this blessed Book, "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom; lead thou me home!" And it will! It will lead you along the steep paths and through the deep waters and on past the shadow of death. It will light you clear home, to the gate of heaven and the City of God.

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* Pastor, Marble Collegiate Pulpit (Reformed), New York City.

Poems Worth Knowing

LOVERS of good poetry will find in this column every week, a short lyrical poem selected from the best work of English and American poets of the past and present.

A great poet is not necessarily great in all his productions; and what is called a minor poet is not always "minor." The greatest poets often have lapses of dulness, and those of lesser poetical distinction have occasional Pisgah sights or moments of unusual inspiration.

Some literary critics assert that there is no such thing as a long poem—that such compositions are merely series of small poems linked together by more or less dull and labored verse.

Edgar Allan Poe, whose place as the foremost American poet is now unchallenged, says: "I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase 'a long poem' is simply a flat contradiction in terms. I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychical necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After a lapse of half an hour at the very utmost, it flags; fails; a revulsion ensues; and then the poem is in effect and in fact no longer such."

As the present writer is strongly inclined to agree with this dictum, his endeavor will be to select only short poems, and those the best of the many poets whose verses shall hereafter appear. In some instances, also, short selections will be made from their longer poems.

The reader who follows and preserves these verses may make a collection worth having and will from time to time be introduced to certain poets whose works are not now readily accessible in book form.

The Pulley

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
Let us (said he) poure on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.

George Herbert

George Herbert (1593-1632), the author of these quaint but beautiful verses, was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in the year 1593. He died in his fortieth year in 1632. He was rector of the parish of Bemerton, near Salisbury, England. His poetry is characterized by a quaint beauty and a rare musical quality. While not a great poet, the originality of his themes, his deep sincerity of spirit and beautiful character have given him a place in the literature of his time peculiarly his own. He was passionately devoted to the English Church, its service and its music; and all of his poems are of a devotional nature.

Is It Easy to Get Rich?

BY EUGENE THWING

SOME of our millionaires have been telling us how easy it is to make money—what a simple matter it may be for "any young man" to get rich. Andrew Carnegie, testifying before a congressional committee a few weeks ago, chatted smilingly about his millions, almost as a young girl would gossip over her candy or her ribbons. "It is so easy to make money," he said, jauntily; but he neglected to reveal the secret for the toiling multitudes who have schemed, and struggled, and fought in vain to learn it, and who now are only bewildered by his words.

Frederick Weyerhauser, a Western multimillionaire, is more explicit. He has amassed money enough for himself, and now he gives, as a working formula, the following rules:

Make up your mind to work, and work hard.
The surest way to make money is to save money and to use what you have.
Don't be afraid of long hours or constant attention to your work.
Work can be made a joy, an economy, a pleasure, if you combine an object worth while with the determined ambition to win.
Work, where the interest of the man who works is centered, becomes a source of real gratification, of honest pleasure and accomplishment.
Any young man can get rich, can succeed in business, if he saves, if he has a definite and honest purpose and is so filled with the purpose that work ceases to be a hardship and becomes a privilege.
Look at things with optimism in your heart.
Go into some small business and work to make it into a big one.

. . .

ANOTHER view is found in the testimony of George M. Reynolds, head of the $200,000,000 Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, who says that he began as a bank messenger at the age of fourteen. He has never lost a day through sickness, has never taken a vacation, does not drink or smoke; does not play any outdoor games and has no interest in them; does not even take exercise; has no literary likings; has no country home; works nine hours a day. "Make your business your pleasure and marry early. These are my rules," he says. A testimony from the other side of the family on his plan of life would be edifying.

Now, having these very confident and more or less explicit rules, let us, every one, cheer up, breathe deeply, and straightway tackle this "easy job." In a few years we ought all to be wealthy if the millionaires are right.

Surely wealth is a thing worth striving for. Life is so short, even at the most, that we may very well employ every moment of it in the most zealous accumulation of wealth. All our plans may be made to focus on this one object. All our energy and talents may be brought into action for it, and our ambition may feed upon it without restraint, because to be rich is the thing that will make our life worth the living.

. . .

PERHAPS, however, it may be wise to decide at once what wealth really is. One essential quality would seem to be *permanence*. A gambler who has thousands, or even millions, to-day and is penniless to-morrow through another turn of the wheel which gave him to-day's money, would hardly be called wealthy. A family living to-day in elegance covered by mortgages and notes liable to be foreclosed to-morrow would not be regarded as wealthy by those who knew the facts.

Man has always sought for ways to make wealth permanent. Government bonds are secure for a while, but even they mature after a certain number of years, and the money is set adrift on the sea of financial hazard again. Land, perhaps, is the nearest approach to permanent property, so that it has been named *real* estate, but it is very hard for one owner to hold it long, or to pass it on as he wills. The present laws of most States forbid entailment beyond a specified time.

Man's life is permanent, only a few years at the very beginning of it being spent in this temporary place of work. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that no possessions of money or land which attach themselves only to this little fragment of his life can justly be regarded as his *wealth*, if wealth must have permanence.

. . .

REAL wealth, like the real life of a man, "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Money and lands may be valuable aids in acquiring wealth if rightly used, but it can be gained without them. All riches must be held in stewardship for employment in creating wealth. Miss Helen Gould stated in a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some years ago her belief that "Wealth is a trust," and it must be so used as to realize the best possible return for the One to whom all wealth belongs. But the vital fact is this: The poorest man or woman, as measured by the dollar sign, may be richer than the millionaire who has no vision of trusteeship and who has not converted his money into wealth.

Not what is gathered into barns and into banks, but what is distributed to meet human need is true wealth. Not what a man gets out of life for himself, but what he puts into it for others makes him rich. Time, talents, opportunity, health, all these are priceless riches given in trust for the producing of a wealth which shall accumulate through the years where moth and rust do not corrupt, where thieves do not break through and steal, where mortgages are not foreclosed, where wills are not contested.

It *is* easy to get rich. It *is* possible to grow wealthy beyond all comparison with the millionaires of oil, or steel, or lumber, or gold. It *is* possible to find great and permanent joy in heaping up riches in service and helpfulness—in working day by day as the administrator of a royal wealth and a royal love. It is possible to get in return a wealth not found in any of the treasuries of earth, but which shall be eternal in the heavens.

Do You Know Your Bible?

OUR readers are showing again their interest in Bible searching. Answers have kept coming in from everywhere—New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Nebraska, California, Texas and almost all the States between, and from Ontario, Nova Scotia and other provinces of Canada. Some send letters with their answers, telling of their enjoyment of the work.

One or two of the questions are capable of more than one answer, and in these cases full credit has been given to those answering by a passage not scheduled in the lesson. Some variations, however, could not be accepted. For instance, some readers named Moses as the first "Doctor of Laws." Moses is nowhere called this; he was a *maker* of laws.

Correct Answers

1. What one thing does the Bible say God cannot do? Ans. Cannot deny himself, Titus 1: 2 ("Impossible for God to lie," Heb. 6: 18; cannot look on iniquity, Heb. 1: 13; cannot be tempted with evil, Jas. 1: 13).
2. What was the longest drought ever recorded in the Bible? Ans. Three years and six months, Luke 4: 25; Jas. 5: 17; I. Kings 17: 1 (and 18: 1).
3. Where is the first mention made of beggars? Ans. I. Sam. 2: 8.
4. Who said: "To obey is better than sacrifice?" Samuel, I. Sam. 15: 22.
5. Who was the first to be known as a Doctor of Laws? Gamaliel, Acts 5: 34.
6. What verse contains in five words the journey every Christian has accomplished? "Passed from death unto life," John 5: 24 (I. John 3: 14).
7. What was the first anti-migration movement and how was it frustrated? Gen. 11: 1-9.
8. What good man was divinely warned to curb his ambition and not seek great things for himself? Jeremiah, Jer. 45: 5.
9. Who delivered the first Gospel sermon, taking a passage as a text and expounding it? Peter, Acts 2: 14, 16-21.
10. What are the requirements, as Jesus named them (in a single verse), for the bringing forth of good fruit? Luke 8: 15 (John 15: 4; Matt. 13: 23; Mark 4: 20).
11. What aged man had his son killed by a boy to whom he had shown kindness? Jehoiada, II. Chron. 24: 22.
12. In connection with what operation are physicians first mentioned in the Bible? Embalming, Gen. 50: 2.

Answers were still coming in at the time of going to press, but of those received for publication the following are on the Honor Roll: Three readers answered all 12 correctly: Mrs. A. P. Fassett, Eliza J. Fuller, Miss H. R. Towne; 19 answered 11 correctly: Charles Allen, Mrs. Thomas H. Bedford, John Bissett, Mrs. T. W. Cole, Mrs. Anna M. Furman, John W. Gish, Mrs. Louise C. Goss, Lois L. Hoyt, Mrs. Ella M. Jackson, Mrs. M. T. Jones, Nellie Lovell, J. H. Master, Anna Meister, Alfred Morton, Myra A. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Raynor, Leonore L. Reese, Helen S. Scammell; 26 answered 10 correctly: Mrs. B. L. Bailey, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Theophilus Bauer, Mary A. Blanchard, Maud F. Brackett, William E. Camp, Harriet P. Calkins, Mrs. M. T. Case, Mrs. J. A. Clapp, Jennie Cunningham, Sallie Davidson, Duke Davis, Mrs. Henry Davis, Mrs. William Findlay, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, Adam Laidlaw, Kate Lipscomb, N. K. McLeod, Mrs. T. S. Officer, Alberta B. Reynolds, Mrs. James Robertson, C. A. Shurtleff, Mrs. Sarah A. Strong, Mrs. A. W. Stockwell, Mrs. C. G. Waterson; 35 answered 9 correctly; 32 answered 8 correctly; 44 answered 7, and so on.

Bible Questions, List No. 2

Answers should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD within two weeks.

1. What two psalms are repeated almost in full in other books of the Bible?
2. What Old Testament king was prospered until he became irreverent and was then afflicted with a fatal disease?
3. Who chastised with briers the chief men of a city?
4. What kitchen utensils now in use are referred to in the Bible?
5. What excellent statement of religious optimism, especially appropriate to a farmer, can you find in one of the minor prophets?
6. When, where and under what circumstances was an open-air fire built in the rain?
7. Where is the word of God compared to rain and snow?
8. In what verse is the gladness which God sends declared to be greater than the joy from successful crops and rich living?
9. What books of the New Testament were written by Luke?
10. Which of St. Paul's epistles is fullest of expressions of joy and thanks?
11. In what two expressions, of six words each, did Paul sum up the motive of his life?
12. Where is the account given of a poor man who asked for money and received something better?

Swept to Death on Niagara's Ice

WHEN Niagara's great ice bridge suddenly broke and moved out on February 4, thousands of people along both the Canadian and American shores stood helpless witnesses of one of the most startling and heartrending tragedies that have ever taken place at the Great Falls. For weeks great fields of ice had been coming down the river, piling up against the barrier until it was sixty to eighty feet thick. The jam was about 1,000 feet wide and in some places a quarter of a mile in breadth. For two weeks it had offered safe passage to the hardy, and on that day a great crowd of excursionists had gone to view the wonder.

Just at noon there was a crack and a rumble, a shudder of the ice, and the bridge was afloat, broken from the anchorage made by zero weather. There were hundreds on the ice, but all except seven made the shore before the floating mass had really moved. Those left behind were Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton of Toronto, Burrell Heacock and Ignatius Roth, Cleveland lads, and three men whose names were not surely ascertained. The last three men shouted to the others, and by running at top speed over the broken ice made safety. The two boys ran for the Canadian shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton started first toward the American shore, but were stopped by open water. Back they ran toward the Canadian side. When hardly more than fifty yards from the rocky shore the woman fell on her face exhausted.

"I can't go on; I can't go on," she cried. "Let us die here."

As the woman fell the man tried to get her on her feet and drag her along the ice, calling for assistance to Roth and Heacock. Heacock turned back and helped support the woman. Roth struggled along over the hummocks, getting close to the open stretch of water at the Canadian end of the jam. He was afraid to trust himself in the icy waters, but a riverman jumped out to the fields of ice with a rope, and half carried, half dragged the boy ashore.

At first the floe that bore the Stantons and Heacock had moved slowly, and the better part of an hour had elapsed when it reached a point midway between the Falls, where it started, and the first of the rapids. Mr. Stanton stood with his arm about his wife and Heacock beside them, the boy seeming to be looking on every side for a way of escape. Then the floe broke and sobs rose in a thousand throats as the two pieces rocked and threatened to overturn. They settled at last to swifter voyaging, but now Heacock was alone on one piece, which was a hundred yards in the lead in the race to death, and the Stantons stood together on the other. The boy waved his hand to his companions in distress as his floe moved off from the other.

Canadian firemen were sent to the lower steel arch bridge and there took station with a rope. Other Canadian firemen had two ropes down from the cantilever bridge, about 300 yards above. Heacock saw the ropes dangling from the bridge and made ready to catch one. Coolly he took off his overcoat and poised himself on the tossing floe. In his course dangled one rope, and a second was moved toward him. He caught that held by Officer Kelly of the Ontario police force and a company of about twenty railroad men—caught it, and jumped from the ice. The gale had made it sag with a score of yards of slack. His weight pulled it taut and he fell into the river. The men above hauled stoutly but steadily and Heacock was pulled from the water.

The Great Ice Bridge at Niagara Falls

Hanging in the wind, whirling as the rope twisted, the boy swung to and fro. He tried to twine his legs about it, but it seemed to evade their clutch as if some demon whipped it away. Soon he showed that his strength was spent. His hands slipped and he slid down a dozen feet. He was half way to the top, nearly a hundred feet above the river. He struggled harder than ever to twist his legs about the line and save his fast numbing hands. He pulled the rope under his arm, but it whipped away. Then the agonized watchers saw him bend his head in desperation and try to fasten his teeth in the cords. He slipped, caught himself, slipped, snatched at the rope, missed and went down.

The boy struck a piece of ice, tried to stand up and fell to his knees. He looked around in a dazed way and raised his hand feebly to wave to Stanton. Then the ice that held him crumbled and sank and he was gone.

As the Stantons were hurried down toward the lower steel arch bridge some one let down a slender rope. Mr. Stanton, with his arm about his wife, moved her and himself so that it should strike them as they passed below the bridge. He caught the rope and, working like lightning, tried to tie it around Mrs. Stanton. He worked like a madman, but the rope broke and he and his wife fell as it gave way. He helped her to her feet and as she pressed to his bosom he looked up to those who had tried to save him, nodding as if in thanks and acknowledgment and waving the broken and frayed end of the rope to show what had happened.

There was still a chance, as all who looked down upon the man and woman knew. One of them might be saved by the rope that had failed Heacock. Stanton caught the rope and the experts at its upper end quickly paid out yards of it to help him in his efforts to tie it about the body of his wife. He struggled hard, but he seemed to have become numbed by the cold and his earlier struggle. He could not knot the line.

Only a few seconds were given him for this effort, for the floe was shooting under the bridge at express train speed. As it swept the man to the slack and the line drew taut he was dragged erect. He might have held it and been saved. Such a thought never entered his mind. He tossed it loose to put his arms about his wife and prepared to meet the fate that he then saw was certain. They clasped each other in a last embrace and then both knelt upon the floe. The man drew his wife's head to his breast and threw back his head as if looking above in prayer for the woman he loved and was dying for. Into the great surge of the first rapids sped the floe, shivered and whirled, and into the waters and the spume Mr. and Mrs. Stanton disappeared from human eyes, still together.

"YOKE," "STAFF" AND "ROD"

A SYRIAN neighbor of ours felled a tree in a wood, three miles away, to be used in the construction of a house which he is building. The tree is about ten cubits long and eighteen inches in diameter. Four staves were fastened on it at equal distances from and parallel with each other. On a recent holiday, a score of friendly neighbors met in the wood and eight of them shouldered the staves and proceeded along the rough and crooked paths. The carriers were relieved at intervals by their willing companions. In due time, the beam was brought to its destination and a feast followed, which the owner provided for his neighbors in recognition of their labor of love.

We always help each other in such matters. A comparatively light load is usually carried by means of a shoulder staff, shouldered by two men only. It is different, however, when the owner of the work is some local tyrant, a government officer or a foreigner who desires enormous blocks of stones or other heavy loads to be conveyed over the Syrian hills and across valleys to distant places. In such cases the task-master gives neither feasts nor wages and is not slow to use the rod of the oppressor to force greater activity on the part of those who seem to him slow or languid.

The word translated "oppressor" (Isa. 9: 4) signifies to us an overseer of men who are doing forced or unpaid work. In cases where the loads are heavy and bulky, the carrying staves are fastened below the back of the necks of the men along the upper part of the shoulders, thus painfully suggesting the yoke on the necks of animals. The breaking of "yoke" and "staff" and "rod" means exchange of tyranny for justice and liberty. This is the sense of the passage as a whole (Isa. 9: 1-6).

Shweir, Syria. G. HOWIE.

A Market Scene in Syria

General Notes

—THAT SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is actually out of the presidential campaign, as the result of his recent breakdown at the Publishers' dinner in Philadelphia, is now generally accepted as fact by the press of the whole country. He will probably go to Europe for recuperation during the next three months. All his speaking engagements have been canceled.

—INDICTMENTS HAVE BEEN returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Indianapolis, Ind., and warrants issued for the arrest of thirty-two labor leaders, held by the government to have been criminally connected with the McNamaras and McManigal in planning and executing over one hundred explosions in various States in the last six years. March 12 has been fixed as the date for the arraignment of the accused. The amount of the bonds called for in the individual cases aggregates $300,000.

—ONE OF THE strangest and least expected developments in the Chinese struggle is the attempt of the crumbling Manchu power to effect an eleventh-hour compromise by which the boy-emperor will be recognized as the spiritual head of the nation, while the actual executive is elected by the people. This striking idea is credited to the genius of Yuan Shi Kai; but the probabilities that it will be accepted or even seriously considered are exceedingly slight. The people are everywhere preparing for the general inauguration of a republic.

COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Have received my premium book, *Women of the Bible*, and also *The Christian Herald Almanac*, which I prize very highly, and I thank you very much. I could not do without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is such a comfort to me.

New Haven, Conn. MRS. GEORGE PHELPS.

THE NAVAJO AND HIS COUNTRY

BY W. R. JOHNSTON

Field Superintendent, the Mission to the Navajo

THE Indians of our country are not "a vanishing race." The latest official census places them at 322,000 as against 270,000 ten years ago. "They are not a dying people." They are not passing from the stage of human affairs, forced out by advancing civilization, but are a growing people who have much of their way before them.

It is a pathetic fact that many people are prejudiced against them because the Indian's side of many a sad story has never reached civilization. They cannot speak our language, and have no way of putting their wrongs and sorrows before the people who would be their friends. We have heard much of "the bloody redskins" but read the government records of the Indian wars and even there it will be found that the Sioux Commission, composed mostly of military men, appointed to make investigation as to the cause of certain Indian wars, states in its report: "That he, the Indian, goes to war is not astonishing; he is often compelled to do so. Wrongs are borne by him in silence that seldom fail to drive civilized men to deeds of violence." But the Indians want to forget the sad past, and under great difficulties are seeking by honest toil to support themselves and their families.

Here are some facts regarding the largest tribe in the United States; many of the same conditions exist in other tribes. The Navajos, numbering 30,000, live in northern Arizona and northwestern New Mexico. They occupy an area about as large as the State of Pennsylvania, most of which is a desert. Here for centuries they have made their own living by raising sheep and goats. A part of the wool is woven by their industrious, resourceful women into the beautiful and durable Navajo blankets, which promise to become a fair competitor of the imported rug. On account of scarcity of water and forage for their flocks and the fact that there is but little of the land that can be cultivated, their lot is not an easy one; but they keep up the struggle, which is rendered more difficult each year by the further and often illegal encroachment of the white man. They are the special wards of our nation, and the day is rapidly approaching when they must touch elbows with our civilization, which will be the final solution of the "Indian problem," but they are not prepared for that contact.

By act of Congress in 1867 every Indian in the United States is entitled to a deed to land for a home. If he prefers he can leave his reservation and select his land from any unoccupied public domain in the United States. In face of the plain provision of the law, recent history is strewn with instances where their homes have been usurped by the white man, because they were ignorant of the law enacted for their protection, and their guardian in many cases has failed them at this critical period.

Navajo Boys Tending the Tribal Flocks on the Desert

Here is a simple case that will illustrate: A settlement of Navajos lived in Cocomino Basin, Arizona. Their forefathers had lived there before them; there for generations they had tended their flocks and supported their families. Under section four of the general allotment law they were entitled to these lands, but the white man came into the country in search of range. He wanted Cocomino Basin; true, the Indians had their homes there,

Pesh-la-ki Et-set-Tie, a Navajo Tribesman

but what did that matter? One cold winter morning with a deep snow on the ground a posse of armed white men rode into the Indian settlement and demanded that they take their flocks and leave at once. The Indians pleaded for their homes, but to no avail. They were forced to take up their line of march through the deep snow, and to add terror to the weeping women and children the white men fired their guns in the air and then set fire to the Indian homes. They were driven twenty miles and forced across the river to a barren country, where they had no shelter for their families or forage for their flocks. There they faced one of the severest winters that country has ever known.

In a treaty with the Navajo in 1868 they were promised a schoolhouse and teacher for thirty children. Forty-four years have gone by and, according to government figures, there are 8,000 Navajo children. Last year there were 1,330 of these children in government and mission schools, leaving, in face of the treaty promise, more than 6,000 children of this one tribe that have never seen a schoolhouse, growing up in pagan superstition.

A recent examination of 2,000 Navajos revealed the fact that twenty per cent. of them were afflicted with trachoma, the dread eye disease, so infectious that our immigration regulations prevent foreigners from landing on our shores when trachoma is in evidence. Recently an epidemic of measles swept over the Navajo and Hopi Indian country—not a serious disease with proper care; but so many of them live beyond the reach of our stations, and have only the "medicine man," whose dark incantations and cruel practises are beyond description. In October our field nurse drove twenty-five miles to a neighborhood where measles had been raging. On approaching a hogan (the conical shaped hut of the Navajo) she saw a staff set up just outside the door of the hut, with a bunch of eagle feathers and arrows fastened on top of it. On entering she found a child, less than two years old, seriously sick with pneumonia. The "medicine man" had "diagnosed" the case and said, "The evil spirit of the eagle that you killed last year is causing this trouble," and he was singing his weird chant and pouring cold water on the poor little sufferer to "drive away the evil spirit."

The combined school, medical and mission force does not reach more than 7,000 Indians, leaving 23,000 of these people back in their desert and mountain homes waiting! Waiting for the teachers, waiting for the doctors, waiting for the herald of the "good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." If this generation of Navajos is to have a chance to hear the good news of the Gospel the present mission force and equipment will have to be strongly reinforced. The mission to the Navajo and other Indian tribes of the Southwest is an interdenominational mission, incorporated, and has been in the field fifteen years. It has grown from two to twelve missionaries and three native helpers and two stations. The work is supported by voluntary contributions. The officers of the board give their time without compensation, so that all contributions go direct to the work on the field.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—A BILL HAS BEEN introduced by the Nationalists in the Russian Duma, prohibiting the admission into Russia of Jewish citizens of the United States. In the same bill, provision is made for a general increase in the customs tariff, with special duties to be levied against American goods.

—BOTH BY WAY OF London and San Francisco come reports that on January 28 an imperial army of 10,000 men under General Chang Fun was decisively defeated by a Canton republican army under General Wong Ching, near Kuchan, a station on the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad, about one hundred and twenty-five miles north of Nanking. Four hundred Manchus are reported to have been killed. The imperial army retreated twenty miles to Wongsanpo, says the dispatch. General Wong's army, which numbered 8,000, captured the city of Chimak, in Shantung Province.

—SECRETARY MEYER OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT has issued a statement strongly opposing the attitude of the Democratic caucus in the House which favored a reduction of the battleship building program. He pronounces it "a step backward," and says that, even with the continuous program of two battleships a year, the United States would still fall behind its present effective naval strength, as within a year from this date four of our battleships will become non-effective. One dreadnought built by a foreign power in excess of the number we build would be equivalent to wiping off our list six battleships at a stroke. He contends that to protect our coast line and our colonies, we must have a strong sea-going fleet as the only sure defense of the country.

—EARLY IN FEBRUARY an electrician in Waterbury, Conn., utilized a powerful electric current to thaw frozen water pipes in a way that has been heralded almost as a discovery. The pipes along the entire range of a fine residential street were frozen solid. Instead of waiting for the services of plumbers and diggers the superintendent of the Housatonic Power Company hitched a transformer to the trolley wires, and, reducing the voltage, charged the frozen pipes by means of a wire at each end. Within sixty-five minutes the water was running freely. The property owners concerned figure that they must have saved nearly $300.

—THE TOTAL LOSS on the morning of February 2 of the British submarine A3, with the whole of her crew of eleven men, after collision with the gunboat *Hazard* off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight, adds another to the long list of similar accidents which have occurred in the British navy in recent years. Besides the regular crew of ten men and a lieutenant on board the A3, the admiralty states that three other lieutenants were on the vessel, going through a course of instruction, and were drowned when the submarine sank, making a total of fourteen deaths. The submarine went out of harbor to carry out a series of diving and torpedo exercises, and sank like a stone immediately after her collision with the gunboat *Hazard*.

—THE COLONIAL COUNCIL of St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, unanimously adopted a bill on February 2 granting a concession to a Danish company to deepen the harbor of St. Thomas and build wharves, docks for the largest of steamers, shipyards, and warehouses. According to a recent dispatch from Copenhagen, Prince Waldemar, a brother of Queen Mother Alexandra of Great Britain, was to be made president of the Board of Directors of the Danish company formed in Denmark to develop St. Thomas. The company, it was stated, considered that with the completion of the Panama Canal St. Thomas would prove a valuable and important harbor, and become the international commercial and shipping center of the West Indies. The company, it was said, purposed to spend about $7,500,000 on the project. According to a bill introduced in the Danish Parliament, the government was asked to grant the company a concession in the harbor of St. Thomas for ninety-nine years. The bill made St. Thomas and St. John, a nearby Danish island, free ports.

—THE UNREMITTING WARFARE which is being waged by the weavers against the non-unionists in the mills of Manchester, England, has caused the authorities to draft a large body of extra police into the city from various points of Lancashire for the protection of the workers who do not belong to the unions. The unions also refuse to recognize the Roman Catholic weavers, who have organized a union of their own. The disturbed condition in the Lancashire cotton trade began at Christmas, when 2,500 operatives at Accrington refused to work with three non-unionists. The mills were stopped for three weeks, during which the operatives lost $3,000,000 in wages, while the spinners, who were placed on half pay, sacrificed about $1,215,000. It was estimated that the total cost to employers and workers was $30,000,000.

—THAT PEOPLE COULD actually be suffering from famine almost within the shadow of the capitol—just seventy miles southeast of it, to be exact—will probably prove a surprise to many persons; but it is a fact that there are a number of towns on the lower Potomac, Leonardtown being the largest, where the food supply ran so low that it became necessary to pool the entire amount and to issue narrow rations to all the people in the town and vicinity. This was due to the fact that these towns are remote from a railroad and depend entirely on the Potomac River steamers for their food supply. The severe cold blocked the river with ice, and the steamers were unable to make any trips for some time. Following an appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury, a revenue cutter was sent to break the ice so that the supply steamers might reach their usual landing places.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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Turn on the Searchlight

THERE are indications that the investigation microbe is to have another tilt with the Department of Agriculture. It is only a few weeks ago since the Department was under the searchlight on the pure food question, and some very strange doings were disclosed, which could hardly be regarded as being in the public interest. Now comes Congressman Frank D. Clark of Florida, who proposes to stir up things in another quarter, and has succeeded in inducing the House Committee on Expenditures to invite Secretary Wilson's Department to tell what it knows about the selling by speculators of Florida swamp lands at fabulous figures to credulous investors throughout the country.

Congressman Clark makes some startling allegations, which, even if true in the most fractional degree, are such as to call for a thorough public inquiry. He says, in substance, that certain land speculation concerns have been exploiting submerged tracts of the Florida Everglades, advertising them widely as desirable property, and that they have taken in millions of dollars for lands at $50 and $60 an acre which originally cost them 50 cents an acre, the lands in question being under from two to ten feet of water, and with no prospect of being drained for years to come. This, of course, is a serious charge, but it assumes a still graver aspect in view of the declaration by two members of the House of Representatives that an adverse official report on the drainage of the Everglades by an Agricultural Department engineer was suppressed, or at least buried in the Department archives. That report, had it been published, would have warned investors, and saved thousands of them from irrecoverable loss. Further, it is charged that a warning circular, giving information to inquirers about Everglade lands, was stopped by the Department's order.

Of course, no one will credit the charge that any branch of our national government, or any set of officials, would knowingly aid in the promotion of doubtful land schemes. Least of all do we believe that Secretary Wilson would permit his Department to be used for such purposes. There is, doubtless, an official side to this strange story, which may change things materially when it is told to the House Committee. By all means, let the whole truth come out. While we agree with Secretary Wilson that his Department is not run "to protect fools who don't know any better than to buy something they never saw," we are also strongly impressed with the fact that the American people have a right to expect common sense in every branch of the national government and due guardianship of their interests, from whatever direction they may be threatened.

What Consecration Means

IN the biography of Hudson Taylor, the famous missionary who became the founder of one of the greatest missions of modern times, the story is told of his spiritual consecration to the Lord's work. We refer to it now because the question of consecration is one which is uppermost in the minds of many of God's children, who have felt the call to put self and all self-seeking aside. Hudson Taylor was a young man when he took the decisive step. He had longed for a life of active service and he finally resolved to place himself unreservedly in God's hands and to be "utterly at his disposal." This resolve, once taken, stood to him as a sacred and irrevocable pledge. Here are his own words describing the feelings of the moment:

> I felt I was in the presence of God, entering into covenant with the Almighty. I felt as though I wished to withdraw my promise, but could not. Something seemed to say: "Your prayer is answered, your conditions are accepted." And from that time the conviction never left me.

All of his after life was lived in accordance with this pledge. He found, as others have done in like conditions, that his work was blessed and multiplied beyond all expectation. His goal was China, and so pitifully small was his worldly provision that he wrote: "It seemed to me probable that I should need to do just as the Twelve and the Seventy had done in Judea—go without purse or scrip, relying on Him who sent me to supply all my need." But he did not begin work unprovided. In 1853, under the auspices of the Chinese Evangelization Society, he sailed for the land of his future labors. On the way, during his five months' voyage, he prayed the prayer of faith for the work about to be undertaken. For years his life was one of hardship and constant peril; but the work grew amain. Friends came to the support of the young missionary; able assistants joined his forces and in twenty-five years he had surmounted every difficulty and founded one of the largest missions the world has ever known.

The story of this single life of consecration and its triumphant results, in the face of innumerable difficulties, should be an inspiration and an encouragement to others. God never allows his own work to fail, nor does he permit the loyal and devoted laborer in his vineyard to stand alone and unsupported. Though the toil may be long and the task arduous, there is always a harvest awaiting the earnest man or woman who, without a thought of self, lives only to labor for God and the redemption of lost humanity.

A Doubtful Innovation

THAT any advantage of real value is to be gained by the introduction of sensational novelties in a church during the Sunday service, has always seemed to us to be extremely doubtful. We hear of pastors who "lighten" the usual program with secular features, as though the radiance of the Cross were not sufficient to "draw all men," as Jesus promised. And now the sweet strains of the old hymnal are to be supplemented by a modified calliope in the form of a whistling accompaniment. At a church near Hackensack, N. J., two Sundays ago, the pastor summoned twelve young lads of the Sunday School to the platform at the evening service, where they went through a program more suited to the ball field than to a religious meeting. They marched around to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and finally faced the audience, where they were introduced as the Boys' Whistling Club. They then gave the club yell in rousing fashion. It was startling, if not edifying, and was followed by a promenade during which the club whistled the hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," followed by another, "Wonderful Words of Life," with organ accompaniment. It was explained that the club yell was specially intended for outdoors, but as it had a Scriptural application, the pastor had permitted it for this occasion only. He explained that in his efforts to interest the boys in the church and Sunday School, he found that the whistling proposition appealed to them and he confidently expected soon to have a large attendance. The boys are being enrolled in what is known as the National Boys' Whistling Club, with a constitution and by-laws pledging the members to temperance and to refrain from profane language. Now, there is nothing that a healthy boy likes to do better than to whistle, and the pastor in question, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, will doubtless get many recruits. One cannot be easily reconciled, however, to whistling as a part of the religious service. It cannot be classified as prayer, praise or exhortation. As a means of interesting the boys, it may go very well for week-day meetings; but we should hesitate to counsel such an irreverent and unseemly innovation for regular services. It is hardly an example which other churches will be likely to follow.

The Lenten Privilege

ANNUALLY as the Lenten season returns Christians of every denomination enter its open door of privilege and opportunity. Many churches have noon-day services for those who cannot afford time to turn aside and pray in the earlier or later day. We may keep Lent in our homes by a spiritual retreat from the world, letting its dust fall from our garments while we avail ourselves of extra intervals for prayer and communion. The social world suspends a portion of its gaieties, and much of good work is done for the poor and the sick and the tempted, by women who have spent the earlier weeks of the winter in a round of receptions and amusements. We may not be called upon to keep a literal fast in Lent, but we may refrain from idle gossip, from the unkind thought and the critical word, and with greater zeal we may imitate the Master. As we approach him in real prayer, we shall find it true that "closer is he than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." The Lenten days should make us stronger to meet life's appointments and disappointments, stimulate us to greater effort in Christian work, and comfort us with the comfort of Christ, if we have been bereaved or saddened.

The Antiquity of Man

SEVERAL months ago, we noted the discovery in East Anglia of a skeleton beneath an undisturbed layer of clay and boulders, and we stated then that, in the opinion of expert geologists, this "find" probably antedated any other ancient human remains. This conclusion is now reinforced by many scientists who have recently examined the evidence connected with the "find," and who agree that it belongs to a pre-glacial date. Now, a point is reached where the scientists are strangely at fault. The Neanderthal skeleton found near Dusseldorf, Germany, in 1857, was declared to be of a most primeval type, but post-glacial, whereas the new East Anglia "find," though conceded to be pre-glacial, closely resembles the skeleton of the modern man. Here is the record of the principal discoveries:

Date	Location	Age (Estimated)
1857	Neanderthal (Ger.)	100,000 years
1866	La Naulette (Belg.)	Indefinite
1866	Spy (Belg.)	Indefinite
1907	Mauer (Ger.)	400,000 years
1909	La Chapelle (Fr.)	Indefinite
1911	E. Anglia (Eng.)	Pre-glacial

The essential point that troubles the scientists—and especially those who have taken pains to impress upon us their judgment that the three "finds" of 1857 and 1866 bore strong evidence of an early evolutionary stage—is that this latest discovery, which all seem to regard as belonging to an age almost immeasurably distant (from 400,000 to 750,000 years), puts back the date of evolution to what for the want of a better term may be called the "vanishing point." One scientist, in view of the new light now afforded, writes that the conclusions formed regarding the Neanderthal type (assuming them to have had certain simian-like qualities) were evidently premature and that "it is now clear that *they were survivors of a stock which had deteriorated, and not progenitors of our race.* If we have to accept the theory of evolution (and it is still only a theory), it is a puzzling fact that man has changed so little in 100,000 years." Professor Keith, another recognized authority, holds that the latest discovery puts evolution back "hundreds of thousands of years." Meanwhile it will be interesting to note the attitude of scientists generally toward this new "find" of an undeteriorated human stock, who lived in the far-off "morning of the world," and who is no more to be compared with certain degraded types that came thousands of centuries later than the civilized Caucasian of to-day to the lowest type of African pigmy or Solomon Island cannibal.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Jumps from Liberty Statue

FREDERICK R. LAW, a professional steeplejack, jumping from the arm of the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island the other day, dropped 272 feet to the five-pointed parapet around the base of the figure. He had intended to drop to the ground 312 feet from the torch, but fell straighter than he had calculated and landed sooner than he had expected. He had invented a parachute which is worn about the neck and head, and he made the leap to demonstrate the success of his invention. Permission was granted to Mr. Law by the War Department, which is interested in experiments relating to the protection of aviators, to attempt the feat. Captain Leonard Wiseman, U.S.A., in charge of the Signal Corps school on the island, ordered the little steamer *Osprey* to stand by in case Law should fall into the bay. Law crawled out upon the rim of the torch socket with the strange looking device of ruffles about his neck and head. He held up his right arm for a rudder, then leaped out. He had descended only a few feet when the folds of the parachute began to spread and assumed the shape of an umbrella. He hit the ground harder than he expected and hurt his ankle, though not seriously. The moving picture men were on hand to record his every movement, including the fall. The very next day Franz Reichalt, an Austrian tailor, in testing a new parachute he had invented, jumped from the first platform of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, 185 feet high, and fell like a stone to the ground and was instantly killed. Reichalt had long been interested in aviation. He had tested his device in the courtyard of the house he occupied, and was certain of its success. Specialists doubted its ability to open speedily enough to save the inventor. It was hard to get government permission for the experiment, and it is said there was a stipulation that a dummy be used. But it was publicly known that he was going to make the trial himself. He clambered over the hand rail and threw himself forward, but the parachute never opened, and his descent was one of unbroken acceleration, 185 feet to the ground. His body was a shapeless mass when the gendarmes picked it up. The accident caused a protest to be raised against a repetition of such experiments, except with the fullest approval of the best specialists. It is possible the government may forbid the experiments by aviator Guillaume, who has arranged to fling himself in a few weeks from a monoplane when 1,000 feet above the ground and alight with the aid of a parachute. In the progress of scientific discovery there is more or less danger, in that of aviation it is the maximum of peril when the best knowledge and prudence are present. But society should put better safeguards to the visionary and reckless persons who are ignorant or regardless of the fatal perils they invite. Sure tests of an invention should be made before a precious life is put in the balance. Wisdom must be united with prudence.

I wisdom dwell with prudence. (Prov. 8 : 12.)

Wages of Sin Is Death

A WOMAN of wealth and her young husband committed suicide with gas the other night. To a reporter the woman said a few days before the tragedy: "You and I and Fred, young, heedless, cynical, living in this reckless town of New York, may laugh sometimes at old things like the law and religion, when they say 'thou shalt not.' We may think that phrase was written for old fogies. Also we may sneer at 'The wages of sin is death.' But, my friend, there comes to all of us, sometimes, the knowledge that the law and religion are right. What they say we shall not do we cannot do without suffering. I have learned that. Also, the wages of sin *is* death. It's worse than death—it's a hell on earth." Oh that these persons, stung to death by their own consciences and by the rebukes of friends, had gone on to the rest of the verse, "but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ." Oh that they had fled to Christ in their desperation and found that his blood can make any heart, however black, whiter than snow, and redeem any life from wreck, however complete.

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. (Rom. 6: 23.)

Julia Ward Howe's Industry

MRS. MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, addressing a woman's club in New York recently, spoke in reference to her mother's old age. She said it was not such a wonder that her mother lived to be ninety-one as it was that she should have done such splendid work between eighty and ninety. When Mrs. Howe was eighty-seven she wrote in her diary these wishes for the year: "I wish for work, useful and honorable, and as remunerative as it shall please God to send." Mrs. Elliott said that her mother received but $5 for the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. (Job 5 : 26.)

Girl That Saved Two Hundred

MISS KATE SKELLY, whose bravery twenty years ago saved from death 200 passengers on a train, the wrecking of which she prevented, died at Boone, Ia., the other day as the result of an operation for appendicitis. On the evening of July 10, 1891, heavy rains destroyed eleven out of the twenty-one bridges on the Des Moines River on the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Miss Skelly, a girl sixteen years old, asked her mother to let her look for her

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Frederick R. Law and His Jump From Liberty Statue

father, a section foreman on the road. The girl took a lantern and went out into the storm. She found a bridge down near by and knew that a train would be due soon. She started on the run for the station at Moin Goma, four miles away. The wind blew her lantern out and she had to crawl on her hands and knees over some trestlework that remained. She reached the station just as the train pulled in and then fell fainting on the ground. The legislature of her State rewarded her bravery with a grant of $5,000. In 1904 she was made station agent of the place where she had saved the train. Here is but another act of superb womanly heroism; but women have worked just as hard and unselfishly for the salvation of the souls of people from moral evil.

He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. (James 5: 20.)

Petroleum as Food

THERE was a time, not very far in the past, when petroleum was counted good for nothing but to cure rheumatism by rubbing the muscles on the outside. Since then it would be difficult to name the different kinds of practical uses to which it has been put. The list includes illuminants, lubricants, and fuels of many kinds, as well as drugs and dyes already hard to count and promising to be innumerable. So when a scientist recently claimed that he had extracted a product from this mysterious and complex substance that would make an excellent food, there was surprise expressed first, and then the opinion that the man had probably discovered a new article of food. It would seem a long way from the filthy odors of the crude mineral oil to the delightful fumes and delicious taste of an article of food, but the miracles of modern science and discovery have done even stranger things than to effect such a transformation. The fundamental element is there and there is a strong likelihood that it will be separated from its unpleasant ingredients in the form of a palatable and nutritious food. Vegetable oil was an important article of food among the Jews as it is among most of the nations of the Far East.

I will give you the rain of your land in due season, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil. (Deut. 11 : 14.)

Loaded Turkeys with Sinkers

A BUTCHER with a shop on Third Avenue, New York, was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary by Justice Steinert for loading his turkeys with one-pound lead sinkers. He had a large stock of Rhode Island turkeys, in each of which he had carefully tucked away sixteen-ounce weight of lead. Inspector Albert Lutz of the Bureau of Weights and Measures discovered the fraud, seized the fowls, and entered a suit against the butcher which has ended in his conviction. A butcher who had been in the business for about forty years told us recently that he had been compelled to go out of business because his conscience would not let him adopt some modern methods against which he had to compete. He said that with the seller of meat to him on one side, and the "percentage" or graft of the cooks and agents of rich customers on the other, to which he would not agree, the only course of honor for him was to quit. He told us of a butcher applying for employment, who gave as a recommendation that he could make his wages on the scales, meaning by giving light weight. Light weight and short measure are not confined to the butcher business. They are resorted to by bad men in all lines of trade. They are an abomination to good men and women and to God.

A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight. (Prov. 11:1.)

Jewels and Mummies Discovered

BY a cablegram from Cairo it is learned that the Egyptian Exploration Fund Expedition made a sensational discovery at Abydos. One tomb saved from vandal hands by the building of another one over it was found to contain a dozen coffins of limestone. Each coffin held a mummy wrapped in the usual bandages of blue and gold, the painting on which was as fresh and bright as ever. A Twelfth Dynasty tomb when opened disclosed the mummy of a woman round whose neck was a string of beads, and at whose left hand were three scarabs, one of them being a superb amethyst. In the tomb were alabaster vases containing the dye with which the occupant used to paint her eyebrows and eyelashes. In a great cemetery the excavators came across the skeleton of a woman deep down in the sand. They had buried her with her jewels, bracelets of cowries and beads of cornelian. What a marvelous work the spade is doing, and how grateful the world should be to it for its discoveries that teach such lessons to the living and confirm and emphasize the truths of the Bible! The revelations of the spade of Abydos cause the most serious reflection, as the frailty and vanity of this earthly life reach their climax in the jewels and the bones asleep together. One of the women of rank had long black hair, and her skull wore a crown of jewels of every description, and on her finger was a ring of five fine scarabs, one of which bears the cartouche of Shishak, an Egyptian king of the Thirty-second Dynasty, who sacked Jerusalem in the time of Rehoboam.

And it came to pass in the fifth year of King Rehoboam, that Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem; and he took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house. (I. Kings 14: 25, 26.)

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW CHINA

BY A. RAYMOND KEPLER, SHANGTAN, CHINA

A Scene in Hankow After the Fire Started by the Manchus

The Southern Revolutionary Army in the Field Under the Command of General Li Huan Hung

The Great Fire at Hankow as Seen From the River

EARLY in November an article in this magazine on the unrest and scattered uprisings in China asked the question, "Will China become a republic?" and now the answer seems to be at hand. The Manchu dynasty has to all intents and purposes given up the fight.

The simultaneous announcement by cable early in February that Yuan Shi Kai had received permission from the throne to organize a republic in the North in conjunction with Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Southern Government, the arrival at Nanking of Wu Ting Fang, the Republican Minister of Justice, and Tang Shao Yi, the representative of the imperial premier, and the extension of the armistice, indicate the approaching end of the struggle and future amicable negotiations looking to organization acceptable to both sides. Again has China surprised the world—not excluding the Manchus. Even the Chinese themselves were taken by surprise. Not because, half a century after the Tai Ping Rebellion, the Sons of Han have freed themselves from the Manchu yoke, for those who have been in touch with Chinese affairs and the growing spirit of patriotism knew that this was inevitable. It is the suddenness of the outbreak, the lightning-like rapidity with which it spread over the empire, the universal support it received from the people, the orderliness and restraint of the revolutionaries — it is these aspects of the revolution at which we are all amazed.

For more than ten years Dr. Sun Yat Sen and his confrères have carried on their propaganda, the visible results of which are now at hand. During these years, he has been a fugitive from his country with a heavy price offered for his head by the Manchu Government. He organized the Gêh Ming Tang, a phrase originating in Japan, which in Chinese means "The Sever Authority Party." It really means the society which has for its object to sever the authority of the Manchus.

In China, the Gêh Ming Tang confined its efforts almost solely towards winning the military officials and the soldiers. Dr. Sun estimated that if the revolution could but be successfully launched at one strategic center, he could count on the general discontent of the masses with the Manchu rule to impel the other important centers spontaneously to fall into line with the revolution and make it a success. The events of the past four months testify that Sun Yat Sen was mistaken neither in his estimate of his countrymen, nor in his selection of method.

Plans for the Revolution

Himself a Cantonese, his first choice was Canton as the center where the revolution was to be launched. All plans were made accordingly, but the attempt last year proved abortive. Wuchang was next chosen as the place to launch the new ship of state. Strategically, no better place could have been chosen. In the very center of China, the vice-regal capital of the Provinces of Hunan and Hupeh, the key to the Yangtse Provinces—it was a city so well fortified that, could the local garrison once hoist the red flag over the city, it would be most difficult for the imperial troops to retake it.

After the Gêh Ming Tang had once decided on Wuchang as the base of operations, they lost no time in making definite local plans for the revolt, and local members became busy preparing bombs and other implements of destruction. Just what was the exact date originally set for the outbreak in Wuchang is not known, though it is rumored that the middle of January, 1912, was the time appointed for the event. This much is certain—that the revolutionaries were forced to take premature action, because, through the accidental explosion of one of the bombs in the Russian Concession in Hankow, the viceroy became cognizant of the plot, secured the names of over a score of revolutionists, beheaded them, and the end of the beheading was not yet manifest. Whereupon, the revolutionaries concluded that it behooved them to act—even though it be premature—and by the evening of October 12, one day after the viceroy, Jui Cheng, began his wholesale beheading, Wuchang was in the hands of the rebels, the viceroy a fugitive in hiding, and the red rebel flag floating over the capital of the Hukwang Provinces. By a single swoop, the rebels gained control of Wuchang, Hanyang and Hankow with arsenal, granaries, and a large supply of funds.

It was for this that Sun Yat Sen had worked and planned. His part of the work for the time being was finished, and his mantle of leadership temporarily fell upon another, Li Huan Hung, an English-speaking, broad-minded, self-sacrificing soldier, who was asked to become generalissimo of the rebel forces in the Wuhan cities when the appeal was made to the arbitrament of the sword.

The Manchus' Failure

If Viceroy Jui Cheng, himself a Manchu, had loved his emperor more than life, or if Yin Chang, general-in-chief of the army, had been more expeditious in despatching Northern troops to Hankow, and in giving battle to the rebels, or if the Northern troops had simply taken advantage of their victories in the early skirmishes, and held the positions which they had won, instead of falling back to their original positions after they had routed the rebels, the uprising in Wuchang would have experienced the same fate as that in Canton; the Southern provinces would still be outwardly loyal and the Manchus secure on the Dragon Throne for some time to come.

But Jui Cheng soon took to flight, and Yin Chang took more than a fortnight to gather a sufficient number of troops to drive the rebels from Hankow. However, it must be remembered that Yin Chang's task was a most difficult one. Of all the troops under his command, he did not know what regiments might, at the critical moment, turn over to the rebels. He could rely absolutely only on the Manchu corps, and it is said that during the Battle of Hankow, in the disposal of his troops, he kept the Manchu corps in the rear, so as to fire on the Northern troops at the moment any should show the slightest signs of defection. Again, the *esprit de corps* of the Han troops was naturally much greater than that of the Northern troops, where its absence accounted for their failure to take the fullest advantage of their victories. The Han soldiers were fighting for a cause—a conviction—for their country. The imperials were brought South to Hankow under the guise of participating in the autumn maneuvers, and in their first skirmishes used cartridges with wooden bullets, used by the armies at the time of maneuvers, but utterly useless for real warfare. Many of the unused cartridges were found lying on the battlefield, having been cast away by the Northern troops when they discovered that it was "the real thing." Even then, the troops were told that they were fighting, not an organized rebel army, but a band of robbers who had seized the Wuhan cities. When the true situation revealed itself to them, their ardor was naturally dampened. Consequently, the imperial troops did not win a decisive victory and, in the meantime, city after city, and province after province, was declaring its independence of Manchu rule.

Hunan was the first province to emulate Hupeh's example and turn "Han." The first material indication we had in Hunan of the seriousness of the Wuchang revolt manifested itself in the scarcity of money. Hunan is dependent upon Hankow for its supply of currency. When the rumors of the revolt reached the masses, those who had silver hid it, and as the local banks were unable to renew their supply from Hankow (since all the banks at the latter place were closed), it soon became impossible to procure a dollar. Business was at a standstill.

When Hunan heard of the Hupeh revolt, the revolutionary spirit immediately began to manifest itself among the troops in Changsha, the provincial capital. The foreign consuls, fearing an outbreak, asked all the foreigners to leave the city and congregate on the island in the Siang River, opposite the city, on which the British Consulate and the residences of the customs staff are situated.

On October 21, a telegraphic dispatch was received, stating that the rebels were utterly routed in Hankow. Immediately, the local situation in Changsha resumed its ante-bellum attitude; the army no longer breathed imminent revolt—the foreigners returned to the city—all was peaceful along the banks of the Siang that night. On the following day (Sunday, October 22), when it became known that the news of the previous day was manufactured and that the revolutionary forces were still holding their own against the Northern troops, the Changsha soldiery wasted no time but immediately hauled down the dragon flag and hoisted the white flag over the yamens and garrisons.

There was no disorder or confusion in the city during these hours of transition. A stranger could have walked through the streets of that historic capital and been unconscious of the great events that were transpiring within its four walls. Edicts were soon posted in all parts of the city, enjoining the people to be orderly and protect foreigners and foreign property—thieves and looters to be immediately beheaded.

The End of the Da Ching

Within a few hours, every soldier was wearing a white band around his arm, while from almost every house was hanging the white flag with the character "*Han*" written upon it. "*Han*" was the name of an early pre-Christian dynasty and ever since then the Chinese have called themselves the Sons of Han.

When the writer reached the post office, he found that the sign on the outside no longer read "Da Ching"—The Great Pure Post Office ("Ching" being the name of the present dynasty), but the "Da Han" Post Office. Likewise, the government bank was immediately converted from the "Da Ching" to the "Da Han" Bank, while the calendar was changed to read four thousand six hundred and ninth year of Hwang Ti, who was their first emperor, instead of the third year of Hsuan Tung.

The following day, the neighboring city of Siangtan—soldiers, civil officials and populace—quietly followed in the wake of their provincial capital; and thus, city after city in that province hoisted the white flag and gave its allegiance to the new order of things—though what this new government was to be had not yet been determined upon.

The day after Changsha hauled down the Dragon Flag, I went to Hankow to attempt to procure several thousand dollars in bullion, and bring the same back to Hunan to relieve the missions of their

A SPECTATOR'S STORY OF THE WAR

financial embarassment. It was the first steamer that left Changsha after the local *coup d'état*, and the steamer was crowded with refugees—many being petty officials. While we were passing through the Tung Ting Lake, the young wife of an official jumped overboard. She had had a quarrel with her husband and took this uniquely Oriental method of spiting him. She did not sink but kept floating, face down, on the water. A lifeboat was immediately lowered and she was recovered and brought back to the steamer. Although the doctor on shipboard labored over her for almost an hour, she could not be resuscitated.

When we reached Hankow, we found the two armies separated by less than three miles, and on the eve of conflict. More than a fortnight had passed since the red flag was unfurled and, excepting for a few unimportant skirmishes, the two armies had not yet joined battle.

The writer, with a newspaper correspondent, inspected the rebel forces and entrenchments the day previous to the battle. They must have had at least fifteen thousand men in their entrenchments, which were spread out on either side of the Peking-Hankow Railway, defending the approaches to Hankow. Everywhere we found them alert, eager for action, their small guns loaded and manned—and all scanning the horizon in the direction of Seven Mile Creek, where the Northern troops were waiting the order from Yin Chang to advance. They were all most cordial and friendly to us, and frequently asked our opinion of their entrenchments, for in their estimation all foreigners are experts in matters military.

Very few of the rebel soldiers knew even the elementary principles of warfare; many had never held a rifle before their enlistment. One regiment was composed of rickshaw coolies—men who had been pulling rickshaws in the foreign settlement of Hankow a few days previous. Many were lads of sixteen and eighteen. What could these raw troops do against the trained regulars from the North, even though they outnumbered their foes four to one?

At dawn on the following day (Friday, October 27), we were awakened by the artillery fire. The Imperialists had crossed Seven Mile Creek and were advancing on Kilometer Ten. The Han troops, well entrenched, were holding their own, when Admiral Sah steamed up the river with four of his cruisers. The Han trenches were perpendicular to the river, so that when Admiral Sah opened fire upon these trenches, his shell swept them from end to end. The slaughter was frightful, and no troops could hold those trenches. There was nothing to do but retreat. Nothing daunted, the artillery turned their guns upon the cruisers, and shells were seen dropping all about the ships. But the guns were of too small a caliber to have any effect on the armored vessels.

Soon the wounded began pouring in, and we were kept busy disarming them and sending them into the hospitals in the concessions. They felt they needed to apologize to us for their retreat and asserted that they could have repulsed and defeated the Northern troops had not Admiral Sah come upon the scene with his warships. One silk-clad Chinese gentleman asked if it were not in violation of the rules of modern warfare for the naval forces thus to assist in a land engagement!

Though the revolutionaries were obliged to withdraw from Kilometer Ten, they so stubbornly resisted the imperial advance that for four days the battle raged behind the foreign concessions before the Northern troops occupied Hankow—and another month passed before they obtained possession of Hanyang. By that time, the revolution was so widespread and firmly established that these Hupeh reverses could not stem the on-rushing tide. Moreover, the capture by the Han army of Nanking neutralized the results of the Hupeh defeats.

As soon as the Northern troops occupied Hankow, they took kerosene and the torch and began their barbaric work of destruction. For three days and nights, beginning with October 31, the city was wrapped in flames, at the end of which time over three-quarters of the city was a mass of ruins. The section bordering on the Foreign Concessions was all that was left of the great commercial center of China. The normal population of Hankow was about 800,000. The great majority of these had early left the city and returned to their native villages, so that, when the conflagration began, only several tens of thousands were living in the doomed area. Of course, looting forthwith became a strong feature of the situation, though if any one was caught with loot, he was immediately beheaded, and his head and the loot hung up as a warning to others.

In the light of the Battle of Hankow, what shall be our estimate of the Chinese soldier? The trained regular troops of the North showed excellent organization and perfect discipline. Their advance was systematic in lines of companies with a skirmish line ahead. The latter advanced from cover to cover, keeping as excellent a line as at drill, while the main line followed up by short advances at frequent intervals. This is the expression of an American army officer who witnessed the battle. Another American army officer told the writer that he considered the Northern, modern-drilled Chinese soldier the equal of any soldier in the world.

As we look into the immediate future, what are the prospects? The rule of the Manchus is at an end, and it seems to be an assured fact that the future government of China will be republican in form. One cannot, after all, help but look with regret at the passing of the Manchus. In the coming months of reconstruction, China greatly needs tried and experienced statesmen. It is a pity that the passing of the Manchus will deprive China of the advice and help of true, capable leaders—for not all the Manchus are incapable and unworthy. Prince Kung, the head of the Opium Reform Bureau; Prince Su, the former president of the Ministry of the Interior; Duke Tsai Tse, former president of the Ministry of Revenue; Prince Pu Lun, the first president of the Upper House of the Imperial Parliament; Yin Chang, former minister to Germany and president of the Ministry of War; Tung Fang, who has twice been assassinated and again resurrected, according to the reports sent by the Associated Press—all these and many others, less noted but equally capable and honest and worthy and experienced men, will make their exit from China's political arena at this crisis, when men of experience and worth are invaluable. Because of this we cannot but regret the forced exodus of the Manchus from Peking.

The masses think that a republic will mean a great reduction, if not the abolition, of taxes. But no government can be conducted without resources. By prohibiting the growth and importation of opium, by abolishing the likin, a great source of revenue will be taken away. Where will the government procure revenue to make up for this loss? The revolutionary authorities have issued proclamations abolishing land taxes, likin, arrears of taxation and all the petty impositions under which China has groaned; but there is nothing yet to show what they propose to institute instead, for the conduct of the ordinary business of government. Taxes repealed are likely to cause infinitely more discontent when reimposed, even in modified form, than if they had never been touched. Unrest, occasional riots and uprisings will be bound to occur in the next few years, just as America experienced her period of unrest immediately following the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. Let the Western nations but look on with patience and sympathy—see that the integrity of the empire is maintained, and not interfere in the purely national affairs unless asked to do so.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Provisional President of China, Leaving Shanghai for Nanking

The Relief Movement

The Central Famine Relief Committee recently organized in New York for the purpose of sending aid to the famine sufferers in China has chosen the following officers: Chairman, Right Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.; Vice-Chairman, Hon. Whitelaw Reid; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, John D. Crimmins, Robert W. de Forest, Hon. Seth Low, Robert C Ogden, Hon. Oscar S. Straus; Treasurer, Jacob H Schiff; Secretary, William B. Millar. The committee includes many men prominent in philanthropy, finance and general business. They are:

Stephen Baker, Nolan R. Best, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., George C. Boldt, Arthur Brisbane, Thatcher M. Brown, James G. Cannon, Andrew Carnegie, George B. Cortelyou, Robert Fulton Cutting, Cleveland H. Dodge, Charles S. Fairchild, John H. Finley, John Foord, Colonel E. W. Halford, Edward S. Harkness, A. Barton Hepburn, Adrian Iselin, Arthur Curtiss James, General Thomas L. James, O. R. Judd, A. D. Juilliard, W. M. Kingsley, Adolph Lewisohn, Hamilton W. Mabie, V. Everit Macy, Alfred E. Marling, William G. McAdoo, Silas McBee, St. Clair McKelway, D. W. McWilliams, J. P. Morgan, Jr.; William Fellowes Morgan, John R. Mott, William C. Muschenheim, Morgan J. O'Brien, Adolph S. Ochs, E. E. Olcott, George Foster Peabody, George W. Perkins, Eugene Philbin, Henry Phipps, Ralph Pulitzer, William Reick, Herman Ridder, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., William Jay Schieffelin, I. N. Seligman, L. H. Severance, Albert Shaw, William Sloane, Robert E. Speer, James Speyer, Melville E. Stone, Samuel Thorne, Oswald G. Villard, Paul M. Warburg, J. Campbell White, J. E. Williams, James Wood, John W. Wood, General Stewart L. Woodford.

The committee, which was formed at the suggestion of President Taft, has issued an appeal in behalf of two million people now facing starvation and pestilence in China. It will work in co-operation with the Central China Relief Commission in Shanghai. Contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this purpose will be forwarded to Bishop Greer's committee.

The Famine Orphans' Plea

FROM many States we are receiving letters from readers, expressing a deep interest in the famine orphans of China, for whose support appeal was made in this journal. There are nearly two thousand of these little boys and girls in the various mission orphanages, and provision is asked for the support of some seven hundred who, unless we can find patrons for them, will be utterly unprovided for. In the present terribly disturbed condition of affairs in China, with war and famine raging, the situation of the missionaries is a most trying one. Beset by perils on every side, they are loyally standing by their work, and especially shielding the little orphan waifs whom God has committed to their care, and who have thus far been supported by the kindness of our people. Many of the missionaries have written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, pleading in behalf of the children, and we cannot believe that our friends, who have done such splendid service for Christ and humanity in China, will turn a deaf ear to the cry.

Some of the letters received during the week show a warm sympathy for the famine orphans. We have space for a few extracts only: "Enclosed please find $1 to use for the orphan children of China," writes A. B., Cortland, N. Y. "I hope that God will bless it for the good of humanity." D. T. M., Concord, N. H., sends $50 for the same purpose. A friend, who called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, handed in $10 for the orphans, but declined to give any name. E. C. D., Whigham, Ga., sends $5 through W. E. T., Ashburn, Ga. E. O. T., Hebron Highlands, Mass., sends $2 and a list of eleven friends whom he wishes to receive the *Little Moon-Flower* booklet, which we are sending free to all who are interested in the orphans. Miss A. T., New York, sends $1 "to feed a child for two weeks." Mrs. L., Oswego, Ill., sends $1, adding, "I wish it were more, may God richly bless you and them."

All contributions in aid of the orphan children of China should be addressed: CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, Bible House, New York.

Around the Cozy Home Hearth

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Care of Little Children

ONE day not long ago a little four-year-old girl was brought home from a hospital where she had had a critical operation. The child had been very ill and had been nursed with the greatest care, and her home-coming was a festival, not alone in her own house, but in every house in the neighborhood. People vied with one another in kind attention to the little one, and when Sunday morning came a friend sent in a tray with a tempting breakfast crowned with a beautiful flower. "Here is a surprise," said the mother, but the smiling child said positively, "It's lovely, but it isn't a surprise. It's something I expected." The processes of a child's mind are mysterious to grown people, who can often tell very little of what their thoughts are, or by what method of reasoning they reach conclusions.

I sometimes think that our greatest danger in caring for little children is that of mistaking their point of view. Their world is no higher than the ceiling of the nursery. Father and mother are to them personages of great importance, yet they cannot explain, let them be ever so confiding, just why they do and say certain things at certain times. They may seem obstinate when they have no such intention; they may drift into mischief when they are bent on investigation. A grown-up woman remembers that when she was a very small child she watched with fascinated interest the slender column of water that poured from a spout when her mother was making tea. Day after day she watched it, a slender silver thread, falling from a tea kettle into a teapot, and more and more the marvel grew as to what might happen should she put her finger into the descending column. One day the temptation became irresistible and she suddenly put that dimpled finger into the scalding steam. The result was, of course, a painful burn, and no one who saw the occurrence could at all appreciate the child's reason for so stupid an action. The act, however, was not stupid. The child was in the mood of the explorer and did only what many grown people do in taking a risk in order to make a discovery. She had not been able in her small mind to comprehend anything about that column of water, and she was too young to consider the difference between cold and heat.

Little children are often wantonly punished by big men and women who take an unfair advantage of juvenile helplessness. In many cases reward for right doing is much better as an educational factor than punishment for wrong-doing. The mother of seven children said one day that in the review of their upbringing she realized that she had been unjust to the older children. "I have learned," she said, "to depend upon atmosphere and example in these days, and the younger ones in this household have been brought up without much recourse to penalties."

Children who are well are usually happy, and children who are happy are usually what we call good. Here let us inquire whether we are good ourselves. Our mental state should surround our children with an atmosphere of peace. Flowers thrive in the sunshine; so do children.

. . .

Perilous Kisses

A BABY is the most kissable being in existence. A child holding up a face like a blossom, rosy and sweet, seems made for kisses, yet the kissing of the nursery brood should be prohibited not merely to strangers and visiting acquaintances, but to adoring grandparents, aunts and cousins. Let the mother and father kiss the little ones, if they wish, but the world in general should be contented without making this demonstration. A baby's hand may be kissed, but not a baby's lips. Kisses often convey contagion, especially in the season when colds are prevalent. A cold in the head is a disagreeable malady, and may be the precursor of a cold elsewhere. The person who has it should keep it, and so far as may be possible, establish a strict quarantine lest the cold be given to a friend. Love should be at pains not to spread contagion by a kiss.

The Princess Alice of Hesse, said to be the favorite daughter of the late Queen Victoria, died many years ago of diphtheria. She had passionately kissed her dying child and was herself taken from her children in consequence.

Time was when women, meeting one another on the street, stopped to kiss in public, and time was also when friends calling in the afternoon, whether intimate or not, whether the call was casual or on business, or friendly and affectionate, kissed as they came and went. This is fortunately not the fashion at present. It never was a wise fashion, and it probably will never return.

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A Scene in One of the Great Tea Gardens at Uje, Japan

AMONG all the industrial and agricultural developments that have taken place in Japan during the last two decades, none has been more interesting or remunerative than has been her entry into the tea business of the world. Though for centuries Japan has grown tea for her own use, her export business is of comparatively recent origin. The hardier varieties of the tea shrub, from which is taken the exported product, are now cultivated in large areas in many parts of the Japanese archipelago.

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Must Coasting Be Forbidden?

THE games of each season have their perils. This winter accidents to boys who have been coasting have been chronicled in various places. Other winters have been equally noted for casualties sometimes fatal and sometimes terminating only in wounds and bruises. The charm of a headlong race down a hill on a sled when one is eight, twelve or sixteen is scarcely to be put into words. The blood dances, the pulse thrills, the eager joy overflows, and there is in it the keen, deep pleasure that we all have in swift motion, whether it be in a sailboat racing before the wind, in a motor-car rushing across the landscape, or on a toboggan coasting at rapid pace to its goal.

In our cities boys have free playgrounds, but their chances for healthful winter sports outside of a skating rink are few. In the suburbs and the country, there are still steep streets, rural parks and hills that lend themselves to the delight of the coaster, but in these days when automobiles are many, and in the country where limits are not invariably regarded, there may be fatal accidents because of collisions between the boy's sled and the man's machine. To throw the blame on the chauffeur is not necessarily just. Every one familiar with automobiling is aware that he who drives a car leads a life of the greatest anxiety, and though he may be a model of discretion, is never sure that he shall not unexpectedly find himself too late when a victim meets him on the road. An individual motor-car is much more dangerous than a flying express. The railway train is run by schedule over tracks that have a right of way. It is otherwise with the private car that runs along the common road. The question that confronts village authorities at the moment is whether to forbid coasting as a winter pastime for children and young people, or to interpose larger legal cautions between the coasters and the owners of automobiles. The boys will never be fifteen again. The day is fast coming when the grinding machinery of business and bread-winning will crush the high spirits that are the birthright of youth. Why forbid the boys to coast? Why not instead set aside for their use desirable hills and roadways, and erect near these signs such as those with which we are familiar at grade crossings? Let the motor car slow its progress when it reaches these spots. Let the grown man and his friends, intent on pleasure, and the delivery car, intent on business, alike arrest their speed until the children's sports are found out to be safe.

. . .

About Interruptions

UNLESS one has learned how to sidetrack the immediate engagement when interrupted by a visitor, a great deal of valuable time will be lost. When we have set aside an hour for a special piece of work we are not always pleased to receive a call from a book agent. An interruption that makes a demand upon our sympathy, or affords an occasion for saying a kind word, ought to be welcome although it disarranges the plans we have made. I mention the book agent because many people treat him or her with scant courtesy, when instead there should be special politeness shown to one whose life is spent in prevailing on reluctant customers to become enthusiastic patrons.

The busy women, whatever her occupation, suffers not a little from the invasion of her time by idle friends. They have not much to do, except to bask in the sunshine, whereas her time is filled with duties that cannot be shirked. So far as it is possible, she should guard her working hours from interruption, but inevitable interruptions should not be met with irritation. The secret of accomplishing a great deal is in going straight on every day with the thing in hand without the slightest reference to mood. This being done, the next step is to have convenient shelves in the mind on which, at an instant's notice, the thing that is being done may be laid away to be resumed again in the next half hour. If not in the next half hour, she who has learned the art of sidetracking and attained it to perfection, may lay her work aside for a day, a week or a month, and take it up again without the loss of anything essential.

Mothers ought to guard themselves against being impatient when the children interrupt them. When the boys and girls rush in with their endless questions that only mother can answer, never turn away from them with an air of annoyance. The children are the most valuable assets in the home. Sidetrack other things, but give the children the best of your time. You will be repaid.

THE CATSPAW

BY ALICE GARLAND STEELE

THE new mayor sat in his inner office alone. It was the first day since his installation that he had been left free to take stock, as it were, of his high calling. He glanced about him; the fine mahogany fittings had been bought by his predecessor, a man of the people, brought up on the outer edge of respectability, and yet with a soul that recognized, commercially, the value of carven wood and Bokhara coverings.

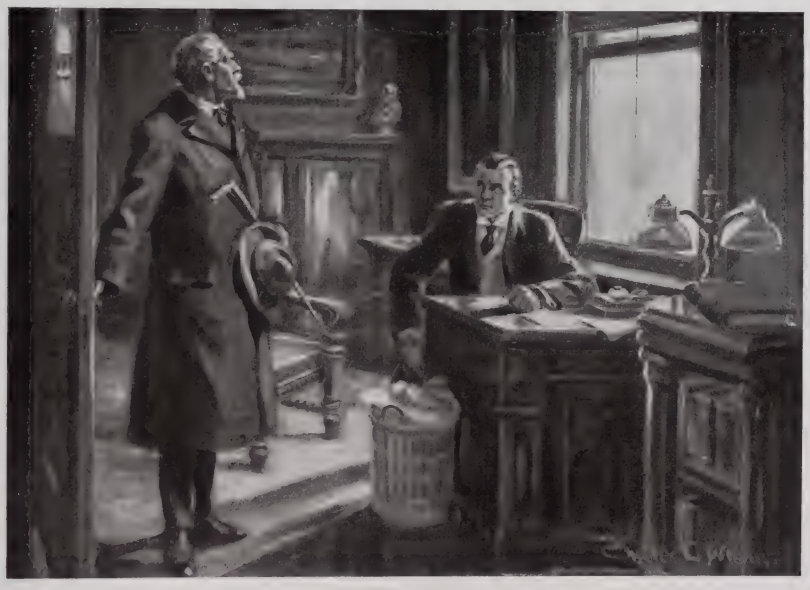
Fordyce knew him to the core, though they were of opposing parties, and in separate social worlds, knew him as a force that he must reckon with in future, for McGee was a man with an eye to future running, and the paper of his party had given two columns to his recent boasts that he could yet "take a whack at the governor's chair." Fordyce, strong in the success of the hour and conscious of his superiority in all the things that counted, yet had a moment of concern. He had high backers in this vivid Western city, and he was already chosen and set apart for further and more brilliant uses, and yet, in spite of his youth and his confidence in his own ability to "make good," he realized that any false step, any unwise move, might lose him the game for all time to come.

He stared at a rather gorgeous "visitor's chair," and laughed a little. It was wonderful how this game of politics got into one's blood! He'd been in training for it for seven years, and now they had let him loose in a big field of his own. He drew a long breath and got up, walking slowly to the window.

In the square below a small knot of loungers had gathered. The city was in workaday guise. Pale clerks and thin stenographers hurried across the asphalt. And six months ago how gay it had all been, the noisy, swaying crowds, the flashlights, the hoarse-voiced orators, the waving bunting and the bands! But that end of it was over.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart.

He had been reading the Recessional that morning on his way down town and somehow, as applied to his own special case, the thing had haunted him; the shouting had died out, and his captains had departed, all but Evarts—he, of course, was still on deck and, well, everything.



"'It was mo', suh, than belief,' he said stiffly. 'It was faith, suh, and faith dies hard'"

He owed Evarts a lot—his past training, his present success; and all the brilliant future that was to open up—that, too, would be Evarts's gift. Fordyce had no thought of cutting loose from any of it; the thing couldn't be done. Evarts was just the moving finger that wrote upon the wall, and if anyone failed to understand, well, Evarts took the trouble to explain—and to be obeyed, that was all!

Fordyce threw back his head and laughed, then he went back to his desk again. His secretary had appeared in the doorway—

"A gentleman to see you, sir—he wouldn't give me his card. He said just a friend of Senator Evarts."

Fordyce ran his hand through some loose papers. "All right, Barty, show him in," and then he sat a moment, waiting. A friend of Evarts—they were many and various, but none could be denied.

It proved to be Robertson, of the Lloyd Robertson Company; and Fordyce stiffened at once. The man was Evarts's sworn enemy. But Robertson, suave and strangely at his ease, began to speak:

"This is not official," he said blandly, "in fact, Mr. Fordyce, it's quite the other way. Now that little matter of the company's, that affair of paving those blocks north of Dwyer Street, you of course understand that it was necessary to use it as a political issue of your campaign—you understand, of course, that Senator Evarts—"

Fordyce pushed his chair back. "Kindly leave Evarts's name out of it," he said distinctly. "And what I cannot understand, Mr. Robertson, is your referring to this matter at all—it was the issue of our campaign, and an issue of public and individual rights. We probed the transactions pretty thoroughly, and the senator, I think, aired his sentiments in a way to leave no doubt in the company's mind of his attitude. I am afraid you must consider the subject closed."

Robertson had drawn off a suède glove and was manipulating a fountain pen. "I think," he said dryly, "there is, well, a little misunderstanding. It was, as I said, a necessary political move, Mr. Fordyce, but merely that. He was leaning forward, gazing at Fordyce—"The senator, you see, happens to be one of our largest stockholders."

Fordyce regarded him blankly.

"We even thought," went on Robertson evenly, "you might like a few shares yourself. Evarts wrote us to offer them to you."

"What do you mean?" Fordyce had risen, keeping his self-control with an effort. Robertson had risen, too, the answer already on his lips.

"You must realize, Mr. Fordyce," he said, "that the airing of that series of contracts was a part of the game. It's a pretty big game, I know, and when one is new to it, as you are, some of the moves seem foolish. I'm not in politics myself, but the company is, in rather a heavy way. And when Evarts found it necessary to spoil the company's good name he promised to supply an equivalent!"

"In other words," Fordyce said quietly, "you—you bought him off?"

"Not exactly." Robertson was smiling. "He has been on our books for ten years."

Fordyce sat down again, but his face was a little pale. "Senator Evarts," he said, "is my friend, and, as you know, my political backer."

Robertson swept the air with two fingers. "He's the whole party."

Fordyce nodded. "He's the party, yes—in a way, and the party stands for certain big principles. I know—" Fordyce stammered, "it isn't always possible to—to carry them through, but bribery and graft and double dealing have got to be left out of the game I play! As for your statements about Evarts, you'll have to substantiate them, that's all!"

Robertson took time to light a cigar. "Perhaps," he said, "you would like to see the senator's note. It's a personal one, but I don't mind." He handed over a folded paper, and Fordyce frowned a little as he recognized the familiar handwriting.

"See Fordyce," it read, "as soon as you like. Tell him that I sent you. You may find him a trifle obstinate, but when you explain things he'll understand what he has to do. And I think it's only due to him that you put him down for one hundred shares in the company's stock. EVARTS."

Fordyce sat back in his chair; he was beginning to realize many things, one of them, that Evarts had constituted himself captain of Fordyce's soul!

Robertson leaned across and laid a folded paper on the corner of the desk. "You'll find it correct," he said laconically. "Certificate is made out for one hundred." He rose, pulling on his glove." The senator," he said slowly, "is a very remarkable man."

But Fordyce didn't answer; he was staring at the paper on his desk. When he looked up again, Robertson was gone.

Mechanically he reached over and let the paper slip between his fingers. So this was what men called a bribe! So simple a thing! He began to wonder what his wife would say when he told her that he was a stockholder in the company he had assailed in public so bitterly. His wife didn't know the game or the rules. To her it was just "serving one's country" to be alderman, or mayor, or president; he had had no such illusion; he knew he was in it for what he could get out of it, but he had at least intended to play fair.

He pulled out a private drawer, carefully placing the certificate inside and turning the key—he knew he was going to keep it. He got up, pacing the strip of Bokhara nervously; was it so dishonest after all? Would his opponents, in his position, have hesitated? There were two—one, Colonel Duplane, a relic of war days, chosen by the leaders of a Fusion ticket in collusion with Evarts, that he might turn the tide of a certain voting contingent away from the other big party, and so strengthen his own cause — a catspaw. Fordyce had seen him twice; once, years ago, in a military parade, riding ahead of a small company with tattered battle flags, and once on the eve of election. The other man, Brannigan, well, he wouldn't have stopped—unless it was to ask for a hundred more!

Fordyce, turning, heard Barty's voice expostulating in the outer office, and then another raised in protest, a voice with a Southern note in it—"And you tell him, suh, that it is Colonel Duplane, suh. That is all I want you to do."

Fordyce swung wide the door. "Colonel," he said, "won't you come in?" and Barty, with a little shrug, turned to his typing again.

"This is Mayor Fo'dyce, suh? Thank you! It's a disgrace, the way our public men, our great men—are hedged about, suh. It wasn't so in the old days!" The colonel was holding out his hand—" I wanted to see you, suh, to personally extend my felicitations. A despatch was not enough."

Fordyce smiled. "It's very good of you," he said.

"I wanted to say further," said the colonel, still standing, "that I'm glad you have beaten me, suh! I am old and you are young, but I have followed yo' careeh with interest, and youth can best serve our beloved country."

"Fordyce regarded him a moment; the military cut of the outer coat with its Grand Army button on the left breast. "You," he said, "have served it, colonel, in a way that may never be possible again."

"You mean this?" the colonel touched his button. "Well, suh, it was not the easiest way! I was a very young man, and a Virginian, suh, but I followed Grant into Vicksburg, and my brother was on the other side of those trenches."

Fordyce nodded. "I understand," he said.

The colonel sank into the gorgeous "visitor's chair." "I have spoken to Lincoln," he said, "and

Continued on next page

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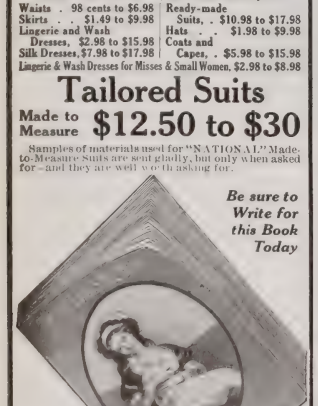

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THE CATSPAW

Continued from preceding page

I knew and loved Robert E. Lee. And I tell you what, suh, when, in this last campaign, I got up on the platform and saw the crowds, those men, suh, and their devotion made me feel so small and inferior that I couldn't say a word!"

Fordyce stared at the Grand Army button. "Colonel," he said, "I'm almost sorry that you didn't win!"

The colonel bowed his head. "Thank you, suh—thank you—but I hadn't a chance, Mr. Fo'dyce. When they put me up I knew it, I told them so when they came to me out there in my little Illinois home. 'Boys,' I said, 'I'm just an old warhorse, turned out to grass—let me stay here,' and Ma'tin L. Stevens, he just stepped in and said, 'Colonel, yo' country needs you'—that ended it. I went into it, Mr. Fo'dyce, fo' all I was worth!"

Fordyce frowned. "I wish,'" he said again, "you had won."

The colonel smiled whimsically. "I don't know, suh. I'd have turned a good many things upside down! But I'll tell you what, suh, I'm proud of the fact that they chose me. I didn't mind losin' on that ticket"—he looked over at Fordyce. "It stood fo' big things, Mr. Fo'dyce! The men who backed me were pure and simple and honest, and when they put an old man like me on top just because I was honest, too, and loved my country, they gave me a decoration, suh, that I'll wear to my dyin' day!"

Fordyce stirred. Evarts and his crew, the men who had used this simple-hearted old soldier for their own uses—he could have smitten them, man by man, between the eyes! "Then you believe, colonel," he said slowly, "in honor—among men?"

The colonel slapped his knee. "Of co'se I do, suh, as I believe in my own honor, or yo' honor, Mr. Fo'dyce!" The colonel suddenly flushed. "In spite," he added gently, "of what false demagogues have said about yo' backer."

Fordyce stared at him a moment, his lips working into a twisted smile. The "Catspaw," then, was a dreamer of dreams! He looked away uneasily, to see again Evarts's handwriting on the wall. Slowly he turned in his chair. "I wish," he said, "colonel, I wish you were right!"

"And I am right, suh," the colonel insisted. "In this beloved country of ours there are ten thousand men who have not yet bent the knee to Baal!"

Fordyce stopped him. "I'm not one of them," he said, "Colonel Duplane. I've been out of that running—for the last half hour."

The colonel drew back a little. "I don't just happen, suh, to get yo' meaning."

"It's very plain," said Fordyce dryly. "I—have been obliged—to accept a bribe, that's all."

The office grew strangely silent; the world outside, with its pride of life and its strife of tongues, seemed all at once a city far removed and indefinite; inside there was only the beating of blood in Fordyce's temples, as he stared across at the old man. He was throwing himself on this man's honor, prompted to a confession that he had scarcely made to his own soul. Yet he knew that he was safe!

The colonel moved a trifle; his eyes were charging Fordyce with military directness. Suddenly he smiled sunnily. "I don't believe you, Mayor Fo'dyce," he said.

Fordyce was conscious of a spasm of pain between his brows. His wife would have answered him so, and smiled like that! "Nevertheless," he said slowly, "it is true. In my desk at this moment there are one hundred shares that have come to me as the price—well, of silence. I am going to keep them, Colonel Duplane."

The colonel rose to his feet. "Then, suh, I wouldn't change places with you, old man as I am, at this moment—fo' anything in God's universe!" He was fumbling with his coat, buttoning it across his breast.

Fordyce, a little pale, watched him. "I wonder," he said, "why I've told you anyhow! I should like to have kept—your belief."

The colonel, his hand on the door knob, paused. "It was mo', suh, than belief," he said stiffly. "It was faith, suh, and faith dies hard. I'll bid you, Mayor Fo'dyce, a very good mawnin.'"

Fordyce, when the door had clanged, went feverishly to his work again. Evarts figured in it rather largely, and the other men who had run him through. He turned from it with relief, to the fantastic duty of marrying a couple from the Italian quarter, enthusiastic bidders for this virtue of his office. Since they were the first, and since something in the shy, dark eyes of the bride reminded him of Marian, he handed her back the fee, adding to it from his wallet. But he cut short her vivid thanks, and Barty made quick work of their dismissal.

He lunched with one of Evarts's aides. They rode uptown to the "Raleigh," seeking a quiet corner at the end of the room, and Fordyce found himself listening uneasily to Evarts's emissary. He felt all at once conscious of the cords stretched across so many open ways. Evarts's "thou shalt not" loomed large upon his line of vision. There was to be a dinner that night, in honor of his installation, and Evarts wanted to be sure of his speech; he himself was up State, but would be there in time for its close. Meanwhile, there were certain guarded statements to be coupled with its grace of utterance, and certain omissions which at the last moment Evarts deemed wise.

"Look here, Manners," Fordyce interrupted, "we are sweeping aside precisely the things that carried us through!"

"Oh," Manners agreed, "if you put it that way, of course."

"Well," said Fordyce, "I don't like it."

Manners turned. "My dear chap, neither does Evarts—but there you are."

Fordyce frowned. "I shall use, in that speech, my own discretion—and I shall face those issues—as I think best," he said definitely. Then he went back to his office, but only to deny himself to all visitors.

As he sat heavily before his desk, or walked from end to end of the inner office, he could hear Barty's "The mayor cannot be disturbed." Barty was the one being who hedged him in, made him for the moment safe, even from Evarts! Evarts was becoming an obsession.

He sank down suddenly in his chair and stared across at the opposite wall, fancying he could read there Evarts's final word, "Obey!" It was a fine word—but always one's captains must be higher than one's own soul—able to lead one, at need, through shot and shell and smoke that baffled vision, over—he paused—the trenches! Suddenly there faced him, across the emptiness, a man with the brow of an idealist, under hair worn thin, the man who had known Lee and Lincoln, and who wore in his coat the button of the Grand Army of the Republic—the Catspaw! It sickened him with the sense of his own failure. He wheeled in his chair abruptly—

"Bah!" he said. "*I* am the Catspaw, and Evarts—is the Cat!

With barely a glance at the locked drawer in his desk he got up and went into the outer room. "Barty," he called, "I'm bound for home. Lay everything over till to-morrow, will you?" And Barty nodded "Sure."

He walked up as far as Schuyler Square, crossing the old landmark of the city with short, decisive puffs at his cigar. It had once been a world of men and affairs, but now there was left only its row of old-fashioned

Continued on next page

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THE CATSPAW

Continued from preceding page

houses, and the loungers' benches in an open brown square where children played. He might have asked Marian to call for him in the car, but she would probably be off shopping, or at some frequented tea-room; he rather hoped, on the whole, that she would not be at home; he somehow dreaded seeing her. He had his speech to finish off, and the matter of the shares worried him. He knew, if he told her, just how she would look, and what she wouldn't say! She would smile at first, like Colonel Duplane; afterward—but he refused to evolve it, since there need be no afterward.

She was sitting waiting for him, however, in the hall. "Hello, Mr. Mayor," she said, and lifted up her face to be kissed. As he went to his room she followed, chatting in her girlish way.

"I took lunch at the Leslies, your honor, and I was so proud"—she made mock courtesy. "They all say you're so *young* for the job! But they all say you'll make good—the idea! When you're the cleverest thing this old city has ever picked out. Mrs. Paine, though, made me cross. She said, "Well, he's old enough to be *honest*, anyway"—just because her husband happens to be a—a scalawag—" But he stopped her.

"I wouldn't, dear, talk like that; besides—" he suddenly put an arm about her. "You like it—having me what I am?"

She nodded. "I love it, the bigness of it, and the honor—"

"Oh, it's big," he agreed, "but the honor! Suppose there wasn't any, except the outside shell; suppose everything *inside* was the—other thing?"

She smiled into his face. "Stupid! —then you'd make it over. You wouldn't let it go on so an hour!"

She had wandered to the window, looking out to the crowded avenue beyond their quiet street, and she did not see his face. He went on into his dressing-room, something clutching at his throat. "Coward!" he whispered, "coward!" and sat down, staring at the floor. At that moment Evarts seemed a thing outside; it was himself whom he hated.

"What is it, Marian?" He was conscious that she was calling him.

"Oh!" she cried, "come quickly." She had fallen away from the window, covering her eyes. It knocked him down," she cried, "an old man—it was an express automobile! Oh, run, dear, and see if he is much hurt!"

Fifteen minutes later he came back to her, pale and shaken.

She met him on the threshold. "Was he badly hurt? I saw the ambulance—"

His eyes traveled beyond her, to things she could not see. "I don't know—they think it may be only shock—but he is old—"

She nodded, quick tears filling her eyes. "Why didn't they bring him in here—to us?"

"I tried to get them to," he said wearily; "it was Colonel Duplane."

She started back. "The man who tried to beat you?"

He looked at her a moment strangely. "The man who *has* beaten me," he said—and would say no more.

. . .

Fordyce was at his office the next day, early, but Barty had already seen the papers. "You ripped them up," he said, "last night, sir."

Fordyce nodded. "Yes, I ripped them up." He stood a moment, pulling off his gloves. "I wish you'd call up St. Agatha's," he said, "and ask after Colonel Duplane. They took him there yesterday. Just find out, will you, if I can see him some time this afternoon. And Barty, if Senator Evarts calls—well, no matter, just send him in. That's all."

He busied himself about a hundred things—and waited. It would be the difficult hour, he knew, of his life. His speech had torn off the edge of Evarts's universe, but he meant to face him squarely.

Evarts, at first, seemed to evince no desire to be faced at all; when he did come, some time after the lunch hour, he wore the look of a man used to straightening the world's tangles, and who expected to overcome this particular knot in the mayoralty with definite, but soothing fingers.

"Well," he said, "young man, you're evidently not tired of brass bands, are you? What sort of music do you want to dance to now—reform? It won't go! The tune's too old and the key's too confounded high for this city! He sat down in the visitor's chair, laying his top-hat carefully beside him.

Fordyce shook his head. "I can't help it," he said, "Evarts, if I've disappointed you."

Evarts looked across at him. "What are you up to anyway? Didn't you see Manners?"

"Yes. Manners made your points quite clear."

Evarts puffed at the ceiling. "You successfully avoided them—last night."

"I intended to." Fordyce was pale but serious.

Evarts leaned forward. "Look here," he said, "you're a very young man to be mayor, but you're it—for the present!"

Fordyce nodded.

"For the present *only*," went on Evarts. "There's such a thing as a knockout blow—in politics."

"I understand," said Fordyce.

"But it never occurs," added Evarts, "until the leader gives the word."

"I understand that also."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Fordyce?"

Fordyce lifted his eyes. "Merely wait for you to give the word!"

There was a sharp silence. "Look here," said Evarts, and he rose, "I've held this city under my thumb a number of times in my lifetime for its own good, or any amount you like of the other thing. Anyway—you know that folks have said that "Evarts and the farmers do it all." But that's neither here nor there. I'll not speak to you of my personal ambition in the matter, or of anything you may owe to me —but I will speak of the loyalty due to your party!"

Fordyce fluttered his eyelids. "I wish to uphold my party on the platform on which I went in, Senator Evarts."

The senator laughed. "You mean that reform flavor? You knew as well as I did that that was rot!"

Fordyce breathed deeply. "Perhaps I did—nevertheless, as far as I have any power it stands *now!*"

Evarts spoke again, still calmly. "What about the governor's chair?"

"I shall never sit in the governor's chair. It's outside the question."

Evarts wiped his forehead. "What do you gain by this deal, anyway?"

"Nothing, that I can explain to you. It isn't in your line. It isn't," added Fordyce honestly, "in my own. It belongs entirely to the idealist, to the dreamer of dreams—to the man who has given, perhaps, an arm to his country—not to you and me!"

The senator measured him with unflinching eyes. "You were too young," he said, "for the game, after all."

"Young enough," frowned Fordyce, "to be honest!" He turned the key in the lock drawer and threw across the desk a sheet of folded paper." It belongs to Lloyd, Robertson & Company —a certificate for a hundred shares in their holdings. But I can't afford the investment."

Evarts rose. "So," he said sharply, "you are cutting loose, Fordyce."

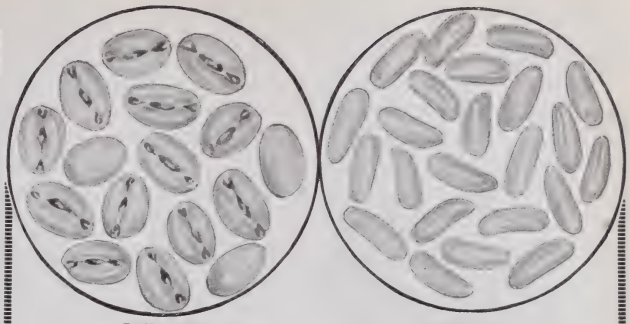
"From bribery and rottenness; yes."

"And you think, you fool, you can play the game alone?"

"At least," Fordyce faced him, "while I play it, I'll play it square."

The senator, in red wrath, towered above the visitor's chair. "Curse you," he cried, "I believe you will!"

Continued on page 195



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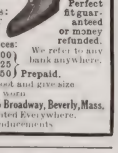

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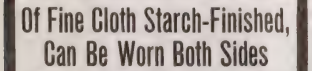

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Let those that always loved now love the more. —PARNELL.

In an Ocean of Love

OUR girlish lives are in an ocean of love so vast, so deep, that to measure the power of it is to set a candle in the sun or put out to sea in a cockleshell. All we can do is to do the best we can, to bring the most of it out into our lives.

There are no absolutely unlovable girls. There are only plenty of girls unawake to the magic of love—girls who do not love deeply, bravely, unselfishly enough to compel the love of others. It is with these girls that I want to talk. Let me tell you a legend that bears somewhat upon the subject.

A Heathen Legend

LONG ago an old and forgotten heathen deity, the god of enchantment, sent this word over the world: *"I have discovered a glory so great that all who look upon it and see its beauty, all who listen and hear its music, shall be eternally happy and forever full of youth."* Curious people came crowding and jostling to find out what such a message meant, and seeing nothing at all, went away unbelieving. Others peered and sought and asked questions; but the strenuous, hurrying masses passed by incredulous. "They peer about, but they do not see; their ears are dull, for they hear nothing; beauty pipes to them, but they will not dance," said the old enchanter. At last a troop of children came lilting by. "See the violets and the maple buds!" they cried. "Look! Look! The ragged robin is in the valley! The fields are yellow with cowslips! The trees are budding! Primroses, bluebells, lady's tresses are yonder on the sunny hills! Speckled trout are swimming up the stream! Come along! Come along!" they called, dancing away and laughing for joy. Still others came hurrying on impatient feet. "The cuckoos and nightingales are back! The plovers and swallows are skimming over the valley! The woods are full of birds! The meadows are blooming! The marshes are pink with mallow! Come! Come!" they shouted, and a few olders here and there from among the trooping crowds followed them. It was a supreme moment in the life of the old god. He had thought to make all people happy by discovering to them the deep, sweet secret of new life, new hope, new beauty everywhere; but only the children were awake to it; the others went dully about their dull affairs.

As I see the picture that the allegory paints I feel an impulse such as the Pied Piper must have had when he wanted to run away with the children and forever shield them from growing up into commonplace folk. Now just a word to the wise, my dears: I want to remind you here in our own Corner in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that we in a measure are the children of the legend, and it is not too soon to be warned. We must not allow our hearts, our eyes, our ears to grow dull to the enchantment of everyday life. Believe me, the day when the fairies of your little girlhood vanished and Santa Claus dwindled to a clay image on the Christmas tree, not a whit of enchantment or magic went out of the world. If some one had taken you by the hand that day and had told you the story of the cocoon hanging on the brown twig yonder, or had discovered your favorite legend of the Light Princess in a snow crystal with a perfect image of the sun shining in its heart, or had pointed out to you that the Sleeping Beauty who is pricked with a spindle is the story of the warm earth pierced by the sudden touch of the frost, and the brave Prince with his golden locks is the summer sun, whose warm kiss of love must break the spell, when beauty will awaken and follow him everywhere—if, I say, you had been told such stories as these, your faith in fairies to-day would be as bright as ever it was. The old enchanter's secret was nothing more than the secret of love. Believe me, dears, you cannot love too much, too abundantly, too sacredly. Do not be afraid of it. Unless we fill every day with love, love of God's world, love in the measures that God loves us, the sweet magic of it all will vanish from our lives like a birdsong into the night, and before we know it we shall belong to the dull crowds.

Girlhood

My little sermon will be of small avail unless we make it practical; and the way to best do that is just this: to live day by day right up to the high privileges of our girlhood. We are so precious in the glow of God's love, and the responsibilities that he has set for us are so clear, that we should be satisfied with nothing less than perfectness; a perfect daughter, full of the love that understands and is patient and kind; a perfect sister, tender, joyous, sympathetic, protecting, warm; a girl of girls. And perhaps next week we shall talk of the beautiful "next things" that come along naturally in the life of a girl.

Answer to Geography Puzzle, January 10

DURING the holidays I visited my uncle's farm in Arkansas. On our way from the depot the wheels of the carriage ran over a Pine Bluff. I fell out and bumped my head until it was Black as black could be. In the chicken run I stepped on a Leghorn hen and fell down and sprained my knee. By this time my Disappointment knew no bounds, and I Said I must return home. But Aunt Sophia, who is always kind and thoughtful, bade me cheer up. By the end of the week, when I had got only Midway in my visit, they made a large Bon fire to celebrate my departure and all on a Rainy day I bade Farewell to my Aunt Sophia and Uncle Albert, and returned home.

Four first prizes and twenty-five supplementary prizes were awarded strictly in order of merit.

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER XXI

A WHOLE year went by. Cushing's shipyard was still empty. But one of the greatest strikes in history was nearing its end. After months of suffering, hatred, loss, a settlement was reached. It might have been reached at the beginning if all the parties concerned had obeyed the teachings of the Prince of Peace. One side in the controversy had been as selfish and lacking in brotherhood as the other. Both sides had trampled on the Golden Rule and the rights and duties of man.

But one morning, Sidney opened his office window and watched the smoke curl up out of the big chimneys. At the end of the week, Cushing's shipyard clanged and roared and hammered and bellowed with its multitudinous and many-mouthed din. Four thousand men poured in at the gates and with hungry eagerness resumed labor, calling it sweet after the long idleness. And the *Columbia* again began to take shape and Sidney eyed it with awed astonishment and conflicting emotions.

That same week new business belonging to the resumption of the work called him again to Washington.

One evening at his hotel Ed Marston called to see him. Sidney was glad to meet him, although the meeting awoke some painful memories.

"I didn't know whether you would care to see me or not," said Ed, somewhat shyly. "But I wanted to see you, so I came over."

"I shall always be glad to see you, Marston. I hope you will never let anything get in the way of our friendship."

Marston was silent longer than usual. Finally he burst out:

"Say, Cushing, I can't help feeling mean about our family, about the way we've treated you. It's treating you like dirt. Old Unc' Marston is a prig. He tried to get me to excuse him for turning you down. But I wouldn't excuse him if he was the President and offered to resign in my favor. What do I care if you have changed your sentiments about war? What has that got to do with a man's or a woman's friendship? I used to think Aunt Lyddy and Pax had some sense, but—"

"Yes?"

"But they haven't got enough to ballast a birch-bark canoe. Tell you what, I feel ashamed of the Marston family, all but myself."

"Thank you, Marston. It means more than I can tell to have your friendship."

Marston looked at him doubtfully.

"You won't faint, will you, if I give out a bit of news that hasn't yet been signaled to the fleet?"

Sidney colored, but answered with a clear smile,

"No. You needn't fear."

"Well, it will be public in a few days. Aunt Lyddy wrote me that Pax is engaged to a Captain Lloyd-Hereford of His Majesty's Portsmouth fleet. Think of that! A captain with two L's to his front name and parted in the middle!"

"I wish her joy," said Sidney gravely.

"Well, I don't. I wanted you for my cousin. I never did like this fellow Lloyd hyphen Hereford."

"Say no more about it, Marston," said Sidney gently.

"Call the incident closed?"

"Yes."

"But not our friendship?"

"No; I think everything of you."

"If I can ever save you from drowning, drop me a line, won't you?" cried Marston eagerly. "There isn't a thing I wouldn't do for you, but it seems I can't be your cousin."

Sidney assured him that he reciprocated his feeling and went back to Dockville with his heart glowing over this friendship.

From this time on until the eventful day came when the *Columbia* was ready to be launched, Sidney entered on a new and powerful development of his whole nature.

He found time with all the rest to study the history of the church. Day after day, that institution loomed up grander and more fascinating. He was entering new cathedrals of beauty every day. All of the church's great record of service, sacrifice, heroism, martyrdom, unfolded before him.

During this time Sidney was unconsciously yielding to a growing interest in Hermosa Howard.

Long before, he had discovered that Hermosa was more than his equal intellectually. Her long-continued tutoring of her father had developed in her a quick and accurate mind, not only stored with knowledge but beautified by her use of it.

His visits to Mrs. Ward's and to the blind man had continued with growing trouble and unrest for Hermosa. Athanasia had simply accepted Sidney's presence as a joy unspeakable which for her simple soul might go on to all eternity without a change. It was enough for the crippled girl to sit and look at him. She would fold her hands and go over again the day of that rescue, when Sidney grasped her hand and pulled her in through the window.

One day Sidney was with Hermosa's father. Athanasia had not been well and had stayed home from the store that afternoon. Sidney had brought some models from the shop and was showing them to Mr. Howard when Athanasia came across the hall and in the freedom that was common with the two families entered the room. Sidney greeted her kindly, as he always did, and she sat down to listen to what he was telling Mr. Howard.

"Your prediction about the bigger battleship has already come true, Mr. Howard. The *Columbia* is not yet finished, but Great Britain yesterday laid the keel of a dreadnought that outmeasures ours by every dimension, and her new guns will carry a mile farther than ours. Germany is taking steps to outclass Great Britain and in a few months will begin a war monster that will make the *Columbia* look like an obsolete toy."

"The end must come soon," said the blind man calmly. "Is that you, Athanasia? "Won't you go to Hermosa's room and get me that book she has been reading called *The Great Illusion*, that's making such a stir in Europe?

Athanasia went into Hermosa's room, and brought out the book. Then she stood by Sidney's chair listening.

Suddenly she said: "Mr. Cushing, did you know Hermosa saved that board you found the day of the factory fire?"

"No!"

"She did, and she's got it in her room. I saw it just now. She found it down in the alley when it was cleared out."

Silence.

"Why should she want to keep that?"

"I think it is because she thinks so much of you. She never lets me touch the board, and she told me not to tell you, but I think you ought to know some time."

Concluded on next page

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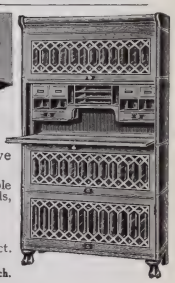

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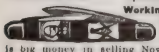

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Brander Cushing's Ambition

Continued from preceding page

Sidney rose. Hermosa was coming into the room. He could not tell in the dim light whether she had heard Athanasia or not.

"My department closed early to-day on account of the remodeling of the store. Are you feeling better, Athanasia?"

"Yes. I think I can go to work tomorrow."

"I hope you can. Excuse me, Mr. Cushing, I am tired."

It was the first time in her life Sidney had ever heard her say those words. She went into her room and shut the door, and after a little while Sidney went away.

I think he dated from that hour his change of feeling towards Hermosa Howard. He had always respected her. He had even admired her. But no greater feeling had yet occurred to him. As long as Pax Marston was in his thoughts all else was impossible. But now—

In the big lonely house that night he began to call up Hermosa's personality. What did she look like? The very opposite of Pax Marston? Pax was vivacious, pretty, dainty, blue-eyed, a creature to be softly and carefully surrounded with every luxury and all that wealth and good breeding could pile up.

Hermosa was strong and rugged, black-haired and black-eyed, resolute, homely— No, not homely. What was it? She was—what? Commanding? Forceful? Masculine? No, not masculine; she was tender. Oh, how tender, as her strong hands arranged her father's hair and prepared his day's work. But was she a creature to be softly shielded from the world's storms? Nay, she would go out into the worst hurricane that ever beat, and with the man she loved, if she ever loved any man, walk through it as if it were a mild summer zephyr to be wooed. And she was keeping that blackened board! Why?

With that question ringing in his heart he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXII

SEVERAL months went by. It was spring again, and the *Columbia* was at last finished. Brander Cushing's five years were completed and he would be a free man a week before the date fixed for the launching. He would be coming home. Home! Sidney sat down in the library and cried like a child at the thought of it. Tremendous things had occurred within that time. He knew now that the dearest person in the world to him now—yes, even more than his own father—was Hermosa. He trembled as he thought of her—of all it meant to him, of all it might mean to her. But since he had begun to love her as he never dreamed of loving any one he had noted her attitude towards him and he hoped—

He was going to call that evening. He was going to ask her if she could share life with him.

He found himself as in a dream of movements speaking to Hermosa's father as they talked over various subjects in which they had become interested. Hermosa was seated over by the window that looked out across the alley, that window through which he had drawn her and Athanasia that day five years and more ago.

Finally he found an opportunity to go over near her. Outwardly Hermosa was calm. In reality she was trembling and weak. I think she knew that Sidney was going to speak that night.

"Hermosa!" he said. It was the only time but once he had ever addressed her by that name.

Hermosa looked up and understood in a moment. But she did not move. Only she laid her work down on a table and covered her face.

"Hermosa, it seems that this is the place I must tell you—by this window where I first saw you. I did not know it then. But if God helped me to save you then, it was that we might be saved for each other."

Hermosa was crying.

"Oh, it cannot be. We are too far apart socially. It must not—"

"Hermosa, look up. I want to know only one thing. Do you love me?"

Hermosa looked up. And Sidney saw in a moment.

"Yes!" she was standing by him, by that window. The tragedy of both their lives seemed deepened by it, but through it the overmastering love of lovers rose to such a height that Hermosa Howard that night gave herself without reserve to the man who was to be her husband, and these two strong brave souls henceforth were to walk along the human path together hand in hand, heart to heart, to grow by suffering and by joy into one life.

They went over to Hermosa's father. He smiled when they told him.

"I knew it all the time," he said.

"I shall be jealous," cried Sidney. "Tell me, Hermosa, when did you first love me?" Foolish but eternal question of lovers.

Hermosa took his hand and led him to the window where they had first kissed each other.

"There!" she said as she flung her arm out. "There, as I looked across that day and saw you, I loved you, and I have been loving you ever since!"

Athanasia took the news with simple-hearted joy. "Hermosa is my sister. You will be my brother!" she said. And they all believed her. But deep in her heart, which was not feeble-minded, I think Athanasia Ward carries to her grave the other kind of love which she can never know in this world.

* * *

On the day of the launching, another distinguished group stood on the platform by the *Columbia*.

Brander Cushing was there, the object of curiosity to hundreds of observant eyes. The President of the United States was present and a crowd of famous fighters.

Hermosa was to christen the ship. She had yielded at Brander Cushing's earnest request. She had made a request that water be used instead of champagne and that she be allowed to speak a word as the ship went down the ways.

Father and son stood side by side, as Hermosa stepped forward just after the President's speech. She was at that moment the one figure commanding attention even beyond the Cushings or the chief of the nation.

She broke the flask of clear water over the bows and at the same instant exclaimed, "Long live the Republic! And may this ship never be used in war! And may we all live to see the reign of universal peace among the nations of the earth!"

As she stood there, she typified womanhood and childhood, the two who have always suffered most from war's horrors. She stood there, straight and strong, and patient and intelligent, a woman of the people, with a vision of a world from which the clang of war has given way to the harmony of peace. And she turned away that day from the greetings of the President and others, who had even there in their amazement caught something of the meaning of that hour, and with the man she loved and with his father, who had passed through his furnace to come out fine gold, she went her way with them. And Brander Cushing's ambition was satisfied.

THE END

MUCH IN LITTLE

I wish to thank you for what you modestly call *The Almanac*. It is amazing how you could crowd so much history, geography, literature and general information into so small a compass.

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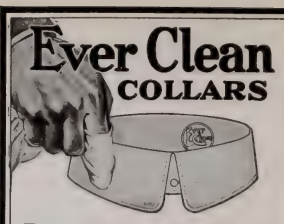

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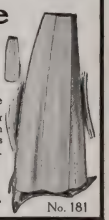

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The same old controversy is with us. After many expert investigations both in this country and England, the controversy simmers down to this conclusion:

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What is more, I think it is not possible to buy in this country a real "whole wheat" flour. So in order to obtain the full nourishment which nature has put into wheat for man's benefit, in my home we use triscuit and shredded wheat biscuit instead of bread."

As to whether we can get "real" whole wheat flour in this country or whether it would be digested if made into ordinary bread there is much controversy.

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Bishop Darlington's "Lighthouses"

THE Right Rev. James Henry Darlington, Bishop of the Harrisburg diocese of the Episcopal Church, is waging a lively war against the saloon by establishing "lighthouses" in the little towns in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. These little "lighthouses" contain from four to five rooms with a small gymnasium, shower baths, recreation and reading rooms. Bishop Darlington calls his "lighthouses" substitutes for the saloon and he has had the happiness of knowing that in many instances they serve this good purpose. The bishop has established about a dozen of these little institutions in different coal mining towns and they have been successful enough to cause many of the saloonkeepers to wish that they had never been built.

Bishop Darlington

Bishop Darlington gives much of his time to directing their work, and in the mining regions they tell inspiring stories of his spirit of self-sacrifice in carrying it forward. He is particularly eager to reach the boys in the coal mining towns whose lives, at best, can have little of wholesome, healthful enjoyment. Of the boys he is trying to help and boys in general, he says:

"Boys want light, music, games, exercise. They enjoy being clean and entertained. Go the saloon one better, I thought, or at least equal it in attractiveness, and there is the problem solved. So I planned these lighthouses, as they have been called, and began establishing them."

The bishop's "lighthouses" have been veritable beacon lights to many a boy and many a man in danger of shipwreck on the sea of life. They have been havens of hope to some of the discouraged and have given some men the impulse to "take a fresh start" and try to live better lives.

J. L. H.

THE CATSPAW

Continued from page 191

Through the flashes that followed, the blinding, cutting flashes of a big man's futile anger, Fordyce stood patient, and quite helpless. When it was over, and he was again alone, he felt sick and worn to the thin edge of endurance. The tumult and the shouting had died, for him, quite out—his captain had departed!

And yet, through those bitter moments, with their savor of defeat, he felt one thing clearly—that he could call again a dead faith from darkness, and that he could meet Marian's smile! He would need them both, God knew! since he looked to so dreary a journey on the forward way—a way that would be quite voiceless, since he was to know no hurrah from the camp—no shout to claim him victor!

And yet, as he boarded the little crosstown car leading to St. Agatha's, some voice in his heart went singing!

As he got out at the hospital entrance some one touched his arm. "This here St. Agatha's, cap'n?"

Fordyce nodded, looking down upon an old soldier with a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. "Yes, this is St. Agatha's."

The old man kept feeble step with him into the grounds. "I ain't never been much in hospitals, since Chancellorsville. Kep' pretty hearty, I have, to some of the boys. But I heard they took the colonel here yestiddy, and that brought me down on the double quick!"

"You mean Colonel Duplane?" queried Fordyce.

"Yes, him as run for mayor. He'd oughto been mayor, too—he'd 'a' made a good one! But the Grand Army vote couldn't carry him in—we're gettin' pretty slim as to the ranks, cap'n."

"You're the best part of any parade, yet," said Fordyce warmly. "So you know Colonel Duplane?"

The man laughed, the thin excited laugh of old age. "Most of us knows the colonel! He warn't properly from my part of the world; I was a Yank from up Vermont way and he was from south of Mason and Dixon's line, but when you've been through tophet together that don't count."

"No," said Fordyce, "it doesn't." They had entered the broad hall and were standing by the elevator.

"He'd ought to been mayor," echoed the old man. "He'd 'a' knocked spots out of a good many of them fellers in the city hall. But they got a young chap in that ain't never fought nothin' in his life! Put in by Dan Evarts, the boss. Huh! he could take a few lessons from our colonel!"

"Perhaps," said Fordyce gently, "he will yet, who knows?"

A nurse accosted them. "Colonel Duplane? Yes, he's doing nicely—merely shock, I think, but that is dangerous at his age. I'll send up and find out"—she looked hesitatingly at the old soldier—"if you can see him."

Fordyce smiled back at her. "If he is open to visitors," he said, "I would like—this gentleman to go first; he's a —nearer friend than I am."

"Well, colonel"—Fordyce, standing in the sick-room at length, strove to make his voice clear, and stopped, suddenly powerless.

The colonel stretched out a slim Southern hand. "From my heart, suh, I am glad to see you! I was bound fo' yo' house when the Car of Juggernaut rolled by, suh, and it was a most ignoble battle. I tried my best to run away!"

Fordyce drew a chair up and sat down; his eyes were a trifle misty. "To see me?" he asked gently.

"Yes, suh, to offeh my apologies fo' makin' a mistake in yo' office. I left it, I reckon, in the impulsive manneh of my race! I wish to say, suh," the colonel raised himself on one elbow, "that I believe in our city's chief executive, suh, as a gentleman and a man of honor—in spite of his modest assertion to the contrary."

Fordyce drew a long breath. "Colonel," he said, "I have sent those shares back; I've invested instead—in your stock company."

"My deah boy, my little Illinois farm and my daughteh, suh, are all I own in the world!"

"In your stock company," repeated Fordyce slowly, "in these things that stand for honor, and faith, and duty—to one's country."

The colonel smiled warmly. "Ah," he said, "there you have it, Mayor Fo'dyce. In this beloved country there are ten thousand who have not yet bowed the knee to Baal!"

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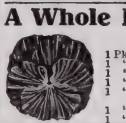

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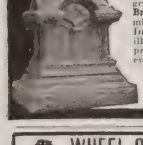

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Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

PETER and Andrew, James and John were plain men, like hundreds of others, who spent their days, and we might almost say their nights, in fishing on the Sea of Galilee. They fished for gain. It was their business, and not a savory business, as we must know when we recall the bad odors of fishing-places and fish-markets. We do not know the names of any of the Galilean fishermen besides Peter and Andrew, James and John. And how wonderful it is that their names are known the world around—not only known, but honored. Men call them Saint Peter, Saint Andrew, Saint James, Saint John. For, from being unlettered men, they are now numbered among the best known and most read authors of the world. What could lift them from such a low to such a high estate? It can be told in five words: They were linked with Jesus. Jesus selected them to be his co-laborers in the work of preaching the Gospel. John and Andrew first became interested in the preaching of John the Baptist, and sometimes left their nets to listen to him. When they heard John speak of the grace and truth that should come by Jesus Christ, they wanted to see and know the Christ.

On the day following his baptism by John, as Jesus was passing by, John the Baptist said to Andrew and John: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Then their acquaintance with Jesus began, for they followed him, and asked where he lived, and were invited by Jesus to go with him to his lodging-place. For hours they listened to the wonderful words of Jesus. Then the two men asked that they might go and bring their brothers, that they too might sit at the feet of the great Teacher. Andrew went and brought to Jesus his brother Simon (Peter), and John brought his brother James. So it was that one day, not very long after, when Jesus was walking beside the Sea of Galilee, he recognized the four men among other fishermen, and his desire went out to them that they should become fishers of men—preachers of the Gospel. When Jesus saw them there, Andrew and Simon were casting their nets into the sea; we would say they were seining. James and John were in the boat with their father Zebedee, mending their nets. Jesus, seeing the empty boat of Andrew and Simon, got into it, and asked Simon to push it out a little from the land; then Jesus used it as a pulpit, sitting down after the manner of Jewish rabbis while he preached to the crowd that gathered on the shore. After the sermon was over, Jesus told Andrew and Simon to sail their boat far out from the shore, and let down their nets to catch fish. They were two discouraged fishermen, for they told Jesus that they had toiled all night and caught nothing. But they answered, "Nevertheless at thy word we will let down the net," and they did. Immediately it was filled with more fish than they could take care of; so they called out to James and John to bring their boat and help them. They were all astonished at the draft of fishes.

It might be supposed that the four fishermen friends of Jesus had a corner in fish that day, and that great gain in money would be the result; but it was not so. They left their fish on the shore, that whosoever desired them might have them free. Jesus had offered them a better business: fishing for men with the Gospel net. "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." We are told that "straightway they left their nets and followed him." Those four men thus became the first four disciples (apostles) of Jesus. Jesus had already been preaching the Gospel for more than a year, with Capernaum as his center, and it was his desire to have co-laborers, that the great Gospel work should go on after he should return to his Father.

What an honor was placed upon men as Christ thus linked them to himself, making them the most famous, the best loved, the most useful men in all the world.

The first four disciples entered at once upon their activity, for they accompanied Jesus upon his preaching tour, and entered with him into the synagogue where he preached to the people and afterwards healed a demoniac. Undoubtedly they were also with Jesus when he healed all the sick who were brought to him at the door of Peter's house (Mark 1: 29-34).

The Joy of Service

"Not to enjoy life, but to employ life" is one of the best of mottoes to live by. It is equally true that after using our energies for the necessities of life, the way to be most happily employed is to do what we can for others "In His Name." Jesus is still calling disciples. His desire for co-laborers never was greater than now. The fields never were so white and so ready for the harvest as now. "The Master is come and calleth for thee." Let each one who reads put his or her own name at the beginning: "William, the Lord is come and calleth for thee." "Alice, the Lord is come and calleth for thee." He will show us plainly what he wants us to do if we will only keep our eyes and ears and hearts attent. Do not let us think any duty that may come to us small and insignificant, and on the other hand let us not be dismayed when a great opportunity opens before us. Let us keep ever in mind that we are co-laborers with Jesus. Let us be up and about our Father's business without delay. He who does his best, however little it may be, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

We shall do much in the years to come,
But what have we done *to-day?*
We shall give out gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done to-day?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

NIXON WATERMAN.

When we have once experienced the joy of loving service, all other things which are usually supposed to make life enjoyable will seem tasteless and insipid. Take the following story from George Kennan's book, *Tent Life in Siberia.* Mr. Kennan and a companion had gone in search of a company of missing American friends, and after a journey by dog sledge for two hundred miles over drifted snow they reached a spot where they thought they might be buried alive. The mercury had sunk to fifty degrees below zero. The feet of the dogs spotted the white snow at every step. One of the two brave explorers had sunk exhausted on his sledge. Suddenly Mr. Kennan heard a faint, long-drawn halloo across the wintry waste. It came from a "Chookchee," who had gone on in advance. As he came up, he discovered the Chookchee standing by a small black pipe projecting from a snowbank. The lost wanderers must

Continued on next page

* The International Sunday School Lesson for March 3, 1912. The Call of the First Disciples. Mark 1:14-28; Luke 5:1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest." Matt. 9:37, 38.

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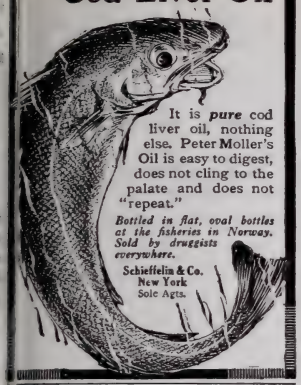

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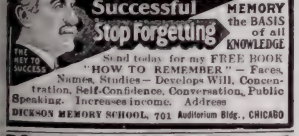

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

be under it. "Thank God! Thank God!" softly said the heroic explorer, and then he shouted down the pipe, "Halloo the house!" He heard a startled voice under his feet reply: "Who's there?" Then he entered the snow cellar and seized hold of his long-lost friends. His joy was so great that he could hardly raise his hand to his lips.

But how much greater is the joy of those who seek lost souls and bring them back again to their Father! Have you ever had this joy? "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as stars forever and ever." (Dan. 12: 3.)

"When Christ gave up his life on the cross, there probably were not a hundred men and women who cared the turn of a hand for him. Might not the Saviour, in calculating the result of a life of teaching and testimony such as his, have said in the hour of his death, 'What have I gained by it?' . . . The right way for a man to live is the way Christ lived. . . . To pour out a tide of thoughts that bless men who read them; to send forth a tide of enthusiasm which tends to lift men up; to bestow a tide of affection on those who need it, and to do those things without watching to see whether the good intended comes from them or not—that is in accordance with the right conception of living. When once your eyes have been enlightened, and you have felt the power of the world to come, and have had its ideal brought down to you, you ought not to be satisfied with any other kind of living."

From an old English parsonage
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message for me.
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching from heaven.
And on through the hours
The quiet words ring
Like a low inspiration:
"*Do ye nexte thynge.*"

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt
Hath it quieted here.
Moment by moment,
Let down from heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given.
Fear not to-morrow,
Child of the King;
Trust them with Jesus!
Do ye nexte thynge.

Author Unknown.

A Christian once truly said: "A holy life is made up of a number of small things: little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not great heroic acts; the little constant sunbeams, not the lightning flash; the sweet waters that go softly, not the rushing torrent, these are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life."

How to Teach the Lesson to Children

It seems natural for children to want to help somebody, particularly to help father or mother; therefore, begin the lesson by asking them to tell what they have ever done to help in their homes. Then suppose that Jesus should some day come to visit in their homes, or they should see him walking on the street, what would they like to do to help him? Tell them that when Jesus lived in this world he asked some people to be his helpers. Here will come in the lesson story about his first four disciples. Then to make the lesson very practical, tell the children that because they cannot do things for Jesus, he has sweetly said that whatsoever we do for others because we love him, he will count as having been done for him. The Golden Text is quite too difficult for children to memorize understandingly; better substitute for it: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 25: 40.)

Answered Prayers

G. S. K., Lansdale, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

Mrs. S. A. R., Austin, Texas. "God has answered my prayer by sparing my baby boy when ill."

Mrs. K., Petersburg, Mich. "God answered my prayer for a certain thing which I much desired."

M. H. R., Hopkinsville, Ky. "God has mercifully answered my prayers to restore my child to health."

Mrs. L. W. S. "I wish to add my testimony to the fact that God hears and answers prayer. He has done so for me."

Mrs. R. M. T., Santa Ana, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to prayer in restoring my daughter to health."

Mrs. I. J. Harless, Farmersville, Texas. "God answered my prayer, when my son was very ill, and restored him to health."

An Old Reader, Akron, O. "I very much desired a certain thing to come to pass. The Lord answered my prayer."

E. Martinez. "I want to thank the Lord for answering my prayer, and so saving me from a very unpleasant moment."

V. MacR., Turlock, Calif. "We looked to God in prayer and faith, and he has spared a loved one who was in poor health."

H. S. D., Marshalltown, Ia. "I prayed to God that he would restore to health my two children. He answered my prayers, as he has many, many times."

I. M. R., Washington, R. I. "My prayer for work and recovery from sickness were answered very plainly, and I wish to make public acknowledgment to God."

A Friend, Perry, Okla. "God has answered the prayers of Christian people and prevented the saloons from coming back to Oklahoma. He answered our prayers. We still have prohibition."

Mrs. E. J. G., East Orange, N. J. "I desire to acknowledge to the world that the Lord relieved a suffering dear one, and in answer to prayer, released her soul from her diseased body and took her to himself."

Called Higher

Mrs. C. H. Bell, of Jackson, Miss., passed away May 30, 1911.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stone (72), of Washington, D. C., passed away last spring.

Mrs. Allie M. Anderson, of Plainfield, Wis., died September 1, 1911, at the home of her mother.

Herman Osgood, of Lower Cabot, Vt., died September 19, 1911. He was a devoted reader of this paper.

William H. Morrison, for thirty-five years a subscriber to this paper, died March 19, 1911, at West Collingwood, N. J.

W. A. Lawrence, of Elwood, Neb., died on Easter Sunday morning, 1911. He was a great lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. H. H. Hochstrasser, of Toulon, Ill., passed away June 17, 1911. She was a faithful reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. L. Whiting Smith (77), of Klondike, Ore., passed from this life October 2, 1911. He was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Thomas Green (76), of Paterson, N. J., passed to the great beyond, on March 7, 1911. She was long a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Sarah D. Hartman (85), of Reading, Pa., passed away September 11, 1911. She was for twenty years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Zora M. Fram passed from this life September 13, 1911, at her home in Burton Station, O. She had been a devoted reader of this paper for twenty years.

William R. Brandenburg (83) departed this life June 14, 1911, at his home in Noblesville, Ind. He had been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for more than twenty years.

Mrs. Annie K. Hansen, of Northfield, N. D., passed to her heavenly home on June 21, 1911. Hers was a long life of Christian activity and influence in public causes. She was a devoted reader of this paper.

Mrs. M. A. Reed (85), of Kansas City, Mo., was taken from this life several months ago. She was for more than twenty years a subscriber to this paper, which was a great pleasure to her up to the time of her death.

Mrs. Emma M. LeVey
Bridgeport, Conn.

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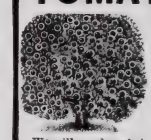

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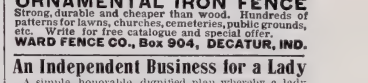

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The Stuart Washington Portrait

(See Illustration on Cover Page)

GILBERT CHARLES STUART was born in Narragansett, Rhode Island, on December 3, 1755. His father, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, had come to this country and set up a snuff-mill, and was known as "The old snuff-grinder." When Gilbert was still a mere lad a Scotch artist, one Cosomo Alexander, took him to Scotland, where in the University of Glasgow he received some general education and special instruction in drawing. At the end of two years, however, Alexander died, and young Stuart worked his way home on a collier. Thirsting for knowledge and quick to understand what he felt to be of utmost importance in his art, namely, drawing from life, and an education, he studied the lives of great masters and Greek and Latin and paid a strong muscled blacksmith a quarter of a dollar an evening to pose for him. It is interesting to note that, ever after, the great portrait-painter attributed much of the pre-eminent quality of his modeling and the unusual strength and rotundity of his work to the many faithful studies he made of the brawny smith. In 1775 war seemed imminent in his own country, sitters were difficult to get, and he was very poor. Fearing lest the war would last many years, he embarked on board the last ship that escaped detention in Boston harbor and set out for the goal of his ambition, which was to study art with Sir Benjamin West, president of the Royal Academy in London.

We read in his delightful biography: "West was dining some friends when I called on him first, and the answer which he sent me was, that he was engaged. On being told that it was some one from America, 'Show him in,' said the great man; and after that it was easy enough." In a very few days the daring and ambitious student became domiciled in the West family and was entered in the anatomy classes of Joshua Reynolds, the drawing classes of Doctor Cruickshank, and Trumbull and Sully gave him the benefit of their criticism. Gilbert Stuart was still a young man when his brilliant career began and both fame and fortune attended him. One of his highest ambitions while he was still in England was to return to his own country and give to Americans a faithful portrait of Washington, and thus in some measure to associate his name with the name of the Father of his Country. His ambition is well justified in the sublime portrait which is the subject of our cover, and easily the greatest of the famous Stuart Washingtons. A nobler personification of wisdom, strength and goodness reposing in the majesty of a serene countenance is not to be found anywhere. Gilbert Stuart was not only the first American portrait-painter; he was a philosopher, a scholar and a gentleman. Seven hundred and fifty-four portraits of the noted men and women of his time testify to his popularity, and at his death in 1828 he bequeathed to his country the rich inheritance of his fame.

Farmers' Institutes

TEACHERS' Institutes, in which the teachers of a certain town, county or State, meet at set times to discuss the methods of their profession and to interchange ideas as to improvement, have been long and favorably known throughout the country. While we have had local, county and State Agricultural Societies time out of mind, it is only within the past decade that Farmers' Institutes have come to the front as a potent influence in the uplift of agriculture. The subjects discussed at these meetings suggest themselves at once, but it is the fact of the meetings themselves to which we wish to call attention. Institute work is now established in forty-four States. In forty-one States 5,582 institutes were held last year; of these 3,723 were one-day meetings; 1,704 two days, and 155 three days or more. There were held 15,532 sessions, at which there was an attendance of 1,904,676. The special institutes aggregated an attendance of 1,252,933, making the entire attendance at institutes of all kinds, 3,327,092. This was 383,848 more than in 1910.

In addition to the institutes, 149 movable schools were held with an attendance of 39,965. There were 62 railroad instruction trains, which covered 35,705 miles; with these trains were 740 lecturers, and the lectures were heard by 939,120 persons. In addition to this instruction and opportunities for getting acquainted, there were hundreds of farmers' picnics and sociables, all helping forward the cause of agriculture and tending to the uplift of the country's most important workers. Yes, the farmer is coming into his own, after the long waiting, for which he is not himself wholly blameless.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST E. P. TELFORD, who has been remarkably successful in England, is now revisiting this country on an evangelistic mission. Many hundreds have been converted under his ministry in Great Britain, and his labors in America two years ago were also greatly blessed.

—F. HERBERT RHODES, of the China Inland Mission, Chefoo, writes: "There never was a period in the history of China when its people more urgently needed the earnest prevailing prayers of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and the help and sympathy of the Western nations."

—WARREN, O., HAS just experienced the greatest religious awakening in her history. Rev. M. H. Lyon, D.D., of Wheaton, Ill., and an evangelistic party led a religious campaign. The big tabernacle, seating 4,000, was thronged with crowds every evening for five weeks. Thirteen hundred expressed a purpose to begin the Christian life.

BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

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Prepared roofing cannot be leak-proof. It cannot last. It peels, cracks, warps and the elements get to it sooner or later. Slate chips, cracks and is far too expensive in transit. Shingles blow off, warp and leak and the up-keep is entirely too expensive. There are no draw-backs to Steel Roofing. It lasts year in and year out with only ordinary care. You are absolutely safe and secure from the elements. It is insurance proof, and is the only real safe and sure roofing to use.

By one of those unusual occurrences, one in a lifetime we came into possession of this lot of Roofing, comprising the weights and sizes, corrugated and crimped, which places us in a position to very materially undersell anything that we or anyone else has heretofore been in a position to offer. This is your opportunity to get your supply at a price that will net you a tremendous saving. But you must put in your reservation at once if you wish to participate. No need, however, to buy now. Simply write us for samples, then state about when you will want your supply and we will hold it for you without any deposit of any sort, or shipment will be made immediately.

But by no means overlook this opportunity. Get our samples at once and our complete prices. They will startle you. You will be surprised at what a trifling cost you can now throw away your troublesome shingles, slate and prepared roofing, and have for all time, complete shelter that will cause you no further trouble—will last a lifetime.

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$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him $1,009.31 in 1910, and kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry Keeping."

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Is the name of a new book by Edgar Warren, the popular and reliable writer upon poultry topics. It is written for the man or woman who wants to add to their income in quite a line that will not interfere with their present occupation. It is so plainly written that the person who never kept a hen, by following the instructions of the book, can make a success from the start. Tells what breeds pay and what do not. Discusses pigeon raising, fruit growing, berries and gardening in connection with poultry. Describes two simple, practical poultry houses which can be built at low cost and sold when the owner gets through with them. Tells how to hatch and brood chicks, both naturally and artificially, and describes a wonderful brooder system that can be installed at low cost. Do you know how to pick out the layers? Can you tell with your eyes shut which hens are laying and which are not? "Side-Line Poultry Keeping" will show you. It will tell you what to feed for eggs, how to get fertile eggs, how to grow green food in winter, how to make lice powder that will kill the lice as soon as it touches them, what to do in case of sickness, etc., etc. Shows you how you can get the top-notch prices for what you have to sell. Has a chapter on "Laying Down Eggs," which gives the two methods which are absolutely safe and reliable. Lay down eggs in March and April, and sell them in November and December, and make 100 per cent profit. Drawings and description of a trap-nest with which to keep individual records. Gives Mr. Dunlap's cure for White Diarrhoea. Tells how to send dressed fowls to market with empty crops without shrinkage in weight. These are but a few of the good things in the book.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

God's Purposes and Love*

EVERYBODY knows Mrs. May Riley Smith's beautiful poem illustrating the truth that "God doth not afflict us willingly," but for our own good, and to work out the transcendent purposes of the universe. Let us quote its first stanza as a fit introduction to this great theme:

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

The modern expression of the same thought is most powerfully voiced perhaps by the greatest of the nineteenth century poets, Robert Browning. The noble Festus, watching beside his erring friend Paraclesus, cries,

God, thou art love! I build my faith on that.
Even as I watch beside my tortured friend,
Unconscious whose hot tears fall fast by him,
So doth thy right hand guide us through the world
Wherein we stumble.

And as Paracelsus dies, he confesses his error in having tried for knowledge without love. He sees that love should "precede power,"

. . . and with much power, always much more love.

David sings in *Saul*,

I report as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.

The apostle John, in *A Death in the Desert*, keeps his Scriptural character wholly, in making love the burden of what is described as his last earthly discourse. He cries:

I say this is death and the sole death,
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest.

No more loving soul ever walked our earth and labored for its good than the saintly Madame Guyon. Early weaned from a life of vanity and fashion by beautiful revelations of Christ's love, she began to model her life upon his. The greatest influence for good which came to her, she says, was a brief conversation with a poor monk who joined her one day as she was walking to church with her footman.

"He spoke to me in a wonderful manner," she testifies, "of God and divine things. He said that God demanded the utmost purity and height of Christian attainment."

From that day she gave herself anew to Christ. Two years later her beauty, which had been the greatest cause of her pride, was taken from her by smallpox. Then she lost a darling child; then her property; then, for seven years, all her joy in her religion, "living," as she said, "by faith alone." Then she saw that her trials were given to purify her. She bore nobly a long imprisonment for her religion, and her joy returned. Her great experience was transcribed in sixty wonderful volumes to be an aid to Christians forevermore.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, March 3. TEXTS: Hosea 2: 16-23; John 3: 16.

Patience*

DR. GRENFELL tells of a small fishing schooner which started for Newfoundland one winter from the port of Cadiz, Spain. She was manned with tough Newfoundland sailors, well seasoned by long battling with ocean storms, and her captain knew his business well and was afraid of nothing. They were in the very midst of the Atlantic when they were struck by a waterspout, and swept clean of mast, bowsprit, bulwarks, boats and deck-houses. The deck itself "gaped open like a sieve." Their only hope was to keep afloat until some passing vessel should pick them up, but could they do it? Gale after gale struck them. Their food was cold and wet. They were wretched and begged to give up the fight and be allowed to die, but the captain exercised his ingenuity to inspirit them and keep them at the pumps. One steamer passed them by; then a second. They were in despair. At last, when even the captain was beginning to waver, a third great liner hove in sight. If this chance were lost, they felt they could not hold out for another. They lit a huge bonfire on their deck, knowing well that it would set fire to their vessel, but knowing also that it was their only hope.

The great ship signaled, "Can you hold out till morning?" "No, we are sinking now," they signaled back. The ship at once lowered its steel lifeboat. The giant seas crushed it in an instant. Then a wooden lifeboat was let down, manned with its crew. This, too, was doubled up ere it touched the surface of the sea, and broke into a thousand fragments, while the brave sailors in it just saved their lives.

Still, the good ship would not give up. Down over its side came next a light, collapsible boat, that was "dropped from the davits on the run." This weathered the sea, and all of the perishing men on the schooner were saved.

Just such a fight for life as the schooner made; just such an effort to save as the liner made; just such odds as both met and endured and conquered, are necessary from time to time for us all in the moral world, and must be overcome there. Bear, bear, struggle, struggle, get beaten over and over again, then pick yourselves up and press forward—this is the routine and the law of life.

In all departments, patience, the most difficult of the virtues, is needed to achieve success. In the higher intellectual arts, it is especially required. Only once in hundreds of times does an artist, a musician, a writer come into reputation or produce a worthy work quickly and easily. Generally, repeated failures precede success.

Patience, in the true sense of the word, is not dull stolidity. It endures quietly and bravely, but is on the alert to seize every occasion. As it waits, it is strengthening its armor. Above all, it is fixing its faith upon the high things of God. As Professor Peabody once eloquently said: "To live in the presence of great truths, to be led by permanent ideals, this is what keeps a man patient."

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 3. TEXT: II. Thess. 3: 1-5.

The Celebration of a Centenary of Peace

TO MOST Americans the year 1812 suggests but one thing—the War of 1812. And two years ago plans were well under way to celebrate in this country with pomp and ceremony the principal battles and victories of that war. From the first the idea was unpopular, however, and a far happier suggestion has supplanted it, a suggestion that instead of celebrating the battles of a century ago, English-speaking people all over the world unite to celebrate the century of unbroken peace between America and Great Britain. Frequently since the signing of the Treaty of Ghent have we had serious disputes with England, but in every instance they have been settled with arbitration and reason, without once coming to blows.

Preliminary meetings for the purpose of appointing executive committees to carry out the details of the vast undertaking have already been held in New York and London. And many of the foremost men have declared themselves willing to devote both time and money to the supreme event of the modern world, the Jubilee of Peace between the two great English-speaking nations.

One of the features of the jubilee will be the setting up of a line of permanent artistic monuments to be placed at intervals of a hundred miles, along the 3,840 miles of unarmed frontier which separates Canada from the United States.

The Washington-Quebec Highway will be opened. The boulevard across the Canadian Peninsula to Windsor and Detroit, and from Detroit to the State line near Chicago, making an international highway 1,300 miles long, will also be dedicated. Three bridges of monumental character will be built across the Niagara River and a great international park is to be planned.

The prospective tunnel from the Canadian shore to Belle Isle, and the bridge from Belle Isle to the American shore will be opened and the building begun. These are a few of the plans which already have been approved and accepted. Besides these permanent monuments there will, of course, be innumerable pageants and parades and other popular features of the centennial celebration.

But by far the most impressive moments of all the festivities will be: first on Christmas Eve, 1914, when religious ceremonies appropriate to the celebration shall begin in the cathedral at Ghent where the signing of the treaty was celebrated one hundred years ago. The news will be flashed by wireless around the world, and celebration services in every English church of any denomination will be simultaneously held. Again, on the fourteenth of the following February, centenary of the day Congress ratified the treaty of Ghent, there will be a five-minute cessation of all work wherever the American and British flags fly, and English-speaking people everywhere will be requested to offer silent prayer and thanksgiving.

Peace societies have a vast and important work before them. Much is to be done and there is little enough time in which to prepare.

The general topic for discussion from this time forth will always include ways and means of doing our share in the supreme undertaking of nations. We should bear constantly in mind that there is nothing comparable to it in all the vast affairs of men. All who are in any way interested in the principles of the Peace movement are cordially invited to join the ranks of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League. Every Peace Circle organized is a great encouragement and help to us. Organization leaflets with plans, programs and general suggestions for Peace club meetings and social evenings, together with interesting leaflets bearing upon the subject of Peace, will be sent to any address on request.

Address all communications to Secretary of CHRISTIAN HERALD Peace League, Bible House, New York City.

Howard C. Rash

My Natural Body Brace

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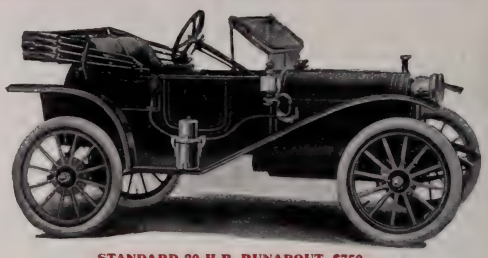

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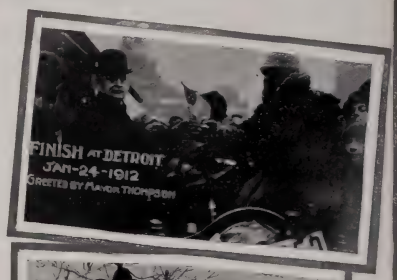
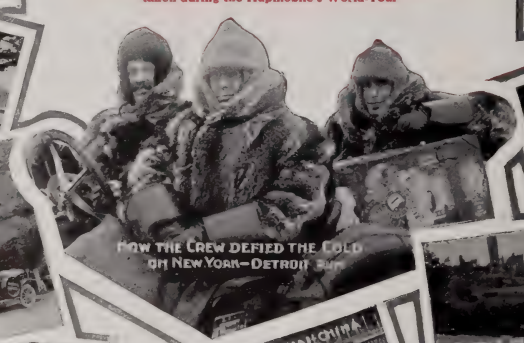
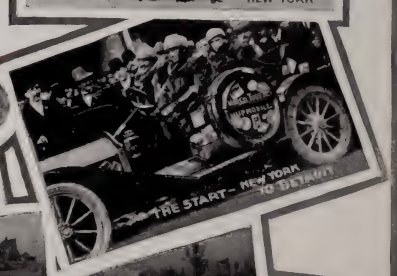
The accompanying views are reproduced from photographs taken during the Hupmobile's World-Tour







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The Matterhorn

See Description on Page 207

OUR · MAIL · BAG

Questions and Answers

H. L., New York City. A backslider, guilty of repeatedly breaking the same commandment, becomes repentant. He spends days and nights in deepest agony of repentance. Finally the Holy Spirit flooded his soul, bringing the sense of pardon and regeneration. While he still feels a deep sense of sorrow because of having committed the sin, he has an intense longing for God, and a desire to work for him. Do you think he can feel that he has a right to work for God again?

Working for God is the very best thing he can do. There is nothing in Scripture to warrant the conclusion that a backslider, who is truly repentant, and *puts his sin resolutely behind* him, may not expect full forgiveness. Our Father, who knows all our weakness and our temptations, is merciful and never refuses to accept the repentant sinner who comes seeking pardon in Jesus' name. Still, there is one thing the backslider must endure: the old scars of sin will remain, the memory of ingratitude cannot be effaced, and the joy of assured acceptance will be subdued by these recollections. The case of the persistent and habitual backslider, who "plays hard and fast" with God, is a far more serious one. See Heb. 6: 4-9.

J. T. P., Drakesboro, Ky. What are the other instances of a love like that of Damon and Pythias?

The most notable examples are those of Castor and Pollux, twin gods in Greek and Roman mythology, and David and Jonathan in the early history of Israel (I. Sam., chapters 14, 18, 19, 20, 23; II. Sam. 1: 17-27).

J. P. Fish, La Grangeville, N. Y. Was Jesus, up to the time of his appearance in the temple when he was twelve years old, different from other boys of his own age?

There is nothing in the New Testament to indicate that the childhood of Jesus was essentially different from that of other boys, except, of course, that he never did wrong. The stories of his arbitrary and grotesque exhibitions of miraculous power among his playmates are absolutely without foundation and are foreign to the spirit of the Gospel narrative. Even after the appearance in the temple the picture drawn of him is that of a normal, healthy, obedient boy. He "was subject" to his parents; he "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Doubtless from this time forward he became conscious of his divine mission.

Miss A. B., Lusk, Texas. Please tell the history of "Mother's Day," and what day has been set apart for it by the States that observe it.

Miss Anna Jarvis, 2031 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, founded "Mother's Day" in 1905, and will upon request furnish programs for its observance. The second Sunday in May is the regular date; a white carnation (or whatever may have been the mother's favorite flower) is worn in the buttonhole. Some have celebrated the day by dedicating playgrounds, orphanages, hospitals, libraries or other memorials to the memory of departed mothers. Special presents and loving visits are given to living mothers. Forty-three governors have asked their States to celebrate it.

Subscriber, Decorah, Ia. What are we to understand by Dan. 12: 1, and Matt. 24: 21?

Typically, "at that time" is interpreted as referring to the close of Antiochus' reign, when great troubles afflicted the Jews. In the larger sense, it is held to refer to the last stand and the destruction of Antichrist at Christ's coming. Matt. 24: 21 refers to the passage in Daniel 12 and bears the same twofold explanation.

R. C. K., Coyote, Mont. I write to ask about Matt. 20: 12-16. Why did Christ use this as a likeness of the kingdom of heaven? Is it not natural for any one who has to work to sympathize with the men who worked from early morning? Would not this be a difficult passage to explain to a labor union man in Bible study, or to a prospective convert?

In the parable of the vineyard, it is shown (1) that true Christianity is active service rendered to Christ; (2) that such service should be regarded as a privilege, instead of an infliction, even if unrewarded; (3) that rewards are not of merit, but of pure grace, even though they may be attached to faithful work; (4) that the Lord is free to "do what he will with his own"; yet his rewards and recognitions are stamped with equity, since in his sight, zeal, fidelity and self-sacrifice may more than counterbalance lack of long service; (5) that those who, through various causes, may come in late are none the less welcome, and finally (6) that the foremost in the world's estimation may have in heaven's ranks a lower place than that of some far humbler worker. Referring to the latter part of your question, we do not see why it could not be explained satisfactorily to ordinary labor. If a worker serving a whole day receives the full allowance agreed upon, he surely has no fault to find on his own account. The contract with him has been scrupulously kept. If the employer, taking pity on the necessity of those who were unable to come early, paid them, too, the full wages, such an act of pure liberality should not be construed as a reflection on the other workmen. Why should we begrudge another his good fortune, when we ourselves have been treated with absolute fairness?

Mrs. W. A. G., Iron Mountain, Mich. In our Sunday School lesson there was some dispute as to who Simeon and Anna were. Were they related to Jesus?

Simeon was a devout Jew, inspired by the Holy Ghost. In one of the Apochryphal Gospels —that of Nicodemus—he is called a high priest. The Jews mention a rabban named Simon, who was of the family of David, and who became president of the Sanhedrin about A.D. 13, but whether he was identical with the Simeon mentioned by Luke cannot be definitely stated. Anna was an aged widow of the tribe of Asher, who, during her widowhood, attended daily the morning and evening services. It is nowhere stated that she was related either to Mary or Joseph.

H. C. C., Ola, Idaho. From the Gospel narrative we learn that Jesus was born shortly before the death of Herod the Great. Herod died in the year of Rome 750-751, which corresponds to the year which we now designate as 4 B.C. to 3 B.C. Hence, Jesus was born at least as early as 4 B.C. Please explain.

Herod the Great died in B.C. 4, according to the accepted chronology. It has long been known that the accepted chronology (with respect to the Nativity) was misdated through an error in calculation (said to have originated with a writer of the early church, named Exiguus) by which the date of the Nativity was put four years later than the time at which it actually took place. The best scholars to-day agree that our Lord's age at the time of his baptism (the fifteenth year of Tiberius), was thirty years, which would fix the date of the Nativity in B.C. 3, counting backwards. If, as some writers assume, he was fully thirty years, this would fix the date of his birth some time in B.C. 4. This is as near as any of the scholars have been able to determine.

B. F. L., Eufaula, Wash. 1. What class of Christians is referred to in Rev. 20: 4, 5? 2. What is meant by talent in Matt. 25: 14, 15? 3. Please explain Rom. 10: 15.

1. The twelve apostles and the saints in general are referred to. Judgment was assigned to them. Though in one sense they are to stand before the judgment seat, yet in another sense "they do not come into judgment, but have already passed from death to life." They are the righteous and the martyrs, and those who have suffered for Christ's sake and who now share in the first resurrection. 2. The talents referred to in the parable are the various gifts and endowments, natural or spiritual, original or acquired, which they are expected to use to the best advantage in the Master's service and for which use he will hold them accountable. While the proportion of gifts or talents may differ in each, the same fidelity and zeal are required of all, and their rewards are in equitable proportion. The talents may be education, business ability or the inheritance of wealth, or they may be purely spiritual; but all can be made available for the highest purposes when rightly used, each in its own special channel of service. 3. The "sending" to which Paul refers is clearly a missionary one, as the sending of an evangelist or a teacher or preacher about whose spiritual qualifications no question need be raised. God gives the message, the messenger is ready and it is the church's part to equip him and send him forth on his mission. Paul himself held it to be a divine mission (Acts 26: 16-18).

W. E., Vallejo, Calif. Two Sundays ago, in our Bible class, it was stated that people could not write during Moses' time, and that Moses did not write the five books attributed to Moses. Can you give us any light on the subject?

Both assertions were wide of the mark. There is no doubt that long before the Exodus, there was a learned class in Egypt whose wisdom is still found partially preserved in hieroglyphs and other inscriptions and who had laws and historic records that were preserved in tablets. As to the authorship of the five books (the Pentateuch), volumes have been written on both sides of the question, but the orthodox view is, and always has been, that they were largely the work of Moses, or written under his direction.

L. T. H., Dumbarton. Please suggest seven reasons for attending Sunday School, which could be printed on a card used for inviting new pupils and following up absentees.

I. You need to know what the Bible teaches; the Sunday School gives you the best help in finding out. II. Other people who ought to go will stay away if you do. III. You need Christ; the Sunday School helps you to find him. IV. You need the help of Christian friends, of Christian songs and prayers; you find them at Sunday School. V. The Sunday School needs you; every new pupil and worker makes the school more enthusiastic and successful. VI. Patriotism and civic pride should take you to Sunday School; your community and the whole nation are helped beyond the power of reckoning by these schools, where the Word of God is taught, and clean, kind living urged. VII. World citizenship calls you to the Sunday School; it is a big, world-wide movement for righteousness, and if you want to make your life count for the most you should keep in touch with the movement and help it along.

Iowa's Champion Corn-Raisers and Champion Bread-Maker

ON FEBRUARY 1, ten Iowa schoolboys, each a champion cornraiser in his own county, visited President Taft and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson in Washington, D. C. They were accompanied by Miss Lois Edmonds, eleven years old, Iowa's champion bread-maker. These children were sent to Washington by the Congressional delegation of Iowa, the boys that they might visit the country's agricultural headquarters and Miss Edmonds that she might bake a loaf of bread for President Taft. In spite of her youth, Miss Edmonds wrested the honor of the championship of Iowa in the bread-baking field from 1,400 other contestants. The boys were accompanied by Professor F. C. Bishop, of Ames Agricultural College, and Miss Edmonds by her mother and sister. Miss Edmonds is the little girl in white at the left side of the accompanying photograph.

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Miscellaneous

L., Covington, Tenn. See answer to another correspondent on same subject in this issue.

J. W. W., Raymond, Minn. See explanation of Ps. 108: 9 as to Moab and Edom in the last week's issue.

Annie R., Elmhurst, L. I. Write to the composer, Benjamin Butts, 701 West 179th Street, New York City, for the information you seek.

S. V. K., Pennsylvania. The time which elapsed between the birth of Jesus and the coming of the Magi is not expressly stated. It may have been several weeks or even months afterwards. Some of the traditions held in the Eastern Church would seem to indicate a still longer period.

Reader, Kan. By all means, keep on with your present occupation. Watch vigilantly for your opportunity and be ready to take advantage of it when it comes. Write to the *Scientific American*, New York, for practical advice concerning your invention. Do not lose hope, pray hard, work hard, and trust.

Reader, Hinton, W. Va. There are cases in which, for obvious reasons, restitution is impossible, for the time at least. An opportunity may come later. Meanwhile, you have a right to ask and expect forgiveness, even if you are unable to meet such demands. God looks at the heart. He does not expect us to accomplish impossibilities.

C. E. O., Rock Island, Ill. The ancient Irish language, which is still preserved and spoken by many in that country, is a written language of the Celtic order and capable of high oratorical and poetical expression. There is a society especially organized for its preservation. The Irish is one of the very ancient Celtic races, which accepted Christianity about 430 A.D.

O. R. R., Long Beach, N. Y. Read the best authors to acquire a good style. Study at every opportunity and make yourself perfect in grammar. A writer should have a good vocabulary —that is, a good variety of words—to give freedom of expression. You should by all means stand by the church of your parents—the Lutheran—and become a regular minister. It is a good, progressive, spiritual Christian church, and you will get soul satisfaction from your connection with it. Your composition gives promise, and shows that, with study, you may be able to write well.

G. B. G., Malmada, Neb. 1. He was a baseball player when he became converted, since which time he has rendered much excellent service as an evangelist. 2. That Adam and Eve had other children besides Cain, Abel and Seth, is made evident in Gen. 5: 4; Cain was the eldest (see Gen. 4: 1, 2); and from the following verse it may be inferred that Abel came next. Seth was not born until long afterward. 3. The land of Nod simply means "land of exile," to which Cain was banished. In the course of time, Adam's progeny must have multiplied, and Cain doubtless married a wife who was of his own blood and kindred.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

All That Remains of the Temple of Apollo

The Church of St. Paul in Modern Corinth

The Ruins of Ancient Corinth, Looking West

In the Footsteps of St. Paul

New Corinth, Old Corinth and St. Paul's Corinth

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President, Christian Endeavor

WHEN one reaches the railway station at Corinth, he is yet miles from the site of the city which St. Paul knew, for New Corinth has moved down from the high plateau under the shadow of its great natural citadel, and planted itself on the shores of the gulf which bears its name. It is worth while to linger here for a few minutes, for it gives us a modern view of one of the larger Greek towns, and at the same time shows us some of the everyday sights which must have been very familiar to the great apostle. Doubtless, during his long residence in the city on the hill, he often wandered to the shore and gazed out over the blue waters of the gulf to the majestic mountains on the farther shore.

Eliminate the railway and the railway station, the telegraph poles and wires; clear away the dismal, monotonous, flat-roofed houses and the dirty streets and lanes, and substitute for them orange and olive groves and vineyards, which very likely occupied the site of modern Corinth, and you have the scene that Paul saw. In all its great natural features of mountain and plain and gulf, and in the character of its vegetation; in the fleecy clouds above, in the play of the glorious eastern sunlight on the farther hills and the glint of the lustrous moon on the rippling waters, the site of Corinth has not changed during these nineteen hundred years.

The first impression that one gets of New Corinth is certainly not a happy one, particularly if one arrives on a dark, rainy day in winter, or on a glaring summer noon, with the dust blowing in clouds down the dirty streets. Your baggage is seized by a ragged porter, and with it you are bundled into a dilapidated barouche, which has probably done duty for many years in Athens or some such ambitious city, until it was sent to Corinth to finish its career. The driver whips up his raw-boned horses, and rattles you over the horrible roads as though his life depended on reaching your hotel in three minutes instead of five. The hostelry you find is modest in everything but price; but it is clean, the one *sine qua non* which must always be insisted on in Greece, and the fare at the table is very good, though scarcely worth the dollar which is charged for a dinner. But these are trifles, for one goes to Corinth not to secure all the luxuries of the season, but to transport himself into the past, and to renew his faith at the ancient altars.

Yet the present is very insistent in obtruding itself upon you as you step out of your hotel door. In noting the little, even trivial, things of everyday life in modern Corinth, you feel that at the same time you are getting nearer to the past, for in the "unchanging East," much more than in ever-changing America, the common sights and sounds are much the same, yesterday and to-day, if not forever. As you step out of the hotel door, you see a country woman, in glaring colors, driving a small flock of turkeys up and down the street, with the help of a long wand and a small boy, similarly armed. Occasionally a buyer appears, and after many futile attempts, accompanied by much indignant gobbling on the part of the turkeys, one of the big birds is caught and has to submit to be ignominiously felt by the prospective buyer, who wishes thus to judge of his age and tenderness. After several such captures have been made, and much preliminary haggling, a bargain is struck, the turkey is carried off, and the woman, the boy, and the long wands collect the diminished flock and seek another buyer. Doubtless just such homely little comedies have been enacted in the streets of Corinth, old and new, for the last three thousand years. If my hypercritical reader should say that turkeys were introduced from America, and could not have been seen in Corinth in St. Paul's time, I would reply that geese and ducks and chickens were doubtless known, and that they were treated in much the same way.

A Greek Woman Spinning as She Walks

["The church that is in Corinth" in the background]

The fish of the sea, as well as the fowls of the air, are the same as in the olden days, and are captured in the same primitive manner. The shores of the gulf are but a scant three minutes' walk from our hotel, and there we see exactly the scene that Paul, as he went to the shore, must have often viewed—fishermen hauling the net. In a great clumsy boat they have rowed out half way across the gulf, which here is a mile or more wide, and have thrown overboard their long net, paying it out a little at a time until its great circle can enclose a multitude of fishes, if they are only there to be caught. Then the fishermen row back to the shore in a wide sweep, and jumping to the land, a dozen brawny men and as many boys begin to haul in the net, using the end of a cord which goes around their shoulders and which they deftly twist around the ropes attached to the net, thus being able to use the strength of their shoulders as well as their hands in hauling the heavy meshes through the water. So far out was the net cast that to haul it in is a matter of two or three hours, and the fishermen console themselves by singing and grunting and munching slices torn from great loaves of hard bread which are piled up on the shore for their use.

At last the net nears the shore, and the excitement of "the lottery of the sea" brings numerous loafers from the town and soldiers of the little garrison to see what luck awaits the fishermen. The fish are all entangled at the very end of the net, and when this is seen coming out of the water, barelegged boys and men jump in and throw upon the shore perhaps a bushel of little fish like sardines, and a very few larger ones, as a reward for their half day of toil. Uncounted generations of fishermen have caught the same kind of fish in the same way, at the same spot, on the Gulf of Corinth, and as we watch them we are transported into the past as we could be in no other way by these very modern descendants of Peter and Andrew.

The town of Corinth need detain us but a very short time. It is "hideously

Continued on next page

NEW MEN IN NOTABLE PLACES

Princeton's New Head

AFTER the lapse of a year and a half since the resignation of President Woodrow Wilson, who then became Governor of New Jersey, Princeton University has elected to its presidency Rev. John Grier Hibben. The Princeton *Alumni Weekly* gives the following sketch of the new official:

"Professor Hibben comes to the presidency in his fifty-second year remarkably equipped for the high office which he is to fill. There are special reasons why the incoming president should be a member of the faculty who commands the high respect of his colleagues, and who possesses an intimate knowledge of the problems now before the university. President Hibben fulfils this important requirement to an extraordinary degree. Tactful yet firm, a stanch defender of convictions but without partizanship, he is thoroughly alive to the importance of carrying on the time-honored traditions of Princeton in their full vigor, and he is in active sympathy with the educational standards of our course of study, the preceptorial teaching and the development of the graduate college. An honor graduate of the administration of that educator of educators, Dr. McCosh, his twenty years of service as a Princeton teacher have broadened his knowledge of and intensified his devotion to the Princeton standards of scholarship and manhood.

"Professor Hibben's growing fame as a scholar is recognized in philosophical circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Lately president of the American Philosophical Association, the author of several well-known books, he is now the editor-in-chief of a series of philosophical works to which the most eminent thinkers of Great Britain and America are contributors. His public lectures for the last two years have aroused a new enthusiasm for the study of philosophy in Princeton.

"During the temporary absence of President Wilson in 1906, Professor Hibben was the natural selection of the trustees to preside at commencement and confer the degrees as acting president."

In the course of a speech at his inaugural dinner, President Hibben said:

"As I interpret the messages which have come to me from Princeton men, I am deeply impressed with the fact that they expect me, above and before everything else, to conserve the old Princeton traditions. This responsibility I gladly accept, and to it I pledge my constant and loyal effort. In this connection I wish it very distinctly understood how I use this word 'conserve.' I use the phrase 'conservation of Princeton traditions' in its philosophical sense. Conservation in this sense signifies progress without loss of essential values. It does not mean standing still, but it means going forward.

"I feel, also, that it is incumbent upon me, as far as it within me lies, to conserve the democratic spirit of Princeton, and by that I mean the spirit which judges a man among his fellow men always upon his own merit and never upon the consideration of any adventitious circumstances of birth or of wealth. I believe that this spirit is here in Princeton to-day, and it has been here from the beginning.

"Finally, a word in relation to the Princeton traditions of religion. It will be my duty and my privilege, both in season and out of season, to maintain and set forward all of the influences in our academic life which make for the true spirit of religion. Princeton has always stood, and I trust always will stand, for the Christian religion interpreted in a broad and tolerant sense. We welcome men of all denominations to Princeton, and we wish it distinctly understood that Princeton, as an institution, is pledged to a simple but firm belief in the God of our fathers, who founded this place in faith and in love."

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M. Raymond Poincaré

Dr. John Grier Hibben

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Mr. Solon Menos

The New Premier of France

M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ, the new French premier, is a leading Paris lawyer and a member of the French Academy. The new premier was born at Bar-le-Duc in 1860, and began his political career as a deputy in 1887. At thirty-two he became minister of public instruction, and he has also been finance minister. He now becomes foreign minister, an office he has twice declined.

The European press is unanimous in its verdict that M. Poincaré heads one of the strongest ministries since the third republic was proclaimed by Gambetta. Poincaré has long been renowned as a stylist. His essays have been compared for charm with those of Montaigne. His eloquence in the chamber became, almost from the day of his maiden speech there, the model upon which French oratory forms itself. His magnetism reminds the *Débats* of Victor Hugo as his brilliance suggests Gambetta to the *Figaro*. He springs from a family in which a genius appears in each generation. His election to the French Academy was as great an event for letters, asserts the *Echo de Paris*, as was that of Rostand.

Haiti's New Minister

THE long outstanding dispute between Haiti and Santo Domingo is about to receive the attention of the authorities in Washington, who are anxious to settle this potential quarrel. Haiti has recently sent to Washington as her minister to the United States Mr. Solon Menos, who is authorized to open negotiations for the settlement of the exact location of the boundary line between the two republics that occupy the island that is variously known by the name of each. Mr. Menos has been president of the legislative society, secretary of state, secretary of commerce, and minister of justice in his own country. He is considered a keen thinker and competent jurist. Through all Haiti's vicissitudes he has adhered consistently to the progressive party.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

modern," as the archæologist would say. The houses are square boxes of one or two stories, with flat roofs, sometimes whitewashed or pink-washed or blue-washed, but more often in the poorer parts of the town of the color of the original mud with which they were daubed. A little park, filled with pepper-trees and pines, relieves the center of the village of something of its forlorn appearance, while an ambitious Greek church stands amid beautiful trees and shrubs, and is appropriately called the "Church of St. Paul."

All these modest attractions do not keep us long, and we soon set off for Old Corinth, three miles away, the veritable city of St. Paul and of Gallio, of Priscilla and Aquila, of Gaius and Crispus and Chloe and the other worthies with whom the Bible narrative has made us so familiar. The road for a time follows the shore, and then rises by two or three zigzags to the plateau above.

The view from the top is superb. To the north and west stretches the blue Gulf of Corinth, with the great mountains towering beyond it—Parnassus and even Olympus itself, and many another famed in classic story. To the east are other mountains scarcely less mighty, between which the silver waters of the Ægean Sea wind their tortuous way. On one side was Læcheon, the western port of Corinth when it was the greatest commercial city of the world; on the other, a little further off, was Cenchreæ, her eastern port, which connected her with the world of Asia. And look more closely. By straining our eyes we can see lordly Athens and its many hills, the marbles of the Parthenon shining on the sunlit Acropolis.

Truly it is one of the most enchanting views in this world, and when we think how much of the world's history has been enacted within our sight, as we stand upon this summit, how many armies of many nations have marched and countermarched upon the plain below, how many times this hill itself, always the military key to Greece, has been stormed and captured by hostile troops, our emotions are stirred as they could be moved in few other spots. Paul, during his long residence in Corinth, must often have climbed this great hill, which always cast its morning shadow over the city. But what a different sight met his eyes in some respects from that which we see! The mountains and valleys, the seas on either hand, the vineyards and the pine trees were much the same, but the habitations of man, how different!

Then, one of the world's great emporiums lay at his feet. Now, a few mud hovels and some half-excavated ruins are all that remind us of Corinth's former glory. Then, hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people occupied the fertile plains and plied their trades in the busy cities within his view. Now, a few beggarly thousands eke out a scanty living in these former abodes of wealth and luxury. Then, great walls and fortifications connected the metropolis with its two ports that commanded the commerce of the Eastern and Western worlds. Now, scarcely a vestige of these walls can be seen, and the patient ox drags the slow plow over the site of former luxuriant villas and busy thoroughfares.

But while in imagination we have been looking from the summit of Corinth's Acropolis, first through Paul's eyes and then through our own, in reality our rickety carriage has been bumping over the unmended highway, which grows worse as we approach the site of the ancient city. As the road becomes more and more full of stones and cradle holes, our driver whips up his horses with redoubled vigor that he may make a dashing sensation and astonish the few natives of ancient Corinth. Through two or three wretched streets, where each house looks a little more dilapidated than its neighbor, we drive, until at last our jehu pulls up under a huge plane tree in the middle of the village.

On one side is a coffee-house, with a Greek priest and a village peasant talking together in a neighborly way. On the other, a beer and wine house, where swarms of flies dispute with two or three loafers for the possession of the liquid refreshments. Further up and down the road from the big plane tree are a score or two of poor hovels built of stone, daubed with mud. Frowsy women gossip with each other at the doors of their huts, which are often windowless. Black-eyed children dabble in the mud, for the rainy season has begun. Long-legged goats munch thistles and newspapers by the roadside as contentedly as in the Shantytown of New York, and hens, geese, ducks and pigs make free with the grass-grown roadway of ancient Corinth. This squalid village, which harbors two hundred souls, perhaps, all told, wretched even for a modern Greek village, is the successor of the city which at one time was the proudest metropolis of antiquity. Thucydides writes that this was the place through which all ingress and egress took place between Northern and Southern Greece.

Famous beyond comparison was this city in song and story, in legend and authentic history. We are told that "the construction of the ship Argo is assigned by mythology to modern Corinth. The first Greek triremes—the first Greek sea fights—are connected with her history. Neptune was her god. Her colonies were spread over distant coasts in the East and West, and her ships came from every sea to her harbors. Thus she became the common resort and the universal market of the Greeks." To be sure, before Paul's day this city of the Greeks had been utterly destroyed and left desolate for many years by the Romans. But by the Romans it had been again rebuilt under Julius Cæsar, who realized its importance from the military and commercial standpoint. Its days of prosperity and splendor returned to it, and it was this Greek city under Roman rule that Paul knew. Here he wrought with his tentmaker's needle. Here he taught in the synagogue of the Jews. Here he established a church which caused him much anxiety as well as gave him comfort and consolation through many of its members. Here he dictated his greatest epistles. To this church were written the greatest of Christian classics, saving always the Master's own words—the classics that relate to Love and the Future Life, as recorded in the thirteenth and fifteenth chapters of his first letter to this church.

MAURETANIAS OF THE SKY

ON THE landing dock of the Transatlantic Aero Company, men in uniform are scurrying about in well-ordered confusion. Blocks and cables groan and creak under the testers' hands. A hydro-aeroplane that has come skimming over New York Bay rises from the water, alighting on the dock like a gull come to rest. From it emerge the customs officers. Near by a wireless is spluttering, and presently the operator turns over his shoulder, crying:

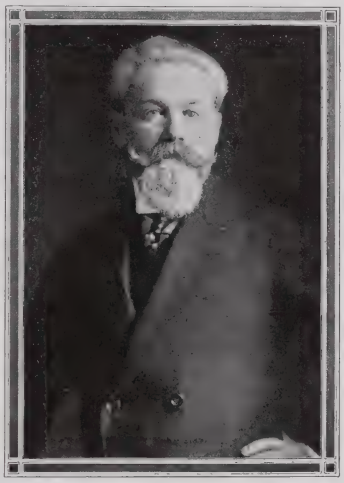
"I've got the *Zeppelin XX*. She's off Sandy Hook!"

A tall man, evidently a German, hurries to him.

"When will she land?" he asks.

"In about a quarter hour," replies the operator. "Her operator just flashed she's only fifteen miles away."

Instantly the tall German darts away, issuing orders on all sides of him, with the confusion and tumult growing as the minutes pass. The *Zeppelin XX*, three days out of Bremen, is about to dock at New York. Already the enclosure at the other end of the company's grounds is swarming with people waiting the landing of those aboard the sky liner. A squadron of taxicabs waits ready to bear the passengers to New York and Brooklyn. The minutes pass and then a dark smudge is seen sliding up the sky far out to sea. Nearer and nearer it comes, finally revealing the lines of the huge dirigible. Flying perhaps two hundred feet above the water, it passes the Narrows. A few seconds later, wheeling ponderously, it floats motionless over the dock and then descending slowly alights with surprising ease in a network of stout ropes—like a toy balloon dropping into the acrobat's net at the circus. Scurrying hither and thither the dockmen make her fast, the customs officers are lifted aboard, and in due time the work of unloading passengers and cargo begins.

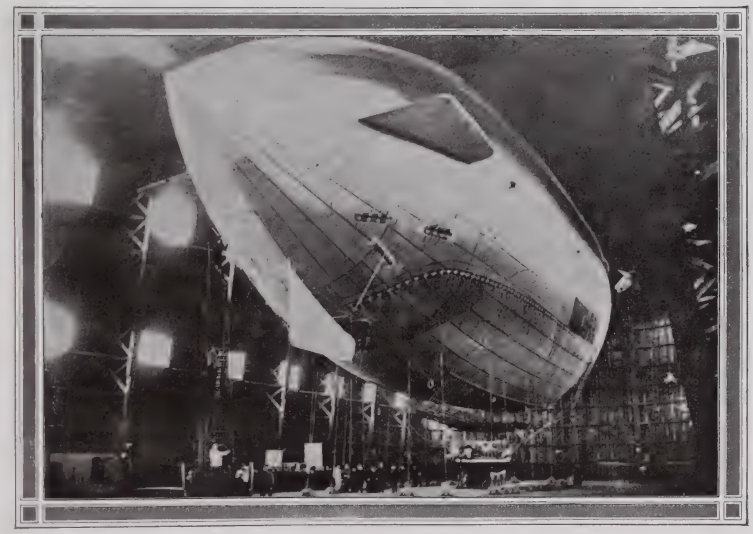


Dr. Gans

Now do not smile at this vision of the future. That is what all Europe did when Count Zeppelin first dreamed his dream of the dirigible. To-day they are still wondering over feats achieved last year by his dirigible, the *Schwaben*. In one hundred and forty trips (many from one end of Germany to the other) it made 12,670 miles, carrying 2,500 passengers. Also the *Schwaben*, the *Parseval*, and the *Deutschland* have built up a very profitable passenger-carrying business.

And now it is seriously proposed not only to attempt a complete flight across the Atlantic, but if it is successful to establish a regular fleet of coastwise air liners and later a trans-atlantic service. And the dreams of the promoters are very alluring.

The present *Zeppelin* and *Parseval* models have aboard sleeping cabins, dining saloons, kitchens and decks for the accommodation of a score of passengers. And it is pointed out that the discomforts of seasickness will be avoided by the wonderfully calm sensation of gliding through the air. Surprising views may be obtained from the deck of a dirigible, and the sensation of overtaking, hovering over and passing the *Lusitania* would indeed be novel. German engineers have declared that the construction of a dirigible capable of carrying three hundred persons presents no engineering difficulties. Experiments at Dusseldorf indicate that a craft can be built capable of remaining in the air a week. Moreover, the comparative safety of the dirigible was demonstrated by a recent trip of the *Schwaben*. Between Berlin and Gotha it encountered a terrific storm, yet rode through it on even keel and landed the passengers according to schedule.



The *Suchard* at Rest in Her Great Shed

Meantime much interest attaches to the coming venture of Dr. Paul F. Gans, a German scientist who will attempt to prove the practicability of the scheme by flying from the eastern to the western side of the Atlantic. To-day he is at Teneriffe in the Canary Islands, hard at work directing the assembling of the craft in which he will make the trip. It is called the *Suchard*, and has been pronounced perfect by the German engineers who planned its construction. Dr. Gans hopes to leave the Canary Islands by the second week in March. His destination will be the Barbadoes in the West Indies.

Offhand it may appear a strange place to start from—the Canary Islands. But Dr. Gans chose that point because it enables him to make his route, that of the northeast tradewind. This blows steadily across the Atlantic from the Canary Islands, and in the first four months of the year storms are practically unknown in its path. Regarding this wind, Professor Willis C. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, is reported to have said that if Dr. Gans is able to keep the *Suchard* in the air for the necessary length of time, nothing can prevent it from arriving at the destination.

Consequently a great deal may be said to hinge on this expedition of the daring German aeronaut. All the scientific world as well as the men who plan air travels over the seas will be watching it. His trip, however, will be the first of a long series of experiments that will be conducted this year to show the practicability of the dirigible as a vehicle of aero-transportation. Beside the new balloons that they're turning out at the Zeppelin works in Germany, the *Suchard* is only a toy.

The running of a dirigible demands a thorough knowledge of its parts. In Germany a long period of apprenticeship is demanded before a man becomes the pilot of a dirigible. This period is considerably longer than is required for the man who would be a master handler of the aeroplane. The captain of a dirigible must know exactly the speed of his craft and its maneuvering ability. The sense of her responsiveness to the vertical steering apparatus and the maximum of carrying capacity must be as an open book. To guide a dirigible through atmospheric disturbances of more or less violence requires exceptional skill.

Take the *Suchard*, for instance. Dr. Gans will be confronted by thirty different kinds of navigating instruments. There are special instruments for detecting and measuring the electricity in the air, for measuring the velocity of the wind, the speed of the craft, the temperature in the balloon, and a remarkable device that will warn the crew at night if the *Suchard* descends to within fifty feet of the water.

The development of the dirigible is coincident with the life of Zeppelin of Germany. Count Zeppelin is seventy-three years old—an old man watching the fulfilment of a dream half a century old. Zeppelin's is one of the most picturesque romances of invention. Backed by his private fortune, and, when that went, by great sums subscribed by the German people and their emperor, Zeppelin worked away on the dirigible. One day, lord of the air, he swept over cities and towns; the next day he lay in the hospital, his monster balloon strewn on the trees of a forest.

When a boy of eighteen, he began to dream of flying. Not until 1898, however, at sixty years of age, did he make the first flight in the model now known universally as the *Zeppelin*. Accidents and setbacks began to hound him, and at seventy he saw the dark finger of fate pointing him out to the world—a failure. Frantically he worked over his models, and then came a day in April three years ago, when, with the last of his money gone and the life within him going, he astounded the world by flying 175 miles from Lake Constance toward Munich, often faster than forty miles an hour.

Now, those who had smiled and tapped their foreheads significantly when Zeppelin's name was mentioned hurried to the aid of the dogged old count. One month later, Zeppelin left the shed at Lake Constance, calmly announcing that he would remain in the air twenty-four hours. The first hours found him soaring over the towns and villages of South Germany. Six hours passed. He flew on. Twelve hours. He was still aloft. It was unbelievable. In the newspaper offices of Europe and America they were rushing the exploit into print. Twenty-four hours passed. Zeppelin flew on. Then thirty-six hours, and the great balloon was headed back toward Lake Constance. Finally at the fortieth hour it settled gently on the waves and was towed ashore. Zeppelin's dream had been fulfilled.

* * *

Dr. Gans will not have been the first to attempt an ocean crossing in a dirigible. Walter Wellman tried it in 1910, sailing from Atlantic City and being rescued by a passing steamship somewhere off Bermuda, and Arthur Vanniman, his mate, is now preparing to leave Atlantic City in a dirigible of his own. However, airship building has progressed so rapidly of late that it may be that one or another of these rival dirigibles will succeed in making the passage.

Commendations from North and South

I wish to thank you for the book, *Samantha at Coney Island*, and the *Almanac*, both of which I like very much and thoroughly appreciate. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years and feel that I cannot live without its beautiful Christian influence. It is to me next to my Bible; an added lamp for my feet and guide to my heart.
Rutland, Vt. MRS. SARAH S. ALDRICH.

The Bible has been received as a premium, and I must say I am more than pleased with it. It was better than I expected, and I was well paid for my trouble. The same kind of a Bible here in a bookstore would have cost me $6 to $8. One of the new subscribers (Mr. Dunlap) said to me, "*The Christian Herald Almanac* is worth the money itself."
Sisterville, W. Va. GEORGE W. CRAIG.

A Sermon

By

Prof. R. A. Torrey, D.D.*

Saving Souls from Death

TEXT: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death. James 5: 20

THOSE are stirring words—startling words. Are there souls in danger of death? There are. Where? About us everywhere. Every soul that has erred from the truth is in the way of death, and unless converted will perish forever. The darkness of eternal death will soon close in upon him. It may be in ten years; it may be in one year, it may be in one month, it may be in one week, it may be in one day. It may be that before the rising of to-morrow morning's sun some erring soul that is to-day within our reach to convert and save may have passed beyond our reach and gone into eternal despair and doom. But if we arise, and by the power God gives us convert that soul from the error of his way, we shall have saved a soul from death.

The Death of the Soul

It is a great privilege to save a human life. One day I was sitting on the deck of a sailboat. The boom swung round suddenly and swept another young man into the water. I leaned over and caught him by the coat collar and held him until he was pulled into the boat. I was glad at the thought that I had perhaps saved a fellow-man from death. But what is that to saving a soul from death? The life we save must be given up after all. The young man to whom I referred accidentally shot himself in a few years. One soul saved for eternity is worth a million lives saved for ten, fifteen, twenty, or fifty years. And how much more fearful is that from which the soul is saved! Natural death is in itself not such a dreadful thing. If one is prepared to die, he can say as Mr. Moody did, as he closed his eyes on this world, "Is this death? This is not bad. This is bliss. This is glorious." But the death of the soul—there is something unspeakably awful about that. When the body dies, there is still hope beyond. But when the soul finally dies, there is no hope beyond. There is nothing but eternal midnight blackness.

I look upon the dead form of the Christian and ask, "For how long is he dead?" Not for long. For a very brief space indeed when we come to measure things as God does, not by years but by ages. Indeed, as far as the spirit is concerned he is not dead at all. The inner real man departed to be with Christ the moment it left the body. And the body itself will soon be raised again in new beauty, mighty, spiritual, glorious like to Christ's own glorious resurrection body. But I look upon the dead soul and say, "For how long is this?" And then comes wailing back from the vast deeps of eternity the answer, "Forever." There is something unutterably, inexpressibly horrible in the death of the soul. Death is not mere non-existence any more than life is mere existence. This is plain from Paul's striking description of one who "is dead while she liveth." (I. Tim. 5: 6.) "Life" is true existence, right existence, holy existence, happy existence, God-like and God-possessed existence. Death is untrue existence, wrong existence, unholy existence, wretched existence, devil-like and devil-possessed existence, the debasement and ignominy and shame and agony and ruin of existence. And all this, if one is not saved, for all eternity.

The Value of a Soul

I. Now, mark you, the one who converteth the sinner from the error of his way has saved a soul from all this, has saved a soul from death eternal. The other night you sat beside a man and pointed out to him from the Bible the error of his way. You showed him that he was a lost sinner and that Jesus Christ was a divine Saviour, and the awfulness of his sin in rejecting that glorious Son of God. You got him to forsake his sin and his rejection of Jesus Christ as his Saviour and his Lord. Do you know what you did? You saved a soul from death. It did not seem such a great thing when you went home, but it was a glorious thing, a thing that made high heaven ring with shouts of joy. You saved a soul from death. If you had gone out and seen a building on fire and had rushed through the flames and smoke and saved six men, women and children from burning to death, you would not have accomplished anything like as great a good as when you saved that soul. Oh that God might give us to see on the one hand the value of the soul and on the other hand the infinite awfulness of that from which it is saved when it is converted! Men and women make two or three efforts to convert and save some one and then if they fail they give it up. But if we realized the value of a soul and the importance of saving it, if we made one hundred efforts and failed and then one more and then succeeded we would feel repaid a thousand times for all our failures. It is worth the effort of a lifetime to save one soul, but if we are faithful we shall each of us save many times one.

Before I go to the next part of my subject let me repeat my text once more, and may God burn it into your hearts: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death."

II. *Who can save souls?* We come now to the question, "Who can convert sinners and thus save souls?" To this I answer, Every one of us. It is God, of course, in the last analysis who converts sinners and saves souls, but the text makes it plain that he does this glorious work through us. "Brethren, if *any of you* do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." There are some who would sit down and wait until God saw fit to convert the sinner. The farmer might as well sit down and wait until God saw fit to give a harvest. Of course, it is God who gives the harvest. Without God all our plowing and harrowing and sowing would be in vain; but God gives no harvest unless we plow and cultivate and sow. And God saves no souls without us. The number of unsaved men on the earth to-day who will be saved depends entirely upon the faithfulness of those who are already saved.

Our Duty as Soul-Winners

It depends upon your faithfulness and upon my faithfulness. That is an overwhelming thought, but it is true—so ponder it for a while. The number of unsaved men, women and children to-day who are brought to Christ and saved from hell depends in a measure upon every child of God in this audience this morning. It depends upon every student in yonder institute. It depends upon every Christian sitting in these chairs and pews. The day has gone by when any intelligent student of the Bible thinks that the work of converting men from the error of their ways and so saving souls from death belongs only to ministers. James was not writing to ministers, but just to ordinary Christians, when he said: "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him"—the word translated "one" is precisely the same as the word translated "any" in the same verse. A literal translation would be, "If any one among you do err from the truth, and any one convert him."

Converting sinners is a work that is open to all Christians and a responsibility God has laid upon all Christians. If any Christian goes up before God without having converted others, he will be held to account for it. Let me put this question to each one of you, "Have you converted any one lately from the error of his ways—converted him to Christ?" If not, then up and at it at once.

III. *How can we convert sinners from the error of their way and so save them?* We come now to another immensely important but easily answered question. How can we convert sinners from the error of their ways?

1. First of all, by prayer. The Holy Spirit says through the apostle John, "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and He shall give him life for them that sin not unto death." Prayer avails more than any other thing for the conversion of sinners. Sinners have been converted without any very direct definite effort of others on their behalf. I doubt if any sinner was ever converted without some very definite and direct praying. No one ever made any very direct and definite and intelligent effort for my conversion, but there was some very direct and definite praying, and that is why I am here this morning preaching the Gospel and not in hell bewailing my lost estate.

There is tremendous converting power in earnest and persistent prayer. I don't mean, of course, the mere going into God's presence and asking him to convert some given individual and then forgetting all about it. I mean the setting of your face with the determination that some given person shall be converted and saved and then never letting God go until that man is converted. God gave me soon after my own conversion one of the unlikeliest men to pray for, and pray I did every day for perhaps fifteen years. For a long time there was no sign of the conversion of that man, but he came at last. The labor was long, but when a man-child was born into God's family there was joy in heaven. That man now is in heaven, but God used him to convert others before he went. Brothers and sisters, ask God to give you men and women to pray for. Take them definitely upon your heart and give God no rest day or night until they are converted and saved. Then take up some others.

How We May Reach and Win Souls

2. In the next place, we can convert others from the error of their ways and so save them by taking them to the place where they will hear the Word of God preached in purity and in power. There are such places. Get people to them. Get the people there who go nowhere. Get the people there who now go where the Word of God is not preached. I am sorry to say there are many supposedly orthodox churches where the Word of God is not preached. Get the ministers of such churches straightened out if you can—and oftentimes you can by prayer and effort—but if you cannot, get people away from such churches and take them to churches where they will be fed and converted. The one who gets another to go to the place where he is converted and saved has just as important a part in the salvation of that person as the man who preaches the sermon or speaks the word whereby he is converted. A woman, herself quite recently converted, came to me with great joy after a meeting, and said, speaking of a man who had been converted that afternoon, "I invited that man." Well might she rejoice. She had brought him under the influence of the truth whereby he was saved. Her part was fully as important as mine.

3. We can convert sinners from the error of their ways and so save their souls from death by ourselves giving them the Word of God in the power of the Spirit. You may not be able to preach, but you can do personal work. You can acquaint yourself with a few (or it may be many) passages in the Bible that God especially blesses in the salvation of men and you can give them to others and look to the Holy Spirit to carry them home and give them power, to the conviction and conversion of those to whom you give them. The Word of God is the instrument God has appointed for the conversion of men from the error of their way. It is the Sword of the Spirit and he is ready to give every child of God skill in using it. You may not be much at argument, but you do not need to argue; just give the unsaved man God's Word and leave it to work in his soul.

The Power of God's Word

To a scoffing young man passing out of a meeting one night I gave Isa. 57: 21—"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." The next night he was on his knees seeking pardon. Fill your mind with the Word of God and give it out to others, looking to the Holy Spirit to bless it, praying earnestly to God that it may be blessed.

If you can't help another yourself, you can take him to some one else more gifted, and thus he may be converted and saved and you will have a part in the glorious work. But do it yourself whenever you can. If you will only have faith in God's willingness and power to use even you, you will be used even beyond your most sanguine hopes. There were few unlikelier men ever started out in this work than D. L. Moody, but he did his best by night and day; and how wonderfully God blessed him! It is a wonderful privilege to convert sinners and save their souls. Try your hand at it. Don't give it up if you fail a hundred times. Keep firing the Word of God at men, asking and expecting God to direct

Continued on next page

* Dr. Torrey, the famous evangelist and lifelong friend of Moody, has just returned from a preaching tour in England.

Saving Souls from Death

Continued from preceding page

your aim, and some glad day you will bring down your game. How well I remember how I stumbled along in my first attempts! But what a wonderful day it was when for the first time I definitely succeeded in converting a sinner! I shall never forget that day.

4. We can convert sinners and so save their souls by giving our testimony to what the Lord has done for us. I have increasing faith in the power and importance of Christian testimony. Christ sent the apostles out to be witnesses, and their testimony won others. I have lately been reading about the great Irish revival of 1859. It was largely by the testimony of those already converted that the revival spread and thousands were saved. If I have got a good thing and tell others of it, they will want it too. I once mentioned incidentally, by way of illustration in a sermon, a nerve and brain food I had taken and its good results. I don't know how many came up to me after the meeting and wanted to know the name of it. Tell men what Jesus Christ has done for your soul—tell it in the meeting—tell it on the street—tell it in the shop, tell it wherever you get a chance. I am persuaded that we do not testify enough.

5. There is another way in which we can convert sinners from the error of their way and so save souls from death, *i. e.*, by the use of tracts and books. If you can't talk much yourself, you can give others a good tract and get them to read it. Some who will not read a tract will read a book. Get a few colportage books such as *Probable Sons, Sowing and Reaping, The Way to God*, and pass them around. Get one to read them and then another. Almost any one is willing to read *Moody's Sermons* nowadays. They will do it out of mere curiosity. Pray God to bless them.

These are some of the ways to save souls. There may be others, but these are enough to begin with. Now begin. Begin to-day, and keep it up as long as you live. Oh, it is wonderful to save a soul from death. Won't it be glorious to meet some one in heaven and have him take us by the hand and say, "I owe it to you that I am here"? Oh, to have just one say that! But we can have many. To have a man say, "That invitation of yours to go to the Chicago Avenue Church, February 25, 1912, that is what led to my salvation." "That text of Scripture you spoke to me—that saved my soul." "That tract you handed me—that led me to Christ." That will be glorious! One day a young man came up to me in the aisle and said, "I am in Christian work, but you led me to Christ." The man was a perfect stranger to me. I didn't recognize him. "Oh," he said, "I didn't speak with you, but I heard you speak. I made no sign at all but I was hit. I went away miserable. But I yielded at last." How I rejoiced! But that was nothing to the joy we shall have in eternity when we come to realize what a soul is worth and what death means. How we shall shout for joy over every soul we have saved from death!

Oh, let that text sink into your soul to-day and begin to act upon it. "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death." Let us up and at it. Let us use all the strength we have in doing it. Let us burn ourselves out in this glorious work.

Anvil Sparks

..A TOWERING rage is not elevating in appearance.

..A TEMPERANCE lecturer should be full of dry wit.

..NO ONE can clearly see his rights who is blind to his duties.

..IT IS better to be a stumbling blockhead than a stumbling-block.

..YOU can never find contentment if your idea of plenty is not reasonable.

The Life That Sings

BY EUGENE THWING

I WISH I could sing for you, daddy; I just wish I could sing for you, the way Florence sings for her father. Wouldn't it be nice when you come home so tired at night? Don't you wish I could sing, daddy dear?"

"I think you sing beautifully, little daughter. I'm sure Florence can sing no more sweetly than you do for me."

"Oh, daddy! You don't mean it, really and truly. You know I can't sing a bit like Florence. I—"

"Just a minute, my little song-bird. Last night I came home very tired and not very cheerful. As I opened the door, the first thing I heard was a sweet voice saying, 'Don't cry, buddy, sister'll fix it.' After supper, the kitchen door chanced to be open for a moment, and I overheard the same sweet voice saying, 'I'm sorry your head aches, Annie; I'll do the dishes for you.' A little later, when grandma couldn't find her glasses, I heard, through the door of the sitting room, 'Let's make believe I'm your glasses, grandma; what would you like to read?' and then you read to her as long as she wanted. It was just like a little song-bird flitting from tree to tree with a song for everybody, and the song was so sweet that it set my own heart singing with joy and thankfulness. Yes, little daughter, you do sing for your tired daddy, and he wouldn't exchange his song-bird for anything in all the world."

. . .

THE life that is full of music, the life that is always singing, the life that vibrates in pleasant harmony at every touch, is one of the most potent influences for blessing in the world. Some lives are in constant discord. It seems that they always are jangling and out of time. Every touch, by word, or act, or look, brings back a harsh sound which makes the sensitive feelings cringe. All that these poor lives need is to be brought into tune with the great underlying harmony of the universe. They must give up fighting *against* everybody and everything and yield themselves obediently to the great Master Musician who gives each human string its right place in the wonderful harp upon which he plays his divine symphony of life.

There are musical lives which constantly yield the most perfect melody, even though there may be no ability for instrumental or vocal performance. The greatest musicians are not the ones who draw the magic bow across the strings of the violin, or exhibit marvelous technique on the piano. The musicians who make the world glad are those who go through life singing as "daddy's" little daughter sang; who touch with fingers of sympathy and love the tender chords in the sad or tired lives around them and make them vibrate in pleasant harmonies.

. . .

SOMETIMES it is easy to sing; the song flows unbidden from a natural exuberance and love of melody. But when a man or a woman is looking a hard world in the face, carrying a burden, enduring the strain, fighting the stern battle of life, then the real blessing, the real balm for tired, anxious, troubled hearts is the song that rises from the deep places in the soul and bursts in conscious praise to the One who could say to the storm, "Peace, be still."

Music in the storm, laughter when the clouds are black, a song in the night are worth more than tinkling melodies in the sunshine days of life. When the strain grows severe and the cords seem almost breaking, a song of gladness, however forced at the beginning, will quickly bring relief and a new hope and power. Anger, fear, sorrow yield to the influence of song even when it comes from another singer. They are instantly banished if the angry or fearful one begins himself to sing. Worry cannot abide, and doubt and pessimism flee from the joyous presence of song.

I have known a man to be harassed beyond endurance and driven by perplexities, anxieties, and threatenings to the point of defeat, and when there seemed no way of escape and nothing else possible to be done he has suddenly burst into song, or lifted up his soul from the depths in trustful praise to his God, and in an instant, he declares, everything has looked brighter, more simple, more certain of the right outcome. "I am poor and sorrowful," wailed the Psalmist, and in the very next verse, pulling himself together, he exclaimed, "I will praise the name of the Lord with a song."

. . .

MORE than likely some other soul groping in the dark may be waiting to hear your song and to be touched by your cheer. You may wake the music in his heart by the vibrations of your own, as when the bow is drawn across the strings of a 'cello near a closed piano the corresponding strings in the silent instrument will answer with the same notes. Frank De Witt Talmage has told in graphic manner an incident of the dark days in the Civil War:

> After the two opposing armies had been watching each other for months upon the opposite banks of the Potomac, there came a night of strange song which will always be remembered by those who were there. The moon was shining brightly. The surface of the river was reflecting the lights, not only of the campfires of the two armies, but also the lights which came from above. The only sound to be heard was the going forth of the relief guards and the calls of the sentries, "All's well along the Potomac!" While the stillness of death seemed to prevail, a Northern soldier was writing to his mother. As he wrote, he became very homesick for the sight of the old farm. He softly began to sing the words which John Howard Payne wrote when he was a helpless, sick, friendless, lonely exile. He sang the words which all Americans have sung a hundred times. As the homesick boy sang, the men in the next tent took up the refrain. Then the song went from company to company, regiment to regiment, brigade to brigade, until it leaped across the river and the Confederate army sang in the chorus as well as the Federal army. The warhounds which had been growling in rage and showing their white teeth and tugging at their chains turned and went into their kennels and lay down to listen to the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

When the night of trouble is darkest, when the dogs of fear or worry snarl in your path, when the bats of evil omen flap their wings before your eyes and you seem ready to stumble and go down, lift up your head and sing. Let your song burst forth full and free from a trustful heart if it can, but sing even if the effort to do so be supreme and the song be voiceless. Home, sweet home, is just over yonder, and it is a place of peace and music. "Singing and making melody in your heart" will suffice to bring a thrilling response of music from the skies into your soul. You may say truly, perhaps, that "all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," but be glad that you can add, immediately, "Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and *in the night his song shall be with me.*"

SLEEP, LITTLE LADY, SLEEP

*By A. Judson Hanna**

SLEEP, little lady; sleep is best
And sweet for tired baby eyes.
Sleep, little lady; take thy rest,
And dream not of a time to rise.

Rest to the weary hands is meet,
So take thy rest, dear child, my friend.
Sleep to the tired eyes is sweet;
Sleep, little sister, to the end.

Here are the things she counted best—
This ragged doll, some ribbon bands,
These flowers her baby hands caressed,
Now faded, like those baby hands.

This was her garden; this is where
She left her pail with the spade athwart;
Her fingers tore that daisy there;
Ah! they have torn my heart apart!

Without, the trees weep, e'en; the rain
Falls on the grass *her* feet have pressed.
Within, the heart-drops of my pain
Fall for the absent little guest.

* These verses were written by Mr. Hanna in memory of his niece, Marie Annabel Hanna, who died September 14, 1911. She was a great-granddaughter of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the "Apostle to Burma," and Emily Frances Chubbuck, who wrote many stories and poems under the pen-name "Fanny Forester."

The Matterhorn

(See illustration on cover page)

AMID the vast and appalling grandeur of the Alps,

A solemn sea whose billows wide around
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound,

the mighty knob of the Matterhorn rises supreme, for King of the Alps is he! If it cannot be claimed for the Matterhorn that it is the highest mountain peak in Europe, it undeniably is the most beautiful, the most mysterious, and the most beloved, dominating, as it does, one of the sublimest panoramas of the world. In the days when the simple mountain folk—innkeepers, goatherds, hunters, Alpine guides, and solitary priests, shut away from the world and easily believing in giants and fairies—were practically the only people living under its spell, the haughty old Titan towering above them became a terrible monster of many moods; and more legends, hero tales, old songs, and superstitions are woven about it than can be easily reckoned. But the true story of the first conquest of the Matterhorn surpasses all the rest, and is one of the most impressive tales in the history of mountaineering.

Up to 1860, the year of the first attempt and failure to climb the Matterhorn, the old Monarch of the Alps had a prestige of invincibility. No one had dared undertake to scale a mountain so rocky, and so deeply covered with ice frozen to the smoothness of a coat of varnish and bidding defiance to the climber's ax. But on July 14, 1865, a small group consisting of four Englishmen and two Swiss guides, led on by Lord Francis Douglas, a distinguished member of the Alpine Club of London, made successfully the perilous ascent. With courage almost superhuman and hardships unbelievable these brave pioneers planted the little blue flag of conquest upon the icy pinnacle of the most forbidding mountain peak in Switzerland, where no man had ever stood before. Victory won by dint of such violent efforts was heart-breaking, and the glory to the victors was short-lived; for, in descending, one of the party lost his footing and fell, dragging with him on the guide rope five of his companions. It was all over in a second, and the mangled bodies of the conquerors were picked up thirteen thousand feet below the pinnacle they had so bravely scaled. Whymper and one of the guides were not tied to the rope, so they escaped the fall; but their lives ever after were overshadowed by the dreadful tragedy. To-day the ascent of the Matterhorn is not uncommon; there are many steps hewn in the ice along the trail, and ropes hang in difficult crevasses to assist the zealous climber.

Our cover is one of the most satisfactory and beautiful pictures of mountain scenery ever reproduced.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y.City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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The Dynamite Conspiracy Arrests

IN a single day (February 14) the dragnet set by the Federal authorities for the dynamite conspirators caught forty-one suspects in its meshes. Arrests were made simultaneously in thirteen States: New York, Michigan, Illinois, Colorado, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Louisiana and Massachusetts. Several of the men in custody are officials of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers, others are "business agents" or members of local unions, and all, it is claimed, were more or less actively identified with the nation-wide dynamite conspiracy which found expression in the numerous explosions of the last six years in different parts of the country. At least a dozen more arrests are looked for in the near future. Fourteen of those indicted are required to furnish bail bonds of $10,000 each and a majority of the others bonds of $5,000 apiece—the aggregate being $340,000. Specific charges are made in the indictments that the accused have conspired to violate the statutes forbidding the carrying of explosives on passenger trains and forty-seven instances of such violations are cited, although the actual part taken by the defendants is not stated. In each violation the names of Ortie McManigal, the brothers McNamara, and Herbert S. Hockin appear as chief participants. Fourteen indictments charge overt acts of conspiracy and fourteen others charge unconsummated acts. Practically the entire official staff of the Bridge and Structural Ironworkers is in custody, including President Frank M. Ryan, First Vice President John T. Butler, Second Vice President Herbert S. Hockin, the whole executive board and a score of "business agents."

This extraordinary wholesale capture of men who are accused of having conspired to destroy, by dynamite or nitroglycerin, the property of employers of non-union labor, is an event which, viewed in the proper light, should be regarded with universal approval. There cannot be the slightest suggestion of any capitalistic influence in the course the government is pursuing, and the wisest policy would be for labor unions throughout the country to stand aloof and let the law take its course. This is a good time for labor to steer clear of demagogues who would befog the issue and place the workingmen in a false attitude, as they attempted to do in the McNamara case. Our government, in its efforts to get at all the facts and to administer simple justice, is acting for the benefit of the whole American people and not of any class, and it is entitled to the fullest confidence and support in the present investigation.

The International Inquiry on High Prices

A RECENT message to Congress from the President contained the recommendation for an appropriation not exceeding $20,000 to defray part of the expense of an international conference for the purpose of preparing plans for an international inquiry into "the high cost of living, its extent, causes, effects, and possible remedies." The sum asked for is certainly very modest, but in that simple recommendation are vast possibilities of weal to the human race. It indicates that the United States is awake to the chief problems of the present day.

Mr. Asquith, upon assuming the premiership of Great Britain, bravely declared: "We are engaged in an implacable warfare against poverty." Mr. Lloyd-George's fight, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for economic reforms has attracted world-wide notice, and the outcome of the passing of his industrial insurance bill is awaited eagerly. During the recent agitation incident to the reopening of Parliament, he has been declaring that soon both England and Germany will set themselves to the task of diminishing the "horrible burden of taxation for armaments." President Taft does not think that the time has come when the United States should begin to economize on its army and navy expenses, but is urging that the nation take its place in the ranks of those who are trying to relieve the world-wide burden of poverty. He asks that we help to discover the reasons and to remove the causes "for high prices that have so distressed the people of the world." He states that "the numerous investigations on this subject, official or otherwise, already made in various countries (such as Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands and the United States) have themselves demonstrated the need of further study of world-wide scope."

The true humanitarian, the true democratic spirit is spreading irresistibly over the nations of the world. The problems of human want and human suffering are forcing themselves upon the attention of statesmen and scholars as well as upon philanthropists and preachers. It is to be hoped that Congress will readily accept this suggestion from the White House, and take this first step, though it is a short one, in the direction of official, international relief from the oppressive economic conditions of modern life.

A Miscarriage of Justice

NOTHING has happened in recent years to startle the public into such anxiety about our nation's courts of justice as the now notorious Brandt case in New York. Brandt is accused by Mortimer L. Schiff, whose valet he was, of burglary and assault. There are in the case many mysteries still unsolved. But the public knows that a young man has been in prison five years, serving a sentence of thirty years, or what practically amounts to a sentence of imprisonment for life; it knows that, whatever may have induced him to confess, the crime which he confessed could not be construed as being the crime for which he was sentenced; it knows that the detective who procured the evidence establishing a previous criminal record has acknowledged he knew the record to be false; it knows that the lawyer for the accusing witness wrote as follows to the police inspector under whose authority the false record was prepared:

> My idea is, of course, to be able to present to Judge Rosalsky a record which, taken in connection with the character of the defendant's crime, will require the imposition of a long sentence.

It is told that at the time of the trial the judge, the complaining witness and his lawyer met the police inspector and another man in secret conference; it knows that there is doubt whether the judge who pronounced sentence had any right at all to try the case; it knows that the governor, after refusing pardon or commutation of sentence, directed a judge to review the case who was later found to be unable, according to the law, to act in that capacity; it knows, or is almost sure, the sentence imposed was out of all proportion to the crime committed; it knows, bewilderingly, that the prisoner is very poor, and that the man accusing him is very rich.

Naturally, the public is eager to know still more. There is no doubt that the revelation of this amazing network of error and injustice will help to bring about a reformation which shall make the courts safe and sane and fair. One of the lawyers, himself friendly to Brandt, in the sparring for a new trial, made the naive statement that, academically, if the judge had no right to sentence Brandt, then the five years' imprisonment has not actually taken place; that if there was no legal sentence there has been no actual punishment. But the young man's life has been hurt with a kind of harm no possible efforts at reparation can undo. The five years are terribly real to him, even if the difficult phrases of lawyers can make them unreal to the courts. The detective who presented the false evidence declared that his conscience had distressed him until he was compelled to confess. Well it might. Are there other prisoners hidden away in jails who are there because public officials, men who are seeing the sun and swinging free limbs, have lied? The time has come for a rigorous and thorough searching of the methods of the courts.

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"Obey" in the Marriage Service

NO ONE who begins to read the letters upon the marriage service which are presented in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will fail to finish them. It is astonishing to see how interesting these bright writers have made them, how varied their views are, how ably each supports her own side and how *sure* she is that she is right. As to the question of dropping the word "obey" from the marriage service, the "ayes" have it by nearly three to one. But set opposite to this is the eloquent plea made by other correspondents, that the venerable and sacred Episcopal service, upon which those of other evangelical churches are generally founded, should be left intact, with all of its stately and beautiful phrases unimpaired, even if one of them may savor of anachronism. The matter may seem to some readers to be trifling; and yet, as you read these comments from thoughtful and keen-witted women, you realize that the age-old rule,

> Man to command and woman to obey,

has somehow fallen into desuetude, and that the new order involves for every household:

> Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world.

But it is no "new woman" who is thus sharing equally the headship of the home. Long centuries ago the model woman was pictured in the good old Book as clothed with strength and honor; as opening her mouth with wisdom; as praised by her husband, and having her name blazoned forth "in the gates" in full publicity.

Danger Line in Church Secularization

OUR recent observations on "Secularizing the Church" have evoked comment and criticism in many quarters. One of the letters received this week calls attention to the announcement of a drama to be enacted during two days in February in a church in northern New York, to be followed on the second evening by a concert, concluding with a dance. Another church in the same town gave a charity concert in the church building, followed by refreshments and a dance in the parish house. The writer of this particular letter (which is a type of other communications of the same class) naturally asks: "Is it to be wondered at that thinking people are amazed, when invited to seek eternal life, with the examples of such doings before them?" It is beyond question that not a few but many churches, in their intense desire to get good audiences, are stepping across the danger line. However far we may go in a liberal interpretation of Christian character and conduct, there is nothing that can be set forth in justification of grafting the frivolities of the world upon the spiritual life of the church. On the contrary, such a course, by grieving and alienating the Holy Spirit, must ultimately destroy the influence of the church which yields to it. It will become like the backsliding church of Sardis, of which it was written: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest—and thou art dead." This is the fate that confronts those churches that take the world into partnership, and by so doing pave the way for their own spiritual decline.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Lawrence Strikers' Children Fed

ONE hundred and fifty children, sons and daughters of the strikers at Lawrence, were brought to New York City, February 10, to be kept at the homes of the friends of labor till the strike should have been settled. The children were brought under the auspices of several of the larger labor and semi-political organizations. The object of the carrying out of this novel plan was to lighten the burden of living for the strikers and to excite outside sympathy and support for them in prolonging the fight. It was expected that the train would reach New York in time for a parade and public meeting at Union Square, but the terribly cold weather delayed the arrival till after dark. There was a great crowd of sympathizers and friends to take the children to their homes, the crowd growing very large by the addition of the curious who were attracted by the flags, banners, and shouts of the enthusiastic, as well as by the band of children of poverty. The first thing on the program was to take the little ones to the Labor Temple, where they were treated to a splendid meal, of which they partook heartily and long. Then the children were taken to the homes of the kind ones who had agreed to entertain them. Three or four times as many persons offered to take the children as there were children to be apportioned. Those who took the children were, as a rule, poor, and had large families of their own. They said they would snuggle up and make space, and divide their last crust with the children of brother workmen. The children of Lawrence who remained in New York more than a week would be compelled to go to school, likely to the public schools. The transfer of the children of strikers from one city to another, a move never before attempted in a labor dispute in this country, may in the present instance be undertaken on a scale which will make it unique in the labor annals of the world. If the present plans are carried out, no less than one thousand children will be brought to New York, and it is possible that others may be sent to Boston and other cities. It is to be hoped that before many days the sane leaders among the employers and employed may have come to some agreement honorable to all, that the little ones thus scattered may be returned to their homes and schools, and that an era of mutual profit and happiness may come to Lawrence. The beautiful charity of the poor in entertaining the little children of poverty merits the reward promised by the Master:

And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. (Matt. 10:42)

The Children of the Lawrence Strikers at Dinner in the New York Labor Temple

Lepers Prevent Ship's Landing

BY a telegram from San Juan, Porto Rico, it was learned that the British sloop *Success*, with seven lepers among the thirty-three persons aboard her, was not permitted by the port authorities to land her passengers at the harbor of Humacao. For more than a month the little craft has been buffeted about in the Caribbean Sea by wind and wave and the stern word of health officials, who denied permission to the master to land the persons aboard because of the condition of seven of them. Signals of distress were flying when the *Success* entered Humacao harbor and communicated the desire of the master to land his passengers because of the unseaworthy condition of the vessel. "No landing" was the verdict that fell on the ears of captain and crew. It was learned from the captain that the *Success* had put out from St. Kitts, in the Windward Islands, more than a month ago, and had first tried to land the passengers at a port in Haiti, but the officials there were not inclined to allow persons to come ashore from an infected vessel. Then the *Success* proceeded to Santo Domingo, but met the same fate there, and sailed toward Porto Rico. In a civilization so merciful as ours there ought to have been an easy landing place carefully arranged under quarantine for the leper ship. It was an injustice to the healthy whose chances for contagion were multiplied. Many, and some calling themselves Christians, are very shy of the moral lepers. They are afraid that men and women who have led bad lives, even if they are sorry and want to reform, will soil or taint them. They have not learned the first lesson in the school of Christ—that of love for the weak and the sinful. Like these modern Pharisees were the Jews who bitterly condemned Christ for having anything to do with the morally unclean.

They said unto his disciples, Why eateth your master with publicans and sinners? (Matt. 9:11.)

Testing Ships' Cables

THE cable is so important to the government ship or merchant vessel that the breaking of a steel thread may mean the loss of millions of dollars or hundreds of lives; so there is an apparatus by which these anchor cables are tested. The cable is laid in a sort of long trough, one end being fastened to an enormous steel hawser, which is passed around a revolving drum, the other attached to a hydraulic ram. The machinery is worked from an adjoining building, no one being allowed in the cable shed while the testing is in progress. If a chain does break under the terrific strain to which it is subjected it simply smashes everything near it, and may bring the whole roof down. The operator in the next room has before him what seems to be an ordinary pair of scales, but the small weights which he places upon it represent as many tons to pull upon the cable as they actually weigh pounds. While the weights are added a loud creaking and groaning is heard through the thick partition as the seventy-eight-foot length of cable, the amount tested at one time, stretches under the enormous strain. A new cable stretches about two inches, an old one a good deal more. The ordinary cable of steel two and one-half inches in diameter is subjected to a pull of over eighty tons. If an anchor is necessary for the ship, it is much more so for the soul. Life's voyage has fierce storms and dangerous rocks, and the one who has no anchor will be shipwrecked. If it is important for the ship to have a sure steel cable to the anchor that will hold, it is still more necessary to have a cable strong and sure that will hold the soul. This grip on God and the future life is referred to by the apostle:

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. (Heb. 6:19.)

Tipping Declared Illegal

TIPPING was declared unlawful and illegal by Judge Theodore Brentano in Chicago at a recent term of court. Partners in a corporation which bought the "tip concession" from hotels and cafés were in the Circuit Court for the second time within a few months, quarreling over a division of the profits of the business. For the second time they heard themselves called violators of the law. They supplied hotels and cafés with attendants whose uniforms contained no pockets and all gratuities were turned in to the promoters. The simple tipping business is bad enough even when porters, waiters and employees get the money. If the men are not paid enough wages it is a base imposition to compel the public through sheer sympathy to make the deficiency good. If they get fair wages the imposition on the public is great in unjustly appealing for charity. In any event the tip is a bribe for better service than the other customer receives. But the tipping trust is diabolical in first imposing on the public, and then plucking the employees. The tipping trust has reached the limit of insolence and imposition and is likely to put an end to the senseless and unjust habit. The decision of the court against the tipping trust is expressed in the prayer of the Psalmist:

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. (Ps. 43:1.)

Hogs in a City

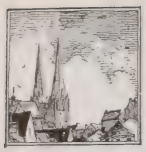
ROCHESTER, New York, was recently overrun with hogs during the night, and the New York Central employees effected a roundup, following the wreck of a stock train near Hague Street, when sixteen carloads of porkers, numbering several thousand, were released. Fewer than two hundred of the animals were killed or crippled and the rest roamed about the city, scores of them invading the back porches of houses in the vicinity of the wreck, while others got as far as the main streets of the city and ran squealing in an effort to avoid street cars and automobiles. The wreck was caused by the failure of one of the cars to take a switch. There are human hogs who have gotten loose and are found by the thousands in all the cities. They fight the herd away that they may have all the corn; they crowd the rest out of the trough that they may have all of the swill. They rush and sneak in at the head instead of taking their place in the line at the elevated, subway, bank or post office window. They rudely jostle men and women to get past them in entering the car or conveyance, and then try to spread themselves over two seats, and will let an old or sick man or woman stand up. They want all of the sidewalk or road. They want all there is in every trade and job, and will never let any one else have anything which they can seize upon to satisfy their base appetite. The swinish instinct in some is so strongly developed that their faces look like porkers. They seem almost to be possessed of the evil spirit that entered the herd of swine in olden time.

And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine; and behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters. (Matt. 8:32.)

Champion Butter Cow

THE world's record for butter production in a single year, long held by Colanthia, a Wisconsin Holstein cow, has been broken by Clothilde II., an Eastern cow of the same breed. The new champion has just completed her year's test, and according to the official figures produced in 365 days 1,277 pounds of butter from 25,000 pounds of milk. This is an average of 106 pounds of butter each month in the year. This new record appears at a time when the price of butter is soaring sky-high, to fifty cents with the promise of sixty in the near future. Some claim that a decreased production of the article has inflated the price; others deny that there is a shortage in the supply. Butter, which is a luxury in many nations, is about a necessity in our own. The poorest of the poor cannot afford it; the average American will have it at a high or low price. The Housekeeper's Union has called for a boycott on butter to compel a lower and reasonable figure. There is this reference to the use of butter as food:

And Abraham took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat. (Gen 18:8.)



Shall the Word "Obey" Go or Stay?

Leading American Women Give Their Views Concerning the Time-Honored Pledge in the Marriage Service

IN RESPONSE to a letter addressed on January 20 by the Associate Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to a number of representative women, the interesting replies published below have been received. The letter was as follows:

You have doubtless read of the incident which recently took place at a wedding in England, where the Archbishop of Canterbury was the officiating clergyman in the marriage of an aristocratic couple, and where the bride, in her repetition of the service, was silent when she should have uttered the word "obey." The question has been raised as to whether this omission on her part marred the ceremony and made it illegal. The incident has attracted attention on two continents, and is now discussed almost everywhere.

Will you kindly let me know in a brief note whether you consider the "obey" an essential part of the marriage service?

SHOULD THE BRIDE PLEDGE OBEDIENCE, or
SHOULD BOTH SIDES EQUALLY PLEDGE IT, or
SHOULD THE WORD BE DROPPED ALTOGETHER?

Elizabeth Jordan

Esther Singleton

Jeannette L. Gilder

In actual human existence and in the marriage relation there is only the question of mutual service, fidelity to the bond, and continual affection never intermitted. I suppose that until the end of time the womanly woman will go on promising to obey and putting her own interpretation on the fulfilment of the promise. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There were women among those who were questioned on the subject who preferred not to place themselves on record. The majority were prompt and cordial in their courteous acknowledgment of the importance and timeliness of the topic, and the various opinions so candidly expressed will interest men and women alike. Fifteen of the twenty-seven women whose letters we print are in favor of dropping the venerable word "obey" from the marriage ceremony. Seven are positively certain that it should be retained. Others declare with emphasis that what is binding on the bride should be equally binding on the bridegroom.

Among the women whose strong and earnest words are published in the letters below we have those beyond fourscore and those in the flower of their youth. The symposium is itself representative of the best we have to show, North and South, in the womanhood of this great country:

"Obey" in the Marriage Service Is "an Anachronism," Writes the Distinguished President of Sorosis

IN MY opinion the use of the word "obey" in the marriage service of to-day is an anachronism. In the era when a maiden counted it no disrespect to be seized by her strong wooer, slung across his saddle-bow and carried off bodily to the man of holy orders who should unite them in marriage, the woman, though trembling secretly, exulting in her captor's prowess, the word "obey" on her lips fitted well into the primitive scheme of wedlock.

"When knighthood was in flower," and fair maidens sat in their towers embroidering, with their own beautiful hair for thread, silken scarfs each for her own knight, and watching from their windows to see him approach on his prancing steed, wifely obedience seemed fitting. Her knight was bold and strong; she was timid and dependent.

You may seek in vain for this violet-maiden to-day. Even in king's palaces you will not discover her. She has emerged from her sheltered place. She is no longer helpless and dependent. She works side by side with lover and husband, and calls him "comrade"—not "lord and master."

Amelia E. Barr

This change in the attitude of men and women toward each other renders the presence of the word "obey" in their marriage contract an absurdity little short of ridiculous. It belongs in the far past, with the time when it was not seemly for woman to speak in the churches, and when even her head-covering and her manner of dressing her hair were matters for men to decide!

I believe the average sensible, chivalrous man of to-day would rather promise to obey his chosen bride, whom his love exalts to the stars for queenliness, goodness and wisdom, and beside whom the greater his manliness, the more unworthy he feels himself, than to have her descend from the heights where he has set her, to promise obedience to him!

In their conversation about it before marriage, it is a theme for badinage and jest and derisive laughter. It is never taken seriously.

Let us have an honest marriage service into which "there shall in no wise enter anything that worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."

New York City. MAY RILEY SMITH.

. . .

What the Brilliant Author of Many Books Thinks of the Pledge of Obedience

I THINK the word "obey" should be omitted from the marriage service. Obedience, as I understand it, is something we exact from one beneath us in rank or intelligence. A wife should be her husband's equal in rank, no matter whether she is his inferior or superior in intelligence. The relation should be one of mutual sympathy, affection and helpfulness, without the slightest tyranny on either side.

To promise blind obedience to another's will is taking a very big leap into the dark. The promise "to obey" is a relic of medieval times. The Western world is too advanced to wish for women of the type of Chaucer's patient Griselda. It is also exceedingly wrong, in my opinion, to repeat the vow "to obey" lightly and then interpret the words according to personal convenience. I think the feminine mind prefers to rely upon masculine intellect and judgment when they inspire confidence, respect and admiration. In such cases to demand obedience would be entirely unnecessary.

New York City. ESTHER SINGLETON.

. . .

Don't Drop "Obey," but Interpret It Rightly, Writes Mrs. M. A. Chamberlain

I SHOULD not drop the word "obey" from the marriage service, but I should, as, in actual fact, I believe most wives do, interpret it to mean, not the Latin *parere* (obey) as a child obeys a parent, but the *audire,* translated in Cæsar "obey," but really meaning to hear or to listen. Obedience, in the sense of hearing, or listening with open mind to the voice of her husband, cannot diminish the dignity of wifehood, but would, I am confident, tend, on the contrary, to develop a similar form of "obedience" on the part of the husband.

New Brunswick, N. J. M. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

. . .

"Obey" Out of Place in a Partnership Between Equals, Writes the Author of "To Have and To Hold"

I THINK that the word "obey" should be dropped altogether. It has no place in a partnership between equals. MARY JOHNSTON.

Richmond, Va.

. . .

"Love, Honor and Cherish," the Preferable Promise, Writes the Editor of Harper's Bazar

WE CATHOLICS do not consider the word "obey" an essential part of the marriage service. Without having a copy of the service to refer to, my strong impression is that we use the words "love, honor and *cherish*"—to my mind a complete and beautiful promise.

ELIZABETH JORDAN.

New York City.

. . .

Most American Women Would Retain "Obey," Writes the Editor of Woman's Home Companion

I CAN see no reason for changing any part of the marriage service. I look upon marriage as a sacrament, rather than as a contract, and I doubt if the happiness of any one would be in any way affected by any change in the wording of the rite which has become dear and familiar through tradition. Possibly the English lady referred to in your letter may have believed it necessary to take precautions; but I think few American women would hesitate to repeat the good old service, without any change whatever. GERTRUDE B. LANE.

New York City.

. . .

All Women Speak the Word "Obey" With Mental Reservation, Writes Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Popular Author

WHY retain in the marriage service a phrase which any intelligent woman must speak with mental reservation, and which no fair-minded man could want her to accept in any other way?

It seems as absurd to promise obedience in marrying as in entering into any other partnership.

New York City. ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

. . .

A Twentieth Century Interpretation by Mrs. C. DeF. Burrell

HAVING for over forty years heard a marriage ceremony in which the word "obey" does not appear, I cannot consider such marriages illegal, nor the word an essential part of the ceremony.

Nevertheless, I confess to a liking for the old word, believing as I do that there is no hint of insubordination. It may be that mine is a twentieth century interpretation, but I feel quite confident that Solomon's perfect woman would say the same.

New York City. CLARA DEFOREST BURRELL.

. . .

Sentiment and High Ideals Not to Be Set Aside, Writes Grace Duffield Goodwin

IF THE word "obey" is "necessary to the legality" of a marriage, then all those marriages not solemnized according to the rituals using the word are illegal. Not the form employed, but the act itself in the presence of the proper authority makes a marriage legal. The word "obey" is found in the heart of one of the oldest and most venerated of marriage forms—that of the Church of England—and is retained, it seems to me, for purely sentimental reasons. The better understanding and comradeship between men and women to-day has relegated the idea in its old interpretation to the background. No man demands its literal fulfilment, and no woman expects to render it.

This is my personal observation of the matter. But I am old-fashioned enough to think that a properly constituted home must have a head, and, in disputed matters, a court of last resort. To my mind, this is the husband's place. In grave and important matters, I have always held it the husband's right to cast the deciding vote. In the last analysis, he is responsible, as the laws stand at present, for his wife and children. In Massachusetts, he must be responsible for minor

Mrs. F. H. Carpenter

Wifely "Obedience," What It Means

Able Advocates Present Both Sides of the Great Twentieth-Century Marriage Question

Kathleen Norris

crimes and illegal acts committed by her. He is responsible for his children and stepchildren. So long as a woman is willing to have her husband made the legally responsible member, she should be willing to yield to his judgment sufficiently to render his position stable.

In all small matters, there seems to me no question of obedience; in mutual counsel the best good of all should be decided. Therefore, in answer to your three questions, my opinion is: First—"Should the bride pledge obedience?" Only with the interpretation I have offered, which has been previously understood by her husband.

Second—"Should both sides equally pledge it?" Certainly not. That position is ridiculous in the extreme.

Third—"Should the word be dropped altogether?" I think it makes very little difference. It is seldom or never used in any marriage service save the Episcopal, and that service as a whole is so deeply loved and revered, with all its antiquated phraseology and references, that when it is used, it is accepted for the sake of sentiment and tradition and associations. The word is nothing; the spirit of obedience—obedience to the highest ideals of love and loyalty and duty, obedience to the spirit of harmony and peace—this is the only important matter. Here is true the old word: "The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life."

Washington, D. C. GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

. . .

The Promise to "Obey" Has Lost Its Meaning Now, Writes Alice T. Bartram

I THINK there is no danger of the average American woman obeying her husband in the old-fashioned acceptation of the term. Therefore, why let her solemnly promise, in the presence of God and all witnesses, to do what she has not the slightest intention of doing? On the other hand, there is absolutely no danger of the average American husband expecting his wife to obey him. Conditions in the home and society have so changed that the original meaning of the word "obey," when used between husband and wife, has become obsolete. When such a condition of mutual understanding and agreement has been reached by both contracting parties, why retain a word in the ceremony that does not express the desire or conviction of either?

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALICE T. BARTRAM.

. . .

Both Sides Equally Should Pledge Obedience, Writes Alice Hubbard

SHOULD the bride pledge obedience?" Yes! Absolute obedience to her own highest individuality and personality, obedience to the God within her, every time. "Should both sides equally pledge it?" Absolutely. The man should pledge himself to be obedient to the God within him—the very highest. The word "obey" should be dropped from a marriage ceremony unless so used.

That any husband should obey any wife, or that any wife should obey any husband in the old sense of the word, belongs to a barbaric age. It suggests servitude and comes directly to us from the time when the husband literally owned the wife, just as in Spain today the husband has power over the wife and can whip her into obedience.

Marriage in a democracy is a partnership. Mutuality of interests on a lofty basis of friendship, thrilled with love, is to my mind the only excuse for marriage. No promise made at a marriage ceremony can be enforced except to keep the letter of the law, and when the spirit of marriage is gone, the real marriage is terminated. ALICE HUBBARD.

East Aurora, N. Y.

. . .

"Obey" Need Not Worry Married Folk Who Love Each Other, Writes a Leading Philadelphia Woman Editor

WHEN two intelligent people bear a sincere and profound love for each other, to my mind it makes very little difference whether the word "obey" is retained or omitted from their marriage ceremony, since their life together will, in any event, be one of perfect accord. It will not be necessary for them to worry about which is to obey the other. But, if marriage is to be put on a coldly business-like, matter-of-fact basis; if, in other words, it is to be a mere partnership without the depths of mutual understanding which alone make marital life beautiful, then by all means the word "obey," that men of a certain calibre take as a license for all sorts of brutalities and insults, should be eliminated from the service.

Philadelphia, Pa. CAROLINE B. KING.

. . .

The Author of "Titus" and "Stephen" Would Drop "Obey" Altogether

MRS. KINGSLEY is spending a few weeks in the West Indies. I know she would be happy to write you if she were here. I also feel sure she would favor dropping the word "obey" altogether, as I always do whenever I officiate.

Westerleigh, S. I. C. R. KINGSLEY.

. . .

Marriage a Matter of Reasonable Adjustment, Writes Kathleen Norris, Author of "Mother"

THEORETICALLY, I believe the man should be head of his house, and the wife promise to respect his authority. But actually, I do not believe the word "obey" has any value whatever. A husband whose influence depended on this blind promise alone would not deserve authority; and a good wife, reminded of her wedding vow, and caused to do something she thought unwise because of it, would have small respect for him. Between happily married folk, any decision is surely a matter of reasonable adjustment, and I believe that millions of us love and honor so much that the third word (spoken or unspoken) is a sort of silent partner to the contract. If love goes, and honor goes, there is nothing left anyway. I believe the very bride who began this discussion will laugh at herself in another year. KATHLEEN NORRIS.

New York City.

. . .

Another Well-Known Author Endorses the Service "As It Now Stands"

I ENDORSE the marriage service as it now stands. MARY STEWART CUTTING.

East Orange, N. J.

. . .

"Obey" Should Be Retained, Writes the President of the Uncle Remus Association

SINCE all that is highest, holiest and best has come down to us through the ages, and since the church has been the instrument used for our advancement; and woman above all has been most uplifted, most broadened and blessed — most freed from the shackles that bound her mentally and morally —she above all others should be last to prove a stumbling-block.

Marriage should not be entered into lightly or unadvisedly and aught that would detract from the sanctity of the marriage relation, or lower the influence of the church for good, should be fearlessly put aside.

Mary Stewart Cutting

The altered conditions consequent upon our advancing civilization will, I know, be strongly urged in favor of omitting the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony; yet the sanctity of the marriage tie is the foundation-stone upon which this civilization is builded, and I would be slow to advocate any change that would tend to undermine that foundation.

If the church ceremony is not sufficiently reverenced to accept it as a whole, its services should not be asked or given. Let the civil marriage ceremony suffice for those who would seek to dishonor the church by mutilating her service.

Atlanta, Ga. MARGARET WILSON.

. . .

A Barbaric Survival, Writes Harriet Prescott Spofford, Well-Known Author

IF HIGH dignitaries in the church declare a marriage illegal if the word "obey" is omitted from the ceremony, they ought to know. And if it is so, laws should at once be made which would allow the omission of the obnoxious word and legalize marriages already made with that omission. Any other course is cruelty.

It is possible that originally the word had a somewhat different significance; but it is the survival of a barbaric period, when a wife was a piece of property as much as a horse or a dog, and it should be put out of commission in an era where it has come to be understood that men born of slaves can never reach their full stature.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

. . .

Let the Word "Obey" Stand, Writes Amelia E. Barr, the Well-Known Author

IN MY youth women were educated not to do, but to suffer. They accepted marriage with all the obligations the ceremony demanded; and no doubt the majority of them found, as I did, that in "obeying" they commanded; and by renunciation, obtained all they desired. These women knew that

A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood.

A different kind of woman is said to represent her sex to-day. She is aggressive; she has exacting pretentions, and what she calls advanced opinions; and she claims to be highly educated and yet is uneducated in the worst sense of the word. My observation teaches me that such women either become old-fashioned women on the birth of their first baby, or else that they drive their husbands to everlasting despair.

It does not matter a pin point whether the word "obey" is dropped or retained in the marriage ceremony. The average English woman who has been used to "obeying" all her life—parents, teachers, ministers, elder brothers, chaperons and the aged and honorable—will continue her gracious and willing submission. The average American woman who begins her

Continued on next page

May Riley Smith

Mary Johnston

Marion Harland

China Proclaims the New Republic

THE Republic of China is now a thing accomplished. On February 12, three imperial edicts were issued. The first, in the name of the dowager empress and the boy emperor Pu Yi, abdicates the throne and vests the sovereignty of the empire in the people. It commands Yuan Shi Kai to organize the members of the provisional republican government and to form a great republic, uniting Manchus, Chinese, Mongols, Mohammedans and Tibetans. The concluding words of the edict are these:

"We, the empress dowager and the emperor, will thus be enabled to live in retirement, free from responsibilities and cares, and enjoying without interruption the nation's courteous treatment."

The second edict deals with the details of establishing the republic, and the third urges the maintenance of peace and approves the conditions agreed upon with the republicans. Emperor Pu Yi is to retain his title and be respected as a foreign monarch; he is to receive a pension of 4,000,000 taels and to reside temporarily in the Forbidden City, to be permitted to sacrifice at the ancestral tombs and to retain the palace attendants and the imperial property. The imperial princes retain their various ranks and titles. All citizens in the empire are to have the same rights and privileges as the Chinese. In the third edict the empress dowager deprecates the continuance of the civil war, and expresses hopes of early peace. She commands the cabinet and viceroys to perform their duties faithfully.

There has been no serious disorder in Peking. Dr. Sun Yat Sen retains the provisional presidency but desires to be relieved and Yuan Shi Kai may be elected to the office. It is yet too early to estimate the results of this tremendous transformation by which from three hundred to four hundred millions of souls become the citizens of the world's youngest and largest republic. It is the greatest event of its kind in human history. In facing the difficult task before it—that of welding the vast empire into a homogeneous republic—the government will doubtless encounter many obstacles; but the same sagacity and remarkable ability that have been in evidence during the recent crisis may soon succeed in accomplishing even this seemingly impossible task.

Our appeal in behalf of the famine orphans of China, now being cared for by the Christian missionaries there, and some seven hundred of whom are in need of support, is meeting with many cordial responses. These children are part of the two thousand little famine waifs who were taken in by the missionaries at different stations and who, owing to various causes, are now unprovided for unless generous friends come to their rescue through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In a time of civil war, with much suffering in the different provinces, and with all food at famine prices, it is peculiarly trying for the missionaries even to contemplate what might be the fate of these little ones were they to be turned away because of non-support. Our readers, understanding the situation, are now doing all they can, by sending their contributions, to assure the welfare of the children for a time at least. Their gifts will be applied to the support of the famine orphans through the Missionary Committee at Chinkiang, which has done such splendid service of this character for several years past.

Sun Fo, the President's Son

Dr. Sun Yat Sen

Loo Shee, Dr. Sun's Wife

Ah Yuen and Ah Wan
Dr. Sun's Daughters

Many of the letters received during the week are expressive of a warm interest in the children's welfare. "I would like to make this gift ($1) a good deal more," writes W. H. H., Alexandria, Va., "if I were financially able." "I read in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the poor child waifs of China will be turned out into the world unless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family came to your assistance. As I am one of the Family I have sent you $2," writes J. Z., Berwick, Pa. "I have hurt my arm and am not working, but I pray that others may take part in such a good work as this." "A Friend," Groton, Conn., sends $9.25 for the orphans. C. B., Perryville, Pa., sends $3. "May God bless you in your work," writes Mrs. C. H. N., Plymouth, Md., who sends a gift of $1. A similar devout hope is expressed by Mr. and Mrs. G. H. F., Peterboro, N. H., who sent $5. "I pray that you may receive ample funds to help the good cause along," writes H. E. G., New Tripoli, Pa. ($5). "To assist in this most important relief work," W. J. R., Lyle, Minn., sends a gift of $5. "I belong to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family and love my dear Saviour and love to keep his commands," writes Mrs. R. N. S., Milan, Mich. ($2). "I know it does me good to be able to send even this small sum," writes Mrs. M. L. D., Fairbury, Ill. ($1). "God grant that they may be saved for his kingdom," is the prayer of Mrs. A. V. K., Round Lake, N. Y. ($10). The Franklin Park Lumber Company of Franklin Park, Mass., sends a gift of $5. A number of friends send their gifts anonymously. The Orphan Fund contributions received during the week are acknowledged below.

Contributions for China's Orphans Received Since Last Acknowledgment

Charles Malicky	$ 5.00	Daniel Bixler, Jr.	5.00	Jas. E. Francis	10.00	X. M., Waterbury, Conn.	5.00
A Mother, Rosebud, Mont.	1.00	Mrs. C. H., Newkirk	1.00	——, Tallahassee, Fla.	5.00	Mrs. H. M. P., Prescott, Ont.	3.00
Mary Patch & family	1.50	Mrs. C. S., Avalon, Pa.	1.00	E. S. Digley	10.00	C. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
W. H. Housel	1.00	M. Lillian Carnell	5.00	J. H. Beltz	10.00	W. A. Sweezey	5.00
E. H. K., Aberdeen, Md.	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Foote	5.00	J. M. Boyce	10.00	Mrs. J. B. Harris	1.00
Mrs. L. J. F., Petersburg, W. Va.	1.00	H. E. Gackenbach	5.00	E. H. Foe	10.00	Subscriber, Bronson, Kan.	1.00
Mrs. S. Stockman	1.00	J. M. Harman	5.00	C. A. Hagaman	10.00	Mrs. Sarah Backenbach.	1.00
John Griffin	2.00	W. H. Rhoades	5.00	Mary E. VanSlyke	5.00	J. O. Niles	1.00
——, Cedar Falls, Ia.	.25	Mrs. C. H. Morse	1.00	Mrs. Rilla N. Shaler	2.00	E. J. H., Chicago, Ill.	1.00
From a friend, Groton, Conn.	9.25	P. O. Box 86, Bens Run, W. Va.	2.00	F. M., Cleveland, O.	10.00	Mrs. E. A., Louisiana, Mo.	1.00
Beckie Houston	20.00	Fred E. Cook	1.00	In memory of Chas. Dickens, Hanover, N. H.	1.00	W. Selner	1.00
A friend, Montreat, N. C.	10.00	Mrs. Anna Bell	1.00	Mrs. Julia Benson	1.00	A. W. Conradt	1.00
C. Blencowe	3.00	Abbie F. Goddard	1.00	Mrs. Anna V. King	10.00	Carrie V. Dare	3.00
Jessie McMaster	1.00	Mrs. Simon Fair	50	J. Anderson	10.10	"Willing Worker," E. Liverpool, O.	2.00
——, Taunton, Mass.	1.00	Miss J. F. Price	5.00	Mrs. E. L. O'Connor	5.00	——, Still Water, N. Y.	1.00
H. A. P. A., S. Wallingford, Vt.	1.00	John Laidlaw	5.00	Horace Martin	5.00	Mrs. Susan Allen	1.00
Mrs. Sarah A. Strong	5.00	First Christian Church, Irvington, N. J.	10.00	Mrs. Geo. Gilbert	5.00	A. McLean	1.00
		Mary E. Cloud	20.00	C. H. Cerwood	5.00	Mrs. J. K. Doerstler	1.00
				A friend, Lansing, Mich.	10.00	——, Barberton, O.	1.00
						Emma Woodruff	2.00
						L. E. F. R., Winslow, Ind.	1.00
						A. D., Uthe	1.00
						C. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
						W. A. Sweezey	5.00
						Subscriber, Bronson, Kan.	1.00
						Mrs. Sarah Backenbach.	1.00
						J. O. Niles	1.00
						E. J. H., Chicago, Ill.	1.00
						Mrs. Sarah E. Eddy	1.00
						Mrs. H. W. Briggs	1.00
						S. V. Whittier	1.00
						A Reader, Wellsville, N.Y.	2.00
						Mrs. Herman R. Erbe	1.00
						L. R., White Deer, Pa.	2.00
						Alex. Kinmont	1.00
						W. R. Stradtman	1.00
						Rev. H. Keigwin	5.00
						Wm. H. Berger	20.00
						Miss M. M. Alexander	5.00
						Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Turner	5.00
						Rev. & Mrs. P. L. Miller.	1.00
						M. A. Davisson	10.00
						Mr. & Mrs. T. H. Fredericks	7.00
						J. C. Smith	5.00
						Sarah E. McIntyre	5.00
						Elizabeth B. Clark	10.00
						George A. Bailey	5.00

All contributions for this work should be addressed "CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York." Receipts will be sent to every contributor of 50 cents and over.

WOMEN ON THE MARRIAGE SERVICE PLEDGE

Continued from preceding page

life by ruling her parents and, later on, who defies teachers and superiors of all kinds, is likely to go through life in the same spirit. The word "obey" to her means a challenge to disobey; and she would not consider her husband's commands for any arrangement of the alphabet.

I should let the word "obey" stand in the marriage ceremony. It does no harm. It may sometimes do good.

AMELIA E. BARR.

Cornwall on Hudson, N. Y.

One of America's Leading Clubwomen Does Not Believe "Obedience" Essential

NEITHER the word "obey" nor any other word is an essential part of a marriage service. Nothing is essential except mutual consent, and even that need not be expressed in words. Sentiment and custom have made mutual promises seem fitting.

The bride should not pledge obedience. The relation of the husband to the wife is not that of master. Neither side should pledge obedience. The relation is an interdependent one in which the obligation and interest is mutual, and the judgment of each is best in its own line.

In the early days, when a wife was bought, when she was a chattel, almost a slave, untaught and untrained, the word "obey" may have seemed necessary. In the present day and generation it is obsolete, and means nothing. It should be dropped from the marriage service altogether.

Yonkers, N. Y. FANNY H. CARPENTER.

There Should Be No Question of Authority, Writes Christine Terhune Herrick, Author

I DO not think the bride should pledge obedience any more than the bridegroom should. Mutual consideration should lead them to follow one another's wishes, but there should be no question of authority on the part of either.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

New York City.

No Woman Really Expects to Obey, Writes Marion Harland, the Veteran Author

TO MY mind, "obey" is better dropped, since it has virtually become a dead letter, and the retention of it adds a touch of farce to an otherwise solemn service. No woman really expects to obey her husband and no bridegroom worth marrying expects to exact obedience from his wife.

The word "obey" in the marriage service is to me a relic of medieval days and conditions.

New York City. MARION HARLAND.

A Literary Bostonian Who Loyally Defends the Marriage Shrine

OF COURSE, as a churchwoman, I can have but one opinion regarding the word "obey" in the marriage service, or of any word or phrase in the communion or the burial service: that any ritual of the church is not a matter for fantastic innovations.

LILIAN WHITING.

Boston, Mass.

Might as Well Be Omitted, Thinks Jeannette L. Gilder, Author

NEVER having been a bride and never expecting to be one, my opinion on this subject could not have much importance. Nevertheless, as the word "obey" means nothing in this connection, I should think it might as well be omitted.

New York. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

Great Rose & Flower Offers

THE GREAT popularity of our Rose Offer last year has induced us to make arrangements to present to CHRISTIAN HERALD friends, for the Spring of 1912, a careful selection of the very finest Roses and most beautiful high-grade flowers. As a leader we offer, first, the rose which we believe to be the Queen of all Rosedom, the newly created Climbing American Beauty Rose. No illustration can do justice to its magnificence.

CLIMBING AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

THIS new and wonderfully beautiful rose is the old American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, developed into a hardy outdoor, climbing rose, a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving in any situation where a climbing or pillar rose is desired. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many blooms in June as the old American Beauty, besides blooming more or less continuously throughout the entire summer. The growers of this rose counted over nine hundred blossoms and buds on one four year old bush last summer. The roses grow on a single stem and measure 3 to 4 inches in diameter and have the same delicious fragrance as the old American Beauty Rose. The old rose is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, while the new rose has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States, and stands heat and drought as perfectly as any roses grown.

A NEW AND WONDERFULLY BEAUTIFUL ROSE

The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, but hardy as an oak; a prolific bloomer and of strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation

THE Climbing American Beauty must not be classified among the old-fashioned climbers of the Rambler type. It is distinct from them in its very superior quality, and though it can be trained successfully to trellises and porches, it is also unequaled as a pillar rose. It grows magnificently in bush form, as shown in the illustration, which is a reproduction of the original bush, photographed in colors by the French Autochrome process, giving an absolutely perfect reproduction in its natural colors. No lover of beautiful Roses should fail to plant the Climbing American Beauty, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure. It has a fine foliage that does not burn with the sun, and its thick, glossy leaves keep on the bush all summer, giving a pleasing appearance in happy contrast to the brown leaves of some of the Rambler type.

OUR OFFER—We will send two strongly rooted rosebushes, 8 or 9 inches in height, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor not now on our list to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year at $1.50.

Or If you are an old subscriber about to renew, simply send us 75 cents *in addition* to the regular yearly subscription price, and we will send these two rosebushes and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to you for one year postpaid.

To Old Subscribers only who have recently renewed their subscriptions, we will send the plants, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.

This offer ***Expires March 30, 1912.*** Every detail for prompt and safe delivery of our Plant Offers has been carefully arranged. We guarantee all plants to reach you in a healthy, growing condition. This advertisement will not appear again.

10 MAGNIFICENT BRILLIANT-HUED CANNAS 10

The Garden Magazine recently said: "In our own country, Antoine Wintzner has accomplished more than all the European breeders put together, and is most largely responsible for our modern appreciation of the Canna in American gardens."

THESE magnificent Cannas are the varieties which won 40% of all the awards at the recent International Trial of Canna Lilies made by the Royal Horticultural Society of England. Two hundred and twenty varieties were tested and the (C. & J.) Cannas included in our offer were among those to win in every color class represented. The Cannas we offer all come direct from the Nurseries under the charge of Antoine Wintzner. Our splendid collection is made up of the following five named varieties, as illustrated and described below, together with five other varieties, all different, making ten in all.

GLADIATOR—Is a healthy, strong, vigorous grower, with fine green foliage and large heads of flowers that stand the storms and hot sunshine better than any other Canna. Color is yellow, spotted with red. Blooms early and late.

VENUS—The color is a gay rosy pink, with a mottled border of creamy yellow. It blooms splendidly, with heads erect and flowers always bright, because the old ones drop off as soon as the new ones come.

"WYOMING"—Giant Flowering Purple-foliaged Canna—This is one of the most majestic Cannas. Blossoms orange-colored, true orchid-shaped, with large rounded petals that flap and flutter in the breeze like glistening silken flags. Grows seven feet high.

MARTHA WASHINGTON—The flowers are extra large, often measuring five inches across. Color, clear bright rose pink. It is a healthy, vigorous grower and prodigious bloomer.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY—Deep, rich crimson flowers; beautifully formed. A low, compact grower.

OUR OFFER—We will send these ten Cannas, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor, not now on our list, to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year, at $1.50.

OR—If you are an old subscriber about to renew, simply send us 50 cents *in addition* to the regular yearly subscription price and we will send the ten Cannas and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to you for one year, postpaid.

OR—To old subscribers who have recently renewed their subscriptions, we will send the ten Cannas, postpaid, on receipt of only fifty cents.

This Offer Expires March 30, 1912.
This advertisement will not appear again.

6 SIX UNIQUE BERRIES 6

THE first two items of this collection have only recently been introduced into this country from Japan. They are bound to become very popular. With them are three of the very best standard varieties of small berries.

TWO STRAWBERRY RASPBERRY, or Japanese Tree Strawberry. An exceedingly beautiful fruit about the size of large strawberries, bright shining crimson, fine rich flavor, excellent for cooking and preserves. Grows two to three feet high; dies down in the Winter, but comes up fresh every Spring, and bears the same season and every year. Fruit begins to ripen in July.

ONE JAPANESE WINEBERRY. This remarkable berry belongs to the Raspberry family and makes a strong, hardy bush three to four feet high; the fruit is borne in large clusters, and covered with a curious burr of fine reddish moss, like Moss Rose buds, which open when ripe, showing the berries, which are bright rich scarlet; excellent for cooking; makes fine jams, jellies and preserves. Begins to ripen in July, and continues bearing a long time.

ONE EARLY HARVEST BLACKBERRY. Compact dwarf grower; ripens very early; excellent quality; very productive.

ONE NEW GIANT RASPBERRY "CUMBERLAND"—The largest, finest flavored, most productive Black Raspberry yet produced.

ONE CURRANT—RED DUTCH—An old, well known sort, good quality berry, dark red, medium long bunch. Very productive.

OUR OFFER—*We will send these six Berries, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor, not now on our list, to subscribe for* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *for one year, at $1.50.*

OR *If you are an old subscriber about to renew, simply send us 50 cents in addition to the regular yearly subscription price and we will send the six Berries and* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *to you for one year, postpaid.*

OR *To old subscribers who have recently renewed their subscriptions we will send the six Berries, postpaid, on receipt of fifty cents.*

This offer expires March 30, 1912.

12 LARGE FLOWERING GLADIOLUS 12

GLADIOLUS are among the most popular summer flowering bulbs. Wonderful improvements have been made in recent years in the size and beauty of these flowers, and no collection will compare with this in size of flowers, blooming qualities and diversity of colors, as it has been carefully selected from hundreds of the best varieties. Nothing can approach the beauty, grace and decorative qualities of the Gladiolus. They produce a gorgeous effect in the garden and their cultivation is very simple as they will thrive in any ordinary garden soil.

OUR OFFER—*We will send these Twelve Gladiolus, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor, not now on our list, to subscribe for* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *for one year, at $1.50.*

OR *If you are an old subscriber about to renew, simply send us 50 cents in addition to the regular yearly subscription price and we will send the twelve Gladiolus and* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *to you for one year, postpaid.*

OR *To old subscribers who have recently renewed their subscriptions, we will send the Twelve Gladiolus postpaid on receipt of 60c.*

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1912

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Almanac was compiled especially for our readers. Every line of it is devoted to information. This is a work of ready reference for every intelligent household in the land. The subjects have been grouped under five heads, with many subdivisions: The Calendar; Religious Information; the United States Government; Agricultural Interests; Foreign Countries; General Subjects. There are about 150,000 words of reading matter, or more than twice that to be found in the highest-priced magazines.

SENT FREE *to every subscriber upon renewal or entering of new subscription.*

GLADIOLUS

ROSES FOR You

HERE is a splendid opportunity for old subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to secure a wonderful collection of Hardy Rose Plants which will bloom in the garden with all the brilliancy of coloring shown on this page. These are extra large, heavy-rooted, one year old bushes. With a little care in planting they will thrive and give you an abundance of beautiful, fragrant flowers from early spring until late fall.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF LAST YEAR'S ROSE OFFER:

The rose plants you sent me are all growing fine.—C. A. MARTINE, *Washington.*

The roses have made good. I could not reasonably expect them to do one-half as well.—MRS. C. W. LEWIS, *Colorado.*

Nine of the ten roses are growing. The climbing rose has two branches thirteen inches and one branch ten inches high.—D. D. TAYLOR, *Ontario.*

The roses are perfectly satisfactory. I have ten thrifty bushes, so how could I be anything but pleased?—MRS. B. L. LITTLE, *Michigan.*

The roses sent out to us have flourished—grown in a very satisfactory manner—although two of them were spoiled by an enterprising hen.—MRS. A. C. STAPLES, *Washington.*

Perfectly satisfied with rose bushes received by your offer.—F. TAYLOR MARKS, *New York.*

I appreciate the beautiful roses which came all nicely wrapped in moss, and not one bit wilted. All are growing real well.—MRS. JAMES GLOSS, *Ontario.*

We are well pleased with the rose plants. Hope we may have the opportunity of getting some more in the future.—MRS. L. TENAY, *New York.*

I am glad to inform you that the lovely prize rose roots were received in fine shape. They are now blooming and attract general admiration.—MRS. G. H. EVERY, *Minnesota.*

The roses are a great success. Out of ten all are growing except one, which was destroyed by accident.—MRS. A. G. CLARK, *Ohio.*

Roses growing beautifully. Best and healthiest small plants I ever saw.—LAURA D. WILSON, *Idaho.*

We received the roses and are surprised at the strong little plants. Every one has done well, although we had no rain to speak of here for many months.—MRS. EDMUND G. JOHNSON, *Missouri.*

My slips came in good condition. The weather was hot and dry and conditions unfavorable, but they are starting to grow. Think the offer was a liberal one.—MRS. H. HAMMOND, *Kentucky.*

The eight roses in this year's offer are much larger and older plants than those sent out in last year's offer.

OUR OFFER—We will send these eight rosebushes, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor, not now on our list, to subscribe for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight months, at $1.00.

OR—If you are an old subscriber about to renew, simply send us fifty cents *in addition* to the regular yearly subscription price and we will send the eight rosebushes and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to you for one year, postpaid.

OR—To old subscribers who have recently renewed their subscriptions we will send the eight rosebushes, postpaid, on receipt of fifty cents.

This Offer Expires March 30, 1912.

This advertisement will not appear again.

Red La France

THIS rose is the acme of perfection in flower and growth. It has a hardy, vigorous constitution, forming a symmetrical bush, and thrives gloriously in almost any soil or situation. Commences to bloom soon after planting. The flowers are marvels of beauty, and the fragrance is the delicious La France.

Frau Karl Druschi

OFTEN called the White American Beauty, deserving to be classed with our national red beauty. Extraordinarily strong grower, branching freely with the hardiness of an oak. A single plant may produce hundreds of massive flowers, which are full, deep and double and of a brilliant white.

Black Rose

THE color and texture are the most wonderful ever seen in a rose, each petal appearing as though cut from the heaviest rich velvet, shading from deepest maroon red to blackish crimson. The plant is especially vigorous and blooms constantly in great successive crops with large double flowers of delicious odor.

Perle des Jardins

A LARGE, clear golden yellow rose of indescribable charm. A fine garden rose, strong and healthy, with attractive dark-green foliage practically free from disease. Every shoot bears a flower perfectly molded with large exquisitely colored petals, and they in turn are produced profusely and with great rapidity.

Climbing Baby Rambler

A NEW rose, and a sturdy, vigorous grower, throwing up strong canes of great length in a single season. Covered with dark, glossy foliage, and not subject to disease or insect attacks. A full flowering habit and in constant bloom from early summer till late fall. It is a climber and much in demand for porches, verandas and low supports. Its color is a rich and glowing crimson—a gorgeous display.

Maman Cochet

ONE of the most abundant bloomers of all roses, the entire bush often being hidden by great masses of silvery pink flowers, touched at the center with golden yellow. Excellent for bedding or decorative purposes, growing vigorously. It is perfectly hardy in all sections, producing masses of flowers in amazing profusion during the whole growing season. The buds are very artistic in formation.

Bessie Brown

HAILED by flower-lovers as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. A tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong, erect stems. It has the most magnificent foliage possessed by any variety. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed with pink. The handsome, large flowers are of unsurpassed beauty and of totally distinct character.

My Maryland

A DANGEROUS rival of all the most famous pink beauties. An outdoor rose of extreme hardiness. Rich green foliage, and large perfectly double magnificent flowers composed of thick, heavy petals, unsurpassed in elegance of form. As they expand their beauty seems to be enhanced, the lovely shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with a rich, warm color beautiful beyond description.

DAHLIA

12 SELECT FANCY DAHLIAS 12

THE greatest improvements have been made in fancy Dahlias and we have selected for you a grand assortment of twelve Dahlias that possess vigorous growing and free blooming qualities, bearing an abundance of immense flowers, fascinating in form and gorgeous in their exquisite shades and varied colors. These Dahlias are not the old kinds you saw years ago, but valuable, improved new varieties that will make your garden the envy of every observer.

OUR OFFER

OR

OR To old subscribers only who have recently renewed their

17 PACKETS OF FLOWER SEEDS 17

THE collection described below contains all varieties really desirable. Each packet has a generous amount of the best quality of seed and each variety will produce a wealth of bloom, which for size of flowers, exquisite colors and variety of beautiful forms cannot be excelled.

1 Pkg. Poppy. True Oriental shades.
1 Pkg. Zinnia. Immense double flowers.
1 Pkg. Petunia. The blotched and striped colors.
1 Pkg. Balsam (Lady Slipper). Camellia double flowering.
1 Pkg. Calliopsis. Orchid-like flowers, special mixture.
1 Pkg. Salvia. Solid mass dazzling scarlet.
1 Pkg. Aster. Assorted colors, giant flowering.
1 Pkg. Phlox. Improved choice mixed colors.
1 Pkg. Carnation. Perpetual bloomers, assorted colors.
1 Pkg. Marigold. Pride of the Garden. Dahlia-like flowers.
1 Pkg. Dianthus. Early flowering, ruffled and frilled.
1 Pkg. Sweet William. Dianthus large flowering.
1 Pkg. Sweet Alyssum. Whole carpets of snowwhite flowers.

OUR OFFER

for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *for eight months at $1.00.*

OR If you are an old subscriber send us 35 cents in addition to the regular yearly subscription price, and we will send the

PACKETS OF FLOWER SEEDS

4 HARDY FLOWERING SHRUBS 4

THIS collection contains the most desirable varieties in the long list of Hardy Flowering Shrubs and Vines. All are strong two-year-old grown plants, which will quickly become firmly established and rapidly produce large, shapely specimens. The various uses for hardy shrubs and vines are multiplying wonderfully. With them alone a garden can be kept gay all season, each one displaying great individuality of habit and foliage. Every one is realizing the value of the hardy shrub and vine, appreciating their endurance, for as the years pass by they grow more lavish in their wealth of bloom and beauty. We have chosen the varieties which afford a wide range in color of bloom and diversified character of form and foliage—those which produce the most pleasing results in ornamental planting. We know they are varieties of special merit and as such cannot fail to please you.

HYDRANGEA ARBORESCENS GRANDIFLORA ALBA—HILLS OF SNOW—This magnificent plant is perfectly hardy in all localities, growing vigorously and thriving under very unfavorable conditions. It attains a height of four to five feet. It comes into bloom just after the passing of all other early spring shrubs. Beautiful flowers of dazzling whiteness are produced in great trusses from June to late Fall. It is not only valuable for garden planting, but is easily forced to flower in the house, making a magnificent decorative variety.

SPIREA OR BRIDAL WREATH—A very showy, free-flowering shrub; quite hardy, and attains a height of five to six feet, [illegible] arching branches. It thrives in most any ordinary garden soil, producing masses of large double pure white flowers late in the [illegible]

ALTHEA OR ROSE OF SHARON—The Althea is undoubtedly one of the most popular and valuable shrubs in cultivation.

ROSE OF SHARON

For ease of culture and duration of bloom it has no equal, adding much cheer to home surroundings, rendering them attractive and interesting at a time when few other shrubs are in bloom. It is perfectly hardy everywhere, producing a profusion of large-size flowers of various brilliant and striking colors.

[illegible] the showiest and most luxuriant growth. A hardy climber with bright green foliage, [illegible] the extensive list of hardy vines as the most [illegible] know it cannot fail to please with its vigorous growth, giving just the picturesque effect to be [illegible] magnificent clusters of starry-white flowers are borne very profusely, literally covering the vine with a sheet of fragrant, snowy blossoms from August to late frost. The texture of flowers is much firmer than that of any other variety, retaining its freshness and purity of color.

OUR OFFER—We will send these Four

year at $1.50.

OR

the regular yearly subscription price, and

for one year, postpaid.

OR To old subscribers only who have recently

CHRYSANTHEMUM

6 CHRYSANTHEMUMS 6

THESE grand new Chrysanthemums are the best and most valuable varieties. They are good, healthy growers, early and abundant bloomers, and bear flowers of the largest size and most beautiful colors.

CULLINGFORDI—A splendid, large flowering red, with golden bronze on reverse of petals. Fine stem and foliage, and the richly colored blooms are sure to give satisfaction. A grand mid-season variety.

MISS MINNIE BAILEY—A seedling from Mrs. Perrin; large, full double flowers; color, bright, tinted with lavender; very beautiful and always admired.

PACIFIC SUPREME—An unusual shade of pink. This is a seedling from Glory of the Pacific. The flowers are large and round, freely produced and very showy.

OCTOBER FROST—Pure glistening white; large, spreading, high built flowers of splendid substance, which bloom very early and in great abundance.

BLACK BEAUTY—Extra large flowers, very dark deep red; a dwarf, sturdy grower and very free bloomer; excellent for garden planting.

MONROVIA—A particularly fine yellow variety with splendid stem and foliage. One of the most popular in this color, as the flowers come early in the season.

***OUR OFFER**—We will send these Six Chrysanthemums, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor not on our list to subscribe for* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *for one year at $1.50.*

***OR** If you are an old subscriber about to renew simply send us 50 cents in addition to the regular yearly subscription price, and we will send the Six Chrysanthemums and* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *to you for one year, postpaid.*

***OR** To old subscribers only who have recently renewed their subscriptions we will send the Six Chrysanthemums, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents.*

This offer expires March 30, 1912.

12 LILY OF THE VALLEY 12

THE Lily of the Valley is one of the most admired and useful plants grown; the modest bell-shaped, waxen-like, fragrant flowers of purest white are produced on long stems, and set among its own glossy green leaves it is indeed a gem of the garden. It succeeds in the open ground, in almost any situation, and when once planted multiplies rapidly, blooming profusely each year without attention.

***OUR OFFER**—We will send these Twelve Lilies of the Valley, postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor not on our list to subscribe for* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *for eight months at $1.*

***OR** If you are an old subscriber send us 25 cents in addition to the regular yearly subscription price, and we will send the* Seeds and Two Subscriptions Hearald *for one year, postpaid.*

HILLS OF SNOW

THE BAILEY PLANTATION

BY ANNE McQUEEN

BUT, mother," argued John Bailey, "it's so foolish for you to stay on alone out here at the plantation, so far from town, when you can come and live with Florence and me, and have every comfort the city affords. You won't have even a telephone put in this house!"

"I'd be afraid, John. Every time it rang I would be thinking something dreadful had happened to you. Besides, old Jacob and Chloe sleep right out in the yard, and Cindy always sleeps on a cot in my room. There's no danger. And remember, son, that old trees won't bear transplanting. I'll thrive best on my own soil!"

"All right, Mammy—there's nothing more to be said," smiled her son, patting the little silvery curls that would stray about her temples in a girlish manner that was very mortifying to Mrs. Bailey. "I won't root you up, but I've my own opinion about it, just the same!"

His big car was waiting at the gate, to take him back to the city, fifty miles away. He was a middle-aged man, a prosperous merchant, married to a woman who was a social leader, and, being without children, very much interested in public affairs. But somehow they found little time to come out to the plantation and spend a day with his mother.

Everybody in the county knew the Bailey plantation—the fine old homestead which had been in the family for generations. There were only two left now, the mother and son. The place belonged to Mrs. Bailey, and she loved it with a passionate devotion, being quite content to live alone with only such companionship as her old colored servants and the few neighbors afforded. She watched her son speeding away to the city, where all his interests were, with a tenderly pathetic little smile. "John's a good boy," she sighed, "but—the old rhyme is true: "A son is a son till he gets him a wife, but a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life!" Dear me! I oughtn't complain, but I wish John had children, or that I had a daughter of my very own!"

It was not many days after this that she sat in her big wide-armed rocker on the front porch and hummed happily an old hymn tune, as she placidly darned a beautiful old damask tablecloth. It was early summer, and the yard was brimming with flowers, beds of sweet old-fashioned flowers that had always been favorites with her, with her mother, and even her grandmother, who had planted many of the old shrubs.

Beyond the yard stretched acres of wide lawn, covered with a luxuriant growth of Bermuda grass, which grew rankly in the shade of the giant old trees—beautiful, century-old live-oaks, their hoary limbs mantled mercifully in gray Spanish moss, satin-leaved magnolias, stately black walnuts, graceful wild cherry trees—every one a personality to the mistress of the grove. To be sure, it was rather weedy, for Jacob was getting old and couldn't be expected to do the work of a young man. Mrs. Bailey always said, cheerfully, that Jacob would reach everything in time. There was no need to hurry.

Her gaze, resting lovingly upon her friends, the flowers and trees, wandered down the avenue leading to the public road, and saw with surprise the gate open and John Bailey drive through in his automobile.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, in a pleasant little flutter of excitement; "if there isn't John coming again! I wonder what has happened to bring him so soon. There's a stranger in the car, too."

She arose in hospitable haste to greet her guests, descending the long flight of stone steps and walking through the wilderness of blooming things to meet them at the yard gate. Dressed in her immaculate, newly laundered print gown, a little linen collar, fastened with a coral brooch at her throat, her brown eyes misty, her cheeks tinged like the faint pink of crab-apple blossoms, and the little runaway curls straying youthfully about her temples, she presented a charming picture—a mother anybody might be proud to possess!

"This is Mr. Stacy, mother," said her son, presenting the stranger. "He is from up North, and I brought him out to take pot luck—some of the collards and dumplings, the middlings and hominy that we folks down South love."

His mother smiled indulgently upon her son. "He thinks that is a joke," she explained. "You mustn't pay any attention to him. I promise you won't have to eat any of his favorite dishes."

She did, indeed, give them a good luncheon—delicate food, well cooked and daintily served, to honor the guest, in the fine old Wedgwood that had been a present from England to her grandmother, a wedding gift from friends oversea, and for which John showed a sad lack of appreciation, preferring the modern, gold-banded dinner set for which Florence had paid a princely price. But if her son was unappreciative, the stranger was not, for his eyes were keen to notice and his tongue ready to praise all the treasures Mrs. Bailey displayed to do him honor. She glowed with pride at his praise, and his right knowledge of their value.

"'Sit here and rest and let me tell you about it all'"

"But my son doesn't care for old things," she said, with a deprecating smile. "He is altogether modern, and I am of the past generation—I, and all that I possess. If I had a daughter, now, she would understand."

"You must take Mr. Stacy over the house, mother; show him the old furniture and things. He can appreciate them, if I don't seem to," said John Bailey, rather carelessly.

"If he would care," said Mrs. Bailey, with sparkling eyes, "I shall be delighted to show him everything worth seeing."

So the stranger was shown over the house, and was told the history of the most interesting things. He listened carefully, sometimes jotting down a few brief words in a little book, when anything particularly impressed him. It had been a long time since Mrs. Bailey had found such an appreciative listener, and she thoroughly enjoyed his visit. Particularly enthusiastic was he when, after going through the house, his hostess took him out and showed him her historical flower beds and the beauties of the lawn, with its wonderful old trees and shrubs. He did not, as John would have done, comment unfeelingly upon her old gardener's neglect.

"This is just the thing!" he exclaimed, exultantly; adding, as Mrs. Bailey seemed a little puzzled, "I mean, it is quite ideal—a home that is rich in historic beauty. One does not often come across them now."

Her son had not accompanied them; he had sat on the porch and smoked, reading a paper he had brought along from the city. "Well," he asked, as they returned, "does the place please you? Or has mother set more value on her possessions than they really merit?"

"It is quite perfect," declared Mr. Stacy. "I could not have hoped to find—I did not think there was just such a place in all the State. I thank you for bringing me out and giving me a chance to see it."

"Ah, you see somebody else appreciates old things!" exulted his mother, happily.

But, after the fashion of mothers, she pondered over the little worried look in his eyes as he bade her good-by; at a little unnatural restraint in his manner, hardly noticeable when he was present, but something to worry over, as mothers will, after he had gone.

The next day she knew. For John Bailey came again the long distance from the city to explain. The man from the North was an agent, in search of a suitable place for a client who wanted just such a home. And he had offered a wonderfully good price for it.

"But remember, mother," said her son, his own eyes cast down so that he failed to see the terrified amazement in hers, "you are not obliged to sell unless you are perfectly willing. Only you know that Florence and I worry about you out here, and would both be more than glad to have you with us. You know your son will try to make you happy. And—and, mother, it is hard for me to tell you this, but—I need money. Need it so much, in fact, that I must go to the wall unless I can raise it mighty soon. This man has offered a fancy price for the old place because of this rich client's whim to have an old-fashioned, furnished house. But, mammy, not unless you are willing—not unless you want to."

The mother-heart pulsed the blood back into the pale face. Her boy was in trouble, and she must help him. The price of the sacrifice, be it great or small, must make no difference.

"Certainly I am willing, if that is the case, son," she said gently. "Will the price offered be quite sufficient? Will it keep your business from going to ruin?"

"It will be more than enough." He breathed freely again; after all, his mother did not mind—so very much. It was a great relief to him; now he could hold up his head in the business world again.

"Stacy is only waiting to see if you are willing to sell to bring the deal to a close. You see, mother"—he looked wistfully into her face; the big, forty-year-old man was a little boy again, and in trouble—"I didn't know where in the world to raise a loan. Times are so panicky that money is all tied up—nobody will lend. And I have just got to have some money, right now, or I lose out."

"You shall have it, Johnny-boy," soothed the little mother, patting the head of her troubled child. "The house is but so much brick and mortar—the furniture, as you sometimes say, 'junk.' I shall be quite happy with you and Florence—in the city."

And she dreaded the city. She was as helpless as a child in it. John and Florence often laughed at her because of this fear, but nothing could conquer it—except a mother's heart, which is the bravest thing in all the world.

She gave him his dinner, which he enjoyed very much, now that the weight of anxiety was removed; and she tranquilly made pretense to sip her tea, and so managed with her food that he thought she ate and drank—which was sufficient.

"But you must give me a little time, son," she begged, and John, jubilant with gratitude, vowed she should have all the time she wanted. But she

Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

shook her head. "No, the people will want to be coming—to spend the summer. I am glad they will see the garden while it is at its best, and I only want a few weeks longer to have everything in perfect order."

So it happened that she went about putting the house in order as if for the coming of a bride to her new home. Her old servants, to whom she told nothing of the change, dreading their sorrow, wondered, but obeyed their mistress without questioning, only marveling when they were alone at the reason for the unusual work.

"Sump'n fine's gwineter happen, I reckon," quoth Cindy, the housemaid, to her parents, the cook and the gardener. "I 'clare, I ain't seed ole Miss so pertickler before since Marse John married. I'm 'spectin' sump'n good to happen."

"Law, chile," replied Chloe, her mother. "You can't recollec' de big time 'fo' de war, when Miss was a lil' gal, and den a young lady. Balls and parties gwine on all de time. Folks come in carriges, dem days, and staid a week at a time. *You* ain't never see nothin' like 'em in yo' time and generation."

"Miss had me scrubbin' dem brass firedogs all day," sighed old Jacob. "Hit's putty worrisome, scrubbin'. But somehow she don't look like nothin' good gwineter happen."

But at last even the critical eyes of the mistress could see no blemish in the house. Everything was ready, except her own room. She had left that for the last. When her own few personal belongings would be packed up she would give orders to Cindy to see that it was put to rights. She could not quite bear to see any change made in it.

Having everything perfect within, Mrs. Bailey walked out one day to give puttering, slow old Jacob patient orders about putting the garden to rights. She was glad, with a heart-breaking sort of gladness, that the new owners would see her dear home in its fullest perfection of beauty. If she were only there when they came she would see that the whole house was made sweet with flowers. But she could not do that—she would leave Cindy to attend to it. John had promised to let her know in plenty of time, so that she would be away before the strangers took possession of the house and the treasures of her fathers.

She walked down the white, graveled walk, bordered with rose geranium, to pluck a handful of spice-pinks from the bed by the gate. Her own mother had planted that bed, when she was only a little girl standing by and "helping," as she always did with the flowers. As she stood caressing the pinks with fingers that trembled a little, absorbed in old memories, she failed to see the young woman who had opened the gate at the road and was now walking rapidly up the avenue. A handsome young woman she was, with a fine, decisive face, as of a person with a will of her own, one accustomed to be obeyed. She approached the frail little figure, standing unseeing in the gateway arched with roses, caressing her pinks with her little, wrinkled fingers, and held out both her own firm, strong, white hands in greeting.

"I am certain that you are Mrs. Bailey," spoke the stranger in a voice as firm and sweet as her face. "I am Katherine North, the client for whom Mr. Stacy was commissioned to buy a furnished house."

Mrs. Bailey, taken by surprise, swayed just a little, a pallor stealing over her delicate face. The girl, quick to see, threw her strong young arm about the drooping figure and drew her to a seat on a rustic bench by the gate.

"Sit here and rest—and let me tell you about it all," she said, with loving authority.

And Mrs. Bailey, with warm young fingers clasping her own, leaned weakly upon the bench, too feeble to protest, and let the new owner of the Bailey plantation have her will.

"You see, when I commissioned Mr. Stacy to find me a real, certified old Southern plantation, with the house furnished in real old furniture, I imagined, if such a beautiful place could be found, that it would be the property of somebody who had died and left it to be sold. But when he returned and told me the circumstances, and of how proud you were of all your dear old things and your beautiful, beautiful home, and—and that your son needed the money or you wouldn't have sold, he believed, why, I just came as straight as I could to tell your son, first of all, that I was only too glad, having more money than is good for me, to consider it as a loan, and that you were not, for any consideration, to sell your home. I just simply will not have it! So there! And furthermore, you never, never shall give it up to anybody! Only, as I've never, since I was a baby, owned a mother, and have never had a home—just been brought up in boarding-schools and hotels—I wanted to beg you—just for one summer—on trial, to adopt me for your own daughter. And I do believe I'll be such a good daughter that you will be willing for me to belong to you always."

Mrs. Bailey straightened up; she patted the silvery curls into place and wiped away the tears from cheeks that were pink as crab-apple blossoms with excitement. "My dear," she said, briskly, "come right into the house this minute! I have everything lovely for you. And you shall have the blue room that opens into mine—the one with grandma's bridal furniture in it."

Into the hall she led the newcomer, calling to Cindy on the staircase, looking round-eyed upon them: "Run to the kitchen, Cindy, and bring Chloe and Jacob. I want Miss Katherine to know you all. She is the guest I have been expecting."

And Cindy, elate with prophecy fulfilled, hurried joyfully to the kitchen, where old Jacob dreamed a dream of peace on the woodbox in the corner, and Chloe, anxious because of the mistress's poor appetite, was making Maryland biscuit to tempt it, beating the dough with rhythmic strokes, keeping time to the old hymn tune she was droning.

"Come, mammy and daddy," exulted their daughter, "you all come right up in de hall, ole Miss say. She want you to see de young lady she been 'spectin' and 'parin' for. What I tole you? Now she done come, I lay you dey's gwineter be joysome times at de Bailey plantation agin."

The house, shining in spotless splendor, testified to it; the burdened beauty of the rosebushes nodded affirmation; the breeze, whispering the secret to the moss-muffled old oaks, stirred them to murmurings of drowsy approval of the news.

In the room upstairs, the blue room with the dainty old furniture sent from oversea to a bride of the dead past, the girl with the understanding heart looked down into the shining face of the mistress of the mansion, and mentally confirmed the fact. Hereafter there would be only joysome times at the Bailey plantation!

A VALUABLE ALMANAC

At last I find the time for expressing to you my sincere gratitude for *The Christian Herald Almanac* for 1912 you sent me. I find it replete with the most valuable information, and know that I shall make almost daily use of it. Every number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD strikes a sympathetic chord in my heart, especially the reports concerning the Bowery Mission. I am doing similar work, though on a smaller scale, here in St. Louis. God's richest blessing be with you and your work in the new year. F. W. HERZBERGER.

St. Louis, Mo.

Everywhere we go the lesson of good teeth is told

What more common than our admiration of a pretty face turned to disappointment when that face smiles!

True, the clever woman whose teeth are not attractive, when she must smile, never lets us see.

But how delightful when the open smile, in features beautiful or plain, suddenly dazzles us with the glory of perfect teeth.

You who have fine teeth, whether through good fortune or through wise care, or through the dentist's skill, *safeguard* them by daily *night* and *morning* use of

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PERFECT
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You can have a **Good Figure**—as good as any woman.

You can have a **Clear Skin.**

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NO DRUGS NO MEDICINES

My pupils simply comply with Nature's laws.

What My Pupils say:

"Every one notices the change in my complexion; it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no *rheumatism*, or sluggish liver, and I can *masticate* food. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"*My weight has increased 30 pounds.* I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves* are so *rested!* I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have *taken off my glasses*, and my *catarrh* is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *growing*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly, and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend.

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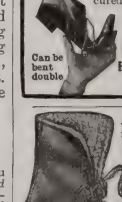

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Morning Mood

THE morning mood should be cheery. To be fretful, grumpy, and low-spirited in the morning betokens a life out of sympathy with the great beating heart of the universe. The sun has been shining for thousands of years, but every new morning sees it rise with gladness. To use the strong figure of the Psalmist, the sun comes forth rejoicing as a bridegroom from his chamber.

This is the same whether the clouds obscure the morning brightness, or the east is splendid with gold and rose. The sun is never anything but cheerful. The day's work lies before it, and the light will not fade until another day's work must begin on another side of the globe.

With us, if we waken with headache, due very possibly to lack of ventilation during the night, if we waken disturbed in nerves, burdened with anxiety or wearied by the pressure of care, we too often spoil the morning by inflicting our low mood on the rest of the family. To be morose at the breakfast table is a sin and a shame. The curious fact is that numbers of people regard sin with horror. They frown upon iniquity as though it were something apart from themselves, something committed only by actual prisoners at the bar of justice. Little do they imagine that at the bar of the Infinite it is judged a sin to be cross with a child, snub the sensitive wife who is doing her best to please a peevish husband, or, on the other hand, to pour coffee, as some good women do, with the air of injured martyrs. Whatever disturbs the fastidity and destroys the good cheer of a household is sin. There are women and men who rarely get themselves in hand so that they are cheerful companions and decent members of the home until after breakfast in the morning. The morning mood should strike the keynote for the day. If any of us have drifted into a habit of depression at breakfast, let us turn a sharp corner and begin over again to greet the day as the children and the birds do, with laughter and song.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR

From a Painting by William Adolphe Bouguereau, French School, 1825-1905

* * *

Worth-while Accomplishment

THE lady who was writing a letter looked up from her desk and glanced about the room. "How do you spell parallel?" she said. Her husband smilingly spelled the word for her. She thanked him, saying, "If I dash straight on I seldom make a mistake, but if I stop to think how to spell a word I become so confused that I am lost. How am I to spell psychology? How can I remember the difference between believe and deceive? What is the difference between till and until? I inherit a disability in the line of spelling. My mother has often told me that she was a poor speller."

The husband laid his paper down, and seeing that his wife's letter was finished, folded and securely fastened in its envelope, also addressed and stamped, said, "Now, Elizabeth, let me give you a bit of advice. Never tell anybody that you cannot spell. Your spelling is very creditable to your teachers and your education. Nobody can inherit a disability in that line. If your mother does not spell well, it is her misfortune, and may be her fault, for she was brought up on Webster's spelling book and McGuffy's readers. You, poor child, came along when the blue speller was out of fashion and the dear old reading book, going from first to fifth grade, had been forgotten on the top shelf. Still, you do spell very well except when you stop to think about it. I have determined that our little Winifred and Reginald shall be inducted into everything that makes for good spelling. They shall be drilled in Latin and learn about derivatives; they shall recite to me every day out of the dictionary. They shall write down columns of spelling at my dictation. I shall teach them to look attentively at the pages of the books they read. Spelling is a worth-while accomplishment within the reach of every one."

The lady had risen to leave the room. She paused long enough to run her fingers through her husband's hair and ruffle it up becomingly. "You dear," she said. "When are you going to have time personally to conduct Winnie and Reggie through the labyrinth of juvenile education? I will help you, and we will do our best. Perhaps we can persuade the church sociable to enliven its dulness with an old-fashioned spelling match, a prize to be given to the best speller and a consolation premium to the worst. That would be a step in the right direction. Perhaps, too, we can persuade the teachers to pay a little more attention to this simple and easy, but often neglected branch of study. Keep up your heart, my dear. Our children are clever, and I am not much afraid that they will turn out a disgrace to us."

Phonetic spelling is rather attractive, but is beset by briars and thorns. The English language is a composite. It is like a river with streams flowing in from many sources. The lady and her husband were in the right in determining that their children should know how to spell. Nothing more surely convicts one of illiteracy than a glaring error in this direction.

* * *

The Pies That Mother Made

MOST young wives are familiar with the reminiscent comparison made by husbands when certain articles of diet are placed before them. The oat meal porridge in the morning, and the mince pie at dessert, the pound cake, crullers and preserves at luncheon or dinner are very good, but not so good as those "mother used to make." As for fish-balls, they may be as light as feathers and golden brown in color, melting in the mouth, yet toothsome as they are they do not equal the fish-balls on the table in the days that are no more. Mother's cooking, from the buckwheat cakes, eaten with maple syrup, to mother's hot gingerbread, a delicacy surpassing anything ever turned out by a Parisian chef, and mother's home-made candy, live forever in the memory of her sons, and are often alluded to in the presence of their wives.

There cannot be the least doubt that history repeats itself, and that the mothers themselves went through the same process and knew all about it when they, too, were young. The grown man forgets that he does not bring to the three meals a day the appetite of the growing boy. The boy was always hungry. He was seldom critical. He never struggled with wearied nerves or chronic indigestion. Unless the man can retain the boy's appetite unimpaired to the very end, he will probably go on fancying that mother's cooking altogether surpassed the cooking of to-day.

* * *

Heedlessness and Firearms

A LEGAL permit is required before the private citizen can carry a revolver on his person. One sometimes wishes that similar permits universally guarded the possession of revolvers within the precincts of a home. Pistols present temptations to small boys. If in the house, whether loaded or unloaded, they should be kept under lock and key. The tragedy is so familiar that we had ceased to be shocked as we ought when a pistol is recklessly handled, and, the trigger being touched, a bullet is discharged with fatal effect. The reckless pointing of a pistol has resulted more times than we can count in the death of a child or an adult. Revolvers and poisons and all sorts of deadly missiles and agents should be out of the reach of irresponsible youth. Two little friends were discussing a camping expedition for next summer in a New York apartment house the other day. One boy, in boy fashion, said that pistols would be necessary, and brought out his grandfather's weapon with boyish pride. A moment later his chum lay dead upon the floor.

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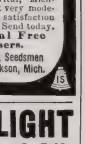

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invaluable to Singers and Speakers for clearing the voice. There is nothing more effective for Throat Irritation, Hoarseness and Coughs. Sample free. JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

A Modern Savonarola Dead

I AM filled with a feeling of joy and well being. I can appear before God, for I am at peace with my conscience and my reason." These were the last conscious words of Père Hyacinthe, who died in Paris on February 9.

The story of the life of this gifted man is one of the most romantic in church or civil history. He lived well on to a hundred years, from 1827 to 1912. Born at Orleans, ordained to the Catholic priesthood in Notre Dame at Paris at the age of twenty-four, a professor of theology, then a brother of the Barefoot Carmelite Friars, his eloquence flowed forth in the French capital in 1864 and won the attention of the world. Intensely spiritual and fiercely pure, he denounced the atheism and vice of the city in a series of six Advent sermons at Notre Dame on the subject of "A Personal God." Crowds swept to hear him, and for many years he continued his fervent and powerful preaching at the Cathedral. The archbishop, then the emperor Napoleon III. in his palace, finally Pope Pius at the Vatican, became his auditors.

But his earnestness became too earnest for the ecclesiastical machinery. He was brave enough to say at last: "It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular and the Latin races in general are delivered over to anarchy—social, moral, religious—the principal cause of it is to be found, not, certainly, in Catholicism itself, but in the way in which Catholicism has for a long time been understood and practiced." This brought to a crisis the antagonism against him, and he was ordered by Dominique, head of the Carmelite order, to return to the convent. He refused to do so, was expelled from the order, and excommunicated as an apostate. But he continued to toil in the Protestant ranks as he had toiled in the Catholic, for the triumph of religion and righteousness.

That a little New York State girl, named Emily Jane, should become an international figure whose story should be identified with that of this illustrious man is one of the surprises of history. Emily Jane Butterfield was born at Oswego, N. Y., in 1833. Her parents moved to Ohio, then a part of the "far West." At eight years of age she became a Sunday School teacher, at sixteen she published some really good poems, at eighteen she married Captain E. R. Merriman. She was intensely religious, but failed to find real peace. Coming to live in Brooklyn, she told Henry Ward Beecher that she often felt the desire to become a Catholic. He was not horrified.

She went to Europe, having been made a widow at the death of Captain Merriman, and, feeling the charm and power of the ancient church at Rome, conferred with Archbishop Darboy, of Paris, and Father Hyacinthe. Concessions were made and, accepting the Nicene Creed, she became a Catholic. Father Hyacinthe received her confession of faith. She went to live in Rome, and the Pope offered to make her a countess if she would conduct a woman's college under his direction. She refused the title because she was an American and declined the offer of funds because she desired to keep on friendly terms with the Italian Government, with which she sympathized in its contentions with the Pope, not believing in the principle of the temporal power of the papacy. She rejoiced when the Eternal City fell into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. When in 1870 the decree of the infallibility of the Pope was promulgated, she contended against its acceptance, and when the council finally adopted it she felt compelled to leave the church.

Father Hyacinthe, believing that his expulsion from the Carmelite order freed him from the vow of celibacy, sought her in marriage, and in 1872 they became husband and wife as Monsieur and Madame Loyson. Their married life was one of great happiness. M. Loyson became curate of the Congregation of Liberal Catholics in Geneva, and later founded a "Gallican" congregation at Paris. When dying he asked that priests of the Greek Armenian Church, and the Rev. Charles Wagner, author of *The Simple Life*, attend him. His funeral service was held in the Protestant Church of the Oratoire in Paris on February 12.

The Late Frank D. Talmage

THE Rev. Frank D. Talmage passed away at his home in Philadelphia on Febraury 8. He was the son of the late Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the famous pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who was for many years the senior editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Frank Talmage was born in Brooklyn and studied at Princeton and Union Theological Seminaries. He entered the ministry in Philadelphia in 1894. He next became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, and accepted a call to the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, in 1898. In 1907 he assumed charge of the First Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, Calif., and two years later was called to the Chambers-Wylie Church, of Philadelphia, holding that pastorate until the time of his death.

He was a strong, vigorous preacher and exceedingly popular. For several years his sermons were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He leaves a widow and four children: Frank, Thomas DeWitt, Susan and Gertrude. Several months ago, he experienced a nervous breakdown, which ultimately resulted in heart-failure. For the last twelve years, he was one of the leading ministers of his denomination, preaching to large audiences in many cities.

Household Hints

To remove coffee-and-milk stains from woolen goods, try the following: Nine parts of water, one part glycerine, one-half part aqua ammonia. Apply with a brush. This mixture should be allowed to remain on the material for twelve hours, and the spot should be moistened several times in that time. Press the fabric between pieces of cloth and rub with a clean rag.

Fresh fruit stains should be rubbed at once with salt. This will keep the spot damp until it can be treated with boiling water. Hold the injured part of the cloth over a basin and pour the water through it. If this does not prove entirely successful, apply a thick paste made of boiled starch, and put the material in the sun. Keep the starch damp, but not wet.

Black silk and all woolen goods can be successfully washed with soap-bark. It is especially good to remove grease spots. Into a quart of cold water steep for ten minutes a handful of soap-bark. Warm this solution, strain, rub well into the fabric, then sponge with clear cold water. While still damp, the material should be ironed, or pinned out on a frame or board.

Coffee-and-milk stains are especially difficult to remove from silk, but the following method has met with repeated success. It is always well to make a trial on an odd piece of the goods, and if, after drying, the color changes, omit the ammonia: Five parts water, five parts glycerine, one-fourth part ammonia. To restore the finish to the fabric, brush with a thin solution of gum-arabic.

A Canadian's View of The Christian Herald

Several years ago, I was a pretty constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but it was gradually dropped. For the past few months, for reasons which it is not necessary to state, it came into my life again. I consider it now one of the best all-round religious papers I have the privilege of reading, and I enjoy and, I think, profit by every department in it. Since the time of the Saviour, there have never been, in my judgment, any three men who have done more for the religious life or for improving the human race, than have the apostle Paul, Abraham Lincoln and Charles Dickens. In this week's issue there are helpful and inspiring articles on each, which every thoughtful Christian should read in the doing of which all would feel an uplifting influence that vastly more than repays all the trouble and cost.

I do not know whether you have many subscribers in Toronto or Canada, but whether or no, it does seem that there is a large field here for extending your influence in the religious and philanthropic life of us Canadians.

Toronto, Can. A. TORONTONIAN.

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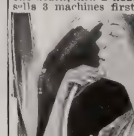

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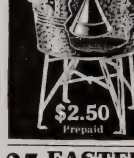

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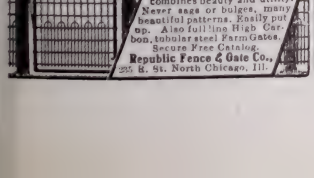

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AMERICAN GIRL PAPERS

Just an Ordinary Everyday Girl

WE TALKED last week here in our own little corner about the enchantment of our everyday life. Do you remember? I am tempted to take up the thread where we broke it, and weave on in much the same strain as before: And if any of you, my girl friends who are so dear to us in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD because we think of you as the young girls of our family, fancy perhaps that I am a dreamer, an idealist among girls whose lives are mostly filled with intensely practical things, read on a little farther and you shall see.

Near to the Ideal

FIRSTLY and forever, I believe that we, as girls, all in the rich beauty of our youth, are very near the ideal of mind and body and spirit. We are not ripe, to be sure. We are just dear, growing girls, and therein is the secret of our charm. Life is ahead with its promise, its possibilities, its humor, its uncertainty. This is the enchanted atmosphere in which we live, and nearly all of the older world would gladly exchange its life for ours. There is no egotism in this, but rather deep humility before a vast truth.

By Way of Being Definite

I PREFER definiteness in these very real things, so I am going to confide to you a secret which I never before willingly admitted: I am what you call just an ordinary, everyday, not-a-whit-pretty girl, with perfectly sincere manners, rather a nice voice, and a keen sense of humor; and these are absolutely the only purely personal charms to which I may justly lay claim. Mother used to tell us when we were children at home that all the beauty and talent on earth would not compensate for an unlovely voice, and we were trained according to mother's theory. Almost any one can have an attractive voice, and it is an unfailing charm, I assure you. I am almost foolishly careful of my hands. My hair I keep glossy and smooth, and as to general neatness of my dress—well, I am in the business world, you see, and there one must be immaculate. I have not very many of the ordinary blessings of life, yet—and here is my secret — never a day goes by but I thank God fervently and humbly for the beauty and the opportunity of my girlhood.

Will you measure your own girlhood by some of the beauty as I set it down here, please? You will be astonished at the result, and we shall feel closer together then.

I am brimful of ideals. Aren't you? And of joyousness and comradeship and ready sympathy. Aren't you? My ambitions are "lofty," like Joe's in *Little Women*, and almost nothing can completely discourage me. By some simple knack of unworn nerves, I am able to look straight through foolish little annoyances and set them out of my way quite unabashed. This is a part of my nature and of my sense of humor. Are you sure it is not a part of yours, too? And when disappointments come that later might easily crush my spirit and intimidate me, I quite unconsciously shake them off, in much the same way that a shaggy dog shakes the salt sea from his coat and romps into the sunshine to dry.

The Land of Enchantment

A Little Dream World

I SHALL tell you here at some other time, perhaps, about a little dream-world that I have saved out of my childhood, where the big frictions and irritations which invariably are a part of youth dare not intrude.

But this week I want to remind you and you and you, who shall be reading this story, that as surely as the day follows dawn, your lives measure up with most of the very things of which I have been reminding you. I can tell from your letters that many of you are too serious. There is, oh, such a plenty of time for seriousness. We must busy ourselves with beauty, enchantment, enthusiasm, opportunity.

No Pretty Theories

I HAVE no pretty-sounding theories to palm off upon girls, and no one knows better than I that our days are often too discouraging and complex to be courageously endured. But I know too that complexities do vanish and joys come tumbling after in the most astonishing way.

What if we begin this very day to put to service our ambitions and hopes and set them to living down the little bitternesses and disappointments of the morning? What if we make up our minds to remember that, after all, youth is rarely called upon to grapple with things beyond its strength, and that grumbling is only holding our courage at bay? This I call both practical and ideal. I am afraid I have little patience with the modern fashion of magazine writing to girls in a kind of maudlin sentimentality of condolence. I can never quite understand what it is all about, and there is little enough inspiration in it, I am sure. Why, bless my heart! We need no propping up with platitudes and dull philosophies. We *are* youth. It is clearly up to us to live up to its high calling, with all our might and main. And there is the philosophy of it in a nutshell.

Such a nice March heading drawn by a Cozy Corner little girl who says she is twelve years old, but put neither name nor address on her drawing.

GOOD-NIGHT FOR LITTLE FOLK

I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise:
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

Lovingly and faithfully yours

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

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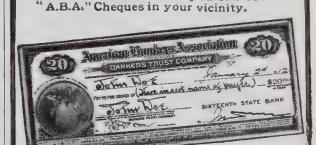

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Forms of Investment

EVERY business transaction is a form of contract, written or verbal. It implies the doing of a certain thing for a fixed consideration. There must be in each case a grantor and a grantee, a buyer and a seller. The seller aims to sell at a profit; the buyer aims to buy for his own advantage. That both should gain seems at first glance paradoxical, yet that they may do so we all know—indeed, in the majority of cases they must do so, else all trade, which in its simplest term is a matter of barter, would come to a standstill.

Investments in General

Trade is an exchange of assumed equivalents, but when the things exchanged are of unchangeable values, there can be no gain on either side, as when I hand my friend a ten dollar gold piece and he gives me in return a ten dollar gold certificate. This, however, is an accommodation, and though it is a form of exchange, it lacks the element of mutual gain which is the spirit of all trade transactions. Purchases are of two kinds, viz., those made for immediate consumption, as for food, clothing and housing, and those made for profitable increase, though the former, being essential to the proper compliance with all other transactions, may, in the last economic analysis, be regarded as fixed investments.

In these articles, it has not been our purpose to advise as to the best methods of carrying on farming, manufacturing or storekeeping, for we must assume that the men winning in these callings have a practical knowledge of their own affairs that far outweighs any theories we might have to offer. We have tried, and, we have reason to believe, not without success, to point out to our readers who may have money on hand, saved from their business and not needed for its extension, the best way in which they can invest it, particularly where they cannot be, by reason of a restricted environment, as familiar with the conditions as are those who have made them a special study.

A Word About Stocks

We must assume that our readers, apart from the lessons we have tried to give on that subject, are familiar with the distinction between stocks and bonds as forms of investment; it will also be remembered that in a recent article we pointed out that stocks, in any way preferred, to that extent, are regarded by the courts as having many of the characteristics of bonds or liens. Stocks may be quite as safe as bonds for permanent investments, their only drawback, as has been pointed out, being their lack of that security which gives to the good bond its assured redemption.

There are, of course, constant speculations in every form of bonds, just as there may be in real estate mortgages, but as these forms of security, outside of panicky conditions of the money market, are not subject to violent fluctuations, they do not afford an exciting field for the speculator, who, in his hazards on the rise or fall of the stock, is quite as much of a gambler as is the man who is ready to bet on the turn of a high or low card. It is not our purpose to warn readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD against this pernicious form of speculation, for we feel sure it has no more allurements for them than would any other gambling game, but it is well to have some knowledge of methods that many regard as business, and which are to-day important factors in the world of finance.

We have known men, young and old—and it is sad and amazing to note how soon all engaged in such work take on the wrinkles of anxiety and the hue of age—who plunged into the mad whirl of stock speculation, hoping by a favorable turn in Fortune's wheel to swell their few thousands into millions; but, while we have seen scores who went down to ruin, we never met one who made a permanent success of his ventures and came out whole. These men buy or sell on a margin; that is, they place in the hands of a broker, who is a member of the Stock Exchange, from five to ten per cent. of the value of one hundred or more shares of stock. If they buy and the stock goes up, they win on the rise, less the broker's commission; if they sell and the stock goes down, they gain the difference. Should the stock fluctuate adversely beyond the limit of the deposit, the broker asks for more margin, and if this is not forthcoming the stock is sold, and with it goes the margin. As these transactions usually cover but a few days or a few weeks at the most, even if the gambling element were lacking they could not be classed as serious forms of investment.

Permanent Investors

A majority of security purchasers buy to make their spare cash income-producing. Assured that the interest on the dividends will be paid as promised, there is no occasion for their giving any thought to basic financial principles or to those fundamental conditions that control prices, and yet, if the time could be spared, such a study would well repay the amateur.

Vast as are the sums used by the temporary investor, and great as are the fortunes they have made, they are, in the aggregate, small compared with the gross amount of permanent investments, and the amounts derived from them through dividends and interest. It is the permanent investors who gather in established securities. They invest in the bonds of the nation, of the States and of the municipalities. They are the holders of railroad bonds, of unquestioned "industrials," of public utilities like gas, trolleys and electric plants. They buy the bonds of the best mortgage firms, and in the aggregate they are the best customers of the great financial houses, whose business it is to provide safe securities for investors.

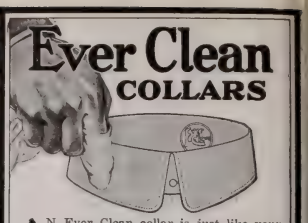
We should not class the permanent investor, because of his wise conservatism, with the non-progressives. It is from the ranks of such that our most successful business men have come. Before a permanent investment can be made, there must be ready money, and with most this can only be had through hard work, constant thrift and a steady self-denial. This effort builds up the strong character; this prudence leads to the permanent investment of savings, and the whole makes for a larger success when the future brings its greater opportunities.

"Second" Eggs on the Farm

ACCORDING to the Department of Agriculture the farmers of the United States lose $5,000,000 annually on account of dirty eggs. This loss is very largely brought about by not gathering the eggs often enough. In wet weather more dirty eggs are found than at any other time. This is caused by the fact that the hen's feet are often covered with mud or other filth, and in going on the nest to lay she soils the eggs already in the nest.

Although dirty eggs may be perfectly fresh, they invariably sell as "seconds," and when but a few dirty eggs are mixed with an otherwise fresh, clean lot, they materially decrease the price of the clean eggs.

An insufficient number of nests is often the cause of many of the dirty eggs found. Eggs are laid on the ground and around the hay and straw stacks, and become stained. On a farm where one nest to every four hens is provided and the nests are kept clean and well bedded, very few dirty eggs are produced.



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Modern Poultry Keeping

BY C. S. GREENE

IT IS important when starting to keep poultry to know about how much time can be devoted to the business and then lay your plans accordingly. Only a few minutes each day are required to care for a small flock of layers, while larger flocks require proportionately more care, and they will not stand neglect, so it is better to understand this point before experience teaches you the lesson for which, perhaps, a high tuition will be charged.

Everything considered, the production of eggs for market offers the best opportunities and most certain profits of any branch of the industry. Under favorable conditions, however, fair profits are sometimes made in the broiler business, the production of soft roasters, crate fattened, and raising turkeys, geese, ducks and pigeons; but each of these different branches is a business of itself and great care should be exercised not to try to establish the second branch until the first has proven successful and profitable. This advice applies to persons who keep small flocks as well as large, for it is not an unusual sight to see ducks, geese, turkeys and chickens all eating out of the same trough and the owner declaring that "poultry don't pay." Under ordinary conditions, then, the egg business is recommended first, and the question which naturally arises is, what is the best way to start and conduct the business successfully? The proper location should be selected first.

In selecting a location for a poultry farm it is necessary to take advantage of natural conditions and resources. Many people fail in the poultry business every year simply because their location is not adapted to the business. To illustrate, it would be folly to breed a fine lot of birds in a low, damp place where disease would be sure to cause serious loss. The ground should be rolling, well drained and of a sandy nature. Low, wet ground will invite all the ills to which poultrydom is heir, so it should be avoided. The slope of the land should be to the south or southeast, and if protected from high winds by woods or hills so much the better. If poultry, meat and eggs are produced for market it is important to choose a location in close proximity to the market selected, so that all produce can be delivered to customers quickly while in the best possible condition and at the least expense for transportation. The proper consideration of these two factors has often made the difference between success and failure. It must also be understood that many poultrymen are producing eggs and meat under the best natural conditions it is possible to find and placing their products on the same markets in competition with yours; so unless you are prepared to successfully meet that competition your profits will be small and perhaps disappear entirely.

The proper breed to keep depends to a great extent upon a person's individual tastes and preferences. As a rule the best breed is the one you like best; but it is necessary at the same time to choose a breed which is naturally adapted to the purposes for which it is intended. For example, if you want large table fowls some of the American or English class of fowls, such as the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes or Orpingtons, are excellent for this purpose, while for profitable egg production some of the smaller breeds usually give the best satisfaction. But it must be remembered that there is just as much difference between individual birds of any breed so far as egg production is concerned as there is between the different breeds themselves. It is therefore apparent that the selection of the proper breed is of no more importance than the selection of the proper individuals representing that breed.

The next consideration is the house and yard in which the poultry is to be kept. The house may be of any modern design and as good results may be obtained with one style as with another, so long as they have a good southern or southeastern exposure and are dry, warm, light and well ventilated, with fresh air entering through cloth screens on the south or east side. Cement floors, well drained and covered with sand and litter, are preferred by many of the best poultrymen at the present time. The roof and back should be double, not only to keep the house warm in winter, but also to keep it cool in summer. Practically all kinds of building material is used with good results in the construction of poultry houses.

Answered Prayers

G. W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. "God has answered a prayer of mine for something I especially wished."

Mrs. F. S., Cumberland, Ind. "A great trial was hanging over us; I asked God's help and we came out victorious."

M. A. Z., Lititz, Pa. "A long time I cried out to God, and a remedy was given to cure a dear one of the drink habit."

J. M. F., Staunton, Va. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answer to prayer in restoring my dear child to me."

L. I. S., San Jose, Calif. "After twenty years of prayer for a certain object, God has granted it. I thank and praise his holy name."

M. S., Napoleon, O. "I wish to add my testimony to answered prayer. I prayed for a sick brother, and the prayer was answered."

Mrs. J. E. C., Wells, Minn. "God has answered my prayer in opening a way out of a financial difficulty from which there seemed no escape."

Mrs. S. T. R., Norwalk, Conn. "My answers to prayer have been so wonderfully direct, I want every one to know that God will give anything asked for."

T. G. O., New Hampshire. "God delivered me from what threatened to be a serious trouble and has rescued me from the 'slough of despond,' and made me happy again."

E. A., Duncansville, Pa. "I asked that a friend might be restored in mind, and he fully recovered. God again answered in giving my husband work and in giving us financial aid."

W. H. G., Bath, N. Y. "Through reading a book on prayer, I was led to understand as never before. I then went to God in secret and asked to have a habit destroyed. Thanks be to God, he answered my prayer."

Called Higher

Phœbe L. Forster, of Milwaukee, Wis., died October 14, 1911. She was for over thirty years a subscriber to this magazine.

Mrs. Martha Downing (78), of Mendon, Mich., passed on to the higher life February 13, 1911. Four days later she was followed by her husband, Lewis Downing, aged 86. They both loved and read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mrs. Jennie M. McClurkin passed to her reward May 8, 1911, followed by her husband, Rev. S. R. McClurkin, September 16, 1911. They were both devoted servants of the Master, and spent the entire thirty-two years of their married life in Christian labor. During all of these years they were subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Rev. Benjamin Wheeler Ward, who died at Dorchester, Mass., on December 13, was a remarkable and successful evangelist of the Baptist Church. In the early part of his life he was an infidel, but was converted at the age of 26. From the beginning of his religious life he was a powerful defender of the Christian faith and delighted in personal work and house to house Gospel visitation. He attended Boston University, became unusually proficient in Greek and Hebrew, and by constant reading of the Scriptures became an eminent Bible scholar. He was ordained to the Baptist ministry in Wisconsin and filled a pastorate there, but feeling the call to evangelistic effort and having an ardent love for it, gave himself to this work. Later he became pastor of a Baptist church at Brockton, Mass., but after two years was compelled to relinquish his charge on account of illness. He died six months later at the home of his parents, Nathaniel M. and Annie S. Ward, at the age of 51. His funeral services were held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Dr. Cortlandt Myers, Dr. Robert Cameron, Dr. W. J. Brigham and other clergymen officiating

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JESUS THE HEALER*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THOSE who have never had any contact with the dread disease may perhaps best learn of it by reading in *Ben Hur*, by General Lew Wallace, the story of the mother and her daughter who became lepers. You may thus realize something of the agony of mind and body which lepers suffer. Also you will realize what a blessing the Lord Jesus was to lepers when he was on earth, pitying them, touching them, and healing them. Then take your Bibles and read about Jesus and the lepers in Matt. 8: 3, Matt. 10: 8, Matt. 11: 5, Luke 4: 27, Luke 5: 12, 13, Luke 7: 22, Luke 17: 12-14.

One Sabbath morning, as we were walking from Jerusalem to the Mount of Olives, we passed by a mile of lepers sitting by the roadside with their tin cups for alms standing in front of them. Their cries for help were the most pitiful sounds we have ever heard from human lips. The scene was made the more horrible because tiny children, some of them infants, rolled and played in the dust of the road around their leper parents, themselves not leprous. If Jesus had passed by that day he could have given them healing, and then how changed would have been the scene! Undoubtedly the leper line is there to-day, others having taken the places of those who have died. Shall we say then that the friends of Jesus have no mercy upon lepers? Not so; for in the city of Jerusalem a lepers' home and hospital has been established, and all who will go there will be helped, so it is by choice that they beg by the wayside. But they must pay taxes on their gains! These are collected by the officers of the Turkish Government.

In our lesson to-day we have a very brief story of how Jesus cured a leper, one who was probably sitting by the wayside as Jesus was passing on his tour of the synagogues (Matt. 4: 23). The leper arose and came and knelt down in front of Jesus, plaintively saying: "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Jesus, pitying him, stretched forth his hand, and touched him. That was an unprecedented thing to do, for to touch was to be contaminated. In a strong and sympathetic voice, Jesus replied: "I will; be thou made clean." And it is told that straightway the leprosy departed from him, and he was made clean. "Go, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing the things which Moses commanded." (Lev. 14.)

In a recent year, when a service for lepers was being held in a grove for lepers, the Indian pastor preached upon this very incident, and as he was emphasizing the love Jesus had for the leper, a man squat on the ground before him, his knees tucked up under his chin, his arms folded around his knees, face upturned, eyes and mouth wide open, listening to the wondrous story of the love of Jesus, stood it just as long as he could; then he said: "Stop there, preacher. Am I hearing you aright? Are you trying to tell us that there was some one once here upon earth who loved a leper?" "Yes, I am." "Well, who was it?" "Jesus." "Who is he? Where does it tell about him?" "It tells about him in the Bible." "Is that Bible written in Hindustani so that I can read it?" "Yes, and if you care to have a copy, I will gladly give you one." His head fell upon his breast, and he was heard to mutter, "Is not that strange? Some one once loved a leper!" Afterward he said it was the first time he had ever heard of Him who loved the leper. He received his Bible, and used to sit cross-legged with it open on his lap, often surrounded by thirty or forty other lepers who could not read, and in the peculiar sing-song drone which the Hindu priest uses, he would read for hours. (This story is told by the superintendent of the mission to lepers at Allahabad, India.) We are told that later, when a church was built for the lepers, and it was about to be furnished, a committee of the lepers came and said, "Whose church is this?" "It is yours; it is the Lepers' Church." "Well, then," they said, "if it is our church, we want to help; we want to buy a pulpit Bible." "You are welcome to, but I am sure I do not know where you will get the money." They said, "But, sir, we have been praying for this church, and saving for it, so now we want to have a part in it."

In glancing over a map of the world in which countries where leprosy is severe are shown by dark shading, and where it exists in mild form by light shading, we note that China, India, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Japan, Korea, Sumatra, the Philippine Islands and some portions of South America are generally quite dark, almost black. There are said to be two hundred and fifty thousand lepers in India. In Japan there are known to be twenty-eight thousand families in which leprosy exists. In 1908 forty thousand cases were officially reported. China has almost a countless host of such sufferers. In the Philippine Islands there are two thousand lepers isolated on the Island of Culion, and thousands of others are at large. The United States Government proposes that at length all shall be brought to Culion. Our government has also taken hold of the leprosy situation in Hawaii, known to be the most infected of the Pacific Islands. Considerably more than a million of dollars have been spent to found and carry on a leper colony on Molokai.

In Siam, Malaysia and Korea it is said that this foul disease is destroying thousands. Even in Iceland there are lepers. A well-equipped hospital has been built for them, and there are about one hundred patients, said to be all of the lepers there are in Iceland.

Sympathy and Help for Lepers

As we look over the leprosy map of the world, we do not see any dark shading, but only a very little light shading in either England or the United States. We should fervently thank God for this, and for this reason our hearts should go out to the lepers in other lands. Remembering the compassion of our Lord Jesus for such as they we should, as his friends and followers, do something to help them, first by our prayers and then by our gifts.

One day a beautiful girl seventeen years of age was brought in her white bridal clothes to a leper asylum by her brother. As she looked at the lepers she put her head on her brother's shoulder and wept aloud, saying: "Am I to be like one of these?" One of the teachers said: "Miss Francis, you have had opportunities in life. Would you not take a class of these little children and women, and try to teach them some of the things you know?" (She had been trained in a Christian orphanage, and had become tainted with leprosy, which had not been discovered until just about the time she was to be married.) She consented to take the class, and her teachings wrought a wonderful change among the inmates. Instead of being slovenly, they came to be neat and tidy. At length Miss Francis was able to say: "Every day I thank God that he made me a leper, because by doing so he has given me an opportunity to work for him that I would not have had in any other way."

Teaching the Lesson to Children

Do not picture all of the horrors of leprosy, but tell them it is a disease

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for March 10, 1912.** Jesus the Healer. Mark 1: 29-45; Matt. 4: 23-35. GOLDEN TEXT: "Himself took our infirmities, and bore our diseases." Matt. 8: 27.

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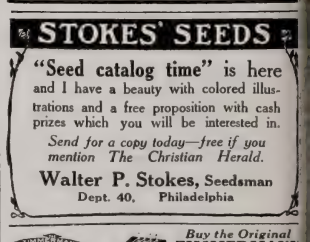
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America's New Dairy Industry

THOSE experts who have been, at the request of the United States Government, investigating the milch goat industries of Europe have returned fully convinced that the dairy industry of America is to have a real rival in the milch goat. It is their belief that America will within a few years be producing fancy cheese similar to that which is now made only in France, Switzerland and Germany. Switzerland grew to prosperity on her dairying industries, in which the goat has played a very large part. Germany has followed the Swiss example and the milch goat industry is now valued at over $60,000,000 a year. France has not been far behind in adopting the milch goat for dairy use, and Austria, Italy and Spain have already well-established goat dairies.

It is not alone in the profit of the industry that its interest centres. Some authorities consider the milch goat to be entirely immune to tuberculosis, which often attacks cattle, and physicians have long regarded its milk as a superior food for infants and invalids. Immigration from European countries has brought the goat a certain amount of popularity in this country, though as yet the dairies are operated on a comparatively small scale. Those who have become used to the use of goat's milk in Europe consider it almost a hardship to be compelled to return to the use of cow's milk. They claim that the milk of the goat is richer, more nutritious and more palatable than that of the cow and has in addition superior keeping qualities. Used in cooking, its superiority to cow's milk is said to be quickly apparent both to sight and taste.

The experts of the Department of Agriculture are convinced that the solution of America's future milk problem lies in the proper introduction of the milch goat. They believe that when the American farmer learns that from five to ten goats can be kept at the same cost as one cow, that the goats can be pastured upon land which would be otherwise entirely useless, and that they will produce almost twice as much milk as a cow, the goat industry will be taken up with a great deal of interest. The figures reported by the various investigators who have been looking into the subject in Europe bear out the conclusions which have just been stated.

The government is making the first attempt to introduce European milch goats on a large scale. Part of the large tract of land near Washington, D. C., which was recently set apart for the use of the Bureau of Animal Industries is to be used as a goat dairy farm. There is already a large herd of American goats installed and it is hoped that by cross-breeding these with the best European varieties some new and highly valuable breeds may be produced. The average record of the present American goat is about two quarts of milk per day, while many of the Swiss goats give as high as five or six quarts a day, and the average among Swiss thoroughbreds is about four quarts. German writers upon the dairying industry assert that the milch goats of that country give ten times their body weight in milk each year and that exceptional specimens have given eighteen times their weight.

The French Government has done a great deal to encourage goat dairying, the milk being used for the manufacture of cheese. It is stated that 12,000 goats are kept for this purpose upon an estate near Lyons. The cheese which is produced under these conditions is already well known in this country. Americans are familiar with it by the names of Roquefort, Ricotto, Schweitzer, Altenburg, St. Marcellin and Gratarion. The area of the United States which is accessible for the goat industry is very large. There are practically only a few sections of the dampest lowlands where its development is impossible. Great tracts of the New England and Southern highlands which now lie idle will form ideal pastures for goats, while the Southwestern uplands and southern California will have an additional advantage in that their warmer climate will permit the rearing of the Nubian milch goat, which is the greatest milk producer of all the breeds. Goat's milk will have to overcome the preconceived idea of many Americans that it possesses an unpleasant odor and taste. But this will not be difficult when it is proved that any unpleasantness is entirely due to careless dairying methods and that the same slovenliness if followed in the management of a dairy of milch cows would have equally bad results upon the product.

Ice and Economics

FASTER steamers and more steamers, trading between our northern ports and the tropics, have had no effect on our climate, but they assuredly have had on the character of our food and on our general comfort. Fifty years ago oranges, bananas and cocoanuts were luxuries known only to our more favored seaports; to-day these, and even more perishable kinds of tropical fruits, are to be had at reasonable prices in little railroad towns a thousand miles from the coast. Cities, quick transportation has had much to do in bringing this about, but methods of preservation through artificial refrigeration have had more. The old-time farmer exhausted his ingenuity in preserving the products of summer and autumn against the destructive frosts of winter; but now all this is changed, and the farmer, like the larger dealer, is using the rigid forces of winter to keep fresh and wholesome the most delicate as well as the hardier products of the farm.

The ice-king's realm is no longer confined to the north, nor are his adherents limited to the luxurious city dweller. Man has learned the monarch's secret, and is producing ice at sea-level under the equator, or transporting it south on the same ships that carry the tropical fruits to the north. Ice has become one of the most important factors in the economics of living, and the farmer, usually so conservative, has come to realize this, and to use the knowledge to his own great advantage. Ice, once regarded as an incumbrance, or at best as something for the young folks to skate on, has become an essential to the farmer who marches abreast of the times; and the ice-house, although necessarily never the most conspicuous, has become one of the most important structures on the farm.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

that people may easily take from those who have it, and that it makes people very ugly to look at. It will not be a difficult matter to arouse the interest of the children in the hundreds and hundreds of little boys and girls whose fathers and mothers are lepers, especially when the children are told that if the leper children are kept away from their parents and put into schools, they will probably never have leprosy. Tell them how the children of missionaries sometimes lovingly put their arms around these children and have them for playmates. Tell how Jesus loved and helped the lepers. Also the story of the leper and the Bible might be told to them, but not the story of Miss Francis. That is much too sad for them to hear, and quite beyond their comprehension.

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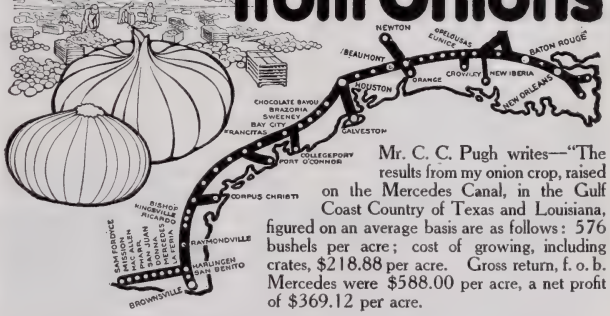

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The Universal Refuge*

GOD is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will I not fear," wrote the Psalmist.

The great contribution of the Jewish race, the "chosen people," to religion and civilization is their vivid conception of God. It is true that their thought of him was marred by an admixture of human attributes which Jesus cleared away; but, on the whole, the grandeur of the Hebrew Jehovah, his holiness, his justice, his love, has brooded over our feverish, petty human history, like a great Ideal, such as an inspired painter might take for a model. God is a "shield," a "glory"; "salvation belongeth unto him"; he is a "refuge in time of trouble"; "his loving kindness is marvelous"; he is a "fortress," a "rock," a "buckler"; "the horn of my salvation and my high tower"; "my strength and my redeemer."

These are only a few of the noble figures with which the Hebrew poets made real to the people the existence of a spiritual God, a God utterly different from the degraded deities worshiped by the tribes around them. The justice of their conception has been vindicated by the long procession of the generations. To those who put their trust in him, and who have shown that trust by a striving after the righteousness of life which the true worship of the Hebrew God involves, he has ever been a sure retreat "from every stormy wind that blows."

In one of the great Roman palaces, on a ceiling, is painted that most wonderful picture of Guido Reni, the "Aurora." Few can long contemplate this fascinating work of art in its inconvenient position; but a horizontal mirror has been so constructed as to reflect the picture perfectly, and thus one may feast one's eyes upon it easily for hours at a time. In the same way, though we may find the abstract thought of God hard to grasp, the vivid comparisons of the Psalmist and the prophets make his character clear to us, and guided by them we can "hide ourselves in the secret of his pavilion" when trouble comes.

In one of George Matheson's eloquent appeals to Christ, he says, "Thou comest to me when I am still in the shadow. It is on a soiled finger thou puttest the adoption ring; it is on a broken body thou layest the best robe. Thy voice says to me, 'Take another chance. Try once more.'" So he speaks to every discouraged soul among us.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, March 10. TEXTS: Hosea 6: 1-3; Luke 15: 11-24.

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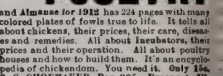

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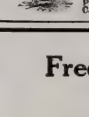

and Almanac for 1912 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c.
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Wins

The First Christian Herald Shetland Pony

We have sent the pony to Fred from the Simpson Pony Farm, Aurora, Ill., and in an early issue we will publish some photographs showing him driving and riding the little beauty. Fred is the proudest boy in America today because his energetic and good work won the beautiful Shetland Pony for him. Fred is also proud of his Brown Bag and gold and enamel Christian Herald Pin. See him wearing them!

Another Shetland Pony is now offered to our boys who start in February and March. The best boy receives it *free*.

We Want Several New Boys in your section. Everything necessary to start sent free, including first 10 copies.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City. *Date*.....

Please send me a start in business and tell me all about how I may win the beautiful Shetland Pony, if I do good work.

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Testimony That Counts

IT HAS been said that no great prophet or poet is understood by the mass of the people until those chosen ones appear who can translate his true meaning to them. "Ye are his witnesses," the inspired seer tells us. It is through his children, to whose hearts the vision hath been granted, that the outside world is to learn the real nature of Christ and be drawn to him. Let us see to it that our witness is true.

The testimony of the word is important, but the testimony of the life is vital. Though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love in our hearts and virtue in our conduct, our fine talk is as tinkling brass. No two people are formed exactly alike, no two are equally fitted for the same service; but our work is accepted if each one of us does his best to show forth the love of Christ.

To the modest and humble soul, it often seems as though no progress were being made, no good being done. So it seemed to little Pippa in Browning's great poem, "Pippa Passes." She felt that her holiday, which opened so brightly, drew to "a drear, dark close." She had wished to do some good, but did not see that she had accomplished any; while, quite unknown to herself, she had brought a murderer to remorse; a mock marriage to reality; a traitor to loyalty; and an assassin to justice. Good, pure, singing her innocent, uplifting songs as she passed along, she had done more in a day than many an older Christian does in years.

It is a parable for us all, and especially in its lesson that we must not expect always to see the reward of our efforts. In another world it may be revealed to us, but here we must be content to do our work as well as we can, bearing our testimony by word of mouth whenever a chance comes, and making chances, by the grace of God.

A little Chinese boy who had been to a mission school did many errands for his mother and the neighbors, and always brought back the right change. A heathen woman asked a neighbor one day how she dared to trust the little fellow with so much money. "Oh," she said, "he goes to the Jesus church. He will never cheat."

There was the kind of testimony that tells. The members of that church, by establishing a character for truthfulness and fidelity in the community, had done as great a work as could be done there for Christ.

Mr. Moody was never weary of praising the great testimony of Paul. Surely it was inspired of God.

"Think of Paul up yonder," said the great evangelist on one occasion. "I can imagine men going up to him and saying, 'Paul, I thank you for writing that letter to the Ephesians. I found Christ in that.' 'Paul, I thank you for writing that epistle to the Corinthians.' 'Paul, I found Christ in that epistle to the Galatians.' For when Paul was put in prison, he did not fold his hands and sit down in idleness. No, he began to write, and his epistles have brought thousands to a knowledge of Christ."

There is always a way to bear testimony if we are really anxious to do it. One of our poets has described a successful testimony, which must always contain a union of head-wisdom and heart-wisdom, in these beautiful words:

How shall the Word be preached with power?
Ah, needless to debate and plan!
Heart answereth unto heart in man:
Out of the very life of each
Must come the power to heal or teach.
The life all eloquent may grieve,
The brain may subtly work and weave:
But if the heart take not its share,
The word of power is wanting there.

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 10. TEXT: John 20: 42.

Arizona Becomes a State

AS THE White House clocks were striking ten on the morn of February 14, President Taft signed the proclamation that admitted Arizona to Statehood in the Union. "There you are," said the President, as he signed the document which added the forty-eighth star to the flag, and brought within the sisterhood of the States the last bit of territory within continental United States. During the signing of the parchment the President's office was filled with officers of the new State, government officials and others who were vitally interested. The moving picture men and photographers were allowed places on each side of the desk, so that the camera might play its part as our greatest modern historian.

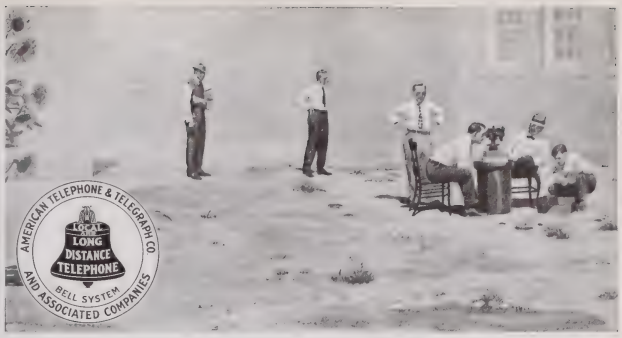
GENERAL NOTES

—JOSEPH LISTER, first Baron Lister, who was made famous by his discovery of the antiseptic system of treatment in surgery, died in London, England, on February 11. He was born in 1827, and had served as professor of surgery in Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities and in King's College, London.

—IT HAS BEEN announced from Washington that Secretary Knox is about to make a diplomatic tour of the South and Central American republics. It is predicted that this journey will strengthen the bond of sympathy between the United States and the smaller republics of the American continent. Secretary Knox is a thoroughgoing believer in the Monroe Doctrine, and thinks that if we are really going to act as big brother to these less populous and less stable nations, we should keep in touch with them and be ready to give them substantial aid in case of need.

—DURING THE recent cold wave, the Bowery Mission Bread Line has averaged over 1,000 men and youths nightly. Many of these poor, homeless fellows were wretchedly clad, and welcomed the warmth of the Mission and the midnight meal. It costs 2½ cents to feed a man in the Bread Line, and as these men and boys are honest and worthy unemployed from different parts of the country, who have become stranded in New York in the hunt for work, their case is one which appeals to universal sympathy. In giving to the Bowery Mission Bread Line, the contributors are helping a deserving cause especially at this inclement season.

—GENERAL JAMES B. WEAVER, who was the presidential candidate of the Populist Party in 1892, and of the Greenback Labor Party in 1880, died at the home of relatives in Des Moines, Ia., on February 12. He was seventy-nine years old. General Weaver was born in Dayton, O., June 12, 1833. After receiving his law degree, in 1856, he began to practice in Bloomfield, Ia. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as a private, but later was commissioned as a first lieutenant. In October, 1862, he was commissioned major of the regiment and promoted to be colonel soon after, when his superior officers were killed at the battle of Corinth. On March 13, 1864, he was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers for gallantry. After the war he held office until 1873, and in 1878, having left the Republican Party, he supported the Greenback candidate for governor, and in the following year was elected a representative in Congress. The financial measures he brought forward made him the logical candidate of the Greenback Party in the presidential campaign of 1880, but after a crushing defeat, he retired from public life until the Populist movement.



From a Photograph Showing the Last Step in Locating the Exact Center of Population of the United States.

"The Center of Population"

A Title that Fits Every Bell Telephone

From the census of 1910 it is found that the center of population is in Bloomington, Indiana, latitude 39 degrees 10 minutes 12 seconds north, and longitude 86 degrees 32 minutes 20 seconds west.

"If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place."

—U. S. Census Bulletin.

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

Every Bell telephone is the center of the system.

It is the point which can be reached with "the minimum aggregate travel," by all the people living within the range of telephone transmission and having access to Bell telephones.

Wherever it may be on the map, each Bell telephone is a center for purposes of intercommunication.

To make each telephone the center of communication for the largest number of people, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service for a country of more than ninety million.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

APPLE TREES We offer to the planter 200,000 Apple trees, 800,000 Peach, 50,000 Pear, 50,000 Plum, 100,000 Cherry, 300,000 Carolina Poplar, and millions of Grape and small fruits. Secure varieties now Pay in spring. Buy from the man who has the goods and save disappointment at planting time. Catalog Free to everybody.
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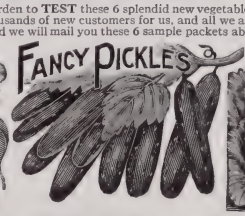
12 Day Lettuce—After once trying this variety you will say it is the quickest grower on record, always very tender, crisp and sweet.

15 Day Radish—A wonder for quick growth. Will produce radishes fit to use in 15 days. Is very crisp and tender, scarlet color.



Fancy Pickles—Here is a cucumber to be proud of. It is a marvel of beauty, grows very quick and just right size for pickling. You should grow this excellent variety.

60 Day Cabbage—Quickest growing cabbage in the world. Heads quick, very solid and splendid quality. Try it and you will say it is a wonder.

Giant Climbing Tomato—Most wonderful tomato we ever knew. Climbs trellises 12 to 20 feet. Fruits often weigh 2 lbs. each, very smooth and solid, few seeds, handsome red color.

Sugar Parsnip—Very best variety for home gardens. Roots large, very smooth, flesh fine-grained and excellent quality

Remember we will send a **Sample Packet** of all these 6 varieties of **SEEDS** absolutely **FREE** to every reader of this paper who has a garden and will test them. Several dollars worth of vegetables can be grown from this lot of seeds. Write your name and address plainly on a **Postal Card** and it will bring them. *Do it today before all the sample lots are taken.*
Our 1912 CATALOGUE of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, and Rare Fruits with our Special Bargain List with Color Plates, will be sent FREE with every lot.
Address—MILLS SEED HOUSE, Dept. 21, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

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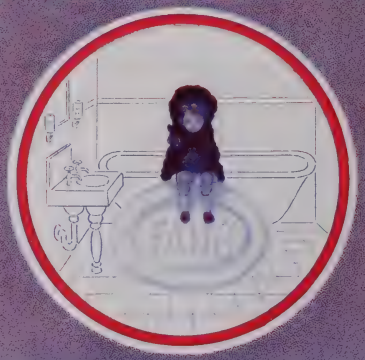

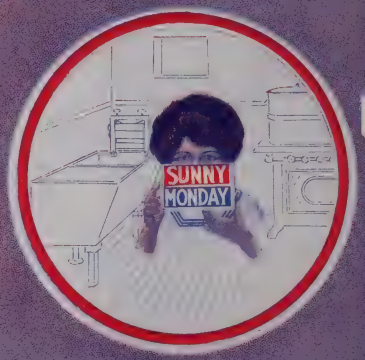

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Germs of today accumulate on oft-used pots and pans, and ordinary soap and water only cleans off the surface.

Gold Dust does the work—and does it right. It digs deep after germs, cleans like a new whistle and leaves your pots and pans as new and as bright as the day they were new—and sanitarily safe.

Gold Dust does this work in just half the time required by soap or any other cleanser. Does it better, too.

Gold Dust cleans everything like magic.

¶ Use **Gold Dust** for washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning pots and pans, woodwork, bathtubs and fixtures, sinks, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"

Fairy Soap

If we could only place a cake of Fairy Soap in your bathroom, we could at once prove its superiority over other white soaps.

Fairy is made from better materials—is white and stays white; it has a dainty, agreeable odor, rather than a "soapy" one; its handy, oval shape and floating properties add the finishing touches to its perfection in quality.

To use Fairy Soap once is to use it always.

¶ We could charge you five times the five cents asked for **Fairy Soap,** but we could add nothing to the quality. In higher priced soaps you are paying for fancy wrappers and expensive perfume—not better soap.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

Sunny Monday
Laundry Soap

The ordinary yellow laundry soap shrinks blankets and woolen goods—Sunny Monday Soap does not. The reason is that Sunny Monday is made from a high grade of choice fats and vegetable oils—and possesses a wonderful **dirt-starting** ingredient which saves half the rubbing.

You will find that the use of Sunny Monday Soap will add just about 100% to the life of your blankets, woolen goods and finer fabrics.

¶ Because of its purity and whiteness and because it starts the dirt so quickly, one bar of **Sunny Monday Soap** will go as far and do as much work as two bars of ordinary yellow laundry soap.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY—MAKERS—CHICAGO

Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1912

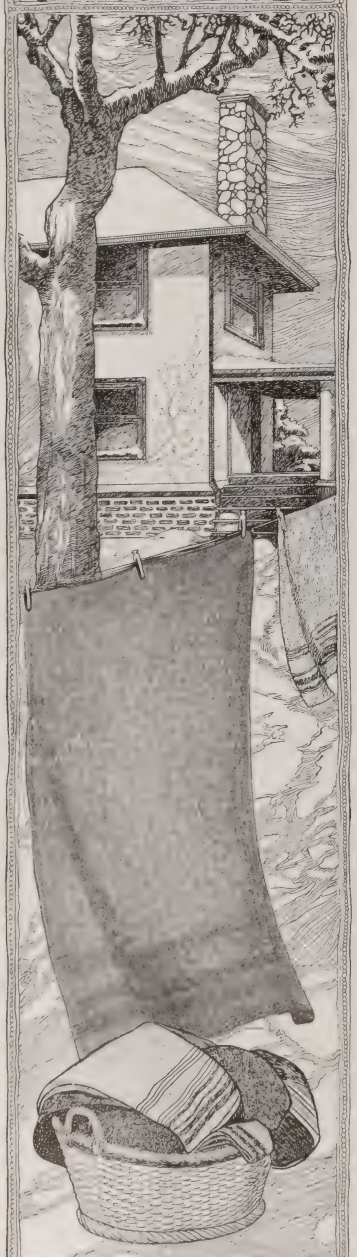
VOL. 35—NO. 10. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

THE LETTER From a Painting by Meyer von Bremen

See Description in this Issue

IVORY SOAP IN THE LAUNDRY

THE WASHING OF WOOLENS AND BLANKETS



THE careful housewife asks: "How can I wash woolens without shrinking them?"

Her problem is not only to get the woolens clean but to keep the youngsters' under-garments to their original length, the blankets to their first generous proportions and all other woolens to the same size as when new.

To prevent shrinking you first should know what causes it — what you should *not* do.

1st. Rubbing mats the woolen fibers. *That* means shrinking. Therefore, you should not rub bar soap on any article made wholly or partially of wool; nor should you rub the article on the washboard.

2nd. Sudden changes of temperature draw the fibers together. *That* means shrinking. Therefore, you should not use very hot or very cold water, either for washing or rinsing; nor hang the articles out-doors in very cold weather; nor let woolen dress goods dry before pressing.

3rd. Strong soaps and strong alkalies contract, stiffen and weaken the fibers. *That* means shrinking. It means more. It means their destruction. Therefore, you should not use any other than Ivory Soap because it has no "free" alkali—is 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

To enable you to avoid shrinking your woolens, and at the same time to wash them clean, is the purpose of the following directions. Keep them for ready reference. They will eliminate worry and save wool.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Blankets Choose a bright, sunny day with a moderate breeze. Have plenty of warm water handy.

Make enough Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) to wash all the blankets; from a half to a whole cake of Ivory Soap (small size) for each pair. Hard water and large, heavy blankets require two or three times as much soap as soft water and small, light blankets.

Fill three tubs about half full of warm — not hot — water. To the first add enough Ivory Soap Paste to make a good, foamy suds. Put in one double or two single blankets. Let them soak thirty minutes. Work them up and down, adding Ivory Soap Paste as needed. (See description of "Baby" Washing Machine, below). To remove spots, do not lift the blanket from the water, but put one hand under the spot and brush with Ivory Soap Paste. Use a moderately stiff brush.

To the second tub, add half as much Ivory Soap Paste as to the first. Put in blankets and repeat the lifting and "sousing".

To the third tub, add just enough Ivory Soap Paste to make the water milky. Run blankets into this tub through loosely adjusted wringer. Rinse, wring lightly and hang in open air at once — white blankets in sun, colored blankets in shade.

When dry, go over them with a soft, flannel cloth or a clean whisk broom and hang near a stove or in a warm room for several hours.

Woolen Under-Garments (Flannels) To half a tub of warm water, add enough Ivory Soap Paste to make a good suds. If the garment is soiled, add half a tablespoonful of ammonia for each gallon of water. Soak the garment ten minutes. Then draw it through the hands, work it up and down and squeeze it. Do not rub soap on it or rub it on the washboard.

Run through the wringer. Turn garment inside out and put it through a second suds of the same temperature as the first. If any spot remains, lay garment on a table and brush the spot with a little Ivory Soap Paste.

Rinse garment quickly through several waters of same temperature as the first water. If you rinse with hard water, soften it with a little Ivory Soap Paste.

Put garment through wringer again or squeeze the water out. Then shake and hang to dry in a warm place — not where the garment will steam.

When nearly dry, press flannels on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. Ribbed underwear should be gently stretched into shape as it dries — not ironed.

Soak colored flannels in warm salt water before washing.

Woolen Dress Goods Follow the same directions as for flannels. If you are not sure that the color is "fast", wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it with a solution of salt, white vinegar, borax or alum, one level tablespoonful to a gallon of water.

Wring loosely from one water to the other. If the material wrinkles badly, take it from the last water without wringing and hang by the edge to dry.

Put over the ironing sheet a cover of cotton cloth of fast color, about the same shade as the material to be ironed. While still damp, put the material on the table, wrong side up, and iron till perfectly dry with a warm — not hot — iron.

Then air the material and it will look like new. Roll, but do not fold it.

Sweaters, Knitted Goods, Etc. Wash the same as flannels except that only one rinsing is usually necessary.

If very loosely woven, put them in a pillow-case or cheese-cloth bag so that they will not be stretched in washing. If no bag is used, slip a towel under them to remove them from the tub. In this way you lift them out without stretching them.

Dry miscellaneous knit goods by putting them in a heap on a cloth-covered chair near an open window or in the shade outdoors if the weather is not too cold.

Throw the sleeves of a sweater over the back of a chair while the body of the garment lies on the chair seat.

Turn all garments frequently so they will dry evenly.

When nearly dry press on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

Before washing colored knit goods, "set" the colors by soaking in warm salt water.

How to Force Suds through Blankets and Woolens without Rubbing

A "Baby" Washing Machine Get a good-sized tin funnel; price ten or fifteen cents. Have the tinner punch two rows of holes in it, one above the other, near the edge and about as large as a pea. Plug the funnel with a cork. Fit a wooden handle to the neck or cover it with a cloth so it can be handled easily. Then you have a "Baby" Washing Machine. Apply it to garments as they lie in the tub. The up and down movement of the funnel will force the suds through the material. The garment will be cleansed thoroughly, without injury to the fibers and with hardly any effort on your part.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste

Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts of water, or two small cakes into four quarts. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about fifteen minutes, until the soap is thoroughly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in a china or glass jar with tight-fitting top. Use as needed. We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only in the laundry, but in the kitchen, the nursery and for general household use.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses at Housecleaning Time.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Glass-Covered Traveling Shrines

Rounding the Headland Homeward Bound

The Priests of the Shrine

A Japanese Winter Festival

BY MATTHIAS KLEIN

SUMOTO, JAPAN

IT WAS not yet three o'clock in the morning and the chill January wind whipped around the little headland and started the sparks from our blazing campfire in all directions. Yet cold and early as it was, it seemed that all Japan had turned out for its midwinter festival. At Sumoto our workers, with some of the native Christians, were making this strange gathering of the people, both from the interior and the seacoast, an opportunity to carry the Gospel to the shepherdless multitudes. Gathered around our fire near the gateway of the shrine to which the crowds were going, we drew the people toward this "pre-sunrise" service with songs and prayers which were new to the ears of many of them.

The unsightly old shrine that had gathered this crowd of holiday-makers is located almost in a wilderness region, quite isolated from the villages and towns, yet young and old, farmer and fisherman, come each year at this season for special service to propitiate its goddess. The women are specially represented among the devotees; one is troubled about a forlorn or wayward son or daughter, another has a drunken husband or has had a serious disagreement with her neighbors; the young woman in search of a suitor, the widows, the divorced and the childless all come with their pleas and their expectations. The younger generation, not so religiously inclined, come for the sake of the outing and the chance of making holiday which the Japanese as a people never let escape them. Aged and feeble parents, who could not come alone, offer splendid excuses for the young to gather for a day of festivities. Many of the visitors to the shrine make their appearance long before it is gray daylight, believing that those who arrive first will secure the best of the blessings.

The presiding goddess is the deified Empress Jingo who, history says, in the second century of the Christian era made war upon Korea and subjected it to Japan. Around this expedition, which is in itself quite reasonable, there has gathered a great web of legend and tradition. Tradition says that she was aided in her great undertaking by the prime minister, Takeuchi, who lived three hundred and sixty years, serving six successive emperors, and who in return now has his picture on every one yen bill. Legend tells us that the Empress Jingo was empowered and protected on the seas by three sea-gods and subsequently these shrines, called Sunniyoshi, have been erected to her.

Many of the devotees of the shrines are from the seacoast and make their living as fishermen. These men are intensely superstitious, and like all in the East they are fatalists. They argue that as they may not approach the sea-gods themselves, it is wise for them to make their peace and become firm friends of this deity who has such influence with the spirits of the deep. The subtle or savage gods of the sea allowed her, in spite of distant and perilous waters, to take her faithful warriors in the frailest of craft to Korea, to crush her foe, and to return safely to her native shores. This conqueress is, in the eyes of the peasants and fisher-folk, not only the medium of great blessings, but their very fountain. The fishermen eagerly seek her benediction on their trackless journeys, for their lives, which are not without hardships and danger, are made the more miserable by their fear that some act of theirs has invoked the vengeance of the sea-gods and that when the storms arise and the thick fogs creep up on the coast it is no use for them to struggle against the fate that has gripped them.

Yet their lives are not all fogs and storms, for on summer mornings, even before the first pink blush of sunrise, whole fleets of their little boats, each manned by two or three stalwart fishermen, creep through the placid waters, out of the rivers and inlets to the ocean. Though the fishermen have just gone through the farewell to wife and children, which is almost a ceremony, they bend their backs to the oars and accompany their long, swinging stroke with the *funa-uta* (sailor song) that puts energy into the work and cheers the spirits, too. To Western ears these sailor songs have little musical quality, and do not at all resemble the rollicking choruses which we associate with sailors and fishermen. Often when the notes, coming from a distance, wake the uninitiated ear from its morning slumbers they will be mistaken for the solitary piping of a quail.

The returning fisherman is no thankless worshiper, for no sooner does he reach shore than he offers his doxology for protection. He has already disposed of his business affairs and is at liberty to visit the shrine. For as soon as his square sampan sail rounds the quaint headland which brings him into his home harbor, he is in his market. He completes his sales on board his boat and is thus enabled, before his feet touch shore, to enjoy the comfortable feeling that the reward of his trip is snugly tucked away in his *obi*.

A Semi-Circular Bridge with its Signboard and Stone Lantern

A Sermon

By

Rev. D. C. Babcock, D.D.*

The Judge Before a Judge

TEXT: "Art thou a king then?" John 18: 37

LET us note two reasons why we should give special consideration to questions that were put to Jesus: Because they are nearly all on things that deeply concern us, and because he speaks "as one having authority." When some temple officers were sent to arrest him, and were asked, as they returned without him, "Why have ye not brought him?" they answered, "Never man spake like this man" (John 7: 46). With so many of his utterances before us, we can see that even more clearly than it was seen when those officers made their report. No trial has ever been held of such universal interest as the trial of Jesus Christ. Another of equal interest will not be held until Pilate and Jesus change places as Judge on the bench and prisoner at the bar. We shall all stand, with Pilate, before that judgment seat, and each "give account of himself to God."

Events That Led to This Trial

There were several attempts to kill Jesus during his brief public ministry. The last and successful plot was by the Jewish ecclesiastical court. That body was not all of one mind about Jesus. John 7: 51 shows that Nicodemus was not with the majority, and his conduct later, as also that of Joseph of Arimathea, shows that those two members of the council believed in Jesus. The resurrection of Lazarus was the act of Jesus that led the council to determine that he should die. They said, "This man doeth many miracles." They also said, "If we let him alone all men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation." It is evident that they were not all of one mind then, from the remarks of Caiaphas the high priest. He said, "Ye know nothing at all; nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." Their reasons for wanting to kill Jesus were chiefly political. In not a few cases since then, officials have failed to stand for right and righteousness, because they have thought their political interests would thus be imperiled.

John makes a significant comment on the words of Caiaphas when he says, "This spake he not of himself, but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation, and . . . gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad." We all know what Caiaphas meant, but we also know that what he *prophesied* had an application that he did not see. Jesus did die for that people, and for all peoples, of every age and clime. In Matt. 16: 21 he had told his disciples "that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." And also on the night before he was crucified he said to them, "It is expedient for you that I go away"; and he had told them, as we have seen, how he was to go. He was "lifted up" on the cross, as he had predicted. John 11: 47-53 will repay careful reading and comparison with other records of the trial of Jesus.

A Record of Momentous Events

Because of the action of the Jewish council, "Jesus walked no more openly among the Jews, but went . . . to Ephraim, and there remained with his disciples." Ephraim was in Judea, about twenty miles northeast of Jerusalem. Jesus was there in concealment, with his disciples, probably five or six weeks. No doubt he taught his disciples many things that the Holy Spirit brought to their remembrance after he was gone from them. He had said to them, "My time is not yet come." He foresaw the order of events that were to take place, and warned and comforted his disciples. Read John 16: 19, 20.

The last three verses of John 11 tell us that "the Jews' passover was nigh at hand." There was much speculation as to whether Jesus would be at that feast. "The chief priests and the Pharisees had given a commandment that if any man knew where he was, he should show it, that they might take him." When Jesus left Ephraim for Jerusalem, he and his disciples first went north through Samaria. Luke 17: 11 says (in the American Revised Version), "It came to pass as they were on the way to Jerusalem, that he was passing along the borders of Samaria and Galilee." They moved east across the Jordan, and down the caravan road to the fords of Jericho, where they recrossed into Judea, Jesus teaching and working miracles along the way. On his way from the Jordan to Jericho he gave sight to Bartimeus and another blind man, and on his way "through Jericho," had that remarkable interview and visit with Zaccheus, the Roman tax-collector.

"Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany." That was on Friday. The Jewish Sabbath began at six that evening and closed at six the next evening. "There they made him a supper, and Martha served; but Lazarus was" a guest with Jesus. That supper was at "the house of Simon the leper"; no doubt a leper whom Jesus had healed. It was at that supper that Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, broke that alabaster box of ointment, "very precious, and anointed the feet of Jesus"—a deed for which she had prepared; for Jesus said, "Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." Of course news of that supper reached the chief priests, and "they consulted that they might put Lazarus also to death, because that by reason of him many of the Jews believed in Jesus."

"On the next day," Sunday, Jesus rode in triumph into Jerusalem. The people spread their garments on the roadway before him, "and branches of palm trees . . . and cried, Hosanna; blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." He went directly to the temple, cleansed it, taught through the day, and went back to Bethany at night with his disciples. He went to the city again and taught on Monday, and out to Bethany at night, and also on Tuesday. Wednesday he spent at Bethany. Thursday morning he sent Peter and John to the city to secure "a large upper room," and prepare for the passover supper; and "when the hour was come he sat down with the twelve." John's account of that night is very full. It is a remarkable record. It begins with the thirteenth chapter and extends to the twenty-eighth verse of the eighteenth chapter.

False Witnesses

A meeting of the council was held at the palace of the high priest, "where they consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty and kill him"; but they said, "Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people." Judas Iscariot had seen some of them prior to the feast day, and "they had covenanted to give him money," to tell them how to take Jesus. During the passover supper, before the institution of our Lord's Supper, Judas went out to betray him to the Jews. About midnight Jesus "went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron," and into the garden of Gethsemane. "Judas also knew the place." To that place he led "a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees," and went "straightway to him and said, Master, Master, and kissed him." That was the sign he had agreed upon with the chief priests. It was "the Judas kiss." That phrase has come down to us because it is so significant. The officers took Jesus to the palace of the high priest, and first to Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas. He asked Jesus about his doctrines and disciples, and then "sent him bound unto Caiaphas," probably to another part of the same palace. The high priest had hired a couple of "false witnesses" to testify against Jesus, but he paid no attention to their foolish charge. Caiaphas then said, "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou art the Christ, the Son of God." He answered (Mark 14: 62), "I am," and added that remarkable prophecy, "Ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." That was enough for those who had determined to kill him, and the high priest said, "What need we any further witnesses?" "And they all condemned him to be worthy of death." Under Jewish law a blasphemer was to be stoned to death. They charged him with speaking blasphemy, because he claimed to be the Son of God; a just charge if he was not the Son of God. But it was a charge made in the face of overwhelming evidence that he was what he claimed to be.

They had no authority to execute a death penalty, and so as soon as it was day "they led him away to Pilate." They sent Jesus into the judgment hall, and Pilate went out to inquire what charge they had to make against this man. They said, "If he were not a malefactor [an evil-doer] we would not bring him to thee." They knew better than to make the charge of blasphemy to Pilate, but even he would not condemn a man on such an indefinite charge as they made. He said, "Take ye him and judge him according to your law." They replied, "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." They then charged him with sedition, saying, "We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ a king." Then Pilate examined him, but reported that he found no fault in him. But they were more fierce, saying, "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." Hearing of Galilee, Pilate thought he saw a way to get the case off from his hands, and so he sent him to Herod Antipas, who was then in the city. Herod was glad to see Jesus, but could get nothing out of him, and so sent him back to Pilate.

The True Witness

Pilate said, "Ye have brought this man to me as one that perverteth the people, and I, having examined him, have found no fault; . . . no, nor yet Herod, for I sent you to him, and nothing worthy of death is done unto him." He therefore proposed to release him, but they clamored for his crucifixion.

Now turn to John 18: 33-36, and note the dialogue between Pilate and Jesus. First Pilate asked him, "Art thou the king of the Jews?" Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world," etc. It is not composed of states and nations like the Roman Empire. Then Pilate asks the question we use as our text, "Art thou a king then?" Jesus answers that question in language that should have prayerful consideration. He was born as a man, and came into this world, from the Father, "to bear witness to the truth." Not to make truth, for it is not made, but is as eternal as God. He also states that whosoever is after the truth listens to him. In the realm of spiritual truth Jesus is a King; the King of kings, and Lord of lords, and of all who listen to him.

Paul says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; . . . neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Pilate heard what Jesus said, and asked, "What is truth?" but he did it with no intention of waiting for an answer. He regarded Jesus as a harmless philosopher, and turned away to say to the Jews again, "I find in him no fault." And yet he delivered him to be crucified. Let *us* ask the Great Teacher, "What is truth?" in a very different spirit from that manifested by Pilate. He bears witness to the truth about God; about man in his relations to God, and to his fellow men; and about the future. "God is a Spirit, and seeketh such to worship him as worship in spirit and in truth." He is "our Father who art in heaven." He loves us as a Father, as Jesus shows in the parable of the Prodigal Son. True repentance brings forgiveness.

Redeemer and Brother

The fatherhood of God involves the brotherhood of the human family. "All ye are brethren." We are a fallen, but also a redeemed race. Our Redeemer is also our brother. He knows all about us, and has come to show us the way of salvation. He bears witness to the truth about the future. In an important sense our future is in our own hands. We may hear his voice and live, or disregard his "witness to the truth" and remain in our lost condition. He says, "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." It is for us to say whether we will hear him say to us, "Come," or "Depart." Let us take these things seriously, and act wisely. Let our prayer be,

> O God, mine inmost soul convert,
> And deeply on my thoughtful heart
> Eternal things impress;
> Give me to feel their solemn weight,
> And tremble on the brink of fate,
> And wake to righteousness.

* Pastor, Claremont, N. H., Methodist Episcopal Church.

Louis Klopsch

In Memoriam. Passed away March 7, 1910

IN LOVING kindness God all things does guide,
And points the path to everlasting peace,
While yet in tender care that shall not cease
His spirit comes with mortals to abide—
The Holy Spirit, whose surpassing love
Is borne unto their fellows by those men
Whom God appoints unto this service, when
He gives to earth a vision from above.

One of these messengers of God was he
Whose gentle soul found multitude of ways
The balm of Heaven's love on earth to give;
Whose helpful heart o'erflowed with sympathy,
Whose chiefest aim was all mankind to raise,
Whose noble works throughout all time must live!

GEORGE TAGGART.

Churches and the Homeless

IT IS a cheering sign to note the readiness with which a number of the leading New York churches have responded to the invitation of the Bowery Mission to help in the work of sheltering the homeless during the present phenomenally severe winter—the coldest in many years. When the mercury went down below zero, it became an urgent problem for the Mission how to provide shelter for the thousands of homeless and unemployed, who were compelled to pass the nights in the freezing atmosphere of the streets. The appeal was made to the generosity of the churches, with the result that the following cordially co-operated in providing beds for many hundreds of the destitute:

Grace Church—Rev. Dr. C. L. Slattery, rector, 419 East Thirteenth Street; Rev. George L. Bottome, curate.

Trinity Church—Rev. Dr. W. T. Manning, rector, 187 Fulton Street.

St. Bartholomew's—Rev. Leighton Parks, rector, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

Calvary Church—Rev. Mr. Sedgwick, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street.

St. Thomas's P. E. Church—Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector, 3 West Fifty-third Street.

Church of the Ascension—Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant. Rev. A. F. Underhill, 12 West Eleventh Street.

Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church—Rev. Henry Sloan Coffin, pastor, 41 East Seventy-third Street.

St. Nicholas Dutch Reformed Church, Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue—Rev. Malcolm James McLeod, pastor.

First German M. E. Church, Forty-eighth Street—Mark's Place, Rev. John Lange.

Madison Avenue Baptist Church — Rev. Charles A. Eaton, pastor, 30 East Thirty-first Street.

Madison Avenue M. E. Church—Rev. Wallace MacMullen, pastor, 46 East Sixtieth Street.

Central Presbyterian Church—Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, pastor, 29 West Fifty-fourth Street.

West End Collegiate Church—Rev. Henry Evertson Cobb, D.D., pastor, 370 West End Avenue.

Church of the Strangers—Rev. Dr. Paul Mansfield Spencer, Fifty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue.

Rev. William T. Jones, Point Pleasant, N. J.

Metropolitan Temple—Rev. Dr. John Wesley Hill, Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

Rev. T. A. Snively—208 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia.

Class 26, First Presbyterian Church Sunday School—Mr. C. E. Green, Morristown, N. J.

Some of these churches opened doors of missions and settlements for the accommodation of the wanderers, while others supplied funds sufficient to house considerable numbers in the cheap lodging-houses, and still others furnished them with clothing. Funds were also provided for supplying food for the unfortunates. It was a Christ-like work. These pastors and their people were literally carrying out the principles of the Master, who said, "I was an hungered, and ye fed me; naked, and ye clothed me; a stranger and ye took me in." We should like to see this example followed by churches everywhere, when the occasion serves.

The Man With One Talent

BY EUGENE THWING

BETTER one diamond than a thousand shining particles of diamond dust. The world has a welcome and a place for the man and the woman of the single talent, while the one with many accomplishments often fits nowhere particularly, seldom makes any very deep impression upon the age in which he or she lives, contributes little to the advancement of civilization, and drops out at last to be forgotten quickly by the hurrying throng.

The tendency of school and college life to-day seems to be toward giving young men and young women a little of everything and not much of anything. Often it is considered a disgrace to omit some of the branches of study ordinarily taken, and to spend more time on others. The vanity over an "all around" education which begins in school continues in after life and spoils many a good business or professional career.

The same distraction or division of aim and effort which causes the young man or young woman to fritter away the best years of preparation, and to falter on the threshold of life, causes the business man to lay out his plans on too vast a scale, and the man or woman of brilliant ability to attempt too many things at one time. They swell with a sense of their breadth, and reach, and versatility. They can do almost anything, and as a result they cannot make up their minds exactly what they want most to do, or what special place they intend to fill, and so they do nothing. Like the cow that stood midway between two stacks of hay unable to decide which to choose because both looked so good, and so starved to death, these men of too many talents fail to grow great on any one of them.

. . .

THE one talent man has been regarded as less favored than the ten talent man. In the Bible parable he so regarded himself, and laid away his talent in a napkin. Waste no pity on yourself, or any man, if there be only one talent entrusted. That one talent may be, and should be the direct means of enriching and glorifying life for yourself and for all those whose lives touch yours.

One talent is enough to keep the longest life busy every moment. It can never be developed or perfected to a point where there is nothing beyond. To get the most good and to do the most good with this one talent calls for the concentration of every energy and the consecration of soul and body.

Much that is good and attractive must be sacrificed, many prizes must remain unsought if we are to gain the one highest excellence of which we are capable, and win the one prize of our own particular high calling.

Versatility is the twin sister of mediocrity. A wide variety of accomplishments may help to pass the time away pleasantly, but in most cases will effectually prevent the accomplishment of any one great work. We want fewer human kaleidoscopes scattering their dazzling talents over many pretty fragments, making a gorgeous display for an instant, then another, and another, all different, all transient, all purposeless. We want more human burning-glasses, gathering all the rays of their ambition, their enthusiasm, their time and energies upon the focal point of their lives—the one thing most worth while which they have chosen. Then with Paul they can say: "This one thing I do." All new and distracting interests that tempt them into by-paths and threaten to dissipate their energies, weaken their resolve, or dim their vision can be met with the test question: "What is that to me? Will it help or hinder the thing to which my life is dedicated?"

. . .

CONCENTRATION does not mean narrowness. It does not mean separation from the world, nor self-absorption. The most intense application to one purpose in life may require many auxiliary activities, but they must be truly auxiliary, all working together to produce the one ultimate result. Paul had but one purpose, yet he declared: "I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some." The man who would reach the goal of his ambition, the "mark of his high calling," may need to take, at times, paths that seem to lead him off from the main highway; he may find, even, that interruptions and delays are to be part of his real progress. In Henry Van Dyke's beautiful story, *The Other Wise Man*, Artaban started, full of earnest purpose, to find the King by the quickest route. Never for a moment was his devotion to the quest or the intense concentration of his efforts lost, but the way was not as he had planned. Many and various were the things that delayed and seemed to divert him, but all were essentially related to the one aim of his life, and all contributed to the final glorious success.

. . .

BEGIN with a right choice of goal. Concentration upon a wrong purpose is a blasting, withering curse to any life. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." There are many gods set up in the countinghouses, the factories, the halls of legislation, the editorial sanctums, the homes, and the fields of sport. Select your object and concentrate your forces upon it. Baal's prophets had concentration a-plenty when they "cried aloud and cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them," calling upon the name of Baal "from morning until noon." Their only trouble was that they had chosen the wrong god. Men and women are doing very much the same thing now, and, beginning with a wrong choice, their frenzied concentration in business, or politics, or pleasure is both self-destructive and hurtful to others.

Be sure that the choice of purpose and work represents the best that is in you and stands for your highest ideals. Be sure that it is not *your* choice alone, but that it is in obedience to the commission given you by your King. Then, with all of life's forces concentrated, with all life's enthusiasm burning warm and steady, with the soul ever rising upward with exalted effort, go onward toward the crown of the victor and the sweet music of the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE HUMBLE TOILER

TO WORK while yet the dawn is red
The humble toiler fares elate;
And daily earns his meed of bread,
And vexes not o'er questions great.

He knows no hidden Asteroid,
Or if the Sun is burning out;
To him the far is not the Void,
And God he has not learned to doubt.

But he finds joy in simple things,
And knows the peace of sweet, fair fields;
He drinks of sparkling, crystal springs,
And sees the beauty Nature yields.

He cares not if we sail the air,
Or bridge the Ocean vast and wide;
But he sees that the world is fair,
And Love is toiling by his side.

Our Lyric Choir he does not know;
For him old Homer sang in vain;
But he can feel the soft winds blow,
And hear the silver plash of rain.

And he can know a child's sweet love,
And find at home enjoyment sweet;
He sees the heavens smile above,
And hears the lark the morning greet.

A toiler with his spade and plow—
Yet happy as the rich can be;
He lives in the unfailing Now,
A soul content and glad and free!

GEORGE L. ANDREWS.

The Letter

OUR present cover is a reproduction from one of the most delightful of Meyer von Bremen's "story-telling pictures." In a cottage court two German peasant women have left their washing to overlook a missive which has just been received from the hand of a boy messenger who stands near by, waiting with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. The story is easily read; the pleasure in the face of the younger woman, the motherly eagerness and apprehension in the attitude of the elder, reveal one of life's familiar episodes simply and touchingly portrayed.

Meyer von Bremen, as a colorist and picture story teller, was little short of a genius. His motto, painted upon his studio wall, was this: "Make the best use of your time; it never returns." Indomitable perseverance, more than talent, brought him up among the masters, so that when he was still a young man he was frequently referred to as the later Rembrandt. At the age of thirty-five religion became a passion with him and his dream to be a great artist vanished in the desire to tell the heathen of the joys and beauties of Christianity. His art studies were given up, and his whole soul surrendered to a passion for the trials and adventures of a missionary's life in some distant land. A turning point came, however, and once again art became his absorbing passion. His purity and loftiness of character is expressed in his works and confirmed by the fact that his artistic life was one long ovation from his countless friends and admirers throughout Europe and America. Meyer von Bremen died in Berlin in 1886. "The Letter" was bought by Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe and brought to America in 1887.

Anvil Sparks

..SPITEWORK draws hateful paychecks.

..MANY a ready tongue is not ready to stop.

..ALL make mistakes, but fools practice them.

..IT PAYS well to toil hard to support a life that means something.

..YOU cannot march the heavenly way very rapidly to a melancholy tune.

..THE advice you keep is more respected than what you just give away.

..RETALIATION impoverishes, reciprocity replenishes, generosity enriches the soul.

..THE woman who stays away from church for the want of a new coat to wear has probably never thought of wearing her religion as a cloak.

ROUNDING UP THE CAMPAIGN

Plans for Work to Precede the Men and Religion "Conservation Congress"

Mornay Williams

Congressman W. S. Bennet

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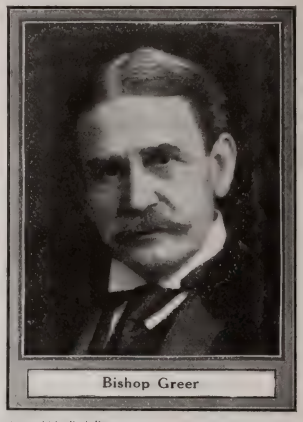
President John H. Finley



Bishop Greer

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THE campaign of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" is approaching its culmination. It is expected that four thousand delegates will attend the "Conservation Congress," to be held in New York April 19 to 24. The conquests of the campaign will there be summed up and definite instruction given the laymen to guide and inspire them in their routine work in the home churches and the home towns.

Preceding this congress the New York campaign will be conducted from April 14 to 19. About the beginning of February vigorous plans for the metropolitan work were inaugurated. Dr. N. M. Pratt, formerly Dr. Jefferson's assistant at the Broadway Tabernacle and for five years pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Cleveland, has been placed in charge of the campaign, with headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Building. President John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York, is chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, directing the movement in New York. The vice chairmen are Mr. William J. Schieffelin, a young business man who is always at the front in worthy enterprises; Mr. Mornay Williams, a consecrated lawyer; Congressman William S. Bennet, who is on the right side of all moral and spiritual questions; and Mr. William Fellows Morgan, business man and president of the New York Young Men's Christian Association. The Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, is chairman of one of the important committees. Judge W. H. Olmstead is chairman of the Committee on Boys' Work; William H. Van Steenburgh, of the Committee for Looking after the Work in Auxiliary Cities; Mr. Henry M. Orne, of the Community Extension Campaign; John B. Clark, of the Committee of Social Service; Rev. Raymond C. Knox, of the Committee on Bible Study. Dr. Arthur J. Smith, who is chairman of the Permanent Evangelistic Committee of New York City, is chairman of the Committee on Evangelism in the present movement; Dr. John G. Fagg, chairman of the Committee on Missions; Mr. James M. Spears heads the Committee on Finance.

The city has been divided into twelve districts, eight in the Borough of Manhattan, and four in the Bronx. Each church in each district was asked to appoint a committee of five men, each of whom shall consider the interests of one of the five phases of the work of the movement, namely: Boys' Work, Bible Study, Evangelism, Missions and Social Service. A series of luncheons was held, and the pastors from three or four districts, together with one layman from each church, were invited to appoint place and time of the meetings for the complete organizations of their respective districts. Final district organizations were made during the week beginning February 26. On March 17, a mass meeting will be held at the Broadway Tabernacle, at which Fred B. Smith, chairman of the Nation-wide Movement, will address the metropolitan workers.

On April 2 the permanent Evangelistic Committee of New York will open its campaign for the season of 1912 by a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall. The workers of the present campaign of the Men and Religion Forward Movement will unite in that meeting, which is to be addressed by Gipsy Smith, who comes East from a tremendous evangelistic victory on the Pacific Coast and in the South. This will doubtless be one of the most vigorous and fruitful religious gatherings New York has seen in many years. The steady strength of the permanent committee, meeting the new enthusiasm of the temporary movement, and all under the inspiration of the consecrated and inspired evangelist, should mark an epoch in the religious life of the city. On April 14 Raymond Robins will address a mass meeting of the workers in the Borough of Manhattan at the Hippodrome, and the Rev. Charles Stelzle will hold a corresponding meeting for the workers in the Bronx. April 15 to 19 will be the special campaign days.

While these plans have been in the process of completion for the work in New York, other cities in the East have been reached by the great campaign. Newark, N. J., with its neighboring towns was the scene of an active campaign which was vigorous and successful. The attendance at the institutes averaged from 725 to 750. Boys' institutes were also well attended. On the evening of the closing Sunday the largest theater in Newark was crowded. Two hundred men signed cards at this meeting expressing a decision to lead a Christian life. Ministers of the city have been led to a closer union and are trying to perfect a ministers' organization. The campaign in Boston was full of enthusiasm. Mr. Fred B. Smith and the Rev. Charles Stelzle addressed two thousand men on January 21. Convention meetings were largely attended as were also the noon evangelistic meetings. A large number of men and boys took a forward step on the last Sunday of the campaign, many making the first decision to live Christian lives, and others pledging themselves to more active Christian service. Successful meetings were held also in Portland, Me., Washington and Baltimore.

One of the results of the campaign in Baltimore was the determination to organize a "Flying Squadron," consisting of automobile loads of ministers and laymen, who will invade the suburbs and "carry the message of the Forward Movement to every county, town, village, and cross-roads settlement in the State of Maryland."

The "surveys" made in various cities have given local churches plain views of the tasks awaiting them, and a frank estimate as to whether they are meeting the tasks adequately. While great emphasis has been laid on "social service" the leaders of the movement declare that spiritual matters are being insistently emphasized. It is possible that readers of the news of the campaign have been misled in this respect by the absence of reports of great ingathering of converts. The fact is that the chief point of the movement has been to train the men of the churches in methods of Christian work, rather than to make direct appeal to those outside. Since this is the case, a true estimate of its results can only be made after the men who have been thus trained and inspired have had adequate time to work out the plans outlined.

If the men of other cities will follow the example, for instance, of the men of Mishawaka, Ind., the harvest will be rich indeed. Rev. A. C. Ormond, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city, writes:

"I have never seen anything like the Men and Religion Movement to stir up the laymen to active work for Christ. We had our campaign in October; almost two months have passed since the close, but the activity of the men, instead of abating, has increased. The men have gotten down to solid business and are making things go for God and righteousness."

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—ON FEBRUARY 19 President Taft sent to the Senate for confirmation as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, vice the late Justice Harlan, the name of Chancellor Mahlon Pitney of the State of New Jersey. Chancellor Pitney is regarded as an expert jurist. He has long been a leader in New Jersey legal affairs and has served as Congressman and State Senator.

—ON FEBRUARY 1 General Manuel Bonilla assumed the presidency of Honduras. General Manuel Bonilla was elected on November 3, 1911. His election followed a successful revolution, attended by much fighting against the government of President Davila, who was deposed. Peace was brought about between the revolutionaries and the government forces at a conference at which Thomas C. Dawson represented the United States and was successful in bringing the parties together.

A COMPROMISE BETWEEN the striking mill hands of Lawrence, Mass., and the agents of mills not immediately controlled by the American Woolen Company has been reached. All the demands of the strikers except the 15 per cent. increase of wages were conceded. The strikers got their demand for a fifty-six hour schedule for fifty-four hours' work, with an increase of pay of 5 per cent. instead of 15 per cent. As an evidence of the sincerity of the arrangement it was said that the employees of the Lower Pacific Mills, of whom about 80 per cent. are back at work, are being paid on the new terms. Such a conclusion on the part of the employers of about two-thirds of the striking operatives is considered a virtual victory for the strikers.

—FRIENDLY RELATIONS have been re-established between Paraguay and the Argentine Republic. Senor Bosch, Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Federico Caoas, Paraguayan Minister of Justice, on February 18 signed a protocol for the settlement of the trouble between the two republics. Paraguay, it is announced, has given satisfaction to Argentina for attacks upon Argentine shipping and property. It is expected that the diplomatic representatives of the two countries will return to their posts immediately.

—MAYOR SHANK, OF INDIANAPOLIS, has invaded New York, bearing some clear-cut ideas and delivering some clear-cut utterances. He met the reporters and the market men of the city and told them some things which it was good for them and for the public to know. Among other things he declared that in Albany an apple man told him that he had on hand many carloads of fruit that he would be glad to sell at $2.75 a barrel, but he declared that "the commission men would not let him move a peck for fear it would break the price from the $8 and $9 apples were bringing." This dealer added, "If every man, woman and child in New York City ate an apple every day until apples came in again I'd have enough to supply them, but they'll rot on my hands; they won't let me move them." The mayor declares that by his personally conducted market in Indianapolis he brought the price of potatoes down from $1.50 to 80 cents a bushel; turkeys from 25 cents a pound to 17 cents; chicken from 22 cents to 15 cents; apples from 70 cents a peck to 25 cents.

A FRAGRANT TRIBUTE

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD seems to me like a beautiful garden filled with all the beautiful flowers: the crocuses, tulips, hyacinths, pansies, violets, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, roses, carnations, heliotropes, geraniums, chrysanthemums, and orchids. It would be impossible to make a choice.

Northampton, Mass. (MISS) F. WETMORE.

What Shall We Do With Porto Rico?

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER

OUR Porto Rico neighbors are complaining of neglect. They feel, being a part of the great American family over which the Stars and Stripes float, that nevertheless they are not treated as full members of the family. They want to be citizens of the United States instead of merely citizens of Porto Rico.

When, after the war with Spain, Porto Rico was made part of American territory, it will be recalled that under the legislation of Congress and the Supreme Court decisions the people of the island were left in a somewhat uncertain position. They were given all the rights of protection due them as American citizens, but not full participation in all that American citizenship implies. This was a temporary condition due to our experimental position in regard to newly acquired territory. There were some problems which could not be settled offhand, and Porto Rican citizenship was one of them. It was believed, however, that after a while the political status of the people of Porto Rico who had ceased to be Spanish subjects would be settled satisfactorily to them.

Recommendations have been made in Presidential messages for granting full citizenship and for determining the exact position of the Porto Ricans. Committees of Congress have reported favorably on these recommendations and have prepared bills to settle all the doubtful questions. But in the press of other Congressional business these measures have not been enacted into laws. That is why the Porto Ricans feel that they are neglected. It is not an intentional neglect on the part of the American people nor probably on the part of Congress, for Congress has had subjects of very great importance before it, which took the right of way over Porto Rico and other questions. It is hoped, however, that before the present session ends the matter of Porto Rican citizenship will be settled. In the meantime the island has a spokesman for its wishes in a commissioner, who sits in Congress, although he has no right to vote as have the members from the States of the Union. This commissioner from Porto Rico has exactly the same standing as the commissioners from Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

While the people of Porto Rico may feel that they have been neglected in this matter of citizenship and political status, there has certainly been no neglect in the American administration of the island. After the Spanish war was ended a good many old Spanish traditions of misrule disappeared. The American promise was for schools and roads and impartial administration of justice. All these things and even more Porto Rico has had for the last ten years. The sugar industry especially has reached a high state of development. While the hurricane which some years ago destroyed the coffee plantations was a serious blow, the effects of that loss and suffering have long since disappeared. I think every one who knows the conditions will agree that Porto Rico is a pretty prosperous little island, and its million inhabitants have every reason to be contented with their means of living.

A million inhabitants for an island of this size makes a pretty dense population, especially when it is considered that the population is essentially an agricultural one. There are no big manufacturing towns, such as in Belgium or Rhode Island for instance. San Juan on the northern coast and Ponce on the southern coast are the main commercial centers. It is pleasanter to travel across the island by the magnificent military road than to take a vessel around the coast. San Juan always seemed to me one of the most picturesque little cities in the Antilles. It was founded just four hundred years ago by Ponce de Leon. He might have found the secret of perpetual youth there, if it could be found anywhere in the world, because the climate is a delightful one for the tropics. The breezes of the Atlantic are refreshing and invigorating. San Juan is one of the few ports in the West Indies which have been free from yellow fever epidemics in past years, before medical science, by the discovery of the mosquito bite as the propagating agent, had found effective means of combating this disease.

There are two things about San Juan which are to be found in almost every part of Spanish America where there are mountains or highlands. One is the statue of Columbus. The other is the Castle of El Morro. Most people of the United States are more familiar with Morro Castle in Havana. When they hear there is another Morro at Santiago in Cuba and then another in Porto Rico they wonder what it means. The explanation is quite simple. These castles or citadels are located on projecting necks of high land which dominate the harbor entrances. El Morro in Spanish simply means "the snout." Some of the picturesqueness of the term seems to disappear when we speak of a snout of land, but it is very good geographical terminology. Rural life in Porto Rico is most delightful. Even since the American occupation many of the primitive customs prevail. There is the most kindly and unaffected hospitality. When we first took control of the island our soldiers and some of our civilian officials thought that the inhabitants were lazy. The Northerner always speaks of the dweller in the tropics as lazy, yet the land is cultivated and work is done in spite of a burning sun. The truth about the so-called lazy inhabitants of Porto Rico was later learned by means of medical discoveries. It was found that very many were actual sufferers from a parasite which got into the blood and caused an anæmic condition. This was the hookworm. When the American medical officers began to eradicate the hookworm there was greater disposition shown to work. The process of eradication is going on now just as in our Southern States, where this parasite also exists.

El Morro, San Juan, Porto Rico

A Typical Country Scene in Porto Rico

Bullock Carts Bringing Produce into Town

A Gala Day in San Juan Harbor

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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Seeking After Strange Gods

WHILE the "Men and Religion" movement is nearing its meridian, and churches are active in their work at home and pressing a vigorous Gospel campaign in distant countries, it is astonishing to find so much indifference to the subtle and dangerous heathen invasion which is in progress in our own land. Within a few years, the vanguard of Oriental heathenism has spied out and occupied unhindered much vantage ground from which they may extend their conquests. Bahaism, Mohammedanism, Vedantism, Buddhism and other ancient systems are already represented here by centers of worship for their "strange gods." Los Angeles has a temple to Krishna, Chicago a house of worship dedicated to Mazdaznan, Seattle another to Buddha, and San Francisco, in addition to its Chinese "joss-houses," has now a Hindu temple. There are schools of Oriental religion in the woods and on the mountain slopes, and, like Israel in her idolatrous days, we are building temples not to Baal and Ashtaroth, but to a chain of heathen deities most of whose names, till now, have been held in abhorrence by the Christian nations of the world. In these places, strange and mysterious rites are conducted by *swamis* and other teachers and it is a significant fact that almost all the devotees are American women.

That there is something radically wrong in this semi-secret occult propaganda is made evident by a recent article in the New York *Herald*, which gives the names of a number of prominent women who have fallen under the spell of this heathen teaching. One woman has given her entire fortune to the work and is now in a retreat for the insane; another is in an Illinois lunatic asylum; a third in Massachusetts has been restrained by law from giving away all her property; a fourth, in Indiana, has been made dangerously ill by her studies in Oriental mysticism, while a fifth, in Lafayette, Ind., has left home, husband and children, joining the "sun worshipers" to seek what is known in the jargon of the cult as the "perfect life." One Hindu leader has boasted that he has made more than 5,000 converts in this country, nearly all women. Love is the dominant key of the doctrine taught by these Oriental mystics to their followers and their system is represented as sensuous in the last degree—"words piled on words, mystic and unfathomable," so that the brain grows confused in trying to find out the hidden meaning. It is true that here all religions stand equal before the law and are guaranteed equal privileges; but there seems to be something more than a reasonable doubt whether teachings which produce such disastrous results are entitled to be considered as religious or diabolic. They are robbing American women of their means, their position, their homes, their families and their reason, and the heathen conquest still goes on. It would be well for our churches, which are doing so much excellent work among the heathen abroad, to look this nearer situation straight in the face and to do what lies in their power to open the eyes of our people to the true character of these delusive and dangerous doctrines that are wrecking lives and destroying souls, without a word of protest being raised against them.

The Main Issue

AGAIN and again denominations, churches and individuals slip back into the error of trying to buy salvation. Paul's quarrel with the Jews was not that they were not trying to be good, but that they were trying too hard. "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge; for they, being ignorant of God's righteousness and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not *submitted themselves* unto the righteousness of God." The early Christians, learning the way of salvation by faith, sought to find keeping and perfecting grace by works, and Paul exclaims to one of their churches: "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" Again the church slipped back to a trust in deeds, and Luther was inspired by the Holy Spirit to rescue it. Two centuries later the Protestant Church in England had gone back to form rather than fire, and John Wesley stirred the United Kingdom by preaching salvation through simple faith

"What shall we do," asked the Jews, "that we might work the works of God?" "This is the work of God," Jesus answered, "that ye believe." From our sin, from our restlessness, from our fear, from our inefficiency, we are saved by faith, faith in the crucified and risen Saviour. Salvation is love, and love comes by faith. The man who thinks he can save himself is by that very self-willed and self-confident attitude of mind shutting out the light and the fragrance of the divine blessing.

There is plenty of work to be done! Yes, truly. But it is done best and quickest and most efficiently when the soul is completely trusting God for all its needs. When a man is thus trusting God most submissively and most completely for spiritual safety, spiritual strength and spiritual blessing, he will be most strenuously and most constantly "about his Father's business." Those who trust most, love most; those who love most, serve most.

We cannot purchase our salvation by toil and toil; it has been purchased for us. We cannot do the tasks of the spiritual commonwealth in our own strength; those tasks demand the power of God. The true motive and the real power come to the soul that constantly has faith in Him. So the main issue is, at every step, "Am I trusting God completely now?"

The Surprises of China

CHINA is still proving itself a land of surprises. The revolution came as a surprise to the outside world; at least, its suddenness was unexpected. The formation of the republic was a piece of amazing promptness. The elevation to the presidency of a progressive young man of Western training and a convert to the Christian faith was spectacular and interesting. The steadiness of the hand of Yuan Shi Kai in the negotiations leading to the abdication of the throne and the surrender of the Manchus has been admirable and noteworthy. The next surprise was the resignation of Dr. Sun from the presidency in favor of this older statesman, Yuan Shi Kai. There was real regret over this decision of Dr. Sun, though his unselfish patriotism met with high praise. There seemed to be no reasonable doubt that he could hold the Southern States together in a republic, but his ability to hold the North was problematical. Yuan Shi Kai's influence and authority are prodigious, and he could undoubtedly hold both the North and the South to the republican government.

Dr. Sun will go down to history as the brave, vigorous, self-sacrificing man who guided the troubled country through the rapids of revolution to the quiet waters of a better and freer national life, and then yielded the helm to another man.

But while praises like this were being sounded for the younger man, the crowning surprise came when the stalwart Yuan declined the honor of heading the new nation. This leaves Dr. Sun a clear field for receiving the popular vote, which will likely be overwhelmingly in favor of his presidency.

It is said that the influence of the Christian missionaries and the Christian schools have been largely responsible for the creation of the new order of things in China. Christianity will make rapid strides in the new republic. The convention just signed at the Hague International Opium Conference will help rid the land of the curse of the opium habit. It is to be hoped that the Christian nations of the world, scorning the aggressive and oppressive spirit of earlier days, will welcome the new China into the circles of civilization and help it to attain and to keep the freedom and light toward which it has so manfully struggled.

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Our Bible Question Class

THERE is probably no department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that gives greater promise of absorbing interest and spiritual helpfulness to our readers than the Bible Question Class, which is now a regular monthly feature of the paper. These questions, which take a wide range, are especially designed to stimulate Bible reading. They differ from the ordinary Bible Courses which usually appeal only to a limited number and demand systematic study, whereas our twelve questions, which appear monthly, can be discussed by the whole Family Circle, or studied by an individual, and afford a delightful and profitable occupation for leisure hours. We invite all who love God's Word to join the Bible Question Class. You may not be able at the outset to answer all the questions, although they are not by any means purposely made difficult; but make the effort and answer what you can. If you sit down with your reference Bible, especially if it contains a Concordance, you will soon be pleasantly surprised at the progress you will make. Familiarity with the Bible should be the aim of every Christian, old and young, and we know of no better or more agreeable way than this Class affords. In the course of a single season, by giving up a few hours each month to this work, you will be astonished at your growth in Bible knowledge, and you will have a clearer comprehension of many passages in the old Book. "Search the Scriptures" yourself, and invite your friends to join you in the helpful and inspiring task. If every reader who is personally interested in this popular department of Bible Study would bring one more, we might soon have the largest Bible Question Class in the world! The sole qualification is that every member must be a regular reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Unknown Guests

POPULAR sympathy with the work of the Bowery Mission's Bread Line among the homeless unemployed men of the metropolis is showing itself this winter in many different ways. It is not surprising that this should be so. When one realizes that there are some 50,000 able-bodied unemployed in the city at this season—a very large proportion of them destitute and down-and-out — the appeal of such a situation touches even the most indifferent. Everybody knows that the trifling cost of a meal to a few of these poor fellows, though insignificant, is yet so great an encouragement to the sufferers that few can hesitate when the appeal is made to them. A few evenings ago, a wealthy man entered the Bowery Mission while a meeting was in progress. He gazed with interest on the hundreds of honest, earnest faces. He saw young men, old, gray-haired men and a sprinkling of growing lads. He noted their thin garments, ill fitted to keep out the chilling winds of winter, and their pinched, hunger-stricken faces. Invited to speak, he gave a cheering message; but like many others, he soon realized that it was a situation where actions would speak louder than words. On leaving the platform he asked about the cost of the Bread Line meal and, learning that it was something less than two and a half cents, he provided for 500 meals at next morning's Bread Line. These 500 men and boys were his guests; and, depend upon it, their gratitude to their unknown host was more sincere than that of many of the guests he had entertained in his fashionable home. Many a prayer goes up from the Bread Line that will return in blessing to those who have made this beautiful charity a possibility.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

"Maine" Monument Cornerstone Laid

ON FEBRUARY 15, at the entrance to the Central Park at Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street in New York City, was laid the cornerstone of a splendid monument which is to commemorate the destruction of the 266 precious lives in the blowing up of the *Maine* in Havana harbor fourteen years ago. The shaft is also to be a monument to all the sailors who died in the Spanish-American War. The exercises were presided over by General James Grant Wilson. A copper box had been prepared, containing the following articles: copy of Rear-Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee's personal narrative of the *Maine* disaster; message from the President of the United States transmitting the report of the Naval Court of Inquiry upon the destruction of the *Maine*, together with testimony taken before the court; annual report of the Chief of Engineers, 1911, with an appendix on the removal of the wreck of the *Maine;* one envelope deposited by the contractors; six United States coins—one of each denomination; program of the exercises in connection with the laying of the cornerstone; history of the *Maine* Monument; copy of an address by General Wilson upon Commodore Isaac Hull and the frigate *Constitution*, delivered before the New York Society of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America, October 23, 1910; sheet containing the signatures of the committee, the sculptor and architect, and New York daily newspapers of February 14, 1912. As the cornerstone was lowered into place over the box and the tackle removed, Rear-Admiral Leutze said, slowly: "I now declare that the cornerstone of the *Maine* National Monument is laid." The address of the day by Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, the sole surviving corps commander of the Army of the Potomac, followed. He began by saying: "The *Maine* disaster was one of far-reaching effects. The blowing up of the *Maine* by Spanish hands and by Spanish orders sounded the death knell of Spanish rule on American soil—a rule which should have been ended long before. It was a declaration of war upon the United States which this country was not slow to heed." Among those present at the exercises were H. Van Buren Magonigle, the architect, and Attillo Piccirrill, the sculptor of the monument, and Morris Simons, the National Commander of the Spanish War Veterans. The monument, which is to cost $175,000 and be one of the finest on Manhattan Island, is expected to be ready for dedication by October 1. In the raising of the *Maine* fortunately, and contrary to expectation, the bones of the brave men were found, and they are to be brought home for burial. These men, and those like them who have died for their country, do not need any monuments. Their love, their valor, their sacrifice are a monument broader and higher and more enduring than any one built of stone, or brass, or marble. Theirs is a monument unstained by the finger of time, unspoiled by the chemistry of years. But we, the living, need these material monuments to remind us of the debt of gratitude we owe the patriots and heroes of the past, and to inspire us with greater patriotism and a stronger determination to devote ourselves to the maintenance of the free institutions they have preserved to us by a price so costly. The building of monuments began early among the Jews. Joshua built one at Gilgal of stones taken out of the Jordan, and at its dedication said:

When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean these stones? then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. (Josh. 4: 21, 22.)

Rear-Admiral Leutze Laying the Cornerstone of the "Maine" Memorial Monument

Dog Rescues Eight Persons

CAPTAIN GUSTAV GUSTAVSON started with the launch *Morrisania*, with eight on board, from South Brother Island in Long Island Sound. The boat was caught in an ice floe with a terrible tide, and was in imminent peril. The captain rang his bell, sounded his whistle, while one of the passengers used a megaphone to call for help. Police Lieutenant Frederick Mott and three men with the patrol boat heard the cry of alarm, and hastened to the rescue. They found themselves also in great peril, but pushed on. They were unable to reach the *Morrisania*. But they got so close that the captain put a rope in the mouth of his black Scotch collie Nero, and bade him swim over the water space that separated them, which he did, and with it the launch, almost wrecked, was fastened to the patrol boat, which with great difficulty towed it to safety. Collies, for generations, have been bred to do the work of shepherds, and in intellect and heart they seem almost human. Even in ancient days the faithful qualities of the dogs of the household were not unconsidered.

Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. (Matt. 15:27.)

Aids Italy's Silk Crop

THE United States Bureau of Entomology has been doing a great favor to Italy in sending help to destroy the enemy of the silk crop. It shipped to that country a parasite that destroys the scale on the mulberry trees that has threatened the silk industry there. Professor Antonio Brese, noticing that the mulberry leaves were speedily vanishing and with them the hope of silk production, applied to Washington for help, and Dr. Howard, of the department, sent him a parasite new to science. Now the news comes from Italy that this murderer of the murderer of the silkworm is doing its work, and that the mulberry leaves are beginning to show their old form. It is to be hoped that the scientific authorities who are trying so hard to find a parasite that will destroy the boll weevil, the alfalfa weevil, and the gipsy moth in this country will be entirely successful. No one knows the danger and the destruction of these enemies of the crops better than the American farmer. Special mention is made in the Bible of grasshoppers and locusts as destroyers of crops. They had silk and mulberry trees in their times. Everything that has life has some enemy. The herds and flocks and creatures are on the lookout for danger, and fight against and fly from the enemy. Every plant has some enemy, some worm to bore into the ground and cut the root, or some insect to eat the leaves and kill it. Not only are the orchards attacked, but great forest trees like the elm and chestnut are destroyed by the tiny marauders. Science will discover a remedy for these ravages. A memorable event is mentioned as the result of God's voice in a grove of mulberry trees:

Therefore David inquired again of God; and God said unto him, Go not up after them; turn away from them, and come upon them over against the mulberry trees. (I. Chron. 14: 14.)

Rat Causes Great Trouble

AT ITHACA, N. Y., the other Sunday night the electric lights in the streets and private houses suddenly went out, and all of the trolley cars of the city stood dead on the tracks. The trouble continued till late Monday, when it was discovered that a rat at the power station had gnawed the insulation from one of the main wires, causing a short circuit of the entire lighting and trolley system. The 2,200 volts of electricity did not leave anything of the rat, but its little teeth had done a tremendous amount of damage. The little things can do great harm. The little words of anger or slander, the little deeds of jealousy or hate or selfishness, even one word or act of sin, often gnaws the insulation and cuts off the light and power from a community. The rat did not know any better than to be nosing about the live wires and was not to blame; but people know better and should be more careful about gnawing away the insulation and bringing their neighbors into moral darkness and distress and incinerating themselves. The apostle refers to the great damage done by little things in another figure:

Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! (James 3: 5.)

Makes Children Happy

IN ONE of the suburbs of Brooklyn there is a single hill in the neighborhood which the children used for coasting after a heavy snowstorm. A man living near by objected to the crowds and noise of the children at their sport, and failing to stop it, he invoked the aid of the police to put an end to the annoyance. An old blacksmith, over seventy, noticed that the hill was deserted, and learning the reason went to the police headquarters to have the guard removed. Failing in this he sought the owner of the hill and leased it for sixty days, and paid the price in advance, and then he told the boys and girls they should slide down the hill to their hearts' content, and that if the snow lasted more than two months he would rent it for another term. The children were wild with delight and cheered and cheered him, and begged him to ride down the hill on their sleds, which he did. The old blacksmith, in his love for the children and in his plans for their happiness, reminds us of the spirit and words of the Master:

Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me. (Mark 9: 37.)

Messengers Robbed of $25,000

ONE of the most daring and remarkable robberies known in years was accomplished the other day in the financial district of New York by five automobile bandits, who held up a taxicab and robbed two bank messengers of three thousand five-dollar bills and one thousand ten-dollar bills which they had in a telescope bag, and which they were taking to the East River National Bank. Pistols were held against the chauffeur and messengers, who were unarmed, and the bandits drove swiftly and in silence to a certain corner, where the men got out, and putting the money in a large black automobile hastened away. As yet they have not been discovered. This is another one of the numerous taxicab robberies of New York City. There is an epidemic of murder as well as robbery in New York. It is a shame and scandal that it is so. Whoever is responsible for this riot of crime should be called to a strict account. The prophet of old saw such scenes of highway robbery and murder.

And as troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent. (Hos. 6: 9.)

A CATHEDRAL OF THE DESERT

ONLY a little more than twenty-five years ago the world bared its head in honor of the gallant and devoted General Gordon and the name Khartoum came into our language as a word of squalor, of barbarism, of horror and of heroism. Fourteen years ago General Kitchener led his columns up through the desert to Khartoum; through thirst and fanatic enemies to a city of mud huts between the White and the Blue Niles. To-day he is happy to be "Kitchener of Khartoum," for, from a city of savagery and squalor there has risen a complete new town. The military railway now takes one from Wadi Halfa to Khartoum in two days. Wide, white streets are now traversed by a tram line; Gordon College has risen from the sands to commemorate "the death in the desert"; a spacious government house and fine administration buildings have become the center of a section of beautiful residences, and a few weeks ago as the climax of this redemption from its past, Khartoum dedicated a splendid new cathedral.

The consecration service took place at 8.45 A.M. and was attended by about six hundred people, many of whom were officers or officials whose brilliant uniforms and dresses splashed the cool, dim interior with gorgeous color. Outside the cathedral grounds thronged a mass of the native population, dimly conscious that all this was in memory of him whom they call "Ordoon," and perhaps feeling that it was an impressive exhibition of that faith to which Gordon, whose statue stands close to the cathedral, bore consistent witness. Among the guests were the Greek Archbishop of Abyssinia and Sudan, the Greek Archbishop of Axium, and the Coptic Patriarch from Alexandria, the Coptic Archbishop of Jerusalem, and the Coptic Bishop, the Grand Kadi, and the Grand Mufti of the Moslem community.

The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, and Lady Wingate Leaving the Cathedral After the Ceremony

The procession was formed in a shaded place outside, while Sir Reginald Wingate was conducted to his seat in the chancel. After it had entered the cathedral, the Sirdar, as chairman of the committee, read the petition of consecration, which was assented to by the Bishop of London. When the legal deed of conveyance had been presented the service proceeded in the regular way. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took as his text John 15: 13, and spoke largely with Gordon as his example.

Among the parts consecrated was the Gordon chapel. In it is placed the appropriate inscription: "Praise God for Charles George Gordon, a servant of Jesus Christ, whose labor was not in vain in the Lord."

A Congress of Sunday School Superintendents

AMONG the great problems of the day is the question of the need of more general systematic religious teaching for the young. President Taft has said: "No matter what views are taken of general education, we all agree—Protestant, Catholic, and Jew alike—that Sunday School education is absolutely necessary to secure moral uplift and religious spirit. Among the Methodists the latest phase of the growing interest in Sunday School work is the Sunday School Congress. The first was held in Columbus, O. The second recently occurred in New York City and was on a scale never before attempted by Methodists in the East. Twelve hundred Sunday School experts, some of them local leaders, others officials of general societies, considered ideas making for efficiency in the schools where multitudes of boys and girls are getting their foundation for moral and spiritual development.

Senator Travis

"Efficiency is the charmed word of the age," said Wade C. Barclay, of Chicago, educational secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools; "and nowhere is it so much needed as in Sunday School work. The Sunday School in order to do its work must provide efficient teachers. The teaching must be on a par with day school instruction. No longer will boys and girls be satisfied with irresponsible and untrained leaders. Lying at the root of every Sunday School problem is the question of well-trained teachers. Improve the teachers and we improve every part of our school. Architecture and equipment are secondary to the value of perfectly equipped teachers."

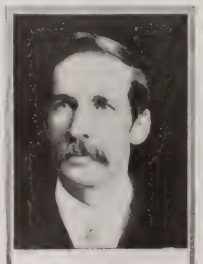
A demand for greater efficiency and for higher standards was the keynote of all sessions. The superintendent was urged to recognize the importance of carefully prepared and executed programs, of thorough organization of his school, of the value of correlating all departments so that from the kindergarten to the senior adult class and the home department and mission study class there should be a united spirit. Frank A. Horne, who has been called an "efficiency expert in Sunday School organization," said that "organization is for the purpose of intelligent production and efficient work," and compared the Sunday School to a factory whose output must depend upon the efficiency of the workers. However, he uttered the warning note, that "though the equipment be ever so fine, it will be good for nothing without power; we must not forget that we need above all other things more power from on high."

It was the opinion of Frank L. Brown of the famous Bushwick Avenue School, Brooklyn, the second largest Sunday School in the world, that "no Sunday School teacher should come to school with less than one hundred and twenty pounds of steam," and he believes in "giving teachers a big idea of their responsibility." As for superintendents, Mr. Brown describes the ideal as "a man of heart, a lover of children, a friend of everybody."

"If you are going to capture the children of today," said Bishop Luther B. Wilson, "if you are going to save the great population of your city, it means for you absolute sacrifice of self. If you are a member of any church, or if you are a disciple of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, your place is not on the grandstand watching the players on the field, your place is down among them." Insistence upon the use of the Bible by the individual scholar was reiterated by various speakers. "Make the Sunday School a Bible School," was the watchword.

How to hold the pupils of "the 'teen age" was a vital theme at the congress, and many startling statistics were given by Dr. Edgar Blake, of Chicago, assistant corresponding secretary, Board of Sunday Schools, who has devoted much time to investigation in this direction. According to this authority five hundred pupils of intermediate years disappeared from one school in twelve months; in another, the number of lads who left the Sunday School in ten years was larger than the entire church membership; the Wesleyan Church in England is losing eight per cent. of its Sunday School from the church, and the situation in this country is even graver. "I doubt if we hold one-quarter of our Sunday School in our church membership," said Dr. Blake, "and the greatest number of losses occurs among the pupils in the 'teens. Awakening to the knowledge of their own personality and freedom of choice and decision, frequently the first break, the first assertion of new-found freedom, is the break from religious associations. Next to the church, the most powerful single agency for the upbuilding of the child is the Sunday School. The two most potent influences for molding young men and women lose their hold at the same time. A large majority of homes are failures as to holding the children to religious traditions, therefore the other organizations must come to their help."

Wm. H. Ridgway



Frank L. Brown

Bishop Wilson

The Hon. Eugene M. Travis, State Senator, and superintendent of the Nostrand Avenue Sunday School, Brooklyn, spoke in behalf of really entertaining forms of amusement and entertainment as an adjunct in the winning of young people to a strong Sunday School allegiance. It was his opinion that the Sunday School should offer large opportunities for social life.

William H. Ridgway of Coatesville, Pa., made a characteristic address on "The Noblest Business on Earth," in which he said: "The greatest business in this world is religious business. The greatest business men of this land are Christian men. The very cream of the country's business men are giving hours of their time every day to plans for the salvation of young men. The American people are not a set of rascals. They are Christian men." M. K. H.

HOPES OF EARLY PEACE IN CHINA

NEWS from China this week is of a more encouraging character. The Republic having been publicly proclaimed, there are now hopes that the country will soon quiet down. It will undoubtedly take weeks, and possibly even months, before order is restored in some of

Famine Sufferers Sorting Leaves for Food

the remote districts. Reports from Peking are conflicting regarding the presidency, some stating that Yuan Shi Kai will accept, others that he declines on account of age, and that he has advocated the election of Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

Dr. Sun, in an interview in Shanghai, spoke of the condition of the famine sufferers. Owing to the war, the government had been helpless to meet the emergency; but he hoped that in the near future, China would be able to take care of its own.

The Central China Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai is meanwhile making a strenuous effort to relieve the widespread distress in the Yangtse Valley. In spite of the war and the stagnation of business, the authorities of Canton, Hongkong, Swatow and Penang have given liberally towards famine relief. Conditions in the famine province are most distressing. In one village, Lintse, out of 700 persons, only 140 had bread to eat, the remainder living on gruel made almost exclusively of greens and weeds. In the Wuhu district, an effort is being made to build large dykes along the river to prevent future inundations, and the money paid for labor helps the famine sufferers. Famine relief works have been started in various places with good effect, yet only a small section of the affected districts can be helped by such means. At Pingtu, in Shantung province, some of the famine sufferers were found subsisting on leaves and dead dogs. In North Kiangsu and Anhui an excellent relief work is being done. The one hopeful feature in connection with the present famine is the evidence of a strong public sentiment in favor of such measures as will prevent a recurrence of similar suffering in the future, by public engineering works on a large scale, under government auspices.

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Rev. E. C. Lobenstine, honorary secretary of the Central Famine Relief Committee, writes that there has been much suffering in and around Hankow, from which city there was a great exodus of the population at the beginning of the war. These refugees are now returning and need to be provided for temporarily with huts, clothing and food. Public works are being opened to give employment to the able-bodied and food will be distributed to those unable to work, including women and children. Many well-to-do families have lost everything, and some are now begging in the streets. Children have been separated from their parents, wives have lost their husbands and are left helpless with little ones to provide for. Besides, there are many who have been crippled or otherwise injured during the fighting, and these add to the general sum of misery.

A number of contributions for famine relief have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and these have been forwarded to Bishop Greer's Committee in New York, which is co-operating with the Central Committee in Shanghai.

Our appeal in behalf of the 700 famine orphan children, distributed at different missionary stations throughout China, is meeting with cordial responses from many readers. These children, as we already explained, were originally included in the 2,000 little orphan waifs for whom provision was made through the generosity of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but who, owing to the death of patrons and other causes, are now left unsupported. The good

Selling the Framework of the House

missionaries are grateful at the prospect of support for the children, especially at a time when famine conditions prevail throughout the country, and when, without such provision, it would be impossible for the missionaries to keep their little charges. This is an opportunity for real service in a special field, for by helping the missionaries to provide for these 700 children, our readers are aiding the cause of humanity and of Christianity in China. Every contribution for the children should be addressed "Famine Orphan Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City."

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JERRY'S TENEMENTS

BY ANNE WARNER

JERRY'S uncle had left him the houses. When our relatives leave us things we do not always know just what to do with them, and at first Jerry did not know just what to do with the houses. He was young, very clever, smooth-shaven, pleasing to look at, and most up-to-date; the houses were old, very dirty and hideous to look at, and oh, *so* far behind the times! At first sight their new owner was for pulling them down at once, but the agent who was with him told him the extent of their rent-roll, and it caused the young man to open his eyes.

"Why, who ever will pay that?" he asked in great and utter surprise.

"Italians," responded the agent. "There's a big pressure for rooms in this quarter; they never stand vacant for more than a day or so."

Jerry said no more about pulling them down, but the idea that such black little holes "never stood vacant more than a day or so" exercised a strange fascination for his curiosity. It was not long before he felt irresistibly drawn to go and look at them again; and this time he walked twice round them, viewing the whole disagreeable *tout ensemble* by the light of the knowledge that people were wild to live there. He couldn't possibly imagine a place where he should less like to live; he found it all close to loathsome, and yet there were those who liked it!

None of the tenants who saw the good-looking young man picking his way among their ash-heaps and old cans had any suspicion of his relation to them. They did not trouble their heads as to who he was or what he wanted, but watched him idly until he went away, and then forgot all about him.

But Jerry could not forget *them* thus easily. They haunted him. Some of the children were so pretty—or would have been so pretty had they been clean. And the mothers looked so thin. It troubled him—rather. Even if they did choose to live in that way, it seemed a pity. It seemed to him that something must be wrong with any one who could choose to live that way. He pondered it quite a bit. After all he wasn't sure but that the best thing would be to pull them all down. But then—the agent said that so many people wanted just such houses. He felt still more bothered. Such a puzzle! In a few days he carried his burden to the agent.

"If I build better ones—" he suggested.

"They couldn't afford to live in them," said the agent promptly.

That was a facer. Jerry was not advanced philanthropist enough to see any way around such an argument. So he let his shocking tenements go on leaning against one another. Of course, if people wanted to live in them who wouldn't have any place to live if he pulled them down—? He didn't know what a wretched old argument for misery he was using.

And yet he couldn't forget them and be idly happy as heretofore. One morning when spring was smiling everywhere else he felt quite irresistibly drawn to go and see what sort of a face she presented there. So he went again and, Great Cæsar! how awful they were *now!* There were puddles of liquids such as he knew no name for, and dead rats, and so forth. It almost made him sick, and really made him heartsick. He stuck to it until he had gone the whole rounds, and the house at the end of the rounds was the worst of all; in fact, was quite too bad for description. He paused, balancing himself on a broken brick, to look upon its most unwholesome appearance; and then, to his astonishment, he noticed that the window of the wretched place was clean. As none of the windows were ever clean, he at once went close to see what ailed this one; and then, looking through it, saw to his great surprise a girl inside, sweeping. Not only a girl inside sweeping, but a young and pretty girl, too. Turning just then, she saw him too, and came to the door at once. He didn't know who she was, and of course she didn't know who he was; but each bowed, and smiled pleasantly upon the other.

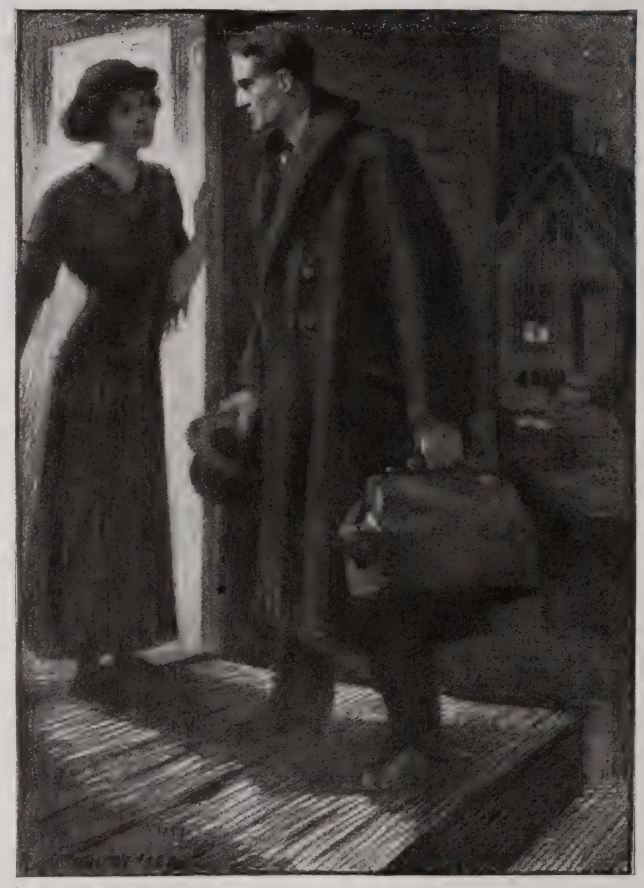
"What are you doing here?" he asked, promptly. She looked slightly alarmed, suspecting quickly that he was the agent. "Why, can't I live here?" she asked. "The people told me that no one had had this house all winter."

Jerry looked at her in amazement. She was so pretty and spoke so clearly and sweetly. "*You* don't want to live here," he told her. "Why, you *can't!*"

"Oh, but I *do* want to. I have a special reason for wanting to. Pray, *pray* let me."

He stared in redoubled amazement at that.

"But it's such a hole of a place," he protested.



Drawing by Wilson Dexter

"'I'm awfully ill; I'm dying of something—I don't know just what'"

"Not at all. One of the men has helped me mend the roof, and my furniture is coming this afternoon. Please let me stay."

He could really hardly believe his ears. "You're crazy!" he told her.

"No, I'm not—" She shook her pretty head.

"Well, what are you, then?"

She smiled a little at that. "I don't see why you care," she said.

"I do care."

"Well, then, I sew."

He looked at her doubtfully. "I should think you'd want to live in some comfortable place."

"I'll make this comfortable. And it's the cheapest I can find."

"I don't understand a bit," he said. And he didn't.

"But I may stay?"

"Oh, yes; but I haven't anything to do with the houses."

It was her turn to stare at this direct contradiction in terms. "Oh, are you a settlement worker?" she queried, with parted lips.

"No," said Jerry, much confused at the very idea; "no, of course not. I—I was only out walking That's all, I assure you." Then, blushing vividly he hurried away.

It was only a week later that he received an invitation to go to Switzerland with some friends, and promptly vanished out of the particularly mundane sphere in which his unhappy houses lay.

. . .

It was mid-September when he finally returned, and the twilight was shortening fast. "I'm going to look at my houses the first thing," he told himself that evening at dinner, and about nine o'clock he set forth. He knew the way well by this time, but when he came there he thought that he must have forgotten it, for the houses seemed to have vanished. He stood still, looking about in the half-dark, feeling quite lost and bewildered, and then suddenly he saw *her* little hovel, and knew that he was right after all. It was only that there were so many clean windows now that he hadn't noticed hers among them, and then he perceived other changes. All the unsightly bunches of rags and hay were gone; all the panes were whole, and those which let no light through were darkened not by dirt but by curtains; real curtains, hanging up inside. Some miracle had been wrought here. The street under his feet was clean, too, and looking down its length, he saw twinkling lamp-posts winking at him from either side. He felt quite numb at first, dazed by the change. Then he walked slowly down the whole length of his property and back again, and when he found himself upon the spot from which he had set out he turned and stared deliberately into her window.

It was a common enough type of window, was her window—having eight oblong panes, four on either side of the dividing sash, and fresh white curtains, looped apart to show the room within. Oh, that room within! Jerry had never guessed that he owned such a place as the room within; and as he looked he became almost dizzy with pleasure at the thought that he *did* own it.

There was a small grate stove (the evening was very chill), and around it sat a whole row of children busy doing knitting and basket work. They were all the children of the neighbors, he felt sure, for their little intent faces reflected their nationality; but what his eyes noted quickest was their look of comfort, happiness and well-being. It lifted a great load from some sore spot in his make-up, for they looked as if the next time that he went to Europe he need not give them a thought.

And then, suddenly, his heart leaped into his mouth, for he perceived that one of them, made small like them by sitting on a stool while they sat on chairs, was the sweet, pretty girl who "sewed." She was busy with her hands, too, but she seemed to be telling a story to her eager little audience at the same time, and he found himself involuntarily drawing nearer to try to listen with the children. But he could not hear, because he was outside.

It was such a strange sensation to stand outside in the cold and look in at good cheer and happiness. It was an utterly new sensation to Jerry, who entirely forgot his own feelings in his interest at first, but soon remembered them because of a curious lump that arose in his throat. It came to him for the first time in his life how hard it is to stand *outside* in the cold; and then, when he had once begun to consider that viewpoint, the lump seemed to grow worse and worse until at last it forced him to about face and go home with something very wretched indeed weighing his heart to the very ground.

At home (which was no home, but a big, barren, and most luxurious club) he dreamed sad, sorry dreams all the night through, and the next morning

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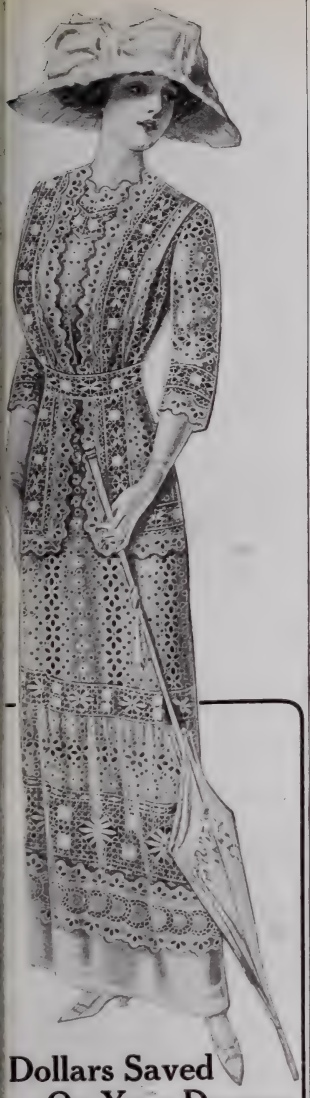

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JERRY'S TENEMENTS

Continued from preceding page

knew that he had changed climates too quickly and was paying the common penalty of a most horrible cold. A man who lives at a club never has any one in particular to look out for him, so he spent a long day feeling a little worse each hour than the last, and late in the afternoon knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was very ill indeed. And then he progressed with frightful rapidity, his mother, who had been long dead, coming in to sit by him for a while, and people far away seeming to flutter near and then go lightly off again. And yet in spite of them all it was not until dinner time that he could screw himself up to any real resolution. By that time he knew, however, that if he was going to do anything vital he must be quick about it, and so he rolled off the sofa, pressed the two halves of his head together again, and set about packing at once.

It seemed unnecessary to take much, but he managed to get what would be called "first aid to the injured" out of his chest of drawers, even though his hands did shake horribly. And he put them more or less neatly up together in his bag. The bag wasn't as heavy as usual, because he was taking neither suits nor shoes; and he lifted it easily enough when he had on his overcoat and hat and was ready to leave his room.

"I'm off to my cousin's," he told the page in the hall outside as he hurried by him.

"Shall I call a cab, sir?" asked the door man, hurrying behind him.

"No, I'll take the tram," said Jerry, hurrying yet faster; "never mind about mail; I'll write."

What he was about to do was exceedingly unconventional, and rather uncomfortably near to being improper. But Jerry's fever was atrociously high by this time, and his brain altogether awhirl.

He distanced the door man completely. Outside it was bitter cold and the wind cut like a knife, but still he managed the tram and the transfer and the walk at the other end. The knowledge of how awfully well off he was going to be soon kept him up through everything. He could just feel the warmth and see how her face would smile as he fell asleep—happy—happy. It made him fairly dizzy to think how happy.

When he reached the little house the curtain was parted as usual, the bright stove glowed within, and she was sitting at a table writing a letter. He had just strength enough left to get to the door and to rap.

She came at once and when she saw who it was she started, quite frankly.

"I'm awfully ill," Jerry said, lifting his hat with his shaking hand; "I'm dying of something—I don't just know what. Please take me in and take care of me, and I'll work on settlements all the rest of my days."

She gave two quick steps backward and he went on in. He hardly knew what followed. An Italian, a boy with bright white teeth, came from somewhere and helped him to undress, and rubbed his hands. And then something deliciously warm and woolly heaped itself against his freezing feet and life seemed to surge back through him with hammer-strokes that cut his lungs to shreds. Then he smelt onions and was dragged about and half pulled to bits. And then all of a sudden a great hot steaming mass sank down upon him, soaking up all the pain and smothering him to sleep.

If it was death he didn't care, for he knew that all that happened would be of her ordering, and he liked all her ways. And he was inside now and, oh, heavens above!—it is good to be inside!

. . .

He woke up again some time. And what he woke to was quite the stickiest environment that he had ever known. His first thought was that he had been drowned in an unbaked bread pudding. And next he saw that she stood by the narrow little bed, smiling at his discomfort.

"What is it?" he asked, looking up at her and trying to smile, too. Because, of course, if she was there, whatever was, was all right.

"It's an old-fashioned sure cure for acute pneumonia," she said, in the most matter-of-fact of tones; "if taken in time the worst case can be cured. You take a lot of onions and a lot of cornmeal and boil them together and dump the whole mess into a pillowcase and pack a person's chest and throat for twenty-four hours and they wake up cured."

"Am I cured?" asked Jerry.

"Almost," she said, laughing; "but you mustn't talk."

"I knew you could do it," said Jerry, happily; "I'll be good—I won't talk." And then he shut his eyes and kept his word, his happiness being just a bit more acute than his pneumonia.

When he awoke next time the white-toothed Italian boy came in to tend him, but She came too. He felt so happy that he didn't mind a thing, not his pudding chest-protector, not even his room, which was illegal in that it had no window and yet was used for sleeping. They helped the illegality by putting a blanket over him often and making the air fresh by opening all through from front to back, and in between he wondered how she had turned the dirty black hole that formed the central feature of this especial tenement into such a clean, sweet, neat little white room, with narrow iron bed, four bracketed shelves, and a set of dolly-drawers screwed to the door so that when it opened they vanished.

"It's all so pretty," he said like a pleased child, when she came in another time.

"Homes are always pretty," she smiled back.

'I knew you could do anything," he assurred her irrelevantly.

"Don't talk!" she bid him as usual.

Another day or so passed.

"Now tell me," she said one noon as she fed him his delicious Scotch broth, "how did you come to come here that night? I want so much to know."

"I don't know myself," he confessed frankly. "I just know that when I realized how awfully badly off I was I got up and packed and came."

"It seems so odd. You didn't know that I'd ever been a trained nurse, did you?"

"I didn't know a thing about you."

"And I don't know a thing about *you*, now."

Jerry quite jumped. "Don't you, really?" he stammered. "Why, I thought that of course you knew me, *now*."

"But I don't," she said. "It's all a mystery to me. I know nothing. Not even your name. Nothing."

"How most awfully funny!" he commented. "But it's nice, too. You must like me just as I like you—for myself alone."

He thought that she blushed a little, and he tried to be sure, but the light was so defective in that middle room! He saw suddenly why every room in the world should have at least one good window.

"I do wonder how you ever came to know that I could take care of the sick," she said, again.

"Perhaps I didn't know," said Jerry; "perhaps I just wanted to see whether you could or not."

She laughed a little at that and left him at once. He slept a while and when he woke he could hear her in the kitchen getting the goodies together for his tea. Oh, he *was* happy! Talk about Monte Carlo or the delights of motoring through Spain by moonlight! Why, they were not to be mentioned in the same breath with this pneumonia of his.

Continued on next page

What Some Clever Girls Did

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"—It sounds funny, I know, but out of our dress allowances we each saved enough to buy new furs this winter, and we were all better dressed than ever before. We dyed our last season's clothes in all the latest fashionable colors and made them over into new styles."

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JERRY'S TENEMENTS

Continued from preceding page

The tray (when she brought it) was tin with a plain white napkin, and today he had jelly and white chicken-meat, and two whole cups of tea with four lumps of sugar. He fairly writhed in joy.

"In three days more you can have a carriage and go home," she told him, as she fed him his bits of sandwich with a fork. (So nice to be fed!)

"Oh, I say!" he cried blankly.

"Where is your home?" she asked calmly.

"I haven't any."

"Where do you keep your clothes, then?"

He looked almost reproachful. "Don't spoil the fairy story by such questions. I don't want to tell."

"But I must know. Surely some one is worried over you?"

"No," he said. "I'm quite alone. On my honor."

"But you must go somewhere soon," she protested. "You are almost well. You've got to go back to where you belong."

He looked so disconsolate that she laughed again.

"Tell me how you managed to change all their habits," he said, seeking to open some other channel of converse.

"The neighborhood had such a bad name," she said, "and I belong to a sisterhood that like to go and try their hands at the impossible. One takes a little settlement and then one makes of oneself an example while one works like a dog. I used to be patching my house and raking my street from dawn to dark, and after a while some others began to try their hands at the same work too."

"How nice!" said Jerry. "More jam, please."

"And now I'm hoping when the landlord returns to get him to build some rows of nice new little places and let them at the same price as these."

"But he can't, you see," said Jerry quickly. "That's the difficulty. If he builds better houses he'll have to have more money for them."

"That isn't the Golden Rule," said his nurse.

"The Golden Rule doesn't apply to tenements," said Jerry.

"No," said his pretty nurse, smiling; "it only applies to men with pneumonia, I suppose."

Jerry gave a sharp little gasp; something keener than any pneumonia pain clove his soul at that word of hers. He'd never thought of that. And a shattered soul is like a shattered window in that it lets in a lot of God's very own fresh air.

"I wish that the landlord who owns these houses would come to me ill," the nurse went on. "I'd not lose any time converting him, I know."

"Oh, dear me!" said Jerry, feeling battered to bits by the double stress of his own emotions and her further words. "*I* own 'em. I'm the landlord. Build them over to suit yourself. I've never liked the way they looked."

Any ordinary girl would have dropped the whole tea-tray on him at such a revelation, but this was no ordinary girl. This was an extraordinary girl, an exceptionally clear-headed, earnest, well-trained Doer of Good.

. . .

After she had sat still for a long ten seconds, regarding him with extreme amazement, she took up the last bit of sandwich and tucked it carefully into his mouth. "I was told that these houses belonged to a horrid old man," she said slowly.

"He was my uncle. He died and left 'em to me," Jerry explained.

"What did you think of them when you first saw them?" she asked.

"I thought they were abominable, and I said so, too. I wanted to pull them all down, but my agent told me that these people were all content with them as they were and couldn't afford to pay more."

She gazed at him meditatively. "And kind-hearted people have given me my living and the money I needed to make the houses livable and the people who lived in them comfortable," she said. "How droll! Why, they've even supplied the money that nursed you and bought what you needed. What a lesson in economics and supplemented earnings!"

No darkness could hide the blaze in Jerry's face at that, although he had very vague ideas as to economics and supplemented earnings.

"And you never thought of how grand it would be to build some decent houses that didn't pay!" she continued. "Really, there is one thing that sometimes contradicts the law of gravitation, and that's money. Money sometimes is regarded as being obliged always to flow upward."

Jerry continued to blaze.

The nurse watched him blaze. "I do wonder how you'll ever pay this debt now!" she said.

Then he quite boiled over. "I'll do it very easily," he declared, in a tone whose complete assurance surprised even himself. "I'll put up something so good that it'll serve as a model for all the other houses around here, and I'll marry you."

She jumped to her feet. "Marry me!" she cried. "Oh! oh!"

"Yes, indeed," said Jerry. "I've only just begun to see how it all worked in together. It was what made me come here the night I was ill, or it was fate, or it was that Golden Rule of yours, I'm sure I don't know which—or care either."

"Oh!" gasped the nurse. (She hadn't jumped so far but that he was holding her hand with all the latent strength which Scotch broth, jam and white chicken-meat naturally impart). "Oh! oh!"

"It's a real fairy story," Jerry declared, "or else—as I said before, it's your Golden Rule. Please take your choice—whichever you say."

And she did.

Popularizing Sanitation

WHAT is every man's business is no man's business" is a fallacy, for to succeed as a community, every man must make the general business of the community his own special business. This is the one thing needed to secure purer politics, if not more efficient public officials. In no one thing—and we regard it as the most promising of signs—has interest been more generally awakened and individual effort been more readily contributed than in the enforcement and observance of sanitary laws. A French writer of thirty years ago—with more truth than satire—described us as "a nation of spitters." This disgusting disease-spreading habit has not been wholly suppressed in this country, but even the unobservant must have noticed a change for the better that has taken place in the last few years. A study of the municipal ordinances of all our cities shows that the public has come to realize that "prevention is better than cure," and so laws have been passed, not only against the practice just referred to, but also for the cleaning and disinfecting of public conveyances and the better sanitation of dwellings. But no matter how exacting or beneficial the law, it must remain a dead letter, unless approved by the majority. Surely, if only from self-interest, the majority should make every effort to preserve its own life.

HOW A BOY AIDED THE BREAD LINE

Inclosed you will find $2.55 for your rescue work. I am a little boy (aged 11) and could not give the money myself, so I thought that I could go around and ask some people for some money for the Bowery Mission. I thought that it would be better to send what I had gotten so far, for I thought that you would need it more when it is so cold, than later on. I will try to get more money for you as soon as possible.

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I think I do not exaggerate when I say I have corrected more **Chronic Ailments** and built up and reduced more women during the past nine years than any physician—the best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils.** I have **Reduced** about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs. I have rounded out and **Increased the weight** of as many more—all this by strengthening nerves, heart, circulation, lungs vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

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I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly, and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement of health and figure through natural means.

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and will correctly set to the figure until the stockings wear out. This is because Burson Machines fit as they knit the stocking—and without the uncomfortable, unbecoming seam.

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BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
Rockford, Illinois

Moody and the Burglar

VALENTINE BURKE was a burglar. Twenty years he had spent in prison. He was a big fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailers.

Twenty-five years or more ago (writes H. M. Hamill), Evangelist Moody was young, and not long in his ministry. He came to St. Louis to lead a revival meeting, and the *Globe-Democrat* announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer and exhortation. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, awaiting trial. Confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards. Somebody threw a paper into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a head-line like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." He sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

"Philippi!" he said, "that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town."

The reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—'what must I do to be saved?' Has the paper got to printing such stuff?" Burke threw the paper down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that something came into his heart and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he asked. "Twenty years and more I've been a burglar and jailbird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I'll find out if it kills me to do it." He found it out. Toward midnight, after hours of broken prayers, and bitter remorse over his wasted life, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record.

Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you'd better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and the first chance he gets he will be out of here." In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case failed and he was released.

Friendless, and known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away. But Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Seeing that his sin-blurred features were against him, he asked the Lord "if he wouldn't make him a better-looking man, so that he could get an honest job." Something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke he was as fine a looking man as he knew.

Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts to find honest labor. He did not succeed, and came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to God. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I'm done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly.

"Where have you been, Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job," said Burke.

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye, "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. Steadily the old burglar went about his duties, until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody found him in a room in the courthouse serving as a guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were $60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out to guard it." Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see.

Years afterward the churches of St. Louis were waiting for the coming of an evangelist; but something happened and he did not come. One of the pastors suggested that Valentine Burke lead the meetings. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many were turned from lives of crime to clean Christian living.

Fry Onions then potatoes in the same Crisco The potatoes will not taste of the onions

THE fact that Crisco, the new cooking product, does not absorb odors or flavors is unusually interesting to everyone. It seems so improbable that it is difficult for people to appreciate that it is true.

All that is necessary is to fry onions in Crisco, strain the Crisco through a cloth, then fry potatoes in the same Crisco. To make the test thoroughly convincing, taste the potatoes *first*, and you cannot detect even a suggestion of the flavor of onion.

By straining Crisco you can use and re-use it. Not a drop need be thrown away. This one advantage alone makes the use of Crisco a decided economy.

You can heat Crisco very much hotter than you can lard, without causing it to burn or smoke. No distasteful "frying odor" fills your dining room and kitchen, and you will find that in addition to tasting better, the foods are the most tempting, appetizing fried foods you have ever seen — crisp and deliciously dry.

On request, we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco.
The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. S, Cincinnati, O.

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00 except in the Far West

Among the Workers

—THE WORLD'S SEVENTH Sunday School Convention will be held in Zurich, Switzerland, July 8-15, 1913.

AT GRANGEVILLE, IDA., a notable revival is under way, conducted by Evangelist J. D. Taylor. Crowds are coming from long distances. Many conversions are reported.

—THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES in Northwestern Persia write that conditions of famine and destitution prevail in Tabriz. The city has been in a state of semi-siege. Business is at a standstill and thousands are out of employment owing to the war. Many are begging for bread in the streets. The need for relief is very urgent.

—THE SCANDINAVIAN ALLIANCE MISSION (Swedish Branch), at Piet Retief, Transvaal, South Africa, is making an effort to build a church, with class-rooms for native workers. Superintendent K. A. Hjelm will answer any inquiries from American friends who desire to help the work. The mission is making excellent progress.

—MRS. M. A. CHURCH, Walcott, N. Y., writes of Pandita Ramabai's Mission at Kedgaon, India: "There are there at the present time 500 Christian women trained and ready for preaching work. They are conversant with the customs and language of many of the provinces of India, but they lack means to make their work effective. If they could be sent out, they would go very far toward solving the problem how to reach India's millions." Mrs. Church spent five months at Mukhti, in evangelistic work. She came in frequent contact with the Pandita's colony and was impressed with its wonderful spiritual possibilities.

—THE SIX WEEKS' revival campaign led by Dr. French E. Oliver in Butler, Pa., closed February 14. Many conversions are reported. Twelve churches united in this effort. The city was districted in advance and from thirty to forty prayer meetings held weekly.

—MISSIONARY CARL W. COOPER, of Sao Paulo, Brazil, writes: "In October, 1908, you printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the story of 'Little Blossom'—a poor, starving and almost dead baby. It was in Cachoeirinha that she came to us, one of a multitude of waifs to be found in this land. Her mother, who was part Indian, became insane, and gave her apparently dying baby to Mrs. Cooper. Through the rescue of 'Little Blossom,' God spoke to us of giving our lives to the care of other children without parents or home. Now, for two years, the 'Blossom Home' has been a blessed reality. The one Blossom has increased to twenty-five other Blossoms."

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Stranger in the Pulpit

CONGREGATIONS have a natural preference for the voice to which they are accustomed, and the presence of a stranger in the pulpit is accepted by the people in the pews with an air of resignation. They would much rather listen to their own minister. The visiting stranger must overcome their apathy, and if he is sensitive to atmosphere he is aware of the indifference that is likely to act as a chill upon his eloquence. The speaker on the platform is often made or marred by the audience. A cold, critical or hostile audience greatly embarrasses the unfortunate person who must address it. Many constant and loyal church-goers avail themselves of an announced absence on the part of the pastor to make an excursion to another church. They have wanted for some time to hear a popular minister whose magnetism and fervor are attracting great crowds. The habit of being at home in church is strong, and they do not easily break its bonds. The wife will say to the husband or the husband to the wife, "As Dr. L. will not be here to-day, let us give ourselves the pleasure of listening to Dr. W. This is a chance we may not have again very soon."

If the pastor of one's own church is consulted he will say from his heart, "Go away if you wish when I am in the pulpit, but if you care for me and my work be in your place when I am exchanging with some one else." Above everything, remain where you ought to be when you happen to know that an important cause of missions or philanthropy is to be presented by a visiting secretary of a church board.

The minister has a little pride in letting his friend from without see that he has a full congregation. He likewise has an earnest wish that his congregation may be interested in the benevolence, whatever it may be, for which a contribution is asked. In brief, when there is a stranger in the pulpit it behooves every member of the church and congregation to display something of the courtesy of host and hostess to the visitor.

A point in church manners frequently overlooked is to pay attention to what is being said by the man in the pulpit. When the Scriptures are read and prayer is offered, it is a violation of reverence to the Lord himself and to his house of praise either to look about, whisper or fidget. During announcements, if these must be made, and during the progress of a sermon that does not get hold of the listener, there are people who open the hymn book and turn its leaves, furtively write on a pad or the flyleaf, address a remark in a low tone to a neighbor, or, most glaring impropriety of all, consult a watch and replace it with a snap. The rudeness that may be seen in churches would not be tolerated in any one's drawing-room and is indulged in by those who consider themselves immune from observing politeness and practicing it when they are in a crowd. They have not, in fact, the faintest intention of annoying the speaker, and they are oblivious to the effect their example has on those around them.

The visiting minister is usually worth hearing. Sometimes he gives the congregation a stimulating discourse and often his words linger with a restful charm and a residuum of comfort long after the morning has passed.

. . .

Early Helps in Sickness

THE doctor may be summoned by telephone and will come quickly in his motor-car in answer to a hurry call, yet there are precautions that may be taken and things that may be done if there is need for haste before he arrives. If some one has unfortunately taken a dose of poison instead of a harmless remedy keep the bottle until the doctor comes. If a chill, usually a danger signal, asserts itself, get hot blankets, a hot water bag and a warm drink, and see what may be done to start the circulation anew. If somebody faints, remember that a recumbent position is essential, and give the fainting person air. There is no need to dash a stream of cold water in her face. A course in First Aid to the Injured should be taken by every young woman. She can never tell when it may be necessary for her to know what to do and how to do it in an emergency. A few simple remedies properly labeled should be in the family medicine closet. Tincture of arnica, extract of witch hazel and listerine, also tincture of myrrh and essence of peppermint should form part of the domestic stock in pharmacy. An alarming attack of acute indigestion may be relieved before the physician can be brought, by means of essence of peppermint, bi-carbonate of soda and hot water. A burn or scald may be quickly relieved by an application of linseed oil and lime-water, and if nothing else is at hand, ordinary flour covering the burned place from the surrounding air may be relied upon to soothe the pain.

. . .

Queen Esther's Tomb

MISS ANNIE MONTGOMERY, a missionary in Hamadan, Persia, sends the following interesting letter. It will have a peculiar interest for those who last year studied the story of Esther in the Sunday School, and for those who have recently been reading about the beautiful queen in *The Women of the Bible.*

"I have been so interested in what you have written about the customs still remaining in the East that I thought you might be interested to hear a few facts about the queer old city in which beautiful Esther must have had her summer home, where she most likely died, and without doubt was buried, as her grave 'is with us to this day.' As the great Frenchman, M. De Morgan, was assured by his explorations that Hamadan is the ancient Ecbatana, and that on the hill just outside of the present city was the summer palace of the kings, we would have little reason to question the site. A much stronger proof that here are the graves of Esther and her grand old uncle Mordecai, is in the fact that in the shrine which the Jews count so sacred, and between the graves, a light has always been kept burning. When we studied the story of Esther's self-sacrifice for her people, I took our teachers to see the graves and, alas! they found that the very interesting railing with its curious old decorations above Esther's grave had been burned up. The keeper suggested that it had taken fire from the lamp, but the story is not believed. Many people think the fence was stolen.

"Three years ago the keeper of the shrine came to our good Dr. Funk for treatment. His leg had been badly injured. Some time after it was discovered that the coffer that had always been suspended from the center of the dome by a chain had disappeared. Examination showed that a ladder had been placed against the wall, and had left its mark as it had fallen. As the Jews believed that the coffer held the crown that once adorned Esther's beautiful head, they were terribly angry with the keeper who had betrayed his trust. He was sent to Tehran and imprisoned, and if the one who bought his plunder does not divulge the secret, no one will ever know what the coffer contained, for the keeper died in prison.

Continued on next page

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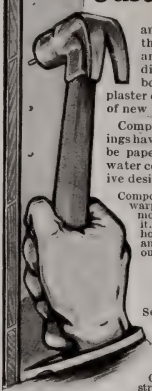

You can line your walls and ceilings in one-tenth the time it takes to plaster and without the muss and dirt. Compo-Board can be nailed over the old plaster or direct to the studding of new buildings.

Compo-Board walls and ceilings have a smooth surface—can be papered, decorated in oil or water color or paneled in effective designs as you wish.

Compo-Board is air tight and warp-proof. Cold, heat, or moisture can't get through it. Will last as long as the house. Will stand the knocks and bangs of furniture without serious damage.

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Compo-Board is sold in strips 4 ft. wide and 1 to 18 ft. long, by dealers in nearly every town. Write at once for sample.

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Mrs. LeVey (photo) became a nurse by our home-study method several years ago and has since conducted her own private hospital. She states: "I have never turned to my Chautauqua School of Nursing lectures for help without getting exactly what I sought. I have been very successful and have more work offered than I can accept." As a nurse Mrs. LeVey received $18 to $21 a week.

Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book explaining method; 248 pages with intensely interesting experience by our graduates, who mastered the art of professional nursing by the C. S. N. home-study course.

Thousands of our graduates, with and without previous experience, are today earning $10 to $25 a week.

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Produces that perfect, natural form every graceful woman admires. Fills hollows in front and under the arms. Gives full, shapely bust.

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BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirtwaist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

"It was curious to find when I came here that the king's brother, who was governor, had for his favorite wife a beautiful Jewess. In the same queer old town—Hamadan—was found the first edict of Cyrus when Darius commanded that 'search be made in the house of the rolls.' A curious thing it seems to worship Sabbath after Sabbath in a church that holds a similar 'firman' from the King of kings, Naseredin Shah. When this edict was granted he made the first grant ever given to a Protestant church by a king of Persia, and the edict closed with the same command as that given to the Jews that prayer be made for the king and his sons. So in our church on the Lord's Day, and in our homes every day, we pray for the little king who needs wisdom more than Solomon ever had. One of the many sources of gladness among the thousandfold promised to the missionary, is that any one living in this Bible land can understand the Bible as never before. When you deal with people who must have a 'baysman' you understand so much better the intercession of the Lord Jesus and the beauty of the figure. When I have been roused at midnight again and again with the cry, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh!' and I have rushed into the church to light it up for the advancing procession, the parable of the foolish ones who took no oil had a vivid impression, and one feels the sorrowful case of those who cannot hope for any blessing when the heavenly 'Bridegroom cometh.'

"Many people have criticized the Hebrews of the Exodus for borrowing from their Egyptian neighbors, and thought of them as dishonest. You will never think so again when those who are starting on a journey come and ask you to supply them with necessities for the way, as a matter of course, that you may receive a blessing from the travelers. The Egyptians knew how the Israelites had been oppressed and robbed, and I am sure they wanted them to go out and leave a blessing with them."

Opposites in Marriage

THE best outfit for permanent happiness in marriage is the possession of those who, loving each other devotedly, and having essentially the same creed and high principles of honor, are opposites in temperament. Every one has noticed that husbands and wives who have lived together in harmony for many years, have gradually become like one another in expression. Originally, there may have been no similarity in feature or look, but the tender shaping of the years, mind and heart responding in sympathy, has brought out in the faces a certain sign of the blending of character.

A distinguished literary man whose wife was not especially fond of books, while she gave her home the hovering care of the mother-bird for the nest, said one day to a friend, "How grateful I am to Providence that I have not a wife who wants to be in the same line of business that I am." He was right. It is much better that there should not be rivalry or competition in the partnership of wife and husband, and it is better, too, in consideration of the inheritance to be passed on to children that the qualities of the parents should not be precisely the same. When husband and wife are endowed with brilliant genius, their children are often commonplace, and it may require a generation or two for nature to get ready to repeat force and brightness in that family.

The newspapers reported the other day the rather alarming fact that in one little seaside town of this country, known as a fashionable rallying place much favored by millionaires, there were pending seventy-four cases of divorce. The inquiry is inevitable: Why are there so many instances of dissatisfaction, dishonor and desire to escape from the bond where homes are replete with luxury, and wealth abounds? Evidently luxury, idleness and ennui do not form a firm foundation for married happiness. Where two people work together, sharing life's ups and downs, where if one is buoyant to the extreme, the other maintains a calm poise; where one is quick and the other slow; where both are honest and unselfish, there is no appeal to the divorce court.

* * *

A Plea for Pockets

THE woman does not live who is not seriously inconvenienced because Fashion decrees that her gowns shall have no pockets. Independent women there are who insist upon pockets in their petticoats and who once in a great while persuade a dressmaker to tuck a pocket into some inaccessible portion of their dress. Outside wraps, it is true, have pockets, and so do negligees worn, as a rule, only in one's chamber. The other day a woman lamented the fact that she no longer wore a watch. She said that once upon a time she had been fortunate enough to have a little chamois-lined receptacle for a watch inserted in her dress where it could be concealed under a belt. This, by the majestic decree of Fate, was no longer her privilege, and as her watch was a sensible affair, too large to be carried on a hook as if it were a locket or a toy, she left it most of the time in her bureau drawer and usually forgot to wind it up. Women are obliged to dispose of many useful articles in their sleeves, or on the inner side of a corset, and they carry handbags everywhere, stuffed with a miscellaneous collection of letters, bills, coins, invitations, visiting cards and whatever else a bag can hold, while a man strides forth on his triumphant progress through life equipped for the fray with nearly two dozen pockets. On the day that a little chap assumes his first knee trousers and thrusts his hands into his pockets, he distinctly attains rank as a lord of creation. American women ought to make a stand, and insist on the cessation of a tyrannical custom which has not the faintest excuse for being.

* * *

A Beautiful Poem

I DO not know who wrote these verses that give us busy women so needful a hint, but they have brought to me a tender warning, and so I am passing them on to the readers of this page:

WHEN I HAVE TIME

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make this life more happy and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care:
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, kind words and loving smiles
I'll give to those whose pathway runs through tears,
Who see no joy in all the coming years;
In many ways their weary lives I'll cheer,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your intent—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her dreary life with sweet content
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the coming year;
Now is the time!

Just What He Wanted

I have received the *Almanac* for 1912. It is just what I wanted. It is not only convenient for reference, but is a book containing much interesting and valuable matter.

Biddeford, Me. WM. F. LIBBY.

The Howard Watch

THE U. S. Postal Mail Service is the backbone of the rapid delivery of letters in this country.

The Mail Trains are veritable "post-offices on wheels."

They collect mail from practically every post-office in the United States—and they sort this mail while traveling on express schedule *—HOWARD time.*

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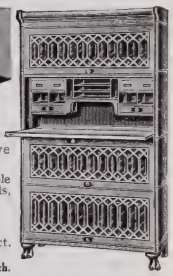

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Questions and Answers

F. P. R., Hampden Highlands, Me. Please explain Ex. 35: 3.

The passage quoted means that no cooking or domestic work of any other description, involving the use of fire, was to be done on the Sabbath day. This particular prohibition is still observed in orthodox Jewish homes, where, if a fire be necessary for warmth on the Sabbath in winter, it is built up before the Sabbath begins and may be lighted by a servant of any other race or religion, but not by an orthodox Hebrew.

I. J. P., Burley, Idaho. What does the word "stick" mean in Ezek. 37: 16-20? A man preached that "stick" means book, since a scroll was rolled on a stick.

In those ancient days it was a common custom to use billets and staves of wood for writing upon, and it is this to which Ezekiel refers. This practice was found among many of the primitive nations. We find it as early as the time of Moses (see Num. 17: 6) when the writing was done on rods. The laws of Solon were preserved by the Greeks on billets of wood called *axones*. These sticks, after being written upon, were strung together in a kind of frame or table for convenience in reading. In early English history, the Bardic compositions were recorded in stick-books. Something of the same character was doubtless used by the Jews in Ezekiel's time.

M. E. S., Reedsburg, Wis. The work of foreign missions is increasing every year. Every Protestant denomination is striving to fulfil the "Great Commission" to preach the Gospel to all nations, and we believe every gift of money for missionary purposes is honestly and judiciously administered to this end. If you take into account the fact that the missionaries, white and native, now constitute a large army, the sums allotted for their support are comparatively small in the aggregate. Send for the Year Books of the various denominations, which tell how the money is disbursed.

G. M. H., Goff, Kan. 1. Please explain the meaning of "compelling them to come," as used in Luke 14: 23. 2. Also "the first resurrection" (Rev. 20: 5). Matt. 25 indicates the just and unjust coming to judgment together.

1. The advice is to use the logic of compulsion in order to overcome the excuses that might be made: that they were not properly dressed for a visit, or were otherwise unprepared. It means to accept no excuse, but to bring them in just as they are. It is "godly persuasion," not violence, that is meant. 2. The first resurrection is the resurrection of the just. John saw them in his vision, not only when restored to life but in the act of reviving (see verse 4). It does not refer to the bodily general resurrection, but to the martyrs and saints and others who had suffered and who had passed from death unto life. The passage in Matt. 25 refers to the general resurrection and the judgment.

S. R. R., New York. Christ's kingdom was not of this world; it was a spiritual kingdom, and his teachings concerned the things of that kingdom, although occasionally, in parable and simile, he drew his illustrations from conditions within the circle of his hearers' knowledge. The fact that a scientist should refer disparagingly to Jesus' knowledge of art, science, politics and legislation is of little consequence; yet we have evidence that he was the master of all knowledge. Even as a child, he taught the learned men in the temple and expounded to them the sacred books in a way that amazed them, "speaking with authority."

Mrs. C. M., Pueblo, Colo. Can you recommend a supplemental question book covering the contents of the Bible which could be used in Sunday School work or for independent Bible study?

Sell's *Bible Study by Book*, published by Fleming H. Revell, New York, covers this ground. It is one of a set of eight volumes by Professor Sell entitled *Supplemental Bible Studies*. A. J. Hollman, Philadelphia, publishes *4,000 Bible Questions and Answers*. Price's *Syllabus of Old Testament History* covers the books of the Old Testament.

A CHRISTIAN HERALD reader in Canada sends this contribution to the record of Biblical blunders: "At a schoolhouse near Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, a few weeks ago, the teacher had been describing in a graphic way the tree of knowledge in the middle of the Garden of Eden, and had been telling the scholars that the tree was fenced about to keep off Adam and Eve and all creatures, and finished with the question: 'Now, what happened when this tree of knowledge was fenced in?' A boy reared in the States seven years of age answered: 'George Washington jumped over the fence with his ax and cut the tree down.' Consternation in the class followed this unexpected answer."

J. H. W., Bowersville, Ga. How and by whom was the record kept from the beginning of time by the Israelites?

There is no trace of anything like a scientific view of chronology in Hebrew literature. They dealt usually with national and local epochs. Their long genealogical tables are practically useless for the purpose of chronology. Besides, the Bible does not aim to give a complete history of all time, but only of historic periods to which it refers. In the opening sentence, we find simply the words "in the beginning." The chronological references which are found on the margins of most Bibles, are those of Archbishop Usher (1580-1656), who reckoned backward from the birth of Christ as far as available history permitted. In Hebrew reckoning, according to Josephus the historian, from Adam to Noah (constituting the era of the patriarchs) is treated as one historic period and from the flood to the call of Abraham as another. Unquestionably, the Jewish chronology is comparatively complete from this latter date. The next important chronological guide-posts are the Exodus, the Judges, the period of the kingdom and the captivity.

Mrs. W. H. W., Ports, Kan. While the natural sorrow that is the result of the wrongs inflicted upon us by others cannot wholly be forgotten, we are enabled, through living near to God, to bear such griefs better and to feel them less keenly. We also take a different view of them and make larger allowances for the weaknesses of others. Our own hearts are filled with pity more than anger; we feel that we can pray sincerely and with love for our enemies, that they may be brought to see the wrong they have done. The true Christian is not vexed by the desire for retaliation, but accepts such treatment as a measure of discipline, and, by God's grace, begins to feel not only forgiveness but love for the wrongdoer and a sincere desire for his repentance and enlightenment. This experience is a familiar one to every Christian at some time or other. We should pray to be enabled to overcome all feelings of antagonism and emulate the example of Him who said, "Love your enemies . . . and pray for them that despitefully use you" (Luke 6: 27, 28). Love will triumph in the end.

F. S., Bridgeton, N. J. Was Zipporah the wife of Moses a negro woman? Were the Midianites colored people? I saw a letter in a newspaper a few days ago saying that she was a negress, also the "Queen of Sheba." Were they both colored women?

Zipporah was one of the seven daughters of Reuel or Jethro, the priest of Midian, and was no doubt of dark or reddish complexion, like the people of her country, but not a negress by any means. Sheba is in Arabia and its people are also of reddish complexion, not unlike that of the people of Syria to-day.

Subscriber, Pontotoc, Miss. 1. What is the meaning of I. Cor. 14: 34 and I. Tim. 2: 12? 2. How do you harmonize I. John 1: 8 and 3: 6-8?

1. There were certain things which Paul spoke, as he himself admitted, not "by authority," but as personal opinion or advisement. Among these were his remarks concerning women in the early church and woman's place in public affairs generally. Both of the passages mentioned are of this character. Yet, even in the early church, there were many noble women who have been immortalized on account of their service to Christianity. Paul was probably influenced in what he said by what he had witnessed in Corinth and Athens, where a certain class of women, not Christian but heathen, were undesirably prominent, and he took the extreme view in the other direction to warn the women of the Christian church against emulating such notoriety. In our own day, when consecrated women have rendered splendid service in advancing the Kingdom, the situation is altogether different. Such criticisms as those that related to the Corinthian and Athenian women have very little modern applicability. 2. This has been dealt with in a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG.

C. E. C., Los Angeles, Calif. An Old Subscriber sends us the following: I note your statement under "Full Salvation," where you say, "No one is absolutely without sin (I. John 1: 8)." Won't you be kind enough to note that the eighth verse of I. John is between the seventh and the ninth? That the seventh verse says, "If [implying that we can] we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another [with Christ], and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from *all sin?*" It is surely clear that if *all sin* is cleansed, none remains. But take the ninth verse: "If [implying that we can] we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from *all unrighteousness.*" The Bible in another place says that "all unrighteousness is sin." So that, if we are cleansed from all unrighteousness, we are surely cleansed from *all sin.* Now, many people seem to desire to live in the eighth verse of I. John, but I prefer to live in the seventh or the ninth. If "no Christian is absolutely without sin," I ask with all sincerity, How much sin still remains in a Christian? Is it not a fact, that *any sin*, small or great, is dangerous? Is it consistent with the great plan of redemption to call Jesus a Saviour, when he *cannot* and *does not* absolutely save people from *all sin?* I

Continued on next page

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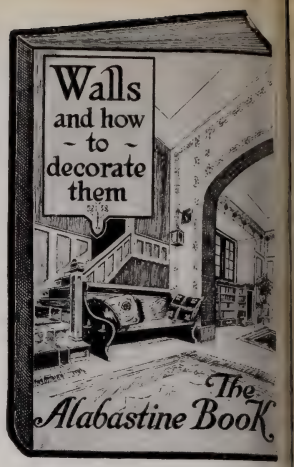

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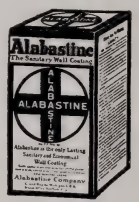

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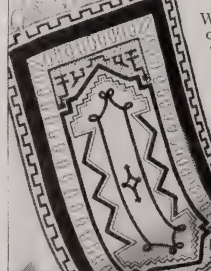

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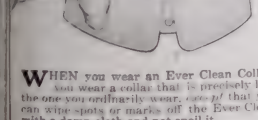

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Our Mail-Bag

Continued from preceding page

have always supposed that, when the angel announced his name and that he was to be called Jesus—for he shall save his people *from* their sins (not in them)—he was rightly named. I have always supposed that when John said, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," that John meant *all sin*. I should like to know what the prophet meant when he was referring to Christ's kingdom and said, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be *clean* from *all* your *filthiness*, and from *all* your idols will I cleanse you."

W. J., Auburn, Me. I have been interested in the illustration of Jesus in the act of presenting a key to St. Peter and would like to have you explain the circumstance.

The passage referred to is Matt. 16: 19. This same promise was extended to all the apostles immediately afterward (see Matt. 18: 18 and John 20: 23), so that the claim of exclusive authority in the church made for Peter is not well founded, as the same power belonged equally to all the others. At the same time, in any literal and authoritative sense, this power was never exercised by any of the apostles. The power to intrude upon the relation between God and man is to be understood in a ministerial or declarative sense, as interpreting his Word, and not as though the power resided in themselves individually. Though Peter was the foremost of the apostolic band, nowhere does the record show a trace of any authority given to him or exercised by him above the rest of his brethren.

Mrs. L. H., Hudson, Wis. 1. How many Popes has the Roman Catholic Church had in all? 2. What is the explanation of the 18th verse of the 13th chapter of Revelation?

1. Bishop Siricius (in the fourth century) was the first to use the word "Pope" as a title, although the Roman Church claims twenty-nine earlier Popes. From Siricius (A.D. 398) to Pius X. there were 225 Popes. 2. This is one of the much-discussed passages ("the number of the beast") concerning which there have been many conjectures, without definite agreement. Some have interpreted it to mean *Lateinos* (the language of Rome), others *Balaam* (the false prophet). It was to be the symbol of the power of Antichrist—the number of the world given over to judgment.

Mrs. W. A., Scandia, Pa. Why was it necessary that blood should be spilled for remission of sin? (Heb. 9: 22.)

The laws of sin and salvation are not arbitrary matters, but are based on fixed principles, as rigid as those of any science. There could be no orderly universe without law, and the laws are not whims of God, but necessary forms of creation. It is one of those fundamental, axiomatic principles of the universe that sin brings forth death. When a sin is started something has to die. Righteousness leads to life; sin leads to death. The Old Testament sacrifices were only symbolic: they indicated by the death of animals the more tragic death of opportunity, of influence, of happiness, of the soul itself. They foreshadowed the great sacrifice to be made when the Son of God should bear, in his own infinite sufferings, all the results of the world's sin. There is mystery here, but so is there mystery in the cure of diphtheria by the blood of an animal which has been given the disease of which the patient is to be cured. The disease afflicts the animal, and the man who is inoculated will be saved. Just so sin brought forth the anguish of Christ, and "with his stripes we are healed."

Subscriber, Unionville, Conn. Will you kindly tell through THE MAIL-BAG the amount subscribed for the Klopsch Memorial and how or in what way the money is used for the Children's Home?

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Reader, Sackville, Ont. Why is it wrong to have one's future told? Give texts from the Bible.

The Scriptures contain a number of emphatic passages warning those who seek after familiar spirits. Lev. 19: 31: "Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord thy God." Also Lev. 20: 6: II. Kings 21: 6: II. Chron. 33: 6; Isa. 29: 4, etc. After the establishment of Christianity, under Constantine, necromancy was placed under the ban of the church.

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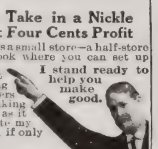

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for our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. **American School of Music, 63 Lakeside Bldg. Chicago, Ill.**

Happy Cozy Corner Days

A Garden All Your Own

Up rose the wild old Winter King.
And shook his beard of snow;
"I hear the first young harebell ring—
'Tis time for me to go."

MARCH, when all the world is full of new life and sunshine, is the time to plan and start a garden—a garden all your own, in which the flowers will bloom and increase year after year, and each season be lovelier than the last. Nothing else will weave the same charm and beauty into our youth as to grow up with a garden, especially if we really love the flowers and watch the things that happen there.

To succeed with a garden, you must be sincere right from the start. You must do your very best, and really help the flowers to grow. Begin right, and take a little pains, then all will go well. Mr. Luther Burbank, who, as we all know, is almost a magician among flowers, declares that all that flowers need to grow to perfectness is good soil, good air and some one to love them.

Preparing Time

MARCH is the time to prepare for a garden before weeds have taken a firm hold. And even though the nights may be a little too cold to risk setting out the tender seeds, your garden bed will be all the better for a little daily raking and hoeing that shall turn the soil over and over to be aired and sunned.

A Plant Kindergarten

IT IS a good plan to start your flowers in what gardeners call a "flat." Any one can easily make a flat by sawing a soap box in two, and boring small auger holes in the bottom for drainage. Cover the holes with an inch of moss or some pieces of broken pottery, and fill in the flat to within an inch of the top with fresh earth from the woods or fields. Pack the soil firmly, and sow the seeds in straight rows. One flat will accommodate six or seven varieties, or even more. Pansies, nasturtiums, clove gillyflowers, sweet-williams, and lady-slippers may, with all comfort, be started in one soap-box flat, and will be ready for transplanting either into the open garden or window-box in April. And never forget to put a neat wooden label at the line of each variety.

To Prepare the Garden

FLOWERS like, above all else, to grow in earth that has been carefully prepared for them. Now, the very best way to prepare the garden is to dig down about eighteen inches, throw the earth aside, take out the stones and break up the clods with your hands. Then put the earth back again, first a layer of earth, then some well rotted manure or leafy mold from the woods, and more earth, and last of all a top layer of earth with sand sifted in it. The roots of your plants will go down to find the rich food below them, and because the food is good they will become deeply rooted and will grow strong and healthy. The top layer is a very important part of your gardening; it should be frequently raked to keep it from becoming baked and hard. Young plants are like any other kind of babies, they need things made a bit comfortable and easy for them at first. Next week I shall have something further to tell you about flower gardening.

A GOOD REEL-KITE

THE kite-flying season is on again, and no all-round good fellow of a boy will admit that toy aeroplanes have routed the good old reel-kites, for they have not. Have you ever made a "keystone flier"? Here is an excellent plan for a "strong puller" that will give you a strenuous time on any breezy day. And it is so simple in construction that any boy can make one. Rig up two flat frames of half-inch pine, one 36 x 20 inches, the other 38½ x 20 inches. The taller flat frame is the back of the kite. Attach the frames at the top, and fasten them apart at the bottom by 13½ or 14 inch braces. At about eight inches below the top on the front frame fasten a cross stick, and use it for the base of a triangle, the apex of which should be firmly fastened at the center of the base of the front frame. Now brace the kite with strings or light sticks fastened diagonally across the back; these strings or sticks are important, for they help to brace the paper or muslin with which the kite is covered, against the wind.

Make the framework carefully; it will pay

The framework, once strongly put together, is ready to be covered with either stout manila paper or some bright-colored cambric or paper-muslin. Cut away the material from the triangle in the front frame, and leave the sides and bottom open. The wind pressing into the triangle presses against the back, passes out the sides and bottom while much of it is forced up into the top of the wedge and becomes the lifting power. A keystone flier is the kind of a sky-scraper every boy wants at kite-flying time.

For Our Little People

Grandma Told Me

LIFE is a stocking," Grandmother says,
"And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored and some are white,
And some are ashen gray.

"But most are made of many hues,
With many a stitch set wrong;
And many a row to be ripped and re-knit
Ere the whole is fair and strong."

Prize-Winners

Pauline Merriweather, 16; Oscar Baldwin, 14; Ruharna Hilton, 12; Lillian Weyaut, 9; Elmo Chapman, 11; Joseph Buckingham, 11; Marie Williams, 16; Barnard Cumbea, 14; Irene MacKenzie, 18; Edith R. Stotz, 9; Deborah Hitchcock, 13; William Jeffers, 16; Egle Steed, 13; Dorothy Coleman, 13; Harold Stark, 14; LaRue Hull, 14; Josephine McN. Morgan, 15; Linea G. Clarke, 13; Lloyd Dotterer, 14.

Answer to rebus of January 17—Hands.

CONFIDENCES

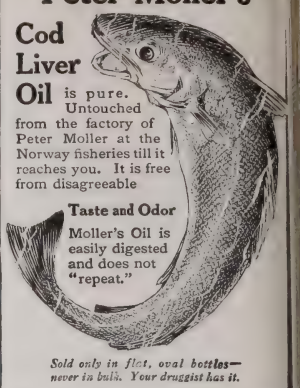
Good-Night Verse

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters to flow.

Lovingly always.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil is pure. Untouched from the factory of Peter Moller at the Norway fisheries till it reaches you. It is free from disagreeable



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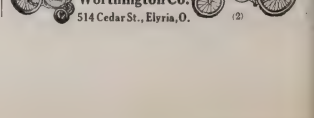

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Think what that means, men and women! Holeproof Hose, with all their advantages, cost no more than common kinds.

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Men, help rid your wives of this work! Have hose without holes always ready when you want them.

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FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Unless it is there the hose are not "Holeproof."

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Silk hose for men cost $2.00 for three pairs guaranteed three months. Three pairs of women's silk hose cost $3.00, guaranteed three months. The genuine are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealer's names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico
Agents for Mexican Republic (29)

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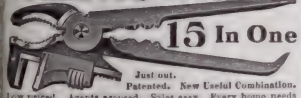

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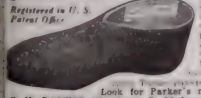

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Our Facts about Prizes, Rewards, etc., send 6c stamps for our new 128 page book of intense interest to Inventors. E. G. & A. H. Evans, Dept. C, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

What the Lilies Tell

UNDER my window the lily-bells
Are swaying and swinging. Their fragranee tells
Of the day that an angel came to earth,
And the angel's tears gave the lilies birth.

For the angel had grieved, so the story is told,
And mourned within the City of Gold;
She had prayed the Father that she might go
Once more to her home in the world below.

The prayer was answered. From far-off spheres
She came, forgetting the lapse of years.
But all was changed from the home she knew,
And her sweet tears fell to the earth as dew.

Each tear that fell, so the fairies tell,
Was changed to a spotless lily-bell,
And the fragrance filling the cups of white
Was the angel's prayer as she winged her flight.

ELIZABETH LLOYD GILBERT.

Salem Missionary Centennial

THE historic old town of Salem, Mass., was the scene of a most interesting missionary event on February 6. It was the celebration of the centennial of the going forth of the first group of American men ordained for missionary service in foreign lands. These missionaries of one hundred years ago were Adoniram Judson, Samuel Newell, Luther Rice, Samuel Nott and Gordon Hall. The settee on which they sat at the time of their ordination is still in the Tabernacle Congregational Church in Salem, and an interesting part of the recent celebration was the ordination of five young men who are to go out to the foreign field. The old church was too small to hold all who wished to attend. The young missionaries ordained at the centennial service were Rev. C. H. Maas, Rev. J. K. Lyman, Rev. J. C. Holmes, Rev. W. R. Leete and Rev. S. R. Harlow.

There were several interesting links connecting the long span of one hundred years between the two celebrations. One was the old settee already referred to and the other was an old bass viol which was played at the time of the first ordination by Dr. David D. Mussey. It was played at the centennial services by Mr. Sterling Turner. A third connecting link was an ancient table of solid mahogany which stood in front of the pulpit. On a gold plate set into the woodwork was engraved:

"Sitting around this table, the first five commissioners of the American Board appointed at Bradford, Mass., June 12, 1810, met in the parlor of the Rev. Noah Porter of Farmington, Conn. They were Gov. John Treadwell, Rev. Dr. Joseph Lyman, Rev. Calvin Chapin, Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester and Rev. Samuel Spring."

This table was presented to the American Board by the children of Dr. Porter and was loaned to the church for the centennial celebration. At the service one hundred years ago, there was a bride present, the wife of Adoniram Judson. She was Ann Hasseltine before her marriage. So also was there the bride of one of the missionaries ordained at the centennial service. She was the young wife of the Rev. S. R. Harlow, who will go with him to West Turkey. A number of missionaries from foreign lands, who are now at home on furlough, were present and gave the right hand of fellowship to their brother missionaries who are to go forth on their errand of giving the Gospel to those in sore need of its uplifting influence.

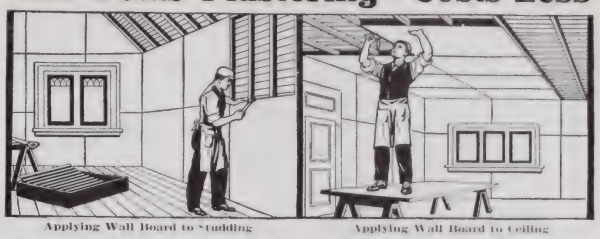
J. L. H.

ENJOYS "THE PILGRIM SHIP"

The *Pilgrim Ship* arrived safely, and I have perused its pages with ever increasing interest and profit. Its style, while simple, is yet graphic, and grips the reader with such interest that you can scarcely put it aside without reading to the end. I have not in many years read a book that was so helpful to me spiritually, and the allegory is pictured with a trenchant pen that goes to the very marrow of one's inner self. I commend it to all church members as well as outsiders.

Birmingham, Ala. JOHN W. SIBLEY.

This Beats Plastering—Costs Less



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The Opportunity

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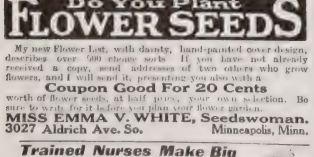
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Must the Squirrel Go?

NONE of the half-domesticated fauna in our public parks is so popular with young and old as the gray squirrel. The black and red varieties, though equally interesting to the naturalist, are more combative and less easily tamed, so that we are not so familiar with them as pets, though not so long since the former literally swarmed in the woods of our Middle West. It would seem from present indications that squirrels in the great parks of the Pacific Slope are to be destroyed in the interest of the people whom they recently delighted. We learn from the last bulletin on "Public Health Reports," that many of the squirrels in the parks and woods of San Francisco, and the country to the east, north, and south, have become infected with the deadly bubonic plague, and are being indiscriminately destroyed. The squirrels may have contracted the disease from their cousins, the rats, against whom the same war of extermination is being carried on. It has been determined that there shall be a squirrel-free zone of 6,162 acres of land in Alameda County, and to secure this poison has been freely used. In the same way 8,680 acres in San Joaquin County and 5,360 acres in Stanislaus County were covered with poison for the purpose of eradicating plague foci. For the present, at least, squirrels should not be carried between the far West and the East.

What a Child's Gift Did

A CHILD'S bequest of thirty-seven cents, made in 1895 by Ethel Shingle just before her death, found its goal recently when the handsome Methodist Episcopal Church of the Advocate, costing $105,000, was dedicated in Germantown, Pa. The little girl's gift was the beginning of a movement to raise the money necessary to construct the new edifice. By a vote of the Sunday School Board the bequest of Ethel Shingle was made the nucleus of a building fund, and the structure, when finished, was named the "Ethel Memorial." The new edifice was opened recently with special services in which the dear little maid and her consecrated gift were duly recognized by appreciative speakers.

Household Hints

Paraffin assists the small family in helping to keep a large cheese fresh until all of it has been eaten. Cut off the desired quantity, then cover the fresh cut in the cheese with melted paraffin.

Pour melted paraffin into a small mold, such as an egg-cup. Allow it to harden before turning it out, then cover with cheesecloth, leaving about an inch at the round end to hold it by. Use for ironing-wax, and it will help to keep irons clean and smooth.

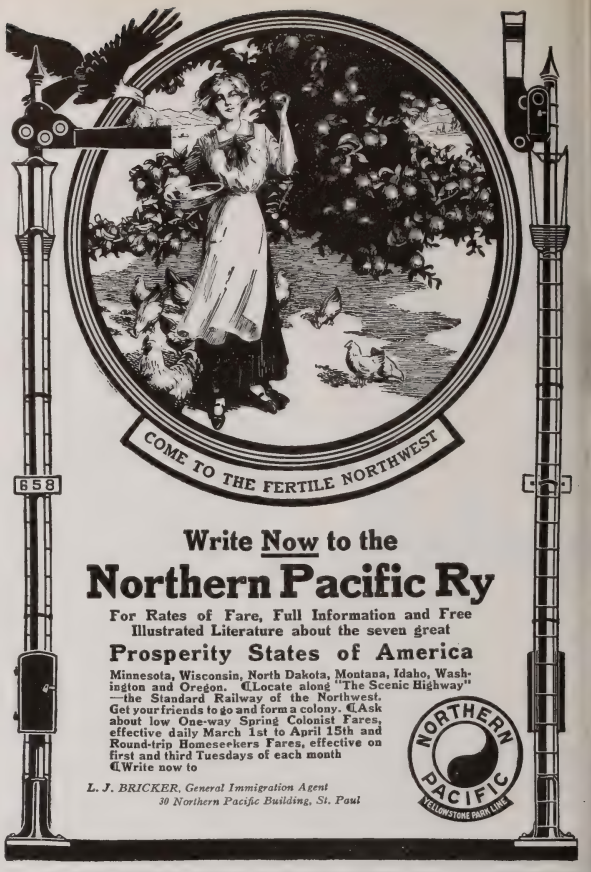
For laundry purposes, the addition of two tablespoonfuls of melted paraffin, poured into a boiler full of hot soapy water, will help to free clothes from dirt, and will render them entirely sanitary. After boiling, the clothes should be thoroughly rinsed in very hot water, as hot as the hands can bear. This is important to remember, for were cold water used, the paraffin would congeal before it could be rinsed from the clothes.

The constant lifting of an iron from the ironing-board to the iron-rest is inconvenient and tiresome. If a laundress will try the following, she will be much less fatigued after a day's work: Cover about 10 x 10 inches of the broad end of the ironing-board with thick asbestos, and again, over this, tack medium mesh wire net. This makes a broad, permanent and fireproof iron-rest.

Scraped Irish potato will relieve pain caused by a burn. When mixed with water, it is excellent for cleaning the inside of bottles. Half a raw potato is frequently kept on a writing-desk, pens are stuck into it and are kept in good condition for a long time.

To prepare evaporated fruits so as to make them both attractive and digestible, cook thoroughly one-half pound apples, peaches, apricots, or prunes. Sweeten to taste. When cold, run through a meat-chopper. Add the whites of three eggs, stiffly beaten. Mix well, turn into individual molds and serve with whipped cream on top.

Lace used for dress trimmings, such as cuffs, collars, or insertions, may be made to last much longer by sewing fine net or footing underneath. If the color be matched, the effect of the lace will not be altered. Gold lace over tan net, or silver lace over gray or white net, will keep bright much longer than when allowed to come into closer contact with the skin.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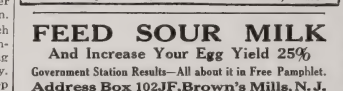
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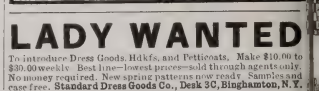
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A Church House for the "Down-and-Out"

FOUR years ago the Rev. E. F. Sanderson, then of Providence, R. I., but now pastor of a church in Brooklyn, conceived the idea of a Church House in Providence for the "down-and-out" men of the city, the abandoned, the discouraged, even the man with a criminal record who might still be good and make good. Indeed, the Church House was to open its doors to the criminals discharged from prisons and make a special effort to reform and re-create them. Christian aid was to be given to every man who came to the Church House, no matter what his past record was. The philanthropy emanating from the Church House was to be eminently Christian, but in no way denominational. Mr. Sanderson met with such sympathy and success that the Church House was soon established, and at the end of four years it has become a Providence institution that claims the interest and help of all denominations and all classes. The large Opera House in Providence was filled one Sunday afternoon in December when the annual meeting of the Church House was held. Protestant, Hebrew and Catholic met on a common ground of sympathy and human helpfulness. The spirit of Christian brotherhood and fellowship ran high, and the future of the Church House is assured. On the first day of last December, the board of managers acquired two large houses free from debt in the most active business section of the city, and ninety men are already in these houses and are being given a chance to make good. The expense of running the Church House last year was $3,000, but the men in the House earned $1,200 of this by their own labor. Every man who comes to the Church House must do work of some kind. No chronic idler need apply for admission, and no man is turned away without an attempt to help him. Even the lazy man is given his chance. And every man is given a chance to "get right with God." Of this, Mr. F. H. Decker, the superintendent, says:

Rev. E. F. Sanderson

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To this end there are four religious services a week and the spiritual message is presented in the most manly and attractive way. Attendance is not compulsory, but few of the men remain away, and it is certain that many of them here decide to lead a new and better life. J. L. H.

An Unknown Donor's Gift

A CHARITABLE reader, who prefers to remain unknown, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the sum of $300, with instructions that the same should be forwarded to various institutions of a charitable and philanthropic character. The gift has been distributed among the following worthy charities, the list having received the donor's personal approval:

American Tract Society, New York	$15.00
Anti-Saloon League	15.00
Anti-Tuberculosis League Dispensary, Middletown, N. Y.	50.00
Bowery Mission	20.00
Children's Aid Society	20.00
Association for Improving Condition of the Poor	20.00
Hadley Rescue Hall	20.00
McAuley Water Street Mission	20.00
Charity Organization Society	20.00
Sunshine Home for Blind Babies	20.00
Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago	20.00
Chinese Orphanage Committee	20.00
Cremorne Mission	20.00
Soul-Winners' League	10.00
Mayesville Institute, Mayesville, S. C.	10.00

Checks have been sent to the various organizations, and the money is now on its way, where it will undoubtedly do good service. This generous giver is one of many who desire to "do their alms in secret," and who select THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as the channel through which their benevolences may flow, without diminution or delay. It gives us pleasure to be of service in such a meritorious mission. May a blessing accrue to the giver and to the beneficiaries of this generous gift.

Called Higher

Mrs. Martha M. Johnston (68) passed into the great beyond December 10, 1910, at her home in Howard, Pa.

Mrs. M. L. Reynolds (68), of Willow River, Minn., died January 20, 1911. She had been a subscriber to this paper for twenty years.

Mrs. C. A. Pitner (90), of Jacksonville, Ill., passed away on March 8, 1911. She was a devoted reader of this publication for many years.

Mrs. Lucy J. Case (77), a devoted and loyal member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, passed away on March 8, 1911, at her home in Waterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Mary R. McCown, of Whitney, Texas, passed away on March 6, 1911. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years.

Ann Pringle (76), of West Brownsville, Pa., was called to her heavenly home on February 26, 1911. She was a reader of this publication for more than twenty years.

Mrs. S. J. Pugh, of Washington, D. C., passed away December 6, 1910, after years of patient suffering. She was an old-time member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

Mrs. R. Maria Spooner Smith (87) passed away last spring at her home in New London, N. H. She was from childhood a church member, and a subscriber to this paper for over twenty years.

Miss Sarah Jane Montgomery (85), of Wilmington, Del., was called higher on March 19, 1911. Hers was a long life of self-sacrifice in which she received much comfort from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Elwood Price (74), of Barnesville, O., died October 22, 1909; and his wife Elizabeth (74) on March 14, 1910. Mr. Price was a veteran of the Civil War. Both were devoted Christians and for many years subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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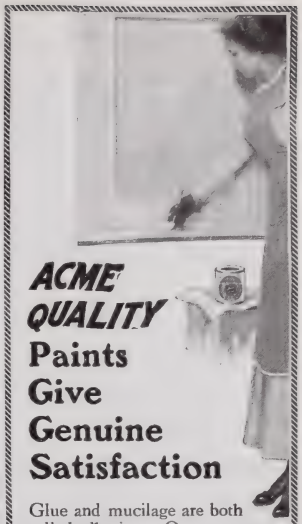

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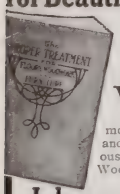

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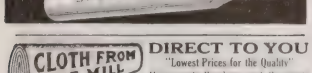

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Christ and the Paralytic*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE healing of the paralytic by Jesus Christ is one of the "dear old stories" that we never tire of reading ourselves, or of telling to our Sunday School classes, or to the children in the home. As we read about the paralytic carried on his bed by four friends to the roof of the house, we know there must have been an outside stairway, something we are quite unaccustomed to see. And when we read about the sick man being let down through the roof, we know it could not have been a two, three, or four story house, such as we generally see. We are not unaccustomed to seeing one-story houses, but they are so constructed that it would be quite impossible for any such occurrence as we are studying about to-day.

"Many were gathered together." That could not be in our small one-story houses. Strange to say, the yard was *inside* of the house where the throng of people had come to hear Jesus talk, and all around the yard, or court, were partly inclosed rooms which served as galleries, so that altogether there was quite an audience room. Over the court was a temporary roof. From the sound of his voice, the four men carrying the litter knew just where Jesus was standing, and it did not take them long to decide that they would make a hole in the roof, and let their sick friend down just in front of Jesus. The house was so low, it was not a hard task. Then the crowd had to make room, which they had been unwilling to do when they had been urged at the door to do so. At once the attention of Jesus was fastened upon the sick man and he discovered that he had a double malady: sin and the palsy. He saw, too, that it was necessary to cure the man of the sin before he could be cured of the palsy; and so Jesus said, "Son, thy sins are forgiven." There were men looking on who were always on the trail of Jesus as severe critics—the Scribes and Pharisees. They did not speak out that day, but they reasoned in their hearts that Jesus blasphemed when he assumed to be able to forgive sins. Jesus, to whom all hearts are opened, read their thoughts, and answered them, saying, "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath authority [power] on earth to forgive sins, I say unto thee [turning to the palsied man], Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk." And he arose, and straightway took up the bed (probably the typical thin mattress of the Oriental), and went forth before them all—a forgiven man, a healed man. Then criticism gave way to amazement on the part of the beholders, and there was no more scorning, but glorifying instead. And they confessed: "We never saw it on this fashion" (Revised Version). It is quite likely that all this happened in the home of Peter, for it was there Jesus sojourned in Capernaum.

We Are Healed by His Power

What physical wrecks we would all be if it were not for the healing power of God! For some of us he has healed broken limbs, burning fevers, and even palsy! Perhaps some of us have thoughtlessly said of a bruise or cut, "Oh, let it alone, and it will heal itself."

Wonderfully has God put his healing power within our bodies, so that no sooner do we receive an injury than the process of recovery begins. To watch the healing of a wound day by day, how it is gradually drawn together and then covered, should be a means of grace to the sufferer. That healing is a divine art should be recognized by all. And those who practice the divine art as physicians should have an added sense of the power of God and be co-laborers with God in the administration of surgery and medicine. During the lifetime of Dr. Henry W. Foster, the patients at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium all received their medicine in bottles that had the sentence "The will of the Lord be done" blown into the bottles. When patients did not improve in health, the good doctor would say: "I am afraid you are not praying to the Lord to bless the efforts we are making for you." There are many physicians who thus put their hands in God's hand, but not all. Those who do not, fail to recognize their profession as "the divine art."

How closely a Christian physician brings us to the side of the healing Christ! This is true whether he labors in a Christian land like our own, or goes forth as a medical missionary to heathen lands. It has been conclusively shown that the surest way to reach the heathen is by soothing their pains, and so hospitals are everywhere established as a part of Christian missions. We read (in Luke 9: 1) that when Jesus sent out his twelve disciples he gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. If we will read the annals of medical missions we shall become convinced that Jesus is still the healing Christ. That he heals to-day in answer to prayer is shown by the incident told of Joseph Benson, one of the first Wesleyan preachers, who had a daughter so afflicted that she was not able to walk, and had to be carried up and down stairs. One morning when there was a special prayer service in the home she was carried by her husband from her room into the parlor, when her venerable father and a few others were present. All knelt in prayer save the afflicted one, who remained sitting with her helpless foot resting upon a cushion. Somehow the father's heart was unusually drawn out for his poor invalid daughter, and he ventured with a strange confidence to ask God for her immediate healing. As he prayed thus, a new sensation thrilled through that diseased limb and foot, and she who had not walked for years was suddenly seized with the conviction that she could certainly walk now. She would at once have attempted it, but for fear of disturbing the company. But as soon as the prayer was ended, she arose directly from her chair, and deliberately walked across the room to where her husband was sitting. Then, passing from one to another, she joyfully saluted the whole company, asserting her sudden and glad recovery. Afterward she went up stairs without assistance, and was thenceforth as well as in earlier years. Doubtless CHRISTIAN HERALD readers could add from their own observation or experience many such incidents.

Sin Worse Than Disease

"Which makes you the most happy, to be cured of the palsy or to have your sins forgiven?" Possibly some one asked that question of the man we are studying about. Let us imagine if we can what he said; probably something like this: "It is blessed to go about on my feet as other folks do, and not have to be carried everywhere. It is glorious not to be obliged to lie on a bed of pain all day and all night. But the joy in my soul because of forgiven sin is the sweetest experience of all. If I were back in my old estate, and had to choose between being cured of the palsy or having my sin forgiven, I would say, 'Forgive my sin; for I am sure the palsy will not be so hard to bear when I have been made right with God.'" Jesus knew that sin was more deadly than palsy, and so he forgave the sin before he cured the palsy.

Watch against the beginning of sin

Continued on next page

*The International Sunday School Lesson for March 17, 1912. The Paralytic Forgiven and Healed. Mark 2: 1-12; Luke 5: 18-26; Matt. 9: 1-8. GOLDEN TEXT: "Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Ps. 103: 2, 3.

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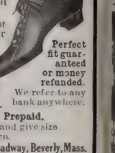
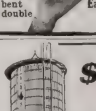


Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

Prices: LACE, $3.00; BUTTON, $3.25; OXFORDS, $2.50 } Prepaid.

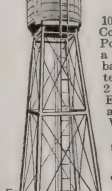
We refer to any bank anywhere.

Send outline of foot and give size usually worn.



Can be bent double

Eastern Shoe Co., 55 Broadway, Beverly, Mass.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.
Special Inducements



$69.00 for this

1000-gallon Cedar Tank with Conical Roof, and a 20-foot Four Post Steel Tower. Tower with a substantial Steel ladder from base to top of Tank. Guaranteed five years. The "Noweto" 2 H. P. water cooled Gasoline Engine, $49.00. Pumps, and any other equipment for Water Works.

Full description of our extensive line in Circular X E.

Write for it to-day.

THE BALTIMORE COMPANY
Baltimore, Maryland

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 708. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

CHILDREN INVALIDS and the AGED

Need Sunshine
—AND—
Scott's Emulsion

Next to sunshine, nothing restores health, strength and vitality like

Scott's Emulsion

ALL DRUGGISTS

11-53

WOMAN FLORIST

Hardy Everblooming **Roses** On their own roots. ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER **25c**

Sent to any address post-paid; anteed to reach you in good growing condition.

MROSE COLLECTION

ne Riviere, Delicate Blush
de Lyon, Golden Yellow
rney, The Irish Beauty
Reid, Dazzling Crimson
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IAL BARGAINS

rnations, the "Divine wer," all colors, 25c.
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r Five Collections for One Dollar, Post-Paid. Guarantee action. Once a customer, always one. Catalog Free.

S ELLA V. BAINES, Box 44 Springfield, Ohio

KEYSTONE
Vacuum Cleaner

A simple, practical, low-priced hand cleaner for every home. Just what every housewife has been looking for. It is run over the carpet or floor just like a common carpet sweeper. No pumping required. One person can operate it. Powerful suction takes up all the dust. It makes housecleaning a delight. Fully guaranteed, and if not satisfied after ten days' trial, money will be refunded. We have a money-making proposition to AGENTS. Write today and learn all about the Keystone Vacuum

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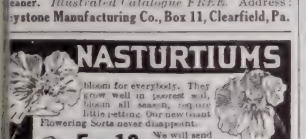


bloom for everybody. They grow well in poorest soil, bloom all season, require little petting. Our new tinest Flowering Sorts never disappoint.

We will send **For 10c** 5 large packets all different colors.

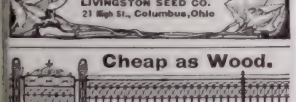
SWEET PEAS

are everybody's favorite. We will send 5 Packets, different sorts and colors **For 10c**

FREE: Our beautiful 130-page catalogue. Contains hundreds of pictures from photographs, colored plate and many helpful cultural directions. Offers quality seeds, bulbs, plants, etc. Write for your free copy today.

LIVINGSTON SEED CO.
21 High St., Columbus, Ohio

Cheap as Wood.



manufacture **Lawn and Farm Fence, Sell direct** ipping to user at manufacturers' prices. No nts. Our catalog is Free. Write for it today.
P-TO-DATE MFG. CO., 966 10th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

ROSES of NEW CASTLE

is the greatest book on the culture of Roses and other plants ever published. 68 pages, exquisitely illustrated in natural colors. Gives absolute information. Tells everything about rose culture. Describes wonderful Rosarian Roses, hardy, plants, bulbs, seeds, etc., and is best for home planting. Is FREE. Write today.
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 320, New Castle, Ind.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

as you watch against the beginning of disease. Malignant, and sometimes deadly, illness often starts in some almost unnoticed way. A damning sin may commence in one overt act.

"I can't find out what is the matter with my watch," said a boy to his schoolmate. "Dropped it?" "No, I am too careful for that." "Worn out?" "No, I have only had it two years." "Well, go to Scratchley, the watchmaker, and let him look at it." Together the boys went into the shop. Now Scratchley had only one eye, but he saw more with that one than most people do with two. Taking up a powerful glass, he put it between that wonderful eye of his and the works of the watch, and then uttered an exclamation. "What's the matter?" both boys exclaimed. He answered, "A grain of sand has got into one of these delicate bits of machinery, and is causing the watch to lose time continually." "Only that?" said the owner of the watch. "Aye, 'tis only that. You think because a grain of sand is a small thing, and takes up but little room, that it can not injure the watch. But just because it is small it does the greatest harm, for few would suspect that it lay hidden there." The old man began work on the watch, and at the same time a sermon to the two boys. "So it is with most of us, young gentlemen. There's many a little grain of sin that interferes with the machinery of heart and life: wrong, cross words, angry looks, a sneaking tale, or dirty trick, blocks our hearts, and is the little grain that hinders the wheels and spoils the works. There's the enemy Satan, always watching to thrust the grain of sand into the souls that ought to be God's timepieces. Boys, you and me's got to look to the Lord to keep us running right, and never say 'only that' to a sin, however small it may look. He's able to keep us, you know, and if you don't know, the sooner you try his keeping power the better." So saying, with a sharp click he shut the watch, and, laying the extracted grain of sand on the point of a sharp penknife, held it out for the boys to look at.

Sometimes the beginnings of sin are so small that we are in danger of not recognizing them as influences that will lead us astray. In a recent mine disaster where thirty-five bodies had been taken out, the rescuers were told that others were missing, and they started in again with canary birds in small cages. And why canaries? Because those beautiful little birds are most sensitive to any atmosphere that will not support life, and so were carried into the mines by the helmeted rescuers for the purpose of detecting the first sign of poisonous gases. As soon as the canaries showed symptoms of dizziness, volunteer rescuers were dismissed, and only the helmeted rescuers went forward. In this way five lives were saved after the thirty-five bodies had been taken out. Let us seek to keep in our hearts sensibility to sin, and pray God for a power to feel when there is danger of temptation.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

A picture of a house such as is described in this lesson will greatly help the attention and understanding of the children. It can be made simply by drawing two squares on the blackboard, of two different sizes, the smaller square in the larger one; the second representing the wall of the house, and the first the yard or court. The space between the two squares might well be marked off for rooms. In the center of the court write the name of Jesus to show where he stood; represent the crowd of people by many dots; draw a line in front of Jesus to represent the man who was let down through the roof to be healed by Jesus. The Bible picture roll will be invaluable as the story progresses. Not all the illustrations given in this lesson are suited to children, but the one about the grain of sand in the watch will be particularly so.

This is addressed to the average man

Average ambition, average strength, average determination, average willingness to work, average intelligence and a little money will bring certain and big returns if invested in the marvelous

San Joaquin
Valley, California

Greater wealth is coming from California's farms than from her mines and the San Joaquin Valley is the center of production.

About 40,000 developed farms are being cultivated. There is room for 100,000 more.

Your alfalfa should net $40 an acre. Your fruit much more.

The soil, the climate, the water for irrigation is there, all that is needed is men—honest, ambitious men and women, who will work and reap the reward of their labor.

Go NOW—You can buy a farm cheap and on terms that will allow the land to pay for itself. On your deferred payments the interest charge will be only six per cent, or less.

Your dairy cows should bring you $90 a year—your hens $1 each.

Go this Spring, buy forty or eighty acres, even ten or twenty will give you a good living and a surplus, put most of your place to alfalfa—get a few good dairy cows from the man who owns the creamery (he will sell them to you on time) and from the start there will be an income. After the first year the profits from the place will meet all payments—in four or at most five years you will be out of debt and the sole proprietor of a home that can be sold for $250 or more per acre and will bring you a net income of at least $40 an acre.

If you are above the average your profits will be above, too.

Can you do as well where you are?

If you can you are unusual and your California profits will likewise be above the average.

Can you do as well where you are?

I am trying to give you an idea of what you, an average man, reasonably may expect to do in this wonderful valley. I say that you should earn a net income of at least $40 an acre from the soil. I know hundreds of men who would think that their land was sick if it netted them only $40 an acre above *all* expenses.

You owe it to yourself, to your wife and to your children to investigate what the San Joaquin Valley offers you. It will cost just two cents—for a stamp to mail the coupon to me.

I will send you the new San Joaquin Valley book—it tells the story of other men's experience.

If you wish I will tell you just what it will cost you to go and see for yourself. That *will* convince you.

C. L. SEAGRAVES,
General Colonization Agent, A., T. & S. F. Ry.
2311 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please send new San Joaquin Valley book, Free.

Name.....

Address.....

WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 Model **"Ranger"** bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at **lower prices** than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-71 CHICAGO, ILL.

I Was Deaf 25 Years

I CAN NOW HEAR

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums, I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3 1908 No. 873,783

ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY
Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager
G. P. WAY 2 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

A Whole Flower Garden

75c Worth for 25c

1 Pkt. Pansy Giant Mixed
1 " Aster White Ostrich Plume
1 " Daisy Double Delicata
1 " Petilla Nankmensis
1 " Tomato Red Cherry for Preserving
1 " Eschscholtzia Golden West
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1 Pkt. Garden Huckleberry
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1 " Tomato Yellow Cherry or Husk for Preserving

Also Catalog of Seeds, Flowers and Bulbs. Send 25c in coin or stamps—TO-DAY

MISS MARY E. MARTIN, 245 Jericho Road, Floral Park, N.Y.

YOU CAN AFFORD

a new **Song Book** in your Church or Sunday School, and one for every person; **"FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL,"** Round or Shape Notes, for **$3 for 100.** Words and music, 83 very best songs. Sample copy **5 cents. E. A. K. HACKETT, 114 North Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

BUILDING MATERIAL PRICES ABSOLUTELY SMASHED!

SEND US YOUR LUMBER BILL FOR OUR ESTIMATE

$493 Our price for the material to build this house.

HOUSE DESIGN No. 111

Here is a neat, cozy, little cottage that can be built at the minimum of cost under our guaranteed building proposition. Size, 23 ft. 6 in. wide by 33 ft. Five rooms and bath. All the comforts desired by home-loving people. Extra large porch. Convenient interior. For the price it is impossible elsewhere to secure a home with so many excellent features.

$635 Our price for the material to build this house.

HOUSE DESIGN No. 149

The Mansard roof construction of this design enables the owner to utilize all space to the best advantage and get the very most to be had for the money. Size, 21 ft. wide and 28 ft. deep; six rooms, bath and basement. This design offers more convenience than many larger and higher priced houses. Is constructed of the very best materials at a magnificent saving.

$698 Our price for the material to build this house.

HOUSE DESIGN No. 6

This is our leader. Size, 23 ft. by 33 ft. 6 in.; 7 rooms and bath. There has never been a design offered that can be built in so economical a manner with less material to produce satisfactory results and a general effect of elegance than this house. Has satisfactorily been built more than 400 times during the last two years. A beautiful home at a splendid money-saving price.

$835 Our price for the material to build this house.

HOUSE DESIGN No. 130

Size, 25 ft. 10 in. x 29 ft. 6 in.; eight rooms and bath, pantry, vestibule and large hall. A square, solid, substantial construction. All space is advantageously utilized. The Colonial windows and porch columns are distinctive features. For convenience and artistic arrangement, general elegance of appearance, and low price, this house is unequalled.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY

THE GREAT PRICE WRECKER.

We buy supplies at **Sheriffs', Receivers',** and **Factory Sales,** besides owning outright saw mills and lumber yards. Usually when you buy your building material elsewhere for the complete buildings shown in this advertisement, it costs you from 50 to 60% more. By our **"direct to you"** methods we eliminate several middlemen's profits.

Every stick of lumber and every bit of building material offered in this advertisement is guaranteed brand new and first class; as good as you can purchase from anyone anywhere.

You run no risk in dealing with us. Our capital stock and surplus is over $1,500,000.00. Our 19 years of honest dealing guarantees absolute satisfaction. Any material not up to our representation may be returned at our freight expense both ways and **money refunded in full.**

Our wonderful spring building offer sets a new pace in the building world. Never before have such remarkably low prices been published.

Our stock includes practically every manufactured article. Besides building material we have a complete stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Household Goods, Groceries — in fact everything needed in the home, on the field or in the workshop.

CORRUGATED ROOFING

Per Square **$1.25**

Roofing Prices Smashed.

Metal roofing is superior to all other coverings. A fact proven absolutely and conclusively of 100 years' of actual experience. We carry a complete stock of all styles.

Here is a roofing offer that has never before been equalled. We have 5,000 squares of Corrugated Iron Roofing sheets all 22x24x1¼ in. corrugation. Strictly new first-class that we offer at **$1.25 per square Free** on Board Cars at Chicago. At this price we do not pay the freight, but if you will write us for our Great Roofing Offer, we will make you **Freight Prepaid Prices** lower than ever offered in the history of roofing material.

Our stock includes **painted and galvanized.** We can furnish it in flat, corrugated, standing seam, "V" crimped, brick siding, beaded ceiling and in ornamental fancy ceiling. In fact we can furnish your every want in the covering line.

A hammer is the only tool needed in putting on all grades but the standing seam. We give you **free with every order** for 3 squares or more a handsome serviceable crucible steel hammer that ordinarily retails from **75c to $1.00.** Write today for our Great Complete Roofing Catalog, and our latest Roofing quotations.

"PREMIER" HOUSE PAINT

Per Gallon **$1.08**

Mr. V. Michaelsen, Supt. of our Great Paint Dept. is probably the best known paint man in the world. His picture has appeared on millions of gallons of cans. He is our guarantee of quality. Our Ready Mixed "Premier" Brand of Paints are made under a special formula and will give the best service and satisfaction. Our prices range from **$1.08 to $1.21,** depending upon quantity.

Our "Premier" Barn Paint is an ideal protection for barns, roofs, fences, outhouses and all general purposes. This is a paint in which **Mr. Michaelsen** has put all his personality. Comes in green, maroon, yellow, lead, red and slate.

In 1 gallon cans, per gallon.....**82c**

In 25 gallon cans, (½ barrel), per gallon....72c

Write to-day for our Great Color Card and prices.

$37.50 BUYS COMPLETE BATHROOM OUTFIT

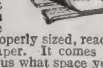
Here is an outfit that is good enough for any home. It is strictly A No. 1 and first-class in every particular. The bath tub and lavatory are white porcelain enameled over iron. The closet is a syphon acting low down outfit.

It is our lot **No. 5-AD-33.**

Our handsome Plumbing Catalog lists many other outfits ranging in prices from **$26.30 to $92.50.**

We will furnish all the Plumbing material needed for any of the houses shown in this advertisement, including one of the bathroom outfits described above, besides a one piece roll rim white enameled kitchen sink, with white enameled drain board, a 30 gallon range boiler and all the necessary pipe and fittings, and all material of every kind to complete the entire plumbing system, including all fixtures, furnished with iron pipe connections for the sum of.....**$83.95**

WALL BOARD



Our Magic Wall Board is positively the best on the market. This is the Wall Board that has a backing of regular 4 ft. lath and Asphalt Mastic, the face side of which is heavy card board, properly sized, ready for calcimining, paint or wall paper. It comes in sheets four feet square. Write us what space you wish to cover and we will send you discriptive circular and name you delivered prices. Be sure to mention Mastic Wall Board M-W-22.

Price per square.....**$2.50**

READY ROOFING, PER SQUARE 85c

Our Rawhide Roofing is the highest grade roofing at the lowest price ever offered. It has a foundation of tough fibre texture so substantially prepared that it is **well-nigh indestructible.** Every foot carries our Iron-clad guarantee to be absolutely right.

In addition to our high grade Rawhide Roofing, we offer for a limited time 10,000 squares of our **Ajax Brand** of Ready Roofing at **85c** per square. It is put up 108 square feet to a roll. Price includes large headed nails and cement sufficient to lay. While it is practically the same as our Rawhide Roofing, it does not come in continuous lengths; maybe two or three pieces to a roll; of course that does not effect the quality. Our price for this Ajax Brand, 1 ply, is.....**85c**

This price includes freight to Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio and Michigan. **Write today for free samples.**

LUMBER PRICES SMASHED

Now is the time to get our prices on lumber or building material. Do not hesitate to send us a list of your wants, whether it is a furniture or mill work, complete house, barn or corn crib, or a plan of your own that you wish developed. We have the best Lumber Yard in the United States, experienced Architects, and can give you unequaled service in shipment, quality, finish and design. We are the only concern in the United States that has all the building material right here at Chicago where you can come and see it loaded, and from which point IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT can be made. We can furnish everything from a common board to the finest Quarter-Sawed Interior Finish, including Mill Work, Doors, Mantels, Colonnades, Side Boards, etc.

Following are some of our bargain prices:

Extra Star A Star Washington Red Cedar Shingles. Per M.....**$ 3.39**

5-2 all Clear Washington Red Cedar Shingles. Per M.....**$ 3.78**

No. 1 Drop Siding, Yellow Pine, kiln dried **$23.50**

No. 1 Flooring, 4 in. Yellow Pine. Per M. **$18.00**

No. 1 Ceiling, ⅜ x 4 in. Yellow Pine, kiln dried. Per M.....**$16.50**

No. 2 Ceiling, ⅜ x 4 in. Yellow Pine, kiln dried. Per M.....**$14.00**

GALVANIZED WIRE Per 100 Pounds $1.25

This is our price for Smooth Galvanized Fence Wire, known as Wire Shorts. It comes in various lengths, put up 100 lbs. to the coil. $1.25 is our price for our 6-gauge; other gauges in proportion.

We offer brand new Galvanized 2 pt. Barbed Wire put up on reels, containing about 100 lbs. Price per 100 lbs. **$1.85**

We can furnish this also in 4 point at the same price; also in painted at **$1.50** per 100 lbs.

Better order now while this remarkably low price exists.

26 Inch Square Mesh Hog Fencing, per Rod 15 Cts.

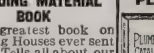
Here is a bargain such as has never been offered. A heavy weight new Galvanized, well built hog fencing, suitable for general purposes at 15c a rod. Other sizes at equally low prices.

Crimped Wire for Re-inforcing.

We can furnish No. 9 Galvanized Crimped Wire in lengths required for re-inforcing purposes. Price per 100 lbs.....**$2.25**

Write for our Wire and Fencing Catalog. Tells all about our Samson's Woven Wire Fencing. Also quotes low prices on Barbed Wire, Smooth Wire, and tells about Lawn and Garden Fencing; describes gates and posts.

IRON PIPE AND FITTINGS



Rejuvenated Pipe, in random lengths, complete with couplings suitable for gas, oil, water and conveyance of all liquids. Sizes ¾ inch to 12 inch.

1 inch, per foot..3c 1¼ inch, per foot...3½c

Send us specifications and we will quote for your exact requirements. Also a complete stock of Valves and Fittings.

Our price for the material to build this barn. **$580**

OUR JOIST FRAME BARN No. 221

Size, 36 ft. by 48 ft. Height to top of roof, 38 ft. 6 in. **The most practical and serviceable barn ever designed.** No heavy timber in the entire structure. Self-supporting roof. No joists in hay-loft. This design represents strength, rigidity, economy of construction, and is absolutely dependable and substantial. Write us for more complete information.

Our price for the material to build this barn. **$620**

OUR "STAR" BARN DESIGN No. 270

Size, 53 ft. wide by 80 ft. long 24 ft. to comb. **An ideal barn for farmers raising stock** on a moderate scale; balloon type. The hay-mow extends to the ground floor and above the grain rooms on each end of the barn. Cattle stalls on one side of the hay-mow; horse stalls on the other. Excellently ventilated in every part. A practical barn well built of guaranteed first-class material, and will give excellent, all around satisfaction.

Our price for the material to build this barn. **$639**

BARN DESIGN No. 250

Size, 30 ft. wide and 60 ft. long, 18 ft. to top of the plate. **A barn arranged exclusively for horses.** Has 12 single stalls, 5 ft. each, and 6 double stalls, 10 ft. each. Ten foot driveway. Can also be used as a horse and a cattle barn and will accommodate **12 horses** and **18 head** of cattle. A building of brand new high grade materials, dependable construction, **sanitary and generally convenient throughout.**

Our price for the material to build this barn. **$955**

ROUND BARN DESIGN No. 206

Size, 60 ft. in diameter and 16 ft. high to plate. Has 14 sides, each side 14 ft. A 16 ft. silo in the middle, same being 36 ft. high and will hold 160 tons of silage. Hay capacity, 65 tons. **Will accommodate 100 head of cattle.** The many and excellent features offered by this construction, the high grade materials furnished by us, and our extremely low price makes this a barn bargain worthy of thorough investigation.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

No. R. F. 373

Chicago House Wrecking Co., Chicago.

I saw your ad in the Christian Herald.

I am interested in.....

Place an X in square opposite book you want sent free.

Building Material Book	☐	Paint Book	☐
Plan Book	☐	Wire List	☐
Roofing Book	☐	Iron Pipe	☐
Plumbing Book	☐	Acety. Lighting	☐
Heating Book	☐	Concrete Mach.	☐

Name.....

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ANY OF THESE PRICE WRECKING BOOKS SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE!

PLAN BOOK

Upwards of 100 medium price houses, barns and other designs shown. Each design represents beauty, utility, substantial construction and the lowest possible price.

This Valuable Book Free.

ROOFING BOOK

This book explains all about metal roofing, ready roofing and all other styles. Tells how to apply same in the most economical and satisfactory manner. Quotes lowest prices on highest class material.

Sent Free.

BUILDING MATERIAL BOOK

The greatest book on Building Houses ever sent free. Tells all about our wonderful stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Roofing, Hardware, Plumbing, and Heating.

Write for It Today.

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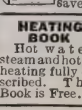

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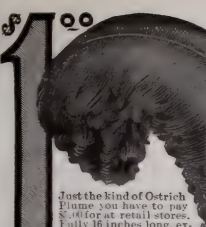

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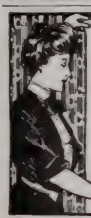

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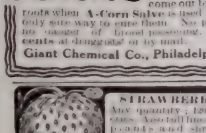

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

Rebellion Against Love*

WHEN a young man was reproved for ingratitude to a friend who had done much for him, he said roughly, "I didn't ask him to do it, did I? He did it of his own accord. I wish he hadn't done it, if I have got to kowtow to him for it as long as I live."

The two or three who heard these brutal words were shocked and sickened at the hard heart and the utter lack of delicacy which they revealed. There is scarcely any human failing which produces such a feeling of disgust and contempt in a right-minded beholder as ingratitude.

There is an old story of a great artist, who was not a Christian. One day he saw a pretty gipsy girl, untaught, and living the usual wild and roving life of her race, and asked her to be his model. As he offered her a good price, she was glad to sit for him. Just opposite her, as he painted, was an unfinished picture of the crucifixion. She gazed upon it with interest. At last she asked him, "Master, who is that?"

"That is Jesus Christ."

"Was he such a bad man that they nailed him to that cruel cross?"

"Oh, no, he was very good."

"Tell me some more about him," she begged.

The artist did not like to do this, but he could not refuse her, and told her the little that he knew of the Saviour. She asked for still more, and he had to read the Gospels to satisfy her. Her last sitting came. She was about to bid the painter good-by, when she stooped over him and whispered, "You say that you do not love that good man who died for you and all of us. How can you help it! I love him, and you ought to love him. I would die for him."

The painter was deeply affected. After she had left him, he fell on his knees, struck to the heart by a sense of his own blind ingratitude. Taking the half-finished picture, he erased what he had painted. He saw that it had been the work of a merely artistic appreciation. He began again, with a soul on fire with love and thankfulness. The result was one of the world's great pictures, which now hangs in a famous European gallery. The little gipsy girl never knew what she was giving to the world when she spoke that brave word to the painter.

Even good Christians among us are seldom willing to make the sacrifices for their religion which our missionaries report as almost universal among the newly converted heathen. Thus Dr. George Heber Jones reports that the Korean men often sell their best rice, and live on poorer, in order to give the difference to the church; while Korean women sometimes give their wedding rings and cut off their hair and sell it, in order to promote the spread of the Gospel.

What Is Success?†

ABLUNDER has been often committed, no doubt unintentionally, by certain pretty good people in writing and talking of rich men as though they were the only successful ones in the community. The busy writers who have been probing the scandals in our politics, and in what is called "big business," declare that at the bottom of most of them are men of wealth who often occupy honorable stations in the community. They are sometimes public-spirited and bestow useful gifts upon their fellow citizens, and yet these same "good" men do not hesitate to bribe legislatures, to crush out competitors by cruel and unjust methods, and to build up a secret network of corruption and malfeasance, in order to protect and extend their financial interests. Mr. Edward A. Ross, in his recent works, has exposed and denounced many of these ingenious and original designs. The "plain people" are honest. The wickedness among us is chiefly confined to what some one has called "the scum and dregs" of society.

Our Saviour well understood and explained the perils of wealth. "How hardly shall he that hath riches enter into the kingdom of God!" To secure a working capital which shall keep his family from becoming a burden upon the community, should be the effort of every self-respecting citizen; but after a fair support is ensured for them, he should devote himself primarily, as he should have done always, more or less, to higher ends—the extension of a pure religion; the purification of politics; the relief of suffering; and to the extinction of vice, such as gambling, intemperance, and the sins which follow in their train.

Two of the most revered justices of our Supreme Court—men of high wisdom and stainless integrity—have recently died, leaving their families poor. Congress will pass special bills to provide for them. These men have been obliged to reside in an expensive city, and though they have usually lived far more plainly than most of those with whom they have associated, it has been impossible for them to save large amounts, or to carry heavy life-insurance. In fact, most of our army and navy officers, and many of our senators and congressmen, die poor. Some one has said that most men who enter the service of the public can hope to make their families comfortable only during their lifetime. Unless they die poor, it is feared that there is something wrong with them.

To live in the fear of the Lord; working hard at one's daily task; aiming for the elevation of the world; trying to make all better and happier with whom we come in contact; keeping a brave heart through everything—this is success. Every honest, faithful Christian can achieve it.

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, March 17. TEXTS: Hos. 11: 1-4; Luke 13: 34, 35.

† Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 17. TEXT: Dan. 4: 28-37.

A WOMAN DOCTOR

Was Quick to See that Coffee Poison was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

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"I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day, a woman doctor advised me to drink Postum. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum, and gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough, I expect, to get the coffee poison out of my system.

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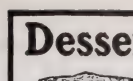

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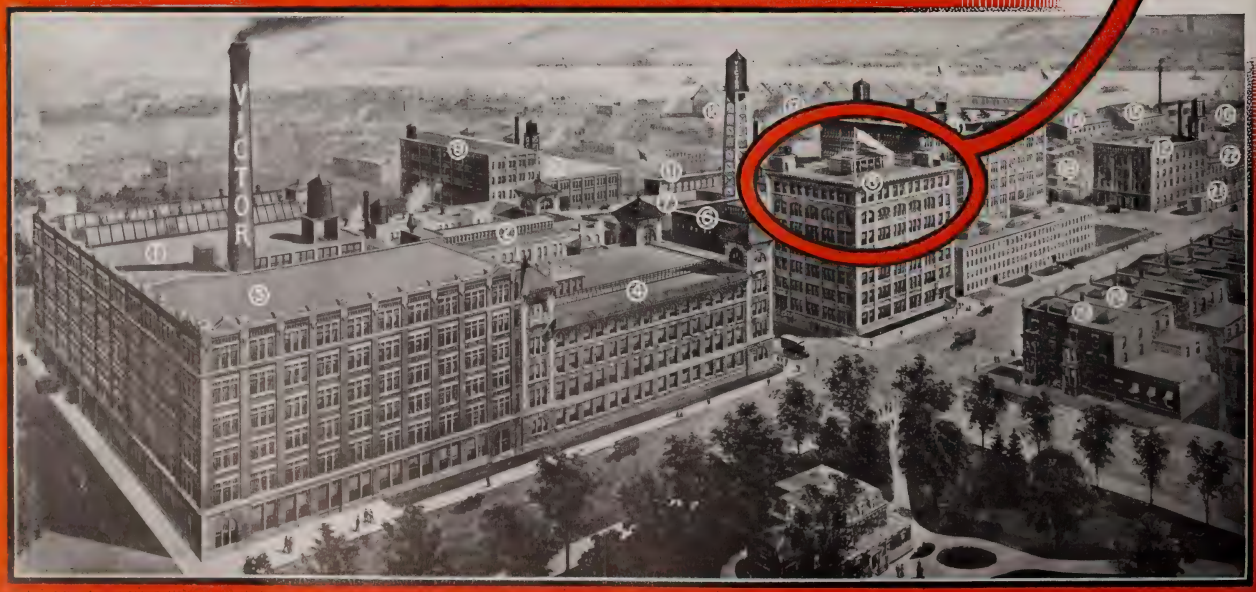

Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1912

VOLUME 35 — NUMBER 11
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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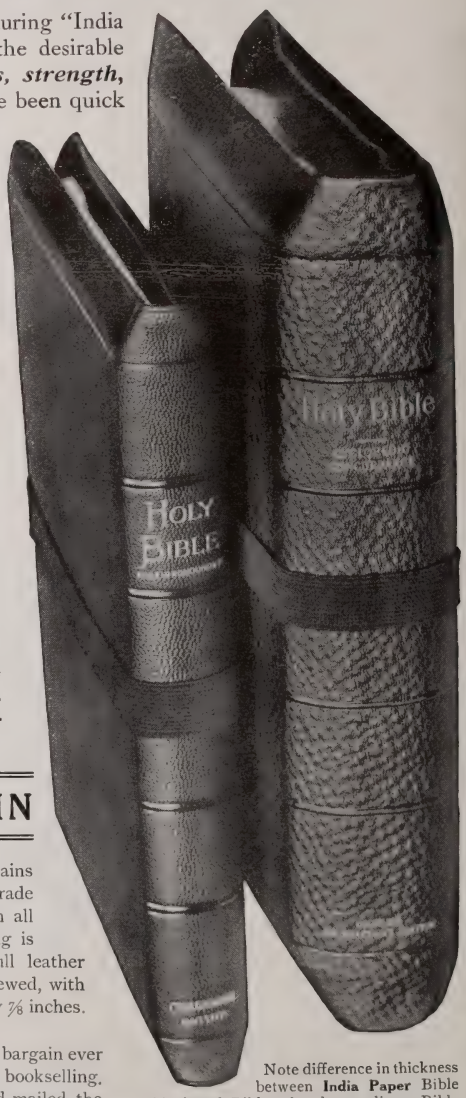

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Fur-Clad Eskimos of Victoria Land on Their First Visit to a White Man's Camp

A NEW RACE VISITED BY WHITE MEN

A NEW race of people of the North, who have never before seen a white man, are now introduced for the first time to the civilization of the temperate zone by the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. These records of tribes never before classified, and of races hitherto unknown to ethnology, come from the Arctic expedition of the Museum, which since 1908 has been exploring the barren lands and the distant icebound straits. For the first time in their lives the new people have faced the camera, and it may be for the last, as far as these individuals are concerned who are seen through negatives developed on board the schooner *Teddy Bear*, far North in the regions where stretch endless wastes of snow and ice.

The expedition is in charge of Dr. R. M. Anderson and Mr. V. Stefansson, both experienced explorers, who have studied the habits of strange tribes and peoples in high latitudes. The tribes which they have visited are in the Copper Mine River territory and the neighboring islands of British North America. As they pushed still farther toward the pole, to their surprise they came in contact with the most mysterious race of all Eskimos, with blond hair, long beards and strange facial variations, reputed descendants of survivors of the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin. The sheaves of letters accompanying the photographs that have been sent home tell of a simple people of strange manners and customs which start the ethnologist thinking on the origin of these strange tribes.

Explorer Stefansson Traveling with Dog Sledge in Victoria Land

They proved to be the Akuliakattagmiuts, or so they call themselves. Neither they nor any of their forefathers, as far as they knew, had ever seen a white man, an Indian, or an Eskimo from the West. They believed by tradition, however, that the Indians were bad; that the Eskimos of the West were none too estimable, and that the white men, the Kablunat, as they called them, were good. Owing to their lack of contact with civilization, these Eskimos of the interminable name are a primitive race. The explorers declare that all the best qualities of the so-called civilized Eskimos are found more fully among these uncivilized brethren. The Akuliakattagmiuts make rather better camps than most of the Eskimos, and have tents of skins which they raise over the foundations made of blocks of snow and ice. They are all expert fishermen and hunters. They make, after their own designs, which very closely resemble those of other Eskimos, all sorts of weapons and tackle for the chase.

The Eskimos of this region are very hospitable, and as long as any one has anything to eat his neighbors are welcome to it while it lasts. Sometimes this arrangement proved very embarrassing to the Arctic tourists on science bent. The explorers killed seal and caribou for themselves, and when visitors came they were amazed to find the food gone as in the twinkling of an eye. Seal blubber and a blood soup, served in flagons made from caribou horns, are accounted luxuries by this people.

They had never seen a sulphur match, nor had they ever heard the discharge of firearms. When the explorers fired a rifle, the chief men of the village made signs that such a thing could not be permitted on their hunting grounds, and that if it continued there would be trouble. Investigations made by the scientists have led them to the belief that these Eskimos of Victoria Land are possibly the original strain, and that those of the West have spread out from them, and have lost in culture and in general character as well as in personal appearance.

The explorers were especially impressed with the race known as the Haneragmiut, found in Victoria Land, north of Cape Bexley. There were only forty of them, of whom seventeen had light hair. An Alaskan Eskimo who had worked on whaling vessels said of them: "They no Eskimo, they fo'c'sle men." Two of them had full chin beards, which were light, shading to red, and every one had light eyebrows. One of them, the darkest of all, had curly hair.

In the forties of the last century, Franklin's expedition, with its full complement of men, was lost somewhere near Victoria Land. Some of its men are accounted for by journal entries of officers, who themselves perished later, and others by graves and unburied skeletons along the route toward the Black River. These men must have known that there was a boat route to the Hudson Bay Company posts on the Mackenzie River, for Franklin's own three expeditions had discovered and mapped it by boat voyage. Even though some may have perished on that awful journey, others may have found their way to the Eskimos of Victoria Land, and have had sufficient adaptability to learn Eskimo methods of self-support. One of the evidences of this is a name, Nerk, which is believed to be a thin disguise for the English "Ned," and is about as near as the swarthy brother in skins can pronounce the civilized cognomen.

The explorers are shipping great quantities of material to the Museum, showing the customs of these people, and are making many notes and studies which will aid in solving the identity of these denizens of the far North. LILLIAN E. ZEH.

An Easter Sermon by Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.

The Gift of Eternal Life

TEXT: "The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 6: 23 (R.V.)

THE free gift of God is *eternal life.*" And what is this eternal life? When one man has it, and another man has it not, do they just belong to different standards, but in the same school? Is human life all of a piece, of the same fundamental essence, and varying only in quality and degree? Is eternal life only common life refined, or is it a new creation? Is eternal life just life in the higher grades, and can we be schooled and cultured into it? That is certainly the basis and trend of many men's reasoning. Life to them, in all its human range, would be imaged in a column of Aberdeen granite which stands in the museum of the University of Edinburgh. The column is of one unbroken piece, but it is arranged in ascending sections to represent the different processes and stages through which the granite passes from the quarry to the polished shaft. The pedestal is rough, jagged, and primitive, just as it left the quarry, bearing all the marks of the blasting. And then follow layer upon layer, each succeeding one being subjected to a more rigid discipline than its predecessor, until every uncouthness is left behind, and all its wealthy and exquisite veins are discovered in the refined and shining product. And that, I say, is how many people reason about eternal life. Eternal life is just common life perfected. Common life is the rough-hewn block; eternal life is the same block, chastened and refined. The two do not represent a change of substance; they represent differences effected by labor and culture. And so eternal life is just an accomplishment; it belongs to a different standard, but not to a different order.

The New Birth

Now, let it be said at once that this is not the teaching of Jesus. As soon as we turn to the teaching of our Lord we discover that one emphasis stands out with almost startling intensity. According to our Lord, eternal life is not a refinement, but a renaissance; not the product of discipline, but the issue of birth. It is not an upper standard, but a regenerated order. Nowhere can you find a suggestion of a gradient leading by perceptible stages from the human to the divine. There is no sloping stair, whose topmost step brings us to "the shining table-land, to which our God himself is moon and sun." The man who has eternal life and the man who has it not occupy two different planes; and the passage from one to the other is not by a process of gradual consummation, but of immediate recreation. We do not climb into eternal life; we are born into it. That is the teaching of our Lord. "Except a man be born from above, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Eternal life, then, is not something attained, it is something imparted; it is not the last result of pruning, it is the reception of a new seed. I do not know any thinker of my acquaintance who has put this matter more clearly and boldly than Dr. Dale, and I quote him all the more readily because the firm, steady steps of his reasoning were so undisturbed by the enervating air of sentimentalism. "When a man is regenerated," he says, "he receives a new life, and receives it from God. In itself regeneration is not a change in his old life, but the beginning of a new life, which is conferred by the immediate and supernatural act of the Holy Spirit." The man is really "born again." A higher nature has come to him than that which he inherited from his human parents: "he is begotten of God"; "born of the Spirit." That clear and definite teaching I commend to you as the very word and mind of God. We do not enter into eternal life through a process, but in a crisis; we enter it by recreation.

"This Is Life Eternal"

Now, I am not disposed to try to compress the secret of eternal life within the shrine of a definition. The power of definition soon wanes; there are atmospheres in which it speedily grows faint. But the indefinable is not the unreal; we are surrounded by a million facts which cannot be lured into the snares of definition. Who can define thought? I rose from my desk and took down the very last and ablest of our dictionaries, that I might see how far the learned editor had succeeded in expressing the secret of thought. And here it is: "Thought, a series of phenomena in consciousness!" Is the secret there? Has the definition trapped it? Or is the ethereal thing escaped and away? I said to myself, I will see what this learned definer has to say about love! So I took down the fourth volume to see what he had got in his net; and here it is: "Love, a feeling of predilection or solicitude for certain individuals, classes, principles, qualities, or things." Has he got it? Will any lover be willing to admit that the fair and sunny genius has been caught and her ultimate secret disclosed? No; definition speedily fails, but the reality abides. We must not dismiss what we cannot define, or we shall have to empty both the heart and its world.

And so it is with eternal life; it is the mysterious issue of a mysterious birth, and its essential secret cannot be defined. Nicodemus saith unto Him, "How can a man be born again?" "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof"—there can be no doubt about its reality—"but thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth"—it is reality enshrouded with mystery—"so is every one that is born of the Spirit." But, even though these things cannot be defined, it may be that they can be characterized. How, then, can we characterize this eternal life, up to which we can never climb, but into which we may be born? Well, it is life that is characterized by knowledge of God. "This is life eternal, to know Thee, and Jesus Christ!" Wherever there is eternal life there is some apprehension of God, some "awareness" of his all-encompassing presence. When our Saviour says: "This is life eternal, to *know* thee," I do not think the primary content of the word is mental illumination, although that will most assuredly be in the shining train; but it fundamentally refers to the intelligence of sympathy, the correspondence of kinship, if you will, the telepathic communion of spirits attuned to the same key.

The Free Gift of God

Shall I illustrate it in this way? There was one who said to me a little while ago, concerning a loved one who had been brought back to him after a long and troubled absence: "Even when I am at my desk, and immersed in my labor, there's a singing consciousness at the back of it all that she is in the home again!" May I take that word to help in the exposition of my text? That singing apprehension of a presence, in absorbing labors and in relaxing hours, is symbolic of the apprehension which is theirs who know the Lord. "This is life eternal, to know thee," to appreciate thee, to have a singing consciousness that everywhere, in spheres of labor and rest, the Lord is in the house! "Because he is at my right hand!" That is the apprehension of God. "When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no ill, for thou art with me!" That is the apprehension of God. "Nothing shall separate us from the love of God." That is the apprehension of God; the singing basal consciousness that the Lover is in the house! It is "deep calling unto deep"; it is the sympathetic vibration of those who partake of the same nature, and that nature is divine. Of course, as I have said, this blessed appreciation will be the minister of light; the inspiration of the heart will help the illumination of the mind; sympathy will befriend reason; the "*life*" will become the "light" of men.

How is this "eternal life" obtained? It is "the free gift of God." Will you mark an earlier clause in this verse, a clause with which I am not now directly concerned? I will only quote it in order to throw our immediate text into startling contrast. "The *wages* of sin is death!" "But the free gift of God is eternal life"; that can never be earned! "Free gift," that is the largess, the unearned bounty, scattered by the Emperor on high and festive days. "Eternal life" is a largess, not a payment; not "wages," but a "free gift." It is not an attainment, but a boon; not a fortune won, but a fortune inherited. It is a legacy made to paupers; the Lord our Saviour is the legator, and you and I are the legatees. And in this we are all alike. "Life's poor distinctions vanish here." We may bring our wealth, but our wealth cannot bribe the porter at the gate. We must come empty-handed. "Nothing in my hands I bring!" "Blessed are the poor!" We may bring our learning, but learning does not possess the "open sesame" into the land of life and light. "God hath chosen the foolish!" Not in the pride of knowledge must we come, and with brusque and presumptuous step; rather must we come as "pilgrims of the night," waiting humbly and reverently for the opening of the fountains of the day. "Blessed are the poor!" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Eternal life is a "free gift"; it is given to meritless paupers, whose conscious poverty is their profoundest plea.

Where, then, can we get the legacy? Here is the answer: "The free gift of God is eternal life *in Christ Jesus our Lord.*" That is where we are to seek and find the inheritance—"in Jesus Christ our Lord." And this is the reasoning of the Sacred Word: "that eternal life is in the Son." The life that was in Jesus was of the eternal order, and of that sort of life the risen Lord is the reservoir and fountain. Get the music of these three great passages as I proclaim them from the Book: "In him was life"; "I am the life"; "he that hath the Son hath life!" So you see what we have got to do in order to get our legacy is to get the legator himself. "He that hath the Son hath life." The "free gift" is "in Christ Jesus our Lord." We need trouble about nothing else except to become one with the Lord. "Having him we possess all things." Become one with him, and his life becomes ours.

Belief and Obedience the Way

How, then, may we become one with the Lord of Life? The Lord himself proclaims two ways: *belief* and *obedience.* By these two ministers our Lord and we become one. First, by *belief!* And what is belief? It is not the suppression of reason. Belief is the exaltation of the noblest hypotheses to the throne of the life. To believe in Christ is to take the sublimest assumptions, and make them the principles of our soul. To believe in Christ is to take the highest we know and allow it to govern all that we do. To believe in Christ is to venture your life on the assumptions of Christ. Do you know anything higher, nobler, more glorious, than the assumptions of Christ? To believe is to accept them, to venture on them, and to venture in the assurance that the highest is always the truest and best. He claims to be able to convert destructive remorse into a constructive penitence. He claims to be able to take the virus out of a poisoning guilt. He claims to be able to put dynamics into feeble and struggling virtue. He claims to be able to weld the complexities of life into unity, and to convert its discords into harmony. He claims to be able to take the alienated and embattled individuals of the race, and out of the scattered and hostile fragments to create a brotherhood. This is what our Saviour claims to do. To believe is to let him do it, and to offer one's life for the sacred experiment! Belief is to take the highest at his highest word, to assent to the desirability of his ideals, and to consent to his will. And so belief involves obedience. In these high regions no one can become free without first becoming a slave. But the servitude is not irksome; it is sweetened and glorified by its issue. We must die to self if we would live unto God! We are seeking kinship with the Divine, and we must surrender ourselves to its blessed ministry.

> I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
> For myself, and none beside;
> Just as if Jesus had never lived,
> As if he had never died.

That center must be changed, inevitably changed, and it is inevitably changed under the twofold ministry of belief and obedience. And when those two conditions are established we become one with the eternal God, we become "partakers of the divine nature," we receive "the free gift" of "eternal life," and we are "alive unto God." "The free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord." May it be the blessed, the infinite privilege of everybody here to pass out of poverty into that unspeakable and inexhaustible wealth!

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* Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

AN EASTER SONG

HAIL, Easter morning! Hail, glorious day!
The angelic chorus sings victory to-day!
Christ the Lord is risen, the stone is rolled away.
Glory in the highest! Christ is risen to-day.

Fear not, weep not, by an empty tomb,
For our Lord is risen to scatter grief and gloom.
Go, thou, and meet Him in Galilee;
Quickly spread the joyful news, and his disciple be.

Glorious resurrection! Christ our Lord adore.
Sing, oh, sing his victory! Praise him evermore.
Crown him King of victors, for he set us free—
Paid a price that we may be with him eternally.

Corfu, N. Y. MARGARET H. HILBORN.

The Resurrection Life

THE Lord Jesus "came and touched the bier; and he that was dead sat up, and began to speak" (Luke 7: 14, 15). This is not told as a parable. It is divine truth; apparently an interlude in the life of Jesus; a natural manifestation of his unbounded sympathy for the poor and fallen, which at all times was spontaneously outflowing from his loving heart as a gushing spring from the side of a mountain.

The event is beautifully significant of the mission of Christ to our world. He came to awaken man from the slumber of death; from the apathetic condition that sin has laid upon all mankind.

In this solemn scene, death is changed into resurrection life. The heart of a weeping mother is transformed into ecstasy of joy; and in time, all heaven will rejoice with the Father, when the redeemed from among the dead will stand in his presence, a victory of life over death.

Every individual, whose last resting place is the grave, must pass through the ordeal of death and resurrection. These are inherent conditions; the inevitable consequence of the first disobedience in the Garden of Eden. It cannot be annulled: it has "passed upon all men, for all have sinned."*

"They that are in the flesh cannot please God." †

Death comprehends the eternal destruction of soul and body; but the Son of God came into the world to destroy its power by transferring its terror and sting upon his own immaculate person.

"I am the resurrection and the life" is the Gospel trump appealing to every mortal who is yet spared to hear its sound; and the One who gave life to the widow's son proclaims in language that all heaven confirms: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." ‡

Death cannot bind the one who believes in Christ. It cannot jeopardize life with the Son of God throughout the never-ending eternity. The heart that accepts the Lord Jesus unto righteousness, confessing fidelity by accepting the offered salvation through the blood, stands upon the solid rock foundation—the cornerstone laid by the Master's hand, the Father of Eternal Love.

The pathetic scene enacted near the gate of the city called Nain is an object lesson to warm the heart of every one having within himself the evidence of regeneration glowing in the soul.

The believer whose body is moldering in mother earth will spring into effulgent brightness, glorified and clothed with holy light as with a garment, § when the Father shall say to our dear Redeemer, "Go forth and gather in thy jewels." ‖

F. A. FITZGERALD.

Kingston, Jamaica.

* Rom. 5: 12. † Rom. 8: 8. ‡ John 11: 25.
§ Ps. 104: 2. ‖ Mal. 3: 16-18.

Castles in the Air

LET them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither without step or stair:
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly,
And think their turrets top the sky.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks to lay his groundwork low,
May in good time build high and sure, though slow.

Selected. CHRISTOPHER HARVEY.

The Unlimited Life

By Eugene Thwing

SOME philosopher of the restricted life exclaimed, "Blessed is the man who realizes his limitations!" and the words have been accepted as a wise caution and restraint to curb the forward impulse and to cool the ardor of ambitious men. It is our privilege in this progressive day, when manhood refuses to be held down or confined within narrow fences, to cast aside all such obstructive counsel and fling this banner to the breeze: Blessed is the man who conquers his limitations and reaches out after his possibilities.

Life is broad and rich and its doors are not locked or barred. Sometimes they stick, and the young man or young woman who would pass from a small room to a larger one must push with all the power at command to get the door open, but it can be opened, and beyond it still another and another will yield to determined assault.

We must not ask that every hinge shall be oiled, and every entrance into the larger life be made easy. The struggle is necessary to the strength as truly as the strength is necessary to the struggle. No puny soul can live the unlimited life.

. . .

MANY a man has gone through the early years of his manhood without really finding himself; too many by far never make the important discovery. A dull, grinding subjection to the restrictions and dwarfing influences of life has reduced the power of assertion, has stifled the spirit of enthusiasm, and has made a cringing creature of one who was intended to dominate and to rule.

The man who is always recognizing his limitations has little time or courage for realizing and reaching out after his broader possibilities. The young chicken which should regard the shell of the egg as the fixed and permanent boundary of its life, to be recognized and accepted without a fight, would die a-borning no more truly than the man who fails to break through surrounding restrictions to attain his larger life.

The man who does everything in the customary way, and pronounces a thing "impossible" if it cannot be done by ordinary methods, loses his originality and power of initiative. He who tries to dodge and escape difficulties as long as possible does not develop the power to surmount them when he can no longer dodge them. Such a man is living within the shell of his egg instead of breaking through it, and soon the strength to force his prison is gone.

. . .

HAPPY is the man who finds and asserts his dominant *ego* before he becomes hopelessly and finally submerged. I have known such men. They have gone along for years the slaves of circumstances, held down unresistingly, though not always uncomplainingly, by hard masters or hard conditions, moving in a dull, narrow routine of life, seemingly unconscious that they belong by right, and can be, in a very different relationship to life. Suddenly something has awakened within them; they have been born again; they have discovered the wonderful fact, as old as creation, that the Almighty did not put man on this earth to be a weakling or a slave, but to be a strong ruler and to have dominion; likewise that he equipped him with powers and provided possibilities of development in keeping with the bigness of his position, and put upon him responsibilities of similar measure.

The awakening of such a man is a beautiful thing—an inspiration to all who see it. He knows at last that he is heir to a vast kingdom; that he was made a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor; that he was appointed to have dominion over the works of the great Creator, and that all things have been put under his feet. He stands erect and lifts his head to the sun. There is firmness and confidence in his tread, his eyes are steady and deep, and his voice rings with the sure note of truth and command.

. . .

BOLDNESS, resourcefulness, unconquerableness, cleanness, self-control, gentleness, unselfishness are seven of his kingly qualities, and service to others is the crown and glory of his larger life. His horizon broadens constantly as his life expands. He goes from strength to strength. Laughter and singing are in his mouth from the very joy of living and seeing the exuberance and blessing of his life brimming over into the lives of others on every side. The desert places of human barrenness and need are his field of work and he makes them to blossom like the rose with his deeds of sympathy and service. Other royal souls in the humble walks of life and in the exalted places of the earth everywhere are his yokefellows, and nowhere does he lack for the password, for it is the one universal password of all people and all ages—Love.

He learns that broad as his life may grow to be, here in its interest and its human contact, it is only a vestibule, an antechamber, through whose farther door he is to pass into the unlimited life beyond. He discovers through the very joy itself which he feels in service that it must be only a beginning of an unlimited service for which he is preparing. As he measures the life behind him, he asks not "What have I gained?" but "What have I given?" and as he goes on toward the unlimited life before him, he tells himself with gladness and expectation, not that "Here I am weary; there I shall rest." He does not sing, "Labor ended." He exults in the knowledge that "Here I have tried to be faithful in a few things; there I shall be ruler over many things. Here, the most I can do is so little; there I can do so much. Here I am in the kindergarten of service; there I shall graduate into an eternity of joyful activity in my Father's business."

THE NEW NAME

I KNOW not what the name will be
Which Christ my Lord will give to me,
When at my journey's end I stand
Within the gates of Beulah Land.

That name so sweet in heavenly tone
My Lord will give to me alone.
That name will suit my saved soul—
My ransomed name—while ages roll.

That name will mean, in Heaven's speech,
The greatest love my soul could reach;
And deepest sin, rebellious ways,
From these redeemed, I'll sing His praise.

That name will mean that service new
Which Christ will give to me to do.
No other soul my Lord will ask
To do my soul's peculiar task.

When that blest name my Lord shall speak,
With love and joy his face I'll seek.
Redeemed from earthly sin and shame,
I'll answer to my heavenly name.

Mount Hermon, Mass. F. L. DULEY.

The Good Shepherd

See illustration on cover page

WE MUST needs have hunted far and wide in the world of art for a picture more fitting or more beautiful to reproduce than is our present cover subject, "The Good Shepherd."

By an extremely accurate and sensitive color process we have been able to reproduce the painting almost exact in every detail of light and shade, as it appears in the splendid canvas which won for the artist, Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., highest honors at the latest exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. The picture with its poetic message, old as the hills and fresh as the morning, is more than a painting: it is a poem, a sermon, an inspiration. With the confidence of a soul led of God, David uses the same theme in the matchless Shepherd's Psalm, and with it St. John in the 12th chapter of his Revelation pictures heaven itself.

"The Lamb that is in the midst of them shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life." No lonely nor lost sheep are these: beautiful and fearless they trail the dangerous hillside; black storm-clouds have gathered; the night is very near, and suddenly a piercing light breaks through the leaden sky: a light so startling in its effect as to transfigure the simple shepherd into a blessed vision expressive of the comfort that God gives to souls that heed his voice. The flock only pauses and looks up, full of the leisurely confidence of well-tended sheep. Yonder behind them on the height is their shepherd; why question? He is always with them, and his presence means "All is well." The message of the picture is clear to read.

Anvil Sparks

..A HAND-FED trouble waxes fat.

..STINGINESS stings those who practice it.

..SUNNY people make cloudy days seem short.

..THE blessing in disguise is often treated as an intruder.

..IT IS better to live on vain hopes than to die from vain fears.

..THE best way to meet an emergency is not to let it overtake you.

..WHEN you start out to measure the faults of your neighbors, shorten your yardstick.

..THE fire of some men's religion is allowed to burn so low that there is more smoke than light and warmth.

..DON'T pigeon-hole and card-index your troubles; the sooner you don't know where to look for them the better.

..THE man who is always boasting about his church attendance is not as tiresome as the man who is always excusing himself for staying away.

..BETTER late than never, but the man who puts off entering the service of the Lord until he is old presents a pathetic picture when he does enter.

CHINA BREAKING HER IDOLS

400 "Joss Gods" Decapitated by the Triumphant Revolutionists in Canton

A Colossal Figure of Buddha

The Heads of Two Famous Joss Gods in the Fuchoo Temple, Ningpo

A Typical Buddhist Statue

BY WILLIAM DURBAN

THE peculiar edifice known as the Canton "Temple of Horrors" has been the scene of a strange transaction, the possibility of which could never have been conceived by any mind at all familiar with the old ways of the Chinese. That building is a central shrine of one of the most distorted Buddhist cults, utterly unlike the original creed of Gautama Buddha. It is a picture gallery of the most hideous and horrifying orgies of cruelty in an imaginary hell. Pictures and *graffiti* of infernal tortures are very numerous in certain Chinese Buddhist sanctuaries. The Canton Temple of Horrors is supposed to be a real replica of the subterranean purgatory. It is known as the "Hsing Wong Miao."

The revolutionaries in the middle of December chose this head center of terror above all other places for a startling demonstration of their new-born attitude toward this degrading and grotesque system of scaring the souls of the people. The Hsing Wong Miao is a deeply revered cathedral of Chinese paganism, for it is a veritable pantheon. For many years it has been the depository of the images of four hundred infernal deities. Few indeed of the Chinese gods have a celestial location or relationship. The famous joss named Tsao, the "Kitchen God" (who is, after watching over the culinary department for a year, sent up to heaven in a little chariot of fire made of bamboo and ignited before the front door), is supposed to give an account to the King of Heaven of all that has been transacted in that part of the dwelling that year. So his lips are sometimes smeared with honey or sugar-water, in order that he may be coaxed to give a good report in the upper world. But the average Chinaman and his family think chiefly with solicitude of the grim under world. Fear of the future is the spiritual keynote of the national thought.

In the ranks of the reformers and the revolutionists is a much larger element of active and intelligent Christian converts than the outside world imagines. There have been two converging influences at work during the two past decades, the result of which is only now becoming conspicuously manifest. These are, in the first place, the propaganda of missions, with which the whole country has been quietly dotted. There are rather more than three thousand Christian missionaries in the empire. And the other influence, working along civil, secular, political lines, but almost always in harmony with that of the missionaries, is that of the many hundreds of young men who have been sent to study in Western lands, the great majority having spent several years at American universities and colleges. Those who have returned to China are almost invariably propagators of reform. Those still abroad have been in constant correspondence with the reformers all over China.

To Canton in December came a big squad of the famous and valiant "Ready-to-Die Brigade," that curious and redoubtable organization which was created in the Straits Settlements, where are located so many intelligent and affluent Chinese. On December 15 the "Ready-to-Die" warriors rushed into the Canton Temple of Horrors. But these invaders had no bloodthirsty intent. They entered the Hsing Wong Miao simply with the purpose of destroying every idolatrous image in that pantheon. *They forthwith began to knock off the heads of all the 400 joss gods.* The people in the streets crowded in to watch the extraordinary decapitation of the images. The beheading occupied hardly half an hour. Time was, not long since, when a fearful riot would have been caused by a single act of temple desecration of any kind; but on that morning, throngs of the inhabitants not only without a murmur watched the mutilation of every joss god, but also with equal tranquillity saw the procession of the executioners carrying the headless figures through the city, with shouts to the people that "their gods were useless," and with witty sallies at the joss-stick sellers and at the women who were coming to pay homage to those very gods.

Furthermore, these iconoclasts announced their resolve to smash all the joss gods in every temple throughout the city. Not a syllable of disapprobation was uttered by any of the onlookers, but, on the contrary, all along the route of the procession there were shouts of admiration. It was manifest that a new spirit had taken possession of the people. The men of Canton well knew that thousands of dollars were squandered every year, especially by women, on joss-sticks and paper. Among the ecclesiastics of the temple, the prospect of impoverishment has created consternation, for the Temple of Horrors brought in a large revenue, and as a part of this went to the secular authorities, these also did not relish the widespread change of sentiment. Accordingly, a few days later the Kwangtung officials issued a proclamation of a very astute and politic character. This document, while insisting on religious equality and toleration, severely reprehended the destruction of images in temples which were public property, built by public bodies. "It is most inopportune," said the manifesto, "to destroy these idols at this time and in this way. The correct way is for all those who have interests at stake to meet together, to discuss the problem, come to some satisfactory conclusion, and then proceed to action."

The time for such protests is past in China. The day of the josses, like that of the Manchus, is over. And, unquestionably, the mainspring of the great movement, which has unspeakably amazed the whole world, is the impact on the reformers of that Christian element which originated through contact with England and the United States of America. That was the influence which constrained Yuan Shi Kai, though he is a Confucianist, to send all his children to be educated at the schools established by Christian missionaries. That same spirit impelled him and two other great viceroys to disobey the late ruthless empress dowager at the time of the Boxer troubles, and to save the lives of many foreigners who must otherwise have been massacred.

Even the very name of China is to be changed. It will no longer be styled *Chung Kwo* (Middle Kingdom), but will be called *Chung Hwa Kwo* (Middle Flower Nation).

The "Marble Boat" at the Peking Summer Palace

CHINA'S PRESENT CONDITION

BY Z. CHARLES BEALS, WUHU

CHINA is to-day much in the minds of the nations. The overthrow of the Manchu rule and the establishing of a republic has startled the world. We hear on every side this question: "Has the giant really awakened? What will he be like when fully aroused?" We can, with profit, look at the present conditions in the country, and try to answer some of the questions asked.

From an outside view, China has accomplished much. She has thrown off the Manchu rule and has elected a president *pro tem.*, Dr. Sun Yat Sen. He has an optimistic view of things, and has shown good judgment and much wisdom. Most of the cabinet officers whom he has called around him are level-headed, bright men. An element also to be found in his yamen is composed of military generals without much experience or training, who, like all amateur soldiers, are anxious to demonstrate their prowess in the field. Among such the cry is, "On to Peking!" The consensus of advice given to the president is, "Beware of the Manchu," and while he himself is inclined to be frank and unsuspicious, there can be no doubt that this chorus has served to make him very cautious.

Sun Yat Sen is determined upon a republic. He is willing to leave the decision to the representatives of the people of China, but in doing so is quite confident that the portion of the people that can think or reason, or has any knowledge whatsoever of the government of their country, wants a republic. Furthermore, he believes the republic is the best form of government for China, and that it is practicable. He has had enough advice within the last month to confuse any ordinary man. He is not seeking foreign advice just at this time, and he says frankly that the temper of the people is such that the foreigner would play his best and most effective part as an onlooker.

One thing undoubtedly weighs very strongly with all these leaders, namely, that the bogy of foreign interference is continually before them. They are firmly convinced that but for the interference of foreign diplomats in Peking, and the selfish intrigue of the nations, the revolution would have been more speedily successful.

There is no getting away from the fact that China is greatly disturbed with internal disorders. There are lots of petty jealousies and bickerings, with fatal clashes at arms. Then there is the rabble element, which is robbing and pillaging in many provinces. Awful reports have come from inland. So far, the foreigners have been left alone, except in one instance. These roughs are taking their revenge out on the Manchus. At Sian the city gates were closed for four days while they were massacring 10,000 Manchus. Those deeds have been denounced by the republican leaders, as was also the attempt on the life of Yuan Shi Kai. At this writing the leaders are working together with greater unanimity and are getting things more and more in their grasp, and lawlessness is declining.

The year just closed has been dull indeed. Trade has been at a standstill. Warehouses are filled with goods. The tide seems to be turning, and we all believe good times and good business are just ahead for China.

Missionary work got a severe blow when the outbreak came. Young men of our schools laid down their books and took their stand with the revolutionary leaders. In some schools, one-half went to the front to fight for freedom. Two brothers in our school at Wuhu felt they must go. First, the youngest came to me and said he believed God wanted him to go and help free his country. His older brother, on hearing this, rushed up to me sobbing, and said, "No, my younger brother cannot go first; it is my place, as I am the elder brother." It took some time to persuade the younger brother to give up the idea of going. The older one went and has won distinction at the front. The church services and chapel meetings have been well attended, considering the excitement going on, but they, too, have suffered.

If you were to take the country just north of us here as a criterion or hope of the future, you would say it is black indeed, for hundreds of square miles are yet under water, which was caused by broken dikes of last summer. The famine fields stretch away as far as the eye can see. Sorrow and misery can be seen on every hand. One standing here feels like crying out, "Poor China!" Thousands of men and women without anything to eat, selling wives, sons and daughters—anything, so as to be able to buy a bite. Many thousands living on roots and bark of trees. The dikes are badly broken, and if not rebuilt before June, we shall have another flood, and all this misery over again. China needs your help now.

Mission Children of the Orphanage at Foochow, China

There are nearly Two Thousand Little Famine Waifs like these at various orphanages, for Seven Hundred of whom we are now pleading for support

. . .

Helping the China Famine Orphans

AMONG the letters received during the week containing contributions in behalf of the 700 Chinese orphans (for whose provision THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has appealed to its readers) there are many that are touching. A little twelve-year-old maid of Paducah, Ky., writes: "I send $1, and wish I could send more, but I know that God will bless it. I love the Saviour and am going to pray for the little Chinese orphan children." "May the Lord bless you in your work for these his poor little ones," writes Mrs. N. P. H., Memphis, Tenn. ($5). "I am glad to see what you are doing for this cause," says the letter of H. R. A., Williamsburg, Pa. ($5). "I am praying that God will in some way open their eyes and understanding to the light as it is in Christ Jesus," writes Mrs. A. R. F., Baldwinsville ($5). "Just think of the poor heathen that are growing up to bless you."

The First Christian Church of Irvington, N. J., sends through Treasurer H. McDavit two remittances of $20 each, to be divided equally between the China Famine Fund and the Orphan Fund.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has cabled to the Missionary Committee at Chinkiang giving encouraging news of the gifts that friends are sending in for the support of the little orphans. It is hoped that a sufficient sum will be realized from the present effort to assure the support of the 700 children for some time to come, and thus to relieve the embarrassment of the missionaries who have the welfare of the children very deeply at heart. All gifts for this cause should be addressed "CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."

Contributions for China's Orphans Received Since Last Acknowledgment

Richard C. Gill	1.00
Two sisters, Los Angeles, Calif.	1.00
John Clinehers	2.00
Jas. Easton	2.00
Alice Barr	2.00
Mrs. N. F. Smeltzer	2.00
Mrs. G. A. Whitehurst	2.00
Emily, Winnebago, Minn.	2.00
Ellen Smith	2.00
S. C. & M. A. Clark	2.00
Ida G. Naib	1.00
Jane & Edw. Coon	2.00
John Keil & family	2.00
Mrs. W. J. Graves	1.00
Miss Bertha Wrigley	1.00
Mrs. Frank Harms	1.00
A friend, Salma, Kan.	2.00
John Tuthill	.25
B. H. E., Poultney, Vt.	1.00
——, Boonville, N. Y.	2.00
A reader, Fort Washington, Md.	5.00
Well wisher, Baltimore, Md.	1.00
A reader, Ames, Ia.	1.00
M. M. L., Windsor, Vt.	1.00
C. F. Graham	$10.00
Dr. & Mrs. Jas. Bradley	3.00
Box 66, Glencoe, Ill.	5.00
Dr. H. Walker	5.15
W. B. Schaeffer	8.00
Menonite Cong., Salungo & Mt. Joy, Pa.	41.76
C. W. Smith	10.00
Mrs. Eliza D. Knoblaugh	5.00
Samuel Ricker	5.00
A. W. Johnston	5.00
S. O. Grover	7.00
——, Oakland Sta., Pa.	5.00
S. E. Jackson	5.00
W. M. Beebe	3.00
Mr. & Mrs. A. K. Frey	5.00
Mrs. Robt. F. Miller	5.00
Mrs. J. I. Wakelee	25.00
Mrs. Cordelia Lynde	10.00
Alex. Barnhart	6.00
Mr. & Mrs. L. W. Kepps	5.00
Cyrus Gray	5.00
A sympathizer, Newark, N. J.	5.00
Mrs. Augusta Tanner	10.00
Mrs. E. L. Hitchcock	10.00
Mrs. Effie T. Cole	5.00
Mrs. E. Waring	5.00
Master H. Waring	1.00
Mrs. D. G. Hoag	5.00
Friends, Wilmington, O.	10.00
Mrs. J. A. Merz	6.00
Miss M. Ewing	10.00
C. T. Cheek	5.00
M. A. H., Auburn, N. Y.	10.00
A reader, Michigan City, Ind.	25.00
Peniel Union S. S., Jeffersontown, Ky.	10.00
Mrs. Geo. B. Taylor	5.00
——, Columbus, O.	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. S. D. Goode, Sr., & daughter	3.00
A. Steketee, Sr.	5.00
"John Doe," Pittsburg, Pa.	25.00
Mrs. R. H. Browse	25.10
A friend, Kilbourn, Wis.	5.00
——, Harrisburg, Pa.	3.00
Mr. & Mrs. Jno. Cutnaw	5.00
Mrs. Mattie Roberts	5.00
Mrs. S. B. Hubbell	5.00
Mrs. A. C. Ireland	5.00
Mrs. Ricina Hartman	5.00
"Tithes," Plessis, N. Y.	5.00
Mary R. Aurandt	5.00
Marian Laks	5.00
In His Name, Columbus, O.	5.00
——, Richmond, Va.	3.00
Rachel M. Sweeney	5.00
G. W. Willis & sisters	6.75
A friend, Cobleskill, N. Y.	5.00
——, Syracuse, N. Y.	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. N. P. Watson	5.00
Mrs. Dwight Smythe	5.00
Mary H. Brown	5.00
N. S., DeKalb Jct., N. Y.	10.00
J. C. Zimmerman	15.00
A subscriber, New Castle, Tex.	10.00
Reader, Flushing, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. G. Amidon & family	3.00
Mrs. Jas. T. Burns	5.00
D. Leonard	5.00
Lewis S. Post	3.00
C. G. Munch	5.00
Anna J. Printz	3.00
Mrs. M. J. Cardeza	5.00
J. A. Barker	3.00
Miss L. Smith	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Nicholson	5.00
H. A. White	2.00
Cora F. Pierce	2.00
Harriet A. Spencer	10.00
Mrs. F. E. Ray	1.00
Mrs. G. L. Bliss	2.00
Mrs. Trever	1.00
Miss Collins	2.00
Mrs. J. B. Campbell	2.00
Mrs. A. M. Weaver	1.00
Mrs. G. G. Wood	1.00
E. M. Barr	1.00
W. M. Heller	3.00
D. Pierson	2.00
E. M. Walter	1.00
A friend, Tower Hill, Ill.	2.00
Friends, W. Townsend, Mass.	2.00
W. H. Peck	1.00
Ida F. Martin	1.00
Mrs. J. C. Carr	1.00
Mrs. H. Vial	1.00
L. B. Smith	1.00
Anne E. Sater	1.00
Elbert Garlock	1.00
Mrs. A. M. Waterbury	2.00
Mary McKinley	1.00
Mrs. P. A. Weston	1.00
M. B. S., Brownville, N. Y.	1.00
Mr. & Mrs. G. W. Folckenmer	2.00
Mrs. S. Emma Burgar	2.00
Mrs. Schanck	1.00
Peter Bartholmew	.50
Friend, Norwood, O.	2.60
Mrs. S. M. Stewart	2.00
Mrs. M. Perry	1.00
Clarinda Wellman	1.00
H. H. Whaley	2.00
C. A. Haman	1.00
A. F. Johnson	1.00
Lloyd Roberts	1.00
1st Christ'n Ch., Irvington, N. J. (2d remittance)	10.00
Subscriber, Vogel Ctr., Mich.	1.00
D. C. Field	2.00
C. Crane	1.00
Mrs. S. C. Irish	1.00
Mrs. Alice Bower	1.00
F. H. Koehsmeier	1.00
Mrs. Chas. Tate	1.00
C. W. Tuthill	1.00
Alice Williams	2.00
E. J. S., Cabin John, Md.	1.00
R. A. Marshall	1.00
Mrs. R. L. Hodgens	1.00
E. E. Stalker	2.00
W. S. Geer	2.00

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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Easter!

EASTER! Is there a happier word in all of human speech?

"There are never any hopeless cases any more so long as Jesus is around." A minister said this in his sermon the other Sunday evening in a village church. Isn't it a beautiful thing that despair is dead, now that Jesus lives? There need be no such thing as hopelessness any more. It does not make any difference how black the sin is, how sharp the pain is, how heavy the burdens are, how dark the outlook may be. The future, the burdens, the pain, the sin, touched with the Easter glory, are swallowed up in the bright light of hope.

For century after century mankind groped its way under the weight and in the darkness of two cruel curses, sin and death. Every soul knew that it was under an irrevocable sentence of death; every soul was smitten with the foul plague of sin. It is no wonder that there seems a strange hollowness, a weird mockery in so much of the laughter and the music of the world before Jesus came. Men under sentence of death play games in their cells and try to laugh, but their laughter echoes horribly through the damp vaults of the prison; men suffering from deadly maladies or deadly wounds make pretense of merriment, but it is sorry pretense. So souls sick with sin, and awaiting death, tried to be merry, but often there was the heaviest sorrow in the lightest laughter.

But an end to that now! There is no longer any such thing as death to them that believe in him. "If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death." Could there be any completer lifting of the death sentence than that? "Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Can there be any sounder assurance than that—that we have been given a power over sin which is irresistible? "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."

Easter sunshine, Easter flowers, Easter bird-song, Easter hymn and anthem, Easter sermon, Easter testimony, Easter gladness—how radiant and how rich, how fragrant and how fresh, how comforting, how strengthening they are! Winter has passed; fear has vanished; sin is conquered; death is done away. Hail, risen Jesus, Master of our souls, Prince of Life, mighty Saviour, ardent, faithful, eternal Friend!

Our Caribbean Neighbors

SECRETARY KNOX'S tour of the Central American republics is not a junketing trip, nor is it, in the strict sense, an official mission. It may perhaps be properly called a friendly vacational visit to our Caribbean neighbors. It was somewhat unfortunate that a political color should have been given to it by the ill-considered note sent to our State Department by Señor Ospina, the Colombian minister, whose blunder has been disavowed by his government, which has recalled him by way of rebuke. There is no reason to anticipate any other than a cordial welcome for Secretary Knox from all the Central American States. They know we are not "spying out the land"—that we have no designs upon our neighbors, territorial or otherwise. They are beginning to realize that the time is near when they can, if they will, become important factors in the world's progress. With the completion of the Canal a new and larger future must open up for the chain of States contiguous to the Isthmus. They are our neighbors and we wish them well and would help rather than hinder their prosperity and happiness. In the very highway of commercial progress, if they are wise, they will prepare to reap the advantages of the vast development that must soon take place. It is clearly a time to send hotheads to the rear and to put in the forefront of affairs men of sagacity and experience, who are capable of taking a large view of the possibilities of the future. Secretary Knox carries with him the best wishes of the American people for the welfare and continued friendship of the Central American republics.

Why Not Public Markets?

WITH the prices of foodstuffs still at an almost inaccessible altitude, many plans are being devised for the purpose of eliminating the costly middleman, and bringing the producer and consumer into closer relations. In several localities, there is a movement for the revival of the open market in squares or other public places, where farmers can come and sell direct to the consumers on stated days. This is the method of earlier times, and it is not to be despised. Many now living can remember the open markets in towns and cities throughout the country, where produce of all kinds, fresh from the farm and innocent of even the suggestion of cold storage (which had not then been invented), was sold to thrifty housewives at extremely reasonable yet profitable prices. It would be a good thing if our American cities would encourage the opening of such markets generally. In most of the cities of Europe they are a familiar sight and a great convenience. One or two such markets in every leading city would do more to restore a reasonable standard of prices than all the housewives' leagues and co-operative associations put together. They would assure an abundant supply of fresh, wholesome foodstuffs, especially vegetables, fruit, butter, eggs, cheese and a miscellaneous assortment of other edibles, at prices within the reach of the average citizen, and would go very far toward restoring normal living conditions. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would suggest the trial of the open market wherever it could be established. Farmers, truck-raisers, millers, orchardists, poultrymen and many others would greatly welcome the change. We should be glad to hear the views of our readers on the subject and to receive any information concerning such markets in different parts of the country.

Worth While

WHEN the complete story of the Chinese revolution is told, it will be seen how largely the influence of Christian missionaries inspired moderation and averted bloodshed. Two striking illustrations of this class have come to notice, and we believe there are many others of the same kind. When Nanking was surrounded by 40,000 revolutionists, and defended by only 6,000 loyalists, there were about forty missionaries in the city. The fighting had been heavy for several days, and many were killed on both sides. Having tested the weakness of the defenders, the revolutionists demanded that the city surrender. This met with a prompt refusal, though the defenders knew their case to be hopeless. Then the revolutionary generals announced that an attack would be made against the city at eight o'clock next morning. The foreign consuls and other officials within the city tried in vain to dissuade the generals from their purpose, dreading the slaughter and devastation that must follow. Two missionaries, Dr. Macklin and the Rev. Frank Garrett, undertook the task of making peace. At four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by the American vice-consul and the general of the defending force, they set out for the revolutionary camp. Walking along the wall, lighted by a lantern, they were fired upon by the rebels, but kept on, and at daylight they descended, carrying with them an American flag and a white peace flag. The two missionaries brought the generals face to face. Terms were soon concluded and the revolutionary army entered the city without the sacrifice of a single life. What military leaders and foreign officials had failed to do, the ambassadors of Christ, who had preached to both the revolutionists and defenders, and who were known and trusted as men of God, successfully accomplished. Similarly, a missionary in Chuchow saved that city from an overwhelming revolutionary army, at the risk of his own life. Dr. Elliott T. Osgood, like Paul, was let down from the city wall, went alone to the enemy's camp, and persuaded the leader to turn his forces aside, and Chuchow was saved. In both instances, hundreds, if not thousands, of lives might have been sacrificed, had it not been for the courage of the Christian missionaries. Yet we find those who will ask, "Is it worth while?" All honor to the men who, with the Gospel in one hand and the peace flag in the other, on such a Christlike mission, could face the guns of an army!

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Investigating at Lawrence

THE Federal Bureau of Labor has decided to investigate the strike at the textile mills of Lawrence, Mass. It will endeavor to learn the truth regarding conditions precedent to and during the strike, and to give a fair hearing and due consideration to the grievances of the workers. This is a case where investigation will be valuable only if it be thorough, practical and absolutely unbiased. Nearly $1,500,000 have already been lost to the workers by the strike. Had the arbitration proposition been accepted, the operatives would have returned to their places in the mills and fully half of this enormous waste of wages would have been saved. Besides, the efforts of the arbitrators would probably have resulted ere now in the substantial betterment of both factory and social conditions. It is to be sincerely hoped that a settlement may soon be reached, and that the present distressing conditions may be ameliorated. If any official effort should result in letting in the light on the situation, and showing clearly where the trouble lies, it will be greatly appreciated.

Gifts for China's Need

THE Famine Relief Committee in China is doing excellent work. Not only is it saving lives, but through deeds of practical kindness, it is spreading the influence of Christianity. We would urge our readers not to forget this gracious and timely work and to give it their generous support, and we would also remind them of the little orphan children, nearly 2,000 of whom are now in the care of the missionaries, 700 being practically unprovided for. A gift now to our "Famine Orphan Fund" will brighten the life of some poor little waif and bring a rich blessing to the giver.

General Notes

—WHILE AMERICAN PROTESTANT churches send out one missionary to every 3,000 members, the 750 Christians in Bolenge, Africa, support 76 native evangelists, whom they send out among unevangelized tribes.

—IN A LETTER dated New York, February 24, written to seven State governors who had asked him to define his position, Mr. Roosevelt has frankly announced himself a candidate for the presidency. His letter says: "I absolutely agree with you that this matter is not one to be decided with any reference to the personal preferences or interests of any man, but purely from the standpoint of the interests of the people as a whole. I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference."

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Bringing Gospel to Workshops

THE picture on this page represents a regular weekly scene in the molding room of the Modern Foundry Company at Cincinnati, where molders with grimy faces take part in a Y. M. C. A. religious service held every Thursday noon for twenty minutes, right in the foundry amid the molds. Once each week these molders gather in this religious service and give up part of their lunch hour to the singing of hymns, accompanied by a little portable organ and a cornet. This unique service has become very popular, and not one of the foundrymen stays away from this optional duty. Fortunately, meetings similar to those held in the Cincinnati foundry are being held in the shops of many of the cities of the country, and if the Y. M. C. A. of America did no more than carry on the shop evangelistic work, it would justify all the labor and expense of maintaining it. New York City has many of such meetings. In the summer time the Bible Institute and other organizations hold similar services. It is necessary for the safety of the nation that the church and the workers of the country should be in harmonious relationship. The popular claim that the laboring people have abandoned the church is far from the truth. The working people are the bone and sinew of the church everywhere. Atheism and anarchism have tried hard to break this relationship of labor to the church, and some have been led away by the temptation; but a majority of the laboring people are firmly established in their loyalty to the home, the church and the State. Not all the churches recognize the obligation, privilege and joy of ministering to the spiritual wants of those who labor with their hands. The Young Men's Christian Association and other organizations in these shop meetings have caught the spirit of the early disciples:

And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ. (Acts 5: 42.)

A Noon Hour Gospel Service in the Molding Room of a Foundry, Cincinnati, Ohio

Fifty Thousand Lost Girls

GENERAL THEODORE BINGHAM, formerly Commissioner of Police in New York, recently declared: "There are fifty thousand young women and girls lost in the United States every year. They simply drop out of existence." Many of those who are lost to sight find honorable employment, but alas, a fearfully large number are drowned in the tides of vice and crime. Thousands of girls break away from the restraints of home and flock to the cities, where they are speedily lost. Thousands of ambitious young women seek the cities every year hoping to better their condition. Lacking experience and resources, they fall an easy prey to unscrupulous men who are always in search of unprotected women and girls. Under the pretense of conducting them to a hotel or the home of a friend they seek, they are decoyed by the infamous white slave masters into places and lives of shame. The nation should bestir itself to a vigorous enforcement of the law, and the church should take the sword of the Spirit and with it end the fearful slaughter. In a period of widespread corruption the prophet promised a Divine conqueror of these vicious monsters.

In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan, the piercing serpent, . . . and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea. (Isaiah 27: 1.)

Hopeful Sunday School Statistics

THE most enthusiastic optimism is awakened at the perusal of the advance statistics of the Methodist Sunday Schools for the year and the quadrennium, which shows these startling figures of increase, the latter being in each case for the four years: Schools 35,528, increase 1,352; officers and teachers, 412,517, increase 53,788; scholars, 3,629,-[illegible], increase 642,081; combined enrolment, 4,042,-[illegible], increase 695,869; conversions, 1908-11, 623,262. Nineteen missionaries in the field have organized 1,112 schools, with 42,000 members. Out of these have grown 345 missions, and from these 294 churches, with 117 new churches worth $226,650. In 7,182 adult Bible classes are enrolled 150,462 students. It is likely that the reports of the Sunday Schools of other denominations will show correspondingly encouraging results. There are perplexing problems to solve, there are real barriers that give excuse for temporary discouragement in the Lord's work, but no one can contemplate the education, the sanctification of young life by the Holy Spirit through the instrumentality of the church in her Sunday Schools and young people's organizations without the feeling of gratitude, and hope in Christ's certain and speedy conquest of the world. The work of the Sunday School in the study of the Scriptures is in obedience to the command given in the earliest period of Jewish history:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children. (Deut. 6: 7.)

James Whitcomb Riley's First Poem

HAMILTON J. DUNBAR, a brilliant young lawyer of Greenfield, Ind., died in 1876, and Rev. H. A. Buchtel, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Knightstown, Ind., officiated at the funeral. Close to the head of the coffin sat a sign-painter of Greenfield, who, like the whole village, idolized the deceased. The sign-painter went home and wrote a poem on Ham Dunbar, which he sent to the Indianapolis *Journal*. The poem was noticed so generally and received with such favor that he made up his mind that maybe there was something more for him to do in life than write names on signs of metal or wood. That painter and poet was James Whitcomb Riley. The poem, which is not included in Riley's published volumes, is as follows:

Dead! Dead! Dead!
We thought him more than
And none so proud to see him tread
The rounds of fame, and lift his head
Where sunlight ever shone:
But now our aching eyes are dim.
And look through tears in vain for him!

Name! Name! Name!
It was the theme
Not over-proud, only of fame,
Coupled with us together like a flame
Reflected in a gem.
He wears it blazing on his brow
Within the courts of Heaven now!

Tears! Tears! Tears!
Like dews upon the leaf
That [illegible]
The blossom of a trust appears
That [illegible]
And mother, brother, wife and child
[illegible]

Dr. Buchtel, who is chancellor of Denver University and an ex-governor of Colorado, made an exact copy of the poem and used it recently in his college exercises. We take special pleasure in giving this beautiful poem to our readers, most of whom have never seen it, because Ham Dunbar was our college mate, our bosom companion, and our ideal. We do not recall any one with keener intellect, larger heart, purer character, loftier ambition, and greater earthly promise. Had he lived he would probably have been heard from at the forefront of national achievement and patriotic service. James Whitcomb Riley has suffered a stroke of paralysis and says his work is done; but like the lyre of Orpheus, which, thrown into the river with the body of its dead master, sent forth the same sweet strains of music as when swept by living fingers, the lyre of the Hoosier poet will send out its lovely strains of melody years after he shall have been gathered to his fathers. It will be noticed that Riley's first poem, the one on his ideal and ours, was a vision of immortality. It reminds us of the Christian comfort the apostle gives:

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. (I. Thes. 4: 13.)

Wireless News for Islands

FOUR thousand inhabitants of the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, who are shut off from communication with the mainland for six months of the year, are to receive the news of the world by wireless at the expense of the Canadian Government. Arrangements have been completed by the postmaster-general to have 1,000 words of the best news sent each week-end to the islanders. The service will begin immediately. The weekly messages will be delivered to the Protestant ministers and Catholic priests, to be read to their respective congregations at the close of the Sunday services. The Psalmist refers to good news brought to islands:

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. (Ps. 97: 1.)

$10,000 Purse Raised

MRS. ANNIE WALSH, widow of Battalion Chief Walsh, of the Fire Department of New York, who was killed in the Equitable fire, visited fire headquarters the other day at the request of Fire Commissioner Johnson, to receive a check for $10,363.77, contributed by hundreds of persons through various agencies. Commissioner Johnson said: "This sum, together with the lifting of the mortgage on your home and the annual pension of $1,000 a year which is paid to the widows of all firemen who lose their lives in the discharge of their duty, will at least keep out of your mind, as a mother, the dread of poverty." The commissioner said: "His steady advancement through all grades of the service speaks for itself. His devotion to the service was manifested not only in the example which he set to his men in the very monotonous routine of firehouse duty, but in an unsurpassed zeal in the never-ceasing battles. His service to the department and to the city would have been enough had he lived and kept up through his career his energetic and faithful work. But in the end he laid down upon the altar of duty and public service the supremest sacrifice—his own life." The gift to the family of the hero, which was as just as generous, only echoed the voice of the people and, we believe, of the Master also.

Well done, good and faithful servant. (Matt. 25: 23.)

Dying Man His Brother

THE other night as Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A., retired, was motoring along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, a man walking briskly through the twilight in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House, crumpled down in a heap, then sprawled on the pathway. General Miles left his car to peer over the heads of the crowd that gathered. "It's my brother," said the general, when he saw the upturned face. Then he took the body up in his arms and carried it to his automobile. Daniel C. Miles was the man's name. He lived in Westminster, Mass., and was visiting the general. The coroner said his heart had failed. We are jostled in the throng. We are walking or driving our wheels in the highway, and we are always surprised and shocked as death stops the procession, forgetting that the most certain thing in life is its uncertainty. The Psalmist thus pictures its frailty:

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. (Ps. [illegible])

A $7,000,000 FIRE AT HOUSTON

ON FEBRUARY 21, the most destructive fire in the history of the city of Houston, Texas, swept an area one mile and a half in length, and varying in width from two hundred yards to half a mile, practically bare. More than a dozen of the city's most important industrial enterprises are in ruins, over two hundred dwelling houses and store buildings were reduced to ashes, and approximately one thousand persons were rendered homeless.

An accurate statement of the monetary loss is not yet possible, but the most conservative estimate is that it will reach at least $7,000,000, and it is believed that the insurance carried will not exceed 40 per cent. Except for a few who suffered minor burns and bruises, there were no casualties attendant upon the fire.

The fire started in an untenanted rooming house, known locally as the "Mad House," shortly after one o'clock in the morning, when a fierce gale was sweeping from the northwest. Buffalo Bayou divides the city, running east and west, and it was not until the conflagration had reached its bank that the slightest headway could be made toward checking it. Except for an occasional dip across the stream, the line of destruction ended there.

In the early morning hours the gale continued fiercely and at times hurled clouds of burning shingles and fire great distances, and threatened, among others, the plants of the Texas Oil Company and the Houston Packing Company. The latter was damaged considerably. Several times the roof of the oil plant caught fire, but the blaze each time was quickly extinguished. The industrial plants destroyed include three cotton compresses, together with 55,000 bales of cotton, a syrup factory, a pencil factory, two rice mills, a cotton-picking plant, and three lumber yards. The compresses and cotton alone were valued in excess of $5,000,000. Quick action was taken for the relief of those made homeless, but outside aid, when offered, was declared unnecessary. Telegrams were sent by the mayors of Louisville and Boston and the president of the Merchants' Association of New York, proffering aid, but to these Mayor Rice replied that Houston could meet every need.

A General View of the Burned District of Houston, Texas

Among the mills, factories, and plants that were either totally destroyed or seriously damaged by the fire are: McFadden Southern Compress and Warehouse Company, Dew Brothers' Syrup Mill, Houston & Liggett Lumber Company, Rogers Paint Company, Hudson's Pencil Factory, Houston Packing Company, Ed. H. Harrell Lumber Yards, Standard Company, the Co-operative Manufacturing Company, Acme Mills, Cleveland Compress and Cotton Warehouse, McIlhenny Cotton Pickery, Texas; Tinners' Supply Company, Industrial Rice Milling Company's plant, Southwestern Rice Company's mill, Hoosier Vinegar Company's plant, and a number of lesser mills. Thirty-six Southern Pacific cars loaded with cotton bales were burned.

Mr. Taft Against a Postal Telegraph

IN a message sent to Congress on February 22, President Taft announced his disapproval of Postmaster-General Hitchcock's proposition for government ownership and operation of telegraph lines. He did not agree with the claim that lower rates and more efficient service would result from government ownership; nor did he agree with the proposition to make the telegraphs a part of the postal system, to be operated in conjunction with the mail system. The message continued:

I believe that the true principle is that private enterprise should be permitted to carry on such public utilities under due regulation as to rates by proper authority, rather than that the government should itself conduct them. This principle I favor because I do not think it in accordance with the best public policy thus greatly to increase the body of public servants. More than this, it seems to me that the consideration of the question ought to be postponed until after the postal savings banks have come into complete and smooth operation and after a parcels post has been established, not only upon the rural routes and the city deliveries but also throughout the department. It will take some time to perfect these additions to the activities of the Post Office Department and we may well await their complete and successful adoption before we take on a new burden in this very extended department.

The President pointed out that there was a postal surplus of $219,118.12 at the end of 1911, compared with a deficit of $17,479.47 two years before. He approved the adoption of a parcels post. He also sent to Congress the report of the Commission on second-class mail matter, recommending that the rate on magazines and newspapers be raised from one cent to two cents a pound.

In approving the two-cent rate, however, President Taft says that the business of the publishers of periodicals has been built up on the basis of the one-cent rate, and therefore it would be manifestly unfair to put a larger increase in postage into immediate effect. A reasonable time should be allowed after the rate is fixed before it is put into effect. He admits that the newspapers and magazines have been potent agencies for the dissemination of public intelligence, and consequently have borne a worthy part in the development of the country. He then proceeds to repeat the old argument that while second-class matter embraces over 65 per cent. of the entire weight of all the mail carried, it yields little more than 5 per cent. of the postal revenues. The proposed increase of one cent a pound he therefore considers reasonable.

The commission upon whose report the President's recommendations are based included Justice Charles E. Hughes, of the Supreme Court; A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University, and Harry A. Wheeler, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce. It is believed that the proposed increase of postal rate would operate very seriously in the case of many publications, and would compel a general advance in the published prices of magazines and periodicals all along the line.

At the hearing, a year ago, it was demonstrated that the proposed increase in second-class postal rate was unnecessary, and would be an injustice to the press of the country. Facts and figures were produced to prove that the Post Office Department, under proper management, would show a surplus instead of a deficit, and this has proved to be true, since, as the result of economy, the last fiscal year produced a surplus of over $219,000. As the postmaster-general's contention was that the second-class mail rate of one cent per pound was the cause of the original deficit, the showing of last year's business takes away altogether the force of this latest argument and demonstrates that it was lack of business system and proper economy in other directions that caused the deficit, which has now been transformed into a surplus. But the President and postmaster-general seem resolved to urge upon Congress the addition of a needless postal tax upon the newspapers, periodicals and magazines, which must ultimately become a burden upon the people themselves, since a large majority of these publications, should such a measure become a law, will be compelled to increase their present prices. At the close of the last session of Congress, the bill for the increased postal rate never reached a vote, nor will any bill of the same character do so at the present session, if Congress looks at the matter squarely and with full understanding of all the circumstances. It would be an injustice and onerous burden upon the reading public, imposed to gratify the administration, and especially the post office management, which is densely oblivious to the fact that the periodical press of a number of other countries is carried by mail at a lower rate than ours, and at a profit! Further, neither Mr. Taft nor Mr. Hitchcock seem to give a moment's consideration to the great multitude of newspaper, magazine and periodical readers, who include practically the entire population of the country. Such a bill would be a stupid blow at the reading public. In striking at the press, newspapers included, Congress would be strangely unmindful of the fact that its act would deprive millions of readers in all the States of the privilege they now enjoy in their homes, where cheap periodical literature, in the forms of dailies, weeklies and monthlies, is a large contributor to popular education and enlightenment on the great issues of the times. We predict for such a measure the inglorious fate of its predecessor.

Another Revolution In Mexico

PRESIDENT MADERO'S rule in Mexico is being threatened by another revolution. The President is accused of being too friendly with the United States, and the rebels are endeavoring to put Emilio Vasquez Gomez in the presidential chair.

On February 27 the town of Juarez, directly across the Rio Grande River from El Paso, Tex., was captured by a force of revolutionists under the command of General Campa. There was practically no resistance on the part of the town, which fact is said to be due to the warning given by the United States that there must be no firing which will endanger life and property on the American side of the border. The Twenty-second Regiment and two batteries of the Third Light Artillery have been ordered to proceed from Fort Sam Houston to El Paso. The President has declared that if his warning is disregarded and shots are found to carry across the border, the American troops will proceed to Mexico and take a hand in the disturbances.

The capture of Juarez by the rebels is not considered to have the same significance now that the conquest of the same city had under the forces of General Madero in the former revolution. In the former case it was the most important event of a long series of successful operations. While its present capture by the rebels may not be a serious blow to the administration, it will doubtless lead to more vigorous and important maneuvers on the part of the revolutionary army. After the capture of the city, General Campa proceeded southward toward the city of Chihuahua.

Already complications have arisen over the capture of Americans in Mexico, charged with aiding the revolutionists. Seven Americans were taken at Fronteras, Mex., and placed under guard.

General Trevino has been mentioned as a possible presidential candidate, and General Orozco was thought at one time to be in sympathy with the rebels, but both of these officers are remaining faithful to the administration.

A CELEBRATION IN QUAINT SIAM

Making Friends with a Bear Cub

A Glimpse of One of Siam's Frequent River Processions

A Baby Elephant Begging for Sweets

IT WOULD be a great revelation to most of those in the homeland to see the wonderful combination of magnificence and simplicity, of the modern and the ancient, the European and the Oriental, the civilized and the barbarous, that reflects the tropic sun of this strange land, Siam. In its cities one finds on every hand the evidences of the modern tendencies of the country's late king, Chulalongkorn, and of its new sovereign, Vaajiravudh; yet the life of the jungles is never far from the outlying plantation, and often comes to the very doors of the dwellers in towns and small cities. Usually one of the first things to be commented upon by an observant traveler who journeys into the interior is the apparent disregard for man's presence that is displayed by animals which elsewhere ordinarily flee at his approach. As the Siamese are nominally Buddhists, they have the deepest respect for life in any form, and reverence it even in the lowest animals. The lower classes will endure almost any amount of discomfort and even face grave personal danger rather than molest an animal. This often brings about very strange occurrences. It is only a few months ago that Mr. Ray Peoples, son of Dr. S. C. Peoples, shot a full-grown tiger, which was known to be a man-eater, within the city limits of Nan, one of the leading cities of the Laos States.

Siam is pre-eminently the land of animals, and not a few of those which pass and repass in the course of the day's work keep the new arrival waiting to hear a steam calliope inform the countryside that a circus is in town. There goes the sacred Indian buffalo! But this time he and his brother are only going, under the charge of two small boys, down into the rice paddy behind the temple to plow. Stripped of all his gay trappings, the elephant, no longer a mere show, goes peacefully, patiently and intelligently about his herculean tasks. Two of these splendid animals carried or dragged all the heavy timbers for the boys' school which was recently erected at Nan.

The whole elephant tribe is looked upon with great veneration by the Siamese. The elephant is the symbolic animal of the country, and though his ponderous strength is daily used in his master's service, he is man's co-laborer, not his beast of burden. Lucky is that elephant who is born an albino; for he shall be all his days a sacred white elephant, scrubbed and fattened and pampered, and he shall do no work at all. Even the baby who is a little lighter gray than his relatives may attain to greatness. Only a few months ago one of these baby elephants that was only light gray in color, not a true albino, was shipped with great ceremony from Laos to the king at Bangkok. Animals large and small abound in the jungles and along the waterways. No trip need be taken without a plentiful supply of game, for "fan" deer, quail, queen pigeons and peafowl may be had for the table at the expense of a little patience and a good straight shot.

In Nan the governor (*chow luang* or Great Prince) has just completed the beautiful palace which has been in course of construction for nearly ten years, and which has cost upward of $40,000. On November 1 and 2 last the ceremonies in connection with the opening of this new official residence were held. The palace is situated near the center of the city and is surrounded by splendid grounds enclosed by a high brick wall. The building itself is of brick, the outside of its walls being plastered with a hard, shiny-finished cement. The main part of the structure measures 40 by 120 feet and has a wing measuring 40 by 50 feet on each side. The Hall of Audience, which is a splendid apartment measuring 40 by 60 feet, is on the second floor of the building and is reached by two exterior stairways. The sleeping apartments occupy the two wings and the whole lower floor is utilized for business offices and store rooms. Heavy ornamental awnings protect all the windows and the wide portico of the audience hall from the tropical sun. Great attention is given to the finishing of the gables. As the ox is recognized as the tutelar spirit of Nan, it is depicted in the center with two dragons on either side. Other gables are finished with fine scroll work in teak. The roof is in native style with the customary huge gilded horn rising above each gable. The whole effect is very pleasing.

The governor of the state, who has just moved into this splendid residence, is eighty-one years of age, and though still erect and capable, sight and hearing are both gradually failing him. He enjoys the deepest respect from the people of his province, as no modern reform has lacked his endorsement. He has built bridges and improved the roads, making possible trade and communication where formerly there were only jungle trails. The opening of the new palace was a great event in Nan. Thousands of people gathered to see the ceremonies and join the festivities. All the missionaries had written invitations to the functions and the dinner, and attended in a body.

The dedication services of the Buddhist priests were held in the afternoon of the first day. The missionaries attended this service and were shown marked attention by the governor and high officials. We were seated in the large reception room where the ceremony was held. On one side of the room were fifteen priests in their yellow robes seated upon a raised platform and at the farther end was an altar on which were placed images of Buddha illuminated by tall wax candles. Beside the altar stood the throne-chair with its crimson silk cushions bearing the wonderful gold crown, the great sword with its golden scabbard inlaid with jewels, and a brilliant array of decorations. One wide gold chain for the shoulders was truly magnificent. Near the altar stood a table with a spread heavily embroidered with gold. On this were placed the gold vessels belonging to the office of governor, vases, betel box, water bottle, teapot and goblets. A life-sized painting of the governor occupied the place of honor above the altar. This was one of many gifts he received on this occasion. Two elephant tusks five feet in length, a handsome mirror, and many other presents were laid out for show. A black tusk three feet long and six inches in diameter was a great curiosity. It appeared to be petrified, and was an heirloom in the governor's family. The walls were decorated with family pictures, crossed swords, spears, and other weapons of war used long ago. Upon the floor were handsome rugs. There was a long cord attached to the altar and extending along the line of priests, each priest holding the cord in one hand while chanting.

Mr. Ray Peoples, Mr. Wm. McCluskey and Some of the Mission Children with the Slain Tiger

"At eleven o'clock the following morning, after an address upon the lawn, the governor was escorted to his new mansion by all the high officials and his friends. There with great respect all tendered their congratulations. The afternoon was given up to sports. One event that was heartily enjoyed was a tug of war between the governor's big elephant and eighty men. It was a pretty even pull, but the men finally took the prize. I suppose the elephant could stand defeat better than the eighty men!

"The great attraction was the evening feast. The grounds and building were brilliantly illuminated with gas and Japanese lanterns; the full moon was shining in all its tropical brightness; thousands of white elephant flags fluttered in the breeze, while bands of music added to the gaiety of the moving throng. The dinner hour was seven P.M.—for the ladies! It was nine o'clock before the men were seated at table. as they waited while the ladies were served first! The princesses wore their glittering cloth-of-gold garments, modern chiffon blouses, with gaily embroidered scarfs and a blaze of jewelry. Mrs. Peoples, Mrs. Palmer, and Miss Van Vranken, who were present, report a very enjoyable time. The men while waiting were entertaind by a native string band, while two tiny little girls gave some pretty dances, Dr. Peoples, Mr. Palmer, and your humble servant enjoying it all among the rest. We greatly enjoyed meeting the high officials, princes, and judges. At nine P.M. we were invited into the large reception room where a table was spread for twenty-four. The dinner was served in European style, competent Chinese waiters being in attendance.

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AN ARCADIA OF THE SOUTH

The Ups and Downs of La Paz

A Bolivian Band Concert Before the President's Palace

A Typical Scene in La Paz

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BY A. R. STARK

CALLAO, PERU

THE physical situation and political condition of Bolivia, after its independence from Spain and until comparatively modern times, are illustrated by an anecdote related of a consul for Holland. The consul, who had suffered serious injury through the illegal action of an executive, personally demanded redress from the president. On being informed by the president that he was acquainted with the circumstances, but could not intervene, the consul replied, affirming his right "as a diplomatic representative of the *Paises Bajos*" (Low Countries). "*Muy bien*" (very well), replied the president; "but I control the *Paises Altos* (High Countries), and if you make any trouble I will put you in prison and keep you there."

Clifford Speck, ready for the march

In territorial extent, Bolivia stands third among the republics of South America and is one of the two without a seaport. Her natural outlet to the Pacific Ocean was taken by Chile at the end of the war of the Pacific, and to-day she is shut off from the sea like Switzerland. La Paz, Oruro and Potosi are all cities standing over 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. Bolivia's economic advance during recent years has been noteworthy, particularly in the line of railroad extension. La Paz, Lake Titicaca, Oruro and Potosi are all linked with Antofagasta on the Pacific Coast, and express trains carry passengers from La Paz, the capital, to Antofagasta on the sea-coast in two days.

Three centuries of Spanish domination and nearly a century of political independence have done little to produce, or to lay a solid foundation for, a sound system of public education in any way adequate to the needs of the country. Primary education for the Quichua and Aimara Indian element, which forms the bulk of the population, hardly exists, and probably not one Indian in a hundred can read. What there is in the way of secondary education is largely monopolized by the aristocracy and the better classes of the country. A few have passed from these institutions to the universities, but the great bulk of the people of Bolivia to-day are entirely ignorant of the benefits of education.

As Bolivia is breaking away from the ecclesiastical shackles that have bound her for centuries, the people are recognizing that there is uplifting power in Protestant Christianity. Evangelical forces are steadily increasing in number and are deepening their influence on the national character. Quite recently the writer was present at an influential meeting in the city of La Paz, called by some of its leading citizens, with the avowed object of inviting the Young Men's Christian Association of New York to establish a branch of that organization in the capital of Bolivia. It is a notable fact that movements set on foot by evangelical Protestants for educational development and uplifting of the down-trodden Indian have deservedly met with considerable encouragement and support from the Bolivian Government.

Indian Motherhood in Bolivia

One of these movements, the American Institute, during the few years of its existence, has already secured for itself a national reputation for a good modern education based on American principles. This school is situated in one of the most picturesque spots in the beautiful valley in which La Paz nestles, and which the traveler having once seen can never forget. The majority of the staff of teachers is composed of graduates from American colleges and educational institutes, who, inspired by missionary zeal and love, have left kith and kin to work for the upbuilding of this people whose home is on the roof of South America.

Evangelical activities in Bolivia are carried forward by the Methodist Episcopal Board, the Canadian Baptists, an Australian band of evangelists and other independent workers. The two great Bible Societies are also at work. Let us follow Clifford Speck, an American, with the Bible on the great elevations of Bolivia. Leaving Oruro in company with another worker they set out for Cochabamba, traveling by train as far as Capinota. After leaving the train they traveled on foot for about thirty-eight leagues with their knapsacks filled with books. They were able to sell every book they carried with them. Speck took with him a large supply of books and on entering the camp he found the manager ready to do everything possible for him. "Sell all you can, and if they have not got the money," said he, "take their orders and I will pay you and deduct it from their wages." "It was a real pleasure," writes Speck, "to hand out the Bibles. Lighter in weight and encouraged in heart we proceeded towards a village, made our inquiries, and set out for our return trip. Suddenly the sky overclouded and a heavy mountain shower came down with great force. We took refuge in an Indian's hut. In a short time the storm was over, but the streams which we had crossed in the morning had swollen considerably. As the stronger of the two I had to carry my companion across several of them. This took place at an altitude of some 11,000 feet. The water was surely cold enough."

Potosi, which was once a flourishing city of some 150,000 people, is to-day tottering to the ground, reduced to a population of some 12,000, supported principally by the mint, and other hangers-on who eke out an existence in connection with the silver mines. Going into the city, Clifford Speck sold out his books. He entered quite a number of houses whose inmates had already bought Bibles and were much pleased and interested in his visit. In a conversation with one of them he found a family that had been reading the Bible and lending it to other friends who were inquiring where they could obtain a copy.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—IN THE LAST twelve months, 423 persons were killed by vehicles in New York streets—a death toll 13 per cent. higher than the year preceding. Two thousand and four were injured during the year from the same cause. Reckless motoring is responsible for a very large proportion of these accidents. One of the worst features of this record of criminal recklessness is that sixty of the cowards ran away to avoid identification and arrest after killing or maiming their unfortunate victims. Surely the city authorities, backed by adequate laws, should be able to stop this needless slaughter and to punish the criminals who are responsible for it.

—THE POSITION OF THOSE of the mill operatives of Lawrence, Mass., who are still on strike, refusing to recognize the compromise effected between some of their fellows and the mill owners, was brought more fully to the attention of the public a short time ago by a clash between them and the police of the city. It was the intention of the managers of the strike to send a number of the children of the strikers to Philadelphia and Providence to be cared for by sympathizers in a way similar to that adopted in sending 200 children to New York. The city officials issued an order that the children should not be allowed to leave the city and a score of policemen were on duty at the station to see that the order was carried out. There was a scene of wild disorder. The children were prevented from going on board the train. A number of arrests of men, women and children were made. Most of the adults were either fined or sent to jail, while the children were released in the custody of the probation officer.

—THE CHORUS OF FAREWELL messages and assurances of welcome to the republics of the South which greeted Secretary Knox as he started on his official journey through Central and South America was disturbed by an unexpected and inharmonious note from General Pedro Nel Ospina, minister to the United States from Colombia, which informed Mr. Knox that he might not be welcome at Cartagena. The reason for this surprising information was declared to be that "the citizens of Colombia are naturally deeply aggrieved to find their country the only one in the world with which the United States refuses to enter into a treaty of arbitration." There was a little furor over this incident and it was not till cablegrams stating that the Colombian Government was as surprised as any one by the announcement that Americans began to see the real standing of affairs. On fuller information the Colombian Government entirely disclaimed official connection with General Ospina's note and extended to Mr. Knox a hearty invitation to visit its capital. Very much to the chagrin of the officials of the government at Washington, General Ospina was, a few days later, recalled to Colombia. The general was considered to be much less dangerous to the peace of his country in Washington than at home with his acknowledged popularity and a grievance.

THE YOUTHFUL SOUL

A Tale of The Great Highway. By David DeForest Burrell

IN a certain house by the Great Highway there lived a Youthful Soul. The house was one of perhaps two score little houses that went to the making of a Village straggling along the road. And the Village was like all other villages. Old folk were there, sitting in the sun by the wall; and babies, toddling about the dooryards.

Rich folk were there, in a comfortable, fresh-painted, brass-knockered house; and poor folk, whose gate hung by a hinge, and whose house was shedding its ancient paint in great scales. Clean folk were there, clean in body and soul; and folk who hid soiled souls in clean bodies; and slovenly folk who cared not for cleanness within or without. Proud folk were there, and humble folk; sober folk, and sots; kind folk and unkind; folk who thought and folk who never thought above the chickens in their yards. It was just like every other village on the Great Highway; and it was the Home of this Youthful Soul.

"A CERTAIN HOUSE BY THE GREAT HIGHWAY"

It so happened that the Youthful Soul began to think on things. As he went to his work day after day (he was apprenticed to the carpenter) he was wont to look up and down the road with wide, questioning eyes. From the far distance, over the plain, the road ran toward the Village; and he wondered whence it came. The neighbors said it came to them after it had passed through many and many a village and town and city; and the lad longed to travel up the road to see. But chiefly he was curious about what lay in the other direction. For the road made its dusty way through the Village and on over the plain until, in the far distance, it entered a deep Valley and was lost in dark shadows.

"OLD FOLK . . . IN THE SUN BY THE WALL"

Many people traveled that road to the Dark Valley; and the Youthful Soul longed to know what lay beyond. He could see nothing. Time and again he stood before the shop door and shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed down the road toward the Valley; but the shadows over the Valley were impenetrable, and they never lifted. But something, surely, lay beyond the darkness. The Great Highway, so full of people journeying that way, would not end in darkness—so he thought. A road must lead somewhere—so he thought.

He observed that every little while one of his own neighbors would take his journey toward the Dark Valley. Some of them seemed to know that they must go, and to be well prepared, setting their affairs in order, bidding their housefolk a tender good-by, and starting out with cheerful face toward the shadows. Indeed, they seemed to be well assured that beyond the shadows they would come out into the light. But there were others who, knowing that they must journey through the Dark Valley, seemed much afraid, and unready to go; and they trembled and clung to their dear ones, so that it was pitiful to see.

And some there were who seemed to have had no warning of the journey. The Village banker was one of these. When the Village awoke one morning he was gone. He left a pile of unsigned papers on his desk—very important papers; and his notebook was full of engagements for days to come; so that the Youthful Soul expected him to come back; but he never came. The young mother who lived just across the road, she did not know, either, that she must go. So, at least, it seemed to the Youthful Soul; for he had seen her cuddling her baby in her arms so often; and he was sure she would not have left the little one alone if she had known.

Many times he woke to find that some one had started on the journey in the night. Once or twice, when that some one happened to be a person who had been very sick, no one seemed surprised; but usually the Village was deeply disturbed and distressed. There seemed to be no certainty as to the order of going. Old men and children, men and women in the prime of their strength, helpless babes; the tenure of life in the Village seemed very uncertain to the Youthful Soul. He wondered now and then whether he must go too; and when it would be. He did not wish to go; and yet he had an insatiable curiosity to know whether the Great Highway ever did come out of the shadows, at the other end of the Dark Valley; and, if it did, what was there.

Of one thing he thought often. It seemed very odd, but those who had spent all their lives in gathering together their possessions went off to the Valley without them. There was the old man who lived in the little hut at the end of the Village. The lad peeped in at the door when he heard that the old man was going on the journey; and he saw him lying on his miserable cot, clutching a great heavy bag in his skinny fingers; but in the morning he heard that the old man had gone in the night and had left the bag lying on the counterpane. Then he discovered that everybody who journeyed to the Dark Valley left everything behind; and he wondered why. Of course, the babies that went could not take anything; but then, some one would look after the babies. There would be some one to do that. But these grown folk, with all their money, why did they take none with them? And if they knew they could not take it, why did they work so hard to get it?

There was another thing on which the Youthful Soul pondered. Those who were left behind, when some one took the journey to the Dark Valley, conducted themselves in such strange ways. After the old man in the hut had gone, every one seemed to be quite glad. So, after the town drunkard had suddenly dropped his mug on the tavern floor and set out for the Valley, even his wife had seemed relieved, though she had cried a little at first. But there were others who were broken-hearted when their folk set out on the journey. When the little mother over the way went, her husband was like one bereft of reason. They put the baby in his arms, but he could not bear the sight of it—which was wrong of him, so the Youthful Soul thought as he puzzled over it. The next morning, when the sun woke the Village, they found that the man had set out in the night to follow his wife to the Dark Valley. And that, too, seemed to the Youthful Soul to be a grievous wrong; for the man had left his work undone, and he had left the baby alone. And all the Village seemed to agree with the Youthful Soul; for all spoke in whispers, and seemed appalled. There were others, too, whom no one could comfort when their folk left them for the Dark Valley. They would go out and sit by the road and look off to where the road disappeared in the shadows of the Valley; and they would weep as if their hearts were broken. They seemed to think they would never again see the travelers who had gone. And others were stunned. They could not cry. They went about their daily tasks like people in a dream. The Youthful Soul thought this was very strange in some of them, for hitherto they had spoken of the Dark Valley in such a tone of assurance; and the travelers had even promised them that they would wait for them on the other side of the shadows; but they seemed to have forgotten all of that.

There were some left behind who were for a few days overwhelmed with grief; and they seemed to try to forget. The banker's wife went off to another and a larger town, and saw many sides of life, and kept herself busy with many people; and after a time she did forget; or so it seemed. The village smith, after his wife went on the journey, said never a word, but worked hard and harder, day and night. The Youthful Soul, many a night, saw the light shining through the smithy door, and heard the clang of the sledge; and he knew that the smith was trying to forget that his wife had gone on the journey to the Dark Valley. But there were some in the Village who, when their dear ones left, went on their way, saddened a little, with eyes more thoughtful, but still with a peaceful joy in life that made the Youthful Soul wonder whether they had not some secret knowledge of the Dark Valley and of whatever lay beyond it.

The carpenter, in whose shop the lad worked, was one of these. His wife and his children had all left him and gone on the journey to the Valley. He lived alone, in a cottage beside the shop. The neighbors would have had him live with them; but he shook his head and smiled a quiet smile. There he lived alone, and cared for the roses his wife's hand had planted. Many an evening the Youthful Soul had found him leaning on the gate, looking off down the road through the shadows toward that deeper shadow that lay beyond; but always on his face was the same quiet peace. It was in his voice, as well, one night when the lad spoke to him thus by the roadside:

"You seem always to be seeing something yonder," said the Youthful Soul.

The carpenter smiled through the dusk. "Aye, that I am, lad. I see a light—I see it more clearly every evening."

"But I can't see anything," said the lad in puzzled complaint. "I have looked and looked, and I see only the road hiding in the shadows, and nothing more."

"But there is more, lad," answered the carpenter.

"How do you know?"

"I have a Friend," said the man. "He told me. I knew no more than you, until I met him."

"Where can I find him?" asked the Youthful Soul; "for I want very much to know."

"You can find him here, in the Village, by the Great Highway," the man replied. "He is always on the Highway, speaking to people. Wait. You will find him. Those who look for him are wont to meet him soon or late."

"How shall I know him?" queried the lad.

And the carpenter smiled again (though the lad

"HE WAS WONT TO LOOK UP AND DOWN THE ROAD WITH WIDE, QUESTIONING EYES"

THE YOUTHFUL SOUL

could not see it through the darkness), and he answered, "When you look into his face, you will know him, lad."

Every day, now, the Youthful Soul questioned all he met, asking what they knew about the Dark Valley and the Land Beyond. They gave him many answers. When he spoke to the blacksmith, the man's face went white, and he shook his head without a word, and struck fiercely at the white-hot iron on his anvil. He asked the man who had come into possession of the bag left behind by the old miser; but the man sent him off with a shrill curse. He asked the town drunkard (before the poor wretch went himself on the journey), and for answer got a jeering:

"What do I know of the Valley? Nothing, lad, nothing; only I hope to my soul there's nothing beyond!"

He asked another, but he shuddered and daintily but firmly changed the subject. "My dear lad," he said, "we don't talk about the Dark Valley in good society. It's not proper. It disturbs people—makes them think. They don't want to think. Never mention it again, I beg of you."

He asked the good wife who lived next door to the carpenter; but she only said, "Bless you, young man! I haven't time to stop to talk of such things!"

Then he went to the man who sat now in the banker's place, and asked him; but the man did not even look up from the correspondence he was reading; he merely shook his head. He asked of a mother, singing, her child in her arms; and she said, "Beyond the Valley? Some say, heaven; but I think this is heaven enough." Then he plucked up courage and addressed the Wisest Man in the village, who smiled a superior smile and said, "Beyond the Valley? Nothing, I assure you. The researches of modern science go to show that we are but part of a material universe; its finest product, so far, but still mere clay, so to speak." And the Youthful Soul was cast down; but the carpenter, when he told him, only said, "Poor man! he does not know my Friend."

"Neither do I," said the lad.

"There's a difference," the man returned. "You want to know him."

* * *

One day the carpenter fell ill. The lad was working alone in the shop. A Stranger came along the dusty Highway and sat down in the open doorway to rest. And the lad, as he worked, eyed the Stranger and, after a time, spoke to him of the thing in his heart.

"You came from up the Road?"

"Aye, from many, many places, the world over."

"It may be," said the lad, "you have been this way before?"

"Yes, truly," answered the other, with a strange look on his face.

The lad ventured further. "It may be," he said, "you can tell me what I long to know. Whither runs the Road through the Dark Valley? and what lies beyond?"

The Stranger looked at the Youthful Soul. "Why would you know?" he asked.

"So many folk journey to the Dark Valley," the lad returned. His plane lay idle. He leaned against the doorpost. "Truly," said the other. "All make that journey, soon or late."

"But why?" the lad persisted.

"Their breath is in their nostrils," the Stranger said. "Their strength is but labor and sorrow: for it is soon gone, and they fly away."

But the lad looked out through the door, and saw the pretty village with its gardens and its homes and its dear folk; and he said regretfully, "It is so pleasant here."

The Stranger's eyes kindled. "It is a good land," he agreed; "but there is a better. The greater part of life is yet to be lived beyond the Valley yonder. This world looks big to your eyes, lad; but it is not big enough for the soul of an immortal man. Not big enough—nor good enough. Under these green trees do not men quarrel and bicker and bite and hate and hurt? Do not men soil their own souls with unclean things? See!" He pointed to his feet. "The dust of the Highway is on me. Yet beyond the Valley there is a Land where no traveler is travel-stained. A better world, lad, yonder!"

"A Land—there?" asked the Youthful Soul eagerly. "What kind of a land?"

"Mine own country," said the Stranger.

"And what is there in your own country?"

"The City of my Father lies there," answered the other, with a great light upon his face. "And therein, my Father's House. There are many mansions for all who will come. And my Father—he dwells in their midst; and he wipes away every tear from their eyes; and there is no mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more. And the gates of the City are never shut—that all who come may enter; and they that have entered the City go no more out, nor pass ever again through the Valley of the Shadow. There is no shadow there, no night; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for my Father gives them light."

"THEY WOULD WEEP AS IF THEIR HEARTS WERE BROKEN"

"Is it a long journey through the Valley?" the lad asked.

"Not so long but that he who looks for the Valley's end can see it from the beginning."

"But is it a dark way? Are the shadows so deep?"

"Very deep are the shadows," said the Stranger gravely; "but not so deep but that he who looks up can see the light at the Valley's end."

"But is the road rough where it goes through the Valley?"

"Aye, a hard road."

"But," said the Youthful Soul, "I see none going thitherward in company. Must one travel through the Valley alone?"

"There are many who go alone," the Stranger answered. "But if any man will, I will go with him and be his guide."

"You!" cried the lad. "Do you know the way?"

The other smiled gently as he replied, "I passed through the Dark Valley long ago."

The lad bent forward: "And was it dark indeed?" he asked.

"Aye, blackness of darkness! But beyond—in the City of my Father—it is glorious!"

The Youthful Soul was troubled. "But why," he asked, "why did you pass through the Valley?"

"My Father bade me," said the Stranger, "so that I, having traveled there, might show men the way. No man comes to the Father but by me."

The lad looked at him thoughtfully, and then a flash of recognition lighted up his eyes, and with a sudden joy he laughed aloud. "I know you!" he cried. "He said I would know you. You are his Friend, and you are here on the dusty Highway, where he said I would find you!"

The Stranger smiled again. "On the dusty Highway," he agreed. "Here am I always, on the Highway, ready to lead any who will go with me through the Valley."

"Some time," said the lad, with a question in his voice, "I, too, must go? I wish I could go with you! I wish you were here always!"

"I have been here many times," said the Stranger; "but you did not know me. Often have I been by the side of your friend the carpenter. He knows me. I am come even now to go with him."

Even as he spoke, a shadow fell on the ground before the door. The carpenter stood there, dressed as for a journey. He smiled down at the lad sitting on the threshold.

"I am sent for," he said simply. "I leave my work in your hands, lad. Be you a good workman."

"Nay," cried the lad; "do not go now!"

But the carpenter shook his head. "I must go. It is better yonder. My own are waiting for me there—beyond the Dark Valley. And there is work for me there—better work. Do not hold me." For the lad had caught his horny hand and was gripping it tight. "Do not hold me."

"Are you not afraid?" asked the Youthful Soul.

"Afraid?" The man smiled across at the Stranger standing by. "Afraid? Nay; not I. Does not my Friend go with me?"

The lad glanced at the Stranger. Then his troubled eyes fixed themselves again on the carpenter's face, and he asked once more, "Are you not afraid, not the least?"

And the carpenter looked not at him but at the Stranger as he answered, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

"Come," said the Stranger.

The carpenter loosed the lad's fingers from his own. "I want my Friend, dear lad," he said, "to be your Friend. He will come with you—as he goes with me. Deal kindly with the shop, lad—and with my rosebushes. Do good work—and come!"

The two turned and passed through the gate and down the Great Highway. The Youthful Soul saw them through a mist of tears; and then, as they drew away into the distance, he saw them no more.

After a time he went into the carpenter-shop, and busied himself at his work. He wet the fresh-planed plank with his tears; but still he worked. In the fall of the evening he laid down his plane and went out and stood on the dusty Highway; and he looked down the road toward the Dark Valley. Beyond the deep shadows he saw a great light, as of a land where glory shone. His heart was glad. He dried his tears.

The Golden Moments

OH, there are golden moments in men's lives,
Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds
All gold, which suddenly illume the gates
Of the lost sun.
Oh, pray for them! They bring
No increase, like the gains of sun and showers,
Only a moment's brightness to the earth,
Only a moment's gleam in common life,
Yet who would change them for the wealth of worlds?

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Italian Ships Bombard Beirut

THOUGH there has been, during the last few weeks, considerable skirmishing between the Turks and Italians in Tripoli, no naval engagement had taken place until, on February 24, two Italian cruisers shelled and destroyed two Turkish vessels, a gunboat and a torpedo-boat, in the harbor of Beirut, Syria. The foreign shipping in the harbor immediately ran up the flags of the nations to which the vessels belonged, and, either due to good luck or the care of the Italian gunners, seems to have suffered no damage. The city of Beirut was not so fortunate. The fort joined the gunboat in answering to the Italian fire, and so drew upon itself a few large shells, which soon set it on fire and effectively silenced it. Some of the despatches state that the Turkish troops from Damascus. The attempt by a number of prisoners to escape from the local jail was frustrated by the police. Martial law has since been proclaimed.

Admiral Faravelli, in his cabled report to Rome, emphatically denied the shelling of the city. He gave a detailed account of the destruction of the Turkish vessels and of his action. His statement was that, having given the Turkish commanders three hours in which to surrender, and received no reply at the end of that time, he opened fire and destroyed them.

In Beirut, which is the most important commercial city in Syria, there is a large foreign population, most of whom are Christians, and there are thirty-eight churches of various Christian denominations in the town. The

A General View of the Harbor of Beirut, Syria

town suffered quite severely, while others claim that little damage was done. All agree that a number of noncombatants were killed, the estimates ranging all the way from ten to two hundred persons. There was a regular panic during the bombardment, and many deserted the city, flying to the Lebanon hills, while others forced an entrance to the government armory and armed themselves.

The refusal of the Moslems who plundered the arms depot to surrender the weapons aroused natural alarm in the foreign and native Christian communities, but the panic was largely allayed by the promptitude with which the vali took measures for the maintenance of order and summoned American Presbyterian Mission has been active in Beirut for nearly a century. Spread over the province are about one hundred and fifty schools connected with American missions, with many thousands of pupils. Three missionaries with their wives, one bachelor missionary and five women missionaries are engaged in the work of the society in Syria.

The Seventh Day Adventist Mission Board has four missionaries in the country, while belonging to the Syrian Protestant College in the City of Beirut, an institution generally known as the American College, there are 750 students, under the instruction of 50 professors, 30 of whom are American citizens.

The Giant "Olympic" Again in Trouble

WIRELESS dispatches which were received in Southampton, England, from Captain E. J. Smith of the White Star liner *Olympic* on the fifth day out from New York reported that she had broken a blade from one of her propellers in some unknown way, though it was supposed from contact with a sunken wreck somewhere about 360 miles west of the Lizard Lighthouse Station. It was thought at first that the damage was so serious that the vessel would have to proceed directly to Belfast, Ireland, to go up on the dry dock. Later reports, however, announced that she had sustained but slight damage and would proceed to her regular ports and complete the voyage under her own steam. The following day the ship was reported as safely arrived at Plymouth, England, where she discharged her passengers and freight and made ready to go to Belfast for repairs. Though it is hardly a year since this ocean giant made her first appearance she has, besides this slight accident, already suffered one which, though of no danger or consequence to the passengers, cost the owners heavily—the collision with the British cruiser *Hawke* in the Solent last fall.

A TESTIMONIAL IN RHYME

Miss Emily L. Hoyle, of South Willington, Conn., sends a testimonial in verse in which she says:

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD: I am late
Your kindness to appreciate.
So many obstacles befall—
Yet "better late than not at all."
Among the many presents sent
Is the "Red Letter Testament"—
A book the old or young would prize,
Just suited to old people's eyes;
And all the words our Lord hath said
Are printed here in letters red.
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no peer—
'Tis growing better every year!
Of all the magazines I read
This is the one to take the lead.

Make the Sunday evening tea a treat with a rarebit, made in the Snider way, using Snider's Tomato Catsup.

There are many Catsups, but Snider's is *the one Catsup* bottle that stands out, alone, recognized wherever seen, bec use of the long record for superiority that belongs to the famous

SNIDER'S
Tomato
CATSUP

Little differences in the making produce great differences in results. Utmost care is exercised in the kind of tomatoes used for Snider's, and even in the moment of picking. They are all "home-growns." Each and every tomato that goes into Snider's Catsup must be picked when red-to-the-stem-end and must be "done into catsup" the very day it is plucked."

Think of the saving which results from using Snider's Catsup, not only as a relish — unsurpassed — for meats, hot or cold, all fish and oysters, but also as a seasoning in gravies, soups, hot tomato sauce, spaghetti, macaroni, meat pies, etc., etc.

Extreme care must be exercised to have purees and seasonings just right, and some cooks have difficulty in getting them twice the same, when the process must all be gone through each time. But Snider's Catsup saves all the time, worry and labor, while the extra fine materials used in Snider's Catsup—the seven rare and imported spices, the perfect tomatoes and the numerous other choice ingredients, some brought from far at much expense, could not be obtained at all in many kitchens. Yet they are all right at hand, blended to perfection, ever the same, in the Snider Catsup Bottle. The wise cook keeps it under her good right hand. Snider's Catsup seasons everything perfectly in a wink.

Snider Tomato Rarebit

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup thin cream
1-2 cup Snider's Tomato Catsup
2 cups cheese—measured after grating, or running through chopper
2 eggs slightly beaten
Salt

Melt butter in sauce pan, add flour; pour in gradually, the cream, and as soon as mixture thickens, add the catsup. Then add cheese, eggs, and salt to taste. Serve, as soon a cheese has melted, on soda crackers or crisp toast.

MRS. HELEN MAR THOMSON.

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Happy Cozy Corner Days

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

THE garden is a lovesome thing, God wot;
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school of Peace;
And yet the fool
Contends that God is not in gardens.
Not in gardens! When the eve is cool!
Nay, but I have a sign.
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

(Continued from last week's talk on gardens.)

IN PLANNING a garden, plan to have plenty of the old-time, sweet-scented flowers that make into good old-fashioned nosegays. Nosegays never come from greenhouses or conservatories. No, indeed. They must be gathered at random in a garden where lady-slippers and cinnamon pinks, scarlet fuchsias, honeysuckle, tuberoses, columbines, marigold, garden lilies, ladies' smocks and foxglove are loved and cared for, or sweetbriar and branches of rosemary and lavender, with sprigs of mignonette, love-in-a-mist, sweet alyssum, heliotrope, with sprays of fragrant leaves, arranging themselves as they are cut. Ah! a nosegay made of flowers we have loved and tended ourselves is truly wonderful.

Then there are the royal red poppies, the daisies, the golden glow, asters, hollyhocks, gladioli, all strong, big, showy flowers. And, of course, the queen of every garden, the rose—damask, tea, briar, cabbage, hundred-leaf, moss, climbing, American Beauty, My Maryland, La France, and all the rest. Is this not inspiration enough for all of us to set forth with spade and trowel, and dig in the rich, good earth? Do not use up all your energy at once. Do a little each day and write me about your plans. I would dearly love to help you all along the way. I have lived all of my life in an old-fashioned garden, and it may be I could tell you many things about growing flowers successfully.

Do not attempt to raise too great a variety of flowers at first. Select eight or ten, or even twelve varieties, and make up your mind to succeed with those.

For Boys

I BELIEVE there never was a good, honest boy who did not, at some time, long to own a plot of ground where he could plant things and watch them grow. Now, I would suggest that boys plant flowers, the seeds of which are vegetables. Plant rows of scarlet runner, for example, along the garden fence. The bright red flowers are beautiful, and if allowed to go to seed, will afford delicious kidney beans for the table three or four times a week from June to frost. Parsley, mint, lettuce, cress, are beautiful and hardy. Vegetable marrow is easily raised. A bed of herbs, thyme, lavender, marjoram, sage, winter savory, fennel, tarragon is an easy bed for a boy to manage, and need not be replanted oftener than once in several years.

Next week I shall have something to say to the very little folk about gardens.

EASTER

Ere man is aware
That spring is here
The flowers have found it out.
—*Old Chinese Song.*

MY dear Boys and Girls: I am sure we will all agree that one of the loveliest things about the spring is that it brings us the dear Eastertime. Did you know that "Eostre" is the name of an ancient goddess of the spring worshiped by the Anglo-Saxons? Several days were set aside for her festival, which was celebrated at the same time of the calendar that we celebrate the Easter season. Which reminds me: Do you know just how to tell when Easter will be? It is quite simple, yet so many people are confused over it. Look in your almanac and find the full moon which falls upon the twenty-first day of March, or the day nearest after that. Easter will be the first Sunday after that full moon.

Christ is Risen! Alleluia!

In the olden times in heathen Europe great processions carrying branches and blossoms trailed through the spring woods, many of the people leading bulls and lambs and yearling fawns garlanded with flowering vines in honor of the return of "Eostre," and all tribes did what they could to show their delight that the spring had come again. The old heathen festival is forgotten now, and the sweet story of Christ, so rich in joy and promise, has taken its place. The Christian world, with its most wonderful festival of all the year, celebrates the resurrection of the Son of God after his death.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all his works are rising too.

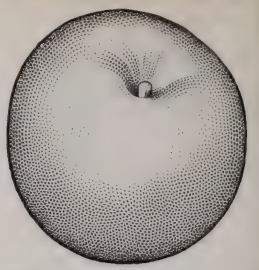
Our good-night verse is from the Song of Solomon: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away, for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." *Ever lovingly and faithfully,*

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

A Pleasant Day in the Barnyard

"We will waddle off, my dears, to have a swim in the miller's pond"

THE PERFECT APPLE



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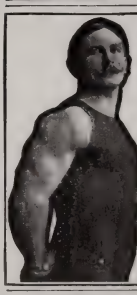

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Conducted by "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE"*

A Talk About Worry

IT BEATS all how some folks will set down and fold their hands and worry, instead of takin' holt cheerfully of the burdens that have to be lifted. How many lions they tremble and shrink from that never prowled and roared, only through their worrisome minds! How many bridges they cross before they come to 'em—bridges built by Old Forebodin', the father of Worry, over dry waters that never raged furious only through the excited foretops of the worriers!

Marietta Holley
Author of Samantha at Coney Island

Worry never did a mite of good to any one, but only onfits us from tuss-lin' with real troubles that crouch in our way, and from buildin' a solid footbridge of hope, faith and earnest labor over wet waters that must be crossed in our life's journey.

But the Widder Trimble wuz the greatest worrier I ever see. She never seemed to enjoy herself unless she wuz miserable. She would worry for hours about the weather, and sunstrokes and such, and drouts, and about airships fallin' onto her, and tidal waves (she lived on the canal, and I told her there wuz no danger).

And she didn't know but a auto would run over her.

I told her they wouldn't, if she kep' clear on 'em.

But she didn't know but she would git kinder lost in her mind some time and run out in front of 'em.

And she would worry dretfully for fear she would marry again.

I told her there wuz no danger on't (she's grown awful humbly).

But she said men wuz so fascinatin' and persistent that she thought like as not one on 'em would git round her and marry her. I've seen her cry about it time and agin. Elam Trimble didn't treat her well, and she meant every word she said.

But how foolish it wuz for her to worry so! Time has rolled on and not a man has ever tried to make her change her mind. She writes poetry which she has printed with little vines runnin' round it at her own expense; for the editors where she has sent it, though they wanted it dretfully, they wuz so full of poetry they had to send it back onwillin'ly. But her worryin' sperit shows plain in her verses. She thinks highly of us, I've advised her so much for her good. And she writ twenty-nine verses on Josiah and sent it to us for a Christmas present. But though writ on him, he never would hear furder than the first two lines:

> What if your Josiah
> Should fall in the fire—

He flew mad as I read it and yelled out, "Duz the consarned fool think I don't know enough to keep out of the fire?"

And he started for the barn bareheaded, but though he is so bald, and zero weather, he didn't ketch cold, the top of his head, where his mind is, wuz so het up. But I read every word on't, and in spite of my remarkable reasonin' powers, I got so wrought up readin' about Josiah's turrible sufferin's, and my mournful state as his widder, that I sithed considerable, and shed a number of tears.

But how foolish it wuz in me! Josiah is alive and well to-day. And his appetite wuz never more to be depended on, when I set him down before a good meal of vittles.

But Miss Trimble would worry about the sun givin' out, and the earth freezin' up; and turnin' right round, would worry about the inside of the earth bein' afire, and spozin' the flames should bust out in her dooryard!

And when I'd git her mind offen that, she'd worry about her hens; if they didn't lay good, she thought it wuz a judgment on her; and if they laid profuse, she wuz afraid they wuz workin' too hard, and it wuz too much for 'em. And then she'd worry about sinners and sizm, and politics, and her relation, and blizzards and earthquakes and etc., etc.

But the curiousest thing! The last time I see her she wuz worryin' about *not worryin'!* She said "she hadn't foreboded about anything for most two days. She said it had never happened before, and she thought mebby it wuz a warnin', or else her heart wuz hardenin' like Pharo's."

But I am some in hopes that it is her head that is hardenin'. You know, heads can be so soft that good advice can't sink in and stick.

* Marietta Holley is the well-known author of *Samantha at Coney Island* and many other popular books.

Among the Workers

—JANUARY WITNESSED the largest distribution of the Scriptures ever made in the city and harbor of New York in a single month. More than 18,000 volumes were distributed by the New York Bible Society, in thirty-six languages.

—J. B. MITCHELL, of Jellico, Tenn., a faithful mountain missionary, desires Christian books, papers, Bibles and Testaments for distribution in his evangelistic work. Any reader who wishes to send him a package should prepay expressage.

—REV. DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, the famous evangelist, with Charles M. Alexander, will again make a tour of the world in evangelistic effort. On Wednesday morning, January 24, Dr. Chapman, accompanied by his wife, sailed from New York on the *Cedric*, White Star Line, to meet Mr. Alexander in Naples, from which place they are going direct to Australia, arriving in Melbourne March 12, and from then until May 1, 1913, will work in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

—FOR THE PAST year the New York Bible Society has distributed 56,386 copies of the Scriptures, in thirty languages, to immigrants landing at Ellis Island; 14,616 volumes to sailors on vessels of all kinds; 10,505 Bibles have been placed in hotels of the city; 97 humane and criminal institutions, missions and hospitals have been supplied. Over 60,000 volumes have been distributed through pastors, missionaries and church visitors. A total of over 150,000 volumes has been circulated.

—PRINCIPAL A. M. FAIRBAIRN, who died in London recently, in his seventy-fourth year, was one of the most distinguished theologians of his day. His first ministry was in a small church in Fraserburgh, Scotland, and he afterward held pastorates in Bathgate and Aberdeen. In 1877 he became principal of the Airedale Independent College, Bradford, and in 1886 founded Mansfield College, Oxford. He was a magnificent preacher and lecturer and an able writer. He belonged to what is known as the Evangelical Union and did much to advance the influence of that denomination. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, one of his most distinguished contemporaries, wrote of him: "He was a man of the people, and he loved the people. The formidable critic, the profound scholar, the trained thinker, was before all things a man in Christ."

—THE FEDERATED MEETINGS at Atlantic City, recently held under the leadership of Dr. Henry Ostrom, made a deep impression upon the city. The various churches of the city and their clergymen united in the movement, and there were many evidences of the divine blessing and power. One of the features of the campaign was a series of early hour home meetings held in the First Baptist Church with addresses by various clergymen and workers. Special meetings also were held for business men and for the aged. Services for mothers and their friends were held in the First Presbyterian Church on Friday, January 26. The following clergymen assisted in the success of this campaign: Herbert M. Gesner of the First Presbyterian, N. W. Cadwell of the Olivet Presbyterian, Birney S. Hudson of the First Baptist, Thomas J. Cross of the Chelsea Baptist, John McMillan of the Westminster Presbyterian, A. U. Hagerman of the First Methodist, S. G. Pitt of the Central Methodist Church.

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Ripe Old Age

WHEN Jacob stood before Pharaoh at the age of one hundred and thirty, he made a dignified address to the Egyptian king. Of the two men the old patriarch was probably the more regal, notwithstanding all that he had experienced in the course of his long life. He said, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life, and have not attained unto the days of the years of my fathers." Whenever we read that old story there steals over us a feeling of regret that so much bitterness had been the portion of this grandson of Abraham. Many thoughtless people criticize Jacob unfairly, forgetful of the fact that his lot was cast in days of a primitive civilization and amid strange circumstances. His mother's duplicity, in which he was accomplice, was due in part to the impression made upon her mind by prophecy at the hour of his birth.

In common with every Jewish mother through the long centuries, Rebekah hoped that through her children and children's children the Star of the Messiah should finally rise. Then, too, she had a household grievance very hard to bear. How modern and familiar is the pathetic cry which she dinned into the ears of the gentle Isaac. "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth." Esau had chosen to marry among the heathen people around his home, and Jacob was sent to choose a bride from the daughters of his own people. When he said that his days had been few and evil, he may have remembered the fourteen years in which he served for his sweetheart Rachel, may have thought of her death and have recalled again the grief he had felt during the years when he believed that Joseph was dead. At all events there is a note of sadness in the old man's words, and they stand out on the sacred page as if they had been spoken this morning.

In the early history of the world, men appear to have lived for centuries. In these days of the twentieth century after Christ, days of constantly repeated miracle in the wonder world of science, we live to better purpose in one year than they did in a score of years. Tennyson in Locksley Hall exclaims: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." And now that we have airships and wireless telegraphy and the chance to send night letters around the globe by telegraph at a trifling cost, now that we have the news of the nations to read at the breakfast table, and life is full of zest and fascination, a single century is worth eight or nine of the centuries dead and gone.

All this is a preamble to a little talk about longevity. Just before Christmas the death of John Bigelow removed from New York a venerable and picturesque figure. Still more, the death of this man, whose ninety-four years had been so filled with courage, patriotism and quiet fulfilment, bereaved the entire nation. Those of us whose memory harks back to the vivid and intense period of the Civil War have not forgotten all that John Bigelow did for the country in his capacity of United States minister to France. There are women among us who recall the captivating personality and gracious charm of his gifted wife, who died thirty years ago. Mr. Bigelow's secret of longevity was revealed to me several years ago in a conversation with one who was his near kinswoman. She said: "My uncle concedes nothing to Time. He goes to his desk every day, dictates to his stenographer, carries on his reading, receives his friends, and continues the round of his life without thinking at all about the number of his birthdays. He loves young people and still feels young."

This was said when Mr. Bigelow was in his last eighties. Much the same thing has lately been said in a very tender and charming book, written by a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, concerning the secret of Mrs. Howe's remarkable hold upon vigor, and the enjoyment of life to the end of her days.

One secret of longevity is in refusing to consider oneself old. Margaret Deland says pithily, "Whenever you feel too old to do a thing, do it," which is a rule worth adopting by those whose juniors are over-zealous in hedging them about with anxious and often unwelcome care.

* * *

The Note of Condescension

A PRETTY story is told in the memoir of a lady who was walking one day in an English lane, where she met a poor woman who was ill and shivering. The lady was the Marchioness of Beresford, and the woman an unknown tramp, but the lady slipped off her sealskin cloak and wrapped it around the chill form of the other. "I didn't think so much of that," said a farm boy who reported the incident. "What I did think of was that after the poor woman had been taken to a shelter and given food and medicine, my lady put on the cloak herself and wore it just the same as she did before."

There is more in the little incident than appears on the surface. Too much of our charity in this world is flawed by the note of condescension. Those who are well-to-do are kind to the poor, but they are patronizing. Much is said about bestowing alms on the worthy poor, as though the unworthy were not in the greater need. To be homeless, cold, out of work and disheartened is to walk very fast on the down-hill road. In such untoward circumstances, people drift swiftly from the haven of worthiness into the pit of unworthiness. One hears frequent criticism as to the manner in which the poor and impecunious dispose of money given them by bountiful friends. "What do you think Mrs. W—— did with the money I left there last Saturday?" The question was asked by a young woman who was the almoner of an older one. "When I tell you," she proceeded, "that I found her and her family eating saltines and canned peaches, you will not want me to give them money again in a hurry." As for saltines and canned peaches, they are certainly innocuous articles of diet, and very likely they were the first articles approaching luxury that the poor woman had seen in many a day. The trouble in much of our almsgiving is that it halts at the point of criticism, and is not tinctured with loving kindness.

Occasionally the note of condescension is struck with emphasis at precisely the wrong moment. Several years ago a woman of rare gifts, of excellent family and aristocratic traditions found herself temporarily stranded in New York. She had barely enough money in her purse to meet the needs of a single day, although she had abundant resources that later became available. She took the first work that came to her, although it was ill-paid and not the work she would have chosen. She found board and lodging in a home that was under the protection of a religious organization. Although she tarried in this place for many weeks, no one took the trouble to find her out; she came and went without a word of friendship, and when finally she was able to leave she did so without regret. She was more than the equal of women who patronized her, but they have yet to find out that they missed

Continued on next page

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

a rare opportunity and might by other treatment have won for their society a train of helpful friends.

When shall we learn that the man or woman who in this world consciously condescends to another has not the spirit of Christ, but the spirit of Beelzebub?

. . .

Extravagance in Dress

AT THE MOMENT extravagance in dress and a want of simplicity characterize too many women, young and old. As women advance in years they should wear rich materials and beautiful fabrics if they can afford the outlay. No woman after fifty, which, by the way, is not old, but only life's meridian, should ever be careless about what she wears and how she wears it. She should remember that the cut of her garments and their style is more important to her than the same thing is to her daughters and grand-daughters. An elderly woman should not be satisfied with being attractive in manner. She should be attractive in looks. She is extravagant only when she goes beyond her means and incurs obligations that she cannot conveniently meet at the call of Fashion.

Young girls do not require costly dress. Simplicity suits their years and is more becoming to their fresh complexions and bright eyes than ostentatious display. When one sees a group of young girls still in the schoolroom, who wear at an afternoon function, a birthday gathering or a little tea, dresses of silk and satin with gaudy marquisette looped over them, while silk stockings and expensive slippers of the same tint with the dress complete the costume, one has a glimpse into the folly of American mothers. In an evening affair there is apparently no limit to the profusion of ornament, including costly jewelry, which just now is lavished on the toilettes of our girls.

As for the young men, their evening dress, which at some functions is obligatory, is made to cost considerably more than it should unless they have fortunes behind them, by mufflers of price, special studs, sleeve buttons and the like. The silk hat that crowns the costume of a well-dressed youth is paid for by a goodly share of dollars, and the flowers, carriage and remaining expenses which complete an evening's bill if the man escorts a girl friend to a social function, foot up to an alarming total. What have these extravagant young folk to anticipate in the future if they require so much in the present?

A reaction set in a while ago, and in a number of our woman's colleges the essential expenses of commencement were largely abridged. The seniors announced that they would be graduated in their caps and gowns, the rich girls foregoing the former filmy white frocks and other exquisite accessories that had been part of their dream on graduation day, in the interest of the girls who had less money. We cannot overlook the fact, for it is obvious, that the strain of display falls most heavily upon people of moderate means and limited incomes, who feel compelled to keep the pace and have too much pride to appear singular when every one else around them is adorned without reference to costliness.

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Swedish Evangelists in Russia

EVANGELICAL Russian Christians are rejoicing in the success of the Swedish Committee of Missions in Russia, whose members are conducting successful campaigns in the land of the Czar. Much of the work is done in the face of positive danger, on account of the recent law which prohibits public gatherings except under conditions which cannot always be met. The law requires that in the locality in which the meeting is desired there shall be twenty-five adults of the same creed and faith who are personally known to the authorities and approved by the law. One of the Russian evangelists, M. N. Odintzoff, reports that within two provinces which he visited there was only one congregation with as many as twenty-five members. There were six whose membership failed to reach the number required by law. He reports: "In one place where there were converted people I succeeded in holding five secret meetings. With a little less difficulty but under threatenings of heavy punishment for violating the law I held some larger meetings with three hundred to five hundred persons, in places where I found no converted Russians."

The Rev. J. W. Wallin, a member of the committee, has recently visited Russia and sends an interesting letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in which some of the work of these evangelists is related. Mr. J. Svensson, who is in charge of the campaign in and near Moscow, reports an interesting meeting held in a factory at the request of the proprietor.

"Yesterday forenoon," he writes, "some of these preaching brethren were invited to meet Mr. Savalieff in his factory. At eleven o'clock he stopped the work in the mill and summoned all the working people into one of the halls of the factory. We sang some songs, whereupon Mr. Reimertook his text from Heb. 12 and delivered a revival sermon of great power. The interest of those present was more intense right there amongst machines, bags, candy boxes, etc., than in any church, so that one might be ready to call out: 'This is a holy place!' For Mr. Savalieff 150 working hours were lost, but he did not care about that, if only his people got an opportunity to hear God's word. Of course he had not the right to hold such a meeting, but he took his risk and held the meeting without permission. I hope it will not cause him any trouble."

In rare cases the priests of the established church encourage the meetings. One of the workers relates the following encouraging incident:

"Among the people in a meeting there is a business man, a beginner in the faith, ignorant and simple. Some time ago he came to hear us preaching for the first time and was deeply impressed. One evening he came to the home of Mr. Werbitzky for the purpose of talking about what he had heard, and went home again with peace in his soul and a new light in his eye. The son of this man goes to school but is a poor pupil with good prospects of not being approbated. Lately the priest has discovered that the boy knows just one subject better than all the other schoolboys. 'How is it that you know your religion so well when you are so stupid in all other courses?' he asked the boy. 'That is because my father teaches me at home in that subject; the others he does not know himself,' was the answer. 'And where has papa got his knowledge?' 'He visits the evangelical Christians, and they explain the Bible so. And I too used to go there with my father.' 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the priest. 'To the evangelic Christians! I have been there also. It is very good that you go there. And I will tell you that beyond the great hall there is another one where they have meetings for the converted. There it is still better.' In this way the priest spoke before his class. The boy came home and told his story for his parents, thereby encouraging both them and us."

Mr. Wallin, returning from his Russian tour, declares, after recognizing the discouragements: "There is one thing which gives consolation and new strength, and that is the intense hunger of the Russian people for God's word and salvation. They forget entirely their physical hunger when they get an opportunity to satisfy the hunger of the soul. They are willing to stand with open mouths like hungry birds from early morning till late in the evening listening to the tidings of God's love. Let us therefore use all our ability to save the Russian people awakening from their long sleep."

Mr. N. F. Hoyer is assisting Mr. Svensson at Moscow. Among the evangelical Christians in that city who are co-operating with Mr. Svensson and Mr. Hoyer are F. S. Savalieff, N. H. Bjalavni, T. Werbitzky, N. P. Tkatjankr and N. N. Stern.

Answered Prayers

M., Colo, Ia. "Prayer has been answered for me."

O. L. O., Conneaut, O. "God has answered my prayers in time of trouble."

A Subscriber, Canton, Ill. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer."

M. E. B., West Finley, Pa. "In his own best way God has answered my prayers."

E. C., California. "When I was in trouble God relieved me through prayer. Praise his name!"

A. J., Napanee, Can. "I wish to acknowledge that God answered my prayer and gave me more than I asked."

Mrs. J. M. C., Greenville, S. C. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answer to prayer that I should walk."

Mrs. E. O., Kempton, Ind. "I want to give God the praise for answering my prayer, for he has healed my body."

M. F. D., Andes, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayers many, many times."

L. M. C., New Haven, Conn. "I asked for help for a dear one in trouble; my prayer has been answered, and I thank God."

Mrs. G. W. M., Columbus, Texas. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me. He even sent a buyer for a farm when needed."

Mrs. M. Pinckney, Stockton, Calif. "I want to thank the good Lord for answering a prayer that I have been making for a long time."

A. T., Cedar Falls, Ia. "I wish to acknowledge that God has restored three of my loved ones to health, who were in critical condition."

Mrs. W. F. C., New Salem, O. "I wish to acknowledge God's answers to two prayers which were wonderfully answered. There is no mistaking God's power."

A Reader, Durango, Colo. "God has answered my prayers many times. I asked him to help me in a trial of right and wrong, and his love was marvelous to me."

Called Higher

Rev. C. N. Wood (72) died in Franklinton, N. Y., June 3, 1911. He had preached the Gospel for over fifty years in the town of his birth.

Mrs. Albert Mellish (69) passed away at Union Road, Philippine Islands, May 18, 1911. She had been for many years a subscriber to this paper.

Mary Rawson Saley (71) died in her home at Bridgewater, Mich., April 21, 1911. She was for many years a much interested reader of this paper.

Mrs. M. J. Holtz (81), of Canton, O., passed away January 25, 1911. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years.

Martin Anderson (75), of Mankato, Minn., was killed by a passenger train, March 25, 1911. He was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. G. G. Palmer, of Loveland, O., died May 22, 1911, and Mrs. Palmer (76) on September 3, 1911. They were both devoted readers of this publication.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Pickle (63), of Santa Rosa, Calif., was laid to rest November 1, 1911. She was for several years a subscriber to this publication.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mellish (77) on June 17, 1911, entered into rest at her home in Chatham, Ontario, Can. She was a long time a subscriber to this publication.

Mrs. William G. Calkins (81), of Winneconne, Wis., passed away December 15, 1911, after a long illness. She had been a subscriber to this paper for fifteen years.

Mrs. Sarah E. Crankshaw (71) died last spring, 1911, at her home in Gloversville, N. Y. She was a faithful Christian and for many years a subscriber to this paper.

Mrs. M. M. Johnson (65), of Comanche, Texas, departed this life on February 26, 1911. She was for fifty years a worker in the vineyard and for many years a subscriber to this paper.

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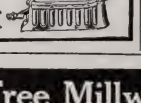

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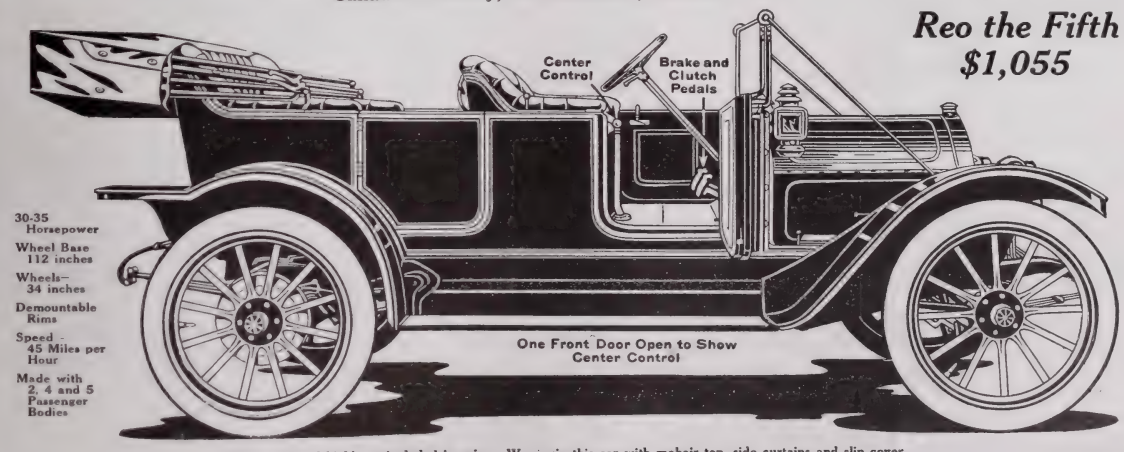
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Questions and Answers

A. N., Chicago, Ill. 1. How many Protestant missionaries are there in China at the present time? 2. How many different religions are there in China?

1. According to the China Mission Hand Book, there are 4,628 foreign missionaries, of whom 1,836 are men. There are also 13,675 native missionary workers laboring in 5,000 centers of population. There are about 95,000 centers destitute of missionaries or workers of any denomination. 2. The four great religions are: Confucianism, a religion of morals; Taoism, a religion of superstition; Buddhism, which is idolatry, and Anecestor Worship. Mohammedanism has 10,000,000 Chinese adherents.

Maple Leaf, Winsloe, Prince Edward Island. Will you kindly give your opinion as to whether or not the number of conversions has decreased?

There seems to be no reason at all for considering that there are fewer conversions in the work of the Protestant Church now than formerly. A statistical table prepared by Dr. H. K. Carroll for the *Christian Advocate*, a summary of which was given on the editorial page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for February 7, shows that the increase in the Protestant church membership for 1911 was 600,000. Of course the loss by death in the church rolls is very large, and these figures mean that besides filling up the ranks 600,000 were added. Besides this there has been a tremendous ingathering of souls through the doors of the Sunday Schools, not all of whom have as yet formally joined the church. The Methodists alone report 591,577 conversions in the Sunday Schools during the last four years. Aside from the ordinary methods of church and Sunday School work, the evangelists who are working along the old lines of revival meetings continue to have enormous success. Dr. Chapman, Gipsy Smith, Dr. Torrey, Dr. Ostrom, Billy Sunday and others have princely ingatherings in their work. To all these should be added the tremendous victories of the church in the mission field.

K. W., Holbrook, Pa. Is it wrong to call the communion service or Lord's Supper an ordinance?

Baptism and the Lord's Supper are both ordinances of the Gospel in the highest sense, being established by divine authority. See Matt. 28: 19 and Luke 22: 19.

Reader, Monticello, N. Y. In a discussion on child labor the point was raised that it is a good thing to teach a child to work early, and a mistake to hold any child back from honest work too long. Is this the correct view?

In one sense, it is the right view. But the exploiting of child labor has resulted in child slavery on such a large scale in the mines, the mills, the factories, the sweat-shops, etc., that it has become a serious national problem. The State provides education for the child, but the little ones are too often deprived not only of educational privileges but of all the innocent recreations of childhood, and their bodies and minds are stunted and impaired. Healthful labor suited to boys and girls would not be opposed, but when health and school training are systematically sacrificed it is time to interfere. There are many things which, while good in moderation, become a positive evil when abused, and when parents cannot or will not protect the child, the State should undertake the work of protection.

Interested Reader, West Roxbury, Mass. 1. Do the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church receive calls to their several churches, or does the conference send them to the churches without regard to calls? 2. What is the Unitarian belief or creed? Is this denomination very large, and if so in what States and country has it the greater number of adherents? 3. How could one best plan to get young boys or girls of 13 or 14 to decide for Christ? They usually believe that they are already Christians since they have always had Christian training.

1. The ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church are frequently called to serve in churches, but the desire of the church or the minister is subject to the command of the bishop. The appointments are made at the annual conference by the bishop, in consultation with the district superintendents, after considering the wishes of the various ministers and churches. 2. The Unitarian creed is that there is only one person in the Godhead instead of three as held by the orthodox or trinitarian churches. There are many different degrees and phases of Unitarianism, but its most serious danger and error is the failure to acknowledge the absolute deity of Jesus Christ. The denomination is strongest in the New England States; it has almost no standing in any other country than the United States. 3. It is undoubtedly true that some children brought up in Christian homes never consciously wander away from God, so as to require a definite experience of conversion. These cases, however, are rare. The ordinary child, if told frankly about the desire of God for his warm affection and perfect obedience, can be made to feel that many of the things he has done are so wrong as to need a positive forgiveness. Any boy or girl who will ask for pardon and a clean heart can receive these gifts from God in the same way and with the same clearness that they come to older people.

Several Readers. Many requests come to us for old hymns, some line or lines of which linger in the mind. The large assortment of hymn-books in our library is carefully studied in the interest of these inquirers, but very many of these lines cannot be placed. A correspondent has explained the difficulty which we have experienced. He says that the old hymns are so mutilated and altered by the modern psalter-makers that the best part of them is often lost. For the sake of smoothness and euphony, the strength and flavor of the old hymns are too often shorn away. In some of the newer versions, except for an occasional striking line which has been preserved, the old hymns are hardly recognizable. One correspondent mentions as a flagrant case that of the famous hymn beginning "Jerusalem, my happy home." One of its most famous stanzas runs:

Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

Another is:

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

These quaint old lines are omitted from most of the modern versions, with many others now lost. They may be found in the old hymn-books of half a century ago.

J. C. R., Selma, Ala. 1. Where did the word "rube" or "rubes" originate? 2. To whom is the phrase "54-40 or fight" to be credited?

1. The word "rube" is applied humorously to men living in the country, and doubtless came from the fact that Reuben was a favorite name with old-fashioned families, who liked to select names from the Old Testament for their children. 2. The expression "54-40 or fight" came into public use about 1835. It was in reference to the controversy between Great Britain and the United States as to the Canadian border, certain enthusiastic Americans contending that the line should be fixed at this latitude, even at the cost of war. It is probably not known what individuals first made use of the slogan.

Reader, Scranton, Pa. 1. We are not to criticize others, nor to judge them. Both the churches you mention have the Gospel, and know it. Both claim to be Christian, and if they do not proclaim the Gospel faithfully, they will be held to account. We do not question the accuracy of your observations, however. 2. "Freak" and "monstrosity" should not be used interchangeably, although both are often applied to the same thing. "Freak" is a caprice, a whim, a vagary of nature or of the mind, and may be pleasant or the reverse. "Monstrosity" is something unnaturally huge, distorted or terrible.

M. J. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Will you please explain the meaning of peonage?

Peonage is a system of payment of debt which obtains in parts of Spanish America. A peon is a laborer or servant who is bound to serve his creditor at a very small cash wage until his debt is discharged. Many of the employers have introduced abuses into the system until it is next to impossible for the peon to free himself of debt and so become able to choose his own employment. The system has led to the establishment of what is practically slavery in all but name. Many of the more progressive Central and South American nations have passed laws forbidding this practice, but it is very difficult to enforce them and cases of violations are continually docketed for trial and settlement.

J. T., Ashland, Neb. I like THE MAIL-BAG. I would like to say to Mrs. J. B. H., of Ontario, Canada, that if she will read carefully Paul's letter to the Hebrews, she will find that he is endeavoring to convince the Jews that Christ is our high-priest and through him we have access to God (read Heb. 6: 17-19). In Hebrews, 7th chapter, he speaks of Melchisedec, who was a real man, the king of Salem. Salem means peace or righteousness (that is, Jebus Salem or Jerusalem). Paul is speaking of their priesthood and not their personage. Melchisedec's priesthood was not inherited; neither did it descend to his son, but he took the office with him forever. Just so with that of Christ; it was not an inheritance. Read carefully Heb. 7: 12: 21. So Paul would teach the Jews that Christ, though not of the tribe of Levi, was a priest after the order of Melchisedec, whose priesthood Abraham acknowledged and to whom he paid tithes. With the Levitical priesthood, when the priest died, another man was baptized "for the dead" into the office (I. Cor. 15: 29), so the priesthood was passed on from generation to generation.

Continued on next page

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

A. S., Washington, D. C. Were there fourteen apostles? In Acts 1: 26 we read that Matthias was chosen an apostle to fill the place formerly occupied by Judas. This action must have been taken very soon after the ascension of Christ. Two or three years after this vacancy was filled, Saul started on his trip to Damascus, and was converted on the way, and no Christian seems to doubt as to his being an apostle afterward; but was he ever so appointed or elected by the other apostles?

There were originally twelve apostles or disciples. After the treachery of Judas, Matthias was appointed in his place. (See Acts 1: 7-26.) Next Saul was miraculously added (see Acts 9: 15-17; Acts 26: 16; I. Tim. 1: 12 and 2: 7 and II. Tim. 1: 11), thus making the complete number fourteen. It is clear from the 9th chapter of Acts, that Paul was so accepted and recognized by the rest of the apostolic band.

I. S., Madeline, N. Y. What is the "marriage of the Lamb"? (Rev. 19: 7.)

In this chapter, the word "marriage" is used as a symbol of the perfect union between Christ and his Church—a union in which all will share in the holiness, joy and glory of his Kingdom. The transfigured, translated and risen Church is symbolized as a bride, which, with Christ the Bridegroom, shall reign over the earth and the nations thereof. The bride will be the mother Church of the material earth, which has been Christianized through her. Individually, believers are guests at the marriage supper; but collectively, they represent the bride in the symbolism of Revelation, belonging exclusively to Christ. The similitude is further carried out in the description of the bride's array in verse 8 and is explained in the clause "for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." The marriage supper" or feast celebrative of this union is typified by the Lord's Supper here on earth (see Matt. 26: 29).

Mrs. J. F. D., Paces, Va. I desire to learn and know more of the Bible. Could I learn it quicker from books than I could from reading the Bible itself?

There are many excellent helps to Bible study and the books mentioned in your letter will probably be found of this class. We would advise you, however, to get the following: a reference Bible, teachers' edition, with helps attached, a concordance, a Bible dictionary, a good commentary (Jameson, Faussett & Brown's preferably), and lastly, the historical works of Josephus. With these at hand, for ready reference, you will be able to command the aid of the best available scholarship. If you can only afford one book besides the Bible, select the commentary. You can then go through the Bible book by book, reading the commentary to assist you as you proceed.

E. E. P., Buffalo, N. Y. In a MAIL-BAG paragraph you state that "healing by prayer was a special privilege of the early apostolic church." Surely the prayer of faith and understanding is as potent to-day as it was 1,900 years ago.

The whole question is one of faith. God's power is not shortened, and that he is ever ready to hear and answer the prayer of faith as true to-day as it was in apostolic times. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD receives positive demonstration of this fact in letters from its readers every week, acknowledging answers to prayer. In the MAIL-BAG paragraph referred to (see issue of February 14) we stated distinctly that "some churches hold this gift to have been transmitted to the present time." If the great body of professing Christians measured up to the right standard of faith in God, and the churches would acknowledge and enjoy the gift.

L. F., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. Do the following passages of Scripture substantiate the ultimate salvation of the entire human race, and are there any other passages or indications from which logical conclusions can be drawn that in the future world there will be a chance to accept Christ? I. Cor. 3: 13-15, and 15: 22-26; Rom. 5: 18 and 8: 19-21; I. Tim. 2: 4-6; I. Pet. 3: 18-20. 2. Is it proper to assume that God as the Creator of all mankind will not abandon his creation and leave them to utter destruction, but will find a way eventually to save all?

1. The eleventh verse of the first-named passage gives the foundation, which is faith in Jesus Christ alone. Man's work is the superstructure we lay upon that foundation, and if the work "abides" the test, it is well and will bring a special reward for the worker; if not, though the work must perish, though he himself be saved through faith. Thus salvation in the ultimate is dependent upon faith in Christ. There is no warrant here for salvation for those who have not built upon faith as the foundation. Chapter 15: 22, 23 clearly expresses this limitation—"they are Christ's" (see Col. 1: 14 and I. Thess. 4: 16). Rom. 5: 18 must be read in conjunction with the three following verses. The gift of eternal life is open to all who will accept it through faith unto justification. The passage from I. Peter concerning the "spirits in prison" has repeatedly been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG. All the Gospels show that faith in and acceptance of Christ are the first essentials. 2. We cannot go beyond what Scripture reveals. God is just as well as merciful. The passages you cite are frequently quoted by Universalists in support of their doctrine; but Scripture proves that the whole plan of salvation depends upon its voluntary acceptance or rejection by men individually. The punishment of the impenitent is so clearly taught in many passages that it cannot be gainsaid.

Esther R., New York, N. Y. If Jesus was God's Son why was he not born in a palace rather than a stable?

This seems to be a reverent inquiry made by one who is not familiar with the peculiar principles and ideals of Christianity. It was to meet just such honest questions that the great Epistle to the Hebrews was written, showing the glory of the spiritual magnificence of Christianity to be greater than the glory of pomp and ritual. According to the ideals of Christianity it is no disgrace for a real king to be born in a stable. The greatest king is the king who will serve his subjects in the greatest humility. And this was Jesus. Dr. C. W. Barnes, writing for the *Methodist Review*, says: "All that Jesus asked of the world was a cross whereon to die." Gold and jewels and royal robes meant nothing to him. From the manger to the cross he showed men that the real glory is the glory of sacrifice; that true riches are the riches of service and love; that the jewels which endure are the jewels of purity and humility and devotion.

Miscellaneous

E. E. B., Evart, Mich. Chauffeur is pronounced *sho-fur*, and Peloubet, *pay-loo-bet*, accent on second syllable.

Mrs. T. L. G., Booneville, Ky. There is no such passage in the Bible as your letter quotes. You probably refer to the passage in Josh. 10: 12, 13, which is a poetical apostrophe from the Book of Jasher.

Mrs. J. E., Olympia, Wis. The better translation is "suffer us not to be led into temptation." We are distinctly told that "God tempteth no man," although he may, by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, permit man to be tempted.

M. E. S., New London, Conn. It is probable that immersion was very generally practiced by the early Christians in baptism. The discussion is an old one. God looks at the heart and the purpose more than at the form of the ceremonial. Send full name and address for answer to your other question.

J. McG., Brooklyn, N. Y. We judge and condemn no one who is teaching the doctrines of Christianity in sincerity and according to his best lights. Where Christ and his atonement are not duly recognized, and where the human will is substituted for the divine will, the doctrine is other than Christian. Jesus himself warned his people against misleading teachers.

N. G., Farmville, Va. Marriage to the daughter of a wife is among the proscribed relationships in Scripture. The marriage law in Israel was properly guarded by restrictions, in order to protect the honor and the rights of womanhood and to elevate domestic and social morals.

A farmer in North Dakota needs help to tide him over a very serious crisis. Any reader who may be interested will learn name and address by dropping a postal to "Farmer," care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The case is worthy and all inquiries can be satisfactorily answered.

O. Y. K., Germantown, Neb. 1. See the statistics of religious progress on page 128, issue of February 7. 2. The dream of an American Pope, if it be indeed indulged by Catholics, is a delusive one. The whole spirit of the American people is opposed to church domination. 3. The ammunition story you mention is doubtless pure sensation.

E. G., Roxbury, Mass. The Pauline books are so well known to Bible readers that there is no difficulty in recognizing them, and no need for a reclassification of the present arrangement. Perhaps, however, for the purpose of Bible study, if these Epistles were taken together as a whole, it might be an advantage, as you suggest.

W. T. D., Siler City, N. C. 1. Christ taught that all men are brothers, and nothing he uttered justified the persecution of any race or people on account of color. 2. Lynching is a lawless return to savagery. No one who claims to be a Christian can approve of it. 3. In law as in religion, all men should stand equal, and the estimate of a man should be based upon his intelligence, his moral character and his value as a citizen, and not upon the color of his skin.

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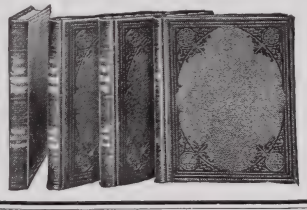

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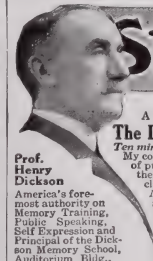

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MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR EFFICIENCY

INTERESTING METHODS HE IS USING TO MAKE AND KEEP HIM ENERGETIC AND CAPABLE

BY WALTER GRIFFITH

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the present-day struggle to realize our ambitions in whatever direction they may lie, and one indeed on which it were well for everyone to be informed, is the different methods adopted by Americans, both men and women, to keep themselves physically fit to stand the strain of keeping constantly up to "concert pitch."

They are not by any means always adopted until Nature has cried quits and the subject is struggling to recover his efficiency, but whenever employed they are well worthy a study and ofttimes ludicrous to the looker-on, though perhaps not to the performer.

If you were to arise at six o'clock some fine morning and visit Central Park and Riverside Drive, New York, you would be amused by viewing, among a number of others, some stout gentleman who looks very dignified after nine A. M.; now, however, he is on a horse (part of the time), or even running on foot, and looks hot, uncomfortable and funny. This is a consistent practice at the present time of many New York business men, as well as those of other cities.

In convenient proximity to several large cities there are Health Institutions that could perhaps be aptly called "Training Institutions." Those who visit there are placed in the hands of a veritable "Trainer" who runs them, rides them, trots them, exercises them, and supervises their diet. They are under strict discipline which does not always set well, but accomplishes what they are there for—puts them in good physical condition.

There are many gymnasiums and physical culture schools located in convenient places in the large cities where an opportune hour a day is taken in giving the body its much needed exercise.

Osteopathic Treatment might be termed, in a way, "exercise without effort," or, better still, "involuntary exercise," for certainly the manipulation exercises the subject though not of his own volition.

Many and diverse kinds of massages, Swedish, German, etc., combined Diet and Exercise, Sour and Sterilized Milk Treatments, Raw Wheat, Fruit and Nut Diets, etc., are being liberally patronized to the end that men and women, under our present mode of living (which is hardly natural) may maintain or even increase their capacity for strenuous effort with its attendant reward.

All of these methods have their advantages—some undoubtedly greater than others—I am not competent to choose.

But mark this:

Every one of them that is effective, has for its primary purpose and ultimate result the elimination of waste from the system.

This can not help being the fact, for the initial cause of probably 90 per cent. of man's inefficiency is the inability of the system, under our present mode of living, to throw off the waste which it accumulates.

The result is a partial clogging of the colon (large intestine) which is the direct cause of sluggish livers, biliousness, slight or severe headaches—and with these, or any one of them, comes inability to work, think or perform up to our usual standard.

That eminent scientist, Professor Metchnikoff, states unqualifiedly that the poison generated in the colon is the chief cause of our comparatively premature old age.

Now if these exercises or diets were entirely successful in eliminating this waste from the colon, they would be, with their strengthening and upbuilding properties, wonderfully resultful—but they do not and can not.

One might as well chop a tree down from the top, or try to pump a lake dry by starting at one of the brooks that feed it.

When you are ill, and a physician is called, the first thing he does is to purge the system—Why—first because the waste has to be disposed of before any medicine will take effect—second, because if there was no waste, you probably would not have been ill at all.

Also remember that healthy blood will destroy almost any germ that is known to science, but unhealthy or contaminated blood welcomes them with open arms and says, "Come and feed and multiply."

Our blood can not be healthy unless our colons are kept pure and clean; the blood is constantly circulating through the colon and will immediately take up by absorption the poisons of the waste which it contains, distributing it throughout the entire system.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that if this waste is permitted to remain a little too long the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, gain the upper hand and we become not only inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a weak spot.

This accumulated waste is the direct, immediate, specific cause of appendicitis, for instance.

Now the first help that we have been calling to our aid when this waste becomes unbearable, or lays us out, is Drugs. These have some effect, but there are a few vital reasons why they should not and need not be used.

Drugs are violent in their action and convulse and sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon. The colon is the last spot they reach, therefore it is impossible for them to clean it thoroughly—and last, but not least, the using of Drugs for this purpose must be persisted in—making one a slave to them and constantly weakening parts of the body that should not be touched at all.

So great an authority as Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

No, none of these are necessary or effective for the specific purpose of defeating this greatest of all foes to man's efficiency, for Nature herself has provided a means which, if applied in the proper way, will, without any evil effect or inconvenience whatever, keep the colon sweet, pure, clean, and healthy.

That "Nature Way" is Internal Bathing with warm water properly applied; but it must be properly applied to be effective.

It would perhaps be interesting to note the opinions of a Physician, an Osteopath and a Physical Culturist on this subject:

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"I find the Internal Bath of immense benefit to me. I look upon it as an absolute necessity to the attainment of perfect physical development, and think every person, especially those engaged in physical culture, ought to use it." Anthony Barker, Professor of Physical Culture, New York.

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It is surprising how little the great majority of people know about this particular part of their make-up; and inasmuch as it plays so important a part in the general health and the maintaining of 100 per cent. of efficiency it seems as though every one should at least enlighten himself by reading this little treatise on the subject, by one who has made it his life's study and work.—*Advertisement.*

IN LONE GETHSEMANE

WHEN to Gethsemane He went—
All shadow-dimmed with deep portent—
Though He was very God of God,
His human heart shrank from the rod.
Then sought He human sympathy
In His beloved, chosen three:
But slumbered they and gave no heed
The Master in His sorest need.

And never yet has human heart
Felt to the full the ache and smart;
The anguish dumb that holds in clutch
The one that's closest to its touch.
In vain we seek to share our grief;
Each heart must find its own relief.
Still each sad soul must lonely be
Within its own Gethsemane.

Yet One kept watch there with the Christ
Though human hearts forgot their tryst;
Lest flesh should fail, and faith wax dim,
An angel came and strengthened Him.
And sure, O heart, am I of this—
A foretaste of the Heavenly bliss—
For you there's angel ministry
Within your lone Gethsemane!

Perry, N. Y. ALICE J. NICHOLS.

Is Gold Impoverishing the World?

TO THE great mass of intelligent people it would seem paradoxical to make the assertion that the civilized world of commerce and business is being made poor by a deluge of gold. Yet this is the view taken by some leading journals here and abroad, as indicating the true cause of the high prices and the recent extraordinary increase in the cost of living. It is a fixed principle in the great world of production that the value of an article rises or falls according as the article is scarce or abundant. Just in this way, the New York *Mail* points out, does the gold inflation magnify prices and reduce the purchasing power of incomes generally. Wage-earner, merchant, property-owner, capitalist—all except a few of the very wealthy—feel the strain of depleted money values, and the proportionate increase in the cost of foodstuffs, clothing and general commodities. The *Mail* says: "The London *Statist* has shown that the gold holdings of the chief central banks of the world, and treasuries which act as central banks, had increased from about $2,500,000,000 in December, 1900, to about $4,500,000,000 in December, 1910—an increase of over 77 per cent. Who benefited by this increase of gold? Certainly not those whose income is a fixed, or an approximately fixed, sum. As a matter of fact, about ninety-nine persons out of a hundred were injuriously affected by it, for the purchasing power of their money was greatly lessened. And it is apparent that the inflation must go on! According to a writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, it has been proved that there are over $10,000,000,000 of unmined gold in the Witwatersrand of South Africa alone, and there is a vast deal of gold in other parts of the Transvaal; and Rhodesia, Australia, Central Asia and Alaska have only been scratched for gold. It is certain that during the next ten years at least $5,000,000,000 of new gold will be let loose in the world. What will be the result? It behooves the representatives of the people to look into these questions, in a spirit of honest and unprejudiced inquiry, and see why it is that God's gift of untold new wealth to the world only serves to make people poorer."

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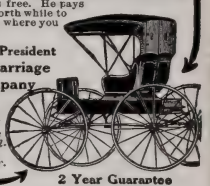

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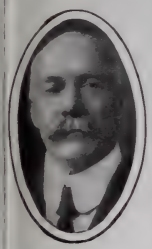
Getting the Most Out of Books

BY DR. O. S. MARDEN

WHAT you get out of a book is not necessarily what the author puts into it, but what you bring to it. If the heart does not lead the head, if the thirst for knowledge, the hunger for a broader and deeper culture, are not the motives for reading, you will not get the most out of a book. But if your thirsty soul drinks in the writer's thoughts as the parched soil absorbs rain, then your latent possibilities and the potency of your being, like delayed germs and seeds in the soil, will spring forth into new life.



Dr. O. S. Marden

When you read, read as Macaulay did, as Carlyle did, as Lincoln did—as did every great man who has profited by his reading—with your whole soul absorbed in what you read, with such intense concentration that you will be oblivious of everything else outside of your book.

In order to get the most out of books, the reader must be a thinker. The mere acquisition of facts is not the acquisition of power. To fill the mind with knowledge that cannot be made available is like filling our houses with furniture and bric-à-brac until we have no room to move about.

Many people have an idea that if they keep reading everlastingly, if they have a book in their hands during every leisure moment, they will, of necessity, become full-rounded and well-educated. This is a mistake. They might just as well expect to become athletes by eating at every opportunity. It is even more necessary to think than to read. Thinking, contemplating what we have read, is what digestion and assimilation are to the food.

I know a young man who has formed such a habit of reading that he is hardly ever without a book, a magazine, or a paper. He is always reading, at home, on the cars, at the railway stations, and he has acquired a vast amount of knowledge. He has a perfect passion for knowledge, and yet his mind seems to have been weakened by his perpetual brain stuffing.

You should bring your mind to the reading of a book, or to the study of any subject, as you take an ax to the grindstone; not for what you get from the stone, but for the sharpening of the ax.

The greatest advantage of books does not always come under what we remember of them, but from their suggestiveness, their character-building power.

"It is not in the library, but in yourself," says Fr. Gregory, "in your self-respect and your consciousness of duty nobly done—that you are to find the 'Fountain of Youth,' the 'Elixir of Life,' and all the other things that tend to preserve life's freshness and bloom. It is a grand thing to read a good book—it is a grander thing to live a good life—and in the living of such life is generated the power that defies age and its decadence."

No one better illustrates what books will do for a man, and what a thinker will do with his books, than Gladstone, who was always far greater than his career. He rose above Parliament, reached out beyond politics, and was always growing. He had a passion for intellectual expansion. His peculiar gifts undoubtedly fitted him for the church, or he would have made a good professor at Oxford or Cambridge, but circumstances led him into the political arena, and he adapted himself readily to his environment. He was an all-round well-read man, who thought his way through libraries and through life.

If a person is discouraged or depressed by any great bereavement or suffering, the quickest and the most effective way of restoring the mind to its perfect balance, to its normal condition, is to immerse it in a sane atmosphere, an uplifting, encouraging, inspiring atmosphere, and the most good in the world is found in the best books. I have known people who were suffering the keenest, most painful mental anguish, from losses and shocks which almost unbalanced their minds, to be completely revolutionized in their mental state by the suggestive power which came from becoming absorbed in a great book.

Everywhere we see rich old men sitting around the clubs, smoking, looking out of the windows, lounging around hotels, traveling about, uneasy, dissatisfied, not knowing what to do with themselves, because they had never prepared for this part of their lives. They put all their energy, ambition, everything into their vocation.

I know an old gentleman who has been an exceedingly active business man. He has kept his finger upon the pulse of events. He has known what has been going on in the world during his whole active career. And he is now as happy and as contented as a child in his retirement, because he has always been a great reader, a great lover of his kind.

People who keep their minds bent in one direction too long at a time soon lose their elasticity, their mental vigor, freshness, spontaneity.

The lover of good books can never be very lonely; and, no matter where he is, he can always find pleasant and profitable occupation and the best of society when he quits work.

We may call up the greatest writer in the middle of the night when we cannot sleep, and he is just as glad to see us as at any other time. We are not excluded from any nook or corner in the great literary world; we can visit the most celebrated people that ever lived without an appointment, without influence, without the necessity of dressing or of observing any rules of etiquette. We can drop in upon a Milton, a Shakespeare, an Emerson, a Longfellow, a Whittier without a moment's notice and receive the warmest welcome.

It is only when books have been read and reread with ever deepening delight that they are clasped to the heart, and become what Macaulay found them to be, the old friends who are never found with new faces, who are the same to us in our wealth and in our poverty, in our glory and in our obscurity. No one gets into the inmost heart of a beautiful poem, a great history, a book of delicate humor, or a volume of exquisite essays, by reading it once or twice. He must have its precious thoughts and illustrations stored in the treasure-house of memory, and brood over them in the hours of leisure.

"No matter how poor I am," says William Ellery Channing, "no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof — if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

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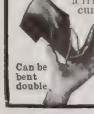

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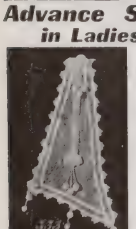

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Solving the Egg Problem

BY A. F. HUNTER

A SMALL space in the back yard, a bit of ground eight feet square, is all the room that is necessary for keeping a family flock of a dozen fowls; they need never go out of the house until we kill them for eating on the family table, or sell them alive to the marketman when the schools have closed for the long vacation and the family goes away to the country for the summer.

A house eight feet square on the ground has sixty-four square feet of floor space, sufficient room for a dozen full-grown pullets of any of the American breeds (the Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes or Rhode Island Reds), or the same space will keep fifteen Leghorns. The Americans lay brown or tinted eggs, which are much preferred by many people; the Leghorns lay white eggs; if poultry meat for the Sunday dinner is also a consideration one of the American breeds should be chosen, as the Leghorns are decidedly small of size.

When poultry is kept for breeding purposes as well as eggs for the family there should be an outside run for them, and there must be a male bird also. Where eggs for the family table is the end and aim there is no need of an outside run; then we avoid the unsightly litter of the chicken yard and there are no feathers flying about the neighborhood. When an outside run is given the birds, four square feet of floor space each in the house is ample; when the birds are kept within the house all the time five square feet each of floor space is better.

The plan contemplates eating most of the birds, beginning say the last of March (when eggs are very plenty and cheap), and eating two a month till the schools close and the family goes away to the country for the summer vacation; all that are left at that time should be sold to the butcher or the hen-cart man, to be dressed for market. A new flock of ready-to-lay pullets is bought in the early fall. If the right kind of pullets is bought and they are fed and cared for aright there will be an abundance of fresh-laid eggs for the family, and experience proves that there usually is a surplus to sell to a less fortunate neighbor.

The kind of pullets to buy is important. True, we are likely to buy those which are nearest to our hand—we follow the line of least resistance! Pullets of the American breeds that are about beginning to lay the last of September or first of October can be bought for about $1.50 apiece; Leghorn pullets that are fully grown at that time will cost about $1 apiece. The Americans lay brown or tinted eggs, and will lay quite as many eggs in a year as Leghorns; being about twice as large as the latter they are worth fully twice as much for eating. That eating value should be kept in mind when making a purchase. Don't buy half-grown pullets, even if they are offered you at less than half the price of full-grown ones. The half-grown birds are overtaken by cold weather, and the remainder of their development is aggravatingly slow. They go well into if not half through the winter before getting ready for business. In buying pullets, as in so many other things, the best is the cheapest in the end; if we buy good, well-grown pullets the first of October bringing them forward to egg-production is a simple and easy proposition.

A good house for a family flock of fowls can be bought at any poultry supplies store, and at moderate cost, lumber and labor considered. True, a good home-built house, made of lumber from packing-cases, etc., can be built at very small cost, but the home-built house is likely to be somewhat unsightly, because more or less "cobbled" together. An attractive, well-constructed house is more pleasing to the

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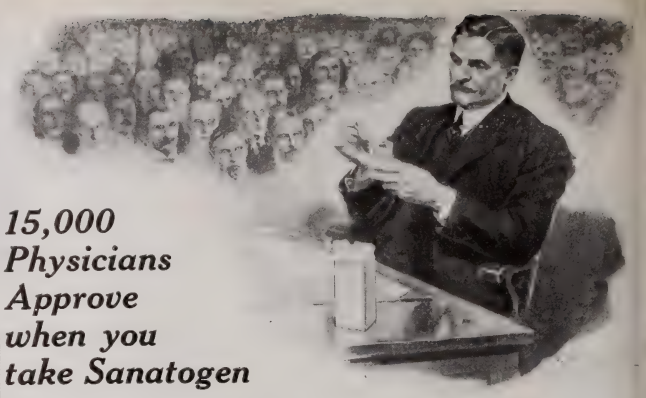

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Solving the Egg Problem

Continued from preceding page

eye, and we shall be more likely to take good care of it and of its inhabitants if it is a good house; another substantial advantage is that these ready-made houses are portable, are easily taken apart and may be moved just as a piece of furniture.

The furnishings of such a house are simple: two or three nests, a hopper for the dry mash, a water fountain, and a hopper with three compartments in which are to be kept grit, oyster shells and charcoal. The floor of the house should be as free from encumbrances as possible, since that is the exercising ground; hence most of the furniture should hang upon convenient hooks, out of the way. All over the floor have about three inches of dry loam or very fine sand, and on top, for scratching litter, five or six inches of straw, swale hay, or leaves.

The birds must be induced to exercise, to keep them in good condition, and the best possible exercise is scratching and searching for their grain food, which is scattered into the litter on the floor in the morning and again in mid-afternoon. Many mistakenly think that if a dry-mash mixture is kept before the birds all the time they will eat nothing else, and soon become fat and lazy; this is not the case, because they prefer the whole and cracked grain of which the scratch-feed is composed. They will scratch and search for the grain so long as there is reasonable hope of their search being rewarded by a find; when the grain seems to have all been dug out of the litter they turn to the dry-mash hopper and fill up for the night. They go to the dry mash also for their animal food, which is beef scrap mixed into the mash; they crave a portion of meat food, and they must have a ration of it if we want them to lay well. An egg is very rich in protein, and animal protein, such as beef or milk, makes the best supply of that food element.

The waste from the kitchen and the family table should be fed to the fowls, but should be dry; don't feed anything wet and sloppy! Where there are scraps of meat (trimmings, etc.), they should be chopped up and mixed into the waste from the table, and little fat meat should be fed.

Where one is keeping a small flock it is better to buy the feed ready-mixed than to bother with buying a few pounds of each of a dozen different grains and meals and do the mixing at home. Buy a bag each of dry mash and scratch feed, and if the mash carries no beef scrap buy twenty-five pounds of scrap for a bag of mash; some dry mashes have sufficient scrap in and some do not. Have a supply of dry mash in the hopper all the time, so the birds can eat of it at will, and each morning and mid-afternoon throw a scant handful of scratch feed for each bird into the litter. A convenient way to feed the morning ration of scratch food is to throw it in the litter after dark, after the birds have gone to roost for the night, then it is there ready for them to begin upon as soon as it is light in the morning.

A boy attending school can easily (and will gladly) take care of such a family flock as here described. A ten-year-old schoolboy of our acquaintance takes all the care of such a flock, being paid ten cents a week for it, and the flock of fifteen pullets not only supplies fresh eggs for the family (about two and a half dozen a week), but there is a surplus which pays for all the food bought and the shells, grit, etc.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

God's Forgiveness*

EVEN when a man says that he freely forgives, it is seldom that he can blot from his mind the forgiven act. He may wish to, may try to, but the "mended place" too often remains in the memory throughout the whole life. Not so with our God. If we truly repent of our "backsliding," he sheds his dew upon us, until from a broken and stained thing we become "as perfect as the lily" in his sight, with no flaw showing, to call to mind our sin.

There is no limit to his forgiveness. It flows lovingly around us until every blot is made white and every breach is healed. Knowing, as each heart must know, the difficulty which we find in fogiving those who have injured us; and knowing equally well how deeply we have offended God, it is hard for us to believe this, but it is true. How may we be sure of it? Said one of our most saintly preachers:

In order to know that we are forgiven, it is only necessary to look at our Father's love till it sinks into our heart; to open our soul to him till he shall pour his love into it; to wait on him till we find peace, till our conscience no longer torments us.

The famous Swiss faith-healer, Dorothea Trudel, says Gilchrist Lawson, was so overcome when she first experienced a sense of her sins, that her friends thought her to be dying. She apparently felt it to be impossible that God could forgive one so guilty; but little by little, the revelations of his love calmed and strengthened her. Great faith was granted to her through this wonderful realization of God's infinite love, and hundreds were healed in a marvelous manner in response to her prayers.

John Fletcher, called by John Wesley "the most holy man seen upon the earth since the apostolic age," was overcome by the feeling of his sin at the early age of seven. His nurse had reproved him for some misdeed, calling him "very naughty," until the child was almost frantic with the idea of his own wickedness. He prayed ceaselessly until he felt that God had forgiven him.

Throughout his youth he cherished a desire to become a preacher, but a sense of his own unworthiness restrained him. Strangely enough, he turned toward a military life, but a series of accidents defeated his intention to become a soldier. He had received a university education and became a tutor in a private family. Here again he was stricken by a sense of his own sinfulness, and again was almost out of his mind with it. Then some one directed him toward the Methodists, "who," he was told, "pray all day and all night." He joined them, and continued his prayers for God's forgiveness.

"Having continued my supplication till near one in the morning," he wrote on a certain fast day, "I opened my Bible and my eye fell upon these words: 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee. He will not suffer the righteous to be moved.' Filled with joy, I again fell on my knees, and I saw myself conqueror over sin, and all manner of affliction, and went cheerfully to take my rest."

Dr. Abbott describes the entireness of God's forgiveness in these beautiful words: "If we have built awry—and who has not?—daubed with untempered mortar, and put unseasoned lumber in, is there any power that can rebuild? . . . The sin in Biblical phraseology is a record, and is blotted out; a stain, and it is washed away. . . . The forgiveness of sin is the sending away of sin; it is a cloud and the sun dries it up; a corpse and it is buried in the depths of the sea."

* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, March 24. TEXTS: Hos. 14: 4-9; Rom. 5: 1-11.

The Saloon's Allies*

TOO little is usually said of those forms of vice and intemperance which flock with strong drink and drunkenness. Perhaps the most insidious of these is gambling. This is such a fascinating sport, and so often wears an aspect of innocence and even piety, that it has deceived the very elect. Not so very many years ago, our government permitted lotteries and other forms of gambling, and in churches they were almost universal. No other method of raising money is so easy or so sure. The idea of putting in a few cents and possibly taking out many dollars captivates the imagination of the average human being, who does not love work, and who would, if he could, always buy something with nothing.

Long experience has shown to our statesmen and our churches that any form of lottery is demoralizing and degrading. It has shown that the countries where it is officially authorized fail to rise in civilization, and lag far behind those where gambling is prohibited. Experience has shown that the individual man who yields to the temptation of gambling usually sinks to the lowest depths of degradation. Gamblers oftener commit suicide than do other men. The great gambling centers of Europe are estimated by our philosophers to be responsible for an enormous proportion of the vice and misery in the world.

The profits of the so-called (and properly) "gambling-hells" are so great, and their attractiveness to men is so powerful, that in spite of laws and sporadic raids our great cities bristle with them. Their owners bribe the police and other officials into silence, and our good people are so busy with their own affairs that few of them can stop to think of their duty to the public. It is a shame to us all.

But it is not in these public roulette and card-rooms that the habit of gambling is usually formed. Many a boy gets his first taste of the exciting poison of "chance-games" as he "pitches pennies" in the street. A certain good citizen of a great city devotes a considerable share of his time to the summoning of police officers to break up such games. It is a worthy service. No patriotic man or woman should ever find a group of boys engaged in this demoralizing amusement without making a determined effort to check them.

The man who "bets" a hat or a box of candy on the turn of an election, or any other uncertain future event, is, in so far, bolstering up this enemy of progress and righteousness. The angle is of the same size as that of professional gambling, though the side may not be so much prolonged. To steal a chestnut does not appear to be so bad as to steal a bushel of chestnuts, but it is just as much stealing. Don't do it. Say, "I am not a betting man, thank you," whenever you are invited to "take" such a bet. You may be called "silly"; may be told that you are "making a mountain out of a molehill"; may be ridiculed as going as far in the direction of "crankiness" as the professional gambler goes in sin; but never mind. Throw your influence as a Christian, even in apparent trifles, always on the right side.

There are many other sins which follow in the wake of the saloon, but most of them are plainly vile and loathsome. Not so with many forms of gambling; they often look smooth and harmless to the eye, but within they are foul and deadly.

* Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 24. TEXT: Hab. 2: 1-15.

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REAL ESTATE VENTURES

As a rule the value of land in any community can be approximately estimated by the density of its population. It follows from this that land values must increase in a ratio corresponding with the increase of population, and that they will decline if for any reason the population falls off.

An exception might be found in mineral lands or in the great wheat farms of the West and the extensive sugar and cotton plantations of the South; but even in the case of agricultural lands the rule will hold good, that their selling value will depend quite as much on the density of the neighboring population as on the profits from crops.

An Australian Illustration

In the early 90's the writer of this article visited Australia and in his journeyings came to the city of Melbourne. A year or two before his arrival, this city had a population of about 400,000, but, for reasons we are about to give, it had fallen off about one-fourth, and the real estate values within the municipal limits had declined nearly one-half. This decline was in excess of the loss of population, and was no doubt largely due to reaction and resultant panic, but there was a good economic reason for a proportionate falling off in land values.

Now, the twenty-five per cent. of Melbourne's population had not left Australia, nor moved to another colony, nor indeed had they gone out of street-car reach of the great city in which most of them still continued to do business. This is how the exodus came about: The people down in Australia speak the same language, belong to the same race, are educated in about the same way, and have the same spiritual and secular aspirations as ourselves; in addition to this, they have all our anxiety to achieve a competency, if not great wealth, by short-cut routes. The people of Melbourne, and the same may be said of the people of Adelaide, Sidney and other Australian cities, had read of the sudden fortunes made or being made through land booms in the neighborhood of American cities, and it struck them that they could get rich quick through the same means as their American cousins, for there was no end of land available and cheap outside the gates of their great municipalities. These people did not know, or if they did they ignored the knowledge, that wealth is not increased by spreading it out, or that, if population is moved from a place of high land values to one of low land values, the latter will appreciate at the expense of the former, though the increase in the one case will be more than offset by the decrease in the other.

This is how it worked: The boomers organized what they called Building and Loan Associations in imitation of the societies that have done so much for the workingman in the United States, but the resemblance ceased with the name, for instead of being honestly co-operative they were managed by men out to exploit the purchaser for their own advantage. Land was bought at a low price by the thousands of acres and laid out in lots, which looked very inviting on the maps with their "parks," "churches," "theaters," "schools," and "athletic fields," the grouped whole being given an attractive name, a thing that has become familiar to our own suburban dwellers. Alluring prospectuses were issued, in which it was pointed out that for the amount of rent paid in the city the workingman, in a few years, could become his own landlord in the suburbs, payments to be made monthly. The plan was full of appeal, and the working people were attracted to it as were the children of Hamelin to the playing of the Pied Piper.

The banks were drawn into this scheme, and money was advanced for the erection of cottages. Even before the cottages were habitable the people began leaving the city in crowds, values rose in the suburbs, and values and rents fell in the cities, where "To Rent" signs soon became conspicuous in residence streets, and even on shops, for the small traders followed their clients to the new homes.

Now, the total population of all Australia is not and never has been as great as that of the State of Pennsylvania, the natural increase is even lower, and because of the distance from the Old World and the corresponding expense for transportation, the immigration is not a factor to be reckoned with. It need not be told that this Australian land boom, like so many ill-considered or actually criminal undertakings of like character in this country, collapsed like a punctured balloon. The disaster was hastened by the world-wide panic of 1892-3, induced by the failure in London of the great banking house of the Barings. Following the failure of these land booms the parliaments of the different colonies began post-mortem investigations, which resulted in the discovery of fraud and the imprisonment of a considerable number of high government officials. But this effort of belated justice was no compensation to a deceived and impoverished people.

Like every other form of investment, that in land requires good judgment and much experience, if the best results are to be had; but, unfortunately, too many of us in our anxiety to be fee-simple landholders are ever too ready to accept without investigation the alluring promises held out by real estate boomers. This fact is well illustrated by a Florida scheme that was presented to the small investors of this country a few years ago, and which was abruptly ended by the Post Office Department, but not till thousands of victims had been robbed of their hard-earned dollars.

A Case Nearer Home

This scheme was as simple as it was alluring. A number of men bought for about a dollar an acre a large tract of land in the wilds of Florida. It was an expanse of sand covered with dwarf pine and scrub oak, and far removed from railroad and water transportation, but the prospectus and maps made a strong appeal to people in the North, to whom Florida was the land of the orange and pineapple, the land of perpetual spring, the land of Ponce de Leon and the Fountain of Youth. In addition, the quarter-acre lots into which this Eden was divided could be had for the mere cost of recording the deeds, which was about $3. This is how the promoters made their money: They bargained with the recorders of deeds in the counties in which they held land, to record copies of the deeds for fifty cents each, so that they made $2.50 on each lot, or say $10 an acre. The original cost and the advertising were about $1.50 an acre, making the net profit $8 on land that was being given away.

A flood of money poured in on the promoters. Other thousands of acres were bought, and when the supply was exhausted or no more could be had on the original terms, the schemers sold lots situated on government property in the everglade swamps. Then the authorities stepped in; arrests were ordered, and the lesson of the gigantic fraud made an impression for a day.

Of course, there are good men engaged in converting farm lands into town lots, and equally of course investors find that they have not been deceived by their dealings with such men. Great fortunes have been and will continue to be made in land ventures, but, as we have shown in another article, these fortunes have not been the result of luck but of good management.

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Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

HOW it would shock us to have any one speak of the apostle Matthew as a converted thief! Yet we must admit that to be quite probable when we consider that he was a "publican" before he became one of the apostles. Let us throw upon Matthew the publican the searchlight of Judaism. There were two classes of publicans among the tax-gatherers under the Roman law. The *gabbai* collected taxes on ground and income and were men of great credit and influence; but the *mokher*, who were the under-publicans, collected taxes on all imports and exports. It is said that "they used their ingenuity to invent taxes and find a name for every kind of exaction, such as on axles, wheels, pack-animals, pedestrians, roads, highways; on admission to markets; on carriers, bridges, ships and quays; on crossing rivers, on dams, on licenses; in short, on such a variety of objects that even the research of modern scholars has not been able to identify all the names." It is also said that "they were accounted as oppressive thieves and pickpockets." The rabbis taught that repentance was next to impossible for a publican."

Matthew undoubtedly belonged to the lower order, because Jesus saw him "sitting at the receipt of custom." If he had been a great *gabbai*, he would not have been doing that. Jesus did not measure publicans after the Jewish fashion, for when he saw Matthew sitting at the receipt of custom, he said unto him, "Follow me," and Matthew arose and followed him." It was evidently not the first time Matthew had seen Jesus, or he would not have immediately responded to his call. It was quite certain that sometimes, in his line of duty at the seaside, watching for incoming ships, he had heard Jesus preach to the multitudes, and from afar had become his follower. In a business way he was probably acquainted with the four fishermen who had become the apostles of Jesus. It is not unlikely that Jesus had seen Matthew in the crowd of listeners at the seashore, and had read the reasonings in his heart. Or, if Jesus did see him at the receipt of custom for the first time, he knew that this publican was already his follower.

A Converted Thief's Letter

A remarkable letter was read by request of Mr. D. L. Moody at a Gospel meeting in the Corn Exchange in Edinburgh. It was a letter from a converted thief, and was in part as follows:

"Mr. W—friend Charlie, if I may call you so—I know you are surprised to get a letter from me, but I hope you won't be mad at my writing to you. I want to give you my thanks for the way you talked to me when I was in prison. . . . I used to think at night about what you said, and I knocked off swearing five months before my time was up; for I saw it wasn't no good, nohow. The day my time was up, you told me if I would 'shake the cross' [quit stealing], and live on the square for three months, it would be the best job I ever done in all my life. The State agent gave me a ticket to here, and on the car I thought more of what you said to me. But while on the cars, I pulled off an old woman's leather [robbed her of her pocket book]. I hadn't no more than got it off, when I wished I hadn't done it; for a while before that I made up my mind to be a square bloke for three months on your word, but forgot it when I saw the leather was a gif [easy to get]. But I kept close to her, and when she got out of the car

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for March 24, 1912.** Feasting and Fasting. Mark 2: 13-22. GOLDEN TEXT: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." Mark 2: 17.

For

ENGAGED COUPLES

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What's that? You don't know what it is? You don't like these new religions? Why, bless your heart, it's a science. Its founder called it "The Science of Human Improvement," and if you don't know anything about it you had better read THE DELINEATOR for April.

What Makes Blue Eyes?

EUGENICS has discovered one queer law about eyes. Brown-eyed parents may have a blue-eyed child. Eyes are blue because they lack brown pigment. But when a blue-eyed man marries a blue-eyed woman, all their descendants will have blue eyes so long as they mate with blue-eyed people. This is interesting, but not necessarily important.

But when it comes to the badder and sadder traits that children inherit, it's mighty important.

Fortune-Telling from Fact

EUGENICS investigates past generations in order to insure the future. If you know some of the tendencies the child is bound to have, you can not only teach and train it more intelligently, but you can be of real service in helping a marriage that will turn out happily.

EUGENIC Societies are working in every civilized country comparing notes and filing records. In THE DELINEATOR for April is one of the first authoritative public statements about their work. These facts that the eugenists are collecting are going to have a great bearing some day on the paupers, the insane, and the non-producers that the State is now called on to support,

If you are not a subscriber, may we say that THE DELINEATOR for April will appear in an unusually good-looking cover. On a background of white appears a lovely girl in a wonderful maline hat. In order to have more room for the beautiful lady, so that you could cut her out if you chose, the name of the magazine has been put 'way down at the bottom of the page—so don't overlook it. Inside this lovely cover you will find a lot of good reading.

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P. S. William Hard has a new departure for which he wants your interest and enthusiasm.

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

at a wayside place, I said, 'Marm, have you lost anything?' She tumbled [discovered] her leather was off. 'Isn't this it?' says I, giving it to her. 'Well, if you ain't honest!' says she. But I hadn't got cheek enough to stand that sort of talk, so I left her in a hurry.

"When I got here, I had one dollar and twenty-five cents left, and I didn't get no work for three days. The afternoon of the third day I spent my last ten cents for two moons [large round sea biscuits] and some cheese. I felt pretty rough, and was thinking I would have to go on the dip again [pocket picking], when I thought of what you once said about a fellow calling on the Lord when he was in hard luck. I thought I would try it once anyhow; but when I tried it, I got stuck on the start, and all I could get off was: 'Lord, give a poor fellow a chance to square it for three months for Christ's sake. Amen.' I kept a thinking of it over and over as I went along. As I was walking along, I heard a big noise, and saw a horse running away with a carriage and two children in it. I grabbed up a piece of box cover from the sidewalk and ran into the middle of the street, and when the horse came up I smashed him over the head as hard as I could drive. The board split to pieces, and the horse checked up a little, and I grabbed the reins and pulled his head down until he stopped.

The gentleman that owned him came running up, and as soon as he saw the children were all right he shook hands with me and gave me a $50 greenback. I was so thunderstruck I couldn't drop the reins nor say anything. He saw something was up, and coming back to me said, 'My boy, are you hurt?' The thought came into my head just then to ask him for work; and I asked him to take back the bill, and give me a job. Says he, 'Jump in here, and let's talk about it; but keep the money.' He asked me if I could take care of horses, and I said, 'Yes.' He told me he wanted a man for that work, and he would give me $16 a month, and board me. You bet I took that chance at once. That night, in my little room over the stable, I sat a long time thinking over my past life, and of what had just happened, and I just got down on my knees, and thanked the Lord for the job, and asked him to help me to square it. The next morning I done it again, and got some new togs [clothing] and a Bible; for I made up my mind after what the Lord had done for me, I would read the Bible every night and morning, and ask him to keep an eye on me. . . . Now, Charley, the three months on the square are up two months ago; and, as you said, it is the best job I ever did in my life. I commenced another of the same sort right away, only it is, God helping me, to last a lifetime. I write this letter to tell you I do think God has forgiven my sins, and heard your prayers, for you told me you should pray for me. I feel that God has called me, and on the first Sunday in July I will join the church. I am doing well, and everybody here treats me as kind as they can. This letter is from your very true friend, C. W."

Matthew the publican did not write such a letter as this; but more—he wrote a glorious Gospel to teach all people how they might become followers of the Lord Jesus, and the wonder of it is that he wrote especially for the Jews, that they might see in Jesus their long-expected Messiah. He thus sought to bless the people who had most contemned him.

Matthew Seeking Other Converts

Did Matthew scorn the publicans, with whom he had formerly been associated? Not he. Instead, he made a great feast, and invited them to come to his house to meet Jesus and hear him talk. Jesus was the guest of honor on that occasion. It is told that many publicans and sinners sat down with Jesus and his disciples at the feast that day in Matthew's house. There were critics at the door—onlookers, men of high degree, even the Pharisees. They asked the disciples of Jesus—Peter, James, John and the others—how it was that their Master ate with publicans and sinners. Jesus heard their question, and answered them himself: "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." So Matthew, by inviting "publicans" to meet Jesus, had shown that he had indeed the spirit of his Master.

At another feast, the last Passover Supper, with only his apostles present, Jesus gave this solemn injunction: "When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren" (Luke 22: 32). If all the followers of Jesus would do this, how quickly all of the people in the world would become Christians!

The Feasting Christ

On the very day of the feast in Matthew's house there was a fast among the disciples of John the Baptist, and some of the Pharisees—some who had participated in the fast—came as onlookers at Matthew's house, and there they saw the feasting Christ and his disciples, and they compared him with John, whose meat had been locusts and wild honey, and they asked of Jesus, "Why do thy disciples fast not?" To this Jesus replied that the days of their fasting had not yet come. Jesus had had his fast of forty days alone in the wilderness, that for our sakes he might be tempted in all points, and yet without sin; and he had now come to feasting, that he might by another avenue enter into the hearts and minds of those he had come to save.

Mozoomdar, in his book, *The Oriental* Christ, says: "Feasting is a small thing, but no religious community has ever got on without a common meal. We can not be fed upon rebukes, sermons and tears always. Christ rebuked, he taught, he wept, but he ate and drank with those whom he taught and rebuked. . . . What free spontaneity must there have been for those beloved early disciples to feel festive glory in the presence of Christ, being set free from the harsh, narrow despotism of the Pharisees, from the bonds of sin and remorse, from the cares and anxieties of worldly life, their burdens borne by the Master's mysterious power, their yoke made light by their sweet love to him, partaking to their hearts' content of his holiness, peace and wisdom."

Jesus made a comparison of the old times with the new, by using for an illustration something which they were accustomed daily to see—old skin bottles, so dry that they had no further usefulness, and fresh skin bottles, which freely expanded to every amount of pressure put within them. There is no doubt about it; the happiest people in the world are the Christian people. Their joys leave no sting behind, but only sweet memory and refreshment. Our Christ will go with us to every feast and every pleasure which it is safe for us to have.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

How to be happy. Let the teacher print these four words on the blackboard in large letters, and then ask the children to read them. Tell them of a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride and a boat to row on the lake. But for all this, the young prince was

Continued on next page

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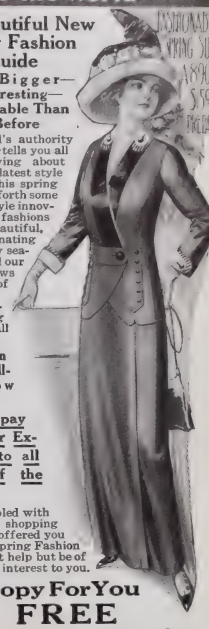

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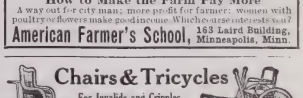

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A large proportion of the work of the White Door Settlement is charity. Poor families are helped, and the starving fed; sick mothers and babies are cared for; the deserving unemployed are helped to new employment. Invalids are taken to fresh-air retreats, and in many other ways the Gospel of humanity and helpfulness is practically illustrated. This year, the White Door finds itself facing a crisis. It has a heavy debt, which can only be paid by appealing to the liberality of its friends. Any readers who are interested in Mrs. Bird's work and in the White Door should address Mrs. John E. Wilson, Treasurer for the House Committee, 260 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York City.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

not happy. At last one day a man came to the court and said:

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "I will give you whatever you ask."

So the man took the boy into a room, and wrote something on a piece of paper with milk. The writing did not show.

"Go and hold it in front of the light [candle]," he said.

The boy did as he was told. The writing turned brown, and the boy read: "Do a kindness to some one every day." The young prince began to live by that motto, and became the happiest boy anywhere to be found.

Let the teacher tell the story of Matthew as a man who had often stood by the sea and seen the kind things which Jesus did in healing the sick, feeding the hungry, helping the fishermen, speaking kind words, etc.; how he began to love Jesus, although he had himself been very unkind to people. Tell them that Jesus knew Matthew had become his loving friend, and one day when Jesus saw him at his place of business, he asked him to leave his money business and work with him in all his loving work for other people; and Matthew was glad to go with Jesus. Describe the party which Matthew gave at his own house, to which he invited men who had not learned to love Jesus, selfish, bad men. Matthew invited them to meet Jesus, and when they saw his loving kindness, many of them gave up their bad ways and became his followers.

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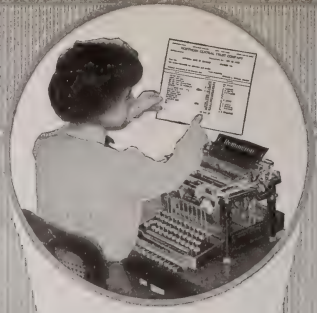

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The Still Small Voice

IN THE early times of Indiana there were no railroads, and none of the present excellent facilities of transportation. The meager mode of transit consisted of a horse or team, or the slower—Daniel Boone's style—afoot.

The "Wilsons," leading bankers in the West at that time, were anxious to transport a large sum of money to the northern part of Indiana. What perplexed them was the selection of the right kind of man to undertake the delivery of $10,000 safely to destination and run the gauntlet of any prospective robbers along the lonely highway. After much thought they hit upon a young unmarried man, strong and trustworthy—Robert Ruckle—to undertake the perilous trip. The plan adopted was for young Ruckle to mount a strong, fleet horse, with two saddlebags and two revolvers, the former to hold the $10,000. Relays of horses were arranged for along the way.

The morning of departure arrived, preparations were completed for the long horseback ride, a tender good-by was said to father and mother and friends. The bankers gave him encouragement and bade him godspeed. Ruckle mounted his horse; then all cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. He took off his hat and waved adieu to all, every eye watching him out of sight.

On he rode out through the country across the White and Wabash Rivers, passing the pawpaw trees, the sycamores and black walnuts, and occasional farmhouses and red barns that broke the monotony of the lonely way. He had time for thought and was not bored with gossips. Nightfall brought him to a roadhouse or tavern where he passed the night, very careful and watchful of his treasure.

After starting out the second day on the trip along dense woods and swamps, a great temptation swept over his soul. "What if I should take this $10,000 and flee? Who could trace me in this lonely country?" Every step of the ride that day, the temptation grew stronger, until it fairly enveloped him. It absorbed his thoughts. He tried to shake it off, but in vain. He was apparently on the verge of yielding and becoming a robber, when he seemed to hear his mother's voice. She was reading her Bible as usual, at the passage, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name."

Like a thunderclap this broke the spell of temptation. Robert was back again in the old traces, penitent for having given heed to the tempter. It was the still small voice of the Holy Spirit that had saved the $10,000 intact, and saved the soul of the young man from the tempter.

The treasure was safely delivered at its destination. Years rolled on. The young man married, and afterward became the nominee for governor of a Western State.

A mother's voice has worked wonders. Her pleading has saved many a man. What love equals or surpasses mother love? Only one—*Divine love! This had saved him!*

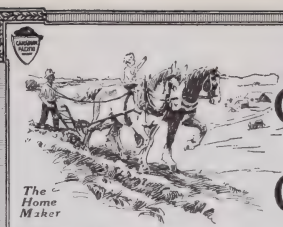
WILLIAM H. WINTON.

Rochester, N. Y.

One of His Earthly Treasures

Permit me to tender to you my appreciation for the copy of *The Pilgrim Ship*, which I count as one of my earthly treasures. Also allow me to thank you for *The Christian Herald Almanac*. It is truly a worthy successor of the calendars formerly sent out by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Though tardy, I wish you a most prosperous year and hope that it may continue in years to come to hold the place of prominence it now occupies in many thousands of Christian homes.

McKeesport, Pa. WILLIAM MARTYN.



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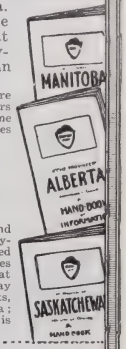

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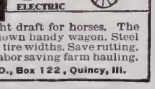

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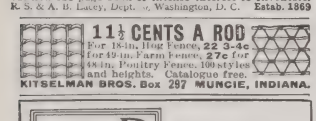

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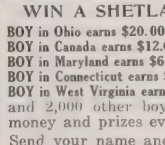

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The Peasant's Fagot

IT IS told that, when John Huss was bound to the stake on July 1, 1416 (writes Rev. David Smith in *The British Weekly*), an old peasant woman came with a fagot, begging that it might be added to the pile; and when it was flung on, she was not content: it must be close up to the victim, so that it might help to consume him. "Have I ever harmed you or yours," asked Huss, "that you are so bitter against me?" "Never," was the reply, "but you are a heretic. Wood is scarce this year, and the winter, they say, is like to be a hard one. I can ill afford the fagot, but I would fain do God's service by helping to rid the earth of an accursed heretic; and therefore I make the sacrifice." "Oh, holy simplicity!" exclaimed the martyr. And, reaching out his hand, he drew the fagot toward him, and placed it against his side. "Perhaps," he said, "the fagot may help to save us both." He recognized a kindred spirit in the old peasant. That zeal for God which made her in her darkness a persecutor, would, had her reason been enlightened, have made her a martyr. St. Bernard has told us how we may build pillar after pillar until the House of Conscience is securely based; but there is a simpler direction, a surer way: Make Jesus the Lord of your conscience; lay your will alongside of his example; submit your judgment to him, and make his Spirit the arbiter. It is the light of his face that enlightens the reason.

A Celebration in Quaint Siam

Continued from page 267

Though I have been living in Siam for many years, this was the first native state dinner I had seen served in this style. There were eight courses, consisting of soup, fish, salad, chicken pie, beef, ham, peafowl, duck, with potatoes, peas, carrots and asparagus, ending with plum pudding and coffee. One of the judges gave a toast to the governor and asked Dr. Peoples to respond. He did, and the response from all was given with hearty sympathy.

"After wishing the governor many happy years in his beautiful palace, we bade him good-night, feeling that we had been royally entertained, and had enjoyed all the ceremonies. Outside at the pavilion the crowds were enjoying the various plays, and the native music, consisting of drums, gongs, dulcimers, flutes and stringed instruments. Spirit-worship was not observed in any of the ceremonies, which is very unusual. The governor abandoned the practice himself several years ago, and has lately issued a proclamation forbidding spirit-worship. No drunkenness was seen nor rough language heard during all the ceremonies, which speaks well for the Laos people."

From correspondence and notes of Mrs. Sarah Wirt Peoples and Mr. William McCluskey, of Nan, Laos, Siam.

MY COMFORTER

A LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

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I wish to express my sincere thanks for my excellent premium Bible. It is surely all that heart could wish for. Its value cannot be expressed in dollars. The *Almanac* could not be better. I love THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: it is my daily companion. Next to my Bible, it deserves the first place, because it carries me from my narrow sphere to distant nations and climes, where we are shown beautiful pictures, teaching the brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God. MRS. R. B. TRAYLOR.

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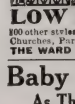

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This month we celebrate. A million Goodyear Auto Tires have now gone into use.

Over half that million have been sold within the past 12 months. Yet this is our 13th year.

Think what that means. More sold in this last year alone than in 12 years put together.

Just because No-Rim-Cut tires—our patented type—suddenly became the sensation.

A few men proved them out. Then thousands proved them—then tens of thousands more.

Now a million tires. Now a trebled demand over last year. Now a larger sale than any other tire commands.

All this occurs after these tires have been tested on some 200,000 cars.

The Reign of the New-Type Tire

Now comes the reign of a new-type tire—a tire that cuts tire bills in two.

A tire that can't rim-cut—an oversize tire, to save the blowouts due to overloading.

A hookless tire—one that needs no tire bolts, nor hooking to the rim.

And a tire which embodies the final results of our 13 years spent in perfecting tires.

All these features combined in a tire which costs no more than other standard tires.

That will explain this overwhelming demand for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Old-Type Tires Must Go

Old-type tires—clincher tires—rim-cut when partly deflated. When they run flat, because of a puncture, a minute's time may wreck them.

Statistics show that 23 per cent. of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut.

Now comes a type which makes rim-cutting impossible. And all of you motorists are sometime bound to adopt them.

These same tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10 per cent. oversize. The hookless base permits that.

That means 10 per cent. more air—10 per cent. greater carrying capacity—without any extra cost.

It means support for your extras, and for passengers who overweigh. It reduces the danger of blow-outs.

That 10 per cent. oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

All those advantages at the price of tires which lack them. How long will any man cling, in your estimation, to old-type, skimpy tires?

The Secret

The secret of this new-type tire lies in three flat bands of 126 braided wires.

These braided wires are vulcanized into the tire base. Thus the tire base is made unstretchable.

This tire needs no beads to hook into the rim flange, because nothing can force the tire over the flange.

But, unlock the flange and the tire slips off like any quick-detachable tire. It slips off much easier, because no beads can get "frozen" into the rim flange.

With this hookless tire, your removable rim flanges are slipped to the opposite sides. Then they curve outward instead of inward.

Instead of a curved flange digging into the tire there is a rounded edge on which the tire rests if deflated.

There is no changing of rims if your rims are standard. Nearly all rims are now made to fit these tires.

We Control It

This braided wire feature forms the only way to make a practical tire of this type. The reasons are explained in our Tire Book.

Competition, of course, has forced other makers to attempt this hookless tire. But the essential feature is controlled by our patents. And substitute features have proved unsatisfactory. Many have been abandoned.

This new-type tire, if you want it right, means the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. That is why the demand, in a flood-like way, has centered on this tire.

Get the proved-out tire when you get this type. Get the tire which outsells all the rest after a million have gone into use.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years spent in tire-making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON

From a Painting by J. A. Muenier

See description in this issue

OUR · MAIL · BAG

Questions and Answers

C. F. A., Augusta, Ga. 1. Please explain Acts 2: 34. 2. Also I. Cor. 14: 34.

1. Peter is here correcting a misinterpretation of the psalm in which David spoke not of himself, as many supposed, but of Christ. The passage should be read in connection with verses 25, 26, 27 and Psalm 110: 1, which was clearly a foregleam of the Messianic ascension. 2. This passage has already been recently explained in THE MAIL-BAG.

S., Stanton, Minn. 1. What is the meaning of Isa. 8: 19 and 13: 11? 2. Also I. John 2: 18 and chapter 4, verse 3 and II. John 7? 3. Also Heb. 5: 14?

1. Isaiah was here addressing God's believing people and warning them against the sin of giving heed to witchcraft and seeking after familiar spirits, as such sin always followed in the wake of idolatry. There were tricksters in those days who by ventriloquism and other means pretended to have communication with the dead, just as some spiritualistic charlatans do to-day. The punishment here meant (chapter 13: 11) is for the wicked of the world. Arrogance was Babylon's besetting sin. 2. In John's day Antichrist teachers had appeared and had been exposed and driven out from Christian fellowship and he warned believers against their seductions and exhorted them to abide in Christ. The same warning is repeated in another form in chapter 4, verse 3, coupled with a renewed denunciation of false prophets. "Every spirit" is here interpreted to mean "every teacher claiming inspiration by the Holy Spirit." He repeats the warning in the passage in II. John 7, the essential point of all these warnings being to confirm the church in its faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ and the authority of his mission. 3. The confirmed and experienced Christian is no longer a child spiritually, but is able to distinguish between sound and unsound doctrine. The warning is against "strange doctrines," by which those who do not discriminate may be greatly troubled.

Mrs. J. J., Tyner, Saskatchewan. Kindly explain in THE MAIL-BAG John 12: 37-40. These verses seem to infer that all cannot be saved, even if they would. Is not this predestination?

In these verses, the evangelist is recording his own reflections on the scenes he describes. Having reached the close of Christ's public ministry, John casts a regretful glance at the apparent fruitlessness of that ministry among a large proportion of the people. Their unbelief, while it did not set aside the purpose of God (who "tempteth no man"), simply fulfilled the expectation of the prophet Isaiah, who pictured those who rejected divine truth as having wilfully closed their hearts against it, and having shown by their unbelief and impenitence an attitude which did not permit of belief. It is not inconsistent to read verse 40, as some interpreters have it: "He hath permitted their eyes to be shut and their hearts to be hardened." It would, however, be inconsistent to interpret it as meaning that God had extended the offer of salvation to men whom he had first made incapable of receiving it.

I. W. T., Philadelphia, Pa. Where can be found the number of wise men who visited the Saviour? Three are mentioned, but why?

The Scripture record does not tell the number, but there are several ancient and well-preserved traditions in the Eastern Church which throw light on the subject. Some of these even give the names of the three Magian princes as Melchior, Caspar and Balthasar. According to the tradition, they arrived in Jerusalem with a large retinue. Early Christian writers devote much attention to the "Three Kings," and great reverence was paid to them. The number was supposed to be a symbol of the Trinity. Possibly the expressions in Ps. 72: 10, 11 and Isa. 49: 23 had an important influence in determining the character of early Christian literature on the subject.

A. H. G., New Haven, Conn. A, who has always tried to live a careful, prayerful Christian life, for years has had poor health. By means of surgery the trouble was relieved and the pain has been steady. A believes God answered the many prayers and blessed the efforts of the surgeon, doctors, family, friends, and medicine. B claims A has no Biblical authority for such belief; that Christ wishes to be the Great Healer and needs no agencies to assist. He contends that had A only had faith and used prayer all suffering and surgery would have been avoided. Why are not surgery and medicine God's gifts, to be used by us, as much as food? Is not Christ the Bread of Life as much as the Great Physician? And yet people eat and drink.

Both are right. A did according to his faith when he employed the best means at hand and asked God to add his blessing. B was right in claiming that Christ is the Great Physician who pardons our sins and heals our diseases. It is simply a question of faith. The divine power is as potent to-day as in apostolic times, if our faith were sufficiently strong to permit us to realize it.

M. B. L., Sparta, Ill. 1. In Matt. 1: 17, how many years are included in fourteen generations? 2. Taking into consideration the promise made to Abraham in Gen. 15: 5, and the settlement by him of the children of Keturah (as given in Gen. 25), it is reasonable to suppose that the Chinese are his posterity? 3. Of what tribe and family was Jabez, who is spoken of in I. Chron. 4: 9?

1. Approximately 2,163 years, according to Kitto, Smith and other authorities. 2. Keturah's descendants have been variously claimed as Arabs and Turks, but never, so far as known, as Chinese. 3. Jabez was a descendant of the tribe of Judah, but of what particular family does not appear.

Mrs. C. W. R., Watertown, N. Y. Kindly explain Luke 21: 25-34.

These verses have been a fruitful subject of discussion among commentators. In this prophecy there is a double reference—the immediate one being to the impending destruction of Jerusalem and the ultimate reference to the final coming of Christ. Interpreters are not agreed as to the meaning of "the sign of the Son of Man in heaven" (see Matt. 24: 30), but all concur that it will be one universally and immediately recognized, and that it will be followed by his actual coming, as described by Luke. The expression "this generation" in verse 32 means that those who heard the prophecy of immediate import would see its fulfilment, which they did, as Jerusalem's downfall followed shortly afterward.

J. E. T., Kingfield, Me., writes: "Your answer to G. W. P., of Lebanon Junction, Ky., relates to the question of sin. You refer to Rom. 7th chapter from 7th to 24th verse. I cannot see how any man can believe that that is the experience of 'every man.' Paul is not describing the experience of a Christian man, but an awakened sinner under the law. Paul declares that the 'carnal mind is enmity against God, it is not subject to his law, neither indeed can be.' Our best modern commentators now declare that the 7th of Romans is not the experience of a regenerated man. Dr. Vincent also (in his *New Testament Word Studies*) declares that it is the experience of an unregenerate man seeing the light and powerless through the law to walk in it. But in the 8th chapter and 2d verse, he triumphantly declares, 'for what the law could not do,' etc., 'For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.' What did Jesus come to do if he did not come to destroy sin and give deliverance to his people?"

Mrs. A. J. S., Bethlehem, Pa. In what respect did the attitude of Confucius and Mencius differ from that of the Hebrew prophets?

Mencius was the pupil of Confucius and both were moralists. Mencius taught of the intrinsic goodness of human nature, although he admitted that humanity had become perverted. He also taught of benevolence and righteousness. He wrote, "If a man once rectify his heart, little else will remain to do." Confucius aimed to regulate manners and morals, not to found a religion. His system was ethical and political. Although he spoke of heaven, it has been questioned whether he recognized the existence of a personal Supreme God. In the teachings of both, the attainment of perfect virtue by the observance of certain cardinal principles was inculcated. There is a wide distinction between such teachings and those of the major and minor prophets of the Hebrews, who taught that God is over all, the ruler and the supreme and omnipotent All-Creator and disposer, with punishments and rewards in his hand; that he is the fountain of all virtue and goodness, the pardoner of sin, the Father of all, the preserver and leader of his people and the source from which all moral and spiritual law and all blessings emanate. The Hebrew prophets were annalists, poets, historians, preachers not only of morals, but of a deeply spiritual religion. They were regarded as divinely inspired and authoritative exponents of the law, and as instruments of revealing God's will to man in past, present and future events. Any attempt to compare the teachings of the Chinese sages with those of the Hebrew prophets reveals very little ground of similarity.

A. E., Rockford, Ill. 1. Whom do the four beasts mentioned in the fourth chapter and sixth verse of Revelation represent? 2. Also the beast mentioned in the last verse of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, which had power to perform miracles?

1. The beasts were symbols of the carnal man, who by rebellion loses his true glory as lord, under God, of the lower creatures and is degraded to the level of a beast. 2. This verse has been a great subject of discussion and many books have been written on the subject without definite result. The number is held to indicate, symbolically, Antichrist, the broken world-power, ripe for judgment. Another view is that it represents the political power of Rome, which had so long persecuted the church. To enumerate the many and varying conclusions of commentators on this subject is unnecessary. As John writes, "spiritual wisdom" is needed to solve it.

W. B. M., Princeton, Ind. 1. Who "sold the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes?" 2. Who burned the bones of the king of Edom into lime?

See Amos 2: 1, 6, also chapter 8: 6.

Chinese Amazons Who Enlisted to Fight for the Republic

THIS photograph shows a band of young women soldiers who are reported to have done valiant service in the field for the revolutionaries. They are students at the Chinese Government Girls' School in Shanghai, and were the first to organize and begin drilling. Their idea was to go to the front and fight for freedom from the Manchu rule, beside their brothers and fathers. They are small, like most Chinese women, but are sturdy and have plenty of endurance. They have been drilled steadily for as long as three hours at a time, carrying regular army guns. Chinese women as a rule have none of the ills that weaken Continental and American women. They are used to working hard, and since the law against foot-binding went into effect they are, of course, fully able to handle themselves.

Miscellaneous

H. D. K., Humboldt, Neb. See answer concerning Simeon in MAIL-BAG of February 28.

R. X. F., Chicago. See answer to A. E., Rockford, Ill., on same subject.

Reader, Bogue, Kan. 1. The passage in I. Cor. 7: 36-38 has already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG recently. 2. The "religion" referred to has been aptly characterized as "Christianity without Christ."

M. N., Geneva, N. Y. There is no passage in the teachings of Christ that can be construed as having reference to secret fraternities.

J. A. D., Denver, Colo., writes that the author of the poem "Doe ye nexte thynge" (mentioned as anonymous in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) was the late Mrs. George A. Paull, a writer of children's books, who died in 1895.

C. M., Seneca Falls, N. Y. The word "cousin" in Luke 1: 36 and 58 (used in the Authorized Version) is given a somewhat vague and wide meaning as the rendering of a Hebrew word which would be more properly translated as "blood relative" or "kinsman." Just how close this relationship was between Mary and Elisabeth cannot be determined.

F. H., Petersburg, Va. "Old Abe," the eagle who lived for some time in the capitol at Madison, Wis., was suffocated by smoke during a fire in the building. He was stuffed by a taxidermist and placed in a glass case in the main hall of the capitol. In a recent fire, he was totally destroyed. We cannot learn that an eagle was ever kept in the capitol at Washington.

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Stowing Coal in the Sittingroom Cupboard in Anticipation of the Strike

Miners' Wives With Their Babies Gathered in the Shipping Yard of a Colliery

A Detachment of Cavalry Called In to Protect the Welsh Mines

A Strike That Tied up a Nation

TWO million people in discontented idleness; thousands of spindles, looms and forges silent and useless; railways running on reduced schedules and in the harbors thousands of ships unable to put to sea! This, in a few words, was the state of affairs in Great Britain a few days after the most paralyzing strike that the world has ever seen was called by the coal miners of the United Kingdom. Although England has had serious labor troubles in years gone by, she had never before faced anything so serious as this.

The situation was not sprung upon the nation unannounced, as the laws of Great Britain require thirty days' notice to be given by employees. So from the latter part of January until the 1st of March increasingly energetic attempts were made by the various Conciliation Boards, the British Board of Trade, and by the government itself to bring about an agreement which would do away with the possibilities of a strike. In spite of all these efforts, however, the miners' organizations set the 1st of March as the date for a nation-wide cessation of work in the collieries. A week before that date arrived the government had taken steps to bring about a basis of operation upon which the arbitration might be based. Days of conferences between the leaders of the miners, the labor representatives in the House of Commons, members of the Cabinet and the coal owners produced no further results than the announcement that about 65 per cent. of the mine owners and lessees had agreed to the demands of the strikers for the establishment of a minimum wage scale throughout the various coal mining districts.

The greatest difficulty experienced in the negotiations was due to the position of the miners themselves, who, having stated their demands for a minimum wage, and having named the figures upon which they had decided, absolutely refused to enter into negotiations which would affect this decision or to guarantee a minimum production.

The first actual strike took place on February 26, when the men of the Alfretor pits in Derbyshire ceased work. On the two days following, thousands of miners in Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire carried out their announced intention and deserted the collieries. During the next few days, while almost frantic attempts were being made by the government and by the Conciliation Board and by the new Trade Disputes Industrial Council, which the Board of Trade had formed with Sir George R. Askwith as chief commissioner and Mr. H. J. Wilson as registrar, to bring the mine operators and the miners to a basis of settlement, the workers in Wales and the south of Scotland joined the movement, and every coal mine of any importance in the British Isles was deserted.

Sir George R. Askwith and Mr. H. J. Wilson

The effects of the strike began to make themselves felt almost immediately. In the south of Scotland and in Wales an extremely ugly spirit developed among the miners, and it became necessary to call in troops as a precautionary measure against the recurrence of such disorders as took place in Wales in connection with the last coal miners' strike. The wheels of industry began to slow down within a very few days. The railways announced reduced schedules, and the great manufacturing centers served notice upon their employees that as soon as the stock of coal in their yards was exhausted it would be necessary for them to shut down the mills.

Throughout the midland section of England the miners seemed to accept the situation largely as a holiday, and there has been little or no ill-feeling engendered between them and the mine operators, for it was almost unanimously agreed by the controlling interests of the mines in that section that they would willingly grant the increase for which the miners are striking. The gravest aspect of the whole situation developed from the obduracy of the South Wales, Northumberlandshire and south of Scotland mine operators. The deadlock became graver as it was learned that as the mine owners and operators were being won over to the acceptance of the strikers' demands, they themselves were throwing a greater obstacle in the way of settlement by insisting upon the very letter of their demand, rather than upon the concession of the principle of a minimum wage. As the public learned that they were unwilling to leave the adjustment of details to subsequent arbitration under the supervision of the government, its sympathies veered from the miners, who had up to that time enjoyed the moral support of practically the entire nation as well as of the government.

Premier Asquith had announced that the government would, if necessary, enact a law requiring the payment of minimum wage by the mine owners, and in this they were generally endorsed by public opinion, which was entirely against the obdurate operators. It was not until the position of the miners was

Continued on next page

HOPES OF PEACE AT LAWRENCE

AFTER a strike of eight weeks' duration, resulting in the loss to both sides of something like $2,000,000, there are hopes at last of an end to the industrial war at Lawrence, Mass. The mill-owners made an offer of a minimum wage increase of 5 per cent. to become effective on March 4. This was regarded as a first step toward a settlement of the troubles, and the employees of the Arlington and Pacific Mills, together with some 500 wool-sorters and 300 mule spinners, voted to return to work. The "Industrial Workers of the World," however, remained firm in their demand for a 15 per cent. increase, double pay for overtime, the abolition of the premium system, the re-employment of all the strikers without distinction, and the withdrawal of the charges against strike leaders Ettor and Giovannitti, who were held for the grand jury.

As an attempt to prevent the return of employees to work was feared, police precautions were redoubled, and the military was ordered to go on duty to guard the works and prevent the renewal of disturbances. It was known that the strike committee had made arrangements for picket lines on a large scale, with the view of preventing the workers from returning to the mills; nevertheless, the prospect of the return of a very considerable number was a promising one.

In their proposed readjustment of the wage scale, the mill-owners promised to proceed upon a comparative basis as to occupations, giving increases in the rates formerly paid by the hour and by the piece; such increases to be in no case less than 5 per cent. They promised steady employment, and extended a welcome back to any of the former employees, without discrimination, who applied before Wednesday, March 6. There are 38,200 hands affected in the entire group of mills. President Golden of the United Textile Workers of America, upon learning of the offer of the owners said: "I am pleased to hear of it. Unless it affected all the operatives, skilled and unskilled, irrespective of nationality, we could not endorse it."

Troop "B," Massachusetts State Militia, Passing Through the Italian Quarter of Lawrence

Hon. John N. Cole, ex-speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in a letter to the *Outlook* presents the manufacturers' point of view in the Lawrence strike. He says the mill-owners did not reduce wages without warning; that only a small percentage of the workers are low-paid because unskilled, that the highest class of skilled operators are employed at good wages and that the average wage is over $9 per week. The published attempts to picture the workers as poor and miserable in dress and appearance are totally unjust. The hours of labor in Lawrence are four a week less than in any other State, six less than in many States and twelve less than in some. He claims that the real issue in Lawrence is the establishment of an anarchistic and socialistic movement that shall hereafter control the textile business of the State and ultimately that of other States. He denies the charge of excessive manufacturers' profits. Finally, Mr. Cole declares the manufacturers have always been foremost in helping to improve living conditions in Lawrence. In his view, the situation has been grossly misrepresented for the purpose of creating dissatisfaction and justifying disorder.

Fifty strikers went to Washington and appeared before a Congressional Committee to give the workers' side of the general situation. With them were several children. In testifying, before the House Committee on Rules, President Golden of the Textile Workers' Union made the charge that the men who had gone to Lawrence from New York had poisoned the minds of the workers and preached to them not trades unionism but anarchy and revolution.

Much of the testimony given at the hearing related to the brutality of the troops and police, and it made a deep impression. During the hearing on Wednesday, March 6, Mrs. Taft sat an interested auditor, while the Lawrence authorities denied the stories of cruelty and barbarity which had been testified to by a number of witnesses. The chief of police of Lawrence defended the soldiers and police against the charge of striking the workers. He declared that every effort had been made to aggravate the soldiers and policemen. Asked regarding the stopping of children being sent away from Lawrence, he said he had no knowledge that the women in charge of them were their mothers. There was no evidence that the parents had consented to their going. He blamed the strike leaders for stirring up all the trouble and encouraging the women to go out and make martyrs of themselves. One man, a Syrian, called for twenty-five men to volunteer to throw themselves on the soldiers' bayonets in order to stir up sympathy throughout the country.

An investigation of the strike situation is now being conducted by Dr. C. P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor from Washington. Meanwhile, it is said that civil proceedings are to be instituted against the Massachusetts State authorities for preventing the women and children from leaving the city, when they wished to go to other cities where support had been offered by private individuals.

THE STRIKE THAT TIED UP A NATION

Continued from preceding page

more fully understood and the shortage of coal had commenced to have disastrous consequences on the industries and commerce of the nation that any criticism of the miners' attitude was heard. On the second day of the strike, factories commenced to shut down, and the railway companies still further reduced their schedules. One hundred thousand iron workers in Scotland were thrown into idleness even that early by the lack of coal. The tinplate works in Wales found it necessary to suspend operations, and the forty thousand men employed there were thrown out of work. By the fourth day of the strike, the great iron industries of England were practically all paralyzed. Every class in the community had commenced to feel the strike by this time. By the fifth day, about a quarter of a million workers had been dismissed from various industries and the railroad service was generally dislocated and disorganized. Like a creeping paralysis, the stoppage of the coal supply was gradually suspending the whole industrial activity of the nation. The prices of food commenced to climb slowly but surely, and the poorer classes throughout the country began to feel the stringency caused by the strike.

It had been stated before the actual development of the trouble that not only would the miners succeed in paralyzing the manufacturing cities, but, what is of far greater importance to the British Isles, they would cause the suspension of the carrying trade which brings Britain's food from over seas. It is generally estimated that England seldom has more than twelve or fourteen days' food for her population already within her borders. She is entirely dependent upon her colonies and the rest of the world for her supplies, and upon her navy for the protection of that vast fleet which daily comes and goes from her ports. A number of British publications stated that it was the boast of a certain element in the ranks of the strikers that they would within ten days reduce the greatest navy in the world to the utility of scrap-iron, but evidently they had calculated without consideration of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, the first Lord of the Admiralty, who announced that during the last month enough coal had been accumulated at the various naval bases to provide adequately for the needs of the fleet for one hundred days.

It is extremely doubtful if any strike has ever exerted such an extremely important international influence as these difficulties in Great Britain. All the nations of Europe have felt the effects in increased prices of coal for domestic and industrial uses. The miners of France and Germany have felt the unrest, and, it is believed, will take advantage of the present most unusual conditions to enforce their demands upon the mine owners. Here in America, though there has as yet been no actual friction between the mine owners and the National Federation of Miners, it is believed that there is sure to be a break on or shortly following the first of April.

The operations of the mines in this country are now being carried on under an agreement between the miners and their employees, which terminates on April 1. The representatives of the various organizations of miners have been conferring recently as to plans for the establishment of a new basis after the expiration of the present agreement. Though it is generally believed that they are anxious to avoid a stoppage of operations if it is possible, the outlook is not particularly bright.

That the independent operators feel the situation to be rather tense was indicated by a meeting which was held in Pottsville, Pa., during February to arrive at some solution of the problem. As far as can be learned, the only outcome of that meeting was a decision to push the work of actual coal production as rapidly as possible, so that in the event of a strike before an agreement is reached, the nation will not find itself suffering from a coal famine. Practically all "dead work," that is, work which is not directly productive of ready coal, has been suspended at the mines, and the miners are confining their efforts to increasing their standing stock. The American miners have already made their demands, but the outstanding difference between their attitude and that of their fellow workers in the old country is that, while they have quite evidently asked more than they expected to receive and have had their demands peremptorily refused, so that negotiations will undoubtedly take place at an early date, the English miners have put their demands in the form of an ultimatum.

It has been stated that in the event of a strike including the men of both the anthracite and bituminous workers, John Mitchell, who led the strikers in the last great anthracite coal strike which America had, will again come forward as the leader of the United Mine Workers of America. Although the demands of the miners for an increase in the rate of pay may be granted, it is agreed by most of the operators that the demands for an eight-hour day and for the installation of a check-off system will not be granted, and unless the miners concede on those points, there is sure to be a strike, and it will probably be a long one.

Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N., in Antarctic Dress

The "Terra Nova," a Typical Exploration Ship, Leaving England

Capt. Roald Amundsen in Polar Furs

South Pole Is Reached At Last!

THOUGH there has never been the same world-wide interest in the discovery of the South Pole as that which absorbed both scientists and laymen until Rear-Admiral Peary's discovery of the North Pole, all the world was set agog on March 6 when rumors began to float about London that Captain Robert F. Scott had reached the goal. The following day reported dispatches from Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian Antarctic explorer, announced that his vessel, the *Fram*, had reached Hobart, Tasmania, and that he had stated that Captain Scott had succeeded in his attempt to reach the South Pole. Although no confirmatory word was received by Mrs. Scott or by Lieutenant Evans, the London secretary of the Scott Expedition, the news was generally accepted and Captain Scott was given the full credit.

The following morning a dispatch signed "Leon Amundsen," and dated Christiania, Norway, March 7, stated, "I have received the following message: 'Hobart, Tasmania, Thursday, March 7, 1912. Pole attained fourteenth-seventeenth December, 1911. All well. Roald Amundsen.'"

Captain Amundsen headed one of five different expeditions which have been, for several months, struggling toward the South Pole. His chief competitor was Captain Scott, who at first received the credit of the discovery. Captain Scott's expedition was perhaps the best outfitted of any. He went South in the *Terra Nova*, a ship specially built for use amidst the ice, carrying with him sixty men, a large food supply, a score of Siberian ponies, about thirty dogs and one motor sledge. It was his intention to use the motor sledge in making rapid progress over the comparatively level stretches of the foothills of the great range of mountains that rims the Antarctic Pole.

Captain Amundsen took with him no ponies or motor sledges, but placed his reliance upon one hundred and twelve well-trained Siberian dogs and the skiis upon which he and all his countrymen are so expert. It was his belief that as great speed would be attained in the dash for the pole upon the skiis as could be made in any other way, and the present reports seem to bear out his conclusion. The other competitors in the race are Lieutenant William Filchner, of the general staff of the German Army, Lieutenant N. Shirhase of the Japanese Navy and Dr. Douglas Mawson of Australia. Lieutenant Filchner announced his intention of following as closely as possible the plans of Dr. Frithiof Nansen, and sailed on board his steamer *Deutschland* on October 5 last year. He is an experienced and daring explorer, having been one of the first to reach Lhassa, in Tibet, and the greatest confidence was felt in his ability by the Geographical Society of Berlin.

The Japanese explorer followed the route established by Sir Ernest Shackleton into Ross Sea, but returned to Sidney, Australia, in 1911 to repair damage done in Terror Bay. It was not until late in November last that he made a second start, so that he was rather behind the others in the race. Dr. Mawson, the Australian, had the advantage of having accompanied Shackleton on his trip, which included the first ascension and exploration of Mount Erebus, and which took them to within one hundred miles of the geographic South Pole. He took his route from the harbor of Hobart, Tasmania, aboard the little ship *Aurora*, and, it is believed, intended to take the land route to the east of Ross Sea and there pick up Shackleton's former trail.

Captain Scott, who started with his expedition from Port Chalmers, New Zealand, on November 29, 1910, was but a little in advance of Captain Amundsen, who sailed under a commission from King Haakon VII. of Norway and the Norwegian government from Buenos Aires in the *Fram* toward the close of 1910. He passed through the Straits of Magellan, and then steered for Ross Sea.

Though the dispatches are so meager, Sir Ernest Shackleton, speaking of the feat, says:

"There is no indication in the cable whether Amundsen followed the route of my expedition in reaching the mountains that guard the approach to the Pole. It may be possible that he found a new route and an easier one up to the plateau which lies about 9,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level. He may have had good weather. The words of the cablegram, 'Pole attained, December 14 to 17,' evidently mean that on reaching the geographical pole, so that no uncertainty should exist as to his exact position, he waited three days, taking noon observations so as accurately to determine his position.

"If Captain Amundsen left the Pole on December 17, he would very likely, with a fair wind behind him, return to winter quarters in about forty-five days. We left our 'farthest South,' which was, roughly speaking, 100 miles north of the Pole, on January 9, and reached our winter quarters on February 28. They were 650 geographical miles from the Pole, approximately the same length of journey that Amundsen would have covered from the Pole to his winter quarters, as they were ninety miles farther south than ours.

"We then assume that Captain Amundsen reached Bay of Whales at the end of January. He would take two or three days loading up and getting under way with the *Fram*. He would then presumably go North and work to the westward of Cape Adare, and then get into the westerly winds and make Hobart, Tasmania.

"The question naturally arises in one's mind, did Captain Scott reach the Pole before December 14? If so, the honor flies with the British flag, but the same endurance, the same skill, and the same meed of endeavor must be granted to Captain Amundsen as the Norwegian people would grant to Captain Scott if the positions were reversed. It would be quite possible that the two expeditions, having reached Beardmore Glacier, would be in touch with each other, or would come across depots which would indicate the advance or return of either party, and if Scott had left a party at the foot of the glacier they would naturally be acquainted with Amundsen's movements, as Amundsen's men would be had Amundsen left a party or depot in the same position. There may have been a more dramatic situation still. The two parties, crossing the glacier and converging toward the coveted spot from different directions, may have met at the pole itself.

"No matter which party reached the Pole first, both will have done much to unveil the mystery of the South and increase the interest and desire for further work in this great unknown continent."

It is impossible as yet to state definitely whether the honor belongs solely to the gallant Norwegian, whether he must share it with his British rival, or relinquish it altogether should Captain Scott effectively prove that he had been at the Pole previous to December 14.

From a geographical, scientific standpoint the discovery of the South Pole, while, of course, a momentous event, had never possessed the same features of importance and danger as relate to the North Pole. The North Pole is afloat; that is, it would be were it not for the ice which is practically solid about it all the year round, while the South Pole, on the other hand, is in the interior of a vast continent that is buried in eternal ice and ribbed with almost impassable mountain ranges. The farthest point of Ross Sea, where Captain Scott debarked his party, and where Captain Amundsen is also supposed to have begun his land journey south, is marked by the great volcano, Mount Erebus, from which rises a great column of steam. It was the ascent and exploration of this volcano, together with the added geographical knowledge which he brought home, that earned Lieutenant Shackleton his knighthood. The locality is one of the most dreaded in the Antarctic regions.

WHOLESALE ARRESTS IN NICARAGUA

—FOOLISH AND INCENDIARY articles in two Nicaraguan journals, intended to stir up feeling against Secretary of State Knox on his arrival at Managua, led to a somewhat extraordinary condition of affairs in that city. The government, knowing that the sentiment of the people as a whole was friendly to Mr. Knox and his mission, and resenting the attempt of a small unfriendly anti-American faction to stir up strife, promptly arrested all connected with the plan—nearly a hundred persons, including the entire staffs of two newspapers. All the Managua newspapers were temporarily suspended during Mr. Knox's visit. Among those sent to jail are Senor Don Francisco Medina, who was Minister of Finance under the deposed President Zelaya; General Mora, who fought under General Estrada, and Senor Salvatierra, who edited an Estrada journal. In a speech at a reception in Congress which was attended by the President, the cabinet, the judges of the Supreme Court and diplomatic corps, the chairman thanked the United States for its attitude and expressed Nicaragua's gratitude for the visit. Mr. Knox made a suitable reply.

A Sermon

By

Rev F. B. Pullan, D.D.*

The Man Who Would Not Go In

TEXT: "He was angry, and would not go in." Luke 15: 28

JESUS was an unrivaled painter of soul portraits. He held up before his hearers word-pictures of themselves absolutely true to life. His parables are human characters in colors. The story details are the color; the clear truth thus pictured was the telling likeness of the soul life before him, taken by the faithful light of the Word of God.

He had an audience one day in which were very opposite sorts of soul-stuff. In one part were the *self*-condemned people, as well as being *socially* condemned. Tax-gatherers—the Matthews and Zaccheuses—and godless folks, so considered, were drawn toward him on that occasion. It was not because he winked at their ways and condoned their lack of virtues. Not one ever supposed that Jesus would sin with them, although he was ready to eat with them.

But at that time there were some of the self-approved people present. The New Testament names them Pharisees and rabbis. They were unrestrained in their criticisms of Jesus. They complained that the man they would like to patronize and appropriate by ranking him with themselves was more willing to rank with the other set.

It was to this other element in his audience that Jesus fitted these three parables: "The Lost—but Recovered—Sheep"; "The Lost—but Recovered Silver Piece"; "The Lost—but Reclaimed—Son." And it was only in the third flash-light revelation of this human heart-life that Jesus turned his truth-telling rays upon the real inner force of the complaining spirits that day, and showed them, and all the world since, how they appear. The elder son in the family of the father and his two boys is the picture of that sort of disposition, that kind of human character, which was meanly and self-justifyingly finding fault with Jesus.

Perhaps no label better fits the man who is like that, than the brief text, "He was angry, and would not go in."

The Man Who Would Not Go In

It will repay us to review our acquaintance with the parable-picture in which this older boy has his setting.

Long religious usage has called it "The Parable of the Prodigal Son." Better naming might be "The Parable of the Loving Father." But for the purpose Jesus had in mind in putting forth the sketch of the elder one of those two sons—I half believe it was the chief purpose of the Master to do just this—yet another title might be given the story, and it might be known as "The Parable of the Ill-Tempered Brother," or "The Parable of the Pious Skinflint."

Just review this part of Luke's story:

> Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.
>
> And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be.
>
> And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.
>
> But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him.
>
> But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends:
>
> But when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf.
>
> And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine.
>
> But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

There, outside he stays! Look at him! Jesus put him there to be prominently seen and soberly inspected. Let it be hoped that Jesus had no specific case of family skeletons in his mind when he pointed his finger of direction at that pouting, sullen, angered, hateful, jealous, unbrotherly heart—that man who would not go in; but that he is a pictured personification of some human feelings, of some human thoughts, from that day to this, you and I can affirm without qualification. That sort of character, that sort of disposition has not passed off the earth. Professor Henry Drummond lumps the ingredients of such a nature under the one term, "ill-tempered." They are all evil proclivities as he singles them out: "Jealousy, angry pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, sulkiness, touchiness, doggedness." If ill-temper is all that, it is an unsavory makeup; and it is all that and something more. It is selfishness in its subtlest essence. It is selfishness that self-deceives. People with ill tempers do not suppose themselves especial sinners on that account. It is set down to some other account than one's own fault.

The Envious Elder Son

The older son, a full-grown man, probably the head of a family of his own, had some excellencies of life. The meanness which marked him can live with some estimable qualities. He was eminently respectable; he was known for industry; he was up early and worked late. I rather suspect him of driving others as he drove himself to "chase the almighty dollar." He had no bad habits and no expensive vices; none at all, shall I say? He was not profane of speech nor lewd in conversation. He was a home-keeper, and was not unmindful of a son's duty to a father growing aged in the old homestead.

The sort of career of his younger and only brother was repulsive to him. It hurt his family pride. He was a thrifty, provident—and I won't withhold the fact—he was a pious man. He had a seat in the synagogue; I feel sure of that. He was much looked to and looked up to in the neighborhood. He was the manager and master in all but name of the big old farm, and it never paid better returns.

What can spoil such a comely character? Only a fault in the secret recesses of the real source of worth. His estimate of and his feelings toward that brother of his, when suddenly revealed, show the keynote of his true self.

He came home from his work toward dark that day: that Great Day. That greatest day for long years to the old father in that old home! The young boy was safe back again! Returning in rags, but now dressed in the best the household had. Barefooted all day and for many a day; now sandaled and being served with a bill of fare such as a chief guest would receive. Even his jewelry had gone into pawn for food; but now its lack is replaced by a fresh gift of his father's observing love. A ring is given him again! The household is high in spirits. The old servants—the happy-hearted, kind-hearted boy had always been a favorite with them—the old servants are all aglow with cordial goodwill and good service.

Selfish Elder-Brotherism

It was a great day! A bright time! Music told its gladness and mirth had its sway. The smell of the special feast preparing fills the atmosphere. Then the firstborn comes up the path. He is tired. He has had a fretful day, and things have not gone sweetly. Somebody had asked him for a contribution for some purely missionary purpose, and he gave something because he had to; but it was not cheerfully subscribed.

The day was an unhappy one, doubtless, and now he is in no mood to be met with that light and liveliness in the old home, so long in the shadow of that wandering brother's absence. "What's the meaning of all this?" He asked one of the servants to explain things. The tone had in it, "How comes such a thing without consulting me?" The servant answers, and he sizes up the temper of his master by the things he tells him, "Thy brother is come!" The man's opinion of his brother is well known by the servants. That bad brother was the constant thorn in his proud flesh. "And thy father hath killed the fatting calf because he hath received him safe and sound." That was too much! "The best calf on the farm; the one he had been saving for a dinner for some of his own friends!" The best on the farm for that beast of a brother! "He was mad." The father was on the lookout for *him*. He knew what to expect. Human fathers are not such fools, always, as their sons think they are. His father hunted him up and pleaded with him. But the answer was the black stream of gall out of the bitter fountain of that elder brother's heart of hatred. It revealed the measure of his filial reverence; he was serving for what he would get out of it. He had long ago had twice as much as the foolish lad of a brother had misspent. He had the elder son's portion, and his father had given him all that was left. He controlled it all; and he had grown to begrudge his father even the little it took to make some guests welcome.

But to have that disreputable brother be the one in whose honor his best calf was sacrificed! It was too much.

We shall never hear the conclusion of that interview. The parable was not a novel; it was a picture-sermon; it was a photograph of ill-temper and brotherly hate taken in the act. That younger life was sinful; be sure of that; bad, blameworthy. He deserved all the misery he suffered, for he caused misery enough. His repentance was none too soon, nor too sincere.

But Jesus was preaching then, and he preaches yet on the sin of selfish elder-brotherism. The sin of an unforgiving and self-righteous heart! The meanness before high heaven of Pharisaic self-content and self-approval. The sinfulness of a soul who lacks compassion for those that are "out of the way" and are struggling to get back into it! What discord in the pleasure of that feast of welcome that sullen outsider caused! What a contrast to the joy and restfulness of the returned and restored son! The happiness and contentment of his father over his return, and the sulkiness and gloominess and mad bitterness of that elder one "who would not go in!"

The Lesson of Godlike Love

The evil resolution made in hasty anger is one of the hardest to repent of and change.

A continued chapter of the tale could easily be imagined, and it would be a parable too. If that younger brother had known of his brother's sulkiness and suddenly thrown off his robe and resumed his rags and gone out into the darkness to take up again the life of the outcast! It might have been. Alas! It *has* been, in fact. How many souls have been on the way back to safety and soundness, and the inhospitality of their brothers, the sons of our Father in heaven, has turned them away again into soul darkness and the swinish companionship that at least was willing to share its husks with them.

Drummond says on this theme: "One repulsive Christian will drive away a score of prodigals. God's love for poor sinners is very wonderful; but God's patience with ill-natured saints is a deeper mystery."

Christ had a purpose in painting this elder brother into this parable of divine love and compassion.

He would make us ashamed of ourselves if we caught a glimpse of our own reflection in a mirror! He would make us understand the hatefulness to God of unbrotherliness in man! He would make the bad temper of inhuman self-love so odious to us that our flight to him for its cure would be swift and straight.

"O God, create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me; then, *then* will I teach transgressors thy way and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

This parable is to teach us the meaning of heavenly, Christlike, Godlike love. It is to teach us what it is by illustrating what the want of it makes of us all: mean, miserable, unmanageable elder sons! To love as God loves—this is to be cured of such wickedness. Do you believe in God's love? Do you know it? Then must you show it. If you receive it and return it, you cannot hate your brothers whose sins against decency make your decent soul to blush.

"Let us love one another, for love is of God," was John's last message. Let us not be angry and refuse to go in where love rules and love forgives and love cures and love makes life pure.

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* Pastor of Hyde Park Reformed Church, East Orange, N. J.

HEAVEN BELOW

THEY talk about a Better Land,
And of its glories sing;
But if to Christ we give ourselves,
We heaven to earth may bring.

Celestial joys we here may find,
And heavenly peace may know;
Yes, foretastes of that holy place
We may enjoy below.

Then let us live so close to Christ
That we may know his love,
And make our heaven while here below,
Nor wait for one above.

Valhalla, N. Y. FLORENCE D. ADAMS.

A Living Sacrifice

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Rev. John Perkins, missionary at Barobo, Cape Palmas, West Africa, tells this interesting incident:

Several months ago, we began to make an effort to teach our mission family of fifty boys and girls to bring offerings for the Lord to our Sunday morning service, to be used in spreading the Gospel in this and in other lands. As they had no money, we allowed them value for any useful thing they might bring from their boxes or from the bush. The first three collections consisted of the following articles: thread, brooches, rings, pins, sugar, soap, green frogs, peas, rice, palm-cabbage, and a little money amounting to $2.74.

One evening, while we were having special services, a boy named Amos, from a heathen town, arose and testified, with a beaming face, that the Lord had saved him. Last Saturday I called Amos, with others, and asked him why he thought he was saved. He said: "I have love in my heart for Jesus and for all the people." Amos was baptized in a small stream nearby with four others.

At our eleven o'clock service, after the others had brought their small gifts, Amos quietly arose from his seat, came forward, took the plate from the table, placed it on the mud floor; then placing both of his bare black feet into the plate, stood upright in it, and after looking us missionaries square in the eyes, without a smile stepped out of the plate, and after placing it again on the table, quietly returned to his seat. After service, Brother Harrow called Amos and asked him what he meant by stepping into the collection plate so. He replied: "I had nothing else to give to God, so I gave myself."

We had read of similar occurrences, but to have one of these raw heathen boys give us such a clear, definite exhibition of consecration and sacrifice touched our hearts very deeply. Amos is about twelve years of age, and is quiet and unassuming. We ask THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to pray for him and for all of our people, that we may withhold nothing from Him who is more than worthy of all our love and praise and service.

I gave my life for thee:
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee:
What hast thou given for me?

Anvil Sparks

..KEEP on the way, but not *in* the way.

..THE lesser of two evils is always big enough.

..A GOOD friend to cultivate is your own conscience.

..YOU cannot deed away your own field of endeavor.

..A LOFTY self-esteem seldom looks exalted to others.

..NO GRIEF, however great, has the right to rob you of the sunlight of joy.

.."KIND words shall never die," unless they are unaccompanied by kind deeds.

..HUMILITY is not self-abasement, but a true self-appreciation in the light of divine grace.

..THE man who can find joy in the fellowship of "just ordinary folks" has the best chance for happiness.

Train the Heart and Conscience

By Rev. Richard Braunstein

THE education of the rising generation is a matter of vital importance to both church and State.

An intellectual and secular education is not sufficient to secure the welfare or safety of society. Rome had more intelligence and culture when she fell than when she was in her prime. The shaggy demons of the wilderness who trampled out her civilization were more moral than her citizens. The golden age of Grecian and Roman culture and civilization was that of foulest corruption and impending destruction. The fine sense of beauty has no necessary connection with duty, and the grammatical declensions of virtue have no connection with its practice. Education may create most accomplished rogues and dangerous neighbors. It is said that after Russia had tried secular education for a while, her prime minister said to the Czar, "We are raising a race of demons."

. . .

THE tree of the knowledge of good and evil in Paradise brought in the devil's millennium. Knowledge of good and evil affords no assurance of a greater love of the one, or of a greater hatred of the other, than would exist in ignorance. Our first parents no doubt found the devil well enough informed. The archangel Michael and the archdevil Lucifer may have the same intellectual ability and the same intellectual attainments, but the fidelity of the one and the disobedience of the other make heaven and hell. Unless knowledge ripens the moral force it becomes the tool of selfishness and sin. Corrupted intelligence is worse than misled ignorance. Knowledge perverted is misused power. Give the printing press to vicious men and they will only do harm with it.

There is to-day a superstitious faith in spelling-books. Men who ought to know better will tell you, with census tables and statistics of all kinds in hand, that *ignorance is the cause of crime.* Ignorance is only one of many concomitants of crime. Intelligence is another. And knowledge is a third. It is purely a random inference of careless writers that because ignorance and crime are often together, therefore ignorance is the cause of crime. We must educate the moral and religious nature by the Word of God. We cannot make children honest by teaching them the multiplication table, nor virtuous by teaching them grammar, nor benevolent by teaching them geography. There is no logical connection whatever between a secular education and a good character. To make men and women *moral* we must educate the moral nature on the basis of revealed religion.

. . .

WASHINGTON said: "Religion and morality are the essential pillars of civil society." And again: "Virtue or morality is the necessary spring of popular government. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education upon minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious liberty."

The Word of God furnishes the only valid sanctions of sound morality. If we reject or neglect this and rely on the unperverted instincts of human nature, as well close our schools and wait for some Cæsar with his drawn sword for a scepter. Great populations, especially when congested in cities, must either be trained to the liberty of the Gospel or be ruled by a tyrant. Where God and his will are *not known* and acknowledged, no imperative motives can be found to make men noble and good.

. . .

THE mass of men who believe they are to die like dogs will live like dogs. Says John Stuart Mill: "If a man prefers to be a contented pig, we should have no positive reason for telling him so, and even if we told him, we should have no means of convincing him." And can such persons be qualified to maintain civil order and free institutions? "Unless morality is rooted in a reverent love of God, it will be driven before the sudden gusts of temptation like rattling autumn leaves before winter winds." If it looks upon religion as the best *chief of police* merely, and not as the interpreter of everlasting verities, it must of necessity be destitute of force. Short of the willing sacrifice of self to the righteous claims of God, and the cheerful movement of the mind within the limits of a supreme law, there is no pure or durable morality. Religion is the root of which the purest morality is the flower. The flower cannot exist without the root, and the root cannot exist and have vitality without the inflorescence in morality.

Our Christian education and evangelism, to be most effective, must begin with the young.

It was a very suggestive statement, that of Disraeli when he said: "It is a glorious thing to see a State saved by her youth."

Statesmen tell us that we must stop *raising* rogues, if we would get rid of the race.

Christian education should begin with the dawn of existence, and predominate through the whole course of education. "First, midst and last," we should teach "what man is to believe concerning God and what duty God requires of man."

As eternity surpasses time in importance, so does this surpass all other knowledge. If our children are trained in secular schools and grow up godless, our boasted science will soon shine like an electric light over a moral graveyard. We must begin from the first to train the heart and conscience along with the intellect.

Ashland, Greene County, New York.

Poems Everybody Should Know

The Land o' the Leal

I'M WEARIN' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day's aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning ee, John,
My saul langs to be free, John,
And Angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
An' I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
I' the land o' the leal.

—LADY NAIRNE (1766-1845.)

Lady Nairne, the author of this song, was born in 1766 and died in 1845. Amongst Scottish song writers, she is excelled in genuine poetic feeling and sprightliness only by Robert Burns. Amongst her other works are the following songs, well known to every Scotchman: "The Hundred Pipers," "Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa'," "Caller Herrin," "Who'll be King but Charlie," "The Laird of Cockpen," and "John Tod."

The First Music Lesson

A RELUCTANT little girl, uncomfortably perched on a spinnet stool, finds her first music lesson very dull indeed. The streak of sunshine on the floor beneath the instrument attracts her attention much more than do the notes in the book before her. From the somewhat coy expression and naive manner displayed by the little lady, one is inclined to believe that in spite of the old professor's kindly persuasion she will in another moment slip from the uninviting cushion, and gathering up her hat from the hassock near by, fly away into the sunshine to play.

"The First Music Lesson" is one of a series of typical childhood experiences that the artist Muenier, a favorite painter of the Barbazon group in France, has delightfully portrayed. The original painting is in the Luxembourg gallery in Paris. The artist died scarcely ten years ago.

MY BATTLEFIELD

THE large report of fame I lack,
And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battlefield has known no dawn
Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing
Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
As peril heavy peril kissed;
My weapon was a little faith,
And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
But many hours of bitter strife,
Till God of his great mercy laid
Across my brow the leaves of life.

—*British Weekly.*

A Good Reference Medium

I want to acknowledge receipt of your 1912 *Almanac*, which is most interesting, and will prove a very good reference medium during the year. We congratulate you on your progressiveness. F. B. SMITH, *President.*
Wolverine Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

RIOT AND PILLAGE AT PEKING

DISAPPOINTMENT and dismay are felt everywhere over the unexpected and widespread renewals of disorder in China. While preparations were being made for a great lantern parade at Peking in honor of the delegates from the Republican Assembly at Nanking who had come to invite Yuan Shi Kai to proceed to the southern capital and assume the presidency, a terrific riot broke out which soon assumed alarming proportions and was answered by similar uprisings in many cities and provinces.

The most reasonable explanation of the rioting is that the soldiers were impatient because of delayed and insufficient payment for their services. The movement does not seem to represent an effort of the Manchus to be returned to power, although the Manchu police in Peking are reported to have made no serious effort to quell the disturbance. Many natives were killed by the rioters, shops were looted, particularly the shops where jewels and other valuables were on sale, and disastrous fires kindled. The damage to property by the Peking fires was estimated at $15,000,000. In Tientsin alone the fire loss is estimated at $6,000,000. There was great excitement at the legations and other foreign residences while the riot was raging at Peking, but practically all the foreigners were soon safely guarded in the legation quarter. No injury or loss of life was reported among the missionaries or other foreigners, with the exception of Dr. Schreeter, a German physician at Tientsin, who was reported on March 3 to have been killed. Mr. Willard D. Straight, formerly American consul-general at Mukden, was residing at Peking with his wife, who is a daughter of the late William C. Whitney. They were compelled to seek protection at the legation, leaving their handsome residence to the mercy of the looters. British and American officers offered escorts and guards to the missionaries in the danger zone.

For the most part, however, foreigners have not been molested. The leaders of the mutiny issued orders to this effect and they are being heeded. It is necessarily a time of deep anxiety for the missionaries and their friends. Dr. John W. Wherry, in charge of the Presbyterian Mission at Peking, cabled on March 3: "Safe. Not much cause for alarm."

A report was current that at Hwanghsien imperial troops beheaded forty Christian converts, saying that they were "practically rebels," but it is hardly likely that this report will be confirmed.

The powers have been at a loss to find a way of assisting the troubled country. The chief necessity seems to be for money with which to pay the mutinous soldiers; but it is difficult to find bankers who are willing to invest money in a country whose future is so uncertain. There are altogether about 5,700 foreign troops which could be quickly concentrated at Peking if necessity arose. The Fifteenth United States Infantry and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers of the British Army are on the firing line, ready to assist in preserving peace. There has been some rumor that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the provisional president of the new republic, might proceed northward and make Peking the headquarters of the Republican army and the Assembly. He has already consented that Peking be retained as the capital of China, and recent dispatches to Washington indicate that he is willing to transfer the seat of government promptly. The whole situation is made more complex by the rumor that Marquis Chu Chêng Yu, a lineal descendant of the Ming Emperor Wan Leih, is inaugurating a movement to seize the government and restore the Ming imperial dynasty. The statement is made that an old prophecy declared that the Mings would recover the throne in 1913. This movement, backed by superstition, will add to the complexity of the situation, but there is probably no serious likelihood that the movements of Marquis Chu will assume grave proportions.

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THE AMERICAN LEGATION AT PEKING

Contributions for China's Orphans Received Since Last Acknowledgment

FROM every part of the country, friends of the China orphans are sending in their gifts to provide for the support of the 700 little native boys and girls for whom THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is making appeal. Doubtless the missionaries will be greatly encouraged when they learn of the splendid response that is being made to their call for assistance. A great opportunity is presented for Churches, Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Young People's Unions, Bible Classes and other organizations to do effective work in helping these little Chinese waifs to the care and protection of a Christian home. Amid all the troubles in that country, our missionaries have faithfully stood by the children.

All contributions for the cause should be addressed CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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Mrs J A Hughes	2.00	Mr & Mrs I B Stimebaugh	2.00
J E Carroll	2.00	Lydia H Sapp	1.00
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Chas Malicky	2.00	Friends, Fredericksburg, Ia	3.20
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Clayton Achenbach	1.00	"Master's Name," Boone, Ia	1.00
Mrs S F Crane	1.00	Two friends, Newton, Kan	2.00
A friend, Savannah, O	2.00	Box 487, Fruita, Colo	1.00
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"Bethlehem," ——, Pa	2.00	Mrs E A Williams	1.00
Mrs H W Seymour	2.00	——, Westport, Me	2.00
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		Susie Langtree	1.00
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		——, Camden, N Y	1.00
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		——, Portsmouth, O	1.00
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		E T K, Goshen, N Y	1.00
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A STREET SCENE IN PEKING

PROVING THE NEW AEROPLANE

Frank Coffyn Gliding Along the Hudson River

Above the River Traffic

Rising to Encircle the Statue of Liberty

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A Curtiss Hydroaeroplane

Towing After an Accident

IF MISS LIBERTY felt any resentment at the invasion of the upper air of New York harbor over which she and her torch have reigned supreme, she did not show it—or at least Mr. Frank Coffyn and a photographer who accompanied him on one of his recent hydroaeroplane flights said that at close quarters the lady of Liberty looked as serene and undisturbed as usual. Some of the throng of folks who lined the Battery wall seemed waiting for the bronze girl to crane her neck with the rest to see the aviator and his queer machine as they circled 1,500 feet above her tiara; but, doomed to disappointment, they devoted their attention to assisting the steam whistles of the river and harbor craft in noisy applause of the feat.

For two days, February 18 and 19, Mr. Coffyn kept all the harbor on the lookout for his bird-boat, and listening for the hum of its motors. He was subjecting the newest type of Curtiss hydroaeroplane to the severest testing that any air craft had yet received. There was a great deal of floating ice in the river and harbor and it was to prove that the new type of machine is capable of operating over rough and icy waters, taking to the air at will, that the experiments were conducted. When the silvery twin propellers of the amphibious machine were started to whirring, the upcurving bows of the ship turned up two glistening furrows of spray for a few seconds, and then she started mounting, heading toward Governors Island. Within a minute she was more than one hundred feet above the surface of the bay. Tug whistles screamed and the municipal ferryboat Manhattan, bound for Staten Island and filled with passengers, roared a salute.

Mr. Coffyn said he was going to circle the air above Liberty, and the multitude fastened their eyes on his ship as it walked up the sky. The sun, a bronze blur through the mist, seemed to be his destination for a time. Within five minutes from the moment she left the water, at 4:15 o'clock, she was beyond the statue, toward the Jersey shore, looking no bigger to spectators than a gull. Coming back, Mr. Coffyn looped the space that Miss Liberty might have occupied if she had grown up a bit, and then sailed back toward the Battery.

When he planed down to the point whence he had sailed, he had been away just ten minutes and thirty-five seconds. It was thought he was going to take the photographer aboard, but he decided to make another flight and rested on the water only four seconds. Then he rode the air again much as if he were going up an invisible toboggan slide. He cut curlycues within easy range of the spectators for four minutes and five seconds, and came down.

The photographer was now rowed out to the ship and got aboard with the help of the skipper. With the additional weight she made the ascent rather slowly and at a longer angle, heading toward Governors Island. A few seconds later she changed her course, and rising rapidly to more than 700 feet, made for the Jersey shore south of Liberty, dwindling to a mere sparrowlike speck in the gray air. She circled Liberty again, this time less than 100 feet above the level of the bay.

Mr. Coffyn was altogether eleven minutes forty-seven and two-fifths seconds in the air before he alighted on the water, approaching it in a long, gradual descent, as he considered it unwise to cut up capers with a passenger aboard.

By combining the aeroplane with a simple form of water-borne craft in the new hydroaeroplane, an advance of the first importance has been made in air navigation. The new craft is by far the safest of all aeroplanes, while comparing favorably in speed qualities with other models. The new American invention places aeronautics on a much more practical basis than ever before, and has given a great stimulus to the commercial development of the art. Within a few weeks a company has been incorporated to maintain a regular service for carrying mail and passengers between New York and Albany by hydroaeroplane. The transcontinental flyer, Calbraith Rodgers, is meanwhile even planning a transatlantic flight by means of an enlarged machine of this type.

The principle of the new air craft is extremely simple. The machine consists of a familiar type of biplane mounted on a light, serviceable float or boat, the whole being driven by air propellers. It is thus possible for the hydroaeroplane to skim rapidly over the water like an ordinary hydroplane, or to rise high in the air. It can sail into the air either from the land or water, while on descending it may land equally well on either element. The powerful air propellers will drive it over the surface of the water at a speed of forty miles an hour or better, while aloft it is capable of a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

In the newer models of the hydroaeroplane the engines and much of the controlling machinery are carried on two small pontoons suspended beneath the planes. The pilot sits comfortably on his seat above them whether navigating the air or the water. The hydroaeroplane is driven by either one or two air propellers of conventional form. The biplane model lends itself especially to the purpose because of its stability, while its steadiness is still further increased by horizontal planes both before and behind the main planes. The method used for controlling these planes to meet the varying air conditions is much the same as in the ordinary aeroplane. The frame carrying the wings is built of bamboo and steel. The hydroaeroplanes now in actual use carry one or two passengers in addition to a reservoir holding sufficient fuel for a flight of upwards of ten hours. A larger machine has been designed for carrying, besides the pilot, a mechanician, and fuel for twenty-four hours.

The hydroaeroplane may be launched into the air by the simple method of sliding down a wire, thus leaving the ground within a few feet. The wire ropes are stretched taut at an acute angle, and the machine balanced at the top of the chute. When the propellers are set in motion the air craft is released, and the momentum gained from sliding down the wire, added to the push of the propellers, serves to lift it without its touching the ground or the water as the case may be. This method does away with the cumbersome and expensive starting devices used by many aviators. One of the great advantages of the plan is that the hydroaeroplane may thus be made to rise from the deck of a ship with little preparation. The construction of an ordinary starting platform on shipboard is scarcely practicable.

It is believed that the hydroaeroplane will prove invaluable in connection with marine navigation. Since the air craft may be folded up into comparatively small space, a number of them may readily be carried on an ordinary ship or a war vessel. To launch them it will only be necessary to string guide wires from the masts to the sides of the ship, the work of but a few minutes. The hydroaeroplanes to carry important mail or dispatches may be dispatched with comparative ease. On returning from their journeys the hydroaeroplanes may come to rest in the water alongside and be quickly hoisted on deck.

The greatest advantage of the combined air and water going craft is the opportunity it affords the pilot of making repairs in over-water flights in case anything goes wrong. Should the engine stop suddenly or any part of the machinery get out of order, it is a comparatively simple matter for the pilot to volplane to the surface of the water, and while floating safely, get out the necessary tools and make repairs. With everything once more shipshape the hydroaeroplane may again be driven into the air.

Turbulent Times in Mexico

MATTERS in Mexico up to March 6 remained in a state of utmost chaos. It was even impossible to be sure on which side of the present altercation some of the most prominent generals were lined up. It was something almost new in the history of war correspondence to have dispatches coming in which were almost unintelligible because at this end it could not be determined on which side the generals were fighting. Further dispatches indicated almost as much uncertainty on the firing line.

Rebel troops proceeded from Juarez to Chihuahua and on March 3 attacked the town, whose garrison was commanded by General Orozco. Later reports declared that the general had deserted to the rebels. They were at first doubtful of his sincerity, but later made him generalissimo of all the rebel forces in the State. The headquarters of the revolutionists are at Chihuahua, and they announce that an army of 5,000 will proceed against Mexico City.

On March 2, President Taft issued a proclamation warning all American citizens in Mexico to refrain from taking any part in the hostilities, and advising those residing in the localities affected by the disturbances to leave. Fifty-three Americans were cut off at Torreon in the early stage of the disturbances. Great anxiety was felt for their safety, but it was learned at length that a force of rural guards had taken them under protection on February 29.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Chrstian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N. Y. City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N. Y. City.

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Sowing and Reaping

AFTER a nation-wide campaign, covering months of earnest effort, the Men and Religion Forward Movement is about to transfer its activities to New York. We have everywhere heard glowing accounts of the excellent results accomplished in different parts of the country by this phenomenal work, which is recognized as differing from all previous revivals in several important details. Few if any of the old methods familiar in the revivals of the past were followed. Emotional appeals to the heart and the conscience, the pressing home of the vital question of accepting Christ as Saviour, the open confession of him before men, the testimony of the lips, the inquiry room, the solemn pledges, and the enrolment of converts—these were all precious adjuncts of the revivals of former days and were regarded as helpful means of grace and blessing.

But though "the old order changeth," and time-honored measures must give place to new and modern ones, the message of God's love and grace is ever the same. So, while the new movement has brought in new methods, it has faithfully promulgated the old Gospel and held up the Cross of Christ as the hope of the nation and the world. On moral, sociological and humanitarian lines, it has done much that should bear fruit hereafter. Wherever its workers have penetrated, there has been felt an uplifting influence, and the simple, straightforward, businesslike presentation of the claims of religion has stirred many communities, energized churches and religious organizations, and brought good men into closer relationship.

In this wonderfully vigorous campaign—which has been the business man's conception of the presentation of vital truth, and also of the proper organization of religious forces—public interest will naturally focus on the results accomplished. We cannot agree with President Finley that the results will be "intangible." Wherever the Gospel seed has been sown, there will come a harvest-time. There are doubtless many who would have wished to hear that more of the old and tried evangelists had been identified with the campaign—the men whose names have been familiar household words in times of revival. But the new method, while it eliminated the emotional, has not overlooked the spiritual, and we shall hope to hear of a full and fruitful harvest of souls as the result of the labors of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, and of a splendid impetus being given to the church of God throughout the land.

Taxing the Press

ONE of the clearest and most convincing presentations of the postal rate question is that published in the Philadelphia *North American*. Our contemporary recalls the fact that a year ago nearly all the newspapers united in strong but unreasoning approval of the administration's proposition to penalize the periodical press by a totally unnecessary advance of postal rates, with the adjuncts of separate weighing and carriage rates for advertising and fiction pages. At that time, the newspaper point of view seemed to be that the magazines and periodicals were their competitors and consequently deserved penalization for that reason alone, if no other. Now, however, the shoe is on the other foot, since President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock, in formulating their latest scheme for taxing the press, have bunched the entire line of American newspapers together with the magazines. Now the newspapers are beginning, though somewhat tardily, to perceive the rank injustice of it. Our post office last year cleared a profit of $219,000 and its revenues will be vastly augmented when the parcels post plan goes into operation, so that any tax on publications of the country could not be defended on the ground of revenue necessity. Besides, as the *North American* points out, the investigating commission did not touch the root of the matter at all, but worked on a single prescribed line, taking in one class of mail. President Taft, disregarding the fact that Congress quietly shelved his measure a year ago, now returns to the charge with a still more punitive scheme to double the postal rate upon the carriage of all the 2,472 daily newspapers, the 16,269 weeklies and the 2,769 monthlies, although he knows thoroughly well that the financial conditions of the Post Office Department are such as to make this tax totally unnecessary. We believe there are men of sufficient penetration in Congress to see the drift of this absurd adventure, which conveys a strange reminder both of the Knight of La Mancha's tilt against the windmills and of the historic occasion when Cæsar Augustus decreed that all the world should be taxed.

Laying a Bogy

IT HAS been well said that one-half the world is slave to fear, and most of the other half to habit. We talk glibly enough of the passing of old superstitions and of the spread of enlightenment; yet there are not a few time-honored habits, beliefs, bogies—call them what you will—to which we cling with all the tenacity of a heathen Chinese to his joss or an African to his juju. One of these is that chimera of our unreasoning fears, the Presidential year bogy, threadbare and frayed at the edges from long service, which we trot out quadrennially and set up, as though it were a verity to be treated with great consideration. This is the national idol of pessimism, whose chief office is the prediction of "bad business" as the inevitable accompaniment of every Presidential year. The best way to treat this ancient bugaboo is to knock it clean off its pedestal and consign it to the junkshop. With good crops, sound conditions everywhere and common sense in the direction of affairs, there is nothing to justify untoward industrial or commercial results, no matter how the election goes. That all such apprehensions in the past have been founded on delusion is so satisfactorily proved by commercial statistics that the wonder is that business men did not long ago utterly reject the Presidential year bogy and all his gloomy predictions. We suppose, however, that the only explanation is that it takes most people—even hard-headed business men—the greater part of a lifetime to find out that "the worst things are those that never happen."

Amazonian Suffragettes

ONCE more the wing of the English suffragettes known as the "Violent Sisterhood" has distinguished itself by going on a window-smashing rampage. Determined to distinguish themselves in a manner that would attract public attention to their claims of political equality, the women, under the leadership of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Tukes and Mrs. Marshall, went in carriages and afoot, carrying hammers and stones and breaking windows by wholesale. There were even threats of attacking the museums and the palaces. Some two hundred women were arrested and arraigned in the various police courts, for damage done to plate glass in the shopping streets. The three leaders were sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a number of others to terms in jail ranging from two weeks upward. Some of the worst offenders may get much longer terms. In Holloway jail, where over a hundred of these indomitable spirits were penned, they amused themselves by smashing the prison windows and shouting for Mrs. Pankhurst. One gentle being reached fame at a bound by attempting to set a branch post office on fire with shavings and paraffin. Of course, these ladies, who seem determined to fight their way into public recognition and win "votes for women" at any cost, do not represent the sentiments of British women as a whole, for the actions of the Violent Sisterhood have been repudiated by the conservative leaders of the movement in England, who hold that by such undesirable notoriety they damaged the cause immeasurably. It is certainly a strange and unexpected political development which brings women of education and refinement to the front as the reckless champions of disorder.

Send for Your Roses—Now

SOME one who dearly loved roses called them "the smiles of God's goodness"; and the simile was not inappropriate. Our handsome colored insert in the issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 28 has struck a chord of loud appreciation among our subscribers. Perhaps the two most popular offers it describes are those of the Climbing American Beauty Rose and the Collection of Eight Roses. The Climbing American Beauty Rose is, we believe, one of the most wonderful developments produced in rose-culture in recent years. It is a cross between an unnamed seedling of climbing habits and the grand old American Beauty. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many blooms in June as the old American Beauty. One of our staff made a special trip to Westchester, Pa., where this rose was first grown, and saw the parent rose and its descendants covering great trellises, twelve to fourteen feet high. The rich, dark green, glossy foliage, with the great masses of deep, brilliant-hued roses, creates probably the most striking floral effect ever seen. You may have just such magnificent effects about your own porch or trellis and we know you will be delighted beyond measure with its brilliancy and fragrance. The collection of Eight Roses, including the Climbing Baby Rambler and the wonderful Black Rose, is one which makes up a well-balanced group, a most desirable attraction in any garden. All the selections were picked out with the view of having a rich variety of color and hardy, strong-growing bushes, suited to any climate. Some of the roses in this collection bloom very early in the season, others a little more slowly and some quite late, so that with this group you can count on having roses in bloom almost the entire season. Whether it be the delicate flesh-tinted lovely Maman Cochet, or the superb and delicious red La France, you are sure of having some varieties to please any taste. For these reasons we believe the two Rose Offers are the most popular. Judging by the way orders are coming in, we shall shortly use up the entire stock reserved for us. As we do not wish to disappoint any of our subscribers, we now remind them that our Rose and Plant Offer *closes March 30*. If you have not already done so, send in your order *now*, or at the very latest before March 31, so that you may not be disappointed.

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General Notes

—THE GENERAL ARBITRATION TREATIES with Great Britain and France were ratified by the Senate on March 7. They were so amended, however, as to be useless. The provision for a Joint High Commission was stricken out, and certain questions were declared not arbitrable. It is the general opinion that the treaties have been so mutilated that they will not now be submitted to France and England for ratification, but will simply be pigeonholed, for the time at least.

—WE HAVE received a letter from Missionary V. G. Plymire, of Hankow, China, containing the welcome news that the report of the probable killing of Miss Christina Anderson, Scandinavian Missionary at Sian, Shensi, and of the murder of the postmaster, was fortunately an exaggerated rumor, due doubtless to the great disturbances at the time of the riots. Both the postmaster and Miss Anderson were well at last accounts. The rumor of their death came to this country in a letter to the Rev. W. H. Hagqvist, Scandinavian Missionary of Sian, now here on furlough.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Knox Visits Caribbean America

SECRETARY KNOX at the request of President Taft is visiting the countries of Caribbean America. While his visit is a vacation trip rather than an official one, it still will have in it much of interest and benefit to the sister republics and to our own. Several years ago Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, made his trip around South America with great benefit to those South American countries, bringing about a better understanding and feeling between their nations and our own, and opening up the way for commercial relations so long and sadly neglected. It is expected that the visit of Mr. Knox will do a similar work for our Central American neighbors. When the great canal at Panama is completed the American republics surrounding the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico will come into vastly increased trade relationship to the United States, and should be brought into closer political sympathy with us. The canal will emphasize the privilege and necessity of comprehending and maintaining the Monroe Doctrine. The visiting party includes Secretary and Mrs. Knox, Hugh Knox and wife, Philander Knox, Jr., and wife, Lieutenant Commander Stickt, naval aide, and Captain Clayton, military aide. Captain Hughes commands the cruiser *Washington,* which conveys the party. Telegrams have already told of cordial receptions at Colon, Panama; San José, Costa Rica; and in Nicaragua. Mr. Knox's Panama speech was printed in the San José newspapers and all the editors made friendly comment and welcomed our representative. The presidents and officials of the governments and the masses of the people are giving Secretary Knox the royal reception which was to have been expected. The universal prayer of the republics of North, Central, and South America seems to be that of the psalmist:

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. (Ps. 122:7.)

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Secretary of State Knox and His Party on Board the Cruiser "Washington"

A Singular Rescue

THE three-year-old child of Albert Stepp, living two miles from Canton, Texas, fell feet foremost in a thirteen-inch bored well sixty feet deep. By the use of a mirror the child could be seen, and the little fellow was constantly crying and calling to his grandpa to come and get him. The grandparents and parents were wild with excitement, and overcome with grief at their inability to afford immediate succor. Forty or fifty men and women were soon gathered, all anxious to get a loop over the child to draw it out, but with no avail. A negro boy twelve years old was let down, and getting the child by the sleeve both were drawn up half way. The sleeve gave way and the child fell back to the bottom. All were horror-stricken for fear the fall would certainly kill the child. Then they tied a rope to the leg of the negro boy and let him down head first. He put the loop of a rope about the child's body, and then the two were drawn out separately. The miraculous part of the incident is that the child was only bruised a little and not seriously injured. This incident calls to mind the recovery of the prophet Jeremiah from the well in the bottom of the royal prison by an Ethiopian, described at length in Jeremiah 38:

So they drew up Jeremiah with cords, and took him up out of the dungeon: and Jeremiah remained in the court of the prison. (Jer. 38: 13.)

Banner Year for Births

ACCORDING to the statistics just given out by the Department of Health for New York City 134,542 babies were born in the city during the year 1911. This is the largest percentage of births since accurate records were kept, and the present method of recording births is held to be almost 100 per cent. efficient. On the basis of a population of 4,983,385, the city last year had a birth record of one to every thirty-six of its population. There was an average of one child born in a little more than three minutes through the year. This news will be a surprise and a pleasant one as well. It is likely that the large foreign element in the population has had much to do with this record birth rate. It is a pathetic fact, however, that these dear little ones have such a hard fight for their lives. Fortunately society is adopting better methods for the preservation of the babies that come to bless the world.

Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord. (Ps. 127: 3.)

Surprised with Three Millions

CHARLES H. TUNLEY, of Brooklyn, N. Y., met a man by the name of Harry Hamilton, of England, by accident in a New York office building the other day, who coolly notified him that three million dollars had been left to him by will. Twenty-seven years ago Tunley's father was walking in the street in Boston when he was startled by the cries of a woman in distress. Rocking violently from side to side as it bounced over the road, a carriage with three female occupants dashed along the thoroughfare drawn by a frightened horse. The young man, without a moment's hesitation or thought of himself, leaped at the bridle of the horse, and though dragged along at the peril of his life, he pulled the horse down on his haunches. The women were assisted to the street badly frightened but unhurt. These women were Mrs. Elizabeth Woodbridge, Mrs. Jane Hooper and Miss Mary Brown, sisters, and daughters of wealthy parents. Some years ago the hero rescuer died, leaving his son Charles ignorant of the lives he had undertaken to save. In 1905, Mrs. Woodbridge, who had moved to England with her sister, died. Before another year the other two sisters rescued followed her, leaving an immense estate in Elford, Essex, England. Harry Hamilton was named as executor, and upon reading the wills he learned that, aside from a few gifts to charity, the entire fortune was bequeathed to Charles A. Tunley. The young millionaire-to-be was asked what he intended to do, now that he was rich. "I am going to keep right on with my law studies," he said. "I have been taking a law course at night and have always hoped that some day I would become a prominent practitioner. I am sure I will now. My one big idea, however, is to prepare a home for my wife and child befitting their present circumstances. I think I shall also go into some business, probably real estate. This whole thing came as a surprise to me. I have been having a pretty hard fight with the world lately, but I guess everything will be clear sailing now." Besides Charles Tunley, his three brothers and stepmother come into large fortunes by the will. Every unselfish act has some kind of reward sooner or later. The undying gratitude of these women for their rescue by this hero suggests gratitude to Christ, who has saved us, and done so at the sacrifice of his own life.

Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father. (Gal. 1: 4.)

More Rembrandts for America

IT IS understood that two Rembrandt paintings recently sold in Berlin are to come to America. Our country is to be congratulated on the fact. The following estimate given by Edmondo de Amicis of Rembrandt's great genius will find a response in the hearts of the lovers of art in this country: "Born in a windmill, rising unheralded, without master, without examples, without any derivation from schools, he became a universal painter, embraced all the aspects of life, painted figures, landscapes, marine views, animals, saints in paradise, patriarchs, heroes, monks, wealth and misery, deformity and decrepitude, the ghetto, the tavern, the hospital, death; made, in short, a review of heaven and earth, and rendered all things visible by a light from the arcana of his own imagination." One of the two pictures America is expected to receive is that of a beautiful boy, such as few painters ever did or could paint. But the more important of the two is a masterpiece and represents the "Presentation of Christ at the Temple." Into this he has poured all the wealth of his religious nature and has reached the climax of artistic genius. By the magic touches of his brush he has brought heaven down to earth and has lifted earth up to heaven and made them one. The greatest painters have painted their masterpieces from sacred subjects, and of these the most universally beloved have been those which have been irradiated by Christ's life and love. Luke has graphically described the presentation of Jesus in the temple for the fulfilment of the ceremonial law, including mention of the beautiful characters of Simeon and Anna, and then says:

When they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth. (Luke 2: 39.)

Heart on Right Side

MISS MARGARET BRILL applied for treatment at the Tuberculosis Dispensary in Yonkers, N. Y., recently, and it was found that her heart was on the right side, which is the wrong side as nature usually arranges it. It is sometimes the case that in pleurisy the heart is pushed out of its place, but cases are rare where the heart is on the wrong side at birth. The physical heart is the symbol of the affections, social and moral, which we call the heart, where character dwells and out of which flow the tides of moral and spiritual life. It is not the uncommon thing to find men and women whose hearts are on the wrong side, devoted to material things, to this world, its follies and its sins. Fortunately there are many whose hearts are on the right side, the one toward their fellowmen and toward God and toward immortality, in obedience to the command:

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. (Col. 3: 2.)

BOB'S BABIES

BY HELEN COALE CREW

TROUBLESOME is not much of a place, but you will find it on any large map of Colorado. There is one house there, a stable, and a barn. In the house is a post office, in the stable some half-dozen splendid horses, in the barn a cow or two. But helping Old Kincaid with the mail, or riding bareback over the limitless mesas, or fishing knee-deep in Troublesome Creek, there is Jess. Always and everywhere, Jess; with her clear eyes and cloudy hair and sturdy limbs and warm heart.

Troublesome lies about half-way between Kremmling and Hot Sulphur, speaking in terms of post offices, and about midway between the Berthoud and Sheephorn Passes, speaking in terms of the splendid hills that rise into heaven's blue on every side. A lonely place, where in a day's ride you would meet no one, or in a week's walk—but, then, no one ever walks. No, indeed! Certainly not Jess!

One hot forenoon in August Jess, standing in the doorway, heard the angry squeak of wooden brakes against wheels, and presently saw at the brow of the hill beyond the house a covered wagon and team, approaching in a cloud of dust. She watched its slow approach with speculative eye. In this silent world no ripple was too small to have an interest.

"More homesteaders, I guess, Pap," she said over her shoulder to her father sitting indoors nursing a sprained ankle and growling his discomfort at intervals. This was the year the Uintah Reservation was thrown open to homesteaders, and for several weeks now there had been similar wagons hastening westward to register at Grand Junction before a specified date. Jess watched the wagon as it came protestingly down the hill. Her practiced eye took in the details at a glance—the dusty canvas top, the weary horses, the chicken-coop fastened at the back, the jaded attitude of the man on the seat. As she watched, the man turned and lifted two little red-clad figures from the depths of the wagon, and placed them beside him.

"Children, too, Pap," she called softly, and her eyes brightened. But when the wagon was quite near, and the man raised his head and looked at her, Jess's heart skipped several beats, and an angry crimson flooded her face. Six years before, when Jess was a slip of a girl of seventeen, she and young Bob Bennett had loved each other at first sight, and with all the impetuosity of their spirited youth. She had met him at Denver on the one occasion when she had been so far east. But a foolish quarrel over a foolish trifle had ended it all, and Bob, proud and piqued, had married another girl; while Jess, proud and hurt, declared she had never loved him, and tried to live the part her lie demanded. She had not seen or heard of him since the day he was married. Now, suddenly, she was face to face with him again. It was too late to draw back into the house, so she stood there in the doorway, a splendid vision of fine young maturity.

The man in the wagon paled a little, but he had come with a purpose, and he would carry it through, cost what it might. He drew up near the door, climbed down from the wagon, and approached Jess. Old Kincaid had limped forward, and stood looking over his daughter's shoulder.

"That's you, is it, Bob Bennett?" he drawled. "You haven't been around this way lately. Guess you won't find us changed any." But the young fellow paid scant attention to the old man. He was scanning Jess's face with an anxious glance. Then he plunged at once into his errand.

"Jess, I came to ask a favor of you."

The angry flush had died out of the girl's face. She glanced coolly into the beseeching eyes, but she made no answer.

"Jess, those are my kids." He pointed to the two little figures perched up on the wagon seat. Such tiny figures, clad in little red calico gowns, bare-footed, tousle-headed, bright-eyed, and each with a thumb tucked into a rosy mouth. Jess's tender heart gave a throb as she looked at the children, but still she said nothing. Her steady gaze came back to Bob's face.

"Their mother is dead," he went on, "and I can't take care of 'em as it ought to be done. I've got to go down to Gunnison; there's a job for me down there. Jess, will you let me leave the kids with you for a while, till I get settled?"

Jess fairly opened her mouth with astonishment. "Leave them with me!" she exclaimed.

"There's not another woman in the world I have any sort of a claim on," he continued, blundering in true masculine fashion as he became more earnest, "and so I thought you'd help me out."

"What claim have you on me?" demanded Jess.

While he hesitated for a reply, Old Kincaid made his way painfully to the wagon, and, reaching up, drew the children from the seat and took them, one on each arm, to where the others stood.

"These here are mighty fine cubs, Jess," he said. "Better take keer on 'em and give Bob a chance."

Jess looked at the babies, and softened. The older baby drew her thumb from her mouth and smiled. The little one turned down a piteous lip, and one tear, sole remnant of a previous sorrow, lost its precarious balance upon his eyelashes and rolled headlong down his velvet cheek. Such wheedling eyes, too, they had. Bob's eyes. A sudden memory smote Jess, and she hardened again.

"'That was long ago, Bob. I know now that I want them'"

When a man makes one blunder he invariably follows it up with another before he finally extricates himself.

"Jess," said Bob, "you loved me once."

"Never!" said Jess emphatically.

"I loved you, anyway."

The little chap on Old Kincaid's arm began to whimper. Jess frowned anxiously. She knew her limitations, and her arms ached to gather the baby to her bosom and comfort him. Pride stepped in, however, and she turned away.

"Very well, then!" said Bob. "I'll take 'em down to Gunnison and adopt 'em out. Guess I'll find somebody glad enough to get such kids as these. You'll be sorry, Jess, to turn down a fellow that loved you once and that comes to you in his trouble."

Wrathfully the youthful father took his children, who were weeping in earnest now, climbed into the wagon, and turned away down the road. Jess and her father stood watching. The dry dust rolled up in clouds about the wagon-wheels and pitiful wails broke out from under the canvas top.

"Seems to me you might have taken the little ones, Jess," said the old man. "Weren't you kind o' hard on Bob, honey?"

Jess turned fiercely. "Hasn't he been kind o' hard on me?" she demanded; and went indoors to hide a storm of tears.

At noon young Kincaid came in with the mail from Hot Sulphur, and Jess prepared dinner. The old man seemed restless, and about mid-afternoon mounted a horse and rode off, in spite of his aching ankle. Jess didn't ask where he was going. She knew; but she said nothing; and later on she too slipped out and, mounted on Starlight, her own horse, rode aimlessly about over the mesas till sundown.

Old Kincaid came in to supper late. After the meal was over he said to Jess, "They've made camp down by Stafford's Ranch, honey." He paused a moment, and then added, "The little fellow is kind o' sick. I guess Bob ain't much of a nurse."

That night Jess sobbed her heart out up in her little attic bedroom. But pride dies hard in a woman. Two days went by on leaden feet. Old Kincaid watched but said nothing. Young Kincaid, noting the general dulness and missing his sister's songs, asked, "What's the matter with Jess?"

"Let her alone, Bub," said his father. "Women folks like a clear field and no pesterin' when they're gettin' their feelin's toned down and their minds made up."

On the third day young Kincaid brought a piece of news.

"That young Bob Bennett, Jess, they say he's been trying to swap off or sell off his two youngsters at Walcott. Always was a queer cuss, anyways."

On the morrow Jess was gone from the house and Starlight from the stable long before sunrise.

At Stafford's Ranch she picked up what news there was; she slept that night, which was Friday, at Blossville; and made what speed she could over the Sheephorn and down into Walcott. Here she found that Bob had not left his children behind, but, with them, was bound for Glenwood Springs. This made her very anxious. Would not some of the summer visitors there be only too glad to adopt the little ones, so rosy, so bright-eyed? She must hasten. Saturday night she slept at the little post office at Dotsero, and Sunday morning was in Glenwood Springs. Still the children had not been left behind, as she determined by much anxious inquiry. No, he had left with them, though he had made attempts to place them, and the three were now headed for Gunnison—so she found out from the grocer at whose place Bob had "stocked up." This was a great relief. He would hardly part with the children this side of Gunnison.

Sunday night she spent at Carbondale. She was very tired, and the next day made her way slowly up the canyon of Crystal River. At her left rose Mount Sopris, looking slivery gray and ghostlike through a fine drizzle of rain. Early in the afternoon she reached a little deserted mining town, mute witness of former activity. The windows and doors of the two rows of wooden cabins were barred up, and all was silent as the grave. One open door, however, excited her curiosity. She looked in. In the rusty stove a fire had been recently made; a crust or two of bread lay upon a bench; a tiny red flannel petticoat lay forgotten upon the floor. Jess burst into tears and seized upon the little garment. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she could go no farther. Unstrapping the blanket from Starlight's back, she rolled herself up, lay down upon the floor, and with the horse tethered near, slept till morning.

Tuesday dawned with overcast sky, but no rain, and she continued up along the Crystal River, now a muddy, swollen stream. Beyond Redstone, in a lonely nook within a group of aspens, she found traces of them again, in the ashes of a campfire hardly cold, and she felt that she was hot upon their trail. Nearly all that afternoon she had the world to herself—the endless hills, the great pines, the roaring, tumbling stream that fell through limitless depths from the remote reaches of the Elk Range. Here and there a desolate mail-box, nailed to post or

Continued on next page

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BOB'S BABIES

Continued from preceding page

tree, carried her thoughts back to her father; once or twice a lonely grave under the solemn pines, with its encircling fence, hastened her on her way with anxious thoughts of the children. Bob's children! And she used to love Bob. Used to? Well—but there's no time to think of that!

The darkest, dankest, most forbidding of canyons engulfed her in mid-afternoon. Starlight's footsteps echoed dismally between the high, sheer granite walls, and Jess's stout heart quailed a little. Presently, when they came to a snowslide across the road, even Starlight grew nervous, and for a long time refused to cross over it. After that he shied at every unexpected object—at a stake claim set up here and there along the trail, and at a big brass plate of the Geological Survey affixed to a big boulder. Then a sudden swift rain poured down; but when at six o'clock she rode out of the canyon and into the town of Crystal the sun shone out and a splendid rainbow was woven upon the gray clouds eastward; and she found that Bob and the children had left there only that noon.

One has a feeling in Colorado that, no matter how high one climbs, there is always something a little higher over which one can still go. But at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning—she had ridden since three—Jess pulled slowly up the last and worst hill, paused upon the summit, and looked southward into the Gunnison Valley over countless miles. Upon the downsloping hills, like a solar spectrum, lay the richest profusion of flowers, the stately columbine, the blue flax, small saffron sunflowers, great masses of white wild parsnip, tall spikes of larkspur, the vivid flash of scarlet trumpet, the misty purple of the beeflower; and over all the rich, warm sunshine.

"Oh," sighed Jess, "this must be paradise!"

And just then, glancing down at a little blue lake, a liquid jewel upon the bosom of the hills, she saw upon its edge, a mere speck of white—Bob's wagon!

"I was right!" she said, and laughed joyously. "It *is* paradise, and there are the cherubim?"

Bob was getting breakfast. There were potatoes and bacon frying in the pan, and the two little figures in red calico sat solemnly side by side, their toes arranged in dimpled phalanx before the fire. Their big eyes were fixed unblinkingly upon the preparations, their little bodies swayed forward in expectation. Bob lifted the frying-pan from the fire and put the coffee-pot in its place.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, breakfast is ready," he said, smiling down into the earnest little faces raised to his. But for all his smile, his heart smote him at the pathos of the utter dependence of these two tiny creatures, and their utter trust.

A clatter of hoofs, a horse drawn up sharply at the roadside, a dismounting figure. Bob looked up. His mouth opened, and the potatoes slid from the pan. Jess looked bedraggled. Her skirt was torn, her hat was lost, her hair hung in disorder about her face, and her bones ached.

"I have come for the children," she said.

Bob stood speechless. It took time for him to understand what had happened. There lay long, hard miles between now and the last time these two had stood face to face; to say nothing of a misunderstanding, which is harder to bridge than mere time or distance. Jess, observing his lack of comprehension, waved an arm toward the babies, who were engrossed in transferring slices of potato from the sand to their mouths.

"Those are *my* children. *You* refused them," said Bob.

Jess's mind traveled again the long miles she had ridden. "That was long ago, Bob. I know now that I want them."

Bob, too, thought of those miles. His eyes softened but his lips were firm. He turned away. Even men are obstinate at times.

"Bob," urged Jess pleadingly, "let me have them!" The tiniest baby had lost his balance. Bob righted him gently, and wiped the sand from the little mouth with hands that trembled. Presently he stood up and faced her.

"You threw me over once, and you refused to take them when you had the chance. How can I tell what you really mean?"

Jess turned white and clasped her hands. There was a silence. The coffee-pot bubbled on the fire and sent an odorous incense heavenward. The fate of the babies hung in the balance while Bob and Jess stood there in the sunshine looking steadily at each other. Finally Jess's glance wavered, though she clung firmly to her purpose.

"Bob, will you marry me?"

Bob took a step forward, stumbling over the babies in his astonishment. "Jess!" he exclaimed. "Jess!"

"Wait, Bob, till you hear me. I want the babies. I must have them! If we marry they will be mine, too. We can go down to Crested Butte and be married, and you can take Starlight and go on down to Gunnison. I'll take the wagon and the children and go back home."

"And then?" He took her hands gently in his own. The biggest baby rose on unsteady legs and clasped her father's knee; the little one crawled after her on all fours.

"And then, Bob, when your business is settled, you can come to your babies."

"Jess," said Bob solemnly — you would have thought from his tone that he was offering a prayer—"you're the best friend a fellow ever had. I swear you are!"

. . .

Six o'clock that evening found Jess and the wagon and the children back at the edge of the little blue lake. There had been a wedding at Crested Butte at which the bridesmaid and the best man, clad in red calico, had indecorously babbled and laughed throughout the simple ceremony, and had rapturously kissed the bride when all was over. And then Bob had kissed them all three, and, mounted on Starlight, had ridden away over the hills to Gunnison with a light heart.

Seven o'clock, and daylight fading. Jess fed her babies, hobbled the horses, carefully put out the last red ashes of the fire, and spread the blankets upon the mattress in the wagon. Afraid? Not in the land of protecting hills and warm campfires and open hearts. Lonely? Not under those high clear stars and in that vast silence. Jess is not a timid girl. She has come into her womanhood. She draws the little sleepy heads down upon her soft bosom, and sings tender lullabies with an overflowing heart.

Delighted with the Premiums

The Christian Herald Almanac and *Samantha at Coney Island* have been received and we wish to express our thanks for both. Upon receiving *Samantha*, I sat down and finished the book that day; since then I have re-read it and find it just as interesting as before. I look for the coming of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD almost as anxiously as I do letters from home. Such clean, wholesome reading acts as a tonic upon the reader, especially so after having glanced through some of the daily papers.

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. . .

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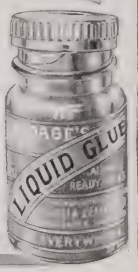

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Do You Know Your Bible?

ANSWERS to the second list of Bible Questions printed since the beginning of the new series have been received from readers in almost every State. It is evident from the tone of the letters received that the Bible Question Class is steadily growing in popular favor as a delightful and instructive means of Bible study in the home circle. List No. 2 with the correct answers appended is given below:

List No. 2

1. What two psalms are repeated almost in full in other books of the Bible? Ans. Psalms 18 and 96.

2. What Old Testament king was prospered until he became irreverent and was then afflicted with a fatal disease? Ans. Uzziah (II. Chron. 26).

3. Who chastised with briers the chief men of a city? Ans. Gideon (Judges 8: 5-16).

4. What kitchen utensils now in use are referred to in the Bible? Ans. Bottles, pitchers, bowls, basin, knives, shovels, tongs, spoons, pans, measure, sieve, scales, cups, plate, platter, basket, bucket, churn, frying-pan, pots, kettles.

5. What excellent statement of religious optimism, especially appropriate to a farmer, can you find in one of the minor prophets? Ans. Hab. 3: 17-19; also Joel 2: 21, 22.

6. When, where and under what circumstances was an open-air fire built in the rain? Ans. When Paul was shipwrecked on his way to Rome. On the Island of Melita. The "barbarous people" kindled a fire on account of the rain and cold. (Acts 28: 1-6.)

7. Where is the word of God compared to rain and snow? Ans. Isa. 55: 10, 11.

8. In what verse is the gladness which God sends declared to be greater than the joy from successful crops and rich living? Ans. Ps. 4: 7.

9. What books of the New Testament were written by Luke? Ans. Luke and Acts.

10. Which of St. Paul's Epistles is fullest of expressions of joy and thanks? Ans. Philippians.

11. In what two expressions, of six words each, did Paul sum up the motive of his life? Ans. "The love of Christ constraineth us" (II. Cor. 5: 14). "To me to live is Christ" (Phil. 1: 21).

12. Where is the account given of a poor man who asked for money and received something better? Ans. Acts 3: 1-11.

Answers to the second list of questions were still coming in at the time of going to press. The honor roll is given below:

Seven answered 11 questions correctly:

Mrs. Austin DuBois, Mrs. Anna Crosby, Mrs. S. W. Anthony, M. J. Elmore, F. F. Worick, Luanna A. Baldwin, Anna Dill.

Eight answered 10½ questions correctly:

Adam Laidlaw, Mrs. M. Perry, J. D. Tracy, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, Miss J. Cunningham, Mrs. G. W. Hanert, W. P. Cairns, M. F. Brackett.

Twelve answered 10 questions correctly:

Mrs. W. C. Camp, David T. Newsom, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Leanore L. Reese, Sallie Davidson, Mrs. Isaac T. Coppock, Alfred Morton, Miss S. E. Lyle, Mrs. A. Drummount, (No name, from Poplar Ridge, N. Y.), Mrs. A. H. Culver, Mrs. Lyman Porter.

Seventeen answered 9½ questions correctly, 17 answered 9, 19 answered 8½, 20 answered 8, 13 answered 7½, 10 answered 7, 6 answered 6½, 6 answered 6, 2 answered 5½, 1 answered 4, 4 answered 5, 1 answered 3½.

Bible Questions—List No. 3

Answers to the third list of Bible questions given below should be mailed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *within two weeks after publication.* This is very important. All of our readers are cordially invited to join the Bible Question Class at any time during the Course.

1. In whose school did Paul teach for two years?

2. Who were the first Christian missionaries and by whom were they sent out?

3. What man owed his own life and the lives of all of his countrymen to a woman?

4. What man refused to go to battle unless a certain woman would go also?

5. On what three occasions were Peter, James and John with Christ, when the other apostles were excluded?

6. Which of our Lord's miracles was wrought by the utterance of one word?

7. What title did Jesus bear that indicated he was both God and man?

8. Name the only instance in the Bible where the name of a street is mentioned?

9. Where is the Word of God compared to a looking-glass?

10. In what passage of Scripture are the angels declared to be fellow-workers with mankind?

11. Where is the Word of God called milk, and why?

12. Who won a wife by capturing a town?

NOTE.—The answer to Question 8 in List No. 1 should have been "Baruch." Several of our readers have called our attention to this matter, which, however, does not affect the accuracy of the lists published of those who sent correct answers. Answers referring to the correct passages were marked correct; in re-writing the answers for publication the wrong name was inadvertently inserted.

In forwarding their answers to the Bible questions, many of our readers express their warm appreciation of the studies. It is proposed to grade the answers, so that at the season's end all who reach a certain percentage of correct answers will be distinguished in a special manner. Meanwhile, the "Honor Roll" is growing and the interest in this Home Chautauqua increases with every new list of questions printed.

HARD TO DROP

But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee: "It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ills.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it.

"About that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum'!

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Among the Workers

—R. ASHLEY CAKE, the evangelist to the Life Saving Stations, has his headquarters at Port Republic, N. J., and any one interested in his work should address him at that place.

—AMERICANS ARE interested in the arrival of Miss Italia Garibaldi, granddaughter of the great Italian patriot, who comes as a delegate to the Methodist General Conference to be held at Minneapolis in May.

—THE BOOK COMMITTEE of the M. E. Church held its annual meeting at New York, February 14-17. On the evening of February 13 the Methodist Social Union of New York City gave a reception to the committee at the Waldorf-Astoria.

—THE SECOND GENERAL convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement of the Presbyterian Church met at Chattanooga, Tenn., February 6 to 8. A strong program of speakers was presented and the convention will furnish fresh inspiration and instruction and support for the splendid work of the movement.

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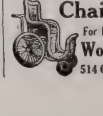

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Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.—Herbert

JUST BOYS—God Bless 'em

DID you ever see a window-ful of nicer boys than this one? And do you know that it is a typical group of American boys which might be gathered up and photographed in almost any part of the country? Look closely at them. I will wager there is one among them that looks like you. The all-round, average American boy, with his sound body and good heart, his high sense of honor and of fun, is the boy of the world to-day and the eyes of the world are upon him. For general alertness, intelligence and capability, the American boy is far above the average. Is it any wonder he is the hope and the pride of the greatest nation for opportunity and character building on the earth? Nowhere is a boy's life so brilliant or his opportunity so great as in our own country to-day; and the old question, "Success or failure?" is pretty well up to the American boy himself to answer.

Get Ready

THERE is no end of a glorious work to be done. Cities must be built, schools improved and homes set up; new laws must be made and old ones revised. Every branch of science, industry and art is calling for you. There is peace to be maintained and all of the standards of living to be raised to a higher level, and you are the boys to do these things. Remember, it is largely to those whose boyhood stands sound and clean and square to the world that opportunity shall be coming first. So *get ready*. Plan to be as fine men as you are fine boys. Abraham Lincoln planned all of his boyhood to be a great man. He was ready when the time came to be one. You plucky, brainy, teachable boys, your country needs you every one. Nobody knows who are the great men of to-morrow; that they are the boys of to-day is certain, so *get ready* is a good motto for "just boys—God bless 'em"—to live by.

A HAPPINESS BOOK

HAVE you ever heard of a happiness book? Well, listen and you shall hear of one.

"What do you do to keep so youthful and beautiful?" said I one day to a very lovely elderly lady with extremely attractive old-lady ways and a beautiful face and voice.

"My dear," said she, "there is little enough philosophy in growing old and unlovely at the same time. I keep reminding myself that it is my privilege to be as beautiful as ever I can manage to be. God means us to be beautiful, and there is nothing so beautifying as happiness, my dear. "See here," she continued, slipping a stately red leather book out of the drawer of a lowdaddy which served her as sewing and writing table, "I keep a Happiness Book. There are never any days of my life so sad but some real pleasure is tucked away in them; and I always make a note of my pleasures and think of them over and over. Glance at some of the entries, dear," she said, handing the big diary to me in her sweet gracious way. "Finished the mittens for Jamie this morning. Such a nice letter from Amy. A daffodil bloomed in the garden. I found Mary's thimble that she thought was lost. Such a pretty girl with dancing eyes and rosy cheeks passed by the window this morning. Alfred's ship was sighted off the Pribilof Islands:" and many pages after these I read this: "Alfred's ship is lost. Alfred was a brave, good man. He loved and served us all so well. His little girl shall always live with me now." There were scraps of verse and quotations, and now and then a pressed flower and a bit of faded silk. That was my first meeting with a Happiness Book. Don't you think it was what Peter Pan, the boy who would not grow up, might have called an *adventure?* Anyway, I came home that day determined to keep a happiness book, and I have kept one ever since.

Little Folk's Gardens

IF EVERY part of the garden has been spoken for by the older brothers and sisters, then do you choose some little place in the corner of a near-by field or meadow, or down by the stream maybe, and plant some seeds there, caring for them carefully day after day. You will never forget that first little garden, or the first wonderful things that happened there. Sow some pansy seeds and dwarf carnations, white daisies and bachelor buttons. You will be surprised at the loveliness of it. Another cluster which intermingles prettily is clarkias, sweet alyssum, forget-me-not, dusty miller, and baby's breath; this is indeed a fairy garden. The flowers I have mentioned grow so easily, you have only to take a little stick and make holes in the earth not deeper than an inch, then tuck the seeds in and go every day to visit them. You will be so happy when the frail green spears poke their way through the soft brown earth, and when the rain and the sun come to help you make them grow. After that the bees will visit you, and the butterflies, and perhaps a humming-bird or two and do you think when mother's birthday comes that anything would be half so dear to her as a flower that you had planted and cared for yourself?

Be sure to set out a little garden, my dears, and write me about it. I want to help you and I want you to tell me of the things that happen there. By midsummer when your garden shall be its very prettiest you can get some one to take a photograph of it or describe it to me successfully, and if it is very pretty indeed I will send you a beautiful story booklet all about one little girl's flower garden and how it grew. I should like to send many copies of this charming book to CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls, so set right to work and get your garden started.

SIMPLICITY

Dear little Simplicity is five years old;
She thinks that the moon is made of gold.
She fancies the stars that shine so bright
Are put out at morning and lit at night.
She thinks that her dollies are really alive;
But then, you see, she is only five!

Good-Night Verse

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, Eccles. 11:9.

Ever lovingly,
The Auntie the
Cozy Corner

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The American Woman

A CORRESPONDENT asks that the American woman be made the subject of consideration on this page. No subject could be more attractive, and few are so difficult in the abstract, because in the concrete the American woman is the most baffling, extraordinary, clever, useful and engaging woman in the world. She can hardly be regarded as a type. When one thinks of an English woman, one sees at a glance, a fair, gentle, capable and dignified home-maker, a woman equal to an emergency, decided of speech, a little reserved, and devoted primarily to the interests of her husband and children. The English woman, too, is thoroughly versed in the politics of her country, is aware of what is going on, knows public men and measures, and is by no means indifferent to the progress of the commonwealth. The suffragette of whom we have heard so much during recent weeks is not universally accepted by her countrywomen as admirable, and many of them deplore her methods even when they are in favor of the object she strives to attain.

Every one knows the Scotch woman, motherly, sensible, shrewd and sweet to the core. The women of France, Germany, Italy, Sweden and Denmark all have characters of their own, and the fascinating Russian woman is a distinct type.

The American woman combines qualities which have come to her by inheritance, and characteristics that have been forced upon her by the peculiarities of her situation. She is devoted to domestic life, but shines in society. At home she is nurse, caretaker and teacher, and with the aid, usually, of very inefficient helpers, cooks dinners, prepares breakfasts, entertains company and does the making and mending essential to the comfort of her boys and girls. In these days she is often a college graduate, and at no time has she been ill-educated, indifferent to books and literature, and unreceptive of the best within her reach. In church work and charity and in the several avenues now open to her in professional life, the American woman nobly advances and accepts her full share of responsibility. To discuss a topic at once so big and so inviting is outside the limits of a column or two. If the readers have anything to say, their contributions will be very much in order and extremely welcome.

. . .

No Room for Mother

AN ELDERLY lady was rather surprised one day lately at discovering that in the view of a young visiting friend she was looked upon as rather queer and very hard to please. Thinking over the reasons back of this judgment, it was borne in upon her that one generation does not easily understand the next, and that the distance separating two generations from sympathy and understanding cannot always be bridged over. There comes to women growing old once in a while a mingled feeling of surprise that their juniors cannot peer beneath the mask and see how young the mothers and grandmothers feel, and of regret that the busy juniors have so little leisure to spend with the dear ones who are laid aside from the noonday activity.

So long as a mother can remain in her own home its mistress and queen she is fortunate. The children may live with her, and if they do they will undoubtedly go into the business of running her. They will tenderly interfere with her plans, check her desires to go to meetings, take walks by herself and pay calls upon old friends, and they will be forever on the watch for fear she shall tire herself. All this will be more or less exasperating, but if the house be hers, and she its head, there is a limit to over-zeal in filial attention. Also this mother is sure to be immune from thoughtless neglect.

When John persuades his mother that she would better give up housekeeping and live with him, when Mary coaxingly and lovingly impresses upon mother the notion that she must come and stay with her, that she is needed and wanted, and that life without her lacks flavor, when, in short, mother is induced to depart from her bailiwick and try living elsewhere, she is by no means sure that she may not make a mistake. The daughter's home or that of the daughter-in-law may be shining as the houses in Spotless Town; the daughter's children may be well trained, and the daughter's housekeeping perfect, but mother is almost sure to find herself in a way overlooked, or laid on the shelf. Sometimes she misses the half hours of confidential talk that were formerly hers, and again the good-night kiss is forgotten, and a whole day may pass in which there is no room or share that mother can have in what is going on. This is especially true when the young people occupy the front of the stage. Are you sure, dear reader, if mother is with you, that there is room for her in your heart and your home, as there ought to be?

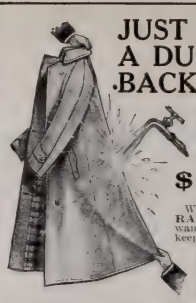
. . .

That Trying Boy

HERBERT is past thirteen. When he was a little fair-haired fellow of five his father and mother were a trifle injudicious, and spoiled him by too much indulgence. When he was eight he was allowed to go to school or stay at home at his discretion. He could always impose upon his mother's affection by the plea that he did not feel well, for, not being very robust, Herbert came in for a good deal of coddling. At thirteen every one is astonished that the boy is not wildly anxious to be at the head of his class, and when his reports are unfavorable, indicating that he is not keeping up with the rest, there are two opinions in the house. His father, who is in the right, insists that Herbert neglects his home work. His mother, in the wrong, throws the entire blame on his overworked teacher. When Herbert goes to school without attending to the little home duties for which he is responsible, somebody else attends to them, and with the stupid remark that "the easiest way is the best," he is not reproved for his delinquency lest he shall pout and be disagreeable.

The boy of thirteen who has been badly started is the victim of parental folly. Those who should have been on the alert to train him from the first have lost their opportunity. Still it is not too late to remedy the situation. At thirteen a boy is still easily impressed and responds to the appeals of genuine love and sympathy. He requires firm handling, but does not respond to injustice, harshness or uncalled-for severity. He can still be molded. Notice with care the companionship about him, and observe whether or not there is an older boy whom he is imitating. He should be drawn into the ranks of one or another fine boyish organization. The Boy Scouts will help him to be manly and chivalrous. If he joins the Knights of King Arthur he will be ashamed of unworthiness and unkindness in home life. Let his father more and more draw him into confidence and treat him like a brother. Let his mother beware of scolding and nagging. Keep him busy and remember that the boy who is interested in athletic sports and keen about outdoor life, and

Continued on next page



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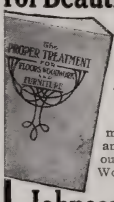

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

obliged to observe the ordinary rules that govern intercourse in the household, will throw off the faults of the transition period and finally prove himself useful and agreeable in his sturdy youth.

The boy of thirteen should not neglect his attendance at church and Sunday School. Profanity is at the moment in the atmosphere, and so common that it has ceased to be conspicuous. It should be frowned upon in the boy of thirteen as it would be in his sister should she encumber her conversation with profane language.

. . .

The Intemperate Husband

NO HAPPY wife, serenely certain that her husband will come home at night entirely himself, even though he may have had a weary and disturbing day, can fully sympathize with her who dreads her husband's return because his brain may be befuddled with drink. That may seem to be a vulgar and unrefined statement. Nevertheless, there are women, some of them readers of this page, who have suffered inexpressible torment and undergone agonizing suspense many a time as they have listened to the step on the porch and for the voice that should greet them when the door was opened. The breath of relief when the periodically intemperate man comes home sane and sensible is a reprieve, but the wife seldom puts behind her altogether the terror that is her companion by day and night. If she is proud, she tries to conceal from the neighbors the overwhelming shame that she feels in her husband's lapses. When the thing can no longer be hidden, her cheek burns and her heart aches at the thought of how her friends pity her.

What can be done to save the inebriate? The obvious reply is, close the saloon. Remove the temptation that flaunts itself at every street corner. Extend no favor to social drinking. Eliminate doubtful flavors from table delicacies. Use stimulants only medicinally by the doctor's advice, and then keep them under lock and key, guarding them as carefully as if they were gunpowder. Begin with the children and teach them that intoxicants are synonyms for poison.

The wife who realizes that her husband is in peril should try by every means in her power to win him to an honest, manly and loyal Christian life. The power of Christ is sufficiently strong to exorcise this demon. A man who is truly converted will have strength given him to overcome the thirst that maddens him, as it clamors in every cell of the brain and paralyzes his will. The intemperate husband will break his chains if he becomes a true Christian. God help the man who has an intemperate wife. For her, too, conversion to Jesus Christ is the only safeguard.

. . .

Precocious Children

IF WE should take the tally of the children and grandchildren in our towns and villages, we should no doubt find that stupid children were exceptional, clever children the rule, and precocious children by no means rare. Most parents think their offspring remarkable, and very few children escape the danger of having their sayings and doings dwelt upon with pride in their presence. Here and there, a child forges to the front in study with extreme rapidity. At seven or eight the precocious child is striding ahead in mathematics, writing stories, performing wonders in the recitation room and distancing other children several years older, and very much larger. The youthful prodigy is often the marvel of the town. Occasionally his or her performances are exploited beyond the home town, becoming the theme of comment and focusing criticism in the newspapers.

. . .

UNDOUBTEDLY, any bright child may be subjected to a forcing process in a single direction with results that are spectacular. The question is whether the game is worth the candle. To prepare a lad for college and have him triumphantly pass his preliminary and final examinations by the time he is fourteen years old may be done successfully even in this day of advanced university standards. The boy may be permitted to enter while he is wearing short trousers, may surpass young men some years ahead of him, and be graduated with distinction when other boys are entering the freshman class. The little girl of nine or ten or the young girl of sixteen or seventeen may wear laurels on her golden head and reap the early sheaves of fame before she wears her first trained dress. Where will be the ultimate gain? Life, indeed, is longer than it once was, and there are those who keep the fire undimmed until its utmost verge. The fire that is kindled too soon will burn itself out before the meridian. Brain development reaching its climax in the earlier years of life means mediocrity in middle age and premature senility.

. . .

THE fact is that we are in far too great a hurry in the training of our children in this period and in this country. We are not willing to let them grow as nature means they shall, along lines that are safe and in ways that have been sanctioned by experience. When the boy is yet in the nursery, his father and mother, looking ahead, behold him in the front rank of business or professional life. The young doctor must be through his hospital practice before he is twenty-five, and this means that he will have left the preparatory school at fifteen and taken honors in the grammar school at eleven. The same thing may be said of other vocations. We want our children to develop with the rushing speed of Jonah's gourd, forgetting that the gourd withered as quickly as it grew. To discourage precocity in children, to give them plenty of time for play, and let them spend hours of daylight and sunlight out of doors, is the part of wisdom. The first seven years of life are best spent outside of schoolroom walls.

Answered Prayers

S. M., San Diego, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge direct answer to prayer."

J. C. D., Jersey City, N. J. "God has positively answered my prayer in case of sickness."

Miss M. H., Iowa City, Ia. "I am thankful for two prayers which God has answered for me."

C. C. T., Turner, Mo. "When I called upon the Lord he helped me in my sorrow; praise his holy name!"

A Friend, Mullinville, Kan. "I thank the Lord for a prayer answered within twenty-four hours of the asking."

A. G. D., Burnside, N. Y. "I thank the dear Lord for answering my prayer when I was in trouble and sickness."

M. E. T., Thaxton, Va. "I was in trouble and ill. I claimed God's promise by earnest prayer and he has delivered me."

M. I. S., Bluff Point, N. Y. "God has answered many prayers for me, and I am glad to acknowlege his love and goodness."

A. M. R., Carrollton, O. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers and restoring me to health."

Mrs. J. J., Milestone, Can. "Recently my husband and I prayed very urgently for a needed blessing, and our prayer was answered."

A Reader, Jamesville, N. Y. "I want to acknowledge the Lord's goodness in my need. He has answered my prayers, and I am thankful."

N. B. L., East Hartford, Conn. "I wish to give my testimony to many answers to prayer in restoring my health, and the same blessing for several of my children."

Mrs. C. C. W., Los Angeles, Calif. "I am a living testimony to answered prayer. I was spared to my family of little ones through prayer, and I thank God."

M. D. M., East Waco, Texas. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers, both for myself and in healing my dear ones. I am very grateful to him."

Comparison Sells More Chalmers Cars Than All Our Advertising

The farmer wants the car that has the most features designed for *his* convenience, *his* safety, *his* economy and *his* pride of ownership. He compares cars; he weighs one against another.

Some cars seem to be built only to please the builder; some for use only on city boulevards. The self-starting Chalmers "Thirty-Six" has been built to please the buyer—to meet every condition of road and weather. It is bought by men who have compared it with other cars.

If you weigh the Chalmers "Thirty-Six" with any other car and consider them point by point, you will find it the ideal car for farm and town use.

Here are the points which make the Chalmers "Thirty-Six" the most popular car of the year:

1. **Chalmers Self-Starter**
   Does away with cranking. Simple, safe, efficient, air pressure type.
2. **36"x4" Tires—Demountable Rims**
   Insure ease of riding and rob punctures of their terrors.
3. **Five-Speed Transmission—Four Speeds Forward and Reverse**
   Affords utmost flexibility of control.
4. **Long Stroke Motor**
   Maximum power at low engine speed, splendid pulling, longer service, greater quietness.
5. **Dual Ignition**
   Simplest ignition system yet devised. Nothing equals a magneto for furnishing perfect ignition.
6. **Dash Adjustment for Carburetor**
   You can get the proper mixture for varying weather conditions without getting out of car.
7. **Genuine Cellular Radiator**
   The sort you find on highest priced cars. Perfect cooling, longer life, good looks.
8. **Comfort and Convenience**
   Long wheel base, big wheels and tires, deep upholstering, roomy bodies make for maximum comfort.
9. **Beauty and Style**
   Chalmers symmetry is the kind of beauty that means efficiency. Finish is superb—18 coats of paint and varnish. Choice of three attractive color schemes.
10. **Price—$1800**
    Because of the features listed above and a score of other advantages because of perfect design, high-grade material, workmanship of the Chalmers standard, the "Thirty-Six" offers the greatest value for the money of any car built.

Call on the nearest Chalmers dealer and investigate this car. Compare it with others at its price—and above. Catalog on request.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a **"RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid** to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow **ten days free trial** from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 **"Ranger"** Bicycle furnished by us. **You will be astonished** at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1912 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer.*

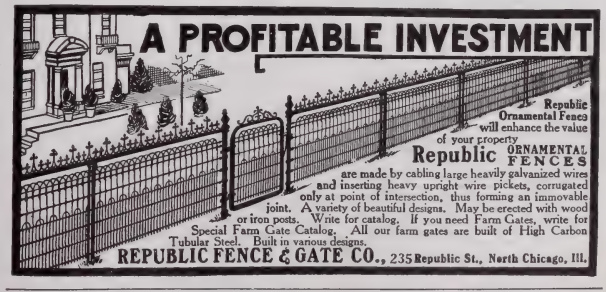
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of **tires** from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. N-71, CHICAGO, ILL.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Republic Ornamental Fence will enhance the value of your property
Republic ORNAMENTAL FENCES
are made by cabling large heavily galvanized wires and inserting heavy upright wire pickets, corrugated only at point of intersection, thus forming an immovable joint. A variety of beautiful designs. May be erected with wood or iron posts. Write for catalog. If you need Farm Gates, write for Special Farm Gate Catalog. All our farm gates are built of High Carbon Tubular Steel. Built in various designs.
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FEED SOUR MILK And Increase Your Egg Yield 25%
Government Station Results—All about it in Free Pamphlet.
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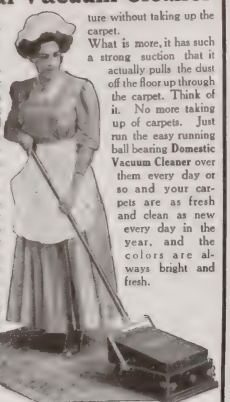
LADY WANTED
To introduce Dress Goods, Fabrics and Petticoats. Make $10 to $30 weekly. Best line—lowest prices—sold through agents only. No money required. Now spring patterns now ready. Samples and case free. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 30, Binghamton, N.Y.

A Real Vacuum Cleaner

Booklet FREE



Here is a Vacuum Cleaner that looks like a carpet sweeper and runs like a carpet sweeper, yet is a powerful vacuum cleaner. As it rolls across the room it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dust out of the texture without taking up the carpet. What is more, it has such a strong suction that it actually pulls the dust off the floor up through the carpet. Think of it. No more taking up of carpets. Just run the easy running ball bearing **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** over them every day or so and your carpets are as fresh and clean as new every day in the year, and the colors are always bright and fresh.

The pile of dirt shown here was removed by a **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** after the rug had been thoroughly cleaned by old methods. Look dirt was down in the texture of the rug beyond the reach of the broom. Try one on your carpets at our risk. If it does not do all we claim, return it at our expense and get your money back. Sent anywhere in the United States East of Rocky Mountains, charges prepaid, upon receipt of $16.00.

CAUTION

Don't confuse the **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** with imitations. The **Domestic** is the only one with the patented adjustable ball bearing roller nozzle. It rolls over the carpet and does not drag and wear out the carpet as imitations do.

Agents Wanted

We want one hustling agent in each locality. We pay good commissions and the machines sell at sight.

Write today for full information, free illustrated booklets, etc.

DOMESTIC VACUUM SWEEPER CO., 228 Masonic Temple, Peoria, Ill.

Linene COLLARS CUFFS AND BOSOMS

Why Don't You Wear Linene Collars?

Now, honestly, is it for any real good reason except that you have never tried them? Send us 6 cents in U. S. stamps for sample and give it a fair trial. Or, better still, buy a box of **10 for 25 cents** at the store or send us 30 cents to cover cost of mailing you a box. State size and style, but try them, anyway.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY
Department T, Boston, Mass.

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THE VICTOR of BOZRAH
A Beautiful Easter Gift Book

Printed on Japan antique hand-made finish deckeled edge paper, with colored frontispiece from an original drawing, bound in morocco grained silver Fabrikoid with title stamped in purple.

Size of book, 3½ x 8 inches. Price, 35 cents, postpaid. Special price to Pastors and Sunday School Superintendents in quantities of one dozen or more.

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25 NEW EASTER POST CARDS 10c
All Different in Gold and Beautiful Colors.
REGAL MFG. CO., Desk 8 Battle Creek, Mich.

Quarterly Review Lesson*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

First Lesson: Birth of John the Baptist Foretold

Golden Text: Without faith it is impossible, etc.

THE aged priest Zacharias was in the temple. The message was brought by the angel that he should have a son, in spirit and power like the prophet Elijah. The promise was too great for Zacharias to believe, and he asked for a sign from God that it would be true.

Truth: God has a purpose in each life he gives.

Illustration: When Mozart was only six years old he first saw a large organ in the monastery of a little town on the Danube. "Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play." Well pleased, the father complied. Then the boy pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained. The organ roared for very joy at the caresses of the marvelous child. The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them; but he never had played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale, others crossed themselves, till the prior rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened to the chapel. They looked up into the organ loft and saw no player sitting on the organ seat; then they mounted the stairs and stood petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him.

Second Lesson: Birth of John the Baptist

Golden Text: Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, etc.

As God had promised, in due time a son was born unto Zacharias and Elisabeth, and his name was called John as the angel had said it should be. When the babe was eight days old, his name feast was held, and the great dignitaries of the church as well as friends came to participate in it.

Truth: Have faith in God and in his promises.

Third Lesson: The Birth of Jesus

Golden Text: For there is born unto you this day, etc.

The angel had promised Mary that she should have a little child who should be the Son of the Most High God. And when he was born, angels announced his birth, first bringing a message to the shepherds watching their flocks, and then singing in the skies a message for the whole world, that the Prince of Peace was born.

Truth: Jesus the All-Saviour.

Continued on next page

* **The Quarterly Review for March 31, 1912.** GOLDEN TEXT: "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, to them did light spring up." Matt. 4: 16.

SWITZERLAND
THE ALL YEAR RESORT

All the year round, and at every Season, Switzerland has charms which have gained for it the proud title of the "**World's Playground,**" but it is specially in the

SPRING when the mountain air is still crisp and full of those rare tonic qualities which makes a vacation in Switzerland so recuperative in its effect and in the

SUMMER when visitors attracted from every quarter of the globe, revel in the glorious sunshine and enjoy to the fullest the unique and wonderful opportunities for pleasure making and health-restoring which only Switzerland can offer.

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Send for handsomely illustrated booklets, literature, maps and the hotel guide, explaining every detail necessary for a vacation in Switzerland. No fees.

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No Darning for Six Months

Guaranteed

Buy six pairs of genuine Holeproof Hose today for your children and yourself and they will wear without holes, tears, or any necessity of darning until six months from today, or we will give you new hose free. The dealer from whom you buy will give you a signed-in-ink guarantee and coupons to send back should any hose wear out.

Dealers are now showing the new Spring colors.

Genuine Holeproof Hose, the original guaranteed hose, have been sold this way for the past twelve years. Last year 95% of our entire output **outlasted** that guarantee—were **longer** than six months.

Yet "Holeproof" are not heavy or coarse, like other guaranteed hose. They are made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn, costing an average of seventy cents per pound. There is no better cotton yarn to be had. No one can pay any more for it, for that is the top market price. Common yarn sells for thirty cents a pound—less than half what we pay for ours.

We use in the silk goods only pure thread silk from northern Japan.

It is this quality in Holeproof Hose that makes them wear, makes them soft, light in weight, and stylish. Hose made from heavy yarn may wear six months, but nobody **wants** to wear them. There is only one genuine "Holeproof"—only one guaranteed hosiery made with seventy-cent yarn. It is

FAMOUS **Holeproof Hosiery**
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN
6 Pairs Guaranteed 6 Months

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men—seven colors, three weights and three grades for women—and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Prices are $1.50 up to $3 for six pairs, according to finish and weight.

The silk "Holeproof" cost $2 for three pairs of men's, guaranteed three months, and $3 for three pairs of women's, guaranteed three months.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl

The "Holeproof" trade-mark and the signature above are found on the toe of each pair of **genuine** "Holeproof." We have had thirty-eight years of hose-making experience. There are hundreds of imitations of the genuine, but you can avoid them by looking for the signature.

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealer's names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Try "Holeproof." You'll never wear another kind of hosiery once you do.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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I CAN NOW HEAR

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums, I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.

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NEW PATENTED Useful COMBINATION SHEARS Sells to every Housewife.

Made of first quality steel, fully guaranteed. Sells in every home, store or shop. Practical, useful. Housewives wont be without it. A whirlwind seller. Big profits. Biggest, best, most wonderful agents' proposition made. Write quick for terms and free sample to workers. Send no money. A postal will do. **Thomas Shear Co., 2124 Barny St., Dayton, Ohio**

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Full Spring Seat and Back— **$3.85**

Covered in Best Royal Leather

Look at the picture; doesn't this Rocker look inviting with its high, broad, shapely back and deep roomy spring seat! It's made to last forever, and its wide arms, supported by six neatly turned smooth spindles and massive front carved posts, give it the exclusiveness and style that cannot be had in any other rocker. Frame thoroughly seasoned oak, high golden and gloss finish. Best quality Black Royal Leather; workmanship first-class. Price but $3.85 makes it the biggest bargain ever offered. We can afford such values because we own our own timber lands, saw mills, factories and salesrooms. Money back if it is not worth double. Send for our large FREE cash catalogue of Furniture, Rugs, Curtains, etc. Learn at once how much cheaper and better you can buy for cash direct from the manufacturers. We save you all extra profits. Write NOW; better still, enclose $3.85 for this comfortable rocker. Order by number 670. Address: (11-1)

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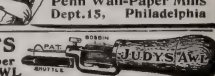
Lincoln-Leonard & Co., 5843 W. 37th Street, Chicago

New Spring Wall Papers at Mill Prices

Beautify your home this Spring with new wall paper. You can paper three rooms for what you would usually pay for one. We sell at mill prices and show how you can easily hang the paper yourself. Write today for free instructions and new Spring sample book showing latest and best designs.

Penn Wall-Paper Mills Dept. 15. Philadelphia

AGENTS



Make $30 per Wk. This AWL sews a lock stitch like a machine. Best thing ever made for repairing Harness, Shoes, etc. A dozen exclusive features. Demand is immense. Sales astounding. Roy Sage writes "Rec'd Awl today sold 6 in 15 min." L. Perring says "Sold 9 on way home with sample." Lowest price, biggest profit, greatest value, quick sales. Drop everything and write for sample and instructions.
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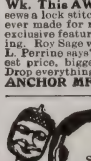

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Nothing removes them like **A-Corn Salve.** Takes out roots and all without cutting or danger of blood-poisoning. Easy, quick, sure. **15 cents** at druggists' or by mail.
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Select Your Own Terms

NOT for a cheap, trashy instrument, but for the good old reliable Cornish Pianos and Organs, standard for 50 years. Our **New Credit Plan** permits you to select a playing payment on the **Most Liberal Basis ever** offered by a responsible **manufacturer.** We can do it because

Cornish Pianos and Organs are sold direct from the factory at a saving of one-third or more to you. We have no dealers, so can make our own terms. Every instrument sold on a **Full Year's Trial** and is now worth every penny backed by a bonded guarantee for 25 years. Send today for the New Cornish Book and learn how easy it is now to own a highest grade Piano or Organ. Write TODAY.

Cornish Co., Washington, New Jersey

FLAT FOOT Wrongly Called BROKEN ARCH

can be relieved by applying this little invention, the **A-K-E-LES Heel Extension-Protector,** to the inner corner of the heel, as illustrated. This device will increase the efficiency of any Arch Prop and make frequent adjustments unnecessary. Write today for the **A-K-E-LES Heel Extension-Protector.** *By mail, 25c. pair, postpaid.* We will send with it free of charge the

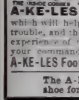
A-K-E-LES Foot Trouble Symptom Blank

which will help you to learn the exact cause of your own foot trouble, and the proper methods for correction and relief. The experience of the leading Foot Specialists of the World is at your command.

A-K-E-LES Foot Comfort Co., 184 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

The A-KE-LES Devices make any shoe a good shoe for a bad foot. Ask at good shoe stores.

Class Pennants, Pillows and Pins



45c each for one or more Class Pennants, design represented in this cut. We will make them up in your class of school colors and as soon as desired. Size 12 x 36. Send for the 1912 supplement sheets to our catalogue. We are showing a greater variety of novelties this year than ever before.

Boys and Girls

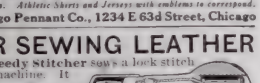
going to school wanted to sell our goods. You do not need any money to start this genteel and pleasant work—the returns will surprise you. Write us to-day for our selling plan. $900.00 worth was sold by two young people in December in a small specialty store in Chicago selling our novelties exclusively.

Arm Bands, 75c per dozen and up; Class Pennants, $4.00 per doz. and up; Class Pins, $2.25 per doz. and up. Send us your class and colors. Athletic Shirts and Jerseys with emblems to correspond.

Chicago Pennant Co., 1234 E 63d Street, Chicago

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The **Speedy Stitcher** sews a lock stitch like a machine. It mends harness, shoes, or in fact anything. The latest, the best—it beats anything for the money. **Retails for $1.00.** Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Special price on sample to agents. Our wholesale prices lowest ever offered. **over 200 per cent** We manufacture our own goods, can sell the best awl for the least money. Sells on sight. Send now for catalog and sample.



Automatic Awl Co.. 75 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

SUPERB REPRODUCTION

of 14 views of fashionable evening Manners, entitled "Manners." This picture reproduces exactly as shown here and is 14 x 18 inches, larger than boards in New York.

Only 10 pictures are available. Money refunded on orders received after 10 are printed.

The picture is unique and attractive. Mounted on art board 15 x 22 inches carefully packed ready for framing. Makes an Easter present from an admirer. Write at once to

PRICE $1 Prepaid **Art Publishers., 19 W. 44th St., N.Y.**

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For College, School, Society or Lodge.

Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER, 25c each; $2.50 doz.; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 doz.

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CLOTH FROM THE MILL — DIRECT TO YOU

"Lowest Prices for the Quality"

High grade Woolens and Worsteds for Men, Women, children. Large variety of fabrics. Our fine Wool Goods and Dress Linens. *Samples Free,* state garment desired, name goods and we will send suitable samples. Also Ready-made Garments.

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STRAWBERRY PLANTS

Any quantity; 120 acres, 103 varieties. Also full line of other small fruit plants and ornamentals. Lowest prices for quality stock, true to name. Write today for FREE catalog. **W. F. ALLEN,** 26 Market Street, Salisbury, Md.

LEARN STORY WRITING. Stories bring big money. By our method of instruction, one with a good education can learn. Instructions by men. Personal, kind work. Lessons sent upon receipt of a printable, pleasant and prize winner. Write for Booklet 21. International Literary, Washington, D. C.

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HAND EMBROIDERY 67 Bedford Place, N.Y. City

SELL NECKTIES UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY direct from factory to wearer. Build permanent business with large profits. Every article guaranteed. Right time to start for spring orders. STEADFAST MILLS, 75 Courtland Street, Cohoes, N. Y.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

Illustration: A father looking at his little newborn daughter wrote these beautiful lines:

My darling child! God's little daughter dressed
In human clothes, that light may be thus clad
In shining, so to reach my human eyes!
Come as a little Christ from heaven to earth
To call me "Father," that my heart may know
What Father means, and turn its eyes to God.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Fourth Lesson: The Presentation in the Temple

Golden Text: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, etc.

When forty days old Jesus was brought into the temple by his mother Mary and his foster-father Joseph. There they were met by two aged people: Simeon, who had been hoping to see the Messiah before he should die, and Anna, who, though a widow eighty-four years old, through the child instinct in her heart recognized the Wonderful Child, the hope of Israel.

Truth: None are too old to love and serve Jesus.

Illustration: A mother thus tells of her little child: "'Am I a little thing?' said my baby girl of four to me a few nights ago. 'Yes,' I answered with the full assurance of grown-up mothers. 'But,' she persisted with the wise argumentativeness of babyhood, 'I love you big.'

"The baby wisdom set me thinking as I rocked my child in my arms, until the little hand loosened its hold of mine, and she lay asleep in my lap, so soft and round and pure; so still after all the ceaseless prattle of the day, so warm and alive, so blessedly my 'little child'—little, but 'big to love.'"

How big to love was the little Lord Jesus? Not only for the mother Mary, but for the whole world. And glad we are when Christmas comes each year to bring us again the Holy Child.

Fifth Lesson: The Wise Men Led by the Star

Golden Text: Look unto me, etc.

In a far distant land, men who studied the sky like a map had been looking for a new star, for that was to be a sign by which they should know that the King of the Jews had been born. When at last they saw the star appear, they took a long journey to find him, taking with them gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Wonder of wonders! on the latter part of their journey the star went before them, showing the way, until it came and stood over where the young child was! And when they had bowed before him, and offered their gifts, they returned to their far-away home.

Truth: Finding Jesus and honoring him as King.

Sixth Lesson: The Boy Jesus in the Temple

Golden Text: How is it that ye sought me? etc.

When Jesus was twelve years old, he was taken up to the temple by Mary and Joseph that he might become a "son of the law." He was so interested in the teachings of the doctors of the law that he lingered in the temple after Mary and Joseph had started to return to Nazareth. They missed him after a day's journey, and returned to Jerusalem to find him. They found him among the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. But he was obedient and returned to Nazareth. All that we know of Jesus for eighteen years after this episode is that he "advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

Truth: Even a boy is known by his doings.

Illustration: There is a lovely picture of a little boy five years old seated in his father's armchair attired in the wig and gown of his father, who was an English lawyer. The white wig rests against his peachlike cheeks, and large, luminous eyes peer out from beneath it; under the chubby chin rests

Continued on next page

Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears; four cylinder motor 3¾ inch bore by 5½ inch stroke. Bosch magneto, 106 inch wheelbase. 32 x 3½ inch tires. Color, standard Hupmobile blue. **Roadster, $900.**

'Long-Stroke' Means Long-Stroke in the New Hupmobile

We have figured always that it was the wisest kind of enlightened selfishness to give more than the public expected.

Thus, only one motor in America has a longer stroke than the engine in the new Hupmobile "32."

And this car sells for several times the Hupmobile price of $900.

The relation of stroke to bore in the new Hupmobile is the mean average of the best and latest European practice; and is positive assurance of greater pulling power.

The cylinders are cast en bloc; the crankshaft, of special drop forged high carbon steel, is equipped with three especially liberal bearings, instead of two; the valves—all on one side—are completely encased, oil-tight and dust-proof, yet instantly accessible.

Note these evidences of extra-generous construction, please, and compare them with other cars at the Hupmobile price.

You will see in the engine and transmission unit a triumph of mechanical adaptation, which makes for increased efficiency and space economy.

The full-floating rear axle, in itself, places the Long-Stroke "32" in an exclusive class.

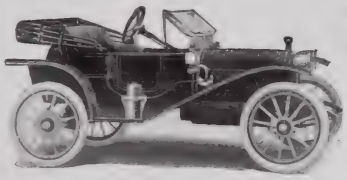
You can ascribe all these constructive advantages to the fact that the Hupmobile organization has always been held practically intact.

The chief engineer, E. A. Nelson, designed the original Hupmobile runabout—whose priority in its own class has never been seriously disputed. The department heads, and the skilful workmen who have executed his designs, have remained with us in our progressive development.

We should be glad to send to you 4½ x 8½ photogravures and full description of the handsome Long-Stroke "32."

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

1281 Jefferson Avenue DETROIT, MICH.



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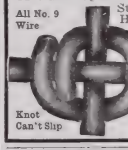

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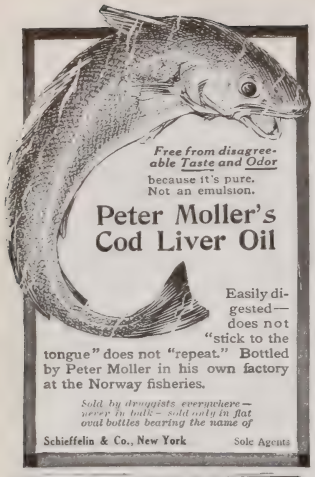

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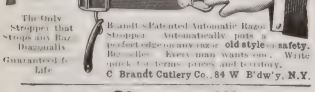

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

the white necktie, small hands lie upon the arms of the chair, almost enveloped in the sleeves of the gown; bare knees, and tiny slippered feet, not reaching to the floor, are upheld by the heavy folds of the gown that rest on the floor. The story is that the boy so arrayed himself that he might "surprise" his father. The father looked and laughed, and knew that the day was not far distant when the boy would be wearing his own lawyer clothes.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

Seventh Lesson: The Ministry of John the Baptist

Golden Text: Repent ye, etc.

John, having grown to manhood, began his ministry of being the forerunner of Christ. He preached in Judea and baptized in the River Jordan, and almost the whole city (Jerusalem) went out to hear him. The way was rugged and long (not less than fifteen miles). That fact gives us some idea of the drawing power of the preacher. He did not preach soft things, but some of his hearers he called "vipers," as he looked upon their hard faces, which were the index of their wicked hearts. John told the multitudes of Jesus who should soon appear, and who should be a greater and a mightier preacher than he. He was a faithful witness.

Truth: Winning souls for Jesus.

Illustration: It is told that a Christian coolie in Korea rose early every morning to pray. In the same village there lived an elderly gentleman, well educated. He, too, rose early to feed his cow. The illiterate coolie prayed for the scholar and longed to tell him of the love of Christ. But how could he presume to engage in conversation with one so learned? At length he thought of a plan. Having sought an interview he said: "Sir, may I exchange labor with you?" "What kind of work could we exchange?" was the reply. The coolie answered, "It must be hard for you to get up early in the morning to feed your cow. I am ignorant, and cannot read, while you are a great scholar. I will come every morning and do that work for you, if you will read a chapter in the Bible every day to me." The gentleman agreed to this. At the end of a month, he was so interested that he commenced reading the Bible for himself, and not long afterward he declared his faith in Christ, and became a church member. Great was the coolie's joy in thus winning a soul for his Master, the Lord Jesus.

Eighth Lesson: The Baptism and Temptation

Golden Text: For in that he himself hath suffered, etc.

Jesus came one day to John to be baptized of him. But John said, "I have need to be baptized of thee." When Jesus urged him, John baptized him. After his baptism, Jesus went alone into the wilderness, and there he fasted forty days. Satan followed him there, and tempted him, but Jesus was without sin, and he drove Satan away by using the sword of the Bible.

Truth: The power of temptation and how to overcome it.

Ninth Lesson: The Call of the First Disciples

Golden Text: The harvest indeed is plenteous, etc.

Jesus was walking along the shore of the Sea of Galilee, teaching the people he met either singly or in groups, when he saw Simon and Andrew casting their nets, and quite near them he saw James and John, sitting in their boat with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets. Jesus called them by name and told them to come with him, and he would make them fishers of men. So they left all, and went with him. They had already been much with him, where he lodged, and as he went about among men.

Truth: Called to work with God.

Illustration: The apostle Paul wrote two letters to his "son in the faith," young Timothy. In the second letter he urged him to be "a vessel unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." To Titus, another son in the faith, he also wrote a letter, in which he counseled him "to be ready to every good work." These letters are in the Bible we own, and they are for us to read and do likewise.

Tenth Lesson: Jesus the Healer

Golden Text: Himself took our infirmities, etc.

Jesus was spending the Sabbath day in Capernaum. He had attended the synagogue in the morning and healed a demoniac, then he came to Peter's home, and healed Peter's wife's mother, who was sick of a fever. In the evening the sick in all the city were brought to the door of Peter's house, and Jesus healed them all. The next day he went out on a preaching tour, and healed a leper. No one but Jesus would touch a leper, but Jesus touched him, and said, "Be thou clean," and at once the leprosy left him.

Truth: Jesus a sympathizing Saviour.

Illustration:

Closest to men, thou pitying Son of man,
And thrilled from crown to foot with fellowship;
Yet most apart and strange, lonely as God,
Dwell in my heart, remote and intimate One!
Brother of all the world, I come to thee.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

Eleventh Lesson: The Paralytic Forgiven and Healed

Golden Text: Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not, etc.

Four friends carried their sick friend on his bed to the home where Jesus was teaching the people. They could not get him in through the door, because of the crowd, so they let him down through the roof, just in front of Jesus. "Son, thy sins are forgiven. Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house." These were the gracious words Jesus spoke to the sick man, and his soul was cleansed of sin, and his body was cured of disease.

Truth: Jesus is a living friend and helper.

Illustration: A little ragged bootblack fell on the icy streets of a city one day. A cheery young lady passing said, as she helped him up, "Did you hurt yourself?" His whole face beamed as, after her departure, he said to his companions: "I'd like to fall a dozen times if I could have her pick me up like that." So may each of us reflect the cheerful, helpful spirit of the Master.

Twelfth Lesson: Feasting and Fasting

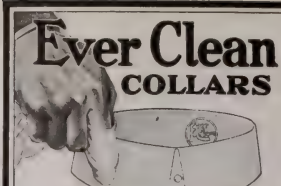
Golden Text: I came not to call the righteous, but, etc.

When Jesus first saw Matthew, he was an odious tax-gatherer. As he was about his duties by the sea, he heard Jesus preaching to the multitude and his heart was changed. Later, when Jesus saw Matthew, he knew that he was ready for the summons, "Follow me." And Matthew left his money-getting and followed Jesus as one of his apostles. Then Matthew made a feast at his own house and invited his publican friends so that they might hear the words of Jesus and become his friends, and they did!

Truth: Learning to follow Jesus.

Illustration: A Christian soldier was once asked how he was converted, and he answered, "God seemed to say to me, 'Halt! Right about face! March!' I did just what he told me, and turned around, and ever since I have been marching on to glory."

Ever Clean COLLARS



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Send us 25 cents and tell us the name, size and brand of the collar you usually wear and we'll send you an EverClean of identically the same style.

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"Used while you sleep."

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

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You can be Strong—Vigorous—full of Life and Energy.

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"Every one notices the change in my complexion; it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done for me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not wrinkled either. I feel so young and strong, no *rheumatism*, or sluggish liver, and I can *breathe* now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"*My weight has increased 30 pounds.* I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves are so rested!* I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have *taken off my glasses*, and my *catarrh* is so much better. Isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *genuine*—spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you that will.

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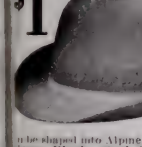

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Foreign Missions*

IN a recent issue of the *Missionary Link*, Miss Crosby writes of the pupils of her Yokohama school. Many of them do not remain in that city, but remove to another, or to some remote country district; but nearly all of them become Christians in the school, and remain faithful wherever they go. One of them, Mrs. Watanabé, married and went to the wild northern island of Yezo, to develop a government grant of rough farm land. The husband has proved to be a drunkard, but his bright, efficient little wife has applied herself to the work so successfully that, with such help as he could give her, the farm has been made very productive. She has a large family of children whom she is bringing up in the fear of the Lord. She has been among the most active in organizing a church and a Sunday School in her neighborhood, and has done wonderful work in adding members to the church. Does it not almost seem as though that Yokohama school would have to produce no more than this one case to prove its usefulness?

But it has many more fruits to show. One of its graduates has just married a young preacher in Tokyo, the pastor of a large church. Think of the opportunities thus opened before her. Another, who began her service by distributing tracts among the "rickshaw men," is now, though married and unable to continue her labors in that line, working constantly to relieve the poor and the sick, and always in Christ's name.

In many cases there is real conversion, but the contumely is likely to be so great that Christ is not openly acknowledged. Says Miss Costellow, of Calcutta, "At the station, while waiting for the train, there was an opportunity to talk with a Bengali gentleman and his family. He had been educated in a Christian college and said he was at heart a Christian, but had not the courage to confess it among his Calcutta friends." He and his intelligent wife asked the missionary to call upon them and tell them about "the Jesus Christ book."

Read of the wonderful work which the mission hospitals are doing. They have probably helped more than any other one element, to establish our missionaries in the love and confidence of the people. Mrs. Mary Bliss Dale writes from Beirut to *Woman's Work*, interesting accounts of the great success of the two Protestant hospitals there, of which she is the superintendent. One wild Persian highwayman, who boasted that he had killed twenty men, was converted through the ministrations of the hospital and became a gentle and devout Christian. One mother brought her poor baby boy, with crumpled-up little club-feet, but she begged that only one of them might be straightened, for if he had two good feet he would have to do military service as a man! The tales which these missionaries tell are absorbingly interesting.

---

*Christian Endeavor Topic for Sunday, March 31. TEXT: Matt. 28: 16-20.

To My Mother

SONNETS are full of love, and this my tome
Has many sonnets; so here now shall be
One sonnet more, a love sonnet, from me
To her whose heart is my heart's quiet home,
To my first love, my mother, on whose knee
I learned love-lore that is not troublesome;
Whose service is my special dignity,
And she my lodestar while I go and come.

And so because you love me, and because
I love you, mother, I have woven a wreath
Of rimes wherewith to crown your honored name:
In you not fourscore years can dim the flame
Of love, whose blessed glow transceends the laws
Of time and change and mortal life and death.
Selected. CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A Church Aids the Bread Line

Inclosed find check for $35 to be used for housing the homeless men. This is from members of Dr. Merle-Smith's congregation (Central Presbyterian Church, N. Y.). You will probably hear from others individually.
New York City. AUGUST EICKELBERG.

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You Should Make $2,500 to $3,000 a Year on Each Machine

Make a start today and you will never regret it. Be "Johnny on the Spot" with a machine and get the cream of the business. If you can get a number of machines working, **they should make you rich.**

Let Us Show You How to Make $15.00 to $30.00 A Day

Read These Letters:

"We have nothing but words of praise to speak of it. It is all that you claim for it."—*Hunt & Harter.*

"From the 21st of April to 20th of May I took in $254.75."—*D. S. Treadwell.*

"I have made $175 in 2 weeks."—*F. S. Wilhite.*

"From March 1st the Machine has averaged $25 per day."—*F. Smith.*

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Accurately ground pistons with self setting rings, crank shafts drop forged, bronze metal bearings and connecting rod—Special exhaust muffler—Thermo syphon cooling system—Schebler float feed carburetor—splash system oiling—spark timer or commutator—two cylinder piston type vacuum pumps—perfect lubrication—accurately fitting, interchangeable repair parts supplied on a moments notice.

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Vegetable Seeds Beet, Cabbage, Cucumber, Lettuce, Onion, Parsnip, Radish, Spinach, Tomato, Turnip.

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Either the ten packages of flower or the ten packages of vegetable seeds for 15c mailed. Your money back if not satisfied. **BINGHAMTON SEED CO., 402 Court St., Binghamton, N.Y.**

THE HIGH COST OF FOOD

State Legislatures, County Prosecutors and Grand Juries Trying to Fix Blame for High Prices

Housekeepers find it more difficult than ever to keep the table decently supplied with food and at the same time keep the grocery and meat bills from going beyond the weekly income.

The excessive cost of eggs, butter and potatoes is particularly burdensome, the prices having gone to such a figure that the public has reason to suspect collusion between provision dealers and the cold storage plants.

To find out the relation of middlemen to cold storage concerns and also the relation of the farmer to butter and egg dealers, is the object of an investigation started by the district attorney of New York and by prosecuting attorneys in other States.

In such times many persons who never stopped to consider the food value of the cheaper foodstuffs are making a study of the subject. They have found that neither meat, nor eggs, nor potatoes, are necessary for man's complete nourishment. They are gradually learning that man can get from cereals and fruits all the strength needed for any kind of labor with hands or brain.

Two shredded wheat biscuits—which may be bought at any first class grocery store—eaten with milk and a little fruit, make a complete, nourishing meal that is easily digested and will supply a greater amount of real, strength-giving nutriment than meat or eggs. While not as fattening as potatoes, it supplies a greater amount of muscle-building material and enough carbohydrates to keep the body warm in cold weather. The total cost of such a meal should not be over four or five cents.

A breakfast of shredded wheat biscuit and fruit is about the easiest and simplest of all meals to prepare. Shredded wheat biscuit is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. It is the only cereal breakfast food made in biscuit form and hence combines most naturally with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, canned peaches or other canned fruits. Persons who live on a diet of this kind are seldom troubled with any derangements of the digestive system and are nearly always capable of doing a larger amount of work with less effort than those who live largely upon meat and eggs. The housewife who knows shredded wheat biscuit and the many nourishing combinations that can be made with it will find her housekeeping problems greatly simplified and will also find it very easy to keep down the grocery bills without lowering the standards of living.

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LIKE savings banks, our business is conducted subject to the supervision of the Superintendent of Banks. Assets over $2,500,000. Any sum deposited—from $25 to $3,000—draws 5 per cent from day of deposit to day of withdrawal, which may be upon short notice. Dividends remitted by mail or compounded, as preferred. Accounts opened by mail or in person. Our certificate system of deposit prevents the possibility of loss of bankbook.

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Epworth Foreign Work*

IT IS probably from among you of the League that the missionaries of the future or their support must come. The older generations are passing rapidly away. Upon your shoulders will soon fall this great responsibility. In order to awaken and maintain the enthusiasm which is necessary to discharge well that responsibility, you must read, talk and think much of mission-work.

It is often through the skill and understanding of the native helpers that the most effective work is done. In connection with the African mission of Magog, a little chapel made of reeds and grass has just been dedicated at Umzumbi outstation. One devoted native has been the mainstay of this outstation. Some years ago, a chapel of "wattle and daub" was put up there, but it became unfit for further use, so this good man tore it down. How was he to build another? He decided to borrow five dollars in order to hire men to help him gather grass. Then he worked alone for many days, cutting the necessary timbers from the bush, thatching the roof and binding the reeds. He plastered the inside with mud. The missionaries helped him to get the doors and windows. The last thing was the cindering of the floor. Women do that sort of work in Umzumbi, so this man's good wife and her friends attended to the matter. By making baskets, he earned enough to repay his debt. Then he felt that the chapel could be dedicated.

The "multitude" who would come would have to be fed; so this faithful man went to work and managed to gather food enough for seventy-five people. The pupils of the girls' school at Magog were going over *en masse*. Food for them was sent from the school on the day previous to the ceremony.

The little chapel was packed full on the great occasion, and as many more gathered outside, where the thin reed walls permitted them to hear all that went on. The collection, amounting to $8, was considered munificent. After lunch, there was a second service, at which many black Christians testified, among them the devoted builder of the chapel. He said that he meant to keep the light of God shining on that hill, so that it would be "like a sweet voice calling all who saw it to turn to God."

Is not this a beautiful story? Only the outline has been given here. Get the magazine and read all of it.

Our hearts should burn within us, as we read of the thrilling experiences of those who have gone forth to learn new languages, take up new habits and customs, and endure hardships in obedience to Christ's command to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel."

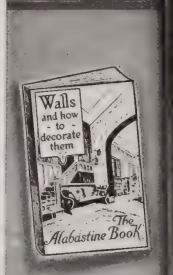
* Epworth League Topic for Sunday, March 31. TEXT: Isa. 43: 6.

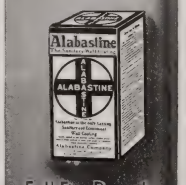
The Word "Obey"

THE London *Sketch* has the following verses, founded on the recent incident where at an English wedding at which the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, the bride demurred at using the word "obey":

Phyllis, please listen without animosity
If, very humbly, I venture to say
That I'm consumed with a weak curiosity
As to the vows you will utter to-day.
When you, in old-fashioned trappings all glorious,
Stand at the altar in bridal array,
Think of that horrible headline, "Notorious
Bride who omitted the words 'and obey.'"

Will you, adopting the Suffragette attitude,
Brand your poor husband as Juggins the J?
If you would win my unqualified gratitude
Fill not my rapturous heart with dismay.
Come, on our wedding morn, let us be sensible,
No one, I promise, shall give you away
If you will speak that absurd, reprehensible,
Early Victorian phrase 'and obey.'"





Full Five Pounds

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POST yourself on the newest Color Schemes. Walls have great influence in home-making. Perhaps you don't know that our expert designers will furnish you—*without any charge*—original color plans for ceiling, frieze, side walls and stencils for one room or many. With these plans your local decorator or brush man can make your walls as correct and beautiful as the big city experts. The Alabastine Book *explains;* also shows actual samples of 16 *exquisite* Alabastine Tints.

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is recognized everywhere for its correct colors and superior quality. More artistic than wall paper or paint *at a fraction the cost.* Kalsomine colors are harsh and common beside the lovely Alabastine tints. Architects specify Alabastine in the fifty-thousand-dollar home for richness and beauty; in the thousand-dollar cottage for taste and economy—in preference to wall paper paint or kalsomine of any grade. Absolutely sanitary—goes furthest, is easiest to use and does not chip, peel or rub off when properly applied. Mix simply with cold water, put on with a regular wall brush. Ask the Alabastine Man in *your* town.

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keep in constant touch with our experts. They know how to give you best results. Full 5-lb. pkg.: White, 50c; Regular Tints, 55c. But *send* for the ***Free Book*** of interiors—do that *now.*

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We Will DYE Them and

Weave New Rugs

Now, beginning March 1, 1912—for the first time in the history of rug-weaving—you can send your old, faded, worn-out carpets and have them washed, sterilized, dyed and woven into rugs that will match your furnishings.

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Think of it! You can send us all of your old carpets, faded and colorless, and get back beautiful, bright, new, *reversible* rugs—*any color you choose*—that will blend harmoniously with the color scheme of any room in your home.

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We are the only concern in the world that dyes your old carpets to weave new rugs. By our improved method of weaving, we make beautiful rugs, totally different and far superior to any other rugs woven from old carpets. Beautiful designs to your taste—plain, fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Be the first in your town to get one of these new rugs. Woven *any size,* without seams. Guaranteed to wear 10 years. EVERY ORDER COMPLETED WITHIN THREE DAYS.

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FREE Write today for book of designs, in 12 colors, prices and full information. It tells how we wash, scour, sterilize and dye your old carpets and weave them into NEW RUGS OF ANY COLOR YOU DESIRE. IT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

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Save 75% of your fuel bill—75% of your time, half your labor and cook your food 75% better

IT IS TRUE that the Rapid Fireless Cooker is the greatest convenience ever placed in the kitchen. It is true that over 100,000 housekeepers throughout the United States are now using my cookers with perfect success. It is true that all these housekeepers have purchased these cookers direct from my factory at factory prices, saving anywhere from ⅓ to ½ of the price they would have paid for a cooker of lesser merit and quality at a dealer's. It is true that thousands of these users have written me that they would not take treble the price they paid for the cooker if they could not get another. But I want to *prove* all these things to you right in your own home, in the use of my cooker for a month at my risk. That is why

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Fireless cooking has come to stay—It is the biggest boon to the average housekeeper since the invention of gas and modern ranges. It has taken away much of the drudgery of housekeeping—It has improved the quality, nutrition and food value of a hundred different articles of food—It has made possible the use of many less expensive cuts of meat, thus a heavy saving in living expenses is effected. The modern housekeeper knows these things. With a RAPID Fireless Cooker you can bake, broil, roast, stew, steam, fry all kinds of meat, vegetables, cereals and pastry. It gives the housekeeper time for other things than staying in a stuffy kitchen over a hot cooking stove. There is no danger of burning, or over-or under-cooking anything. It gives you many hours every day for club work, calling, shopping, and getting out of doors, and when your food is ready to serve it is always piping hot.

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Send for My Big Book of 125 Famous Recipes FREE

I have no dealers, no middlemen, no agents. Every one of my cookers is sold direct from my factory at factory prices to the user on a month's home test—30 days in your own kitchen.

Every cooker is guaranteed to be as represented and to be entirely satisfactory in every way or it may be returned to me and full purchase price will be refunded without question.

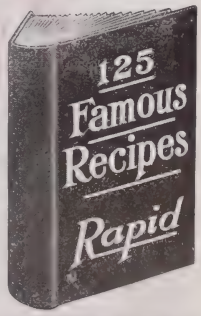
I want to send you the latest edition of my famous Fireless Cook Book. It contains all of the latest recipes and is a most valuable book to have in your home whether you buy a cooker from me or not. With this book I will quote you prices on all of my different sized cookers and give you most valuable information, obtainable nowhere else. Don't you want this book?

Don't you want to know the practical side of fireless cooking?

Then send me your name and address on a postal and I will send book by return mail and my special factory price.

Description: RAPID Fireless Cookers are made to last a lifetime. No wood to warp, swell and pull apart at the joints. 26 Gage aluminoid lining—2 to 4 gages heavier than most manufacturers use. Specially constructed fittings so heat positively cannot escape. Rapid Heat Radiators are the most scientific made—bake or roast anything and brown it beautifully. Can't crack or break. Highest grade aluminum utensils—hold full 4 and 8 quarts—the largest provided with any cooker.

Remember: I am the original fireless cooker man selling direct from factory, having sold more cookers, thrice over, than all other manufacturers combined. This, on account of the quality of my cooker and my low, direct, factory prices.



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It is made by dissolving the contents of a package of Jell-O in a pint of boiling water.

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Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1912

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

HANSEL
From a Painting by Ferdinand Schmutzler

See story on this issue

OUR · MAIL · BAG

Questions and Answers

J. L., Cadillac, Mich. 1. Is it not likely that the three wise men from the East were of Jewish descent? 2. What was the star (his star)? Was it a light body like that of the burning bush, directed especially to start and finish the journey of the wise men, or was it some regular visitant?

1. Magism is supposed to have originated in Chaldea and thence spread to the adjacent countries. The Magians are believed to have been originally Semitic. Among the Greeks and Romans they were known as Chaldeans. Daniel sympathized with the order during his exile, and probably became one of their number. They believed in God, hated idolatry and looked for a Messiah. The latter fact alone would almost be regarded as conclusive evidence of their Semitic descent. There are no absolute data, however, for asserting it positively. 2. "His star" can be interpreted as "his sign." Whatever form it assumed, it was sufficiently marked as an astronomical phenomenon to claim attention. Some writers have contended that it was visible to the Magi alone; others hold that it was a heavenly light, standing as a beacon of glory over the manger; still others, that it was the luminous figure of an angel. Tradition asserts that "the star" guided the Magi both by day and by night.

C. R. C., Shelbyville, Tenn. 1. Please explain the words, "The prince of the power of the air," in Eph. 2: 2. 2. We sometimes hear some of our older people, especially among the negro race, speak of the "dark days." To what do they refer?

1. It refers to Satan, the "prince of evil," who assails men on earth with trials and temptations. The word "power" is used here for the embodiment of that evil spirit which is the ruling principle of all unbelief, especially among the heathen. See I. Tim. 4: 1; II. Cor. 4: 4; John 12: 31. 2. They doubtless refer to certain days in modern times of almost supernatural darkness. Such a day was May 19, 1780, when, throughout a large part of this continent, the whole visible heavens and atmosphere became unaccountably dark, bringing intense alarm and distress to multitudes and dismay even to the brute creation. Many became convinced that the end of the world was at hand. Candles had to be lighted at midday. The darkest hours were between 10 o'clock and noon and the general darkness did not disappear during the whole day. In the Eastern States it continued for fourteen or fifteen hours. The primary cause has never been satisfactorily determined, although later investigators believe the darkness to have been due to a huge area of volcanic dust in the upper atmosphere.

R. N. W., Allston, Mass. 1. What were the name and characteristics of the language spoken before the confusion of tongues at Babel? Also, is the site of the Tower of Babel known to-day? 2. Why is it that Tolstoy, Edward Everett Hale and Julia Ward Howe towered head and shoulders over the majority of professed Christians, and these persons denied the deity of our Lord? 3. We are told in our Sunday School Lesson that "John" means "Jehovah had Mercy."

1. Philologists are divided concerning the language spoken before the "Confusion of Tongues" at Babel. What little we know of it is learned at second-hand from the testimonies of classical authorities. The Babylonians called the locality of Babel "Barsip" (the Tower of Tongues). A French expedition to Mesopotamia found a clay cake or tablet, which showed that the language at some indefinitely remote period was written in the form of signs and hieroglyphics; but even this was probably long after the dispersion at Babel. What universal language was spoken by prehistoric man thousands of years ago will probably never be definitely known. It may have been Babylonian or Arabic in character, but this is mere conjecture. Supplementary to the Bible record, there are many traditions preserved concerning the Tower and its fate, and these mostly claim for it a Babylonian origin, holding that Babylonia was the cradle of the human race. The site of the tower, according to modern opinion, is identified as *Birs Nimrud*, a huge mound covering gigantic ruins and situated at Felujiah in Mesopotamia; but this identification is by no means certain. 2. The same might be said of the learned men in the time of Christ. Intellectuality is not always an aid to spiritual life; on the contrary, there are very many cases in which it has proved a barrier. One does not perceive God through the intellect alone, and this is shown in the fact that many of the most spiritual natures have been found among the simple and unlearned. Intellectual vanity and self-sufficiency—an overweening confidence in the powers of the finite mind—are among the strongest impediments to faith. "Ye must become as a little child." 3. John (or as it is in the Hebrew form "Johanan") means "Jehovah hath been gracious," which is practically in line with the interpretation you give.

L. S., Grand View, S. D. 1. In II. Kings 3: 19-22, why was the land barren? 2. See Ex. 15: 23-25. What relation is there between these and the foregoing passages?

1. It was a common incident of war in ancient days for an invading army to strew the fields with stones to render them incapable of tillage. 2. There is no connection between the passages in II. Kings and Exodus. Marah is believed to be what is now called Howarah in the Amarah Valley, about thirty miles distant from the point where the Israelites landed after the passage of the Red Sea. The water there still retains its ancient character and has a bad name among the Arabs.

Mrs. McC., Green Spring, O. I have often wondered just where the Chinese get their supplies when they get this famine relief money. I suppose they must be bought there at famine prices, for a while at least.

Money is sent by cable, because it is always the speediest way of affording relief. Food can be bought at various places in China, although the prices are doubtless high at present. In previous famines rice has been purchased at Rangoon in Burmah and other comparatively nearby ports. It would be a great blessing if our government would decide to send one or more relief ships, as was done in previous famines. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers supplied cargoes for several such vessels, and a year ago assisted in sending a shipload in the transport *Buford*. There are hopes that when peace is fully restored, conditions may greatly improve.

A. T. B., East Orange, N. J. What is considered the worst sin?

According to Scripture it is the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is attributing the works of the Spirit to Satanic agency. It has been called the "unpardonable sin."

E. S., Baltimore, Md. We are told in the Bible that whatsoever we ask in faith we shall receive. Now if it is not for our benefit the Lord will not answer, but how are we to know this while we are praying for a desired object?

The various passages referring to prayer must be taken together. While we are told that we shall receive everything for which we have faith (Matt. 21: 22 and other passages), we are also told that we can receive only what is "according to his will." The necessary conclusion is that it is impossible to exercise prevailing faith when the thing we request is not in accord with God's will. The assurance that our prayer is in line with the divine will comes *before* the faith; if we are not sure of the divine will we cannot exercise positive faith. The true method is to pray most constantly and fervently to have God show us his will; when he has done this it is easy to pray the prayer of faith, which will bring the desired favor.

G. F., Katonah, N. Y. Was Paul a married man or not?

He is supposed to have been unmarried. There are evidences from his own writings that he had remained single to consecrate himself to the Lord's work. See I. Cor. 7: 7-8, which clearly bears out this implication.

M. S. C., Elkview, Pa. I know it is customary for a Christian to give one-tenth of his income to the Lord's work. If a person gives one-half his income for the same work, is his reward in heaven greater than if he gave only one-tenth? Is this what is meant by laying up treasures in heaven?

Kindness and humanity, the voluntary outpourings of a generous heart, are always pleasing in God's sight. Zaccheus was commended by Jesus no less for his liberality in giving half his goods to the poor than for his justice and integrity. His abounding charity covered many shortcomings, and his obedience to law and his firm hold on Abraham's faith as evidenced by works were both appreciated; but it was his faith in Christ as Lord that led to his salvation (see Luke 19: 9, 10). Even with the utmost liberality, we cannot buy heaven; yet no kind act, no generous gift, is unrewarded. We should give as freely as our hearts prompt and our circumstances permit. All wealth is a trust to be used for the highest purposes, and our use of our means and influence here will unquestionably have its effect in determining our reward hereafter.

Congressional Committee Hearing the Testimony of the City Officials of Lawrence, Mass.

EARLY in March a Congressional committee summoned the city officials of Lawrence, Mass., to appear before it and explain the methods used for protecting property and regulating crowds during the violence which accompanied the early part of the Textile Workers' strike. It was claimed by the legal representatives of the strikers that the officials had exceeded their constitutional rights in preventing the sending of children to other cities. Some of the children who were arrested and some who had previously been sent to New York were examined by the committee to ascertain their side of the story. Mrs. Taft was deeply interested in the proceedings and spent one whole day at the Capitol listening to the evidence.

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Miscellaneous

Miss L. H. B., Briggs, Va. See answer to H. E. F., Durand, Wis., in MAIL-BAG of January 3, regarding the brethren of Jesus.

A. R. K., Alberton, Ontario. There is no such passage in the Bible, although there are many that urge the reverent and diligent reading and study of God's Word.

B. F. H., Republic, Wash. The passage in Revelation concerning the number 666 is not interpreted by students as having anything to do with the number of religious sects and denominations of the present day. It has been discussed in a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG.

B. B., Lyons, N. Y. Law permits the sale of such articles, although they are reasonably objected to on grounds of health, and especially with a view to the protection of the young. One who sells them cannot have a very tender conscience.

Reader, Newark, N. J. Astrology, or the revealing of the future by means of the stars, is one of the oldest of pseudo-sciences and all through history has been regarded as a mere pretense of science; yet it still holds sway in the East, although it has few believers in Christian lands except among the ignorant. Astrologers are denounced in the Bible along with diviners, wizards, sorcerers and necromancers. In most civilized countries they are now suppressed by the police. Phrenology, or the reading of character through the conformation of the skull, is also an empirical science. It originated with Franz Joseph Gall, a German physician, and is still used by itinerant lecturers, although it has little claim to be regarded as scientific.

JUST IN TIME FOR THE ROSES

OUR great Rose and Plant Offer closes March 30 and you have only a few days left to accept these splendid offers. We recommend the Climbing American Beauty with your renewal at $2.25, or the Eight Rose Collection with your renewal at $2. See again insert in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for February 28, 1912. Send your orders at once.

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Group of the Students in the School Grounds

Oneida School Building and Village

A PROPHET OF THE MOUNTAINS

J. A. Burns, Who Has Banished Feudism Through Education and the Gospel

THIS story had its beginning in a baby's cradle in a West Virginia mountain cabin. The father was a minister from Kentucky, who feared his family of sons might somehow come under the influence of the feud spirit, were he to remain on his well-beloved Kentucky soil; so he moved to West Virginia. It was not until the child had grown to be a young man of twenty that he journeyed with his widowed mother to Kentucky, the home of his father's and her kin.

Like many others, J. A. Burns was soon involved in the feuds of the mountaineers. On one occasion he was knocked on the head with a gun, thrown over a fence and left for dead. He suffered through the long night, and when morning came he dragged himself to the nearest cabin, where he was given such succor as the place afforded. He was grateful for this kindly aid, but as soon as he had sufficiently recovered he set out, filled with the spirit of vengeance against his assailant. He had proceeded but a little way when, like Saul of Tarsus, he was suddenly halted in his impetuous career. God spoke to him on that hillside and showed him the wickedness of his course. He prayed earnestly for forgiveness and resolved with God's help to live thereafter a life of peace, and to influence others to do the same. He realized, for the first time, the great need of the people of the hills.

In a few weeks he was on his way to West Virginia, to work out his plan of wiping out the feud spirit, not by killing off his foes, but by educating the coming generation to a higher conception of life. He was haunted by what he had seen and experienced during his short stay in the Kentucky mountains. He consecrated his life to his new work. He had a natural gift of oratory, and his friends urged him to go to Denison University, where he spent seven months in study. All told, his preparation for the career of an educator was limited to seventeen months' study in public school and college. On leaving the university, he began his campaign by teaching a free school in winter, a pay school in summer and by preaching on Sunday. He soon saw that his energies would quickly be depleted in trying to cover so wide a territory, so he began to plan a school to be established in the center of this area, which would draw pupils from the mountains. How well he planned is seen to-day in the Oneida Institute, which he founded forty miles from a railroad station, in the very heart of the feud country.

Some Typical Students from Mountain Homes

At first he had not even the gift of a dollar or an acre of land. Because of his determination to build a school for the benefit of the mountaineers, forty miles from the railroad, he was regarded as a visionary and was refused assistance from the various denominational organizations, which saw nothing but failure, unless the school were built in a railroad town. He begged a landowning cousin for an acre of ground and was refused. Then he succeeded in convincing a few Oneida citizens and a board of trustees was at last organized. The first meeting was held in an old mill shed which was full of bullet holes from former battles, and the board itself was made up of two warlike factions of an ancient feud. Many at this first meeting were face to face with old enemies, and glared at each other while Burns was making his appeal. But the incorporation was effected and the enterprise was launched, though without a dollar in sight. Its single asset was Burns's inflexible faith and earnest purpose. The only help he could get from the trustees was their promise not to fight while he was building the schoolhouse, which was a big concession; but they would not contribute a foot of lumber nor an hour of work. It is sad to be compelled to record the fact that the promise to keep peace was forgotten. Before the building was finished the feuds had claimed more victims.

To organize a school board and incorporate an institution was one thing, but to build a house without land or money was quite another. Burns was master of the situation because, back of all opposition, he had the one great abiding purpose to open the door of opportunity to the Kentucky mountaineers. He wanted to destroy the feuds, and he meant to do this by awakening the people to a recognition of their higher destiny. How well he did his work is best told by the six hundred students who are now a living monument to his well-directed energies in Oneida Institute.

At the beginning, Burns worked alone.

Continued on next page

A Sermon

By

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

The Most Popular Book in the World

TEXTS: "The word of the Lord abideth forever." I. Peter 1: 25 (R. V.) "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my words shall not pass away." Jesus Christ

THE Bible is, in every way, without any question, the most popular book in the world. It is published in more editions, bought by more people, translated into more languages, quoted from oftener, and used in more places than any other book that was ever written by any one at any period of the world's history. The combined output of all the publishers of the Bible in one hundred years has been over 500,000,000 copies. The number of translations at the present time is 486. The number of people studying the Bible in regular courses is unknown, but it is safe to say that it is greater than the combined members of all the colleges and schools and educational institutions in the world. It is the only book which is uniformly used by the different denominations as a text-book for sermons. It is the only book in the world which has been recognized for centuries as containing the greatest and best truths for mankind.

But, after all these things have been said, and they are simply facts which all of us know, there still remains the exceedingly interesting question: Why is this true? Why is the Bible the most popular book in the world? Reasons for it can be given, and this is a simple attempt on my part to give, in the simplest possible manner, some of the reasons why this Book of all books is what it is, and is what may be termed, in common language, the most popular book in the world.

The Mightiest Theme of All

First, the Bible is the most popular book in the world because it is continually dealing, from beginning to end, with God and religion. The human race, regardless of everything else, has always been and always will be profoundly interested in anything which deals with religion. Any publication which seriously treats of a Divine Being and of religious things will always create interest. When this treatment is based on a knowledge of God and religion which is profound and which comes from an experience not readily obtained, such a volume will create unusual interest. From first to last the theme of God—his nature, his powers, his desires, his treatment of humanity—runs throughout the entire Bible. It is simply saturated with the divine presence, and the definition of God throughout both the Old and New Testaments is of a character which appeals to the universal need. Here is a God unlike the god of the mythical ages, but a real everyday being who can be understood, respected and loved. The attributes which are given to God in the Bible are attributes which appeal to all men, and especially the great attributes of righteousness and love, which at once separate the God of the Bible from the gods of other books and other religions. The Bible would not be what it is, and would not appeal to all sorts and conditions of men, if a righteous God and a loving God and a real religion were not at the very foundation of all its pages.

The Bible is the most popular book in the world on account of the range of history which it covers, and especially two ranges: first, the beginning of the race in the creation of the world; and second, the period covered by the birth and life of Jesus Christ. The race will always be curious concerning its beginnings. The Bible is of the most intense interest to us, and always will be, because of what it says about the beginning and progress of historical life. This is on account of the fact that no knowledge on the part of men and women to-day is sufficient to give a true account of what happened at the beginning. The first chapter of Genesis, which marks the opening of the Bible, is of supreme interest to us, because none of us could ever write it, and no knowledge on our part could ever conserve it. The Bible, therefore, stands for a revelation which reaches back of common, ordinary human knowledge. The same thing is true also of that part of history which covers the story of our Lord. No human ingenuity, intellectual or imaginative, could ever create such a life. It is unique as it stands. In addition to these two unique historical writings, the entire history covered by the Bible is of the most fascinating character. It is continually opening up not only the story of the Jewish nation, but the story of all the peoples with which the Jewish nation had to deal, both in the old Eastern monarchies and the Roman Empire. In fact, nothing is more fascinating or rewarding than a study of contemporaneous history along with the study of Bible history. The periods covered by the writers were of the greatest importance to the whole world, and no other book except the Bible can be found which contains this amount of historical reference and interest.

The Fountain of Pure Literature

The Bible is the most popular book in the world on account of its pure literature. Say what we will concerning the advancement of modern methods of style and beauties of expression, I doubt if any one will ever approach some of the passages which can be found in the Psalms, in the Prophets, or in the Book of Revelation. Considering the fact that these writings have come to us through translations, it is astonishing what beauties and power have been preserved. There is no book quoted oftener than the Bible. Passages have been woven entire into our own literature. No writer of any prominence has ever been able to escape borrowing from the Bible. The reading of it has affected the style of writers like Ruskin and Browning and Milton. Gladstone repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to the Bible for his phraseology. Charles Fox said more than once that he owed to the perusal of the Bible his vocabulary. The variety of expression to be found on the part of different writers is strangely commingled with unity of expression due in large part to the fact that all of these men are writing with at least one great purpose in view. For we have in the Bible a style which is more or less uniform from beginning to end—even the style of expression. Different types of men with different tests in what we call literary methods are alike attracted to the Bible and are willing to call it the fountain head and source of vocal expression; and this is a remarkable fact: that if all other books were to be destroyed, any one who wished to perfect himself in the use of language, either written or spoken, might without much hesitation depend entirely upon the reading of the Bible and the incorporation of the language into his own thought. It would be safe to say that such a use of the Bible would result in a vocabulary and a style which would be, in a very large sense, a good education, and would actually determine the kind of speaker or writer the person was to be.

A Guide to the Conduct of Life

The Bible is the most popular book in the world because it lays down and explains rules for human conduct. The human race needs direction in order to live. It needs guideposts in order to tell it where to go, and the Bible, from beginning to end, through its biographies, through its comments on men's lives, and especially through its laying down of certain rules, is continually appealing to those who are in need of direction. This will always be the case. The fact that men long for some kind of authority is seen in the fact that there is a historical Pope. The fact that they need leadership is seen in the fact of ministers and schoolteachers; and men are glad to find something positive which has been proved by experience, and they want something definite by which to determine their conduct. They find this in the Bible and they always will find it. On this account the Bible is popular because it meets a universal need. No race or individual can do right or determine the great questions of right and wrong without knowing what the fundamental rules of conduct are. They are embodied so often and explained so clearly in the Bible that the human heart turns to them with a feeling of great relief. In other words, men want authority, and if this authority in the Bible is proved by the human consciousness as the ages move on, it is the best possible proof that the authority has a right to be there. Men are never going to conform their conduct to an indefinite, or shabby, or feeble, or false rule of life. It must be positive, and affirmative, and true.

The Bible is the most popular book in the world because it contains the biggest words in the world. It is continually dealing with words which spell the fundamental needs of humanity. Words that are found on nearly every page are God, sin, retribution, life, love, death, future, hell, heaven, right, wrong. These words can never lose their interest to the human race. They will always be big words. The ordinary book from the six best sellers is full of little words. It deals with some trivial chapter in some silly romance. It makes a great ado over some froth and foam on the top of the wave, but it never gets down into the depths. Last year's most popular book of fiction can hardly be found on the bookshelves of this year. Ten years from now even the title of it will be forgotten. The Bible will never be forgotten, because it continually deals with the great things of life—the things that make up the sum total of its happiness or misery, its life or death. It is dealing with man's relation to God and his fellow man. These are eternal facts which make the Bible eternal.

The Bible is the most popular book in the world because it contains the life of Jesus Christ. It is unique in this respect. Other books are written about this life. The Bible writes the life itself. The story is told by credible eye and ear witnesses. It is unimpeachable. It is evidence which any court of the present day would accept. If there were nothing else in the Bible but the life of Jesus in the four Gospels, it would probably be the most widely read book in the universe.

The Universal Teacher

The Bible is the most popular book in the world because it is absolutely positive in its teaching. You look in vain through its pages for question marks concerning life; or, if questions are raised, they are answered. The question marks have all been straightened out and make exclamation points. From beginning to end there is not a note of hesitation concerning the duty of man. It is the most positive of writings ever known; and it is on account of its positive character that the race has leaned upon it. Neither is this positiveness the note of dogmatism. All of its positive teaching is backed up by the facts in the case. It rests upon human experience. The positiveness of Jesus all rests upon an actual knowledge of human needs, and the remedy he offers for sin is positive because he thought and lived it out until it became as real as two times two are four. I think we have underestimated this tremendous and vital fact in the Bible. You may look through its pages from beginning to end to discover the weakness of interrogation so far as human conduct and destiny are concerned. It does not halt for one moment over the plain issues of life and death. "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Therefore choose life." "If any man would know the teaching, let him do my will." There is nothing more positive in all the world than the statement that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Bible is the most popular book in the world because it is constantly reiterating, in every biography and every recital of history, the true relation of God to man, the relation of man to God, and the relation of men to one another. This covers the entire program of a whole human life from the cradle to the grave; and the fact that the Bible takes for granted in the New Testament that there is a future and that men's lives go on into it is also one great reason for the Bible's deathless existence. Men are not satisfied with one life here. They want a whole life. The assertion of this fact in the Bible stimulates and encourages and keeps alive the righteousness of the world. The Bible is the great text-book of life. Its teachings underlie all Statehood and state manship. Somewhere within its covers can be found directions for all sorts of situations in life. If its teachings were followed by commerce, industrial conflict would cease. If its teachings were followed by statesmen, poverty and drink and lust

Continued on next page

* Pastor Central Church (Congregational), Topeka, Kan.

THE AFTERGLOW

MAY the afterglow grow brighter
As the sands of life run low;
May the sweeter joys still linger,
Sending out a steady glow.

May I strive to fill each moment,
Every hour of the day,
With the choicest, sweetest treasures,
In my heart to store away.

May the afterglow be peaceful,
As my last sun sinks to rest;
As the shadows lengthen eastward,
May they lighten in the west.

May I sleep to waken yonder,
In a world from sorrow free;
With a clearer, purer vision
May its beauty dawn on me.

And this afterglow, this twilight,
Ere I pass from earth away,
May it but reflect the splendor
Of the bright and coming day.

ELIZAANN ESTES KENDRIE.

The Most Popular Book in the World

Continued from preceding page

could be rubbed off the map of the municipality, of the State and of the world. The teachings of the Bible embody the whole range of human need, both for the life which now is and for the life which is to come; and on this account it is the most popular book in the world and will continue to be. We need not fear for its popularity. What we have the privilege of doing is to turn that popularity into the largest possible uses. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." "Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness; that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

The Bible is the most popular book in the world because it contains the story of redemption. It is supremely the message of God to man. It is the great missionary publication of the heavens. It has in it the entire scope of man's regeneration. The first verse of the first book of the Bible begins with God, and the last verse of the last book in the Bible ends with Jesus Christ. "The grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints." There is no book in the world which compares with the Bible in this one matter of redemption. We cannot conceive of a good many publications that we are hastily sending out from the press being printed in the other world; but it is not such a vast stretch of the imagination to conceive of the message of the Gospel being printed by the angels. Here is contained the undying statement of the love of God for men and the method by which they may approach him and be built up in him. The Bible is of all books in the world the spiritual volume containing within its printed words the bread of life. "Search the Scriptures; they are they which testify of me," said the Master, and as we turn its pages we feel like Peter when he said, "Lord, where shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

There are not many books in the world which are able to convert men, but the Bible holds the record among all publications of actually changing men's lives and purposes. It is the redemptive volume of the ages, and without it we would be in darkness indeed. Imagine, if you will, a world without a Bible and all that it contains in the way of instruction, inspiration and guidance, and we would be living in the dark ages. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away," said the Master; and one reason why they shall not pass away is because they have been put into the printed form and the printed form has been impressed upon the tablets of the hearts of countless generations, and will continue so to be impressed as long as printing presses run and man reads.

The Domestic Economy of the Dogoods

By Eugene Thwing

MR. AND MRS. DOGOOD sat down one evening to study their financial problem together and to plan their system of domestic economy. "How to be happy though married" is an old puzzle. Many couples have sought the solution in many ways. Here is the way of the young Dogoods: "First of all, we must keep within our means. I am earning a decent income, but if we are not careful we shall be running ahead of it before we—"

"Tom! you know I am economical."

"Yes, of course you are, dearie; the same way I am. We like to have a good time, and we want everything nice. The thing to know is just how far we can indulge our tastes, and where we must restrain them."

"Well, I'll agree to go without—"

"Don't say it, my dear; suppose neither of us makes any hasty promises that we may want to break; but suppose we agree to this rule: Six dollars shall be set aside each week for helping poor families. Then we can't spend all our income on ourselves."

"Do we know any poor families who really need such help?"

"We can easily find them, if you agree to the plan." And the young wife replied at once, a little questioningly, but very sweetly and decisively, "Of course, Tom, I agree."

. . .

NEXT day the sturdy young business man visited the nearest police station. Could the captain tell him of some poor family in the neighborhood needing immediate help? Could he? In less than one minute a list was produced of families suffering from poverty, illness, or sudden accident, with brief particulars in each case. Two or three were selected, and Mr. and Mrs. Dogood started out to investigate.

The first home was desolate indeed. An ambulance had carried the husband and father away to the hospital two weeks ago, and he had not returned. The children were cold and hungry, and no wonder, with the temperature hardly above zero outside and a little stove inside which refused to give heat without coal; with the cupboard empty and no one to fill it; with mother sick and in despair because she could not work for her little ones.

"Tom! This is terrible! What in the world can we do with only six dollars against such a mountain of misery?" whispered the young wife, almost in tears.

"Well, dearie, six dollars isn't much, but surely it will buy some warmth and some food and a little medicine. Let's find out quickly how much it will do."

Yes, six dollars could do something, and that something meant the difference perhaps between life and death. But eager hearts and hands and quick mother instinct could do more. It was the combination of all these which changed the wretched place from a tomb to something like a home. It was these, together, that warmed and nourished the starved, freezing boides and kindled a glow of love in the hearts of those who gave even more than of those who received.

. . .

YOUNG MRS. DOGOOD had always been fond of a good play or the opera. Two dollars had never seemed so very much for a seat. Suddenly the idea occurred to her that, after all, the one-dollar seats were not so bad, and really the other dollar would help to replenish a certain little fund which always seemed to be too small. How it came about, or when, Mrs. Dogood hardly knew or noticed, but almost unconsciously she began to begrudge even one dollar for a ticket. It was possible to see and to hear in the gallery at fifty cents. What's the use of going so often, anyway? The other night she got to thinking of how those children would look in their new coats, and she missed some of the dialogue on the stage.

The price per yard of dress goods had never bothered Mrs. Dogood a great deal. She was surprised one day to catch herself choosing a cotton marquisette at fifty cents a yard for a house dress instead of a silk marquisette at a dollar seventy-five. She had really convinced herself that it would make up very prettily with the lace insertion in skirt and waist. A queer little tremor ran through her as she thought that she would be able to add at least ten dollars to her fund as a result of the saving on this single dress. She forgot to mention this little matter to Tom; but another discovery came, and with it a triumph that she could not keep to herself. When Mr. Dogood spoke in high admiration of a certain new hat, she confessed, with shining eyes, that she had only just found a hidden talent; that she could actually trim her own hats better than the French milliner.

. . .

THE domestic economy of the Dogoods gives them very little trouble now. There seems to be always a plenty of everything they need, and of everything *in their own home* that they want. The bills are always paid without difficulty or delay. Entertainment, alone or with friends, is more than abundant for all the time they can spare for it. Their home is a place of brightness and comfort. More than that, it is a place of pleasantness and peace, because both husband and wife are interested in and devoted to the same work. Their greatest enjoyment comes in their efforts to reproduce some of the comfort, the refinement and the happiness of their own home in the homes of those who have been unfortunate.

"Our most is so little, Tom, and there's so much need. Sometimes I really don't know which I am the most—discouraged, or eager for more work." And tired, loving little Mrs. Dogood sighs wistfully over the great problem of human misery.

"Never mind, my dear," says young Dogood as he gathers her hand in his across the table. "We can only brighten one little spot at a time in the darkness; but there are others who are making bright spots, and there will be still others, more and more. By and by there will be so many bright spots that they will come together, and all will be bright, and there will be no dark places left. Aren't you glad that we can make a little part, at least, of that brightness?"

"Yes, Tom."

THE GIVER

THE sun gives ever; so the earth,
What it can give, so much 'tis worth.
The ocean gives in many ways—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.
And so the air, it gives us breath;
When it stops giving, in comes death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living;
The more you give, the more you live.

God's love hath to us wealth upheaped,
Only by giving is it reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give self,
Give time, give prayers, but first give yourself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living;
The more you give, the more you live.

—*British Weekly.*

Tracts as Soul-Winners

A TRACT reached the hands of the Rev. Richard Baxter, and he was led to Christ by it. He afterward wrote *The Saints' Everlasting Rest,* and that book aroused Philip Doddridge to come to the Saviour. Wilberforce was converted through Doddridge's book, *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,* and then Wilberforce himself wrote *Practical Christianity,* a copy of which fell into the hands of Thomas Chalmers, who became a convert and a wonderful worker for humanity. These results, thus united in a chain, all came through one tract! Dr. Murray McCheyne was a great believer in tracts, so also was Dr. Marsham, of India, a vast number of whose natives came to Christ through tracts. When a boy, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the great missionary to the Chinese, was brought to the Saviour through a tract, and as a consequence multitudes in China are happy in the Gospel to-day. The saintly George Mueller, with all his many activities, did not forget the printed page. During his lifetime he distributed over a million and a half of Bibles and Testaments, besides circulating millions upon millions of books and tracts, and vast numbers of people are on the way to heaven as the result. The printed page is the only means of reaching the majority of the people in the world with the Gospel.

ARTHUR MEACHEN.

Dr. Clark's Letters of Travel

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, who is now traveling in the Orient and who is writing for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a series of articles descriptive of his journeyings "In the Footsteps of St. Paul," sends this interesting letter from Asiatic Turkey:

THYATIRA, TURKEY, *February 23, 1912.*

I am writing from old Thyatira in Asia Minor, to say that I have been able already to visit three of the "Seven Churches" of Asia—Philadelphia, Sardis and Thyatira; and hope within a fortnight more to be able to reach Pergamos, Ephesus, Laodicea and Smyrna.

In spite of the political unrest and the fear of cholera, we are able to travel extensively in Macedonia, and have visited several of the cities of St. Paul, there and in Turkey in Asia as well; namely, Thessalonica, Berea, Philippi, Neapolis, Iconium and Lystra. In all of them I found much of interest, and Mrs. Clark was able to get many original pictures. I shall be able to send you the article about these places.

We are thankful for all these "journeying mercies." Faithfully yours,

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Anvil Sparks

..A STILTED righteousness stumbles.

..SYMPATHY gives no one a license to pry into one's secrets.

..A WORN-OUT preacher in penury is an awful reproach to the church.

..THE best way to contemplate a temptation is with the face turned from it.

..SINNERS walk in slippery places, and they cannot sue anybody for damages when they fall.

..SOME folks don't want their new preacher to look hearty for fear it will cost too much to keep him.

MY JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH POLE

Copyright, 1912, by N. Y. Times

BY CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

TAKING up the story of his trip from the date of the establishment of his winter quarters, Captain Amundsen has cabled:

On the 10th of February, 1911, we commenced to work our way toward the south, from that date to the 11th of April establishing three depots, which in all contained a quantity of provisions of about 3,000 kilos. One thousand six hundred kilos, including 1,100 kilos of seal meat, were cached in 80 degrees, 700 kilos in 81 degrees, and 800 kilos in 82 degrees south latitude. As no landmarks were to be seen, these depots were marked with flags, seven kilometers on each side in the easterly and westerly directions.

The ground and the state of the barrier were of the best, and specially well adapted to driving with dogs. On February 15, we had thus traveled about 100 kilometers. The weight of the sledges was 300 kilos, and the number of dogs was six for each sledge. The surface of the barrier was smooth and fine with no sastrugi [snow furrows thrown up by the wind]. The crevices were very local and were found dangerous in only two places. For the rest—long, smooth undulations. The weather was excellent—calm or a light breeze. The lowest temperature on these depot trips was minus 45 Celsius or centigrade (49 degrees below zero Fahrenheit). Before the arrival of winter we had 6,000 kilos of seal meat in the depots, enough for ourselves and 110 dogs. Eight dog houses, a combination of tents and snow huts, were built.

The "Fram" Just Before the Antarctic Trip Was Begun

Having cared for the dogs, the turn came to use our solid little hut. It was almost entirely covered with snow by the middle of April. First we had to get light and air. The Lux lamp, which had a power of 200 standard candles, gave us a brilliant light and kept the temperature up to 20 degrees Celsius (68 degrees Fahrenheit) throughout the winter, and our excellent ventilation system gave us all the air we wanted. In direct communication with the hut and dug-out on the barrier were workshops, packing-rooms, cellars for provisions, coal, wood, and oil, a plain bath, a steam bath, and observatories. Thus we had everything within doors if the weather should be too cold and stormy.

The sun left us on the 22d of April and did not return until four months later. The winter was spent in changing our whole outfit, which on the depot trips was found to be too clumsy and solid for the smooth surface of the barrier.

The sanitary conditions were of the best all the winter, and when the sun returned on the 24th of August he met the men sound in mind and body ready to set about the task. Already the day before, we had brought our sledges to the starting place for our march toward the south. Only in the beginning of September did the temperature rise to such an extent that there was any question of setting out.

Only in the middle of October spring came in earnest. Seals and birds appeared. The temperature was steady between minus 20 and 30 Celsius (4 degrees and 22 degrees below zero Fahrenheit).

The original plan that all of us should go toward the south had been changed. Five men had to do this work, while the other three were to start for the east and visit King Edward VII Land. On October 20 the southern party started—five men, four sledges, fifty-two dogs, and provisions for four months—everything in excellent order.

We had made up our minds to take the first part of the trip as easily as possible, in order to give ourselves and the dogs a rational training, and on the 23d we made our depot in 80 degrees south. We went right ahead. In spite of the dense fog an error of two to three kilometers happened only once in a while, but we were caught by the flagmarks and found these on our way without difficulty. Having rested and fed the dogs on all the seal meat they were able to eat, we started again on the 26th, with the temperature steadily between minus 20 and 30 Celsius (4 degrees and 22 degrees below zero Fahrenheit).

From the start it was the intention not to drive more than 30 kilometers a day, but it appeared that this was too little for our strong, willing animals. At 80 degrees south we began to build snow cairns of a man's height, in order to have marks on our return trip. On the 31st we reached the depot at 81 degrees, and stopped there one day, and fed the dogs on as much pemmican as they wanted. We reached the depot at 82 degrees on the 5th of November, where the dogs for the last time got all they wanted to eat. On the 8th, southward again, with a daily march of 50 kilometers.

The trip from 82 degrees to 83 degrees became a pleasure trip—excellent ground, fine sledging, and an even temperature. On the 9th we sighted South Victoria Land and the continuation of the mountain range which Sir Ernest Shackleton mentioned in his chart as running toward the southeast from the Beardmore Glacier, and on the same day we reached 83 degrees and established here Depot No. 4. On the 11th we made the interesting discovery that the Ross Barrier terminated in a bight toward the southeast at 86 degrees south latitude and 163 degrees west longitude, formed between the southeast mountain range running from South Victoria Land and a range on the opposite side running in a southwesterly direction—probably a continuation of King Edward VII Land.

On the 13th we reached 84 degrees, where we established a depot; on the 16th we were at 85 degrees, where, also, we made a depot. From our winter quarters, "Framheim," we had been marching due south. On the 17th of November, at 85 degrees, we arrived at a place where the land and barrier were connected. The barrier here rises in undulations for about 300 feet. Some few big crevices indicated the limited boundary. Here we made our head depot, taking provisions for sixty days and leaving thirty days' provisions behind.

The land under which we lay and which we now had to attack looked quite imposing. The nearest summits along the barrier had a height from 2,000 to 10,000 feet, but several others farther south were 15,000 feet or more. The next day we began the climb. The first part of it was an easy task—light slopes and well-filled mountain sides. It did not take a long time, for our willing dogs worked their way up. Farther up, we met with some small but very steep glaciers. Here we had to harness twenty dogs to each sledge and take the four sledges in two turns. In some places it was so steep that it was difficult enough to use our skis. The first day we climbed 2,000 feet, the next day mostly up some small glaciers, camping at a height of 4,500 feet. The third day we were obliged to go down on a mighty glacier, "Axel Heiberg's Glacier," which divided the coast mountains farther south.

The next day began the longest part of our climb. Many detours had to be made in order to avoid broad cracks and open crevices. These were apparently mostly filled up, as the glaciers in all probability had long ago stopped moving, but we had to be very careful, never knowing for certain how thick was the layer that covered them. Our camp that night lay in very picturesque surroundings at a height of 5,000 feet. The glacier here was narrowed in between the two 15,000 feet high mountains, the "Frithiof Nansen" and the "Don Pedro Christophersen." From the bottom of the glacier rose Mount "Ole Englstad," a big snow cone 13,500 feet high. The glacier was very much broken in this comparatively narrow pass. The mighty crevices seemed to stop us from going farther, but it was not so serious as it appeared. Our dogs, which up to this time had covered a distance of about 700 kilometers, the last day's very hard work, ran this day 35 kilometers, the ascent being 5,600 feet, an almost incredible record.

Captain Amundsen (at the Left) and His Crew

It took us only four days from the barrier to get up on the vast inland plateau. We camped that night at a height of 10,600 feet. Here we had to kill thirty-four of our brave companions and keep eighteen—six for each of our three sledges. We stopped here four days on account of bad weather. Tired of this, we set out on the 25th of November. On the 26th, in a furious blizzard and in a dense snowdrift, absolutely nothing was to be seen, but we felt that, contrary to expectations, we were going fast down hill. The hypsometer gave us that day a descent of 600 feet.

We continued our march the next day in a gale, and a dense snowdrift got our faces badly frozen. We could see nothing. We reached that day 86 degrees, dead reckoning. The hypsometer indicated a fall of 800 feet. The next day was similar. The weather cleared a little at dinner time and exposed to our view a mighty mountain range to the east, not far off—only for a moment—and then it disappeared in the dense snowdrift. On the 29th it calmed down and the sun shone, though it was not the only pleasant surprise he gave. In our course stretched a big glacier running toward the south. At its eastern end was the mountain range going in a southeasterly direction. Of the western part of it no view was to be had, it being hidden in the dense fog. At the foot of this glacier, the "Devil's Glacier," a depot for six days was established, at 86.21 degrees south latitude. The hypsometer indicated 8,000 feet above sea level.

On November 30 we began to climb the glacier. The lower part of it was very much broken and

Continued on next page

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OUR FIRST WOMEN'S EXHIBITION

Mrs. Theo. A. Janeway
Pres. Girls' Industrial School

"Little Mothers" Being Taught Hygienic Laundering

Mrs. Henry F. Dimock
Pres. Washington Memoral Asso'n

THE first Woman's Industrial Exhibition, under the auspices of ten leading American organizations, embracing philanthropic, patriotic and civic interests, among them being the New York Girls' Industrial School and George Washington Memorial Association, is now in progress at the new Grand Central Palace in New York City. The exhibition is presided over by prominent New York ladies and will cover a period of ten days. Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Dix, wife of the Governor of New York; Mrs. Gaynor, wife of the Mayor of New York City, and other prominent women assisted at the opening ceremonies.

Foremost among the exhibits of this unique undertaking are a model laundry, where a dozen "little women" perform elaborate laundry work in an up-to-date and expeditious manner. The energetic woman who is responsible for the inspiration of the model laundry took a course in Economical Household at a Western normal college where, among other things of value to the housekeeper, she learned the advantage of sun-dried clothes and household linen, and various scientific ways of managing the homely art of laundering. She has now a three-acre farm upon which her model laundry is operated, and an office in the city where orders are received.

The rendezvous of the exhibition is the "Temple of Fashion," peopled by living models wearing dresses, wraps and suits of purely American design. A demonstrator describes correct attire, and gives lectures on the history of dress from medieval times to the present. A Japanese tea garden is presided over by native women in the costumes of their country. Women decorators and householders have an especially interesting and elaborate display. This section includes a kitchenette, a bijou boudoir, a hygienic sleeping porch, model indoor bedroom, suggestive combination dining-room and living-room, furniture and furnishings adapted for bachelor quarters, a house beautiful, and a bungalow converted into a comfortable farmhouse. The entire reconstruction of an abandoned farm on economic and picturesque lines is also shown.

A hat shop, flower shop, and old-fashioned candy shop are variously presided over by women successful in these lines of business. There are also a book-mender who rebinds old books and sheet music, replacing disfigured pages by copying others in the exact types necessary; a book-plate maker, a jewelry designer, and a doll's dressmaker. Another up-to-date, self-supporting woman has discovered a heretofore unguessed process of making vegetable dyes, and has worked up a large trade among Oriental tapestry and rug dealers, largely because threads colored with her dyes can be successfully used for mending and piecing fabrics of Oriental manufacture. A miniature painter of animals has a very popular booth, and one young woman is picturesquely surrounded by upwards of fifty puppets dressed in various costumes typical of certain periods of society in Europe and in the Orient.

Decidedly the most elaborate section is devoted to the exhibit of the George Junior Republic, the model self-governing community of boys and girls in Ithaca, N. Y. Upwards of one-third of the citizens in this model community are young girls in possession of the suffrage and eligible for holding office. The exhibit includes miniature reproductions of three of the main buildings of the republic—the Government Building, where every week court is held; the store, which is the main gathering-place for the girls and boys; and Carter Cottage, known in the settlement as the "White House," because most of the government officials have quarters there. Various industrial and agricultural activities of the institution are shown in a series of stereopticon views.

The first Woman's Exhibition in America marks a new stage in the affairs of women, and demonstrates many ways in which women are earning livings. The exhibition exploits the progress of twenty years of woman's work and illustrates, besides the ordinary ways of self-support open to the sex, many unusual avenues of resource, originality and individuality for bread-winning women.

MY JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH POLE

Continued from preceding page

dangerous. Moreover, the snow bridges [over the crevices] very often burst. From our camp that night we had a splendid view over the mountain to the east. There was "Helmer Hansen's Summit," the most remarkable of them all. It was 12,000 feet high and covered with such broken glaciers that in all probability no foothold was to be found. "Oscar Wisting's," "Sverre Hassel's," and "Olav Hjanland's" mountains also lay here, beautifully illuminated in the rays of the bright sun.

It took us three days to surmount the Devil's Glacier, always in misty weather. On the 1st of December we left this broken glacier, with holes and crevices without number, with its height of 9,100 feet. Before us, looking, in the mist and snowdrift, like a frozen sea, appeared a light, sloping ice plateau filled with small hummocks.

The walk over this frozen sea was not pleasant. The ground under us was quite hollow, and it sounded as though we were walking on the bottoms of empty barrels. As it was, a man fell through, then a couple of dogs. We could not use our skis on this polished ice. Sledges had the best of it. The place got the name, the "Devil's Dancing Room." This part of our march was the most unpleasant. On December 6 we got our greatest height, according to the hypsometer and aneroid, 10,750 feet, at 87 degrees 40 minutes south.

On December 8 we came out of the bad weather. Once again the sun smiled down on us. Once again we could get an observation. Before us lay an absolutely plain plateau, only here and there marked with tiny sastrugi. In the afternoon we passed 88 degrees 23 minutes (Shackleton's farthest south was 88 degrees 25 minutes). We camped and established our last depot, No. 10. From 88 degrees 25 minutes the plateau began to slope down very gently and smoothly toward the other side.

On the 9th of December we reached 88 degrees 39 minutes; on December 10, 88 degrees 56 minutes; December 11, 89 degrees 15 minutes; December 12, 89 degrees 30 minutes; December 13, 89 degrees 45 minutes. Up to this time the observations and dead reckoning agreed remarkably well, and we made out that we ought to be at the Pole on December 14 in the afternoon.

That day was a beautiful one—a light breeze from southeast, the temperature minus 23 Celsius (9.4 degrees below zero Fahrenheit), and the ground and sledging were perfect. The day went along as usual, and at three P.M. we made a halt. According to our reckoning we had reached our destination. All of us gathered around the colors—a beautiful silk flag—all hands taking hold of it and planting it. The vast plateau on which the Pole is standing got the name of the "King Haakon VII Plateau." It is a vast plain, alike in all directions. Mile after mile during the night we circled around the camp.

In the fine weather we spent the following day taking a series of observations from six A.M. to seven P.M. The result gave us 89 degrees 55 minutes. In order to observe the Pole as close as possible we traveled, as near south as possible, the remaining nine kilometers. On December 16 there we camped. It was an excellent opportunity. There was a brilliant sun. Four of us took observations every hour of the day's twenty-four hours. The exact result will be the matter of a professional private report.

This much is certain—that we observed the Pole as close as it is in human power to do it with the instruments we had—a sextant and an artificial horizon. On December 17, everything was in order on the spot. We fastened to the ground a little tent we had brought along, a Norwegian flag, and the *Fram* pendant on the top of it. The Norwegian home at the South Pole was called "Polheim." The distance from our winter quarters to the Pole was about 1,400 kilometers, and the average march 25 kilometers a day.

We started on the return trip on the 17th of December. Unusually favorable weather made our way home considerably easier than the journey to the Pole. We arrived at our winter quarters, "Framheim," on the 25th of January, 1912, with two sledges and eleven dogs, all well.

General Notes

—THERE IS A PROSPECT that a substantial wage increase will soon be granted to 300,000 textile workers in the New England mills. A five per cent. increase has already been announced to 35,000 mill hands in Maine and New Hampshire; 36,000 in Massachusetts will soon have a similar increase. In Lawrence, Mass., the strike is gradually being settled by conferences between representatives of the strikers and the manufacturers in Boston, and a like increase in wages is expected to result.

—ON MARCH 10 Yuan Shi Kai, who had been induced to reconsider his decision regarding the provisional presidency of China, was inaugurated into that office in the presence of a great gathering of provincial envoys, military and naval officers and delegates. Only a few days after this the dispatches announced that General Sheng Yun, governor of the province of Shensi, had taken possession of the provinces of Honan and Chili and was advancing upon Peking, burning and slaying as he went. The general has a force of about 10,000 Manchus and has declared his intention of replacing the Emperor upon the throne. Canton is again the scene of fighting and pillage. Under the leadership of three famous pirates about 28,000 men are terrorizing the entire section, even firing upon the foreign shipping in the harbor. So far as can be learned these brigands are associated with neither party.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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Lenten Remembrance

MANY devout people care little for the fixed celebrations of the church year. They feel that throughout the year the birth, the death, the resurrection of the Saviour should be contemplated and the blessings of these sacred events appropriated. They feel that all possible sacrifice should be made for him every day, all possible service rendered. And they are undeniably right. But many others, equally devout, experience special help and blessing from contemplating and celebrating certain sacred events in special ways.

It is impossible for a mother to be as jubilant on the anniversary of the death of one son as she is on the birthday of another. So Lent has grown out of this intense feeling of sympathy with our Lord for the great distress of the last days of his life in the flesh and for the agony of his death.

Even out through the world there has crept something of this same awe. People who may forget Christ on almost every other day think of him on Good Friday. He was so good, so pure, so great that the world feels a catch in its breath on this day that commemorates his death. Half-hearted followers of his, who still like to be called by his name, are thoughtful and careful during these weeks of sacred association and on this day of grievous memory.

Since this is so it is a lamentable and dangerous thing that the daily papers of the metropolis have had reason to call attention to "Lenten Revels," by which they mean the extraordinary events of gaiety and folly with which worldly people are trying during this Lenten season to amuse themselves. It may be that those who are giving themselves this year to more careless abandon in seeking pleasure do not mean any offense to the church and its Founder. But it may be otherwise. It may be that the memory of Jesus and of his sacrificial sorrow is growing dimmer in the minds of men. And there could be no greater peril than this to any city or to any nation.

These "Lenten Revels" should be met with Lenten sermons of rebuke and warning, with Lenten testimonies to the present power of the eternal Saviour, with a Lenten passion of prayer and endeavor that sinners may be saved.

Half-Hearted Christians

HOW may I know that I am a Christian?" is a question frequently asked, and it is one which many find difficult to answer. If a man search his own heart; if he look deep down into the story of his life that lies hidden there, and is mindful of his doubts, his struggles, his many failures and his feeble faith, he will hesitate to lay claim to the name which would rank him as a true disciple of the Master. He has tried, though weakly, to follow Christ. He has been filled with intense longings for a sign whereby he will know that he has been accepted. With all his desire, he cannot justify himself. He knows that his zeal is lukewarm, that his heart takes little delight in the Word, and that he is still afar off and weak in faith and too easily overcome by the world. He is what Professor David Smith has aptly called a "sick Christian."

There is but one remedy for such a case: It is simply to give your heart to Christ unreservedly. Let your own estimate of your shortcomings and imperfections go, and lay hold on Jesus with the simple faith of a child. Take him at his word, never doubting. He has promised to heal the wounded heart, to restore the sick soul, to give spiritual strength and courage for weakness and timidity. He knows your needs and will supply them all. Cease measuring yourself, analyzing your imperfections and bewailing your unrighteousness. Come just as you are, with all your unworthiness, and he will give you the assurance you need. Leave it all to him; trust absolutely. Ask him to guide and enlighten you, to carry your burdens and to give you new courage. You have the gracious assurance in his own words that he will not fail you. Whoso trusts most honors most. Remember, too, that your surrender cannot be complete until you literally give up the effort to save yourself and let him do it. Take his yoke upon you and he will lift the burden. Then, when you have ceased to fight the hopeless battle alone and have left it all with him, go out and confess him openly and begin to help others. Find something, somewhere, somehow, to do for him, and in the doing you will find, to your joy and astonishment, that though you gave up the battle, he has won it for you! Your surrender will be your triumph.

The Better Way

THERE is a pleasing contrast in the methods adopted by the women suffragists in England and those of their American sisters. Over there, they seem to have lost their heads in their ardent and sensational efforts to make a strong impression upon the English government and people; here, on the other hand, their demonstrations are marked by orderliness and their campaign is conducted on conservative lines that do not offend good taste. Their march on Albany, Trenton and Washington was spectacular and impressive, and the presentation of arguments before the legislatures, State and national, showed tact and good generalship. While the "Violent Sisterhood" abroad is throwing away the chances of success and greatly postponing the day of victory, the women of America are marching along on safe ground, recognizing the principle that nothing is to be won by excess and that whatever is accomplished must come through the legitimate channels of education, agitation and legislation.

Fidelity Versus Fussiness

FORESTALLING a shower of letters which would otherwise be almost sure to arrive, this opportunity is taken of saying something about the story, "An Interlude," by Mabel Nelson Thurston, which appears in this issue. The editors rather hesitated to publish it, fearing that many faithful housewives would think their punctilious fidelity to routine drudgery had been criticized. But we felt the message of the story to be wholesome, so put it into type.

When the whole story of American achievement is told, no class will be awarded higher praise than the careworn, toil-bent mothers who have taken upon their shoulders and upon their hearts the burdens of home-making and home-keeping. The fires that have been kindled, the buckwheat cakes, the bread, the pies, the roasts and stews that have been cooked, the dishes, the pans and pots that have been washed, the rolls of butter that have been made, the rooms that have been swept and dusted, the socks and coats that have been darned and patched, the lamps that have been trimmed, these and countless other things that have been faithfully made and tended and served and done—these are the things that have made America possible. For from homes thus faithfully kept have come the brains and the brawn that spell America.

But fidelity, not only in the housewife, but in any other toiler, can pass on into fussiness. In the little details of the daily drudgery the quieter, deeper, higher matters of the mind and heart may be forgotten. And our charming little story of the "Interlude" is a gentle rebuke to such a habit. The daily routine must never be made the goal, the idol, the final law. Sometimes, truly, it is so pressing and so hard that it is difficult to see beyond it, but there must be times when the mind is thrust above it, the heart throbs through it, when the quiet words are heard again, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Some conviction like this lies back of the terrific unrest throughout the labor circles of the world. Men feel that it is not fair to be so strained and so bound that they shall have no time to read and to play. But this very bondage is sometimes suffered unnecessarily; there is no greater need of doing such a task at such a time in such a way than the demands of fussiness. When this is the case, it is time to take an afternoon off and go to Ripton's Falls.

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Amundsen's Splendid Triumph

IN THIS issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we print by special arrangement the story of explorer Roald Amundsen's wonderful journey to the South Pole. This narrative, coming fresh from the explorer's own pen, will pass into history as the record of an achievement which deserves to be remembered through all time. America can well afford to congratulate Norway on the event. With Peary's triumph at the North Pole and Amundsen's at the South, the glory of conquest in the Arctic and Antarctic belongs indisputably to the two nations that have already done so much in exploration and discovery. Amundsen's tale of his gallant struggle southward over the frozen wastes, grips the heart with strong human interest, altogether apart from what it may contribute to the world's stock of geographical and meteorological knowledge. It thrills us to think of the splendid dash in which three nations contested for the honors of first discovery. Now that the victor's wreath has fallen to the son of Norway—who has shown the spirit of the old vikings—we may be sure none of his rivals will begrudge him the honors so fairly won. There will be no quarrel among the competitors, like that which unfortunately followed the close of the Arctic quest. And what a magnificent thing it would be to learn that all three of them had reached the goal!

China's Turmoil

THESE are troublous times for the new republic of China. President Yuan, on taking the oath of office as provisional head of the republic, finds conditions which would discourage most statesmen; but he is experienced and resourceful. Three hundred million dollars is needed to pay the troops, to rehabilitate the government, to reconstruct the system of internal revenues, and to develop the country's resources. Efforts are being made to secure a loan through foreign bankers. Disturbances in the interior are being suppressed with an iron hand. There is still a considerable army loyal to the old régime. Peking is an armed camp, and missionary compounds and legations are under guard. Looters are disposed of in large numbers by summary execution. To the new republic these days of transition are full of peril. North and South do not seem to be pulling together. It may take weeks, and even months, before the machinery of the new government is in smooth working order and before the country can be tranquilized; but the progress that is being made is in the right direction. Let us hope that, under wise leadership, the crisis may pass over, and that a brighter and happier day may soon dawn for China.

A Last Opportunity for the Roses

YOU only have a few days left in which to take advantage of our great Rose and Plant Offer, closing March 30. That magnificent creation, the Climbing American Beauty, with your renewal, is only $2.25; the splendid Eight Rose Collection with your renewal of one year's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is only $2. Send in your order to-day.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

General Booth Visits Holland

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, founder and head of the Salvation Army, bade farewell to the officers, soldiers and friends of the Salvation Army at the Liverpool Street Station in London recently on his departure for Holland, where an evangelistic tour has been arranged for him. The dispatches give accounts of the opening of the Dutch campaign in Rotterdam. Meetings were held in the Doelen, where the General addressed an audience of the best people in the city of about a half million population. Rev. Dr. Callenbach, of the State church, speaking at the close of the meeting, referred to the venerable leader as a volcano, snow capped, but with a heart of fire burning inside. General Booth in his own language has well-nigh perfectly described the work of the Salvation Army as a reason for public support. These are among them: "The helping of the friendless and helpless and despairing, and doing it for both worlds; that is, helping them out of the hell they suffer here, and away from the hell that awaits the ungodly hereafter. The holding of 85,000 meetings, outdoors and in, every week. The million homes visited every week. The efforts made to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nurse the sick, house the homeless, provide work for the workless, drag the poor lost women out of their haunts of abomination, give the criminals another chance, hunt the runaway and deserted children out of the streets, and a hundred other things, all culminating in the salvation of the soul, a holy, useful life, and the paradise of God." General Booth, a colossal moral figure and reformer of modern times, has had such a vital relation to God's Holy Spirit that a miracle of redemption has been wrought among the submerged, unchurched classes in the span of his lifetime, as he and his people have obeyed Christ's command:

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. (Luke 14: 23.)

General William Booth Saying Good-by to His Officers and Friends

Opening Cycle Season Easter

CYCLE racing for the season at the Newark Veldrome is announced to begin on Easter. The feature professional race for the opening carnival will be the Shanley Handicap at one mile, which will carry $200 in prize money. The program for the Sunday following will outdo the Easter meet in the amount of money offered—$1,000 in prizes. The world's championships will be held on this Newark track August 25 and 28 and September 1, seven or eight nations beside our own participating. The unhappy and censurable feature of the whole meet is the studied plan to celebrate the festival of Christ's resurrection with this open and notorious infraction of God's law, and the laws of most of the States of the Union, based upon one of God's commandments. The wheeling is all right and the meets are all right when conducted at the proper times and in a proper manner. But arranging to start on Easter for a season of defiance against the laws of God and man is all wrong. This cutting of the Sabbath law into ribbons by wheels of one kind or another and by sport of one kind or another is a real danger to the Republic, and a menace to our civilization. To endure calmly these impositions is to invite the condemnation of the prophet of old:

Thou hast despised mine holy things, and hast profaned my Sabbaths. (Ezek. 22: 8.)

Pays Back Boyhood Theft

IN 1873 a fifteen-year-old boy stole $40 from the Sunday School fund of the Baptist Chapel in Brooklyn. The stolen money became the foundation of a fortune. The boy—now a man of fifty-three years—is one of the wealthiest citizens of Western Pennsylvania. But with advancing age his money has become the burden of his life. The misdeed that got him the first dollars has tainted all. In order to purge his conscience he now offers to give every cent of his fortune to the church which he robbed. Dr. Wallace, who was in charge of the chapel when the Sunday School robbery was committed, thirty-eight years ago, has been asked to indicate what amount the rich man shall pay back to the church. He remembers the boy who stole the $40—a bright, high-spirited youngster, who one day met with an unexpected chance and temptation to obtain enough money to get out and see the world. The boy vanished utterly. None of the church people heard from him until a few days ago when his letter to Dr. Wallace arrived. The letter told of the theft and the writer said that he first made his way to California, and with the few dollars that remained to him after he got there he struggled along until he found work. He "made good." He obtained better places in rapid succession. Soon he was able to go into business for himself. In those days, the joy of success and the forgetfulness of youth kept his conscience from worrying him about his one crime. He had accumulated a goodly sum of money and considerable property when he decided some years ago to engage in a new enterprise. He moved to the oil district of Pennsylvania. Again fortune favored him. His possessions became greater and greater—his position more and more distinguished. He is to-day a power in the community where he lives. There is probably not one of his acquaintances who would believe that this man stole the foundation of his riches. This man, after the fever of money-getting had cooled down, had the disposition and time for reflection, and looking backward he saw that wicked act at the beginning of his career, and it gave him pain. He knew he could not get any relief until he had humbled his pride in confession and restitution. He had the time and disposition to look forward also into the life beyond and to a day of settlement where injustices and fraud without sorrow and reform are outside of the bounds of mercy, and where the thief unforgiven shall go to his place. There are some sins where restitution is impossible, but where it is possible, it should be made for peace of conscience here and happiness hereafter. When the unpopular tax-gatherer touched the life of Christ, he wanted to make restitution.

If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold. (Luke 19: 8.)

To Stop Telephone Leaks

PHILIP LAVERY, aged twenty, a mill worker in Webster, Mass., recently got $17,000 for his rights in a device now in the patent office at Washington, to prevent a third person from overhearing the conversation of two people talking over the telephone. He sold it to the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, whose mechanics had worked in vain for years to perfect such an invention. We are under the impression that there are similar inventions used by some companies. He who has made any improvement in this direction is a servant of the public good. In olden times few persons were held in greater contempt than those who secreted themselves in the eavesdrop of a house to listen clandestinely to the conversation of others. To this class the telephone eavesdroppers of to-day belong. The disposition to nose into somebody's else business, the baser desire to get hold of some information of a questionable character to be used for scandal, make sneaks of some who make great pretensions to respectability or virtue. The one who burns down the barn or house is not meaner than he who would stand with the eye to the keyhole, or the ear to the telephone wire, to steal information to be used in destroying the reputation of their fellow men. The pen of the wise man has pretty well described these mischief makers:

A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbor. (Prov. 11: 9.)

Translated at His Post

REV. GEORGE MORTON, of Allentown, Pa., a former co-worker with Moody and Sankey, a veteran of the Civil War, an old friend of Mark Twain, and a devout and ripe student of the Scripture, was teaching a Bible class the other evening when he was stricken with apoplexy and was gathered to his fathers. We are all shocked at the news of a sudden death, and yet that is often a befitting way to go—to drop while in the track of duty. We ought to live each day as though it were our last, and also each day as though we were going to remain. It would be well, if there should be sudden death in store for any of us, that it might find us as nearly in the discharge of duty as the minister teaching the saving truths of the Bible to others. This veteran had the same faith Enoch had, a translating process lifting the soul out of sin into holiness, and from earth into heaven.

By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and he was not found, because God had translated him. (Heb. 11: 5.)

Great Discoveries at Pompeii

FURTHER remarkable discoveries have been made in the ruins of Pompeii. A street leading to the Forum, which was closed at both ends by stone pillars to exclude chariots, now proves to have been one of the chief thoroughfares of the city It is lined with shops, the walls of which show inscriptions and marble tablets, which are well preserved. The excavators have come upon several balconies, one of which, the first to be unearthed, is complete. Five skeletons have been found. Apparently they are the bones of persons overcome while attempting to escape from the eruption. A most interesting discovery is that of a complete wineshop, with bronze and glass amphorae, bronze lamps, and an ivory safe, which contained a quantity of silver coins. Many frescoes and an electoral inscription have been uncovered. How strangely has the spade of the archæologist verified the statement of the pen of inspiration! The destruction caused by volcanoes has been graphically described by the prophet:

And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up forever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste. (Isa. 34: 9, 10.)

AN INTERLUDE

BY MABEL NELSON THURSTON

AND,'Mira!—Hold on a minute, Hiram!—Don't you forget the Indian pudding! I put it into the oven before breakfast this morning, so's you wouldn't have to make it this afternoon; it ought to be done before your ironing fire is up, but you'll have to watch it, or it'll scorch quicker'n you can turn around."

Mrs. Spaulding, a detaining hand upon the reins, leaned across Hiram, her capable face full of unwonted concern. 'Mira, in the kitchen doorway, nodded assurance.

"I'll look at it right away," she promised.

"And your father's bitters—I forgot to tell him about them. I made some fresh and put them in the west room closet; you'll have to be real firm with him, 'Mira, or he'll slip out of taking them. It's a tablespoonful before each meal, you know."

"I'll remind him," 'Mira promised again.

"And Judy Peters will bring the quinces Wednesday. I left the money for them in the green sugarbowl. You can—"

A sharp turn of the wagon snapped the sentence in two. Hiram had regained mastery of the situation. The old creaking carryall, intermittent stage for South Meadows' infrequent travelers, jolted down the road, scattering a trail of vigorous protest upon the part of its passenger.

'Mira stood watching until it vanished from sight; then she gave a bewildered glance about the landscape, which, bereft of its central figure, suddenly revealed an unfamiliar face. Never within Mira's memory had her mother left home before, and the world seemed somehow to have stopped; there was a large emptiness as if the clocks had fallen to silence within the house—a feeling as if time had ceased.

Still, with the bewilderment heavy upon her, the girl stepped back into the kitchen. It was a large, low, pleasant room, full of the indescribable charm of a place enriched by years of intimate living. Though the September day was going to be a warm one, there was a pleasant breeze lifting the grape leaves at the south windows, and the ironing fire was not yet disagreeably manifest. The ironing-table was standing ready for the morning's work, the basket of crisp, sweet-sunned clothes beneath. 'Mira, with a sigh, lifted out a roll of towels and began sprinkling them; all her life it had seemed to her that ironing days came upon the loveliest days of the week. Once when a little girl, one magnificent day of June glories, she had begged her mother to go down into the fields; she had learned then that ironing days are no more to be shifted at will than the Sabbath. Later she learned that the same inevitableness attached to washing and churning and baking and mending and cleaning days. It seemed to her, then, a strange arrangement of life which filled all the hours with ordered tasks and left nothing but a few rare minutes for moods and whims. But that was when she was very young and had not learned that the aim of existence was to fill time, and that only the shiftless ever allow time to fill itself.

The girl's fingers worked more and more slowly, letting the drops fall idly from them. She was thinking—nothing but hard thoughts ever made 'Mira's fingers slow; usually she was swift as a bird. Suddenly she stopped, her breath coming excitedly, and her eyes lighting at her thought. The next second she had whirled the towels into a roll, flung them into the basket, and was dashing across the road. At the barn door she paused, eyes and thoughts too dazzled to penetrate the gloom within, but her impatience refusing to wait.

"Father," she called breathlessly, "are you there?" Then she discovered him and darted to his side.

"Did mother get off all right?" he asked.

"Yes," she nodded, "she got off. Father, how many years have you had Indian pudding for supper Tuesday nights?"

"How many years?" he repeated perplexedly.

"Yes," she agreed. "Has it been ever since you were married?"

"Well, yes," he answered consideringly, "I reckon it has. Your mother she calculated 'twas an easy thing to have on ironing days."

"Do you," the girl panted, "do you like Indian pudding so very much? So much that you'd be disappointed if you didn't have it? Think, father, *please!*"

Her father, dropping his pitchfork to the floor, leaned upon it, meditating. He had a thin, lined face with gentle, faded eyes, and slender, stooping shoulders. The whole man had the effect of fine goods faded by wear.

"There was times along at first," he said with slow reminiscence, "that I'd think I never could tech another mouthful of it. Seemed as if something inside me rose up against it. But your mother she maintained 'twas good and wholesome, and I'd get used to it, and so I have. Your mother'd take the prize at managing, 'Mira."

"Yes," the girl agreed hastily. The moments were too golden to waste in self-evident statements. "Yes, I know. Father, back there, when you used to hate Indian pudding, you know, what did you think you'd like? Think hard, father!"

Her father glanced at her whimsically, a trace of humor kindling a blue flash in his eyes.

"There was times," he declared, "when I used to think I'd give a hard day's work for a good, juicy apple dumpling. But 'twas long ago—I've almost forgotten what they taste like now."

'Mira flashed across to him and laid her fingers lightly on his lips. "No, you haven't, father," she protested. "Don't spoil it—don't! All these years you've wanted one—you just wait and see, when you come to dinner this noon." And before he could answer, she was skimming across the road.

Back in the kitchen she cast a swift glance about, planning her day. The roll of towels caught her eye, and she snatched up a flatiron; then, with sudden memory of the Indian pudding, she put it down and opened the oven door. The pudding was perfection, and the room filled with its spicy odor. 'Mira looked at it half regretfully as she set it by the pantry window to cool.

"It seems almost a shame not to eat it," she said.

The towels came next, and were turned off with reckless speed; after which she dragged the clothes basket into the unused east chamber, returned the ironing-board to its place, and set back the irons. Then at last the day was cleared for action. She stood a moment in the center of the room, and flung out her arms in sheer abandonment of joy.

"Oh!" she cried, "There's *two whole days!*" To her eager spirit it was an eternity for adventuring.

She flashed into the closet for a pan—all her natural swiftness was intensified for the saving of her day—and then with happy feet she took the orchard path. It was wonderful there in the deep summer morning, and she hurried no longer. Instead, she dropped down in the grass, and, clasping her hands about her knees, gazed with happy eyes upon her kingdom. The trees all thrifty, and bearing the heavy burdens of a great apple year, stood at generous distances apart, their cool pools of shadow lying restfully upon the vivid green grass between. Above, in the interlacing branches, was a constant fluttering of birds—chickadees and bluebirds and a little downy woodpecker tapping up and down on a hollow branch. Below them, tiny gauzy creatures whirled through their brief lives. Occasionally came the dull thud of a falling apple; now and then a leaf wavered through the air.

For an hour the girl sat almost motionless, harvesting the joy of the denied years; but finally she rose with a long sigh of fulfilled content. It was over, but there were hours yet to be filled to the brim. She picked up her pan and made her way slowly across to a tree of small, spicy early apples. When she had gathered enough for her need she still wandered about, reluctant to turn so happy a page, till, warned by the shortening shadows, she remembered her father's dinner, and fled to the house. The fire had grown low—when before had the fire ever grown low upon ironing day? The girl laughed as she pulled out the draft and raked it down.

"Isn't it fun?" she asked it confidentially, and counted over the joys pressing upon her: paring the apples on the shady doorstep at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning; making the crust ('Mira had a knack at pastry and could put into it the joy of an artist); setting the table with dishes that were never used except upon rare festivities; and beyond that, that was the best of all, a hundred happy

Continued on next page

"She knew that he saw not the quiet little falls, but the glory of a dream fulfilled"

Grandma On a Visit

ONE of her first cares is to see about her little granddaughter's teeth.

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What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

AN INTERLUDE

Continued from preceding page

choices lay before her—a whole long summer afternoon to do with as she would.

The apple dumpling floured, tied and put on to boil, she stood considering. There was the Tuesday corned beef down cellar, she knew, and beets and potatoes. Her father had brought in an armful of green corn. Suddenly her face lit. Once at a girl friend's she had eaten a delicious omelette, and when she came home she had told her mother about it, and her mother declared that omelettes were nothing but froth—if she wanted eggs she could have them boiled or fried. Now, at least, she was going to make her omelette. She would have omelette and spiced peaches and tea biscuits—her father was especially fond of spiced peaches and hot biscuit. She fairly hugged herself with delight. Had there ever, ever, ever been such a Tuesday dinner?

She sped about the kitchen upon happy feet. When the biscuits were made and the table set, she darted into the garden, coming back with a mass of sweet peas which she crowded into a bowl for the center of the table, an exuberance of sweetness and beauty. She made the sauce for the dumplings, opened a jar of peaches, and at last turned to the makings of the omelette. She was sure it would be a success. When it rose, a delicate, puffy, golden brown thing, she looked at it with a smile. She had known that nothing could fail upon her golden day. If only father would like it!

Her father stared at it in a moment's brief bewilderment; then the smile 'Mira loved crept into his eyes.

"Guess you've been trying your hand at suthin' new, 'Mira," he remarked.

"Yes," she nodded, "I have. Try it before it gets cold, father—quick!"

Her father tasted it carefully. 'Mira watched him, too eager to think of her own appetite. Indeed, the day was giving her spiritual food beside which all other seemed coarse and heavy.

"Do you like it, father?" she asked.

"It don't seem like things your mother makes," he answered. "Seems somehow as if there wasn't much to get your teeth into, but it's real tasty, 'Mira." And 'Mira was content. There would be days—oh, years of days—of things one could get one's teeth into!

"I thought you wouldn't want so much with apple dumpling," she said.

Her father looked at her incredulously.

"You haven't made apple dumpling, 'Mira?"

"Yes, I have," she declared, "and it's good, too. Look at *that!*"

"I dunno," he said whimsically, "how you expect me to go to work after this."

The words gave 'Mira's thoughts the clue. She looked across at him breathlessly.

"*Father!*" she cried.

Her father waited silently.

"Father, isn't there some place you used to want to go for a holiday? Oh, *isn't* there?"

This time her father did not hesitate.

"There was Ripton Falls," he said. "It's only 'bout eleven miles, you know, and when your mother and me were first married, I used to calculate we'd run off for a picnic, but we never did; there allus seemed to be things to do. I hadn't thought of it for years. Folks don't talk about Ripton's any more; they go to Green's Falls instead, and I reckon the old road's pretty rough. But I allus calculated mebbe I'd get there some time."

'Mira leaned across to him; her voice fairly sang.

"Do you want to know something I've discovered? We are going to start at three, have supper up there and come home by moonlight—just once. You needn't say anything about work. You can get Tom Dobey to do your milking for once; you've done it for him times enough. You can tell him you have to be away a few hours."

"I don't just know," her father hesitated. But she settled the matter promptly.

"I know, father. If you don't go to the Falls to-day, we'll never get there. We're just going!"

"It don't exactly seem right," he worried; "not on Tuesday afternoon, so—"

"When will you go?" she mocked him. "Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday? Which is your picnic day?"

Her father looked at her, the whimsical wrinkles deepening about his eyes.

"Wal," he yielded.

Now indeed 'Mira found tasks set to hand. The corned beef down cellar, not to be considered for their holiday dinner, was happy provision for sandwiches. There were doughnuts and cookies, and, a sudden inspiration coming to her, she snatched up three or four apples left from the dumplings, and, slicing them hastily, mixed a bit of dough and made four tiny turnovers. A jar of cold tea and the green corn completed that part of her preparations. It remained only to dress to fit her day. She took from the closet a dark gingham, but upon a sudden impulse put it back and drew out a new blue lawn. She might burn it, or tear it, but in the reckless extravagance of her mood, anything seemed endurable except belittling her day. A dainty thing of blue ruffles and sparkling joys, she sat on the porch steps waiting for her father.

He lifted in the basket, but turned to her in surprise as she handed him the corn.

"How did you know I allus calculated to roast corn?" he asked.

But she only smiled wisely. Truth to tell, she could not have said how she knew. Everything seemed breathing secrets to her; it was as if she had tasted the magic dish of the fairy tales and suddenly understood the speech of common things.

They spoke little on the ride. 'Mira sat, her hands quiet in her lap. Out in the fruitful beauty of the September world her joy became a thing too large for words or excitement.

The road was rough, but nowhere dangerous; it would be perfectly safe returning by moonlight, and at once their holiday took the wide liberty of hours unconfined by bounds. As they reached the crest of the long climb, her father drew a deep breath and looked over their world lying warm and sunlit at their feet.

"I allus wanted to see this prospect," he said. "It's sightly, ain't it, 'Mira?" But the question needed no answer; his eyes were following dark tree lines over the green map; suddenly his face lit.

"Look, 'Mira," he said, "there's our house—half a mile south of the red barn. Well, I didn't expect we'd really be able to see it. I used to tell mother we could, but she allus maintained we couldn't, and anyway she said she didn't see the use of climbing a mountain to see her own house. But I sort of wish she could; I sort o' think mebbe she'd like it after all."

'Mira sat silent, her happy gaze gathering its treasure.

Finally her father turned to her. "Shall we go on?" he said. "We must be most to the Falls."

"I hear them now," 'Mira answered.

"There's the big boulder!" her father exclaimed. "Ben Folsom told me about it. And just beyond that—there they are now, 'Mira! Well, so that's Ripton's Falls!"

'Mira gazed at them with a moment's disappointment; they did not compare with Green's Falls, to which she had

Continued on next page

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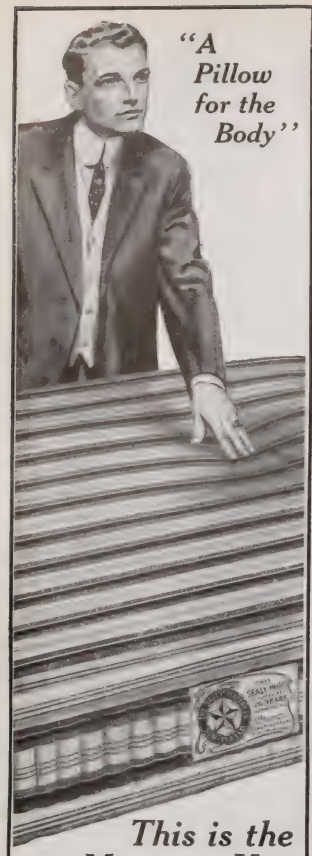

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AN INTERLUDE

Continued from preceding page

been upon picnics; but a glance at her father's face filled her with a hushed wonder. Not to her, after all, had fallen the great miracle of the day, but to this gray-haired man beside her. Looking at him, she knew that he saw, not the quiet little falls visible to her eyes, but the glory of a dream fulfilled.

Silently she let him help her out and waited till he tied the horse. Still silently, her loving hand on his arm, she climbed the path till they stood above the brown, tumbling water. Presently he looked around.

"It's pretty, ain't it?" he said. "I was a little mite afraid they wouldn't come up to what I'd expected—things don't sometimes when you've been waiting for 'em for years—but this is better. I dunno's I ever see a prettier fall."

"We might eat supper on the boulder where we can watch them," 'Mira suggested.

"So we could," he agreed. "Mebbe I'd better start the fire to roast the corn now. You wait here, 'Mira. I'll get it."

'Mira sat on a rock, propping her chin on her hands. Presently her father rejoined her. He stepped, she noticed, almost like a young man. He sat down beside her and took off his hat.

"You look like your mother to-day, 'Mira," he said. "I dunno's I ever saw it so plain before. Mebbe it's that blue dress—she had one that color when we was married."

'Mira caught her breath; what strange unknown forces were ruling her day? She had hardly herself understood her impulse to wear the blue gown; now she knew it was that she might keep the festival for her mother. She was no longer 'Mira Spaulding the girl, but 'Mira Spaulding, the bride of those distant years. The girl's young heart swelled with tenderness, with love to her father, with passionate loyalty to the mother who had gone so far along another road that she had lost the way to this. But she should not lose it; husband and daughter would keep her safely in the heart of it.

The corn was roasted presently, and 'Mira set out their supper on the big boulder. Later, they waited by the fading embers of the fire, the small night voices stirring the shadows about them, till the glow of the rising moon was visible in the east.

"When she comes, I reckon we'd better start," her father said, breaking their intimate silence.

"I'm sorry," 'Mira said.

Her father spoke almost solemnly. "I guess I shan't ever forget this, 'Mira, as long as I live."

The drive home through the moonlight was even more than the drive up had been. Only as they turned into the yard her father spoke:

"Tired, 'Mira?"

"A nice tired," Mira confessed.

"You'll have to rest you to-morrow. I shouldn't want your mother to come home and find you tired."

'Mira laughed a little, amused laugh.

"She won't," she promised.

She slept soundly that night, and woke to another day of September beauty, but she looked upon it with unenvious eyes; she had had her day and coveted nothing. After breakfast, Judy Peters brought the quinces; 'Mira put on her irons to heat, and then sat down to peel the fruit. Ironing and preserving in one day was an ambitious task even for her mother, but she knew herself equal to it. Once, upon a sudden thought, she dropped her fruit and ran out to her father.

"Father," she demanded, "O *father!* Do you mind having Indian pudding for dinner *Wednesday?* There seems to be one left over, somehow."

He pushed back his hat, smiling down at her.

"I dunno but what 'twill sort o' relish," he said. "Seems as if I hadn't had one for a week o' Sundays."

Back in the kitchen, 'Mira worked with swift sureness. While the quinces were cooking, she "turned off" part of the ironing. Before dinner, twenty glasses of jelly stood on the pantry shelves, and the ironing was half done. By three o'clock the last piece was finished, the fire cooled, and the kitchen in its usual afternoon order. When the stage stopped at the house at four, 'Mira was waiting on the doorstep.

Her mother had climbed down and lifted out her bag before Hiram had more than turned around in his seat.

"You needn't trouble yourself, Hiram," she said briskly. "I'll be in the house 'bout the time you get down. Well, 'Mira, everything all right?"

"All right," 'Mira answered. "Did you have a good time, mother?"

"I dunno what other folks call a good time, but I don't thank anybody to call me away from my own home. Sarah thought her beds were something extra, but I couldn't sleep on the one I had—it was all humps and hollows. I see you made the jelly. There wasn't any need of it, but I s'pose you didn't have anything else to do. Where's your father?"

"He's coming now," 'Mira answered.

Mrs. Spaulding turned quietly and faced her husband. "You're looking better, Ephraim," she said. "I told you all you needed was a few doses of bitters." Her voice was full of the rich content of her regained kingdom. But behind her shoulders 'Mira and her father exchanged a glance of guilty laughter.

Among the Workers

—GOOD NEWS COMES from the Billings Polytechnic Institute at Polytechnic, Mont., announcing that as a result of the special meetings held during the week of prayer "practically all the student body will unite with the church." Four strongly evangelical ministers aided in the campaign, preaching the simple, old-fashioned Gospel. Mr. Ernest T. Eaton, of the staff of the institute, writes: "I can scarcely dare to think what might have been the results of those special meetings if all who wanted to be in the school could have been there."

—GIPSY SMITH, coming from his great evangelistic victories on the Pacific coast, will speak at the mass meeting opening the campaign of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City at Carnegie Hall on April 2.

—MISSIONARY M. ALEXANDER of the American Mission at Montgomery, the Punjab, India, writes us that the photograph on page 10 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 3 should have borne the title of "The Sialkot Convention" instead of the title which appeared. We take pleasure in noting the correction.

—AN INTERESTING LETTER is received from the Rev. Eli Austin, chaplain of the County Poor Farm at Clear Lake, Ia. Mr. Austin came to this country from England years ago under the patronage of Rev. and Mrs. Michael Baxter, publishers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Great Britain. He received recently a highly prized message from Mrs. Baxter accompanying a welcome consignment of books for use in his present work.

—MRS. CARRIE CROW and Miss Lou Kell, evangelists, have been conducting two campaigns in New York. They were for three weeks at the old John Street Methodist Church, and the closing services of that campaign held on Sunday evening, February 11, saw a remarkable manifestation of the power and popularity of the old-time religion. From John Street they went to the John Wesley Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, Brooklyn, where they conducted a victorious campaign for a month, closing on March 10.

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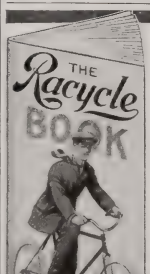

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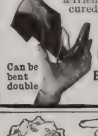

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BEYOND TODAY

C. Louise Bell — I. H. Meredith

Andante legato.
Introduction.
rit.
Alto & Tenor.
Quartet.
1. If we could see be - yond to - day As God can see;
2. If we could know be - yond to - day As God doth know,
3. "If we could see, if we could know," We oft - en say,
Alto & Tenor.
Quartet.
If all the clouds should roll a - way, The shad - ows flee,
Why dear - est treas - ures pass a - way, And tears must flow;
But God in love a veil doth throw A - cross our way;
Con moto.
O'er pres-ent griefs we would not fret, Each sor - row we would soon for - get,
And why the dark-ness leads to light, Why drear-y paths will soon grow bright;
We can - not see what lies be - fore, And so we cling to Him the more,
p Slower.
pp
For man - y joys are wait - ing yet For you and me.
Some day life's wrongs will be made right, Faith tells us so.
He leads us till this life is o'er; Trust and o - bey.
For you and me.
Faith tells us so.
Trust and o - bey.

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Contributions Received for China's Famine Relief Fund

THE China Famine Relief Committee of New York, of which Bishop Greer is chairman, is doing an excellent work. It has already sent nearly $30,000 to the famine sufferers. Any gifts for this purpose sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be forwarded through Bishop Greer's Committee. Contributions for famine relief are acknowledged below:

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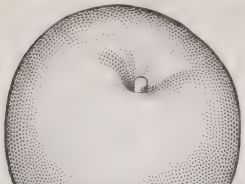
THE PERFECT APPLE



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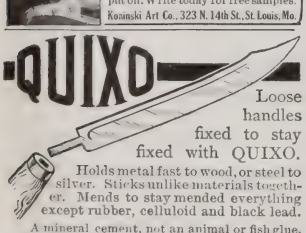

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Wintry Leisure

THE mistress of the farmhouse finds her season of leisure in winter and early spring, when her family is small as compared with what it often is in summer. Then the city cousins visit her, and the farmer has a force of hired helpers for whom provision is amply made at the table three times a day. This is the time when the lady may sit down in the afternoon and read the books and magazines that she laid aside until she could be sure of enjoying them without interruption. This, too, is the convenient season for looking over last summer's frocks and deciding whether the girls can wear them with a little renovation another year. It is the middle daughter who is generally obliged to content herself with hand-me-downs. Daughter number one, having outgrown her wardrobe, is fitted out anew, while daughter number three or number four, being still what her brothers call a kid, must also have something just out of the shop. You see, do you not, that it takes only a few yards to make a pretty frock for a tiny girl, while the eldest sister, shooting up so fast that she will soon be taller than her mother, must be planned for and have first claim on the money that can be spent. The middle daughter, bless her heart, seldom makes a fuss. She is the one who combines the best dispositions of her parents, and there is sure to be among the aunts and cousins somebody to whom it occurs in mid-winter to send a contribution that will look better than anything bought in a shop when it is made over for this Susie or Jenny.

A great deal of pleasure can be crowded into the winter leisure. Those who fancy that there is little going on and that social pleasures are few along the countryside in January and February are greatly mistaken. From Thanksgiving until the beginning of Lent there are all sorts of delightful gatherings. The Grange rallies its membership consisting of both sexes, and the meetings are anticipated with keen enjoyment. They are seldom disappointing. The village church is a center of bright activity, and neighborhood parties for various purposes call together friends who have associations in common and are knitted into close affection by the memories of years.

Winter has a summer glow in its heart for the women on the farm.

* * *

The Large Family or the Small

MAY I ask what advantage there is in raising a large family? I notice that many writers of distinction speak with admiration of a family of six children or more. Can the mother of average health and means get six children ready for church on Sunday morning, go herself, and call it a day of rest?"

When there are six children in the home they are not all babies together. The elder children may be so trained that they will help with the younger and do their share in getting themselves ready for church on Sunday, and in helping their mother through the week. Among the photographs that have given me most pleasure is one sent me from the State of Washington, which shows a very beautiful family group. Father and mother are in the prime of life, and their eight boys and girls are sturdy, healthy, fine looking young people, every one of whom has some share in the carrying on of the home. The mother's happiest time, though she does not always know it, is when her babies are not too far apart to enjoy one another, and when at night she may go from one bed to the next, tuck her darlings in, hear them say their prayers and say her own beside them, and give each a good-night kiss. The anxious time for mothers is not when they are little ones to be washed and dressed, made ready for school and church, and carefully trained in the way they should go with tender home discipline and plenty of love. Greater anxiety comes when they reach the reefs and shoals of young manhood and womanhood. The mother who asks the question as to the advantage of the larger family has two sweet children, the elder of whom is five years old. The children are a great delight to her and their father. She does her own work, and being a farmer's wife, her hands are full from morning until night. A hired man, who works on the farm, is a member of the family. This mother does not see how she could care for more than two children without being worn out, tired and nervous. No outsider can determine the right and the wrong, the better and the worse in this question of domestic concern. Parents desire earnestly to bestow upon their children the best available educational advantages. They wish to keep young with their children. Looking over the field of observation there is much to be said on both sides. The balance of testimony seems to be in favor of a larger family than the one most frequently found in an American home. Would it not be well to consider every child a gift from the Lord, and if he sends such a gift, accept it with gratitude?

When a woman, not over strong, does her own work, being much on her feet, receiving no help from the outside, she must be very systematic if she would not become a drudge. It is far less easy for the farmer's wife to secure help in her kitchen and housekeeping than for the farmer to secure a man to help him in the fields. Good husbands, recognizing this, are not averse to putting their shoulders to the wheel and letting their strong muscles relieve weary wives of at least a part of the housework.

* * *

For Chinese Women

THE Young Women's Christian Association of this country is carrying on an extensive foreign work. Among recent reports from China we find that one of the American secretaries is planning to prepare and issue a monthly magazine for Chinese women. Much of what will appear in its columns will be written here, sent to the Far East and translated into the language of those who are to read it. Mr. Price Collier has given us a most suggestive and thoughtful book on the West in the East. This particular bit of the West, projected by American Christians for Chinese Christians, this message to be sent monthly to women who are learning how to serve Christ, is in itself interesting and suggestive. What we are to see in China and in other lands that have been under the sway of superstition we cannot begin to estimate. The child who is born to-day in America shall live to see in early manhood a glorious country redeemed from the tyranny of heathendom and advanced to the front rank of world powers. One sings again with new triumph:

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run;
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

* * *

Women in Council

MANY readers have been very much interested in the problem of Bertha B., the daughter of a widowed mother, engaged to be married to a man whom she loves, but who refuses to allow her mother to become a member of his family. The weight of conviction is naturally on the side of the mother, and the selfishness of Bertha's fiancé is reprobated by a majority of the correspondents who have sent

Continued on next page

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Our Comfort Corner

Continued from preceding page

opinions to Women in Council. Here are several letters concerning this problem:

"For a mother to go to live in the home of her married daughter is a very different thing from the coming to that home of the husband's mother. In the first case mother and daughter are accustomed to the same household ways and are entirely in sympathy. In the second case, two women who may have very different ideas and theories are forced into constant companionship all day long. A husband can much more easily conform to the ideas of his mother-in-law than a wife to hers for reasons that are obvious.

"I. H. L."

If we are looking for ideals, a husband and wife are certainly best placed for happiness if they may begin and continue their married life without the presence of even so dear an outsider as the mother of either. Nevertheless, happiness is not the only consideration involved in marriage. Duty comes as the foundation stone before happiness, and the home must be built upon it rather than upon selfishness. To refuse yielding to a manifest duty is extremely selfish. The next letter speaks of the bond between mother and child.

"DEAR BERTHA: Stick to your mother by all means. There is not another friend like her in all the world. No one else has your best interests at heart as she has. If your lover does not care enough for you to let this dearest and best friend enter his home and become a part of it, he does not deserve your trust and self-surrender.

"N. O."

Yet there are mothers and mothers. In common justice this fact must be acknowledged. Some of us have seen the wreck of household peace where a managing, meddlesome or domineering mother of wife or of husband, has forgotten that her married children have grown up, and has proved herself the author of contention. Is there no one to say a word in behalf of Bertha's fiancé? If there is, the question will remain over until another issue.

. . .

St. Paul's Whatsoever

IN St. Paul's letter to the Philippians there occur texts that sparkle with the luster of stars, and the oftener we read the beautiful book, the deeper is our thankfulness to God that amid the chances and changes of life we may always turn to the Bible and receive the strength we need. Are we as careful as we should be to guard our thoughts? If we let them dwell on the seamy side of life, on the love that turns to hate, and on the malice and crime of the world as they are set forth in the columns of the daily press, we must inevitably grow depressed. Here is what St. Paul tells us should be our escape from dwelling on the wrongs of life:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

. . .

A Recipe for a Happy Home

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"Give us one heart and one way to love, fear and serve Thee forever, and grant us to be like-minded one with another, according to Christ Jesus. Give us always to love, trust and be true to each other and to our neighbor. Save us from being busybodies in other people's affairs, from gossip or taking up a reproach against another. Direct our hearts into Thy love, O God. Amen."

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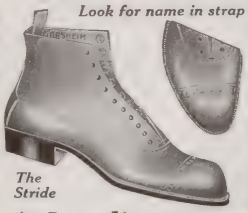

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Two Kinds of Securities

IN ALL the large cities of the United States, and the same may be said of the cities of all commercial countries, there are certain chartered corporations, known here as Stock Exchanges, in which such securities as stocks and bonds are traded in, just as food products are bought and sold in large quantities in the equally numerous produce exchanges. Recognized institutions, like the New York Stock Exchange, deal only in what are known as "listed securities"; but it would be an error to infer from this that an unlisted security might not be equally desirable. The method of "listing" is about as follows: When the bonds of a well-established corporation, like a strong railroad company, have been so long known to the trade as to establish a reputation for stability, the corporation may and usually does make an application to the exchange to have its bonds listed. The favor being granted, the members are free to buy and sell such bonds on the floor of the exchange, and the prices are authoritatively given in the published reports of all exchange transactions.

The Curb Market

The members of a stock exchange are not permitted to trade within the limits of the exchange, in securities that are not listed. In New York there is what is known as the Consolidated Exchange, in which listed and unlisted securities are dealt in, but the most noted of such institutions is popularly known as "The Curb Market," and it is worth the time of a spare day to visit the Curb on Broad Street, near the corner of Wall, and witness the vociferous crowd of brokers, usually young men who are representatives of nearby firms, selling or buying unlisted securities at the rate, sometimes, of millions of dollars a day. This Curb Exchange, though held by what seems like a rabble in the open street, has its rules and regulations, its established methods of procedure, and its respect for verbal obligations, and it adheres to them as rigidly as do the members of the palatial Stock Exchange across the street.

While the fact of listing a security tends to establish its character for stability, it in no way insures it, nor does the fact that a stock or a bond is unlisted necessarily tell against its desirability, nor mean that it is not largely traded in. The bonds of our largest cities should be and are quite as secure as the bonds of our greatest railroads, yet our search into this form of security discovers that all are in the unlisted class. We discovered also, though we failed to get satisfactory reasons, that certain investors, and particularly certain fiduciary institutions, will not invest in unlisted securities. This is particularly the case with foreign customers, who will not purchase securities that are not listed, believing, no doubt, that the listing in some way insures the safety of the transaction. There is much trading in London, Paris and Berlin in American securities, but in every case the transactions are in stocks and bonds that have been listed in the New York Stock Exchange.

It should be understood that the listing of a bond or a stock does not necessarily make it a more desirable purchase than one unlisted. There are listed securities of which the public knows nothing, and of which even old brokers may know nothing, while there are unlisted securities that daily attract the attention of investors—prudent investors, too. It is estimated that only about 5 per cent. of all bond issues in this country are to be found listed in the New York Stock Exchange.

Why All Are Not Listed

Just here this question naturally comes up: "If it is an advantage to have securities listed, why do not all corporations having sound securities to market avail themselves of this privilege?" This would seem to be the explanation: Buying and selling securities is quite as legitimate a form of business as the buying and selling of grain or meat. It is the thing bought and the character of the seller that influence the buyer in his purchase, nor could the value of the thing be in any way enhanced by the fact that it was listed or in any other way stamped as safe by a corporation dealing in similar articles.

When one wants to buy a lot of supplies for household use he does not drop into the store of an unknown merchant and give his order. If he has not a customary place of trade, he will ascertain, from friends, the character of the most available dealer in his neighborhood, and, relying on the favorable reputation of the man, he will make his purchases, nor care whether the seller belongs to the local Board of Trade or not. So when the unskilled investor wishes to buy a desirable form of security he will seek out the man whose character for good judgment and fair dealing is established, and he will be guided by him, nor ask if the securities are listed or unlisted. Yes, character counts for everything in all human affairs, but in no department of human effort is it so constant, so available an asset as in the legitimate domain of finance.

The success of every business enterprise depends quite as much on the integrity of the managers as it does on the things manufactured or dealt in; if the latter be bad, the customer will not come again, or he may have a suit for false representation; if the managers misrepresent their goods, they will have pulled the props from under their own venture, and it will go down in disgraceful collapse. So, we may be sure, when a great firm, a corporation, or a single individual has made good as a financial trader, the would-be customer may rest assured that personal integrity is, as a rule, the corner-stone of that prosperity. Though the day of the shyster in law, the quack in medicine, the fraud in the pulpit, and the cheater in business, has not gone, it is happily going, for we are fast realizing that, even from a selfish standpoint, "honesty is the best policy." Hence, if in doubt as to an investment, one should no more hesitate about consulting a trained financier than he would hesitate about consulting a reputable lawyer in business troubles, or a skilled doctor in the event of sickness.

Caution vs. Timidity

The near-sighted are always timid in starting over a strange road; but there is a world of difference between wise caution and ignorant fear. It is better not to move than to accept the guidance of an utter stranger, particularly if we have reason to believe that he may benefit by any disaster that may befall us. It is entirely different if there is available the direction of a trained guide whose business it is, and whose interest it is, to keep our feet in the right path.

But, to come back again to the question of listed or unlisted securities, we should add that there is usually some difference as to commissions to be paid the broker, the listed stocks having their commissions fixed, while commissions on the unlisted may be regulated by the seller and buyer, though even with these the rule is growing to have the charges fixed. One advantage of the listed over the unlisted bond is that it is more convertible, that is, it can be more readily turned into cash, which is usually a consideration with the business man who may suddenly have a need for ready money.

Leaving out of consideration the speculative features, though the increased value is not to be lost sight of, a good rule is to confine one's purchases of unlisted bonds to such as are meant to be a permanent investment. If the price advances, well and good, but the main consideration should be the returns from interest or dividends.

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HANSEL

(See picture on cover of this issue)

Which is the German fatherland?
Where truth attests the grasped hand;
Where joy beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies,
That is the land—
There, brothers, is thy fatherland.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

ONE of the delights of traveling in Germany is the familiarity one soon acquires, or, more properly speaking perhaps, renews, with the familiar folklore and fairy legend of the country. If, in England, one can scarcely escape the Charles Dickens characters, in Germany one is constantly meeting the types immortalized by the brothers Grimm. Indeed it would be quite as difficult to imagine Germany without Mother Hulda, Goldilocks, Red Riding Hood, the Brementown Musicians, Hansel and Gretel, and the rest of the company of dear familiars, as it would be to think of old London without the Pickwickians. German painters, sculptors, musicians, invariably try their talents at portraying their ideals among the children's fairytale folk, and it must be a fine bit of work indeed that passes the muster of German criticism. One of the strongest bonds that holds the German in the characteristic grip of loyalty to the fatherland is this very pronounced love of children and fairy tales.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that when Herr Engelbert Humperdinck set the matchless story of Hansel and Gretel to music for his own children and made a kind of fairy cantata of it for them to play and sing in the nursery, the news of it got noised abroad and the Germans fairly rose up *en masse* and demanded that all German children be allowed to hear their beloved story told to music by Herr Humperdinck, with whose musical compositions they already were familiar. So the beautiful fairy cantata made its way out of the playroom of the three little Humperdincks into the world where every one can hear it now! "Hansel," which is our cover subject this week, is almost one's ideal of the thoughtful little babe in the woods who comforted Gretel with berries and gallant little boy songs when they were left alone in the deep woods by the cruel stepmother. Mr. Schaub, the artist, was born in Berlin in 1832. He studied art in Italy, Spain and France and became the favorite pupil of Jules LeFebvre, and is still one of the famous *genre* painters of Germany.

The Situation in Mexico

THE troubles in Mexico assumed such serious proportions that on March 13 the Senate passed a resolution giving the President authority to prohibit the export of arms and ammunition from the United States into that country or into any American country where "conditions of domestic violence exist." The House of Representatives followed promptly the quick action of the Senate, whereupon the President issued a proclamation prohibiting all such traffic. Rumors arose that ex-President Diaz was backing the present revolution with large sums of money, but it is not considered likely that he is making any effort to reinstate himself at the head of the republic. It was reported that Thomas F. Ryan and the Speyer Brothers had cabled on March 13 to Ernesto Madero, Mexican Minister of Finance, that they would be willing to advance a loan of $10,000,000 gold, or more if desired, to the present administration. This report, however, was subsequently denied by the financiers. There have been persistent rumors that the United States might decide upon armed intervention in the present disturbance, but this necessity will probably be avoided.

Answered Prayers

B. M., Tyler, Texas. "God has answered my prayers, and I will always trust in him."

R. B., Lancaster, Pa. "God in his kindness and mercy heard my prayer and answered it."

N. A. M., New Bedford, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer."

E. H., Atlanta, Ga. "The Lord has answered almost immediately several prayers I sent to the Throne of Mercy."

Mrs. A. M. H., York, Pa. "God answered a prayer which gave me great joy, and I wish to acknowledge it."

F. H., Indiana. "It was his will to answer in a wonderful way two of my prayers when I was in great trouble."

Miss W. R., Cookes Point, Texas. "The Lord has recently heard and answered my prayer, and I am very grateful."

D. P., Herrick, Ill. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness. He most bountifully granted my desire in answering a prayer."

Mrs. B. M. C., West Alexander, Pa. "A loved one has been restored to us through prayer. Praise be to our heavenly Father."

Mrs. J. B. C., Coshocton, O. "I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness in restoring me to health, in answer to prayer."

S. L., London, Ont., Can. "I prayed God to help me in a particular instance. I trusted and worked, and am satisfied that I owe my success to him."

Mrs. A. B. B., Kosciusko, Miss. "God has answered many prayers for me, and one very recently for which I return most grateful thanks."

Mrs. G. H. S., Pueblo, Col. "God heard and answered my prayer in restoring me to health. He heard and answered prayer of my sister and father, who were also very sick."

Called Higher

Mrs. R. Gilmour (80), of Winnipeg, Can., passed to her heavenly home June 9, 1911.

Mrs. Sylvia A. Douglas (73), of Whitehall, N. Y., was called home December 4, 1911, after a short illness.

Annie C. Arthur (45), of Sparta, Wis., died December 13, 1911. She had been for a long time a subscriber to this publication.

S. J. Fells (81), of Carlisle, Pa., died August 18, 1911. He was for fifteen years an appreciative reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

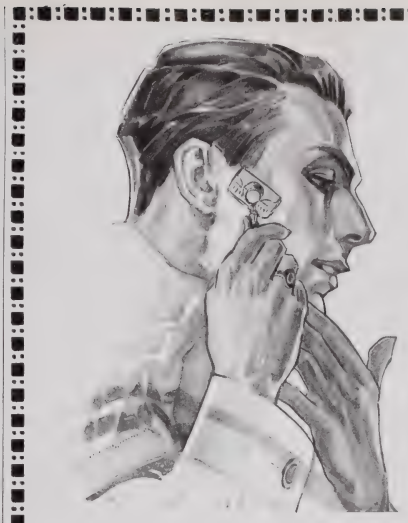
Thomas Watts (88), of Bethune, S. C., was called home in November, 1911. He was an appreciative reader of this magazine for many years.

Joanna S. Johnson (85), for years a subscriber and devoted reader of this paper, entered into rest at Princeton, N. J., October 29, 1911.

Mrs. J. H. Lang, of Oberlin, O., died recently after a long life during which she was for many years a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Lewis McLoud (92) passed to the Beyond, October 31, 1911. For sixty-four years she was a devoted member of the M. E. Church at Mentz, N. Y.

Mrs. J. G. Groat (70), of Dubuque, Ia., passed away last spring. She was greatly interested in all of the work connected with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which she was a subscriber for twenty years, and was especially interested in the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn.



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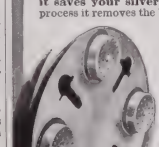

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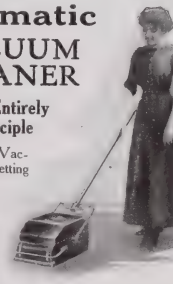

A thorough Vacuum Cleaner getting every particle of dust from the body of the carpet and even from beneath the carpet—may be easily handled by a child—used like a carpet sweeper yet a most efficient Vacuum Cleaner. The NuPlan is equipped with our indestructible diaphragm pumps (not a bellows) which have made the "Automatic" Vacuum Cleaners famous the world over for years. This exclusive diaphragm pumping device insures great suction and much longer life than any other type. Don't take up your carpets and rugs—clean them on the floor with the NuPlan. Send for full information, or better still send $15.00 for sample. Money promptly refunded if not entirely satisfactory. We pay all freight charges.

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As a special adv. for our great Ladies Apparel Dept. we will sell 8,000 elegant, all wool voile dress skirts, exactly like picture at $3.75, and we'll give as a grand premium, with each skirt, a beautiful, dainty lace, embroidery and sheer lawn shirtwaist. This exquisite, dressy skirt is made in the lovely six gore style of extra quality, fine, all-wool black voile, a rich, beautiful fabric of exquisite finish. Front and back gores are richly silk embroidered in a lovely design. Lower section of first side gores are laid in accurate side plaits, closes slightly to left side of back. Tailored to perfection. Drapes gracefully. Equals any $6.00 skirt or no sale. 100 in. sweep. Black color only. Sizes, waist 22 to 30 inches, length 36 to 45 inches. Nos. larger or smaller sizes.

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which we give with each skirt at $3.75, is fine, sheer white lawn, elegantly trimmed with lace or Swiss embroidery. Full length or 3-4 sleeves. Open front or back. Waist comes in a variety of charming designs, all like and similar to picture. Sizes 34 to 44 inch bust.

Send $1 Deposit

Mention No. XB72, give measure around waist, measure down skirt front from waist line to bottom, state size of shirtwaist you wear and whether you want full length or 3-4 sleeves and front or back opening and we will send you the elegant, silk embroidered, strictly all wool, black voile dress skirt and the dainty, free shirtwaist C. O. D. by express, subject to examination. The balance $2.75 and express charges you pay the agent after you find the skirt and shirtwaist perfectly satisfactory, as swell and stylish garments as you ever saw and the equal of any skirt and shirtwaist sold elsewhere at $8.00; otherwise tell the agent to return them at our expense and we will promptly refund your $1. Order this silk embroidered skirt today or send for our BIG

Free Special Fashion Book

which shows over 100 elegant pictures of rare, beautiful Spring and Summer garments at wonder prices. Wash dresses, 25c up. Silk Dresses, $6.50 up. Fabric Dresses, $3.95 up. Tailor Made Suits, $5.70 up. Jackets and Long Coats, $3.95 up. Dress Skirts, $1.95 up. Wash Skirts, 75c up. Petticoats, 45c up. Shirtwaists, 49c, and everything to clothe ladies, misses, children, and infants, including immense assortments of dainty muslin and knit underwear, at equally low prices. We are headquarters for

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Dry Goods and Notions at wholesale prices. Good Muslin 4-2-3c yd. Calico 4 3-4c yard. Apron Gingham 5 3-4c yd., 36in. All Silk Taffeta 89c yd., 27in. Wash Silk 29c yd. and thousands of other dry goods and notion items at world's lowest prices. If interested write TODAY for FREE SPECIAL CATALOGUE and see for yourself.

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Buy from the manufacturers and save dealers' profits. 33⅓% SAVED

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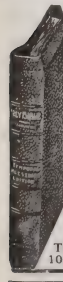

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All about it in Free Pamphlet

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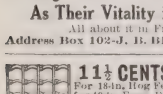

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KITSELMAN BROS. Box 297 MUNCIE, INDIANA.

Happy Cozy Corner Days

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
Is one who plows and plows but never sows.

SONG

William Watson

APRIL, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

Such Nice Easter Gifts

NOTHING is more popular now at the Exchanges for Woman's Work or on the fancy-work tables in the nicest stores than the charming "doll workbags." One happens upon whole companies of pretty little Quaker ladies made up in soft dove grays with white mull caps, kerchiefs and aprons; or resplendent court ladies of the French Empire in brocades and brilliant silks and satins. I have even met a procession of the quaint fairy-tale people, all on workbag duty. The bags are made with a round pasteboard bottom, to which the bag, which is also the skirt, is sewed in the usual way. Fastened to one side of the top so as not to interfere with the draw string is the China or bisque head of a doll topped off with appropriate bonnet or cap or stylish hat, as the character demands.

Portrait of Mme. Vigee LeBrun and her daughter, from the original painting by Mme. LeBrun.

Candy Boxes

A HOME-MADE box of home-made candy, if both are made with extreme care and daintiness, is a charming "Easter gift." Boxes cut from light cardboard, decorated with a daffodil or an Easter lily and laced together around the edge with baby ribbon of the right shade, are easy to make and charmingly effective. Fill the box with creamy white marshmallows and it would be difficult to find a nicer little Easter remembrance.

The Marshmallows

HOME-MADE marshmallows are much cheaper than those sold by candy-makers, and have this advantage: they are pretty sure to be pure.

Dissolve three ounces of clean, white gum arabic in one cupful of hot water, strain, add one cupful of powdered sugar, and let boil for ten minutes, or until the syrup has the consistency of honey, stirring all the time. Add the stiffly beaten white of one egg, removing from the fire, and mixing thoroughly. Add flavoring to taste; either tincture of marshmallow, rose, vanilla, or orangeflower. Pour the paste into a pan dusted with cornstarch; it should be one inch thick, and when cold, cut into one-inch squares, and roll in powdered sugar. Keep in a tin box to prevent drying too much.

Special Prize Contest

MANY Cozy Corner boys and girls are asking for more puzzles and prize contests. Here is a good one for you all to guess:

My first is my *first;* it is nothing but *one;*
Four and three make my *second,* but I am not done;
Because ten and seven are my *one* and my *two;*
Three and four make my *three;* and I leave it to you
To guess why the half of my four is but three
And my whole a great date in our own history.

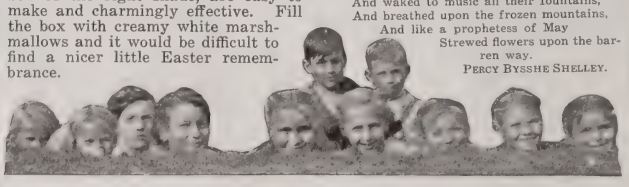
Please send answers with a short comment not over one hundred and fifty words by April 10. First prize, $1. Second and third, a best new book. Fourth, ten prizes of interesting postcards. Fifth, twenty entries on the Honor Roll.

THE PROPHETESS

Selected

The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Bending from heaven in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



A Cozy Corner Club of Happy Boys and Girls

A Good Easter Game

Chicken Market

CHOOSE first a good strong "marketman" and a sturdy, fearless "buyer." The rest of the players are all chickens; they stoop down in a row and clasp their hands under their knees. The buyer then comes to the marketman asking, "Have you any chickens to sell?" "Yes, plenty," says the marketman; "look at them and take your choice." Whereupon the buyer examines the chickens, pretending to be dissatisfied, saying, "This one is tough"; "This one is old"; "That one is too fat," "too lean," etc., etc., until he finds one that suits him. The buyer and the marketman take the satisfactory chicken by the elbows and swing him backward and forward three times, the chicken maintaining its original position. Should it stand the test without laughing or losing its grip on itself, then everything is all right and the buyer leads it off "home." The game continues until all the chickens are sold. Any chicken that smiles or whose arms give way in the swinging test must pay a forfeit, all forfeits being redeemed at the end of the game. If there are more than eight or ten players there should be two or more buyers.

Good-night Verse

Jehovah is my light and my salvation; of whom shall I be afraid?

Lovingly and faithfully yours

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

CHILDREN INVALIDS and the AGED

Need Sunshine AND Scott's Emulsion

Next to sunshine, nothing restores health, strength and vitality like

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ALL DRUGGISTS

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This offer will be withdrawn just as soon as a retail dealer closes with us in your community. Until then you get famous "America" Bicycles at exactly same price dealers pay by the wholesale. Such an offer was never made on a bicycle before. Buy NOW, before a dealer gets the line. Famous "AMERICA" TRUSS FRAME and "AMERICA" COASTER BRAKE DIAMOND. No charge for "extras." Not "cheap" mail-order wheels. Ten-Year Guaranty. Protection against thieves. Protection against accidents. Money back if not exactly as represented. Write today for book of models. (5)

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This Shoe in Turn Style $3.25 Postpaid in U.S.

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This $25 Suit $16.50

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You want this book, you want it because it describes a wonderful new selling method which offers garments to you at wholesale prices. You want it because it is the key to New York's latest styles and best tailoring. Every stylish woman, economically inclined, should have a copy. A post card will bring it FREE. Write for it today — now, before you forget.

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SEED CORN

PLANT the best and highest yielding corn that grows. Send at once for free corn book giving description, proof and prices.
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Glad Easter Day*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE little village of Oberammergau, made so famous by the Passion Play, nestles in the valley, surrounded by mountains. On the top of the highest mountain a shining cross has been placed. The cross dominates the village. The first beams of the rising sun touch it, and the last gleams of the setting sun glorify it. It is all the more glorious and shining because there is no figure of Christ upon it.

Jesus himself says: "Behold, I am alive for ever more." So we have a living, loving Saviour. It is this great truth that makes us happy to-day. We love to hear over and over again the story of how Jesus rose from the dead on that first Easter Day. But the story that has such a bright ending had a sad beginning. It begins with that night when Judas came into the Garden of Gethsemane with the soldiers to take Jesus a prisoner to the men who wished to put him to death. Common soldiers

> Crowned our Saviour's brow with thorns,
> They pierced and made it bleed.

And at last Jesus was sent forth to be crucified, bearing his cross; and when it was too heavy for him to bear, they compelled a passerby to carry it, a man named Simon. When they reached Golgotha, there they crucified Jesus. Instead of noonday brightness, there was midnight darkness. When it was evening, the loving friends of Jesus came and took his body down from the cross, and one named Joseph, who had a new tomb, helped them lay the precious body there. As the sad friends of Jesus were leaving the tomb, they passed a glad procession of people who were coming out to gather the "first-fruit of the harvest," which they were to bind in a sheaf and carry to the temple to be offered as a sacrifice to God, after it had been ground into flour and made into bread. The real sheaf, the first-fruits of them that slept, lay in the garden tomb; the sheaf, the first-fruit of the grain, was but a symbol. There was sorrow in one procession, and joy in the other; but neither understood the true meaning of what they were doing. Those who had laid their dead Friend away in the tomb did not remember that he had said: "After three days I will rise again"; and those who went to gather the first-fruits of the harvest did not realize that what they were doing was a picture of Jesus, who should be the first-fruits of the resurrection. Because some did not remember, and because some did not understand, there were no friends to greet Jesus when he rose on the third day, came out of his grave, and went forth into the garden, and then into Galilee. Jesus says to us: "I am he that liveth that was dead; and behold, I am alive for ever more." More than this, he has said: "Because I live, ye shall live also." We call the day of Jesus' resurrection "Easter," and we celebrate it once a year; but as Jesus rose on the first day of the week, we may rejoice and be glad every Sunday, and consider it a little Easter Day. In Carr's Lane Church, London, it is the custom to sing an Easter hymn every Sunday morning.

> Thou art the sun of other days;
> They shine by giving back thy rays;
> Sundays by thee more glorious break;
> An Easter Day in every week.
>
> KEBLE.

If Easter is such a joyous season now, nearly nineteen hundred years after Jesus rose from the dead, what must it have been during those forty days that Jesus was on earth after his resurrection! His appearances during those forty days were as follows: First, to Mary Magdalene (Mark 16:

* The International Sunday School Lesson for April 7, 1912. The Appearances of the Risen Lord. An Easter Lesson. I. Cor. 15:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses." Acts 2:32.

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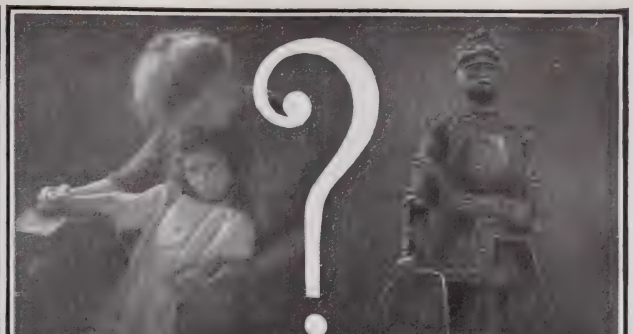

Dear Mother:

If I could know, feeling that my children would not be a burden to you, I would gladly do so, because the house is too heavy a burden for me. It is impossible to meet the notes on the home and provide a comfortable living for the children.

As I see the little sum of money that George left, growing smaller each day, the uncertainty of the future has assumed a serious aspect. The shock of George's sudden death was enough without this unexpected worry of things which are all new to me.

Devotedly,
Charlotte.

TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.,
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Gentlemen:

Please accept my thanks for your kind remittances which you have sent me each month, following the sudden death of my husband. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you how much this monthly income has saved me from worry and possible privation.

My husband's untimely death left me the care of two children and I shudder as I think what might have become of us without his forethought and your promptness.

Very truly yours,
(Mrs. J. B. F.) Sarah B. F——

WHICH OF THESE LETTERS WOULD YOUR WIFE WRITE?

As the father, upon your forethought and labor rest the welfare, decent living and happiness of your wife and children. In case of your death, our Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy means a monthly income for your family—not a princely fortune, but enough to "make both ends meet."

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HARTFORD, CONN.

Please send me particulars regarding Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.

Name ..... Business Address .....
Date of Birth ..... City ..... State ..... Christian Herald

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YOU would do a small amount of work in your spare time after school in exchange for this money.

YOU do not know how, we will teach you.

YOU have no capital to start. We will supply you ***absolutely free*** with sufficient stock to start. Leroy Bradshaw of Texas, (see photo) one of our Cracker Jack young salesmen, started in this way.

YOU need only be ambitious and between seven (7) and fourteen (14) years of age. Obtain your parents' permission and send us your name and address on a penny post card, or sign and mail the below coupon to us at once.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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Please send me a start in business and tell me all about how I may win the beautiful Shetland Pony, if I do good work.

Signed .....

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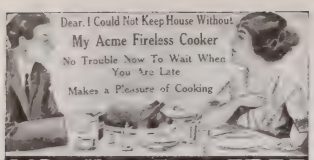
Age..... *Town*..... *State*.....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My Acme Fireless Cooker
No Trouble Now To Wait When
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The *Acme* boils, stews, roasts, fries and bakes, cooks any dish possible on your stove, retains all flavors, food more delicious and one-third the work, worry, and saves 75 per cent in fuel alone. Makes your kitchen work a pleasure instead of drudgery.

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FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

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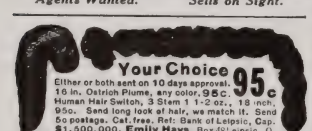

Your Choice 95c
Either or both sent on 10 days approval. 16 in. Ostrich Plume, any color, 95c. Human Hair Switch, 3 Stem 1 1-2 oz., 18 inch, 95c. Send long look of hair, we match it. Send 5c postage. Cat. free. Ref: Bank of Leipsic, Cap. $1,500,000. **Emily Hays**, Box 48 Leipsic, O.

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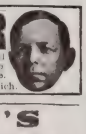
Do You STAMMER



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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

9); second, to the group of women (Matt. 28: 9); third, to Simon Peter (Luke 24: 33-35, I. Cor. 15: 5); fourth, to the two on the way to Emmaus (Luke 24: 13); fifth, to ten of the apostles (Luke 24: 36-43); sixth, to eleven apostles (John 20: 26-29); seventh, to the fishermen (John 21: 1-14); eighth, to the eleven on a mountain in Galilee (Matt. 28: 16-20); ninth, in Galilee, to over five hundred at once (I. Cor. 15: 6); tenth, to James, probably in Jerusalem; eleventh, on the Mount of Olives, at the time of his ascension (Acts 1: 1-11). Then he was seen no more on earth, but in heaven: by Stephen, at the time of his martyrdom, who saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing on the right hand of God (Acts 7: 55-60). That was the twelfth appearance of Jesus after his resurrection; thirteenth, to the apostle John (Acts 1: 10); fourteenth, to Saul of Tarsus (Acts 9: 1-9).

If we marvel when we read of the newly risen Christ, risen with the same body, so that Thomas might have put his fingers in the wound-prints in his hands and feet and side, we marvel more that in heaven he is still robed in our humanity, still watching over storm-tossed disciples who are never out of his sight, and still the Saviour to give gifts unto men—the Holy Spirit, repentance and remission of sins, as in the case of Saul, "who had made havoc of the church." Still the greatest marvel is that "because he lives, we shall live also." Thus every graveyard becomes a sowed field for a resurrection harvest.

Symbols of the Resurrection

Sleep is a kind of death, and every bed a temporary grave, from which the morning gives us resurrection to renewed activities. A great mystery is this ebb and flow of life if we only stop to ponder it. Even in this very chapter we are studying, the dead are spoken of as "some are fallen asleep" (I. Cor. 15: 6). None of us are afraid to lie down to sleep at night, thinking that we may never wake again; no more should we fear to lie down in our graves, since we have his promise that we shall live again. A seed is a symbol of the resurrection, because the old body of the seed dies and yields a new and more glorious body; compare the small brown acorn and the beautiful oak tree. The resurrection body of Jesus was so ethereal that it passed through closed doors, and was so light that it ascended above the clouds, and as glorious as the sun shining in its strength (Rev. 1: 16). King David prayed: "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness" (Ps. 17: 15). Let us therefore not be troubled with the questions: "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" (I. Cor. 15: 35). We rest on the assurance that our bodies will be more beautiful than the earth we have worn about us in this world.

Insect Transformations Symbols of the Resurrection

An old colored woman came into a prayer meeting and rose to speak. Said she, "Don't think you folks know much about this question of the new body. You don't say nothing that comes to the point. Here's a little fellow that knows more than the whole of you." At this she pulled out of her pocket a great locust, and with it his shell or previous skin. The back of the hard skin was split open and empty. "Here," said she, "I saw this beautiful creature with nice wings and splendid eyes, just coming right out of this split in the empty shell. He was hanging tight by his old legs to the bark of a tree while he pulled his new body up out'n de old one. I watched him till I see his head out, and then his body, and then all his legs but one. And then I said, 'You must come with me. You must go to meeting sure. Who you be I do not know, but de Lord

Continued on next page

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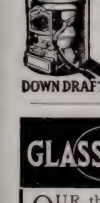

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

sent you to preach.' So I brought him right along. See there, friends! this is the old body, and this is the new. The old body hain't got no wings, the new body has got beautiful wings. The old body has got a peaked, pinched-up little head, as if it didn't know much; the new body has got a big, broad head. The old body has got great claws and hooks to hold on with, while the new body pulls free. The old body is a plain brown one, the new body is burnished up with green and gold. I jess feels as sure of a second body as could be when I saw this mis'able insect a gettin' his. I tell you what, I hope mine'll be a great deal better and nicer than this yer one that's made out of dust."

The Springtime Teaches a Resurrection Lesson

The shrubs and the trees have been leafless all through the winter, but each has a chemical laboratory inside that gets busy at the first warm breath of air, and each bush and tree takes on new life and beauty. In the resurrection of the flowers that are all about us at Easter we have our most familiar symbol. From the dry brown bulbs and dormant roots have come all the wealth of fragrance and beauty that the alchemy of nature has spread around us to-day. The flowers in their beauty bring to our hearts the resurrection story, while each in its form or color has a message of its own. The majestic Annunciation lily almost sings "Hallelujah!" The gold of the daffodils and jonquils is as joyous as the sunshine. The snowdrops and narcissus breathe their purity to the grandeur of the rose and the sweet humility of the violet. We could not do without them at Easter time. We would not if we could!

Bloom now, O Easter lilies! wreathe and twine
Your silver stars around the glad new earth;
The last year's leaf hath died that you may shine,
And there is resurrection in your birth.

The rainbow is a symbol of the resurrection. We look at it stretched across the sky. We have seen it so often, perhaps we have ceased to wonder that it never changes form or colors. And yet the rainbow itself is changing every second or oftener; as often as drops of water fall; so that when we think we are looking at a rainbow, we are looking at a succession of rainbows. The form is always the same, because it is transfigured and glorified by the soul of sunlight. So our human life goes on day by day, reaching out into eternity because God is in us.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

On the Sunday before Easter show the children a wire frame for a wreath, which can be secured from the florist or made by the teacher. Let it be filled with moss. Tell the children that they are each invited to bring a flower to put in it so as to make a crown of flowers on Easter Sunday. By way of contrast, tell them of the crown of thorns which soldiers once made for Jesus, and they will want all the more to make a crown of flowers for him. On Easter Sunday, let the children come one by one to put their flowers in the wire crown, and when they have done this, in simple, loving words let the teacher tell them the Easter story. Add to it the story of the little dead girl whom Jesus raised to life (Mark 5: 22-24, 35-42).

It would be unwise to give symbols of the resurrection to children. Their minds are not developed in that direction, and the truth will only be obscured by their use. For example, if a cocoon and a butterfly should be shown, they would remember only these, and not the riven tomb. As for rabbits and eggs and chicks, or even pictures of them, they should never be brought into the Sunday School at Easter time.

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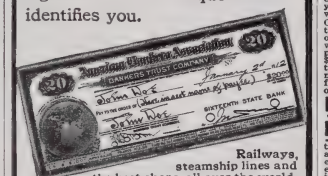

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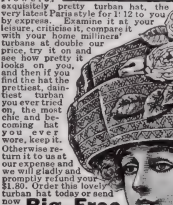

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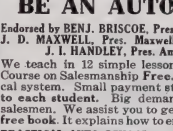

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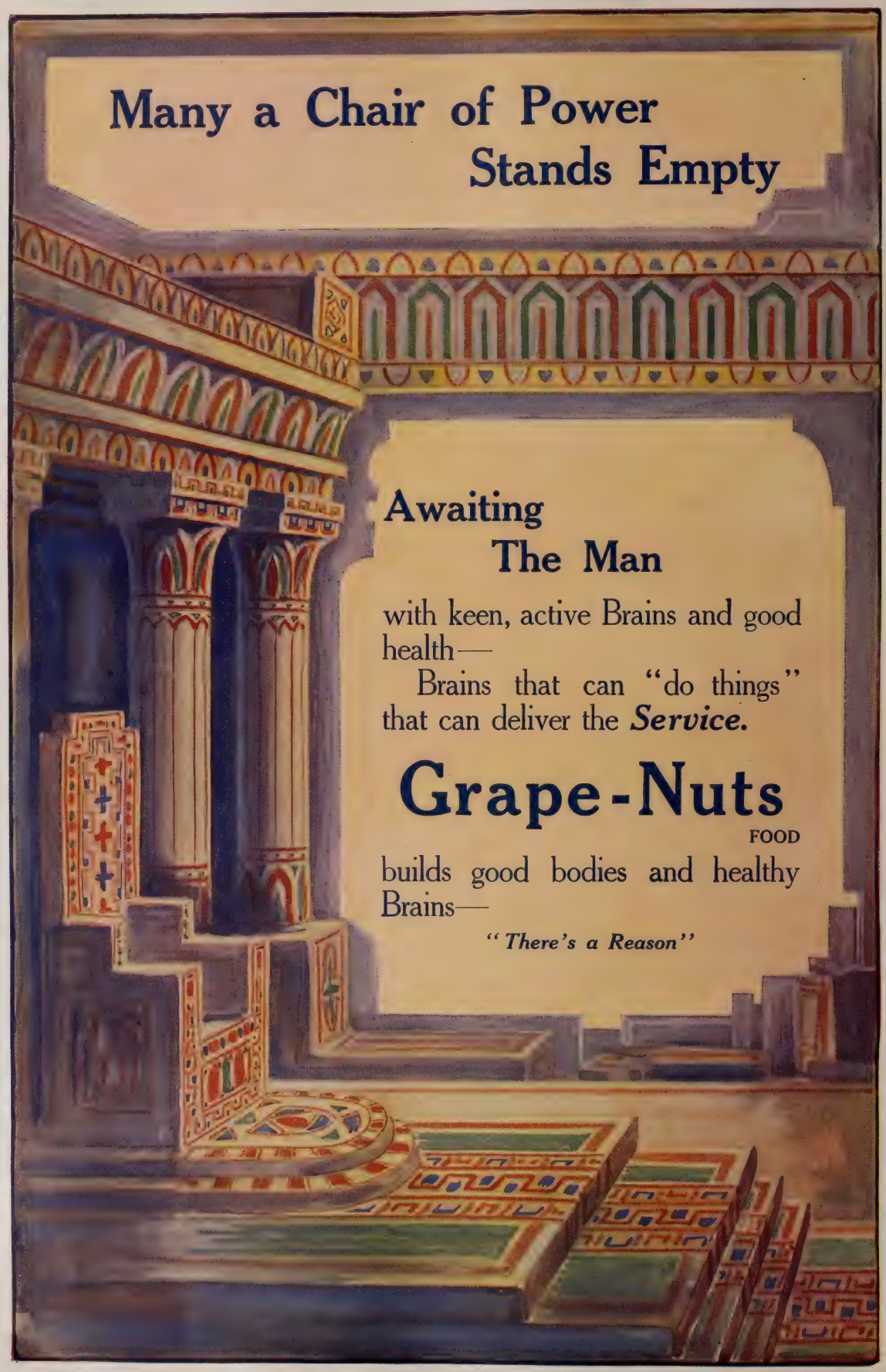
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Ivory Soap at House-Cleaning Time

It may seem a little early to clean house. There may be still a chill in the air and the fields are sodden.

But Spring is not far off; and it is none too early to resolve oneself into a Committee on Ways and Means, so that when House-cleaning Time does come, one will know not only what to do, but the best way to do it.

In the first place, let us suggest that you plan your work so as to have a "day off" in the very middle of house-cleaning.

Don't say, "I can't do that." The contrary is true. You can't afford not to do it. What difference does it make whether the parlor curtains are hung on Wednesday or Thursday? But it does make a great deal of difference to your family as well as to yourself if you overtax your muscles, brain and nerves.

Another hint: Begin operations at the top of the house and work down. From attic to cellar is the easiest route.

Now, as to the best way to clean your house and its furnishings: We know it is "born in women" to do this work or have it done satisfactorily. But different women pursue different methods, some better, quicker, easier than others, and all women like to know about new and improved ways.

We, therefore, give below directions which thousands of housekeepers and our own experiments have proven most practical. It is evident that these suggestions mean safe, sure cleaning, for, with Ivory Soap as the chief dirt mover, the work is certain to be well done and without a particle of danger to the article.

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Rugs and Carpets Sweep the rug thoroughly. Then, beginning at the corner farthest from the door, scatter Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) over not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously with a stiff scrubbing brush. Scrape off the paste with a metal-edged ruler or piece of zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth wrung out of clean, lukewarm water. Work with —not against—the nap.

Furniture With a painter's brush, 5 or 6 inches wide, apply warm Ivory Soap Paste, covering a small surface at a time. Sponge off, using very little water. Rub dry with a soft cloth.

If furniture is slightly soiled, apply warm Ivory Soap suds with a few drops of kerosene added. Use a soft cloth and rub dry with another soft cloth.

But remember this: Use very little water and don't let it dry on the surface or it will be streaky.

Hardwood Floors If in good condition, treat the same as soiled furniture and polish with a flannel cloth. If they show wear, wash first with Ivory Soap; then apply this finish:

Dissolve 4 oz. Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in enough boiling water to cover it. Beat to a stiff, white foam like whipped cream. Melt separately 1 oz. white wax and 1 oz. yellow wax and stir in briskly, while warm, to prevent hardening. Let it cool. Add one pint of turpentine, a little at a time, beating slowly all the while. Apply with a soft cloth and polish with weighted brush.

Painted Walls and Woodwork Shave a cake of Ivory Soap into a gallon of hot water. Add a pint of milk and 6 tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Have ready a plateful of whiting. Dip a soft flannel cloth into the Ivory Soap suds, squeeze almost dry and apply to the painted wall, or woodwork, a small space at a time.

To remove finger marks, dark spots and stains, dip the cloth first into the suds and then into the whiting. A little rubbing will remove the dirt. Wash with clean, lukewarm water and dry with a soft chamois.

Wall Paper Shave half a cake of Ivory Soap into a quart of hot water. Keep almost, but not quite, at boiling point until the soap is dissolved. Stir in sifted flour slowly, until a thick paste is formed. Let cool. If too thin, or sticky, reheat and stir in more flour. The mixture should be of the consistency of dough. Separate into pieces convenient to handle. Begin at top of wall and work downward in long, parallel strokes.

Windows To a basin of hot Ivory Soap suds, add 2 tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Dip cloth, wring slightly and rub on window. Wipe off with a soft cloth and polish with tissue paper.

The Piano Provide two basins of clean, lukewarm water, to be renewed as often as necessary, and three good-sized pieces of clean cheesecloth.

Wring one cloth nearly dry, from first basin. Rub on Ivory Soap and clean about a square foot of the surface. Wring second cloth nearly dry from second basin and wipe off the suds. Rinse and wring cloth again and wipe off any moisture that remains. Rub dry with third cloth, using quick, light strokes and very little pressure.

When the entire instrument has been cleaned, go over it lightly with a clean, soft handkerchief, or a soft, not new, chamois.

The Piano Keys To a bowl of lukewarm water, add a tablespoonful of alcohol. Wring a soft cloth from this almost dry. Rub cloth on a cake of Ivory Soap. Wipe off keys. Polish at once with a clean, soft cloth.

Oil Paintings
A Famous Artist's Way

Have at hand plenty of clean, warm water (not over 100 degrees), a good-sized, first quality silk sponge and a soft cloth. Wipe off all dirt. Then dip sponge in water, rub on just a little Ivory Soap and go over the painting quickly and gently. Rinse thoroughly and dry with the cloth.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts, or two small cakes into four quarts of water. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about fifteen minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in china or glass jars. Use as needed.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only at house-cleaning time, but also in the kitchen, the laundry and for general household use.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses in the Garden

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Left to Right: Mr. Beckman, Ruth, Mrs. Beckman, Selma, Mr. Paulson; in Front, Thyra, Who Was Rescued

How Shensi's Martyrs Died

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES AND THEIR CHILDREN, RELATED BY E. R. BECKMAN, WHO ESCAPED

SOME time ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD made mention of the attack on workers of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission in China. At that time, the available information was very brief. We are now enabled, through the kindness of a friend of the missionaries in Barron, Wis., to give to the world the real facts concerning the awful tragedy, which resulted in the death of eight foreigners — missionaries and their children —at the hands of a mob in Sian, the capital of Shensi. It has taken a long time to get particulars about this case, because those who were rescued had to remain at a military school for a period of six weeks, till the authorities deemed it safe to escort them to the coast. During this long interval, the officials prevented any communication regarding the massacre from reaching the outside world.

Sianfu is the capital of Shensi, and is located about a thousand miles from the coast. At this place the mission had erected a preparatory school for the children of missionaries on that field. Some of the parents sent their children a hundred miles by cart to attend this school. At the time of the attack there were six pupils at school, and they were all murdered, together with their beloved "Aunt" Beckman and their faithful teacher, Mr. W. T. Vatne.

The revolutionary movement sprang up very suddenly, so it was impossible for missionaries in the far interior to reach any of the distant ports for better security; and they put confidence in the firm promise of protection by the revolutionary as well as imperial leaders.

In a recent letter to friends in America, Mr. Beckman tells of the tragedy, and his remarkable escape with his youngest child—a girl four years old. While he was conducting a service in the west suburb, on Sunday forenoon, October 22, 1911, soldiers suddenly rushed by into the city to attack the Manchus in the eastern section. On his way home to the south suburb in the afternoon, Mr. Beckman and his native helper were robbed of their horses by revolutionary soldiers. But when the matter was reported to an official, he returned the horses to them, bidding them depart in peace.

"This same Sunday, toward eventide," writes Mr. Beckman, "the natives at our station felt disturbed and wished to leave, when they saw flames of burning houses and heard the tumult of war in the Manchurian quarters. We talked of leaving our station for a place where we could feel more secure. We came to the conclusion that it would be as safe to remain as to flee. Mr. Vatne suggested that he and one of the Chinese would keep watch that night, while the rest of us tried to get some rest.

"About midnight, Mr. Vatne aroused us by a sharp rap on the window. We made haste to get the children ready, and hurried downstairs. The gate to our compound was already set afire, so we rushed to the back yard, hoping to escape over the wall by means of a ladder. I heard gun-firing even from that direction, and I feared we were already surrounded by the mob. The ladder had been removed by our native helpers when they escaped, and in the dark it could not be found. Mr. Vatne and my wife went into the house to take along some things of necessity, while I managed to get a wheelbarrow, a piece of timber and a rope to the wall, which was twelve feet high.

"Mr. Vatne placed himself on the wall, and I began helping the children up. We had got Selma over, and Oscar was on the wall. Just then Selma gave a frightful scream, and Mr. Vatne jumped down to her. I heard two shots and through fright at what they might have done I almost dropped little Ruth. But I placed her on the wall and we called to Mr. Vatne several times. Ruth screamed frightfully, and I took her down. Oscar also came down. I did not dare to put any more of the children over the wall. I got hold of a pickax, and we took refuge in a shed close by, where I began working a hole through the wall; but it had soon to be given up, for the gate was burned down, and the mob entered. We heard them smash the windows of the house. They took what they wanted and set the house afire. The same was done in the schoolroom close by us. We kept as quiet as possible, so as not to draw their attention to where we were. With our youngest child in my arms, I sat praying. The children gathered round me. We gave ourselves over to the will of God. One of the looters entered a little shed close by us, but did not observe us.

"We consulted what to do in case they should find us, which my wife greatly feared would happen. I suggested that we keep close to the sides—that if the door should be opened, they might not observe us, and perhaps would leave. 'If they break the door,' said my wife, 'we must flee for our lives.' We continued praying. It appeared as though we might be left alone, as the mob began to withdraw. But suddenly, with three heavy blows, the door was smashed. Mrs. Beckman rushed out, and the children and I followed. We hurried past the burning houses without encountering any of the mob, but a voice behind us called out, 'Now they run!' When we came to the front gate, I was ahead of the others. When I saw the mob, I hestitated, because, with a four-year-old child in my arms, I could see no way of pressing through the crowd, who, with weapons and torches, were thirsting for our blood. The light from the burning houses and the voices behind made it impossible to turn back. Mrs. Beckman, followed by the children, rushed past me. We all got into the crowd at the same time, and I could no longer see what happened to the others.

"I jumped over a ditch, that if possible I might get to the west side of the mob. Soon I received a heavy blow on the right shoulder. A good many took after me, and knock by knock struck my legs. Noticing that the blows became less frequent, I had hopes of outrunning my pursuers. Finally, I had but one following me, and his knocking did not reach me. I ran past a cross-road, and glanced round to see if I

Continued on next page

The Late W. T. Vatne

The Destroyed Mission Station

PROGRESS AT THE BIG CANAL

The Lock Chambers at Pedro Miguel | The Culebra Cut | Building the Famous Gatun Locks

THE stupendous progress that is being made toward the completion of the Panama Canal was brought very forcibly to the attention of the American public by an incident that took place in Germany a few days ago. Colonel Goethals, chief engineering officer in charge, is now on a combination business and vacation trip to Europe, and it was an invitation of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany to Colonel Goethals which brought the subject of Panama into the public eye again. While in Berlin the American engineer took luncheon with Kaiser Wilhelm, the Kaiserin and Princess Louise. Afterward he told the ever-present reporters that he had found the Kaiser to be a charming host as well as a most delightful companion. Kaiser Wilhelm expressed the keenest friendly interest in the stories of how the great problems which have presented themselves in the construction of the canal have been solved and in the machinery that is being used.

The accompanying pictures give a slight idea of the immense proportions of the work. The length and depth of the great locks are well illustrated by the picture of one of the locks at Pedro Miguel. The Gatun Locks have been, perhaps, the most talked-of section of the canal unless it be the world-famous Culebra Cut. It is here that time after time the engineers have considered the difficulty practically conquered, when down from the sides of the excavation there would come a great avalanche of earth and stone, destroying large sections of their work.

Seemingly unsatisfied with this capacity for worrying the engineers, it has lately seen fit to develop a new one, for according to the latest news item an imitation of a volcano in embryo has been unearthed. The first reports were really quite distressing, but later the geologist of the canal informed the public through some of the great newspapers that as nearly as he could figure the matter out, the appearance of smoke and blue flame was due to a chemical action which was taking place in the newly uncovered bed of lignite. A well-known geologist and mining engineer of New York City has stated that when this mineral is present under conditions similar to those at Panama, oxidation takes place, and there is a consequent rise in the temperature of the mass. This gives rise to a cloud of white smoke. Upon a further increase of temperature, the lighter gases present in the lignite will be driven off and in the end spontaneous combustion takes place, accompanied by light blue vapor or the appearance of a flame.

Most recent reports from the engineering parties on the canal seem encouraging to those who are looking forward to its completion in time for the official celebration in 1915.

HOW SHENSI'S MARTYRS DIED

could detect some safe hiding-place, because I realized that I should drop if I could not soon get some rest. I was now at a low orchard, flooded with water, surrounded by high banks, and I jumped into the water. I noticed that the east side was quite dark, and I crept up near the bank there, where my pursuer could not see me. When others came up, he assured them that the one who got away was a man, that he carried a child, and that he saw him jump into the water. They were hunting for me, but no one dared to come down from the bank into the water. They cursed my ability to run. The other foreigners did not get away, they said; and when I heard this, it was only the fact that I had a child to save that kept me from going back to die with the others.

"Mrs. Beckman and our little Ruth (age seven) and Hulda Bergstrom (age eleven) had fallen near the gate. Hilda Nelson (age fifteen) had reached a short distance westward and tried to escape among the grave mounds near by, where she was struck down. George Ahlstrand (age ten) must have tried to follow me, because his lifeless body was found near the cross-road.

"I prayed the Lord to guide me. My pursuers called to some of the others to bring torches; but I was still too tired to move. Soon the torches were there, and one man called out, 'There he sits,' and he threw his pole at me in such a way that it struck me on the arm and little Thyra on the legs. Then I rose up and walked out into the water. Large pieces of mud struck my head, but caused no injury. Luckily, there were no stones round there. Soon I understood that they could no longer see me, for they began asking each other which way I went. Their own torches blinded their eyes, while my way became light. I could see where to go, could observe their movements, and could hear their speech. They hurried to surround the orchard and put guards at each place where they thought it possible for a person to climb up. Some said 'he went here,' others 'there.' I prayed God to help me up at the north side. I crept down by a tree and sat down in the water, and the cold water made my swollen feet more comfortable.

"All fear was now gone. As soon as I noticed that none were at the north side, I rose and went

Continued from preceding page

toward that way. I splashed in the water as I walked along, which they must have heard, because two men came around with their torches. Therefore I had to creep down in the water again while they passed by, keeping myself close to a tree so that they could not see me. As soon as they were back to their starting-place, I rose up. I had prayed for guidance, and the star of hope shone in my heart. After standing a while to let the water run from my clothes, I walked slowly toward the north edge, and gained a foothold on a heap of mud. I could hardly lift Thyra on top of the bank above, and when she was placed there, she began sobbing. Then I had to take her down. I told her if she began crying, those ugly men would come and hit us again; but if she would be quiet, I should soon be on the bank with her. She seemed to understand, and ceased weeping. Having again placed her on the bank, I made an attempt to get up, but only tore down some mud, which rolled into the water.

"How I prayed God to help me! I tried again, and really got up. No one was after me, and I picked up my darling—all I had left on earth—and started off toward the north. I did not look back toward the burning houses—it was sad enough to know that my beloved wife and my darling Ruth lay slain there, together with the other children. I thought of Mr. Vatne and Selma, wondering if they were alive, and where they could be. I continued walking unhindered and arrived at the back gate of the mission station in the west suburb. As soon as I rapped and spoke my name I was let in. The friends here knew something about our dangerous situation, as one of our native helpers had fled here when the mob approached. After answering their eager questions, to the effect that the little girl and myself were probably the only ones who had escaped, tears were shed by my fellow workers and by the Christian Chinese.

"Dry clothes were given us, and the kind friends took charge of Thyra. A place was given us to rest, but I could not rest. I went outside with others, for we feared that even here the mob would come.

"While the excitement still was great, I could bear up under the heartrending sorrow that had befallen me; but toward morning my feelings began to claim their right of way. Sorrow, regret, fear, restlessness—oh, what a change from the calmness and courage I had realized in the midst of the worst of it! Also little Thyra began to weep bitterly. I began praying, and through prayer the child was comforted; but as soon as I stopped praying, she began crying. This led me to continue praying, and anew I yielded myself to the Lord, to live or die, just as he would have it. The friends gathered round, and we had a season of prayer, and had our strength renewed in the presence of the Lord.

"From the military school located just across the road from the mission station, we were informed that we were in great danger, because the mob at the south suburb had decided to come here to the west suburb to continue their violence. No guards were to be had, since the soldiers were all in the city fighting with the Manchus,' who were mercilessly slaughtered. Most of the natives who used to be around us had fled. Three of those who had remained procured muskets from the military school, and acted as guards before our gate. The instructor from the military school invited us to the compounds of his school for better protection.

"After coming here we heard various rumors regarding Mr. Vatne and my daughter Selma. Some reports said they were killed, others that Mr. Vatne was still alive, bound to a tree. The authorities did not permit any of us foreigners to go in search of them, but the native Christians did their best to locate them. We felt an awful anxiety for two days, until we learned that they had been murdered by the mob after having fled eight miles toward the mountains.

"It is said that the revolutionary leader stamped in anger when he heard what had happened to us, saying, 'Are our Chinese people really so foolish that they want to draw the revenge of foreign powers down upon us through such outrageous attacks?'

"Three of the leaders who planned and instigated the attack on us have been punished by death, and their bodies hung up as a warning to others. Some of the officials say more of the culprits will yet be punished, and they try to comfort me as best they can; but there is no comfort save in the Lord and in submission to him."

LANDS THAT ARE YET UNKNOWN

VAST SECTIONS OF THE EARTH THAT STILL AWAIT EXPLORATION

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN'S conquest of the South Pole, coming so closely after Peary's great feat in the North, has given rise to the question, "Is there anything more to be done in the field of exploration?" This question is now being asked on all sides, yet there is a very ready answer to it. There is yet much to be achieved. When Peary's victory was announced, there were some who regretted his having discovered the North Pole, as they considered nothing more was left in the field of adventure for other brave spirits. For over four hundred years the Boreal center had been the goal geographers, scientists and explorers had tried to attain.

Peary deserves credit for his feat of almost unparalleled endurance, and the public gives him his due meed of credit, willingly and unstintingly; but what did Peary actually accomplish? Merely the discovery of the Pole. From a utilitarian standpoint it would seem that the results of his achievement will count but little in the future. No new lands were mapped by him, no new discoveries made of territories or islands. His track from Cape Columbia was only about thirty miles broad. Nothing was seen but the expanse of snow and shifting ice.

Now, let us look at the map of the Arctic regions. Following Peary's track we are enabled to fill in on the map, on the open space, a strip thirty miles in width extending from Cape Columbia to the Pole. Practically all of the vast expanse of ocean included between the eightieth and the one hundred and eighth parallels of west longitude and extending from the seventy-second degree of north latitude to the Pole is absolutely unexplored and totally unknown, with the exception of a few islands southwest of Grant Land. Of many lands in the Arctic regions which already have been sighted by explorers, all is yet to be learned. Only the merest parts of most of them have been touched, and almost all have yet to be definitely surveyed.

Among the islands of the Arctic and the Sub-Arctic, there is still much exploration to be done. For instance, Baffin Island, the second largest in the world if Australia is reckoned a continent, has hardly been investigated at all, though lying partly in the North Temperate Zone. Nothing whatever is known of the interior. The Eskimos report that there are two large lakes, but no white man has penetrated so far as to see them; the coast has never been definitely outlined, save from the Gifford River to Cape Hallowell.

In 1850, Captain Collinson of the Franklin Search Expedition sighted land some two degrees south of Point Barrow in Alaska. No man has reported seeing that land since. Many parts of Alaska are still unknown, and had it not been for the gold rush to Yukon, almost the whole of it would still be an unknown territory. Thousands of square miles in northern Canada have never echoed the voice of civilization. Vast tracts of the country lying between Hudson Bay and Alaska are totally unknown and many of the marks on the maps represent only the shrewd guessing of the cartographer. In Labrador only a small amount of pioneer exploration has been accomplished, and much of it is due to Dr. Wilfred Grenfell and Mr. Dillon Wallace. In the northwest there is an arm of the peninsula about 110,000 square miles in area which is an entirely unknown country.

In Antarctica

As to the Antarctic, despite the labors of Borchgrevink, Scott, Van Drygalski, Nordenskjold and Shackleton within the last dozen years or so, the vast region surrounding the South Pole is yet enveloped in mystery. What Amundsen has added to geographical knowledge concerning this region remains to be seen. We have little definite knowledge as to the great space of which the Pole is the center. It has been asumed that Alexander Land, Victoria Land, King Edward VII Land and other lands represent the borders of an Antarctic continent the area of which is approximated at four millions of square miles, or about one-half the area comprised within the Antarctic Circle. Aside from the narrow area lying between 150 and 170 degrees east longitude to the Pole, the track followed by the expeditions, little has been definitely determined.

Outside the Polar regions there are hundreds of thousands of square miles of land surface, not to speak of water, upon which the eyes of the white man have never gazed. Even in Europe are areas of which nothing is known. Tracts in Albania and Montenegro have not been surveyed, and some students of geographical science claim that fully two-thirds of the land surface of Asia have yet to be explored, but this is to be doubted.

A large part of the northern portion of Siberia is absolutely a closed territory to modern investigation, yet its coast line is audaciously traced on the map as if all its configurations had been surveyed. Outside the track of the Trans-Siberian Railroad and the course of a few rivers, much of the country is virtually an unknown stretch of forest and swamp. North of the Arctic Circle, Siberia is a land almost as impenetrable as the wastes of Antarctica. A few of the large rivers emptying into the Arctic have been definitely traced, but that is about all. It will be remembered that it was on the banks of the Lena that the remains of DeLong and his comrades of the Gordon Bennett expedition of 1882 were found.

Asia's Unknown Wastes

A desert, embracing about one-third of Central Asia, has never been penetrated by the explorer. No nomadic tribes, no wandering Tartars, no venturesome Mongols have ever crossed the forbidden wastes of that Gobi desolation, and what lies in the interior is solely a matter of conjecture.

The Chinese hinterland holds secrets which the Mongolian has never been able to lay bare. The ancient hostility of the yellow race to the white man is accountable for lack of knowledge of vast areas of the Celestial kingdom. Inner Mongolia is comparatively speaking a waste on the map of China.

An Outline Map of the World Showing in Black as Nearly as Can Be Defined the Unexplored Portions of the Globe

The great plateau of the Himalayas on the north, stretching into Chinese Turkestan and Tibet, has baffled scientific investigation. Chinese Turkestan, sometimes called Chinese Tartary, has defied both the daring and the cunning of the traveler. Few of the outside world have entered it, and no one has yet been able to tell definitely either its extent or the number and nature of its inhabitants. The open spaces on the map indicate the great plains which have not yet been explored. Here the source of the mighty river Brahmaputra has never been traced.

Tibet until recently has been the mystery of the world, and even now almost the whole of the interior is sealed to the white adventurer. The Dalai Lama, the Buddhist Pope, has guarded its secrets well. This Oriental potentate has his headquarters at Lhasa, "the forbidden city," a walled stronghold, the Mecca of Buddhism. Younghusband, Landor and Sven Hedin are about the only white men who have gone into this unknown land and returned to tell any kind of a tale concerning it.

In Burma, the rise of the river Irrawaddi has not been determined. Of the interior of Siam we know nothing, and the same may be said of the jungle-country of Malaysia.

Coming to the southwest of the continent, we find large tracts on the map wholly undetermined. A great deal of Persia, as well as much of Afghanistan and Baluchistan, are yet to be opened up by the explorer. But of all the countries of Asia, strange to say, Arabia, so rich in historic memories of the early time, is now the least known. It is more of a mystery than Tibet. Almost the entire southern half, according to native report, is a vast wilderness called Ruba el-Khali, or "Dwelling of the Void." There is scarcely a trace to indicate that any part of it is within the sphere of modern knowledge.

A great deal has been determined about Africa within recent years, but there is much yet to learn. For every explorer of half a century or so ago there are a score now, but withal the Dark Continent still holds many secrets.

We shall not take into consideration the Sahara, largest desert in the world. In the country adjacent, throughout the Soudan region, and in the Belgian and French Congo are thousands of square miles wholly unknown. Even in British and German East Africa much is to be done. Several of the coast countries have only been penetrated a few miles inland. This may be said of the Gold Coast and the Ivory Coast. There is scarcely a dot on the map of Italian Somaliland on the east of the continent to show a traveler's trail, while on the west is Liberia, in which Americans take much interest, with the greater part of its surface unknown.

On the farther side of Egypt lies the great Libyan Desert, a region which, from the remotest times, has repelled the traveler. Only attempts have been made at defining the boundaries of its desolation. In truth, the vast territory of sand and slate and salt and rock stretching from the Atlantic through the Sahara, the Libyan Desert, Nubia and thence into Arabia, is still as solitary and remote as in the times when Abraham set forth from Babylon.

In South Africa, had it not been for the frequent wars, the discovery of the diamond fields, and the consequent interest and attention centered on the countries there, much would still be involved in darkness. As it is, there are tracts in German Southwest Africa and Bechuanaland, as well as in Rhodesia, which have not as yet been investigated.

The Unknown in South America

There is not a country of the large continent of South America fully explored. Here there is a wide virgin field for the cartographer. Colombia, a state teeming in rich minerals—platinum and gold—has more than 200,000 square miles of area which the white man has never penetrated. There are 40,000 square miles of Ecuador, one of the smallest countries of the continent, yet unexplored. In Bolivia there are 275,000 square miles of llanos and plains as unknown as in the days of the Incas.

Lying within the basin of the head waters of the Amazon in western Brazil are three regions much larger in area than all the New England States which are still outside the pale of our knowledge. This large territory lies between the parallels of 10 degrees south latitude and 5 degrees north latitude and the meridians of 60 degrees and 73 degrees west longitude. Not a country of South America has been accurately defined and fully explored. The great difficulties with which the scientist must contend in mapping this continent in the equatorial regions account for the large areas still uncharted. It is the hardest section in the world to penetrate. Dense forests, a deadly climate inducing the worst scourges of disease, as yellow fever, cholera, beriberi, etc., the fierce wild beasts, poisonous serpents and savage tribes are some of the obstacles to be encountered in penetrating the Amazon country.

The entire central portion of Australia is an unknown tract save for a direct line in which the transcontinental telegraph system has been laid. The greatest difficulty was encountered in stretching the wires across the desert waste and the small strip thus opened up is all that is known of the heart of the island continent. It is supposed to be a vast sandy plain, interspersed here and there with salt lakes to vary the horrible monotony. Hundreds of daring men have tried to penetrate its mysteries and most of them have paid for their temerity with their lives. Then there is the "Never-Never" land in Western Queensland, into which many have gone and few have returned. In the south of the country, extending for hundreds of miles inland from the great Australian Bight, is a *terra incognita*, the extent and nature of which can only be surmised.

In the large island of New Guinea is an unknown area greater than the whole of New England. From New Guinea to New Caledonia there are many large islands yet to be traveled by the white man.

It is evident that there is much yet to be done in the way of exploration. The discovery of the poles hasn't solved all the problems of geographical science. Many others remain just as difficult and infinitely more important—enough to keep the explorers going for many a day and year to come.

JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.A.

A SERMON

By

Rev. D. J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.*

THE EASTER SUN

TEXT: "And very early in the morning they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun." Mark 16: 2

IT WAS a doleful night in the Vale of Weeping. The disciples had hoped all along that Christ would restore the glory to Israel; but, alas, he was dead! He was lying in a rock-hewn sepulcher with his hands folded over his breast. The eyes that had looked on suffering with divine compassion were closed. The gracious lips that had spoken as never man spake were dumb. The feet that had gone about on errands of mercy were wrapped in red-stained cere-cloth. Great Heart was dead!

The silence of the night without the sepulcher was broken only by the footfall of sentinels pacing to and fro. On a sudden the earth began to tremble; a great light shone from heaven and the soldiers fell as dead men. A troop of angels appeared and rolled the stone away; and he came forth, wiping the death dew from his brow.

The Resurrection Dawn

Now, look yonder! Over the heights of Bethshemesh there is a glimmering of dawn; a golden mist is rising from the Mediterranean; and behold, the sun "flames in the forehead of the morning sky." Oh, glorious sun! In the light of that morning the world has been growing brighter all along the succeeding ages. In its light the children of sorrow have caught the glow of a blessed hereafter and conceived a "hope that maketh not ashamed." In its light we find the solution of every problem that has to do with everlasting life.

> How calm and beautiful the morn
> That gilds the sacred tomb,
> Where Christ the crucified was borne
> And veiled in midnight gloom!
> The gates of death were closed in vain;
> The Lord is risen; he lives again!

The light of that morning shines with revealing power on the Manger of Bethlehem. The Child there wrapped in swaddling bands was he of whom it had been written, "A virgin shall conceive and bear a Son and shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." Is it a mystery? Yes, surely. "Great is the mystery of godliness; God manifest in flesh; the angels desire to look into it." No mortal mind can explain how Godhood and manhood are interwoven, as warp and woof, in the person of this only-begotten Son. However, the world is full of inexplicable mysteries which are nevertheless indisputable facts. But is the Incarnation such a fact? Was Jesus of Nazareth what he claimed to be? "I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ or not!" So demanded the high priest, and his challenge finds an echo in the experience of all thoughtful men. "Show us a sign," cried the rabbis; and the heart of the world responds, "Show us a sign, whether thou be the Christ or not." His answer is forthcoming: "There shall no sign be given you but the sign of the prophet Jonas; for as he was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." So be it. We will take him at his word. He proposes to vanquish death and thus vindicate his claim.

"O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?"

Death has the right of way. Always? Nay, not in Joseph's garden. Here Christ meets Death and vanquishes him. In the darkness of the sepulcher he fights his battle single-handed and comes forth crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The sign is fulfilled. Jonas is delivered from the belly of hell! Thus does Jesus of Nazareth vindicate his right to the name "Emmanuel," which was written on his swaddling bands. For by his resurrection he hath shown himself with power to be the veritable Son of God.

The light of the Easter sun rests also on the tragedy of the Cross. On its transverse beam is inscribed "Jesus." The claim of redemption is in that word. For it was written, "They shall call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." No other of the children of men has ever put forth such a stupendous claim. He said of himself: "The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin." The reason why he could forgive sin was because he "bare our sins in his own body on the tree." But how shall we know that his death had such saving value in the sight of God?

It all depends on the miracle of his resurrection. Show us the sign! "For if Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain; and your faith also is vain; ye are yet in your sins." He affirms that he is able to save unto the uttermost all that will believe in him. Let him prove it!

How did the Philistines learn that Samson was the unconquerable champion of Israel? They shut him up within the gates of Gaza; they fastened the bolts and compassed him about with guards; and lo, he "arose at midnight and took the two gates and the posts thereof and carried them up to the hill of Hebron." At the break of day the Philistines saw him yonder, leaning on their gates and bars and laughing at their discomfiture. So do we learn the redeeming power of God's only-begotten Son. His soul could not be kept within the gates of Sheol. He came forth with the keys at his girdle. Thus the Yea and Amen of God was put upon his power to save. And now, I know! "I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day!"

The Illuminated Book

The light of the Easter morning falls also upon the Bible as the Word of God. It is the one Book of all the sacred books of the world that has to do with everlasting life. It treats man not as an ephemera living for a handbreadth of time, but as a child of God, made in his likeness and after his image, and destined to live forever. It treats death not as a fatal accident but as merely an incident in life. Does death end all? Not in the philosophy of this Book. Death ends nothing; it begins all. Life here is merely the vestibule in which we robe ourselves for the life farther on.

And this Book of the Endless Life is also the biography of the Lord of Life. He walks through its pages like a king through the corridors of his palace, from its opening prophecy of the Seed of Woman to its last vision of the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in his wings. And always he walks as the Lord of Life.

So when by his resurrection he vindicates his authority as the Incarnate Word of God he, by the same token, vindicates the authority of the written Word. The Bible and his resurrection go hand in hand. Find me a man who disbelieves this Book and I will show you one who lifts his eyebrows at the resurrection of Christ. In these days of Biblical controversy, when all sorts of arguments are presented *pro* and *contra*, let this fact be deeply emphasized; that, when all is said and done, the ultimate and incontrovertible argument for the truth of Scripture is in the resurrection of Christ as the Incarnate Word and therefore the living complement of the Written Word of God.

The light of Easter is thrown also upon the church. The church is founded upon the proposition, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." If that can be demonstrated, the church with its propaganda has a reason for life. Otherwise it has none. For if Christ be not risen our preaching is vain.

> Heavy fall the shadows on the dim horizon:
> Veiled the starry eyes from wistful eyes below;
> Cold and still thou liest in thine earthly prison;
> Whither, Lord and Master, whither shall we go?

It is not surprising that Peter and his fellow disciples lost heart after the crucifixion. He said, "I go a fishing," and they said, "We also go with thee." Why not? Why should they continue their itineraries among the villages of Galilee preaching the saving power of the Gospel of Christ if he himself had gone the way of all flesh? Their occupation was truly at an end; and there was nothing left but to return to their boats and nets. But when they met Christ face to face and knew that he who had been dead was living and alive forevermore, they were straightway baptized with power and enthusiasm and went everywhere preaching the Gospel, because there was substantial ground for it.

Nor is it surprising that Paul, as inquisitor of the Sanhedrin, went up and down breathing slaughter against the followers of Christ. Why not? He "verily thought that he was doing God's service"; for, to his mind, the death of Christ had proven the falsity of his claim; so that his Gospel was a manifest imposture. Was ever a man so taken aback as he when he met the living Christ on that journey down to Damascus? Right about face, now! There was no alternative for the conscientious man. He saw that the Saviourship of Jesus had been verified by his triumph over death. What could he do thenceforth but go everywhere proclaiming, "This Jesus is the Christ."

And this is the commission of the church. "Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel!" The Gospel is true; and the obligation of Truth is upon every man and woman in this world of ours. Wherefore go tell all people that Christ is risen from the dead and that he hath power on earth to forgive sin.

"Rabboni!"—"My Master!"

The light of the Easter morning falls thus on all the pathway of the Christian life. The promise of Christ is, "Lo, I am with you alway. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." What does that mean?

In some quarters there is an effort to explain it away as a reference to his influential presence. We hear much also of the "immanence" of Christ. I do not like the word "immanence" in this connection. It has a cold, mechanical sound. It suggests the enveloping atmosphere, which presses upon us always with a power of fifteen pounds to the square inch or thereabouts. This is not the meaning of Christ in the promise referred to; he said precisely what he meant, namely, that he would be personally with us. And he is thus with us as our friend and counselor and guide. He links arms with us, as it were, and walks beside us in all our journey through the Valley of Tears, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, through the gates into the heavenly city.

So it appears that all that makes life worth living is emphasized and glorified in the sunrise of Easter Day. If Christ be not risen, we are bereaved indeed! "If in this life only we have hope in Christ Jesus we are of all men most miserable."

The soul of Mary of Magdala was cast down within her while Jesus lay in his sepulcher. He had been her dearest friend. He had lent a helping hand to lift her from the deepest mire. And he was dead! It was as if the light of her eyes had gone out. Thus she lingered at the empty grave when the other women had gone their way. Hearing a footstep behind her she turned and, seeing with her tear-dimmed eyes a man whom she supposed to be the gardener, she cried, "O sir, if thou hast taken him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him." He spoke—a word only, a word whereat the currents of her life went surging hot and fast: "Mary!" Hope, happiness, heaven, all sprang to life again; and falling at his feet she cried, "Rabboni!"—that is to say, "My master!" Thus the hope of the resurrection morning translates itself at once into happiness and usefulness. Our profession of faith can find no deeper or higher expression than this: "My Master!"

Shine, O Easter Sun!

God help us to keep our windows open toward the Easter dawn. Break, O morning of the Resurrection, upon our souls, too often overwhelmed by sordid doubts and fears! Shine upon the universal church that it may go forth conquering and to conquer in the name of the risen Christ. Shine into the trysting places where we make our feeble prayers, and give us faith to realize that he ever liveth to make intercession for us! Shine into our night of sorrow, that, looking from the darkness of an open grave to the glory of an open heaven, we may praise him in whom life and immortality are brought to light! Blessed be God for the daybreak of the resurrection. Oh, glorious sun!

* Pastor, Marble Collegiate Pulpit (Reformed), New York.

HIS MATCHLESS WORTH

THIS day our Saviour we exalt
Above all other men.
He lived our life without a fault,
He triumphed over sin.
Among the lowly ones of earth
The Saviour showed his matchless worth.

Bound down by sin, no hope had we
To share the joys of heaven.
The Saviour came and set us free;
Through him we are forgiven.
He bore the cross that we might live;
Eternal life was his to give.

Forth from the grave the Saviour rose,
The battle fought and won!
Triumphant over all his foes,
God's well-beloved Son!
Exalt the name of Jesus now;
The victor's crown adorns his brow.

This Easter morn—this day of days,
His triumph we recall.
Let us with angels sing his praise
And own him Lord of all.
The Son of God now reigns above;
Oh, who can slight his wondrous love?

Passaic, N. J. JOHN M. MORSE.

Porta Capuana, Naples

(See illustration on cover page)

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, Italy.
ROBERT BROWNING.

ALL people agree, in every language of the world, in calling Naples "the beautiful." Set on the ancient weather-beaten hills that rise out of her noble bay on the shores of the midland sea, Naples rises in beauty supreme over all other cities of southern Europe. Nor is Naples unique in transcendent beauty alone; in one other characteristic she is supreme; and this is noise. *La Bella Napoli* is never quiet, never asleep. Morning, noon, night, midnight, dawn, full break of day, the weary traveler has waited in vain for the noise to abate. This is the ordinary state of affairs, while on market day the din is nothing short of wonderful. Truly, the cheerfulest sight in Naples is the Neapolitans. One may weary of her noises, but her street life is of unfailing interest. Neapolitans of all classes literally live out of doors. Gay and fine of spirit, taking little thought of the morrow, they are perfect examples of the happiness that may be found in sunshine. Even the very poor in Naples are not in the least melancholy, while the tradespeople and working class are the most persistently happy people in the world. There is a delightfully characteristic Neapolitan market-day song, the refrain of which is:

Market day, market day, if I have sold nothing this market day,
I will come again next market day and sell you fruit from my garden.

Our cover subject is a typical early morning market scene at the Porta Capuana in old Naples. For charm of subject, color and winsomeness there are few *genre* pictures of the early nineteenth century comparable to it. Vincenzo Migliaro, the painter of the picture, is an artist of rare distinction who, still living among his beloved Neapolitans, declares, when asked the secret of his phenomenal success in portraying Italian life, "I have but to set my easel anywhere and paint what I see." Vincenzo Migliaro, for spiritual power and the portrayal of typical Italian life along the street ways, ranks among the first best painters of his time.

Anvil Sparks

..WHEN you dodge duty, you turn out of the way.

..WHEN a lie looks white there is something wrong with the vision.

..HE WHO is never misunderstood never does much that is worth while.

..SOME folks are good to their vices; they endeavor not to work them on the Sabbath day.

..WHEN a sinner does go to church, he hates to listen to the service from behind a profusion of millinery.

..MORNING is always the farthest away to those who keep gazing toward the place where the sun went down.

Men and Miracles

By Eugene Thwing

GIVE us water that we may drink!" cried the people, angrily, to Moses at Rephidim. There was no water to give them, and they knew it. But Moses had stretched out his rod over the sea and it had parted for them; he had cast branches of a tree into the bitter waters of Marah, and they were made sweet; he had told God of their hunger, and bread was rained from heaven. Moses represented to them a miracle-working power. They had grown accustomed to miracles from the time Moses first arrived at Pharaoh's court on his errand of liberation. Now they were thirsty and there was no water. Immediately they demanded another miracle and got it when, at God's command, Moses smote the rock and the water gushed out. Poor, weak, helpless slaves! How much they needed the forty years' hard life in the wilderness!

We are just like them. We are constantly beseeching the Almighty for miracles to supply our wants, to win our battles, to offset our mistakes. We set our hearts on some particular thing for our church, or our business, or our home. We have seen the wonders of God's generous and merciful providence in the past, and we expect them to be ready to our order again, forgetting that we may be mistaken in our plans, and forgetting that we should be fighting our own battles, with courage and faith in our hearts.

. . .

THE man who is alive and awake to-day, who has caught the right sense of his relation to the forces of nature and the forces of the soul, who studies his possibilities instead of brooding over his limitations, who has in him the God-given spirit of ruler and conqueror—this man is not spending much time crying to heaven for miracles.

He realizes that he is, himself, in his wonderful faculties of soul and body and in the splendid reach of his growing powers, God's greatest miracle, and that he is commanded and expected to be the agent of his Creator in the performance of his own miracles of achievement.

Moses struck the rock at God's command and the water gushed out. The people were primitive and helpless, and needed miraculous supply. There were no post-graduates in the school of human miracle-workers then. Modern man would have distilled sea-water, or dynamited the clouds, or drilled the earth a thousand feet or more.

To-day, the miraculous achievements of conquering man on the earth, in the air and in the water are crowding one another so rapidly that the mind cannot grasp them all, and the pulse refuses to throb with excitement when some new marvel is chronicled. But we need not be greatly concerned with these more conspicuous examples of man's mastery over the physical forces of nature. It is more to the point to remember that the truth of mastery applies in the lesser and more individual affairs of our daily life. If that were not so there would be little real use or inspiration and comfort in it for most of us. We are constantly finding ourselves in need of the strength to prevail in our business or in the domestic routine. So tired and discouraged do we become at times that it seems as if nothing short of a miracle will set things right. Just then, of all times, do we need a clear vision, a strong faith in God, and an unyielding persistency supported by determination and full confidence in the possibilities of our own dominant ego.

. . .

A YOUNG man had been holding down a five-dollar-a-week job in one of the big insurance companies for several years. It was getting to be a habit. Men higher up dropped out, but their places were always filled by friends of those still higher up. The "line" did not seem to move. The young man began to feel that he was doomed to a narrow, profitless life. He could see nothing ahead for him. One day he discovered that he wanted to get married. Five dollars a week! What mockery! Nothing short of a miracle could connect him with an income sufficient to support a wife.

He appealed to a friend to perform such a miracle, or to direct him to some worker of wonders in his behalf. The friend complied at once by putting the young man face to face with himself. "If you will come to me as a stenographer and typewriter, I'll start you in a place here," he told him.

Well, of course that was impossible, replied the young man, because he didn't know the first thing about either stenography or typewriting. Then the friend treated him to some very plain talk about the possibilities within the grasp of the young man who *wills*. He succeeded in rousing the spirit of the conqueror in him. About two months later the young man had qualified for the new position, and soon thereafter he was winning prizes offered for expert work. This was only a beginning. Before long he had multiplied his income eight times and was supporting a charming family of his own.

. . .

SUPERHUMAN miracles are not made to order by the Almighty to please the whims or to counteract the blunders of man. At critical moments, when God sends us some great emergency outside of ourselves and beyond all our power to master, he will provide a suitable miracle to take care of the situation he has created. In the regular affairs of daily life he expects us to meet our own problems and difficulties manfully, courageously and victoriously with the strength he supplies in response to our petitions. We can safely trust him to take care of any situation which he creates, but we must not shirk our part and expect him to make up for our deficiency by his miraculous power. It is up to us to pray in faith and then to go to the utmost limit of our power to secure the answer to our own prayer. God's part begins at the point where our power ends. We must not be too hasty in thinking we have reached that point. As long as we have another moment of time and another ounce of power we can keep on trying. God knows when it is time for him to begin. Perhaps when we are feeling the extremest need, his power is ready and waiting for us, to use if we will only make the connection by faith.

THE CROSS OF GOLD

NOW light has oped the gates of morn
And crossed the far horizon bar;
While to the world new day is born,
The east glows as a single star.

Uplifted o'er cathedral tower
Against the azure skies, behold—
Emblem of centered love and power—
In glory gleams the Cross of Gold!

I gaze: and I am in control
Of Hope that sees and Faith that knows;
Across the highlands of my soul
A wind of exaltation blows.

When faint of heart I see the Light
'Tis not as Thou wouldst have me see;
Then, Lord, I cannot hear aright
The word thou sendest here to me.

When I am wearied on my way,
My heart filled with weak murmurings,
And fearful of too long delay,
Thou, pitying Lord, wilt lend me wings.

I in thy promise will abide,
That keeps my soul with hope elate,
That joys to-day to me denied
Are brightening for me while I wait.

With mind serene, all fear above,
Again I upward gaze: behold—
Emblem of centered power and love—
In glory gleams the Cross of Gold!

Lynn, Mass. GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Canton's Great Revival

CANTON, Ohio, has lately been the scene of an enthusiastic revival, led by Evangelist W. A. Sunday. He conducted wonderful meetings at Youngstown, Toledo, and Springfield, but the scenes at Canton were the most remarkable of all. Mr. Sunday labored for five weeks, speaking to large crowds but getting no convictions. Suddenly, as in the case of the Welsh revival, people became conscious of a mysterious influence which caused everybody to become anxious about their souls. Rich and poor—the mayor, bankers, lawyers and merchants—all came under the spell, and before Mr. Sunday closed, five weeks ago, there were about six thousand converts. The revival, in some of the churches, is still at white heat. Rev. Charles Recard, pastor of the United Brethren Church, who has held meetings continuously for the past month, has alone received no less than 850 new converts. At this church everybody seemed to be seized with the spirit of prayer, several being on their knees praying at once. The young men of the church formed an evangelistic band and went about the streets in groups doing personal work.

Mr. Sunday opened a revival meeting in Wheeling, W. Va., several weeks ago. The second week 750 Canton people from the various churches journeyed over and were met by a band at Wheeling station. Mr. and Mrs. Sunday headed the procession through the Wheeling streets amid lively scenes. Eighty new Bible classes have been formed at Wheeling. Every moment of the day Evangelist Sunday is planning work for his associates in factories and shops, and one cannot but admire the extraordinary self-sacrifice of the man from a physical point of view. At the invitation of the city officials of Canton, on McKinley Memorial Day he addressed an audience of 5,000 persons. A. SHELDRICK.

A SPRING SONG

UNSEEN an angel band,
A hundred thousand strong,
Passed singing through the land
And left an echoing song.

All clad in robes of flame
They passed the woodlands by,
And maples where they came
Now lift their torches high.

And now the woodlands thrill
With music tense and strange,
And to each vale and hill
Has come a wondrous change.

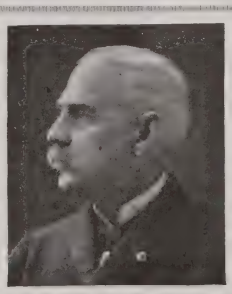
Athrill with waking life,
The birds and brooklets sing;
And, leaving wordly strife,
Our glad souls greet the Spring.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

In the Footsteps of St. Paul

WHERE PAUL FULFILLED HIS VOW—BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

The Church of God Which Is (Now) in Cenchreæ



Brush-laden Donkeys on the Road to Cenchreæ

SOME nine miles to the east of ancient Corinth was its seaport on the Ægean Sea, the then busy city of Cenchreæ. Now, though almost every vestige of the ancient city has disappeared, yet fortunately we know its site, and it is still possible to visit the shore, now silent and deserted, where the grain ships of Alexandria and Antioch, or the smaller coasting vessels from Ephesus and Thessalonica once made it one of the busiest marts of the world. Even the name has been preserved in a corrupted Greek form, as Kichries, and it can be reached from modern Corinth in about two hours' time.

In following the footsteps of St. Paul, I undertook this seldom-made journey, and was rewarded by discovering one of the most charming scenes of mountain and valley, bay and islands, that my eyes ever rested on. Many travelers visit Corinth every season. They climb the plateau to old Corinth; they view the ancient ruins lately unearthed; they climb to the top of Acro-Corinth perhaps, and see the marvelous view from this mountain citadel; and then, returning to the modern village, take the first possible train for Athens or Patras. Not one in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, ever thinks of going to Cenchreæ.

The landlord of your hotel will tell you that there is nothing there to see, and that the roads are almost impassable. Even Baedeker thinks it worthy of very scant notice, and devotes less than two lines, and that in the finest print, simply mentioning that there is such a place. Its present-day obscurity and remoteness rather enhanced my desire to visit it; and when the day was over I was exceedingly glad that neither Baedeker nor the landlord had discouraged me.

As is well known, Corinth had two ports, one at Lechæon on the Gulf of Corinth, connecting her with Italy and Dalmatia and the West, the other at Cenchreæ on the Ægean Sea, giving her access to the trade of Asia and Africa. Such a unique position was enjoyed by no other city in the world, though the modern Port Said in the Old World, commanding the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and the cities of Panama and Colon in the New World, commanding, by means of the great canal, both the Atlantic and the Pacific, have a similar situation.

But both Port Said and Panama are sectional and provincial cities as compared with Corinth in her palmy days, for all the commerce of the ancients centered in the Mediterranean, the Ægean and the Adriatic. There were for them no other seas, and Corinth controlled them all. She sent her ships to every port, and laid every land under commercial tribute to her strategic position. Thus Cenchreæ, one of her two great ports, was a place of no little importance, not only to Corinth but to all the trading world.

It was a bright day in early December that we started from New Corinth to visit the site of the city where Paul, some 1,850 years ago, fulfilled his vow, and had his hair shorn, which, because of that vow, he had for some months allowed to grow long. We do not know the occasion or purpose of this vow, but it was a common practice among the Jews, as a sign of gratitude for some special mercy or deliverance, to take a vow like that of the Nazarites: to drink no wine, to abstain from certain legal pollutions, and to allow the hair to grow until the time had expired.

It was a matter of deep religious significance to the vow-maker, and often a private matter between himself and his God. At any rate, on this occasion Paul does not deem it necessary to explain why he made the vow, and we need not inquire too curiously.

A Greek Shepherd and His Flock

Some have considered it very strange that Paul, a Christian and the head of a Christian church made up of both Jews and Gentiles, should adopt this peculiarly Jewish custom. But Paul was still a Jew, though a Christian Jew; and a ceremony that had a deep spiritual meaning to his own soul he may well have continued, even though it were characteristic of the Jews who had become his enemies.

But to return to modern Cenchreæ and our journey thither. The carriage and span that we engaged for the trip were more useful than ornamental, and the driver was apparently deaf and dumb, for he only communicated with us by signs. But the carriage was strong, the horses careful, and the driver skilful; all of which traits on the wretched roads which we had to traverse were more important than beauty and loquacity.

Our way takes us through the chief business street of modern Corinth; across the little park of pepper and pine trees; past a noisy school of vociferous children, who seem to "study out loud," as they do in China; across the railway and past the barracks where soldiers in frilled fustanellas and enormous slippers turned up at the toe, according to the Greek style, are loafing; past the street vendors of pumpkin seeds and pistachio nuts and sticks of candy of violent colors (vendors who wisely congregate near the schoolhouse and the barracks); until at last we are in the open country, where the sights change not from age to age.

Acro-Corinth, stern, imposing, majestic, a natural fortress of solid granite, looms on our right, now, as in Paul's time, the most striking feature of the landscape. Behind us, to the west, is the beautiful gulf, whose lines we can trace to its easternmost shore, where the new canal cuts through the solid rock and connects its waters with those of the Ægean. Beyond it rise the mountains of Attica, the lights and shades chasing each other across them as the fleecy clouds now obscure and now reveal the morning sun. Before us are other mighty hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," which dip their feet in the waters of both the Ægean and the Mediterranean, and stretch, a tremendous wall of Nature's masonry, across Greece from sea to sea.

Everything we see and every one we meet on the road is of interest, for all carry us back to the ancient days of glory and renown. We pass an occasional peasant in kilted skirt, who nods pleasantly to us and says, "Yassou" ("your health"). A veiled woman rides by, seated sideways on an ass, looking through the meshes of her veil in an opposite direction from the way in which she is going, but never deigning a glance of curiosity at the passing Americans; a donkey, laden with brushwood, looks like an animated woodpile, so completely is the little creature covered with his load from head to tail; a farmer, plowing the mellow soil with a crooked stick shod with iron—all these have been the commonplace sights of the road from Corinth to Cenchreæ from Paul's time to the present, but they are new and interesting to our unaccustomed eyes.

This part of Greece is very sparsely settled in these days. A few little villages dot the tableland between the seas, often cozily nestled behind tall cypress trees or Lombardy poplars; but fifteen or twenty little adobe houses would usually accommodate all their inhabitants. Three or four prosperous farms, with good brick houses and comfortable outbuildings, one also sees; but such signs of prosperity are very few and far between.

The traveler in Paul's time would probably meet a hundred people as he traveled to Cenchreæ where we meet one to-day, for a constant stream of traders and travelers then passed between the great emporium of Corinth and its busy port. Indeed, the two cities were connected by a high, continuous wall, which at times in their history was fortified with many towers, almost every trace of which has now disappeared. No busier thoroughfare probably was there in the wide world, nineteen hundred years ago, than this now deserted country lane.

Much of the land is sterile and barren, and has probably been denuded of its soil since the trees were cut from the mountains by Romans and Sicilians, Turks and Venetians. Still there are many fertile fields left; and as the plowshare turns the furrows that have been cultivated for three thousand years, the rich soil looks as if it might bear bounteously for three thousand years to come. In many places vineyards and orange groves and olive orchards relieve the stern majesty of the granite hills, and it is by no means an unpleasing prospect that greets the traveler to Cenchreæ, even in these degenerate days.

As we proceed, the road grows worse and worse. Sometimes it is simply a deep rut between two high banks. Again it makes its way over a rocky ridge, where all signs even of a rut disappear. Our ancient vehicle sways from side to side, as though it would topple over, and we assist the taciturn driver to keep its balance by shifting our weight from one side to the other, in accordance with his own movements, which are often very lively as he jumps from right to left, or back again, to avoid an overturn. At length the road ahead looks altogether too dangerous, and, much to the driver's satisfaction, we decide to dismount and go the rest of the way on foot.

But the journey is worth all it cost in danger and weariness. From the summit of the pass the view is magnificent. Before us the smiling harbor of Cenchreæ, with its encircling promontories and its lovely islands. Behind us the blue Gulf of Corinth and the western harbor of the once great metropolis; while around us on every hand, north and south and east and west, the great hills of classic Greece, each one the abode of some fabled god, each one alive with memories of a grandeur forever gone.

A quarter of a mile beyond the Cenchrean shore there is a tiny village of perhaps half a dozen huts, not near enough to interfere with our reveries or to break the solitude which broods over this ancient seaport. A single shepherd's hut stands on the shore, open and untenanted, where once was the bustle and traffic of a great seaport, where white-winged ships discharged their cargoes from Asia and Africa, or loaded the varied products of Greece for those distant shores. It is hard to bring back those old days, but we are helped to do so by the

Continued on next page

MODERN PORTRAITURE OF CHRIST

THE events in the life of Christ which the Christian world commemorates at this season of the year often suggest inquiry as to how the divine Master really appeared as a man among men. Was he tall and strong of physique, or slight and frail? Was his countenance fair to look upon? What was the color of his hair and of his eyes, and did he really have the unutterably sad expression which the artists almost uniformly give to his face?

These and other questions relative to his physical personality naturally arise, and there is nothing irreverent in their consideration. During the medieval period, and for some centuries afterward, certain artistic and ecclesiastical conventions restricted more or less the painters and sculptors who essayed to portray Christ's form and features. As so many works of art in those days were executed for church adornment, architectural considerations were influential in determining the forms and character of the compositions, and in paintings and windows for churches artistic conventions like the halo, and certain poses or groupings of the sacred personalities were adopted. But with emancipation from ecclesiastical dictation, the artists of our own day have been free to give us more realistic interpretations of Biblical subjects, and Christ and his disciples and contemporaries have been presented in a guise which we recognize as more human, more as our reason and knowledge of the time tell us they must have appeared.

It is singular that none of the four Evangelists goes into details as to the personal appearance of Christ. There is a tradition that St. Luke painted a portrait of him, but of this there is no certainty. The early Christian authors were by no means concordant in their opinions about the Master's physical aspects. Some denied him all beauty, while others regarded him as the most beautiful of all mankind. There were great confusion and inconsistencies in his portraiture for centuries, and it was the task of the Middle Ages to reduce the multitude of concepts of the likeness of Christ to a unity, a task which required centuries for its completion. To understand this, we must remember that in the early church there was at first little in the way of art. The first Christians, remembering the physical perfection in which the heathen had clothed the gods of Olympus, seemed to find a pleasure in breaking loose from this adoration of personal endowments, and in taking as their ideal of the bodily aspect of our Lord, Isaiah's picture of a patient and afflicted sufferer. The first Christians feared to indulge their tastes in the direction of art, lest they fall under the suspicion of worshiping divinities of stone like the heathen. The first efforts at art, like those of the Catacombs, were usually in the form of symbols. When attempts were at length made to portray Christ himself they usually represented him in the form of a shepherd, the figure customarily being youthful.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me"

From a painting by Otto Walter Beck

It was not until some time during the fourth century that Chrysostom and Jerome laid emphasis upon the beauty of Jesus. Details of his supposed appearance are given in a letter to the Emperor Theophilus, attributed to John of Damascus. Nicephorus Callistus, who introduced his picture of Christ with the words "as we have received it from the ancients," was impressed with the healthful appearance, stature, brown hair, not very thick but curling, black brows, not very fully arched, sea-blue eyes, shading into brown, beautiful glance, beard of moderate length, long hair and olive and somewhat ruddy complexion of the oval face.

It will thus be seen that the modern artists have much room for the play of their imagination. The present-day tendency toward realism, and toward depicting Christ as magnetic and majestic in face and form, has been marked among them. Gustave Doré and Bastien-Lepage were among the pioneers in the movement. Tissot's great work in the realistic and historical portrayal of Biblical themes and characters has done much to revolutionize the ideas of the public on the subject, and also to give truer insight into the characteristics of Oriental life, which have changed so little in the passing centuries.

An American artist who has gone very far on realistic lines in this field is Otto Walter Beck of Brooklyn Borough, New York, whose paintings of Christ were recently exhibited at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Perhaps one of the most enjoyable of Mr. Beck's pictures on such subjects is entitled, "Suffer the Little Children to Come unto Me." It is typical of modern work in that it represents the Master in quite the opposite from the ancient traditional view. Here he is pictured with groups of little ones gathered joyfully about him, happiness and affection in their countenances and attitudes and something closely akin to happiness in his. The writer does not remember to have seen a painting of Christ which portrayed him in a mood so nearly that of happiness, and the idea of the artist evidently was to show him completely in sympathy with the innocent joy of the young people who sought him. All the exuberant pleasure of young life seems to be expressed in the rich hues of the costumes, faces, and accessories. Yet there is nothing irreverent or inappropriate in the artist's treatment of the theme. He has given the divine Lover of children a beautiful face, which combines tenderness with strength and masterfulness.

EDWARD HALE BRUSH.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

ancient bricks and stones which line the shore and are sometimes built up into the semblance of a wall. A semi-circular row of great cut stones, with other blocks of stone extending out into the water, indicate doubtless the remains of one of the ancient piers, and an occasional bit of unbroken marble reminds us of the glory which once was Cenchreæ's.

If the works of man are forever lost, the glories of nature remain the same from age to age, and I can truly say that there are few more charming spots in all the world than old Cenchreæ. I have sailed into the wonderful mountain-encircled harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and the magnificent bay of Sydney, into the strikingly beautiful port of Foochow in China and our own charming harbors of San Francisco and Seattle and the Portland of the Atlantic Coast; but never have I seen a more lovely combination of mountain and shore, of promontory and island, of sea and sky and fleecy cloud than in this old harbor of Cenchreæ on this December day.

Beautiful shells, many-colored flowers of the sea, stirred by the incoming tide, and sea-urchins in purple and yellow and blue tempt one to wander for hours upon the shore; and whenever we lift our eyes only scenes of beauty and grandeur meet them. Not a single habitation of man, if we may except the deserted shepherd's hut, is in sight; only a solitary plowman on the hillside in the distance emphasizes the solitude of the scene.

We cannot help remarking to ourselves: "What a glorious winter resort this would be were Cenchreæ in Switzerland instead of Greece! What palace hotels would spring up on these shores! What splendid highways would be built!" for there is no spot in the land of the Switzers that combines more of the beautiful and the sublime than the lovely bay of Cenchreæ.

Yet, after all, I am glad that the hotel proprietor has not exploited these shores and built his funiculars up these mountain sides. I am glad the road is so difficult and the place so solitary, for we can so much the better transport ourselves back to Paul's days than if a commissionaire dogged our footsteps, or hotel waiters looked for tips at every turn. We can more easily imagine Paul here to fulfil his vow before he took ship for Ephesus and Syria, and picture to ourselves his faithful companions of the church which we know existed in Cenchreæ.

To one of the prominent members of this church Paul introduces us. This was Phœbe, a "deaconness" of the church. We know that she was a widow, probably of considerable wealth, for we are told that, according to Greek custom, she "could not have been mentioned as acting in the independent manner described in Romans, either if her husband had been living, or if she had been unmarried." Of her Paul speaks these gracious words: "I commend to you Phœbe our sister, who is a ministering servant of the church at Cenchreæ; that you may receive her in the Lord, as the saints should receive one another, and aid her in any business wherein she needs your help; for she has herself aided many, and me also among the rest."*

What a noble biography is condensed in this paragraph! We know also that she was greatly trusted by the apostle, for as she was about to sail for Rome, he gave to her his letter to the Roman church. O woman! greatly beloved and honored, to be the bearer of such an epistle not only to Rome but to the whole Christian world!

We know little more about the church in Cenchreæ, but I was interested to find that there is to-day, small and dilapidated as is the little village, a Church of God in Cenchreæ, and to be able to take a picture of it in all its bare and homely simplicity.

A little square, whitewashed building it is, built of adobe bricks, standing a quarter of a mile back from the water. A small bell hangs from two poles near by, and behind it is a forlorn little graveyard, with two or three unmarked graves and one with a rude box at the head, which sheltered an oil lamp.

The door was unlocked, as is common with Greek churches at all hours. No one was within sight, and we reverently entered, to find a pitiful little sanctuary, which would hold perhaps twenty people if all were standing. There were no seats. A large, rude picture of the Christ, surrounded by the four evangelists, leaned against the wall; a shabby altar surrounded by a few icons, or holy pictures of the saints, two greasy candlesticks, with iron points on which to impale the candles, which form so large a part of Greek worship, and a dirty wooden reading-desk was all we saw. The only thing of beauty in the little church was the marble mosaic floor, a relic, no doubt, of the departed glory of ancient Cenchreæ.

There is little more to tell about Cenchreæ. One of its coins is still extant, representing on one side the head of Antoninus the emperor, and on the other the port with a temple on each of the two promontories which enclosed the bay, exactly as we see them to-day, with a statue of Neptune on a rock between them. Pausanias tells us that the road from Corinth to Cenchreæ led through a fine avenue of pine trees, and that the traveler passed many tombs on the way, among the most important being those of Diogenes the Cynic and Thais the profligate. Over this road Paul often journeyed; but what a contrast his pure and joyous life was to that of those whose tombs he passed!

Here, it is said, Diogenes, when alive, was visited in his tub by Alexander the Great. When the emperor asked what he could do for him, the philosopher sourly replied: "You can stand out of my sunlight." Paul never made such an ungracious reply to emperor or commoner. He sought men and did not flee from them; sought them to save, and never repulsed them. No cynical word fell from his lips, but many a cheerful exhortation to "rejoice evermore," and "again I say, rejoice."

I shall ever be thankful for the privilege of following in Paul's footsteps from Corinth to Cenchreæ.

* Rom. 16: 1, 2. Conybeare and Howson's translation.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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What Are You Doing for Christ?

IT IS impossible to estimate how great the boon will be to America of having her men stirred by the sound of such a call as is being made by the Men and Religion Forward Movement. Few men will dare dispute the fact that it is one they ought to heed. American men have had a habit of responding to a call of duty when it is made clear. The next step onward will be to follow this new, clear summons of the church.

"Are you a Christian?" asked a modest little Salvation Army lassie of a gentleman sitting in the hall.

"That's my business," he answered sternly.

"Yes," she agreed. "And God has sent me here to tell you that you are not tending to your business."

Have the men of America been really attending to their business? Are they ready to begin now?

Many a man boasts that his deepest motive is to accumulate sufficient property to leave his children well provided for. Does he realize that the richest provision he can make for his family is to leave them the memory of a father who was full of faith and good works?

You do not need to step outside your own town, probably not off your own block, or over to the next road, to find a task waiting that you can do for the church in Christ's name. Your first duty, as a father, as a citizen, is to give your heart to him. Dr. Washington Gladden declares that this movement is making "men see that religion is not a small and petty interest, that it covers the whole of life." Every worthy and useful thing can be done in the name of Christ, and is done better when done thus.

Your loyalty to him will lead you to kindly and practical tasks for those who have need of you—who are waiting for you. Do not delay till the church itself measures up to your ideal before you join its ranks. It is your duty to help make it better. In finance, in Bible study, in missionary interest, in work for boys, in work for the poor, in rescue of the erring, in efforts for civic righteousness, in countless forms of social service, within its doors and without, the church is waiting for your co-operation. Find the particular piece of work you can do best, then do it faithfully and gladly.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family is growing rapidly. We want every new reader of our paper, as well as all the old, to feel that religion is the main issue, to help us make America a land of homes whose mothers and daughters, whose fathers and whose sons shall labor nobly in the church for the Christ who brought us our liberty and light, and who is for the future our glorious hope.

Arbitrate the Coal Strike!

IF EVER there was an opportunity for demonstrating the value of arbitration, it is afforded in the present disagreement between the American coal operators and the miners. Here we have a situation which should be readily handled by arbitration. Here is a great industry controlled by a comparatively small number of capitalists, yet so vast and far-reaching are its ramifications that its temporary stoppage would result in injury to a thousand other industries. And if a strike were allowed to take place, when all was over, operators and workers would be millions of dollars poorer, distress would have invaded countless thousands of innocent homes, and hardship would have been needlessly inflicted on multitudes who have nothing to do with the quarrel and who should not be made to suffer. There is another phase of very great importance: such a strike would not only be unjustifiable, but it would be a blow at the business of the entire country. Even if there were any great vital principle at stake—which there is not in the present instance—it would still be the duty of both parties to the controversy to recognize the transcendent importance of national interests and to arrange a conciliatory settlement. It is not a question of a larger or smaller margin of profit to the operators, nor yet is it one of an insignificant advance demanded by the miners. In pressing their respective claims to a clinch, culminating in a strike, they would be fighting over each other's shoulders and would do far more damage to the people generally, and to the industrial interests of the country, than to themselves.

This is an unthinkable situation, and one which makes arbitration imperative. Both sides must get together and take counsel. Since the Federal Government has taken a hand in the trouble with a view to conciliation, there is strong hope of a peaceful solution. There is a deep popular conviction that all personal and private considerations—as far as these affect the anthracite operators and miners in the four States of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana and Western Pennsylvania—should yield before a great public necessity. The business of the whole country, the transportation of the mails, and the uninterrupted operation of a thousand industries should not be allowed to suffer through a dispute which is so clearly negotiable. Let us hope that the spirit of compromise will prevail, that concessions will be made on both sides, and that we may be able to show to the world a magnificent illustration of practical arbitration, on a basis which shall be both just and generous.

Why Not a Peace Year?

THE Hon. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty, stood up in the House of Commons in London the other day and had a heart-to-heart talk with Germany. His words, addressed directly to the British Parliament, were spoken almost as directly to the German Empire.

Mr. Churchill ventured to suggest to the Kaiser's government that it take a year's holiday from warship building. He pointed out that this would not only save the German people from thirty to thirty-five million dollars, but would also be the equivalent of destroying five British "super-Dreadnoughts"; for Mr. Churchill promises that if Germany takes a rest from naval shipbuilding in 1913 England will do the same. He informs Parliament and Germany that at least for the next four or five years the British Government will insist on keeping its equipment of battleships and battle cruisers sixty per cent. stronger than that of the German Empire.

Mr. Churchill's frank and simple suggestion might well be taken seriously by all the nations of Christendom. The people of every European nation would joyously hail release from the bitter burden of taxation for naval armaments. The naval appropriation asked for in Great Britain alone for the coming year is $220,427,000. This sum would go far toward solving some of the economic woes of the British people. And when it is realized that this great amount of money is being asked for only because Germany and the other nations are also adding proportionately to their navies, the thing becomes preposterous.

Why not a peace year in 1913? Great Britain has been brave enough to suggest it. Let Germany be brave enough to accept the suggestion. With the two leading nations of Europe leading the way, the rest would find it easy to follow.

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Germany will be tempted to insist that she does not build her navy to match Great Britain's, but only to protect her own interests and do her own work. But each nation knows perfectly well, and England has confessed, that its naval plans are largely measured by what it thinks the other is going to do. War, so far from being a business of patriotism and glory, sometimes looks, in the light of a commonsense, straightforward proposition such as this of Mr. Churchill's, like a cruel and ridiculous game.

Everybody in Europe would be better and happier if there were no warships built in 1913.

Foolish Counsel

WE REGARD it as being generally admitted that the worst calamity that could happen to those who are advocating the extension of the suffrage to American women would be the adoption of the rash and disorderly methods that have been followed by a certain wing of the suffragists in England. This being the case, there is a natural hesitancy about accepting as accurate the extraordinary statements attributed by the newspapers to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Women's Suffrage Association, who is credited with announcing that "the time has come for Suffragists to use force." This was at a gathering of women in Philadelphia. Speaking later, Mrs. Shaw is credited with petulantly declaring that the attitude of the average American man toward American women is one he would assume toward children; that legislators listen year after year to the women's requests for the ballot and dismiss them with a smile; that it is time to stop such treatment, else the women may be driven to resort to militancy, and that she personally "would be glad to become a militant, if she is forced into it." Mrs. Shaw is a woman of brains and influence. She has always been regarded as well-balanced and conservative—a safe leader of her sex. Such a declaration as we have quoted, assuming the reports are true, will be regarded with astonishment by American women, who would never encourage the suggestion of a resort to the harsh tactics of the "Violent Sisterhood." By their aggressive conduct the English contingent have admittedly set back the cause of suffrage in that country indefinitely, and if Dr. Shaw proposes to lead a forlorn hope here in the same hammer-and-tongs fashion, it is easy to foresee a sudden and overwhelming change of the popular attitude on the question. Of course such talk may only be bluster; but it does not sound well from feminine lips. There is nothing in the situation here that calls for voluntary martyrdom.

The Day of the Farmer

IN NO branch of human industry is the wonderful inventive genius of the age doing greater service than in agriculture. It is the day of the farmer. No longer is he the slave of the furrow, tied down to a slow, laborious and unprofitable task with antiquated methods and implements compelling the hardest manual labor. To-day, the real farmer is a student as well as a worker, knowing more of the varieties and character of soils, plants and seeds, and understanding the chemistry of nature better than his forefathers ever did. Improved machinery, intensive cultivation and scientific methods of irrigation, overhead as well as under the soil, are making him a master of the art of productivity. Tens of thousands of farmers are benefiting by the great impulse scientific research and mechanical skill are giving to agriculture. Soon the lone figure of the farmer at the plow will be an anachronism, and our poets and painters will have to deal instead with the throbbing traction engines, three of which linked together are capable of pulling a mighty chain of mechanical plows stretching across a vast field and cutting fifty-five fourteen-inch-deep true furrows with a splendid precision. This remarkable illustration of labor-saving serves to show how fast the world is progressing and what a wide gap has opened between the old day of the weary plowman, struggling along behind Dobbin in the furrow, and the present time, when the achievements of science have placed the progressive farmer at the head of the world's productive agencies. And it is his rightful place, for whatever others may do, it cannot be forgotten that "the farmer feeds them all."

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Burial of the "Maine"

THE dismantled, torn hulk of the battleship *Maine* was towed from Havana Harbor out three and one-half miles from the coast of Cuba, and sunk in one thousand fathoms of water. She was in tow of the naval tug *Osceola,* and as a funeral escort she had the cruiser *North Carolina,* bearing the bones of the forty-seven bodies recovered from the wreck; the scout cruiser *Birmingham;* the Cuban gunboat *Hatuey,* with President Gomez on board; the Cuban gunboats *Yara* and *Isla de Cuba;* the yacht *Gipsy* and many other craft. Salutes were fired. A large American flag was the last thing to disappear, and the roses with which the deck of the *Maine* was covered floated on the water over the place where the ship went down. Most impressive memorial services were held in Havana, American and Cuban flags being at half-mast. Business was suspended, and the bones of the men in metal caskets covered with flowers lay in state in the council chamber of the city hall adjoining the president's palace, and tens of thousands paid respectful homage. A memorial address was made by Rev. Dr. John P. Chidwick, chaplain of the *Maine.* New York City very generally joined in the burial service of the *Maine.* At that hour bells tolled, flags flew at half-mast, and men, women and children halted in silence in honor of the heroes. Other cities in this country also remembered the *Maine.* When the ill-fated vessel had been sent to its grave the *North Carolina* bore the precious bones of the patriots back home, where they were interred in the National Cemetery at Arlington. The President of the United States and other distinguished men took part in the solemn exercises. All over the nation there was the halting of the step and hand of industry and the time of silence in sacred recognition of the sacrifices of the martyrs. Let the nation be congratulated that the too long delayed debt of gratitude has been paid, and let the survivors pledge deeper loyalty to the country and institutions to which they gave their lives. Of these worthies it can be truly said, in the words spoken to John in the Apocalypse:

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. (Rev. 14: 13.)

The Burial of the "Maine," the Last View as the Hulk Sank

Singular Lighthouse Heroism

BY WIRELESS from the Canadian government steamship *Seal* there is told the story of the finding on Bird Island of a woman and her baby half starved and suffering from exposure which they had endured for ten days following the drowning of Peter Borque, the lightkeeper—their husband and father. The *Seal* was attracted to the lighthouse by signals of distress and a boat's crew found Mrs. Borque so weak that she could barely crawl along the decks. It is feared the baby will die. Borque ten days ago fell from the lighthouse and was drowned. Every day and every night since, Mrs. Borque told the *Seal's* men, she had been awake. "I have kept the beacon constantly going, and at intervals of five and ten minutes kept the lighthouse bell tolling in the hope that some vessel would appear and send men to our assistance," said the stricken woman. "For a day after my husband was drowned I thought I would go mad, but then I realized that I must be brave and care for the work which had cost his life until word could be sent to the government. My baby suffered terribly from the cold and cried constantly, but all I could do was to keep the little one in my arms and carry it with me every time I crawled into the light tower to trim and fill the lamps and keep them burning. Several times I thought I heard the horns of vessels in the thick fog which for days enveloped the lighthouse, but none of them came where I could see them, and apparently they did not hear the tolling of the bell. At the end of the sixth day something kept whispering to me, 'Keep up your courage; a ship is coming,' and that premonition is all that kept me alive. I cried with joy when I saw the *Seal,* and I hope that God will hasten the day when we can be taken from this place, where I have had the greatest sorrow of my life." Mrs. Borque and her child will be provided for as long as they live by the Canadian government. The sacrifice of this man's life in saving the lives of others, the singular heroism of the wife taking her husband's place that lives might be saved are beautiful examples to the world, and typify the glorious heroism of those who care for the spiritual lights along the shore to save from wreckage the tempest-tossed mariner. Such fidelity to trust calls to mind the divine injunction:

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. (Rev. 2: 10.)

Village Starved to Death

BY a telegram from St. Petersburg it is just learned that the entire population of a small fishing village in Nova Zembla is dead of starvation. The cemetery is full, showing that the few dead persons who were found uninterred had buried those who died first. The vessel which was to take food supplies to the village was held fast by the ice for months, and when it got through the people for whom the food was destined were dead. The Russian Minister of the Interior has notified the cabinet that he will ask for a further sum for the relief of starving peasants in various parts of the empire. This will bring the total sum expended thus far up to $65,000,000. It seems a pity and shame that, with so many fertile acres and such large harvests of wheat, corn, rice and other products, a single child of earth should be allowed to die of starvation. It is fortunate that the charity of the race is so broad and intense and practical, and it will not be long till the story of the death of a single person on the earth from starvation will be the rarest thing. In some of the lawless and crime-cursed communities of our civilized times it seems that multitudes of people are perishing with spiritual starvation in imitation of the one described by the evangelist.

And I perish with hunger! (Luke 15: 17.)

Atlantic States Storm-Swept

A WIND and rain storm of a severity unparalleled in recent years swept across the South Atlantic Coast States, leaving behind it a path of wrecked buildings, bridges torn from their foundations, uprooted telegraph and telephone poles, and in several instances dead bodies. Five persons were killed outright in Headland, a few miles below Troy, Ala.; two others were hurt mortally and four or five were injured. In Spartanburg, N. C., two persons were killed, and two lost their lives in Raleigh, N. C. Railroad traffic was paralyzed by the carrying away of bridges and by landslides and floods. At Greensboro, N. C., two bridges were carried away. In Raleigh trains were wrecked, and a power plant destroyed. Rivers and creeks in the Piedmont section of the State overflowed their banks, causing washouts on the railroads and great damage to property. At Farmburg, Va., three houses were blown down. The city of Petersburg was flooded, and trolley traffic was suspended, the streets being turned into miniature rivers. The ravages of the storm reached from as far south as Savannah, Ga., to Connecticut. From Savannah came news that the rainfall was unprecedented and had caused freshets in nearly all the streams. Train schedules were disarranged and the service tied up. For a storm so far-reaching and so severe the loss of life was singularly light, and yet the $200,000 damage at Atlanta was not to be compared with the loss of precious lives. Most of the millions of inhabitants were sheltered in lovely homes and in the arms of a tender Providence. Storms have a place in the calendar of nature and in the plans of God for the purification of the atmosphere, the health of the people and the benefit of the soil, and it is our duty to adjust ourselves to them. The prophet recognizes the divine mastery of the violent forces of nature.

The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. (Nah. 1: 3.)

King Helps Cripple Boy

A WELSH lad, Idris Thomas, who recently had both his feet amputated owing to tuberculosis, received from King George a gift of money to enable him to buy artificial feet. The boy painfully made his way to Buckingham Palace recently for the purpose of personally thanking the king, who, however, at the time was absent. Hearing of the call and the lad's disappointment, King George sent for him and received him. The king gave him a scarfpin as a memento of the occasion and sent him to the Treloar Cripples' Home, where he will be taught a trade. This is a beautiful act upon the part of the king. It reminds us of his grandmother Victoria's love for the children of the poor. Helping the poor little cripple is so much more masterful a thing than killing tigers in a jungle, so much more royal an act than sitting on a throne or wearing a crown, so much more manly a thing than presiding at social or official functions! Time was, not very far back, when the people lived to serve the rulers; now rulers live to serve the people. That king is highest in the affection of his own people, and in the estimation of the world, who stoops to serve the lowest, the poorest, the weakest subject of his realm. The royalty of sympathy and love is thus described in the ideal kingdom:

Mercy and truth preserve the king: and his throne is upholden by mercy. (Prov. 20: 28.)

Constancy at Sunday School

SAMUEL WINTERTON, of Keyport, N. J., holds the world's record for perfect attendance at Sunday School. On September next he will have completed fifty consecutive years of perfect attendance at the First Baptist Sunday School in Keyport. He has been in his accustomed seat every Sunday. A wonderful record is that—in his place every Sunday without a single exception for half a century. Providence has been good to Mr. Winterton in giving him such splendid health. There are others who would have been as faithful if they had had the physical strength. It was much more than good health that took him to the Lord's house every Sunday: it was a love for the Bible, a desire to learn more of its saving truth, and a loyal determination to support the Sunday School, the powerful arm of the church. The man has a constancy in his nature that is rare, and as beautiful as rare. Compare this man with numbers who have a feeling of insufferable weariness after a few months or years of work in the Sunday School or other departments of church work. How well do pastors appreciate this constancy in the church membership! The apostle enjoined it:

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. (I. Cor. 15: 58.)

Spring Chats at the Open Window

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

One Woman's Pluck

ONE bitterly cold day last winter, when the north winds were out and the rural mail had to be delivered in the teeth of a freezing gale, a mail-carrier in the neighborhood of White Plains, N. Y., was suddenly taken ill. It was impossible for him to proceed on his route, and as he had started on his rounds, the delivery of mail would have been delayed had it been necessary to send back to the post office for a substitute. Equal to the emergency, his wife stepped into the mail cart, and with a bravery and pluck that compel admiration she drove twenty-six miles over rough and icy roads, stopping to deliver the mail at every point and to gather it up. She reported at the post office at the end of the journey, and though very weary, was by no means exhausted or fatigued beyond endurance. All honor to Mrs. Girling. She has added one name more to the list of everyday heroines who, from time to time, show that on occasion they can step forth from the shelter of the home and do as hard work as men may on the open road.

Women before now have piloted ships through deep seas, have acted as conductors and engineers on railways, and have been found undaunted in the face of danger. Women are always brave to suffer and endure, show fortitude and courage in their own persons and in nursing the sick, and have a claim upon the enthusiastic belief of all chivalrous men. When a great poet stoops to write a catchy ballad with the refrain that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," it moves one to wonder whether his hand is not losing its cunning. No man born of woman should outrage the love he bears his mother, wife, daughter and sister by condescending to anything so cheap.

The training of girls to-day includes so much in the line of athletics that they compare favorably with boys in physical strength. Gone forever are the days when the ordinary woman in good health was afraid to venture out on a stormy or cold day. The college student plays basket ball, and, though the game is a rough one, does it with a vigor and address that make her not inferior to her brothers. Indoor exercise girls may still have, and she who can make a bed, sweep a room and cook a dinner is pretty well equipped for most occasions in life. Still, it requires energy and ability of no mean order to make a woman of the all-around type, to which Mrs. Girling evidently belongs. She saved a trying situation, and what more could be done by any one?

* * *

Home Economy

THERE is thrift in wise spending, as there is in wise saving. Under pressure of hard times, the heads of the household often have to sit down and consider where to retrench. We are lavish in this country by habit, and no doubt we shall always continue to be so. The small economies of the French and German housewife are seldom practiced by an American housekeeper, unless she has had the good fortune to be trained by an unusually sensible mother. When people seriously take up the matter of income and outgo, they ought to regard that which is of permanent value as worth more than that which is necessarily transient. For example, it is of minor importance whether an old overcoat or a last year's suit is made to do duty for another season. Neither boy nor girl is at all the worse for self-denial so far as the fashion of clothing is in concern. Most of us think too much about what the neighbors may say. In the effort to keep up with other people, we use up time and strength to no advantage. What we spend on good literature for the home, on the bright and breezy magazine that week by week and month by month adds to the family stock of ideas and helps in the education of the children, is a good investment. A frugal New England woman denied herself in many little ways, but purchased a costly encyclopedia, an up-to-date dictionary and a world atlas for the profit of her nieces and nephews. She said that she did this in the interest of good economy. In the long run she was proved to be right.

* * *

Hostess and Guest

THE relations of hostess and guest are reciprocal. Neither should neglect the other. An invited guest coming to stay for a week-end or longer should be made free of the home, and every provision for her comfort ought to be carefully made. The guest's room in its furnishings should include such little things as safety pins, needles and thread, note paper, envelopes and postage stamps, with pens and ink as a matter of course. A cake of toilet soap not hitherto used should be provided, and towels in abundance, the best that one has, ought to be on the rack near the pitcher and basin. If it is the family custom to use the same bathroom and lavatory, and no arrangement is made for the guest's convenience in her room, she must be notified of the time when the coast is clear and she is in no danger of embarrassment from meeting members of the family, or of delaying them if they have engagements.

A hostess frequently makes the mistake of providing a guest with nothing to read. One or two entertaining books and a magazine should be placed in the room that for the time being is the guest's own personal refuge. No guest room is well furnished in which there is not a Bible. A still greater mistake is made by the hostess who feels it incumbent upon her to divert and entertain the guest during every moment of her stay. It is by no means necessary to send Ellen to relieve Jane, and Maria to take Susie's place, so that the guest may never have a moment to herself. The hours between breakfast and luncheon ought to be entirely free for the family and the visitor, so that the occupations of the home may proceed without interruption, and the visitor may find for herself letters to write, a book to read, or something agreeable to do, without calling upon the resources of the household.

The question has been raised as to the church attendance of guests. Should a guest of one denomination attend church with her host who belongs to another, or go to the church of which she is a member? As a rule, courtesy on the part of the guest suggests that she attend church with the people whom she is visiting. She ought not to absent herself from family prayers, nor should she ever appear tardily at meals, or, if there are old people and invalids in the family, calmly appropriate easy chairs and sofas meant for them. On both sides, politeness and unselfishness ought to enter largely, and color the social intercourse of those who visit and those who entertain.

A "bread-and-butter letter," thanking the hostess for the pleasure the guest has had, should be written soon after the return home of the latter. Such a letter ought to be somewhat effusive. Never be afraid of demonstration in a letter of thanks or of friendship.

Easter at the Door
BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER
KNOWN by many a sweet foretoken,
Many an age-long pledge unbroken;
By the silver slant of showers,
Peeping up from friendly flowers,
By the river all a-quiver with the little rippling waves,
By the sod that groweth greener on God's acre, thick with graves;
Known by many a sign and token,
Many a thrill of life unspoken,
Lo, we greet love's purest angel!
Here is Easter at the door.
Where the seeds in darkness burrow,
Where the grain is in the furrow,
There hath been divinest keeping!
Waking ever follows sleeping.
And for them who dread the morrow, aching for the voice grown dumb,
God lays up surcease of sorrow in the endless days to come.
Pain is brief, joy lasteth longer;
Death is strong, but life is stronger.
Lo! we greet love's mystic angel!
Here is Easter at the door.
Half have we forgot the measure
Of the tripping foot of pleasure,
Walked with pace grown slow and laggard,
Worn the face care-lined and haggard.
Spring itself rebukes us, bringing tonic for the heavy mood,
Stirs us to the lilt of singing with its ichor in our blood.
Love unbars the doubter's prison,
Faith assures us "Christ is risen."
Lo! we greet life's happiest angel!
Here is Easter at the door.

Eighteen Years a Subscriber

The *Almanac* is a great fund of information in itself. I have not yet had time to look into the book, *Samantha*, but know from the title it will be very amusing and well worth reading. I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eighteen years, and I look upon it as the best weekly paper. During all that time I have received many valuable premiums. It has often been a wonder to me how you could furnish such valuable works at so moderate a price. ARTHUR BOYLE.

Hamilton, Ont.

THE DISCORD TREE

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE apple-blows will soon be out, an' me here tied to a cane!" Miss Pantha's sigh had the gusty sibilance of near-anger. Miss Pantha's gaze, directed outward toward a huge tree some little distance from the house, was at once wistful and tinged with gentle ire. The cane, the cause of the trouble, tapped the floor restlessly. It was her sprained knee Miss Pantha was displeased with, and it was the Discord Tree she gazed at from her window.

"I declare, I believe I see pink on Sarah Blythe's half now! Seems just as if I do!" But her near-sighted eyes peered uncertainly. She did not want to see pink on Sarah Blythe's half of the Discord Tree unless she saw it on her own half, and there was no pink hint there. "I guess I don't," she added hurriedly.

Only the uneven nature of the ground sloping away from the weathered little house prevented Pantha Post from limping down to investigate at close range the branches of the great apple tree. But with a cane it would not be safe; one fall was enough. The sprain, which had been painful and tedious, was beginning to get better and any risk would be foolish. Miss Pantha, with another gusty little sigh, decided to be wise.

"'Nezzar, you go; there's a nice kitty! I'll give you my dinner an' yours too if you'll bring me back one little speck of a pink bud—from our side." But Nebuchadnezzar was not to be coaxed from his comfortable napping-place.

The Discord Tree bore great luscious apples with generous prodigality in apple-years, and took its lawful rest in the years between. It had been all its long life a tree of regular habits, as it had also been a prince of its line. Miss Pantha asserted to 'Nezzar, her only confidant, that royal sap ran in the veins of the Discord Tree.

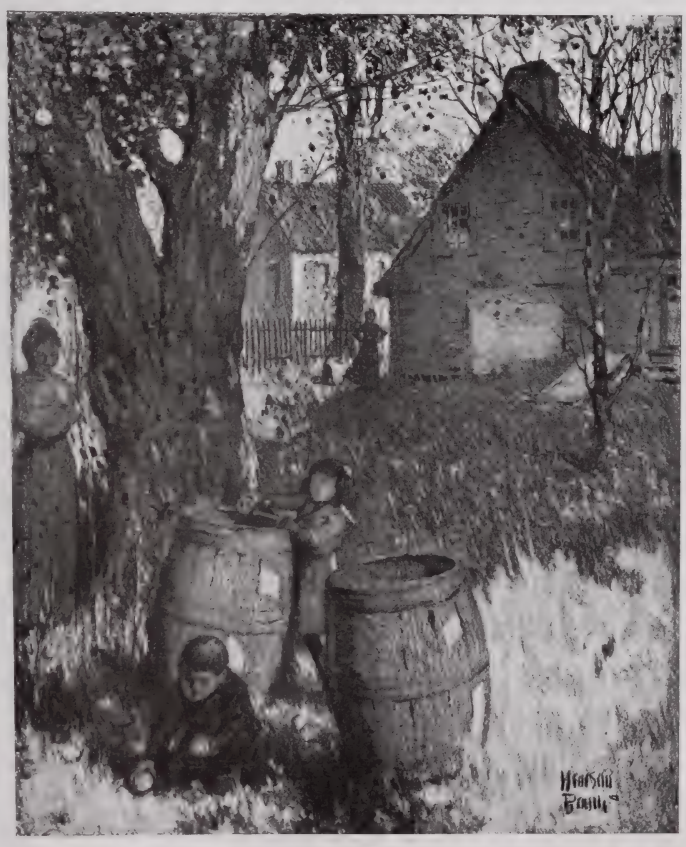
The tree's name was a matter of history; a former generation of Posts and of Blythes were responsible for it, though the individual sponsor was no longer distinct in the memory of Canaan Falls. That the ownership of the great tree had long been a matter of covertly bitter dispute between the two families was all that remained for the delectation of the present-day gossips of the little town. Some there were left, indeed, who claimed to remember when the "law" stepped in and drew the line directly through the Discord Tree, forever settling the question of rights. But these few were rambling and unsatisfactory in their rememberings, and no one quite credited the rather sensational embellishments to their tales. It was not even known in Canaan Falls what the original name of these magnificent great apples-of-discord had been; it had never been assuredly identified in the fruit catalogues that came with the regularity of spring to the more enterprising townsmen. It was the Discord Tree, and bore Discord apples. In a way it was a matter of envy to all Canaan Falls.

This was apple-year. Miss Pantha's mouth had begun already to water. She limped difficultly and rather hazardously down her steep cellar stairs to inspect her stock of barrels, and decided there would not be enough. In good years the Discord Tree had borne almost miraculously, and what reason was there to suppose this would not be a good year? Miss Pantha had seen a load of new barrels turn into Sarah Blythe's yard—so Sarah Blythe was anticipating a good apple-year.

"We've got two bushels an' a half to make up, 'Nezzar; it's *got* to be a good one!" The curious twist of Pantha Post's lips from their ordinary thin, straight line stood for humor; it was a dry and lonely species. "Sarah Blythe got ahead of us year before last—you ain't forgot, have you? I'd remember that if I *was* a cat! We've got to get two bushels an' a half more Discords this year than what Sarah Blythe gets from her side of the tree."

The warm, budding weather refused to wait for the convalescence of the sprained knee, and before it was safe to hobble on a cane down the long uneven slope to the Discord Tree, a very definite tinge of soft carmine flushed the great tree even to Miss Pantha's defective vision. The "apple-blows" had come out. A curiously one-sided effect struck terror to her soul, but with dominant will she refused to credit her eyes. The rose cloud was *not* confined to Sarah Blythe's side! Such an insult of Nature was not for a moment to be believed. Yet the terror grew to a smarting pain of indignation.

"I'll go down there an' see what's goin' on!" Miss Pantha cried. "I'm not goin' to sit here in a *chair* an' let a thing like that happen before my face an' eyes! It couldn't happen—it ain't so! But I'm goin' down an' see." Her hand encountered the soft fur bulk of Nebuchadnezzar in her lap and her anger flared; there was no one else to be angry with. "Oh, if I was a cat with four legs to walk on, without a cane to any of 'em, I'd go myself instid of lettin' my poor mistress! I'd come back an' report there was blows all over that tree, on every identical branch!"



"There were two barrels under the Discord Tree—and two children filling them, an apple apiece into each"

But she was driven into going herself, although with shameless coolness 'Nezzar tagged behind. She waited until the edge of night for fear of being discovered by her rival's sharp eyes. It was indeed so dark she would scarcely have been the wiser for her painful trip if she had not had recourse to her sense of touch.

"They smell all over the tree, 'Nezzar," she whispered, the heavy-sweet scent buffeting her face in velvet whiffs at every puff of breeze. "Seems as if Sarah Blythe's blows wouldn't smell like that!" But she delayed making her test in the dark. She was afraid to make it.

The big tree had peculiar conformation. It might have had the effect, to one imaginatively inclined, of having been trained in its youth to be a dividing-tree, half one owner's and half another's. It certainly had grown consistently to that end, for its main trunk divided a few feet above sod into two symmetrical twin trunks, of which one was Miss Pantha's and one belonged to Sarah Blythe. There was little to choose between the branching trunks; rather there had heretofore been little to choose. In this good apple-year Nature, by some whimsy known only to herself—perhaps an inconsequent, elfish whimsy of her sex—had played a trick on Pantha Post. Leaning on her cane and groping at last over the twigs and branches within her reach Miss Pantha discovered the trick. Her fears were verified. Her half of the Discord Tree had failed her utterly, while Sarah Blythe's half, over there, taunted and tantalized her with a thousand sweet-scented little voices. She limped back to her lone little house, hot at heart. Sarah Blythe was the embodiment of her wrath; it was as if Sarah had leagued with Nature—the two of them together—to flout her.

It was not necessary to look in the daylight, yet she found herself gazing next day from a half-way vantage point in the eager hope of disproving her test of the previous night. There were no apple-blows on her half of the Discord Tree. What could not happen had happened.

"Now if I decide to take one of Anthony's poor little mites there won't be a single identical Discord for him to set his teeth to! I was goin' to give him the run of 'em—children are so fond of apples. I've taken a sight o' comfort thinkin' how he'd relish 'em." She had never arrived at the decision, but here and now, in the presence of this calamity, the little son-mite of her old lover, Anthony Cushing, seemed to have suffered actual deprivation of his rightful apportionment of Discords.

Anthony Cushing long years since, in his role of village beau, had been the "lover" of many Canaan maids — of Sarah Blythe as well as of Pantha Post. Both had been in their turn recipients of his fickle favor. Sarah's turn had come first, which to inflammable Pantha had been matter for secret ire. That old rivalry still seeped and boiled at times in her fifty-year-old breast, and may or may not have had its share in her vacillating decisions to "take," or not "take," Anthony's orphaned little son. Let Sarah Blythe take him!

Anthony had died in his forties and Pantha had still a clear, sad little vision of his beautiful dead face as she "viewed" it according to country fashion from her place in the solemn line at the Canaan church. She had her moments of poignant grief for the Anthony so many had shared with her—a fickle, joyous, lovable Anthony. He had been her only lover; she had of necessity to make what poor best she could of her short lease of Anthony. It was at those gently sorrowing moments that Miss Pantha had come nearest to "taking" the little orphan son. She could not bear the thought of Anthony's boy being in an asylum. She had even, at one particular mourning period, got as far as packing her bag to go to the city for the child. One or two of the articles of wear had remained packed, in readiness for a possible recurrence of the good impulse.

There were reported to be two little orphans, one of a kind, as Miss Pantha's thought expressed them. Anthony's meek and ineffectual little wife, his final and belated choice, had succumbed to her widowhood within the year and the children from lack of other place to go had been bundled into the nearest asylum. From time to time Pantha Post or Sarah Blythe had heard reports of them. Pantha had

Continued on next page

THE DISCORD TREE

Continued from preceding page

wrestled with herself afresh at each report. She had, deep within her, a passionate yearning to undress or dress a little child and to feel a warm little body in her arms. But Miss Pantha with feminine inconsequence was afraid of children. So, though not naturally of a vacillating disposition, she had vacilated.

The spring slid into summer in the easy manner of springs, and, radiant week by radiant week, summer slipped away. Miss Pantha's lameness disappeared; she lived her solitary, colorless days as best she might, but a new fear was upon her—the fear of growing old.

"You ought to know—you're old, 'Nezzar," she said. "How does it feel? It's pretty bad, ain't it? Heart o' mercy! I don't know how I'm goin' to *bear* it!"

It was while musing like this in a dreary fashion that she suddenly remembered that Anthony Cushing's little son was growing old, too! Every day, to say nothing of every week and month, was making him a little less of the little child she longed to hold in her lone arms—undress and dress. At this rate the little Anthony would soon be beyond undressing; he might already be beyond.

"An' I wanted to unbutton his little buttons!" sighed Miss Pantha as one bereft of the tender little office. "I wanted to *button* him!" She sat by her window gazing down a drear perspective. If she could travel it hand-in-hand with a little child—

"I will," Miss Pantha said with a startling suddenness that upset the dozing cat from her knees. All vacillation was at an end. She saw definitely, joyously, the child in her perspective; she felt the small hand in hers.

A panic of hurry seized her; she could not hurry fast enough. Another moment for Anthony's boy to grow old in was insupportable. She finished the packing of her bag begun months before and locked her house and went away. The big cat was the only witness of her departure.

"I've left you water an' some milk, 'Nezzar—you can eat it a little mite sour. An' you can hunt up field mice, but don't let me hear o' you catchin' any o' Sarah Blythe's rats! I'm not goin' to have her feedin' you. 'Nezzar, when I come back I'll have a dear little boy with me!" She was jubilantly happy, though a little scared.

The walk to the small box of a station did not take her by Sarah Blythe's; she was glad of that. She walked with a peculiar erectness as if of soul as well as body. She was no longer a decisionless, feeble-willed creature trembling at old age, but a creature transformed and militant, daring the years. She would have too much to do to grow old.

"Lordy, here's another comin'!" the old station-master exclaimed in aged excitement. "I never see the way Canaan Falls has took to travelin'—this is the third ticket I've sold to-day! You want a return, Panthy? Comin' back, be ye?"

"I'm comin' back," nodded Miss Pantha mysteriously. At another time she would have been curious about her two predecessors, but what did they matter to-day?

In sight of the big brick bulk of the asylum the old shyness clutched her, but could not turn her back. The children playing noisily in a great court at one side of the building were terrifying and formidable little imps, but she loved them all because one of them was Anthony's imp; it was her only way of loving him.

"The little Cushing boy?—Cushing? —Cushing?" deliberated the woman at the door with tantalizing hesitance. "Why, I'm not sure—I'm a new matron, just starting in—but as I *think* of it, the little Cushing boy has been adopted."

"Oh, no, he hasn't been! Oh, yes, there must be one! I mean—" Miss Pantha meant she could not bear disappointment. She had an instant for self-scourging that she had risked this disaster.

"But come right into the reception-room. I'll go and take their little census!" The new matron was smiling and plump. "I seem to remember that there's a little Cushing girl—"

"I must have a boy."

"Oh, if it's just *a* boy—there are boys enough. I can give you a regular little bargain in them! I'll bring some of them in for you to—"

"Don't!—wait! I mean I must have Anthony's—Anthony Cushing's, his father's, little boy. I came for him. He must be out there with the rest." She had the sense of having heard his little voice in the uproar of little voices. Anthony's boy must be out there!

"I'll do my best to find him! Take that chair—they're none of them any too comfortable." Then the smiling matron was gone and Miss Pantha waited alone. It was a stiff, unhome-like waiting-place. She felt herself stiffening as if by some congealing influence in the air, but it was because of the cold dread within herself.

"Will you please to button me?"

A small figure had backed up to her and stood patiently waiting to be buttoned. Miss Pantha saw bewilderedly the nape of a little brown neck and below it a row of china buttons with, across a little gap of underwaist, their complement of buttonholes.

"This is my best dress. I skited into it quick when I saw you a-coming. I can *always* tell an adopter—you're an adopter, aren't you? There's lots of 'em come an' I always skite, but it hasn't done any good so far." A soft sigh interrupted the chattering little voice, but it went on again. "I always put on my best dress—it helps me out. I need helpin' out. Are you *specially* particular about a han'some one?"

"A 'han'some one'?" repeated the bewildered adopter.

"Yes — orphan — han'some orphan. Mostly they are particular, but I didn't know but *you*—oh, I'm better than I look, honest I am! An' Tony's gone now—" This time it was a sob that interrupted. The sob struck Miss Pantha like a soft blow.

A curious thing had already happened to Miss Pantha. With the buttoning-up of that first little china button her fear of little children had evaporated. She was no longer afraid! She swept the small figure right-about-face and inspected the irregular little features, the freckles, the sob.

"What is the matter—is it because you want to be *taken?* You poor little mite! Who is 'Tony'?" she added as a sudden thought flashed through her mind. Tony — Anthony — who could tell?

"Oh, yes'm—yes'm indeed! That's *exactly* what! I was *so* hopin' the adopter who took Tony 'd take me too! I liked that adopter, an' besides it breaks twins' hearts to leave one of 'em here. I guess they don't *have* but just one heart an' it breaks that right in two—"

Miss Pantha stemmed the impetuous little tide. "Who is Tony?" she demanded. She felt curiously like sobbing herself and brusqueness was her only resort.

"*Was*, you mean — Tony *was* my dear, dear twin! I don't s'pose he ever will be again. I don't s'pose *anything* — not that you'll be my adopter, nor anything. It doesn't do any good. If you'll please to unbutton me I'll take off my best dress."

Buttoning and unbuttoning! Miss Pantha's denied little kingdom was coming to her. She caught the child to her and felt a warm little body against her breast—it had come.

She looked up from her armful as the matron entered.

"I'll take this one—get her clothes," Miss Pantha said. "If you want references, everybody in Canaan Falls knows Pantha Post."

So they went back together, hand-in-hand, Miss Pantha and her little woman-creature instead of Anthony's boy. But it was Anthony's little woman-creature. They walked up from the little box-station in the dusk; the child's dancing step seemed oddly to lend itself to Miss Pantha's elderly pace.

"I'm goin' to *climb a tree!*—you got a tree for me to climb?"

"I've got half o' one," Miss Pantha laughed. She laughed easily.

"Mercy gracious, what a funny tree! Maybe I couldn't climb half o' one!" She stopped in the road and peered upward, suddenly sobered. "Maybe it's like me an' Tony—a twin tree that was cut right in two. Maybe—it—hurt."

Miss Pantha started as if guilty. This was a new way to regard the Discord Tree. She walked on, still with the little hand in hers, but newly thoughtful.

All next morning the two of them were happily busy together. Miss Pantha had set about making little aprons, while the child talked merrily, and tried to help.

Out of doors October glowed. The Discords on Sarah Blythe's side had bloomed into a glorious red and mellowed in the sun. Miss Pantha caught the soft thud of them, now and then, as they dropped from the tree.

Late in the afternoon Miss Pantha missed the child from her side. She must have gone some distance away, for a hurried search failed to discover her. She was nowhere in the house, the sheds, the barn. Miss Pantha felt mild alarms.

. . .

It was almost evening of the beautiful October day and the Discord Tree stood up splendidly against the sky. The sound of little voices drifted to Miss Pantha from that direction. The child was at the Discord Tree!

There were distinctly two little voices. There couldn't be!—but there were. Miss Pantha found herself without apparent hesitancy hurrying down the uneven slope to the big tree.

"That one goes in my barrel—you made a mistake, Tony. Take it back! Take it back!"

"Oh, well, take it, Miss Ole Stingy! This one's the biggest." But the boy-voice was not angry; it was full of a joyous quality good to hear. And the joyous quality of the little girl-voice!

There were two barrels set side by side under the Discord Tree and Miss Pantha's amazed gaze beheld the children—two children—filling them, an apple apiece into each. Sarah Blythe stood behind them directing the work. When the children laughed Sarah laughed.

"Mine's most full—so's yours, Tony Cushing! An' I'm goin' to have *exactly* as many barrels as you're goin' to have! *She* says so," with a shy backward glance at Sarah Blythe. "We're goin' *shares!* An' I never knew who your adopter was an' you never knew who mine was—an' they're *both* nice. I love yours an' you love mine!"

Explanation unrolled itself slowly to Pantha Post. She stood under her half of the Discord Tree and read the beautiful riddle. Then they discovered her and that their secret was out.

"A s'prise! a s'prise! This is my Tony. I found him myself right under this tree!" her child was shouting. And Sarah's child was looking up at her out of Anthony Cushing's eyes and tinkling with Anthony's gay laugh.

"Pantha, where's your hand? Here's mine." It was Sarah reaching across the dividing line.

"Sarah—why, Sarah!"

"Why, Pantha Post!"

They were laughing together under the Discord Tree.

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China Under the Republic

BY MISS ALICE J. WHITTIER

A WONDERFUL day is dawning for old China. Her hour has come, and so marvelous a change is taking place that the world will soon sit up and take notice—not to say gasp. I do not believe there is such a crisis anywhere else in the world just now. It is the opportunity of an age.

Some of the missionaries feel that the great door of opportunity is opening now, and here we are all bunched in Shanghai and other ports! But I believe it is a sifting and an experience that will put fewer but better workers back on the field. And here, as elsewhere, or perhaps more than anywhere else, quality counts more than quantity. I want to see home and home folks, but I cannot bear to leave this old-new country just now.

A young Chinaman, not much more than a boy, came to bid a white friend good-by. She was inclined to laugh at his oddly cut hair and half-foreign clothes. Afterward she found out that he was a volunteer of the "Do or Die" corps, who throw bombs. They take them in their hands and run in among the enemy. He went to Nanking. Nanking has fallen, but *he* has not come back! There is a whole company of such boys in Shanghai.

The desire for a republic "like America" is very strong. Yesterday the streets blossomed out with a new flag, supposed to be the flag of the "Republic of China." It is just a long silken flag of five even stripes to represent the five peoples of China; Chinese, Manchus, Mongolians, Tibetans and tribes people (the "wild people" of western China). The colors are red, white, yellow, blue and black.

The foreigners are all down from Chengtu now. They tell stirring tales, but some of them think it was quite unnecessary to come to Shanghai, after having stayed through the siege. It seems that the viceroy at Chengtu, when finally obliged to give up and turn the government over to the republicans, supplied his soldiers with extra cash, and gave them a ten days' holiday. They took it wildly in a Chinese way, then deserted from the new government—which they hated at heart—and went to looting. But even in this they were wise enough generally to let foreign places alone. It is wonderful, with all the lawlessness and misery consequent on a revolution of such magnitude, that they do so little plundering of the foreigners. It has occurred only in a few places.

The "republicans" finally beheaded the viceroy at Chengtu and armed the civilians, with permission to shoot the deserting soldiers on sight. Some of the latter were killed and some of the plunder was recaptured. The excitement of the robbing and burning excited the consuls so that they ordered all the foreigners to leave. All did so except some French Catholic priests and nuns, and the consuls themselves.

One of the missionaries insists that there were money and provisions in plenty in Chengtu, and that order was nearly restored before they left, and that it would have been reasonably safe to have stayed. This missionary had to leave forty adopted girls there in the compound with only the doubtful protection of two Chinese families, so, of course, she feels it deeply.

When the little fleet of boats carrying the Chengtu refugees was passing one of the besieged cities, the besiegers fired on them. One baby's bed had a bullet through it, and another passed just over one of the men, cutting through some of his clothes, but no one was even touched. One of the lady missionaries was standing out on the front of the boat, watching the bullets strike the water along shore, and did not know till afterwards that the fleet itself was being fired at.

There are probably a hundred or so white people still left in Szechuen Province, instead of the thousand and over that were there before the war.

Helping the Little Chinese Orphans

DURING the past week, many letters have been received from friends of China throughout the country containing gifts for the Famine Orphan Fund. These timely contributions will gladden the hearts of the missionaries who plead for the support of 700 little boys and girls who came under their care as a result of the last famine.

Mrs. H. E., of Wilkinsville, Ala., 83 years old, sends a dollar which she has earned by sewing. "I wish I could send more," writes W. S., New York, age 13, who incloses a portion of the money he has earned by selling copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. "God grant they may be saved for his kingdom," is the prayer of Mrs. B. F. E., of Lancaster, Pa., who sends the contents of a purse she found a year ago, and for which no owner has come. The members of a Sunday School class in Grove City, Pa., gave a pie social and send the proceeds with the combined prayers of the class. E. W. E., of Lexington, Ill., a helpless cripple, inclosed three dollars and wishes he could work so that he might be enabled to send more. "Our only regret is that we cannot make it many times larger," writes G. E. S., of Watertown, N. Y., and incloses twelve dollars from the members of his Bible class.

Miss I. S., Brooklyn, writes that a young Chinese, Ing Tai, to whom she gives Bible lessons, sends $5 for the orphans in his own country. Mrs. B. B. and Mrs. C. H. T., of Peryn, Calif., inclose half a dollar each with an earnest prayer for the increase of Christianity there.

The secretary of the Butler Sunday School at Washington incloses a generous donation. J. D. W. is a boy of twelve, and incloses some of his profits from chicken raising. "In memory of father and mother" is the inscription on a donation from Mrs. N., of Vermillion, O. Mrs. E. A. H., of Greeley, Colo., incloses "the widow's mite." Many other great-hearted men, women and children have responded to the call.

All gifts to this cause should be addressed to the CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Contributions for China's Orphans Received Since Last Acknowledgment:

A friend, Fremont, Mich.	$2.00	B. J. Campbell	1.00	W. B. V. & J. R. V., Penn Yan, N. Y.	2.00
Mrs. Jas. Smith	2.00	E. Culpeper	1.00	Milton Sauermilch	2.00
L. C. B., Concord, N. H.	1.00	Mrs. G. L. Wheeler	1.00	Saml. M. Hoch	1.00
Mrs. Lewis Arbuckle	1.00	The Misses March	3.00	Mrs. Jennie Ryan & Mollie Givens	2.00
Lois Rhodes	1.00	G. Z. Goodale	1.00		
Mrs. A. Eman	1.00	E. L. Shepard	1.00		
M. I. A., Victoria, Tex.	1.00	A reader, Bayport, N. Y.	2.00		

Continued on page 356

The simplest Gown looks well on a Figure of Correct Proportion if Carried Well.

Hold the Admiration

As well as the Love of your husband and children

Make them ***admire*** *as well as respect*

KEEP **vivacious** and attractive and their eyes will sparkle with admiration and pride in you.

Do not allow your figure to lose its girlish, symmetrical outlines.

Keep *well*—so that you are an inspiration to happiness, and *radiate health* to those about you.

You are busy, but it takes only 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own room. This is not much, and with rested nerves and a strong body you will do your work in less time and be happy in the doing. I have helped many mothers to surprise husband, children and friends. I will help you to

A Good Figure
Rested Nerves
Strong Vital Organs

then you will be to them what in your heart you would like to be—the **Inspiration to Happy, Useful, Right Living.** You must be well to do this.

Judge what *I can do* for you by what *I have done* for others.

I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that I have helped more women to perfect figures and to relieve such chronic ailments as

Indigestion Torpid Liver Constipation Catarrh Anæmia Asthma Sleeplessness Weaknesses Nervousness Rheumatism

during the past nine years than any physician, and the best physicians are my friends.

I have *reduced* in weight about 25,000 women from 10 to 85 lbs., and *increased* the weight of as many more.

No Medicine No Drugs

just the strengthening of vital organs and nerves, correct breathing and forceful circulation through natural, hygienic principles of health. I not only teach you how to regain health and figure, but how to *keep* them.

My *free* book tells how to stand and walk correctly and contains other information of vital interest to women. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend. I have had a wonderful experience and I'd like to tell you about it.

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Dept. 18, 624 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is authority in America upon Scientific Hygienic Principles in the regaining of woman's health and figure.

Dealer's Price, $14.00
Our Factory Price, 6.75

Beautiful Craftsman Chair, solid quarter sawed oak, Marokene leather cushion.

Height, 37½ in.
Width, 31 in.
Depth. 21 in.

BROOKS CHAIR
No. 11

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You pay the dealer twice the Brook's price for Craftsman Furniture. Then write us today. Get our factory quotations on handsome chairs, rockers, settees and tables that will last you a lifetime. Pocket the dealer's profit—25% to 75%. Every piece of Brooks furniture is made by experts from the finest of quarter sawed oak. Completed and finished in color you choose. Shipped in sections—assembled in a few minutes—any one can do it easily.

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Write for our beautiful 64-page book, with dozens of handsome designs illustrated from photographs. Get this book and our direct factory prices before you buy a single piece of furniture. Mail a post-card today. Address

Brooks Mfg. Co., 4704 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

Coal Troubles Nearing End

WHILE the probabilities of at least a formal strike in the coal mining industry in America increased toward the last days of March, the situation in Great Britain and Germany showed a decided tendency to clear up.

Thirty-two bituminous coal mine operators began a conference with thirty-two representatives of miners at Cleveland on March 20. The operators demanded a reduction of the present wage of 95 cents for a ton of lump coal to 85 cents. The miners demanded that the figure be increased to $1.05.

Mr. George F. Baer, president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, who is recognized as the leader of the anthracite mine operators, issued a statement on March 18 that the operators were willing to continue the conferences with the miners' committee. On March 25 representatives of the miners met in Cleveland to formulate the policies to be pursued by their organizations.

After the deadlock in the negotiations between the anthracite miners and operators, President Taft and Congress took active steps to avert a strike. Representative Esch, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill authorizing the President to investigate causes of labor disturbances, and Senator Townsend presented a similar bill in the upper house. The House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce named a sub-committee to consider a bill presented by Representative Robert E. Lee, of Pennsylvania, authorizing the extension of the provisions of the Erdman Arbitration and Mediation Act, now limited to controversies between railroad companies and employees, to disputes between operators and workers of coal mines. President Taft requested the labor leader, Mr. John Mitchell, to come to Washington for a special conference.

In Great Britain, following the failure of the meeting of the representatives of the miners and owners to bring about a settlement, Parliament set wearily about the difficult task of formulating a bill which would meet the immediate needs of the situation. On March 18 Premier Asquith presented his minimum wage bill to the House of Commons. The original bill provided that a reasonable minimum wage be fixed in the various mining districts, the amount of the wage in each district to be fixed by district boards. No penal clauses were included to compel either side to obey the new law. The labor leaders demanded that a schedule of prices be included in the bill, and that provision should be made for forcing the owners to adopt the schedule. The bill is enacted to continue in force for three years.

In a Pennsylvania Mining Village

BURSON

And The Others

THERE'S this much about Burson (and it's the whole secret of good stockings)—you get the shape, fit and style without the unnecessary, uncomfortable seam.

The shape is made by the only machines in the world that fit as they knit — and the shape won't come out in wear or washing.

Compare these two carefully; you will see why the Burson Hose is so widely popular with women who know and want the best.

Full Fashioned

in all lengths of foot and width of leg—from extra sizes to the "Sylph" for slender figures. At low prices—19c, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c the pair, according to materials.

At your dealer's—or write us

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Sani-Tissue
"Soft and Clothlike"

is the only Toilet Paper possessing these qualities. It is the only Toilet Paper of which anything is told you. It is the only Toilet Paper that can be distinguished with the wrapper off, meaning that it is the only one sold on distinctive quality.

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FACE POWDER

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c, a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

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Continued from page 355

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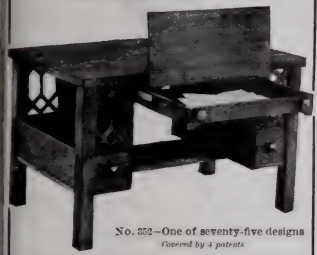
A *real* desk and a *handsome* library table

combined in the space of one —and at the price of one.



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Look for this trade-mark:
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Not a celluloid or rubber imitation collar, but made at Troy, New York, in same styles and material as your regular collar. *Waterproofed*, invisibly, by our patented process.

Try one. Send us the name, brand, and size of your favorite collar, together with 25 cents, and we'll send an EverClean Collar which is just like it.

Price 25 cents a collar.

Ever Clean Collar & Cuff Co.
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Dessert Book Free

"What shall we have for dessert?"—Is answered over a hundred times in the illustrated Knox recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It also contains many recipes for candies, salads, jellies, ices, etc.

This Book Sent Free
for your grocer's name and address. If he doesn't sell Knox Gelatine send his name and 2-cent stamp for pint sample.

KNOX Pure, Plain Sparkling **GELATINE**
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$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish serviceable hat. Genuine Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.50. Send postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Panama Hats $1.00 and up.

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Montessori, Trainer of Children

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

DR. SEGUIN'S works upon the development of defective children chanced some years ago to engage the attention of an Italian school teacher. She reasoned that the Seguin methods might work equally well with normal children. Thus it happened that in 1906, Dr. Maria Montessori was given entire charge of the schools in one of Rome's tenement districts, there to work out her theories.

"The House of Childhood," which she founded in Rome, has become a Mecca for the footsteps of many an educational pilgrim; and so successful have its experiments proved that the aristocratic private schools of Rome and many other cities are now practicing the methods which Mme. Montessori established for the tenement population.

Maria Montessori

In the Montessori schools there are no rewards, no punishments, no corrections, no rules for quiet, except the one great rule that no little boy or girl shall do anything that annoys or disturbs any one else. The teacher must study her pupils individually and affectionately. She must win their love. The influence of this love will make them good and will incline them to do whatever she wishes.

All of the old-time terrors and restraints have been banished from the Montessori schools. The children do not need to ask permission to speak, to move, to play. If they get tired of staying in one place, they can drag their little arm-chairs to another. If they want to stand or run, they can do it, always remembering that they must not disturb anybody else.

Mme. Montessori has no opinion of conventional discipline. It annihilates a child's personality, his individual power for thought and goodness." She considers the usual schoolroom, with its rows of awed and mechanical pupils, an appalling error.

There are no recitations in her school, no "classes," no "periods." Nobody need do anything that he or she does not really wish to do. The children do not suspect that the pieces of sandpaper and cardboard with which they amuse themselves for hours, the mechanical toys, the silk and leather cords, the knot-tying and game-playing, are "studies." They think they are only having a good time, while they are learning the deepest moral and intellectual lessons the child-mind can grasp.

Mme. Montessori asks a child if the sandpaper is rough or smooth. He may answer wrongly, but she does not correct him. She leaves him alone to think the matter out for himself. With letters pasted on blocks her pupils learn to write before they learn to read. By a certain little step-game they master the decimal system and easy counting. After many game-exercises in articulation, they begin to read. Every game has a direct educational value. The sense of touch, color-sense, reading, writing, arithmetic, all these and more, are taught in games; but the direct teaching, the corrections, the little restraints, of the Froebel system are banished by Mme. Montessori. She has gone much further than Froebel along his own road.

More than four hundred city and county superintendents of public education in various sections of our country have applied for information regarding the Montessori methods. The Boards of Education in Des Moines, Ia., and Omaha, Neb., are considering their adoption. The remarkable reports of the intense interest and concentration awakened in small children, and their rapid progress in intelligence and goodness under these new conditions, have attracted the attention of the entire educational world, as has perhaps nothing else in this department for a generation.

The "dottoressa," as Mme. Montessori is called, teaches children up to eight years of age. She is now said to be engaged in adapting her wonderful system to older pupils.

Among the Workers

—MISSIONARY A. R. KEPLER of Hunan, China, was visiting Hankow on business connected with the mission, when the recent battle occurred there. While assisting the Red Cross workers on the field, he was shot in the face by a bullet which was afterward extracted. He has returned to the United States for medical treatment.

—OWING to the recent unfortunate fire at the Mayesville (S. C.) Industrial Institute and the present high cost of living, the institute has fallen behind in its finances and incurred a debt which an effort is now being made to remove. Any reader interested in the Mayesville Industrial Institute may address Emma Wilson, Superintendent, at the Institute.

—MRS. M. N. VAN COTT, for many years an active and successful evangelist and soul-winner, whose ministrations will be remembered with pleasure by multitudes, is now, through age and infirmity, a "shut-in." Her eighty-second birthday is at hand. She writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that she would greatly enjoy a "birthday letter" from any of its readers. She adds: "I trust this is to be the most joyous birthday of my life." Her address is Catskill, N. Y.

—MISS ELIZABETH B. HARTWELL, of Chefoo, China, writes that Mr. and Mrs. Stooke, who have had charge of the Missionary Home, are contemplating retirement on account of age. There is still a debt of $450 on the Home and a strong effort is being made to clear it up through the contributions of friends who are willing to help the institution, which is invaluable to every North China missionary. Interested readers may address Mr. John Stooke, New Mission Home, East Beach, Chefoo, China.

—"IN THE LAST thirty-six years I have only missed attending church on sixteen Sundays." This is the testimony of Mr. Edward P. Briggs, of Kansas City, in his book *Fifty Years on the Road*. It is a fine record for a commercial traveler, and adds another proof to the long line of testimony that a successful salesman can be a successful Christian. Mr. Briggs's book is full of interesting reminiscences and bits of valuable advice to business men. He had many thrilling experiences during the Civil War while carrying on his work in States overridden with fighting armies. He frequently found it necessary to procure and present passes from military officials, and earned the reputation of not being afraid of bullets. Mr. Briggs states that at the time he began his work there were probably not more than a thousand traveling salesmen in the United States; the present number is estimated at 600,000. The book is the "story of a half century of honest salesmanship." It is published by Lyon & Armor, Philadelphia.

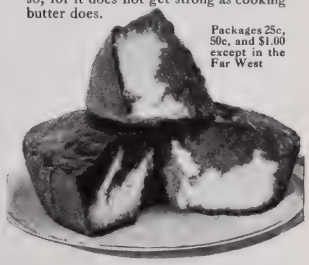
—A BRONZE BUST by Gutzon Borglum of Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, was presented to the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in Brooklyn on February 26. Dr. Buckley was the founder of the hospital, the gifts which made possible its establishment, and particularly the gift of four hundred thousand dollars contributed by the late George I. Seney, being raised largely through his efforts. The property and equipment of the hospital are now valued at $1,200,000, with an endowment of $840,000. In the year 1911, 12,000 patients were treated. Dr. Buckley was made president of the Board of Trustees when the hospital was founded and has held the office up to the present time.

Crisco in Cake Making

MARBLE CAKE

Light Part	Dark Part
1½ cups sugar	1 cup brown sugar
¾ cup milk	½ cup Crisco; add salt
½ teaspoon soda	½ cup molasses
½ cup Crisco; add salt	½ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cream of tartar	2½ cups flour
4 eggs (white only)	¾ teaspoon cream of tartar
2½ cups flour	¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla	4 eggs (yolks only)
	½ teaspoon cinnamon, allspice, cloves and nutmeg.

A shortening richer than butter! You will think that such a product is impossible until you use Crisco where you now use butter. For example, use it in Marble Cake, which requires a cup of butter. The best creamery butter that you can secure is nearly *one-fifth* water, whereas Crisco is *all* shortening. There being no moisture in Crisco to dry out, Marble Cake made with it may be kept twice as long without loss of its original delicate flavor. You can secure this fine flavor at every season of the year, for Crisco never varies. You can realize that this is a decided improvement over cooking butter, which does vary in color, in flavor and in richness during the different seasons. Every package of Crisco is just as rich as your first one and remains so, for it does not get strong as cooking butter does.



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Use this recipe for Crisco Marble Cake. You will find that Crisco makes the white part equal to angel food in whiteness, and gives both the light and dark parts a fine, soft texture and a richer flavor than you ever have been able to secure before. You will find that it gives actually better results than butter, *at half the cost.*

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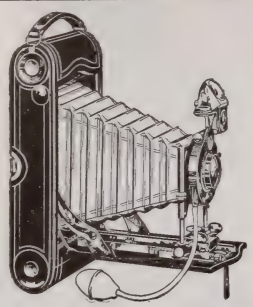

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A Story Hour in the Cozy Corner

The Giants of the North and South

A Legend of the Early Spring

EASTER—the return of the spring—is in many ways the most universally celebrated festival of all the year. There is a magnificent old Anglo-Saxon legend which tells how the sun gets up while the earth still slumbers lightly beneath a coverlid of snow, and dances for joy on Easter morning, which reminds me of a bit of rare old Irish folklore that I have never read nor heard of, save one cold March night on the north Irish coast by the Giant's Causeway, and in the little village of Donegal, where every one, from the tiny blue-eyed tots with their glossy black hair and cherry cheeks, to the yellowest old crones, with little hair or eyesight either, is as choke full of charming tales and rhymes and ancient runes as the proverbial egg is full of meat.

We had gathered around the peat-fire of "Ye Ancient Roof Tree Inn," and with a rich north-country brogue that could never be written down, the innkeeper, to the accompaniment of a very short and fierce storm, told us this unusual story in this unusual way, almost word for word as it is set down here.

Gathering Around the Fire

IT IS a long and uncommon cold winter we have had, aye, ladies? The Ogre of the South, I reckon, is sleeping sound enough to-night. He is tired. How can ye blame him? Through all the bitter winter that quiet watcher has valiantly fought the dreaded Ogre o' the North, with his minions biting ever nigher, nigher, threatening to blight the island until it should forever lie lifeless as the frozen North."

Then, getting up to close a shutter that beat and banged against the house: "March! March! March! but the old South fellow will conquer, an' he heeds another night or so. But listen and ye'll hear his good wife warning him," said the old man sitting down again. She is saying, I ween,

"'The spring moon is only in its second quarter; it is not safe, great husband, to be sleeping yet.' But he'll only roar out 'Bah!' and bid her keep keen watch, and fall again to sleeping.

"At the end of the day, mind you, the wife for prudence sake 'll try once again (all good wives will) to rouse the sleeping keeper of the spring, pleading in her woman's way that the earth throbbing full of seeds and bulbs and insects' eggs and lively roots of mighty trees and greens and grasses must be watched over, for the enemy is treacherous and birds and fishes and all the little people of the woods are frail and can perish even in a night. 'Come, husband, let us together watch through one more spell, and by the full March moon a bounteous spring shall be prepared against the summer's coming.' Ye can nearly hear her pleading an' ye'll listen well, mi ladies," he added, enjoying hugely his own whimsical telling. "'To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!' is all that the weary old ogre will say, and the patient dame goes about her duties troubled, lingering for a moment to smooth the cradle that stands fresh and ready for a baby giant that will be coming along with baby birds and squirrels and cats and bats and rabbits and bog-beetles in the young spring."

The Giant of the North Arrives

THEN because we insisted that he should go on and tell us more, the old man picked up a blackthorn stick and beat upon the hearth as you might scatter imaginary rats away from frightened children. "'Ho! ho! ho! ho! this is the night that I shall catch him napping, that sunbaked monster of the South! I'll buffet him to the warm wet sea, and you, great wife, shall break your fast on a south pond walrus.' 'Tis the Giant of the North," said the old man, apparently not a whit distressed at the din within or without.

Then, in one terrific instant, distant thunder and lightning and north wind rent the air, giant forests were laid low in that moment, and icebergs beat and crashed against the Causeway until the little village of Donegal seemed a toy town not worth the north wind's notice. But the old host continued the story.

"Can you not see the faithful South's wife stealing to his bedside swiftly, whispering, 'Husband, husband, waken quickly, the Giant of the North is here. There is no time to meet him squarely, and you are heavy with sleep, but climb into the cradle quickly and snore and roar and bluster in thy sleep.' And on that very instant in steps the Northland Giant, calling, 'Come forth, come forth, warm hobgoblin of the spring, and do me a puny battle for your gardens and warm weather.'

The South's Wife Answers

INDEED, bold sir, my good spouse is not in at present. It was so mild and close, he strolled out only in the last moment among the mountain tops to take a breath of this soft air that has sprung up so suddenly. 'Twas over warm in the bed, though the little one, as you see, sleeps quietly on in his cradle, unconcerned. Forbear to go too near him, gentle guest, for even giant babies will waken at a touch.' I most can hear her saying it," said the old story-teller, with a reassuring nod. "And now she pours for him a great cup which he drains at a single draught. 'I will pour another and another, most mild and gentle sir,' she adds. 'It is the baby's cup and holds but a thimble measure.'

"'An' is that the baby yonder, covered in the little bed? A monster infant 'tis indeed.'" And the old man's voice changed, as he fancied the giant's would have, had he been muttering these things to himself. "'He doth bellow in his sleep like a pack of mad seacows! What a curmudgeon indeed the sire must be!' And turning to the giant woman, whispers sheepishly, 'I am begging your pardon, my good woman. My own wife bade me stop in passing and inquire concerning thy little one.' Then with a score of ten-league leaps he cowered behind the horizon and tiptoed to the North.

"It will be a pleasant day to-morrow, ladies," the old host assured us, rising to bid us good-night, for the storm had spent itself.

"Finish the story," we cried breathless. "Oh, it is but a word to finish," he added, still standing in the attitude of bidding us good-night. "The Giant of the South and his brave wife merrily chuckled and laughed. And the spring came softly, promptly on, for there were no more winter storms, and the birds and warm south winds and rills all joined them in their mirth."

The Best Easter Story

AND very early in the morning they came unto the sepulcher bringing spices. . . . And behold, two men stood by them in shining garments, saying: "He is not here, but is risen."

And they drew nigh unto the village whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone farther. But they constrained him, saying, "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." . . . And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened and they knew him.

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Hindus Eager for the Gospel

GOD is doing great things in Ellore, South India. There is a spirit of inquiry among the heathen such as I have not seen for some time. A deputation of thirty-six heathen men recently arrived at the mission house to beg for a Christian teacher. They had walked nine miles for that purpose. The remarkable feature of the incident is that seven of the men were high-caste Hindus. During my thirty years in India, I have never before known the high and low-caste people of a village to unite in asking for the Gospel. There are signs in two villages of the caste people surrendering to Christ. The work among the caste girls in Ellore is encouraging.

Mr. W. C. Edwards Traveling on an Elephant Lent by the Rajah of Bhadrachellum

Last week we had the joy of baptizing seventy-nine heathen people, all converts from one village.

A friend from London, England (Mr. W. C. Edwards), has just visited us in Ellore. Our old friend, the Rajah of Bhadrachellum, kindly placed his elephant at our disposal, and Mr. Edwards was thus enabled to visit three of our Christian hamlets, where he rejoiced at what he saw of the Lord's work.

Last month we were able to open a small Bible training school for young men in Ellore—a long-felt need.

Mr. C. H. Billington writes me as follows: "I have sent a pastor and trained teacher to Kothapallie, the village from which the deputation of thirty-six men came. This afternoon nineteen men came from there, asking me to visit their village again on Sunday. This I have promised to do. So far the Lord has been pleased to deliver the village into our hands. The pastor seems to have a grip on the people, and I trust the Lord has, too. Yesterday, on special invitation, I visited a village containing about four hundred people. We gathered near the temple to Hanuman (the 'monkey god') and proclaimed Christ as Saviour. We had a large crowd, who listened attentively. These people are anxious to come out for Christ.

"There are two hamlets near, and the three villages contain no less than one thousand souls ready for the Gospel. What am I to do? Am I to step in and seize this grand opportunity? Surely the Spirit of the Lord is falling upon these poor people, and they are yielding to him."

I have wired Brother Billington the one word, "Take." We have exactly doubled our regular monthly expenditure during the last two months, though we have no funds to meet the increased expenditure involved in these extensions; but when the heathen are literally clamoring for the Gospel, what else could I do?

Will your readers pray that God may send us the needed means to enter these wide-open doors?

A. S. PAYNTER.

Mahagastotta, Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.

Mr. C. H. Billington and the Young Men of the Bible Training School

A California Mission

THE work of the Bethlehem Mission of Los Angeles, Calif., has steadily grown during the past fifteen years. It is conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dana Webster Bartlett. Connected with it there is a large free employment bureau; a bathhouse, patronized by over 30,000 last year; also a Japanese church of fifty members, a Japanese mission house, and a school of over fifty pupils. There is a club for Mexican women, sewing clubs for the Italian and Mexican girls, and clubs for Russian and Japanese boys. The organization is also endeavoring, under the leadership of Dr. Bartlett, to establish garden cities in the outlying districts of Los Angeles proper, for the poor foreigners of the city slums. Dr. Bartlett was also instrumental in founding the Sunrise Court of Los Angeles. Since the establishment of this court, no less than 2,000 men and women, who were arrested on the streets during the night, at break of day have been released on probation as first offenders, and returned to work. All arrested as first offenders are released on promise of better behavior. Surprising as it may seem, the number arrested a second time is less than one per cent. of the total. Letters like the following have been received by the magistrate of the Sunrise Court: "The Sunrise Court has saved my job, spared me the humiliation of a jail sentence and permitted me to return to my family, without a scene in courtroom or jail. I want to thank you deeply for the consideration shown me in this court and to express my gratefulness to the officials who had the wisdom to establish such a court to save first offenders. Rest assured my first appearance at the court will be my last."

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"Gus" the Tailor

A Bowery Mission Trophy

IN THE tailor shop of the Bowery Mission Labor Settlement sits a quiet little man patiently plying his busy needle. He is all alone, except for the unseen spirits that "compass him about as a great cloud of witnesses," and which are as real to him as flesh and blood. He lives a great deal on the intangible border line that divides the seen from the unseen. He is one who has already "come out of great tribulation," and is calmly waiting for his crowning. This little four-square room, cluttered with cast-off clothing, in which he works, is but the vestibule of the Father's "house of many mansions," and it seems as though already the dawning light of the better day falls across his face as he looks up with a smile and hums the words of a beloved hymn he heard sung the night before in the Bowery Mission:

O house of many mansions,
Thy gates are opened wide,
And dear are all the faces
Upon the other side.

. . .

Seldom has the desolating hurricane of sorrow swept through a human life with such swift and sudden vehemence and such stunning, staggering force as that which struck the life of Gus Voght on June 14, 1904. It was on that fatal day that the steamer *General Slocum*, with hundreds of Sunday School scholars, teachers and parents on board, bent on a day's enjoyment, flashed out in flame on the East River, and, before any help could be secured, had carried scores to a ghastly death. Among the victims were the wife and two children of the little tailor. He was a poor man. His home was humble indeed, but it was everything to him. It was the scene of a daily struggle for existence, in which he and his patient wife did superhuman things and suffered dire privations in order that the two children might enjoy a somewhat better lot than theirs had been. By dint of great effort it had been made possible for the mother and two little girls to have this outing. It had been looked forward to with eager delight by the children, and, in gay and exulting excitement, they had bidden their father good-by as he started for his day's work, whilst they wended their way to the fated steamer.

The mother and the younger child were never seen again. The elder daughter had leaped from the burning steamer upon a tugboat, and was apparently safe—for a moment. A panic-stricken man, however, essayed the same feat, and also jumped. In cruel misfortune he came crashing down on the child and immediately killed her.

Thus at one blow had the life of the little man been utterly blighted. For a time reason tottered on her throne. The shock brought on bodily paralysis, permanently disabling his left arm and affecting his speech. For a year he was unable to work, and ultimately drifted to that haven of so many helpless human derelicts, the Bowery Mission.

. . .

There were other pathetic events associated with the coming of Gus to the Mission.

One Sunday morning in the fall of 1906 I received a hurried call from one of the near-by lodging-houses. A man in whom I had been for some time deeply interested had died suddenly. His room-mates heard him utter one wild, piercing shriek, and by the time they reached his side he was dead. It was a sad, sad ending of what might have been a brilliant career. During the previous summer I had visited the home of his parents in London, England, a home of elegance and luxury. He was a favorite son, but for many years had been a wanderer. Both parents were over eighty, and, with copious tears and in tremulous tones, they had begged me to use my influence to get him to return home. Alas, alas,

Continued on next page

Charles D Sigsbee, Rear-Admiral U S Navy writes:

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The Right Honorable Sir John Gorst, the eminent Statesman and former member of the British Cabinet, writes that he "wishes to say he has only been acquainted with the great merits of Sanatogen—has taken it with excellent results, and when necessary will certainly take it again. It was also used by a daughter of his with great benefit."

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OMO Dress Shields are made from a pure tropical gum that has the impervious quality of rubber without its unpleasant odor, and is non-heating and free from injurious chemicals. They are light, cool to wear and washable. Made in all desirable shapes and styles. Every pair guaranteed.

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The ideal garment for babies. Worn over the diaper these dainty little garments will protect the clothes and keep them clean and dry. Made from OMO Sanitary Sheeting, which is soft, white, odorless and absolutely waterproof. Plain or lace trimmed 25c to $1.00.

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Made of OMO Sanitary Sheeting. Plain and with pocket which catches the food the baby spills. 15c to 50c.

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Great Free Premium Offer whereby you get a lot of valuable articles free as a present with orders. *Also the book contains easily understood directions for papering walls*, making paste and hanging wall paper. With these instructions you can hang paper as well as an expert wall paper hanger can.

Go Into the Wall Paper Business Make lots of money. No experience necessary. Every house owner will buy paper of you. We furnish outfits and instruct and advise you free. *Paper hangers, painters please write.*

JOHN M. SMYTH MOSE CO. 150-162 W. Madison St. **Chicago**

A GREAT DISCOMFORT

is a sour stomach. It often results in a sour disposition, as well as pain and distress. Sure relief may be obtained by the use of Murray's Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), which absorb gas and acid, prevent fermentation, and sweeten both stomach and disposition. *Once only*, 10 cents in stamps will secure a full size, 25 cent box. A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

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I CAN NOW HEAR

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums. I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story, — how I got deaf and how I cured myself hear.

Medicated Ear Drum

Est. N. Y. 1908

ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY
Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager
G. P. WAY 2 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

CORNS Get rid of the little torments by using A-Corn Salve. You never spent 15 cents to better advantage. Easy, safe, quick, sure. At druggists' or by mail.

Giant Chem. Co., Philadelphia

"Gus" the Tailor

Continued from preceding page

the prodigal preferred the wilderness and the husks to the father's house. No amount of persuasion that I could bring to bear upon him sufficed to wean him from the misery of the Bowery, and the end quickly came.

Knowing that his people would wish him to have a decent Christian burial, arrangements were quickly made, and from our platform I gave an invitation to any one who had known him to attend the service in the undertaker's chapel.

Funeral services are generally scenes of tragic sorrow, but for dumb, unspeakable pathos there have probably been few like that. My heart was strangely stirred, my voice was shaken, and my eyes were filled with tears as I went through the simple service. Besides "Mother" Bird, my wife and one or two of my co-workers, only one man had accepted the invitation to be present. He was the only mourner. He sat with bowed head and quivering jaw, contending all the time with the inward surgings of an overpowering emotion. As the last words of the committal were uttered he rose unbidden, and kneeling by the casket of his departed friend, he said: "From to-day I'm going to live a Christian life." It was "Gus," the tailor.

. . .

Right faithfully has he kept his vow. He became one of us. His sweet, simple good nature won our hearts. He has been with us ever since, and a short time after his conversion he made another fact known which reveals Gus Voght as the "Andrew" who brought a great "Peter" to Christ and the Bowery Mission.

The story of the conversion of Victor Benke, the famous Tramp Organist of the Bowery, is one of our choicest classics. How often, as Benke used to relate the event, and as we heard other eye-witnesses relate it, did we long to find the man who, on that memorable Sunday morning, had found the miserable young German hobo in one of the city parks, and had brought him to "Mother" Bird's meeting and salvation! Benke himself had tried unceasingly to find him but had failed. Now the mystery was solved. It was little "Gus," the tailor.

Benke passed away a few days after the *Slocum* disaster and joined the other "spirits made perfect." To "Gus," as he sits in the tailor shop, it is the memory of the fact that he was instrumental in bringing this sweet singer of Israel to Christ that so soothingly stirs within his mind, and it is the feeling that he will soon join him and the other loved ones gone on before, that makes his heart glad as he quietly sings,

O house of many mansions,
Thy gates are opened wide,
And dear are all the faces
Upon the other side.

J. G. HALLIMOND, *Superintendent.*

Called Higher

Mrs. E. C. Dodd (60), of Baileyton, Tenn., passed to her reward July 17, 1911.

Mrs. S. M. Slinger (83) passed away at Fruitport, Mich., January 7, 1912. She was for many years a subscriber to this magazine.

Alvin S. Cram, of Langdon, N. H., passed away November 24, 1911. For twenty years he had been a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

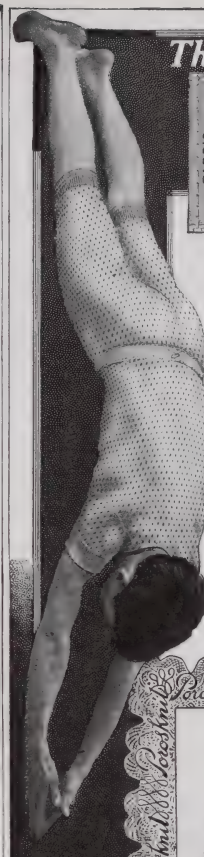
Mrs. Thomas Hicks, of Topeka, Kan., was taken to her heavenly home on August 9, 1911. She was for a number of years a reader of this paper.

Mrs. E. Litchfield (73), of Jackson, Mich., passed away November 23, 1911. She was a devoted Christian character. For many years she was a devoted reader of this paper.

Mrs. Frances Riddle (84), of Fort Collins, Colo., passed away May 21, 1910. Her life was one of Christian service, during many years of which she was a devoted reader of this paper.

Lavaletta M. Chrisman (83), of Chester Springs, Pa., passed to her last home, November 16, 1911. For over half a century she was a devoted church member, and was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD since its first issue.

Mrs. Mary H. Straw (67), of Bellwood, Pa., fell asleep January 16, 1912. Fifty years of her life were spent in Christian service and devotion to her church, during which period she was for many years a careful reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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But accept no imitation. This guarantee stands *only* with the genuine "Porosknit," having the actual "Porosknit" label, exactly as in the Guarantee Bond below, which goes with every garment.

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It Means Genuine Porosknit

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20 Packets Choice Flower and Garden Seeds 25c

We will mail you one packet of each of the following 20 varieties, our 1912 catalog and a coupon good for 25c, all for 25c in coin or stamps.

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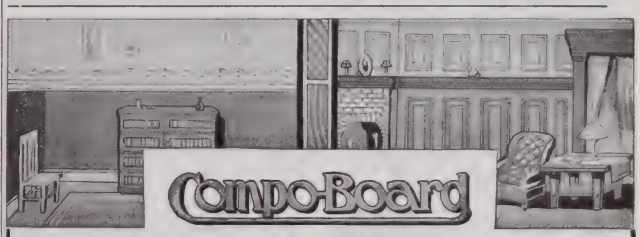
Either the ten packages of flower or the ten packages of vegetable seeds for 15c mailed. Your money back if not satisfied. **BINGHAMTON SEED CO., 402 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y.**



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In the FREE ORDERING OUTFIT you find any cloth you want; fancy Cheviots, fancy Worsteds, unfinished Worsteds, Cassimeres; Serges, Imported Broadcloths, plain trouserings, and popular plain black, blue and gray suitings. Every pattern a beauty. Every quality, the finest—the pick of five thousand cloths. Cream of the World's Woolen and Worsted Mills. Also in the outfit we send a reliable linen tape line to measure with, a big set of 1912 fashion plates, a mighty interesting construction chart and best of all simple instructions for measuring, with any friend or neighbor of your family can take your measure as easily and accurately as any expert cutter. We cut and make every pair of Trousers and

EVERY SUIT STRICTLY TO ORDER Every stitch just right—that's the workmanship showing everywhere. Every garment full of style. Bright, snappy, up-to-date raiment. Everything just right—coat collar fits snug as it should, close to shirt collar. Shoulders are hand padded and delicately hand worked into a fashionable concave effect. Front drapes gracefully. Coat, vest, trousers fit perfectly as you like to have them.

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Should we fail to fit you, should you be disappointed for any reason whatever send the clothes back at our expense, and we'll gladly refund your money. *Write now today for the samples and ordering outfit* and see for yourself how to save $10 to $75 on your new suit.

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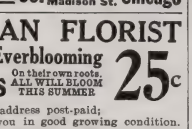

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MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Box 44 Springfield, Ohio

They die outdoors!

No mixing
No Spreading—
No Muss—No Trouble
Just crumble up a

Rat Bis-Kit

about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way. Large size 25c. Small size 15c. All druggists or direct prepaid. The Rat Bis-Kit Co. 3 N. Limestone St. Springfield, Ohio.

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. "How?" Oh, something new—The MORLEY PHONE I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

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made low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." "Over One Hundred Thousand Sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

J. M. A., Florida. Who was Rachel weeping for? Her children? (Matt. 2: 18.) I do not find her name in my Bible dictionary.

The passage referred to relates to the Babylonian captivity. Rachel, the wife of Jacob, and mother of Joseph and Benjamin, is figuratively represented as rising from the tomb and lamenting over the loss of her children. Ramah in Benjamin was a scene of pillage and massacre in Jeremiah's time (see Jer. 31: 15), and hence is chosen by the prophet in his figurative scene of lamentation.

J. I. B., Milwaukee, Wis. To what extent are we justified in claiming that the influence of Christian America made itself felt in China's struggle for emancipation?

American education and religious training have unquestionably influenced the Chinese people to a considerable extent. Young Chinese, coming here and being trained in our schools and colleges, coming constantly under the influence of Christian doctrine and imbibing a love of American freedom and independence, return to their own land earnest advocates of change. Sun Yat Sen, the first provisional president, is a Christian and united with the Episcopal Church. Chu Chan, one of his chief advisers, is also a Christian. General Li Hung, vice-president, is represented as an earnest evangelical Christian. Dr. Wu Ting Fang, a member of his cabinet, was baptized a Christian, and Liang Chi Cho, another revolutionary leader, was educated by our missionaries and is an earnest Christian and a good speaker. How far Christianity may be represented in the cabinet of the new president, Yuan Shi Kai, is not yet apparent.

Mrs. B. E. B., McAdam, B. C., Canada. Where in the New Testament can I find *three* places where the Father spoke to Jesus, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," or "This is my beloved Son: hear him"? I have found several passages, but they all relate to the baptism and to the transfiguration.

The passages relating to the baptism are: Matt. 3: 17; Mark 1: 11; Luke 3: 21, 22; to the transfiguration: Matt. 17: 5; Mark 9: 7; Luke 9: 35. Other passages which express substantially the same idea are: Matt. 12: 18; Luke 20: 13; II. Pet. 1: 17.

H. R. W., Lawrence, N. Y. 1. What is your candid opinion of the recent demonstration in honor of Cardinal Farley? 2. Is it right for our city officials to permit such a religious procession in his honor? 3. Is it right to permit the carrying of the Papal flag even though it is accompanied by the Stars and Stripes?

1. Our opinion of the event has been already expressed in the article on "A Prince of the Papacy," which appeared in our issue of January 31. 2. Under our government, religious equality and freedom of worship are granted to all. 3. This is a Christian country, and while the nation, as a whole, is liberal, it cannot view such demonstrations without apprehension. With regard to your other questions, we would say that the very fact that Americans are educated in the principles of religious freedom and equality is the best guaranty against Papal schemes. The whole history of Catholic domination in older lands is a sad one. The Church of Rome has lost its hold in almost every country in Europe. It has always been the enemy of education and human progress, and wherever the masses have become enlightened, its power has declined. England, France, Italy, Portugal have successively shaken off Papal authority and Spain may yet do so. In South America, its influence has been against education and human progress and it is now waning even there. Any concerted effort looking toward Catholic ascendancy here would be opposed by our people and could never hope to succeed.

C. P., Babylon, N. Y. In your issue of February 14, the question is asked: "Who are the 'witnesses' spoken of in Heb. 12: 1?" In answer the writer says the image implied is a race in the arena. There is nothing which would give us grounds for thinking that Paul had any such idea. The latter part of the article is the true meaning of the text. Everything is spiritual—spiritual witnesses of a spiritual race. Paul does, however, draw the comparison in I. Cor. 9: 24, 25. The closing of Heb. 11 and opening of Heb. 12 is in my estimation one of the most blessed and sacred passages in God's Word. It gives us the assurance that we shall meet those who have gone before us. "Without us they shall not be made perfect."

Paul, in the passage in Heb. 12: 1, was likening the spiritual life to a race, and he used the terms of the arena in describing it, which were quite appropriate. It was a true similitude and is so regarded by commentators generally. As our correspondent observes, however, the whole passage is purely spiritual, and we should look beyond the mere material figure and endeavor to grasp the higher meaning. There is no more comforting and reassuring passage in any of the epistles than this, which shows the conviction that the "witnesses"—those saints who have passed over before us—are watching us with a lively interest and helping us with their unseen presence and spiritual sympathy in our battle here.

H. A. B., Clayton, O. Please explain James 5: 14, 15. Is it practiced to-day? W. W., Wissington Springs, S. D., also asks: Can you give the address of any parties or denomination that practice divine healing?

The most recent "divine healing" movement is that known as the "Emmanuel Movement," under the direction of Dr. Elwood Worcester and Dr. Samuel McComb, of Boston; Dr. J. B. Faucon, rector of St. Mary's, New York; Dr. L. W. Batten, of the Episcopal General Seminary at New York, and other Episcopal clergymen. The Christian Alliance has a long record of cases of positive healing in answer to prayer. Anointing with oil is often practiced by their workers. Aside from these specific movements many individual ministers and Christian workers give attention to faith healing, and humble Christians everywhere are constantly experiencing the power of God to relieve pain and remove sickness in answer to prayer.

Mrs. W. C. L., Madison, Conn. The author of the lines,

"Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you"

is Madeline Bridges.

G. P., Valencia, Kan., writes: "The number of your paper giving the views of so many bright women of our country about the 'obey' in the marriage ceremony was very fascinating to me. So many of them are aged mothers. They remind me of the poet Holmes, who said: "Old people are like some of our fruits, as the peach and the pear, all the sweeter just before decay." When I read what they had to say I felt like tossing my hat up in the air. I was an orphan boy when I enlisted in the Civil War. I sacrificed an arm and suffered many other things common to a soldier's life and never regretted it. It was done for a people I love and I expect to nourish such feeling until this gray head of mine is pillowed in my coffin."

Continued on next page

SHE QUIT COFFEE

And Much Good Came From It.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around at all. Had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. I felt as though I was liable to die any time.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally, one day, it came over me and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal besides.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer, had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Vapo Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

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is a condition affecting 90 per cent of our people—young, middle-aged and old. A weak or rolling ankle in a child, or the "toeing-in" habit is a sure indication. In the early stages the condition is easily and permanently corrected. Later, relief only from the most painful symptoms may be expected. The trouble follows every weakening disease. Mothers rarely ever escape the affliction. Send for

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We will also include, without extra cost, the book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money." Walter Camp edits The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of which is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This fielder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of finest tan leather, felt padded, leather lined, web thumb, deep pocket. Guaranteed. *Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.*

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Show this wholly visible Typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excells any $100 Typewriter made, if we would send one to you Free of One Cent of Cost for you to keep forever as your own? Then on a postal card, or in a letter to us, simply say: Mail particulars.

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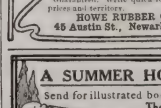

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I SAY it over and over, and yet again to-day,
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday,
It is the Lord's appointment,
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure in my heart of hearts
He has offered it to me.

I must say it over and over, and again to-day,
For my work is different from that of yesterday,
It is the Lord's appointment,
It quiets my restless will
Like the voice of tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this, and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,
It is the Lord's appointment,
For only his love can see
What is wisest, best, and right,
What is truly good for me. —*Selected.*

SPENCERIAN

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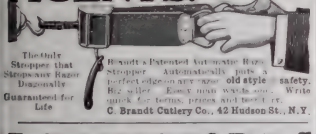

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Our Mail-Bag

Continued from preceding page

J. A. D., Galovin, Alaska. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD it is stated that Paul was familiar with the Greek version of the Scripture. I infer that when you say "Scripture" you mean both Old and New Testaments.

It is made manifest in Acts 27 that Paul was familiar with "all the learning of the Greeks." Tarsus, his native city, was a famous seat of learning and philosophical research, and he probably had the advantage of training in its schools. The son of a Pharisee and trained from boyhood to the pursuits of a doctor of Jewish law, he presumably was instructed in the elements of Rabbinical lore, including of course the Jewish Scriptures. These are the inferences of those writers who have studied his life career. This could not apply to the New Testament writings as we now know them, for they were only in the making, and must have been very incomplete; but it is a fair presumption that in his later career, as an apostle, he was not ignorant of such writings as may then have been in existence, dealing with the events of Jesus' life and ministry. There was no New Testament, in the modern meaning of the term, in Paul's day, and could not have been, for obvious reasons.

M. B., Decatur, Ia. There are many fads and harmless eccentricities permissible to feminine taste, but a pair of dancing slippers, the heels of which were studded with diamonds and worn by an American woman at a party in London recently, seems to me a wilful and sinful bit of extravagance. It is very much in line with the vulgar braggadocio of a parvenu of whom it is related that he lighted his cigarette and those of his friends with crisp, new bank-notes.

There are prodigal daughters as well as prodigal sons, and their sins of extravagance and vanity are alike reprehensible. Instances of the character mentioned by M. B. are fortunately rare, and can only be explained as the result of a mania for notoriety. Such doings are the index of a weak mind and a conscience unawakened to moral duties and responsibilities.

Mrs. W. W. Naples, Fla. 1. Is Veronica mentioned in the Bible? 2. What does Rev. 22: 2 mean?

1. Veronica was a pious woman of Jerusalem, the story of whose kindness to the Saviour when he was being taken to crucifixion has been preserved in tradition. She is not mentioned by name in the Gospels. She is supposed to have been the woman mentioned in Matt. 9: 20. 2. The whole description is figurative. The waters in the New Testament represent Gospel glory, flowing from God, the fountain of life. Whereas now each season has its fruits, there it will be one perpetual, neverending season of productiveness, twelve indicating endless variety. The leaves of the tree are for the "health-giving" (not "healing") of the nations—those who long before (in the millennium) had become the Lord's people. Regarding your last question, we would suggest that you communicate with the post office authorities, Washington, D. C., if you cannot find satisfaction locally.

Miscellaneous

C. H. F., Doster, Mich. See parallel passage in Luke 12: 53. This was recently explained in THE MAIL-BAG, February 7, page 141.

R. P., Pennsylvania. The temple was built on Mount Moriah, the site which was purchased by David from Araunah the Jebusite. See II. Chron. 3: 1.

Z. J. K., Hillsville, Va. Rev. 7: 1 has no reference to the rotundity of the earth. The "four corners" might with equal accuracy be interpreted "four quarters."

J. G. "Immortal" and "everlasting" are interchangeable terms. Theologically, they mean continued and endless conscious existence, in union with God.

Any subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who may know the address of Charles Stoddard, who was last heard from while living in South Dakota, will confer a favor by forwarding that information to Miss M. J. Gunn, R. R. No. 24, Box 120, Delta, O.

H. E. P., Whitten, Ia. 1. Your question hinges on the meaning of the word "paradise," which expresses the future state of bliss, both in its higher and lower stages (see II. Cor. 12: 2, 4). In the passage in Luke 22 reference is made not to the highest or final stage, but to the state of the disembodied spirit immediately after death. It was not the ultimate state, but a condition of rest and peace. 2. Matt. 24: 34 has already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG of February 7, page 141.

J. S., Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, writes: "In THE MAIL-BAG of February 14 the question is asked: 'What has become of the souls of the heathen who died without the knowledge of the true God?' (See I. Pet. 4: 6. Also I. Pet. 3: 19.) It will not do, as some commentators say, to state that Noah was the preacher. He had no Gospel to preach. He was a preacher of righteousness (justice and judgment). They shall be judged on the same principle as those who heard the Gospel when in the flesh. This, of course, applies to all the heathen before the Gospel dispensation."

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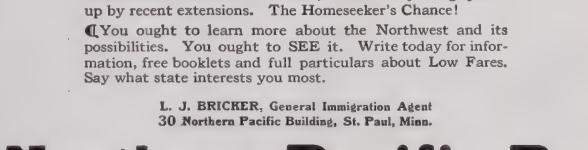
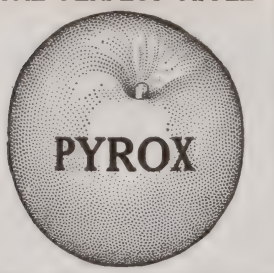


THE PERFECT APPLE



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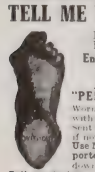

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HOW JESUS WOULD KEEP THE SABBATH*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT IS fitting that a lesson on Sabbath observance should follow Easter, for one reason: because "the Lord's Day is the little Easter," the *weekly* celebration of the resurrection of Christ. Another good reason is that to-day begins "World's Week of Prayer for the Sabbath," which is appointed at this season for what constitutes a third strong reason for studying Sabbath observance, at this time, namely, that the opening of spring is the very time to head off summer Sabbath-breaking. Let teachers' meetings vote that they will not patronize for picnics on any day those resorts that break the laws of God and man by Sunday amusements. Especially let the boys and girls be convinced, before Sunday amusements come in like a flood, that God's plan (Isa. 58: 13, 14), that we should on the Sabbath "turn away" from selfish work and selfish "pleasure" to the higher "delight" of altruism, tends to individual as well as social welfare.

It would not be the best use of the teachers' precious half-hour to discuss in detail the too strict observance of the Sabbath by the Pharisees of twenty centuries ago. It would probably do more harm than good by making a boy think his father and pastor were Pharisees because they objected to Sunday games. There is no danger of any one keeping the Sabbath too strictly in our times. It is the modern Sadducees we need to get after, who think the Sabbath and all other days were made for selfish gain and selfish pleasure. The Pharisees were like many of our day in that their ideal of Sabbath-keeping was mostly negative—doing nothing, or as little as possible. The man who spends the Sabbath mostly in sluggish sleep and "gregarious chattering" and reading such inanities as those of the Sunday supplements, needs, no less than the Pharisees, to learn from Jesus that true Sabbath-keeping is not doing nothing, but doing good.

Let us look straight into the text of the lesson and other stories of how Jesus himself kept the Sabbath, that we may apply to our own Sunday problems the great test, "What would Jesus do?"

Jesus defended and defined "works of necessity" on the Sabbath when he showed that watering an ox, or rescuing him from a pit (Luke 13: 15), or getting a Sunday dinner of cracked wheat (Matt. 12: 1-8), were in harmony with God's law. In eight Sabbaths of his earthly life, in eight different sections of Palestine, he healed the sick for the express purpose of showing that such brotherly kindness is the very best Sabbath-keeping. As farmers rest their fields by change of crops, not by leaving the soil idle to the weeds, so the true rest for fertile minds—which will think and plan on secular things unless the displacing power of a new affection, a new enthusiasm, a new occupation, turns the thoughts into a new channel—is a radical change of activities, such as works of mercy bring after six days' work for money. Christ's example teaches us that idleness as well as business is Sabbath-breaking. True Sabbath-keeping requires such activities as visiting the poor and sick and sinful, such work as Christian instruction in the home and Sabbath school. "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." It is unlawful to spend it wholly in idleness. The Sabbath has been too much a day of don'ts. Bad activities may be most easily displaced by good ones. Constantine, in his second edict about Sunday observance, applies Christ's Sabbath teachings most admirably when he says of the sacred day: "It is most grateful and pleasing that those things should be done on it that are most desirable. Therefore it is our pleasure that all our ministers have leave to emancipate and manumit on that holy day, and enter all such acts as concern the same." Christ loosed on the Sabbath those bound with infirmities; Constantine made it a weekly emancipation day; so should Christians of to-day use it to relieve the body and soul by works of mercy.

We ought to read with the stories of how Jesus kept the Sabbath on earth, the story in the first chapter of Revelation of how he was seen on a Lord's day in heaven, not sitting idly, but standing and girded, telling the apostle John to write seven letters to make seven cities better. Surely doing good by letter-writing is a form of Sabbath observance within reach of all except those too young to write. It is not fitting to spend the Sabbath in writing letters of gain or of gossip, but let us read on Sabbath morning some of the beautiful personal letters that were counted good enough to be made a part of the Bible (I. and II. Timothy, Titus, Philemon, II. and III. John), and learn from them to write in a fashion that will help to make better the world we live in.

The Imperiled Sabbath

Let us face the fact that the Sabbath is now more attacked and less defended in the United States than ever before. The Sunday laws still remain, indeed, on the statute books, except in California and the District of Columbia. Only in a few cases have the laws legalized Sunday trains, Sunday papers or Sunday sports and shows. But the Sunday laws, like those against many other evil things, are often unenforced. The people, in many places, share the guilt of supine and unworthy officials, by rewarding them with re-election. It is not alone the saloons that try to claim for the worst form of business an extra day, but those public performances and shows which are only too apt to be accompanied by influences that lead to vice and crime are allowed to draw thoughtless youth from church and Sunday School. Sunday base ball is a still more serious attack on the American Sabbath. The games go on just about the same whether the legislature forbids or permits the sport, and the crowd that spends Sunday "rooting" is brutalizing the better class of youth who are drawn into this great temptation.

No one should settle the question whether he shall spend Sunday in sport by any such petty test as, "It does not particularly hurt *me* to go to a Sunday ball game once or twice." The test is, What has been the effect of Sunday sports on nations? Hallam, the great philosopher of history, says that "shrewd despots have cultivated a love of Sunday pastimes to keep the people quiet under political distresses." Bob Burdette says: "The Declaration of Independence was not written in a beer dive on Sunday afternoon. Not by a jugful." It is a patriotic duty to be loyal to the American Sabbath.

What Can I Do?

That even an individual of only average talent and average opportunity can materially help in the restoration of the American Sabbath is shown by the simple yet wonderful story of Mr. Ernest A. Eggers, a Brooklyn letter-carrier, who is just about such a fellow as any letter-carrier you see on the street, only that his name and nature is "Ernest." In church, one Sunday

Continued on next page

*International Sunday School Lesson for April 14, 1912. Mark 2: 23 to 3: 6. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark 2:27.

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

morning, he heard an address of Rev. O. R. Miller, who had long worked for the prohibition of Sunday labor in post offices. Of these efforts Mr. Miller spoke—only one of many topics discussed—and Mr. Eggers at once determined to work for Sunday closing, for the sake of his own body and soul and for his fellows. His pastor, Rev. G. W. Osmun, encouraged him. The superintendent of the International Reform Bureau put him in touch with Rev. Geo. W. Grannis, D.D., of the National Lord's Day Alliance. Rev. J. P. Hutchinson gave him great cheer by getting the Colorado Springs office closed. The humble letter-carrier used his leisure hours diligently in letter-writing and interviews until he had secured another Sunday closing law in Toledo, through Rev. E. W. Berger. Then the postmaster of New York, Mr. E. M. Morgan, was induced to give his powerful aid, and Assistant Postmaster-General Grandfield and Postmaster-General Hitchcock found enough public sentiment had been aroused, mainly by the wise use of that one letter-carrier's leisure hours, for them to issue orders in rapid succession discontinuing Sunday delivery of mail in ninety per cent. of the post offices. The next step is to ask for a law to forbid Sunday work in the money order and registry divisions of post offices; and for another law to relieve those who gather mail from boxes on Sunday from that burden, which both Toronto and London prove to be needless.

If we watch out, we shall find many ways to give back Sunday as a rest day and home day and weekly independence day and character-building day to some of those who have been robbed of it.

How a Child's Gift Grew

A LITTLE girl once came to a small Sunday School and asked to be taken in, but the attendance was already too large to be comfortably accommodated, and it was explained that there was no room for her. Within less than two years little Hattie May Wiatt, aged eight, fell ill and the pastor of the same little church came to see her; the doctor came, too, but she slipped away on her own little last pilgrimage and no one guessed her strange little girl secret until beneath her pillow was found a battered and torn pocketbook with fifty-seven pennies in it wrapped about with a little scrap of paper upon which was written "To help build the little Temple bigger, so that more children can go there to Sunday School." Hattie was a poor little girl, and for two years she had worked for and saved her pennies for the cause which was nearest her heart. The pastor told the touching incident to his congregation and people began making donations for the enlargement of the little church. The papers got hold of the story and told it far and wide until, within five years, those fifty-seven pennies had grown to be $250,000, and to-day if you go to Philadelphia, you can see a great church there called the Baptist Temple, with a seating capacity of eight thousand people, a Temple College where over fourteen hundred students are accommodated, a Temple Hospital with an enormous capacity, and a Temple Sunday School building so large that all the children who want to attend may come and be comfortable there. She was only a little girl with a little girl's heart, but who can estimate the power of her ardor, her unselfishness and her fifty-seven pennies?

BRIMFUL OF GOOD THINGS

The Christian Herald Almanac has come to hand. I appreciate this very useful gift. It is brimful and running over with much needed information on all topics and entertaining. May God bless you for the good work you are doing. EMMA J. WHEATON.

Muskegon, Mich.

The Howard Watch

THE U. S. Postal Mail Service is the backbone of the rapid delivery of letters in this country.

The Mail Trains are veritable "post-offices on wheels."

They collect mail from practically every post-office in the United States—and they sort this mail while traveling on express schedule —*HOWARD time.*

The whole American business system is built up on the saving of minutes.

The man who is unsuccessful is very likely one who is never sure what's o'clock.

It is the difference in temperament—in habit of mind—and in *watches.*

Now and for all, the HOWARD is the watch for the man whose time means money.

It is admittedly the finest practical watch in the world—made and adjusted to standards that have never been attained by any other timepiece.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. W, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Save 1/3 to 1/2 the Price

and have the *fastest, latest model, most saving* fireless cooker made. The Rapid roasts, bakes, steams, stews, boils and fries *all inside the cooker.* Cooks deliciously—nothing spoils or burns or needs watching. You can visit, sew, shop—enjoy yourself outdoors—your dinner is preparing and never fails to be delicious. I am making a Special Price on 10,000 Cookers—

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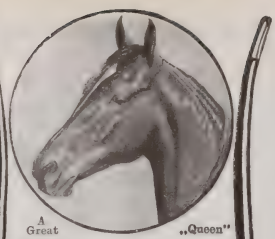
WM. CAMPBELL COMPANY, Dept. B-2 Detroit, Mich



A Great „Queen"

Horse Story

"KATE and QUEEN"

By Prof. Jesse Beery

King of Horse Trainers

Equals the famous "Black Beauty" in human interest--surpasses it in practical utility. "Kate" a victim of poor handling is vividly contrasted with "Queen" who was more fortunate. You sympathize with one--rejoice with the other--even as you sigh for the slum waif and laugh with the child of fortune.

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Prof. Beery desires that every horse owner, trainer, breeder--everyone interested in horses--should read this great story. To make it possible, for a short time he offers every interested horseman a copy, worth $1.00, for the remarkably low price of

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ALL BIG WIRES

Of Basic Open Hearth Steel with special Stay Tie—the strongest made. Heavily galvanized against rust.

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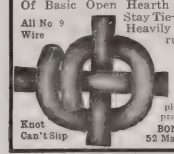

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Cut down your living expenses. You'll be astonished how beautiful it is to cultivate a garden and how easy if you use

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Adapted to more uses than any other implement. Opens furrows, plants, covers, and marks next row in one operation.

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selling the Automatic Connecticut Tool in your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller, Lifting Jack, Vise, Wrench, etc. Used by Farmers, Teamsters, in Factories, Mills, Mines, etc. Weight 24 lbs. Capacity 3 tons. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write for special offer to live agents. Send no money. Name county where you live.

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200 other styles. Many cheaper than wood—all better. For Lawns, Churches, Parks, etc. Write for Pattern Book and special offer.

THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 804 DECATUR, IND.

RABBONI

"Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary.' She turned herself, and saith unto him, 'Rabboni!' which is to say, Master." (St. John 20: 16.)

I DID not know Him, so sad that night,
The dawn so far away;
But I had gone to do the deeds I might—
Embalm Him, and to pray.

My Christ! My King beloved! Ah, but dead!
I brought sweet spices there;
My heart was broken—all uncomforted;
I poured it out in prayer.

I did not know that He had risen then,
For e'er to me restored;
He spake to me—*He* called my name again!
My Master—and my Lord!

Vineland, N. J. CARRIE E. BRECK.

Easter in the Holy Land

PALESTINE is now being crossed and recrossed in every direction by hundreds and thousands of Christian pilgrims from all over the civilized world. The city of Jerusalem is extended for miles by large colonies of pilgrims from different countries. Temporary hospices and shelters for travelers are built and stores for selling provisions, relics and souvenirs during Easter Week. An endless stream of peaceful invaders makes its way to the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher from daylight to midnight on Easter Day. Throughout the church pilgrims kneel, kissing "The Stone of Unction," upon which it is believed the body of Christ was laid before being laid in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. From Jerusalem the pilgrims scatter in caravans large and small to all parts of Palestine, visiting as many shrines as they can reach, and drinking at every historic fountain. The devout pilgrims form an almost unbroken line from Jerusalem to Jericho during the week following Easter.

Do You Know Your Bible?

ADDITIONAL ANSWERS TO LIST NO. 2

ONE more reader, Miss H. A. Towne, has answered 11½ questions correctly; three answered 10½ questions correctly, Mrs. C. E. Rider, Dr. H. F. Datesman, Mrs. A. S. Ross; three answered 10 correctly, Miss Lucy Little, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rodgers. Eight answered 9½ correctly; sixteen answered 9; seven answered 8½; eight answered 8; thirteen answered 7½; seven answered 7; six answered 6½; six answered 6.

Answered Prayers

A. B. M., New Windsor, Ill. "I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer."

E. M. C., Denver, Colo. "I have had many special answers to prayer, and two recently through united persevering prayer."

R. S. J., Hoboken, N. J. "In deep thankfulness for an answered prayer, we would give all praise to the Lord, who always hears."

Mrs. E. E. E., Ontario, Calif. "I wish to bear testimony to God's sustaining grace through a long and dangerous illness."

R. A. L., Lisbon. "I wish to add my testimony in the recovery through prayer of a son who was very sick, for which I praise the Lord."

Mrs. R. M. McC., Spencerville, Ont., Can. "The Lord answered my prayer and I wish to acknowledge it and thank him for his goodness to me."

Mrs. F. C. T., Ontario, Can. "When I was in deep trouble I went to God. He heard and answered my prayer, for which I am truly grateful to him."

Miss M. W., Coffey, Mo. "God has answered my prayers many times. Recently we were in trouble and he heard and answered our prayers."

Mrs. M. E. M. "I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering prayer. I was in sore trouble and he helped me in my distress."

Mrs. E. A. B., Fredericktown, Md. "The Lord brought my soul out of darkness and deep distress into joy and gladness, through answer to prayer."

V. E. L., Bangor, Me. "When I have submitted my will to God, he has granted my desires and answered my prayers in most wonderful ways."

Answered Prayers are also acknowledged by Mrs. L. H. C., Curwensville, Pa.; O. M. S., Herndon, Va.; H. P. H., Gee, Va.; E. S., Lykens, Pa.; C. L. F., Minaville, N. Y.; L. S. L., Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. K. B., Warsaw, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W., Baldwin, Kan.; Mrs. M. L. A., Rupert, Vt.; J. L., Prairie City, Ill.; Mr. H. S., Adair, Ill.; J. C. R., Tusculum, Tenn.; M., Due West, S. C.; Mrs. G. C. A., Lancaster, O.; M. E., Woodford, Wis.; E. W., Arthur, Ill.; H. V. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. C., Persia, Tenn.; T. N., South Fallsburg, N. Y.; G. S. W., Keokuk, Ia.; W. N. R., St. Johnsbury, Vt.; H. J. F., Sidney, Me.; F. L. G., Danville, Va.

BOYS'

PARENTS

Have you found an outlet for that excessive supply of energy that is accumulating within that boy of yours, for which you have racked your brains? The normal lad of from seven to fifteen years of age has usually twice the amount of energy he can consume in play and study. Outdoor play lacks the important factor—incentive, and the resulting good is merely spasmodic.

A definite pursuit of an hour a day or several hours each week with an incentive; some activity that will keep him in the open and at the same time off the street corners; an occupation that will exercise his mind and body, that will make him bright and alert, and teach him that which is so often lacking in the ordinary public schools, and which is so necessary to his future—the fundamental principles of business; this is exactly what your boy needs.

Allow him to start a little business of his own with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in your own neighborhood in his spare time. We will help him. You can help him. Salesmanship, the value of money, a definite aim in life, perseverance, punctuality, politeness and neatness are a few of the lessons he will learn in this best school—the school of actual experience.

We will furnish plenty of incentive. Each month a Shetland Pony with cart and harness complete is given as a reward of merit to the best boy. Watches and other premiums too numerous to mention are additional rewards.

Let him try. You know he will make good. We know he will make good, as our several thousand other boys are doing. Allow him to fill in the below coupon and mail it

AT ONCE

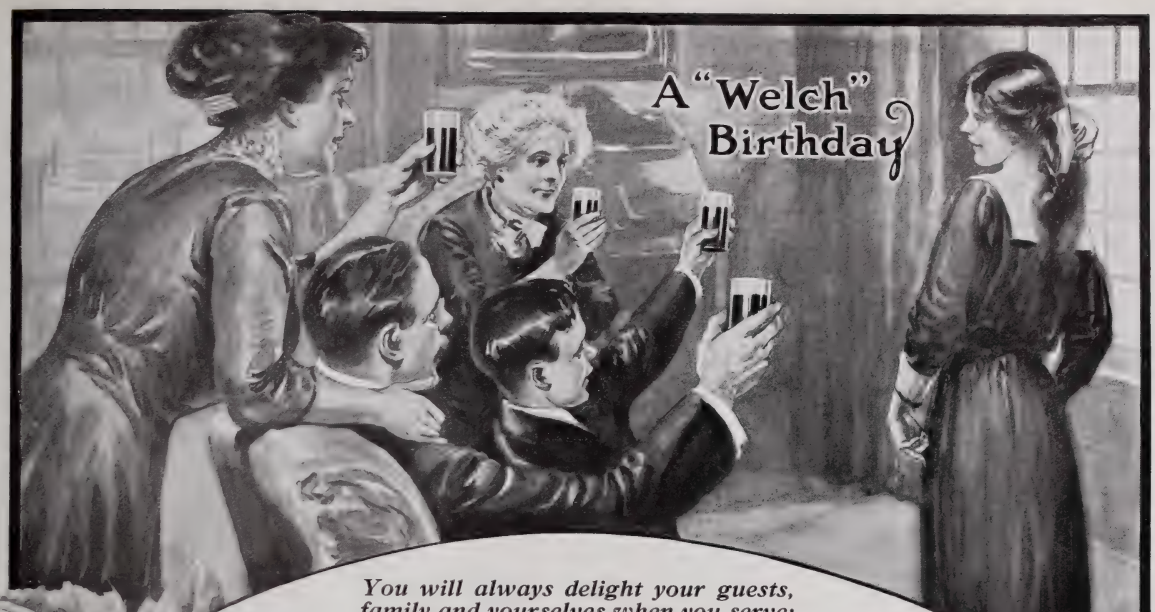
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City. *Date*.....

Please send me a start in business and tell me all about how I may win the beautiful Shetland Pony, if I do good work.

Signed.....

Address.....

Age..... *Town*..... *State*.....



You will always delight your guests, family and yourselves when you serve:

Welch's

The National Drink
Grape Juice

It is the ideal natural beverage. It may be served as it is or used as the foundation for many temptingly delicious drinks.

A case of WELCH'S in the house means that you are prepared for any social occasion. Welch grape punch, Welch grape sherbet—any of the many delightful drinks and dainty desserts made with WELCH'S can be produced in a few moments.

WELCH'S is, when you open the bottle, the very juice that was in the grapes when they left the vines. Within a few hours after they were gathered—as we chose them—we washed, rinsed, stemmed and pressed them. The juice was at once hermetically sealed in glass by our process; its quality and flavor have not changed. We took nothing out of it—we put nothing in to change its taste, color or keeping quality.

Two Welch Hints

Put a tablespoonful of WELCH'S in the heart of your grapefruit at breakfast. Use WELCH'S instead of brandy in your mince pies—you'll be delighted by the luscious flavor.

Make a Welch Grape Punch

Take juice of three lemons and one orange; small cup of sugar; one pint of WELCH'S; one quart plain or charged water. Serve *very* cold. Add sliced fruits, if in punch bowl.

Do more than ask for "grape juice"—ask for Welch's—and get it.

Write today for our free booklet of Welch Grape Juice recipes—it solves many a problem of what beverage or dessert to have.

If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer we will send a trial dozen pints for $3 express prepaid east of Omaha. Four-ounce bottle by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
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SYLVAN TOILET SOAP
The Soap with a Sentiment
Ten Cents the Cake
Twenty-five Cents the Box
Violet, Sandalwood, Heliotrope, Lilac, Rose and Carnation
ARMOUR AND COMPANY
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Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1912

VOL. 35—NO. 15. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

TWO IMPATIENT GUESTS

From the Original Painting by Anton Dieffenbach

Caught!

—eating the food that is good for them, the food that makes strong bones, firm muscles, clear brains.

This "really true" incident was prompted by the memory of those

SNIDER Process PORK & BEANS

that were "oh-so-good" at dinner time

AND they are better every time you eat 'em," say the boys and girls.

Children like Snider Process Pork & Beans because these beans are good for the children. That is nature. A child with a normally healthy stomach will crave the things that are healthful for it and refuse the things that are hurtful.

Do children crave Snider's Beans? Well, now, just open a can of them, with the children standing around, and see for yourself.

Snider's Beans make the children want to study, they make them learn their lessons more easily and when the lessons are done, Snider's Beans make those children want to play in the open air until they have the rosy cheek and the "twinkle eye" that it does one's soul good to see.

The secret? Why, Snider's Beans are energy builders—tissue builders. Beans are just "nuggets of nutriment,"—and the nutrition of beans is largely protein, the food element that makes good bones, strong muscles, firm flesh and clear brains.

Snider's Beans are prepared and cooked in such a way that they are more tender and digestible than other beans. Snider's are so porous—made so by the Snider Process—that the digestive juices can reach and dissolve every particle. Thus all the goodness is used up for the body's benefit, with the least possible digestive effort.

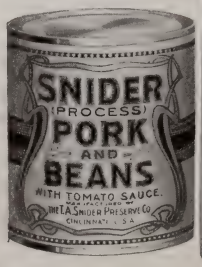
That's enough to make every mother buy Snider's for her family. But there is still another reason; Snider's do not produce "flatulence"—"wind on the stomach." There is no discomfort after eating these carefully prepared, delicious beans, made perfect by a luscious bit of pork jowl and the sauce that everyone likes so much. This sauce is made from Snider's Tomato Catsup, the one table relish preferred by everyone that has ever tasted it.

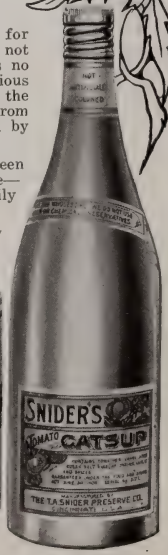
Over 27 years of scientific study and practice have been devoted to making Snider's Pork & Beans the best possible—just the very food that boys and girls and all the family should eat.

They look delicious, whole, yet mellow and tender; they taste delicious, more so every time they are served.

Keep **Snider's Tomato Catsup** on the table and in the pantry, as a relish for meats, hot or cold, all fish, oysters, and as the foundation and seasoning of soups, gravies and hot tomato sauce. Use **Snider's Chili Sauce** upon meats.

TRY THIS TEST. Buy a can of Snider's Pork and Beans. If you do not honestly think them the best beans you ever tasted, return the empty can to your Grocer and we will refund your money.





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NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

The "Awni-Allah" as the Italians Left Her

The Wrecked Bank of Salonica

The Wreck of the "Angora" in Beirut Harbor

Europe's Turco-Italian Tangle

AFTER months of apparent listless watching, the nations of Europe were suddenly awakened to the possibility of there being a serious international aspect to the Turco-Italian War by the bombardment of Beirut, which has already been described in these pages. Italy's extension of the theater of war from Tripoli to the Syrian coast and the Red Sea has caused Europe to bestir herself and consider ways and means of putting a stop to a proceeding that is at any moment likely to affect her most vital spot—her pocketbook.

A few weeks ago the nations stood almost evenly divided in sentiment, but to-day Russia alone is frankly on the side of Italy. Russia is believed to have made one silent attempt to bring about peace in addition to the note which, in February, she addressed to the Powers, urging the various governments to force a settlement of the difficulties on the basis of "Tripoli for Italy, and an indemnity for Turkey." In France the feeling has become almost entirely anti-Italian. Germany and Austria seem ready to make any sacrifice for their ally except to embroil themselves with Turkey on her behalf. England remains solemnly silent, but it is an open secret that she will act only with a majority of the Continental Powers.

In the meantime, Italy seems to be thoroughly enjoying herself. The people are as determined as ever to prosecute the war to a successful finish. The passing by the parliament on February 24 of the bill which officially annexed Tripoli and Cyrenaica was acclaimed with unbounded enthusiasm by all classes of the population. The attempt which was made by a young anarchist, Antonio Dalba, on March 14 to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel as he was driving to a memorial service aroused the deepest feeling throughout the entire country, and the most remarkable outburst of loyalty that Italy has ever seen was the tangible result. Military glory has thrown its glamour over Italy, and the national head seems to have been a bit turned by this the united nation's first success. When one of the senators states in a Roman newspaper: "The north of Africa has always been Roman," he epitomizes the bombast of the whole country. In homely American phraseology it might be said that Italy is "feeling her oats" just a bit.

The newspapers of Europe reflect the sentiments of the people when they speak as if "Italy were a child who had found a matchbox and would set everything on fire." There is certainly every evidence that she has no intention of making peace on any other terms than those outlined by Russia. The bombardment of Beirut that set all Europe's tongues a-wagging was a confessed move on Italy's part to force home on the government of the Sublime Porte the conviction that they may not sit peacefully at home, leaving their marooned soldiers and a few Arabs to carry on a guerrilla warfare in Tripoli for years to come.

General Caneva, the Italian commander in Tripoli, was recalled to Rome a few weeks ago to inform the cabinet whether or not it would be possible with the means at his disposal, or with the addition of what reinforcements could be sent him from Italy, to "provide that unequivocal and decisive victory of which Italy is in need, if it were to impose an unconditional peace upon Turkey." The general announced that he could guarantee the slow but thoroughly effective conquest of Tripoli, but said that for a "brilliant success, you must seek elsewhere than in Libya." The naval operations which have been taking place in the eastern end of the Mediterranean and the Red Seas are generally considered to be the result of the policies determined upon in pursuance of General Caneva's advice.

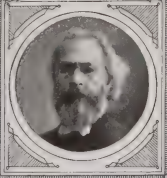
In spite of the assurance which Admiral Faravelli cabled from Beirut that the city had not been bombarded, and that only the gunboats in the harbor had been destroyed, all Europe has been much excited by the photographic evidence which has come forward to prove that the city certainly did not escape without considerable damage. The Bank of Salonica was badly damaged by a shell, having a great hole rent straight through its walls. In a near-by street fifteen people were killed by a stray shell, and a great mass of wreckage was brought down from the side of one of the buildings. The Imperial Ottoman Bank, which is a splendid three-story stone edifice, was pierced by a shell, and had a large section of its front ornamental balcony demolished. The new custom house on the quay was very badly damaged; the most of its roof, which was supported by steel ribs, was shaken down. The Italian commander certainly did not contemplate this damage, for no one questions his denial that the bombardment was directed at the town. The Turkish gunboat *Awni-Allah* and the torpedo boat *Angora*, which were the actual targets of attack, were entirely destroyed, as is shown by the pictures which appear on this page.

The Bersaglieri, Italy's Pet Regiment, Now Operating in Tripoli, on the March

A SERMON

By

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.*



THE ACTS OF JESUS

TEXT: "The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach." Acts 1: 1

N a recent Sabbath, I took up the Book of the Acts of the Apostles for perusal at a single sitting. There is something to be said for that way of reading the Bible. There are certain impressions that come from the study of the detached chapters and verses of Scripture, and there is another certain impression that comes from a more rapid and comprehensive survey. It is in that respect like looking at a picture; an examination of details suggests some things that the whole picture will not suggest; while on the other hand the whole picture, viewed *as* a whole, makes certain disclosures not conveyed by any of its details.

There were special reasons for selecting the Book of the Acts for this purpose just at this time, and my object this morning will be to report to you as concisely and distinctly as I can the effect produced upon me by the hurried and connected perusal just mentioned.

In the first place it is a remark one often hears made, in these days, by a class of thinkers that are well intentioned enough perhaps, but certainly not very intense in their estimates, and not very searching in their study of revealed truth—that all a man needs to know and to be is what he can know and become by the study and practice of the four Gospels. I have in other days so often said the same thing myself that I have on that account a larger sympathy with and a profounder pity for others who are similarly minded. What the philosophical world at the present time seems anxious to know, and what certainly every one of us *needs* to know, is all possible that can be learned of the character and ministry of Jesus Christ.

Now if all that we can know of that character and ministry is what is contained in the four Gospels, then we might be warranted in stopping there and treating subsequent portions of the New Testament, and in particular the Acts, as commendable enough as a history of human achievement, but as of no special worth viewed as exhibitive of the temper and work of Jesus. Remembering now that Luke wrote the third Gospel, and that he also wrote the Acts, it is important to notice, from the words that we have chosen as text, that he considered this second writing of his, viz., the Acts, to be not at all distinct from his previous one—the third Gospel—but a kind of continuation of that Gospel. And not only that, but it is evident from our text that he considered this second writing, what we call the Acts of the Apostles, to be not so much a history of what the *apostles* did, as a continuation of the history of what *Jesus* did, a sort of Gospel carried on into volume second. He says: "The former treatise [third Gospel] have I made of all that Jesus *began* to do and teach." The emphasis wants to fall on the word "began." Which is as though he had said, "In the present treatise I am going on to relate what Jesus *continued* to do and to teach." So that, as understood by Luke, the treatise we are upon this morning, and that is generally called the Acts *of the Apostles*, is really the second part, the second volume, of the history of the Acts of Jesus.

Jesus Still Working Though Invisible

Such a conception of the book, which is certainly Luke's conception, instantly lights it up with a peculiar and a momentous meaning. The book would be sufficiently interesting if read as a record of what was said and done by Peter and John, Stephen and Apollos, Paul and Silas; but interesting with a transcendent impressiveness if conceived of as a narrative of the earthly working of *Jesus* during the period that followed his *visible* withdrawal from the earth at his ascension over Olivet—bodily absent, but personally present still.

And what is hinted at in this first verse of the book you will find distinctly worked out and made actual through the body of the book. With all of *human* activity that is described, and most graphically described, it is all projected upon a background of Christ activity. You go on realizing more and more that, after all, just as in the Gospels, it is Jesus that is *the* worker. It was Jesus that chose the twelfth apostle and so filled the vacancy created by the apostasy of Judas. It was Jesus that poured out the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. (You can verify these points by your own reading.) It was Jesus that healed the lame man at the gate of the temple. It was Jesus that stood by Stephen in the hour of his martyrdom. It was Jesus that met Saul on his way to Damascus and said to him, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." In what Luke calls his "former treatise," he describes the way in which Christ worked in the midst of his disciples while still visibly and bodily among them, just as in one of the two miracles of the draft of fishes Christ was distinctly among his disciples and in the boat with them. In what Luke gives here in his second treatise, he describes the way in which the same Christ worked with his disciples after he had become invisible to them and physically removed from them, much as in the second miracle of the draft of fishes he stood apart from his disciples on the shore, obscured in the uncertain light of the early morning, and only half recognized by them, although equally, as in the former case, the doer of the work and the producer of the result.

That is one impression then that came to me from the quick and continuous reading of this biography: that it disclosed to me the Christ texture of the events it describes and the truths it teaches, and left me feeling that in the truest sense of the term it ought not to be called the "Acts of the Apostles," but the second volume of the "Acts of Jesus Christ."

The Baptism with Fire

Such reading of the book as I have described makes one also keenly sensible how wonderful and telling a thing is that which the book calls Christ's baptism. There is what we know as John's baptism —the baptism of repentance. When John the Baptizer appeared, all classes of people were stirred by his searching preaching, and went out into the wilderness to him in droves to be baptized by him. Common people, custom house officers, and the soldiery even, came under his mysterious and magnificent power. Many construed him and his message and his water-baptism as finality, leaving nothing more to be expected, nothing further to be needed. He had to repel the crowds, shake off the popular admiration for him, and remind them that he was only a forerunner and outrider clearing the way for another still to come, whose baptism should be not a baptism of water, but a baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire. One is a baptism of cleansing from sin, the other a baptism of divine life unto righteousness. One is a getting rid of what is carnal, the other is a taking on, and a taking in, of something that widens a man out till he is broader than man and builds him up till he is superior to man. There is a great deal of practical skepticism about this matter of Christ baptizing with the Holy Ghost as opposed to John's baptism with water. There is skepticism outside of the church, naturally enough, and, unnaturally enough, there is what amounts to skepticism on the inside of the church. The demand that we preachers are continually making upon our people and that people are making upon themselves is to repent—nothing but to repent, and bring forth fruits worthy of repentance. But that is only to meet the demands urged by John the Baptist. If that were the whole, then the world would have needed no Christ so far forth, for John preached that as well and as pungently as any preacher, human or divine, *could* have preached it; and Christ could have saved himself the time and the pains of his earthly mission. And will you notice in particular the fact that you can go clear through the Gospel, even up to the moment of Christ's visible withdrawal from the world, without coming upon anything like a distinct fulfilment of the assurance made by the Baptist, when he declared of Jesus that he should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. In the first volume of the Acts of Jesus—that is to say, in the "Gospel" technically so called—there is only the most uncertain mention made of his administering such baptism. Prior to his ascension, practically speaking, he did not commence to administer such baptism. And not only that, but, as you who know the Scriptures will recall, he definitely stated that it was not till he had gone away that his spirit-power in the person of the Comforter, the Strengthener, could be expected to be visited upon them. So that if you read only the Gospels, as some are contenting themselves with doing, and skip the second volume of Jesus' life as given in the particular book we are this morning upon, of course Holy Ghost baptism is *bound* to be to you only an idea and a myth, with no historic reality to authenticate it. But when you come back from Olivet and the Ascension, when you finish reading "the *former* treatise," as Luke calls it, treatise number one of what Jesus *began* to do, and turn over the leaf into treatise number two, of what Jesus, the invisible but the present and personal Jesus, *continued* to do, and climb into the "upper chamber" and watch the disciples as the power of the Lord came upon them (and it never had come upon them before), and see them moving under the inspiration of that power, then you begin to realize what a weak dilute, comparatively speaking, water baptism is, and what an unspeakable and overwhelming reality Holy Ghost baptism is.

Read the Gospels as admiringly as you please, eulogize their blessed contents as glowingly as you will, it is not in them, unaidedly, to save the world, or even to move the world. For three years and a half the disciples had had Gospel and Gospel only, and that not written Gospel merely, but Gospel in the very person of Jesus Christ; yet at the end of that period they were only as so many wooden images and limp rags, so far as ability to stir the world and make history was concerned. It is not fair to the Scriptures to camp down upon some portion of God's Word that we may like, and that happens to fall in with our own preconceived moral and intellectual notions. It is too much like making a Bible of our own, instead of dutifully and teachably accepting and appropriating the Bible that God has given us; and the result of it is that, because we use only a garbled Bible, we never get farther than to a fragmentary Christianity. That is the second lesson that came to me from the hurried reading of the book: it showed to me the spirit-energy of Christ (revealed in the Acts) in its relation to the mere teaching-efficiency of Christ (described in the Gospel). It suggested to me that what we find in the Acts—Christ's outpouring of himself in power—stands to the mere Gospel very much as what we call an "enacting clause" stands to a legislative act. It is what gives the legislative act its effect; it is what makes of that act a reality, an efficiency in the domain of real event. The Gospel, if you stop at the *end* of the Gospel, is nothing but a sublime preparation, it is a grand getting ready to do something but without doing it, a bud full of blossom but that has not blossomed. Before Christ became invisible and baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, Christianity was merely a beginning; now it is a consummation. *Then* it was an idea. *Now* it is an event. And no man can ever quite realize that to the full, till having read sympathetically all that Jesus "began to do" in the days of his flesh, he then turns on and immerses himself in the connected study of the unfolding drama of what Jesus *went on* to do in the subsequent days of his invisible presence, and of his silent descent upon his diciples in fervor and power.

The Passion of the First Disciples

A third impression left by my reading of the book was that of the hearty way, the whole-souled way in which those first disciples lent themselves to the new faith and to everything connected with it. There was an element of passion in all they felt, said and did. Their opinions they did not stop to reason out; their words they did not premeditate; their deeds they did not calculate. Their general behavior was to such degree unconventional and irregular, that it is not to be wondered at that they were sometimes charged with insanity, and sometimes with intoxication. There was the constant indication that what they had been baptized with was not water, but fire.

There is only one remaining impression left upon my mind by my reading of the book that I care to emphasize this morning: and that has to do with

Continued on next page

* Pastor Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York.

The Acts of Jesus

Continued from preceding page

the generous ways in which the believers got along together, the unclashing breadth of the opinions which they cherished, and the high and magnificent aims to which they were devoted and toward which they labored. Saying that that was a period in which the Holy Spirit was distinctly in control is as much as to say that it was a period during which narrowness of view, pettiness of purpose, and conflict of opinion and policy were impossible. That is not to say that each believer did not see truth in his own way, and go about in his own way to proclaim the truth and to urge it. But religious differences do not become religious antagonisms so long as there is enough Holy Ghost present to prevent those differences from running foul of each other. Where the Spirit of God abounds there is always room enough for differences to exist, without danger of their getting in each other's way. If you are familiar with the way in which commerce is distributed over the sea, you are aware that a boat may run for days without seeing a sail, but that sails always become more and more numerous as you get near shore, and that while any vessel may run with almost absolute safety in mid-ocean, most of the collisions occur in the proximity of land, where shipping is crowded and water shallow.

Now, the Spirit of God is a kind of mid-ocean to all who are under the Holy Spirit's sway. We learn from this Book of the Acts of the differences that existed even in those days, differences of doctrine and of policy. If there had been no Holy Spirit then, and Paul had been what Paul was, and Peter had been what Peter was, these two would have suspended and excommunicated each other a good many times over. And the Holy Spirit did not make either of them less decided in his own views, or less pronounced in his way of stating them; but that Spirit made a wide sea, roomy enough to prevent divergence from becoming encounter, so that Paul could vigorously dissent from Peter, and Peter just as vigorously dissent from Paul, and yet each of them have room enough to have his own way, and to go his own way, without disaster to either, and without straining the bonds of brotherly fellowship in Christ.

And I cite that simply as a sample of the spirit with which this entire record of the "Acts" is saturated. Everything is thought and planned and done in a large way and on generous proportions. The Holy Spirit lay everywhere in the believers' hearts, as a kind of fresh and brilliant atmosphere that put its own cleanness and brightness upon every object of thought and purpose. Their conceptions were too broad and their experiences too fervid to admit of pettiness, whether of idea, of policy, or of intention. And the great faith which they had in their new Master was such an intense impulse and wide-reaching affection that Jesus was to all of them prospectively the Lord of all the earth, and their supreme business nothing other than to be completely under his sway themselves, and to make his sway over them the means by which in the near future all the kingdoms of this world should become the one kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

Such are some of the lessons that I learned afresh from my hurried reading of this second volume of the Acts of Jesus. And I could not conclude my reading without its being very distinctly borne in upon me that in some way the old days are going to come back, the simplicity of the old days, and the intensity of them, the holy enthusiasm of them, the ardent purpose and expectation of them; in a word, the reign of Jesus as a distinct governance in our lives, his baptism of us with the Holy Spirit as an experienced sacrament upon our hearts. To this end may his church, to this end may *we*, wait and pray and labor, labor, pray and wait.

Make the World Laugh

By Eugene Thwing

MERRIOPATHY is the science of the healing laugh. Merriopathy is better than homeopathy or allopathy for curing all the gloom diseases and grouch complaints that make life miserable. Some illnesses need drugs, some need the surgeon's knife, some can be cured with a good laugh, some can be smiled away, but neither you nor I ever knew of a sickness that was cured by a frown.

The wise physician well understands the therapeutic value of fun and a cheerful spirit. Medicine may be a necessary and powerful agent in the treatment of illness, but it may fail where fear and melancholy join hands with the disease. Laughter is one of the best medicines in the world, and lengthens life as well as brightens it. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," said the wise man, consequently we may employ it in many chronic cases without fear. Set the gloomy, discouraged, neurasthenic invalid to laughing. Study constantly how to provoke smiles. Cause a few thrills of humor to run, however weakly, through the veins and to tickle the risibles. The hostile forces of disease and worry and discouragement can be driven back by the benevolent microbes of mirth.

. . .

MAKE the world laugh—not *at* you, but *with* you. The tired, heavy-hearted man or woman who has lost for a time the music and cheer out of life will be very grateful if you can break through the gloom and win even a fleeting smile. Comforters are wanted, but not "Job's comforters." The man with the smile and the twinkle, whose laugh rings hearty and true, and who spreads the contagion of good clean mirth, free from sting—he is the man we welcome everywhere. He is everybody's friend. He is good to play with, and good to work with. He is good to drive away the "blues," and make the way joyous and the burden light.

It was said of Oliver Wendell Holmes that "he dipped his keen-pointed pen often in the honeydew, but never in gall or wormwood. He set the world to laughing and to loving; to laughing at legitimate objects of laughter, and to loving the true, the beautiful, and the good."

Our friend who signs all his letters, "Merrily yours, Marshall P. Wilder"—himself one of the princes of laugh-making—declares that "God never gave a man a greater gift than the power to make others laugh, unless it is the privilege of laughing himself. We honor, revere, admire our great soldiers, statesmen, and men of letters; but we love the man who makes us laugh. The laugh-maker is a public benefactor; for laughter is the salt of life, and keeps the whole dish sweet."

. . .

LAUGHTER may be an evil and poisonous thing as well as a good and wholesome thing. We need study the vicious laughs only enough to avoid them. Some music is called the "devil's music." Whether or not any real music can belong exclusively to the devil is a debatable question, but certainly there is more than one kind of devil's laughter. The cruel laugh at the expense of another, or because of the ill-fortune of another, is devil's laughter. The sarcastic laugh that holds a sneer and a mean hatred belongs likewise to the devil. The hard laugh of the cynic and of the reckless debauchee, and the bitter laugh of black rebellion against the chastisement of Providence are all sounds from the pit. With watchfulness and prayer we must strive to keep all such laughter out of heart and mouth. It is perfectly evident, then, that laughter must be a thing of the heart. When the source of the fountain is pure the waters will be sweet. When there is "singing and making melody" in our hearts, then shall "our mouth be filled with laughter and our tongue with singing," and the happy contagion of it will catch the lives about us and make them glad.

. . .

LAUGH and the world laughs with you," runs the old saw. It was intended as a word of encouragement for the benefit of the individual himself. We may well take it as a command—as a plain statement of our duty to the world. If our own good-natured laugh is so sure to start a chorus of cheerful laughter in the world, by no means must we keep silent. There is much of sighing and groaning all about us. Wherever we can change it to laughter we shall be overcoming evil with good; we shall be rolling away burdens and dispelling gloom; we shall be curing the sick and bringing health and joy into life.

Practice merriopathy. Much of the sickness that baffles medicine is in the mind. Still more of it is in the heart. The merriopathist will find patients everywhere, and his cures will be sure and speedy. He needs no diploma from a college nor any license from the State before he can begin active practice. Even the boys and the girls may add the degree "M.D."—Doctor of Merriopathy—to their names, and they may be among the most successful of all practitioners. Happy the home that has a merriopathist in the family circle. There cannot be too many in any community. No rivalry will hurt their practice. The more there are the merrier we shall be, and the better fitted for the strain and the struggle of earnest, purposeful living.

EARNEST PLEADING

JESUS, Saviour, hear my pleading,
Hear me as I cry to thee.
Thy strong arm is what I'm needing,
While the way I cannot see.
In the darkness,
Precious Saviour, guide thou me!

In the road how oft I stumble!
I would place my hand in thine;
Thus, O Lord, in thee abiding,
As the branches in the vine;
Strength receiving,
I shall know thy strength is mine.

Passaic, N. J.

Let the darkness all be scattered
As the mists before the sun;
Let the brightness of thy shining
Light the way in which I run.
Thus illumined,
Safely I shall journey on.

Jesus, Saviour, hear my pleading;
Let not sin victorious be.
Speak the word, O loving Saviour!
Break all chains and set me free.
Thou art mighty,
Let me ever trust in thee.

JOHN M. MORSE.

So Many Things

SO MANY things to do,
So short the days;
So many duties lead
Through unknown ways.
One step thou canst but see,
But, faithful still,
Take it all trustfully
At His dear will.

So many things to do!
Then, day by day,
With willing heart and true,
Make glad the way,
Where'er thy footsteps lead,
That light may shine
To help another's need,
While blessing thine

So many things to do,
But, hour by hour,
God will thy strength renew—
Thy failing power.
Take hold of his dear hand
And forward go;
Thou mayst not understand,
But *He* doth know.

IDA L. REED.

The Legend of the Hands

AN OLD legend says that once three young ladies disputed about their hands, as to which were the most beautiful. One of them dipped her hand in the pure stream, another plucked berries till her fingers were pink, and the third gathered flowers whose fragrance clung to her hands. An old haggard woman passed by and asked for some gift, but all refused her. Another young woman, plain, and with no claim to beauty of hand, satisfied her need. The old woman then said, "It is not the hand that is washed in the brook, nor the hand tinted with red, nor the hand garlanded and perfumed with flowers that is most beautiful, but the hand that gives to the poor." As she spoke, her wrinkles were gone, her staff was thrown away, and she stood there an angel from heaven. This is only a legend; but its judgment is true. The beautiful hands are those that minister, in Christ's name, to others.

What She Wanted

THE four-year-old daughter of a popular New Hampshire clergyman was ailing one night, and was put to bed early. She said: "Mamma, I want to see my papa." Her mother replied, "No, dear; your papa must not be disturbed." Pretty soon she said again, "I want to see my papa." The mother replied as before, "No; your papa must not be disturbed." It was not long before she uttered this clincher: "Mamma, I am sick; and I want to see my pastor."

Anvil Strokes

..AN EMPTY lie sometimes makes a big noise.

..SOME men make high resolves, but build no ladders up to them.

..SMILE on a temptation, and it is hard to lock it out of doors.

..IT IS hard to find room to plant a solid truth in a hollow mind.

..THE greatest value of benevolence is in the hearty practice of it.

..MAN is the only animal which cherishes a perverted appetite.

..A CHEERFUL simpleton is a reproach to a cynical philosopher.

..YOU can never tell how hard the task is by standing and looking at it.

..YOU need not pray for a long vision in order to see an opportunity for service.

..WHEN some men dress for church, they are very careful to put only small change in their pockets.

RESURRECTION

GRAY clouds that lie in the western sky,
A touch of the winter's breath;
And the fields are drear and brown and sere—
Death.

Carol of bird in the springtime heard
When the world with joy is rife;
Oh, the blessing of God makes green the sod—
Life.

JOHN E. TYLER.

OUR NATION'S GREAT PROBLEM!

How Can We Hold Down the Ever-Increasing Cost of Life's Necessities?

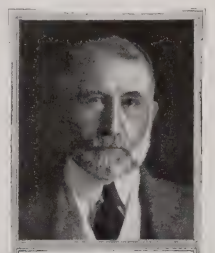
James B. McEwan

WHAT is the cause of the high cost of living and what is the remedy? The person who can answer this question will be a world benefactor, for every man, woman and child who is not a millionaire has been affected by it, and even the millionaires must view the rising tide of prices with some misgiving.

Judging by the amount of discussion provoked, it would seem as though every man of independent thought had detected a cause of his own, and every other man a remedy. The politician is sure that the tariff has something to do with it. The ultimate consumer blames it on the middleman. Wall Street maintains that it is due to the tremendous influx of gold. The man at large points his accusing finger at "the trusts." Anti-labor people insist that "the unions" have helped it along. The unions blame it on "the interests." The pure food expert blames it on the adulteration of eatables. The Peace protagonist is convinced that it is due to militarism. Economists figure that the "restoration of credit" has influenced it. Statisticians have traced it to the "concentration of populations in cities far from the source of food supply," and add that "increased banking facilities have enabled the farmer to hold his crops for high prices." The plain liver and high thinker says the trouble is not so much the high cost of living as the cost of high living.

There are doubtless many contributing causes and their variety perhaps is responsible for the multitude of remedies suggested. Most of these have not succeeded in getting past the suggestion stage. The Wall Street man who is sure that the difficulty is all due to the large influx of gold thinks it might be obviated if we could regulate the purchasing power of the dollar, but does not indicate just how it can be done. The statistician who believes that there is too much concentration of population in large cities is strong for the "back to the soil" remedy, but the great mob is still surging in the opposite direction. However, many practical experiments are being made. Trusts have been disintegrated. Middlemen have been eliminated in places. Co-operative leagues of householders have been formed so that the advantage of concentrated buying might be enjoyed. What Mayor Shank commenced in Indianapolis has been developed in other cities. Women as well as men are giving more careful attention to the advantage of buying in bulk. Probably we never shall be able to return to the simple mode of living of our grandfathers; the luxury of one generation becomes the necessity of the next. Yet even there the sentiment in favor of meeting the situation half way is finding its expression in the movement for "open markets" where the farmer can sell his products at first hand, and where the housewife can go with her basket on her arm and purchase her stores directly from him as of old. This movement in favor of open markets has many practical features to recommend it.

Brand Whitlock



William J. Gaynor

So many of our readers seem to feel that here is at least one solution of the great difficulty that we have made inquiry of the mayors of many cities in many States with a view to finding the ultimate possibilities of the open market idea. The opinions of these officials are published below, and perhaps as other phases of this question of the rising cost of living are developed, we shall have them discussed in future issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

TEN MAYORS DISCUSS OPEN MARKETS

Mayor Gaynor Says We Have Too Few Public Markets and Discusses Mayor Shank's Experiment

I AM very glad to receive your letter. I do not think that it is any experiment to have public markets for the purpose of bringing the producer and consumer into closer relations. That is done here and all over the world. The difficulty is that we seem to have too few of these markets. But there is a general movement to have more. Mayor Shank went into the experiment of being himself the middleman for the whole city. I noticed that a frost came along and froze up his potatoes and apples and he had to quit. I looked upon his "experiment" as rather frivolous. We have to do things steadily and consecutively in this world in order to do them at all. W. J. GAYNOR, *Mayor.*
New York City.

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Mayor McEwan Tells How Albany, N. Y., Runs Its People's Open Market

IT HAS always been the policy of the city of Albany to provide a place for *bona fide* raisers and producers of foodstuffs to sell their products direct to the consumer without paying a tax. For many years the raisers of such products were allowed the privilege of standing on either side of the street railway track on State Street, a broad thoroughfare and the main approach to the State Capitol, between Eagle and North Pearl Streets, for a distance of about five hundred feet.

As the city grew and the occupancy of State Street for such purpose produced congestion, a movement was inaugurated for the creation by the city of a market square. The site selected is 235 feet by 270 feet and is within an eighth of a mile of the principal retail district. It is not covered and is paved with asphalt. The creation of the market and its subsequent maintenance and management have met with the approval of the people of Albany. The general city ordinance governing the public market authorizes the mayor to appoint an inspector of markets at a salary of $1,200, paid monthly out of the rents, fees and charges received from the market. He has exclusive charge and control of the market place, wagons, stands and stalls, the prevention of the sale and offering for sale of improper articles, and the general management. He turns over to the city all moneys payable for the use of the stalls, etc., and makes monthly reports thereof to the common council. He attends regularly at the market every morning from five o'clock until one o'clock in the afternoon, maintains cleanliness in and about the market, and reports violations. The sale of unwholesome foods is prohibited and a penalty is prescribed for each offense of a fine of ten dollars, or imprisonment of not more than ten days, or both such fine and imprisonment. The map on file in the city engineer's office shows about 150 stands. About one-third of these are leased at prices ranging from $100 to $300 a year. The remainder are free.

[The mayor's letter goes on to explain that all the market space not leased is set apart for the sole and exclusive use of farmers and market gardeners selling country produce raised upon their own lands. The market is open every day except Sunday. A penalty is prescribed for transgressing the privileges of the market; no person is permitted to buy provisions or articles of food there for the purpose of selling again in said market during market hours, from opening the market until ten o'clock A.M.]

JAMES B. MCEWAN, *Mayor.*
Albany, N. Y.

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis in Washington Market, New York City

A short time ago Mayor Shank of Indianapolis, Indiana, visited New York. As Mr. Shank has been waging war against the middleman by importing produce into Indianapolis and selling it at wholesale prices direct to the housewives, he was keenly interested in a visit to one of New York's greatest markets. At that time Mayor Shank expressed the opinion that though these market organizations were wonderfully elaborate and a great convenience, they were unnecessary for the handling of the produce of our country.

. . .

Toledo's Mayor Favors Open Markets with Open Trading, that the Whole People May Benefit.

I BELIEVE that the city should maintain open markets for all who wish to trade in them. I think that this should be done, too, without charging a fee larger than that which would be necessary to meet the expense of such a market.

I am entirely opposed to municipal licenses, except for the purposes of regulation. That is to say, I do not believe that a city has any right to place any tax upon industry and enterprise for the sake of raising revenue. I think there are certain employments, such as peddling in the streets, driving public vehicles, etc., which should be regulated in the public interest, and for this purpose a purely nominal license is not objectionable. I am fully aware that nearly everybody disagrees with me on this point, and that the principle of a protective tariff is applied in most all of our cities for the benefit of the merchants in them. This fact will make it

difficult to establish open markets as you suggest, and the bourgeois mind will react instantly against any such proposal.

I believe that our municipal markets should be even more than mere open trading places, or rather that the principle of open trading in them should be extended. For instance, I believe that if we were to adopt the plan of the German municipalities (probably the most efficiently governed in the world), and establish municipal abattoirs, we would reduce the price of meat, and, probably, make it more difficult for the beef trust to do some of the things it is said to have been doing.

BRAND WHITLOCK,
Toledo, O. *Mayor.*

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Mayor Preston Tells How Baltimore Fortunately Escapes the High-Priced Food Wave

WE HAVE now in effect open markets in Baltimore. The spare space around the markets is occupied by farm wagons, on which there is no restriction except the payment of the small license fee of $5 a year. These farm wagons and open markets are availed of generally by the people, and there is no complaint in Baltimore of an attempt on the part of the middleman and the retailer to get higher prices than the wholesale market prices justify.

These farm wagons stand there by official permit, of which there is common knowledge, and are entirely under police protection, and their wares may be exposed either on the wagons or on improvised portable stands. Baltimore is known as a city of homes, also as a city of moderate prices. Our markets are better and cheaper than any large city in the United States with which I am familiar. This grows out of the fact that we are in close touch with a vast agricultural section, and also near the head of the Chesapeake Bay, where sea-food is abundant and may be obtained at very reasonable prices.

Baltimore, Md. JAMES H. PRESTON, *Mayor.*

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Rochester's Public Market a Complete Success, Declares Mayor Hiram H. Edgerton

MAYOR EDGERTON directs me to acknowledge your recent letter relative to the open market proposition, and to inform you that Rochester has a large public market, which is open for several hours every morning, and which is largely patronized. We hope to have other public market places in the future.

The Rochester public market has been a complete success since its inception several years ago. The farmers and hucksters, who, before the establishment of the market, sold and hawked their wares on the public streets to the intense annoyance of the citizens, are now obliged to transact their business at the market.

The regulations of the market are observed to the letter by the farmers, hucksters and consumers who buy direct, and the police protection is adequate. Stalls are rented to farmers and wares are displayed. Many commission merchants have erected stores on the square surrounding the market. The scale of rental for the stalls at the market varies according to the location.

BERNARD J. HAGGERTY,
Secretary to the Mayor.
Rochester, N. Y.

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Chicago's Executive Finds the Open Market a Valuable Municipal Feature

REPLYING to your letter of inquiry regarding the open market project, I beg to inform you that there are two markets in Chicago, located as follows: Haymarket, located on Randolph Street, between Desplaines and Sangamon Streets; Jefferson Market, located at Jefferson and Twelfth Streets. These markets are long-established features of the municipality, and, in my opinion, are of much value. CARTER H. HARRISON,
Chicago, Ill. *Mayor.*

. . .

Cleveland's Mayor Strongly Favors the Open Market and Blames the Middlemen

I THINK it entirely clear that a large part of the high cost of living, which at present is so grievously afflicting the people of our country, is due to the inordinate profits of the middlemen class, and the open market seems to be one way of restoring the balance, by affording competition. I am entirely in favor of the open market proposition as stated by you, and, of course, do not believe that its efficiency should be diminished, or its success threatened, by any exaction of license fees beyond what may be necessary for the purpose of regulation alone. In other words, a license for regulation, but not for revenue, would seem to me to be tolerable. Various sanitary regulations would, however, have to be made to prevent the open exposure of products which could be rendered unwholesome by such exposure. These details, no doubt, could be satisfactorily adjusted. NEWTON D. BAKER, *Mayor.*
Cleveland, O.

. . .

How Syracuse Guards Its Citizens Against the Extortions of Middlemen

SYRACUSE for many years encouraged an open market in a public square, and finally felt forced, in meeting the demands of a growing municipality, to provide a suitable public market centrally located for all farm products. Twelve years ago a municipal market building was erected, and this building provides offices for the custodian of the market and his corps of assistants, and several stores, which are leased to citizens after the receipt of competitive bids. The common council guards against the use of these stores by persons who seek to deal between the producers and the public, and other means are taken to prevent operations by middlemen, the desire being to give the public the full benefit of the producers' prices. The city's practice in making the market self-sustaining is to charge a fee of fifteen cents for the use of the market to the person who has a one-horse vehicle or for a push-cart or stand, and a fee of twenty-five cents for a two-horse vehicle. A ticket good for the day is sold to a producer as he goes on the market in the morning. The sale of these privilege tickets in 1911 netted $6,515.70. A great many people take advantage of the municipal market, and the "open market" in Syracuse may be said to be a popular institution. Publicity is given by the daily newspapers to the prevailing prices at the market for all kinds of farm products, offering the public every advantage in the effort to escape the middleman.

J. DAN ACKERMAN, JR.,
Secretary to Hon. Edward Schoeneck, Mayor.
Syracuse, N. Y.

. . .

Mayor Richardson Believes Richmond's Long-Established Markets Have Kept Prices Down.

IN ANSWER to your communication, I beg to say that Richmond, Va., has two public markets, which have been in operation for more than seventy-five years, and in which meats, fish, vegetables, etc., are sold. Stalls in these markets are rented out by the city to butchers and produce dealers. In addition to this, farmers and truckmen bring their produce to the city in carts and sell to citizens in spaces assigned to them. These dealers are charged ten cents per day, which is about sufficient to pay for cleaning up the spaces occupied by them. These markets are open from sunrise until noon, except on Saturdays, when they are open until ten or eleven o'clock at night. They are owned by the city and under the supervision of officers appointed by the city council.

I have no doubt that these markets have a tendency to keep down prices, especially as to farm products, which are sold directly from producer to consumer. D. C. RICHARDSON, *Mayor.*
Richmond, Va.

. . .

Mayor Dilling of Seattle Describes His City's Successful Experiment

I AM in receipt of your favor of recent date with reference to the opening of public markets in the various cities of the United States.

I am glad to be able to say in reply that Seattle has already established two large open markets, which have been of distinct value in bringing the producer into close connection with the consumer, and in lowering the price of vegetables, fruits and meats. The two markets referred to are known as the Pike Place Market and the Westlake Market. They are both composed of a large building or buildings owned by private parties, filled with stalls which are rented to small merchants, but in connection with each of these is a farmer's section. For the use of this section a portion of the public street is granted by the city council. The farmers draw numbers on the preceding day for each day's location. They are thus assured of a stand if they bring their produce to town. Saturday is, of course, the big day on the market. So successful has been this scheme that the city erected a number of stalls on the inside of the sidewalk for the use of farmers in wet weather. The north forty feet of these stalls has been sold out at auction to the highest bidder to the venders of California fruit.

The ordinance under which the market is run restricts the use of the streets and the city stalls (with the exception of the north forty feet just mentioned) to those who produce their own vegetables and fruits or have had the meat which they sell in their possession certain periods of time.

During the last year it was found desirable to make a charge of twenty cents a day to each one of the farmers using the city streets. This was to include the use of a table upon which to display the produce. The charge, however, proved to be too large and has been reduced to ten cents per day, which covers the expense of keeping the market clean and sanitary.

The administration of this portion of the public market is under a market inspector, who has as his assistant a sanitary inspector. Both are now under the jurisdiction of the Commissioner of Health.

I am glad to say that our experience has demonstrated the value of a public market, and that it can be conducted successfully.

Seattle, Wash. GEO. W. DILLING, *Mayor.*

Mr. William Martin, of Kentucky, and the Housewives of Cincinnati

A few weeks ago Mr. William Martin, representing fifteen hundred Kentucky farmers, entered into an agreement with a group of housewives of Cincinnati, Ohio, to eliminate the middleman by selling the produce of the farms direct to this organization of women.

James H. Preston

Edward Schoeneck

Carter H. Harrison

Hiram H. Edgerton

Geo. W. Dilling

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President | GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor | THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The Mayors and Open Markets

BAFFLING all attempts at solution, the high cost of living is, to the great majority of American communities, still the absorbing problem of the times. To the average citizen, it is hardly a consolation to be assured by the statists that the trouble arises from the tremendous gold production, or from any one of the dozen different causes assigned by financial authorities. What he is chiefly concerned about is the fact that prices have gone up and won't come down. But there is a simple and practical way of mitigating the trouble, and this is explained by the mayors of a number of our leading cities, who have written letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the subject, which we print elsewhere in this issue. These very interesting and timely communications were received in response to our invitation for a frank expression of views from those high officials as to the adaptability of the open market for fighting high prices. Almost without exception, the mayors favor the plan. Some write that such markets are already in successful operation in their municipalities, while others have submitted the matter to their city fathers for full consideration. If a movement could be popularized for bringing the farmers, truck-raisers and poulterers into immediate contact with the consumers, selling at fair producers' prices and eliminating the middleman, it is evident that the community where such conditions prevailed would be greatly benefited. Prices would be lowered, the producer's profit would be increased and the public would get fresher and more wholesome and nutritious food at first hand.

Of late years, the old-fashioned open market has largely disappeared from our American cities. Save in a few localities, the farmer no longer drives his loaded wagons from the field or garden to the public square, where hundreds of other farmers united to make the once familiar feature of market day, with housewives bustling and buying among them as thick as honey-bees in a clover patch. To-day, the farmer loads his produce on railroad trucks at a siding, and is lucky if it be taken off in a day or two, and luckier still if he gets from the commission broker a fourth of what it brings. Why would it not be a wise and prudent, as well as a decidedly profitable step for our suffering communities to give the open market plan a trial? If the mayors and aldermen of those cities where no such markets now exist were to invite the farmers to co-operate and at the same time extend to them all the necessary facilities, we believe that high prices, so far as farm, dairy and poultry products are concerned, would soon be on the descending scale.

Is the World Growing Better?

WE HAVE little patience with those pessimists who always say "No!" to this question. Even in the work of some evangelists of the day, we meet with this despondent note. They find little to commend and much to condemn in American public and private life. Mistaking a few types for the whole, they point to American society as hopelessly decadent and tending still downward. If their vivid pictures were true, our country's condition would indeed be irredeemably bad; but, when we look around us with an intelligent eye and an unbiased mind, we are compelled to admit that the characterization is sadly overdrawn. It is true that, reading the chronicles in the daily press spread before us at the breakfast table, we may sometimes be tempted to fancy that the world is worse than it was several centuries ago, but a little investigation soon convinces to the contrary. In every past age there have been instances of criminality, of legal barbarism and of social corruption a thousand times worse than anything existing to-day. Modern science has brought all parts of the globe into proximity and space is annihilated by wireless telegraphy. Instead of knowing only what has taken place in our immediate neighborhood, as our forefathers knew, we know everything criminal and the reverse that has occurred in widely separated States of the Union, and we are transported in a flash to foreign cities and the Far East, and learn with lightning rapidity of events, good or bad, almost as soon as they happen.

Yet, even with all this mass of information available, no sane person can be convinced that the world is growing worse. Christianity and moral and intellectual progress have been doing their work during the centuries. Ties of human brotherhood are stronger and firmer than at any previous time. Even the widespread unrest and strife in industrial circles, instead of indicating that society is being disintegrated by selfishness, is rather a proof that men are understanding more clearly and feeling more keenly the meaning of that great word, "brotherhood." Laborers are standing together as never before, and employers, while unwilling to concede what they think unjust, are showing a greater readiness than in earlier days to make concessions to their men. Charity, philanthropy, human kindness multiply everywhere. Never was there a time when so much was being done for the poor, for the sick, and for little children, and this may be stated with conviction, notwithstanding the fact that child labor is still a blot on our national escutcheon.

Truly there is much to reform, to redress and to hope for before this old world of ours "gets right with God." But it is ever moving Godward, although it will never be wholly free from sin and sorrow and suffering until Jesus comes to reign. His followers look forward in faith and hope for that blessed time. Meanwhile a great body of heroic men are consecrating their talents, and, at the cost of splendid self-denial, are carrying the Gospel to lumber camps and mining regions and pioneer settlements and slums in the home-land, are laboring valiantly in the great religious forward movement among the men of America, or are crossing the ocean to undergo exile and peril on foreign shores in the name of Christ, while younger Christians and faithful women are earnest in the Lord's work at home and abroad.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, on the mountain height,
See yon glory-beaming Star!

A Victory for Public Safety

NEW JERSEY has come to the fore with an anti-grade-crossing bill which sounds good. In years to come American citizens will look back with incredulous amazement upon the long history of slaughter at the crossings of highway and railroad throughout the United States. New York and Massachusetts have taken definite steps to lessen the evil, but the New Jersey law is far in advance of any hitherto passed. It provides that each railroad company passing through the State shall abolish, entirely at its own expense, one grade crossing every year for every thirty miles of track. The railroads have long claimed that the public should bear part of the expense of the change of grade, but, as Assemblyman Egan of Hudson County pointed out in the New Jersey contest, the courts have decided that the roads must make the crossing safe. The bewildering number of tragedies proved that they were not safe, and there would seem to be no reason why the roads should not be compelled to make them so. The new bill provides, however, that when a municipality petitions for the removal of a particular crossing it shall pay 15 per cent. of the cost.

A wholesome side lesson from this popular victory in New Jersey is the demonstration that even a small town can have a big influence if its men get busy. The present legislation at Trenton was largely the result of the determined effort of a number of the citizens of Ridgefield Park, in Bergen County, where so many persons have been killed at a bad crossing that mass-meetings were held and a strong delegation of voters sent to Trenton to appeal directly to Governor Wilson. The men appointed did not beg off because of the pressure of other duties, but took more than one trip to the State capital, with the result that, although the bill was vigorously opposed at first, it was finally carried through the Assembly with only one dissenting vote.

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Our China Orphan Fund Growing

EVERY mail brings letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD containing assurances of sympathy and practical help for the famine orphans of China. Our appeal in behalf of the seven hundred little ones who need to be provided for has awakened the interest of many generous-hearted people of all denominations. An opportunity is afforded for churches, Sunday Schools, Bible classes and religious and benevolent organizations to do special service by helping the missionaries to shelter and train these little waifs, many of whom, under Christian care, will ultimately become valuable aids in spreading the Gospel among their own people. China is to-day the world's greatest missionary problem, and no better or more direct service can be rendered to the cause of religion in that country than by assisting the missionaries in transforming these little heathen boys and girls into capable, self-supporting Christian men and women. We invite every reader of this journal to have a share in this gracious work for Christ and humanity. Send in your gift for the China famine orphans *now*, that the work already begun may go on, under God's blessing, to successful completion. Address all contributions to the China Famine Orphan Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Acknowledgment of recent contributions will be found on another page of this issue.

General Notes

—A NUMBER OF lives were lost in the collision of the Peninsular and Oriental liner *Oceana* with the German bark *Pissauga*, off Beachy Head on March 16. The *Oceana* went to the bottom with $5,000,000 in specie. It was at first reported that 500 passengers were on board the wrecked liner, but most of the travelers booked for the voyage were to join the steamer at Marseilles, and thus escaped the accident.

—THE RETURN of a verdict of not guilty, on March 27, in the case of the United States against ten Chicago meat packers brought to a close a ten-year conflict which has been waged by the government against the so-called Beef Trust. The government charged that the indicted men had maintained prices throughout the country by means of a pool, the members of which met every Tuesday to exchange information and allot territory for the shipment of meat. The indictment was brought under the Sherman anti-trust law, giving the criminal clauses of that act the most effective try-out they have ever yet received. The verdict is taken to mean that the supplemental indictments against the packers charging monopoly and restraint of trade will be dismissed. It is also supposed that the British War Office will, as the result of the acquittal of the packers, remove its embargo against meats sold by members of the trust.

—SOME TIME AGO, the cable agencies sent out a statement to the effect that a band of Moravians at Lodz, in Russian Poland, had indulged in fanatical excesses and attempted to crucify one of their number. The authorities, however, interfered just in time to avoid a tragic climax. Now, a letter from Pastor Paul Wunderling, a Moravian minister at Lodz, to the editor of the *Moravian Messenger* gives the correct version. The disturbers were not Moravians, but Mariavites, a sect which seceded from the Catholic Church about ten years ago, and which had a stormy career in consequence of the efforts of the Catholics to prevent its growth. Pastor Wunderling states that there never was any attempt at a crucifixion, although exaggerated reports were circulated by the Catholic press in that country concerning the Mariavites. The cable agencies have corrected their misstatement, and in justice to our Moravian friends, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which referred to the matter at the time, takes pleasure in stating the facts, which in no wise reflect upon the worthy Moravian denomination.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Terrible Engine Explosion

OVER twenty-five persons were killed and a hundred more were maimed when the boiler of a huge locomotive blew up in the yards of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at San Antonio, Texas. Most of the men working in the shops and those killed in the catastrophe were strike-breakers brought into San Antonio at the time of the strike of the shop-men in the Harriman lines last fall. Some charge that a high explosive was the cause of the tragedy, while the general opinion is that by some carelessness cold water was admitted into the heated and almost empty coils, which caused the disaster. A committee of investigation has been appointed, which will find and give to the public the cause of the horrible event. The engine had just been taken from the roundhouse to haul passenger train No. 9, and was standing between the roundhouse and the machine shops when the explosion occurred. The dead, the dying and the maimed were scattered over a wide area. A block or two away large pieces of wreckage fell with the shower of iron bolts and splinters of steel that rained to the earth. The engine itself was converted into a junk heap. The crown-sheet of the boiler blew two thousand feet high, and in its fall cut two large trees to pieces. A piece of the engine penetrated a house several blocks away, injuring a woman. It is said that no such disastrous locomotive explosion ever occurred on any of the railroads of the country. The families of the dead and the surviving sufferers will have the deep sympathy of the people of our country, and there will be the hope that we may be spared a repetition of such a tragedy and the cause that produced it. The disasters of the ocean and on shore, in mid-air, on the roadways, in the mines, the accidents and the sudden deaths everywhere should remind us of our mortality and of the wisdom of obeying the injunction of the great World-Teacher:

Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. (Matt. 24: 44.)

The Medical Corps of the 22d Infantry, U. S. A., on Hand to Render First Aid

The Wreckage of the Engine

Tragedy of Double Life

JOSEPH DIAMOND, a child of one of the quiet, comfortably well-to-do families of upper New York City, appeared to his family in every regard as an ideal son. He wrote them regularly, and made them visits at their home with the greatest loyalty and delight. He told his parents he had a prosperous huckstering business, and they believed him. The other Friday night he wrote them he would be home to spend the Sabbath with them as he often did. On Sunday the parents got word that their boy had been killed as a burglar in Philadelphia, and that his body was in the morgue awaiting directions. The young man was a professional burglar, with a record of crime in many of the cities of the country. This is one of the darkest and most pitiable cases of a double life on record. It does seem that good judges of human nature could have seen some rent in the mask of hypocrisy, some earmarks of the criminal, but the affection of parents is often so intense that the eyes of just criticism are blind, and the faults and vices of children are almost mistaken for virtues. The base ingratitude and sin against father and mother as well as against God manifested by the bad son are beyond human language to describe. The tragedy that let the curtain fall upon the double life verifies the truth of the Scripture:

Be sure your sin will find you out. (Num. 32: 23.)

France's Gift to United States

THE long-maturing plans of France to give practical expression to her friendship for the United States are now complete. The new steamship *France* of the French Line, which on April 20 will start on her maiden voyage to New York, will convey an official delegation of distinguished Frenchmen bearing the French tribute in the form of a gift to the United States of Rodin's bust of "La France," to be placed at the base of the monument to be dedicated next June to Samuel de Champlain, French navigator and explorer, the tercentenary of whose discovery of Lake Champlain was celebrated in 1909. The delegation will be headed by Gabriel Hanotaux, ex-foreign minister and member of the French Academy. They will visit New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Lake Champlain, Montreal, Quebec and Niagara Falls. While in America several of the delegates will deliver addresses, voicing the gratitude of France for the numerous manifestations of friendship by the United States and dwelling upon France's desire for even more friendly relations. The statue of Liberty in New York Harbor not only memorializes the idea of liberty, but the love of two sister republics for each other. The bust for the Champlain monument will still more symbolize the bond of love that binds France and America. This spirit echoes the fraternity of olden times.

And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. (Gen. 13: 8.)

Twelve Years to Life

THE astounding and gratifying fact is claimed that in the last half century an average of twelve years has been added to the period of human life. Since the first actual records were taken in New York City in the middle sixties, the rate of mortality has been reduced from thirty-five deaths in each thousand inhabitants to about fifteen or sixteen. This reduction has resulted from the control of infectious diseases. The saving thus made relates only to the period of life under fifty years. There is no saving knowledge regarding the organic diseases of advancing years, which afflict especially those who have been active in affairs, and who are taxed with large responsibilities. Dr. William H. Welch, in an address at the forty-third anniversary of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York recently, in referring to the close alliance between the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Presbyterian Hospital, said he believed that such relationship would be a source of great scientific education not only in the nursing and treatment of those afflicted, but also in preventing the diseases which are so fatal in their effects, and thus would continue to increase the average of human existence. The right use of scientific medical knowledge, with careful obedience to the laws of the body and the soul, will contribute to longevity and to the fulfilment of the promise:

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation. (Ps. 91: 16.)

Prevention Better Than Cure

AT AN important conference recently Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in emphasizing the importance of the prevention of disease as compared with curing it, said that he regarded the cure of disease as a mere makeshift; that the knowledge of disease is greater now than it has ever been before, and that the elimination of disease itself is the desired goal of medical research. Toward this high plane all the modern inventions of sanitation and for the general improvement of living conditions are working with the medical profession. "This golden age has not yet come," he said, "nor will any of us who are living now see it. But we can look forward to its appearance, and we are making steps in that direction." Dr. Flexner was asked what progress had been made toward a cure for cancer. "Very recently," he answered, "it has been announced that a drug has been found that destroys the cancer cells in mice. This is correct. It is, however, only an indication of the hope of a cure in the human race." Science is striving to answer the prayer:

I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth. (III. John 2.)

Potash and Iron Discovered

RECENT discoveries of deposits of potash in California and of fabulous quantities of iron ore in Pennsylvania promise an increase of wealth to the nation. A telegram from Washington, D. C., the other day announced the fact that a valuable discovery of soluble potash salts had been made in the Mohave Desert, in the southern part of California, by field representatives of the Bureau of Soils and the Geological Survey. The potash was found in a partly dried-up lake. The government experts declare there are indications of millions of tons of it. The government bureaus for some time had sought throughout the country for potash, believing a supply would be found. At present the United States and other nations are almost entirely dependent upon Germany for potash. Disagreement between the German potash trust and American buyers not long ago threatened serious complications. The great value of the find is that the product is in readily available commercial form. Potash is known to exist in many places in the United States, but in most of the cases it is not available commercially. A telegram from Pittsburg, dated the same day as the one from Washington, claimed that a billion-ton iron ore deposit had been discovered in Fulton County, Pennsylvania, and that the steel men of that city credited the report. If the enormity of the quantity and the richness of the quality shall prove what is claimed the discoveries will mean an era of the greatest prosperity the singularly prosperous Pittsburg district has ever had. In our healthy climate, in our fertile soil, in our refreshing streams, in our majestic mountains with their wealth of ores, in our civil and religious institutions, in our momentous activities and in the divine providence, we can easily believe that the Psalmist referred to us as the modern chosen Israel as well as to the old when he said:

He hath not dealt so with any nation. (Ps. 147: 20.)

Meeting Uncle Sam's "Picture Brides"

BY MARY E. BAMFORD

I STOOD near the end of Pier No. 15, on San Francisco's water front waiting for the steamer *Angel Island* to convey me down the bay to the United States Immigrant Station on the island for which the boat is named.

"There she is, two or three miles off!" said the man in charge of the wharf, pointing to a black smudge on the sparkling bay. The little crowd that waited on the pier consisted of some Chinese and Japanese and several Americans, all bound for Angel Island on some immigration business. There was one prettily dressed, bareheaded Chinese girl with two pink roses and a pink and white ribbon around her hair, who watched while an older, pudgy little Chinese woman with her was allowed to fish by an American fisherman sitting on the wharf's edge. The wind blew back the edges of the Chinese woman's shom (blouse), and showed it was lined with yellow and white fur. In a little while, with anything but Oriental patience, she gave up the unsuccessful fishing and went away. Soon the fisherman brought up a little silvery fish, and went across the pier to show his catch to the Chinese woman.

"Say!" he cried, "you no savvy to catch the fish!" At this she only smiled good-naturedly and rose to join the group at the wharf's edge. In going past me, she unintentionally pushed me.

"Oh, excuse!" she begged in delightfully accented English.

Here came the *Angel Island*, the blue flag with stars fluttering in front, another flag with U. S. I. S. surmounting the center of the vessel, and the Stars and Stripes behind. A rope was thrown over the piling on the wharf, but a gulf of water yawned below. A sloping board possessing two visible cracks was laid from wharf to upper deck. The first man who essayed that board held a typewriter in his arms, slipped, almost fell—to the horror of the Chinese girl next to me, who covered her face—and regained his footing on the wharf. There was a rumor that a gangplank existed, but it did not appear. We had not even a rope to hold to. A deck-hand stretched his brawny arm from the vessel. The wharfmaster helped us behind. The Chinese woman went first. "You can't fall if you try!" said the wharf man to me when my turn came.

The deck-hand grasped my hand, and I was over the gulf. Afterward we stood and watched our fellow victims cross. Every man, be he Japanese or Chinese, seemed ready to accept that deck-hand's helpful pull aboard.

Northward we went on San Francisco Bay, passing Alcatraz Island, with its fortifications commanding the entrance to the Golden Gate. Gradually we neared Angel Island and it was at the wharf opposite the white Administration Building that we disembarked, and went up the path to be greeted at the door by cries of "Are you a witness? Are you a witness?"

It is here that Uncle Sam decides on the cases of Orientals, whether or not they shall be allowed to dwell with us. Not being a witness, but a visitor, I was delivered over to a young man who showed me the Chinese dining-room, with the wired-in runway leading to it. There were long clean tables, and a sign up high in Chinese, which was interpreted by my companion as warning the Chinese against throwing any of their food on the floor, or creating any disturbance. I was allowed to step to the door of the big kitchen that cost the United States $20,000. There were a chef and three assistants. Two shining copper boilers caught my eye. "Those are for coffee, I suppose," I said. "Tea," responded Joe. "Chinamen want tea." Of course they do, I should have known.

The Two "Picture Brides" Who Were Under Age

We passed up a long flight of stairs to the Chinese and Japanese quarters, where an old captain showed me around. Sanitary white beds that would turn up were set in rows through the middle of the rooms. Afterward I was allowed to look around out of doors, but I soon wandered back to the Administration Building. This time my attention went first to a group of young people. Who *were* these Japanese girls and young men—thirty in all—occupying seats inside a railed-off section of the great room? The explanation was not hard to obtain: "Japanese picture brides" and their expectant bridegrooms. The girls had come on the steamer *Mongolia* two days before. The pretty, polite, small people! They were chatting together like a company of Americans, and one young man certainly knew how to make love to his girl, for he had his arm around her neck, and as she turned her pretty face over his shoulder, I saw that she liked it, for her eyes were bright and she was smiling and showing her white teeth.

The Administration and Other Buildings at Angel Island

For the most part, however, the young people were sitting talking. The men, having lived in this country, were in American clothes, but the girls were bareheaded and in Japanese costume. One pretty girl in lilac, with her obi tied at the left side, faced me, so that I had a full view of her beautiful kimono, and the wonderful coiffure that crowned her happy face. Two of the Japanese girls wore American clothes and hats. "I suppose those are witnesses," I said to the old doorkeeper. "Oh, no," he said; "their young men brought them American suits in two suit cases, and the girls went off into another room and changed their Japanese clothes." There they sat, the two picture brides, Americanized already!

Japanese Girls
Being Vaccinated Before Going Ashore

It seems that many "picture brides" have never seen their future husbands until they meet them at Angel Island. The matter has been prearranged by one whom a bright Chinaman speaking to me called a "peacemaker." We should call him a "go-between." Some young Japanese man in San Francisco, or in Sacramento Valley, Watsonville, or San José, says to another, "Do you know any girl in Japan who would come over here and marry me?" Perhaps his friend knows of some one, or he may go to the Japanese society that helps these marriages along. A photograph of the young man goes to Japan. Letters are exchanged, and the girl sends her picture to California. The girl's parents make the arrangements. The "go-between" knows probably whether the young man is a worker or an idler, and it is his business to make sure that the arrangement is going to be satisfactory to all concerned. The girl comes as a "picture bride" to Angel Island.

It has been stated that the girls are actually married to the pictures of their bridegrooms by a Shinto or other native ceremony before they leave Japan. Several attempts have been made to verify this assertion, but it seems as easy to

Continued on next page

MAKING CROOKED MEN STRAIGHT

BY SOME well-meaning folks Rollo H. McBride has been called "The Apostle to the Bums"; by others he has been spoken of as the manager of "Chicago's Man Factory"; but the phrase that fits him best, and one which would meet with his own heartiest approval, would be "The Convict's Brother."

McBride is a product of the underworld. Because he has been through experiences similar to those of the men whom he befriends, and because he is able to look upon life from their point of view, he is able to accomplish results where other men would fail. He receives the confidence of the derelicts of society because he meets them as a brother and treats them as a brother. As a result he is remembered by most of them as a brother.

Rollo H. McBride

Less than ten years ago, Rollo H. McBride would have been classified as a reprobate. To-day, he is a forceful example of what the power of God can do with a wrecked life. After five years spent either behind bars or in barrel houses of the lowest type, McBride "got religion." He was just out of prison and making as fast as he could for his old haunts. His only assets were a five-cent piece and a bad reputation. A brightly-lighted room opening off the street in the levee district of Chicago attracted his attention. He opened the door and went in, thinking it was a saloon. Instead, it proved to be a mission. And here the Spirit of God took possession of his heart. After a while he became a Christian worker, being led gradually into dealing with the men who come out of Chicago's House of Correction—a task which now requires all his time and energy.

About two and a half years ago, a party of big-hearted business men established the "Parting of the Ways Home" with McBride at its head. This home, which to hundreds of men has been all that its name suggests, is situated in the heart of Chicago's vice district. There is nothing about it to remind one of either a charitable or a religious institution. Indeed, it is neither of these. It is a home where the ex-convict is given every opportunity to get upon his feet. "We help men to help themselves" is the motto of this institution. Outlined in large letters on the wall these words are the first thing that greets the eye of the newcomer as he opens the door and steps in off the street. The men who come to the "Parting of the Ways Home" are not made to feel that they are the recipients of charity. It is a place in which the spirit of Christ is very much in practical evidence. McBride is the "big brother" to all his "boys," as he calls them—ready if need be to take the coat or shirt off his own back to help clothe some newcomer and make him sufficiently presentable so that he can the more easily secure a position. All nationalities come and go through this home in the course of a year. All professions and walks of life are represented. Not long ago, a doctor, a lawyer and a policeman were sheltered at the same time.

The Dining-Room and Office of the "Parting of the Ways" Home, Chicago

How does McBride get hold of these men? The system is simple. Each Sunday he speaks to the inmates of the Chicago House of Correction. He does not preach to them in the ordinary way. He speaks to them about present day matters, wakening their interest in the doings of the world of health and action. His talks, however, are filled with the Gospel message of righteousness.

"Now, boys, you know I've been through all this myself," he says in substance from Sunday to Sunday, "and I know what it is to be down and out, but I also know from experience that it's possible for a man to get hold of himself and make a new start. He's got to cut out a whole lot if he's going to make good; but he can do it. And I'm ready to help any one of you who wants to try. If you're in dead earnest about it, ask Superintendent Whitman for a card to me when your term is over. Come direct from the Bridewell and we'll help you make a new start."

The men come in ever-increasing numbers. When the Home was opened, less than three years ago, some two or three per cent. of the prisoners discharged from the House of Correction came to McBride for help. At the present time the number averages from 12 to 15 per cent.—nearly 1,900 men having passed through the Home since it was organized. Of this number, positions have been found for the larger proportion. Practically all of these men have been reclothed. Lodging and shelter have been provided for those who secured work until their first pay-day. Many have been helped to reach distant points where employment or assistance was certain. And all of this has been done at less average cost than the city of Chicago spends in sending men to the Bridewell. This latter cost is $9 per capita. McBride takes these men when they come from the Bridewell, feeds them, shelters them, clothes them, and in large measure secures employment for them at a cost of only $5 each.

Rollo H. McBride, the moving spirit in this great work, is a firm believer in God's power to reclaim human life from its lowest levels. "No man, save myself," he says, "knows how many times I've gone down on my knees with men in the privacy of their rooms. When there's any praying to be done, we do it in this way—not in public."

McBride takes but little credit for what has been accomplished through his personal work with men. He was once asked, "Where did you find power to deal with men as you do?" He replied, "It's the Lord's way with me. He always uses me right, and there hasn't been a day since I started this work that the Lord hasn't blessed everything I've tried to do, and given me power to help men get a fresh start."

ORIN EDSON CROOKER.

MEETING UNCLE SAM'S "PICTURE BRIDES"

Continued from preceding page

get proof on one side as on the other. Some who have come very closely in touch with them declare it is true, while others scout the idea of an actual marriage to the photograph as proxy. At any rate, Uncle Sam insists upon a ceremony entirely to his liking after the girls reach America. Miss Pierson, the Methodist missionary among the immigrants, says that sometimes she will be sitting with girls upstairs at the Immigrant Station, and a telephone message will come saying that the bridegroom of such and such a picture bride has arrived and is below stairs. The girl goes to her bundle or other receptacle in which her things are, and takes out the picture of her bridegroom. Usually it is wrapped in a silk handkerchief. Perhaps she also has letters. Then she goes downstairs to meet him whom, in many cases, she has never seen! What a thrilling moment! Usually the girls like their bridegrooms, but occasionally the course of love does not run smooth. Miss Pierson thinks that once in a while the marriage fails to come off.

As to their footgear, the picture brides in the enclosure seemed to be divided. Some wore American shoes, others sandals. It seems that the bridegroom frequently brings to his beloved a present of a pair of American shoes. Then the matron has to look out that the picture bride does not tumble down stairs. One would think the Japanese geta, with its two heels, one under the ball of the foot, and the other where a heel ought to be, would invite stairway tumbling, but it seems that it is the American shoe that is culpable. One picture bride wore merely soles and white stockings, made Japanese fashion, with a division for the big toe, and the strap of the sandal ran up between the big toe and the next, and held to the ankle.

I was wondering if all these smiling, polite little folk were going to take the boat with me and go with the United States official to be married American fashion. No, indeed! For two were under age and might not go ashore that day. A few days after, however, they were allowed to land and were married to their bridegrooms. Miss Lake, of the Methodists, was made their guardian, and they were required to report to her every few months from the sections of California where they settled.

And alas, alas! There is vaccination, and the unromantic hookworm here appears. Did ever Cupid dream of such a foe? It seems, alas for romance, that many of these pretty brides have the hookworm, and however gallant Uncle Sam may feel toward brides, he has a very different feeling for the hookworm. Sometimes a whole consignment of picture brides have the hookworm. This means that the Japanese bridegrooms must wait while their brides undergo a hospital experience. Doses of castor oil and chloroform, I believe, are the cheerful potions that Uncle Sam decrees that those picture brides shall swallow. Fancy the taste of that medicine! But Uncle Sam is firm. I heard the United States officer explaining to a Japanese young man who understood English fairly. "If a girl spits out part of the medicine," quoth the officer, "then after a few days there has to be another examination and more medicine." From which it would appear that some Japanese picture brides indignantly reject Uncle Sam's potion. Poor little Japanese bride! Did she ever think when she left Japan that she would have to swallow such stuff to get her bridegroom? Oh, dreadful Uncle Sam!

Miss Pierson tells me that sometimes there are, among the Japanese picture brides who arrive, three or four girls who have become Christians through the influence of missionaries in Japan, and these girls are glad to find Miss Pierson and tell her they are Christians. See the reflex influence of foreign missions on California. Those girls will establish Christian homes, perhaps, in the Sacramento Valley, where so many go. The little Japanese children that come to bless that home may be brought up to know the Christian's God.

Our boat reached the San Francisco wharf, the other passengers disappeared, the United States officer marshaled his little Japanese company of eleven back of one of the buildings. It was time I should disappear, too, but I wanted to see what became of my picture brides. By and by appeared two automobiles, and the picture brides and bridegrooms and the United States officer were whirled away for the marriage ceremonies.

UNCLE·SAM *and the* DOVES *of* PEACE

An Interview Between the God of War and One of His Imps

BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN

(Mars awakes from a nap.)

MARS. What ho! you lazy, rascal imp!
How dare you sleep? wake up! wake up!
The royal thirst devours my soul;
Make haste! and bring my bloody cup!

Imp. I fly, my lord, and draw the blood,
If draw I may, by brawn or brains;
But mortal folks are getting wise;
They'd rather keep it in their veins!

Mars. What say you, imp? These slaves of mine
Do question? hesitate? rebel?
I live on blood—

They've been for centuries but fools,
And slaves to silly dopes and fears;
Call up my hosts of yellow imps
And I'll soon have them by the ears!
What say you, imp? where can I best
Begin to spread the jealous paint?

Imp. Your Majesty, our Uncle Sam
Has brought to light another saint—
A man of peace, Saint Andrew, he
Who found some tons of golden fleece
And gave some million chunks of cash
To send abroad the Doves of Peace.
'Twere well, my lord, I truly think,
To check the birds, lest they check you;
If you can frighten Uncle Sam
The birds might pass quite out of view.

Imp. I know it, sire,
And they, too, know it passing well.
Some evil power has oped their eyes;
Their love is turning into hate;
They say you're but a beast, a fool,
A knave at that, and out of date!

Mars. I see your point, you clever thing!
If Uncle Sam will play the fool
We'll soon have all the rest as mad,
And sitting on the selfsame stool!
Good Uncle Sam! the peaceful Sam!
Who never wants to fight at all!
Who prays for Universal Peace,
And curses shell and cannon ball!

Mars. A fool! a knave! and I their lord,
That bids them hack, and tear, and fight,
To fill for me the iron cup
That satisfies my appetite!
And *they* call me a fool! ye gods!
What more, you imp?

Imp. And right you are, my noble chief!
And Sam's the father of the saint
Who gave ten millions! There's the spot
Where you must pour your crimson paint!

Imp. My liege, I think
They kick about that very cup,
The iron cup from which you drink!
They say it costs too much, by far,
In work, and pain, and yellow gold;
And you, my lord, have worked the graft,
And they've been buncoed, fleeced, and sold!

Call up your bloody bugaboos
From Germany and fierce Japan,
And Britain, if you have the nerve,
And every bogy that you can,
To scare old Samuel into fits;
The game is won, aha! aha!

When Samuel builds his bristling forts
And mounts his guns at Panama,
And keeps right on a-building ships
And monster guns, to kill and fight,
We'll keep them scrapping right along,
And drive the Doves clear out of sight!

(Mars and Imp join in a Victory Dance. Red Fire.)

Mars. By all the gods! 'tis true enough,
And if they find it to be true,
My days are done; but say, you imp,
There's naught in all this talk that's new!

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THE GOVERNOR'S BROTHER

BY ELLA HIGGINSON

AT SEVEN o'clock of a November morning Governor Esterly was pacing the dining-room of his luxurious home, awaiting his family. He had retired before midnight as the Hon. Vaughan Esterly; he had arisen at day-break as the governor of a great State. He was fifty years old, and he had reached the height of his ambition.

"You are the lucky one of the family," his mother had said to him when he was young. "You will get what you most desire out of life; you were born under a lucky star."

He had set his heart on worldly things: a splendid education; wealth; social position; a wife fitted to further his ambitions; political power; the governorship of his State. He had won every time; and now, on this eventful morning, his satisfaction and his triumph were too great for expression. He walked quietly, without nervousness. His face was eloquent with lines of deep and far-reaching thought. His family slept late; and gradually, as he walked, thoughts came to him that were not altogether triumphant—remembrance of some who had gone down that he might rise. His parents had been poor and of lowly position. Only one of the children could be finely educated; he, as the more talented, although the younger, of the two sons, had been selected. It came to him in this hour, for the first time in his life, how cheerfully his brother had consented. His very words came back through the years:

"Go on, old boy. You're the one. Only be sure that you make us proud of you. There's no sacrifice we won't make for you; only—*be sure.*"

They had made sacrifices. It seemed strange that these sacrifices should present themselves to his remembrance at this particular hour of his triumph. He had never before given them more than a passing thought. His father had worked himself to death on the farm—had just laid down the lines one day and, with a sigh, stepped from the plow to the grave; his mother and sisters had made butter, raised chickens, grown strawberries; they had—his face, of a sudden, flushed to the dull red of biting self-shame—carried these things around in baskets from door to door and sold them; his sisters, receiving no education and no advantages, had made common marriages; one had died, and her children had been taken by the other sister, poor, and already having a large family of her own. She lived in another State; he had known nothing of her condition for years. His brother—

His head sank lower; he walked more slowly. His brother had never risen above the masses, above the life of the clod. He had married late in life a widow who had three children. He lived in an obscure logging settlement not fifty miles away; but he had not seen him for fifteen years.

The governor himself had married a woman of high social position. It had taken all he could earn to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed. His youthful dream had been to repay his family for all they had done for him—a dream that had led him on like a white star. His marriage had changed everything—not suddenly, but so gradually that he had not realized it. With his parents and one sister dead, and the others making neither demands nor reproaches, he had grown away from them. The white star of his ideals waned.

Once, and once only, soon after his marriage, his brother had dropped in on them unexpectedly. It was in the evening. They had smart guests. He never forgot the feeling of mortification with which he had taken his brother into the drawing-room and introduced him to his wife and to his guests. He was his own brother—and yet a being from another world, speaking another language. His clothes were cheap and ill-made; his hands and hair unkempt; his embarrassment most painful. The governor remembered how his wife had stood for one second, pale and irresolute. Then she had moved forward and greeted his brother, polite, perfectly bred, but as cold as ice.

When they were alone that night, she had asked, not looking at him: "Will your—brother stay long?"

"I do not know," he had answered, sick at heart, loathing himself.

"You did not invite him for any special time?"

"I did not invite him at all—I am sorry to say."

DRAWN BY W. B. KING

"'My grief is yours; let me help you, somehow, to bear it'"

She lifted her eyebrows delicately. "How very odd, then, for him to come!"

"He is my brother."

"So it seems. Mother was coming to-morrow; but if you do not mind, I will go to her, instead."

It was easy enough, after that, to drift away from his relatives. He had scarcely thought of them for several years. Why the poignant, self-accusing thought of them should come now, to prick his triumph like a poisoned dart, was past his understanding.

"Be sure that you make us proud of you!"

The high position he had worked for all these years was his; but if they knew of some of his transactions that would not bear the sunlight—would they be proud of him?

"Hello, dad!" said his son, entering. "Is it to be, or not to be?"

Both the tone and the manner jarred upon his mood.

"I am elected," he replied, briefly.

"Madam," said the young man, bowing to his mother, who came in followed by his sister, "permit me; the Governor."

"Really?" cried Mrs. Esterly. "Of course, Vaughan, I never doubted; but it is a relief to have it settled."

"Oh, daddy!" exclaimed Ysabel; "now we'll have a new automobile—a dark green one, with mother's coat-of-arms on it."

A white-capped maid entered to summon the new governor to the telephone. He was gone a long time. His wife slipped a delicate hand under the table to ring for breakfast, when he returned.

"What was it?" she asked, with some impatience.

The governor remained standing. He was very pale.

"I"—he faltered—"I do not care for any breakfast. I—must go at once to—to Pleasant Valley."

"To Pleasant Valley!" The tone and the manner were chill.

"Yes."

"Why?" The word fell like an icicle.

"My brother—is—dead;" said the governor, very low.

There was a silence. Then his son, staring at him, exclaimed:

"Good gracious, dad! I didn't know *you* had relatives."

"Nor I," said Ysabel, looking perplexed.

The governor winced. No words at that moment could have hurt him more deeply; but he gave no outward sign.

"I am sorry," said his wife, watching the coffee bubbling in the percolator. "It must have been sudden?"

"It was sudden. He was killed in a shingle-mill. They did not tell me yesterday because they thought I would be so—occupied."

His voice broke; but no one noticed.

"In a shingle-mill!" said his son. "What was he doing there?"

"He was working."

"Working! In a shingle-mill?"

"Being so considerate yesterday," said his wife, choosing words and tone carefully, "they might have been equally so to-day."

"The funeral is to be at two o'clock to-day."

"Oh! . . . Do you think that, under the circumstances, it is necessary for you to attend?"

"It may not be necessary," uttered the governor distinctly, "but I am going." He moved toward the door.

"And what," asked his wife, coldly, "shall we say to all who telephone and telegraph and call?"

The governor stood looking at the floor.

"Say that I have gone to my brother's funeral."

He went out and closed the door softly—as though already in the presence of the dead.

. . .

There was an air of profound quietness about the village of Pleasant Valley. Every flag was at half-mast; every door bore the badge of grief; every house of business was closed; every face was grave.

"Looks some like a funeral," suggested the advance agent for a variety show, getting off the train behind the governor.

A tall man in rough garb turned sharply.

"There is a funeral, young man," said he, "and we don't want any flip jokes about it. This town is in mourning this day; a hundred men stand ready to lick anybody that gets off a funeral joke. . . . Are you the governor?" he added, bluntly, turning his back on the crushed youth.

Continued on next page

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The Governor's Brother

Continued from preceding page

"Yes," said the governor, holding out his hand.

"I guess I won't shake," said the other easily, "seein's I didn't vote for you. I come to take you to your brother's house."

"Thank you," said the governor. His face was a dull red. He walked through the silent streets with his guide. They passed several groups of men who looked at him indifferently. Not a hat was lifted. Not a hand was outstretched. Yet he was sure that all knew who he was. Plainly their thoughts were elsewhere. They had no time for him.

There were no words to express his dread of meeting his brother's wife. He was sure that she must hold resentment of his neglect; that her manner, at least, would reproach him. They came finally to a small house, where they halted. It was painted white; there was a strip of green grass in front, and a white fence. November though it was, there were beds in which roses bloomed; others were brilliant with geraniums; farther back was a thrifty kitchen garden. The house itself was cheap and small; it bespoke poverty that made his heart tremble. His proud wife would not have tolerated it as a garage; yet it was the only home of his own brother—who had given up everything for him.

He sat in the small parlor and waited. Every article in the room etched itself upon his memory. There was a brown two-ply carpet, worn gray in places. In one corner stood an organ with a high back and many stops; a book opened to "Last Beam"—his mother's favorite hymn; in front of the organ was a rug, braided of rags. Two or three chairs, a lurid vase, a picture or two, a big, gaudy Bible, a plush album, made up the furniture of the room. The governor, through all his wretchedness, gave unconscious thanks to God that his wife had not offered to come with him. His brother's evident poverty was sufficiently painful without her scorn.

He arose as the door opened. A tall, slender woman in well-worn black came toward him. For two seconds he shrank uncontrollably within himself; then he forced himself to look at her.

She came straight to him—a woman stricken with sorest grief, yet holding herself well in hand; accustomed to poverty and hardship, yet possessing dignity and a natural refinement. Her eyes—rimmed now with red—were of a clear gray; they met his with sympathy and directness; there was not the faintest doubt of him in them.

"You are his brother," those eyes said, she taking his hand in both her own cold ones and pressing it hard; "my grief is yours; let me help you, somehow, to bear it."

There were to be no hysterics, no leaning upon him. He felt instantly, instead, her mute offer of help; when she spoke, her tone was brave and impersonal.

"It was so good of you to come, when you must be worn out. I have some lunch ready for you. Come out. Some hot coffee will help you."

He followed her into the adjoining room. For the first time since he left his father's roof, he sat down to eat in a kitchen. There was a red cover on the table; spoons and forks were plated and worn; the dishes were heavy. But the cleanness of everything would have put his own kitchen to shame; it fairly sparkled. He thought suddenly of his mother.

He set his cup down with dim eyes.

Presently he heard a sound of bitter weeping. Two young girls entered, followed by a lad of eighteen.

"These are my children," said Mrs. Esterly; her face trembled.

"Indeed," he faltered in a broken voice. "I did not know that my brother—"

"He had no children. These are his stepchildren. They could not have loved their own father more. They are—broken-hearted—" She turned her face away.

After a while he said diffidently: "You must let me help you—er—let me bear some of the expenses."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," she replied, gently. "He had five hundred dollars' life insurance. It will pay for everything." Her voice was thick and shaken with grief.

"But—afterwards? What will you do then?"

"We are used to working hard," she answered, with dignity. "That is the least of our trouble this day. If *only*—we could have him back again—" The words ended in a sob of anguish.

. . .

It was with a tightening of his heart-strings that Governor Esterly looked upon his brother in death. The spare, ill-fed body in its cheap clothing; the face, lined with poverty, toil and patience; the hair, gray before its time; the labor-knotted hands, done forever with lowly earth-tasks—his very soul trembled with grief and self-torment as he looked.

The little church was crowded. The four members of the choir sang with the saddest faces ever seen. Every eye was wet, every head was bowed. The governor had attended many funerals; never had he seen such unaffected sorrow, such disregard of appearances, such unfeigned grief. He turned to the man at his side.

"I have never witnessed such genuine sorrow," he said. "It is most unusual. Will you tell me the reason for it?"

"The reason?" The man wiped tears from his face with a big hand. "We just *loved* him. That's all."

"Isn't it unusual for men to feel such genuine affection for one another?"

The man was silent for a moment; then he said, slowly: "Yes, I guess it is. But nobody could help lovin' him. You see . . . He just—just—went along thinkin' about everybody but hisself. He never did think about hisself. Never knew him to. He never put hisself forward. He'd give up a good job to a fellow with a bigger fam'ly. 'Me an' my folks don't need so terrible much,' he'd say. 'We're happier 'n most folks, just bein' together.' But we all knew there were times when they didn't have enough to eat an' wear. . . . He sent money reg'lar, the postmaster says, to a sister who is a widow with sev'ral children."

The governor's face turned white.

"His wife 's a jim dandy," added the man. "'When he was laid up, she washed for us men, so's he could keep sendin' money to his sister. 'She's my husband's sister,' she said. 'Blood's thicker'n water.'"

Throughout the simple, sorrowful sermon, telling of the dead man's scorn of self and care for others, the governor's thoughts accused him bitterly. The years of his life passed before him. One by one, his selfish aims, his heartless neglect, his doubtful schemes, shone out suddenly, as though touched by a searchlight. Through it all sounded the words his brother's wife had spoken that afternoon:

"He lived a little while after he was hurt. He spoke of you. 'Tell him I loved him just the same as when we were boys. There wasn't a day in all my life I didn't think of him with the same love.' . . ."

The notes of the closing hymn penetrated his heavy thought with vibrations of irresistible sweetness and appeal. It was his mother's hymn.

Father, have mercy;
Father, have mercy;
Father, have mercy—
Through Jesus Christ
Our Lord.

The governor, his pride fallen from him, and every fiber of his being touched and shaken, bowed himself and wept.

A Real Vacuum Cleaner

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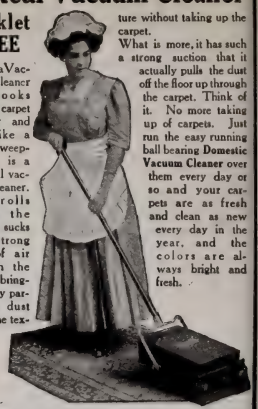

Here is a Vacuum Cleaner that looks like a carpet sweeper and runs like a carpet sweeper, yet is a powerful vacuum cleaner. As it rolls across the room it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dust out of the texture without taking up the carpet.

What is more, it has such a strong suction that it actually pulls the dust off the floor up through the carpet. Think of it. No more taking up of carpets. Just run the easy running ball bearing **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** over them every day or so and your carpets are as fresh and clean as new every day in the year, and the colors are always bright and fresh.

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Don't confuse the **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** with imitations. The **Domestic** is the only one with the patented adjustable ball bearing roller nozzle. It rolls over the carpet and does not drag and wear out the carpet as imitations do.

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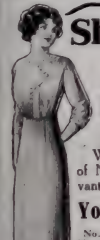

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Happy Cozy Corner Days

"In April fall the sunny showers, for millions of flowers are hid under the ground; yes, millions beginning to grow.

THE sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice, when it speaks from its instant life-tones of tenderness, truth and courage.—*Emerson.*

POCKET-MONEY

By Marion L. Gillman

A COZY Corner girl writes of the way she makes pin-money and asks us to tell other girls about it.

"I am very fond of roaming about in the woods," she says, "and in the spring I almost never miss finding some kind of a baby to bring home and make happy. After a heavy storm I always go hunting, for invariably I find that many little wood-folk have been tumbled out of their nests or hurt or stunned. I carefully bring them home and feed them on proper food and nurse them back to life. Last year I nursed four baby crows on cornmeal mixture and cheese and earthworms. Crows are difficult to raise, because until they are quite large sized birds they will not swallow food unless it is pushed very far down in their throats. When the beak hardens they take ravenously to corn and peas and lentils. I taught my foundling crows to speak several words each. They all learned how to whistle and could call the dogs from any part of the farm; and I finally sold all four of them for $5 each.

"After one terrific storm I brought home three stunned little squirrels which I named Bushytail, Tiptop, and Ishibuzzi. That last is the name of a boy hero in an Indian legend that I am very fond of. I fed the baby squirrels plenty of bread and milk and petted them a great deal. They grew to be the loveliest pets and everybody loved them. I sold Bushytail and Ishibuzzi for two dollars each. Tiptop I still own. An opossum makes a charming pet. I sold one little weather-beaten creature, after six months' feeding and training, to a little city girl going by in a motor car for $4. Her mother wrote me a letter saying how much her little girl enjoyed her rather peculiar pet. Baby owls grow into fine birds fed on corn meal mush and bits of fresh meat. I have brought up many bluebirds and orioles, and while I am only sixteen years old, I have such a practical little bird and animal business that it nets me quite a good deal of pin-money, besides all the pleasure of caring for the unfortunate little babes of the woods that I love so dearly.

"I also send aquarium supplies to several city dealers."

"MOTHER"
Statue Group by Bessie Potter Vonnoh

A Simple Experiment in Chemistry

By James Dayton

A GREAT chemist, when asked with what things chemistry has to do, answered, "It has everything to do with everything." Scientific men have discovered that all things are composed of a few simple substances which are called *elements* and *compounds*. Wood, sugar, salt, glass, cement, air and a thousand other substances are compounds; while some of the commoner and most important *elements* are iron, lead, carbon, sulphur, oxygen and hydrogen. For example, nothing could live or burn if it were not for the very important element known as oxygen, so oxygen is a most interesting element.

Water is largely composed of the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, and one of the nicest of chemical experiments to show the importance of oxygen is one of the simplest and most easily understood. Try it, for it will surely interest you.

The Experiment

Fasten a small piece of lighted candle onto a cork about half an inch thick and one and one-half inches in diameter. Float it in a shallow dish nearly filled with water and set a pint preserve jar over it, then watch carefully what happens in the jar. The water will rise slowly about one-quarter of the way and the candle will flicker out. The oxygen in the jar has been used up by the flame, therefore nothing can burn there. The water rose one-fourth of the depth of the jar in order to take the place of the oxygen which was used up by the burning of the candle. We may therefore conclude roughly that the air around us contains about this proportion of oxygen. You can easily see now why a fire burns brightest in a well-aired and ventilated room, and why it is we feel better and sleep better in a room from which the life-giving oxygen has not been used up.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

WISHING

I WISH I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

Nay, stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

Oh, no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well, tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this,
Than any other thing!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

The Song-Sparrows' Cote

Good-Night Verse

The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding evil and good.

Ever lovingly,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

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"That's what I used to call a neighbor of mine before I knew her. She seemed to have a magic way of dressing herself and her children in always the latest styles and colorings of materials. Yet I knew that she was not a wealthy woman, as she lived in so modest a little home.

"You can just imagine my surprise when I became acquainted with her and learned that the secret of it all lay with Diamond Dyes. She was constantly making over clothes and 'Diamond-Dyeing' them, as she called it. I need hardly say that it did not take me long to follow her example."

(Signed) Mrs. L. M. Spencer
Columbus, Ohio

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Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in *Blue* envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in *White* envelopes.

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Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will *successfully* color every fabric

There are two classes of fabrics—*animal fibre fabrics* and *vegetable fibre fabrics:*

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80%—Cotton so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture *one class* of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, *and another class* of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the *very best* results on EVERY fabric.

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

When Duties Clash

THE immortal Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm put herself on record in a couplet that sticks fast in memory.

When joy and duty clash
Let duty go to smash.

Of course there are grown people without number who know precisely what the child felt and tried to express, and if they were willing to tell the truth they would admit that they have had to fight pretty hard at times to obey duty when duty stood in the way of joy.

Somebody has affirmed that duties are never in conflict. No assertion can be more mistaken. Duties do face one another in our individual lives in a manner so conflicting that one cannot tell how to settle them. For example, let us take the familiar situation of a household consisting of parents, young people and little children. The parents are middle-aged. They have borne the noon-day heat and carried heavy burdens. They are looking forward to an afternoon of partial repose. The young people in the home are looking forward, too, and the children are not yet out of school. The youth and maiden who have had the advantage of a university training desire still further technical education, and long for the advantage of a post-graduate course, very possibly on the other side of the ocean. If this is granted them, the parents will continue to make sacrifices, and in their spirit of altruism will not permit the sons and daughters to suspect that they are toiling beyond their strength. It may come to pass that the younger children growing up may be forced to an abridgment of educational opportunities. This not infrequently occurs. There are times and homes in which one son or one daughter, gifted, ambitious and persevering, climbs the ladder and reaches elevation at the cost of a break-down in the health of father and mother, and at the sacrifice of younger brothers and sisters in the formative period of life. Here duties have been misunderstood, and have consequently clashed.

. . .

TAKE another example. There are those who read this page who have had experience of what it means to introduce into the home circle a kinsman or kinswoman, aged, difficult and exacting, who proceeded to interfere, not intentionally, but because of an unfortunate personality, with the smooth running of the household. To have refused admittance to the home to Uncle Jimmie or Aunt Susan or arranged to let either of these relatives seek a shelter elsewhere would not have been possible to a family holding in reverence the tie of blood. Yet from the instant that the elderly newcomer was established in the home, the peace of the day was marred. There are old ladies who wear white caps and kerchiefs and look like saints who should sit for their portraits who can still manage to make life a daily grind for their juniors. How shall the mother who sees her young people and her good man constantly disturbed by this imported member of the household reconcile her duty to the claims of all concerned? There are problems in life that are well nigh insoluble. Probably the only solution is to live by the day, taking each day as it comes and in it doing one's best. To live by the Golden Rule, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, is a mighty help. To make a selfish decision is sure to be regretted in the end, for it remains continually true that "he that saveth his life shall lose it." Also we may take for our comfort the word in Revelation, "To him that overcometh there shall be given the hidden manna, the white stone and a share in the heavenly dominion."

. . .

A Relic of the Past

A FEW weeks ago, while looking over a bundle of old papers, Miss Mary Edna Murray, of New York, discovered a quaint hand-bill published in London in 1840 by its author, one S. D. Ewins, for the special guidance of married women. Miss Murray sent the yellow leaf, printed more than seventy years ago, to the editor of the Book Review of the New York *Times*. It is so interesting and withal amusing that it is quoted on this page for the consideration of the woman of the period. Here it is, with its assured and sapient heading:

COUNSEL FOR LADIES

"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath"

Let every married woman be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family: The first is by the expression of that which threatens force; the second is by the power of love, to which even strength would yield. Over the mind of a husband a wife should never employ any other power than gentleness; when a woman accustoms herself to say—I will—she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose we expect to imbibe the sweetness of its odor, so we look for everything amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time. Employ yourself in household affairs; wait till your husband confides to you those of higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, to read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example. Practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it. Command his attention by being attentive to him; never exact anything and you will obtain much. Always appear excited by the little he does for you which will excite him to perform more. Men, as well as women, are vain. Never wound his vanity; not even in the most trifling instance. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it. When a man gives wrong counsel never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness. When he is convinced leave him all the merit of having found out what is reasonable and just. When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him. If he is abusive never retort, and never prevail on him to humble himself, but enter thy closet and pour out thy complaints in prayer to God on his behalf. The prayers of the righteous avail much. Choose carefully your female friends. Have but a few, and be backward to follow advice; particularly if inimical to the foregoing instructions. Cherish neatness without luxury and pleasure without success. Dress with taste and particularly with modesty. "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing gold, or of putting on of apparel." Vary the fashions of your dress in regard to colors; it gives a change to ideas and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things appear trifling, but they are of more importance than imagined.

If you have comments to make as to the wisdom or folly of this old philosophy, send them forcibly and soon to the Family Page.

. . .

Too Little Play

SHE was only twelve years old when there came upon a certain little girl the responsibility of caring for the comfort of two old people. They were her grandparents, and no hands but hers ministered to their wants, which were many, for the next four years. She was only seventeen when she married, the grandparents having by this time passed away. Thirty years have sped onward as years do, and they have been filled to the brim for her with continual labor, with physical suffering, with a hard battle to make ends meet, and with bereavement. All the thirty years she has had the faithful love of her husband, and this has been her comfort, yet she has reached a place where the clouds above her are so black and her strength is so broken that her faith is failing and faltering and she cannot pray. She used to pray, but she now is sure that God does not listen to prayer, and she faces a dark future in which she will not call upon him any more for his sustaining presence.

What can this woman do? She has

Continued on next page

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DOWN DRAFT

OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

had too little recreation and is worn out. What can we do for her? In what way can our united prayers prevail in her behalf? If any one has an answer to give or sympathy to express, write soon to the editor of this page.

. . .

From Jacob to His Mother

THE *Congregationalist* through one of its writers gives us the pleasure of a peep at a unique bit of composition, the work of a little girl of ten. In a Vermont Sunday School one of the junior classes was asked to write such a letter as Jacob might have sent to his mother after leaving home on his journey to the land of Rebekah's people. He was an exile, and had he stayed in the old home his life would not have been safe from the anger of his brother Esau. He had taken from Esau both the birthright and the blessing and had deceived his blind old father at the bidding of his mother. For Rebekah there are many apologies, chief among which is the probability that she, remembering a prophecy made at the birth of her children that the elder should serve the younger, felt that Jacob was the child of promise. Jacob was, no doubt, a far greater comfort to the mother in the tent than Esau, who was wild and rough and had wearied her in his marrying the daughters of Heth. In those old days, the mother in the tent was mistress of the home and the sons brought their wives there to be under her sway. She meant that Jacob should seek a wife, not from the heathen tribes adjacent to his home, but from the daughters of her kindred. Whatever we may say of him as to craft and subtlety, it is plain that he had glimmerings of the true light, and that he valued supremely the birthright and the blessing, while Esau cared for them so little that he bartered them for a meal when he was hungry. Now for the little girl's letter, which, exactly as she wrote it, is a captivating document:

DEAR MOTHER: I have had a few experiences. I am very sad and lonely without you. The first night was very dreary. I had to use a stone for a pillow.

I had a beautiful dream that night. It was about a ladder reaching heaven with angels on it, and all at once I noticed that Jehovah was beside me.

In the morning when I awoke, I set the stone up as a pillar and went on my way.

The journey was long and tiresome.

When I reached here I told Uncle Laban all my troubles. He said not to think about them any more, but to stay with him for a month. I like it here very much.

Has Esau said anything about me?

Rachel is very beautiful and I love her. What do you say about my marrying her? I would like to very much. Leah has weak eyes now. I think she likes me, too. She is very kind to me. With love, from JACOB.

. . .

"Elizabeth, Aged Nine"

The poem that follows has been a favorite for public recitation ever since it first appeared. It is reprinted in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by request.

Out of the way in a corner
Of our dear old attic room,
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside
Shake ever a faint perfume,
An oaken chest is standing,
With hasp and padlock and key,
Strong as the hands that made it
On the other side of the sea.

When the winter days are dreary,
And we're out of heart with life,
Of its crowding cares are weary,
And sick of its restless strife,
We take a lesson in patience
From the attic corner dim,
Where the chest holds fast its treasure,
A warder dark and grim.

Robes of an antique fashion—
Linen and lace and silk—
That time has tinted with saffron,
Though once they were white as milk;
Wonderful baby garments,
Broidered with loving care
By fingers that felt the pleasure
As they wrought the ruffles rare.

A sword with the red rust on it,
That flashed in the battle-tide,
When from Lexington to Concord
Sorely men's hearts were tried;
A plumed chapeau and a buckle,
And many a relic fine;
And all by itself the sampler,
Framed in by berry and vine.

Faded the square of canvas,
Dim is the silken thread;
But I think of the white hands dimpled,
And a childish, sunny head;
And here in cross and tent stitch,
In a wreath of berry and vine,
She worked it a hundred years ago,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

In and out in the sunshine
The little needle flashed,
And out and in on the rainy day
When the sullen drops down plashed,
As close she sat by her mother—
The little Puritan maid—
And did her piece on the sampler
Each morn before she played.

You are safe in the crystal heavens,
"Elizabeth, aged nine,"
But before you went you had troubles
Sharper than any of mine.
The golden-brown hair with sorrow
Grew white as drifted snow,
And your tears fell here, slow-staining
This very plumed chapeau.

When you put it away, its wearer
Would need it never more,
By a sword-thrust learning the secrets
God keeps on yonder shore.
But you wore your grief like glory;
Not yours to yield supine,
Who wrought in your patient childhood,
"Elizabeth, aged nine."

Out of the way in a corner,
With hasp and padlock and key,
Stands the oaken chest of my fathers,
That came from over the sea.
The hillside herbs above it
Shed odors faint and fine,
And here on its lid is a garland
To "Elizabeth, aged nine."

For love is of the immortal,
And patience is sublime,
And trouble's a thing of every day,
That toucheth every time;
And childhood sweet and sunny,
Or womanly truth and grace,
In the dusk of the way, light torches,
And cheer earth's lowliest place.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Called Higher

Mrs. Nancy Kirby (78) died April 6, 1911, at Jonesville, S. C.

Mrs. D. Minard (84), of Scio, O., sank peacefully to sleep on June 30, 1911.

Mrs. Barbara Buchwater (79), of Warren, O., passed away from earth January 1, 1912.

Mrs. Mary Eastman (93) passed away at her home in Oconomowoc, Wis., January 12, 1912.

Mrs. Martha C. Fogg (72) passed away at her home in West Burke, Vt., March 2, 1911. Hers was a beautiful Christian life.

Mrs. George S. Brown (91), of Boston, Mass., died January 13, 1912. She was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mrs. Mary A. McAllister, of Marblehead, Mass., passed away May 14, 1911. Full of good cheer she spent her life ministering to others.

Irving W. Allen, of Hartford, Conn., for the past thirty years a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed to his heavenly home, October 8, 1911.

Mrs. Thomas Emerson (102), of Racine, Wis., died July 9, 1911. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which she subscribed for many years.

Mrs. Catherine McConnell (79) died December 31, 1911, in Crawford County, Pa., after a long and useful life during which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was her constant companion.

Mrs. Nancy Raney (83), of Georgetown, Wash., died August 14, 1911. She was for sixty-four years an active church worker, and a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Basset Lee (60) passed away at her home at Herndon, Va., October 14, 1911. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and a member of the W. C. T. U. She has gone to that reward prepared for those who serve God on earth.

THE BEST YET

I am a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family and have been for some time, but I must confess to you that the issue of March 13 was really the climax of all your previous issues. This is the first time that I have said anything to you about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD since I have been a subscriber. It was not because I was not benefited by it—no, a thousand times no. Since I have been a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family I am better informed upon the issues of the day. I shall endeavor to continue my membership. I believe there are thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, who are benefited by reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am yours for a wider circulation.

Wylam, Ala. REV. R. B. BARDWELL.

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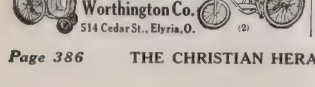

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Labor Troubles Spreading

THE labor situation in many industries and in many localities both at home and abroad has continued to grow grave and complex.

The passage of the Minimum Wage Bill in England was accompanied with dramatic occurrences. Before the final vote on the bill was taken in the House of Commons, another conference of the miners' representatives with the mine owners was arranged, at which the Scotch miners increased their demand to five shillings ninepence for men and three shillings for boys, as a minimum wage. The owners openly expressed their indignation at this, declaring that they were constantly being faced with fresh demands. The matter was taken back to Parliament, Premier Asquith declaring dejectedly that the government had been entirely unable to effect a settlement by arbitration. The bill was passed, on March 27, by a vote of 213 to 48.

On the same day the mine owners met and decided that they would accept the decision of the local boards provided for in the bill to fix the minimum wage for the various districts. The Miners' Federation determined to put to vote among the miners the question of accepting the bill and returning to work.

Fearing outbreaks at the mines when attempts to resume work would be made, the War Office issued orders for ten thousand troops to be prepared to move at any moment. Five hundred troops were sent to Carmack, where there had been some disturbance, and a detail of infantry was moved to Brynkinalt. Railroads announced that all freight traffic except perishable goods would be suspended from April 3 to April 9. Meanwhile the suffering among the miners and other idle laborers grew more and more intense. Fortunately the mild weather prevented severe suffering from lack of fuel, though in parts of the north there was considerable distress on that account. In many localities the men and their families had to be fed at public expense.

While March 27 marked the beginning of the end in England, it was the date in America when the first definite signs of the inevitable strike of the anthracite miners were apparent. Hundreds of men removed their tools, and the companies began to bring horses and mules above ground. The bituminous situation continued to be deadlocked, the representatives of operators and miners in conference at Cleveland being unable to arrive at an agreement.

Delegates from the locomotive engineers of roads east of Chicago decided on this same date to submit the question of going on strike to the vote of the 25,700 engineers who are members of the Brotherhood. They are demanding an increase of 18 per cent. in their pay. The situation is rendered more complex in the mind of the public by the argument of the railroad managers, who declare that their inability to increase freight rates makes it impossible to grant the demands of the men.

At Lowell, Mass., twelve thousand employees of cloth mills were thrown out of work because thirty-five hundred of them had demanded higher wages. Twelve hundred operatives of a firm at Fall River went on strike, demanding a 10 per cent. increase. A number of other New England towns faced similar situations. In New Jersey, at Paterson, Passaic and Bayonne many hands quit work, and in a number of instances there were some outbreaks of violence. In New York the members of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union held a mass meeting at Carnegie Hall, threatening to strike because one firm of employers tried to return to the system of paying wages by piece work instead of by the day.

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Questions and Answers

...bscriber, Brattleboro, Vt. —I read lately that the ladies of a certain church were to give a minstrel show for the church's benefit. I doubt whether the blessing of God can rest upon a church that takes such means to raise money.

We have always held that the line must be ...awn regarding church entertainments with a ...ry firm hand. While there are some that are ...rmissible, there are unquestionably others ...hich, for obvious reasons, should be rejected. ...hen any church descends to the level of the ...udeville, it suffers a spiritual decline. It is ...early out of place to turn the Lord's house into ... place of mere worldly entertainment. While ...ctures and concerts of a proper kind may not ...e inappropriate, there is a large class of en...rtainments that are clearly objectionable and ...hich, if held at all, should be elsewhere than in ...e Lord's house.

...eader, Cleveland, O. When, where and how was the Presbyterian Church founded?

Government by elders is referred to in the ...ible many times. The Jewish synagogues had ... bench of elders, or presbyters, as their gov...ning body, thus showing that the principle is ...ot confined to any one system of doctrine. It ...revailed in the early Christian Church also. ...hen Europe was Christianized, this principle ...f church government was preserved, and the ...arliest Christian communities were governed by ...ishops and presbyters. The first presbytery of ...nglish Puritans was established at Wandsworth ...n 1572. Presbyterianism was legally estab...shed as the State religion of England in 1644. ... had been established in Scotland as early as ...560. Ireland's first presbytery was organized ...n 1642 by Scottish army chaplains. Many of ...e early American churches were Presbyterian ...n government, although not in name. Presby...erian Puritanism was called Barrowism. Prob...bly the earliest American Presbyterian colony ...as that started by Roger Conant at Salem in ...assachusetts in 1625. The oldest Presbyterian ...hurch in America was in Jamaica, N. Y., built ...bout 1662, and the first Presbyterian minister ...ho ever preached in New York City was Rev. ...rancis Doughty (1643-1648). No Presbyterian ...hurch was organized in New York until 1717.

...T., Tazewell, Tenn. 1. Explain what is meant by "water" in John 3: 5. 2. Why was Jesus baptized? Surely not for repentance, for he was without sin. Not for our example, for many were baptized before him. Then, is it correct to say that his baptism was an act of consecration to his public work, or the initiatory rite which consecrated him to the priesthood, the Jewish priesthood culminating in him?

1. Jesus was here giving a twofold explana...ion of the new birth. He designed to impress ...icodemus with the fact that more than mere ...odily washing with water was needed; that a ...horough spiritual purification by the opera...ion of the Holy Spirit must accompany the ...xternal function, which was merely a symbol (see Ezek. 36: 25, 27, which describes the two-...old purification). As a devout Jew, Nicodemus ...as familiar with the symbolical application of ...ater. John had already baptized many, both ...ew and Gentile. 2. Jesus evidently ranked ...aptism as one of the acts inseparable from his ...Messianic calling (see John 1: 31). By being ...ublicly baptized he entered into John's com...unity, which was introductory to his greater ...Messianic work. Further, it was the means of ...evealing himself to the Baptist and through ...im to the people. John was the forerunner ...f the Messiah, and it was especially fitting that ...e should personally serve at Jesus' consecra...ion to his Messianic work, and assist at the ...eginning of his public career.

A. S., Cambridge, Mass. Explain the words of Jesus, "For many are called, but few are chosen." A friend is much troubled over this.

This is one of Christ's terse and memorable ...ayings, several times uttered. It is interpreted ...o mean that many receive the invitation of the ...Gospel who never reach the stage of spiritual ...progress where they can be said to be "chosen ...to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit ...and belief on the truth." See II. Thes. 2: 13. ...The "chosen" were those who were set apart ...for special duty to become living examples of ...devoted service. Paul was such an illustration ...of God's sovereignty in choosing his instrument. ...It should not be held to imply, however, that ...salvation is forfeited, except through the fault ...and wickedness of those who are rejected. It ...is clearly said in Scripture that it is God's will ...that all should be saved. Christ's death was all-...sufficient, and it is not the divine will that any ...should perish. Many controversies have arisen ...over this passage, but we can safely rest upon ...the language of the Saviour himself, who said: ..."Whosoever will may come" . . . and "Him ...that cometh I will in no wise cast out." This ...promise is absolute and assures us that saving ...grace is within the reach of all who will forsake ...sin and accept salvation through Christ. The ...broad interpretation of the passage would seem ...to be that while many are called, or set in the ...way of salvation, the invitation alone does not save them; they must themselves comply with all the conditions. Thus a means is provided for the salvation of all, except those who wilfully reject it. This is the true grace of the Gospel and it is so clear and unmistakable that no human doctrine or interpretation can change it.

Mrs. W. H. R., Covington, Va. The generous heart is commended in many passages in the Scripture, and especially where that generosity has the poor for its object. We are told to remember the poor (see Lev. 25: 35; Deut. 15: 7), to be a helper to the fatherless (see Ps. 68: 5; Ps. 10: 14) and the widow (Isa. I: 17), to visit those in affliction (James 1: 27), and let them share our abundance (Deut. 14: 29); and many blessings are promised to those who do these things. The bountiful are especially blessed wherever they give to any worthy cause or person (Deut. 15: 10). Remember also that remarkable promise, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord" (see Prov. 19: 17). It is a fine thing to lay up treasure in heaven, and we can do this only by doing God's work with the means at our disposal here. If we use his gifts for our own indulgence and pleasure, it will profit us nothing in the end; but if we apply them to his glory and the benefit of our fellow beings who need help more than we do, we shall then be doing his work, and shall receive his approval.

H. Kentville, Canada. 1. Where did Dante get the material for his *Inferno?* Was the work largely the result of his own imagination? 2. Did the Catholics adopt Dante's ideas concerning purgatory and hell, or were the tenets of that church regarding Limbo, etc., taken from other sources? 3. After the first resurrection, what will be the length of the day of (general) judgment, according to the Scriptures? Will it be a thousand-year day? I. Cor. 15: 25-28; I. Cor. 6: 2; Rev. 20: 6; Isa. 1: 26; Isa. 2: 4.

1. Dante's religious views have long been a subject of controversy. He has been both claimed and disclaimed by Rome. The *Inferno*, although purely a work of the imagination, dealt with the deep questions of the philosophy and theology of that age, and pictured the social and moral condition of Italy and the corruption of church and state. 2. His picture of purgatory was presumably the fruit of his theological studies, interpreted by a poetic brain, and doubtless largely influenced by the religious views held in his day. In the *Divina Commedia* he essays to give a full exposition of most of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, and his attitude toward the Roman Church may be judged by the fact that he attacked its corruption, its indulgences, its false veneration of saints, etc. By many he is considered a forerunner of the Reformation. 3. In the passage in II. Peter, the writer views God's attitude toward time. The day of judgment, which to us seems long in coming, has with him no periodicity, since to him the future and present are alike. The passage in I. Cor. 15 shows that death is done away with by the general resurrection. In the sixth chapter the writer expresses surprise that any Christian should go to law; the saints are to judge the world and fallible human beings are unfit to judge others in this life, even in trifling matters. The weightiest of earthly questions is trifling compared with those that are to be answered at the last judgment. All conjectures as to the duration of the day of general judgment are mere speculation. The passages in Zechariah and Isaiah are foreshadowings of the coming of Christ's kingdom and are so interpreted by all commentators.

M. E. G., Olathe, Kan. As to the question of tithes or gifts to the Lord's work, the spirit of the injunction would not be observed by supplying yourself or your family in the manner suggested, although in a certain sense you might conform to the letter. We should not plan so that our gifts to God return to ourselves or inure to our material benefit. Whatever is given to the Lord's work, whether administered personally with our own hands or through the church or its subsidiary organizations, or through any other channel, should be put wholly away from us so that we cannot derive any material benefit from the outlay. It is not giving to the Lord at all if we attach a string to the gift. Regarding your last question, the gift that is the result of self-denial is a most acceptable one. See how Jesus illustrated this in the incident of the widow's two mites, which she cast into the treasury, although it was all her living.

F. R., Indianapolis, Ind. Kindly explain, for the benefit of many interested readers, what is meant by the initiative, referendum and recall.

The initiative is a measure whereby a minority or majority of the voters of a commonwealth can by petition place before their fellow citizens proposed laws and solicit their approval by votes in the usual manner. Five per cent. of the voters is the usual number required. When such proposed laws are submitted and indorsed by a majority of the voters, the legislature must immediately carry out the will of the people so expressed. The referendum is a

Continued on next page

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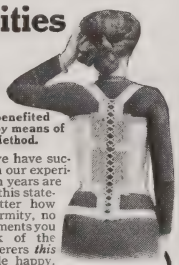

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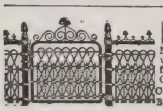

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Continued from preceding page

measure whereby a minority or majority of a commonwealth or municipality can by petition in the usual manner secure the legislature's assent to submitting to a popular vote any bill under legislative consideration or any law or ordinance already passed, a majority of the votes in any case being final. It is not in the power of either governor or mayor to veto such action. The recall is a measure whereby a minority or majority of the commonwealth can by petition place before their fellow citizens a proposition to recall by a majority of the voters an official already elected. The petition to be valid must carry at least 25 per cent. of the registered voters; in some communities the percentage is as high as forty. It is immaterial whether the term for which the official is elected is near its end or just beginning. At the election following, the accused official's name must be put on the ticket, unless otherwise requested by him.

E. G. D., Milton, Fla. 1. Is it right for a schoolboy to study on Sunday? 2. What is the best way for a young man who is away from home at school to spend Sunday? 3. How may a young man *know* that it is God's will for him to become a minister? 4. Would you advise a young man nineteen years old, who is just entering high school and has to work to pay his expenses, to complete the high school and college courses before beginning his life work?

1. It is not right, and it is never necessary. Better to fail in one's lessons than to do wrong. But one will not be likely to fail who keeps a clear conscience and makes the most of his time. 2. He should go to church, Sunday School, young people's meeting, should find some definite religious work to do in these services or in other ways, and should devote some hours to his friends and to the open air. The Sabbath is primarily for rest; its purpose is to fit us, spiritually, mentally, physically for the week's work. What religious work is done on that day should not be so strenuous or exacting as to unfit us for Monday's task; though there are probably not many students or others who need this warning. 3. The "call to preach" is usually a definite experience, almost, if not quite, as clear and distinct as conversion itself. It should be carefully analyzed, and if genuine will be found to fit into such matters as temperament, equipment, opportunity. If the call is genuine there will likely be advice and urging on the part of Christian people. When a man feels he is called and finds the church asking him to take up the work he may be sure the call is authentic. 4. Yes. The boys and girls who work themselves through school and college in the face of the greatest difficulties make the men and women who do many of the bravest and hardest and most useful tasks for society. If a young student has health and keeps it, he can do all the rest.

Miscellaneous

H. W. K., Seneca Falls, N. Y. Your letter has been referred to The Men and Religion Forward Movement, as the proper source of information.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. "A party writing to a loved one (a 'shut-in') and her family of little ones, said, in closing the letter, 'We send our love all corked up in a bottle, and if you will only pull out the cork it will run all over everywhere.' Is not this much like God's love: all bottled up, and it is but for us to reach out our hand, and as he says, 'I will pour you out such a blessing, there shall not be room enough to contain it.'"

H. D. J., Allenton, Mo. The word "kill," in the sixth commandment, refers to physical murder alone. The distinction between physical and spiritual death is drawn in Matt. 10: 28. Criminal law distinguishes degrees of killing, the precise definition of which should be given by a lawyer. It would be permissible to call any act or series of acts which cause the wreck of mind or morals a species of murder, in a figurative sense, although such acts might be beyond the jurisdiction of human law.

L. E. B., Orlando, Okla. Tobacco is a plant containing quantities of the drug called nicotine. Nicotine has been proved to be a strong poison; it has a severe and direct effect upon the stomach, nerves, and particularly the heart. Although there have been well authenticated cases in which the prolonged use of tobacco has apparently not injured the subject severely, the majority of normal cases show that its effects are decidedly injurious. In the young it hinders growth, and makes both mind and body dull and lethargic.

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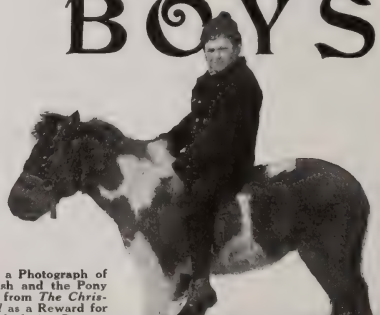

THIS is a Photograph of Fred Bush and the Pony he received from *The Christian Herald* as a Reward for his good work during December and January. He also received a dandy Cart and a set of made-to-order Harness.

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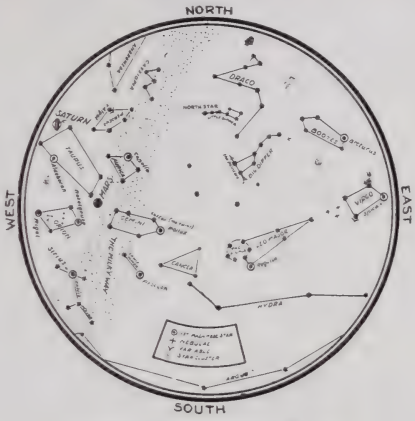
GEMS OF THE SKY

AT THIS time of the year, when the blustering winds of the early spring sweep the fleeting clouds away and seem to polish anew every bright jewel of the heavens, we are particularly fortunate in the brilliant display in the starry realms above us. As if spread for our inspection by some mighty jeweler, the most gorgeous of the stars are now seen; here a pure white diamond, there a beautiful ruby, and beyond a splendid opal. For it is only during these evenings that we are permitted to see ten of the fourteen "first magnitude" stars at one time.



A Chart of the Sky, Early April, 1912

NOTE.—Do not hold chart over the head

Rare jewels they are, notwithstanding the unbecoming names of the constellations in which they are set. It would seem that the ancients, who are responsible for the fanciful names the constellations are burdened with, went far afield in their efforts. While the marvelous beauty of these jewels of sidereal space is apparent to all, it is difficult to find appropriate reason for such monstrous names as "The Dragon," "Scorpio," "The Great Bear," "The Great Lion," and "The Fishes."

But we are concerned with the individual jewels in these miscalled settings. First, of course, and dominating the entire firmament, is Sirius, the most gorgeous gem in the universe and the brightest star in our skies, which we may easily locate in the southerly portion of the heavens, midway between the horizon and the zenith. This is our pure white diamond; sixty-three times more brilliant than our sun, and yet so far distant that a single ray of its light requires more than eight years to reach us.

Of rubies we have several: Betelguese in the constellation of Orion, Antares in Scorpio, and the precious old Mars. Betelguese is opposite the opalescent first-magnitude star Rigel, and they both may be seen a little higher in the sky and a trifle farther west than Sirius. Scorpio with its splendid ruby Antares, the reddest star in our vision, may be seen only by those who rise early in the morning, before the sun has peeked above the horizon, when Antares may be seen shining brilliantly in the eastern sky, low down and approaching the south. Mars, our old familiar semi-annual visitor, shines early in the evening, very high in the heavens, and still farther west than Orion.

Rigel is an opal, a pale blue star that sparkles so gorgeously in the parallelogram of Orion, diagonally opposite Betelguese, and aptly illustrates the infinitude of space. We are told that although modern science has equipped the astronomers with instruments capable of accurately measuring distances so immense that there is no difficulty in stating that the North Star is 306,623,132,000,000 of miles from the earth, still, notwithstanding all their facility, the beautiful Rigel shines clearly and steadily above us too far off in the infinite realms of space for the distance to be measured. Think of a railroad train traveling at the speed of a mile a minute, and journeying on and on for 500,000,000 years, and you have some idea of known distances, for your train has but taken you to the North Star. Yet Rigel lies beyond!

Very near the planet Mars during these prevernal evenings another dull red star of first magnitude is seen, the beautiful Aldebaran, in the constellation of Taurus; and almost overhead, perhaps a little west of the zenith, is still another star of the first quality, the magnificent Capella; a nugget of pure gold is Capella, a ray of light from whose polished surface requires thirty years to reach the earth. In other words, if its light were suddenly to be extinguished, we should not know the difference for thirty years. The ancients named Capella "the star of stars," because when it and a new moon sank together in the west their new year was begun.

And so through all the heavens these bright jewels are fixed. The mind of man is filled with amazement when he considers how marvelously they illustrate the wondrous order of a wise Creator; how through all the ages they have not varied; that tonight the glorious "star of stars" shines as surely in its place as it shone two thousand years ago, while all these suns of another realm have risen in the east and set in the west with the same perfect rhythm with which the monarch of our own solar system has spread its warm rays upon us since time began.

W. J. LOCKWOOD.

NOT FOR LONG

A SUMMER'S day,
A robin's song,
A tuneful lay—
But not for long!
The black of night
Must come again;
The bright sunlight
Will turn to rain.
But miss not, heart, the lovely song,
Because it will not be for long.

A lonely life,
A broken heart,
A world of strife
Where friends must part.
But dawn at last
Must follow night—
The darkness past,
Comes morning's light.
Then weep not, heart, for seeming wrong,
Because it will not be for long.

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AMORTIZATION

AMORTIZATION is a word found in but few dictionaries, and those of recent issue, but it is coming into use "to supply a long-felt want." Once introduced to this word, however, we wonder how we managed to write on finance and live up to the year of grace 1912 without it. Amortization means the practice of distributing over a series of periods burdens which might otherwise fall on one period. Mr. Herbert W. Briggs, editor of *The Rollins Magazine*, has given the word a publicity that must result in a wide popularity as soon as the meaning of the term has had time to seep in. We shall not attempt to paraphrase Mr. Briggs's excellent article, as the reader will get a better idea of the subject if we quote it in full:

"A sinking fund is a regular periodic appropriation toward the liquidation of a future obligation. For example, a corporation has a bond issue of $1,000,000 maturing in forty years. If 2 per cent. of this issue, or $20,000, is devoted each year to the retirement of the bonds, four-fifths of the entire issue will have been redeemed at maturity, leaving only $200,000 of the original debt to be paid. There are many different methods of determining the amount to be set aside for sinking fund purposes, but no matter what the method of operation, the principle is the same, each year is made to bear a small burden in order to decrease the amount of the debt at maturity; and this is amortization.

Gradual Payments

"Another common form of amortization as applied to the payment of an issue of bonds, is to issue them serially. For example, a million dollar issue, instead of being due in forty years, may be payable $25,000 each year, with the result that at maturity the entire debt will have been paid without any single payment of more than $25,000. This of course coincides very closely with our definition of amortization.

"Depreciation and reserve funds, which are set aside out of earnings, either formally or informally, by nearly all railroads and public service companies, are another form of amortization. Corporation bonds are nearly all secured by mortgage on physical property. If this property is allowed to depreciate, the security back of the bond is diminished to that extent. Physical property, for the most part, depreciates or deteriorates in value with use. Whatever is allowed to become worthless will probably have to be replaced. Without a depreciation or a reserve fund, the cost of replacement would fall with undue weight at some one time, but a depreciation fund serves to distribute replacement expense, so that it practically becomes an annual charge instead of an unprovided-for emergency.

Bond Premiums

"One of the most common forms of amortization is met every time you buy a bond at a premium. The bond value tables that show you the true income basis of a bond recognize the principle of amortization. To illustrate this point, let us suppose that you purchase a ten-year 6 per cent. $1,000 bond, at a price of 110.00. You have invested $1,100. You will receive interest of $60 a year. When the bond matures, however, it will be paid at par, or $1,000. You have lost $100 somewhere during the transaction. The bond value tables, however, show that a 6 per cent. bond at 110.00, due in ten years, really yields only 4.73 per cent. In other words, $47.30 of the $60 that you receive is income; $12.70 is principal. If you spend the entire income of $60, you are spending some of your capital. If, however, you spend only $47.30 of it, and save and invest $12.70, you are thereby amortizing the $100 premium, the loss of which would otherwise come home to you with full force at the maturity of the bond.

"Practical every-day illustrations of amortization are legion. Every insurance policy is a form of amortization. When you pay $10 a year to insure your house for $1,000 against loss by fire, you are assuming a small annual burden to protect yourself against a possible loss of $1,000 at some one time. When you buy a piano on the instalment plan and pay $5 or $10 a month, you are amortizing the cost of the piano by distributing the expense over sundry periods instead of paying the bill in one lump sum. Building Loan Associations and Co-operative Banks conduct their business on the principle of amortization. When you borrow money from them to build a house they require you to repay them from time to time not only the interest on the money but a small amount towards the principal, so that before the debt is due you have entirely wiped out or amortized it.

Dividends Not Income

"Fortunes are lost in dividend-paying mining securities by those who do not realize that a mine must sooner or later become exhausted, and that when it does, its shares will be without value. The attractive dividends are looked upon as income, whereas they really are partly income and partly the return payment of invested principal against the day when the stock represents merely the ownership of an exhausted mine.

"Economists tell us that as a nation we are spending principal as well as income by exhausting instead of conserving our natural resources, and that we are consequently not as wealthy a nation as we appear to be. The plea for conservation of our mines and forests and other natural resources is based on the sound thought that we have no right to ask posterity to bear the burden of want that would be unnecessary if we moderated our annual expenditures of natural capital. Even scientific forestry and the rotation of crops are forms of amortization, in that they call for present agricultural economy as insurance against the denudation of the forest and the impoverishment of the soil.

A Useful Lesson

"Amortization has a direct individual lesson for almost everybody. Thousands of men save nothing between twenty and sixty and are then confronted with the fact that their earning capacity is impaired or has perhaps vanished. To them comes the realization of the fact that they have been spending, not only the income that represented their earning capacity, but their principal of health, strength, youth, ability and courage. The habit of thrift is an amortization of old age. The setting aside of a little money each year is a periodic burden, but one which, when assumed and religiously borne, takes the sting away from the impaired earning capacity that old age may bring. If a man who, between twenty and sixty, has an average earning capacity of $2,000 a year, has saved $40,000 by the time he is sixty, his savings invested at 5 per cent. will produce him an income of $2,000 a year. This sum would be accumulated if during the years of his earning power he saved a dollar a day, and invested it as it accumulated at 5 per cent.

"All amortization funds that are invested must necessarily be invested safely or they will not produce the desired results, for it may eventuate that the small burdens have been assumed during the many periods only to have the larger burden finally present itself with full weight. Saving is amortization and the best and most practical form of amortization that has ever been discovered, but savings must be invested with safety in order that the fruits of self-denial may be fully realized."

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have spent 25 years in building automobiles. Reo the Fifth is my 24th model.

I have watched every improvement, all the world over, from the very start of this industry.

I have had actual experience with tens of thousands of cars, under every condition that motorists meet.

All I have learned in those 25 years is embodied in this car. And I know of no other engineer in the business who builds cars as I build this.

My Precautions

What I mean is this:

The need for infinite care, for utter exactness, for big margins of safety is taught by experience only.

Countless things which theory approves are by use proved insufficient.

Splendid cars fall down on little points. The maker corrects them. Then something else shows unexpected shortcomings.

Perfection is reached only through endless improvements. It comes only with years of experience. Were I buying a car I would want it built by the oldest man in the business.

For Example

All the steel I use is analyzed, so I know its exact alloy.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine with 50 tons' capacity. Thus I know to exactness what each gear will stand. I used to test them, as others do, with a hammer.

I use Nickel Steel for the axles and driving shaft, and make them much larger than necessary. These parts can't be too strong.

I use Vanadium Steel for connections.

One after another I have cut out ball bearings, because they don't stand the test. I use roller bearings—Timken and Hyatt High Duty. There are only three ball bearings in this whole car, and two are in the fan.

I test my magneto under tremendous compression, and for ten hours at a time. My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water. Half the troubles come from low grade gasoline, and this double heating avoids them.

I insist on utter exactness, a thousand inspections, tests of every part. As a result, errors don't develop when the car gets on the road.

Costly Care

I give to the body the same care as the chassis, for men like impressive cars.

The body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is deep. It is made of genuine leather and filled with hair.

The lamps are enameled. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. I finish each car like a show car.

The wheels are large, the car is over-tired. The wheel base is long, the tonneau is roomy, there is plenty of room for the driver's feet.

All the petty economies, which are so common, are avoided in Reo the Fifth.

My Level Best

This car embodies the best I know. It is built, above all, to justify men's faith in my designing.

Not one detail has been stinted. Not one could be improved by me if the car was to sell for $2,000.

Reo the Fifth marks my limit. I will yield my place as the dean of designers to a man who can build a car better.

Center Control No Side Levers

In this car I bring out my new center control. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle less than three inches in each of four directions.

There are no side levers, so the entrance in front is clear. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch.

This fact permits of the left side drive. The driver may sit, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes—on the up side of the road. This was formerly possible in electric cars only.

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We can undersell others, and always will. But the present price is too low under average conditions. I am sure it must be advanced, and those who delay must expect it.

This car will never be skimped, while I build it, to keep within an altruistic price.

You Can See It In a Thousand Towns

We have dealers in a thousand towns. When you write us for catalog we will tell you the nearest.

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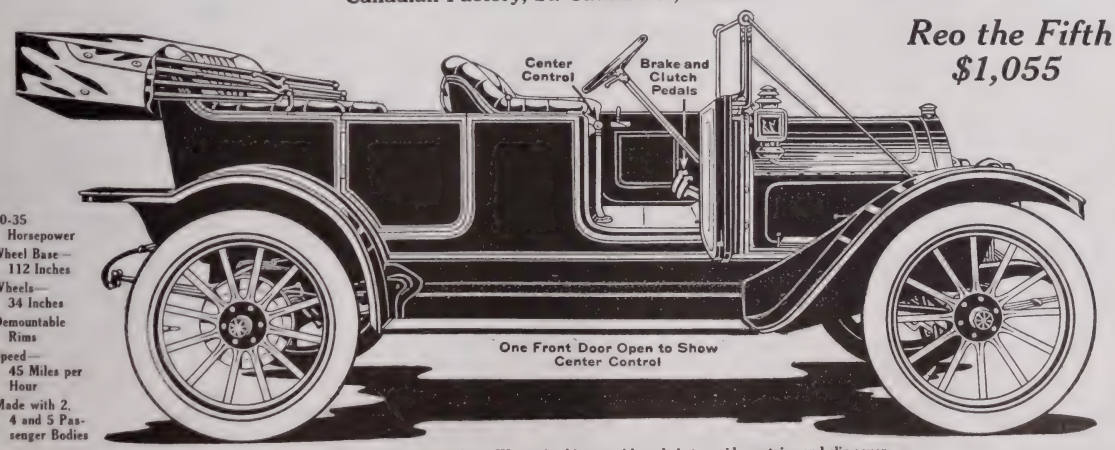

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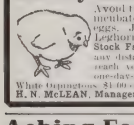

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GOOD FOLLOWERS BECOMING GOOD LEADERS*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE apostles were first good followers of Jesus, and so became good leaders of others. That is the great truth in this lesson, that they showed themselves good followers first. Some of us are not fitted to be leaders, and it is the wisest and happiest way to remember, cheerily, that

> Some must follow, and some must lead,
> Though all be made of clay.

It is better to be a good follower than a bad leader. It is a great thing to choose for yourself a worthy leader, and follow faithfully, with no touch of envy—with that loving loyalty that is symbolized when subjects of a good and great king kiss his hand, because his leadership is not selfish but a public service of his people.

Let us not linger so long over the interesting history of the apostles that we shall not have time to learn just how each one of us may become "one to help Jesus" to-day. The most instructive things about the apostles are: They were all Galilean working people, except Judas of Judea. They were by no means perfect. They tell us frankly how ambitious and dull-hearted they were up to the day of Pentecost. They started in Christian life with no great excitement by simply obeying the "follow me" of Jesus. That made them disciples—learners in the school of Jesus. Afterward, in the second year of Christ's ministry, he selected out of many disciples the twelve most faithful and the most spiritual to be with him daily that they might be fitted to lead the world In His Name when he should go back to heaven. Twelve signified that Jesus would establish a new spiritual Israel, a new Holy Land. It was not a mere honor that Jesus put on these men, for leadership meant the cross not only to Jesus but to Peter and Andrew also, and it meant martyrdom to most of the others. Theirs was the ecstasy of self-sacrifice for the good of others, of which we have an illustration in the story of General White, who was in England when his regiment was sent to the front, and he requested that he might be permitted to go with them. The prime minister, however, was anxious to have his presence and advice in the perplexing situation, and he begged him to remain in London. General White's reply was, "Suppose my regiment should be cut to pieces, and I not with them!"

Here is the list of apostles as Luke gives it, except that Simon the Zealot is named before Jude, in order that three brothers may be named together: 1, Simon Peter, 2, Andrew, brothers; 3, James, 4, John, brothers, cousins of Jesus; 5, Philip, 6, Nathanael Bartholomew, 7, Matthew Levi, 8, Thomas Didymus; 9, Simon the Zealot, 10, James the Lowly, 11, Jude Thaddeus Lebbeus, brothers, cousins of Jesus; 12, Judas Iscariot.

Let us put emphasis on the fact that Jesus led five cousins to the holy life; that Andrew, first called, hastened to bring his brother Peter; that Philip, on finding Jesus, at once brought his neighbor Nathanael. It is brotherly, neighborly leadership that we need to learn, for one great thing, from this lesson.

Just as we are writing this lesson a story comes to us of a pastor in Washington, D. C., who, standing at the Sunday School door as usual to welcome his Sunday School one by one, asked a boy, "Aren't you ready to confess Jesus as your Saviour by joining the church?" "Yes, I am," said the boy; "and I think my mother would join too." In fact, he brought his mother and aunt and another lady all in one week. From being a little disciple he quickly became a little apostle.

On the playground we often see boys and girls who are "born leaders." Others are naturally hero-worshipers. They belong to the "follow your leader" type of mind, and so they gather about the leaders. It is a great responsibility to be a leader. If you are one, be careful you don't lead wrong. It is bad enough to go the wrong road yourself, with all the sorrow it brings even in this world. To take that wrong road means slow suicide for the leader himself, and murder if he leads another to those vices that shorten his life. But that is not the worst of it. The Bible says that one who causes another to offend had better never have been born; that he might better have been lashed to a millstone and drowned before he dragged another soul down to hell.

The Big Brother Apostle of To-day

In the nation's capital it has recently been given out that the Boy Scout movement is hindered for want of "big brothers" to lead the boys in their "hikes." Probably some good men who have the leisure do not realize that in such leadership of wholesome outings they might lead boys Godward on a week day just as surely as in teaching a class on Sunday. The writer, when a pastor, years ago, found a way through the toe to the heart in regular Monday football games with his Sunday School boys, many of whom through better acquaintance with the pastor thus secured came to know Christ.

In Dr. W. Merle Smith's church in New York City, forty men volunteered to act as "big brothers" for boys that had been before the juvenile court, most of whom were the victims of parental neglect and a bad environment. The movement has been incorporated, and Judge Hoyt of the Children's Court is its president. Each "big brother" agrees to take a friendly interest in one boy who has run afoul of the law. The movement has grown until in the year ending October 1, 1911, 2,200 boys had been cared for by 690 Big Brothers. Only 90 boys had gotten back to court, that is, only 4 per cent. There is a general secretary whose chief work is to recruit more Big Brothers, and there is a court investigator who goes to the home of each boy before he is turned over to the Big Brother. Twelve hundred boys came to the headquarters for advice and guidance in one year. Three hundred boys were sent to summer camps from two to eight weeks each, and, besides moral gain, they added an average of ten pounds each to their weight. Employment was obtained for three hundred, and homes for forty. Boys' clubs and gymnasium classes and a Big Brothers' Farm are among the helps provided by the Big Brothers for these lads. Twenty-six cities have followed New York's lead in this Big Brother apostolate for wayward boys. A similar work has been started for city girls, who need it at least as much if not more than boys.

This Big Brother Movement can have its fullest success only where the Big Brother leads the little brother to the "Elder Brother," for no child is safe until he is saved. Sunday School teachers, and even parents and pastors, can learn lessons of wise leadership from the Big Brother Movement. The Men and Religion Movement is dealing with boys' work, and the Young Men's Christian Association with the Boy Scouts in the same brotherly, neighborly way. Farther back the social settlements and institutional churches were leading old and young

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for April 21, 1912.** The Appointment of the Twelve, Mark 3:7-19. GOLDEN TEXT: "Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit." John 15:16, R. V.

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

among the lowly by a similar Christ-like neighborliness. It is after all only a renaissance of the old brotherhood that God proclaimed through Moses and Jesus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The best leader has ever been one who took the attitude of a Big Brother.

Why Not Be a Preacher?

The pastor and parent and teacher should all make this lesson an opportunity to help some one to become a preacher or a missionary. It is undoubtedly true that the strong commercialism of this age is drawing too many of the boys that are born to be leaders into money-making occupations. There are more strong churches than strong pastors to shepherd them. Vacant pulpits in every denomination appeal in vain for men to take up the noblest of all callings. We must no more leave the recruiting of the ministry to God alone than the recruiting of church members. In both we must work with God.

There are some young men who think themselves called to preach, whom no one is called to hear, and who should be plainly told by parents, teachers, pastors, and especially by theological professors, when they whine that God has called them, that they "must have heard some other noise." On the other hand there is many a boy, in his adolescent years of tenderness, when religion takes deep hold of his very soul and he longs to make the most of his life in doing good, who should be gently warned not to be "disobedient to the heavenly vision."

One way to help God win a boy to the ministry is to speak of its great privileges for doing good—to tell of how whole cities and countries have been uplifted either by a preacher himself or by some of those he has won to a Christian life. Especially should parents and teachers help God to win volunteers for the mission field by showing the great opportunities to make the most of one's life in the new China, for example, which promises to become the front of the world for a hundred years, needing not alone preachers and teachers, but Christian business men, who will show China a new type of white men in its commercial life, where white men in business have mostly hindered Christianity.

Answered Prayers

O. R., Long Beach, Calif. "God has answered most of my prayers."

A. H. O., Coahoma, Texas. "God has graciously answered my prayers for me."

C. T., Hebron, Ia. "I wish to acknowledge to the world what God has done for me."

Subscriber, Forsythe, Mont. "I wish to acknowledge God has answered my prayer."

A Reader, Chicago, Ill. "I want to thank God for many direct answers to prayer."

E. V. B., Tunnelton, W. Va. "God has answered my prayers, not just as I expected, but in a better way."

Mrs. A. S., Sonoma, Calif. "God has heard and answered my prayers, and I wish to acknowledge them."

Mrs. L. E. B., Hollins, Va. "I want to return thanks and to praise the Lord for answer to a special prayer."

Mrs. A. A. B., Ithaca, N. Y. "I wish to testify that I firmly believe our Father hears and answers our prayers."

M. S. B., Leominster, Mass. "I would thank the Lord for his watchful care and answering prayer in times of sickness."

G. F. O'B., Tampa, Fla. "I would like to acknowledge that God has heard and answered my prayer in a recent trial."

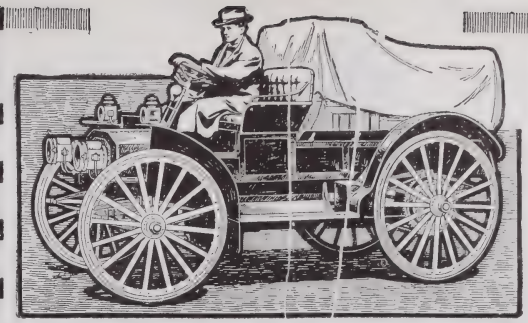
A Reader, Detroit, Texas. "God has heard and answered many of my prayers, especially within the last twelve months."

Hopeful, Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge, as a constant reader, that our prayers are indeed heard and justly answered."

Mrs. J. C., Little Sioux, Ia. "My prayers are being answered in restoring my daughter's health; she is gaining daily, thank God."

Mrs. V. E. M., Cincinnati, O. "In times of sickness and trouble I sought the help of the Lord in earnest prayer, and he delivered me."

Reader, Ft. Edwards, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayers for the recovery of a sick son who was critically ill."



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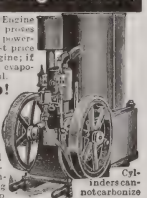

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LIFT her from her shallow bed,
Pitiful with rust and scar;
Reverently remove her dead,
Slaughtered by the curse of war.

Children of the nation's heart,
Consecrated to her life;
Well they played their bitter part,
Lost alike to peace and strife.

Let the ocean be her tomb,
Let the ensign be her pall;
Let the nation's turrets boom
Requiem at her burial.

Let the memories of her fate
Find with her an ocean grave;
All the fever, storm, and hate
Write their record on the wave.

Emblem she of war's unworth,
Would that with her might go down
All the armaments of earth,
All their pomp and cheap renown,

There in darkness to decay,
While above the unfettered years
Speed the age for which we pray,
Age undimmed by blood and tears.

'Tis the will of God above;
'Tis the prayer of human wo;
That the ocean of his love
Thus o'er all our hate should flow.

HENRY HAYDEN BARSTOW.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST A. SHELDRICK, of Canton, O., has been speaking on the wonderful story of the great Welsh revival at union meetings to large audiences in different cities. He is strongly indorsed and recommended by ministerial unions and many pastors.

—DR. FRENCH E. OLIVER and his workers recently closed a series of successful meetings in Butler, Pa., at which over four thousand are reported to have decided for Christ. In the early part of March they opened a campaign at Van Wert, O., in the first week of which more than three hundred took the stand for Christ.

—GOOD REPORTS COME from a union evangelistic meeting held at Prosser, Wash., under the direction of Evangelist Robert E. Johnson, of Chicago. The Methodist, Baptist and United Presbyterian churches joined in the movement. There were many converts, among them a gentleman who had been formerly mayor of the city.

—EVANGELIST HENRY W. BROMLEY has conducted successful meetings during the present season in Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska. At a union meeting in Wagner, S. D., there were between two and three hundred converts, many of them men. Mr. William H. Myers leads the singing. These workers ask the prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for God's blessing on their labors.

—THE STATE EXECUTIVE Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York is pushing a plan among the various associations to lead up to a climax in the religious work of the year by seeking to get all the young men who have become Christians in the meetings to unite with a church on or before Easter Sunday and to persuade others to decide for Christ and take their stand for him. What more beautiful way to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord than by persuading some young man to surrender his heart to Christ and to unite with his church on this day of days? Pastors and Young Men's Christian Associations everywhere should give the plan a trial.

—THE REV. V. A. M. MORTENSEN, president of the Lutheran Society of Inner Mission and Rescue Work, lectured recently at Watertown, N. Y., and as a result of his work brought about a vigorous change of public sentiment in that city. A group of fifty business men appointed a committee of five to request the mayor to order the closing of vicious resorts. The mayor called a meeting of the Board of Safety, requesting the attendance of the business men's committee and asking Dr. Mortensen to address the conference. A positive official order was given that all the immoral resorts be closed. This society is doing splendid work for the care of children and the rescue of the unfortunate.

—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL of the North Orange Baptist Church has produced some remarkable records of faithful Sunday School attendance. Loronzo L. Keys has made the remarkable achievement of not being absent from Sunday School or even late in a single session for sixteen years. Colson H. Frazee and Elwood S. Frazee have not missed a Sunday in twelve years; Miss Elizabeth Hills has been absent only once in thirteen years. Mr. Sidney M. Colgate is superintendent of the Sunday School, and presented on Washington's birthday a handsome book to each one of the forty-three members of the school who had a perfect record in attendance for 1911. Other remarkable records are held by Frederick Codey, Miss Nellie Hallock and Miss Florence Strubel, who have not missed a session in ten years; Miss Emma Rockfellow and Miss Olive Frazee, who hold a perfect record for seven years; Miss Louisa Jaquins and Miss Myrtie Wright for six years.

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To apply it we invented the Blue-jay plaster.

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No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

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Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns—treat them over and over—when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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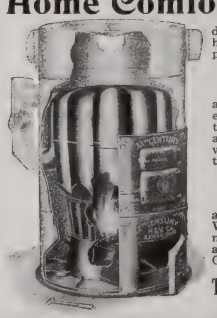

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Which Tire?

No-Rim-Cut Tire
10% Oversize

Here is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire—the hookless tire—the oversize tire.

The tire that cuts tire bills in two.

More than one million have been tested out. As a result, this tire outsells any other tire in existence.

Hookless Tires

Note that these tires have no hooks on the base.

They do not, like old types, need to hook into the rim flanges.

So your removable rim flanges are slipped to the opposite sides. Then they curve outward, not inward.

This tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

126 Braided Wires

In the base of this tire run six flat bands of 126 braided wires.

They are vulcanized in to make the tire base unstretchable.

The tire can't come off because the base can't give. Nothing can force it over the rim flange. So hooks or tire bolts are not needed.

But, when you unlock and remove one of the flanges, the tire slips off like any quick-detachable.

It slips off much easier because there are no hooks to "freeze" into the rim flanges.

10% Oversize

To take care of your extras—to give you an over-tired car—we make these tires 10 per cent over the rated size. And without extra charge.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. That saves the blow-outs due to overloading. This 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

We Control It

This braided wire feature, which makes this type possible, is controlled by the Goodyear patents.

Single wires have been used—twisted wires have been used—to get this unstretchable tire base. But results are unsatisfactory.

These bands of braided wires, which need no welding—which cannot break or loosen—form the only way known to make satisfactory tires of this type.

No-Rim-Cut tires are satisfactory. Be careful to get them when you change to this type.

The Passing Type
No Oversize

This is the old type—the hooked-base tire—which No-Rim-Cut tires are displacing.

23 per cent of these tires become rim-cut.

Yet these tires—wasteful and worrisome, and of lesser capacity—cost the same as Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

On Same Rims

This old-type tire—this clincher tire—is on the same rim as the No-Rim-Cut tire.

All standard rims take either type.

But the removable rim flanges are here set to curve inward—to grasp the hooks in the tire base and hold the tire on.

When this tire is wholly or partly deflated the thin edge of the flange digs into it. That is the cause of rim-cutting.

If this tire is punctured or run soft, it may be wrecked very quickly, and beyond repair.

Doubled Cost

This type of tire, under average conditions, means to double one's tire cost over our new type.

It comes in this way:

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim cut.

And the smaller capacity, with the average car, cuts tire mileage 25 per cent.

These are net losses, because No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires.

The 13-Year Tire

Goodyear tires as made today are the final result of 13 years spent in tire making.

We have compared in that time some 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared every method of wrapping and vulcanizing.

They have been compared on tire testing machines, where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Thus we also compare all rival tires with our own.

The result is a tire which comes close to finality.

When this tire is made oversize—made so it can't rim-cut—it means the utmost in pneumatic tires.

Some 200,000 tire buyers have proved this. No-Rim-Cut tires have thus become the most popular tires in existence.

Our 1912 Tire Book, based on all our experience, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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And this teeth preserving, digestion aiding goody costs *little* by the package but *less* by the box of twenty packages.

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The Flavor Lasts

Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1912

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS
BY O. BAURIEDL

Winter's here, and April's in the skies,
Flowers, look up, with wonder in your eyes.

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Mrs. D. P. P., Friendship, Me. Will you kindly inform me (1) the nationality of John Wanamaker; (2) the meaning of the word Mizpah?

1. He is an American, born at Philadelphia in 1838. 2. Mizpah, or Mizpeh, was the name of several localities in Old Testament history. The word means "a watch-tower," and in literature the whole of the beautiful remark made by Laban to Jacob (Gen. 31: 49) has been included in its meaning: "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other."

Miss H. R., Ashton, Idaho. Do you think it wrong for Christian people to read such fiction as Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop* and Ralph Connor's *The Doctor?*

The early prejudice among the Puritans and some of their followers against the reading of fiction was caused by the fact that so much of early fiction was vicious. It seems very unwise now to hold to this idea, because so many works of fiction, such as the two books you mention, for instance, are distinctly helpful. When the prejudice against fiction as such is analyzed it seems difficult to find anything true or solid about it. Christ himself was a famous story-teller, his parables being, aside from their authoritative spiritual value, among the very best pieces of the world's literature. *Pilgrim's Progress* is fiction, and has probably done more for the cause of Christ than any other one book except the Bible. Christian people should, however, use great care in selecting books to read, and should be quick to discountenance any book which has a harmful influence. While it is not necessary to cast aside all books which depict evil, yet any book in which evil is made to appear attractive, any book written by an author who seems to like sin—an attitude that it is not unfair to say some modern writers seem to have taken—should be condemned.

Mrs. C. W., Nathalie, Va. Please explain (1) the account of Esau's selling his birthright (Gen. 25: 29-34), (2) vessels made unto honor and dishonor (Rom. 9: 21-23).

1. As the elder son of Isaac, Esau had the right to the greater part of the inheritance of his estate. But believing himself to be dying of hunger he traded this right for a meal cooked by his younger brother, Jacob. Later, Jacob secured the advantage of this bargain by deceiving his father and receiving from him the greater blessings and promise (Gen. 27). 2. This question, as well as that preceding, brings up the discussion of the whole subject of "election." The Jews seem to have gotten the idea, from their long habit of exclusiveness, that God had no right to offer salvation to the Gentiles. Paul is here trying to make them see that God has a right to offer salvation to any one. No one can dispute the fact that just as the potter has the right to form one vessel for high and honorable use and another for more humble service, so God has the right to create some souls for prominent and important and honorable service and others for more lowly tasks. However we may interpret the doctrine of election, we must not for an instant forget that God is just. "He is not willing that any should perish." He desires that every soul should have salvation and that every soul shall be fitted for successful service.

J. K., Selma, Miss. Please explain Mat.. 24

This whole chapter was prophetic in a sense: it had reference to the coming dest of Jerusalem and it also had the wider reference to the second coming of Christ. The first interpretation was fulfilled in the terrible sufferings and persecutions during the Jewish wars, which Josephus, the historian, has fully described, and which were perhaps without a parallel in cruelty. But for this merciful "shortening" mentioned in the verse, the whole nation would have perished. See the parallel in Mark 13, in which it is more clearly and definitely applied to the second coming and the persecutions to precede it, the same phraseology being used in verse 20 in the passage in Matthew. For the sake of the remnant to be afterward gathered out of the Jewish nation, these days were mercifully shortened.

G. W. F., Fairfield, Texas. Will you please give me the information as to the direct meaning and origin of the letters "I. H. S." found on crosses in Roman Catholic cemeteries and elsewhere in connection with their church and services?

"I. H. S." is an inscription or monogram which has been used by the Christian Church from a very early date. It does not by any means belong specially to the Roman Church, since it is common among the adherents of the Catholic, Greek and Anglican churches. It has been found carved on early church furniture and windows, and in many places other than ecclesiastical, including tombs, roofs, walls of houses, books, etc. It has a three-fold interpretation: one is that the letters are the initials of the words *in hoc signo*, which are taken from the legendary inscription of the luminous cross said to have been seen in the heavens by Constantine and his army. Another is that the initials refer to the words *Jesus Hominum Salvator* (Jesus, Saviour of Men). Still another, that they are the first three letters of the Greek name of Jesus. This last interpretation is based on the form and character of the very earliest Christian emblems, which were undoubtedly Greek.

W. H. H. A., Albuquerque, N. M. 1. I quote from OUR MAIL-BAG of March 20, as follows: "M. N., Geneva, N. Y. There is no passage in the teachings of Christ that can be construed as having reference to secret fraternities." How can you reconcile this declaration with the passage in John 10: 1? 2. Please tell me who is the author of the proverb "Cleanliness is akin to godliness."

1. The passage in John 10: 1, except by a strained interpretation, cannot be applied as you suggest. In the previous chapter, Jesus was speaking of blind guides, who would not see the light, and his discourse continues in the tenth chapter. There is but one door, one legitimate way into the sheepfold—the inclosure of God's true people—and no other. Those who have no true spiritual commission and who do not possess the truth in their own hearts, cannot guide others aright. While the reference was a broad and comprehensive one, it was especially aimed at the hypocritical Jewish rulers, who assumed to be the spiritual guides of the people. 2. The phrase referred to, which has passed into a proverb, is from the Mishna, the first part of the Jewish Talmud. It reads "next to godliness."

Hattie D., Mound Bayou, Miss. Where was John the Baptist when his commission came to him?

John was of the priestly race by both parents, his father, Zacharias, being a priest of the course of Abijah, and Elisabeth a descendant of Aaron. Of the first thirty years of John's life, the only history we have is contained in a single verse, Luke 1: 80. He was the chosen forerunner of the Messiah (Luke 1: 76). Dwelling alone in the desert region westward of the Dead Sea, he prepared himself for his work by discipline and constant prayer. One of his instructors, Banus (mentioned by Josephus, the Jewish historian), tells how he lived with John in the desert, eating the sparse food and bathing frequently by day and night. At last (about A.D. 25) John came forth from his hermit-like seclusion in the wild mountainous tract in Judea lying beyond the desert and the Dead Sea, and took up the work of his real office, preaching repentance and baptism, and attracting great multitudes.

Eleanor R., Worcester, Mass. What is the condition of the suffrage in China under the new government?

It may be termed equal suffrage, but that does not imply universal suffrage by any means. China has guarded the suffrage by giving it only to those who can read and write and who are not paupers or destitute. With these restrictions, it can be exercised by both sexes with equal freedom. Further, in Canton, a woman has already been chosen as one of the representatives in Parliament. It should be remembered that few Chinese women can read or write, so that their use of the suffrage must necessarily be very limited.

Mrs. C. A. H., Haviland, Kan. 1. Please explain "And all flesh shall see the salvation of God" (Luke 3: 6). 2. Were the wise men in the East when they saw the star? If so, how could they see it in the East?

1. The quotation is a literal one from the Septuagint of Isa. 40: 5. The meaning conveyed is that every obstruction shall be so removed as to reveal to the whole world the salvation of God in Christ the Saviour. 2. The "East" is not to be understood in our wide, modern sense, but referred to those countries that lie to the east as well as north of Palestine. Thus, Persia is referred to as the "East" (Isa. 46: 11). The wise men may have come from Arabia, Mesopotamia, or Egypt. The light or guiding star indicated the direction of Judea and must have been visible to them in their own land; or possibly news of it reached them there and they recognized it as a fulfilment of prophecy (Num. 24: 17). For many generations the Magi had looked for this fulfilment, and consequently were prepared for it when it did come.

The New International Joint Boundary Commission

THE International Joint Boundary Commission, which was recently organized, has been holding daily sessions in Washington, D. C. Three of the members are appointed by the United States Government and three by the Canadian Government. James A. Tawney, the former Congressman from Minnesota, is chairman of the commission. The commission, in addition to its regular duties, is to act more or less as a peace commission. All boundary disputes between this country and Canada will be brought before this commission. From left to right around the table are: Chairman James A. Tawney, General F. S. Streeter, H. A. Powell, C. A. Magrath, George Turner and T. C. Casgrain.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Wilkesbarre, Pa. We are informed by our lawyer that the death of a witness to a will does not affect its validity.

Massachusetts Reader. Send to the Librarian of Congress, Copyright Office, for application blanks, which give full instructions.

Mrs. John Decker, Bentley, N. D., would be glad to hear of the whereabouts of her son, C. W. Decker, draughtsman. When last heard from he resided at 144 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Any reader of this magazine who may know the whereabouts of any of the descendants of Brice Ferguson, son of Samuel Ferguson, Jr., will confer a favor by writing J. M. Ferguson at Ashland, Ky. The last known address of the family was Mattoon, Ill.

C. J. B., Charlotte, N. C. Multiplied creeds and the spread of denominationalism doubtless stand in the way of the unification of the Christian Church. But while it would be the ideal to have one church and one creed for all Christians, no plan has yet been advanced which would bring this about. Each denomination has the truth, but no one has a monopoly of it. To most people the old church of their fathers and mothers is very dear and they could not bear to see it absorbed by another. We believe, however, that in his own good time God will open a way for real church union, though men who have essayed the task have failed thus far.

J. H. G., Owosso, Mich. 1. Your first question is one for the individual conscience alone. If you consider it wrong to accept money for such services, why accept it? 2. God's love and mercy are boundless. He is more compassionate than we think. He has provided for all a way of reconciliation and escape, being unwilling that any should perish. If we, knowing his will and the penalty of rejection, deliberately turn aside and continue in sin, we must accept the consequences of such a course. Spiritual laws, while marked by the amplest mercy and consideration, are also just, and the results, as Scripture tells us, are unescapable. By failing in obedience, we condemn ourselves. As to the nature of the punishment and rewards, all is conjecture beyond what is revealed in Scripture. No one has a right to dogmatize on such matters, or to paint a God of love and mercy as a Moloch of cruelty and destruction. Such is not our conception of the Father of all, who loves all of his children.

NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Gipsy Smith Addressing the Mass Meeting at Carnegie Hall, New York City

EVANGELISTIC RALLY IN NEW YORK

YOU won't cry out for a New Gospel if you see the old one working."

"It isn't a new Bible we want; it's vision to see the old one."

"You who are doing nothing but defending the Gospel, I wish you'd stop defending it and *preach* it."

"It will never fail; God is in it."

"If all the people in New York who profess Christ would live Christ and work for Christ, you would soon have a revival which would shake this city from center to circumference."

"We ought to be adding new chapters to the Acts of the Apostles. What we need in these days is more acts; we have plenty of apostles."

These are some of the pungent sayings of Gipsy Smith in his address at Carnegie Hall, on April 2, on the occasion of the opening of the twelfth season of tent, open air and shop work, conducted by the Evangelistic Committee of New York City.

"I'm coming to New York for a mission some day," said Mr. Smith. "Will you stand by me?"

He waited until he got a vigorous verbal assurance from his great audience that they would.

"Will you stand by me?"

"Yes," they exclaimed.

"Now just go and do it for your own ministers."

They laughed, as he meant them to do, but the truth had gone home.

The forces of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, approaching the culmination of its sweeping campaign, united with this meeting. Over three thousand New York laymen have accepted appointments to committee work in the metropolitan campaign, and they were busy with meetings in various parts of the city. But this night was left free on their program, and the new leaders and workers of this special campaign united at this service with the Evangelistic Committee in arousing the interest of New York Christians in aggressive work. Mr. Smith is to be the speaker at a mass meeting for men to be held on Sunday afternoon, April 21.

An overflow meeting for those who could not get into Carnegie Hall—it seats 3,500 persons—was held at the Central Presbyterian Church, a few doors away, where Mr. Smith spoke before coming to the larger gathering. In the hall a chorus of five hundred voices, led by Mr. B. F. Butts, sang a number of Gospel songs and an exquisite anthem; Dr. R. B. Kimber offered prayer; Dr. Malcolm James McLeod, pastor of St. Nicholas Reformed Church, read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. The presiding officer, Mr. Stephen Baker, had delivered a short address, when the "Gipsy" arrived. He was greeted with applause, and introduced by Dr. Wm. Hiram Foulkes, pastor of Rutgers Presbyterian Church and chairman of the Men and Religion Forward Movement's New York Committee on Evangelism. Mr. Smith announced that instructions had been given him, whatever he did or did not do, to sing a solo. Whereupon he sang, in his incomparably sweet and sympathetic voice and manner, the simple hymn, "Pass It On."

Gipsy Smith

He said that Dr. Foulkes, who had been the manager of his Pacific Coast campaign, had asked him to tell the audience about these western meetings, and he started out to do so. But he grew so enthusiastic about contending for the absolute satisfactoriness and invincibility of the old Gospel that details and figures were overlooked. But he did relate one incident after another demonstrating the power of the Gospel of the Son of God to lead men and women to confession, repentance, faith and the new life.

Dr. Arthur J. Smith, superintendent of the work of the permanent Evangelistic Committee, showed a series of stereopticon views and statistics, illustrating its work. During the seven seasons just passed, the committee has conducted 11,274 meetings, at 230 centres, in more than ten different languages. The aggregate attendance at these services has been 2,631,062. One Italian church, one English, one Italian mission, one English rescue mission, one colored rescue mission and three Italian branches of English congregations have been organized as the result of the committee's work. From the services in the Bohemian tent thirty-eight people of that nationality united with one church. The pictures thrown on the screen showed street-corner meetings, tent meetings for adults and for children, midnight open air meetings for night workers, indoor and outdoor shop meetings and other striking scenes from the dramatic and forceful campaigns. One particularly touching photograph was that of two little French girls from Alsace-Lorraine who had been converted in a tent meeting for children, had returned to their native country and continued to work for the Saviour whom they had found in America, and were sending bright letters to their Christian friends here.

Following Dr. Smith, Dr. A. F. Schauffler, chairman of the executive committee, made an appeal for contributions to support the work for the season of 1912. He stated that he had discovered the cost to the State of New York for tracking, trying, sentencing and executing a murderer to be from $50,000

Continued on page 422

A SERMON

By

Rev. A. H. C. Morse, Ph.D.*

THE WITNESS WITHIN

TEXT: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." I. John 5: 10

THE central theme of the New Testament is the Person of Christ. And the literature of the early church is largely apologetic, and set for the defense of his divinity. Matthew's thesis is this: That Jesus fulfilled the Messianic hopes and prophecies. Mark is very bold, and opens his Gospel on this wise: "The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Luke wrote in order that his friend Theophilus might be fully assured in the things wherein he had been instructed by word of mouth; and John wrote, as he says, that we "might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." What is true in this respect of the Gospels is also true of the whole New Testament.

Jesus occupied an extraordinary place in the thought of the early church. He was to them the Messiah, the Prince of Life, the Risen Lord now exalted to the right hand of God, the one Mediator between God and man. Principal Fairbairn has said that "controversy is the condition under which all doctrinal truth is held"; and therefore the lofty claims respecting the person of Jesus could not be maintained without the keenest controversy. To the Jews these claims were a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks they were foolishness; and the hardest battles of the Christian Church were waged in the years of her youth. For three hundred years this controversy continued, until in 325 A.D., at the Council of Nice, it was voted that the Jesus of history was the Christ of God, "of one substance with the Father." And this has been the orthodox position ever since.

Christianity's Deepest Problem

The problem to-day is an old one. It does not center about the Scripture, but in the Person of Christ. It is the problem which John had in mind when he wrote his Gospel and penned his Epistles; the same which confronted those three hundred and eighteen bishops at the Council of Nice: Is he Jesus or is he Christ? Is he man, or more than man? Is he the Son of God, or only one among the many sons of God? Is he the Saviour of men, or only a shining Ideal? Is he the Object of faith, or only one who shares a faith with others? These are the questions which are bothering men both within and without the church; and the issues are altogether vital. The deepest things of the Christian faith are here involved. If Jesus is reduced to the ranks of common men, then is our religion gone.

Now, there are two ways to approach this subject. The ordinary way is to establish the authority of the Scripture documents, as a lawyer in court would establish the competency of his witnesses. When, and where, and why, were the Scriptures written? Did the writers witness the things they here record? Were they capable of interpreting the things they saw? And had they any selfish ends to serve? Having established, then, the competency of the Scripture writers, the usual method is to rest the proof upon what the Scriptures say.

I propose another course: which, however, is not new, but as old as the apostle John, and the Scripture we have before us. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." This is an appeal to experience as a proof of faith. It claims that assurance is not dependent upon second-hand testimony of any kind; not dependent upon what is said by Matthew, Mark, Luke or John. It maintains that Christian experience is a sure ground of Christian evidence. It appeals to the Christ who reveals himself within. And this after all is the strongest kind of evidence.

"He that believeth"; then there must have been, at the time John wrote, a well-known class of believers. "Hath the witness in himself"; then there must have been, at that time, a normal Christian experience. And the whole New Testament is made up of letters and memoirs which are based upon experience, and the impression made upon the writers by Jesus. Here, then, is the standard experience which does not tell only of the empty tomb, and the risen Christ, and the ascent from the mountain top, but tells of a Christ who dwells within; who molds and inspires, through whom one may find the Father, so that he is no longer in bondage to fear, but rejoices in danger, sings in prison, and scorns the lictor's rod. It tells of sins forgiven, and guilt now banished, and of a Christ who reinforces the will. It makes one feel he is a citizen of two worlds, with duties in this world, but having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. All one is, and all he hopes, he owes to Christ. The heart leaps at the mention of the Master's name. He is to the believer a real Presence, Saviour, Redeemer, Friend, and he is worshiped as God. This is the normal Christian experience.

And this early Christian experience has been the normal experience adown the ages. It has always been, even in the darkest age of the church, that some select souls have had access to the Holy of Holies of Christian faith. There has always been this inner witness that Christ is more than an outward example, more than a posthumous influence, the witness that he has always been effecting the work of Redeemer. No one to-day need go to the first century for the primary assurance of his faith.

I was talking with a man but a little while ago. He had once a bright experience, but had subsequently lost his joy, and his despair was deep. He was walking in the fields, and of a sudden the impulse came upon him to pray. He sought out a secret spot, and spent an hour in what he called a conversation with Christ. Then, he said, he was conscious of a Presence; the Master spoke to him, or within him; and his joy returned, and his song sprang up; his work was transfigured, and his cup was full. Account for this as you will, but it happens somewhere every day. The Christ begets us, and when we waver he renews us, and fills the heart with joy; and in a hundred ways he can witness to himself within. How else does it come that we can think of God as Father, and grow in grace, and love the good and hate the evil, and long for the coming kingdom? Other men do not have these thoughts and passions. They are the marks of the Christian.

But is this experience capable of proof? I think it is. The scientific men talk about "agreement among those who have access to the facts." They make this a test for confidence and accuracy. Here, for instance, is a man who propounds a new combination of experiment, and from this he deducts a new theory. And the doubtful will say, "This man is subject to illusion, or he has wrongly stated his conclusions." But others will try the same experiment, and, reaching the same results, they will concede that the first man has rightly framed his theory.

Can this scientific canon be applied to the Christian experience? I think it can. This is well brought out by the late Dr. Dale. He makes a study of the varieties of Christian experience, and he finds these things to be common to all: a sense of pardon; deliverance from temptation; power for growing holiness; comfort in sorrow and guidance in all perplexity; and satisfaction for all the deepest needs of the soul. This was the experience of Paul; and it has been repeated, more or less completely, in all. It is not the experience of those who do not believe, and therefore it may be regarded as the work of Christ within. In him we have entered a new and happy experience.

The Christ of History the Christ of Faith

Another proof of the reality of Christian experience is this: it stands the test of the passing years. No deception can stand this test, nor endure in the face of broadening knowledge and the revelations of time. But Christian experience does. Christ reveals himself to one in the fact of conversion; and as the years go by, the content of his experience enlarges, and the heart is always satisfied. The man of faith is not deceived. He knows the Christ within, and through him he finds the secret place. He communes with him not only in the sanctuary, but also by the fireside, and at the desk of duty, and on the common street.

Now the problem is this: the relation of the Jesus of history to the Christ of experience. Are these two the same? It is the problem of the relation of the inner experience to the objective fact. And this relation is both intimate and vital.

I sometimes read the German scholars. I study them, as I keep up the study of mathematics—for the exercise it gives. And if I understand the position of some of the German scholars, it is this: that Christianity is now independent of its historical Founder; that Jesus is a kind of ladder, up which men have climbed in religious things; and that now it matters not what we may discover about the ladder itself. Indeed, we may discover that the ladder did not exist at all; and that Christ may have been but an early imagination. We have the experience of spiritual things anyway! And so they contrast the historical Christ with the Christ of experience, and faith, now glorified and divine.

I submit that this is hard to receive. It is a kind of make-believe. Let them prove that Jesus was a fancy, or even only human, and they have pauperized Christianity, and dried up the springs of religion at their source. Remove the crown from the head of Jesus, and make him just a son of Adam, and you have cut the very root of religion, and left us Christianity as a simple system of ethics.

One of the sanest living teachers is Dr. Denny of Glasgow, and he also accepts the historical method of Bible study. But he says that Jesus was always the object of faith; that the criticism that would have us believe that after the resurrection the Christ of history was displaced by the Christ of faith is beside the mark; that the Christ of faith was the Christ of history, and that no one was qualified to bear witness to him who had not had the fullest opportunity of knowing Jesus.

Faith and Knowledge

The phenomenon of the centuries is the faith of the church. And how shall we account for this phenomenon except upon the ground that Christ was precisely what the Gospels say he was? To say that he was but a great and good man is altogether insufficient. If Jesus were but a man, then our churches are but schools of ethical culture. If Jesus were the Christ, then our churches are hospitals where the sick are made well, and the dead are raised to life.

The Scripture before us has two great divisions: faith and knowledge. "He that believeth"; that is faith, and it involves the idea of volition, for faith is an act of the will. It is a commitment of life; and in its first stage it may rest upon testimony, as when the Samaritans went out to Jacob's well at the word of the woman. But in its second stage it rests upon experience, as when those people said, "Now we believe, not because of thy speaking; for we have heard for ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world."

There are two provinces of absolute knowledge. The one is pure mathematics, and the other is personal experience. And the latter is a field for absolute certainty no less than the first.

When good men write of Christ, the probability stands high that what they say is true. When this Gospel is confirmed by others, who have proved it, the probability is vastly higher. But when I try it myself, the witness is beyond all doubt. It is testified within. That is what the Scripture saith, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." Here the humblest Christian may find a sure defense against all questionings and doubt.

I submit that there is great apologetic value in this line of thought, in these days when multitudes have drifted away, and the faith of many has been submerged. These are not to be reclaimed simply by my exhortation; nor by an array of proof-texts; nor by any appeal to miracle or prophecy. But we have an irresistible appeal in the fact of Christian experience. And this is the thing that should be more generally testified. There is an old Scripture which represents that Christian people are set for "witnesses." And a witness in the court is only valuable as he testifies to what he knows. His personal opinion is not the thing for which he is asked; his judgments are not valuable. But he is expected to tell the whole truth as to what he knows. So with Christian preachers and Christian people. Too much time is wasted by preachers in gauzy theories upon irrelevancies. The thing to which they should testify is what they know of the Christ who performs his work, and bears his witness within. I worship the Christ of history, but only because he has become the Christ of experience. In this, he becomes a Saviour.

* Pastor Strong Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PREACHER

CLATTER of idle tongues, with futile shock,
Beat, as the froth of ocean on a rock;
Feeble as sting of gnats they fret his ear,
Yet he must hear them, as a judge would hear!
Must counsel childish woes, and heed each plaint
As 'twere the crucifixion of a saint!
Must feed his sheep with ever-zealous care,
And feed his children—if there's aught to spare!
For every soul that gives him of its gold,
Silver—or copper—wants its worth tenfold.
His willing feet must haste to each abode,
His tired shoulders lighten every load.
He lives for others, not for wealth or fame—
His creed forbids him glorify his name.
And when he dies? Ah, when the tired feet
Of the earth's preachers walk God's golden street,
Mayhap He, knowing each poor, futile past,
Will smile fulfilment in their souls at last!

Tallahassee, Fla. ANNE MCQUEEN.

The "Fireside University"

A MAN speaking before a large club of the most cultivated men and women in the city of Boston gave an address of such compelling interest in the beauty of its diction and in the forcefulness of its argument that all were sorry when the address came to an end after the speaker had talked a full hour. At the close of the meeting some one said to the speaker:

"From what college or university are you a graduate?"

"From the Fireside University," he replied with perfect seriousness.

"The Fireside University? I don't think that I quite understand. Where is that university?"

"It may be located in any home. In my own case it was before the fire on the long winter evenings on a farm in the Middle West."

"Do you mean that you have never been to a real college?"

"I have never had the privilege of attending even a graded school," was the reply. "I had to stop attending even the little district school when I was a lad of fourteen years. Then I became a student with my brother at the Fireside University. It is all the university I have ever known."

If the truth were known it would be revealed that hundreds of men of ability as writers and speakers, hundreds of men of wide information, have known no university or college but the Fireside University. It was the university of Abraham Lincoln and other Presidents of the United States. It is the university open to every boy in the land and he need not pass any entrance "exams" in order to get into it. The opportunities for self-culture were never so many as to-day. The free public library is to be found everywhere in the land. The best of reading matter was never so inexpensive as it is to-day. The Chautauqua courses are open to all. The Fireside University may be set up in any home and it is possible for the graduates of this university to go out into the world to climb high up the ladder of achievement. J. L. HARBOUR.

Anvil Sparks

..JOY consorts with him who scatters it.

..SADNESS sits lightly upon the heart of faith.

..ONE cannot resist temptation with mere stubbornness.

..THE hands are for the hardness of toil; the heart is for tenderness.

..A CLOUDY day often keeps some folks from seeing an opportunity.

..HIDE a troubled heart with a smiling face, and its ache will not seem so great.

..SOME folks think themselves solidly convinced of very unsound theories.

..SOME folks think they are profoundly moved when only their emotions are shaken a little.

..YOU have not the responsibility of the whole world on your shoulders; only that of your own little task.

..LITTLE folks, when seriously taught the importance of little things, when they grow up to be big folks, will more fully realize the importance of the "bigger things."

John's House Beautiful

By Eugene Thwing

JUST plain John—and nobody paid much attention to him, except when he was needed. Certainly no one saw anything wonderful or ideal about plain John. He was very insignificant, with his plain clothes, his plain face, his plain name, his plain work—very ordinary, albeit very useful. There *was* something wonderful about plain John, but it was hidden away from sight. He didn't really know of it himself, though he felt it, and sometimes it made him thrill strangely. Sometimes it seemed to set him on fire, but he didn't understand the feeling. Perhaps he thought it was discontent; or perhaps a hungry longing for something, he knew not what.

Plain John loved to read things in a wonderful old Book. At night, when his work was done, he went away alone and read, and as he read, he forgot that he was plain John. That strange thrill went over him; he felt like a giant or a king; he planned to do such things as those in the old Book. One night he read of a great king who built a beautiful temple. The walls were of hewn stone and boards of cedar, and the roof and the floors were planks of cedar and cypress wood. The walls within were beautifully carved in flowers and angels, and over all, even the floors, was a covering of pure gold. There was a holy place in the temple, and the description of its beauty and sacredness filled John with awe, but he felt also again that strange fire burning him. The words of the Book ran together before his eyes. He could not read, because he was talking to himself in a low, intense voice—or was he praying? No, he was only repeating something he had read, and he was not alone. Some one was standing before him—some one very bright and white. It must be to this stranger that he was saying, in the very words the great king had used, "I purpose to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God."

. . .

COME, John, the material is ready, and you shall accomplish your desire. Here is the plan. If you build faithfully, it shall be a beautiful house in which your God will delight to dwell."

John looked straight at the shining person who had spoken. Then he put down his Book and gazed around him. Great blocks of white stone, beams and boards of polished wood, vessels of gold, and many other things were piled in splendid profusion on every hand. He was not greatly surprised, but haste to begin took possession of him at once. The stranger in dazzling white, whom he took to be one sent to help him, worked always at his side, guiding, yet leaving much to his own choice. The blocks of stone and the beams seemed not heavy, though sometimes he almost dropped them, and the angel held them from falling.

John noticed that the one part of the work which seemed to give the angel more concern than all else was the foundation, underground, where its strength and perfection would never be seen. In building this John was held back and cautioned to work slowly and patiently. Afterward his eagerness was not so much restrained. The walls rose straight and firm; a splendid edifice took shape as he worked. Wonderfully constructed windows let in a flood of light to the sanctuary within, and when the fires were kindled on the altars, and all the candles were lighted, the radiance which shone out from the windows was visible to all beholders.

One of the halls he set apart as a library for books of knowledge and of quiet devotion. Many compartments were provided so that volumes on every subject might be in their proper place for instant use, and all confusion was avoided. There were chambers for needful work of various kinds, and for domestic service wherein the daily requirements of those who kept the temple might be supplied. In the center of all was the sanctuary, the place of praise and worship, and fellowship with God and man. Here an organ of many pipes, fitted for a master musician, was installed, and a choir to sing hymns of praise and thanksgiving. When the temple was completed John surrounded it with a beautiful garden of flowers, with never a fence nor a hedge to shut them in from the highway. All who passed might freely take of the bright blossoms and enjoy their fragrance, while from the open door came sweet strains of music that seemed to bless the hearer and lift up the weary traveler and make him glad.

. . .

JOHN looked upon the temple he had builded with the help of the angel, and he found it was very go His heart leaped within him for joy, and he exclaimed, "Surely I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"You shall, indeed, dwell in the house of the Lord, John, and he will dwell there with thee and will not forsake thee forever." The white angel had spoken, for there he stood close to John as at first. His eyes seemed to pierce to John's very soul like a flame. But they were alone! Where was the wonderful temple? It had disappeared in the wink of an eye.

Sudden bitterness of disappointment seemed to be taking his life away in that moment, and John could not speak. He must have dreamed, and there was no temple. But no, the angel still stood with him and was speaking again. "Weep not for the vision, John; your real building is here and will not vanish. You shall truly build your house to the Lord, as you have promised; for know you not, John, that *you are the temple of God*, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth *in you?* Build your temple faithfully, for it is holy. The foundation stones are health and righteousness. Let them be set deep and firm. The walls are built of bones and muscle. Your brain is the library; fill it with useful knowledge. The sanctuary for praise and worship, for fellowship with God and man, is your own heart; in it you may continually be making melody unto the Lord. Your eyes are the windows which flood the temple with light, and through which the holy fires from the altar of love within will shine out upon the world. Kind words and acts, friendly smiles and sympathy are the flowers whose brightness and fragrance you may give freely to all. As you build your house to the Lord, keep close to his plan and your house will grow in strength and beauty. Let it always be kept clean and pure. Then you shall be 'Plain John' no longer, for your House Beautiful will be glorified by his presence and made noble in his service."

LEAN HARD

CHILD of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it.
Poised it in mine own hand, and made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on I said,
I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not hers;
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love. Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it upon a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me? I know it. Doubt not then,
But, loving me, lean hard.

PAUL PASTNOR.

A Notable Ohio Revival

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio, was recently visited by the most remarkable evangelistic movement in its history. For five weeks religious services were conducted in a tabernacle erected for that purpose, with a seating capacity of 3,000. The churches of the city united in this campaign. Prior to the revival a series of prayer meetings were held daily in thirty districts of Middletown. When the evangelist, Dr. Milford H. Lyon, and his staff of assistants arrived from Chicago, the field was ripe for the harvest. People prayed as though everything depended upon God, but thev worked as though everything depended upon themselves. There was no emotional hysteria at any time. Men and women were urged to accept Christ because thoughtful consideration of God's plan of salvation commended the act as the right thing to do. Seventeen hundred marched to the front and gave their hearts to the Saviour. Not only were conversions recorded, but strong impulse was given to forces of righteousness and the entire city and county stands in the way of betterment. Three thousand men pledged themselves to fight encroachments of the liquor traffic. Five hundred, who previously had made public profession of faith in Christ, consecrated their lives to the service of the Master. On "Mid-Week Sabbath," a Thursday a few weeks ago, the business houses of the city closed their doors to give opportunity for attendance upon the special tabernacle services of the day. Big delegations found their way to the tabernacle from the factories and industrial concerns. One night the American Rolling Mill sent 1,500 men. Morning prayer meetings were held in every part of the city and special noonday lectures were delivered in the business houses. Meetings were conducted daily in all the factories, and sometimes as many as three services a day were held in the tabernacle. Following this, the churches are holding separate meetings and will continue to do so until the harvest is complete. Middletown has been for many years in the grip of the liquor interests, but there is promise now that the shackles soon will be unloosed.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER

MY GOD, in me thy mighty power exert,
Enlighten, comfort, sanctify my heart;
Sweeten my temper, and subdue my will,
Make me like Jesus, with thy Spirit fill.

I want to live on earth a life of faith;
I want to credit all the Bible saith;
I want to imitate my Saviour's life,
Avoiding lightness, gloom, and sinful strife.
I want to bring poor sinners to thy throne;
I want to love and honor Christ alone;
I want to feel the Spirit's inward power,
And stand prepared for death's important hour;
I want a meek, a gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesus' Name;
I want a living sacrifice to be,
To Him who died a sacrifice for me;
I want to do whatever God requires;
I want a heart to burn with pure desires.
I want to be what Christ my Lord commands,
And leave myself, my all, in his dear hands.
O Lord! Pour out thy Spirit on my soul!
My will, my temper, and my tongue control;
Lead me through life to glorify thy grace,
And after death to see thee face to face.

—*Selected.*

OPEN MARKETS AND HIGH PRICES

More Letters from Mayors Who Strive to Solve the National Problem

IN THE *second instalment of letters from mayors of leading American cities, which we print in this issue, a flood of light is thrown upon the struggle that is now going on in many States to reduce the phenomenally high cost of foodstuffs. These busy officials have taken time to tell the public, by means of the wide circulation of* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *the result of their municipal experiments in economics. Their contributions have a practical value in pointing the way to other mayors who are still debating the best course to pursue. Especially do their letters possess a direct interest for householders, farmers and truck-raisers, since these must be allies in a movement of this character to assure success.*

When the mayor of a big city has wrestled with the problem how to help his people, and has met with some reasonable degree of success, he is entitled to a ready hearing and to the thanks of other communities similarly afflicted. That many of the mayors have succeeded in accomplishing this through the open market is beyond question, and their letters convey a wholesome and timely suggestion to the executives of other cities where no such markets now exist. While there are doubtless many commodities that cannot be affected by such a movement, being outside of its range, even these may be reached by co-operative measures, dealing direct with the wholesaler. Meanwhile, the open market affords the speediest and most available means of relief to a very large part of the community.

On the first Wednesday in April a number of New York's enthusiastic homemakers inaugurated what is to be known as "open market day" at the old Washington Market, down on the lower West Side, under the leadership of Mrs. Julian Heath and Mrs. Arthur C. Green, the president and secretary of the New York Housewives' League. This group of women, in which were represented both those who came in their limousines and carried Gladstone bags and suitcases for their purchases, and the basket-laden wives of the Jersey or Staten Island commuters fairly stormed the old market, where they were welcomed with a brass band and by the committee of the Washington Market Merchants' Association, and where they were joined by Mayor Gaynor. The scene in the old market was one that it had not witnessed for many a long day. Smartly dressed women were doing their own bargaining with the butchers and the poulterers for roasts of beef, legs of lamb, and various kinds of fowl. The market men themselves said through their president, Carl A. Koelsch, that they were glad to welcome the real household buyers to the market and would do their best in every way to satisfy their needs.

The Dix Food Board Investigating the High Cost of Living

This photograph was taken at the first hearing of the State Commission appointed by Governor Dix of New York to conduct a general investigation into food prices and their increase. The inquiries of the board have the broadest scope, its method being to follow the various important products from the farm to the table of the consumer and thus locate the unwarranted additions to their prices. Left to right, sitting—William Church Osborne, Chairman of the Commission; Calvin J. Huson, Commissioner of Agriculture; and Ezra Tuttle. Standing—Horace V. Bruce, Secretary of the Commission; Henry F. Atherton, Counsel

Mayors Write of the Battle to Reduce the High Cost of Living

Bridgeport, Conn., Is Moving Toward the Open Market

A RESOLUTION has been introduced in the common council recommending the opening by the city of a public market place, but the matter has received very little attention thus far. If public markets would solve some of the problems of the high cost of living, I believe they should receive the endorsement of all public officials.

CLIFFORD B. WILSON, *Mayor.*
Bridgeport, Conn.

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With Open Markets, Cincinnati Has the Lowest Prices

CINCINNATI has had open markets for many years. One or more of the market houses are open and in operation every day in the week except Sunday. Sixth Street Market, the largest, is open on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings from five A.M. to eleven A.M., and on Saturday afternoons from two to ten P.M. Court Street Market is held Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings; Pearl Street, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and Saturday afternoon; Findlay Market, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon. Farmers come in with their produce from the surrounding country and only pay a nominal license fee. It is claimed that Cincinnati has the cheapest market in the country. Conditions here are just as you outline and would have them in your letter.

BUREAU OF INFORMATION AND COMPLAINTS.
(For Henry T. Hunt, Mayor.)
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Mobile Has Open Markets and Low Prices

MOBILE has practically always had one or more public markets in which any one can rent a stall for a nominal charge by the month or otherwise, and therein dispose of his products. In addition, on payment of a license of twenty-five cents per day, a producer may dispose of his goods direct from house to house without going through the market. As we export through Mobile from the territory surrounding the city great quantities of vegetables and general market produce, low prices necessarily prevail here for such products; and therefore the bringing together of producer and consumer of this character of merchandise is a problem that constitutes one of our least troubles. However, the movement in other cities, less desirably situated in this respect, is one that commends itself to the press and to the people generally; and I am very glad to see that you are taking an interest in it.

Mobile, Ala. LAZ SCHWARZ, *Mayor.*

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Detroit Has Two Open Markets Already and Plans for More

DETROIT conducts two public markets, one on the east side, and a second on the west side. The market on the east side of the city is about three times as large as that on the west side. Both markets are reserved exclusively for farmers or gardeners who raise their commodities on their own farms; in other words, pedlers are not given permission to sell their products on the public markets. The eastern market can accommodate about seven hundred wagons, and the western market from two to three hundred. The western market is large enough for several years to come, but the eastern market has weekly overflows, and there is a strong agitation at the present time to increase its area and give it a capacity of about one thousand wagons. Up to within six months ago each farmer or gardener was charged ten cents for the privilege of exhibiting his products. In order to accommodate the citizens and give them an opportunity to do business with a particular farmer with whom they were acquainted, an ordinance was passed numbering the several places on the market, putting the numbers in a bag, and giving the farmers a chance to draw for spaces; in other words, a lottery was conducted. This course gave each farmer or gardener the privilege of having the same place the year around, the consideration being $50 a year, payable in advance. If a farmer was not in his place at 6 A.M., any other applicant could be assigned to it. About one hundred and fifty farmers have taken advantage of this "grab-bag" on the east side, and a proportional number on the west side. This agreement entitles a farmer to the same place from six o'clock in the morning to twelve o'clock noon. All others not taking advantage of this offer are assigned to places, first come first served, for ten cents a day. All farm products are offered for sale here, and although it is demanded that lettuce, cabbages, etc., be sold in bushel lots only, still this part of the ordinance is not very rigidly enforced, and patrons buy in quantities to suit their needs.

It is not the intention of the city to derive revenue from the fees, but simply to obtain enough money to pay for the expense of the upkeep of the markets, and even this revenue has not been sufficient to pay for the necessary expense, and an appropriation is needed each year to meet the anticipated deficit.

Both farmers and patrons of the market are under police protection, and public scales are available for verifying the weight or measure of purchases. The farmers generally back their wagons under the protected market sheds, and exhibit their products either on the wagon or else on portable stands. The markets are well patronized by tens of thousands of people daily. It is the intention of the city to give the citizens every possible opportunity to buy farm products direct from the producer, with as little expense as possible to the producer himself. There is a movement on foot now to establish a third market in the northern part of the city.

E. W. KURZ,
Detroit, Mich. *Secretary to the Mayor.*

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How Jacksonville Solves the Problem of High Prices

WE HAVE in this city no public marketing-places, our markets being scattered throughout the city, for which a license is charged at each market place. Farmers and fishermen have the right to peddle vegetables, fruit, fish, shrimp, etc., if raised or caught by themselves, without paying a license, which gives them the benefit of our local markets. There has been no disposition shown by any of our councilmen to change our present method.

Jacksonville, Fla. WM. S. JORDAN, *Mayor.*

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Quincy, Ill., Will Try an Open Produce Market This Summer

THE question of reduction of cost of living is important. Quincy has had a market place where hay and grain has been sold for years. The experiment of small produce may be tried out this

Continued on next page

MOVING DAY IN IDOL-LAND

The Moving God's Procession Leaving the Railway Train

A Line of Devotees Along the Route to the Temple

MOVING day! We know pretty well what that means at home! May 1 it is in New York State, if my memory serves me well, and it means housecleaning, beating rugs, bare floors, and meals eaten hurriedly off the kitchen table with steel knives and scanty plates. But, as we may well suppose, when "divinity" moves it is quite a different proposition. Not that it is an unusual event for the wooden majesties of Japan. Oh, no! They flit from place to place quite as much as do the people, many of whom have a close acquaintance with the art of moving between darkness and daylight to miss the rent collector. It is when some renowned idol—some grandee of the wooden tribe—takes a notion to change his residence, that all the countryside is in an uproar and turns out to see the event.

There was an occasion of this kind at Tsurumi, near Yokohama, not long ago. The idol who moved was the chief image of the Sodo sect. The theology, or better, the philosophy of this sect, is too deep for us Occidentals to grasp; even the name of its founder contains thirty-five Chinese characters. So I will call his name "for short"—Jodaishi. This good gentleman was a hermit-like priest in the dim, forgotten past, and the philosophy of the existing Sodo sect was sufficiently tinged with the spirit of asceticism to suit him; so he joined it and, away out on a lonely promontory that juts into the Japan Sea, founded a temple which became the headquarters of the sect and the home of our hero. At thirteen he became a priest, and before his death had not only founded the temple, but so reconstructed the Sodo sect that he is looked upon as one of the founders. This was way back in 1226 A.D., and since that distant time the idol, who moved on this occasion, has been dwelling there.

Some half dozen years ago, fire laid the old temple in ashes, and conferences were almost immediately begun as to where they should build the new home for this their chief idol, which is an image of Buddha, about three hands high. The old idol thought, or rather his advisers thought for him, that in this modern age it was the duty of a progressive and able Buddha to live near the capital, whither every Japanese with the slightest ambitions in life hopes to come. Still, as he was a Sodo Buddha, he must live in a silent retreat, and so Tsurumi was chosen, among the hills between Tokyo and Yokohama, and there on 100,000 *tsubo* (600,000 square feet) of land, so the Japanese papers state, stand twenty-six buildings, forming the chief temple of the sect—and not the least among these is the kitchen, showing that the inner man is not forgotten in their reveries.

On the great morning, everything had been prepared for the arrival of the *Butsuzo* (statue of Buddha). A road was built from the station to the temples, and spanned with great evergreen arches. Tents were put up on the grounds for lunch places, hospitals for the Red Cross, police stations, fire department, and even a post, telegraph and telephone office. The roadway was lined with little shops, the keepers squatted on the ground and selling everything imaginable, from lovely, indigestible little cakes to the latest mechanical toys and dress goods. The program of the day called for the arrival of the idol at nine or nine-thirty A.M., and so the crowds came early, arriving on the special trains from Yokohama and Tokyo in thousands. When the "foreigners" arrived, they found the road lined on either side many deep, women predominating, and all bearing flags or other emblems to show that they were believers from such and such a temple come to worship at the arrival of the image. These good folk, often from many miles inland, gazed with deep interest at the foreigner, and passed many a remark, thinking he would not understand. But the "foreigner" kept on his way until he reached the high ground near the temple, where the best view was to be had.

Now, it must always be remembered that this is "the land of inconsequent time," and if the common people are never prompt, how could it be expected of a divinity! So there was not much to do but watch the people, and the loads of presents of rice paste being carried in for the idol—enough of it so that one would have grave fears for his "honorable insides" if he did not know that they were of wood.

At last, about noon, he lands at the station, and a stir begins in the crowds below. Pretty soon a file of police break through, and then comes—horror of horrors!—a real foreign band. Our wooden friend is rather modern in his tastes! Then comes another long lull, enlivened with day rockets, prayer-laden toy balloons rising heavenward, and the kindly efforts of a Japanese student who has a smattering of English, and who politely misinforms us that the temple cost a million *yen* ($300,000), and that there are about 200,000 people gathered on the grounds, who are "All Buddhist. Not Christ. But some Buddhist-Christ too, I think." What do you suppose inspired that last remark?

Then the procession comes on again, led by lines of shaven priests upon whose shiny heads a daring dragon-fly frequently lights, to the great pleasure of the onlookers. Finally, the high priest himself appears, clad in a glittering array of silks, and escorted by the mayor of Tokyo. He immediately precedes the image, which is borne on a lacquered stretcher, covered with a box, and draped with scarlet silk, whereon is embroidered in gold crests similar to those of the imperial couple. Amid the painful squeals exuded by a native band, the procession disappears within the temple.

After that, there is nothing for the foreigner to do but wander around and watch the people getting the free lunch which comes with their tickets, and their flags, get a bite of Japanese food himself, beg a believer's flag from a kind-hearted lady, assuring her that the people at your house will be delighted to get one, and then go home.

Tokyo, Japan. R. S. SPENCER.

Open Markets and the Problem of High Prices

summer. The city provides a marketmaster in charge of the city scales. A sum of ten cents a load (including empty wagon back) is charged for weighing. It works well enough as far as we have gone. We have a half block of vacant ground within a block of the business district, where our market as now conducted is located.

Quincy, Ill. JOHN F. GARNER, *Mayor.*

. . .

Milwaukee Is Pledged to Establish a Municipal Market

WE HAVE at present in Milwaukee an institution called the "Fifth Ward Hay Market," which is used by garden-truck farmers to dispose of their wares to commission merchants, grocers and pedlers. A Market Commission is at work at present to make of this institution a real municipal market. The administration is pledged by its 1910 platform to the establishment of a municipal market. LEO TIEFENTHALER, *Librarian.*

Milwaukee, Wis.

. . .

Worcester, Mass., Is Planning for a Municipal Market

A PUBLIC hearing was held in our council chamber a few weeks ago, at which hearing many of

Continued from preceding page

our citizens were present and a sentiment favorable to the establishment of a municipal market was strongly expressed. As a result of the hearing, a bill has been introduced in the legislature for the establishment of a municipal market. My views on the subject are expressed in my inaugural address, a marked copy of which I am sending you under separate cover.

I would be pleased to receive a copy of the publication of the result of your inquiries on this subject.

DAVID F. O'CONNELL, *Mayor.*

Worcester, Mass.

. . .

Harrisburg Powerless, as Private Companies Own the Markets

I AM in sympathy with the open market proposition. We are situated in an agricultural district and have public markets such as you describe. These market buildings are owned by private companies, who charge the farmers and truck-raisers a nominal sum per week for stall rent, and the produce is offered to the public at first hand. Of course, there are some jobbers and middlemen, who occupy the markets; but we find that the farmers themselves regulate the prices to a great extent. They get together before the opening of the market and fix the price on the leading articles for sale, and any new or late arrival always consults his neighbor as to the selling price. So you can see they practically have a pretty strong "trust," as it might be called. Another bad feature: oftentimes local dealers go to the markets and buy up various products to sell again, and then they, at certain seasons of the year, go to the farmers and truck-raisers and get them to agree on a certain price, agreeing to take off their hands all unsold products.

As these markets are owned by private companies, the city has no authority to regulate the price.

Harrisburg, Pa. JOHN K. ROYAL, *Mayor.*

. . .

Prices Are Not Oppressive in New Haven, Writes Mayor Rice

WE DESIGNATE one of our streets for the purpose of permitting farmers and market gardeners to come in and sell their goods. I do not think there is any great need of taking this matter up in this city, as our grocers and marketmen are quite reasonable in their prices, and I think, on the whole, the public is very well satisfied with the present system. FRANK J. RICE, *Mayor.*

New Haven, Conn.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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"Thou Art the Man"

ALMOST every man is interested in religion. The majority of men are not only interested in religion, but have certain religious convictions which they like to defend. They are pleased with sound doctrine and like to witness successful religious effort.

But many of these very men stay outside the church, or, if they come in, become only nominal rather than enthusiastic and aggressive Christians. They like to hear a good exhortation, but they do not like to heed it; they like to read good advice, but they do not like to take it. It slips off their shoulders somehow; they think it is capital counsel for Brown or Smith, but they do not take it directly to themselves.

A man like this needs some old-fashioned prophet to walk straight up to him and, looking him squarely in the eyes, declare: "Thou art the man." It is *you* who ought to turn from all sin; it is *you* who ought to begin an ardent, faithful life of spiritual service; it is *you* who ought to be not only listening to Gospel testimony, but giving it. Knowledge of the truth brings with it terrific responsibilities. "Ye knew your duty and ye did it not" is a judgment from which there can be no appeal.

Gentler, though not less earnest, are the words of Jesus: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Who is the man on your street, in your town, in your office building, or in your township, who ought to be the most zealous and hearty in his service for God? Who is the man who ought to be the truest and cleanest Christian? Who is the man who ought to be the most strenuous in trying to win men to the kingdom of Christ? Who is the man who ought to repent most deeply of his past neglect, and trust most humbly now for the pardon and grace of God? Who is he? You know who he is. You write his name every time you make your signature.

Thou art the man!

Coal and World Progress

MOST of the world's great discoveries have been born of the stress of emergency. If the present widely extended coal strikes, which for a time seemed to threaten the industries of the nations, should be the means of concentrating the efforts of scientists and inventors on the task of producing a substitute for coal which could be widely used, then the strikes would have brought to civilization a great compensation. The use of coal in America dates only to the discovery of the "black stones" in Pennsylvania about a century ago by a hunter who had kindled a fire of twigs and branches upon a little heap of what he believed to be simply broken and blackened fragments of rock, but which he found red and luminous when he awoke next morning. But the use of coal elsewhere is of much older date. Coal cinders have been found amid the ruins of ancient Roman camps in England that were the débris of fires kindled over fourteen hundred years ago. Coal is many times mentioned in the Bible, although the translators who framed the Authorized Version employed the word "coals" in a liberal sense, and it cannot now be stated with any degree of assurance whether the "coals" of Scripture were really charcoal or anthracite or bituminous coal, such as has been found in Palestine in modern times.

For a full century at least coal has been indispensable to the world's progress. Every year has witnessed an increased output and consumption to an extent, as geologists now warn us, that threatens to exhaust the world's supply available within the next half hundred years at most.

Science has already begun to cast about for a substitute for the universal fuel. In the true spirit of modern progress, the little Swiss republic is courageously venturing on an experimental solution. That country, which is rich in water power, will undertake—so the cables state—to banish the use of coal and supplant it, at the earliest date practicable, with electricity generated by water power for manufacturing, transportation by land and water, lighting, heating, cooking, and for every other requirement, public and domestic. Should the Swiss Government be successful, it will be a beginning of the revolution that will result in dethroning King Coal wherever water power exists that can be rendered available. King Coal has had a long and turbulent, yet a most useful reign. His empire is world-wide, his power greater than that of any contemporary monarch. Here, he has the richest territory of all, for the coal area in the United States is many times greater than that of any other country. He has mines in no less than thirty-five States, those in twenty-nine States being large commercial producers, with an aggregate annual output of 170,000,000 tons, and an army of 400,000 miners. It is this vast force of workers, most of whom toil under ground, who are now taking a respite from labor while the pending question of a strike or a compromise is being discussed. For the first time in many years, the grimy battalions have forsaken the pits, the shafts and the gloomy galleries of the underground kingdom to which they will shortly return. Then the world will breathe easier when it knows that the pick and shovel and drill are busy again.

King Coal has been a true friend of human progress, and in spite of repellent features, he has done incalculable good in the world. It may be a long way to look ahead, yet one can almost foresee the abdication of the grimy old monarch who, with all his benefits, has been a sad destroyer, taking a mightier toll of victims every year than all his rivals combined.

Religious Toleration in Japan

VERY significant, as an indication of the increasing friendliness with which the ancient East now views Christianity, was the recent Conference of Religions held in Tokyo, Japan. It was the first occasion on which Christianity was formally and officially recognized in that country as entitled to equal rights and privileges with Buddhism and Shintoism. At the conference were fifty-six Buddhists, thirteen Shintoists and seven Christians (the latter representing Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Catholic and Greek churches), and the imperial government was represented by four members of the cabinet and several chiefs of bureaus. It was a very dignified and exclusive assemblage, and no outsiders were admitted. All the delegates united in a joint resolution favoring co-operation in politics, education and religion for the improvement of social and moral conditions and the development of civilization, "each religion, however, strictly observing its own province of operations." Harmonious relations were declared to be essential to the nation's prosperity. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of this recognition of the Christian faith in a country where it has been under a ban. It will greatly assist in removing the prejudice which has existed even among the more intelligent Japanese, for government approval goes a long way in Japan. What the emperor and his ministers sanction or permit, no loyal son of Nippon will call in question. Hence great results may flow from the conference, which should mark the beginning of a new forward movement in Christian work in that country.

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Aged Saints

IT WOULD seem to be a hard lesson for some people to learn that the heavenward path is one of many stages, and that they who have been longest on the journey have reached and passed landmarks of Christian experience far beyond those of most men who have but recently begun the pilgrimage. In Bunyan's allegory, Faithful knew more than Christian did about the path and its perils and how to overcome them. Every old saint has encountered at times the familiar trials—temptations, doubt, despair, false guides, and deceiving philosophers who would seduce the anxious, troubled soul from its allegiance. Among the helps heavenward that we may safely trust, there are few more serviceable than the testimony of those who have preceded us on the same highway and who have met the very troubles we ourselves have yet to face. Just as the young and untried warrior may sit at the feet of the veteran and learn practical wisdom, so we do wisely to profit by the experience of those who have grown gray in the Lord's battle. These reflections come to us whenever we hear of the aged minister, ripe in spiritual experience, but too far spent physically for active service, being flouted by the younger for his "old-fashioned theology." Some of the latter, allured by the fascinating but doubtful doctrines taught in various schools, and fired with the ambition for intellectual display, have foolishly imagined they are called to reform the old Gospel by eliminating the supernatural. And when the old pastor, who has long ago fought out that battle with his own soul, ventures a word of caution or rebuke, he is often brushed aside contemptuously. Often but not always, for there are some who hear his words with profit and who give reverent attention to one who, having reached that borderland where the veil that hides the future is thinnest, has a vantage of spiritual vision and understanding such as they may only hope to reach after a long life lived near to God and in his constant service.

General Notes

—HON. EMIL SEIDEL, Socialist mayor of Milwaukee, was defeated in his campaign for re-election by Dr. G. A. Bading, the fusion candidate, by a vote of 43,177 to 30,200. Twenty-six non-partisan and seven Socialist aldermen were elected.

—NO SCIENTIFIC announcement of the last few years has caused greater comment than that of Sir William Ramsay, the noted English scientist and inventor, who a short time ago proposed that coal be consumed in the mines. In addressing the Smoke Abatement Exhibition in London he suggested that an ideal state of things would be to have retorts in the bowels of the earth to produce gas for power. "I firmly believe," he said, "that something will be done in the way of not raising coal but letting it remain underground, burning it there, and taking off the gases. I have been in communication with a large colliery proprietor, and he is going to give me a chance of making an experiment on a very small scale. If this succeeds, a candle may be lighted in England, which will not be extinguished in our time."

—FLOODS IN THE Mississippi Valley have caused great damage and distress. The suffering was so great that President Taft urged Congress to make an appropriation for the relief of the people in the flooded districts. On April 2 Congress made a special appropriation of $350,000 for strengthening the levees and building new dikes. Up to April 3 eight lives had been lost and at some points the river was still reported to be rising. At Cairo, Ill., the water touched the mark of 53.9 feet, a higher point than had ever before been recorded. Great damage was done at Memphis, Tenn., Columbus, Hickman and other cities of Kentucky, as well as in towns of Missouri and other river States. Three thousand persons were made homeless at Hickman, and twelve hundred were driven from their homes at Memphis. Thousands of acres of farm land were inundated; near Chester, Ill., 30,000 acres were under water. Food supplies ran short in many places; heroic work was done by the men who guarded and strengthened the levees; women kept busy bringing food and coffee to the men on duty. At Cairo all business houses except restaurants were closed, and thousands of gallons of hot coffee were distributed free of charge. Efforts were made by steamboat crews to rescue live stock in the flooded areas, but great numbers of sheep and cattle perished.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

A Fearful Mine Disaster

THERE was a gas explosion in the Jed Coal and Coke Company's mine at Jed, W. Va., the other day. Eighty-two precious lives were snuffed out. Only eleven men escaped alive, and one of those died within an hour after being brought to the surface. When the explosion occurred only the eleven men working at the foot of the shaft had a chance for their lives. They made their way up in the cages which were not damaged. In half an hour after the news had reached Welch, W. Va., six miles away, relief measures were under way. Oxygen helmets and other appliances were rushed from nearby mines, a government mine rescue car was turned back by telegraphic orders, and another car was rushed from Pittsburg. State mine inspectors promptly organized rescue parties, and as the gas cleared away scores of dead bodies were revealed. There is deep lamentation among the families of the victims, and outside financial aid will be called for. Human life in this country is too cheap a thing. The boy is not counted high enough above the gunnysack, nor the miner above his car of coal. There is enough peril in any vocation in these civilized times, and the extra hazardous callings must be guarded by better laws of the nation and State. The fearful disaster of the mines is nearly equal to the slaughter of the sword thus described:

Every one of the mount of Esau may be cut off by slaughter. (Obadiah 9.)

The Shaft-head Works of the Jed Coal and Coke Company's Mine

A General View of Jed, W. Va.

Girl Taught Scientists

MISS FAY M. HARTLEY, the young daughter of a Nebraska farmer, gave a surprise to a group of distinguished men who were discussing national economic questions at the American Academy of Political and Social Science in Philadelphia the other day. Speeches had just been made by some of the leading authorities of the country on economic abuses, but none seemed able to indicate a remedy for the trouble. A little figure in homespun dress, with rosy cheeks and eyes shining with determination, arose in the rear of the hall just as the chairman was about to close the session. She pleaded for five minutes, which were gallantly accorded. She mounted the platform and began a talk that made the distinguished speakers open their eyes. Instead of beginning with the colleges and dealing with fine-spun theories concerning the industrial and economic situation, she told them they should begin with the farm, the basis of all industry, and the measure of national thrift. When the farmer's daughter had finished, the dignified audience applauded to the echo. It was a delightful change from the high-flown oratory and dry statistics to which they had been listening. She stood there smiling, and they pelted her with questions, all of which she readily and cleverly answered. The Nebraska farmer girl had taken the honors of the occasion. The primal importance of farming is recognized in the Scripture:

Moreover the profit of the earth is for all. (Eccles. 5: 9.)

Pink Tea for Poodle

A SOCIETY débutante of Baltimore gave a birthday tea recently in honor of her pet French poodle Bunny. Her younger sister and a friend assisted in the affair. The dogs of the smart set had baths and were powdered and perfumed, and those who did not go to the home in automobiles made the journey afoot. The owner of Fluffy Ruffles notified her hostess that her pet was ill and could not attend, but several other swell dogs were there. All the latest designs in spring dog fashions were displayed, and some of these, not to mention the ribbon bows, were damaged in two or three fights that took place on the pavement before the dogs were gotten into the house. A tempting menu was served to the pets on saucers. All the good doggies were served by the ladies, while those which were disposed to growl were allowed to feed themselves. This is another example of the intellectual emptiness and social folly of the idle life of wealth and luxury. New devices for killing time, the monkey dinners of Newport, the male and female dogs used for bridesmaids and groomsman at a wedding in New York, and the poodle-dog pink tea in Baltimore are parodies on and mockeries of healthful social functions, and ridiculous substitutes for the provision of food for the bread line for men, and relief for the little orphan children. This empty vanity is pitiable. The words of the wise man are recalled:

He that followeth vain persons is void of understanding. (Prov. 12: 11.)

Fatal April Joke

AS THE result of an April fool joke, James G. Stewart, of Sound Beach, Conn., is dead and Ronald Hedges, a fellow employee in a grocery store, is in jail charged with having killed him. Stewart, who had been in the country less than a year, was told by Hedges to take a wrench from the barn to a clerk in the store who wanted it. It was only an April fool joke, and Stewart was so angry that on his return to the barn he knocked Hedges down with the wrench. Hedges waited till he saw Stewart looking down into a bread barrel, and slipping up to him hit him a terrible stroke with a hammer on the head. The injured man died at the hospital a little later. Hedges, when he learned that his companion was dead, fainted with grief and cut a deep gash in his neck with the brass taken from an electric appliance, which may prove fatal. There is much innocent fun for children and older people on April fool's day. It is not infrequent that serious trouble arises from jokes carried too far. This tragedy was unnecessary and regrettable. Human hate is dangerous, and is easily stirred. Only a joke was necessary to fan the spark into a fatal blaze. Those who are ill-tempered and irritable with their fellows, even those who belong to the church and profess to be followers of Christ, often show symptoms of hate that is counted righteous indignation, but which the apostle called murder.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. (I. John 3: 15.)

Amazing Progress of the South

THE *Manufacturers' Record* recently published its thirtieth anniversary edition, in which it records the marvelous material progress of the Southern States since 1880. These are some of the facts: In 1880 the total individual deposits in the national banks of the South were $73,124,523, as compared with a total for the United States of $873,537,637. To-day the individual deposits in the national banks of the South aggregate $957,428,510, or $8,900,000 more than the individual deposits in all the national banks of the United States at that time. Since 1880 the population of the South has increased 77.5 per cent., but in the same time its individual deposits in national banks have increased 1,209 per cent., and deposits in other financial institutions 908 per cent. It has in the same period increased its capital invested in manufacturing 930 per cent., its capital in cotton mills 1,304 per cent., its capital in cottonseed oil mills 2,452 per cent., and its expenditure for public education 525 per cent. In 1880 the South expended on its common schools $12,471,000. Last year it expended for the same purpose $78,000,000. This very great increase in common-school expenditure has not been due to any spasmodic growth, but to a steady expansion of expenditures from the very day when the South emerged from the poverty and destruction of the war. The production of coal in the South last year was 115,000,000 tons, as compared with a total for the United States in 1880 of 71,481,000 tons. The South's production of petroleum last year was 85,000,000 barrels, as compared with 26,000,000 barrels for the United States in 1880. The South now has in operation 11,356,000 cotton spindles, in many lines of cotton manufacture equaling the Lancashire district of England. Agriculture has shown almost as rapid an increase, although the concentration of energy has been to a greater extent in the development of industrial operations. The total value of farm products of the South last year was $3,000,000,000, a gain as compared with 1880 of 296 per cent. But the most amazing thing is that it exceeded by $700,000,000 the total value of the farm crops of the United States in 1880. Scarcely in the history of the world has such an empire arisen out of the confusion and bankruptcy of civil war as the New South. Fortunately since 1880 its moral and religious progress has kept pace with its marvelous material progress. The people of the South believe in the Bible, and in orthodox Christianity. They have outlawed the saloon from two-thirds of the territory, and from twenty-two of the twenty-five million of its population. It has fought gambling and other vices with a vigorous hand. In contemplation of the glorious progress of the New South, the words of the Psalmist are suggested:

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. (Ps. 16: 6.)

Importing Potatoes

THE poor potato crop this year has made it necessary to look abroad for part of the supply for home consumption. The steamship *Minnehaha* the other day brought from Europe six thousand tons of potatoes for the American market. In 1908 we imported 8,383,969 bushels. In 1909 we bought abroad but 353,208 bushels. Some idea of the importance of the potato as a staple article of food may be had when it is known that in 1910 the United States raised 338,811,000 bushels, valued at $187,985,000. The world's crop in 1909 amounted to 5,523,864,000 bushels, of which North America produced 477,896,000 bushels and Europe 4,964,152,000. And it is interesting to note that the great industrial State of New York in 1910 raised 44,676,000 bushels, leading all other States. Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maine and Wisconsin ranked next in the order named. Wisconsin's crop was 24,700,000 bushels. Christopher Columbus told Queen Isabella that if she would fit out the expedition for him he would bring her back a shipload of gold. He did not get the gold, but he did find the natives smoking dried leaves with fire at the end—the tobacco of modern commerce; and also an article of food worth many gold mines—the potato. That article seems to be a necessity to the nations of Europe and America. The divine provision of food for man is mentioned in the very beginning of the Scripture:

Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things. (Gen. 9: 3.)

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

The Bridge of the Seas

BY

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.
Founder and President Christian Endeavor

A Greek Peasant in Holiday Dress

The Canal That Connects the Adriatic and Ægean Seas

A Greek Girl from the Isthmus

THE Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which Pindar gives to the narrow isthmus which connected the Gulf of Corinth with the Ægean Sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is *the* Isthmus, *par excellence*, of all the world; for from its Greek name, Isthmia, every other isthmus has been named.

The ancients were not good sailors. They never went by sea where they could conveniently go by land, and to cross this narrow neck of land, only four miles wide, saved them many a weary league of sailing around a stormy coast in going from the Peloponnesus to Attica, and indeed from Europe to Asia.

The southeastern point of Attica was especially dangerous, and an old proverb used to run: "When you are rounding Cape Malia, forget all you have at home." Indeed, navigation in these seas was almost wholly abandoned in the winter months, and we remember that in the graphic account of St. Paul's shipwreck, he advised the captain to winter in the Cretan harbor of Fair Havens. Through disregarding this advice, disaster came to ship and crew and prisoners alike.

No wonder, then, that the Isthmus, which the ancient city of Corinth dominated, became at one time the busiest and perhaps the most notable strip of land which the world knew. More battles have been fought, more dynasties established or dethroned just here, in all probability, than in any other spot on the earth's surface.

Corinth, the great city of the Isthmus, was called "the City of the Two Seas" in ancient poetry. Many attempts were made to cut through this narrow neck, or at least many great rulers had considered the feasibility of doing so; among them, Julius Cæsar, Hadrian, and Caligula. Nero actually began the cutting in the year 52, at the very time when Paul was a resident of Corinth.

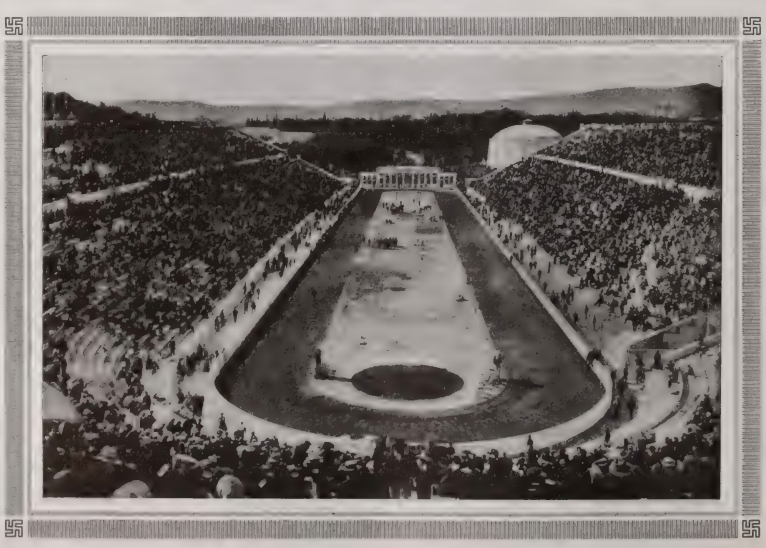
Many unsuccessful efforts seem to be the forerunners of every great success in canal digging. The Suez Canal was attempted centuries before De Lesseps carried it through to a triumphant completion. The Panama Canal was the dream of many generations and the scene of more than one abortive effort before President Roosevelt's engineers gave assurance of success. Even the Cape Cod Canal was projected by the Pilgrim Fathers more than two hundred years ago, and was attempted more than once. Now, after three serious attempts, it is nearing completion. Nero's effort to dig the Corinthian Canal was soon given up, though traces of his great ditch can still be seen. It was not until 1893 that the dream of Cæsar, Hadrian, Caligula and Nero came true, and after twelve years of toilsome labor, and after expending $12,000,000, a channel four miles long and seventy-five feet wide was cut through the friable sandstone rock, and the waters of the Adriatic were wedded to the waters of the Ægean.

We are especially interested in the Isthmus, however, because it was the chief seat of the Greek games, the athletic contests to which St. Paul is so largely indebted for his imagery. "Nothing is more remarkable," says a distinguished authority, "than the number and magnitude of the theaters and stadia in the ruins of the great cities of Asia Minor. A vast number, too, of the inscriptions relate to the public amusements. It is evident that these amusements must have been one of the chief employments of the population."

If any future historian should read our own newspapers two thousand years from now, he would come to the same conclusion concerning the American and English people. Supposing that our pulp paper could possibly last so long, he would find in the daily journals of the nineteenth century after Christ accounts of the same devotion to athletic sports as the monuments of Greece and Rome describe. Two pages devoted to football, baseball, hockey, golf, tennis, according to the season, the future historian will find in our daily newspapers; one scanty paragraph devoted to education or religion. He will learn from the students' records that our universities were emptied by a baseball game, that all the students would travel hundreds of miles to see a football match; but he will learn very little of the studies pursued, of the debates between contending colleges, or of things strictly academic. Let us hope and pray that the decadence and final destruction, which undoubtedly were hastened for Greece and Rome by the undue absorption of the people in mere sport, may not for the same reason overtake America and England!

As I have said, though these games were celebrated throughout the Roman world in Paul's time, in Asia Minor as well as in Italy and Greece, in his native city of Tarsus, in Ephesus, even in Jerusalem, yet the Isthmus of Corinth was one of the four chief "sanctuaries," where the most celebrated games were held. Every second year the great national athletic festival was held here, and it is known that one of these festivals occurred in the year 53 of our era, and that in all probability Paul came to Corinth in the autumn of 52, and left in the spring of 54.

These coincidences make his numerous allusions to the games of very great interest when we remember that only a very few miles from Corinth, at a place now called Isthmia, on the Ægean side of the Isthmus, one of the great celebrations which attracted the attention of the whole known world occurred during his residence in Corinth. Undoubtedly he went to these games, for he was always eager to be where people congregated, that he might lose no chance to speak a word, or exert some influence, for the great cause which was so near his heart.



The Great Stadium at Athens and the Crowd at the Olympian Games

Many would have wondered that Paul, surrounded as he was during his residence in Corinth by some of the most charming and magnificent scenery in the world, never alluded to it in his letters. Why did he not point his moral, as his Lord doubtless would have done, by referring to the striking summit of Acro-Corinth which towered over the whole plain, or to the magnificent hills of Peloponnesus, to the blue waters that laved the shores on either side of Corinth, or to the striking neck of land that has given its name to every isthmus? Why did he not allude to the birds that sailed, then as now, over the smiling vineyards and olive groves; or to the fish which, then as now, the brawny peasants daily

Continued on next page

GUATEMALA'S FRIENDLY TRIBUTE

Indian Natives of Guatemala

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Secretary of State Knox

Primitive Musical Instruments of the Indians

SECRETARY KNOX has come and gone. It is reported that Mr. Knox said that the ovation tendered him by President Cabrera of Guatemala far surpassed anything the sister republics of Central America had given.

If there is anything that Guatemala and President Cabrera know how to do it is to entertain. At great cost a statue of Liberty was erected at a junction of the two streets leading from the railroad station to the Plaza de Armas. The buildings all along the way were handsomely decorated with the Stars and Stripes and the blue and white of Guatemala. The streets were a carpet of green, made of pine needles brought from the evergreen forests of the adjoining mountains. Ten thousand Indians in attractive costumes, thousands of school children, besides the dignitaries of the government and many officials and influential citizens from all parts of the republic, were in the grand procession.

The apartments where Mr. Knox and his party were entertained were exquisitely furnished, and the banquet tendered him was sumptuous. We trust his coming will bring Guatemala and all Central America into closer touch with the United States.

We have been laboring here in Central America for nearly sixteen years, under the auspices of the Central American Mission, of which the well-known Dr. C. I. Scofield of "Scofield Bible" fame is the founder and honored secretary. In this city we have a congregation of over one hundred and seventy-five baptized members. There are twenty out-stations and fifteen native evangelists and pastors connected with this center. One of our greatest needs to-day is a larger constituency that will pray and give of their means to push the work which God has so marvelously blessed. There are one million Indians living in the republic of Guatemala. They are industrious, hard-working people—nothing like the roving, hunting Indians of the United States. There are, in all, seventeen distinct dialects. In the largest tribe are 300,000, and only one missionary at work. The sixteen other tribes number from 130,000 down to 2,000, and they have no foreign missionary working exclusively in any one of these tribes.

We are crying unto God continually for a devoted missionary who will give his life to these needy ones. Will not our friends in the United States take up the need and help us in our cry to God for these for whom Christ died as much as he died for you and me?

A. E. BISHOP.

Guatemala City, Central America.

* * *

Since this letter was written Secretary Knox has visited Santo Domingo, Port au Prince, Havana, St. Thomas and a number of other West Indian ports. At each of these places Mr. Knox was heartily received and royally entertained. His visit to San José, the capital of Costa Rica, was made the occasion for a great celebration there, and in Havana the city officials expended thousands of dollars in decorations and entertainment for his visit.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

drew from the deep in their great seining nets? Some have ventured the theory that Paul had some affliction of the eyes (his thorn in the flesh, perhaps) which prevented his seeing clearly the beauties of nature. It seems more probable to me that he drew his illustrations from the games because he knew they would appeal to his hearers. In at least one instance (I. Cor. 9: 26), St. Paul alludes to the boxing contests. "So box I," he says, to use the original Greek word, "as not beating the air." Once he alludes to the gladiatorial contests with wild beasts (I. Cor. 15: 32), a sport foreign to the Greek nature and genius, and introduced by the more blood-thirsty Romans. But usually his allusions are to the purely Greek games, especially the foot-races in the stadium, such as he undoubtedly saw at Isthmia and very likely at Athens, where they have been recently revived in the great Olympian games held here in recent years.

It was my fortune to be in Athens in an Olympian year, and I often visited the magnificent stadium, built originally by the statesman and orator Lycurgus nearly four hundred years before Paul's day. Two hundred years later, by Herod Atticus, the seats and partitions were renewed in solid marble from Pentelicus, "almost exhausting its quarries," we are told. For centuries the very site of this stadium was well-nigh lost. Its seats were stripped of their costly marbles, and it was covered by the débris of ages.

Within a few years it has been again restored in all its former grandeur by the liberality of a Greek merchant, M. Averof. Again the athletes have gathered from all parts of the world for the foot-race and the vaulting, the wrestling and the discus-throwing. Again kings and queens have graced the marble throne as in the olden days.

The Athenian stadium of to-day is one of the most imposing enclosures in the world. A hundred tiers of splendid marble seats completely surround it, except at the entrance end, divided into thirty sections, each seat in each section affording ample room for thirty people. A little sum in arithmetic will tell us that in a single tier around the stadium nine hundred people can sit, and in the one hundred tiers no less than ninety thousand people can find ample accommodation to witness the international games. It was this very stadium that Paul doubtless visited in Athens, and a similar one in Isthmia; and as I saw the gathering athletes practicing for the final contests—sprinting, running the long races, and throwing the discus—whole pages of St. Paul's letters to the Corinthians, the Romans, the Galatians, the Philippians and to Timothy were illumined with new and fresh meaning.

When Paul called the elders of the church of Ephesus to him at Miletus, he told them that he did not hold his life of any account as dear unto him "so that I may accomplish my course" (Acts 20: 24). His "course" was the Christian race he had set himself to run. Again he says: "Know ye not that in the races of the stadium, though all run, yet but one can win the prize? So run that ye may obtain. And every man who strives in the matches trains himself by all manner of self-restraint. Yet they do it to win a fading crown—we a crown that cannot fade. I therefore run, not like the racer who is uncertain of his goal; I fight not as the pugilist who strikes out against the air; but I bruise my body and force it into bondage, lest, perchance, having called others to the contest, I should fail myself shamefully of the prize" (I. Cor. 9: 24-27, in Conybeare and Howson's vigorous translation).

Here in this brief passage are at least eight distinct references to the Isthmian games. "The stadium," such as I have already described; "the prize" that awaited the victor; the severe "training" and "self-restraint" of the contestants, which has been described very minutely by Galen and Tertullian and other secular writers; the "fading crown" made of pine leaves which still grow abundantly on the Isthmus, and which the traveler sees on every hand; the "boxing" contests of the pugilists; the actual "bruising" of his body, that he may harden and toughen it for the contest; and the herald ("having heralded" others to the contest, who summoned the racers to the stadium. The letter to the Philippians, too, contains more than one allusion to the Isthmian games. He exhorts them to faithfulness that he may not have *run* in vain (Phil. 2: 16), and the same exhortation is given to the Galatians (Gal. 2: 2).

In one of Paul's classic bursts of eloquence he very plainly has the contests of the stadium in mind, when he writes to the Philippians again: "Brethren, I count not myself to have laid hold thereon [the prize], but this one thing I do—forgetting that which is behind, and reaching forth to that which is before, I press towards the mark, for the prize of God's heavenly calling in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3: 13, 14.) The words "reaching forth" in the Greek suggest the figure of a runner with body bent, stretching forward with nervous tension toward the goal. He reminds the young Timothy, his most beloved disciple, that "the wrestler does not win the crown unless he wrestles lawfully" (II. Tim. 2: 5), and Timothy would remember the stringent rules—that every candidate for the stadium must be of pure Greek descent, that he must have a good moral character, that he must be prepared to swear that he has been training for at least ten months, and that he would observe all the regulations of the games.

The most pathetic and yet triumphant of all St. Paul's allusions to the Isthmian contests was his last. He is an old man now, in a Roman dungeon, chained to a soldier, deserted by most of his friends. The cause he has championed is persecuted to the death by the hideous tyrant Nero—a cause which, after an early triumph, seemed to be losing ground—yet with exultant faith he can sing his swan song:

"I have completed the glorious contest. I have finished the course marked out for the race. Henceforth is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day" (II. Tim. 4: 7, 8). The literal translation brings out even more clearly than the Authorized or Revised Version the fact that Paul in his dying triumph still had the figure of the stadium and the races in mind, a figure which so appealed to his strenuous, eager soul.

There is very little left of the Isthmian stadium to-day. An insignificant village is near by, beside the canal. A depression that looks like a little natural valley is all that remains to remind us of the spot where the splendid arena of St. Paul's time stood.

The Aleuts, a Strange Alaskan Tribe

The Aleut Basket-Weaver's Beautiful Handiwork

Weaving Baskets at Her Sod-House Door

Umnak, an Aleut Village in Alaska

ALASKA is a land that hitherto has been little understood. Icebergs, snow-capped mountains and frozen streams, and a sense of shivers, constitute the current opinion of this valuable northern possession. Some of the most beautiful scenery in the world has been lost sight of; wooded islands, timbered valleys, and luxuriant vegetation is a pleasant surprise to the tourist. The sun scarcely sets on Alaska in summer, and vegetation, like most industries, works overtime with amazing results. Nature not only smiles in summer but laughs aloud.

As it would not be fair to describe all the whites in Alaska as English, neither would it be fair to call all the natives Indians, though they may be cousins, or be in customs and language kindred. The fact is, they are all alike unable to hold the land, to develop its resources and to compete with the white race. They are, for the most part, now but poor, diseased, under-fed and under-clad spectators of what is happening in this northland. Filled with awe and wonder at the doings of the white race, they can but look on with sorrow, as their fish streams are taken, their game destroyed, and their future made a blank to them.

Besides the good work of the churches, the government is doing what it can to educate the native; but that is not much of an exchange for his resources. He cannot eat or keep warm on education. The whites do not need educated natives. It is all wonderful, but not of value to him. One native said, "I will teach my children to catch fish, fox, bear, and birds, and when old they will keep me; but the one taken to school left me. He cannot work. He cannot hunt. The white man says, 'He no savvy white man work and he no savvy native kind any more.'" There is more than one crude native that does not send his child to school because he sees no gain by doing so and he does see the separation of the child from him.

Fewer and fewer are the chances for the tribes or villages and smaller and smaller the opportunity to develop the resources of the land, because no provision is being made to keep any for the thirty thousand natives now living. The government is long in considering Alaska's needs, and too long in reserving a few areas for the tribes to call their own; areas where a people can perform some work that will bring them a living; where they can be an asset and not a burden.

As an illustration take the Aleut tribe. The Aleuts occupy the island peninsula of Alaska, and number about one thousand. Three hundred of them are well cared for at the seal islands; but the balance have nothing left but fish, a few fox, and the basket industry. These people occupy the most western portion of our country, being in 172 degrees east longitude, and from thence eastward to Unimak Pass, a distance of about eight hundred miles—making less than one person to the mile. The time was when they were employed to kill seal; also their tribe supplied the men that manned the sea otter boats and killed that most valuable of furs. These furs are practically a thing of the past, and the government has prohibited both the whites and the natives from killing any of them. This is not adding greatly to their troubles, for these fur animals of the sea are now so scarce as to be of little benefit to the Aleuts any more. The basket industry is now their chief support. Their baskets, though the finest in any market, bring them less than one-fourth the retail price, and provisions sell to them at about three times the cost. A woman will work two weeks to make a basket, and then get $2 for it, pay seventy-five cents for a pound of tea, twenty cents for a pound of sugar, and seven cents a pound for flour, and what for clothing? The father can get a few fish to dry, gather a few drift sticks as thrown up by the sea, as no timber is found on the islands. In winter he catches a very few blue fox, perhaps four or five, at $6 each. Curio seekers pay fabulous prices for an Aleut basket, which is, in truth, one of the best that can be had; the most artistic, the finest weave, and the most beautiful of design. One of the prettiest baskets I ever secured came from the house of a widow at the figure of $2.50; a full two weeks' work!

The word "Aleut" in the Eskimo language means "other utes," or people, and such they are, for their appearance and modes of life differ to such an extent as to warrant their being called "other people." There were two found among them whose birthplace was believed to be Kamchatka, in Asia, and it is almost certain that these people came from northern Asia. Their appearance is more of the Mongolian, and in artistic work they have much the same skill and craftsmanship as the Japanese. The Aleut is superior to the native race. He is cleaner of habit than the Eskimo and more willing to work. The tribe's ancient dwellings, now long grown over with grass, representing the age of stone implements, when excavated were found to be large roomy houses made of sod, built above the ground, and usually of more than one room. Whalebone was often used for parts of the framework. The cemetery of the community was not in a common burial ground, but in a room of the house especially constructed for that purpose. The corpses were buried in a sitting posture. Certain caves were used also as a place to bury the dead, but owing to the occurrence of skulls with fractures in them it is presumably the warriors, who died away from home, who were so buried. A few had the distinction of being stuffed with moss and made into mummies and placed in caves. These customs have long since changed, owing to the efforts of the Russian priests; and now few there are that can offer an explanation for the strange burial rooms, the cave burials and the moss-stuffed mummies.

J. H. ROMIG.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—A COPY OF A very rare first folio of Shakespeare's plays has been discovered under curious circumstances. The sixteen-year-old son of a well-known English baronet was dabbling in the library of the Earl of Dudley, at Witley Court, when he came across what he believed to be a first folio. It has been rebound. One or two pages are missing. It was not at first thought that there was anything in the discovery. The boy, however, had seen a first folio in the British Museum, so he stuck to his guns, and eventually the book was sent to a leading London firm of book dealers, who at once agreed that it was a first folio.

—MINISTERS AS WELL as others feel the pinch of the high cost of living. A unique proposition is made by the committee appointed by the recent Methodist Episcopal Conference to consider the cost of living, as affecting pastors. In its report, it proposes the taxation of all ministerial incomes over $800 by the church, for the benefit of poor and underpaid pastors. This would go toward the Sustentation Fund, which would be further increased by the addition of collections, etc. There is no doubt that there are many pastors throughout the country having a hard struggle to live with their families on small and uncertain incomes.

—FRESH, INTERESTING discoveries were made in the newly unearthed section of the "Street of Abundance" in Pompeii a few weeks ago. An admirably preserved temple was excavated with frescoes representing all the divinities of Mount Olympus. Another equally well-preserved building was brought to light with frescoes representing sacrifices to the goddess Cybele, who was the mythical daughter of the skies and the goddess of earth. She was in mythology the wife of Saturn and the mother of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto. The discoveries are the most remarkable made for many years, and people are flocking to see them from all parts of Italy.

—VI KYNIN WELLINGTON KOO, a talented Chinese student of Columbia University, left New York recently to return to China, where he has received the appointment of English secretary to President Yuan Shi Kai. The appointment is considered a highly important one, as Mr. Koo will take up diplomatic work in addition to secretarial duties. Columbia students in Hartley Hall, where Mr. Koo has lived for eight years, were pleased at the news of his appointment, but they were not surprised, because it has been predicted for years on the campus that he would some day occupy a high place in his native land. Mr. Koo received his A.B. degree in 1908, his A.M. in 1909, and will this year be awarded the Ph.D. degree *in absentia*. He has been a star debater, editor-in-chief of the *Columbia Spectator*, and a member of practically every campus organization. He received his early education at St. John's College, Shanghai.

—SUNDAY, APRIL 21, has been set apart as Tuberculosis Day, and the hundreds of organizations all over the country that are united in the fight against tuberculosis are urging the churches to give the day general and appropriate observance. This is the third year in which a Sunday has been thus set apart. Last year, in about fifty thousand churches, the ministers told their congregations about the practical work in which every one can have a part to lessen the fearful death-rate from the preventable and communicable disease commonly known as consumption. This year it is hoped that on the appointed day still more churches will give their powerful aid to this good cause. The purpose of Tuberculosis Day in the churches is to make the work better understood and to win for it a more general support.

—ROBERT LOVE TAYLOR, Senator from Tennessee and famous as "Fiddling Bob" Taylor, died at Providence Hospital in Washington, D. C., on March 31. The Senator had been ill for several months, and, after having been in a state of collapse for several days, he was taken to the hospital. There an operation was performed and for a time he seemed to be improving. But the following day he began to sink and at 3 o'clock next morning lapsed into final unconsciousness. Mrs. Taylor and her brother, Charles St. John, were present when he died. Mr. Taylor was sixty-two years old. He was born in Tennessee and has always lived there. He was elected to Congress first in 1878 and as a member of the Electoral College voted for Cleveland in 1884. Then after serving one year as Pension Agent at Knoxville he ran successfully for governor. It was in this campaign that he made his reputation and won his nickname by accompanying himself on a fiddle at political meetings instead of delivering a formal speech. He was re-elected governor in 1888 and again in 1896, and elected to the Senate in January, 1907. He ran again for governor in 1910, but was defeated. Mr. Taylor was one of the few men who have occupied high political positions without being politicians. In every case his election was due to his personal popularity rather than to political machinery.

—THE REPORT THAT THE treaty establishing a French protectorate over Morocco has been signed by the Sultan was confirmed on March 31 by a despatch from Fez. The treaty contains ten articles, some of which are identical with the terms of the Bardo treaty with the Bey of Tunis of 1881, which assured to France the right to occupy the positions which the French military authorities deemed necessary for the maintenance of order in Tunis. If, as the treaty just signed between the Sultan of Morocco and the French Republic indicates, the status of Morocco is to be the same as that of the other North African State of Tunis, the French "protectorate" will really be a French colony in everything but name. There is still a Bey of Tunis, Sidi Mohammed el Nasr, but few persons, even in France, have ever heard of him, and his position is purely decorative.

—FRUITLESS EFFORTS HAVE just been made by some Americans living in Germany to recover possession by purchase of one of the most important American historic treasures, the old oaken table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed. This table, or desk, has, it appears, been for many years in the hands of the Bismarck family, having been presented to Prince Bismarck by a group of German-American admirers. It is now in the Bismarck Museum at Schoenhausen, near Berlin. The title to the various objects in the museum, which contains hundreds of gifts received by the Iron Chancellor from worshipers all over the world, is now vested in Princess Herbert von Bismarck, the statesman's widowed daughter-in-law. She prizes the American souvenirs, including the Declaration of Independence table, so highly that she even refused all overtures to have them transported across the ocean in 1904 for exhibition at the St. Louis Fair.

TWO WOMEN

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

MISS MARGUERITE KERRISON stood in front of the blotchy mirror which rested on the washstand, at present also serving as her toilet table, and surveyed herself critically. By dint of much saving, chiefly on her food, by taking advantage of the inside information offered by her position behind the shirtwaist counter of a big department store, and finally by the diligent use of her nimble fingers at night when she should have been sleeping, she had succeeded in making herself look—at the absurdly low cost of seven dollars and sixty-three cents—exactly like a small black mushroom. The dark straw hat with a white pompom on the side came down over her hair and eyes and ears, thus concealing at a stroke her prettiest features. This left in view only her thin nose, mouth and sharp chin, and these tattled rather openly of the economies which had made the costume possible. She further revealed the straight narrow lines from shoulders to shoes in vogue, but it must be confessed this was not due so much to art as to nature. It was a lucky accident which had mated the prevailing style of slimness to her slim pocketbook.

Until the advent into her life of Mr. Richard Langhorne—just previous to the planning of the present costume—she had never known the meaning of luck except as a negative term. She was lucky she didn't get fired, lucky she didn't fall sick, lucky on the whole that she had no one dependent on her in this fight which was hard enough for one. Mary, of whom she rented this closet in the four-room flat, had been left with three; two gave it up before they found their legs, but one, Billy kid, was still in the ring. So Maggie kept her fingers crossed and did no complaining about even that kind of luck. But when Dick came into her life—literally by accident, for their acquaintance dated from the time he almost ran her down in the park and insisted upon taking her home in the machine to pay for the fright he gave her—she experienced the other kind of luck. This was the genuine—"the firm name upon it and the firm reputation back of it," as Thompson, the floorwalker, would say.

She examined her shoes; cut so low they were hardly more than sandals. Dick was fussy about the looks of her feet. She seized a corner of the bedquilt and polished them off once more. Then she turned to blow out her lamp. It was after seven and he would soon be at the door. She made it a point to reach the street ahead of him, for fear that in his impulsive fashion he might some day venture up the stairs. She was doing no bluffing. He knew she was only a salesgirl, but it was one thing to tell him this and another to let him see what it meant. He would probably insist more than ever upon sharing his riches with her and be more than ever indignant at her refusal. She was willing to ride with him and dine with him—though it took away her breath to see so much money go to waste—but until she had a right to more, that was all. And when she thought of the latter possibility she closed her eyes and held her breath. Though he talked so fiercely about it, she never dared any more than whisper it to herself. He had so much to give and she so little to give in return. On his side there was first of all himself; big, strong and kind. Then there was his family and all his friends—just like him, she imagined. Then there was all his wealth; she could not even dream how much. It didn't matter how much, so long as there was enough to stand always as a barrier between them and the gray wolf which down here pressed every one so hard—so terribly and insistently hard. For the sake of the little others, there must be this much; the others who might come; the others who from some sacred recess in her soul cried out for her mothering and whose cry until lately she had always answered by a frenzied look of fright around her and a determined shake of her head. Poor Denny Morrison had not understood that look when she had answered him no. Neither had one or two others who ended by thinking her vain and selfish. But they hadn't been forced to watch the losing fight of the two who went from the next room.

Against all these offerings of Dick's she had only herself. She paused for a final inspection. She smiled. It wasn't much even when all dressed up.

"Mag."

She turned quickly towards the door where a thin figure of a girl about her own age stood limply.

"What is it, Mary?" she asked anxiously.

The latter studied with admiration the model of fashion before her and grew even more apologetic in appearance if that were possible.

"It's a shame to butt in on yer at this stage of the game," she said, "but that blamed Billy kid won't close his peepers until—"

She paused, evidently too awestruck to continue.

"I'll tell him ye're gone," she concluded weakly.

"Oh, no, don't do that," answered Maggie after an instant's hesitation. "I'll be there in a jiffy."

She turned slowly around like a tailor's model.

"Well, what do you think?"

"Swell!" answered Mary enthusiastically.

"Eleven-sixty-three," Maggie confided.

"Whew! it oughter be swell fer that price!"

"It's a lot, Mary," Maggie half apologized before the other's wistful eyes, "but I took it out of myself. I didn't mind working and saving—much."

"'Course you didn't," answered Mary.

"And it's for—well, you know they like to have you look fresh and nice—if they care."

"Sure," answered Mary, though it would have been difficult for her to explain what experience gave her the right to speak so authoritatively.

"Now for Billy!" concluded Maggie.

"Say, he'll git yer all messed up. Better let me tell him—" the mother began, but the girl only laughed.

"You can't fool Billy—and you know it! Besides, I want to. So come on!"

The small boy in question was standing up on the lounge, dressed in a calico shirt that barely reached his knees. With his big brown eyes wide open, he certainly looked wise enough to justify Maggie's assertion. As far as speech went, however, his intelligence had to be left a matter for conjecture. His vocabulary consisted of a variety of gutturals through the medium of which he expressed two brief statements, "I will" and "I won't." Maggie hurried to his side. His thin arms immediately encircled her neck, while with the mystical assertion of "Oogly—oogly—oo," he clawed for the pompon on the side of her hat.

"You see!" exclaimed Maggie, "he says, 'Don't you try to fool me. I know a thing or two.'"

She buried her lips in the hollow of his neck.

"He'll paw yer all to pieces," protested Mary. "Cut it out, Bill."

Bill squirmed, with excited chuckling, into a position for a second attack upon the pompon. Maggie held him at arm's length, and, with eyes grown lustrous and wistfully warm, watched him kick frantically at nothing.

"You darling!" she exclaimed, "you're worth all the hats in the world."

From the street below there came the chug of an automobile. Maggie turned her head in that direction.

"There's yer fren'," Mary warned her.

With another kiss on the boy's neck, with half a dozen on his tangled hair, with a final one on his tender lips, Maggie reluctantly gave him back. She placed her hands on her friend's drooping shoulders.

"Mary," she whispered excitedly, "if it comes true, it'll be for all of us!"

She ran back to her room to readjust her hat, which had assumed a decidedly rakish angle. She was trying with excited fingers to put it into place when she heard a knock at her door. It took away her breath. She looked about for some way of escape when the knock was repeated. Stealing to the door, she whispered through the panels:

"Dick! Go away. I'll be down in a minute."

The voice which answered her was not Dick's, though it was marvelously like Dick's for a woman's voice.

"Is this Miss Kerrison?"

Falling back a step, Maggie stared at the dull wood. Then timidly, fearfully she swung open the door. A very tall woman with veiled face stood before her. The stranger held herself as rigidly as though she were made of wood.

"If this is Miss Kerrison, I wish to see you," the woman impatiently broke the silence.

"Come in," said Maggie uneasily.

With a rustle of silk the woman swept in, while Maggie looked on as though at a play.

"Perhaps you had better close the door," suggested the woman in a voice that chilled like an undertaker's.

Maggie obeyed. The stranger gave one swift glance about the room and then faced the girl. She spoke with marked effort and even more marked disgust.

"You—you expected Dick up here in your apartments?"

Apartments was a big word for so tiny a nest. Even Maggie caught the incongruity, and under any other circumstances would have smiled.

The mere inclination to smile relieved the situation a little.

"No," she answered directly, "I didn't."

The stranger waved her hand in protest.

"It is no use to tell me falsehoods,"

Continued on next page

"'You—do you honestly think I'm like that?' she stammered"

TWO WOMEN

she cut in. "I know the whole miserable story."

"I don't know what you know," Maggie answered with quick dignity. "But I *wasn't* expectin' Dick up here, and that's what scared me."

"Oh?"

"I was afraid he might come in spite of me," she added.

The stranger turned aside. She didn't relish the implication she herself drew. For a moment she was silent. Then she began again as a disagreeable duty:

"My son—"

Maggie checked her with a quick start.

"You are Dick's mother?" she asked in breathless awe.

"Mr. Langhorne is my son," the woman admitted coldly.

Maggie leaned towards her as though trying to pierce the black veil. She had dreamed of that face which was hidden there. She ached for a glimpse of it.

"Dick's mother!" she repeated with reverence.

Mrs. Langhorne lost her temper—a most undignified thing to do. There wasn't a woman in her set who could have worried her into doing this.

"I forbid you to speak of me and of my son in that intimate way. What right have you? Bah, I can't even discuss it! Sit down, won't you?"

Maggie seated herself on the edge of the bed. She was sure that her hat had worked over to one side.

"I—I want to dispose of this matter as soon as possible," Mrs. Langhorne continued. "My son was unavoidably called away."

The trace of sarcasm in her voice was lost on the girl. The latter reached up and resolutely removed her hat.

"He left a note for you," Mrs. Langhorne concluded. Maggie eagerly reached out her hand for it.

"He left it with the chauffeur and I tore it up," Mrs. Langhorne informed her with decided relish.

Quite unconsciously Maggie clenched her fists. She scowled at the black veil.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded sharply.

Mrs. Langhorne did not answer. At first sight of the black mushroom, she had been absolutely at a loss to account for even a passing infatuation on the part of her son. However defective his tastes, he was a fairly good judge of feminine beauty. Now as Maggie's eyes gained their brilliancy, as her keen, earnest face stood revealed, Mrs. Langhorne caught an expression that held her for a moment. There was a trace of something there which distinguished the otherwise rather ordinary features.

"Why did you do that?" insisted Maggie, resenting this coolly critical stare.

"For the same reason I came down here—to protect my son," she answered deliberately.

"To protect—"

"My son."

Maggie caught her breath at the repeated word. As spoken by Mrs. Langhorne it was a big, majestic word. Somehow it expressed neither Dick nor the mother of Dick. It quite overawed her. She turned her eyes to her new shoes and waited.

"I don't want to mince matters with you," Mrs. Langhorne resumed. "I want to be frank—in order to expedite this business."

She fumbled at the gold net back by her side and drew out a thin narrow book and a fountain pen. She watched the girl shrewdly, while the latter watched her merely curiously.

"How much will you take never to see Mr. Langhorne again?"

It sounded a coarse, brutal question even to her who spoke it. Still she didn't expect to see the girl turn white so suddenly. With a sudden sense of shame, she covered the check book with her hand.

Maggie had risen to her feet with an expression of dumb terror.

Continued from preceding page

"You—do you honestly think I'm like that?" she stammered.

"I haven't thought much about it," answered Mrs. Langhorne weakly. "I don't want to think about it. I simply wish to close the incident and give you what recompense I can. And this—"

She held out the check book. The girl covered her eyes with her hands as though to shut out the sight.

"Don't get hysterical," pleaded Mrs. Langhorne.

She was glad of her veil. She had expected a scene, but not this sort. She felt like a slave dealer.

Maggie sprang toward her like a cub tigress.

"If it was any one but you," she cried, "I'd—I'd pay you for that! I'm not like that—and he knows it! I wish I could hurt you for coming here and—"

She stopped helplessly. After all this was Dick's mother—this was Dick's mother. With the terrible disillusionment, her voice broke and she began to sob.

"Will you—will you just go before I—I forget?" she choked.

Mrs. Langhorne was a woman of quick instincts. She was also a resourceful fighter. She instantly withdrew from her present unfavorable position.

"I apologize," she said quickly, putting back her veil, and looking the girl frankly in the face.

Maggie found herself gazing into eyes that were not unlike Dick's after all. The large nose and mouth were like his, too. She couldn't understand how it was possible, but she saw enough to dispel her suspicions. She couldn't but believe any one who looked so much like Dick. She turned away without a word.

"You forgive me—enough to let me talk to you a little?" asked Mrs. Langhorne in a gentler voice.

Maggie reseated herself on the edge of the bed.

"Go on," she answered dully.

"It's hard," Mrs. Langhorne resumed, "hard for both of us. But it would be still harder for us both if we allowed this to go on. You must give me credit at least for being older and wiser than you."

She paused.

"It seems difficult for me to say anything without appearing brutal," she admitted, "and yet that isn't what I wish. I wish to be fair—fair and clear. Let me ask you a question; you think you—you love Mr. Langhorne?"

"Think?" demanded Maggie, throwing up her head.

With a touch of crimson on her cheeks, Mrs. Langhorne nodded quickly.

"Very well—we'll admit that. But it makes it all the harder for you; all the harder for me. You see now only the rosy side—the big house, the automobiles, the fine clothes."

Maggie straightened up in her new dress. She was glad she had it on.

"Heaven knows I don't begrudge you those things," continued the mother. "As far as that goes, I'm willing to share with you within reason what I myself have. I'm willing—"

Her hand fell significantly to the check book again.

"Without Dick?" Maggie challenged her.

"Of course," answered Mrs. Langhorne, growing impatient.

Maggie's lips grew tense.

"Without him you could have those luxuries all to yourself," Mrs. Langhorne hastened to explain. "With him—you'd have to share them with his friends. And these friends would be merciless to you; cruel to you. They'd spoil every day of your life. They'd humiliate and shame you."

"Me?"

"I'll be frank; they'd turn into bitter every sweet you crave."

"Could they do that to me?" Maggie said half aloud.

"To you?"

Maggie smiled. It wasn't a pleasant smile; it was more of a fierce challenge.

"Let them try it," she burst out angrily. "What do I care about them? He's all the friend I want. Dick's all the friend I want."

Mrs. Langhorne studied her helplessly. The strange part of it was she had an uneasy feeling that the girl spoke the truth—that she would hold herself so far outside the pale that no one could reach her. Mrs. Langhorne could not yet explain this conviction. She merely sensed it. She herself had not penetrated very far beyond the magic circle which seemed to surround this strange creature. There was a peculiar quality of independence and sincerity here for which she could not account. It sprang from some source which she had not yet reached. She played her last card.

"What about Dick?"

"What about him?" Maggie demanded.

"Do you wish to make him sacrifice his family, all his friends? Do you wish to make him a social outcast?"

The girl winced.

"You say you love him; do you wish to do anything to hurt him?" added Mrs. Langhorne, pressing home her point.

Maggie met the gray eyes.

"I'd see myself dead and buried before I'd let harm come to Dick," she said quietly.

Mrs. Langhorne picked up courage.

"Then surely—"

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do for Dick," Maggie broke in, rising again to her feet, "but you don't know what Dick and I want—you don't understand!"

"I—"

Maggie cut her short.

"I'm going to have my say now, and I'll talk honestly to you, Mrs. Langhorne, because you're Dick's mother. You're right, I'd love a big house and pretty clothes. You couldn't live here all your life and *not* want them! But I wouldn't marry a man to get them—not for myself. I can worry along. And you're right, I want money. I wouldn't marry Dick if he didn't have it, any more than I'd marry Denny Morrison. I wouldn't, no matter how much I loved him, because," her voice sank, "it isn't right to the others."

"What others?" demanded Mrs. Langhorne in astonishment.

The girl lowered her eyes. When she replied, it was very gently:

"The ones like—like Billy here."

A wail came from the next room, as though the boy had answered to his name.

"Wait!" exclaimed Maggie.

She hurried out, and in a few seconds came back with Billy wrapped in a soiled and torn blanket. The lad clung to her neck and blinked in wonder at the stranger.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Maggie. "He's had a tough fight, but he's winning. Aren't you, Billy?"

She cuddled the boy to her breast.

"It's for the children—if God was good to Dick and me—that we'd want the money," she said simply, "and because of them I guess we wouldn't mind much what people said or did. That's why."

Mrs. Langhorne had difficulty in breathing. There was a big lump in her throat. This problem was growing complicated. She stepped nearer to look at the child.

"He's a relative of yours?" she asked.

Maggie shook her head. The boy reached up and seized Mrs. Langhorne's gloved finger. Maggie drew him away.

"Don't do that," pleaded Mrs. Langhorne, "let me take him a moment."

Soiled blanket and all, she held him, staring at the ill-nourished face until her eyes grew misty. Then she gave

Continued on next page

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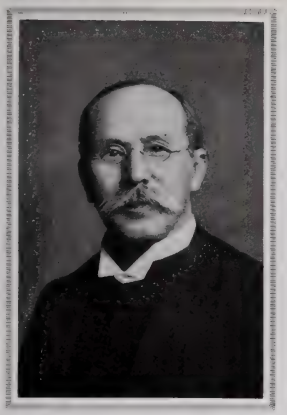

The Late Bishop Yoichi Honda

THE earthly kingdom of Christ has suffered a great loss in the death of Bishop Yoichi Honda of Japan. In 1907 the missionary stations of Japan connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church of America were separated from the American body and formed into an independent national church. Dr. Honda was created a bishop and became the head of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Japan. He had long held a commanding position among the Christian forces of that country, was influential as an educator as well as a clergyman, was known and admired in Europe and America, and was, at the time of his election to the episcopacy, president of the Christian College at Tokyo.

A long forward step was taken in missionary conquest when this new national church was created and a native worker was elevated to its head. Bishop Honda was influential not only among members of his own denomination and other Christians, but had a wide and powerful influence in other circles. The recent Conference of Religions held in Tokyo, at which representatives of Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity were present, appointed a committee of three men to carry the work of the conference further; Bishop Honda was the Christian representative of this committee, and was made its chairman.

His loss will be felt by the whole nation of Japan, a nation now progressing with rapid strides toward a modern civilization, and which has produced already men who were really great. Bishop Honda died at Nagasaki, on March 26, of typhoid fever, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

TWO WOMEN

Continued from preceding page

him back to Maggie's eager arms and sat down weakly. She gazed at the girl as she might at a Madonna. Recalling the words she had spoken a little while ago, she turned scarlet. She felt as though she had committed a sacrilege.

And yet the problem which had dragged her down here still remained. But when she took it up again she found herself looking at it from a new angle. She had come here as the jealous, narrow mother of her son, and now, with that Madonna in front of her, she was forced to recognize a sacred kinship, demanding a still higher loyalty. This girl, with yearnings as yet only half understood, half expressed, was fighting for instincts which were the heritage of their common sex, and which called for broad justice. This involved a consideration of the other side of the question: was her son big enough to live up to the obligations of the clear white duty this girl would thrust upon him? It was a humiliating point for the mother to raise, but she did not flinch from it.

The boy was impulsively generous at times, but the very impulse which now prompted him to defy his own for this alliance might in the end prompt him to cast it off. She feared that the dramatic charm, which for the moment made the episode romantic to the boy, would not be sustained. There was nothing vital back of it in him, such as inspired this girl. It was a pity there was not. Such an inspiration rose above caste; rose above blood. But she admitted the truth, bitterly admitted it. In the end, this Madonna might be a sacrifice. The gold, which to Maggie bespoke only protection, was to Dick a lure which threatened his destruction. It furnished him not the opportunities for fatherhood, but the opportunities for spurning it.

Billy, feeling himself to be in safe company, had gone to sleep. Mrs. Langhorne crossed to Maggie's side. She placed her hand upon the girl's shoulder, and spoke in a low, earnest voice.

"This is the naked truth," she confessed; "my son—my son is not good enough for you."

Maggie looked up and smiled gently.

"I mean it," insisted Mrs. Langhorne, though the words burned her throat.

Maggie still smiled. With her head thrown back a little, her eyes, with their deep light, meeting the eyes of gray grown infinitely tender (like Dick's at their best), she smiled, softly patting the little warm figure in her arms.

"Don't let Dick take you away from your own," pleaded Mrs. Langhorne. "I know it will be hard; for a little while it will be hard for you, but the other way there are dangers you don't even suspect. I'm telling you what I've learned myself. The lack of money can't do the harm to the others that money itself can. Stay here. Stay here with Billy."

"I love him," answered Maggie, "but he isn't my own."

"You'll find your own—down here," insisted Mrs. Langhorne, "and when found, they'll be all your very own."

"My own would be my own wherever I was," answered Maggie, "but they don't stay long down here. Two—like him—have gone already. You'd better let them stay unborn than go like that."

Mrs. Langhorne drew a deep breath. She knew nothing of this. Dick was the only one she had ever had. And now Dick was the only one through whom she could look for others. If this little girl with the wonderful eyes could—if she *could* bring others to her! If she could inspire in Dick what she had inspired in a very worldly wise old woman—a feeling that nothing counted against the holy Madonna instinct! Decent surroundings and training could do much to offset what was now lacking in blood. As for Dick's friends, her own friends—what would they matter if Maggie could hold the boy straight? It was the sort of thing Dick's father might have sanctioned had he lived. The miracle was that she herself should now consider it as a possibility.

"Maggie," she said, and hesitated. "May I call you Maggie?"

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Maggie, I've said all I can—all I can."

"I'm sorry," said Maggie.

"Everything except—God bless you."

"You mean—" cried Maggie.

Mrs. Langhorne wearily passed her hand over her eyes.

"That I shall pray God to bless you—both," she said.

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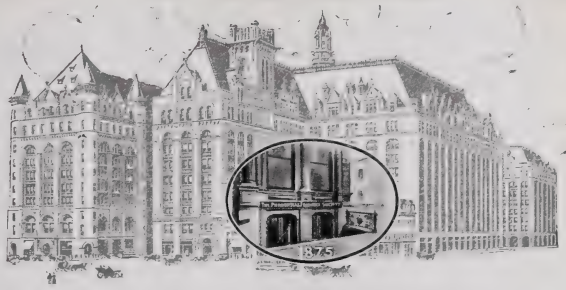

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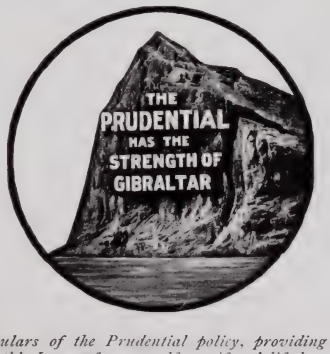

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You and Yours Need This Protection

THE OUTDOOR WOMAN

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

How Does Your Garden Grow?

THE joy of the garden is perennial. Eve set the fashion of working in the garden before she left the bowers of Eden. No doubt after she had stepped outside its realm of peace and beauty, she found real solace for her woe in helping Adam in his task of subduing the ground and compelling it to yield food for sustenance and grain for harvesting. Eve's housekeeping in that far-off day was a simple thing compared with the complex home living of her daughters. She must have been to the very end of her days that great first mother of the race, an outdoor woman, and one may be sure that she never ceased to be happy in her garden. In the springtime of the year the question we may ask one another is: *How does your garden grow?* If you have only the narrow borders that surround a city grass plot or only a little window garden, you may still have the pleasure of seeing green things start up from the soil, and before your eyes Nature will repeat her amazing miracles as remarkable in their swiftness and efflorescence in the little space as in the large. If you live in the country, you may have a vegetable garden that shall furnish you with succulent edibles for the table and a strawberry bed in which you shall revel with pride and delight. You may raise berries and gather ripe fruits and walk through your own orchard, but the real, overflowing, never-ceasing and daily renewed bliss that shall be your portion you will find in a garden of flowers.

Judge Mabel Van Dyke Bell

JUDGE BELL, the new Federal commissioner at Covington, Ky., is the only woman judge in the United States. She made history when on January 25 last she held her first court for Uncle Sam, for it was the first time a woman judge ever held court in the United States. Judge Bell is married and has two children attending a public school in Covington. She has been in the Federal service for a number of years, but only recently was she made judge in a Federal court.

The wise woman depends more upon hardy perennials than upon the plants that are only for the season, although she will take pains to have both. In the spading of the soil and its enrichment with fertilizers she must call upon the friendly help of husband, brother or hired man, but the woman who loves a garden for its own sake is independent of assistance after the roughest work is done. Among the hardy plants that never fail in repaying our labor with bloom and fragrance, lilacs and lilies are pre-eminent in the foreground. The plumes of the lilac, white or purple and sweet as honey, carry us in thought to our grandmothers' gardens. There are rambler roses that year after year climb to the roof of the veranda, their myrrad flowers greeting the eye of the beholder with splendid color, while their rapid growth is like that of Jonah's gourd.

A bed of lilies of the valley and a bed of pansies is each an unspeakable delight. The woman who has a garden prizes her flowers for the beauty that belongs to them, for the pleasure they give her and for the messages they may carry to sick rooms, to little children and distant friends. Sometimes she succeeds in cultivating a wild garden, but it is the exceptional woman who can coax the flowers of the forest to make themselves at home in the garden beside her door. They seem exiled when torn from their natural habitat. They thrive best under the fostering care of Mother Nature, and are short-lived when another hand than hers undertakes their care.

The Vagrant Mood

YOU cannot play tennis after you are fifty, although you may play croquet and acquit yourself uncommonly well. The day of running a race and the day of violent exercise ends with women with the passing of youth. That particular period comes to some earlier and to others later than a time indicated by a particular milestone, but it is perfectly safe to say that the frankly middleaged woman is more dignified, more comfortable and, on the whole, more in keeping with the laws of health if she then ceases to rush about and begins to take life tranquilly. The vagrant mood that comes in April and May is as familiar to the active elderly woman as to her juniors. No woman who has maintained her health and poise at the high level that should be woman's birthright need cease to live out of doors because she has gone a little beyond her noon-day. Walking and tramping and picnicking and looking for wild flowers and carrying home in triumph great branches of dogwood and pink sheaves of mountain laurel are as easily within reach of the woman who is growing old as of the girl in her teens. The outdoor woman may wave a defiant challenge in the face of Time. Just as a woman is beautiful in her early unfolding, she may be gracious and fascinating and regal in the beauty of her later days. She will miss all that she ought to have in that department labeled Good Looks, if she spend all her time bending over sewing or baking over a fire.

When the vagrant mood gets possession of one, she ought resolutely to drop indoor work, simplify the preparation of meals, postpone the housecleaning until a more convenient season and set off on an outdoor tramp. If she cannot go farther than the nearest field or stream, let her take her book or her work with her and yield herself up to sunshine and loafing. Headaches, indigestion and melancholy, the demons whose variety is legion, are easily routed when one yields to the vagrant mood. As often as the spring days come Stevenson's exquisite lyric voices for us the sentiment of the vagrant mood:

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this or t'other place?
There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's rarely worth the traveling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie
The traveling mountains of the sky,
Or let the streams in exile mode
Direct your choice upon a road.

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away.

Continued on next page

Aunt Em'ly and Pie.

"Times have changed. Pie twice a day was all the style when I was a girl. Once in a while there was pudding for dinner, but pie was the stand-by.

"Now there isn't one of the children that doesn't like

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better than pie, and I must say I'm glad of it. Pie is dreadful hard on stomachs."

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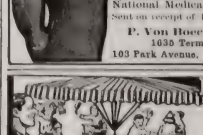

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THE OUTDOOR WOMAN

Continued from preceding page

The Care of Clothing

CAREFUL mothers are usually by way of insisting that there shall be a broad line of demarcation between best and second-best and everyday clothing. The best gown, the nicest hat and the prettiest suit if worn to church or lecture or musical are to be taken off and replaced by something less new and fine. This at least used to be the dictate of the home ruler in simpler days than ours. "Every day is a raw makes Sunday a daw" was a proverb often on the lips of an old-fashioned grandmother. Another lady who had arrived at her ninetieth year with the tradition of her youth unshimmed, gazed with actual horror into the heedless girl. "My dear," she exclaimed, "do you keep your gloves thrown around in heaps, and have you never been taught to fold your laces and ribbons? In my day we took care of our clothes." The truth is that the woman who aspires to be well dressed will consult economy and achieve distinction by following out the counsels and suggestions of these good grandmothers. Gloves should be sent to the cleaner before they reach a stage where their rejuvenation is almost impossible. They should, too, be kept in boxes of their own, or in silk cases made for the purpose of preserving them from dust and soil. When removed from the hand the fingers should be pulled out and the gloves made to resemble new ones as yet unworn. We all know that it is not a bad thing to let a gown or wrap go into occasional retirement. When one has grown a bit discouraged over a garment, seeing its defects, regretting that it is somewhat out of fashion, and positively disliking the way she looks in it, she should, if possible, hang it up for a while in the darkest corner of her closet. Weeks later, she may put it on again and it will seem to have renewed its youth and beauty.

The young girl who comes in, and, having assumed an apron, takes up her share of the household duties, may be certain that her spring suit will look shabby long before the season is over. In the one detail of shoes alone, the woman who keeps her outdoor and indoor footgear for the times and seasons to which it belongs will be better shod, as well as much more comfortable, than her friend who insists on wearing a single pair of shoes all day.

The best-dressed woman is not necessarily the one who spends the most money. Time, thought and taste tell to the advantage of dress. Those who persist in speaking of carelessness in dress as if it were a merit are greatly mistaken. To be pleasingly, though, far better, not elaborately dressed, and as attractive as she may be, is every woman's duty, and the dress that suits the occasion confers dignity upon the wearer. "Why do you wear a pretty bow in your hair, and take so much pains to have a becoming tie?" some one asked the teacher of a large class in the public school. "I wear my ribbons and put on my bows and make myself attractive because I have to influence for good fifty boys every day," was the reply. The teacher was right. Her boys believed in her much more than they would had she been a dowdy.

THE LORD'S PORTION

MANY letters are received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from its readers concerning tithes, Christian giving, the "Lord's portion," etc. We are glad to be able to set before them today the views of so distinguished an authority as Professor David Smith, D.D., LL.D., who in every essential point expresses the same views that have appeared from time to time on this subject in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We take the following extract from his article in the *British Weekly:*

"An income without God's portion is like a week without a Sabbath or a town without a church. It is characteristic of the two dispensations that, whereas the Law required a tenth, there is no assessment under the Gospel. Christianity is the religion of the Spirit, and never deals with men in the way of commands and prohibitions. It puts the love of Christ in our hearts, and 'the love of Christ constraineth us.' It calls us sons of God, and puts us on our honor to be worthy of that high kinship. 'Freely,' says Jesus, 'ye have received, freely give.'

"The trouble is that it is difficult where there is no prescription to determine how much one ought to give, and to be assured that one is giving enough; and it seems to me that there are two practical and effective tests. There is no true liberality where there is no sacrifice, no self-denial; where one's contribution is made 'of one's superfluity' (Mark 12: 44, R. V.), that is, of the surplus which remains over after one's own wants are supplied. Shall I 'offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing?' Thus the measure of our liberality is not what we give, but what we retain. It is difficult for a rich man to be liberal. He must give so much in order that he may miss what he gives, in order that it may cost him a sacrifice and involve self-denial.

"What proportion does our Christian liberality bear to our expenditure on luxuries? A wealthy friend once told me how this consideration first came home to him and led him to revise his scale of giving. It was at the outset of his successful career, when he was earning a good salary. His lifelong hobby was a well-bred dog; and, looking over his cash book one day, he remarked two adjacent entries. One was 'To Foreign Missions, 60 cents,' and the other, 'To terrier pup, $26.' There was no harm whatever in the latter entry; it was perfectly legitimate. The harm lay in its disproportion to the former. A man who could afford so much for a toy could afford more for the conversion of the heathen. It is perhaps less unfortunate than it seems that religion should be so mixed up with money. Money is a test not only of a gentleman but of a Christian; and the fact is that most of us stand the test wonderfully well, far better than we think.

"In justice to ourselves we ought to define more accurately that phrase, 'giving to the Lord.' It comprehends not merely what we cast into the temple treasury, but all that we bestow on others for love or pity's sake. Is it not written that 'he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord'? It is not only our contributions toward the support of the ministry and the evangelization of the heathen that are 'given to the Lord,' but all our public and private charities; and if everything be fairly reckoned, it will be found that it is not a mere tenth of their incomes that some of us are giving, but a far larger proportion."

The Art Covers Give Great Pleasure

Was it by inspiration that you conceived the idea of these glorious Art Covers? I always feast my eyes on them for a while before turning a leaf. You cannot know what pleasure these gems bring into the lives of country housewives, to whom the great art galleries must be forever closed. These masterpieces carry more culture into the household than volumes about esthetic development.

Shirleysburg, Pa. EMMA L. COLGATE.

Prof. Anderson's Finality in Food

The Result of Seven Years' Work

These delightful foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—hold a unique position.

Here alone are the millions of food granules literally blasted to pieces.

Whole grains are made wholly digestible. That has for decades been the ultimate aim of scientists in food.

The Costly Process

To accomplish this purpose the grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes *in a heat of 550 degrees.*

Every atom of moisture within the grain is changed to super-heated steam. When the guns are unsealed that steam explodes. The granules of grain are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. It begins before the grains reach the stomach.

Your physician knows what this means.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c *Except in Extreme West*

The explosion does this in addition:

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

A myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls, so the crisp grains melt in the mouth.

The terrific heat has given the grains the flavor of toasted nuts. And the grains become the most delightful foods ever served on the morning table.

How Millions of Dishes Are Being Served

Folks who know Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now consume 22,000,000 dishes monthly.

Some serve them with cream and sugar. Some mix them with fruit, to give a nut-like blend.

Some serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. That's the ideal bedtime dish.

Boys eat them dry, like peanuts. Girls use them in candy making. Cooks use them in frosting cake.

These countless people are all happier and healthier because these foods were invented.

Have you found them out?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(246)

What's the Matter With a Fountain Pen *When It Leaks*

We will explain:

When you set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, *all* the ink doesn't run to the bottom. Some always stays up in the little, straight feed tube leading to pen point.

When the pen gets warm from your body heat—98 degrees—the *air* that is always in a pen barrel, expands. It expands up through the feed tube, forcing the ink up and out on the end of the pen. So, when you remove cap to write, you get smeared.

Now, the Parker Pen does *not* leak, because there is *No* Ink In The Feed Tube.

You see the Parker feed tube is *curved*,—the Lucky Curve. The *curved end touches* the barrel wall. This touch causes Capillary Attraction, which sucks all ink out of the feed tube the instant pen is turned upright. Thus it is *empty* when the warm air ascends.

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cannot leak in any position—even carried upside down. *Pen knife* size for ladies. $2.50 up.

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LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN

New Disappearing Clip

holds on to your pocket like a bulldog, and *disappears* into its kennel when you want to write.

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Money refunded if any Parker Pen doesn't please. We protect dealer. If your dealer doesn't keep Parker's, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalog and sell to you direct.

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Sense and Nonsense

Conducted by JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

A Talk About War

Marietta Holley
Author of *Samantha at Coney Island*

SEZ Samantha to Josiah the other day: "I should think the nations would be ashamed to cling to that most barbarous custom of barbarism, the most cruel and awful, the most costly and senseless. Why, you would punish school children if they tried to settle their quarrels by a fight; you would make 'em leave it to the teacher and trustees to settle. And children ort to grow better and wiser as they grow older, and not more evil and foolish."

Sez Josiah, "Wimmen don't understand these great matters, Samantha. Their brains hain't big enough, or hard enough."

"I wonder, Josiah, if any one can understand the wisdom of warfare that turns human bein's into wild beasts of prey. Mercy, pity and goodness all trod down under the feet of the great armies! And think of the more ghastly army of pestilence, crime and want that foller after—a phantom host shadowin' and blackenin' the land, mightier for woe and evil than the army they foller. Why, I couldn't tell you the horrors of war, if I should talk for hundreds of years."

"I don't want to hear you talk that length of time, Samantha, anyway. I git considerable tired now when you talk stiddy without stoppin' for only a week or two."

"But," I sez in solemn axents, "it couldn't be told by mortal tongues, Josiah. It is a language writ in broken hearts, despair, madness, want, crime and death."

"But what would you do, Samantha, if another nation imposed upon you?"

"As I said, Josiah, you wouldn't let school children dash out in their first hot anger and kill and maim each other; you'd make 'em leave their quarrels to wiser and cooler heads to settle. And in peaceful times, you wouldn't let 'em spend all their money for shot guns and rifles and struttin' round before each other so heavy weighted with fightin' stock they couldn't hardly waddle."

"Oh, pshaw! that's entirely different."

"I d'no as it is; the nations are staggerin' under the weight of their armies and navies, spendin' most of their incomes in preparations for war—warships, war pensions, etc.—and tryin' to outdo each other in murderous weepons. You'd put a stop to it, if it wuz children's doin's."

"Oh, blame it onto me if you want to, but I overlook it in you bein' a female, Samantha. They can't understand, none on 'em, how a man's or a nation's honor can't be infringed on without speedy punishment."

"So the duelists used to say, but that is done away with."

"Fightin' begun in the Garden of Eden. War always has been and always will be," Josiah persisted.

"So the slaveholders used to say, but slavery passed away."

"Oh, keep on arguin' and arguin', and comparin' us nations and men to deestrict school children."

"Josiah, we are all on us only poor ignorant school children, sot down here on the hard bench of life, to learn our lessons and try to git 'em perfect enough to be promoted into a higher class. And the great Master of our world school told his pupils to love their enemies, and do good to them that injured 'em."

"That is good talk, Samantha; but I ask you agin, would you scrooch down and be stole from and imposed upon?"

"Enough money is spent on war and preparations for it and its ghastly effects, to educate and convert the world to the beautiful knowledge of love and peace. Folks are beginnin' to realize it, the noble Peace Commission—"

"The Peace Commission," snorted Josiah, "hain't managed right. They hadn't ort to start for peace meetin's in new warships and their pockets full of stuns."

Sez I, "Let good smart men, chosen by the people, arbitrate and—"

"A good smart man!" interrupted Josiah. "I know what you're hintin' at. You'd like to put it onto me; but I tell you I can't tend to it with all the rest of my work."

And rememberin' his barn chores, he started out in haste.

Among the Workers

—A GREAT NUMBER OF converts, most of them men, are reported from the great union campaign conducted by evangelists Hart and Magann at Homestead, Pa. A large tabernacle was built for the meetings, in which all the Protestant churches of the city united. Many workmen from the Carnegie steel works were among the converts, and numbers of them started their Christian life well by working to bring their companions to Christ. The evangelists began another union campaign on March 17 at St. Joseph, Mo.

—DR. JOHN H. ELLIOTT and his associate, Mr. Albert S. Reitz, recently closed a union evangelistic mission in the city of Norristown, Pa. Fifteen churches and the Y. M. C. A. united with the movement. A deep, abiding work was done in the quickening of the church life, and in the reclaiming of many outside the church. Pastors and people alike expressed their delight in the way the campaign was conducted. From March 7 to March 24, Dr. Elliott and Mr. Reitz were in Hempstead, N. Y., with the united churches. From there they went to Knoxville, Tenn., for a week's work with the Men and Religion Forward Movement. Their next campaign is at Danville, Ky.

—THE BREAD-LINE instituted by the Gospel Mission in Washington, D. C., two years ago has proved a great blessing to the poor of that city. A "penny lunch" has been established by the mission where newsboys, messengers, and men hard up or out of work can get a satisfying meal, every item of which costs but one cent; a cent for coffee, a cent for bread or roll, a cent for a bowl of soup, a cent for a plate of baked beans and pork. The mission also conducts a kindling wood business, a free dispensary, and during the severe weather provided shelter for homeless women and children. Definite spiritual work is carried on, and the claims of the Gospel earnestly presented. Future plans for the mission include the establishment of a Bible school and a market where the poor may buy food at low cost.

—REV. AND MRS. JOHN MOE, missionaries at Nankuantao, in Shantung Province, North China, have been in this country on furlough and are about to return to their work. They have been visiting their parents and friends in Decatur, Ill. Mrs. Sue M. Hagaman, of that city, is organizing a group to equip and support a hospital in connection with Mr. Moe's work. Mrs. Hagaman has already been one of the prime movers in establishing a large hospital at Decatur and is moved by the account of the need on the foreign field to undertake this new work. Mr. and Mrs. Moe are located where the suffering and want of the Chinese people are distressingly evident. Their work has been greatly blessed, and they are hoping to establish in connection with it not only a hospital but a training school as well.

—MR. W. L. C. BREY, of Chicago, writes: "In sending check for $2 to renew your valuable paper, I enclose an item from our Sunday School paper which may interest your readers, showing what the Lord has done at a meeting for the recruits of the United States army. A decision card was used, and a circular letter was given to the boys who signed the card. Now we have four services every week at Jefferson Barracks, eleven miles south of St. Louis. There is a class for Bible study. The writer obtained permission from the military authorities in Jefferson Barracks, and later from the War Department, to begin religious services—and with God's guidance and blessing, and the co-operation of the pastors and laymen of St. Louis, we have been enabled to maintain the work to date." The published accounts show that the meetings have been attended with excellent spiritual results.

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is the neatest little contrivance for applying glue ever devised. You can spread a wide strip, as shown in the picture, or a narrow one, by using the end of the spreader. Besides, you can get the thin blade into crevices where a brush—clumsy and sticky—would never go.

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MAPLEINE Cook Book Free on Request.

Helping China's Orphans

SEVERAL of our missionaries in China have sent letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, expressing a warm and appreciative interest in the effort that is now being made to provide for the support of the famine orphans at the various missions. These letters make it clear that the good missionaries have had to face many hardships recently, and that their lot has been particularly trying one for many months past, owing to the war and the rise of all kinds of provisions to famine prices. "We are living in hopes that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will still be able to help us to provide for our little girls," writes a missionary at Hangchow, "for it would be a very hard task to turn any of them off." This same feeling is expressed in all the letters. We trust that our readers who have not already done so will try to help these faithful missionaries to provide for these little ones by sending in their contributions to our Chinese Famine Orphan Fund. Acknowledgments of the contributions to the Fund received during the last week are printed below:

A friend, Bridgeport, Conn.	$2.00
Margaret & Sarah Herdman	2.00
Mrs. Isaac Wolfe	1.00
Mrs. Sarah Stevens	1.00
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Stewart Martin	1.00
Mrs. J. S. Atwood	12.50
Two friends, Union Grove, Wis.	25.00
Grace Dakins	5.00
C. McLennan	5.00
W. A. Gray	5.00
Lucy A. Prevost	5.00
Mrs. A. McClung	5.00
Miss Annie Cox	1.00
Mr. & Mrs. I. O. Wafflard	5.00
M. W. Ellis	5.00
J. P. Staples	1.00
C. E. Arne	5.00
A. Fauth	5.00
Rev. & Mrs. O. J. Purington	2.00
Elizabeth Hirt	5.00
H. O. Cooper	25.00
T. A. Berry	5.00
Sunday School, Prathersville, Mo.	4.40
Mr. & Mrs. H. Brinkmeyer	5.00
A. M. Dosh	5.00
Mary & Guy Gordon	5.00
Mrs. L. Miller	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Weaver	10.00
Jas. Mackey	20.00
Mrs. S. C. Barber	5.00
S. E. Barlow	1.00
Ada L. Brokaw	5.00
Mrs. C. W. Davis	10.00
Tularosa Sunday School, Mississippi	4.55
J. L. Cunningham	5.00
Mrs. Jno. W. Cooke	10.00
A. J. Clemner	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. E. C. Bent	5.00
Amanda M. Huston	15.00

Called Higher

Charles F. Greiman died at his home in York, Pa., on June 1, 1911, at the age of 78.

Thomas Watts (89), of Bethune, S. C., passed away November 21, 1911. He was for many years a devoted reader of this paper.

Mrs. O. H. P. Sheldon (85), of Paw Paw, Mich., departed this life on December 1, 1911. For sixty-four years she was a devoted church member.

Mr. Jackson Young (86) died at South Westville, N. J., September 29, 1911. He was a devout Christian and for many years a subscriber to this magazine.

Jane L. Bunker (77) departed this life September 18, 1911, at Bloomfield, N. Y. She was a faithful church member and a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Emma H. Fultz (71) of Geneva, Fla., passed to her eternal rest December 27, 1911. She was a true Christian and a loyal member of the HERALD Family.

Mrs. E. D. Chapman (62) died November 22, 1911, at Rummerfield, Pa. For twenty years she cared for her invalid husband, who preceded her by only three weeks to their heavenly home.

William Gunn, of Harbor Beach, Mich., was called higher December 25, 1911. He was a true Christian and friend. During the many years that he subscribed to this paper, after enjoying its weekly contents, he passed it on to others.

Chinese Students Help Famine Relief

THE Chinese students at Columbia University, New York, have decided to hold an entertainment on April 22 at the West Side Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, Fifty-seventh Street, for the purpose of raising some fund to relieve the famine-stricken people in China. The program will include pictures on the Chinese Revolution, Chinese magic, a Chinese orchestra, and a series of performances, showing the Manchu Court, its corruptions, its ceremonial rites and the life of Yuan Shi Kai. Those who are to take part in the entertainment are the Chinese boy and girl students in New York City. All funds realized from the sale of tickets will be applied to famine relief.

It's all in the *angle!*

The clean, smooth, slanting stroke that meets and cuts the beard at an angle, without pulling or scraping—the stroke of the expert barber—is the natural stroke of the Young, and the "any angle" feature does it. The

Young Any-Angle Razor

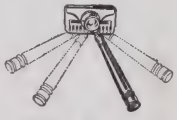
is the diagonal stroke made safe. It shaves clean, it shaves quick and shaves with absolute safety. It shaves the way the experienced barber shaves and with an edge as keen. But with the barber it is *expertness;* with you it is the Young Razor and its "angle" feature. A touch tilts the blade, so that a straight pull on the handle produces a slanting stroke with the blade.

There is nothing to learn—the skill is in the razor.

Try the slanting stroke shave with a Young Razor. You will find the blades as keen and as smooth-cutting as the finest tempered steel, carefully ground, honed, and stropped, can make them. You will find the razor itself the lightest, handiest, simplest, and most nicely balanced of any you have ever used.

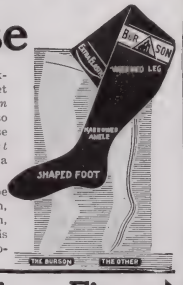
30 Day Trial

Dealers are authorized to take back the Young and refund the purchase price, if after using it thirty days you wish to return it. If your dealer cannot supply you, order from us, with same return privilege. Price, including 12 keen blades, with genuine leather case **$3.00**



Young Safety Razor Co., 1735 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

BURSON Hose



are the only stockings on the market that are shaped *in the knitting,* so that they fit close and snug — *just right* — without a seam.

The Burson shape is not sewed in, nor pressed in, but knit in. It is wearproof and tubproof.

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and will correctly set to the figure until the stockings wear out. This is because Burson Machines fit as they knit the stocking—and without the uncomfortable, unbecoming seam.

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CUFFS AND BOSOMS

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Dept. O,
Detroit, Mich.

The Bible and the Citizen

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

OUR Pilgrim fathers brought the Bible to American shores as their chief guide for both church and state. With it they solved their early problems in the settlement of social and civic disputes and of nation-building. Indeed, the cardinal object in leaving the fatherland was in order that these sturdy religious crusaders might be untrammeled in their inclination and convictions concerning this Book. Individual liberty of interpretation of the Scriptures, with a deep personal freedom of conscience, made the Bible the first book of these early founders of state. In the squares and commons of New England we still see the significant stone or bronze Pilgrim with a Bible beneath his arm—his constant companion and guardian for life.

The degree to which later questions of American civic, municipal, and national life have depended upon the Bible is not always fully apprehended. Dr. W. W. Moore, in his excellent treatise entitled *The Indispensable Book,* draws attention to the fact that our American idea of government, making the rulers exist for the good of the people, was derived from the Old Testament teaching of God to the Hebrews. There the Oriental idea of government, as existing for the sake of lifting into prominence the ruler, is revised:

> For the Lord's portion is his people. (Deut. 32: 9.)
> For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation. (Ps. 149: 4.)
> As yet exaltest thou thyself against my people, that thou wilt not let them go? (Ex. 9: 17.)
> If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury. (Ex. 22: 25.)

If one would discover the influence of the Bible in our national citizenship, let him read the Constitution of the United States, or some of the early books of law, making note of Biblical references and allusions. The Bible is quoted in almost every one of America's impressive public documents, in virtually every great and national message, and it is the attendant of well-nigh every important ceremonial or sacrament of American civic and national life. Bible precepts are woven into nearly every creed—social, religious or political—of the nation. Indeed, the stronger fraternal organizations have given so large a place in their rituals to the Bible that some members of such societies regard their vow of allegiance as equivalent to a Christian vow.

Virtually every great representative American has not only spoken of the Bible, but has made a thorough study of this Book. Andrew Jackson spoke of the Bible as the rock on which our republic rests. Lincoln knew the Bible better than any other one piece of literature; his sayings and his words remaining to us are filled with references of high estimation for the Christian Scriptures. A certain kind of skepticism was assigned to Thomas Jefferson, but he once made this statement: "I always have said and always will say that the perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better Christians." The statements of Ulysses Grant are well known: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives."

In view of the evident importance of the message of the Bible to our nation, let us consider its concrete word to our own times. As this Book has had a voice for every mood of our country's life, it must have something definite and direct to say to us to-day. It would seem that there has not been a time in American history when, as a people, we were more busily engaged in shaping and readjusting our national and international policies, in building up mighty fortunes, in revamping our social and religious creeds in the light of new demands, in building a government of the people, and by the people, upon principles equal and just.

To such a time as this the word of the Bible comes to Americans in a threefold message—to our commercial, to our political and to our spiritual life.

The Bible's Message to American Commerce

The sixty-six varied and vital books of Scripture have a direct bearing upon the world of affairs. These pages are alive with examples of kingdoms and men rising only to fall because they have not seen clearly the real objective of wealth and business. Babylon and Rome, Athens and Jerusalem, Solomon and Cæsar are in the Bible for a purpose. How many of our citizens are reading these thrilling histories and biographies in relation to our own times?

Jesus' descriptions and teachings reveal the fact that he anticipated the difficulties of seeing in correct proportion the things of the world. With pathetic humor he pictures men foolishly building houses on sand; short-sightedly erecting new barns to hold fleeting treasure; rich men thinking to buy happiness with gold; souls that gain the world but lose themselves. He describes also people like ourselves who give little time to reflection; often worried and busy with the cares and deceitfulness of worldly accumulation; missing the "better part" that he said Mary, the sister of Lazarus, had chosen. He is constantly reminding us of the pearl of great price, and the bread of life, whereof if a man eat, Jesus declares, he shall never die. The peace that passeth knowledge, the rest that is untouched by fears of the morrow, the joy made full in unselfish labor for others, the death that is a door to more abundant life—such values the Master is ever placing in direct contrast to mere *things.*

In other words, the Bible brings our commercial ideas to the judgment-seat of wisdom, which the Old Testament writer calls "understanding." It is judgment, sense of right, proper perspective upon the affairs of life, character, ability to see through the action to the goal—this is the gift of Bible study. It reminds us constantly that the kingdom of God and his righteousness have their rightful home in the practical relationships of everyday life.

This time-spirit, this emphasis upon things as gods, is due to haste, to the fitful unrest and confusion of our days rather than to our lack of seriousness. Frequently I meet men in travel who confess that they have not read a book in a year. These men are not frivolous men—quite the opposite. They are specialists in buying and selling, in advertising, in real estate, in money, crops, machinery or politics; but they are looking at "their thing" so closely that they see but dimly, if at all, the broader horizon of life. They are men who can not see the woods for the trees. I asked a fellow traveler recently about the chief political tendencies of his section; his answer was, "I am too busy to bother about politics." Such men, who are too busy to observe the signs of the times, are also too preoccupied to discover whither their own lives are tending.

The danger of American life to-day is that the majority of the people will come to believe that nothing pays but that which brings money. If such conditions become universal, this nation, like Babylon, will be crushed by the vulgarity of its ambition, smothered beneath the mountain of its materialism.

In the last ten years we have witnessed a remarkable moral renaissance in American public affairs.

Continued on next page

Do Away With the Truss

New Appliance invented guaranteed to retain rupture comfortably at all times

Sent on Trial

It is a well-known fact that while great improvements have been made in almost every conceivable thing to lessen the burdens of afflicted mankind everywhere, and to make the sufferer more comfortable, the undisputed fact still remains that ruptured men who are not only disqualified for work, but are also suffering untold misery and are each moment in danger of death, have been absolutely compelled to wear the same old, ungainly, cumbersome, torturous trusses that their forefathers used in the Dark Ages.

The pad or devise that is applied to the rupture is the all important feature of any mechanical arrangement for retaining rupture. Nearly all the trusses of to-day consist of a pad of wood, hard rubber, or felt attached to a band of steel or cloth with great pads on the back which necessarily press upon and often disease parts of the body that before were in a perfectly healthy condition.

C. E. BROOKS, the Inventor of the Rupture Appliance

The Brooks Appliance is fitted with an AUTOMATIC AIR-CUSHION which follows every movement of the body, always covers the ruptured spot and is always where it should be to do the most good. The part of the cushion which comes in contact with the skin is soft, pliable gum rubber. It clings closely, so that irritation and slipping is impossible, and yet it is cool and comfortable because of the constant circulation of air through it. It is simple of construction, so there is nothing to get out of order—nothing that can break.

We are selling this Appliance under a positive guarantee of money refunded if not satisfactory. We do NOT guarantee to cure any more than any doctor will guarantee to cure his patient. We DO guarantee to furnish a perfect fitting Appliance, one that will give the wearer solid comfort and retain the protrusion at all times and under all circumstances.

The purchaser is the sole judge of the efficiency of the Appliance, and if for any reason whatever (which does not have to be furnished us) it is returned, the price paid will be refunded in full. Thus you see it is sold strictly on its merits.

This Appliance is endorsed and adopted by thousands of physicians, and we can furnish references and recommendations in any county or city in the U. S. A. The United States War Department has purchased quantities of our Appliances for Hospital use during the past eight years, and this fact alone stands out as greater proof of its efficiency than any argument we could advance.

Further information regarding the Appliance, rules for self measurements and catalogue sent Free in sealed envelope.

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The Bible and the Citizen

Continued from preceding page

This revival of conscience in connection with our national life can be traced to several causes. It is inherent in the temperament of Americans, who are frankly honest, though long suffering, intensely earnest, often excessive, and frequently changeable in their pursuance of serious lines of action. Able and earnest men in public life have revealed the slumbering righteousness in the nation's heart and have given it a voice. The voice, however, in many instances was that of Sinai rather than the Mount of Olives. The method of reform was by external legislation, by exaction, by the "thou shalt not," the force of might rather than the persuasive and sovereign power of inner voluntary choice. The weakness of this system lies in its failure to produce principles of rightmindedness and individual standards applicable to all occasions. As a wise Christian Senator remarked, in the midst of this furor of reform, the deeply essential message of the Christian Gospel is still an undiscovered country by the modern man of affairs.

But now to one who listens intently for the voice of the people there comes the cry for a deeper reform; otherwise we could not have such wonderful works as those of the Laymen's Missionary enterprise, the awakening of church brotherhoods all over the land, the Student Volunteer Movement, the Bible study awakening in the colleges, the Men and Religion campaign as wide as the nation, together with the no less distinctive religious movements or social betterment in America—campaigns engaging men regardless of nationality, station or creed.

If these movements are to be anything other than colossal moral, religious and social trusts, with religion as a dress and not a dynamic, the individual must be touched in the realm of his spirit life. He must be more than an opportunist in moral and social reform. Honesty must be something more than the best policy. It must be a part of a deeper strain of personal righteousness, gripping not only a few leaders at the summit of society, but holding also the individual units of that society, and that in a systematic fashion.

Suppose for example that we could get the majority of the individuals in America to spend one half hour daily reading the New Testament, and to continue this reading for a single month. Do you not believe that we would secure a different product in our national awakening? Do you not think it would change our attitude toward war? Would it not make the brotherhood of man something concrete rather than a high-sounding phrase in the journals of self-absorbed social and ethical propagandists?

Answered Prayers

C. F. C., Greene, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer."

A. D. K., Millersville, Pa. "I have had a special prayer answered through faith."

Miss L. G., Mineral Point, Pa. "I had many prayers answered, and wish to thank our Lord."

J. E., Concord, N. C. "I desire to acknowledge to the world that God does answer prayer."

Mrs. J. W. L, Middletown, Ill. "My prayers have been answered, and I praise His holy name."

M. E. G., Troy, N. Y. "In answer to prayer God has restored my health, and I wish to acknowledge it."

E. L., St. Clairsville, O. "I give thanks unto the Lord, for I was much troubled and he answered my prayer."

L. W. B., Gossville, N. H. "I have received many wonderful answers to prayer. Let no one doubt our heavenly Father."

I. E. C., Solomon, Kan. "I was very sick and asked God to restore me to health. He answered my prayer and I thank him for it."

D. D. M., Hillsboro, Ia. "God has graciously answered my prayers for the recovery of loved ones who were sick, and for the conversion of one precious soul."

G. H. T., Jonesville, Mich. "I know from experience that the loving heavenly Father is a prayer-answering God, and I wish to publicly acknowledge this."

Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.

The estimated value of Personal Property, and of each Building to be insured, and the sum to be insured on each, must be stated separately. When Personal Property is situated in two or more Buildings, the value and amount to be insured in each must be stated separately. When insurance on Personal Property, the same description should be given of the Building containing the property, as if Insurance is wanted on the Building.

Application of R. E. Lee, U.S.A.,

for Insurance against loss or damage by fire by the **HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**, in the sum of Five Thousand, Eight Hundred Dollars on the property specified: the value of the property being estimated by the Applicant.

	SUM TO BE INSURED.	VALUATION.
On Dwelling House	$ 5000	$ 20,000
On	$	$
On Barn	$ 800	$ 1200
On	$	$

The Applicant will answer the following questions, and sign the same, as a description of the premises on which the Insurance will be predicated.

1. BUILDING—Is it stone, brick, or wood? How many stories high? Where situated? When built? Which part occupied by Applicant? — 1 — Dwelling of Brick, main building two stories high, and wings one story, in Alexandria, Va., built about the year 1820. 1 All occupied by applicant. 1 The Barn is of brick, one story high, with a stone basement. 3 The main building of the Mansion House is covered with slate and the wings with gravel. 3 The Barn is cov[ered] with gravel. 3 The gutters are metal. 2 The divisi[on] walls are of brick. 3 There is not a scuttle in the roof of the Cupola [or] Pipes enter [the] the ground. and warmi[ng] Wood & Coal are put out fluids, or ca[n] are permitte[d] Tenant. 9 A a one story b[rick] wood. 9 The o[ut] on a line with on a line with distant 44 f[eet] No other risk Barn. 11 Propert[y] ning rod. Dwell[ing] a cattle shed a waggon shed ab[ut] tached.

2. WALLS—Are the division walls of brick? Are they entire? Do they rise above the roof? — 2

3. ROOF—What is it covered with? Are the gutters stone, metal or wood? Is there a scuttle and stairs to it? — 3

4. Are the stoves and apparatus for using fire properly secured, and will you engage to keep them so? — 4

5. Do the pipes enter a chimney? And is it built from the ground? Do pipes pass one or more wood partitions or floors? If so, how secured? — 5

6. What fuel is used? And how are ashes disposed of? — 6

7. What material is used for lighting? — 7

8. For what purpose is the building used? How many tenants? — 8

9. Distance and materials of other buildings, within 100 feet of the one to be insured? And how occupied? — 9

10. What other insurance is there upon the property, and at what office? Has this Company any other Insurance within 100 feet of this risk? — 10

11. Is the property mortgaged? And to what amount? Is there any insurance by the mortgagee? — 11

12. Is there any other party interested in the property? — 12

13. Has the building a lightning rod? If so, is it on the old or new plan? — 13

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Dated October 17th 1859. R E Lee Applicant.

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" 1 " at 80 cents. (Make a diagram of the premises on the other side of this sheet.)

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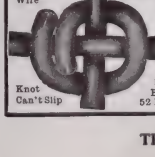

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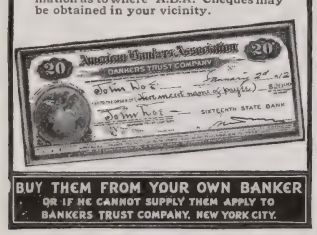

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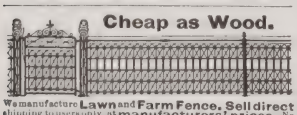

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Happy Cozy Corner Days

SOME people expect that Opportunity, when she knocks, will make dents in the door-panels and wear off the paint. But she won't.

APRIL WEATHER

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear
That's a-making the sunshine everywhere."

RILEY.

The New Game, Bunt

HAVE you played Bunt? The game started rather recently in a co-ed prep. school somewhere west of the Mississippi River, and now pretty nearly every lively boy and girl in prep. or boarding-schools talks Bunt scores. The game was bound to be popular from the first, because it is lively and can be played by boys and girls alike. Any number over four can play; all you need is a playground and a well-filled six-inch bean-bag. First choose the umpire, then divide the players into two equal sides; "Game will last 20 minutes," calls the umpire. "Play ball! Ready!" and up he throws the bag high into the air. Immediately both sides scramble to catch it. The one who catches the ball throws it swiftly to a player on his own side, who in turn instantly tries to throw it to another and another, keeping the ball in play, trying to keep it from getting into the enemy's hands, and all hands do all they can to prevent the ball from falling to the ground. The bag once in play, points may be scored; *first*, by getting the bag away from the enemy; *second*, by fouls (holding the bag a moment too long is always a foul and may be counted one point against the side whose player makes that likely mistake); *third*, touching the bag while it is still in another player's hand scores one point to the other side; *fourth*, letting the ball fall counts a point off; *fifth*, throwing the bag to a player who is within two yards, counts two points off. When the bag has dropped and is on the ground, it is "out of play," and only the umpire may pick it up and throw it straight into the air, thus putting it again in play.

ON ARBOR DAY

HE WHO plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

100,000 Acres of Blossom

The Santa Clara Valley in California is at present one of the beautiful sights of the world. One hundred thousand acres of prune and peach trees are in full bloom and ten thousand young people recently gathered there to celebrate the return of the blossom season.

An April Puzzle

CAN you find a bird's name in each of the following sentences? 1. You soon will hear the treetoads. 2. In the spring the alders blossom. 3. In a sunshiny shower. 4. Greek met Greek on the plains of Troy. 5. Kind words are more than coronets. 6. We aver that all is well. 7. Far away in the solemn, golden West. 8. Peter Parley wrote stories for children. 9. Athens, the beloved city of the Greeks.

Please send answers with a short comment on each bird by May 10. First prize, a gunmetal watch; second and third prizes, a best new book; fourth prize, three beautiful Cozy Corner pictures; fifth, the names of twenty Cozy Corner girls and boys to appear on the Honor Roll.

Prize-Winners and Honor Roll

Among CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls who have done recent good work and sent it to the Cozy Corner are: Myrtle Tarbox (12), New York; Reba Fuhrman (12), Indiana; Elizabeth Stewart (11), Ohio; Marie Moore (12), Pennsylvania; Mary B. Shurtleff (12), Michigan; Lyndall C. Powell (10), Virginia; Stony Thomasson (13), North Carolina; Charles C. Wilson (12), Rhode Island; LeRoy Flack (11), Pennsylvania; Wallace Paddon (13), New York; Asmath Bunnell (11), Pennsylvania; Consuelo Proudfit (13), Georgia; Neil Blackburn (6), Missouri.

Good-Night Verse

Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young. He hath made everything beautiful in its time.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

For Very Little Folk

The Proposal

Dingle lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear;
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

II

Thy gown should be snow-white silk;
And strings of Orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

III

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower;
But fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power.

Thomas Hood.

"Thy gown should be snow-white silk"

THE PERFECT APPLE

What makes a perfect apple? Pyrox makes a perfect apple by protecting fruit and foliage from codling moth and other leaf eating insects besides acting as a fungicide. It makes the fruit hang on a week or ten days longer in the Fall which gives better color, waxiness and keeping quality, giving that "finish" which brings the top market price. If you like good fruit,—use Pyrox and have it. Wise growers are ordering early. Ask the Bowker Insecticide Co., of Boston, for book on spraying.

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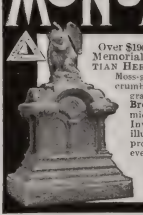
Don't send us a cent. Let us send you this beautiful, massive, moth-proof Cedar Chest on free trial—NO MONEY DOWN. If you decide to keep it, send us $2 within ten days and $2 per month thereafter. Total, $22. Other styles from $14 up. Write for catalog.

E.T. BURROWES CO., 60 South St., Portland, Me.

MONUMENTS



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THE NATURAL WALK

Canada's Memorial Tower

THE citizens of Halifax, Nova Scotia, received a surprise a few weeks ago on learning that the memorial tower designed to commemorate the establishment of representative government in the British dominions beyond the seas was, to outward appearances, been completed. When the beautiful northwest arm was deserted in the fall by the canoeists and picnickers the tower was still far from completion. But when the freezing over of the land-locked sheet of water in January attracted hundreds for the winter sports they found the tower in its completed state.

On the second of October, 1908, Duncan Cameron Fraser, the physical and intellectual giant who so honorably filled the position of lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia up to the time of his death, laid the cornerstone of the memorial tower. The start to build, however, was not seriously made until a year ago. The completed tower is free from debt, a monument not only to the great event it commemorates but to the promoters who succeeded in interesting practical, unsentimental men sufficiently to obtain their financial co-operation.

The Representative Government Memorial at Halifax, N. S.

Sir Sandford Fleming has given about one hundred acres of his property on the famous Northwest Arm to the city for use as a public park, and the tower stands on a promontory that is included in the section recently taken over by the city. The memorial is striking in its rugged simplicity of design, yet its severe lines give to its two hundred feet of height a dignity and symbolism that must impress even the most casual observer. The lower part of the tower is of native ironstone, while the top and base are of Nova Scotia's typical gray granite. This tower is to Halifax and Canada what the Statue of Liberty is to New York and the United States. The sentiment expressed by the Halifax tower is no less significant to Canada and the whole British Empire than that expressed by the New York statue.

Nova Scotia got representative government in 1758, the first assembly meeting at Halifax, October 2, 1758. In 1786 the first assembly of New Brunswick met at St. John. The first Upper Canada assembly met at Niagara in 1792 and the first assembly for Lower Canada at Quebec the same year. Newfoundland's first assembly met at St. Johns in 1833. New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, which did not have elective legislatures for a century after representative government had been granted to Nova Scotia, have contributed financially and historically to the project. Sculptured panels, executed in the indigenous stone of these Southern dominions, will be placed in chambers in the tower. The coats-of-arms of all the provinces of Canada, executed in stone indigenous to the provinces, together with panels in stone from a dozen Canadian universities and from Newfoundland, England, Scotland, Ireland, etc., will be found in the chambers and at the stair landings.

It will be a great day for Halifax when His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, formally dedicates the tower in August of the present year. From all corners of Britain's possessions, statesmen will assemble at Halifax to participate in ceremonies which will be unique, even in the history of the empire. The fame of the tower will by that time have been spread abroad, for Halifax is a tourists' Mecca, and each added attraction to the city's vast store of historic landmarks serves to make it more so.

Halifax, N. S. H. W. H.

Buddhists Coming to Christ

AN EXTRAORDINARY spiritual stirring of "the dry bones" of Buddhism is described in the following letter which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received from Miss Susan E. Haswell, a veteran missionary in Burma:

"I have lately returned from a trip to Hinthahdah district. I went in the hopes of getting donations of unhusked rice for my orphans, but found such a number of spiritual inquirers that I had to give my whole time to visiting and conversing with them. For some two or three years past, a very prominent Buddhist priest has been traveling through the length and breadth of the country, exhorting the people to abstain from animal food and to live pure lives. One priest after another has taken up the same role in the several districts and various sects have sprung up in consequence. In this Hinthahdah district, a hermit began to lead a movement towards holiness of life by means of self-denial, solitary meditation, and giving for religious and charitable objects. He had secured over three thousand followers, when he met a catechist of the S. P. G. Mission, who told him of Christ and the way of salvation, and as a result he has united with the church and is seeking to lead his followers also to accept Christ as their Saviour.

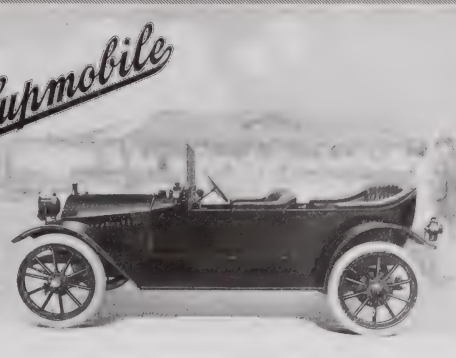
"It was among these people that I found myself. It was a joy to tell them of the fulness of the salvation God had provided for them. One well-to-do rice broker came to see me repeatedly, and as I read to him from the Epistle to the Romans and from the fifteenth chapter of I. Corinthians, he exclaimed exultingly: 'This is what I have been searching for—to be freed not only from the punishment of sin, but from sin itself; to be wholly holy and pure; to have a new body and a pure heart, and to dwell forever in the presence of God, in eternal life and blessedness—what more can be desired?'

"On my return, I visited Prome and Mr. Roach of the Baptist Mission told me that there a Buddhist priest was the head of a new sect seeking for righteousness, and that one of the other Buddhist priests who had joined that sect had become a Christian. He was baptized yesterday at the annual meeting of the Prome Association. At Pegu, another Buddhist priest has a following of over two hundred. He has abjured idolatry and taught his people also to do so; and in consequence he and they have been publicly excommunicated by two hundred Buddhist priests who assembled for the purpose.

"In fifty years of mission life, I have never known such a widespread movement Godward among the Buddhists. We feel that the Holy Spirit is the author of the longing desire after real holiness and purity of heart and life which is so marked a characteristic among all these different groups.

SUSAN E. HASWELL."

Ahlone, Lower Burma.



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; Bosch magneto; 106-inch wheel base; 32 x 3½-inch tires. Color, Standard Blue. Roadster, $900.

Not the Price; Not the Specifications; But—the Name added to both

You would do this car *less than justice* if you judged it by its price.

You would *fail to do it full justice* even if you judged it by the generous specifications.

It is what the car has always stood for, that renders the price remarkable.

It is the Hupmobile record; and the Hupmobile reputation; that emphasize the extraordinary character of the specifications.

The price is not, in itself, sensational—but the high standard of Hupmobile practice, at that price, *is* sensational.

You do not buy certain large cars of highest price because they boast a longer wheel-base; or more generous proportions in any part of the chassis.

You buy them because their name and their word have always been synonymous with service and worth

And, in its class, the Hupmobile has always held its ideals as high as cars of the highest worth.

It has shown itself worthy of a place beside them—worthy to share the same garage; it has fulfilled its mission as efficiently as they fulfill theirs.

Bear these things in mind as you study the cars in detail—then, and not till then, will you fully realize the remarkable value embodied in the price and in the specifications.

We are quite willing that you should compare this new Hupmobile with cars which sell for several hundred dollars more.

We will cheerfully abide by your decision, if it does not demonstrate either equality or superiority in any definite and positive test which you may designate to the dealer.

Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $750

F. O. B. Detroit, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster, 110-inch wheel base, $850

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A HEAVENLY VISION

MY HEART was sad and discouraged,
And lonely, and sick, and sore,
As I thought of the sorrows of millions,
And pondered them o'er and o'er;
Of the sigh of tired women;
Of the groan of discouraged men;
Of the cry of the broken-hearted,
That sounded again and again;
Of the wail of weeping children,
The strife that would never cease;
And I longed for Christ's coming kingdom,
For the reign of the Prince of Peace.
Then a voice came through the twilight
Like the voice of a silver bell,
And it spoke to my heart of sadness,
And this message to me did tell:

Fear not and be not discouraged;
To labor and win is thy part:
Fear not and be not discouraged,
And I will strengthen thine heart.

Then a light broke on my vision;
The mists fell from my eyes,
And I saw a heavenly being
In splendor before me rise.
And he bade me to lift the fallen;
To cheer and strengthen the weak;
To comfort the broken-hearted,
And help from above to seek.
He showed me a narrow pathway
That was bordered with love untold,
And he pointed a heavenly city
With mansions built of gold,
And his voice rang in the twilight—
A voice that was firm and clear—
And it healed my drooping spirits
With this message of love and cheer:

Fear not and be not discouraged;
To labor and win is thy part;
Fear not and be not discouraged,
And I will strengthen thine heart.

CALIFORNIAN'S APPRECIATION

Both mother and myself wish to thank you for the very useful *Almanac*. It certainly will be a pleasure and profit. We now have matters answered that we have wanted to know about in the religious and social world, and *Samantha* is surely enjoyed. Wish we could send a bunch of our California flowers. ELIZABETH JORDAN,
Alameda, Calif. EMMA B. JORDAN.

A Most Welcome Visitor

I wish to thank you for your 1912 gift that has just come—the altogether attractive *Almanac*. It would be welcome anywhere, I am sure, on the strength of its merits; but to secluded country homes like mine, it is an unusually valuable prize. Wishing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a bountiful 1912,
Gurley, La. MRS. I. G. GAYDEN.

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The Mount of the Beatitudes

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE traveler on his way from Nazareth down to the Sea of Galilee leaves Nazareth in the morning, passing through hilly regions, and skirting the wonderful Valley of Esdraelon, which is laid off in squares like a checkerboard by small and fruitful farms with Mount Tabor rising in the background as a sentinel over all. Then the way leads off into a barren desert place, with a low mountain, notable for having two peaks, rising in the distance. When told that this is the "Mount of Beatitudes" there is a thrill in the heart of the traveler, as he recalls Jesus' presence on that mountain, and almost involuntarily he begins to repeat, "Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness. Blessed are the merciful. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are the peacemakers. Blessed are the persecuted."

The mountain's Arabic name is *Kurun Hattin*, which signifies "the horns of Hattin." The two peaks are the "horns," and "Hattin" is the name of the village close by. But as we think how Jesus has sanctified it by his presence and his words, it seems to resemble a crown, and we would really like to call it "the crown of Hattin." Turning about, a more glorious vision meets the eye. It is "Galilee, sweet Galilee, where Jesus loved so much to be." It looks like a shining pearl in the distance, and to reach it the traveler must descend a precipitous hill of a thousand feet or more, by a winding way along which he will meet caravans of camels. When at last he stands on the shore of Galilee, the Mount of Beatitudes is still in view, as it is only two or three miles away from the Sea.

We are loath to leave the shores of Galilee, but we must draw nearer to the Mount of Beatitudes. We must stand within its very shadow and gaze upward. It is like a ladder let down from heaven. Jacob saw angels ascending and descending on the ladder of his vision; but on the ladder which we seem to see at Hattin, it is Christ himself descending that he may invite us to ascend with him; from first to last it is a ladder of blessing.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." To make the ascent, we must throw off every weight: self-conceit, thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought, is the very first weight to be cast aside. Pride is one to whom we can fitly say, "Your room is better than your company. You displace Christ by keeping his throne room in my heart. By losing you, I shall gain blessedness, because I shall gain Christ, who will bring heaven into my soul when he is set in your place."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." We take another step up the ladder of blessedness when we are deeply sorry for our wrong-doing. This is the beatitude of the penitent. God will give the healing balm of comfort to those who are penitent. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." To be meek is to be steadfast and calm, no matter what storms of provocation may be raging around us. Christ stilled the storm on Galilee, and he is just as able to still the storms of our lives if we will only keep him with us as he abode in the ship with the apostles. Let us get a firm grasp of Christ, and we shall be able to maintain our foothold on this third step of the ladder of blessing, showing not only self-control, but what is better, Christ's control over us.

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for April 28, 1912.** The Beatitudes. Matt. 5: 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Matt. 5: 8.

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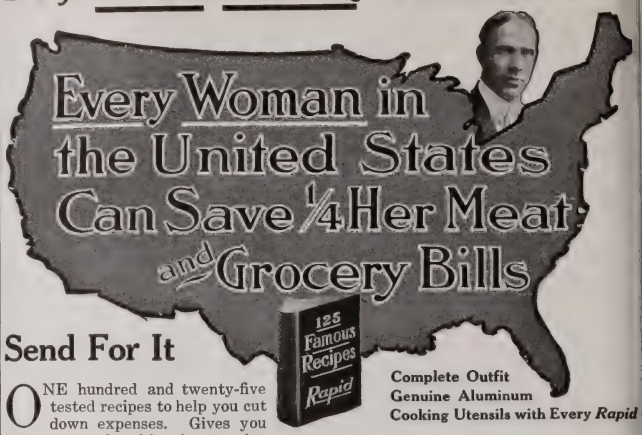

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and more a month operating the New Model camera. Takes and instantly develops six different styles of pictures, including post cards, four styles tintype plates, and brooch pictures. Requires no experience. Universal demand. **The world's biggest money maker.** Complete outfit including material for 100 pictures on liberal terms. You make money the first day no matter where you live. Detailed information free, including letters from prosperous operators everywhere.
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AGENTS! BIG PROFITS

The Only Stropper that Strops any Razor Diagonally
Guaranteed for Life
Brandt's Patented Automatic Razor Stropper. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, **old style** or **safety.** Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quick for terms, prices and territory.
C. Brandt Cutlery Co., 42 Hudson St., N.Y.

COFFEE HURTS

One In Three.

It is difficult to make people believe that coffee is a poison to at least one person out of every three, but people are slowly finding it out, although thousands of them suffer terribly before they discover the fact.

A New York Hotel man says: "Each time after drinking coffee I became restless, nervous and excited, so that I was unable to sit five minutes in one place, was also inclined to vomit and suffered from loss of sleep, which got worse and worse.

"A lady said that perhaps coffee was the cause of my trouble, and suggested that I try Postum. I laughed at the thought that coffee hurt me, but she insisted so hard that I finally had some Postum made. I have been using it in place of coffee ever since, for I noticed that all my former nervousness and irritation disappeared. I began to sleep perfectly, and the Postum tasted as good or better than the old coffee, so what was the use of sticking to a beverage that was injuring me?

"One day on an excursion up the country I remarked to a young lady friend on her greatly improved appearance. She explained that some time before she had quit using coffee and taken Postum. She had gained a number of pounds and her former palpitation of the heart, humming in the ears, trembling of the hands and legs and other disagreeable feelings had disappeared. She recommended me to quit coffee and take Postum and was very much surprised to find that I had already made the change.

"She said her brother had also received great benefits from leaving off coffee and taking on Postum." "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Send for Miniature Bottle 20 ¢

Rieger's

50 Times the Strength

of ordinary kinds. World's most exquisite perfume, made by new process, without alcohol, by extremely pure distilled odor of flowers, not diluted with anything. Don't open a dropper—each long glass stopper to handle perfect.

$1.50 a bottle—druggists or mail. Send checks, stamps, money order or currency.

Money back if not pleased. Odors: Lily-of-the-Valley, Violet, Rose, Crab-apple, Lilac.

Send 2c. silver or stamps for miniature bottle (perfume), or send name of your dealer for Free Sample.

PAUL RIEGER
244 First Street, San Francisco

"Flower Drops"—not Money, rather than scent perfume. $1 or $1.75 a bottle. Other than Genuine Flower Drops are no good.

CALIFORNIA Flower Drops

Rieger's Perfumes

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

Rieger's Flower Drops

BUST and HIPS

For a woman who, although she knows she is not beautiful, immediately discovers herself to be shapely as to obtain a good fit by the manual having recommended with herself for the model and a looking glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all the efforts and disappointments in fitting and make the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. The form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes, and raised or lowered also made larger and smaller at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices.

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Dept 17, 163-171 North May St., CHICAGO
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6% Paid on monthly Savings and Coupon Certificates For over 20 Years

the best business men are placing their savings with us. We are the oldest Savings Association in this State. Send for booklet and the best of references, East and West.

$5.00 saved monthly, $1,000 at maturity. Your money can be withdrawn when wanted.

Industrial B. & L. Ass'n., 25 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." This is the fourth step of the heavenly ladder. We could not reach it if we had not taken the first step of self-renunciation, the second step of repentance, and the third step of self-control. As we have climbed higher a new vista has opened before us, even to be somewhat like the Christ, who has so graciously come down to us. We would be, and do, and love, like him, and so blossom out into all righteousness."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." We are now looking toward the fifth step of the ladder, and we hear the voice of Jesus saying to us tenderly: "I will betroth thee unto me in justice, and in loving kindness, and in mercies" (Hosea 2: 19). Then he draws us up to the place that we could never have reached without his help. Instead, we should have thought it our duty to hate those who had wronged us. But when Jesus shows us how all our sins are forgiven in his dear name, we learn that, to be and do and love like him, we must be willing to forgive those who have wronged us. It is only thus that we can make our own forgiveness sure, for Jesus has said: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is only a clean mirror that will reflect an image. Some of us have undoubtedly seen a mirror so covered with smoke or dirt that we could not see ourselves at all, or very imperfectly, as we looked into it. The pure mind and heart of Christ always reflected the image of his Father, for he said himself, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14: 9). We dare not stand beside him on this sixth step of the ladder unless we pray daily to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, for the wrong things we have done, and for the right things we have failed to do, which make up the sum of our sins of commission and omission.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The peacemaker is not the ideal man in the eyes of the world, but rather the military hero who writes his name in the blood of his foes on the temple of fame. But Jesus the Prince of Peace is standing on the seventh step of the ladder of blessedness, and he would help us to stand beside him. We reach the place, and are surprised to find how great is the company who have gathered about him, and it has come to be that "peace hath her victories" more renowned than war. "Lay down your arms!" is the slogan now resounding in almost every part of the world, and it does seem that a time is coming when there will be no more demand either for large guns or small ones, because there are those who seek to make peace rather than war between nations and classes of society, who would substitute arbitration alike for battles and strikes. If we have silver and gold, let us freely give it to promote peace on earth; but if we have not silver and gold, we can have what is even greater—the mind of Christ, to work for peace and pray for it, with the full assurance that he will accomplish it.

"Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." How near to the top of the ladder of blessing we have come! But while our heads are reaching almost into heaven, our feet are upon a dangerous round. Let us think of the thousands of blessed martyrs who have stood there undismayed, nothing wavering. They endured as seeing him who is invisible. They heard his invitation to advance one step further, and stand even beside him in heavenly fields: "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven."

Black's, Birmingham, Ala.
Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co. Los Angeles, Cal.
The Hub, Chicago
Gimbel Brothers, N. Y. City
The Fair, Chicago
The Kleinhans Co. Buffalo, N. Y.
Mabley & Carew Co. Cincinnati, O
Brill Bros., N. Y. City

Why Big Stores Sell Holeproof Hose

Holeproof Hose—six pairs guaranteed six months—are sold by the greatest stores in the country. "Holeproof" are the original guaranteed hose, the kind backed by 38 years of experience. Six pairs are guaranteed six months. New pairs will be given for any that wear out within that time.

The original has the greatest demand of any guaranteed hose on the market because of its vastly superior quality.

Only the Best Yarn Used for "Holeproof"

We use only yarn that costs an average of 70 cents per pound, while yarn can be bought for 30 cents. But ours is three-ply, soft and fine. It is more pliable than two-ply. Hence the hose can be made at once lighter and stronger.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Then, "Holeproof" are made in twelve colors, five grades and ten weights, suiting every man's preference. For long wear in hose of correct style and good fit there is nothing to equal the genuine "Holeproof." See the assortment at the good stores in your city *today*.

Avoid Imitations

To avoid imitations—amateur brands—look for the "Holeproof" trademark and the signature of Mr. Carl Freschl, on the toe of each pair. The prices range from $1.50 to $3.00 for six pairs, according to finish and weight.

Six pairs of children's stockings, guaranteed six months, $2.00. "Holeproof" are just the thing for romping, growing children. Decide today to try "Holeproof."

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd. London, Can., Distributors for Canada
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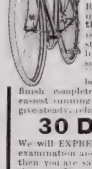
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Are Your Hose Insured?

Carl Freschl

(317)



CARFARE PAYS For This "Buffalo" BICYCLE

Complete With Coaster Brake.

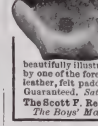
Ride to work or for pleasure and save enough in a season to pay for your bicycle—now read this carefully; the "Buffalo" has a frame of reinforced seamless steel tubing; extra long steel mudguards; all standard equipment like 45 position handle bars, 3 spiral spring seat, "Beats-All" Puncture proof tires, "Lefevre" or imported Twin roller chain, best leather grips, finest nickel and enamel finish, complete tool kit and bell. It's the best looking, easiest running and most durable bicycle made, built to give steady, reliable service. Guaranteed for L. 1—F—L.

30 Days' Free Trial

We will EXPRESS this bicycle PREPAID subject to your examination and approval at your Express Co's. office. If then you are satisfied and certain it is as good or better than any $50 bicycle you ever saw, pay the Express Agent only $27.55—ride the bicycle for 30 days—if within that time you think you don't want it, write us and we will promptly give you back your money. Order NOW and send for "Money Saving Bicycle Catalog." Other new guaranteed bicycles, $17.95 and up.

RICK CYCLE WORKS, Dept D BUFFALO, N.Y.

BOYS! This Ball Glove and The Boys' Magazine (6 Months) 50c



We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money." Walter Camp edits The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of this magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This fielder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of finest tan leather, felt padded, leather lined, web thumb, deep pocket. Guaranteed. *Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today.*

The Scott F. Redfield Co., 467 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands, 10c a copy.

~POST CARDS~

10 Decoration Day	10c	10 Best Wishes	10c
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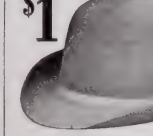
Any three 10c packages for 25 cents. Six 10 cent packages and one satin post card for 50 cents.

MADISON ART COMPANY, MADISON, CONN.

$1 English Knock-about Hat



A stylish service-able hat. Genuine Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

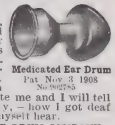
Panama Hats $1.00 and up

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. C, 830 Broadway, New York City

I Was Deaf 25 Years

I CAN NOW HEAR

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums. I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story, — how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.



Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3 1908 No. 902783

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Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager
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Dutch Bulbs—direct from Holland

NOW—while your Bulb Beds are in bloom—is the time to get our

1912 BULB CATALOG

the real Dutch Bulb book, issued by the largest quality growers in Holland. Full of vital facts, lists newest varieties, gives new bedding combinations proved successful in our unique testing beds. Comparisons prove our quality the best—our prices reasonable. Write to-day.

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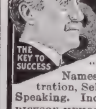
If YOU Would Be Successful Stop forgetting MEMORY the BASIS of all KNOWLEDGE



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DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 701 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO

You'll *Quit* Darning If You Insist Upon

Buster Brown's "DARNLESS" Hosiery For Men, Women and Children

Dollar Box of 4 Pairs Guaranteed 4 Months

Hosiery that once tried, you'll buy again—for the whole family. Smooth, sheer, silk lisle—durably reinforced by 2-, 3- and 4-ply tough linen thread at heel, top, knee, sole and toe; each part *woven* into the thin, gauzy, lisle body. *The only 25c silk lisle guaranteed hosiery on the market*—all colors, sizes and styles. Has successfully withstood the hardest wear for years—*will far outlive its guarantee for you.* Its making costs 25% more than any other 25c guaranteed hosiery. Ask your dealer or order a box from us, remitting $1. Give size, style and color.

Buster Brown's New Book Free

Thirty-six pages illustrated in colors, picturing and describing Buster's escapades—amusing and interesting—appreciated by children. Send 4c to cover mailing.

BUSTER BROWN'S HOSIERY MILL
836 Sherman Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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BECOME A NURSE

THIS school prepared these three women in their own home, to become successful nurses. One writes, "I have more work offered than I can accept." Another, "I have worked for eight different physicians." The third, "I received $20 to $30 a week."

Our method of training has made it possible for thousands of women, with and without previous experience, to earn $10 to $25 a week as professional nurses.

Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book explaining method; 248 pages with interesting experiences by our graduates. Eleventh Year.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
341 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home—express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
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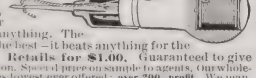
Beautiful new attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Fast color, not warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Reversible. Straight from the makers and sold direct at one-fifth. Money refunded if not satisfactory

Send for New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors. Free

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 691 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

FOR SEWING LEATHER

The **Speedy Stitcher** sews a lock stitch like a machine. It mends harness, shoes, or in fact anything. The latest, the best—it beats anything for the money. **Retails for $1.00.** Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Special price on sample to agents. Our wholesale prices lowest ever offered; over 200 per cent profit. We manufacture our own goods, can sell the best Awl for the least money. Sells on sight. Send now for catalog and sample.



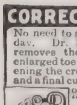
Automatic Awl Co. 75 Gardner Terrace, Worcester, Mass.

CORRECT that BUNION

No need to suffer bunion torture another day. Dr. Scholl's **"BUNION-RIGHT"** removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives instant relief and a final cure of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's **"BUNION-RIGHT"** is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug or shoe stores, or direct from

THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., 211 F Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

Send for Illustrated Foot Book Free



AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.

DR. LYONS Box C 2201 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

Evangelistic Rally in New York

Continued from page 399

to $100,000. For the great work of enlightenment, inspiration and salvation carried on by this committee a sum less than the lower of these figures was asked. After subscription pledges had been collected, the audience rose as the choir began the great "Hallelujah Chorus," and stood while the immortal music rolled on:

King of kings and Lord of lords,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
And he shall reign
Forever and ever,
King of kings and Lord of lords,
Hallelujah!

The closing prayer was made by Dr. Edgar Tilton; the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Addison Moore.

Plans for the Conservation Congress to be conducted by the Men and Religion Forward Movement at New York April 19-24 are about completed. It is expected that President Taft, Ambassador Bryce, William Jennings Bryan, Bishop Greer of New York, Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool, Bishop McDowell of Chicago, Dr. C. B. Gray of Glasgow, Dr. J. H. Jowett, Booker T. Washington, Robert E. Speer, John R. Mott and J. Campbell White will deliver addresses. The name of one woman is included in the list of speakers, that of Miss Jane Addams of Chicago, who will discuss the problem of the social evil. Three thousand delegates to this congress will be sent from the various cities in which the movement has conducted campaigns. Nine commissions are at work, preparing data on the various phases of religious and welfare work undertaken by the movement.

On April 15, 16 and 17, institutes of the New York campaign are being held, at which expert speakers are giving instructions in methods for Boys' Work, Bible Study, Evangelism, Missions, Social Service and Community Extension. These sessions will culminate in a general institute to be held at Carnegie Hall on April 18.

School for Blind at Yokohama

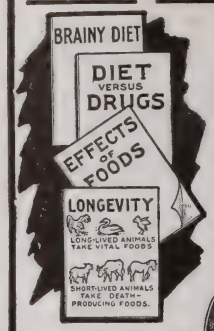
THE Yokohama Christian Blind School, founded eighteen years ago by Mrs. Draper, mother of a missionary to Japan, is still carrying on its unique work. Mrs. Draper became interested in the pitiful plight of the blind people of Yokohama while visiting her son in that city, and determined to make it possible for them to learn the profession of massage, which is the work undertaken by practically all the blind people of Japan, under Christian influences. In the school the Bible and Christian hymns are taught as well as arithmetic, history, geography, physiology and hygiene. Ito, one of the pupils, besides his other duties, has been diligently preparing a Japanese hymn-book for the blind. The graduates of the school have raised money from their small earnings, to make the plates for publishing the books. The youngest graduate, Hashimoto, who is not only blind but deaf, is now supporting, at the age of sixteen, his father and himself. He is an ardent admirer of the United States and composed a creditable poem to the American fleet which recently visited Japanese waters. The lines of this afflicted boy, translated into English, make a bit of really noble verse:

We cannot see the noble Fleet
That crowns our bay
Nor yet the myriad lights that turn
Our night to day.

Nor can we hear the children sing
Their welcome song
Nor roll of drum, nor trampling feet
Of countless throng.

Yet in our hearts we yield to none
Who shout "Well-come"
And pray for all your gallant ships
Safe voyage home.

Popular Educational Food Campaign



FREE: Four Booklets Which Have Taught Many People to Cure Themselves

One clever young university student writes from Lincoln, Nebr.:

"I have confidence in this system. It has relieved an unsightly skin and mental inertia through the valuable suggestions and hints in your four booklets. There is a mine of practical hints in them; enough to convince a skeptic, were he to stick to the rules faithfully, and give it a trial.

"I have already gained more brain and nerve force—more efficiency without enforced exercise.

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. To put it weakly, I was astonished. I know now that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge, and hope to learn more of your system in the future."

Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables and fresh, juicy fruits do not.

—no foods sold
—no fasting
—no exercises

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert

A thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

Correct Combinations of Foods Cure Diseases

I have always cured the above-named symptoms in a few days or weeks by returning to a correctly combined diet. The experiments have been fascinating, and the results underlie success in life.

Brainy Diet

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses) gained strength with firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.

People Write:

"My brain power and general efficiency have been about doubled this year by selecting brainy foods. I have made a fortune in real estate, and the credit is honestly yours."

"The government should investigate and teach the Brainy Diet System for the good of the nation."

"The hints in Booklet No. III, on foods for curing congested liver, nourishing the brain, etc., are worth untold dollars, although the books are free."

(1) TEST OF BRAINY DIET (3) EFFECTS OF FOODS
(2) DIET vs. DRUGS (4) KEY TO LONGEVITY

Send 10 cents for mailing. Send addresses of your sick friends.

G. H. BRINKLER
Food Expert, Dept. 3 D, Washington, D. C.

Prizes for Every Boy

Boy Wanted

We want a bright, intelligent boy (over seven and under fourteen years of age) to do a little work for us after school every Wednesday. You can do it easily in your own home neighborhood.

Parents

Your boy is making his life now. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD training for him in selling and keeping his small accounts will stand him in good stead in later years. Stand behind him if he wants to earn regular pocket money and many prizes.

The Work

BOYS: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD work is manly work. It is also easy. We will tell you how and where to sell copies and secure weekly customers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our Free two-color booklet will please you.

No money necessary to start, as we send the first fifty cents' worth **Free.** In this way we give you the money necessary for buying your next week's supply.

When applying give your full name and address and age

Sales Department, - The Christian Herald, - New York

Special New Spring Offers!

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has succeeded in making arrangements whereby it is enabled to offer some particularly advantageous Magazine Combinations. ¶ These include some Free Premiums which are given as an *extra inducement.* ¶ All subscribers who have not yet renewed should *DO SO AT ONCE*, as this offer can only be made *NOW!*

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW has an enviable reputation as a home and fashion magazine. Its features are selected for the particular interest of the women in the household. It is full of suggestions and ideas which should enable any competent housewife to effect many savings in the course of the year.

The May number will contain such articles as: "Commencement Day Extravagance," "Why Women Want to Be Self-Supporting," "Co-operative Buying for the Home," "Willow and Rattan Furniture," "When Your Child Grows Up, What Then?" "Hints on Home Dyeing," "The Comfort Club," "Little Helps to Carry the Burden," "House Plans," "How to Build a Bungalow for Two Hundred Dollars." These and many others altogether compose a magazine which should be particularly interesting to the progressive woman.

We have made an arrangement with The Pictorial Review whereby any of our readers who desire may take advantage of this exceptional opportunity to secure the two magazines at much less than the usual price.

And *in addition* to sending you THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and The Pictorial Review for eight months for only $1.50, we will send you the eight hardy Rose Bushes *without extra cost.* These are large, heavy-rooted one-year-old plants, which, with a little care in planting, will thrive and give you an abundance of beautiful, fragrant flowers from early spring until late fall. The colors are red, white, black, yellow, pink.

To get the full benefit from these bushes they should be planted *now*, so you should send in your order *at once.*

This offer may also be taken advantage of by any person not now a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *Family.*

CHRISTIAN HERALD EIGHT MONTHS
PICTORIAL REVIEW EIGHT MONTHS
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Christian Herald

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A CANAL IN HOLLAND

From the Painting by H. Cassiers

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

T. L. R., Toronto, Canada. 1. In a sermon I heard a short time ago on Samson, the preacher stated that Delilah was Samson's lawful wife. Is there any authority for this assertion? 2. It was stated in one of our papers a short time since that Paul never met Jesus while he was on earth. Under all the circumstance, I would think that this was hardly possible.

1. There is very slight reason for holding that she stood in the relation of a wife to Samson, although Chrysostom and several of the early fathers have maintained that they were married, and Milton the poet makes an allusion to the same effect. Judges 16: 9-18 would seem to prove the opposite, however. 2. Paul himself, in Acts 26: 19, records the only instance in this connection, when he refers to the "heavenly vision," which appeared at his conversion.

R. F. B., Union City, Pa. Can it be true that Peter, one of the three nearest to the Lord, was not yet converted? (See Luke 22: 32.)

Peter was a man of resolute character, bold and decisive. He was easily the leader of the twelve. Honest-hearted and warmly attached to Christ, he believed himself immovably loyal; yet in the hour of temptation he proved unstable and weak. Jesus knew his heart and warned him against over-confidence in his own loyalty. "I have been praying for thee," he said, "that thy faith fail not." He needed this divine strengthening. His faith had failed once before in a crisis (see Matt. 14: 29), and what he needed to confirm him now was the "power from on high" which would come later. The tempter was to sift all the disciples, and Jesus foresaw Peter's weakness, but he was preserved from falling by this special intercession. His case shows, perhaps more completely than any other in the New Testament, the weakness of the natural and the strength of the spiritual man. Even at the moment of his denial of Christ, it needed but a glance from the eye of his Lord to make him instantly repentant. After the enduement with the Holy Ghost, he stood forth as the leader of the apostles, faithful unto death.

Mrs. J. C. H., Saco, Me., and E. B. G., Owosso, Mich. Where is the ninety-sixth Psalm repeated in the Bible?

You will find it repeated, with a few trifling variations, in I Chron. 16: 23-33, where it comes chronologically in its right place as David's song of thanksgiving on the safe bringing in of the ark. It was transferred to the book of Psalms, which was the Jewish hymnal, where it stands as a psalm of thanksgiving and remembrance. In one place it is in its true historical setting, and in the other it forms a part of the temple service.

B. F. L., Eufaula, Wash. 1. In Luke 20: 27-40, Jesus was replying to questions about the resurrection. Marriage was ordained to perpetuate the human family, but as there will be no breaches by death in the future state, the ordinance will cease and man will be *like the angels* in his immortal nature. This immortality, however, referred only to "those who shall be counted worthy." 2. "Calling" implies believing; believing, hearing; hearing, preaching; and preaching in its turn implies a mission to preach. Education, however desirable, is not enough; the preacher must have the divine words of life fixed in his own heart, and must know the truth before he can transmit it to others. The talents referred to in the parable are our abilities, our gifts, our possessions, the means at our command of which we are expected to make worthy use. The parable applies to ministers as well as to laymen—in fact to all.

Reader, Brattleboro, Vt. A church not far from here recently gave a ladies' negro minstrel show to raise money for the church. It seems to me that it was a very poor way to obtain money for the Lord's work.

Several readers have written us letters similar to the foregoing. There are so many unobjectionable means of raising money for church purposes that it is greatly to be regretted when any church descends to the vulgar level of vaudeville. Indeed, in most churches such a thing would not be encouraged or tolerated. Minstrel shows, lotteries, suppers and the like are altogether out of place in religious work. There is in some quarters a growing latitude in this respect; but it is certain that such methods lower the spiritual vitality and influence of any church. The temptation to ally the service of God's house with worldly entertainment of a sensational or doubtful character should be strongly reprehended.

E. C. S., Wilmington, N. C. What does the number 12 in the Bible mean or symbolize?

There are certain numbers employed in Scripture that are known as sacred or symbolical numbers. Among these are *seven* (perfection), as the triune symbol of deity and the four quarters of the earth; *forty*, a "round number," signifying duration, distance, quantity; *ten* (completeness); five, as used in offerings, etc.; *four*, related to the quarters of the globe, the shape of the holy of holies in the temple, etc.; *three*, symbol of supreme divinity; *twelve*, which derives its significance from the twelve tribes and which has been called the "square number," the "zodiacal number," the "apostolic number." 12x12 means, symbolically, fixity and completeness, and taken a thousand-fold, it gives the grand multiple of 144,000 (otherwise a countless multitude), one thousand symbolizing the world wholly pervaded by the divine—a world redeemed!

B. M., St. Louis, Mo. We have had quite a discussion here concerning card-playing, as to whether it should be tolerated or discouraged in Christian circles. What is your view of the matter?

While card-playing may be an innocent amusement, as some contend, it is, in most cases, a waste of precious time. In many instances it leads to gambling. Further, it is not an accomplishment that helps one in the battle of life, for it can never be urged as a recommendation in business, but would rather be the reverse. The *Medical Journal*, a recognized authority, has this to say about it: "It is a pure and simple mental dissipation that grows upon the victim, like all other dissipations, to the eventual exclusion of logical and close thinking. On the young, it exercises its narcotizing influence with irresistible force. Appealing primarily to the imperfectly balanced mind, cards soon reduce that of a better quality to the same level. They are comparable in every way to the habit-forming drugs, and lead surely to the neglect of every sane and healthy amusement, to say nothing of business and professional duties." To the professing Christian, there is one consideration which should outweigh all others: card-playing is indisputably an impediment to spiritual growth and should therefore be avoided. Besides, our example may influence others, and if we should be the means of leading even one person into an evil habit, we ourselves should rigidly guard against that habit.

L. L. K., Kohler, Ontario. John was called the "disciple whom Jesus loved" (John 13: 23, 21: 7 and 21: 20). The Saviour commended Mary to the keeping of John, while he hung on the cross (see John 19: 26, 27). Peter, however, by many is regarded as having been the leading spirit of the band. 2. The elder son was a type of the jealous, envious Pharisee, ungrateful for the blessings he himself enjoyed, and unwilling to share them with others.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH

THE commission in charge of the dedication at Columbia of the South Carolina monument to the women of the Confederacy, the first monument to women ever erected independently by a single State of the Union, set April 11 as the day of the unveiling. The monument was to have been dedicated on December 14 last, but a delay in the arrival of the bronze necessitated a postponement. The monument represents the Southern woman, calm, dignified and beautiful, waiting to be crowned with laurel by a majestic winged figure of the genius of the State. On each side are childish figures representing the spirit of the New South burdened with triumphant wreaths to lay at her feet. The seated figure typifies the undaunted spirit of the Southern woman who, in silent heroism fought her hardest battles after the close of that cataclysm that rocked our nation upon its foundations. Into the face of this symbolic woman the sculptor has put a mysticism that almost speaks of a vision of the glorious progress of to-day rising to obliterate the cruel scars that were the result of years of war upon these fair States. With official representatives of her State Legislature, militia, war veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, South Carolina turned out all her silver-tongued orators to make the ceremonies of the dedication something to be remembered.

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A. H., Hamilton, Ontario. 1. Kindly tell me if Isa. 66: 22, 23 proves that our Lord in the millennium will claim in some special way one day in seven, still calling it his Sabbath? 2. Is Matt. 24: 20 past history or is it still in the future? 3. In James 5: 4 do the words, "the Lord of Sabaoth" mean the Lord of the Sabbath?

1. In the latter half of this chapter, the prophet describes Jerusalem in millennial times, a joy to the whole earth. The Sabbath was to be a perpetual obligation while the world lasted. 2. The prophecy in Matt. 24 was fulfilled in the destruction of Jerusalem, but (as has been previously explained) the prophecy had a double horizon, the farther pointing to the trials and tribulations that will afflict the church immediately before the second coming. The passage in Isaiah referred to is a part of his Messianic prophecies which pictures the whole earth redeemed and filled with the knowledge of the Lord, with the ancient glories of Israel restored and the worship of Jehovah a universal worship, with special observance of the divinely ordained Sabbath. 3. Although "Sabbath" is a Greek form of the Hebrew Sabbath, some eminent scholars hold that it has a totally different meaning and signifies "a host" or "an army." Its plural is used in the sense of armies and its singular in some cases represents the angelic host that surround the throne of heaven. (See I. Kings 22: 19.) The passage in James 5: 4 means that he is the Lord of Hosts, the protector of the poor, who will avenge them.

F. F. F., Oshkosh, Wis. The statement is made to a question by "S. W., Keene, N. H.," in THE MAIL-BAG that "any work on the Lord's day that is not either of necessity or mercy is a desecration." This causes confusion of thought in my mind. Seeing that according to the Bible the Creator of heaven and earth commenced his creation work on the day mentioned, the Lord's day "so-called." How shall I understand it?

The Sabbath was divinely ordained as a day of cessation from labor. In the Jewish church, the restrictions were most rigid and profanation of the day was severely punished. It was a day of rest, reconciliation, worship and religious festivity. (See Isa. 58: 13: 14.) Christian Sabbath observance recognizes the same general obligation to abstain from regular vocations and to devote the day largely to rest and worship. Jesus himself rebuked the slavish Sabbatic restrictions of the Scribes and Pharisees, and showed them that the Sabbath was made for man, meaning that it was designed and instituted for our common humanity and to conduce to our highest good. He pointed out that there were various acts which in themselves were not sinful, but meritorious and such as might be done on the Sabbath. These were the works of necessity or of mercy. This is the attitude of the Christian church of to-day on Sabbath observance (Col. 2: 16.) It may be briefly said that no labor should be performed on that day which can be done on secular days, and that works of charity and mercy are justified on that day. We have the divine example for abstention in Gen. 2: 2, 3.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. W. C. H., Worry, N .C. The passage in Deut. 28: 5 gives a blessing on the little things and the big things, the whole and the smallest part, so that it has been quaintly called the "wholesale and retail blessing." Of course, there are no such terms literally to be found in the Bible.

Mrs. C. W. Cable, North Salem, N. Y., asks if some reader can supply the remaining verses to this hymn:

Never lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view.
Do to others as you would
They should do to you.
Kindly, gently in each burden bear a part,
Meekly chiding with a loving heart.

A. S., New Philadelphia, O. Ham had provoked the wrath of his father by his wicked act and as a punishment it was ordained that his descendants should become servants of his brothers and their descendants. As to Noah's right to inflict such a punishment, it is not discussable, as he was merely an instrument in the case, inspired to do what he did as an act of retribution. Evidence of this appears in the fact that it was not Ham himself but his youngest son, Canaan, who was made to suffer for the offense of Noah's youngest son, Ham—an object-lesson of the law afterward enunciated that the "sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Typical Scene at Mound City, Ill. Ground Floors All Flooded

Three Feet of Water in the Flooded Section of Memphis, Tenn.

THE "FATHER OF WATERS" IN FLOOD

THE great man-made banks of the Mississippi have again failed of their purpose. Before the pressure of the greatest spring freshet that has ever been recorded, the levees have gone down in many places, and vast stretches of the low-lying land of five States have been buried by the waters. Heralded by almost unprecedented rains throughout the northern States of the Middle West and by the rapid melting of the snows in the highlands, the tributaries of the Ohio and Missouri gave warning of impending danger by the phenomenal quantities of water they poured into the larger streams. A number of minor floods had happened along the Ohio and Missouri before the giving way of the dikes, which allowed the water to rush over a large section of eastern Missouri.

This first break took place in the Drinkwater Levee, just opposite Cairo, Ill., and during all the following week there came reports of death and ruin from the cities and towns all the way down into Louisiana and Mississippi. One after another the river cities of Kentucky and Tennessee reported rising waters and the destruction of life and property. Belmont and Columbus were the next to feel the effect of the rising flood. Then Hickman, Ky., New Madrid, Mo., Tiptonville, Hathaway, and a number of other cities reported that their inhabitants were deserting their flooded homes or putting forth heroic efforts to keep the levees intact. Hickman, being located on an elevation which put it beyond the danger of inundation, became a center for refugees from all the surrounding country, and as the reports came each day the numbers grew from hundreds into the thousands until it was estimated that before the floods began to abate there were fully eight thousand people gathered there for safety.

As the crest of the flood moved down the river the citizens of all the river towns abandoned their regular occupations, and with one mind went to work upon the levees to add to their height and strengthen places which threatened to weaken and give way under the unusual pressure. From many of the towns came reports of merchants who had not handled a pick or shovel in many a long day, turning to on the embankments, while their schoolboy sons filled bags with earth, and their wives and daughters supplied all the workers with hot coffee and sandwiches. Yet in spite of these heroic efforts, the end of the week showed a great section of the Mississippi Valley converted into an inland sea. Within that week over three-quarters of a million acres of farm land between the mouth of the Ohio and the city of Memphis had been flooded. Every effort was made to keep the water from getting into what is known as the Realfoot Lake district of Tennessee. But in spite of the guarding of the levees and the prompt repairing of damaged spots, the water entered and covered practically all of Lake County.

Farther down the river the efforts to preserve the levees presented practically the same scenes. At Memphis, the northern part of the city was submerged to a depth of between six and eight feet. The electricity and gas supplies of the city were both produced in that section, and it was with the gravest fear that the encroachments of the flood upon these plants was watched. Pumps were put in operation to keep out the seepage, but as the water rose, they themselves were put out of commission and the city was left in darkness. The damage at Memphis was conservatively estimated at $250,000, while there seems little doubt that the damage to property throughout the entire flooded section will total at least $10,000,000. A hundred and twenty-five thousand people were rendered homeless. Yet in spite of the immensity of the district flooded and the great property lost, the number of casualties reported has been providentially small. On the tenth day of the flood only thirty deaths had been reported from the hundreds of miles of territory affected.

Not alone on the Mississippi have the great freshets brought destruction, but up and down many of her tributaries the

Continued on next page

The Flood at the Foot of Tennessee's Capitol at Nashville

Methodism's Centennial Conference

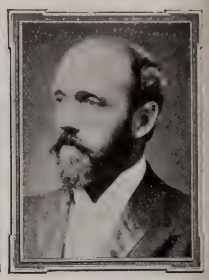
J. Frank Hanly
Former Governer of Indiana

Dr. David G. Downey
Cor. Sec. Board of Sunday Schools

Dr. Lemuel H. Murlin
Pres. Boston University

Bishop H. W. Warren
Senior Bishop of the M. E. Church

Thomas Nicholson
Cor. Sec. Board of Education



Dr. Frank D. Gamewell
Former Missionary to China

MINNEAPOLIS is the scene on May 1 of the centennial session of the Delegated Methodist General Conference. About 800 clergymen and laymen constitute this great religious assembly, representing a vast evangelical host of three and a half million church members and nearly four million Sunday School members in all quarters of the globe.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church meets only once in four years. Its last meeting was at Baltimore in 1908, when one hundred and thirty-one annual conferences were represented by seven hundred and ninety delegates, a number which will probably be somewhat increased at the Minneapolis quadrennial. Though the first General Conference of the Methodist Church met in 1792 (eight years after the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore), it was not until 1812 that the first regularly delegated conference was held.

That event occurred in New York City (and presumably in old Wesley Chapel, now John Street Church). Eight annual conferences were represented by ninety delegates. The church membership of 688 traveling preachers and 184,567 members has grown during the century to 20,569 preachers and 3,518,099 church members. There were no Sunday Schools then. Now there are 36,486. And in place of eight annual conferences in 1812 there are 131 in 1912. The rules or constitution of the church are still in force as they were a century ago.

The Methodist General Conference is a law-making and an executive body. At the Minneapolis meeting, some seventeen standing committees will report on all phases of church work, including foreign missions, home missions and church extension, education, temperance and prohibition, freedmen, Sunday Schools, Epworth League, deaconess work, conference claimants and the state of the church.

In addition there are five general conference commissions to be heard from on federation, federation of colored churches, judicial procedure, ministerial support and evangelism. Bishops, ministers and laymen make up these commissions, with the exception of the commission on ministerial support, which is composed entirely of laymen. The reports since the last quadrennial show an encouraging advance in almost every line. The church roll has increased by 138,555 members, an average gain of nearly 35,000 per year. There are nearly seven hundred new churches, valued at $15,000,000.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement, which was officially recognized by the last General Conference at Baltimore, has taken on strength through the national campaign. It has planned a systematic sustained endeavor to help increase the Methodist force of foreign missionaries to six thousand. An "every-member canvass" is under way to secure weekly offerings to missions and benevolences.

The Board of Conference Claimants, organized four years ago to aid superannuated preachers, the widows and dependent orphans of deceased Methodist ministers, has made a good beginning by helping many thousands of worthy claimants. It is asking the General Conference of 1912 to secure during the next quadrennium (1912-1916) five million dollars for its permanent fund.

The Methodist Brotherhood, which was instituted at the last General Conference, reports great strides to usefulness, having now over eleven hundred chapters, and having held a general convention with delegates from twenty-five States.

A new form of church work to be presented to the Conference is "the Knights of Methodism," an organization to solve "the boy problem"; with a ritual drawn from the Book of Daniel, formulated by a special commission from the Epworth League, Methodist Brotherhood and Board of Sunday Schools.

A good record has been made during the past four years by the Board of Sunday Schools, whose work was outlined by the 1908 General Conference, to found Sunday Schools in needy neighborhoods, to contribute to the support of needy Sunday Schools and to educate the church in all phases of Sunday School work. Twenty-six Sunday School missionaries are now supported, and over one thousand new Sunday Schools have been organized (with a membership of 34,000), out of which 188 new churches have sprung.

The foreign mission fields have been actively cultivated by the various agencies, including the Board of Foreign Missions, which expends over one million dollars a year in nineteen foreign countries; and the Women's Board, which supports three hundred and forty-six missionaries in sixteen lands.

Work at home has been steadily advanced, through more than five hundred missionaries and deaconesses under the Woman's Home Missionary Society; and the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, which expends nearly seven hundred thousand dollars a year and is asking the 1912 General Conference to endorse its movement for the celebration of the semi-centennial of its organization in May, 1914.

A number of bishops are to be elected, as well as editors for important Methodist publications, managers of the denominational publishing houses and other important officials. One of the most serious problems to come before the present Conference is the question of changing the church organization so that the individual bishops will be assigned to a specified territory, having authority over certain conferences during the quadrennium from one General Conference to another. Under the present order the bishop has no more authority in one section than another, although he is assigned by the General Conference to an episcopal residence. The bishops now meet semi-annually and plan their travels; each annual conference is presided over by one of the bishops, and there has hitherto been no system by which a bishop could retain special oversight of any conference or group of conferences. His responsibility ended with the close of the annual conference session. The missionary bishops, however, have formed an exception to this plan; they hold special authority over the fields to which they have been assigned by the General Conference. The senior member of the Methodist episcopacy is Bishop Henry White Warren, who will preside at the opening session.

J. A. STEWART.

The "Father of Waters" in Flood

Continued from preceding page

lowlands have been under water. Louisville, Ky., has had an experience with the Ohio at a greater height than ever before, and the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers have driven the people back from their low-lying shores. The overflow from the Cumberland is shown in one of the accompanying photographs at the very foot of Tennessee's capitol.

As soon as the gravity of the situation was realized the representatives of the affected States made urgent appeals to President Taft to aid the homeless and destitute. The President immediately forwarded to Congress a recommendation for a large appropriation and within fifteen minutes that recommendation, having received the approval of the House of Representatives, was on its way to the Senate. Here with equal rapidity it was passed and Secretary of War Stimson was instructed by the President to use $350,000 for the relief of the flood sufferers. The distribution of food and necessities was handed over to the quartermasters of various districts, and these men, who are highly qualified by training and experience, were rushed to the devastated sections with power to purchase food and supplies and arrange for the use of military tents for temporary shelter. The State authorities have in every case made adequate appropriations for relief work and have placed every possible facility at the disposal of the Federal officers for the distribution of supplies and the arrangement of relief.

Looking from Hickman, Ky., Out Over the Flooded Valley

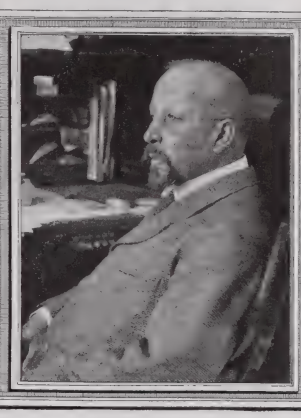
It is impossible that such an immense area should be flooded without the occurrence of those dramatic incidents and really heroic rescues and warnings to which the Mississippi Valley is by no means a stranger. One of the most pathetic of these incidents of the present flood was the rescue from a tree-top of a mother and her baby. The baby, unconcerned, slept peacefully in its mother's arms when she, having almost reached the stage of final exhaustion, was rescued from her perilous position. Another remarkable case was that of a farmer on the edge of the Realfoot Lake district, who when he saw the levee break shouted to his wife to get herself, the children and some supplies into a boat while he, on the fastest horse his barn contained, galloped off ahead of the flood to warn those of his neighbors who could not be reached by telephone.

MAN'S WAR ON INSECT PESTS

BY L. O. HOWARD, M.S., Ph.D.

Chief of U. S. Bureau of Entomology; Curator of U. S. Natural History Museum; Consulting Entomologist of U. S. Public Health and Marine Hospital Service; President of the Association of Economic Entomologists; Author of *Mosquitoes and How They Live; The Insect Book*, etc.

Scouts Out to Locate Colonies of Gipsy Moths



Dr. Howard

The Effects of Spraying; Unsprayed Trees in the Distance

TAKING the country as a whole, in spite of the great knowledge of a practical character that we have gained of recent years, injurious insects are doing about as much damage as they ever did, and perhaps more. But in the main they are not the same old insects. We know how to handle the old pests. The codling moth and the plum curculio are controlled in the large commercial orchards by spraying. The Hessian fly, that pest of growing wheat introduced at the time of the Revolutionary War, is greatly lessened in its damage by the knowledge of when to plant. The canker worms have almost disappeared, thanks to the introduction of the English sparrow, although this is about the only good thing we ever gained by his introduction.

But new pests have been introduced accidentally from other parts of the world. Some of them are coming under control, while others still offer unsolved problems. The so-called San José scale is now effectively controlled by winter washes in the East, and by parasites or acquired immunity of the trees in the far West, after some twenty years of destructive work. The cotton boll weevil has, since 1893, spread through Texas and Louisiana and parts of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi and Alabama, and last autumn entered northwestern Florida. No effective remedy which can be generally adopted has yet been found, but, by varying the system of farming and by better cropping methods, cotton can still be raised profitably, and a much better system of farm management in the South is a direct result of the introduction of this scourge from Central America. The gipsy moth and the brown-tail moth have cost the New England States some millions of dollars' worth of damage since their introduction from Europe in 1869 and 1897 respectively; but we understand well how they may be kept in check, and introduced parasites will in a few years keep them down to comparatively harmless numbers. The newly-discovered alfalfa weevil in Utah, however, promises to spread rapidly and to ruin this most important crop unless some effective remedy can be found or some system of control worked out. And we are constantly in danger of the introduction of other foreign pests, which, in the new field of American agriculture, will redouble their destructive work.

Thus it is obvious that the question of damage by insects is an ever-present one. And it is not only the farmer and fruit-grower who suffer loss from insects, but the family which has a small vegetable or flower garden needs to know how to fight these minute enemies. Then, too, domestic animals have their insect pests, and the live-stock industry generally suffers much loss from their work. Forest and shade trees, small ornamental trees, and flowering shrubs have their insect enemies, and it is estimated that in the great forests the loss from insect damage is as great as the loss from forest fires. And this is by no means all. The insect pests of the household are very numerous. They damage our food, our clothing, and the very timbers of which our houses are built. They cause the greatest physical annoyance by their bites and stings and by their presence in our food, and they even kill us by thousands by carrying to us the causative germs of many fatal diseases. Yellow fever and malaria are caused solely by the bites of infected mosquitoes; bubonic plague is apparently caused solely by the bites of infected fleas, typhus by the bites of infected lice, and sleeping sickness by the bites of infected tsetse flies. And the house-fly, that scourge of humanity, may carry typhoid fever, Asiatic cholera, dysentery, infantile diarrhea, tuberculosis, and many other diseases. Taking the insects as a whole, they constitute by far the greatest enemy of the human race.

In spite of all this, the average human being views insects with indifference, and when he once begins to suffer in one way or another from their work he does not know what to do about it.

Now, as a matter of fact, all of our principal injurious insects are very well known. Every phase of their life history has been carefully studied by competent investigators and more or less perfect remedies have been found. Moreover, hundreds of bulletins have been written about them by State and government officials, and many of these, in fact most of them, can be had for the asking. Every State has one or more agricultural experiment stations, and each of these stations has one or more entomologists, while in the Department of Agriculture at Washington there is a Bureau of Entomology which has more than one hundred and fifty skilled investigators of insects. All of the State stations issue leaflets and bulletins and reports, and the Bureau of Entomology has published about three hundred different reports, bulletins and circulars covering practically all of the most injurious insects in the United States.

Gipsy Moth Caterpillars Under a Burlap Band

Does it not seem strange that, with all of this information to be had *for the asking*, men will employ "tree doctors" to bore auger holes into their fine oak shade-trees and insert sulphur disguised with lampblack with the claim that the mysterious substance will be taken into the circulation of the tree and render its topmost leaves distasteful to all kinds of insects? They will buy for a large price worthless fertilizers because the sellers claim that no insects will harm the crops grown on land where these substances are used. They will put cotton bands around trees because some English gardener has told them that this is the practice in England, not knowing that the English insect thwarted in this way does not occur in the United States. They will buy and use almost any universal remedy they happen to hear about or read about, and the more that is claimed for it the more eagerly they buy, whereas to the knowing one the superfluity of claims makes the fraud more transparent.

Forty years ago, the late Benjamin Dann Walsh, writing of this very thing, closed his scathing summary with the appropriate sentence, "Long live King Humbug! He still feeds fools with flapdoodle, and many of them have large and flourishing families who will perpetuate the breed to the remotest generation."

The number of fraudulent remedies has been rapidly increasing in late years, and the people of the country have wasted very large sums of money on them. Down to last year, many of the mixtures sold for use against household insects had not the slightest real value. One man, who built up a large trade in road dust at fifty cents a pound, is now fortunately in jail, but others equally culpable have escaped and have made very comfortable incomes. There have been hundreds of other cases where the fraud has not been so barefaced as that, but which have been almost as bad. These are the cases where a perfectly good insecticidal element is contained in the compound, which has, however, been so diluted as to lose most of its value. Again, a preparation which is effective against a certain insect or a certain group of insects has been misbranded so as to make it appear as a remedy for other insects against which, as a fact, it is perfectly ineffective. Tobacco dust, for example, has been sold from which the nicotine has all been extracted, and kerosene emulsion has been sold as a remedy for the plum curculio.

In fact, the situation with regard to supposed insect-killing mixtures has been worse in its way than the food adulteration conditions which finally brought about the passage of the beneficent pure food law. And the abuse in this case has also brought about the remedy, since Congress in 1910 passed an act preventing the manufacture, sale or transportation of adulterated or misbranded insecticides and fungicides and regulating the traffic in these substances. This act is known as "The Insecticide Act of 1910."

In the main the provisions of this insecticide act are the same as those of the pure food act. They

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A SERMON

By

Rev. Fred'k F. Shannon, D.D.*

THE SOUL'S ATLAS

TEXT: "After I have been there, I must also see Rome." Acts 19: 21

THE Bible is the soul's wonder book. It is strangely alive with the outer and the inner, the seen and the unseen, the written and the unwritten, concerning human life and destiny. Its historic content is the treasure of earth's literature. Its symbolism stirs the imagination from deep to height. Its spirituality inspires the whole man. It is unique in its power to arouse the dull, the leaden, the dormant in human nature. Whenever a shaft from the Biblical quiver goes home, there is an instantaneous flash of answering, smoldering fire from within. Sometimes its simplest words abound with mystic suggestiveness. Sometimes its commonplaceness glows with incandescent splendor. Sometimes its unvarnished everydayness becomes a revealing curtain through which the mind passes on into the silent, uncharted realms.

My text is a striking illustration of this phase of our Bible. "After I have been there, I must also see Rome." Could there be a plainer, a more unpretentious statement? It is clearcut, straightforward, definite, prosaic. And yet, when I recall the man behind the words, the calm, purposeful determination they express, the cities involved, the civilization begun, the history made, the heroism displayed, the martyrdom achieved, the passage drops its prosaic matter-of-factness, while its every word begins to sparkle like the facets of a diamond. I seem to perceive in the verse a suggestion of "The Soul's Atlas"—a spiritual geography, a hidden significance, a meaningful symbolism, a chart of the inner journey of the soul from the cities of earth to the City of God.

The Soul's Jerusalem

There is, first of all, the point of departure: "After I have been there." And where is that? Why, Jerusalem—humanity's spiritual capital, the city of the prophets, the city of the Great King, the city where our Lord taught and died and rose again. Before ascending into heaven, he "commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me."

Every soul, then, must have its Jerusalem. Jerusalem stands for the personal downflow of spiritual radiance from the Most High. Life's august calling is to accept "the promise of the Father." This is the first, the supreme, the essential equipment for the journey from Jerusalem to Rome, from existence to life, from glory to glory, from earth to heaven. Until one has attended to this, he has really done nothing, however energetic and varied his activities. He is, at best, only a strenuous failure. On the other hand, the life which opens to the Jerusalem of the Holy Spirit, when measured against the things of time and sense, is a magnificent success.

It is purely a question, I say, of alignment, of accordance with the deeps and heights of being. One may pitch his life on the scale of zero. Our Lord tells us how this is done: "Without me ye can do nothing." Or, a man may key his nature to the music of the inner spheres. Paul tells us how this is done: "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Some of us never make any spiritual music because we have not tarried at Jerusalem. Unlike Paul, we have not definitely "purposed in the spirit" to visit the upper kingdoms of peace, power, and reality. And some of us have been there, but we have forgotten the soulful songs we learned. Our memories are bad because our practice is not good. And some of us are foolishly afraid to test the reality of the invisible things of God. Consequently, we go through life playing a spiritual game of hide and seek, of blindman's buff. We begin each morning with a perhaps. We close each day with a sense of failure. On the lower slopes of life, we talk much of natural selection. But we readily forget that with the coming of God in the flesh, and since his passing into the eternal homelands of the spirit, "the issues of the new order in this world are being shaped more and more by the new force of human choice, and less and less by the old force of natural selection, which men are more and more deflecting and reversing."

I recall just here the words of Goethe: "There seems as it were a presentiment of the whole universe to lie in you, which, by the harmonious touch of poetry, is awakened and unfolded." I count it a great saying, worthy of a great poet and thinker. Only, instead of saying that the presentiment of the universe lying within us is awakened by a touch of poetry, I would say: The awakenment and unfoldment of the cosmic majesty of human life is the direct result of the overshadowing power of the Highest, the harmonious blending of the true inwardnesses of life into the kingdom of God, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. Oh, believe me, my friends, no soul is equipped for its pilgrimage through the years until it is able to say: "I have been there: I have visited the Jerusalem of the Holy Spirit." If a speck of radium can ring a bell for thirty thousand years, surely the unbroken shine of the Holy Spirit in a soul can make it as deathless as God, as pure as the blood of the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.

Closely related to the point of departure is the might of Christian manhood: "After I have been there, I—!" What majesty is packed into that personal pronoun! What reservoirs of power are enclosed therein! Capital I's are sown in Paul's epistles as thick as flower seed in a garden. Yes: there is abundance of egoism here. But it is a transfigured egoism, an egoism that lightens from behind, an egoism as subdued as the afterglow of an October sunset. The lustrous glory of Another beats back of this oft used pronoun, which reveals a shimmer from within. It is said that Matthew Arnold took a childlike pleasure in his own performances. When some one recalled something he had said or written, he would answer: "Did I say that? How good that was!" Similarly, Paul experiences a radiant satisfaction in his noble ministry. But it is all for the sake of his Lord: "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me."

Here, then, is manhood's true type. Here is the secret of its royal might. Here is the key to its rich and mystical inwardness. We are sweetly ushered into God by the Eternal Son. He is heaven's Pattern Man. He shows us how manhood is to travel the broad, spacious ways of the universe. Clerk Maxwell says that atoms "continue this day as they were created, perfect in number and measure and weight." Yet Nature is not more careful of its type than God is careful of his typal Man. Therefore, manhood's splendid might reaches its coronation in the Christ of God. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. And his way is as magnificent as the universe, his truth is as clean and high as the stars, his life is as pure as the shining perfections which stream from the heart of God into the soul of humanity.

It is well, I believe, to insist upon this sublime truth with unflinching accuracy. As truly as the sun is the power-house of earth's energy, so Christ is God's law and life for the soul. If there is scientific fact in the one realm, there is spiritual certitude in the other. Astronomers speak with authority concerning the movements of worlds. Chemists know the result which follows the combination of certain chemicals. Physicists talk with some degree of precision about molecules, atoms, and electrons. We camp in a world of physical law. But we home in a world of spiritual grace. And it is not at all complimentary for us to be more familiar with the utensils of our camp than with the wonders and glories of our home. Yet Christ alone can save us from this mistake. Without him we are easy victims to sight and sense. Oh, what a tragedy is told in these two lines of Emerson:

> Why did all manly gifts in Webster fail?
> He wrote on Nature's grandest brow, *For Sale.*

One of the most brilliant men Cambridge University gave England was Richard Monckton Milnes. His friend O'Brien one day said to him, almost prophetically: "You are near something very glorious, but you will never reach it." No: the stainless heavens of manhood cannot be reached, except the Christ reign within, man's only hope of glory. Hawthorne believed that "to the untrue man the whole universe is false—it is impalpable—it shrinks to nothing within his grasp." Now, Christ forestalls that awful being named an untrue man. An untrue man may hunt the worlds through without finding standing room. The inviolable order of the universe is forever opposed to him. "How often," Liddon wrote of his mother, "do I think of her words during the last Oxford vacation spent with her: 'You may become a great scholar, but will you become a true Christian?'" A proper answer to that question, my friends, determines the might of our manhood, the queenliness of our womanhood. No man is so gifted but Christ can enrich his gifts a thousandfold. No woman is so ungifted but Christ can impart to her a wealth surpassing rubies and diamonds. Every soul is so made that only Christ can bring it to self-realization. When the human pronoun "I" is agleam with Christ's glory, we behold a radiance like unto that which breaks from the great white throne.

The Way and the Goal

Moreover, there is another clear mark upon our atlas. It is the surge of compulsion: "I *must*." Here is the confession of a soul in the grip of luminous forces, the ecstasy of a man intoxicated by celestial elixirs, the harmony of a spirit swept by the musical winds of paradise. "I think that the last lesson of life," says a true prophet of the soul, "the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom." And it is this voluntary obedience, resulting in a necessitated freedom, which surges with compelling awe through Paul's heart. It is the song of a dazzled man, the croon of a soul grown rhythmic and tender, profoundly conscious of

> A deep below the deep,
> And a height beyond the height;
> Our hearing is not hearing,
> And our seeing is not sight.

Now, is it not just this soul-swell of holy constraint, of glorious freedom, of driving compulsion, which is so manifest in those who love Christ? They are magnetized by the spiritual currents he sends through their being. They are good citizens of the universe because they are saints in the flesh. They live as those who are sure that heaven is just over the hills behind the stars. They are divinely possessed souls, and they glory in the holy frenzy with which they have been seized. Paul says: "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." John the Baptist exclaims: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." John the Lover declares: "As many as received him, to them he gave the right to become children of God." Peter affirms: "Ye were going astray like sheep; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Thus run only a few strains of the soul-melody responding to the Master's touch. Why, Christians march to the music which makes the music of the spheres. Plato defines the philosopher as "he who has magnificence of mind, and is the spectator of all time and all existence." Yet we only begin to take the measure of a Christian by saying he has magnificence of soul, and is the spectator of both time and eternity, because he is the conscious heir of eternal life, which is the gift of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. No wonder, then, that this surging, apostolic compulsion, this "I must" of a magnetized soul, survives on and on through the centuries, reminding us that there is still "a musical isle in the river of time."

The surge of compulsion is followed by the broadening vision: "I must *see*." Oh, what eyes Paul had! I do not mean their color. I do not mean their size. I mean their power of penetration, their breadth of vision, their starward reach, their capacity for seeing in behind the back of things. One man said of another: "He seems to see out of every pore of his skin." It is true of Paul. And where did Paul get his wondrous eyes? Why, from his

Continued on next page

* Pastor Grace M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

APRIL

I.

BIRDS are warbling in the air,
Grass springs verdant at my feet;
Skies are azure, earth is fair;
Oh, in April life is sweet!

Gentle breezes round me playing,
Shower and sunshine as they meet,
Unlocked streamlets—all are saying,
Oh, in April life is sweet!

Gone is winter, like a dream,
Dream how somber, yet how fleet;
Now of heaven we catch a gleam;
Oh, in April life is sweet!

II.

Oh, in April life is solemn!
Earth is damp, and skies are gray;
Winds are chilly, winter threatening
Even to linger till the May.

Oh, the mountain of spring sewing!
Oh, the cares from sun to sun!
Oh, the misery of spring cleaning,
And the work that's never done!

Oh, in April life is solemn!
Long we then for heavenly lands,
For the robes whose fashions change not,
And the house not made with hands.

AMELIA HOYT.

The Soul's Atlas

Continued from preceding page

Master. *Sight is the gift of life in Jesus Christ.* We never really see until we yield our wills, our brains, our souls to him. He gives us "a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things that thoughts but tenderly touch." We see so little, my friends, because we are so little alive. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see—God."

I say perspective, vision, insight is the result of life. And life's inveterate enemy is sin. That is why Paul admonishes the Romans to "reckon ye yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." We dally with sin, and sin poisons our life. Sin is the brutal Philistine that puts out our eyes. And then we blindly pull down the temple of life in ruins. The strength that should manifest itself in heartening, purifying vision of God is expended in self-destruction. The noted German's last cry was: "Light! Light! Light!" We need not make light our cry at the last. We may make it our deepest possession now, the truth of our inward being, the unfading splendor of our hearts. "Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The richly broadening vision does not come with more culture, a nobler philosophy, a modern education. The light of vision flashes when the fountain of life brims. And the vision fades when the stream of life goes dry. And go dry it must, except it be fed from the eternal springs.

Finally, our atlas reveals the pilgrim's goal: "I must see Rome." And what is Rome? Rome is the ultimate circumference of the soul's service on behalf of its Lord. And the finest service the human spirit can render is to be a distributor of life—life in Christ Jesus. Rome is the world—sick, dying, near unto death. Only the winds of eternal life can blow her expiring embers into deathless flame. Rome has had philosophy. Rome has had eloquence. Rome has had poetry. Rome has had law. Rome has had art. And yet Rome is dying, almost dead. But our eyes look away across the blue Mediterranean, on and on to our point of departure, where the immortal journey began, the Jerusalem that is below. And having been there, we glance past the seven-hilled city on the Tiber to "the Jerusalem that is above and is free, which is our mother"—our great white queen-mother that sits beside the crystal sea!

Will you not seek now the Jerusalem of the Holy Spirit? Will you not covet the might of Christian character? Will you not receive Christ's broadening vision? Will you not become a homing pilgrim, with your eyes looking beyond the hills of time's night to the fair morning lands of eternal day?

The Greatest Orchestra

By Eugene Thwing

CULTURED man glories in the modern orchestra. Seeking that ravishment of the senses which may, as Milton said, "dissolve me into ecstasies, and bring all heaven before mine eyes," man has perfected the orchestra. Seeking, even more, an expression of all the joyous, the sad, the peaceful, the tumultuous feelings of the human heart, man has found music to be, as Longfellow pronounced it, "the universal language of mankind"; and, striving to use this language with the fullest freedom and power, he has learned, as H. E. Krehbiel puts it, that "the most eloquent, potent, and capable instrument of music in the world is the modern orchestra."

Only by long and slow development through three centuries has this wonderful instrument come to its present state of perfection. At first a harpsichord, a lute, a theorbo, a lyre, and three flutes constituted an orchestra for the public performance of an opera. Then it was discovered that the various instruments had their own individual peculiarities, and they were more carefully related and combined. A few violins were added. Not until Haydn began his work did the modern orchestra have its real beginning. He directed all his energies to discover and rightly use the true tonal nature of wood-wind instruments. He divided the strings into first and second parts and added several new instruments. Later, Beethoven and Wagner made still further division of the strings, and in Wagner's *Tristan* the strings are divided into no less than fifteen parts. Now the modern orchestra is composed, often, of more than a hundred instruments, forming, as a whole, says Krehbiel in his chapter on "The Modern Orchestra," "an instrument such as never entered the mind of the wildest dreamer of the last century. Its range of expression is almost infinite. It can strike like a thunderbolt, or murmur like a zephyr. Its voices are multitudinous."

. . .

NO COMPOSER of music now is restricted by any lack of medium for expressing the soul that is in him. The voices of the wood-wind and the brass and the strings have been studied long and well to note the kind of melodies and harmonies in which these voices are most effective. From this study an "instrument language" has been evolved. Thus it is found that all the instruments must not be asked to deliver the same message. "A melody conceived for one instrument sometimes becomes utterly unexpressive and unbeautiful by transference to another." This fact does not limit, it extends the range of expression for the composer who is acquainted intimately with each individual instrument.

Without the conductor both orchestra and composer would be helpless. He is the one who unlocks this wonderful instrument and plays upon it whatever he wills. "The modern conductor," says Krehbiel, "is, in a sense not dreamed of a century ago, a mediator between the composer and the audience. He is a virtuoso who plays upon men instead of a key-board, upon a hundred instruments instead of one. Some one must grasp the whole, expound it to the individual factors which make up the performing sum, and provide what is called an interpretation to the public. The conductor has become a person of stupendous power in the culture of to-day."

The great modern orchestras, and the master composers and conductors with their symphonies, their sonatas and their overtures, with their rhapsodies, their fantasias and their serenades, all are giving melody and harmony to the world; but still its turbulence and trouble are not quieted; its longing is not satisfied; its voices are jangling out of tune. The world gathers into its temples of music, pays polite homage to its musicians both living and dead, and goes away unsatisfied into the turmoil and the discord of life. Why?

. . .

THERE is a greater orchestra than any recorded in the musical annals. Even the orchestra of 410 instruments used years ago in London for the Handel Festival is insignificant in comparison. In this greatest orchestra are many kinds of "tone color"—many widely differing "string," "wood-wind," and "brass" qualities. The melody suitable for one is unfitted for another, yet all together, rendering in their own appointed parts the wonderful symphony of the greatest composer, and following the hand and eye of the greatest conductor, may produce a mighty and beautiful harmony which will enthrall the world and gladden the hosts of heaven.

By long and slow processes through many times three centuries this greatest orchestra has been developing in the hand of the Master Musician. He has divided the "strings" again and again until the range of expression is beyond conception. This greatest "modern orchestra" can, in very truth, "strike like a thunderbolt, or murmur like a zephyr." Literally "its voices are multitudinous."

God is its author, and not man; he laid
The key-note of all harmonies; he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we could hear and understand.

. . .

EVERY man and woman and every child, the world over, is a member of this great orchestra and is assigned a definite part to play in the divine symphony. How sadly some of the parts are out of tune! For thousands of years the orchestra has been studying the great symphony, but many of the performers have given such poor attention and obedience to the Conductor that clashes of discord have spoiled the harmonies.

The Conductor has been very patient, seeking to create a sympathetic relationship between himself and the members of his world orchestra in order that he might the better, "by various devices, imbue them with his thoughts and feelings." Many have responded and yielded themselves gladly to this Great Musician, that he might make with them his sweetest music. They have let their heart-strings vibrate under his touch, exclaiming, "Tune my heart to sing thy praise. Give me the place where I can best help to make melody and joy in the world. I will be faithful and obedient in my own place, no matter how small it may be."

With enough such musicians in his orchestra the Great Conductor can interpret to the world his perfect symphony of life. Then all turbulence will be quieted and all longing satisfied. The whole earth will become a Temple of Music instead of a House of Discord.

THE TRUE REWARD

YOU are the sower! Fear not who shall reap.
Look that the seed shall fall on fertile land.
Think what a splendid faith is yours to keep!
Think what it means a harvest to have planned!
Upon the pains and care with which you sow
Depends to-morrow for its share of grain.
Work on with gladness and with heart aglow;
The harvest time is sure, and sure the gain.

You are the planter! Plant the tree to-day!
That you may never rest beneath its shade
Is not a thought to give your soul dismay.
Do as immortals might, nor be afraid.
See how the land is parched by the sun!
Get to your task and straightway plant the tree.
Be sure the doer and the deed are one,
And all is done for God's eternity.

You are the builder! Build the house with care
Upon a solid rock, with granite walls;
Reck not the cost; no pains or trouble spare;
Strive but to build the House that Never Falls!
Heed not the mocker with his ancient sneer
That life is short. Look up and build with love.
At last the House Immortal you shall rear,
Such as the Master Builder will approve.

You are the fighter! Forward 'gainst the foe!
Ask not if Good be weak or Evil strong.
Trusting the cause to justify the blow,
Advance into the battle with a song.
Be such a fighter as shall never doubt
That the great Chief and Captain of all wars
Shall judge you, when at last you're mustered out,
Not by your decorations but your scars.

THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER.

King George, Va.

Her Happiest Day

THE Mississippi State Legislature not long ago recorded in its minutes a resolution unlike any ever recorded in the records of any other State legislature. This record was as follows:

"*Whereas,* We have read with great pleasure the following remark of the devoted mother of our esteemed governor, the Hon. Earl Brewer, who, when asked if the day her son was inaugurated governor of the State of Mississippi was not the happiest day of her life, replied: 'I was just as happy when my boy joined the church'; therefore be it

"*Resolved,* That the above expression be inscribed on our journal as an example to the mothers of our State, and to show our appreciation of this splendid sentiment."

This recognition of a mother's high estimate of the value of her son's public confession of Christ honors the State Legislature of Mississippi. They were the words of a true Christian mother to whom no worldly honor can exceed that of being "a child of the King."

There are thousands of true-hearted Christian mothers who, if asked what was the happiest day they have ever known, would say as this mother said: "When my boy joined the church."

M. M. M.

Anvil Sparks

..LOVE keeps no ledger of its services.

..THE flower never cares who shall inhale its fragrance.

..IT IS possible to sacrifice many virtues on a cross temper.

..WHEN you enjoy the pity of others, the soul is ill and needs cure.

..IF GOD planted you for a primrose, you can never bloom as a petunia.

..A VERY large army of evils can enter a very small gate of compromise.

..THE grass just out of reach looks good to the sheep that grazes along the fence.

..THE way never looks so hard when we are on our feet as it does when we sit at ease.

..IF you sit down to wait to hear compliments, your seat is apt to become very hard before you are satisfied.

..DANIEL would never have walked amid the bronze lions that adorned the Babylonish throne if he had not first walked amid the real lions of the cave.

MAKING MEN IN MONTANA

AN OLD pioneer was sitting in a hotel office in Butte, Mont. —the great copper-mining camp of the Rocky Mountains. He had come up from Alder Gulch to attend the annual reunion of the pioneers who had been in the State since '66. He was telling of the great deeds done when Alder Gulch was sending gold and silver out to the world by the millions.

"Yes," said he, "we have sent over $100,000,000 out to the world in gold and silver. Mighty little is left in the Gulch among the people that dug it from the hills or washed it from the creek bottoms. The people are pretty poor over there now. The owners of the railroads, mines and smelters got all the money and are using it to build mansions in New York."

Just here a listener interrupted, "What kind of men and women have you raised over in the Gulch these forty years?"

"I don't like to think of that," answered the old man. "Too many of our boys and girls have turned out bad. Quite a few have been sent down to Deer Lodge to the penitentiary; a good many have died young, complete wrecks from drink or other forms of dissipation. It has been a bad, bad place for boys and girls sure; no influences to encourage them and always something open to drag them down."

"Then it has been pretty expensive giving that $100,000,000 to the world," suggested the listener.

"Yes," continued the pioneer, "the millions that have been made out of copper and gold in the West is really *soul money*."

This conversation actually took place last summer, and gives some idea of the real conditions as they exist in a hundred mining camps and out-of-the-way settlements in Montana and Wyoming.

Four years ago two brothers, one the president of a denominational college and the other the principal of a county high school in the same Montana city, gave up their positions in order to devote their whole time and energy to the saving of these neglected boys and girls and training them for citizenship.

The brothers' vision was a school on a farm away from the temptations and bad influences of a Western town. Here an ideal environment was to be created. The school buildings, library, church, and industrial shops were to be surrounded by comfortable cottages presided over by cultured house-mothers. Every acre was to yield its utmost and be an object lesson to every student. The income of the farm was to go to the support of the school. Such industries were to be developed as related to the farm and community. All work on the farm, in the shops and around the school was to be done by the students.

When the plan was laid before the people in the region they all wanted a share in making the vision real. With all the hopefulness and big-heartedness which characterizes the people of the far West they rallied around the brothers who had taken up this cause. One said: "For twenty years we have been waiting for some one to help us solve this problem." People in all conditions of life united until there were nearly a thousand contributors and about $100,000 raised.

Then the Billings Polytechnic Institute was incorporated under the laws of the State. Sixty acres of irrigated land was purchased three miles from the city of Billings, a school building and cottages for one hundred students were erected, a water main was dug three miles across the plains to a reservoir built in the bluffs above the school, a heating plant was installed, and five months from the time the ground was broken in the sugar-beet field the school was ready to open.

One girl of eighteen from central Wyoming drove seventy miles across the plains to Sheridan to take her first ride on the train on the way to the Polytechnic. When she enrolled she said, "I am the oldest of seven children. We have saved up fifty dollars for me to go to school with. I am to stay three months and then go home to teach my brothers and sisters what I have learned. Next year another one of us will come up to school. We never had a chance before to learn anything."

A young man twenty years of age rode his pony one hundred and twenty-five miles across the plains,

The Boy That No One Could Manage

sold his pony and saddle for forty-five dollars and came on to the school. He had been to school two or three winters when he was a small boy, but had never attended a religious service or seen a Bible. He was in the school two years and became a good public speaker, ranked high in his classes, was a leader in church work, and very popular with faculty and students.

Last summer when the school was very short of money a fifty-dollar check was received. The director knew of a boy that needed his help in a mining camp in the western part of the State. He took twenty-five dollars of the gift and went to see this boy and made arrangements for his father to pay his expenses for a year. He then went to a hotel and, picking up a local paper, read of a sixteen-year-old boy that was to be sentenced to the penitentiary the next day. He and a band of boys had been implicated in a petty crime, the other boys' parents had paid their share of the damage, but this boy's father was angry and refused to defend him. His mother was dead and he had no friends. The conditions in which he found himself made him very reckless and unmanageable. He had been sent to the reform school, but had been returned. Nothing was left for the judge to do but send him to prison. This was what the newspaper said.

The director decided to investigate. The judge was a sensible, big-hearted man and willing to do anything that he could to help the boy, and had already waited two weeks to see if some way could not be devised to save him from what was worse than death. The judge asked the director to go to the jail and see the boy. The boy was found in a cage with fifty hardened criminals—the past generation of boys who were now lost. There in the midst was the sixteen-year-old boy that had been given up as hopelessly bad.

The boy's father was hunted up and made to promise to clothe the boy and pay a part of his school expenses for one year. The county attorney was persuaded to sign a statement that he would drop the case. The judge then turned the boy over to the director and this boy that no one could manage was free and could come out of that filthy jail under the blue sky again.

The director saw that the boy had a new suit of clothes and was dressed like a young gentleman. That night he ate supper at a good restaurant, went to a good entertainment, slept in a clean bed and had a real friend. Not once did this new friend ask him a question or mention his past. The next day they went to the Polytechnic farms and these directions were given the boy: "Forget the past, just make good, that is all. Every one here is your friend and no one is watching you. Run away if you want to. Look around for a day or two and when you feel like it you may go to work with the other boys; but don't go too hard at first, for you are not used to work."

The boy went to work the third day. He has adjusted himself to the new surroundings and is now one of the very best members of the institution. Here among sympathetic friends and teachers he has found the right environment in which to develop all that is good in his nature. Had that good woman back in New England sent her gift one day later this boy would now have been behind prison bars a hopeless criminal.

L. T. E.

Billings, Mont.

THE BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP "ONTARIO"

WITH a raging fire in her hold, the coastwise liner *Ontario* of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Line, bound from Baltimore to Boston with thirty-one passengers and a large cargo on board, was beached on the Long Island coast near Montauk Point at three o'clock on the morning of April 8. A heavy sea was running at the time, and it seemed as if the landing of the passengers would be almost an impossible task even for a veteran skipper and a well-trained crew. The officers of the *Ontario*, however, proved their worth, and while the crew worked, not in relays, but every man all the time, to keep the fire as nearly under control as possible, the skipper and his junior officers would now and then leave their posts to reassure the passengers that they were in no immediate danger. At daylight a tug arrived and the passengers were transferred to her, minus most of their baggage, but otherwise safe and sound.

The Chief Officer and Some of the Crew Fighting Fire on Board the "Ontario"

Hubert Ingalls, a wireless operator, still in his teens, whose home is in Lynn, Mass., stood by his key flashing the signal "S. O. S.," the wireless call for help, until the flames reached the wireless house, with the result that the intense heat to which the apparatus was subjected rendered it useless. He stuck to his post as long as the instrument worked.

Captain Bond and his men stayed on the burning ship for about twenty-four hours, fighting the flames, but with little result. Early on the following morning a heavy sea arose, and this, coupled with the intense heat of the fire, drove the crew ashore, and the *Ontario* was left to her fate.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Cossacks Destroy Persian Temple

BY a recent telegram from Teheran, it is learned that two thousand Russian soldiers at Mashad, Persia, shrine of Imam Riza, the most sacred shrine of the Mohammedans in all Persia, sacked and destroyed the great edifice, and either murdered, wounded, or took prisoner every man in the temple. No place in all the history of the world has been held in more sacred awe by believers than this. Besides the fabulously rich store of rare jewels in the temple, the original writings of Mohammed were kept there, as were also other books of the most ancient literature of Persia. For eleven centuries it has been the Mecca of Mohammedans in Persia. Into its shrine room they have annually poured for more than a thousand years the richest jewels of the Orient as religious offerings. Not until the Cossacks, armed with modern rifles and glittering bayonets, made their unexpected attack in force, had the hallowed ground upon which the famous mosque stands been profaned by the feet of unbelievers. The vaulted dome of the shrine was one of the most wonderful sights in Persia. It was made of turquoise tiles, embellished by a girdle of arabesque inscriptions. The minarets of the porches were embossed with gold, and the blue tile effect was carried out in the façades of the memorial mosques. No act could be more humiliating to the Persians and Moslems throughout the world than this destruction of the sacred shrine. The religious instinct is the deepest, and an injury to it is most keenly resented. This looks like another bloody step Russia is taking in the subjugation of a weaker nation. She can riot in robbery and murder in Persia with less resistance than she had with the Japanese in Manchuria and Korea. This deep injury, following so closely upon the forced removal of Morgan Shuster, who barely got away with his life, may so shock the conscience of England as to compel the leaders to explain what relation England sustains to the proposition to oppress if not absorb Persia. This looting and wrecking of the Persian shrine suggests the robbery, desecration and destruction of the temple at Jerusalem, which called forth this lament:

O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. (Ps. 79: 1.)

The Mohammedan Shrine of Imam Riza at Mashad, Persia, Sacked by the Cossacks

Government Children's Bureau

THE bill creating a children's bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor has been passed. The new bureau will be especially charged with investigating infant mortality, the birth rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents and diseases of children, employment, and legislation affecting children in the several States. These data, it is expected, will be of incalculable value to the innumerable humanitarian and sociological agencies. Secretary Nagel, in whose department the new bureau will be, is enthusiastic over the subject of child uplift. "Protection of the child is protection of the State," he said. "Much depends upon the way in which the child is started in the ledger of life, for he is the foundation of the State. If he gets on the debit side he will be a source of trouble for all time, while if he is entered on the credit side he will be a source of progress and substance to the State and nation. What we need on this subject is information." The appropriation with which to begin work will be about $25,000 for the first year. The government has been slow enough in coming to this action. It has busied itself with the seed to be planted in the field, but not much with the beginning of child life; it has concerned itself with cows, but not much with human mothers; with pigs, but not with children, the foundation and hope of the nation. It should be the intention of the State and church to raise up a race of children as free as possible from physical, mental or moral blemish, like the ones the king asked for to be leaders in the realm.

Children in whom was no blemish. (Dan. 1: 4.)

World's Gold Production

THE report of the director of the United States Mint does not usually contain any estimate of the world's gold production, except for the calendar year preceding the fiscal year covered by the report. At the close of 1911, however, George E. Roberts, director of the Mint, made public a preliminary estimate for that year which placed the value of the gold production in 1911 at $466,700,000. Sydney Burton, president of the British Board of Trade, in reply to a parliamentary inquiry, has furnished an estimate which gives the total value for 1911 at £97,274,000, against £96,448,000 in 1910, and £93,376,000 in 1909. The production by countries or geographical divisions is estimated as follows for the past year:

Africa	£39,186,499
United States	19,390,690
Australia	12,549,555
Russia	8,342,751
Mexico	4,006,987
Canada	2,187,609
British India	2,158,470
China	2,054,865
Japan, East Indies, etc.	2,178,157
Central and South America	3,082,297

Gold has been a precious metal in all nations and times. It makes the natural standard of money value in our modern civilization. There is note made of the amount of gold that passed through the hands of the king of the Jewish nation in one year:

Now the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three score and six talents of gold. (I. Kings 10: 14.)

A Boy Musical Prodigy

A BOY named Solomon, only eight years old, son of a poor East End tailor in London, made his public début in the Albert Hall recently before an immense audience and proved himself a wonderful pianist. It was only a few weeks ago that the boy was discovered, and he had never played on a grand piano before. So marvelous is his talent that a few days ago he played privately before the king and queen at Buckingham Palace. The boy played delightfully Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Chopin's Valse in C minor, and other pieces. The audience went wild with enthusiasm. What a marvelous musical future this lad promises, and how much sunshine and happiness he may bring to the hearts of his fellow men! How often the evil spirits of the human heart are chased away by song or touches of fingers on musical instruments!

And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. (I. Sam. 16: 23.)

Hummingbird Slippers

PARIS and London fashion papers announce that high-priced footwear, especially for women, will be one of the fads of the season. Women's shoes are advertised in the shops at from $25 to $2,000 a pair. Exhibited in the London shop windows and priced at $2,500 a pair, the highest price known for shoes without diamond or other jewel settings, are shoes made of the breast feathers of hummingbirds. They are produced by a Paris shoemaker who claims that it requires six months' time to complete one. Many hummingbirds are required to make one pair of these ladies' shoes, as the tiny breasts must be stitched together to make a kind of cloth. The effect is very beautiful; the shoe gleams with lines of mingled red and gold. And yet these $2,500 fashionable women's shoes are among the ugliest things in the modern wardrobe, as they represent the wicked waste of a conscienceless wealth, and reflect the red and the blue of the half-frozen feet of the tens of thousands of children—only a few blocks away from the palaces of the wearers—who have no shoes at all when the frosts and the snow come. Such reckless extravagance has had something to do in provoking the discontent with which every nation of Europe is now reckoning, and which has been a significant factor in stirring up the industrial feeling in America about which our statesmen and philanthropists are having so great concern. Our modern tendency to take the common-sense view of things, naturally condemns the extravagance of any one who would wear a $2,500 pair of humming-bird shoes, when a fraction of that sum would buy her a pair that any queen might wear, and with the balance she could buy shoes for one thousand of her poor sisters who live in the same city or even ward, and who are suffering without them. The indiscriminate rebuke of rich people by the pulpit or press is as unjust and wicked as the extravagance that it seeks to condemn. There are rich men and women in all our churches who are pure as gold and true as steel, who loyally support the pastor, who pour out their money like water and their hearts with their money, who co-operate on terms of genuine brotherhood with the humblest ones of the flock, in all the departments of the church work as devoted servants of the common Master. The apostle makes it plain that those who keep their wealth for themselves alone have no right to call themselves Christians.

But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (I. John 3: 17.)

Bottled Light and Heat

A GOVERNMENT chemist at Washington claims to have made a discovery by which he has been enabled to liquify natural gas and furnish light and heat in bottles for use anywhere in any climate at a minimum cost. There are inventions for the transportation of heat on the market, with what success we are not able to say. Intellectual and spiritual light and heat are portable. We take them about with us wherever we go.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. (Matt. 5: 16.)

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Class is growing with an amazing rapidity. Not only are the answers pouring in in much greater numbers, but a surprisingly large number of students are finding all or nearly all the correct answers. The answers to the third list of Questions are given below:

Correct Answers to List No. 3

1. In whose school did Paul teach for two years? Ans. Tyrannus, Acts 19: 9.
2. Who were the first Christian missionaries and by whom were they sent out? Ans. Barnabas and Saul, Acts 13: 1-4.
3. What man owed his own life and the lives of all his countrymen to a woman? Ans. Mordecai, Esther 3: 8-15; 4: 13, 14; 8: 4-6.
4. What man refused to go to battle unless a certain woman would go also? Ans. Barak, Judges 4: 8, 9.
5. On what three occasions were Peter, James and John with Christ when the other apostles were excluded? Ans. At the raising of Jairus' daughter, Mark 5: 37; Luke 8: 51. At the Transfiguration, Matt. 17: 1; Mark 9: 2; Luke 9: 28. In the Garden of Gethsemane, Matt. 26: 37; Mark 14: 32.
6. Which of our Lord's miracles was wrought by the utterance of one word? Ans. Healing the deaf man. "Ephphatha." Mark 7: 34. (See also miracles recorded in Matt. 8: 32 and 14: 29.)
7. What title did Jesus bear that indicated he was both God and man? Ans. Emmanuel, Matt. 1: 23. (Isa. 7: 14.)
8. Name the only instance in the Bible where the name of a street is mentioned? Ans. "Straight," Acts 9: 11.
9. Where is the Word of God compared to a looking-glass? Ans. James 1: 23.
10. In what passage of Scripture are the angels declared to be fellow workers with mankind? Ans. Rev. 22: 9.
11. Where is the Word of God called milk, and why? Ans. I. Pet. 2: 2, "that ye may grow thereby." (See also I. Cor. 3: 2; Heb. 5: 12.)
12. Who won a wife by capturing a town? Ans. Othniel, Judges 1: 11-13; Josh. 15: 16, 17.

How They Appreciate the Bible Studies

That many hundreds of our readers are finding a keen pleasure in these Bible studies is evident from the tone of their letters. "I made use of the questions before our Mission School (of which I was superintendent)," writes W. A. W., Springfield, Ill., "and found that many did not know their Bible as well as they believed they did. For my own benefit I greatly appreciate this feature of the paper." Mrs. C. A. S., Bridgewater, Mass., writes, "I became so interested in seeking out the answers to the Bible questions that I almost forgot I was ill. Thank you very much for the pleasure." "I am glad to find that I know my Bible," writes Mrs. A. L. B., Everett, Mass. "I am now reading it through for the seventh time in as many years." "I think the Bible Question Class will encourage many to study the Word with greater interest," writes G. G. Klemme, Ia. "It makes one find the Bible a great storehouse of facts," writes Jennie M., Fraser, Ia. A pastor in Tennessee writes: "This is a very interesting Bible study and I wish to be considered a regular member of the class. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is getting better every day." "I like the exercise in Bible research that your questions give. Long may you live to bless the world!" writes S. S., Matthews, N. C. "A grand opportunity for lovers of the Bible to learn more of its beautiful teachings" is the judgment of Mrs. M. L. Y., Brightwood, Va.

Not only the young men and women and the middle-aged, but many very old Christians are members of the Bible Class. We have a number of letters from these old saints, expressing higher appreciation of the studies which make one more familiar with God's precious Word. Old students and young unite in the wish that the class may be a permanent feature in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

One dear lady says she is afraid she has reached the age-limit because she is seventy-two. But there is no age-limit; everybody is young when we begin to study the old Book. Another says: "I am in my seventy-seventh year, and I do love the study of the Bible." This member sends nine correct answers to List No. 3. Another, eighty-one years of age, sends nine correct answers. But her letter is so good we must print more of it: "I am eight-one years old. My eyes are very weak. It is hard to read the questions. I live alone, have no help but the old Bible." The next letter is from a little miss of fourteen, who sends eight correct answers all the way from Texas. A young man of thirteen sends seven correct answers. Another member of the class, who sends eight correct answers, writes: "I am only a young Chinese boy that is learning to be an evangelist for God. May God's blessings be with you or your good works." Amen, young brother from across the sea—and may his blessing be on your work, too, William Tin Soon!

Honor Roll, List No. 3

The following 39 answered **correctly** all 12 questions of List No. 3:

Jennie E. Holmes, C. G. Nelson, Michael Murray, Marion F. Grinnell, Mrs. W. A. Melton, Maud F. Brackett, W. J. Robinson, Fred R. Chelsea, Mrs. C. C. Tilley, Mrs. Thomas W. Cole, Mrs. W. H. Bartholomew, Cornelia Hutchings, Joseph A. Payne, Hope Miller, Ida Shields, Mrs. H. L. Abel, Mrs. I. E. Coe, A. J. Bristow, Mrs. J. A Tuthill, J. F. Worick, Mrs. M. Davis Jones, M. Inez Daugherty, W. A. Campbell, Abbie J. Leach, Isabel Gartland, Olive M. Palmer, P. E. Seofield, W. E. Light, C. H. Miller, Mary E. Wood, Edwin Rowe, Sr., Josiah Davis, Mrs. J. E. Finnell, Mrs. F. K. Tucker, Leanore L. Reese, Flora W. Leonard, Mary Hasselbacher, Helen H. Jones, Mrs. E. H. Roberts.

The following 92 answered **11** questions on List No. 3 correctly:

Mrs. Jennie A. Clapp, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, H. R. Towne, Stella M. Van Duzie, Clara C. McEwen, Mrs. J. C. Hooper, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mrs. M. L. Harkness, Amelia Williams, O. H. Perry, O. D. Davis, W. G. Venable, Mrs. A. W. Grover, Mary L. Moore, Mrs. G. W. Metzger, Mrs. A. T. Finch, Myron H. Dean, David Haisley, Mrs. J. R. Carr, Mrs. E. J. Fuller, Ellen Simkin, Mrs. J. F. Woodruff, Annie Currie, James M. Payne, Mrs. William Sattler, Mrs. R. L. Pastorius, Sallie Davidson, Mary E. D. Smith, H. P. Calkins, S. Bertha Beckwith. Mrs. R. J. Hazlett, Mrs. F. M. Gainfolt, Mrs. Isaac L. Cappock, Mrs. S. A. Strong, Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Mrs. A. L. Truman, Mrs. Louisa Smithers, Mrs. Ida L. Sharp, Rosa Hirschy, J. Warrenfelt, Rev. G. F. Burns, Anna M. Smith, Abbie F. Dillingham, G. M. D. King, Mrs. Luanna Baldwin, A. L. Mossman, C. F. Berg, Wm. Hayes, Mrs. Eunice Sheff, Mrs. C. A. Dentcn, Myrtle M. McKinnon, J. H. Archibald, Mary Brahy, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, Mrs. S. D. Osborn, The Frazee Family, Lucy Little, Mrs. H. N. Park, Mrs. J. W. Stearn, Mrs. W. E. Camp, Mrs. James Love, Altie E. Kemble, Mrs. Alfred Horton, Stella Crosby, Mrs. Anna M. Furman, John Bissett, J. D. Tracy, Lucy Saussy, J. Albert Law, David Gladstone, J. M. McMillan, Elina Gayer, Mrs. Emily Z. Mack, Mrs. A. L. Kendall, W. E. Brown, One paper (no signature), Kate Lipscomb, Sarah E. Barber, Mrs. H. B. C. Cope, Hallie McP. See, Mrs. F. K. Tucker, Mrs. E. L. Ebbert, Anna R. Minch, Julia E. Kemp, Ora M. Curry, Ruth K. Gaylord, James Wilson, Lucetta E. Hughes, Mrs. Wm. Peabody, Mrs. Alice W. Trueblood, Mrs. Marion A. Clark, Mrs. Clara R. Moore.

The following 162 answered 10 questions on List No. 3 correctly:

Clarence J. Graham, Lizzie Vestal, David T. Newsom, Jane Roberts, Mrs. M. Hammond, F. P. Myers, Mrs. H. J. Hughes, Mrs. George Anderson, Mrs. J. P. Hubert, Mrs. A. G. James, Mrs. T. H. Bedford, N. K. MacLeod, Mary Chenault, Janet H. Crawford, Cora E. Zimmerman, P. J. Stone, Minnie Lohr, Otto Chellberg, Helen M. Gibson, Fidelia S. Barnes, John Erickson, Mrs. H. B. Northrop, Mrs. Nancy Hays, Mrs. M. A. Woger, Mrs. L. M. Brown, J. G. Beck, J. C. Laudt, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Melvin Booth, Lillian I. Green, Mrs. I. Matters, Mrs. Ben Clagg, Jennie Munson, J. P. Street, Mrs. H. E. Van Gilder, Leston Mackey, Mrs. E. Powers, Mrs. D. H. Shunway, Mrs. Geo. Brill, E. L. Stewart, B. M. Carpenter, L. M. West, Mrs. James Gibbon, Adam Laidlaw, Kezie Voorns, Mrs. Fanny Loran, George McLachlan, M. J. Elmore, A. A. Scott, R. M. Gittings, J. A. Thomas, Mrs. John Sanderson, A. W. Merker, Mrs. Mark Scribner, Miss Jennie Lignian, Mrs. M. L. Yager, Mrs. E. R. Millard, P. H. Bratson, Mrs. E. R. L. Stevenson, M. E. Miller, Mrs. Henry Davis, Howard Buzby, Mrs. J. Sutton, Rev. W. D. Moore, Mrs. James Yule, W. G. Shirey, Mrs. John F. Willite, Mrs. H. M. Shelton, Anna Dill, Mrs. M. McKittrick, Charles Miller, Mrs. M. E. Emmons, Mrs. D. W. Reynolds, Mrs. Ruth E. Speare, Mrs. M. W. Barr, Miss Sarah M. Krom, Mrs. S. A. Glover, Mrs. Kittie Baldwin, Mrs. M. G. Kemp, D. R. Flick, Emma Lawson, Mrs. W. B. Lawrence, Mrs. Annie Howell, L. C. Smith, M.D., Mrs. L. M. Clyburn, Mrs. Sarah Eberhart, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, Mrs. B. A. Constable, Alice Wood, Mrs. W. E. Kough, Ann McCune, Mrs. A. L. Brackett, Elisha Frail, E. A. Edgar, Mrs. H. H. Barrows, Mack Wilson, J. J. and J. R. Rice, "A Wisconsin Subscriber," T. B. Perker, L. J. Linthrum, W. H. Griffing, Mrs. Amelia J. Kirchline, E. D. Jones, A. W. Hall, Mrs. L. L. Gladney, Mrs. C. Bartholine, I. C. Kernochan, P. G. Maness, Mrs. T. Kernick, Miss Flossie Patton, Ellen L. Grove, Mrs. R. Van Arnum, Mrs. E. H. Harrington, Mrs. J. P. Howell, Mrs. James Scott, Miss E. M. King, James Snell, Mrs. Percy Holmes, Alberta B. Reynolds, Mrs. Addie Perrine, Mrs. W. A. Stuckey, Fred Croft, Mary Fitzgerald, Fannie Hennes, Mrs. A. P. Fasset, Laura and Annie Marsh, Nancy R. King, N. S. Traubarger, Mrs. M. E. B. McCullough, Mrs. Isabella Smith, Mrs. Celinda Nye, Mrs. M. R. Petry, Mrs. J. W. Floyd, Mrs. Wm. Findlay, Frank Gunning, Mrs. Arthur DuBois, Winifred P. Cairns, Chas. S. Watrous, Agnes Cowan, Mrs. Herrman, Mr. and Mrs. O. Raynor, J. C. Francis, Mrs. R. F. French, Nora M. Massey, Mrs. J. B. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rodgers, Mrs. Kate A. Jackson, Esther Jaquith, Mrs. G. W. Tuttle, J. F. Hannay, Mrs. A. A. Ruxton, Mrs. Estella J. Lathrop, Mrs. A. S. Rouse, John W. Baker, Bennet Pike, Theophilus Bauer, Mrs. Maria Haskin, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bosworth, Mrs. D. B. Romig, Mrs. Nettie Dymond, Ella Ferguson, Mrs. D. A. Rogers.

One hundred and forty-three answered 9 questions in List No. 3 correctly; 113 answered 8 questions correctly; 68 answered 7; 28 answered 6; 20 answered 5.

New Questions. List No. 4

1. What victorious warrior was condemned to die because he ate a little honey?
2. Where is the first mention of dining at noon?
3. What young woman, by her civility to a stranger, secured a very desirable husband?
4. Who first promised to give a tenth of all his income to the Lord?
5. Where is the exact count of a catch of fish given?
6. What did Christ seem to fear he should not find when he returned to earth?
7. Where did some one who had died meet a living man and change the whole course of his life?
8. What pedestrian caused a man who was riding to continue his journey in a happier frame of mind?
9. In what verse is the entire Gospel put into eleven words?
10. Mention three passages which emphasize the necessity of the new birth.
11. In what two passages are we told of the wisdom of winning souls and of the reward of the soul-winner?
12. Paul gives a list of nine good things all may possess, and of eight kinds of things that are good to think about; Peter also mentions eight good things which we should all try to obtain. Repeat these lists and tell where they are found.

Directions for Students

For the information of readers who are studying the Bible Questions it should be stated that it is desirable to make the answers as brief as possible. A single word or name and the reference will usually suffice; in many cases the reference alone is answer enough. All answers should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Question Class within *two weeks* from time the questions appear. List No. 1 was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of January 17, 1912; List No. 2 on February 21, 1912; and List No. 3 on March 20, 1912.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—DESPATCHES FROM GYANGTSE, Tibet, say that the Chinese have established a Representative Council at Lhasa, and have proclaimed a republic. The officials have cut off their queues, and some of them are wearing silk hats and frock coats. The Tibetans oppose the change, and are threatening to exterminate the Chinese. Fighting has occurred near Shigatse, 130 miles from Lhasa.

—PROFFERS OF HELP FROM many quarters by those who wished to aid the Mississippi flood sufferers met with the uniform reply that Kentucky and the other States affected were taking care of their own. The State governments were prompt and generous in their efforts for the safety and comfort of the sufferers, from Cairo to Memphis. In addition, the Federal Government has sent large supplies of tents, etc. The floods have reached their maximum and are now declining, but it will be many weeks before normal conditions can be restored.

—MUNIFICENT BEQUESTS TO hospitals, accompanied by the declaration that "I don't wish that my name should be in any way associated with these sums in the future," are the feature of Lord Lister's will, which was filed for probate in London April 4. He bequeathed £10,000 ($50,000) each to four London hospitals and double that amount to the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine. To the University of Edinburgh he left the insignia of the Prussian Order of Merit and the English Order of Merit, and all his medals, diplomas, honorary gifts, and distinctions.

—IF YOU HAVE NOT already sent in your gift to the China Famine Orphan Fund, send it *to-day*. There are several hundred of these little ones who need to be supported under the care of our faithful missionaries. Twenty dollars will maintain an orphan a whole year, including shelter, clothing, teaching and training at a Christian mission. Even the smallest contribution will be welcomed. Send for our free booklet, *Little Moonflower*. A postal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will bring copies for yourself and as many of your friends as you may wish to interest in this good cause.

—THOUSANDS OF PERSONS have been killed and whole Indian villages swept away by the eruption of Chiriqui Peak, near Bocas del Toro, in Panama, according to the story of Captain Olsvik, of the United Fruit steamer *Fort Morgan*, which arrived in Mobile, Ala., on April 11. Captain Olsvik says the eruption occurred on April 5, early in the morning, while the *Fort Morgan* was berthed near Bocas del Toro, and that he witnessed flames shooting from the peak. Reports of the large casualty list were brought to Bocas del Toro by refugees, who escaped the onrushing lava. He says he watched the eruption on April 5 until he put to sea. Chiriqui Peak, as far as is known, never has shown volcanic activity, and the sudden bursting of fire and lava from the crest, it is supposed, took the inhabitants of the village by surprise.

—W. MORGAN SHUSTER, former treasurer general of Persia, has been chosen by the National City Bank interests of New York to represent them in South America. The bank is not permitted to do business outside the country, but the National City Company was formed last year by stockholders in the bank to handle such business as conflicted with the National charter. News of Mr. Shuster's appointment was confirmed by President Vanderlip of the National City Bank, who said that Mr. Shuster would go to South America in May, and meanwhile would find enough to keep him busy in New York and Washington. He has had a broad training in financial matters in the government service, but is less familiar with banking and will need a month to get in touch with the company's policies. Mr. Shuster will have a roving commission which will give him the continent as his field.

—PROSPECTS OF PEACE, with an early resumption of anthracite mining, were reported much brighter on April 10 after the miners and the operators in conference in Philadelphia decided to sit down together and talk over their differences. When the negotiations, broken off on March 15, were resumed in the Reading terminal that afternoon, George F. Baer, president of the Reading Company, proposed on behalf of the operators to arbitrate their differences; that is, to let the anthracite coal strike commission which settled the strike of 1902 investigate present conditions and decide whether any modification of the commission's award is necessary at this time. In the discussion that followed the miners practically threw this offer aside, and the conference finally agreed to appoint sub-committees to take up the demands of the miners, with power to make recommendations for adjustments. The sub-committees were immediately appointed, and after a brief joint session they adjourned. In naming the sub-committee of operators George F. Baer, representing the largest individual operator in the anthracite field, was not included. It is believed that the elimination of Mr. Baer from the sub-committee was in the interests of harmony, and will go a long way toward settling the dispute between the miners and operators.

POT-BOILERS

BY PEARL FRANKLIN GODFREY

CALLIE, standing at the table in the pantry window, skimming the cream for breakfast, noted how high the sun had risen above Ompawaug Hill, and waited for a certain sound from the road beyond the lilac hedge. When it came it was that of a rattling vehicle and now and then a horse's hoof as it struck a stone in the soft sand. She hurriedly finished her task and went into the kitchen.

"Mr. Wardle is coming, Jessie," she said to the country girl who hovered over the range; "you can ring the first bell and get the muffins in; we'll have breakfast in half an hour. I'll be back in time to fix Miss Ellers' tray and carry mother's in to her." Then she sped out through the vine-covered door of the little white farmhouse and around to the old red barn.

When the driver saw Callie he called to her and waved his hand. He was a small man, with round, pink-cheeked face, dancing blue eyes, white moustache and hair, and had on an alpaca suit, worn shabby, and a sunburned straw hat. Pinned on his coat lapel was a spray of pink laurel; from the whip socket protruded an entire branch of it; and even the steed, once white, now gray with age, had a bit of the green stuck rakishly through the harness above his head.

The old horse was taking advantage, as usual. He knew there would be neither check nor whip, so his head hung almost to the ground, and his feet dragged in the manner of a spoiled child. When Callie stepped into the path, he came to a standstill, lazily nuzzling her apron pocket.

Just above the enveloping checked apron gleamed a bit of Callie's pink dress—enough to emphasize the creamy whiteness of her neck, the flush of her cheeks, the blue-black of her hair and eyes. Mr. Wardle bent his head so that he could look out at her over his glasses, and into his eyes came the same joy as when he looked at flowers.

"I beat you this morning," he boasted gleefully, letting the lines slide out of his hands. He pushed the straw hat back from his broad forehead and leaned over to take the laurel out of the socket.

"This is for your mother," he said. "Tell her it's the first out. I got it back of the old farm on Lonetown Road. No, I didn't forget to mail Horton's letters. Yes, I got the grapefruit for Miss Ellers' breakfast, and there's a bag of corn for you young folks to pop in front of the grate fire these cool evenings—but you can't guess what else I've got—you couldn't in a hundred years."

From beneath the seat of the dilapidated buggy Mr. Wardle brought forth a paper pinwheel—pink, blue and yellow—and a red balloon. He held them up exultantly. His eyes shone.

"Callie, do you know, I can't tell you *when* I'd seen a man with a basket of these paper pinwheels and his hand full of these here balloons all tied together and floating in the air. This fellow was going to the early train with them, for the fair at Longfield, and I turned and drove after him three blocks before I caught him; just look!" He floated the balloon at the end of its string and swept the pinwheel through the air to make it revolve.

"But what are you going to do with them?" laughed Callie, whose hands were deftly busied with the harness. "There isn't any child to give them to. I *hope* you're not thinking of Roy, when he's just home from college."

"Never mind, Callie," chuckled Mr. Wardle, "they're not for Roy. The balloon I'm going to tie to the railing on the porch outside your mother's window, and the pinwheel I'll stick up there too, where she can see it go round. That's the kind of things I'd want, Callie, if I was sick—if I'd sprained *my* ankle. There," he cried suddenly, "you've got that nag unhitched while I've sat here gabbing away. Well, it's too late now. But just look, Callie," he chattered as he descended a little stiffly from the old rig. "Look here at all the ideas I got this morning for things to write about—all these!" From the sagging pockets of his coat Mr. Wardle produced a handful of scraps torn from the paper bags in which his purchases had been wrapped. These were scribbled over in signs unintelligible and yet familiar to the girl.

"Why, I'll have three stories out of just this one trip to town; see if I don't!" he nodded brightly, as he took the horse's bridle and started to lead him toward the barn.

Going back to the house to resume her duties, Callie found the doorway blocked by a tall, serious young man who smilingly held out both hands.

"Callie," he called, tenderly. The girl roguishly shifted the bulky bags into his outstretched arms, then put her hands, with the laurel, on top, and they stood looking, she up into his eyes, he down into hers.

"It's so good to see you—it seemed years," he said.

"Well, well, well!" cried Mr. Wardle, coming up the path. "So early in the morning!" He encircled them with a passing hug, then hurried on with his windmill and balloon.

Roy looked after his father a little uneasily. "I wish—dad wouldn't," he said.

"Wouldn't what?" asked Callie.

"Oh, do such funny things—bring home that truck—they think he's so queer."

Together they went into the dining-room. Callie passed the packages through the kitchen slide, with some instructions to the girl, then took a low dish for the table and a larger one for her mother's room, and began to arrange the flowers at a side table.

"Why, Roy," she said, a little wonderingly, "we all understand your father. He and you have been coming up here every summer for ten years—ever since we were children. Mother and I hardly feel that we have our home together till summer comes and brings you back again, and there isn't a man, woman or child in the village or for miles around who doesn't know and love him. If you'd see the way they keep asking, and waiting for him to come back—"

"I know all that," said Roy, sinking into the chair in the bow window and plunging his hands into his pockets, "it's the same way everywhere—every one loves dad. How can they help it? It's not dad himself that I mean—"

Just then, from a side room came the clatter of a typewriter loosely geared and speeding as in the throes of a mighty inspiration. The young man nodded his head toward the sound.

"It's that," he said, biting his lips in a worried way; "they don't know what to make of it. You know, Alfred and Miss Ellers are real artists. I'd never told Alf any more than that father wrote—and of course I didn't know Miss Ellers until last night when we came up. But dad didn't make any bones about starting right in, telling them all about it—his hints to farmers for the *Farm Courier*, and all that hack work by the column for the newspapers, and those silly stories for the *Household Review*. Oh, I know, of course, it's all right, Cal, but I wish he wouldn't talk about it to Alf and Miss Ellers. They can't understand his viewpoint—and he can't understand theirs."

"What have *they* done, Roy?" You hadn't told me," said the girl, bending over the flowers so that he could see only the dark lashes of her eyes and her lips pressed firmly together.

Roy shifted a bit. "Done? Why, I can't just say what they've done, Callie—it's what they're going to do. They're the sort that would rather wait until the public grows up to their ideals than to lower their ideals to suit the public. Miss Ellers is planning a big thing—a book. Alf says it may take years, but she's the sort would rather starve—"

"She has beautiful clothes—she seems far from starving," suggested Callie softly.

"Oh, well, she's got a family, of course—the sort with plenty of money but with no brains—absolutely no understanding of genius—they get on her nerves so that she has to get away—"

"And—Mr. Horton?" Callie reminded him.

"Oh, Alfred? He's going to write poetry, but not the kind you can grind out or hurry. He's going to travel abroad for a year or so before he starts in; he's like Miss Ellers—rather starve than do hack work. You see, they're used to mixing only with highbrows."

"Why do they come here—to our little out-of-the-way farm?" asked Callie, a bit resentfully.

"I'd been raving so to Alf about it at school," Roy confessed, "and he thought Miss Ellers would like it, so they came with me last night. But I didn't think dad would start in on them at the supper table. Why, I can see them fairly squirm when he mentions *Farm Courier* and *Household Review*."

"And who," asked Callie irrelevantly, "takes care of Alfred while he is getting ready to do big things?"

"Oh, Alf has a brother in business in Chicago. But don't say anything—it makes him sore. His brother is one of the grubbing kind—all business; always got his nose to the grindstone."

"Maybe he has to, Roy," said Callie, thoughtfully, as she placed the flowers on the table and went quickly about the room, doing other things.

Roy shook his head. "Not at all—he's just that kind, Callie. People in this world do what they're fitted to do; if they're made to grub, they'll grub. If they're made to soar, they'll soar. I don't mean to say Dad's made to grub. I've never found any one with a better mind than dad, but it's different with him, he just never *wanted* to do anything different. Callie, I hadn't told

Continued on next page

Illustration by M. Stockton Mulford

"She had slipped down on the floor beside Roy, and hand in hand they sat in wonderment"

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you, I've read a few little things of my own to Alf, and he says if I just stick to my ideals, it may be years, but I'll do something worth while."

"And how," asked Callie, a little breathlessly, "would you—would we—get along in the meantime?"

"Why," said Roy, "we'd go right on with the chicken farm. Father will lend us the money just the same. The chickens will take care of us," he assured her, then held out his arms.

But just then the country girl came out of the kitchen and, bestowing upon them a genial and widespread grin, passed into the hall to ring the breakfast bell. Immediately a door above was opened and quick steps descended the stairs.

A blond youth in light suit, careful linen and cravat hurried into the room and took his place at table, greeting Roy and Callie as he did so. He did not appear to notice the girl who waited on the table, and when Mr. Wardle came cheerily in, he barely nodded, not looking up. His attention was given to the delicious breakfast of farm produce, to which he helped himself liberally, gathering the platters and dishes about his plate.

Mr. Wardle spoke kindly to the girl when she gave him his coffee, but did not taste it until he had helped Callie with her tray.

"Do you know, I hadn't seen one of those fellows with pinwheels and balloons in—well, I can't tell you how long—no, sir," he babbled, as he began to eat, unconscious of his son's discomfort and young Horton's lack of interest.

"Miss Ellers is not in her room," said Callie, returning with the tray. "She said that she would not get up until ten. She must have changed her mind."

"Mother is sleeping well, thank you," she replied to Mr. Wardle. "Her ankle is much better."

"Oh, yes, how is she?" asked young Horton, tardily solicitous.

Just then steps were heard on the porch and Miss Ellers, a young woman who had everything to make for a good appearance save a clear complexion and the buoyancy of health, entered the room and, with an air of condescension, took her place.

"I went up with your coffee and wondered where you were," said Callie from the end of the table where she sat in her fresh pink gingham, a small white apron replacing the one of checks.

"I have been up on the hill," said Miss Ellers, addressing herself to the two young men. "It's perfectly delightful. I went up on top where the big boulders are and came to a grave with a chain about it. I knew at once it must belong to some old settler who died fighting the Indians, and I sat down and had the loveliest inspiration. I was so glad I had my notebook. It was wonderful the way I felt the presence—"

"A grave with a chain about it?" repeated Callie, politely. Then, as Miss Ellers assented with a lofty nod, it seemed as though the girl bending over the coffee cups had smiled, although her lips remained shut and serious. In that particular grave the town's prosperous butcher had been buried the year before.

"It was wonderful," sighed Miss Ellers to Mr. Horton, as she followed his example, helping herself to everything, then allowing the dishes to accumulate about her plate. "What I wrote reminded me of Carl Carolus Carlin—of course, you must have heard of him. Harold Haynes, who comes up to my studio, is going to bring him up. There is genius—real genius. Oh, New York is the place," said she with the proprietary air of New York's floating population, "where you meet *people—real* people, I mean—ones who are doing things."

Mr. Wardle held up one of the browned muffins. "Now, I want to know," he demanded mildly, beaming upon them all, "if that's not doing things—making a muffin that looks like that and fairly melts in your mouth."

Miss Ellers and Mr. Horton stopped to stare, then exchanged a significant glance and continued to eat—muffins. Roy looked from them to his father and Callie and his face was irresolute. Mr. Wardle went on to make matters worse.

"Come here, Jessie," he called to the girl, who, suffused with blushes at this praise before strangers, was retreating to the kitchen. Miss Ellers and Mr. Horton collected more dishes about their plates and tried not to bear witness to such shocking manners.

"Jessie," said Mr. Wardle to the girl, who stood bashfully awaiting his message, "I should think you'd be wanting to go to that fair to-day at Longfield. I saw a nice young man getting on the early train, and lots of folks you know will be on the noon. Why don't you let her go, Callie?" he demanded. "We can take care of ourselves just as well as now, can't we?"

"I didn't like to ask Miss Callie with her ma laid up this way," stammered Jessie, flushed with the prospect now shaping itself.

"Of course you can go—I'll get along," said Callie, gladly.

"Why, sure," Roy agreed, boyishly. "It'll be something of a lark, all pitching in and waiting on ourselves. Don't do any regular cooking, Callie; make every one go out and get his own supper. I'm game. It'll be great fun, won't it?" he appealed to the others.

Young Horton smiled politely but did not respond. Miss Ellers looked up disinterestedly. "I never cooked a meal in my life," she said, languidly. "I wouldn't know how, I'm sure."

"So much the better," replied Roy heartily. "It'll be more fun for you to learn and for us to teach you. Go ahead, Jessie," he urged the girl; "we'll get along."

Miss Ellers and young Horton got up from the table and strolled away in the direction of the hills, taking three books of poetry from Horton's suit case, a box of candy from Miss Ellers's, and a quantity of fruit from the sideboard. Mr. Wardle bustled about the house for a while, doing chores, then shut his door, and the furious click of the typewriter was resumed. Roy went out to look after the horse and chickens, and to make drawings for some chicken houses he had planned. Callie—but nobody could count the many things Callie was doing.

Jessie ran noisily about the house, doing double her share of the work in her gratitude for the holiday.

"That Mr. Wardle, I just love him," she burst forth to the little gray-haired woman in the front bedroom, who sat with her ankle propped up on a chair. Callie's mother, thus addressed, was looking out the window, laughing at the curious antics of a paper windmill and a toy balloon.

"I know," she said, "he's always like that—thinking of others. I don't know what we'd have done without him these ten years, since his wife died and he's been coming here. And it's not only us he's good to; every one's God-blessin' Sammy Wardle."

Arrayed in all her finery, Jessie departed for the fair, but not until she had spread the table with a delicious noonday meal. Miss Ellers and Mr. Horton arrived from their morning on the hill, an hour late. They did not apologize, but sat down and began to eat greedily, while Callie waited on them pleasantly and Roy lay, knitting his brows, in the window chair. After they had finished, while Callie waited to clear the table and get through with the work, they sat on, oblivious, until they were quite talked out.

Continued on next page

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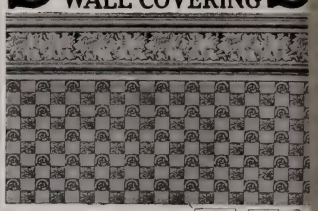

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POT-BOILERS

Continued from preceding page

Roy called to them as they were aving. "Don't forget," he said, we're going to get our own supper -night; every one pitch in. Be here y five, won't you?" Miss Ellers alked out into the hall, smiling. oung Horton mumbled something nd followed.

The typewriter clicked busily all fternoon. Roy, having helped Callie ith the dishes, drove to town to get rices on the chicken houses.

"I wouldn't think of letting them elp with supper," laughed Callie to er mother when she went in later to ress the sprained ankle. "Of course, was just like Roy and his father to uggest it, but I have salad ready to ix, cake ready to frost, and some new ottage cheese. There'll be enough—nd it will be all ready as a surprise."

But Callie was the one to be surrised. In the middle of the afteroon Miss Ellers and her escort reurned from the hill and their air was xtremely bored.

"We're having to leave on that five rain," young Horton explained hurriedly, as Callie met them in the hall. If you'll just telephone for the stage o come and get us—Miss Ellers must et back to town. You see, she's not sed to the quiet like this, and—and 'll just go back with her."

An hour before train time they were eady, with their suit cases, on the litle porch, watching the stage crawl up he long sandy road from the village. Callie waited to see them off, for Roy ad not returned.

"Isn't it odd?" remarked Miss Ellers anguidly to young Horton, as she ooked at the red balloon and the pinwheel flying crazily in the light breeze.

"Who would have thought Roy could e so careless in picking out a father?" aid Horton, smartly. "I simply can't et over it. Why, at school, really oy was very well thought of; but that ld fossil in there—"

They paused to listen to the noisy latter from the room beyond the hall. Miss Ellers laughed.

"A serial for the *Household Review!* t must be a thriller," she said.

"Maybe it's for the *Farm Courier,*" supplemented young Horton. That was very funny, for they were almost hysterical when the stage drew up to the door.

"You'll explain to Roy," said Mr. Horton to Callie, as he put Miss Ellers into the stage.

"Certainly," replied Callie, and she meant it.

"They didn't say good-by to any one," Callie told her mother. "I don't believe they knew there was any one here besides themselves. Oh, mother, I don't know anything about writing—I'd never be half clever enough; but I'd never want to if I had to become so disagreeable and selfish that every one would stop loving me."

At the supper table she and Roy sat constrained; they had been having a talk and Roy's face was thoughtful. But Mr. Wardle babbled on quite as usual, full of praises for the salad, the cake, the light biscuits, and most of all for their maker.

It was not until they had gone into the living-room to sit before the fire, after Roy and his father had cleared the table and, in their bungling way, had done the dishes, while Callie fixed her mother for the night, that Mr. Wardle spoke of the departed guests.

"So your friends decided to go back, Roy?" he said; then sat and pondered awhile. "They want to do great things," he said, kindly, "and God help them—I hope they may—I hope they may—"

"There's nothing like having high ideals, then going ahead to realize them in spite of everything," said Roy, slipping down to the floor at Callie's feet and possessing himself of her hand.

Mr. Wardle sat back in a large chair—he seemed very small for it—and folded his hands and looked into the fire.

"I was just like that; just like that," he assured them cheerily, "when I came out of school. That's the way I talked about Art and Ideals and how I'd never do anything short of the best."

Roy looked up quickly. "You, father? Why, you never told me—you never said—"

"I can't remember your ever asking me—and I had almost forgotten," said his father, as one recalling a dream, "until you spoke as you did just then. That brought it all back in a flash. It was the way I spoke once, only now it seems like some one else. I have changed, maybe."

"But if you felt that way about it, how could you? What made you change?" burst forth Roy, impatiently.

His father regarded the fire almost vacantly. "Life," he said. "Life got hold of me. I've been kept busy ever since—haven't had time to stop."

"You've been going on to—to keep me in school—to put aside this money you're going to let Callie and me have for a chicken farm," said Roy, in an accusing voice, after a pause.

His father waved his hand lightly. "You talk as though I had been giving up something," he said.

"You have," cried Roy; "you've given up your ideals."

His father stopped him. "Ideals? Who? What ideals? No, I guess they've just changed," he said. "I must've grown lazy and let 'em slump. All I care for is to see folks happy; to look into hearts—warm hearts—and keep my own warm."

"Aren't those ideals?" asked Callie, looking up. She too had slipped down on the floor beside Roy and, hand in hand, they sat in wonderment.

"Oh, that's just Life," said the old man, simply. "I was trying to think what I'd done with my ideals in Art. I'm afraid I've just gone along doing pot-boilers and lost track."

"Pot-boilers?" repeated Callie, leaning forward bewildered; "what's that?"

Mr. Wardle seemed to have forgotten her question.

"Roy has a fine talent for writing—a fine talent," said he slowly, after a pause; "but when you children are married, suppose chickens don't always pay and there are hard times. Suppose you have some one else to think for. Suppose there's no coal and it's bitter cold. Suppose you're hungry and the cupboard's bare; suppose you're sick and there's no money for the doctor, no money for the rent, no money for clothes. Suppose Roy had all this to face and he didn't know how to do anything but write?"

"Then he'd write!" cried Callie loyally.

"But it would have to be something that would sell right off," Mr. Wardle told her, a little tremulously. "You couldn't wait for your pay. You couldn't wait to write something great. And perhaps Roy wouldn't want to write anything else."

"Want—nonsense!" cried Roy, holding both Callie's hands tightly in his. "Do you think I'd care about anything else, if my wife—if my—don't you think I'd be man enough to take care of my family?" he asked, bitterly.

"But what of Fame and—and your friends?" suggested his father, almost timidly.

"Fame be hanged!" cried Roy, with passionate earnestness. "My world would be Callie—taking care of her, making her happy, being happy with her. I wouldn't care what I wrote—how to feed chickens—how to grow feed—I'd write any old thing!" He stopped, unable to go on.

"Yes," said the little man, leaning back as though satisfied, nodding his head rapidly and widening his glistening eyes to stare into the dying fire. "You're not going to have to write 'any old thing,' my boy. But if he did, Callie," he added, with a return of his light-hearted chuckle, "that is what you'd call Pot-boilers."

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More Mayors on the "Open Market"

EXECUTIVES OF MANY AMERICAN CITIES ADVOCATE IT AS A REMEDY FOR HIGH PRICES

The Leaders of New York's Housewives' League, at Washington Market

MANY readers of this journal, and others who are not regular readers but who have become deeply interested in the mayoral discussion of the Open Market as an aid to solving the problem of high prices, have written in hearty endorsement of the plan. In this issue we give a third instalment of the letters received from different mayors throughout the country. Without a single exception, they favor the open market. Some have already adopted it; others are now arranging to do so.

Mayor Gaynor of New York supplements his recent letter by a special interview which will be found a timely and suggestive contribution to the literature of the "high prices" controversy which is now engrossing public attention.

"The great reason for high prices is the enormous output of gold," said Mayor Gaynor. "Since 1883 the gold output has been going up, year after year, until now it is so tremendous —about $500,000,000 a year—that nothing like it was ever known. The output since 1883 reaches the vast total of $7,000,000,000, and the time when this will decline is not yet in sight. But it will finally reach the top of the apex, and will just pass over and begin to drop down the other side, and prices will drop with it, and then—well, then, I have no desire to be around.

"Things are a great deal better than when I was a boy," he continued. We had hard times enough then. Prices were not high—I can tell you that much. Our sources of income were very few. Except for the tubs of butter that we sold in the fall through the middleman who came around to buy, we did not receive much money. Nor could we afford to drink anything but skimmed milk. And we didn't eat the eggs either; we brought them down to the village and exchanged them for something else."

"What about the middleman and the high prices to the consumer—is he not responsible for much of the trouble?"

"Well, I know no way to abolish this terrible middleman. They say he is getting rich, that his profits are enormous, but I have a notion that supply and demand will bring about a right result."

"What about the open market? Is the middleman a necessity?" he was asked.

"Well, if the people want their supplies direct from the farmer, and the latter is anxious to do away with the middleman's profits and get some of them for himself, he has got to go down to the city or send his son; he has got to send a team and a wagon to carry the stuff. Then if he has got some left over he must hire a place to keep it; he has got to pay rent. After a little he will have to hire help also and erect a cold storage to keep his left-over produce, and I'm afraid all this work and expense would be quite beyond him. But it must be done by somebody. When the produce of the farm comes into the cities, it has to be received and to be stored, and we must get our distributive share of it at our basement doors the next morning. I have no objection to the farmers coming to the city with their supplies, but their coming won't solve the problem. A movement, however, might be made and become effective by which the farmers could establish their own agencies or their own middlemen in the city of New York and other cities, but whether they would do any better, or the people be more benefited, than through the middlemen I do not know."

"What about the trusts? What effect have these combinations and corporations on the issue under discussion?"

"Now, they say that the trusts can run the buying price from the farmer or producer of the raw material down just as low as they see fit. Can they? Just as soon as they run it down below what the farmer or producer can produce it for at a profit, and live, the farmer or producer ceases to produce that article, doesn't he? Nor can the trust raise the price to the consumer as high as it sees fit. The economic law regulating these things is fixed and inevitable. If the trust raises its price too high, people stop buying that commodity, or they buy a quarter less, or a third less, or a half less, so that the sale falls off immediately, and the seller has to cut his price in order to sell.

"We shall regulate them in due time," he said in conclusion. "We cannot do it all at once, but we shall do it eventually, and do it well."

Continued on next page

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The following well-known writers of national reputation make up the editorial staff: Clarence C. De Puy, Editor; Dr. N. W. Sanborn, Michael K. Boyer, Rev. Edgar Warren, Judge W. H. Card and C. W. Whitney, Associate Editors; Y. M. Couch, L. E. Keyser, Rev. E. B. Templar, U. G. Conover, Belgian Hare Department; Mrs. Irving F. Rice, Woman's Department, and many other regular contributors give you the best that can be obtained.

The April number contains the following: A Farm Flock of One Hundred Hens, a Paying Proposition, by Dr. Sanborn; Standard Breed Types, by Judge Card; Diseases of Poultry Department, by Dr. Sanborn; Answers to Questions Department, by M. K. Boyer; Sideline Poultry Keeping Department, by Edgar Warren; Woman's Department, by Mrs. Rice; Correspondence Department. Belgian Hare Department; Modern Successful Poultry Farms, by C. W. Whitney; and scores of other articles. Also treatises on Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Guineas, etc.

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The Mayors on the "Open Market"

Continued from preceding page

How Spokane's Mayor Deals with the "High Prices" Problem

THE general condition which confronts the average city of 100,000 people or more is:

(a) A large number of people who are unable to purchase the products of farm, orchard and garden for the use of their families on account of the high prices.

(b) A group of commission men who control the market both as to the price paid to the producer and the charge made to the consumer, in some instances carrying this control so far as to buy at carloads of fruit have been sent to the crematory rather than put on the market under conditions which would lower the price.

(c) The producers with large crops of perishable products are forced to accept prices which scarcely cover the expense of marketing or else allow the products to rot on the ground.

In order to remedy this vicious practice and ameliorate the conditions of the common people, the open market has provided a common meeting-place for producer and consumer, the city acting as the middleman without profit or charge other than a nominal fee, exacted to meet the cost of maintenance.

Spokane has one public market where eight feet of space is allotted for 25 cents for one day, $1 for one week, or $3 for one month; and while two private markets are in operation, their activities are confined largely to stalls and booths where produce can be sold, but they provide no facility for farmers' teams or hucksters' wagons on the outside.

The principle of the open market is unquestionably one of the great factors in reducing the high cost of living, and with proper supervision on the part of the city and loyal patronage on the part of citizens, will prove itself a source of unqualified satisfaction.

W. J. HINDLEY, *Mayor.*
Spokane, Wash.

. . .

San Antonio Has a Well-Conducted and Successful Open Market

AN OPEN market has been established for many years in this city. At this market, farmers and producers are assigned stands by a man in authority who collects for each wagon occupying a stand, a charge of ten cents per day. For this small fee, the truck-grower or farmer is permitted to expose what he may have to offer, from four to ten o'clock A.M., and from four to seven o'clock P.M. In fact, our market is conducted along the lines indicated in Sections 1, 3, 4 and 5 of your favor. FRED FRIES,
San Antonio, Texas. *City Clerk.*

. . .

Kalamazoo's Mayor Tells About the Experimental Open Market

KALAMAZOO, like every other live city, is interested in any rational attempt to solve the problem of the high cost of living, if indeed there is any solution of it. Personally, I do not believe that the middleman will be eliminated. I believe he is a necessary factor in our internal commerce, and will remain. However, I do believe that there should be legislation, both State and municipal, regulating his activities.

After listening to Mayor Shank, I am not convinced that the city should attempt to bring the buyer and seller together through its own purchasing agent, for I fear that evils equally as bad as those charged against the present system may arise. Neither do I believe with him that we should attempt to lessen the number of retail dealers either by legislation or municipal competition.

Last year, Kalamazoo set aside one street for a public market, allowing the farmers and gardeners to display their wares for sale under proper regulation without any charge whatever. The experiment was highly successful, and will be repeated this year, perhaps, on a larger scale. We believe a market house would extend the advantages of the market. One thing, however, must be noted, and that is: without any attempt on the part of the municipality to direct it, the market became practically a wholesale one, almost none of our citizens availing themselves of the privilege to go there to make purchases direct from the producer.

The market idea is a new one in this city, and will need some direction in order to make it develop along right lines. It is an undoubted convenience to the producer and to the merchant, and might be of much use to the consumer, but whether it will ever offer a solution for the high cost of living or not, is to me problematical.

CHAS. H. FARRELL, *Mayor.*
Kalamazoo, Mich.

. . .

Lowell Is Now Discussing the Establishment of an Open Market

RELATIVE to the public market proposition, I would state that the matter has been brought before the Municipal Council recently by the Board of Trade and is now under consideration. The only objection to the proposition comes from the storekeepers, who pay rent and employ help.

JAMES E. O'DONNELL, *Mayor.*
Lowell, Mass.

. . .

Oakland, Calif., Has Had a "Free Market" for Years Past

RELATIVE to the establishment of an open market, we have had something along this line in this city for a number of years. We have here what is called a "free market." It is open every Wednesday and Saturday, and is a place where farmers can bring their supplies to be sold direct to the people. FRANK K. MOTT,
Oakland, Calif. *Mayor.*

. . .

Tacoma's Mayor Tells of the Farmers' Market in That City

WE ARE one of the few cities in the West that have a public market "right plumb" in the city street. It is considered here largely a makeshift. It was first intended that this should be a place where the producer would come in and sell his own goods, but this part has not been realized. They find it too expensive to wait, and prefer selling to the man who stays there all day; consequently the market is largely in the hands of the Japanese, with a sprinkling of Greeks and Italians. I think the mistake made in the beginning was that the city did not realize the popularity of a public market, and went about it too "gingerly." What they should have done was to have bought land of their own and owned the market inside. As it stands, this is now privately owned, while the market on the street, run by the city, is a great drawing card to the privately owned market just across the sidewalk, and, the market having been established there (a very nice building has been built by private parties), it is now difficult to change.

The market is very popular, patronized by large numbers, consequently the fruit and vegetables are fresher than can ordinarily be obtained, and at a considerable reduction in price. This, however, has not been effected without occasionally a strong hand exercised by the city, there having been several attempts on the part of the market men to form a "pool," but they have been given to understand that in that case the whole thing will be wiped out.

As might be inferred, it is maintained very much against the protest of the grocers, and in some respects surely with reason. . . . However, as a matter of fact, as I said, in spite of its objections, the market is very popular, the prices very generally lower, and the fruit and vegetables are kept clean. We are just changing our ordinance to require berries and small fruit, etc., in the public market to be put under glass.

Every one admits that it would be far better if the farmers would come in and sell from their wagons, but apparently everybody but the grocers prefers our present arrangement.

W. W. SEYMOUR, *Mayor.*
Tacoma, Wash.

. . .

Louisville Seeking to Improve the Situation, Writes Mayor Head

WE HAVE in our city a large public square where gardeners and produce men of all kinds come in from the country and sell their products in their wagons, and many of our people buy in that manner; but when winter time comes, there is no garden truck from the farms to be marketed and they must depend on canned goods and Southern vegetables. It is hard to get away from the fact that it takes men of means to handle these goods and distribute them to the people.

I believe that every city ought to have a public square where produce of all kinds could be sold to people without charge, as in that way it comes first hand to the consumer and does away with the middleman's profit, and if there is any way that foreign products can be given to the people direct we should have that, but I have not been able to figure out just how that can be done. We are very anxious to improve the situation in our city as much as possible. I believe the mass of the people should get their food as direct as possible, so as to avoid extra prices, and that no combination should be allowed on foodstuffs.

W. O. HEAD, *Mayor.*
Louisville, Ky.

A GOLDEN WEDDING PRAYER

WITH loving hearts and wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, we pray
On our dear friends whom thou dost grant
This golden wedding day.

In smiling youth thou didst unite
Their hearts in faithful love,
Recording the fond vow they made
In thy bright heaven above.

Thou wast their constant Friend and Guide
In all the changing years;
Thy changeless love dwelt near their hearts
To bless their joys and tears.

Dear Lord, protect and comfort still
And bless, as in the past;
Make all their days like Cana's feast,
Where the best wine was the last.

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"For 3 years I struggled against almost complete exhaustion, getting what relief I could from doctors' tonics. Then in the spring of 1903 I had an attack of la grippe and malaria which left me too weak to continue my work. Medicine failed to give me any relief, a change of climate failed. I thought I should never be able to go back in school again.

"I ate enough food, (the ordinary meals—white bread, vegetables, etc.) but was hungry after meals.

"I happened at this time to read an article giving the experience of another teacher who had been helped by Grape-Nuts food. I decided to try Grape-Nuts and cream, as an experiment. It was a delightful experience, and continues so after a year and a half of constant use.

"First, I noticed that I was not hungry after meals.

"In a few days that tired feeling left me, and I felt fresh and bright, instead of dull and sleepy.

"In three months, more than my usual strength returned, and I had gained 15 pounds in weight.

"I finished the year's work without any kind of tonics—was not absent from duty even half a day.

"Am still in the best of health, with all who know me wondering at the improvement.

"I tell them all, 'Try Grape-Nuts!'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

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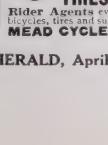

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New Ambassador to France

IN THE new ambassador, who has within the last month arrived to take up his duties in Paris, the United States has sent to one of the choicest diplomatic posts a man who has turned down five other posts in the diplomatic service and three cabinet places. Colonel Myron T. Herrick, the new ambassador, is fifty-eight years of age and is a big, hardy, country-bred man, with the keen eyes and firm mouth of a man who knows business and knows it well. He talks decisively and his voice is of deep musical quality. Ambassador Herrick was born on a farm in Ohio, and his boyhood saw all of the phases that come to the ordinary small boy on the farm. He was bound to have a university training, so by his own efforts he earned enough money to enter Oberlin College. The money for this venture was made by selling dinner bells and organs in the rural districts of Ohio. At the end of his college course he took an agency for a number of farm appliances, and it was during the years of this experience that he gained the close touch with the farmer which later developed his life's hobby, that of farm finance.

Myron T. Herrick

The young agent for farming appliances was gradually making himself felt in the community and through one position after another his ability carried him to the governorship of his State. It was after his retirement from this position that Ambassador Herrick became so greatly interested in farm finance. Time after time he was offered attractive positions in the diplomatic service as well as cabinet posts, but it seemed impossible to tempt him from the riding of his hobby. Finally, however, he was caught by President Taft with the offer of the French post. He believes that the methods of farming of France and Germany, as well as the splendid systems of farm finance which those countries have, can teach us very many things that it would be well for us to know, and only the opportunity to study these conditions and systems at close range has carried this keen and capable ex-governor to fill one of the most important diplomatic positions in the gift of his government.

Man's War on Insect Pests

Continued from page 429

insist that the substance shall be properly labeled and that it shall accomplish the work it is said to do; at the same time, that no injustice be done, provision is made for public hearings at which the manufacturer's side can be given a fair opportunity to present its arguments. Of course, the merits of the standard insecticides are well known, and it is only required of reputable dealers that certain proportions of the ingredients be observed. For example, lead arsenate, which is coming to be the most frequently used poison for leaf-eating insects, is considered under this law to be adulterated if it contains more than fifty per cent. of water, or if it contains less arsenic than the equivalent of 12½ per cent. of arsenic oxide, or if it contains more arsenic in water-soluble forms than the equivalent of 0.75 per cent. of arsenic oxide, or if any substances have been mixed with it in such a manner as to affect its strength. Although the law was passed April 26, 1910, it did not become effective until July 1, 1911, in order that manufacturers and dealers might have fair notice of the provisions of the bill and regulate their affairs accordingly. To administer the law the Secretary of Agriculture has appointed an Insecticide and Fungicide Board consisting of Dr. M. Dorset of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Professor M. B. Waite of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Professor A. L. Quaintance of the Bureau of Entomology, and Dr. J. K. Haywood of the Bureau of Chemistry; and this body of men is now actively at work. The chemical testing of the substances is being done in already existing laboratories, but for the tests upon insects new field laboratories have been constructed and the efficacy of different proprietary mixtures is being tried out in the most thorough way.

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Sunday School Pioneering

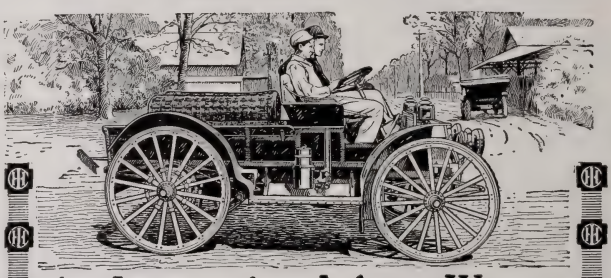
A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday School Union, working in the needy parts of Washington and Idaho, writes as follows:

"One day I stopped off the train at a little way-station, also in Idaho. I found there was no Sunday School at that place, so I called at the schoolhouse and asked the teacher what she thought about starting a Sunday School. 'Well,' said she, 'I would be glad to have you try to start something that would help to lift these boys and girls up instead of dragging them down. We have saloons, and the drunkards go reeling up and down the road every little while, but absolutely nothing is being done to help our children morally. I am not a Christian woman,' she said, 'yet I sometimes ask them something about the Bible, and I am shocked at their ignorance.' Before I left that place I opened up a Sunday School in that schoolhouse, and also another four miles farther up the road. At this last place I found one of the saloonkeeper's little girls was given a bottle of beer nearly every day, and frequently she was seen playing with the other children in an intoxicated condition holding her bottle of beer.

"One day in another section, I had walked for miles in the rain through the forest. I finally became confused and lost my bearings, when just at nightfall I came to a clearing in which stood a log cabin. Going up to the door I knocked and was told to come in. Lying on a rude bed in one corner of the room was a woman, perhaps fifty years of age. When I told her who I was she said, 'I am awful glad to see you; won't you remain with us over night?' 'Why,' said I, 'of course I would like to, but I won't bother you at this time, for you are sick and unable to care for your own family.' 'Now, don't let that worry you,' said she; 'a Christian worker is the last person we expect to see in these parts, and we want to have you with us to-night anyway; we will make out somehow.' And so it was arranged that I was to have a bed in the attic. The father soon came home and then we all had supper. Afterward we talked, sang, and then a psalm and prayer. The father, then starting up the rude ladder that led to the loft above, said, 'Now if you will follow me I will show you where you are to roost to-night.' It was only on a tick of dried grass lying on the floor—the little girl's bed; and yet with the rain pouring all night on the home-made shingles, I slept as sweetly as I ever did in an old-fashioned Eastern feather bed! Next morning the rain had nearly ceased, so, giving the little girl and her brother each a Testament, I pushed on to a point five miles west, where a little school building was being erected. Here I organized a good Sunday School. This work has been kept up and preaching services are now held every Sunday, and in a short time it is expected that a church will be organized. I carefully look after all my schools, which are always provided with Bibles, song books, lesson helps, good libraries, etc., through the aid of kind friends who give money to buy what is needed. The people here are poor."

An Ancient Aviator

A FRENCH Oriental student, says the *Westminster Gazette*, has discovered a surprisingly early record of experiments in aviation. The hero of the enterprise was one Ibn-Firnas, an Arab of Spain and physician to the Khalif Abdurrahman II., who flourished in the ninth century. Renowned as an inventor as well as a doctor, he devised a clockwork apparatus by means of which he "flattered himself that he would be able to rise into the air like a bird," and a crowd assembled near Cordova to see him try. He did, it seems, actually get off the ground, but fell again with a great thud amid the derisive cheers of the populace. The story has just been found and pointed out in an Arabic work by a certain El Makkari.



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International Auto Wagons

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The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

Happy Cozy Corner Days

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Ponies Farthest South

ALMOST all CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls have been talking "pony" so much of late that you will be interested to hear something about the four sturdy little Manchurians that helped Lieutenant Shackleton and his men on their final dash toward the South Pole. No story of determined fidelity and exultant endurance is more touching, more thrilling or more pitiful. Stocks, Quam, Grizi and Chinaman were the ponies' names, and from the very first they seemed to catch the spirit of the perilous journey and did their full share as interested and dependable members of the exploring party.

No dreary, dull pack horses were they. No indeed! for while each little pony person was ever ready and eager to work, each one was something considerably more than a mere workman. Quam, for example, was playful, and took to his duties in the merriest manner. At the end of the day, immediately on being set free, away he would go prancing and dancing and capering about, kicking up his heels in a perfectly good and lovable humor, until you would declare that, all in his wise little head, he deemed it his duty, as the light-hearted member, to keep the entire party in cheerful spirits. Sometimes it was ten or fifteen minutes before Quam could be caught and quieted after he had started on his merry pranks. Chinaman was of a serious and dependable disposition, always anticipating his duties and surprising everybody with his wise ways. He covered himself with glory one morning by discovering under which snowdrift the pony rations were hidden, after a four days' blizzard, when no progress could be made, and all hands had turned out to find the lost fodder. Chinaman died from the effects of a shock he received from falling through an ice crevasse in a floe onto which the party was making its mistaken way. The pony struggled bravely and saved himself, but the shock to his body, perspiring with the effort of pulling a six-hundred-pound sledge over the soft snow, was too great, and though every loving effort was made they could not save him.

The brave explorers not only cared for the ponies with utmost tenderness and encouragement, but often they made heroic sacrifices on their account. At one time the supply of oil was so low that the men ate cold biscuit and chocolate rather than use the last gallon to cook with, preferring to heat with it something called hot hoosch, which was good and strengthening for the ponies. In turn there were times when the ponies would not eat their allotted supplies, but for some unaccountable reason preferred to chew up their own halters and ropes and blankets. Not until hardships grew too rigorous to be endured did the companionable little pony people give up, literally dying one after the other *in the harness;* hauling ever faithfully the sledges, and often, by refusing to go any further in a certain direction, warning the party of danger from ice ridges, crevasses, thin snow crusts and dangerous cracks ahead.

Grizi and Stocks outlasted the others, and when Grizi died Stocks whinnied and called all night long for his lost companions. They were all gone, and the plucky little fellow was lonely, lonelier perhaps than any one realized; but he labored on willingly, almost exultantly, to the end of his day's work, and within a few degrees of "farthest south" he too gave out, and was the last of the race of twenty ponies in all, that from the beginning helped Lieutenant Shackleton on one of the greatest journeys of adventure the world has ever known.

Answer to Puzzle of March 27

1776: Frank Miles (14), Arkansas; first prize, $1. Beatrice Starke (14), Wisconsin; second prize, book. Frances M. Hollingshead (14), Pennsylvania; third prize, book. Fourth prize winners: Genevieve Woodman (13), Nebraska; Earl Jefferies (11), Kansas; Ethel Morrison (16), Wisconsin; Elizabeth Wilson (10), Maryland; Nanthiel Leek (14), New York; Aurora T. Lee (10), Illinois; Olive Bell (15), Iowa; Turner C. Jewell (12), Mississippi; Wayne G. Garnett (11), South Dakota; Carl Sherrer (11), New York; and twenty others.

An Enterprising Boy

JOHN KITCHERLY, who lives in a small town in the White Hills of New Hampshire, is making his own way to a college education, and he wants other CHRISTIAN HERALD boys to know how he is doing it.

John is twelve years old. He goes to the village school, where I am afraid from what he writes he is not a star pupil. But he wants to go to college, and his uncle in Boston will give him half of his expenses provided he will earn the other half. John has several plans for making money already on foot, and now that the winter has broken and people can more readily get about in the village, he has freshly painted his last season's sign and fastened it on the end of the back porch. The sign reads: *I can mend broken dishes.* For plain breaks he charges five cents; for compound fractures, John explains, he charges more. He lives near the post office, and people going by are glad to leave ordinary broken plates and dishes at the little homemade repair shop. Last year he mended over 250 ordinary breaks and half as many serious ones. John only works at mending dishes for an hour or so after school, so it does not interfere much with fun or his other duties, and he has worked up a nice village trade.

Good-Night Verse

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.—Psalm 113.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

"Hey, little goose girl, where are you going?"

Why the Brush never touches the Can

"Please hurry with that Dr. Lyon's"

DR. LYON was by no means content with producing the purest, finest and most efficient dentifrice. He deemed it of equal importance to provide the utmost hygiene and elegance in its manner of use. To this refinement of method as well as quality, the long established place of distinction, apart from merely commercial tooth preparations, is due. For it is equally the fame of

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

(Prepared for nearly half a century by a doctor of dental surgery)

that it is unrivaled for the *life-time* preservation of the teeth, and that any number of persons can use it from the same can, each serene against all thought of common contact.*

The patent measuring tube which forms the neck of the can, delivers just the right quantity of powder to the brush by a tap of the finger. The brush and the can never touch.

Yet another vital advantage of Dr. Lyon's being in *powder form:* It brings no saccharine, glycerine, gelatine, glucose or honey to form sticky masses between the teeth to cause decay. It encourages thorough brushing, keeping the gums healthy and hard. Tartar and discoloration disappear. A natural fragrance of breath is maintained. Use Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder night and morning—ABOVE ALL, AT NIGHT. Train your children early to its constant use.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

Sold Everywhere

**So long has this feature enjoyed high appreciation that Robert Louis Stevenson, in his famous romance, "The Ebb Tide," mentions Dr. Lyon's and the fact that any number of persons can use it with perfect propriety and neatness.*

OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Essentials in Home Life

IN HOME LIFE contentment is an essential to daily comfort. One discontented person in the house creates an atmosphere fatal to tranquillity. Cut the coat according to the cloth, live within the income, and have a margin. If there is no certain income, and a constant struggle with small means insufficient for the needs of the family must be waged, it may be in that case hard to be contented. Here the remedy is resignation. Let the tried and tempted one lean with all possible weight on the promises of God. We have the word of the Scriptures for it that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." When discouraged and overburdened repeat this little verse:

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

Or else be comforted with the sweet thought in another hymn:

I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide.
With a childlike faith I take the hand
Of the mighty Friend at my side.

Strive for contentment and never permit circumstances to crush you, deprive you of health and of good cheer. It is always better farther on. It's the long lane that has no turning. "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." This means not only with the big world outside the door, but with the little world within the home and the world of the individual soul.

. . .

ANOTHER essential for success in home life is common sense. There are people endowed with every quality that is desirable except this. In consequence, they give wrong impressions of themselves and others. They blunder and make mistakes and get into false positions. The effect upon their daily life is disastrous. When the housekeeper omits salt from the food she is cooking, the addition of that condiment when the food is on the table is not entirely satisfactory. Salt should be added in the process of cooking. Common sense is like salt; it adds the right flavor. Also it shows people the true perspective.

Allied to common sense very closely is tact. This is sometimes confused with insincerity. The two qualities are not related to one another. Tact simply means touch, and the tactful person feels with others in quick sympathy, and is not apt to hurt a friend by saying or doing the wrong thing. We should be tactful in our management of children. The tactful mother never needlessly provokes an issue, and if she has the loving ingenuity with which she should be gifted, her little ones will obey her without conflict and fuss. Some mothers make one think of a builder who would leave the scaffolding in plain sight after completing the house. Their discipline is forever in evidence, and they are so fearful that their children will fail to do them credit that they are on the watch for misdemeanors, when, instead, they ought to be on the watch for good conduct deserving praise.

. . .

A THIRD and very important essential in successful home life is an even temper. If it be possible to teach a fiery thoroughbred to understand the meaning of the rein, it should be possible, too, for each of us to hold temperament in check, and subdue the tendency to anger and injustice. Ill-tempered and aggressive wives and husbands, fathers and mothers, transform home into a penitential abode where nothing flourishes except ill weeds, and flowers do not thrive.

To drop metaphor and speak in literal terms, an essential of home happiness is amiability, and this should be diffused through the entire family. As for children, their tendency to quarrel and dispute, if it exist, should be firmly repressed.

There is an old church in New Jersey which, during the Revolutionary War, was the scene of a well-contested fight between the Americans and the British. The former were entrenched in the building and fired from the windows. The latter were well provided with weapons and made a stubborn offensive attack. At a certain crisis in the battle the guns of the besieged needed packing, and the parson, stanch soldier that he was in the church militant, led his people in tearing the leaves from the hymn-books, saying boldly, "Give 'em Watts, boys! Give 'em Watts!" In quite another sense, when Satan's skirmishers venture into the precincts of the nursery, the wise mother may give her children Watts, or perhaps not Isaac Watts, but Jane Taylor, who must have lived about the same period.

When the grandmothers were little children, they were not only taught their prayers, but were told to

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so.
But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

. . .

AN ANXIOUS mother writes to inquire what books she shall choose for her little children, who are respectively two and four years old. The boy of two may wait awhile before being inducted strenuously into literature. Still, it is not too soon for the mother to amuse him, as well as his older sister, with bits of rhyme that may stick in the mind. Dear Old Mother Goose is perennial, and no nursery is rightly furnished without her book. *Songs for the Little Ones at Home*, an old favorite recently reprinted in beautiful style, ought to be close to the mother's hand. *Little Susy's Six Birthdays* and *Little Susy's Six Teachers*, if they can be found, are admirable books for little children. Fairy stories are as necessary to the mental development of children as bread and butter to their physical well-being. Do not forget that from the earliest age the mother may tell little stories to the children, although they may not be old enough to pay attention to consecutive reading.

. . .

Women in Council

AMONG the letters that have recently been sent to this corner is one from the wife of a farmer in Oregon. She takes strong exception to the expressed desire of several women that the men and boys of the family should come to the table with at least a little preparation as to washing hands and faces and putting on a coat, and thinks that a warm-hearted, good-natured man who works hard and provides generously should be excused if he eat with his knife, reach across the table to help himself, dip his bread in the gravy, and do various other things unusual in polite society. "What," she indignantly inquires, "has a farmer or a farmer's wife to do with conventional rules, etiquette and frills?"

The answer to her question will depend very much on the point of view. It is, of course, absurd to expect a busy farmer or his hired man, in the season between April and November, to come to the table as the city man may, after a bath and change of clothes. The latter man has finished his day's work, as a rule, when he leaves the office or the store. The man on the farm has stock to feed and water, cows to milk, horses to stall and a number of indispensable evening chores when his work in the fields is

Continued on next page

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THIS looks like a dangerous way to quit work, but the man who must travel the streets of a city in going to and from his work is in more actual danger than this man because most accidents are caused by the carelessness of others. This man's safety depends upon himself, the chain and the engineer, but the safety of the man on the street depends upon a thousand and one circumstances over which he has no control. For every man the only sensible thing is an accident insurance policy protecting himself in case of injury and protecting his family in case of death. There are no other accident policies equal to those issued by the TRAVELERS.

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Please send me particulars regarding Accident Insurance.

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Christian Herald

OUR COMFORT CORNER

Continued from preceding page

over. He is too tired to feel like making a radical change of costume. Yet he will be very much refreshed by a resort to soap and water for hands and face. Neither need he sit down in shirt sleeves when a simple coat of cotton cloth or linen hanging up on a peg can be put on in a jiffy. By the time that a man has grown up and arrived at maturity without learning the good manners that should be automatic with every one, it is useless to try to reform him. The wife probably knew all about the man's manners before he became her husband. If her own manners are good, as they probably are, women being more imitative than men, she can teach her boys a few rules that are necessary to the gentleman. Whether he be a lad on the farm or the President in the White House, he may lift his hat when he meets a lady, decline to sit still at ease in his chair when his mother is standing, and pass the food to others at the table before helping himself. Politeness is founded on convenience and kindness of heart. It should belong to one's character. There are worse sins than infractions of civility, it is true, yet the real happiness of life depends more than most of us think on the observance of little things.

Little things on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven.

. . .

Concerning Stewardship

A CORRESPONDENT writes very earnestly and a little uncharitably in criticism of those of us who spend a certain amount of our income on dress and furniture. She declares that the silver and gold and the cattle on a thousand hills belong to the Lord. Her theory is that nothing is pleasing to the Lord or consistent with a Christian life that is not in the last degree ascetic. So have thought many good people in almost every age of the world. There are devotees in India, worshipers of false gods, who do nothing for the good of the world, who live on the alms of others and spend years in prayer and self-denials. There are barefoot monks in Europe who still live by begging. Stewardship implies serving the Lord with gladness, making the one pound ten pounds, and giving the right proportion of the income to the work of Christ, which is largely work among the poor. Jesus rebuked the ascetic spirit when Judas found fault because Mary broke her alabaster box of precious nard and poured it on his feet. Judas said, "This ointment could have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor." Jesus replied, "The poor ye have always with you, and me ye have not always." To interpret the Bible right we must read it from cover to cover, and not depend on isolated texts.

. . .

Outdoor Occupations

THE newspapers chronicled the other day the death at seventy of a Swiss woman, Madame Esther Meyer, who for many years drove a diligence over the mountain roads of her country. She managed four horses with perfect ease and rare skill, guiding them across dangerous mountain passes without a tremor. Her father was an innkeeper, and she began her occupation of driving the diligence when she was a mere girl.

In Philadelphia women have lately become conspicuous as conductors on electric cars. There seems no reason why they should not be very successful in this work. The hours of standing on an open platform will be far less taxing on feminine endurance than the same number of hours spent behind a counter in a department store breathing vitiated air. The open-air work will probably attract women enough to make the companies feel that they have moved in the right direction.

Poems Every One Should Know

The Three Fishers

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

The circumstances under which this song was written are related in Charles Kingsley's memoirs by his wife, as follows: In June, 1851, he preached a powerful sermon to workingmen in a London church; no sooner had he finished it than the incumbent who had asked him to preach arose in the reading desk and denounced his sermon. It was a painful scene, which narrowly escaped ending in a riot; and he felt keenly, not the insult to himself, but the disgrace to the church and the estrangement it would be likely to increase between the workingmen and the clergy. He came home the day after, wearied and worn out, but took his usual afternoon walk. When he returned in the evening he brought with him *The Three Fishers* as though it were the outcome of it all; and then seemed to put the matter aside, and the current of his daily life followed on as before.

Charles Kingsley, rector of Eversley, was one of the most virile and interesting Englishmen of the Victorian age. He wrote many songs, such as *Oh That We Two Were Maying, The Sands of Dee*, etc., that are still well known but not usually known to be his. His literary reputation is built upon his prose works, the best known of which are *Westward Ho, Yeast, Hypatia, Alton Locke* and *Water-Babies*.

Called Higher

Stephen Lewis Baldwin (61), of Renfrew, Ont., Can., passed peacefully away after two years of great suffering.

Mary Sanford (69), of Unity, Ore., was called home, January 13, 1912. She was from childhood a devout Christian.

Rev. F. A. Bishop died in Wilmington, N. C., January 6, 1912. He had been in active ministry for thirty-five years.

Daniel W. Shroyer (78), of Goshen, Ind., died November 15, 1911. He had been one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for many years.

Mary Eleanor Young (78), of Ridgeway, Mo., passed away April 14, 1911. She was for several years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Josephine Bottorff (77) died December 21, 1911, at Orleans, Ind. During the past few years of ill health she greatly enjoyed THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. A. B. Chapman, of Conshohocken, Pa., departed this life October 21, 1911. He was a faithful supporter of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its benevolences for many years.

Mrs. Dora Fitzgerald died at her home, Boone, Ia., November 9, 1911. She had been a devoted church member for over forty years, and for thirty years was a subscriber to this magazine.

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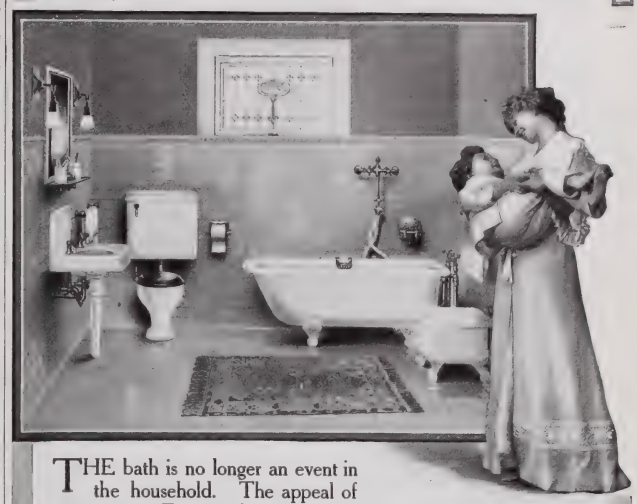

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INVESTMENT NOTES

SINCE the earliest days of the world's history, commerce and industrial enterprises have been built upon the savings of the thrifty. The success of every progressive nation has been in proportion to the ease with which money could be borrowed for investment in business enterprises, and to-day there is nothing that has contributed more to the industrial wealth of the nation than the willingness of great and small investors to entrust their funds to individuals and enterprises which seem to promise ultimate repayment and a fair return on their investments. It is this borrowed capital which keeps the wheels of the railroads turning, factories working, steamships plying between the different countries of the world, and enables the farmer to buy his land and harvest his crops.

No one to-day questions the benefits of this borrowing and lending, properly restricted; benefits which accrue not only to the borrower and lender, but to the world at large.

Notes given to evidence a loan are the simplest form of investments. If Mr. Farmer in April needs five hundred dollars to enable him to put in his crop, he goes to Mr. Banker and gives him his note, whereby he promises to pay Mr. Banker five hundred dollars in six months with interest, and when no rate of interest or indeed no interest at all is specified the law reads into the note the legal rate, which is generally six per cent. Mr. Banker then gives Mr. Farmer four hundred and eighty-five dollars, deducting the interest, or fifteen dollars, in advance. This process is called discounting a note. Oftentimes, however, the interest is not paid till the "maturity" of the note, in which case Mr. Farmer at the end of six months repays to Mr. Banker five hundred and fifteen dollars, and "takes up" his note. Mr. Farmer is the "maker" of the note and Mr. Banker the "payee."

In many of the States the law permits the making of so-called "judgment notes." Pennsylvania is an instance of this. It is customary in judgment notes, in addition to the promise to pay, to authorize the immediate filing of the note in the county prothonotary's office, and the entry of judgment thereon, with an additional amount to cover attorney's fees if the note is not paid at maturity. The note having been thus filed, at its maturity, if it be not paid, the payee, or a subsequent holder to whom it has been transferred by the payee by "indorsing" it, can, through an attorney at law, cause the issuance of an execution to the sheriff. The sheriff, by virtue of this execution, sells enough of the personal property of the payee to satisfy the note, interest, attorney's fee and sheriff's fee. Or, if there be not enough personalty to satisfy these claims, the payee's land within the county in which the execution is issued can be sold for the same purpose.

The filing of the note in the prothonotary's office makes it a lien on the land owned by the payee in the county in which it is filed, at the time of filing. No matter to whom the land may be deeded after the filing of the note, it is always security for the note and can be sold to satisfy it. In other States, such as New York, the note cannot be thus filed, but on its maturity an action at law must be brought and a judgment obtained before the payee's land becomes liable or any execution can issue against his property. Now, if Mr. Banker is not satisfied that Mr. Farmer's land is sufficiently valuable to secure the note, he may ask him to get some one to sign the note as maker with Mr. Farmer, or as endorser by the third person signing his name to the back of the note. The third party thus becomes an "accommodation" maker or "accommodation" endorser. In that case both the endorser and the maker can be held for the payment thereof at maturity.

Of course, in case of two judgment notes by the same maker, the land of the maker is liable first to the note first filed no matter if that note bears a more recent date than the other. In other words, the note first filed is a first lien in such States at Pennsylvania. If Mr. Banker, the payee, desires to sell the note to another party, he endorses his name on the back of the note under that of the accommodation endorser, and hands the note to the new "holder." He in turn can endorse it to another party. Each endorser in turn is liable to the party who holds the note at its maturity for the full payment thereof.

If any endorser pays the note he can hold all prior endorsers and the maker liable to himself for the amount he has paid. In order that the endorsers may be held liable by any subsequent holder at maturity, however, the note must be "protested." This is done generally by a notary public, who sends a notice by mail to each endorser, stating that the note has not been paid at maturity, and that the endorsers will be held. This is not necessary as against the maker. If the payee or any holder of a note wishes to transfer it without becoming personally liable, he can do so by adding to his endorsed signature the words "without recourse."

The foregoing remarks apply, of course, equally to corporations, which are defined as artificial persons created by the State, and which, in a general way, can, through their officers and directors, execute papers and conduct business like natural persons. It must be observed, however, that corporations, as a rule, cannot become accommodation makers or endorsers of promissory notes.

The laws of most of the States are uniform on the subject of promissory notes, as the desirability of the free circulation of this and other forms of commercial paper without regard to State boundaries is everywhere recognized.

DAVID PAINE.

Among the Workers

—MISS MATTIE PERRY, founder and superintendent of the Elhanan Training Institute at Elhanan, N. C., has conducted a remarkable work in that place for upwards of ten years past. The founding of this industrial school for homeless mountain children was purely a work of faith. Many crises have come since it began, but they have been surmounted by the wonderful faith of Miss Perry and her associates. It is a work well deserving of support and encouragement.

—THE SECRETARY OF THE Y. M. C. A. in the Philippines writes: "It is impossible for us to get magazines and books enough to supply the most needy places. Send a big supply and please keep them coming. We should have at least a shipment every two months." Similar appeals have been received from Guantanamo, Cuba, Manila and Alaska. Any books and magazines which our readers wish to send to these places should be mailed, freight prepaid, to the Secretary of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. at 124 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City.

—WRITING OF his evangelistic campaign at Los Angeles, Gipsy Smith says: "There was not a weak meeting. The results, so far as we could see them, to make a record, were wonderful. Somewhere between five and six thousand cards were signed by those who made a public confession of Christ for the first time, or those who had been brought back to a renewal of their Christian life. These are scattered all over the city and State, but will be followed up faithfully by the pastors and churches. One day the names of 1,400 people were taken of those deciding to live for Christ. This was one of the great days of my life."

—A REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS campaign is reported from Honolulu. Bishop Restarick, Anglican Bishop of Hawaii, accompanied by two leading clergymen of his church, paid a formal official visit to the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church then in session and spoke earnestly for a union of all Christian denominations and the brotherhood that should bind Roman Catholics, Episcopalians and Evangelicals. When Bishop Bashford, Methodist Episcopal Bishop of China, replied his voice was scarcely audible, so great was his emotion. This is probably the first occasion on which a bishop of the Anglican Church has officially greeted a body of evangelical clericals.

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Over the Telephone

BY E. B. MERRITT

IT IS a dull, gray morning. The clock has just struck seven. Mr. Smart is in the rear of his combined butcher shop and grocery store preparing for the day's business. Johnny, his one assistant in the shop, has just come, manifesting symptoms of an unfinished sleep.

Mr. Smart wraps his white apron around him and smiles gleefully. "It's a great world, Johnny; don't you feel happy?" he asks cheerfully.

"As happy as a caught fish," answers the boy petulantly.

"Oh, brace up. The world was made to be happy in. Start the day by feeling good toward every one. I feel like I could love my worst enemy, and—"

The telephone rings.

"Is that Smart's grocery store?" asks a voice on the wire.

"Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you?"

"Do for me! You just wait till you get a chance to do anything for me again. You charged me twelve cents more for eggs yesterday than you did a week ago. Do you think I'll stand for any such imposition as that?"

"But, madam, let me explain; the market price—"

"Explain nothing. I don't want to talk to you any more!" Bang!

"My! Did you ever hear of such a woman!"

"Thought you said you could love your worst enemy," comments Johnny.

The telephone rings again. "Is that Mr. Smart?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I want a half-dozen eggs right away; I haven't a thing in the place for breakfast; Mrs. Jones; yes. But, listen here—those last eggs you sent me weren't fresh."

"They were fresh eggs, Mrs. Jones, just like I always have."

"Please don't argue, Mr. Smart. I never like to have any one contradict me. How long before I can get the eggs? It must be right away."

"Why, you're eight blocks away, Mrs. Jones."

"I don't care if I am. I do all my trading with you. My account last month was $22, and if you can't accommodate me once, I'll get another grocer."

"Oh, there's no need of doing that. I'll send your eggs." (Hangs up the receiver.) "Accommodate her once—humph! I wonder if a grocer could keep her trade a week without accommodating her a half-dozen times a day!"

Another ring of the telephone. "Mr. Smart, this is Mrs. Bradley. I must have a box of oatmeal for breakfast. Please send it right away."

"Sorry, but the wagon's getting ready to go about a mile the other way, Mrs. Bradley, and it may be a half-hour before I can get it to you."

"That is preposterous. Why can't you send your clerk with it?"

"Impossible. He's got to fix up the early orders."

"I never heard of such a grocery store in my life!" (A grating sound as the receiver is slammed on its hook.)

"Oh, Mr. Smart," says the next voice, "this is Mrs. Lewis. Can you get me a pound of butterine over right away? I've got the toast already on—so it must come right away."

"How can I get a pound of butterine over there by the time your toast is brown?"

"Well, if you can't do it, you need not send your solicitor around any more. I'm tired of being refused accommodation."

"And to think; there's a woman I've treated with all kinds of consideration," Mr. Smart soliloquizes, despairingly. "A fine chance a grocer has of getting his customers' affections."

"You love all those people, don't you?" teases Johnny, from the front of the store.

Another ring. "Is that you, Mr. Smart? This is Mrs. Jones again. I want some bacon sent with my eggs."

"Your eggs are on the way."

"On the way? Why, I must have the bacon. Can't you send the boy in the store with it?"

"No, ma'am, I can't spare him."

"Well, you ought to have more clerks."

"It's all I can do to pay the one," murmurs Mr. Smart.

"I'd advise you to improve your service. Good-by." (With sternness.)

"Mr. Smart, you'd better come and talk to this lady; she says you cheated her," calls Johnny.

"What next?" the grocer asks himself, struggling with his philosophy.

"Look here, Mr. Smart, I don't let anybody take advantage of me, and that's just what you have done," exclaims the angry woman in the store.

"What's the trouble?" meekly inquires Mr. Smart.

"I have been buying tomatoes for ten cents a can for years and yesterday you had twelve cents on my ticket."

"Have to do it, Mrs. Clancy. The tomato crop was short this year and the price is up. I pay $1.35 a dozen and I make a gross profit of nine cents a dozen. So I'm not piling up any wealth on the canned tomatoes I sell."

"You can't tell me that's all the profit you make. You grocers are getting rich with these high prices," is her parting shot.

"She ought to have to pay the expenses; she'd change her mind," observes Mr. Smart as the telephone rings again.

"Hello!" says the voice. "That sack of flour you sent me was short in weight, and I refuse to pay for it. Yes; Mrs. Smith."

"I'll send you another. Good—"

"But wait a minute. That can of coffee lacked more than an inch of being full."

"All right, Mrs. Smith, I'll send another can of coffee, too."

"I must have them right away."

"Every woman thinks we've got a horse and wagon waiting at the door to deliver her stuff the instant it's telephoned for," observes the grocer, "and if they pay a few cents more than they did when they came and got their goods they cry out about the high cost of living."

"Mr. Smart," chimes in a voice on the telephone, "do you know, two of the dozen eggs you sent me were broken, and I'm sure that steak wasn't a good two pounds and the butter tastes a bit old."

"Come over and we'll fix it up, Mrs. Lester."

"Come over! The very idea! I can't leave the house before noon, and then I'm going downtown. You send me over two eggs, another pound of butter, and I think you ought to give me a couple of chops for the short weight in the steak."

"She never got a full-weight piece of meat in her life, according to her scale," comments Mr. Smart. "And there's a woman who used to come to the store and carry her stuff home, and she was glad she was living."

"I forgot before, Mr. Smart, but I must have five pounds of sugar. This is Mrs. Bradley," says the next voice.

Continued on next page

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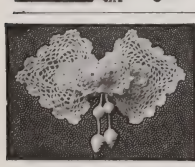

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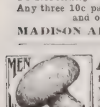

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Over the Telephone

Continued from preceding page

"Your oatmeal is on the way, Mrs. Bradley, and I don't think I can send the sugar very soon."

"Now isn't that too bad! Well, we've got to have it. You don't expect us to drink unsweetened coffee, do you?"

"No, ma'am, I don't; but I can't help it."

"Hello, Mr. Smart," says the next voice on the wire; "I simply can't understand my checks. It seems to me I'm being overcharged. I wish you'd come over here and explain them to me."

"I can't leave the store, Mrs. Bailey."

"Well, I certainly don't expect to pay the bill until I've had the checks, explained to me."

"It doesn't occur to her," observes the grocer, "that she could come here as she goes to other stores."

"Mr. Smart, I'm giving a dinner tonight and I wish you would send your man over right away to take an order," is the next message.

"She hasn't balanced her bill in six months, and giving dinners; yet they talk about the high cost of living," mutters the grocer sadly.

"You can send right over and get that sugar you sent me; it's full of specks," angrily speaks Mrs. Todd.

"A-l-l right."

"I've changed my mind," says the next person at the telephone. "I want lamb chops instead of a steak."

"But the steak's already cut and ready to be sent."

"Such poor accommodation! I'll never trade with you again!"

"Heaven help me!" sighs the grocer, as he climbs down from the desk chair by the telephone. "No one's said a kind word to me this morning. The poor grocer is blamed for everything. Customers used to come to the store, buy their goods, pay for them and carry them home. Now they telephone, want them delivered, have them charged, expect a thousand and one favors and complain if they have to pay a few cents more than they used to. The grocer, they say, is making a lot of money. They who say it don't know. The expenses of operating, with all the service the public demands and the increased price of labor, leaves a very small margin of profit."

"You don't look quite as merry as you did," laughs Johnny.

"I've just received the first instalment of my daily castigation," says Mr. Smart, "but I'll be merry again, after a bit."

Answered Prayers

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Mrs. C. H., MacL. "I gratefully and gladly acknowledge an answer to my prayers. Thanks be to God."

N. R. M., Fisher, Pa. "I was very sick, but God cured me. He answered my prayer as he has many others."

Mrs. T. M. F., Binghamton, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge that my prayers have been answered, and I bless God many times."

L. E. O., Gardner, Kan. I wish to acknowledge my sincere faith in prayer. A dear one was very ill and by prayer her life was spared."

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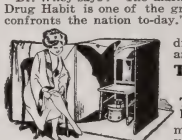

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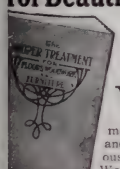

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How to Be Rich*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

POSSIBLY after having studied the Beatitudes only last week, given in Matthew's Gospel, we shall be somewhat surprised to have them again given to us as they are found in Luke's Gospel. Let us recognize that their setting is different because over against the "blessings" are put the cursings. We are reminded of that scene when Israel on their journey to the promised land came into the Valley of Shechem, where Mount Ebal rose on one side and Mount Gerizim on the other. According to God's command given to Moses, Joshua set up great stones and plastered them with plaster and wrote on the plaster the words of God's laws. And on Ebal he built an altar of stones, and on Gerizim he did likewise; then he divided the people in two parts, and he commanded them to take their places, half on one mountain, and half on the other. The Levites stood in the valley and read God's laws written on the stones, and the people on Mount Ebal answered "Amen" as a curse was pronounced after the reading of each law on those who should disobey God's laws. And the people who stood on Mount Gerizim answered "Amen" when the Levites read about the blessedness which should come to those who should keep God's laws in their hearts and do them. Ever since that occasion Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim have been called the mountains of cursing and blessing. (Read Deut. 27; Deut. 28; Joshua 8: 30-35.)

Let us now recall the fact that the Mount of Beatitudes, Kurun Hattin, had two peaks. Let us take one of the peaks for the blessings and the other for the woes as we find them in Luke's Gospel.

It is claimed that the viewpoint of Luke differs from that of Matthew in that Luke wrote with the twelve apostles in mind, while Matthew wrote for the throng of people, such as had gathered about Christ when he preached the Sermon on the Mount. At least, we have considered the Beatitudes from that viewpoint, and now we will take the other. It is quite reasonable to suppose that the words of Jesus meant more to the apostles than to the throng.

"Blessed are the poor." If Jesus had not where to lay his head, the apostles who were constantly going about with him could not have fared much better. Peter is the only apostle mentioned as having a house. Jesus' warning words, "Woe unto you that are rich," may have been a consolation that they were delivered from the temptations of wealth. Judas fell because he carried the bag!

"Blessed are ye that hunger now." Jesus saw that his apostles hungered and thirsted after knowledge and righteousness, and in this they were a great contrast to the proud Pharisees, who in their own estimation were full of wisdom and godliness.

"Blessed are ye that weep now." More than once the apostles were reproved by Jesus (recall, if you can, the several instances). But Jesus did not cast them off because they lacked faith, or even deserted him, as at Gethsemane. Peter wept bitterly after he had denied Jesus, but afterward Jesus gave him the commission to "Feed my sheep." Those that "laugh" must mean here, not the lighthearted who laugh at legitimate fun, but those who take life as a joke, and do all they can to pass its serious problems and induce others to do the same. Woe unto them! Woe will be unto them!

"Blessed are ye when men shall hate you." Much is told us about how men hated Jesus, particularly the Pharisees, and there can be no doubt that his apostles came in for their full share. We know that Peter did, when the servant maid of the high priest pointed the finger of scorn at him, saying, "This man also was with him." Again and again the Pharisees upbraided the Master to his apostles: "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" After Jesus had gone from them into heaven, they were beaten with rods and stoned, and in all sorts of perils among false brethren (II. Cor. 11: 24-27). "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." Such men are called "trimmers"; they are neither honest nor honorable. Diogenes Laertius, when he was told that all men were praising him, exclaimed, "Why, what evil have I done?"

The Teachings of the Golden Text

The words were uttered by Jesus himself, not on the Mount of Beatitudes, but some months afterward, to a great crowd of hearers, when he spoke the parable of the foolish rich man who pulled down his barns that he might build greater ones to accommodate his increased harvest. He thus laid up treasure for himself, but had no thought of being rich toward God. Jesus' comment upon this was: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth" (the Golden Text).

At a later time, probably about three months before his crucifixion, when he was teaching and preaching in Perea, Jesus had something to say about another foolish rich man. He was "clothed in purple and fine linen," the most gorgeous and expensive raiment of that time. The linen was worth more than twice its weight in gold. His purple garments were such as kings wore, indicating both pride and luxury. Some twentieth century rich people have great compassion on the poor, and make a noble use of their money for the relief and uplift of their less fortunate fellow creatures. But not so that first century rich man. He spurned the poor, and allowed a beggar to lie at his gate so hungry that he would gladly have eaten the crumbs under the rich man's table. But such conditions do not last forever. The beggar died, and so did the rich man; and then it was the rich man's turn to beg: "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue," for then he saw the beggar whom he would not go out to his gate to see; saw him happy, very near to the heavenly land, with good men who had gone before, and with the angels. "There is no crossing over from where we are in this happy place to the sorrowful place of torment where you are," was the answer made by Abraham, the friend of God. Still the man begged, not for water, but that Lazarus might be sent to his brothers who were not dead, to warn them against selfishness. But again Abraham answered "No." Let us be sure to read the whole story as we find it in Luke 16: 19-31. Then let us repeat over and over again the Golden Text: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

The Rich Young Ruler

There is another story of a rich man that we would do well to consider at this time. He was a rich young ruler, and his heart had been so touched by the preaching of Jesus that his desires were toward heaven. He came to Jesus with the question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus received him tenderly, for it is said "Jesus, beholding him, loved him." He was an upright young man, for, as he said, he had "kept the law from his youth up." "One thing thou lackest: go sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, then come and follow me," answered Jesus. But the young man turned away; he loved his

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for May 5, 1912.** Poverty and Riches. Luke 6: 20-26; 16: 19-31. GOLDEN TEXT: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." Luke 12: 15.

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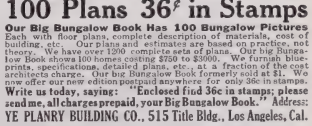

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

riches too much to do that! And after he had gone, Jesus said to his apostles: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

The Uses of Rich Men in a Republic

Some years ago Frederic Harrison wrote an article for the *Forum* on this subject. We will now quote some sentences from it, because neither rich men nor their obligations to society have gone out of date. Mr. Harrison says: "Why do we not make better use of our rich men? We waste them and let them run to seed anyhow, a burden to themselves and a nuisance to the public. We ought to utilize them and make citizens out of them. . . . Many a man who has inherited millions is gnawed with envy as he watches a practical man turning an honest penny. How he would like to earn an honest penny! He never did; he never will; and he feels like a dyspeptic invalid watching a hearty beggar enjoying a bone or a crust. Many a rich man is capable of better things; but he does not know how to begin!" Mr. Harrison suggests a restoration of the *liturgies*, the public services of rich men as they were organized in Greek republics. He says: "At Athens the liturgies were legal and constitutional offices imposed periodically and according to a regular order by each local community on citizens rated as having a capital of more than a given amount. . . . It always remained a public office, a duty to be filled by taste, skill, personal effort and public spirit. Rich men contended for the office. The chief ambition of a rich man came to be that of making splendid gifts to his fellow citizens, and theaters, stadiums, colonnades, aqueducts, gardens, libraries, museums, pictures, statues—all were showered upon favorite cities by wealthy men who possessed or coveted the name of citizen." A few multimillionaires in our American Republic have made public benefactions. May their tribe increase! The gift of a public hospital or a school building is always in order.

When visiting in Cairo in Egypt, we saw an eager crowd gathered around a water-seller; each person had a cup in his or her hand. The water-seller cried, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; come, drink, without money and without price." Knowing that water-sellers always expected each person to pay a small coin for a cup of water, we made inquiries about the free water, and our attention was directed to a rich man standing by, and we were told that he had paid for the skin of water (a goat skin made into a leather bottle). It was expected that each person who received a cup of water would offer a prayer for the rich donor. That same skin water-bottle was purchased by us and now hangs up in our home as a reminder of how the rich may bless the poor, and in the end themselves be blessed. This is the only way to solve the problem of Dives and Lazarus.

The Lesson Taught to Children

A teacher told this story to a large class of small children, and then asked them which they would rather be They were slow to answer, because they would not choose to be beggars, neither were they ready to say they wished to be bad rich men. One boy, more thoughtful than the others, replied that he "would like to be a good Dives." Then the teacher showed a penny and a gold piece, and told them how much more the gold piece could buy than a penny, and then asked them if they would like to be like the penny, or like the gold piece. All of course said they would choose to be like the gold piece. Then the comparison was made between pennies and beggars, gold pieces and rich people, and the teacher tried to impress the thought that they should desire to be rich in order that they might be of much help to others.

Dr. Broughton's Remarkable Career

BY REV. J. J. HALL, D.D., Who Ordained Him as a Pastor

DR. LEN G. BROUGHTON, of Atlanta, Ga., has just left the United States to take charge of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, London. There is now nothing very unusual for a preacher to leave one country for another; many have come to this land, and not a few have gone from us to the old country. But the departure of Dr. Broughton has awakened a general interest the like of which has probably never been witnessed before. Atlanta was so stirred that outside of his own church a large sum of money was offered him by the citizens, if he would consent to remain with them. His own church promised him a year's vacation, would keep his pulpit well supplied, and unanimously entreated him not to leave them.

On Sunday, March 31, in his home city, Raleigh, N. C., a most remarkable meeting took place. Thousands came to hear his farewell address before leaving for England. They knew him and had known him from a child. They knew of his early struggles for an education; his brave mastery over great difficulties, the splendid success which has come to him and the great work which he has done.

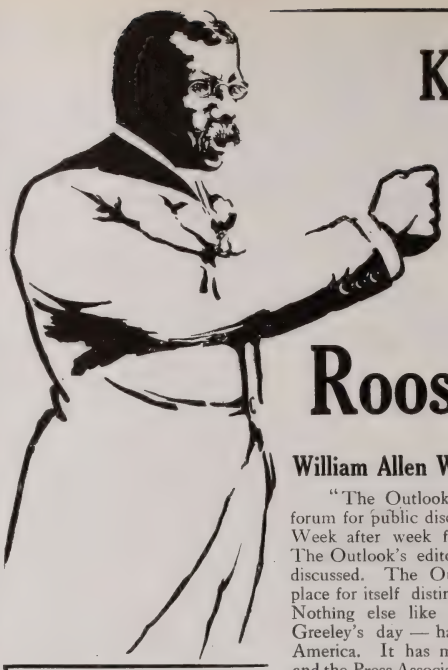
It was while pastor of the Tabernacle Church of Atlanta that I was chosen by him, at the Baptist Church of Reidsville, N. C., to preach his ordination sermon. He was then a young physician in Reidsville. I little thought of the great future awaiting the young man. Not a few of his nearest relatives thought he was making the mistake of his life in leaving the practice of medicine for the Gospel. His first pastorate was in Winston-Salem, N. C., then at Roanoke, Va. But Atlanta became the field of his greatest work. He built one of the largest and best equipped churches in the United States. His annual convention brought speakers from across the seas. His hospital has been a blessing to thousands of sufferers; his Margaret Home a house of hope to the unfortunate ones; and a great host of workers have been trained under his skilful hand.

The church to which Dr. Broughton goes is one of the best known in London. The eccentric and famous Rowland Hill was one time its pastor, though not at its present location. Newman Hall was its pastor for many years. John Ruskin was the designer of its present stately building, and of its many towers one was erected by the American friends of Newman Hall. To-day it is one of the busiest churches in all London. I well remember supplying there a few years since, when F. B. Meyer was its pastor. It was then a hive of busy workers, with several Sunday Schools and preaching stations in its care. Great crowds of people are all about that place of worship, and Dr. Broughton will find multitudes at the very doors of his church.

Good wishes and the earnest prayers of thousands will follow him as he takes up his great work in the world's metropolis.

BUDGET OF ESSENTIAL FACTS

Accept my thanks for *The Christian Herald Almanac* just received. It is indeed a "budget of essential facts and valuable information."
Carmel, N. Y. C. R. BARRETT.



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The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Lady Bountiful of Craig-y-Nos

ADELINA PATTI, the Baroness Cederstrom, and long famed as the world's sweetest singer, dwells in her castle of Craig-y-Nos in South Wales like a queen in an enchanted domain of fairyland. The castle is situated in a valley, at the foot of great rambling mountains. Its mass of buildings looks pure white in the distance, thrown against a dark background, and occasionally half hidden by the shrubbery of evergreen; but on a nearer approach, one remarks how much the hand of man has done to beautify this otherwise desolate spot. Craig-y-Nos means "The Rock of Night," and it is aptly named. The huge castle, with its strong oaks and sheltering forests for miles about, looks as though it might last for centuries.

Patti's first public appearance occurred when she was thirteen years old. It was at an entertainment on June 19, 1858, for the benefit of a church in Mount Vernon, N. Y. That place was little Adelina's home, her father having had the distinction of building the first brick house there. The town was then a very small suburban village, while to-day it is a city, and one of the largest in Westchester County.

It was in this town that Adelina passed her school days. One of her playmates still recalls the day she went alone to the schoolroom door to ask for admittance. The teacher promptly replied to the little dark-eyed child: "This is a pay school!"

"Yes, me know," replied little Adelina, "but me sing."

And she was so persistent that the teacher invited her to call again, which she did—and sang. She was immediately entered in the school, and thereafter was the life and light of the teacher and children.

Madame Patti's full name was Adela Juana Maria Patti. She was born in Madrid on February 10, 1843. Her father was Salvatore Calama Patti, a Sicilian, and her mother a Roman by birth, Caterina Chiesi. Both were singers of note. Patti made her début in New York City at the old Academy of Music November 24, 1859, as Lucia. Since that time she has had only to wish for any of the world's good gifts, and they have fallen to her like drops of rain.

The writer of these lines once had the honor and pleasure of visiting the great singer in her castle at Craig-y-Nos. If there is one thing more charming than another, it is to be alone with Madame Patti for an hour and listen to the tales she tells, in her own pretty, spontaneous fashion, sometimes smiling sadly and again gladly, as one incident after another comes to mind of her early childhood. It was at the very tender age of five or six years that the little Adelina had her first glimpse of a real audience through a hole in the scenery. That night, remembering all that she had seen and heard, she stole out of bed when her parents were asleep and enacted the roles of the prima donna and, at the end of her performance, threw make-believe wreaths at herself.

That Adelina was a remarkable child cannot be doubted, but she was much like other little girls in her play, rolling her hoop and playing games. She relates that while singing at a private entertainment at the age of seven, she noticed a small girl in the audience whom she knew. Looking toward the child she interrupted her song to say: "Wait until I am finished here and I will go out and play!" Then she continued her singing.

Madame Patti, in her retirement, is indeed a "Lady Bountiful." The Welsh people's love for her amounts almost to adoration. It is the duty of her ever-faithful and inseparable companion, Caroline—they have been together thirty years—to look out for and receive reports about any case of sickness or destitution in the neighborhood, and to act upon it immediately. Madame Patti takes a long walk every day. All the roads in the vicinity of her castle at Craig-y-Nos are finely kept, and the views are superb. On one of her walks, she became thirsty and called at a peasant's cottage by the wayside to ask for a glass of milk. After she had finished, she opened her purse to pay, but the woman refused and asked:

"But will your ladyship sing one of your beautiful songs?"

A feeble voice from within was heard calling.

"That is my invalid daughter," the woman explained.

Patti entered the humble house and sang "Home, Sweet Home."

"Sometime will you please sing that again?" pleaded the poor sick girl.

Patti went again and sang the sweet old song and offered words of comfort.

In Madame Patti's Welsh garden grows a heart-shaped bed of violets. No one is ever allowed to pluck a flower, nor to receive flowers from any hand but that of the great singer herself. This is a strange sentiment. There is such an abundance of flowers surrounding her at her home as would be no easy task to duplicate.

The great singer is exceedingly fond of pets, her favorite being her Irish terrier, "Ginger." She has no less than seventeen beautiful parrots, all of gorgeous plumage, and many of them are quite untamed; but they are all great talkers. This fondness for parrots is one of a few traits that are characteristically Italian.

In the center of her castle she has had constructed a pretty little chapel, wherein all the seats and furnishings are of carved oak, with silk plush. In the diva's bedroom there are many evidences of her religious nature. In this room, and indeed all over the castle, one remarks the quantity of elegantly embroidered pillows and cushions. These are all the work of this wonderful woman herself, for Patti is very deft as the result of long practice. She also paints extremely well on tapestry and canvas, and specimens of her art are numerous about the place. She has a collection of beautiful musical instruments, all of which she can play.

Her life at home or abroad has always been one of activity. The entire castle is generously stored with rare old furniture from many countries, and one may see on every side statues and statuettes of the singer herself by the most renowned of modern sculptors, as well as life-size paintings, most of them the gifts of great artists. There are also rare collections of curious things, some of which are exhibited only to specially favored guests. The most valuable of these is a collection of crowns, some of laurel and faded ribbons, dated back to Patti's childhood. Others are made of silver and gold, set with precious stones. One, the gift of a Russian Czar, is inlaid with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. There are other wonderfully beautiful gifts from sovereigns and nobles. The whole collection is extensive and priceless.

In an American city lives a poet of the South who, all his life, has never tired of writing verse to Patti and her wonderful voice. He is now bent with years, but he still continues to write of the Queen of Song. The following lines were written in memory of her singing "The Last Rose of Summer":

Then I saw the withered rose-leaves fall quivering to the ground,
And angels must have listened to the low and plaintive sound
That came drifting, drifting, to me and fell upon my ears
Like snowflakes turned to music, and then melting into tears.
And all the while sweet harmonies crept down into my heart
And nestled in a home from which they never can depart.
For as life's ever changing tides of joy and sorrow roll
The memory of her voice will still keep singing in my soul.

MRS. ROBERT GRAU.

Use it for Nothing But Finishing Floors

WE want to know—and we want *you* to know—all about *your* floors. We want to show you, as we daily show so many others, how inexpensive and how easy it is to end *permanently* all your floor troubles. ELASTICA is the only floor-varnish which will give you positive, satisfactory results. It is trade-marked like this:

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TRADE ELASTICA MARK
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Look for this trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations

Whether your floors be old or new, of soft wood or hard wood, painted or unpainted, stained or unstained, ELASTICA will preserve them with an elastic, bright, durable, waterproof finish. ELASTICA can be used just as well over linoleum or oilcloth.

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"How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition. Profusely illustrated, rich in suggestions for making and keeping floors beautiful. Also ask for a *set of exquisitely colored post-cards* showing handsome interiors, which will be sent with our compliments. Address

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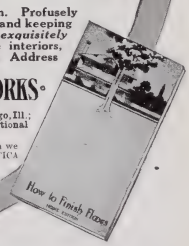
29 Broadway, New York; 2620 Armour Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 301 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Ask your dealer—Besides ELASTICA Floor Finish we manufacture ELASTICA No. 1 for exterior use—ELASTICA No. 2 for interior use—Satinette White Enamel for interior and exterior decoration. Kleartone Stains and other Architectural Finishes.



SILKS Direct From the MILL

Big saving on Pure Silks cut direct from our looms, any length, Dress Silks in different widths, Taffetas, Satins, Messalines, Foulards, new heavy Tussah especially serviceable for suitings.

A New Wash Silk
Why is this a Wash Silk?

It is woven from *pure* silk as taken from the cocoons with all the gum left in it. The gum is then boiled and washed out and the fabric ironed. After that this "AUBURN" Wash Silk can be washed and ironed any number of times the same as pure cotton or linen. And remember that *pure* silk is the strongest fibre known.

"AUBURN" Wash Silk is honestly woven of heavy fibres. Ordinary wash silk is usually made of light fibres to meet jobbing and retail competition.

We sell only from Mill to Consumers, saving you the jobbing and retail profit, so that our prices are considerably lower and our quality is always maintained. We guarantee satisfaction or gladly refund money.

Especially suitable for
Waists
Ladies' Skirts
Petticoats
Gowns (they all wash)
Dresses
Negligees
Underwear
Children's Suits and Frocks (they all wash)
Pajamas
Men's Shirts (they all wash and iron)

Sample of Tussah and "AUBURN" Wash Silk sent FREE. For 10 cents in stamps we will send samples of complete line, including Dress Silks, Taffetas, etc.

Live Agents Wanted. Please state if agency is desired.

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UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

COMFORT and EASE FOR TENDER FEET

For every woman who will wear WHITCOMB'S "FLEXSOLE" SHOES. The most comfortable shoe for women ever made. Soft, flexible, perfect-fitting and handsome. Very durable. No tacks. No Lining to wrinkle and hold moisture. No seams.

An Iowa woman writes: "First leather shoe I have been able to wear in 20 years."

A Pennsylvania woman writes: "Enclosed find order for a friend. My feet are cured entirely."

Perfect fit guaranteed or money refunded.

Prices: LACE, $3.00; BUTTON, $3.25; OXFORDS, $2.50 Prepaid.

We refer to any bank anywhere.

Send outline of foot and give size usually worn.

Can be bent double

Eastern Shoe Co., 55 Broadway, Beverly, Mass.
Agents Wanted Everywhere.
Special Inducements.

$15.95 AND UPWARD
AMERICAN SEPARATOR

SENT ON TRIAL, FULLY GUARANTEED. A new, well made, easy running separator for $15.95. Skims hot or cold milk; heavy or light cream. Different from this picture, which illustrates our large capacity machines. The bowl is a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned. Whether dairy is large or small, obtain our handsome free catalog. Address,

Box 1184 BAINBRIDGE, N. Y.
AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.

"My Baby"

Bless the little treasure. She'll be a young lady before we know it.— Mother must keep young—must be both parent and chum. Baby's dainty cheeks will be carefully guarded—Mother's girlish complexion retained by the use of Palmolive.

How Palm and Olive Oils Have Made PALMOLIVE Unlike Any Other Soap

The ancient Orientals have taught a mighty lesson on the care of the skin. For ages past the famous beauties of the Orient have possessed marvelous complexions, as a result of using Palm and Olive Oils.

PALMOLIVE Soap owes its splendid cleansing and beautifying properties to this secret of the Orient. Palmolive is, therefore, quite different from all others. It is *more* than a mere soap.

Palmolive Does More Than These Oils Alone Can Do

Now, after 36 years of study, of determining just what is needed in soap, what heretofore has been utterly *lacking*, we have *perfected* this secret of the far East. We have blended these two beautifying oils in a pure, cleansing soap.

Thus Palmolive *does* more than any other soap *can* do—what these oils *alone* are quite unable to do.

Palmolive Cream

A pure white cream, manufactured in our own laboratories, after an original formula.

Penetrates and softens the skin, cleansing the deepest pores. Leaves the skin in the peak of condition.

You will note a marked improvement in your complexion the *first day* you use this efficient skin beautifier. A wonderful aid to the splendid effects of Palmolive Soap.

Practically every drug store in the United States sells Palmolive Soap and Palmolive Cream. Your druggist will recommend it.

Send the band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send you a generous facsimile jar of Palmolive Cream, postpaid.

Price 50c

Fresh, Green Hue From Olive Oil

Palmolive is perfectly pure. Contains no free alkali. No artificial color is used. The olive oil used in Palmolive gives this soap its delicate green coloring.

By this purity the natural oils of the skin are protected and the skin is kept soft and smooth.

This is why Palmolive is used by so many mothers for bathing Baby. If the child's skin is properly cleansed and nourished from the start, in later years it will show the good effects of the early Palmolive treatment.

A Pure, Oriental Fragrance

Palmolive's delicate odor is faintly, yet delightfully fragrant. In Palmolive a strong perfume is not necessary. The dainty odor is one of sweetness and purity—a wholesome breath from the Orient.

Palmolive Conquers Hard Water

These Oriental oils make Palmolive lather freely in HARD water as well as soft. This feature alone makes it doubly valuable where soft water is not plentiful. Try a sample of Palmolive in hard water—then try some other soap and note the difference! See Sample offer.

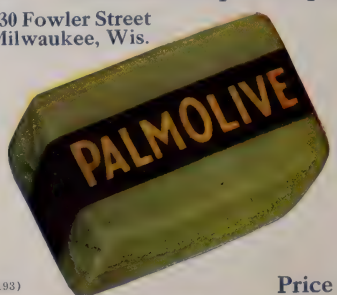
Palmolive Lasts Longer

When you try Palmolive you will be delighted—not only because it is so much better, but because it lasts longer. It remains firm even when worn to wafer thinness.

Palmolive's surprisingly low cost compared with its high quality, its wide variety of uses, its wonder-working effect upon all complexions, its long lasting ability, makes it extremely economical.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty"—NOW!

B. J. Johnson Soap Company
530 Fowler Street
Milwaukee, Wis.



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NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1912

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THE NURSERY

From the Painting by E. A. Waterlow

See description in this issue

Ivory Soap in the Garden

As a great writer has said, "Gardening is the purest of human pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." No wonder that they who love to grow things are ever striving for finer effects. No wonder that they devour eagerly every word, printed or spoken, that will help them to better results.

Gardeners everywhere, therefore, will welcome to their store of information this fact: Ivory Soap is invaluable as an insecticide and fungicide.

Those who already know this have found that Ivory Soap is in no sense a mere substitute for the usual mixtures and preparations but that it has many distinct advantages appealing to amateurs and professionals alike. It is cheaper. It is just as effective. It is easier to apply. It does not harm bark or foliage. It cannot clog or corrode sprayers. It is not dangerous to use.

While there are many favorite ways of using Ivory Soap as a preventive and check against plant pests, the directions below, we think, will secure the best results. Follow these suggestions, *anticipate* the coming of the pests and you will have no regrets.

We also give some other uses for Ivory Soap outside the house—uses not directly connected with the garden but of such value as to merit widespread publication.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

An Insecticide and Fungicide

Flowers Shave fine one large bar of Ivory Soap. Add three gallons of lukewarm water and six drops of pure lemon oil. Stir well and, before the water has a chance to cool, spray the plant.

Spray it thoroughly, not only at the top of the foliage, but under the plant. Do not be afraid of giving an overdose.

This treatment is invaluable for checking mildew on roses, and red spider and stem rot on carnations.

Grapes and Vegetables Make a slightly weaker solution than the above, using one large bar of Ivory Soap to four gallons of water and four drops of lemon oil. In the vineyard, this will check thrips, phylloxera, peronospora, mildew, etc. Spray vegetables before black fly, cut worms and caterpillar pests appear.

To Keep Flowers in Good Condition

Roses, Carnations, Violets and Plants with Similar Leaves Shave one pound (equivalent to one large and one small bar) of Ivory Soap very fine and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water. When dissolved, add twenty-four gallons of cold water and use at once. To make a small quantity, dissolve one-sixth of a small cake of Ivory Soap in a pint of boiling water and add a gallon and a half of cold water.

Apply with a spray, atomizer, watering can, or old whisk broom. Be careful to reach the under as well as the upper sides of the leaves. Half an hour after applying, rinse off the solution with clear, soft water.

Begonias, Fuchsias, Ferns and All Tender and Bulbous Plants Add a third more water to the foregoing solution so it will be about three-fourths as strong. Apply and rinse the same way. Don't expect a single application to rid plants of all insect pests. It may be necessary to apply the solution several times at intervals of three days.

To Keep Fingernails Clean, though Working in the Garden

Before going into the garden, rub a moistened cake of Ivory Soap over the ends of the fingernails, so as to fill the spaces under them.

To Keep Harness in Good Condition

Apply Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) with a woolen cloth, using no water. Let it remain on the harness a few minutes. Rub dry and polish with a soft cloth. Olive or neats-foot oil will help keep the leather soft and pliable.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste

Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts of water or two small cakes into four quarts. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about fifteen minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in china or glass jars.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste in the kitchen, in the laundry and for general household use. It is economical. It is convenient. It can be used for an almost endless variety of purposes. In a few minutes' time and with very little trouble, one can make enough Ivory Soap Paste to last a week or a month.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with the washing of Colored Clothes

NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1912

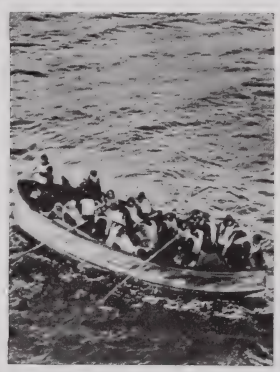
THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

One of the "Titanic's" Lifeboats

A Scene Amongst the Rescued on the "Carpathia's" Deck

One of the Collapsible Lifeboats Being Rescued



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"TITANIC" SURVIVORS REACH NEW YORK

They Tell the Full Story of the Great Disaster Which Cost Over 1,500 Lives

THE thought and feeling of the civilized world were centered on Thursday evening, April 18, upon the spot in New York City where a hushed multitude awaited the steamer *Carpathia*, slipping silent up the harbor to her dock with the survivors of the great ship *Titanic*, which lay two thousand fathoms deep under the cruel Atlantic. Once more the great sea had sneered at the little plans of men, and added to her long and bitter list of horrors this supreme tragedy of the deep. Back from the sea the rescue vessel crept, bearing bruised bodies and broken hearts, but a pitifully scant remnant of seven hundred and five souls from the two thousand two hundred and eight who had sailed smilingly from England seven short days before on the maiden voyage of the queenly vessel that had been, in her building and launching, the wonder of the world.

Millions could send only their thoughts and prayers to the pier; thousands crowded near; a few hundreds were allowed to reach the wharf itself. One by one, two by two, the sad survivors came down the gangplank; many were carried down in stretchers toward the waiting ambulances; tears of heartbreak and tears of joy mingled as loved ones met; there were not many reunions unblent with agony of grief for some other who lay dead at the bottom of the sea. Mixed, too, with the grief, was the beauty of charity. The sorrow had made nations and classes neighbors again; in the mass of automobiles wending their cautious way, with lamp and horn, through the police lines and crowds, were many belonging to families of wealth and high position who had come to give aid and to offer a home to those in distress; sisters of charity, deaconesses, nurses, Salvation Army officers, were busy caring for the sick and making provision for the clothing, housing and feeding of the destitute.

From the broken stories gathered from lips of the surviving passengers, from formal and informal reports of officers and employees of the vessel, these facts stand out as the plain tale of the disaster.

The night of Sunday, April 14, was clear and starlit. Through the vast field of ice-floes the giant steamer was driven at a speed of eighteen knots or more. There was no fear—no apprehension of danger at hand. Captain Smith had been warned by wireless from the S. S. *Mesaba* about eight P. M. of the vicinity of dangerous bergs, but evidently thought little of it.

At ten o'clock P.M. many of the passengers had retired. First Officer Murdock was on the bridge, Captain Smith being at a banquet which was being given in the great dining-saloon, where a brilliant company was assembled. Suddenly, at 11.35 o'clock, there was a jar that was felt throughout the entire length of the great ship. The startled banqueters instinctively rose as from a Belshazzar's feast, and the captain rushed to the deck.

Then the horror began. To those on deck, the iceberg, which had been struck a glancing blow, seemed to be less than a hundred feet high. It seemed as though the liner had slid on to a ledge of the ice, hung there an instant and then slipped back into the water. In that one brief moment of frightful impact, the iceberg had done its deadly work upon the giant of steel. Officer Murdock had reversed her port propeller and thrown over her helm to clear the berg, but too late. A large portion of her keel was ripped away; her watertight compartments were rendered useless; there was a huge, gaping hole in her starboard side.

Already, by the captain's order, the wireless had begun sending out calls for help, but the responses were from vessels too far off to afford speedy aid. Every moment the peril increased. The passengers were called on deck and directed to put on life-preservers. Half an hour later — about 12.10 A.M.—all sleeping passengers were awakened and the command was given to the crew to prepare the

Continued on page 458

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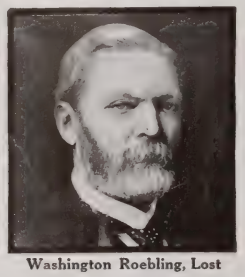
Crowds Waiting in the Rain at the Cunard Pier, West Fourteenth Street, New York

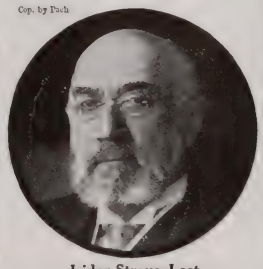
SCENES AND PROMINENT PEOPLE

Rev. J. Stuart Holden
Who Canceled His Passage Just Before the "Titanic" Sailed

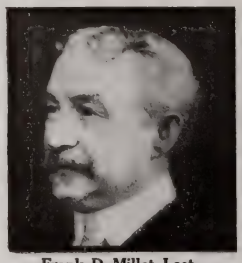


Washington Roebling, Lost
The Famous Son of the Builder of Brooklyn Bridge

Cop. by Pach



Isidor Straus, Lost
One of New York's Great Retail Merchants



Frank D. Millet, Lost
The Famous Artist, President of the American Academy at Rome

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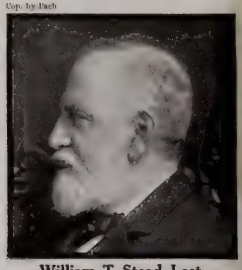


William T. Stead, Lost
Editor of the London *Review of Reviews*, One of England's Great Journalists

The "Titanic" Setting Out on Her Maiden Voyage

A Typical North Atlantic Iceberg

P. A. B. Widener Leaving the White Star Line Offices
The Millionaire Art Collector Had Just Learned that His Son Was in All Probability Lost

Captain James Smith
The Veteran White Star Officer Who Was in Command of the "Titanic"

Some of the "Titanic's" Officers
This Little Group of Men Was Transferred from the "Olympic" Just Before the Fatal Voyage

Cop. H. & E.

Major Archibald Butt, Lost
Aide-de-Camp to the President

The Hull of the "Titanic"
This Picture, Which Was Taken Just After the Vessel Was Launched, Gives an Impressive Idea of the Huge Bulk of the Lost Liner

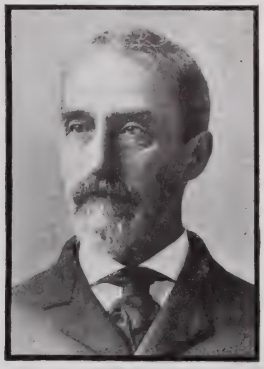
Col. John J. Astor, Lost
One of America's Best-Known Men of Vast Fortune

CONNECTED WITH THE DISASTER

Jacques Futrelle, Lost

Mr. Futrelle, One of the Famous Literary Men Who Went Down with the "Titanic"

Crowds in Bowling Green, New York, Eagerly Waiting Before the White Star Line Offices for News of the Disaster

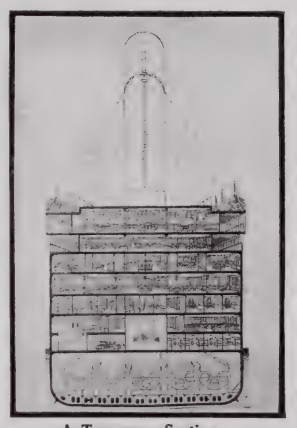


John B. Thayer, Lost

Second Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad

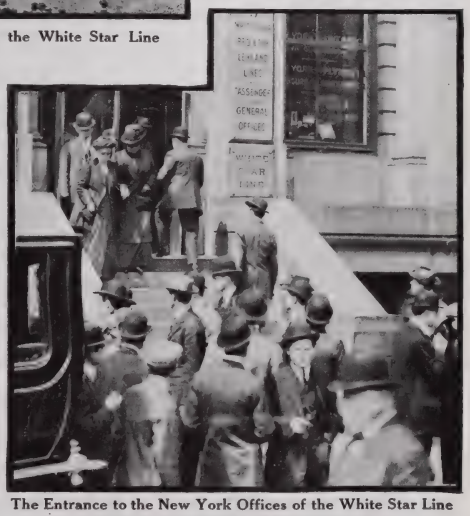
The Unusual Icefloes in the North Atlantic

This Picture, Taken from the S. S. Niagara, Gives a Vivid Idea of the Ice at Sea



A Transverse Section

Showing her Seven Decks and the Location of her Life-boats



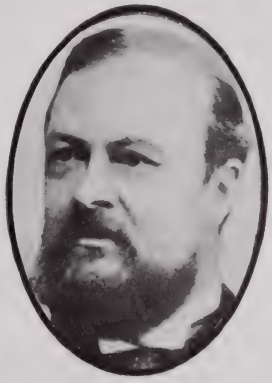
The Entrance to the New York Offices of the White Star Line

Anxious Inquirers Coming and Going During the Period of Suspense

J. Bruce Ismay, Saved

Chairman of the White Star Line Board of Directors

The "Titanic" in Port Just After Her Speed Trials



Charles M. Hays, Lost

President of the Grand Trunk Railway System

A Longitudinal Cross Section of the "Titanic," Showing Her Division in Various Types of Accommodation, Engine Rooms, Hold, Storage Sections, etc.

Details of Ocean's Greatest Tragedy

lifeboats. A shudder ran through the crowds who had gathered on the big deck. There were only twenty lifeboats—hardly enough to hold one-third of the 2,208 souls on the mortally wounded liner.

After this, the narrative grows darkly tragic. The engines were silent and useless, and the great vessel swayed with an ever-increasing list forward. As the lifeboats were launched one by one, the order was passed "Women and children first." There were many heroic incidents, many splendid illustrations of unselfish devotion. The men in the first and second cabins made no effort to save themselves, although nearly all had put on life-belts. They were content to see the women and children put off safely. Some of the steerage men tried to storm the lifeboats, but were forced back at the pistol's point. Shots were fired to warn and control the men. Some declare the shots were fired over the men's heads, others that a few of them were killed; but taken as a whole, the conduct of the officers, crew and men passengers was one of gallant magnanimity toward the helpless and the weak. Real heroes there were in plenty, and the individual stories of their courage in the face of death, in those trying hours, will

Continued from page 455

long be remembered. There were heroines,too, and not a few faithful wives chose to die beside their husbands rather than be separated.

It was no easy task, launching the lifeboats. Of the twenty boats on the *Titanic*, four were collapsible. The port side boats touched the water without capsizing, but some of the starboard boats upset. Their occupants, however, were picked up by other boats. Mr. Bruce Ismay, President of the International Mercantile Marine, which owned the *Titanic*, took charge of the launching and himself left the sinking steamer in one of the boats.

Soon after the last of the boats had gone, the *Titanic* began to settle. Some men jumped from her deck into the sea. Captain Smith and his officers stuck to the ship to the end, going down with her. From the boats the closing scene of the tragedy was witnessed with an agonizing interest. The big liner's boilers exploded, and she broke in half amidships, the forward half disappearing bow first. Crowds of men could be seen on her afterdeck, their figures silhouetted against the sky. Scores, if not hundreds, leaped overboard and were drawn down by the suction of the sinking ship. Then the hull of the liner was seen to stand almost on end for a moment. Even at that awful instant, those in the nearest boats say they could hear the strains of the *Titanic's* band, playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Then with a final plunge she disappeared.

Some of the boats rowed back and from among a mass of floating débris rescued three men, one of whom (a man weighing over 200 pounds and who may have been Major Butt) died almost immediately. Next twenty people were found, all of whom had miraculously come up from the depths and taken shelter on one of the steamer's loose rafts. All these were rescued. Over one hundred dead bodies came up, almost all of them with life-belts strapped on. Some of those rescued from the raft say that Captain Smith, just before the *Titanic* broke in two, walked aft and jumped into the sea. One of his officers flung him a rope, which he declined. His last audible words were "Let me go!"

It was daylight when the *Carpathia* came upon the scene and took the occupants of the lifeboats on board. The gloomy sea tragedy was over.

The Story of the "Titanic's" Surviving Wireless Operator

The following remarkable account of the wreck and rescue was related to a New York *Times* reporter and to Mr. Marconi, by Harold Bride, the surviving wireless operator of the *Titanic*:
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I WAS standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed, when the captain put his head in the cabin.

"'We've struck an iceberg,' the captain said, 'and I'm having an inspection made to tell what it has done for us. You better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell you.'

"The captain went away and in ten minutes, I should estimate the time, he came back. We could hear a terrible confusion outside, but there was not the least thing to indicate that there was any trouble. The wireless was working perfectly.

"'Send the call for assistance,' ordered the captain, barely putting his head in the door.

"'What call should I send?' Phillips asked.

"'The regulation international call for help. Just that.'

"Then the captain was gone. Phillips began to send 'C. Q. D.' He flashed away at it and we joked while he did so. All of us made light of the disaster. . . . The *Carpathia* answered our signal. We told her our positon and told her we were sinking by the head. The operator went to tell the captain, and in five minutes returned and told us that the captain of the *Carpathia* was putting about and heading for us. . . . Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the captain with little messages.

"I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing. Phillips told me the wireless was growing weaker. The captain came and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the *Carpathia*.

"I went out on deck and looked around. The water was pretty close up to the boat deck. There was a great scramble aft, and how poor Phillips worked through it I don't know. . . . I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes or maybe fifteen minutes after the captain had released him. The water was then coming into our cabin. While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips's money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a stoker, or somebody from below decks, leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was doing. The man was slipping the life-belts off Phillips's back. . . . I suddenly felt a passion not to let that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left him on the cabin floor of the wireless room and he was not moving. . . . From aft came the tunes of the band. It was a ragtime tune. Then there was 'Autumn.' Phillips ran aft and that was the last I saw of him. Then I was washed overboard. There were men all around me—hundreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their life-belts. I felt I simply had to get away from the ship. She was a beautiful sight.

"Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. We only saw the big stream of sparks. The ship was gradually turning on her nose—just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind—to get away from the suction. The band was still playing. I guess all of the band went down.

"They were playing 'Autumn' then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was one hundred and fifty feet away when the *Titanic*, on her nose, with her after-quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to settle—slowly.

"When at last the waves washed over her rudder there wasn't the least bit of suction I could feel.

"I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind, bottom up, near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it. It was hard work. I was all done when a hand reached out from the boat and pulled me aboard. . . . As we floated around on the capsized boat and I kept straining my eyes for a ship's lights, somebody said, 'Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?' The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

"It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader.

"Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side-up boat, and it was full to its capacity. Yet they came to us and loaded us all into it. I saw some lights off in the distance and knew a steamship was coming to our aid."

Pathos and Heroism of the Last Moments as Told by Rescued

Isidor Straus, the Heroic Old Merchant, and His Wife Go Down Together

MR. H. HAVENS, of New York City, who was in the *Titanic's* fifteenth boat, said he saw Mr. and Mrs. Straus standing in an embrace on the deck as the boat was lowered that took away Mrs. Astor.

Colonel Astor, who had been watching his wife as she was rowed away with the others in that craft, walked up to Mr. Straus and his wife and urged Mrs. Straus to hurry aboard a life-raft while there was still time.

Her husband also was urging her, but she continued to cling to him.

"'No! No! I will not go!' she cried to her husband. 'I cannot leave you.'

"Then some one said: 'You both can go. There's room for both.'

"'As long as there is a woman on this ship I will not leave. They are the first and must be looked after. When they are safe then comes man. But not until all the women are in the boats will I put my foot in a lifeboat.'

"'You are an old man, Mr. Straus,' somebody said.

"'I am not too old to sacrifice myself for a woman.'"—*New York Evening Sun.*

. . .

Supreme Courage in the Crisis

HENRY B. HARRIS, the theatrical manager, was one of the men who showed superb courage in the crisis. When the lifeboats were first being filled, and before there was any panic or extraordinary excitement, he had been assisted into one of them at the side of his wife before the boat was lowered away.

"Women first!" shouted one of the ship's officers. Mr. Harris glanced up and saw that the remark was addressed to him.

"All right," he replied, coolly. "Good-by, my dear," he said as he kissed his wife, pressed her a moment to his breast and then climbed back to the *Titanic's* deck.—*New York Herald.*

. . .

Famous Journalist Did Not Realize the Danger and Returned to His Stateroom

WILLIAM T. STEAD, the famous English journalist, was so little alarmed that he calmly discussed with one of the passengers the probable height of the iceberg after the *Titanic* had shot into it. According to this passenger, who was among those taken off in the boats, Mr. Stead, believing there was not the slightest danger of the vessel foundering, returned to his stateroom and presumably died there.—*New York Herald.*

. . .

John Jacob Astor Faces Death Calmly

ONE of the passengers, describing the consummate courage of Colonel Astor's bearing, said:

"'Come,' he said to his wife, 'you must go. There is no way out of it and time is flying.'

"'No! No!' Mrs. Astor cried, 'I cannot go and leave you on the ship.'

"The officers were getting restless and before they had a chance to grab her up bodily Colonel Astor embraced his wife and kissed her.

"'I don't want to go,' she said repeatedly.

"'But you must,' said Astor, who finally dragged her to the lifeboat. He kissed her a last farewell, and as she was helped into the boat Colonel Astor tried to force a smile and assure her with:

"'Don't worry, dear; all will be well.'

It was the most impressive display of courage I have ever seen. Really I can't describe it.

"After Mrs. Astor was put in the boat I saw Colonel Astor myself help many other women to safety. To me it seemed as if he forgot himself entirely and had only one thought in mind—saving the women. He worked along with the crew. It was a wonderful thing."—*New York Evening Sun.*

. . .

Robert W. Daniel, of Philadelphia. Tells the Story of the Wreck

"THE passengers, officers and crew (of the *Carpathia*) gave up their staterooms, clothing and comforts for our benefit. All honor to them.

"The English Board of Trade passengers' certificate on board the *Titanic* allowed for a total of approximately 3,500. The same certificate called for lifeboat accommodation for approximately 950 in the following boats: Fourteen large lifeboats, two smaller boats and four collapsible boats.

"It was perhaps an hour and forty-five minutes that we stood about before the ship sank. The lights went out an hour and a half after she started sinking. I think there was no perceptible shock. I and there was no sign of any confusion. All the time the water was gradually creeping up. There was no sensation except that you could see the surface of the water getting nearer to you.

"I kept watching the water gradually coming up to where I was. I was on a deck which was the top promenade deck. I managed to stay there until the deck was flush with water."

"Did anybody get hysterical?" was asked.

"Not until the boats got away," he replied. "But then, my God! to listen to the screams that I heard for the next four or five hours was a terrible experience. Why, we brought in on the *Carpathia* sixteen widows, each of whom was under twenty-two years of age."—*New York Sun.*

Continued on page 469

Insect Foes of Farm and Orchard

BY L. O. HOWARD, M.S., Ph.D.

Chief of U. S. Bureau of Entomology; Curator of U. S. Natural History Museum; Consulting Entomologist of U. S. Public Health and Marine Hospital Service; President of the Association of Economic Entomologists; Author of *Mosquitoes and How They Live; The Insect Book*, etc.

Liberating Imported Parasites of the Gipsy Moth in the Massachusetts Woods

Spraying to Kill the Young Gipsy Caterpillars on Oak Trees Near Boston

Spraying for the Pear Thrips in the Orchards of California

ONE interesting matter which came before the Insecticide and Fungicide Board (mentioned in a previous article) for consideration was the definition of the expression, "insect powder." Of course, there are a number of powdered substances on the market which are widely used as insecticides, such as powdered hellebore, powdered tobacco, and the powdered flowers of certain species of chrysanthemum, the latter being known as Persian Insect Powder, Dalmatian Insect Powder, and so on. The Insecticide Board has held that the term "insect powder," when used without qualification, however, in future must be used to signify an insecticide made from the powdered flower heads of three specified species of chrysanthemum. Now it happens that the chrysanthemum powders have been very widely adulterated, and a frequent adulteration is to include the powdered stems with the powdered flowers. This results in the weakening of the efficacy of the powder. The Board has ruled that where there is any stem powder adulteration this fact should appear on the label. In the future, then, when one buys an article labeled "insect powder" he is sure that it is the efficacious powdered flower heads of chrysanthemum, and that if the word "stems" is on the label the powder is not of the very best.

So the present outlook is that the government will care for the interests of the people in this direction in the future, and that the very great amount of money hitherto wasted in buying useless substances will be saved.

But after all, to return to the original line of thought of my earlier article, untrained people must not use their own heads in this matter of insect remedies. It is a simple matter to get expert advice through published pamphlets without any expense other than a postal card or a two-cent stamp. This applies not only to well-known insect pests of which everybody knows the name, but also to pests that are unknown to the sender. In the latter cases it will be necessary to send specimens, either to the State Agricultural Experiment Station or to the State Agricultural College of your own State—and this should be done by preference—or to the Bureau of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington. The best way to send most insects is in living condition, with a supply of food, in a strong wooden box. Many, however, can be sent in alcohol in a mailing tube. The chances are a hundred to one that the insects sent in, providing they are doing considerable damage, will be well known to the entomologist of the State Agricultural Experiment Station or to the experts at Washington, and not only this, but the chances are equally great that printed information will be at hand and available for distribution, and that a prompt reply will be received from which all needed information can be gained, and that sound remedial measures can be instituted.

Moreover, the State Experiment Stations and the Bureau of Entomology at Washington may be appealed to at any time with questions about any insect whatever, even when it does not appear to be injurious. Persons whose curiosity is aroused by some strange looking creature can write to headquarters and learn all about it, without even enclosing return postage, since the government has the postal franking privilege, as do also the State stations, which are really supported, at least in part, by governmental appropriations.

So far we have spoken only of poisons among the remedies for injurious insects, but there are many other remedies which may be applied to advantage in the case of different species. In fact, when a new insect enemy appears, there are three questions immediately to be asked. First, is it an insect that comes from some other country? If this should be the case, an effort should be made to import its parasites and natural enemies from the country of its origin. The second question is, can we, after understanding perfectly its life history and method of attack, vary in some degree the method of cultivating the crop which it attacks, so as to interfere with the natural development of the insect and reduce its damage to a minimum? Third, can we hold it in check by applying poisons, or by destroying it mechanically in the interim while we are investigating the first two questions, or perhaps so effectively that we shall not need to investigate further?

In regard to the first question and the method which it suggests, there have been several brilliant successes. The most notable one was the importation of the Australian ladybird beetle into California to destroy the white scale in the late eighties; and this was followed by the carriage of the same species of beetle, with equally good results, to Portugal, to Italy, to South Africa, and quite recently, to Formosa, in all cases destroying the same scale insect. Another instance was the importation from Australia of certain parasites of the sugar-cane leaf-hopper into Hawaii, which is said to have resulted in the reduction of the numbers of the leaf-hoppers to a negligible quantity. A gigantic experiment of the same kind is now being carried on in the importation of the parasites and natural enemies of the gipsy moth and the brown-tail moth from all parts of Europe and from Japan into the New England States. A number of species have already been introduced and acclimatized, and admirable results are expected from this work.

A striking example of the value of the second method, and a very simple one, was the remedy proposed in 1879 against the clover-seed midge. This little insect, laying its eggs in the flower heads of clover, destroyed the seed crop and reduced the hay yield. In the part of the country infested by this insect it was the custom to cut two crops of clover, once, from June 20 to July 10, when the clover is in full bloom, for hay alone, and again, in the latter part of September, or from that time until the first of November, depending upon the time of cutting the first crop, for seed. It was found, on studying the life history of the insect, that the first brood of maggots attained their full growth about the latter part of June, and left the heads to go into the ground. The conclusion was obvious that, were the first crop of clover cut in early June, the bulk of the first generation of the insect would be destroyed, and that at the expense of a slight reduction in his crop of hay, the farmer would enormously increase the prospects of his crop of seed; in fact, this system was followed so extensively for a while that the clover seed midge is no longer feared in most places.

Another example of the same kind is seen in the case of the famous cotton boll weevil, where it has been shown that by early planting with quickly maturing seed, widening the rows somewhat, forcing the crop until it has practically all been harvested by October, and then by cutting down or burying the stalks, a good crop is gained in spite of the presence of the weevil in numbers; and with the cutting down of the stalks in October, weevils, which would otherwise mature and hibernate, are destroyed, and the prospect for weevil damage the following season is very greatly lessened.

Remedies of the third class are the commonest, and consist of all the different preparations, including the different arsenical poisons to be used as sprays or as powders, all of the oil emulsions, the so-called miscible oil sprays, the lime-sulphur washes for the San José scale, as well as all of the mechanical devices, including lights for attracting the moths, plumbers' torches for burning insects in different stages, the so-called hopperdozers for use in the fields when young grasshoppers abound, and all of the other apparatus which, in one form or another, is used to destroy insects mechanically.

The State and government entomologists are not bound down to any one line of thought. They are exceptionally open-minded as a class, and they welcome new ideas from even untrained people, and spend much time investigating remedies for whose success there is even the slightest chance. In no country in the world is so much attention paid to the warfare against insects as in the United States, and American entomologists are now employed by several foreign governments and colonies, notably in Peru, in the Argentine Republic, in the British West Indies, Queensland, Cape Colony, and the Transvaal; while England, Japan, Russia, Mexico and Chile have sent trained men to the United States to study our methods of work.

"THEY ARE ALL AND MORE THAN I EXPECTED!"

I wish to express my appreciation of your book premiums. They are all and more than I expected. Your *Almanac* is truly an encyclopedia, and should be appreciated by all who value a good book. I certainly was agreeably surprised when I received the premiums, and thank you for them. My wish is that your valuable paper may increase until it reaches the millions.

Drakesboro, Ky. J. T. P.

THE ALMANAC A TREASURE

I wish I knew how to express my gratitude for *The Christian Herald Almanac*. It certainly is a treasure to have in the house. It is used nearly every day by some member of the family. As to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself we can hardly wait for the day it is due. Wishing you success in the good work.

Blowing Rock, N. C. MARY A. INGLE.

A Sermon

By

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D.*

Boldness at the Throne of Grace

TEXT: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy." Heb. 4: 16

BOLDNESS in prayer, intimates the apostle, springs from the realization of three great facts, focalized by the word "therefore." The first reason for such boldness lies in the fact that it is a Throne of Grace which we are approaching. Paul is the first so to describe it, and it has proved the most attractive characterization ever suggested. For a considerable time the term Mercy Seat was the most popular in the church.

> There is a place where spirits meet,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
> A place than all besides more sweet.
> It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

But that is an Old Testament conception and must needs give precedence to this the New Testament representation. It emphasizes the attribute of God in which we chiefly trust when we come to him in prayer—his mercy; and greatly does it embolden us to know that he is compassionate and forgiving. But the thought of another quality is even more essential to confidence—his majesty and omnipotence. These are both symbolized by the throne. God's mercy, to be effective, must have sovereignty behind it. Sovereign grace alone can bring reassurance. And God's sovereignty, to attract and win us, must be gracious. Both conceptions are here in our author's picture, clear and distinct and impressive. It is a throne to which we come—stable, powerful, royal; but it is a throne of grace.

God's Grace Ever Sovereign

It is in prayer alone that God's throne assumes this aspect. That is to say, this side of heaven. There, of course, it will never have any other aspect. To the redeemed alone God's sovereignty is ever gracious and his grace ever sovereign. But until then the throne of God is never the throne of grace except to the one who prays. Out in nature what is it? The throne of majesty and awe. In all the language of the material universe, Huxley declares, there is no such word as pity. Back in the conscience of man what is it? The throne of righteousness—positive, exacting, relentless. "Thou shalt not," or "Thou shalt"—an absolute, austere voice. In the final judgment what is it? The throne of justice. "According to the deeds done here in the body, whether they be good or evil." But let a soul approach that throne in prayer, trusting in Jesus Christ, and it sees not the white light of judgment enveloping it as a cloud, not the blue light of majesty and power lying upon it like a forbidding haze, but the crimson glow of compassion, forbearance, pity, grace, resting like a halo above it. A welcome awaits him when he comes. Kindly audience is given him. The petitions he presents are graciously received. He brings with him a draft which the court of heaven has issued against itself and must redeem, or forfeit its honor and credit. He comes to the throne not to see a book of account resting upon it, or a scale of retribution sitting beside it, or a scepter of power lying across it, but an open door and an unbarred stairway leading up to it, and a hand, warm and tender, outstretched to receive him. Fear, hesitancy, awe, speechlessness before such a throne? Impossible. The meanest, humblest subject in all God's universe may approach it in boldness.

Ask "In My Name"

A second reason for boldness is enwrapped in that word "therefore"—the person and character of Him whom the suppliant beholds upon the throne. And who is it? We would expect to find God the Father holding the throne. But no, it is Christ the Son whom Paul shows us sitting in that seat. Our dealings are immediately with him. Was not this the picture which Jesus himself gave us? "If ye will ask anything in *my* name, *I* will do," was his promise. In these words he seems to claim absolute, if not exclusive, right to the place. It is as if he had said: "My father holds the throne of the world's control, but the throne of prayer is mine alone."

And in what guise is Jesus here presented? Not in regal guise, as we would expect. Strange as it seems, it is not as a king he holds this throne. Not as a conqueror, who exercises the power which a great triumph has accorded him. No, it is as a high-priest that he sits there. "Seeing, then, that we have a great high-priest which is gone into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession." Don't fail to get that. We make much of Christ as a Prophet these days—the Declarer of God's Will, the Teacher of Truth; also as a King who has won the throne of the world's admiration and acclaim, and is worthy of loyal obedience and submission; but Jesus the Priest is less familiar to us. If he is not a Priest when you are before the throne, you are without the true vision of him. True prayer, effectual prayer, is impossible without a recognition and realization of Christ's priesthood. He is there as a representative.

Our Kinsman and Brother

God's Representative, first of all. It is the Father's throne, but he has given it to his Son. In what body sits he there? Is it not the body of a man? And out of what kind of a past has he come to this throne? Back of him as he sits there is an earthly, human career of struggle and suffering, which has given him knowledge of man, interest in man, and sympathy for man. In the memory of that experience he is administering the throne of grace.

For the same reason he is also our Representative, who can understand our woes, our yearnings, our problems, our hungerings and thirstings of soul. He once mingled with men, nay, he himself has had a man's experience. And, *therefore*, the side of his priesthood which the author would have us see and appreciate is not the sacrificial but the sympathetic side; not his right to hear us and plead for us because of his death on the cross, but his ability, his capability as a Prayer-Hearer and Answerer. And so, instead of showing us a picture of a High-Priest standing by the altar of heaven, he represents the High-Priest as sitting upon its throne. Sometimes the picture is drawn of the throne with the cross just back of it, sometimes with the shadow of the cross falling upon it; but it speaks the truth far more precisely and eloquently to present that throne to us with Jesus sitting upon it, clad not in royal purple nor the white toga of sinlessness, but in the scarlet garb of the High-Priest, not now offering sacrifice at an altar, but dealing out favors from a throne. If, then, the friendly hearing, the gracious welcome we find at the throne emboldens us, how much more bold may we become when we recognize in him who sits upon that throne a Representative? No, better than that—a Friend; no, better still, a Kinsman and Brother.

Oh, praying men and women! for once get it clearly before your mind and heart that the hand into which you place your petitions is the hand that pushed the plane in the Nazareth carpenter shop, and was laid in healing and helping upon the sons and daughters of our humanity, as well as the hand that had the spikes driven through it, and the dearest, most alluring, most reassuring place in all the world will be the throne of grace. How clearly Horatio Bonar got the apostle's vision! Among all the hymns of the church few paint a finer or truer picture than this product of his pen:

> I see a Man at God's right hand,
> Upon the throne of God,
> And there the sevenfold light I see,
> The sevenfold sprinkled blood.
> I look upon that glorious Man,
> On that blood-sprinkled throne;
> I know that he sits there for me;
> That glory is my own.
>
> The heart of God flows forth in love,
> A deep eternal stream;
> Through that beloved Son it flows
> To me as unto him.
> And, looking on his face, I know—
> Weak, worthless, though I be—
> How deep, how measureless, how sweet
> That love of God to me.

To be in favor at the court of heaven and to have a Kinsman upon the throne, one might think the acme of good fortune. But our author has enfolded still another reason for boldness in that word, "therefore." It is what that throne has to give to those who pray. Two boons are held out to us, and it is easy to see how they include and embody every blessing we may come seeking. They are mercy and grace. Mercy, ordinarily, means compassion, and grace, favor; but both words have higher meanings here. Spiritual help, discriminating, gracious, spiritual help, is their synonym. Of the two, grace is the bigger word. Unfortunately, the church uses it less than formerly. Grace is the seed that grows the graces. It is heaven's dynamic operating on the earth. It is adapted omnipotence. It is applied divine energy. It is God's life transmitted to the believer. This is what we have handed out to us when we come to the throne. The author has given two or three touches here that light up the whole canvass with singularly striking effect.

Abundance for All Who Ask

1. This grace is "grace to help." Weak and empty-handed men and women, ready to faint, overwhelmed with unworthiness, burdened with need, here is immeasurable, sufficient, discriminating, adapted succor, and all to be had for the asking. Health, wisdom, comfort, holiness, peace, power, life—all conceivable good. No human need that cannot be instantly supplied and adequately supplied. Can a man realize that back of Him who sitteth upon the throne are the inexhaustible treasures of heaven, and be afraid to ask for the thing he needs?

2. *It is adaptable grace.* This is expressed by the idiom, "in time of need." That means something specific, personal, definite; no misfits, no mistakes, no misapprehensions at the throne. Never in all the ages—think of it!—has Jesus made a mistake in diagnosis or prescription. Can you conceive of the countless number of requests that come up to his throne from all over the universe? Think of the thousands crying to him this moment! The throne is like a great telephone exchange into which millions of calls come, and where each is answered without a single mistake. Only believe this, brother man, and this great exchange would not, as now, be seldom used.

3. Succoring grace, adapted grace, yes, and *timely grace.* That, too, is meant by the phrase, "in time of need," implying as it does promptness as well as adaptability. The tardiness of human help, as we have all had proved to us, is often its worst defect. The antidote must act promptly or death ensues. The engine must heed the first call or the fire gets beyond control. The brakes must instantly work or the train is wrecked.

Boldness in Prayer

And there are times when undue haste is as fateful as undue delay. If the trip-hammer strikes before the iron is in place, the anvil may be demolished. If the train is ahead of time, a collision is even more likely than if it is overdue. Previousness and procrastination are neither of them characteristics of the throne of grace. The help needed is given just at the right time, no later, no sooner.

Beloved, stand where this *therefore* brings these lines together to a focus, and see if you do not feel its force. Can you consider what the throne is, Who is on it, and what it has for you, and neglect it as you so often do; or will you doubt that your prayer will get a prompt and kindly hearing and bring a wise and succoring answer? Frame this picture, and hang it in the prayer chamber of your soul, and your approaches to the throne, your requests before the throne, and your expectations from the throne will be marked with ever-increasing and never-wearying boldness.

* Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE COMPENDIUM

If not too late, allow me to congratulate you upon the production of your 1912 *Almanac.* I consider it a veritable concise compendium of valuable facts and figures. Your premiums are certainly unique, and deserve a place in every home in our country. I wish you and your staff unprecedented success in all your undertakings. I trust THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may double its circulation during the present year.

A. MONTAGUE BICKLE,
A Methodist Minister.

Dunseith, N. D.

A SEA CHANGE

ALL yesterday blue heaven's dome
Smiled blessings on a sun-bathed sea,
Whose filmy caps of silver foam
Spoke more of mirth than majesty.

But Mother Nature, 'tween the suns,
Her subtle alchemy made plain;
Changed laughing blues to sullen duns,
And loosed the flood-gates of the rain.

And now the gale, in boisterous strength,
Lashes the swollen tide along,
Re-echoing down the sand's drenched length
The savage surges' ceaseless song.

The sad world veils itself in grays
Nun-like, and mourning in its lot—
Yet dreams of all the coming days
Of peace enjoyed and storms forgot!

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

How Shall We Live?

WHEN Thoreau was asked, during his last illness, if he had made his peace with God, he replied that he had never quarreled with him. To the youth who thinks that he must sow his "wild oats," the steadfastness and nobleness of such a life does not appeal. Yet, sooner or later, he also must realize that the man who has always been at peace with God, because his life is lived in harmony with God's will, is the man who has got the most out of life.

"Experience" frequently means a learning not to do again something which ought not to have been done in the first place. And so experience is often a hard teacher. In many cases, the lesson is learned slowly and late. Why not seek wisdom from kinder instructors?

Ruskin's words concerning evil choice are worth remembering; in fact, one can hardly forget them, if he has once read them, for they strike deep.

"Nevermore to all eternity can you be as you might have been if you had not done that—chosen that. You have 'formed your character,' forsooth! No, if you have chosen ill, you have Deformed it, and that for ever! 'You will know better next time!' No. Next time will never come. Next time the choice will be in quite another aspect—between quite different things—you, weaker than you were by the evil into which you have fallen; it, more doubtful than it was, by the increased dimness of your sight."

"But shall I not know the world best by trying the wrong of it, and repenting?" a wayward youth exclaims. "Have I not, even as it is, learned much by many of my errors?" "Indeed," says Ruskin, "the effort by which partially you recovered yourself was precious; that part of your thought by which you discerned the error was precious. What wisdom and strength you kept and rightly used are rewarded; and in the pain and the repentance, and in the acquaintance with the aspects of folly and sin, you have learned *something;* how much less than you would have learned in right paths can never be told, but that it is less is certain. It is true, you know the habits of swine and the taste of husks; do you think your father could not have taught you to know better habits and pleasanter tastes, if you had stayed in his house?"

Education means development. Whatever stunts or deforms character is not development. Young people talk of "freedom" and their "rights." They have a right to become all it is possible that they should become, and there is no freedom for the evil doer. In *Pilgrim's Progress,* Christian and Hopeful found that By-path Meadow led to Doubting Castle, in which was a giant who beat them and deprived them of all freedom.

How sad it is for a person to waste his life in folly and sin, and then to repent just before he leaves the world! How much grander to be able to say, as Thoreau did, "I have never quarreled with God!" Such a man needs no epitaph on his tombstone. He still lives in the hearts of those whom he has inspired and helped. His has been a fruitful life. No time has been wasted.

A. M. G.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

ALL thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

What can be said to the wives and children of the brave men who went down to death? What can be said to the wider circle of friends, what can be said to the world that has lost some of its truest and most needed citizens? There lies the giant ship at the bottom of the sea. Its steel, its gilt and glass, its color, its charm, its spaciousness, its glory—all are at an end. And straggling among the rocks and weeds, or huddled with the ruined ship, are the bodies of more than a thousand men, brave men whom the world loved and needed.

Out of the depths we look up into God's face. Can we glimpse a light there? Can we catch a whisper that will steady our faith even when the mightiest of our ships and the bravest of our men go down? Can we find comfort for the heartbreak, hope through the shadow? What does it all mean?

. . .

IT MEANS, in the first place, that the biggest and the finest that man can do is, after all, a very tiny thing. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Who else but God! "Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance; behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing."

It is a terrible price to pay for making the mind of the world look up to God, if that were the reason for the horror, or any part of the reason. But the price has been paid. It must not be in vain. It cannot be in vain. It is as impossible not to think of God in a time like this as not to think of the thunder when it crashes. There is no other goal for our thoughts and our cries. Doubting or trusting, soothed or sullen, we gather round his feet and look up to his face. And we know again that he is incomparably, transcendently, infinitely great. The ship was a little thing to the relentless, silent ice floe; both were little things to the wide-spreading sea. And all our ships and seas and worlds are little when we think of God.

. . .

IT IS not necessary, it is probably not true, to say that God caused the disaster. It seems to have been caused by the inexcusable neglect of men, neglect to provide life-boats for all, carelessness in plunging through the path of the icebergs instead of taking the lower highway through the freer sea. But even if the disaster were altogether the work of men, in which neither nature nor God should be asked to share any blame, yet our shocked souls realize sharply again how small and valueless are the things for which we strive and cry. How suddenly this wealth and power and beauty perished! We remember now, even if we had been forgetting, that there is business that brings eternal profit; there is pleasure that shall last forever; there is a life no tide nor depths can bring to an end. They are the life and the pleasure and the business to which the eternal God is ever wooing us.

. . .

THEN, too, although death is terrible, it is, after all, not most terrible. Does that sound cruel at a time like this, when we are thinking that nothing could be more fearful than the death they met? Yet they were, in essence, martyrs. We can see them now, stepping back and standing straight, as we know they did, Butt and Stead and Roebling and the rest, not seeking safety, not willing to accept it, that the women and the children might be spared. That weeping wife knows in the depths of her heart that she would rather her husband lay dead at the bottom of the sea than that he had selfishly fought for a place in one of the life-boats. So we see that in this very horror we can think of things worse than death. There are many worse things. And considering pain as a thing that can be weighed and measured, who shall say that the agony of a few terrible minutes or even hours facing death at sea is greater than the sum of all the pain awaiting through the years ahead? We can hear them saying, one by one:

No! Let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay, glad, life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.

Their bodies are at rest now. And a grave in the sea—is it so much sadder than a grave in the ground?

. . .

NEITHER they nor we are yet outside God's care. He is great, but he is also gentle. Can we sing it now, even while our thoughts of the sea are so sad,

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.

There surely is. We shall never know what confident words of trust were spoken aloud; we shall never know how those who felt the comfort and peace of God urged those who doubted to rest their souls in him; we shall never know what prayers were uttered nor—for there must have been some song—what hymns were sung. But we know that the love of God was there, bringing light and hope in the desperate hour. The great ship was swallowed up in the sea; and for those who looked to Christ death was swallowed up in victory.

. . .

THE sea of life, a vastly greater sea, stretches out again before us all. Let us test our compasses and scan our charts and search for the unfailing signals. Even for the hearts flooded with grief now there may be a prosperous, yes, even a happy voyage. Love abides, hope abides, God abides. And whether the last call comes suddenly for us, as it came for them, or after due warning, we may sail on to the harbor unafraid. God's Son knows perfectly the sea we traverse; he has passed through its storms, its woe, and triumphed over the worst that it can do. No matter how fierce the storm he has not lost his power to bring peace. He voyages with us now, and shall await us, radiant, at the journey's end. Let these words of a rugged sailor sing themselves in your heart at every time of stress, and when the voyage draws to its close:

For though from out the bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

MASTER AND MAN

SIDE by side through the wilderness,
And over the rocky road,
The Master walks with his servants here,
To lighten their heavy load.

Never a path too hard for him,
And never a day too long
To cheer their hearts with his tender smile,
And gladden their souls with song.

He trod the way before for them,
And measured each weary mile,
He knows just what is in store for them
As he bids them rest awhile.

The tired feet are a care to him,
And the fears and the troubled heart,
With the griefs they daily bear to him
From fireside, field and mart.

So side by side through the wilderness,
And over the rocky road,
The Master walks with his servants here
To lighten their heavy load.

F. E. POWELL.

Tent Evangel Banquet

THE thirty-third season of the work of the Old Tent Evangel Committee of New York, was inaugurated on April 9, 1912, by a banquet given at the Park Avenue Hotel by Mr. George M. Gillespie to one hundred guests, among whom were some of the most influential citizens of the metropolis. The most striking event of the evening was a series of old-fashioned mission testimonies given by a number of men who have been saved in the mission established at 974 Eighth Avenue as the result of the summer campaigns of the committee. Superintendent Rev. G. W. McPherson outlined the plans of the work for the coming season, and addresses were made by Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., of Brantley Memorial Church, Baltimore; Rev. J. Lewis Hartsock, D.D., pastor Union M. E. Church, New York; Rev. Curtis Lee Laws, D.D., pastor Green Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn; Rev. W. G. McCready, D.D., rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; Rev. William Carter, D.D., pastor Madison Avenue Reformed Church, New York; Rev. John Allen, D.D., associate pastor Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York; Rev. Leonard T. Requa, Jr., Rutherford, N. J.; Mr. E. M. Whittemore, New York; and Mr. A. H. Howland, an associate editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Prominent evangelists and clergymen have been engaged for the coming season and there is every prospect of a victorious campaign.

The Nursery

(See cover)

THE painting from which the cover of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been reproduced is one of a long series of country scenes and landscapes that has earned for its painter, Ernest Albert Waterlow, a membership in the Royal Academy, the presidency of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors and a knighthood at the hands of the late King Edward of Great Britain. The picture tells its own story. Few of us have missed seeing at some time a scene very similar to this, which has charmed the famous artist. Aside from the interesting story it suggests of the care of the kindly farm woman for the babies of the flock, it fairly sings of those glorious days when all the earth is new clothed in green and decked with all the first blossoms of the year.

Anvil Sparks

..EVERY day is a great day to a great soul.

..PRIDE has no real foundation, and therefore it is a fraud.

..THE dewdrop owes its sparkle to the sunbeam in its heart.

..YOU cannot measure one's contentment by the size of his house.

..NO USE to get out of one rut to wear a deeper one somewhere else.

..THERE are some things which only the tear-dimmed eye can see clearly.

THE OPPOSITION MAN

BY J. J. BELL

Author of "Wee Macgreegor," "Mr. Lion of London," "Clyde Songs," etc.

WHEN the door had closed on the bringer of ill-tidings, Mr. Redhorn, the painter, re-seated himself at the table, smoothed his few remaining hairs with an unsteady palm, sighed, and turned to his apprentice, whom he happened to be entertaining to tea.

"Proceed wi' your eatin', laddie," he said kindly. "Tak' plenty jam. When ye're young ye maun pey attention to yer inside, whatever happens. As for me, I doot it's a dooble dose o' the Dyspeepsia Elixir I'm requirin.' "

"I wish Danks was deid!" the boy cried hotly. "I wish he was—"

"Na, na; ye mauna wish that aboot onybody, Wullie. We was bound to hear the bad news sooner or later—"

"But it was the wey he tell't ye—"

"Ay, ay"—Mr. Redhorn produced a cigarette from a paper bag—"it was the wey he tell't me. I confess to bilin' inwardly masel', Wullie, though I trust I didna betray ma feelin's. But, ye see, Danks has never got ower his spite at me for no takin' his nephew for ma apprentice instead o' yersel'. Moreover, he was aye cauld-heartit like the fish he sells. Oh, ay, he was rale delighted to be the bearer o' the bad news. It's a curious thing," the painter continued reflectively, "hoo humanity delights in inhumanity on what I micht ca' a sma' scale. It doesna rejoice in a railway accident, but it likes fine to behold a man tummle on a slide; it doesna cry 'hurray' when a man breaks, but, apparently, it canna help giein' a bit snicker when it sees a neighbor lossin' money. An' it hasna aye the excuse Danks has for rejoicin' at ma misfortune."

"What excuse has Danks, Maister Ridhorn?" inquired Willie, still flushed, but reaching for the jam-pot.

"I've just been tellin' ye." The bachelor here coughed violently and wiped his faded blue eyes. "I wish I had never startit the smokin', Wullie," he resumed, "but I was tell't it was soothin' to the nerves. Strikes me I best try it for the chilblains." He took a timid puff or two. "Nevertheless, Danks is a cruel enemy. If I was a blackamoor that believed in the transmiguration o' the souls, I wud say Danks was oreeginally a finnan haddie. But there's nae use talkin' aboot it, Wullie. We'll just hae to try an' bear it."

"Ay," said Willie, bolting a large bite, mainly of jam, "but what are ye gaun to dae aboot the opposeetion when it comes?"

"Ye've a practical mind, ma lad! Whiles I doot mine's becomin' ower pheelosophical. Yer question is to the point, though it's maybe a wee thing previous. What wud you advise me to dae aboot the opposeetion—when it comes?"

"Burst it," was the prompt reply.

"That wud be exceedin' excellent advice if the opposeetion was appearin' in the shape of a balloon, but as it happens to assume the form o' a human bein' conseederably younger nor masel' an', accordin' to Danks, supplied wi' plenty o' capital, I canna but feel that ye spoke hasty—"

"I meant that ye could keep on daein' jobs chaper nor the opposeetion man till ye burst him," said Willie.

Mr. Redhorn shook his head. "It's a guid thing ye're gaun to be a penter, Wullie, or ye micht live to be what they ca' a high financier. But I may tell ye I've been the sole penter, paper-hanger an' decorator in Fairport for upwards o' thirty year, an'—weel, I haena made a fortune. An' though ye're but an apprentice in the first blush o' youth, as the novels say, ye ken as weel as I dae that there's no enough business in Fairport to keep twa penters."

"Maybe the falk'll no gang to the opposeetion man," said Willie. "It's likely they'll stick to you."

The painter sighed. "When ye're as auld as me ye'll ken mair aboot the flightiness o' the public. Changes are lichtsome. The new shop aye gets custom—maybe no enough to mak' it prosper, but suffeecient to hurt the auld shop, if no to ruin it completely."

"But ye'll no let the opposeetion man burst ye?" the boy exclaimed. "I meant for to say—"

"That'll dae, Wullie, that'll dae. I'm no in the habit o' meetin' trouble hauf-roads—unless the trouble happens to be dyspeepsia." With which remark Mr. Redhorn rose, and taking a bottle of cough medicine from the mantelpiece, removed the cork and helped himself to a mouthful. "Ay," he went on, with sundry grimaces, "we'll see what the public o' Fairport is made o'."

"But what'll ye dae when ye see the opposeetion man?" persisted the apprentice.

Drawn by Joseph Cummings Chase

"'What kin' o' paper wud ye pit on for a man wi' a rid nose?' inquired Willie"

"An' what wud you hae me dae?" the painter asked a little impatiently. "Pit oot ma tongue at him?"

"I'll dae that if ye like, Maister Ridhorn; but I wud suner hand him a bat on the nose an' knock him ower the pierheid an'—"

"Wullie," said Mr. Redhorn impressively, "politeness costs naething—in cash, at ony rate. When the man starts business here the eye o' Fairport'll be on you an' me as well as on him. Mind that! Be dignified, be discreet. Conceal yer feelin's o' righteous indignation. Pey attention to yer job, whatever it happens to be, as if naething extraor'nar' was occurrin'. In ither words, let Fairport see that we dinna care a fig. Help yersel' to jam, laddie—for a' the opposeetion in the world!"

Presently Willie, having finished his repast, remarked: "They say Maister Hood up the hill is for gettin' his hoose pentit sune. Ye should hurry up and get the order afore—"

"I think we'll leave Maister Hood to the opposeetion," Mr. Redhorn interrupted with a faint smile.

"What wey that?"

"Weel, ye see, Wullie, Maister Hood, as ye may learn frae ma ledger, which is a record o' disapp'intments, tak's frae twa an' a hauf to three years' credit. Efter a', there's a few customers I wudna grudge to the opposeetion."

"'Deed, ye're fly!"

"I wud prefer ye to use the word 'discreet,' ma lad. Noo ye best rin hame an' see if ye canna dae onything to help yer mither. See an' be at yer wark prompt to time in the mornin', an' no' gie Fairport any excuse for complaints."

"But ye're no feart for the opposeetion, are ye?" said Willie, taking up his cap.

"Dae I look feart?" demanded the painter.

"N—na," Willie replied, from the door. "Na exac'ly feart. Maybe it's yer dyspeepsia. I hope it'll sune be better. Guidnicht, Maister Ridhorn."

"Guidnicht, laddie." Mr. Redhorn stroked his long nose in a reflective fashion. "Am I feart?" he muttered. "Or is't jist ma face?"

II

THE Opposition Man had made his preliminary visits to Fairport *incog.*; he had spied the land, as it were, without proclaiming his intentions to any of the inhabitants, whom, as a matter of fact, he misled by certain actions into taking him for an inspector of telegraph poles. It was not until he had rented a cottage on the shore and instructed the local joiner to erect a wooden workshop that the truth so disturbing to Mr. Redhorn, so gratifying to Mr. Danks, was made known. Mr. Redhorn, being the sort of man who does not become popular until death has covered a few little weaknesses and uncovered many good deeds, was not an object for the united sympathy of the villagers and owners of villas in the vicinity. People began to remember his failings, his sins of omission and commission. Some expressed the opinion that the opposition would serve him right, others the pious hope that it might improve the quality of his workmanship and materials.

"It'll maybe learn him to feenish his jobs when he says he'll feenish them," said old Miss McPhun, who for seven years had been disputing the correctness of an account for painting a hen-house.

"Ay," said her neighbor, Mrs. Dory, whose husband had once been offended by Mr. Redhorn's refusal to accept cabbages instead of cash for the varnishing of a punt, "I was hearin' that the opposeetion man is frae the toon, so he'll be smart an' up-to-date, as they say. Ridhorn'll hae to look slippy, I'm thinkin', if he doesna want to loss custom."

The village was full of rumors. The new man was "backed" by a powerful firm in the city; he was determined to capture the painting trade of Fairport; already he had secured the contract for painting the pier; sooner or later he would buy out Joseph Redhorn. As for Redhorn, he was thinking of retiring; he would retire at the end of the year; he had decided to retire forthwith; he had declared his intention of fighting to his last penny. And so on. Willie reported all he heard to his master, who looked angry or miserable or impatient, but for the most part held his tongue. The opposition was casting its shadow before. Already Mr. Redhorn was being disappointed in several old customers on whose patronage he reckoned at that time of the year. It was plain to him that those people were waiting to see what the new painter was like.

. . .

On the first of March the local postman delivered to most of the inhabitants of Fairport envelopes bearing half-penny stamps and a city postmark. The envelopes contained squares of glossy pink paper, printed, in seven styles of type, as follows:

P. Smith
Respectfully begs to intimate to
The Residents in Fairport
And the Surrounding District
That he is commencing Business
as
Painter, Paper-hanger and Decorator
and trusts
To be favored with their esteemed
Commands.
P. Smith's
Motto is:
Punctuality, Promptitude and Perfection.

Willie's mother having received a copy, the boy took it along to his master, who chanced to be painting a summer-house. After a prolonged inspection Mr. Redhorn carefully folded and returned it.

"Wullie," he said slowly, "I've nae fault to find wi' the language o' Maister P. Smith, an' his motto is unreproachable. But the man that sends oot a circular on paper like that has nae mair artistic feelin's nor a—plumber."

"I thocht it was a pretty color, Maister Ridhorn."

"Ay; it's vera suitable for a sweetie-poke or a love letter. But ye're young yet, laddie. I'm no blamin' ye. I've made blunders in ma time. I mind when I papered a parlor a vera pale yella for a gent wi' a rid nose—"

"But what kin' o' paper wud ye pit on for a man wi' a rid nose?" inquired Willie, with genuine interest.

"A rich crimson wi' a decided pattern," replied Mr. Redhorn gravely. "Aye try to study yer customers—when ye get them. In the meantime pey attention to yer pentin.' "

. . .

Two days later, on a wet and windy afternoon, arrived Mr. P. Smith, a youngish man with a neat moustache, alert eyes and a jaunty step. His progress from the pier was witnessed by the bulk of Fairport's population. Mr. Redhorn, however, remained in his workshop, pretending to mix a supply of paint which he had no immediate occasion to use.

To him came the apprentice, panting.

"I seen him, Maister Ridhorn, I seen him!"

"Seen wha?"

"The opposeetion. He's jist come aff the boat!"

"Did ye expec' him to come aff an airyplane?"

Willie looked hurt. "I ran to tell ye as hard as I could," he protested.

"Thenk ye, laddie." Mr. Redhorn's expression lost some of its stiffness. "Thenk ye; but I'm no deeply interested in the advent o' P. Smith, Esquire, penter, paperhanger, an' decorator."

"I thocht ye was."

"Did ye?"

Willie glanced at his master and then went over to the bench at the far end of the shop, where he began playing with a lump of putty.

At the end of a three minutes' silence Mr. Redhorn, in a voice strange to his apprentice, said:

"Wullie, mark ma words, I'm no gaun to lie doon to ony man in the pentin' tred. An' in the language o' yersel' I'm gaun to burst P. Smith inside o' a couple o' years!"

"My!" exclaimed Willie, and kept his mouth open as if expecting further sensational revelations.

"What's the man like?" said Mr. Redhorn coldly.

"I didna see him extra weel. He was carryin' a baby."

"A baby!"

"Ay. So was his wife."

"His wife!"

"Ay. Did ye no hear he had a wife an' five weans, Maister Ridhorn?"

"Five weans!"

"Maybe it's six."

Mr. Redhorn let go the stick with which he had been stirring the paint. He smoothed his few remaining hairs; he stroked his long nose. "Five weans!" he murmured.

"Peter Shaw said he coonted six."

Mr. Redhorn did not seem to hear. After a longish silence he said—

"Wullie, there's naething daein' the day, so ye best awa' an' amuse yersel'."

"Wud ye no like me to gang an' see hoo the opposeetion's gettin' on? His furniture's got soakit wi' the rain, an' I heard three of his weans was seeck on the boat."

Mr. Redhorn looked at his apprentice. "Jist you gang hame an' tell that to yer mither, an' see what she says," he said gently. "Awa' wi' ye."

When Willie had gone he resumed stirring the paint.

"Five weans!" he murmured. "Gad, that's a handicap—to Joseph Ridhorn!"

III

FEW things evaporate so quickly as the public's interest in an individual; few so slowly as the individual's interest in the public. For a week or so Fairport wondered about P. Smith. (His Christian name has not come to light; he never mentioned or wrote it, and his wife, a woman with a patient mouth and anxious eyes, invariably addressed or referred to him as Father.) After a week or so P. Smith began to wonder about Fairport. It was as though he had taken a high dive before a crowd and had risen, gasping, only to ask himself where all the people had gone, and, later, to doubt if any one had really cared whether he sank or swam.

At the same time P. Smith made friends in Fairport. He was a pleasant fellow and avoided exhibiting his city ways and wit at the expense of his more sluggish-minded neighbors. Though he could not play bowls he became a member of the club, of which Mr. Danks, the fishmonger, was president. Possessed of a fair voice, he joined the church choir. He was first to put his hand in his pocket when a collection was taken for the widow Waldie.

And so far as work was concerned, he made a fair start. He was commissioned by the fishmonger to paint his shop inside and out, and he obtained the pier contract. It is true that after the former job was finished, Mr. Danks proposed settling the bill with a year's supply of fish, and, that being gratefully but firmly refused, withheld payment in cash until the creditor was fain to submit to a deduction of ten per cent. by way of discount. Then the second job must have resulted, according to Mr. Redhorn's calculations, in a net loss of £7 15s.

It must not be imagined, however, that these things gave Mr. Redhorn any great satisfaction or prevented him from treating his opponent in courteous if chilly fashion.

"I seen ye speakin' to Smith again the day," said Willie one evening in May. "Did ye no hear he had gotten the job at the Manse?"

Said Mr. Redhorn: "He's welcome to that job. As for speakin' to the man, did ye never hear o' gladiators salutin' each ither afore commencin' to stab each ither in the vittles? As I've already informed ye, politeness costs naething. P. Smith kens as weel as I dae that it's war to the knife—"

"My! Wud ye stab the man, Maister Ridhorn?"

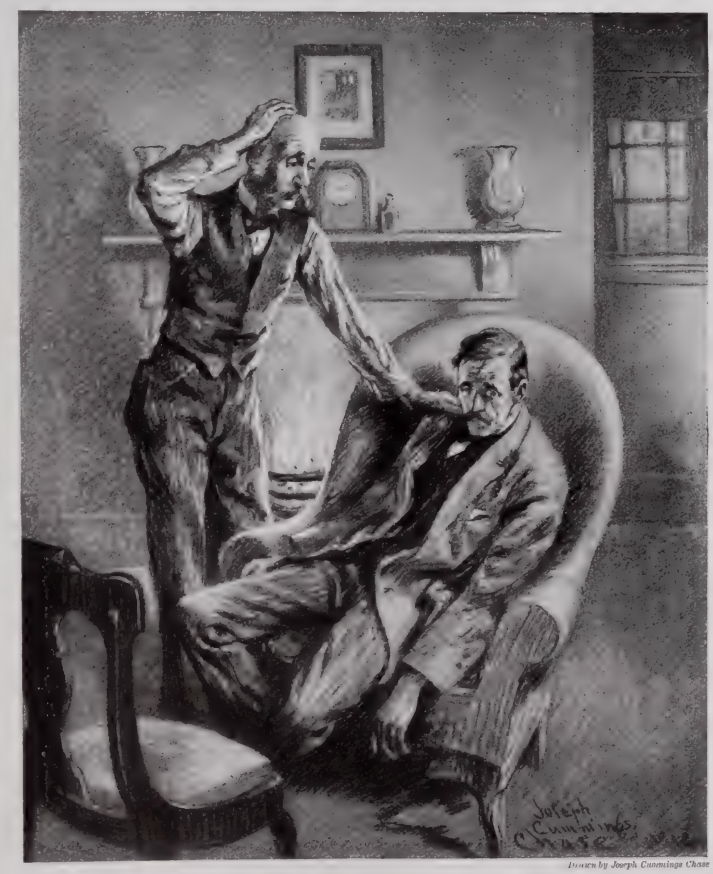
"Metaphorically speakin'," said Mr. Redhorn, "I wud! But as lang as he salutes me, I'll salute him."

"Aw," said Willie, disappointedly. "There's awfu' little tred for us the noo," he added.

"Ye're gettin' yer wages a' the same," Mr. Redhorn returned dryly.

"D'ye think ye'll manage to burst him in twa years?"

"Less nor that," replied the painter, in a boastful tone that was new to the boy. "Gi'e me a twelvemonth, ma lad."



Drawn by Joseph Cummings Chase

"'See here, Smith; what are ye gaun to dae?'"

"My! But ye're a corker!" cried Willie, involuntarily. "I mean ye're rale savage—brave, I mean."

"Wullie, I'm gaun to confide in ye. I've swallowed an insult, an' it hasna agreed wi' me. In the course o' wur conversation the day P. Smith informed me that he had been through the Manse, inspectin' it afore concoctin' his estimate. The word 'concoctin' is mine. He likewise informed me that it appeared to be mony years since the Manse was last pentit an' papered, an' that, in his opeenion, the man that done the job maun ha'e had the notions an' taste o' a hippopotamus sufferin' frae hydrophobia—"

Willie laughed, and stopped short.

"The man that done it," said Mr. Redhorn hoarsely, "was *me*."

"Did ye tell him? I wonder ye didna hand him a bat on—"

"I—I preferred that he should learn the truth frae some ither party. But, as aforesaid, the insult has disagreed wi' me."

"Like the tinned sawmon ye had last week?"

"That's enough!" said the painter sternly.

After a pause the boy asked, "Dae ye want me to tell him aboot the Manse, Maister Ridhorn?"

"In the meantime I prefer him to conteenue in his meeserable eegnorance, laddie. Let the truth confound him in due season. I may say that he referred to ma oreeginal stencil o' conventional comets on the staircase as deleerious sassiges—"

"I doubt he kent it was you a' the time, an' was takin' a rise oot o' ye."

"A rise oot o' *me!*" Mr. Redhorn sat down in his ancient easy-chair.

"I've a guid mind to heave a brick through his window the nicht," said Willie, sympathizingly.

"Na, na. Nae violence," said Mr. Redhorn. "Ye best awa' hame," he said presently in an almost natural voice. "Divulge naething o' what ye've heard here. *But*—gi'e me a twelvemonth frae this date!"

Left to himself he took up a penny novelette and endeavored to become absorbed in its villainies and virtues. But as he read he muttered: "Hippopotamus—hydrophobia—deleerious sassiges!"

Verily there were worse afflictions than the loss of money.

IV

UPON what precisely Joseph Redhorn based his estimate of his opponent's financial staying power will probably never be known. Perhaps he gained a hint from the man's manner, which to his shrewd enough intelligence seemed artificially buoyant; perhaps he guessed something from the face of the man's wife. Or it may have been only bluff when he spoke of a twelvemonth to his apprentice. The fact remains that his estimate turned out to be correct. Indeed, if anything, it had erred on the safe side. As Mr. Redhorn had said, there was not sufficient work in Fairport for two painters, and that particular year brought even fewer orders than usual. Then in the autumn Mrs. P. Smith had a baby, and in the winter three of her children took measles. Just before the new year P. Smith's paint store went on fire, and the damage, though only "partial," was not covered by insurance. P. Smith was seen less in the choir and more in the beer-shop. He avoided his opponent in trade. But his manner was more buoyant than ever. He talked briskly, almost feverishly, of the orders he was going to secure for the approaching spring.

* * *

On a snowy night in February Mr. Redhorn, seated at his hearth, was turning over the pages of his ledger, and looking an object of unutterable melancholy, when Willie arrived with a parcel of freshly baked scones from his mother. The painter, after expressing his thanks in a somewhat confused fashion, invited the boy to sit down and partake of a bottle of lemonade. It was soon apparent that Willie had news.

"Maister Ridhorn," he said, "d'ye ken what they're sayin' ootbye?"

"They're sayin' it's bitter cauld, I suppose. The frigidity o' ma feet has never been surpassed."

"They're sayin' that P. Smith hasna bocht any butcher meat for a month, an' they're sayin' that Danks the fishmonger is gaun to summons him to the court for his fish account. I seen him gaun into the beershop as I cam' by."

Mr. Redhorn, having set the boy's refreshment on the table, sat down slowly.

"Aw!" he muttered.

"An' they're sayin' there was a man here frae

Continued on page 470

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 8th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y.City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N.Y.City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y.City.

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Heroic Souls

NOTHING can dim the luster of those brave men who gave up their lives for others before the *Titanic* took her plunge beneath the waves. There was the "true gold" of heroism, refined by the furnace of trial. Disdaining to seek their own safety, they made sure that the weak and the helpless were under care in the lifeboats. Then, smiling at fate, they waited the end with folded arms, calm and confident. Such men were Jacques Futrelle, who, being tempted to save himself (as some craven souls did), bowed and said "Not while one woman remains on board," and Henry B. Harris, who pushed his wife toward safety with a gentle "Good-by, dear; ladies first." Such men, too, were Major Archibald Butt, who, like a true soldier and gentleman, scorned to enter a boat, but stayed to see all the women and children embarked; and George B. Widener and John B. Thayer and Isidor Straus. All honor to those heroic souls who in their last hour exemplified the words of the Master: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Lesson of the Disaster

NOW that calm reflection has succeeded the shock of horror over the awful *Titanic* disaster, people are beginning to ask: "Where lies the responsibility for this frightful sacrifice of human life? Could it not have been averted?"

No outlay had been spared in the construction and adornment of this leviathan—the largest that ever floated on any sea. She had sumptuous saloons, splendidly fitted gymnasiums and swimming-pools, and every facility was provided for comfort and pleasure regardless of the cost; yet she lacked the one thing most vital, beside which all of her splendid furnishings were as worthless truck. **She had life-boats sufficient to save only one-third of her passengers.**

Here was the one terrible neglect of duty which resulted in the death of more than 1,500 human beings. Alexander Carlisle, who designed both the *Titanic* and her sister ship, the *Olympic*, said in London on April 16: "The *Titanic* and the *Olympic* were fitted with davits designed for and capable of carrying **four times the number of boats actually fitted in the ships** when they went to sea. Although a large margin was then left, I think I am correct in saying that the *Titanic* carried 5 per cent. over the number of boats required by the Board of Trade rules." This, of course, refers to the British Board of Trade, which is an institution evidently attaching more importance to the speed record of ocean-going vessels than to the safety of their passengers. Under United States laws it is expressly declared that every passenger ship must be provided with life-boats, floats, rafts and preservers sufficient to secure **the safety of all on board**.

. . .

Let us look at the figures with respect to the *Titanic's* actual provision for saving life. Her passenger capacity was 2,500, although on the fatal voyage she carried several hundred less than this number. Her crew numbered 900 men. She could easily have accommodated fifty life-boats on her davits (Mr. Carlisle said many more). A life-boat complement is ordinarily forty persons. The *Titanic's* twenty boats would be filled with 800, of whom something over 100 would be seamen from the crew, detailed to navigate the boats. Assuming, as the reports indicate, that this ocean giant carried in all some 2,200 human beings, crews included, **she should have had at least fifty life-boats**, representing assurance of safety for 2,000 passengers. Even with that apparently ample provision, she would still have been deficient five boats, for the excess of 200 persons.

Had the *Titanic* had her proper equipment of life-boats and rafts, every soul aboard could have been saved. The loss of the vessel and her cargo is merely a commercial item and is covered by insurance; but the sacrifice of human life through culpable neglect is without palliation or excuse. Captain Smith went down with his ship and his lips are forever sealed; but if it be true that before sailing on this ill-starred voyage, he asked for more boats for the *Titanic* and was refused, then the responsibility should be placed where it really belongs. The censorship that has veiled the disaster has naturally inclined the public to distrust. Now, the White Star Company must stand forth in the clear light of publicity, until everything connected with this greatest of ocean tragedies is fully known and explained. If the *Titanic*, her passengers and crew were victims of the selfish struggle now going on for the commercial supremacy of the sea, the whole world must know it. If danger and life and death are all to be made secondary to the speed record, and if a sufficiency of life-boats and other safeguards is looked upon as mere impedimenta, then the traveling public should know it—and they will govern themselves accordingly.

. . .

But the *Titanic* was not a solitary example of a liner setting out without an adequate complement of life-boats and life-rafts. Remember, under the United States laws, a passenger steamer must carry enough life-saving provision for **every passenger.** With this essential fact in mind, look at these figures, from the official records of the United States Government inspectors of ocean steamships. They are exclusive of preservers and buoys, a considerable number of which is carried by all liners:

Steamers	*Crew*	*Passengers*	*Boats & Rafts*	*Capacity of Boats & Rafts*
Adriatic	447	1,778	18	1,040
Baltic	370	2,041	22	1,002
Celtic	237	1,209	26	1,222
Bluecher	306	2,080	21	951
Carpathia	266	2,596	18	1,005
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	652	1,727	30	1,825
Mauretania	812	2,160	16	982
Oceanic	373	1,748	23	1,175
Olympic	923	2,524	20	1,171
President Grant	346	3,597	28	1,522
Grosse Kurfuerst	278	1,942	22	1,017
Lusitania	756	2,133	16	986
Pennsylvania	250	2,892	22	1,017
St. Louis	341	1,284	23	962
Kaiserin Aug. Victoria	596	2,782	35	2,026
Caledonia	230	1,373	19	930
Arcadian	282	618	15	628

From these figures it can be seen at a glance that only a few of the great liners which come to American ports have anything like a proper supply of boats. Perhaps the most notable exceptions are the German steamers, but some of these are short of the actual requirements under the American law.

. . .

It is always an easy thing to be wise after the event, to make haste to apply the obvious remedy, to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen. Experience which shows how existing laws for protecting life are ignored is unfortunately only too abundant. Hundreds would have been saved had the owners of the Iroquois Theater in Chicago complied with the law providing for sufficient exits. If the excursion steamer *General Slocum* had only had an adequate supply of life preservers, at an outlay of a few hundred dollars, that sickening holocaust would have been averted. A few thousand dollars expended on the defective dam at Austin, Pa., as the engineers had urgently recommended, would have prevented the foundation "slide" which shattered the concrete, flooded the valley and drowned many of its people. If fire-escapes to the number required by law had been provided in the Asch Building, the horrible tragedy of the Triangle fire in New York, in which so many poor shirtwaist makers perished, would have been unaccompanied by loss of life. Neglect and evasion of the law by owners and others, selfish parsimony and cold-blooded indifference to the safety of those whose lives were entrusted to their keeping, were the prime causes of each of these disasters. The crisis comes suddenly, the nation is stunned with the wicked waste of human life, and then, after all the evil has been done and the helpless victims are past recall, we permit the guilty to escape, patch up a remedy of new and stronger laws and demand their rigid enforcement. We lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

. . .

Is this to be the outcome of the great ocean tragedy which has just robbed fifteen hundred human beings of life? Is the *Titanic* horror to be merely a nine days' wonder, quickly forgotten? The public memory is not tenacious, but we do not believe in its present state of feeling that it can be satisfied with less than a thorough investigation which shall bring the responsibility home to the guilty parties. Not only this, but **ocean travel must be made safer hereafter.** Steamship companies look out sharply for their own financial interests; let us now look out with equal zeal for the welfare of the traveling public. There should be an international agreement on better laws for the safety of ocean liners. The dangerous "northern lane," which the *Titanic* recklessly followed, should be forbidden to passenger steamers at certain seasons, in order to avoid the peril of icebergs. An ocean patrol should be established in the commercial highways of the Atlantic for affording the speediest means of communication and rescue. And finally, a speed limit should be definitely fixed. Too many gallant vessels, and far too many human lives, have been sacrificed to the mania for a speed record. It should be made impossible for any passenger vessel to leave an American port unless she is amply equipped with all the modern appliances for saving and protecting human life. Thus the awful sacrifice on the *Titanic* will have taught a practical lesson and the deep sorrow into which two continents are now plunged will be softened by the knowledge that their fate brought to fruition a great reform which makes the whole world their debtor. Then, cruel and terrible as was their taking off, the sacrifice will not have been in vain.

Relief for the Survivors

AMERICANS are quick to respond to the call of suffering. Within a few hours after the news of the *Titanic* disaster reached New York, offers of help began to pour in from every side. The mayor opened a relief fund, a committee of charitable ladies began a similar work and public and private hospitals tendered the use of wards and the services of physicians. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offered to place at the disposal of the White Star Company its beautiful Children's Home at Mont-Lawn with its complete equipment, where several hundred of the survivors could be temporarily accommodated until strength returned and they were able to proceed to their ultimate destination. Should this offer be accepted, many of the invalid women and children would find renewed health and vigor in the tonic air of the Children's Paradise. Many of the rescued lost all their little worldly possessions in the wreck. Mothers and little ones, bereft of husbands and fathers, are cast upon the world utterly helpless. What can be done for them by benevolent hearts should be done quickly. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive and acknowledge contributions for the sufferers, and every gift so sent will be applied exclusively to the relief of the mothers and children. Such spontaneous acts of kindness may help somewhat to soften their grief and lighten their burden of immediate cares. God alone can heal the wounded heart. We pray that he may comfort the fatherless and the widow in this time of deep affliction.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Clara Barton, World's Benefactor

CLARA BARTON, founder of the Red Cross, and one of the most remarkable American women of the present age, died at her home in Glen Echo, Md., on Friday, April 11, at the age of ninety. The remains were buried at Oxford, Mass., the home of her family. Her service in the sick-camps during the Civil War, the war in Cuba, at Johnstown, Pa., and Galveston, Texas, after the great floods, and also in Russia and Armenia gave her a world-wide reputation as a philanthropist. Miss Barton was born on a farm. She received a good education and began teaching school in Bordentown, N. J., when she was only sixteen. Her health breaking down under the strain, she went on a visit to Washington, and secured a clerkship in the Patent Office during President Buchanan's administration. In the early days of the Civil War a company of a Massachusetts regiment reached Washington from Baltimore, many of the men suffering from wounds. Miss Barton went out to meet them, and soon found that they were in need of kindly ministrations. She provided food and delicacies for them, and soon friends began to help her in this Samaritan work. Within a week she became the leader in a remarkable movement for sending comfort and cheer to the men at the front. But she was not long content to remain at her post. The news she heard convinced her that she had a mission to go to the army and do what lay in her power for the sick and wounded soldiers in the improvised hospitals. She went to the front, where she became known as the "Angel of Mercy" from her ministrations at Chickamauga, Fredericksburg, and other battlefields. This was the beginning of her real career. She went abroad and was present at the conference at Berne, Switzerland, when the International Red Cross was organized. She served as a ministering angel all through the Franco-Prussian War, and when she returned to this country, she organized the American Red Cross Society, which, under her skilful and sympathetic control, did excellent service in many cases of floods, explosions and similar disasters when there were large numbers of sufferers. During the *reconcentrado* suffering in Cuba, immediately before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, President McKinley appointed three Americans as commissioners to arrange for succoring the starving thousands in the Cuban cities. Ex-Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn, Stephen Barton, and Dr. Louis Klopsch constituted this commission. Dr. Klopsch despatched Miss Barton to Havana to superintend the work of relief and gave her $10,000 to begin operations. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers contributed largely toward the relief fund. Dr. Klopsch himself went to Havana later and expedited the work, and soon relief trains were speeding across Cuba to various cities where they were most needed. Many thousands of lives were saved by this humanitarian work. The human sympathy Christ had, and the curing of the sick he wrought were imitated by this American Florence Nightingale.

And Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick. (Matt. 14 : 14.)

The Late Clara Barton

The Funeral Ceremonies at "Red Cross," Miss Barton's Home in Glen Echo, Maryland

A Fatal Temptation

FOUR boys started for Sunday School in Kearney, N. J. Two of them were brothers. The spring weather was so balmy that one suggested that instead of going to the Sunday School they take a row on the Passaic River. They went to the boat house and rented a boat for two hours. All wanted to row, and two on a seat with an oar each took turns. They did not understand handling the oars, and getting out into a treacherous tide and undertaking to go under the Erie Railroad bridge, the skiff capsized. One swam to the pier, two were dragged out more dead than alive, and were resuscitated, but one of the brothers was drowned. About the hour for the return of the brothers from the Sunday School session a cousin came to the house to notify the parents of the accident, but the father did not know his boy was dead till he got to the boat house. They had to hold him to keep him from jumping into the river, and the grief of the family was terrible. These boys were not the first who have been enticed from Sunday School or church by some form of amusement or another. The horse, the wheel, the motor car, the baseball game, the golf links, the week-end social entertainment and other things tempt the Christian to neglect the services of the Lord's house. It is hardly a surprise that the children should copy the older people in the widespread disregard of the Christian Sabbath and service. Christ's injunction is in good place now:

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. (Matt. 26 : 41.)

Gift of Cherry Trees

THE first of three thousand budding cherry trees, the gift token of Japanese residents of the city of New York, were set out the other day at Grant's tomb by Park Commissioner Stover. Tenderly, almost reverently, M. Enomota, the Japanese expert who superintended the planting, handled the first tree as he placed it in the earth, while all the Japanese stood with bared heads. This tree was one of the gyoi roi variety, the rarest of the cherry tree species. Of the two thousand trees presented the committee were able to get only thirty of these. The color of the blossom is light yellow, with greenish spots. The other trees bear blossoms of varying shades, from delicate pink to a deep red. The trees are not fruit-bearing, the cherries being small and bitter. The shoots set out were about four feet in height and about the diameter of a thin walking-stick. In Japan the trees reach a diameter of three feet when fully grown, and the average age is more than one hundred and fifty years. A tablet made in the Tokyo Art School, commemorating the gift of the cherry trees, will be placed in the park space east of the tomb. How beautiful, like the cherry blossoms, was the love in the hearts of the Japanese that prompted the gift—love for their home land and its national tree, and affection for the land of their adoption! The prophet thus refers to tree-planting as a memorial of divine care:

I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together. (Isa. 41 : 19.)

$100,000 Left to Horse

SUSAN L. MONROE of Fall River, Mass., left a will with the following clause: "In case my horse, Daisy, survives me, I give her and all her belongings, carriage, harness, etc., to my niece, Anna B. W. Munroe. And I leave in trust my money in the Fall River Savings Bank, also my Troy mill stocks and my Richard Borden mill stock, the income of all to be used for the care and support of the said Daisy." This clause in the will, it is said, endows the dumb animal with $100,000. Daisy, the mare that had the good fortune, is thirty-one years old, is in excellent health, and has the spirit and action of a creature of half the age. She holds her head erect, and they say has eyes and hearing keen as a colt. After the death of the mare the money is to go to the nephews and nieces of the testatrix. The love of dumb animals is beautiful, and proper care for them is a just gratitude; but we think love of the animal as against that of relations was overemphasized, as it is sometimes done. The interest on three or four thousand dollars would have been ample provision for the horse, and the relatives could have had a reasonable allowance, and something could have been left for the poor, the fatherless and the widows. Christ expresses his estimate of the comparative value of the lower tribes and of man.

Ye are of more value than many sparrows. (Matt. 10:31.)

54 Years a Teacher

A TEACHER in the Sunday School of the West Thirty-fourth Street Collegiate Reformed Church of New York City, Mrs. Martha Jane Cleverley, died the other day. One Sunday morning in November, 1857, she gathered three children from the street and took them to a dry goods store which was used as a Sunday School on the Sabbath. She asked to be appointed their teacher, and to be assigned to the infant class. Her class grew like magic, for she went into the homes of the rich and poor alike for recruits. When the West Thirty-fourth Street Church was built she took her class, numbering two hundred and fifty-three pupils, there. When her fiftieth anniversary as a teacher was celebrated, important people from all parts of the city and from all denominations came to pay tribute to the great influence she had exerted on the young life of the community. At that time she had a class of one hundred and seven persons, many of them being grandchildren of those she had taught a half century before. Earth has no figures to compute the value of such a life. In the name of her Master she could say of the thousands committed to her Biblical instruction and spiritual care:

I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths. (Prov. 4 : 11.)

THE TITANIC'S DEAD

By FREDERICK F. SHANNON

("Most of the saved are women and children."—*Wireless message.*)

WHAT wondrous depths of soul the words relate!
Deeds worthy of the great heroes of old,
High darings these of men of splendid mold
Who plucked the sting from Death's sharp dart, and straight
Into the swirling blackness sank. Nor fate,
Nor fear, nor dark, nor deep, nor ice could steal
The deathless strength of Love their souls reveal,
When swift Death spake and said: O men, be great!"

Valiantly then through that vast shuddering gloom,
When woman's agony and childhood's tears
Answered the Sea's rough call for human toll
These sons of God, within their liquid tomb,
Made Death conceal his face behind Death's fears,
And showed themselves men of titanic soul.

A Story of the Flag

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD: I want to tell you a little story of a CHRISTIAN HERALD flag. My grandson, eight years old, who lives at an army post of which his father was, at the time of which I write, commander, desired to obtain the CHRISTIAN HERALD flag. "I don't know how to get a subscriber; I am afraid the soldiers won't like it," he said to his mamma, but to her reply that she would buy him a flag he answered that he must have "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD flag." He succeeded in getting the company reading rooms to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the flag was soon his. He and his thirteen-year-old brother Paul raised a large pole in front of his father's quarters with necessary pulleys, and for a few mornings the happy little man was up before six o'clock in the morning to run his flag up with the garrison flag.

Now I am going to tell the sad mission it has fulfilled within the last few days. Our darling Paul, bright, active, and seemingly well, was stricken down, and in one week lay in the casket, which was draped in the flag which he too loved.

Many beautiful flowers were above and below the flag, but it took a prominent part, for the soldiers who arranged the hall and casket knew the history of the flag.

I am an old grandma, not used to writing, but if you can condense this for the children I will be glad. If not, my love for the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has been so much to me and mine for a great many years, will never be less. Yours,

MRS. E. A. C.

Called Higher

Harriet Faville was laid to rest in Melville, N. D., where she died February 7, 1911.

Mrs. Susan Hare (74), of Waverly, W. Va., was called home last spring. She was for many years a reader of this paper.

G. B. Ames, of San Juan Bautista, Calif., died May 31, 1911. He was a devoted Christian and reader of this paper.

Mr. Thomas J. Fitch, of New York City, was called higher on May 30, 1911. He was a life subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Eliza B. Armstrong (54) died at her home in Geneva, N. Y., July, 1911. She was for many years a reader of this paper.

Mrs. Fred Frech, of Raritan, N. J., entered into rest June 11, 1911. She had for many years been a worker in the Master's vineyard.

Z. R. Mason (72), of Lima, O., passed to his eternal reward on June 11, 1911. He was a constant reader of this paper for nearly twenty years.

William McDonald (80), of Shelby, O., was called home in July last. He was an earnest Christian and a long-time reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Abbie C. Pollison, of Newark, N. J., passed away June 23, 1911, after a long life of service to others. To the last she was a devoted reader of this paper.

R. B. Tomlinson, Sr., of Minneapolis, Minn., died May 20, 1911. He was for many years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and had subscribed to it for many of his friends.

Mrs. E. E. Palmer (70), of Forest Dale, O., departed this life April 17, 1911. She was a faithful Christian and a great admirer of this magazine, which she had taken for many years.

Mrs. Artelissa Parker (72), of Pitcher, N. Y., died suddenly on August 3, 1911. She had been a reader of this paper for many years, and was to the last steadfast in her Christian life.

Adelia Clarisa Davis (82) died in the home of her daughter at McLean, Texas, January 1, 1911. Mrs. Davis had read the Bible through 145 times, and was a devoted reader also of this publication.

Another Wise Man

By Eugene Thwing

IN HIS beautiful tale of the East, Henry Van Dyke has told the story of *The Other Wise Man*—a story that has brought its charm and its meaning into all our hearts. But there is yet a story untold, not a strange story of *the* other wise man, but just the plain human story of *an* other Wise Man. His name has not the poetic rhythm of "Artaban"; it is so commonplace a name that perhaps it may better remain unrecorded. His house stands not in a fair garden, mid a tangle of flowers and fruit-trees watered by streams from Mount Orontes. From his roof he can not look "over the sevenfold battlements of black and white and crimson and blue and red and silver and gold, to the hill where the summer palace of the Parthian emperors glittered like a jewel in a crown." His house stands huddled with many others in the crowded, noisy city. From his windows he can look over against a dull, monotonous row of houses like his own, or down to the hard stone pavement and the passing traffic of trade which is no respector of residential neighborhoods.

The wisdom of this man does not proclaim itself in any rich robe of pure white wool over a tunic of silk, nor in massive golden collar, nor winged circles of gold on his breast. In all such respects he is very unlike *the* other wise man, Artaban, of long ago. He is only a commonplace man of to-day, living in a modest home, wearing plain attire, and working hard day by day; but his heart is like the heart of Artaban, and he, too, has learned the beginning of wisdom.

. . .

SOMETHING has stirred a latent passion in the man's heart. His daily work kept him in its leash from early morning till long after others were resting in their homes or enjoying social pleasures. Yet although his task drove him hard, his eyes and his ears took in some knowledge of the burdens and the sorrows and the needs of others. His sympathies were keenly responsive. Instinctively he suffered with those who suffered, and instinctively he longed to help them, but this longing was always repressed and stifled by a sense of his own helplessness as a poor man and a slave to his work.

Then, one day, a message seemed to come straight to him through a preacher in the pulpit. The subject was Service—a humble service that kept self in the background; a kingly service that established kinship with the divine Lord and Servant of all; a glad service that carried cheer into the places of gloom and discouragement; a service that *cost* in pain and sacrifice and hearts' blood, if need be, thus proving its worth and sharing in some slight degree the glory of the Cross; a service of pure love, melting cold hearts and winning victories for the Master and answering his challenge: "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

The man's heart burned within him, and he registered a vow that when the task that held him in its clutches was finished; when his present obligations were met; when he could shake himself free from the struggle which was taking all his time and strength and courage—then he would respond gladly to the call to service for others in need.

Surely his promise was fair; surely it was all that was possible now. Why then did the call seem to come to him again and again? A book brought it home to him in new and startling form; an article in his favorite paper seemed aimed at him; other messages from the pulpit repeated the same impelling call to service. Again he made his pledge for future obedience, and prayed earnestly that his present difficulties might be solved and his present task completed speedily, that he might be free to give himself to a life of service. It would be wrong to neglect the duties and obligations now pressing upon him, he told himself. Does not the Lord desire justice rather than sacrifice? Is not society and the state better served by the man who carries his own burdens than by one who would neglect his own in order to rush to the help of another?

. . .

SLOWLY, little by little, the answer came to him. Perhaps the revelation was gained, step by step, together with his own working out of the solution. God answers many prayers simply by helping us to answer them ourselves by the natural process of sincere, faithful effort. The man seemed to gain a clearer vision. He saw that as he worked, through the strain and stress of the day, he came in contact with other workers who also felt the strain and the stress. Sometimes he could see that it hurt them almost to the point of defeat. As he carried his own burden, he saw others near him in business carrying burdens, too, and often they were near to being crushed to earth by the weight of their loads. He was surprised to find how much he could help them, without going out of his way, and without stopping his own work for a moment. If he maintained a cheerful, patient spirit amid the vexations of the day it really made things look brighter for his fellow workers and his business associates who needed such an influence. If he spoke bravely and optimistically wherever he went, it actually helped others who heard him to fight their battles with greater courage. If he dealt honorably and kindly, the example seemed to be contagious.

Soon the man began to realize that the weak and the suffering and the heavy-laden and the brothers in need were not all afar off, awaiting him in some other field of labor, but that they were touching him on every side and every day as he went about his own work. He found that service began in *being*, and that the *doing* was an inevitable result. A voice seemed to come to him in the silence, saying, "Your service for the Master and for your needy brother is appointed to you in the heat and burden of the day. Do not wait; feed *now* my sheep. Keep on with your task; fight your battle through; but gain from them that greater strength and courage which shall make you better able to serve your brother. Your service will broaden as you prove equal to the service close at hand. *When* you have been faithful over a few things, *then* I will make you ruler over many things."

THE CHALLENGE TO DEATH

This message from the great poet whose centennial is now being celebrated fits the courage of the men who perished in the *Titanic* tragedy.

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere a guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more.
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

A POET

INTO a tissue of remembered things
He weaves the moonbeams and the threads of mist,
And colors it with sweet imaginings,
Cloudy embroideries, by sunset kissed.
He sees among the dewdrops on the ferns
The fleeting prototype of children's tears,
And in the music of the running burns
The pent-up laughter of a thousand years.
Along the dear, familiar paths he knows,
The sigh that marks the crossing of the way,
The dreams that haunt the petals of the rose,
And all the wonders of a quiet day;
So glide away the years with minstrelsy—
The magic of his boundless fantasy.

ELEANOR ESTER, *in Westminster Gazette.*

Answered Prayers

V. J., Etna Green, Ind. "My prayers were heard and answered."

C. L. McK., Ithaca, N. Y. "Again I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer."

Mrs. M. G., Bridgeport, Conn. "My prayers have been answered many times."

Mrs. J. W. J., Oleander, Calif. "I wish to thank God for answering prayers."

R. L. S., Canon City, Colo. "I wish to acknowledge many answered prayers."

Mrs. G. G. B., Sioux City., Ia. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

A. P. P., Middletown, Conn. "God saved me from a sick-bed through my prayer, and I am thankful."

I. O. T., Erlanger, Ky. "The Saviour answered a prayer for me, for which I am very grateful."

P. M. A., Pontiac, Ill. "In answer to prayer God has healed a dear one, and I praise his holy name."

A Subscriber, Virginia. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that God answered my prayer. Praise his name."

Mrs. A. S. C., Nagels Camp, Calif. "My baby was ill. I prayed for its recovery and God answered my prayer."

Mrs. M. E. H., Greensboro, Vt. "God has answered my prayers for me; glory to his name."

C. B., New Hampshire. "God answered my prayer for a physical blessing and I thank him."

F. D., Mineral, Texas. "The Lord has heard my prayers. He has been good to me, and I give the praise due unto his holy name."

Mrs. N. E. H., Hancock, Me. "I wish to thank my heavenly Father for gracious answer to prayer."

Mrs. C., Augusta, Me. "I asked God to restore to health a dear one who was very ill. He heard and answered my prayer, for which I thank him."

L. F. J., New York, N. Y. "My husband was suddenly and unexpectedly thrown out of a fine position. Everything seemed to be against us, but our prayers were answered and a far better place was offered us, and we know it is due to God's goodness."

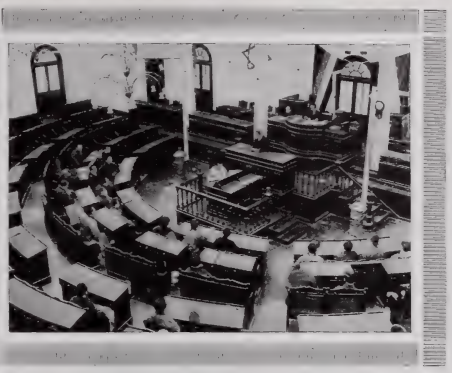
Answered prayers also acknowledged by Mrs. L. B. M., Oseeola Mills, Pa.; L. M., Northfield, Mass.; L. A. T., Elmhurst, Calif.; Mrs. T., Berlin, Mass.; E. B. P., Paterson, N. J.; W. M. D., Berrien Springs, Mich.; A. C., Massachusetts; E. M., Colorado Springs, Colo.; A Mother, Fort Worth, Texas; N. D., Dakota, Ill.; Mrs. J. S. F., San Diego, Calif.; E. M., Corydon, Ind.; A Reader, Weatogue, Conn.; Mrs. J. J. B., Conemaugh, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. R., South Bend, Ind.; Reader, North Carolina; Mrs. W. M., Osage, Saskatchewan, Can.; Mrs. E. E. W., North Yakima, Wash.; S. F., Omaha, Neb.; K. L., Detroit, Mich.; A. H., Spencer, Ia.; Mrs. V. L. G.; M. E. E., Fort Jennings, O.; H. E. O., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. de W. H., Ardmore, Pa.; L. J. N., Wilmington, N. C.; L. D., London, Tenn.; E. S., Wood River Junction, R. I.; E. W. M., Kansas City, Kan.; L. A. J., Washington, D. C.; R. H. R., Reading, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. P., Smithfield, N. C.; Mrs. J. H., Montreal, Canada.

Launching China's Ship of State

THE latest news and the most recently arrived photographs from China seem to indicate that in her change from monarchical to republican rule the "Middle Flower Nation" is encountering all the shoals and currents that beset a ship of state on such a voyage. Money difficulties are undoubtedly the root of most of the new republic's troubles, but these have manifested themselves in such violent forms of revolt and pillage and vandalism that the symptoms have almost obscured the real disease. The inability of the government to appease the Northern soldiers by prompt payment started the dissatisfaction, which, for a time, threatened the life of President Yuan Shi Kai and the very existence of the city of Peking. The approaches to the western section of the foreign quarter about the legations were barricaded with sandbags and guarded by United States troops, while the British, French, Germans, Austrians and Japanese looked after the protecting walls and open spaces on the other sides. The correspondent of one of the American daily papers writes:

"'Bandits,' runs a Chinese proverb, 'go through the land like a coarse comb; but the government's soldiers clean it up like a fine-tooth comb.' It is a proverb that has its roots in centuries of experience. Here the soldier is a man shunned by his fellows. To the peaceful, hard-working, law-abiding people who form the mass of the population of this land the army means anything and everything except an instrument for the protection of property and the preservation of peace.

"The soldiers of China's new army may not evince knowledge of system in the work soldiers are supposed to perform, but there was no lack of system in their looting. Some officers participated, but not many. However, the officers were not needed. The men apportioned the city among the different commands and went about their work as if it was their life's work, as with many it was. This Third Division was recruited in Manchuria. When they are at home these valiant braves follow the pleasing occupation of the *hung-hu-tze*, which in plain English means bandit. Their method of operation was to 'shoot up' a street, clear it of the police, who required no extraordinary inducement to disappear from the scene of trouble, post their sentinels and detail men to ransack one shop after another until everything worthy their notice was stolen."



Dr. Sun Yat Sen Presiding Over China's First Parliament

Of the same incident the correspondent of an English weekly says:

"After two nights of looting and incendiarism on the part of the mutinous troops, a number of executions were made in the streets. In nearly all cases the condemned were civilians of the coolie class; they were the men who followed on the heels of the soldiery and took what they could. The actual men who broke into the shops were not among those beheaded. The bodies were left about the streets as a warning, in some cases the heads being suspended by three bamboos placed in the form of a tripod. On March 3, upon the arrival of additional foreign troops from Tientsin, a demonstration was made by a united force of British, French, German, American, Russian, Italian, Austrian, Dutch, and Japanese. The troops first assembled on the glacis of the British legation, and then, under the direction of the British commanding officer, made a march of seven or eight miles through the principal streets of the Tartar city." In spite of this tumult and unrest the missionaries feel that the outlook is bright—that in this time of danger there is promise of an awakening that will open China to Christ as never before.

Revolutionary Officials Entertaining the Central China Conference of the M. E. Church

The officials of the revolutionary republican government of the Fukien Province, and the Central Conference of China of the Methodist Episcopal Church, photographed in Foochow, December, 1911, at a reception given to the Conference by the officials. Those seated in the front row are: Rev. W. A. Noble, Korea; Dr. F. D. Gamewell; Hon. Wong Nai Siong, Secretary of Posts and Communications (a Christian for forty years); Hon. Pang, Lieutenant Governor; General Seong, Governor; Bishop Bashford; Bishop Oldham of Malaysia; Rev. A. E. Chennoweth, Philippine Islands; Mrs. Hobart, Dr. Hobart, Peking; Hon. Ding Ning Gong, Secretary of Foreign Affairs (a Christian, son of a Methodist preacher).

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OUR COMFORT CORNER

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Modern Reformer

AS PICTURESQUE a figure as any in history, as brave as the lion-like Martin Luther, as sweet of temper as the saintly Melanchthon, and as fiery as Savonarola was Charles Loyson, who breathed his last in Paris on February 3 at the age of eighty-five. More familiarly known as Père Hyacinthe, this great Frenchman shared with an equally great German, Dr. Doellinger, the honor of leading a revival of religion and inaugurating a new reformation in the modern Church of Rome.

Père Hyacinthe began his noble career as a Carmelite Brother. The order of Carmelite monks is rigid to excess in holding fast to personal self-denial, and it was as a bare-footed monk pledged to life-long poverty that Hyacinthe started in his early youth. He was not so much a man of vast learning and marked talent as a man of flaming genius and deep piety. As an orator he compelled attention. Step by step he awakened envy among the brethren of his order, but this he could have endured. It was his gradual discovery of existing evils in the church of his love that led him to yearn for her purification.

. . .

He never became a Protestant in the extreme Puritan sense. His return was to the Old Catholic Church as he saw it in the days of the apostles. Together Père Hyacinthe and Dr. Doellinger, the one a German and the other a Frenchman, became the founders of the Old Catholics, many of whom worship God to-day in various continental countries. It is to be hoped that they may be the leaven that shall yet leaven the whole lump, and redeem the ancient Roman Church from some of its enormous errors.

In 1869 Père Hyacinthe, too liberal, brave and evangelistic to be retained in the ranks of the Carmelites, was solemnly expelled from the order as an apostate. Thus he entered into the procession of those of whom the world is not worthy. Henceforward, with singular nobility and magnetic charm, he went forward on his chosen work, everywhere attracting crowds and everywhere doing good. It should be added that it was Père Hyacinthe's open opposition to the decree of papal infallibility that in reality forced him out of the Roman communion.

. . .

In 1872 he married an American gentlewoman, originally Miss Emily Butterfield, of Oswego, New York. Father Hyacinthe had been her friend and teacher. Their marriage proved ideally happy. No one who had the privilege of meeting Madame Loyson can forget her dignity, sweetness and grace.

A son was born to them, and it is his child who is represented in the picture here presented. Père Hyacinthe in his old age had the joy of beholding the second generation, and was as devoted a grandfather as one might find in a long day's search. He was fond of all children and they in return adored him.

Mr. Loyson's wife survives him, in her eightieth year. His last words were, "I am filled with a feeling of joy and well-being. I can appear before God, for I am at peace with my conscience and my reason."

PÈRE HYACINTHE AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER

. . .

A Question for Discussion

HERE is a question presented for discussion. The readers of this page are invited to send their opinions, writing on one side only of the paper, and saying briefly which girl they think would not only make this man the better wife, but which of them would have the better chance for happiness should she wed him. The answers should not be more than two hundred words in length. Address them to the editor of this page in the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

WHICH OF THE TWO SHALL HE CHOOSE?

A certain young man is deeply in love with a Spanish-American girl of South American birth. She is very quick-tempered and tells him that sometimes she loves him and at other times she hates him. They have frequent quarrels, but always "make up" again. The man is of mingled Italian, French and English origin, English predominating. His temper matches hers and takes fire at a touch.

Another girl of a different type has occasionally given him the pleasure of her company. She treats him with reserve, although she seems to like him. He admires her and says that she is very nice. She is mild and gentle, of an equable temperament, and always has a pleasant smile. In dress and personal appearance she is extremely dainty; she is fond of outdoor sport, but cares nothing for the usual evening social amusements.

The editor of the Family Page has her personal opinion, and would willingly give the young man advice if she thought he would follow it. What do you say, gentle reader? The question is open to women and men, and it will be particularly interesting to hear from the latter.

. . .

Luggage

THE wise traveler carries as little weight as possible when he sets out on the journey. The Romans called luggage impedimenta, and the name was well chosen. There is one variety of weight that we women carry which it would be well for us to leave behind in the day's work. We can never remind ourselves too often that worry means waste, and that most of our worrying is over what may happen and never materializes in anything actual or tangible. If somebody is away from home or ill, or has delayed writing, imagination paints every possible disaster as having occurred, and we are disturbed beyond measure. A letter comes from the other side of the globe, bringing with it a little forecast of hitherto unexpected loss; and, quite forgetting the time that has elapsed between its writing and our receiving, we weary ourselves with conjecture and alarm. Meanwhile, the shadow has passed and the sun come out, and our worry is all in vain. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We own in fee one little moment of time. Yesterday is gone, to-morrow is not here.

It may be added that we need our strength for that which actually does happen. Why fritter it away recklessly? In the training of children it is well to show them both by precept and example that the duty in hand is the positive duty, and that they must not begin to let their little worries, that are large to them, overcast their happiness.

. . .

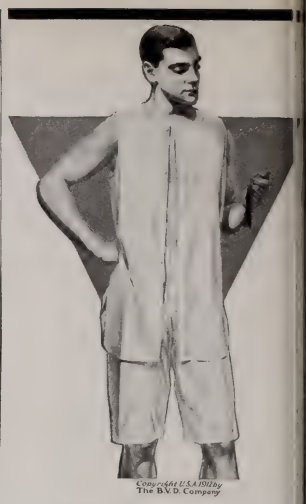
"IF WE BUT KNEW"

IF WE but knew that through the closing door
Some one we love would enter nevermore,
Would we not hasten with our richest store?
If we but knew!

If we but knew that from the market-place
Soon we should miss some kind familiar face,
Would our cold greetings not be touched with grace?
If we but knew!

If we but knew some heart beside our own
Had walked in dark Gethsemane alone,
Oh, with what largesse would our love be shown!
If we but knew!

Dear Jesus, patient, understanding, kind,
We are thy lost sheep in a winter wind.
Forgive us that we are so wilful blind!
Teach us to know!



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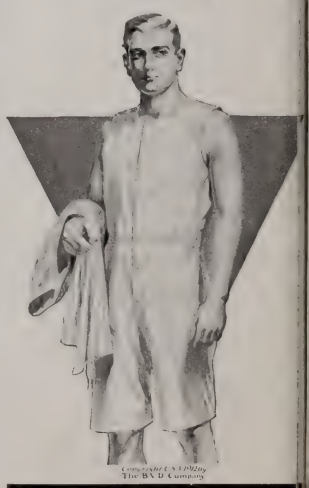

Ocean's Greatest Tragedy

Continued from page 458

A Woman's Last Impressions of the Great Liner

ONE of the most comprehensive and connected stories of the disaster was that recounted by Mrs. A. A. Dick, wife of a merchant in Calgary, Canada.

"We were awakened in our cabin on hearing the crash. Together with my husband I made my way to one of the decks and learned that the steamship had struck an iceberg. We could see the iceberg. The night was clear and the sky was filled with stars. We were indifferent about leaving the steamship, as we did not believe it was going to sink. We put off in the third boat. We had not gone far when we realized the big liner was sinking. Then, at a safe distance, away from the possibility of suction, we saw one deck after another sink from view. We could see men jumping into the water and could hear terrifying screams and shouts of distress. We heard several rounds of shots echoing across the water and learned afterward that many men were shot down as the last boat put away. There were three men shot in the steerage by the second or third officer, we understand. As the steamship went down the band was up forward and we could faintly hear the strains of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'"—*New York Herald.*

. . .

Colonel Gracie, an American Army Officer, Went Down with the Ship, but Was Rescued

COLONEL ARCHIBALD GRACIE, U.S.A., the last man saved, went down with the vessel, but was picked up. Colonel Gracie told a remarkable story of personal hardship and denied emphatically the reports that there had been any panic on board.

Colonel Gracie told how he was driven to the topmost deck when the ship settled, and was the sole survivor after the wave that swept her just before her final plunge had passed.

"I jumped with the wave," said he, "just as I often have jumped with the breakers at the seashore. When the ship plunged down I was forced to let go and I was swirled around and around for what seemed to be an interminable time. Eventually I came to the surface to find the sea was a mass of tangled wreckage. Luckily I was unhurt, and casting about managed to seize a floating wooden grating near by.

"When I had recovered my breath I discovered a large canvas and cork life-raft which had floated up. A man, whose name I did not learn, was struggling toward it from some wreckage to which he had clung. I cast off and helped him to get upon the raft and we then began the work of rescuing those who had jumped into the sea and were floundering in the water.

"When dawn broke there were thirty of us on the raft standing knee deep in the icy water and afraid to move lest the craft be overturned. Several unfortunates, benumbed and half dead, besought us to save them, and one or two made an effort to reach us, but we had to warn them away. Had we made any effort to save them we all might have perished.

"The hours that elapsed before we were picked up by the *Carpathia* were the longest and most terrible I ever spent."—*New York American.*

. . .

Mr. Beasley, One of the British Passengers, Tells How the Last Boat Got Away

HERE is the account of Mr. Beasley, of London: "I had been in my berth for about ten minutes when at about fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock I felt a slight jar and then soon after a second one, but not sufficiently large to cause any anxiety to any one, however nervous he may have been. However, the engines stopped immediately afterward, and I first thought 'she has lost a propeller.' I went up on the top (boat) deck in a dressing gown and found only a few people there, who had come up similarly to inquire why we had stopped, but there was no sort of anxiety in the minds of any one.

"We saw through the smoking-room window a game of cards going on and went in to inquire if they knew anything; it seems they felt more of the jar, and, looking through the window, had seen a huge iceberg go by close to the side of the boat. . . . The game went on without any thought of disaster and I retired to my cabin to read until we went on again. As I dressed I heard an order shouted: 'All passengers on deck with life-belts on.' . . . The ship was absolutely still, and except for a gentle tilt downward, which I don't think one person in ten would have noticed at that time, no signs of the approaching disaster were visible. She lay just as if she were waiting the order to go on again when some trifling matter had been adjusted. But in a few moments we saw the covers lifted from the boats, and the crews standing by and coiling up the ropes. . . . Presently we heard the order: 'All men stand back away from the boats and all women retire to next deck below'—the smoking-room deck or B deck. The men all stood away and remained in absolute silence leaning against the end railings of the deck or pacing slowly up and down. The boats were swung out and lowered from A deck. When they were to the level of B deck where all the women were collected, the women got in, with the exception of some who refused to leave their husbands. In some cases they were torn from them and pushed into the boats, but in many instances they were allowed to remain because there was no one to insist they should go. . . . . I remained where I was, and presently heard the call: 'Any more women?' Looking over the side of the ship I saw the boat No. 13 swinging level with B deck, half full of women. Again the call was repeated: 'Any more women?' I saw none come on and then one of the crew looked up and said: 'Any women on your deck, sir?' 'No,' I replied. 'Then you had better jump.' I dropped in and fell in the bottom. As they cried 'lower away' and the boat began to descend, two women were pushed hurriedly through the crowd on B deck and heaved over into the boat, and a baby of ten months was passed down after them."—*New York Herald.*

. . .

A Woman's Story of the Calm Heroism of Passengers and Sailors Alike, that Impressed her as She Left the Titanic

MRS. TURRELL CAVENDISH, daughter of Henry Siegel, and one of the survivors of the *Titanic* disaster, told the following story of her experience:

"I was with my husband in the stateroom when the accident happened. He awakened me—I remember it was just midnight—and told me something was the matter with the boat. I dressed quickly, putting on a fur coat, and we went to the deck.

"It was a beautiful night. The stars were shining and the sky was clear. There was absolute quiet and good order everywhere at this time. We were assured that there was no danger—that the boat could not sink.

"For twenty minutes, I should say, there was no intimation of danger. Then suddenly the cry went up: 'Save your lives!' It rings in my ears yet.

"There were many lifeboats then preparing to dip down and I ran with my husband for one of them. He had some biscuits in his pocket and he gave them to me. Then he kissed me and put me into a boat in which were twenty-three women. He told me to go and that he would stay on the ship with the other men. They were happy to see their wives lowered away in the boats. They kept telling us they would be all right because the boat could not sink.

Continued on next page

Big Ben

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And leave your call with me—Big Ben

BIG BEN is on the job every minute of the day; he *rings* on time—he *runs* on time—he *stays* on time.

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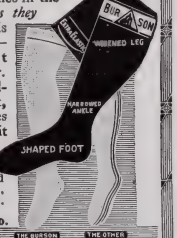

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THE OPPOSITION MAN

Continued from page 463

Glasca the day tryin' to get money oot o' him."

Mr. Redhorn opened his ledger without remark.

"So," said Willie, "it strikes me ye've aboot burst P. Smith—eh?"

"I've jist been reckonin' up that I've lost aboot a hundred pound in the twelvemonth," said the painter, his eyes on the ledger.

"But ye've burst him noo."

"Haud yer tongue, leddie!" Mr. Redhorn cried with sudden heat.

Willie gasped at his master. "I thocht ye wud be pleased," he said at last.

"Maybe I'm ower pleased for words," was the reply. The painter continued more gently: "Onywey, we'll converse on ither subjects, Wullie. Efter a', it's a terrible thing to see a fellow creature beat—espaycially a fellow creature wi' a wife an' five sma' weans—"

"Six," said Willie.

"Ay, six. I had got into the habit o' thinkin' o' five," said Mr. Redhorn simply. "Drink up, an' I'll walk hame wi' ye."

. . .

About two hours later P. Smith came out of the beer-shop. He had had some beer—not much, for his money was done, and no one had offered to treat him. He had spent the evening in a corner by himself. He came forth alone. The snow was falling densely and there was a breeze from the southeast. He could see no one abroad in the village. He crossed the road and stood against the sea-wall, beyond the rays of light from the few windows which had not been shuttered. Gradually his figure became white. Beneath him, invisible, the sea cried softly. . . .

Ere long the door of the beer-shop opened and the last of its patrons came forth and hurried homewards. The outer door was shut and bolted; a little later the window went black. Other lights went out in the village until only two were left—one close at hand, the other very far (so it seemed) away. The near light was in the house of Joseph Redhorn, the distant one in that of the man standing by the sea-wall.

Some minutes passed, and then P. Smith moved in the direction of the nearer light. But he did not move far. Halting, he shook his head. A sob burst from his throat. Turning abruptly, he almost ran towards the pier. Presently he was fumbling at the gate.

"I think it's locked," said a timid voice, and Mr. Redhorn stepped from the porch of the pier-house.

For a moment P. Smith peered at him; then he leaned against the gate, speechless, trembling.

Mr. Redhorn cleared his throat. "It—it—it's a bad nicht for folk wi' chilblains," he remarked, "but I—I had to come oot for a breather for ma dyspeepsia. That's hoo I happen to be here. . . . Weel, seein' we've met, what d'ye say to a glass o' harmless ginger wine at ma fireside afore ye gang hame, Smith?" Without waiting a reply, he put his arm through the other's.

P. Smith went with him like a sleepy child. Indoors he allowed his coat to be removed, himself to be conducted to his host's chair, and a glass of ginger wine to be placed in his hand—without a word.

"Sup it up," said Mr. Redhorn. "I'll ha'e one masel'." They drank in silence.

It was not until the host had taken the guest's empty glass that the dazed look began to pass from the latter's face.

Continued on next page

Ocean's Greatest Tragedy

Continued from preceding page

"We were lowered into the water without any light. There were two sailors and twenty-three women. Only one man tried to get into the boat. He was pushed back by a sailor.

"We rowed away from the ship. I can still see those husbands kissing their wives and telling them good-by. I can see the sailors standing by so calm and brave. As we rowed away I could still see the men aboard the *Titanic* very plainly. They helped other women into the boats until all the boats were full and had pulled away. For a long time none of us women spoke. Many were choked with tears and all seemed dumb with the suddenness of the terrible thing that had happened.

"An awful scream startled me. I could see the men rush across the decks of the *Titanic* to one end of the boat. It seemed like two explosions, one after another. The end of the boat tipped high in the air, and all the men rushed for this end. I could see some of them jump overboard. But the powerful suction drew them down after the ship."—*New York American.*

. . .

Two Hours of the Cries of the Drowning, Then Silence

MR. HENRY J. FRAUENTHAL, the well-known New York physician, one of the survivors of the *Titanic*, gave the following account of the catastrophe to a New York *American* reporter:

"We rowed away in the lifeboat, I should think, for about a mile. It was black night. There was no light on the *Titanic*, as the lights there had gone out, I am told, five minutes before she sank.

"I could not, of course, see the ship go down at the distance we were, but I heard the cries and screams of those who were on the ship, and, perhaps, too, of those who were in the water trying to save themselves by clinging to life-preservers. We heard these cries for fully two hours, while we were riding the waves a mile away. Then the cries died down and finally all was still, except the noise of the oars in our boat and the swish of the waters."

. . .

Noble Relief Work

MANY persons and organizations joined in the splendid work of relief for the survivors. A relief committee was organized under the direction of Mrs. Nelson Herrick Henry, on which Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, Mrs. Chas. B. Alexander and other prominent women served. St. Luke's Hospital offered the use of its new ward, and other hospitals offered accommodations. The Salvation Army opened its headquarters building at Fourteenth Street for the care of the men who were in need, and its home on Fifteenth Street to shelter women. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offered to put the commodious and well-equipped buildings of its Children's Home in Nyack at the disposal of the survivors. Besides the sums raised by the Relief Committee a large fund was collected under the direction of Mayor Gaynor. Subscriptions to the relief funds were started in London as well as in New York. King George contributed $2,500, Queen Mary $1,250, Queen Alexandra $1,000. J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. subscribed $10,000, Andrew Carnegie $5,000. Twenty-five thousand dollars were contributed by the New York Stock Exchange and the passengers on the *Carpathia* made up a large purse for their companions at sea. On the pier splendid work was done by nurses, deaconesses, Sisters of Charity, Salvation Army officers and others, who were at hand to relieve the sufferings of the sick and injured.

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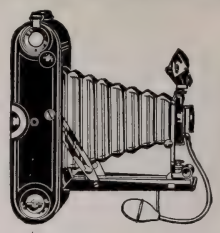
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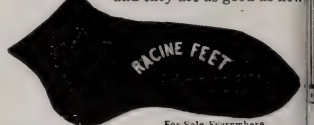

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THE OPPOSITION MAN

Continued from preceding page

Mr. Redhorn went over to the sink and made a great work of washing the glasses, letting the water run its hardest. But even so he heard the sobs. . . .

When at last he seated himself opposite his guest, it would have been hard to say which of the two was the paler.

P. Smith wet his lips. "How did you know?" he said hoarsely.

"I didna know, I dinna know, an' I'll never know," Mr. Redhorn replied. "An' I've nae questions to ask. Likewise I've nae memory."

"But—but what took ye to the pier?"

"I forget."

"Was it you that looked into the beer-shop about nine o'clock?"

"Maybe it was." Mr. Redhorn winced at the recollection of the man's desperate look.

"And you thought—?"

"Man, I tell ye I forget. Ha'e some mair ginger wine, an', if ye like, I'll walk hame wi' ye. Mistress Smith'll maybe—"

"I wasna worth the savin'," cried P. Smith; "I wasna worth the savin'."

"Ye wudna ha'e said that a year back, an' ye'll no say it a—a month hence," said Mr. Redhorn, not quite steadily.

"We came to Fairport," said P. Smith huskily, "because I thought it would be good for the children."

"Surely," Mr. Redhorn murmured.

"And I—I had the notion o' startin' on my own account."

"Jist that."

"My wife—my wife thought I was better in the situation I was in."

"Did she?"

There was a pause.

"Noo an' then," said Mr. Redhorn cautiously, "a woman's richt. It happens so—occasionally. Ay—to be sure—precisely. Maybe," he went on with an effort, "maybe Mistress Smith'll be wonderin'—"

The visitor half rose and sank back. He was not yet fit to stand. His eyes, once so bright and alert, fell before Mr. Redhorn's, always so dull and tired.

"Oh God," he whispered, "I'm done!"

"Na, na," said Mr. Redhorn, nervously. "Ye maun never say that this side o' the tomb. Man, Smith," he cried aloud, "I'm vexed for ye—sair vexed for ye. I—I didna want ye here; but—but I dinna like to see ony man beat. But maybe ye're no beat yet?"

"I'm finished. Oh, you know it, after what you've seen to-night."

Mr. Redhorn stood up, his long, thin body quivering. "Oh, Lord," he whispered, "is there ony human business that isna somehoo damnable in thy sicht?" He stole towards the other man and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Smith, if I had been a younger man it's likely I wud ha'e got beat. It was just a question o' age an' a wee bit capital."

"I've been a dunderin' fool," mumbled P. Smith. "I saw I was wrong at the start, but I wouldn't turn back. My wife—"

"Ye didna ha'e a chance," Mr. Redhorn began to pat his guest's shoulder. "See here, Smith; what are ye gaun to dae?"

"Go bankrupt."

"Na, na— Are ye—are ye agin takin' a seetuation again?"

"There's a situation waiting for me, in Glasgow—if I could get away from here."

"An' why—"

"Redhorn, I'm stuck up here wi' debt."

"Much?"

A sob, or something like it.

"Hoo much, Smith?"

"N-near fifty pound."

Mr. Redhorn walked slowly to the window and back. After considerable hesitation he said:

"Yer stock-in-tred'll be worth something. What wud ye be askin' for it?"

"Redhorn, if I was offered a fair job to-morrow, I couldn't take it—for want o' stuff."

"Weel, weel— What aboot goodwill?"

At this P. Smith almost laughed. "Goodwill! Oh, tush! What goodwill has a broken business like mine?"

Again Mr. Redhorn laid his hand on his guest's shoulder.

"Apart frae yer business," he said, "I hereby—I hereby offer ye fifty pound—cash—for yer goodwill."

. . .

It was still snowing when they set out.

"Ye're lucky no to ha'e chilblains." Mr. Redhorn spoke in jerky fashion. "An' ye'll no come to ma hoose till late to-morrow nicht, mind, for it's a secret atween us. I'm glad ye're no afflicted wi' the dyspeepsia, which is a trial for onybody wi' artistic feelin's. An' I'll ha'e the cash ready, so as ye can get awa' frae Fairport when it suits ye. Mind, ye're no to think ye got beat here. If ye had come twinty years later, I wud ha'e fled frae the fray, so to speak. Ye jist happened to arrive at the wrang time. An' I'll come an' see ye when I'm in Glesca, an' maybe Mistress Smith'll gie me a dish o' tea. An' I trust ye'll be fruitful an' multiply an'—etceetera. I think I best awa' hame noo." He held out his hand. "An I forgive ye for yer remark aboot the hydropathic hippopotamus an' the insane sassiges."

"Oh," said poor P. Smith, and got no further.

"Mistress Smith'll maybe—" began Mr. Redhorn, stopped short, and literally ran away.

. . .

The P. Smiths left Fairport within the week. Doubtless it was by the merest chance that Mr. Redhorn happened to be on the pier at their departure, and Mr. Danks ever afterwards declared it was rank hypocrisy that made the painter shake hands with them all, including the infant.

And even Willie still believes that his master "burst the opposeetion man."

Among the Workers

—The Society of Inner Mission and Rescue Work, 56 Pine St., New York, of which the Rev. V. A. W. Mortensen is president, reports a successful year's work for 1911. From the mission at New York, at which there was a total attendance of 48,000, clothing was given to more than 400 persons, meals to 300, beside special dinner baskets at Thanksgiving and Christmas. More than 1,800 visits were made to the homes of children; free medical attendance was given to many sick in their homes; over 90,000 pieces of literature were sent out; 300 hospital calls were made and 100 children were given a ten days' outing during the summer. Dr. Mortensen, in addition to this work, is waging a vigorous battle against the "white slave" trade, and recently sent to the penitentiary for a term of twenty years a woman whom he found to be involved in this traffic.

—Mr. Charles W. Candee, of Phœnix, N. Y., who is now in his ninety-fifth year, has been for seventy-four years a member of the Congregational Church of that city. At a communion service held in his church recently, he gave an earnest testimony and related something of his long experience. "I was twenty years old," he said, "when I stood in this same place and became a member of this society. That was in 1838, on the first Sunday in March, seventy-four years ago. . . . God never forsook me and he will never forsake you. He will give you strength. And oh! the rest of you who have not accepted Christ, come and be one of us." Mr. Candee is a generous giver to religious enterprises, and last summer presented to the Congregational Church of Phœnix a stone and concrete porch and steps. A remarkable photograph recently taken at Mr. Candee's home shows himself, his son, Charles E., his grandson, Charles M., and a wee great-granddaughter grouped together. He has had the joy of seeing children and grandchildren follow his steps into the Church of Christ. Mr. Candee still has no need of cane or glasses, and friends assert that his hair is not even yet altogether gray. Congratulations and good wishes from The Christian Herald to this grand old veteran of the the Lord's army!

Crisco is purely vegetable. It makes pastry digestible.

Delicious Pie Crust

Tender - Crisp

The simplest way to make it

WOMEN have been told so often that pastries are difficult to make, that many hesitate to attempt even the plainest kind. Pie crust, when made with Crisco, according to the recipe given below, is not in the least difficult to make successfully.

With Crisco, you can get tender crust with a uniformity impossible with lard, or lard and butter.

The flakiness of pie crust depends upon the kind and the amount of shortening used. Lard makes tender crust, but an indigestible one and lacking in the flavor which butter gives. Crisco makes a lighter, flakier crust than lard, with a flavor equal to that given by butter.

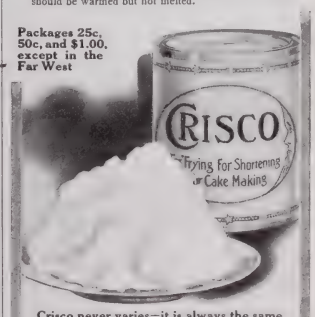
Make Crisco pie crust. This recipe was found by the Crisco Kitchens to be excellent, as the crust was uniformly flaky, tender and delicious.

Try it. You can obtain the same good results.

1 cup flour	5 level tablespoons CRISCO
¾ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons ice water

Sift flour and salt together, chop in Crisco very fine and add water slowly. Handle lightly. Put the dough on a board, roll ⅜ inch thick, line pan and bake in a hot oven. Have all ingredients cold except Crisco, which should be warmed but not melted.

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00, except in the Far West



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Happy Cozy Corner Days

Spring in the Valley of the Meuse

GIRLHOOD AND HEROINES—By an American Girl

SPRING in every cranny and crevice of southern Europe is a miracle, but it is from bonny France, from the sweet valley of the Meuse, gay with a million wild flowers and tall lilies, fragrant with young vines and crowned with hills of silvery birches and frail olive trees, that May, sweet girlhood of the year, steps forth upon her hallowed mission to restore the old earth to new life and beauty, and all the world throngs, with infinite love in its heart, to do her homage. So the old Provençal legend goes, and I know, because I have been there in the month of May, that birds do sing like enchanted things, and the brooks, like girlish enthusiasms and fancies, run full and clear in the valley of the Meuse. The showers drop easily and daintily there in the way that our girlish tears are wont to flow, for young affections and graces grow ever up through childhood's dreams with tears to nourish them. And the sunshine in the valley of the Meuse—ah, how it spreads and blesses! White mists, like filmy skirts and scarfs, go trailing through; and to the watcher in the early morning they are the visions of a fuller, riper day. That sounds like girlhood itself, does it not? There is even the solitary ancient beech which legend says is a fairy tree; under its shadow a noble knight once kept tryst with a princess fair, and loved her, and carried her away on his fleet white steed to be happy ever after. So there is young magic in the valley, you see, besides all its maiden beauty.

Just yonder through the woodland, where the river leaps and bounds into the outside world, is the village of Domremy. Joan of Arc, that girl of girls, was born there, and there she lived until, like "Spring" in the legend, she went forth one bright May day, with courage in her heart, to refresh the world with her beauty and high purpose.

If any CHRISTIAN HERALD girl who shall read this little "paper" is not familiar—very familiar, I mean—with the life of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl of Domremy, do get the story somewhere, somehow, and learn to love it. For girlish faith and wonder and inspiration almost no other story compares with it. The more you read it the more you will say to yourself: "How easily all these brave things seem to happen!" and the very simplicity of it will start afresh your own girlish enthusiams.

Turn the leaves of the story book at random here with me, and we shall see that what I say is true. In the early chapters Jeannette, the peasant child, among her brothers and sisters, is going about her little affairs, tending her father's sheep, learning to sew and knit and spin, happy and tired, lovely and glad, lonely at times and telling fairy tales to her doll, just like every other little child. A few chapters further on, and we find Jeanne high-spirited and resolute, yet so sweetly timid and girlish, riding forth from the valley into the great world of France, her face lit up with courage and high purpose, determined to rescue her beloved country from the enemy, never guessing what life yonder has in store for her, but fearlessly sallying forth. I know girls like that to-day, and I am sure you do. It is a way of girls to go about the things they really want to do; headlong and dauntless, and just a bit timid at the same time, and how we love them for it!

In the middle of the book is Jeanne the warrior. Triumphant at the head of ten thousand troops, entering the conquered city: Maid of Orleans she is called now, carrying the sacred lilies of France embroidered bravely on the

Continued on page 475

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

ON the 7th of May, in stately old Westminster Abbey, the King of England and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with many nobles and dignitaries, statesmen and bodies of learned men from all English-speaking countries, will gather together to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Browning, one of the greatest poets and philosophers the world has ever known. Children, too, will be bringing myriads of flowers to heap upon his tomb.

A Rare Picture of "The Pied Piper," a Child's Story by Robert Browning

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Money back if not satisfied. Style shown above, size 34½ x 21 x 45½, is made in three different casings, viz.: No. 4, polished oak, $35.00; No. 307, satin walnut, $31.50; No. 4405, ash, $28.35. Fifty other styles and prices from $18.00 to $150.00, shown in catalogue, all one-piece porcelain lined. Write for it. Also *my book on the selection and care of refrigerators* and a sample of the Leonard porcelain lining and insulation, all free. Write me personally.

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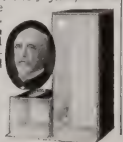

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makes the owner, and friends and neighbors uncomfortable. It is nearly always caused by a bad stomach. Gas, fermentation and acid may be immediately removed by the use of Murray's Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), and irritation being removed, the disposition improves at once. For *a single trial*, a full size, 25 cent box will be sent for 10 cents in stamps. A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N.Y.

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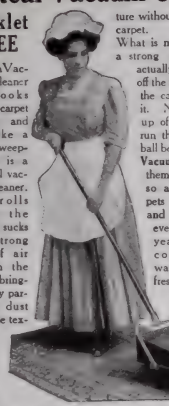

ture without taking up the carpet.

What is more, it has such a strong suction that it actually pulls the dust off the floor up through the carpet. Think of it. No more taking up of carpets. Just run the easy running ball bearing **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** over them every day or so and your carpets are as fresh and clean as new every day in the year, and the colors are always bright and fresh.

he pile of dirt shown here was removed by a **omestic Vacuum Cleaner** after the ring had been oroughly cleaned by old methods. This dirt was own in the textured of the ring beyond the reach of the oom. Try one on our carpets at our sk. If it does not p all we claim, eturn it at our xpense and get our money ack.

CAUTION

Don't confuse the **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** with imitations. The **Domestic** is the only one with the patented adjustable ball bearing roller nozzle. It rolls over the carpet and does nothing and wear out the carpet as imitations do.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

A. E. X., Waterbury, Conn. What is the correct pronunciation of (1) Iliad; (2) Odyssey; (3) Faust; (4) Dante; (5) Les Miserables; (6) Richelieu; (7) Thucydides; (8) Peloponnesian?

The diacritical marks of the various dictionaries differ to such an extent that the only way to represent sounds unmistakably is to attempt letter combinations which appear somewhat grotesque. The words referred to are pronounced thus: (1) *Ill*-i-ad; (2) *Odd*-i-sie; (3) Fowst; (4) *Dahn*-teh; (5) Lay Miz-er-*ahbl*; (6) This word has become Anglicized and may be pronounced *Rish*-i-lyu. If the French pronunciation is preferred the word should be given but two syllables, the last syllable having a sound impossible to represent in English letters, but something like the sound of *i* in "fir," or *e* in "her." (7) Thu-*sidd*-i-dees; (8) Pell-o-pon-*nees*-i-an.

J. W. H., Eugene, Ore. How was Apollonius of Tyana, philosopher or mystic, regarded by the early Christians? Was he a Christian, or simply "a good man"?

Apollonius of Tyana was variously regarded, some holding him to be an imposter and professed magician. His life, as written by Philostratus, is filled with fables and miracles in imitation of the life of Christ. Dubin wrote convicting him of falsehood and imposture. He was a Pythagorean philosopher and mystic, a great traveler, and was revered by multitudes who credited his impostures and believed in the fabulous accounts of his miracles. Some have held his career to be a pagan parallel to that of Christ, concocted by a group of educated pagans under the patronage of Empress Julia Domna, and intended to deceive the mass of the people.

M. M., Pittsburg, Pa. How many different Protestant denominations are there at the present time in this country? Is there any good reason for the existence of so many Protestant bodies, while all profess to hold the essentials of Christianity in common?

One hundred and eighty-six, according to the last census, which is 41 more than a decade ago. Between 1890 and 1900, twelve denominations disbanded and forty-eight new bodies came into existence, four merged with others and some split in two. According to Mr. A. R. Wells, a close observer, each denomination gives as its reason for independent existence that it "represents a valuable principle," which he concludes to be a "good thing" for the enemies of the church, though not for the church itself.

O. B. C., Amery, Wis. Please inform me who was the founder of the Freemason lodge. When and where did it first originate and what is the strength of the order to-day?

It seems true that the origin of Freemasonry is so ancient as to be literally lost in "the mazes of antiquity." It is said to go back at least to the time of the building of Solomon's temple (B.C. 1012-1005), and Solomon is sometimes mentioned as its founder. The order throughout the world numbers about two million members.

C. J. R., Morrill, Kan. Referring to Matt. 2: 2, was this star which the wise men saw, and which would guide them to the Christ-child, a real star, or was it a conjunction of the three planets appearing at that time as one star, as given by the author of *The Other Wise Man?*

It was a supernatural light resembling a star in brightness, which appeared in some country far to the east of Jerusalem to men familiar with the study of celestial phenomena and who looked for its appearance in fulfilment of prophecy. Some scientific writers, including Kepler, have assumed it to be a phenomenon which occurred at the time of the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn near the first point of Aries in the constellation of Pisces, and that such a conjunction was held by the magi to portend some great event. These conclusions, however, are probably mere conjecture. Whatever it was and whatsoever form it assumed, it was sufficiently clear and significant to be accepted as a guide. More than one writer has stated that it may have been visible to the magi alone, but we see no reason for this assumption.

B. C. S., Watertown, Wis. 1. Was Jesus actually tempted when Satan tempted him with Jerusalem? 2. Is it wrong to do magical tricks?

1. Certain philosophical writers have interpreted the story of the temptation as a parable, or a vision; but this explanation can not be reconciled with the plain narrative related in the Gospels. The story is one of fact, hard to be understood, "but not to be made easier by explanations which would invalidate the only testimony on which it rests." It was a temptation calculated to appeal strongly to one whom many expected to become the founder of an earthly kingdom—a temptation which offered great power without effort, and the realization of the highest worldly ambition. Some even of Jesus' own followers were looking forward to the inauguration of his temporal reign, with great demonstration. Jesus knew this, and he knew what was in the mind of the tempter when the latter made his offer; but the vision of world power could not move Jesus. "Our Lord submitted to all the liabilities of the human condition," writes one interpreter, "and overcame them all, even the final temptation, which was one calculated to appeal strongly to the worldly ambition." It was an important element in the contest with the powers of evil and was designed to awaken in him sentiments of pride and of love of worldly dominion. The three temptations were addressed to the three forms in which sin makes its appearance in the soul; to the solace of sense, the love of praise, and the desire of power and gain. Jesus was constantly on his guard against the prevailing idea of the establishment of a Messianic kingdom by force, instead of by love. As the record stands, it must be accepted as a real temptation. 2. Feats of sleight-of-hand or legerdemain are innocent enough in themselves, if explained as tricks and not done with intent to deceive.

Reader, Harriman, Tenn. Is it true that the extradition laws cannot lay hands on a person who takes refuge in Cairo, Egypt?

During the independence of Egypt there were no satisfactory extradition arrangements with other countries. As soon as the British Empire assumed a protectorate there, however, the usual extradition treaties were made.

L. S., Atlantic City. Can you tell me who is at the head of the operation of wireless telegraphy at the present time?

There are a number of companies operating wireless telegraph stations and instruments throughout the world. Most of the governments of Europe as well as of America have a number of stations of their own. Different companies have the contracts for supplying wireless apparatus for the use of steamships at sea. William Marconi, the inventor of wireless, is still living. Italian by birth, he is at the head of the largest and most important wireless company in the world.

M. H., Joppa, Tenn. Please tell me what is meant when it is said that the United States has borrowed a shipload of gold; from whom and why this was done, if it is the case?

The statement that the United States has borrowed a shipload of gold only signifies that the debt of the country at the present time if converted into gold coinage would represent a rather respectable shipload. This debt has been accumulating since the War of Independence. It is owed by the government to various foreign banking interests and to the people of the United States as individuals. It is represented by government bonds and other forms of investment.

W. L. E., Liberty, Tenn. Please give a description of the Manx and explain the origin of that word.

The Manx are the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, a small island in the Irish Sea about equidistant from England, Scotland and Ireland. The island is a dominion of the British crown and is ruled over by a royal governor and council and an elected assembly known as the House of Keys. The island comprises about 227 square miles of territory. The Manx are of the Gadhelic Celtic race by descent and have preserved, to perhaps a greater extent than any of the other Celtic nations, the customs of their forefathers. Manx or Manks in the singular is the name of their language or dialect. The word is derived from the name of the island.

Reader, Elmira, N. Y. 1. Where was the Garden of Eden? 2. Where can I buy *The Christian Herald Almanac?*

1. Many attempts have been made to determine the locality of Eden. Gen. 2: 8-17 describes it, and not a few modern geographers and Orientalists have agreed that the territory which best fulfils the requirements of this description is to be found below the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris, in Arabia. Others believe it to have been the high table-lands of Armenia. Still others place it in Ceylon. All the continents of the world have been searched for it. The Greeks place it at Beth-Eden, on Lebanon; Herder's *History of Mankind* located it in the Vale of Cashmere in Upper India. There has been a great deal of literature written on the subject. 2. You can purchase direct from this office, price 25 cents.

Mrs. P. R. P., Hayward, Calif. How many years, according to Bible facts, have elapsed since the world was created? I have seen in books a number of times that it was 6,000 years, and was always taught to believe it.

The Bible nowhere indicates the age of the world, nor the date of creation. In Gen. 1: 1 the language is simply: "In the beginning." The chronological data which you find in many Bibles were compiled by Bishop Ussher, of Dublin, a celebrated divine (1580-1656). He was a man of vast learning, and in computing his chronology, he began with the year 1 A.D.

Continued on next page

Compliments abound when the hostess serves a sauce made with Snider's Tomato Catsup.

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It has been famous for over a quarter-century as *the* Catsup to buy. It tastes better. It is made according to the old Snider recipe that has never yet been equalled.

SNIDER'S
Tomato
CATSUP

is made from home-grown tomatoes, picked when just red to the stem. The spices used in Snider's Catsup are seven of the best obtainable. We could pay less; but we use only the *best* materials for **Snider's.**

Tone up the less expensive cuts of meat with Snider's Catsup and make them temptingly delicious and more digestible.
Use it on chops, steaks, cutlets, veal loaf, fish, oysters, spaghetti, macaroni, in soups and gravies.

For all dishes improved by a tomato sauce, use this recipe:

SNIDER TOMATO SAUCE

1 tablespoon butter;
1 tablespoon flour;
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup;
1 cup hot water.

Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour until smooth, then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.

For spaghetti and macaroni, add some "snappy" grated cheese.

Before native vegetables "come in," or any time, there's a most wholesome and appetizing side dish or "meat course," always ready, in the superior

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Use **Snider's Chili Sauce** on cold meats and fish. Every one says it is just perfect.

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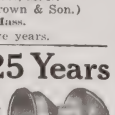

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Our Mail-Bag

Continued from preceding page

(the time of Christ's birth) and worked backward as far as reliable historic data existed. He carried his calculations back for a period of 4,000 years, but this he never intended to represent the age of the world, although many have fallen into the error of so understanding it and of assuming, by adding the centuries that have passed since A.D. 1, that the world was therefore 6,000 years old. Rightly understood, there is no conflict between science and Scripture on this subject. Investigations in the last half century have carried back the dawn of history (as revealed by inscriptions and monuments) much further than Ussher reckoned.

O. H. R., Madison, Wis. Where in the Bible do we find that it tells of angels having wings?

Although there is no specific statement to that effect in the Bible, such passages as Isa. 6 and Ezek. 1 and many others have given the impression which we see so frequently reproduced in art. The divine messengers, as spiritual beings, would not necessarily be dependent upon material means for locomotion.

Subscriber, Zanesville, O. 1. Please give the name of the world's highest building, also the height of New York's highest buildings and how many stories they contain. 2. How long is Broadway in New York?

1. The highest building is the Eiffel Tower in Paris. This is over 1,000 feet in height. New York's highest building at the present time is that of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 700 feet, three inches, and contains fifty stories. The next is the Singer Manufacturing Company Building, 612 feet, one inch, and contains forty-one stories. The third building is that of the Bankers' Trust Company, 539 feet, and contains thirty-nine stories. The Woolworth, which is now in course of construction, will eclipse all these in height and number of stories contained. 2. Broadway, New York, is slightly over twelve miles in length.

E. P. F., Elida, O. What was the amount of the national debt of the United States in 1895, and what is it at the present time?

The national debt of the United States in 1895 was $1,717,481,779.90. On the first of November, 1911, which is the last date upon which a statement was made, the public debt amounted to $2,831,330,305.66.

J. G. B., Dayton, O. What is the meaning of "Shaddai," which Bunyan uses in his *Holy War?*

It is one of the ancient names applied by the Jews to God and is rendered "Almighty" in the A. V., in many passages. "Shaddai" is the God of power, the irresistible, who punishes and rewards, who protects, who is just, who hears prayer, who chastens men, who is the source of all strength. Some writers translate it simply as "the powerful One," or "the all-sufficient One."

Miscellaneous

J. B. S., Waupaca, Wis. Please send us your name and address in full and we will write.

S. L. B., Millersburg, Pa. There is no such passage in the Bible. The nearest approach to it is Isa. 57: 2.

E. N., Conway, S. C. The divine mercy is infinite and we have no right to set limits to God's grace. What Jesus taught ought to be accepted by his followers to-day.

Episcopal, New York, N. Y. The matter has been discussed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and if you will send us your full name and address we will be glad to send you a copy of our latest article on the subject.

H. L., New York City. We replied to your inquiry in our February 28 issue, and now a reader in Long Hill, Conn., desires to communicate with you. If this is agreeable to you, we would request that you send your full name and address to the editor of this paper.

Mrs. L. B. K., Philadelphia, Pa. We know of no reason why the person in question should not be a Christian. We are far too apt to judge others, and to condemn faults in them, while forgetting our own shortcomings. That Jesus thought such men were deserving of consideration is evident from the Gospels.

D. B., Concord, N. H. The matter is clearly one which you ought to submit to your pastor. It may be that the other party had a perfect right to do what he did, in which case no step should be taken by you. No one can decide such a matter without knowing all the particulars, and we believe these would be best decided by pastoral advice, guided by prayer.

G. U., Howardstown, Ky. The apostasy of Satan ("adversary" or "opposer") is referred to only in a few passages, viz: Luke 10: 18; II. Pet. 2: 4; Jude 6; Rev. 12: 7, 9; John 8: 44; Matt. 4: 11; Matt. 25: 41; Luke 8: 12; Acts 13: 10; Eph. 6: 11; I. Pet. 5: 8; I. John 3: 8. The passage in Jude is perhaps the most explicit, yet is not altogether clear. I. Tim. 3: 6 tells us that pride was the original cause of the condemnation of Satan. The matter is one far beyond the reach not only of human inquiry, but of speculation, yet theologians have written much on the subject. All practically agree that he was an angel of high estate, who fell through ambition, leading to rebellion.

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He "Didn't Know It Was Loaded."

The coffee drinker seldom realizes that coffee contains the drug, *caffeine*, a serious poison to the heart and nerves, causing many forms of disease, noticeably dyspepsia.

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"At first I was troubled with indigestion. I did not attribute the trouble to the use of coffee, but thought it arose from other causes. With these attacks I had sick headache, nausea and vomiting. Finally my stomach was in such a condition I could scarcely retain any food.

"I consulted a physician; was told all my troubles came from indigestion, but was not informed what caused the indigestion. I kept on with the coffee and kept on with the troubles, too, and my case continued to grow worse from year to year until it developed into chronic diarrhea, nausea and severe attacks of vomiting. I could keep nothing on my stomach and became a mere shadow, reduced from 159 to 128 pounds.

"A specialist informed me I had a very severe case of catarrh of the stomach which had got so bad he could do nothing for me and I became convinced my days were numbered.

"Then I chanced to see an article setting forth the good qualities of Postum and explaining how coffee injures people so I concluded to give Postum a trial. I soon saw the good effects—my headaches were less frequent, nausea and vomiting only came on at long intervals and I was soon a changed man, feeling much better.

"Then I thought I could stand coffee again, but as soon as I tried it my old troubles returned and I again turned to Postum. Would you believe it, I did this three times before I had sense enough to quit coffee for good and keep on with the Postum. I am now a well man with no more headaches, sick stomach or vomiting and have already gained back to 147 pounds." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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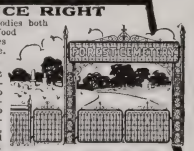

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Liberia's New President

SINCE its independence was established July 26, 1847, Liberia's presidential chair has been occupied by thirteen different persons. The Hon. Daniel Edward Howard, Secretary of the Treasury for eight years, was elected president May, 1911, and he, with Vice President Harmon, was inaugurated January 1, 1912. The inaugural ceremonies, which took place at Monrovia, lasted two days and were unusually interesting. On the first day, the president of the Senate administered the oath of office to the president elect, who then performed the same act for the vice president elect. During the exercises "All Hail, Liberia, Hail!" "The Lone Star Forever," and "Liberia, the Gem of West Africa," were sung. The president, in his inaugural address, made strong recommendations with reference to education, agriculture, internal revenues, the judiciary and the interior policy. Concerning relations with the United States he said: "The great American Government, after a silence, far from forgetting and abandoning the tender infant cast upon the shores of Africa, has come in our hour of danger to assist us on her strong pinions to a nest of safety. If we but follow her example and heed her teaching of economy, thrift and industry, and if we are just in our dealings with men and nations, we shall never escape her vigilant eye, nor cease to be the object of marked manifestation of interest on her part."

President D. E. Howard of Liberia

At the second day's inaugural ceremonies, the native tribes were officially represented for the first time. About five hundred interior chiefs, by invitation from the government and under the leadership of Mr. Dihdwo Twe, arrived in Monrovia. The president, vice president and secretary of state, attired in native costume, met the chiefs in a special inaugural function. Addresses on native affairs were delivered. The hope of the administration is to strengthen the bond between the government and the interior tribes.

President Howard has appointed the following cabinet: secretary of state, C. D. B. King; secretary of the treasury, T. W. Haynes; attorney general, S. A. Ross; postmaster general, Isaac Moort; secretary of the interior, J. J. Morris; secretary of war, W. E. Dennis; superintendent of public instruction, W. B. Payne. Mr. Payne, a member of the Bassa tribe, is the first aborigine to hold office in the cabinet. One senator and three representatives in the present Liberian Congress have sprung from native tribes.

A recent loan not to exceed one and one-half million dollars has been negotiated by the Liberian Government with the help of America, England, France and Germany. The customs at Monrovia have been placed in charge of an American receiver general, aided by three receivers representing the other governments involved. The boundary dispute between France and Liberia has been settled and a satisfactory exchange of territory has been made between Liberia and Sierra Leone. Religious and educational workers will now go forward with lighter hearts because of the brightened outlook for the evangelization of all dwelling within the bounds of the republic of Liberia.

RAYMOND P. DOUGHERTY.

Girlhood and Heroines

Continued from page 472

great white banner which she herself has designed; womanly, unspoiled, pure as the lilies, by her own enthusiasm and faith she has inspired the soldiers, and together they have won one of the greatest battles of the world. In the following paragraphs she is on the battle-field, out among those who were not triumphant; with cups of cold water soothing and comforting the wounded and dying soldiers, Joan the sweet pitying woman, full of the majesty of a girlish faith in God; and remember, she is not sixteen.

A little further on we come upon her in the great abbey surrounded by courtiers and nobles, the king himself kneeling before her and receiving at her young hands the crown that restored France to its high position among nations. And she such a slip of a girl—radiant, courageous, humble, unspoiled!

But more than all the rest I like the spirited pages where Joan, refusing the proffered honors of the king in return for her priceless service, asks only that the little village of Domremy be released from taxation and that she be allowed to return to her father's house, there to take up where she left them off her homely duties and live the sweet womanly life which with all her heart she prayed for and believed she was meant to fulfil. Ah, if she had only gone home!

Joan of Arc a Suffragist

WOULD Joan of Arc have been a suffragist?" I was asked only this morning while I was writing this paper. I wonder indeed what Joan of Arc would have done had she been offered the privilege to vote. *"With courage and patience and clear faith in God, I myself will restore my country to its highest rights and privileges among the nations of the world."* This is her answer to such a question. But conditions have changed since the days of Joan of Arc, you remind me. Not so much after all, I am thinking. To be sure, knitting, weaving, sewing, and many of the arts and crafts of housekeeping, have been relegated from the home to the factories, but home-making itself is very much the same old art as it ever was, and many of the heroic qualities of youth are the attributes of the fuller, riper life toward which all gracious girlhood points. I believe there are many girls in the world to-day who have the qualities to do precisely as Joan did. It is by constant transformation into our lives that such girls as Joan of Arc live over and over again, and this is their immortality. We are a part of it, believe me. The message of this "paper" is: While we are believing in and admiring the heroes and heroines that all the world loves, we must not overlook the loveliness that is in our own lives. The same headlong girlish courage that led Joan of Arc can lead us on to unguessed victories over many a zealous girlhood struggle: And if like Joan, when our first fiery battles are won, and we have earned the right to crown our lives with a longing to get home and fulfil the sweet womanly mission that God intends us to perfect —the mission of home-making—then will our girlhood be glorified and we shall discover the divine wisdom which has guided and prepared us for the highest calling of all. For beyond all else the noblest and most perfect sphere of woman is wifehood and motherhood and her own home, where, rounding out her destiny in training and guiding the lives of others, she continues the work that God gave into her hands, and fitted her to do.

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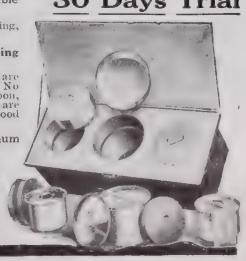

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The Law of Love*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

TO-DAY we sit at the feet of Jesus as he teaches his twelve apostles and the multitude that has gathered upon Kurun Hattin (the Mount of Beatitudes). The Sermon on the Mount is not yet done. It has been said: "We might view it as upward teaching in regard to God, the King; inward teaching in regard to men, the subjects of the King; and outward teaching in regard to the church and the world, the boundaries of the kingdom" (Edersheim). By another it has been said: "It is the love of man he is teaching, not an array of new commandments intended to rival the endless traditions of the scribes" (James Stalker in *The Ethics of Jesus*). Therefore let us not try to set the Mount of Beatitudes over against Mount Sinai; the atmosphere of one is different from that of the other. On Mount Sinai the law came through Moses, and its note was obedience. On the Mount of Beatitudes the law came through Jesus Christ, and its note was love. When the law was given on Sinai, the whole mountain quaked greatly, and smoke went up from it as the smoke of a furnace, and the people stood round about it, but not near, for they had been told, "Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death" (Ex. 19: 12). In contrast, the people gathered about Jesus as he uttered the law of love on the Mount of Beatitudes. They sat upon cushions of grass and flowers, and the clear air was filled with sunshine and sweet odors.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

—*Author Unknown.*

God is everywhere, and therefore religion belongs everywhere. The circle, symbol of completeness, is its fitting type. That circle Moses and Jesus both divide into two hemispheres of love. Love is the all-embracing circle, with God as its object in the one hemisphere and man in the other. Religion is for every individual the art of right relations; first, with the Father of all; second, with our brother man. Right relations with God are first in order and importance. To the hemisphere of right relations with God belongs the Saviourship of Jesus, through whose love, strong as death, we come to love God. To the hemisphere of right relations with man belongs the kingship of Christ, for while the individual is saved by his cross, the community is to be saved by his crown, by making the law of Christ the law of all our associated life—of business and politics and pleasure.

Law Must Rest Upon Love

Thou shalt love God; thou shalt love man; on these two loves hang all the law. God has a wonderful plan in the natural arrangements of society for developing out of individual selfishness a world-wide altruism. Only a few have reached it, but great progress has been made since it was considered almost a duty to hate and fight all

Continued on next page

*The International Sunday School Lesson for May 12, 1912. The Law of Love. Luke 6: 27-38; Rom. 13: 8-10. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Rom. 13: 9.

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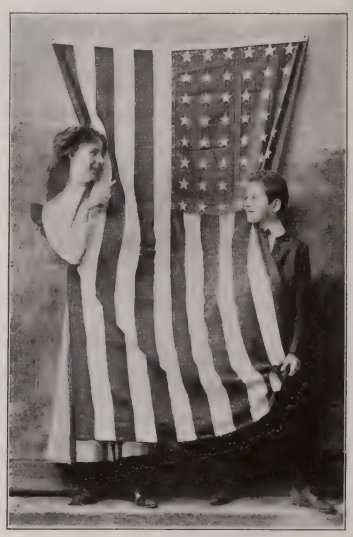
Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism. You will have use for a flag on every holiday for years to come, and you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private sociables, in the schoolhouse, in the church, and in the home.

Of course, you want a Flag for Memorial Day.



This is the smaller (4x6 ft.) of the two flags offered. Compare size with the height of the children. The larger flag measures 5x8 feet.

Just think of being able to celebrate Memorial Day, Flag Day, the Fourth of July, with such a flag—real red, white and blue, right from the factory of the government flag-maker.

YOU PAY NO MONEY

At this time of the year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD usually puts forth an extraordinay effort to increase the number of members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. We can only do this with the help of the present members; YOU are one of these, and we know that you will help us. But we have no right to expect your good offices for nothing, so we make you the following offer.

The regular annual subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as you know, is $1.50. Is not there some one among your relations, friends or acquaintances who you know would be benefited by receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? You can probably think of several in a few minutes, and it would be comparatively easy for you to get them to subscribe for a short trial period—say eight months.

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Get one of your friends to subscribe to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight months, send us only one dollar for this subscription, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be mailed to the address in the United States or Canada furnished by you. In return for your trouble we will send you, absolutely without cost, a beautiful American Flag, *and in addition* we will send you, also without cost to you, a life-size facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, 26x31 inches—an exact duplicate in every way of the priceless document which was signed by the Fathers of our Country. This document should be in every patriotic home.

The above offer is for the 4x6 foot Flag shown in the illustration. Perhaps you would prefer a larger Flag—5x8 feet in size. To secure this size Flag, send us TWO eight months' subscriptions accompanied by one dollar each, and we will send you this extra size "Old Glory."

NOTE: It is understood that this offer can only be accepted by a subscriber whose name is *now* on our books, and that the new subscriptions sent in will be for addresses which are *not* now on our books.

Memorial Day, but a few weeks off, makes our wonderful Flag offer particularly attractive to every loyal American heart, and you should take especial pride in securing one of these Flags for your home. Address

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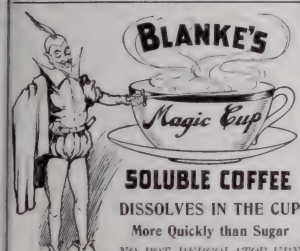

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

foreigners. This plan may be pictured in a series of concentric circles. First the inner, the home circle. Then the circle of neighborhood love, developed by the sympathy of a family for other families close at hand. Then comes the larger circle for one's own town, where patriotism begins. It should, and usually does, extend to some degree of love for one's State. The next circle is the love of country, and patriotism develops. Love for man should not stop with patriotism, but should take account of the interests of other nations, and love for all mankind will be the outermost circle excepting one. The largest circle of all represents the love of God, which is the measure of the world: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." All of the five circles take form because they are bounded by the circle of the love of God.

Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself

When we do thus love, we shall find that we have fulfilled all law, the law of the State as well as the law of God. Love is the fulfilment of the law.

"Poor Love," said Life, "that hast not gold,
Nor lands, nor other store, I ween;
Thy very shelter from the cold
Is oft but lowly built and mean."
"Nay, though of rushes be my bed,
Yet I am rich," Love said.

"But," argued Life, "thrice fond art thou
To yield the sovereign gifts of earth—
The victor sword, the laureled brow—
For visioned things of little worth!"
Love gazed afar with dreamlit eyes,
And answered, "Nay, but wise."

"Yet, Love," said Life, "what can atone
For all the travail of thy years—
The yearnings vain, the vigils lone,
The pain, the sacrifice, the tears?"
Soft as the breath breathed from a rose,
The answer came, "Love knows."
—FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

A gentleman saw a boy thief in his flower garden. He quietly went forth to meet the boy, and in a roundabout way, so that the boy would not see him coming. Suddenly he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, saying, "Now, my boy, answer me one question: which is the best flower in the garden?"

The boy, finding no escape, looked around, and after a few minutes' pause, said: "That rose is best," as he pointed to a beautiful moss rose.

The gentleman, still keeping one hand on the boy's shoulder, reached out his other hand, and, plucking the rose in all its beauty, gave it to the boy, and, releasing him as he did so, said: "There, take it, my boy."

The boy was amazed. Looking into the face of his strange benefactor, he said, "Ain't you going to have me punished, sir?"

"No," was the reply; "but as I am going to give you the best flower in my garden, you will never steal from my flower-beds again, will you?"

"Never, sir, as long as I live," was the emphatic reply; "but, please, sir, ain't there some little errand I can do for you?"

Free forgiveness and a token of love had won the pardoned boy's heart, and from that hour he was the willing servant of his friend.

Have not we as sinners trampled down God's holy laws, and grieved him many times? How has he treated us? He sent from the throne of glory Jesus his only begotten Son—the "Rose of Sharon"—as a gift to a sinful world.

After a hard summer's toil, Professor John Stuart Blackie went back to

Continued on next page

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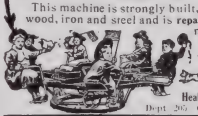

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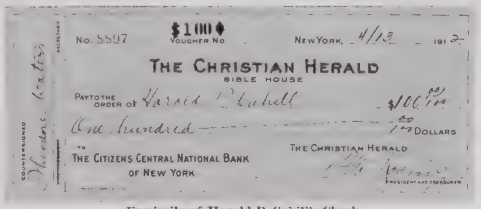

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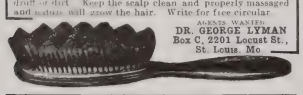

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

the University of Edinburgh, tired and exacting. Students desiring admittance stood in a line before him. "Show your papers," he said. As they obeyed, a highland laddie held his up awkwardly in the left hand. "Hold them up properly in the right hand," said the professor in savage mood. The boy replied somewhat faintly, but still held the papers in his left hand. "The right hand, you loon!" shouted out the professor. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," said the boy, holding up the stub. The class hissed at the professor. But the great man came down from his desk, and threw his arms around the boy, saying, "Eh, laddie, forgive me! I was ower rough. I dinna mean to hurt you, lad, I didna ken." Then to the class he said, "I thank God he has given me gentlemen to teach me when I go astray." Is it a wonder that the boys loved a man that would right a wrong? Is it a wonder that, living or dead, such influence counts for righteousness?

Pray for Them that Despitefully Use You

Stephen is called the first martyr; when he was being stoned to death at Jerusalem by those who were the enemies of Christ, as well as the enemies of Stephen himself, he kneeled down, and with a loud voice cried out, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Jesus prayed for those who had nailed him to the cross. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We must believe that the hardest thing we shall ever have to do is to pray for them that despitefully use us. It can only be done when the heart is full of the love of God. If you cannot pray for your enemy, then pray for more love.

King James II. one day lost some important papers. He hunted for them until he got into a great rage, and then he accused his faithful secretary "Gib" of having lost them. Gib fell on his knees and told the king that surely he had never given them into his care. As he knelt there, the king struck him. Gib rose up, and as he was leaving the presence of the king, he said: "I have always been faithful to your majesty, and I have not deserved such treatment. I cannot remain in your service. I shall never see you again."

Not long afterward the person to whom the king had actually given the papers returned them. Then the king, much ashamed of his treatment of Gib, sent for him. When Gib came into the royal presence the king got down on his knees before him, and said he would not rise until he forgave him. The secretary tried to evade the matter, and begged his master to rise; but he would not, until assured that the insult was fully forgiven. We are all prone to making wrong judgments, sometimes called "snap judgments" of others. Love is the leash by which we can hold ourselves in check in such matters.

He walked for years in ways of righteousness,
Good deeds unnumbered dropping from his hand;
Then, lo, a single sin he must confess,
That bruited was far up and down the land;
And all the people drew a solemn face,
And called him "trickster," whispered his disgrace.

'Twill be a wondrous world, to heaven full nigh,
If ever man whose common life is sin,
Shall do one act of good, whereat a cry
Of "Saint" shall fill the air with ready din;
The people quick forgetting all the past,
And glad to see God's image show at last.

—RICHARD B. BENTON.

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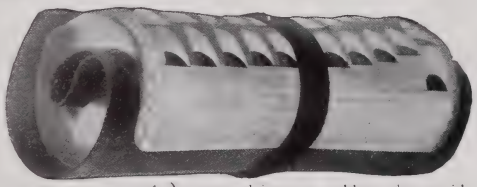

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PORTRAIT OF MADAME LEBRUN AND HER DAUGHTER
From the Painting by É. Vigée LeBrun

See description in this issue

The Ocean's Greatest Disaster!

THERE has just been enacted the greatest ocean tragedy the world ever saw—the sinking of the gigantic ocean liner "Titanic" on her maiden voyage. The greatest ship ever built, with her precious cargo of human freight went to the bottom of the ocean a thousand miles from shore amid a wilderness of icebergs. Multi-millionaires, authors, statesmen, and immigrants share the same watery grave. Never before was there such an exhibition of heroism and chivalry. Picture the ship's musicians, ankle deep in the rising flood, trying to soften the anguish of the dying with strains of melody; husbands handing their wives into the lifeboats, while deluding them with false assurances of their own safety. Imagine that noble wife, who, choosing perhaps the happier part, calmly refusing to go and remaining on the doomed ship by her husband's side. See the famous and brilliant men ungrudgingly standing aside for the poor peasant women of the steerage. These heroes of real life bore themselves in a way that leaves the world richer and better for their having lived and died. Here, indeed, is a glorious glimpse of what man can do in a supreme moment. The whole world is afire with sympathy and sorrow and every one who reads must have this permanent pictorial and descriptive record of the greatest ocean disaster in the world's history, the

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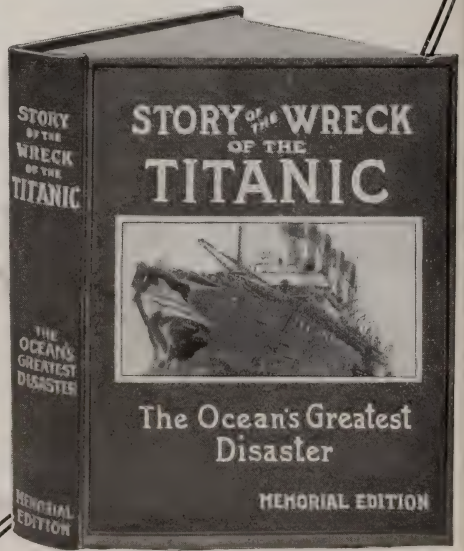
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NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1912

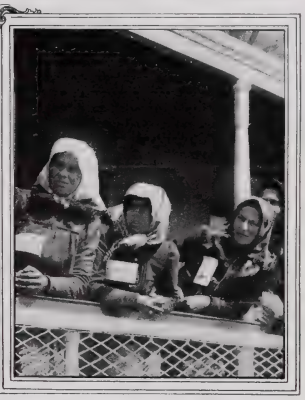
THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Novel Writing-Desk at Ellis Island

As the Ship Docks, Waiting to Go to Ellis Island

Passed; Ticketed to Their Destinations



CROWDING AT LIBERTY'S GATES

Is the Coming of the Alien Multitude an Acquisition or a National Peril?

THE flood which set in from southern Europe to America a few years ago reached its highest mark during the month that has just closed. It is estimated that over 100,000 foreigners passed through Ellis Island during the month. April of last year tested the capacity of the department, when 83,675 aliens were passed through the routine of inspection and acceptance; so it is not difficult to imagine what has taken place recently. The conditions this year have been such as to cause Commissioner Williams, who is in charge of the government station which handles the immigrants coming into New York, a great deal of uneasiness. He has had no hesitation recently in stating that the government's facilities for the examination and care of the newcomers is entirely inadequate. It was publicly stated not long since that at Ellis Island it is impossible to properly examine the large number of immigrants who now pass through those portals to our country, and as a result a gross injury is being inflicted upon the health of the nation. There is no doubt that for the most part the immigrants come from the unhealthy parts of southern Europe and carry contagious diseases. Many are weak-minded, a condition which in their hurried examination it is often very difficult to detect. This is specially true in the case of young children, who are sent to this country, in many cases, it is believed, simply because they can receive better care in American institutions. Commissioner Williams said only a few days ago that conditions were sadly in need of improvement at Ellis Island. He said it was simply impossible to care for the large numbers coming in during this, the height of the rush season. Mr. Williams said, "We are up against it here, but the strictest sort of an investigation will prove that we are doing the very best we can in the circumstances. We handle every immigrant with reasonable care, but when they pour in on us as they have in the last few weeks, of course the physicians have to hurry through with their inspection. No one is more interested than I in making a thorough examination of each individual. But what are we going to do? Already we have had complaints about the use of three-tier cots, and that is the only manner in which we are able to care for 18,000 each night." When almost twice that number arrive, as was the case last month, and the authorities are obliged to rush them through, aliens who would naturally and quite reasonably be detained until a complete examination could be made, not only to ascertain their physical condition but also to learn the conditions surrounding their emigration, are permitted to enter New York City.

Dr. George B. Campbell, head of the New York State Commission on Deportation, has stated:

"The class that gains admission to this country when the rigidity of inspection is relaxed is the most dangerous to our national health. The feeble-minded and the epileptics and the defectives whose condition requires more than superficial examination for discovery are the ones who slip into the United States in times of relaxed inspection. They are the greatest menace to the health and morals of the community.

"New York must take the lead in fighting the foreign defective. New York gets him first and keeps him longest. There are 32,000 insane persons in New York State hospitals. Thirteen thousand of these are alien born. There is one insane to every fifty sane aliens in this State. There is one insane to every two hundred and fifty sane native born. If we could return to their native lands all our alien-born insane who were insane when they arrived, or suffering then from ailments which produced their insanity, the proportion of insane might be nearly equal in our native and alien-born populations.

"It is impossible to become in the least degree familiar with immigration problems and not realize the deliberate and constant effort of foreign governments to encourage the migration to America of their own undesirables. There is a connection constantly

Continued on next page

The Dining-Room of the Men's Detention Ward at Ellis Island

CROWDING AT LIBERTY'S GATES

Continued from preceding page

suggested between this and the subsidies granted to transatlantic steamship lines by foreign governments. All are encouraged to migrate to America, but no defectives are permitted to return who can by any device be prevented from so doing.

"Commissioner Williams has the cordial support of the New York State departments that have official relations with him. His administration is generally regarded as one of the most efficient that the Federal immigration service has ever seen, but he is seriously handicapped. There is lack of room at Ellis Island, the corps of officials is numerically insufficient, and this applies especially to the medical examiners. When several steamships come together and the rush is on to get the immigrants through Ellis Island the medical officers there have to inspect 150 persons every five minutes to keep the gangway clear and avert chaotic congestion. Adequate inspection for elimination of the unfit is impossible in those conditions."

It should be possible that very thorough investigation could be made before many of the questionable persons are allowed to come ashore. One of the first places that a visitor to the Island sees is a great room filled with parallel benches, at the end of each one of which there sits an examiner and an interpreter. Looking on this floor from a gallery, one sees the immigrants present themselves for their first inspection under the law. With amazing rapidity the long lines of baggage-laden men and women make their way to the desks, show their papers and their money, and after a few questions are allowed to pass on. Less than an hour later, those who were nervously presenting themselves for admission have passed through the entire routine, and are aboard the ferry-boat to be landed at the Battery.

A Scene in the Women's Detention Ward at the Ellis Island Station

Shrewd as the examiners must be to hold their positions, they find themselves with the quickest of quick wits to work against, for it is generally admitted that during the rush seasons attempts are made to force through as many of the undesirables as possible. It has even been stated that the mentally deficient and physically unfit are coached in the perfunctory examination through which they must pass, so that they may answer correctly the first questions put to them, and get away without arousing suspicion. One official at Ellis Island said: "The immigrants coming to this country, especially from the south of Europe, are not the dull, ignorant people they are commonly supposed to be. They are smart, and for the most part clever in their attempts to dupe the immigration officials. There is so much faking among them that it is often difficult to arrive at the truth.

"We have found that many aged men and women, who come here ostensibly to join their sons and daughters, come for no other reason than to enter some American charitable institution for the remainder of their lives. They have no children here, but through agents get other persons to pose as their children until they pass the authorities. We naturally pass them on, as we have no means to detain them until a proper investigation is made."

Another said: "Why, only last week we had a group in here from the Middle West—yes, in fact some of them all the way from Seattle—nearly a round dozen of them diseased and incompetent. All of them have gotten through, probably, at some rush season and had to be brought back at the government's expense."

Dr. Campbell's statement in this connection is interesting.

"New York is the first and greatest sufferer by any break in the barriers Congress has erected to exclude from America the diseased, insane and defective of other countries.

"The tide of immigration sweeps into and through New York the able-bodied aliens, who distribute themselves to their own and the country's advantage all over the various States. The weaklings lag and few ever get beyond New York.

"In the early days the immigrant had to be an able-bodied, hardy person to survive the hardships of coming to this country, and when he arrived he had to shift for himself. Not so now. The increased care and comfort for the immigrant has encouraged the weaklings to emigrate to America. Warm-hearted benevolence is exhibited by a thousand societies for the protection of the very class which would not be admitted if the recruiting of an industrial army were the guiding principle of our immigration policy."

RELIGIOUS TRAINING FOR CHILDREN

THE writer of the recent article on "Training the Heart and Conscience," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has made a splendid plea for the systematic instruction of our boys and girls in matters that concern God and righteousness. To teach them everything else from A, B, C to cube root in a painstaking and systematic way, and give a secondary place to strengthening the moral stamina—without which secular accomplishments are simply tools that may be employed in a direction antagonistic to the best interests of the individual and society at large—is, indeed, an undertaking that is irreconcilable with the position of professing Christians.

One thing is needful—there are many things valuable, but just one needful. A Christian, who is such not merely in name, has no doubts about what that one thing is. Christian parents are theoretically unanimous that to neglect the moral and religious training of the child which has come into our home is inconsistent with our avowal that there is just one all-important thing in all the world; indeed, they agree that such neglect is fraught with dire consequences. Yet we need a reminder such as is given by the Rev. Richard Braunstein in the article alluded to, which is really worth reprinting.

But how is this training to be done? Parents come in first for consideration. Does the little the parents can do meet the demands of the case? Many parents there are who feel their responsibility. They appreciate that to make a living is important, but to make a life is still more important. However, in the stress and swirl of the hurried days and the insistence of vocation, they can hardly find the time and leisure for systematic work on these lines, and many lack the ability. Then there is the Sunday school. Yes; and it is the only religious instruction some children get. But what idea of the importance if the matter will be raised in the mind of the child who receives systematic instruction in secular studies for five or six hours five days in the week, and hears religious matters discussed just once during this period? The study of the Word of God is crowded into one corner of the week. Thirty hours for secular studies and one hour, or rather thirty to forty minutes if the opening and closing exercises be deducted—one hour, let it be, for the study of religious truths, which are revealed truths, unknown to natural man. The sense of proportion is disturbed by such an arrangement.

About a year ago, I spent some time at the Child Welfare Exhibit. There I saw—I couldn't help seeing it—a large placard with the superscription: "A Short-Weight Education." Then: "Thirty minutes a week for religious instruction in Protestant churches. Instruction in mathematics offered in elementary and high schools, 1,067 hours, equivalent in time to 41 years of Sunday-school instruction. Instruction in writing, 364 hours, equivalent to 14 years of Sunday-school instruction." Then followed in large, bold lettering, "What Is to Be Done?" With regard to Sunday school, we cannot forget that even with all the zeal our workers show, they themselves often lack the training that we require of our secular instructors.

Can we look for help to our public schools? They are maintained by a general tax. All taxpayers, therefore, must have equal rights. What form of religion should there be taught? Immediately the warring factions are upon us. Jews, agnostics, Protestants and Romanists all have before our law equal standing, and there surely cannot be religious coercion of a minority. If anything is un-American that certainly is. The equality of all religious beliefs is also evidenced by the fact that there are teachers in our public schools of all shades of belief and unbelief. There is not and cannot be any religious test. But as a father, I want to *know* under whose guidance my boy is during the greater part of his waking hours. Some urge that we should let our public school teachers preach a creedless religion and morality; but as soon as you make a statement concerning God and righteousness, in fact, any manner of statement, you are voicing a creed. "I have no creed," said a woman, and thereby uttered the shortest of all creeds.

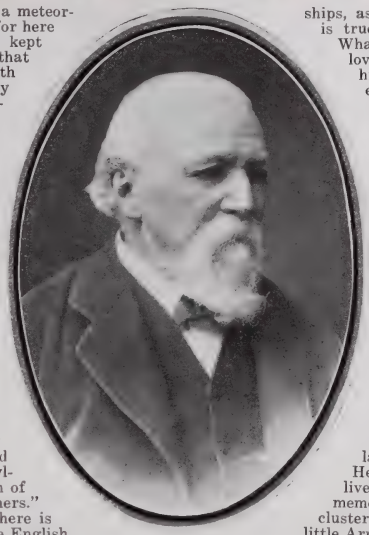
The one deduction that came to me after reading Rev. Mr. Braunstein's forceful article was that under present conditions the only solution is found in the Church school. There seems to be no other way of giving our children, in the way of education, not only a lunch, but a dinner, a full-weight education! In my city, there is such a school with twelve teachers and a building worth $20,000, maintained by our Holland friends of the Christian Reformed Church, the same denomination which responded so nobly to the plea for the China Famine Fund. The Episcopalians at some places also have such schools. The Lutherans have a still greater number—thousands of them throughout the land. A unique feature of the Lutheran schools is this: that about 80 per cent. of the teachers are men who have made teaching their life-work. The children of these schools have all the secular instruction that is afforded in the public schools, and in addition, the study of the Word of God; and all instruction throughout the day is permeated by an avowed Christian spirit. I am acquainted with such a Lutheran school in this city, where, because the congregation is not rich in worldly goods, the building is very unpretentious, but where the results of the work of the two male teachers are simply grand, the scholars upon graduation entering the public high school without further examination and where they easily rank with the best in their classes. The parents who send their children to this school say, "We know that they can get instruction at other schools; but our children, God bless them! ought not to be exposed to instruction that is totally divorced from the Word of God. Give them the best possible preparation for their citizenship in this world *and* the next! For a complete education, let there be a union of religious and secular work."

What a blessing it would be for the church and the state as well as for the individual, if, from the time when our children grapple with the intricacies of the A, B, C to the days when questions of Greek syntax and the fourth dimension loom up, they would be under the guarding and guiding influence of the Word of God and Christian inspiration!

Paterson, N. J. WALTER KOENIG.

THE BROWNING CENTENNIAL

IT WOULD appear that geniuses rained down like a meteor-shower at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for here at the beginning of the twentieth we have been kept rather busy celebrating centennials. Now comes that of Robert Browning, born May 7, 1812. His hundredth birthday yesterday was celebrated much more quietly than that of some of the other great men so far commemorated. There have been, probably, less of popular interest and enthusiasm over it. But just the same, Browning is a man to whom people who do not know or even do not like his verse, people, in fact, who do not care for poetry at all, owe a debt that cannot be calculated. What it has meant to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that Robert Browning kept true to the old faith can never be conjectured. There were a few terrible months, possibly years, in his extreme youth when he was in danger of becoming a skeptic. He got Shelley's blasphemous "Queen Mab," and was attracted by its workmanship, and really moved by its message. He also read the works of other unbelievers but came out whole, regretting the grief he had caused his mother during the anxious years. The experience, dangerous and painful as it was, helped to give him an even better equipment than he could otherwise have had for his high task of sounding the true note of faith to the world. Browning and Tennyson labored side by side in England and sang together the note of faith at a time when great teachers and many writers were spreading unbelief. Both these poets had a share that can never be duly estimated and acknowledged in keeping the English and American civilization of the nineteenth century true to the "faith of our fathers."



Robert Browning

Browning has been called "the preacher's poet." There is more real theology in his works than in any other of the English poets, with the possible exception of Milton. But he has a spontaneity, a passion, a lyric beauty which makes it impossible to compare him with Milton in any other respect than his deep religious conviction and strong religious feeling. True, Milton has a few passages of real lyric beauty, and Browning has vast tracts of heavy, lumbering ultra-philosophical verse. But Browning was a real singer; Milton a sacred historian and legendist. Browning has inspired and strengthened many preachers at their task; he was himself a preacher in the best sense, not of teaching but of announcing gladly what he experienced in knowing and enjoying God, of declaring that God is beautiful and good.

But one does not need to be a preacher, or even a student, to enjoy Browning. Many of his poems are extremely difficult; there are difficult passages in many otherwise simple poems. But so are there difficult passages in the Bible. This does not prevent the earnest seeker after truth and beauty from browsing about till he finds some bit of perfume or some sweet and wholesome morsel of soul food. Religion does not need mighty thinking or wide observation.

To perceive him hath gained an abyss where a dew-drop was asked.
I but open my eyes, and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit I climb to his feet.

Critics of Browning object to the fact that most of his themes are taken from long-ago times, that he does not deal with modern matters. He certainly loved old stories as he loved old books. But the emotions he touches are the fundamental emotions, and his ideals are the eternal ideals. Not all his verse is satisfactory here. In some poems the mirror is held up steadily, revealing life simply as it is, with no suggestion that it should be different; some moral problems are handled in a fashion hardly satisfactory to the modern religious consciousness. But in the foundation of human relationships, as in the foundation of religious experience, Browning is true. And he is true, for he understood what love is. Whatever Browning may have believed and known about love before he met Elizabeth Barrett, it is certain that his high and powerful interpretation of this great human emotion and experience had its real source in his affection for her. The love of these two poets is one of the most beautiful romances of history. What Beatrice was to Dante, Laura to Petrarch, this gentle lady was to Robert Browning, inspiring, steadying, illuminating, strengthening him. Unlike these poets and many others, however, the course of true love ran smoothly in Browning's life, and aside from the illness of his lady and the stern, unreasonable opposition of her irascible father to their marriage, there were no bitter drops in the wine of their romance. As love deepened health returned, and the two poet lovers, mature and capable, took matters into their own hands, arranged an innocent elopement, and, without succeeding in reconciling the frail bride's father, turned their faces toward Italy. The British people are a little sorry that Browning ever wrote the lines which the proud Venetians have engraved in the tablet to his memory at the Palazzo Rezzonico, where he died:

Open my heart and you shall see
Graven inside of it, Italy.

But it is easy to understand why the poet loved the land that was for so many years his adopted country. Here his wife's delicate health grew stronger; here they lived and loved and toiled together. In Florence, with memories of Dante and Michael Angelo and Savonarola clustered thick about them, on the banks of the bewitching little Arno, in the wilderness of the great and the humbler paintings of Pitti Palace and the Ufizzi Gallery, they dwelt, knowing a few choice friends, receiving admirers and acquaintances on Italian tours, watching with tense interest the struggle of the people for liberty and a united Italy, welcoming the son, who was to cheer their years and become an artist, loving Italian scenes as well as they. The visitor to Florence to-day, wandering among the scenes that recall Angelo and Dante, Savonarola and Galileo, immersed in the memories of rare old days when religion and science and architecture and sculpture and painting and poetry were being brought to a new life to pave the way for a new civilization, lingers reverently at Casa Guidi, where the Brownings lived, loving and sharing the glories of the past while they sent forth their tender and noble message for the inspiration and enlightenment of the new age.

Casa Guidi, from the Pitti Palace

Of the many elements and phases of Browning's character and life which entered into his work there is space to speak only of the charming home life of his early days. His father and mother, cultured and devout, though by no means rich, surrounded his life with everything that would tend to develop his genius, and bore the burden of his support, even after he reached manhood and began his work. His father advanced the money which brought out the earlier editions of his poems, and continued to aid him until his literary work began to bring larger returns. So far from being made weak and irresponsible by these services, Browning grew constantly stronger and more virile. There was none of the delicate airiness about him which poets and near-poets often ape. He was a vigorous, straightforward man who believed that he could best serve the world by writing poems. His parents encouraged him to write, and their love, which he ardently returned, made another source of his fruitful inspiration.

For sheer beauty of feeling and workmanship "Love Among the Ruins," "By the Fireside," "Andrea del Sarto," "One Word More" and "The Guardian Angel" are among the most charming of Browning's poems. "Columbe's Birthday" and the chapters of Caponsacchi and Pompilia in "The Ring and the Book" reach the highest levels of his philosophy of love. "Saul," "An Epistle," "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" reveal at its best his religious belief.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—"SYNDICALISM" IS A NEW term which has lately come into use in connection with the labor strikes abroad. It is derived from *syndicat*, used by the French in describing an extreme phase of trade unionism. Syndicalists are the revolutionary unionists of the Continent, who employ the general strike as their principal weapon, making it a positive and aggressive movement and not merely a quiescent stoppage of labor. The Syndicalists teach the seizure of the means of production and are antagonistic to the existing State authority. Their movement has had its rise and development chiefly in the Latin countries of Europe.

—THOUGH IT WAS CONSIDERED that the greatest danger from the Mississippi had already passed when the flood stages from the more northern States were reported over, a great deal of destruction has been caused by the breaking of the dikes and flooding of great stretches of territory along the lower waters of the river. Advices to Governor Earl Brewer of Mississippi stated a few days ago that there were over 6,000 refugees in camp at Cleveland and that the food supply was only sufficient for twenty-four hours. The greatest destruction as well as the greatest loss of life has been reported from Bolivar County, Miss. It was stated in Jackson that two hundred persons had been drowned by the flood that swept through that section when the levees broke near Beulah, Bolivar County. Into New Orleans for several days came reports from inundated sections of Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana, telling of the destruction there and of the imperative need of food, clothing, medicine, and other supplies for the thousands of homeless persons. It is believed that delegations from six of the Mississippi States are striving to induce the Rivers and Harbors Committeemen to be their guests on a cruise from Cairo to New Orleans while the Mississippi River is at its worst. The object is to obtain Federal emergency legislation for flood protection.

—DESPATCHES FROM A NUMBER of Middle Western cities stated on April 21 that a series of destructive and fatal tornadoes had swept over a very extensive section of the country. Perry, Okla., reported that two children had been killed there and more than one hundred wooden buildings had been blown over. A Chicago despatch said thirty-two persons are known to be dead, half a score were so severely injured that they may die, and fifty others were hurt in two tornadoes, one of which swept over southern Illinois and the other across northern Illinois into Indiana late last night. A number of other Illinois cities reported deaths from the tornadoes and from Kentland, Ind., and Kansas City, Mo., have come reports of about twelve deaths and the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property. It is estimated that the damage in the State of Kansas alone aggregated about $200,000.

—ABDUL BAHA ABBAS, the leader of the Bahai movement "for the unification of all religions and the establishment of universal peace," is visiting the United States. He speaks in Persian, which an interpreter explains to the audiences. At a recent meeting in the Church of the Ascension, New York, he said among other things: "Jesus Christ came to this world that the people might have through him a spirit of oneness with God. There must be a oneness of the world with humanity. When this takes place then will we have the "most great peace." To-day the body politic is indeed for the oneness of the world—for universal peace. But they require a certain propelling power to spread the feeling and to firmly plant it in the minds of men. I find a strong movement for universal peace emanating from America. It is my hope that here in the Occident the foundation of this new solidarity may be strengthened and that the Orient and the Occident will be cemented together; that there may be a real unity, so that this world may at last find peace. May the hearts of men become as brothers."

A Sermon

By

Rev. Newell D. Hillis, D.D.*

The World's Need of Patience

TEXT: "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it. Be ye also patient, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5: 7, 8.

FOR all lovers of their kind, nothing is so hard to bear as the slowness of the upward progress of society. It is not simply that the rise of the common people is accompanied with heavy wastes and losses; it is that the upward movement is along lines so vast as to make society's growth seem tardy, delayed, or even reversed. Doubtless the drift of the ages is upward, but this progress becomes apparent only when age is compared with age, and century with century. It is not easy for some Bruno or Wyclif, sowing the good seed of liberty and toleration in one century, to know that not until another century hath passed will the precious harvest be reaped. Man is accustomed to brief intervals. Not long the space between January's snowdrifts and June's red berries, brief the interval between the egg and the eagle's full flight. Scarcely a score of years separate the infant of days from the youth of full stature. Trained to expect the April seed to stand close beside the August sheaf, it is not easy for man to accustom himself to the processes of Him with whom fourscore years are but a handbreadth, and a thousand years as but one day.

To man, therefore, toiling upon his industry, his art, his government, his religion, comes this reflection: Because the divine epochs are long, let not the patriot or parent be sick with hope long deferred. Let the reformer sow his seed, untroubled when the sickle rusts in the hand that waits for its harvest. Remember that as things go up in value, the period between the inception and fruition is protracted. Because the plant is low, the days between seed and sheaf are few and short; because the bird is higher, months stand between egg and eagle; but manhood is a thing so high, culture and character are harvests so rich, as to ask years and even ages for ripening; while God's purposes for society involve such treasures of art, wisdom, wealth, law, liberty, as to ask eons and cycles for their full perfection. Therefore, let each patriot and sage, each reformer and teacher be patient. The world itself is a seed. Not until ages have passed shall it burst into bloom and blossom.

Life Delays Its Gifts

Troubled by the strifes of society, depressed by the waste of its forces and the delays of its columns, he who seeks character for himself and progress for his kind oft needs to shelter himself beneath the divine principle called the time-element for the individual and the race. Optimists are we; our world is a good world, joys are more than sorrows, wastes shall yet become savings, and defeats victories; nevertheless, life's woes, wrongs and delays are such as to give man pause. The multitudes hunger for power and influence, hunger for wealth and wisdom, for happiness and comfort; satisfaction seems denied them. What delays also in justice! What recognition does society withhold from its heroes! What praise spoken above the pulseless corpse that is denied the living hungering heart! What gold coin spent for the marble wreath by those who have no copper for laurel for the living hero! How do rewards that dazzle in prospect, in possession burst like gaudy bubbles! Honors are evanescent; reputation is a vapor; property takes wings; possessions counted firm as adamant dissolve like painted clouds; in the hour of depression the hand drops its tool, the heart its task. In such dark hours and moods, strong men reflect that he who sows the good seed of liberty or culture or character must have long patience until the harvest; that as things go up in value they ask for longer time; that he is the true hero who redeems himself out of present defeat by the foresight of far-off and future victory; that man has a patent of nobility from God himself who can lay out his life upon the principle that a thousand years are as one day. The truly great man takes long steps by God's side, has the courage of the future; working, he can also wait.

The time principle holds in man's social and industrial life. To-day our colleges have their anthropological departments and our cities their museums. The comparative study of the dress, weapons, tools, houses, ships of savage and civilized races gives an outline view of the progress of society. How fragile and rude the handiwork of savages! How quickly are the wants provided for! A few fig-leaves make a full suit for the African, and the skin of an ox his garb for the winter. But the civilized man must toil long upon his loom for his garments of wool and fine silk. Slowly the hollow log journeys toward the ocean steamer; slowly the forked stick gives place to the steam plow, the slow ox to the swift engine; slowly the sea-shell, with three strings tied across its mouth, develops into the many-mouthed pipe-organ. But if rude and low conveniences represent little time and toil, these later inventions represent centuries of arduous labor. In his history of the German tribes, Tacitus gives us a picture of a day's toil for one of the forest children. Moving to the banks of some new stream, the rude man peels the bark; with a club he beats down the nuts from the branches; with a pound stone he knocks the squirrels from the bough; another hour suffices for cutting a line from the ox's hide; and hastily making a hook out of the wishbone of the bird he draws the trout from its stream. But if for the savage race a day suffices for building and provisioning the tent, the accumulated wisdom of centuries is required for the home of to-day. One century offers an arch for the door, another century offers glass windows, another offers wrought nails and hinges, another plaster that will receive and hold the warm colors, another offers the marble, tapestry, picture, and piano, the thousand conveniences for use and beauty. Thus many hands have toiled upon man's house, man's art, industry, invention.

Working and Waiting in Religion

With long patience also man has worked and waited as he has toiled upon his idea of religion. Rude, indeed, man's hasty thoughts of the Infinite. In early days the sun was God's eye, the thunder his voice, the stroke of the earthquake the stroke of his arm, the harvest indicated his pleasure, the pestilence his anger. In such an age the priest and philosopher taxed their genius to invent methods of preserving the friendship and avoiding the anger of the Infinite. Daily the king and general calculated how many sheep and oxen they must slay to avoid defeat in battle. Daily the husbandman and farmer calculated how many doves and lambs must be killed to avert blight from the vineyard and hailstorms from the harvests. Observing that when the king ascended to the throne the slaves put their necks under his heel and covered their bodies with dust, in their haste the priests concluded that by degrading man God would be exalted. Prostrating themselves in dirt and rags, men went down in order that by contrast the throne of God might rise. The mud was made thick upon man's brow that the crown upon the brow of God might be made brilliant. Out of this degrading thought grew the idea that God lived and ruled for his own gratification and self-glory. The infinite throne was unveiled as the throne of infinite self-aggrandizement. Slowly it was perceived that the parent who makes all things move about himself as a center, ever monopolizing the best food, the best place, the best things, at last becomes a monster of selfishness and suffers an awful degradation, while he who sacrifices himself for others is the true hero. But at last Christ entered the earthly scene with his Golden Rule and his new commandment of love. He unveiled God not as desiring to be ministered to, but as ministering; as being rich, yet for man's sake becoming poor; as asking little, but giving much; as caring for the sparrow and lily; as waiting upon each beetle, bird, and beast, and caring for each detail of man's life. Slowly the word God increased in richness. Having found through his telescope worlds so distant as to involve infinite power, man emptied the idea of omnipotence into the word God; finding an infinite wisdom in the wealth of the summers and winters, man added the idea of omniscience; noting a certain upward tendency in society, man added the word providence; gladdened by God's mercy, man added ideas of forgiveness and love. Slowly the word grew. In the olden time people entering the Acropolis cast their gifts of gold and silver into some vase. Last of all came the prince, who emptied in jewels and flashing gems, and made the vase to overflow. Not otherwise Christ emptied vast wealth of meaning into the words called conscience, law, love, vicarious suffering, immortality, God. Beautiful, indeed, the simplicity of Christ. But, with long patience, man waited for the unveiling of the face of love.

History of Social Progress

To all patriots and Christian men who seek to use occupation and profession so as to promote the world's upward growth comes the reflection that henceforth society's progress must be slow, because its institutions are high and complex. To-day many look into the future with shaded eyes of terror. In the social unrest and discontent of our times timid men see the brewing of a social and industrial storm. In their alarm, amateur reformers bring in social panaceas, conceived in haste and born in fear. But God cannot be hurried. His century-plants cannot be forced to blossom in a night. No reformer can be too zealous for man's progress, but he can be too impatient. In these days, when civilization has become complex and the fruitage high, those who work must also wait, and with patience endure. Multitudes are abroad trying to settle the labor problem. The labor problem will never be settled until the last man lies in the graveyard. Each new inventor reopens the labor problem. Men were contented with their wages until Gutenberg invented his type and made books possible; then straightway every laborer asked an increased wage, that though he died ignorant, his children might be intelligent. When society had readjusted things and man had obtained the larger wage, Arkwright came, inventing his new loom, Goodyear came with the use of rubber, and straightway men asked a new wage, to advantage themselves of woolen garments, rubber goods for miners and sailors.

Intelligence is emancipating man. Ignorance is a constant invitation to oppression. So long as workmen are ignorant governments will oppress them; wealth will oppress them; religious machinery will oppress them. But education can make man's risk too large to be holden of fetters. In the autumn the forest trees tighten the bark, but when April's sap runs through the trees, the trunk swells, the bark is strained, and despite all protests, it splits and cracks. But the splitting of the bark saves the life of the tree. The soft, balmy air of April is passing over the world, and succeeding to the winter of man's discontent. Old ideas are being rent asunder, and old institutions are being succeeded by new ones. God is abroad, destroying that he may save. In every age he makes the discontent of the present to be the prophecy of the higher civilization. Despite all the pessimists and the croakers, the ideas of manhood were never so high as to-day, and the number of those whose hearts are knitted in with their kind was never so large or so noble. The movement may be slow, but it is because the social organs are complex and intricate. With long patience man must work and also wait.

In the world of business, also, the time-element exerts striking influence. To-day our land is filled with men who have sown the seed of thought and purpose, but whose harvest is of so high a quality that with long patience must they wait for the fruition. The condition of our land as to the overthrow of its leaders answers to the condition in Hungary when Kossuth and his fellow patriots, accustomed to life's comforts and its luxuries, went forth penniless exiles to accustom themselves to menial toil, to hardship and extreme poverty. His heart must be of iron who could behold these who have been leaders of the industrial column, who now stand aside and see the multitudes sweep by. Just at the moment of expected victory misfortune overtook them and brought their structure down in ruins. And because the seed they have sown is not physical, but mental and moral, the fruition is long postponed. These whose harvest is delayed are a great company. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, exclaiming, "I have not used half the powers God has given me"; Arthur Clough, dying ere the day was half done;

Continued on next page

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MY CHRIST

HOW shall my lips or words express
The wealth of love my Christ bestows?
He found my soul in helplessness,
My utmost need he fully knows.

He lifts me up from deep distress,
He leads me through the darkest night;
He breathes such words of tenderness,
My doubts and fears soon take their flight.

He brought me to the fountains sweet,
To drink of their refreshing streams;
He makes my joy in him complete,
Surpassing all my fondest dreams.

He charms me as the morning star,
He is the sunrise in my soul;
And he the light that gleams afar,
Beyond life's race, its shining goal.

Such boundless grace, such depth of love,
Are like a vast unmeasured sea;
Eternity alone will prove
All that my Christ can be to me.

JENNIE M. CHENEY.

The World's Need of Patience

Continued from preceding page

the inventors and reformers, denied their ideals; obscure and humble workmen; the mechanic who emancipates man by his machine; the artisan whose conveniences are endless benefactions to our homes: the smith, whose honest anchor holds the ship in time of storm—all these labored and died without seeing the fruitage; but other men entered into their labors.

To parents who have passed through all the thunder of life's battle, and stand at the close of life's day, discouraged because children are unripe, thoughtless, and immature; to publicists and teachers sowing God's precious seed, but denied its harvests; to individuals, seeking to perfect their character within themselves, comes this thought: that character is a harvest so rich as to ask for long waiting and the courage of far-off results. Nature can perfect physical processes in twenty years, but long time is asked for teaching the arm skill, the tongue its grace of speech, to clothe reason with sweetness and light, to cast error out of the judgment, to teach the will hardness, and the heart hope and endurance. Four hundred years passed by before the capstone was placed upon the cathedral of Cologne, but no trouble requires such patient toil as the structure of manhood. For complexity and beauty, nothing is comparable to character. Great artists spend years upon a single picture. With a touch here and a touch there they approach it, and when a long period has passed they bring it to completion. But all the beauty of paintings, all the grace of statues, all the grandeur of cathedrals are as nothing compared to the painting of that inner picture, the chiseling of that inner manhood, the adornment of that inner temple, that is scarcely begun when the physical life ends. How majestic the full disclosure of an ideal manhood! With what patience must man wait for its completion! Here lies the hope of immortality. It doth not yet appear what man shall be.

May toleration and charity be our portion. May justice, generosity, and sympathy be our gifts. May commerce and character be united in our children and crown them also with leadership. May the time speedily come when it shall be the ambition of all our citizens to put honor and honesty into trade, patriotism into politics, ethics into laws, equality into institutions, and to build a wall of triple brass about the institutions of our fathers. Soon may our city become indeed the city beautiful, all its daughters Christian, all its sons patriots, and the sons of God.

Could Not Do Without The Christian Herald

I see by this week's paper that Mr. Arthur Boyle, of Hamilton, Ontario, has been a subscriber of your paper for eighteen years. That is quite a while; but I am glad to state that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been coming to our family for more than twenty years, and we want it to keep on coming. It is too good a paper to be without, and we would not know how to get along without it.

Blawenburg, N. J. JAMES N. VANZANDT.

MOTHER

By Eugene Thwing

SOMEWHERE behind every noble and beautiful work is the influence of a mother. The halls of fame are crowded with proud names of men who have won the world's praise and gratitude for their services and achievements, but if their true testimony were taken it would be found, in most cases, to be like that of Lincoln, who said, "All I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

It is most natural and fitting that "Mother's Day" is rapidly taking its place throughout the nation as a sacred day for loving tribute and memorial to motherhood in general and to all good mothers in particular. The second Sunday in May is observed for this purpose. Special offerings of love are tendered to the mother in our homes, and her favorite flower is worn as a mark of honor. If mother has gone on ahead to the "home over there," then the tributes of love are paid in her name to some lonely, sorrowing, or needy mother who is sought out on Mother's Day that she may be made glad for at least one bright moment.

There are strong sons and daughters all through this land, and in other lands, doing the work of the world, carrying on aggressively its reforms, conquering its evil with good, advancing its civilization, carrying the blessings of purer, nobler, kindlier living into the dark slums of our cities and into the remote corners of the earth. These sons and daughters trace the source of their power back to a mother's heart and a mother's life, and they will gladly join in the universal tribute this year on the twelfth of May.

. . .

CHINA is undergoing a revolution more remarkable than the clash of rival dynasties. The fight is against opium, and it is sweeping on to victory. Rev. Edward W. Thwing, General Secretary of the International Reform Bureau for the whole of China and Japan, is going up and down, in and out, through China, interviewing city officials and princes of the nation, speaking at native mass-meetings, using several dialects as fluently as a native, writing for scores of newspapers, printing bulletins and colored postcards, sowing literature broadcast, and carrying everywhere an aggressive, enthusiastic and tactful personality. His campaign is winning remarkable results. The new president of the Chinese Republic has appointed him official advisor of the Government Anti-Opium Bureau, and the time of China's freedom from the opium curse is drawing near.

All this began in a mother's heart and a mother's example. This indefatigable worker for the emancipation of China writes: "The memories of my dear mother are very sweet to me as I go about my work here in China. My first thought of work among these people was from my mother. She led me into the work at home, and we came together on the first journey to China. Now, as I am sitting in a little Chinese boat on the North River, I like to look back to the first journey in the country with mother. At every stage she displayed her love and self-denying spirit by the zeal with which she worked among these people she so loved. Her prayers, so earnest and trustful, her loving words of counsel and encouragement, will always be a help and inspiration to me as long as I work among the people she so longed to win to her Saviour.

"Her wish to spend the rest of her life in China was granted. Her last prayer was that she might be useful in the Master's service, and yet that ever his will be done. Now, as my work is here in China, I like to think of it as the work she loved, and as work for Jesus, and I want ever to be a true, faithful and loving mother. She loved others better than herself, and her Jesus best of all."

. . .

A DAUGHTER writes of this same mother: "Memory brings to mind many good things from mother's lips—advice, reproof, exhortation, encouragement—but it was from the *Bible of her life* that she preached most eloquently to us. That daily life was irresistible. There was no getting away from the power of it. What could exhortations to unselfishness and self-denial have accomplished compared with the living examples of self-sacrifice ever before us of a life wholly for others?"

And here is just a glimpse directly into that mother-heart—that human source of whatever love or power her sons and daughters may have taken into their work: Her letters to her children told again and again of the joy that filled her heart when, at last, so near the end of her life, she was permitted actually to begin her work in China. Writing to her eldest son, then a missionary in Alaska, she said: "I hope your heart goes out to your Alaskan brothers and sisters as mine does to these in China—all children with us of the one Father. My heart yearns over them with a great longing. I feel as if I wanted to stretch out my arms and gather them all in and bring them to Jesus. It seems as though I could understand something of how our Lord felt when he said, 'I would have gathered you as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings.'"

This dear, eager mother-heart was laid away on the "Sunny Slope," outside the city wall of Canton, under the "white cloud," but the mother-love and purpose are burning hot in the hearts of her children. The mother example was seed sown for a greater harvest than she could live to reap alone.

This is only one of the many wonderful mothers whose "children rise up and call her blessed." This is only one of the beautiful lives which have translated the great mother-heart of God to the world. Every son and every daughter who reads this all too weak tribute of a love that grows even stronger with the years will know to whom their own tribute is given. Mother's Day, indeed, claims from us more than any other day in all the year save only the days of our Lord's birth and triumph over death.

DO GOOD

DO GOOD! Do good! there's ever a way,
A way where there's a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow but do it to-day,
And to-day, when the morrow comes still.
If you've money you're armed, and can find
work enough
In every street, alley, and lane;
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters,
though rough,
Will be sure and return it again.

If you've only old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
In the name of a brother, confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft;
God careth for all, and his glorious Son
Shines alike on the rich and the poor,
Be thou like him, and bless every one,
And thou'lt be rewarded sure.

Do good! Do good! there's ever a way,
A way where there's a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day when the morrow comes still.

Madame Vigée Le Brun and Her Daughter

MOST highly prized, and in many respects the most beautiful of the several portraits of herself and her daughter painted by the talented Mme. Vigée Le Brun, greatest of the women artists of the eighteenth century, is the painting to which she gave the name "Morning," an excellent duotone reproduction of which is our present cover subject.

Painted in the zenith of her power, this warm-hearted and truly beautiful woman, in the portrayal of her own joyous personality, clasping with full maternal pride her little daughter, who in turn has thrown her arms about her mother's neck in quick response to the joyous embrace, has given to the world a portrait of a young mother-pride and love that will appeal to the spirit of motherhood as long as the picture shall last. Its exalted place to-day is among the treasures gathered into that exclusive art circle, the Salon Carré of the Louvre in Paris, though its truest sanctum is in the hearts of those who appreciate and care for it.

JUST FOR TO-DAY

I WILL not look along the years
And try to face my future way—
I only need to see my path
For this one day.

O Thou who art my life, my hope,
Who art each weak heart's strength and stay,
Help me to live within the line
That bounds to-day.

Then loving with thy patient love
That waits to lift and heal alway,
My heart can hold no thought, no wish,
Beyond to-day.

Selected. MARY F. BUTTS.

Anvil Sparks

..THINK nice before you speak.

..DON'T tell people you are holy—show them.

..FIRST, turn to the Lord, and then turn for him.

..ALL things are possible to him who has faith in himself.

..CHRIST'S followers are forerunners of his second coming.

..PUT faith behind your prayers and a consistent life before them.

..LOOK around, not away ahead, for opportunity.

..AN ACHE is not so noticeable if you are busy.

..THERE are no tailor-made robes of righteousness.

..SOME folks take to the sermon nicely as long as they are in the pew.

..THE hill of life is not up one side and down the other; there is no other side.

..A WELL-FURNISHED mind is a great comfort, but it cannot be supplied at the bargain counter.

..THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and certainly should not be put off until the ending of a man's life.

Captain Rostrom
Of the "Carpathia"

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Senator W. A. Smith
Chairman of the Committee

Copyright, Harris & Ewing

Sec. of Commerce Nagel
President Taft's Representative

Major Thomas Rhoades
Major Butt's Successor

Thomas Cottam
The "Carpathia's" Wireless Operator

THE "TITANIC" INQUEST

Survivors and Others Testify Before the Senatorial Investigation Committee

Harold Bride

HARDLY had the surviving officers of the awful tragedy of the *Titanic* awakened from their first few hours of sleep ashore when their presence was demanded before a Senatorial investigating committee which had rushed from Washington to begin its work the morning after the *Carpathia* landed. The great haste was occasioned by a telegram sent by J. Bruce Ismay (it now appears on the advice of Third Officer Lightoller), asking that the S. S. *Cedric* be held a few hours so that he and the survivors of the crew might return home immediately to prevent their scattering. Mr. Franklin, vice president of the line, realizing that those at sea knew nothing of the proposed inquiry here and being convinced of the inadvisability of the move, refused to comply.

Handicapped though it is by lack of experience in the conduct of marine inquiries, the Senate committee has brought out much of the detail of the great disaster. Some of the most salient of these particulars seem convincing that somewhere, somehow, somebody blundered. On the bridge it was generally known that ice would be encountered about eleven o'clock. The S. S. *Californian* had sent a wireless warning, yet the ship altered neither course nor speed. It was not till the crow's-nest watch telephoned its warning of ice ahead that the order "hard-a-starboard" was given to the helmsman.

There is now no doubt that three possible rescue ships were nearer than the *Carpathia;* but here again somebody blundered, and cruel though it may seem, this accusation falls upon the wireless boys, one of whom is gone, and both of whom did such valiant service.

The three ships so near at hand were the *Californian,* the *Frankfurt,* a German ship, and the C. P. R. Liner *Mount Temple.* The latter may have been the vessel whose lights were seen from the decks of the sinking *Titanic.* It is both asserted and denied that her captain saw the distress signals but deliberately sailed away. Some say the *Mount Temple* was only a few miles off, but Captain Moore declares they were fifty miles apart and the ice-field lay between. The *Frankfurt's* operator stopped to ask questions, and by his apparent slow comprehension roused the anger of the *Titanic's* men (who had in the meantime picked up the *Carpathia*) and he was told to "stand by and keep out of it." The captain, nevertheless, headed for the scene of the disaster, but arrived hours after the *Carpathia.*

The White Star Line is making every possible effort to recover as many of the bodies of those drowned as it may. The cable repair steamers *Mackay-Bennett* and *Mina* are now at sea searching for the bodies. The most recent word states that about two hundred of the victims—many of them unidentified—had been recovered up to April 25. In many cases recognition is beyond all hope.

The United States Senate Committee, Senator William Alden Smith chairman, met in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on April 19 and began the hearing of evidence from survivors of the disaster. Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, was the first witness. He testified that at the time of the collision the *Titanic* was not going at full speed. She was making twenty-one knots, but could easily have made twenty-two or twenty-three knots per hour. Her full speed was seventy-eight revolutions, but she had been slowed down to seventy-two. He was roused from sleep by the collision, and only learned the serious nature of the situation after going on deck. He denied absolutely the current reports that he was with Captain Smith and a party of friends in the café when the vessel struck. He assisted in getting out the boats on B deck and personally helped many women and children in getting aboard. He left on the last lifeboat, which held about forty-five passengers, including four of the crew. At that time there were no women on B deck.

Mr. Ismay told of the *Titanic's* speed trials at the beginning of the voyage. She had made on the first day between 464 and 474 miles, the second day 576 or 579 miles, and never at full speed. He was not present in any official capacity but as a "voluntary passenger." He denied having any consultation with the captain as to the running of the vessel or as to precautions regarding ice. Up to the time the witness left the *Titanic,* he saw no passengers jump into the sea. His boat was afloat about four hours before rescue came. He saw no life-preservers and no rafts on the open sea. He did not see the vessel go down—he sat facing the other way, rowing, and "was glad he didn't see her." To the best of his knowledge, the *Titanic* was equipped with a full complement of lifeboats. "It is not customary to carry rafts," he added. "They are not considered suitable to modern ships." The vessel struck the

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J. Bruce Ismay Before the Senatorial Investigation Committee at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York
Mr. Ismay is the Central Figure, Leaning on His Elbow

berg a glancing blow between the end of the forecastle and the captain's bridge. "If she had hit the ice head on, she would probably have been afloat to-day." Mr. Ismay was a ready witness, although there were many questions left unanswered, the witness replying either that he did not know or could not remember.

Captain Rostrom of the *Carpathia*, who brought the survivors to New York, gave a sailor's graphic story of the rescue. When his ship reached the scene, there were about twenty icebergs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high in the neighborhood of the wreck; this was at 4:10 A.M. on Monday, and by 8:30 he had all the people from the *Titanic's* boats on board his ship. He told of the wireless signals he had received from the *Titanic*. The last message said that her engine room was filling. He knew nothing about the *Carpathia's* operator receiving or answering a message sent by President Taft. He had a message from the *Olympic* asking if Major Butt was on board, and one from the *Chester* saying that the President was anxious about the passengers of the *Titanic*. He personally had charge of every message and he had absolutely no knowledge that the President wished to communicate with the ship. No replies were withheld and no one on the ship attempted in any way to impose a censorship.

William Marconi, the wireless expert and inventor, testified that the *Carpathia* had a short-distance wireless equipment with a maximum of two hundred miles, while that of the *Titanic* communicated from five hundred to one thousand miles. He had no personal knowledge of the messages received from the *Carpathia*, but his impression was that near New York there was some interference. The *Carpathia's* operator, he understood, was about to go to bed when he providentially caught the *Titanic's* call for help. The *Carpathia* had many requests from unknown American stations which were not answered. His company gave no orders about receiving messages and attempted no censorship.

Thomas Cottam, the wireless operator of the *Carpathia*, a young lad of twenty-one, testified as to the reception of the *Titanic's* signals. At that time another ship, the *Frankfurt*, was calling the *Titanic*, and then the *Olympic* called her. He was in regular communication with the *Titanic* until her last message. From the night of the rescue until he reached New York, Cottam slept only three hours. He received no message from President Taft.

Charles W. Lightoller, second officer of the *Titanic*, in his testimony gave a dramatic story of the disaster. He sent off boatloads of women and stuck to the ship until the water came up to his ankles. There was no wailing nor crying. When the ship made her final plunge, he "took a dive," was sucked down and then was blown up to the surface by some kind of an explosion. A second time he went down, drawn by the suction of the vessel, and came to the surface clinging to a collapsible boat along with thirty others. There was no favoritism in behalf of any of the crew as against the passengers. The women and children were sent because, the witness said, "it was a rule of human nature." Captain Smith had told the witness on Sunday afternoon, when on the bridge, that he had received wireless messages about icebergs, and the witness informed Chief Officer Murdock of this when the latter took the bridge. They were then going between twenty-one and twenty-two knots, the weather being clear and calm. At 8:55 he again saw Captain Smith on the bridge and talked with him about expectations of ice. No orders were given to slow down speed. The captain left the bridge at 9:20 and witness did not see him again until after the collision, when the captain was on the bridge and Murdock alongside. The last order the captain gave to witness was to put the women and children in the boats and "lower away." On leaving the ship in the collapsible boat, he noticed that the people who were in the water all had life-preservers. There were about seventy-five in the boat altogether, mostly firemen, who had been picked up.

At the next day's session of the committee, Saturday, April 20, Cottam, the *Carpathia* operator, was again a witness. He testified that his last message to the *Titanic* was to have the lifeboats ready; that the *Carpathia* was steaming as fast as she could in their direction. He received no further answer. He had no communication with the coast during the rush of the *Carpathia* to the wreck, but got many messages from other vessels, including several from the *Baltic*. He did not take records of these. He wired the *Baltic* news of the catastrophe about 10:30 the morning after the wreck, telling her of the disaster, and that as many passengers as could be found were picked up and were being taken to New York. Cottam said that Captain Rostrom had first decided to go to Halifax, but later changed his mind. This may have been about noon on Monday. He sent no message at any time saying that all passengers had been saved, or that the *Titanic* was being towed to Halifax, and he never attempted to withhold the facts of the wreck.

The following message was read to the witness:

J. A. Hughes, Huntington, W. Va.—*Titanic* proceeding to Halifax. Passengers will probably land there Wednesday; all safe. WHITE STAR LINE.

He denied that any such message had ever come from him. Nobody could have sent such a message from the *Carpathia* except himself, as he was on duty continuously. Bride, the operator rescued from the *Titanic*, was in the *Carpathia's* wireless room Wednesday, and though weak and sick, sent out the list of third cabin passengers saved. Bride could not have sent a message saying, "all saved."

Bride, the youthful operator of the *Titanic*, was brought before the committee in an invalid's chair and with his feet in bandages. He is twenty-two years old. He testified that he did not see Ismay on the *Titanic*, but believed some messages were transmitted for him. They were sent while off Belfast and related to the speed of the ship in her trials in Belfast Lock. Ismay never came into the wireless office. A message was received late Sunday afternoon from the Leyland steamship *Californian*, stating that vessel had just passed three large icebergs, and giving their position. This was about five P.M. The witness was questioned very closely regarding this warning message. He had handed it to the bridge officer; he could not remember who was on the bridge; it was not Captain Smith.

The witness then told the story of the collision and the sending out of calls for help. Phillips was in charge of the instrument. The first call was "C. Q. D. M. G. Y." It was explained that the first three letters are the recognized distress call and the last three the code call of the *Titanic*. It is the message to which all stations must give attention, and means "Great danger; send help quickly." The *Frankfurt* was the first ship to pick up the call and her response was delivered by Bride to the captain personally, who directed him to ascertain her position. Then came word from the *Carpathia*. The *Titanic's* position was wired to the *Frankfurt*, which replied "stand by," which means "wait for further answer." Mr. Phillips had said the *Frankfurt* was the nearer vessel. Some time later, the *Frankfurt* called again and asked what was the matter, and Phillips curtly told her operator to "stand by," and then resumed communications with the *Carpathia* and *Olympic*. They never got the position of the *Frankfurt*. Phillips had talked to her operator very sharply, believing him derelict in his duty in not responding as he should have done. He told him to "stand by and keep out of it." The signal C. Q. D. should have been enough, witness said. [Later news showed that the *Frankfurt* heeded the signal and speeded to the scene, but arrived several hours after the *Carpathia* and too late to assist in saving life.]

Great stress was put upon this incident by the committee, as the impression prevailed that the *Frankfurt* was much nearer than the *Carpathia* and could have reached the *Titanic* sooner. Senator Smith suggested that if the operators had not lost their tempers they might have replied that they were sinking, instead of stopping to call the other operator a fool. Bride answered that "C. Q. D. was enough" and "time could not be wasted on a man who could not appreciate that call." Bride and Phillips left the wireless room ten minutes before the ship went down. They had tried to get the *Baltic*, and succeeded in telling her that they were sinking and could not save the ship. The last Bride saw of the captain was when the latter jumped overboard from the bridge of the *Titanic*.

Crowds Surrounding the Senate Committee During Its Investigation of the "Titanic" Disaster

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A "Titanic" Lifeboat Photographed from the "Carpathia"

On Monday, April 22, the investigation was transferred to Washington. Vice President Franklin of the White Star Line testified that he knew nothing concerning the origin of the false news that the *Titanic's* passengers were saved. He swore that he never authorized the circulation of such messages, which were mere rumors. He denied that either he or Mr. Marconi had directed the wireless operators to conceal the truth. He admitted receiving wireless messages from Ismay, signed "Yamsi," urging him to hold the liner *Cedric* so that he (Ismay) and the crew might return to England. The first of these messages was the following:

Most desirable *Titanic* crew return home *Cedric*. This includes myself. Have clothing for me, including shoes. Have lost everything myself. (Signed) YAMSI.

To this the witness replied that it would be unwise to hold the *Cedric*. There were four of these messages, but witness always refused. Being asked why he used the word "unwise," he replied that Mr. Ismay did not know of the circumstances and the proposed investigation in New York, as he (Mr. Franklin) did.

He sent a number of messages on the Monday of the wreck in the effort to obtain accurate news of the *Titanic* and her passengers, but got no reliable answer until 6 or 6.30 P.M., when this wireless message came addressed "Ismay, New York":

Doppin—*Carpathia* reached *Titanic* position at daybreak. Found boats and wreckage only. *Titanic* had foundered about twenty minutes past two o'clock. All her boats accounted for. About 675, mostly all women and children, saved.

This message he gave to the press at once. He told in detail of his subsequent efforts to learn from the *Olympic* and other vessels whether there were survivors on the *Virginian* or *Parisian*. He declared that he had not received any direct information from the *Carpathia*, although he made frequent attempts. He knew nothing of any orders to the wireless operators Cottam or Bride, to keep silent, and denied that he had enjoined silence upon anybody, or that he knew of Mr. Ismay giving such orders. Captain Rostrom of the *Carpathia* had wired the Cunard Line, Tuesday morning, stating that he had 800 of *Titanic's* passengers and was coming to New York. Two days later, on Wednesday, Franklin received a message from Ismay announcing the foundering of the vessel with great loss of life, and that he (Ismay) was arranging to send details. Remarking upon this message, witness said:

"I have no doubt it was sent off from the *Carpathia* as soon as the survivors were picked up."

Continued on page 498

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The "Titanic" Inquiry

AMAZEMENT and indignation have followed the developments in the Senate committee's investigation of the *Titanic* disaster. It has revealed scenes of heroic suffering, of splendid courage and of indifference to the despairing cries of hundreds of drowning men and women—a tale altogether without a parallel in the annals of shipwreck. And it has already gone far toward fixing the responsibility for this needless sacrifice of 1,600 human lives. These are the essential points of the evidence, summarized from the committee's records:

1. **An undrilled crew, unequal to a sudden emergency through lack of training.**
2. **Life-saving appliances totally inadequate to save more than one-third of those on board.**
3. **Criminal disregard of wireless warnings from S. S. "America" and "Californian."**
4. **Greatest speed in time of greatest danger. Contrast with S. S. "Californian," which stopped her engines on entering same ice-field.**
5. **Disregard of warnings from lookout in "Titanic's" crow's-nest and failure to provide lookout with marine glasses.**
6. **Lack of discipline in filling lifeboats, resulting in several leaving half-filled.**
7. **Cowardice and brutality on part of officers, who refused, when in half-filled boats, to row back and rescue survivors who were calling for help. Some even compelled women to row.**
8. **Defective lifebelts, which went to pieces in the water instead of saving the wearers.**
9. **Dissemination of false and misleading information for eighteen hours after the disaster.**

Attempts by White Star officials to avoid the investigation by leaving the jurisdiction of the Senate committee were fortunately frustrated. They have been compelled to tell to the world the story of this frightful calamity, and upon that presentation the people of two continents must sit in impartial judgment. What will be the verdict?

Mr. Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, eager to placate public opinion, has already directed that hereafter all vessels in the companies with which he is connected shall carry enough lifeboats and belts to supply every passenger. This is eleventh-hour wisdom if not repentance. But it has still to be explained why the White Star director, safe in the lifeboat into which he was bundled by a friendly officer of the *Titanic*, gave no hand of help to the hundreds of his passengers, who were perishing in the icy sea within a few boat-lengths of him. There were plenty who heard the piteous and despairing cries for help, and some few actually *did* help; but the White Star director heard and saw none of those indescribable agonies that others witnessed. During those terrible scenes, the mere outline of which has wrung the heart of two nations, he sat safely there in his boat, with his back turned to it all.

It is reassuring to know that the Senate committee means to make the inquest thorough as well as impartial and that no witness will be permitted to leave its jurisdiction until all the material facts are brought to light.

Our Immigration Problem

THIS year promises to surpass all previous records in the extent of foreign immigration to the United States. They are coming in a flood, at the rate of 2,000 and 3,000 a day. March showed a total of 83,654 at the port of New York alone, and April has exceeded it by many thousands. The total immigration at all our ports in 1910 was 1,198,037, and last year 1,030,300. Now, if all of these incoming strangers were "desirable," there could be no question about their coming being a good thing for the country; but arriving in such vast numbers, it is practically impossible to exercise a proper discrimination, and the result is the admission of many who are not desirable in any sense. Last year we excluded 23,349, or about 2.1 per cent. of the total, but proper compliance with the laws would have shut out a much larger number. It cannot be doubted that a considerable percentage of our immigration in recent years is not of the sort that is of substantial benefit to the country. Many are induced to come through the glowing descriptions scattered by agents abroad, who care nothing for the quality of the immigration they stimulate. Aliens with physical, mental and moral defects; the illiterate, the wholly dependent, and those who are without any training that would qualify them as wage-earners, do not add any valuable element to our population, but the reverse. They take the place in the industrial ranks of skilled and intelligent men and women who will not work for a miserable pittance which the unskilled aliens accept. Through these abnormal conditions, life becomes to thousands a continuous struggle for existence, and the standard of wages and living is lowered to a dangerous point. Our lax immigration system has wrought widespread evil during the last ten years, and it would be folly to permit it to go on unregulated. There was a time, not many years ago, when practically all of our immigration was of a character that we could safely welcome. Scandinavian, Teutonic, British, Bohemian, French, North Italian—all were immigrants among whom the percentage of illiteracy was very small. This cannot be asserted of the average arrivals to-day from Southern and Eastern Europe, among whom the percentage of illiteracy is 31.09.

The Confidence of Youth

TWELVE ambitious young students in Cornell, according to the daily newspapers, have undertaken one of the most tremendous tasks of the age. They have organized themselves as a body of philosophic investigators, "to study and criticize the existing creeds and religions of the day, with a view to reconstructing religious thought and setting it on a basis of fact and truth, instead of needless tradition and superstition." Excellent! If those young aspirants to deathless fame would only add a few more congenial tasks to their program, it would be complete. They ought by all means to reconstruct the sciences, formulate a new philosophy of everyday life, abolish poverty, put labor and capital on an equal footing, and devise a very much needed universal language for the diffusion of their own ideas. Youth is the heyday for brave deeds, and it is well that it should be so. Probably a dozen or a score of years hence, when the "golden season" is becoming merely a memory, they may think better of religion and value more highly what they now esteem as "needless faith." However, much is to be forgiven to the beautiful confidence of juvenescence, which, with a laugh and a song, dashes at peaks whose slippery steeps have baffled the greatest climbers, and grapples with mysteries to solve which no Œdipus has yet been found.

Propagators of Crime

WE HEAR from various sources that the moving picture men are planning to place before a defenseless public a realistic presentation of the Hillsville, Va., court tragedy. Through some influence which is difficult to reconcile with ideas of common decency, they have been permitted to use the court house, and re-enact therein the scenes of that fatal forenoon, when the mountaineers executed sudden vengeance on the judge and court officers. This is, indeed, carrying realism to the last degree. There should be a limit to the representation of scenes of a criminal character, and surely this is a good time to draw the line. In the interest of public decency, and especially for the sake of the young, who have already been subjected to too many moving picture horrors in the shape of crimes of almost every description, we enter a protest against this production. The criminal suggestions to be conveyed would be repulsive and degrading to any audience, and especially to the young. We have already heard of many well-attested instances in which deeds of violence, seen in moving pictures, were emulated by young spectators, to the everlasting sorrow and shame of their relations. Any municipality that has the slightest respect for the morals of its people, especially of its youth, should put a veto on this vicious exhibition, and forbid it to be shown within its jurisdiction.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee"

ANOTHER hymn has been baptized with tears. It will be many months before that hymn can be sung by the Christian congregations of America and England without a catch in the throat and a mist before the eyes. It is one of the rare pictures of history, the sturdy men, carrying out the grim precedent of the sea that sets the bandsmen playing when the ship faces danger and keeps them playing while she sinks from sight. And it is a memory which will bless mankind forever that the *Titanic's* band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee" as the great ship settled into the waves.

Clinging to an overturned lifeboat another group of men awaited their fate. The last sad strains of the ship's band had been hushed by the silent sea; the ship herself had found her grave; there was no sight nor sound of help at hand. What more natural than that some man should suggest that they pray together? What so natural as that they should unite, in the moment of utmost peril, without thought of differences of creed, in saying gently, with tight-shut eyes: "Our Father, who art in heaven!"

Sometimes we work fast and hard to get away from God. But when all other stays are swept away, all other sounds are stilled, all other lights go out, there is one inevitable direction for the mind of a man—and that is toward God. The prayers that rose from the sea on that unspeakable night will all be answered. Some who prayed were saved from drowning, as the men on this overturned boat were saved; some who prayed sank out of sight, but found God as they died. And the prayer those brave musicians made is being answered in two continents, as it was answered for them, praying in their hearts while lips and hands sent out the strains of the prayer-song over the waves. They are nearer, now, to God. And all the civilized world has nestled nearer to him since they played, with gallant faith, that universal prayer.

THE TITANIC

LORD of the everlasting hills,
God of the boundless sea,
Help us through all the shocks of fate
To keep our faith in thee.

When nature's unrelenting arm
Sweeps us like withes away,
Maker of man, be thou our strength
And our eternal stay.

When blind, insensate, heartless force
Puts out our passing breath,
Make us to see thy guiding light
In darkness and in death.

Beneath the roll of soundless waves
Our best and bravest lie;
Give us to feel their spirits live
Immortal in the sky.

We are thy children frail and small,
Formed of the lowly sod;
Comfort our bruised and bleeding souls,
Father and Lord and God.

HALL CAINE.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Men's Forward Religious Movement

THE Men and Religion Forward Movement reached its climax in the Christian Conservation Congress in New York City from April 19 to 24. The main sessions were held in Carnegie Hall, while meetings were held in the interest of the several departments of Christian work, especially as it related to men and boys. The program for morning, afternoon and night of each day included the names of some of the greatest intellects and hearts of this nation and of other countries. At the Union Square out-of-door meeting, where ten thousand men gathered, three thousand of them within the ropes, William Jennings Bryan made a memorable address on the Bible. Among other things he said: "Government is good, but the influence of religion is better. Begin life with God. If you do not do so your life will be a riddle that you will never solve. If any of you have been led to look upon the Bible as a man-made book, I want you to put the opposite theory to the test. If we only live up to the things we do understand, we will be so busy doing good we will have no time to bother about the things in God's Word that we do not understand. Had I been on the *Titanic* facing death, do you think I should have wanted any one then to read me a chapter of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, about animal ancestors, or any volume of doubt? No; I should have gone to my Bible for courage and faith, and to Christ the refuge of the soul." Expert reports of the various commissions are to be printed in eight volumes, to perpetuate the influence of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The movement has profoundly stirred the men and boys of the nation to renewed loyalty to the church and to unselfish service for humanity and God. The movement is a call to the strong men of the church to service and to sacrifice, the keynote being:

Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. (Matt. 20: 28.)

William J. Bryan Speaking in Union Square, New York

Part of the Great Crowd that Gathered to Hear the Nebraskan Orator

New Service for Goats

THE United States Government is making arrangements to put six hundred goats into the forest reserve in the San Bernardino Mountains to eat up the underbrush and thus protect the reservation from forest fires. Mr. R. H. Charlton, who has charge of the matter, has made an agreement with C. A. Brenkerhoff, of Safford, Ariz., to ship the six hundred goats, and it is expected that in a few days they will be at their happy and benevolent task. It is claimed that this is as efficient a method of clearing the fire-breaks as to send a force of men for the purpose into the reserve, and it is far less expensive. The goat was of the greatest importance to the Jews. Used for religious sacrifices, its flesh and milk for food, its hair for clothing, curtains, tents, it seemed indispensable to their economy. Our government has found a new service for them, in organizing them into a fire department to prevent the destruction of the forest. If these six hundred goats and the four hundred likely to follow them will do what is planned for them, they will make a picture something like the one described in Solomon's Song:

Thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from Mount Gilead. (Sol. Song. (4: 1.))

Two Lords Fruit-Farming

THE high cost of living and excessive taxes have prompted several of England's nobility to emigrate to Canada. The latest to arrive were Lord and Lady George Herbert Hyde of Hertfordshire, and Lord Arthur Somers, who passed through New York City recently on their way to their new farm. The two noblemen are each over six feet tall and look as though they would make husky farmers. "A year ago Lord Somers visited Canada and found a farm in a place called Pickering, twenty miles from Toronto," said Lord Hyde. "He came back and told us that it was ideally situated for a fruit farm and that we could do well. After long discussion we purchased two hundred and sixty acres and then began to sell our property in Hertfordshire and prepare to emigrate. Lady Hyde and myself have never been here before, but we are confident of Lord Somers's selection, and the latest report I received from Pickering indicated that we would have a good market for our fruit both in that town and in Toronto. So here we are, all ready for hard work, able and ready to plow the land, prune trees, hoe weeds, pick fruit, pack it and drive a team to the nearest market and get the cash for our labor. We don't intend to hire any help until we have things going well." How sensible for people to do as these have done! Rather than eat up their estates in idleness as many of high birth or title have done, they have concluded to get right down to the earth and obey the royal law of labor. It is likely that these amateur farmers will not find the path of practical farming so rosy as their hopes picture. The royal law of labor is:

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. (Ex. 20: 9.)

Risked Life for Another

RECENTLY in New York City Patrolman Walter Thornton leaped into the Hudson River at Canal Street, and after a desperate struggle rescued a drowning man; but when an ambulance arrived from the Hudson Street Hospital the man was dead. Thornton was taken to the hospital in a serious condition. Charles H. Kempt, a watchman, employed on the long pier at Canal Street, had heard a cry and a splash and yelled for help. Thornton responded. The drowning man grabbed the policeman with all of his remaining strength, but Thornton managed to fight him off and hold him in such a position that he could swim with him toward the pier. After Thornton had been in the water twenty minutes he got the drowning man to the pier and both were lifted up with the aid of a rope. The rescued man was dead, and Thornton was so exhausted that he could not stand. The everyday acts of heroism on the part of our policemen, firemen, and those engaged in extra hazardous employments should make us proud of our fellow men and thankful to God. It was a pity that Thornton took such risk and went to so much trouble and then failed to save his man alive, but his motive and sacrifice were just the same as though he had been successful, and he secured the praise of men and the favor of heaven. There was One who saved those he undertook to save but in doing so lost his own life. What do we not owe to him?

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. (I. John 3: 16.)

Daughter of Distinguished Ancestry

MISS ITALIA GARIBALDI, a granddaughter of General Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, went to Minneapolis as an official delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She came from Rome, where she holds a prominent position in the educational and religious work of her church as the head of a girls' home school for the children of the poor. The present generation of Garibaldis is hardly less gifted than was the famous general. Miss Italia's eldest brother is General Peppino Garibaldi, who made a name for himself in South Africa while fighting on the British side against the Boers. Later on he fought against General Castro in Venezuela, and more recently still he captured the city of Juarez, in Mexico, when fighting for President Madero. At present he is on a mission to Paris for Madero, although he is but thirty years of age. A second brother is fighting in Tripoli. A sister is a nurse on a Red Cross ship engaged in bringing wounded Italians from the seat of war. The father of this war-loving family is an Italian general who has fought in the armies of France and Greece, while the mother conducts a hospital at Maddalena on the island of Sardinia. Miss Garibaldi in her character and life has illustrated her spiritual royal lineage as described by the apostle:

But we are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light. (I. Peter 2: 9.)

Stead and the Miners

AT a dinner given by the Church Federation of New York City, Gipsy Smith the evangelist told this incident indicating the deep spirituality of W. T. Stead, the London journalist and philanthropist, and the power of his pen in soul-saving. He said that Stead, who was to have spoken for the Men and Religion Forward Movement that night, but went down on the *Titanic*, was one of the dearest friends on the earth, and most valuable helps in the work in Great Britain. He said Stead was the best friend the pastor ever had, that he was present at every Wednesday night prayer meeting, and that he always took a part in this service. The evangelist said that one night he was holding a revival service in London when Stead was present, and a miner came up to him and asked whether he could speak to Mr. Stead. Mr. Stead said he would be glad to listen to him. The miner said he was one of a company of five miners who prided themselves on their skepticism. Four had gone to their work and he had taken the day off to come to the meeting and thank him for his editorial which had knocked the bottom from under their unbelief, and brought them to saving faith in Christ. The miner took him by the hand to thank God and him for his service, and as he did so Stead wept like a child, and said to Gipsy Smith, "I would rather have had that humble tribute to my share in saving souls and the shake of that miner's hand than the praise and handshake of the greatest king or queen on earth." The sea cannot drown nor can death touch such a man as this. His crown of immortality is full of the stars of the souls he has saved. This man known and respected throughout the civilized world reached the summit of his greatness in his interest in the salvation of the souls of the humblest, and answered the description of the prophet:

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmanent; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever. (Dan 12: 3.)

THE WHITE CARNATION

By MARGARET SANGSTER

I

HERE'S *to the White Carnation,*
Sturdy and spicy and sweet,
Wafting a breath of perfume
On the stony way of the street;
Bringing a freight of gladness
Wherever the breezes blow;
Here's to the White Carnation,
Pure as the virgin snow.

II

This is the flower for Mother,
Wear it on Mother's Day;
Flower for rain and sunshine,
Winsome, gallant and gay.
Wear it in Mother's honor
Pinned on the coat's lapel;
Wear it in belt and corsage,
For her who has loved you well.

III

The Mother in lowly cabin,
The Mother in palace hall,
Is ever the truest and dearest,
And ever the best of all.
In travail and pain she bore us,
In laughter and love she nursed,
And he that would shame the Mother
Is of all mankind accursed.

IV

Tired and wan too often,
Weary and weak at times,
But always full of the courage
That thrills when the future chimes.
Mother, with hands toil-hardened,
Mother, in pearls and lace,
The light of heavenly beauty
Shines on her tender face.

V

So here's to the White Carnation,
Wear it on Mother's Day;
Flower that blooms for Mother,
Winsome, gallant and gay.
Flower of a perfect sweetness,
Flower for hut and hall,
Here's to the White Carnation
And to Mother—our best of all.

America's Tribute to Motherhood

WE KEEP a number of red-letter days during the round of the year, and each of them makes its special appeal and gives its individual opportunity for happy observance. From New Year's Day in January to Christmas Day in December there is a shining road over which we walk with pilgrim staff and shoon. At intervals on this road there are stations at which we stop to rest, to praise and to play. In February we have the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, patriotic anniversaries when we remember the nation's heroes and give God thanks for their glorious lives. In March our fellow citizens of Irish birth and lineage keep St. Patrick's Day and sing that tenderest of lyrics, "The Wearing of the Green." Next in order, on the second Sunday of May, we have the Day of the White Carnation, a day consecrated to motherhood, and fittingly celebrated in the churches and Sunday Schools and in private homes by the universal consent of all who have been rocked in the cradle and lulled to sleep in childhood and helped over hard places in maturity by mother-wisdom and mother-love. May has also Memorial Day, when we decorate the graves of those who wore the gray and the blue, and fell in the Civil War. June brings us Children's Day, July Independence Day, September Labor Day, October Columbus Day, November Thanksgiving.

April is apparently the only month in the calendar in which we might have the privilege of paying a deserved tribute to the devotion, self-sacrifice and faithful service rendered by the father to the home and family. Fathers are the first to lead the van in reverence and honor to her who presides over the destinies of the race, since her eternal prerogative is "to bear, to nurse, to rear."

Although neither Mother's Day nor Children's Day is a legal holiday, each of these is something better, being kept on the Lord's Day, which comes to us straight from heaven as our Father's gift. In the dawn of creation, one day in seven was set apart as a hallowed pause when labor should cease and body and soul be refreshed and strengthened.

Several years ago the happy thought came to Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia to select a day in the exquisite May-time of the year, a day of fragrance, light and bloom, for the recognition of motherhood. She thought of a flower to be worn on the day, and choosing the second Sunday of the beautiful month, designated the white carnation as the fitting symbol. Pure as the drifted snow, with a spicy perfume and a lasting quality that well describe the virtue and patience of the mother, this flower, worn on corsage or lapel, is peculiarly appropriate. Women were less enthusiastic than men when the founder presented her idea to the public, obviously because it is the province of man rather than of woman to lead the march when praise of the mother is the goal in view. One and a quarter million of men, the Modern Woodmen of America, at the suggestion of their consul, Hon. A. R. Talbot, immediately adopted the idea and took the initiative in keeping Mother's Day. At present, there are few Sunday Schools from coast to coast where the day this year will not be observed by a special program including recitations from the Bible, hymns and addresses, impressing on the minds of children their obligation to be helpful, obedient and loving to their mothers. As a nation we owe a debt of great magnitude to the heroic Pilgrim Mothers who crossed the ocean and bore the heavier end of the suffering and sacrifice for which we venerate the Pilgrim Fathers. The old graveyard at Plymouth, Mass., eloquently shows us how many of these brave mothers died in those first hard years of struggle and peril. We should never have had George Washington to lead us in the Revolution if he had not been trained in stern virtues by his mother, Mary Ball, who lives in history as a matron of Roman type.

Abraham Lincoln, in the obscurity of his early childhood, was trained by his stepmother, Nancy Hanks, who became Nancy Lincoln. Great men the world over have had great mothers and, the world over, too, men both great and small unite in devotion to the mother. There are few exceptions to the rule. It obtains in the Far East and the Far West alike. Let us therefore joyfully swell the number of those who shall wear the Mother's flower on Mother's Day.

Copyright by N. E. Montross

Madonna; From the Painting by Gari Melchers

Original Owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

THIS exquisite picture, brimful of the atmosphere of Spring, with the sweetness of childhood and the joy of motherhood in every line, makes an appeal to the heart. The mother with the child in her arms is the serene, loving, unselfish woman who presides at our tables, croons lullabys to her babes, keeps house for us, and inspires the best that we do and are. It is the modern Madonna who makes the world possible and illuminates the darkest pathway with the light of her love and devotion.

China's Progressive Spirit

IT IS certainly remarkable that China, for ages the most conservative nation in the world, should to-day by leaps and strides become in some degree so radical and liberal that the spectator stands amazed. The latest feature that surprises us is that in the new republic China gives woman an equal share in the ballot with men. Remembering the previous condition of semi-servitude peculiar to Oriental women and inherent in Oriental civilization, we cannot but wonder at the acumen and gallantry of the men who have to do with forming the new government. There is, to be sure, a restrictive qualification as to the vote, but this affects men and women in the same way. The one of either sex who wishes to vote must possess some property and know how to read and write. There is a stirring of energy on the part of Chinese women who have hitherto been deprived of education. They are now determined to know the alphabet, to read and write, and the day is not distant when they will claim the educational privileges of women in other lands.

HOME

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

THE morning sun blazed through the small panes and struck full upon the little breakfast table by the window. It was set for two. In one place the spotless damask had been deftly patched. The silver was so brightly polished that it looked almost new. The sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher were of old china and bore a quaint design of red and yellow roses, but the plates were modern.

The whole house as well as this room was of an older generation. It was low and broad through-out, solid and honest to its very core. The furniture was of to-day.

Warren came into the room studying his watch. His face was sharp and eager, and there were furrows in it ten years ahead of their time, for he was only thirty. He called his wife.

"Molly."

The answer came from the direction of the kitchen.

"Yes, Joe. The chops will be ready in a minute."

"Never mind the chops," he called back. "I want to see you a second."

Through the door to the left a woman of twenty-five appeared. She wore an apron. Her eyes were as clear as the morning sky; the gold in her brown hair was as the gold in the sun; her cheeks flushed red were as new wine. She was as young and fragrant as any of the new-born spring things of which the June world outside was just now full.

"Molly," he began abruptly. "I don't want to hurt you, but I can't let a chance like this slip by. If I can raise another thousand our fortunes are made."

His wife searched his eyes with a startled look, from which he turned away. All the spring vanished from her face.

"You don't mean—"

"I'm going down to Sanderson's and borrow the money on the house," he broke in. "I must have it before 'Change opens this morning."

She stood dumb. She felt quite helpless.

"Don't make me feel like a brute about it," he said irritably.

She shook her head sideways, His the hurt in her eyes drove him on to defend himself further.

"You're a little Puritan about such matters, Molly. A bank cashier has as much right as any one else to improve a business chance with his own money. And this isn't even a chance; it's a sure thing. I guess what's right for Grover as president of the bank is right for me, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"And you don't suppose Grover is putting his whole fortune into a scheme that isn't sure, do you?"

"You've put in all our savings. I don't mind that. But this—this is home, Joe."

She spoke the word "home" almost reverently. Evidently she made some big distinction here which she expected would be self-evident to him. Clearly it had some effect, for he crossed to her side and took her in his arms.

"I want something better than this for you," he said.

She buried her face on his shoulder.

"It's home, Joe," she trembled. "It's where we began, and I love it. I don't want anything else."

He kissed her hair and patted her back as though she were a child.

"You don't know," he said abruptly. "You're buried here. You belong in New York."

He hurried out, and a moment later she heard the door close behind him. She went back into the kitchen and placed the chops over the stove where they would keep warm. Then she returned and for a few seconds stared big-eyed around the room. Then she found a dust-cloth and began to tidy the mantle over the fireplace. Her touch was as gentle as a caress.

Drawn by Wilson Dexter

"'You've put in all our savings. . . . But this—this is home'"

It was only eight years ago that Warren had brought her as a bride to this old homestead fifty miles from the city. In the blending that took place in the ardor of her young love this house had become part of her as her husband had become part of her. Into it for a year and a few brief months her boy had come; out of it he had gone. So it was not only her home, but it was the boy's home.

She dusted the woodwork below the mantle, and then, kneeling, she dusted the hearth. Then she began to dust the molding which circled the room until she came upon a smootch left by five small fingers. She caught her breath at this and bowing her head began to cry very softly to herself.

When the door-bell rang it brought her to her feet like an alarm. With the dust-cloth still in her hand she hurried out to find herself confronting a tall, heavily-veiled woman. The latter asked in a low voice and hesitatingly,

"Is Mr. Warren at home?"

"No," answered Molly, "but I expect him back soon."

"Then—may I come in and wait?"

Molly swung open the door and stood aside. The woman entered and removed her veil. She looked to be about sixty. She had a kind, motherly face, but her eyes were heavy, and she was pale as though recovering from a long illness.

"This is Mrs. Warren?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Molly.

The woman did not offer her own name. She shivered as though cold.

"Come into the dining room," said Molly. "It's warmer there."

The stranger followed and sank into a chair in the sun.

"Mayn't I get you a cup of coffee?" inquired Molly anxiously. "It is all ready."

"You are kind, but—pray don't trouble. It rests me just to be here. It is so sunny and bright."

With her head back she studied the girl a moment. Once she closed her eyes as though a soothing hand had been passed over her forehead. When she opened them again she smiled.

"This is so good," she murmured; "so fresh—so quiet. You have always lived here?"

"Ever since I was married," Molly answered.

The stranger nodded.

"There's no home like the first home," she said.

"Then," cried Molly from the depth of her heart, "why do people want to move?"

"You aren't thinking of it?"

"Mr. Warren talks of New York and—"

The woman interrupted her.

"He has talked recently of New York?" she demanded, sitting up.

"This morning."

The stranger drew a deep breath. Then she said through tight lips:

"Don't let him. Don't ever let him mention it again."

"But he thinks I'm unhappy here. He can't see."

"I know," the stranger nodded.

She leaned forward and seized the girl's hand.

"Oh, how blind they get—these men!" she whispered. "We must open their eyes somehow. We must do it for their sakes—for their sakes as well as our own."

Molly was startled. The woman spoke with tragic earnestness. When she had finished she leaned back as though exhausted.

"Sit down beside me," she murmured. "I want to talk to you, if—if I can."

Confused and mystified, Molly drew up a chair beside the stranger and waited for her to speak. She felt as though she were watching some grim drama, and yet she felt as though she herself had a part in it, too.

The woman leaned forward and patted the girl's hand.

"Have you children?" she asked.

Molly drew back pale and trembling. She did not answer.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, and it sounded like a cry within a cry. Her lips trembled and her eyes grew moist. She groped for the girl's hand until she found it again. She gripped it firmly.

"I lost three," she explained.

"Three!" gasped Molly.

"Three boys."

The younger woman shuddered.

"I don't see how you lived through it," she moaned.

"I didn't," said the stranger.

As she spoke her face grew hard as flint. Molly rose to her feet and her lips became tense and her eyes hot and dry. The stranger looked up swiftly, studying the girl with sudden fear. Then her face softened once more.

"It was a boy who went away from you?" she asked.

The girl nodded.

"It was long ago?"

"Sometimes it seems like a million years, and sometimes only yesterday," answered Molly.

The stranger caught her breath.

"You shouldn't have let him go at all," she said.

"Let him go?" groaned the girl. "He was stolen from me! I held on as tight as I could, and yet they took him away from me."

She was pale and she panted for breath.

"Don't!" she cried fiercely, covering her eyes. "I've tried hard to forget. Why do you bring it all back?"

Continued on next page

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HOME

Continued from preceding page

"Because," the stranger answered quietly, "I don't want you to forget. Because you mustn't forget."

"I'll go mad if I don't."

"You'll die if you do. Come here; come here by my side."

Impulsively Molly knelt and buried her face in the older woman's lap. The latter smoothed back the golden-brown hair and talked on as though partly to herself.

"After the third went I too tried to forget," she said. "I put away all the baby things; I put away all the toys. I put away his blocks, his horse and cart, his tin boxes and his spools, and the baby books that were all smootched and torn."

"Oh," sobbed the girl, "those books were the hardest of all to see around."

"Yes, dear. So I put them away too."

"Mine are in the attic," cried the girl. "They are packed away in the bottom of a trunk."

"I lost mine," said the stranger. "I lost mine in a fire fifteen years ago."

Molly glanced up.

"I—I'm so sorry for you," she said.

"I thought it didn't matter. At first it seemed to make things easier for Frank—my husband. It helped him to forget. He was able to throw himself into his business heart and soul after that."

She paused.

"Somehow," she went on as though amazed that it was so, "this brings me back to what I came here for.'

"You haven't told me—your name," said Molly gently.

The woman hesitated. Then she said with an effort,

"I am Mrs. Grover—President Grover's wife."

"You are President Grover's wife!" exclaimed the girl.

She started to rise. The woman checked her.

"Sit still—a moment!" she pleaded. "It's going to be easier now to say—what I wanted to say. I think you'll understand me now. I myself seem to understand now."

She kissed the girl's hair.

"I think," she went on, "I think that as my husband forgot the toys he forgot many other things. He forgot what he wanted the children to stand for; he forgot what he wanted his home to stand for. He relied more and more on his money to satisfy all his desires and mine. We left the first home soon after this. Then it wasn't long before we left the second home. Then he built one house after another—each house more expensive than the last. I couldn't stop him; I couldn't make him see that it wasn't the house that counted. And so all these years we have been homeless."

The girl looked up, not understanding yet why this confession was being made to her.

"Hush!" pleaded Mrs. Grover. "Let me tell you in my own way."

She spoke with more difficulty now, but she forced out the words.

"Now he is planning for the most expensive house of all. He wants a palace, and with it he wants a fortune. For this he has risked all his money on one big venture. If he succeeds he becomes very wealthy; if he loses, he loses all."

"I know!" cried the girl excitedly. "And Joe too—"

Mrs. Grover seized the girl's arm.

"Don't—don't tell me your husband is with him!"

"Joe learned about the scheme in some way," answered the frightened girl. "He too has risked all our savings. He has risked even this—our home."

"Even your home?" gasped Mrs. Grover.

"That's what he went out for—to find some one to lend him money on our home."

"You said he was coming back?" demanded Mrs. Grover.

"Yes! Yes!"

Mrs. Grover relaxed as though a throttling hand at her throat had suddenly been removed. Molly was on her feet staring at the door.

"Listen!" said Mrs. Grover quickly. "My husband is on his way down here. He is desperate; mad. You must understand—he isn't himself! He sees ruin unless—unless he can borrow more money."

"Joe has no money," the girl interrupted.

Mrs. Grover lowered her voice.

"No, but—but the bank has. Frank paced his room all last night. In his agony he told me his plans. He wishes to borrow without security—without any one knowing. Your husband is cashier; so—so he would find out. Frank is—is coming here to—to ask him to say nothing."

"Mr. Grover is going to take from the bank!" exclaimed the girl. "Is that honest?"

"No. But he can't see it—now. He thinks he can return the money tomorrow. You see—he has forgotten the toys."

The girl drew away in horror.

"But Joe won't help him do that!" she cried.

"You don't know what men forget—at such times."

"Why, that's stealing!"

"Yes! yes! It's nothing else. But men get blind. They get blind, I tell you, when the toys aren't around. They think it's ruin to lose when it's ruin to win. I want him to lose. I prayed God all yesterday that he might lose before to-day. Then he would have had to come back home. Don't you see? Then I—just I and the boys—would be home to him."

She struggled to her feet and rested her hand for support on the young woman's shoulder.

"That," she whispered, "that is what we must make our men see again."

Molly was still staring at the door. She was breathing rapidly.

"This morning," she said, "I felt—I feared what you've already lived through. When the boy was here, and before—this was home to Joe. Then we put away the toys—because they hurt. And now this is only a house. He wants to go away."

"And if he goes he may never again find home," said the older woman.

Almost as in a dream Molly took a few steps toward the door. It seemed as though she must go at once to the attic. There was an ache in her, bigger than any she had known since the boy went, for those things in the bottom of the trunk.

"You must understand," broke in Mrs. Grover, "that if my husband loses, your husband too will lose. All your savings will go."

"Yes," said Molly.

"Ah, but you will receive big interest on them," said Mrs. Grover. "It is when our men lose that we women count for most."

With a little cry the girl vanished. Five minutes later she returned with a big pasteboard box in her arms. Her eyes were moist, and she held it in the hollow of her arm as a woman holds a child. She placed it on the floor at Mrs. Grover's feet, and knelt beside it. She drew out first a small tin can in which crackers had come.

"See!" she gulped, holding it up. "He liked this best of all. He liked to put on the cover and take it off again."

It was dented where the boy had banged it on the floor. Mrs. Grover stooped and kissed one of the dents.

"Oh!" gasped the girl. "Where do they go? That's what I want to know. Where do they go when they leave us?"

"They don't go very far unless we send them far," answered the older woman through dry lips.

The girl drew out an animal book. It was rumpled and torn. Near the

Continued on next page

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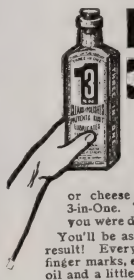

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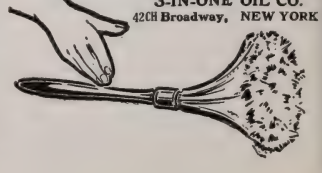


THE MAY-DAY FETE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK

THE annual celebration of the first day of May, after the manner of European lands, has become practically an established holiday for the children of our larger cities. The accompanying photograph shows a small group taken among the thousands who after school hours on May 1 turned the great play-field of Central Park into a veritable garden of children.

HOME

Continued from preceding page

picture of a horse there was a finger-mark. She bent over this and kissed it feverishly. Then she looked up with a smile in her wet eyes.

"He used to cluck when he saw the horse," she said.

Mrs. Grover drew the girl's head to her lap.

"Little mother," she sobbed, "I think the boys are very near us this minute—your one and my three."

The outside door opened, and before the women could move Warren strode into the room with Grover at his heels. Both men were pale and nervous.

"I must hurry off, Molly," Warren began.

Then he stopped. Grover behind him seized his arm. The two stared first at the women and then at the book, and then again at the women. Warren felt as though some one had seized him by the throat. Grover was perspiring like a man with a fever.

With her eyes fixed upon her husband, Molly rose, the book in her hand. She walked to his side and held it out to him.

"You remember, Joe," she faltered. "He used to cluck when he saw the horse."

Warren shrank back and refused to touch the book.

"See where he put his fingers, Joe. I—I never could keep his little hands clean."

He began to shake all over.

"Good heavens!" he demanded hoarsely. "Why did you get out these?"

"I was very lonesome," she whispered, "so I brought them down."

He took her in his arms and glared at Grover.

The latter strode past them both to his wife. She had staggered toward him.

"You were worried about me?" he asked. "I ought to have let you know when I went. And now these things—these things have upset you?"

"She had one," said Mrs. Grover, "and she has all his things. We had three, and—and we have nothing."

He looked at the little tin can on the floor. Then he looked at his wife. Then he placed his arm about her and tried to soothe her. And he used the same words when the third went and had not used since.

"So, Mary, so," he said.

As though from a great distance he heard Warren's voice.

"You'd better stay here to breakfast. I guess it doesn't make much difference what time you get to the bank."

Grover brought his lips together. He felt his wife clutch his arm.

"All right!" he said grimly.

Press Opinions on the Disaster

—HEREAFTER TRANSATLANTIC travelers will not be so much impressed by the swimming-pools, billiard-rooms, theaters and various other ship luxuries as by the provisions made for their safety.—*New York World.*

—THESE GRAND MEN lie at the bottom of the sea, but their names are enshrined in the heart of humanity everywhere. They imitated Calvary in that they died for others, and tragic as it is, away down the years the memory of it will bless mankind.—*Ohio State Journal.*

—"WOMEN AND CHILDREN first!" Every sea has heard that command to stand fast and die that the weaker and the helpless might be saved. On every sea has it been obeyed by strong men of our race. "The lesser breeds without the law" may do otherwise. But this is our law.—*The Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—THE DISPLAY OF such heroism as was seen in the *Titanic* disaster, the heroism of men who had not been deemed heroic, is the one bright spot in those hours of gloom. Perhaps pride was with many the impelling motive, but if it was, it was that noble pride that, in an emergency, chooses death before dishonor and sacrifice before safety.—*Boston Transcript.*

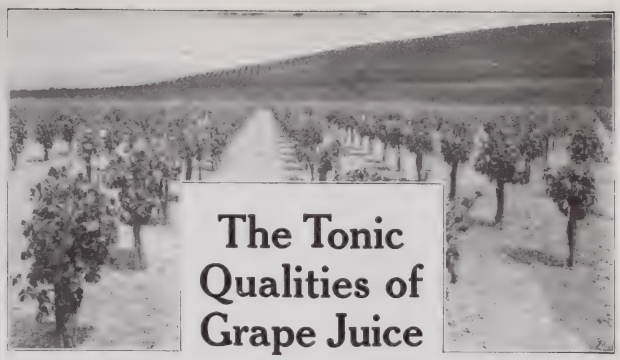
—ON THE CAPTAIN will probably rest for all time a blame that, at the very least, should be shared by a public bitten by the tarantula of high speed and by ship-owners that know, or should know, that hundreds of passengers were lured, and to-day are being lured, into environments where in the event of disaster a fighting chance for life is but a shadowy expectancy.—*New York Herald.*

WHAT IS TO BE the end of this madness? Is Congress to overlook the warning of the *Titanic*, or will it call a halt on rapacity and organized murder? The responsibility comes back to the men on Capitol Hill. They can put a stop to the death race through the icebergs. They can force every steamship leaving an American port to provide enough boats for every passenger carried.—*Washington Post.*

—LET US THOROUGHLY learn the lesson which this great ocean disaster so plainly teaches—a place in a boat or on a raft for every human being on a passenger steamship. The steamship companies that first adopt this policy on their own account will appeal to the patronage of the public. But this is a matter that should not be left to the companies to remedy. There must be law—immediate, drastic law.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

—AFTER THE TRAGIC event it seems criminal that the course was not changed if the new ship was to be driven on at a speed of twenty-one knots. What then is the explanation of her forging through ice-strewn water almost at maximum velocity? Can there be any doubt that the risk was not understood? It is clear enough that the loss of the *Titanic* and the sacrifice of two-thirds of her passengers and crew was due more to ignorance and misplaced confidence than to criminal carelessness.—*New York Sun.*

—CAPTAIN SMITH HAD received by wireless messages at least three warnings that icebergs were in his path, from the *Touraine*, from the *Amerika*, and from the *Mesaba*. He had acknowledged with thanks the *Mesaba's* warning that dead ahead of him lay "much heavy packed ice and great numbers of bergs." Yet straight into the jaws of destruction he steamed at high speed. Captain Smith was not on the bridge at the moment of impact; he had not been there for two hours. Yet he had warned the second officer about ice. Any captain knows what the ice danger is.—*New York Times.*



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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

C. L., Livingston, Tenn. 1. Christ, speaking to Peter, said: "Upon this rock I will build my church." Did he mean that he had not set up any church heretofore? 2. In John 10: 12, what did the wolf catch?

1. The passage in Matt. 16: 18 to which you refer is one concerning which there has been much controversy. The "rock" does not refer to the man Peter, but to the faith that had been represented in his conversion to Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. This was to be the church's foundation, against which nothing—not even death or hell—should prevail. The church was then in the process of being founded. The same gift of divine power and authority extended to all the apostles (see Matt. 18: 18). 2. The "wolf" is the enemy of the spiritual flock and is always on the watch to trap the unwary, the weak and the unguarded; consequently, the careless or disloyal shepherd (the hireling) being incompetent to protect his charges, they become an easy prey.

Information, Cobleskill, N. Y. Please explain the doctrine of the "communion of saints" as mentioned in the Apostles' Creed.

There are two definitions of this point of faith in the creed: The Westminster Confession says that all saints are united to Jesus Christ their head by his Spirit, and have fellowship with him in his graces, sufferings, death, resurrection and glory. They have also communion with the Father and with the Holy Spirit and thus receive the sanctifying graces. They have a common union among themselves in love, graces and deeds. They are bound by profession to maintain this holy fellowship, in mutual edification and good works. They have also, through the sacraments and the Word, fellowship with the saints on earth, as living members of Christ, and with the angels (who are ministering spirits). The Catholic view is that the union is one between the church militant (on earth), the church triumphant (in heaven) and the church suffering (in purgatory), the union being upheld by intercession and prayer—thus preparing the way for prayers to the saints in heaven and for the souls in purgatory.

Mrs. S. R. D. Please state where John Wilkes Booth was captured and by whom. Also please state what disposition was made of his remains.

Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, was shot at Bowling Green, Va., by Sergeant Boston Corbett, one of the pursuing party. The chase had lasted twelve days before Booth was overtaken in a barn where he was hiding. Booth died within a very short time after his arrest. Although the statement is sometimes questioned, it is generally believed that Booth's body was cremated and the ashes carried out to sea and there scattered.

Several readers have written us asking further details as to the origin of Mother's Day. In Northamptonshire, England, some seventy years ago, the third Sunday in Lent was kept as "Mother's Day," anticipating the beautiful memorial festival founded in this country by Miss Anna Jarvis in 1905. Mr. R. J. Rogers, of Santa Cruz, Calif., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that it was always celebrated in his home in England, and all of the boys and girls who were working away from home were expected to go back there and visit mother. The bill of fare for the day was always roast veal and custard. "The last time it was kept in our family," Mr. Rogers writes, "was in 1853."

W. A. S., Detroit, Mich. I belong to a men's Sabbath class and in our last Sunday's lesson our leader astounded me by saying that Christ did not come as a Saviour, but as an example. He said we were our own saviors by complying with the conditions, and that it was not necessary for our salvation that Christ should have died, for people were saved before Christ came. Please answer the following questions: (1) In what sense did Christ come as a Saviour? (2) Was it necessary that Christ should die for our salvation? (3) Why could people not be saved after Christ's time as they were before?

Your leader's remarks were unfortunate and showed that he did not understand the Gospel and was not acquainted with the Scriptures. The message of the New Testament is that Christ has brought salvation by his death. The Christian life and Christian work are a life lived and work done in affectionate gratitude to Christ because he died for us. This *is* the Gospel: "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Christ is an example, truly, but that was not the chief purpose of his coming; he was a perfect teacher and a perfect example, but he was, most of all, a perfect Saviour, making a perfect atonement for sin. The matter of the atonement was discussed briefly on page 247 of the present volume of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, March 6, 1912. (1) Christ came as a Saviour in the sense that his death makes it possible for the penalty of sin to be remitted, and that his power can keep us from committing sin. (2) It would perhaps be presumptuous to say that God could not have found any other way of bringing salvation to men than to send his Son to die for them, but this is the plan he chose, promised, announced and carried out. (3) There are two directions in which the atonement works: it works toward God, or toward law; and it works toward man. It awakens repentance and leads to faith in God, to love toward him, and gives power for righteousness. Many hold that the benefits of Christ's death were applied to those who lived before his time as well as to those living after. This, however, relates to the mysterious phase of the atonement. But we do know that the story of Calvary makes it easier for men to be good; it wins them to God. It is enough to say that men have less excuse now than before Christ came for staying away from God. It was always the goodness of God that led men to repentance; now that that goodness has been so intensely revealed and emphasized by the death of Christ they should be led more quickly and in greater numbers than before. God never despised the broken and contrite heart. The man who thinks he can be his own savior has an entirely wrong idea of what salvation is. Salvation is a life, salvation is love; and like life and like love, it is a gift. We cannot earn it; but if we are humble and trustful we can receive it.

Reader, Lowell, Mass. 1. Fiction, or work of the imagination, is one of the most valuable features of our modern literature. Some of the world's greatest reforms have had their origin in work of this class. Fiction has its parallel in parable and allegory, which the very earliest writers and teachers employed to emphasize great truths. To take imagination out of literature would leave it barren indeed. 2. We believe that conditions on the Congo have improved in recent years. 3. The preferable translation is that the Lord permitted the heart of Pharaoh to be hardened. Pharaoh was an impious and superstitious ruler, alternately rebelling and submitting, and after promising concessions to the Israelites, he failed to keep his word. He was left to his own evil courses, which resulted in his destruction.

E. L. T., Hydra, Okla. What became of Mary, the mother of Jesus?

What we learn of her, after the crucifixion, is chiefly through tradition. Epiphanius says the rest of her life was probably spent in Jerusalem. Tholuck mentions a tradition that she lived and died in the chamber which was used for the Last Supper. Another tradition says she journeyed to Ephesus with John the "beloved disciple" and died there.

Rev. F. H. Decker, superintendent of the Church House at Providence, has called our attention to a mistake in the statement of the finances of that institution, which was made recently in these columns. We are very glad to correct that error by quoting from a statement forwarded us by Mr. Decker: "Treasurer Nathan Barton's report for the month of January showed that the men who make their home at the institution contributed $1,034 for their board during the month and earned $226.83 in excess of their board through the work furnished through the Church House. Donations of $367.75 were reported. Expenses of $1,803.24 were reported, leaving a balance of $160.18. Assets of $2,380.44 above all liabilities were reported."

M. O., Girard, Kan. 1. This is not a political journal. 2. "Usury" between Israelites was forbidden by the laws of Moses, although it might be taken from strangers. The word means "yield," or "increase," although it is frequently, and justifiably, interpreted as "biting," or "extortion." The practice of usury or money-lending at interest has been condemned repeatedly by the leading councils of the Christian Church, because of its tendency to serious abuse.

Presbyterian, Leaman Place, Pa. Sunday should be regarded in Christian communities as a day upon which all unnecessary labor should cease and when only that which is due to necessity or to mercy should be performed. The case you mention is not one that can be decided by others. It should be taken up conscientiously and in the most liberal spirit by your board and care should be taken not to judge harshly. By all means the man should be given a chance to make good.

J. W., Leaf River, Ill. The passage I. Cor. 7: 35-37 was recently explained in THE MAIL-BAG. Paul was not advocating marriage, since he himself apparently preferred the single state; but he considered it advisable under certain conditions. For himself, he chose to remain unmarried that he might devote his entire energies to his spiritual work.

H. M. G., Friend, Oregon. 1. Many books have been written concerning the mystery of the number of the beast and it has been variously interpreted as referring to the Church of Rome, Antichrist, the false prophet, and "the number of a world given over to judgment." As the passage itself states, it is a deep mystery, only to be solved by spiritual wisdom. 2. "Apocalypse" means the unveiling or manifestation of something secret or hidden.

Continued on next page

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OUR MAIL-BAG

rs. T. H. F., Dresden, Mo. 1. Are good works on earth rewarded in heaven or in this life? 2. Will there be degrees in heaven?

1. Faith and works must go together. The ith is demonstrated by the works, although orks alone cannot save. We have no saving erit of our own. A life that is unfruitful of od works cannot be pleasing to God; and if is holds true, it logically follows that a life of od works—a fertile life, consecrated to God's ory and the good of man—must be pleasing him. In the parable of the talents, it is early taught that our lives must be fruitful. he barren fig-tree was cursed because of its nfruitfulness. Still, it should not be forgotten at a man's good deeds alone cannot save. alvation is the free gift of God. 2. That there re degrees in heaven we may infer from vari- us passages. Jesus speaks of those who will t on thrones; Paul in I. Cor. 15: 40, 41 con- eys the idea that there are degrees in the uture life, and in II. Cor. 12: 2 he speaks urther of heavenly degrees. See also Dan. 2: 3, which marks a special distinction to hose who have been soul-winners.

Mrs. W. B. D., Diggs, Va. 1. See paragraph MAIL-BAG of July 5, 1911, regarding recog- ition of parents in heaven. 2. In Acts 1: 1, he writer refers to the "former treatise," mean- ng the first account, narrative or discourse on he subject of our Lord's last days on earth nd his ascension. This "former treatise" is resumably the third Gospel to which the Acts which are believed to have been written by Luke) are the appropriate sequel. Theophilus may have been the name of some associate of he writer, or it may simply be a name chosen s applicable to any Christian, since the word itself means "Friend of God."

. H., Springwater, Ore. Can you throw any light on the prophecies of Enoch men- tioned in the Epistle of Jude?

Enoch is one of the apocalyptic books of arly religious literature. It is not included in ny of the modern collections, although it was n existence as late as the seventeenth century, when Bruce the traveler found copies of it in Abyssinia, in the Ethiopic language. It was not admitted to the Jewish canon. Bruce's opy contained 108 chapters, comprising the revelations of Enoch the seer respecting the uture judgment of the world and addressing both the righteous and rebellious sinners. It also contained some account of the fall of the angels, of the judgment that fell upon the giants of antediluvian days, of the seer's jour- ney through earth and lower heaven com- panioned with an angel, of the future blessings of the righteous and of the coming of the Mes- siah. There is much in the book that shows wide acquaintance with astronomy. Enoch is supposed to have lived in a time of great dis- tress and persecution, when the faith of the godly was shaken by their troubles. The book conveys the belief in a general resurrection and in rewards and punishments. Your other ques- tion will be answered by mail.

Miscellaneous

Interested Reader. There is no such passage in the Bible.

K. N., St. Louis, Mo. There is no passage on the subject of race suicide in the Scriptures. Children, however, are spoken of many times as a blessing when rightly trained by godly parents, and the reverse under evil conditions.

C. J., Leivasy, W. Va. In I. Chron. 18: 10, 11, the connection is clear. David dedicated to the temple the gifts he received from Tou, king of Hamath. This was simply an incident in the wars of David. In your further Bible reading (you have already read the Word through eight times) you would find a commentary very useful.

L. B. K., Philadelphia, Pa. It is easy to fall into the error of judging others according to outward appearances. Perhaps the person you mention may repent of his associations and may realize that his business is one that does not comport with the Christian profession; but that is a matter concerning which no one should judge hastily. Jesus himself sat at meat with publicans and sinners. Paul, who became "all things to all men" to win souls, did not draw the line as some modern Christians do. You can help a man by friendly advice and counsel, but hardly by condemnation and exclusion. Another point is that even a man engaged in a doubtful business may be at heart a Christian, and only waiting an opportunity to forsake that which degrades or brutalizes men. Tem- perance, the "golden mean," is enjoined in Scripture; but the injunction applies to all things, and not to one thing only. See John 2: 1-11, and Matt. 26: 29.

Helping China's Famine Orphans

ONE of the saddest features in the China famine has been the suffering of the children. In many cases parents have sold their children to obtain food for the rest of the family. Boys and girls have been sold for prices from eighty cents to two dollars. It is to save the children from such a fate as this or from quick starvation that the missionaries have taken many parentless and neglected little ones under their care. They are now sheltering, feeding, clothing and training 2,000, of whom 700 are unprovided for. It is for these that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is appealing to its friends and readers. Send your gift to THE CHINA FAMINE ORPHAN FUND, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and help to save one little Chinese child. The contributions below have been received since last acknowledgment:

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All good grocers sells Heinz Baked Beans under our guarantee to refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied. Try also our India Relish, Peanut Butter, Olives, Olive Oil, Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Pre- serves, etc.

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17,000 Spinal Sufferers Helped

In our experience of more than eleven years we have successfully relieved over 17,000 cases of spinal deformity and weakness. Sufferers in all parts of the world, some probably right near your home, have been greatly benefited or *wholly cured* by the Sheldon Method. It is this success in so many thousands of cases that warrants us in offering to *prove* the value of our method *in your own case.*

Use the Sheldon Appliance 30 Days at our risk

There is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Sheldon Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

To all sufferers with weakened or deformed spines it promises almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases.* You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
207-17th Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

Use KEROSENE Engine Free!

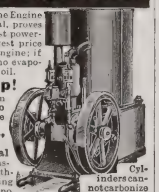
Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

Gasoline Going Up!

Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline.

Amazing "DETROIT"

—only engine running on coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h. p., in stock ready to ship. Engine tested before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric lighting plant. Prices (stripped), $29.50 up. Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, you get Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write! (138)



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Detroit Engine Works, 445 **Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

IRON WITHOUT A FIRE

New, easy, pleasant way. Mrs. Larkins, Mich. writes, "Have ironed 6 years with perfect satisfaction." Mrs. Timm, O. says, "Couldn't think of ironing without it."

Improved Monitor Sad Iron.
Self-Heating. Not Sold in Stores.

Strong, light, handsome—durable. Easy to operate; heat regulated instantly; no dirt—no odor.

WANTED—AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS. Big Profits. No experience required. Sells almost on sight. Send for big colored circular, full size and interior view of iron. Exclusive selling rights—no charge for territory.

Monitor Sad Iron Co.
69 Wayne St., Big Prairie, O.

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FREE LAND

160-Acre Farms Free—on Very Easy Conditions. You will come down here and examine our lands, or if you will send others down to first examine and then take up tracts of 40 to 320 acres and your friends can secure the best 40 to 160-acre farms we have on very easy conditions, **without costing you one cent of money.** These lands are in the beautiful **"Suwanee River" Valley** near Jacksonville, right on our line of railroad, close to good towns and markets; great **corn, cotton, cattle** and **fruit** country.

FOR OUR GREAT FREE OFFER — in a letter, say mail particulars. Address

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THE "TITANIC" INVESTIGATION

Continued from page 489

The *Titanic,* Mr. Franklin said, cost about £1,500,000 sterling ($7,500,000). He did not know whether she had had searchlights. Since the disaster, the company had decided to equip all its vessels with boats, life-rafts and belts sufficient for all on board, crew and passengers included. He ended with the statement that the only reason why an effort should have been made to get the *Titanic* survivors away to England was that it was the company's duty to see that they were sent back home expeditiously, for their own protection. This was in answer to Senator Smith, who asked why it should have been attempted to get them out of the country and away from the committee's jurisdiction.

On Tuesday, April 23, Major A. G. Peuchen of Toronto, a rescued passenger, was a leading witness. He said if the lookout men had been supplied with glasses, the disaster would have been averted. In the lifeboat in which he escaped there was one woman among the rowers. They heard the sound of three explosions on the *Titanic;* then the lights went out. Every one on the lifeboat then heard dreadful and long-continued cries for help. None could have lived in that icy sea more than an hour. The witness read a statement criticizing the company's methods, and declaring that caution would have averted the calamity.

Herbert J. Pitman, third officer of the *Titanic,* told of the fire and boat drills on the big steamer, in which only a few men participated. After the collision, he met Ismay on deck, who told him to get the women and children to the boats. Ismay personally helped. Pitman commanded one boat with forty passengers. They had no lights. When some distance off he saw the ship settle by the head and then suddenly go "straight down." He heard several explosions as she went under. Then he heard crying, shouting and moaning from those in the water several hundred yards away. It was like one long, continuous moan, which continued over an hour. He told his men to pull back and try to save a few more, but the passengers in his boat demurred, and said it was madness, and that it would simply add another forty to the list of lost. So he yielded, and his boat, which could have held more, was allowed to drift within easy reach of the drowning, yet making no attempt to aid them. This part of the witness's story made a painful impression on the committee. While lying on their oars, he and his boat crew saw a light—a white light—on the horizon, but did not follow it. Officer Boxhall, one of the previous witnesses on Monday, had testified that there had been a strange ship in the vicinity of the *Titanic,* which failed to give aid. Pitman said he heard later that one had passed, but he knew nothing of it. He practically admitted that the *Titanic* at the time of collision was going at the greatest speed of her trip, in the face of the warnings of ice.

Frederick Fleet, a sailor on the lost steamer, told of his watch as lookout in the "crow's-nest." He was in it when the collision took place. Officers Murdock and Pitman were on the bridge. Fleet at 11:30 P.M. reported a black mass of ice ahead; he had previously reported ice ahead, but when he saw the huge berg he sounded three bells and telephoned to the bridge. The collision didn't alarm him; he thought it a "narrow shave." He had no glasses for the lookout although he had asked for them, and if he had had them he could have seen the iceberg sooner and would have had time to get out of the way. The ship did not stop after the bridge got the telephone signal; she did not stop until she passed the iceberg, although the wheel was put to starboard.

That Corn Will Go for Good

It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (152)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

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Factory Price until we close a retail dealer in your community. When retail dealer in your community takes hold of "America" line this offer positively ceases. Order at once and save HALF.

Famous "America" Wheels

Not "cheap" mail-order wheels. Not sold in a "cheap" mail-order way. Only wheel with Truss Frame, giving double strength, and Hygienia Spring Fork, taking up every shock. Comes complete. GUARANTEED TEN YEARS (twice the guaranty of any other wheel). Protection from thieves—protection from accidents. Satisfaction or money back. **Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog.**

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Sandow $42.50
2½ H.P. Stationary Engine — Complete

Gives ample power for all farm uses. Only three moving parts—no cams, no gears, no valves—can't get out of order. Perfect governor—ideal cooling system. Uses kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, alcohol, distillate or gas. Sold on 15 days' trial. YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

5-year ironclad guarantee. Sizes 2½ to 20 H. P., at proportionate prices, in stock, ready to ship. Postal brings full particulars free. Write for proposition on first engine in your locality. (160)

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Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., Detroit, Mich.

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Easy selling household necessities. Each sale makes a steady customer for you. My selling plan and outfit quickly bring you big business, in exclusive territory. Write me today.

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IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can add $8 to $40 per week to their income, in spare time, entire year growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns, boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet.

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YOU CAN AFFORD a new **Song Book** in your Church or Sunday School, and one for every person; **"FAMILIAR SONGS OF THE GOSPEL,"** Round or Shape Notes, for **$3 for 100.** Words and music, 83 very best songs. Sample copy **5 cents. E. A. K. HACKETT, 128 North Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

Kathleen Norris

HAVE YOU READ "MOTHER"

By Kathleen Norris

MARGARET SANGSTER says: "'Mother' is the sweetest, holiest, tenderest and blessedest word in the language. No other name means quite so much to hearth and home. Kathleen Norris had a happy thought one day, and it crystallized into a happy book that came out at a happy hour. She named her book *Mother.* On the day that the book drifted out of space into my hands it was read through at a sitting and laid down with a sigh. The sigh was an expression at once of extreme satisfaction and of regret that the story was not longer. In this charming book there is concealed the gist of many sermons. Could it be placed in the hands of every engaged couple, of all the young married folk, of the people generally, poorer and richer, striving, thriving, aspiring and attaining, who compose this nation, its motive and message, understood and received, would uplift us to a vantage ground and a higher plane than any to which we have as yet attained. *Mother,* by Kathleen Norris, is a human document. The story is unpretentious and, if I may coin a word, is singularly homey. Reading it one says to herself, 'Yes, this is true. I have seen it, I have been in a situation like this, or I have been a spectator.' This dear story-teller is describing precisely situations and conditions that we meet in daily life, in city and country, wherever people live and love and struggle."

Mother is now in its seventh edition and is rapidly becoming one of the *best sellers* in the bookstores at $1.00 a copy. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD thought so well of this book that it induced the publishers to print a special edition exclusively for CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER—We will send the book, *Mother,* postpaid, as a reward to any subscriber who will induce a friend or neighbor, not now on our list, to subscribe for The Christian Herald for One Year, at $1.50.

OR—We will send the book, *Mother,* postpaid, to any subscriber with renewal of subscription for One Year for $2.00.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

4,000 Carloads Wanted

Up to this writing, orders have come to us for over 4,000 carloads of Reo the Fifths. Six cities want trainload lots

By R. E. Olds, Designer

My Greatest Success

In all the 25 years I have spent building cars I never saw a demand like that for Reo the Fifth.

It is the season's sensation.

Six cities ask for shipments in trainload lots—trains of forty carloads. These are New York, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Kansas City.

About one thousand dealers, in a thousand towns, have already ordered these cars.

After 25 Years

This comes after men, for a quarter century, have driven cars I built.

I told these men that Reo the Fifth embodies the best I know.

I said that it marks my limit, after a lifetime's experience.

And the first announcement brought 12,000 orders from men who have faith in me.

No Undue Haste

In the stress of this demand no undue haste is permitted. I stand here and insist that every car shall be a credit to my reputation.

The parts of each car are ground over and over, until we get utter exactness.

Each car in the making must pass a thousand inspections. Countless parts are discarded because of slight imperfections.

Each lot of steel is analyzed. Engines are tested for 48 hours. Completed cars are submitted to long and radical test.

The bodies are finished with 17 coats. Not a detail is being slighted.

We could increase our sales $1,000,000 this spring by a little less care in production. But we shall not omit that care.

Not for a Season

Reo the Fifth is not built for one season. We count on each car selling 20 cars in the future.

For this car comes close to finality. Men will never be able to greatly improve on it. This factory can never say, "Here is a new model, much better than Reo the Fifth."

With this car I lay down the arduous cares of designing. I end 25 years of ceaseless improvement. I am perfectly content to be judged by this car, whatever may come in the future.

That's why I am watching every car that goes out. We can never claim to better our best, after all this experience. So the future of the Reo depends on this car's performance.

New Center Control

The Year's Greatest Improvement

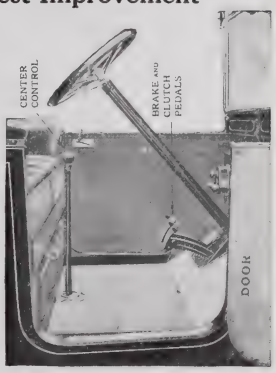
The new center control in Reo the Fifth marks the greatest step of the year in designing. It solves the last great problem in motor car engineering.

There are no side levers to block one of the front doors. There is no reaching for the brake or the gear lever.

All the gear shifting is done by this center cane-handle. It is done with the right hand, and done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. One pedal also operates the clutch. There was never a control so handy, so simple.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to passing cars, and on the up side of the road.



Price Still $1,055

The initial price of this car is still being continued, though subject to instant advance.

This is one feature, I fear, which must be changed before long. Any advance in materials must be added to the price, and that advance is imminent, I think.

I repeat this to avoid any misunderstanding. We shall not advance our price because of over-demand, though that would be easily possible. This car would be cheap at $1,250—cheaper than any rival.

Added price, when it comes, will be solely due to added cost of production. Our margin is now at the minimum.

1,000 Dealers

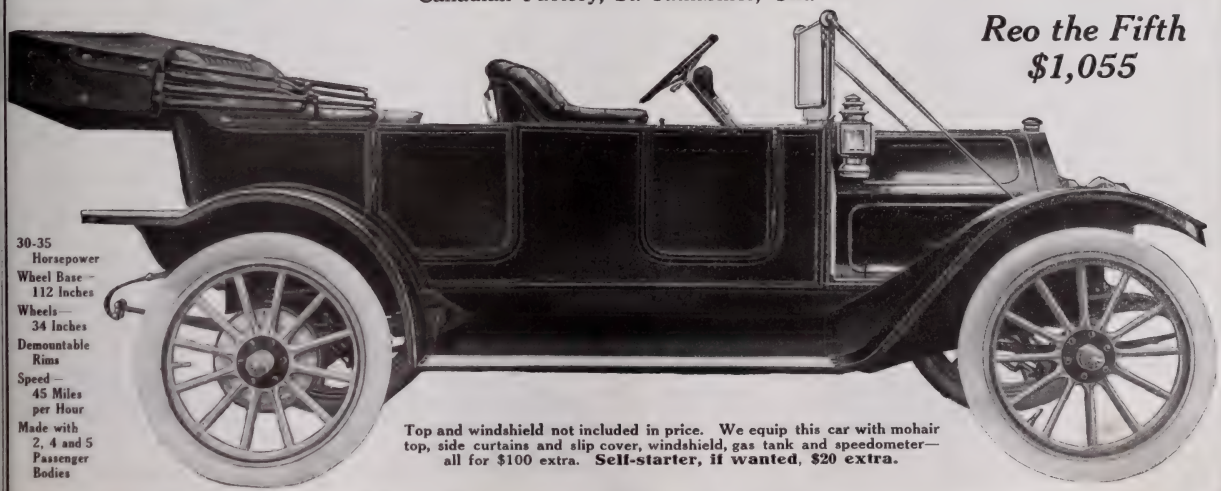
Wherever you are, some dealer nearby you has Reo the Fifth on exhibit.

Write us for our catalogue showing all body designs and we will tell you the nearest dealer. Write us to-day. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

Reo the Fifth
$1,055



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

Happy Cozy Corner Days

It matters not how strait the gate, how charged with punishments the scroll; I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul.
W. E. Henley.

HERO-WORSHIP

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: We talked last week here in the Cozy Corner about heroes and bravery and high purpose. Do you remember? And I had planned this week to take up the thread where we left it off and say something further about these things in order that we might all think more and more about unselfishness and chivalry. But what is there left to say at this time about other heroes or heroines in the face of that brave company by whose greatness of soul all heroism has been exalted?

In the face of such chivalry, such high standards of manhood and womanhood as were shown by the men and women who perished on the *Titanic*, our young lives must take on a loftier hero-worship, and no day should go by without our paid tribute to the world's new standard of courage and high calling.

We can begin now to pack our lives with pluck, to police the little events of our days with unselfishness and determination, and to be braver boys and girls *no matter what*.

Remember that each bit of heroism and self-forgetfulness counts, and even though we shall many times fail in our efforts, believe me, that little by little and day after day, we can transform into our lives many of the lessons of honor and unselfishness that we are hearing on all sides to-day. We must always remember this: Heroes are ever leaders of heroes, and nothing so fires the hearts of men as heroism in others. Courage, like a flaming torch, moved over that great ship's company; the cruel crime of negligence was forgotten by souls too great to remember, while a new glory flamed up: a restored glory of heroism upon which the whole of the modern world might well be founded. At the very start, when the doomed ship struck its death-blow, superhuman bravery and self-forgetfulness were necessary if any lives were to be saved; and that we can share again the fine thrill of heart that called those men together in one dauntless purpose to serve and to graciously give up their lives for others is greater inspiration than all our hero-worship has ever done for us before. How good it feels to be so sure in our hearts that that gallant company, by right of its fine spirit, found its direct and simple way to God; Gentlemen unafraid.

MOTHER

. . .

And little children, shift your standards from good giants and fairyland princes to men; brave, true, able and unselfish men, the very heroes that your brothers and fathers would ever love to be, with you, dears, to inspire them along the way with great-heartedness and fortitude.

Right Ways to Tie Knots

CONSIDERING the many uses to which knot-tying is indispensable, every boy should know how to tie at least several varieties of knots. Yet it has been recently estimated that only one boy in seventy-five is able to make knots—even bad ones. There are right and wrong ways to tie knots just as there are right and wrong ways of doing everything else, and since it may often happen that our own life or the lives of others may depend on the correct setting of a knot we had best learn promptly how to tie some common varieties.

The Bowline

The Reef-Knot

The Sheet-Bend

The principal characteristics of the right kind of knots are these: They must hold under any amount of strain, and must always be easy to undo.

The bowline knot is a loop-knot that will not slip. It is easily understood how to tie it by looking at the illustration and practicing with a good stout rope. *The reef-knot* is for tying two ropes together. This is one of the best and simplest of knots. It cannot slip and is always easy to untie. *The sheet-bend* is another useful loop-knot and is much used in ambulance work or in lowering a person or anything that is heavy from a building. It cannot slip and will hold the full strain of the pull of the rope. Next week we shall be giving several more of the simplest and best variety of knots.

Special May Prize Notice

For best Verse or Prose, not exceeding 250 words, sent to the Cozy Corner Aunt before May 20:

First prize: Gun-metal watch for boy or girl.

Second prize: Large box-kite (boy), a gold ring (girl), and twenty smaller prizes in order of merit.

THE HEROES

Say not they die, those martyr souls
Whose life is winged with purpose fine;
Who leave us, pointing to the goals,
Who learn to conquer and resign.

Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
And fill the world with growing light,
Making the human life sublime
With memories of their sacred might.

MALCOLM QUIN.

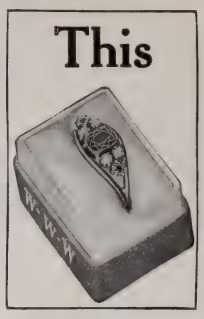
Good-Night Verse

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, thou crownest him with glory and honor. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!—Ps. 8: 4, 5, 9.

Ever lovingly,
The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

A GOOD TIME
Photographed by Josephine Snyder, 12 years

No Other Gift Like This



NOTHING ever gave man or woman more pleasure than the gift of a solid gold gem-set ring. There's a charm in a sparkling stone or in one of exquisite color. Can you think of a thing that adds more to smart dress? Does anything else that you know really take the place of a beautiful ring? Do you know that today you can get gem-set rings with the *stones guaranteed secure?*

W-W-W Rings

Guaranteed Settings

When you buy a "W-W-W" Ring you are so insured against the loss of the stone. If it comes out and is lost—no matter how long after purchase—we give you a new stone, free. This applies to all stones save diamonds.

But this isn't the only advantage. "W-W-W" Rings are the *most beautiful* rings in existence. We are ring specialists. We make nothing else. Our 3,000 designs are exclusive.

Our "Invention"

All "W-W-W" Rings are standard value—solid gold.

Yet they cost no more than rings of cheaper quality.

We call the safe-set ring our *"invention"* because we *discovered* that rings *could be* permanently set by taking extreme—almost unnecessary—*care* in the setting. We invented no special clamp or method. It is just a question of perfect material, expert workmanship and rigid inspection.

Give "W-W-W" Rings for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, graduations, and on other special occasions. Wear your birthstone. Some people consider them "lucky."

"W-W-W" Rings are sold in every city and town of importance. A set-ring is now an investment for which we, White, Wile & Warner, are the security. There are beautiful "W-W-W" Rings at $2 or more. We set all kinds of stones.

Go to Your Jeweler

He will gladly show "W-W-W" Rings.

If he hasn't these rings, send up his name and we'll see that you are supplied.

Write for "W-W-W" Catalog. It tells all about rings. It's worth reading.

White, Wile & Warner

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones Do Stay

Dept. J
BUFFALO, N. Y.

(11)

Kaleidophane

Makes art glass out of plain glass

It is a thin, translucent material, easily applied to any pane of glass without removing it. Reproduces perfectly all the rich coloring and beautiful designs found in stained glass at a fraction of the cost. Will not fade from light or washing. Made in many patterns, appropriate for homes, hotels, cafes and other business places. Also churches, clubs and public buildings. Use Kaleidophane wherever privacy is desired. Shuts out the view but admits the light. More economical than curtains or shades for transoms, cellar or bathroom windows and side windows in stores and offices. Costs little and very easy to put on. Write today for free samples.

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Small or Large Sums

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While your money lies idle awaiting investment, it can earn you 5% with safety. Our patrons are protected by assets of over $2,500,000. For the past 19 years we have paid our depositors 5 per cent.—their money being safeguarded as our business is conducted under the supervision of the New York State Banking Department.

Dividends compounded semi-annually or remitted by mail. Deposits—any sum from $25 to $3,000—received in person or by mail. Our certificate system of deposit prevents the possibility of loss of bank book. Dividends paid from day of deposit to day of withdrawal, which may be upon short notice.

Write for our booklet and we will refer you to someone in your vicinity; we have patrons in all parts of the world.

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For College, School, Society or Lodge.

Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER, 25c each; $2.50 doz.; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 doz. BASTIAN BROS. CO. Dept. 829 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Built any Size

Cornell Sectional Cottages

Complete Painted Ready to Set Up

GARAGES, STORES, CHURCHES, SCHOOL-HOUSES, PLAYHOUSES, STUDIO, Etc. Built in sections, convenient for handling, and are quickly and easily erected, simply by bolting sections together. Skilled labor is not necessary to set them up, as all sections are numbered and everything fits. Built of first-class material in the largest and best portable house factory in America. Buildings are substantial and as durable as if built on the ground by local contractors. Are handsomer and Cost Much Less. We build houses to meet every requirement. We pay freight. Art catalog by mail on receipt of 4c stamps.
WYCKOFF LUMBER & MFG. COMPANY, 435 Lehigh Street, Ithaca, New York

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Railway Equipment Obligations because of their fundamental soundness have become a very popular form of investment security. They combine in a high degree the three requisites of a good investment—security, marketability, and liberal income.

We have prepared a booklet describing the more important issues of the principal railroads, and will be pleased to mail a copy to you upon request.

Ask for Booklet R-442

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
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Capital and Surplus - $23,000,000
Deposits - - - 178,000,000

Highest Interest Best Security

Amounts of any size ($25, $50, $100, $200 or multiples) can be invested, temporarily or permanently. Your money available when wanted. Endorsed by highest financial authorities everywhere.

6% NET INTEREST

Principal and interest secured by select Mortgages on Preferred Real Estate

If your savings or any other money is drawing less than 6% net, or is not as secure as Old Mother Earth herself can make it—send postcard for our Booklet. Read it.

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The Best Securities

In a recent article we endeavored to explain the difference between "listed" and "unlisted securities," and it was pointed out that intrinsically the one might be just as good as the other, and that the fact of listing, that is, placing in the list of securities dealt in by the New York Stock Exchange, in itself neither added to nor detracted from the actual worth of the thing so placed. But, if there were not some benefit in listing a security, why should corporations seek to have it done, and why should that particular exchange insist on its being done before it permitted such stock or bonds to be bought or sold on its floor? In the first place, it has been shown that such securities are more sought out by banks as forms of investment, and hence they are more easily convertible; in the second place, the companies issuing such securities, by the very act of listing them at the exchange, place their books, and so their sources of revenue, open to the inspection of the enrolled brokers who deal in them, and this is certainly a great point with those who are looking for the best.

Other Sources of Information

While the listed corporations must make annual reports to the exchange, they may at any time be called on to make a special report showing the immediate state of affairs. But the investor, even the small investor, for whom the best is none too good, should himself be familiar with the doings of the companies in which his money is placed. It is the rule for these companies to send their annual reports to all stockholders of record, and if these are not forthcoming they should be asked for, and when secured they should be gone over and carefully compared with the preceding report, so as to ascertain if there has been an increase or a falling off in the net annual receipts.

Although one not a stockholder of record may not be able to get access to the report of a company whose stock is not listed, it should be generally known, though it is not, that, according to a ruling of the present Secretary of the Treasury, all desirable information pertaining to the companies whose securities are listed in the New York Stock Exchange shall be public property and accessible to all interested inquirers. Such information, duly sworn to, is now on file in the Treasury Department at Washington, and a copy may be had on proper application.

In addition to this, the information in the daily reports of the money markets in the daily papers will serve to keep the investor posted as to the state of his holdings. But while the sources of accurate information are necessarily limited, the fountains of misinformation are ever on tap, and the unwary is apt to be saturated, if not submerged, by them. Once a man is known to be an investor, or is regarded as a prospective investor, he will find that much of his mail consists of circular letters from more or less responsible traders, prospectuses of new ventures eloquent with great promises, and other matters purporting to give inside information, meant to be particularly alluring; and, unfortunately, it too often is.

Another thing that should be guarded against by the investor is the "tip." The tip purports to be information of the most exclusive and valuable kind. The man who whispers the tip knows that a certain security, for reasons that he can never divulge, is going to boom skyward in a few days, and that the fortunate man who buys now will be on Easy Street in no time. We have never known a man to make money on a tip given by a comparative stranger, but we have known many to lose. The man who gives the tip is usually the tout of some concern anxious to boom a security so that money may be made on the rise and an equal amount secured from the inevitable fall. Often, to excite the market, the same tipster will advise one-half of those to whom he gives his "secret" to buy and the other half to sell, exciting in this way an interest that draws the unthinking crowd, as leaking molasses draws flies. At a time like this, the unskilled investor, before risking a penny, will seek the advice of the man with training to guide and a reputation to uphold.

A Question of Choice

As between a promising stock and a good bond, there are those who prefer to invest in the stock, but they are usually rich men who are looking for an increase of values, and who can afford to put their securities into their safes and wait. As between the two, we should advise the bond to the small investor. The stock, as has been shown, is simply an equity, while the bond is a promise to pay, and, unless everything goes to pieces, it must be paid when it matures. The good bond, no matter how dead business may be, has always a reasonable selling value, because it has in itself the pledge of ultimate redemption, but not so the stock. The company issuing the bond must redeem it at maturity, but stock never matures, and its earning power is always conditional.

The schemer, having a worthless stock on which he aims to realize a large profit, knowing that the average investor prefers a listed stock, will often in his advertisement state: "This stock is regularly listed, a fact that insures it an active market." Now, there are responsible exchanges in all our large cities, and they make it a point to list good securities, after due examination, but on investigation it may be found that the security that the schemer is anxious to sell has not the approval of a reliable stock exchange, but is listed in some out-of-the-way exchange, which is usually organized for the one purpose of assisting the swindler.

The cautious investor might infer, from what has just been said, that two-thirds of the world are out to plunder the other third, but this would be a wrong conclusion. A great majority of the bankers and professional financiers of the country to-day stand high among the men of veracity and unflinching integrity. They are even more anxious than are their customers to bring the swindlers to justice. Because many burglaries are committed in a town, we should not leap to the conclusion that the people of that particular town are in sympathy with that form of enterprise.

A Reasonable Per Cent.

While it is quite natural that a man should desire the largest possible returns from his money, he should ever bear in mind that there is a limit of safety and that this is always exceeded when the promised interest or dividend exceeds the legal rate. Savings banks, as a rule, pay 4 per cent., and until a better opportunity comes along, no better place for money can be found. But opportunities to get the best are constantly presenting themselves to the man who is wide-awake. There are securities having in them a promise of 4½ or 5 per cent. that are practically as good and safe as the gilt-edged two per cents. of the United States Government.

In advising our readers to get the best, the very best, it should be borne in mind and constantly emphasized that such securities are never brought to your home by smooth-tongued agents, against whom, at the risk of many repetitions, we cannot too strongly caution the reader. An authority on this subject declares that, within the past fifteen years, twenty-eight thousand companies have sent their agents out to sell their securities among the unwary. These companies have vanished, so have some one thousand million dollars of credulous people's money. Get the best, we repeat, and in doing so your name will not figure in the list of victims.

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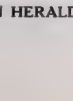

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FULFILLING THE LAW*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IN THE lesson we are to study today Jesus is still sitting upon the Mount of Beatitudes talking to his twelve apostles and to the multitude that has gathered around him.

Jesus said: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I came not to destroy, but to fulfil." Evidently there were some unfriendly critics of Jesus among the throng that had gathered, some Scribes and Levites who were scrupulous about their interpretations of the law and their additions to it. The law itself has been called "the substance of all relative duty—the royal law" (James 2: 8 and Rom. 13: 6); also it has been said that "never till our Lord came down to teach did men effectually and widely exemplify it in their practice." All this is true because "the law is founded on the eternal distinctions between right and wrong—distinctions strong and irremovable as the granite bases of the world" (*Farrar*).

Jesus said: "Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished." That is, there should be not the smallest change in God's law, not so much as by a small mark (jot) that is to be compared with the crossing of a t, or the dotting of an i. The Scribes were the authorized copyists of the law, and none knew so well as they what Jesus meant when he said not one jot or tittle should be taken from the law.

Jesus said: "Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven." There are people who think it quite meritorious to defy the laws of the land, and those who do this are generally breakers of God's laws as well. They make of themselves a combination of atheists and anarchists, enemies of the universe and the state. The false teachers who subvert law and order are not great, as they seem to themselves to be. They are the smallest of men, "least" of all upon the earth, for "the kingdom of heaven" of which Jesus spoke does not mean heaven the abode of the blessed, for false teachers can have no part in that. What we must understand Jesus to have said was that false teachers were the smallest, weakest men in the church.

Jesus said: "Whosoever shall do and teach them shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." What a wonderful reward is thus put upon the work of the teacher! In another place in the Bible we read: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12: 3). Blessed is the opportunity of the teacher.

The old law said, "Thou shalt not kill." But Jesus showed that in order to fulfil that law one must control his temper, because anger often leads to murder. Jesus also warned his hearers against vituperation, because that

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for May 19, 1912.** The Old Law and the New Life. Matt. 5: 17-26. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law." Rom. 13: 8.

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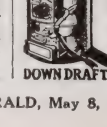

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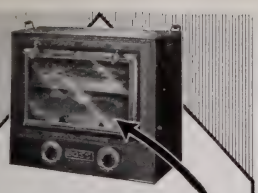

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

leads to murder. The consciousness of a wrong done to another incites to murder, for none are so relentless as those who are themselves unjust, and so Jesus said: "Be reconciled to thy brother," and do it before you can expect to be reconciled before God.

Love Fulfilling the Law

At a later date than when Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount he said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and the first commandment." And he added, "A second like unto it is this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments the whole law hangeth, and the prophets" (Matt. 22: 37-40).

The passage selected for the Golden Text says: "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law." That is the way the apostle Paul wrote it (Rom. 13: 8). If we compare it with what Jesus said, it will be seen to be a half truth, like one-half of a hinge and the other half lacking. And so we must not take that text as the whole thing, but must connect it with what Paul wrote about loving God (I. Cor. 2: 9-16). To love God is to fulfil the first four commandments; to love thy neighbor is to fulfil the last six commandments; therefore to love God and to love man is the fulfilling of the whole law.

How Christ Fulfilled the Law

After Jesus had been raised from the dead, he said to his eleven disciples, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. 28: 18).

The prophet Micah said he should be born in Bethlehem (Micah. 5: 2). "And when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, there came wise men from the east; . . . and when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him," etc. (Matt. 2: 1, 11).

The prophets said he should derive his descent from King David. "And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse (father of David), . . . and the Spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon him, . . . and righteousness shall be the girdle of his waist, and faithfulness the girdle of his loins" Isa. 11: 1-10). And when Jesus was upon earth multitudes hailed him as "Thou Son of David" (Matt. 21: 9). Blind men called upon him as the Son of David to open their eyes (Mark 10: 47, also Matt. 9: 27). As to the righteousness and faithfulness of Jesus we are told: "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. 4: 15).

The prophet Isaiah said that he would open the eyes of the blind and make the deaf hear, and comfort the sorrowing (Isa. 29: 18). And Jesus, as he stood in the synagogue at Nazareth, said: "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears" (Luke 4: 21). And speedily he set about the work he had come from heaven to do. His healing began, not in Nazareth, because he was rejected there, but in Capernaum, where in one day he healed a demoniac, cured Peter's wife's mother of a fever, and healed the multitude sick of divers diseases who were brought to him, filling the street in front of Peter's house (Luke 4: 31-41).

The prophet Zechariah said: "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, . . . lowly, and riding upon an ass, upon a colt the foal of an ass" (Zech. 9: 9). And Jesus when he was preparing for his triumphal entry into Jerusalem directed two of his disciples to go and find a colt tied whereon yet never man sat, and when they had loosed him, to bring him thither (Luke 19: 29-35). And they set Jesus thereon, and he started for Jerusalem, a multitude going before and spreading their clothes in the way, and others following with waving palm branches, crying out, "Hosanna in the highest" (Matt. 21: 7-9).

The prophet Isaiah said he should be despised and rejected of men (Isa. 53: 3). As we read the account of the life of Jesus on earth, we learn how the Scribes and Pharisees were continually hounding him, and how the chief rulers procured false witnesses against him that they might induce the Roman governor to condemn him to death (Luke 23: 1-2).

Isaiah said he should be "taken from prison and from judgment" (Isa. 53: 8). We read how Pilate ordered him out of the prison and condemned him to be crucified (Matt. 27: 11-26).

The prophet said: "He made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death" (Isa. 53: 9). We read that there were two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand and the other on the left (Matt. 27: 38). He did make his grave with the rich, for Joseph, a rich man of Arimathea, came to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus, and then he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb (Matt. 27: 57-60).

The prophets said: "He will swallow up death in victory" (Isa. 25: 8); also "O, grave, I will be thy destruction" (Hosea 13: 14). And when Jesus had come out of his grave alive, after three days, he told his friends they were "slow of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken" (Luke 24: 25).

The Psalmist with prophetic voice said: "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive" (Ps. 68: 18). And we are thrilled as we read how those on Mount Olivet beheld while he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight (Acts 1: 9).

Let us now consider how Jesus fulfilled the law:

1. When eight days old he was circumcised (Luke 2: 21; Ex. 12: 13).

2. When forty days old he was redeemed in the temple as the first-born (Ex. 13: 13; Luke 2: 22).

3. When twelve years old he became "a son of the law" (Luke 2: 42).

4. He was subject to his parents (Luke 2: 51; Deut. 21: 18-20).

5. He entered upon his ministry when thirty years of age. According to the law that was the age when priests entered on their office (Num. 4: 3).

6. He was baptized, saying: "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," which was as if he had said, "Thus do I pledge myself to the whole righteousness of the law, thus symbolically do I enter on and engage to fulfil it all" (*Bible Commentary*).

7. He resisted temptation, using the sword of the law (Matt. 4: 1-10; Deut. 8: 3; Deut. 6: 16; Deut. 6: 13).

8. Jesus taught and preached in the synagogue on the Sabbath Day—the Jewish Sabbath (Matt. 9: 35; Luke 4: 16; Lev. 19: 3; Lev. 26: 2).

9. Jesus memorized the law, probably as a child, for it was the Jewish custom for children at four years of age to begin the study of the law. (See in Red Letter Bible the large number of quotations Jesus made from the Old Testament.)

10. In his death Jesus fulfilled the law of the sin-offerings. (Lev. 1.)

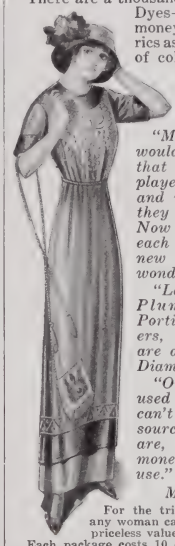
"If any man serve me, let him follow me." We find these words of Jesus in John 12: 26. Jesus' words, "Follow me," call us to earnest deeds. Like him we should be always in haste but never in a hurry. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke 2: 49.) We should make our work a delight, entering upon it with a good appetite, for Jesus said: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work" (John 4: 34). Like him we should walk in the power of the thought that our working time is short, and the night cometh when no man can work. Like him we should work with that enthusiasm which the world often mistakes for madness, as it exclaims, "He is beside himself" (Mark 3: 21).

"Really a Magic Bath"

—that is what one woman said after her first experience with Diamond Dyes.

And every woman in the world *who knows,* thinks the same thing.

There are a thousand uses for Diamond Dyes—and each one saves money. New life to fabrics as well as new beauty of colorings must result from their use.



Another enthusiastic Chicago woman writes:

"My friends never would believe the part that Diamond Dyes played in my wardrobe and in my home until they had tried them. Now we try to outdo each other in finding new things for these wonder-workers to do.

"Laces, Trimmings, Plumes, Draperies, Portières, Couch Covers, and even Rugs, are among our biggest Diamond Dye successes.

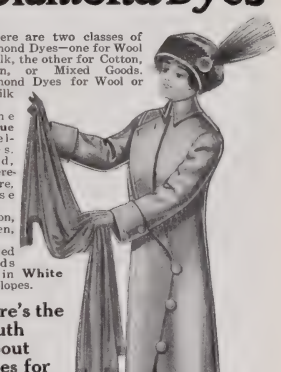
"One who has never used Diamond Dyes can't realize what a source of beauty they are, and how easily money is saved by their use." (Signed)

Mrs. George Allwyn

For the trifling sum of 10 cents any woman can learn for herself the priceless value of Diamond Dyes.

Each package costs 10 cents—and each is the strongest argument for the use of Diamond Dyes that ever was made.

Diamond Dyes



There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics:**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof, we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c. per package.

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Send us your dealer's name and address, tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dyes Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Get a Genuine

DOMESTIC Vacuum Cleaner

The Only Vacuum Cleaner with Full Ball Bearings and Ball Bearing Roller Adjustment for Nozzle.

AND KEEP YOUR HOME THOROUGHLY CLEAN, DUSTLESS AND SANITARY EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Simply run the Easy Running DOMESTIC over your carpets and rugs every day or two as you would a carpet sweeper, and you not only keep the surface clean, but you keep the texture of your carpets and rugs as clean as the day you bought them — you keep the nap raised making them wear much longer and very soft to walk upon —you keep the colors as bright and fresh as new. What is more, the powerful suction of the DOMESTIC draws the dust off the floor up through the carpet, keeping the floors as clean as your kitchen table.

No more taking up of carpets—no more ruinous carpet beating—one person with a DOMESTIC keeps your home immaculate.

THE PILE OF DIRT

shown here was removed from a rug by a DOMESTIC after the rug had been thoroughly cleaned by old methods. The DOMESTIC *gets all the dirt* that's down in the texture of the carpet beyond the reach of the broom or sweeper.

BOOKLET FREE

Write to-day for our FREE Booklet, "Modern Housecleaning." It contains attractive illustrations of the **DOMESTIC Vacuum Cleaner** in actual use.

AGENTS WANTED

We want one hustling agent in each locality. "DOMESTICS" sell almost on sight and pay good commissions. One agent sold 17 out of 20 homes he visited in one day. Write for terms.

DOMESTIC VACUUM SWEEPER CO.,
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SEE THAT BALL BEARING ROLLER

This is an exclusive DOMESTIC feature. It rolls over the carpet and does not permit the nozzle to drag and wear the nap off the carpet as others do.

Christian Herald

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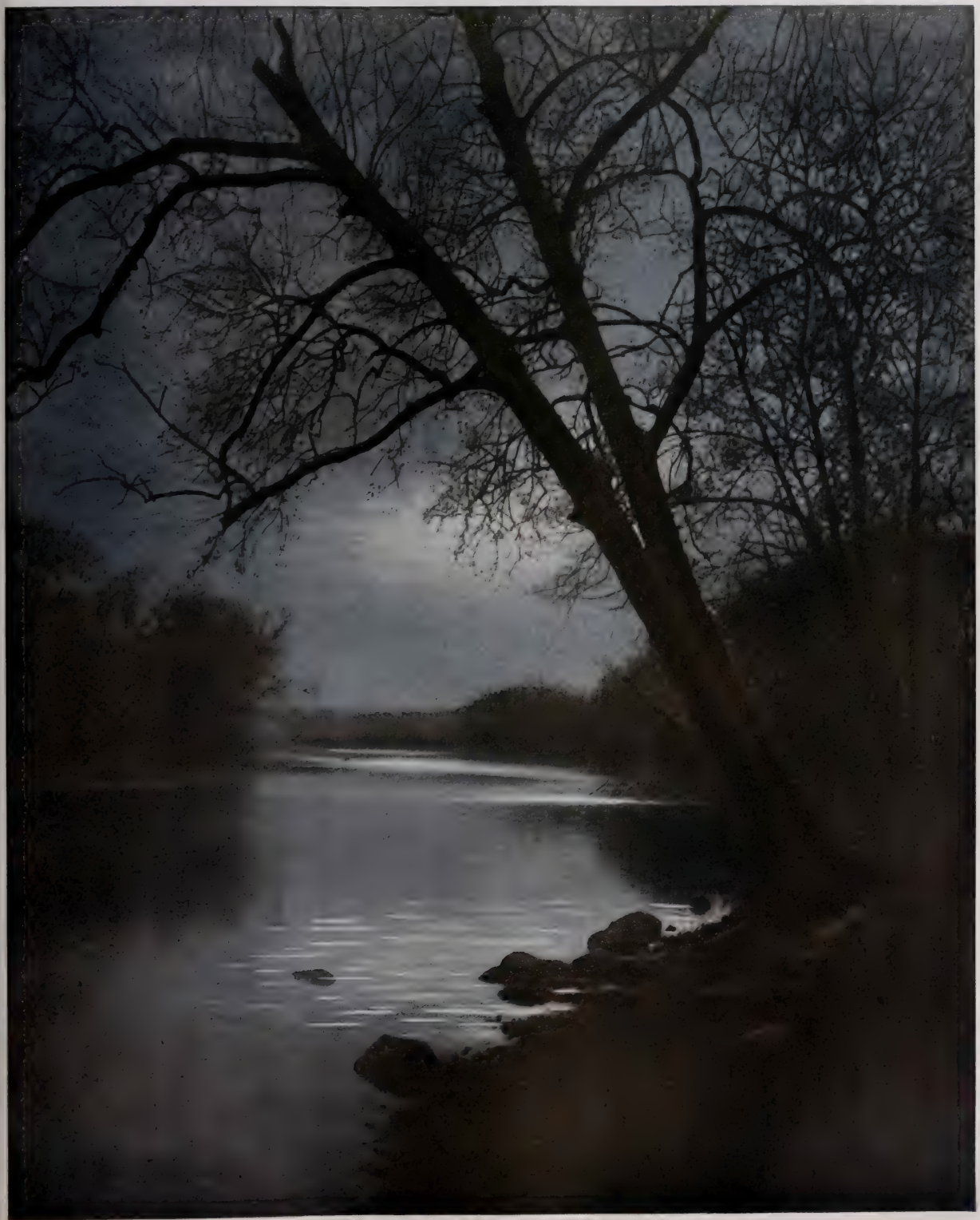

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THE MOONLIT STREAM

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Our Average Profit is 8½%

When one maker of anything outsells every rival—reaches the topmost place—it is well to know the reason why.

It means that more people approve his creation than anything else of its kind.

It means that the maker, in some way, has accomplished what other's haven't.

And the chances are you would join the majority, knowing what they know.

When the article in question involves big yearly expense, the facts are worth looking up.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now hold the topmost place. They far outsell all rivals.

In the past 24 months the demand has increased by over 500 per cent.

Over one million of these tires have been tested, on some 200,000 cars.

The demand today—after all that experience—is three times larger than one year ago.

That astounding record—rarely excelled in all the history of business—marks a tire, Mr. Motorist, which you ought to know.

Ten Years Spent Getting Ready

The success of this tire is a sudden sensation. But we began to perfect it 13 years ago.

We started with the idea that he who gives most will get most.

So we surrounded ourselves with experts—the ablest men we could find. And we told them to secure the **maximum mileage**, without any regard to expense.

It was years before we approached tire perfection. It was **ten years** from the start before tire buyers realized what the Goodyear concern had done. Then came this avalanche of trade.

Mileage Tests

To learn facts quickly we did two things.

We put Goodyear tires on thousands of taxicabs—where mileage is known, where conditions are arduous, where comparisons are quickly made.

And we built in our shops a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out, under all road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

Thus we compared every fabric and formula, every grade of material, every method of wrapping and vulcanizing.

Thus every idea which our experts developed was put to the mileage test. Thus rival tires were compared with our own.

Thus year after year Goodyear tires were made better. In the course of time we got close to finality.

Rim-Cutting Ended

Then we found a way to end rim-cutting—a method controlled by our patents.

We examined thousands of ruined old-type tires, and we found that 23 per cent. had been rim-cut. By ending this trouble—at vast expense—we saved that 23 per cent.

In seven years' experience with No-Rim-Cut tires there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

Adding 25 Per Cent to the Mileage

Then we found that extras added to cars were overloading tires.

So we made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent. over the rated size.

That meant 10 per cent. more air—10 per cent. added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

With these tires of maximum quality—made oversize, made so they can't rim-cut—we met the prices of other standard tires.

Average Profit 8½%

Last year our average profit on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

Every penny we got, save a profit of 8½ per cent., went into size and quality.

That in a factory with the largest output and most modern equipment ever known in this industry.

That in a risky business, with fluctuating materials, on a tire that's guaranteed.

You will never get more for your money—more mileage per dollar spent—than in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. That must be apparent to you.

The proof of that fact has brought 200,000 motorists to the use of these premier tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities **We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits**

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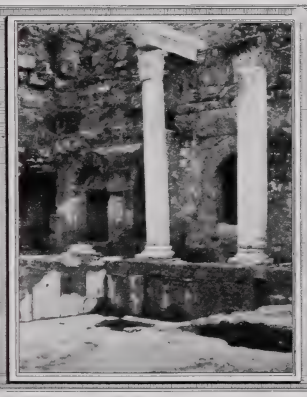
NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Typical Home in Modern Corinth

The Remains of the Great Fountain



Dr. Clark Among the Ruins of Corinth

From photographs made by Mrs. Clark, specially for The Christian Herald

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

THE APOSTLE'S NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS IN CORINTH

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor

FORTUNATELY, in visiting Corinth to-day, we can come a little nearer to the city as St. Paul saw it than if the squalid Greek village described in the last article, and which now ·cupies its site, were all that we could see. This ·ndeed was almost all that could be seen a few years ·go, when the American School of Archeology ·ndertook to lay bare some of Corinth's ancient ·lories. In 1896 their excavations were begun, ·nd have been richly rewarded.

It has been no easy task to dig down through ·ayer after layer of superimposed ruins to the real ·ity of St. Paul, and to uncover ·he pavements which he must ·ave trod. Perhaps the apostle ·id not figure very largely in the ·urposes of these archeologists, ·ut they have certainly put the ·hristian world under obligation ·o them by their laborious re·earches. Romans, Sicilians, ·enetians, Turks, in their suc·essive occupations, had done ·heir best to obliterate all traces ·f the old Corinth. They had ·arried off the marbles and the ·oble statues, and had built these ·recious stones, defaced and dis·onored, into the walls of their ·ortresses or their pigsties.

Nature, in the course of eigh·een hundred years, had com·leted the work of obliteration ·hich man had begun. Rocks ·nd débris, gravel and good soil ·ad washed down from the moun·ains, and only a few of the ·iant columns of the Temple of ·pollo resisted the attacks of ·nan and nature, and stood to ·nark the site of the once proud ·ity But the knowledge and skill ·f the excavators triumphed, ·nd they have at last dug down ·o the level of the streets trod by ·illions in the heyday of Cor·nth's prosperity.

Going through a wicket gate ·hich admits to the ruins, we ·ome first to a marble-paved ·treet which led from the market ·lace toward the western har·bor of Corinth on the Gulf. This was once flanked with colonnades, and behind these on one side are the ruins of sixteen shops. It is known for a certainty that this marble-paved street and these shops belonged to the first century of our era, and are, beyond a question, the street on which Paul walked and in all probability the shops where he traded.

We seem to be coming very close to the great apostle when we, too, tread these marble slabs. We are indeed following in his footsteps. If the water were still running, we might even drink at the spring where he must have quenched his thirst, for the great fountain of Corinth has also been discovered.

In this great fountain, which now looks like a series of caverns in the partially excavated bank, five building periods can be discovered—two Greek, two Roman, and one Byzantine. The different rulers embellished the fountain with marble panels, adorned it with beautiful statuary, and the six great chambers into which the water flowed from behind were always surrounded by throngs of Corinthians who had come for water, or for their daily gossip with their neighbors.

To the right, as we face the fountain, on a low hill is the most interesting ruin of Corinth—the great temple, probably dedicated to Apollo. Originally this temple had fifteen massive columns on each side and six at each end, but only seven of them are standing to-day. They are hewn out of a single rock. To record the fact that each column was over twenty-three feet high, nearly six feet in diameter at the base, and over four feet at the top, gives but a faint idea of this magnificent temple, which, in Corinth's days of splendor, was probably her most conspicuous building as it is now her most magnificent ruin.

It does not take a very vivid imagination to people Corinth with Paul's friends and enemies, his faithful disciples, and the apostates of the church as well, who caused him such grief and anguish.

We can imagine that one of the large vaulted shops that line the marble road he so often trod was the tent-making establishment of Aquila and Priscilla. They, like Paul, were Jews. They

Continued on next page

The Ruins of the Temple of Apollo at Corinth

This Was the Most Conspicuous Temple in Saint Paul's Day as It Is the Most Conspicuous Ruin To-day

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

had been banished from Rome by one of the many persecutions which then, as now, befell this afflicted nation in Europe. They had settled in Corinth, and had begun to ply their trade again when Paul reached the city. Attracted by a common nationality and a common business, Paul sought them out and took up his abode with them, working for his daily bread in their shop side by side with the slaves whom, doubtless, they employed.

Whether they were Christians before Paul met them in Corinth, or whether they were among his first converts, we do not know; but we know that they were faithful and beloved to the end, for just before Paul's martyrdom at Rome we find them at Ephesus, and to them there "Paul the aged" sent his salutation (II. Tim. 4: 19) through his beloved disciple Timothy. They were evidently people of some means, for they are spoken of as holding Christian services in their house, both in Rome (Rom. 16: 5) after their return from Corinth, and in Ephesus (I. Cor. 16: 19) at a later period. "The church that is in their house" tells us much of their hospitality and prosperity as well. It is interesting to note that Priscilla is usually mentioned first by Paul, "Priscilla and Aquila," not Aquila and Priscilla. My readers may draw their own inferences from this of the relative standing of husband and wife in Paul's estimation.

I have just seen and handled in the little museum at Corinth, where the choicest relics from the ruins are stored, close by the wicket gate that leads to them, a broken marble slab on which is carved in Greek letters the word:

SYNAGOGUE

Doubtless this very slab was placed over the door of the modest building where Paul worshiped on his first Sabbath in Corinth. Here, we are told, he "reasoned every Sabbath, and persuaded Jews and Greeks" (Acts 18: 4). Soon Timothy and Silas came down from Macedonia, and then Paul, encouraged by their presence, seems to have become more bold and "was constrained by the Word, testifying to the Jews that Jesus was the Christ" (Acts 18: 5).

This little story gives us a very human touch, for it shows us the great preacher's dependence on human sympathy and the presence of dear friends. The coming of these two trusted brethren and lieutenants gave him new courage. He tells us in his first letter to the Corinthians that he was in Corinth "in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling" (I .Cor. 2: 3), and in the second letter how he had been "comforted by the coming of Titus" (II. Cor. 7: 6). So now he was comforted and emboldened by the arrival of Silas and Timothy, and spoke with unusual boldness and conviction of the theme nearest his heart, Christ the Messiah.

This boldness had its natural effect. It angered the strict Jews so that they opposed him violently and "blasphemed." Paul knew that he should receive from the Gentiles a more unprejudiced hearing, and he must make the most of his time and opportunities "if by any means he might save some."

The moment of his turning to the Gentiles of Corinth was a dramatic one. Imagine that little tentmaker, lately come to the great, luxurious, corrupt city, repudiated by his own countrymen, taking off his outer garments and shaking the very dust out of them, as he stood near the synagogue, as a testimony that just as his robe was free from the dust of the synagogue, so he was free from responsibility for the blood of those who would not listen to his glad tidings. But he would still preach this good news; if not in the synagogue, then in a house which "joined hard," that belonged to Titus Justus, one of his early Corinthian converts. We know nothing more of Justus. His name is never again mentioned, but he is forever immortalized as one who opened his own house, and his heart as well, to Paul and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Continued from preceding page

Yet though the apostle's preaching in the synagogue seemed foredoomed to failure, it was not altogether without effect, for Crispus (Acts 18: 8), one of the rulers of that very synagogue, believed on the Lord and left the Jews' church, with all his household, for the humble Christian meeting-house under Justus' roof. Stephanas, too, was a prominent member of this first church of Corinth. Indeed, he was the first charter member (I. Cor. 16: 15). How Paul must have rejoiced over his first Corinthian convert! Did not the similarity of name often remind him of the first Christian martyr, to whose death he was "consenting," and whose glorious hero-

A Greek Peasant of Modern Corinth

ism seems to have so ennobled his whole life? Gaius also was another of Paul's friends and early converts—Gaius the hospitable—whose home was Paul's on a later visit, and who stands to the world as the exemplification of Christian hospitality. "Gaius my host" (Rom. 16: 23); what a proud title to the remembrance of posterity to be Paul's host in Corinth!

Then how many things they had to talk over in this house of Titus Justus! The great truths that their own prophets had uttered, now first fulfilled; the marvelous experience of Paul in the Damascus road; the later and more quiet experience of each convert; and, above all, the words and deeds of Him who "spake as never man spake." Happy indeed must have been the early meetings of this new Christian family! But the serpent wound his slimy way into Paradise; Judas took his seat among the Twelve; and very soon into the little band of Corinthian Christians came disturbers of its peace and purity. Some there were who were openly impure and even incestuous, justifying themselves on the ground that they were no longer under the law but under grace.

A still larger party were quarrelsome and contentious. Some rejected the authority of Paul, and claimed to be followers of Apollos. Others, apparently, claimed to be just *Christians*, implying that Paul did not preach the doctrines of Christ. Even in our own day we hear of those who reject Paul's teaching under the specious plea: "Back to Christ." We know Paul's answer to these malcontents, and need not rehearse it here.

How wonderfully are we in these later days indebted even to these disputatious critics! Many of the finest passages in the greatest epistles are called forth by their opposition. Would the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians ever have been written with its splendid panegyric on Love, which "suffereth long and is kind," and which is greater even than Faith and Hope, if Paul had not been wounded to the quick by these quarrelsome brethren?

Would the magnificent chapter (I. Cor. 15) on Immortality and the Life to Come have been written had not some in Corinth obstinately denied the resurrection? Who can tell?

Would the discriminating verses about the "weak bróther" "for whom Christ died" and the "meat offered to idols" ever have been dictated had not Paul lived for two years in this great heathen city, and seen every day the mighty Temple to Apollo on the hillside where, year by year, hecatombs of beasts were offered to idols?

One more incident in the life of Paul at Corinth must be recorded, an incident which partakes both of tragedy and comedy. The Jewish enemies of Paul, who were always on his track, dogging his footsteps and hindering his work, at length accused him before the new governor, Gallio, who had just been appointed proconsul for Greece, of subverting their law. Now, Gallio, as we know from secular history, was a just as well as a good-natured man. He was a brother of Seneca, the great Roman philosopher, who writes of him with real affection. This was probably the first case of the kind that had come before him since his appointment to his important post. We can easily imagine him sitting in the great imperial chair, symbol of Roman authority, in some open space in Corinth, perhaps near the famous fountain I have described. Paul is brought before him. His accusers are wild in their denunciations. Sosthenes, the new ruler of the synagogue, is the chief speaker. The Greeks are standing around, eagerly listening, with little love for the Christians but less for the Jews.

Paul is about to reply, when Gallio, disgusted with the foolish triviality of the accusations, dismisses the whole case with the contemptuous remark: "I am not minded to be a judge of these matters," and drove the Jews from the judgment-seat. Then the mob, emboldened by the governor's attitude, seized the occasion they had often longed for, and laying hold of Sosthenes beat him before the very judgment-seat, unrebuked by Gallio, who "cared for none of these things." Thus the would-be beater was beaten; Haman was hanged upon his own gallows, and Paul and his party, for a time at least, were saved from further persecution.

Here we may well leave him, so far as his residence in Corinth is concerned, with the comforting words of the Lord ringing in his ears: "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to harm thee: for I have much people in this city." Yes, even in Corinth, corrupt, dissolute, worldly Corinth, God had a people, and no man, O Paul, shall do thee harm until thy great mission has been fulfilled and thou hast preached the glorious good tidings not only to the Corinthians but in many another city throughout the Roman world.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE CANADIAN LINER *Zeiten* opened the season of navigation on the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and European ports on April 28, when she docked with 1,100 immigrants and 4,000 tons of cargo. Up to that date there was an ice jam eighteen miles in length between Cap Rouge and Point aux Trembles blocking the route to Montreal.

—A GIANT ICEBERG, similar to that which sank the *Titanic*, threatened disaster to the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain* with 1,460 passengers aboard, which arrived in Halifax on April 26 from Liverpool. Passengers say that on Wednesday at 10 o'clock in the morning the vessel, while in latitude 46 north, longtitude 47 west, was swerved just in time to avoid a serious collision. Fortunately the ship was steaming slowly at the time because of a dense fog. There were many passengers on deck and, all being familiar with the *Titanic's* fate, many were panicky until assured that there was no danger.

—A DESPATCH FROM Crescent Beach, Conn., states that George Borup, of New York, who was with Peary almost to the end of his successful dash to the North Pole, and Samuel Winship Case, of Norwich, Conn., both graduate students of Yale University, were drowned in Long Island Sound on April 28, when their power canoe was suddenly overturned by a heavy sea. The young men had gone to spend the day in a summer cottage belonging to Mr. Case's family. Early in the morning they started out in their canoe, headed for New London. They were not seen until about five o'clock, when Harry Gardner, a quarry owner at Millstone, saw the canoe suddenly capsize. He immediately put out in a fast power boat. He at first saw one man clinging to the overturned craft, but before he could reach the scene, which was a half hour's run from shore, the body had disappeared. George Borup, the son of Lieutenant Colonel Borup, U.S.A., retired, was twenty-three years old when he joined the Peary Polar Exposition in 1908 as a member of the scientific staff. Among his duties were those of photographer of the expedition. He had been an athlete at Yale, which enabled him to undergo the hardships in the arctic. Borup was graduated in 1907 with the degree of B.A., and was pursuing advanced courses in geology at the graduate school.

—THE SHOCKING SCENE of slaughter known as the "Battle of London," which occurred in January, 1911, when a few desperadoes taking shelter in a house in Whitechapel defied hundreds of police and soldiers headed by government officials, until their retreat was fired, had its terrible counterpart near Paris on Sunday, April 28. A fierce desperado, Bonnot, and several of his notorious band were brought to bay in a garage at Choisy-le-Roi, six miles south of the city. They put up a desperate resistance, battling for hours against tremendous odds. They were trapped in the building, which was surrounded by police gendarmes and republican guards. With rifles and revolvers the police and soldiers poured volley after volley into the garage, their shots being returned by a steady rain of lead from the attacked. Bonnot was shooting from the first floor and two detectives went down under his deadly fusillade. Finally, the authorities determined to blow up the building and for this purpose they procured carts on which they placed mattresses for shields and in this manner got close to the walls, where they placed sticks of dynamite. Those detailed to light the fuse got back to safety before the terrific explosion. Bonnot, the leader, was found riddled with a dozen bullets, but still alive; he died on the way to the hospital. His chief lieutenant, Dubois, was already dead. The wiping out of Bonnot's gang clears Paris of the worst band of desperadoes ever known to the police. They went around in automobiles, first killing and then robbing their victims. Their daring reached a climax in the murder of Assistant Superintendent Jouin of the Detective Department and the wounding of Chief Inspector Colmar on April 24.

CLOSE OF THE MEN'S CAMPAIGN

THE MEN AND RELIGION FORWARD MOVEMENT REVIEWED

Fred. B. Smith
The Campaign Leader

The Platform of Carnegie Hall, New York, on the Evening of the Last Meeting

Roy B. Guild
Executive Secretary

I COULD not keep my eyes from the archdeacon's face. He sat there, or stood, the embodiment of everything traditional and conservative. A thousand years of British history and social habit were in his face; more than a thousand years of churchly custom were implied in his garb and in something of his manner. His black waistcoat was the ecclesiastical apron, reaching to his knees. His buttoned gaiters reached to knees again, from ankles. Yet he was as unconscious of his garb as a laborer in his daily clothes. And the gaiters were so loose and comfortable, and the apron so shadowed in the folds of his frock coat that there seemed after all very little about his costume that was unusual—even for the United States.

But his face—sheer benevolence! What a good time he was having! When three thousand other men sat down to pray, he stood up. When the conductor vigorously beat the time for the great songs, while the gold cornet behind him swelled out the strains, the archdeacon all unconsciously beat time with his hymn-book in a perfectly involuntary, absent-minded manner, as he might if leading a class of a dozen little boy and girl catechumens. He beamed upon everybody, not patronizingly. He was simply having a good time. He was seated in a row of men of world-wide prominence, among them Bishop Hendrix, Gipsy Smith, Dr. Jowett, Editor Macdonald of the Toronto *Globe*, Dr. David Russell of South Africa, and Fred B. Smith. As new arrivals passed near his chair, at the side or in front of him, the archdeacon nodded companionably. Not many happened to notice the nod or return it. In fact, you could see it was not meant to be returned. It wasn't given to the man as a favor. The archdeacon was simply saying with his head what his heart kept saying: "Ah, here's another dear fellow who loves God. I'm glad he has come."

Much of the time his chin was tilted upward. You could see that something kept coming down from somewhere above, into the archdeacon's soul. At those times there were flashes of a strange light upon his face. When Gipsy Smith had made us all stand, and was playing on the voices of that big assembly as an organist plays his instrument, particularly when he asked the chorus behind him to hum an accompaniment while he sang the verse, the archdeacon's eyes filled up with tears, again and again. No wonder, for these were the words, and the Gipsy never sang with more magic sweetness:

> "I'll go with him through the garden,
> I'll go with him through the garden,
> I'll go with him through the garden,
> I'll go with him, with him all the way."

You can imagine there was some such look as this of the archdeacon's on John Wesley's face when his heart became strangely moved, or on Luther's face, when he heard a voice reminding him that "the just shall live by faith." And you knew it was not the first time the face of this new saint had borne that look.

Of course he was Archdeacon Madden, and of course you know that the occasion was the closing service of the Conservation Congress at Carnegie Hall, New York, where nearly fifteen hundred delegates had been meeting for six days, from April 19 to 24, to bring to a focus the work of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. It was a notable assembly, closing a notable campaign. And any one who might have been skeptical about the spiritual soundness and strength of the movement need only to have attended that service to be convinced that the Holy Spirit has been in the great crusade. Many another heart besides that of the good archdeacon was blessed by the addresses and the songs, and one knew that this must have been the atmosphere and the spirit of the gatherings of the wide campaign.

The hymns selected and sung seemed another answer to the criticism which has been frequently heard during the progress of the movement, on the ground that it has lacked something of vital, enthusiastic spirituality. This was the first hymn, sung earnestly by these regiments of Christian soldiers:

> Show me thy face—one transient gleam
> Of loveliness divine,
> And I shall never think or dream
> Of other love save thine.

A Group of the Experts Who Conducted the Campaign

Then this:

> We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
> Across the little landscape of our life.
> We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
> For the last weariness—the final strife.

After this the great strains of Diadem rolled forth, and how the basses gloried in the majestic run toward the close! How heartily Jowett and Macdonald sang while the archdeacon beamed, "Crown—— Him Lord of All!"

The fervent prayer by Dr. Russell, who has been called the "Moody of South Africa," the addresses by the team leaders and other officials, the few rapt moments under Gipsy Smith's leadership, the capital address by Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, bearing the greetings of the Congregational communion to the men of the Congress, the singing of the International Association Quartet, led up to the closing address of the Congress, which brought to an end the nation-wide campaign begun nearly two years ago. It was delivered by Dr. J. H. Jowett on the "Coming of the Kingdom," and was a plea for spiritual optimism. "I wish we might have a new society," he said; "a society of people who would be watching for signs of the morning, and reporting them; vigilant scouts, looking for sunbeams, people who would invade the world for signs of sunrise. We should pray the prayer, 'Thy kingdom come,' as seers, believing that the kingdom is coming, and seeing already in our vision the kingdom as it will be; as soldiers, or crusaders, fighting for the kingdom; as watchmen, looking for and announcing the signs of its coming." A song by the quartet, "Still, Still with Thee," and the benediction closed the Congress.

Now that the campaign is over, now that the more than thirteen hundred delegates have gone back from the Congress to their cities and their churches, the question of most vital interest is: "What next?" "What is going to come of it all?"

A number of things will probably come of it; but one thing will not come of it, and that is a new organization. Terrific pressure has been brought to bear upon the leaders of the movement to make it permanent, but they have persistently and emphatically declined. One rich man was so enthusiastic that he offered $100,000 to help support a permanent organization, but his offer was refused.

This in itself is a spectacle worthy of the notice and commendation of Christians. The team leaders, speaking at the last meeting of the work of their men, testified that these men had worked in a spirit of the utmost unselfishness and self-sacrifice. This is easy to believe since the whole organization passes voluntarily now out of existence. Its leaders promised at the beginning that they would do this; and they have done it.

But the various organizations which have been co-operating with them are already under way at the work of continuation. The men's brotherhood of one denomination has already officially decided to carry on the work among the men reached by its own communion, putting on foot a campaign which will convey the message and follow the program of the Men and Religion Movement. It is expected that five other denominations will do the same. As a further fruitage of the campaign, the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. has established a new Bible Study Department and selected M. A. Honline of Dayton, O., to manage it. The International Sunday School Association has decided to take on a new, enlarged and specialized work for boys under the direction of John W. Alexander of New York. The committee of Ninety-seven, which has managed the movement, recommended in its final report that steps be taken to keep the various brotherhoods and other organizations in touch with one another's work, and that an annual summer conference be arranged where workers in these organizations may meet for fellowship, study and planning.

A set of seven books is in process of preparation

Continued on next page

A SERMON

By

Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

DEADLY DELAY

TEXT: "Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." Luke 9: 60

DOES that sound harsh and ungracious? Does it seem to disparage filial piety, to trample upon those delicate courtesies which soften and beautify domestic life? Do we resent the tone of the Speaker? But have we got the Speaker's tone? For tone is a vital factor in the significance of speech. A change of tone changes the meanings of words. Alter a tone and a threat becomes an appeal, coercion becomes constraint. A passage like this is easily misunderstood and abused. We can so interpret the words as to make our Lord impoverish human life rather than enrich it. We can make him desanctify the sacred and put parental and filial sanctities among cheap and needless conventions. And such interpretation would crucify the Son of Man afresh and put him to open shame.

A Typical Auditor

We must begin all our interpretations of the words of Jesus with the guidance of certain fundamental assumptions, and from these we must never depart. First, we must assume that the Lord Jesus Christ is the very fountain of all true, deep, tender human love. Second, we must assume that the Lord Jesus Christ is the essential bond in all human ties and kinships. In him we discover the mystic cement which constitutes the solidarity of the race. "In him all things consist." Third, we must assume that the Lord Jesus Christ, when he moved along the ways of men, was the perfect ideal of courtesy and grace. And so with these assumptions in our minds as the axioms of interpretation let us meditate on the incident of our text.

I feel sure that our Lord was very intimate with this man. He was just the kind of man who would be found in every audience the Master addressed. He was in the company on the hill, or in the village street, or by the seashore, or in the house; wherever our Lord was speaking there this man was to be found, a keenly interested member of the crowd. Jesus knew his face, he divined his character, for "he knew what was in man." I think I can partially recover his face and character from the veiling mist of the years. He was a man of moods and impulses. He was easily moved and sometimes profoundly moved. His emotions were far more lively than his faith, and far more vigorous than his will. We should have described him as "good-hearted," with the half disparaging suggestion we imply when we wish to convey the impression that the other sides of a man's character are soft and faulty.

A Man of Impulses and Emotions

One day he was at the Jordan hearing John the Baptist. John swept him like the wind swept their own familiar lake. His emotions were lashed into tumult, and they submerged his entire being. "That was the prophet for him!" "He would enlist in the fellowship of John's disciples! His disciples were evidently the pioneers of the kingdom and he would enroll in the holy crusade. Yes! he would become one of John's disciples, but not that day! He would wait until the morrow! It was more than probable that on the morrow his friends would accompany him and they would be baptized together!" And the much-moved man returned home, but long before he reached home the emotional storm had subsided and self-complacency was found where noble impulse had so lately reigned. On the morrow no sign of the storm remained.

I cannot say how often he had been moved by our Lord. Now he had been melted by a tender word, again he was spurred by an awful warning, and again he was quickened by some wooing call. He was moved I know not how often, but he was never moved to immediate decision and the choice of destiny. He was moved but remained stationary. He was moved but he was never on the march. He felt the gale of the Spirit but he never hoisted his sail. He often felt the influence of a favorable wind but he never got out of the harbor. He was always about to do something but the something was never done.

But one day it seemed as though emotion was to manifest itself in motion, as though feeling was about to register itself in action, as though the die were about to be cast and fickleness to precipitate itself in noble decision. I know not what it was, whether the Master's doings or the Master's teachings or the Master's pleadings, but the man's hour was come. "And Jesus said unto him, Follow me!" And he answered with a ready and jubilant response, "Lord, I will follow thee, but suffer me first . . . !" There he is again, back in excuse, retreating in makeshift and evasion! I do not for one moment think that the father was dead. I think he was an aged man and that the son's meaning might be found in our familiar words, "I must wait until the old man is at rest!" And the Master answered him in a word which meant, "Let the dead talk in that deadly way; thy excuses are always fatal evasions. Go thou and preach the kingdom of God!"

Perils of Procrastination

What is there in all this of modern application? First of all we are taught the exceeding delicacy of spiritual impulse. When we are dealing with spiritualities we are dealing with matters of superlative delicacy, and their power and bloom can be easily bruised and destroyed. We know that even a physical aptitude can be impaired or deranged. It is quite easy to lose some power of skilful motion, some grace or speed of hand, some delicacy and refinement of touch. The principle is even more manifest in higher planes of feeling. An esthetic discernment can be neglected and forfeited. Darwin lost his musical taste. A sense of the music of words may pass from a man, and his well-ordered language can degenerate into a disorder resembling an army in rout. But when we ascend to more inherently spiritual things the delicacy is inexpressible. We can easily lose the sense of spiritual hearing, the perception of the "still small voice." We can easily lose our gift of spiritual love. We can just as easily lose our wealth of spiritual regret, the moods of penitence, shame, sorrow and remorse.

And, therefore, in the second place we are taught the exceeding peril of procrastination. If spiritual things are abandoned they die. If they are neglected they are famished. If they are deferred they begin to wither away. I appeal to practical experience in confirmation of the Master's teaching. Some event happens in our life, a sobering circumstance which exercises an unusual influence upon us. Perhaps it is a funeral, or perhaps it is some calamity. Some sober-suited set of circumstances has opened depths in the garish day, and we have a vision. The vision is creative of some holy impulse which bids us say, "I will follow." And almost before the funeral is over, while we are in the carriage that brings us from the grave, the delicate thing has gone.

Opportunities Neglected

Or we have heard some mystic call. Perhaps our birthday has startled us by its figure. We have seen the thing in writing and it has made us very serious. We find we are "getting on." "Is it not time for a nobler, deeper, more purposeful life?" "Yes! it is; I will follow, but . . .!" And the delicate thing is slain.

Or we have heard some sermon, or read some book. We have been pulled up in our carelessness. Our soul stands at attention like a soldier hearing his name at the roll-call. "Yes! I follow, but . . .!" And it is all over. These tender things are slain by procrastination. We are always about to do and the gracious thing is never done. We are always "going presently," and every present hour steals away into a gloom from which there is no recovery, into the prison-house of neglected opportunities, into the weird waste-heap of withered purpose and dead ideal. We are all familiar with these disasters. Our procrastination has murdered gracious things by the hundred. How many beautiful things with wings are lying dead in the road of our past life, godly impulses, godly visions, godly intentions and vows! And the years are flying, flying fast. And still our relationship to the eternal God our Father must be told in these cold and awful words, "Strangers yet, strangers yet."

"Seek Ye First the Kingdom"

And the third lesson we are taught by our Master is the supreme importance of observing the relative values of things. Nothing is so precious as a divine impulse, and nothing must be allowed to elbow it into a second place. In secular affairs our king's command is supreme. Everything else has to go. Whether the cabinet minister is at home or abroad, at work or at play, when his sovereign summons him he must instantly obey. The secret of a great life is to be found in a similar apportionment of values, and in an instant response to the call of our God. "Seek ye first the kingdom"; which really means, "Seek ye first the King!" "Seek him!" Let nothing come before him! The Lord's will is a divine command for absolute surrender to the Highest. "Follow me." "Now" and "wholly"; these are the two emphases of the consecrated life as these are the two essentials of all true devotion.

* Pastor Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Close of the Men's Campaign

Continued from preceding page

which will contain the reports of the commissions on Publicity, Boys' Work, Evangelization, the Rural Church, Social Service, Missions, Bible Study, and Christian Unity, together with the addresses delivered during the Congress. This will form an intensely valuable library for the men of the churches, giving them specific and practical information as to how they may best do the actual work to which this great crusade has called them.

Seven thousand five hundred and eighty men and boys made a definite decision to accept Christ during the campaign. This report alone justifies all that the movement has cost of time, energy and money. Altogether 7,062 meetings were held, at which 8,332 addresses were given to a total attendance of 1,492,645 persons. Over twenty-six thousand men and boys committed themselves for personal service.

While all the sessions of the closing Congress were important, some of them were of thrilling interest, as when Jane Addams talked with rare womanly sweetness and tact, yet with fearless frankness, about the church and the social evil; when Bryan addressed the assembly, and when he spoke in the open air; when Gipsy Smith addressed a mass meeting in the Hippodrome, at which from one to two hundred men decided to follow Christ; and when a sad memorial service was held for William T. Stead on the night of Monday, April 22, when he was to have addressed the Congress on "Universal Peace."

The churches have found out afresh that they can work together. The world has had another demonstration that Christianity is a matter that appeals to men and makes them strive manfully for the kingdom of the Christ they honor. The men of the churches have had a new vision of the work waiting to be done, work for the boys, work for their communities, work for their neighbors and friends that will bring them to Christ. The archdeacon's face sums it all up. Men have been working together eagerly to get other men to go to work vigorously and wisely to bring still others to Christ; and in working thus all have come to love one another, to forget their differences, and to receive heaven's blessing upon their own churches and their own souls.

HIS PROMISE

WHEN assailed by storm and danger,
When the day is dark and drear,
Show the rainbow of thy promise;
Help us all thy voice to hear.

Father, when we falter, guide us,
Voyagers on life's wide sea;
Let no cloud from thee divide us,
Keep us ever near to thee.

For each sin we ask forgiveness—
Small and weak, at best, we are—
But, with thee, when night is darkest,
We shall find a guiding star.

Help us to forgive a brother
As thou dost forgive us all,
Lift the burdens of another
For thy blessing then to call.

Bless us now, our Father, bless us—
Thine the glory, thine the praise!
For the goodness thou hast shown us
Songs of joy and hope we raise.

Somerville, Mass. MABEL F. GRANT.

Dr. Jowett on the "Titanic" Disaster

From his sermon on April 21

IT IS in crises like these that the soul craves for some certain foothold, some firm assurance, "holy ground," some steadfast hope which remains unshaken in a tempest. It is the good pleasure of God to retain the ministry of the cloud. We see all things "as in a mirror darkly." There must be a strong and gracious ministry in mystery, or its presence and discipline would not be so continuously used. Even when our understandings are clearest the limiting mist remains, but "the clouds drop fatness."

We have passed through a terrible week, but it appears to me that the world is essentially richer than it was before the great liner was lost. We are richer in common sense. We are richer in discernment and discrimination of values, and in the firm determination to put first things first. We are richer in that pure indignation which is the minister and guardian of true progress. And we are richer in the bonds of human kinship. The entire race is making a simultaneous passage through a common sorrow, and the welding power of the experience cannot possibly be expressed. Humanity is one in the "love and pity" that redeems.

We are surely richer from the amazing exhibition of sublimest courage. Our men went down, but they retained their manliness even in the hour of apparent defeat. They lost their lives, but they did not lose themselves. In a certain glorious sense they were grander and mightier than the seas that overwhelmed them. In their self-control, in their self-forgetfulness, in their quiet chivalry and self-renunciation, in their calm acceptance of death rather than the selfish grasp and possession of life—in all these things they revealed a majesty before which every other form of power is eclipsed; and when the horrors of that awful night have become dim, their triumph will remain an abiding enrichment of the noblest glories of our race. And this is their holy fame: they chose the lonely night rather than the inglorious day.

Anvil Sparks

..WHEN in doubt—pray out.

..THE tighter you seal up love, the sooner it decays.

..IF YOU have even a little faith you can't be idle.

..THE want of appreciation cheapens every possession.

..SMALL faith cannot be a foundation for great character.

..MANY a harvest of sin may be traced to a small seed of doubt.

..DON'T walk wilfully and trust God to keep you out of the pitfalls.

..MUD throwing doesn't require good aim; keep at it and you are sure to hit somebody.

..YOU couldn't understand some folks if you had the wisdom of Solomon, so don't worry about it.

The Hollow of His Hand

By Eugene Thwing

LITTLE Edward went back to his play in the haymow after his early supper, but he never intended to go sound asleep there, and he was confused and almost afraid when he awoke in the dark and heard his father's voice calling him. It was not exactly dark in the spot where he lay, because a band of white moonlight fell across the hayloft. Everywhere else was pitchy dark—it seemed unusually dark by contrast with this band of light just as wide as the window.

"Where are you, papa?" answered the little fellow, hardly yet awake, as his father called again.

"Right here, below you; never mind the ladder; just jump, and I'll catch you."

"But it's dark down there; I can't see you, papa," answered the boy.

"Never mind; I can see you. It's only a short way. You will jump right into my hands. Don't be afraid." So Edward took the leap, trustfully, into the darkness, and the next instant found himself safe in his father's hands.

. . .

IN THE cabin of a ship, a group of men and women huddled close around one of their number who was praying. Elsewhere confusion held sway. In this little group there was peace as the man prayed: "Dear God, we want just now to shut our ears to the noise about us and listen to thy voice. We want to shut out all the terror from our hearts and take in thy peace. The waters of the sea look vast, and black, and angry to us this night, but we know that thou hast measured the waters in the hollow of thy hand. We were thinking, just now, that we were helpless on the great deep, but we were foolish to be so frightened, because there is no place we would rather be than in the hollow of thy loving hand.

"We like to live and do our work, and we have done our utmost to save ourselves, but our utmost is very little and we seem to have measured already its short span. It is good to know that thy hand is not shortened that it cannot save, and that even now we are in the hollow of thy hand.

"The life we have been trying to save is a little life at best, while the life for which thou canst save us is a more abundant life. The work we would like to continue is small and narrow at its best, while thou canst give us 'greater things than these' to do; so we are ready to accept thy choice for us now, whatever it may be.

"We cannot see thee in the dark just now, dear Father, but we know that thou canst see us, and we can hear thy dear voice in our hearts calling to us, 'It is I, be not afraid.' We will go down in the dark if thou dost call us, knowing that it is only a short way, and knowing that 'the eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.'" So the man prayed on, while those who could were working, and others were waiting.

. . .

ALONE in his private office, with the door locked, a man struggled with adverse fate. Never had he felt so much alone, so deserted, so helpless. He went over in detail the various measures he had taken to conquer his difficulties, and tried to think what more he could do. It seemed that he had exhausted every hope, and that nothing remained possible except the intervention of Providence in his behalf. "Make haste, Lord, to help me," he cried. "Carest thou not that I perish? Wilt thou leave me alone in my extremity? Are these affairs that seem to me so vital too insignificant in thy sight to claim thy interest and succor?"

Then a flush of shame swept over the man as he remembered how many and how real had been the evidences in the past of the Father's interest and help in his affairs, and he began to feel anew the immanence of God even in the time of stress and storm. Trustfulness and new strength came to him as he said to his soul, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

His fear and rebellion seemed wrong and foolish as he remembered that he was now as much as ever in his Father's hands, even though all about him seemed dark. Just now he could not see his Father's hand, but his Father could see him and knew how to hold him safe and guide him into the best way.

. . .

ON a bed of pain and weakness a mother lay thinking of all the experiences that had swept over her in a few short months. A talented husband had been taken from her after a lingering illness. Her own professional career had met with unexpected disaster. After repeated disappointments a new career of brilliant promise opened for her, only to be cut short at its very beginning by the sudden illness and death of her eldest son, just making his mark in business. Then she herself was laid low with serious illness. Troubles innumerable had heaped themselves greedily upon her, but she remembered, through them all, that the Father was not afar off, and that she was safe in the hollow of his hand. Rising once more from the sick-bed, she wrote, "I believe so surely that nothing ever happens out of time or place, that I realize these months of inactivity and of mental and physical stress for me have been rightly conceived and were needed for my right unfoldment. They have brought to me a greater comprehension, a wider vision, more spiritual development than all previous years of my life. One must needs, sometimes, go down into the very fires of hell in the matter of suffering in order to get rid of the dross and preserve the pure gold of the spirit. So I count the past months as the richest in my existence, though never before have I been so utterly bereft of the material things of life."

What is there to dread in the deep sea, even though its waves dash in tumult, or the dark clouds cover the face of the waters? What is there to dread in the storm or the stress of life, even when the dearest plans seem to be wrecked and experiences we call "disaster" overwhelm us? What is there to dread in the night of pain or sorrow, even when the flesh is weak and the heart is torn? *All* these waters have been measured "in the hollow of his hand." They cannot be too great; they cannot overflow; we are still in his hand. Whether the storm rage over a dark sea or within a troubled soul, he is able to say, "Peace, be still," and the obedient waves and the obedient heart shall instantly obey his will.

Poems Everyone Should Know

FRIENDS DEPARTED

THEY are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glorious under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective—still—as they pass:
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695).

Henry Vaughan, known as the Silurist, was born in 1621 at Scethrog in Breconshire, Wales, and died in 1695. Little is known of his life, as he lived simply and did not mix in the stirring events of his time. He graduated at Oxford and lived for a short period in London, but soon returned to his native place in Wales, where he entered upon the practice of his profession as a physician, which he continued till his death.

His spiritual life, however, is an open book to those who wish to know. His poems, which have something of George Herbert's quaintness of style, are rich in spiritual experience and filled with the consciousness of the omnipresence of God in nature.

He was a child when James I died; he lived through the period of Charles I's reign and the Civil War and saw the passing of the King and the domination of Cromwell; the restoration of Charles II and his ensuing misgovernment, the crowning of James II and his subsequent deposition. He died when William and Mary had reigned six years.

Almanac in Daily Use

I thank you heartily for your very valuable and most replete *Christian Herald Almanac*. It is a treasure, a joy and a daily feast for one who partakes of its contents. The Lord bless and prosper the glorious work you are doing along all lines in his name. I feel as if I could not keep house without the weekly visit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I anxiously await its coming. May perfect love and unbounded peace ever attend it. MRS. L. O. MILLER.

Three Rivers, Mich.

. . .

The Women of the Bible

The beautiful book, *The Women of the Bible*, came and it is indeed just beyond pen and ink to fully describe. Thanks! The paintings in the book are marvels of beauty, and the print is grand beyond comparison. I shall enjoy its reading. It is wonderful how you send such worthy gifts each year.

Adrian, Mich. LIBBIE D. LOWRY.

THE REINDEER QUEEN OF ALASKA

BY E. Y. WEAD, Now Chief of the Alaska Division of the Bureau of Education

Reindeer Mary, Two of Her Adopted Children, Her Husband and a Friend

An Alaskan-Bred Collie Guarding Part of Reindeer Mary's Herd

WHEN a woman in an enlightened country makes her way to a front rank in the industrial world, the fact soon becomes known and people are eager to learn something of the conditions that brought it about and of the character of the one who accomplished it. That a woman with a brown skin should also successfully compete with the men of her race is less generally understood. Out of the 260 Eskimos who own reindeer in Alaska, two are women. One of these, Mary Arisarlook Andrewnk, has received the title of "Reindeer Queen of Alaska."

It was nearly twenty years ago when the attention of the government was first called to the shocking condition of the native Alaskans. As savages they had lived on game and fish. Light, fuel, food and boats they had had from the whale; meat and clothing from wild animals. But the white man had driven the whales to other waters; seals and otter were becoming rare; the salmon streams had been taken from them; one trapper snared more game in a winter than sixty natives; the country was cold, the people knew no other resources.

A few great hearts had found a way to supply these sufferers with a subsistence, and through their efforts the United States Government began to stock the country with reindeer. The practice was continued till the Siberian Government placed an embargo on further shipments. By this time agents had distributed about the Barren Grounds of Alaska nearly five thousand deer and had opened up to the natives a traffic which already assures them an income of more than $25,000 a year.

It was through her first husband that "Reindeer Mary" came into possession of her herd. Charley Arisarlook was an accomplished herder and one of the first to avail himself of the opportunity to learn the business and be rewarded with a small herd. He was one of the natives who lent reindeer to the government and accompanied the overland relief expedition of 1898, which traveled a thousand miles through the storms and darkness of an Arctic winter, driving before them five hundred reindeer to feed the ice-imprisoned whalers off the coast of Point Barrow. Charley possessed the faithfulness and courage of a hero, but a few years later, when the country was swept by an epidemic of measles, he was one of the victims.

Mary, the widow, was inconsolable, and sought solace in drink. But the missionaries took her in hand; the herds she had inherited required attention. A young sister of her husband had been left homeless. Mary roused herself to meet duty half way. She became a Greek Catholic, though she now attends a Protestant church at Unalakleet, and she never parts with a friend going to "the States" without calling him in to offer a prayer for his safety.

"Queen Mary" owns a herd of 1,303 deer, which she manages with judgment and intelligence. According to the usual contract made with the government she is required to train three apprentices and to give to each the customary number of deer. She has done better than this. She has trained and rewarded eight or ten apprentices, and at the present time has another under her care. She long since discarded the *igloo*, or native hut, half underground, in which she was born, and is now comfortably housed near Nome, in a cabin of logs. She speaks seven or eight different languages—most of them merely Indian dialects—and this has enabled her to be of considerable service as an interpreter.

Queen Mary has brought up a number of helpless children, and having none of her own, has not only cared for them physically, but has also given them a place in her heart. Surely, according to her light, "she hath done her part."

THE DOLLY MADISON HARMONY BREAKFAST

DOLLY MADISON still lives in the hearts of the women of the United States, and she is generally acknowledged as the most charming and interesting mistress the White House has ever had. The time in which she was there helped her fame, because it was during the War of 1812, when the city of Washington was invaded by the British army, and not only the Capitol but the White House was burned by them. At that time Dolly Madison and others of her household took refuge in a house not far distant, carrying with her in her flight the portrait of George Washington, which she had torn from its frame with her hairpin. That house is now known as "The Octagon," and is fittingly occupied by the Archeological Institute of America.

The 20th of May will be the one hundred and fifth anniversary of the birth of Dolly Madison, and the women who cherish her memory propose giving a birthday breakfast in her honor. They call it a "Harmony Breakfast," because "she was the most potent feminine factor working for party good feeling in the past history of our republic."

The Dolly Madison Harmony Breakfast has been planned by eighty ladies, wives of senators and congressmen now in Washington. The tables will be prettily decorated with the spring wild flowers of Virginia, as that was Dolly Madison's native State.

Copyright by G. V. Buck

Mrs. William A. Cullop

Dolly Madison (From a Painting)

Copyright by Edmonston

Mrs. Champ Clark

No wines will be served; nothing stronger than coffee. Gifted speakers will enhance the occasion in their responses to toasts. The toastmistress will be Mrs. Champ Clark, who is a witty speaker.

"Of course Dolly Madison is our guest of honor," remarked one of the managers, "but as we want to have a guest of honor in the chair we have invited Mrs. Grover Cleveland as a mistress of the White House only second in popularity to Dolly Madison."

There will be some unique arrangements in the seating of the guests: one table has been reserved for the daughters and granddaughters of Democratic Presidents. Prominent among these will be two lovely young girls, Esther and Marion Cleveland, the first-named having been born in the White House. Another table has been reserved for the descendants of Presidents Jefferson, Monroe, Van Buren and Tyler.

The purpose of having the breakfast is to cultivate in women the spirit that was in Dolly Madison: patriotism, tolerance and broad-mindedness. The Dolly Madison Harmony Breakfast is likely to become an annual function, and to bring about a renaissance of unadulterated patriotism of the Dolly Madison type. It was suggested by Mrs. Robert C. Wickliffe. Mrs. Claude A. Swanson is the executive head of the Breakfast management. Mrs. Wm. A. Cullop is the treasurer. Mrs. Isaac R. Sherwood is the poet laureate of the occasion. MRS. W. F. C.

THE "TITANIC" INQUEST ENDED

ALTHOUGH the closing days of the Senatorial investigation of the *Titanic* disaster produced more verification of past testimony than anything else, a few important new details were brought out. The greatest interest during the last days centered around the subjects of wireless telegraphy and the so-called "phantom ship" which was seen by the *Titanic* survivors only a few miles away. Much of the evidence was given by the officers of the White Star Line and practically discounted some of the terrible accusations of lack of discipline, cowardice and inattention to duty which have been made. Charles W. Lightoller, who was again put upon the stand, volunteered the information that he was, in his own opinion, responsible for the telegrams which Mr. Ismay sent to the White Star Line officers in New York urging that the *Cedric* be held. He declared that while on the *Carpathia* Mr. Ismay suffered from extreme depression; that he was possessed by the conviction that he should have gone down with the ship. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Ismay was aroused from his lethargy to take even sufficient interest to authorize the telegrams announcing the disaster and asking that the ship be held to take back the crew to England.

Robert Hichens, the quartermaster who was at the *Titanic's* wheel when the collision took place, told his story of the disaster and verified to a great extent all the statements which had been previously made, except those of Major Peuchen, who had accused him of personal misconduct and of using rough measures when in charge of a lifeboat. Hichens's blunt manner of speaking, his apparent frankness and his extreme London accent lent a touch of human interest to his testimony, and he obviously commanded the respect and confidence of the naval experts who were listening to the proceedings.

Harold G. Lowe, the *Titanic's* fifth officer, gave testimony in which he corroborated many of the former statements, gave the details of the launching of the boats in his immediate vicinity, but added little or nothing to the fund of information. The witness made it plain that all were free to wander wherever they pleased, and that there was no effort made by the officers or crew to coerce the passengers. When asked by Senator Smith if he saw women upon the deck where he was working as the last boats were going away, Mr. Lowe replied: "Certainly I saw women, but I did not have time to go and drag them away. They didn't respond to our call." The problem of who fired the shots which have been so frequently spoken of was cleared up by Mr. Lowe, who said that he fired three shots into the water to scare away some immigrants on one of the decks, who, he feared, were about to swamp a loaded boat by jumping. He was certain the shots struck no one.

The next day of the inquiry was devoted almost entirely to the subject of wireless telegraphy. Operator Cottam of the *Carpathia* was again on the stand and supported the testimony of Bride, the *Titanic's* operator, in connection with the *Frankfurt* incident. It was brought out that all the wireless operators were in sympathy with those of the *Titanic*, who warned the German operator to keep out. They were agreed that it was often difficult for operators speaking different languages to understand one another's signals readily. The sale of their accounts of the disaster by the wireless operators was made the subject of questions addressed to Mr. Marconi. The legitimacy of their action in thus holding their stories for one newspaper has been severely questioned.

The identity of the ship which was so near the *Titanic* has been a matter for searching inquiry. Captain Stanley Lord of the *Californian* testified that he believed his vessel could not have been more than nineteen or twenty miles from the *Titanic*. It was brought out that some aboard the *Californian* believed they had seen the *Titanic's* signal rockets but they had not reported this to the captain, who said in his testimony that the *Californian* did not receive the wireless call for aid until it was relayed from the *Virginian* at six o'clock next morning. He stated that he had seen no signals and was convinced that the *Titanic* was beyond their range of vision. The *Californian's* wireless operator testified that at five minutes after nine he was instructed to send to the *Titanic* the fact that the *Californian* had stopped because of ice, and to give the location. He began his message, but was cut off by the *Titanic's* operator, who flashed back, "Shut up; I am talking to Cape Race. You are jamming my messages." After this he listened for a time to the *Titanic's* long distance work, then, slipping off his headgear, went to bed. It was not until early the next morning that he received the news that the *Titanic* had gone down.

Captain Moore of the Canadian liner *Mount Temple*, having been accused of receiving the signals and paying no attention to them, rushed to Washington to clear himself before the Senate committee. This he had little difficulty in doing, for his operator was evidently a young man of methodical ways and had kept an exact record, not only of messages to and from the *Mount Temple*, but also of the various messages which were in the air and which his apparatus had picked up. Captain Moore submitted these as evidence and told his story, stating that he had received the *Titanic's* call for help when he was about fifty miles away. He started immediately to rush to the rescue, but was headed off by a long field of dangerous ice, which he did not dare to attempt to navigate in the darkness. Early next morning he saw the *Carpathia* across the icefield and was told by her that all the *Titanic's* lifeboats and survivors had been picked up.

Captain Moore stated that within his view from the bridge he discerned a strange steamer, probably a tramp, which was making her way out of the ice. There was also a schooner in sight. The lights of this schooner, he thought, probably were those seen by the anxious survivors of the *Titanic*, and which they were frantically trying to reach. Captain Moore, by the recital of his long and successful career as a navigator, and by his evident ability, made a very favorable impression upon the investigating committee.

One of the stewards who was put upon the stand told further stories of the loading of the lifeboats and of the awakening of the passengers. It was not until half past twelve, or fifty minutes after the crash, that the stewards were ordered to arouse their passengers. He told how all in his section went upon deck, and how his last act aboard the ship was to assist William T. Stead to put on a lifebelt.

Another steward told of assisting Officer Pitman and Mr. Ismay to launch boat No. 7. Mr. Ismay kept calling out, "Men, form a line and let the ladies through," while First Officer Murdock was shouting, "Ladies, this way. Are there any other ladies here before this boat is lowered?" A woman came along, said the steward, just before the boat was lowered, and Mr. Ismay called to her to get in. "I am only a stewardess, sir," she said, and the answer was, "It makes no difference; you're a woman. Take your place." This steward was later ordered into boat No. 5 which was in charge of Officer Pitman. The last words he heard spoken on the ship were those of Mr. Murdock, who shook hands with Pitman, saying, "Good-by, old man, good luck."

All through the last days of the inquiry greater interest centered around the arrival of the cable steamer *Mackay-Bennett* at Halifax than about the Senate committee. Each day brought the news that a few more bodies had been recovered from the deep until the total reached 306. Only 190 of these were brought to shore; the rest were buried at sea. Fifty-seven of those were among the identified dead, while 60 of the bodies brought to Halifax were unidentified at the time of landing. Captain Lardner of the cable steamer stated that most of those who were buried out there were members of the *Titanic's* crew. He said none of the more prominent men had been recommitted to the deep, as it seemed best to bring back to land the dead in cases where questions of large inheritance and long litigation might be involved. The Rev. Canon Hind, of Halifax, who went out with the *Mackay-Bennett* on her five-day search, conducted the burial services at sea.

Halifax, during the days of waiting as well as after the arrival of the ship, was a city of mourning. Large numbers of friends and relatives of the victims of the disaster had gathered to await the bringing in of the bodies. Many waited in acute suspense, for their hopes of recovering their dead were founded on the slenderest evidence. As the funeral ship came into the harbor she was greeted by the tolling of all the city's bells and the flying of all the flags at half mast. The little crowd on the dock was limited almost entirely to those indirectly connected with the tragedy, so that confusion and hysterical scenes were avoided. The remains when taken from the *Mackay-Bennett* were placed in the Mayflower Curling Rink, which had been divided into compartments and entirely draped in black and white.

In both England and America funds have been started for the erection of monuments to the heroic dead and for the relief of those survivors who find themselves stripped of practically all their worldly possessions. Subscriptions have poured in from individuals and business firms all over the world, and the two funds, that of London and that of New York, now total nearly $2,000,000, and it is confidently expected will reach $2,500,000.

Memorial services for those who perished have been held in many cities of the United States and Canada. In New York a great congregation gathered at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Sunday, April 21, and Bishop Greer spoke earnestly of the courage shown by the men who died. Impressive services were conducted at St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's, where the grief was specially marked, because a number of those who were lost were members of the congregations.

Sir John Charles Bigham, Lord Mersey

Head of the British Court of Inquiry on the "Titanic" Disaster

The Senate Investigating Committee at Work

1. Senator Perkins. 2. Senator Smith, Chairman of the Committee. 3 Senator Newlands. 4. Senator Fletcher. 5. Mr. J. Bruce Ismay. Seated between Senators Fletcher and Newlands are Major A. G. Peuchen, of the Queen's Own of Toronto, Canada, and Mrs. Peuchen, rescued first-cabin passengers who gave valuable evidence

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President | GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor | THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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A Strange Senatorial Outburst

WHILE most people are disposed to grant a wide latitude to the average political speaker in the heat of debate, there are few who will hesitate to stamp as in execrable taste the parody on the Apostles' Creed which Senator John Sharp Williams introduced as a part of his remarks during a discussion in the Upper House in Washington lately. Senator Williams was reciting the political beliefs of Theodore Roosevelt and employed the travesty on the doctrines of the Christian Church in an attempt at witticism which was as inexcusable as it was startling. What his senatorial associates must have thought of it is not recorded; they made no open protest; but such a rank offense against all the accepted canons of parliamentary good taste, apart from the sacrilegious character of the incident, deserves to be sharply rebuked. We know nothing of the Senator's religious views—or if he has any at all—but a single gleam of common sense and decency might well have prevented such an utterance from a member of the highest legislative body in the nation.

Pastors and the Indian Schools

IN THEIR resolutions adopted at a recent meeting in that city, the pastors of Washington have sounded a very significant note of warning to the Protestant churches of the country. They met to discuss the action of President Taft in revoking the order of Commissioner Valentine of the Indian Bureau in regard to the religious garb of the Sisters in the Indian schools and the use of Catholic emblems and the prevalence of Catholic teaching in these government-supported institutions. These resolutions are reproduced below:

> We earnestly protest against the recent revocation by President Taft of the order of Commissioner Valentine, whereby the priests and nuns employed in teaching in the Indian public schools were forbidden to wear any distinctive religious garb or insignia while on duty in the public school-rooms. The action of Commissioner Valentine was the correction of a long-standing abuse, against which protests had been earnest and indignant, and was wise, patriotic and constitutional. The action of the President is a profound disappointment to the great majority of the Christian citizenship of the republic. It is un-American and a complete surrender of the essential principle of our national life, which ordains the separation of the church and state. Associated with the fact that the United States Congress annually gives large appropriations of money and often patents in fee for mission lands to the Roman Catholic bureau of missions, the President adds the immense influence of his name and office to the work of converting the Indians to Roman Catholicism.

These resolutions have been transmitted to the President, the Secretary of the Interior (to whom Mr. Taft's letter of revocation was addressed), Commissioner Valentine and the Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives. Meanwhile, up to May 1 no decision had been reached by Secretary Fisher, and the whole question is allowed, by the President's expressed desire, to remain in suspense. A hearing was given by the Secretary on April 8, at which a printed brief by Charles J. Bonaparte, counsel for the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, defending the Catholic usage in the schools, was submitted. A reply brief by the Protestant Home Missions Council has been prepared, in which it is clearly shown that the usage involves a violation of an essential principle in our national life—the separation of church and state. On various occasions, the President has expressed his full belief in this principle of our Constitution. It is upheld by so many distinguished authorities that the soundness of the contention in its support is beyond question. In a recent case in Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court held the principle in question was violated by

> the introduction into the schools as teachers of persons who are by their striking and distinctive ecclesiastical robes necessarily and constantly asserting their membership in a particular church, and in a religious order within that church.

This would apply to any church—Romanist, Protestant, Salvation Army or Quakers—or to any distinctive religious sect. The individuals in question are not disqualified by their religion, their church membership or their ecclesiastical office, but by their open assertion, in garb, insignia and sectarian practice, while on duty as government employees.

We will not discuss now the various schemes and expedients suggested by the defenders of this unconstitutional usage for the purpose of securing its continuance indefinitely. We may have occasion to refer to these later. Meanwhile, the American people are asking why this great question, involving a serious violation of constitutional rights, is permitted to remain undecided. All the official amenities, to which the President seems to attach so much importance, have been satisfied. Decisions on the identical point, handed down by the highest courts, have made the path of duty clear as the noonday sun. The Indian school question should be decided now—not after election.

A New Line on Political Ethics

WHICHEVER way the presidential battle may go, it will surely leave a trail of incidents to be remembered. To the unbiased and independent observer, the struggle at the primaries in the Old Bay State seems to have had all the stage accessories of bands, barrels and stirring eloquence, with the single drawback of a very badly arranged ballot. And therein lay the mischief, for the count, after throwing out a mass of defective ballots, showed that while President Taft had carried the preferential primaries and had won a majority of the district delegates, the result was a tie, Roosevelt having all of the eight delegates-at-large. By all the recognized rules of the political game, he was entitled to claim these delegates; but he chose rather to decline them absolutely, and so he tossed them back to Mr. Taft with a fine dramatic flourish, explaining in a very straightforward way that he did so purely out of his love for fair play and a "square deal," refusing to take what he regarded as an undue advantage. It was done in the characteristic off-hand Rooseveltian way, and to some it had the aspect of "playing to the galleries." There are plenty of others, however, who give the Colonel credit for an effort to introduce a higher standard of ethics in national politics, which would be welcome no matter from what source it came. Meanwhile, the drawn battle in Massachusetts, following closely on other recent surprises, has driven the political trainers back to the stables where the "dark horses" are being industriously groomed. They know that too much strenuosity at the outset may leave a candidate without the running power necessary for the finish. As it stands, it is still anybody's struggle. Speaker Clark's friends are hopeful and many are wondering whether the outcome of present political conditions will not be a Democratic triumph.

The Land of Summer

THE coming of summer is always full of suggestion and invitation. Poets, lovers, sportsmen, children, look forward with glee to its fragrances, its beauties and its opportunities; busy people in the city anticipate wistfully the breathing-spell their short vacation brings, and begin to enjoy even the furtive glimpses they may catch of field or sea; dwellers in the country settle down for the severer toil, but the intensified joys of the life that is "near to nature's heart."

And for the Christian? Summer is a good time for entering into the fragrant and gladsome places of religious experience. Many estimable Christians have, after all, an experience that has a good deal of winter about it. They are very busy, and very careful, and—sometimes—very cold, and now and then, it is to be feared, almost gloomy. But there is a summer land for the soul. The old prophets are full of the most alluring invitations to enter a spiritual land where there are flowers and radiances and delicious fruits. It is not selfish to seek and to find and to inhabit that land, for every new dweller there makes one more inducement, one more advertisement, one more agent, to bring others to the place of midsummer gladness.

> For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Here is the Christian's summer song; and he may sing it all the year round:

> I've reached the land of corn and wine,
> And all its riches now are mine.
> Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
> For all my night has passed away.
>
> The Saviour comes and walks with me,
> And sweet communion here have we.
> He gently leads me by his hand,
> For this is heaven's borderland.

Parcels Post on the Way

IT HAS been long demanded and slow in coming, but at last it is fairly in sight. In the Post Office Appropriation Bill passed by the House of Representatives on May 2, there was included a provision for the establishment of an experimental parcels post. Under this law, the Post Office Department will conduct for two years an experimental parcels post on routes that are *strictly rural*. Eleven pounds is to be the maximum weight of any package for postage, and the rates are to be five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound. At the next session of Congress, it is promised that a more complete parcels post bill will be submitted, and the House authorizes the appointment of a special joint committee of six members, three by the Speaker and three by the Vice-President, to deal with the subject thoroughly and prepare such a measure as will meet all public needs.

The Children of the Poor

IN a few weeks THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, will reopen for its regular summer work. This beautiful Home, which is everywhere known as "the Children's Paradise," has now been in operation for eighteen years and is the most widely known benevolence of its kind in the United States. Since the first opening it has received and sheltered 35,000 little tenement children—boys and girls of the poorest families, who have no other means of getting an outing. The Home is wholly the product of the generosity of our CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their friends throughout the country. Three dollars covers the entire cost of a ten days' outing for a child at Mont-Lawn, transportation included. But even the smallest contributions are welcomed.

When making your plans for your summer holiday, and as you look around at your own happy household faces and think of all the benefits they enjoy, just give one thought to the multitude of other children who are not so fortunately situated and to whom your gift may mean the bringing back of health and strength. You can, if you will, bring down "a section of heaven into the heart of a little child," and your summer will be sweetened and made more delightful by the recollection of what you have done. All contributions should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

A Benefactor Dead

DR. DANIEL K. PEARSONS, the eccentric philanthropist and millionaire who gave away between $6,000,000 and $7,000,000 to small schools and colleges and to home and foreign missions and other enterprises of the church, died of pneumonia at the Hinsdale Sanitarium near Chicago on April 27, in his ninety-third year. He was born at Bradford, Vt., in 1820. He attended the village school, supported himself while a student of Dartmouth College, graduated in medicine and was a country doctor at the age of forty. Having saved $5,000 in his medical practice, he went to Chicago, entered the real estate commission business, and then at the suggestion of his wife he acquired vast tracts of timber lands in Michigan, out of which he made millions. He made wise investments in street-car and other properties in Chicago, including one hundred houses. Twenty-two years ago he concluded to give away his fortune. "When I die," Dr. Pearsons said a year ago, "I shall not be rich in money, but I am rich in the joy of doing good. Mrs. Pearsons and I had no children of our own, but Providence gave us a large family of children in the Christian colleges of the country. There are forty-seven of them which I think I can call my own, and they are scattered now in twenty-four States." Among them are Beloit, Berea, Newberry, Whitman, Huron, Piedmont, Northland, Highland, Doane, McKendree, Colorado, Mount Holyoke, Lake Forest, Knox, Drury, Yankton, Carleton, Fargo, Pomona, Fairmount, Illinois, Olivet, Marietta, Sheridan, Anatolia, Northwestern, Guilford, Washington, Parkville, Pacific, Grand, each receiving from $10,000 to $500,000. He gave large sums also to seminaries, to domestic and foreign missions, to the Y. M. C. A., to hospitals, etc. His wife died several years ago. A year ago he sold out his house and furnishings and gave away his last cent and went to an institution, where he supported himself on $5,000, which was a two per cent. annuity he had reserved in a gift of $250,000 to keep him to the end. He was a typical Yankee, industrious, severely frugal, educated, honest. Such sterling thrift and character had much to do in building Chicago, Minneapolis, and many cities of the Northwest. His struggle with poverty prompted his democratic spirit to aid the smaller institutions which the millionaires were inclined to overlook. He was an ideal man and true Christian in his beautiful benevolence and fervent piety. Recognizing his divine stewardship, the supreme blessedness of giving, he died a multimillionaire in personal worth, love, faith and immortality. What was said at George Peabody's English statue can be said of Dr. Pearsons: "What I spent I had. What I left I lost. What I gave away I have still."

If thou wilt be perfect, go sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me. (Matt. 10: 21.)

The Result of the Cyclone at Grant Park, Ill.

Terrible Tornadoes in West

A SUCCESSION of storms every few days has swept over various parts of the country, especially in the West, overturning houses, carrying railroad trains from the tracks, and causing the loss of millions of dollars of property and many scores of precious lives. Among the most disastrous of these cyclones were the ones at Grant Park, Ill., in twenty towns of Oklahoma, at North Loup, Neb., and at Kirkland, Tex. Butler and Foss, Okla., are said to have been wrecked. There are catastrophes of nature that human wisdom can guard against—the burning volcano, the tidal waves on the ocean shore, etc. But the awful tornadoes that sweep past so suddenly cannot well be protected against. They are emblematic of those storms in the mental, moral and religious world that leave some ruin in their train, but which are used by Providence to awaken the slothful. The heart of the nation goes out in sympathy for the people who have suffered by these cyclones, and especially for the survivors of the loved ones so suddenly snatched away to a land unswept by storm, unspoiled by death, and in a prayer that the spiritual refuge to which the prophet referred may be theirs:

Thou hast been a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall (Isa. 25:4.)

London's Eccentric Sausage King

MR. WILLIAM HARRIS, who for a quarter of a century in London, has been known as the "Sausage King," is dead. He could neither read nor write, but had great native ability and genius for business of a high order. He amassed one of the most princely fortunes among the merchants of London. He intended to perpetuate his name, and called all three of his sons William after himself. He designated them as No. 1, 2 and 3. He named his three daughters Elizabeth, No. 1, 2 and 3. The Sausage King was summoned for not sending his son William to school, and he took his three Williams to the magistrate's office to find out which was the delinquent. It was the eldest. The father said he had cut out the boy for a sausage manufacturer, and he thought he could learn that business in his shop better than in school. The father was fined fifty cents and said the advertising he got was worth $100,000 to him. He was a master at advertising. A pig winning the Derby with Harris, senior, on his back decorated all his carts and some of his shop signs. In all weathers, summer and winter, night and day, he always wore a dress suit, an opera hat and patent leather shoes, while a huge diamond worth $1,200 blazed in his shirt-bosom. Mr. Harris was a very liberal man. Every Christmas he sent a package of sausage to each policeman and fireman in London. He gave tons of meat to the poor. In the moral and religious world it would be well if people could only have the singleness of purpose of Mr. Harris. He started out with many handicaps to make sausage, make it better and more of it than anybody else, and he did so and won the title of "Sausage King," answering to the picture of the wise man:

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings. (Prov. 22: 29.)

The Late Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons

Mountain Named After Woman

EXPLORER AMUNDSEN in his discovery of the South Pole came upon a magnificent mountain which he named Mount Gade, after a warm friend. Amundsen before sailing on his voyage toward the Pole was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gade, warm personal friends in New York City, and he told Mrs. Gade that if he found the Pole he would bring her back a souvenir. So instead he named the magnificent mountain found in the polar regions after her, and from Tasmania, two weeks after the discovery, he wrote her a letter informing her of the honor conferred. For centuries the memory of this woman will be preserved by the compliment of the explorer. There is a woman whose name will be preserved forever—the one that anointed the feet of her Lord with a vase of sweet perfume, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her. (Matt. 26: 13.)

Swearing Rebuked by Irony

REV. ALBERT M. HYDE, of the Porter Congregational Church of Brockton, Mass., astounded the public by announcing that in the coming Sunday sermon he would give ten reasons why every respectable, thinking man should swear just as often and as hard as he can. At the service he gave the following ten reasons for swearing: 1. Because it is such an elegant way of expressing one's thoughts. 2. Because it is such a conclusive proof of taste and good breeding. 3. Because it is a sure way of making one's self agreeable to one's friends. 4. Because it is a positive evidence of acquaintance with good literature. 5. Because it furnishes such a good example and training for young boys. 6. Because it is just what a man's mother enjoys having her son do. 7. Because it would look so nice in print. 8. Because it is such a good way of increasing one's self-respect. 9. Because it is such a help to manhood and virtue in many ways. 10. Because it is such an infallible way of improving one's chances in the hereafter. Some of the sober old-fashioned people who do not expect their pastor to be trivial or funny, or who do not have in them the sense of humor, sarcasm, or irony, thought the minister was in earnest and in favor of swearing. Some said to themselves that there was so much nonsense and ridicule of parts of the Bible nowadays in some pulpits, that they might expect any surprise. The irony of Dr. Hyde was the most powerful rebuke of the folly and sin of blasphemy.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. (Ex. 20: 7.)

BRIDES AND WEDDING GIFTS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Bridal Gifts

ENGAGEMENTS in these days are seldom announced until the date of the wedding is provisionally set. If a girl and a man are not anticipating marriage for a period of several years, it is as well that there should be no formal announcement of their intentions beyond the immediate circle of their respective families and intimate friends. The rule has its exceptions, but in most cases it seems wise to defer the announcement of an engagement to the world in general until the wedding is somewhere within sight. Of course an engagement ring on the finger of a young woman advertises the promise she has made to those who see the sparkling jewel and suspect by whom it was placed there.

A betrothal is a fit occasion for the congratulations of friends, and as every one rejoices in the happiness of the young, every one who wishes to show by a tangible token that the engagement has given pleasure and suggested good wishes hastens to select a betrothal present. For this purpose nothing is as appropriate as a cup and saucer. This homely yet beautiful adjunct of the tea table is a pledge of hospitality and of the domestic graces. It makes one think of the cabalistic word "Swastika." This symbol survives from antiquity as the most ancient device carrying with it the idea of home and hearth. Cups and saucers are ancient too. We read of them in the earliest literature that has come down to us through the ages, and we find specimens of them among the curios and antiques of the Greeks and Romans, Babylonians and Persians. Early in the history of the world a cup must have been a necessity in the comfort of household life.

The exquisite picture on this page is an artist's happy thought. The composition is charming in its simplicity and realism, and the girl who is holding her saucer to the light and rejoicing over her new possession shows in every line of her figure and in the sweetness of her face that she is a home daughter, full of youth and health and in love with life. We are glad to think that somebody is in love with her, and we hope that he is worthy.

Room for a large variety of choice makes the selection of bridal gifts an easy task. A shower may be of linen, china, stockings, handkerchiefs or kitchen utensils. Individual gifts are always welcome, and their value to the bride is measured by sentiment and not by dollars and cents. Those who have long purses and are nearly related may bestow upon a bride a supply of flat silver, inclusive of spoons, forks, knives and whatever else is for ordinary use on the home table. They may go farther than this and give articles of beauty and use, such as cake and fruit baskets, silver teapots and bowls, and whatever else the dazzling array in the shop of the silversmith presents to view. The bride should be left free to engrave her silver at her discretion. Occasionally articles are duplicated and triplicated, and no one should feel hurt if in such a case an exchange is made for something else after the wedding. Bridal silver should be marked with the maiden initials or monogram of the bride. A shower has an advantage in the opportunity it affords a number of friends to unite in conferring distinction on one they love. The hostess on such an occasion invites her guest of honor, but need not of necessity tell her of the intended pleasure. It may be, at least partially, a surprise. Each gift should be folded or wrapped in tissue paper and tied with narrow ribbon. The card of the giver with a sentiment, jest or happy allusion should be attached, and the gifts when showered on their recipient call from her an expression of thanks.

. . .

A New Departure in Matrimony

POPULAR interest has been aroused and considerable discussion caused by the decision of the Bishop of Chicago in reference to a health certificate from both contracting parties as an essential preliminary to the performance of the rite of marriage by the clergymen of his diocese. Many prominent men and women conspicuous in social reforms endorse this action of the bishop, and are doing what they can to promote its general acceptance. A measure, providing that a certificate of health signed by a reputable physician shall be presented to a minister before he marries a couple, has been introduced into the legislature of Rhode Island and handed to a committee for consideration.

The advantages consequent upon this new departure, should it take on legal authority, are sufficiently obvious. Disease transmitted to offspring visits the sins of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of the children. There are few of us who have not witnessed the spectacle of an inherited malady invading the peace and happiness of a home and sweeping one victim after another into an inevitable grave. Delinquency in morals, deficiency of mental and physical force, infirmities of all sorts follow in the wake of a taint in the blood. It would seem that as marriage is the means of carrying on the race, those who contemplate its union should be at pains to be free from the danger of disease and able, so far as possible, to call into being healthy children well fitted to bear the burdens of the modern day.

On the other hand, one hesitates to be quite satisfied with the elimination of sentiment proposed in this cold and scientific way regarding love. A man meets a beautiful woman and is ready to barter the world for her hand. A girl may be in apparently perfect health, and yet may have concealed in the recesses of her physical nature a tendency to consumption or some other heart-breaking malady and be unaware of her peril. The man who loves her, should he discover that there was a lurking germ, her legacy from her mother or grandmother or grandfather, would seem to the common view ruthless in cruelty if he set his love aside and looked for another mate for a reason like this.

. . .

The Question of Domestic Help

NOT long ago an extremely capable and efficient woman who had lived in one family almost ten years, giving entire satisfaction and lifting the burden of domestic work from her employer, set about looking for another place. The step on her part was made necessary by the removal of the family to another city. To her surprise and theirs, she discovered that her long stay in a single situation was regarded with disfavor by one or two persons to whom she applied. One lady declared that she feared to engage a cook who had stayed so long in her place because she would probably wish to rule the house. Another found it difficult to believe that a maid could fully fill every requisite of an ordinary situation and yet have time to read in the afternoon, do her own sewing and go out in the evening when her work was done.

The fact is that too many mistresses expect too much from maids in the line of dependence. In other words, they exact a slavish attention to routine that is fatal to success. If a woman is a good laundress and cook, she should be left free to follow her own methods provided the results are satisfactory. No one should be expected to work from early dawn until ten o'clock every night without a break for rest in the day or evening. The woman in the kitchen is human and her humanity should be recognized. A long term of service ought to be a certificate of merit.

. . .

The Working Girls' Club

A WORKING girls' club recently organized in a factory town under the supervision and motherly care of several friendly women has puzzled the latter not a little. These young women, being mostly factory operatives at low wages, begin their work at seven in the morning and finish at half past five in the afternoon. They have a recess at noon. A number of them walk long distances between their homes and their work twice a day. This gives them a chance for fresh air and exercise, and yet when night comes they are very tired and show their fatigue in jaded looks, pallid color and an inability to remain quiet. They have had no training in the art of paying attention, but they are amiable and respond quickly when efforts are made to amuse them.

The ladies feel that their aim should be to instruct and elevate these girls, and they are at a loss where to draw the line between simple diversion and elementary education. They would find their problem less difficult should they ask themselves how much time they would be willing to spend in severe mental effort if they had been working at a strenuous and monotonous task all day long. There are times when fun is as wholesome as food, and when religion is best served by merriment and laughter.

An amusing story, songs that have a ringing refrain, and games in which all can join are good prescriptions for these girls, some of whom have never had much playtime and know very little about gaiety and the innocent frivolity that is the birthright of the young.

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THE BLUE CUP

From the painting by Joseph De Camp

So this is what Nellie has sent me
In token of greetings and love—
A cup and a saucer for prizing
My costliest treasures above.
She heard of the happiness coming
So swiftly to Jamie and me,
And she sends us good wishes beforehand
In time for the pouring of tea.

Translucent the cup and the saucer,
And blue as the sky in its hue,
And she knows we are clear as the sunbeams
And sure to be faithful and true.
'Tis the cup that is sign of betrothal,
And Nellie's a darling to send
A present so rare and so precious,
With love from the heart of a friend.

Why He Likes the Almanac

I am indeed pleased to write this letter of acceptance for your *Almanac* for 1912. I find it a volume of indispensable information, religiously, legally and secularly. It richly merits a place in every library, and most especially the pastor's study. Please accept my highest appreciation and thanks for this praiseworthy volume. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a welcome visitor each week. It is pregnant with wholesome thoughts and ideas.

Bedford City, Va. J. P. HUBBARD.

IN HOLY LAND

BY ALICE GARLAND STEELE

THEY had met, all of them, at the Hotel du Parc in Jaffa, and after the manner of American tourists in an alien land, they had traveled together in a warm friendliness, for the roads that Cook had appointed. They had journeyed on donkeys to Jerusalem and Nazareth and Bethany, had watched the sunset on Olivet and rested in Jericho, but now, with a delightful irresponsibility that ignored Cook altogether, they were going over into "the country beyond Jordan."

They were an interesting little cavalcade as they waited the word to start. Dorothea, being fresh from her college, in the spirit of analysis and as an easy method of identification, had classified them all: the Doctor, the Certain Rich Man, Bathsheba his wife (they came from Chicago), and St. Stephen and the Angel. Her aunt and herself she left out, for that was all in the family.

She sat on her donkey's back, watching the Doctor and their dragoman, Youssouf the Silent, tightening girths and packsaddles, while the dragoman gave his slow orders in Arabic to the lazy drivers who loafed by the roadside. Her aunt, fat and forty, bore the look of one who rode to martyrdom. The whole Mediterranean trip had been against her advice and desire, and now this overland jaunt, through desolate country, with people they scarcely knew, this business of sleeping in a tent and dining without hotel dinners, made her realize tearfully how easily Dorothea set aside authority and followed her own whimsical will! It was another proof that college for women was entirely a mistake.

Presently the Doctor sauntered over to the girl. "Well," he said cheerfully, "five minutes more and we start."

She drew down the corners of her mouth. "Hospital time, or Youssouf's?" and he said, "Oh, Youssouf's!" and then they both laughed.

"I'm glad," she said. "It's almost like an adventure, isn't it, to go out of the beaten tracks like this? I've been glad ever since we left the hotel yesterday. I just hated Jerusalem." And he said, "Now, that's strange; so did I, though not for the same reason."

She smiled. "Oh, I know yours—poor drainage, flies, and no plumbing to speak of!" But he shook his head.

"You're wrong. Lack of room and stale cigar smoke and garlic in the cooking!" and she said "Oh!" and curled her red lips. "Why don't you live up to your profession?"

"I will," he laughed, "when I can live *on* it!"

"Mine," she admitted, "was that I grew tired to death of Mahommed. It was *'Allah! Allah akbar!'* from morning till night! I never realized before how truly 'Christian' I am!"

"That's because," he said gravely, "you are flying your flag in the enemy's country—it always makes us love it more."

She nodded. "Yes, I know, but of all of us, the one who really *cares* is your friend, St. Stephen."

"Oh," he said, "Stephen! Yes, I guess it's 'Holy Land' to him all right!" and then he colored. "I'm going to ask you a favor. If—if he ever says anything about Medical Missions don't contradict him, will you?" and he looked at her suddenly.

She smiled. "I know, there's some secret about it, isn't there? Are you really 'Medical Examiner' for Syria, and does he have to take all those notes?"

He flicked his dusty boots with his riding-whip. "He was a college chum of mine," he said. "I took up medicine, he went into the church. He's been for eight years with that little wife of his, starving in a small mining town in the Northwest. It was slowly killing him, and—well, she wrote to—"

"Yes?" she said, but it was a question.

"There was just one chance for him," he said gruffly; "a sea-trip; he had always dreamed of coming here, and—well, he came as my secretary."

Suddenly she looked into his eyes. "I know now. You *made yourself* 'Inspector' to—to give him his chance!" but he only colored, and finally she looked away to where St. Stephen sat astride his silly little donkey, with his somber eyes on the line of salmon-color above the gray hills. "I think," she said, as Youssouf by a gesture bade them start, "it *is* 'Holy Land' after all!" and then they ambled slowly onward.

It was stony ground; here and there above them a slope was covered with crooked olive-trees, but as they traversed the winding road under a garish sunlight the way grew steeper and more bare of verdure, with here and there a patch of sand streaked with dashes of vivid scarlet.

"'There is one God . . . who is love'"

"We shall find more of it," said the Doctor, "on the shores of the Dead Sea," and Dorothea shivered a little at the name.

They were to have lunch out in the open, by an old Roman bridge, a bridge ignored by tourists, but good for a safe crossing, Youssouf assured them. Afterward, they were to touch the rim of the Dead Sea and dip into that mysterious Eastern Valley where the Moab hills raise their silent barriers to the brutal desert beyond, and at dusk, somewhere along the eastern shores of the Jordan, they would "make camp," to watch the Oriental pattern of the stars, and sleep like children in a land grown old.

"Good gracious, Dorothea, you do go so much faster than is necessary!" and Dorothea and the Doctor stopped till her aunt came up.

"Doctor," went on that lady puffing, "I should think donkey-riding would be *very* bad for the heart!" and he said seriously, "Oh, it *is*, Mrs. Weldon," and looked across at Dorothea.

"Then why, for heaven's sake, do you do it?" but she didn't wait for his answer. "I think it was altogether unwise, this trip," she protested; "they say the Dead Sea is an awful place, and that the Eastern Valley is infested with savage tribes who live in the mountains—and here we are at the mercy of Youssouf and four donkey-boys!"

The Doctor laughed. "Oh, Youssouf is all right; the record of his virtues is as long as the Koran! And the Bedouins will not harm us, I'll warrant you that!"

"You can't warrant anything," she sniffed, "in this outlandish country, not even a clean bill of health! But at any rate, Doctor, I do wish that Chicago person would take off her jewels—she wears diamonds even in her lorgnon!"

"Aunt dear," said Dorothea, "you are jealous." But the Doctor only laughed.

"Youssouf!" he called, and the dragoman pattered slowly backward. "Tell the ladies their watches are safe, Youssouf. They fear the Bedouins."

Youssouf craned his bent neck forward, smiling. "It is a fast-day of the Christians," he said briefly; "surely their God will look out for their watches, whether they ride or pray! Nevertheless," he added wisely, "it would be as well to help matters. One might hide them under that flat stone, or in the donkey's ears!" and he made a grave salaam.

The Doctor waved him away. "They are all insolent," he said, "these Mohammedans. All the same, perhaps we had better suggest to Mrs. Blair that the glitter is alluring."

"I'll tell her," smiled Dorothea, and beckoned with her little whip. "Oh, Mrs. Blair!" and as Bathsheba came up with her rather fleshy lord the girl bent forward mysteriously.

"Do you know, Mrs. Blair, you are going to be kidnapped?"

Mrs. Blair, a highly-colored blonde, stared speechless. "Good gracious! *Me?*"

Dorothea nodded. "For your diamonds, Mrs. Blair. You see, the rest of us have none!"

Mrs. Blair, paling, dropped her grip on the check-rein. "But, my dear, I shall take them off at once!" and she nervously divested herself of lorgnon, brooch, and earrings, beautiful long earrings that glittered like dewdrops. "And I have more," she cried; "I have a whole chamois-skin full in my vanity-bag!"

"Dearme!" said Dorothea; "what a *dreadful* risk you were running!" and appealed to the Doctor.

"Doctor Travis, what shall poor Mrs. Blair do? Oughtn't she to try—the donkey's ears?"

"If the lady will listen to a son of the true Prophet," said Youssouf's voice, she will trust them to the holy man who keeps his eyes on the hills about Jerusalem!"

"Rascal!" said the Doctor, "go back to your donkey-boys!" And he repeated under his breath. "They are all insolent, these fellows." But Mrs. Blair obstinately held to Youssouf's suggestion, and Youssouf hung in the background with the passive air of one who knew.

"He is right," she said hurriedly; "do get the clergyman to carry them, Doctor. See—I will put them all in the little sandalwood box we bought yesterday in David Street, and he can slip them into his coat-tail!" And Dorothea clapped her hands. "Do, Dr. Travis; it is the best hiding-place in the world!"

"There is an old Arab proverb," echoed Youssouf, "'Never tell the well that it is deep!' Let the holy man walk in peace and know not the value of his coat-tail!" At which they laughed, and Youssouf, gliding forward, started up the procession again.

It was Dorothea after all who took the sandalwood box and rode back to where St. Stephen and the Angel loitered by the wayside.

"I was just looking at the olive-trees," he said, smiling faintly; "they are all of them crooked. It is

Continued on next page

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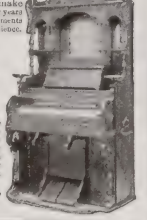

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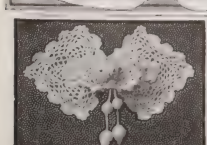

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IN HOLY LAND

Continued from preceding page

a perverse land, Miss Dorothea, and yet here One walked who made crooked ways straight! Some day his touch will shape even the olive-trees."

"I know," she said gently; "you are always seeing things we do not."

"It is Holy Land," he said, and his pale face lighted as he turned it upon her, but she had trotted around to his wife's side, and he sighed and dropped his eyes to the little bluets that bloomed along the road.

"Do you not think he looks stronger?" The little woman in shabby gray had a note of anxiety in her voice that Dorothea hastened to reassure.

"Oh, yes, indeed—there is nothing like a sea-trip." There was a warm thought in her heart of the Doctor's little deception. And then, floundering with her emotions, she began to talk of Mrs. Blair's sandalwood box.

"Couldn't you just slip it into his pocket?" she said. "It is all a joke, but aunt got worried. There isn't a bit of danger—Dr. Travis has been over this road before and Youssouf is the best dragoman in Jerusalem. He has planned the whole route for us. He told the doctor in Arabic it was 'safe for all but cowards.' But it was fun to see Mrs. Blair! Her husband never said a word. I suppose if she lost them he'd buy her more—I call him the 'Certain Rich Man,' for his pocket-book is the most certain thing I know."

The little wife's eyes brightened. "What a clever girl you are!" she said admiringly, and Dorothea leaned over on impulse and kissed her.

"I call *you* the 'Angel,'" she said, "which is a fitting name for St. Stephen's wife, now, isn't it?" And they laughed as girls together.

There was a red flush on the little wife's cheek as she turned to her husband. "Stephen, dear," she said, "you are dreaming again, and Miss Dorothea wants to be talked to!" and as he turned she put out her arm and slipped Bathsheba's box into his coat pocket, and he, with the message of the olive-trees still in his mind, took no heed.

"I think we had better get on," she said. "Dr. Travis wants us to keep together." And they quickened pace till they reached the rest. Ahead they could see Youssouf, a white-clad figure beside the brown donkey-boys, and catch the silver sound of the foremost pack-animals' little tinkling bells.

Three hours later, luncheon and the crossing accomplished, they stood, awed and silent, on the "other side." The sunshine had died in sudden shadow; at their feet the Dead Sea lifted its pallid gray face, and Dorothea imagined it stamped with the bitterness of all the years! Bathsheba alone refused to be impressed.

"If that's all it is," she said, "I can't see why people rave so about it. I'd sooner have Lake Michigan any time!" and her husband said, admiringly, "That's so, Dell, it ain't so lonely, at any rate."

Mrs. Weldon, staring at the smooth-ground pebbles and the rusty sands, shook her head. "I don't see why on earth we came at all!" she said with tearful emphasis. "I'm sure I never want to see Syria again—it's either dirty and huddled or green and lonesome! But it's just like Dorothea."

"Goodness, aunt!" cried Dorothea, "you don't mean *that?*" and Mrs. Weldon flushed and said irritably, "You do pick one up so, Dorothy," but the doctor muttered audibly that he "didn't think she did."

Dorothea, mounting her donkey again, heard it, and also heard Bathsheba's stage whisper to her lord: "I do believe that's going to be a match!" and when he said loudly, "Who?" she said *"Ssh!* Dr. Travis and that college girl." Dorothea loved him for the way he said *"Huh!"*

"The idea!" she murmured; "the idea!" and grew so cross about it that she lingered behind the rest, as Youssouf, with a queer, impassive smile, led them up from the shore by a narrow, thorny seam to the route above. So it was perfectly natural that as they wound on down the Eastern Valley she should keep in the rear, in company of St. Stephen and the Angel.

She listened with sympathetic, wide brown eyes, to the whole threadbare history of the little mission out in the Northwest, and when she said at last, "However did you stand it?" the Angel, with her remnants of pretty, faded youth, looked at her quietly:

"Why, you see, we stood it together." And Dorothea said, "Oh!" and *did* see. It was merely a matter of loving much! And her eyes strayed to the stoop-shouldered, still young man on the donkey's back. She turned suddenly to his wife again:

"I think you could even be martyrs together, couldn't you?"

But the little woman shook her head. "I don't know—Stephen could, but then he is so very true!"

And Dorothea murmured, "I know he'd stand the stones without a word, and look all the while like a stained glass window!" And she rode, for the next half-hour, with a softened look on her piquant face.

Suddenly she touched her donkey. "We had better be getting on," she said: "I think it's growing late." And then, with a little exclamation of surprise, she rose upright in her saddle: "Why, where are the others?"

Ahead of them the road stretched bleak and solitary, altogether bare of moving things. The short, sharp dusk of the East was falling quickly, like a curtain. The little wife called to her husband. "Stephen, dear, we seem to be very far behind; we can't see the way the rest have gone!" And he trotted up to them, shading his eyes with his hand.

"They must have taken some short cut," decided Dorothea. "But I think they might have waited, or—or signaled."

"Perhaps," said the clergyman, "the doctor will ride back for us." But Dorothea tossed her head.

"Dr. Travis has been most inconsiderate!"

Stephen turned his glowing eyes upon her. "You do not know how kind he is," he said gently, and she felt how right was the rebuke.

"At any rate," she said sharply, "we will have to hurry. I'm not afraid, but it's silly getting lost in a place like this! We should have to go—without any supper!" and her eyes filled for no reason in the world.

They rapped their donkeys sharply, but it is one thing to ride a Jerusalem donkey, and another to make him go, and after a half-hour Dorothea turned in despair. "See how dusk it is getting!" she said, "and we are coming to a turn in the road. Haven't you any sort of map, Mr. Duane?" But he shook his head with a troubled expression in his eyes.

"Alas, no; and I thought I knew it all so well! I have dreamed of it all so many times—of the desert, and the olive-slopes, and the gardens!"

Looking at him the girl realized how much of a visionist he was, how utterly impractical at the moment. To him it was not a strange and alien country, but just "Holy Land."

She stood surveying the parting of the ways. "We will turn in here," she said desperately. "Youssouf spoke of a short cut that led out to the lower Jordan—it must be this." And they followed her without question. Suddenly she uttered a little cry of pleased surprise, and leaned from her saddle to detach a fluttering paper from a thorn-bush.

"See—Youssouf has left directions; they have come this way after all!" and they read the straggling English words, pricked with a pin:

"TURN—FOLLOW."

"How curious!" she said. "Why didn't some of them write it for him?"

Continued on next page

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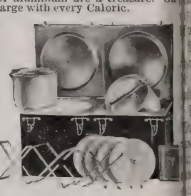

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IN HOLY LAND

Continued from preceding page

d then she smiled. But the road, which an as a well-marked camel-track, led twenty minutes later in a zig- trail across a bare and stony slope. ead of them they could outline the k violet of the frowning Moab s; somewhere below them flowed the er—but where? The clergyman was ing to see the face of his watch.

"It is after six," he said, coughing lowly; "we ought surely to come on them soon;" and Dorothea, for first time, saw him look anxious. She faced the desert spaces, trying make out the familiar pack-train. n't that—dust off there?" she asked denly; and they stood waiting as a wny, luminous cloud took shape out the distance.

"It is the last flicker of sunset," said ephen, but Dorothea shook her head. is—men on camels, riding!" and denly she felt afraid.

"Bedouins!" murmured Stephen. hey will direct us. Youssouf has rely pitched the tents by this time." t Dorothea only waited, stiff in her idle, feeling very small and very ch alone.

"They are hurrying," said the min- er's wife. "Oh, I hope they will not ss us by!" and Dorothea frowned a tle.

"I rather wish they would," she said, d looked about at the desolation of e land that was growing indigo in adow. The trail had ended ab- ptly; sand and stubble, and occa- nal thorn-trees, with the queer, unded stones of Syria, almost like bbles, under foot. The donkeys were ibbornly weary.

"*How* they are hurrying!" repeated e minister's wife. "And suppose they nnot speak English!" But Dorothea owned again.

"Everybody speaks English," she serted stoutly, "if it is only to ask r money! I hope they will not ask for ours." And she tried to laugh as e mounted men drew nearer. She uld already make out the black and own stripes in the abbai of the ader; a moment later he had ouched his camel and alighted, mak- g straight for them where they ood, followed by four black-browed edouins. The next instant they had ithered around the three on their nkeys, with swift, unreadable ges- res, and many remarks in Arabic, in hich "Allah! bismillah!" was re- ated over and over.

"We want to know the way," began orothea boldly; "that is—we have st it." She grew a shade paler un- r the Arab's cool stare, and turned elplessly to Stephen. "Ask him," she urmured, and Stephen lifted his lm, somber eyes.

"Have you seen," he began, "a party tourists, English people, going over ese hills with Youssouf, a dragoman Jerusalem?" But the man in the rown abbai promptly turned his back nd gave an order in Arabic. In- antlytwoof the Bedouins approached ie women, with palms outstretched, ot after the manner of beggars, but s those who demand.

Dorothea cast a nervous glance at tephen. "I am sure they can speak nglish," she said. "Tell them—tell nem," she went on excitedly, "that we ave nothing of value about us." On he impulse she drew out her tiny ilver-mesh purse and threw it at the eader's feet. "There is a dollar and eventy cents," she said, laughing a rifle hysterically. But Stephen inter- osed—

"Miss Dorothea, they do not come to ob us; this is God's country." And he urned to the leader with a gentle in- istence. "Hand the young lady her urse."

The Arab merely kicked it aside vith his foot, curving his nostrils, and overing Stephen with his flashing yes. "Allah is great," he said sono- ously, in excellent English. "His dogs re used to choice morsels—we will de- part with the Chicago lady's dia- monds."

Dorothea, staring, speechless, saw Stephen shake his head. "I do not un- derstand you," he said; "my wife never had a diamond in her life, and the young lady has none—thank God, if it will save you from so great a sin!" But the Arab only showed his teeth, and with a rapid gesture tore the coat from Stephen's shoulders, holding it aloft, and shaking it where he stood.

"There is nothing," persisted Ste- phen, "and I trust you will not leave me without covering." He coughed as he spoke, but the Arab, suddenly fierce, shouted in Arabic and caught up the small sandalwood box where it had fallen to the ground. The next moment Mrs. Blair's lorgnon with its diamond chain dangled from his long brown fingers. "Ha—he did not lie!"

Stephen, in shocked surprise, had turned to the women. "What does it mean?" he stammered. "Which of you did it?" And Dorothea made a piteous motion with her lips.

"They are Mrs. Blair's," she gasped; "it was a joke—Youssouf's joke. But —how could they know?"

Stephen shook his head.

"We thought they would be safe with you," the girl went on, with dry lips. He drew a deep breath: "It was a trust, then?" She nodded.

He turned instantly to his wife. "Take off your rings, dearest, the pearl, and—the other."

"You gave me the pearl yourself, Stephen, when—when we were en- gaged—and my wedding-ring—how can you ask it?" He had taken her hand, very gently, and was firmly loos- ing them from her fingers. "Now," he said, "my watch."

Dorothea, who understood, detached hers from her belt and gave it to him, with the little locket she wore. He held up his by its well-worn chain, a thick gold cross, the symbol of his call- ing, dangling at the end. Then he held them out to the Arab.

"Before God," he said sternly, "you shall not steal! I give you these freely, but the others are not mine. You must hand them back!" Dorothea was plucking excitedly at his sleeve.

"Some one—" she stammered breathlessly, "some one—is coming!" And stared behind her into the thicket of thorn-trees. "Oh—it is Youssouf!"

"Thank God!" murmured Stephen, and they waited, with parted lips, while Youssouf glided out upon them from the dusk; but Dorothea, as she saw the dragoman's inscrutable eyes upon her, felt that she was turning to stone.

"Youssouf, my good fellow—" be- gan the clergyman. But Youssouf laughed.

"Dog of a Christian prophet—thou shouldst have worn a padlock on thy coat-tail!"

"This shall be told to the consul at Jerusalem," said Stephen bravely. But Youssouf denied.

"Neither at Jerusalem nor at Chi- cago shall the truth be known," he snarled. "The dragoman business fits one for many trades. Thou shalt yet say Allah is great!"

"God is great," said Stephen, and lifted his eyes to the Syrian sky where the little stars were coming out.

"The others will find us!" cried Dorothea; "you dare not do us harm!" But Youssouf laughed.

"They search by other roads. The Chicago lady and the fat Aunt have the hysterics in the little tent by the river. The Doctor's donkey is in league with Mohammed, and rides slow! The donkey-boys are—donkey- boys!" With a rapid movement he caught the chain of Mrs. Blair's lorg- non. "Now," he said, "bind them, my brothers! But gag them not—it is a wide place for women to scream in!"

But at the word Dorothea choked. "Oh," she cried, "coward, thief, traitor! How dare you betray us?

Continued on next page

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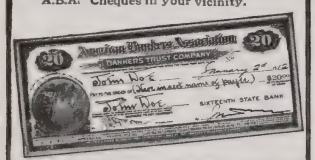

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IN HOLY LAND

Continued from preceding page

It was you—it was *you* who did it all!"

The dragoman, straightening his bent neck, stood erect and insolent before her, the hatred of centuries staring at her from the mask of his Mohammedan features. "Even I," he muttered, "I, the poor dragoman who has carted Christian chattels and led Christian donkeys all the years of my life! Now, Allah be praised, I shall be paid in full!"

At his gesture the Arab in the brown abbai tore withes from a reed-like growth in the sand, and forcing Stephen from his donkey, bound his wrists tightly, tossing the ribbony lengths to the others, to fetter the women, while Youssouf, with narrowed eyes, watched to see it done.

"Now," cried the dragoman, standing over Stephen, "kneel—the stones shall be thy prayer-rug!" And he forced him to the ground. But at the sight, the little wife, staggering across the distance between them, threw herself beside him.

"Stephen—Stephen dear, they will kill you!"

He turned his eyes upon her sadly. "My dear, you forget—God is here. It is Holy Land!" And then Youssouf tore her roughly away.

"Say it," he cried, "thou flat-chested Christian: 'There is one God, Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!'" But Stephen lifted his eyes to the hills.

"There are many prophets," he uttered, "and but one God, the Lord whom I serve."

"Thou shalt serve him, then, but three winks longer," snarled Youssouf, catching up one of the little round stones, while the Arab in brown loosened, with a slow gesture full of meaning, a long dirk from his belt. The little wife, uttering a broken word, held out her bound hands and fainted, and Dorothea, sobbing, covered her face.

"There is one God—Allah," howled Youssouf, "and Mohammed is his prophet!" And Stephen, smiling, repeated in a voice that gathered the strength of final victory:

"There is one God—who is love!"

The stone, in an instant, struck the bound wrists with a cruel sound; another, circling, fell a hair's-breadth short of his temple, and then the Arab drew his knife.

But quick as a flash Youssouf had it in his long brown hand.

"Why should we trouble!" he exclaimed. "The holy man's cough is of the graveyard—it shall do the business for us, since we have the little box from his coat-tail!" And when the others, black-browed, showed a murmured dissent, he spoke to them rapidly in Arabic, and sullenly they drew away, mounting silently the gray, crouching camels.

Youssouf, tumbling Mrs. Blair's jewels into the sandalwood box, saw the minister's watch lying with Dorothea's and the little rings, in the sand, and gathered them up, gloating.

"Thou shalt keep thy coat," he cried, "since its tail has wagged welcome!" Then, mounting behind the Arab in the brown abbai, he waved his hand.

For a moment, terror-stricken, Dorothea gazed after them, till she heard the clergyman ask faintly, "Have you a knife?" Then she crawled to him across the stony ground.

"No," she sobbed, "and you are in pain!"

Stephen sighed. "I cannot lift my wrists," he said. "I think they may be broken. But could you, in some way—"

She hesitated an instant; then she lifted her own bound hands and set her little teeth into the strong withes. When she had at last freed them she fell back a moment, exhausted, but she began almost instantly to pluck at the stiff knots of Stephen's bonds.

"I am afraid," she gasped, "I—hurt you!" But he only said, "No matter," and waited with tight-drawn lips till she had finished. "And now, Miriam," he said—and she caught the pity in his voice.

"She is all right," she tried to call cheerfully as she bent above the prostrate figure, "she is opening her eyes!" And then she went on fumbling with the poor, thin wrists. "St. Stephen—" murmured the little woman. They were her first words of consciousness.

"Yes, yes," murmured Dorothea, as she would have to a child, "but he did not die, you know." And she thanked God in her heart that it was true! Ten minutes later they had found a little cluster of juniper trees and were resting against their slim trunks, waiting for the dawn.

Stephen coughed painfully at intervals, and his face was pallid in the starlight, but his wife's head was pillowed on his knees, and her ringless fingers were prisoned in his, and Dorothea, knowing it, felt that they were in a world of their own, from which she must be forever shut out, and there was a great emptiness in her heart. Was love, then, so much?

As if Stephen had grasped her thought he went on, in little, broken sentences: "How poor a thing is hatred! They will see that—those Arabs—and be sorry. Love is all that matters—in God's wide world!" And Dorothea felt her eyes fill with quick, warm tears.

"What hurts me," went on Stephen, musing into the darkness, "is that such a thing could have happened—here, where Christ walked!"

"But it was all so long, long ago," breathed Dorothea. She could not see Stephen's face plainly, but she fancied, as he turned it upon her, that he was smiling.

"Nothing is ever lost that is good," he said. "It is Holy Land still!" But he saw with the eyes of the visionist what she could not.

At midnight Dorothea started up, terrified.

"Oh," she gasped, "Mr. Duane! there is something—!"

The next instant a figure had burst upon them where they had waited, a figure in a white kaftan, ghostly in the starlight!

"Ho!" called Youssouf's voice; and the little wife cried out, and hid her face against Stephen's knees, while Dorothea cowered against her tree-trunk.

"I heard thy squeaking cough," called Youssouf. "It was as good as a lane of lanterns!" and something struck the sand at Stephen's feet. "I had to steal them a second time," cried Youssouf—he was breathing quickly, as if he had been running—"while my brothers slept in the hills, but the two sins may be accounted to me for righteousness—who knows?" And then he came close to Stephen and crouched above him in the dark.

"I have brought them back," he whispered, "to stick again in thy silly coat-tail—all but the little cross!" and with a low-breathed sigh he stumbled backward.

"Youssouf! Youssouf! thank God in your soul!" Stephen had risen to his knees. His face was as the face of an angel.

"I did it not to save my soul," called back Youssouf, "but for another matter!" and as he vanished behind the juniper-thicket he paused again and hurled back final sentence. "I did it, dog of a Christian prophet, because my mother was—a Christian!" And his words came like a sob through the darkness!

Stephen leaned back, closing his eyes, as the footsteps died into silence. "I told you," he said faintly, "it was Holy Land."

. . .

Pallid gray and splendor of rose, death and life, sleep and waking! The shouts of the donkey-boys roused Dorothea, and she rose on one elbow, staring out upon a golden Syrian sunrise!

The next instant she was on her

Continued on next page

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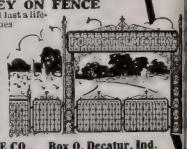

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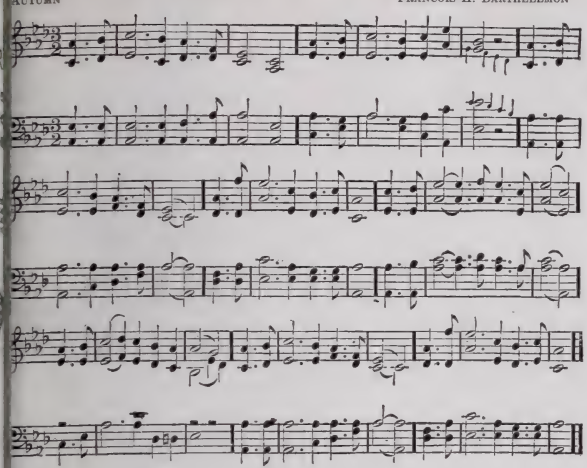


ROM many of the survivors of the *Titanic* disaster, it has been learned t almost at the last moment, when great vessel was about to sink be- ath the waves, the band on deck was ying the beautiful sacred song, utumn." Harold Bride, the wire- s operator, who narrowly escaped ng down with the steamer, told er his rescue that the strains of utumn" came to him as he was be- picked up by one of the lifeboats. her survivors, who were probably eatly agitated and confused at the ne, believed they had heard "Nearer, God, to Thee," but while that beau- ul hymn may also have been played ward the close in that fatal night, ere now seems to be little doubt that utumn" was the tune last heard.

It is a beautiful hymn and we pub- h the words and music of it on this ge. The words are these:

God of mercy and compassion!
Look with pity on my pain;
Hear a mournful, broken spirit
Prostrate at thy feet complain;
Many are my foes, and mighty;
Strength to conquer I have none;
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy blessed self alone.

Saviour, look on thy beloved,
Triumph over all my foes;
Turn to heavenly joy my mourning,
Turn to gladness all my woes;
Live or die, or work or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by thy side.

When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin and guilt, and death and Satan,
All against my soul combined,
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace, and everlasting love.

Surely nothing could have been more appropriate than this hymn, which is in itself a prayer to the great Father of us all.

Not one of the musicians of the *Titanic* was saved. Bandsmen on other big steamers who knew them well have given some touching reminiscences concerning them. One of the players, John Hume, was to have been married after the return trip. He was a man of rare talent, and was formerly bandmaster on the *Carmania*. He was popularly known as "Happy Jack Hume." He came of a race of musicians and musical instrument makers. Another of the band was Frederick Clark, bass viol, who had achieved some reputation for chamber music and who was on his first voyage when he lost his life. The bandmaster was a man named Hartley, a violinist, a splendid performer and a successful composer. He was a great believer in the power of music to prevent panic. Other members were Herbert Taylor, pianist, a fine performer; George Woodward, 'cellist, and a trio named Brailey, Krins and Breicoux, who together gave many delightful performances. This little musical company formed really two bands—a saloon orchestra of five men, and a deck band of three. England, Scotland, Germany and France were represented in their nationalities. They were probably all massed together under Hartley, playing that last hymn:

Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eye on things above,

as the great *Titanic* took her final plunge.

IN HOLY LAND

Continued from preceding page

et, supported by Dr. Travis' strong m, while the donkey-boys, Moham- ed Ali and Abdullah, roused Stephen id his wife, who still slept.

"Child, child," muttered the Doc- r, and growled fiercely into his mous- che, "what a risk you have run—in l this damp!"

And Dorothea smiled a trifle tear- lly as she murmured, "Yes, haven't e been—careless?" and was happy at he looked so grave.

"I shall never let you out of my ght again!" he asserted, and she id, "Oh, please don't!" which was yptic, and might have meant any- ing.

"Stephen, old man," said the Doctor, re you all right?" And Stephen id, "All right, Dick, but one of my rists needs mending." And Dorothea ved the pity in the Doctor's eyes as, ith quick, deft touches, he bound the m of his friend.

"Well," he growled, "have you had ough of this Syria?" and Stephen smiled. "Enough," he said, "Dick, to dream about forever! It's Holy Land still!" and then began to worry about the notes that dropped from his pocket.

While they rode slowly back to camp, where Bathsheba and Mrs. Weldon were in charge of Bathsheba's lord, he walked beside Dorothea's donkey, and insisted on holding her in the saddle.

"I shall leave for Jaffa on Thursday," he said, as they came out on the high road, and her head dropped.

"Oh!"

"And I shall take *you* with me!" he added, savagely. He was wooing her like a Bedouin, fiercely gentle, after the manner of the land.

Her eyelids quivered a little.

"Will you go with me, child?" he whispered, and she somehow stammered, "Yes!"

"Little desert-blossom," he said a moment later, "I think St. Stephen is right, you know. It's Holy Land to me, too!"

The Winning Amateur Advertisement

Study this picture — There's a story in each face

FROM childhood to old age, health, beauty and success are dependent, in a large measure, on sound teeth. Sound teeth mean clean teeth, and clean teeth, for the past fifty years, have meant for millions of people the daily use of

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

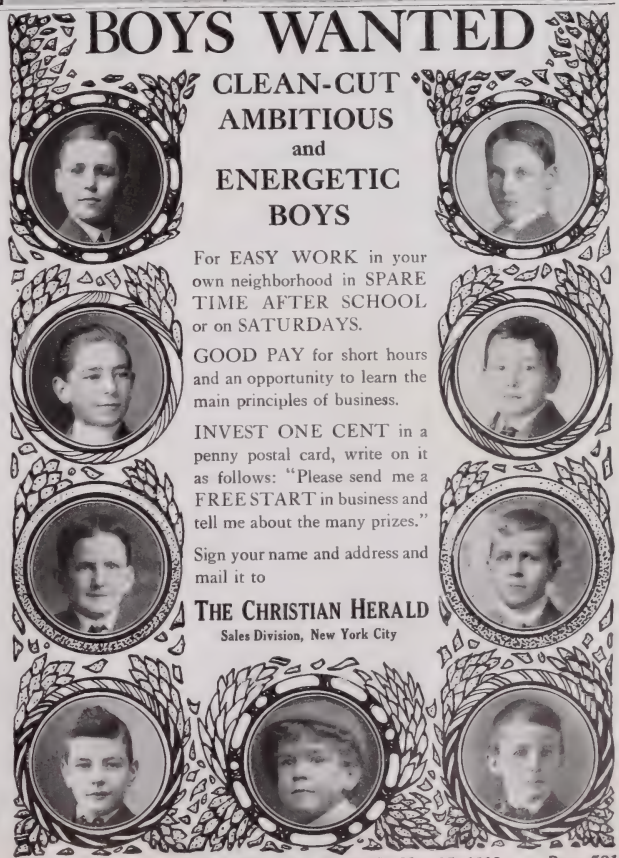
Perfect health is not possible with unsound teeth, and success is not probable without good health. Increased efficiency, due to your ability to properly masticate your food, and a sweet clean breath will follow the use of Dr. Lyon's. Sound, clean teeth are an asset that will surely advance your interests in social as well as business affairs.

A woman's beauty is made or marred by her teeth. A plain face is made attractive by pretty teeth, while good features are often ruined by ill-kept teeth. Dr. Lyon's is a dainty dentifrice that particular women can use with pleasure. Children should be taught to use the brush and Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, especially while their mouths contain both temporary and permanent teeth. At this time decay is most apt to occur, due to the bad condition of the temporary teeth that are being replaced.

If your teeth are free from decay, the use of Dr. Lyon's Powder after each meal will keep them that way. If it were possible to keep teeth *perfectly clean*, there would be no such thing as decay. Dr. Lyon's being in powder form, produces most closely the ideal condition of perfect cleanliness.

Winning advertisement written by George Francis Peck, Washington, D. C., award $100.00; second award, Gilbert M. Fox, Wollaston, Mass., $50.00; third award, Ward Hartley, Pomeroy, Ohio, $25.00. Other 35 awards published in Saturday Evening Post of May 18th.

BOYS WANTED



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AMBITIOUS
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BOYS

For EASY WORK in your own neighborhood in SPARE TIME AFTER SCHOOL or on SATURDAYS.

GOOD PAY for short hours and an opportunity to learn the main principles of business.

INVEST ONE CENT in a penny postal card, write on it as follows: "Please send me a FREE START in business and tell me about the many prizes."

Sign your name and address and mail it to

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
Sales Division, New York City

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

E. S., Deming, N. M. How can any one purify or filter water in order to make it free from injurious minerals?

A simple filter consists of a cup or tube, with perforated bottom, about half filled with small pieces of charcoal, through which the water is made to flow. Instead of charcoal, coarse sand or gravel may be used, but these are not as good purifiers. Pipestone is occasionally used, but has the disadvantage of being very slow. When water holds minerals, such as iron, then lime and other chemicals are used to precipitate this inorganic matter, and then the ordinary filter is used to free it from the precipitate.

H. H., Bridgeport, Conn. In the story of the *Titanic* disaster, I do not see any account of the use of the searchlight or of the binocular glass. Was she equipped with these devices? It has been stated that the lights of a steamer some five miles distant were seen after the disaster, yet on a starry and calm night they did not discover the proximity of the berg till within a quarter of a mile of it.

The *Titanic* had no searchlight, but doubtless was furnished with binocular glasses. The man on the lookout (crow's nest) testified he had no night glass. Certainly, the lights of a steamer could be seen five miles distant, but an iceberg is different, being more or less clouded with the haze of the sea and assuming much the same color as the sea at night, so that it is impossible to descry it afar.

H. C. A., Zena, Ill. Please explain the Jewish doctrine.

The Jews accept the Old Testament as the Word of God, and reject the New. They do not believe that Jesus was the Messiah, nor that he was the Son of God. They accept the commandments, history and prophecies of the Old Testament, though, because of their exile from Palestine, they no longer offer the sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law.

J. E. D., Hempstead, L. I. 1. "In your MAIL-BAG the question is asked when the Presbyterian Church was founded. You say the oldest Presbyterian Church in America was in Jamaica, L. I., built about 1662. Christ's First Presbyterian Church in Hempstead, L. I., was organized by Rev. Richard Denton and followers in 1644. The Jamaica church is an offshoot of the Hempstead church. In 1630 the Rev. Richard Denton and followers left Halifax, England, and landed the same year at Plymouth, Mass. From there they went to Watertown and for several years they were there, but the relations with the Puritans not being pleasant, they left and started a settlement at Witherfield, Conn. From there they went to Stamford, and in 1644 they crossed the Sound and permanently located at Hempstead, where their church has had a continual existence to the present time, except during the Revolutionary War, when the British troops had possession of the property."

J. B. J., Richmond, Va. 1. When and where were marriage licenses first issued, or legalized, in the Scriptures? 2. How long is it since marriages were first solemnized by public ceremonies, and what was the mode of marriage prior to this?

1. Betrothal, which among the ancient Hebrews was accomplished by a letter or contract, was the beginning of the marriage license. The marriage price, which implies this right or license to marry, is referred to in Gen. 31: 15; 34: 12, in Ex. 22: 17; in Ruth 4: 10 and in other Old Testament passages. 2. The Mosaic law prescribed no civil or religious forms for the celebration of marriage. The contract made at the payment of the marriage price perfected the solemn bond which united the espoused parties. There was generally a feast which lasted seven days, during which the bride and groom took a prominent part. In ancient Egypt, there were no civil or religious ceremonies, but much public clamor over the announcement of a betrothal. There are no records of marriage contracts, dowries, or ceremonies among the older nations, although it is to be presumed that they were recognized to a certain extent, at least, in Arabia, Babylonia, Assyria, etc.

Mrs. I. A., Imlay City, Mich. Kindly explain I. Pet. 3: 3 and I. Tim. 2: 9. Some denominations, I believe, hold that the wearing of any gold, even to a wedding ring, is not permissible, and the people of these churches also dress, as a rule, in a uniformly plain fashion. Why do other churches not practice the same simplicity?

The phraseology of these passages makes it quite impossible to consider them as positive commands. For instance, braiding the hair and wearing gold are put side by side in both of them; and not even the strictest advocates of simplicity in adornment would hold to-day that it is wrong for a woman or a girl to braid her hair. There is no possible doubt, however, that the Christian Church has wandered altogether too far from the New Testament teaching of simplicity. In this, as in many other matters, the deepening and straightening of the inner life will settle questions of habit and conduct. A woman who loves God with all her heart, who is doing all she can and giving all she can to feed and comfort and save those who are in need and in sin, will find herself putting away many things she had formerly looked upon as right, and even needful. Sometimes special circumstances make costly garments almost a necessity. A consecrated army officer, for example, needs to wear his prescribed uniform; just so it is sometimes expedient for wealthy people to dress as their friends do and as others expect them to. But thousands of churches and tens of thousands of Christians, in the face of the world's great need, might well heed these apostolic exhortations to return to a more modest and more holy habit of clothing and adornment.

Mrs. J. O. B., Walter, Okla. In several places through the Bible I read that for some sins a person "shall be cut off from his people." What does this expression mean? Does it refer to this world, or the next, or both?

This expression, occurring frequently in Exodus and Leviticus, is equivalent to the later act of "excommunication." The tribal tie was strong in these early days, and to the Jews it was especially strong because it represented not only the union of the people to one another, but their union with Jehovah. To be "cut off from his people" meant that the offender was expelled from the Israelitish nation. In some cases it probably meant being put to death. But while the expression implied separation from God, it is hardly likely, in these early days, when the ideas of a future life were extremely vague, that the words carried with them the idea of being punished after death.

D. A. B., Tessier, Saskatchewan. Is there no dry dock on the American seaboard large enough to accommodate such a vessel as the *Titanic*?

No; the only dry dock large enough is that on the river Lagan, Belfast, the largest in the world. It is 886 feet long and contains 23,000,000 gallons of water when filled.

E. V. E., Marshfield, Ore. What does the Roman Catholic Bible contain that the Protestant does not, and what is their authority for including it and ours for omitting it?

The Roman Catholic Bible differs from the Protestant in that it contains books which are not found in the Hebrew Old Testament, which is regarded as being the original. The additions found in the Roman Catholic Bible were translated from the Greek into the Latin, and from the latter into English and German, and thus passed into the older editions of the Bible. These books are known as "Apocrypha," and form a connecting link between the Old and the New Testament periods. In doctrinal matters, Protestants only acknowledge the books which formed the canon in the time of Christ, namely: Moses and the prophets, the Psalms and historical books. On this account, the present editions of the Bible contain only what are called the "canonical writings," omitting those that are uncanonical or repudiated as unauthoritative and of doubtful inspiration and value. The New Testament part of the Roman Catholic Bible contains the same books which are given in the Protestant Bible. The Romanist belief in purgatory has no support whatsoever in the canonical or uncanonical books, but is the outcome of a strained and distorted interpretation of such passages as Matt. 5: 25 and 12: 32; I. Cor. 3: 11-15; 15: 29; Rev. 21: 27, etc. Similarly, the doctrine of papal priority and authority is based upon a solitary text (Matt. 16: 18), which has been wrenched from its original setting and purpose to suit this end.

J. W. S., Wichita, Kan. I heard a minister say recently, in preaching, that there is a place in the Christian's experience in which the devil will no longer try to seduce him by temptation, but will attack by other modes of hindrance; that if the Christian fails to attain to that degree in the divine life there is something wrong in his sincerity, earnestness or faith. He explained that the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness proved to the devil that it was absolutely useless to follow up the effort to tempt our Saviour and that he never assailed him again. Are these views correct? Should Heb. 2: 18 and 4: 15 lead us to believe that Christ was subject to temptations to commit outward sins? If there is this difference between *trials* and *temptations* how may we distinguish one from the other?

The minister's statement about a spiritual condition in which the Christian is not "tempted" is opposed both to Scripture and experience. Teachers and writers even of the extreme wing of the "holiness movement" do not hold that the Christian is free from temptation in this life. There cannot be any fault in being tempted; the fault lies in one's attitude toward the temptation. The statements in Hebrews to which you refer seem to indicate clearly that Christ suffered all the forms of temptation to which mankind is normally liable. It is this very fact that gives him his tremendous hold upon men; they feel that he can take them safely through the experiences through which he himself went unpolluted. The clearest distinction between temptations and trials is made in James 1. Although the same word is used for both, it is evident that it has these two distinct meanings; verse 2 refers to trials, verses 13, 14 and 15, to temptations to sin. Temptations to sin can never come from God; this is the key to distinguishing them from trials, which he himself sometimes sends. The teaching of the New Testament is that the Christian may have his heart filled with love. Here is complete safety. The instant a suggestion comes to do a thing which would harm some one or displease Christ, our love repels the suggestion and we do the kind and holy thing. There need be no response of heart or will to the evil suggestion; but we cannot hope to be free from the suggestions themselves till we reach heaven. To repeat: the suggestions themselves are not sinful, but the immediate attitude we take toward them is sinful or righteous according as we accept or reject them.

Mrs. B. B., Millington, N. J. 1. Who was St. Bartholomew? 2. What was the massacre of St. Bartholomew?

1. St. Bartholomew was one of the twelve apostles of Jesus. He is constantly named with Philip in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, and is believed to be the same person as Nathanael, who is mentioned in association with Philip in the Gospel of John. Bartholomew means simply son of Tolmai, or Talmai. Nathanael is thus supposed to be his real name, Bartholomew merely stating his relationship. 2. The massacre of St. Bartholomew began in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day, the day set apart to commemorate the apostle, in 1572. It was an attack upon the Huguenots, or French Protestants, whose leaders had been invited to Paris to celebrate the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Marguerite, sister of the king of France, Charles IX., and daughter of Catherine de Medici. It was Catherine who was the actual perpetrator of this ghastly butchery. She persuaded Charles not to interfere, leading him to believe that the Huguenots were plotting against the throne. The massacre spread throughout France, and the number of the slain has been variously estimated from 30,000 to 100,000.

E. E. H., Sargeant, Minn. Is the story of Robinson Crusoe true? If so, on what island did he land?

Robinson Crusoe was written by Daniel Defoe in 1719. While it is really a work of fiction, it is based on the experiences of Alexander Selkirk, who was sailing master on the *Cinque Ports*, a vessel which sailed from England on a buccaneering expedition in 1703. Selkirk quarreled with the captain and was, at his own request, put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, where he lived in solitude for four years and four months, till rescued by a ship under the command of Captain Wood Rodgers. Defoe changed many of the details of Selkirk's experience in his novel, and some critics go so far as to doubt whether he really made it the basis of his work. The island mentioned in *Robinson Crusoe* is located at the mouth of the Orinoco.

Miscellaneous

Collegian, Ohio. Reports of the debates between Princeton, Harvard and Yale Universities may be obtained by writing to the dean or the bursar of any of these universities.

Any reader of this magazine who possesses information as to the descendants of John and Mary Catherine Nichols will confer a favor by addressing George D. Johnston, Howard, Pa. The last known address was Port Deposit or Battle Swamp, Ind.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of W. L. Shugard, age about forty-four, will confer a favor by communicating with his daughter, Mrs. Emma Mathis, Darrington, Miss. Mr. Shugard was last heard from about seventeen years ago. He was then living in Waco, Tex.

Mrs. L. B., Benton Harbor, Mich. 1. Pronounced with the "h" silent. 2. There were about 600,000 men in the company which followed Moses out of Egypt, besides children (see Ex. 12: 37). This is supposed to mean: "besides women and children." The entire number would then be probably more than two million.

Due to mistaken information which came to one of the most reliable firms of commercial photographers in New York City from one of their correspondents in Illinois, a picture supplied by that firm for publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appeared in the issue of April 24 bearing the title "A typical scene at Mound City, Ill.; ground floors all flooded." It has been brought to our attention that at no time during the recent flood was Mound City severely affected, as the efforts of its business men and citizens in general were successful in keeping its levees intact. Although not directly responsible for this error the editor wishes to correct any misapprehension which may have resulted from it.

"Little Moonflower"

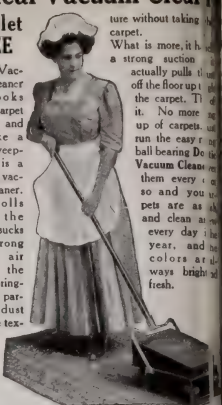
This beautiful Tale of Childhood in the Far East is a true story from Real Life and will be sent FREE to any reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who sends us a postal asking for it. It's a neat little illustrated pamphlet and is extremely interesting. Address

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City

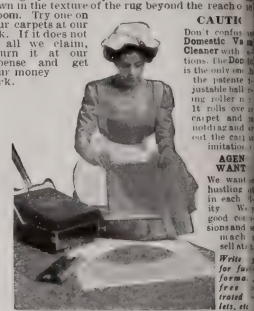
A Real Vacuum Cleaner

Booklet FREE

Here is a Vacuum Cleaner that looks like a carpet sweeper and runs like a carpet sweeper, yet is a powerful vacuum cleaner. As it rolls across the room it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dust out of the texture without taking up the carpet. What is more, it has a strong suction that actually pulls the dirt off the floor up into the carpet. There is no more up of carpets. You run the easy ball bearing Domestic Vacuum Cleaner over them every day or so and your carpets are as clean and clean as every day in the year, and the colors are always bright and fresh.



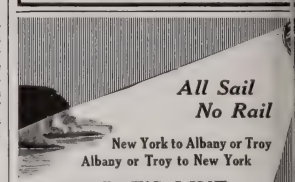
The pile of dirt shown here was removed from a Domestic Vacuum Cleaner after the rug had been thoroughly cleaned by old methods. This dirt is down in the texture of the rug beyond the reach of a broom. Try one on your carpets at our risk. If it does not do all we claim, return it at our expense and get your money back.



CAUTION. Don't confuse the Domestic Vacuum Cleaner with some imitations. The Domestic is the only one having the patented instable handle and swing roller motion. It rolls over the carpet and sets the nap straight and throws out the dust in a manner imitations cannot.

AGENTS WANTED. We want a hustling agent in each locality. We will give good exclusive territory and a liberal commission and sell at first sight. Write for full information, free sample, illustrated booklets, etc.

Domestic Vacuum Sweeper Company
228 Masonic Temple, Peoria, Ill.



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Magnificent river steamers. Music, comfort, luxury and enjoyment. The glories of the Hudson revealed by searchlight.

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Write for information and booklet to Dept. G.

Hudson Navigation Co.
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MIDDLE AGE PEOPLE

often suffer from sourness of the digestive passages, a trouble that inactive men and women approaching middle age often suffer from. No drugs are needed to remove this condition and give a sweet breath and comfort. Only Murray & Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), an agreeable and harmless remedy, are required. Once only, to convince you, a regular 25 cent box will be sent for 10 cents in stamps. A. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY Beginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method; many sell their stories before completing the course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. **School of Short-Story Writing**, Dept. 44, **Page Bldg. Chicago**

PROBATIONERS WANTED. Applicants must have had one year in high school or its equivalent. Address **The Superintendent, St. Luke's Hospital, Newburgh-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

f You Like a Little Quiet Fun

sk ome pompous person if **Grape-Nuts Food helps build the brain.**

Chances are you get a withering sneer and a hiss of denunciation.

Then sweetly play with the learned toad.

Ask him to tell you the analysis of brain material and the analysis of Grape-Nuts.

"Don't know? Why, I supposed you based your opinions on exact knowledge instead of sthg out a conclusion like you would a sneeze."

"Well, now your tire is punctured, let's sit down like good friends and repair it."

The bulky materials of brain are water and albumin, but these things cannot blend without lite worker known as Phosphate of Potash, defined as a "mineral salt."

One authority, Geohegan, shows in his analysis of brain, 5.33 per cent. total of mineral lts over one-half being Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash) 9 per cent.

Beaunis, another authority, shows Phosphoric Acid and Potash (Phosphate of Potash) or than one-half the total mineral salts, being 73.44 per cent. in a total of 101.07.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows Potassium and Phosphorus (which join and ta e Phosphate of Potash) is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral lt in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The at matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumin and by the addition of oxygen creates br fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other gnic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power ith in itself to attract, by its own law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking riple, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To ply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, ded to albumin and water.

Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its neral salts.

Every day's use of brain wears away a little.

Suppose your kind of food does not contain Phosphate of Potash.

How are you going to rebuild today the worn-out parts of yesterday?

And if you don't, why shouldn't nervous prostration and brain-fag result.

Remember, Mind does not work well on a brain that is even partly broken down from ac of nourishment.

It is true that other food besides Grape-Nuts contains varying quantities of Brain food.

Plain wheat and barley do. But in Grape-Nuts there is a certainty.

And if the elements demanded by Nature, are eaten, the life forces have the needed material to build from.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to h Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it ed up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

FROM THE EDITOR

He Forgot That He Had a Stomach

Talking of food, there is probably no professional man subjected to a greater, more wearing mental strain than the responsible editor of a modern newspaper.

To keep his mental faculties constantly in good working order, the editor must keep his physical powers up to the highest rate of efficiency. Nothing will so quickly upset the whole system as badly selected food and a disordered stomach. It therefore follows that he should have right food, which can be readily assimilated, and which furnishes true brain nourishment.

"My personal experience in the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum," writes a Philadelphia editor, "so exactly agrees with your advertised claim as to their merits that any further exposition in that direction would seem to be superfluous. They have benefited me so much, however, during the five years that I have used them, that I do not feel justified in withholding my testimony.

"General 'high living' with all that the expression implies as to a generous table, brought about indigestion, in my case, with restlessness at night and lassitude in the morning, accompanied by various pains and distressing sensations during working hours.

"The doctor diagnosed the condition as 'catarrh of the stomach,' and prescribed various medicines, which did me no good. I finally 'threw physics to the dogs,' gave up tea and coffee and heavy meat dishes, and adopted Grape-Nuts and Postum as the chief articles of my diet.

"I can conscientiously say, and I wish to say it with all the emphasis possible to the English language, that they have benefited me as medicines never did, and more than any other food that ever came on my table.

"My experience is that the Grape-Nuts food has steadied and strengthened both brain and nerves to a most positive degree. How it does it, I cannot say, but I know that after breakfasting on Grape-Nuts food one actually forgets he has a stomach, let alone 'stomach trouble.' It is, in my opinion, the most beneficial as well as the most economical food on the market, and has absolutely no rival." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

TRUTHFULNESS*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

WE HEAR a good deal these days about joining the "Ananias Club," named for the well-known Ananias who lied about the price of the gift he was making to the early church, both he and his wife, and as a punishment they were both stricken with death, "fell down, were carried forth and buried" (Acts 5: 1-10). But whenever we read in the daily papers or hear in conversation about some one who has "joined the Ananias Club," it is always some person of distinction, and it is treated as a joke. This is a much to be regretted indication that the bars of truth have been let down in society at large. It is to be hoped that such a Sunday-school lesson as we have today on Truthfulness will greatly help to correct lying, and establish "the law of truth in the mouth" (Mal. 2: 6).

In the matter of absolute truthfulness, polite society is not blameless. We write in our letters, "With sentiments of the highest esteem," etc., when we really have no such feeling for the person addressed. We write a recommendation, "I cordially recommend the bearer to your favorable consideration," when it is the easiest way to get rid of the person who has applied to us for help. We say, "No, that story is new to me, go ahead and tell it," when mentally we say, "It is a chestnut, but I know it will gratify you to tell it." Sometimes the public speaker, or even the minister of the Gospel, says, "Now, one word in conclusion," and afterward talks a long time, and tires his hearers almost beyond endurance.

The business world, too, is culpable. "You will find our prices the cheapest in the city," when in reality fully as much if not more is charged than in other stores. "Prime California peaches," when the fruit grew in a spot one thousand miles from California, and only the top layer in the basket is prime, while at the bottom the fruit is small, or stale, or wormy. "This goods is warranted all wool," when in reality it is hardly one-third wool. The lawyer says to the judge: "All my client asks in this case is justice," when he is striving to win at any cost. There is a familiar story of Abraham Lincoln. It is worth repeating many times, to show that a lawyer may be true. He was defending a man accused of theft. In the course of the trial, evidence was introduced by the other side showing that his client was attempting a fraud. Mr. Lincoln arose in deep disgust and went to his hotel. The judge sent for him. "Tell the judge," he said, "that my hands are dirty, and I came over to wash them."

Lying in political life is not unheard of! A man desiring an appointment obtained many signatures recommending him to President Cleveland, although, unknown to the President, the man was appointed on the strength of such indorsements. One gentleman, who thought he had been forced to sign the paper, wrote a letter to the President saying that he had never expected that appointment to be made. The President replied: "Your confession comes too late to be of immediate use to the public service, and I can only say that, while this is not the first time I have been misled by lying and treacherous representations, you are the first one who has so frankly owned his grievous fault. If any comfort is to be extracted from this assurance, you are welcome to it." Thus was a liar rebuked.

Parents are guilty of lying to their children *sometimes*, just to get rid of their bother—to satisfy them for the

Continued on page 526

*The International Sunday School Lesson for May 26, 1912. Truthfulness. Matt. 5: 33-37; James 3: 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "Putting away falsehood, speak ye truth each one with his neighbor: for we are members one of another." Eph.4:25.

GOSPEL WORK IN A PRISON

OVER a year ago, a young man, a prisoner in the penitentiary at Moundsville, W. Va., became a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. So impressed was he with the helpfulness of the paper in his own case that he decided to do what he could to interest his fellow prisoners. He wrote to the Circulation Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which gladly extended to him all necessary facilities for conducting such an effort. Fortunately, the Moundsville Penitentiary is one of the best managed institutions of its kind in the country. Its warden and guards are upright men, and the morals of a majority of the prisoners are on a higher plane than in most prisons, due largely to the example set by the warden and his assistants. The prisoner, having the permission of the authorities of the institution, began his canvass and soon secured surprising results. It was astonishing how popular the paper became in that prison. List after list of subscribers was received, a considerable proportion of them being the names of friends and acquaintances of the prisoners in different parts of the State. By the end of September, 1911, he had secured, with the aid of his associates, over 300 subscribers, and what had been begun in a small and insignificant way developed into a great Gospel work, all through the efforts of one man who was moved by the best impulses for the benefit of his fellow men and who enjoyed the hearty co-operation of the staff of prison officers. This is one of the most remarkable cases of the kind, although there are many institutions throughout the country in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has long been a prime factor of spiritual and intellectual improvement. It is literally "sowing beside all waters." The readers of this journal who are interested in the welfare of the Moundsville prisoners will unite with us in praying that it may be made a means of grace to all who read it. To any one who is sufficiently interested and who may desire to assist in this movement, we will be glad to send the name of the young man who has been the originator of so remarkable a work.

A Beloved Historian

THE name of John Clark Ridpath is becoming more and more deeply rooted in the mind and therefore in the history of the American people. The historian himself is coming to be a larger and more noteworthy part of the very history he wrote. For his histories have struck the popular note and appeal to the popular taste. His name is a household word.

Professor Ridpath lived his fine life and did his splendid work in the quiet town of Greencastle, Ind., that land of letters, where he filled for many years the chair of History at DePauw University. The university itself, by the way, recently sprang again into public notice by the addition of $500,000 to its endowment, $100,000 of which was contributed by John D. Rockefeller, the rest raised largely from the Methodist churches of Indiana by vigorous agents of the college. While General Wallace was writing *Ben Hur*, near Wabash College at Crawfordsville, and Riley at Indianapolis was penning his heart-stirring lyrics and ballads, Dr. Ridpath, in the hours between class work, wrote his great *History of the World*. Dr. Ridpath will be remembered as the real teacher, who has made, and still is making, the study of history a delight.

BRAINY

Popular Educational Food Campaig

G. H. BRINKLER
Food Expert

Striking Effects of Different Foods

NOTE. The New Brainy Diet System was originated by S. Lepnel, the London Dietitian, and is a science based on Dr. Bellows' standard work "The Philosophy o. Eating."

YOU probably know something of the effects of different foods. For instance, an excess of starchy (paste making) foods produces sluggishness, dull, splitting headaches, lack of memory and concentration, drowsiness and inertia. A change to digestible brainy foods, such as suitable meats, dairy produce, fish and game will produce a marked improvement. An excess of viscid foods, such as eggs, cream, butter, cheese, etc., causes catarrh, which frequently results in deafness and other complaints. Irritating or foreign elements, such as table salt, soda water, and some other drug-store beverages, and certain elements of foods, cause kidney and bladder troubles. Some foods specially affect the liver or the heart or the lungs and skin, according to the nature of the food. Accumulated waste, deposits of foreign elements and poisons from wrong combinations of foods cause diseases; right foods cure. Diseases supposed to be incurable and to bear no relation to foods and some diseases uselessly treated by surgery have yielded to the new dietary treatment.

I CAN TEACH YOU TO CURE YOURSELF

One group of foods, such as lean tender fresh meat, game, poultry, fish, curdled custard, curd cheese, apples, lemons, tomatoes, cucumbers, rice, bread, etc., when rightly combined and proportioned, generates great vitality and magnetism. Another group, including game, poultry, whites of eggs, almonds, pears, asparagus, spinach, celery, etc., is productive of superior intelligence and psychic development. Another group is chiefly productive of strong nerves, moral strength, presence of mind, strong eyes, an even temper and the strong will power which underlies success.

Undesirable foods, such as pork pies, bacon, rich and spiced dishes, grocers' cheese, alcohol, coffee, etc., make one irritable, violent tempered and even immoral; and still others, such as tea and wrong quantities of fatty, starchy and sweet foods, make one nervous, shy and low spirited and lead to premature old age.

Whites of eggs are the elixir of life for the toothless and aged.

Dried peaches and dried apricots are suited to society ladies who wish to be attractive.

Juicy fresh fruit is far more suitable than stewed fruit for business people who interview their clients and wish to be persuasive.

Brilliancy as a speaker or writer is secured by eating green grapes, provided that strong brainy meals have previously been taken.

Knowing something about these effects, would you not like to know all about the influence of foods in your own case and for your own ambitions? No subject is more important—none strikes home more closely to your own welfare, and the welfare of your family.

No technical terms, such as "proteids," "carbo-hydrates," etc., are used. No foods for sale. No fasting, exercising nor drugs are required. FULL NOURISHMENT IS ESSENTIAL.

To Increase or to Reduce Weight

Thin people after strengthening their nerves and digestive power by suitable brainy foods increase their weight by the proper use of cereal foods. Similarly in combination with a simple exercise women can develop the bust.

One chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds, gaining strength with firmness of flesh and losing rheumatism.

Eczema, other skin troubles, and all blood diseases yield to suitable diet.

A Few Opinions

"Your criticism of osteopathy, physical culture, Fletcherism and fasting, in Booklet No. 2, enlightening. Your recipe in Booklet No. 3, for clear complexion, bright eyes and alert brain, worth dollars to every one."

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. To put weakly, I was astonished."

"My brain power and general efficiency have been doubled this year by selecting brainy food I have made a fortune in real estate and the credit is honestly yours."

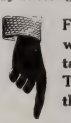
"The government should investigate and teach the Brainy Diet System for the good of the nation."

Send ten cents for mailing. Send addresses of sick friends to—

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 3E, Washington, D.C.

Memorize this address to give to friends in urgent need.

Wire BRINKLER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

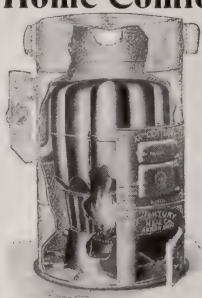


Four booklet which have taught many TO CURE themselves:

DIET

1. The New Brainy Di
2. Diet versus Drugs
3. Effects of Foods
4. Key to Longevity

Home Comforts and Home Delights



do not come from wealth or large income. They come from having the home evenly, cleanly and economically heated. The proper kind of a furnace costs less than stoves or grates.

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KNOWS NOW

ctor Was Fooled By His Own Case For a Time.

s easy to understand how ordinary le get fooled by coffee when doctors selves sometimes forget the facts. physician speaks of his own experi-

had used coffee for years and really ot exactly believe it was injuring me ough I had palpitation of the heart day. (Tea contains *caffeine*—the drug found in coffee—and is just armful as coffee.)

finally one day a severe and almost attack of heart trouble frightened and I gave up both tea and coffee, Postum instead and since that time ve had absolutely no heart palpitation pt on one or two occasions when I a small quantity of coffee which ed severe irritation and proved to I must let it alone.

When we began using Postum it ned weak—that was because we did make it according to directions—but we put a little bit of butter in the when boiling and allow the Postum oil full 15 minutes which gives it the er rich flavour and the deep brown or.

I have advised a great many of my nds and patients to leave off coffee drink Postum, in fact I daily give advice." Name given by Postum Co., tle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use tum in place of tea and coffee in their homes and prescribe it to patients.

There 's a reason," and it is explained the little book, "The Road to Well-le," in pkgs.

ver read the above letter? A new e appears from time to time. They genuine, true, and full of human erest.

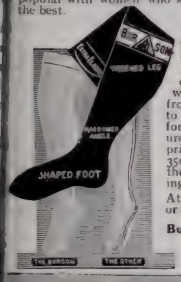
BURSON

And The Others

THERE'S this much about Burson (and it's the whole secret of good stockings)—you get the shape, fit and style without the unnecessary, uncomfortable seam.

The shape is made by the only machines in the world that fit as they knit — and the shape won't come out in wear or washing.

Compare these two carefully; you will see why the Burson Hose is so widely popular with women who know and want the best.



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Burson Knitting Company
Rockford, Ill.

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Just crumble up a
Rat Bis-Kit
Shoot the Rats—Rats will seek it out—die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way. Large size 50c. Small size 25c. All druggists or direct prepaid. The Rat Biscuit Co., 328 Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio.

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YOU CAN PLAY IT Without Learning. Sing into the mouthpiece. Zobo does the rest. For Home, Church and Sunday School Entertainments. Price from $1.00 up. Full information F R E E on request. STRAUSS MFG. CO., 356 Broadway, Dept. 19, New York

May Days in the Cozy Corner

All have bright eyes, some have curls, We call them little boys and girls."

MAY

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume:
There's crimson buds, and white and blue;
The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

HOOD.

A May-Pole Luncheon

NOTHING is prettier or daintier than a May-pole luncheon on the veranda or in any bright sunny room of the house. Trim the table charmingly with pear or cherry or apple blossoms; let the centerpiece be a small May-pole from which strings of smilax and bright ribbons hang. Twenty-six inches of ordinary curtain rod stuck through a box two inches deep will stand securely. Wrap the pole with green and white ribbon or crinkled tissue paper. Fasten lightly as many ribbon and smilax streamers to the top of the pole as there are guests and let each streamer end in a bow tied to a bunch of wild flowers, making a large wreath around the foot of the May-pole. A lead pencil and a small card should be placed at each plate, and during the luncheon each girl must make a sketch of a flower. Some of the drawings are sure to be funny and will provoke plenty of laughter. These cards ought to be exchanged and kept as souvenirs.

Keep the menu very simple—bouillon, chicken croquettes and sandwiches, a salad and a little frozen dessert is a nice "spread"—and when luncheon is over each guest takes a bunch of flowers and ribbon from the May-pole.

The Little Temple of the Lord's Prayer

PERHAPS the most interesting, surely the most exquisite, house of prayer in the world is the Little Temple of the Lord's Prayer in Palestine, erected on the spot where it is believed the Saviour taught his prayer to the disciples. The little temple is of pure white marble with simple straight lines, distinctly unlike the architecture of the Orient. *Our Father which art in heaven* in every known language is carved on the walls and columns, and is the only decoration of this supremely lovely place. To see it in the soft opal twilight of the East, or at moonlight, or in the earliest dawn, is to understand the matchless words of the Master translated into marble.

A Baby Hero

DEAR AUNT IN THE COZY CORNER: You have spoken a great deal about heroism in Happy Cozy Corner Days recently. I believe that CHRISTIAN HERALD girls and boys will appreciate the bravery of little Stanley Osborne, an enthusiastic Cozy Corner boy.

The accompanying photograph will introduce to you my nephew, a thoughtful, manly youngster, who above all else loves his rollicking, happy-hearted baby sister of three.

Stanley Osborne

One day last October they were running about the field where their father was plowing, some distance away, when suddenly he heard a scream of alarm and was horrified, on looking up, to discover his little girl's clothing in flames. Her brother, standing near, quickly clasped his left arm about her neck and with a cap in his free hand beat the flames downward from her face. The father, arriving quickly, rolled the child on the ground until the fire was extinguished, but the frightened little girl was somewhat badly burned under one arm, and when the doctor heard what the brother had done in keeping the flames from her face, he declared the boy's ready wit had saved his sister's life. The fire was caught from some burning brush, and when we asked the bewildered little lad about the accident he said quite simply, "Father told me never to leave little sister in trouble, and if I ever found fire beginning anywhere to beat it out with my cap; so I did." Stanley was just five years old the month in which this happened. Very truly yours,

MRS. W. H. T.

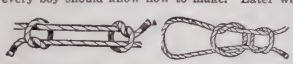
Make Friends with Birds

BE SURE to make friends with the birds. Now is the time and you will always be glad to know them. Pay them a good deal of attention without ever startling them; they will grow so alert and important around the house with their cheery, pretty ways, and in the care of your garden the birds will help you beyond measure. Do not throw too many crumbs about, and they will eat up the insects that would otherwise destroy your plants. Learn to know their songs. Notice that they are different in the early nesting time from the later longer songs by which the baby birds learn their notes. Last year in a nest at my window a ruby crown seemed to pipe over and over, "Who are you? Who are you—eh—eh—" and when the limp little babies came, he added, note by note, to his frail song: "Sweet, sweet, sweet Marjorie, Marjorie—eh—eh—Marjorie—eh!"

Clove Hitch

Knot-tying Again

The three knots illustrated on this page, together with those we described last week, are the principal "hitches" in everyday use, which every boy should know how to make. Later we



Fisherman's Knot — Middleman's Knot

will show you in this department how to tie some interesting sailor knots, and fancy knots but little known.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Next week we shall publish in this department an excellent practical description of a Cross-Country Sailboat. All boy readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD must be sure to read this article.

Our Good-Night Verse

When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—Psalm 61: 2.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

"STANDARD" Bargains

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back

D179 $1.79

Checked Gingham Dress . . . $1.79
$2.98 Value

D 179. Becomingly styled button-front dress of extra good, durable French gingham in pretty black, blue or lavender checks. Piped with white pique and smartly fashioned with collar and deep flounce of solid color chambray. A charming, washable dress of $2.98 quality. Our Special Price **$1.79**
(Ladies sizes 34 to 44 Bust; misses 14 to 18 years. Postage 20c.)

Write TODAY for your FREE Copy of the **"STANDARD" Spring Bulletin**

It Contains Wonderful Bargains. Send NOW!

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D 375 $3.75

D 375. Stylish dress of Irish linen in cadet blue, rose or tan. A novel style, tucked and fashioned with effectively arranged panels of exquisite embroidery. A rich, dressy garment of splendid, washable quality and most remarkable value. Splendid **$3.75** $5.50 value.
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D198 $1.98

D 198. An inexpensive but very becoming dress of serviceable lawn. Designed with broad imported embroidery, tuckings and Cluny insertions. Pleated over hips. Neck and sleeves finished with lace. Certainly the prettiest dress you've ever seen at this price. $2.98 quality..... **$1.98**
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A Toothsome Treat

For the Summer Days

when the appetite needs to be coddled with fresh fruits that nourish and strengthen without disturbing the digestion. There is nothing so deliciously satisfying as

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

With Strawberries and Cream

and nothing so easy to prepare. No cooking or baking—no culinary skill required. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. It is better than the white flour dough of ordinary shortcake because it contains the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. The porous shreds take up the fruit juices, presenting them to the palate with all the full, rich aroma of the natural berry.

Heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; then cover with strawberries (or other berries) and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste.

The Shredded Wheat Co.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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Show this wholly visible Typewriter to your friends and let them see why it excells any $100 Typewriter made, if we would send one to you **Free of One Cent of Cost** for you to keep forever as **your own?** Then on a postal card, or in a letter to us, simply say: Mail particulars.

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from page 524

time being. "Stop crying, father will bring you a pair of new shoes tonight" when in truth he had not been expected to do it. When father returns without the shoes, the child loses confidence in both parents, and has had an impressive lesson in lying. There are other parents who carefully train their children against lying. We have heard of a mother who carefully wrote in a little book all texts in the Bible concerning liars and lying. Whenever one of her children was guilty of lying she would take him alone and read from that same little book (she might have done better to read directly from the Bible), and then she would kneel with the child and ask God to help him keep to the truth, and also have the child pray for himself. Be assured that lying was not a sin of that family.

"I hate a liar," said a fond father, looking into the face of his little daughter. The child's face crimsoned and she burst out crying. "Then never lie again," he added. We cannot altogether commend the discipline, but it was effective, for the child was known on several occasions after that to check herself when she began lying. In another family a mother talked to her little four-year-old girl about a lie she had told, and said, "Now we will go downstairs and get some pepper to put on your tongue, and that is what I will have to do every time you lie." The mother took the child quietly downstairs and put the pepper on her tongue. It hurt, of course it did, but the little one bravely took her medicine, though the pain of body and mind caused her eyes to fill with tears.

Old Dr. Johnson once gave some good advice on this subject. He said to a company of friends: "Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell the truth, without varying in any circumstance." A lady present impatiently exclaimed: "Nay, this is too much, for a little variation in narrative must happen a thousand times a day if one is not perpetually watching." "Well, madam," replied the doctor, "and you ought to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about the truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

Jesus Rebuked Lying

In his Sermon on the Mount the Lord Jesus guarded well the avenues that lead to lying, when he said, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself." This was not making a point against false witness in court so much as it was a rebuke against extravagant expressions commonly used by the sort of people to whom he was talking. They were Orientals, and so accustomed to lying that they did not expect to be believed unless they supported their statements by oaths. Dr. Thomson, a distinguished traveler in the Orient, and author of *The Land and the Book*, says: "No people that I have ever known can compare with these Orientals for profaneness in the use of the names and attributes of God. The evil habit seems inveterate and universal. . . . The people now use the very same sort of oaths that are mentioned and condemned by our Lord. They swear by their head, by their life, by heaven, and by the temple, or, what is in its place, the church. The forms of cursing and swearing, however, are almost infinite, and fall on the pained ear all day long." The Orient is not the only place where this sort of thing prevails. There are persons in the United States who hardly make a statement without connecting an oath with it. We must commend the movement called "The Holy Name Society," organized for the purpose of leading men more perfectly to keep the command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and also to develop reverence for God and check the vile habit of swearing. Churches of all denominations and Sunday schools might well do a similar work.

In the lesson we are studying to-day the avenues that lead to lying are further guarded by taking up in general the sins of the tongue as they are referred to in the Epistle of James. His words would seem to be only second in importance to the words of Jesus himself, and we are quite prepared to agree with him that the tongue is "a fire," and as such is to be guarded against getting started; that "the tongue is full of deadly poison," not in itself, but only as we allow it to become poisoned by the evil that is in our hearts; that "it is a restless evil," and the more evil it is, the more restless it is, and its wagging easily becomes lying or blaspheming. We are almost inclined to accept the advice of the sage of Plunketville, who said, "Allers think twict before speakin', an' then—keep your mouth shut." But James expresses it thus: "But above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by the heaven, nor by the earth, nor by any other oath, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay."

But it is not enough to warn against lying by word of mouth when lying can be done by acts as well as by words. Mark Twain said he had found prejudice against the spoken lie, but none against any other; and by examination and mathematical computation he had found the proportion of the spoken lie to the other varieties to be as one to 22,894. Then he says: "What I am arriving at is this: When whole races and peoples conspire to propagate gigantic mute lies in the interest of tyrannies and shams, why should we care anything about the trifling lies told by individuals?" His premises are correct, but his conclusion is facetious. He took his own jocular way of teaching us that when we succeed in curing the individual liars, we shall have a nation that will be true in all of its relations to God and man.

Called Higher

I. B. Craig (71), of Claysville, Pa., entered into rest on May 27, 1911.

Mr. F. A. Bristow, of Urbanna, Va., died suddenly on December 8, 1911.

Rev. Caleb C. Baldwin, D.D., of East Orange, N. J., passed away July 22, 1911.

Mrs. M. Y. Greenleaf, of Philadelphia, Pa., entered into rest on December 2, 1911.

Lewis K. Chandler (58), of Montchanin, Del., was called higher on April 30, 1911.

George M. Miller (76), of Wyoming, N. Y., died June, 1911. He was an old subscriber to this paper.

Mrs. L. J. Goodman (75) died May 21, 1911, at her home in Ohio, where she lived a life of devoted Christianity.

Mrs. Charles H. Berryman (49) died July 2, 1911, at Dodgeville, Wis., where for years she was a devoted Christian worker.

Mrs. Jane Bruce (80), of Dromore, Ontario, Can., was called home November 11, 1911. She was for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miss M. A. Dishon, of Lakewood, N. J., was called to her home above on April 26, 1911. She was for many years a subscriber to this paper.

Answered Prayers

A. P., Middletown, Conn. "Through prayer God has restored my health."

Mrs. T. M. F., Binghamton, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge my prayers have been answered by our dear heavenly Father."

J. C., Carpenter, O. "God has answered my prayer in behalf of a dear one, and restored her to health."

Mrs. E. M. W., Harford, Pa. "In answer to prayer God healed me after eight years of intense suffering."

C. M. C., South Berwick, Me. "I asked the dear Lord to heal me, and he did, for which I praise his dear name."

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest

Sent on 15 Days' Free Trial

This magnificent, MOTH-PROOF Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Sent anywhere on 15 days' free trial. Place it in your own home at our expense and see for yourself what a beautiful, useful and desirable piece of furniture it is. **Moth, mouse, dust and damp proof. Makes unique Bridal gift.** Direct from factory to you at **factory prices.** Freight prepaid. Send for big 36 page **illustrated free book** showing all styles and prices and particulars of free offer.

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"Sani-Tissue," the new snowy-white Toilet paper, especially intended for women, children and invalids.

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made low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over Hundred Thousand Sold. Write for booklet and testimon THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 754, Perry Building, Philade

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No wear, no tear, no b ing. Daintiest articles was without injury. Tub of clot washed in 5 to 10 minu A child can operate. made, will not rust. Ligh than a washboard. Insta aneously attachable to metal tub or wash boi No screws to tighten. O from this ad. Satisfact guaranteed. Send for ular. Agents wanted.

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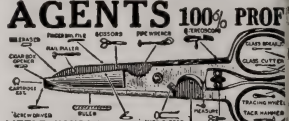

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The Law of the Sea

BY DAVID PAINE, of the New York Bar

WHEN the *Titanic* of the White Star Line went down she carried with her to her resting-place, two miles below the surface, not only hundreds of valuable lives but several million dollars of cargo. This cargo, of course, cannot be recovered at that depth. Divers cannot live that far below the surface because of the great pressure of the water. In the natural course of events neither ship nor cargo will ever again be seen by the eye of man. The question now arises as to what redress the law gives to those who have lost relatives or merchandise entrusted to this great ship.

To those who are familiar with the general administration of the law in this country it would seem that, if the disaster was caused by the negligence of the captain of the ship or its officers, suits could be brought against the owners of the *Titanic* and damages recovered commensurate with the loss sustained by those dependent upon the victims or owning the cargo. Actions of this character are an everyday occurrence when, for instance, a train is wrecked on land and lives and property lost. Accidents at sea, however, are governed by the Admiralty law, which differs greatly from the law we are accustomed to. The Constitution of the United States gives to the United States courts jurisdiction of "all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction," and Congress has the power to pass laws governing such matters. Admiralty law, in general, has to do with commerce upon the high seas and the Great Lakes. The laws we are accustomed to think of as securing to us our lives and property are the creations of the legislatures of our several States, and are enforced by the State courts. The wisdom of a uniform law to govern ships upon their voyages, rather than a different law in each port the vessel may make, is, of course, apparent. Congress and the United States District Courts, then, having exclusive powers as to the law of the seas, have formulated a uniform set of rules applying to the subject, and the same law governs, no matter whether the ship is in the port of New York or San Francisco, Galveston or Portland, Me.

In 1851, in order to encourage shipbuilding and having in mind the perils of the sea, Congress enacted the Limited Liability Act, applying to shipowners. By its terms, as it has been expanded, the owner of a ship can by appropriate proceedings in the Federal courts, after a loss at sea, limit his liability, as to the passengers and cargo, to the value of the ship and the freight charges earned. Now, in case a ship is brought into port after an accident at sea, her value, even in a damaged condition, is generally more than enough to compensate for any loss sustained, but in case of the sinking of the ship with her passengers and cargo the ship is without value and no money damages can be recovered, except the freight charges earned, which are so insignificant when divided up among those entitled to share therein that they amount to nothing. Most seafaring nations have a similar law.

A notable instance of this was in the case of the loss of the French Liner *La Bourgogne*, which sank with most of its passengers after a collision with the British ship *Cromartyshire* sixty miles off Sable Island, on its voyage from New York to Havre, on July 4, 1898. Nothing was saved except a few lifeboats, and the value of these and the freight charges pending constituted the only fund from which damages could be collected under the Limited Liability Act. The wealthy steamship company which owned the vessel could not be reached beyond this. Litigation growing out of claims against *La Bourgogne* continued for ten years, and it was not until 1908 that Justice White of the United States Supreme Court wrote a final opinion in this matter.

With regard to the loss of the *Titanic*, an important exception in the Limited Liability Act must be noticed. That Act does not limit to the value of the ship, the liability of the ship-owner on whose ship lives or property are lost by negligence of which the owner has knowledge. If he provides a safe ship and conforms to the laws of the country to which the ship belongs as to the life-saving equipment, and selects competent officers and crew, he can claim the benefits of the Act, no matter if the officers in charge prove negligent and the ship is lost. The *Titanic*, however, had on board J. Bruce Ismay, the head of the company owning the ship. Now, if it should be shown that Ismay carelessly and knowingly directed or allowed the ship to be driven at high speed through waters dangerous from icebergs, or if the ship was not properly equipped with lifeboats in accordance with the rules of the British Board of Trade, then the courts might well hold that the loss was caused by negligence of which the owners of the *Titanic*, the White Star Line, had knowledge, and damages for the loss of lives and cargo would have to be met in full by the company, irrespective of the value of the lost *Titanic*. In other words, the Limited Liability Act would not apply. The importance, therefore, of the present investigation by the Senate committee cannot be overestimated, leaving aside its chief aim, which is to prevent such catastrophes in the future.

The Paper That Helps Them Most

THE Erie Conference (M. E.) Male Quartette recently assisted the Young Men's Christian Association in a special ten days' campaign in the shops of Warren, Pa. The Warren Young Men's Christian Association conducts each year about three hundred noon-hour shop meetings. A feature of this work in Warren is the use the Association makes of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Hundreds of copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are distributed each week at the shop meetings. The secretary writes us that the only Christian literature that enters many of the homes of the workingmen is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it is proving of great help in maintaining the attendance on the part of the men at the meetings.

The Erie Conference Male Quartette

During the days the quartette assisted in the meetings the attendance broke all records. The names of the members of the quartette, reading from left to right, are: Rev. Homer B. Davis, first tenor; Rev. Will H. Fenton, second tenor; Rev. Ernest M. Fradenburg, baritone; Rev. Samuel T. Davidson, basso.

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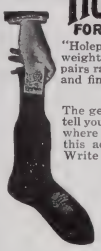

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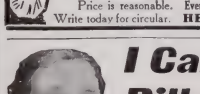

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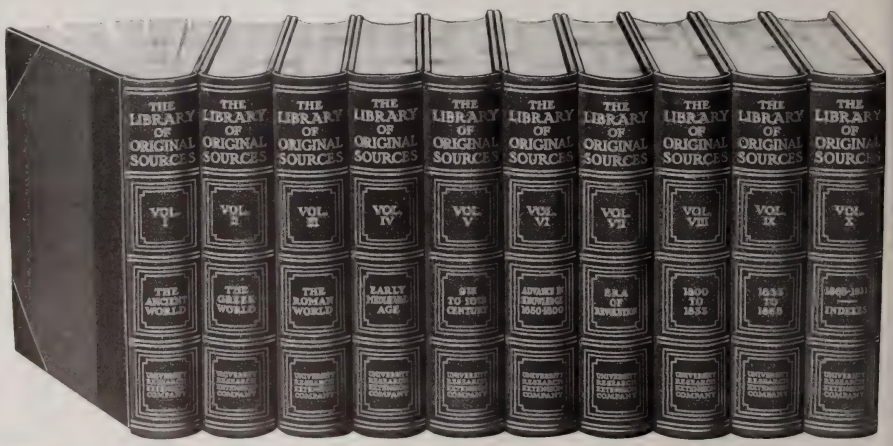

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NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1912

VOLUME 35 — NUMBER 21
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

ART WINS THE HEART

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See description in this issue

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

tower of Siloam, to which Christ refers in

Siloam. This section is definitely located at the

at the time. There is a curious reference

faith out" (R.V., "standeth out"), and the sug-

tower stood on the hill called Ophel, just above the pool of Siloam, it was the very one which later fell and killed the eighteen persons of whom Christ speaks.

F. D. M., Sugargrove, Pa. 1. Do the Jews in this country observe the feasts and offer sacrifices, as was commanded in the Mosaic law? 2. Do they reckon time from Christ; if not, when does their year commence?

1. Many of the orthodox Jews still observe the old-time feasts and some yet offer sacrifices, such as fruits, grain, doves and sheep; but the great majority have fallen away from the ancient observances and identify themselves with the manners and customs of the country in which they live. 2. No. The Jews, since the second century, reckon from the assumed date of the creation, or 3,760 years and three months before the birth of Christ. This is the year ; the new year 5673 will begin at sunset on next September 11.

M. A. M., Wallowa, Ore. 1. Are fire-arms [illegible] 2. What do you think of the movement?

1. For the purposes of drill boy scouts are [illegible] military regulation rifles without ammunition. 2. The movement is a good one from a disciplinary standpoint and as excellent exercise; but it has the objectionable feature of inspiring a love of war and military display.

A. D. F., Scranton, Ia. 1. Will the *Titanic* reach the bottom of the ocean? 2. What is the method of sounding and what is the maximum depth?

1. Such solids as compose a ship, whether it be of steel or wood, may be kept floating or be allowed to sink very slowly, due to the nearness of their specific gravity to that of water, or to the fact that they contain air or other substances whose specific gravity is much less than that of water. The moment the specific gravity of the floating substance becomes even a minute fraction greater than that of water it will sink, and as the specific gravity of water is the same at the bottom of the sea as at the surface, it will sink to the bottom. 2. A very fine steel piano-wire is now used, weighted with a lead of seventy pounds and attached to a machine having the brake so adjusted that the revolution of the drum is stopped automatically the instant the lead [illegible] can be read from an indicator on the machine, telling the number of fathoms paid out. Maximum depth, 31,614 feet, off Guam in the Pacific.

L. S., Ninette, Man. What were the seven wonders of the world?

The seven wonders of the ancient world were [illegible] the tomb of Mausolus, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter by Phidias and the Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria; but there are many greater wonders in the modern world.

[illegible] Vt. To whom should [illegible] be applied?

[illegible] formerly applied only to ladies [illegible]

[illegible] the mark [illegible] Mason [illegible] the Grand Lodge of [illegible] Still others believe that his face expressed a [illegible]

that no one who found him should kill him," but what that sign was, nobody knows.

C. C. W., Springfield, Colo. What proportion of the total popular vote of the United States is represented by church members?

There are upwards of 36,000,000 professing Christians in the United States, 13,000,000 of whom are Roman Catholics. The various Protestant denominations can claim many as nominal adherents who are not communicants. Therefore, as the total population is about 100,000,000, it is safe to say that nine out of every twenty-five are professed Christians.

D. B. L., Oval, S. D. Please explain John 1: 13.

The apostle is here describing the new birth, and pointing to its Author and Source. It was "not of blood," that is, of superior human descent (as we should say, "blue-blooded") nor of the will of the flesh, nor the will of man; it was in no sense human generation, but was of God. It conferred the divine gift of sonship, raising men to the altitude of "sons of God."

"In His Name," Billings, Mont. Could you tell us more about the China orphans, how they are cared for, and what denominations have charge of the work? Where are the orphanages located? Have the gifts already received been at all adequate in relieving the need?

The orphanages and the denominations represented are these: China Inland Mission, Taochsien; Methodist, Hinghwa; Friends, Nanking; Methodist, Ngucheng; Baptist, Changsha; Wesleyan Methodist, Hankow; China Inland Mission, Wesleyan Mission, Methodist, Independent, Presbyterian, Nanking; South Presbyterian, Hsuchoufu; American Episcopal, Ichang; Missionary Alliance, Sianfu; China Inland Mission, Sinchunghsien; North Presbyterian, Hangchow; American Advent, Nanking; Methodist, Chinkiang; Methodist and Industrial Home, Foochow; [illegible] Congregational, Foochow; China Inland Mission, Saratsi; Door of Hope, Shanghai; Presbyterian, Chinkiang; Methodist, Kiukiang; American Presbyterian, Ningpo; Presbyterian, Shanghai; Methodist, Nanking; China Inland Mission, Antung. The orphans are sheltered, fed, educated and trained by the missionaries until they are of age to work and become self-supporting. Many have become teachers, evangelists, Bible workers, etc., others are now artisans and servants. A good many of the children are bright and full of promise. Twenty dollars a year provides for the support of an orphan through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. N. G., Worcester, Mass. Do you think it possible for a person to be a Christian and not realize the fact?

While in isolated cases such a condition may exist, or while it may exist temporarily in many cases, it is certainly not a normal experience or condition. John says: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." Really to be a Christian is to be personally acquainted with Jesus, and if we really know him we shall soon know that we know him. If any one wants to know him and is not yet sure, he has only to trust him fully as the pardoner of his sins, and he will soon know him as Saviour and Friend. If the assurance is delayed, keep on trusting just the same, and it will surely come, when faith has been sufficiently tested.

A. L. L., Waterloo. The following questions were discussed in a recent conversation, and we should like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S opinion: (1) Shall we know each other in heaven? (2) Will the same relationships continue in heaven as exist on earth, or shall we know one another simply as members of the heavenly company, not distinguishing friends and relatives from strangers?

(1) There seems to be no Scriptural reason for doubt that we shall know one another in heaven. Jesus said to the crucified thief: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise," implying that the identity of both could be easily recognized. He said to the disciples: "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." All the thoughts and promises of immortality would have little attractiveness unless we believed that the identity of ourselves and of our friends would be preserved, and preserved in such a way as to be recognizable. We do not want to go to heaven to be some one else, but to be ourselves, made glad, efficient and glorious for the new life and the new service. (2) When David's son died he said: "I shall go to him, but he shall never come to me." These words show that David expected to greet the boy as his son and be recognized as his father. The answer of Jesus to the Sadducees in Matt. 22: 30, Mark 12: 25, and Luke 20: 35 does not mean that the relation of husband and wife will be discontinued in heaven. It is a recognition of the fact that many marriages of earth are not real marriages of soul. A tie which is merely or chiefly physical will be dissolved when the bodily existence ceases or is changed; but any real union of soul need not be affected by death, for death does not touch the soul. The whole question becomes clear in the light of the fundamental idea of love, which receives its highest interpretation and illumination in the New Testament. People who love one another on earth will love one another in heaven; people who are congenial on earth will be congenial in heaven. It will be not the mere fact of physical relationship or earthly friendship that will draw souls together in heaven, but the fact of their loving Christ, of their sympathy and interest and delight in his will, in his ways, in his work. And people who love him together and work for him together here will love him and work for him together there.

Mrs. C. J. C., Hastings, Neb. Please explain Gen. 1: 27 and 2: 7, 22.

There is no discrepancy in these two separate accounts. Gen. 1: 27 states the fact broadly that God created man and woman. The next chapter goes on to give the details of the events.

E. F., New Albany, Kan. Did Jesus have any brothers or half-brothers?

James, Joses, Judas and Simon are mentioned in the New Testament as the brethren of Jesus. Jerome and several other early writers held that the word "brother" was frequently used in the sense of a "cousin" or blood relative, and that Mary had no other children; but in Matt. 12: 46; Matt. 13: 55; John 2: 12 and Acts 1: 14 they are mentioned as proper brothers, being named together with the mother of Jesus. The same may be inferred from John 7: 5. It is an open question whether they were not the sons of Joseph by a former marriage and therefore half-brothers to Jesus. There has been much discussion of the subject, but without positive determination.

Opening The Nathan Straus Tuberculosis Preventorium

LATE in April there was opened at Farmingdale, N. J., a new preventorium for tuberculosis. Governor Wilson of New Jersey and Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, addressed the gathering, which contained a great many people from New York as well as representatives from other States. Governor Wilson brought a message of good wishes and hopes for success from President Taft. After the ceremonies the crowd which had gathered inspected the new building, together with its camps and the equipment, which comprises the institution. Marcus M. Marks, president of the preventorium, delivered the opening address, in which he told of the work of the preventorium and outlined the purposes of the new home. He said: "Our plan is to take the children from homes in which they are exposed to tuberculosis infection, keep them in the open air day and night, winter and summer; keep them up to school grade in open air classes, and after a few months return them hearty and strong to homes that have been built up and rendered safe during their absence." Governor Wilson said he was glad the great work was being done in New Jersey, and continued: "We have coped with diseases in the past by curing them, but to-day we are coping with them by preventing them. It always has given me pain to note how far behind other countries we are in the prevention of disease. However, we are awakening to the value of scientific discoveries, and science is now becoming one of the principal instrumentalities of government."

Miscellaneous

R. J., Bucyrus, O. Recently answered in THE MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. T. A. A., Garber, O. There is nothing to indicate that the passage you mention has any reference to the birth of Christ.

J. M. F., Staunton, Va. The first passage you mention does not refer to a command of God, but to a command given to the Rechabites by Jonadab, one of their ancestors. He evidently wished them to lead a nomadic rather than a settled life. The last verse expresses the approval of God upon them because they were true to their principles. The prophet declares the sad comparison God has made: the Rechabites obeyed their earthly father's wishes, but the people of Israel would not obey their heavenly Father's precepts.

Honest Inquirer, Plainfield, N. J. 1. After Dr. Talmage's death his congregation was distributed among other churches. 2. The Gospel is not complete unless Christ is presented as the central fact. He is the Way, the Truth, the Life. He is the door of the sheepfold, and we have his word for it that any one that entereth by any other way is a thief and a robber. All the evangelists, both in the Gospels and the Epistles, emphasize the fact that faith in Christ and acceptance of him as Saviour and Redeemer are essential requirements. Hence a presentation of the Gospel without presenting Christ as Saviour would be no presentation at all.

The Best Kind of a Gift

Many thanks for the book, *Samantha at Coney Island*. I have read "the hull on't," and enjoyed it very much. Let me add also that *The Christian Herald Almanac* is, in my opinion, the best kind of a gift premium, and will certainly be appreciated by many thousands besides MRS. C. J. WOHLFARTH.
Central Islip, N. Y.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

How the Levees Are Strengthened with Sand Bags

Copyright by F. P. Fawkner

The Washed-Out Levee and Ruined Railway Tracks

Copyright by F. P. Fawkner

A River City Scene During the Flood

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY DISASTER

OVER $50,000,000 IN PROPERTY SWEPT AWAY. MANY LIVES LOST AND THOUSANDS MORE IMPERILED

RUIN, death and desolation reign almost undisputed over a vast section of the lower valley of the Mississippi. The greatest flood in our country's history has swept the populations of hundreds of river cities and towns and parishes into refuge camps at the points of safety. On May 8 a conservative estimate stated that 200,000 people had been driven from their flooded homes and were, in spite of heroic efforts by the people of the unflooded sections, largely shelterless and dependent upon others for food.

As the waters abated in the upper reaches of the valley, the gravest danger was believed to be past, for Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana felt safe, entrenched behind their great levees that had secured the commendation of both State and Federal engineers, even though their network of low-lying waterways faced the prodigious task of carrying off the freshets of thirty-two States.

During the last days of April the waters crept higher and higher on the levees and through old, unimportant breaks backed up over some of the lowlands, but did no serious damage. Undiminished, the torrents from the Arkansas, the Red River and the Mississippi attacked the levees that had been softened by days of constant rain. In Louisiana wealthy planters and stock-farmers, professional men and university students toiled steadily side by side with negro roustabouts and a convict gang in their desperate efforts to save the levees with reinforcements of sandbags. On the night of May 1 came the first serious break. The levees at Torras, La., gave way before the flood and the combined torrents of the Red and Mississippi Rivers swept southward, covering the great sugar-cane district that is known as the "sugar bowl of America." Torras is at the junction of the Mississippi, the Red and the Atchafalaya Rivers. Ordinarily the Red River flows into the Mississippi, and the Atchafalaya finds its way to the Gulf of Mexico by a route almost parallel to the general direction of the larger stream. But now all this is changed, and the waters of the three rivers unite to form an inland sea whose current flows toward the gulf and which has practically obliterated the lines of the Atchafalaya River.

Day after day the flooded area has widened and one small town after another has been deserted by its inhabitants. Some got away in trains, taking part of their livestock with them, but many were marooned in almost desperate positions and had to be picked up by steamers and motor-boats. Large sections of fifteen parishes in Louisiana alone are devastated by the flood and it is estimated that 115,000 homeless persons are being cared for as well as possible in the refuge camps and that many thousands more will within the next few days be added to this number. Every day brings stories of suffering from newly inundated sections. Millions of dollars' worth of property has already been destroyed and thousands of lives are still in danger.

The government's relief officers have been spread over as much of the country as possible, but the task is almost too great for them. On Sunday, May 5, over a thousand refugees arrived at Baton Rouge to be cared for. The condition of many of these people was pitiable in the extreme. Some had been in their wet clothing for days and among the women and children the suffering was acute. The plight of the tiny children was particularly distressing because of the scarcity of milk. All the Sunday schools in Baton Rouge were dismissed that afternoon that the children might work under team leaders to make a thorough canvass of the city for milk and take it to the supply depots for distribution.

On the following night, at a point of the levee between Torras and Batchelor, it was estimated that there were one thousand refugees and ten thousand head of cattle. All of the refugees were exposed to imminent danger of drowning, and their presence

Continued on next page

Building a Dam on the Upper Mississippi

Reinforcing the Levee with Bagged Sand

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY DISASTER

Continued from preceding page

in the upset conditions added great difficulty to the strengthening of the earthen walls. From almost every section of the lower valley there have come frantic appeals for boats, for food, for dry clothing and blankets. Crafts of every sort are being pressed into service and sent out loaded for temporary relief; but still there are thousands marooned and beyond hope of relief with the facilities at hand.

In addition to the number of deaths that are known to have taken place, due to the great break in the Dogtail Levee, refugees have been arriving at New Orleans in small overloaded boats and telling of many cases of drowning and of thousands of men, women and children huddled together in inaccessible places along the levees, mostly without food or adequate clothing, and in many cases with no means of sending out word of their plight. The work of rescuing marooned persons in the back country and more isolated districts has been pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Every available boat has brought into the concentration camps loads of destitute women and children. Reports of almost horrifying conditions have been brought into New Roads, Baton Rouge and New Orleans.

Among those who arrived at New Roads were four women who were rescued near Morganza. They had stood in water several feet deep for nearly three days before boatmen reached them. They were on the verge of collapse when saved and had lost everything except the dripping clothing that they wore. Seven hundred and fifty refugees from Pointe Coupée Parish were taken into Melville, even though that town itself was in the gravest danger and was already being deserted by its inhabitants. These people had been picked up along the levee where they had been three days without shelter while an almost continuous pelting rain had made it impossible for them to get a fire with which to cook the scanty rations that they had. Melville, itself almost depopulated, was not prepared to care for these refugees, but rations from the government barges were distributed among them, and fires were kindled in some of the dry streets and there coffee was made and passed around in dippers. Later the refugees were sent on to points of absolute safety.

Under the direction of army engineers the removal of twenty thousand persons from the vicinity of New Roads was undertaken as soon as grave danger of the flooding of that town arose. A fleet of steamboats carried the refugees to Cook's Landing, the nearest place available as a concentration station. The government engineer reported even before the flood reached its height that there were at least eight crevasses in the levee system of Louisiana. The greatest of these is at Torras, two others are on the Atchafalaya River near Melville, one at Bayou Sara and one at Angola, on the Mississippi; one at Moreauville, one at Long Bridge, and others at Alsatia and above. In reply to a telegram, Governor Sanders has wired:

"The resources of the commonwealth and its population are being strained to the utmost, the Federal Government appropriations covering only the barest basic rations and the employment of boats for saving lives and livestock. The additional expense of establishing and maintaining camps and their sanitation and a hundred and one incidental expenses fall upon the people of this commonwealth."

The latest reports state that the flood waters are still spreading, and as this takes place and the numbers in the concentration camps increase, the desperate need of food, clothing, medical aid and medicine will become more and more pressing. Many of these concentration camps must, in the very nature of events, be permanent villages until well on into July, even if not much later. Vast sections of the Mississippi Valley will raise no crops this year, and not only will need of the present be met, but that of the future.

A Typical Lower Mississippi Valley Scene with the Flood Nearing Its Height

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive contributions in aid of the Mississippi flood sufferers. Every gift to the Flood Fund will be used in the relief work which is now going on over a very large extent of the river territory from the "back country" of Louisiana up to Memphis and Cairo. It is hoped that our readers, who have done so much in past years for the needy in foreign lands, will now respond promptly and liberally to the call of distress at home. Send your contributions without delay to

THE FLOOD FUND
The Christian Herald
New York City

The following contributions for the Flood sufferers have been received:

Mrs. Klopsch	$100.00
Theodore Waters	10.00
George H. Sandison	10.00
A. H. Howland	5.00
T. Rand-McNally	1.00
Otto Koenig	100.00
C. G. Norris	1.00
F. E. Robinson	1.00
M. F. Onderdonk	1.00
H. Emma Wood	3.00
Alexander Woldert	25.00
C. E. Clayton	1.00
Mrs. Belle McKamey (in memoriam)	100.00
H. A. Colver	1.00

TRAINING BOYS TO BE CITIZENS

ON CHICAGO'S South Side is a well-organized juvenile municipality that boasts its mayor, its city clerk, its city treasurer and most of the usual officers of any well-regulated community. It has its own board of education, its commissioner of health, its common council and various other bodies that are a part of every municipality. Its seat of government is St. Paul's parish house. Its citizenship is composed of boys between the ages of nine and nineteen. Boyville—for such is the name by which this municipality is known—seeks to train boys in the duties of good citizenship so that when they arrive at manhood's estate they may both understand the essential elements of good government and be prepared to work and vote intelligently to this end. At the regular weekly meetings of the Boyville city council its members receive a thorough training in parliamentary law and become familiar with the machinery of legislation through the introduction and passage of such laws and ordinances as may seem necessary for the good government of this juvenile municipality.

The annual election in Boyville is accompanied by quite as much enthusiasm as any hard-fought municipal campaign. The election falls on the same date as the regular city election, and is preceded by bill-posting, caucus meetings, processions and other methods of increasing interest among the citizens of Boyville in an effort to gain votes. "Vote for Wabert. He plays on the square." "Vote for Koehler and a clean Boyville." "Vote for Marshall for postmaster. He will carry the message to Garcia." "McCarty. He knows how to work." These are some of the slogans that have become historic in the municipal campaigns of Boyville. Following election, the citizens of this municipality hold their annual inaugural exercises with a banquet and speeches by the officers elect in which they give pledge for faithful service during the coming year.

A Boyville Caucus in Full Swing

Election Day in Boyville

Boyville has its game-rooms, its reading-rooms, its gymnasium and other features of club life in the parish house of St. Paul's Church, Prairie Avenue and Thirtieth Street. Rev. Lorenzo D. Case, D.D., who is at the head of its many activities, states that the citizens of Boyville have become especially orderly and need but a minimum of adult oversight during the hours that the rooms of the parish house are open to them. Each citizen is on his honor and wears the badge of Boyville with its motto, "Play on the Square." In the summer every officer of this juvenile municipality who has faithfully performed the duties for which he was elected is given a two weeks' free outing at the Boyville summer camp in Michigan.

O. E. C.

BURYING THE "TITANIC'S" DEAD

Photos Copyrighted by American Press

Temporary Morgues on the Dock — The Cable Steamer "Mackay-Bennett" Docking at Halifax — A Scene at the Mayflower Curling Rink

THE historic garrison city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, had a May-day of mourning when the cable steamer *Mackay-Bennett* came into port with the bodies of those victims of the *Titanic* disaster that she had recovered from the sea. The work of identification and the long lines of funerals began on the following day. At three o'clock that afternoon nearly all of the nameless sixty of the *Titanic's* dead were buried in nameless graves in three of the Halifax cemeteries.

Most of the identified dead were removed from the Mayflower Curling Rink during the first and second days after the arrival of the funeral ship. Those who had come with faint hopes that they might identify their lost were in most cases disappointed, and though many of them remained in Halifax for the return of the second cable steamer, *Minia*, the second day found Halifax returning to its normal routine of life. All of the fifty-nine unidentified bodies were interred according to the rites of the religions the deceased had professed in life. Men and women of every creed united in honoring the unknown. Four bodies were buried in the Catholic cemetery, nine in the Jewish cemetery, and forty-six in the Protestant cemetery. At the ceremonies at the Protestant cemetery, one hundred sailors from H. M. C. S. *Niobe* formed in lines at the graves. Brief addresses were made by clergymen of different denominations and the Royal Canadian Regiment band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and the "Dead March from Saul." Memorial services at all the churches testified to the sympathy and sorrow of Halifax over the great disaster.

The Nova Scotia Legislature was prorogued on the afternoon of May 3, but out of respect for the dead all the brilliant military formalities attending such an event were abandoned. Probably for the first time in the history of the Province there were no strains of martial music on the streets, such as has been the custom at the closing of the House in the past.

The cable steamer *Minia* came into the harbor in the early hours of May 6, bringing fifteen more bodies of victims of the disaster. She recovered seventeen altogether, but it was necessary to re-commit the bodies of two men, supposed to have been firemen, to the deep. The list of identified dead brought in by the *Minia* included the name of Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway system of Canada. The bodies of the more widely known victims of the disaster have been all taken to the homes of the deceased, where memorial services and deeply pathetic funeral services have taken place.

The *Minia* was compelled to abandon her search by the coming up of a dense fog and the combined knowledge that she could do little more at sea, and that many were anxiously awaiting her arrival at Halifax.

The work of searching for the bodies is being continued, however, for the Canadian Government steamer *Montmagny* was immediately coaled and provisioned for ten days and started to search the edges of the Gulf Stream, where it is believed still other bodies may be found. The *Montmagny* had been undergoing repairs at Halifax, and that work had just been concluded when the White Star Line officials petitioned the government to allow them the use of the vessel. At first the officials of the Marine Department at Ottawa were disinclined to let the vessel go, but when a request was made direct to Premier Borden he requested the Minister of Marine to order the ship out. Immediately after the despatch of the vessel Premier Borden received the following message from Vice President Franklin of the White Star Line:

"On behalf of the relatives and friends of those lost in the *Titanic* disaster, also on behalf of the White Star Line, I want to express to you and through you to the Canadian Government and the Canadian people our very deep appreciation and sincere thanks for the prompt and generous manner in which you have acted upon our appeal to have a suitable steamer sent out to the scene of disaster by despatching the *Montmagny*."

HELPING CHINA'S FAMINE ORPHANS

THAT the work of caring for the famine waifs of China is very near and dear to the hearts of the mission workers in that newest republic is shown by the letters that come from the distant field. Through all these months of war and its attendant unsettled conditions, the workers have been striving to keep in touch with those whom it became necessary to leave behind when all foreigners were ordered to the coast for safety.

Mr. C. J. Jensen, in charge of the Scandinavian Alliance Mission in Shensi and Kansuh, writes an interesting report concerning the orphans under his charge. He says: "On October 22, the revolution broke out in Sianfu and upset all missionary work. When we understood we must leave, we tried to make as good provision for the children as we could. Some were let out to Christian families and relatives, we advancing means for their support, and they were to look after them during our absence. Quite a number were left at the stations as usual, in charge of native evangelists and Bible-women. Happily the mission could advance enough to keep them going about a year, though we hope to be back in less time than that. We are trying to keep up communication with our native workers who are in charge, but it has been very difficult so far and very slow at the best. As far as we know all are safe. Of the orphans who left or are leaving, some have good prospects of being able to take care of themselves. One has received a fairly good education and by the assistance of his two older brothers (who have also been CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans), he will be able to get on. Another will soon be married and thus she will be cared for. A third is getting quite old enough to be trying for himself.

A Group of the Famine Orphans Now Being Supported

Another has learned the shoemaker's trade. Two others are now strong boys, able to work. Two more have got situations, and there are others who will now be employed to help the native evangelists at two outstations. We are very thankful for the help these boys have had from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and we hope they will prove a real help and blessing to the church. Two others had also nearly finished their three years' course at the seminary, and will now be employed as helpers in Gospel work. There are still several who are not capable of taking care of themselves, and we shall have to try to help them somehow. Quite a number of former orphans are now doing good work as teachers and evangelists."

The orphans to whom Mr. Jensen refers as being as yet unable to care for themselves are a part of the seven hundred for whose support THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now working. It is our earnest hope that we may be able to make it unnecessary to abandon these children before they have reached a self-supporting age. All contributions to the support of the famine orphans in China should be sent to the "China Famine Orphan Fund," CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be acknowledged. Due to lack of space acknowledgments of further contributions received must be postponed until our next issue.

A SERMON
BY
Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

TEXT: "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." John 10: 10 (R. V.)

THE test of a religion is in what it does for those who profess it. What does Mohammedanism do for those who believe in it? What has Hinduism done for the believers in Hinduism? What are the fruits of Buddhism for women and childhood in its native land? This is a fair test for any religious faith and it is the test which inevitably is applied. The only sure argument for any religion is, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The avowed purpose of Jesus was in his own statement. He said he came into the world to give people life abundantly. That was in one sense what might be called his plan of campaign. It was his object, and he committed himself to it without reservation.

It is a fair question to ask, "What did he mean by abundant life?" and, "Has he succeeded in giving to the world what he said he came to give?"

Freedom of Opportunity

1. To start with, there is little doubt that by abundant life Jesus would mean the right of every human being who enters the world to be well born. Three things stand in the way of this at the beginning of an abundant life. They are: first, disease; second, environment; and third, injustice, social or industrial.

There are thousands of children born into the world through no fault or wish of their own, who are tainted with disease which has been contracted by their parents, generally, we may say, through sinful habits, or through some breaking of God's law. The time has come when the civilized world should not hesitate to say some very plain truths about the bearing of children. The minister of the Gospel may do great work in helping this fundamental need by demanding of those who present themselves for marriage a clean bill of health, physical and mental, from some reputable physician. Every day people are being married who have no right to bring children into the world. The time will come when the State will also demand through its legislation that marriages shall not be contracted without physical and mental examination. We take great pains in the breeding of animals, and a man who is rearing stock for a living would be considered a fool, or worse, who bred diseased cattle, that is, knowingly. The human being is more careless concerning the birth of human beings than of any other creature.

The environment of childhood often forbids free opportunity for growth. The slum child does not have a free opportunity for abundant life. Social and industrial wrong also choke the avenues of free opportunity, and the abundant life is not possible for thousands of human beings owing to the fact that their bodies and minds are repressed by the necessity for child labor and by unwholesome surroundings.

Freedom from Fear

2. By abundant life Jesus meant freedom from fear. Millions of people live continually under great clouds of fear. There are five great causes. First, the fear of death; second, the fear of poverty or want; third, fear of sickness and old age; fourth, fear of failure; and fifth, the fear of other people. Any one of these causes of fear paralyzes effort, and makes impossible a free life and an abundant life, such as Jesus came to give. There is no doubt that faith in Jesus dispels all these fears. "Perfect love casteth out fear." It is true that "fear hath torment," and it is also true that thousands of people live all their lives long subject to one or another of these fears. It is to release human beings from fear that Jesus came, and the abundant life follows almost immediately when the fear is dissipated.

3. Jesus meant by abundant life opportunity to enrich life with its common sources of enrichment.

The six prominent sources of enrichment which help to make abundant life are: first, education; second, travel; third, friendship; fourth, entertainment; fifth, knowledge of literature, music, art, history, etc.; sixth, the common heritage, like inventions, etc., which help to make life happier and stronger.

Every human being has a right to an education. Yet very few have either the leisure or the opportunity for it in comparison with the entire world population. Travel is a great source of enrichment of life; yet comparatively few of the world's toilers can ever travel. Friendship is something which requires the leisure period of life. It is almost necessary for the acquisition of real helpful friendship that a person have leisure time. The great craving of the people for entertainment goes without argument. It is seen on every side. In a Western city of three hundred thousand people, in one year's time, over five million dollars is spent by the people in theatres and moving picture shows, etc. This is more than the entire amount of money spent to maintain the public school system of that city and the entire expenses of the municipal government twice over. This craving for entertainment is one which Jesus recognized. The abundant life should contain in it something which would answer that craving. It is doubtful if our modern methods of entertaining people are always to be commended. But it is worth a great study of the question to note how greatly Christian sentiment is demanding of all entertainment that it shall be something more than merely amusement and contain in it at least some elements of instruction. Knowledge of literature, music, art, etc., is implied in the abundant life. The more we know of the beauties of the world into which we are born, of the things which make us nobler, more contented and more wise, the richer we are and the nearer we approach the standard which Jesus set; and this would be true of all enrichment of life which came from having in our possession or reach the common and helpful inventions of life.

4. By the abundant life, Jesus must have meant the sharing of life with others.

World-Wide Sympathies

Sharing life with others calls for (1) absence of regard for social prejudice; (2) opportunities to gratify this world companionship which would mean the absence of war, of fear, of hate, and of personal pride; (3) the use of imagination.

It might help greatly in the development of our lives if we could accustom ourselves to the thought of changing places with others. Let the man who is employing labor imagine himself in the place of those who are working for him. Let him imagine that he would be obliged to start out in the morning with a dinner pail and with tools in his hand. Let him imagine himself living in the house which this man lives in, receiving his wages and eating his food. On the other hand, let the workingman put himself in the employer's place and ask himself how he would solve the problems of a great industrial organization. Let the mistress change places with her maid in the kitchen; ask herself how she would like to live in the room she gives the girl and receive her wages and live in her environment; and on the other hand let the girl imagine herself taking care of the family with all the responsibility of little children and the care of the house. It is because people do not have "sharing-imaginations" that very often injustice and wrong and bitterness exist which shut out the beneficial effects of the abundant life which Jesus came to give.

5. Jesus would mean by the abundant life absence of the burden of sin. There can be no abundant life to those who are living lives of disobedience to God. As the prophet says of the wicked, "The wicked are like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." An individual who has no peace does not have abundant life. Jesus came to take away the sin of the world, and in taking it away he makes room for the coming in of an opportunity, and the abundant life at once begins in a redeemed soul. It is literally true that the most ignorant person who is fully redeemed and is conscious of that fact has a far more abundant life in a real grasp of real life than the most highly educated person who is living a life apart from God.

6. Jesus meant by the abundant life spiritual exaltation. Material, physical things alone do not mean abundant life. A man with a full dinner pail and an empty soul does not have abundant life. We may stuff our houses full of the most expensive things, line our bookshelves with tokens of our culture and high education, dress in the most expensive clothing, carry the largest possible bank account and eat the most expensive food, and still be as far from the abundant life as the most degraded savage. Jesus himself said, "A man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses," and the word which he used there meant "superfluity" of things he possesses; and he also said once, "Man shall not live by bread alone." There is no such thing as a gospel applied to the social needs of man which satisfies simply his stomach or his back. A full gospel must always include spiritual exercise —a vision of God. Legislation which simply looks after bread and butter and helps man's physical life and nothing more, will not bring in the millennium. The world is already suffering from men who have all that their bodies could wish. More harm is being done to civilization to-day by the very rich than by the very poor. Men need bread for their bodies, but no less do they need the bread of life for their souls, and it is only when the two go together that men really have abundant life. This is the teaching of the Master.

A Future World

7. By abundant life Jesus meant also a vivid consciousness of a future world. This is as necessary as food or shelter or education. The abundant life must take account and does take account of all life—not simply that which we see and feel in the body, but the life which will continue forever, and no soul of man can be conscious of a full life who does not take into account what we call the world to come. It was this vivid consciousness of another life after this which made possible the early martyrdoms of the church and the heroic courage and joyful faith of those who made the very beginning of social Christianity.

To sum up, by the "abundant life" Jesus meant freedom of opportunity in the right to be well born; freedom from fear and its paralyzing effects; opportunities to enrich life with its common sources of enjoyment; sharing life with the great multitude; freedom from the great burden of sin; spiritual exaltation and exercise; and a vivid consciousness of the future world.

Is Jesus giving to the world this abundant life which he said he came to give? Christianity must stand by the test which Jesus himself gave—that is, by its fruits. After all these years of Christianity, what are the fruits of Jesus' teaching? It is safe to say that there is no power known to mankind which has been able to realize so much of the things we have mentioned as the faith of Christ. Already we are beginning to see in the turning of the heathen peoples to Christ something of the wonderful power of Christianity. The religious census which has recently been finished covering the last ten years in India shows that Christians have increased by nearly a million, or from 2,923,000 in 1901 to 3,870,000 in 1911.

The facts which are found in the development of Christian peoples must be the basis for the abundant life as Jesus proclaimed it, and it is true to-day that among Christian peoples there is a greater freedom of opportunity for being born rightly, more social justice, more widespread righteousness, cleaner homes, better schools, wider output of energy than among peoples of any other religious faith. The triumph of Christianity will be seen in its final development of mankind. The net results of the best that a human being can become will inevitably follow along the lines of Jesus' teaching. It is literally true that he is drawing all men up unto himself, and historically true that the world is turning more and more to him, as "the way, the truth and the life."

* Many years pastor Central Church (Cong.), Topeka, Kan.

O WINDS! O WAVES!

OH, MANY are the sailors brave
Who sail the ocean o'er,
Who mingle with the crested wave
Their songs from shore to shore!
Their arms are strong, their eyes are clear,
Their hearts are bold and free.
Oh, many lads to some one dear
Sail far upon the sea!
O winds, O waves, be kind to-day!
Float gently o'er the sea!
Bring home somehow, somewhere, some day,
My sailor boy to me!

Oh, many are the sailors true
Who silent watches keep!
Far down beneath the billows blue
They sleep their last, long sleep.
Each white-cap is a marble stone,
Each billow marks a grave;
But He who walked the sea alone
Can walk beneath the wave.
O winds, O waves, be kind to-day!
Float gently o'er the sea!
Bring home somehow, somewhere, some day,
My sailor boy to me!

Thou unseen Pilot of the sea,
Whose hand each vessel guides,
Whose word through all eternity
Moves waves and winds and tides,
Bring home, when storms shall be no more,
From off life's restless sea
The sailors to the golden shore—
And one poor lad to me!
O winds, O waves, be kind to-day!
Float gently o'er the sea!
Bring home somehow, somewhere, some day,
My sailor boy to me!

BENJAMIN WADE BURLEIGH.

Art Wins the Heart

(See Cover)

OUR cover this week is a reproduction of the famous painting, "*Kunst bringt Gunst*" ("art wins favor," or, as the words are more freely translated, "art wins the heart"), by Paul Thumann, the famous genre painter and illustrator, widely celebrated for his portrayal of scenes in the life of Luther.

Though the charming picture on the cover is not one of Herr Thumann's most celebrated pictures from the viewpoint of the critic of art's mechanical side, it is one of his most widely known canvases. It is a delightfully human picture. Its handsome artist and his amphora of a bygone era and its absorbed maiden watcher have not only the appeal of their beauty but the added fascination that all the world feels in watching the craftsman at his handiwork. Then, too, there's just the suggestion of a story. Just the same old story that has made all ages one.

Herr Thumann, the artist, was born at Tschacksdorf, Lusatia, October 5, 1834, and was successively professor of art at Weimar, Dresden, and Berlin.

Anvil Sparks

..EYES keen for faults are blind.

..ALL the time is the time for prayer.

..IT IS better to melt the ice than to break it.

..PRAYERS and hands are mutual helpmates.

..WE KEEP faith, hold on to hope, but give away charity.

..A GOOD man spends little time in sizing up his goodness.

..THE bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.

..MEN who get others to trust in God are desirable trust promoters.

..YOU cannot cross the bridge of difficulty by paying toll to the devil.

..SINNERS walk in slippery places, and there are no hobnails in their boots.

..THE words of wisdom are not hard for the simple to understand, if received in simplicity.

..THE person who doesn't worry much about what folks think of him is usually pretty well thought of.

..RIDICULE is the weapon of a small mind, but, nevertheless, it is sufficient to hinder many men in a righteous career.

The Italics of Life

By Eugene Thwing

DOCTORS of style in the writing of English declare that the use of italics for emphasis is a positive fault showing weakness of construction and inability to express ideas strongly by a right arrangement of words. Nevertheless, italics are used deliberately by some forceful writers to gain added effect and to fasten the eye and the mind of the reader upon important points, somewhat as a speaker will strengthen his oration by vocal emphasis and gesture. Whatever may be said for or against the use of italics, they certainly reveal the writer's sense of relative importance in the things he has written. He has selected certain words and phrases and has given them special prominence. As we note their significance we begin to know more of the man behind the words. His choice of emphasis tells us what manner of man he is. His italics are an index of his mental or moral character.

We are all writing history day by day. On every page some things are written small, others stand out boldly in italics. Take up the book at night and read the story of the day. It will be an interesting record—perhaps a startling one. Doubtless we shall feel very much like correcting the proof when we find where the italics are set.

. . .

NOT long ago a woman in Massachusetts died, leaving in her will $100,000 to her dear old horse that he might be cared for in luxury as long as he lived. "A charming act of kindness in providing for a faithful dumb animal," commented one newspaper, adding, "a rich old horse, a pensioned old horse, an endowed old horse, a horse 'well fixed' on a hundred thousand dollars. Good for him."

Yes, every lover of animals feels his heart warm at an act of tenderness to any helpless animal. Unfortunately we cannot think of any one thing apart from other things. Comparison and contrast are the only means of measurement—the only way to judge emphasis. Christ himself said that not even a sparrow should "fall on the ground without your Father," but he added quickly, "*ye* are of more value than many sparrows." If the kind-hearted woman in Massachusetts had left a hundred million dollars to care for the dear helpless children and the sick hopeless mothers who are of more value than many horses, we should not feel that she had such a wrong sense of proportion. We find no reference to such provision in her will. She wrote her love and tenderness for a horse in italics, just as many another of us is wont to do. I have known a sister to express her fondness for animals in italics, and capitals, and big bold type with plentiful exclamation points, while a younger sister has been dismissed with the smallest, faintest letters to indicate any sisterly affection or tenderness. Why is it that so often the italics of love are lavished upon outside friends and interests rather than upon the ones at home?

. . .

ANNIVERSARIES are among the italics of life. The great national holidays which celebrate important events in the country's history; the church holy days, perpetuating the sacred memories dear to the Christian; the birthdays and wedding days which mark the passing years by means of the brightest milestones—all these stand out as italics in the page of history. A man living in Georgia wrote an event in italics the other day when he sent invitations near and far to friends and relatives asking them to come and help him "to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of two bottles of brandy."

How strange the daily page we write in the home, in the church, in business must look sometimes to the Father who sees our writing when the day is done! How strange it would look to us if we could review it frankly! The whole complexion of our life depends upon where we put the emphasis. Many a business man has failed because he put too much time and money and energy into the things that didn't count. Fine office equipment and elegant stationery have ruined countless concerns. One of the most prosperous newspapers, financially, in New York City is edited and published in dingy, cramped quarters scattered in several buildings. The emphasis has always been placed upon the producing work rather than the style and show.

Many a busy housewife has come to the end of a day "tired to death" not by the real work she has done but by the misplaced emphasis upon things of small importance. When the nerves are strained and irritated by constant fret and worry over the little mistakes, the little hindrances, and the little details of the day's work all the strength melts away and life becomes a burden. Why do we italicize so many of our little pains and troubles and pass over almost unnoticed the great blessings?

. . .

EVERY earnest Christian must needs decide where he shall place the emphasis in matters of duty and matters of pleasure. Recently the Methodist General Conference discussed the rules of the Discipline which forbid certain forms of amusement. The report of the Board of Bishops advised the discontinuance of these rules, not because the specific kinds of amusement are approved, but because the rules are found to place the emphasis where it does not belong—on the form rather than on the substance. Too long have externals been given prominence and genuine heart experience slighted.

"And the Lord said unto him, Now do ye Pharisees make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but your inward part is full of ravening and wickedness.

"Ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

A good exercise for the quiet evening hour after a day full of work, or full of play, or even full of religious activity would be to take our blue pencil and go over the record we have made, examining it closely, marking out the foolish italics in many places and underscoring some neglected passages, until we have a better model for the day to come, a model that we shall not be ashamed to submit to the great Editor who reviews all the manuscripts of life and sees every expression of our real self in its true proportion.

FOR STRENGTH WE ASK

FOR strength we ask
For the ten thousand times repeated task,
The endless smallnesses of every day;

No, not to lay
My life down in the cause I cherish most;
That were too easy; but, whate'er it cost,

To fail no more
In gentleness toward the ungentle, nor
In love toward the unlovely, and to give,

Each day I live,
To every hour with outstretched hand its meed
Of not-to-be regretted thought or deed.

Selected. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Triumphs of the Cross

KNOWING that so many of your readers are interested in the work of my father ("Gipsy Smith") I thought they would like to know something of his work this last winter on the Pacific Coast. My father started his first mission in the city of Spokane, Wash., in the month of October, 1911. His meetings were held in a large tent with a seating capacity of 6,000, which was crowded at every service. Following this he went to Seattle, where the meetings were held in a rink, seating 5,000 people. From there he went to Portland, Ore., where the local committee erected a tabernacle to accommodate 6,000 persons. After that he went to Tacoma, Wash., and a tabernacle was also built in this town to accommodate 5,000 persons; then to San Francisco, where the meetings were held in a large rink, seating about 7,000 persons. This was the first united evangelistic effort made in San Francisco in twenty-five years. Los Angeles was next, where the meetings were held in the Shrine Auditorium, a splendid building capable of holding 6,000, and the noon meetings were held in the Temple Auditorium, which held 3,500. The last place was Dallas, Tex., where the meetings were held in the large Coliseum on the Fair Ground, two miles from the city.

Let me tell you of one or two remarkable cases of conversion that my father was privileged to see during this trip. A man who was converted in Los Angeles had years ago committed a bank robbery for which another man had been sentenced, and rather than suffer innocently had committed suicide. After this man's conversion he went back to the town where the case had been tried and stated his case, and asked the court to reopen trial, as he was willing to suffer for his crime. The court found that so many years had elapsed since the robbery was committed that they could not, according to the laws of the State, punish him; so he was allowed to go free. The man felt that he could not do anything less than consecrate his life to Jesus Christ. He gave up his business, and has devoted his life to preaching to the prisoners on the Pacific Coast.

Another case, that of a drummer in San Francisco, who became converted, and on returning to his home town and telling his pastor, was invited to tell of his conversion at the Sunday night service. Several people were converted as a result, and the drummer is now preparing to devote his life to rescue mission work in one of the towns in the Middle West. One night in Portland my father was preaching on "Stripe Washing," when a man got up near the front and was making his way across the building when my father said, "Where are you going?" The man said, "There is a man over there that I robbed some years ago, and I want to begin my 'stripe washing' by giving him this $20 and I will give him the rest when I have earned it."

The tour lasted five months and two weeks, and during that time my father preached over four hundred sermons to an aggregate of 1,250,000 people, and saw from thirty to forty thousand nearer the Cross.

ALBANY R. SMITH.

DR. KLOPSCH HONORED BY JAPAN

Baron Takewo Ozawa

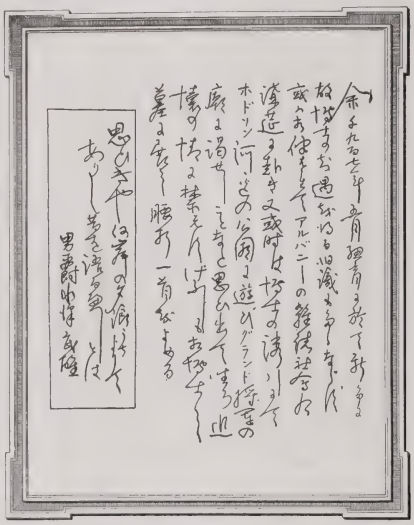
DURING the famine in Japan in the winter of 1906-07, the late Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the aid of his subscribers, conducted a very important relief work in that country. He succeeded in raising a large fund through the columns of this paper, which was the means of saving a multitude of lives in the northeast provinces of Japan, where the famine did its devastating work. The value of his services was officially recognized by the Japanese Government, and Baron Takewo Ozawa was commissioned by the Emperor and Empress to convey to Dr. Klopsch the royal acknowledgments of all the kindness and generous aid which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself and its readers had extended to the people of Japan. On May 15, 1907, the Baron, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, Mr. Masatake S. Togo, a relative of the great Admiral Togo, the naval hero of Japan, visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, New York, and invested Dr. Klopsch with the decoration of the Rising Sun. This is an order which holds the same place in Japan that the various orders of knighthood hold in European countries. It is worn on the left breast on occasions of ceremony. This testimonial of the friendship and gratitude of Japan was greatly valued by Dr. Klopsch, who regarded it as a significant recognition of the great life-saving Christian work in which our readers had generously united in relieving the distressed in the Mikado's empire.

On Wednesday, May 1, 1912, Baron Ozawa and Secretary Togo again visited the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. After greeting its editors cordially and recalling the incidents of his former visit, the distinguished Baron—who is a member of the modern House of Peers of Japan and also the official head of the Royal Japanese Red Cross Society—explained that he came on a mission of sentiment and duty. He desired the privilege of visiting the tomb of Dr. Klopsch and of laying a wreath upon his grave. The next day, May 2, the Baron, together with Secretary Togo, was accompanied to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, Mrs. Klopsch and Mr. Otto Koenig, president of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, being also of the party.

On arriving at the cemetery, the quartet proceeded to the plot where lie the remains of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S late editor. Baron Ozawa approached the grave, uncovered his head and bowed deeply and ceremoniously. Secretary Togo handed him a magnificent wreath of beautiful flowers, which the aged Baron deposited tenderly on the grave. He then stood facing the little group and made a brief address, speaking in his own native tongue with great dignity and feeling. Translated by Secretary Togo afterward, the Baron's remarks were as follows:

"I well remember that it was in May, 1907, five years ago, that I first met the late distinguished American editor and philanthropist, Dr. Louis Klopsch. Having heard much of his generous benevolences, I had already learned to look upon him as a friend of long acquaintance. He received me with charming hospitality, and during my stay in New York I was his guest. He took me to the distinguished gathering of Periodical Publishers, held in Albany; to the tomb of the great American, General Grant, on the banks of the Hudson, and to other places of interest. Coming to New York again this time, I cannot forbear the recalling of those events which then gave me so much pleasure. Now, however, on my present visit I am overcome by a feeling of sorrow for my lost friend, and I cannot avoid expressing my thought in this little verse, which has sprung from my depressed heart:

"Alas! I had not thought
I would listen in the twilight
To the murmurs of the river,
Lamenting the days that have been."



The Original of Baron Ozawa's Address in Japanese

Secretary Masatake S. Togo

Having spoken thus, the Baron again gravely bowed toward the grave of his friend, and then slowly stepped aside. Tears stood in the eyes of those who listened, for they felt that his sorrow and appreciation were sincere.

Secretary Togo then stood before the grave, in the same position the Baron had occupied. Twice he made profound obeisance, speaking no word. He then retired. The ceremony was finished.

Baron Ozawa is a fine type of the old nobility of Japan. He is of the famous samurai class, a peer by long inheritance, and a member of the Imperial Parliament. In his sixty-eighth year, he is still active and physically capable of executing the various important duties of his high office. He has been a leading figure in the military development of Japan, having occupied high administrative positions in the army, and later being president of the Royal Military Academy, vice-minister of the army, vice-chief of staff and more recently the practical head of the Red Cross. The Baron is a warm friend of the United States and a strong believer in the continuance of friendly relations between the two countries. On his former visit he paid a tribute of honor and respect to the late General Grant, laying a wreath of flowers upon the tomb of that great American soldier at the mausoleum in Riverside Park. Dr. Klopsch was his companion on that occasion.

The Baron will remain only a short time in the United States before returning to Japan.

IS IT THE OLDEST BIBLE?

CONSIDERABLE interest has been awakened among Orientalists and Biblical scholars generally by reason of the discovery announced from Egypt of an ancient Coptic papyrus manuscript which some distinguished investigators are said to have pronounced the oldest Bible manuscript in existence. This interesting "find" is said to include the text of the greater part of the Book of Deuteronomy, the whole of Jonah and the major portion of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. Discussing the discovery, the London *Times* concludes that the new codex proves beyond all question that copies of an Egyptian or Coptic translation of some of the books of the New Testament were in circulation in the early part of the fourth century, and it deduces from the evidence that the version just found belongs to the third century and that the early Christians may have learned to repeat the Psalms and other books of the Bible in Coptic instead of Greek. The *Times* compares the "find" with the Codex Vaticanus in antiquity and value. The Acts, although written in a good hand, is evidently a copy from an earlier document, since it contains many palpable errors which could only be made by a careless copyist from an old or partly obliterated text. Words and even lines are omitted.

It will indeed be a remarkable discovery if the manuscript just brought to light should prove to be older than any now known. The Codex Sinaiticus is believed to be of the fourth century; the Alexandrinus of the fifth century, the Vaticanus of the fourth and the Ephraemi of the fifth. Eusebius is authority for the statement that Mark the evangelist was sent to Egypt to establish the first churches in Alexandria. This must have been while he was still a young man, probably under forty. There are many references extant touching his work in Egypt. He began his work there about A.D. 62-63, and his propaganda spread over a large part of Egypt. The Alexandrian churches early began to use the liturgy of Mark. In 235 A.D. there were twenty Egyptian bishoprics, and the canon of the Alexandrian Version was then well defined. Nothing could be more natural than that portions of Scripture would be in circulation for private use in the Coptic as well as in the Greek. Mark's mother was a Greek, and her house in Jerusalem was a center of spiritual resort for the brethren; and it is a reasonable conclusion that Mark himself, being familiar with that language, would have provided translations for his Egyptian disciples. Altogether, Mark's missionary work in Alexandria may not have occupied more than ten or twelve years; but in that time, as the internal evidence shows, it must have been far-reaching and successful.

The London *Times* seems to connect St. Anthony with the production or circulation of these early Scriptures, but the relation is extremely doubtful. Anthony was born in Coma in Egypt A.D. 251, nearly a century after Mark's work had been firmly established and its founder had passed away. Anthony may have read "the Scriptures in his own tongue," however, as Theodoret has declared, but in view of Mark's mission, the Copts could not have been a century without the New Testament Scriptures.

The new "find," which must henceforth be called the Coptic Codex, contains 109 papyrus leaves, about 11x6 inches. Some twenty leaves are supposed to be missing. It is worm-eaten and much worn and has evidently been greatly used by its owner. It bears the title "Coptic Biblical Texts" in the dialect of Upper Egypt. Some of the writing is exceedingly faint and it has been retouched in places; moreover, while the Coptic is used throughout, the writing in several places is cursive Greek.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS ON PARADE

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Part of the Parade Passing Madison Square | **The Marchers in Fifty-seventh Street** | **Crowds Watching the Parade at the Public Library**

IT WAS an army ten thousand strong that made up the great second annual parade of the Woman Suffragist Party and its sympathizers in New York on May 4. New York had never before seen a parade quite like this, and an immense crowd had come out to stand upon the sidewalks and cheer or jeer as it felt inclined. The line of march of the parade was from Washington Arch, at the lower end, up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, and through to Carnegie Hall. In comparison with last year's parade this year's performance was a great surprise to the spectators. Last year a little band of courageous women braved the curiosity and jibes of their fellow citizens and marched rather lonesomely down Fifth Avenue. There were less than four thousand of them, and a thin line of the curious stood on the curbs to watch them as they passed.

This year's parade was a very different affair. The head of the column was just turning into Fifty-seventh Street when the final group of marchers fell into line to begin their march at Washington Square. And this year the crowds packed the sidewalks along the entire line of march and in many places overflowed into the roadways, where the police had all they could do to keep sufficient room for the paraders to march through. It was an orderly crowd, too; there was some cheering, but not much, and some applause, mostly for women whose activities have made them national figures. There was little jibing or jeering, for the parade did not inspire that type of "humor." The men who marched came in for the most of the caustic comments that were heard.

At the head of the parade, following the escort of mounted police, rode a group of between sixty and seventy mounted suffragists. Miss Inez Mulholland, Miss Gertrude Elliott and Miss Alberta Hill were conspicuous figures of this feminine cavalry and won from an interested youth the remark: "They could get off their horses and get married anywhere along the line." After them followed the college women in their caps and gowns. Although there were many famous women in this group, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw attracted the most attention and received the most applause. Here and there the brilliant hoods and gowns of the Masters of Arts and Doctors of Philosophy and Science made splashes of brilliant color. It was a parade of contrasts, for in it there were women of almost every occupation and profession; women of advanced years who rode in carriages, and so down through all the ages of womanhood and girlhood to one enthusiastic suffragist who was pushed in a perambulator. The college women were followed by long lines in which were represented mothers and housekeepers, nurses, teachers, cooks, writers, social workers, librarians, milliners, dressmakers, lawyers, artists, doctors, architects, sculptors, actresses, schoolgirls and laundry workers. The women who have made their names famous in the last generation of suffragists were not forgotten, for all the way up and down the parade were seen banners bearing the names of Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and many others. The oldest of the living suffragists rode in carriages, and one of the most conspicuous among them was the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell.

Besides New York State there were a number of the divisions of the parade which represented the various States of the Union as well as a number of foreign countries. Distant Australia, where women already have the franchise, was represented by a tall handsome woman who bore the Australian flag and headed the delegations from other lands. Norway and Sweden were represented by their national flags in the hands of groups of fair-haired women, who lent an interest and added color to the parade by wearing their national costumes. Finland, too, was represented by some of her daughters in national dress. Italy and Greece were both represented, and though the French flag nowhere appeared in the parade, a number of New York's best-known Frenchwomen were marching under other flags.

The groups of marchers carried banners bearing in large and small letters suffrage sentiments, some of which were rather pertinent. "We prepare children for the world. We ask to prepare the world for our children." "More ballots, less bullets." "A people learns to vote by voting." "The feeders of the world want votes to lower the cost of food." Mrs. Loo Lin, a Chinese lady, was mounted, and bore a banner which read, "Women vote in China. Why not here?" Dr. Shaw carried a little banner which she displayed with evident enjoyment, and which caused a ripple of amusement all along the line. It bore the legend, "Catching up with China."

The men's division of the parade caused, perhaps, the greatest excitement of all. The men represented as many walks in life and as many classes of society as the women. There were old gray-haired men in frock coats and tiles, who lifted their hats with the air of an almost by-gone school. There were young men in perfect afternoon attire, there were clerks and artisans and teamsters and laborers. The group was not without its men whose names rank big in their various walks of life. There were such men as Prof. John Dewey of Columbia, Hamilton Holt, Oswald Garrison Villard, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, James H. Laidlaw, Prof. E. J. Spingarn, Prof. James H. Robinson, Montague Glass, Duncan B. Harrison and Richard Le Gallienne.

There was no great volume of sound at any point of the march; no great organized banks of cheering. It was a quiet crowd that watched, although there must have been four thousand spectators at the Public Library. One woman voiced a protest at the comparative silence of the crowds. She was standing in front of one of the Fifth Avenue clubs, and observed with resentment that the men quietly watching from the windows gave no signs of encouragement.

"The idea!" she remarked sharply. "Why don't they lean out and cheer? If they were out here marching and we were in there watching they would expect us to cheer our heads off."

"Madam," said a venerable man standing next to her, as he doffed his high hat, "Madam, they cannot be expected to cheer. They are very, very busy thinking. Your parade is making the men think."

The bands were arranged with a good deal of foresight at excellent distances along the line of the parade, and with very few dropping out along the route, the women marched in a truly soldierly fashion up the Avenue. When the Socialists, both men and women, who formed the last contingent of the marchers, had reached Carnegie Hall, illuminating their now darkening route with the flare of red torches, a great meeting was held for the encouragement of the suffragists for another year of the propagation of their ideas.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE, the widow of Napoleon III., has just passed her eighty-sixth birthday. She attributes her health and vigor to her daily walk of two miles, which she takes regularly, no matter what the weather. She is very active and keeps in touch with the affairs of the world and the best of literature.

—THE TRIAL OF THE steel magnates has begun in New York and testimony is now being taken in the government's action for the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation. Several witnesses testified regarding the alleged pool on horseshoes, and the barbed-wire pool was also under discussion. The investigation will probably be a prolonged one.

—THE WILL OF John Jacob Astor, who perished on the *Titanic*, leaves an estate estimated at $100,000,000, the residuary legatee being William Vincent Astor, aged seventeen. The widow, Madeline Force Astor, receives $100,000 in cash, besides an income from a trust fund of $5,000,000 and the life use of the Astor mansion in New York. The first wife, MRS. Ava Willing Astor, is not mentioned in the will, but her daughter, Ava Alice Muriel Astor, was provided for some time ago by a trust fund of $5,000,000, which she receives in full at majority.

—THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES has passed a bill providing for the coinage of a three-cent piece and a half-cent piece for current circulation. This bill is in response to a demand from cities which have a three-cent fare on street cars, and in order that the public may have the use of as many denominations of small coins as are needed for business convenience. It has also been urged that the new coinage will encourage economic buying through the means of making smaller change than at present.

—ACCORDING TO SENOR MANUEL LUJAN, special envoy to the United States from Orozco, the revolutionary leader in Mexico, the fires of strife in that unfortunate country, instead of waning, as the new Mexican ambassador to Washington, Senor Calero, would have us believe, are still burning with intensity and spreading. Lujan declares that twenty out of the twenty-seven States are taking an active part in the uprising; he positively denies that the revolutionists are in any way hostile to the American residents of the country and asserts that the pillage and looting we hear so much about have been perpetrated by federal troops and not by the rebel forces, Orozco in the beginning ordering all looters to be shot immediately on detection. All classes, rich and poor, he added, were behind the rebel movement in the greater part of the country. The United States transport *Buford*, under orders, sailed out of San Francisco Harbor on April 28 as a relief ship for the aid of some Americans in distress on the west coast of that country. The greatest secrecy was maintained about the despatching of the *Buford*, which was only thought to carry doctors and nurses, but had on board forty armed enlisted men. It is possible that either the Mexican Government or the rebel forces of Orozco may misinterpret their presence and resent it in a very disagreeable way.

—LATE IN APRIL the death of Stephen S. Haight, of New York, took place at St. Luke's Hospital. The old man went to sleep literally worn out in the service of humanity. Mr. Haight was a Quaker, with all the characteristics of the sect, but his love was broader than any church and all creeds were alike to him so long as there was a need present. He was a constant visitor to the missions, usually attending several each evening, ending at the midnight and all night missions in Chinatown. At each, if given an opportunity to speak, he would deliver a short and direct appeal to men and women to lead better lives. Some thought the old man a trifle queer in his ways, but the Bowery knew it was because he was thinking of others, not himself, and they loved him for his peculiarities. Probably no missionary—he worked without salary, and supported himself—was so well known among workers in the missions. His work was evident, but his antecedents and his life were unknown. He had no intimates. No one ever saw him accept money from the charitably inclined, and the source of his constant stream of benefactions was a mystery. The Bowery—missionary and unfortunate alike—will remember the kindly old man for a long time and will miss the cheer of his presence.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Help the Flood Sufferers

WHAT is beyond doubt the worst flood disaster this generation has ever known is now visiting the Mississippi Valley. Thousands of square miles of fertile territory are under water. Cities, towns and villages, plantations and big and little farms are literally being "drowned out" by the inundation. Thousands of men are risking their lives strengthening the levees of the great river, which has overflowed its banks at many places and transformed into an inland sea a territory almost as large as the State of New York. At one point alone—the Torras break—sixty lives are reported to have been lost, with the prospect of hundreds more perishing at the same place. Motor-boats are doing relief work up and down the inundated parishes, but as such boats are comparatively few, the ominous outlook is that thousands, who are now completely surrounded, must be swept to death unless help is speedily sent. At Morganza, a great many are marooned with no chance of escape unless rescue boats arrive in time. New Orleans is fighting a battle for life, and Baton Rouge is doing the same. All up and down the river a similar struggle is in progress. Refugees, who have lost their homes and all their possessions, are being cared for in relief camps—an army of destitute men, women and little children.

It is a visitation on a scale so vast that it can hardly be exaggerated. While we cannot call back the lives that have already been sacrificed, nor restore the homes that have been destroyed by the flood, we can at least help the destitute sufferers with food and clothing. To this Christlike work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites its readers as a duty and a privilege. Let it not be said that those who have done so nobly in relief work in Russia, China, India, Japan, Finland, Italy, Cuba and Armenia, neglected the call of suffering at our own doors, from those who are our brothers and sisters, our blood and kindred.

This is an opportunity for Christian service not to be turned aside. *Send in your gifts to-day* and have a share in this life-saving and humanitarian work in the stricken Mississippi Valley. Address all communications to

THE FLOOD FUND
CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Every gift will be duly acknowledged, and may God add his richest blessing to the work, and make it a means of saving precious lives and alleviating suffering.

What Is Faith?

WHILE theoretically the Protestant churches hold positively that we are saved by faith, it is to be feared that the majority of Protestant church members fail to realize actually that this is true. Stranger still, while faith is recognized as the real basis of salvation, many Christians have at best a very vague idea of what faith really is. What is faith? What is this priceless currency by which eternal life is secured? Can faith be defined?

The clearest idea of faith may be obtained by contrasting it with knowledge. Certain things we know. It is an interesting experiment to ask oneself how many things one is really sure of, and how that assurance has come to the consciousness. Many of the things we suppose ourselves to be sure about we should have to admit were after all uncertainties. Real knowledge comes to the mind in a comparatively limited number of ways. But few as they are and limited as the methods of receiving the assurances may be, there are some things we know.

Now, faith deals with matters which, without it, cannot be known. Suppose a thing we know to be marked 100; that is, there are one hundred degrees of certainty about it. There can be no faith about that; every degree is filled up with positive assurance. But here is another thing of which we are inclined to believe, let us say, 50 per cent., and to doubt 50 per cent.—something in which we cannot, by any ordinary means of knowledge, attain 100 per cent. certainty. In a matter of this sort the *will* can enter and turn the scale. We may exercise "the will to believe," in the words which Professor James made the title of his great book.

Now comes the miracle. As we put forth the will to believe, faith may pass over into certainty. It is something like the experience of the airmen. As they give themselves to the air and keep moving, they find that it holds them up. In other words, faith works; it is a success. And to established Christians, faith in Jesus comes to be, not like being supported in mid-air, but like standing on a rock. They come to be surer of Christ than of anything else in the world. Their knowledge of him may come to be almost the only thing in which they have literally 100 per cent. certainty.

The soul must take at the beginning that *risk of faith*. It must venture. The man is not sure; and he cannot get the assurance till he trusts. But when he trusts, the assurance comes, and as he continues to trust the assurance grows. In this way faith is like what the scientists and logicians call a hypothesis—something which must be assumed at the beginning before any headway of proof can be made. Some of the most important of the accepted truths of science are reached in this way. The theory is taken for granted at the beginning; observations are made on the basis of the theory. Then the observations absolutely demonstrate the theory, and what was an assumed hypothesis becomes positive knowledge. So does our trust become assurance.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." There are thrills of power, as well as thrills of pleasure all along the way. And although there may be something that seems like risk at the beginning of the way of faith, there is no risk at its end. "A cloud of witnesses" testify to this. It leads straight, and plain, and sure to the "abundant entrance," to the undimmed vision of the Saviour, to the glad welcome of that numberless company who have "walked by faith," who have "kept the faith," who have "died in the faith."

An Impressive Parade

ORDER, enthusiasm and dignity marked the parade of the woman suffragists in New York on May 4, when ten thousand representatives of the sex united in a public demonstration in behalf of equal suffrage. It was a unique and impressive spectacle and evoked no little enthusiasm. In the long line were women of all classes, but all on an equal footing: the rich and influential, the brain-workers and those who work with their hands. It was representative in the sense that in the ranks were to be found many women of culture and high intelligence, and the pageant afforded a pleasing contrast to the violent demonstrations in other lands which have been a serious setback to the movement. But these New York women were too much in earnest to indulge in fantastic tricks and ridiculous outbreaks. There was something pathetic about the long line of eager faces, some aged, but many of them youthful. No one would say that they were not sincere in the belief that the cause in which they had embarked would benefit, not themselves alone, but their husbands, their brothers and the whole nation. It was a demonstration which, though it may not have made converts of the onlookers, at least has won for the marching women increased respect, and it gives assurance of a more generous hearing for their cause in days to come.

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Romanist Aggression Rebuked

AT THE General Methodist Conference held in Minneapolis, Minn., the following resolutions, reported by the Committee on Missions to Catholic Countries, were adopted on May 10, by a rising vote, none dissenting:

Whereas, The limitations imposed on the recent World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh set aside all Protestant missionary work in Greek and Roman Catholic countries, which action saddened and outraged our growing native churches;

Whereas, Methodism, since its birth in a protest against dead formalism and ceremonial, has ever stood for aggressive evangelism in all lands, and the Methodist Episcopal Church has been for more than seventy-five years actively engaged in work in those lands where Greek or Roman Catholicism predominates; and

Whereas, In all those lands, which form a large part of the missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the teachings and practices of Romanism deprive the people of the Bible, pervert many of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and foster superstitions which alienate the thinking classes and bind heavy burdens upon the poor; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Methodist Episcopal Church recognizes its plain duty to prosecute its missionary enterprises in Greek and Roman Catholic countries with increasing zeal; and be it

Resolved, That we will most vigorously protest against any future exclusion of missions in Greek or Roman Catholic countries from ecumenical or other similar missionary gatherings; and be it

Resolved, That it is our duty to oppose the machinations of Romanism, and to counteract its attempts to gain an ever increasing control of our public schools, or to use the public funds for sectarian schools; and finally be it

Resolved, That we feel the deepest sympathy with as well as love toward the priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic churches who are working toward a more spiritual interpretation of the Christian faith.

(Signed) WILLIAM F. RICE, *of Chile.*
JAMES M. BUCKLEY.
HOMER C. STUNTZ.
JOHN W. BUTLER, *of Mexico.*
HARVEY L. CALKINS, *of India.*

Model Markets in the West

WE GIVE space in this issue to letters from a number of our readers on the open market question. It is agreeable to note that there are several of the best type already in operation in a number of cities. Dubuque, Ia., is a case in point. Its people are fortunate in having several excellent markets, which supply a variety of commodities direct from producer to consumer, at prices that materially assist in reducing the cost of living in that city. Those municipalities that have not yet gone into the experiment would do well to follow the example of this progressive Western city, which has done so much for its population toward solving the problem that confronts householders everywhere.

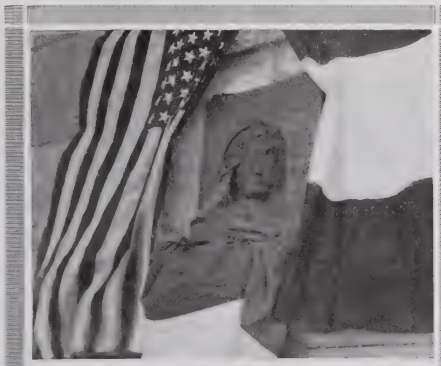
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Rodin's Bust, La France

THE people of France have given another expression of the love that exists between the sister republics in the presentation of a bust of "La France" by M. Auguste Rodin, which is to be placed at the foot of the Champlain Memorial Lighthouse at Crown Point, Lake Champlain. M. Gabriel Hanotaux, a member of the French Academy and former Foreign Minister of France, came over with the gift. The following notable people accompanied him: Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the great French advocate of peace; M. Blériot, the aviator; the Comte and Comtesse de Rochambeau, Vidal de Lablache, member of the French Institute; M. Girard and Mlle. Girard, Leon Barthou, president of the Aero Club of France; Louis Barthou, the Duke de Choiseul, M. Dal Piaz, Gaston Deschamps, Gabriel Louis Jaray, the Vicomte de Chambrun, Réné Bazin, Etienne Lamy, General Lebon, grand officer of the Legion of Honor; Fernand Cormon, president of the Academy of Fine Arts, and his daughter, Mlle. Cormon. The official party was received in New York and dined at the White House, and met with becoming attention. The unveiling of the bronze bust occurred with appropriate exercises at Crown Point, N. Y. Senator Knapp presided, and addresses on behalf of the United States were made by Governor Mead of Vermont and Acting Governor Conway of New York. M. Gabriel Hanotaux made the principal address of the day. The bust was placed in the wall of the Champlain Memorial Lighthouse, which is in course of erection, and which is to be completed during the present summer. The celebration marking this unveiling was one of a series in the United States and Canada in the last five years, commemorative of the discoveries of one of France's most distinguished voyagers three hundred years ago. How beautiful the fraternity between the two republics! Of nations can be said what the Psalmist said of individuals:

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. (Ps. 133: 1.)



The "La France" Tablet, Modeled by Auguste Rodin, in Place on the Memorial Lighthouse

Photographs copyrighted by International News Service

A General View of the Unveiling Ceremonies at the Champlain Memorial Lighthouse

The Kaiser's Tribute

IN CONNECTION with the twenty-third anniversary of Professor Koch's announcement of the discovery of the tuberculosis bacillus, Emperor William ordered the Royal Institute for the Study of Infectious Diseases in Berlin, in which Professor Koch worked for twenty years, to bear Koch's name. In his decree the emperor says, "Professor Koch, by his discovery, opened the combat against the greatest scourge of mankind, which has since been conducted with unprecedented success, and has made suffering humanity his eternal debtor." What marvelous scientific discoveries have been made by which the germs of so many fatal diseases have been found and specific enemies to kill them! Much of truth as the Kaiser's tribute contains, in referring to the great progress made recently in the war on consumption, the fact remains that as yet no certain cure for that specific germ has as yet been discovered. It looks as though it might be in the near future. As yet nutriment and fresh air are the greatest enemies of the greatest foe of the health of the race. The Kaiser justly perpetuates the name of this scientist and philanthropist. There is a Physician and Philanthropist whose name stands above all others, the one

Far above all principality and power, and might and dominion, and every name that is named. (Eph. 1: 21.)

Travesty on a Sacred Event

UPON a lofty stage, erected in the center of St. Isaac's Cathedral, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg performed the picturesque ceremony of washing the feet of twelve persons before an enormous congregation. At the end of the liturgy the great doors of gold which cut off the chancel from the nave slowly opened and the metropolitan, clothed in cloth of silver, shot with blue, came slowly from the sanctuary. He ascended the dais, took off his miter, sparkling with precious stones, laid aside his splendid vestment and stood before the congregation in a milk-white robe. Taking a towel, he knelt before the twelve and washed their feet in silence. When he was to kneel before the priest representing the apostle Peter, the priest exclaimed: "Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet." The reply came in the words of the Scripture and the ceremony continued. This ceremony of pomp and pride in teaching the lesson of humility was a parody, a mockery. When Christ washed the feet of the apostles, he told them to follow his example. The dignitary of the Greek Church clung to the outer letter and lost the inner spirit in his foot-washing service; with his jewels and costly vestments, and pomp and spectacular ritual, he gave a proud imitation of humility. Christ not only washed the apostles' feet to teach the lesson of humility, but also that of spiritual perfection. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me," he said; and Peter caught this thought when he replied:

Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. (John 13: 9.)

Discovered Antiseptic Surgery

IT IS hardly thinkable that the man who discovered antiseptic surgery, one of the greatest physical blessings ever bestowed upon the race, has just been gathered to his fathers. Sir Joseph Lister in his vigorous eighties went to sleep the other day under enduring glory as the discoverer of antiseptic surgery, through which more people have been saved by the surgeons from wounds in war and peace than through all the developments of surgical science for a hundred years. His king made Lister a baronet in recognition of his discovery, and the civilized world crowns him as a king in the realm of science, mercy and love. It is accorded few men so to contribute to physical happiness and longevity. His discoveries and his sweet ministry will be perpetuated to coming generations in harmony with the following statement of the truth:

They may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. (Rev. 14: 13.)

Record Time Building a Church

ON MAY 1, on a lot in Spartanburg, S. C., which at dawn had been vacant, the Bethel Methodist Church, a neat edifice with a seating capacity for 800 persons, stood that same night, having been erected, painted, papered, furnished with pews and altar, and equipped with electrical and plumbing fixtures between the rising and the setting of the sun. The feat was performed in the presence of 18,000 persons, while the band played lively airs and moving picture men reeled off thousands of feet of films. One hundred and twenty workmen were engaged in the task of erecting the building. Rev. J. W. Speak invoked the divine blessing on the enterprise at six o'clock A.M. Major A. H. Kirby, eighty-three years old, drove the first nail as the carpenters started. The church was dedicated the same evening. A two weeks' revival service followed the dedication exercises. It is said that the Methodist Episcopal Church builds two new churches every day in the year, and other denominations are equally diligent in church extension work. A material house has been necessary for a spiritual residence. The church building has been necessary to house a spiritual Christianity, and to establish Christ's kingdom in the earth. Every dispensation of divine providence has recognized the most vital relationship between the material house of the Lord and spiritual success. Voicing this truth was the command:

Let the house of God be builded in his place. (Ezra. 5: 15.)

Modest Heroism

ISRAEL GREENBERG, seven years old, was playing on the string-piece of Pier 21, East River, New York, when he tripped and fell into the water. A woman who saw him fall ran for help, and the first person she met was a neatly dressed man who had come off one of the New Haven boats. The man dropped his valise, ran to the spot and dived into the water. He swam to the boy, and grabbing him, managed to get him aboard a sand barge. Patrolman Meyers found the man and the boy on the barge, and asked the man his name. "You don't want my name," said the man. "That isn't necessary. Just show me a place where I can change my clothes. That is all I want." The policeman called an ambulance, and the boy was removed to the Hudson Street Hospital. Then Meyers led the rescuer to a seaman's lodging house. He took a suit out of his valise and put his wet suit into the valise, and went on his journey. Every effort was made at the lodging house to have the man reveal his identity, but he said: "I only did my duty; only a little thing unworthy of any notice in the papers or public praise." It was a beautiful, heroic thing to save a life as he did, but a doubly beautiful thing to be so modest and humble about it. Human nature is such that praise is sought for the most commonplace acts, and in those of heroism there may be a just pride. The modest, manly man did not get his name in the papers nor apply for a medal as would have been the natural or proper desire, but he knows himself, and God knows him. The modesty Christ taught in acts of charity the man illustrated in his heroic act.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. (Matt. 6: 3.)

IN THE REALM OF YOUTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Sewing by Hand

WHEN the sewing machine first came into general use a great many good people regarded it with suspicion and declared that it would take the bread from poor families who were dependent upon the slender wage-earnings of women whose tool was the needle. The time has so long gone by that comparatively few recall it vividly, but if anywhere there is a grandmother who sat and sewed a long white seam when she was a girl in her teens, she may hark back in mind to arguments pro and con, warmly supported by debaters on both sides. The introduction of machinery in a large number of crafts temporarily reduced the means of those who had worked by themselves in home manufactures. In the end conditions changed and society and the wage-earners alike profited by the application of inventions to productive use.

The click of the sewing machine is familiar everywhere in these days, and no house is well furnished without this obliging fairy who runs off tuck and seam and gusset and band with lightning speed.

Sewing by hand, neglected for a while, has now become one of the fine arts. Hand needlework is highly prized and commands liberal remuneration. Some years ago a brave little woman found herself suddenly thrown upon her own resources with two little children to support and not sufficient money to pay the rent of a small apartment for a single month. She went to a friend and told him that she knew how to sew, that she could sew beautifully, and she asked advice as to how she could obtain materials and get her work into the hands of people whom it would attract, and who might be willing to pay for it at its real valuation. She was advised to do the best she could, charge high prices for it and secure a clientèle among rich women. Being gifted with initiative, energy and a sixth sense that amounted to genius, she valiantly went to work, made a lovely dress for an infant and sent it by mail to a woman, at that time known the wide land over, a woman whose name and endorsement would be enough to crown any one's venture with success. The little dress was sent by mail, and was followed in a day or two by a letter of explanation. From that small beginning a score of years ago has arisen a large and profitable business in which are now employed nearly a hundred women, and whereof the profits reach annually many thousands of dollars. Her one weapon of defense against the world was her needle, and she is making her fortune by hand needlework.

There has lately been a revival of the beautiful cross stitch in worsted, specimens of which are seen on old-fashioned samplers. The work is attractive to children and is less taxing to the eye-sight of grown people than the fine embroidery which is always in vogue.

The peasant girl who is making a garment for her trousseau is engaged in work very dear to a woman's heart. How lovingly her stitches are set in the dainty fabric, and how much one wishes that her dreams may all come true! The artist has caught the precise expression that reveals of whom the maiden thinks as she fashions the raiment that shall be part of her wedding outfit.

HER TROUSSEAU

From a painting by Joseph Israels

. . .

Dolls and Dolls' Houses

SOME years ago Mrs. Laura Starr of New York published a very interesting volume in which she unfolded the history of the doll as it belongs to the story of civilization. A similar book has recently been written by an English author, Mrs. Nelville Jackson. This book, as well as that of Mrs. Starr, is enriched by many interesting illustrations, and contains many curious bits of domestic history. The doll is dear to the heart of the little girl, whether she be a small princess royal or the child of a poor peasant.

A lady walking one day on Water Street, New York, stopped to look at a ragged little maiden who was sitting on a doorstep. In her thin arms she held something over which she crooned a lullaby, rocking to and fro and hugging her treasure to her breast. On investigation it was found that the forlorn child, herself a waif of the street, had made her doll out of an empty beer bottle picked up in the gutter. Around it she had wrapped the fragment of a tattered shawl. Poor baby! Even in her heart the instinct of maternity had sprung up, and she was satisfying it as best she could with this wretched makeshift of a doll.

One feels happy that there are Sunday schools and settlements and friendly associations which, among their other tasks from time to time, furnish the little daughters of the tenement with real dolls. When these dolls have eyes that open and shut, knees and elbows that bend and hair that may be combed around the finger, the happiness of the child owners becomes complete. In the matter of appreciating a doll the little girl, as she emerges from infancy, shows the peculiarities of her sex. Occasionally, boys care for dolls, but as a rule they treat them with indifference and prefer trains of cars, boxes of blocks, balls and tops. Girls seldom care to fly kites, while the normal boy takes to this pastime as a duck to water.

. . .

WE LEARN from the compilations of the industrious English and American authors that the doll dates back to the time when people ceased to be cave dwellers and preferred the shelter of huts of stone or houses of wood. Along the ages the doll has held her own, from the rudely carved wooden images of a remote period down to the latest fashionable creations of modern Paris. Whole villages in Switzerland and Germany find employment in the making of dolls. The doll that shall smile on an American child when next the Christmas tapers twinkle from the laden boughs of the greenwood tree will be a little traveler in a box with many other travelers that cross the ocean in the hold of a steamship.

In the nurseries of the Spanish queen and the Czar of Russia, in the palaces of England and under the royal roof of Queen Wilhelmina, as well as under the gentle reign of the beautiful queen of Italy, dolls and toys of every kind abound. Still it is probable that even royal children would be astonished could they survey the extravagance displayed by Americans of wealth in supplying their children with dolls. Indeed, the daughter of an American mechanic or salesman often has dolls enough to enable her to play at housekeeping or at schoolkeeping quite successfully. Where her mother was satisfied with two dolls, and her grandmother with one, the young person of the present often possesses from eight to fifteen of these little images. Her dolls are of varying sizes and degrees of magnificence. Once in a while she has a doll's house with several rooms and elaborate furniture.

. . .

Trailing Arbutus

A YEAR ago, in the sweet spring weather,
We sought the trailing arbutus together.
Brushing the withered leaves aside,
And the long pine needles, brown and dried,
We found the vine, with glossy green,
And its clustering flowers coy between.
Over the waxen petals white
Hovered a blush as they met the light.

Pure as the look a maiden wears
As forth she comes from her morning prayers,
I gathered the lovely things for you,
With the breath of the woods in their drops of dew;
And home we went by the common way,
With a halo around our holiday,
For we both had lost and we both had found
A something sweet on the forest ground.

And if your heart was exchanged for mine,
As we sought the blossom beneath the pine,
The pine was far too high to hear
The words I whispered in your ear.
But the shy arbutus knew of the "Yes"
That you let me seal with love's first kiss;
And so this year, in the fair spring weather,
We will hunt for spring's sweet blooms together.

. . .

A Question for Parents

THE following questions are submitted to the parents who read this page, and answers may be sent by both fathers and mothers. Whom do you consider most receptive to good influences, quickest to learn in the schoolroom and most likely to succeed in life, your sons or your daughters? Do you approve of co-education after the age of twelve? Do you wish precisely the same education to be given to your daughters and to your sons?

These queries are suggested by a recent action of the London School Board. The board has discovered that the presence of the girls in the schoolroom is a disadvantage to the boys. They declare that the girls are slower to learn than the boys, and therefore retard the progress of the latter. They further affirm in substance that girls do not need the thorough book education demanded by boys. They wish girls to be gentle and womanly, while boys are to be brave and manly. Precisely what they mean by womanly and what by manly the average American can only conjecture. American parents need not accept the English point of view. The probability is that a majority of the pupils in the London schools have behind them a background of ancestry that, while it may be worthy, has not been especially highly educated. The public schools of England, such as Eton, Rugby and Winchester, are large and noble institutions to which the sons of the nobility and gentry, the clergy and the cultivated commoners are sent. They are wholly devoted to boys. The city free schools attended by both sexes are of a different grade from those with which we are familiar here. Still, it is a little amazing to be told that girls make slower progress than boys. Kindly send replies to the editor of this page, written on one side only of the paper.

THE FALLING OF THE MANTLE

BY JEAN MAHAN PLANK

THE evening the baby was born, Peter Vanderkemp was saying to his cousin Silas Brand, as they sat sorting pears in the shed: "No, I hadn't the call—I knew that. I liked to preach, and wanted to. It was a pleasure for me to stand up before all the folks, and slowly button my coat across my stomach. It gave me an awful good feeling to warm up as I got to goin'; I liked the glow and the fervor."

Peter stopped, and took a bite out of a pear that was specked on one side. Silas immediately did the same and observed: "But them was some mighty fine talks you give us after the old Dominie left, while we was candidatin'. They stirred the folks up considerable."

"Oh, I ain't sayin' that I haven't convictions, and that I don't like to rub 'em into other people." Peter's big, wholesome laugh rang out, and his red face crinkled up into kindly, humorous lines. "I love preachin' still, and always will; but"—his face sobered to something as near sternness as it ever came—"a man who goes into preachin' without the call is playin' with fire. I tried hard enough to hear the call, goodness knows, for—I never told ye, Silas—it was bitter to me to give it up—at the time. Mortifyin', too, for you know old Uncle Peter, the one I was named for, offered to pay my way through the seminary."

"Well, why on airth didn't ye go? Wan't that a 'call'?" Silas aimed his core with precision and upset the dignity of a passing hen.

Over Peter's countenance came a change. It was like the falling of a veil, not upon the face, but from it; as when the mists suddenly cleared to reveal the soft beauty of the Catskills, visible from where the men were sitting. At such times Peter's friends had learned to stop what they were doing, and listen.

"The call doesn't come from without," he said gently, folding his hands together; "it comes from within. Before I began to pray that I might hear it clearly, I was all for bein' a preacher. I was cocksure that I was predestined to stand in the pulpit with one hand upraised and the other thrust into my bosom. But by and by I began to go off alone by myself like I'd seen the Dominie do, and before I knew it, the Spirit got hold of me, and something told me to pray for a clear call. I did pray, but the call didn't come. I found myself hankerin' more and more for these farm lands, stones and all, and for the little pink pigs, and the baby-faced calves, and for all the young and growin' things And if I hadn't followed after my own hankerin's"—Peter resumed his pear-sorting and Silas followed his example—"I would never have had my Pattie. I tell ye, Silas, that woman— But what I started to say is this: The preachin' has always been like a mantle that was mine yet it didn't quite fit; and there's been the thought that the boy, when he comes, will grow right up into a shape to wear that mantle. Why, it'll be a glorious thing"—his face reddened with eagerness—"better than if I had worn it myself, for the boy—"

"Ye seem all-fired sure it'll be a boy," remarked Silas drily; "what if it ain't?"

Peter glanced blankly at his cousin. "Oh, of course we don't know," he said slowly, "but then our family kind o' runs to boys. But what was I sayin'? I've put a sum of money out to compound interest, and by the time the boy is ready for the seminary, say eighteen or twenty, it will be more than two thousand dollars. I call it the 'mantle money.'"

Peter arose and left the shed with the intention of rolling another barrel of pears to the heap. As his handsome, well-set head turned in the direction of the big white farmhouse, his shoulders suddenly straightened, and he started with magnificent strides toward the pump under the apple-trees.

"Hi, there, you Pattie!" he roared, "haven't I told ye not to lift a bucket o' water when ye got yer big hulk of a husband about? You little skeesicks! Why didn't ye blow the horn?"

Pattie looked up fondly as Peter seized the bucket, put an arm tenderly about her, and led her toward the house.

That very night, the husband's spirit wrestled in agony as the woman he loved went down into the valley in order that God might work through her what has always been and always will be a miracle. Toward morning Peter stopped his pacing under the stars at a call from Aunt Nancy Van Schendel.

"Peter, Peter, come! It's all right. It's a fine little child—a girl."

A *girl!* Peter cast one look up at the stars, which seemed to recede; he uttered a prayer, and then, when he entered the room where his wife lay with her little tired face one wistful smile, and her eyes like the stars themselves, none would have dreamed that he had been disappointed. Indeed, his joy was not assumed when the tiny, warm bundle was laid in his arms, for all little things found a natural home in the heart of Peter Vanderkemp.

Little Ruth was no exception to that rule. Her small world was so filled with love and tenderness and so abundantly provided with wonderful things for her to love in turn, that she grew into a most winsome creature, with dewy lips, a round, brown little face, and star eyes like her mother's.

Drawn by Thornton D. Skidmore

"'Do you suppose . . . Do you suppose that *that* is what artists are for?'"

When she was pattering about the vast old kitchen, that most attractive apartment of the York State farmhouse, with its huge fireplace, its bright-colored rag carpet, and its general air of cheerful homeliness, the child would be given by Pattie bits of dough on a little board and told to go out on the porch and "play make bread." Ruth reveled in the dough, and she would sit for hours fashioning queer figures that had no resemblance whatever to bread or biscuits.

One morning, after she had been working and humming like a little bee, she called to Pattie: "Munnie—Munnie! Come see dollies! See, Munnie!"

Pattie went out upon the porch, pushed back with her wrist a curl of hair from her moist, white forehead, and gazed for a puzzled instant at the crude little shapes.

"Why, they look as if they were *real!*" she cried to Peter, who stood drinking at the well. "There's one seems to be actually moving. Come and see, Peter!" But Peter only laughed a bit at the child's "graven images."

It was not until a visiting cousin brought a miniature box of colors and brushes that Pattie began to look at her child with inquiry and a sweet doubt in her eyes. Ruth could make wonderful dolls of pasteboard and marvelous costumes of tissue paper. It was the painted faces, however, that drew the mother's questioning gaze. The eyes of the puppets looked out knowingly; the smiles were familiar.

When Pattie drew her husband's attention to this, Peter laughed rather uneasily and said:

"Well, that's better than makin' things so much like graven images. How old is she now—six? Better get her a little thimble, Pattie, and start her to sewin'. Makin' real doll clothes will get those paintin' notions out of her head."

Ruth was interested in the thimble, but she utterly refused to fashion conventional garments. She took the pieces of bright lawn her mother gave her and cut and slashed with much delight, the joy being rather in the handling of materials of color than in any material longing that her best doll should go clothed in fine raiment.

To Peter, these tendencies finally became no laughing matter. "I tell ye what, Pattie," he said one night at supper, with an anxious glance at his little daughter who had dropped asleep on the settle, "I'm goin' to keep the baby outdoors with me as much as I can. What do you think I found her doin' this afternoon when I went up to the spare room to fix that window? The little rascal was standin' on a chair in front o' the lookin' glass, drawin' her own picture; and, Pattie, that's 'vanity o' vanities.' Now, you've got to let those paintin' things 'get lost' somehow, and I'll make her a little garden, and teach her to ride horseback. I'll buy her some outdoors playthings, too."

Peter's plan seemed to succeed. Ruth forgot her paints, and proceeded to grow into a splendid little tomboy, and eventually into a fine, strong young woman.

It was when she was sixteen that her cousin, Mary Brand, out from Catskill for a week's visit, bubbled over with enthusiastic references to Miss Gertrude Hamerton and her newly opened studio.

"She's from Boston," explained Mary, "and she paints wonderful pictures, though she says she hasn't finished her course yet. And her brother is one of the professors in a big art school in Boston. Miss Hamerton says that the school is very conservative and academic"—Mary had caught the jargon, and delivered it with imposing grandeur—"and it requires a severe drawing course. Her brother studied at the Beaux Arts in Paris." Ruth listened with the air of a kitten watching a dangling string. Mary's glowing words meant nothing to her. She was observing the way the side of her cousin's mouth twisted as she talked; she also noted that a straggling lock of straight, dark hair fell over Mary's red cheek as if blown by a wind. Something about the lock and the twisted corner of the mouth brought a pleased look into Ruth's face. Her eyes glistened back and forth from one to the other.

Mary took Ruth home with her for a visit. If Peter had only known, that was the last he was to see of his "baby girl." As she went with her cousin toward Mrs. Payson's big brick house, in whose ivy-grown wing Miss Hamerton had her studio, Ruth skipped every third step with the joy of a young lamb's gambols and hummed snatches of childish songs. Her pink chambray gown came just to her boot-tops, and her hair hung in two long, thick curls below her waist. It was thus she went into the studio—a frolicsome kitten, a rosy, rollicking tomboy, with a heart as free as a newly-fledged singing-bird. An hour later she came out a woman; more than a woman—a consecrated soul. For little Ruth had seen a vision, and the vision had looked at her "with the bright eyes of beauty," and the girl could never again belong to herself.

The silently deepening course of her mind during the next few weeks led her to surprise her father, one day, with the suggestion that in the coming fall she wanted to teach the country school. Peter was pleased. Most of the women of his kinsfolk had been teachers; Ruth's desire showed that she had the family pluck. It was no trouble to get the school, as the girl had always been first in her studies, and being much beloved, there was little danger of her encountering the usual difficulties incident to country school-teaching. With the brilliant autumn

Continued on next page

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The Falling of the Mantle

Continued from preceding page

days, consequently, she quietly took up the work.

One Saturday Mary Brand came out to spend the day and brought Miss Hamerton with her. The art student was a slender young woman with a serious, refined face, an absent smile, and graceful motions and manners. Peter heard the three girls chatting together as they sat in the sunlight on the woodpile. Mary was teasing Ruth and coaxing her to show Miss Hamerton the contents of a certain bureau drawer in her bedroom. He heard Ruth's embarrassed protests, and saw her being led, with flushed reluctance, toward the house. He did not, however, realize the significance of the circumstance until he was confronted out near the smokehouse by Miss Hamerton with a bunch of papers in her hand, and a flashing enthusiasm in her face, which transformed her into a beautiful woman.

"You cannot know, I am sure, Mr. Vanderkemp, what talent you have in your daughter, both in drawing and coloring. I think—I am *sure*—there is *genius*. I wish you could see your way to letting her go back with me to Boston when I go to resume my studies after the holidays."

Peter's face had flushed darkly red. While he knew that Miss Hamerton meant well, yet he was as near angry at her as he could be with a woman. When he found his voice, he spoke rather sternly:

"Why, Ruthie is a *teacher*, Miss Hamerton. She hasn't time to be painting pictures. She has just done those things for fun once in a while; but Ruthie is going to be a—a serious woman, and all the women of my family have been teachers." He opened the door of the smokehouse. "Ruth *likes* her teaching, too."

He was sure she liked it—the more sure because he was able to come home from town the following Saturday and deliver himself of the proud news that Ruth's teaching had attracted the attention of the school committee in Catskill. Mr. Grove had stopped him in the street and talked about it. Although the girl was very young for the situation, yet if she would go through the Normal that was to be held during the coming holidays, and would also pledge herself to study at the one usually held in the summer, she might have, beginning with the January term, a most desirable place in the graded school.

Peter radiated jokes and merriment. "Hi, there, little Peter!" he cried, rallying the girl with his tomboy name for her. "You're your daddy's own boy, ain't you?" He tilted back the head, so like his own handsome one, and kissed the face in which he always saw his wife's sweetness.

"Hi, there, big Peter!" responded Ruth with her accustomed answer. If the words came out rather more quietly than usual, there was small wonder, for the child was having greatness thrust upon her.

"They'll be out this afternoon late to talk about it—Mr. Grove and Mr. Darst—and you better do your pigtails in a waterfall on the top of your head, Miss Schoolma'am," suggested Peter, with a fond embrace.

At half past five, the committee arrived duly, and was ushered by Peter with unusual ceremony into the square parlor, which was opened only for special occasions. The two dignitaries were then left to stare around the big, bare room, whose old-fashioned simplicity had, through Pattie's instinctive taste, been left free from attempt at tawdry ornament.

Peter returned to the kitchen and met the questioning gaze of two pairs of bright eyes with the quiet remark:

"They want you, Ruthie. You go in; I'll sit here with mamma." He seated himself with large complacency in his wooden rocker, as Ruth, silent and very pale, started down the long, wide hall.

"I'll tell you what, mamma," said Peter, as he rocked vigorously to and fro, "we won't let Ruthie use her little school salary for the expense of the Normal. There's that money, you know, we used to call the 'mantle money'; it's all to be for her anyway."

The interview in the parlor was a brief one. Pattie and Peter, sitting in breathless silence, heard the girl come out again, followed by the committee, whose departure she rather deftly speeded through the front entrance. Then they heard the light footsteps come slowly down the hall, and presently Ruth appeared in the doorway and stood with eyes downcast toward a zigzag pattern in the rag carpet.

"How is it, Miss Schoolma'am?" was Peter's jocose inquiry. "Goin' to put on long skirts now and wear glasses, eh?"

Ruth raised her head. Over her face, which turned very white, there came something of her father's *unveiled* expression.

"I am not going to teach, papa," she said in a strained voice. "I am going to study painting—to be an artist."

Something snapped within Peter Vanderkemp. He arose stiffly from the wooden rocker. He had never scolded Ruth, and words of reproof did not easily rise to his lips. His silence, for this reason, was the more terrible. His daughter, looking into his face as he went out the door that led to the garden, clasped her hands quickly to her heart as if she had been wounded, and sank slowly to her knees.

Up and down the gravel path between the leafless rosebushes Peter Vanderkemp strode fiercely in the autumn twilight, and wrestled with an intolerable weight of anger which tortured his gentle soul none the less because he felt it to be righteous. He could give up the profession he loved, could welcome a daughter in place of a son; these things were of the Lord's doing, and must become good in his own sight; but here was no working of the will of God; it was an incomprehensible running after strange gods, a yearning toward vanities. His child, who had become as the apple of his eye, was pressing to her father's lips a cup the bitterness of which was not unmingled with shame.

He had not long to wrestle alone. As he stopped by the gate and stared toward the horizon where the moon, huge and grotesque, seemed to grin at him uncomprehendingly, he heard a swift running behind him. In another instant his daughter's arms were about his neck.

"Papa! papa!" sobbed the girl. "Don't ever look again like that, papa! I did not dream it would make you so unhappy. Why, I *couldn't* make you feel like you looked, papa. It would kill me. I'll go with you next Saturday and tell the committee that I will go to the Normal, and I will take the school. I didn't think—it all seemed to come over me as I stood there before them, papa, that I was to refuse. But I will." She buried her head in his bosom as she clung about his neck.

Peter's big hands were soothing and petting the girl, and when he spoke his voice shook under a strong revulsion of feeling. "There—there, Ruthie! Don't cry, dear! Papa doesn't want you to do a thing that would make you unhappy. Why not—why not give it all up and settle down here with Munnie and learn to be a little housekeeper? You don't have to teach."

"But I can do *anything*, papa"—Ruth looked up, and in the moonlight her smile shone with moist sweetness—"anything that would please you. Nothing is hard when I know that you want me to do it."

They stood for a minute clinging passionately to each other, then they walked slowly into the house where Pattie, with loving wisdom, was hastily preparing a hot supper.

Later, when Ruth had gone up stairs

Continued on next page

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The Falling of the Mantle

Continued from preceding page

and Peter was covering the fire for the night, he said to his wife:

"What do you reckon got into the little rascal? Not to want to teach! She doesn't like housework, and, Pattie," he laid down the shovel and looked at his wife with some dismay, "you wouldn't think Ruthie was—was *lazy*, Pattie?"

"Peter Vanderkemp!" It was Pattie's turn to rise with dignity. Her ewe lamb was assailed by a suspicion almost unmentionable in a York State farmhouse.

"Oh, I was only jokin', Pattie," begged Peter with a shamefaced laugh.

"Lazy!" exclaimed Pattie. "Look how she nursed me last winter for three weeks. night and day, and the best nursing I ever had in my life; and look how if either of us *needs* anything she'll run her feet nearly off to do for us. It's only that she forgets little things when there's no special necessity."

Peter felt a wave of compunction which sent him to the foot of the stairs to listen for the patter of Ruth's little feet overhead.

"Hi, there, little Peter!" His tones had a note of inquiry.

"Hi, there, big Peter!" came back with fine cheeriness from above.

"That girl's got the stuff," he observed in a conciliatory manner to his wife.

During the night that followed, the first snow fell; not one of the drifting sort, but deep enough to start the sleigh-bells jingling as the church-goers passed through the Vanderkemp homestead on their way to Leeds. In the afternoon Miss Hamerton came out for a ride and brought a little present for Ruth, as she might not see the girl again before her departure for Boston.

It was a drawing in color of a short stretch of the Catskill road, and had been done the previous winter by Miss Hamerton's brother during a sketching trip in the mountains and the surrounding villages.

Ruth looked at the gift with eyes that flashed a comprehension of its beauty. She silently handed it to her mother, who set the picture temporarily upon the chimney-piece in the kitchen, where it became a target for Peter's jovial comments upon the "chromo." After a few days Pattie hung the picture in the parlor. Peter, coming in to supper, asked: "What have you done with Ruth's chromo?" Afterward, he went into the parlor and fetched the painting back to the chimney-piece.

"I sort of miss the thing," he explained sheepishly to Pattie. "I don't know why," he went on, "but some way when I look at that it makes me feel kind o' young again." He bent nearer to the sketch. "It's sort o' pretty, isn't it—like—but then, that man has made it pretty," he added scornfully, "putting in lavender snow and navy blue fences. Don't *you* like it, Pattie?"

"Why, Peter, of course *I* like it. Peter, I—I used to paint flowers myself before you came to see me." Pattie glanced at her big husband rather bashfully. "And don't you remember, I showed you some I was doing one night before we went to singing-school, and you laughed and said the kind of flower you liked to see me working over was the kind that went into doughnuts and pies?" Pattie laughed a bit, but in Peter's consciousness was born the germ of an idea that his wife, too, might have done some giving up in her life.

On Friday morning the little family was early astir, for a trip to Catskill must be made, as there were certain affairs that could not wait for the next day when Ruth was to go in to see the committee. The sleighing, having been reinforced by a light fall in the night, was still fair, and the husband and wife slid and bumped silently along the winding country road until they came to the turn just beyond the bridge, when Peter uttered an exclamation.

"By juckey! Pattie, look! If there isn't the very spot that that man made the picture of!"

He stopped the sleigh and gazed at the strip of wintry road with its ruts and banks of snow, which disappeared, after a few yards, into a mystery of frosty laurels, maples and wild grapevines beyond.

"Why, them spruces and oaks on the side spread out across the sky just like they do in the picture! Only the snow isn't—well, I'll be honswazzled! If that snow isn't *lavender!* Git-ap, Jinnie 'n' Jerry!"

Pattie, pondering in her soul, did not answer.

When, in the early twilight, they drove back, Peter glanced frequently from side to side. Once he called Pattie's attention to a cloud, and said it looked like Ruth's new green veil. He did not break the silence again until they came within sight of the vista which Hamerton had painted, when he stopped the horses.

"Pattie, I've been wonderin' why I thought that was pretty this mornin'. It doesn't look the same exactly now, it's different—why, the snow isn't lavender now, it's kind o' pink. Do you see, Pattie? Now, I wonder," he started the team, "why that looks beautiful to me. Do you suppose it's because I've seen it in a picture?" He glanced back. "It *looks* like a picture, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does, Peter," murmured Pattie.

They crossed the bridge, climbed a hill, and were once more trotting briskly when the team was suddenly drawn up again.

"What is it, Peter?" asked Pattie anxiously.

He turned squarely about and faced her. "Do you suppose—now I never saw that that there place was beautiful till I saw Ruth's picture. Do you suppose that *that* is what artists are *for?* Do you reckon artists have a—a *mission?* Mebbe it isn't just makin' a picture to be admired and to decorate a parlor. Why, Pattie, it's kind o' like a—" his voice dropped, "a gospel!"

Pattie's eyes were slowly filling with tears. "I think," she said, catching a little sob, "that God has many gospels. Some preach one, some another."

"Then, don't they have to be called for that as well as for preachin'?" Peter was speaking now more to himself than to Pattie, and the "veil" seemed to drop from his face. Turning in his seat, he started the horses and said nothing more until, through the fallen dusk, they drove into the shelter of the shed to which Ruth came running out to open the gates.

"Hi, there, big Peter!" cried the girl, as her father sprang out of the sleigh.

But big Peter did not answer. He strode to the gates, and took his child's soft face between his hands. In the dim light he spoke in a low tone:

"You get yourself ready, young woman, to go into Catskill village bright 'n' early to-morrow morning. We got work to do there, you and me."

"Yes, papa, I know; I'll be ready." Later, Peter heard her saying to her mother: "Hadn't you better let me wear your black worsted skirt to go and see the committee to-morrow? I feel sort of funny in short dresses now."

Continued on next page

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China's New Minister

CHUNG MUN YEW, who has been selected as the first minister of the new republic of China to the United States, is perhaps as interesting a personality as any envoy who has ever come to our shores from the Orient. Like several of the other statesmen who have in recent years served as Chinese minister at Washington Mr. Chung was educated in American schools—the public schools of Hartford, Conn., and Yale University. Moreover, he owes his present appointment to the friendship of another American-educated Chinaman, namely, Tang Shao Yi, the premier of the new Chinese republic.

Mr. Chung was a member of the International Opium Commission and his American experience included several years of service as secretary of legation at Washington under Minister Wu. Finally it may be noted that he was for a time Chinese Consul General at Manila, so that he has a knowledge of conditions in the Philippines that is bound to prove of advantage to an Oriental envoy transacting business with the American Government. Minister Chung's only son is now at school in the United States.

Minister Chung Mun Yew

A few weeks ago the new minister with his wife and two daughters assisted at the christening of the first Chinese naval vessel constructed in this country. Miss Chung Yuyi, the minister's oldest daughter, went through the usual ceremony of christening the ship, giving it the name *Fei Hung*. The Misses Chung attracted considerable attention as they were dressed in very up-to-date white serge tailor-made suits, with white shoes and picture hats. All the other Chinese who participated in or attended the christening were also dressed in American costume. Besides the Chinese minister, his wife and daughters, three officers of the Chinese navy took part in the naming of the new cruiser.

The boat is intended for a training ship for Chinese officers. Its length is 320 feet, displacement 2,600 tons. It will be capable of about twenty knots and will carry 232 officers and crew.

Minister Chung predicted that this is only the first of a number of cruisers to be built here for the Chinese navy.

The Falling of the Mantle

Continued from preceding page

During the drive next morning Peter was silent, so far as talk was concerned; at intervals, nevertheless, he broke out into a joyous hymn. Once he stopped the team and put his arm about his daughter.

"Ruthie," he said, and kissed the full, red lips, "papa thinks you are the bravest little girl he ever knew in his life."

Ruth flashed a soft glance up at him, as a rosy flush of pleased surprise crossed her little brown face. "Do you, papa? I don't know why. I love to do *anything* for you, papa." She raised the hand that had her muff over it, and patted the side of his head. Peter drove on. As they entered the village he quickened the pace of his horses to a stiff trot, and presently drew up in front of Mrs. Payson's big brick house.

"Why, papa, why do you stop here? Aren't we going first to the committee?"

Peter was out of the sleigh. He seized the girl in his strong arms, and with a circle through the air he landed her little feet upon the pavement of broken bricks.

"Committee be honswazzled! You run in and ask Miss Gertrude Hamerton when she's goin' back to Boston; for when she does *you* are goin' with her—to study. Now run along, I've—"

"Papa!"

"I've got to get to the bank on business. I'll call for you later and talk things over with Miss Hamerton. Well, well, don't *cry*, little Peter! Where's that brave girl that would do anything to please her papa? Hi, there, little Peter! Git-ap, Jinnie 'n' Jerry!" He looked back, laughing, to see Ruth's face like a rainbow between smiles and tears.

That night he suddenly caught his wife in his arms, looked down into the star eyes, and called her by the name he always used in times of deep emotion:

"Lovey dear, it's the mantle—the mantle of us both. Don't you see? God's calls are more far-reaching than our dull ears can realize. The call was sounding, not *for* me, but *through* me, and through you; and it was for little Ruth the mantle was shapen—the mantle of us both."

THE BEST WIND

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not care to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that he
Who launched my bark will sail with me
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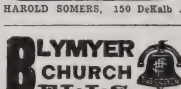

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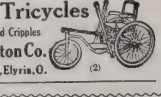

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Ritter Brown's book should be in the hands of every intelligent American citizen who loves his native country and his people. It is better than all the college courses on political economy. He tells how the "War of the Classes" progresses; how the land has fallen under the blight of exclusive ownership; how cities, states and countries have been well-nigh depopulated as a result; how a train of other evils has followed this initial perversion of divine munificence; how public utilities have been grasped by trusts, syndicates and individuals; how legislation has been controlled and the judiciary utilized for selfish purposes; and how forests, mines, fisheries and transportation have largely shared the same fate.

Then, like a true prophet, he points out the remedy for these conditions. He is in no sense a socialist, for he frankly points out the fallacies of that system. He is in the broadest sense a reformer, however, and the remedy he indicates for present conditions is one that will appeal to all who read the book. Professional men, industrial workers, farmers, all have a vital interest in this subject, as he elucidates it. MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT deserves a wide reading.

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For Our Younger Readers

More than two thousand and fifty years ago one of the greatest philosophers of all the ages reached down across the centuries this message to the children of to-day:

What does any one gain by telling a lie? He is not believed when he tells the truth.—Aristotle (384-322 B.C.)

A Cross-Country Sailboat

By the Boy Who Made It

I HAD read about the beach-mobiles used on the Florida coast. They are built like ice-boa'ts with a sail, except that they have wheels instead of runners. So I set to work to make something similar to carry me swiftly over our smooth country roads, with the result shown in this picture.

The framework is made of seven fence pickets; the mast is two rake handles spliced together and heavily wound with wire. The gaff to which the upper end of the sail is fastened is the handle of an old box broom and the boom is made of common variety of broom-sticks also spliced.

Mother gave me a sheet which I cut up for the mainsail. The forward wheel with which I steer is the front wheel of a bicycle with the fork left on. The axle between the rear wheels is a bar of iron which cost fifteen cents, and the pulley by which I raise and lower the sail cost five cents. A saw, a hammer, a brace and bit and a screw-driver were the only tools I used. On a fair, breezy day with the wind in the right direction, I can go long distances on my Dandy Flyer. Once it started away with only my little sister on it, and I had to run with all my might to catch it, it sails so swiftly, and father says, "Joe Conway, you wouldn't be without your overland sailboat for all the red beans on the hop vine."

A Cross-Country Sailboat
Any Boy Can Make One

Fifteen Hundred Boy Athletes

UPWARDS of six hundred schoolboys entered the famous Marathon Race in New York City a year ago and Tewanama, a full-blooded Hopi Indian, won the championship in 69:16, thereby setting a new world standard in athletics. This year fifteen hundred boys ran the New York Marathon and Louis Scott of Paterson, N. J., covered the given distance in 68:28, thereby cutting forty-eight seconds off Tewanama's record, and once again the world's standard was raised. So runs the story of progress and success through everything. Standards are never fixed, they are ever movable, and always they move onward, upward.

It was a thrilling sight. All on a bright May morning, thirty lines of schoolboys, fifty abreast, every runner high-strung, alert and in good trim; at the crack of a pistol starting for a goal twelve miles away, each boy eager to raise the world's record. Ten thousand voices shouted, "They're off!" and a million more along the way cheered the best runners as they shot to the front, and still more at the goal shouted, "Good boy! good boy!" to the winner as he breasted the tape. The time limit of the race was two hours and fifteen minutes. Every boy that "arrived" within that time won a medal, but only one breasted the tape first and raised the standard of the world's championship.

The best of these races is that they do not end with the final running. They start thousands of boys over all the country in courses of training that include temperance, out-of-door exercise, sound discipline of body and mind and rigid cultivation of moral and mental well-being. Thrilled with the spirit of their own physical strength these boys are fitted in endurance and courage. Not only in the field of athletics but in every walk of life they are more apt to raise the world's standards and be the strong men to win the race.

Little Members of the Family

IN LONDON, where one of the most luxuriant and beautiful parks in the world, the Kensington Gardens, is a vast playground for little children; the fairies' own month of May was celebrated this year with a rare gift. A statue of Peter Pan, the boy who would not grow up, prettily lilting on an ancient tree-trunk and blowing his pipe, which brings the birds and squirrels and field-mice out to listen, was set up in a single night, and when the little children came next day to play they believed that the beautiful image of the little boy who plays with them at make-believe was left by the fairy-folk themselves. And who would be so sadly grown up as to tell them any different?

The statue, presented by Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of the story, *Peter Pan*, is of exquisite beauty. The inscription is: *"Peter Pan, Friend of the Fairies and Little Children."*

Peter Pan Among the Children

April Prize-Winners

Claribel H. Sterans, 16, gunmetal watch; Turner C. Jewell, 12, first prize, book; Lucy L. Spalding, 12, second prize, book. *Third-prize winners:* Joseph E. Dilatush, 11; Fern Oulson, 16; Jeanett Elain, 13; Laurier Howe, 12; Dorothy Aldridge, 12; William W. Sherwood, 8; Bell Bradley, 16.

Honor Roll

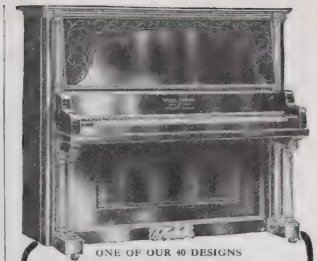
Erwin Van Valin, 8; May Shepherd, 13; Nellie Young, 14; Clara A. Hug, 9; Albert Sjobert, 12; Arthur Burnett, 12; Magdalena Brenneck, 11.

Good-Night Verse

Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.

Ever lovingly,

The Auntie the Cozy Corner



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MORTGAGE BONDS

A VERY large proportion of the invested savings of this country, as distinguished from speculative and commercial holdings, is invested in some form of mortgage bonds, yet it is doubtful if very many bondholders have ever read the closely engraved script which constitutes a bond so as to know really what that bond represents. They know in a general way that twice a year an interest coupon is to be cut from the bond and deposited in their bank account, and that if need arises the bond can be sold and money raised on it and that it forms a very conservative and convenient method for investing funds. But what the origin and history of the bond or what real security it gives the holder, does not as a rule interest them except in those unfortunate cases where the company issuing the bond fails to pay the interest coupon and there is a default on the bond.

A Bond Defined

A typical bond transaction can be briefly summarized as follows: Suppose the directors of a railroad company decide to build an additional branch to some growing town, feeling that in time the passenger and freight traffic over this proposed branch will be profitable to the stockholders of the railroad, and they therefore decide to appeal to the stockholders of the company, who are really the owners of the company and can be considered as an immense partnership, for permission to issue $1,000,000 of bonds, say one thousand bonds at $1,000 apiece, to raise money to pay for rails, cars, equipment and workmen for the building and operation of the branch. Notices are mailed to all stockholders that on a certain day at the office of the company a special meeting of the stockholders will be held to authorize the directors to place a mortgage on the company's property and to issue bonds thereunder. It must be understood that a bond is simply an obligation to pay a sum named therein on a certain day and is secured by the mortgage. It is just as necessary to get the permission of the necessary majority of the stockholders of the company in order to mortgage the company's property as it is to get the owner of a farm to sign a mortgage to cover that farm. Aside from the fact that the law allows, generally, a majority of the stockholders to decide these matters for the company, the railroad is as much the property of the stockholders as the farm is the property of the farmer.

If, then, the majority of the stockholders required assent to the placing of the mortgage, the directors of the company, through its officers, have a mortgage drawn in which they make some trust company, as trustee, the mortgagee for the benefit of the future bondholders. The mortgage is a lengthy printed document, and it would obviously be impossible to issue one to each person who may thereafter lend money to the company, under the mortgage, by buying one or more of its bonds. For purposes of convenience, then, the trustee is selected to represent all the bondholders, and stand in their place so far as dealings with the railroad company under the mortgage are concerned. The mortgage is thus called a trust mortgage, and one thousand bonds are printed and sold to the public, we will say, for $1,000 apiece, and the holder of each of these bonds, the real lender, has an interest or share in the mortgage to the extent of the bond he holds just as though the mortgage ran to him directly. The trustee is simply a convenient agent for all of them.

The bonds, besides being a promise to pay $1,000 each at the maturity thereof, recite in short and general terms the main provision of the more elaborate mortgage to which they refer, and which is held by the trustee. Attached to each bond is a series of coupons bearing date generally six months apart through the years up to the time the mortgage principal falls due, and also reciting the amount of interest each coupon calls for. If, then, the mortgage is a fifty-year 6 per cent. mortgage, with interest payable semi-annually, say on January 1 and July 1 of each year, there will be one hundred coupons attached to each bond, each coupon being good for $30 on the interest date stamped thereon, if presented to the trustee to which the mortgage runs. The trustee, of course, only guarantees to pay these coupons if the railroad company supplies it with the necessary funds for that purpose on or before the interest days specified.

Sinking Fund Bonds

Let us presume, now, that the bond is what is called a "sinking fund" bond. This means that by the terms of the mortgage under which the bond is given, the railroad company must set aside each year a certain amount from its earnings, so that, when the fifty years expire and the $1,000,000 principal of the mortgage falls due, the railroad will be able to pay it off. Sometimes, too, the mortgage gives the railroad the privilege of paying off and retiring a certain number of bonds before the expiration of the fifty years. The bonds to be thus retired are generally chosen by lot. If, therefore, the railroad proves immediately successful, the bonds may be all paid off and the mortgage satisfied before the fifty years expire.

A "gold bond" is simply a bond of which the principal and interest are payable in gold. This is to prevent payment, at any future time, in a depreciated currency, and is considered additional security for the bondholder. Of course, gold is not actually paid unless the bondholder demands it. A "first mortgage" bond is one which has no other lien ahead of it on the property mortgaged. It is the highest form of bond security, and consequently generally bears a lower rate of interest than "second" or "third mortgage" bonds, although the latter may be perfectly safe forms of investment.

Bonds Easily Converted

We have seen therefore what the main features of a "fifty-year first mortgage, six per cent. sinking fund gold bond" are. There are, of course, a great variety of mortgage bonds. They are issued in denominations from $10 to $1,000, and by companies engaged in all kinds of enterprises, but in their general features they differ little from one another. They are considered a safe form of investment if they cover valuable property, and are issued by responsible companies.

In case of default in the payment of principal or interest, the mortgage which secures them is foreclosed in much the same way as any other mortgage, except that the trustee forecloses for all the bondholders, instead of each bondholder for himself. They are safer than investments in the stock of the company issuing them, for they must be paid in full, principal and interest when due, before any stockholder can obtain the principal his stock represents, or any dividends thereon. They are convenient in that they are generally payable to bearer, and delivery gives title to both bond and coupon, and they can thus be freely bought and sold.

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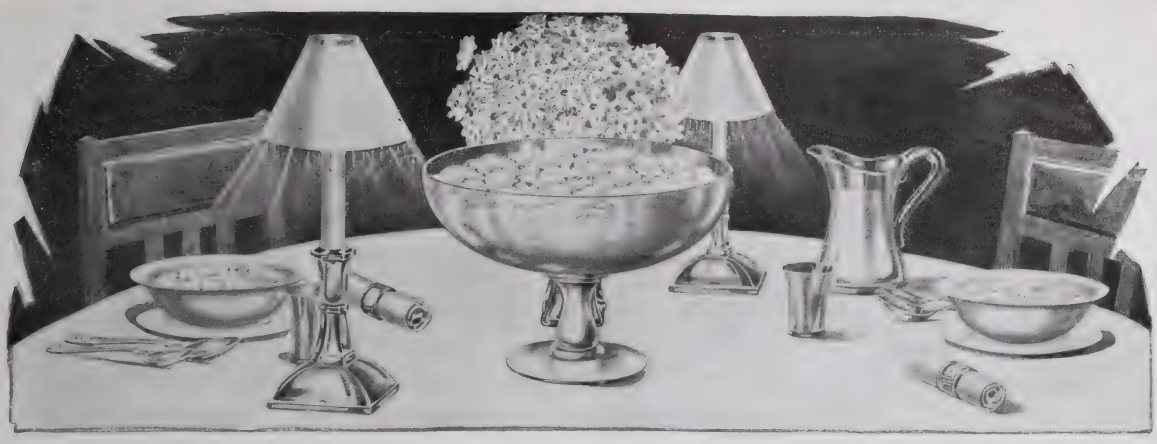

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Then the grocer will give you—at our expense—a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

Serve the Puffed Rice for breakfast—in cream, or mixed with fruit.

But serve the Puffed Wheat—like bread or crackers—in cold, rich milk.

Serve it for luncheon or supper, between meals or at bedtime.

Learn how the crisp, porous, nut-like grains taste in a bowl of milk.

Prof. Anderson's Supper

These curious foods — Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—were invented by Professor Anderson.

Millions of dishes every month are served on morning tables.

And never was a breakfast so enticing.

But summer is coming, and a summer delight is Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk.

The grains are as crisp as crackers—four times as porous as bread.

They melt in the mouth like snowflakes. They are whole-grain foods.

A hundred times in the coming hot weather you'll want this delightful dish.

So we gladly buy one package for you—to let you find it out.

Foods Shot from Guns

Each grain is puffed by an internal steam explosion.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in the grain is turned to steam by this terrific heat. When the guns are unsealed that steam explodes.

All the granules of grain are literally blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. That was the main object of the inventor.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size, but the coats of the grain are not broken.

In every kernel a myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls.

The result is delicious, digestible grain—the most enticing cereals that you ever knew.

Like Toasted Nuts

These foods are served with sugar and cream—they are mixed with fruit—they are served in milk.

They taste like toasted nuts.

So girls use them in candy making.

Boys eat them dry, like peanuts, when at play.

Chefs use them in frosting cake, or to garnish a dish of ice cream. All because of their nut-like taste.

Good for Ten Cents

Our offer is this:

Buy from your grocer one package of Puffed Rice, price 15 cents.

Take this coupon with you, and the grocer will give you one package of Puffed Wheat.

We will pay the grocer ten cents for your package of Puffed Wheat.

Thus you get both these foods, and pay for only one.

This offer is made so you may try both of them—so you may mix them—and to induce you to try them in milk.

It means ten cents to you if you act now.

Cut out this coupon, lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Sign and Present to Your Grocer 15

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Dated*_____ *1912.*

To the Grocer

We will remit you ten cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

The Quaker Oats Company
Chicago

This Coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1912
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

Note: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

Ten-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(253)

Open Markets in Great Favor

The Christian Herald's Readers Discuss the Most Practical Method of Reducing the Cost of Living

Dubuque's Famous Market Ready for Business at Seven A.M.

THAT the letters from the mayors of our leading cities, dealing with the open market as a means of reducing the cost of living, have struck a popular keynote is evident from the large number of communications now pouring in upon us from readers in many States. Extracts from some of these are given below. In the main, the writers speak from personal experience. Some are farmers or truck-raisers, while others are consumers; but all agree, with one solitary exception, that the establishment of public markets, where they do not now exist, is greatly to be desired.

In Dubuque, Ia., as several correspondents write, the plan has met with remarkable success. One reader sends a photograph of a market in Dubuque at which the producer and consumer can meet, and where both have the advantage of satisfactory prices without the intervention of the middleman.

Dubuque Has Famous Open Markets

Having read your article on city markets in the March 13 issue, I take pleasure in sending you herewith some very good views of Dubuque's famous markets. Of late many cities have sent representatives here to see our market, and La Crosse, Wis., and Des Moines, Ia., are going to start a market at once.

Saturday is always the largest market, and is the only evening market of the week. We have a market every day, but the greater number of farmers come on Saturday. The gardeners have a regular stand and pay by the year, while the farmers pay 10 cents each time they come. All kinds of fresh vegetables, meat, butter, eggs, chickens (live and dressed), meats of all kinds, milk and cream, and fruits are sold.

Even the coldest Saturday morning in winter, you will find plenty of butter, eggs, chickens, meats, sauerkraut and pickles of all kinds. Dubuque is proud of its market.

Being a reader of your paper for over twenty years, I am pleased to give you this information.

Dubuque, Ia. MISS Z. E. G.

. . .

A Retired Farmer's View of the Question

If every city of 5,000 could have a public market, and every large city a market house for every 10,000, where producer and consumer could come face to face twice a week, high prices could not exist. This would bring about honest competition and stimulate production. Then give us the parcels post, so that the producer could get his products to the city from a distance, and present conditions could not again occur. I am a retired farmer, 76 years old. I have been a member of the CHRISTIAN HERALD Family for many years. I lived near Zanesville, Ohio, for many years, where they have such a market, and know what it means to a city. M. ZIMMER.

Irwin, Pa.

. . .

Laziness Makes Living Difficult to Many

"What is the cause of the high cost of living, and what is its remedy?" It is easily answered: laziness; an aversion to produce; many more consumers than producers. The majority of young men want to loaf and play baseball, instead of cultivate the ground and raise fine stock. In this section, a young man marries and strikes for the city without salary and with very limited means, depending on "catch jobs" for a living. Put one-half the population of the cities out on farms, and let them raise corn, wheat, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., instead of criminals, and in three years the problem will be satisfactorily solved.

A country cottage, with a farm and nice surroundings, is man's earthly paradise, provided his heart is right with God.

Pullman, W. Va. SUBSCRIBER.

. . .

A Farmer on the Cost of Living

The high cost of living is inequality of supply and demand and extravagance. The supply is inadequate to the yearly increase of the population and this is caused by the decrease of the cultivation of our farms, owing to higher wages demanded for labor. The air is filled with extravagance and extravagant ideas. Vanity Fair is forever alluring the majority of the boys and girls away from the farm. They think they must go into society, and spend all they can get to make an empty show.

The combination of cold storage plants helps to regulate the higher and uniform prices of to-day. It was not so fifty years ago.

MERCHANT, FARMER, LUMBERMAN.

Bald Eagle, Pa.

. . .

Public Markets Would Be a General Blessing

When a resident of the South in the early sixties I was puzzled by the court charge of forestalling the market, *i. e.*, buying of the farmers before they had reached the public market. I must regard public markets, then a feature of Southern cities, as the best means of forestalling the middleman, who undoubtedly is largely responsible for the prevalent high prices. They would be a boon to both producer and consumer. GEO. D. D.

Hampton Falls, N. H.

. . .

The Open Market the "Right Idea"

The public market idea seems to me to be the right thing. In a public market, prices would play up and down from the natural causes of supply and demand. I like to say "Amen" to good ideas. W. H. H.

Kiowa, Kan.

. . .

The Great Gold Production a Prime Factor

The surplus of gold mined and coined within the last twenty years, until money is so plentiful that it has not the purchasing power it had 20 years ago, is the main cause of our high prices of living. The wonderful increase of gold has caused real estate to double its former value in twenty years, consequently the products of the soil as well as everything else have gone up in proportion. And this is not confined to the United States, but is felt in foreign countries also. E. S. C.

Leamount, Iowa.

. . .

Says Farmers Are in the Hold-up Business

Detroit is a city of nearly or quite five hundred thousand people; it has on three sides of it a most productive farming district. There is a plentiful supply of all that the farm and garden and dairy can produce. The prices of all things in the city are abnormally high.

When butter and eggs are selling in the city from forty-eight cents for eggs and the same for good country butter, these same things can be purchased within thirty miles of the city for thirty or thirty-two cents. There are two

Continued on next page

YOUR FLAG
FOR MEMORIAL DAY

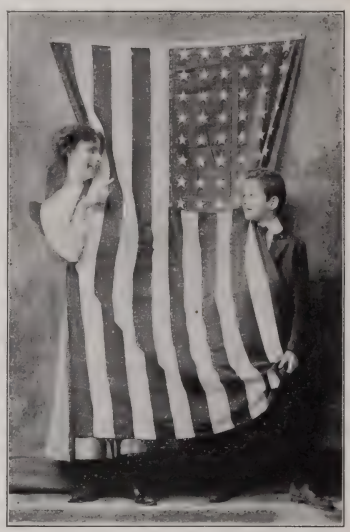
Every Christian Herald Family Should Have Its Own Flag. You Can Secure One Free

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has just made arrangements whereby it is enabled to offer a large American Flag, like the one in the illustration, to a limited number of its readers, without payment on their part of one cent.

Not a little hand-flag, understand, but a large-sized "Old Glory," bigger than the top of your dining-room table.

Here is an opportunity to keep faith with your patriotism. You will have use for a flag on every holiday for years to come, and you can also use it constantly for decorative purposes in public and private sociables, in the schoolhouse, in the church, and in the home.

Of course, you want a Flag for Memorial Day.



This is the smaller (4x6 feet) of the two flags offered. Compare size with the height of the children. The larger flag measures 5x8 feet.

Just think of being able to celebrate Memorial Day, Flag Day, the Fourth of July, with such a flag—real red, white and blue, right from the factory of the government flag-maker.

YOU PAY NO MONEY

At this time of the year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to increase the number of members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family. We can only do this with the help of the present members; YOU are one of these, and we know that you will help us. But we have no right to expect your good offices for nothing, so we make you the following offer:

The regular annual subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as you know, is $1.50. There are a number among your relations, friends or acquaintances who you know would be benefited by receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. You can think of several in a few minutes, and it would be easy for you to get them to subscribe for a short trial period—say eight months.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL HELP YOU

Get one of your friends to subscribe to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight months, send us only one dollar for this subscription, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be mailed to the address in the United States or Canada furnished by you. In return for your trouble we will send you, absolutely without cost, a beautiful American Flag, *and in addition* we will send you, also without cost to you, a life-size facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, 26x31 inches—an exact duplicate in every way of the priceless document which was signed by the Fathers of our Country. This document should be in every patriotic home.

The above offer is for the 4x6 foot Flag shown in the illustration. Perhaps you would prefer a larger Flag—5x8 feet in size. To secure this size Flag, send us TWO eight months' subscriptions accompanied by two dollars, and we will send you this extra size "Old Glory."

A FLAG WITH YOUR OWN RENEWAL.—If you want a Flag with your own CHRISTIAN HERALD renewal, you may have the large 5x8 Flag and one year's subscription for only $2.40.

Or, you may have the 4x6 Flag and one year's CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription for only $2.

Memorial Day, but a few days off, makes our wonderful Flag offer particularly attractive to every loyal American heart, and you should take especial pride in securing one of these Flags for your home. Address

CHRISTIAN HERALD BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Open Markets in Great Favor

Continued from preceding page

ge markets in the city. They do not, how-r, in any way lower the cost of living, for the mers and others demand just as much as do merchants and often more. Last fall I ld purchase fresh eggs at any of the grocery res for eighteen cents. On the market they re charging twenty. Butter was selling n at twenty-four cents at the stores and on markets they charged thirty. The farmers d gardeners have become apt in the "hold-up siness" and seem experts in it.

Detroit, Mich. C. W. S.

. . .

Selfishness at the Bottom of the Trouble

I think one needful thing for an open market uld be a store building to protect produce m freezing storms and from thieving. Where en markets are used, some may not sell all one day, then it must be taken home or fall o some speculator's hands. Of course the fficulty in the way of any system is selfishness. usts and middlemen would or could be the t of institutions, if they would work for the nefit of all. A producers' or consumers' mpany might be as hard on the public as any ner. A. B. W.

Bergville, Minn.

. . .

Ohio Farmers Sell to Middlemen

We have open markets in Cincinnati six days the week. I have been selling tomatoes, ns, peas, potatoes, berries and apples there quite a number of years. We put our pro-ce up in bushel boxes and barrels. We never ail—never sell less than a bushel to one rson. We sell almost entirely to peddlers d grocerymen. Our produce goes to some ddleman, who retails it to the consumer. actically all of the farmers sell to the mid-men. They cannot retail if they try. There e more huckster and peddler wagons than rmers' wagons in the market always. Those ve taken the retail trade because they go gularly to the same place at every market. ey often buy our produce and sell it again e same morning, sometimes at retail, some-nes at wholesale.

The people in Cincinnati, where there is a rket every week day in some part of the city, e complaining loudly about the high cost of ing and are seeking for remedy; while the rmer is complaining just as loudly about low ices. Sometimes we get good prices; but a od part of our produce sells below the cost of production. I have known tomatoes to sell for a dollar a bushel one morning and for forty cents the next. In such cases no doubt the consumer paid the dollar both mornings.

In the midst of it all the cities are full of idle men, the young men are all leaving the farms because they see nothing ahead of them but hard work, and when we want an extra hand we cannot find him. A. L.

Amelia, Ohio.

. . .

A Housewife's Idea of High Price Remedies

Shut up the trusts and all who would monopolize and bring hardship and restrictions on others in their line of trade. Pass a law that no restrictions shall be placed on the public market, except that no meats, eggs, or provisions that have been packed away in cold storage shall be sold there. Pass a law that farmers and those bringing in meats, eggs and produce to sell shall have no restrictions imposed upon them, in the interest of monopoly.

Is it any wonder that so many are affected with diseases, when you see the putrid meats and long-stored products that people are obliged to buy or go without? Also those living alone, who always buy small pieces, unless they are rich cannot have a fresh piece cut out for them. A public market with good, fresh meats and produce we would hail with joy.

Lowell, Mass. MRS. O. D. C.

. . .

We Should Dignify Productive Labor

More than half a century of an ever-increasing deluge of fiction from the press, together with countless representations on the stage, always with characters drawn from the ranks of non-producers, have filled the minds of men and women with wrong ideals. Productive labor is come to be looked down upon—menial. It is natural to strive after one's ideal. The result is, the world to-day is overrun with drones. Workers they may be, but non-producers. A list of chosen non-producing occupations would fill many pages of your paper. Let any one try to make such a list, and it will be seen how endless it is. All these eat, and are clothed. Is it any wonder that the cost of living is high?

Not till a stop is put on the kind of fiction which is in vogue can there be hope for the formation of correct ideals. When productive labor gets its proper place in the minds of people, then, and not till then, will the tide gradually turn. R. S.

Casa Blanca, Galt, Calif.

resident McCormick Explains

SUIT has been filed under the Sherman Law in St. Paul, Minn., by the Federal Gov-nment, directed against the present form of ganization of the International Harvester mpany. This proceeding is the outcome of e inability on the part of the government's presentatives and the company to agree on a iendly plan for the company's dissolution. Mr. rus H. McCormick, president of the Inter-tional Harvester Company, has issued a state-ent pointing out wherein his company differs om the so-called "trust" cases heretofore de-ded under the Sherman Law. His company as organized in 1902 "for the purpose of secur-g economy in the manufacture and sale of rvesting machinery, and of increasing the reign trade. It had no water in its capitaliza-on, and it has earned only a reasonable return its capital—less than seven per cent. yearly the average. The prices of its machines are w substantially the same as in 1902, notwith-anding an increase of 15 per cent. in raw aterial prices and 30 per cent. in wages. The mpany has caused a large saving to American rmers in the cost of agricultural implements. has increased the foreign trade in agricultural plements fourfold in nine years; its foreign les in 1911 were over $42,000,000. It has not ld cheaper abroad than at home. Its treat-ent of its customers, its employees, its agents nd its competitors has been in accord with the ghest standard of ethics and honorable busi-ss methods. To the farmer it has given tter service and better machines; to agents nd dealers, a less hazardous and fluctuating usiness; and to its employees higher wages, nproved and sanitary working conditions, in-rance against sickness, accident and old age, nd a share in the profits." The charges of isconduct found in the bill have been met and isproved in other cases; and Mr. McCormick elieves they will again fail. The Supreme ourt of Missouri, in a suit in which these harges were fully gone into, found that "the nternational Harvester Company has not used s power to oppress or injure the farmers who re its customers," and that "the price of arvesting machines has not increased in pro-ortion to the increased cost of construction or he increased merit of the machines.

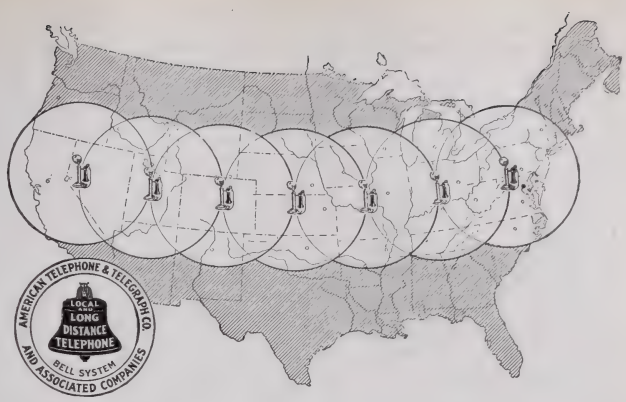
Mr. McCormick adds that six years ago the ompany asked for its investigation by the overnment, and opened its books and records or inspection, and furnished all information equested. No suggestion of any change in its usiness methods has been made to it by the overnment at any time. The filing of the bill vill in no way interfere with the company's arrying on its business.

Among the Workers

—FORTY-TWO NEW members were received into the Glens Falls, N. Y., Presbyterian Church at the April communion; twenty-two on confession of faith. The present pastor, Rev. Dr. Daniel Hoffman Martin, came to its pastorate about four years ago. The contributions for church support and benevolences have increased over a hundred per cent.

—THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION of New Mexico is trying to rally the Christian forces of the State in opposition to the Johnson-Flynn prizefight, which is now definitely announced to take place in Las Vegas, July 4. The House of Representatives has passed a bill legalizing prizefighting up to forty-five rounds by a vote of 28 to 18. Governor McDonald is opposed to the prizefight. The question is whether the Senate can be rallied to defeat the bill, and if not, if the governor will have the strength of his convictions and veto it. State workers throughout the country are invited to send in their protest because of the demoralizing influence of the moving pictures, which will follow the prizefight and multiply its debasing influence. Protests should be addressed to the Governor, President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives, Santa Fe, N. M.

—THE OUTDOOR EVANGELISTIC Campaign to be conducted by the National Bible Institute of New York during the summer of 1912 opened on Monday, April 29, with a noon meeting at Madison Square. The outdoor work of the National Bible Institute began at Madison Square six years ago, the president of the institute, Mr. Don O. Shelton, leading the first meeting. Since then the outdoor work has grown tremendously, over eleven hundred meetings being held last summer. The work for this season will be under the supervision of David Hughes, the Welsh evangelist, who had charge last year, and practically the same plan of operation will be followed, specially selected men being placed in charge of the different centers, with pastors of the city churches and laymen delivering short Gospel messages to the crowds collected on the streets. The Madison Square meeting will be the only one conducted for a few days until the weather becomes settled. This meeting will start promptly every day in the week, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday, at 12.15. The National Bible Institute has just closed its fifth financial year, and is entirely free of debt. During the past year $31,455 was received in voluntary contributions. Twenty-four hundred evangelistic meetings were conducted in the open air and in the four Gospel halls conducted by the institute. The School for Christian Workers, conducted by the institute, had the largest enrolment in its history.



The Chain of Communication

EACH Bell Telephone is the center of the system. This system may be any size or any shape, with lines radiating from any subscriber's telephone, like the spokes of a wheel, to the limits of the subscriber's requirements, whether ten miles or a thousand.

Somewhere on the edge of this subscriber's radius is another who requires a radius of lines stretching still further away. On the edge of this second subscriber's radius is still a third, whose requirements mean a further extension of the lines, and so on.

This endless chain of systems may be illustrated by a series of overlapping circles. Each additional subscriber becomes a new center with an extended radius of communication, reaching other subscribers.

However small the radius, the step-by-step extension from neighbor to neighbor must continue across the continent without a stopping place, until the requirements of every individual have been met.

There can be no limit to the extension of telephone lines until the whole country is covered. There can be no limit to the system of which each Bell telephone is the center, up to the greatest distance that talk can be carried.

Because these are the fundamental needs of a nation of telephone users, the Bell System must provide universal service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair
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is simply charming." Soft, easy-durable, neat, stylish; hand-turned shoes of Vici kid. Nothing [illegible] comfort, and fit guaranteed or money refunded. Look [illegible] O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEELS, the shock absorbers of new live rubber. [illegible] Customers everywhere. PILLOW SHOE COMPANY
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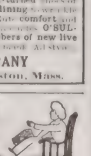

Sample Package, 10c. Large Package, 25c. Agents Wanted. Quick Sales. Big Profit.
FIX-IT MFG. CO., 3 Wall St., Binghamton, N.Y.

PRAYER AND ALMS*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

WE ARE still with Jesus on the Mount of Beatitudes. How small the company sitting at his feet, compared with those in all the world—upwards of twenty-six millions—who are to-day learning his spoken words through the Sunday school lesson! Jesus warns his listeners against being hypocrites, and teaches them how to be true to God and man. What a thing is a hypocrite! God did not make him, the devil did not make him; he is self-made!

Jesus said on the mountain that day, "Ye shall not be as hypocrites, for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, *that they may be seen of men.*" It is one thing to be seen of God in prayer (when men pray in secret, in their hearts), and quite another thing when they pray in public, and not at all in their hearts. But this does not mean that public prayer is wrong, for in the Bible gatherings for prayer are commanded and commended. Alas! the hypocrite sometimes takes part in the prayer meetings! Men may not discern that he is a hypocrite, but God knows. There is another sort of hypocrite—one who prays in secret, and is unwilling to make a public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ. But that day on the mountain Jesus talked to his hearers about the proud hypocrites who wanted to seem better than they really were. By way of forceful illustration Jesus compared them with men who were professional trumpet-blowers, sent throughout the land to carry a proclamation from the rulers to the people. Generally rams' horns were used. The comparison made by Jesus is all the more striking when we think he meant rams' horns, rather than the silver trumpets that were sometimes used, because the rams' horns gave out bellowing sounds, totally unlike the musical ring of the silver trumpets.

The Hypocrite's Prayer

There could be no music in the false words of the hypocrites (the Pharisees) even though they prayed. They were far from being silver-tongued. It was nothing against them that they stood while they prayed, for that was the ancient Jewish custom; but Jesus recognized that they stood to be seen of men, rather than to do reverence before God. It was against them that they used high-sounding, meaningless words, "vain repetitions" Jesus called them. That was the part of their blowing condemned by Jesus. What wonder that one of the hearers, probably one of the apostles, was led to say: "Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke 11: 1). How grand was the response of Christ when he said, "After this manner pray ye: Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen." This prayer has gone to the ends of the earth in the fulfilment of the prophecy that his kingdom should extend from sea to sea. In no language into which it is translated does it lose its truth and beauty, but there is a strain of tenderness in the Scotch version of a hundred years ago that we do not find in all tongues:

"Father o' us a', abidin' aboon! Thy name be holie. Lat thy reign begin! Lat thy wull be dune, baith in yirth and heeven. Gie us ilka day our needfu feudin. And forgie us a' oor ill-deeds, as we een forgae thae wha did us ill; and lat us no be siftit; but save us frae the Ill-Ane! For the croon is thine ain, and the micht and the glorie, for evir and evir, Amen."

We give it here particularly for the light it throws upon the words we usually hear: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," or "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." "Ill deeds" are certainly plainer to us than "debts" or "trespasses." If we try to live it, it will be plainer still.

"Will you ask my pardon?" said a master to his servant, with whom he had disputed. The answer was a surly negative. "Then I will ask yours," said the master, knowing that some one must always be the first to give in, and meeting his servant more than half way with forgiveness and peace. What heart could withstand such a step toward reconciliation?

In the Scotch words "Let us no be siftit," there is reference to what Jesus said to Peter: "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not" (Luke 22: 31, 32). What a precious thought is here; that we are delivered from evil through the prayers of Christ, and so escape being "siftit" by Satan!

All of the Scotch words may not be understood at the first reading, but let each word be compared with the words of the prayer familiar to us, and its sweetness will grow upon us.

Daniel Marsh's Comment

There could not be a more beautiful comment upon the Lord's Prayer than that given by the late Daniel Marsh. We quote the whole of it, though it may seem somewhat lengthy:

Our Father. By right of creation. By gracious adoption.

Which art in heaven. The home of thy angels. The seat of thy glory.

Hallowed be thy name. By the thoughts of our hearts. By the words of our lips. By the actions of our lives.

Thy kingdom come. Of providence to protect us. Of grace to refine us. Of glory to crown us.

Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Submissively, cheerfully, and, finally, perfectly.

Give us this day our daily bread. Of temporal things for our bodies. Of spiritual things for our souls.

And forgive us our trespasses. Against the precepts of thy law, and the grace of thy Gospel.

As we forgive those who trespass against us. In imitation of thy love and to the glory of true religion.

And lead us not into temptation. Of such riches, honors or pleasures as might war against the soul.

But deliver us from evil. Of Satan to deceive us. Of sin to defile us.

For thine is the kingdom. Of providence and grace.

The power. To establish it.

And the glory. Of all good.

Forever and ever. Amen. So let it be. So is it. So it shall be.

Alms in Secret

Jesus on the mountain had something to say about the hypocrite's way of giving alms and of fasting, for the way in which the Pharisees had been doing it was very like the sound of a trumpet, for they were always very careful to be seen of men when they did such pious acts. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," said Jesus. He was talking illustratively, meaning that we should not with a flourish of hands or of trumpets blazon our goodness before the world.

A little girl had been very naughty. Her grandmother had a very solemn talk with her, and told her that it was not enough to ask the forgiveness of her loving friends, but that she should also ask God's forgiveness. On the following day the grandmother asked her if she had asked God to forgive her. The child replied, "Yes." "What did you say to him?" She answered: "Oh,

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for June 2, 1912.** Hypocrisy and Sincerity. Matt. 6: 1-18. GOLDEN TEXT: "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: else ye have no reward with your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 6: 1.

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March 24, 1912.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York. Date.....

Please send me a Free start in business and the two booklets for boys.

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Address.....

Town.....

Age..... State.....

Called Higher

Mrs. Emily Otis Gill (97), of Henderson Harbor, N. Y., passed to her heavenly home December 15, 1911. She had been a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty years.

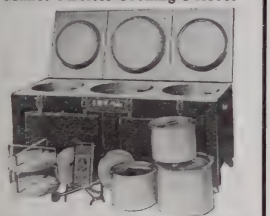
Mrs. N. C. King (84) passed away on August 31, 1910, at Battle Creek, Mich. Next to her Bible she loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which she had been a subscriber for many years.

Mrs. Eunice Sweeney (81), of Mason City, Ill., passed to her reward January 4, 1911. She leaves a bereaved husband, with whom for many years she enjoyed reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Samuel Pepper (84), of Belvidere, Ill., passed peacefully into rest May 11, 1911. He was a devoted church member for over sixty years, and for a long period of that time a subscriber to this publication.

Miss Helen McGown, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., passed away last June, 1911. She was a member of the faculty of Baylor University at Waco, Texas, where for many years she gave her valuable services as teacher.

This Water Sealed Heat-Tight Top Makes Fireless Cooking Perfect



UNTIL we invented the "Water Sealed" Top of the "Ideal" Fireless Cooker a perfect Fireless Cooker did not exist. You need only one question to consider in choosing a **Fireless Cooker**—which one has retained the heat? Right out of the top—the vital part—the heat streams away from the ordinary Fireless Cooker—and it's that precious heat which is the one thing needful.

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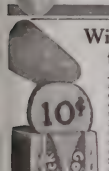

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

that is a secret between him and me." At first thought that may seem a pert reply, but as we think more about it, we shall recognize a sacred feeling that should not be intruded upon. It would be well for all of us if we had more secrets with God; it would make us more genuine. Particularly this should be so in our benevolent gifts.

The True Satisfaction

Some people may find satisfaction in having others praise them for their generous giving, but it is a poor recompense compared with that which God gives in the sweet satisfaction which fills the generous soul. Jean Ingelow reminds us that we shall not have any property to give away in the next world, and she sagaciously adds: "Let us therefore get our fill of giving in this life." In a recent year one hundred and twenty Kiowa Indians gave $1,066 to missions. That was about an average of eighty dollars and fifty cents each. Compare with this the sad fact that the gift of missions in our churches does not amount to more than one half-dollar per member. We have not heard that the Kiowas felt any great pride in their generosity, or that they took any steps to publish it; but the fact was given by the general secretary of the Missionary Association, Dr. Chivers.

NOTE.—We wish to correct an error that appeared in our lesson for April 7, 1912, in regard to the appearances of Jesus after his resurrection. The reference, Acts 1: 10, was a wrong citation on our part and should have read Rev. 1: 10-22, and that should have been noted as the fourteenth appearance.—W. F. C.

Anecdotes of Stead

MANY pleasing reminiscences of the late W. T. Stead, who perished on the *Titanic*, are published in the English weeklies. Dr. Henry Lunn, Stead's lifelong friend and literary co-laborer, tells this characteristic incident: "I received from him one Christmas one of his little books, and in it was printed, 'To the companion of my Rosary,' and then followed my name and his signature. I asked him what it meant, and he said: 'I keep a list of all the people with whom I have been brought closely in contact, and each of them is down in my calendar for the day when he first crossed my path, and on that day I pray for him.' Thus closely did he unite himself with all those who to-day are mourning the loss of one of the best and truest friends they have ever known."

And another friend of the dead journalist relates this incident: "Toward the end of his life he abandoned a lucrative position on the press for conscientious reasons. 'Can you afford to do this?' a friend asked him. 'Well,' he said, 'you see, I have a very wealthy partner.' 'Who is he?' 'God Almighty,' was the reply."

Answered Prayers

Mrs. E. R., Tamaroa, Ill. "I wish to make known that God answered my prayer."

Mrs. E. F. R., East Orange, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer which has brought me great happiness."

Mrs. D. D. R., Tullahoma, Tenn. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. He has restored my dear son to health again."

Mrs. J. F. P., Portland, Ore. "I wish to acknowledge the love of our Lord in answering our prayers for the healing of the body in one case, and the healing of the spirit in another. Praise his holy name."

Answered prayers also acknowledged by Mrs. G. K. H., Iowa Falls, Ia.; Constant Reader, Anoka, Minn.; A Subscriber, Freemont, Neb. V. C., Grove City, Minn.; E. W., Douglas, Arizona.; G. F. H., Halifax, N. S.; Mrs. W. H., Hillsboro, Ky.; Mrs. P. M. B., Linckdaer, N. Y.; C. C., Aera, N. Y.; Mrs. M. M., Ragsdale, Ga.; C. J., Eagle Bridge, N. Y.; S. T., Chester, Va.; W. M. G., Spencer, Tenn.; M. E. G., N. Y.; Mrs. F. F., Oxford, N. Y.; E. I. A., Rochester, N. Y.; A Believer, Fort Worth, Texas; Miss M. F., Delano, Calif.; J. W. H., Kentucky.

Notice how the *diagonal* stroke idea is creeping into safety razor advertising?

You tilt the blade like this

You shave as you've always shaved, like this

But it isn't creeping into the razors—that's the trouble. No use telling men they can acquire this stroke. It's like asking them to learn the barber's trade.

But the diagonal stroke is the thing; all razor makers admit it. It is not a matter of preference, it is the only way to get a real shave.

And the way to get this stroke is to use the razor that gives it—the Young

Any-Angle Razor

Note the pictures—a touch tilts the blade and there is your slanting stroke! Nothing to learn, nothing to do but shave as you've always shaved! Try the Any-Angle Razor.

Your money back without a word if dissatisfied after a thirty-day trial.

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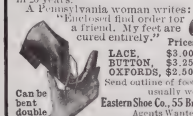

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Send outline of foot and give size usually worn.

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Where it rained cream, and the walls fell in."

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Christian Herald

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IN LOCO PARENTIS

By Nora Hartley

See description in this issue

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

M. B. J., Deer Lodge, Tenn. Where did William Carey labor as a missionary?

William Carey was the first Baptist missionary to India. He was appointed by the Baptists of England, and began his work in India in 1794. He founded the mission at Serampur, and was professor of Oriental languages in the College of Fort William. His life was one of heroism and usefulness; he edited twenty-four translations of the Bible, and his name is revered as one of the founders of modern missions.

I. H. W., Scranton, Pa. 1. What is the velocity of the earth, its area, weight and age? 2. When are we nearer the sun—winter or summer?

1. Velocity, 18 1-5 miles per second; area, 197,000,000 square miles; weight, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons (six sextillions of tons); age, from 50 million to 150 million years, according to modern scientists. 2. Three million miles nearer in winter than in summer.

A Reader, Woodbine, Ia. 1. What passages in the Bible state or imply the equality of man and woman? 2. How long had the Manchus governed China before the present revolution? 3. Is there more than one political party in China now?

1. The Bible nowhere states positively that men and women are equal. Many facts, however, of the Bible message would tend to support the theory that they are equal. God's commands are recorded and his promises given to the human race, and men and women share equally in the obligations and the blessings; chosen women in Old Testament times delivered the messages and wrought the tasks of God, while in New Testament times Christ chose women for his friends and the early church recognized them as coworkers in the new kingdom. Paul does say in Gal. 3: 28 that there is no longer "male and female" in Christian fellowship; but in other passages, like Eph. 5: 22-24, Col. 3: 18, Titus 2: 5, etc., he states that wives should submit themselves and be obedient to their husbands. As has been pointed out in earlier issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Paul's injunctions about women must be read in the light of the times and localities in which and to which he wrote and need not be taken as literal commands for a future age. But even Paul gave, in Eph. 5: 25-33, the highest, most generous and most beautiful estimate of the ideal relation between husband and wife. 2. From 1644 A.D., 268 years. 3. There are two parties at present, the Republicans, or supporters of the new order of things, and the Royalists, or those who are working to restore the old regime.

J. P. S., Tabor, N. C. Please give me your interpretation of II. Cor. 2: 15-16.

In verse 14 Paul speaks of the knowledge of God as a fragrance which his messengers carry about from place to place. In verse 16 he declares that the messengers themselves are a fragrance, that is, their holy lives and their true messages gratify God as a pleasing fragrance gratifies a human person. But the pure life and true words of a messenger of God are distasteful to people who choose evil, to people who remain wilfully in the way of destruction, while to those who are being saved their lives and words are pleasing and attractive. The words of truth when rejected deepen the condemnation of those who reject them, while they help toward eternal life those who accept.

W. P., Eureka, Mont. To what school of medicine did Luke the evangelist belong?

Luke is believed to have been of Gentile descent, a native of Antioch, a freedman or the son of a freedman, had been well educated, besides being specially trained in the profession of medicine, according to the Roman method of the time. Usually people of inferior rank were the physicians of those days. One writer says, "Luke practiced at Antioch" and infers that he must have been familiar with the medical science taught in the great nearby schools of Cilicia and Alexandria, as well as the Western views of medical science. Possibly he had been a pupil of Aretæus, the principal medical authority in Tarsus, whose school may be called the Asiatic-Greek. Aretæus was an authority on heart, lung, nerve, stomach and liver diseases, and wrote many medical books. Those were the days of leeches and blood-letting, and abundant drugs. A catalogue of the medicines of those days, simple and compound (one has been preserved by the Sydenham Society) was a formidable-looking affair.

M. M., Indianapolis, Ind. What is the annual armament budget of the leading nations at the present time?

It is distributed as follows:

	Army	*Navy*
Austria-Hungary ..	$73,513,000	$13,731,000
France	187,632,000	83,286,000
Germany	203,938,000	114,508,000
Great Britain	138,800,000	203,020,000
Italy	81,033,000	39,643,000
Japan	49,196,000	43,405,000
Russia	265,642,000	54,128,000
Spain	37,671,000	13,696,000
Turkey	42,071,000	6,223,000
United States	162,357,000	120,729,000
Totals	$1,241,853,000	$692,369,000

S. F. H., Eldora, Ia., calls attention to the fact that in the treaty between Mexico and the United States, concluded over sixty years ago, there is a provision that any future war which may break out between the two countries "shall be conducted on Christian principles." This is an interesting reminder of the fact that, even in those comparatively early days, the principle of arbitration was probably in view, as affording a basis for the adjustment of any difficulties arising between the two countries. As for a war "conducted on Christian principles," it would be an anomaly. War itself is in direct conflict with the Gospel, which teaches that men should love one another. At the same time, it was probably in the mind of the drafters of the treaty that, in the event of actual warfare, the laws of civilization should govern, thus minimizing casualties, avoiding needless slaughter, excluding a resort to extreme and sanguinary methods and conducting the campaign on humane principles as far as possible.

J. E. P., Baring, Ore. In a sermon I heard a short time ago the preacher stated that Gipsy Smith was paid $12,000 by fifteen preachers for coming to Chicago to save sinners. Can this be true?

We have referred the foregoing letter to Mr. Albany R. Smith, son and agent of Gipsy Smith, who sends us the following reply:

"You may positively make the following statement over my name: That my father is the accredited evangelist of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales; that they make all his engagements and pay him a yearly salary of less than $4,000.

"*Elkhart, Ind.* ALBANY R. SMITH."

Mrs. B. M., Hannibal, O. Where and in how many places in the Bible does it say: "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven"?

See Gal. 5: 21; I. Cor. 6: 10.

L. H. H., Dayton, O. Are the trees of California the largest in the world?

The California trees are greatest in girth, but not in height. Some of them are from 250 to 375 feet tall and from 60 to 110 feet in circumference. The tallest trees are a species of Australian eucalyptus, reaching a height of 480 feet.

B. A. L., Eufaula, Wash. In the Bible it is said, "In the last days, it shall come to pass that old men shall dream dreams and young men shall see visions." Does it mean that this class of dreams is of a revealing character? Did God discontinue this method at any epoch, or does it yet exist?

The passage in Joel 2: 28, 29, is part of a chapter that is full of promised blessings to Israel in the "last days," when God would have pity on his penitent people. The outpouring of the Spirit was realized at Pentecost. The promise of dreams and visions also came to pass in New Testament times, not merely in the case of a privileged few (as prophets and seers), but among people of all ranks (see Acts 21: 9 and I. Cor. 11: 5). Ananias had a vision of Saul (Acts 9: 10); Paul had a vision of the man of Macedonia (Acts 16: 9); Peter had a vision on the housetop at Joppa, etc. The three modes whereby (in the Old Testament) God revealed his will to men were prophecy, dreams, and visions (see Num. 12: 6). This promise in Joel was that God's manifestation to his people would be more full, more wonderful, more intimate and more miraculous than before. In our own day, if we seek the Lord diligently, he will reveal his will to us just as surely as he has done to others in the past.

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The Completed Peace Palace at The Hague, Holland

THE Great Peace Palace, which has been presented to the nations of the world by Andrew Carnegie, is now completed and stands ready for occupation at The Hague. As has been stated before in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, this wonderful building, which cost $12,500,000, contains great audience chambers, salons, corridors, council-rooms and halls, as well as complete suites for the accommodation of distinguished guests and every modern convenience and beauty that limitless expenditure could provide. With the agitation for a permanent Board of Consultation, or at least a Court of International Law, there is a suggestion current that the new Peace Palace become the permanent home of such a board, which would be made up of famous jurists and statesmen from the great countries of the world.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Epsom, N. H. The San Francisco earthquake occurred April 18, 1906.

J. M. S., Topton, Pa. 1. See answer to A. D. F. in May 22 issue. 2. The structure of deep-sea fish is adapted to the depths at which they exist.

M. S. W., Weehawken, N. J. There have been evils in all ages and times, and statesmanship will eventually regulate those you mention.

All inquiries addressed to this department must be signed with the full name and address if a reply is desired. All letters should be accompanied by postage for reply.

W. B. R., Ottumwa, Ia. The Dives and Lazarus story is a parable and intended to illustrate the contrasting condition of rich and poor. Lazarus is an imaginary representative of those saints whom the world spurns and passes by, while Dives is a type of the purse-proud, selfish rich, who have little consideration for any outside of their own immediate circle. There is an old tradition which states that the parable was based on real personages, and that the rich man was named Dobruk, and lived in Jerusalem, while Lazarus was a well-known mendicant—a familiar figure about the streets. One authority gives the rich man the name of Nimeusis. The general opinion, however, is, as already stated, that the illustration is a parable pure and simple.

W. D. A., Naugatuck, Conn. In the passages you quote, we must simply take the Scriptural narrative as it stands. There are many cases in which explication is difficult and theory or controversy useless. There has certainly been a change in the pulpit attitude regarding eternal punishment. Preachers now teach more of the love of God than of divine justice and retribution; yet they do not wholly overlook the fate that awaits the impenitent sinner. We don't know the book to which you refer.

The Almanac an "Achievement"

It is a great pleasure to thank you most heartily for *The Christian Herald Almanac*, which has come to our desk recently. It is indeed a great achievement in information and literature and we wish to take it annually.

WALLACE A. BATTLE, *President.*
Okolona Industrial School, Okolona, Miss.

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NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

French Troops in the Moorish Quarter of Fez

The Sultan, Mulay Hafid

A Moorish Market Scene on the Road to Fez

MOROCCO'S REVOLT AGAINST FRANCE

GENERAL LYAUTEY FACES LONG CAMPAIGN OF SUBJUGATION AND CIVILIZATION

ALTHOUGH France has made such a signal success in the establishment and operation of her protectorate over Algiers she does not seem to have met with the same success in her more recently acquired territory of Morocco. Present conditions point to a long campaign before Morocco enjoys the same peace and commercial prosperity that is now found in Tunisia. On April 17 the majority of the Moorish army which formed the garrison at Fez mutinied, and set about killing their instructors and looting the Jewish quarter. It has been reported that twenty Europeans were cut to pieces before the French troops, who were encamped three miles from the city, could be notified and brought in to quell the disturbances. The rebels seized and killed two hundred or more Jews and forced a large number of others to seek refuge in the empty cages of the Sultan's menagerie. This outbreak of revolution was due to the reduction of the pay of the Shereefian troops in connection with the change of method of the distribution of rations. Recent despatches tell of several hostile demonstrations against French authority by different Moorish tribes and the report of a fierce engagement between Moors and French troops at El Maaziz, in which fifteen commissioned and non-commissioned officers, forty soldiers and fifteen civilians were slain and sixty-six men wounded, has been officially confirmed.

The attitude of the Sultan himself is giving much cause for anxiety. He seems to be in an indeterminate state of mind, vacillating between unpleasant alternatives. At one moment he threatens to abdicate, the next he announces that he wishes to go to Rabat, and thence to France. Premier Poincaré has telegraphed to M. Ragnault, the French minister at Fez, to do his utmost to keep the Sultan in his capital, inasmuch as a large force of belligerent Moors have made an encampment just outside the walls, and there is no doubt they are awaiting only the smallest provocation to make a demonstration. In the meantime General Lyautey, a distinguished soldier with a good record, has been appointed governor. He takes supreme command, superseding General Moinier, who has been in charge at the capital. The French troops are to be considerably increased. Three battalions of reinforcements, which General Moinier requested, are on their way, and in addition several warships have been ordered to cruise along the North African coast so as to be within quick striking distance.

France faces a difficult situation in Morocco. It is now a year since the occupation of the French began. In May, 1911, a forced march was made to Fez, and the French troops succeeded in saving the lives of the French and other Europeans there and in establishing French authority. That march was the turning point in the campaign and led to the recognition of a French protectorate. What changes have come in the situation to cause the recent revolt? This is the question the French are asking themselves, and which outsiders are also asking. When the Sultan, Mulay Hafid, signed the treaty with France, he stipulated with Minister Ragnault and with General Moinier that the fact of his having done so should not be made known until all the caids, that is, commanders of the Moorish fortresses, had been warned, but it is likely the news percolated through French sources into Morocco, causing the recent revolt of the Moorish tribesmen. Neither M. Ragnault nor General Moinier suspected anything wrong, being unaware of any plot, but the home authorities seem to have scented danger, for ministers freely expressed a feeling of uneasiness in regard to Moroccan affairs. The prime minister, M. Poincaré, wrote to War Minister Millerand to suggest that General Moinier should concentrate his troops, but the suggestion came too late. Before the concentration could be effected the outbreak of April 17 had brought matters to a climax. Scenes of wild riot, murder and confusion followed the first outbreak. How the revolt ended is not yet reported. A detachment of French troops swooped down on the band and the rebels were forced to give way. However, they are far from crushed and are only waiting their time to break forth afresh. One prominent French general is quoted as expressing the belief that it will take at least a dozen years for the French to subdue these wild Moroccan tribesmen and establish anything like order.

French Officers Questioning Two Moorish Rebels Just After Their Capture

A MEMORIAL DAY SERMON

By Rev. Charles A. Eaton, D.D.*

UNFORGOTTEN HEROES

TEXT: "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten." Eccles. 9: 5

THIS is not the only time that a philosopher has generalized upon too small a basis of fact. The "Wisdom" to which our text gives expression finds for itself no deep foundation in the eternal realities of spiritual life. Rather, it is the drab pessimism born of exclusive acquaintance with the exterior facts of human experience. It has not stood with Moses in awful reverence before the bush of flame with God; nor faced the foe with Joshua, conscious of the invincibility of faith; nor dreamed with David under the stars blazing like beacons to light his soul to heaven; nor has it been touched by the enraptured vision of St. Paul, who marvels at the "depth of the riches of the wisdom of God." Earth-born, it returns to the dust whence it came. True it is that all men know they must die; but in this statement of fact, we find no hint of the glorious truth that all human life springs out of eternity, spans time for a flaming moment, and then sweeps forth to an infinite destiny beyond the grave. It is true that most men are soon forgotten by their fellows, but it is also true that God does not forget, and in that "world beyond," men too shall know even as they are known.

Good Men and Good Deeds Immortal

Good men and good deeds are immortal in time as well as in eternity. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones" is not true. Just as the words of Jesus, spoken into the impalpable air, shall never pass away, so all that is good and true in human achievement finds care and shelter in this world under the brooding presence of God.

Fifty years ago this nation was ablaze with war. Men who were brothers in blood and language and faith faced each other in mortal combat. Both sides believed that they were right, and, strong in this belief, they submitted their cause to the "dread arbitrament of war." The war is over. The issue has been decided for all time. The great armies, victor and vanquished alike, have been swallowed up in the vast and pulsing floods of peace. But the heroes in blue and gray are not forgotten. On Memorial Day, that beautiful festival dedicated to brotherly love, there will assemble in town and hamlet, the wide land over, little groups of old men wearing the uniforms of North and South. Around them will throng their children and children's children, silent, reverent, thrilled with the consciousness that they are beholding one of the world's tragedies. To the sound of drum and bugle these little groups of veterans will make their way to the graveside of their fallen comrades. There, surrounded by the solemn emblems of man's mortality, under the kindly skies of spring, they will lay, with reverent and tender hands, flowers upon the graves of their unforgotten dead. Then in prayer and speech and song they will recall the heroic days so swiftly passing into memory. Battles will be described anew. Tears will fall as the sacred dead march once again to meet the foe. And into these dear old faces, wan and seamed with the storms of long years in war and peace, there will creep the splendor of a divine experience. Love is always great, but never greater than when it has claimed the offering of a life upon its heaven-kindled altars.

The Love of Country

This Memorial Day with its infinite pathos, its tender ministries, stands unique among the holy days of the nation. What cosmic truths, what primal principles are incarnate in these little groups of marching veterans! Simple-hearted and circumscribed as all must be, these men arrayed in armies have settled by the grim ordeal of battle the most momentous questions of human history. They ended slavery forever. They unveiled the sure foundations of a free democracy, with roar of cannon they closed an era and ushered in a new age. Moved simply by love of country they found themselves the agents of an Almighty God in the unfolding of his wise and good purpose for the race. Around their campfires, burning lower every year, there hover the spirits of emancipated millions. Human slavery makes slaves of master and servant alike. It is wrong, and Truth can never rest upon a foundation of falsehood. The issue was one Nation and Liberty. The Nation was saved and Liberty enshrined forever in one mighty Union. There is no longer any North or South. The Blue and Gray march side by side in love, as brothers ought.

> No more shall the war-cry sever,
> Or the winding rivers be red;
> They banish our anger forever
> When they laurel the graves of our dead!
> Under the sod and the dew,
> Waiting the judgment day;
> Love and tears for the Blue,
> Tears and love for the Gray.

These grizzled veterans in Gray and Blue by the graves of their fallen comrades are something greater than they seem if we but have eyes to see and ears to hear. They speak to us of the Past and Present and Future. Their message is of grave import to all. They proclaim that no people can escape from nor break with its Past. The root that bloomed blood-red upon the battlefields of the Civil War was planted by martyr hands amidst the shadows of the early Christian ages. And that blossom is ripening its fruit to-day in the widening energies of industrial liberty. The history of civilization is simply the story of progressive emancipation from bondage of the soul. Men move forward from fear to faith. The bondage of selfishness and slavery is ever breaking down before the onrolling stream of love and liberty.

When this Republic was born, even wise men believed that the nation had escaped from the history that produced it. A new Constitution with new machineries of government, a new land waiting the conquest of a young race, all seemed to lend support to such a conclusion. But although the hateful tyranny of the English king was broken, those great ideas, those standards of life and morals, the daily language and religion of the people, which had nourished the fathers over seas, nourished now the sons. It was simply a new bottle for old wine.

The Past and the Present

When our brave soldiers from North and South laid down their arms and took up the tools of trade and commerce, the real battles were yet to fight. Liberty and union had become the foundation principles of our nation, but it yet remained to apply them in all their fulness to our life. The black man was no longer a slave, but he was not free, nor could either South or North escape from him. And beyond these concrete and local considerations there remained the fact that a great truth carries with it a great burden. The Civil War stands between two eras. It closed the long struggle for political freedom. It established the principle upon which the state was to rest forever. But it ushered in the age of industrialism, which soon developed new problems and demanded a new application of the idea of Liberty. The pain and woe and waste of war rolled like an engulfing flood over the whole nation. But our present generation faces difficulties as dangerous and duties as serious as any in all history. We have no slaves and no question as to the political union of the States, but we have industrial injustice and tyranny; unrest and anarchy widespread and ominous. We have a racial problem more acute than that of the black man; we have the incubus of the city, the fever of class consciousness, the hateful contrasts of wealth and poverty; and with it all the certainty that there is no turning back. When the first slave landed on our shores the Civil War was born. In his manacled hands he held the torch which was to kindle the fires of fratricidal strife. When we accepted from the hands of the god of war the fixed principle of union and liberty, we accepted with it the impossibility of peace until we have applied the principle to the totality of our social relations. The Past is with us to-day, laying upon our lives the heavy burden of moral obligation. As we stand in reverence by the tombs of our mighty dead let us not forget that great blessings have a great price. And let the veterans pray that their children may be brave and loyal to live and die for the nation they have given us at the cost of noble blood.

The Present is a time of storm and stress, but the message of the old soldier is one of hope. Where in all recorded history is there a chapter of heroism more sublime than that of the Southern soldier going home after the war? Going home! Let me rather say going to a scene of ruin and desolation which added a thousandfold to the bitterness of battle. His fields laid waste, his house in ruins, his cities shrunken under the siege of victorious foemen, his machinery of production gone forever and as yet nothing to take its place—the hero of peace became greater than the hero of war. He did again what he had been doing for four years of struggle: summoned the unconquerable powers of his manhood to the task and bowed his willing back to the burden. And God has blessed him and his children and children's children. Again the fertile fields are blooming. The sun shines upon countless happy and prosperous homes, and a new South, greater, more daring, more beautiful, has leaped from the ashes of the past. In the North, too, the old soldier has become first in peace as he was first in war. To write his history since Appomattox is to write the story of our vast industrial and social progress.

The Watchwords of To-day

These were men indeed! And what answer can their children give them? In war and peace they have conquered. Heroism, honor, self-sacrifice, service, these are the words blazoned upon their battle flags, alas, held now in trembling hands. Shall these not become the watchwords of the Present? Are not the men of to-day even as their fathers? Shall we turn aside from the battle and the burden? Shall we lose the heritage? I believe in American manhood and womanhood. I believe that our age will pay the price of its greatness and live and die in the faith. The coward and the traitor will bring no flowers to mark the grave of heroes, but the multitudes of our brave and strong and true, standing there between the living and the dead, will consecrate their lives afresh to God and country and their fellow men, thankful for the privilege of thus proving their royal descent.

The future belongs to the young. There is no doubt that the future will find life more difficult than it ever has been. The physical strength of men cannot keep pace with the mountainous complexity and burden of modern society. We have created a monster and are in danger of being broken in his iron hands. But we have our principle and we must apply it—Liberty and Union. The worker must be free and so must his employer. Class union is no union at all. We belong to all or to none. Class consciousness and class hatred are social treason.

The Blue and Gray March Together

It has been possible for states and races to live in peace after long and bitter struggle. The French and English fought for supremacy on this continent for generations. Upon the Heights of Abraham, under the ramparts of Louisburg, upon the broad plains of the West, along the shores of Champlain the struggle persisted. But to-day French and English in Canada vie with each other in loyalty to their common country, and the Celtic passion finds friendship with Saxon strength in building together the foundations of a great young nation. In a Southern city built mainly by Northern men, I have seen old soldiers in gray and blue marching side by side in honor of the birthday of the Father of their common country. And as we turn to our inevitable Future we must not fear. Liberty is yet to be enthroned in all the realms of our social life. But Liberty can never be divorced from Union. The next struggle lies in the mystic regions of the spirit. Men are never alike until they are alike in soul, and soul likeness is born of the consciousness of a common origin. The sons of God are the best brothers of men. We may differ in opinion and our interests will clash, but if the memory of this present generation is not to be forgotten we must fight the war through with courage to the end, and then, like the brave soldiers of fifty years ago, forgetting the wounds and bitterness, join hands and hearts in united service of our common country. In the great work of reconciliation our Divine Redeemer laid down his life upon the cross. This is the mission of good men in all ages, and there is no other instrument but the Cross, as there can be no other motive but love.

* Pastor Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

FORGIVEN

I KNOW my sins are very great
Against God's just command.
Their vile enormity I hate,
Without excuse I stand
Justly condemned! What hope have I?
Oh, whither, whither, can I fly?

I know God's mercy, through his Son,
Invites my wandering feet.
This gives me hope: although undone
I seek that safe retreat.
I hear his call, I haste, I fly!
God gave his Son for such as I.

I know my Saviour died for me,
He died that I might live.
From sin my Saviour sets me free,
My sins he doth forgive.
Forgiven! Oh, that word imparts
A joy supreme to trusting hearts.

I know that my Redeemer rose!
Forth from the grave he came.
He triumphed over all his foes,
I'll conquer in his name.
I'll trust in him to end all strife,
He gives to me eternal life.

I know my Lord at God's right hand
Supreme in glory reigns.
In his loved presence I shall stand
Redeemed from all my chains.
I'll sing with an unnumbered host
"Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Passaic, N. J. JOHN M. MORSE.

Ignorance of the Bible

ONE of the professors of a certain university in the Northwest, says the New York *Tribune*, gave a test to 139 students to determine the extent of their Bible knowledge. The test consisted of eight questions, by no means hard ones. Twelve passed with 75 per cent., 91 had less than 50 per cent., 71 had 40 per cent., 10 could not name a single book of the Old Testament. Among those who did name such books, the spelling was brilliantly fantastic. "Duderominy," "Goshua," Salms" and "Joob" are examples. Among the Old Testament books a number of the students mentioned "Paul," "Timothy," "Babylonians," "Gentiles," "Philistines" and "Xerxes" to the surprise of the professor. Others gave as books in the New Testament "Samuel," "Ruth," "Esther," "Simon," "Jacob," "Philipi," "Thomas," "Lazarus" and "Samson Agonistes." The question "Who was the Apostle to the Gentiles?" brought out a great variety of answers, including John the Baptist, Methuselah, Judas, Moses, Abraham and Jacob, and the identity of the "beloved disciple" was almost as great a mystery. Apollos (Paul's convert and co-worker) was variously explained to be a heathen deity, a mountain, a town, a king, a giant, a judge, a church, the "Promised Land," a desert, etc. Apropos of this remarkable showing, the professor writes: "I think it will be generally granted that Biblical history is as worthy of study as any other ancient history, and that Biblical literature is as worthy as any other literature. Why should not the school prepare a syllabus or outline of Bible study, the following out of which would involve serious study well worthy of academic recognition?"

In Loco Parentis

(See Cover)

THE canvas which provides this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with its cover is one of the vast number of genre pictures by artists, many of whom have been and are eminently successful but have never achieved world-wide fame. The picture is, as its group name denotes, just a little scene from the everyday life of the humbler classes of the world's society; this time one might imagine the inspiration drawn from the living-room of a typical wide-hearthed, frugal Scottish cottage. It is a homely picture in the all too rapidly disappearing meaning of that word, home-like. Its appeal is not that of brilliant color, or even of striking subject, but simply the never-failing charm of sleeping babyhood and the interest aroused by the faithful terrier, who sits wide-eyed and grave "in loco parentis," in the place of the parent.

His Soul Is Marching On

By Eugene Thwing

IN a few days a grateful people will be celebrating the day that is consecrated to the soldiers. Music and flags and sweet garlands of flowers will attest the loving memory in which these heroes are ever held. They gave all they had to give—their lives—in devotion to their country, and counted the sacrifice all too small to measure the depth and breadth of their love. "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country" were the last words of Nathan Hale.

Feeling some glow of the same patriotism within us; conscious of a live spark of the same eager love of country ready to leap into flame in response to memory of the past or call of the present; recognizing the sacred heritage won for us by the blood of heroes who died, we dedicate a day to do them honor and beautify their memory with flowers. May the warmth of our tributes never abate, but rather increase with the ever growing greatness of our land.

Yet the manner in which we celebrate Decoration Day carries with it a mistake. The eloquence of our orators and the songs of our poets constantly perpetuate a false idea. Our patriotic societies, year after year, are missing a wonderful opportunity. A Christian nation is failing, in this particular at least, to put into practice the one great truth of the Christian belief. We hear always of "Our sleeping comrades," "Where sleep the brave," "Sleep, heroes, sleep," and "Scatter the fragrant flowers o'er the silent sleeper's head."

Why must we forever "repair to *the graves*" to remind ourselves and our children of the patriots who fought bravely for love of country? *They are not there.* Not even their memory is buried in the ground. Certainly the spirit of their noble patriotism is not buried there. "Why seek the living among the dead?" Nothing but a useless and discarded body, like an old suit of clothes, "lies a-moldering in the ground" in that soldier's grave. The soldier himself is not there. Dauntless bravery was not in that *body.* More than likely it shivered with fear. The pure fire of patriotism did not burn in that body. It may be the flesh was very weak and had to be forced to obey the real patriot. All the splendid bravery and patriotism were in the soldier's soul, and "his soul goes marching on." The grave is the poorest place in all the world to do it honor and keep its influence alive.

* * *

THINK of the wealth of beautiful flowers from field and hothouse that will be laid on the graves in cemeteries where they will be seen by few and enjoyed by none. They are offered, and will continue to be offered, as a nation's loving tribute, but the soldiers are not there to receive them, and the larger lesson of patriotism which the flowers might carry is lost.

Suppose the whole plan were changed, or broadened, and the flowers were taken, *as a soldier's message,* direct to the living, growing, eager young citizens of the republic. How Decoration Day would instantly be vitalized and become one of the most glorious days of the year! How our hero soldiers who fought and fell would cease to be kept down under the cold earth as "our sleeping comrades," but would live again, and their souls would indeed "go marching on" through the land, making new patriots everywhere!

Jacob A. Riis has told of the eagerness of the city waifs for flowers. He tried repeatedly to take flowers from his Long Island home to the poor people in Mulberry Street, New York City. "But they never got there," he says. "Before I had got half a block from the ferry, I was held up by a shrieky mob of children who cried for the posies and would not let me go another step until I had given them one. And when they got it they ran, shielding the flower with the most jealous care, to some place where they could hide and gloat over their treasure. They came dragging big, fat babies and little weazened ones that they might get a share, and the babies' eyes grew round and big at the sight of the golden glory from the fields, the like of which had never come their way. And so my flowers went. Who could have said them no?"

Suppose those beautiful flowers—that golden glory from the fields—were to go to these children of the streets in the name and memory of the soldiers who died on the glory field to make this land a free land for all; suppose that on Decoration Day, instead of laying the flowers on graves *where no one is,* the old veterans in their uniforms, and with their music, should carry armfuls of flowers, in memory of their departed comrades, to distribute among the boys and girls of the city streets to whom a real flower is like a rare jewel; suppose the flowers were taken, especially, with their soldier's message of patriotism, among the foreigners who become voters in our land without knowing anything of its history or its noble ideals—then indeed would the brave souls of our heroes go marching on.

* * *

SUPPOSE on Decoration Day all the boys and girls of our public schools are assembled for patriotic music and entertainment, and at the close each boy and each girl is given a small potted plant, just bursting into bloom. The names of the soldiers who went from their town, or city, or village have been gathered from the records, and one soldier's name is written on a card attached to each plant. The message is brought straight home in a definite, personal way when the flowers are distributed. For example:

"That soldier, my boy, whose name is on your flower, loved his country so well that he gave up everything for it, and suffered hunger, and pain, and long, weary marches, and cold, and loss of loved ones—all for this country of his *and yours.* He fought, and shed his blood, and died for his beloved country. We are enjoying what he made possible for us. Now he sends you that flower as a living memory, so that you may think of what he did and why he did it. Love his memory and care for your flower for his sake. As you watch it grow, let his brave, soldierly spirit grow in you. As you smell its sweet fragrance, let the fragrance of his love of country fill your soul. You may have to fight some day. Perhaps not as he fought on the bloody field of battle, but against other wrongs that hurt our beloved country. Be a patriot, as he was. Love your country, as he did. We are remembering him to-day, and his message comes to you, an old soldier to a young soldier, in that flower."

Decoration Day may mean so much, so very much, in the upbuilding of intelligent patriotism in this country if we will only use it aright.

Poems Everyone Should Know

THE SANDS OF DEE

O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A short biographical note of Charles Kingsley appeared in our issue of April 24, appended to his poem, *The Three Fishers.*

Origin of Memorial Day

DAYS set apart upon which the living pay tribute to the heroic dead are as old as history. The ancient Druids not only covered soldiers' graves with sweet-scented flowers and evergreens, but planted gardens and groves in their memory. Early Christians, revolting at any heathen custom whatsoever, it mattered not how beautiful it was, invented other memorial services, and to differentiate heathen sentiment from their own, they declared, "We will not sprinkle their graves with flowers, but upon their spirits the odor of Christ. Let others scatter baskets of bloom if they like. Christ is our Lily and with his love will we consecrate his servants."

Virgil, describing the grief of Anchises for Marcellus, says in the immortal *Æneid:*

Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with purple roses of the spring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew:
This gift, which parents to their children owe—
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow.

Two years after the close of the Civil War, the women of Columbus, Miss., tenderly spread the graves of the Boys in Blue and Gray alike with flowers. As the news of this touching tribute of love and loyalty spread to the North, it awoke general approval, and before long it was suggested to General John A. Logan, the National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, that the organization inaugurate a common Memorial Day sacred to the memory of all soldiers. Now the whole country feels that the day is one set apart for the exaltation of patriotism and of those soldierly attributes that typify the highest race of men—courage, self-sacrifice and service.

Anvil Sparks

..VIRTUE is also its own best herald.

..BUSY sinners are a reproach to lazy saints.

..WORK-STAINED hands stain no one's good name.

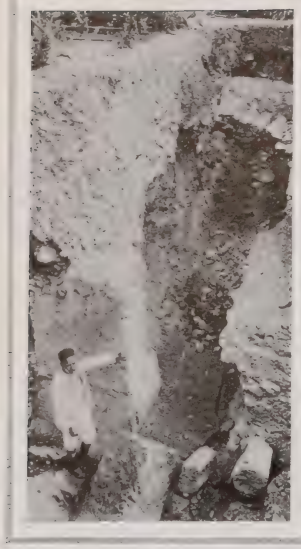
..SOME folks seek to make their humility very noticeable.

..A BETTER day is coming only as we make the best of this one.

..EACH morning opens the door upon a fresh opportunity.

..TWO half-hearted efforts never equal a whole-hearted one.

..WHY should any one grope in darkness when the sun has risen?



Ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius

The Garden, Chapel and Museum of St. Louis at Carthage

An Heroic Pagan Priestess

BY WALTER J. YATES, Ph.D.

Traveling Companion and Secretary of Bishop Hartzell on His African Tour

A Punic Priestess of 500 B.C.

DID you ask, "What one thing was most impressive on the site of ancient Carthage?" There were many impressive and thrilling things there, perhaps more than I have ever seen elsewhere in an equal length of time, but without hesitation I reckon that the one object beyond all others which produced the most profound and lasting impression on mind and feelings was the face of the "Punic Priestess."

Our missionary friend from Tunis, who guided us, had said:

"I will let you look into the face of a priestess of Carthage who lived five hundred years before Christ."

But the remark might mean so many things that it passed almost unheeded. We did ask if he meant a mummy, having in mind those so common in Egypt and the various museums of the world. But he said, "No." So the subject dropped. We were in the museum back of the Chapel of St. Louis, on the site of the ancient citadel of the city. We had visited all the buildings which have yet been discovered and excavated. As we came to a corner of the main room he pointed,

"There she is. What do you think of her?"

A stone sarcophagus stood on the floor in front of us. A close look showed signs of some resinous preservative on the sides and bottom. Near the head was a dark rounded object with some fibrous matter near it. Lower down were some straight articles like pieces of wood, or were they bones? They were very old and decayed and lay upon a thin coating of dark brown dust which covered the bottom of the sarcophagus. That was not what he meant, however.

Fastened to the wall of the room above the burial casket was its marble cover sculptured in high relief with the figure of a woman. In any collection it would instantly attract attention as entirely out of the ordinary. It was different from anything we had ever seen, or heard described.

It was the face that fascinated and held you. It was not Roman, nor was it Grecian. The headdress, with its ends falling by the sides of the neck and in front of the shoulders, gave a faint suggestion of Egyptian art, but only for a moment, for it clearly was not an Egyptian face nor the work of an Egyptian artist. Face, figure, pose, draperies, the dove in the right hand, all marked it as belonging in a new class. It was Punic, pure and simple, and nothing else. Traces of gilding and colors, red, blue, and yellow, could be detected on the face, neck and head-draperies. The arrangement of the drapery over the breast was unusual. The skirt of the robe was two reversed wings of the ibis, crossed, and with tips turned outward at the bottom, revealing the sandaled feet. It was an exceedingly bold conception, and effectively managed.

But it was the face to which you returned repeatedly. It must have been a portrait. You could feel no doubt of that. And what a portrait! What an artist! What a woman!

Here was Carthaginian womanhood of the highest type when Carthage was the metropolis of the world. It was sensuous but not sensual, as we might have been led to expect. It did not lack mentality, though it was not of the purely intellectual cast. It was not mystically spiritual, though high-spirited and with power of deep devotion. It was not a cruel face, though the religious rites of the time would seem inevitably to have made it such. It was well-rounded, deep-chested, full-breasted physical womanhood, as fine as the world has produced.

Who was she? No one knows with certainty, only that she was a high priestess of the Punic religion in Carthage some twenty-five centuries ago. Her stone casket was buried one hundred and forty feet below the surface of the ground, where it remained undisturbed by all the changes which went on above it during the passing ages, until it was recently discovered and removed to this room.

Two centuries before Christ the Roman people had become powerful on the northern and eastern coasts of the Mediterranean Sea as the Carthaginians had on the southern shores. Their interests clashed and they were unable to agree on any plan for permanent peace. Cato, who had been ambassador to Carthage, declared again and again in the Roman Senate: "Carthage must be destroyed."

So persistently and convincingly did Cato talk that at last Rome believed her only safety lay in the course he advised and sent Scipio to do the deed. It took time, skill and hard fighting, but he did it and did it so effectually that the whole Punic civilization was entirely swept from the earth. All its literature was destroyed except one treatise on agriculture and a book by Hanno the Carthaginian describing voyages. Its buildings were demolished, its laws, which had for eight hundred years governed all North Africa and brought peace and great material prosperity, were done away. Its army and people who were not killed were thoroughly conquered and the land was made a Roman province. So fertile was the soil that it soon became "the granary of Rome."

The very completeness of Scipio's destruction of Carthage has been the means of preserving many of the things of most value to us in our study of the life and religions of the ancient times. Carthage had three great cemeteries in close proximity to her great temples. Here her dead were buried in niches on both sides of galleries tunneled into the hills, much as the catacombs of Rome were made in after times. It is the religion of this people in which most interest centers. It was entirely different from the religions of Greece and Rome. It was Asiatic in origin and continued to the last essentially Oriental in character. It was the Baal worship of Tyre which Jezebel, the queen of Ahab, undertook to fasten on Israel in the days of Elijah. In essence it was the worship of the reproductive powers of nature under the symbols of the sun and moon as the male and female principles of life. It was both licentious and cruel, as all nature worship must be. It sacrificed its first-born children, especially if males, as the most valuable offering to its gods. When the Sicilians defeated its fleet in battle, two hundred of the choicest of the children of Carthage were sacrificed to Baal under the name of Moloch. They were thrown into the outstretched arms of the great image of brass, to fall into the flames below and be burned alive. The mothers were obliged to stand by and see it all, and shed no tears. There were priestesses as well as priests. What style of women could do such things? It is useless to search the writings of the Romans for an unbiased opinion of this people, for the Romans were their bitterest enemies. But the great cemeteries buried deep under the ruins of the city have kept the secret until a people have come who care and know how to read the signs. These gently-rounded hills, with grassy slopes and cultivated fields, show no remains of walls above ground, no masses of ruins. Yet the ruins served to build Tunis, Constantine, Algiers, Genoa, Pisa and Venice, for all in turn quarried them for building materials; but none disturbed the antique tombs in the depths of the hills below until the French established the "Protectorate of Tunisia" in 1880. Then monks under the leadership of Cardinal Lavigerie came, and in digging for foundations of the cathedral, they came on one of the ancient cemeteries and found the bodies and articles buried with them ages long past. These were carefully preserved and collected in their museum. It was by them that this "Punic priestess" was discovered.

Look into that face again, and I will tell you how one like her offered the last and supreme sacrifice to Moloch on this very spot. Scipio had defeated the Carthaginian army at every point. Hasdrubal, finding further resistance useless, had surrendered. Only the citadel still held out. It stood on this hill of the Byrsa and its ruins are underneath the Chapel of St. Louis and this museum. It contained the temple of Æsculapius, the principal shrine of the Punic religion. Standing on the slope of the hill below with the Roman general, Hasdrubal called upon his wife to surrender the citadel and save further loss of life. From the battlements she with her three children had watched the progress of the battle. Now, the whole populace and both armies watched her. She stood the highest woman of her line, the last priestess at the shrine of the ancient faith. Carthage was destroyed. Should she consent to the shame of walking captive with her children through the streets of Rome to save her life and theirs? She had commanded that the temple be set on fire. It was now a glowing furnace behind her. She heard the call and command of her husband. All was silent, save the crackling of the flames, listening for her answer. With face glowing and eyes aflame, but not from the heat of the burning temple, she called his name, but not in tones he had ever heard before. She called him coward and heaped upon him all the bitterness and wrath of a wounded lioness brought to bay and fighting for life. Surrender to Rome? Never! Turning, she called on Scipio and hurled at him fiercest hatred and defiance. Then seizing her eldest son in one long, passionate embrace, she swung him high and hurled him far into the depths of the burning temple, a sacrifice to her gods. A thrill of horror ran through the ranks of the army. But look! The second and the third by her own hands are thrown into the flames. With one last gesture of high triumph and defiance, she leaps after them.

I ask you, as Purdon our friend asked me when he pointed me to this portrait of the "Punic priestess," "Well, what do you think of her?" You do not answer. I did not expect you would. I know what you think. It was grandly heroic; but it was heathen, hopeless heroism. Of what might not such womanhood be capable if Christianized?

This is the story of the "Punic Priestess."

FLOOD SUFFERERS IN DIRE NEED

NEARLY 200,000 PEOPLE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD SENDS ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND STARTS A FUND

Landing Refugees and Rescued Live Stock at Vicksburg

Placing a Revetment to Strengthen the Levee Above New Orleans

ONLY last night another crevasse occurred, completing the circle of disaster on the west side of the Mississippi." There is deep pathos in this statement of Louisiana's governor, for it carries with it the picture of a stretch of America's most fertile and thickly settled South devastated by the floods, and nearly two hundred thousand people driven, homeless and many of them penniless, to places of safety where only the generosity of their countrymen and their government can avert the most appalling suffering. For three hundred and sixty miles the Mississippi has overflowed its banks, and a strip of country ranging from ten to one hundred and thirty miles in width lies under from four to twenty-seven feet of water. One of the late reports stated that by the tearing away of 1,400 feet of the south end of the Torras crevasse, a wall of water from eight to ten feet deep and nearly a half mile in width is being poured down upon the already overflowed areas of three parishes.

The rescue work among the marooned in the overflowed sections has been pushed as rapidly as possible and it is now believed that practically all have been brought to places of safety. The numbers in the concentration camps have been immensely swelled by those who were brought in from the territory between Natchez and New Orleans. It has been a cause of remark and great surprise that such large families have been found among the white refugees from the more isolated districts. One woman who passed through New Roads was accompanied by her family of sixteen children. Mothers with eight, nine and ten have been numerous, it is said, among the refugees from some of the northern parishes.

The work of rescue and of carrying rations and supplies to the concentration camps has now devolved entirely upon boats and improvised water craft. The flood relief train which has been bringing people from outlying districts was taken off on account of the flooding of its elevated tracks to such an extent that the engine fires could not be kept burning.

A few days of sunshine brought hope and good cheer to the desperate workers on the levees, but rain which followed and which with a forty-mile gale lashed the entire lower end of the river brought consternation in a great many places. At Baton Rouge and New Orleans the crest of the flood was so close to the tops of the levees that the wind actually blew the waves across the rampart and for a few hours the city streets were flooded to the depth of a few inches. No serious damage was done, however, and the work of relief is being actively carried on from those centers. The break to which Governor Sanders refers in his telegram added a great many more to the numbers of refugees who must be cared for. A New Orleans despatch stated on the following morning that approximately 60,000 persons were affected and that probably more than half of this number will be without homes until the flood waters find their way into the Gulf of Mexico in late June or early July. It is impossible in our short space to give the details of the despatches from all the districts, but here is one, a typical one, in the terse, blunt sentences of a newspaper reporter who is gathering his news at first hand:

"Another break 300 feet wide on Bayou des Glaizes occurred to-day, which puts the whole town of Moreauville under water. Practically the entire levee from Moreauville to Long Bridge has gone under. A few strips remain, but the water is rushing over them, and it is only a question of hours when a solid sheet of water five or six miles in width will be pouring into the fertile Bayou Jack and Bayou Choupique country. The country around Vidalia is rapidly filling up with water and that section is contributing vast numbers to the already crowded refugee camps. Word reached New Roads this morning that those marooned at Batchelor are looting the houses and stores to secure food."

Although the citizens of Louisiana are making desperate efforts to save their capital and their most important commercial city, the situation throughout the agricultural sections is admitted to be desperate. In the concentration camps thousands who escaped from their homes very scantily clad are without sufficient clothing. The government rations include no allowance for medical attention, and although the State itself is doing its utmost to relieve the distress, outside aid is an absolute necessity. The need of medical aid is sure to become more and more pressing as the flood abates under the hot early summer sun and the new menace which has come to light is more in evidence. This new danger is that of disease from the carcases of drowned live stock which have floated into the back waters of the flood and which, as yet, it is impossible to bury or burn.

In anticipation of the gifts of its subscribers and in view of the urgent need THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already forwarded $1,000 to Governor Sanders, whose telegram of thanks appears on another page of this issue.

All offerings for the relief of the flood sufferers should be addressed to the FLOOD FUND, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Contributions already acknowledged	$359.00
——, Elkview, Pa.	1.00
"A Friend," Millville, Mass.	2.00
H. B. Angle	2.00
Mary S. Dickson	5.00

A Prosperous Plantation, Four to Thirty Feet Under Water After the Break

A Crowd of Refugees Being Taken to a Place of Safety by a Barge

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly by "The Christian Herald," at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, 6th and 9th Sts., New York City. The officers are: Otto Koenig, President and Treasurer, Bible House, N.Y.City; Geo. H. Sandison, Vice-President, Bible House, N. Y. City; Theodore Waters, Secretary, Bible House, N.Y. City.

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Louisiana's Great Need

Baton Rouge, La., May 15, 1912.
CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

In accordance with your telegram I have authorized draft by J. E. Edmonds, Secretary Relief Committee, in favor of L. J. Ricaus, Treasurer Relief Committee, through Louisiana National Bank.

The people of Louisiana are deeply appreciative of your prompt and generous aid to us in our time of distress. Only last night, another crevasse occurred, completing the circle of disaster on the west side of the Mississippi.

Louisiana is deeply touched by the thoughtfulness for her and her needs on the part of The Christian Herald and its subscribers.

J. Y. SANDERS,
Governor of Louisiana.

This acknowledgment of the first remittance of $1,000 sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in anticipation of contributions, will serve to remind our readers of the urgent need of our Southern brothers and sisters along the flooded Mississippi Valley. Don't wait one day longer, but send your offering to-day to the Flood Fund, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Remember, every dollar may save a life. We wish all of our readers to share in this relief work at home. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

"Decoration Day"

IT IS hard to break old habits. All the American people, except the newest youngsters, have said "Decoration Day" for so long that it is impossible for them to say "Memorial Day" without stopping first, and translating the old term into the new. Perhaps "Memorial Day" is a more beautiful name, and a name whose appropriateness to the occasion is more easily and quickly seen. But "Decoration Day" was a good term, too. How memories of sweet old times come flocking to the heart when we say it, and think of it! What visions rise of sweet flowers and sweet faces mingled with glimpses of blue coats and black slouch hats with brave gold braid; what strains float through the years from the horns and drums of the old band, and from the tongues of the village choir gathered with the little organ upon the speaker's stand; what echoes from earnest speech under the blue sky, above the swelling graves where lie the wearied, broken bodies of the men who dared death to save our land, graves that seem lonely for most of the year, but on this day burst into bloom and become drenched with summer fragrances!

. . .

DECORATION DAY! How wasted fingers of sad soldier widows, how fairy fingers of soldier's great-grandchildren lay blossoms on the turf and think of the brave men buried there! How the tears steal out upon the faces of the lonely wives, thinking of the dreadful war days, and of that darkest hour of all when word came that the soldier husband's heart had been stilled by the bullet's rush! How baby faces smile up at grandmother's tears, seeing only the flowers, and remembering only that grandfather was the bravest man in the world! How the living comrades march, with steps less steady every year, to honor the comrades dead; how they stand amid the fragrance and the music and the words of homage, remembering the horrors of trench and camp and siege and charge! How the bands will play again, while old men and old women remember the time when the words were full of heartbreak:

> Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
> Waiting for the war to cease;
> Many are the hearts looking for the right
> To see the dawn of peace.

. . .

DECORATION DAY! Like so many other great days of the year it ought to be remembered not only once a year, but on many another day. Is there anything else we may decorate except their graves? Let us see. Paul has a remarkable phrase in his letter to Titus that goes like this: "that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." What could possibly be more beautiful, more perfectly beautiful, than "the doctrine of God our Saviour"? Yet Paul suggests that certain Christians, meaning of course all Christians, adorn that doctrine, that is, make it still more beautiful. This sounds impossible, but it can be done. The doctrine of our Saviour is meant for men; it is a plan for men. When it has swept into the soul of a man, filling him with glory, then that man adorns the doctrine. And his daily task is to keep on making more and more beautiful, by his life and words, the doctrine which found and saved him. Is there not a hint here of a way in which we may all decorate the memory of the brave men who went forward toward duty, even when duty meant death? We adorn their graves on Memorial Day; may we not adorn their memories every day by trying to live worthily of them? Our tender reverence for them is a beautiful thing; but we can make it more beautiful by not forgetting during the other days, and by trying, because of our reverence for them, to bear our small burdens bravely as they bore their great ones, by meeting life gladly and victoriously every day, as they met death.

. . .

WHEN the last wreath has been laid down, the last song sung, the last rank of uniformed men dismissed, then begins the real test which will show whether we are to be worthy or unworthy of the great heritage these heroes left us.

> The tumult and the shouting dies;
> The captains and the kings depart;
> Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget.

President Taft's View of the Case

PRESIDENT TAFT has issued a statement to the press, in which he makes the charge that his political enemies have conspired to misrepresent his attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church and to accuse him of undue favoritism. He is pained that his acts should have received the interpretation that has been put upon them by various denominational bodies, notably the Methodist General Conference at Minneapolis, the Protestant Episcopal Diocese at Washington, the Washington Ministerial Conference, the Lutheran Synods, the Home Missions Council of New York and similar organizations, which have criticized his course in suspending the order of Commissioner Valentine of the Indian Bureau for the discontinuance of Catholic garb, emblems and regalia in the Indian schools.

Mr. Taft's explanation of his action in this particular case is that he desired to give the Catholic teachers "a full hearing," and to let the question be ruled upon by the Secretary of the Interior. The constitutionality of Commissioner Valentine's act was never questioned. In rescinding the commissioner's order in the face of protests from the various Protestant denominations, the President took what seemed to logical minds to be the most direct method of inviting the public criticism of which he now so strongly complains, yet he now declares: "I have unduly favored no church, but have treated all with absolute impartiality."

There are other matters touched upon in the President's statement, which appears in full in another column. He declares that in the Philippines, in the War Department, and as Chief Executive, he has always tried "to encourage every church as far as possible when this did not involve invidious distinctions, and did not depart from the rule which separates our State from official relations to all churches." He recalls his conference with Pope Leo XIII. in 1902, which resulted in the settlement of the Friar Lands dispute, and he also refers to his recent letter to introduce Major Butt to the present Pope, which, he explains, was a simple letter of introduction and no more. A Marconigram from Rome, dated March 21, which was printed in the New York *Sun* of March 22, stated that Major Butt presented the President's letter to the Pope, in which Mr. Taft thanked "the Pontiff for the creation of three new American cardinals. The President wrote that this action was acceptable to Americans, irrespective of their faith, as Catholicism contributes to the welfare of the country." Mr. Taft's explanation, however, specifically denies this, and he is entitled to be heard, with his own version of these matters.

Unquestionably, the pronounced attitude of the Roman Catholic Church leaders and press in the United States has been largely to blame for Mr. Taft's uncomfortable dilemma. But if there had been no coquetting with Rome, would these publications have openly boasted of the church's growing political influence; of its powerful friends in the "high places" of the nation; of the "royal precedence" due to its cardinals at official functions, and of the church's ultimate supremacy in this country? If a way had not been opened, would these journals have declared so confidently that Catholics must wield their votes to secure the church's ascendency in the nation, and that legislation, education, public opinion and the press must be governed to that end? It was foolish vaunting, calculated to excite a storm if they were not sure enough of their ground to make the venture.

Long before a single Protestant body took action, this dangerous boasting was going on unchecked. As for the Protestant press, it has been singularly free from any discussion of the subject, although it is one that strikes at the root of all that Americans hold dear, and which justifies the fullest and freest criticism. Somebody has been playing with fire, or there would have been no conflagration. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regards the whole issue as one which, unless some one—statesman or politician—had been more than indiscreet, need never have been raised in a land where church and state must forever be distinct and separate, and where all are guaranteed absolute freedom of religion.

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Campaign Endearments

POPULAR interest is kept constantly keyed up to the point of intensity by the rapid-fire movements of the various candidates in the presidential canvass. State after State is invaded, and as quickly as one candidate blazes a trail, the others are close on his heels. This applies equally to both the leading political parties. The one "fly in the ointment," which detracts somewhat from the picturesqueness of the struggle, is the superabundance of personalities. These have played an unusually prominent part in the campaign, East and West. When the air is filled with such choice epithets as "falsifier," "demagogue," "flatterer," "egotist," "friend of the bosses," "honeyfugler," "puzzlewit," "neurotic" and similar terms of political endearment, dropped from the lips of men who might be expected rather to lend dignity and deportment to the public platform thoughtful Americans may be forgiven a blush for our latter-day statesmanship, which seems to have lost sight of the old-fashioned eloquence that could be witty without abuse, and could carry conviction by arguments free from the sting of personalities.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

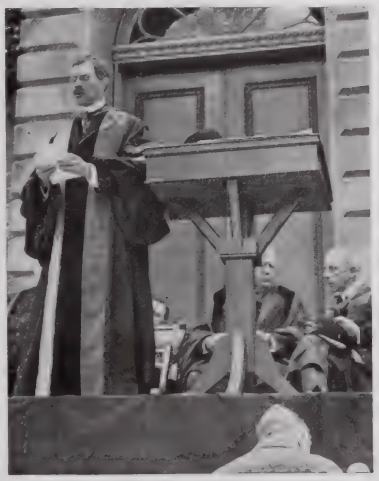
Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Princeton's President Inaugurated

DR. JOHN GRIER HIBBEN was inaugurated as president of Princeton University on May 11 before a large and distinguished audience with the most imposing ceremonies ever witnessed at Princeton. President Taft and Chief Justice White were present to receive the degree of LL.D. conferred by Princeton, and eighty-two heads of colleges and universities in the country were in the distinguished procession of the inaugural. Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke read the Scripture lesson and offered prayer. The oath of office was administered by Justice Mahlon Pitney of the Supreme Court of the United States. The subject of President Hibben's inaugural address was "The Essentials of a Liberal Education," and stood for an arbitrary curriculum rather than an elective course of study. This was the heart of his message: "We believe, moreover, that the best preparation for the freedom of the life of reason is that group of studies whose very nature tends to the training of the powers of the mind, developing in a man both capability and resource, and at the same time giving him a knowledge of himself and of the world in which he lives. To see, to think, to feel, and to remain dumb withal—is any bondage more intolerable?" There were four thousand persons seated and two thousand standing during the impressive ceremonies. Dr. Hibben is a graduate of Princeton, and for twenty-one years has been a member of the faculty there. He is the idol of the students and well known to the men who elected him. The song sung by the students around the half-buried cannon in the campus voiced the joyous spirit of the six thousand people there. It was this:

Tune every heart and every voice,
Bid every care withdraw.
Let all with one accord rejoice
In praise of old Nassau.

In praise of old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Her sons shall give while they shall live
Three cheers for old Nassau!



President Hibben Making His Inaugural Address

A Section of the Great Academic Crowd That Attended the Ceremonies at Princeton

What task more important or honorable than the one committed to the new president, and what wish could be more desirable than that Princeton should continue to pursue its high educational and moral standards and accomplish its glorious results? Paul refers to his college education and his gratitude to his distinguished instructor in these words:

I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers. (Acts 22: 3.)

Gives Blood in Vain

THE Rev. Harold M. Ryder, pastor of the Methodist Church at Bay Shore, Long Island, was taken to the Seney Hospital in Brooklyn the other day, and the surgeon decided that an operation was necessary. It was performed, and a speedy recovery was expected. But the patient began to sink, and a transfusion of blood was decided upon as a last desperate resort. Be it said to the honor of the women that twenty-five nurses on the staff at the hospital offered to open their veins to save the life of the true man of God. A healthy girl of eighteen years was selected and she fainted under the ordeal, and it took a week or more to restore her vitality. But her heroism failed its purpose, for soon after the transfusion Mr. Ryder died. The Christly life of the minister was matched by the devoted service of the nurse, and all in imitation of Him who shed his blood that we might live. When there is this spiritual transfusion, death can never result; there must always be life.

In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. (Eph. 1: 7.)

American Buys Irish Village

WHILE on a visit to Ireland, Michael J. O'Connor, a business man of New York City, bought at auction recently the estate of Drumheirney House and its two hundred and eighteen acres. The purchase puts the village of Leitrim, which has eight hundred inhabitants, and its environments in Mr. O'Connor's possession, and gratifies an ambition he had cherished since boyhood. Tile-making was the ancient industry of Leitrim, but fifty years ago the owners closed them. It is Mr. O'Connor's intention to open up the old works again and give employment to one-fourth of all the inhabitants of the village. Leitrim is the birthplace of Mr. O'Connor. He left it when twenty years of age. On doing so he determined that if he should prosper in business in America he would return and buy the estate of Drumheirney with its precious memories and practical opportunities. What a divine faculty it is to look into the future and see the things that are to be! What a wide and glorious universe it opens to mortals! The vision of the poor Irish emigrant looking at himself the owner of the old estate is in harmony with the prophecy:

And your young men shall see visions. (Acts 2: 17.)

Rich Platinum Deposits Discovered

PLATINUM deposits said to be worth more than $300,000 have been located in a section of the Grand Canyon in Arizona by several Philadelphians. They contemplate building an experimental plant for the reduction of the metal. The owner of the 800-acre tract where the deposits have been found took samples to Berlin, Paris, London and St. Petersburg to be analyzed. The chemists finally decided that although they believed the ore contained a quantity of platinum, besides iridium, rhodium, ruthenium, asmium and palladium, the metals could not be separated except at tremendous cost. The promoters have found an American chemist who claims to have made a recent discovery by which he can separate the metals of this platinum field at a cost that will be entirely reasonable. How prodigal God has been in his dealings with men in storing away the precious metals in the mountains as a treasure for his children! Moses refers to the value of native ores in the land promised:

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. (Deut. 8: 9.)

King George Decorates Prisoner

IT IS a rare thing to go to the criminal ranks to bestow honors. But King George of England did this when he awarded the Albert life-saving medal to an aboriginal Australian prisoner called "Neighbor." A trooper was leading "Neighbor" by a neck chain. While crossing a swollen stream the trooper's horse threw him into the water and kicked him in the face. The swift current was carrying the trooper to his death when the prisoner, scorning the opportunity to escape, risked his own life and barely saved it in his successful attempt to rescue his captor. For this heroism the king bestowed upon him a highly coveted decoration. There is no one so good that some streak of weakness cannot be found in him, and no one so bad that there is not some spark of goodness liable to be fanned into a flame by circumstances. The prisoner, in forgetting his own life, in throwing it away to save the life of another, found the life and the reward that belong to self-sacrificing service for others. What a sermon to Christian men and women this heroic criminal preached on labor for the salvation of others! What a repreaching of Christ's words:

Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. (Matt. 16: 25.)

Boy Pokes Third Rail

PETER YANARIO, aged fourteen, and Sylvester Garfello, aged fifteen, of New York City, were returning from a swim when Peter found a piece of copper wire, and in crossing the New York Central Railroad track concluded he would have some fun with the third rail. He began poking the wooden guards that cover three sides of the rail. There were no results. "That's funny," he exclaimed; "I guess I didn't hit the right spot." Then he thrust the wire underneath the rail. There was a flash of blue flame that ran along the wire and enveloped the boy, who shrieked in pain. The flame hissed and sputtered and set fire to his clothes. Another moment and his hair and eyebrows had been burned off. He tried to drop the wire, but couldn't. He tried to pull it from the rail, but it seemed soldered on. More than 11,000 volts of electricity were passed through the wire, which was at white heat. His clothes were nearly all burned off. His companion tried to pull him away, but fell to the ground with the shock. The brave little fellow wrapped the coat he had around his friend's head and pulled him loose. Fortunately it was a rubber coat. The burning boy ran a half mile and fainted. He was carried to a hospital where the surgeon said he had not one chance in a thousand for recovery. The boy knew there was something strange, even dangerous, about that third rail, and yet he was venturesome, like many boys, and took the risk, with the fearful consequences. What a type of the multitude of boys, and older persons as well, who trifle with moral dangers, not realizing the fearful consequences that are likely to follow! These tragedies of life suggest the question:

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? (Prov. 6: 27.)

THE NEW PONY EXPRESS

A STORY OF BOYS, PONIES AND PAPERS

Pony Boy

TRY to think of the quintessence of joy. Doesn't a small boy riding a Shetland pony away from the freight-house to his father's barn come pretty near to being that?

It's not so long ago, either, but that you can remember with fair accuracy what it would be like to-day. You know where the freight-house stood, alongside the track, across the road from the station. You remember how the milk-cans used to stand there, and how gaily they rattled when the farmers rolled them, empty, into the waiting wagons. You remember the long, dusty road back toward the village, and father's house, halfway, with the old barn behind it. A boy, and a barn, and a horse of his own! There you have it.

The old hamlets are smart suburban villages now; the colts are ponies; but boyhood has not changed. And you see how it is. A three-year-old colt, or a five-year-old, was rather too delicate and uncertain a bit of mechanism to put into the hands of a boy. So you probably had to wait fairly long before you had a real flesh and blood horse of your own. But a Shetland pony—he's a real horse, and infinitely wiser than a colt, so he can be put into a boy's hands with safety to both—and there you are.

One of the interesting things about social and commercial progress is that forces which have long been in existence are newly discovered, or are discovered to have practical values formerly unknown. Electricity loafed around the clouds for centuries doing nothing for man except to frighten and occasionally maim or kill him, till Franklin sent up his kite and made practical and helpful connections. The great powers of democracy lay idle till Cromwell and Voltaire and Jefferson and others, among them our same friend Franklin, felt and saw the trustworthiness of the people's power and began to show them how to apply it in self-government.

Now here are these millions of boys and their boundless vigor; here is their love of possessing something of their own; here is their love of horseflesh; here is their love of a free road and a canter out toward the sky-line; here, browsing and waiting, are the Shetland ponies. Some dynamic there, if it can be attached to anything that would like to be pulled!

So the "pony contests" began. Here were the presses roaring out the editions of weeklies and monthlies; here were the editors collecting and creating material; here were the advertising men filling columns and pages with good advice about what to buy; here were people by the million insisting upon having something to read, and not knowing what to choose among so many offerings. Then arrived the "pony man." He said: "I've got the goods, and I'll show them. It's my paper they want, and if they would only look at it they'd know it. And the people to make them try it are the boys. It's out-door work, and it's half fun, and it won't interfere with their studies or their chores. And they'll work for me like all creation if I make a pony the prize. It will teach them something about business, and it will boom my paper. So here goes!"

And it did go. But after all that's another story. What you are interested in is not what it is doing for the paper and for the people who want the paper, but for the boys.

Now here's Fred Bush, the first boy to win a CHRISTIAN HERALD pony. These two letters from him are worth reading:

I am writing to tell you how I set about to win the Pony Outfit. As soon as I got my papers I would examine the contents so I could tell my customers what the pages contained. Then I would start on my rounds and miss no one; as our town is small, I could not afford to let one pass. I go to school every day, so you see I had to hustle in order to keep my standing and at the same time keep my lessons to the front. Hoping this will be of some help to other boys, I will close by wishing you every success with your valuable paper.

Yours truly,
FRED BUSH.

"Pals"

At last we come to the quintessence of joy:

I received the pony yesterday. He is certainly a lovely one, and I am very proud of him. He is very quiet. I think I have sold more Christian papers in this community than were ever sold before. I am sometimes surprised myself at the number of papers I sold. I think the pony was viewed by nearly 300 on its arrival, and all claim he is a beauty.

This next letter is apt to make your eyes misty. You understand, of course, that many other prizes are offered besides ponies. That is the ultimate goal. This letter is from Paul H. Bogardus, in answer to a telegram announcing that he had won a gold watch. It is reproduced, spelling and all. It would be sacrilege to attempt to edit it.

506 South Main St.

Gentlemen—

DEAR SIRS; I have received the night lettergram. Do I understand I have won a watch? If so will you please have engraved on it V. Hudson Bogardus and mail to the Methodist Hospital at 7th Ave and 6th St. Brooklyn N. Y.

I want to give it to my brother who is undergoing an operation there. Thanking you in advance, I am

yours Truly
PAUL H. BOGARDUS.

P. S.—If I have one this watch I am going to make a d for the Pony.

Prize Boy

A pony prize is won every month. The boys ha the opportunity, when they have won the prize, choosing whether they want it in the shape of a po or a check for a hundred dollars.

In the "pony man's" mail are found many de cious bits of boy philosophy and boy phraseology:

Enclosed find order. I forgot to send my remittance.

Here is one somewhat hard to interpret at fir blush, but which becomes instantly translucent one slips in a "y" at the beginning of the last wor

One of my customers wants to no would you give me a thing if he took it by the ear.

And so they go:

What number am I in the pony race. I went out Saturd and sold every one in less than half an hour. I am getting alo fine.

Of course all business careers have their days minutes of dire discouragement. For instance:

I am sorry but one of my customers quit to-day. I am havi tuff luck, so I enclose 15c in stamps for next week copies. copies.

The next is from a boy who must stand well his language exercises, though he wants it distinct understood that he is no mollycoddle. We'll ta his word for it, if for nothing else than because spells at least one word wrong; in fact, spells wrong twice.

Now don't think I am a mollycoddle if I tell you, becaus am going to tell you all the same, what I like best about t pin. It is this, it keeps saying to me all the time, "You m good, you made good," and that is a pretty good thing to ringing in a fellow's ears while he is getting his lessons a doing the chores. I like the work just fine, thank you, an thank my lucky stars for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It s alright, alright; my copies go like hot cakes, and I am v sincerely yours

Boys living in small towns have just as good chance, thanks to the fairness and ingenuity of t "pony man," as those living in cities. Besides t prizes won, the boys make a weekly income fr their sales. Hundreds of them have already open bank accounts with their earnings.

Besides Fred Bush, Harold Cahil, Henry A. Cru bling and Percy Huffman ha won first prizes, while some fif young chaps are wearing g watches as a result of their labo and base ball outfits and oth treasures have flooded "Boyvill and added to the joy of nations.

Pleasure and Business

"Hurrah!"

Bicycle Squad Leader

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

MORE than usually interesting has been the contest over List No. 4 in our Bible Study Series. And it is only just to our readers to admit that they have been more than ordinarily successful with the questions, as the large number of correct answers shows.

Readers of all ages are participants in the Bible Study Course. Mrs. D. A. J., of Lewiston, Me., writes: "I am eighty-one years old and have been many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I think this latest new feature one of the best." Another, Mrs. J. T. D., West Winfield, N. Y., is seventy-six, and has read the paper twenty-five years. Mrs. H. F., Walnut, Ill., is another "mother in Israel" who finds time to solve the Bible Questions, and who does it well, too. But there are many young folks in the Study Classes, showing that the youthful students are as eager as their elders in acquiring knowledge of God's Word.

R. L., Crisfield, Md., writes: "I have had the pleasure for some years of reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have noticed with interest your late introduction of a system of monthly Bible Questions, for the testing and developing of the Bible knowledge of your readers. It is certain to prove beneficial to the participants, and perhaps to readers generally." "I am becoming more and more interested and am glad I joined the class," writes Mrs. C. A. S., Bridgewater, Mass. "A splendid idea in your giving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family of readers a chance to become more acquainted with the Word of God, which is sadly neglected in many instances," writes Miss R. E. L., Pasadena, Calif. "It is a splendid way to teach the Bible," writes J. D. T., Pollock, S. D., "and I am glad your readers are taking so much interest in it."

Many of those who are represented in this week's list of answers are contributors to the Question Class for the first time. We hope that the number will go on increasing from week to week.

Correct Answers to List No. 4

1. What victorious warrior was condemned to die because he ate a little honey? Ans. Jonathan, 1. Sam. 14: 24, 27, 43, 44.

2. Where is the first mention of dining at noon? Ans. Gen. 43: 16.

3. What young woman, by her civility to a stranger, secured a very desirable husband? Ans. Rebekah, Gen. 24: 16-51.

4. Who first promised to give a tenth of all his income to the Lord? Ans. Jacob, Gen. 28: 22.

5. Where is the exact count of a catch of fish given? John 21: 11.

6. What did Christ seem to fear he should not find when he returned to earth? Faith, Luke 18: 8.

7. Where did some one who had died meet a living man and change the whole course of his life? Acts 9: 3-18. Jesus meeting Saul on the road to Damascus. Also related in Acts 26 and Acts 22.

8. What pedestrian caused a man who was riding to continue his journey in a happier frame of mind? Ans. Philip, Acts 8: 26-39.

9. In what verse is the entire Gospel put into eleven words? Ans. Acts 16: 31. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

10. Mention three passages which emphasize the necessity of the new birth. Ans. John 3: 3; John 3: 7; Gal. 6: 15, or John 3: 5.

11. In what two passages are we told of the wisdom of winning souls and of the reward of the soul-winner? Prov. 11: 30; Dan. 12: 3 (or James 5: 20).

12. Paul gives a list of nine good things all may possess, and of eight kinds of things that are good to think about; Peter also mentions eight good things which we should all try to obtain. Repeat these lists and tell where they are found. Ans. Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith (or faithfulness), meekness, temperance (or self-control). Gal. 5: 22-23. Things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, virtue, praise. Phil. 4: 8. Faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, charity (or love). II. Pet. 1: 5-7.

Honor Roll List No. 4

The following 80 answered all 12 questions correctly:

Mrs. Fannie M. Abbott, Mrs. J. A. Ainslie, Nannie Bickerdike, Nellie M. Blanchard, E. B. Burrill, G. Frank Burns, Mrs. M. W. Barr, Lucy B. Crum, Mrs. E. V. Clark, Mrs. E. D. M. Case, Mrs. Luman Carl, Z. F. Casterline, Una Corner, Mrs. Kate Clark, Annie S. Dyer, Mrs. Sarah Eberhart, Mary J. Elmon, Mrs. N. E. Emmons, Wm. Eason, Mrs. J. W. Floyd, Mrs. Eliza J. Fuller, M. Etta Fiske, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Flora French, Mary Fitzgerald, Harley L. Graham, Charles Guest, Mrs. Annie M. Grover, Lillian I. Green, Mrs. B. Grimshan, J. F. Hannay, Miss M. J. Harvey, Mrs. Emily H. Harrington, Geo. E. Halden, Mrs. Hugh J. Hughes, Mrs. J. P. Hubert, Mrs. Edith Hupert, Kate A. Jackson, Mrs. Mary Davis Jones, Alda M. Johnson, Helen M. Jones, Miss Esther Jaquith, Mrs. J. A. Koontz, Mrs. Nancy R. King, Mrs. L. Ker, E. M. King, Nellie M. Lippert, Mrs. A. Lobdell, Kate Lipscomb, N. K. McLeod, Mrs. J. M. Masten, Miss M. E. Miller, Michael Murray, Ellen Morrison, Mrs. J. A. Martin, George McLachan, W. D. Moore, C. G. Nelson, Miss J. A. Packard, Mrs. Wm. Peabody, Samuel Peter, Mrs. M. Perry, Mrs. Addie Perrue, Emily S. Robinson, Mrs. N. Reynolds, Nellie G. Smith, Mrs. Nancy D. Stotler, J. P. Street, Mrs. Amanda R. Starks, Lucy A. Stebbins, Mrs. H. J. Tabur, Julia Thomas, Eugene A. Walker, Mrs. J. G. Woodman, James Wilson, Julia E. Wilson, L. M. West, Mrs. E. D. Ward, the Frazee Family, a Subscriber.

The following 52 answered 11½ questions correctly:

A. N. Allen, Miss Maud F. Brackett, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, Mrs. Luanna Baldwin, N. Miriam Condl, Mrs. M. E. Coupland, Mrs. Alma Culver, Mrs. Marion A. Clark, Mrs. L. M. Clyburn, Mrs. Isaac F. Cappock, Jennie Cunningham, Mrs. L. G. Chamberlin, John Erickson, Mrs. E. L. Ebbert, Mrs. C. K. Elliott, Martha Fletcher, Mrs. A. H. Frisbee, Mrs. W. A. Ferris, Ruth K. Gaylord, Ruth Griffeth, Mary Graham, Mrs. Susan A. Glover, Marion F. Grinnell, Mrs. F. M. Gainfort, Lucetta E. Hughes, Nina Hammond, Mrs. Percy W. Holmes, Esther D. Jones, E. W. Johnson, Altie E. Kemble, Mrs. F. M. Mosely, Mrs. E. R. Millard, Mrs. E. J. Merrill, Mrs. J. T. Mizelle, Mrs. Mary L. Moor, Mrs. George K. Perrin, Miss Flossie Patton, Mrs. James Robertson, Mrs. J. Remsberg, Mrs. A. S. Ross, Fred Rowe, Mrs. D. A. Rogers, Mrs. E. H. Roberts, Bessie Snow, Mrs. H. M. Shelton, W. G. Shirey, Ellen Simkin, Mrs. P. L. Saunders, Mrs. Mamie Van Pelt, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, Mrs. J. F. Woodruff, Mrs. E. J. Bassett.

The following 99 answered 11 questions correctly:

I. H. Archibald, M. J. Archibald, Blanche Allen, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, S. J. Black, Mrs. H. H. Barrows, Annie Boonman, A. J. Bristow, Theophilus Bauer, Mae Boyer, Lawrence A. Brooks, Mrs. E. M. Close, Harriet N. Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Camp, Winnifred E. Cairns, Mrs. R. Cance, Henrietta W. Condit, Harriet Crocker, Annie Currie, Geo. Crosby, Mrs. Nettie Dymond, Harriet M. Dobbin, Mrs. Arthur Du Bois, W. K. Desh, Adelaide W. De Revore, O. D. Davis, I. Dalgleish, R. R. Dankel, Mrs. Nell Davis, Mary A. Diament, Sadie L. Dawson, Mrs. C. A. Denton, Mrs. N. A. Dunn, Mrs. W. J. Evans, Mrs. Wm. Findlay, Mrs. A. P. Fassett, William H. Griffing, Mrs. R. B. Gibson, David Gladstone, Mrs. R. H. Hazlett, Edna Harman, Mrs. W. C. Henderson, Bertha Hutchings, Mrs. F. H. Hall, B. Hamilton, Jennie E. W. Howell, L. L. Hoyt, Mrs. Zoda Hackwell, Mrs. M. B. Irwin, Mrs. J. B. Jordan, M. E. Jeffery, Ruby C. Kilgrone, Mrs. T. Kerniek, G. M. D. King, Flora W. Leonard, Mrs. M. N. Lee, Minnie Lohr, Mrs. Viola Lockhead, Robert Livingston, H. C. Leake, Elizabeth N. Low, Miss S. E. Lyle, Mrs. C. M. Lockhart, Mrs. F. H. Meadsher, A. L. Mossman, Ann McCune, Mrs. E. E. Mansfield, S. J. McQuaid, Myrtle McKinnon, J. M. McMillen, Mary Norris, David T. Newsom, Mrs. Frank Orcutt, Samuel O'Hara, Mrs. Anna M. Pickford, Mrs. L. A. Plummer, Joseph A. Payne, Mrs. Thomas I. Rogers, Mrs. A. C. Rhodes, Joel D. Rice, Mrs. J. Sutton, Mrs. M. H. Schryver, Lucy Searing, Anna M. Smith, Ida Shields, Mrs. Alonzo Sedgwick, Mrs. Mark Scribner, Mrs. Isabella Smith, A. Lucetta Sherman, Mrs. A. W. Stockwell, Mrs. C. R. Stone, Mrs. D. G. Shumway, Emma R. Vail, Mrs. F. T. Wallace, J. Warrenfelt, Ren Williams, No Signature (from Helmer, Ind.), Mrs. S. L. T. (from New York), Mrs. Susan M. Baker, Mrs. Mary Andrews.

Ninety-two answered 10½ questions correctly; 93 answered 10; 64 answered 9½; 43 answered 9; 35 answered 8½; 24 answered 8; 14 answered 7½; 7 answered 7; 8 answered 6½; 7 answered 6; 4 answered 5½; 3 answered 5; 2 answered 4; 1 answered 3; and 1 answered 2.

New Question List No. 5

1. To whom was the title of prophet first applied?
2. Where is the first mention of thread in the Bible?
3. In what two Epistles does Paul present his great argument for the superiority of faith over law as a means of salvation?
4. What town did Jesus make the headquarters of his work during the first months of his public ministry?
5. Whose daughters were to be made cooks, confectioners and bakers?
6. Where are "wise ladies" mentioned in the Bible?
7. How many deacons were appointed by the apostles?
8. On what two occasions did Christ receive the assistance of angels?
9. How many times did Christ cleanse the Temple?
10. What is the shortest song in the Bible?
11. What did Moses pray for before his death?
12. Who said "Who is on the Lord's side?" and when?

All answers should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Question Class within two weeks after the questions appear.

MR. TAFT EXPLAINS ABOUT ROME

A Statement Issued by the President on Monday, May 13

"AMONG the insidious methods of attack pursued by some against me is the attempt to arouse religious prejudice on the charge that I am in some manner unduly favoring the Roman Catholic Church.

"It has been my official purpose, first, as the Governor General of the Philippines; second, as Secretary of War, and, third, as President, to encourage every church as far as possible where this does not involve invidious distinctions and does not depart from the rule which separates our state from official relations to all churches. I have unduly favored no church, but have treated them all with absolute impartiality.

"In 1902 I visited Rome and conferred with Pope Leo XIII in an attempt to settle the friar land controversy which had arisen in the Philippines while I was Governor-General, and after a time I succeeded in doing so.

"When last March my aid, Major Butt, set out on a trip solely for his health and proposed to visit Rome, he asked me for a letter of introduction to the present Pope that he might have the privilege of an audience, and I gave him such a letter. The letter contained nothing but a statement of who Major Butt was and an expression of the hope that he might have the honor of being received.

"The only note or letter from the Pope or any representative of his in answer to this letter of introduction which I have received is a cablegram of condolence for all concerned sent by Cardinal Merry del Val by direction of the Pope at the time of the *Titanic* disaster, and making an inquiry as to the fate of Major Butt, to which I replied expressing my thanks and giving the fact.

"The letter introducing Major Butt contained no reference to the recent appointment of American cardinals and no comment on or reference to the Catholic Church, or any matter relating to it.

"The stories circulating that I have made any inquiry or taken anywhere at any time any part or manifested any interest in questions of social precedence of the recently appointed cardinals are wholly without foundation.

"The evidence that there is a conspiracy for the purpose of arousing religious prejudice against me is shown by the fact that at the instance of some one unknown to me, it was reported in a great many very respectable newspapers that I sent a message of welcome and congratulation to the newly appointed Apostolic Delegate by wireless to the incoming steamer which was bearing him to New York.

"No such message was sent by me or any one by my authority. A denial of the published report was issued from the White House, but the denial has obtained no publicity.

"The statement that I suspended an order made by the Indian Commissioner, affecting the garb of the teachers in certain Indian schools which have been transferred from the Catholic Church to the Government, is true. I did this for the reason that the commissioner had issued the order after consulting with the Secretary of the Interior and without awaiting his conclusions. The propriety of the order has now been made the subject of an open, free discussion by all the parties in interest, and the decision of the Secretary of the Interior will soon be handed down.

"I say nothing of the merits of the controversy except that the order reversed a condition which has existed for years and affected thirty or forty teachers, who as nuns had been long before my time incorporated in the service of the government, and who would be, in effect, expelled from that service by the order should it prevail. They were, therefore, entitled to a full hearing."

Routing Mexico's Rebels

—GENERAL OROZCO, leader of the revolutionary forces in Mexico, has received some severe defeats recently. On May 10, it is claimed, General Huerta, the Federal commander, completely routed the advance guard of the rebel army near Torreon, killing ninety and leaving many wounded. The insurrectos, it is said, were completely repulsed and put to flight and General Villa was sent after them with a troop of cavalry. A few days later, Orozco lost the battle before Conejos. He would not state the number killed and wounded, but it is surmised his loss here must have been severe. He had sent two of his generals, Campa and Artugumedo, with 2,500 men round to the west of Conejos and it is believed the Federal general Teiler engaged them and cut off their retreat. Latest despatches state that Orozco has now taken up his position in the rear of Rellano, a locality considered almost impregnable by the insurrectos, but there is little doubt he will soon be dislodged, as the government troops are mobilizing for an attack.

CHINA COMING INTO THE LIGHT

LETTERS from Christian missionaries in China are filled with news of the encouraging Gospel outlook. Since the inauguration of the republic, a new situation has been created, which promises to afford greater opportunities than at any previous time for the spread of the Gospel.

Rev. Z. Charles Beals of Wuhu, a well-known missionary, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Those who are acquainted with the great mission fields and their needs know that the greatest need of all is good, efficient native workers. They also know how hard it is to fill that need. Trained evangelists, teachers or medical workers are in great demand, and each denomination has to train its own men. To this end Bible schools are built, where they prepare and send out men and women fitted to become spiritual and intellectual leaders to their own people. Some societies have regular theological colleges, while others have Bible schools similar to those in the homeland. In the first, the student has to spend from five to six years in preparation, while in the Bible schools a bright young man of fairly good education can do efficient work after two or three years' preparation.

"Feeling the great need of these trained workers, we were led two years ago to start with the training of a class of young men. We had a native building of five rooms, and sixteen bright young men, so with this small beginning we started our school. From the first a great deal of attention was paid to the study of the Bible. During the first year, both a Y. M. C. A. and a Christian Endeavor Society were started, which have proved a source of great blessing to the students. The next term we started in with over forty boys, while now we have over eighty, and could have had many more if accommodations had been sufficiently large. To be sure, we added three more rooms last year to the old building; but we doubt if any American farmer would like to risk his cattle in such a flimsily built structure.

"We did the best with the material we had and succeeded in getting a good name for our school. As we saw the crowded rooms and thought of the bright young lives we might be influencing, we prayed that God would help us to secure means to put up the needed buildings.

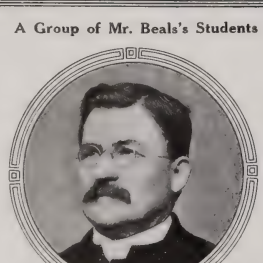
"This prayer has been answered. Our school building will be 50x80 feet and three stories high. It will accommodate fully one hundred students. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as usual, has had a part in this building. A gift of $636 was sent and was accepted with grateful thanks to the givers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers must know they have a part in this work, as they have been back of it from the start.

"Many of the young men now in our schools are of the class which will mold the future of this great country. China needs enlightened, consecrated men to teach in her schools, speak in her parliament, serve in her government offices and help elevate the millions. These young men, humanly speaking, have the future of China in their hands. China has tested her so-called religions for centuries, and has found that they are but clogs to her progress. To-day the crumbling pagodas and moldering temples serve as reminders of their failure to benefit China, and the intelligent classes are looking to the West for something better. The government employs high-priced teachers and builds costly schools for the better class; but the majority of the people are neglected, and the students themselves realize that they can gain a much better education in the mission schools, even though by going there they are disqualified from entering the provincial assemblies. Our boys, scattered throughout the country as teachers and evangelists, will be much more useful than we Westerners in reaching the masses of the people. Realizing this, we try to make our schools as efficient as we can, that in them the Chinese may learn how to be the saviors of their own people.

"At the beginning of the present revolution all our students, to a man, volunteered their services to help throw off the yoke of Manchu tyranny. Some of them rose in the ranks, while others filled offices of trust and responsibility. One is surprised to find, as he comes in touch with the officers of this new republic, how many have been students in Christian schools. The first president, Sun Yat Sen, was brought up under Christian influences, and is not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus. Five of his board of advisers were also Christians. Oh, yes, it pays to teach these young men and women, and we want you, dear readers, to have a share in this great work. Shall we not do our best to send these men forth to carry light and salvation to their fellow men?

"The famine is now sore upon China and will be for another year. Wuhu is one of the great centers where famine relief is being given out. God bless all in the home lands, and may we all be faithful to him and his work, so that when he comes he can say to us, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.'"

A Group of Mr. Beals's Students



Z. Charles Beals

Helping China's Famine Orphans

MANY friends are showing an interest in the welfare of the famine orphan children of China, for whose support THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is making appeal, and the letters received during the last few weeks are very encouraging. Churches of various denominations, Ladies' Aid Societies, Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, Christian Endeavor Societies, Missionary Societies and similar organizations are represented among the contributors. We welcome the co-operation of these good friends and assure them that the best use will be made of their gifts in behalf of the orphans.

Contributions received since our last acknowledgment are given below. All communications should be addressed

CHINA ORPHAN FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Contributions Received for China's Orphans Since Last Acknowledgment:

Mrs. M. Stadtegeri	3.00	Mrs. L. E. Coleman	1.00	Louise Flaun	1.00	J. M. G., W. Newton, Pa.	3.00
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THE TOP OF THE HILL

BY OWEN OLIVER

IT WAS a cold morning, and the wind blew hard, and the rain pattered like hail, when old Mr. Smith set out on his journey to town. He would have stayed at home if things had been going well in business, but they were going badly. So he compressed his thin lips and wrinkled his scanty eyebrows, and pressed his hat upon his white hair, and toiled up Station Hill, facing the wind and the rain.

The hill had been rather too steep for him when he took his house seven years before, and every year it seemed steeper. He had never ascended farther than the railway station half way, but he always meant to go to the top some day. That morning it came to him as a discovery that he was too old to climb the hill alone. He wanted a friendly arm to help him even as far as the station. He stood leaning on his stick and looked up and down the empty road. His breath came slowly and his legs refused their task. The trees that stood out against the skyline bowed as if they mocked him, and the wind jeered:

"You'll never get up the hill! You'll never get up the hill!"

He lowered his head and levered himself forward with his stick. He *must* catch the train, he kept telling himself. There were so many things to see to, so many troublesome little things. He went on for a few yards, but his heart thumped strangely. He lost himself in a burst of pain. When it passed he found himself holding to the palings and muttering the same thing over and over. "The top of the hill! The top of the hill!" He must get there, he told himself. He *must* get there! He had forgotten about the train.

He staggered a few steps, and then he caught at the palings again and looked up and down the hill again for some one to help him.

"O God!" he gasped. "I always meant—the top of the hill!"

He heard his umbrella fall. His heart gave a great pained leap. Station Hill seemed to break in two and fall away on either side, and then to rise again out of the ruins and tower in front of him. It was changed again somehow, grown taller and greener and steeper. The bigness of it frightened him.

"I can never climb it alone!" he cried. "Not alone!"

And then he saw that he was no longer alone. A light-haired imp-faced boy stood beside him and pulled at his hand.

"Come, Johnny!" he cried in a childish treble. "Come!"

"Why, Sandy!" said old Mr. Smith. "I've missed you these fifty years! Where have you been, old man?"

"At the top of the hill," said Sandy. "Come, Johnny! Come! Let us run!"

Old Mr. Smith seemed to change suddenly. His legs were young now and he could run. He ran on with his hand in Sandy's.

There were other children who ran with them. There was Bobby, who lived next door; and Charlie, who threw stones over the fence; and Polly, who used to come in to tea, and she boxed his ears for pulling her curls. And that laughing little maid who tossed her head at him was Phyllis Newton, the first little girl whom he kissed under the mistletoe. It was strange that Phyllis should be there, he thought, because she left him a ring in her will, and he had worn it for thirty years.

Other children went and came, but his old friend Sandy always stayed with him. Presently a tall, good-looking lad overtook them and caught him by the arm.

"Melville!" old Mr. Smith cried. "Good old Melville!" It was strange, too, that Melville should be there, because he had grown up and become an army doctor, and enteric had carried him off in India. It was good to meet him. Old Mr. Smith had never thought that the three of them would run again in the line that was famous in the football annals of their school. He found a ball in front of him and kicked it furiously on.

"Run, Melville!" he shouted. "Run, Sandy, run!"

"'Love,' she said, 'can fly'"

He would soon reach the top now Sandy and Melville had come to run with him, he thought. He felt young and strong, and rejoiced as he ran.

At some cross-roads his comrades left him, clasping his hands fiercely for a moment, and then departing one on either side. He walked slowly on, hanging his head and rubbing his knuckles in his eyes. He would never get up the hill now. He was alone! For a moment he seemed to be back on Station Hill—loosening his grasp on the palings and falling. He heard his voice gasp, "Alone!" and then— He was not alone!

A tall, big young lady sprang laughingly from behind some trees and joined him, a very handsome, bonny girl. It was Cousin Kate, who came from India when he was sixteen, the bravest woman whom old Mr. Smith had met in his journey through the world.

"Kate!" he cried. "Dear old Kate! How I've missed you! Where have you been these nine years?"

"At the top of the hill," she answered, "Johnny boy!" He was always Kate's "boy," to the days when he thought that he remembered her as a grand old lady with silver hair.

"Ah, Kate!" he said. "I used to think *I'd* get there; but I've given in."

"Given in!" Was that Kate's voice or the wind on Station Hill? "Given in! *Not my boy!*" Oh! That was Kate's voice! Of course it was Kate. And this was Tom Hansom come to help her up the hill, tucking his sturdy arm in her arm and shortening his huge stride to hers. Or did Kate lengthen her steps to Tom's? They were made to travel in double harness, he thought, and he knew dimly that, in days which he had forgotten now, he had often thought this before.

He journeyed with them past three milestones that he fancied were years. Then they went away, with their arms round each other. There were orange blossoms in her hair. She waved her hand to old Mr. Smith.

"Come to us in the holidays, boy dear," she called.

He was rather lonely when they left, but not alone. Old college chums gathered round him, linking their arms in his; and there was old Dr. Mason in his cap and gown, little and pinched and spectacled, fierce of temper and of tongue, and vain with the scholar's vanity, but a *man!* Old Mr. Smith found himself caught in a narrow pass presently, and his companions laughed and left him. The old doctor came and pushed him through.

"Get out of this, you young fool!" he thundered. "Don't look back! Run, boy! Run!"

He ran stoutly for a time, with the doctor's voice in his ears, but he was lonely, and he grew tired. He had come to a bare waste-land, and the track was littered with great stones. It was a rough, straight track, and a tall gray column marked the end. He knew that the doctor had warned him against turning from it, and that Kate had taught him that straight roads were the only roads. But the doctor and Kate weren't in sight—he looked round to make sure—and the little green glade to the left seemed so pretty and harmless, a little green circle with trees and many-colored flowers and a flower-covered pole, and light-footed nymphs dancing round. The fiddles were playing like mad, and in the distance there was joyous singing. You might as well go through life blindfolded, if you never looked beyond the hedges of the narrow way, he told himself. The doctor was buried in his books and didn't know the world, and Kate was a woman, and women shouldn't. And *he* was a man!

"After all," said old Mr. Smith, who had grown young, "it's my life, not theirs!" He glanced all round again to make sure that they were not looking, and then he crept through a gap in the hedge and joined the circle round the flower-covered pole.

He danced in the sunlight and he danced in the moonlight. The eyes of the nymphs shone in the moon. One of them bound him with flowery chains —it was afterward that the thorns cut through— and led him away. She put a garland on his head and sang him a beautiful song, and played to him

Continued on next page

The Death of Frederick of Denmark

King Christian X.

The Late King Frederick VIII.

Queen Alexandrine

ON the night of May 14 King Frederick VIII. of Denmark was walking alone in the streets of Hamburg when suddenly he was seized with an attack of apoplexy and passed away while being taken in a taxicab to a hospital. Unaware of the identity of the king the authorities consigned his body to the morgue where it lay for five hours before the apprehension of the king's suite caused a search to be started, and the body was found. Queen Louise and three of the royal family who were returning with the king from Nice were immediately told of the fatality, though the word did not reach Copenhagen till the following morning. King Frederick was born June 3, 1843, and married on July 28, 1869, to the Princess Louise of Sweden and Norway. During his father's long reign he was in the Danish army, serving through all ranks till he became Inspector-General. He was sixty-two years of age when he succeeded to the throne. As king he was noted for his absence of show. He was a busy man, for with his wife he was interested in all that made for the welfare of the community. In Copenhagen the king was a familiar figure strolling through the streets unattended, or with one of the gentlemen of his court.

He is succeeded by his eldest son, Christian, aged 41, who married in 1898 Duchess Alexandrine of Mecklenburg.

The Top of the Hill

Continued from preceding page

on a violin. Afterward he noticed that their way was always down hill. The slope grew steeper and steeper, and he tried to stop. Well, he thought that he tried, but he couldn't. At the bottom there was a marsh. His feet stuck, and as he went on he sank. He tried to reach a mound that stood out in the moonlight, but the sides were slippery, and when he struggled to climb them he slid back. Something—some one—was dragging him deeper and deeper in the mire. The quicksands were closing on him.

Kate's face looked down on him from the mound. She was crying as he had never seen her cry before.

"Tom!" she called. "Tom! Hold me. I must go to my boy!"

Her husband put her aside.

"Hold me, Kitty," he said. "*I* will go down."

He climbed down the slippery bank, and Kate held him, clinging to a stake on top with the other hand. The stake—or the woman—might break, old Mr. Smith knew, but she would never lose her hold on it, or on her husband. Presently Tom seized his hand. He struggled to get away and sink. It was better, he thought, that he should sink, for he could not travel any more with them; but they set their faces, and pulled and pulled, and presently he lay on top of the mound, faint and choking and bedraggled. Kate bent over him. Her tears fell on his face. Or was it the rain on Station Hill?

"Tom will put it right," she told him; and he gave a cry and staggered to his feet.

"It is past putting right," he cried. "I must go my way alone. O my God! *Not* alone!"

For something — some one — still dragged behind him, as he tried to climb the hill.

Kate and Tom would not leave him, but one night he left them and went on through the dark places, the places that a man must travel alone—alone and with the irrevocable clinging round his feet.

He came to a great wet forest. The branches dripped with the rain and cast it suddenly in great showers, and dark shadows stole among the trees, crept behind him and whispered to him. He fled from them to a place of black night. He hung over the edge of a great precipice, feeling with his foot in the dark. Something—some one—urged him from behind. He would take the leap, he resolved in his desperation, and hung over the abyss shuddering. And then through the darkness there came a little white child.

She took him by the hand and pulled him back from the precipice. She laughed and pressed her wet little lips on the back of his hand. He must find a way out of the dark place for the baby, he thought; and sometimes he led her and sometimes she led him through places of terror. Sometimes she slept peacefully in his arms, while he felt with his feet for a path in the darkness. At last he came to a track on the side of the steep mountain; but something—some one—held him fast. He paid his gleanings on many years of the journey to ransom himself and the child.

He was free, and he had his little white child, and she laughed and hung round his neck as he bore her up the hill. The darkness whitened to fog, and the fog whitened to mist. He slept a little while with the white child in his arms, and when he woke the sunlight was there. The green glade lay smiling below, and the scraping of the fiddles came up to him, and faintly he heard a song, but he turned his back upon it all and lifted the child.

"Come, dear," he said to her; and to himself he said, "You shall teach me to forget." The white child taught him to forget—and to remember—many things; but to his last day old Mr. Smith hated the sound of a violin, and would leave a room if a certain song were sung, and yet the song itself was a beautiful one.

He found some of his old friends again as he went along. Sandy and Melville had taken brave short cuts to the top of the hill, but the doctor was left. He had grown older and fiercer, but the little white child was a queen who ruled him. Kate and Tom came too, and looked at the child, and then they looked at each other. They were thinking that they had no child of their own, he knew; but that was not what they said.

"Bonniest wife in the world!" Tom whispered.

"Luckiest one!" Kate answered. "Dear old man!"

They walked with him again for a time; but the little one traveled very slowly. She was chasing butterflies and shadows most of the time. Kate and Tom had duties that called them and could not wait, and so he and his little white child were left alone once more. They did not need any other company. He almost grudged the hours that she slept, and yet he liked her good-night best of everything in the day for a quaint little custom of hers. When she had hugged him and kissed him, she always returned for one kiss more. "For nex' day," she used to tell him. One night he laid her to sleep for ever, and that time she pulled his face feebly to hers and kissed him with cold little lips. "For nex' day, an' all nex' days after," she told him, and then the clouds opened and a reverent white angel came and carried his white child to a great white city on the top of the hill. Cousin Kate held one of his hands, and her husband held the other; and the grip was so tight that it seemed as if their hands must all break.

"Oh, my boy!" Kate cried. "She will wait for you there."

For a long, long while after this he went on, apart from his friends, fancying that a little white figure walked beside him. It was many days before he noticed that a tall, beautiful woman was often by his side; that quietly she did many things for him; a very beautiful woman, with a smile on her face that was barely a smile, and whose eyes were very steadfast and wonderful. He talked to her, and then he found that her thoughts were wonderful, too; and gradually he learned that she was altogether wonderful. It made his heart strong just to look at her, and warm when she smiled the faint smile that was only half a smile; and one day she sang to him, and the waste places grew green, and brooks danced among them; and then he looked in her eyes, and she looked in his; and the world seemed to reel. They caught their breaths, and she found hers first, and, when she spoke, she was more wonderful than ever.

"We will not say it," she told him gravely; and then she suddenly smiled her faint half-smile. "Oh! But I will! We have been hurt so much that we will not hurt each other, even by silence. You love me, dear. I love you too. I always shall. We met too late on our journey. We must travel by different roads, but at the top of the hill—" Her brave voice broke in a sob. "The top of the hill, dear!" she cried, and lifted her face to his for a moment; and then she was gone. Afterwards old Mr. Smith heard that she had reached the top of the hill before him.

After he lost the wonderful woman he plodded on wearily. He ate and drank and woke and slept. Other wayfarers helped him sometimes, and he helped them. With some he walked in mutual respect and help for a long distance, but his heart had no room for new friends. Tom departed, and he sealed up as holy the room that he had filled. Kate went long after that. There was no need to close her room in his heart. It was always a sacred chamber; the thought of his mother

Continued on next page

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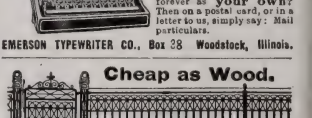

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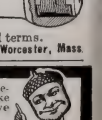

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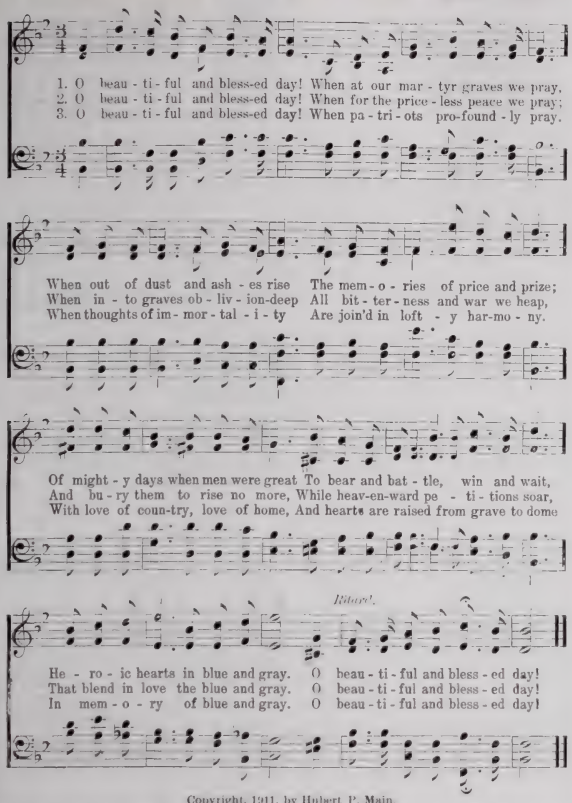
THE GARLAND

ARTHUR B. RHINOW — HUBERT P. MAIN


1. O beau - ti - ful and bless-ed day! When at our mar - tyr graves we pray,
2. O beau - ti - ful and bless-ed day! When for the price - less peace we pray;
3. O beau - ti - ful and bless-ed day! When pa - tri - ots pro-found - ly pray.
When out of dust and ash - es rise The mem - o - ries of price and prize;
When in - to graves ob - liv - ion-deep All bit - ter - ness and war we heap,
When thoughts of im - mor - tal - i - ty Are join'd in loft - y har-mo - ny.
Of might - y days when men were great To bear and bat - tle, win and wait,
And bu - ry them to rise no more, While heav-en-ward pe - ti - tions soar,
With love of coun-try, love of home, And hearts are raised from grave to dome
Ritard.
He - ro - ic hearts in blue and gray. O beau - ti - ful and bless - ed day!
That blend in love the blue and gray. O beau - ti - ful and bless - ed day!
In mem - o - ry of blue and gray. O beau - ti - ful and bless - ed day!

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The Top of the Hill

Continued from preceding page

sister-cousin-friend. No one else could ever enter it.

"Dear boy," she said at the end, "you and I are old people, and life has been a little hard upon us. But there is rest on top of the hill. We shall all wait for you there. 'Nex' day an' all nex' days after!' Do you remember that, Johnny dear? He will be waiting. I wonder if I shall grow young again, or Tom will grow old. Tom!"

That was the word which she said over and over; and the last time she said it in her young voice, as if she was a girl once more. She had often spoken like that, old Mr. Smith remembered, when Tom came to her unexpectedly; a soft, deep, laughing cry. "Tom!" It was her old girlish gesture, when she held out her shrunken hands, as if she stretched across the gulf of eternity. "Tom!" she called; and then she leaped with a smile across the great divide. He had no doubt that strong arms caught her on the other side.

It was weary, weary climbing when Kate was gone. He felt older and older. Oh, very old! But people had been kind to him, very kind. Mary, the laughing housemaid, whom he took so young, and who had stayed with him for six years, had been a good girl to him; such a good girl! She had tried to stop him from going out in the rain, he suddenly remembered, and had stood at the door looking, half inclined to run after him. He seemed to see the Station Hill again for a moment, and Mary kneeling on the pavement, and holding his head on her arm.

"He was too old," she cried, "to walk up the hill." She was crying, and her tears fell on his face. Or was it rain? Rain? It never rained like that on Station Hill. It was the rain of adversity coming down the hill of life; the end of the hill that rises like a precipice. He climbed it on his hands and knees, and the sharp stones cut him. He crawled through the brambles, and they brought the blood upon his face, and the rain washed it off again. He could not climb a step further. He was falling. He must fall.

"He is coming to," a voice said. *That* voice was Dr. Harper's, he thought.

"My dear old master!" said another voice. That was Mary's.

"Come, boy!" cried a third voice. *That* was Kate's; and it sounded clear and young.

He struggled again for a foothold on the precipitous hill; found it; reached the top! A great white city faced him. The little white child stood in front of it, holding out her hands and laughing. Tom and Kate stood by her side.

"The top of the hill!" he shouted, and started forward! And then he threw up his arms with a great cry. For a deep, dark chasm surrounded the city on every side. There was no way for him to enter there. He sank down on a rock and buried his face in his hands. There was a rustling of wings by his side, and a soft hand touched his shoulder. He looked up; and the wonderful woman smiled down at him; her faint little smile. Even now it was not *all* a smile, for pity of his weary climbing.

"Love," she said, "can fly!"

She put her arm round old Mr. Smith, and her cheek against him; and suddenly old Mr. Smith was young!

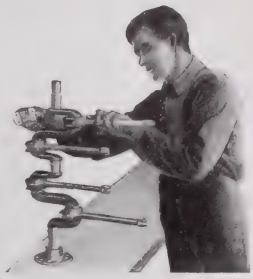
"The top of the hill!" he cried.

And then they flew into the great white city that waits for us there.

Here is shown the assembly of crankshaft and connecting rods; and the careful adjustment of the connecting rod bearings.

Please note the center main bearing and the extra-generous length of the two end bearings. A third crankshaft bearing is unusual in a motor cast en bloc, except in cars of $2500 or higher.

So, in the $900 Hupmobile, the crankshaft has three instead of two supports to help it withstand the strains to which this part necessarily is subjected.



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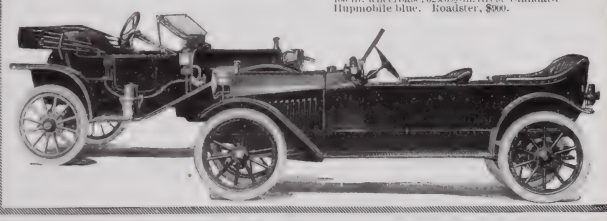

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WOMEN IN COUNCIL

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Naps by Daylight

THOUSANDS of women are far too busy ever to think of taking a nap in the daytime. They would laugh at the suggestion were it made to them. When one tells these busy women that they are nervous and in need of repose, and that they may preserve their youth, strength and charm by taking regular rest by daylight, they shake their heads and smile with pity on the foolish advisers. If a woman's occupation is that of a cashier, clerk or stenographer she has no choice except to devote herself to the task in hand and ignore the fact that she is weary until the allotted time of work is over. If she is a mother with little children making all sorts of demands, she knows very well that her attempt at daytime sleep will probably prove a failure. There are a great many "ifs" that present themselves as obstacles of an insuperable nature when tired and busy women try to secure intervals of rest in the morning or afternoon. Yet it is true that "where there's a will there's a way." Five minutes' or ten minutes' level rest on a sofa will work wonders when one is weary, if only there is perfect relaxation from tension.

. . .

The tendency of the American woman is to take life too seriously, and there is not one of us who does not need a reminder that the world will go on long after we have left it, and that tying ourselves up into knots is a most futile proceeding. This old world of ours has seen Eve's daughters going through the process of wearing themselves out since time began. When, the other day, the new excavations at Pompeii gave us another glimpse of a civilization that was at high tide early in the Christian era, there came to the thoughtful mind a vision of men and women as earnestly engaged in the conflicts of life as we are to-day. In an instant they were arrested, and a volcanic storm obliterated for them all further interest in time.

The marvel deepens, as we think of the past, that any of us set so high a value on the present as we do. Far better might we snatch a little leisure as we go along. The woman who is busy for eight or ten hours has her noon spell when she may relax, go out doors and breathe fresh air, and later by dint of determination she may secure a little time for rest before the evening is upon her. The mother of little children may find it inconvenient and almost impossible to secure a period long enough to be much by way of rest. Should she be extremely ill, or if death should snatch her away, somebody else would look after the babies. She will look after them better in her own person if she allows somebody else to relieve her now.

. . .

Singularly the most nervous women are not those who are the busiest. The ranks of those who furnish patients for high-priced specialists are continually recruited by society women, by women who have all the time there is to do whatever they please, and by women who habitually neglect the most obvious loss of health. Women are actually vain of being nervous. They tell you smilingly that no one knows how much they suffer. Indigestion marks them for its own. Melancholia threatens them. They are morbid and depressed, and entirely unable to see things as they are. Very seldom do women boast of magnificent physique, of the clear head, the cool hand, and the ability to fulfil every appointment, but nine times out of ten they manifest an almost braggart spirit when they talk about their ailments.

The woman whose nerves are in reality tangled and out of tune is to be commiserated. If she is a woman of leisure she may travel, change the scene, go here or go there, and take her pleasure where she can find it. Very often she would find it soonest by quietly remaining at home. A nap in the daytime sounds prosaic, but it does afford a chance for brain and heart, hands and feet to throw off fatigue and start on the rest of the day with renewed vigor. A good night's rest fairly makes over a tired woman. Sometimes sleep is so coy and reluctant that it refuses to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care" in the hours between midnight and dawn. A theory obtains that sleep in the daytime interferes with sleep at night. Usually this is not so. One may be too weary to sleep at night. By children and young people, invalids and old people, sleep is best gained both as to quality and quantity if they are not utterly worn out upon going to bed.

. . .

The best choice for a daytime nap varies with the individual. Sometimes it is well to select a half hour before luncheon. Food is more easily digested and assimilated when the body has had a period of rest than when one comes to the table with depleted brain tissue. If the nervous energy has been very strongly taxed and is nearly exhausted before eating, dyspepsia may be the resulting consequence. To lie down immediately after a meal is not so good a plan as to delay doing so until an hour or more may have passed.

Those who have the care of little children ought to insist on their having time to sleep by daylight. The mother of a child not much over two told a friend that she did not allow her little daughter to take a nap through the day, because she wanted to put her to bed at six o'clock, and be sure that she would sleep all night. The child was high-strung and fretful, thin and pallid, and though she slept all night as her mother wished, she was neither rosy nor plump, nor yet good-humored during the day. The rapidly developing brain was not receiving its proper amount of repose. Until a child is seven or eight years old the wise mother will encourage the habit of lying down for a while every day in the dark, with eyes shut, whether sleep come or stay away.

. . .

Keeping a Boarding-House

EVERY one is aware that it takes business talent of a high order to keep a boarding-house successfully. The woman who adopts this method of self-support has two aims in view. She must furnish a home for homeless people and make it so desirable and agreeable that they who come to her as transients may remain as permanent residents. She must supply her table with the delicacies of the season, give her house a home atmosphere, engage servants who shall be equal to their tasks and so run her house that she shall neither incur debt nor fail in securing a margin of profit.

The most comfortable boarding-houses which have loomed up in general notice, houses combining the independence of an inn with the comfort of a private home, have, so far as my knowledge goes, been carried on by Southern gentlewomen in Southern towns. One such, whose ostensible head was a woman who for the first half century of life had dressed in purple and fine linen, and had rivaled the lilies of the field in that neither toiling nor spinning was hers, gave its patrons the impression of being guests at a house party. They were paying guests, of course, but the commercial transaction seemed kept in the background, and the hostess was always on the alert to maintain the friendly relation as if it were what she had most in mind. Her major-domo was a colored man who marketed, catered, supervised the kitchen, and acted as butler and chief of staff, and in every possible manner carried forward the management of the house to perfection. This boarding-house was strikingly in contrast with another in which nobody was comfortable, where the food was poorly cooked and the beds hard and lumpy, while everything had a depressing air of being fit for the second-hand shop. The woman at the head of this second home was equally in need and equally a gentlewoman by birth and tradition with the one first mentioned. She, however, had not a devoted old family servant at her elbow, nor had she the grasp of a situation, the tact and finesse required to keep a group of people coming from different environments contented and cheerful.

The domestic woman obliged to increase her income, and either owning or renting an ample house, naturally considers taking boarders as a way out of financial straits. It is sometimes a way out, but it never succeeds unless business principles are brought to bear on the situation. There must be a return in comfort for the money paid by those who board. There must be a choice of wholesome food, service that is prompt and courteous and everywhere from cellar to attic an absence of dirt and an immaculate cleanliness. The two belong together. A dingy boarding-house is a place from which guests fly. The woman who selects this means of support must be brave, self-denying and not easily discouraged, taking ups and downs with philosophy, and exercising hospitality with a winsome graciousness that makes it a joy to meet her and a regret to say good-by.

. . .

Birthdays and Holidays

WE NEED to cultivate the romance of life. We have plenty of realism, plenty that is practical, plenty that is distinguished by hard common sense. In the sublimity of Mother Goose we find couplets and quatrains that are worth repeating. She tells us that

> The king was in the parlor counting out his money,
> The queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey.

Blessings on the woman who spread her bread and the bread of her children with the sweetness of honey. In the keeping of birthdays and other anniversaries, as, for instance, the wedding day, and the red letter day of a betrothal or a christening day, there is the opportunity and the privilege of cementing home friendliness and adding to a store of cherished memories. Even the baby's birthday may be kept as a golden time in the calendar of the home before the child is old enough to know why people are so glad that he was born. By the time a child has reached the age of two or three the home people may establish a birthday feast in his honor, and this good custom may go on until his years have grown to adolescence and maturity. Mother's birthday, father's birthday, the successive wooden, china, linen, crystal and silver weddings may be celebrated among the home anniversaries. Not one of these should be passed over without special notice. Gifts exchanged on such occasions are not valued for their cost, but for their sentiment. There are many ways in which one may say to a dear comrade on the road, "I love you," and one of the best and most direct ways is that which is accentuated by a little present. The lover and the sweetheart exchange flowers and gifts and the course of their growing regard is marked by many a beautiful token and caressing word. Why should the honeyed sweetness of compliment and the generous outpouring of gifts cease when lover and sweetheart become husband and wife?

BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying on method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back

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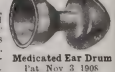

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An Evening Prayer

THE day is done. My little task,
O Lord, is laid before thine eye.
And I did fail, forgive, I ask,
Before in slumber deep I lie.

Each hasty word, each dumb mistake
That pierced thy heart and gave thee pain,
Do thou forgive, for Jesus' sake;
And cleanse my heart from every stain.

Then I shall rest, and fear no ill
'Mid quietness, though tempests roar;
Secure in Christ, for he shall fill
My heart with peace to flowing o'er!

And if thou callest me above
Ere from my slumbers sweet I wake,
Enfold me in thine arms of love,
O Lord, I ask, for Jesus' sake.

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Five Hundred Students in Yale are working their way through that college. **You can do what thousands of others have done**

Write to-day for particulars.

The Christian Herald
95 Bible House, New York

Busy Cozy Corner Days

1. Each day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.
2. You cannot tell how pretty the sunrise is with a morning frown on your face. And smiles drive trials miles away.

ALL SOLDIERS' DAY

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, those heroes of ours;
Pay them the tribute they earned in the strife;
Give them the laurels they won with their life.

THE best way for boys and girls to pay tribute to the gallant soldiers whose loyalty and valiant fighting the nation celebrates on Memorial Day is by being soldiers and as faithfully fighting the daily little battles of duty and honor as they fought the brave battles of their day.

Summer Handiwork

THIS is just the season for designing the patterns for your embroideries, and you need no further depend on art embroidery stores for stamping. Pretty leaf doilies for finger-bowls and glasses are much in vogue. Select a perfect ivy leaf or spray of leaves, and cut your pattern from it. Outline the design on linen or coarse crash, drawing it lightly with a pencil. Nothing is easier. Put your leaf and linen against the window-pane, and after getting the outline of the leaf carefully trace the main veins of it, and copy the color and shading as nearly as possible in embroidery silk or mercerized cotton. The veins should be worked in single outline stitch, but the edges of the leaf should be buttonholed to a width of an eighth of an inch.

A Jackdaw That Goes to School with His Master, Joe Butler, and Never Lets Him Get Out of Sight

Boys should busy themselves in odd moments this time of year by making and setting up trellises and vine supports and simple garden things. Try it and see what good fun and fine out-of-door work it is. Get an old wooden chopping-bowl, bore several holes in the bottom to insure drainage, and fasten it to the top of an old tree stump or fence-post. Whittle a hole in the bottom of the bowl, insert a broomstick handle, fasten up strings as shown in the picture. You will be surprised at how beautiful it will look when the vines, English ivy especially, cover it all up.

Pretty Doily Design

The Real New Year

THE world, old as it is, is ever newly made in May, and no fairy tale bubbling with fancied mystery is half so wonderful. To brave the magic of the new year and to follow its call in our own lives is gradually to realize that within ourselves lies the power to broaden and deepen the gladness of the world.

The flowers and the insects, the birds, the trees, the fishes, the stones, and I doubt not the very stars themselves have each their magic experience of the new year. The northern bluethroat, frail journeyman of the skies, typical in many ways of the race of little birds, at the call of the new year hurls himself with myriads of his kind high into the air beyond the reach of enemies, and in one dauntless flight travels from his winter haunts in South Africa, half way round the world to the new-year nesting-trees in the islands of the Northern Sea. During the dark of the first May moon a million seals and more swim with the velocity of railroad trains through leagues and leagues of deepest ocean, from no one knows where, to the Pribilof Islands, where at the call of the new year they start new nurseries along the rocky coasts and invent new sports season after season.

A Vine Trellis

People who are constantly trying to explain things give many reasons for the phenomena of the new year and its place in the world's activities. But somehow I care very little about their explainings. That at some unerring call the deep gives up its strange treasures; that the sunshine of life stored in the wild heart of the bird sends him hurtling into the air and in a twinkling the bleak North rings with his song and the hearts of people are gladdened: and that I too may answer the mysterious summons: this is enough for me; I have but to join the common chorus of the new year, and during the precious May-time of my life so store my girlhood with the sunshine of courage and usefulness that, like the northern bluethroat, I shall add my share to the gladness of life, and by God's grace shall reveal something of the blessed love and mystery that rule the world.

And next week I am going to tell you something about two little ladies of Wales, who so stored their girlhood with sunshine and gladness that all the mystery and sweetness of the world was added to on their account.

For Our Little People

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

IF the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl loved the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode the master,
And the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy for half-a-crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,
The world would be Upside-Down.
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-Out!

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY RANDS.

Good-Morning Verse

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—Eccles. 11: 7.

Remember also thy Creator when the day is young.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Order NOW these

Pretty "Standard" Waists

Pretty Black Lawn Waist $1.00

12W1. Becoming button-front waist of a serviceable black lawn. Most prettily styled with tucks and two beautiful broad panels of carefully-worked embroidery. The detachable collar is neatly tucked, back and face finished cuffs tucked to correspond. Splendid $1.00 quality. Special, $1

(Sizes 32 to 44 Bust. Postage, 7c.)

12W1 $1.00

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4W1. Fashionable button-front "Coatee" waist, made entirely of prettily-patterned all-over Swiss embroidery. Charmingly trimmed front and back with Cluny and Val. The deep "Peplum" is worn as pictured or beneath skirt. Really wonderful value. As smart and dressy as the usual $2.00 quality. Special $1.00

(Sizes 32 to 44 Bust. Postage, 7c.)

4W1 $1.00

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IN GOD'S SERVICE*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

WE HAVE come now to the closing part of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount, where he gives a home thrust at his hearers by saying, "He that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that built a house upon the earth without a foundation; against which the stream brake, and straightway it fell in; and the ruin of that house was great" (Luke 6: 49, R. V.). We must put ourselves in the place of those who listened to Jesus if we would understand the meaning of his words. We will ask them to tell us about the manner of building to which Jesus referred, but they will say: "We have a hilly country, and it is our custom to build our houses on hilltops or on hillsides, and we build mostly of stone; very little wood enters into the construction of our houses. The stone walls and floors of our houses are thick and heavy, and therefore we must have strong foundations. We do not build these foundations in the surface earth, but we dig down until we reach bedrock, from twenty to fifty feet down, and we secure our foundation to that rock; then our houses cannot be moved by the torrents of water that rush down the hills when the heavy rains come. If we had laid our foundations in the surface earth, our houses would have been carried down with that earth loosened by the torrents, and fallen to pieces over our heads." By this illustration Jesus meant to teach his hearers that if they simply listened to his words they could not be steadfast in Christian character, but only as they joined themselves to him, and co-operated with him.

If Jesus had been talking to a company of people like ourselves, accustomed to entirely different ways of building, he would not have put his truth just that way. Can we imagine Jesus standing in front of the frame of one of the twentieth century steel structures that we are accustomed to see reared before the outer covering of stone or brick is put on? We think he would note how, as the huge frame is going up, strong pins are put in, which are afterward replaced by rivets, until the whole is welded together. Putting in the pins might be compared with listening to words of teaching, and the riveting process, with following the teaching by deeds done In His Name. Some years ago a large hotel was being put up in Washington. The riveting stage did not follow closely enough the pinning stage, and the structure fell to the ground with a crash that was heard in almost the whole city. Sometimes we have been startled by the downfall of persons who are known as church attendants. Perhaps we did not investigate their lives sufficiently to know that they were not compacted, fitly joined to Christ "by that which every joint supplieth" (Eph. 4: 16).

"Ye Are God's Building"

Or take another illustration from the city of Washington. This time it shall be the Washington Monument itself. Can we imagine our Christ standing there fifty years or more ago? It was then in an uncompleted state, hardly reaching one-quarter of the height designed. Its foundation had been found to be giving way. In the centennial year, 1876, it was a patriotic act of Congress to create a commission for the purpose of completing the monument. A marvelous engineering feat was accomplished by which a new foundation was laid without taking down the part of the monument which had been built. The new foundation was two and one-half times greater than the old one, and the monument was built of granite, faced with marble, to the height of five hundred and fifty feet.

Before such an imposing structure as this might the apostle Paul have stood when he said, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (I. Cor. 3: 11). "We are laborers together with God, ye are God's building" (I. Cor. 3: 9). And we hear our Christ saying: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me" (John 12: 32). What a glorious height our human life will reach if we are building on the Christ foundation, and earnestly, constantly endeavoring to do all he has taught us to do! And how "glorious within" (Ps. 45: 13) will be those who are one in him! Let us then remove the inadequate foundation of self-righteousness, for upon that we shall be able to build a very small part of the structure of true godliness, only so much as will be but a reproach, as was the Washington Monument in its uncompleted, tottering condition. If we are building our characters on self-righteousness we are "deluding ourselves." Read the Golden Text in confirmation of this.

Stones of Character

And on that day when Jesus talked about building, he pointed out some beautiful stones that should go into the fabric. There was one that had the flash of the diamond, for one who would lead others in the right way must have the light of God's truth in his own soul, else he would be as the blind leading the blind.

There was another stone which Jesus pointed out, that clear shining emerald, for one who would lead others must be clean, for the scholar is not above his teacher.

There was another that had the strong, true blue of the turquoise. "Whatsoever things are true, . . . think on these things" (Phil. 4: 8). "Ye therefore, beloved, seeing that ye know these things, . . . beware lest ye also . . . fall from your own steadfastness" (II. Peter 3: 17).

There was another that had the tender glimmer of the pearl, for one must be gentle and good and sweet before he can show others their faults. "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

There is another stone (the opal) which seems to have a heart of fire out of which all dross has been burned. Jesus spoke of "the good man, who out of the treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good."

The entire seventh chapter of Matthew should now be read to complement the passage we have been studying in Luke. It is the same story, but it is more fully given, and so we shall find additional light upon the teachings of Jesus. Let us also read what James the brother of our Lord has said upon this same subject of Hearing and Doing. Although not an apostle, it is not unlikely that he was among the listeners when Jesus preached his Sermon on the Mount. His words have the Christ-spirit in them:

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only."

It is a psychological law that every impression should be followed by expression, otherwise there will be a weakening of the will. It is the same principle of hearing and doing set forth first by Christ and then by James. We have in mind a beautiful picture of a boy receiving his first plowing lesson. He has placed his hands on the plow, and he has an earnest look upon his face; indeed, that feeling seems to permeate every part of his being; it makes his hands grasp the plow more firmly, it gives his feet a strong look. Behind the boy stands his father. He has one hand on his boy's shoulder, and with the other he points in the direction where the boy is to plow, and he is saying, "Plow a long furrow. Make it straight." And Jesus says: "No man [or boy] having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9: 62). The earlier the boy begins to plow, the better plowman he will make; the earlier he begins to be a doer of the Word the more capable and honorable he will be in the Master's service, and the more joy he will find in life. What is true of boys is just as true of girls. Out of every Sunday school lesson they receive they should learn something to do—how to make the lesson work.

The Mirror and Forgetfulness

"If any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like a man beholding his natural face in a glass and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." Briefly put, it is thus: When one hears and does not do, he very soon forgets what he has heard. A person told that she had a smudge on her face, but not whether it was on her forehead, her cheek, or her chin, might look into the mirror again and again to see where it was, but it would have done no good if she had not made an effort to remove the spot. So it will be with those who go to church and Sunday school; they are taught there to see themselves in the mirror of God's Word—how sinful they are and how much they need a Saviour—but if that does not lead them to living a white life, the mere hearing about it amounts to nothing. To forget is a careless and indolent habit at any time, but to forget what is told us about our individual relation and responsibility to God is a sin of the deepest dye.

"He that looketh into the perfect law of liberty, being not a hearer that forgetteth, but a doer that worketh, this man shall be blessed in his doing" (James 1: 25, R. V.). The perfect law of liberty is the Gospel rule of life, and we live according to it, not when God's will is our law—for then we are a noble kind of slaves—but when God's will is our will; then are we his free children. Planets have their orbits through which they move without seeming control, but they are held in place by the so-called center of attraction. The law of liberty is the Christian's orbit, but he is held by the love of God, his center of attraction, and it is his greatest joy to do just the things that God expects him to do. He does not wish to move in his own way, he would rather walk with God in the dark (not knowing) than to walk alone by sight.

Dr. Joseph Parker says: "The stars have no freedom except in their obedience to their central fires; related to the dominant suns let them swing like censers before the altar of God's throne; but if they detach themselves and go to seek liberty they shall find it under the name of ruin." We have a Bible, and must abide by it; we have a doctrine, and we must understand it with the heart, and exemplify it in the life; we have a glorious liberty—"If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Even Jesus himself was obedient to his Father, for he said, "I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me" (John 5: 30). And the pleasure he had in that obedience was shown when he said: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work" (John 4: 34).

"Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." The sun and stars following their orbits give light upon the earth, and they are thus a blessing to mankind. In like manner the good we all may do as the days are going by is the light which we may shed as doers of the Word. The widows, the fatherless, all who suffer, are

Continued on next page

* **The International Sunday School Lesson for June 9, 1912.** Hearing and Doing. Luke 6: 39-49. Read Matt. 7: James 1: 22-27. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves." James 1: 22.

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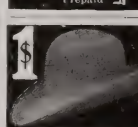

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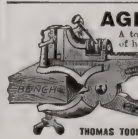

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

God's poor; it is the will of our heavenly Father that not one of them shall perish, and he is looking to us to extend the helping hand in his name.

We're as rich in charity of deed
As gold: what rock would bloom not with the seed?
We give our alms and cry, What can we more?
One hour of time were worth a load of ore!
Give to the ignorant our wisdom! give
Sorrow our comfort! lend to those who live
In crime the counsels of our virtue! share
With souls our souls, and Satan shall despair!
LORD LYTTON.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

The three little Japanese bronze monkeys are familiar objects with most children—one, with two hands over his eyes, saying, "Look at no evil thing," the second with his hands over his ears, saying, "Listen to no evil," and the third with both hands on the lips, saying, "Speak no evil." It might be well for the teacher to show them to the children, and afterward say, "Our Bible teaches us better things, that we are not to close our eyes, but to keep them open to read what God would have us do; not to cover up our ears, but to keep them open that we may hear what our fathers and mothers and teachers can tell us about all good ways to please God; not to keep our mouths shut, but open them to speak God's words, and kind words to all who need our loving help, and the hands themselves instead of closing anything should themselves be kept open to do all the good they can.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. A. B. R., Boston, Mass. "God has answered many of my prayers, praised be his name."

M. E. P., San Diego, Calif. "God granted me a special request through prayer, and I wish to acknowledge it."

S. B., Brantford, Ont., Can. "I know that my blessed Lord answers prayers, for he has answered many for me."

Mrs. H. V. T., Henderson, Texas. "The Lord relieved me of a trouble, and I thank him that my prayers were not in vain."

Mrs. H. F., Waco, Neb. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer in a trying time, and sparing the life of a dear friend."

M. J. H., Kettle Falls, Wash. "I praise the Lord for answered prayer. He has been with us and sustained us in great sorrow and affliction."

S. W., Kansas. "I praise God for the fulness with which he has answered the petition that has been the prayer of my heart for years."

Mrs. J. H. S., Bloomingdale, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's loving kindness to me and mine, for I know he has answered my prayer."

W. M. M., Philadelphia, Pa. "I wish to gratefully acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer. I asked for a special blessing and he granted it."

A Believer, Stanstead, Quebec, Can. "In answer to prayer for help, a dreadful calamity has been averted, at the very moment when it seemed most imminent."

Called Higher

Kate E. Potter (42), of Byrdton, Va., was called to her heavenly home on May 16, 1911. She was for more than ten years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. A. A. Galleher (93), of Baker City, Ore., was called to her heavenly home December 21, 1910. She had been for a long time a subscriber to this paper.

Zuld Graves, of Norwood, La., after three years of sickness, passed to her rest on March 15, 1911. She dearly loved "the dear old paper" which was for many years a welcome visitor to her home.

Mr. Samuel Hammond (75), of New York City, was suddenly killed by an automobile on June 22, 1911. He leaves a widow and one son, a lieutenant of police. The deceased had taken this paper for many years.

Miss Caroline Augusta Fabens (87) passed away in August, 1911, at Salem, Mass. Through this paper to which she subscribed for many years, she was particularly interested in the Bowery Mission and many other charities.

Mr. P. B. Messenger (76), of Hampton, Va., died June 29, 1911; and his wife passed away in the same month, aged seventy years. They were both devoted church members and readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

George P. Lovell (84), of Orange Bend, Fla., and his wife Mary A. (76) died on December 29, 1910, and March 23, 1911, respectively. They were both devoted church members and for a number of years readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Plant Wonders from New Mexico

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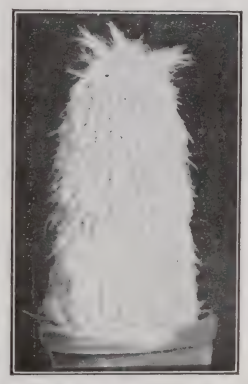
WE have secured from our newest State, New Mexico, some marvelous Plant Wonders. They can be successfully grown, both indoors and out. These rare and beautiful plant forms are the



"Old Man" Cactus (*Pilocereus senilis*)

WONDERFUL RESURRECTION PLANT

Resurrection (Closed)

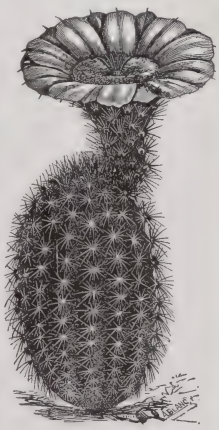
This is one of the strangest plants of the vegetable kingdom, possessing the power of turning in a few minutes from a comparatively dead dry herb to a beautiful living plant. It grows in the wilds of the mountains of Mexico. As shipped to you in its dormant condition, it looks like a dead, dried up herb curled up in the shape of a ball. Place it in a saucerful of water and in twenty minutes or so it begins to "resurrect," the leaves open out, until within an hour it is a beautiful fern-like plant of dark green color, living and growing as roughly indicated in the illustration. These plants will open out to a width of 6 or 8 inches.

This Mexican Resurrection Plant will retain its wonderful qualities of resurrecting for an indefinite length of time. It may be taken out of the saucer of water at any time and laid on a shelf, when it will dry itself up into its dormant dry form, and remain like that for years, still retaining its wonderful qualities. At any time it can be brought forth, placed in a saucer of water, and will again come to life.

Resurrection Plant (*Semperviva*), Open

"OLD MAN" CACTUS

This is truly one of the greatest curiosities of all plant life. It is a species of true cactus which, in well developed specimens, exactly resembles the hoary gray-haired head of an old man; hence the name of the species. *Pilocereus* is a genus of the cactus family distinguished from the other sorts by the fact that the spines on the plant take more or less hair-like forms. Some of the species have both stiff and hair-like spines. In this species of *senilis*, however, all the spines take the form of long silvery white hairs, which completely cover the upper portion of the stem, as shown by the illustration. These hairs attain a length of several inches, as shown, and instead of spreading regularly or stiffly as in other species of this genus, they are soft and flowing, thickly covering the stem. This species of cactus is not very hardy out of doors, but we offer it because it is such a rare, strange curiosity of the cactus family that many wish this extraordinary species because it always attracts the attention and surprise of one who sees it; and for this reason is well worth the little extra care required to keep it protected from frost. It can be grown quite well out of doors, except during freezing weather.



The Golden Cactus (*Echinocereus dasyacanthus*)

THE GOLDEN CACTUS

This cactus grows from two to ten inches in height and varies in color from white to rich dark purplish red, making an exceedingly handsome appearance even when not in bloom. It is, however, a good bloomer, flowers being large and numerous, two or three to the plant coming out from the side, as shown in the illustration, and being from two to three inches across. They are of a rich showy yellow, the center of the sepals red and the petals a bright yellow. The plant forms clusters and is very easy to grow.

Rainbow Cactus (*Echinocereus pectinatus*)
Enormous flowers, shading magenta to white

THE RAINBOW CACTUS

This rare species of cactus is probably the most beautiful of all cacti. It is a variety which is remarkable because of the great success with which it can be grown in any part of this continent, and especially in the house. The plant itself has bands of delicate spines which range in color from creamy whiteness to deep red, forming rings of bright red or bright red and white, encircling the plant and making it most ornamental even when not in bloom. Its best feature, however, is the profusion and beauty of its flowers, which grow so closely together (as indicated by the illustration made from life) that they cannot fully expand. The plant from which this illustration was made bore thirteen blooms, all open at one time, each bloom measuring from four to five inches in diameter. The flowers are of the prettiest colors imaginable, the outer circle being a deep purple and rich magenta shading to white and again to bright green. The stamens are orange, contrasting beautifully with emerald green pistals.

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SUNSET

From the Painting by G. Sagantini

Ivory Soap in the Laundry—the Washing of Colored Clothes

TO wash your colored clothes clean without having the colors run or fade, first of all you should bear in mind the things that cause the trouble; then adopt methods which eliminate or offset these things and, at the same time, have the necessary cleansing power.

The things which harm colors are: 1st. Boiling the clothes. 2nd. Exposure to sunlight. 3rd. Hard rubbing. 4th. Strong soaps. 5th. Water itself, in the case of very delicate colors.

The effect of water can be offset, as you know, by setting the colors before washing. We give some good directions below.

When you are sure that water itself will not harm the colors in a garment, the way to wash it thoroughly and safely is to use Ivory Soap as suggested in the following paragraphs. Ivory Soap is pure. It contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali. It will not harm anything that water itself will not harm.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Ordinary Colored Clothes

Fast Color—Make a warm suds of Ivory Soap. Quickly wash, rinse and hang out to dry one garment at a time. If the water is colored by the goods take fresh water for the next garment.

Never rub soap on the goods; nor the goods on the washboard—except wristbands, neckbands and the edges of hems if badly soiled.

When dry, turn garment wrong side out and starch in thin starch. Shake into shape and hang in shade.

When dry, dampen and roll up garment a short time before ironing.

Whenever possible, iron muslins, prints and ginghams on the wrong side.

When the Color is Not Fast—Set it before washing by soaking for a half hour in a solution of salt, white vinegar, borax, or alum, one level tablespoonful to a gallon of water.

Another way to hold the color without setting it is to wash as follows: Shave a small cake of Ivory Soap in a pint of water. Add a large tablespoonful of salt. Boil slowly a half hour. When cold, it will be like jelly.

Wash the garment in cold water using this jelly freely. If badly soiled, wet the garment, rub with the jelly and lay aside for a few minutes before washing. Rinse thoroughly and dry in shade.

Delicate-Hued Muslins, Cambrics, Prints, Etc.

Soak for ten minutes in salt water, a half cupful of common salt to two gallons of cold water. Wring out and wash quickly in Ivory Soap suds. Rinse in blueing water. Starch in boiling starch. Hang in shade.

Lawns, Organdies, Batistes, Etc.

Wash in warm, weak Ivory Soap suds with salt in suds. Rinse twice in hard water with some salt added. Make smooth, thin starch and put this in last rinse water with a pinch of powdered alum.

Silk Muslins

Wash with tepid water and Ivory Soap. Rinse. Blue if necessary. Use thin, cool starch and hang indoors in dark place.

Brown Linens

Pour boiling water over a quarter pound of cheap coffee. Strain through cheesecloth into two tubs, one for washing the other for rinsing. Wash with Ivory Soap. Rinse and hang in shade to dry. Iron first on wrong side and then on the right. Do not use blueing.

Black Goods—Cotton or Silk

Dissolve in a pint of soft water a small cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine. Add

½ oz. ether, ½ oz. spirits of wine,
½ oz. glycerine, 1½ oz. ammonia.

Put in a bottle and cork tightly. When needed, shake well. Add a teacupful of above cream to two gallons of water. Use plenty of Ivory Soap and wash the same as other goods. Rinse well in clear water. Iron silk goods on the wrong side, while wet. Dry cotton goods, then dampen.

Towels with Colored Borders

Do not let them become badly soiled. Rub gently with Ivory Soap. Rinse in warm water and then in cold water. Wash quickly. Do not soak or boil.

TO SET COLORS

Black and White Mixtures and Grey—Before washing, soak for an hour in salt water, a tablespoonful of salt to a quart of water.

Green—Soak for ten minutes in a solution of alum, one ounce to a gallon of water.

Light Yellows, Light Blue, Pink and Red—Add one tablespoonful of salt to every quart of rinse water.

Lavender, Purple and Heliotrope—Use vinegar in rinse water, one tablespoonful to every quart. The vinegar will restore sunfaded lilac and lavender.

Blue—Soak for several hours (over night if possible) in solution of sugar of lead, one ounce to a gallon of water.

HINTS

If a garment dries unevenly, roll up in an old sheet with the sheet between each turn.

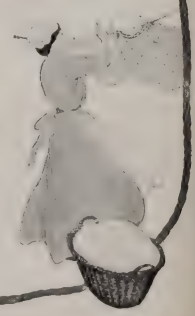
Mixed plaids should be washed a piece at a time.

Do not use blueing with pink dresses. Run them through two clear waters.

At first washing, dry colored ginghams and wash goods before starching.

Dainty lawns, etc., to have body, must be removed from the line as soon as dry or the wind will make them limp.

Never let the sun shine on a wet, colored fabric or let it lie in folds



NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Sledge and Dogs Ready for the Journey

A Midwinter Scene at Ohak, Labrador

On the Journey with Sledge and Dogs

A PERILOUS ARCTIC WINTER JOURNEY

BY CHRISTIAN SCHMITT

Nain, Labrador

I FEAR this letter, sent to you in December, may not reach you before May, after it has been nearly five months on the way. As you know, the Labrador coast is now in the grip of winter, and a cold, arctic winter at that. Snowstorms are a matter of almost everyday occurrence. Traveling is therefore slow and extremely difficult. Labrador has not progressed with the outside world, and while people are discussing the probability of crossing the Atlantic by airship or aeroplane, locomotion here is still as it was hundreds of years ago. Dogs and sledges are still employed, and while our contemporaries farther south speak of traveling two hundred miles an hour, we are content to cover from thirty to sixty miles a day.

If this letter, when it reaches your hand, could tell all its experiences on its long and perilous journey through the wilds of Labrador, you would no doubt be interested and surprised. The first part of the journey it is entrusted to the care of some Eskimos who carry the mails by sledge and dog-team south. Storms, a lonely snow hut on the side of a hill, great wastes of ice and snow traversed—all would combine to make the story of the letter's travel interesting. Farther south, the letter will pass into the hands of some Indian tribes who cross the continent from east to west and north to south. At times these Indians have queer notions about the small parcels of letters entrusted to them. Occasionally our letters reach us after being cut open, and we are informed that the Indians open them because they suspect that something has been written about themselves. An Eskimo woman traveling with the mail-sledge once took the whole parcel of letters and threw them into the sea at the ice's edge, firmly believing that the main contents related to herself.

Some time ago, I accompanied the mail-sledge in the dead of winter. Mid-winter traveling has this advantage, that we can go more or less in a straight line, as the high hills or deep bays offer no insurmountable obstacle, the snow on the former and the ice on the latter affording a safe and welcome passage. In summer, the heads of the bays have to be traversed, or if traveling by boat, the headlands have to be rounded, which usually means going many miles out of your course.

On this particular journey, we crossed a bay and on the other side entered a deep ravine, which slowly ascended to a range of high mountains. Being in January, the days were short and the way was poor, as the wind had drifted the soft snow into the valley, making our progress tedious. Before we reached the height of land it was night. We were now about two thousand feet above sea level. Here we halted, and my Eskimo drivers consulted what to do. The way before us was dangerous at the best of times, as it led down steep inclines and there was no other way to descend these hills and reach the salt-water ice below.

Under ordinary circumstances the men would not have been troubled, but would have built a snow hut and put up there for the night. But a shower of rain had spoiled the snow so that it could no longer be cut into blocks to form the walls of the snow house, the top having a hard crust, and below this the snow being too brittle and crumbling to pieces. The same shower of rain had faced the steep mountain inclines with a coating of ice which made our way both slippery and dangerous. In addition a strong northwest wind sprang up, which drove loose particles of snow into our faces. The result of my Eskimos' deliberations was that they could not stay, but would have to proceed on the journey. Some time in the night they hoped to reach a small Eskimo hut, about five miles distant, down at the foot of the mountains.

They first searched for a secure place and, cutting a sufficiently large hole in the ice, they put me into it and requested me to stay there. Then they unharnessed the dogs and let down the sledges by ropes, otherwise they would have been smashed against the large rocky boulders. Meanwhile the storm continued to howl and the snow drifted past me; occasionally I would hear the men shouting to one another as they lowered the sledges down the precipice. As their shouts grew faint in the distance, I began to feel uncomfortable and cold, and longed to have some one with me. For once in my life I was heartily sorry that I was not an Eskimo, as I should then have had a better knowledge of the circumstances and could have helped in the work. I could not see three yards around me, as the snow was drifting thick and fast, although the night was now somewhat illumined by a full moon. After some time (it seemed hours to me) I decided to leave my hole, but no sooner had I ventured on the slippery ice than I was sliding

Continued on following page

The Dog-Team Resting on the Surface of a Frozen Bay

RELIEF FOR THE FLOOD VICTIMS

AMERICA AWAKENING TO THE VASTNESS OF THE CALAMITY IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

MORE and more pressing and urgent come the appeals for aid from the great flooded districts of Louisiana. Just when it seemed that the worst of the trouble was over and that the care of the thousands gathered in the refuge camps was the greatest problem, another break in the levees took place at Alto on the Atchafalaya River, about twenty-one miles from Melville. Though danger at this point had been feared by the levee guard the night before the break, it was a great surprise when on the following morning the embankment gave way, and with a mighty roar a miniature Niagara rushed through the levee to the lowlands beyond. Only twelve hours later this crevasse had widened to six hundred feet and was pouring in a mighty flood into an entirely unflooded section of the country. When the news of this break reached Melville preparations were rushed forward to transport refugees to places of safety and to save the stock of the merchants. The army officers who are superintending the administration of relief work at once ordered barges and other boats from Baton Rouge to this newly affected district.

The break in the levee at Hymelia, which put such a note of discouragement into the telegram of Governor Sanders that was quoted in our last issue, has caused a great deal of added anxiety and has, as was expected, forced thousands more into the refugee camps. The work of rescuing those marooned by the sudden rush was successfully carried out, and almost immediately efforts were made to close the crevasse. Two days after the first break the loud roar of the water rushing into the lowlands could be heard a mile away. Motor-boats loaded with supplies and equipments were rushed to the scene as rapidly as possible and desperate efforts were undertaken to close the ever widening breach. The section that was affected by this break, which is known as the Bayou Lafourche district, is the most densely populated of all rural sections in the United States, according to the latest statistics. There are three hundred and sixty-two people to the square mile, practically all of whom draw their livelihood from the sugar and cotton growing industries which the disastrous flood has paralyzed for this year.

The relief work in progress from Vicksburg is being carried forward as thoroughly and as rapidly as possible. Ten thousand rations were recently forwarded to the flood sufferers in the Sunflower River district, and two hundred and fifty thousand rations, the largest load sent out from that place during the relief work, were shipped for distribution from the relief base at Greenville. There are still about one hundred thousand refugees reported in the Vicksburg district, all of whom are dependent upon the government relief or upon outside charity.

Throughout the more western part of the flooded Louisiana territory the backwater behind the levees has continued to rise rapidly. Even before the break which so seriously affected Melville, the streets of the town were flooded to such an extent that all transportation and business was carried on by boats, and its only connection with the rest of the world was by telephone or boat. From the Bordelonville district the officer in charge wired that the situation was growing still more serious, as the water was running over the government levee for a distance of two or three miles. He stated that the loss of live stock would be very great unless barges for its transportation to safety were rushed in at once.

The progress of the flood waters into the back country has been astoundingly rapid. From points miles back into Lafourche and St. John Parishes, where the water has in former less disastrous floods taken weeks to penetrate, have come the reports that the farms were flooded two or three days after the levees broke. Hurried and desperate calls for assistance have come from various parts of these parishes and from Assumption Parish, where people have been unexpectedly marooned.

A despatch from Napoleonville states that the residents of six river and bayou sections in that vicinity have all been compelled to flee from their homes on account of the flood water. The cane growers throughout the district have seen the year's crop go under water and there is slight hope that any of it will be saved or that the flood will recede early enough to permit the planting of a second crop. The waters from the disastrous crevasse at Torras have continued to spread until the farthest points in the river and low-lying parishes have been reached. Even the back levees of some of the plantations—levees which were built as precautions only against the most extreme conditions—have gone down before the pressure of the waters backed in from the crevasse.

From the delta district of the Mississippi the reports are more encouraging as far as the progress of the water is concerned, but are disheartening when the details of the conditions of terrible distress of the small landholders and those who are dependent upon them are realized. Here the loss of live stock has been very severe, and as the water recedes the small farmers find their land once more ready for use, but their homes are practically wrecked. Many are without the cotton seed necessary to put in a new crop, and still others have lost every farm animal that they owned, leaving their planting and other farm work practically paralyzed.

From the refugee camps come the stories of the needs which it is impossible for the government officers to meet. A message from one of the army medical officers stated that in many places small and unorganized camps had been formed and in these the sanitary conditions were very bad. He asked in the same message for large supplies of clothing, and urged that in some way medical and sanitary aid be rushed to the districts where the danger of disease is greatest.

In spite of all that the efficient officers are now doing to improve conditions and prevent starvation among the homeless and destitute there is a great deal of suffering, and before normal conditions are restored this suffering must develop to almost unthinkable proportions if outside relief is not forthcoming. Large amounts of the government grants must go for the repair of the levees and not for the immediate relief of those affected by the floods. Their homes must be, in some way, gotten ready for their return. The government's relief in the form of food can be temporary only. The concentration camps can be continued only for a certain length of time, and it is feared that between the breaking up of the camps and the harvesting of another crop which will provide the wherewithal to refurnish their homes and purchase the necessities of life there must be intense suffering unless large sums are raised by private subscriptions to tide over the destitute till the fall. In a private despatch from a prominent citizen of Natchez we find some statements which indicate the extent of the calamity in that immediate district, and its conditions are only those which prevail throughout the whole fifteen hundred square miles of flooded country. The despatch says, "There is much suffering. The great majority will be absolutely destitute when the government withdraws its rations. I think that funds to be raised to be spent for the actual needs, to relieve sickness and distress will be a real charity. There is no chance for these people to make a crop . . . and the suffering after the government withdraws its rations, in my opinion, will be beyond description."

The army has done splendid work in handling supplies, forming refugee camps, and rescuing survivors; but on others devolve the tasks of maintaining order, regulating sanitation, nursing the sick and providing for the babies that have been born in the army tents. Gradually all these people must be re-established in their homes, and that will be the biggest task of all. There is need for money—urgent need, for money in generous sums.

The money which has already been forwarded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has now been used by the governor's committee in Louisiana, and it is our sincere hope that we may be able to forward substantial relief on behalf of our subscribers at an early date.

All gifts for the flood sufferers should be sent as early as possible, addressed to

THE FLOOD FUND,
Christian Herald,
Bible House, New York

Mayor Hayes of Vicksburg Amongst the Negro Refugees from Tallulah and Surrounding Country at the Gulf Compress at Vicksburg

The following contributions have already been received:

Previously acknowledged	$369.00
H. R. Reed	10.00
Frank D. Sniffen	5.00
W. V. Bennett	1.00
——, Elk View, Pa.	1.00
H. B. Angle	2.00
A Friend, Millville, Mass.	2.00
Mary S. Dickson	5.00
A Friend, Otsego, Mich.	1.00
William Sprague	10.00
Mrs. M. S. Forsyth	2.00
Mrs. E. S. Chamberlin	1.00
——, Indianapolis, Ind.	1.00
Mrs. L. Wagner	3.00
C. E. Ruth	20.00
J. W. Gale	5.00
Daniel Bixler, Jr.	5.00
M. Somervaill	5.00
Andrew Long	1.00

A Perilous Arctic Winter Journey

Continued from preceding page

down a steep incline, right in among my Eskimos. They did not know what to make of it. Their first thought was of a polar bear sliding down the hill; but they soon discovered who it was and reproached me earnestly for leaving my safe place above, as it was little short of a miracle that I had not done myself bodily harm.

After this they no longer insisted that I should stay alone in a hole, and an experienced man was despatched to lead me down. My guide walked ahead of me, cutting holes in the ice to make a foothold on the steep and slippery inclines. The Eskimos are little in stature and have, moreover, small feet and hands, which I was soon destined to find out to my detriment, as the holes cut were sufficient for Eskimo feet but not for mine. Very soon I was again sliding ahead of my guide into the darkness. At the time I wore a thick fur cloak and did not suffer seriously from the bumps I received by coming into sudden contact with protruding rocks. As soon as I came to a standstill I had to shout to my guide (I could not see him) and he shouted back to me. In this way we were soon able to enjoy one another's company again. Eventually we reached the foot of the hill in safety, and my heart was grateful to God for preservation over the most dangerous part of our winter's journey.

We stayed the remaining hours of the night in the little Eskimo hut, and the next day we reached a Moravian settlement. Our friends were anxious about us on account of the storm and all were glad that, notwithstanding the many adverse circumstances, we arrived in sound health and good spirits.

WHERE THE "FLOODS ARE OUT"

THESE PICTURES GIVE A VIVID IDEA OF THE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS PRODUCED BY THE FLOOD; OF THE RESCUE WORK AND THE CRYING NEED OF ASSISTANCE

THE FLOODED COURT-HOUSE AT TALLULAH

THE FLOODS ENCROACHING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BATON ROUGE

A FLOODED HOME BEHIND THE LEVEES

MOTOR-BOATS PICKING UP REFUGEES ALONG THE EDGES OF THE HIGHLANDS

THE DISASTROUS CREVASSE AT TORRAS

PART OF REFUGEE CAMP AT DELHI, LA.

WATER BEHIND THE LEVEES AT BRIERS, MISS.

DEALING OUT RATIONS

WRECKING OF THE STEAMER "CONCORDIA"

REFUGEES ON THE LEVEE AWAITING THE BOAT AND RESCUE

MAIN STREET, TALLULAH, LA.

TRANSFERRING RESCUED GOODS FROM A RAFT TO THE STEAMER

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D.*

THE JOY OF TRUE SERVICE

TEXT: "And his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads." Rev. 22: 3, 4

THE first part of this text seems to be a commonplace of the most obvious kind. "His servants shall serve him!" Well, why not? What are servants for except to serve? And you expect his servants to serve him. In this what is there wonderful or new or striking? And the reflection of a single minute suggests to us that we cannot have all the meaning of it before us. There must be something else. As the marvelous apocalypse moves toward its climax—this book which has been crowded with martyrdoms and heroisms and world-shaking catastrophes and judgments and the unspeakably precious promises of our God—it is not likely that the swelling sentences which rise as billows of light out of emerald seas of splendor will sink down upon such a poor and nerveless phrase. "His servants shall serve him!" Why, of course. But is that all?

You might think from the use of the same word "serve" and "servant" that the same word is used in the original. That would be a very reasonable supposition. But it is by no means the case. And the entire meaning of the words is lost to us because it has not been found possible to make the distinction which the writer made. The English Revised Version has made the attempt: "His servants shall do him service"; but there is little gain in the change. The word for "servant" expresses the lowest kind of servitude. The servants in question were slaves, and those of the lowest order. But the word for "serve" represents the very highest kind of service, and in the New Testament is exclusively applied to service rendered to God. It is frequently used of the ritual service of the temple. It describes the worship of God freely offered by loving and adoring hearts. And it is used for that true service of the Infinite and Holy One which consists in the consecration of the whole life to deeds of love and mercy done for him—the service which Mazzini had in mind when he declared, "We worship God by serving man." And the idea of the text is that from the lowest service the believer is promoted to the highest; from humiliating and painful and even degrading toil he is elevated to a place amongst the great and greatly honored souls who greatly serve the world. The slave becomes a priest—a priest of the Most High!

Work in the Glorified Life

In the glorified life of the blessed which John sees in his vision, the lowest have become the highest, and slaves become priests by virtue of service and of sacrifice. These, he says, are they that have come out of the great tribulation—not "out of great tribulation" as we often read it. You must not leave out the definite article. They have come out of the great tribulation—out of that agony of persecution which has made the name of Nero a synonym of horror for almost twice a thousand years. They, too, fought a good fight, kept the faith, finished their course. And having, in the days of supreme trial, supremely served, and that through supremest sacrifice, they now receive the crown of life, and it is—what? Larger opportunities and ampler powers for nobler and more enduring and richer service! His bond-slaves shall be his priests!

So, then, this is the first lesson of our text. The reward of good work is not freedom from work. It is more work, of a higher and better quality, with greater joy in the effort, and keener satisfaction in the accomplishment.

In this regard we have only to think of the heavenly life as a continuation of the earthly. It is a continuance of it under perfectly natural and logical conditions. And we may well believe that laws we here find operative in the universe will still have course though time shall cease to be. We find it to be a law here that work well done does not bring surcease of work. It brings more. Every man who is really busy seems, to the first glance, too busy. The rule is that a man either has too much to do or too little. He goes under and joins the unemployed, or else activities, engagements, burdens, crowd in upon him until you would think, and he thinks, sometimes, that he must be crushed beneath them. If you want to impose obligations and duties upon a man, it is of no use going to one who is care-free at the present time. You must go to the one who is doing so much that he cannot do more! And he is the one who can do it! We are told that we ought not to whip the willing horse. We should apply the whip to one who is doing nothing. Possibly the whip, if applied with sufficient vigor, might be effective with the people who will not work, but nothing else would be. And you have only to name the men whose personalities are always in the public eye, the great leaders in the financial world, the captains of industry, the makers and teachers of men, with all the hosts of the statesmen, preachers, men of science—the minds that lead the mind of the nation—to see that those who have done the world's work have their reward in—more work yet to do!

The Joy and Inspiration of Work

But the point is, of course, that such work is of a higher quality. There is work which brings—altogether aside from the rewards and emoluments which follow—immense joy and pride in the doing of it. And there is work which—aside again from its unremunerative nature—has in it only a minimum of joy and inspiration. It is work, and that of a strenuous character, which produces *The Origin of Species* and *The Ascent of Man;* which creates *Hamlet* or *In Memoriam;* or paints "Madonnas" and "Last Judgments." It is work exhausting enough in all conscience to direct the labor of thousands, manipulate properties in which the comfort of millions of people and the fate of millions upon millions of treasure are alike involved. It is work to sit hour by hour at the desk carrying on nerve and brain a hundred separate enterprises on the issue of any one of which fortune or ruin may depend. It is work to go from sick-room to sick-room, looking at the pain-racked body, pitying the tortured mind and pouring out the life in love and helpfulness. And—to speak a word for one's own vocation—it is work, though you may not believe it, to make oneself at home with the best thoughts of the best men of all ages, to saturate these in one's own deep convictions, and to pour oneself into one's preaching to the brains and hearts of men. Such work may be as exhausting, as devitalizing, as the labor of him who wheels iron ore to a blast furnace eight hours a day, or feeds the voracious fires of an Atlantic liner, or drives a street car through crowded streets from morning till night, or holds a collier's helm on a lee shore in the teeth of a January gale. But what inspiration there is in the one—what lack of it in the other! There was wisdom as well as wit in the remark of the workingman to a bishop who was arguing against an eight hours' day prescribed by law. The bishop said, "Why, I myself work fourteen hours a day," and I have no doubt he spoke truly. But quick as a flash came the retort, "But if I liked my work as well as you like yours I should be glad to do forty." The whole story is there. I am not asserting that there is no joy, no inspiration to be found in the lower forms of work. I am asserting what everybody knows, that there is more joy and inspiration in these we call higher. And we have agreed to call them higher just because they call for the grandest exercise of everything that is grandest in us, and they have the promise of deeper joys and higher achievements yet.

Willing Service in Church Work

It is good for us to take this view of the work we are called upon to do for God. Too often we are ready to complain, or, at the very least, to feel a little bit resentful, of the tendency of church work to grow upon us. Brethren, count it a reward offered to you by the Great Head of the Church. Esteem it his recognition of your faithful service, of your high integrity, of Christian character acclaimed by your fellows and attested by God. And you, who have done good work on a dozen different committees, and begin to wonder when the demands of the church upon your time will cease—take the heroic view of this and believe that it is God's way of acknowledging your service and of crowning you. He says, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of your Lord"—and the joy is in yet larger work to do for him which you shall do even better than you have done the last!

And it is good for us to think these things of the blessed life. Did you suppose that it was rest? Why does any person want rest at any time? I can only think of two reasons:

Rest may be longed for as the end of sickness, weakness and misery. If life has gone very hard with a person, and sorrows have multiplied, and misfortunes have followed one upon another, and if there seems no outlook and no hope; if body and mind are alike exhausted, then it may seem that there is nothing in the world so much to be desired as rest—the end of all things.

And the only other reason I can think of why rest should be desired by any of us is as a period of recuperation after healthy fatigue and as a means of storing up fresh energy for new tasks. Rest is delightful then. It is earned. And it is enjoyed. But it must not last too long, or it becomes a weariness to the flesh, and we demand some toil to rest us from its infliction. There comes renewed joy in renewed toil.

But now suppose this: Suppose that there is promised to you first the rest which you have deserved and which you need. With rest comes reinvigoration. Then great tasks await you, and as your spirit bends to them in glad obedience you find to your delight and surprise that you are possessed of faculties and powers adequate to your tasks. The work grows more and more important. It assumes ever larger proportions and takes on wider-reaching, eternal significance. And with the labor your powers increase, and you are always above your work, and never beneath it. There is no stress and strain. There is no sign of effort on your brow. Were there pain, the labor you delight in physics pain; and the joy of accomplishment you share with God. Would not that be heaven indeed? And such, I would have you think, is the glory of the redeemed.

Fellow Workers with God

Now, believe me, you cannot have a heaven in the next life if you have none in this. You must not hope to be enrolled with the heroic workers of the future beyond the night which we call death if you are not taking your place honorably amongst such toilers here, and working while it is called day. Churches are not clubs. The religious life is not self-indulgence. God does not grudge you your happiness, but you have no right to be happy, and God will not let you know what real happiness is, except as you are trying to help him to help his world. But if you will to do this— But listen to the next clause in the text:

"They shall see His face." I am quite sure that the two ideas are connected. Indeed, may we not say they are inseparable? "No longer do I call you servants," says our Lord, and the word is the same, "bond-slaves." "No longer do I call you slaves; for the slave knoweth not what his lord doeth." He cannot understand. He is not supposed to understand. He has only blindly to obey. And the scourge waits for disobedience. "But I have called you friends"—friends. And such are we, friends of God, entering by intelligent and reverent sympathy into the mind of God, understanding what our Lord doeth, co-operating with his eternal purposes, becoming fellow workers together with God in serving and saving his world! "O God, I am thinking thy thoughts after thee," said Kepler in his joy when his telescope swept the heavens. "I can sympathize with God," said Tennyson; "I can sympathize with God in my poor little way."

Familiarity with God is promised us. It is not only contemplation. "They shall see his face." What is a face? Is it not a revelation? Is it not a revelation of the mind and soul? The face is the supreme product of evolution. What ages have gone to the making of man and to the creation of that marvel of marvels, the human face! "All the greatest painting," says Ruskin, "is of the human face." And why? Because, as Plato so long ago declared, in the face is the consummation alike of the physical and the moral. We may not always be able to read it, yet the face is the face because

Continued on next page

* Pastor First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

THE GATES OF PARADISE

NOT here, but farther, lies the land
Whose beauties tongue cannot command;
There, in that land of brightest day,
Peace, truth, and right dominion sway;
And there, beneath those beaming skies,
They stand—the gates of Paradise.

There pain and sorrow never show
Themselves to those who here below
Seemed weighted to the ground with care.
That bliss eternal we may share,
If we would only will to rise
And seek the gates of Paradise.

So far away they lie, they say,
That we must travel many a day;
The months must fly, the years must go;
The journey's end we may not know;
Life's vista long before us lies;
Its end—the gates of Paradise.

The way is arduous, narrow, rough,
And difficulties come enough;
But, being such, it is the best;
Then onward go; pause not to rest,
Until behind each sorrow lies;
Before—the gates of Paradise.

THOMAS GARRETT.

The Joy of True Service

Continued from preceding page

the soul speaks in it. "And they shall see his face," and know his mind, and share the secret counsels of the Most High.

But our ambition grows by what it feeds on. Every promise fires our longing for another. And this does not content us. Here the blessing must begin. "His name shall be on their foreheads." There is upon God's children the character which bespeaks God's ownership.

The thinker knows that "there is nothing of which a high nature feels so proud as the possession of a human soul." Compared to this, the ownership of material wealth seems itself material, and very poor, however great the riches owned. Such possession of the heart and spirit of another is the very "climax of conscious power." And when a loving heart pledges itself, in Browning's fine phrase, to

> Meet, if thou require it,
> Both demands,
> Laying faith and spirit
> In thy hands,

all is told, and in that wealth is a vastness and a glory which the ownership of all the gold of California and all the silver of Nevada could not bring.

Dare we not think of a joy and pride and rapture in the heart of the Eternal to which these feelings afford a clue? If the adoring heart yields itself to God; if the will is surrendered to him; if we come to offer ourselves to him with no reserve and no delay, keeping back no uttermost recesses of the soul, but finding the largest service and the largest sacrifice all too small, who shall say that heaven's own gladness does not take on a richer hue, and the joy which is found amongst the angels of God over one sinner that repents prove to be but the faintest adumbration of the glory which is in the heart of God in the possession of the souls of men and women consecrated to his will? I dare not follow this flashing vision into the immensities and the eternities to which it invites me. My mind begins to reel and stagger before the contemplation of such august and awe-inspiring themes. I understand the mark which is to be on their foreheads. It is reverence that kindles in the soul and speaks from the face. It is adoration which transfigures the countenance. It is a God-like character which lights up the radiance in eyes that look with love upon the face of God. Oh, may I reach this purest heaven—be to God himself a possession in which through all eternity Immortality and Infinity may delight! May we his bond-slaves become his priests, and the humblest of us all through the ages of the ages sit with those that praise our God for that they served his world!

JOY TO THE WORLD

By Eugene Thwing

JOY is not a thing of spontaneous combustion. No more is it a thing that is sent like rain "upon the just and unjust" alike. We sing with enthusiasm "Joy to the world!" and then go about our own business as though we had pronounced a benediction, and henceforth the world ought to be filled with joy. Somehow, as we look around, everything is the same as before.

Why isn't the world joyful? Surely there is joy enough for all somewhere. Surely there is reason enough for all to rejoice. Yet a large part of the world is sorrowful, and seems almost to prefer sorrow to joy. The things that cause sorrow are deliberately chosen rather than the things that cause joy. Our own tuneful proclamation of joy to the world seems to produce no result. Perhaps "heaven and nature sing," but when we get through our lines,

> No more let sin and sorrow grow,
> Nor thorns infest the ground,

we look here and there and we find that sin and sorrow are still growing rank, and thorns still infest the ground on every side. Then, perhaps, if God has given us the blessing of common sense, it dawns upon us that something more than singing "Joy to the world" is necessary to bring it to pass.

Joy is not an accident. It must have a definite cause. You and I may safely assume that *in some particular case* within our reach, where now there is sorrow, if joy is to come at all *we must be the cause.* Somebody has said, "Joy is born a twin." That means, first of all, that it is a *living* thing. Next, it means that it cannot come into life, nor remain alive, nor grow, alone. Partnership is absolutely indispensable to joy. Christ begat his joy in the hearts of his followers, "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full," and then he immediately commanded them to beget joy in others as he had begotten joy in them, because loving, certainly, is the one necessary step toward making joy. If, therefore, we are acquainted with Joy, the sooner we translate our songs into action and introduce our own boon companion to some one who has not met him the better.

. . .

QUEER, what places one must go to find the haunts of Joy. The bright and happy Spirit ought, of course, to be out among the flowers, and sunshine, and music, or it ought to be in some gay banquet hall, or quiet library, or superb gallery of art; or we ought to find it in some bank with piles of gold, or in a drawing-room surrounded with elegance and clothed in beautiful raiment. Thousands of searchers are convinced that the nearer they can get to such places the closer they will come to grasping the hand of Joy.

A faithful city pastor had within his flock a discontented woman. She lived in a fairly comfortable and well-appointed home, and she and her family were always respectably clothed. They mingled freely in good society and had many friends, yet the good woman was unhappy. She saw many of her neighbors with greater luxuries than her own family could enjoy. Every new indulgence of a neighbor or friend in an automobile, or expensive gowns, or costly entertainments, or travel, or summer outings, gave her a fresh sense of her own restricted condition and made her feel that fate, either in human or inhuman form, was most unkind.

What could a poor man, even though he be a pastor, do for the healing of such a malady? Sermons could not reach it. The subject required tactful treatment. How could joy be begotten in such a house of gloom? Contact with brightness and beauty and pleasure seemed rather to aggravate the disease.

Finally the pastor's wife found the answer. She persuaded the lady of sighs to go with her, just for company, to visit a sick woman living in a miserable tenement in the poorest quarter of the city. The room was bare of carpet and almost destitute of furniture. The cupboard was empty, and two half-naked children were crying with cold and hunger. The few simple comforts, but more, the heartening words of sympathy and hope, which the pastor's wife brought into that cheerless place, made the sick woman's face shine through her tears as she stammered again and again words of gratitude and blessing.

. . .

THE visit was repeated the next day, and the lady of sighs volunteered to provide a part of the things needful. Other homes of wretchedness were visited in the same way, until the lady who had been chosen by the pastor's wife as her special companion for the round of visits exclaimed, one day, "I had no idea you did so much of this work, Mrs. Fisher. It seems to take most of your time."

"I have not, until recently," acknowledged the pastor's wife, "but there is so much need, and in our own comfortable and beautiful homes we are so inclined to forget the multitude of suffering and sorrowing ones whom we can help so easily. I just felt this was necessary to counteract selfishness as well as to minister to "the least of these" in His name. I am not sure but I have gotten a good deal more than I have given."

The other said nothing, but somehow her own home seemed a place of luxury as she began to compare it, not with the mansions of wealthier neighbors, but with the pitiful tenement rooms in which she has been so often of late. Her own privileges and blessings seemed by the same reversal of standard to be multiplied beyond all count, where before they had been thought so few. As she noticed the glad look that sprang into poor wan faces when she entered a seemingly destitute room on her errand of mercy, she felt a strange glow in her heart unknown before. When one day, calling alone because the pastor's wife was unable to go, a poor old woman looked into her face with eager, tender eyes that seemed beautiful in spite of the deep lines of pain and poverty, and said, "Lady, may the dear God bless you, and bring back on your own head a thousand times over all the joy you are bringin' to the likes of us," suddenly she realized she had found something new and wonderful. Joy had been born in her.

We need not speculate as to whether she or the old woman had begotten the joy in the other, or whether the pastor's wife had given it, or whether it came direct from the Master as a reward for obedience, or whether all three propositions were true. Certainly the partnership in joy was there, and certainly the joy was a living, throbbing reality.

That is a beautiful, jubilant hymn—"Joy to the world!" We just naturally sing it with an exultant spirit. How would it be, next time, to sing it also as a consecration pledge?

THE HEART'S WISH

A LITTLE more Cross and a little less creed,
A little more beauty of brotherly deed;
A little more bearing of things to be borne,
With faith in the infinite triumph of morn.
A little less doubt and a little more do
Of the simple, sweet service each day brings to view.

—*Selected.*

Swedish Christians at Work

THE churches for foreigners in New York City are institutions in which every citizen of America should be interested. There are many agencies and influences in the metropolis which tempt and threaten the immigrant. During the days or weeks he spends there before going on to the interior of the country his hopes of good citizenship may be ruined. His first few weeks in the new world are very likely to determine whether he is to be a loss or a gain to the United States.

For twenty years the Battery Swedish M. E. Mission has stood just east of the green, outside of Castle Garden, and its workers here sought to help the incoming strangers from their native land to a safe and steady start upon their new life. The little society has done a noble work, a work which makes the whole nation its debtor. And among the people of the Swedish race who have located permanently in New York its services have been also invaluable. It is holding them firmly to the Church of Christ, while helping them to learn how to make the most of their lives in their new homeland. It is also doing a splendid evangelistic work among the members of the Swedish race who have drifted away from Christ, as well as visiting the sick and supplying the needs of the poor.

The operations of the church have increased so largely that its people have found it necessary to move to new quarters. The new location is on Twenty-fourth Street, near Ninth Avenue. It is the ambition of the faithful members to own their own church home, and out of their earnings they have already established a small building fund, which they are earnestly hoping may grow to a sufficient size to enable them to purchase the property they are now occupying. The work of the church is under the direction of the New York Church Extension and Missionary Society, which is also a subscriber to its new enterprise. The society now supports its own minister and deaconess.

Any who are interested in this good work and who wish to learn more of its prospects and its needs are invited to communicate with the pastor, Rev. Carl J. Andreen, at 2427 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Anvil Sparks

..WHEN one is a fool and knows it, he is wise.

..TRAVELING the upward way a steady gait is the best.

..TRAVEL stains are not bad if you get them going the right way.

..TO SIT with folded hands is no way to await the answer to prayer.

..UNREASONABLE expectations account for many discouragements.

..THERE'S no saint like an old saint who became a saint while still young.

..AN OUNCE of mother (says a Spanish proverb) is worth a pound of clergy.

..DIFFICULTIES in the way are a pretty good indication that you are on the right road.

..HE WHO demands all his rights unyieldingly is sure to get along poorly with his neighbors.

..WHEN the Master comes he would rather find the servants in garbs of toil than on dress parade.

.."THE future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it."—*De Beaufort.*

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

"THE EYE OF GREECE"

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

Illustrated with photographs by Mrs. Clark

Lykabettos, the Remarkable Cone-shaped Hill That Rises Almost from the Center of Athens

MILTON in *Paradise Regained* calls Athens "The eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence." To this very day, during the long period of her decadence and eclipse, and of her subsequent revival as the political capital of an independent country, Athens has maintained something of her traditional glory. To speak of a city as the Athens of America, of England, of Germany (and the inhabitants of many cities like thus to fondly designate their towns) is to claim for it a certain literary and artistic superiority, even though the golden age of Athens is 2,500 years in the past.

In St. Paul's time the gleam of this golden glory was still reflected on the proud temples and magnificent statuary of Athens, even though she had become a conquered Roman province, and, commercially and politically, was far less important than her neighbor, Corinth. Nevertheless, she stood in the eyes of the world for all that was excellent in art and letters, and the approach of the great apostle to her famous shrines and academic groves was a unique event in his life, and, as it proved, in the history of Christianity. But what do we see now in Athens, nearly two thousand years after St. Paul walked up to the Agora from the Piræus, between the ruins of the great stone walls that used to connect the noblest city of antiquity with her seaport? Corinth is a ruin, as we have seen—a ruin but partially exhumed by the enterprise of American explorers. "The Isthmus," once the highway of the world's commerce, is largely a rocky waste, with a few fertile farms and smiling vineyards to tell of its former glory. The Isthmian stadium is but a hollow in the ground, where once the greatest sports took place that commanded the attention of the nations. But Athens, like the phœnix, has arisen from her ashes over and over again, and, though she has lost her classic glory, is in some respects more important to-day than in St. Paul's time. Then she was a quiet provincial town, full of philosophers, idlers, and questioning speculators, of little importance in the political or commercial world, but with all the memories of her former commanding greatness and with her glorious monuments and works of art largely unimpaired. Now Athens is surpassed by a hundred cities from the intellectual and artistic standpoint, but none can rival her memories, her traditions, her ruins. To-day she is no longer an insignificant free Greek city of a Roman colony, as when St. Paul visited her. She is the capital of an independent kingdom—a kingdom small and poor, to be sure, as compared with her great neighbors, but a kingdom that is enjoying a more just and stable government than she has known since the days of the Apostle. She boasts a constitutional government, a wise and patriotic king, and a legislative assembly representing a free people.

A Squatter's House on the Acropolis

The finances of Greece are on a more stable basis than ever, a sure proof of the commercial welfare of a nation. The drachma is the monetary unit of her currency. It is worth twenty cents in American money, the same as the French franc, the Italian lira, and the Austrian corona. For many years the drachma passed only at a heavy discount, as compared with the currency of her neighbors; but it is now worth a trifle more than the money of the wealthy French republic.

Athens is enlarging her boundaries, erecting new public buildings and hotels, repairing her streets, unearthing her ruins and restoring some of them, and everywhere there are signs of growing prosperity. But this is largely a commercial prosperity. The center of literary and artistic activity long ago moved from Athens, probably never to return. Apart from a few fine buildings, the palace of the king and the crown prince, the great Stadium, the Academy, the university, the library, the homes of Professor Schliemann and a few wealthy Greeks, the architecture of Athens is monotonous and depressing in the extreme. A square packing-box seems to be the model of ninety-nine houses out of a hundred. Hideous rectangular buildings, white-washed or yellow-washed, with unrelieved flat roofs, abound everywhere in the more respectable parts of the city, while the poorer parts are often squalid and filthy. Athens is Greece in a peculiar sense. Far more than Paris is France, even more than Buenos Aires is Argentina (where almost all the wealth and fashion and luxury are centered in the capital of the republic) is Athens the center, if not the circumference, of modern Greece. There is no other city deserving the name in Greece, and the country villages are often dirty, dismal and wretchedly poor. When we consider the sad history of Greece for the last two thousand years, we do not wonder at her present poverty, but rather that she has shown such wonderful resiliency, and has been able to take her place, though as a little one, in the family of the nations. Twenty-four hundred years ago, approximately, Greece was at the summit of her glory, four hundred years before St. Paul climbed the long ascent from the Piræus, and preached his immortal sermon on Mars Hill. Then, within a period of seventy years, lived Socrates, who drank the hemlock in the year 399 before Christ, and Plato, his great disciple, who died fifty years later; and Demosthenes, the name synonymous with oratory in all the world; Aristotle, and Diogenes the Cynic, and Praxiteles the sculptor, and many another whose name the world will never willingly let die. Within the lifetime of a single man all these great orators, philosophers, painters and sculptors lived. Philip of Macedon then conquered the Persians, and Alexander the Great ascended the throne. Then came to Greece a steady though slow decline from the summit of her fame and glory, until, as we have seen, in St. Paul's time Athens was a quiet provincial city, with only the shadow of her former greatness, though the splendid monuments of her architects, sculptors and painters were still intact. But worse things awaited this devoted city and country after St. Paul's day. The Goths ravaged Athens in the fourth century after Christ, and the Vandals a hundred years later. The Vandals were followed by the Slavs, after another century had performed its work of destruction and pillage. Then the Bulgarians

Continued on next page

The Living Milk-Cart of Athens

The Palace of King George in Constitution Square

THE MOHONK PEACE CONFERENCE

THE eighteenth annual Lake Mohonk Peace Conference was held from May 15 to 17 last, and brought forth an attendance that was truly international in character. Representatives from Persia, Switzerland, Canada, Germany, the United States and Norway were gathered there in the interest of international arbitration. The sessions were devoted to a consideration of the scope and value of the courts of arbitration, the value of arbitration treaties, and the duties of this nation as the leader in the peace movement. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University presided at the sessions again this year. In his opening address Dr. Butler reviewed the history of the Anglo-American and French peace treaties with special reference to the action of the Senate. He spoke in high praise, also, of the diplomats who averted war in Europe's trying crisis of 1911. On the second day of the conference Dr. Otfried Nippold, professor of International Law in Berne University, Switzerland, spoke on "Winning Germany for Peace." He said of the difficulties to be faced:

The endeavors to secure world peace can only be fully successful if all nations take part in them.

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Some of the Foreign Representatives at Lake Mohonk

From Left to Right: Dr. E. C. Getsinger, Mrs. Getsinger, Dr. Ameen Farred, Miz Ahmed Sahrab, Mirza Vargha, Abdul Baha Abbas, Signid Assadullah, Dr. Zia Bagdadi

The chief work must be done in Germany. For if we have taken Germany, we have taken the world. That is the last, the hardest fortress to be taken. The German public in general takes no interest in anything connected with international law, Hague conferences, arbitration, the peace movement.

The third day of the conference was devoted largely to the awarding of prizes, the consideration of the questions which most closely affect the United States and the adoption of a platform for the conference.

Announcement was made on the closing day of the conference of the inauguration of a nation-wide movement to link the churches of the United States up to the movement to secure international peace, now before the conference.

A commission on peace and arbitration of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, composed of well-known representatives of the churches, has been formed to conduct the campaign, the purposes of which are, briefly, to organize all the churches of the nation into a great Church Peace League, and in all possible ways interest the ministers and churches in the peace movement.

Steps will be taken to organize the 18,000,000 persons represented in the Federal Council into a Church League of Peace.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

and the Albanians took their turn at the work of pillage and rapine. Even the Norwegians came down from the far north about the year 1000 and contributed their share to the desolation of fair Athens.

Worst of all, in 1456, the Turks captured Athens, and then this city of ancient glory and modern disaster was the football of Mussulmans and Christians, Turks, Venetians, Russians, British and French, until in 1830 Greece was declared an independent nation, and in 1863 the present worthy King George I. ascended the throne, to which he had been elected by the voice of the people. He is a brother of the late King Frederick VIII. of Denmark, and a brother of the Queen Mother Alexandra of England. Under his reign Greece has, though with various internal troubles and defeats by foreign foes, steadily progressed, materially, educationally, and, we trust, spiritually.

When we consider her checkered career, her long, long centuries of defeat, oppression, pillage, destruction by the most barbarous nations of Europe and Asia, we cannot wonder that Athens is to-day chiefly celebrated for her ruins; that not a single temple is still intact; that not one of the thousands of ancient statues is unscarred; that headless trunks, armless and legless fragments, broken capitals, friezes and pediments abound everywhere, and that even the Parthenon and the Erechtheion retain but the shadow of their former glories.

Yet here is to-day a modern city of some one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, supremely interesting to the student because of its history, to the artist because of rare fragments of sculpture, to the archeologist because of its majestic ruins, stately even in their decay, to the Christian largely because a Christian Jew, named Paul, some eighteen hundred years ago journeyed here from Macedonia, tarried for a few weeks or months, and on a great rock in the center of the city made a never-to-be-forgotten speech which ever since has been echoing throughout the world. On all these accounts it is of interest to look at the city for a little through modern spectacles, uncolored by the rosy light of the past or the gloom of more recent years.

In the modern city of Athens there are two squares which form the two foci of an ellipse, from which most of the life of the city radiates. One of these is Constitution Square, to translate the Greek and French names by which it is usually called into English, and the other is the Place of Concord. Around Constitution Square cluster the leading hotels, while to the east it is flanked by the great bare marble palace of the king, in front of which is a pretty park, and behind it a botanical garden.

From the Place de la Concord radiate various electric car lines to different parts of the city, and the two squares are connected by the Street of the Stadium, a busy thoroughfare about half a mile long. Other principal business streets are the Street of Hermes, the Street of Æolus, Athens Street and Piræus Street. In all these and some others are good shops, filled with the latest importations from London, Paris and New York. The student of the classics will be interested to note that many of the streets are named after the ancient worthies, Homer and Socrates, Æschylus and Phidias, and is thankful to the city fathers of Athens for putting up at every street corner a marble tablet with the name of the street in plain Greek letters, a custom which many of our American cities might well imitate more extensively.

The street scenes are extremely interesting to the new arrival. The ladies of Athens of the better class affect a funereal black, for the most part, at least, in this year of our Lord 1912. What it may be next year I would not venture to predict. But there are enough other people on the streets to relieve the somber effect. The soldiers are particularly picturesque. Many of them wear the kilted and fluted white skirt that comes nearly to their knees, while their legs are encased in heavy white stockings or leggings reaching to their hips. This costume, which terminates in brown Turkish slippers, extravagantly turned up at the toe, which is surmounted by a big black ball of worsted, gives these sons of Mars a singularly unwarlike, not to say effeminate, aspect. But there are other soldiers in blue and butternut uniforms of the ordinary type, while the officers, as in other lands, are birds of gorgeous plumage.

The bootblacks and newsboys of Athens are numberless and omnipresent, yelling out in shrill tones the latest edition, or inviting customers in equally strident tones to have a "shine." Hot-chestnut men, with a charcoal brazier and stock in trade of a hundred big nuts, doze over their little fires, or sell pistachio nuts, sesame seed or pumpkin seeds at the street corners. Much of the merchandise is carried by diminutive gray donkeys, or by old women, who are almost lost under their huge loads of oranges or lemons or cauliflowers or brushwood. The goats are a familiar sight of modern as doubtless they were of ancient Athens, and one sees them skipping over the rocks of Mars Hill or the Pnyx, or picking their way gingerly over the ruins of some ancient temple, like chamois in their native wilds. They are all muzzled, and attended in flocks of ten or a dozen by a goatherd, who goes armed with three little tin cups, one holding about a pint, another a half pint, and another a gill. When he finds a customer, he stops a section of his living milk-cart, milks it, hands over the diminutive amount of the lacteal fluid (it certainly is fresh milk) to the customer, and receives his five or ten *lepta* (one or two cents) in return.

Such are some of the everyday sights which interest the modern traveler in Athens. But of course the natural scenery and the ruined monuments of ancient greatness are the sights which chiefly attract his attention. These are memorable and striking in the extreme. To the east of the city is a long range of granite hills, bare and stern, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation, at least in winter, but famed now as in classical days for their honey, the honey of Hymettus. To the north is the great mountain range of Parnes, covered with snow after December's winds begin to blow, while between Parnes and Hymettus in a northeasterly direction is Pentelicus, the marble quarry of ancient and modern Athens alike, the mountain which made possible the magnificent temples and statues of ancient days, which has adorned the modern stadium, before described, in its glorious dress of glistening white, and which has given to modern Athens all the beauty and glory which it still possesses; for even to-day it is a city of marble. It is not too much to say that with all its wonderful geographical advantages, without Pentelicus there could have been no Athens such as we know in ancient or modern history.

Coming nearer the city, the most striking natural object is Lykabettos, a hill nearly one thousand feet high, which rises almost out of the heart of the city. This is a wondrously symmetrical cone, and the view from the top is magnificent in the extreme. A much lower height to the south is the far-famed Acropolis, or citadel of Athens, crowned with the world's most wonderful ruins, the Propylæa, the Parthenon, the Erechtheion, and the Temple of the Wingless Victory. Beyond the Acropolis, looking toward the south from Lykabettos, are the blue, sparkling waters of Piræus, the chief harbor of Greece nineteen hundred years ago, as now.

From this harbor might have been seen, somewhere near the former date, an unnoticed, apparently insignificant foot passenger, making his toilsome way alone over the long, dusty road that led from the shore to the heart of ancient Athens, which then was the Acropolis and the land that immediately surrounded it, a section now almost bare of habitation. That solitary man was Paul, once called Saul; and he bore a message which should turn the world upside down. What he saw and what he said I must reserve for another article.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Salvation for All

IN the good old days of rugged dogma one of the favorite battle grounds for preacher and laymen alike was the subject of "election." Not so much is heard about it nowadays, for the clergymen of the various denominations have gotten down to the working basis of preaching salvation as freely offered to everybody. The glad "whosoevers" of the New Testament have sung the grim interpretations of other and more difficult passages out of earshot. Every man who hears the Gospel knows in the depths of his soul that he can be saved; every man who hears the Gospel knows that God longs to save him.

It is stimulating and strengthening, however, to find the old passages which were somberly interpreted in the old days clarified by new and authoritative voices of learning and piety. In the published correspondence of Professor David Smith in the columns of the *British Weekly* appears a letter written by one who speaks modestly of himself as "an ignorant collier," and asks for an explanation of John 6: 44: "No man can come to me except the Father draw him." The collier suggests: "The inference is—a man cannot do anything for himself in coming to the Saviour; and if he does not come, it is because the Father has not drawn him. Is this a correct deduction?"

Professor Smith answers: "Hardly," evidently from what follows, connoting a most positive negative. For he goes on to say what is much easier to believe than to doubt, that the Father is drawing *every one*. He continues:

> If he were not drawing us, we would never think of him, never realize our need, never long for a better life. What, then, is the correct inference from that saying of Jesus? It is this: "No man can come to me except the Father draw him; and the Father is drawing every man; therefore every man may come to the Saviour, and if he does not come, it is because he has refused to be drawn by the kind hand of the Father, and resisted the striving of the good Spirit."

Even the baffling passage in the eighth chapter of Romans melts into sweetness before the warmth of Christian experience. Every Christian knows that he was called. He can still remember the time God called him and many of the occasions on which the call was repeated. He knows that God had him in his thought and planned for his salvation. He knows that his destiny, determined by the Almighty Father, was that he "might be conformed to the image of his Son." He knows that he was and is "justified"; he knows that he will be "glorified." He knows also that any other soul who will hear and heed the call may have a share in this same glad destiny and the same great glory.

A New Religion for Japan

THAT Japan is growing more tolerant and liberal in its national attitude towards other religions than Buddhism and Shintoism, was demonstrated recently by an important conference—the first of its kind ever held—at which the Western religions were accorded the same official recognition as those of the ancient East. Now, we have the news by cable that there is a plan afoot, which the emperor approves, for the establishment of a new state religion in that country. It is said to have originated with Mr. Izawa, formerly of the Ministry of Education and a peer of the empire. The new organization is to be known as the "State Religious Community of Japan." One of its features is the assertion that the emperor is of divine lineage, the direct descendant of the Creator of the world. Its main purpose is to cultivate loyalty toward the emperor and the elevation of moral ideas throughout his dominions.

There is nothing specially novel in this "new religion," which would seem to be an admixture of Confucianism, or the religion of the moralities, and an extended form of ancestor-worship on a larger scale. What is significant, however, is that the old religion no longer satisfies the Japanese. With the enlargement of the nation's activities and the spread of education and Western ideas, there has come a religious crisis, which in some respects may be said to resemble that of Rome when she came to the cross-roads where she bade farewell to paganism and prepared to take up Christianity. Is Japan ready to do the same? She has clung to Buddhism, which she imported from Korea some fifteen hundred years ago, but its strength has ebbed and flowed by turns. To-day, its hold on the national heart seems to be far less strong than that of Shintoism, through which Nippon has worshiped the forces of nature, the nation's heroes and its ancestors from the time when the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, sprang from the heart of Amaterasu O-Mi-Kami, the sun goddess, 2,600 years ago. Shintoism, notwithstanding that it has no "sacred books," no dogmas, and no code of morals, has a powerful charm for the people, rich and poor alike. Its revival now as the basis of the "new religion," could only be interpreted as springing from the desire to make the religious life of the Japanese tributary to the political power and growth of the empire. With a "divine" ruler, what would not his loyal subjects sacrifice for the glory and prestige of their country?

Christianity grows apace in Japan. It has encountered many obstacles; yet it has surmounted them all and suffered no serious defeats. It may be that this new movement, which reveals the social and spiritual unrest of the empire, will ultimately prove to be a great Gospel opportunity.

A Congress on High Prices

BALTIMORE has shown commendable civic spirit in taking a step which may greatly aid in solving the difficult problem of the high cost of living. Some time ago, an organization known as the "City-wide Congress" appointed a committee to investigate the subject and that committee has now completed its report. It finds that many causes have combined to produce the present economic conditions. First, the prime cause, which lies at the root of the whole matter, is the increased supply of gold. Among the subsidiary causes are these:

Tariff on foodstuffs and other products.
Abuse of cold storage to help corner markets.
Decreased amount of labor on farms and consequent increase in wages.
Decrease of truck farms and farming around the city.
Excessive profits of middlemen, due to too many small shops and too much handling between producer and consumer.
Too much purchase on credit at advanced prices.
Inadequate transportation to proximate farming districts, especially in winter.
Short weights and inadequate control of scales and measures.
No provision in modern houses for storage of goods.
Telephones, resulting in ordering on credit without bargaining for price.
Too high charges and improper conditions of our city markets.
Growing luxuriousness of the people, which eliminates careful, businesslike housekeeping and shopping.

To remedy these defects, as far as may be practicable, is the task to which the legislative and industrial energies of the country must now be turned. Just how this is to be accomplished the committee does not suggest, but confines itself to the proposition that a Congress be held of all the States and Territories, and including representatives of the Federal Government, looking to united action. Meanwhile, it is made more apparent than ever that communities desiring to help themselves can find the way in co-operation, and by encouraging the general opening of farmers' markets at which the products of the soil can be purchased direct from the producer by the consumer. Common sense is a wonderful solvent of most of the difficulties encountered in our everyday lives, and here it would surely apply with greater certainty and satisfaction than official remedies, which may be long delayed.

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A Bitter Warning

THE American public has been horrified at the spectacle of a prominent young clergyman, the pastor of a large city church, being executed as a murderer. Clarence V. T. Richeson paid the penalty on May 20 at Boston for the crime of killing a young woman who supposed that he was engaged to marry her. Of all the distressing thoughts which crowd upon the mind in the presence of such an utter wreck of what should and might have been a useful life, none is stronger and more insistent than the regret that a successful and influential church should have been so negligent as to engage as its pastor a man who had already left behind him a trail of dishonor.

The present seems to be an occasion in which the utmost frankness of speech is not only permissible but obligatory. The whole church of Christ has suffered reproach. And it is to be earnestly hoped that out of the horror of this wretched episode there may come an added carefulness on the part of all churches, denominations and religious leaders, in allowing men to take up or continue the sacred work of preaching the Gospel. It must be remembered that eloquence and a plausible manner, and often what seems like religious fervor, cannot be trusted as proofs that the man who has all these gifts is sincere. A minister's whole career should be a matter of open history, and no church should trust its spiritual welfare and victories to any man before looking up in closest detail the facts of his character and conduct. Neglect on the part of church officials to inspect the lives of clergymen and evangelists, failure to insist that spiritual leaders be men of real spirituality and the highest honor, may result, as it has resulted here, in irremediable disaster.

General Notes

—THE ATTITUDE OF THE Roman Catholic Church toward woman suffrage has been laid down definitely and unmistakably by Father Matthew A. Taylor, priest of a leading Catholic church in New York, who dismissed Miss Aimee Hutchinson, a teacher-clerk in the parochial school of the church, because she marched in the recent woman suffrage parade. In dismissing her (according to Miss Hutchinson's own statement in the New York *Times*), he said: "The woman suffrage movement is the next thing to Socialism and I cannot countenance it." His course in the matter has caused a great stir in suffrage circles, the leaders of which regard Miss Hutchinson as their "first martyr" for the cause. They characterize the priest's course as carrying the religion of Rome into politics with a vengeance.

—PEACE IS ASSURED in the coal mining operations of America for the next four years. On May 17 the anthracite miners in convention at Wilkesbarre, Pa., after overcoming the opposition of the large foreign element agreed to accept the tentative arrangement proposed by the mine operators. Three days later the representatives of the mine workers and of the coal companies met in Philadelphia and ratified the agreement under which the miners gain an increase in wages and some other slight concessions. The mining of anthracite coal has been suspended for about seven weeks, yet there have been few of the developments which usually accompany a strike of this type. Slight troubles at Scranton and little clashes between the miners and the State constabulary have been the only evidences of trouble in the great Pennsylvania coal fields.

—COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT has further demonstrated himself as a candidate of surprises by carrying Mr. Taft's own State, Ohio, by a sweeping majority in the presidential primaries on May 21. He may have thirty of the forty-two district delegates. Mr. Taft, however, claims seventeen delegates, and is still hopeful. The Ohio fight was hotly contested, and the result caused a revival of the rumors that Mr. Taft might retire from the contest if Ohio went against him, but this he denies positively. On learning the news, Colonel Roosevelt remarked that the fight was now over and won, but he would go on fighting till the very last. On the Democratic side Governor Harmon received strong support and will probably have twenty-six out of the forty-two delegates to the National Convention.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

"Titanic's" Waifs in Mother's Arms

ONE of the most romantic mysteries of the *Titanic* tragedy was that of the two little waifs, aged four and two years, who were rescued from the wreck. No one knew their names, who their parents were, or whence they came. A tall, handsome and well-dressed man was devoted to them in the second cabin of the ill-fated ship, and Miss Margaret Hayes, a young woman of wealth and culture, cared for them in the lifeboat and after the survivors had been taken aboard the *Carpathia*. When the rescue ship reached New York, Miss Hayes took the children to the beautiful home of her father, where they were cared for. The mystery of the waifs found a place in the newspapers of two continents, and the best detective force of France undertook its solution. Now the mystery is solved. The names of the children are Michel and Edmond Navratil, of Nice, and their pet names are Lolo and Momo. Their father, with whom they were traveling to America on board the *Titanic*, was the proprietor of a ladies' tailoring establishment in Nice. Five years ago he married seventeen-year-old Marcelle Collata, an Italian, born in Buenos Aires, a strikingly beautiful brunette, slender and graceful, with a wealth of lustrous black hair, big brown eyes, and a complexion of peach bloom. Two lovely boys were born to them, but petty disagreements arose and a year ago they agreed to separate. The court awarded the care of the children to an uncle, who in turn gave them back to their mother. The father got possession of the boys and started with them for America under the assumed name of Hoffman. When the *Titanic's* lifeboats were being filled he came forward and placed his sons in one of the lifeboats, but stepped back and went down with the ship. The mother was in the meantime frantically searching Nice for her lost boys. She read in the papers of the two waifs of the disaster, but did not connect them with her own loss until she saw their pictures in print. She immediately came to America and was met by Miss Hayes and some relatives, and taken to the rooms of the Children's Society in New York, where she found the two boys, who, upon seeing her, immediately broke into sobs and rushed into her arms, crying, "Mamma! Mamma!" The mother with cries of joy swept them both into her arms and joined them in an hour of sobbing and laughing and endearment. A few days later she started back to her home in France, where she will undertake the support of the two boys on her wages as a saleswoman in one of the shops in Nice. The finding of the children and the joy it brought to the mother's heart calls to mind the words:

This my son was dead, and is alive again: he was lost, and is found. (Luke 15: 24.)

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Madame Navratil and Her Boys, the Waifs of the "Titanic" Disaster

New Flameless Fire

PROFESSOR W. A. BONE, Liversay professor of coal gas and fuel industries at Leeds University, told of his discovery of a flameless heating process that will have a marked effect on the industrial and domestic heating plants of the world. After prolonged and painstaking experimentation he announces that he has installed his process of heating in a number of institutions at Leeds, and with complete success. Professor Bone's technical statement amounts briefly to this: that coal gas or vaporized oil applied to a redhot, porous solid under the new method produces an intensely glowing flameless wall of fire which gives a temperature so great that difficulty has been found to discover a material which will stand the heat. Professor Bone figures that about half the gas consumption which has hitherto been necessary to obtain a given temperature will suffice under the new process. He declares that it is the cheapest method of producing steam which has yet been devised. Among the purposes to which the discovery may be applied is cooking, in which a porous diaphragm can be used; heating in furnaces, the raising of steam in multitubular boilers, and the melting of metals, as for instance, newspaper type. As Professor Bone is one of the best known and highly respected authorities on the subject in the world, it is likely that his recent discovery will receive the most careful attention. The new process may be in the interest of industrial economy, but it will knock the poetry out of fire with the beautiful flames of blue, red, yellow, purple and white, to which the Psalmist refers:

While I was musing the fire burned. (Ps. 39: 3.)

Passing of Historic Warship

WHEN the torch was applied to tar barrels stacked against the old wooden warship *Pensacola* in San Francisco the other day, there went up in smoke a vessel of historic value, one that was an active participant in the Civil War. It survived the fire of the batteries at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, and carried the flag of Captain George Dewey in the Mediterranean. After having served for many years as training ship at the local naval receiving station, the vessel that cost $500,000 to build and $1,500,000 to repair was sold for $10,000, being valuable only for the copper bolts used in her construction. Forms wear out and are thrown away, forces remain. The decayed form of the ship was destroyed, but the principles for which it stood remain. There is no torch hot enough to burn up the loyalty and courage and destiny incarnated in the old-fashioned ship of war. It is to be hoped that a righteous public sentiment may so continue to grow that the destruction of the old wooden warship may typify the passing of the costly and cruel armaments of the sea and land and the establishment of a universal peace upon the basis of Christ's love in fulfilment of the prophecy:

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isa. 2: 4.)

Base Ball Gambling

IT HAS been the intention of those in charge of the baseball contests in this country that the game shall be clean, straight, wholesome, free from the vices that have associated themselves with some other forms of sport. And it has generally been conceded that gambling and some other forms of demoralization had been absent from the game. It was generally understood that some polite "gentlemanly" gambling had been going on, but in an unobtrusive manner. Morally the "gentlemanly" betting was as bad as the pools of the bookmakers at the race tracks. But now it seems that in many places base ball has been transformed into a gambling game by the institution of pools, tickets for which are sold in saloons, cigar stores and by itinerant pedlers. The tickets sell all the way from twenty-five cents to five dollars. This is an outrage on all decency, demoralizing in the extreme to young men and older ones. It is in defiance of law, and the pool sellers should be fined and imprisoned. It will be well for the managers to put an end to this gambling, as the continuance of this debauchery would kill baseball as a national game in another year. Dishonesty is as unwise in policy as it is bad in principle.

Thou shalt not steal. (Ex. 20: 15.)

Seven Tons of Bibles Shipped

ABOUT the middle of May the American Bible Society made a shipment from its headquarters at the Bible House, New York City, which is listed among its records for a single day's sending out of the Scriptures. Over seven tons of Bibles were shipped at that time. Thirty-one cases were in the form of unbound sheets, printed in the Zulu language. These were shipped to London, England, where they will be bound and sent on to South Africa for distribution. The remainder of the shipment was destined for Colombia and Brazil. These Bibles were complete in every way and were printed in Spanish and Portuguese. The Society is preparing for work among the sailors who will pass through the Panama Canal. It is already represented in Panama, but will enlarge its work as soon as the canal opens. Through the canal it also plans to do larger Bible work on the west coast of South America. This dissemination of the Scriptures to men of every race and every tongue calls to mind the admonition of the prophet:

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations. (Jer. 31:10.)

Prizes for Child Gardening

AS a result of a State-wide industrial contest in Oregon there are now 50,000 children busy gardening. It is thought that of the 125,000 school children of the State at least 75,000 will exhibit at their county fairs or at the State fair at Salem in the autumn something they have raised or made. Substantial prizes are to be awarded to those who have been most successful in raising garden stuff, chickens and pigs, or in making some useful article. The scheme is an excellent one, so different from the murderous child labor of the factory. It includes fresh air, healthful exercise, and that blessed contact with nature, her beauty and life. There is here the early lesson of obedience to the royal law of labor.

Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you. (I. Thes. 4: 11.)

The Dead Newsboy

THOMAS VERDON, a bright little newsboy, as honest as the day is long, was known on the East Side of New York from Fourteenth to Forty-second Street as "The Little Philanthropist," so large was his heart and so many were his favors to others. He died in Bellevue Hospital the other day, and the principal support of his mother and small brother was taken away. Tommy's father was a street-cleaner before the strike, and had been unable to get work since. His mother, who undertook the support of the family by washing, collapsed and had to give up work. It was Tommy's pennies that furnished food and shelter for the family. Harry Engel and other companions among the newsboys went around trying to collect enough to give Tommy a decent funeral. They circulated the following slip: "Please help Tommy Verdon, the newsboy, who is dead. Anything that will help bury him will be appreciated. (Signed) THE NEWSBOYS." How much of the tragedy of life is here! Industry, enterprise, tact, honesty, the support of a family by a boy in his teens, death and the sorrow and loyal love of companions. How much of the story of life is wrapped up in that of the little newsboy! The desire of the newsboys to give Tommy a respectable burial was as beautiful as that bestowed upon the dead king in the royal sepulcher.

And they laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors and divers kind of spices prepared by the apothecary's art. (II. Chron. 16: 14.)

THE SPIRIT OF WAR

From a painting by Franz Von Stuck

WAR, with its attendant horrors, has been the theme of a number of world-famous paintings by celebrated artists. We have seen the pomp and glory of the battlefield depicted side by side with the mangled, wounded and dying. Hardly a great battle in the world's history has not been reproduced by some realistic master hand on the painted canvas. The great galleries of Europe are filled with such representations.

Nearly all the capitals, ancient and modern, have been scenes of battle and carnage. None may number the victims of the great wars of Greece and Rome, of the siege of Carthage, the Persian wars, the Scythian, Tartar and Germanic wars, the battlefields of Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt, of the wars of Titus and the later conquests of Timur, Charlemagne, Cæsar and Napoleon. Roughly estimated, they would almost equal one-quarter of the present population of the globe!

The great picture of Franz Von Stuck, given above, which illustrates the horror and pathos of war, must be ranked with that other famous canvas, "The Conquerors," in which the great military leaders of the world from the beginning of time are seen advancing on horseback through a field of serried dead. Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon lead in this ghastly cavalcade. On either side to the horizon's edge lie the unnumbered victims of militarism—the wretched creatures who have been counted as mere pawns in the "great game of kings." Von Stuck's picture shows the Spirit of Battle, stark, brutal, unfeeling. With uplifted sword he rides over the dead and dying, his merciless face not even deigning to turn toward his victims. Brute strength and cruelty are marked in frame and visage; pride and callous indifference to human suffering can be read in his mien. This is the type of him who conquers by sheer strength.

In these days, when the peace movement has made such hopeful progress, it is well for every one to study this thought-compelling picture. There are to-day rulers and generals, premiers and statesmen, and unfortunately a host of other misguided mortals, who still believe in war. They do not seem to comprehend that there is no human difficulty that can arise between governments, nations and communities, which is incapable of adjustment by any other means than by sword or cannon. On the other hand, however, there is in every civilized country a growing hope that the time is coming when wars will cease and when all difficulties will be adjusted by peaceful arbitration, according to the principles of law and equity. The establishment of the Hague Tribunal was a great step toward this end. Arbitration treaties have been concluded between different countries, which still further guarantee the avoidance of war in the future. Over thirty nations are signatories to an international agreement favoring arbitration; but how lightly they hold such a pledge may be gathered from the fact that as we write wars are raging between Turkey and Italy, France and Morocco and in Mexico. Nearly all the great powers are like armed camps, prepared for sudden warlike emergencies. Never has the world's armament, military and naval, been so large or so costly as now. The annual budget of the leading nations, our own country included, for the maintenance of fighting forces, is: Armies, $1,241,853,000; navies, $692,369,000.

At the conference held recently at Mohonk, N. Y., important addresses were delivered showing the frightful cost of militarism to-day and the oppressive burden it imposes upon the industries of the world. Some of the nations that have the largest armaments strongly favor peace as far as the popular desire is concerned; but each is jealous of the other's fighting strength.

Von Stuck's Demon of Battle is not an anachronism; he is riding on the dead even to-day, and he will continue to ride until that time when, in God's good providence, men shall lay aside forever the weapons of war and the swords shall be turned into plowshares and the spears into pruning-hooks.

SCOTTY DECIDES

BY MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

SCOTTY swept his tail back and forth on the floor and looked inquiringly from one to the other. Although age had dulled his sight and hearing, he knew that the discussion in some ay concerned him, but he kept silent, as a well-bred ollie should, and only moved his tail occasionally, to ow the intelligent interest he felt in the discussion.

However, when Miss Martha's voice faltered and er lips trembled, he got up, and, walking to her ide, dropped his nose on her twitching hands. He anted her to know that he sided with her.

"You see, it's this way"—her brother's voice was ritable, but only with the nature of his errand—we haven't any too much ground, nyway, and the children keep pets. he twins have their white rabbits, addon his fox terrier, Walter his ony, Patty her kittens, and Old hep belongs to all of us; so there eally doesn't seem to be any room or a dog as big as Scotty. Of ourse, I wouldn't suggest it if he asn't so old, but he won't live much onger, and there are ways of doing painlessly—er—you know."

Miss Martha Alderson rose to her eet, Scotty standing at attention eside her.

"That will do, James!" Her voice hrilled with the indignation of age. I would as soon talk of chloroforming you. Scotty has lived with me wenty years, and shall live out his llotted time. A dog would never etray one whom he loved"—her accent of scorn was ineffable—"and I an at least be as trustworthy. When father died, he staid by mother nd me for days, and when she was aken, I don't think I could have orne it but for his head in my lap—rith your family all in Europe, and ne alone here."

"But you can't live here much onger," argued her brother. "This roperty has been condemned for ublic uses, and the new high school hat is to be built here must be done y fall. You'd better put your money n interest, and have the use of it, ather than buy somewhere else. And you ought not to live alone, anyway."

"That will do, James!" Miss Martha repeated with infinite dignity. "I hall not have to live alone while have Scotty; and, in any event, I hall never live with you after today's interview."

Mr. Alderson grew red and floundered in his speech, but still argued. He really wanted his sister to live with him, and his suggestion that Scotty be disposed of had been his own thought and meant harmlessly enough. When he saw his sister's ndignation, he dropped the idea at nce, and begged her to come on any erms, but she was stubborn, and finally intimated that she wished to end the interview.

So a flushed, flurried and well-meaning man strode away, leaving Miss Martha on her front stoop with Scotty beside her. The dog wagged his tail intermittently as he watched Mr. Alderson's retreating form. He knew Miss Martha was troubled, and his sympathy was with her; but Mr. Alderson represented to his dogship the most interesting combination possible—a house full of children and a yard full of pets. His visits there had been episodes of adventure.

Through the days that followed, Scotty's loyalty was tried. First had come Mrs. Alderson, anxious to undo the harm her well-meaning husband had done.

"Of course we can make room for Scotty," she assured her sister-in-law. "I can't think why James suggested such a thing."

"Thank you, Mary," returned Miss Martha, so coldly that Scotty retreated from the visitor's side, to sit by his mistress; "you are kind to offer me a home, but Scotty and I will stay together. I couldn't live where such an idea had been entertained. I should feel that if anything happened to me, he wouldn't be safe for a minute. I shall arrange for strangers to take him when I am gone."

Haddon, the oldest boy, came next, and of the whole family Scotty worshiped Haddon, who knew just the right inflection of friendliness to put into his tone, and just the place where a dog likes his ear rubbed.

Haddon did not even get to the door, but stood bareheaded on the walk, while Aunt Martha held the top step, looking, in her ancient black silk, and with her fingers lightly touching Scotty's head, like an old family portrait.

Scotty could not help whining just a bit as the lad walked away rebuffed; then he contritely buried his soft black muzzle in Miss Martha's hand.

Then there was Patty to come—Patty, with her solemn black eyes and her heart full of compassion for every living creature; Walter, freckled and merry, and, last of all, the roly-poly twins, so inseparable that The Twins was the only name either knew. But, like the peacemakers who preceded them, they were turned from the door. Miss Martha's heart was cold within her breast. Personal slights she might have stood; but Scotty, the companion of twenty lonely years, had been threatened, and she could not forgive. The Alderson family dropped the matter temporarily, hoping that when the final move came, their relative would accept apologies and come to them.

Miss Martha, left alone, went about her little household tasks with Scotty clinging to her steps. The dog apparently felt her uneasiness, and the impending cataclysm; for the date was drawing perilously near when the authorities were to claim her home. Into her frugal, narrow old life was coming a great change, and by her own decree she must meet it with only Scotty to help.

"James was right, I'm afraid, Scotty," she told him in one of their twilight conferences. "We're both too old to live alone, and if I buy another home with the money I get for this, what we have left won't pay for some one to stay and take care of us. Of course, James has been liberal with us—letting us keep all that father left, and always wanting to give us more. I'm glad now that I never took any of his money," she added, her lips setting in a straight line.

Scotty, making inarticulate noises in his throat, gave her his paw, as though in recognition of her loyalty to him. The two sat long together that evening, Miss Martha talking in snatches, Scotty responding, dogwise. Finally a decision was reached.

"I'll leave you here to-morrow, and go over to Benton to the Old Ladies' Home," she told Scotty. "If they will let me take you, I'll have enough to pay my entrance fee; and the rest, put on interest, will buy any extras we need. I can take the trolley in the morning and be back in the middle of the afternoon."

The interurban line was new to their Western city, and especially so to Miss Martha, who had never ventured alone upon a trolley car. The bell rang noisily, as the car rocked and plunged along the country lanes, or stopped so precipitately that she was almost thrown from the seat. There was a change at a cross-roads hamlet, and then a noisier, rougher, longer ride into Benton, so that it was a much shaken and bewildered Miss Martha who at last found herself ringing the door bell at the Home.

The superintendent was affable; then, when Miss Martha mentioned her resources, she absolutely beamed.

There need be no delay in arrangements; Miss Alderson would be welcome; she was to be congratulated upon having more income than so many who came there; she would be able to provide herself with many more comforts than most of the inmates—

Just here Miss Martha timidly introduced the subject of Scotty. The superintendent's flow of language was checked; beaming ceased; affability stiffened.

She was sorry, but the rules of the Home prohibited pets of any kind, and they could make no exceptions. Did Miss Alderson say that the collie was old? Then she would advise chloroforming him. There are people who do those things quite painlessly, and it is really merciful.

Miss Martha's indignation carried her quite to the station, and also caused her to forget the cup of tea which she had promised herself at Benton. Bewildered and numb she sat in the rocking car and thought of herself and Scotty—two old derelicts. Why didn't they chloroform old people, too?

The car stopped at a little cluster of houses. Miss Martha descended, and it was not until she had boarded the other car and started to pay her fare that she learned that she had changed cars too soon, and was going in the wrong direction. The conductor let her off, and showed her a cross path to the corners where she should have changed.

"Go through two fields, and that patch of woods yonder, turn to your left when you strike the road," he told her. "It ain't much more than a mile, and you can't miss it."

Shortly before nine o'clock that night Haddon Alderson ran breathlessly up the steps of his home and called his father.

"Something has happened at Aunt Martha's," he announced. "Scotty is shut up in the house barking like mad, and there is no light. I'll get a lantern and come with you."

He was back with the lantern almost as soon as his father had found his hat and coat, and the pair dashed out of doors. For more than a block down the street they heard the short, high-keyed bark of an excited collie, rapid and ceaseless, and growing in excitement as they neared the house. The door would not yield, and Mr. Alderson was forced to shatter a window pane. Raising the sash, he stepped inside, followed by Haddon. Quickly as they cleared the window space, Scotty jumped through and vanished. A hurried search showed

Continued on next page

"Just then Scotty raised his head and started down hill"

SCOTTY DECIDES

Continued from preceding page

them that Miss Martha was not there.

"Let's catch up with him before he picks up her trail and is out of sight," Mr. Alderson said to Haddon.

But Scotty had trouble picking up a trail. He circled the rosebushes in the yard, and stood at the gate a moment with his sensitive nostrils aquiver. Then a trolley car clanged, and he remembered. Down the street beside the track he started at an easy gait, and the two followed him—out of town and far into the country.

Just how long they tracked him through the dim moonlight they never knew, but it seemed miles that he wound in and out, over fences and through thickets, until they thought he had scoured every inch of the countryside.

The old Scotty, dim of sight and dull of hearing, was gone, and in his place was a vigorous young animal, keen-scented as a hound. It was not a trail that he followed, however, but the leading of an instinctive love more powerful than scent and sight and hearing. Finally he stopped on a little hillock and stood with his pointed ears pricked.

"We were wrong to follow a foolish old creature like this," Mr. Alderson was saying. "We should have waited to make inquiries. I thought he might trail her, but there has been nothing to bring her out this way." Just then Scotty raised his head and started down hill.

"Well, come on," concluded Mr. Alderson. "Let's catch up with him and take him back to town with us. We'll see what we can learn there."

This time Scotty went at such a pace that they lost him. Even the sound of his feet through the bushes died away. Then, from far down the little valley, where the trees were thickest, came the alarm—the quick, high-keyed bark of a collie.

"We'll probably find that he's treed a squirrel," grumbled Mr. Alderson, but he redoubled his speed. They crashed through the bushes, sprang over a little creek and up the opposite bank. There, but a few rods from the roadside, they found Scotty hanging over Miss Martha, who was only half-conscious of his warm tongue on her cold face and hands.

"Scotty," she murmured, unsurprised, "I knew you'd come for me. It's only us two, now."

. . .

It was a bright, sunshiny spring morning when Miss Martha found herself wide awake. She knew where she was—in Mary Alderson's sunny guest chamber, with the yellow poppies on the walls and hangings.

She looked at her brother and his wife, and into Patty's big eyes, that were wells of love and pity. Now was the time for explanations, but Miss Martha was of few words. This time, one sufficed. It was a question and a warning.

"Scotty!"

Mr. Alderson smiled firmly and reassuringly.

"Scotty, my dear Martha, after having been Shep's honored guest for the night, has been elected president, crown prince, ambassador plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the front lawn, the back yard, the stable, the rabbit hutch, not to mention the house of Alderson. He has talked with the Shetland pony, nosed the white rabbits, wrestled with the fox terrier, and let the kittens play with his tail. He is where he belongs, and he is going to stay here, no matter what you decide to do."

Here the door was pushed open and Scotty entered, his eyes soft and bright, his plumy tail waving expressively, and his bearing one of great responsibility. Stepping lightly, he walked to Miss Martha's side and deposited on the bed beside her one small, damp, ruffled, but unharmed Maltese kitten; then burrowed his slender nose in her palm. As nearly as a collie could, he was telling her that he had found his own, and inviting her to share it with him.

Miss Martha looked into the dog's eager eyes, and her remark closed the matter and adjusted the Alderson family affairs for all time.

"I wish I had let Scotty decide in the first place."

Artificial vs. the Genuine Article

ONE of the most interesting industries developed in the past ten years is the manufacture of leather. The methods and means of producing it have recently been so perfected as to furnish the markets to-day with an article which in many ways has great advantages over genuine leather. In the first place it is cheaper, less perishable and more elastic; given even a moderate amount of care it will neither crack nor pucker; grease or water will not mar it and when articles made of the artificial material are soiled, simple sponging with warm soapsuds will make them as good as new.

An Up-to-Date Kerchief Recticule

No longer are the uses of manufactured leather confined to automobile and buggy tops, to the upholstering of furniture or as a substitute for wall panels and papering. There is scarcely a room in the house in which it may not be used with artistic effect. And the household sewing machine will carry it as easily as it does cotton cloth. Portières trimmed with bands of this new and inexpensive fabric in soft shades of brown, old rose or delft blue are effective and rich looking. Sofa pillows made of two shades of artificial leather appliquéd in some bold design one upon the other are not only handsome and satisfactory but are extremely stylish as well.

In my lady's boudoir its uses are manifold. None of the kerchief reticules now so fashionable are prettier or more durable than those made up in delicate shades of leather. The bag pictured in this article is of soft sage green lined with cream satin. The braid and pendants are of dull gold. It is home-made and comfortably within the possibilities of short purses.

For the friend who is a June bride a white leather bag lined with white satin, braided with white silk, ornamented with soft silk tassels and hanging upon a white stitched belt is a matchless gift and can be made at home with all ease.

Music carriers of brown baby alligator lined with plain leather of a lighter shade can also be readily made by hand and are fully as attractive looking as the expensive alligator "carriers" sold by leather dealers. Moccasins and bootees, bibs, leggings, Tam o' Shanters, scrap baskets and table tops, bureau boxes, collar and shirtwaist boxes, chair cushions and hassocks, in fact, there seems no limit to the practical and artistic household articles which almost any one can make out of various grades and shades of artificial leather.

The Howard Watch

SIX hundred thousand Americans go abroad every year.

Once the American tourist preferred a foreign watch. Now he goes to Europe with a HOWARD bought here—or comes back with a HOWARD bought there.

He has an example in the ship's officer on the dock, who orders up the gang plank on *HOWARD time.*

You find more and more of the responsible men carrying HOWARD Watches.

The great railroads started it. The time inspectors of 180 American railroads have officially certified and adopted the HOWARD.

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HOME CHATS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Concerning Our Thoughts

WE PLACE a good deal of emphasis on what we say and what we do, but it seldom occurs to us to make such account of what we think. The habitual process of thought goes on within us during the day, and at times it invades the quiet hours of the night. When we dream, a portion of the brain is wakeful, and whether our dreams are pleasant or the reverse, they may be traced along a byath of the mind and are a revelation of our manner of thought. What do we think about? In hours when we are silent the brain is not altogether inactive, and it is sending forth its train from the station sometimes with the slowness of freight cars and sometimes with the speed of a flying express. Have we good thoughts, kind thoughts and uplifting thoughts, or are our thoughts unkind, malicious, uncharitable, skeptical or possibly profane? Whence do our thoughts come to us? They seem to be borne in from an invisible and supernatural world. Again, they are obviously prompted by our immediate environment. Still again, our thoughts are apparently the product of a laboratory that is located within ourselves. Are we at pains to control our thoughts? For example, when we are in church is our thought concentrated on the act of worship, on the prayers and the sermon and the song, or do we permit it to wander to the ends of the earth? Who is not aware of the familiar expression, "absence of mind"? We have known what it is to lose fragments of conversation around us, and have been compelled to call a halt as to something of which we have been thinking and beg pardon for inattention, while we have asked a friend to repeat what has already been said.

We may gain mental discipline by resolutely fixing the mind upon a subject and insisting on quiet thought along a definite line. The woman at home may as easily acquire a habit of controlled thought as she goes about her daily work as the editor at his desk and the minister in his study. Idle people have more trouble in positive and profound attention in the spiritual realm than appears to be the experience of those who are busy. The busy man and the busy woman cannot lose time and strength by wilful waste of thought. Even children may learn to halt still and think. Most of us would be the gainers by making it our rule never to write a letter, make a promise or plunge into hasty speech without being sure that the right start has been given in the region of thought.

* * *

Our Little Brothers of the Air

THE birds are very busy in the early summer. Those who know them and who have the pleasure of living where there are a number of varieties are greatly entertained by watching the beautiful-winged creatures as they flit from branch to branch. Father-bird and mother-bird take a care of their fledglings not very dissimilar from that given to babies by the parents of our race. To protect the birds is to add a joy to life and to insure our orchards and crops from the devastation of insect foes.

* * *

Grandmother's Garden

IN GRANDMOTHER'S garden there were old-fashioned posies. Four o'clocks, lady-slippers, love-lies-bleeding, verbenas, mignonette and clove-pinks crowded one another in her garden borders. She had peonies and box, lilies of the valley, pansies and roses. How sweet was the white rose that bloomed beside her porch; how her morning glories opened to the sun, and how fragrant was the breath of the honeysuckle in the twilights of June! Grandmother's garden was not laid out by a landscape artist. It expressed something of her sturdy courage, her dauntless perseverance and her overflowing affection. She spent hours working among her plants, and they rewarded her with lavish bloom and a fragrance that lingers in perpetual perfume now that she walks in the gardens of God.

* * *

The Strenuous Life

WE HEAR a great deal about the simple life, and undoubtedly much may be said in its favor. The simple lives of our grandmothers which we hear so much about were far less easy than our own. In the realm of the household we have many things ready to our hand that in their day were prepared by their own labor. In lighting and heating, in cooking and laundry work the housewife of a former day was not assisted as she is now by modern conveniences. The farmer's home had few luxuries, although comfort was not lacking. The spinning wheel regarded to-day as an ornament, and proudly displayed as an heirloom, was once a necessary adjunct in home economy. We have every advantage over our predecessors in the line of economy and in the line, too, of simplicity. Let a word be said, therefore, in behalf of the strenuous life. We women should earnestly try to make our lives tell, first, for good in the home, next, for the elevation of the community, and as the coronation of all, for the upbuilding of the church. We cannot lead the spiritual life without being in a measure strenuous. The refrain of a familiar hymn, "Take time to be holy," is not the mere dream of a poet. To read one's Bible thoughtfully every day requires time. To drop outside cares and retreat from the atmosphere of the world around one and thus secure silence and solitude for a little space morning by morning requires time. Whoever would grow in spirituality must be strenuous, and whoever would achieve results worth having in any direction must be willing to accept a certain amount of drudgery and do without a certain amount of leisure.

* * *

Children's Day

MAY brought us Mother's Day. June brings us Children's Day. On the second Sunday of June the morning service in most of our churches is devoted to the children. The floor space of the auditorium is set apart for them, and pew-holders observe from the galleries the brilliant array of banners and the beautiful picture of child-life displayed when the Sunday school is massed before the pulpit.

The children sing and the minister preaches to them. The dominant feeling of the spectator is thankfulness at the advance of the new generation. How exquisite is childhood! How radiant are these youthful faces! Gazing at them we comprehend what the Master meant when he said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." God bless our children. Jesus Christ was once a child. There is no child in our Sunday school whose birthdays do not number precisely those of our Lord at some point of his human career. Jesus loves the little children. He has said, "Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not." We rejoice that June and the children meet in the sanctuary once a year. Why not let every Sunday see our children in the pew? Why not let them always have a share in the preliminary service, a hymn of their own and a little word from the pastor?

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When my wife wants to "show me off" to distinguished company, she serves beefsteak and asks me to make my famous Snider beefsteak sauce.

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2 tablespoonsful of Snider's Tomato Catsup.
½ teaspoonful of German Imported Mustard.
Mix well, cut steak in slices, placing a piece of butter between each slice. Spread sauce over steak and serve at once.

Snider Process Pork and Beans have a flavor peculiarly delicious, due to the special Snider way of cooking and to the sauce, made from Snider's Catsup.

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Snider's Chill Sauce may be used in place of catsup, in the above recipe for Snider Beefsteak. Use it on cold meats and fish.

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The British "Titanic" Inquiry

THE proceedings of the London Court of Inquiry in regard to the sinking of the *Titanic* have been long drawn out, and though the investigation was carried on by the authorities in the most painstaking way and witnesses examined with the utmost care, little, if anything, has been added to the public knowledge of the great sea tragedy secured by the senatorial investigation at Washington. Beyond a few minor details that can have little bearing one way or the other, the tragic story remains the same, a story which despite its sadness reveals the dignity of manhood and the courage of which it is capable in face of danger and death.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the London inquiry was the examination of Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff-Gordon, who made good their escape in a lifeboat which, it was shown, could have accommodated three times the number. It was testified that Sir Cosmo had given each member of the lifeboat crew a five-pound note ($25). When asked to explain he replied that one of the sailors had told him all had lost their kits in the wreck, whereupon he promised each a "fiver" for a new kit. But the most serious charge against the baronet was his having objected to the lifeboat putting back for any who might be struggling in the waters. Hendrickson, a fireman, one of the lifeboat crew, testified to this as he did also to the bonus of $25. Others denied this testimony. Sir Cosmo defended himself as best he could and seemed to have had as hard a struggle for his honor as he had had for his life. He denied that there was room for more in the boat without throwing out mast and oars, and he denied also that he forbade the crew to go back to the aid of others. Lady Duff-Gordon was also subjected to a severe cross-examination.

The conduct of J. Bruce Ismay, of course, came into evidence at the London inquiry. It was described as having been exemplary. James Johnson, a steward, testified that "Ismay did everything an Englishman could do under the circumstances."

The most important fact brought out at the inquiry was the proximity of the Leyland liner *Californian* to the sinking vessel. At least one officer of the *Californian* firmly believes that they were in the vicinity of the *Titanic* the night she went down, and although he did not know at the time he actually saw her sinking as the lights of the vessel they were watching disappeared. Gibson, one of the men of the Leyland liner, told of seeing the lights and rockets of a vessel and of trying to signal her by means of the Morse code, and having reported the matter to the captain. He said the vessel was lying near by, but he could not see her outlines, but only the glare of her lights. There can be but little doubt that the vessel was the unfortunate *Titanic*.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. G. M. P., Grafton, N. H. "I thank God for direct answer to prayer."

Mrs. G., Springfield, Mo. "God has answered many prayers for me."

R. W. B., Guilford, Conn. "God has answered my prayers many times."

H., Sheffield, Mass. "I give thanks that God has answered many prayers for me."

M. S. H., Lowell, Mass. "I wish to acknowledge my Father's goodness and answers to prayer this last year."

M. S., Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer in restoring a loved one to health."

Mrs. R. A. W., Philadelphia, Pa. "I can freely say that God answers my prayers continually, for which I thank him."

H. B. P., Tekoa, Wash. "I wish to tell the world that God healed my daughter, through prayer, of a long-standing illness."

Mrs. E. M. C., Missouri. "I wish to acknowledge God's direct answer to prayer. When danger seemed very near he provided a way of escape."

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. G., Ambridge, Pa. "We wish to acknowledge God's kindness in answering our prayers, and the prayers of our loved ones, in restoring me to health."

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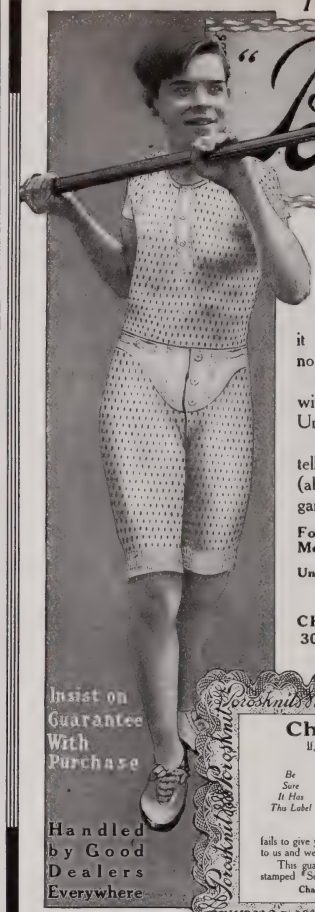

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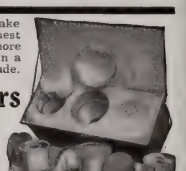

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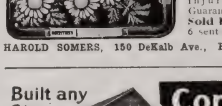

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

M. N., Mayetta, Kan. 1. What became of the famous little *Monitor?* 2. Did she ever have any other engagements besides the one with the *Merrimac?* 3. Was the *Monitor* the only one of her kind, or were other similar vessels built?

1. The *Monitor* sank off Cape Hatteras on ecember 29, 1862. Some of her officers and en were rescued by vessels accompanying her, it sixteen went down with her. 2. In the few onths intervening between her brilliant enunter with the *Merrimac* on March 9, and her s in December, she was in no active engageent except to assist in an unsuccessful attempt capture Richmond. 3. The Danish Governent built a turret ship, the *Rolf Krake,* about e time of the *Monitor's* construction. But ericsson was the first to produce a vessel with revolving turret. Other vessels were built, tterned largely after the *Monitor,* and the pe is still in use. While Ericsson was the gineer who built the *Monitor,* the real credit r inventing the revolving turret is given to heodore Ruggles Timby, of Dover, N. Y., who ed in the Patent Office, in 1843, a *caveat* for revolving tower, for offensive and defensive arfare, to be used on land or water."

. N. H., Bloomingdale, Ind. 1. About how many Mohammedans are in the United States? 2. Is their religion spreading? 3. Have they mosques in America? 4. Have they religious publications? 5. Are Mohammedan missionaries being sent out from New York to stations in our own country and to foreign lands?

1. No statistics have been compiled, but there re probably over one hundred thousand. 2. es, especially in African and Asiatic countries nd in some islands of Polynesia. 3. No. 4. es, there are a few Mohammedan papers in te larger cities. 5. The Mohammedans are uch given to proselytizing; missionaries of heir faith have gone in numbers from New ork to the Philippines, and it is safe to asume they are at work elsewhere.

. C. A., Boston. 1. Why does the cold get stronger as the days get longer? 2. Why is April 21 not as hot as August 21, seeing that both are about equally distant from June 21, the longest day?

1. Heat and cold depend upon the sun's rays. n winter in the northern hemisphere, they rike the earth more obliquely than in summer, ence the cold. December 21 is our winter olstice and the rays of the sun then strike our titude at a minimum angle, hence the cold ould be greatest, but is not until it accumuates, owing to the length of the nights and he state of the earth and atmosphere. It eaches a maximum about February, when it is radually driven away by the increasing force f the sun's rays striking more directly as he ounts higher in the heavens. 2. On April 21 he sun is coming back from the southern solice and his rays have to break up the cold that as accumulated. On June 21 he reaches his highest meridian altitude with us, when his rays trike at their greatest angle, though this is not ur hottest day. For some time afterwards the eat, like the cold in the other case, accumulates, ntil about August it is at a maximum and beins to decrease as the sun recedes. The apparent limits of the sun in the heavens are raced on the earth by the Tropic of Cancer nd the Tropic of Capricorn. Between these mits he is always shining perpendicularly on ome part of the earth.

s there any part of the globe where there is six months day and six months night?

Yes, at the Poles.

Subscriber, Concordia, Ky. Is it right or wrong to deal in business through a board of trade? Is it gambling or speculation?

A board of trade is an association of busiess men, organized to promote business interests and to make rules for conducting trade on ound and honest principles. Rightly manged, therefore, it is an admirable institution; ut if it lends itself to speculation and enourages "wildcat" investments, it is the reverse. There is a point where the line should e drawn against illegitimate risks, usury, and ambling ventures.

Mrs. F. S., Haskins, O. Please explain John 14 and also Mark 11: 22.

John 14 is one of the most sacred chapters n the Gospels, being a record of the last moments passed by Jesus among his disciples before the great crisis. Love filled his heart and lowed from his lips. His language assumed even a loftier strain than usual. In his intersory prayer, he poured out his soul in behalf of those who were already his own. To the disciples, it was a discourse both of cheer and orrow. He seemed to open heaven's gates, to give them a glimpse of the heavenly home, the "house of many mansions" that awaited them, and whither he was now going. More than ever before he expressed with clearness and simplicity his close and loving relations to them. He strengthened their faith, promised them an enduement of spiritual power and the coming of the Comforter to be their guide and adviser. In dignity, significance and supreme affection, it was a parting address whose equal never fell from human lips. The passage in Mark 11: 22 is illustrated in the verse which follows, the Saviour's design being to teach the great lesson that no obstacle should stand before a firm faith in God. Although the illustration was a physical test, it is clear from verse 24 that moral obstacles rather than physical were meant. All three verses combined give special encouragement to spiritual effort and confidence in prevailing prayer.

M. A. A., Chatham, N. Y. In *The Christian Herald Almanac* is an article in which Dr. Talmage tells how congregational singing may be stopped. He shows how some churches discourage it. The church of which I am a member for the present has no choir and we have congregational singing instead.

There are comparatively few churches without a choir or a quartet nowadays; yet we can conceive how a choirless church may get along very well with some one at the organ who can act as leader. It is customary to play over a verse of the hymn before beginning to sing, and although the absence of a choir would undoubtedly be felt, its assistance in the singing is not indispensable. Sacred song by the congregation is an important part of worship and should never be discouraged.

W. T. M., Paducah, Ky. What book outside the Bible has been instrumental in bringing the greatest number of people to Christ, and where can it be secured?

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Thomas a Kempis's *Imitation of Christ* have been considered the most widely read and helpful religious books outside the Bible. Yet each of these books, particularly the latter, has probably been useful in training Christians in the spiritual life rather than in winning the unconverted. It would be impossible to mention any one book which could be known to have led more souls to Christ than any other. If the book could be found it would probably be a collection of sermons by some great preacher or evangelist, such as Spurgeon or Moody. One of the most helpful books to bring to the attention of the unconverted is Spurgeon's *All of Grace.*

A. B. M., Decatur, Ia. What is the present Christian population of India?

According to the statistics of 1911, there were in India 3,876,203 Christians by profession, an increase of 33 per cent. over the figures of 1901. The largest increase was in eastern Bengal and Assam, 176 per cent., and the smallest in Bombay, 12 per cent.

W. S., Ellensburg, Wash. A Bible class teacher is saying that the Old Testament, the four Gospels and all non-Pauline epistles have no message for us and are often contradictory to the Pauline epistles, which contain all that is essential to salvation. What is THE MAIL-BAG's opinion of this?

If you have not misunderstood this teacher, his remarks have been unwise and unsafe. It is quite proper to lay special emphasis upon the writings of Paul, because he was especially chosen of God to interpret the life and death of the Saviour to the hearts and minds of men, particularly of those who were not Jews. Furthermore, Paul was authorized to show that the requirements of the ceremonial law, as recorded by Moses, were done away with by the sacrifice of Christ. In this way it is easy to see that the explanation of the salvation wrought by the atonement is of more spiritual value than the precepts of the old law of sacrifices and ceremonies, which are no longer in force. The tremendous value of Paul's writings lies in the fact that he shows men the practical, immediate way of receiving salvation, not by the keeping of commandments, but by faith in the crucified Saviour. Granting all this, however, it is great folly to say that the other parts of the Bible are unimportant. The Pentateuch is full of flashes of God's presence and God's will, containing holy principles which are eternal, and recording the experiences of men who knew God; the historical books show God working in the life of a nation; the poetical and wisdom books give us inspiration and instruction for daily living; the prophetic books give us glimpses of the coming Saviour and are pulsating with direct, personal messages from God to the human soul; the Gospels help us to get acquainted with the Redeemer and to understand the kind of life he wants us to live and his hope for the world; the Acts give us clear pictures of men who were impelled by the power of the Holy Ghost and challenge us to let the risen Christ work through us as he worked through them; the other epistles are full of spiritual help, and the book of Revelation gives us visions of the life to come. All are important; all help us to know Christ better; all lead us to God. We must not slight these other books, even while agreeing that Paul is the direct messenger to us Gentiles to show us the way of salvation by faith.

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A Beautiful Assortment for Summer Wear

H 105—POPULAR MOHAIR SICILIAN. Medium weight, 21 colorings
H 106—STRIPED MIXTURE SICILIAN. Medium weight, 5 colorings
} $1.00 yd.

H 115—RICH PLAIN MOHAIRS. Light weight, 24 colorings
H 117—BRIGHT SHADOW-STRIPED MOHAIR. Medium weight, 11 colorings
} $1.15 yd.

H 122—GROS GRAIN MOHAIR SICILIAN. Heavy weight, 10 colorings
H 123—HEAVY GROS GRAIN MOHAIR. FANCY CORDED SICILIAN. Black and Blue
H 124—WHITE HAIRLINE STRIPE. Black and Blue ground, light weight
H 125—BLACK HAIRLINE STRIPE. Cream ground, light weight
H 127—LUSTROUS SHADOW STRIPES. With cord, light weight, 17 colorings
H 128—SILK-LIKE PEKIN STRIPED MOHAIRS. Light weight, 17 colorings
H 129—MOHAIR CORD. In Black and Blue, light weight
} $1.25 yd.

*H 135—"MOHAIR RADIANTS," reproducing "the radiant hues of early dawn"; absolutely the latest novelty; medium weight, in 15 colorings
} $1.35 yd.

"WHITE HOUSE" QUALITIES

H 161—"WHITE HOUSE" SUPERFINE BLACK TAFFETA MOHAIR. Light weight
H 162—"WHITE HOUSE" SUPERFINE MOHAIR CORD. Light weight, 12 colorings
H 163—"WHITE HOUSE" SUPERFINE PLAIN MOHAIR. Light weight, 11 colorings
H 164—"WHITE HOUSE" SUPERFINE PLAIN MOHAIR SICILIAN. Medium weight, 15 colorings,
} $1.60 yd.

All 54 Inches (1½ yds.) Wide. The Most Economical Width to Use

EXPRESSAGE PREPAID TO YOUR NEAREST OFFICE

Benn's Mohairs embrace colors and qualities suited to all occasions and purposes—as women's, misses' and children's dresses; skirts, suits, traveling wear, automobile coats, bathing suits, etc. All colors from black, through the most useful and beautiful shades, up to cream or white. *Every number is pure, bright Mohair—no imitation.* "White House" Superfine Qualities are the height of perfection; cannot be surpassed, no matter what price you pay.

Our low prices show the saving effected by buying direct from the loom and eliminating intermediate profits.

WE CUT ANY LENGTH and guarantee satisfaction, or return your money in full.

Write for free samples. Important! Say which of the above numbers you wish to see; also what *colors* interest you most. Our full collection is too extensive to send except by special request.

JOSEPH BENN & SONS, Inc.
Greystone, Dept. C. H., Rhode Island

Just a turn of this little crank opens or closes your shutters

The Mallory Shutter Worker

opens or closes your shutters from the inside without raising the sash or screens, and securely locks them in any position, or when closed. Compactly made, neatly and attractively finished to suit your woodwork. Any carpenter can put them in place on old or new houses, whether frame, brick or stone.

If your dealer hasn't them, send for illustrations and descriptive price list to

MALLORY MANUFACTURING CO.
310 Moore Street, Flemington, N.J., U.S.A.

Dealer's Price, $25.00

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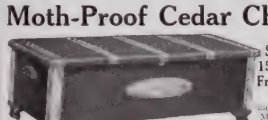
for this MASTER BUILT settee No 12—solid quarter-sawed oak—Marokene leather cushion—67 in. long, 37½ in. high, 21 in deep. Strong, handsome *Guaranteed.* Finished as you wish. Shipped in complete sections. Easily assembled.

Write For Furniture Book—FREE

showing furniture for every room. Factory prices save you ½ dealer's prices. Mail postal today for book

BROOKS MFG. CO., 4706 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

Moth-Proof Cedar Chest



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This magnificent MOTH-PROOF Piedmont Red Cedar Chest sent anywhere on 15 days' free trial. Place it in your own home at our expense and see for yourself what a beautiful useful and desirable piece of furniture it is. Moth, mouse, dust and damp proof. Makes unique Bridal gift. Direct from factory to you at factory prices. Freight prepaid. Send for big 56-page illustrated free book showing all styles and prices and particulars of free offer.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 19, Statesville, N. C.

Bees on the Farm "Gleanings in Bee Culture" will help you get more pleasure and more profit from Bee keeping. 6 months trial subscription 25c. Book on Bees and Catalog of Supplies sent free.
THE A. I. ROOT COMPANY, Box 284, Medina, Ohio

BIG MONEY EASILY EARNED

New Suction Cleaner. Cleans without injuring nap of carpets and rugs. Light, simple. Price so low everyone can buy. Guaranteed. Agents—rare chance to make money. Write quick for proposition.

MILFORD MFG. CO., 508 Milford Bldg., Milford, O.

CORNS REMOVED by Arthur's "Corn-Out." A thin, medicated plaster—no crowding or rubbing in the shoe. Easy to apply. Positively removes corns and bunions where felt plasters fail. Send 10c for full-size package. ARTHUR CHEMICAL CO. 437 Congress Ave., New Haven, Conn.

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UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.

Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

Wanted Pupils for Training School giving two years' course in general nursing. Overlook Hospital, Summit, N. J.

Will You Try this FREE Sample ?

With a sample of Silver Voltite, a rag and a little water, you can instantly plate your old and worn silverware with a plating of guaranteed ***pure silver***. Or, you can plate old jewelry or toilet articles with 18 karat Gold by using Voltite Gold Electro-Plating Powders.

Voltite is ***not*** a cleanser nor a polish, but a secret process powder endorsed by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone and used in the leading hotels and restaurants of New York.

Its cost is a mere trifle compared to any other process of plating.

For Sale at New York Department Stores

How to Get a Sample of Pure Silver

To test this "Marvel of the 20th Century" secure a free sample by writing the following on a postal card:

"You can do your plating right—
In sight—clean and bright
Costs a mite—with Voltite."

Sign your name and address and send the postal to

AMERICAN VOLTITE COMPANY
223 West 39th Street, New York City

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WHEN ROSES BLOOM

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining the bloom of youth.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers
Dept. 22, 125 Kingston Street
BOSTON, MASS.

CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN
SAME DULL FINISH SAME PERFECT FIT
SAME CORRECT STYLE SAME LINEN TEXTURE
If dealer won't supply you, write us, stating Collar or Cuff size, Style Book Free.

The Arlington Company
Established 1858 Troy, N.Y.

Buy SILKS Direct From the Mill

Save store profits and get better quality of Dress Silks, Taffetas, Satins, etc., cut any length direct from our looms. Send 10 cents for samples.

Also Wash Silks for Petticoats, Waists, Dresses, Negligees, Men's Shirts. Will wash and iron perfectly. Samples Free

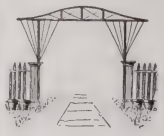
Experienced CANVASSING AGENTS Wanted. Please state if agency desired.

Auburn Silk Mill
Dept. C. Auburn, N. Y.

Busy Cozy Corner Days

Be noble! and the nobleness which lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

More Handiwork for Boys and Girls



THIS is the time the vines and creepers which you planted early in the season are needing your help and care to make them feel at home and grow luxuriantly. Even old vines want encouragement, a bit of string here, a criss-cross support there, to help them toward making your garden a success.

Much that is both useful and joyous can be done out of doors if you are even half-way handy with carpenter's tools, and if you aren't—well, just get some laths and a saw and a hammer, some nails and a ball of twine, and start right in anyway to help the vines by making some simple garden trellises and supports.

Small trellises are easily put together, and it is great fun to design them. For example: To a central stick about two inches square and six feet long nail short laths in some more or less regular pattern. The finished trellis should measure about three feet across and four feet high. The center stick must be buried at least two feet in the ground. Make up your own designs—squares, oblongs, pyramids are effective—and here is a good opportunity for original work.

A large fan-shaped vine-support in one piece is easily made and satisfactory. Soak a pine board in water over night and slit it, as shown in the illustration. Spread it and fasten the sections apart with short laths and small nails. Use this vine-support to hide any unsightly place in the garden, or to beautify some sunny corner.

A Fan Trellis

The Gateway

THE garden gateway should always be vine-clad. If yours is bare make an arbor over it for vines to trail upon. To the fence posts on either side fasten two uprights about five feet high, nail a scantling across the top, leaving an extension of two feet, as shown in the picture. The strings upon which the vines will climb should be strong whipcord and not wire, which rusts and holds the heat and is never good for young trailers.

There is nothing that will more fully repay your attention just now than the vines. Watch each little tendril as it appears, and see that it has support and help to make it grow.

Tea in the Garden
Courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery, New York City

Be true to your word and your work and your friend.—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

2,500 Kites in the Air

THE public school boys, especially those in the fifth and sixth grades, which include manual training in the year's work, are very much excited over approaching tournaments, which are to take place simultaneously during the last week of school in several cities in Ohio and Illinois. Prizes will be awarded for the construction of kites, for speed based on the number of feet of string unwound in a given time, and for high flying. In Columbus, twenty-five hundred kites of all shapes and sizes will be in the air together when the tournament is on. The box-kite, the tailless, and the "bow" are the most popular models. The city will in each instance be decked with flags and bunting on tournament day, and all good citizens will cheer and entertain the boys.

Claribel Stearns
Winner of Watch in May Contest

This is the very best kind of a suggestion. Almost any boy could get up a kite-flying contest among his friends. If he got many boys interested the mayor of the town might be persuaded to offer prizes and help plan for a red, white and blue kite tournament as a part of the Independence Day festivities.

An Important Birthday

ON JUNE 14 the Stars and Stripes will proudly wave upon the flagstaffs of all public buildings and will be patriotically displayed from the roofs and windows of business blocks and private houses throughout the country, for it is Old Glory's birthday.

Let every CHRISTIAN HERALD boy and girl set flying the national emblem from home window or the flagstaff on the lawn. It will speak for you its hallowed message:

In God is our trust.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

How the Little Kite Learned to Fly

"I never can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try,
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid
I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well; good-by;
I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;
"And all because I was brave and tried."

NORMAN GALE.

Good-Morning Verse

The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.—*Psalm 65.*

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt the Cozy Corner

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

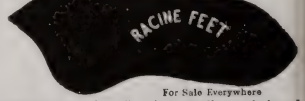
For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York

Darning is a Thing of the Past

Don't throw away your hose when the feet are worn out. Attach **"Racine Feet"** to the legs and they are as good as new.



For Sale Everywhere

WARNING! Our "Racine Feet" are imitated. We are the original manufacturers of the repair foot. Unscrupulous makers of inferior goods are attempting to trade on our reputation. The genuine bear our copy-righted trade-mark, "Racine Feet." If you are unable to get them, send to us direct. Catalog free upon request.

Price 10c per pair or $1.00 per dozen, postpaid

RACINE FEET KNITTING CO., 128 Wheeler Ave., Beloit, Wis.

Eat JUNKET

The very best food for children and invalids.

The whole family rejoice when it is served as a dessert or used for ice cream.

Easily and quickly made.

Price 10 Cents

At Your Grocer or Druggist

The Flaked Cooking Salt

Note What It Does

This salt is probably new to you, madam. But it's an "old story" now with thousands of housewives; a permanent, modern-day kitchen aid. The reason is this:

Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt *Flakes* dissolve instantly, and their "pure-salt" flavor distributes evenly, throughout the whole dish. No caking. No bunching. No forming in pockets to make portions over-salty.

Common, hard-grain salt is slow to melt in comparison. One cannot get the good results with it that make this flaked salt so popular. You'll demonstrate that fact to yourself just as soon as you try the flakes.

Phone your grocer now while you think of it.

Diamond Crystal Cooking Salt

The only cooking salt in the world over 99% pure.

The salt put up especially for cooking.

Packed in strong, clean packages—5c. a small package—10c. a large package—east of the Rockies. (84)

Diamond Crystal Salt Company
St. Clair, Mich.
Makers of Famous Shaker Salt for the Table

SWEETEST-TONED MOST DURABLE

Schubert Piano

BUY NOW direct from manufacturers and save middleman's profits.

Save From $65 to $137

We stand behind SCHUBERT PIANOS. We have been selling them *on their merit* for nearly half a century, and we absolutely

Guarantee Them To Last a Lifetime

They are positively the *best* you can get *for the money*—equal to some of the very high price makes.

Pianos $150 up Player Pianos $265 up

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Write today for Picture Catalogue and details of our new Easy Payment Plan.

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WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Gold on the Farm

HOW important women are to the farm, and how successful women can be as farmers, is being demonstrated on all sides in these progressive days. Probably no back-to-the-farm movement has had more success than that fostered by the Government Department of Agriculture as canning and poultry clubs in Southern farming districts. The government is glad to help every girl on a farm who wants to earn a little money. The government enters into a vigorous correspondence in order to help overcome difficulties. In the clubs in South Carolina, which are tomato clubs, they made a splendid financial success and are rapidly becoming rivals of the boys' corn clubs.

The women of the country seem to be coming to realize that there is gold buried in the smallest patch of ground.—*The Delineator.*

. . .

A Sane Fourth

NEW YORK'S Fourth of July Committee is jubilant. It declares that but twenty cities had "sane Fourths" in 1909, when 5,307 persons were killed as a result of the celebration. But 2,923 persons were killed and injured in 1910, because ninety-one cities had "sane Fourths," and in 1911, when 161 cities fell in line, the number of dead and maimed was reduced to 1,603. There is a degree of truth, therefore, in the committee's boast that "three years of 'sane Fourths' have saved 6,000 persons from death and injury."—*New York Times.*

. . .

The College Woman

IF I were a man I think I'd fight shy of a college woman. Will she make a good wife? Perhaps—when she'd lived long enough to forget her degree. In the majority of cases, I fear she would make things rather unpleasant—that is, especially if the man did not happen to have had similar or superior advantages. And the secret of marital happiness, of the whole sex problem, for that matter, is the recognition of the equality of the sexes. Equality—of both man and woman; the realization that neither is the superior.—*Gertrude Atherton in New York Times.*

. . .

China's Troubles

THE situation in China does not materially improve. Private letters from Americans in the troubled country report that anarchy prevails in all parts of it. The provinces refuse to recognize the central government, and the provincial leaders persistently act independently of each other. The right of the newly constituted authorities at Peking to provincial matters is hotly disputed. The Manchus are intriguing for a return to power. The central government needs money, and although we read from time to time of new Chinese loans, there seems no likelihood of successful negotiation with European financiers under existing conditions.—*New York Times.*

. . .

The Restoration of Self-Government

THE *American* has received inquiries from several persons who say they do not understand what is meant by the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

The initiative stands for the power of the people to start the making of a new law that their lawmaking agents have neglected.

The referendum stands for the power of the people to stop the making of a new law that their lawmaking agents have started.

The recall stands for the power of the people to cancel the commission of an agent who has disappointed them.

The initiative supplies an imperative way of bringing public opinion to bear upon a legislature for the starting of a good piece of lawmaking.

The referendum supplies an imperative way of bringing public opinion to bear upon a legislature for the stopping of a bad piece of lawmaking.

The recall is a short and summary substitute for impeachment. It enables the people to get rid of a poor agent without proving that he is a bad man.

An incidental advantage of the recall is that its occasional practice will discourage the growth in this country of the Old World feudal idea that a public office is a piece of private property—a proprietary right or vested interest. No country in which public offices are owned by individuals can remain free. In free countries a public office is a terminable franchise held at the will of the sovereign people.—*New York American.*

. . .

Is There a Roman Peril?

WHEN I was in America nine years ago," says the Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, "I noticed that Roman Catholicism enjoyed a much greater amount of consideration than it was accustomed to in Great Britain, but in the intervening period it seems to have gained enormously in America, so much so that evidences of its power confront one on every hand. This is a thing that seems to need accounting for."

The evidences of Roman Catholic growth of which Mr. Campbell speaks, and of the apprehension aroused by it, have been emphasized during the past few weeks in many ways, and chiefly in the formation of a society called "The Guardians of Liberty." This new organization is supported by Lieut.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Major-Gen. D. E. Sickles, Rear-Admiral G. W. Baird, and former Congressman Charles D. Haines, of New York. . . .

The organization of "The Guardians of Liberty" is clearly one of many efforts now being made in America to ward off what is regarded by some as the Roman Catholic "peril."

While, as a general thing, observes a writer in the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*, churches are not called on to interfere with each other's affairs, there are questions that affect all Christian bodies. Just now, he continues, the pressure and demands of Roman Catholicism concern all Protestants. He cites a dictum of Archbishop Ireland to the effect that the church can never come into its own until there are more Roman Catholics in Congress. He says: "With President after President distributing offices right and left to the Roman Catholic Church, with an ex-President proclaiming openly that there is no reason why we should not have a Roman Catholic President, with both great political parties working on the same line for votes, we cannot wonder that the Roman body looks to the time when they will control both the secular and religious affairs of the nation." All their organizations, he tries to show, are combining to this end. "In several States they have succeeded in making a new holiday in honor of Columbus. They are now trying to make it (and, it is said, Saint Patrick's Day) national holidays." Of nine judges in the sturdy old Puritan State of Massachusetts, "eight are said to be Romanists."—*Current Literature.*

A Better Christian

Through reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week I am a better Christian than I was this time last year. Every column in it is interesting. The editorial "Come Unto Me" in the issue of April 24 was real food to my soul. I wish I could tell you just how much real pleasure and benefit THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been to me. I wish to be considered a regular member of your Bible Question Class.

Middletown, O. MRS. MATTIE C. VIVENS.

What women ask about Crisco

THE discovery of Crisco has awakened a truly remarkable interest. Finding it hard to believe that its many advantages were possible, hundreds of people have written us, asking question after question about it.

Is Crisco healthful?

Crisco, on account of its pure vegetable origin, is more healthful than any animal, or partially animal fat.

Is Crisco economical when used as you would lard?

Crisco goes further, lasts longer than lard. Foods fry in Crisco so quickly, that a crust forms instantly, and prevents absorption. Often after using Crisco for deep frying, when pouring the Crisco back, it looks as if it will overflow the can, so little has been absorbed. Crisco does not absorb either odors or flavors, does not discolor or burn. Strain Crisco through cheese cloth and it can be used and re-used, two or three times as often as lard.

Why is it that Crisco fried foods are not greasy?

As Crisco stands a much higher temperature than does butter or lard, foods fry in it more quickly. A crust forms instantly, which is the secret of the crispness and flakiness of foods fried in Crisco. Letters have been received from over a hundred women in one month commenting on the improvement Crisco has made in their doughnuts or crullers.

Has Crisco a disagreeable odor?

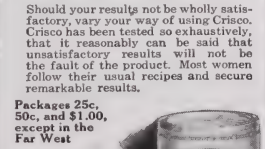
One of the most pleasing features of Crisco is its delicate aroma. Crisco biscuits or Crisco short-cake, served hot, will be most convincing proof.

The best way to use Crisco.

Do not keep Crisco in the refrigerator. Like butter, it hardens quickly with cold, but works perfectly at the usual room temperature. For cake, use a little less than you would of butter; for pastry, one-fifth less than lard. When used instead of butter, add salt. In making pastry cut Crisco into the flour with a knife; use as little water as possible and handle lightly.

Should your results not be wholly satisfactory, vary your way of using Crisco. Crisco has been tested so exhaustively, that it reasonably can be said that unsatisfactory results will not be the fault of the product. Most women follow their usual recipes and secure remarkable results.

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00, except in the Far West



On request, we will mail an illustrated book of Tested Crisco Recipes. These show you the best ways of using Crisco in your everyday cooking, and explain many other advantages of Crisco. Write for a copy.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO.
Dept. S, Cincinnati, O.

It Requires Special Knowledge To Buy Bonds Wisely

Time was when only a government bond was considered gilt-edged. To-day there are many bonds recognized as equally safe for all practical purposes and decidedly more attractive.

But it requires *special knowledge* to buy bonds wisely and special training to acquire this knowledge.

We are bond specialists—just as your lawyer, on whose legal acumen and good judgment you rely, is a specialist.

Our specialty is to know bonds and to buy them only after finding out all about them. Every bond we own has been purchased in the light of our special knowledge and training.

The reliability, good judgment and efficiency of E. H. Rollins & Sons, founded 1876, are safeguards for you to employ without additional cost.

We have at all times safe, desirable bonds for sale—municipal, railroad and public service. Inquire about us of your banker and write for circular No. 552.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS,
Founded 1876
Investment Bonds
Boston New York Chicago Denver
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5%

Write to-day for the Calvert Book—it is a book that everyone who is saving money or has money to invest ought to have.

It is full of interesting information for investors, and tells in detail of this Company and its 17 years of successful experience.

The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Company pays 5 Per Cent interest on all money entrusted to its care.

Money begins to draw interest the day it is received, and it may be withdrawn at any time without notice.

In the entire history of the Company there has never been a day's delay in the mailing of interest checks or in the repayment of principal when demanded.

It is an ideal savings or investment plan. Don't fail to write for the book.

The Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
1046 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

Highest Interest Best Security

Amounts of any size ($25, $50, $100, $200 or multiples) can be invested, temporarily or permanently. Your money available when wanted. Endorsed by highest financial authorities everywhere.

6% NET INTEREST

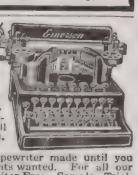
Principal and interest secured by select Mortgages on Preferred Real Estate

If your savings or any other money is drawing less than 6% net, or is not as secure as Old Mother Earth herself can make it, send postcard for our Booklet. Read it.

A. C. LESLIE CO.
Suite 117, Bakewell Law Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

$30.00 10¢ A DAY

Pronounced among the best typewriters made, yet sold at a very low price, payable 10c a day or $3 monthly. **Typewriter Free** to anyone for very small service. **Free Trial.** No money with order.



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EMERSON TYPEWRITER CO., Box 48 Woodstock, Ill.

THE STOCKHOLDER

THERE are two divisions into which the securities offered to the public by corporations divide themselves. These are shares of stock and mortgage bonds. In a previous article the main features of corporate bonds were pointed out. It will be the object of this article to explain generally the method by which shares of stock are issued and the rights of stockholders.

A corporation, which has been defined as an artificial body created by the State and whose duration is generally perpetual, has its inception in the organization of three or more individuals under a corporate name, who apply to the State for a charter. It formerly required a special act of the legislature to grant a charter, but as abuses grew up under that system owing to favoritism in thus granting charters, the States now have general corporation laws under which any persons complying with the law can file a certificate of incorporation and become a corporation. This certificate of incorporation is a legal document signed by the three incorporators, giving the name chosen for the new company, the amount of capital stock to be authorized, the number of directors, and generally the names of the directors chosen for the first year, and setting forth in detail the business which the corporation proposes to carry on. With the filing of this certificate with the State official designated and the payment of the fee for doing business as a corporation the company is born, and thenceforth its management is in the hands of the stockholders. It should be noted, however, that corporations organized to engage in public service, such as railroads, telephone and telegraph, gas and electric lighting, banking, etc., are provided for by special laws. Greater strictness is exercised in allowing such corporations to come into existence, for, obviously, they have a greater public duty and are freer from competition than the ordinary commercial or manufacturing company. Over them the State also exercises a greater supervision.

Forming the Company

Let us suppose now that the name of the company has been adopted and the certificate of incorporation filed and that the company is to begin business with a minimum cash capital of $500 and that the par value of shares is to be $100. Two of the incorporators then receive one share each and the third, three shares of stock. The incorporators meet and adopt by-laws, which set out the duties and salaries of the officers in detail. A corporate seal is adopted by which the formal acts of the corporation are evidenced and the meetings of the directors are provided for. All these preliminary matters are decided by the three stockholders, and as each share of stock has one vote it is apparent that the control of the company is in the hands of the stockholders owning a majority of the stock. The directors too are elected by the stockholders at annual meetings and they in turn elect the officers of the company. The majority stockholders then control the policy of the company and manage its business through the board of directors. The minority stockholder, however, is not helpless, as the law gives him the right to compel the directors and officers to carry on the company's business in such a way as to result in the greatest good to all the stockholders.

Rights of Stockholders

We have started with but five shares of stock issued and paid for, but now the directors provide for the issue of more, either in exchange for cash or business or property. Each person thus acquiring stock may have his name entered on the books of the company as a stockholder and must be given notice and an opportunity to appear at stockholders' meetings. He can delegate his right to vote on his stock by giving a proxy to some other person. He also has the right to examine the stock book of the company to ascertain the names of other stockholders and co-operate with them. Heavy penalties are provided for a refusal to allow a stockholder to examine the stock book of the company. If the business of the company is successful and there is a net profit, it is the duty of the directors to divide this among the stockholders in proportion to their holdings, by way of dividends. Minority stockholders can, in proper cases, compel the directors to declare a dividend. On the other hand, if the directors declare and pay a dividend where there are no net profits they are answerable personally to any creditor of the company to the full amount of such dividend. It must be remembered that stockholders are the proprietors of the company. They are not creditors. Their claims are only to a proportionate share of the company's property after all creditors are paid. They are members of a vast partnership.

Preferred Stock

Thus far we have only considered "common" stock. Often there is also issued "preferred" stock. The holders of the latter have the first right to the surplus profits or dividends. If, for instance, the stock is five per cent. preferred, a dividend of five per cent. must be paid to all the holders of this stock before any dividend goes to the common stockholders. If the stock is "cumulative" preferred stock, all dividends back to the time of its issue must be paid to date before any dividend is paid on the common stock. On dissolution, too, the preferred stockholders receive back the par value of their stock next after bondholders and general creditors and before the common stockholders receive anything. But the company may prove so successful that the dividends on the common stock may exceed those on the preferred, for the preferred is limited to its prescribed rate of dividends, and there is no limit to the rate on common stock. Often, too, no voting rights are given to the preferred stock, so that its holder has no voice in the affairs of the company.

The directors decide for what property and at what value the stock of the company shall be issued. If property is taken in exchange for stock at too high a value, the stock is said to be "watered." This is one of the commonest and gravest abuses in corporate management. It is a hopeful sign that the States are every year holding directors to stricter personal responsibility in this respect, the State of Kansas being probably the leader in vigilance under the wise administration of Governor Stubbs. The time is not far distant when the purchasers of stock may rest assured that each dollar's worth of stock issued by his company represents a dollar's full value, either in cash or property.

Stocks Versus Bonds

In the meantime, however, the prospective investor should not forget the fundamental difference between a share of stock and a bond. As has been suggested above, the owner of a share of stock is a partner in the general enterprise. If the company issuing the stock is able to declare a dividend, the stockholder will benefit to that extent. If the business of the company is not profitable, and the company is unable to declare a dividend, the stockholder can expect to receive no profit himself.

The bondholder, on the other hand, is not a partner in the concern issuing the bond. By virtue of the conditions under which bonds are usually issued, the owner of the bond is a creditor to whom the company is indebted and the indebtedness must be liquidated before any profit can accrue to the mere stock owner; so that for the inexperienced investor the bond will generally be found to be the safer form of security.

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IN SPITE OF DOUBTS*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

. Taking our doubts to Jesus.
. His proofs of Christianity, its fits.
. Honest doubters not therefore ndemned.

GO AND tell John." There is a touch of humanness and a characteristic example of the fearless truthfulness of Bible graphies in the uncovering of hn's dungeon that we may see his pression and doubt, though he was man so fearless in condemning owned heads as well as excitable wds, that his very courage had got- him into prison. Whoever strug- s with honest doubts may w.ll nder this story of how Jesus dealt th the first great case of doubt that s brought to him. (How patiently d kindly he dealt later with Thomas shall not forget.)

A similar chapter in the story of hn's spiritual prototype, Elijah, l help us to understand John's case. ter the miraculous overthrow of the ophets of Baal on Carmel, Elijah s no doubt greatly surprised and cked to find Jezebel unconquered, d even more determined than before kill him. Exhausted with undue sting accompanying unusual excite- nt and physical exertion, he failed realize that the God who had de- oyed the hundreds of prophets of al could save him from their pa- on's wrath, and so he fled to the wil- rness, and under a juniper tree ayed that he might die. God an- ers all prayers, but as a wise ther he sometimes answers "No." d refused to let him die then, or er, that he might go to heaven, after

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The International Sunday School Lesson for e 16, 1912. Matt. 11: 2-19. GOLDEN TEXT: nong them that are born of women there is e greater than John; yet he that is but little the kingdom of God is greater than he." ke 7: 28.

more conquests, in a chariot of fire. Let us recall how God cured Elijah of his doubts. In a panorama of earthquake and fire he showed his power, and then came a quieter but mightier force—a "voice." For convincing men of God and right, Elijah was taught that the Word of God and the human "voice" speaking for God are more successful than any display of force.

In a similar way, Jesus dealt with the doubts of John. John's disciples came to Jesus with the message, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" Probably John the Baptist shared the Messianic expectations of his time, and supposed Jesus, as the Messiah, would, by a display of military or miraculous force, conquer the Romans and liberate his people. But he did not even use his miraculous power to defend his forerunner, imprisoned by Hero for preaching the truth. Hope deferred had made the stout heart of the prophet prisoner sick. Perhaps he thought he might hasten the expected demonstration of Messianic power by such a deputation as he was sending. Like Elijah he was relying too much on such spectacular triumphs as that of Carmel. And like Elijah, he learned "the might of gentleness." John's disciples saw the sick healed, the demoniac calmed, the children blessed, the poor instructed, the dead raised.

"These," said Jesus, in substance, "are the real evidences of Christianity. Christianity shall prove its claims in the world not by wars of conquest but by its fruits of neighborliness; the disposition it puts in its followers, even the children, to help others, to do somebody a good turn every day; the kindlier social life it shall develop in families, in schools, even in commercial and political associations, in cities and nations."

Continued on next page

Among the Workers

—THE CITY OF EUREKA, in Humboldt County, if., has experienced a revival such as has er before been known in its history. Evan- ist Dan Shannon, with his singing compan- . Harry Ross, conducted the campaign, which ed six weeks, closing on Easter Sunday. A ernacle seating two thousand persons was cted for the meetings. All the evangelical urches of the city united in the effort. Alto- her some five or six hundred souls were won Christ.

—A SUMMARY OF THE eighty-eighth fiscal r of Sunday school work out on the Western ntier by the American Sunday School Union otains the following interesting figures: 23 Bible schools have been established; 687 er schools have been re-organized. These ools contain a total of 91,235 scholars and chers; 41,618 Bibles and Testaments have n distributed in needy homes and schools, ides library books, Sunday school lesson ps, etc.; 184,359 visits have been made to milies which are otherwise unreached; 9,042 nversions have been reported from various fields the West and South, and 76 frontier churches ve grown from the work during the year.

—MRS. W. J. CHARTERS of Fredericton, New unswick, writes that the foreman of the fac- y of the Chestnut Canoe Company, at which r youngest son is employed, was recently bap- ed and joined the church. Young Mr. Char- s suggested that some of the men at the fac- y join him in presenting a gift to their reman, and at an appointed time he was quested to meet the men in the "construction t." Fearing that he was about to hear of me dissatisfaction among the employees, he nt as requested, but was surprised to find at instead of making a complaint they wished present him with a Red Letter Bible and a ar's subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. made a happy address, declaring it to be he best present he had ever received."

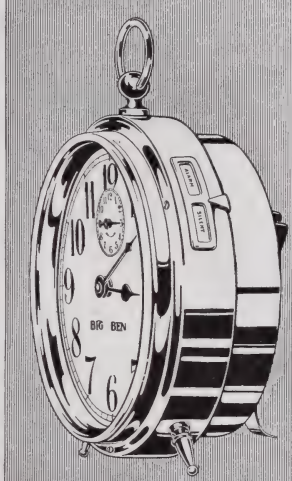
—THE MIYAGI GIRLS' SCHOOL at Sendai, pan, recently celebrated its twenty-fifth an- versary. Miss Sadie Lea Weidner, mission- y and principal of the institution, reports at the government has granted the school full cognition as a girls' high school and it has o extended for five years the privilege of king teachers' examinations to all students o graduated before December 21, 1910. The stitution plans to give to young Japanese women an education of high school grade based on the principles of Christianity. The course covers a period of five years and includes Bible study, ethics, Japanese, Chinese, English, history, geography, mathematics, natural science, drawing, domestic economy, sewing, music, civil government and physical training. Some of the students now being educated in this school are supported by kind-hearted friends in America.

—THE STEAMSHIP *Carmania* when she sailed recently carried 1,000 volumes of Scripture, donated by the New York Bible Society. These volumes were taken on board by a worker who distributes for the society. The New York Bible Society is one of the great benevolent enterprises of the city, and its work is done so unostentatiously that it often escapes public notice. It is the only society having for its sole work Bible distribution in the city and harbor of New York.

—A JUNIOR CHORUS of 500 boys and girls from ten to fifteen years of age was one of the features of the afternoon meetings of the campaign, conducted by Evangelist T. L. Hutchison, under the auspices of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, at Weatherford, Tex. The children's singing helped to bring their parents into touch with the meetings. The chorus was under the direction of Horace F. Erwin, who also organized, for the same campaign, an adult chorus of 260 voices.

—DR. H. C. LYMAN, who has been in charge of the divinity department at Benedict College, Columbia, S. C., has recently been elected superintendent of the department of work for negroes. Dr. Lyman while teaching in Columbia had charge of the college Sunday school and made the work there markedly successful in enlisting the students as teachers. He trained them to teach and then gave them practice work under his own supervision. Opportunity to do every detail of the management of the school from the making of the program to the teaching of the teachers showed them the method and gave them confidence to undertake the work itself. For three years these students have actually been using this new method of Sunday school work in their home churches during vacation and after graduation, which proves the plan practicable. Dr. Lyman is now at work in the six colleges and the Sunday schools (over eighty) in Atlanta, Ga.

Big Ben



Big Ben, the national sleep-meter, is arousing thousands to enthusiastic punctuality. Everywhere, everyday the gentle, insistent voice of Big Ben taps the "sleepy head" to joyous action. In city flat and country home this "*minute-man*" starts the day with a smile. Big Ben never fails—he's dependable. He rings 5 minutes straight, or at intervals of 30 seconds for 10 minutes. He tells the truth and gets you up "*on the dot*."

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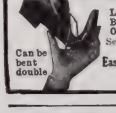

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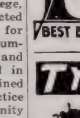

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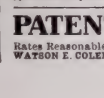

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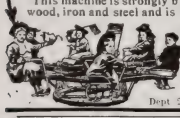

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

There is nothing of which the saying is truer than of religions: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Now that the world is all one neighborhood, and in the universities of every land young men of all faiths and of all unbeliefs are brought together, there are many honest doubters asking: Is Christianity the one true religion? or is Mohammedanism or Buddhism or Hinduism better? or is a combination of all best of all? or shall we more reasonably adopt agnosticism's denial of the provability of all?

These are not mere academic questions, but rather questions of life and death in many souls, not only in mission lands, but here. There are temples of many pagan faiths in our cities, and not a few Americans are propagating Oriental cults to which they are apparently drawn by a passion for novelty and mystery. Let this lesson be used in and out of college for bringing to such doubters Christ's proof of Christianity, its fruits.

Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin), physicist, mathematician, engineer, inventor, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and honorary member of the Russian Academy of Sciences, was one day accosted by a pompous scientist who asked the question: "What do you consider the greatest discovery you ever made?" Reverently lifting his hat, Lord Kelvin replied: "The greatest discovery I ever made was when I discovered my Saviour in Jesus Christ."

When the representatives of Oriental faiths came to the Parliament of Religions at the Columbian Fair of 1893 and set the most beautiful sayings of their sacred books—a few gems plucked out of much mire—in contrast with the most inconsistent social conduct of so-called Christian nations, there were some shallow Americans who sighed, "Dear Buddha and poor Jesus!" But the single question, "How do you treat women?" if only some one had dared to ask it, would have exposed, like a flashlight, the failure of Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, by the test of fruitage. The historical answer to that question shows conclusively the failure of all pagan faiths, ancient and modern, to produce the two chief elements of social welfare, good morals and human rights. Not one pagan faith has given woman her civil rights, nor has any one of them produced a wholesome family life.

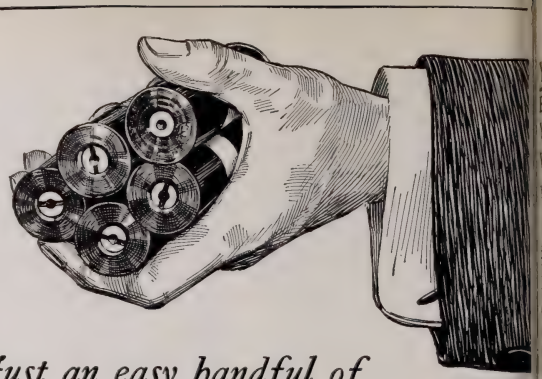
Christianity is very imperfectly expressed as yet in the business and politics and pleasures of so-called Christian nations, but its social influence even in these fields, which are least leavened by it as yet, challenges comparison with the fruits of infidelity in France, as it challenges comparison in those fields with Oriental religions. In the words of Wendell Phillips: "The answer to Confucianism is China; the answer to Buddhism is India; the answer to Mohammedanism is Turkey. The answer of the Bible is the Christian civilization of Europe and America." That this is the best civilization is conceded by Japan in its deliberate adoption, years ago, of the main features of Christian civilization.

Your Life as a Cure of Doubt

Besides these big wholesale arguments for faith in Christianity because it makes better homes and better governments than any other religion, let us put before the doubters whom we meet the retail argument of Christlike, unselfish lives, not too engrossed in self but sincerely interested in "the other fellow"; in his physical and spiritual welfare and happiness.

Possibly you have taken a walk

Continued on next page



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"I don't know how it happened, but I finally became convinced that my sickness was due to the use of coffee, and a little less than a year ago I stopped coffee and began drinking Postum.

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Postum makes red blood.

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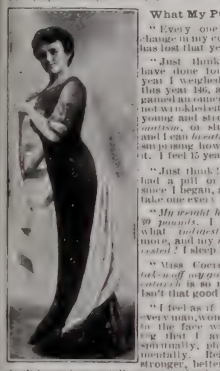

What My Pupils say:

"Every one notices the change in my complexion—it has lost that yellow color."

"Just think what you have done to me! Last year I weighed 216 pounds, this year 146, and have not gained an ounce back. I am not weak-kneed either. I feel so young and strong, no *rheumatism*, or sluggish liver, and I can *breathe* now. It is surprising how easily I did it. I feel 15 years younger."

"Just think! I have not had a pill or a cathartic since I began, and I used to take one every night."

"*My weight has increased 19 pounds.* I don't know what *indigestion* is any more, and my *nerves* are so *rested!* I sleep like a baby."

"Miss Cocroft, I have *left-off eyeglasses*, and my *eyesight* is so much better, isn't that good?"

"I feel as if I could look every man, woman and child in the face with the feeling that I am *aware of* spiritually, physically and mentally. Really I am a stronger, better woman. I don't know how to tell you or to thank you."

Reports like these come to me every day. Do you wonder I want to help *every woman* to vibrant health and happiness? Write me your faults of health or figure. Your correspondence is held in strict confidence. If I cannot help you I will tell you what will.

My free book tells how to stand and walk correctly, and contains other information of vital interest to women. Every woman is welcome to it. Write for it. If you do not need me, you may be able to help a dear friend.

I have had a wonderful experience, and I'd like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

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Miss Cocroft is the best authority in America upon the regaining of woman's health and figure thro Natural, Scientific means.

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AGENTS WANTED to introduce this line. Quality that appeals to WOMEN. $18 to $30 a Week. STEADY INCOME. Sure repeat orders. Prices and quality will surprise you.

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MEANS NO RUBBING, WHY DO YOU RUB?

CLEANS WITHOUT RUBBING

Write at once! Large Trial Package of this wonderful Cleaner FREE. Makes all clothes clean and white *without rubbing*. Absolutely pure and harmless. All grocers 5c & 10c package.

If you've never used "Van's Norub," try it NOW. Be sure to give Dealer's name and address when writing for Free Package.

Van Zile Co., 806 Walnut Street, West Hoboken, N. J.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

through the woods in the early morning and have noted how quiet everything seems to be. But rap hard on the trunk of a tree and immediately swarms of little insects appear; from hidden places they come out to see what has happened. Before that they had been busy with their own little tasks. In the world of humanity each individual seems to be engrossed in his own affairs. What is needed is a rap to startle them out of their selfishness. Are you not the one to give it: a loving word, a kind deed, the story of Christ told with a new energy and new determination!

"There hath not arisen a greater." The climax of this story is the talk of Jesus on greatness, suggested by the message from John. That he had shown a human fault seems clear from Jesus' words, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me." But in spite of his honest doubt—and this is a great fact for honest doubters—Jesus still held him as before in highest esteem as the greatest of the prophets who had heralded his coming. In dress John was the veriest country boor, clad with the skins and woven hair of beasts. And his food was locusts and wild honey. His home had been the caves of the wilderness. In all this he reminds the poorest of us that greatness does not depend on "soft raiment" and "kings' houses." Sons of the wilderness, like Elijah and John the Baptist, may be in any age the true prophets of God and heralds of Christ. After all it is not knowledge that makes men great so much as *will*, a will quick to choose the right and persistent in holding to it; aggressive also in conquering wrong.

Dr. Farrar, in his book of sermons for children, quotes a beautiful incident. He says: "In the field of myth and fable we find pleasure in searching for the first rose bush. One of the beautiful stories is that Queen Elizabeth of Hungary loved the poor and went from house to house with food, medicine and sunshine. Her husband was cruel and forbade his wife doing any act of charity. He threatened to cut off her head if she disobeyed. Hearing of a very poor family with no food, and the children sick, she started out with food and medicine, and met her husband face to face on the street. 'What have you under your cloak?' he asked. She was too frightened to speak, but whispered to God for help. Her husband in anger tore open her cloak and stood amazed. It was a bitter cold day, but there in the queen's arms was a great sheaf of beautiful red and white roses. She gave the king a rose, and at its touch he lost his anger and smiled. Each day she gave him one of the roses, and he became good-natured and friendly to the poor. From house to house the king and queen went after that, and wherever they left a rose it turned into food and medicine according to the need. . . . Let us turn from the field of fable to the garden of fact. Solomon represented Christ as saying: 'I am the rose of Sharon.' When Christ was upon earth, he said: 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.' If, then, we are one with Christ as a branch is one with the vine, there will be roses not only on our cheeks, but they will drop from our hands in our every act of love and kindness."

SOME SMALL, SWEET WAY

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—*Unidentified.*

"Bank on" B. V. D.

And Draw Comfort-Interest All Summer

DON'T overheat and overweight your body with tight-fitting, full-length undergarments. Wear cool *Loose Fitting* B. V. D. Coat Cut Under-shirts, Knee Length Drawers or Union Suits. They are made of light, durable woven materials, soft to the skin. Quality of fabrics, true-to-size fit, careful workmanship and long wear are assured and insured by

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B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.50 the garment.

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"What shall we have for dessert?"—is answered over a hundred times in the illustrated Knox recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It also contains many recipes for candies, salads, jellies, ices, etc.

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CHICAGO

Christian Herald

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AMONG THE LOWLY

From the Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by Leon Augustin L'Hermitte

See description in this issue

10,000 Cars at $1,055

To Introduce Reo the Fifth

By R. E. Olds, Designer

To the Thousands Who are Buying

I am not writing this to sell more cars. The present demand taxes our utmost capacity. And the cars in use will sell our future output better than words of mine.

In all my experience of 25 years I have never seen a success like that of Reo the Fifth. I have never seen a car so popular.

What I have to say now is to you who are buying, largely through faith in me.

I want you to know that, despite this rush, there are hundreds of us watching every car. We are giving more than we promised.

And you who took my word—who are buying first—are getting an underprice.

Just the Start

Reo the Fifth is not built for a season. The present demand is just the beginning.

This car, remember, is the final result of 25 years spent in car building. It marks my limit—the very best I can do. And no car of the future can greatly improve on it.

The cars we sell now are sent out to sell others—to create reputation for My Farewell Car. And you may be sure that not a car goes out until we know it is utterly perfect.

Our Costly Care

We analyze the steel that goes into this car. Every part is inspected over and over. Every part with a flaw is rejected.

Every important part is put to radical test before it goes into the car.

The engines are tested for 48 hours. The finished cars are given more severe try-outs than in any other factory I know.

Parts are ground over and over to get utter exactness. Absolute silence in every part is demanded.

Each body is finished in 17 coats. The upholstering is perfect. To every part we give the final touch, regardless of time or cost.

For each of these cars is a salesman. Each will tell to hundreds of people the story of Reo the Fifth. And all our success in the future depends on the tale they tell.

The Underprice

There was never a car so underpriced as Reo the Fifth at $1,055. Every man knows this who makes any comparison.

This price is ridiculous. It is too low to endure. The coming advance in the cost of materials is bound to send it soaring.

But we are content to sell 10,000 cars without regard to profit. So the present price will doubtless continue during the spring demand.

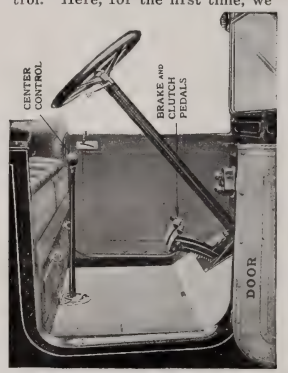
It goes to original buyers—to the men who first come to this car. And they will create our future market. Their cars will be our future advertisements.

You early buyers are getting an inside price, and I am glad to know it. But men who expect the present price to continue are bound to be disappointed.

The Center Control

This Year's Best Innovation

The success of Reo the Fifth is largely due to our new center control. Here, for the first time, we get rid of all side levers. Both doors in front are clear.



All the gear shifting is done by moving this center lever less than three inches, in each of four directions. It is done with the right hand.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, one of which also operates the clutch.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive, heretofore possible in electric cars only. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes and on the up side of the road.

The old side drive will appear very awkward when you once see this.

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Reo the Fifth is sold by dealers in a thousand towns, so everyone can easily see it.

Our catalog shows the various bodies and gives every detail. Ask us to mail it to you. Address

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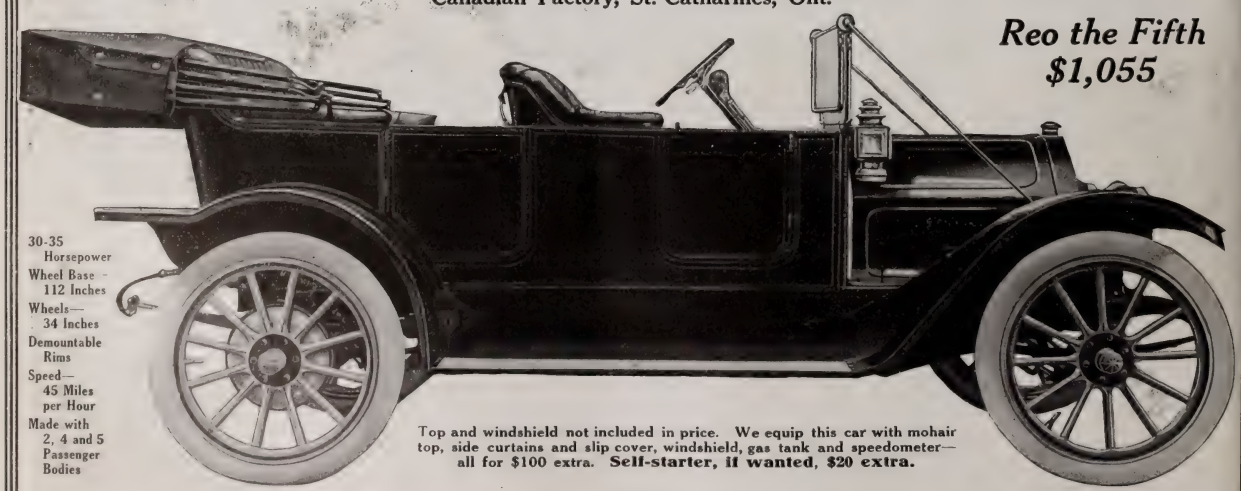
Reo the Fifth $1,055



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $20 extra.

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Havana, Cuba's Capital, as Seen Across the Harbor from Cabañas Fortress

CUBA'S BLACK REBELLION

Miss Marina Gomez

CUBA has been called upon to decide the most momentous question that could present itself in the history of her development. "Shall Cuba be a white republic or a black republic?" Now, as this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in preparation, that question is being answered amidst the rapid movements of troops and the cracking of rifles, while just across at Key West the United States holds troops and ships ready to rush to the aid of the foreign population and property holders should Cuba's army prove unequal to its task of protection.

The problem of race and color is an aggravated one in Cuba. he Cuban negro or half-caste has the best of claims to full litical and social equality. He can back his demands with e assertion that for this he bore arms against Spain, and is true that from the colored population of the island came th officers and privates who proved themselves good fighters—men of courage, energy and devotion. During those ars of fighting there was practically *no* color line; but with dependence an accomplished fact the natural change slowly arted and the two races have drawn gradually apart. lowly lines of distinction have been established, which, ough they are still more lax than apply in most countries mixed population, have irked the negroes and stood in the ay of their pet ambitions. The chief of these ambitions is hold a proportionate share, according to population, of the ation's public offices, from the highest to the lowest. This ambition has never en fully gratified, partly because of racial reasons and partly because the ublic offices have been the subject of a long and hotly contested political rangle amongst the whites themselves. Most of Cuba's internal troubles ave arisen from this question of patronage. An organization known as the eterans advances prior claims to all offices on the basis of military service.

President José Miguel Gomez

The present administration headed by President José Miguel Gomez has never recognized these claims and political feeling was at white heat when the rise of a common foe united all shades of political opinion for the defense of the status of the white race in the island.

The recent enactments of the Cuban Congress on the subject of the organization of political parties on racial lines is given as the basis of the present trouble, but as the revolt has proved to be largely confined to the eastern provinces, where many of the negroes are from Haiti and where as much French is spoken among them as Spanish, it is a natural conclusion that neither civil rights nor political party is so much the cause of the insurrection as an unreasoning desire for power at any cost. The more prosperous and better educated negro and half-caste elements of western Cuba have so far taken no stand with the insurrectos. In fact one of the most influential of the veteran negro officers has offered his services to the Gomez government.

Miss Narcisa Gomez

Although the political feeling in the island has run so high and some of the accusations have been as bitter as political accusations are usually made, from the unbiased outside viewpoint the administration of President Gomez has been a good one. Although the president has the military title of general, he is not so much of a soldier or a great statesman as he is a good business man. During this time, when Cuba has needed more business ability and less statecraft than she may need again, President Gomez has brought to his position a keen knowledge of the agricultural conditions of the island, its needs, and its possibilities. It has been announced many times as General Gomez's intention to accept only one term as president, thus establishing a precedent for a Latin-American republic.

Continued on page 600

Copyright, International News

United States Marines Near the Naval Station at Guantanamo

Marching from League Island Navy Yard to Embark on the "Prairie"

CUBA'S BLACK REBELLION

Many have believed that this determination was very largely due to his desire to get his hands once more actively upon the control of his large plantations. His good business administration of the affairs of the little republic is shown by the increasing figures of the exports and imports, the growing stability and prosperity of agriculture, the construction of new railroads and bridges and the substitution of new and modern buildings for many of the antiquated Spanish structures which have been doing duty as public offices. The problems of education have not escaped him and the improvement in Cuba's school system and the introduction of training courses for teachers show the steps that have been made toward modernizing an educational system which only fourteen years ago was one of the most benighted and antiquated on earth.

The president's family life is rather typical of the man himself. He cares little or nothing for show, and after having spent the hours from nine to eleven and from two to four in his routine work he drives or motors through the streets of Havana and the surrounding country without any greater guard than his wife and some of his daughters or one of his secretaries. The ladies of the president's family play a large part in the social life of Havana. There are four daughters, two of whom are married, and one son in the family. It was only last fall that all four of these young ladies were in Philadelphia for the launching of the two ships of Cuba's navy that are doing such splendid service just now. On October 9 Miss Narcisa Gomez and her sister, Miss Marina, the president's unmarried daughters, named the vessels *La Patria* and *Cuba*. On their trip to America they were accompanied by Señor de Morales Coello, Secretary of the Cuban Navy, and his wife, who is one of the president's married daughters, and Dr. de Mencia and his wife, the fourth daughter.

Señora Gomez, the president's wife, has achieved for herself an enviable place in the hearts of the Cuban people by her activity in charitable work of all kinds. Her name is identified with a large number of the organizations for the aid of the poor and unfortunate of the island. There is a pretty little story told of her which dates back to the time of the Cuban Revolution, when General (now President) Gomez was in the field. It seems that during that time Señora Gomez formed a friendship for the wife of a Spanish colonel, who was also in the field, but fighting on the opposite side. A short time ago Señora Gomez learned that the Spanish lady, now a widow, was in reduced circumstances. The president's wife remembered her old friend even though revolution, with its bitterness of feeling, defeat and victory, had come between them; and she not only sent a goodly sum of money, but made an arrangement whereby it was possible for the Spanish lady to relieve herself of all want.

The era of peace that has been coincident with President Gomez's administration was rudely interrupted by the insurrection of the lower-class negroes. The first reports of the trouble to reach the United States were wildly exaggerated and gave the impression that the situation had within the first twelve hours passed beyond the control of the government. As fuller details became known it was realized that the upper-class negroes and half-castes of Cuba joined their fellow citizens of Spanish descent in regarding the insurrectos as "seditious enemies of their country."

For some days there had been reports of difficulty with the negroes in Oriente Province, but it was not until May 21 that the uprising was considered of sufficient importance to be termed war rather than mere civil disorder. It was then learned that Generals Estenoz and Ivonet were in the field at the head of growing bands of negroes. The Cuban government moved with splendid alacrity to the suppression of the revolt, and within a few hours its increasingly efficient little army was in motion

Continued from preceding page

getting off to the scene of the disturbances. The Rural Guards, Cuba's best cavalry, were rushed to the scene and for several days made every possible

The Plaza de Armas and the President's Palace, Havana

attempt to get an action with the rebels, who, though well armed and well mounted, confined their operations to the robbing of plantations and petty depredations, allowing no opening for a real engagement. On May 22 the government conceded that several hundred negroes were out in Santiago, and the governor of Oriente Province wired his estimate that two thousand seven hundred had taken up arms

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Waiting to Embark for Cuba

there. Slight engagements were reported from a number of districts that day and such depredations as the raiding of railroad stations and cutting of telegraph wires were not infrequent. In Washington a great deal of anxiety was felt, as the exact state of affairs was not known, and American interests in Cuba are represented by millions of dollars' worth of property and thousands of American citizens.

The most encouraging news of the day was a statement made by the leader of the conservative party in the Cuban Congress, who declared that for the time being the opposition party had ceased to exist and that the government might count on the fullest support from those who only a few days before were its bitterest enemies. The Cuban Government opened recruiting stations for a few days and rushed all available troops to the disaffected districts.

The news of the 23d told only of the vain searc of the Rurales for General Estenoz and his force From the outlying sections came the reports th canefields had been burned and sugar-grindir mills had been compelled to suspend operation That day the United States Navy Department toc its first action and ordered the naval tran port *Prairie* to embark five hundred marin at Philadelphia and proceed immediately t the United States naval station at Guant namo to join the gunboats *Paducah* an *Nashville*. Two hundred additional marin were ordered from New York to Philade phia and the *Prairie* sailed for Cuba wit seven hundred aboard.

Throughout the day of the 24th the re ports of engagements with small bodies c negroes caused considerable alarm, and rt mors of conspiracy in Havana itself adde to the portentousness of the situation. Re ports received directly from government sources left no doubt that the trouble ha assumed disquieting though not necessaril alarming proportions.

By the morning of the 25th the state o affairs in Cuba appeared so serious that th Navy Department ordered the mobilizatio of two regiments of marines and five battle ships of the Atlantic fleet at Key West, Fla to await the development of events an to be within five hours of the scene of the dis turbance if intervention should become necessary The speed with which the battleships, under th command of Rear-Admiral Osterhaus, were coaled provisioned and made ready with extra companie of marines was a credit to the American naval ser vice. The fleet consists of the flagship *Washing ton*, the *Minnesota*, the *Ohio*, the *Missouri*, th *Mississippi*, and the *Delaware*.

The announcement of the sailing of this America fleet was the immediate cause of anxiety in Havana President Gomez cabled President Taft that thi action had alarmed the Cuban people and seemed t them entirely unjustifiable under the existing cir cumstances, as he believed the Cuban army fully equal to the task of restoring peace in the district where the rebels were operating. This action o Cuba's president was greeted with the greatest ac claim by the entire press of the island. Both gov ernment and opposition organs were loud in thei praises of what they termed the high patriotism and energy of their executive. To strengthen the impression of unity and determination to put down the revolt at the expense of all political feeling the Veterans, who have been the leaders of the opposition party, volunteered their aid if it became necessary.

President Taft hastened to reassure the Cuban people through their president that no intervention was contemplated. In his cablegram he said:

> . . . This government's motive in sending ships to Key West, just as sending the *Prairie* to the Guantanamo naval station, was merely to be able to act promptly in case it should unfortunately become necessary to protect American life and property by rendering naval support or assistance to the Cuban Government. As was made quite clear at the time, these ordinary measures of protection were entirely dissociated from any question of intervention.

This message served its purpose admirably and received the cordial approval of the Cuban House of Representatives as well as a cablegram of thanks from President Gomez.

The further despatches from Cuba have entirely discountenanced the early statements that the revolt was of such a serious nature that the government would have difficulty in restoring peace. Some Americans, who have returned from the island since the trouble in the eastern provinces started, ridicule the idea of any serious results from the negro revolt, though they admit that it will undoubtedly take some time for the Rurales to search out the negroes in their mountain hiding-places and bring an end to the guerrilla warfare which they may attempt to continue, and which may entail the destruction of some property, though it most assuredly in no way threatens the stability of Cuba's government.

T. R.-McN.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—WILBUR WRIGHT, pioneer aviator, died of typhoid fever at his home in Dayton, O., on May 30. He is the first prominent aviator to die from natural causes in the ten years of practical flying. One hundred and forty have met death in aviation accidents. A complete sketch of Mr. Wright's life and work will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on May 13, by a vote of 237 to 39, passed the Senate resolution providing for the direct election of United States Senators by the people. The plan will now be laid before the various State legislatures for ratification. It will also have to be ratified by the people, and the constitution will need to be amended to make the new system operative.

—THE NEW BISHOPS of the Methodist Episcopal Church, elected at the General Conference held during the month of May at Minneapolis, are Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, D.D.; Rev. Theodore S. Henderson, D.D., Rev. William O. Shepard, D.D., Rev. Naphtali Luccock, D.D., Rev. Francis J. McConnell, D.D., Rev. Frederick D. Leete, D.D., Rev. Richard J. Cooke, D.D., Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkield, D.D. Dr. George P. Eckman, of New York, was appointed editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Dan B. Brummitt, of Chicago, editor of the *Epworth Herald*.

—THE PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENTIAL PRIMARIES in New Jersey on May 28 added another to the series of surprises which Colonel Roosevelt has been regularly handing out to his rival. About 60 per cent. of the normal vote of the State was polled. On the Republican side, Roosevelt captured the delegates-at-large to the National Convention and all of the district delegates as well. Governor Woodrow Wilson carried his own State in the Democratic primaries by a good majority, which was especially marked in the rural districts, and he will have eighteen or nineteen of the district delegates and the four delegates-at-large. President Taft's poor showing, following his loss of other important States, makes the outlook at Chicago extremely doubtful. He entered the New Jersey fight with a confidence that seems to have greatly undervalued the Roosevelt strength, which was demonstrated in the resistless sweep that carried everything before it.

—THE *Japan Advertiser* of Tokyo is authority for the statement that the proposed "new religion for that country is to be in the nature of a *rapprochement* between Shintoism, Buddhism and Christianity," and that it will include among other things the introduction of religious teaching in the public schools. For many centuries Shintoism and Buddhism have existed in Japan as distinct religions, and the project for combining them with Christianity cannot be regarded as promising success. The fact that such a plan is seriously discussed is equivalent to a confession of the failure of the two native religions to satisfy the nation's spiritual needs. It is practically suggesting that Christianity be taken on trial with the end in view of making an amalgam of all three; but as there are many points of direct antagonism, such a union is logically impossible.

LOUISIANA'S GREAT DISASTER

NO AMERICAN CATASTROPHE SINCE THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE HAS PRODUCED SUCH TERRIBLE CONDITIONS, SUCH SUFFERING AND SUCH DIRE NEED

A SECTION OF VANDALIA, LA.

A FLOODED RAILWAY EMBANKMENT

BACKWATER from the great levee at Torras, La., has continued to creep over the remaining dry portions of the inundated parishes. From many of the great plantations that had been considered safe have come reports that hundreds of acres of cane and corn are now being destroyed. A despatch from Napoleonville stated recently that hundreds of cane growers in that section will not be able to save enough even to have seed for another year. Almost up until the first of June furniture and live stock were being rushed daily from the interior of the parishes.

No new breaks have been reported in the levees, though in spite of the heroic efforts of the government's engineers and the local authorities, the crevasses at Salem, Alto and Hymelia have continued to widen. The district flooded by the Alto crevasse has been getting more and more water as the breaks in the levees have expanded. The Alto break is now over a mile wide.

From various parts of the flooded territory there come the reports of further inundations, while from others the news is more encouraging and the refugees are watching anxiously as the waters abate, taking note of every fall even of a fraction of an inch. In the districts where the flood has continued to rise new rescue work has been immediately undertaken. A despatch from Morgan City stated that as the water had risen over two inches in twenty-four hours a steamer and a barge had been sent out to do further rescue work. From Napoleonville the committee was notified that there were fifty-odd families marooned on the banks of the Atakapas Canal, in the rear of that city, who were in the most pitiable need.

The government's aid to the flood sufferers has now practically reached its conclusion. Various dates have been set, ranging from June 1 to June 15, for the absolute cessation of the distribution of rations. About June 1 the number of refugees cared for by the government was greatly reduced and only in those sections where the water still prevented all attempts at the rehabilitation of the farms and plantations has the government continued the distribution of supplies. The problem of relief and employment for the destitute occupied the attention of a group of senators and representatives from the inundated parishes who held a conference in the Senate Chamber of the Louisiana House of Representatives late in May. It was then stated that the government's discontinuance of rations within the first week of June would produce misery and want among thousands. One of the representatives said it was his belief that many of the refugees would be in the most dire need until July 1 or even later. Even though the floods abate within a short time, it was the belief of many of the representatives that large sections of the country will produce no crops this year, so that even after the present temporary relief has been exhausted there will be thousands who must be provided with employment and whose families must be, in a measure, given aid for nearly a year. The local relief committees, it is believed, have almost reached the end of their resources, while yet the great task of returning farmer families to their homes and providing them with seed and implements with which to take up their work has hardly been entered upon.

One of the doctors who has been closely connected with the rescue and relief work in Louisiana, a few days ago described the conditions which will prevail throughout the flooded districts as the high water recedes. Most of the roads have been wiped out, he says, so that travel from the farms to the towns is very difficult. The carcasses of thousands of animals create grave danger of epidemics and the wells in the flooded region have almost all been contaminated.

From all the smaller towns come despatches of the continuation of active relief measures, and in many instances these are coupled with requests for further supplies for medical aid. From New Orleans, from Vicksburg and from Natchez active relief work is being carried on for the relief of the most pressing necessity. From Vicksburg steamers have continued to take out large quantities of rations as long as the government supplied them for distribution. At Natchez the relief committees are caring for a large number of white persons as well as hundreds of blacks.

Even although the people of Louisiana are animated by the most hopeful spirit, they are fully aware that without large outside contributions the situation will be desperate during the next few months. The need is not yet over, and cannot be—even the most pressing kind of need—for several weeks. The waters are abating very slowly, and of the 200,000 people who have been reduced to dependence upon outside aid, it is believed that at least one half will find it impossible to undertake their own full support for at least three months. This wonderfully prosperous section of America is reduced to such straits that the Red Cross workers feel that no American catastrophe except the San Francisco earthquake has presented such difficult problems.

All contributions for the relief of the flood sufferers should be addressed to The Flood Fund, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The following contributions have been received since the last acknowledgment:

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Heroic Service and Great Reward

A Flag Day Sermon

BY

Rev. John A. Chambliss, D.D.*

TEXT: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word."—Rev. 3: 8

IS THERE any reason why we should not welcome Flag Day to a place in our ecclesiastical calendar? Could the strictest churchman find fault with such an observance? Is any spot too sacred for the display of that emblem of our national life, provided it be really intended as a declaration of dependence—our absolute dependence—as a nation upon the God whom we serve as Christians; a declaration of our faith that God planted this nation and has preserved it until this day, and of our hope that God will keep this nation and purify it and exalt it more and more for his own glory in the generations to come?

For my part, I should be glad to see that flag always floating over every church in the land, as it floats over every schoolhouse. I believe in the union of church and state—not in the political sense—not a union that gives the state power to rule the church, or the church power to rule the state, but a union, a wedlock, of mutual love and sympathy and helpfulness, where neither lords it over the other, neither usurps the place of the other, but both stand in God-given privileges and rights and obligations, side by side, close together, arms intertwined, with eyes uplifted to the same divine power and wisdom and love in which both do live and move and have their being.

The Beginnings of the Flag

The appropriateness of the text announced may not immediately appear, yet a little reflection may find in it suggestions which fitly enough connect themselves with this occasion. Recall the time—one hundred and thirty years ago—when the "stars and stripes" first waved as the flag of this people. Remember the weakness, the comparative insignificance, then of our political and national condition among the nations of the earth. Remember at the same time the simplicity and sincerity of the religious faith of our forefathers of those and still earlier days, how without much knowledge, or many books, or colleges and universities and great scholars; without experience of self-government in religion, without organization, and with precious little money—exhausted by Indian wars and by the great war for freedom—they nevertheless stood foursquare to all the winds of infidelity and false doctrine, "kept the word of the Lord, and did not deny his name." (Oh that as much might be said of the powerful state and the powerful church on this continent to-day!)

May we not then, without any violence, take these words of the Lord addressed first to a feeble little body of struggling Christians in Asia Minor, and conceive of them as spoken for the encouragement and comfort of all in like case to the end of the world—churches, or nations, or individuals—feeble, struggling, yet faithful to His Word and to His name? May we not believe that to the American people of the colonies and the first constituted States God said, out of his infinitely wise and loving fatherly heart, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name"?

The Open Door

What an open door it was that he set before this nation in the days when that flag was born! How wide open and to what a glorious future—who then either saw or dreamed?

The word to the little church was "No man can shut the door"—that is, no force from without, no human power, should prevail against the mission of that church, and its march with the whole church to the conquest of the world for Christ. But the Lord did not say that they themselves might not shut the door of opportunity and privilege and progress for themselves. If they ceased to be faithful—ceased to keep his word and confess his name—the door of all blessing for them would close forever.

And no man—no earthly power—has yet shut the "open door" for this nation, now grown so great. From generation to generation it has advanced—sometimes, indeed, receding for a space, in calamitous and evil days, but presently flowing onward and upward again to a still higher mark of prosperity and strength; finding the door ever wider open to all that makes for stability and happiness—for opportunity to serve mankind and to glorify God.

And yet, have we no fear that that door will ever be shut? Alas, if it should be by our own suicidal hands! By our becoming another than the happy people whose God is the Lord; a people whose God is pleasure, or gold, or glory; a people to whom the word of the Lord has ceased to be a precious thing, and the name of the Lord has become a thing to be denied and cast away from our faith and hope.

But another thought comes to us as we look at the flag and read our text: The flag reminds us—how can we think of the time it first floated to the breeze without fresh assurance of the truth—that weakness does not mean ineffectiveness and failure; that weakness may have in it the secret of immeasurable force, the certainty of victory and the promise of great reward. That is the voice of our nation's flag as it comes down to us from the beginning of our history. And that precisely is the voice of the Lord Jesus as we hear it in the words of the text: "Thou hast a little strength, and though it be so—though thou art so weak, hast so little to fight with and so little power to fight—nevertheless thou hast done this splendid thing: thou hast kept my word and hast not denied my name. Therefore, I have greatly honored thee by setting open before thee a door—of all blessing and all power to bless—which no man can shut."

What the Flag Stands For

Little strength—heroic service—great reward! That is the lesson of the flag and of the text. I say heroic service, for the weak little army of the Revolution, the world knows, was heroic. And the weak little church whose letter from the Lord Jesus we borrow to-day—just doing its plain, humble, Christian duty day by day—was as truly a band of heroes as any army, great or small, that ever stood or fell on a field of battle. For the truest, highest, noblest heroism does not necessarily go with guns and flags. Even so far as it is connected with war, it does not belong only to him who goes to the front and without flinching stops a bullet of the enemy with nothing stouter than his naked breast. The men who are ordered to "lie down" at the foot of the hill while their comrades storm the heights; the men who languish in the army hospital and maybe die there; the men who are held back at home—waiting, wishing for the word to march—tugging at the leash; who have offered their lives, though the sacrifice was not accepted and consumed—all these have the same spirit of heroic devotion to their country. They may never hear the shouts of popular applause, and when they die their monuments may not ornament the parks nor their names be inscribed in the halls of fame, but these are not the best things nor the richest rewards.

Who is it that sings of one of those whom the world calls heroes because they die bravely:

> So he died for his faith. That is fine—
> More than most of us do.
> But say—can you add to that line,
> That he lived for it too?
>
> It is easy to die! Men have died
> For a wish or a whim—
> From bravado, or passion, or pride.
> Was it harder for him?
>
> But to live—every day—to live out
> All the truth that he dreamt,
> While his friends met his conduct with doubt,
> And the world with contempt—
>
> Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
> Never turning aside?
> Then we'll talk of the life that he led—
> Never mind how he died.

You remember that Isaiah tells us of those who first "shall mount up on wings as eagles," and then "shall run and not be weary," and then "shall walk and not faint." That seems like a coming down, an anticlimax—to go from flying to running, and from running to walking. And yet, rightly apprehended, it is not an anticlimax, but a climax of the sublimest sort. It is often a finer thing, a more heroic thing, to "walk and not faint" than it is to mount up as on eagles' wings. Plodding is harder than flying, and requires a higher sort of courage. This world is not to be taken by storm, but by patient, steady, strenuous work, and the men that do it—whether working for Christ or working for themselves—are the men who can endure to "walk and not faint."

Surely it is the voice of all sober experience that the longer one lives the smaller and poorer seem to be the prizes of ambition for which so many are struggling in this world—the splendors of wealth, the glory of war, the trumpet-blasts of fame in the political arena. How long do they last and how much do they bring of happiness and peace? Even in the short lifetime of our younger men and women, how the wheel of fortune has turned for many who once were at the top! How names once spoken with admiration have since been tossed about in ridicule and scorn and flung out to rot! It would be easy to mention scores of names of the social, the business, the political, and the military world, a little while ago splendidly shining—now in the dust and trampled under foot of men.

Real Heroism and Its Reward

No, no, it is not worth it—it is not worth the struggle to reach the heights of popular favor, to win the smiles and adulations of the multitude, to get your names and pictures in the papers with great admiring headlines, and even to ride under triumphal arches. The winds are too fickle. Do not be sorry if you missed the chance to win glory on some field of battle and return a hero from the war; if you missed the chance to be "some great one" in the political or the commercial or the social world; and do not be sorry if you never had and never shall have such a chance. Be heroes of the common life—in the home, in the school, in the workshop, in the undistinguished business or professional office; just patiently, strenuously going round and round:

> God's angels drop, like grains of gold,
> Our duties midst life's shining sands,
> And from them, one by one, we mold
> Our own bright crown with patient hands.
> From dust and dross we gather them:
> We toil and stoop, for love's sweet sake,
> To find each worthy act a gem
> In glory's kingly diadem,
> Which we may daily richer make.

Most of us, perhaps every one of us, will but die in the round of common duties—in the fulfilment of a very ordinary routine. Happy we, if that routine be accepted loyally, if those duties be cheerfully done. For if life be a battlefield, then, like other battlefields, it is won by the nameless multitudes, by the unrecorded hosts. The great leaders rise and fall, conscious that theirs shall be the glory of the victory. But, as the thin lines advance to battle amid the storm of shot and shell, each private in the ranks knows that where he falls the crocus and the violet may blossom over a nameless grave. And yet they advance unflinching, lines unwavering, to win the day or die—"those unnamed demigods," as Kossuth called them. They give their lives, and what can a king do more?

So we too, however commonplace, however lowly, however little our strength, can keep the ranks unbroken. We can be of the faithful who were not famous. We can make sure, by grace divine, that where we stand, in the great battle with evil, there shall be no swerving of the line.

It may cost, nay, it must cost suffering. There is no other entrance into glory, the glory of any victory—victory over the low, the false and the evil, over selfhood or satanhood—but the gateway of suffering. The history of our country, from Valley Forge and the Brandywine to Appomattox and the death-bed of a martyred President, proclaims the truth. The history of Christianity, from the death of holy Stephen under the murderous hail of stones to the life of the youngest faithful Christian here, proclaims the truth. Even that flag, which is loved and reverenced through all the world as the bringer of free communion between nation and nation, the bringer of order and equal justice and holy freedom

Continued on next page

* Late Pastor, First Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J.

Poems Everyone Should Know

A Fancy from Fontenelle

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them gently under the mold.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Austin Dobson is now in his seventy-second year. He was born at Plymouth, England, in the year 1840. Much of his verse is written in the old French forms of the rondel, triolet, ballade, etc. These artificial forms, however, have not hidden or injured his genuine poetic feeling and personal human touch. His verses are as a rule marked by a characteristic charm and sensibility; in fact, it is probable that the conventional structure of his verse will give his work a longer life than he might have secured by the use of more natural and commonplace meters.

Heroic Service, Great Reward

Continued from preceding page

and the divine majesty of law and the light of the blessed Gospel wherever it goes—is not that flag a beautiful and deep sign to us—almost an ordinance of God to us—that, whether for nations or for men, stripes are first—blood-red, perchance—and only afterward, and through them, stars of glory?

He who will not suffer for principle has no principle. He who will not suffer for love—love of man, love of country, love of God—does not know what love is. To sink self, to bury self—that is greatness, that is glory. And that may be the way and the portion, not of the mighty only, but of them that have "little strength." God helping us, we can be of those who, in great weakness, still have courage to keep the word of the Lord and not deny his name; and who, as the reward of his grace, shall find ever before them an open door which no man can shut—a door into peace and usefulness and eternal life.

Anvil Sparks

..A PUFFED-UP person is a poor sort of uplifter.

..A SHARP attention to duty keeps the eyes bright.

..WHEN one is not true to himself his whole life is a lie.

..IT IS the load of doubt which overweights the shoulders.

..A BODY worn out in service is the most easily supported in old age.

..A TRULY brave person never erects a shrine to his own heroism.

..A CHICK that dies in the shell is like the good purposes of some people.

..FILL the days with good works and you shorten them, but you lengthen life.

..A READY tongue should always be ready to stop when enough has been said.

..IF the burden is more than you can bear, it is not God-given, for he has promised to give no burdens of such a size.

The Man Who Stood Still

By Eugene Thwing

PROGRESS is the one vital, indispensable thing in all life. Progress is life itself. The moment progress stops death begins. Watch the rose in your garden unfold its beautiful petals. There is increasing life just as long as the growth and development of the flower goes on. When its growth is complete, when the rose, full blown, has opened its red heart to the sun, proud in its perfect loveliness, already death is beginning, and soon the petals fall.

No man can afford to stand still. No church, no business, no nation can stand still without suffering from the sure encroachment of decay and death. The world is going on. It calls to every live man to at least keep step with the procession if, perchance, he cannot lead. So strong is the impulse onward, that multitudes are surging forward even though they know not the road, and they call not alone for their brothers to keep step, but they call loudly for leaders.

. . .

BUT there are men who stand still in the midst of all this eager movement forward to better things. Poor Rip Van Winkle, lying down by his old gun and sleeping for twenty years, and then waking to find all the world changed, is but a prototype of the Rip Van Winkles to-day. The newspapers told, a few days ago, of the death of a quaint character in Illinois. W. D. Stockwell, of Aurora, was known as "The Man Who Stood Still."

As owner of one of the biggest stores in northern Illinois, outside of Chicago, during the Civil War, he prospered. After the war he failed to keep abreast of the times, and the same goods which he carried then still adorned the shelves and shopwindows of the store. Five years after the war he was still making a profit, but the profits were rapidly growing less. In ten years more the place was a curiosity shop, and continued so. The hoopskirt, barber striped hose, jet jewelry, and like antiquities continued a part of his stock. In later years he was the only one who entered the place except visitors to the city. He did no advertising. He had about $10,000 worth of goods, and settled down to wait for customers who never came. The business was dead, but he didn't know it. He was at business at 7 o'clock each morning, and remained until 6 o'clock in the evening. He was 77 years old.

One smiles, and then feels sad. Yet how many business concerns, large as well as small, are letting death creep into the factory, or the shop, or the office, simply because they are failing to push forward. Profits have been large in other years. Now is a time to rest, to save expense, to discontinue advertising, to trust to an established reputation, and an established demand for the well-known goods. Such a policy has been adopted definitely in the past by some of the largest producers in the country. Invariably it has been an invitation to death. Live concerns in the same business have pushed to the front and substituted their name, their reputation and their goods, by aggressive advertising and distribution methods, for the name, reputation and goods of the concern that stood still.

. . .

RIP VAN WINKLES are so plentiful in these days that it is necessary to make a great deal of noise and do a great deal of shaking to rouse them from their stupor. The borderland between sleeping and waking often is an uneasy one. It is said that dreams come most frequently just before waking. Those who have ever tried to rouse a heavy sleeper know how hard it is, and how the sleeper seems to resist again and again, as, with many a grunt and groan, he turns over stubbornly to sleep. Just then, we may be sure, he is dreaming terrible things of monsters attacking him and of his helplessness to ward them off. When at length he wakes to the light he will laugh at the horrid shapes of his dreams.

Some of the Rip Van Winkles of to-day are having fearsome nightmares as they turn and groan in their sleep, resisting all efforts to wake them, while the world moves on. But progress is natural and inevitable. Some day the sleepers will wake suddenly and try to find their places in a strange world, which by that time will have learned how to do without them.

. . .

THE rose is not a type of human life. For a little while it buds, and grows, and unfolds in ever increasing beauty, and then it must stop. Its growth is completed. It can go no farther. It must stand still and wait for death.

The glorious thing about a man's life is that it never reaches its completion. It need never stand still. The unfolding beauty, the increasing richness may go on forever. Old age is not a stopping place; it is a period when the richest life is possible, when the sweetest fragrance may be given out to the world. Old age is a time for the gathering up of the fulness of all the years that are past, and extracting from them the ripe blessings which youth can never give to mankind. Old age is not a time to stand still. It is the time when the eager soul hears more clearly the triumphant music of the glory march calling him on to the more abundant life beyond.

The saddest sight in the garden is a beautiful rosebud blighted and stopped in its unfolding. The pink petals have just begun to show through the green, and something has happened. The bud never can be a rose. In a cultured home in Massachusetts, so I have read, a baby plays on the nursery floor, like any other baby of eight or ten months old. She eats, drinks, cries, and laughs. She is taken up and cared for and put to bed, night after night, as any helpless baby. But no mother's heart beats with joy and hope as she kisses the little one good night and thinks what a splendid daughter she shall have to comfort her old age. This baby is a baby who stood still. She is seventeen years old, and does not grow in body or mind.

In some other homes are sons and daughters, full and strong of body, grown, it would seem, to young manhood and young womanhood, with minds of normal capacity to take in the marvelous things from printed books of learning and from the more wonderful book of life. Things that are real, and earnest, and worth while call to them. The world hurries on, taking with it every ambitious, purposeful man and woman, yet somehow these sons and daughters do not heed the call. They prefer to stand still and play with the little, meaningless things around them.

It is not yet too late. They can be roused. They can get the vision of their own city of destiny in the radiant distance. They can have their ears unstopped and hear the ringing call that comes to them as it came, of old, to the wanderers who were about to start out into a life of their own: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they *go forward*."

THE LOST FACE

THE clouds roll by in the heavens
In masses of purple and gold;
And I look for a rift among them,
That will her face unfold.

I strain my eyes in darkness,
I blind them in the light
For a glimpse of that face so precious,
Most beautiful, most bright!

But not till earth and heaven
And all things pass away,
Shall I behold my darling's face
In the light of eternal day.

E. F. D.

Church Officials Meet

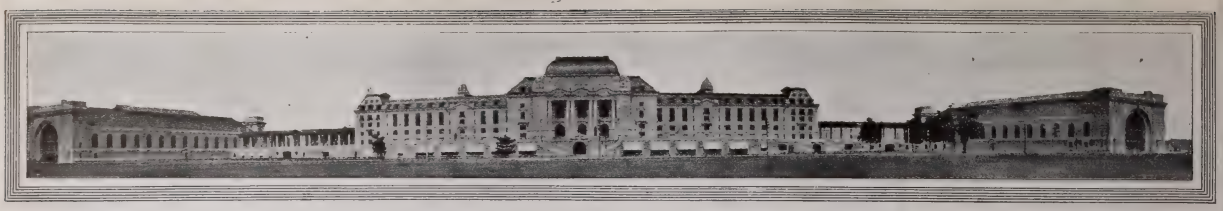
THE month of May was the season for the gathering of a number of most important church assemblies. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met at Louisville, Ky., and elected as moderator Dr. Mark Allison Matthews, pastor, at Seattle, Wash., of what is said to be the largest Presbyterian congregation in the world. The Boards of both Foreign and Home Missions reported the most prosperous year of their history. The Assembly approved a new intermediate catechism, subject to amendment and revision at the next Assembly. The Presbyterian Church was pledged by the General Assembly to a campaign of increased evangelistic effort throughout the coming year, and Charles L. Huston, of Coatesville, Pa., was re-elected head of the special committee on evangelistic work. An additional standing committee, that on Vacancy and Supply, designed to bring the pastors without charge in touch with the vacant pulpits, was organized. Two new synods, that of New England and that of Arizona, were created.

One of the most interesting acts of the Assembly was the recalling of Secretary Wilson as the appointed delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council to be held in Scotland next year, and the appointing in his place of John W. Foster, of Washington, formerly Secretary of State under President Harrison. This action was taken by the Assembly as a rebuke to Secretary Wilson for accepting the chairmanship of the recent convention of brewers. The friends of the advanced ideas for women were disappointed by the decision against the proposed admission of women to the pulpit.

The Northern Baptist Convention met at Des Moines in the latter part of May, the Southern Convention at Oklahoma earlier in the month. Mr. Henry B. Bond, a business man of Brattleboro, Vt., was elected president of the Northern Convention, and Dr. E. C. Dargan was unanimously re-elected president of the Southern Convention. The Northern Baptists favored a world conference, as suggested by the Protestant Episcopal Church, looking toward the unity of all Protestant churches. The Convention agreed upon a plan for religious work among students in State universities and colleges in connection with other denominations. A national secretary of the Church Board of Education will be employed by the Convention to supervise this important work. The Southern Baptists showed a splendid increase in contributions for Sunday school work. It took thirteen years, from 1891 to 1904, to bring these contributions up to $100,000; in five years more they were increased to $200,000; and during the last three years they have grown to more than $300,000.

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church met at Bristol, Tenn.; the United Presbyterian Church at Spokane, Wash., the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Warrensburg, Mo. The Society of Friends held their yearly meeting in New York, beginning on May 26. The Methodist Protestant Church held its General Conference at Baltimore.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session during the entire month at Minneapolis. A brief report of its proceedings will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



Panoramic View of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Showing from Left to Right the Armory, Bancroft Hall and Gymnasium

CHRISTIANITY AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY

BY ELIHU S. RILEY

Philip Van Horn Weems

President of the Christian Association and All-round Athletic Winner

THE United States Government recognizes as a fundamental principle the fact that this "is a Christian nation," as judicially decided by the Supreme Court of the United States (U. S. Reports, 143, p. 457), by erecting in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, in Maryland, a splendid chapel, at the cost of nearly $500,000. The government has also regularly appointed and employed naval chaplains to minister in spiritual things to the officers and midshipmen at the institution. Officers and midshipmen attend the religious services. Christian guilds and bodies have been organized to further the work and to inspire individual religious sentiment among the men.

From the establishment of the Naval Academy in 1845, the government has regularly detailed a chaplain to the Academy. The first was the Rev. George W. Jones, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His work, a few years later, was supplemented by the organization of a Bible class amongst the midshipmen, which was taught by Captain Samuel Carter, then of the navy, but afterward of the army, and who, during the Civil War, rose to the rank of general. At present there is a Sunday school for the children of residents in the Naval Academy. This is necessarily small; but it includes all who have no affiliations with the Sunday schools of Annapolis. Many of the officers and their families are loyal participants in the chapel services, and are fairly regular in their attendance. The situation along this line is about like the average in civilian life.

Daily prayers are conducted by the chaplain, Chaplain Evan M. Scott, U.S.N., in the Mess Hall, immediately after breakfast daily, except on Sunday, when regular services in the chapel take their place. Services are held in the chapel twice a week during Lent. The chaplains of the several Protestant denominations, recognizing the number of Episcopalians in the navy, and the fact that the whole navy is familiar with the Episcopal service, which is in common use on shipboard, conform as far as they think suitable to the form of worship adopted in the Protestant Episcopal Church. They appear in the pulpit with the robes of the "doctor of divinity."

There are two organizations that assist the chaplain in his work—an efficient Auxiliary of the Navy Relief Society, which aids in raising funds for the national organization and which assists any needy persons who are connected with the navy. There is also a fine Young Men's Christian Association composed of the midshipmen, of whom there are about eight hundred. In addition to the moneys raised by the Relief Association, the chapel offerings are used to a limited extent in cases where the Navy Relief Society is not permitted to work.

Practically all midshipmen are sustaining members of the Christian Association, and thus contribute to the support of the reading room and the publication of *Reef Points*, a handbook filled with useful information for the midshipmen and issued at the beginning of each academic year. Active membership of the Association is limited to the customary requirement of membership in some evangelical church. Association meetings are held every Sunday evening, and are addressed by some prominent speaker from Baltimore or Washington, or by visiting clergymen. Occasionally an officer, and sometimes a midshipman, will be the speaker of the evening. These meetings this year have proved very helpful.

Another activity of the Christian Association is Bible study. This is done in groups of ten or more, with one of the upper classmen as leader. The leaders meet in a normal class conducted by the chaplain. The life of Christ has been studied this year, together with a short course in the Book of Proverbs.

The Christian Association exercises a good and restraining influence. During the superintendency of Captain Willard H. Brownson, U.S.N., (1902-1905), the Association began a new life. It was greatly strengthened by being permitted to hold its meetings on Sunday evenings, instead of in the afternoon. Study hours begin at the Academy at 7:30 P.M. By the new rule, midshipmen were free to attend the Association meetings.

An officer of high religious principles always commands respect in the Naval Academy, and has an influence for good—"more so," declared a former chaplain of the school, "I should say, than in most any other institution. At the Naval Academy goodness always goes for its face value." Statistics show that from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of American naval officers are members of Christian churches. The offerings at the chapel are liberal—from six to twelve hundred dollars are contributed there annually and used in charity.

The president of the Christian Association is Midshipman Philip Van Horn Weems, a native of Tennessee and a member of this year's graduating class. He states with emphasis that there is a moral and religious element in the Naval Academy. While, of course, there are those, as amongst all classes, who do not make a great deal of the religious life, yet, upon the whole, the tone of the corps is moral, and there are many religious men here who have the contingent support of other moral men who represent the very best type of true, clean, upright young manhood. The register of the Naval Academy shows 732 midshipmen. Of these, 335 are active members of the Christian Association, and all midshipmen are associate members, enjoying the privileges of the reading-rooms, attending the Association's entertainments and lectures, and receiving copies of its publications. The organization makes every effort to cultivate the spiritual side of the men in the Academy. It gives all the midshipmen not otherwise allied with Christian work a chance to show their colors. As soon as new midshipmen enter they are given the opportunity to become active members of the Association.

Evan M. Scott, U. S. N.

Chaplain at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis

On Sunday morning, public services are held in the Academy chapel. Every midshipman must attend or be accounted for. This "accounting" includes conscientious scruples for not participating, attendance on other churches, official duties and sick leave. The brigade of midshipmen marches up in a body in military order, the members take their places in the chapel, the officers and their families are seated in the rear of the corps, and civilians are allotted the places left in the auditorium and the galleries. Ushers in full dress uniforms escort the people to their seats. A midshipman choir leads the singing. When the strains of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," rise in the chapel, the very atmosphere is national and patriotic. Then the Apostles' Creed is recited in unison, and the stirring notes of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" follow with the sentiment:

We are not divided—
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine—
One in charity.

The Midshipmen on Dress Parade at Annapolis

Thus is emphasized in a marked manner the fact that there is "the church universal." So broad and catholic is the worship in the chapel that sometimes Catholic midshipmen attend Protestant service there.

Among the Lowly (*See Cover*)

THE cover of this issue is a two color reproduction of one of those supremely lovely and satisfying pictures which seem to shed blessings on those who look upon them. The Master, kingly and humble, standing in the full light of the homely cottage doorway, blessing the meal around which the peasant family gathers, seems casually to have happened there, and is hauntingly actual. The warm light of his presence reflecting itself in faces lighted up with wonder and reverence is almost too impressive, too human. Yet how clearly one reads there the message of the picture—*For though the Lord be high yet hath he respect unto the lowly.*

The artist, Leon Augustin L'Hermitte, was born in 1844, and has won many prizes and medals in both the French and German academies. There are but two of his paintings in this country. The other one, "The Vintage," is also in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

On the Dock Awaiting Direction

Strangers in a Strange Land

Waiting for a Travelers' Aid Agent

IN A STRANGE LAND

A HEARTY young German, with plenty of spirit, but little money, and no familiarity with America, was jostled off the gangplank of an incoming steamer at Hoboken, and followed the crowd to the ferry. A courteous stranger offered to purchase his ticket to New York, for which, if one pays any cash at all, one pays ordinarily the comfortable sum of three cents. Commuters and other eastward travelers walk so unconsciously from train to boat that they seldom stop to think that the cost of ferriage is included in the price of their ticket. Some great transatlantic liners, however, disembark their passengers at Hoboken and expect them to produce independently the three cents necessary for transportation to New York.

The young German handed the kind stranger a five dollar bill. The kind stranger delivered the ferry ticket and returned five cents in change. While the new arrival was pondering how far New York might be from Hoboken the kind stranger was lost in the crowd.

At another time three travelers, a man and two of his cousins, were met at the dock by a pompous person who sternly asked if they had paid their landing fees.

"No. What are they?" inquired the man.

"If you don't pay your landing fees I'll have you deported," the pompous person threatened.

"How much?" asked the travelers meekly.

"Fifty dollars each."

The money was paid and the travelers were directed to go to the place where their baggage was being inspected and there get a receipt. Then the impostor escaped.

Eleven transatlantic steamship lines, about ninety coastwise and other lines, and sixteen great railroad systems discharge passengers at New York, day by day. And to prey upon the unfortunate and the ignorant among these multitudes scores of base men and women are at work at railway station and steamer wharf. Aside from the cruel wrongs which thieves and tricksters are constantly working among these defenseless travelers, there is steadily going forward the unspeakable traffic in young womanhood. Not long ago Gen. Theodore A. Bingham, formerly Police Commissioner of New York, made the staggering statement that fifty thousand young women and girls are lost in the United States every year. The Immigration League of Chicago reports that in 1911 one thousand two hundred and forty young women disappeared between New York and Chicago.

Figures are dry, cold things. It is hard to realize that every unit of these bewildering numbers means a human heart. Wistful, delicate, full of all the possibilities for purity and joy, with circles of tender friends—where are they to-day, one by one, these lost girls?

Lost! There is something dreadful and heartbreaking in the very word. Were you ever lost—even for five minutes? Have you ever feared that some one you loved was lost—even for five minutes? Discount the figures all you please, say that a large percentage were girls that would have done wrong ultimately in any event, and you still have left thousands upon thousands, year after year, of bright, fair young women, who were baby girls twenty years ago, who are lost, lost, lost. Mothers are waiting; the home-rooms are kept as they were when they went away; the old trees and the old loves are calling. But they are lost.

Yet among the wolves who are thus snaring the lambs there is an increasing band of brave and sympathetic men and women, who are threading their way to bring protection. The Travelers' Aid Society, with headquarters in New York, has agents on duty at the piers and at two of the largest railway stations, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, who are on the lookout for people who are in trouble of any sort, or for young women who are unaccompanied. During 1911 as many as 12,281 persons were met and assisted by representatives of the society, 7,035 at piers and 4,984 at the railway

A Roumanian Girl Arriving in New York

stations. Altogether, since the work began in 1905, 37,399 people, representing sixty-four nationalities, have been officially helped. Many minor acts of counsel and helpfulness have been rendered, but only those are counted which are important enough to be formally reported. Those who have received aid include men and women, boys and girls, people coming here from Europe, or eastward from the interior.

One of the most interesting and promising features of the work of the Travelers' Aid Society is its affiliation with other welfare organizations in such a way that a traveler who is being helped is passed on from one society to another, the representatives of the various organizations meeting and protecting him until he reaches his destination. Similar societies in various European countries are in active co-operation with the New York society.

Mr. Orin C. Baker, of New York, accepted last year the position of General Secretary of the Travelers' Aid Society and took charge of the work on October 1. He had been previously the assistant superintendent of the New York City Evangelistic Committee and had demonstrated in that capacity his gifts as an efficient organizer and manager of strenuous campaigns. He is throwing himself heartily into the splendid work to which he has been called, and the society is already feeling the results of his vigorous management. Some slight idea of the rapid growth of the work may be gained from the fact that whereas in the month of April, 1910, 711 persons were aided by the society, and in 1911, 868, in the same month for 1912 1,598 persons were cared for by the agents of the society.

Mr. Baker's office in the headquarters at 238 East Forty-eighth Street is a busy place. While he is talking with you he will be called up on the telephone by a woman agent at some pier, saying that her work there is done and asking for directions as to the next task. It may be that a ship reported and expected to dock that afternoon has been delayed; or a worker who has been detailed to meet a certain vessel has been detained in her work on some troublesome case and another agent will have to take her place at the later ship. So as a train despatcher moves his trains along from point to point, on main line and branches, Mr. Baker shifts his agents through the city day and night, planning that no important landing be made which does not find an accredited agent of his society on hand to speak in the comforting tones of the mother language to the newcomers from a distant land, and to save them from falling into the clutches of people who would do them harm. The headquarters of the society is also a home for the travelers who are in need of temporary hospitality. Many a tired and lonely wanderer, arriving in the bewildering city late at night, unable to speak to any one, or, through accident, or miscalculation, or robbery, without money, has been entertained there, and sent on his way, usually her way, rejoicing.

One of the most unique methods of getting a lonely traveler into the hands of her friends was that employed by an agent of the Society, who late in the evening found a young woman at one of the railway stations and accompanied her to an address in the Italian quarter of Brooklyn, where she was to join a relative. The relative could not be found, and finally the two women walked slowly along the street, shouting the name of the family who was wanted. The cries at last reached the proper ears and the wanderer was welcomed.

The society is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. One of its strongest appeals to the sorely beset traveler is that none of its representatives ask him for money, or will take it if it is offered. In the midst of all the wagging tongues and outstretched hands trying to get his money from him, with demands for fees from porters, guides and crooks, the patient agents of the society move, seeking to give aid and comfort, refusing money, and asking only that when the traveler has reached his friends and found a home a postal card be sent back to headquarters assuring the society that all is well.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The Comfort of Christ's Sympathy

IN the beautiful story of our Lord's life upon earth we find many instances of his overflowing sympathy with his disciples in their moments of distress. Once, after days of giving himself without stint to eager crowds who were contented to go without food and dress if only they might be near him, the Master chose to remain alone on the land while his disciples started to cross the sea in their fishing-boat. It was an inland sea surrounded by mountains, and in the night there came suddenly a storm that tossed the boat, now on the crest of foaming waves, and again in the depths of darkening waters. The winds were contrary. Accustomed though they were to wild nights on the mountain lake, the hardy fishermen of Galilee were distressed as they toiled at the oars. From the shore the Master saw their plight and their peril. There was no boat to carry him across the wave and he waited for none. Fearlessly he stepped from the land to the sea, and with firm tread he walked across the billows until he reached his disciples. They saw him coming, but they did not recognize in the confident advancing figure the One with whom they walked and talked upon the land. They thought it must be a ghost, and their knees shook, and their hearts stood still. Jesus spoke to them, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." And when he became a passenger on the boat the winds were contrary no longer, and the tempest hushed itself into perfect peace.

For us who are living in this modern day there are crises in life when the winds are contrary and the storms break over our heads. We, too, toil in the rowing. We, too, know what it means to be encompassed by danger and to wonder whether we shall ever again make a safe harbor. Well for us if our faith be strong and our courage high, and if we can believe in childlike sincerity in the real Presence of the Master. An old monk of the Middle Ages used to practice the Presence of Christ in every detail of his homely days. Some of us are by way of limiting our Lord's tenderness and his encompassing love to the great affairs of experience while we shut him out of the common incidents of the common day. When we are worried over our dear ones, anxious because a letter is delayed, distressed by fear lest one for whom we care is making a mistake, is ill, or in peril, why should we not remember that our Lord shares our distress and that he is strong enough to relieve it? He can cross our tempest-tossed sea to-day as easily as once he crossed the Sea of Galilee. If we listen, we who are pilgrims of the night may hear his promise of the dawn, and our hearts leap with joy when he tells us, "It is I, be not afraid."

The "Titanic" Verdict

WITH commendable promptness the Senate Committee, which was appointed to investigate the *Titanic* disaster, has concluded its work and presented the result of its labors to Congress. Chairman William Alden Smith and his associates conducted their task in no spirit of vindictiveness, but with a desire to get at the actual facts and to fix the blame where it belongs. Their conclusions, while generally accepted on this side of the Atlantic as just and impartial, have aroused a storm of dissent in England. Summarized, they are these:

The captain's failure to heed the warnings of icebergs was the chief cause of the disaster.

The *Titanic* foundered because the so-called watertight compartments were *not* watertight.

There were lifeboats with a capacity of 1,176 persons, which carried to safety only 706 of the 2,223 on board.

The steamship *Californian*, through indifference or gross carelessness, failed to respond to the distress signals "in accordance with the dictates of humanity, international usage and the requirements of law," although near enough to have done so, and to have saved all on board.

No finding is made in the report concerning the withholding of news of the wreck, and the conduct of Bruce Ismay, one of the White Star Line directors, is not criticized. Various suggestions are made for new legislation for the safeguarding of ocean travel. Bills for legislation of this character have already been introduced. The Senate Committee suggests

two searchlights for each ocean-going steamer, adequate lifesaving apparatus for all passengers, and sufficient lifeboats to allow ten cubic feet of space per passenger. Vessels hereafter constructed should have an inner watertight skin in addition to the outer plating over at least two-thirds of the length of the vessel; all bulkheads so spaced that any two adjacent compartments may be flooded without destroying stability; boat drills at least twice a month; uniform rules for the regulation of wireless telegraphy; direct communication between the wireless-room and the bridge; laws to prevent interference by amateurs with wireless messages and auxiliary power by battery or engine to permit the wireless to continue in operation until the room is submerged.

In his speech after the introduction of the report, Senator Smith unsparingly denounced Captain Lord of the *Californian* and praised the conduct of Captain Rostron of the *Carpathia*. He severely criticized Captain Smith for his failure to heed the repeated warnings and censured the British Board of Trade for its lax regulations and loose inspection methods, which were "largely responsible for the awful fatality." He said, in conclusion, "We leave to England the chastisement of the guilty." In some important particulars he went further in his condemnation than the committee did. The passengers were not advised of danger. The officers of the White Star Line "battled with the truth," and he vigorously condemned their silence. The lifeboats, he declared, were filled so recklessly "that five hundred people were needlessly sacrificed."

Under this scathing arraignment the British press writhes with indignation and is expending its temper in violent attacks on the Senate Committee and its chairman. It is the truth that hurts, and the Senate Committee's outspoken condemnation, while it may pain the sensibilities of the British press, will be accepted generally as just and sensible. The time has come for reform all around in the matter of ocean travel, and the sooner the situation is accepted by British shipping interests, the better it will be for the ocean commerce of that country in the future.

After the Coal Strike

ALTHOUGH the coal strike, which began more than a month ago, has been shortlived, a satisfactory agreement having been reached, the losses sustained during these weeks have been enormous. First, in men's wages, it is estimated that the operatives have lost $14,875,000; the companies lost $9,450,000 in trade profits; the sellers of supplies, $4,375,000; the railroads in freights, $16,625,000; trainmen in wages $430,000, and retail coal dealers $1,400,000—a total of $47,155,000. This is a small sum compared with the bill of losses for the coal strike of 1902, which reached a grand total of $100,900,000. One of the worst features of a strike is that, no matter which side finally wins, both are bound to be heavy losers and, as in the present instance, the loss of the workers—who are least able to bear it—is vastly more than that of the employers.

The public is intensely interested over the forthcoming Supreme Court decision in the suit against the "coal trust." In the face of the uncertainty of the final outcome of this suit the mine operators announced a rise of twenty-five cents per ton in the price of anthracite coal to the retail dealer. The Interstate Commerce Commission recently rendered a decision in the now famous "Meeker case" in which it shows that the freight rates charged are altogether unreasonable, crowding out the independent operator, raising the price of coal to dealer and consumer, and forming the chief item of the almost unbelievably rich earnings of the railroad companies.

Publicity in Religion

THAT the printing press is the appropriate and indispensable adjunct of the pulpit was lately recognized in a very striking manner by a proposition in the report of the Men and Religion Movement. That report strongly advocated the establishment of a central publicity bureau for the dissemination of religious news. We have not heard that this has been done, and the project may be one whose realization is to be looked for in the indefinite future.

Within a very recent period, however, as we are reliably informed, a religious publicity bureau has been established in another quarter. It is organized and controlled in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, and it sends out regularly a service of considerable volume to a large number of publications, mainly secular newspapers. Its work is skilfully done so that it may not give offense to the general public, and that their suspicions may not be awakened to the real purpose. It is a well planned campaign for the education of the American people in the religion of Rome. This is a wholly new line of tactics in the great campaign which Rome is now conducting with the ultimate object of securing religious and political ascendancy in the United States. Protestantism has its struggling factions and its rival denominations, with their varying and ofttimes conflicting interests, while the Roman Church has the tremendous advantage of solidarity, the whole body working as a unit for a single purpose. Moreover, Rome plans its campaigns not to last for a week or a month, but to extend over a period of years. It is willing to plod patiently and persistently, knowing that in the end the constant attrition will smooth down opposition and bring about the desired result. First, it means to familiarize the millions of American non-Catholic readers with its version of contemporary history from the Roman point of view; next, to impress them with the power and dignity of the princes of the church, who, it has openly claimed, are entitled to outrank all save sovereigns. It presents in deferential yet positive phrases the ancient claim of Rome's priority and spiritual supremacy. It gets the average mind accustomed to reading the descriptions of gorgeous ceremonials, of impressive masses and of the pomp and splendor of the church in America, and thus it is steadily sowing in the minds of old and young the seed which is trusted to bring a harvest of popular toleration and appreciation. It hopes in time to bring our people to the point of accepting the idea of an American pontiff.

This is the continent-wide program of education that has been already begun. What have the Protestant churches of America done, or what can they do, to counteract this new agency which has taken possession of the field? We should like to ask how the Men and Religion Movement proposes to meet the emergency. If the vast wealth of the Catholic Church is being employed for such a purpose, it can only be effectively met by a like movement, on a larger and broader scale, by American Protestantism, which has at its disposal all that is needed. The time has gone by for sectarian quarrels and denominational divergences. American Protestantism must unite its forces and its denominations must stand shoulder to shoulder if it means to maintain its integrity and retain its hold upon the faith, the confidence and the support of the people.

Neither the creed of Rome nor the personality of its leaders is now in question. It is the Romanist campaign for political and religious supremacy in the nation that must be considered as a whole. That there are many Catholics who take little or no interest in such a plan, and who may even mildly disapprove, is not to the point. The plan exists; it is already working; and it will continue to work practically without opposition, until Protestantism is awakened to the seriousness of the situation.

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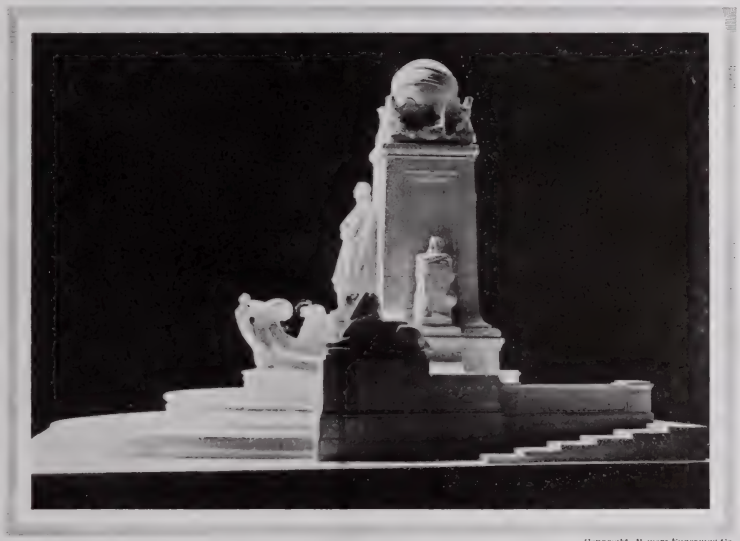
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

A National Monument to Columbus

ON JUNE 8, amidst singularly imposing ceremonies, with hundreds of thousands of participants from all parts of the country, the National monument to the memory of Christopher Columbus was unveiled in Washington, D. C. The memorial consists of a semi-circular fountain seventy feet wide and sixty-five feet deep, adorned with an heroic white marble statue of Columbus, which stands at the rear of the fountain against a stone shaft forty-five feet high. Just below the statue of Columbus and slightly overhanging the basin of the fountain is the figurehead of a ship, a female figure of great beauty, typifying the spirit of discovery. On either side of the shaft are massive figures. An American Indian reaching over his shoulder to take an arrow from his quiver represents the New World, and a patriarchal Caucasian of large proportions and thoughtful face typifies the Old World. At the top of the shaft is a globe representing the earth supported by four American eagles with wings partly extended. There is a medallion of Ferdinand and Isabella, and a huge lion at either side guarding the statue. There were processions, and bands, and crowds, and receptions, and exercises, the like of which, with the exception of the presidential inaugurations, has scarcely been seen in Washington. This is a worthy marking of one of the greatest events in the history of mankind. The Italian navigator, in his search for India by a new route, when he touched these shores never dreamed of the magnitude of the new world he had found, nor of the eternities of destiny that it contained. What a blunder and an ingratitude to have called the new hemisphere America instead of Columbia! The beautiful monument will voice the immortality of his earthly deed in these words:

He being dead yet speaketh. (Heb. 11: 4.)



The New Columbus Memorial at Washington, D. C.

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Gift of Rare Birds

A FEW weeks ago, Mrs. Edwin Julius Witthaus, a wealthy widow of New York City, died, and among her bequests she left to the Central Park menagerie a collection of rare birds. She had a hobby for birds, and in world-wide travel during the last years of her life she collected the rare specimens she gave to the Central Park Zoological Gardens. In the collection were five weavers, bright red, from Madagascar; four black-headed nuns from East India; strawberry finches from India; dun-colored waxbill; orange-cheeked, white-throated zebra and cut-throat finches from South Africa and India; a white Java sparrow; Dominican cardinals from Santo Domingo; Japanese robins, and a parrot which speaks French. These beautiful creatures and their issue will delight the hearts and improve the minds of the multitudes of children and grown people who shall visit the park for nature study. There is the closest relation between birds and beauty, melody, and love as thus described:

The flowers appear on the earth; and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. (Sol. Song 2: 12.)

A Veteran Editor's Retirement

THE retirement of Dr. James Monroe Buckley from active service, after a long and notable career, leaves a distinct vacancy in religious journalism which will not be easy to fill. Dr. Buckley has long been the dean of the fraternity of religious editors, a strong, clear, logical writer, a power in debate, a thorough-paced parliamentarian and a terror to the slack and easy-going brethren of the cloth. As the editor of the leading weekly of his denomination, the *Christian Advocate* of New York, he has occupied a position and wielded an influence greater than those of any bishop. Both by voice and pen he has left a deep impression on the religious thought of the times in which he lived. Sound in view, wise in counsel, and courageous always, he has grappled with many questions which others hesitated to discuss. He has traveled far and studied human nature in many lands, and his scope and breadth of view are most unusual. For heterodoxy he has a wholesome dislike, yet few men can be more generous or tolerant on proper occasion. He is equally at home on the floor of a National Conference, ruling the storm of debate, or in the Children's Temple at beautiful Mont-Lawn, where we have seen hundreds of little tenement waifs listening with keen delight to the wise words and amusing anecdotes that fell from the great editor's lips.

A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth might. (Prov. 24: 5.)

Located Garden of Eden

IN a lecture delivered at the Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn recently Professor Robert W. Rogers claimed to have located the Garden of Eden. For centuries men have been trying to discover the spot where the author of Genesis located the Garden of Eden. Kiel and Baron Bunsen said it was in Armenia. Dillman and Schrader placed it in Utopia, beautiful realm of Nowhere. Haeckel and Gaspari located it in Lemuria, now a part of the Indian Ocean. Gerald Massey thought Paradise must be in Central Africa. David Livingstone, searching for the source of the Nile, expected to find there the Garden of Eden. Columbus thought the earthly paradise was in Venezuela. Dr. Warren, of Boston University, located it at the North Pole, which he claimed was once warm. Landon West thought he had found it in Adams County, Ohio. Professor Rogers says he located Eden by four rivers mentioned in Genesis. The Euphrates all scholars know, the Hiddekel is the Hebrew name of the river which is called Tigris in Greek, and this river empties into the Euphrates near its mouth. Professor Rogers said: "The other river is called Pison, and means an old river bed. Now, strangely enough, our caravan, in crossing from Damascus through to Nineveh and Nippur, found that in the rainy season there was a second great river representing the overflow of the Euphrates, branching off from the regular channel at the point where the River Tigris bends and all but touches the Euphrates. Now the writer says that this river Pison flows through the land where there is much fine gold, and there are the old gold mines, some of which are worked to this day. And he also says that it was the land of the shoham [translated "onyx" in the Authorized Version]. No one knows what the shoham was, but I believe it means the pearl, as the mouth of that river and the river bed hold the greatest pearl fisheries in the world. The fourth river is the Gihon, which is translated in the Septuagint as the Nile, and borders the land of Kush. Now there are two lands named Kush, that have a Nile. The one is in Africa, and that misled David Livingstone—while to-day when the head of our own expedition came to the banks of this very river east of the Euphrates, reined up his horse, and asked the guide what was the name of the river upon which they were looking down, he made answer that it was the 'Niles.' A circle, therefore, of a hundred miles would include all four of these rivers, and it would include the oldest palace, the oldest library, the earliest canals, and the oldest inscriptions known to the human race, and the Garden of Eden."

And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. (Gen. 2: 10.)

Queen of the May

A MAY party had been arranged for the last of the month at Pelham Bay Park, New York, and little Marion Covert, of New York City, had been chosen as queen. She was the prettiest and the brightest among her companions, fifty of whom gave their pennies for the expense, including the purchase of a beribboned May-pole. All the pride and radiant joy described by Tennyson in *The May Queen* bounded in little Marion's heart. But a few days before the party the news was spread that the queen was ill. No one could see her, but her chums tiptoed up the steps of her home to tell the mother how sorry they were and how they hoped their companion would get well soon. The mother came to the door one day and told the little girls that Marion would not be queen of the May. She had gone to heaven. And the mother and the girls had a good cry together. The girls decided they could not enjoy their May party now that their queen was dead. Instead they resolved to attend Marion's funeral in a body and to spend their fund, which was to buy flowers to crown her queen, for wreaths to put on her coffin. Marion was crowned queen of the May after all, in the fields of delight among the flowers of beauty and scenes of immortality.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the earth
And took the flower away.

With the eye of faith we can see Marion the May queen in the King's palace and in the arms of the Saviour, for this was said of his love for children:

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them. (Mark 10: 16.)

The Kaiser and Dueling

TWO officers, Lieutenant Sprengen and Staff Surgeon Bruening, both attached to the Thirtieth Field Artillery Regiment, fought a duel with pistols the other day at Rastatt in Baden, under the regulations of a military court of honor, and Lieutenant Sprengen was killed. This is the second officer that has thrown away his life in answer to a challenge in the last few weeks, the other one being Lieutenant von Hereingen, a nephew of the Prussian War Minister. The question of dueling is now before the Reichstag and there have been several heated debates upon the subject. The most astonishing thing is that the Kaiser should take the side of dueling and proclaim that an officer challenged should fight or resign, and that the Minister of War should echo the same sentiments in the Reichstag. It is to be hoped the Kaiser has been misunderstood on the subject, and that, being one of the most judicious men in the world, he will not lend the tremendous influence of his position to the justification of dueling, which contains in itself the double crime of suicide and murder. And yet how much better than dueling is the challenge of kings and armies, and the settlement of the question of "honor" on the bloody battlefield? The retail murder of the duel and the wholesale slaughter of the battlefield are relics of barbarism and diabolism, which must be relegated by a good conscience and just law to oblivion, in recognition of the truth that

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. (Rom. 12: 19.)

CHOOSING A PARTNER FOR LIFE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Comradeship of Marriage

IN THIS beautiful season of the year talks on the veranda succeed naturally to chats around the hearth. We may fill the fireplace with great boughs of laurel in bloom and set roses on the center-table, forgetting for a while the glow and splendor of the blaze that delights us in the chill mornings and evenings of early spring and autumn. The more outdoor life that we can secure, the more we can inhale of fresh outdoor air, the happier and stronger we shall be.

Several weeks ago an interesting problem was presented to the readers of this page by one of our correspondents. The case was that of a young man who was attracted in almost equal measure by two young women. He was in doubt whether to offer his heart and hand to a blithe, mercurial girl of Spanish-American extraction, a girl with a quick temper and a turn for flashing repartee, a girl, in short, of changeful moods and tenses; or to her entire opposite, a sensible, tranquil and even-tempered girl who enjoyed athletic sports, understood housekeeping and was never known to be subject to sudden gusts of passion. The man himself was of mingled English, French and Italian ancestry.

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THE editor of the page was convinced on her own part that he was not deeply in love with either of the fair ones, for had he been so he would not only have decided for himself, but would have disdained the friendly intervention of any outsider in making his choice. A number of letters have been received, mostly from women, commenting on the situation and offering advice. One or two have reached the page from interested masculine readers. A man's point of view is always worth looking at, and the first comment we publish this week comes to us from a man. He tells us tersely that the thing for the youth to consider is whether he shall most enjoy tranquillity or agitation. To quote him exactly read the next sentence: "An old boy who for forty years was wedded to one whom he used to call 'Mrs. Mercury' has a decided opinion as to which of the two he should choose. Not Miss Mercury for sure, for his ideal is peace and quietness; but each one must choose for himself according to his taste."

A wife contributes her opinion with emphasis. "One needs a quick temper to combat the stubborn will of an Englishman intensified by the French-Italian mixture. In order to future happiness a bride should from the first be able to hold her own, and neither be easily frightened nor subdued by the tyrannical disposition of her husband."

. . .

WE READ between the lines that the sentiments of these friends have been shaped and colored by their individual experiences. For ourselves we say, and wish that the saying might be in capital letters, "Love is enough." The man or woman about to start on the comradeship and close intimacy of married life needs an outfit of true love, unselfishness and common sense. Without the latter there will surely be no end of disagreements and disturbances.

Another phase of the question must not be overlooked. It is the woman's privilege to choose her future husband. She, rather than he, is the one on whom the burden of selection falls. He asks and she answers, and on her answer, affirmative or negative, the entire situation for after life will depend. Another contributor sends a poetic quotation:

> "A fretful temper will divide
> The choicest knot that can be tied,
> By ceaseless sharp corrosion.
> A temper passionate and fierce
> Will suddenly your joys disperse
> At one immense explosion.

"The young man should shun the influence of one whose affection would not lead to self-control."

Another letter written by a girl in her twenties comments on the readiness of a man to take for granted that either of the young women would accept him with thanks. She exclaims, "Why does a man imagine that we girls are simply waiting for somebody to come along and marry us? There are a great many girls in the world who prefer their maiden freedom to the chances of comfort and happiness in marriage."

This may be true. If it is true, more is the pity. Really, though, the average man is a wee bit prone to conceit, and it is this attitude of his that annoys a girl who thus far has solved her problem without assistance from the other sex.

. . .

ANOTHER theme for discussion was that of the woman whose life from childhood on had been a hard unshadowed affair with little sunshine and little play. One and all, with few exceptions THE CHRISTIAN HERALD friends expressed deep sympathy with this wearied and troubled soul. Some of them bid her remember that it's a long lane that has no turning, and suggest to her that though life's morning has been clouded, its afternoon may be bright. Others congratulate her on having had all along her difficult pathway the companionship of a loved husband, and on her motherhood, which must have been, from her own statement, a source of joy. Others again would have her trust in the goodness of God, and are greatly distressed at the temporary failure of her faith in his continual care.

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NOT a great while ago the morning mail brought to the editor an unusual letter from a cheery, brave and merry-hearted woman who has passed the limit of three-score years and ten. For gaiety and hopefulness the letter might have been written by a girl of seventeen or a wife of twenty-seven instead of by a grandmother of seventy-one years. She said, "I have always had a lot of hard work. I have never had much money. I have always had plenty of fun. I think to-day that I am younger in spirit than my granddaughters who are at the parting of the ways. My hardest times lie behind me. My best times are before me, and the present is much easier than the past has been. My husband, older than I, sits beside his desk reading books he likes and writing long letters to his absent children. My boys are making money. We never did. One of my girls is happily married, and her cup runs over with bliss. The other is rising rapidly in a difficult profession, and, on the whole, though I have had little play in my life, as I look back I would not exchange places with my old schoolmates, married or single, or for that matter, with any of the crowned heads of Europe."

. . .

What Is Extravagance?

THE extravagant person is one who is wasteful of emotion, opportunity or income. Habitually to spend more than one earns and to mortgage the future for the pleasure of the present is to be extravagant. He or she who abridges health by making unwise drafts on physical capital is extravagant and will one day pay the price of folly in sleepless nights and ill-adjusted nerves. There may be extravagance in the line of its opposite. The miser who hoards as the crow does for the mere satisfaction of accumulating and hiding away his spoil is as extravagant in reality as the spendthrift who takes no thought for the morrow in the indulgence of to-day.

We are extravagant in speech when we pile one adjective on another and use italics in vehement assertions when we might much better restrain ourselves and not push language to the breaking point. The student who burns the midnight oil or uses his eyes to excess in the small hours of the morning is extravagant and may rue his folly in days of darkness.

We too often forget that extravagance simply means wandering from the safe road in any direction, and that, though the price be long delayed, Nature will be sure to exact the payment.

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Summer Diet

FRESH fruit is one of the best desserts to be served in summer. A farmer's wife once said that for her part she thought only a lazy and indifferent housekeeper would offer berries and apples uncooked to her family and guests when she could just as well slip fruit into pastry and give them pies. A perfect pie with flaky crust and delicious flavor is not to be despised, but for children and older people who have not perfect digestion, fruit, ripe and sweet, is more wholesome than rich pastry.

During the hot season cold desserts are appreciated, and the prudent mother will do well to remember that vegetables, cereals, fish if it can be had perfectly fresh, and above all, fruit, form the staples of safe and wholesome diet in the summer.

Drawn by Louise B. Mansfield

THE END OF THE DAY

By Margaret E. Sangster

IT IS not sad at the end of the day
When we reach the golden age,
Where the sunlight falls from the jasper walls
On the beautiful final page.
Voices were sweet in the morning hour
When we walked in Lovers' Lane,
When our steps were light and our eyes were bright
And we recked nor loss nor gain.

We've had rough and smooth as we've trod the road,
And we've ever been comrades leal;
Honest and true the long day through,
We have shared our woe and weal.
There were little heads in our crowded home,
There were young folk blithe and gay;
They have gone apace on the selfsame race;
We have fared to the setting day.

We have shared the loaf, we have shared the cup,
We never have grown apart;
Old Time is a cheat, for our pulses beat
As in youth's exultant heart.
The children's children are ours to love,
They are helping to keep us young.
The songs we hear as the night grows near
From the heavenly flights are flung.

THE RECALL OF THE "HESPERUS"

BY A. ROSS MACKAY

AD'S ship had been home two or three days before he heard of the chase after the *Hesperus*. Mother told him all about it one evening, when we were sitting around fire after singing "For Those in Peril on the ," as we always do, whether Dad is home or . We had to help Mother with the story in ces, as she wasn't down by the beach when the *sperus* put to sea. Dad looked very grave when heard the whole story, and, putting his arm und Mother's shoulder, said: "Boys, we can't be sailors; at least, not at the same time. ther has to be looked after, you know, and when ive up the sea, you can have your turn."

A few days later, when we three—meaning Dad, ly and me—were out fishing in the *Lobster*, ich is the name Dad has given our boat, he sud- hly looked up from baiting his hooks to say, ou're a fine pair of little men, anyway." I bet was thinking of the *Hesperus* when he said that, d Billy and me felt better about it.

You see, it all started with Dad bringing home e hull of a fine nooner model with a pper bow. We saw n coming up from e harbor with it and essed it was heavy, d when we gave him hand, Dad said, it dn't weigh so much. e laid the hull on the or while Mother set nner, and talked of e best way to rig it. fter dinner Dad got t a big book filled ith pictures of all rts of ships, and we cked out the smart- t craft for our model. ad said she would ire carry some sail, it would be a flier.

For the next two or ree days we were isy at work on the gging. Dad brought me some strong sail- oth and cut the sails seven of them—while other did all the sew- g. The rigging took n awful time, as Dad ould have all the locks and gear just ke a regular sea-going hip. So you see, Billy nd me couldn't help uch.

When she was at last nished and had all her anvas spread she stood igher than Billy and eemed to take up most f the parlor. She had ittle houses on the deck, water barrel and ther fittings, just like real ship, and an anchor on each side of the bow. t her mastheads were what Dad called her "house" ag and another with her name, while a small star- pangled flag floated aft at the mainsail. Her name as painted with gold letters on the bow—the *Hes- erus*—after the one "that sailed the wintry sea" in he poem.

Two days after the *Hesperus* was finished Dad's hip put to sea. Mother always feels bad when Dad is at sea in the winter months, especially if the weather is heavy when he puts out. When Billy nd me forget the heavy weather and talk of the ime when we will be real sailors on a ship like Dad's—and sometimes we do talk that way when we are sitting with Mother at nights—she gently akes my head from her lap and steals out to the back of the house, where she can see far out beyond Dead Man's Rock and hear the booming of the breakers as they pile up around the lighthouse here. Then we know that she is crying a little on account of Dad being out on the Banks, and we go out beside her and lead her back to the fireside. When Billy almost always says that he will be a butcher, like fat old Heinz on the water front, and I am just as sure I'll be a tailor—maybe. I bet I won't get married when I am a sailor and have little boys left to look after their mother when the nights are dark and big seas are roaring in over the breakwater; nights when the house shakes as the wind screams in from the sea and the fishermen patter along the beach with lanterns and coils of lifeline.

For about a week after the sailing of Dad's ship the weather was bad. Down in the harbor the fishing-boats had sunk to the gunwales and were awash, and some smaller craft lay smashed on the beach, where they had been thrown when their moorings parted. All along the upper shore, well above high-water mark, the best of the boats were resting where they had been dragged for safety, and among them was the *Lobster*. She is not as pretty or big as the boats owned by the summer residents, and she leaks a little. She is all our own, though; Billy's and mine.

One morning, when Mother had gone to the town to do some marketing and the sea had gone down a little, we carted the *Hesperus* down to the inlet. The inlet is sheltered between two high rocky points and is the bathing-place of the summer visitors. Outside the inlet the long waves go rolling past and the sea looks black, but inside the water is clear and shows the sandy bottom right out to its mouth. Here we agreed to give the schooner her trial trip.

Drawn by Gordon Knapp Lunson

"We could see, too, that she hadn't struck her colors"

Down the jetty we navigated the cart, sliding the *Hesperus* into the water, where she bowed and reared as we ran her sails up and made everything snug for a sea trip. With all sails spread she strained at her moorings, as Dad would say, and it was all I could do to hold her while Billy ran around the head of the inlet to the rocks opposite. The rudder had been lashed amidships, so, when at Billy's signal I pushed her off, she headed straight for his headland, gliding swiftly through the water as he lay far over to leeward. She took about five minutes to cross the inlet and was grabbed by Billy just before she piled up on the weed-covered rocks. Then she was turned about for the home voyage and again pushed clear.

What followed will always be a mystery to Billy and me. I watched the *Hesperus* plunge forward from Billy's hands and sweep out clear of the rocks, laying over as her sails filled and heading directly for the jetty. Then suddenly she brought up with all sails flapping, lurched two or three times as heavy gusts of wind came in over the point, swung around toward the inlet mouth and started out to the open sea. As she cut her way to where the great waves were rolling past the inlet mouth, ducking and staggering under the heavy blasts of wind, we ran along the shores in the hope that she would again swing and head inland.

The shore is covered with boulders which are always wet from the flying spray, so we didn't travel as fast over the rocks and weeds as the *Hesperus* did through the water. When we at last stood on the points, wiping the salt spray from our eyes and shouting to one another, we could see the runaway heading out into the Atlantic. Then we started back for help, slipping and stumbling over the wet boulders as we ran.

I have already said that what fishing and pleasure boats were not lying high and dry on the beach were either floating full of water in the harbor or lying along the shore with their sides stove in. It was for the good boats Billy and me headed; to where Old Ben, an old-time fisherman, was browsing on a tackle locker. Old Ben knows us well and is always telling Dad that he will keep a good eye on us for his sake. He never even looked around when Billy, who was the faster on his feet, ran panting up. He just sat and nodded, muttering something about us "allers bein' up to some foolin' or 'nother."

"It's the *Hesperus!*" Billy shouted; "she's broken away and is heading out to sea!"

"Where would she head, Billy, my lad?" chuckled Old Ben. "Up th' town?"

"It's our boat—our schooner — the *Hesperus!*" sobbed Billy, grabbing the old sailor by the collar of his heavy pea-jacket so he could better get at one of his deaf old ears. "We were sailing her in the inlet, but she broke away from us."

"There she is!" I yelled in the other ear, pointing away out to where the *Hesperus* was rising over the crest of a big roller.

She looked awfully little and lonely.

Ben tried to peer at her from under his shaggy eyebrows, but we knew that he couldn't see far from shore. Then he shook his head sorrowfully, saying, "It's a great pity, boys; a great pity. She was a fine boat, a fine boat." That was all he said, then he turned his head so he couldn't see our distress, muttering that "nothin' smaller'n a lifeboat would be safe off shore."

But by this time Billy had started off along the shore, beckoning me to follow. We knew that Ben would only try to stop us if he knew what we were after, so we ran for the nearest boat. She was bigger than the *Lobster*—much bigger—but was the only one we had noticed with oars. Mother had the oars of the *Lobster* locked up at home, as she always has when it is bad weather along the coast.

When we reached the boat we found that she was bigger than we had reckoned, as we couldn't even move her when we started to drag her down to the water. All the other boats were about her size, except the *Lobster*, so to the *Lobster* we hurried, each dragging an oar over the shingly beach. If Ben hadn't been so deaf he might have heard the clatter and scrunch we made as we threw the oars into our boat and hauled her down to the surf.

We had a job getting her afloat, though. At the first attempt we waited until a breaker was running out, when we threw ourselves onto the gunwale and scrambled aboard. But we jumped again just before the *Lobster* was thrown bottom up on the beach. She had been caught and upended by an incoming wave. The water wasn't very cold, so we didn't mind as we stood and turned our boat right side up and prepared to again push off. The second time we had better luck, though twice we were carried back before we had the oars out and were sculling away for dear life!

My, but the waves were high! They weren't the long, rolling waves that had been coming in for the past week, either; but waves that broke at their tips and sent heavy clouds of spray onto our backs. We each had an oar and just kept pulling right ahead, following the course we guessed the *Hesperus* was on; she had been out of sight now

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The Recall of the "Hesperus"

Continued from page 609

some little time. Looking to the re we noticed that Ben had left his t on the locker and was hurrying fast as his old legs would carry him the direction of the fishermen's anty.

After a little while we found the ter was washing up around our t and slopping back and forth ng the bottom of the *Lobster* as pitched and wallowed, so Billy d me to take the bail can from the ker and start in bailing the loose ter overboard while he handled both rs. It was pretty risky shifting seats, t one of us just had to get busy prevent swamping. With Billy rowg by himself we didn't make much adway; but, as I just then sighted e runaway, we guessed that she sn't breaking any records, either. When most of the water was about iled out—by which time Billy was akening—I got back on the wet at and took an oar. We could now e the schooner quite plainly, and uld also see the waves breaking er Dead Man's Rock, right in her ack. Twice I had to stop rowing to ke the bailing can again, and sometimes it was all Billy could do to keep e boat headed up into the waves. e had got used to seeing the waves ounting high over our heads by this me, and, except when they broke avily on our backs, we didn't much ind.

Gradually we closed in with the *esperus*, close enough to see her rigng clearly when she would rise on e summit of a wave. She was a ght, too. Her lifeboat, deck houses nd water barrel had gone by the oard, and nothing was left of her anhors but two short pieces of chain angling from her bows. She still ad all her sails, and when the sea ould break over her would be comletely hidden as she lay on her beam nds. But she would straighten up gain, while the water spouted from er scuppers, her sails filling. We ould see, too, that she hadn't struck er colors.

When we at last crept alongside we ould hear the roar of the breakers round the lighthouse on top of Dead lan's Rock, and see the clouds of pray leaping higher than the lantern. Looking back, we could see othing of the beach or houses along he water-front, only the belfry of the hurch and other high buildings. We lidn't have much time to think of nything but the *Hesperus* and the best way of getting her back to the own. As we hugged her close both oats would rise together until we were away up on the crest of a wave, hen we would go down and down until there was nothing but walls of water all around us.

Suddenly we heard the bellow of a steamer's horn, and looking through between the sails of the schooner saw hat we were right in the track of an incoming mail steamer; at least, she seemed to have swung around and was hove to, head on in our direction. Her decks were crowded with passengers, and a big man in uniform, high up on her bridge, was watching us through a pair of glasses. Another officer, who was getting a boat ready to swing out, roared at us through a speaking trumpet, telling us to cut away the sails of the schooner. We didn't think, though, that we could let the sails go that Mother had worked so hard to make; so, while Billy steadied the *Lobster* as best he could, I began tearing away the sails from the rigging and stowing them under the seats of the boat.

The passengers on the steamer were now all shouting together and cheering and pointing to the shore. When we looked that way we got real scared, for the lifeboat had been launched and was coming crashing through the heavy seas to where we were wrestling with the *Hesperus*. We couldn't hear what any one was yelling by this time, as the roaring from Dead Man's Rock was like big guns going off. The lifeboat swung up alongside and we saw that she didn't have her regular crew, just a crew picked up along the harbor wall. Old Ben, too, was there.

The coxswain, Jim Larkins, yelled out to us to let the schooner go if we didn't want to go on the Rock, but we knew that we were safe for a little longer and held on to the stripped schooner. Then they gently crowded into us just as Billy tied the schooner fast to the stern of the *Lobster*, some of them scolding and others lying on their oars, laughing fit to kill. I threw them the free end of a line and asked them to make fast for towing us in, while Billy took my place with the bailing can. We were still leaking badly.

Suddenly I felt myself grabbed by the collar of my wet shirt and dragged over the gunwale of the *Lobster* up onto that of the lifeboat, Billy following in the same way. Then after some playful cuffs and handling we were rolled down among the feet of the men at the oars while the steamer blew its horn three times and the passengers cheered again. Then we started off on the homeward trip.

Every now and then Billy would raise his head over the gunwale of the lifeboat to see if the other boats were safe, as we were kind of scared of the *Lobster* and the men spoke of cutting her adrift. Those of the crew that didn't have oilskins were drenched to the skin, but they just kept on rowing as if they didn't care and talking to one another about the licking we had coming to us when we landed.

They cut the *Lobster* adrift at last, but I guess they knew that she and the schooner were close enough inshore to be washed up. There were a lot of people on the beach as the lifeboat grounded, but Mother wasn't among them. I guessed nobody had told her what was happening off shore.

When we at last got started for home we had to walk on either side of Ben, who was leading us by our collars, every now and then bumping our heads together to make the crowd laugh. The noise must have brought Mother out to the gate, and you bet she stared when she saw the procession with us at the head and a fisherman carrying the wrecked schooner. When the crowd saw her they cheered again and swept right through the gate, as many as could even squeezing into our little kitchen, where they stood around grinning in their dripping clothes while Ben told Mother just what had happened.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" whispered Mother, as Ben got through. Then she let her arms fall from our shoulders and slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

Now, if she fainted when she knew we were safe home, what would she have done if she could have seen us when we were stripping the *Hesperus* in the heavy seaway with the roar of Dead Man's Rock in our ears and the spray from its breakers passing over us in clouds?

THE SOUL'S WINGS

WHAT though this life for us so incomplete
Upon this lowly shoal,
Should, reed-like, yield and break beneath thy feet,
Hast thou not still thy soul?

Thy soul that soon, perchance, shall wing its way
Far to the peaceful skies,
And, haply, bear thee far beyond the sway
Of mortal tears and sighs.

Be like the bird that on some vine too frail
Serenely sits and sings:
For though he feels the branch beneath him fail,
He knows that he hath wings.

—*British Weekly.*

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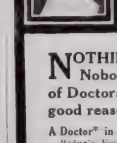
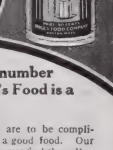


The Doctor's Baby



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(**Names given on request. Not printed here because we have no right to burden our friends with unsolicited correspondence.*)

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The Conquest of Evil Habits*

Quarterly Temperance Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE very heart of this lesson is Eph. 5: 18, "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit"; which means that the true stimulant, to answer man's craving for "more life," is not "spirits" but Spirit, not spirituous but spiritual, not intoxication but inspiration, not dissipation, but re-creation; not something that comes to jaded nature through the mouth, but through the mind.

'Tis life of which our souls are scant,
More life and nobler that we want.

And this added life must come from the Source of life.

Spirit with Spirit can meet:
Closer is He than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet.

Even a great human soul may be a true stimulant as he touches us by spoken or written word or by noble deed or by his silent character. But only the touch of God can *fill* a weary soul with life and light.

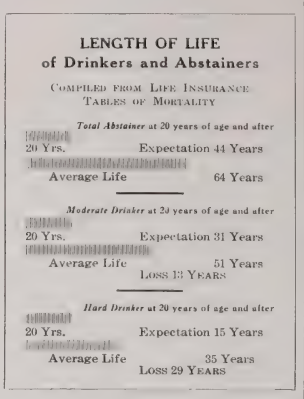
Alcohol is not a stimulant at all, as all up-to-date people know, but a depressant in its ultimate effect—an irritant at first to every foolish and evil propensity, from gossip to lust. Of all confidence games played on men, none equal those of alcohol, which had made thousands believe the same drink could serve as a "nightcap" at evening and an "eye-opener" in the morning; a cooler in summer and a warmer in winter. "Wine *is* a mocker," indeed.

A bright youth may discover, if we do not frankly tell him, that this particular lesson does not teach total abstinence, but is only a warning against drunkenness: "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess." But an alert youth will also be able to see that the only way to insure that one shall not be drunk is not to drink, since every one who has become a drunkard, many of them great men, started out to be only a moderate drinker.

Gladstone's Verdict

"Abstain from every form of evil" (I. Thes. 5: 22). This commandment of the New Testament, no less binding than the Decalogue, requires that our attitude toward every evil shall be one of abstinence. We are to be moderate and temperate in things good, abstinent of things evil. And surely there is no need of proof that the drink habit is an evil. Gladstone, like the foreman of a jury, gave the world's verdict when he said it had wrought more harm than "war, pestilence and famine." If a thing of which that can be said is not an evil, there are no evils, and if it is an evil, we are divinely commanded to abstain from all participation in it. In the words of Neal Dow, from whose steel links of logic there is no escape, "No man has a moral right to do that which if all the world should follow his example—as some are sure to do—would produce more harm than good."

This is Paul's great argument that we should abstain for the sake of others, put in modern phrase. Paul was ahead of his times in advocating total abstinence for that and other reasons; Rom. 13: 8-14; 14: 12-23; I. Cor. 10: 23-33; Gal. 5: 15-26; 6: 7-8; Eph. 5: 11-18; I. Thes. 5: 14-25. But we shall be nineteen centuries behind the times if we do not add the new reasons for abstinence that God has since revealed, largely from the oldest testament of natural law, as interpreted by the prophets of modern science. This is but a new translation into temperance terms of the great commandments of Moses and Christ, that we should love God, and our neighbor as ourselves.



This chart, based on British mutual insurance tables of fifty years, gives the strongest known argument for total abstinence on the grounds of an intelligent self-love. It proves that alcohol is slow poison. Whenever alcohol is spoken of as "a poison," it should be designated as "a slow poison." No doubt many a boy has concluded it is not a real poison because it does not make the beer drinker or the whisky drinker fall right down and die. But it kills "by inches." It takes thirty-one years for moderate drinking to kill a stout young man of twenty years, who is strong enough to pass an insurance examination. It has by that time killed thirteen years out of his life. He had no business to die till he was sixty-four. British mutual companies that classify abstainers and moderate drinkers separately and rebate to each whatever they fall short of the expected mortality, have for half a century given more than 26 per cent. higher rebates to abstainers than to moderates. There is no escape from the scientific fact that moderate drinking is slow suicide.

Alcohol's Effect on Tissues

Alcohol also chloroforms quickly and dries up slowly the latest and best evolutionary blossoms of the brain, those cells that have been added since our ancestors were white savages in the forests of Europe; cells through which God gives us reason and conscience and refinement and altrusim. It is as if some deadly fluid poured into a tree rushed at once through trunk and branches to the very top to devour the brightest blossoms that would have produced the most luscious fruit. It may help the children to understand if we say that all plants, animals and human beings are made up of cells of living protoplasm, as a honeycomb is made up of much larger cells filled with honey. Alcohol poisons this protoplasm in plants, animals and men. Plant two sprigs of geranium in two pots and give one water daily, and the other water with one per cent. of alcohol, and in six weeks the moderate drinker will be fainter in color, shorter in growth and will show faded leaves. This is the way many great doctors of many lands at the Twelfth International Congress against Alcohol described, technically, the suicidal work of alcohol in the human body: "Exact laboratory, clinical and pathological research have demonstrated that alcohol is a dehydrating protoplasmic poison, and hence its use as a beverage is destructive and degenerating to the human organism. Its effects on the cells of the body are depressive, narcotic and anesthetic. Hence therapeutically it should be used with the

Continued on next page

* International Sunday School Lesson for June 23, 1912. Eph. 5: 11-21. Golden Text: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging." Prov. 20: 1. The Lesson Committee have submitted as an alternate to this quarterly temperance lesson, a lesson on purity. "The Penitent Woman," Luke 7: 36-50. In some classes both subjects can be treated broadly (not verse by verse) under the general subject above, with Eph. 5: 18 as Golden Text: "Be filled with the Spirit," suggesting as the secret of victory "the displacing power of a new affection."

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Sense and Nonsense

Conducted by JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

A Valu'ble Receet

Marietta Holley
Author of Samantha at Coney Island

SAMANTHA says wimmen whose pardners are wont to git in a temper and act, when they come in to dinner and find it not ready or hardly commenced, let 'em not bandy words or argy with their impatient pardners, but jest before the good man enters draw out the table and throw the tablecloth on it. As the hungry tempersome man glances at that snowy cloth he thinks dinner is almost ready, and his hard linement softens and he demeans himself like a lamb.

I learnt this truly invaluable receet by painful experience. And any little crumbs of wisdom I have plucked out of the fire of domestic tribulation I am willin' to share without money or price with my sect, I think so much on 'em. Why, jest this one receet would have been worth ontold wealth to me had I known it when I first become a pardner. But I never discovered it till I'd been married over twelve years, and had suffered accordin' when dinner wuz belated. Weary housewives have no idee of its value till they have tried it. Husbands are likely and valuable, and are truly a woman's richest boon if she only knows how to git along with 'em and git 'em headed right.

I have tried lots of experiments durin' my wedded career, some worked well and some didn't. And I had noble receets for pardner-makin' handed down from Mother Smith and Mother Allen. But no matter how many worthy perscriptions for makin' good pardners you start out in married life with, you've got to keep on usin' science and philosophy and above all common sense, tryin' experiments with 'em, jest as you do with a new kind of flour. Some kinds of flour has to be molded harder, some needs a little sugar, some has to have more shortenin' and a hotter fire. But it is richly worth all the time and trouble you can take with 'em if you make good pardners and good bread.

P. S.—N. B.—Josiah wants me to add that his sect needs jest as many receets for makin' good and obedient pardners, and has to try jest as many experiments as the more opposite one.

And he sez he has tried every one of Father Allen's receets, and some Deacon Gowdey and Solomon Sypher gin him, and has branched out and made up noble ones out of his own head, laid awake nights to plan 'em, and sez he got discouraged long ago and don't believe it can be done. He don't believe wimmen can be learnt to obey and look up to their pardners as they ort to. And a man may jest as well give up first as last, and lay his own nose on the domestic grinstun, and let wimmen have their own way.

I don't see what ails Josiah to talk so. He hain't been well for some time. I gress it is his liver.

* * *

GOD'S SUMMER

IT IS not the lark's clear tone
Cleaving the morning air with a soaring cry,
Nor the nightingale's dulcet melody all the balmy night;
Not these alone make the sweet sounds of summer.
But the drone of beetle and bee, the murmurous hum of the fly,
And the chirp of the cricket hidden out of sight;
These help to make the summer.

Not roses redly blown,
Nor golden lilies lighting the dusky meads,
Nor proud imperial pansies, nor queencups quaint and rare;
Not these alone
Make the sweet sights of summer.
But the countless forest leaves, the myriad wayside weeds,
And slender grasses springing up everywhere;
These help to make the summer.

One heaven bends above;
The lowliest head ofttimes has sweetest rest;
O'er song-bird in the pine and bee in the ivy low
Is the same love; it is all God's summer.
Well pleased is He if we patiently do our best.
So hum, little bee, and low green grasses, grow;
You help to make the summer.

Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

same care and restriction as other poisonous drugs." *(World Book of Temperance,* p. 285.)

Emperor William and President Eliot have become advocates of total abstinence through the proof afforded by recent experiments that all alcoholic drinks, even beer and wine, used moderately at home, seriously reduce the efficiency, not alone of the hand but especially of the brain. Dr. Aschaffenberg made sixteen experiments on four beer-drinking type-setters, who were tested two days each with no alcoholic drink, and two days each with one ounce of alcohol. That is not moderate drinking but microscopic drinking. No one who drinks at all takes so little—as much as is contained in two glasses of beer or a fraction of a bottle of mild Greek wine. But even so little reduced their efficiency and their wages, as compared with the abstinent days, an average of 9 per cent. President Eliot of Harvard University was converted to advocacy of abstinence at seventy years of age by such experiments as the following, which he cites as showing the effect of alcohol on mental processes. "The subject would place each hand on a telegraph key, at right and left. The signals would then be varied, it being understood that one key or the other would be pressed promptly according as a red or a white light appeared. It became necessary, therefore, to recognize the color of the light, and to recall which hand was to be removed at that particular signal; in other words, to make a choice not unlike that which a locomotive engineer is required to make when he encounters an unexpected signal light. The tests showed that after the ingestion of a small quantity of alcohol—say a glass of beer—there was a marked disturbance of the mental processes involved in this reaction. On the average the keys were released much more rapidly than before the alcohol was taken, but the *wrong key was much more frequently released than under normal circumstances.* Thus, as Dr. Stier remarks, the experiment shows the elements of two of the most significant and persistent effects of alcohol, namely the vitiating of mental processes and the increased tendency to hasty or incoordinate movements."

At a time when "efficiency" is the great word in business, when the young man who seeks a good job must be "fit," no less than if entering an athletic contest, the abstinence that has been required of athletes from the days of the Greek games of two thousand years ago is essential to highest success in the race of life. The man who can do only nine-tenths of his job and that clumsily is the man who will hunt longest for a permanent job, and will be the first to lose it when there is a reduction. The earthly hell of unemployment should be deterrent enough to keep any aspiring boy from the "bar" to success.

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OLD COLONY
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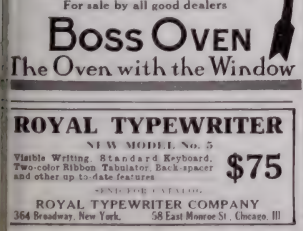
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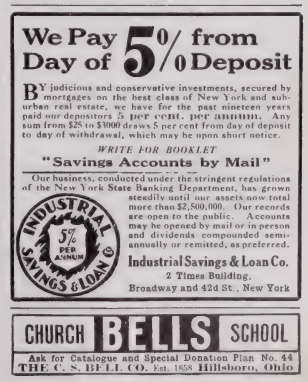
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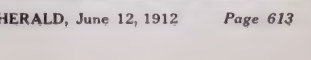
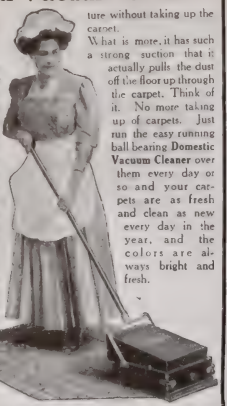


A Real Vacuum Cleaner

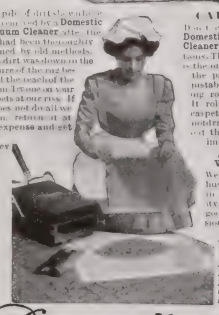
Booklet FREE



Here is a Vacuum Cleaner that looks like a carpet sweeper and runs like a carpet sweeper, yet is a powerful vacuum cleaner. As it rolls across the room it sucks up a strong blast of air through the carpet, bringing every particle of dust out of the texture without taking up the carpet.

What is more, it has such a strong suction that it actually pulls the dust off the floor up through the carpet. Think of it. No more taking up of carpets. Just run the easy running ball bearing **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** over them every day or so and your carpets are as fresh and clean as new every day in the year, and the colors are always bright and fresh.

The pile of dirt shown was run out by a Domestic Vacuum Cleaner after the rag had been thoroughly cleaned by old methods. This dirt was down in the texture of the rag beyond the reach of the broom because as our carpets at our rear. If it does not do all we claim, return it at our expense and get your money back



CAUTION

Don't confuse the **Domestic Vacuum Cleaner** with imitations. The **Domestic** is the only one with the patented adjustable ball bearing roller nozzle. It rolls over the carpet and does not drag and wear out the carpet as imitations do.

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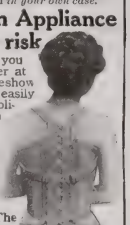
Use the Sheldon Appliance 30 Days at our risk



There is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Sheldon Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

To all sufferers with weakened or deformed spines it promises almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases.*

You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

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Sold direct to you. The fence that has stood the hardest test of service on some of the biggest farms in the country.

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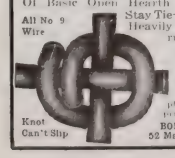

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Our Younger Readers

SIXTY LITTLE HEROES ON THE "TITANIC"

Sixty little bellboys,
Stanch and brave and true,
Never once the question,
"What were they to do?"

Sitting on the benches,
Not at all dismayed,
Forgotten by the steward,
Whose word they obeyed.

Twelve to fourteen summers
All the years they knew,
As many mother's darlings
In that little crew.

When the great ship foundered,
Mute they sank below,
Every one a hero,
That we surely know.

E. M. PELLETREAU.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Said the Dwarf: 'You see, it was my brothers and I who found Snow-White'"

Baseball

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, foremost of ball-players, has written a baseball story book called *Pitching in a Pinch.* The advice he offers to boys who would be successful players is so thoroughly first-class that life lessons right out of the big national game can be got from it: "Some pitchers will put all they have on every ball. That is foolish for two reasons," says Mathewson. "In the first place it exhausts the man physically, and when the *pinch* comes he hasn't strength to last it out. . . . A man should always hold something in reserve, a surprise to spring when things get tight. If a pitcher has displayed his whole assortment to the batters in the early part of the game, and has used all his speed and his fastest breaking curve, when the crisis comes he has nothing to fall back on. Like all youngsters," continues Mr. Mathewson, "I was eager to make a record during my first year in the big league, and in one of the first games I pitched I made the mistake of putting all that I had on every ball.

"The Giants had their opponents beaten 2 to 0, going into the last inning. I had been burning them over, trying to strike out every batter, and hadn't held anything in reserve. The first man to the bat in the ninth got a single, the next a two-bagger, and by the time they had stopped hitting me we had lost the game, 4 to 2. I was very much down in the mouth over the defeat after I had the game practically won. The manager of the Giants noticed me. 'Never mind, Matty,' he said, 'it is worth it. The defeat ought to teach you not to pitch your head off when you don't need to.' It did," says Mr. Mathewson bravely; "I have never forgotten that lesson."

Two Clever Ideas

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS is the name of a club of which Miss Helen Taft, as a little girl, was an enthusiastic member. These girls, about twenty-five in number, were always carrying out most delightful and original ideas in the most charming ways. One summer they prepared a Doll's Bazaar, which in the Christmas holidays "frolicked off" with great success. Four hundred and sixty dolls, ranging in price from ten cents to five dollars, were sold from tables where everything belonging to dolls could be bought.

The most popular feature of the fair was a dwarf reported to have come from the Hartz Mountains to tell stories to children. A little room was curtained off for the dwarf's house. "*Come, Girls and Boys*" was written in large smilax letters across the entrance, where a pretty club member sold brightly colored paper-backed copies of the favorite fairy tale. The tiny room was hung with red curtains and softly shaded lights. Plenty of hassocks for the children to sit upon covered the floor. On a table heaped with sugar kisses and pop-corn stood the dwarf, and with odd gestures accompanying a squeaky voice he told over and over again to roomfuls of delighted boys and girls the thrilling story of Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs.

The children never guessed, though they were afterwards told, that the dwarf was really two of the Merry-Go-Rounds. Curtains back of the table hid them from view except the head and shoulders of one girl and her hands, upon which she wore stockings and slippers. An old red waistcoat stuffed and worn backwards made the dwarf's body look just right; a tall cap and a false beard carried out the delusion perfectly. The dwarf's arms with which he gesticulated most impressively were the arms of the second girl, whose head and body were concealed by the curtain pinned closely together behind the dwarf's head. If you are thinking of giving a children's party or of getting up a fair, be sure to invite a dwarf to entertain the young folk. You will understand, then, how charming the effect is. When the story finishes and breathlessly the children crowd forward to shake hands with the odd little man, he quickly flings bonbons out among them, and while they scramble to pick them up he mysteriously vanishes.

Our Little People

The Funniest Party

BETTY WIGGLESWORTH celebrated her fifth birthday coming down with aggravated mumps. For three days she was patient, took medicines and kept under the bedclothes up to her chin. But after that, little girl fretfulness asserted itself, and no one of all the big household could make her happy, so she just cried and cried.

"See here, dearie," said Minetta, lifting a pile of handkerchiefs from the hamper full of freshly ironed clothes and stepping into Betty's darkened room, "let us give a party, right on the quilt." Almost before you could finish saying "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," every handkerchief, big, middlesized and little, was tied up into a doll or a rabbit hopping about on the bed. Betty forgot all of her troubles until she fell asleep at last. Then every one declared next day that Betty's counterpane party was a dream, but Minetta in the laundry ironing the tumbled kerchiefs over again knew better.

It was such a happy idea that I am telling other girls and boys and mammas about it in case you should happen to know of any one coming down with aggravated mumps.

I WISH

A birdie from the South
has flown
With twigs to build his nest:
I wish I were a tiny bird,
But God knows best.

Little flowers come through the ground,
In brilliant colors dressed;
Oh! I would like to be a flower.
Does God know best?

The fleecy clouds play merrily,
On which the fairies rest;
I know I'd love to be a sprite,
But—God knows best.

MARGRETTA MANNING, *aged 10.*

Good-Morning Verse

He covereth himself with light as
with a garment. The Lord reigneth.
O sing unto the Lord a new song.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

MONUMENTAL

ENDURING AS THE PYRAMIDS

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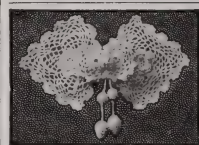

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Five Hundred Students in Yale are working their way through that college. **You can do what thousands of others have done**

Write to-day for particulars.

The Christian Herald
95 Bible House, New York

The New Children's Bureau

HAT for which many of the people of the land interested in the welfare of the children have long been working has at ome to pass, and we are to have a rnment Children's Bureau with a an as its chief. This is the first in the his- of our coun- hat a woman been ap- ted to the po- n of chief of deral bureau. e who know about the of Miss Julia Lathrop feel that a wise e was made n she was ap- ted chief of new Chil- 's Bureau. has for a good y years been ciated with s Jane Ad- s in her great manitarian k and she has he same time a member of Illinois State rd of Chari- She could well have had er training the work to which she has been ed.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop

he creating of the Children's Bu- marks a long step forward in the k being done for the betterment of the conditions of childhood in our ntry. There will be many to agree n the statement made by the Com- tee on Labor in reporting favor- on the bill creating the Children's eau:

It seems to us no more inconsistent with the principles of this government that we should be able to send out bulletins concerning the problems of childhood than that we should send out such bulletins concerning the care of fish or of hogs or of cattle; concerning the preservation of fruit trees or the treatment of the soil."

It seems at last to have been borne in upon those who have long opposed the bill that we owe as much to our children as we owe to sheep and cattle and hogs or to the tree and plant world in the interests of which our government has been expending between three and four millions per year. Mrs. Florence Kelly and Miss Lillian D. Ward have long been trying to have the Children's Bureau created because they have felt that it could be made to be of incalculable value. The bureau is a part of the Department of Commerce and Labor and the scope of its work will be as broad in its particular field as that of the various divisions of the Department of Agriculture in theirs. It will be a conserver of childhood, to which it would be difficult to discover any reasonable objection.

Among the Workers

EVANGELIST A. J. FIFE, of Denver, Colo., just closed an eight months' campaign in Central States. He held very successful ings in Kansas at Brookville, Willis, Ross-, Gypsum and Agra, in Nebraska at Ne- ka and in Iowa at Wiota and Highland. y have accepted Christ and joined the dif- nt churches. The work has been thorough.

AN EVANGELISTIC CAMPAIGN, led by Hart Magann, was recently brought to a close t. Joseph, Mo. One of the interesting fea- s was a street parade through the business ion of the city. Large delegations from ories, shops, schools, fraternities and rch organizations, attended the various tings.

MRS. M. N. VAN COTT, the aged evangelist, tes from Catskill, N. Y., that she received siderably over one hundred letters and cards greeting as the result of a notice published THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on her recent birth- . She adds, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in- ifying in goodness and I pray it may grow htily. It was never so fine as now and it always been good."

THE NATIONAL GOOD CITIZENSHIP Movement s organized at a conference held in the Old st M. E. church building, Chicago, April 27. Twenty-nine organizations were repre- ted, their combined membership numbering e than five million. The policy of the vement is to organize the "Young Peoples ieties of the Churches, Church Brotherhoods, eon bands, and other Christian reform so- ies in an active campaign in behalf of civic ghteousness, . . . and a national movement inst the traffic in alcoholic liquors." The vement has the hearty support and co-opera- n of well-known Christian leaders.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BUNCE, of Center- t, L. I., aged seventy-five and seventy years pectively, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary their wedding recently. The entire family s present, consisting of six children and fif- n grandchildren. Numerous relatives of the d couple came from different parts of the ntry. A brother and sister from Michigan re among those who attended the function. and Mrs. Bunce received many gifts, among m being a gift of $100 in gold from the ldren and grandchildren. They have been mbers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of nterport for fifty years, and on Sunday, May the minister preached a sermon in their nor. Mrs. Bunce has been an enthusiastic der of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the past hteen years.

YOUR BOY'S HAPPINESS

is one of your first considerations. Have you ever thought of the tremendous importance and influence of his *reading matter?* There is nothing in this world that will do a boy more harm than cheap, trashy literature.

Get THE BOYS' MAGAZINE for Him! In no other way could you give him more solid pleasure, entertainment and instruction. This splendid magazine is chock full of just the kind of reading *you* want *your* boy to have. Clean, inspiring stories written by such noted boys' authors as Hugh Pendexter, Everett T. Tomlinson, William Heyliger, etc., etc. *Practical* and *instructive* departments devoted to Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Carpentry, etc.

WALTER CAMP writes the editorials for **The Boys' Magazine** and also conducts the Athletic department. Mr. Camp is known everywhere as America's highest authority on athletics—every boy should read his ideas of clean, manly sportsmanship.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE is beautifully illustrated throughout—each issue has a new handsome cover in colors.

SPECIAL OFFER! In order to introduce **The Boys' Magazine** to thousands of new readers we will offer to send the magazine for a whole year, together with a copy of our book, "Fifty Ways For Boys To Earn Money" and also this splendid base ball glove **all for only $1.00.** This glove that we give away with a *yearly* subscription is a *high class* one and one that your boy will be proud to own. It is made of finest tan leather, felt padded *leather lined,* web thumb and deep pocket. **We prepay all transportation charges.**

Order to-day. We will refund your money promptly if you are not more than pleased with your investment.

(This offer is open to new subscribers only.)

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THE BOYS' MAGAZINE at all newsstands, 10c a copy.

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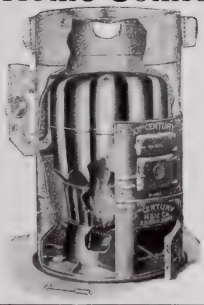

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The XXth Century Heating & Ventilating Co.
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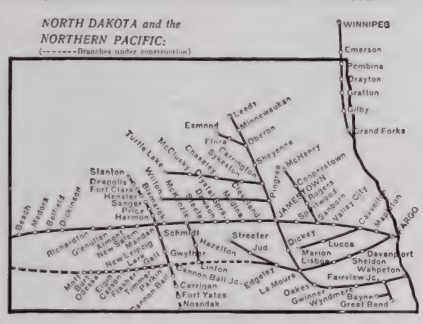
North Dakota

"No land on the American continent excels that in certain sections of North Dakota."



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WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Extraordinary Series of Discoveries

THE twelve years ending with the discovery of the South Pole are as full of dramatic achievement as the days of Drake and Raleigh, for not even in those times was there a more extraordinary series of discoveries and conquests.

In 1900 only one man had been the length of Africa by land, and the Cape to Cairo Railroad was but a dream. There was not a railroad across South America. A great part of Siberia was without rail or road except the old caravan trails. China was practically without railroads. Lhassa was unknown, forbidden to the white man. During a century and a half men had tried to reach the South Pole and failed, and the North Pole had baffled the efforts of 400 years.

Within a dozen years white men have traveled over the great desert, visited Lake Chad, made a protectorate over Timbuctoo. The days of the Mahdi at Khartoum are ended and any tourist may travel there comfortably by rail. The Cape to Cairo Railroad is an assured fact. The heart of Africa is now no more remote from the popular imagination than Oklahoma City was in 1900.

In South America the Trans-Andean Railroad is in full operation across the continent, as the Trans-Siberian is across Asia. Even China has her railroads. Lhassa has been visited by a British army and both poles are the common property of every fireside that boasts of books, magazines, or newspapers.

Such a record may justify a feeling of pride that the spirit of conquest and adventure is as alive as ever and accompanied with all the courage and hardihood that blessed any earlier generation.—*World's Work.*

. . .

Our Native Birds

THE United States Division of Ornithology has proved, in figures that do not lie, that the ravages of insects are costing the farmers and fruit growers of this country some $200,000,000 every year. The diet of our native birds, it has been shown, is made up—to the extent of 75 or even 90 per cent.—of these destructive insects. On the other hand, that "rat of the air," the English sparrow, in his menu is only three per cent. insectivorous, and even in this small proportion many of the bugs he eats are of the beneficent kind. It is not more English sparrows that are wanted—for they disrupt the homes of useful birds—but our own native-born feathered citizens. The protection of these birds is an issue closely connected with the preservation of the trees. In the cities particularly, in an enlightened system of park superintendence and scientific forestry, there will be constant cooperative effort to save the native birds and the trees at once, and to eliminate that pestiferous intruder, the English sparrow, to the end that we may rejoice both in the foliage and in its feathered protectors, and not have cause to mourn the fact that there are "bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."—*New York Press.*

. . .

Seven Wonders of the Modern World

A SCIENTIFIC magazine made a request to the Physical Department at Cornell to name seven wonders of the modern world selected from a list of fifty-seven outstanding inventions and structures submitted.

The faculty, graduates, and seniors in the physics seminary balloted, the award of the voting going to wireless telegraphy, synthetic chemistry, radium, antitoxins, aviation, the Panama Canal, and the telephone.—*New York Times.*

. . .

San Francisco to New York in Three Days and a Half

THE acceleration of transcontinental railway travel during the past two years has been made so quietly that not many people are aware that the time from ocean to ocean has been reduced to less than three and a half days. The fact was recently brought into prominence by daily press notices of a trip made by an Australian passenger who left San Francisco at 10.40 P.M., March 2, and reached New York March 6 in time to catch the steamship sailing at noon the same day for Europe, the total time from San Francisco to New York being three days and eleven hours.—*Scientific American.*

. . .

The United States the Richest Nation

A FRENCH writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, trying to figure out how much various nations are "worth," estimates the "fortune" of France at $48,000,000,000, that of England at $58,400,000,000, Germany $89,000,000,000 and the United States $111,200,000,000. He concludes that, generally speaking, "agriculture remains the foundation of national prosperity."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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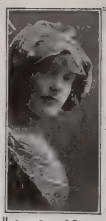

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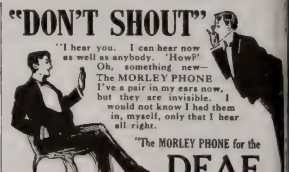

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> For the first time in its history *The Ladies' Home Journal* presents a story that has already been published as a book by The Macmillan Company. This procedure is unusual, so likewise is the story. The Editors regard this novelette by Mrs. Norris as being one of the strongest stories of its kind that has been written of late years, and as such they are anxious that it should be read and enjoyed by thousands of readers of this magazine in whose hands the book, of which this presentation is an abridged form, may never fall.

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Questions and Answers

Carnesville, Ga. A certain editor in this State declares that the twenty-first chapter of John's Gospel is a forgery. What is your opinion?

e know that it has been asserted by some es that this chapter must have been added another hand, because the evangelist con- ded his work in the previous chapter. This, ever, is not accepted by sound scholarship, the reason that it is not unusual in the Testament writings and in other good s, for authors to insert supplementary er, to which class the chapter in question ly belongs. There is no evidence that 's Gospel was ever known in the early ch without this chapter. John, it is true, rs to himself in the third person; but he lso also in chapter 19: 35 in practically the e terms as in 21: 24. The best commenta- agree as to the genuineness on *prima facie* ence.

A. W., Reardan, Wash. How much area was covered by Herod's temple and its courts?

square of 600 feet, according to Josephus.

M., Dayton, O. How many people in all were on the *Titanic*? Give the number of men and women in each class and the number of these saved.

ounting passengers and crew, there were 6 souls in all, of whom 703, or nearly 32 cent., were saved. The following table s the list:

st class	173 men	.....	58 saved
d class	160 men	.....	13 saved
d class	454 men	.....	55 saved
w	875 men	.....	189 saved
st class	144 women	.....	139 saved
d class	93 women	.....	78 saved
d class	179 women	.....	98 saved
w	23 women	.....	21 saved
st class	5 children	.....	5 saved
d class	24 children	.....	24 saved
d class	76 children	.....	23 saved

3., Midland, Mich. 1. Define "Titanic." 2. Was the *Titanic* the largest ship as yet built? Give size. 3. Give size of *Great Eastern*. 4. Give size of *Mauretania*.

"Titanic" means of vast size; from the ns, sons and daughters of Uranos and Gæa, ed in Greek mythology as very large, of t strength and given to violence. 2. No. new liner *Imperator* of the North German d Steamship Company is the largest vessel nt. 3. The *Great Eastern* was 679½ feet , 82 feet 8 inches broad and 18,915 tonnage. The *Mauretania* is 790 feet long, 88 feet ad and 32,000 tonnage.

s M. M., Athens, Pa. Will you kindly sug- gest a few names suitable for a Sunday school class?

n selecting a class name we would suggest t you take that of some missionary who is l known to the children. Have them read and study his (or her) life and set him up n example. For instance, "The Livingstone le Class," after David Livingstone. Names h as "Willing Workers" and "Busy Bees" e been used so much that they have become notonous. To keep up a live interest in the ses it would be well to have some variety in s names. Not only can missionaries be en, but people who were personally ac- inted with the children and whose beautiful istian lives are inspirations to those they behind. This would create a deep spiritual erest in the class and would rouse them to more efficient work.

L. S., Winnipeg. In excavations near Babylon, Nineveh, and other places in Asia Minor have any bones been found among the tablets, pottery and other arti- cles unearthed?

No. In certain soils, bones disintegrate rap- ; in others, such as calcareous or peaty ls, they endure and may be intact after the se of centuries. The soil of Asia Minor is her sandy or loamy and not conducive to servation. Bones have been found in tombs, none of established antiquity elsewhere.

bscriber, Reading, Pa. We who in the past have contributed willingly to the various calls for help for China and for other pur- poses, would doubtless feel more inclined to continue doing so if you would publish an accounting as to where all the money goes, to whom and by whom, and how it is dis- tributed and what Chinese Fund balance still remains. This would indeed be inter- esting and is due to us who have already contributed.

The suggestion is an eminently proper, one d we take pleasure in giving the information tired. All funds contributed for the China mine last year were forwarded by THE CHRIS- AN HERALD through our State Department in ashington to the United States Consul at anghai to be by him turned over to the civic mmittee in that city and the missionary com- ttee in Chinkiang. These two committees, ich had charge of the apportionment or dis- bution of relief funds, made a full and satis- story accounting of the same, showing that

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD contributions amounted to $121,100, of which $76,500 were sent to Chinkiang and $23,500 to Shanghai, while $21,100 were represented in the *Buford* cargo. A balance sheet showing these facts appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 30, 1911. All famine fund contributions received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this year are turned over to Mr. Schiff's Red Cross Committee in New York, which is working in conjunction with the National Red Cross in Washington, all cable remittances being made by the latter organization to China direct. When the work is completed, a statement of the fund and its disposition will be issued.

B. I., New Salem, Ind. 1. How old was Jesus when Simeon took him in his arms in the temple? 2. Where was Jesus circumcised? 3. What is the population of New York and what percentage are Christians?

1. Three days. 2. In the temple. 3. 4,983,385; about 20 per cent., estimated, but probably larger.

J. S., Sligo, La. What was the position and office of an elder, according to Scripture?

According to the accepted definition, "the office of elder was the only permanent and essential office of the church," under both the old and new dispensations. The elders of the New Testament church were pastors (Eph. 4: 11), bishops or overseers (Acts 20: 28), leaders and rulers (Heb. 13: 7; I. Thess. 5: 12) of the flock. They were also the teachers of the congregation, expounding and preaching and also administering the sacraments. Doubtless many were elders who did not leave their temporal occupations. In the modern church their duties are somewhat modified, although the same general characteristics remain.

C. E. K., Schenectady, N. Y. Please harmonize Matt. 27: 3-10 and Acts 1: 18, 19, referring to the suicide of Judas and the disposition of the thirty pieces of silver.

Several explanations of this apparent discrepancy have been offered. The first, with relation to the death of Judas, is that the word translated as "hanged" in Matt. 27: 5 is capable of a different interpretation, i. e., death by a sudden spasm of suffocation, which might have been accompanied by a fall before the spasm spent itself. Another suggestion, which has been made by some eminent scholars, is that the work of suicide was but half accomplished when, the halter parting, Judas fell with the result stated in Acts 1: 18. The second question, as to the disposition of the money, is more easily explained. The verb "purchased" used here, in the opinion of Kuhner, Donaldson and other authorities, should be rendered in the causative form, so as to read: "This man was the occasion of purchasing a field," which is probably the real meaning of the passage in Acts 1: 18.

J. A. T., Willmar, Minn. At a meeting of Sunday school teachers recently, we came into a discussion about the time of the world's creation. Can you tell me the exact time of the creation of Adam? They insisted it was 4,000 years B.C., but I did not think so.

The chronology which you find in the marginal columns of many of the older Bibles, notably in the Authorized Version of King James, is not a part of the Bible itself by any means. It is the work of Archbishop Ussher, an illustrious prelate of the Irish Church, who lived 1580-1656. His chronological labors were directed towards affording an idea of the time that elapsed between certain events in recorded history. For this purpose he took the year 1 A.D.—the beginning of the Christian era—as his starting point and reckoned backwards as far as reliable recorded history afforded good working ground. He reckoned as far back as 4,000 years before Christ, and then finding no more available material in the form of history, either written or inscribed, he had necessarily to stop. He did not by any means imply, however, nor are his figures interpreted by Biblical scholars to mean, that he had reached the point of creation. On the contrary, he had simply gone as far as recorded history enabled him to go. The Mosaic books in the Old Testament did not claim, in any sense, that the world was created in 4000 B.C. The first line, first verse, and first chapter of Genesis distinctly tells us that "in the beginning" God created the heaven and the earth. Moses was educated at the court of Egypt and imbibed all that was worth learning of the Egyptian civilization, which was old even at that date. But before Egypt there had been still older kingdoms and civilizations. We would ask you to look up the history in any good encyclopedia of Babylonia, Phœnicia, Chaldea and other ancient nations, and you will form some idea of the great antiquity of that portion of the world's history which has not yet been definitely written. In the last century the world has yielded up many of its secrets to excavators, and consecrated scholarship has made unquestioned discoveries, which are accepted by all the churches, showing that recorded time must now be pushed back to a period at least 2,000 years earlier than Ussher's computation. How far beyond this we must travel to get at the date of creation is as much

Continued on next page

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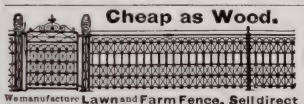

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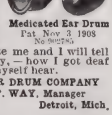

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Continued from preceding page

a matter of conjecture as when Genesis was written. Science tells us that countless ages may have passed in the early stages of the world's geological development; and even before man appeared on the scene. It is true that scientists differ in this as they do in many other things, but the essential fact remains that the world is far older by many thousands of years than our forefathers supposed. We have better light on the subject than they had, and yet in no vital sense does that light conflict with the words of Scripture "in the beginning." In the New Testament also the same identical language is used at the opening of John's Gospel, chapter 1, verse 1, "In the beginning was the Word." Thus we see in both dispensations, the old and the new, a recognition of the fact that the date of the world's creation is far beyond man's computation.

J. W. T., Scuyog, Ont. 1. What is meant by the statement in some almanacs of the sun being at times fast and at others slow? 2. How are we to determine the exact moment of sunset? 3. Why is it that the word "sledge" means two different things, a heavy hammer and a snow vehicle, in each case spelt and pronounced alike?

1 and 2. The sun never varies; all stars and suns and planets of the universe perform their revolutions with unerring precision. But the way we measure time by the sun varies, hence the expression regarding the sun being fast or slow. What is known as true solar time is measured by the motion of the sun, the length of the day being the interval between two successive passages of the sun over the same meridian and the time of day being always the hour angle of the sun from the meridian. This is the natural measure of time, but owing to the obliquity of the earth's orbit, the intervals between successive returns of the sun to the same meridian are not exactly equal, consequently clocks are not regulated in accordance with this measure, but are made to conform to a solar day the length of which is equal to the average of all the true solar days in a year. The exact time of sunset is that in which he reaches on the western horizon the same meridian over which he appeared in the morning. 3. This is one of the anomalies of the English language, which make it so puzzling to foreigners. Many of our Anglo-Saxon words have been made to do multiple service.

Reader. Why should such a terrible event as the *Titanic* disaster happen? What good could it possibly do to cause suffering for the relatives and friends?

While some may regard it as a "visitation of God," it does not present that aspect when looked at more closely. Here was a new untried vessel, sent to sea incomplete, with half her complement of lifeboats, with half a hundred shipwrights and mechanics still at work, finishing some very important parts of her interior. She was driven at full speed in the face of terrible dangers, of which her captain had been warned; but he disregarded all warnings and declined to take even simple precautions for the safety of her passengers. Surely we should hesitate to set down what followed as "an act of God." It was the inevitable outcome of man's sinful and criminal neglect.

Mrs. G. G., Klemme, Ia. What is meant by the expression in Ex. 7: 3, "I will harden Pharaoh's heart"?

This expression has been a stumbling block to many. There is a point reached by those who have long persisted in wicked courses which is known as judicial blindness—a point at which—God's restraining spirit being withdrawn—they become unable to distinguish right from wrong or good from evil. They grow hardened and morally incorrigible. (See Mark 3: 5; Rom. 11: 25; II. Cor. 3: 14; Eph. 4: 18.) Under such circumstances, the offender turns even blessings into sin by abusing them, and unless overtaken by some great adversity, continues in his course, blind to consequences. This was doubtless the case with Pharaoh. Egypt had sinned deeply, and so long as its rulers were unchecked by some stronger power, they would continue to sin. Pharaoh, long accustomed to the abuse of power, steeled himself against all sense of justice and mercy, and this the "permissive act of providence" allowed, in order that the culminating punishment should be the more severe. In other words, Pharaoh was permitted to go on in his sin in order that his fate might be made an awful example to the whole world.

J. D. G., Gardiner, Me. Is there anything in the teachings of Christ as to our going to heaven immediately after death?

Christ stated clearly to the dying thief (Luke 23: 43) that after death his soul would be with him in paradise. The parable of the rich man and Lazarus implies clearly that at death the souls of the saved go immediately to heaven (Luke 16: 23). In Phil. 1: 23 Paul expresses his conviction that death would take him immediately into the presence of Christ. In Matt. 22: 31-32, Mark 12: 26, and Luke 20: 37, 38, Christ insists that the righteous who are called dead are still alive. The appearance of Moses and Elijah with Christ at the transfiguration was an actual demonstration of this fact. Even at the very beginning of the Bible, (Gen. 5: 24) there is the implication that Enoch continued in another life the walk with God which he had begun in this. And Heb. 12: 1, including all the faith heroes mentioned in the eleventh chapter, states that they are alive and conscious now, witnessing the conflicts of the saints still on earth.

T. H. Q., Bridgeport, Conn. A few Sundays ago, a minister here told us that he did not believe that Jesus was of divine birth, but that he had a natural father, and to back up his own belief, he said the Gospels of Matthew and Luke were not reliable. I felt like Mary at the tomb when she said, "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they laid him."

That Jesus was the Son of God, divinely born, according to prophecy, as set forth in the Scriptures, is one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church. Any preacher professing to teach Christianity and taking the view you mention, should proclaim his ideas in a church and on a platform of his own, since he cannot consistently do so in any orthodox Christian church. It is possible, however, that you may have misunderstood his language, and it would be well to be quite clear on this point. The denial of the divine birth is an old and familiar one among skepties and unbelievers. Unitarians hold that Jesus was simply a great teacher, but not divine. There is no denomination in any Protestant church, nor for that matter in any other Christian church, Greek or Roman, where such teaching would be accepted. There are certain denominations which have been extremely latitudinarian in allowing freedom of expression and what is termed liberality of view in the pulpit; but the denial of Jesus' divinity transcends all other efforts in this direction and is unthinkable in a professedly Christian pastor. For the accepted view of the incarnation read Matt. 1: 18-25, Luke 1: 26-38, John 1: 14.

Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Vancouver, B. C. Send full name and address for answer by mail.

C. McC., Yorktown, Sask., Can. and Miss A. M. D. Sappow, Japan. See answer to M. L. B. B. in MAIL-BAG of June 5.

Salem. 1. The unpardonable sin is believed to have been attributing the works of the Holy Spirit, and the miracles of Jesus, to Satanic agency. 2. The lady in question is married.

E. W. G., Richfield, Pa.; G. E. K., Big Spring, Md., and W. R., Salem, Ore. The same questions have been dealt with recently in THE MAIL-BAG of May 1, 1912.

C. H. S., Topeka, Kan. Your conclusion is a reasonable one, in view of the fact that according to the Jewish custom a son-in-law took the place of a son, where there was no true lineal descendant.

Reader, Consuelo, La. The name of Paul's parents are not given in the Scriptures. The only mention of his blood relations is in Acts 23: 16 and Rom. 16: 7, 11, but whether Andronicus, Junia and Herodion were really relatives or simply friends is an open question.

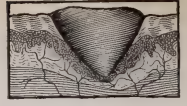
M. L. B. B., Greensburg, Pa. No gift ever came from the hand of God to man that was not perfect, or that was calculated to injure him in spirit, mind or body. You may find some fanatical people who would dogmatize on the incident you mention and would even doubt the divine wisdom. They deserve no attention.

L. S. B., Renfrew, Ont. The soul is an incorporeal, indestructible entity, the spiritual nature of man as incarnate, while the spirit is that rational principle of man which gives consciousness to action. Both lack all the properties distinctly characteristic of matter. A distinction is made by Paul, who calls soul *psyche* as distinguished from *pneuma*, spirit.

Reader, Hackensack, N. J. The attitude of a professing Christian should be consistent at all times. Inflexible rigidity may, however, be out of place under certain circumstances, but not where it involves the sacrifice of an essential principle, such as truth, honesty, etc. With regard to Sunday travel, it is well to avoid it when possible, or where it is not imperative. These are matters concerning which the individual conscience should indicate whether we are doing right or wrong.

Storehouse of Knowledge

Please accept my sincere thanks for *The Christian Herald Almanac*. It is not only a premium, but a storehouse of useful knowledge. I have much to say for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a family paper. There is none better that comes into the home, and it is very highly appreciated by all. I place it in the missions about the city after reading it myself. My prayer is that it may be the means of leading many souls to a higher life. F. W. ISRAEL.
Worcester, Mass.



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Don't pare it. That merely removes the top layers.

And that form of home surgery is dangerous. A slip of the blade means infection. And that means blood poison, sometimes.

A chemist has discovered a way to end corns. This discovery is embodied in our B & B wax—the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

Apply this little plaster and the pain ends at once. Then this B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No pain, no soreness. You completely forget the corn.

There is no other way to do this. That is why Blue-jay is the only treatment used by folks who know.

It has removed already fifty million corns. Let it deal with yours.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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Stating intended use. Let us tell you how you can use Fabrikoid in the home. Mail a postal TODAY.

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Boys Who Have Won

Under this heading we shall print from week to week the photographs and records of some of our CHRISTIAN HERALD boys.

It is an honor to be a CHRISTIAN HERALD boy.

H. Devere Taggard, who lives in the State of Ohio, thinks so. Here is his photo.

Devere says in one of his letters, after receiving various prizes (Devere has sold hundreds of copies):

"You have been good to me. I surely appreciate what you have done. I find I can sell copies easily. Of course, I'm trying for a pony."

Of course, he is trying for a pony!

From week to week we are adding the best CHRISTIAN HERALD boys to our staff. Any boy who would like to try should fill out this coupon and mail it:

SPECIAL COUPON

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City. *Date*.....

Please send me a start in business and tell me all about how I may win the beautiful Shetland Pony, if I do good work.

Signed.....

Address.....

Age..... *Town*..... *State*.....

Northwestern Development

SOME time ago the statement was made that while thousands of farmers had been induced to emigrate over the northwestern border of the United States into Canada, many of them finding conditions in the new country so different were coming back to their native States. It is interesting now to note that a determined effort is being made to call attention to the attractiveness of the millions of acres of cheap land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.

The railroads are making determined efforts to colonize the sections along their routes. This cannot but accrue to their benefit in the increased amount of haulage, and while their interest in the matter may seem to be more or less selfish, yet it must be admitted that the continued development of the unsettled parts of the country are all to the betterment of the country at large, but especially to those settlers who are taking advantage of the low rates which are being offered the pioneer.

Famine Relief Work in China

THE Central China Famine Relief Committee in Shanghai writes as follows to the Relief Committee in New York: "We are very grateful for what the New York Committee has been able to do. We have received from all sources about $70,000. The need is increasingly great and will continue so through the month of May. Practically the only reliance is our Committee, for outside help has been insignificant, and our Committee has thus far been able to relieve about 10 to 15 per cent. of the total distress.

"About sixty missionaries are engaged in famine relief work. Two men are assigned to every center where relief is being distributed. Those receiving help are all required to do work, and only one member of a family is generally allowed to work, or at least the amount that each family can earn in a day is limited. We go on a basis of forty cash (approximately two cents a day gold) per month. If a man has four members to his family he receives eight cents, if only three he receives six cents for the same amount of work. If there are five in a family, wherever possible two are required to work. The people respond willingly, even to these starvation wages, and the gentry themselves insist on keeping rates down, so as to relieve as many as possible. The country in which we are working has much of it been looted several times, until it is in a condition of absolute destitution. Those that have some bean cake deem themselves extremely fortunate, and can not get on our lists, for relief is given only to those who are in absolute destitution."

Answered Prayers

E. F. G., Montreal, Can. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to prayer."

M. L., Liberal, Kan. "God answered my prayer in restoring a dear one to health."

F. C. P., Gloversville, N. Y. "I praise God that he heard and answered my prayers."

A. M. R., Glasford, Ill. "I wish to thank God for answering many praycrs for me."

Mrs. M. E. H., Greensboro, Vt. "I wish to acknowledge that God answered my prayer."

B. H., Kokomo, Ind. "When recently in deep trouble, God heard and answered my prayer."

A. C. H. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers when in trouble."

W. D., California, Pa. "After everything else failed, I appealed to God, and he helped me."

A Subscriber, Somerset, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's great goodness in answering prayer."

Mrs. E. E. D., Athens, Ga. "I would like to add my acknowledgment of God's answer to prayers."

N. J. McC., Chico, Calif. "Recently in answer to prayer I was delivered from very great trouble."

Mrs. K. H. M., Butler, Pa. "God heard and answered my prayer, and helped me in time of trouble."

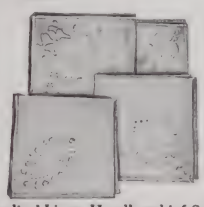
New Fancy Work and Embroideries

FOR CHRISTIAN HERALD SUBSCRIBERS

WE offer here, for the first time, some examples of the new Punch Work, which is rapidly becoming the most popular of all forms of embroidery. We have searched for the finest examples and most unique designs in this and the more standard classes of embroidery work, and we offer here **Big Value** for a very little effort on your part to secure new subscriptions, or for very little extra money in addition to the regular subscription price of your own *Christian Herald* renewal.

Up-to-Date Receiving Aprons. No. 165

This offer consists of 3 different apron designs, one of which is illustrated above, stamped on fine quality cross bar lawn. We also include with the three aprons 10 skeins of D. M. C. cotton.

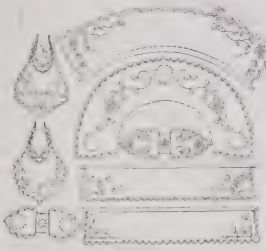


Ladies' Linen Handkerchief Set No. 11340

This beautiful set consists of 4 hemstitched pure linen handkerchiefs each stamped with a different design. We also include 3 skeins of D. M. C. cotton for working.

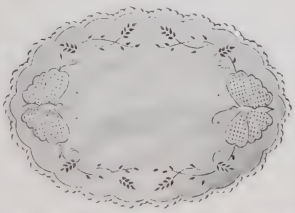
Fancy Work Combination Outfit. No. 32 Splendid Big Value Offer

This beautiful combination outfit contains many handsome designs for spring and summer wear, both for children and ladies, besides centerpieces, etc. The designs in this outfit are full size, and include the following: 1 corset cover stamped on fine nainsook; 1 centerpiece design stamped on 18x18 inches pure ecru linen; 2 eight-inch doilies stamped on pure linen; 1 baby cap; 1 pincushion; 1 bib; 1 jabot; 1 tie; 1 ladies' straight collar, all stamped on linen; 1 stiletto for punching eyelet work; 1 large sheet of perforated patterns on bond paper containing the following designs: 1 lingerie hat; 1 shirtwaist; 1 skirt panel to match; 1 pair baby shoes; 1 complete alphabet ¾ inch high; a number of sprays and many other useful designs. This outfit also includes a cake of "Ideal" stamping preparation, distributor and full directions for stamping.



Ladies' Neckwear Set. No. 121

This up-to-date set consists of the following designs, all stamped on fine quality pure imported linen: 2 different Dutch collar designs; 2 straight collar designs; 2 jabots; 2 different tie designs. We also include with this offer 15 skeins of D. M. C. cotton to make the different designs.

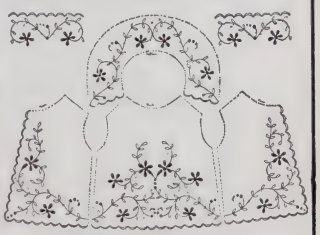


Tray Design in Punch-Work and Eyelet Embroidery. No. 164

This beautiful tray design, to be worked in the popular punch-work embroidery, is stamped on 18x24 inches pure imported linen, including 20 skeins of D. M. C. cotton; 1 skein of linen thread; 1 special large punch-work needle and special instructions for punch-work embroidery.

Centerpiece Design in Punch-Work Embroidery. No. 22002

This up-to-date centerpiece design stamped on 22x22 inches pure imported linen, including 1 skein of linen thread, 10 skeins of D. M. C. cotton, 1 special punch-work needle and full instructions in punch-work embroidery and sufficient lace for the entire centerpiece.



Baby Coat Design in Eyelet Embroidery. No. 539

The above baby coat design stamped on very good quality French pique.

Outfit No. 32. All the Above Given for One New Subscription

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WE WILL SEND ENTIRELY FREE to any of our old subscribers the choice of any one of the offers numbered on this page, postpaid, as a premium for securing one new subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for one year at $1.50.

A new subscription is one where the paper is to go into a household where it has not been regularly received within the last year. Change of name to a different member of the same household cannot be counted as a new subscription.

OR—We will send any one of the offers numbered on this page, postpaid, to any subscriber now on our list who will send in his or her renewal at once for one year's subscription with remittance of $2. Subscriptions may be renewed in advance.

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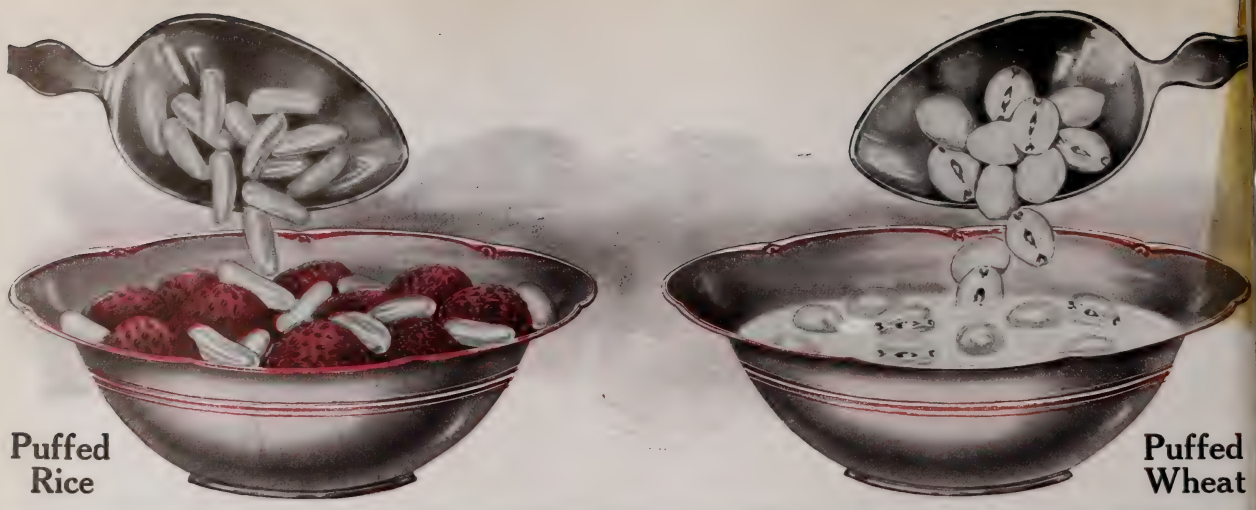

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Mornings

Serve With Berries

In June—the strawberry month—try mixing these Puffed Grains with berries.

These honeycombed grains taste like toasted nuts, and form a delightful blend.

Don't serve them merely with sugar and cream, as you do the year around.

Other Summer Uses

In the finest restaurants Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are used to garnish ice cream.

They are used like nut meats in frosting cake.

They are ideal crisps for serving in soup.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

From morning till midnight—in a dozen ways—users find uses for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Shot From Guns

Blasted by Steam Explosion

These curious foods are due to a curious process.

We select perfect grains, then seal them up in mammoth bronze-steel guns.

The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That's where the grains get the nut-like taste.

The moisture in the grain turns to steam in that heat, and creates a tremendous pressure.

Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The millions of granules are literally blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the coats are unbroken. The kernels are shaped as they grew.

Evenings

Serve With Milk

These grains are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

Each grain consists of a myriad cells, each bounded by thin, toasted walls.

Airy, flaky, whole-grain wafers—wonderful morsels to serve in milk.

Prof. Anderson's

Delightful, Scientific Foods

One mustn't forget that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere cereal dainties.

They have another advantage over all other cereals. They are fully twice as digestible as wheat or rice ever was made before.

The granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. It begins before the grains reach the stomach.

That is why these foods are prescribed by physicians when the stomach can't stand a tax.

That's why one may eat them at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—without ill result.

That is why brain workers eat them for luncheons.

Prof. Anderson invented this process to make whole grains wholly digestible, as never was done before. Their deliciousness was merely an accident.

1,000,000 Dishes Daily

Among all the cereal foods ever invented nothing compares with Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Never were cereals so nut-like—never so melting, so flaky, yet crisp.

Countless users know this. And they consume a million dishes daily.

We invite you to join them—now on the verge of summer. For this is the acme of hot weather food.

Morning, noon and night—between meals and bedtime—the folks in your home will want Puffed Wheat and Rice.

Tell your grocer to get some now

Puffed Rice . . 15c *Except in Extreme West*

Puffed Wheat . 10c *Except in Extreme West*

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(271)

Christian Herald

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1912

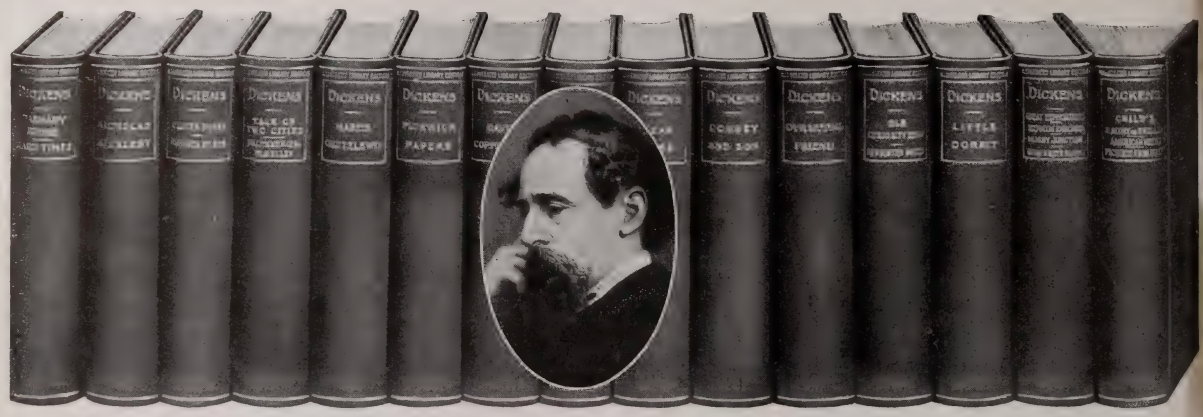
VOL. 35—NO. 25. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A POPPY FIELD
From the Painting by M. K. Izmagri

Reproduced by Curtis-Dahl Art Co.

Dickens Anniversary Sale!

To Christian Herald readers who mail coupon below at once we will send this handsome 15-volume "Library Edition" of Dickens' Complete Works, for seven days' free examination, without one cent in advance—*but must be quick.*



THE year 1912 being the 100th Anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, the magazines and newspapers have printed many interesting articles on the life and works of this most charming writer. As a result, hundreds of our customers have written to inquire if we could furnish Dickens' Complete Works in a Popular Edition less expensive than our regular $45 "Library Edition." We had no other edition to offer, but as a special courtesy to our customers, and in order to add more names to our mailing list of book-buyers, we have decided to sell a limited number of sets of our standard "Library Edition," on easy terms, at only **$20.50,** which is just about the cost of manufacture. This offer is now open to you, but in order to take advantage of this low price, coupon must be mailed at once.

Dickens' Complete Works

Charles Dickens is the greatest master of story-telling the world ever knew. His keen humor, his command of pathos and perception of character, coupled with his originality of thought and expression, lend a fascinating interest to all his writings that appeals irresistibly to both old and young. We breathlessly follow the fortunes of David Copperfield, laugh at the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and shed a tear over Little Nell. Dickens' characters are famous the world over. They are quoted in literature, used constantly in conversation and referred to and made use of in a thousand ways. Unfortunate indeed is he who is unacquainted with Sam Weller, the Cheeryble Brothers, Mr. Turveydrop, Captain Cuttle, Sairy Gamp and Tom Pinch. Dickens' Christmas Stories are acknowledged by all, the finest and best ever written. No other writer in the history of literature ever exerted such a powerful influence for the betterment of the social conditions of his day as did Charles Dickens.

When you read his wonderful books the hours are charmed away, and you read on and on from page to page and from chapter to chapter unmindful of time and surroundings. Charles Dickens has earned a place in every heart, and his complete works should be in every Christian home. Now is your opportunity to have Dickens' Complete Works at

A Great Bargain and On Very Easy Terms

This handsome "Library Edition" consists of 15 beautiful volumes containing over 12,000 pages, and embracing everything that Dickens ever wrote. There are photogravure frontispieces and reproductions of famous sketches by Cruikshank, Phiz, Seymour, Cattermole, Maclise and Greene. The regular price of this complete edition is $45.00—now offered you for **$20.50,** payable at the rate of only **$1.50** a month and shipped without one cent in advance, subject to your approval, with transportation charges paid. This is a rare opportunity—***one that you must not miss.***

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Please send me for examination one set of Dickens' Complete Works, "Library Edition," in fifteen volumes, with transportation charges prepaid. This does not obligate me in any way whatever, except to handle the books with ordinary care. If I do not decide to keep the books in accordance with your "Special Anniversary Sale," I will return them to you at your expense.

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THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

N. D. Thompson, Jr., Secretary

ST. LOUIS

NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

El Misti, from Harvard Observatory

Resting at the Summit of El Misti

The View of the Crater from the Summit

VISITS TO FAMOUS VOLCANOES

BY ANNIE S. PECK, A.M., THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS WOMAN MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

AN ACTIVE volcano is an awe-inspiring object. One may feel inclined to call it an awesome *creature*, for with groanings and belchings it often seems very much alive. At times panic, terror and sound discretion impel all to y from impending doom. Again the creature sleeps, and dventurous souls draw near, the majority halting at his foot; thers of bolder spirit ascending to gaze into that yawning outh whence has issued fire and ashes. Recently a few have ared still farther. On the 17th of May last, Professor Mallada, f the Royal Observatory situated on a lower eminence of the nountain, made with an assistant a descent into the slightly moking crater of Vesuvius; an important scientific achieve- nent; a natural sequence to which, in these days when the vorld is ransacked for the entertainment of the multitude, was he following of his footsteps by a moving picture man.

Of the many volcanoes, great and small, scattered over the arth's surface, the majority have been ascended and studied. Although but a pigmy among giants, Vesuvius is no doubt the est known, partly from its historical association with the Plinys and the destruction, 79 A.D., of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and partly from being in a section of the globe greatly frequented by tourists. From its modest height, about 4,000 feet, and its convenient location, it has also been the most care- fully investigated.

Since the great eruption of 1906, when Cook's Railway was partially destroyed, the crater has been larger than before, nearly a quarter of a mile in diameter and a thousand feet deep. As the volcano has now been fairly quiet for several years and as due notice of an approaching eruption is always given, the descent into the crater, made with due precautions, was not too dangerous; the chief peril was of being overcome by sulphur fumes or other gases. There was also danger from falling stones. Professor Mallada and his associates were lowered, by their assistants on the brink, to a depth of 380 feet. Here they landed and could wander on huge crags of lava, and here they fastened a second rope, by which they were enabled to climb down to a great fissure and through this to the floor of the crater. After two hours and a half of labor, during which in a very high tempera- ture they took photographs of various parts of the crater, of avalanches and showers of red- hot ashes, collected samples of minerals and ash, took level- ings on the floor and planted there a red flag, they returned in triumph to the top of the crater.

It happens that Vesuvius was my first volcano, almost my first mountain. Then, as an ordinary globe-trotter, I did the regulation things, going by carriage and the Cook Railway as far as I was able. At that time the crater was smoking vigorously and from the mountainside issued a small stream of molten lava. Engaging a guide to take me to the summit, a few hundred feet higher, we proceeded only a short distance when we were enveloped in smoke; the guide declared that stones were falling and in spite of exhortation refused to pro- ceed. Six weeks later on a second journey from Rome to Naples, made chiefly to do two things in which I had been pre- viously balked—enter the Blue Grotto, and look down the crater of Vesuvius—I went up again. Though the crater was still smoking I was able this time to approach the edge on the lee side near enough to see part way down the opposite walls, in spite of the smoke pouring up and over in that direction. A descent then would have been deliberate suicide.

Annie S. Peck

Still more recently than the excursion of Professor Mallada, American scientists under the auspices of the Carnegie Insti- tution have visited the crater of another volcano by the side of which Vesuvius is a mere babe, Mount Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands. This, the largest active volcano in the world, has a crater nine miles in circumference, in the bed of which is a permanent lake of boiling lava. Above this, suspended by ropes, Professors Day and Shepard spent several hours pumping gases and taking specimens of the liquid fire for analysis.

In 1897 I climbed two volcanoes in Mexico, Popocatepetl, about 17,800 feet, and Orizaba; the former the more famous because within view from Mexico City and thus a source of especial pride and admiration to the inhabitants, who have been loath to believe that any other of their mountains could be higher. Popo has a really splendid crater, about half a mile across and 1,000 feet deep. The walls are generally vertical, but in one or two places it is possible to descend. When work- ers are engaged in collecting sulphur, machinery is used to hoist them up and down. From Popo's summit there is a glori- ous prospect, not alone of the immense crater, but of the beautiful "White Lady," Ix- taccihuatl, reclining a thou- sand feet below; of Orizaba on the far horizon, and of the charming valley of Mexico.

On my first expedition to South America in 1903 I as- cended one more volcano, El Misti, situated in Southern Peru. Arequipa, the second city in Peru, with a charming location on the lower slope of the mountain, is at an altitude of 7,500 feet. Five hundred feet higher is the Harvard Ob- servatory. From there I set out about eight A.M. with one of the gentlemen as compan- ion, and Francisco, who had been up a hundred times in this capacity, as guide. From this point the summit of El Misti, 19,200 feet above the

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The Crater of Vesuvius, at a Time when No Man Dare Enter

THE GREATNESS OF SMALL THINGS

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Richard Braunstein*

TEXT: "But what are they among so many?" John 6: 9

THE spirit of contempt with which men are always so apt to regard things that God honors is very strikingly manifested in these words of Andrew. Five small barley loaves and two little fishes are, to the disciples' minds, a nucleus far too mean and insignificant for the feeding of a vast multitude of famished souls, and as nothing short of that very feast is contemplated by the Master, they turn to him, and with the finger of scorn pointed at the little stores of food they have in hand, they exclaim, "But what are they among so many?"

Notice that their disparagement was not over Christ's ability to work a miracle, or feed the hungry throng; this they did not doubt, but actually believed, perhaps that from the stones that lay about he was able to raise up bread for all to eat, and from the flinty rocks could bring forth streams to give them drink. Their despair lay in the supposed impossibility of their little stock of bread and fish becoming the basis of a sumptuous meal for thousands. Their contempt was directed, not against the possibility of Christ's power, but against the *probability* of their possessions, and their amazement was not so much over his feeding the hungry hosts as over his feeding them with their own provisions. And so it is always. In expression of their contempt for their paltry sum of loaves, they simply yielded to what seems to be an almost universal tendency of the human heart, namely, to despair of small things because of their very smallness, to judge by human appearance rather than by the divine idea of multiplied usefulness, by size rather than by significance. We delight to hear that God is going to perform a great work in our midst, but despair when we learn that he will perform it with our miserable means; we glory when we are told that the world will be fed by Christ, but groan when we find he will feed it from the little stock we now possess. And it is about just such thoughts as these that I wish to speak, calling your attention to a few of the most evident lessons taught by our Saviour when he fed the multitudes. And primarily there is the simplest lesson of all, which is, at the same time, one of the profoundest laws of the kingdom of God, namely, that in his kingdom it is impossible that something should come from nothing.

Little Beginnings

As some one has suggested, we have all doubtless wondered and asked ourselves the question, would this not have been a decidedly greater and more impressive miracle had Jesus, with one sweep of his omnipotent hand, brushed aside those miserable fragments, those five loaves and two small fishes, and bid the heavens rain down food and the sands spring forth into streams? He could have done it all, and would it not have been more wonderful, much more of a miracle? Little do we understand the Master if we so judge. This is much the greater miracle, this using the disciples' scant supply, because it reveals the greater wisdom of Christ. It teaches us that in the kingdom of God, as in every other realm and department of life, nothing can come from nothing. It is the lesson of the fields, which seem to say to the farmer, "You may fertilize us, and till us, and cultivate us for ever so many years, but we will yield you nothing until you give us something. Give us just a few handfuls of last year's grain, just a little seed, even though it does seem so small to you, and we will amaze you with the multiplicity of our returns." It is the lessons that the principles of trade seem ever to be teaching the business man, saying in effect, "Give us something to begin with, yield us your talents, give us your capital, and even though it be ridiculously small, we will gratify you with unfolding wealth." And to the student, too, the college halls and classrooms seem to say, "Lend us your mind, loan us your little beginnings of knowledge, and we will shortly return them all back to you, increased and beautified a hundredfold, but for nothing we can give you nothing."

So does the Master teach us, as he taught the disciples, that in his kingdom there is no such thing as spontaneous generation, but that always, and everywhere, what is to be must come from what already is. As summer unfolds from winter, harvest from seedtime, youth from childhood, and age from youth, so must new truth evolve from what has gone before, new experience from that which is old. One reason why Christianity should call forth our keenest admiration is because of the fact that it represents the only religion of the world that has one unbroken continuity and unfolding glory, from the very beginning of time. It has suffered no innovation nor secessions. Christ is but a completion, an unfolding of all the prophets and patriarchs who went before, and we are the multiplied powers of Christ. The motley multitude of isms which have sprung up in recent days cannot be true, as they have no adequate foundation, no continuity; there may be a grain of Christian truth hidden away amidst their folds and traditional dust heaps, which, if brought to Christ, could be so multiplied and developed as to be of use, but in themselves they can never feed a multitude any more than could the scanty supply of old, nor can they satisfy the hunger of a single soul.

Small Things Multiplied

So it must ever be in our Christian lives. We cannot dig up treasures where we have buried nothing, for gold is earned, not found, and we must dig and delve in order to reach it. We cannot reap where we do not sow, nor receive where we have given nothing. How can we expect to become strong Christians if we do not exercise our strong gifts? How can we ever hope to have the multitudes of our soul's demands fed if we will not yield to the demands of Christ our little all? From nothing you will receive absolutely nothing, and this introduces a second and another marvelous law of the kingdom of God.

Very much may come from a very little. The teaching of this very truth seems to me to be one of the Saviour's missions to us. He opened up to us the gospel of the greatness of small things, and taught us that a little Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid by a penniless mother in the manger of a cattle stall is a worthy object for wise men as well as shepherds to worship, for kings and princes, the poor and lowly, and potentates of earth, yes, a worthy object for angels and archangels of highest heaven to adore with songs of purest praise. He taught us that a widow's mite when multiplied by the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion may become a greater gift in the Lord's treasury than all the gifts of the rich. He taught us that the greatest in the kingdom of God is he who, most like the little child whom Jesus suffered and bade come unto him, was filled with modesty, innocence and purity. And when in briefest terms he desired a parable to illustrate the amazing possibility of his Gospel, he said, "The kingdom of God is like unto a grain of mustard seed."

Christ and the Hungry Soul

The Gospel that he taught was that of possible greatness of small things, and such was the truth he revealed in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Nothing from nothing, but bewildering, satisfying abundance from something, even though that something be ridiculously small in our sight. When the disciples asked, "But what are they among so many?" Jesus said in effect, "They are not much, they are certainly poor, insufficient in themselves to supply this great demand, but they are the best, yes, they are all you have and that is all I ask; give me simply what you have," and when they sadly handed him the little of which they were ashamed, he honored it, and blessed it, and broke it, and g it back to them, and they to the hosts, and much, very much remained over, untouched that night.

In the same manner Jesus comes to us to-day, s sees the hunger of our souls calling for food; sees the famished multitudes of our city and t land of ours who do not express their sensations hunger and need any more than did the throngs old, but they are *hungry* and they are *fainting*, a we say, "Master, give us and them to eat, for c souls are hungry," and he replies, "Give ye them eat." He would have fed them long ago if only had done our part, which is to bring our best, ho ever mean, our all, however small, and say, "He Lord, we give it all to thee." Of course we ha not much, and yet no life is so benighted, no hea so poor but that it has precisely what God can u what God will bless. The little you possess powerless in your hands, but *all-powerful in his.*

Power Seen Only in Service

So, then, let us search our souls and see what can find, and when we learn how small it is, let not condemn it and say, "What is this among many?" but bring it to Christ and he will use Have you ever thought how much wiser it wou have been of the disciples if they had said, "Th little stock of food is small, but it is of the san nature as that which would satisfy the multitudes there was only enough of it?" So we ought not despair of the little experience or paltry truth v have, for, however small, they are of the same qua ity as are the highest and best. Our truth is th same as God's truth, only there is much less of i therefore we should treasure it because it is th same, and pray that God may bless and multiply i

Side by side with the revelation of the possib greatness of small things lies the fact that th small things must be used to produce their amazin results. The loaves and fishes were not multiplie while in *disuse*, but they increased with amazin rapidity while being broken and distributed by th disciples. Grain multiplies, not in the granary, bu in the field; capital increases, not in the hand bu in its investment; and so talent can expand an become all powerful only in its use and exercis And by the exercising of the Christian graces, th doing of the little but noble deeds, shall we grow i grace and become more like him who commanded u to take up our crosses—little daily crosses—an follow him to victory and the attainment of th soul's desire, eternal life.

Miles of Smiles

CHARLES L. BOYER, of Harrisburg, Pa., for merly of London, England, is devoting his lif to making people smile—not people who are healthy happy, or well-to-do, but poor people, invalids, chil dren, and overworked mothers. Although busy al day, he gives the greatest amount of pleasure wit his automobile, which was presented by the peopl of Harrisburg, and built expressly for the purpos of giving free rides to those who are less fortunate It accommodates a dozen adults or twenty children It has wide, comfortable seats, footstools for th children, folding steps at the rear so that the chil dren cannot hang on at the risk of life and limb, a big wind-shield, and soft backs for the sick. I started its career as a "joy-giver" a year ago, an has covered hundreds of miles about the city, leav ing behind it "miles of smiles," as Mr. Boyer him self likes to say. The automobile is only one of th many ways which he has of bringing joy and hop to those who have fared ill in life's journey. An other unique means of promoting happiness is th Home Invalids' Union, which he organized abou seven years ago and planned for invalids and shut ins, who live in homes where they have little to giv them pleasure or cheer.

Harrisburg, his native city, is not the only plac that has enjoyed Mr. Boyer's generosity. The slums of London looked upon him as a fairy god father during the years of his unselfish labor there

* Pastor, M. E. Church, Ashland, N. Y.

LOVE'S OFFERING

There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?—John 6: 9.

MY GOD, I bring to thee
My humble offering free—
Fishes and loaves;
Take Thou and break and bless,
The while I sad confess
Its scantiness.

I have no heaps of gold,
Or rarest treasures old,
To offer thee.
Only this bread and meat
I lay before thy feet.
May many eat!

O God, I pray they be
Acceptable to thee—
These humble gifts:
Change thou at one swift touch
The little into much,
Thy power is such!

Feed thou the fainting throng,
That they again be strong
For life's great toil.
O bless and multiply
My poor and scant supply
To satisfy.

—ALICE FERRIN HENSEY.

The One Who Has Failed

IT HURT, didn't it? Was it your fault? Before this you had rather looked with contempt on other men who had failed. You had a sneaking suspicion that their brains or their endeavors were not equal to yours. Now you have a suspicion that you were mistaken, and so you come to the first lesson of failure. Your sympathies are broadened.

When you first found yourself after your failure, you almost wondered if you were alive, but you find yourself very much alive. One door is shut, but you live in a house with a hundred doors. Dante's inscription is in only one place, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." Honor, wisdom and riches are in all the rest. Open another door. Think of some of the world's greatest failures and what they did. Columbus made himself a nuisance and finally failed, but then he plucked up new courage and went on to discover his world. Galileo could not convince the bigoted prejudices of his time, but to-day the world believes in his principles.

With reverence we come into the presence of the greatest figure of all history. Jesus Christ was put to death by his enemies and his disciples were scattered. He did not greatly impress his own generation, and it seemed as if his cause were lost, but Jesus Christ is the miracle of history. Every defeat he had proved to be the germ of a great victory. The same is true of his religion. Men arise who say that Christianity is dying out, and God Almighty sends his spirit abroad in the earth and the church revives and is stronger than ever. So it will ever be.

With a knowledge of this great power in the Christ, do you not see how you will finally prevail? It will be through the might of the divine power imparting to your life a new impulse. Then trust God and try again and succeed.

SAMUEL GARDINER AYRES.

Anvil Sparks

..HIGH ideals are often lived out in lowly places.

..THE tree which blooms all the time bears no fruit.

..THE house of contentment is not known by the turrets.

..YOU cannot retrace crooked steps; the path of reform is straight.

..PROGRESS is never blessed with the aid of the downward current.

..TO BE wise is to know the foolishness of much of your own wisdom.

..THE sun always makes rainbows through the cloud of grief if we look toward it.

..THE trouble is that good people are prone to work for God only as inclination moves them, while the forces of evil are active night and day.

He Hath Done What He Couldn't

By Eugene Thwing

HONORABLE and worthy of high praise is the woman who "hath done what she could." Let not a whit be abated from the credit which belongs to any man or woman who does faithfully the things within their ability and within the daily round of duty. Much is left undone which might be done so easily if every one of us would only do the obvious "next thing" ready at our hand; if we would perform all the tasks for which we are well equipped; if we would render the service which could be given so helpfully and without straining of time or strength.

Imagine the change that would take place in social conditions if every person who is able to do something to ameliorate distress in any degree were to do at once all he could to make life cleaner, brighter, more natural, more in keeping with the requirements of civilization and Christianity. Imagine the progress that would be made at once in the overthrow of the saloon if every citizen would do what he could to bring about such a result.

Of course, the doing of plain duty, the performing of necessary tasks well within our ability, the rendering of service which requires no sacrifice nor special effort—these things are no more than we *ought* to do, and they entitle us not so much to praise for the doing as to blame for leaving them undone. Yet in these days when so much of plain duty is neglected, when so many obvious tasks are slighted, when opportunities for bestowing blessing are so often passed by indifferently, faithfulness is acclaimed as a positive virtue, if not indeed a glory.

. . .

MORE is demanded of man to-day than the easy performance of the things within his power. The life now and the life to come challenge him to reach out beyond the realm of things now possible to him and achieve the impossible. No man has gained greatness, no man has touched real power, no man has earned the fulness of glory until he has broken down the barriers which have confined him, has cut away the cords which held him in leash, has conquered the restrictions of circumstances and of his own nature, has defied the sign-posts which have told him "thus far canst thou go, but no farther," and having triumphed over every hindrance, every limitation, every littleness or evil of self, he has done the thing the world knew he could not do, or which the tempter in his own soul insisted was impossible.

Many a man has mistaken the challenge. Many a man has failed in his effort. Many a man has attempted the wrong thing. It is not always right to essay "the impossible." But a far larger number have been frightened by the difficulties, or by the warnings and the scoffings of the world, and have not fought the fight that would have had victory at the end for the valiant warrior. Clearness of vision and a soul-gripping conviction of a right cause are necessary at the beginning and all through the fight. The apostle James, giving the quality of faith, expresses just the spirit needed, also, in such a fight to win a victory. Man must fight on in faith, "nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think he shall receive anything," or that he shall prevail against his obstacles.

. . .

STRUGGLE against limitations is the necessary process of growth and the accumulation of strength. The man who does only what he *can* do without strenuous effort remains small of stature. His world is small; his horizon is narrow and shuts him in. When he catches a vision, when he reaches out for greater things, when he grapples with a task that is bigger than his present strength, and by grim, resolute fight masters it, then he grows greater, he gains new strength, he broadens his life and gains a farther view. It is good to be faithful to the daily tasks within the measure of present ability. It is better to be faithful to the vision which God has flung across the sky of the soul, and to press onward to the mark for the prize of our high calling.

I heard a story of a hickory tree which tried to grow up through the small hole in the center of a great millstone. The little green sapling shot up straight and thrifty in its tiny field. Men saw it and smiled. At length the stem filled the hole in the millstone, and some said the life of the little tree was ended; the heavy millstone would strangle it, and it would wither and die. Others waited and watched, day by day, as the small struggling hickory fought for its larger life. It was such a little green thing and the millstone was so massive, so hard, so unyielding. One morning the passers by looked, and the little tree nodded and smiled in the sunlight, and the great millstone lay cracked and split asunder by the growing strength of the little tree.

"Ah, but," you say, "that was a hickory. The oak and the hickory are symbols of strength. There are men and women in the world whose strength of purpose and character are like the oak and the hickory. Let them fight and conquer. I am neither an oak nor a hickory. I am handicapped with natural weakness. The fight is too hard for me."

. . .

I READ another incident and saw a photograph proving its genuineness. A small bulb lay bedded in gravel beneath a tar-concrete base that had become solid after remaining in place for two years. The concrete was an inch thick by measure, and very hard and tough. One night the small bulb awoke in its gravel prison and pushed against the hard walls. The next day the concrete was found burst and torn open as though by an explosion. One piece was broken away entirely and lay over on its back, while fractures in the concrete ran back for eight inches from the ragged opening. There in the center, unscratched by its prison-breaking struggle, was a puffy, white plant which had grown from the bulb.

No life is so weak nor so handicapped that it cannot break through its prison walls and reach out for larger experiences and greater usefulness. No life is condemned to narrowness. The soul knows no barriers. Even though it must make its headquarters in a weak or crippled body for a time, it can find means to roam afar on its busy errands of life. When a great soul and a strong body are combined, who shall say where the possible ends and the impossible begins?

HIS PROMISE

"CERTAINLY I will be with thee."
Child of my love, why fear?
Whate'er the path before thee,
I am forever near.

"Certainly I will be with thee."
Rest thou, be undismayed,
Though all the hosts of darkness
Before thee are arrayed.

"Certainly I will be with thee."
Calm thou thy soul, be still;
My love enfolds, surrounds thee,
And none may pass my will.

"Certainly I will be with thee,"
When comes thy evil day.
My truth thy shield and buckler,
My arm thy strength and stay.

"Certainly I will be with thee,"
When life is fair and bright,
When joy and love surround thee,
And all thy way is light.

"Certainly I will be with thee."
Child of my love, why fear?
In life, in death, in eternity,
I am forever near.

Plainfield, N. J. ERENE E. ANGLEMAN.

What About Union Churches?

THE harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." That is my answer to the question as to the advisability of union churches. We need more of them, in the right place and of sufficient strength, because they are profitable to the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

One of the happiest days of my life as a preacher was when I preached in the Union Church of Proctor, Vt., and was able to say that that church had done more toward developing the spirit and practice of unity and co-operation among the churches in the Green Mountain State than anything else. That church stands as a continuous sermon, preaching the Gospel that it is the business of the church to adapt itself to and to serve community needs.

The pastorate of such a church gives the best possible opportunity of living the get-together Gospel of Christ's prayer for unity among all churches and Christians. Though the same gospel of unity is being preached by the Church Federation Movement, which is now rapidly gaining ground, I believe it is true that this latter movement owes much to the Union Church Movement, and that there is yet much which an increased number of strong union churches may do to promote true church and Christian unity.

Union churches may have many difficulties. Every missionary movement has its difficulties. The hardness of the battle which the union church has to wage cannot be measured by the high death-rate of union churches. Lambs are very often swallowed by mountain lions and bears. Whenever a denominational lion has made a delicious and kingly banquet of a defenseless union church lamb, it is entirely possible that the lamb serves not only as food but as medicine. It is hard to conceive that a lion could be quite as lion-hearted after a feast of a meek and innocent lamb.

Only strong union churches are worth while. The plenteous harvest of the unity movement springs from the union church idea only when union churches are strong and abiding. A union church should never be organized as the product or the by-product of a church quarrel. Such a church would usually stand for disunion, rather than for the spirit of community service by the church.

My second suggestion is that union churches, as far as possible, should get acquainted with each other. Fellowship in every helpful service is a true means of grace and of growth.

Last of all, let there be fellowship between the union churches and the local and State federations. There certainly should be love and co-operation between parents and their children. One of the greatest needs is a proper Christian relation between churches of different names, and as long as this need exists, the true union church is a messenger of peace and power.

REV. G. FREDERICK WELLS.

RELIEVING LOUISIANA'S NEED

A FLOODED FARMSTEAD

FERRIDAY, LA., FLOODED FROM FOUR TO SIX FEET DEEP

A PLANTER'S DESERTED HOME

A FLOODED STREET AT VIDALIA, LA.

LANDING REFUGEES FROM THE VICINITY OF JENA, LA.

WATERS RECEDING AT VIDALIA, LA.

HIS EXCELLENCY LUTHER E. HALL
Governor of Louisiana, Baton Rouge, La.:

Draw on us at sight for $2,000, additional contributions from Christian Herald readers for relief work among flood sufferers. We deeply sympathize with widespread suffering in your State and trust substantial aid may soon come.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

IT WAS with a great deal of pleasure that the management of this journal was able to send the above telegram to Louisiana's new governor a short time ago, as a substantial indication of the sympathy of our readers for their fellow citizens who are undergoing such great privations and suffering in that State.

This is the second remittance that we have been enabled to make to aid in the work of providing medical aid and otherwise assisting the refugees of the flood. The expenditure of the relief funds has called forth admiration throughout the entire country. The workers who have been on the ground report that the administration of the funds entrusted to the local committees has been everywhere worthy of the highest praise. These organizations have worked in conjunction with the army officers who were placed in charge of the general relief work of the government and they in their turn are enthusiastic in their commendation of the efficiency and sincerity with which the officers discharged their duties. The keenest regret that has entered into the administration side of the relief work is that the response to the appeals of various newspapers and relief committees has been much smaller than was anticipated. One of the Red Cross officials who has been working in conjunction with the local committees and the military officers said a few days ago, "Lacking the elements of surprise, sudden horror or tragic death, the greatest and most destructive flood which has ever occurred in the Mississippi Valley is commanding little attention from press or public. . . . Public interest subsided while the waters were yet rising. This small response is in some measure due to the fact that the public knew that the army was expending a large amount of money in relief. . . . The disaster has been progressive and cumulative. . . . Before the flood victims have time to produce any kind of a crop there will come an interval which all are anticipating with dread. In that interval, the substantial planter with good credit will go in debt for food for his family, his labor, and his animals, but what will the small farmer do whose assets are so reduced by his flood losses that his credit is gone?"

The serious problem which is outlined in the last sentences of this statement is the one which now faces the relief workers. The government has withdrawn its relief forces and the local committees have handed over their work to a central body which was appointed by Governor Hall. The refugee camps have now almost all passed out of existence, for with the exception of the most deeply flooded districts most of the lands which were under water have taken back their inhabitants, who now face the problems of getting back from the highlands what farm animals they may be able to identify. Even those sections to which the people have already returned bear out the prophecies which were made before the waters commenced to abate. The lowlands are in many instances great seas of mud; the stored-up supplies of grain and hay are now but useless débris, and farm implements which were left in good condition are massed with rust and practically valueless.

The farmers and planters of all this district are face to face with a great problem. With the spirit that animates a large part of the South they feel that they are responsible for the "hands," as they term the negroes who are regularly employed upon their lands, yet they have no work at which to set these dependents. It is not among the negroes entirely that the greatest suffering and hardship has taken place, and will take place as the waters continue to abate and leave the land once more ready for cultivation. Only a few days ago white families who had been able to see themselves through the worst part of the flood found it necessary to apply to the relief committees for aid.

Wherever it is possible, the flood victims are being returned home, and in connection with this work the problem of sanitation and the treatment of the sick are occupying the attention of the relief committees. In many instances large numbers have preferred to brave the critical conditions surrounding their own homes rather than remain in the crowded concentration camps. From those districts where the waters have gone down more rapidly relief measures are taking the form of attempts to find employment for the refugees. The type of relief work in these sections is gradually changing, so that now such requests as that from the district of Eunice are the most frequent. The request from that district to the relief headquarters was for cooking utensils, blankets, and bedding, to take the place of those which had been deserted in the rush from home before the advancing flood.

The relief committee of Plaucheville recently sent an appeal to New Orleans for aid for about 650 families in that section who were in immediate need of provisions and also of seed for some quickly maturing field and garden crops which would provide food for themselves and the rescued live stock. That the need of careful watch of conditions is not yet over has been proved by the continued and unexpected rising of the backwaters from the crevasses in some of the more distant sections of the State. From Jena there came not long since the report that 1,400 people were clamoring for food and were to a large extent shelterless. The president of the Louisiana State Board of Health immediately went to the district and returned the report that not only was food urgently needed, as there was not so much as a sack of meal in the district, but, as the sanitary conditions of the camps were very bad and epidemics likely to develop at any moment, medical officers with medicines should be sent in immediately. About 125 tents were furnished these people, but the majority of them were living in rude wooden huts, which they had constructed from such driftwood and other chance materials as came to hand. When the attention of the relief committees was called to the conditions about Jena it was found that the District Attorney, Thomas W. Perrin, had been tireless in his efforts to avert suffering among the refugees. The visiting medical officer commended his work in glowing terms and returned to New Orleans with the report that as no funds had been allotted for the work in that district, Mr. Perrin had been going down into his own pocket for the wherewithal to foot all the heavy bills, and, as he said himself, "trusting to the Lord to get it back."

A correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Baton Rouge states in a recently received letter, "The sufferings of the people now are considerable,

Continued on next page

QUELLING CUBA'S NEGRO REVOLT

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American Marines Marching to Protect Threatened Property

General Monteagudo
Commander-in-Chief of Cuba's Army

Types of the Rebels Who Are Disturbing Cuba

THE stamping out of the revolt among the negroes of Oriente Province, Cuba, has not proved the easy task that President Gomez had anticipated. On June 6 he announced that, because of his certainty that if the uprising were not controlled within a short time American intervention would take place and a long occupation of the island by American troops would be the result, he would himself take the field at the head of the nation's army and call upon the country to support him in wiping out the rebellion.

The last days of May were filled with apprehension on the part of Cubans lest American troops should be landed. On the 30th, an American sugar plantation and a steel mill in the vicinity of Daiquiri were burned by the insurgents. The gunboat *Paducah* immediately steamed for the scene of the trouble, which is about fifteen miles southeast of Santiago City. The following day interest in Havana centered around the question of whether the United States marines would be landed for the protection of property or not. This overshadowed all the reported occurrences from the theater of hostilities. Later despatches showed that at 10.30 that morning the marines were landed in accordance with permission which was granted by President Gomez.

It was understood by both Cubans and Americans that these troops were solely for the protection of property and it was largely due to the need for all of its forces in the field that the Cuban Government was finally forced to accept the assistance of the marines as guards for foreign property. The government is constantly strengthening its forces, and many offers to raise volunteer corps have been received. The greatest difficulty in this connection has been the securing of arms. Ten thousand rifles have been rushed from the United States to make up the deficiency.

There is now no doubt that the war is one of races, black against white. The lines of division have been more closely drawn in Havana than ever before and the enmity is being daily increased by the perpetration by the negroes in outlying districts of such atrocities as lead to lynchings and other exhibitions of mob law in this country. Encounters between the regulars and the rebels are reported to have taken place near Daiquiri and at other places in Santiago and Oriente Province, but without decisive results. The rebels continue to burn and destroy property and to exact contributions of arms, stores and money from the plantation owners. The officers of the United States marine batallion have been in conference with the representatives of foreign companies and firms whose properties are located near Guantanamo. The rebels have been daring in their depredations in this district, even making attempts to destroy the lighting plant and terrorize the inhabitants by attacks upon the outlying sections.

At the request of President Gomez, the Cuban Congress has passed a law empowering him to suspend the constitutional guarantees in the disturbed province of Oriente. The president had asked that the suspension of guarantees throughout the island be left in his power, but it was the opinion of the Congress that on account of the approaching elections such action was both inadvisable and unnecessary in the other provinces.

On June 4 the city of Santiago, about which the rebel movement was reported to be gaining in strength, gave permission for its citizens to arm themselves. Volunteers guarding the electric light plant of the city exchanged fire with a party of rebels who made an attempt to destroy the plant. The government forces engaged the rebels near Blanquisal, wounding several and capturing horses, arms and ammunition. The town of Jarahuica, near Guantanamo, was captured by the rebels, who sacked and burned it as they had only two days before destroyed the village of La Maya.

The following day plans for protecting large American and foreign interests from marauding insurrectos brought about the hurried landing of nearly 600 marines at Caimanero, whence they proceeded by train to Guantanamo City. The State Department at Washington has been disquieted by general despatches on the Cuban situation and immediately upon learning of the landing of these extra marines had orders issued by the Navy Department to Admiral Ousterhaus at Key West to send the fourth division of the Atlantic fleet to Cuban waters. This squadron, consisting of the battleships *Ohio*, *Missouri*, *Minnesota* and *Mississippi*, immediately steamed from Key West for the southern coast of Cuba.

President Gomez is stated to be at his wits' end to make the small army of the Cuban republic meet the demands made upon it. Not only must it search out and put down the rebels where they are congregated in large bodies, but at the same time furnish guards for the foreign property in the island. President Taft still hopes to avoid intervention and afford the Cuban Government every possible opportunity to preserve order and put down the rebellion. In spite of this, however, the indications are growing stronger daily that the sending of American forces to the island will become a necessity.

RELIEVING LOUISIANA'S NEED

but the sufferings when they get back on their farms and plantations again will be still greater in most cases. Those who have been and are still marooned in the brakes and forests are suffering beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe."

From these statements it is not difficult to realize that the need among the dependents and families of the farmers is still very pressing. The entire fund which has so far been subscribed for the relief of practically 100,000 people who are either temporarily handicapped by their losses or are reduced to absolute destitution is only about one-fifth of the

Continued from preceding page

amount which was raised within ten days to aid the survivors and members of the bereaved families of the *Titanic* disaster. Surely the United States of America will not lay itself open to the accusation that it responds not to the true need of suffering humanity, but to the thrill which attaches itself to spectacular and suddenly tragic disasters. Surely there is no need to picture the return of the refugee families to the homes from which they fled, leaving most of their belongings behind. The interior of these homes, as the waters go down, leaving them filled with mud, ruined with the water, their furnishings all spoiled, present a picture which few of us need to have brought before our eyes in all its harrowing details to realize that with nothing for a fresh start the situation may well appal even the bravest hearts.

All contributions for the aid of the victims of the great Louisiana disaster should be addressed to the Flood Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The following contributions have been received since the last acknowledgment:

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Passing of a Gentle Soul

RIPE to the harvest, at the close of a long life largely consecrated to the service of humanity, Margaret Sangster has passed to her reward. For nearly twenty years she was a valued contributor to the pages of this journal. In a sense, she was much more; for to a large proportion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family she was a counselor and intimate friend. Probably no writer of her time enjoyed a warmer welcome in American homes. She possessed in unusual measure the gift of a matured understanding in all that relates to the main problems of woman's life, and a rare sympathy that never failed to convey some message of love and helpfulness to others. Despite advancing years, with their silvering touch, she still kept young. Her heart was the heart of a girl, and by constantly mingling with the thoughts and interests of youth, she kept it so. Even after seventy, she could still sing:

> The children's children are ours to love,
> They are helping to keep us young;
> The songs we hear, as night grows near,
> From the heavenly flights are flung.

This was the brave measure to which she kept step even after the night of partial darkness had set in some years ago. But approaching blindness could not daunt that courageous soul, and she kept on singing and marching in spirit, though the darkness grew and she did her literary work, as blind Milton did, through a secretary. She had long since ceased to live for herself. Her waking hours were spent in taking thought for those whom she had never seen and might never hope to see. She helped the widow to bear her burden, the erring to find the way back to hope and light, the sick to look for joy even in small mercies, the well-to-do to be generous stewards of God's blessings. Doubting souls, lost in the maze of perplexity and unbelief, could find no safer human adviser and guide, for she herself knew and walked in the Way of the Master and she led many aright who otherwise might have missed it. Her life was a splendid illustration of Christian service of the practical sort. Sweet, gentle, refined, unassuming, with a strong heart and brain endowed with the power and blessing of comfort and help—such was Margaret Sangster, consoler, burden-bearer and winner of souls, a noble and gifted woman who put her great talent to the highest of uses.

The vacant chair in the editorial circle of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be a reminder to us of the gentle comrade who has passed beyond. Her weekly talks with the Family Circle, her kindly ministrations in the "Comfort Corner," her poems, which have so often graced these pages, her enthusiastic co-operation in many humane and helpful enterprises—all will be missed. But the memory of Margaret Sangster and the influence of her beautiful and uplifting life work will long be cherished by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, in whose behalf we lay upon her grave a wreath of affectionate remembrance.

General Miles and the Catholics

THE new patriotic organization, The Guardians of Liberty, which was lately established for the purpose of protecting the nation from the machinations of ecclesiastical invasion, has been placed in the limelight by an attack from the new Roman Catholic publicity organization. President E. J. Cooney wrote to General Miles, impugning the good faith of the Guardians of Liberty as an organization and virtually accusing it of resuscitating Know-Nothingism. General Miles's reply, which we publish on another page of this issue, is a complete refutation of the charge, and a masterly presentation of the patriotic principles of the organization. As the general explains, its purpose is "to promote the fundamental ideas of the founders of this republic." At its head are men whose names are honored in the nation and whose exalted position and splendid record place them wholly beyond the reach of any suspicion of self-seeking. Its membership rolls carry the names of generals and admirals, of hundreds of ministers of all denominations, of business men of national reputation, of leading legislators and of hundreds of thousands of loyal American private citizens in every walk of life. It holds that the true citizen should believe in the complete separation of church and state and should resist, with all the influence at his command, any attempt by the Catholic Church or any other church "to manipulate or control the sovereign citizenship of our people or to dispose of their civil rights and privileges for political office or power." This is a platform to which every good American who loves his country and who believes in protecting its free institutions against the management of ecclesiasticism will give hearty assent.

Remember the Flood Sufferers

NEWS from the flooded districts of the Mississippi is not encouraging. There are over 150,000 refugees to be cared for, and the means at disposal, even including all that has been done by the army, and also the contributions from various sources, are wholly inadequate for such a contingency. This week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has telegraphed an additional remittance of $2,000 to the Governor of Louisiana at Baton Rouge, making $3,000 sent thus far. We sincerely hope that our readers will be prompt and generous in their contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Flood Fund, in order that lives may be saved and suffering averted. That noble generosity which has done so much for the sufferers in China and other lands should not hesitate when the urgent call comes from our own brothers and sisters in sore need. Let your gift be prompt, and make it as large as possible, and the Father above will surely add his blessing. Every dollar will go undiminished to the Governor's Relief Committee at Baton Rouge, which is operating in the very center of the destitution, and which may soon have to fight epidemic as well as hunger, in behalf of the needy thousands.

What Can I Do for You?

AMONG the many words of cheery salutation, which are heard constantly as people meet, is the homely phrase: "What can I do for you?" Often the query is made without careful thought or deep feeling, but when one stops to study the words themselves it is found that they make a very fitting watchword for daily life.

It is not irreverent to suggest that the words, if they are spoken most thoughtfully and worshipfully, may even become a sort of prayer. The Salvation Army workers and other earnest and spontaneous toilers in the Lord's work have made our ears somewhat accustomed to the change from the formal old English "thou" and "thee" to the modern "you" in prayer and testimony. In fact, one of the most beautiful and soul-searching of the hymns of recent years contains throughout this form of address. We know that the Saviour's friends and disciples of old talked with him in the homely speech of the household, of the street, and of the fishing-boat. Just so he wants to be our comfortable, confidential friend to-day. And he would be glad to hear us saying to him often, through the day that might be otherwise too hurried, or too self-centered, or too tangled, "Lord, what can I do for You?"

It is easy for us to view life and its details from quite the wrong perspective. Even after we have been saved and have learned the great New Testament lesson of spiritual "liberty" it is easy for us to live with this half unconscious and altogether unuttered question in our hearts: "How far may I gratify myself without condemnation?" or not quite so boldly, "How far may I go without really displeasing Christ?" But that is far from the ideal attitude of heart. This other saying, like that with which we greet our everyday friends, is far better: "Lord, what can I do for You?"

We like to think how much we should have done for him if we had been among those who knew him in the flesh. We should have been glad to bring him water when he was thirsty, to have remained near him when others went away, to have kept awake when others whom he had asked to watch with him had fallen asleep. Most of all, we should have liked to try to cheer and rest him when he was tired in the evening time and sad because during the hard day he had been so misunderstood and so distrusted and disliked.

All these opportunities are for us now as they would have been for us then. He has said very distinctly that everything we do for others now in his name is done to him. That means that what we do for the sake of others comforts and cheers and gladdens him now as the same service would have gladdened and cheered and comforted him then.

"What can I do for you?" May that be forever the attitude of our reverent and happy hearts. We shall find that it may be applied to every big and little detail of daily living. Nevermore "What can I do for myself?" but always "What can I do for Christ? How much and how perfectly can I please him to-day? What can I do for others that will make him glad?"

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How We Grow

ANY one who glances over the figures of the new census, part of which has just been issued, will be satisfied that we have not stopped growing as a nation. While the complete statistics of the enumeration of 1910 have not yet been given to the country, the Bureau has furnished a report dealing with the population of 229 cities, each of which exceeds 25,000. All on the list show a substantial increase. Some of the most notable are given below:

	Census of 1900	*Census of 1910*
Birmingham, Ala.	38,415	132,685
Los Angeles, Calif.	102,479	319,198
Oakland, Calif.	66,960	150,174
San Francisco, Calif.	342,782	416,912
Denver, Colo.	133,859	213,381
Bridgeport, Conn.	70,996	102,064
New Haven, Conn.	108,027	133,605
Washington, D. C.	278,718	331,069
Jacksonville, Fla.	28,429	57,699
Atlanta, Ga.	89,872	154,839
Chicago, Ill.	1,698,575	2,185,283
Indianapolis, Ind.	169,164	233,650
Kansas City, Kan.	51,418	82,331
New Orleans, La.	287,104	339,075
Baltimore, Md.	508,957	558,485
Boston, Mass.	560,892	670,585
Detroit, Mich.	285,704	465,766
Minneapolis, Minn.	202,718	301,408
Kansas City, Mo.	163,752	248,381
St. Louis, Mo.	575,238	687,029
Newark, N. J.	246,070	347,469
New York (metropolitan dist.)	4,607,804	6,474,668
Cleveland, O.	381,768	560,663
Portland, Ore.	90,426	207,214
Philadelphia, Pa.	1,293,607	1,549,008
Pittsburg, Pa.	451,512	533,905
Providence, R. I.	175,597	224,326
Richmond, Va.	85,050	127,628
Seattle, Wash.	80,671	237,194
Milwaukee, Wis.	285,315	373,857

While these leading examples show remarkable growth, there are many others on the list that have added upwards of 40 per cent. during the decade. The population of New York City proper is 4,766,883 as against 3,437,202 ten years ago; but the entire metropolitan district gives the big city a population of nearly six and a half millions, a gain of 40.5 per cent. in ten years.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

New York Waiters Strike

THE waiters at the Hotel Belmont in New York became offended at the treatment of them by the head waiter, protested, and made demands that were refused and then struck. The Waiters' Union took up the question and ordered one strike after another, and it is estimated that there were from three thousand to five thousand who have thrown down the apron and order blank, and left their places of employment. Thus far everything has been conducted in the most orderly way. In the dining rooms of the most palatial hotels and restaurants, at the sound of a whistle the waiters stopped suddenly and walked out of the room in a body, sometimes tens and twenties of them, and sometimes hundreds answering the demand of the walking delegate. In some of the places strike-breakers who had been secreted in the house were hurried to take the vacant places, and the meal went on. In many instances the guests were dismissed and the rooms closed. The waiters in large groups marched from one hotel to another and amid shouts received into their ranks the new recruits of strikers. Cooks and others related to their department also joined in sympathy. It is stated by the hotel men that several thousand colored waiters have been brought from the winter resorts of the South, and that with them and others secured they have been able to break the strike. It is thought that the waiters have not much laid away for a rainy day, and that their families are likely to suffer if the difficulty should last long. And it is certain that the hotel and restaurant service of New York City is seriously crippled, and that thousands of dollars have been lost in the trouble by the restaurant proprietors. For a time each side seemed to be stolid and hopeful of the victory, but dissensions in the ranks of the Union presage poorly for its success. It is to be hoped that there may be an agreement mutually beneficial and honorable. With feelings that there has been unjust treatment on both sides it is hard to take the tender, forgiving course, and yet in the long run it would be as good policy as beautiful principle to regard this suggestion of the apostle:

Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. (Col. 3: 13.)

A Group of the Leaders of the Discontented Waiters from New York's Big Hotels

A Woman's Heroism

ROSE PITONOF, a seventeen-year-old Boston girl, broke the world's record for women swimming recently by making a mile in the Detroit River in 23 minutes and 45 seconds. Charles Woodward of Detroit undertook to be her pacemaker, and just before the finish he was seized with a cramp. He sank and coming to the surface he called for help. The girl hastened to him, and at the risk of her own life held him up till the patrol boat that followed them took them aboard. Miss Pitonof says she will undertake to swim across the English Channel this summer. The skill, endurance, courage in the cold water, and breaking of the world record for women were to her credit, but the greatest and most beautiful thing she did was to save the drowning man even at the risk of her own life. To win in contests, to gratify laudable ambitions is proper, but to serve others, to succor them in trouble and save them in peril, is more noble. When sinking in the waters of temptation and sin there is One able and willing to save, the one Peter addressed when he said:

Lord, save me. (Matt. 14: 30.)

Killed Lions with Dogs

MAN-EATING lions became so numerous in a certain district of East Africa that the British Government engaged the celebrated hunter Paul Rainey to destroy them. On his return from the trip Rainey said: "I've killed seventy-four lions in eleven months, sixteen in one day. I have found that the only way to get lions is with dogs. The government sent me to kill some lions which they had unsuccessfully tried to poison in an ostrich farm reserve. My dogs enabled me to kill them all. My dogs are American bear hounds bred in Mississippi. There's a good deal of the bloodhound in them. They are of a breed which the old planters had before the Civil War. Often mine have got a leopard down and killed it. I have two packs of fifteen each for tracking and fighting. My method has been to take the dogs out in wet weather and strike and follow the trail with the tracking pack. When the lion was found my boys turned the fighting pack loose." To kill game simply for the love of it is barbarous and wicked. To kill animals dangerous to human life or as food for its support is man's privilege and duty. Early in history men gave themselves to the hunter's life.

And Esau was a cunning hunter. (Gen. 25: 27.)

Card Game Decides Marriage

A SIGNIFICANT game of cards is reported from Chicago. Four young women played a game of cards with four bachelors with the understanding that if the women won they were to select each one a bachelor as her husband as the prize. After the final cards had been played each of the four men said he was well pleased with his lot and would carry out the arrangement. If this story be true it is likely the four couples had the affection for their respective mates that made a marriage proposal proper. Otherwise it was the most shocking piece of mockery imaginable. In these times of rush and glare and show, many enter into a marriage contract with as little wisdom or affection as those that might draw their mates for life out of a lottery, or as the result of a game of cards. Christ announced love as the basis of true marriage.

For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh. (Matt. 19: 5.)

Seven Thousand Song-Birds

THE freighter *Etonia*, from Antwerp, brought to New York the other day among other things a number of animals for the American market, including eighty-eight Bombay monkeys and eight white peacocks. There were also on board seven thousand song-birds. Melody and not discord is the law of nature, joy and not pain. The birds sing because their hearts are full of joy. They are happier in the woods and fields where they belong, but their overflowing hearts sing for joy even in the cages, and cheer comes to the children and to older people in the home on account of them. The music of the birds is the echo of Absolute Melody. Man's heart, freed from sin, and grateful for the consciousness of Infinite Love, wells up into music and song in the language of the Psalmist:

Sing aloud unto God our strength. (Ps. 81: 1.)

Christianity and Chinese Republic

ONE of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in an ecclesiastical gathering was that in the late Methodist General Conference over the resolution presented by the Chinese delegates asking the conference to petition the United States to recognize the Republic of China. The resolutions began with this statement: "A century's preaching of a pure Gospel, with its allied forms of missionary work, has undermined idolatry and superstition, transformed the lives of hundreds of thousands of Chinese, and helped prepare the way for the Chinese Republic." In support of the resolution, Di Gi Uong, through an interpreter, said: "We of China are heartily thankful at this time to God for bestowing his blessing upon the labors of the missionaries whom this church has sent to China. And we wish to express our thanks this morning, and to give expression in the most emphatic way to the feeling of our hearts, feelings of gratitude for what God has wrought in China. A monarchy that stood five thousand years has been overthrown and a republic established almost without the shedding of blood. We cast about and determined which country in the world, which nation, should be our pattern and model in establishing a new form of government in China. You all know without my telling you that our preferences have for many years been for America." The speaker had not finished, but the conference could not stand the strain of enthusiasm any longer, and arose as one man and burst into singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and the speaker continued with increasing eloquence. He was followed by Diong Sui Li, another delegate, who through an interpreter said: "You have all heard what our Brother Uong has said in regard to the old, old absolute monarchy of China, which has now given place—this oldest, oldest monarchy in the world—to the newest republic; and we want to say to you that the reason of this is because of the work of the missionaries in China. They have taken the New Testament, which has been the leaven put in the great mass and among the great people of China and it has worked out and it has risen, and the result of it is this great republican movement. American history has shown the people of China how to make this vision a reality, and how to work it out in the human destiny of this great race. This has taken us, the oldest people, and has worked out into our lives and in our hearts. We have taken as the pattern for our new flag something on the lines of your great flag. We believe that you in America will love us in the new republic of China, as older brothers love their little brothers. We believe that you in this great country will love us even as a mother republic loves its smallest infant republic. It seems to us that you will join in our petition to this great country to recognize our new republic." Again the conference arose and sang "The Star-spangled Banner," and after a speech by Bishop Stuntz the eight hundred delegates and visitors with indescribable enthusiasm sang,

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, our God is marching on.

A thousand years of history have been made in the modern missionary movement that has resulted in the creation of the Chinese Republic. These Chinese delegates had the wisdom and courage to attribute the liberty in China and the world to Christ, and to his missionaries of the cross. Of the nation as of the individual it can be said:

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. (John 8: 36.)

"A VOICE THAT IS STILL"

IT WOULD be hard to name an American woman of recent years more widely known and more greatly loved than Margaret E. Sangster. When the news of her death stole over the wires and appeared in the public press countless homes throughout this and other countries felt that they had lost a confidante and friend.

In the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the shock of the news was particularly severe, because no intimation had been received that the illness from which she had been suffering was alarming. Upon this page, from which she has so often spoken words of counsel and cheer to our readers, her articles for this week's issue were already in type, but they are held for another time, while in their place must go out the sad announcement of her death, linked with a few words of reminiscence and of appreciation of her singularly beautiful life.

Mrs. Sangster had been a staff contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for nearly twenty years. No one of the paper's efforts for relief of the suffering and the uplift, enlightenment and inspiration of the people failed to receive her ardent and sympathetic co-operation. She was intensely interested in all the things which are tending to make people happier and purer and to make this world more like heaven. Mrs. Sangster was ill for only a week prior to her death. She had recently moved from Glen Ridge, N. J., which had long been her home, to Maplewood, N. J. After appearing to grow somewhat better from the indisposition which had overtaken her, she suffered a slight paralytic stroke on the morning of June 4 and at 11 o'clock of the same evening took the brief and beautiful journey for which her whole life had been a happy preparation.

Margaret Elizabeth Munson was born at New Rochelle, N. Y., on February 22, 1838. Her early days of study in private schools in and about New York are delightfully described in her autobiography, *From My Youth Up*. The pages of this book breathe the delightful atmosphere of a happy, cultured and pious home in the good old days when people took time to live gently. Her literary work was begun almost in childhood. Her first published work was the life story of a little girl who had been a frequent visitor to the young writer's home, and whose early death had deeply impressed her.

Six or eight months after the manuscript had been submitted to the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, the expressman brought a parcel for the delighted young authoress, containing twelve copies of the book bound, entitled *Little Janey*, and on the same day the postman brought a letter enclosing the first payment in the shape of a check for $40. One of her earliest productions was a little volume of French verses and essays which she had translated into English and printed for circulation as holiday gifts among her friends.

In 1858 Miss Munson was married to Mr. George Sangster. The marriage was in all respects a happy one. Mrs. Sangster relates in her book the impression this earnest man had made upon her by an address which he delivered to a congregation of tired delegates at the late close of a Sunday school convention. Her husband became an officer in the Federal Army during the Civil War. During the progress of the war Mrs. Sangster spent much of her time in the South, where she was active in works of comfort and relief for the soldiers. At the close of the war she and her husband settled at Norfolk, Va., where they resided until Mr. Sangster's death in 1868. Soon after this, in 1871, she entered upon her long career as an editor. Her first connection was with *Hearth and Home*, of which she was associate editor from 1871 to 1873; from 1873 to 1879 she was associate editor of the *Christian at Work;* in 1879 she became associate editor of the *Christian Intelligencer;* from 1882 to 1889 she conducted a correspondence department for *Harper's Young People*, of which she was called the "postmistress." She became the editor of *Harper's Bazar* in 1889 and conducted that magazine until 1899. She became a staff contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1894 and wrote also in an editorial capacity for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Woman's Home Companion*. Among her books are *Poems of the Household, On the Road Home, Easter Bells, Winsome Womanhood, Little Knights and Ladies, Janet Ward, Eleanor Lee, Lyrics of Love, When Angels Come to Men, Little Kingdom of Home, The Story Bible, Fairest Girlhood, The Queenly Mother, Women of the Bible, The Joyful Life, From My Youth Up.*

Mrs. Sangster's style was above all graceful. Her work was like herself, exquisite. Among the many poems from her pen which have delighted young and old, probably none is more loved than the beautiful and compelling lines which she entitled

OUR OWN

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
I said, when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

THE LATE MARGARET E. SANGSTER

For though in the quiet evening
You should give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lip with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with the look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

A suggestive paragraph from her autobiography reveals the rare fashion in which she combined practicality with the highest idealism.

"It amuses some of my younger kinsfolk to hear that I was at one time noted much more for the feathery lightness of my omelets and the golden brown of my breakfast muffins than for bits of advice in the shape of letters or bits of song in the shape of poems. Little did it daunt me if things went wrong in the kitchen or the markets failed to send what I wanted for the evening company. I was a resourceful housekeeper, able to turn my hand at will to any task."

It may relieve some troubled young souls to know that the foregoing statement is followed by the confession that even this model housekeeper "did not like sewing."

Nowhere were her amazing versatility and adaptability shown more strikingly than in the spirit in which she kept pace with all that was best in modern life and modern ideals while clinging sweetly to the charm and to the truths of an earlier day. Young women of the present generation wrote to her by the thousands and found her words of counsel as practical and cheering as the girls of thirty years ago. While her whole life had been queenly there was something almost more than regal in her last years. Her eyesight became so seriously affected that she could not see to read or write, and had to be guided about. But there was no diminution of her work, no failing of her cheer. Her secretaries read to her and wrote at her dictation, and she went among her friends as before, many casual acquaintances not knowing at all that the sweet, bright eyes into which they looked could see them only as shadows.

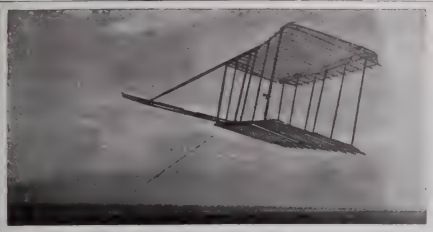
There has occurred again the startling incident of a writer penning words which seem to have been prophetic. Among the articles which were to have appeared on this page of hers this week is the little reassurance for travelers who have been frightened by the late sea horror. The words of gentle courage come to us now like a voice from the other world. The voice that so many knew and loved is stilled; but from the safe and happy harbor she speaks to our souls. It was thus that she took her journey home: *"The point is that we ought not to be thrown from our poise when on a journey. The timid passenger by train and the nervous voyager by sea equally lose delight and refreshment that belong to change of scene. When we travel we should commit ourselves with confidence to the guardians of the road. . . . Above and beyond this we must remember to our comfort that there is One whose love for us surpasses that of the dearest friend, One whose vigilance is unsleeping and whose resources are inexhaustible. Shall we not trust our Heavenly Father whether we go abroad or stay at home?"*

. . .

Vacation Journeyings

THE recent terrible tragedy at sea has induced a great many persons to modify their plans for summer travel. There are some among our readers who had anticipated a voyage across the ocean during the present summer, and have decided that they will stay at home rather than incur the peril that besets those who commit themselves to an Atlantic liner. Accidents and casualties may at any time occur to those who take the morning train or step on board the evening ferryboat. Our city thoroughfares are safe at many points only when a policeman, armed with authority, keeps back the surging tide of motor-cars and other conveyances. To close the home door and step into the street may be to encounter an unsuspected danger, and one is not invariably immune from peril in one's own house. Ceilings have been known suddenly to fall, and a misstep may mean loss of life or the breaking of a limb. The point is that we ought not to be thrown from our poise when on a journey. The timid passenger by train and the nervous voyager by sea equally lose delight and refreshment that belong to change of scene. When we travel we should commit ourselves with confidence to the guardians of the road. Each in his place is supposed to be trustworthy. Above and beyond this we must remember to our comfort that there is One whose love for us surpasses that of the dearest earthly friend, One whose vigilance is unsleeping and whose resources are inexhaustible. Shall we not trust our Heavenly Father whether we go abroad or stay at home?

THE CAREER OF WILBUR WRIGHT



Wilbur Wright's First Glider

The Late Wilbur Wright

The Final Triumph; the Perfected Aeroplane

THE perfect air-craft is probably much farther in the future than it would have been if Wilbur Wright had not been cut off twenty-five years before he had reached the alotted three score years and ten. Whether any other man will ever discover what he would have discovered had he lived is a riddle deeper than the very riddle on which he was at work when death stole him away.

The estimate has been frequently made since his death that he was "the father of aviation." But his own work and that of his brother have been so inseparable, and the work has been done so silently and modestly, that it is impossible at present to give credit to one more than another. Their two brains and four hands worked together at the alluring task of making, then of perfecting, a machine in which men might fly.

Wilbur Wright was born at Millville, Ind., in 1867. His father was the Rev. Milton Wright, later bishop of the United Brethren. His brother Orville was born in 1871, at Dayton, Ohio, which later became the permanent home of the family, the scene of the early efforts and discouragements of the now famous brothers, and finally the proud witness of the honors which were heaped upon them. The first business venture of the boys was in a newspaper enterprise at Richmond, Ind., where they published the *West Side News*. Then they went into the bicycle business, first as repair work, then as manufacturers of their own machines.

In boyhood their father had given them a toy helicopter, or flying top, which awakened their interest, as it did that of other inventive minds, in the problem of flight by machinery. At length, with the money made in their bicycle business, they began to make experiments.

Referring to the Wright brothers' debt to those who had worked before them at the problems of flight, Mr. Pliny W. Williamson, a director of the Wright Company, who was selected by his colleagues to represent them at the funeral of the dead aviator at Dayton, said, as he was leaving New York:

> It is easy to overestimate the work of those who preceded the Wrights. They labored, yes, but no machine ever contrived before the Wrights contrived theirs would fly if every Wright invention were added to it as a basic structure. The chief efforts had been spent in working out a table of air pressures on surfaces at various angles. All the Wrights learned from their predecessors as to this was that their predecessors were hopelessly wrong. They started in from the ground up and worked out their own mathematical tables. Chanute, whose tables they started with, has made this very clear.

The youthful kite-fliers came in for a good deal of derision in their home town, and were also hampered by the shifting winds of the locality. Consulting the weather bureau at Washington, they selected the sand hills near Kitty Hawk, N. C., as the scene of their operations. From this time on they refused absolutely to talk about their work. They labored in the face of doubt and derision; but they kept their heads and their patience. Their first flying machine was built in 1902. On December 17, 1903, they had a machine ready for business. Their first flights were merely "jumps." The starts were made by a weight dropped by a contrivance something like a catapult. Orville made the first ascent. Wilbur made the second and remained in the air for twelve seconds. On the fourth trial he stayed up fifty-nine seconds and covered a distance of eight hundred and sixty-two feet. The brothers returned to Dayton to make some improvements in their machine. From August to December they made one hundred and five flights, the best record being five minutes in the air. On September 26, 1905, Wilbur remained aloft for thirty-eight minutes and three seconds, flying a little more than eleven miles.

During 1906 and 1907 no flights were made. The brothers were giving their attention to seeking financial backing and to building new machines for demonstration purposes. On May 11, 1908, at Kitty Hawk, the first flight to be observed and reported by newspaper men was made. On this day Wilbur flew nearly two miles (1.855 miles) in two minutes and twenty-eight seconds. In August he made a number of flights in France. On September 21, starting from Le Mans, he covered forty-one miles in one hour, thirty-one minutes, twenty-one and four-fifths seconds. It was on September 17 that Orville Wright met with the accident near Washington which cost the life of Lieutenant Selfridge. Wilbur, learning that Orville would recover from the injuries he received on that occasion, remained in France, and on the last day of the year won the Michelin cup offered for the farthest long-distance flight of 1908. His record that day was 127 kilometers (about 77 miles) in two hours and twenty-eight minutes.

Wealth and honors came thick and fast during the last years. But the man who had dared violent death times without number died finally from disease upon his bed. And his unfinished work is left to his brother and the other laborers in the new world of the air.

Members of the Aero Club Waiting to Act as Pall-bearers

VISITS TO FAMOUS VOLCANOES

Continued from page 623

sea, eleven miles distant in a straight line, is thirty-nine miles by road, as a complete circuit of the great cone is necessary. First descending, we crossed the city, then circled to the right, slowly climbing until about five, at an altitude of 13,000 feet, we came to a tambo or inn on the Plateau of the Bones, across which, between El Misti and Pichu-Pichu, runs the old Inca road to Cuzco. Now we turned directly towards the mountain, riding on through the gathering gloom and almost total darkness till we came two hours later to the M. B. hut, so-called because its altitude, about 15,700 feet, is approximately that of the summit of Mont Blanc. It was pretty cold in the hut, but for this we were prepared with sleeping-bags, which were spread upon the floor.

The first hour in the fading starlight and the dawning of the following morning far above the rest of the world on this dark mountain slope was a delight. Animals are as much affected by the altitude as human beings, and progress was slow. With frequent halts for the panting mules, it required four hours to reach the summit, where a vast prospect of very unusual character lay before us. In all directions lay a desert, for the coast of Peru is a practically rainless country, where, except in the irrigated valleys, there is hardly a vestige of green. On the one hand stood snow-covered Chachani, a trifle higher; on the other bare-faced Pichu-Pichu, a trifle lower, both imposing neighbors. Most interesting of all is the spectacle at our feet—the crater, half a mile in diameter, with walls perpendicular at the top, below sloping to the crater floor eight hundred feet beneath. A cross wall somewhat lower than the irregular sides divided the gulf into two parts, an old and a new crater.

Along the narrow rim we walked warily, guarding against the precipice on our left and the steep slope of hard snow on our right. At a spot where it seemed feasible, with one or two jumps we climbed down to a snow incline where we still proceeded with care, for should we slide, and rapidly, we might bring up too suddenly at the bottom. Beyond on a gravelly slope we ventured to sit down and slide. The slide was fun, a term hardly applicable to most of the journey. Somewhat breathless after our exciting and strenuous descent, a halt prepared us for our slow upward climb. Inside and out the surface was the same, black gravel or ashes, wearisome to ascend at any altitude, triply so near 19,000 feet. It was slow work, plodding up the slope at each step, slipping halfway back, but it was worth while. From the top of the cross wall the entire enclosure with the two craters made a fine picture.

Following the cross wall to the side of the crater, staff in hand, we went rapidly down, with steps often ten or twelve feet long, the ashes thus sliding beneath one's feet. It was a merry and swift descent of less than an hour to the hut, in spite of a few halts for breath, but the ride back to the observatory seemed to be never-ending.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

G. W., Columbia City, Ind. Throughout the Bible, the idea is conveyed that the heart is the seat or source of love. Is this used figuratively, or is the psychologist wrong when he calls love, with all other emotions, a mental faculty and as such having its seat or source in the brain?

The heart being the center of the life system, from the earliest times it has been customary to refer to it as the seat of the emotions and desires, and in a great measure it is; for it is through the agency of the heart that the functions of life are carried on which give rise to all the feelings. But it is in the brain, which of course is dependent on the heart, that thoughts are conceived which result in emotion and in turn give birth to action; hence, psychologically speaking, the brain is the source from which spring the feelings or emotions, though figuratively the heart is regarded as the cause which calls them forth.

Mrs. C. C., Cynthiana, Ky. They are two different persons. Elijah, or Elias, was a Gileadite and, according to Jewish tradition, was the son of Eleazar, a priest. He was one of the three who appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration. There were many Jews who believed John the Baptist to be Elijah, and even Jesus declared that Elijah had come *in spirit* in the person of John. The Baptist, too, was of the priestly race by both parents, and in force of character and fearlessness in rebuking sin, he was another Elijah. From all that we know, however, we find no warrant for going beyond the very clear statement of John himself. (See John 1: 21, in which he emphatically denied that he was Elijah returned to earth.)

R. D. G., Shelby, Ky. How many non-church-members are there in the United States?

It is claimed that over 57,000,000 persons are non-church-members.

Mrs. V. T., Waverly, Ill. Why is it that the Catholics have been allowed to abolish Bible reading in the public schools?

You have asked a question that is being asked by many at the present time. Bible reading in the schools of Illinois was decided by a majority of the Supreme Court of the State to be an infringement of constitutional right in the sense that non-Christian children were compelled to participate in sectarian religious exercises. There was a minority report which set forth the other view of the question.

C. R. B., Blue Mounds, Wis. Can I become a preacher with only a graded high school education and with no money or any one to help me?

Your ambition to become a preacher is praiseworthy, especially under the conditions you state. If you are indeed called to the ministry a way will open for you. One can serve God in the lowliest position as acceptably as in the highest. Write to the Moody Institute, Chicago, for helpful advice suited to your case.

Constant Reader, Ottawa, Kan. Please explain Matt. 15: 22 and Luke 8: 2. What were the evil spirits? Are people possessed with such to-day?

Although many rationalistic teachers have held that the Biblical cases of demon-possession were nothing more than forms of epilepsy, lunacy and other kinds of permanent or temporary mental derangement known at the present day, nothing has been actually proven which discredits the Scripture accounts and statements. The whole realm of mental disorder is baffling to the scientist. The Bible recognizes a form of lunacy different from demon-possession. See Matt. 4: 24. There is nothing unreasonable or unscientific in a belief in devils. We know that evil persons while alive in the flesh do harm to others; we cannot be sure that when they leave the body the power to work harm is taken away. Just so it is perfectly reasonable to accept the Scripture teaching of the existence of another order of personalities, called devils, under the leadership of an arch-fiend. Many facts of present, personal experience would also tend to support this view; human beings often have the definite experience of feeling themselves urged to do wrong by an influence outside their own minds or bodies. And it is not unreasonable to believe that some present-day cases of insanity are really cases in which a demon has been allowed by the patient's will to influence him more and more until he has taken complete possession. It is just as rational to believe in devils as to believe in angels. Angels are a race of personal holy beings; demons a race of personal vicious beings, both existing in a form other than human and corporeal. While the works of S. D. Gordon must be read with discrimination because they include some theories and advices which seem incorrect, or at least not yet established, his books, *Quiet Talks on Prayer* and *Quiet Talks About the Tempter*, contain valuable and suggestive material about the work of demons and the Christian method of thwarting them.

I. H. E., Elizabethtown, Pa. What countries, besides the United States, allow of swearing by affirmation instead of the Bible oath?

In all civilized countries a person is allowed to affirm according to his religious belief. The general form is to upraise the right hand, but any other form can be used that will suffice to convey the conviction that the witness is telling the truth. Under the early English law unbelievers could not be witnesses, as an oath was not considered binding upon their consciences, but now they are allowed to testify in the manner prescribed by their convictions.

Julia S. White, librarian of the Guilford College, N. C., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pointing out the fact that Dolly Madison, whose 140th anniversary was celebrated recently in Washington, was born not in Virginia, but in North Carolina. Miss White says: "In our Quaker Record book for this section (near Greensboro), known as New Garden Monthly Meeting, is this entry: After giving that of John and Mary Payn, their sons Walter (1762) and William (1766), follows: 'Dolly, their daughter, was born ye 20 of ye 5 mo. 1768.' The minutes of the same meeting for 1765, 11 mo. state: 'John Payn produced a certificate for himself and wife from the Monthly Meeting of Cedar Creek in Virginia, dated 10 mo. 12, 1765, which was read and accepted.' Again in 1769 we find that the family moved back to Virginia—but the family was living in North Carolina at the time of Dolly's birth and she was a 'birthright' member of the Friends—in North Carolina." We are glad for the information of our readers to set the correct facts before them.

W. M. C., Wilmington, N. C. (and others). There were three walls about Jerusalem. The first was built by David and Solomon; the second, enclosing one of the northern sections of the city, was built by Uzziah, Jotham and Manasseh, and restored by Nehemiah; the third was built by Herod Agrippa, and was intended to enclose the hitherto unprotected suburbs which had grown out from the northern part of the city. According to Josephus, who is not always thoroughly reliable, the circumference of the city, evidently including all the sections enclosed by the three walls he describes, was thirty-three stadia, a little less than four English miles.

C. B. C., Waupaca, Wis. Please explain Matt. 25: 46.

In the latter part of this chapter, Jesus was describing the Last Judgment. There is nothing in the language used which can justify any other interpretation than that the condition imposed by the sentence of the sinner will be forever fixed. Many attempts have been made to show that "everlasting" meant "age-lasting," or for a long and indefinite period, as we speak of the "everlasting hills"; but no such interpretation can apply here. The decisions of the Judgment Day will be final, irreversible, unending. This is the light which Scripture throws upon the subject and which the Son of God himself has clearly emphasized.

E. E. V. N., and others, Vermont. Please give your opinion of Mark 10: 2-12. Do you think it is ever right for a divorced person to marry again? Suppose the husband should be converted after he had obtained a divorce; if he lived a Christian life would it be wrong for a Christian woman to marry him?

The passage in Mark should be read in connection with the corresponding verses in Matthew, *i. e.*, Matt. 5: 31, 32 and 19: 3-9. In both the passages in Matthew the Master makes an exception to the rule against divorce. This has been held by the Protestant churches to mean that the innocent party to a divorce brought on account of the cause referred to by the Saviour is at liberty to marry again.

Subscriber, Granville, Fla. There are many good and proper things for the doing of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find Scriptural warrant. As the world advances, God sheds light on his Gospel message, and gives to inquiring souls a fuller and clearer vision of their duty. A very large part of the world no longer believes in war; yet the ancient Psalmist prayed to God as to a mighty man of battle, who "teaches my hands to war and my fingers to fight." In punishments for statutory crimes, society no longer regards the offender as one merely to be punished, but as a being to be reformed, if possible. The sternness of the death penalty has been greatly relaxed and there are States and nations which have abolished it, believing that the State does wrong to take away a life which it cannot restore, and to send a soul into eternity all unprepared and unforgiven. In some future time, society everywhere may come to recognize the principle that capital punishment is an ineffective means of disposing of criminals.

R. M., Manomet, Mass. If A has obtained money from B by borrowing or through falsehood and fraud (with no intention of paying back), and later A meets with a change of heart, and restitution is possible, is it required of A to make it right with B before he can be forgiven of his sins and be right with God?

It is very clearly set forth in the Scripture that restitution should follow repentance. The change of heart may come before or after the act of restitution takes place, but in either event the convert will feel bound to make restitution at the earliest possible moment and in the fullest manner. It is expected of us that we shall make it right with our brother and we have no right to ask God to bestow on us the fulness of his gracious pardon until we do this. See Neh. 5: 10, 11; Luke 19: 8; Rom. 13: 8. In his Gospel work Evangelist Moody emphasized restitution wherever practicable as a necessary adjunct to complete salvation.

Miscellaneous

J. E., Ownesdale, Pa. Nowhere in the Bible are we told the name of Jesse's wife, the mother of David.

Subscriber, Vancouver, B. C. If you will send us your name and address, we will reply to your question.

Mrs. W. L. R., Fineswood, Va. We do not think that many pastors favor the dance, or would care to give it the sanction of their attendance.

W. A. R., Rochford, S. D. Under the present conditions of society and from the moral point of view, the innocent party has the right to marry again.

B. F. L., Eufaula, Wash. The human mind cannot grasp eternity nor infinity. The questions you ask are insoluble, as far as human explanation is concerned.

Mrs. A. W. P., Gloversville, N. Y. We have heard of such schools as you mention. Write to the editor, *British Weekly*, London, England, for information concerning them.

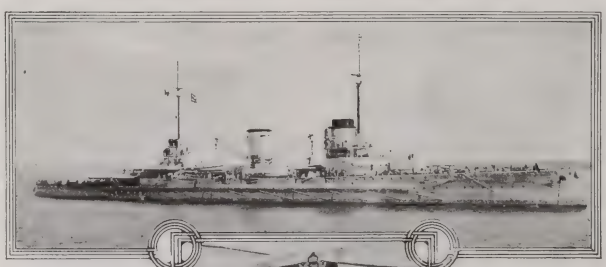
H. K. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. Cooper's tales have always been accorded a high place in American literature. We do not believe that your friend's view is shared by many.

M. A. S., Louisville, Ill. Modern sanitary science tells us that it is better to have individual drinking cups. A common drinking cup is a source of danger through infection. The conditions you describe in your town would be pronounced highly unsanitary.

T. G. E., Perth, Kan. There is not the slightest truth in the last part of the rumor you mention, and no reason for believing that there is any foundation for the first part. Wesley believed in, taught, and administered the rite of infant baptism, in conformity with the doctrines and usage of the Church of England, of which he remained a fully accredited clergyman until his death.

Mrs. N. H. B., Orangeburg, S. C. The passage to which you refer is Eccles. 11: 1. There is no reason for believing that the words had been used before they were written in this book. The exhortation is to do kind things even when there is no more likelihood of the kindness being returned than there is that wafers of food thrown on the surface of a stream should turn about and float upstream again. The bread, of course, never will return; but the kind deeds will be rewarded, often in totally unexpected and sometimes in apparently impossible ways.

The German Battle-Cruiser "Moltke" Visiting New York



Photos Copyrighted by International News Co.

Admiral Von Rebeur-Paschwitz

THE American battleship squadron of the Atlantic, consisting of seven of our most powerful dreadnoughts, assembled in Hampton Roads the other day to give a cordial welcome to a division of the German fleet which is paying this country a long-promised visit. President Taft came from Washington on the government yacht *Mayflower* to greet the Kaiser's ships in the name of the nation and offer them the hospitality of the country.

It was a gay and memorable occasion. As the President came on the deck of the *Moltke*, the flagship of the German admiral, Von Rebeur-Paschwitz, and the largest battle-cruiser in the world, he was greeted by over a thousand brawny sailor lads of the Fatherland in a way which left no doubt of the genuineness of their tribute to the United States. The President was escorted over the big vessel, the crew saluting at every turn. As he was leaving the German band struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," after which a big six-pounder on the deck barked out the presidential salute of twenty-one guns. Admiral Von Rebeur-Paschwitz dined with the President on the *Mayflower*, and the other admirals, German and American, paid one another friendly visits.

A few days later the German flagship visited New York Harbor, and was enthusiastically received by the people of the city. A committee of New York's best-known citizens greeted the officers of the ship, and entertainments, dinners, and fetes were carried out in their honor.

RED DANDY AND MACTAVISH

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of "The Forge in the Forest"; "Kindred of the Wild"; "Barbara Ladd"; "A Sister to Evangeline," etc.

THE first of the dawn lay pink and dewy chill along the naked tilted crest of the Ridge. Slowly it crept down the scarred rocks, washed softly over the tangled thickets, and last shot its thin, aerial rays of light and color wn the glades and under the branches of the ash, estnut and maples, just filming with their earliest ring green.

Into a deep little hollow last it came—a hollow rpeted with dry twigs, half choked with vine and amble, and overhung by the branches of two ormous chestnuts. It was so secret a hollow that e long, pink fingers of light felt their way in with ficulty, and seemed to grope for a while before ding anything to reveal. At last, however, they d find something. And immediately, as if pleased the discovery, they lit up the hollow with a sudden sh of pale rose-amber.

hat the delicate light vealed was a young wn, whose immense, ild, liquid eyes met it onderingly. Curled up nder a bush, his red-wny coat, mottled ith cream-yellow, ade him as a rule most indistinguish-ble from his bed of ottled brown leaves. ut that peculiar, crys-lline yet tinted light earliest dawn made m suddenly conspicu-us. After a moment two of wonder he emed to become aware at he was no longer visible. He dropped is baby head between is hoofs, and ap-eared to shrink into a uarded immobility. It as almost as if by neer unconscious voli-on his colors became ss bright, and he be-an to fade, through ere stillness, back into is surroundings.

But that instant's notion, the lowering of is head, had been nough to make trouble. t had caught the at-ention of a pair of igilant and cruel eyes t the upper edge of the ollow. A prowling, hadowy-gray shape, as oiseless as the motion f the dawn itself, rouched suddenly flat earth and glared down with terrible intentness t the ruddy, mottled little form beneath the bush. second shadowy shape, with the like pale, pierc-ng, moonlike eyes, stole up and crouched beside the rst.

They were sinister-looking beasts, the two lynxes, ach nearly forty pounds in weight, with immense, anther-like paws, and muscles like steel, moving wiftly under their loose, long fur. Their hind-uarters were of exaggerated size and power, as ompared with the fore-quarters, and their hind egs were gathered under them, ready for an instant pring, in such a fashion as to suggest some mon-trous and predatory hare. Their tails were mere hick stubs, apparently quite futile as far as con-erned all customary uses of a tail. Their round, nalign faces were fiercely whiskered, surrounded y a sort of ruff of long fur curling forward from eneath the jaws; and their ears were tipped with ong, stiff tufts. In color they were of a light gray, owdered vaguely with a pale yellow-brown—a oloring which made them all but invisible in the hadowed woods, except for the startling brilliancy f their wide, pale eyes.

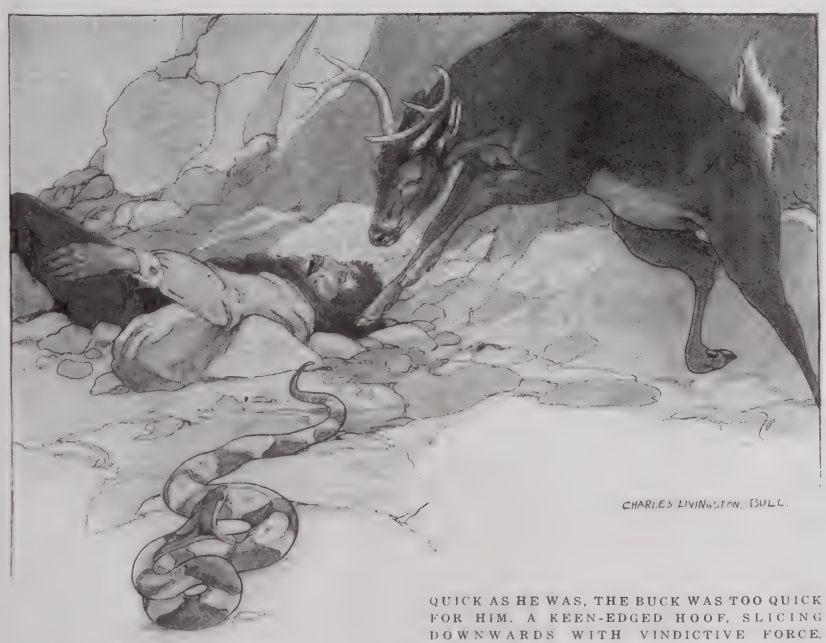
Both lynxes stared unwinkingly, for a few long econds, at the unconscious fawn, whose mild eyes ere turned in another direction, watching anx-ously for his mother's return. All at once, though ot a sound, a whisper, had come to his ears, some ubtle warning thrilled his baby nerves, and he urned his head to glance behind him.

The fawn was but a few hours old. He had so ar learned nothing, either of lynxes or of death. But he needed no learning to know that those two dim shapes meant doom. Opening wide his narrow muzzle he cried out for his mother—a strange, strident cry, half bleat, half yelp, but quite unmistakable in its terror and its appeal.

The cry was answered instantly by a clear bellowing from close at hand; and almost in the next second the mother doe arrived, coming in one tremendous leap clean over the nearest bushes. It was not by any means her customary way of coming home. On other occasions she would drift in silently, not so much as snapping a twig. But when danger threatened her little one she threw prudence to the breezes and came by the shortest road.

With a soft little murmur of reassurance the red mother nosed her fawn, sniffing it all over as if to ask what ailed it. It was shivering; and after a few moments she looked up, glancing about to see what had so frightened it. At the sudden, vehement appearance of the doe both lynxes had stopped abruptly, crouching in readiness for whatever might take place. When they saw the mother's head bent low, and all her attention absorbed in the little one, they again stole forward. But now they separated, one creeping to the right, the other to the left. They knew that a mother deer, in the protection of her young, was an antagonist too formidable for one lynx alone to engage. But by attacking her on both flanks at once they trusted to confuse her, and so avoid the lightning strokes of her dangerous, knife-edged hoofs.

When the doe lifted her head to look around, she saw the implacable eyes of the male lynx, not fifteen feet away, just gathering himself for the spring.



QUICK AS HE WAS, THE BUCK WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM. A KEEN-EDGED HOOF, SLICING DOWNWARDS WITH VINDICTIVE FORCE, STRUCK HIM ON THE BACK OF THE NECK

CHAPTER II

MACTAVISH sat on the very peak of the Ridge, and stared with calm eyes into the spreading miracle of the dawn. In the crook of his left arm rested his handy .303, its blued barrel gleaming in the clean, thin radiance. His big right hand fingered his red beard complacently. That sunrise seemed to him just as it should be. The faint rose tints, the amber, the gold, of a transparency altogether inexplicable and almost unbelievable, played along his rugged but fine-strung nerves like the long, slow notes of a fiddle beside a still water under a midsummer moon.

Scotch, Welsh and English in his veins, MacTavish was a mixture more or less enigmatic even to himself. He shrank from hurting anything, yet he was a keen hunter, and he loved a good fight. On his way from his cabin in to the Settlement, twenty miles away across the valley, he had started up the western slope a half-hour earlier than was necessary—quite in the dark, in fact—just in order to see the first of the sunrise from the crest of the Ridge, its celestial flood breaking over the wide valley below him. But he would not acknowledge to himself that this was his reason for coming up so early! He had several other reasons ready—but he knew in his heart that they had no weight at all. They only served to veil to himself this guilty passion of his for sunrises, and sunsets, and other beautiful but practically useless affairs.

Never, thought MacTavish, tugging at his red beard with slow intensity of enjoyment, had he seen that great view from the Ridge more entrancing, never a sunrise that was more perfect in its sorcery. He hardly dared to breathe lest it should change in a flash to some other and less lovely combination of tones. The stillness was almost terrible in its perfection—as it were of an infinite bubble blown to its utmost limit and coloring by a miracle.

And then it broke. From the hollow below came a medley of furious sounds — snarls, cries, strugglings, the unmistakable utterance of a life-and-death encounter. The mystic light upon the rocks, the thickets, the greening trees, suddenly changed, became more familiar, more ordinary, something almost in the line of the day's routine return. MacTavish drew a long breath, as of one released from a strong spell. He snatched up his rifle, and darted swiftly but quietly down the slope to the bushy hollow where the sounds seemed to come from.

The faithful mother had ceased struggling, and the lynxes, not yet quite assured of their victory, were both tearing ferociously at her throat when MacTavish appeared. With harsh snarls, enraged beyond all discretion at this interference in the hour of victory, they turned and confronted him, as if almost minded to try conclusions with him. Up went MacTavish's handy gun—and the male lynx sprang straight into the air, with all four legs stretched rigid, to fall back, relaxed and sprawling, across the neck of his victim. Before he was fairly down the female was gone—simply vanishing, as if the report of the rifle had blown her away. MacTavish saw no more of her than an instant's drift of gray between one thicket and another.

MacTavish picked up his trophy, appraised it with skilled eye as a good pelt, then flung it down carelessly, a little chagrined at not having been quick enough to secure both the gray marauders. He examined the doe to make sure she was quite dead, produced a few yards of stout cord from his capacious pocket, and strung the body up by the hind legs to a branch overhead, out of the way of the foxes. Then he turned to the fawn.

The little animal had been watching, from its place, with immense, blank eyes of stupefaction. So many sudden horrors had left it numb in its utter incomprehension. When MacTavish gently went up to it, holding out his hand, it hardly even shrank away. But when he indiscreetly laid his hand upon its muzzle, the dreaded man-smell shocked it, and it struggled to its feet, repeating that strident and piteous cry of appeal to the mother who was now so deaf to it. Feebly it strove to get away. But MacTavish had it fast. He held it firmly, but he stroked it gently, rubbing its back

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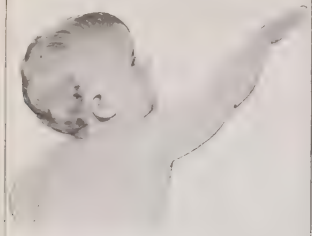

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Red Dandy and MacTavish

Continued from preceding page

and its neck. And presently, puzzled but in part reassured by the smell of its mother which blended so curiously with the man-smell on MacTavish's clothes, it stopped its strange cries and lay still in the hunter's arms, looking at him with eyes of anxious inquiry.

"Poor wee beastie!" murmured MacTavish, holding it as tenderly as if it had been a human baby. And then, remembering his beloved Burns—

"Wee, sleekit, quiverin', timorous beastie!"

For a few moments he stood hesitating. He had set out to pay a visit to the Settlement, and he was not one to lightly change his plans. But the needs of the little animal were a peremptory demand on his understanding heart. Another day would do for the trip to the Settlement. He slung the dead lynx over his shoulder, settled the fawn more or less comfortably in his left arm, and started back for his cabin on the other side of the Ridge.

CHAPTER III

IN MACTAVISH'S snug cabin, tended and petted, the fawn speedily forgot the horrors which had surrounded its first appearance on the stage of life. It learned at once to drink warm cow's milk, and a little later to browse, not only on the grass of MacTavish's pasture-clearing, but also on the choicest vegetable products of his little garden. MacTavish spoiled it shockingly; but it rewarded him with a dog-like devotion that might almost at times have seemed a nuisance. It was forever at his heels, and as it seemed constitutionally incapable of learning obedience, whenever he did not wish to be followed he had to shut it up securely in the barn and turn a deaf ear to its terrible, penetrating appeals.

In course of months the little one's coat lost its creamy spots and became all a rich, tawny red, shading to pale buff on the under parts; and he grew up into a particularly handsome and high-stepping young buck. It was then that his name was changed from "Beastie" to "Red Dandy." Gradually, now, he got to be on fair terms—not friendly, but condescendingly tolerant terms—with the black-and-white cow, the yearling calf, and the two big, sleepy, carrot-colored oxen who did MacTavish's plowing and trailing. When his first horns began to sprout, he gradually established an uncontested supremacy over all these easy-going folk of the farm-yard. In spite of his slimness and his small stature, he had them at a complete disadvantage, for he could always prod them where he liked, or buffet them cruelly with his fore-hoofs, and then evade their resentment with scornful ease. So, to save themselves trouble, they gave way to his tyranny until it became a habit with them. This domination, no doubt, was rendered easier for him to secure by reason of the terms of favor on which he lived with MacTavish. Spending half his time in the cabin, trotting at MacTavish's heels, or at his side with MacTavish's arm over his back, the other animals easily came to regard him as sharing some small measure of MacTavish's authority. It was perhaps a fortunate thing for all concerned that there was no dog or cat about the place to divide MacTavish's affections—for Red Dandy was as jealous as a Spanish gipsy.

Red Dandy, as he developed into a full-sized, high-antlered buck, developed also two antipathies—towards the pig, and towards all snakes. For the first there was no apparent reason, and whenever he was caught manifesting it he got a sharp horse-whipping from MacTavish, which would send him off snorting to sulk for perhaps ten minutes behind the barn. He used to stand beside the pen and thrust at the unoffending grunter through the cracks. To avoid accidents, MacTavish ran the walls of the sty to a discouraging height, and nailed up the cracks between the boards.

When this was done, Red Dandy appeared to forget the existence of pigs. But for snakes he was always hunting, stealing up to sunny hillocks in the effort to surprise them basking, or beating the coverts of "snake-brake" with his antlers to frighten them forth into the open, where he might trample them with his sharp and nimble hoofs. In this antipathy he had his master's heartfelt co-operation. For to MacTavish's somewhat childlike eyes all snakes—the bright, harmless little gartersnakes no less than the deadly moccasin or copperhead—were children of the devil. This seemed to be exactly the point of view of Red Dandy as well. He would pursue a tiny, innocent, pale-green grass-snake, eight or ten inches long, with the same gay, dancing fury that he devoted to the destruction of a six-foot blacksnake or blue racer. But when it came to either an adder or a copperhead, then he was as cool and wary as a trained fencer. He knew—who shall say how, since MacTavish never taught him?—very well between the snakes whose bite meant death and those which bore no poison-fangs in their jaws.

It happened that the southward slopes of the Ridge, being sheltered from all the harsher winds and full of sun-steeped ledges, were a favorite haunt of the copperhead, which nowhere else managed to maintain itself so far north. From time to time, when some one got bitten, there would be a move among the scattered settlers in both valleys toward a concerted campaign for the extermination of the virulent pests. But for the most part the copperheads kept to the out-of-the-way ledges and inaccessible ravines, and so avoided making themselves conspicuous. They did not court notoriety, and therefore they were apt to be forgotten.

MacTavish, as a rule, never thought of them. But he thought of them abruptly on the morning when the rocky lip, where he was standing to drink in the view, suddenly scaled off beneath his weight and he felt himself falling down the bare, terrific incline. The incline was almost perpendicular, and he fell swiftly, amid a whirl of dusty stones and a bright, hot glow, as it were into the very face of the landscape. He scraped over a narrow ledge, clutched wildly at a bush which grew upon it—and was greeted with a savage hiss which seemed to him just in his ear. His hair rose, and he let go of the bush, and felt for the moment an actual relief in the fact that he kept right on falling. Then his head struck a projecting root, he bounced from a second ledge, lost consciousness, fell more expeditiously, and rolled to the bottom with a broken leg and a pattering company of stones of assorted sizes.

He knew nothing about it, of course, but those almost too attentive stones were his bodyguard, and for the moment an effective one. Hissing and striking indignantly, a basking family of copperheads scattered and scurried away, routed by the shower of stony missiles. In a few seconds the dust settled, and the last of the stones lay still. And so did MacTavish; for he had been well battered in that unceremonious descent, and the knock on his skull had been a shrewd one.

At the time of MacTavish's fall Red Dandy had been close behind, nosing with fine velvet muzzle at his master's pocket to see if it held anything for him. He jumped back with a snort at MacTavish's amazing disappearance, and drew off resentfully. He was not accustomed to seeing his master behave with such abruptness, or go away without giving him time to follow. For several minutes he stalked back and forth, with head held very high and a puzzled look in his eyes. Then, beginning to get lonely, he went to the brink of the steep and cautiously peered over. His feet displaced some

Continued on next page

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Red Dandy and MacTavish

Continued from preceding page

gall stones, which went rattling wn and struck MacTavish smartly. e buck expected to see him jump d get angry at this; but instead of at he lay perfectly still.

Red Dandy grew troubled. He went se to the edge, pushing a few more nes down upon MacTavish. No ubt he would have succeeded in slidg down, but an instinctive doubt as how he would arrive gave him use. He snorted uneasily, drew ck from the brink, stood fretting for moment or two, and then started ng the crest of the ridge in search an easier way down.

When all had been quiet for some me at the foot of the steep, several the copperheads, shining with a dull ow in the sun, came gliding warily ck towards their basking-place. he patriarch of the tribe, a thickdied, beautifully-patterned fellow arly six feet long, led the way. He me to within a few feet of the unnscious MacTavish, gave a warning gnal and coiled himself to strike. is followers withdrew with petulant ssings, cheerfully leaving all the ory to him.

As MacTavish did not move, the ake did not strike. He waited, the cture of readiness, his flat, opaque es fixed on the mysterious object hich had arrived so mysteriously mong them. He waited for possibly n minutes. Then, satisfied that the bject was not alive, and not dangerus, he uncoiled and started to wriggle way.

At this moment MacTavish came to, artially. He moved an arm. He ied to move his right leg. A groan me from his throat. The great snake ecoiled himself in a flash, and poised is shining metallic head and hissed is loud sibilant warning.

At that ominous sound MacTavish me to completely, with all his wits bout him. He did not move a muscle xcept to open his eyes slowly and eer about him. He did not have to eer about much, for there was the reat copperhead straight in front of is face, with head gently swaying, ithin range and ready to strike.

MacTavish thought hard. He knew hat his enemy would not strike so ong as he kept perfectly still. But he new also that the snake now knew e was alive, and therefore might wait ather indefinitely. How long would e be able to keep still? His broken eg was beginning to torture him savgely. Other snakes would presently ome out of their hidings. How would e ever be able to drag himself away vithout bringing them upon him? The old sweat jumped out all over his ody. Then he felt his head swim again, and his wits again beginning to slip away. In an icy terror he clutched them back to their duty, horrified lest he should move in his unconsciousness. Weak as he was he began to contemplate futile schemes, such as clutching up a handful of stones and pelting the enemy away, though he knew very well that the enemy could strike at least three or four times as fast as he could move his arm.

The agony and suspense and confusion in his head were beginning to overcome him once more, when he caught a sound of light hoofs behind him. He dared not turn his head to look; but he felt who it was, and his brain cleared again. He saw the coiled snake shift his head so as to give another focus to the curve of its swing.

A moment more and Red Dandy came mincing into view, dancing that delicate war-dance with which he was wont to challenge the unresponsive pig. He swerved off to ne side, drawing the copperhead's attention away from MacTavish. Then he warily presented the tips of his antlers, just within reach. The snake struck like lightning, twice, spilling his venom harmlessly over the impenetrable horn. Teased by that exasperating antler, he struck again and again, till at last not a drop more venom came. Then, realizing suddenly that his fighting powers were gone till he could secure time to recuperate, he swiftly uncoiled and darted for shelter.

But quick as he was, the buck was too quick for him. A keen-edged hoof, slicing downwards with vindictive force, struck him on the back of the neck just where it ran into the skull. That stroke severed the tough scales and shore the vertebral column clean through.

The deadly head dropped forward, utterly powerless. But the body, packed with vitality and force, writhed itself up in hideous, lashing coils. With one more stroke Red Dandy smashed the impotent head. Then he stamped and trampled down the writhing coils, till they were chopped into bits and his trim fetlocks streamed with blood. Not while there was anything left to writhe would he give up his performance or accept his victory as complete.

MacTavish, feeling quite safe now as far as snakes were concerned, let himself go for a little. When he came to again he felt better; and Red Dandy was standing beside him, sniffing at his face. He fondled the narrow, soft muzzle for a minute or two, expressing his unqualified admiration for his rescuer's courage and craft; and then, setting his teeth grimly, he started on the slow and agonizing crawl to the nearest farmstead.

Answered Prayers

E. J. W., Johnston, R. I. "Through prayer he life of our dear son has been spared."

O. E. S., Dayton, Ia. "I am very grateful to God for hearing and answering my prayer."

E. M., Colorado Springs, Colo. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayer."

Mrs. R. S. McN., Mahomet, Ill. "I believe that God hears and answers prayer, if we ask in faith, believing."

"A Texan." "I know from actual experience that God answers prayers when we ask him from the heart."

Mrs. E. N., Royersford, Pa. "My husband was sick, but thank God for answered prayer, he is getting better."

A. B. G., Kansas City, Mo. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered my prayers in a time of great trouble."

P. M. W., Lebanon, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge that God answered a special prayer better than I could have desired."

M. B. D., Florence, Colo. "I wish to add my testimony that God has answered many prayers for me, and one especially for which I am most thankful."

M. V. C. "I want to acknowledge to the world God's goodness in answering a special prayer of mine. I have proved him to answer prayer many times."

M. W. F., Florence, Mass. "A very great danger threatened us, and in great distress I prayed that this might be averted. My prayer was answered, which I thankfully acknowledge."

Called Higher

Z. Pees (86), of Richmond, O., died October 5, 1911.

Mrs. Mary J. Carr Lyon (81), of Essex, N. Y., died August 30, 1911.

Mrs. Marie Carlson, of Newbery, Mich., passed away November 5, 1911. She was for many years a constant reader of this magazine.

Mrs. R. V. Davison (71), of Sunville, Pa., was called to her heavenly home on December 9, 1911. She was for many years a subscriber to this paper.

Miss N. E. Sears, of Kingston Springs, Tenn., passed away January 7, 1912. She was a devout Christian and for years a subscriber to this paper.

Mrs. Mary Eldridge (78) passed away at her home in Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y., December 31, 1911. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. B. Turner (73), of Mapleton, Me., was recently called to the higher life. He was a faithful Christian throughout his life, beloved by all who knew him.

Mr. R. W. Crone (74), of Des Moines, Ia., was called away from this life very suddenly November 28, 1911. For over thirty years he had been a subscriber to this publication.

Noah Surface (80), of Florence, Ky., was called higher July 3, 1911. He was a constant reader of this paper, and ever ready to assist those in distress or need.

Mrs. H. F. Marsh (75), of Antigo, Wis., passed away to her heavenly home, after a long life devoted to Christian work. She was for many years an interested reader of this paper.

HELPFUL HINTS

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE OF FOOD VALUES
ITS APPLICATION IN DAINTY DISHES

ONE of the interesting results of the general discussion of food values is the wide-spread revival and popularity of that old friend of our grandmother's day—Kingsford's Corn Starch.

While it is probable that Corn Starch is known to some extent in every home the average housewife has little idea of the great variety of its many uses and the delicious desserts so easily made with it. Try these recipes, being sure to cook the custard thoroughly as instructed.

Blanc Mange. Six level tablespoons Kingsford's Corn Starch, one-quarter cup cold milk, one-quarter cup sugar, pinch salt, two and one-quarter cups scalded milk, one teaspoonful vanilla. Stir corn starch and cold milk together adding sugar and salt. Pour the scalded milk slowly on the first mixture and stir till thickened. Cook in double boiler twelve minutes. Add vanilla, stir well and turn into wet mould to set.

For Chocolate Blanc Mange melt one square of bitter chocolate over hot water and make smooth with hot milk and add to the rest of the corn starch and milk. Sweeten to taste.

Loaf or Layer Cake. One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon vanilla, one and one-fourth cups flour, one-fourth cup Kingsford's Corn Starch, one and one-half level teaspoon baking powder. Cream the butter, adding the sugar gradually till all is well creamed together. Add the beaten eggs and vanilla. Sift flour, corn-starch and baking powder together three times and add alternately with the milk. Beat well and bake in moderately hot oven.

There is scarcely an item in the family grocer's list that is at once so nutritious and economical as corn starch—but for the best results it will be well to see that Kingsford's Corn Starch is supplied and not an inferior substitute.

Other interesting recipes will appear later in this column or you can address Kingsford's, New York City, for a complete cook book of dainty desserts which will be sent free.

THE EXPERIENCED LAUNDRESS GIVES ADVICE TO THOSE WITH LAUNDRY TROUBLES

WASHING and ironing should not be anything like the task that they are made in many households. In fact, intelligently done there is little worry and the results are a delight to the housewife.

A great deal depends on the selection of the right materials. Starch for instance has everything to do with your success. Good starch will actually improve the appearance of bad washing and poor starch will do much to ruin the appearance of the most thoroughly washed fabric.

Take the dainty whiteness and lightness in lingerie waists and fine underwear—it is really as much a result of good starching as perfect washing. All starch will stiffen fabrics, cheap starches stain because the minerals have not been removed and they leave tell-tale spots on the clothes.

The sure way is to insist on Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch. This starch is always pure, clean and uniform. You can depend on it absolutely. Kingsford's has been used by good laundresses for three generations as the reliable starch for hot or cold starching and for all kinds of work coarse or fine.

For boiled starch mix Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch in cold water till the starch is thoroughly dissolved and perfectly smooth. Then add the boiling water until it is of correct consistency and becomes clear. Add a little blue—taking care to mix it thoroughly and carefully. Rub the starch into the fabric very **thoroughly** for one of the secrets of good starching is getting the starch into the goods. After the starch is cooked thin it down with cold water for fine lingerie. Dry the clothes in open air, sprinkle carefully and iron with clean irons.

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JELLY MAKING
JAMS AND PRESERVES

Send for free booklet of directions and recipes

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CORN STARCH
Standard since 1848

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Send your name on post card for Cook Book O free—168 best recipes.

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National Starch Co., Suc'rs Oswego, N. Y.

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OSWEGO
SILVER GLOSS
STARCH

To have the clothes iron up white and crisp use this pure *natural lump* starch. It may cost a little more in the box but measure the amount used and the results obtained as against other starches and you save by using it.

Kingsford's Oswego Silver Gloss—known to fine Laundresses everywhere—and to three generations of American housekeepers as the ever reliable starch for hot or cold starching and for all kinds of work, coarse or fine.

Insist on Kingsford's Oswego Silver Gloss Starch. See that your grocer delivers it—see that your laundress uses it.

Sold in 1 lb., 3 lb. and 6 lb. boxes.

T. Kingsford & Son
National Starch Co. Suc'rs
Oswego, N.Y.

A Great-Truths Review*

Quarterly Review Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

The Use of the Sabbath

THAT was a very plain Sunday dinner which the apostles of Jesus had—uncooked wheat, with their hands for plates, partaken of out in the open—no table, no seats—yet the Pharisees found fault with them because they judged they had broken the law of the Sabbath in gathering the grain. Jesus defended them on the ground of necessity: they had not labored in the field that they might lay by in store, but only that they might satisfy present hunger. Jesus spoke as the Lord of the Sabbath, and taught that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. Several of Jesus' miracles of healing were done on the Sabbath. Between works of mercy or necessity and activity for pure amusement there is a vast difference. Sunday sport is a dagger that is piercing the heart of our nation. An officer who had no care for religion said: "I am glad I can stop the Sunday theatres and picture shows, for I have seen our youth so wild after them they are going to the bad." Bishop Whitaker, of the Episcopal Church, has said: "Certain things are manifestly inconsistent with a proper observance of the Sabbath, as playing cards, giving card parties, taking part as spectators or performers in any theatrical entertainment, ball game, or exhibition attracting spectators." Thirty-four denominations of churches in a Federal Council agreed that "new and stronger emphasis should be given in the pulpit, home and Sabbath school to the observance of the first day of the week as the sacred day, home day, and rest day for every man, woman and child."

Appointment of the Twelve Apostles

Their names were Simon Peter and Andrew (brothers), James and John (brothers), Philip, Bartholomew (sometimes called Nathanael), Thomas (Didymus), Matthew, James the Less and Jude (brothers, and probably cousins of Jesus. Jude was also called Lebbeus and Thaddeus), Simon (Simon Zelotes, the zealot), Judas Iscariot. They did not receive their appointment until the second year of the ministry of Jesus, but two of them, Andrew and John, began following Jesus almost immediately after his baptism. The next two followers of Jesus were the brothers of Andrew and John, Peter and James. Those four men were frequently with Jesus, but they did not at first leave their business of fishing. There were probably other fishermen who followed Jesus, for seven of the apostles went fishing together once (see John 21: 1-12). Matthew was the only tax-gatherer in the company of Jesus' followers. Judas must have had some genius for money getting, or he would not have been given charge of the bag (purse). It was not until about the middle of the second year of Christ's ministry, at the time he preached the Sermon on the Mount, that the twelve followers received their ordination as the twelve apostles, and after that they were with Jesus, even when he sent them out two by two to do work of teaching and healing.

The Beatitudes

The Beatitudes have been called "The Gospel of Blessedness," and the mountain where it was preached by the Lord Jesus Christ is to this day called the "Mount of Blessing." It is quite accessible to the traveler, and nearly all visitors to the Holy Land ascend it. Only the favored few to whom travel is possible can hope to stand upon it. Better far is the Mount of Blessedness which all can have in their own land, in their own homes, in their own hearts. This was indeed the mount of which Christ spoke. He had little or nothing to say about blessing people as he sat upon the heights of Kurun Hattin, but much to say about the blessedness of right thoughts and good deeds. He did not say, "You will be blest if you do these things," but "you will be blessed." To be blest is a condition that may last for a brief time only, but to be blessed is a state that may last as long as one lives, and beyond, into eternity. In a recent German paper, *Christliche Welt*, the Beatitudes as spoken by Christ were put into the phraseology of to-day:

Blessed are they who have great longing in their hearts, for God rules in their souls.

Blessed are they who have endured sufferings, for they shall gain peace in their hearts.

Blessed are they who help the needy, for everybody will gladly help them.

Blessed are they whose purpose is pure, for they can see God in the world.

Blessed are they who maintain peace, for they shall be called the friends of God.

Blessed are they who are hated and upbraided by men for my sake.

Poverty and Riches

A contrast: Lazarus sitting outside of the rich man's gate, hungry, sick, unhelped; and the rich man sitting at his table surrounded by luxuries. He has not an unsatisfied want. Another contrast: Lazarus has passed to his heavenly home. He has now no want unsatisfied. The arms of love encircle him. The former rich man is poor, poorer even than Lazarus was when he sat at his gate, for he did have dogs for friends. There are no dogs where the rich man now is. He begs that Lazarus may be permitted to help him. But his request is not granted. Lazarus and Dives, the once rich man, are as apart as heaven and hell.

On the summit of the Rocky Mountains, ten thousand feet above the sea, are two fountains, so near that it would have been easy to divert either streamlet to the other. Follow the course of one of these infant rivers, and you reach the Gulf of Mexico, for it has become the mighty Mississippi. Retrace your steps to the source of the other stream, follow its course, and you are led to the mouth of the Columbia and the great Pacific Ocean. To go from the terminus of one stream to that of the other you have to scale mountains ten thousand feet high, and to travel no less than five thousand miles. So we go back to the childhood of Dives and Lazarus, and they were side by side in innocence and possibilities, but one turned toward God and the other away from him, and thus the eternity-oceans into which their lives passed at death were utterly different: boundless bliss to the one, unending woe to the other.

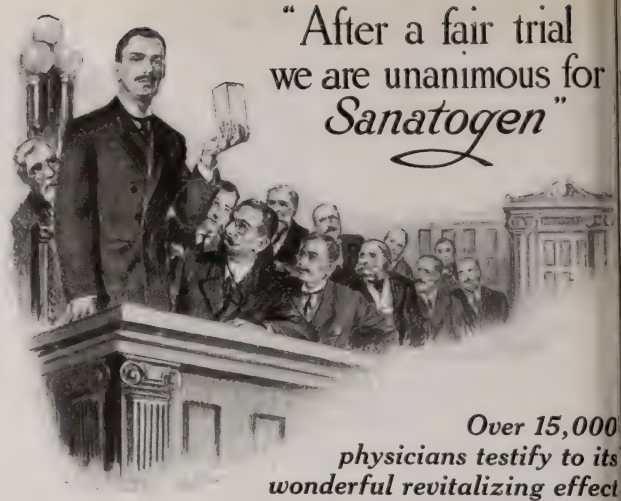
The Law of Love

The law of love as taught by Jesus Christ contained these maxims: "Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. Owe no man anything save to love one another." Read the story of the good Samaritan (Luke 10: 30-37) and note how those sayings of Christ were made doings in the life of one man.

A prisoner stood before Governor Stewart, asking him for a pardon. "If I sign this you will commit some other crime and be back in the prison, I fear," replied the governor. "You'll go back on the river and be a mate

Continued on next page

* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JUNE 30, 1912. QUARTERLY REVIEW. GOLDEN TEXT: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." Matt. 5: 17.



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The well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes:
"The chemical union of the constituents of Sanatogen is a true one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease.

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"I have been using Sanatogen for a number of years in my practise with excellent results. These results have been notably good in the case of elderly people when it was desirable to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions, and to improve the circulation of the blood."

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The work of a physician-author, beautifully illustrated, which tells you some really interesting things about your nervous system, facts which vitally effect your well-being and which therefore you ought to know. This book also tells the story of Sanatogen convincingly from the point of view of a physician, but so that any layman can understand it.

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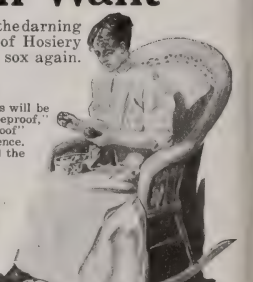

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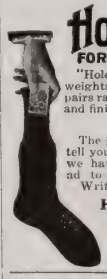

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

ain, I suppose." "Yes," the man
lied. "Well, I want you to promise
one thing. I want you to pledge
r word that when you are a mate
in you will never take a billet of
od in your hand and drive a sick
out of a bunk to help you load a
t on a stormy night. You did this
e that I know of, for I was that boy.
ver again be guilty of such brutal-
. Here is your pardon." The man
k it and went out without saying a
rd. What a noble revenge the gov-
or had!

The Old Law and the New Life

When Jesus Christ the Lord of
iven and earth came into this world,
might have said, "It is not for me
obey the law. I am superior to law."
t Jesus did not say this, for he ful-
ed the law. In his Sermon on the
ount, he said that there should be no
ange in the law for his coming. He
terated this as he stood in the syna-
gues and read to the people from
law.

Law is a part of God, and he wrote
laws in the hearts of people long
fore he wrote them on the tables of
ne. The great missionary David
ingstone said that he "had found
rudest tribes of Africa, on whose
mmerian darkness no straggling ray
revealed truth had ever fallen,
ady to admit that they were sinners,
d that they held almost everything
be sin which as such is forbidden in
word of God." Let us then cease
look upon law as arbitrary, as
mething outside of us that must be
eyed; rather let us think of it as
mething the good God has put in us,
ich we trample upon when we do
ong. Let us learn from the exam-
of Christ "to fulfil all righteous-
ss."

Truthfulness

Jesus, in his Sermon on the Mount,
l not pass by the sins of the tongue.
prone were the people before him
lying that it was quite their custom
base their statements on some kind
an oath before they could expect to
believed, and so Jesus said to them,
wear not at all"—that is, let truth
ly be upon your lips, so that you
ll have no need of affirmation. We
ad in James 3: 8: "The tongue can
man tame." It is impossible for
an to tame so small a thing as the
ngue even though he has tamed
rce lions and other wild beasts, but
th Christ all things are possible,
en the taming of a tongue. There
not a sin of the tongue, untruthful-
ss, swearing, slander, boasting, but
sus can and will help us to cure, if
e only pray to him for his help.

Hypocrisy and Sincerity

When Jesus was in this world he
ten prayed to his Heavenly Father.
metimes he prayed on the mountain-
p alone; sometimes he prayed when
rrounded by a great throng of peo-
e, as when he broke the bread to
ed the multitude of five thousand.
e prayed in the garden when his
iends were sleeping. He not only
rayed himself, but he thought that
ll who were his friends and follow-
s should pray, so he taught them the
rayer which begins, "Our Father
ho art in heaven." We call it the
ord's Prayer, because he said: "Af-
r this manner, therefore, pray ye."
ut Jesus would not have us offer only
is prayer, for he said: "All things
hatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing,
e shall receive" (Matt. 20: 21).
rom this we learn that we are to
ake our own prayers. When Jesus
as in this world he gave a warning
gainst a wrong way to pray, as the
harisee who loved to pray that he
ight be seen of men, and be said to
e very holy. For the same reason
he Pharisee gave gifts of money to
he poor when all could see him. We
should read what Jesus once told about two men who went up to the temple to pray (Luke 18: 10-14).

Hearing and Doing

One day Jesus said to his friends and followers, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things which I say?" There are some people who read God's words in the Bible, and never do the things they teach. Sabbath after Sabbath we take our places in the church and in the Sunday school, and what we hear there we ought to do; but we are careless and forgetful. If we listen we shall hear Jesus saying to us, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do nothing?" When we do not fill our days with loving service in his name, we shall become unkindly critical of others. Our characters will shrink into narrowness and trifling.

Christ's Witness to the Baptist

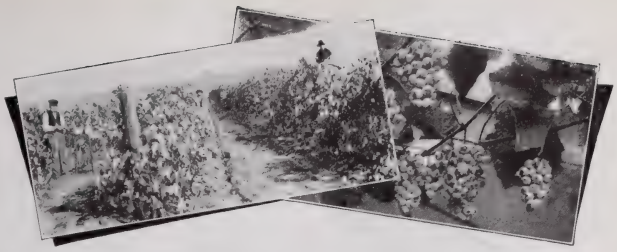
The brave herald of Jesus, John the Baptist, who for nearly two years had been preparing the people to hear the Gospel message of Jesus, was at last silenced by being imprisoned at the command of King Herod. The prison was in the rocky hills not far from the Dead Sea. Herod was angry with John because he had dared to rebuke him for his immoral life. From the prison John sent a message to Jesus, "Art thou he that cometh (the Messiah), or look we for another?" There was a sad note of distrust in it, and the heart of Jesus might have been wounded, but he was too great, too good for that, and Jesus realized that John himself was too true to have a lasting doubt in his mind, so he did many wonderful works of healing that the messengers themselves might believe in him and tell John about what they had seen. Also, Jesus sent a loving message of assurance to John. And after the messengers had gone, Jesus gave strong testimony to the people as to the noble and steadfast character of John.

The Penitent Woman

We recall the incident of Jesus being at a feast in the Pharisee's home. The invited guests, all Pharisees, had an excellent opinion of themselves, doubtless much exaggerated. The master of the feast probably thought he was conferring a great honor upon Jesus to invite him there. Simon certainly had not treated his distinguished guest well, for he had omitted providing the water for washing his feet, and had not given him the customary kiss of salutation, nor the oil of anointing. Simon had really treated Jesus with gross discourtesy; but one came into the room who made amends for all. She was not an invited guest, call her an interloper if you will, but she came because Jesus was there, and because she had a debt to pay. It was a debt of love for many sins forgiven. She showed that love by anointing the feet of Jesus with very costly perfume and by wiping them with her hair; and the kisses which Simon should have given Jesus upon the cheeks, she bestowed upon his feet. When she had finished, she went out, and words of condemnation were freely spoken by the Pharisees, but Jesus himself spoke words of commendation for the woman and condemnation for her critics.

For India's Orphans

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent us a check for $28, representing a contribution of $8 from the Children's Missionary Society Orphan House, Charleston, S. C., and $20 from "A Friend of Missions" in Charleston, the whole amount to be applied to the India Orphan Fund. In behalf of the orphans we take pleasure in acknowledging the generous gift.



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Real Estate Investments

THE acquisition of a portion of the earth's surface has, from the beginnings of history, had a peculiar charm for mankind. The human race desire to be landowners, and such citizens as own real estate, even in a very limited way, are regarded as substantial by their fellows. Not many years ago the right to vote was limited to "freeholders" or landowners, and many other privileges were held by them as against the landless man. "To own one's own home" is an expression often heard as being a condition to be desired. Real estate promoters and developers make use of this phrase as a main stock-in-trade. From a purely financial point of view what are the advantages of real estate investments?

The Advantage of Security

First, as to the actual owning of realty. There can be no doubt that the owner of land has invested in the most secure of all forms of property. Commercial enterprises may fail. Mines may cease to produce. Railroads may go into bankruptcy, but the land always remains, and its owner's dominion, so far as it does not interfere with his neighbor's rights, is absolute and extends from the sky to the center of the earth, so that no tunnel, no matter how deep, can be driven through it, and no wires can be strung above it, no matter how high, without first obtaining the right from the owner. In cases of public necessity the State may, by "condemnation proceedings," have the land valued and take it for a railroad or street, but only on payment of the value, and generally many times the value, of the land. Not only is the investment in land secure, taking it always for granted that the land is so situated that it can be made productive of either crops or rents, but the value always tends to increase. This cannot help but be the case in both city and country. The population of the earth grows larger year by year and the available land per capita decreases. Consequently, in the cities the demand for dwellings ever increases; and as to farm and grazing lands, the increasing demands for food always augment their value. During the late 80's and early 90's in certain sections of this country this rule seemed to be reversed. Farms in the East, particularly in the New England States, were being abandoned and their owners going West, but this was not by any means a permanent step backward in values. During that period the government was throwing open great tracts in the West for settlement; agriculture on a scientific basis had not become general in the country, and lured away by tales of rich acres to be had for almost nothing in the West, many farmers gave up their land and started towards the setting sun. But to-day those New England farms are being made productive and are many times more valuable than ever before. It is safe to say, therefore, that, no matter in what part of the country the land is situated, eventually its value must increase. "Value," however, must not be confused with "price paid." In many of the mushroom developments in the West, called boom towns, land was sold at enormously inflated prices and the value of the land will not reach these prices for many years. But if the landowner has shown moderate foresight in selecting his land, has paid a reasonable price, and has obtained land in either city or country that produces a net revenue, he can rest assured that his land will grow in value, perhaps slowly but none the less surely.

A Striking Example

Of course, the most striking instance of the steady increase in land values is the city of New York. The recent death of Colonel John Jacob Astor in the *Titanic* disaster, and the succession of his young son, Vincent Astor, to an estate in lands in Manhattan valued roughly at half a billion dollars, has called this remarkable growth in fortune to the public attention. Early in the nineteenth century the foundation to this colossal wealth was laid by the first John Jacob Astor, the fur-trader, who invested $1,000,000 in unoccupied Manhattan lands. These lands are now in the center of the city, and have been handed down from father to son ever since. Although the laws have provided against one man creating perpetuities in land by will or deed and have generally prohibited any restraints on the selling of land for any period longer than two lives in being at the time of the death of the present owner, yet the great landowners of New York, such as the Astors, Goelets, Rhinelanders, Stuyvesants and many others, have with keen insight into the future kept their estates intact for decades and centuries. They have employed the best legal talent to tie up their lands to the very extreme limits of time allowed by the laws and their successors have continued this policy. No less remarkable, on a smaller scale, has been the increase in value of Western farms. Lands that twenty years ago could be freely purchased for a dollar an acre are worth now a hundred dollars an acre and sometimes more. Land throughout the East too has gone higher in values, though more gradually. Rentals have generally increased, so that the income from rented real estate has gone hand in hand with greater values.

Land Mortgages

As the value of land to the owner increases, so does the security of mortgage investments given on that land increase. A mortgage may be considered as a deed of the land which revests the title in the original owner or his successor on the paying off of the mortgage or the bond or note which the mortgage secures. Mortgages are recorded in public offices called registers', recorders', or county clerks' offices in much the same way that deeds are, so that any one buying the land is bound to take notice of them and the land is bound by them, no matter to whom the land is conveyed, and no one has a right to say that he bought the land not knowing that a mortgage was on it, for he is presumed by law to know such facts as a search of the title in these public offices would reveal. If, however, the holder of the mortgage does not cause the mortgage to be recorded, then any innocent purchaser of the land can take it clear of the lien of the mortgage.

In no particulars has the law of this country gone farther than in the effort to secure the title of the landowner and the security of the mortgageholder, and no investments are more highly regarded by the conservative business man than those founded on the imperishable surface of the earth.

Destroy the Flies

IF EXISTING laws were enforced, all our large cities would be as free from flies in summer as they are in winter. If the farmer—who is often the keeper of a summer boarding house—were to take half the precaution with his manure-heaps that he does to secure boarders from the city, his veranda, his table and his living rooms would not be infested with a perpetual fly plague. Lime, properly distributed and frequently applied to a stable pile, will not only destroy fly larvæ, but it will add to the value of the compost as a fertilizer. If the people who manage stables in the cities and farmers who save stable fertilizer were to take proper precautions — precautions requiring but little expenditure of time or money—the fly plague would soon disappear, and many of the diseases which afflict humanity, particularly typhoid fever, would lessen, if indeed they did not vanish. Now is the time to prepare for a long, persistent, and, it is to be hoped, a successful campaign for the extermination of the disgusting disease-carrying fly.

The Safe Investment of Your Money

In considering the investment of your money the very first requirement is the security of the principal. There are other features, of course, but fundamental security is foremost. The proper selection of an investment bond which has this primary qualification requires technical knowledge Naturally and necessarily the experienced banker, whose constant business it is to investigate securities of all kinds, is possessed of this technical knowledge.

If you are considering the investment of funds, and will state your requirements in the way of interest return, maturity, and amount, we will be pleased to send you our latest circular containing a list of well secured bonds.

Ask for our Circular AA-142

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
28 Nassau Street

Capital and Surplus, - $ 23,000,000
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5%

Write to-day for the Calvert Book—it is a book that everyone who is saving money or has money to invest ought to have.

It is full of interesting information for investors, and tells in detail of this Company and its 17 years of successful experience.

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Money begins to draw interest the day it is received, and it may be withdrawn at any time without notice.

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If your savings or any other money is drawing less than **6% net**, or is not as secure as Old Mother Earth herself can make it—send postcard for our Booklet. Read it.

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The Magic of Missions

BY CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

C. S. Cooper

OUTSIDE of the little Kabyle village of Mekla in the Atlas Mountains of North Algeria, there is an attractive missionary compound composed of three trim buildings wearing an English look and contrasting strongly with the scores of mud and straw huts that nestle about them on the mountainside.

This little patch of civilization was especially welcome to us on the twenty-third day of February after we had tramped for twenty miles beneath the hot North African sun down the steep donkey paths and through the picturesque gorges that make the home of one-half million of perhaps the most fascinating and little known people in the world to-day. For days we had been living amongst this mountain people, studying the life and religion of races which, though now subject to French colonization, bear marks of a civilization as old as Rome and ancient Carthage. We had climbed the mountains with dignified Kabyles clad in the long white burnous and Mohammedan fez; we had visited the unspeakable habitations, where several families at times lived on mud floors along with donkeys and sheep and goats. We had seen little girl wives of nine and ten years of age who had been purchased for fifty francs by their Kabyle husbands. We had sat upon the wonderful mountain ridges three thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and watched these Kabyle farmers plowing the hillside with crooked wooden sticks drawn by oxen, as their ancestors had done ten centuries before them.

We had chatted familiarly in the patois of French and sign language with the picturesque women at the wells, who carried water jars on their heads as naturally and gracefully as their ancestors in the time of Abraham. In realizing these unchanging conditions we were not so much surprised to be told by a man who for thirty years had been working among these people, that conversions to the Christian faith from Mohammedanism were most rare events in this part of the world.

It was with no small surprise and pleasure, therefore, that we were ushered into this compound of the mission where for twenty-five years two English women had lived and worked, going out across these mountains to this wild and degraded people, carrying the story of love which has always attracted and lifted humanity. As we entered the gateway a strong, fine-looking Kabyle, clad in snowwhite robes, pointed us to the entrance of the central building. Children's voices attracted us as we passed and we looked through an open door to see a dozen or more bright young girls wearing picturesque red and black headdresses sitting about a teacher and repeating their lessons in French. We proceeded, and noticed in a well-kept garden several sturdy Kabyle men working among rows of artichokes, beans, potatoes and lemon trees, while in the distance from still another building came voices of women and children singing to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" a Christian hymn in French, entitled *"Bon courage, Chrétien!"*

Even before a French mademoiselle appeared at the door to welcome us and to usher us into a cozy dining-room, we felt the magic of this bright world in the midst of some of the darkest scenes we have ever witnessed. When Miss Smith and Miss Cox, the heads of this mission, who for a quarter of a century had been practically the sole foreigners among these mountain people, came out to greet us, we were not part prepared for their description by a well-nigh magical story. They told us how they had come out here from England to found a mission for the Kabyle women of North Africa. Their story was like a romance, often bordering upon tragedy. They journeyed from village to village, at times in great peril, with but a single guide for protection. They told us of nights in which they were obliged to travel nearly the whole night through in darkness and in constant danger as village after village refused them entrance and lodging.

There were times during these eventful years when the English government notified them that they were unable to protect them in this isolated and perilous region. They were branded as spies and accused of all kinds of unseemly plots against the people and the French Government.

Islam is probably nowhere more fanatical, intolerant, and bigoted than in this part of the world. There are many indications of promise and progress toward more widespread enlightenment among the people. The work of missions has been largely strengthened and systematized by the coming to this field of American missions, notably under the leadership of the Methodist Church. Much of the work of the former North African Missionary Society, which was non-sectarian, has been taken over by the American Mission. I found the missions of North Africa engaged in reaching no less than thirteen different nationalities. The means used were translations and distribution of Bibles into a dozen or more dialects, sold for very much less than cost; educational and Bible classes both for adults and children, maintained regularly both in stations located in cities and in the Arab and Berber villages; Gospel meetings at which lantern slides were used with considerable success; itinerating preaching tours and long journeys of colporteurs into the desert (two colporteurs returning from a two months' journey into the desert recently, reported the selling of two thousand Testaments, two thousand copies of the Gospel of John, many of which were taken by Bedouin tribes hundreds of miles farther south than the colporteurs had gone, even into the very heart of the Sahara); the free distribution of medicines and care of the sick; a training school for preachers (native) which has recently been started with much promise in Algeria (five young men, converts from Mohammedanism are now members of this school); and the use of free discussion and argumentation on the part of special missionaries and workers who have given a large part of their life to the study of the Koran and Talmud, acquiring peculiar ability thereby to answer the questions which are hurled at Christians from all sides.

Indeed, the man who does not know his Bible, the Koran and the Talmud stands little chance of even receiving a respectful hearing among this population. It is a land of argument and controversy. One will find here mighty and wordy battles over Melchizedec, and Ishmael, from whom the Mohammedans claim to have descended. The idlest and most absurd questions must be dealt with in patience and seriousness. One of the missionaries told me of a heated argument held with a Mohammedan who claimed that Adam had a second wife because his first wife did not prove satisfactory. This he proved from Gen. 2: 23, "This one, *this* time born of my bones," etc.

In Tunis, I was told of an incident happening in a synagogue when the rabbi was giving his interpretation of the 1,335th day. During the moments previous to the arrival of the rabbi, the congregation, according to custom, chanted with tremendous voice a part of the Book of Psalms. It would perhaps be better to say that they yelled them. A friend of mine whispered to a neighbor to find out the reason for this ostentatious display of vocal power, when he replied with astonishment, "Do you not remember that it is commanded in one of the Psalms 'to make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise'?"

One needs only a brief sojourn among these people to appreciate how necessarily slow is the progress of evangelization. No impetuosity can storm successfully the citadel of Mohammedanism. It stands defiant and silent as the Sphinx. Through centuries it has remained majestic, indifferent and unperturbed by outside influences, as the caravans are oblivious of the sandstorms that rage around them in the desert. The main decrees of this religion are summed up in an absolutely autocratic, unapproachable God; the impossibility of an incarnation of the divine; absolute fatalism; a religion of outward form and ceremony with no place for a divine atonement for sin. The Koran tells its adherents, "Ye are the best nation that hath been raised up unto mankind." The consciousness of this priority over other nations explains something of the inordinate self-esteem and the sense of religious superiority which forms one of the chief barriers to the entrance of a personal religion like Christianity, which demands lowliness of heart and service to one's fellow men as the chief sign of discipleship. Mohammedanism, indeed, is the most aggressive non-Christian religion in the world to-day. It dreams and it works with definiteness toward the end of becoming a world religion.

The quarter of a century of devoted work on the part of missionaries and Christian adherents in this part of the Moslem world is nevertheless beginning to show fruitage. The Bible is holding its own and advancing with considerable rapidity, while the work we have described at Mekla is being duplicated in other sections of this country, teaching the people not only the spiritual beauties of our religion, but also the physical advantages of a faith that lifts them from the degradation of their surroundings. *This* is the Magic of Missions.

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FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large **Art Catalog** and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.
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Boys Who Have Won

Under this heading we shall print from week to week the photographs and records of some of our CHRISTIAN HERALD boys. It is an honor to be a CHRISTIAN HERALD boy.

Adelmer R. Bryon
Our Connecticut Hustler

Adelmer writes:

"I received my Knife and think it is a Dandy."

He is also the proud winner of a **Christian Herald** Crest Pin, a Coin Purse, a Name Stamp, a splendid pair of Roller Skates, and is up among the leaders in the Shetland Pony Contest.

From week to week we are adding the best CHRISTIAN HERALD boys to our staff. Any boy who would like to try should fill out this coupon and mail it.

SPECIAL COUPON

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City. *Date*.....

Please send me a start in business and tell me all about how I may win the beautiful Shetland Pony, if I do good work.

Signed.....

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An American Flag Free

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS

of Free People Enjoy Liberty Under the Folds of Our Flag

Never in all history has so great a number of people secured the blessings of a free government as now enjoy it under our flag. Though many forces of evil endeavor to rob us of our birthright of freedom, yet right will prevail and love of country with its chief emblem, the flag, is the bulwark of safety, behind which we may defend ourselves against all foes both within and without.

The Fourth of July

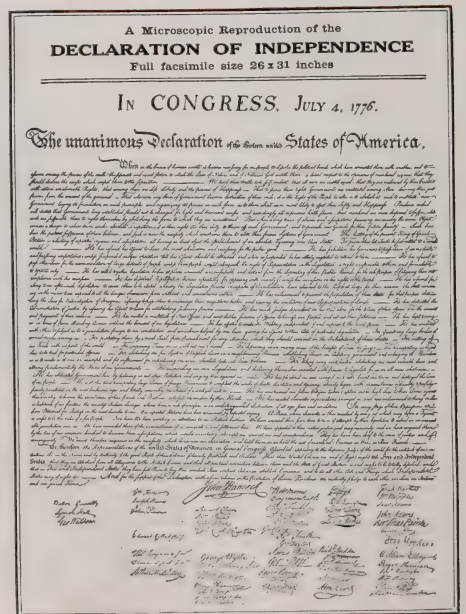
What is the Fourth without a flag? Or any other of the great holidays without a flag? Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day — five big days, with others thrown in. You can get a big flag free; two sizes—4x6 feet or 5x8 feet. Choose one. Measure five by eight feet out on the floor and see what a big flag that size makes. A four-by-six is a big flag. It would take twenty-four copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD spread out on its surface to cover it up. A flag of their own will help to keep boys and girls from wanting fire-crackers and other finger-wrecking explosives. Don't forget this in planning a safe and sane Fourth.

It is the business of every American home to raise patriots, and for the raising of the best kind of patriots it is necessary to have a flag — a big flag that belongs to the home. You know how it puts a new sort of thrill into the thrilling patriotic holidays when a flag is flying from the up-stairs window or from a staff in the yard. It changes everything. The whole household is conscious of it; the passerby gets a touch of patriotic fire; it spreads the feeling of glad loyalty out over the community. America is facing some big problems. There will be need of intensest patriotism. You can help by flying your own flag from your own home on the Nation's great days.

300,000 Flags

Nearly 30,000 CHRISTIAN HERALD homes have secured their flags from us—we want 300,000 CHRISTIAN HERALD homes to have the American flag, and we have arranged to supply an unlimited demand, so that no one need be disappointed.

Fly Your Own Flag on the Fourth



A Microscopic Reproduction of the
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Full facsimile size 26 x 31 inches

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

A Flag FREE to You

Get one of your friends to subscribe to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for eight months; send us only One Dollar for this subscription, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be mailed to any address in the United States furnished by you. In return for your trouble we will send you, absolutely without cost, a beautiful American Flag, 4x6 feet in size. Perhaps you would prefer to have a larger Flag—5x8 feet in size. To secure this Flag, send us TWO eight months' subscriptions accompanied by Two Dollars, and we will send you this extra size "Old Glory."

A FLAG WITH YOUR RENEWAL—If you want a Flag with your own CHRISTIAN HERALD renewal you may have the large 5x8 Flag and one year's subscription for $2.40. Or, you may have the 4x6 Flag and one year's CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription for only $2.00.

Extra FREE Premium Declaration of Independence

Full-size facsimile, 26 x 31 inches

This exact duplicate of that priceless document which hangs framed on the walls of the old State House in Philadelphia will be sent free with every flag furnished by us. See the signatures of those pioneers of liberty who dared much with great faith in the future.

The Christian Herald
Bible House, : : : New York City

WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

An Electrical Fourth

THE proposed substitution of electrical illuminations on the Fourth of July in place of the old fashion of fireworks is an excellent one. It will be not only saner and safer but more largely enjoyable by the greater part of the population. Moreover, it has wonderful possibilities. Even in the distorted freaks of electrical designs used in advertising we can perceive the chances of developing a really new art out of the light that electricity has put at our disposal.

There is no limit to the variety of colors, shades and tints that can be produced. Consequently if skill and taste and a fairly liberal allowance of money be at the command of the committee having charge of the celebration it would be quite practicable to produce in different parts of the city a series of illuminations that would be something more than a mere novelty. Moreover, a scheme of this kind once well begun will advance and improve with the years.—*New York World.*

. . .

The Four Races of Man

JOHN JASPER, the famous negro preacher of Richmond, whose "Sun-do-Move" sermon attracted international attention, had ideas concerning ethnology as well as astronomy. He is credited with the assertion that "there are only four great races on the globe—The Hittites, the Jebusites, the Abyssinians, and the Virginians!"—*Baptist Banner.*

. . .

Teaching the World to Fly

THE aeroplane is already worthy to be numbered among the most magnificent of human achievements—among the achievements that were nothing less than the accomplishment of the admittedly impossible. But its magnificence as an achievement is surpassed by its magnificence as a promise, and it was in the keeping of this promise that so much was confidently expected from Wilbur Wright. While he was alive, national jealousies and conflicting interests caused ungracious questionings of his priority and his superiority in the field of aviation. That has all ceased now, and France, Germany, Italy, and England unite with America in proclaiming that he taught the world that men could fly. There is every indication that the consequences of this lesson will be of an importance comparable with the number of centuries that passed before the teacher came.—*New York Times.*

. . .

Thinking Our Way Through the Air

IT IS known that, before he died, Wilbur Wright had been working on the problem of air flight without a motor. It does not follow that he dreamed that all men are to be turned into birds, and fly whithersoever they will, without gasoline, and with no expense save the first cost of their wings. But it did mean that the father of modern aviation perceived that the master principle of air flight has not yet been found out, and that the man aloft must know a means of depending more upon himself in the air, and less upon a motor which may break down, or cease to function, before he can be safe. The man and his planes must be more completely one than they are now. The flier must be able, through knowledge and experience, to put himself where the bird is that "feels the branch tremble, but sings just the same, knowing that he has wings."

Wright had been a man of fundamental principles from the start. It was not a part of his plan to cut curlycues and loop loops in the air. He was concerned with essentials, and he left exhibition flying to others. He flew more with his brain than he did with his motor. His investigations and researches will live on, and future aviation will be the safer for what he thought.—*New York Evening Mail.*

. . .

The Three-Cent Piece

THE Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Mint having reported favorably on Congressman Bulkley's bill to provide for the coinage of a three-cent piece and a half-cent, there seems to be an excellent chance for the enactment of the measure at the present session. The House Committee on Coinage has given its unanimous approval and the Rules Committee has promised to bring the bill before the House without delay. There is no disagreement that the issuing of more small coins would have some effect in lessening the cost of living. The prices now expressed either in "nickels" or in cents would be shaved down more closely to the limit of just profit. The three-cent piece would accustom purchasers of inexpensive articles to think otherwise than in the decimal system, while the half-cent would make the American "shilling" an actuality, would offer a smaller and wiser basis for the reckoning of integral costs, and allow better bargaining in the purchase of the necessities of life.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

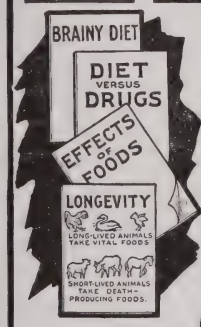
This nation has had much experience in the past with *coins of the token value of three cents.* Whether made of silver or of nickel they were alike unmitigated nuisances. They disappeared from the coinage not only because there was no need for them, but because they were a sort of pest. The attempt of the national House of Representatives to bring back the three-cent piece is simply foolish. That body has passed a bill not only creating a coin of the value mentioned, but also creating a one-half-cent coin. There is absolutely no popular demand for either. It is well recognized by the intelligent public that an unnecessary kind of coin is merely an unending source of annoyance and error and consequent loss. The country's simple and sensible coinage of the present time answers every need. It is a good deal worse than useless to put into circulation new kinds of coins that nobody wants.—*Chicago News.*

. . .

Protecting the Flag

RECENT acts of degradation committed against the American flag in half a dozen cities of the country have aroused indignant protests from law-abiding citizens everywhere. During the May Day demonstration at Seattle the Socialists tore down the flag and trampled it in the dust. In New York the Industrial Workers of the World did the same thing, until a woman Socialist took the torn emblem of liberty and saved it from further humiliation, to her everlasting credit. So frequently have these disgraceful scenes been enacted upon the streets of American cities that a movement now is on foot to demand of Congress a drastic law for the protection of the national flag. This is the only civilized country on the globe that does not protect its flag from open insult. Anybody can take the American flag and drag it in the street, tear it to pieces, or burn it publicly. No wonder the blood of old soldiers boils at such atrocities. The U. S. Grant Post of Omaha has passed a resolution calling upon Congress to enact a law ruling that such indignity to the flag is an act of lese majesty against the visible sovereign authority of the United States—an "act of treason." Never was there a worthier cause than this and never was there a sterner duty to be performed by patriotic American people. As long as the United States endures, that flag is a sacred symbol of the sovereign power resting in the people. No vandal hand should be laid upon it at home or abroad.—*Kansas City Journal.*

Popular Educational Food Campaign



FREE: Four Booklets Which Have Taught Many People to Cure Themselves

One clever young university student writes from Lincoln, Nebr.:

"I have confidence in this system. It has relieved an unsightly skin and mental inertia through the culpable sugar-bases and limits on your four booklets. There is a mine of practical hints in them, enough to convince a skeptic, were he to stick to the rules faithfully and give it a trial.

"I have already gained more brain and nerve force—more efficiency without enforced exercise.

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. To put it weakly, I was astonished. I know now that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge, and hope to learn more of your system in the future."

Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables and fresh, juicy fruits do not.

G. H. BRINKLER, FOOD EXPERT

—no foods sold
—no fasting
—no exercises

A thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the offensive discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks

Correct Combinations of Foods Cure Diseases

I have always cured the above-named symptoms in a few days or weeks by returning to a correctly combined diet. The experiments have been fascinating, and the results underlie success in life.

People Write:

"My brain power and general efficiency have been about doubled this year by selecting brainy foods. I have made a fortune in real estate, and the credit is honestly yours."

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A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses) gained strength with firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.

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From Weaver to Wearer
Can be worn in that condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any shape or style. Just as sent enables as the $10 kind.
All head sizes. Brims from 3 to 7 inches. Light weight. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
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SCREEN DOOR CHECK
Demonstrate and sale is made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Dozen can be carried in pocket.
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$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short, close fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.
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Large profits—easiest—fastest—biggest seller on the market today. National Self-Heating Gasoline Iron sells everywhere—town or country. Join our force of enthusiastic agents now. No time to lose. Complete demonstrating outfit $4.50. Write for the facts.
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405 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Illinois

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Christian Herald

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UBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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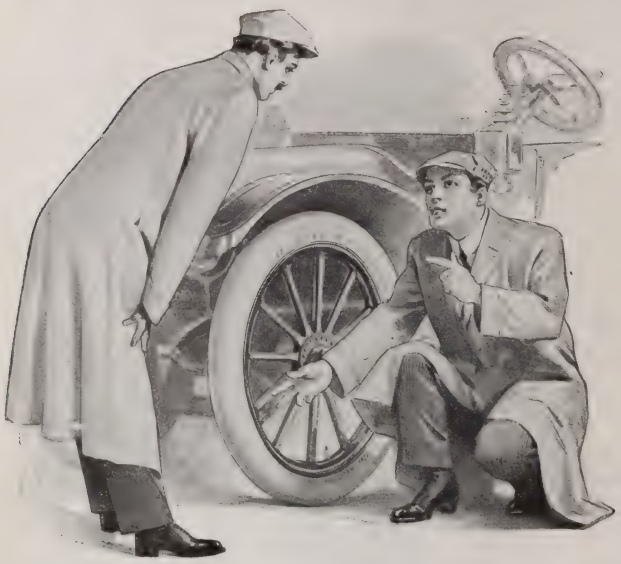
NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1912

VOLUME 35 — NUMBER 26
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SUMMERTIME

From the painting by Hugo Ducnaut



How 200,000 Motor Car Owners

Have Created an Avalanche of Trade for

No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize

Users told others—and the others told others—tha these patented tires cut their tire bills in tw That is the only reason why these tires jumped t

The Topmost Place in Tiredom

It Took 10 Years to Perfect It

Here is a tire which remained for ten years in obscurity, while our experts worked to perfect it.

Then users found it out, and the demand for this tire suddenly changed from a rivulet to a flood.

Last year we sold more Goodyear tires than in the previous 12 years put together.

Over 1,100,000 have now been used, and the present demand is immensely larger than any other tire ever knew.

With our mammoth capacity—with our factories running 24 hours per day—we are four weeks behind on our orders.

Don't Deceive Yourself

That is the situation now—in the 13th year of the Goodyear tire.

That is the verdict, after 200,000 motor car owners have actually tried these tires.

Don't say this demand is a passing sensation, due to good salesmanship. Don't deceive yourself by assuming that other tires offer an equal advantage.

Such an army of users—200,000 strong—can't be fooled on tires. Our success is due solely to what they are telling other men about them.

Finality in Tires

Goodyear tires, in their construction, represent finality in tires.

We say this after 13 years. During that time we have compared some 200 fabrics—some 40 formulas for treads. We have compared every material, every method and process which experts have ever devised.

We have done this on testing machines in our factory—where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

After all these tests—after 13 years—we know that these tires come as close to perfection as men can ever hope to get.

Saving 48 Per Cent

These perfected tires, by a patented process, are made so that rim-cutting is ended forever. This type is called the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut. No-Rim-Cut tires save that 23 per cent.

Then these patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air 10 per cent added carrying capacit And that, under average condition adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So No-Rim-Cut tires save that 2 plus that 25 per cent. Tens of tho sands of motorists have proved this.

8½ Per Cent Profit

Yet No-Rim-Cut tires cost practi ally the same as other standard tire They used to cost one-fifth extra.

Our multiplied output has cut th cost of production, and we have c our profits. Last year our profit o No-Rim-Cut tires was only 8½ p cent.

Those are the reasons why No-Rim Cut tires outsell all other tires. Wh 200,000 men have already adopte them. Why 127 motor car make have this year contracted for Goo year tires. And why more than on third of all Show cars this year we equipped with these premier tires.

You are bound to come to them, b while you are waiting your tire upkee is doubled. Ask any man who know

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 1 years of tire making—is filled with fac you should know. Ask us to mail it to yo

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfit
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(64

NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Rev. Augustus E. Barnett, D.D.
Chief Recorder

Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles
Chief Attorney

Hon. Charles D. Haines
Chief Guardian

Rear Admiral G. W. Baird, U.S.N.
Chief Vigilant

Maj. Gen. D. E. Sickles, U.S.A. (Rtd.)
Chief Custodian

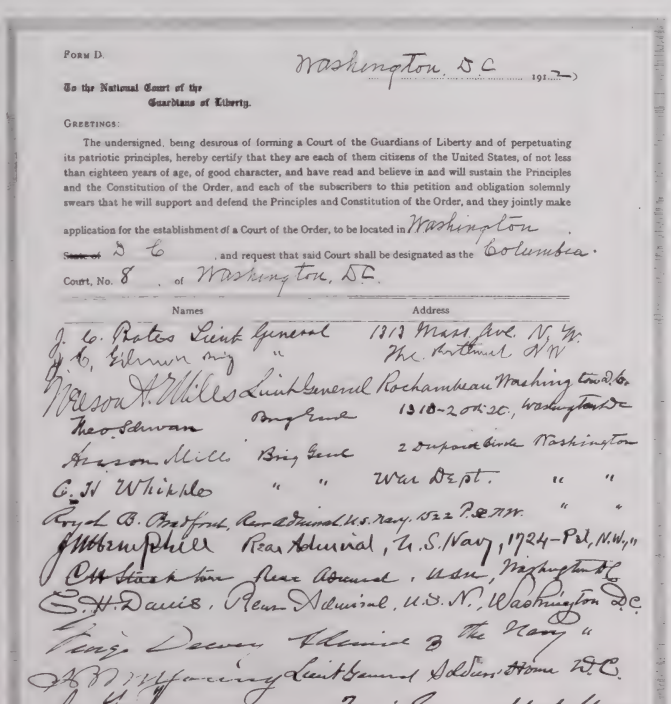
THE GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY

Facts About the New Organization, Its Personnel, Principles and Amazing Growth

ON the ninth day of June, 1911, Washington witnessed an event which was hardly second in importance to anything that has taken place in the memory of the present generation. It was the organization of the Guardians of Liberty. Men of the highest prominence in the affairs of the nation, who from their exalted position were enabled to note the signs of the times that boded danger to the Republic, came together in consultation. The time was ripe for arousing the people to the duty of preserving their glorious inheritance of freedom no less from the danger of unscrupulous political methods than from the plotting of foreign ecclesiasticism to subvert the very foundations of human liberty and to make the church co-ordinate with the state.

At that conference, as though in response to a national necessity, the Guardians of Liberty came into being as an organization. Its rise since then has been phenomenal. It has received the prompt endorsement of the American people, by whose sovereign will it now exists. Its mission is to enlighten the nation on questions that are vital to the continued existence of the republic and to the maintenance of the great principles laid down by its founders.

As Minerva is said to have sprung full-panoplied from the brain of Jove, so the Guardians of Liberty came into existence spontaneously and with the necessary equipment for a great national exigency. In the highest sense, therefore, it is the creation of the nation itself. It is not a political body, nor is it a secret society, as some of its critics have asserted. Its purpose is clearly set forth in its declaration of principles which we publish in this issue. Among its leaders are many famous Americans whose names and records are known in every household. Its rank and file, already numbering hundreds of thousands, include men of all shades of politics and every religious denomination. The sole qualification for membership is love of country and a conscientious determination to preserve its institutions, to protect the rights and privileges of American citizenship, and to defend them against attack.



FORM D.

Washington, D.C. 191[illegible]

To the National Court of the Guardians of Liberty.

GREETINGS:

The undersigned, being desirous of forming a Court of the Guardians of Liberty and of perpetuating its patriotic principles, hereby certify that they are each of them citizens of the United States, of not less than eighteen years of age, of good character, and have read and believe in and will sustain the Principles and the Constitution of the Order, and each of the subscribers to this petition and obligation solemnly swears that he will support and defend the Principles and Constitution of the Order, and they jointly make application for the establishment of a Court of the Order, to be located in Washington, ~~Suburb of~~ D.C., and request that said Court shall be designated as the Columbia Court, No. 8, of Washington, D.C.

Names	Address
J. C. Bates Lieut General	1313 Mass Ave. N.W.
J. C. Edwards "	The Arlington N.W.
Nelson A. Miles Lieut General	Rockhambeau Washington D.C.
Theo. Schwan Brig Gen	1318-20th St. Washington D.C.
Grayson Mills Brig Gen	2 Dupont Circle Washington
C. H. Whipple " "	War Dept. " "
Roy L. B. Bradford Rear Admiral U.S. Navy	1522 P St. NW " "
J. H. Brumphill Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy	1724-Pel. N.W. "
C. H. Stockton Rear Admiral, USN	Washington D.C.
E. H. Davis, Rear Admiral, U.S.N.	Washington D.C.
Geo. Dewey Admiral of the Navy	"
H. H. Wyeth Lieut Colonel Soldiers Home	D.C.
C. F. Humphreys Major Gen. U.S. Army	

The Washington Court, No. 8, of the Guardians of Liberty
The Signatures of the Distinguished Members are Reproduced Photographically from the Original Document

The plan of organization of the Guardians of Liberty is as follows: The National Court consists of an executive committee of five members: Hon. Charles D. Haines, chief guardian, head of the court; Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, chief attorney; Major General D. E. Sickles, chief custodian; Rear Admiral G. W. Baird, chief vigilant, and Rev. A. E. Barnett, D.D., chief recorder. The national headquarters are at 50 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York City. On the list of national counselors are: General Horatio C. King, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, O.; Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D.D., New York; Isaac S. Hurst, Los Angeles, Calif.; Rabbi Joseph Silverman, D.D., New York; David B. G. Rose, of Louisville, Ky.; Major Edwin A. Sherman, of Oakland, Calif.; Rear Admiral Trevor W. Leutze; F. A. Pope, national president Patriotic Order Sons of America; LaForest J. Paige, secretary Vermont Consistory, Thirty-second Degree; Robert E. French, grand custodian, Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., Nebraska; John Franklin Crowell, president American Civic Alliance; Colonel Ralph E. Prime, president American Flag Association; Colonel Henry H. Andrew, president American Peace and Arbitration League; Louis Annin Ames, president Empire State Society Sons of the Revolution; Colonel Henry H. Andrew, president general Union Society of the Civil War; James B. Gourlay, N. Y. State councilor, Junior Order U. A. M.; Rev. L. L. Hand, State councilor Junior Order U. A. M. of N. J.; Major E. T. Paull, "American Continentals," Washington, D. C. Local courts are created on application to the National Court, the form of application being shown

Continued on next page

THE GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY

in the photographic facsimile of a Local Court of the District of Columbia (which appears on page 647), accompanied by the signatures of its charter members. The signers of the Washington Court include

Lieutenant General J. C. BATES, U. S. A.
Brigadier General J. C. GILMORE, U. S. A.
Lieutenant General NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.
Brigadier General THEODORE SCHWAN, U. S. A.
Brigadier General ANSON MILLS, U. S. A.
Brigadier General C. H. WHIPPLE, U. S. A.
Rear Admiral ROYAL B. BRADFORD, U. S. N.
Rear Admiral J. N. HEMPHILL, U. S. N.
Rear Admiral C. H. STOCKTON, U. S. N.
Rear Admiral C. H. DAVIS, U. S. N.
Admiral GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.
Lieutenant General S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A.
Major General C. F. HUMPHREY, U. S. A.

Hundreds of clergymen of various denominations in different States are on the rolls, and tens of thousands of workingmen representing practically every trade. All are on equal ground within its ranks. All pay a nominal membership fee of $1. At its gatherings men of wealth and influence, pastors, professional men, merchants, tradesmen and the humblest laborer meet on the common ground of love of country. They are knit together by the one desire to serve the nation's best interests, and to prevent the laying of unholy hands upon its institutions. They stand for higher statesmanship, purer legislation, cleaner politics, national, State, and civic righteousness, the complete separation of church and state, and equal privileges for all.

The Constitution is as follows:

We, members of the order of the Guardians of Liberty, in national convention assembled, impelled by the conviction that the greatest treasure possessed by the citizens of these United States is that of civil and religious liberty, and with an earnest intent to encourage and promote a deeper, stronger and more active loyalty to the fundamental ideas of the founders of this Republic, do declare the following to be our

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

First—We unite as a non-religious, non-partisan, non-racial moral force to promote pure patriotism and a sacred regard for the welfare of our country. It is our belief that every citizen should hold sacred his civil duties and responsibilities, and it is our desire and purpose that every office of the nation, State and municipality shall be held by men of ability, integrity and true patriotism. We hold that no citizen is a true patriot who owns superior temporal allegiance to any power above that of his obligation to the principles of the Constitution of the United States.

Second—As the fathers established, so are we resolved to maintain the complete separation of church and state.

Third—We deny the right of any political or ecclesiastical organization to manipulate or control the sovereign citizenship of our people, or to dispose of their rights and privileges for political office or power, and we are determined that every citizen shall exercise his civil rights and privileges unmolested, answerable only to his conscience and to his God.

Fourth—We unite to protect and preserve the free institutions of our country, especially our public educational system, against any foreign or menacing influence and we particularly protest against the diversion of any public funds or lands to any religious purpose whatever.

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I

Sec. 1. The government of the order of the Guardians of Liberty is divided into national, State and local courts. A State court shall not be established until the officers of ten or more local courts, in joint session, have framed a constitution and passed resolutions petitioning the National Court for a warrant to organize a State Court, and the National Court shall have issued such warrant; provided the State Constitution submitted by the petitioners shall be approved by the National Court. The petition shall state the time and place proposed for the

Continued from preceding page

election of State Officers, which shall be within thirty days after receiving a warrant, timely notice of such election having been given to all Local Courts within the State. State officers shall be elected by the officers of the Local Courts, a majority vote electing. The National Court shall take immediate supervision of all Local Courts until the formation of a State Court, and shall afterward assume such supervision whenever any Local Court shall by petition of ninety per cent. of its membership make such request, provided such supervision shall be for a period not longer than two years.

Sec. 2. The National Court shall at first consist of five qualified persons who have subscribed to the Constitution and taken the obligation of the order at the time of its formation. The officers of the National Court shall be a Chief Guardian, a Chief Attorney, a Chief Recorder, a Chief Custodian, and a Chief Vigilant. The first officers chosen shall hold office until the third Tuesday in June, 1915, and until their successors are elected, as hereinafter provided. The National Court reserves to itself the ultimate authority of the order and, as an appellate body, finally to pass upon all questions of policy and upon all disputes which may arise between the State and Local Courts. An appeal from a decision of the National Court may be taken to the National Convention by petition of three-fourths of the State Courts. It may grant Warrants of authority, for the establishment of State and Local Courts, and, for cause, recall the same, and may make such general rules and regulations as may conduce to the welfare, harmony and prosperity of the institution.

Sec. 3. On the third Tuesday in June, 1915, a meeting shall be held in the City of New York, unless otherwise ordered by the National Court, for the purpose of electing a Chief Guardian, a Chief Attorney, a Chief Recorder, a Chief Custodian, and a Chief Vigilant. The Chief Recorder shall give at least thirty days' notice, by mail or otherwise, to all State and Local Courts, of the time and place of such election, and a majority vote of those officers of State and Local Courts present, or by proxy, shall elect. Thereafter biennial meetings for the election of the National officers shall be held under like conditions.

Sec. 4. Advisory Board—Deputies. The National Court, on the third Tuesday in June of each and every year, shall appoint an advisory board of twelve members of the order, who shall constitute the National Court of Counselors. Deputy or Departmental Guardians may be appointed by the National Court, who shall be granted Warrants of authority to establish Local Courts, within designated districts, and to perform such other duties as may be set forth in such Warrants.

Sec. 5. Local Courts. Warrants shall be granted by the National Court for the formation of Local Courts until State Courts have been established, after which all such Warrants shall be issued by State Courts. Five persons of Constitutional qualifications shall be necessary to form a Local Court, and such Local Court shall be governed by a Master Guardian, a Master Attorney, a Master Recorder, a Master Custodian, and a Master Vigilant.

Other clauses follow, relating to the duties of members and the powers and duties of the National Court. Section 14 reads:

It shall be the duty of all members to support candidates for political office who are good and true men, earnest patriots and loyal to the principles of the Order.

Catholic journals have attacked the Guardians of Liberty on the ground that the new organization is a revival of Knownothingism. Nothing could be farther from the fact. But Rome is afraid of the new organization, knowing that her own methods of political and ecclesiastical campaigning in this country will not bear the searchlight. Her truckling with presidential candidates; her arrogant claim of equality with royalty for her cardinals at public functions; her attitude toward civil marriage, and her imposition of the ban of illegitimacy on ecclesiastical marriages between Catholic and Protestant; her widespread interference in politics and her dictation to the "bosses"; her declaration that "the church will not come to her own until there are more Catholics in Congress"; and her demand, reiterated in her church organs throughout the country, that American Catholics should work together "to make of the United States *according to a dream that is no longer visionary the first Catholic nation in the world*"—these are among the reasons why the free and independent American people must jealously guard their privileges against a power which has been repudiated in every country in Europe, with one solitary exception.

Is free America, with its inheritance of liberty, to become Catholic America? That is the great question which now overshadows all others. *Zion's Herald*, an influential Methodist publication, puts the situation in a nutshell: "Unless all signs fail the last stand of the Roman Catholic Church for supremacy is to be made here. . . . This is the explanation of recent events that have found their way into public print. Rome is determined to conquer in the United States. Her power in the Old World is all but gone. France has left her, Portugal has repudiated her, Spain has broken with her, Italy openly defies her. What is there left? Austria? Yes, but hardly anything else. If Rome is to continue a power, then she must be supreme on this side of the Atlantic. And here in the United States is to be made the last stand. . . . Do we want a Roman Catholic America? If not, we must be prepared to meet the challenge of the present."

Similar views are expressed by conservative journals in many parts of the country. Recent events have forced home the conviction that the Roman hierarchy is a political machine which aims to control the balance of power as between the two great parties, casting its influence in favor of those who are willing to serve, not the best interests of their country, but of the Catholic Church. All the public pageants, the great military masses, and the monster parades of the Knights of Columbus are simply object lessons designed to impress the public and especially the politicians with the voting power of the vast political machine, which unites politics and religion so deftly as to justify the ruling of Pius X., who wrote in an allocution: "It is our duty to direct every individual, and also the rulers, in public, social and political matters." Having already dictated the choice of judges, congressmen and many high public officials in State and nation, Rome is now engaged in attempting a far weightier task—to dictate the choice of a Chief Magistrate to preside over the destinies of 100,000,000 Americans. What a triumph for the Catholic Church to win in such a struggle! And what a humiliation for the Republic!

. . .

The Guardians of Liberty make no religious distinction, but regard all with the equal freedom and tolerance to which they are entitled under the Constitution. With creeds and beliefs they have no antagonism. It is only where a religion endeavors to impose itself upon the State and attempts for its own purposes to abridge the liberties of the citizen that the organization interposes in defense of these liberties, which its members are solemnly pledged to uphold and preserve. It means that with God's help and the united power of a free and independent people, no religious organization, papal, Protestant or pagan, shall ever control the destinies of the Republic.

The chief recorder, Augustus E. Barnett, 50 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York, will answer all communications.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL BOAT, 4,000 YEARS OLD

SOMETIMES the tombs of the ancient Egyptians of four thousand years ago are found to contain, along with the mummies and treasures and furnishings, a little model of a boat. More frequently on the inner surface of the coffin the picture of a boat was painted. The boat in the illustration is manned with several oarsmen with long oars. In the bow is the captain with club in hand to urge the oarsmen on. Two masts stand erect to receive the sails, and between them is a pillar bearing the symbol of their god. In some of the paintings the boats are represented as bearing, besides the mummy, great treasures, the furnishings of the tomb, and food and drink for the soul of the dead. What is the meaning of the little boat? Or what purpose was it supposed to serve?

The dead of the ancient Egyptians were always buried to the west of the Nile, on the very edge of the valley. Somewhere in the far west, it was believed, were the happy isles of the dead. Thither the sun-god went each evening, and thence he sailed beneath the earth to reappear in the east the next morning. There the Egyptian believed he would go after death.

At the time of the burial, the dead, who were to the east of the Nile, were transported across the river in a special funeral boat laden with the mummy and all that was to be buried with it, whatever the soul, or the *ka*, might need in the hereafter. As the boat reached the western shore a procession was formed to march to the tomb; the final ceremonies took place at the entrance, and the mummy and its treasures were sealed within. The boat thus formed so prominent a part in the ceremony that

A "Funeral Boat" from an Egyptian Tomb

sometimes a model of it was made and buried in the tomb, or a picture of it was painted on the coffin. At the base of the pyramid of Sesotris III., of the twelth dynasty, were found buried in the sand five large, well-preserved boats made from the cedars of Lebanon. It is only in a country like Egypt where the sand and the air are dry, that wood has survived such a great age. One of the boats, now in the Field Museum in Chicago, is thirty feet long, eight feet wide and four feet deep.

However, the chief purpose of the boat was to serve the soul after death. The "happy isles" of the dead could be reached only by crossing the great waters, and for this a boat was necessary. There was a boatman named Turnface, because he poled his boat while looking backward, who ferried souls across, but he would receive only the righteous—only those of whom it could be said, "He hath done no evil." A boast commonly engraved on the Egyptian tomb to persuade the ferryman Turnface of the righteousness of the soul confined there, is: "I gave bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothing to the naked, and a ferry-boat to the boatless." Sometimes those who possessed no boat were transported across the waters by the hawk or the ibis, or friendly souls might be persuaded to provide a boat for them, or they might accompany the sun-god on his journey. The boatless, however, might wait long before reaching the "happy isles," and so a boat, all provided with oarsmen and provisions for the voyage, was buried with the mummy or painted on the coffin. Such was the real purpose of the little model of the boat in the illustration.

PROF. EDGAR J. BANKS.

The Greatest Force in the Middle West

THE most important industrial innovation ever experienced by the Middle West seems sure to follow the completion of the largest water-power plant in the world, now about being constructed in the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Ia., in the very center of the Mississippi Valley—a dam and power house with mammoth turbines and electric generators of over 300,000 horsepower capacity. This is over half the quantity of power produced by all the companies on both sides the international boundary at Niagara Falls.

Hitherto the chief water-power development of the United States has been around the edge of the nation, from California, Oregon and Washington along the Canadian border to Maine and thence down the Atlantic seaboard to Georgia. But this new installation in the middle of the Mississippi River is accurately centered both for the transportation of raw materials to its mills and factories and for the shipping of its manufactured products to the immense consuming area, populated by about half the inhabitants of the United States, between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains from Canada to the Gulf.' This single power-house has a capacity of one-seventeenth the horsepower produced in all the West of this great country. It is more than is produced in any State except New York, Maine and California, which have held the lead in turning water power into electricity.

This new water-power development is being built at a cost of about $25,000,000 by the Mississippi River Power Company, under the supervision of the War Department. The chief engineer is Hugh L. Cooper, an eminent hydraulic engineer. The dam is located at the foot of the Des Moines Rapids in the Mississippi, at the junction of the States of Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. The new dam floods the rapids and makes deep-water navigation even in dry seasons for sixty-five miles of hitherto impassable river. This is of immense value to navigation and saves the government the cost of constructing a deep-water channel, which was ordered by Congress a few years ago.

A General View of the Construction Operations on the Mississippi, at Keokuk, Iowa

At the Iowa end of the dam there is to be the largest dry dock in fresh water and a lock in the dam, the gates of which are planned to be larger than any in the Panama Canal. Here, also, is the largest power-house ever built, over a third of a mile long, one hundred and twenty-three feet wide and reaching from twenty-six feet below the bottom of the river to high above the bluffs. There are to be thirty turbines in the substructure of the power-house, each by far the largest in dimensions ever built, and each attached to a huge electric generator of 7,500 kilowatts capacity, which is the equivalent of a little over 10,000 horsepower. The water goes to the turbines through tubes in the concrete large enough to permit one to drive a threshing machine through; and the water leaves the turbines and enters the tail-race in the river through openings each large enough to contain a bungalow.

The production of such an unprecedented quantity of electric power there in the center of the Mississippi Valley is already building up near the site of its development a new industrial center. The turbines will be connected directly to electric generators and transmission lines will run northward to Burlington, Ia., and southward to St. Louis.

The dam, power-house, lock, dock and sea-wall are one continuous mass of concrete, nearly a mile and two-thirds long. There are over 650,000 cubic yards of concrete in the structures, and the whole comprises the largest waterpower plant in the world, the largest electrical installation in the world, and the greatest power dam in the world. About fifteen hundred men are employed in its construction, which has gone on almost without interruption summer and winter, day and night—Sundays religiously excepted.

The churches of the community deserve praise for their alertness in looking to the uplift of this army of workmen. Without exception all Christian organizations near this great power are reaching out to claim the newcomer with commendable thoroughness.

FRED H. ENO.

ECHOES FROM THE METHODIST CONFERENCE

THREE and a half million Methodist church members are directly concerned with what the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church did during May at Minneapolis.

Methodism is a system which is not afraid of being systematic. It has a lot of machinery, because it has found that organization is a large help to religious progress. And, of course, like all good systems, the Methodist system needs frequent adjustment and rearrangement. So, every four years, the Methodist Episcopal Church calls together the representatives of its wide-scattered forces, and these, over eight hundred in number, spend a month together overhauling the machinery and planning for its larger effectiveness.

But they did not minimize the spiritual side of the church's work—far from it. Every day during the first three weeks evangelistic services were held—noonday shop meetings, street meetings, and a notable series of meetings in one of the largest churches of Minneapolis. Billy Sunday preached in the Auditorium twice in one afternoon, the second time to the overflow from the first crowded meeting.

The first roll call of the Conference was a modern repetition of the scene at Pentecost. Instead of Parthians, Medes and Elamites," and the rest of the older catalogue, it might have been written Danes and Swedes; Germans from Berlin and from San Antonio; the dwellers in Norway and Finland and parts of Africa about Liberia, Rhodesia and the Portuguese provinces; Chinese and Koreans; sojourners from Rome, both Italian and American; men and women of South America and of India; and they of Africa now dwelling on the western shore of the great Ocean."

A roll call is usually uninteresting, but you can see that this would be different. For example, when the secretary was calling the names of those from Italy, a thrill of exultant joy ran through the multitude as he spoke out loud and clear, "Italia Garibaldi!" And a quiet, modest little woman, shrinking from the thunderous applause, rose and answered "Here!" Do you wonder the great audience cheered? This cultured Christian woman comes from the Methodist headquarters in the "Street of the Twentieth of September" in Rome, and that street's name marks the day, a little over forty years ago, when the dream of Miss Garibaldi's grandfather, Giuseppe Garibaldi, was realized, and the troops of United Italy entered the Eternal City. Another great emotional moment came when four Chinese delegates spoke, on a later day, in favor of a resolution asking the United States to recognize the Chinese Republic.

But now to business. This General Conference was a democratic body. It was not always able to give definite form to its passion for democracy in church life, but always it showed its disapproval of concentrated and arbitrary power, even when exercised under the forms of law. And the next General Conference will do more than that.

The eight new bishops elected are a representative body of Methodist leaders. Homer C. Stuntz is a great missionary and an inspiring speaker. Theodore S. Henderson is devoted to the work of direct evangelism. William O. Shepard is a wise and successful administrator and a pastor of notable gifts. Naphtali Luccock is one of the shrewdest, most genial of men, a Sidney Smith without the faults of the original. Francis J. McConnell is an educator and a writer who has made the whole church think. Richard J. Cooke is a man of books and a master of Methodist history and polity. Frederick D. Leete is a pastor who has the art of understanding and winning and holding men. And Wilbur P. Thirkield is a helper of the black man worthy to be ranked with Booker T. Washington and General Armstrong.

The bishops are hereafter to come a little closer to the churches in the sections about their residences. Around each episcopal headquarters is a group of conferences over which the resident bishop will have full authority except for the thirty days just before and the thirty days just after each session of the Annual Conference, when the bishop appointed to preside at that conference will be in charge. In addition to this, each bishop is to preside during the next four years over conferences in his part of the country, instead of being assigned first to one side of the continent and then to the other. This is a sort of combination of "presidential" and "residential" supervision, and it is expected to bring the bishops and the churches into a much more intimate and definite relationship.

The Conference elected a number of new editors and secretaries of its great benevolent enterprises, who must prove themselves. They have their work cut out for them, if they are to advance beyond the mark set by the men they have succeeded. For among those who retired at this Conference were James M. Buckley, thirty-two years editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and for even more years the most notable figure in Methodism, and Adna B. Leonard, with a record of twenty-four years of great service as missionary secretary.

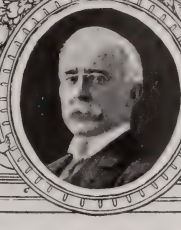
A determined and well-supported attack was made on the so-called "amusement paragraph" of the Methodist Discipline. The bishops for the third time had recommended its restatement and the omission of the admittedly incomplete and unsatisfactory catalogue of prohibited pleasures, and the question was debated with great earnestness. The conservatives won the day by a majority of seventy-seven. But later in the month the paragraph was greatly improved by being divided, so that hereafter the people who go to the theater will not be reckoned as offenders in the same category as the church member who rents his building for a saloon.

The Conference had the unusual experience of accepting a bishop's resignation. Bishop W. F. Oldham, missionary bishop for Southern Asia, including the Philippines, was elected a Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. He could not be at once secretary and bishop, so, for the sake of a wider executive service and influence, he resigned the missionary episcopacy. Two missionary bishops were elected, John Wesley Robinson for India, and William P. Eveland for Malaysia and the Philippines.

The General Conference lasted twenty-nine days and cost a good many thousand dollars. But it was worth while. It gave the Methodist Episcopal Church better working conditions, and said to it, "Now go and do four years of really Christian work in your world-parish, and do it all in the name of Jesus Christ through the Holy Spirit."

DAN B. BRUMMITT,
Editor, The Epworth Herald.

KEPT FROM THE EVIL ONE



A SERMON

BY

Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

TEXT: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." John 17: 15

SO THAT it is not necessary for death to take us out of the world in order that we may become holy. It is well for us to remember that death itself is not a fashioner of character. Death translates us, but it will not transfigure us. Death is a mode of transit and not a means of grace. It is not a discipline, but an unveiling. No one meets death in uncleanness and awakes in holiness. "He that is filthy let him be filthy still." Death changes our circumstances, but it leaves the character unchanged.

"I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world." Then retreat is not needful for victory. Indeed the most secluded retreat will never secure our holiness. Where can we find a retreat that would take us out of the world? Where can we build such an abode? Shall we seek it on the countryside? I remember that it was in a garden that the worldly spirit was first born. The gracious and beautiful provisions of Eden did not shut out the subtlety of the tempter, nor did they secure our first parents from yielding to his enticements. If a rich and glorious environment could give us immunity from evil our race would never have fallen.

Shall we then seek the privacy of monastery or convent? But worldliness is not a matter of company or crowds. We can take the world with us into the most lonely place. It was in the wilderness, away from human society, that our Lord encountered one of the great crises of his spirit. It seems as though it would be comparatively easy to live a pure life if one's home were on the Malvern Hills, and if the soul could be feasted on sunrise and sunset, and could be trained and chastened by the moving panorama of the passing hours. But the Malvern Hills have been the scene of many a great crisis in the spirit of man. Wherever the soul is worldliness can be, for worldliness is a certain manner of life, it is the response of the soul to a certain kind of inner seduction. And therefore our Lord does not pray that we may be taken out of the world, but that we may remain in it, in the very thick of its affairs, and yet be so empowered as to be able to be delivered "from the evil one."

The Ministry of Evil

And what is the ministry of the evil one in the world? How does he go about it? By what methods does he seek to undo us and subject us to his own dominion? First of all he seeks to pervert the holy impulses and sacred initiatives of the soul. He delights to interfere with good things just as they are being born. It is a deadly part of his plan to interfere with seed. "Then cometh the evil one and snatcheth away that which is sown." Who does not know his ministry here? Some experience has happened in our life. Some conjunction of circumstances has led our mind into sober thought and decision. A tender impulse is springing in a longwhile barren soil. A pure desire is rearing itself where there has been only the weed of indifference. Some happy promise is appearing like a flower on the plains of the spirit. Good seed and receptive soil have met, mind and truth have come together, the soul has encountered her Lord. "Then cometh the evil one and snatcheth!" He leaps at the chance of destroying a young impulse, or a desire that is just at the birth. And therefore he is very active at church doors. He is waiting for people as they return from the service, and many holy seeds are snatched away before they reach the top of the street. He is very subtle in his ways. He can lead us into an apparently justifiable conversation, but we have not gone far before we have lost our seed.

And, secondly, the evil one seeks to undo us by presenting glittering snares to our gaze. "He shewed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." The kingdoms have never appeared so vivid, so alluring, so magnetic! The evil one paints everything in a most attractive guise. He can make rose trees climb over slaughter-houses and hide them. He makes me think I am getting a fortune when I am really stepping into an abyss. These bucket-shop circulars I sometimes get—how seductive their statement! How easily I may become a millionaire! There is no difficulty in the road. If certain simple conditions are fulfilled I shall gloat in gold! And the advertisement goes on to tell me what good I could do with an augmented income. But I know the hollow voice that speaks behind the pleasant mask. And these bucket-shop circulars are symbols of the messages that come to me from the devil. He can make deadly perils seem vitally attractive. There is always a sweet grassy path leading me into the swamp. They are like a certain short cut to the top of Snowdon; no one takes it without arriving maimed and bruised. The evil one is a fraud.

The Contagion of Worldliness

And, thirdly, the evil one seeks to steep me in worldliness through the contagion of worldly men. He likes to insert one rotten apple in the barrel. He loves to get his pinch of evil leaven into the meal. He plans to get one bad man into a holy fellowship. He knows that if he can introduce his spirit it will do its contagious work. "The spirit that now worketh in the sons of disobedience." That is a very pregnant phrase. It suggests the evil influences that are silently operative in the very presence of evil men. I do not wonder, therefore, that the apostle Paul offered the prayer that he might be "delivered from them that are disobedient in Judea." Nor do I wonder that the Psalmist in an earlier day prayed that he might be delivered "from evil men." The evil spirit is very catching, and "evil communications corrupt good manners." In all these ways and in many more the evil one is at work. He seeks to nip the young buds in our spirits, he endeavors to snatch away the good seed, he is always presenting fascinating snares, and he works through the malign introduction of evil men.

How are we to be kept from his deadly ministry? We must remember that if we are to be secure there must be co-operation between ourselves and the Lord. Our Master will not carry us as though we were logs. He will not defend us as though we had no will. The condition of more power is that we use the strength we have. We are to bring all our reserves out before reinforcements will appear on the field. When we bring the five loaves our Lord will work the miracle.

The Source of Deliverance

But let us look first of all at our Master's part in the defenses. He came to deliver us from the evil one. That was the very purpose of the incarnation and of all his willingness to encounter suffering and death. "He gave himself for our sins that he might deliver us from this present evil world." I find a mighty inspiration in those words. His very coming into the world was directed immediately to my deliverance. Let me affirm that to myself again and again in quiet and positive words. Our Lord came into this world to liberate me from sin! I say, let me nerve myself with that affirmative. Let me repeat it again and again when I am oppressed by my frailty. Let me use all the powers of my being in seeking to realize the wonder of the great evangel.

He came from on high to suffer and die
And save a poor sinner like me.

And, secondly, to deliver us from the evil one is the constant aim and ministry of his love. "Having loved his own which were in the world he loved them unto the end." He never lets go. His love is not a passing warmth, a genial mood which is apt to change into chilling frost. His love endures all along the changing road, and it is as sunny and strong in the remote autumn of life as in the early days of spring. And let me remember this, the Lord's love is love at its best. And therefore it is sympathy at its best. And therefore it is insight at its best. And therefore it is service and sacrifice at their best. "His banner over me is love," and abiding under that banner my security is complete.

In the Father's Keeping

And, thirdly, "deliver them from the evil one" is the burden of his mystic intercessions. "I pray for them. Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given me." We cannot see far into that wonderful depth of glorious secret. But at any rate it has this marvelous significance for thee and me; we are personally known and named in the councils of Deity! What presumption to state it! Ay, it is, and I would never have dared to think it had he not made me bold to do it. "My way" is not "overlooked by my God."

And what is our part in the keeping? First of all, the simple and constant ministry of prayer. "Deliver me from the evil one." That prayer makes me hospitable and receptive to the good One, and I invite and welcome into my life the love energies of the Eternal God.

And with prayer there must be a holy purpose. "What shall harm us if we be followers of that which is good?" It must be the steady aim of my life to follow the gleam, to be a disciple of the truth, to keep the good always in sight. There is marvelous defense in holy purpose and lofty ideal. No one can measure the strength that comes from the contemplation of vast and noble ends. It is the looking off that interferes with the getting on. The steady purpose is a great ally in the work of salvation.

And, lastly, I must have a quiet confidence in the Captain of my salvation. "The Lord will deliver me from every evil work." I must not doubt his efficiency. I must not take the campaign into my own hands as though the Leader were incompetent. Let me never esteem the evil one as mightier than the holy One. Let me be joyfully assured that when these two meet in combat the Lord will be a mighty victor. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

* Pastor Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Conference at Niagara Falls

MOST of the secretaries of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, both denominational and interdenominational, were present at a conference held at Niagara Falls, Ontario, June 13-14, to which clergymen and laymen of New York State and Canada were called. The theme of the conference was: "How can efficient volunteer missionary workers be multiplied, and how can these workers serve the missionary cause to the best advantage?" The various sub-topics were opened by experienced leaders and then discussed by the delegates.

One of the greatest needs in the church life of our day is the development and wise use of volunteer workers. If the two hundred thousand churches of North America are to be enlisted deeply and permanently in missionary activity, a very large force of such workers will be required.

Among the aspects of the general theme which were considered, the following were of special importance: 1. Principles to be recognized in developing volunteer workers. 2. The opportunities for volunteer service and for developing workers: In the missionary committee of the local church; in the denominational missionary committee of a district, presbytery or diocese; in the city or county committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; in the public advocacy of missions. 3. What is needed in the way of supervision and follow-up methods in order to develop volunteer workers most effectively? 4. The place of prayer in the enlistment and development of volunteer workers.

Poems Worth Knowing

TWIN STARS ALOFT

TWIN stars, aloft in ether clear,
Around each other roll alway,
Within one common atmosphere
Of their own mutual light and day.

And myriad happy eyes are bent
Upon their changeless love alway,
As, strengthened by their one intent,
They pour the flood of life and day.

So we through this world's waning night,
Shall, hand in hand, pursue our way;
Shed round us order, love, and light,
And shine unto the perfect day.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

LIFE, I KNOW NOT WHAT THOU ART

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

Do You Know Your Bible?

THE last publishing date in June comes so soon after the last issue of May that if we publish now the list of successful students of the questions in List No. 5 many names would necessarily be omitted. To give our readers a little more time to win a place in the honor rolls we are postponing the publication of the names and the answers to the questions till next week. We can get back to the regular routine next month, as July has five publishing dates instead of four. But send your answers in just as promptly as possible so there will be no uncertainty about their reaching us in plenty of time.

Here are the new questions, List No. 6. New members welcome. See how many of these answers you can find.

List No. 6

1. (a) What prophet received the divine call to his work by being touched with a live coal? (b) To which prophet did the Lord say: "Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth?" (c) What prophet saw a mysterious vision of living creatures and wheels?

2. To what great warrior did Jehovah promise that he would accompany and aid him as he had his predecessor?

3. What bountiful supplies and provisions were brought to David and his followers by a few friendly men during his campaign against Absalom?

4. What is the first recorded instance of clapping hands as a testimony of joy?

5. Who was the youngest king of Judah, and how old was he when anointed?

6. What other extremely young king became a great reformer and remained faithful to righteousness to the end of his life?

7. What letter-carrier's name is mentioned in the New Testament?

8. Where have we an instance of certain officers falling backward when confronted by their victim?

9. Where is God's covenant declared to be more lasting than the mountains?

10. Where is God's covenant declared to be as unchangeable as the law of day and night? (Two places in one chapter.)

11. In what passage does Jesus liken himself to a faithful man who gives his life for his charges?

12. In what single epistle is Christ shown to be our Joshua to lead us into rest, our High Priest to bring us to perfection, and the Sacrificial Victim to purify us through his blood?

Prizes the Premiums Highly

I have just received my premium Bible, also *The Christian Herald Almanac*, both of which came safely. Many thanks. I shall prize them highly, as I do THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I feel that I cannot do without. The prizes have been admired by many of my friends, and they all wonder, as I do, how you can afford such beautiful prizes for so little money. The paper alone is worth much more to me than you ask for it. That it may find its way into many new homes is the earnest wish of one of its many readers.

MRS. M. C. MORTENSEN.
St. Thomas, Danish West Indies.

A Little Song of Gladness

I'M GLAD there's room for singing in the crowded, busy day.
I'm glad that music in the heart makes work as light as play.
I'm glad I needn't work alone, nor carry *all* the load.
I'm glad a FRIEND walks by my side and cheers me on the road.
I'm glad the heaviest burden leaves a little strength to spare.
I'm glad there's power enough, withal, a brother's load to share.
I'm glad my task is greater than my puny strength can grip.
I'm glad to have so sure a claim upon God's partnership.
I'm glad that when men say, "You can't," my heart responds, "I will."
I'm glad the steep ascent leads to the summit of the hill.
I'm glad things called "impossible" I sometimes dare to do.
I'm glad, with faith, "nothing shall be impossible to you."
I'm glad the strain and stress are given to make the spirit strong.
I'm glad that pain and battle scars enrich a victor's song.
I'm glad that in the stormiest fight my heart is held in peace.
I'm glad I hear a quiet voice bid fear and tumult cease.

I'M GLAD that from the darkest night there springs a rosy morn.
I'm glad that from my foolish fears new hope and trust are born.
I'm glad, in every rainbow, sun and shower each has its part.
I'm glad, where tears flow, smiles of love make rainbows in the heart.
I'm glad I may enjoy the fragrant beauty of the rose.
I'm glad to learn the lesson of the thorn that with it grows.
I'm glad that pain and sorrow are for some good use allowed.
I'm glad the sunshine's beauty is its contrast with the cloud.
I'm glad the pains of yesterday are all forever past.
I'm glad the troubles of to-day have little time to last.
I'm glad to-morrow, all unspoiled, may have more good than ill.
I'm glad each day helps, drop by drop, the cup of joy to fill.
I'm glad, again, for yesterday, for every lesson learned.
I'm glad for gain of strength and for each bit of progress earned.
I'm glad to-day is still my own to plan, and work, and pray.
I'm glad a future full of hope inspires the hardest way.

I'M GLAD I'm heir to boundless wealth, displayed on every side.
I'm glad my treasures fill the earth, abundant, far and wide.
I'm glad I own the trees and rocks and all the grass and flowers.
I'm glad the deep blue sea is mine, the hills, the leafy bowers.
I'm glad the birds belong to me, the butterflies, and bees.
I'm glad I have refreshing rain, and cooling summer breeze.
I'm glad I sometimes have the storm to rouse my sluggish soul.
I'm glad to see the lightnings flash and hear the thunders roll.
I'm glad I need not guard this wealth lest anything be lost.
I'm glad it need not be insured to cover all its cost.
I'm glad the burden is not mine to care for sea and land.
I'm glad He holds them safely in the hollow of His hand.
I'm glad for true and loyal friends who cheer a fellow on.
I'm glad for those who *know* they're friends before the victory's won.
I'm glad for chance to *be* a friend, to pass the cheer along.
I'm glad to steal away a sigh and substitute a song.

I'M GLAD the dollar sign is not the only mark of wealth.
I'm glad it cannot measure life, or light, or bounding health.
I'm glad to count a priceless store of sympathy and love.
I'm glad such treasure, gathered here, is bankable above.
I'm glad a poor man may be rich and free to give or lend.
I'm glad investment surely brings a noble dividend.
I'm glad for laughter, fun, and play, to keep the spirit sweet.
I'm glad the serious and gay are making life complete.
I'm glad the road of life is up—up, ever to the end.
I'm glad there'll be no call at last in darkness to descend.
I'm glad the last beam shall not fade "to shine again no more."
I'm glad I need not face the time when all "man's work is o'er."
I'm glad to go from little things to "greater things than these."
I'm glad I'm called forever to obey a King's decrees.
I'm glad I need not name the whole long list of why I'm glad.
I'm glad my Father knows it all. I shall be always glad!

GOD'S WORD

A WONDROUS tree I find God's Word,
And 'neath it day by day
I take the fruit that gives me strength
To bear me on life's way;
A stately tree, so large and tall,
There's shelter, rest, and food for all.

A telescope I find God's Word,
And be skies dark or clear,
This trusty instrument reveals
God and my Saviour dear;
While mirrored daily on my heart
Are splendors that can ne'er depart.

A treasure house I find God's Word,
With all its contents free;
And reaching forth, I take, and say,
"The Lord meant this for me."
And for my faith, what joys are given!
True peace, and love, and life, and heaven!

I find God's Word a river deep,
No ripple, yet a tide;
I launch my bark and glide away,
My Saviour e'er my guide.
And sweet the comfort, sweet the rest,
While sailing toward the haven blest!

GEORGE WHITEFIELD D'VYS.

Pentecost in India

YOU will be glad to know that God has heard the prayers of his people, and we are now in the midst of another mighty revival. During the evangelistic campaign month [February] which is just over, we baptized seven hundred and seventy-seven people, and there are more than a thousand more waiting for me to come."

This glad news comes in a personal letter from Rev. Charles E. Parker, superintendent of the Hyderabad District of the South India M. E. Conference. In an earlier letter, written on January 18, he said:

"In my last letter I asked you to join us in prayer on the first Thursday in each month, for this year, and especially for our District Conference. . . . The Holy Spirit came with great power upon our District Conference. Every worker, I believe, went out endued with power from on high. They began to have visions of the mighty work before them. They have gone out to do great things for God this year. Oh, if we would really pray as we should, God would do wonders. As I look at these men and think of their possibilities, my soul cries out, 'Lord, teach me to pray, for their sakes.'

"We have many great problems before us in the work this year. As I look at it from the human standpoint, the situation seems impossible. Alone, we could not go forward, but 'Emmanuel, God with us' is our watchword, and I know that he will lead us on to victory. Plague is raging all about us. In the city of Hyderabad, fifty miles away, for the past two months, people have been dying at the rate of two and three hundred a day. The disease is gradually spreading nearer to Vikarabad. Thus far, the Lord has spared our lives. That little verse: 'Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling,' means more to us now than ever before. My appointments for this year read as follows: 'Superintendent Hyderabad District (this district is as large as an annual conference in America); Missionary in charge of Vikarabad, Tandur, Kohir and Shankerapully Circuits; Principal of the J. L. Crawford Boys' School, until a missionary can be gotten out from America for this work.'"

Passages from Mr. Parker's letters read like selections from the Book of Acts. His whole life is a romance of divine love and care and of direct interference with material things and events to make way for the triumphs of the Holy Ghost. We want the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to get acquainted with him and learn more of his unique work. Put him and his associates on your prayer list. In this way you can have a real part in these new victories of the Cross in India, which are bringing fresh glories to the name of Jesus.

Pleased with Almanac

I am highly pleased with your *Almanac*. It is a world of knowledge contained in a small space. It also contains enough spice to make it interesting to all. Many thanks for same.
Indianapolis, Ind. J. A. VAN CAMP.

Negro Refugees Photographed Shortly Before Making Preparations to Break Camp

THE PROGRESS OF THE FLOODS

VICTIMS OF LOUISIANA'S GREAT DISASTER RETURN TO THEIR HOMES. FINAL RELIEF MEASURES

THE most recent reports from the flooded section of Louisiana are extremely encouraging. The people of the flooded districts have now practically all returned to their homes, and the problems which face them are those that have been outlined in former accounts of flood-country conditions. Although up until the middle of June the backwaters from some of the crevasses continued to rise, these changes affected very little new territory and were the cause of more inconvenience to the railway companies and officials than to the general population. The railways, most of which have done their utmost during the trying time of the flood to continue their freight service wherever it was possible, got together and by using one another's tracks and here and there adding extra switches were able to put on a service which has been of the greatest assistance in returning the flood sufferers to their homes and in supplying them with the necessities of life.

The work of repairing the railway roadbeds and embankments has brought to light a number of interesting aftermath stories of the flood. For instance, among the pictures which were sent by one of its Louisiana correspondents to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was one taken where the embanked railway line passed near the edge of the forest. Here were gathered a number of deer which had been forced out of the depths of the forest by the flood. The section men along the railways have had to exercise the greatest of care in clearing away the débris which in many cases the currents have piled against the rails. Seeking the only remaining dry places the snakes, such as the water moccasins, have made these accumulations of débris their temporary homes. Several quite serious bites have been reported.

The water from the great Torras crevasse has been going down rapidly. The districts over which it poured such a devastating flood are now slowly resuming their ordinary appearance. Early in June a second break in the Hymelia levee was reported, but this was almost immediately denied, and coupled with the denial came the report that the waters were now running in the channel of an old break. The waters from this crevasse have been the slowest to abate. Plantations which had successfully held them back from the time of the first break until well into June were forced to give up the fight when the waters commenced to run in the sixty-foot channel of the former break in this levee.

The river steamers have been busily engaged in returning the refugees from the camps to their homes. It has been deemed wise to close the refugee camps and return the people to their homes in this way even though a continuation of rations and other assistance will be necessary for some time. Military officers have been making tours of inspection, and at the request of the Central Relief Committee have appointed local committees to superintend the purchasing of rations wherever this may still be necessary, and to take charge of the distribution of household goods. New Roads, Donaldsonville, and Paincourtville all have local committees of this type, and the relief work is being continued in this way.

Governor Hall's Committee, which is known as the Central Flood Relief Committee, is now in charge of all the funds and stores which have been gathered throughout the country. These stores will be distributed as wisely as possible and the remaining relief fund will be used to carry over the destitute until fall, to lend medical aid where that is necessary, and in some instances to provide seed.

The Louisiana State Legislature has had under serious consideration the matter of providing seed for the farmers of the devastated districts. It was stated on the floor of the House that unless some action were taken immediately almost twenty-eight thousand acres of land will grow up in weeds this year when one of the finest crops that the State has ever raised should be produced from the enriched soil left by the floods. At the time of the preparation of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the legislature had taken no definite action but was thoroughly agreed that the need was one which should be met, at least to a great extent, by funds from the State treasury. As far as possible the relief funds will be used to augment the State aid which, it is altogether likely, will take the form of such staple crops as cow-peas, corn, cotton, sorghum, and onions.

The funds already received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for relief work in the flooded districts have now been sent forward to the scene of the disaster and are being applied as was intended by their donors. In reply to the telegram sent him by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Governor Luther E. Hall writes as follows, under the date June 7:

Christian Herald, New York.

MY DEAR SIRS: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your telegraphic despatch of June 4 instant, authorizing me to draw on you at sight for Two Thousand Dollars ($2,000) additional contributions from your readers for relief work among the flood sufferers, and I beg you and your readers to be assured of my appreciation and gratitude and that of the suffering people of Louisiana for your generosity.

Obedient to your instructions, I have this day made draft for the sum indicated in favor of Mr. L. J. Ricaus, the Treasurer of the Central Relief Committee, at Baton Rouge, La. This committee has been organized for the purpose of covering the entire State in the work of relief.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) L. E. HALL,
Governor.

The Disastrous Torras Crevasse with the Waters at Their Height

The following contributions have been received for this fund since the last acknowledgment:

D. L. Miller	5.00	M. R. Benchley	1.00	A Claremont Reader, Calif.	1.00	A Friend, Pleasant Brook, N. Y.	2.00
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A Sympathizer, Belchertown, Mass.	5.00	Mrs. Jennie R. Slosson	2.00	E. G. T., Allentown, Pa.	15.00	In His Name, Reading, Pa	1.00
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V. T. & H. E. Hinshaw, ——, San Francisco, Calif.	10.00	L. M. Stanton	1.00	A Friend from Elyria, O.	2.00	H. W., Divernon, Ill.	2.00
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Mr. Anson	1.00	Otto Liman	.50	Mrs. A. M. Raeder	1.00	E. A. Barber	2.00
A Reader of C. H., Jersey City, N. J.	1.00	Herbert E. Rice	.50	E. B. Adams	4.00	Mrs. Cora Van Schaack	2.00
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A Friend, Northborough, Mass.	1.00	C. E. Soc. of Crooked Creek, Pa.	4.00	Mrs. S. C. Rodden	1.00	Hannah Staples	1.00
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A. B. Brown	1.00	——, Hawley, Pa.	1.00	Wm. Cotton	2.00	M. F. Baker	.50
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						A Friend Rushmore, Minn.	2.50
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						Mrs. D. A. Miller	1.00
						Mrs. Catherine A. Candy	2.00
						Edward W. Miller	10.00
						S. S. Barnes & Wife	10.00
						Miss S. S. daughter, Opelika, Ala.	5.00
						Mrs. I. E. Montgomery	5.00
						Dr. S. D. Booth	3.00
						Mrs. E. A. Haring	2.00
						F. H. Miller	1.00
						A Friend, Garden Grove, Iowa	1.00
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						A Friend, Castile, N. Y.	.50
						A Friend, Chicago, Ill.	1.00
						M. M. R., Acampe, Calif.	2.00
						Mrs. J. M. Kyle	1.00
						Mrs. Lucy H. Garrison	1.00
						Mrs. Temperance Hurlburt	2.00
						C. Z. Russell	2.00
						Mrs. T. E. Nelson	1.00
						Mrs. D. S. Fowler	2.00
						Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Gurnee	2.00

Women Who Have Made Their Mark

BY LUCY B. JEROME

"WHERE," asked a man traveler, recently returned from abroad after an absence of ten years, "is the pink-tea woman, the fancy-stitch embroidery woman, the kitchen drudge and the helpless female? Have they become an extinct type?"

Well, if they're not an extinct type yet, they're rapidly becoming one. The pink-tea woman, for instance, finds her energies absorbed in showing other women how to manage their social affairs with the smallest amount of labor and the largest amount of benefit. The fancy-stitch embroidery woman lends her attention, not to sewing for the poor, but to teaching them to sew for themselves; the kitchen drudge is possibly giving lectures on household economics, and the helpless female may be capably directing the work of some civic department as its head.

Prominent in this new class of women one sees Mrs. Isaac Rice, the famous "Queen of Silence." Mrs. Rice confesses to a musical ear and a set of ordinarily sensitive nerves. She owns a magnificent home on Riverside Drive in New York, and she and her family wanted very much to enjoy it. But one thing prevented—the incessant tooting, whistling and shrieking of the river steamboats, as they let out blasts heard for miles up the Hudson. She listened to their whistles all day, and at night she was aroused from uneasy slumber by the hoarse bellowing of fog horns. Mrs. Rice began to think a good deal about noise. Why was all this noise, anyway? Was it necessary? If not, why couldn't it be abolished?

She lifted her voice in protest. But it didn't appear to be anybody's business to suppress unnecessary noises, and personal interest was lacking. Then Mrs. Rice's militant spirit was roused, and she went to Washington, where she worked with such good effect that the American Association of Masters, Mates and Pilots passed a resolution that needless whistling and signaling by any master, mate or pilot on the Hudson should mean a heavy fine. Satisfied on this point, Mrs. Rice began to think about noises in general, and to wonder if something couldn't be done to abolish them.

She set municipal activities to work, and though little impression was made at first, gradually people began to realize that Mrs. Rice meant what she said. She showed them that all over Manhattan thousands of unnecessary, strident noises rent the air, that the sick in private homes and hospitals were helpless, and that the clangor, racket and din were fast becoming a national menace. Then she started a society for the suppression of unnecessary noise. She insisted that a city law be passed establishing zones of silence near hospitals. Mrs. Rice sums up her activities in these terse words: "There are over three hundred varieties of unnecessary noises in New York alone, and I shall never give up the battle until I have regulated, if not suppressed, at least two hundred of them."

A young woman one day walked quickly into one of Boston's department stores. She wanted to make a simple purchase of a yard of ribbon, but found the salesgirl who waited on her weary, indifferent and contemptuous of the small sale. Miss Diana Hirschler, who stood next to the customer, took all this in, and, like Mrs. Rice, began to think. "Now," she told herself, "while I have plenty of sympathy for this girl, who is evidently tired, I feel, too, that it is only right that the customer should be waited on civilly. Couldn't clerking be made a little more interesting? Couldn't selling be raised to the level of a science?"

Miss Hirschler thought all this out. Then she adopted the plan of forming a class to teach selling as an art, and invited several girls to join. They came, more from curiosity than anything else, but Miss Hirschler made her little talks on the selling art so attractive, that almost before they knew it they were putting the principles gained into active practice. Then the department stores began to engage Miss Hirschler to lecture to their employees. Every day members of the sales force attend her lectures and demonstrations.

"Treat your customer," Miss Hirschler tells them, "as if she were a psychological study. In selling anything, look at your customer first, and adapt what you show her to her particular style and character. Make yourself an efficient saleswoman, and you will be satisfied with your work, and your value to your employer will be increased."

If one hasn't capital and is forced to "do something" for a living, it is helpful to know that one can be a woman—a very womanly one, too—and still make good. Mrs. Luella White had opened a tiny millinery shop in the Ryan Annex Building, St. Paul, and her new life had just begun with a good outlook, when, one night, she was roused from sleep by the clang of the fire engines as they whirled past her home. A premonition seized her, and throwing on some clothing, she rushed out of the house toward her shop, several blocks away.

Sure enough, the Ryan Building was in flames. With an ominous sinking in her breast, Mrs. White stood in passive silence and watched her little shop, the fruit of seven years' planning and working, go up in smoke. It didn't, however, take long for her to dispel discouragement, for she is not of the sort that disaster overwhelms. By ten o'clock the next morning she had paid the first month's rent of a basement storeroom, obtained a stock of goods on consignment, and her employees were hard at work on orders placed before the fire.

But that storeroom had to be furnished if she meant to conduct business there, and her bank book showed a balance of $47. How buy all she needed with that paltry amount? "You've got lots of pluck and nerve," her friends told her, "but when it comes to furnishing this place on $47 it simply can't be done. Why don't you borrow money and do it right?"

Mrs. White closed her lips firmly. "I won't borrow, and I can furnish this basement—in my own way," she declared.

Her friends went away, prophesying dire things. Then Mrs. White set to work. That same afternoon she bought a couple of tables, several hat stands, some Japanese screens and lamp shades, several rolls of crêpe paper, some Japanese material for curtains, and some grass rugs, and at five of the clock her new shop was furnished.

That little basement shop in St. Paul became known as the most unique millinery store in the country. Artistic and sound common sense together had worked a seeming miracle. She can buy any sort of furniture she desires now, not even drawing the line at antiques—for she has two large establishments—but the memory of that little shop in the basement is still very dear.

In the heights of one of the dizziest skyscrapers of New York sits a quiet little blonde woman who is said to have baffled the keenest minds of Wall Street when it comes to keeping secrets. Miss Katherine Giles is the head of the famous *Giles Cotton Report*, which comes out three days before that of the government, and which is regarded as an authority that often influences the market as much as the government report. She has the distinction of being the only person engaged in this work, and she began it ten years ago by accepting a position as clerk to a cereal statistician. This work taught her the advantage of the system of correspondents all over the country, and the art of sifting their letters to the hardpan of potential possibilities. Nobody has ever been able to obtain a tip from Miss Giles regarding the possible state of the cotton market, though she could make thousands by her advance knowledge.

Did you ever hear of the "Help Yourself" booth? That was an idea evolved from the consciousness of a fifteen-year-old girl, Mary Elizabeth Evans, whose family were in financial difficulties, and wondering which way to turn. Sitting with her mother one evening, Mary Elizabeth broke out:

"There's one thing I can do. You all like my home-made caramels and chocolates awfully well. Why can't I sell them?"

"Oh," said her mother reprovingly, "making them and selling them are two very different things."

"Well," persisted Mary Elizabeth undauntedly, "I don't see why I can't try."

She hadn't even a dollar for capital. But she made her candy, put it in a dozen home-made boxes, tied each with a narrow ribbon, wrote the name of the special kind of candy on each box in a large, sprawling hand, and took her boxes down to the University Building in Syracuse, in which city she lived. She asked permission to display her candy in one of the booths. There was no one to attend to it, no cash register, and she couldn't stay herself, for she was needed at home, so she just piled her boxes effectively and wrote her first business card. It said, "Home-made candy. Twenty-five cents a box. Help yourself." She placed it against the pile of boxes, then went home and waited.

The little booth jumped into favor in a day. The candy was good, and those who tried it once came again. Mary Elizabeth was kept quite busy for a while; in fact, until she moved to New York and rented a little white shop in Fifth Avenue, known to every lover of sweets. It is not so very long ago that she asked the public to help itself, and lost only five dollars through her childish trust, but to-day you can't ask any one in New York, or even farther afield, who Mary Elizabeth is without receiving the answer:

"Why, she's that famous candy shop! And didn't she do something odd? What was it? Oh, yes, of course. She's the 'help yourself' girl, isn't she?"

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MISS MARY ELIZABETH EVANS

MISS KATHERINE GILES

MRS. ISAAC RICE

MRS. LUELLA E. WHITE

MISS DIANA HIRSCHLER

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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Under One Banner

ON JUNE 24 a religious conference of world-wide interest opened at Lambeth Palace, the home of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and may continue for several months. Some time ago a number of bishops were appointed by the Episcopal Church in the United States as a commission to arrange for this event, and a considerable body of leading American churchmen from different States will be present. This conference is a preliminary one, its purpose being to confer with a view to a plan of unification for all the Christian churches and denominations of the Protestant faith. It is expected that it will be followed by a conference in New York City, at which commissioners who have been appointed by the Methodists, Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Baptists and the Reformed churches will participate.

It is unquestionable that the desire for a basis of union among the Christian denominations is steadily gaining in favor. Without any sacrifice of organic identity, they can unite on many points which will have the effect of drawing the churches closer together. It would certainly be a great step forward to have a thorough union on the essentials, and such an agreement on general working principles as would render the efforts of the churches as a whole more practical and consequently more effective. Years might be required for this work; but if they meet in the right spirit, much may be accomplished now. It should not be an impossible task to decide what is and what is not essential to the holding of a common religion and the expression of a common creed on which all might unite. Whatever may come of it, the thoughtful Christian people of two continents will watch the proceedings of this international conference with deep interest, and will assist it with their earnest prayers, that it may result in advancing the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world.

Three great denominations in Canada have taken a remarkable step toward church unity. Last year the Methodist and Congregational bodies voted to form a union with the Presbyterian Church, and on June 10 of this year the Presbyterian General Assembly voted unanimously in favor of the project.

It is a fine thing to see such exhibitions of the spirit of religious unity which is drawing men together for such a purpose. We are living in an age when great things are being accomplished in every line of human activity. Why not in religion as well? Let us hope and pray that the day of dissension and antagonism in the Christian ranks may soon pass away and that we shall yet see the time when all who name the name of Jesus, and who love to serve him, will be as members of one great army, each battalion of which is doing loyal service and all co-operating like brothers under the banner of the Cross for the redemption of the world.

Rights of Citizenship

JUDGE C. H. HANFORD of the United States Court of the State of Washington some time ago rendered a decision annulling the citizenship of Leonard Oleson, of Seattle, because he was a Socialist. In his decision, Judge Hanford said he adopted this course as Oleson

admitted he is a Socialist, a frequenter of assemblages of Socialists, in which he participates as a speaker, advocating a propaganda for radical changes in the Constitution of the country, and because he entertained those views at the time he applied for his naturalization papers, more than two years ago.

This extraordinary decision has aroused a storm of protest in many quarters. It is a case without precedent—the first instance on record since the foundation of our government in which a man's citizenship has been revoked by any court because of his political belief or affiliation. Under our constitution and laws, the political and religious liberty of the citizen is guaranteed, and any judge taking such action as the record in the Oleson case shows renders himself liable to removal. Steps have already been taken in Congress looking to formal impeachment proceedings against Judge Hanford for his cancellation of Oleson's certificate of naturalization. It is of the highest importance that this case should be made a test of the inviolability of the constitutional privilege which belongs to every American citizen, whether born or naturalized, in order that a ruling may be established for the future. Attorney General Wickersham has the matter in hand and has given instructions to have the decree re-opened and a new trial secured, failing which it will be taken to the Court of Appeals. Mr. Wickersham writes that "upon the facts stated by Judge Hanford in his decision, the Department is of the opinion that a gross injustice has been done to Mr. Oleson."

Whatever the political opinions of a man may be, and however radical his beliefs, or those of the party to which he belongs, he is entitled to precisely the same protection in his citizen rights as the members of any other political party. This judge apparently has a record of disregard for citizen privileges. He has been on the Federal bench since the admission of Washington as a State. Several of his decisions have been called in question. He attempted to block the recall of a mayor of Seattle on the technical ground that the city council did not include the cost of the election in its regular budget, which had been passed a month before. The State courts, however, sustained the recall. Again, he issued an injunction prohibiting the residents of Rainier Valley from refusing to pay more than a five-cent fare within the Seattle city limits on a local line, although the State Supreme Court had already decided in the people's favor. From overriding the courts, he has now attempted to override the Constitution. No report was taken of the testimony at the Oleson trial and the whole proceeding seems to have been irregular and unauthorized. At the next session of Congress it will probably be made a test case, for the purpose of establishing a national precedent that will effectually prevent such examples of gross injustice hereafter.

What Flowers Are For

EVER been sick? Ever been sick away from home? Ever been sick in a hospital—lonely, in pain, with a queer heartache in addition to the hurt in your flesh?

Then do you know how the breath of a rose, stealing up to your face, or the scent of lilacs, or syringas, or lilies of the valley, or carnations, or a big, hearty peony, has seemed suddenly to make the pain a little easier, and to ease a little the tightness around your heart?

You are well now, but thousands of other folks are ill. Think of the long rows of hospital cots where girls and boys, women and men are lying in pain, and away from friends and home. Or some who are ill at home have no real comfort, no one who can or will manage to find flowers for the old vase or the broken cup on the mantel.

There is no service more simple, more sweet, more practical than this service of sending flowers to the poor, the sick, the lonely, the sad. Many of you will find, by sending for information to the nearest big city, that arrangements have already been made for receiving and distributing the flowers you send. Express companies will carry flowers free. There is nothing to do but pick and pack them.

But be sure to send them fresh. Wilted flowers are worse than none at all. Flowers left over from church or home decorations are of little or no value. Fresh from garden or field to the cool box, packed in wet newspapers and sent immediately by express—that is the only way.

The earlier flowers are gone by this time, some of the most fragrant, like lilacs and syringas. But daisies and buttercups are crowding the fields, and roses keep coming along all summer. While most wild flowers are not so fragrant as those from the garden, they bring a breath of the fields and woods which may cheer more than the rarer blossoms.

It is the finest kind of a task for a children's Sunday school class, or for the Junior Endeavor or Junior Epworth League. While the poor people in the sweltering cities are being blessed with fragrance and beauty and the proof that somebody cares, the people, little or big, who send the flowers are being blessed in learning to think of others, while the Saviour rejoices again that his folks are learning how to share their blessings with those who are in need. Perhaps—you needn't wait to send your flowers to the city. Maybe some one on the next street, in your village, is lonely this afternoon, or sick, or sad, and would like a cluster of the roses out there in your side yard.

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A Constructive Critic

THERE are two kinds of Biblical criticism: one constructive, the other destructive. To the first class belong those scholarly and capable men who, consecrating their talents to the interpretation and illumination of Bible truths, and devoting their energies to researches in the domain of archeology and philology, have done service in their day and generation that cannot be forgotten. To this body of able men belonged the late Professor Willis J. Beecher, whose earthly career closed on May 10 at Auburn, N. Y. Professor Beecher was one of the leading authorities of his time, and his labors and writings have greatly enriched the Bible-loving world. In an age when it seems to be the object of a large part of modern scholarship to pull the Bible to pieces, the work of Professor Beecher stands out prominently for its authoritative character, its profound scholarship and conclusive reasoning. He regarded truth as above all else; he was painstaking and accurate in the last degree, and he possessed a gift of close observation and conscientious investigation which largely eliminated the speculative tendency that has been the bane of much of the scholarship of our day. Professor Beecher was looked up to by students as a reliable chronologist, an eminent authority on Bible history, and a safe guide in almost every department of religious study. There was practically nothing in the line of philosophical inquiry and scientific work in Bible lands within the last half century with which he was not altogether familiar, and he made this wonderful knowledge clear and helpful to others, both through his writings and his lectures. A logical thinker, a sound Christian scholar and a man of most genial personality, he will long be lovingly remembered by the Bible students of America.

General Notes

—THE APPROPRIATION COMMITTEE of the House of Representatives has included in the Sundry Civil Bill a provision for six additional surgeons to aid in the examination of arriving aliens at the port of New York who are suspected of being mentally defective. This is in response to the demand for additional help, the present force being insufficient to deal with the very large immigration.

—FOR THE SECOND time within two years, London is facing famine in consequence of a gigantic labor strike. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dockers, truckmen and transport workers are out, and over 200 steamers, with perishable cargoes of food, are held up in the Thames. Prices of food of all kinds are soaring and apprehensions are felt that, unless the government intervene, the situation may become very serious. Besides, there is a strike among the bakers, with the possibility that other trades may join. The real question at issue among the dockmen is between union and non-union workers, and hinges upon the refusal of one man to join the union. The men demand higher wages, shorter hours and the employment of unionists exclusively.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

"Carpathia's" Captain Honored

Captain Rostron of the "Carpathia" and His Memorial Cup

CAPTAIN ARTHUR HENRY ROSTRON, of the *Carpathia*, which figured as the life-saver in the *Titanic* tragedy, was honored in a singular manner by those whom he had saved from the wreck. Receptions were given to him by individuals and by the public in general. A beautiful loving cup was presented to him, and a purse of $10,000. In receiving the purse the captain said that material value was of little consequence, but as he had sons to educate he would accept the money and sacredly devote it to that purpose. This act was a window unconsciously opened by him through which could be seen the splendid qualities of this manly man, this hero of the sea. At one of the public gatherings the audience arose and cheered him, and cheered again. The orchestra played "The Star-spangled Banner" and "God Save the King." The captain made a modest response, expressing gratitude at the kindness shown the officers and crew of his ship. The White Star Line offered to reimburse the Cunard Line for putting back to New York with the survivors, but the latter would not accept it. It did, however, allow the White Star Line to give $500 to Captain Rostron, $250 each to Surgeon McGee, Purser Brown, and Chief Steward Hughes, and a month's pay to every member of the crew. When officers of ships were blind and deaf to the terrible tragedy that night amidst the ice, Captain Rostron hastened to the scene and became one of the real heroes and benefactors of the centuries. Captain Rostron in this rescue from the sea calls to mind this reference to safety from the ocean wreck:

Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for a haven of ships. (Gen. 49: 13.)

Splendid Advice

PRESIDENT HIBBEN'S baccalaureate sermon opened the one hundred and sixty-sixth commencement at Princeton June 9. It would be hard to find a more appropriate message to a graduating class. Among other things he said: "It is often thought that men who become ministers, or missionaries, or workers in social settlements, or who are engaged in some particular form of Christian work, have thereby chosen a peculiarly religious life, and therefore necessarily are called upon to assume responsibilities of the definitely religious nature. But the same, however, is equally true of the doctor, the lawyer, or the man of business. Every one is called to consecrate his life to the great cause. There are many pursuits in life, but only one cause—and that is to realize in ourselves and to help others to realize the divine nature in man, and thus to prove the dignity and the power of human life in the higher ranges of its possibilities. We may worship and bow down before a god with feet of clay and fail utterly to find the God in whom we live and have our being. Do not be complacent in the security of a narrow-minded prejudice, which places exclusive stress upon the material values, and thereby starves the soul. This is not a world in which you are merely to seek fortune, pursue pleasure, or endeavor to achieve name and fame. There are two factors which combine to determine your responsibility—the world's need on the one hand and your ability to meet it on the other. One of the most significant results of your education is to give you a more vivid and real sense of the need and at the same time to increase your powers of ministering to it. Whether your life is a success or failure will be determined solely by the set of responsibilities which you recognize as supreme and which you heartily endeavor to discharge. As you enter the world, with its bewildering confusion of clashing interests, its lights and darkness, good and evil, its strife and discord, its hopes and fears, its stubborn questionings, its mystery, its doubts, its brute facts, and its deeper and triumphant tones of prophetic promise—as you face it all, impatient to become a part of it all, I beseech you in this quiet hour, pray that you may quit yourselves like men. Give your strength to the world's weakness, your faith to its doubt, your hope to its despair." This lesson of religion in business is one of the most important that can be taught to a graduating class or to those in the broader university of everyday life. Christ announced it, and President Hibben took those words for his text:

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's. (Luke 20: 25.)

Fearful Submarine Disaster

IN the course of a mock battle off Cherbourg Peninsula the submarine *Vendemiaire* was cut in two by the French battleship *Saint Louis*, and disappeared in one hundred and fifty feet of water. Twenty-three, all on board, perished. The submarine attempted to come to the surface at the rear of the battleship, but by mistake came up directly in front of it and the fatal collision occurred. This is the sixth submarine the French navy has lost, among them the *Lutni*, *Le Farfadet* and the *Pluviose*. The submarine just lost was 160 feet long, with a beam of 16.4 feet and a draft of 13.6 feet. Her displacement was 398 tons, and she had 700 horse power. The engines of war on the sea are dangerous things. They will kill even in play, and kill their own men too. We have here an illustration of the folly as well as fatality of war. Christ and a Christian civilization are demanding and will have an end of this murder for pride and power which we call war, and supplant it with wisdom and peace.

A French Submarine of the Same Type as the Destroyed "Vendemiaire"

Wisdom is better than weapons of war. (Eccles. 9: 18.)

Indians Against Prize-Fighting

AMONG the many protests against the Johnson-Flynn fight scheduled for July 4 at Las Vegas, N. M., none is more significant than that of the Indians: "We, the Indians of the Laguna Pueblo, Valencia County, New Mexico, in meeting assembled, express our disapproval of all kinds of fighting, prize-fighting for money included. What is not good for Indian boys and men is not good for white boys and men. Many parts of our country do not allow fighting, and we do not want it permitted in New Mexico. We believe fighting to be bad and a sin. Sin is bad, whether it is big or little. Sin does not care who it hurts. Fighting will be bad for Indians and all. . . . White men tell us not to fight and then fight themselves and set us a bad example." This petition should both shame and stir the white man to proper action. These children of a savage race are protesting against the barbarism of a civilized people. The missionaries had done their work well and the Indians had learned the great truth that

If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die. (Rom. 8: 13.)

Surprised with a Fortune

LOUIS LE BOUT, a farm hand at twenty dollars a month at Bird's Corner, N. J., went West the other day to get a fortune estimated at $200,000, left to him in the will of Mrs. Josephine Watts of Lengby, Minn., the widow of a wealthy lumber merchant. Le Bout was not related to the deceased, but was said to resemble her only son who had died and was a young man who, while a farm hand near her summer home, had done her many favors. Le Bout was about to have been married, and the wedding had to be postponed till his return. If to this good fortune there be added a continuation of industry and correct living it may be an untold blessing to them and to others. This earthly bequest suggests the inheritance received by all servants of Christ.

Ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance. (Col. 3: 24.)

Lincoln, the Bible, and Shakespeare

MR. E. J. EDWARDS, in a recent contribution to the New York *Mail*, called to mind a trip made by Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Chase, General Wool and a few personal friends on the boat from Washington to Fortress Monroe in May, 1862. Lincoln was lost to the company for some time, and on searching he was found in a secluded place reading a copy of the Scriptures. A little later he asked for a copy of Shakespeare. The President opened the volume, first saying: "There are two books I read when I have time. They are the Bible and Shakespeare. I'll read you a passage that I am fond of." And he read one of the scenes from "Macbeth." That finished, he read a scene from "Hamlet." Then he opened to "King John," turning so quickly to a scene in one of the acts that it was apparent he was familiar with it. It was the scene in which Queen Constance, in the agony of her maternal love, describes her sense of loss in the death of the prince, her son. Lincoln's voice was very tremulous as he read those lines. Then closing the book, he said: "Have you ever in a dream found yourself in conversation with one who is very dear to you and who is dead, and yet in the dream have been conscious that the conversation was not real?" "Mr. President," one of the company said, "that is not an unusual experience." "It is mine," said Mr. Lincoln, "and has often been mine since the death of my boy. Many times I hold conversations with him in my dreams that seem real, and then I awake to the unreality." The President's young son "Tad" had died a few weeks before this, and the loss of this child was a sorrow from which Lincoln never recovered. Lincoln was the jolliest and the saddest man that ever lived. Wit and pathos lie side by side and are made of the same material. It would be natural that such an intellectual giant should have such books as the Bible and Shakespeare as his favorites, and natural that they should contribute so immensely to his mental and moral stature. When his heart broke at the death of his boy "Taddie" he found sweet solace in the Bible and in the life and reunions it promised. With the king he could say:

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. (II. Sam. 12: 23.)

Margaret Sangster's Last Story

This Charming Sketch Was Written for "The Christian Herald" Shortly Before the Author's Fatal Illness

The Catnip Woman

THEY call me the Catnip Woman," she said, while a smile lit up her face. She had taken off her plain Shaker bonnet and laid her long cloak over a chair, and had given me the little basket which she had brought with her down the long hill road. When I opened it I saw two or three articles tempting enough to delight an epicure and dainty enough to please the most fastidious housewife. There was a pound of golden butter; beside it a box of lucent honey in the comb, and wrapped in a white napkin; completing the gift was a loaf of such brown bread as I had praised when, several years before, I had been a guest at the hospitable board of the Mount Lebanon Shakers. Bread and butter and honey! Are they not the requisites for a feast? My friend has passed many years of her quiet and beautiful life as a member of the tranquil community who have their home on a hilltop overlooking a wide range of country, well timbered, well cultivated and inhabited by good people whose homesteads can be seen nestling among orchards and fields, as far as the eye can discern.

"Why do they call you the Catnip Woman?" I inquired. It seemed to me that she might better have been called after a garden flower or a wild rose than after this humble denizen of pasture lands and fields. She explained. I will put the explanation into my own words.

The Shaker people, following, I suppose, the example of early Christians, have no single possessions of their own. Everything goes into the common fund. They live in celibacy and are called brothers and sisters. They unite on the Sabbath in their morning worship and they have an agreeable family life. The men and the women alike work and work hard, the tasks being subdivided. The sister who was talking with me had charge of a large dairy, cared for the milk, cream and butter, and rose the year round as early as five in the morning. I knew the immaculate cleanliness of her dairy and the scrupulous nicety with which every detail of her work was carried out, and I also knew how severe and ascetic was her entire life. I had been entertained in her room and had there seen the austerity softened by her books and plants and the reading matter which she enjoyed. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had long been her favorite paper, and she subscribed for it herself. From time to time she had shared in its benefactions, sending her contributions to sufferers from earthquake or famine or to Mont-Lawn when the opportunity came. Understanding that the members of her community had little spending money and went, when they required clothing or other essentials, to the heads of the family, very much as children go to parents, asking and receiving what was necessary, I had desired to know where this bountiful soul obtained what she wanted for her little luxuries and her larger charities. This was why she went out and gathered catnip, finding a market for it in a Massachusetts town and spending the money thus earned in the personal ways she chose. Not all of it, however. A certain share was devoted conscientiously to the community funds. She said with the same irresistible laugh of amusement in reply to my inquiry as to the uses of catnip: "Why, my dear! Catnip has a dozen uses. Everybody who has a cat must have catnip. It is the finest thing for babies. All old-fashioned people will tell you that catnip tea is very soothing for fretful little children, while it never can do them any harm; and when grown people are nervous and cannot sleep, there isn't a thing in the world that soothes them like a cup of hot catnip tea just before they go to bed. It is a wonderful nerve tonic. I mean to give you some, though I don't think you can be nervous. Still, it may do you good. I will tell you just how to make the tea, and you must sweeten it with loaf sugar.

"When I go to gather my catnip, I know all the best places where it grows. I generally take a little girl along with me, for I enjoy talking with children and I like to have the children I am interested in learning all about the woods and the fields. We come on the most charming surprises sometimes. There are places where the wild bees make their honey, and I have found them out, and more than once I have suddenly discovered a hen that had stolen her nest and felt herself perfectly safe because she had wandered away from the place where she should have been. You sit down in the woods sometimes, and you hear the birds singing just as if they were pouring out their little hearts in a flood of perfect joy. The squirrels are very friendly. They don't mind me in the least, and when the rabbits scurry past it isn't because they're afraid. It's only their way. I gather my catnip in meadows and pastures, and I cut long stalks and lay them out even to dry, and when I carry it in to the man who buys it it is perfect; every stalk and flower and leaf free from dust, and fragrant. I love every bit of it. It is my recreation, for I never go to gather my catnip until every bit of my real work is done, and I have an hour or two to spare. One of my rules is that you must put work before play. I give good weight and measure, and when my catnip is put in the druggist's window, he is proud of it and so am I. Then I portion out my money and it makes me happy to think that some of it will help a poor little famished city child to get two whole weeks of beautiful life in the country, with milk and eggs and wholesome food and fresh air, and that some of it may go far across the sea to the Chinese or the Hindus or whoever else happens to be starving at the time I send it, and that part of it will bring me every week in the year a visit from the paper they print in the Bible House, letting me sit down on Sunday afternoon and have a talk with you and with the rest of the people who do not have to look after milk and butter, and so have leisure to write for busy women like me to read."

I smiled in my turn. I wondered whether the Catnip Woman, bless her! considered me a pers of leisure and herself a busier woman than Everything depends on the point of view. I wo der again what the sister will say when she rea her story on this page. I am venturing a little, b not very much, in telling all the many other bu women about her talk with me. I am reasonab certain that there are few idlers among the wom who gather about our CHRISTIAN HERALD hear from week to week. Some of us are notable hous wives. Perhaps we have even taken prizes for t excellence of our bread and cake at the county fai Some of us have our hands full with the fami sewing and mending. Then I look at a heaped-u mending basket with a vast amount of respect. is the symbol of a mother's never-ending industr Some of us are on committees for clubs and hosp tals and neighborhood settlements. A few of u have a great deal of money and it taxes ou powers to act as stewards for God in its di tribution. We have seen how wisely and we the rich women of this lan have recently administere their great estates in doin good here and in othe countries. The women wh plan and execute munif cent charities, who buil better homes for the poo who fight tuberculosis an strive to bring about im proved sanitary condition in congested quarters of th town, those who endow co leges and assist foreig missions, work in their wa with precisely the sam spirit that is shown by m Catnip Woman. Women re alize that what they d must be done quickly. Ther are seven days in the wee and twenty-four hours i the day, and sixty minute in each hour. We wome are thrifty of time, and s we have learned that w may properly take time fo rest and for play, if ou tasks are well done.

There are other sisters i the little Shaker Commu nity where my friend lives They address one always b her Christian name, an use as a matter of cours the form "Yea" and "Nay," instead of "Yes" and "No." The simple language fall pleasantly from their lips There are women here o gentle birth and breeding and among them are wome of liberal education wh have chosen for one or an other reason this life o partial withdrawal fro the world. On occasion the go away and pay visits t their friends, and they have as much interest in the happy marriage of young people whom they know, as have others who have never adopted their peculiar creed. One dear sister said to me, with shining eyes, alluding to a young girl who had been brought up in their community, but who is now a happy wife: "I wish you could see her babies. She is the dearest little mother you can imagine." One sister with a singularly spiritual face and a manner of quiet dignity has a gift for writing, and expresses her thoughts in the choicest style of composition. A book of hers is on a shelf near my desk.

Only a little while ago at an advanced age Eldress Anna passed away. She entered the Shaker Community by her own desire in her girlhood, bringing to it her fortune of forty thousand dollars. She was beyond eighty when she closed her eyes in the last sleep. One of the brothers with whom I have long had a pleasant friendship came to Mount Lebanon as a little lad of eight, and is now confidently marching toward ninety. Life goes on so quietly with these good people that they seem to live as the trees do, having few maladies to interrupt the progress of health, and finally falling quietly on sleep. Their community life is an anachronism in our period, and as they are not now often recruited from the ranks of the world, a day is coming when their fields and farms must be tilled by other hands.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

From a painting by Jose Israels

AN IMMENSE burden of anxiety is sometimes laid upon the faithful hearts at home when the bread-winner is delayed at sea. Wives, mothers and sisters and little children watch and wait, gazing with longing eyes for the first glimpse of the sail, and fearing they know not what when a storm has tossed the waves to fury. The artist has caught the feeling of the fisherman's family when the boat has not come home. When first the sail is seen on the far horizon, anxiety is lost in joy. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A CUBE OF LEAD

BY CHARLES LEE SLEIGHT

MAY I have one or two specimens?" asked John Spencer, leaning over the pile of mineral near the shaft's mouth.

"Sure! help yourself," returned the ner, as he swung the empty bucket down to his rtner below.

Spencer pawed over the bits of lead, and suddenly ked up one and held it out, saying: "Isn't that a auty?"

"Thunder!" exclaimed the miner, pouncing upon article and examining it carefully; "you've and the thousand-dollar cube!"

"The what?" queried Spencer.

"The thousand-dollar cube," repeated the miner. at Ryan has a standing offer of a thousand dol- 's' reward for the first perfect cube lead found."

"But by right it belongs to you," d Spencer.

"No, it don't. I gave it to you. sides, the reward goes only to the an who finds it. I'm making good y here, and I reckon"—he paused, d glanced at Spencer's threadbare at and rusty hat—"I reckon you n find use for the money. If you'll it till we knock off work, I'll go th you and tell Pat it's a square al."

Spencer sat down upon an empty g. A thousand dollars! It was the ry sum he had been trying in vain r three long years to lay by. With at he could go back East, restock d enlarge Aunt Mary's little store, d be with his motherless boy always. s eyes grew misty as he pictured e foregathering with the dear little rly-haired, blue-eyed chap, the iage of his lost wife, and realized at he had at last, by a miracle, ached the turning of the long lane.

They found Ryan in the office of e smelting works, a stocky, red- ced Irishman, in shirt sleeves, ewing a big unlighted cigar.

"Faith!" he cried, delightedly, on holding the cube of lead, "I've been oking for that same these five years. ire, I know it's all right, if Bill unce vouches for you."

Opening the safe, he took a thou- nd dollars from a package of bank- otes. "There you are, and heartily elcome! and here's a ten-spot extra pay Bill for his trouble."

On the way to his lodging Spencer opped at the post office and got a tter, postmarked from his home, t addressed in an angular chirog- aphy unfamiliar to him. He thrust unopened in his pocket, and pro- eeded homeward. In the vestibule, hile searching for his door-key, he oticed a man standing on the side- alk, looking expectantly up and own the street. Presently another an appeared, and said to the first ne: "Did you get the stuff?"

"No," growled the other, dis- ustedly. "I dropped your doctored ube on a pile of mineral at Bill unce's mine, for I knew Pat Ryan would take Bill's ord that everything was on the level. Then I alked away, meaning to come back and pick up the ube, casual-like, while Bill was a-looking; but when come back, the cube was gone! Some other galoot ad found it."

"Well, you were a fool!" cried the other, angrily. And they walked away.

Mechanically Spencer unlocked the door, and en- red his room.

So the cube he had found was a fraud! He might ave known it. Among his specimens, gathered during three years, he had a score of cubes, but every one was defective, a corner off, a nick in the side, something to mar perfection.

Taking the thousand dollars from his pocket he counted it several times, and spread the tempting bills upon the table.

They were his—legally. Pat Ryan had given them willingly, and would never miss them. Ryan owned the big smelter, he practically owned the First National Bank, he was receiving big royalties from acres of mineral land. Moreover, he would never know of the deception, for the two men who had concocted the scheme were blacklegs, and would not dare mention it.

He reasoned the matter pro and con, until it grew so dark he could not see the bank-notes spread before him. Then he lighted the lamp, and gazed about the little room. A ray of light fell upon a photograph of his boy tacked upon the dingy wall opposite. As he caught sight of little Jack's face, he groaned. How could he ever face those honest, trustful blue eyes, with the brand of a thief upon his brow?

Hastily sweeping together the bank-notes, he put them in an envelope, sealed it securely, and wrote upon it "For Pat Ryan," muttering, "I'll refund the money, and tell him the truth."

As he thrust the envelope into his pocket, he felt the forgotten letter received at the post office. Drawing it forth he studied the address a moment, and then opened it, not without misgivings, however, for he feared his aunt must be ill and had asked some neighbor to write in her stead. Such seemed to be the case, for the letter, which filled one whole sheet of note-paper and a page of a second sheet, was in the same large, angular handwriting as the address, and was signed "Hester Baker," a girl living next door to Aunt Mary.

Apprehensively he began to read, as follows:

MY DEAR MR. SPENCER: I am writing this for your aunt, who after all the excitement and worry is completely tired out. Your grandfather is quite well, although he misses his departed chum, as he called him.

"Heavens! what does she mean?" muttered Spencer, shivering. "Is it little Jack?"

Leaning his arms upon the table to still the trembling of his hands, he went on doggedly:

They were not like grandfather and grandson, but were more like two children, with their games and romps and make-believes. Often they would talk of you, and of the great times they would have when you came home with plenty of money. But God willed it otherwise.

Dear little Jack passed away peacefully last Tuesday after a short illness—pneumonia. Had we known the illness was so serious, a telegram would have been sent you at once.

Your little boy and Grandpa Spencer have always been much beloved, and the neighbors have gladly done all they could for your aunt in her trouble. She sends love, and will write you soon.

Hoping you are well and prospering, believe me

Very sincerely yours,

HESTER BAKER.

Spencer folded the letter, slipped it in his pocket, and stared with unseeing eyes at the wall before him. Little Jack was gone—gone irrevocably—forever! He sat for a while, dazed and stunned. Then, blowing out the lamp, he stumbled to the door, bent like an old man, and going forth bareheaded, walked up Main Street and turned into a side street that led around the base of Schwindel Hill and gradually lost itself in the prairie. He may have remembered, half consciously, that out in the wild prairie the road led by a number of abandoned shafts, black holes filled with dark water, into which other men had purposely or by accident fallen and found surcease from trouble.

The last shanty on the street was occupied by a young clergyman, the Rev. George Ward, a Harvard chum of his. Noticing that the door was open and the front room lighted, Spencer quickened his pace, but as he passed the house, Ward himself ran out, grabbed him by the arm, and, after a moment's scrutiny, led him indoors and seated him in a chair.

"What's the trouble, old man?" demanded the clergyman.

"Jack is dead," said Spencer, dully.

"Oh, poor fellow! your boy!" murmured Ward, his big brown eyes suffused. "You've had a letter?"

"Yes; here it is. Read it," said Spencer.

Ward glanced hastily through the letter, and then stared at his friend in bewilderment.

"I don't understand. Your boy—dead?" he queried.

"Read the letter, man!" cried Spencer, fiercely.

Ward, perplexed, turned the letter back and forth and studied it attentively. Presently a light broke upon him, and he asked, with twitching lips: "How did you read this?"

"How did I read it? What do you mean?"

"In what order did you read the pages?"

"Why, straight ahead, of course. The first page first, then the second, then the third—or, rather, the second and third together, they are written lengthwise of the sheet—then the fourth page, and then the second sheet.

"But, my dear man, no up-to-date girl writes in that straightforward way."

"Aunt Mary does."

"Your aunt? no doubt, in the old style, copperplate Spencerian manner. The fact is, Spencer, you've misread the letter. Your grandfather is dead, but the boy is well."

Spencer leaned forward, gripping the chair arms. "Are you sure, Ward?"

"Of course I am. Haven't I three sisters writing me every week?" and the clergyman waved his hand toward a row of photographs tacked to the wall, with a crimson Harvard pennant draped above them. "Each one has her own ridiculous way of writing. Sallie begins on the fourth page and then skips to the first. May's style is page one, three, two and four. Elizabeth starts on page one, jumps to page four, and then cavorts down the second and third pages—like your correspondent.

Continued on next page

Drawn by Joseph Cummings Chase

Spencer sat down on an empty keg. "A thousand dollars!"

Memorial Day at the Bowery Mission

A UNIQUE memorial service was held at the Bowery Mission on Decoration Day. A list containing the names of over seventy of the Mission's workers, converts and patrons who have passed away had been prepared, and was hung over the platform immediately under the beautiful gilt pipes of the famous old Marquand Chapel organ.

As these names were in full view of the congregation, they were eagerly scanned by the men. Strange emotions were stirred within the hearts of many of them as they recalled old associations with almost-forgotten comrades.

The service was of the simplest character. After the singing of the hymn, "When the Roll is Called up Yonder," the reading of the 90th Psalm, and the general prayer, the workers spoke in earnest and tender terms of those with whom they have been most intimately associated.

"Mother" Bird selected three names. The first was that of "her" boy, Victor Benke, the "Volunteer Organist," whose wonderful conversion, devoted service, and musical genius have made his connection with the Mission memorable. The second was that of "Big Tom the Thief," who spent twenty years in State's prison, and came to the Bowery Mission from Sing Sing some twelve years ago. Mrs. Bird gave some touching incidents concerning his devotion to herself, and his terrible struggle to live a Christian life. The third name was that of a man descended from one of the noblest families in Virginia, himself bearing the name of one of the most distinguished of our revolutionary patriots, but who fell through drink, and was for many years a denizen of the Bowery.

Mr. Thompson, the oldest convert, spoke of the Rev. A. G. Ruliffson, the founder of the Mission, and former superintendents, Mr. J. Ward Childs and Mr. W. D. Hughes. Mr. Putnam recalled the memory of Dr. G. D. Dowkontt, who did such splendid service as a physician; Mr. Church referred to the late Chaplain Law and to Mr. W. H. Horner, the author of one of the most popular of the Mission hymns, "I'm Holding On." Mr. Hunt, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Balevre and Mr. Alec Smith referred to several of the rank and file; whilst Mrs. Hallimond spoke of Mr. Simon Trenwith, the late financial secretary of the Mission, and of "Little Tommy Long," the child of the Mission, whose father, John Long, was so long and honorably associated with the work.

To Dr. C. H. Mead, the president of the Mission, fell the honor of referring especially to the Bowery Mission's great friend and benefactor, the late Dr. Louis Klopsch.

A member of the Brotherhood, Mr. J. P. Moran, contributed the following poem:

The matron mourns beside the graves,
Around the vaults where heroes rest;
Their children's children deck the sod
With floral gifts, from East to West.

The dead march solemnly resounds,
Where reverent crowds, by tomb and gr
Join in the nation's fervent prayers
For those who fought, their land to sa

The greatest battle ever fought
For country, honor, home and kin,
Dwindles to nought beside the fight
That strong men wage 'gainst crime an
The Christian soldier, armor-girt,
Nerved to great deeds by strength divin
Fights for a trophy, heaven itself,
That may be yours, that may be mine.

For these, called to the great Beyond,
In God's good true, repentant, brave,
For these, the Lord in Heaven be praised,
Who died our sinful souls to save.
Long may the Bowery Mission live,
Long may its teachings touch the hearts
Of sinful men; and bring from death
To life and love, God's counterparts.

The Memorial Lists Over the Bowery Mission Platform

The two center panels of the
bore the names of departed wor
and friends:

Louis Klopsch, T. DeW. Talmage, A.
Ruliffson, John Hall, D.D., G. S. Dowkont
J. Fernie, J. W. Childs, W. D. Hughes, I
Mackey, D.D., George H. Corfield, R. S. B
H. E. Rowland, S. S. Haight, Joseph Fi
Owen Kildare, F. S. Minaldi, W. H. Stew
M.D., A. Nathan.

The following is a list of conve
whose names were honored:

Victor Benke, Simon Trenwith, W.
Horner, J. E. Barrett, Frederick Card, T
Strouse, Thomas Fairbanks, W. Denyse, Ja
Dodd, Charles Sandford, Thomas Nolan, J
Martin, William Roberts, John Randolph, V
ter Quivedo, Harry McGee, William Bro
Charles Ryanson, N. Eagleson, Oba Cu
John Carr, H. McCloskey, John Ginn, Ha
North, G. W. Luther, John Reid, John Kel
M. Roth, Harry DuBois, William McOwatt,
Mulholland, D. Whalen, W. P. Rogers, Ja
McComb, Wm. Elliott, John Kelly, D. Whit
William Schopf, Harry Finnell, Louis Hec
Thomas Seaver, Charles Ellis, William Lack
John Mann, Thomas N. Long, F. Connell
W. H. Pearson, Charles Wallheim.

On the last panel were the names
three female workers, to whom m
kindly tributes were paid:

Mrs. C. H. Kendall, Mrs. Grant Hopkins, M
C. Aery.

A CUBE OF LEAD

Continued from preceding page

"Listen a moment. This is the way your letter was written:

"MY DEAR MR. SPENCER: I am writing this for your aunt, who after all the excitement and worry is completely tired out. Your grandfather—

"Now, old man, we turn from page one to page four:

"passed away peacefully last Tuesday after a short illness—pneumonia. Had we known the illness was so serious, a telegram would have been sent you at once.

"Your little boy—

"Now we turn back and read down the second and third pages:

"is quite well, although he misses his departed chum, as he called him. They were not like grandfather and grandson, but were more like two children, with their games and romps and make-believes. Often they would talk of you, and of the great times they would have when you came home with plenty of money. But God willed it otherwise.

"Dear little Jack—

"Now we go to the second sheet of note paper:

"and Grandpa Spencer have always been much beloved, and the neighbors have gladly done all they could for your aunt in her trouble. She sends love, and will write you soon.

"Hoping you are well and prospering, believe me Very sincerely yours,

"HESTER BAKER.

"You see," commented Ward, "while it seems to make sense read the other way, a little reflection shows that the girl would naturally tell of the death before she speaks of the missing chum. Your mistake, however, was quite natural. Only last week Elizabeth sent me a letter that could be read two ways, but as it was all on one sheet of paper the signature showed which pages must be read last. So your boy is all right, and you can see him soon."

"Yes. But—" began Spencer, and then suddenly checked his speech, hurriedly thrust the letter in his pocket, and murmuring incoherent thanks, started homeward.

After all, it was unnecessary to tell Ward of the thousand-dollar cube. If he decided to retain the money—luckily he had not sent it back to Ryan—no one need know anything about the false cube.

Strange to say, the revulsion of feeling when he had learned that little Jack was alive and well seemed to have nullified his decision to return the money. The question was still open. The temptation was stronger than ever, for he knew now what it would mean to have no boy waiting for him. He began going over the ground again. Ryan would never miss the money. Aunt Mary needed it in her business, especially now that her father's pension had ceased. Jack was at the age when he needed a father's care and presence. Dear little Jack! As Aunt Mary said in her last letter, he was still an eternal interrogation point. He could imagine the little chap at the railroad station to meet him. The first thing would be a bear's hug, then would come the everlasting questions. "Did you bring lots of money back?" "Yes; a thousand dollars." "Phew! that is a lot! Did you earn it?" "No; a kind Irishman gave it to me." "Isn't that fine! What did he give it to you for?" "He gave it to me because"—the blue eyes were looking straight down into his soul, the eyes of the mother that always dragged the truth from every one's soul and lips—"he gave it to me because I was a cheat, and a liar, and a mean, contemptible thief."

Spencer found himself standing opposite the pump-shaft, hearing, but not heeding, the puffing of the huge engine and creaking of the machinery.

He looked around, and up at the still stars, like a man suddenly awakened. Then, turning, he fairly ran over the hard clay road back to Ward's house, burst open the door, and holding out the envelope breathlessly told his story.

"Come along with me now, will you, Ward?" he finished.

They found Ryan still up, dressed as usual in shirt sleeves, with the inevitable unlighted cigar between his teeth. "Walk in, gentlemen. It's highly honored I am," he exclaimed with exaggerated courtesy. "Step into my den. I'd call the wife, but she went to bed two hours ago."

"This is merely a business call," said Ward.

"Ah!" The good-humored features visibly hardened. "Well, Reverend, what can I do for you?"

The clergyman handed him the money and told the story.

"So it was a dirty trick!" growled Ryan, an angry frown contracting his bushy brows as he tossed the envelope on his desk. "When did you first learn about the fraud?" he asked of Spencer.

"About five o'clock."

"Huh!" sneered Ryan, "and it's now gone twelve. It took you some time to make up your mind to be honest."

"Good heavens, man!" cried Ward, "don't rub it in!" Then he told of the anguish his friend had been through in the hours just past, thinking his son was dead, and of his bewilderment on learning his mistake. "The poor fellow has been sorely tried," Ward continued, "and I doubt if another man in the town of Jasper would ever return your money under the circumstance He wanted it for the boy."

Ryan's face went white, and h staggered back and sank into a cha as if he had been hit squarely betwe the eyes. "The boy!" he repeate hoarsely, "*his* boy!"

"Yes," replied the clergyman; a he told of the motherless boy an lonely father waiting, toiling, hunge ing to be together.

When the tale was ended, Ryan aros and approaching Spencer, placed hand upon each of his shoulders, an said, gently: "What does he look lik —your boy?"

"He was a sturdy little fellow whe I left him," faltered Spencer, "wit curly, golden hair—and—and blu eyes—like his mother's."

The bluff Irishman's features worke convulsively. "Curly hair—blue eye —like—like—" and turning away, h walked across the room and stood fo some moments with his back towar the others.

Presently, brushing his hand acros his eyes, he again faced Spencer. had a little kid once, like yours—curl hair — blue eyes — like — yo know. The good Lord took him. I give every cent I own to have hi back. I'd scrub floors, shovel dirt, d anything to be with him. And you with your boy alive and well—you for lack of a paltry thousand dollars stay in this God-forsaken place eating your heart out—"

Suddenly snatching the envelope from his desk, he thrust it in Spencer's hand. "Take it, God bless you and go home to your boy. Tell him Pat Ryan sends this as a present to him in memory of another little kid with curly hair—and—and—blue eyes —Ah! clear out, the two of you, and give an old man a chance to go to bed!"

Happy Cozy Corner Days

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

WHERE there is Faith there is Love.
Where there is Love there is Peace.
Where there is Peace there is God.
Where there is God there is no Need.

How to Camp

Continued from Last Week

FOR the plates, knives, forks, spoons, and other odds and ends of your camping outfit a nest of pockets like a two-story shoe-bag is the very neatest and best thing ever, and can be easily made from a yard and a half of denim bound round with braid. Brown or green are best colors. The pockets accommodate the many little and important things that get so easily misplaced or broken. It can be rolled up and folded over in such a way as to take up very little space, and once you try it you will learn its value. Experienced campers use a camp pocket even when they go to the woods for a single day's picnic.

The Way to Make a Table in the Woods

What Mrs. Sangster Said to Home Girls

TO BE sure the woman nowadays may care for herself. She will not be a burden on her toil-worn father or a clog upon her brothers, since, if the necessity exists, she may herself become a wage-earner.

Nevertheless, the home daughter who is not discontented with her lot, but on the contrary who is willing to accept her household, her people and her quiet post of service as the one God meant for her will not find time hanging heavily on her hands. There is much room for tillage in the home vineyard. No background ever stands for so much to the conscientious young woman. Nowhere else can she find so many occasions for that lending a hand which lightens every pack, and bravely helps the fellow pilgrim along on his journey to the heavenly city.

It is not merely an affair of putting a flower in the father's buttonhole and mending mother's laces, and making the desserts and acting as the go-between and lieutenant in the domestic camp when servants are irritating and the mistress of the house bewildered. These little things count, but they are not all, nor is it the singing of a song at twilight, or the playing of a sonata to listeners whose hearts keep time to the melody. . . . This also is much, but it is not all. It is being mother's representative at any and every neighborly and social and church function which she cannot attend. It is taking her place when she goes away for a trip, after twenty-five years of absence, to the old home of her girlhood; it is reading to the infirm, and resting eyes that are growing dim, aged eyes of grandparents, tired eyes of the student. It is helping the pastor who knows to whom he may turn in an emergency, who will play a piano at prayer meeting when the regular accompanist is absent. It is being young and dear and sweet and well poised, and consecrating all you are to God. Surely the home daughter need not fear to magnify her place of honor in God's world.

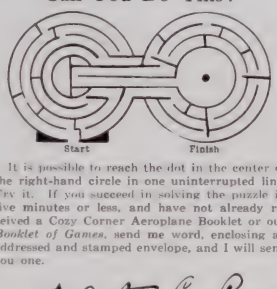
How to Use June Roses

THERE could scarcely be a lovelier gift than a string of tiny beads, an amulet, or a trinket to slip among your kerchiefs and laces to keep them sweet, made of roses and of the love and taste and patience that must go into the fashioning of such a gift.

The making of rose trinkets is an ancient custom revived and rosaries made hundreds of years ago are fragrant to-day.

Gather the rose petals when the dew is on them and screen them clear of every foreign substance. Put the clean dewy petals through a food chopper—the finer they are ground the better—and all the house will smell of roses. Spread the pulp on a china platter and set it in the sun for three days, stirring in a few drops of spring water now and again to keep it moist. When the pulp "works" in the sun and reaches the consistency of a light foamy dough that can be pressed smooth without crumbling it is ready to mold. Before they are quite dry, run a good-sized hatpin straight through the middle of the beads or amulets into a board and set the board in the sun for ten days, and they will grow hard and fragrant. Thread the beads on a strand of silk, the amulets on fine ribbon, and the older they grow the sweeter they will smell.

Can You Do This?



It is possible to reach the dot in the center of the right-hand circle in one uninterrupted line. Try it. If you succeed in solving the puzzle in five minutes or less, and have not already received a Cozy Corner Aeroplane Booklet or our *Booklet of Games*, send me word, enclosing an addressed and stamped envelope, and I will send you one.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

Who Stole the Yellow Bird's Nest?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will nun listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away;
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!"

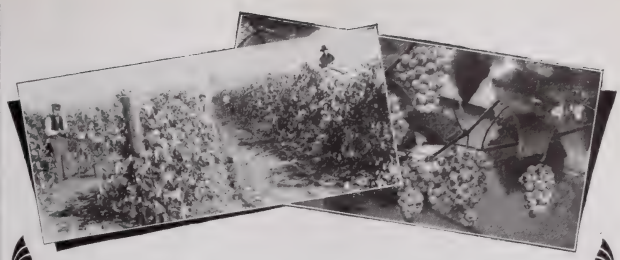
"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean anyhow!
I gave my hair the nest to make.
But the downy couch I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!"

"Not I," said the sheep, "Oh, no!
I would not treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line;
That stolen nest is none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "No, no."

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again!
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We each gave a feather,
She wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again!"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellowbreast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

M. L. CHILD.



No Need For Tonics If You Drink Grape Juice

THE grape itself is the best of all tonics—a storehouse of health which yields energy and vitality, prevents dyspepsia, increases appetite.

Pure rich grape juice gives you all these priceless health qualities in a delicious, convenient, refreshing form.

And the purest and richest grape juice that it is possible to produce is

Armour's Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

The Armour Plants, situated in the heart of the famous Michigan and New York vineyard districts, command the best of each season's Concord Grape crop.

The splendid purple fruit left on the vines until ready to burst with the juice, goes to press the day it is gathered.

No sweetening or dilution of any kind.

All the goodness is retained by sterilization and air-tight bottling only.

Where there are children in the family *Armour's Grape Juice* should be on the table at every meal, and a bottle always in the ice box to quench between-meal thirst.

It will not only go far in keeping them in robust health; its wholesome natural sweetness satisfies their craving for sugar, and they will forget candy.

Armour's Grape Juice is sold by all grocers and druggists at fountains, buffets and clubs.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid. Address Armour and Company, Dept. 167, Chicago.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

The Girl who doesn't Smile

The habitual expression of the face depends most upon the condition of the teeth.

Youth and beauty soon fade in features where smiles are not allowed to play freely. Two habits that soon grow inseparable are smiling features and the daily use of

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First of all Dr. Lyon's is *safe* to use. It is a velvet, pure and gritless powder. It contains no glycerine, gelatine or saccharine to slowly work harm.

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Three generations owe lifetimes of perfect teeth to Dr. Lyon. Before you have used *one can* you will fully understand why.

Use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—*above all at night.* Teach its use to your children to assure them perfect teeth even in old age.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

A. N. G., Oregon. Is it proper for a minister in the pulpit to be personal in his remarks?

It is neither proper nor common. There may be cases where great provocation exists, or where it would seem necessary in order to make a point clear; but generally, personalities should be avoided. They are distasteful to hearers, and breed bitterness of heart, which a preacher of the Gospel should always avoid. If the pastor has any reason to personally address an auditor, whether a member or a stranger, it would be well for him to select an opportunity after the service for a quiet and suitable talk. We have seen occasions, however, where a sermon was rudely interrupted by the misbehavior of some one in the audience. In such a case, a personal admonition may be justifiable.

R. E. C., West Finley, Pa. What are the passages in the Bible which have been supposed by some to refer to the use of automobiles and airships?

Nahum 2: 4 has been quoted as referring to automobiles, but this appears to strain the meaning of the passage, which was written as a direct prophecy of the destruction of Nineveh. The verse describes the mad rush of those in chariots to escape the enemy. Isa. 60: 8 has been thought by some to be a reference to the coming use of airships, but here again the direct meaning is obvious, that in the time of Judea's prosperity ships shall flock to her shores as doves to the windows of their dovecotes. Hab. 1: 8 might be thought to presage manflight, but the figure is used to express the terrific haste with which the Chaldeans shall come against Judea.

Mrs. L. W., Prophetstown, Ill. Where there is no usher, should the lady or gentleman go first in passing down the aisle of a church? Who should precede when escorted by an usher?

If there is no usher the gentleman goes first. It is his duty to find a comfortable and available seat. In other words, it is his duty to act as usher to the lady he brings. When he has selected the pew the lady enters before him. When escorted by an usher the lady follows the usher, and the man comes last, unless the aisle is broad enough for them to walk comfortably side by side. These rules apply to all public gatherings.

H. T. D., Buffalo, Ala. 1. Who was the founder of the Catholic Church, and when was it organized?

1. Although Papal historians claim a much earlier date, so distinguished an authority as Hon. James Bryce says, "Strictly speaking, it is from the year 800 A.D. that the beginning of the Holy Roman Empire must be dated." It was during the bishopship of Siricius that the title of Pope was first applied to the bishop of Rome. That was during the fourth century, and he was the first to use the word as a title. After the fifth century, it was made the exclusive prerogative of the Roman bishops. The Roman Church claims a line of Popes in straight descent from Peter, although there is nothing in sacred or secular history to warrant the claim.

M. L. C., Bradford, N. Y. Please explain I. Pet. 3: 15.

This passage is one of encouragement to the sincere but timid Christian. Fearing God, and having nothing else to fear, we should not be afraid to honor him whenever the occasion serves, by confessing him before men and by giving a testimony to the saving power of the Redeemer and the assurance of immortality. It means that we should run up the flag whenever occasion demands. This is a holy duty and one need not be afraid nor even agitated in revealing what is in the heart—in showing, "the reason of the hope" that is in us in order that others may know that we are Christ's followers.

H. B. H., Newville, Pa. A noted evangelist conducting services here lately asked "all to stand up who are saved." Some ministers in the audience did not stand. Can any one say he is saved, if he has confessed Christ and is living a sinless life, as far as he knows how?

There are many good people who are unduly sensitive on the subject of personal religion, and who resent any inquiry as to the state of their souls. Now, there is a time for everything. Were an entire stranger to accost you on the street and suddenly inquire if you were saved, it might be disconcerting; but surely there can be nothing out of place in the act of an evangelist, while speaking to a religious assembly, if he were to ask such a question in a proper and reverent manner. Jesus says: "Every one who shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God," and surely if we are his followers and believe in him, we should be willing to confess him at such a time. Besides, there is a great blessing and joy that can only be known to those who confess him before the world. On the other hand, we have heard of evangelists who, in their presentation of the Gospel, used meretricious claptrap methods that were both undignified and irreverent and which far from attracting would rather repel. It is not necessary for any evangelist to indulge in theatricals. However, we think there is nothing more effective or persuasive than to see a large number of men and women rise in the audience to testify that they have accepted Christ as Saviour. It would be a very weak-kneed Christian, indeed, who would sit stolidly under such an invitation, instead of "showing his colors" like a true follower of the great Captain of Salvation.

Reader, Hackensack, N. J. What should be the attitude of a Christian (who aims to be consistent) when traveling with a company across the continent, with regard to Sunday observance? The plan is to arrive at the Grand Canon of the Colorado early Sunday morning and spend the day in exploring the place, in carriages or on burros.

See answer to another correspondent on Sunday observance. While some take a latitudinarian view of this question, we find no warrant in God's Word for devoting the Lord's Day to pleasure or sightseeing. Even under such conditions as you describe, one who is sincere in his belief can find a way to honor the Sabbath and can set an example which may influence others. We know that the modern tendency is to interpret Sabbath observance very broadly; but it is greatly to be deplored when pleasure or business is allowed to supersede the religious duties of the day. The question you ask, therefore, must be one for the individual conscience, and even if it should involve some self-denial, you should not hesitate to make the sacrifice, rather than desecrate the day which God's people ever since the beginning of history has set apart as sacred. Reasonable recreation may not be excluded, but to deliberately set aside the day for pleasure or entertainment is to violate the spirit of its observance.

S. B. Y., Cornwall, N. Y. Please explain in regard to the first resurrection.

The most definite statement occurs in Rev. 20: 4-6, in which it is stated that "the rest of the dead live not till the thousand years shall be finished." Some writers have interpreted this as referring to the spiritual awakening, which began to work in mankind after the coming of Christ, and that the millennium is the period from that awakening onwards. The majority, however, accept it as the promise of a literal resurrection of the righteous, when Christ will reign with his transfigured saints over men in the flesh. The nations in the millennium will be prepared for this higher spiritual condition, which will be the manifestation "of the world to come." Many volumes have been written on this subject, to show that the first resurrection is to be an actual, corporeal resurrection. This accords with the belief in the early church, which Paul expressed in I. Cor. 15: 23, 24.

A. E. W., Palm Beach, Fla. Please explain Rev. 17: 8: "The beast that was, and is not, yet is." Is not this confusing? In verse 1 of the same chapter, what is meant by "sitting on many waters?"

1. The language of Revelation throughout is mystical and figurative. The time when the beast "is not" is the time when it has the "deadly wound"—a time when the seventh head became Christian externally, while the beastlike character was only temporarily suspended. Enough books to make a fair-sized library have been written on Revelation, many of them with special reference to the "beast," which typifies the Antichristian world-power which, after a period of quiescence, returns worse than ever. Its semblance of Christianity is spurious and is quickly followed by open anti-Christianity. 2. The "many waters" are explained in verse 15 of the same chapter as typifying peoples, multitudes, nations and tongues. Many modern commentators identify Papal Rome with this terrible picture in the Apocalypse.

J. R., Hawarden, Ia. Was the saying "government of the people, by the people and for the people," original with Abraham Lincoln? If not, when and by whom was it first used?

It is claimed by some authorities that the quotation in question was first enunciated by Lycurgus, the Athenian statesman and orator, who flourished 396-323 B.C. We have not been able to verify the claim, however. Lycurgus was a pupil of Plato and supported Demosthenes against Philip. He was one of the greatest statesmen of his period, who served the public and safeguarded their rights against the corruption of the time.

Reader, Philadelphia. Your very question contains its own answer. You write: "Jesus says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" The only question is: Does Jesus tell the truth or does he lie? And you know, dear suffering soul, that he does not lie. There is nothing in the world to do but trust him. You repeat the question in your letter: "What must I do to be saved?" And there is one eternal, unchangeable answer to that: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But you must really believe; really believe that he does actually forgive you now. And as soon as you believe you are forgiven. But the faith must come before the feeling; trust him, and as you trust you are comforted. It is a rule to which there are no exceptions that so long as we are troubled about our spiritual condition we have not "sinned away the day of grace." If there are people who have really done that, they ceased caring about it long ago. Of course you know that before forgiveness must come confession. If no one but yourself was affected by your sin it is only necessary to confess to God himself; if others were affected by it it will be necessary to confess to them, if it is possible to reach them. It may seem painful to do this, but the joy of forgiveness and the assurance of safety will be so great and so delightful that they will be worth infinitely more than the difficulty of confession costs. Some parts of your letter lead us to think that the act to which you refer preceded a former state of spiritual peace. If this is the case, it would seem quite evident that you are being tormented by the devil rather than convicted by the Holy Spirit. If you ever had the peace of God, you may be sure that all the sins you committed up to the time the peace came have been forgiven. Your peace came from the fact that all your sins were forgiven. And God is not going to open an account that has been closed and condemn you now for something of which he has once forgiven you.

N. V. R., Birmingham, Mich. 1. How many papers do the Presbyterians publish in the United States and in Canada? 2. What is the difference between a church college and a theological seminary?

1. In the United States thirty-six; in Canada eight. 2. A church or denominational college is a college more or less strictly under the control of a religious sect, such as Brown University (Baptist) and Syracuse University (Methodist). A theological seminary is a school for the training of clergymen. It is sometimes one of the schools of a university, as the Yale Divinity School, and sometimes entirely separate from any other academic affiliations, such as the General Theological Seminary in New York (Episcopalian). The regular college course is supposed to precede the theological training, though many theological students enter the seminary without taking the college course.

M. B., Warren, Pa. The Holy Spirit is God. No clearer explanation of the Holy Spirit can be given than that expressed in the creeds of the orthodox churches. This is that he is the third person of the Trinity. It is apparently impossible fairly to interpret the Scripture references to the Holy Spirit and the experiences of Christian people in regard to him in any other way than by accepting this doctrine of the Trinity. Jesus said he would send the Holy Spirit. Peter declared on the day of Pentecost that he had come, and explained that Christ, after he had been exalted to the right hand of God, had sent him in fulfilment of the promise. (Acts 2: 16-33.) His work is to convict of sin, to lead to repentance, to guide the believer, to reveal Christ, to be the Comforter in trouble, to strengthen and to sanctify the soul, to be the Guide, the Energizer, the Sanctifier of the Church.

Miscellaneous

A. A., Magnolia Springs, Ala. We know of no reason why such a person could not be a Christian. We are too apt to judge of others, and should strive to avoid doing so.

P. M. P., Norfolk, Va. The purchase of stocks and bonds, cotton or other legitimate investments cannot be objected to. Dealing in futures, however, is a species of gambling.

Mrs. S. R. D. In OUR MAIL-BAG of May 8 we replied to your inquiry concerning the disposition of the remains of John Wilkes Booth. If you will communicate with Miss Elizabeth Wright, at 1427 Asquith Street, Baltimore, Md., she will be glad to furnish more complete information.

E. B. A., Lovejoy, Ga. We think the statement is greatly exaggerated. The only way to arrive accurately at the average salary of a missionary is to get the figures from the various missionary boards. We believe you will find the average salary to be considerably less than $1,000.

Reader, Sapporo, Japan. It is humanly impossible to decide the question. We may be sure, however, that no gift ever came from the hands of Deity that would result in injury to the human race or in a degradation of whatever is noble, intellectual and spiritual in man. We should certainly take this view in preference to all others.

P. H., Marquette, Neb. King Saul's life was a tragedy of the evil passions. Toward the end, he seemed to be forsaken of God and entirely given over to his sins. Whatever may be the influence of such a career, as far as the final judgment of Saul is concerned it must be left with a higher power. We have no right to pronounce judgment on any one.

A Missionary's Appreciation

The Christian Herald Almanac is a capital "institution"—a splendid idea. Why, I culled a great deal from it, and sent it to Bonne Terre, Mo., thinking my grandsons would be much benefited by it. MARY C. WINSOR.

Sirur, India.

BECOME A NURSE

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BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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ENTHUSIASM*

International Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THE Lord Jesus was an enthusiast, and when we say this we are describing his untiring zeal in being about his Father's business. His enemies, the Pharisees, said he was "beside himself." His loving home friends, including his mother, tried to restrain him, as they thought, for his own good. Both kinds of hinderers followed him one day to a house where he was staying in Capernaum, probably Peter's house. It was soon after his return from preaching the Sermon on the Mount. He had healed a man with a withered hand in the synagogue, he had cast out devils, and had healed all manner of diseases for those who thronged about him. Even when sitting in Peter's house he was not exempt from these demands. The diseased might not indeed enter there, but his critics, the Pharisees, hesitated not to fill the house. They interpreted his great activity as being himself possessed of the devil, even the prince of devils, Beelzebub, and they told Jesus so. His answer was most sagacious—in substance, if he really was possessed of a devil, how could he be desirous of destroying the works of the devil and be successful in doing so? For the time being the enemies' guns were spiked, but their hard hearts were still filled with malignant unbelief.

Very different was the feeling which caused the mother of Jesus and his brothers to come to Peter's house and enter their protest against the excessive activities of Jesus. They wanted him to halt because of a loving concern for his welfare. They had been told that his works of healing had been so many that he had not had time to eat bread, and so they came to beg him to desist. The crowd was so great they could not come near enough to speak to him, so they sent word to him. He did not go out to speak to them, but sent a message to them in words that we might easily interpret in the language of our day to be: "You must not bother me, I am about my Father's business. If you are truly my loving friends, you will help, not hinder me." As we read the message of Jesus from our English Bibles, it seems somewhat harsh, but we know that Jesus could never have been harsh to his mother, nor even impatient, but only desirous of having her understand him and assume the right attitude toward his work. We might well consider which was the harder for him to bear, the malignant unbelief of the Pharisees, or the unwise interference of his mother and his brethren?

When D. L. Moody was a young man, just beginning his Christian work, he did it with so much zeal that some people, not a few, said to him, "You must go to work more easy and calmer, or your enthusiasm will soon drive way." As he told this after years of service, he said, as his face brightened up, "Thank God, the fire of my enthusiasm has never gone down yet, and it burns stronger to-day than ever. I feel as though even my bones were on fire. It is the fire of the Holy Ghost in our hearts that will give us enthusiasm in God and make us ever zealous as Christian workers."

Archdeacon Farrar once preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey on "Enthusiasm and Enthusiasts." He said among other things: "Enthusiasm is a Greek word. It means the fulness of divine inspiration; it implies an absorbing, a passionate devotion to some good cause. It means that when a man is an enthusiast, a spirit greater than his own has swept over him, has flashed into his conscience the conviction of absorbing truths, has made him magnetic to multitudes, has made him as a flame of fire which leaps up among dying embers, as a wind of God which breathes over the slain that they may live."

The Lord Jesus was an enthusiast by first right. It was his own vital energy that actuated him, a quality of the Godhead of which he was a part. It was his enthusiasm for souls that brought him down from heaven to earth to be the Saviour of men. How could anybody then, either from hatred or loving concern, stop him in his work? The friends of God and the followers of Christ have themselves become enthusiasts. Moses, in his devotion to Israel, dared to go before the Lord and offer a prayer for their forgiveness when they had sinned in worshiping the golden calf: "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written" (Ex. 32: 25-35). And the apostle Paul wrote: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren" (Rom. 9: 3).

How willing should we be in our smaller way to spend and be spent in service for others in Christ's name, and never to be weary of that service even though we may sometimes get weary (in body) in doing it!

Enthusiasm Other Than Religious

We quote again from the sermon of Archdeacon Farrar: "Think what enthusiasm has done even in the lower spheres which are not immediately religious. The enthusiasm of the student, of the artist, of the discoverer, of the man of science—what else could have inspired their infinite patience and their unlimited self-sacrifice? . . . It plunged Roger Bacon into torture and imprisonment; it made Columbus face the terrors of unknown seas; it caused years of poverty, of suffering, of persecution, of ignorant calumny to Galileo, to Kepler, to Newton, to the early geologists. They gave to mankind a toil intense and infinite, and if in these days man puts forth his power, his pomp, his skill, and makes fire, flood and air the vassals of his will, it is only because pale-featured sages have for his sake outwatched the stars. And what supported them? The inspired enthusiasm, the fervency of spirit which prefers labor to sloth, and love to selfishness, and truth to falsehood, and God to gold."

Malignant Unbelievers Becoming Followers of Jesus

The Golden Text for to-day (John 3: 19) is to be found closely following the story of the visit which Nicodemus made to Jesus by night. Nicodemus belonged to the company of men, the Pharisees, who gathered in the house at Capernaum with their hearts full of malignant unbelief and personal hatred of Christ. But Nicodemus, unlike them, opened the secret chambers of his soul for Jesus, the Light of the World, to enter in; at least he had not closed his soul to utter darkness. So he sought Jesus, coming by night to the room where Jesus lodged, saying to him, "No one can do these signs that thou doest except God be with him." What a contrast to his brother Pharisees, who thought Jesus' deeds were the works of the devil! We recall the incident here because it gives us assurance that malignant unbelief may give place in the same soul to loving trust. It certainly did in the case of Nicodemus, for we hear that he afterwards defended Jesus against bitter injustice of the Pharisees who were eager to bring Jesus to trial for preaching and teaching on the last, the great day of the feast in Jerusalem (John 7: 50). So brave and true was Nicodemus' defense of Jesus that "every man departed to his own house" (John 7: 53). Afterwards when Jesus had been crucified Nicodemus was willing to be counted among his chief followers, for he bought and brought to the garden tomb a mixture of myrrh and aloes, one hundred pounds weight, with which to embalm the body of Jesus. Nicodemus was not the only Pharisee who changed for the better. There was Joseph of Arimathea, who actually went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus, and assisted in taking it down from the cross, and then provided a tomb in which to lay the body of Jesus.

"Sin No More"

It is from the ranks of the malignant unbelievers that the hosts of Christ's followers must be recruited, and for our encouragement to work and pray for such persons we cite a few examples. Akaba was the captain of a robber clan. His treasures were filled with countless stolen stores. He came to Ben Achmet, a hermit living on the borders of a wilderness in Arabia, and thus addressed him: "Five hundred swords obey my nod; innumerable slaves bow to my control; my storehouses are filled with silver and gold; tell me how can I add to all these the hope of peace everlasting." The hermit led him to a rugged mountain track, pointed to three immense stones, bade him take them and follow him to the top of the hill. Akaba took them up; but with such a weight he could scarcely move. One by one he was obliged to leave them, and then he easily climbed the hill. "My son," said the hermit, when they sat on the top, "you have a threefold burden to hinder you on the road to a better state. Dismiss the robber band, set your slaves free, give back your ill-gotten gains. Sooner would Akaba reach the mountain top bearing those heavy stones than find real happiness in power, lust and wealth." Akaba obeyed the hermit and he found the peace he sought.

How Mr. Moody Worked for Unbelievers

For those who deny the divinity of Christ he quoted the following texts: I. Cor. 15: 47; John 5: 20; 17: 3; Mark 14: 60-65.

For those who felt too weak to undertake a Christian life he quoted Rom. 5: 6.

For those "afraid they will sin after they become Christians," I. John 2: 1: "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." No believer is to make provision for sinning, but God has. When one has come into darkness shortly after conversion, it may always be assumed that it is due to one or both of two causes: either the inquirer has been ashamed to go home and confess his new purpose to his friends, or he has remembered some enemy whom he has been unwilling to forgive. Read to such Rom. 10: 9-11 to rebuke their fear, and Matt. 18: 21-35 to rebuke their hatred. To those who do not see that unbelief is the greatest sin read I. John 5: 9 to show that it is "giving God the lie." Challenge those who "can't believe" to show a broken promise of God.

For those who stumbled over the doctrine of instantaneous conversion Mr. Moody read the passages that speak of conversion as a "gift." Surely a gift can be instantaneously received. "Never tell a man he is converted. When he has been instructed and become submissive get him on his knees beside you and pray for him, and get him to pray aloud for himself, if nothing more to repeat the Syrophenician's victorious prayer, 'Lord, help me!' or the publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

*THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS for July 7, 1912. Malignant unbelief. Mark 3: 20-35. GOLDEN TEXT: "This is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than the light, for their works were evil." John 3: 19.

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In order to secure free jar, present this coupon to your dealer before Sept. 1, 1912, properly filled out.

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is all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Soldiers Without Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for motorists.

Send 10c for trial tube.

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WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

War on the Deadly Fly

THE man, woman or child of average intelligence has learned that the fly is a deadlier enemy of man than any wild beast in the forest. Its malign work is accomplished silently, steadily and successfully by reason of its ubiquity and immense numbers. It has been calculated that a pair of flies beginning housekeeping in the spring will, if uninterrupted, have a progeny of three millions, whose little feet will be busy throughout the summer conveying bacteria to our food and drink.

It may not be untimely at this season to remind the reader, especially if a vacation to the country is contemplated, to examine the premises around the domicile with reference to the vicinity of stables and piles of refuse. The latter are the principal breeding places of the fly; it is wise to select a bedchamber as distant as possible, or to protect one's self by insisting that kerosene be poured upon the breeding places. It would be well also to war upon these migrants when they appear in rooms, and to insist upon wire covers for all food, especially milk and sweets.

An excellent fly poison may be prepared by adding a tablespoonful of formaldehyde, which may be obtained at the drug store, and an equal quantity of sugar, to one pint each of milk and water. Some of this mixture should be poured into a plate and a piece of bread saturated with it placed in the fluid, out of reach of children and animals.—*New York Sun.*

. . .

One Touch of Nature

STRIKINGLY sympathetic was the act of the girls in the white goods shops who struck because their sisters not so pretty as they were being discriminated against in the matter of pay merely as a matter of pulchritude. A few more instances like this, where genuine humanity asserts itself in an altruistic spirit, will do much to rid the city of the stigma, so oft implied, that nothing amounts to anything in New York but money.—*New York Herald.*

. . .

Playing With Fire

FIRES in the United States, according to plausible estimates, cost the people of this country $600,000,000 a year. Last year property worth $234,000,000 was destroyed by fire in this country. The expense of fire departments, water and similar "protections" and the money expended for fire insurance bring the total to more than twice that sum. The per capita property loss by fire in the United States between 1901 and 1910 was $2.71. Each man, woman and child lost much more than this, if the truth were known, by reason of the nation's terrible fire waste. The slowing down of industry because of the heavy tax upon the nation's resources, through the blotting out of great masses of property by flames, represents a loss that is absolutely incalculable. During the decade mentioned fires cost each European only thirty-three cents, each German only nineteen cents. Each of them burned up no more than a pocket handkerchief. Europeans have systematically taken precautions against fire as nations and as individuals. The responsibility is individual when matches and cigarette stubs are carelessly thrown about, when curtains are left to blow into gas jets, when inflammable rubbish is left lying in or near buildings, when any carelessness that may lead to a fire is permitted.—*Chicago News.*

Suffering in Alaska

DR. J. H. ROMIG, of Seward, Alaska, a well-known missionary, has sent the following telegram to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"SEWARD, ALASKA, *June 10.*

"Mount Katmai, the great volcano in Alaska, is in eruption. Two thousand four hundred people are destitute here. Many villages are covered with lava and ashes. Kodiak Island, sixty miles away, is covered with ashes from one and a half to forty feet deep.

"There are great slides of volcanic ashes in the mountains. The streams are dried up and all vegetation is covered with an acid mist, which is floating over an area of two hundred miles, killing vegetation. Live stock is perishing within the radius of devastation.

"We need food for the people here—enough for a short time, at least, until they can be permanently relieved. Can THE CHRISTIAN HERALD send any help? (Signed) J. H. ROMIG."

Associated Press despatches bring additional particulars of this sudden visitation. The towns of St. Paul and Wood Island, both in Kodiak, are buried beneath lava, ashes and pumicestone, and other villages have suffered in the same way. The volcano eruption in Katmai began on June 9 and lasted forty-eight hours. Dr. Romig's despatch was evidently telegraphed before the eruption ceased. Wireless messages from the revenue cutter *Rush*, relayed from Seattle, state that many lives are probably lost and the damage has been very great. Captain Perry of the *Rush* expresses the belief that the extent of the disaster "is far beyond that of any in modern history in that region." He asks for help "in the name of humanity." The gases emitted by the volcano cover an immense area and there is danger that many persons have been suffocated by them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive and forward to Dr. Romig any contributions its readers may give for the relief of the sufferers.

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For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
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Among the Workers

—REV. JOHN A. CHAMBLISS, long time pastor of the First Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., has been called to the presidency of Anderson College for Women in South Carolina.

—REV. OLAF MATHIASON, of Washburn, N. D., has just closed a series of meetings at Ingersoll, Okla., and is planning an evangelistic journey on foot from San Francisco to New York. He will do missionary work as he travels along. He plans especially to visit hospitals and prisons. He expects to finish his journey in about one year.

—EVANGELIST BILLY SUNDAY recently closed a series of revival meetings in Wheeling, W. Va. For about a month before these special services the churches of the district met for united prayer for the success of the movement. An auditorium seating 8,500 people was built especially for the campaign. As a result of this agitation 8,400 confessed Christ, and thousands were strengthened and helped. Above all, this sudden awakening of the people has terrified the great evil of the community—the saloon. So great was the interest shown that the large auditorium soon proved too small to accommodate all who wished to attend. People made excursions from the neighboring cities, over 700 coming on one train from Canton, O., nearly 100 miles away.

—FOR TEN CONSECUTIVE summers, missionaries of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society have held Gospel services every day during the season on the beach at Coney Island. At least 270,000 people were thus reached. One of the society's missionaries recently visited the captain of a canal-boat lying in the Erie Basin, who said to him, "Coney Island was the means of my conversion. Four years ago I went down one late afternoon to the island. As I was strolling along Surf Avenue, I heard the sound of singing and went over to gratify my curiosity. I joined a small crowd which was listening to one of your missionaries, Mr. Rein. His Gospel message was clear and convincing. After the meeting he spoke to me and gave me this Bible. I read the Word, believed it, and now for four years I have tried to live a Christian life and to bring others to Christ. I believe that during these four years I have led one hundred and forty people to Christ."

—REV. H. J. VAN QUALEN, of Canton, China, writes: "I am very grateful to you for your kind favor of December 13, last year. Three of your readers have responded and sent me some cards for the children. Our Sunday school cards the children are just wild to get and many others as well. I am now working in two districts, having 120 towns, said to have about 300,000 inhabitants. There are about 300 schools for boys—none for girls—and in these schools as a whole about 15,000 boys. But there are many more thousands who cannot go to school, as their parents are not able to give five dollars per year for a boy. I am trying my best to get the teachers in the schools interested. Am now giving one hundred teachers each a Bible in their own language. Wherever I come the children crowd me and follow me outside the town to get cards. However, I am grateful to God and all the dear people who send me help from different parts of America. I hope THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may increase to millions, so as to be able to do as much as possible for our blessed Master."

—THE GOOD NEWS comes from Virginia that Accomac County has been swept by the most remarkable evangelistic campaign in its history. Under the preaching of E. T. Liddell, the Philadelphia evangelist, over eighteen hundred adult persons have been converted and have joined the church. A member of the Grand Jury reported that that body had never experienced such an eagerness on the part of men summoned as witnesses to rid the county of all illegal sellers of rum, and that indictments were readily found, for the witnesses were converts of the recent revival victory, and were ready to tell the truth concerning previous illicit buying. Accomac County has been entirely changed. Mr. Liddell is now laboring in the town of Keller in the same county, and the revival fires are still burning.

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Boys Who Have Won

Under this heading we shall print from week to week the photographs and records of some of our CHRISTIAN HERALD boys. It is an honor to be a CHRISTIAN HERALD boy.

John Alden Reed
Our Energetic Sales Boy from New Jersey

John commenced selling **The Christian Herald** in March of this year, and by a systematical, gradual increase, has built up a splendid business which requires 100 copies each week.

The secret of John's success *is regular customers.* He has 87 of them at the present time, and he is continually on the lookout for more.

John writes:

"I received the Certificate and Pin. I am very proud of the Certificate and the boys liked the Pin, but not as much as I did. Father was proud of me too, so was mother. I guess I won't have to wait long for the purse."

Aside from the Certificate and Pin, John has won a Coin Purse, a Name Stamp, a Pocket Knife and a fine pair of ball-bearing Roller Skates.

If he continues with his splendid increases, it is probable that he will soon be laying his bicycle aside and riding one of our beautiful Shetland Ponies.

From week to week we are adding the best CHRISTIAN HERALD boys to our staff. Any boy who would like to try should fill out this coupon and mail it.

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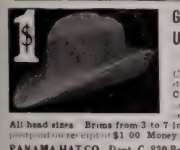

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Illinois Suspender Co., 416 So. 5th Ave., Chicago

THE PUBLIC are requested to ask Congressmen about Circular 9, Navy Department, dated March 21st, 1878, and duly published at all Navy Yards. Respectfully,
GEO. HIRAM MANN, 210 Fisher Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

PRESS OPINIONS

On the Late Mrs. Sangster

The Charm of Her Personality

AS a writer on topics relating to the home, Mrs. Sangster attained pre-eminence, and girls all over the country came to depend upon her for inspiration and guidance through the medium of the departments that she conducted in the different magazines and periodicals with which she was associated during her long literary career.

The charm of her personality that left its impress upon all who came into acquaintance or friendship with this gifted author, was translated into her writings, and to hundreds who knew her only by name she filled the place of a near and dear friend. In church circles no less than in the literary world she occupied a high place, and she was a most valued worker in missionary and other church organizations.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

. . .

A Literary Admirer

AS ONE who admired her writings, and remembers gratefully a kind note she sent me, I want to send sincere sympathy in the loss of dear Mrs. Sangster. AGNES LOW ELLIS.
Canaan, Conn.

. . .

Loved Throughout the Country

FEW women have attained so distinguished a position in the realm of American literature as that occupied by Mrs. Sangster. As a poet of high merit, as a writer of strong yet graceful prose, Mrs. Sangster was known and loved throughout the country, while as an editor she had held responsible positions on leading periodicals for many years.—*Newark Evening News.*

Called Higher

Miss Edna L. Bowker (21), of Hawthorne, Calif., passed away a year ago in the bloom of her youth.

Rev. D. K. Flickinger, D.D. (87), of Columbus, O., died August 28, 1911. He was an old missionary, having made twelve trips to Africa.

Mrs. C. A. Rogers, of Moorefield, Neb., passed away August 31, 1911. She was for a number of years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. G. Fisehbach (82), of Rossburg, O., passed to his reward a few months ago. He was a loyal church member for sixty years, and a devoted reader of this paper.

Mary E. Stanbrough, of Westfield, Ind., passed away May 18, 1910. She was for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and a contributor to Mont-Lawn.

Mr. J. Wheeler (86) died at his home in Miniota, Manitoba, Can., where he for many years enjoyed the pages of this paper, which he asked for the day before his death.

Mrs. Adelaide B. Fletcher (79), of Blacksville, W. Va., an appreciative reader and subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for several years, was called home on August 20, 1911.

Mrs. A. M. Pierce (83) of South Bethlehem, Pa., passed away on August 22, 1911. She was for years a subscriber to this paper, and when she became too blind to read it herself, enjoyed having it read to her.

Mrs. Anna L. Carr, and eight weeks later her husband, William M. Carr, both aged eighty-five years, died in their home at Lansing, Mich., in 1911. They were loyal church members for fifty-three years, and devoted readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Answered Prayers

C. W. G., Litiz, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to my prayer."

Mrs. A. C. G., Litiz, Pa. "When in deep trouble my prayers have been answered."

Mrs. J. K. S., Avon, S. D. "I wish to acknowledge God's love in answering my prayers."

Mrs. D. C. G., Sterling, Kan. "I acknowledge God's answer to my prayers on behalf of a sick one."

Mrs. J. O. L., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. "I wish to thank God for a recent direct answer to prayer."

A Reader, Carroll, Ia. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness and mercy to me and my dear one."

Mrs. A. C. H., Lansing, Mich. "The Lord has answered my prayers through special trials and difficulties."

Mrs. C. A. B., Palo Alto, Texas. "God has been good in answering many prayers of mine; I was very ill, and he healed me."

S. M. C., Prophetstown, Ill. "God has kindly answered many prayers for me in the past year, for which I return thanks."

Mrs. L. M. L. "I wish to thank our Lord for his great blessing in restoring my daughter to health. I also asked him to give me my health, and am better."

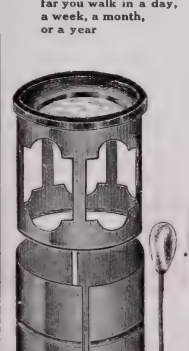
IN THE WOODS AND ON THE HILLS AND MOUNTAINS

Boys and Girls

Need these Articles

A Reliable Compass
A Powerful Pocket Microscope
A Pedometer

That will register how far you walk in a day, a week, a month, or a year



A Pedometer

A Powerful Microscope

A Reliable Compass

A COMPASS

is necessary in case, by chance, you lose your way in the mountains, among the hills, through the woods, or fishing or hunting.

By the aid of a compass, you can find yourself and get in the right direction.

We are prepared to give you the very best kind of a guaranteed compass FREE. Read carefully the offers below.

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Almost nobody realizes how much a healthy, good-natured boy or girl will walk in a day. Often miles and miles are covered just running errands alone. It is astonishing and entertaining, too, to keep your own record, and see how much sooner than you guess, you will have reached the hundred mile round. See offer below.

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SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER: **We will send the Compass, Microscope and Pedometer—all three articles, to any one, postpaid, as a premium for securing three new subscriptions to *The Christian Herald* for one year, at $1.50 each.** ***Address,***

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Christian Herald

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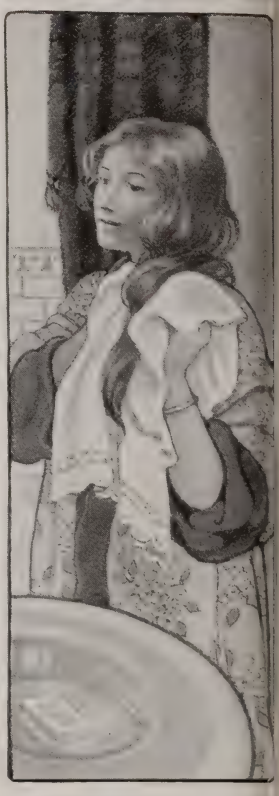
NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1912

VOL. 35—NO. 27. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SUNSET ON PUGET SOUND

See description in this issue



Some Personal Uses of Ivory Soap

It is remarkable the number of toilet purposes for which Ivory Soap is used. From the top of the head to the soles of the feet it meets every requirement.

This, however, is not surprising when one remembers that Ivory Soap contains just the qualities which make for all personal cleanliness and much bodily comfort.

First of all, it has the cleansing power—cleanses in that refreshing way which is more than the removal of soil and perspiration.

Then, it is pure. Containing no "free" (uncombined) alkali, it can be used safely for *any* toilet purpose.

Last, but not least, it is mild and pleasant to use, and—it floats.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Shampoo

To a bowl of warm water add enough Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) to make a good suds. Immerse the hair inch by inch to prevent tangling and, with the hands, saturate hair and scalp. Alternately rub the scalp with Ivory Soap Paste and dip the warm suds over it but do not rub the hair. Do this about five minutes, then draw the head up and down to straighten the hair. Squeeze out the lather and rinse with spray or cup, gradually cooling the water. Dry by shaking and rubbing, in the sun if possible, but do not use strong heat. The color of grey hair is improved by adding a few drops of blueing to the last rinse water.

Dentifrice

Dissolve a small cake of Ivory Soap shaved fine in two cupfuls of hot water. When cool, add four tablespoonfuls of peroxide of hydrogen and four teaspoonfuls of essence of wintergreen. For paste, add more water. Keep in jars.

Manicuring

Dissolve half a small cake of Ivory Soap shaved fine in a half cupful of hot water. Then stir in two teaspoonfuls of olive oil and let cool. This cream rubbed around the nails will both cleanse and soften the cuticle. To polish the nails, shave fine a dry piece of Ivory Soap, rub the shavings on the nails with the tips of the thumbs and finish with chamois.

To Remove Stains from Hands

Dissolve a quarter of a small cake of Ivory Soap in a pint of hot water. Add two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia, three tablespoonfuls of alcohol and beat with an egg beater.

Massage

After washing and steaming the face, apply Ivory Soap Paste and massage gently. Then rinse repeatedly with warm water, splash with cold water and pat vigorously.

To Relieve Burning Feet

Make a hot foot-bath with Ivory Soap Paste and add five drops of oil of eucalyptus, a powerful, pleasant antiseptic. Keep the feet in the water for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Foot Powder Grate a cake of Ivory Soap very fine and put it in a can with perforated top. Sprinkled in shoes and stockings, this will give great relief. If a new shoe burns, rub a moistened cake of Ivory Soap in the shoe and stocking.

Shaving Lather

Moisten the beard thoroughly. Then rub over it lightly the end of a cake of Ivory Soap until there is a thin layer like cold cream. Work up a moist lather with the brush. Rinse. Work up another lather as before.

Razor Strops Rub with a fresh cake of Ivory Soap until there is a thin, even coat. Then moisten the palm of the hand slightly and rub the soap into the strop.

For Sting of Mosquito, Bee, Etc.

Wet a cake of Ivory Soap. Rub on affected part so as to form a paste and exclude the air.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste

Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts of water, or two small cakes into four quarts. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point until the soap is dissolved. When cold, it will be like jelly. Keep in jars.

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Hopi Basketry Worker

A Hopi Village on the Crest of a Mesa

An Old Expert Craftswoman

WHERE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

BY JOHN L. COWAN

The Head of the House

THERE are people of many languages, creeds and colors, deriving from their ancestors many peculiar customs, who enjoy the rights and privileges of American citizenship; but of all the diverse elements that enter into the making of this composite nation there are none more remarkable than the Hopi Indians of northern Arizona. Though citizens in name only, the Hopi are quite content to let things go as they are; others may vote for presidential candidates, run for office and enjoy all the privileges guaranteed by our Constitution, and it affects the Hopi not at all. If the government at Washington and the entire white population of America were wiped out of existence, the event would make little impression upon them beyond relieving them of the disagreeable necessity of sending their children to the schools which the United States Government has established for its Indian wards.

A Hopi Doll

A Hopi Maiden

To reach the strange mesa towns of the Hopi, a long but fascinating trip across the Painted Desert is necessary. The starting point may be Holbrook, Winslow or Cañon Diablo in Arizona, or Gallup, N. M. From Gallup, by way of St. Michaels and Keams Cañon, the distance is much longer than by any other route, but it is this way that the mail is carried by the only stage line to the borders of Hopiland.

There are eight Hopi villages, situated on three mesas. Upon the "First Mesa," the most eastern, are three villages, Tewa, Sichumovi and Walpi, so close together that they may almost be considered as constituting a single community. Seven miles west is the "Second Mesa," upon which are also three villages, Mishongnovi, Shipaulovi and Shumopovi. Mishongnovi and Shipaulovi are only a short distance apart, each on a hill upon the mesa. Shumopovi may be reached by a four-mile trail on the mesa's summit, or by a much shorter but very difficult path that first descends to the plain and then ascends again to the village. This is the most isolated and the most rarely visited of the Hopi towns. Still farther west is the "Third Mesa," upon which are located two villages, Oraibi and Hotevelte. The latter is commonly known as the "hostile village." It was established seven or eight years ago as the result of a dispute between the Snake and Eagle clans of Oraibi. Members of the Snake clan favored obedience to the command of the "White Father" at Washington, that the children of Oraibi be sent to the government school at Keams Cañon, while members of the Eagle clan counseled resistance. The dispute waxed so acrimonious that it resulted in a pitched battle of two days' duration, which was stopped only by the arrival of troops from Fort Wingate. The belligerents were ignominiously carted off as prisoners of war. On their release the disgruntled Eagle clan withdrew from Oraibi and established an independent village. The total population of these eight villages is about two thousand. Oraibi is by far the largest, with possibly eight hundred inhabitants. It is also the most ancient, occupying the same site to-day as in 1540, when Coronado sent his lieutenants, Pedro de Tobar and Fray Juan de Padilla, to visit the province of Tusayan. Of the eight villages, Walpi is the most picturesque, Sichomovi the smallest and Shumopovi the most primitive and conservative.

A Hopi Brave and His Son

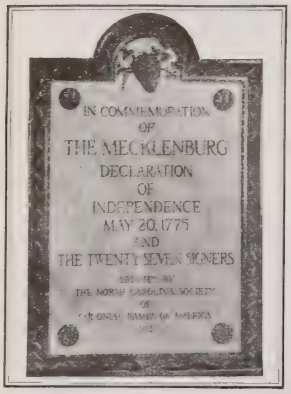
The Hopi are divided into numerous clans, each with its own ancient traditions and ceremonies. Each clan is represented in several of the villages, and some in all. From the traditions of these clans, as well as from a study of the language, it is evident that the present Hopi population is composite, made up of accretions from many widely separated sources. The language is classed as Shoshonean, but it contains many words of Keresan, Zuñi, Ute, Navajo, Apache and Pima derivation, and many archaic words not found in any other dialect. Dr. J. W. Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, who is probably better qualified than any other authority to give an opinion, believes that the Hopi are the nearest modern representatives of the prehistoric cliff-dwellers of the Mesa Verde region of southwestern Colorado. By this it is not meant that the Hopi are of the same blood and race as the cliff-dwellers; but that the cliff-dwellers constituted one of the many tribal elements in the ancestry of the Hopi, and that the Hopi have inherited the culture of the cliff-dwellers to a greater extent than have any other surviving tribes of the Pueblos.

The Hopi reservation covers an area of nearly 2,500,000 acres, but much of it is occupied by the Navajos. They raise a considerable number of sheep, goats and burros, cultivate corn, beans, melons and a few other crops, and have extensive peach orchards. Most of their reservation is desert or semi-desert in

Continued on next page

MECKLENBURG'S DECLARATION

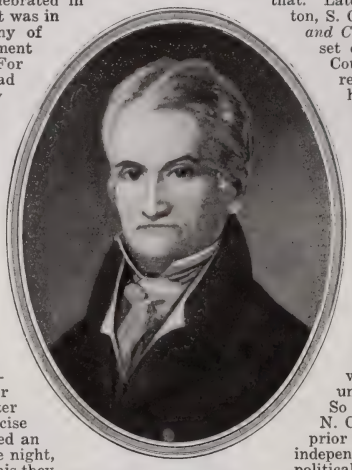
America's First Written Statement of an Independent Government



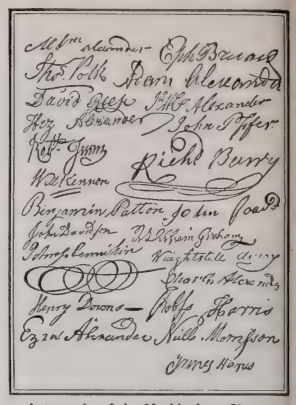
The Raleigh Memorial Tablet

ON MAY 20 the Colonial Dames of North Carolina unveiled in the Capitol in Raleigh a tablet commemorating the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and its signers of May 20, 1775. The day is a legal holiday in North Carolina and is always a gala occasion, but special recognition has been given to it this year on account of the unveiling. North Carolinians from all over the country gathered in Raleigh for the impressive ceremonies, and the enthusiasm, born of patriotic pride, was worthy of the event celebrated. That was an incident which might well be accorded a more prominent place in our national history.

The general public pays but little attention to the fact that the birthplace of American liberty was North Carolina, but to the inhabitants of the Old North State this fact is the most precious record in all history. As July 4 is celebrated over the rest of the country, May 20 is celebrated in North Carolina, especially in the town of Charlotte, for it was in Charlotte Town, Mecklenburg County, that a company of patriots met in May, 1775, and established a government separate from that of England. The story runs thus: For some time previous the conditions in North Carolina had been critical. The feeling of resistance to British authority ran high, and nowhere was resentment greater than among the sturdy Scotch-Irish of Mecklenburg County. On account of the bitter opposition to British misrule, the royal governor of North Carolina, Josiah Martin, in June, 1775, retired to the protection of Fort Johnston and never returned to the governor's home. Several public meetings were held in the winter and spring of this year in which the grievances of the people were discussed, and finally the Colonel Commandant of the County of Mecklenburg, Thomas Polk, issued an order to the captains of militia to have two delegates chosen from each militia company for a convention to be held in Charlotte in May, 1775. About the time of the meeting, which was attended not only by the delegates but by half the male population of the county, news of the battle of Lexington arrived, and the people were so aroused that liberty became the keynote of the convention. Accordingly, the resolutions adopted declared for independence, dissolving political connection with the mother country and declaring that "whatever Person shall hereafter receive a Commission from the Crown, or attempt to exercise any such Commission heretofore received, shall be deemed an Enemy to his Country." The meeting lasted far into the night, and the resolutions were adopted after midnight. After this they were read from the court house steps and received with great enthusiasm by those who had not been so fortunate as to be present in the convention. Later a copy of the resolutions was sent to the North Carolina delegates in the Continental Congress, but the Congress at that time was seeking conciliation with Great Britain, and the matter was never presented to the body. Unfortunately, the country as a whole had no knowledge of the action taken in Mecklenburg County until 1819, when the matter was published in the *Raleigh Register and North Carolina Gazette*. Controversy at once arose in regard to it because of the fact that not only in spirit but in wording the Mecklenburg Declaration and the Declaration of July 4, 1776, were very similar. Both Jefferson and the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration were accused of plagiarism. Vigorous defense was made upon both sides, and in 1829 the legislature of North Carolina ordered an investigation. This established the fact that resolutions amounting to a declaration of independence had undoubtedly been adopted in Mecklenburg County in the spring of 1775, but no paper known to be an exact copy of the famous manifesto was produced. The majority of the witnesses testified to May 20 as the date, and the State accepted that. Later, in 1847, there was brought to light, both in Charleston, S. C., and in England, copies of the *South Carolina Gazette and Country Journal* for June 13, 1775, in which appeared a set of resolutions adopted by a committee of Mecklenburg County, N. C., May 31, 1775. Several other copies of these resolutions have since been found in this country, and most historians, among them Bancroft, have considered these the true Declaration. They are not of a flaming character, and they do not declare permanent dissolution of political bonds with Great Britain, but in a dignified manner they state that "all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the Crown, to be exercised in these colonies, are null and void; that the Provincial Congress of each province, under the direction of the great Continental Congress, is invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces; that the inhabitants of this county, having formed themselves into nine companies, do choose a Colonel and other military officers, who shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of this choice, and independent of the Crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province," and "that these Resolves be in full force and virtue, until instructions from the Provincial Congress . . . shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretentions with respect to America." So the fact is well established that Mecklenburg County, N. C., whether on May 20 or May 31, 1775, thirteen months prior to the general Declaration in Philadelphia, did set up an independent form of government, severing for the time all political connection with Great Britain. Though premature, North Carolinians may well be proud of this action, and commemorate it in any way befitting the memory of the exalted patriotism, the courage and the fire of the men who gave it birth. The author of the "Thirty-first Resolves" was Dr. Ephraim Brevard, who later lost his life as a result of illness contracted during imprisonment while the hostilities of the Revolution were in progress. ROSA PENDLETON CHILES.



Witt Polk, a Son of Thomas.
The Leader of the Investigation of 1829



Autographs of the Mecklenburg Signers

WHERE WOMAN RULES THE HOME

Continued from preceding page

character, so that the struggle for existence is unending, and the fear of want never far removed.

Inasmuch as the Hopi live in a harsh and forbidding land, with the specter of famine ever before them, they are profoundly impressed with their dependence upon the caprices of the elements. Hence, to placate the unseen powers that give or that may withhold the rains, that control the springs and streams and that cause the corn to germinate, becomes the main business of life. All supernatural beings, whose name is legion, including the spirits of their ancestors, are supposed to influence the rains, and consequently the growth of the crops. To win the favor of this host of major and minor deities calls for one of the most elaborate systems of religious ceremonies known anywhere in the world. There are no less than thirteen nine-day ceremonies and a host of shorter duration. Then every day has its rites and religious duties. At every spring, at the graves of the dead, in the fields, gardens and orchards, around the shrines, and in niches and crevices in the rocks and cliffs, are deposited innumerable *bahos*, or feather-tufted prayer sticks. Even the children's toys are not devoid of religious purpose. Their dolls are fashioned, painted and decorated to copy in miniature the elaborate headdress, painted face and body and costume of the *katchina* dancers, who represent in the religious ceremonies the ancestral gods. These dolls are made by the priests. They are toys only, but by playing with them the children become familiar with the marks, ornaments and garments worn during the various ceremonial dances of the "medicine-men." Of all the Hopi ceremonies, the Snake Dance is the most famous. It is, in fact, considered the most remarkable religious observance known in the world. It takes place in August, the exact date varying from year to year. The entire ceremony, with the prescribed preliminaries, occupies nine days, but its crowning feature, the Snake Dance proper, lasts not more than half an hour. Then members of the Snake fraternity dance with live, venomous, wriggling rattlesnakes held in their mouths. At the conclusion of the dance the serpents are taken to the foot of the mesa and released, to carry to the great plumed serpent of the underworld, which controls the springs and waters under the earth, an account of the ceremonies and of the prayers and devotions of the people.

Perhaps the feature of Hopi culture that has excited the most remark is the status of the women, which is unique among the aboriginal peoples of America. In most of the tribes the squaws are little more than beasts of burden, trained to fetch and carry and minister to the wants of the braves. However, among the Hopi the women are far from occupying a servile or subordinate position. The women own the houses, the wife receives the newly married husband into her home; the children belong to her clan and receive her clan name. She is considered the owner of all household goods, food supplies and other possessions of the family. The men perform all outside and field labor, cut and carry the wood for fuel, attend to the live stock, and see that the wants of their wives and children are provided for. In civilized communities this would all be considered a matter of course, but among the American Indians it is nowhere paralleled. This is by no means all that is expected of the Hopi husbands. They must shear the sheep, card the wool, and weave blankets, belts, ceremonial robes, and even dresses and shawls for the women. On occasion they must even mind the babies and help with the housework. Strangely enough, the women build the houses, although the men must cut the timbers on distant mesas, transport them to the villages on the backs of mules or burros, and place them in position as ordered by the builders.

The two industries in which the Hopi excel—basketry and pottery-making—are exclusively in the hands of the women. Nampeya, a squaw living on the First Mesa, is the greatest of living Indian potters, and wares made by her and her daughter are prized by collectors in all parts of the country.

Among the Hopi, girls of marriageable age signify their willingness for matrimony by doing their hair up in whorls, one over each ear. In the symbolism of the tribe, these whorls represent the blossoms of the squash vine. These whorls are taken down at marriage, and thereafter the matron wears her hair in two rolls, one hanging down each side of her face. These rolls are said to represent the fruit of the squash.

MONT-LAWN WILL CELEBRATE

OUR CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home reopened on June 29 for the summer season. It is expected that some 3,000 tenement waifs from the poorest sections of New York City will be welcomed at Mont-Lawn this year. Many improvements have been made since last summer and more are in progress. Toilet annexes have been added to the large dormitories on "Sunshine Alley," and the projected new bathing pavilion, plans for which were made last summer, is nearing completion. It will be a great boon for the children, and will add largely to the comfort and sanitation of the Home.

The Fourth of July is always the crowning day at Mont-Lawn, and this year will be no exception to the rule. A stirring patriotic program has been prepared. A large number of visitors will come to the Home on the Fourth to participate in the exercises in the afternoon. These will begin at two P.M. with a special song service in the Children's Temple, after which all will assemble on the lawn to witness the patriotic parade in costume which has been arranged for the occasion, in which a number of historical American characters will march in procession to the music of the band. The parade will conclude with the reading of the Declaration of Independence, all being grouped around the great flag on the lawn during this ceremony.

Evolutions on the lawn by the children, under skilled instructors, will follow, concluding with Dr. Klopsch's famous "bean game," which never fails to excite intense interest. Then will come an exhibition of daylight fireworks, after which Twilight Tea will be served, with ice cream and cake. Stages and carriages will be in readiness to convey the guests to their trains between 6 and 7 o'clock. The whole day will be a delightful series of enjoyable events, and everybody will carry away a pleasant recollection of the Fourth at Mont-Lawn.

Our annual pamphlet, telling of the work of the Children's Home during the past year, is now ready. Friends of the Home who may not have received copies can do so by sending a postal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Contributions in aid of the work will be welcomed. Twenty-one dollars endows a cot for the season, giving seven little boys and girls a delightful and healthful summer outing in succession. Three dollars provides for the entertainment of a child for ten days at the Home. Small contributions, however, are equally welcomed and will be duly acknowledged.

A Fourth of July Scene at Mont-Lawn

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, who passed away lately, was a warm friend and patron of our Children's Home and a welcome visitor there. Shortly before her last illness, she wrote the following touching appeal to the friends of Mont-Lawn:

"The season is rapidly approaching when our beautiful Mont-Lawn will open its doors to a great throng of city children, to whom a holiday in the country affords their only opportunity for seeing God's blue sky and his green grass during the entire year.

"These little children of the poor live in narrow tenement homes, have no place to play, even the streets being dangerous and the policemen ever on guard to warn them back from running and romping in the parks. Their parents work hard and live from hand to mouth. Sometimes the father is out of work and the children skirt the edge of starvation. Sometimes the father is dead and the mother goes out to daily work, and little boys and girls of eight and ten have faces lined with care and prematurely old. They are the little fathers and mothers of our great metropolis. When Louis Klopsch was living he invested the love of his big heart, his labors and prayers and his means lavishly in caring for little children. Over the gateway of Mont-Lawn his words are inscribed: 'I love God and little children.'

"If you, who year after year have sent a contribution to Mont-Lawn through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, wish to do the greatest possible good that may be done by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money, send your gift without delay. There are three thousand children who must be entertained during the summer weeks. They come in successive relays. To see them at the table three times a day is a rare treat. To stand by their little white beds when they are asleep stirs the heart of every parent who has children safe at home. Numbers of the Mont-Lawn children have never slept between white sheets in their lives before their first visit to Mont-Lawn.

"Let no one forget that many hands make light work, and that if each will send a contribution *now*, Mont-Lawn will have a more than ever blessed and successful summer. I wish every one could see the place as I have seen it, and love the children as Louis Klopsch loved them.

"MARGARET E. SANGSTER."

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

I AM very much interested in the Bible questions, and would like to join the class. My Bible has been sadly neglected until within the past two years, when I began studying. I find so many beautiful things there, and I think this a good way to find more."

This is the sort of a letter that cheers the editor's heart. He wants the Bible questions to make people love the Bible itself. The way to love it is to study it. And the questions get people to do that. Another student writes: "This is my first attempt toward answering the list of Bible questions. Have found looking them up a very good way to study the Bible." Another says: "The questions are most interesting and the study fascinating. I can hardly wait for the next list to appear." Another writes: "I cannot express to you how much I enjoy these Bible questions." Young and old continue the work. In close proximity come letters from a fourteen-year-old and an eighty-five-year-old pupil.

Remember there is no red tape about joining the class. You do not have to enroll as a member, or do anything but send on your list of answers. Above all, be sure to sign your name. More than once persons have missed a place on the Honor Roll because they failed to write their name. One student wrote to protest that her name had not appeared, but even her letter of protest was unsigned, so we are helpless to make matters right, or to communicate with her except in this public way. So please be careful to sign all communications.

Another word before giving the names on the Honor Roll. For the tenth question it was impossible to be sure of finding the correct answer without using the Revised Version. The little line in Num. 21: 17 looks like a complete song, and if it were it would be the shortest in the Bible. The Revised Version, however, shows that the three lines following also belong to the song, being arranged in the form of verse. The shortest song is Luke 2: 14. But knowing that many of our readers use the Authorized Version almost exclusively, we have counted both answers correct. Here are the successful competitors:

HONOR ROLL

The following 54 sent 12 correct answers:

M. J. Archibald, Bell W. Brown, Mrs. D. I. Biggar, Mrs. S. M. Baker, Emma B. Burrill, Mrs. C. M. Brown, Mary U. Brown, Mrs. H. H. Barrows, Fanny C. Bracken, Bertha Beckwith, Mrs. Kittie Baldwin, Mrs. Luanna Baldwin, Mrs. Mary Coupland, Mrs. E. E. Cammack, I. Daigleish, Abbie F. Dillingham, Mary J. Elmore, Mrs. A. P. Fassett, M. Etta Fiske, Mrs. William Findlay, George A. Gilderson, Mary Graham, Mrs. Susan A. Glover, Mrs. Percy N. Holmes, Jennie E. Holmes, Mrs. H. J. Hughes, Mrs. Emily H. Harrington, Mrs. Annie Howell, Mrs. W. C. Henderson, Mrs. Charles M. Hale, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoover, Mrs. E. E. Hubbard, Mrs. K. A. Jackson, Mrs. Ella Jameson, Mrs. E. L. King, G. M. D. King, H. C. Leake, Abbie J. Leach, Mrs. Alice Lee, Anna E. Middleton, Caroline E. Moyer, Mrs. Addie Perrine, Mrs. M. Perry, Mrs. A. C. Rhodes, Rosina Rausch, Mrs. E. D. Stivers, Ida Shields, Mrs. Nancy D. Stotlin, Miss P. E. Seofield, Winifred Sargent, W. W. Waring, J. Warrenfelt, Mrs. E. S. Webb, No name, Dennisport, Mass.

The following 15 answered 11½ questions correctly:

Mrs. Philip Allen, Mrs. H. A. Borgers, Sallie Davidson, Nancy R. King, W. E. Light, Melvin C. Myers, William C. Rife, Mrs. E. H. Roberts, Mrs. Dennis Skutt, Mrs. Alonzo Sedgwick, Mrs. Sarah A. Strong, Mrs. Amanda R. Starks, Mrs. Mattie C. Vivens, Mrs. John F. Wilhite, Mary E. D. Smith.

The following 93 answered 11 questions correctly:

Mrs. J. A. Andrea, Georgianna Alexander, Harriette M. Ashley, Mrs. William Anderson, Mrs. Mary Anders, Mrs. Will T. Aitchison, Emma Bierbaum, Mrs. Louis A. Black, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mrs. A. L. Brackett, Mrs. R. S. Bridgman, Maud F. Brackett, Fannie L. Bell, Mrs. George Brill, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, Winifred P. Cairns, N. Miriam Cornell, Jennie Cunningham, E. DeMott Case, Mrs. Isaac T. Coppock, Elizabeth Cook, Mrs. Mary E. Diament, Mrs. Neli Davis, Annie S. Dyer, Duke Davis, Mrs. Nettie Dymond, Mrs. Arthur DuBois, John Erickson, Mrs. Anna M. Glover, Mrs. F. M. Gainfort, Marion F. Grinnell, Bertha Hutchings, Mrs. J. P. Hubert, J. F. Hannay, Cornelia Hutchings, Mrs. Edith Hupert, Mary Hasselbacher, Mrs. Russell Hancock, Mrs. L. G. Jordan, Esther D. Jones, Delinda A. Jackson, Mrs. W. J. Jemison, Caroline Johnson, Mrs. Helen M. Jones, E. M. King, Mrs. L. E. Kern, Mrs. J. A. Koontz, Katie Kennel, R. Livingston, Flora W. Leonard, S. E. Lyle, Mrs. Emily O. Lewis, C. H. Mather, Mrs. E. J. Merrill, Mary Means, Mrs. E. M. Matthews, Eva J. Moscrip, W. D. Moore, Alfred Morton, Mrs. G. W. Metzger, Mrs. Ella McMillen, Mrs. Lizzie Morse, Mrs. Dora Nelson, Mary Norris, C. G. Nelson, H. Maud Plaisted, Mrs. William J. Pitt, Samuel Peter, Mrs. Ella Powers, C. H. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rodgers, Iva A. Robinson, Annie E. Roberts, E. C. Randall, Mrs. A. S. Ross, Ellen Simkin, P. J. Stone, Mrs. Frank Sherman, Mrs. C. A. Shurtleff, W. G. Shirey, Mrs. Myron D. Smith, Lucy Saussy, Rhoda B. Thompson, Mrs. C. G. Townsend, Mrs. A. W. Trueblood, A. Tombaugh, Miss Lizzie Vestal, Amelia Williams, Julia E. Wilson, Charles S. Watrous, L. F. Whitmore, Florence N. Relyea, No name, White Cottage, O.

The following 47 answered 10½ questions correctly:

Mrs. George Apthorp, Mrs. J. A. Ainslie, Mrs. M. W. Barr, H. Elizabeth Bunn, Una Corner, Mrs. H. B. Cope, Mrs. R. W. Davis, Sadie L. Dawson, F. A. Dyer, Mrs. E. L. Ebbert, William Eason, Mrs. N. E. Emmons, Mrs. Minnie E. Eyer, Jane C. Elliott, Fanny D. Emerson, Elisha Frail, John Fleming, Martha Fletcher, Martha A. Goings, M.D., Mrs. Ray Giffin, Etta Grano, Mary Harris, Elizabeth Jorstad, Mrs. A. G. James, Julia E. Kemp, Altie E. Kemble, H. Ellis Lininger, Mrs. A. Lobdell, Minnie Lohr, Mrs. R. D. McCleery, Sara McCoy, Cora A. Martin, Mrs. W. A. Melton, Cora M. Mills, Mrs. Lyman Porter, Mrs. Helen Russell, Alberta B. Reynolds, Nellie Robinson, Roy R. Shause, Hallie McP. See, Mabel L. Tanner, Julia Thomas, Annie Tipton, Mack Wilson, L. M. West, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, No name, Piqua, O.

The following 110 answered 10 questions correctly:

Susan T. Adams, Mrs. Fannie M. Abbott, Mrs. Lula W. Allen, Sarah F. Bartlett, Annie L. Boorman, Mrs. O. G. Beard, S. J. Black, Emma Bothscall, Mrs. Charles Bartholme, Nellie M. Blanchard, Mrs. Mary Byron, C. Jane Barton, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bosworth, Mrs. John Burgoyne, S. R. Buckwalter, Annie Currie, Stella Crosby, E. P. Currie, Mrs. J. R. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Camp, Ora M. Curry, Ruth Cooper, Henrietta W. Condit, Mrs. T. W. Cole, Mrs. H. A. Caird, Mrs. R. Cance, Mrs. Harriet N. Cheney, Mrs. H. P. Calkins, Bess M. Carpenter, Mrs. B. A. Constable, Mrs. Sarah J. Crosby, J. Harry Deems, Olive M. Dodd, James B. Davidson, W. K. Dean, Mrs. E. M. Doan, Josiah Davis, Anna Dill, Mrs. Laura A. Dexter, Mrs. I. O. Dodge, Mrs. E. A. Edgar, G. M. Elliott, E. M. Freeman, Mary Fitzgerald, Anna Fitts, Mrs. Fred Francis, Martha Fry, Elina Guyer, Mrs. James A. Gale, Mrs. W. H. Gage, Mrs. B. Grimshaw, Emma M. Gray, Mrs. M. L. Harkness, Ina G. Henry, John C. Heys, Rosa Hirschy, Mrs. George H. Hartley, Mary Hickerton, H. W. Humphrey, Mrs. J. E. W. Howell, Mrs. Wm. L. Jones, Mrs. C. P. Knox, M. D. Keithly, S. T. Lewis, M. N. Lees, Gertrude B. Lozier, Mrs. W. W. McCarty, Mrs. A. E. Malhorn, Mrs. Mary L. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Morgan, M. E. Miller, George McLachlan, J. M. McMillen, Michael Murray, Mrs. J. H. Masten, Mrs. C. R. Moore, Mrs. T. W. McWilliams, Mrs. Grace E. Miner, Mrs. Sarah J. McQuaid, Charles Miller, Flossie Patten, Mrs. E. M. Pennington, Mrs. William Peabody, Velie Powell, Carrie L. Ray, Frances A. Wallis, Emma W. Reynolds, Emma M. Ridgeway, Mrs. D. W. Reynolds, Maria L. Rue, Edwin Rowe, Sr., Fred Rowe, Mrs. S. F. Stahl, Mrs. Elisabeth Stout, Cynthia F. Senter, Rosa Stevenson, Anna M. Smith, Mrs. James Scott, Lucy Searing, Stella V. Sparrow, N. W. Taylor, Mary N. Thomson, Mrs. J. J. Van Der Schaaf, Reu Williams, James Wilson, W. A. Wilson, Mrs. J. H. Wallace, Ellen H. Wilson, No name, Stafford, Mo., No name, Estill Springs, Tenn.

Forty-four answered 9½ questions correctly; fifty-five answered 9.

Answers to List No. 5

1. To whom was the title of prophet first applied? Ans. Abraham, Gen. 20: 7.

2. Where is the first mention of thread in the Bible? Ans. Gen. 14: 23.

3. In what two Epistles does Paul present his great argument for the superiority of faith over law as a means of salvation? Ans. Romans and Galatians.

4. What town did Jesus make the headquarters of his work during the first months of his public ministry? Ans. Capernaum.

5. Whose daughters were to be made cooks, confectioners and bakers? Ans. The daughters of the people of Israel, I. Sam. 8: 13.

6. Where are "wise ladies" mentioned in the Bible? Ans. Judges 5: 29.

7. How many deacons were appointed by the apostles? Ans. Seven, Acts 6: 5.

8. On what two occasions did Christ receive the assistance of angels? Ans. Matt. 4: 11 (or Mark 1: 13); Luke 22: 43.

9. How many times did Christ cleanse the Temple? Ans. Twice. John 2: 15 (at the beginning of his ministry); Matt. 21: 12, or Mark 11: 15, or Luke 19: 45 (near the close of his ministry).

10. What is the shortest song in the Bible? Ans. Luke 2: 14.

11. What did Moses pray for before his death? Ans. To be permitted to see the land of Canaan. Deut. 3: 25. Also for a successor. Num. 27: 15-17.

12. Who said "Who is on the Lord's side?" and when? Ans. Moses, calling for volunteers to attack the idolaters. Ex. 32: 26.

Send answers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Question Class within two weeks after questions appear. The new questions were published last week.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

A Fourth of July Sermon

By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "In His Steps"

TEXTS: "Ye shall be unto me an holy nation." Ex. 19: 6. "But ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation." I. Pet. 2: 9

IT IS a very significant fact that the Old Testament and the New Testament alike have the same definition of patriotism. Under the rule of Jehovah and under the rule of the Master the same unity of thought runs through the mind of the true citizen of Israel. The basis of any national life is righteousness. In fact, there is no other. It is the one definition which is continually being expressed by the prophets, in the Psalms, in the Gospels, and by the apostles. One may search the Bible through to find any definition of citizenship which does not contain the thought of holiness. This definition is the only one which ought to be considered at the present time. It has been a not uncommon practice for the ministry even, and in most cases for the politicians and the press, to glorify this republic in terms of physical power. I remember hearing, when I was a boy, a Fourth of July oration delivered by a man who was called the leading citizen in the town. He was a lawyer, a member of a church, a college graduate; and even as a boy I was impressed with the fact that the things he mentioned the most and emphasized the loudest were the physical advantages of the United States over other countries. He said we could raise more wheat, manufacture more goods, build greater cities, make more money than any other nation in the world, and therefore we were a great nation. He boasted openly in the course of his remarks of the fact that we could whip any other nation on earth—not because we had a very great navy and army, but because we could manufacture one on short notice, and the fact that we could whip any other people on earth he cited as an instance of our national greatness.

The Injustice of Power and Wealth

As a matter of fact the possession of great wealth and power alongside of rank injustice and cruel wrong is a thing which ought to cause every patriot to hang his head in shame. The fact that the United States has abundant provision in itself for the needs of all its citizens and that many of its citizens go without these things through no fault of their own is a disgrace, and not a source of pride.

The first essential of a really patriotic spirit is the definition which the Bible has of national responsibility. All through life there runs the temptation to the dual definition of conduct. This dual definition is common at this moment in the minds of men who are members of legislatures and of Congress, and it has existed sometimes in the minds of men who have been in the presidential chair. That is the sophistry that an individual is bound by one rule of life and a nation by another; that what is wrong for an individual to do is not always wrong for a nation to do.

I believe the world is beginning to understand better the relations which should exist between nations, and it is beginning also to understand that moral issues are just as much demanded between nations as between men—in other words, that nations have no more right to be excused for being unholy than individuals. If this is the case the definition of national patriotism would have to include the following items:

A nation cannot maintain its right to the term "holy" if it does not pay as much attention to its education of the citizens as it does to the incidental parts of its national life. Congress meets from time to time and spends months and years in discussing matters of very small importance. The people pay vast sums of money to maintain its representatives at headquarters, and they take up the people's time talking about a great variety of things, some of which are not worth considering; while the real interests of the people are neglected. For example, months and sometimes years are spent in discussions of subjects which are of insignificant importance compared with the health of the people or with the education of the people. As a concrete instance, what could be more important to the welfare of the people than proper instruction in regard to sex and the proper use of religious instruction in the schools? Yet these vital matters are utterly ignored or even antagonized in order that politicians may have a chance to argue and debate over matters which in themselves are often of no account. A nation which has the right to be holy and should be holy is using a vast amount of time which belongs to righteousness when it spends its time in trivialities. An individual who does such a thing is counted irreligious and lacking in value to the republic. But how about the republic as a whole?

Unchristianity in Politics

This nation will never be a "holy" nation until its political life is governed by the same principles as its religious life. It is astonishing what unchristian things are done by Christian men in politics. During the present presidential campaign every man in this country has read newspaper accounts of debates, newspaper letters, speeches, and criticisms made by Christian men, members of churches, letters of fierce invective, reviling, charges of falsehood, subterfuges, sophistry, downright lies in regard to political opponents. These men would not think for one moment of using the same language or carrying out the same policy in regard to a neighbor with whom they might have a difference, but they merge for the time being the individual into the collective, and do as members of some great political party things they would be ashamed to think of as individual men. One of the prominent candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people in this country, a few weeks ago, in a public speech, applied to his political opponent terms of reproach and abuse. And yet we are told by the Master to love our enemies. I suppose this man would say it did not apply to politics, but as I understand Christianity, it applies to every condition in life, and this nation will have no right to call itself a holy nation until the political parties are merged into one great national party for the common good.

After two thousand years of the teachings of Jesus Christ in the world and the emphasis put by him and his disciples upon the brotherhood of mankind, the civilized world faces the astonishing contradiction of military activity unparalleled in all the history of mankind. No nation can consider itself in any degree entitled to the word "holy" as long as it is contending along lines of barbarism. Here again the dual conceptions of the necessities of nations and the necessities of individuals comes out with sharp emphasis.

The World's Mad Game of War

If I as an individual were to garrison my house, throw up a six-foot wall around it, bank cannon on the top of it, fill my cellar with gun-cotton, gunpowder, bombs and explosives, and then carry around with myself a half dozen loaded guns, bowie knives and other warlike equipment simply because a man I did not know or was afraid of had moved into the same block with me, I do not think it would be long before I would be having trouble with him or he with me; and in any event I would be regarded as a fit subject for a lunatic asylum instead of being considered what I would like to call myself, a Christian gentleman. Yet the nations of the world which call themselves Christian are practicing this plain absurdity as nations under the plea of preserving the peace. In other words, what seems to be considered perfectly proper for a nation to do in the way of equipment of warlike material would be considered the act of a fool on the part of an individual. If, in addition to the fact that I turned my private house into a bristling arsenal to ward off some supposed danger, I took the money which my children needed for education to buy gunpowder and lay in a stock of new guns every time a new one was made, I think in all probability I would be arrested as a dangerous citizen. If I let my wife and children go hungry or turned them out into the streets in order to provide more room for guns and powder in the parlor and sitting-room I would probably be promptly put into the lunatic ward; yet the United States Government, nominally under a Christian management, practically does the same thing in spending millions for useless material while many of its citizens who pay these bills go hungry, uncared for, uneducated, and in desperate need. I do not believe it is the wish of the majority of the people of this republic to keep up these insane war expenses. It is all due to the tremendous influence of a comparatively few people, the manufacturers of war material, the army and navy clique in Washington, the rank and file of selfish politicians, together with a powerful lobby of men and women in society whose lives depend upon military activity. Add to this the unchristian attitude of some powerful newspapers and you have what is really a small minority out of the one hundred million population maintaining the monstrosity called military equipment. If the people could vote on this question directly, if it could be referred to them in a great primary election whether their money should be used for the maintenance of a growing army and navy, I believe the vote would overwhelmingly demonstrate the fact that, so far as war is concerned, the common people, the taxpayers and what are known as the masses, are decidedly against it. But until we dispense with this nightmare of civilization we have no right to call ourselves a holy nation, an elect priesthood.

The True Patriotism

Certainly a nation cannot with any pure patriotism call itself a holy nation as long as it spends its money in the proportion it does for the things which are on one side of the line called luxuries and on the other side called necessities. Starting with the unit of zero this nation spends 500 per cent. of its annual income for malt liquor, over 400 per cent. for tobacco; over 75 per cent. for candy; nearly the same amount for patent medicines; over 50 per cent. for jewelry, and only 12 per cent. for school books; and a fraction of 10 per cent. in education in general. If these figures were reversed we might make some claim to the title holy, but until we are willing and eager to spend God's money for God's necessities, we cannot even after two thousand years of Jesus Christ claim to be a holy nation.

The great business of every patriot is to hold up the true definition of patriotism. It does not consist in letting off some fireworks once a year. It does not consist in praising up one's own political party in comparison with every other. It does not consist in crowning some man as the hero of the nation and lauding him to the disparagement of every one else. It does not consist in emphasizing the material wealth of the country. The definition of true patriotism must always center about the Bible definition of righteousness. It is not a supremely difficult thing in most cases for a man to shoulder a gun, leave his home and go off to physical war. There is a glamour and excitement about it, the beating of drums, the waving of flags, the marching of troops, the excitement and exaltation of public display, and then the physical roar and confusion of battle in which men take more or less delight in proportion to their savage and animal instincts.

But the patriotism which suffers in silence and endures persecution for right living and holds up standards of high living when they are not followed, which tries day and night to right the wrongs of those who are oppressed, which believes in brotherhood and in spite of human hardness of heart tries to practice it, which works to establish laws which will help establish fair dealing between man and man—this is the patriotism which counts. It is not the dramatic kind. It does not come in with the flourish of music, with martial airs or the beating of drums. It is the quiet, unsensational love of country which in the end will mean the righteousness of national life; but it is infinitely harder to establish this kind of patriotism than the noisy effort which brags and boasts of material greatness.

It may be well for us to accustom our thought to the vision which God has of his own world as he yearns for its redemption. It must be an unspeakable source of sorrow to God, the Father of mankind, to see his children fighting so feverishly to build more engines of murder—that is, murder on

Continued on next page

* Mr. Sheldon has for many years been pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

AFTERWARD

I'D rather lie in a little plot
Of ground, some happy, sunny spot,
Than in a spacious lofty tomb,
With all its marks of funeral gloom.

I'd rather some kind old apple-tree
Should drop its blossoms over me,
Than that costly marble, wreath, and pall
Should mark my grave from spring till fall.

I'd rather, some day, your faithful feet
Should seek and find me, resting sweet,
That your tears should fall in swift appeal
Than that all the world at my tomb should kneel!

ALICE E. ALLEN.

True Patriotism

Continued from preceding page

the grand scale which war always is; to see his children squabbling in the market place to see who can make the most money out of the rest; to see his children exploiting the poor and wringing out the last atom of labor for the smallest amount of wages. It must be an unspeakable heartbreak to the Divine to witness men and women quarreling over their creeds, divided into little camps or castes, dressing themselves up in the peacock show of society and boasting of their ancestry and wealth and their superior education. It must be an infinite source of grief to the Almighty when he sees his children who are grown-up men and women playing like boys and girls with the baubles of life when they should be using its tools, priding themselves on foolishness and strutting about in the equipments of self-satisfaction, while the chimneys of great factories smoke blood from the work of little children, in the din of a great commercial uproar which regards nothing so great as the coining of money out of the necessities of human flesh.

It must be a source of unspeakable regret to God at times to think that his creatures have so far debased themselves in this country of ours that they seek after human flesh to buy and sell it out of lust or for sheer passion of gain, to behold little groups of men reaching out after the necessities of the earth, its oil and its coal, its food and its medicine, and the very sunshine itself in order to get more money than they know what to do with, and then, compounding with their consciences which they have not been able thoroughly to kill, by turning back a part of the money they have robbed from humanity to heal the wounds that they themselves have inflicted upon it. And it might not be out of the rightful order of things for the people in the churches of this country to take themselves to task for the unfinished product of that magnificent institution which we love, which Jesus called the church, and see whether it lies within its power to help create a nation which shall have some right to the great name of "holy." The patriotism of which we have often boasted is not worthy of the name by the side of that righteousness which is eternal, and when justice of man to man shall be proved before the great judgment seat of God, the United States of America and Great Britain and Germany and France and all the civilized nations will not have one place upon which to stand and plead their cause unless it is the great basis of righteous dealings, of holy living on the same basis which an individual must have in the sight of God.

The individual will be judged for the deeds done in the body, and the nation will be judged in the same way. It behooves us, therefore, as members of the republic, if we wish to share in the triumphs of the future commendation of God, to do all that in us lies to create a holy government, where God is the master and not money, and where righteousness rules and not selfishness. There is no hope for this nation or for the world except in the righteousness of God, and no resting place from its unrest, its turbulence, its sin, except in the doing of his will. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN in the course of human development, it becomes necessary for a man to dissolve the bonds which have held him, and to assume, among men, the station of power and influence to which the laws of his Creator and of his country entitle him, a rightful regard for the effect of his example upon the thoughts and actions of other men requires that he should declare the causes which impel him thus to cast off his bondage.

I hold this truth to be self-evident: that every man was created in God's image; that into his nostrils the Creator breathed his own breath, and that so man became a living soul; that he was made a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor; that when man was put upon the earth he was given dominion over all the earth and commanded to subdue it, not as a brute nor a savage, but as a prince; that to secure these powers and make good his claim to his royal estate it was decreed that he must first subdue himself and have dominion over his own spirit, and that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

It is plain that whenever any form of life or any habit of thought becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right and the sacred duty of a man to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new system of self-government, laying its foundation on such principles as shall seem most likely to effect his happiness, his usefulness, and his influence upon the welfare and happiness of all other persons.

I, therefore, a man and a pilgrim on the road of life, do hereby publish and declare, that I am, and of right ought to be, free and independent of all the injuries and usurpations of mind, soul and body hereinafter named, and that for the support of this declaration I rely upon the help of Him who made me, and to whom I pledge my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor.

. . .

FROM *Worry*, which eats away courage from the heart; which disturbs the hours of sleep; which makes the body weak; which casts dark clouds over the way; which befogs the brain; which causes hope to fade and faith to fail, I Declare my Independence.

From *Prejudice*, which blinds the eyes to the clear light of truth whenever it seems to contradict my own notions; which makes it hard to treat my fellow man with fairness; which causes me to hug error to my bosom and cherish hatred in my heart; which hinders my progress toward better things in social, religious, political, and business life, I Declare my Independence.

From the *Fear of Criticism*, which holds me back from doing the thing I believe to be right; which makes me resent in another a freedom I claim for myself; which deprives me of many wholesome benefits which would come from an honest consideration of the adverse opinions of others, I Declare my Independence.

From *Imitation*, which bids me follow slavishly the things that others do; which demands that I make myself one of the crowd; which destroys my originality and my own standards of right; which stifles high ideals of the soul and limits me to mediocrity, I Declare my Independence.

From *Keeping Up Appearances*, which places a cruel burden upon the home and social life; which causes discontent to grow apace; which brings all manner of hardships and suffering and hides it behind a mask of deceit; which makes life a sham, and multiplies falsehoods without end; which brings no honor from without and destroys character within, I Declare my Independence.

From *Habit*, which holds me in a narrow rut; which enchains me a prisoner within walls of my own building; which tricks me into doing that which I would not do, and hinders me in the thing I want to do; which grows stronger, if let alone, than my own strength, and makes me a slave, where it is my place to be a master, I Declare my Independence.

From *Second-Hand Thinking*, by which I become the willing slave of another man's thoughts; by which I am deceived into taking my convictions, not from the studious development of my own reason, nor from the deep promptings of my own soul, but from the passionate appeal of some orator, from the dishonest arguments and misstatements of some selfish seeker of privileges or some assassin of character, or enemy of a good cause, from the influence of environment, or from the bequeathal of ancestry—from all such thinking by proxy and delegating to others my decisions on the vital issues of human rights, privileges, and obligations, I Declare my Independence.

. . .

FROM *Greed of Gain*, which lashes me on to an unholy task; which destroys in me the sense of true and permanent values; which blinds me to the rights and needs of others; which causes me to count jealously, and to cherish selfishly, the little things, while the great things of priceless worth are wasted or ignored; which shuts the door to joy and opens it wide to discontent; which engages my time and strength in the pursuit of a day's vanity, and thus prevents my occupation in work which shall last for eternity—from all such slavish greed for gain, I Declare my Independence.

From *Restrictions and Limitations* imposed by doubt of my own powers or possibilities of growth; or fastened upon me by narrow habits or conventional customs; or thrust upon me by skeptics, timid advisers, or the failures of other men; or created in my own mind through fear, or weakness, or satisfaction with a life of littleness; or fixed around me as the penalty for disobedience to my greater vision, I Declare my Independence.

From *Difficulties*, which block my path, but never with so solid a wall that somewhere a breach cannot be made; from Difficulties which rise, threatening, before me like giants, but shrink, in the grapple, to dwarfs, or expose, in time, the one weak point in their ponderous hulk where the sword of attack can lay them low; from Difficulties which were ordained not to defeat a man in his worthy endeavors, but to try his mettle, to develop his strength, to call forth his courage, to prove his royal blood, to give him battle that he may win victory, and to make his victory sweet and his reward great—from the threatenings and the hindrances of Difficulties in my journey onward, upward to my goal, I Declare my Independence.

FAITH

I HAVE sailed the sea of the soul's desire,
With its sapphire sky so clear,
And I've hailed the ships of the men who yearned
For a wider, broader sphere.
I have passed the wrecks of the conquered weak,
And the straining sails of the brave;
And I've found in the sea of the soul's desire
The bounty our Maker gave.

I have sailed the sea when the tempest raged;
I've sailed when the sea was stilled;
I have sailed when the goal was almost reached,
And scarce a sail was filled.
I have braved the tides of adversity,
And listened to strong men rave;
But I smiled, and success has come to me
From the bounty our Maker gave.

I have sailed the sea of the soul's desire,
And I've found the master key
That opens the door to our heritage,
Life's golden treasury.
When I ask in faith of the God of Gifts
For the things my soul doth crave,
Then my own doth surely come to me
From the bounty our Maker gave.

AUGUSTUS WITTFELD.

Old Abe the Eagle

OLD ABE was probably the most famous eagle that ever wore feathers. He was a genuine eagle, and a handsome specimen of his kind. His authentic history apparently begins with the day in 1861 when Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, made him prisoner on the Flambeau River in Wisconsin. Sky sold him to a white man for a bushel of corn. The man who paid the corn for him sold him in turn for $5 to a Mr. Mills. Mills made a present of him to a company just about to start out for the war, Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin. No time was lost by them in naming this winged inspiration after the man in the White House. Old Abe the bird became and Old Abe he stayed until his death many years after.

They carried him alongside the colors on a perch at the end of a staff. The army soon came to know them as the "Eagle Regiment." Beginning with Farmington, Miss., the eagle and his followers went through thirty-six battles. He was wounded before Corinth and again at Vicksburg. It is said that at Corinth the Confederate marksmen made special efforts to kill Old Abe, at the direction of General Price. "I would rather have him than a whole brigade," Price is said to have remarked, such was the eagle's value in encouraging the troops.

Old Abe stayed with his command until it was mustered out in 1864. In September Lewis, the Wisconsin war governor, formally accepted him on behalf of the State. Old Abe was exhibited at the Chicago Sanitary Fair that winter, and his history, published in a pamphlet, brought $16,000 for the sick soldiers.

It is pleasant to record that he lived long and happily afterward. He was much in demand at conventions and veterans' reunions. He died in March, 1881, as a result of breathing smoke at the fire of the Madison capital. Leonard W. Volk, the sculptor, used him as the model for several eagles on his war monuments.

Anvil Sparks

..THE birds sing for those who listen.

..PEOPLE who love children may become aged, but never old.

..A GLOOMY religion has no attractions for the cheerful mind.

..THE cold hand of a Christian is the coldest thing in the world.

..WHO has learned to delight in the Lord always has a soul full of joy.

..IF WE mix our seed-sowing with doubt the harvest is apt to be weeds.

..A SANCTIFIED sourness is the notion some folks seem to have of religion.

..IF YOU don't build any castles in the air, you will never build any on the ground.

..IF THERE is anything in the world sweeter than a baby's smile, it would be worth a trip to the North Pole to get a glimpse of it.

A STORMY NATIONAL CONVENTION

Courtesy of New York "Sun"

The Republican National Convention, Photographed on the Opening Day in the Great Chicago Coliseum, with 15,000 Present

THE Republican National Convention, which assembled in Chicago on June 18, 1912, will pass into history as one of the stormiest political gatherings ever known in American politics. It met in the Coliseum at noon on that day. The vast building was packed with nearly 15,000 persons. There was a very large sprinkling of elegantly dressed women in the galleries. The delegates and alternates seated in the main body of the auditorium made an imposing showing with their State guidons fluttering in line in front of each delegation. The large platform was filled with leading Republicans from all the States. American flags by the hundred, intertwined with masses of bunting, gave the interior of the Coliseum a holiday aspect. Thousands were unable to gain admittance.

For many days before the convention assembled, the rival hosts had been gathering in Chicago preparatory to the great struggle which was to decide not only the supremacy of the Roosevelt or Taft influence in national affairs, but possibly the fate of the Republican Party as well. The Roosevelt men were present in force from many States, and kept up an enthusiastic canvass, while the Taft contingent, strong in their control of the "machine," expressed themselves as confident of victory in the convention. It was a season of conflicting political rumors, and up to the hour of assembling it was practically anybody's fight, if one might judge from the confident claims by the two great factions into which the Republican party had divided.

Victor Rosewater, chairman of the National Committee, on the stroke of noon on Tuesday, called the great convention to order. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Father Callahan, a Catholic priest. Then the chairman pounded with his big gavel on the table and announced that the secretary of the National Committee would read the call of the convention. When this was concluded, Governor Hadley of Missouri, the floor leader of the Roosevelt hosts, rose at the head of his delegation and was recognized by the chair and invited to the platform. He rose to a point of information and asked whether the National Committee had framed a proper temporary roll. The floor leader of the Taft forces, James E. Watson, of Indiana, here made a point of order that this question was out of place and that there was nothing before the convention until it had been organized. This was the first clash and was important, since, had Governor Hadley's question been entertained, he was ready with a formal motion to take from the temporary roll the Taft list of delegates and substitute the Roosevelt delegates in certain contested States. This point conceded, the majority of the delegates' claim for President Taft would have been practically wiped out at the very beginning of the battle.

Now the struggle began in earnest over this motion. Speaker after speaker, representing both sides, went to the platform, advocating their respective claims. Governor Deneen of Illinois, Ex-Governor Fort of New Jersey, and Congressman Sereno E. Payne of New York, champions of the rival factions, addressed the vast gathering. It was the first movement in the plan of battle which Theodore Roosevelt himself had carefully mapped out. He was in Chicago and personally in telephonic communication at his hotel with his lieutenants in convention hall, directing the fight. One of the principal speakers was Governor Hadley—"my fighting governor," as Roosevelt had lovingly dubbed him, and right well did he justify the soubriquet, for he fought Roosevelt's battle throughout with a skill that was everywhere admired. He demanded, in behalf of the Roosevelt delegates amid tremendous cheering, that the question as to their admission be decided by the convention itself. For the Taft forces, James E. Watson made a strong argument, taking the ground that all precedents were against the claim. He was frequently interrupted by outbursts from the Roosevelt delegates.

Finally Chairman Rosewater declared the motion of Governor Hadley out of order. This excited an uproar and there were protests and appeals from every side; but the chairman stood his ground and the first contest showed, in its preliminary stage at least, that the Taft forces controlled the convention.

Chairman Rosewater then presented the name of Elihu Root for temporary chairman as the choice of the committee. Henry F. Cochems of Wisconsin, a La Follette leader, placed in nomination Francis C. McGovern of Wisconsin. Both nominations were instantly seconded. Job E. Hedges of New York addressed the convention in seconding Root's nomination, and referred to the fact that Colonel Roosevelt once declared Root the "ablest man in the public life of this or any other country." The mention of Roosevelt's name was greeted with loud cheering; indeed, whenever his name came up it was the signal for an outburst. Governor Hiram Johnson of California seconded the nomination of McGovern and in the course of his speech said: "The great Republican State of California denies the right—the rank and file of the Republican party denies the right—of any Republican National Committee—any set of repudiated men—to select a chairman for us, and we won't tolerate it." This was construed by some as a threat to bolt by the Roosevelt delegates. At this juncture, William Flinn, the redoubtable Roosevelt leader from Pennsylvania, excited another sensation while seconding McGovern's nomination. He declared that Pennsylvania is "here as a progressive State; she is here to stay; and no matter who may be nominated, Pennsylvania will be a progressive State. Unless you get 540 clean votes in this convention for your candidate for temporary chairman," he warned the Taft delegates, "I doubt whether my constituents in Pennsylvania will support your action. I don't want you to understand that I am notifying the convention that I intend to bolt."

One of the strongest spokesmen for the Roosevelt party was Francis J. Heney of California, the famous fighter of corruption in that State. He declared to the assembled delegates that the nation was confronting a crisis—that its action might uproot principles and disintegrate political parties. His strong utterances excited a new outburst from the audience and there were scenes of disorder which lasted several minutes. A wave of cheers from the Roosevelt men would be followed instantly by a storm of hisses from the Taft delegates. But the delegates were getting impatient at this long preliminary skirmish. They were shouting "Make the speeches short!"

Secretary Hayward then announced the roll call, which was proceeded with not by States but by individual delegates. It went on, with occasional interruptions, including both protests and cheering. Illinois gave 49 for McGovern to 9 for Root. Indiana split on 20 for Root and 10 for McGovern. Iowa gave Root 16, McGovern 10. Kansas gave Root only 2. Maine went solidly for McGovern. Colorado gave Root 12. Connecticut gave him 14, Florida 12, Arizona 6 and Arkansas 17. California cast 24 for McGovern and 2 for Root. New York gave Root 76, McGovern 13. Ohio, President Taft's own State, gave Root only 14, McGovern 34. Pennsylvania gave McGovern 64, Root 12. The Keystone State's vote was cast amid a furious passage-at-arms between the warring factions in the convention, in which William Flinn, the Roosevelt leader, was a prominent actor. Epithets such as "thief" and "robber" were flung about recklessly. "I want to say to you," cried Flinn to the chairman, "that if you steal this vote, you will call no roll on this convention to-day."

Wisconsin divided its vote among four men: McGovern 13, W. S. Lauder of North Dakota 9, W. L. Hauser 1, Senator Gronna of North Dakota 1.

When the roll call was concluded, the vote for temporary chairman was announced as follows: Root 558, McGovern 502, Lauder 9, Hauser 3, Gronna 1, whereupon Elihu Root was declared the choice of the delegates. Senator Root then appeared on the platform and assumed the gavel, while the immense audience yelled itself hoarse and the band played a stirring tune, which could hardly be heard above the vocal tumult.

Chairman Root then began his address to the delegates. He finished speaking at 7.30, and at 7.46 the convention adjourned for the day.

After a night of planning and caucusing, the delegates reassembled at 11 A.M. Wednesday. Encouraged by their initial victory of the day before, the Taft forces were confident, but the Roosevelt contingent was no less so. There was a general air of determination and many signs of a storm brewing. Chairman Root announced as the first business of the day a motion that the convention proceed to the appointment of the regular committees, and the substitute motion of Governor Hadley, that the Roosevelt delegates be accepted for the temporary roll. Three hours' debate was allowed. It was opened by Governor Hadley, who was cheered as he referred to Roosevelt as "one whose voice to-day is the greatest in the Western world." He read a protest from fourteen members of the National Committee against the action of the majority in seating many delegates whose seats were contested. He was followed by W. T. Dovell of Washington in favor of the Taft delegates, Henry J. Allen of Kansas (Taft), Senator Hemenway of Indiana (Taft), and George L. Record of New Jersey (Roosevelt).

Continued on page 681

ROMANIST IDOL-WORSHIP IN PERU

From a Missionary Correspondent

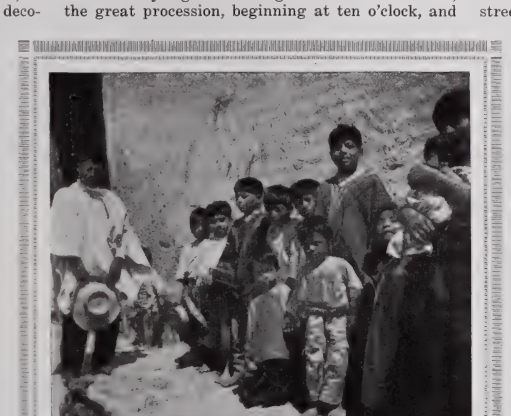
SEMANA SANTA," or Holy Week, is a week of preparation. The sacred white donkey is decked with "trappings rich and rare," and makes a house-to-house visitation of the faithful, even entering the houses to collect money to carry on the *fiesta*. Booths dedicated to different saints are erected and arches built at intervals from the church to the foot of the *Calle de las Palmas*, or Street of Palms. On Saturday the arches are decorated with fruit, vegetables, live fowls, kids, etc., and everything is gotten in readiness for the great day, Palm Sunday.

Early Sunday morning the few remaining things are added to the arches, and the procession leaves the church. The procession consists of the Sacred Donkey with the image of Jesus on its back, the donkey bedecked with her rich trappings, the image—which by the way looks like a North American Indian, with flying hair, war paint and feathers, and wearing a royal purple mantle adorned with gold and precious stones—and the priests. This year there were two priests here, all these under a canopy carried by four men, taking its way to the booth at the foot of the street, where they remain for the faithful to make their offerings until between five and six at night, when the procession again forms at this booth and is accompanied by soldiers, the band and a crowd of people. After they form there is a song by the musical professor or singer of the church, music by the band, and they start slowly, all carrying palms (young branches of sugar cane) in their hands, and waving them. They stop at each booth for more singing and to worship each saint, so the trip to the church is a long time getting over.

We stopped in front of one of the booths to see what was done. Gertrude and I were bareheaded, as it was just at night. All the people reverently uncover their heads, and as Mr. Stevens (the missionary) is not baring his head to idols, he stepped inside a store and sat on the counter, where he could look out. The priests glared at him as though they would like to annihilate him, but said nothing. The major domo or head officer of the committee—or "society" they call it here—offered us a palm. He said, "Accept it as a souvenir of the day." I said, "In that case I will take it."

The procession kept on slowly to the church, deposited the image, and then a night of revel followed, with fireworks, dancing and drinking. This was kept up almost without intermission till Thursday noon, when began the time of silence or *tiempo de silencio*, which was to last till Saturday morning. All the music played during this time was dirges.

On Friday night was the great event of the week, the great procession, beginning at ten o'clock, and



Cholos or Indian Half-breeds of Peru

headed by three men; one of them carrying the crown of thorns; the second, the nails which nailed the Lord to the cross; the third, the cock that crew. This was followed by a float beautifully trimmed and lighted, containing the image of our Lord so painted that blood appeared to be on the forehead and face. Very realistic it looked in the semi-darkness. Next was a float containing the Virgin Mary beautifully dressed in purple velvet, trimmed with priceless lace and jewels, her long train held up by angels. As the streets were dark only for the lights on the floats and torches carried by the crowd, who were all dressed in black, and the procession moved so slowly, appearing to mark time, and swaying from side to side, they were more than two hours going around two blocks. On reaching the church, the floats were put within to remain till the resurrection at 9:30 Saturday morning. No train whistled, no bells rang, no teams were in the street from Thursday noon. Even the children were told not to talk, for the *Señor* [Lord] is dead," till 9:30 Saturday, when the bells clash, bands play, firecrackers bang—anything to make noise—the image is restored to its niche in the church, and the Lord is risen. And the people believe it.

I asked one who is now a convert, "Did you really believe all this before?" He said, "I truly did, but since then the Lord has opened my eyes."

Now some questions: What is a Christian land, or what is a Christian? A Christian person is a real disciple of Christ, one who believes in the truth of the Christian religion and studies to follow the example and obey the precepts of Christ; a believer in Christ, who is characterized by real piety. So a Christian land must be one whose laws are founded on God's Word, and where he is worshiped and respected, must it not?

What is an idolater? A worshiper of idols, one who pays divine honors to images, statues or representations of anything made by hands, one who worships as a deity that which is not God; a pagan.

What is an idol? An image, form or representation, usually of a man or other animal, consecrated as an object of worship.

What is idolatry? The worship of idols, images, or anything made by hands, or which is not God.

What is God's command? "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them," etc.

According to the above definitions, and the Word of God, it is easy to tell whether a country has the right to be called Christian or not. Pray that the lands now in the darkness of Romanism may be liberated by the Gospel. L. E. S.

Monsefu, Peru.

RELIEVING LOUISIANA'S NEED

THE victims of the Louisiana floods have now all returned to their homes and the expenditure of the funds in the hands of the Central Relief Committee at Baton Rouge is taking the form of medical aid, the purchase of seed and the advancement of funds to be expended in the rehabilitation of farm dwellings, machinery and general buildings.

Large funds are still being raised in various parts of the country to carry on this work until the harvesting of the first crop from the overflowed sections. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been enabled by the gifts of its readers to forward another remittance of $2,000 through Mayor Gaynor's Flood Relief Committee. It is most sincerely to be hoped that those among our readers and friends who feel the magnitude of this disaster will forward their contributions as soon as possible so that the relief fund may be swelled to meet the needs of our fellow citizens in the devastated region.

The following contributions have been received since the last acknowledgment was made in these columns:

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Secret of Pulpit Power

FEW men of our day are more widely known and respected by lovers of education as well as by the spiritually minded than Bishop John Heyl Vincent, the founder of Chautauqua, now in his eighty-first year. It was in 1874 that the first Chautauqua was held in the woods by Chautauqua Lake, N. Y. A notable gathering it was, of Bible students, Sunday school teachers, prominent educators, professors of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and students of all denominations. It was the beginning of a movement which has since grown to remarkable proportions, and which had for its object not only the diffusion of education but a higher standard of ideals and a wider fellowship among thoughtful people everywhere.

This broad and successful work had its genesis in the brain of a man who had not the benefit of a college education. At fifteen a school teacher, at eighteen a preacher with spiritual charge of three parishes, at twenty a founder of Sunday schools, Bishop Vincent's work has now grown to be a national institution. Chautauqua is known everywhere and it has been acclaimed as "the divine idea." But although John Heyl Vincent never went to college, he was a man of most thorough education. In his own experience he demonstrated the truth that education is not necessarily confined to the early years of life. He was an omnivorous reader, and an ardent student. He had fifteen years of continuous student life, some of it under tuition, others following his own methods, and his mind became a storehouse of intellectual riches. Greek, Hebrew and French he acquired through laborious effort, and he was familiar with the writings of the great thinkers and philosophers. He traveled widely and observed closely and wisely. At eighty he writes: "I am at school now as a student. *I shall never 'finish' my education.*"

His passion for learning induced him to leave the active ministry and seek opportunities for greater mental development. This decision his father, who was a firm Christian, strongly deprecated, taking the ground that while it was desirable to have a learned ministry, a preacher should not place his sole dependence on mere learning—that he must look to the power of the Holy Spirit to make his work successful. And now, looking back over his eighty years of life, the great educator, who has been an inspiration and a guide to multitudes, records in his autobiography that he *never for one moment placed the slightest dependence upon intellectual culture as a source of spiritual power!* There are many ministers who expend their strength in a show of eloquence and learning, instead of depending upon the spiritual inspiration and guidance which Bishop Vincent made the mainspring of his phenomenally active career. They mistake the husk for the kernel, the setting for the jewel itself. It is only the preacher who goes to his people with a message direct from God who can ever hope to reach the hearts of men. All the learning in the world cannot redeem an unspiritual ministry or win precious souls to Christ.

Investigating the Coal Trust

THERE are good and bad trusts just as there are good and bad people. Among the trusts, beneficent and maleficent, one stands out prominently for its woful lack of redeeming virtues. It is the Coal Trust. Its recent course in deciding to raise the price of coal twenty-five cents per ton immediately after the settlement of the late strike drew sharp criticism from many quarters as being prompted solely by the selfish desire to make the public pay the cost of the strike. Now the news comes that the Interstate Commerce Commission has decided to make a thorough investigation of the anthracite monopoly, involving freight rates, the arbitrary fixing of coal prices, and

the practices, rules and regulations of common carriers governing the transportation of anthracite coal from producing fields to all points in the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers; . . . also that the inquiry shall ascertain whether the coal is mined or produced by or under the authority of the public carriers engaged in the transportation thereof, or whether common carriers own in whole or in part any mine or mines producing anthracite coal which they transport.

In order to get at the heart of the matter, hearings will be held covering a period of nearly a year, and we may anticipate a good deal of interesting testimony. There is crying need of such reforms as will regulate the coal supply and prices to consumers, command fair wages and treatment for the employees and prevent the anthracite resources of the country from being selfishly exploited by a group of trust magnates for their own personal profit. The New York *Tribune* has made a strong fight against the Coal Trust, and it is due largely to its efforts that the present investigation has been ordered. If it result in bringing about such conditions as will prevent the imposition of exorbitant freight rates and stop the present system of choking off legitimate business rivalry by the piratical "rule or ruin" plan, it will have rendered the public a valuable service. There has been too much tyrannical domination in coal production, too much crushing out of weaker rivals by the combined power of the Trust, too much merciless squeezing of the public to pile up big dividends for a few. Let the investigation be a searching one, and the reforms substantial and permanent.

Legislation Concerning Amusements

THERE has been so much misunderstanding about what was done by the recent Methodist General Conference on the subject of amusements that a further brief statement of the facts seems to be called for. In 1904, 1908, and again in 1912, the bishops recommended that the phraseology of the paragraph in question be changed by eliminating the mention of specific amusements and leaving on record the "General Note" prepared by John Wesley against "taking such diversion as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." Those who favored the change were most emphatic in declaring that they still disapproved of the amusements specified, but believed it to be impracticable to form a list which is comprehensive, safe, and suited to all eras of church progress.

The resolution to change the paragraph was defeated by the decisive vote of 446 to 369. But at a later session of the conference the paragraph was divided, and that portion of it relating to intoxicating liquor was transferred to the paragraph entitled "Immoral Conduct." The title of the amusement paragraph was changed from "Imprudent and Unchristian Conduct" to "Imprudent Conduct." After the General Conference of 1908 some Methodists took the view that since the bishops had expressed themselves as in favor of eliminating the specifications and since there was some confusion at the end of the conference session making it uncertain whether or not the delegates had given a positive decision on the matter, they were free to follow their own consciences. But the 1912 vote was conclusive. The Methodist Church is a democracy, and its own representatives have decided that the wording of the rule must not be changed.

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Mrs. Sangster's Last Message

WHILE Margaret E. Sangster, beloved in American homes, was still in good health, and shortly before her fatal attack of sickness, she prepared for publication a book which was to be a love message to the American people. Little did she know at the time that it would be her farewell work. With her own hand she signed the "Foreword" or préface, in which she said:

"My thought is that for the daily loaf on the table and the flowers in the garden, the toil and the task, the music and the song, the joy of love, the wife's kiss, the child's prattle and the strength that comes to us of communion with God, we should alike lift our continual thanksgiving. So this volume goes forth—a friendly book for old and young."

This book, which bears the quaint title, **Twilight Tales,** has been placed by her executors in the hands of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for publication and is now on the press. Before this notice reaches our readers, the book will be ready for delivery. We bespeak for it a wide popularity. It is a volume in which Mrs. Sangster has given twenty-four delightful, complete stories from real life, charmingly told, and each of which carries with it some definite message of cheer, entertainment or uplift. Those who read it will feel that this wonderfully gifted Christian woman has kept her choicest treasures to the last, for no finer work has ever come from her pen. **Twilight Tales** touches almost every side of human nature. Love, romance, self-denial, ambition, and the success that true character commands are here pictured in her own inimitable style, with a fragrant setting of country lanes, woodlands and old-fashioned gardens. Reading **Twilight Tales,** with its little dramas of real life, one feels, more strongly than in any other work by Mrs. Sangster, the spell and charm of that wonderful pen, now forever laid aside. In a very special sense, the book comes like a parting message from the one who has gone. Some of the most famous authors have left their last work unfinished and their final message uncertain. But there is nothing of this in **Twilight Tales,** the last pages of which sound the triumphant note of Christian faith and give foregleams of immortality. It is a book which none can read without feeling that it contains a personal message that should not be missed.

In order that the book may have the widest circulation, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is placing it within everybody's reach, and as the first edition will no doubt be soon exhausted, we would urge our readers to send in their orders promptly in order to secure quick delivery. Book and binding are both beautiful and make the most desirable kind of a volume for summer reading. Here are the titles of the stories contained in this last literary work from the pen of one who has been very dear to all the readers of this journal for many years:

When Buckwheat Bloomed
At Lonesome Ford
The Little Old Lady
Mr. Warriner's Change of Heart
The Romance of Marcia
Letitia's First Love
A Refrain in Lilies
Mrs. Christy's Beginnings
Sister Hannah
The Patience of Hope
One Easter Day
Barbara Graham
The Saving of Benjamin Ray
Cousin Mary
Golden Sunsets
A Bend in the Road
A Midsummer Meeting
The Peacemaker
The New Pupil
A Little Corner
A Reparation
A Long Lane
The Snowdrop's Message
The Opposite Shore

Twilight Tales will be sent free, postpaid, as a premium to old subscribers who will send us one new six months' subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 75 cents. This new subscription must be one not now on our list, nor one to replace one now on our list. This is an excellent opportunity for our readers to get the book for themselves and to send the paper to some friend *not now a subscriber,* for half a year. **To any of our present subscribers the book will be sent with one year's CHRISTIAN HERALD renewal for $2.** If your subscription does not expire for some time to come, send in your renewal *now* with $2, and the date of expiration on your paper will be advanced for one year. All orders should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

American Athletes Sail for Sweden

ON JUNE 14 the American athletes sailed on the steamer *Finland* for Stockholm to take part in the Olympic games which began on the 29th of June. The ship was eautifully decorated, and five thousand friends ere at the dock to wish the contestants a safe voyge and abundant victories. All sorts and sizes omprised the team as they were seen in many roups about the deck, from the great Ralph Rose, he world's record-holder with the shot, to the little aston Strobino, the South Paterson A. C. Maraioner. They were all there—John Paul Jones, the astest distance runner for an amateur the world as ever seen; Marc S. Wright, the Dartmouth lad ho has soared higher with a pole than any man; eorge Horine, whose 6 feet 8¼ inch in the high mp stands unparalleled at the game; James Dunin, scaler of the discus a dozen feet farther than ny one else ever sent the Grecian missile; Tom ongboat, the Canadian Indian runner; and ores of others with fine records; all were oard the ship and determined to win the prizes. lany university men were the Olympic team that iled. Matt McGrath, lichael J. Ryan, Abel Kivit, Melborne Sheppard, latt and Ben Adams, Egon rickson, Frank Irons, Pat cDonald, George Bonhag, scar Hedlund and other llege men were among the umber. Two former Olymic title-holders will strive retain the honors won in 908 when Sheppard toes ie mark in the 800-meter id the 1,500-meter events, nd when Frank Irons, who aped 24 feet 6⅛ inches in ie London games, undertakes to duplicate the perrmance. The trap-shooting team of eight men sailed the *George Washington*. his is the first time Amerans have entered into this ort at the Olympic games. he world's Olympic games hich are in imitation of ie Grecian games of anquity are only a picture of ie contests of life in the aterial, intellectual and iritual realms. Paul makes ese games and the condions of success illustrate ie spiritual contests when says:

Let us lay aside every weight, d the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with paence the race that is set before us. (Heb. 12: 1.)

America's Crack Atheletes Ready to Sail for the Olympic Games

Newsboy Going to College

WHEN a little fellow in Philadelphia, standing at the Thirty-third Street and Ridge Avenue ntrance to Fairmount Park, Wendell Sooy began lling newspapers. In twelve years he saved 2,600, which he deposited in the bank as a fund to ay his way through college. He will begin his colge education at the opening of the University of ennsylvania this fall, and there is every reason to elieve that he will make a good student and a rong, useful man. Any number of distinguished en in professional and business life in this country egan their careers as newsboys. The self-dependce and dogged persistency in the boy's work are reatly to be commended, but the deep abiding purose to secure a liberal education is laudable in the xtreme. Society will await with hope a young an of his type of industry and ambition. Through l hours and all kinds of weather, for years as he old the million papers there ran through his soul is thought of the wise man:

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom. (Prov. 7.)

Barbara Frietchie's Monument

THE women of Frederick, Md., propose to erect a monument over the grave of Barbara Frietchie. any persons believe that Barbara Frietchie was a yth and that Whittier's story in verse has no storic foundation. The proposed monument indiates that such a woman did live and die in Fredrick, and the following facts verify the authenticity of the event that prompted the poet's verses. A man of character recently wrote to a Baltimore paper: "I remember that about thirty years ago I was presumptuous enough to write to Whittier to inform him that certain literary critics were disputing the claims of his poem in question. I shall give a copy of his reply, which I have just found in my trunk, dusty with age." Whittier's reply is as follows:

DANVERS, MASS., *10th mo., 1883.*

DEAR FRIEND:—Barbara Frietchie is a true historical character and the story as told in my verse substantially correct. I have seen her nephew and other friends. She died not long after the event related in the poem, between ninety and one hundred years of age, and lies buried in Frederick.

I had the story told me first by Miss Dorothea Dix and Mrs. Southworth, of Washington. I have a cane from the framework of her house and pieces of two of her silk dresses. The brave old lady is as authentic as George Washington or "Ben" Franklin.

Thine truly,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

More durable than any monument of marble or brass is the one Whittier erected in his verses immortalizing woman's loyalty in these words:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said,

and equally immortalizing the chivalry of one of the truest gentlemen and greatest generals on either side of the conflict, Stonewall Jackson, in these words:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

Sacred literature has embalmed the loyalty of woman's love in the words of Christ:

Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her. (Matt. 26: 13.)

Calls Rich Women Vampires

THE Rev. Dr. Edward F. Sanderson, of Brooklyn, addressed the graduating class of Mount Holyoke College recently, saying some very plain things to the young ladies going out from the classic halls. Among other things he said: "If you are ever tempted to envy the women who are free from financial care and above a life devoted to work, remember such women are vampires. I believe that most college women have a deep purpose to make their lives count. I know also the temptations which come at times to the best to be selfish. The woman living on dividends must realize that for every cent's value taken out of a dollar, one cent must be put into the dollar by the labor of men, and oftentimes of tired women and children." Vampire is a pretty strong word to use with reference to women who are not vicious—a word suggested by a ghost or bat that sucks human blood while the victim sleeps; and yet a strong word of caution and warning is needed to guard against the enervation and selfishness so likely to injure the younger and older women of idle wealth. Idleness and the dissipation naturally offered as substitutes undermine the health, happiness and character of many women best equipped for responsibility and service. Many rich women and their daughters are symbols of industry at home, in charitable work, and in the church. But there are enough who are spoiled with indolence to justify the strong language of the minister to the graduating class. It will be difficult to find a better description of an industrious woman than that given by the wise man:

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. (Prov. 31: 27.)

United States Coffee-Drinking

THE people of the world consume two billion five hundred million pounds of coffee each year, and the people of the United States drink more than one-third of that amount, or pretty nearly a billion pounds. From a recent report of the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor, at Washington, we learn that the United States uses 875,000,000 pounds, Germany 404,000,000, the Netherlands 265,000,000, France 245,000,000, Austria-Hungary 127,000,000, Belgium 95,000,000, the United Kingdom 88,000,000, and Sweden 65,000,000. Italy, Norway, Switzerland and Denmark consume from 45,000,000 to 25,000,000 pounds each. Of the countries on the Western Hemisphere, Argentina and Cuba each import about 20,000,000 pounds a year; Canada, about 8,000,000, Chile 7,000,000 and Uruguay about 3,000,000, while Australia, the island continent, consumes between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 pounds. Certain of the African countries are comparatively large importers of coffee, the imports into Egypt averaging about 15,000,000 pounds a year, the Cape of Good Hope 20,000,000 and Algeria about 15,000,000 pounds. The world's leading coffee-producing countries are: Brazil, 2,250,000,000 pounds in 1909; Venezuela, 94,000,000 pounds; Mexico, 80,000,000; Colombia, 92,500,000; Porto Rico, 45,000,000; Hayti, 41,000,000; Dutch East Indies, 35,000,000; British India, 28,000,000; Arabia, 15,250,000; and Abyssinia, 10,000,000. The world's supply in 1909 aggregated nearly 3,000,000,000 pounds, but in 1910 fell below 2,000,000,000 pounds, due to a decrease of about 950,000,000 pounds in the exports from Brazil. Of the 875,000,000 pounds imported last year 651,000,000 pounds was from Brazil, as against 224,000,000 from all other parts of the world. The coffee bean that originated in Abyssinia is a stimulant and nutrient. In excess, it acts as a poison. The apostle lays down this rule:

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. (I. Cor. 10: 31.)

Terrible Tornadoes

DEADLY storms have swept over the country recently, especially in the Middle West. On one day terrific tornadoes left wrecks in their path through West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio and Missouri. Perhaps the worst was one in Missouri. Two cyclones moved about six miles apart along parallel lines. One started at a point near Merwin, and went eastward along the south side of Adrian and Altona; the other originated near Drexel and reached its maximum velocity near Creighton. Besides enormous loss of property twenty-nine people were killed. Relief trains were sent from Windsor, Warrensburg and Sedalia. The families who have had loved ones thus suddenly snatched from them have the sympathy of the whole country. We live in a world of danger. These cyclones are the effort of nature to purify the atmosphere for man's health and life. We live in a world of moral and spiritual danger with wrecking storms about us. Nature, observation and revelation all encourage us to find safety in the storm. The prophet saw it.

And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain. (Isa. 4: 6.)

MAMIE

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

BEN gave Father an encouraging little slap on the shoulder. "First thing we know," he declared jovially, "Father'll be dashing around the city in his own motor-car, and Mother'll be joining a lot of women's clubs. D'you know, you're going to be ever so much more comfortable in the city, both of you, than you are here on the farm."

"No, Ben," Mother corrected him gently, "we are more comfortable here than we could possibly be shut up in the city."

Ben saw his mistake and quickly rectified it by resorting to the tactics that he knew would work. "But, of course," he promptly added, "it's on Mamie's account that we're doing this."

Father's eyes went wandering over to the orchard on the hill, longingly, wistfully. "Yes," he assented, "for Mamie's sake."

"You see," Ralph explained—he was the younger son—"you see, it would be awfully hard for a girl like Mamie when she's been studying art for two years in Paris to come back to a farm where she wouldn't see anything. She ought to be in the city where she can have pictures and art galleries and lots of people, and have a studio and all that."

This project of selling the farm had been under consideration for weeks, now pushed forward by the commercial zealousness of Ben (he was a wholesale merchant in the city), now dropped into the background because of the reluctance of Father and Mother, until at last Ben—just yesterday, in fact—from his office had telephoned Ralph at the bank to come around that afternoon and talk it over. He had succeeded in persuading Ralph that it was utter financial folly to sink any more money into the old place when a real estate agent could get them something handsome for it. They had further decided that it would be better to run out to the farm the very next day and settle the thing once and for all.

"And remember," Ben had said, "the folks'll be less apt to hesitate if they think they're doing it for Mamie's sake. Remember that."

And now as they were all on the vine-covered back porch of the old farmhouse, with the matter practically settled, Ben, big, handsome, successful, businesslike, leaned against the post of the porch and looked complacently out over the fields. He was confident that he was doing what was best for the old people; they'd see it, too, presently, and be glad that he had persuaded them to sell.

But Ralph, with his keen gray eyes scrutinizing his father's face, was not so sure. He had been persuaded that it was best to sell in a city office, not out here on the farm; and although his mind now habitually thought in dollars and cents, he had kept the heart of that boy who years ago had brought home dilapidated puppies wrapped in his jacket. And so to-day his quick sympathy seemed to detect a wistfulness about his father's eyes and a new sadness on his mother's sweet, patient face.

"Look here!" he broke out impetuously. "It's your farm, and if you don't want to sell, just say so; and that's all there is to it."

Mother gave a quick, eager glance at Father. He was still staring at the orchard hill.

"No," Father replied slowly, "we'll go to town, if it's best for the little girl."

The eager look faded from Mother's face. "Yes," she agreed softly, "whatever is best for Mamie. I suppose," she added, "it would be lonely—after Paris. Girls are so different nowadays."

"Different!" exclaimed Ben. "They certainly are. I wish you could see—Hullo! here he comes!"

From the back porch they saw an automobile coming around the curve in the road. "It's the agent," explained Ralph, "the one that went over the place last week. We told him to come again this afternoon. Ben and I'll look after him, Dad; you won't have to bother about the arrangements."

As the two sons walked around the house to meet the agent, Father and Mother with common, unspoken consent slipped away from the porch. They wanted, both of them, to get as far away as possible from the "arrangements."

They started through the back yard to the garden. At the old summer kitchen near the garden gate Mother stopped and touched a flat stone with her foot.

"Do you remember?" she asked softly.

"Remember?" cried Father, reading again the figures his own hands had cut into the stone. "'May 1, 1870.' Do I remember the day we bought this place? You were a proud one that day, Mother."

"I suppose you think you weren't," she teased him tenderly. "You thought you owned half the United States that day."

"I still think it is a very decent farm," he replied with dignity.

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

"Reading again the figures his own hand had cut into the stone"

Mother gave him a little pat on his arm to show him that she thought so, too. "And look!" she cried. "How Ben's onion bed is growing!" They still called it Ben's onion bed although it was nearly a quarter of a century since Ben, with grubby little hands, had planted onions there.

"I wonder what will become of it," mused Father. "And this too!" With a half rueful smile he pointed to the collection of stones, some of them still upright, in a little grass plot beyond—Mamie's cemetery for dead kittens.

Through the garden they went, and on and on, until at last they stood at the orchard hill where the whole farm lay before their eyes: pastures with cattle grazing on the thick, luxurious grass, fields bathed in sun, bringing forth their crops abundantly, quite as if Ben had not pronounced them a poor investment.

Father folded his arms and looked around him. Two hard lines came about his mouth.

"There!" he said at last. "You see forty-two years of my muscle and energy and hopes and life in those fields. Forty-two years!"

"And you've done so much in those years, Father. Why, just think of that north pasture! It w nothing but rocks and brush when we first can and now see it!"

Father nodded. "I thought I'd never get th field cleared; and then when I was about to give along would come Jones and help me with it for day or two."

"The Joneses have been awfully good neighbo It'll be lonely without them in the city."

"Not lonely. We'll have the boys and Mamie."

"I wish we could take the north pasture alo with us," Mother sighed. "It's been 'most like child we've raised."

Father laughed, but his cheerfulness did n somehow, ring true. Mother furtively slipped h handkerchief from her waist to have it convenie in her hand, for all she was so well schooled in kee ing back tears. Father pretended n to notice it and went on with his a sumed cheerfulness.

"It's not as if we had to leave rig away," he consoled her. "We c probably stay here a year or longer."

Again his eyes lovingly made t circle of the land, until they fell up the farmhouse and saw Ralph on t back porch beckoning to them.

"Ralph's wanting us," he sai "we'd better go down."

They made their way down the h in silence, until Ralph, coming to me them, joined them.

"Sorry to bother you, Dad," he sai "but there are some papers and thin we'll have to get you to sign."

"You'd better wait here on the ba porch, dear," Father told Mother.

But that wasn't Mother's way; a these years she and Father had fac together all their troubles and fai ures and losses; and she refused to l spared now. She went with the into the front room where Ben ar the agent sat, her shoulders straigh her eyes clear and calm, but her han kerchief still in a tight, hard litt wad in her hand.

Ben was as jovial as ever. "In year you'll feel you can't be thankf enough you did this, Father," he sai enthusiastically. "And it isn't as you were going to leave to-day. Tak your time to it—three weeks, a mont if you want to."

Father did not answer, and thos two lines had come around his mout again.

Mother had refused the rockin chair Ralph pulled up for her and wa sitting in the corner in a stiff, har little chair.

"Where are the papers?" aske Father.

Again Ralph was seized with com punction. "Dad, are you sure yo want to? It's not too late now, yo know."

For a moment Father hesitated, an Mother knew that his mind was ou on the fields where he had so tir lessly, so splendidly given more tha forty years of his life. She waite breathlessly, her handkerchief to tured by the tight grip of her finger scarcely knowing what she hoped or what sh wanted.

"Yes," said Father at last. "It'll be best fo Mamie."

"Of course it'll be fine for Mamie," Ben reassure him. "It'll be a great thing all around." And h put the papers in Father's hand.

"I think it's a great thing, too," said a voice fro the doorway.

Startled, they all turned to stare at the doo That voice was as young and lovely and as exquisit as the radiant young girl who had suddenly ap peared there before them.

Amazement held them petrified for a moment and then she was in all their arms at once, gasping laughing, sobbing, trying to explain.

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Continued on next page

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Jesus as a Bible Teacher

IF JESUS were a Sunday school teacher to-day, we should all want to be in his class. No one of us would be without a Bible in hand, not taken from a pile of Bibles left in the class—such Bibles do not appeal to us—but a Bible of our very own, with our name written in it, more or less soiled by use. We were glad when the new look disappeared. "I should think you would be ashamed of your old, ragged Bible," said a young man one day to his aunt, who had pretty well used up her Bible with more than thirty years of study. "No, indeed," the aunt replied, "the older it gets the more it delights me. I should be quite ashamed to have an unworn Bible." As scholars in Jesus' Bible class, we would be dextrous in turning to different passages in the Bible on his request, not floundering first in the New Testament and then in the Old, or *vice versa*. We know that Jesus would be a Bible-in-hand teacher, because when he was here on earth he frequently said: "Have ye not read?" "Did ye never read?" "Have ye not read even this?" (Matt. 12: 3, Matt. 19: 4, Matt. 21: 16, Matt. 22: 31, Mark 2: 25, Mark 12: 10, 26, Luke 6: 3.) And as we glance through the Red Letter Bible and see how many of its parts Jesus quoted, we are sure that he had the Scriptures in his head as well as in his hand. Let these thoughts of him inspire us to be such a Bible teacher as he was.

Jesus Teaching the Multitude

One day Jesus sat in a boat while he taught the waiting people on the land. The Old Testament only was in existence at that time, and Jesus probably did not have that in hand, so he taught them out of the Oldest Testament as it lay spread out before them in a field of grain. We cannot say that it was the Sabbath day, for all days were teaching days to Jesus. On that particular occasion it was not so much the purpose of Jesus to explain the teachings of the Bible as it was to impress the people with the thought of what should be their attitude toward the Word of God, and so he taught them by the parable of a sower. Possibly a sower may have been at work in the field hard by at the very time Jesus was talking to the people, or, what is more probable, they were looking on a field that had been sown some weeks beforehand, and which plainly showed by the different kinds of growth of what kinds of soil the field was composed: there were stones that had little or no growth upon them; there lay a bare track; there was a part which had a few sickly stalks almost choked by the weeds, and there was still another part where there was a rich harvest ready to gather. We do not read that Jesus explained all of this to the people; indeed, they knew full well the wherefore of it all. Jesus taught inductively, although he lived in the first century instead of the twentieth. We know that he did, because his twelve apostles afterward asked him to make an application of his teachings: "what this parable might be." They wanted to hear Jesus' own interpretation of it because they had been appointed by Jesus "fishers of men." Then Jesus explained that the seed sown was the Word of God; that the field was those who had heard; that the bare ground from which the birds had picked the seed was like those who had heard the Word of God, but allowed evil influences, even Satan, to destroy the teachings that had been given them; that the places where there was little

Continued on next page

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for July 14, 1912. "The seed in the four kinds of soil." Mark 4: 1-20. GOLDEN TEXT: "Receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls." James 1: 21.

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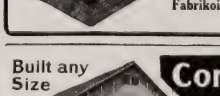

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

soil in the rocks was like shallow-minded people who do not persist long in doing the good they are taught; that the places where the good seed had been choked by the weeds were like those who allowed thoughts of riches and worldly matters to make them forget what they had learned about the Word of God; and that the places in the field where the rich harvest had grown typified those who had made their lives rich in good deeds by the hearing and doing of the Word of God.

The Bible Influencing Life

A missionary met an elderly man (a savage) who looked very downcast, and he asked, "My friend, what is the matter? Who is dead?" "Oh, no one is dead," replied the man. "Well, what is the matter? you seem to be mourning." With a gesture of despair, he replied, "My son tells me that my dog has eaten a leaf of the Bible." "Well," answered the missionary, "perhaps I can replace it." "Oh," said the man, "the dog will never do any good; he will never bite anybody; he will never catch any jackals; he will be as tame as I see people become who believe in that Book. All our warriors become as gentle as women, and my dog is done for!" That was the savage's impression of the work of the Bible as he had seen it.

It would be a long way from the thought of the savage about his dog to the understanding of those grand words of the prophet Jeremiah about the Bible. "Thy words were found and I did eat them, and thy words were unto me a joy and the rejoicing of my heart" (Jer. 15: 16). But by the grace of God many so-called savages have been brought to Jeremiah's point of view, and to be themselves "living epistles." Fiji, once the worst cannibal spot in the world, is now one of the most Christian. When we visited the islands in 1907 we were told there were ninety thousand Fijians, and that the whole population were adherents of churches. That fact illustrated the power of the Bible in the nineteenth century, eighteen centuries after Jesus had spoken his marvelous words: "The seed is the Word of God." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Dr. John G. Paton, the heroic missionary to the New Hebrides, tells how the natives planted and sold arrowroot for fifteen years, raising the sum of $6,000 to pay for the printing of the Bible. When it was printed, Dr. Paton read a part of the Book to an old chief. The old man fairly shouted with joy. "It does speak! It speaks my own language, too! Oh, give it to me!"

The Bible has power not on savage life alone, but on those whom the world calls "great" as well. Rev. Milton Merle Smith, D.D., has said: "It has been my privilege to have in my possession for a day or two the Bible of the late Rear Admiral Philip. I have never seen a Bible more marked and thumbed than his. The chapters most marked are the fourteenth chapter of John and the eighth of Romans. In the former chapter every verse except three is marked. It was his custom to note the dates on the margin when he began either the Old or New Testament in his readings by course. I find twelve dates noted when he began to read the Old Testament, and thirty-four when he began to read the New. Many, many times he must have read the Bible from its beginning to its end. I find here the secret of his gentleness and his power. A number of quotations are pasted carefully in his Bible. On the first page of the New Testament is pasted this card:

Put any burden upon me, only sustain me.
Send me anywhere, only go with me.
Sever any tie but this tie, which binds
Me to thy service and thy heart.

The verse most heavily underscored are the words of Jesus: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will also I confess before my Father which is in heaven." Possibly it was that he had read many times, "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you," that made him able to say when the Spanish fleet had been overcome at Santiago, and the Spaniards were struggling for life, "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying!"

The Golden Text: "Receive with meekness the implanted word, which is able to save your souls" (James 1: 21), brings us back again to the field and to the sower, and we realize that there must first be a sower before the seed can grow. From Jesus the Sower we receive the seed which is the Word of God. The life-giving power that is in the seed was thus expressed by Jesus: "Ye search the Scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and *these are they which bear witness of me*" (John 5: 39). Jesus is the life principle of the seed—does he therefore sow himself? Yes, he did, when he was here among men, and until he ascended up on high, returning to his Father; then he gave over the sowing to those whom he commissioned to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Parents and preachers and Sunday school teachers are now the sowers.

Beside the Bible there are other so-called "sacred books," but they all lack the Christ. Their seed only spreads error and wrong practices in the lands where they are studied and obeyed. Witness the cruelties meted out to women and children in India, China and Turkey. Compared with the good seed of the Bible, those books have in them seeds like thistles and deadly nightshade. We turn from them to "Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth" (Isa. 52: 7). We cannot count them all, but it has been told us under a statement of "Twentieth Century Missions," in the *Missionary Review of the World*, that there are 6,500 American foreign missionaries and 8,000 British foreign missionaries, and 3,000 European foreign missionaries. In these figures are not included the 2,607,371 Sunday-school officers and teachers reported at the last World's Sunday School Convention in 1910, and these are among the best sowers in all the world, and they are sowing in the best field—the youth of the world. Nor yet are numbered the faithful parents in all lands, and the ministers of the Gospel, and other Christian workers.

The Sunset Splendor

(See Cover)

THE one-color reproduction from a photograph which forms the cover for this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is printed as an example of the excellent results that may be obtained by the careful selection of a subject, the expert manufacture of plates and extreme care in the selection and application of the ink. This photograph is reproduced mainly because it is an example of the successful accomplishment of one of the most difficult feats possible for a photographer. All who have experimented even with a little camera have realized that to take a picture with the lens pointed toward the most brilliant light and get any other result than a round white spot on the center of the film or plate is extremely difficult. In this case, the photographer has caught the sun as it nears the horizon, emerging from a bank of clouds. It is a scene with which we are all familiar yet which few of us have ever before seen photographed. The picture was taken in the Straits of Juan de Fuca between the island of Vancouver, B. C., and Cape Flattery in the State of Washington.

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Equipment Obligations

THE average investor is fairly familiar with such securities as are comprised in the general classification of bonds and stocks, but comparatively few are familiar with the form of investment known as car trust or equipment trust certificates, notes and bonds.

Car trust certificates and equipment bonds and notes are each used extensively by railroads in this country and Canada to finance purchases of locomotives and freight and passenger cars which are needed to take care of their increasing traffic. The railroad company is thereby enabled to purchase on the instalment plan an amount of equipment for which it would be unable to pay the entire purchase price in cash.

The method of accomplishing this result is as follows: The railroad company agrees to purchase the desired equipment, and pays on account anywhere from ten to twenty-five per cent. of the purchase price. For the balance of the purchase price car trust or equipment trust certificates or bonds and notes are issued. A bond or note is issued in a case where the title to the equipment is vested in the railroad company; a certificate is issued in a case where the title to the equipment is retained by some individual or association, the latter leasing the equipment to the railroad company, the rental being so adjusted as to net the entire balance due upon the purchase price with interest before the trust matures. Most equipment trusts run for a period of ten years, though now and then such trusts are created for a period of fifteen years.

Terms of the Contract

It is usual to embody all the terms of the contract between the railroad company and the certificate holders in a trust deed or car trust agreement. If the railroad company has taken title to the cars and locomotives for which the notes or bonds are to be issued, then the transaction takes the form of a trust deed conveying the equipment to the trustee by way of mortgage or pledge, and giving the trustee, in respect of the particular cars and locomotives involved, all the rights and securities which an ordinary mortgagee of real estate or chattels would have in a like situation. If, on the other hand, the transaction is one where the railway company does not take title to the equipment, a car trust agreement takes the place of the trust deed. This agreement is made between the owner of the cars (which may be an individual or association), the railroad company, and a trustee representing the certificate holders.

Details of Agreement

The owner of the cars, by executing the agreement, agrees to lease the cars to the railroad company, and the railroad company to rent them from the owner, the title at the end of the rental period to vest in the railroad company. Payments of rental are, by the agreement, required to be made to the trustee, who is also clothed by the agreement with the usual remedies to protect an owner under similar circumstances. Though these agreements are in form leases, they amount in fact to conditional sale agreements; what the agreements designate as rent being really a part of the purchase price.

Although purchasing on the instalment plan is generally frowned upon by household economists as a reprehensible practice, many of the best managed railroads in the country have availed themselves of the instalment plan of purchasing railroad equipment through the issuance of equipment trust certificates. The Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley and other well-managed roads have outstanding many thousands of dollars of these obligations.

They furnish from many points of view a most desirable form of investment. One of the leading trust companies in New York City, in a pamphlet on the subject, calls attention to the remarkable record of this form of investment in the past twenty-four years. Out of twenty-eight railroads which were foreclosed and reorganized during that period, all of which had equipment obligations of some kind outstanding, only one (that of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton) failed to protect from loss the holders of its equipment obligations. One of the reasons for this is that the equipment is necessary to continue the operation of the railroad, and inasmuch as a receivership and reorganization are always had under court supervision, and the courts have laid it down as a guiding principle that the railroads must be kept in operation for the public convenience, a receiver is customarily authorized by the court to pay both the principal and interest on outstanding equipment obligations when and as they mature. Very few forms of investment can be cited which show in the past decades so small a loss to the investor.

Reorganized Railroads

It is pointed out by the writer of the pamphlet that the following railway companies, all of which had equipment obligations outstanding, were reorganized between 1888 and 1912, either with or without foreclosure: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Baltimore and Ohio, Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia, Chesapeake and Ohio, Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, Chicago and Southern, Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo, International and Great Northern, Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf, New York, Lake Erie and Western, Norfolk and Southern, Northern Pacific, Philadelphia and Reading, Pere Marquette, Richmond and Danville, Georgia Pacific, Seaboard Air Line, Southern Indiana, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, Union Pacific. In every case the equipment obligations of these roads were paid in full with interest, while other securities of the same roads were reduced in rate or amount or both. In the case of two other railroads, Denver and Rio Grande and Norfolk Western, which were foreclosed and reorganized, the holders of their equipment obligations were given the option of surrendering their securities upon being paid in full, or exchanging them for securities of the reorganized company on advantageous terms.

It is evident from the foregoing recital that equipment obligations offer a most desirable form of investment so far as security of principal is concerned. As they sell at a price netting the investor from five to six per cent., securities of this class also possess another requisite of a good investment—an attractive yield. Although not regularly listed on the New York Stock Exchange, railway equipment obligations usually have a fairly broad market, thus adding to the investment qualities of security and satisfactory yield the addition of marketability.

DAVID PAINE.

Poles Fighting Church Greed

THERE are 4,000,000 Poles in the United States, mostly Catholics. There are 1,000 Polish priests. These 4,000,000 Poles have contributed over $200,000,000 of their money for building churches. In connection with this, a somewhat remarkable case has come up in Milwaukee, where the Polish publication, *Kuryer Polski*, is conducting a hot campaign against the Catholic authorities and charging that many of the churches "are used not for worship, but as political and business agencies." Another case belonging to this class was recently brought into court in Wilkesbarre, Pa., when Judge Fuller held that the congregation of St. Stanislaus Church were entitled to the deed for the property, which had been withheld from them by the church authorities Judge Fuller in his decision said: "The principal bone of contention is whether the bishop defendant shall continue to hold the title in his own name as trustee for the congregation, in accordance with the law of the Roman Catholic Church, or convey the title on request of the congregation to designated trustees, in accordance with the law of the commonwealth."

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"I had stomach trouble, was weak an fretful so I could not attend to my house work—both of us using coffee all the tim and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife sai she believed coffee was the cause of ou trouble and advised Postum. I took i home rather dubious what my husban would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the tabl and we haven't used a cup of it since You should have seen the change in us and now my husband never complains o heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after began Postum. My children love it an it does them good, which can't be said o coffee.

"A lady visited us who was usually hal sick. I told her I'd make her a cup o Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff but she watched me make it, boiling i thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when don she said it was splendid. Long boilin brings out the flavour and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battl Creek, Mich.

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A Stormy National Convention

Continued from page 672

When Governor Hadley took the
form in response to many calls, a
arkable scene of excitement fol-
ed. The convention seemed to go
l with enthusiasm. There was a
mendous outburst of cheers, mingled
h whistling, yelling and stamping
feet. Hats were flung in the air.
negro delegate opened his um-
la and tossed it aloft. Governor
bbs of Kansas led the cheering for
lley. The California delegates tried
out up their Roosevelt banners to
the demonstration to account for
r candidate, but the convention had
arently taken the bit in its teeth for
lley. It was a veritable pande-
ium of noise. The Taft men on the
form looked uneasy. Ten minutes
sed without any diminution. Old-
ers began to talk of a stampede, as
its of "Hadley! Hadley! He's our
didate!" came from the frenzied
gates, while the audience in the
eries added to the picturesque con-
on by waving flags and hats, and
ating like the rest.

t this juncture a woman in white
e forward from the balcony and
ed a large lithograph of Roosevelt
iew of the whole convention. For
oment all eyes were centered upon
In her excitement she dropped
picture, and by the time it was re-
ed to her, the opportunity for a
orable division had passed.

When order was restored, Governor
lley addressed the convention, after
ch Mr. Watson moved to refer to
Committee on Credentials the mo-
for seating the ninety-two Roose-
delegates. Governor Deneen moved
mend so that no contested delegates
ld vote on the membership of the
mittee of Credentials, or on its re-
. A motion to table the motion of
ernor Deneen was declared by the
r to be not debatable, and a roll-call
n it was demanded and ordered.
result showed a new line-up of the
l forces, giving the Taft delegates
ght increase in numerical strength.
motion to table Governor Deneen's
ion was carried by a vote of 564 to
the announcement bringing a roar
heers from the Taft delegates.
he Watson motion, to refer the
stion of the Roosevelt contested
gates to the Committee on Creden-
s, was then adopted by a *viva voce*
, without division. Another motion
the appointment of the regular
nding committees was also adopted
the committees were announced.
rtly afterward the convention ad-
ned until noon on Thursday.
Wednesday night was one that will
soon be forgotten in Chicago. The
xpected Hadley demonstration had
a surprise, and while it was taken
ome as an evidence of the strength
he Roosevelt faction, it was inter-
ed by the more experienced as
ting to the possibilities of Hadley
a "dark horse."
here was plenty talk of the proba-
ties of a "bolt." It was said that
Roosevelt was more than chagrined
he turn affairs had taken, and that
had become cold towards Hadley,
m he now regarded as his possible
l in the race. Besides, Hadley, with
eral others, had openly declared
inst a "bolt," and this opposition
growing, both in the convention
out of it.
ne significant incident, however,
e new strength to the "bolt" rumors.
hteen Roosevelt members of the
dentials Committee, which met in
evening to consider the contested
s, finding themselves in a hopeless
ority, refused to submit to gag law
s and left the committee room at
0 P.M. They returned later, when
rules were greatly modified.
ne of the rumors current the same
ning was that the Taft leaders had
d to tempt Governor Hadley with
nomination for Vice-President,
ch he declined; also that they tried
uccessfully to persuade Senator
nmins and Senator La Follette to
stand as compromise candidates. There were other indications that, while the Taft men had scored slightly in the convention, they were paving the way for a compromise, Mr. Taft's personal success being a consideration of secondary consequence when the very life of the party was in jeopardy. It is very doubtful whether any of the political leaders slept much on Wednesday night.

Samuel G. Blythe, correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, summarized the situation in these pregnant sentences:

> This convention marks the passing of Republican national conventions of a similar character. There never will be another convention like this. It is quite possible there never will be another Republican national convention of any kind, that this is the last. . . . Moreover—and this is even more important—this convention gives a date to the death of the Republican Party as it is at present constituted and as it has been constituted for many years. The name Republican may live, but the Republican Party that name has typed since 1856 is dead. The funeral services are being conducted in Chicago at the present.
>
> The Republican Party is no longer a cohesive, fighting, definite organization. But instead it is really two parties—a "stand-pat," or conservative, party, and a radical, or progressive party. There isn't the slightest doubt if there had been primaries in all the States instead of in a few of them the old crowd would have a pitifully small representation here, no matter whether Mr. Roosevelt was a candidate or not.
>
> The Republican Party, as such, no longer exists. It is dead. The old Republican Party of high protection, of war memories, of notable achievement has passed. . . . No compromise candidate can make a cohesive party of the Republican Party. It is split wide apart.

During the early morning hours of Thursday, rumors began to circulate that Mr. Roosevelt's plans had changed. It was reported that he had "released" his delegates, but this was promptly denied. As the day wore on the talk of a "bolt" grew stronger, especially when the news came that there was little prospect of the Roosevelt delegates from Washington, Arizona, California and Texas being seated. Some of the Colonel's leaders, including Flinn, Heney and Governor Johnson, were said to be strongly urging the formation of a new party. It was even said that La Follette had begun to frame the new party platform. But Mr. Roosevelt kept his own counsel. He issued a statement to the American people which ran as follows:

"The time has come when I feel that I must make certain statements, not merely to the honestly elected members of the Republican National Convention, but to the rank and file of the party and to the honest people of the entire nation.

"I went into this fight for certain great principles. At the moment I can only serve those principles by continuing to bear the personal responsibility which their advocacy has brought to me. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

About the time this was issued, a long-distance telephone message came from President Taft to Senator Crane at Chicago, reiterating the President's intention of staying in the fight as long as there was any chance that he might be nominated.

The convention reassembled at 12 o'clock on Thursday and almost immediately adjourned until 4 P.M. to await the report of the Committee on Credentials. At 4 o'clock, a second recess was taken until 11 o'clock A.M. Friday.

. . . .

At 9.25 P.M. Saturday, June 22, the convention nominated Taft for President. The vote stood: Taft 561, Roosevelt 107, LaFollette 41, Cummins 17, Hughes 2, not voting 344, absent 6. James Schoolcraft Sherman was nominated for Vice-President. Roosevelt's name was not formally placed in nomination. A statement was read in behalf of the Roosevelt delegates, asking that his name be not presented. A separate convention was held later in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, after the other convention had adjourned. Colonel Roosevelt was nominated for President and accepted conditionally. Another convention will be held in August.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

M. J. S., Charleston, S. C. Will you kindly inform me as to the Connecticut State law as to inheritance in the following case: A woman dies without leaving a will, leaving some real estate. Her nearest relation is an unmarried sister of her father, and she has also many "own cousins" on both her father's and mother's side. Who will be her heirs?

If the real estate came from the father of the deceased, but she herself purchased it, the father's sister would be the heir-at-law. (Section 398 General Statutes of Connecticut.)

A. R. B., Albany, Ore. Please explain Ps. 119: 147, 148. We had this verse in our last lesson text.

The use of the word "prevent" is an illustration of the necessity of frequent Bible revision to keep pace with the changes in language and the meaning of particular words. The English of two centuries ago contained many words that would puzzle the reader of to-day. "Prevent" in the ancient form meant to come before, to anticipate: consequently, we are justified in reading this sentence thus: "I anticipated the dawning of morning" (that is, "I lay awake and watched for it"), and "mine eyes anticipated the night watches" (that is, "were opened and sleepless during the night").

W. B., Mindon, Neb. What was the rule of faith during the compilation of the New Testament?

Among the Christians in the first century, a summary of the doctrines preached by Christ and emphasized by his apostles was taught to inquirers and converts, and they were required to assent to them before baptism. This is the first simple form of the rule or exposition of the faith which found expression in the Apostles' Creed long afterwards. One may gather from the Gospels and the Epistles what was taught in those early days, and also from the writings and teachings of Clement of Alexandria, Irenæus and other writers of the second and third centuries, fragments of whose writings are still in existence. The divinity of Christ was distinctly taught and likewise the atonement and justification by faith. The other questions in your letter are purely controversial.

B. M. H., Salem, Mass. 1. What causes volcanic eruption? 2. Name some of the largest volcanoes. 3. Where have been the greatest outbreaks of volcanic action?

1. The mass of the earth has not yet sufficiently cooled to solidify and it is believed that towards the center it is yet molten. A few miles beneath the surface large masses of rock are in process of folding at a great temperature, over 2,000 degrees F. These masses contain water vapor, occluded, but ready to expand when pressure is relieved at weak points. At such points it bursts forth, sending up rocks and molten stuff, which form the elevations called volcanoes. 2. Popocatepetl (17,783 feet) in Mexico is the highest, but Vesuvius (4,000 feet) in Italy is the best known. Others in Europe are Etna in Sicily, Stromboli on one of the Lipari Islands, and Hecla in Iceland. Krakatoa in the Strait of Sunda, Rotomahana in New Zealand, Kilauea in Hawaii, and the West Indian volcanoes of Pelee in Martinique and La Soufriere in St. Vincent have been the most destructive. 3. Krakatoa, which is an island in the Strait of Sunda between Java and Sumatra, after two centuries of repose, became active in 1883. In August of that year a fearful explosion took place in which half of the adjacent island of Rakata was blown away and the depth of the crater increased by two hundred fathoms. The ashes were projected so high into the air that the finest particles were carried all over the world, causing wonderful sunset effects in all latitudes. Sea waves over one hundred feet high started from the crater and devastated the surrounding coasts, drowning thousands of people. These waves crossed the oceans and were traced to California and the Isthmus of Panama. In 1902 Pelee and La Soufriere burst into action, discharging immense clouds of steam and ashes. Two thousand perished through the latter and the former wiped out the city of St. Pierre with its 30,000 inhabitants in a few minutes. A later eruption of Pelee in the same year was equally paroxysmal.

A. C. P., Adel, Ga. Will you kindly tell me, through OUR MAIL-BAG, something about the place of missionary training in our larger schools and universities?

A number of the more important colleges, like Yale, Harvard, University of Chicago, and Ohio Wesleyan, have established departments of missions in which training is given in the history of missions, comparative religions, people and customs of foreign lands, etc. A still greater number of theological schools give special training for missionary work. There are a number of special schools, such as Northfield and Mount Hermon, Mass., the Moody Bible Institute and the Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago, and the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Nyack, N. Y., where still more attention is given to missionary preparation. Under the Student Volunteer Movement volunteer classes are conducted at many schools and colleges, and summer assemblies for missionary training are held at Silver Bay, N. Y., Lake Geneva, Wis., Northfield, Mass., and other places. The Missionary Education Movement, formerly the Young People's Missionary Movement, conducts work among the young people of the churches. There are also a number of denominational organizations for giving missionary training to young people.

Mrs. C. N. Y., Chicago, Ill. Why do the Jews trust the Turks? What is the mysterious bond between them?

With the fall of Jerusalem and the victory of Titus the Jews had to flee to wherever they could find a refuge in Europe; they scattered over Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, England, making a living as best they could. They received the worst treatment in what was known as the Holy Roman Empire. Hadrian was very severe on them and so was Constantine. However, when the Roman Empire fell, conditions changed, and with more freedom and peace the Jews began to prosper and continued to do so up till the tenth century. Then came the Crusades, when the fury of the warriors who proposed to capture the Holy Land and Jerusalem for Christendom was loosed against the Jews. Wholesale slaughter, torture and pillage characterized their treatment. From this time onward their position became worse. Towards the end of the thirteenth century they were expelled from England. France sent them adrift later, and Spain promulgated an edict against them in the year Columbus discovered America; Portugal did likewise. Like hunted animals the exile race fled into Italy, Germany, and the east of Europe, wherever they could find a temporary shelter from their persecutors. Turkey also extended a welcome to them. They were invited to Constantinople and other Islamic cities and given freedom to pursue their callings and profess their religion. Since then, the Jews have always had a warm corner in their hearts for the Turks.

Subscriber, Stockbridge, Mass. John Hay was an American statesman and diplomat of our own times, born in 1838, sixty-two years after the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Continued on next page

A "FLY CATECHISM"

THE Board of Health of Indianapolis, Ind., has issued a "Fly Catechism" which it would be well for all CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to commit to memory, particularly at this time of the year, when every effort made in exterminating this national pest will count for so much more than it would later in the season, when so many more billions of flies will have been brought into existence. It follows:

1. Where is the fly born? In manure and filth.

2. Where does the fly live? In every kind of filth.

3. Is anything too filthy for the fly to eat? No.

4. (*a*) Where does he go when he leaves the vault and the manure pile and the spittoon? Into the kitchen and the dining room. (*b*) What does he do there? He walks on the bread, fruit and vegetables; wipes his feet on the butter and bathes in the buttermilk.

5. Does the fly visit the patient sick with consumption, typhoid fever, and cholera infantum? He does—and may call on you next.

6. Is the fly dangerous? He is man's worst pest and more dangerous than wild beasts or rattlesnakes.

7. What diseases does the fly carry? He carries typhoid fever, tuberculosis and summer complaint. How? On his wings and hairy feet. What is his correct name? Typhoid Fly.

8. Did he ever kill any one? He killed more American soldiers in the Spanish-American War than the bullets of the Spaniards.

9. Where are the greatest number of cases of typhoid fever, consumption and summer complaint? Where there are the most flies.

10. Where are there the most flies? Where there is the most filth.

11. Why should we kill the fly? Because he may kill us.

12. How shall we kill the fly? (*a*) Destroy all the filth about the house and yard; (*b*) pour lime into the vault and on the manure; (*c*) kill the fly with a wire-screen paddle, or sticky paper, or kerosene oil.

13. Kill the fly in any way, but—**kill the fly!**

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Gerald M. Bull
Hartford
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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

. B. C., Chicago. Amundsen used a centigrade thermometer at the South Pole. What is the difference between it and the Fahrenheit and Reaumur instruments? 2. When it is 25 degrees C. what is it F.? 3. How can one be expressed in terms of the other?

1. Centigrade, the thermometer of Celsius, is used by scientific men all over Europe. On it the freezing point of water is zero and the boiling point 100 degrees. On Reaumur's the freezing point is also zero, but the boiling point only 80 degrees, while Fahrenheit indicates freezing at 32 degrees and boiling at 212 degrees. 2. Seventy-seven degrees. 3. To convert F. into ., deduct 32 degrees, multiply by 5 and divide by 9; F. into R., deduct 32 degrees, divide by 9 and multiply by 4; C. into F., multiply by 9, divide by 5 and add 32 degrees; C. into R., multiply by 4 and divide by 5; R. into C., multiply by 5 and divide by 4; R. into F., multiply by 9, divide by 4 and add 32 degrees.

. S. R., Dayton, O. Explain specific and ad valorem duties on goods.

A specific duty is one levied at a specified sum per yard, gallon, ton, etc., while an ad valorem duty is one levied at a certain percentage of the value of the goods at the port of exit.

W. A. S., Detroit, Mich. Any child who spends ten days at Mont-Lawn is sure to benefit by the experience for several reasons: The child meets, often for the first time, with sympathy, kindness and encouragement. This softens his nature and brings out the best there is in him. He soon learns that his little troubles may be confided to the willing ear of the teacher, who takes the place of a mother to him. His own mother, overworked and tired, rarely has time to listen. He is taught to be useful at home and to be good, kind and patient to his little brothers and sisters, and to keep himself clean and neat, thereby setting a good example to the other children. He learns to sing the little songs and hymns, which he never forgets. When he goes back to the city, he sings these to his little friends in the slums, and this, with the training he has received during his outing, helps to cheer and brighten the pathway of those at home. We have found hundreds of cases in which the influence has been a lasting one.

C. T., Omaha, Neb. 1. Please explain the metric system. 2. Is it going to be adopted by the United States? 3. What are its advantages? 4. Do many use it?

1. The metric system originated in France, 1801. The unit of length is the *meter*, which was originally intended to be the ten-millionth part of the distance from the pole to the equator, but this was found too small, and now the meter is the length of a certain bar of iridio-platinum kept in the Bureau of Archives, Paris. It is a fraction over 39.37 inches long. The unit of capacity was made a cube, the edge of which is the tenth part of a meter, and was called a *liter*. A liter of distilled water at its greatest density was called a kilogram and the one-thousandth part of this was taken as the unit of weight and called a *gram*. 2. The system was authorized in this country by Act of Congress, 1866, but is not compulsory, although it is gaining in favor. 3. It is simple and convenient, as its multiples and submultiples are based on the decimal notation, which makes reduction very easy. 4. It is a legal standard for 300,000,000 people in twenty countries.

W. M., Louisiana. 1. What form of Sabbath labor is justifiable and in what instance did Christ teach it in his examples? 2. Is it not possible that one's conscience may become seared until it is not wise to follow its dictates?

1. From the earliest Christian times, the Lord's Day was consecrated to religious worship and "to such employments as were proper to set forth God's glory." It was marked by a cessation of all regular labor, as far as possible, but not to exclude works of necessity, charity, and mercy. Christ and his disciples walked in the fields on the Sabbath Day and he performed miracles of healing and doubtless did many unrecorded acts of kindness and helpfulness. He taught that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath;" it was to be a day of personal privilege and beneficent usefulness and not of heartless neglect and sanctionless rigors. (See Matt. 12: 1-8; Rom. 14: 5; Col. 2: 16.) 2. Yes; it is possible for the conscience to be blunted by long persistence in wickedness and resistance of the pleading of the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, the quickened or spiritually enlightened conscience is a true monitor to guide man's thoughts, feelings and actions, and to aid in forming a sound moral judgment.

L. C. P., Reading, Pa. 1. Please tell me something of Anneke Jans, who owned the ground where Trinity Church, New York City, now stands, and what was the dispute about this ground? 2. Did any of her descendants fight in the Revolution?

1. Anneke Jans was a Dutch colonist of New Netherlands, who acquired about sixty acres of landed property in Greenwich, now the lower part of New York City. She was twice married, her second husband being a minister named Everard Bogardus. After her death in 1663 her heirs sold the property to Governor Lovelace. It was confiscated by the Duke of York, 1674. In 1705 Queen Anne made a grant of it to Trinity Corporation, but as it had enormously increased in value the descendants of the original heirs instituted many suits against the corporation until 1847, when Vice-Chancellor Sanford of New York decided the corporation had acquired an indisputable title by prescription. 2. As she had several sons it is probable some of their issue fought in the Revolutionary War.

A. W. G., Pennsylvania. Please explain Rev. 8: 1, where we read: "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

While the whole book of Revelation is of that literary character which may be described as mystical, dealing extensively in types and metaphors, there are occasional passages in which the writer descends to simpler language for the purpose of more clearly conveying his meaning. The half hour of silence in heaven at the breaking of the last seal is not to be reckoned by minutes and seconds, but is purely a figure of speech. It is meant to convey to the mind a long, solemn pause by way of introduction to the joys and activities of the eternal Sabbath rest of God's people, which begins with the reading of the sealed book. The preceding chapters have run through the course of Divine action, where everything unites in a solemn hush for the final act. In the ancient Jewish temple, the instrumental music and singing, which formed the first part of the service, were hushed immediately before the offering of the incense, so this pause immediately precedes the adoration of the blessed spirits and the angels and the imminent unfolding of God's judgment. See similar figurative expressions in Rev. 17: 12; 18: 10, 19.

L. E. S., Bridgeport, Conn. 1. What significance has the word "Abba," as when it precedes the word "Father" (Gal. 4: 6)? 2. In Rom. 8: 11 it says: "If the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead," etc. Why was the name Jesus used first and that of Christ second?

1. "Abba" is the Hebrew word for "father," in the emphatic or definite state, as "thy father." Its use in referring to God was common among the Jews; but in order that it might not seem too familiar or irreverent, the New Testament writers gave it the twofold form, which has become a recognized phrase in Christian worship. It is as though they said: "Father, our Father." 2. The change of name is significant and is designed to point out that Jesus is the historic One, whom God raised from the dead, and who, as Christ, is also the Lord and the head of all his members and of redeemed humanity. This is the interpretation given by Alford and other commentators, explaining Paul's purpose in using this form of address.

Miscellaneous

J. S., Sligo, La. The subject of elders and their duties was discussed in THE MAIL-BAG of June 12.

W. R. R., Chesterfield, Md. It is plainly stated in the Gospels that the Magi came to the manger in Bethlehem. See Matt. 2: 1.

X. Y. Z., Calgary, Alberta, Can. If you will send your full name and address we will forward sheet giving full information in connection with the support of native missionaries in various fields.

W. C. F., Guymon, Okla. 1. Any indulgence that is unnatural, or which produces abnormal results, is sinful. 2. Vanity, while it may be excused in the young and inexperienced, is absurd in the aged, who ought to know better.

J. H. K., Flint, Mich. The representation of divinity on the stage is, to a great majority of our Christian people, very distasteful. It is regarded as sacrilegious. When the "Passion Play" was first proposed in New York over twenty years ago, it was frowned down by public opinion, as a theme altogether too sacred to be profaned.

A. H. B., Warren, Mass. There are very few perfect people in this world and we must not be too exacting where the imperfection is not serious or deepset. Remember, Paul had his "thorn in the flesh." It would doubtless be more pleasing, however, if in the case you mention the habit were avoided, so that there might not be even "the appearance of evil."

Reader, Montague, P. E. I. John himself regarded his mission as a lower one and as not having the divine authority of the Saviour's work. He considered the existing Judaism as a stepping-stone by which the Gentiles were to arrive at the Messianic kingdom. He taught with the authority of a prophet who in his long wilderness sojourn had received spiritual inspiration and guidance for his work. "Repent and be baptized" was the order of his mission. His baptism, however, was not regarded as conferring an immediate consecration, but as being preparatory; and the disciples of Jesus, taking this view, rebaptized the followers of John (see Acts 19: 3-5).

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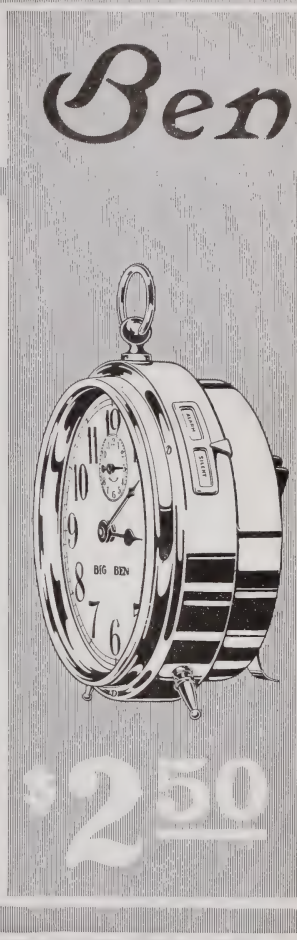

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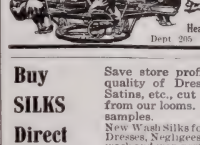

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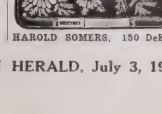

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NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1912

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From the Original Painting by Corneille Max

See description on this page

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I mix the Puffed grains with berries for a morning dish. They seem to fit together as do nuts and raisins.
—*Average Man.*

I like them best just with sugar and cream. Sometimes I mix the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.
—*Average Woman.*

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—*A Famous Chef.*

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Dr. Wang Chun Gin
Minister of Foreign Affairs

Dr. Yen Jun Yon
Minister of Justice

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Hopes and Fears of the Youngest Republic

CHINA continues to make, unmake and remake history with dazzling rapidity. Just at the moment when the press of the world was congratulating the youngest republic on arranging successfully for an enormous loan from the bankers of six great nations, she turned up her youthful Oriental nose and said she did not know whether she wanted it or not. The United States was the moving spirit in bringing about the consent of five other Powers—Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and Japan—to join with her in advancing to the Chinese Government three hundred million dollars. Commenting on the success of the new nation in securing this loan the New York *Evening Mail* declared:

"There is no item of the news of the day more important than this. When Dr. Sun Yat Sen and his courageous comrades put forth their revolutionary proclamation, they were literally trusting their lives, and not only their lives but those of millions of others, to the tossing of a coin. If one could imagine that the coin which they tossed up, and upon which they chanced their lives and the fortune and future of their country, possessed twenty tails and only one head, the chances against them of their throw would be correctly represented. But the coin came down heads up. The revolution succeeded. The monarchy of six thousand years disappeared in a day. And the present investment of three hundred golden millions by the solid men of the world means that it has disappeared never to return."

But this note of congratulation and praise was changed, on June 26, to one of bewilderment and blame when it was found that acceptance of the offer had been delayed. The blame, however, should not be too severe because China, in these first months of her new life, is trying valiantly, not only to establish her own governmental régime, but to keep entirely free from any sort of control by other Powers. The nations advancing the loan were insistent upon retaining a fairly direct supervision of the nation's finances, and it is easy to see how intolerable this would be to the awakening spirit of liberty in the new republic.

As during the revolution itself, news from China will be awaited eagerly. The situation is again extremely grave. There is pressing need for immediate funds. Reports of uprisings come from some of the provinces. The premier himself left the capital, and was said to have been in flight. There were rumors that he had been in disagreement with President Yuan and might not return to the cabinet. Charges were made of misuse of the republic's scant funds even while desperate efforts were being made to secure the further loans. Rumors of the resignation of cabinet ministers flashed over the wires. But in the midst of the confusion some constructive work has been done, much of which will be permanent.

Of particularly thrilling interest to Americans are some items of the constitution proposed for the new republic. Under President Yuan Shi Kai a Bureau of Constitutional Preparation has been at work drawing up an instrument of government. One of the striking provisions is that the president of the republic shall not be eligible to a second consecutive term. The presidential term is six years, and at the expiration of his service the president becomes a life member of the "Council of Provinces," the upper house of the National Assembly. This keeps the former president in touch with the affairs of the nation and gives permanently to the Assembly the benefit of his sagacity and experience. Whether or not the president will ever be eligible for re-election remains to be seen, but the determination to forbid a second consecutive term seems for the present to be most emphatic.

Judge Lee Fong Ahlo, to whom has been assigned the task of presenting the constitutional bureau's report to the Assembly, has made some illuminating comments upon its provisions concerning the presidency: "In America and France," he says, "presidents sink into the oblivion of private life. In ancient Rome to the erstwhile consuls seats in the Senate were given, that they might give to that august body the benefit of their knowledge and experience of public affairs. It would, therefore, seem a pity that the first citizens of our republic should not receive a dignity consonant with the exalted position once held by them."

General Yuan Shi Kai, China's President

According to the proposed constitution the Chinese president and vice president are to be chosen by the National Assembly. The choice must be by a two-thirds or more vote of the total number of votes cast by three-fourths, or more, of the total number of members of the National Assembly. While it might seem that election by the Assembly is not in fact a popular election, Judge Ahlo, referring again to American methods, insists that the method of this country does not insure the election of the man who is the choice of the majority of the American people. He declares that our elections result merely in the election "of a party leader by a party vote."

Referring to the quadrennial consternation of American elections, he writes:

"A presidential election in America is a costly affair, running into millions of dollars. The whole country is excited and thrown for several months into a state of turmoil. It is needless to say that such a costly, strenuous and roundabout way of choosing a president will not appeal to our people."

These words from an expert legislator of the youngest republic come with forceful earnestness to America, now almost the oldest republic.

In further emphasizing the necessity of abolishing the possibility of a second successive presidential term, Judge Ahlo declares:

"A man who is chosen for the high office of the presidency of the Republic of China should devote his whole time and attention to his duties as chief executive of the nation. He should have no other ambition than to serve the people faithfully and well. He should not play at politics while he holds that office. It is the greatest weakness of the American system that by holding out the temptation of a second term it makes a politician of the country's president."

An influential resident of China has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following personal sketches of two of China's present leaders:

Yuan Shi Kai, who is the first president of the united great Republic of China, is about fifty-seven years of age. He is a native of the province of Honan. His first public office was as resident-general of China in Korea, which was then a vassal of the empire. He was in this position when the war broke out between China and Japan in 1894. After peace was restored, Mr. Yuan turned his attention to military affairs, and began to put into execution the scheme of reorganizing the army. His success on this line gave him great prestige, and has been undoubtedly the main element of his popularity during recent months. He is a strict disciplinarian, but is beloved by his officers and men. The uniform in which he appears in the photograph is that of a general in the Chinese army.

Tang Shao Yi, the present premier of the Chinese Republic, is a native of Canton. He has been associated with President Yuan in various positions for thirty years. He was educated in America, and came to the United States during the winter of 1908 on a special mission to thank the government for the return of the Boxer indemnity.

DEMOCRATS MEET AT BALTIMORE

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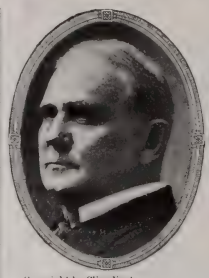

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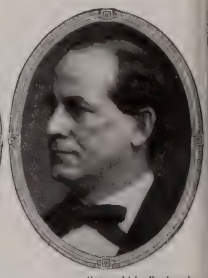

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Hon. W. J. Bryan

WARM, wet, uncomfortable weather marked the assembling of the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore on June 25. For many days before the opening of the convention, delegates and thousands of visitors had been gathering in the beautiful Maryland city. As was the case at Chicago, the first struggle was expected to occur over the temporary chairmanship.

In any national convention the first vote is usually an index of the strength of the different factions, and is therefore regarded as full of significance. In the present case, there were two distinct divisions over the temporary chairmanship. The dominating faction, which included New York, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, Michigan, and Kentucky, with other States, favored the candidacy of Judge Alton B. Parker, who had been selected for the position by the National Committee. The second great faction was led by William Jennings Bryan, and was nominally in favor of choosing Senator John W. Kern of Indiana, with the underlying possibility that Mr. Bryan might ultimately secure the chairmanship for himself. In such event he would very likely be able to control the convention and with his consummate parliamentary skill might once more succeed in becoming the presidential candidate of the national Democracy. Mr. Bryan had prepared an extended speech and it was known that he would make a hard struggle against the selection of Judge Parker. In expectation of stirring scenes, a great crowd besieged the doors of the Fifth Regiment Armory long before the opening. As noon approached the delegations arrived and took seats, Texas marching in with a banner bearing the inscription, "Forty Delegates for Wilson," which the bearers waved frantically. Many Clark and Underwood banners were also in evidence and presidential badges and buttons were everywhere. Connecticut delegates carried a big blue-and-gold banner inscribed, "Our Choice for President, Simeon E. Baldwin"; the California delegation had a picture of Clark on its banner with the inscription, "Special Privileges to None; Equal Rights to All."

Much time was consumed in seating the delegates and disposing of the enormous crowds. It was impossible to fully clear the aisles. There was a good-sized attendance of ladies among the audience and altogether the scene presented by the convention, in spite of the standing crowds, was inspiring and picturesque.

At 12.16 P.M. Chairman Mack called the convention to order. Delegates were still arriving in throngs. Tammany had a large representation on the floor; Cardinal Gibbons, the Roman Catholic prelate, made the opening invocation and was applauded. There were cries of "Bryan" all over the hall. Chairman Mack formally presented the name of Judge A. B. Parker for temporary chairman and about half the delegates rose to their feet and cheered.

Mr. Bryan, who had entered almost unnoticed, now came to the front of the platform, and then began the first real demonstration of the convention. A thousand men were on their feet, waving arms and shouting wildly, the galleries, however, remaining quiet. When the tumult had died down somewhat, Mr. Bryan named Senator John W. Kern for temporary chairman. He then began his address, slowly at first, but becoming more and more earnest as he proceeded. He was pale and his features were set and rigid. He claimed the right, as the champion of Democratic principles in three presidential campaigns, to speak freely to the Democracy of the nation. Pointing to the motto on the wall, he read, "He never sold the truth to serve the hour." This, he said, "was the language of the hero of Monticello. I would not be worthy of the support I have received, if I were willing to do less." He continued, pointing to the fact that there had been a lack of harmony even in the National Committee on the question of temporary chairman. The Clark and Wilson forces could not agree. He therefore presented the qualifications of one fitted for the occasion. All the influences of combined wealth had been brought to bear on the control of this convention; this was what the people needed to fight. There could be no better man than Senator Kern for the purpose. "Judge Parker," Mr. Bryan said, "was not a man who could sound the keynote of the progressive campaign. Democrats must not be frightened by your Ryans or bought by your Belmonts." There was a wild outburst of cheering by the delegates and audience at this part of his address. Mr. Bryan went on to denounce the Wall Street influence in national politics. "Any man who is backed by these interests," he said, "should not be forced upon this convention." He closed with an eloquent plea in behalf of progressive Democracy, and stated that the people should not be robbed of the right to have it "as a pillar of cloud to lead them by day."

Senator Kern was recognized as the next speaker, but did not desire to enter the contest for temporary chairman. He offered to withdraw, if Judge Parker would do the same, and thus restore harmony to the party.

This set the convention in an uproar. Judge Parker sat still in his chair and made no movement toward the platform. Senator Kern resumed his address after the excitement had abated and furnished another dramatic episode when he said: "If this fight is to go on, there is only one man who can lead. I withdraw in behalf of that great American, William Jennings Bryan. I tried to get harmony, but seem to have failed."

Mr. Bryan then rose and briefly said that he had asked both Senator-elect Ollie James and Senator O'Gorman to accept the responsibility, but both had declined. If none would assume it, he himself stood ready to accept.

Several others attempted to speak, but so tremendous was the uproar that they could not be heard. The rival delegates were shouting "Bryan!" and "Parker!" There was disorder both on the floor and in the galleries, which the sergeant-at-arms was unable to stop. A speaker on the platform was shouting, the chairman was pounding, the sergeant gesticulating, and there were several groups of screaming delegates who seemed to be on the verge of a fight.

Chairman Mack threatened to clear the galleries unless the speakers were accorded a hearing. Squads of police were brought in and the aisles were cleared at last. Theodore A. Bell, of California, here took the platform to second the nomination of Parker, and his words were followed by shouts of "Vote! Vote!" The convention was growing impatient of oratory and it wanted to get to business. As the din again threatened to break loose, Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee, from his place on the platform, demanded order and in a loud voice declared, "We are not going to have a mob like Chicago." A final outburst occurred when delegate Cone Johnson of Texas, in the voice of a Stentor, called out: "The fight is now on. Bryan on one side and Wall Street on the other."

Then the roll-call on temporary chairman began. It occupied nearly an hour and resulted as follows: Parker 579, Bryan 506, O'Gorman 4. On motion of Senator Luke Lea, Judge Parker's election was made unanimous. He was then conducted to the chair and prepared to deliver his address; but as many were leaving the galleries it was decided to postpone the speech until the evening session. He spoke at 8.30 P.M., reviewing the political situation and criticizing the Chicago convention as a "disgraceful brawl." While his speech was able it was not an effort calculated to fire the enthusiasm of its hearers. It was a review of present party conditions and an arraignment of the methods of the party in power, especially with regard to the protective tariff, the cost of living, the rule of trusts and corporations, and the failure to protect the people from graft-seekers and hunters of special privilege. Roosevelt's third-term ambition was severely criticized. The speaker declared that relief for existing conditions could only be hoped for by a return to Democratic principles and the triumph of the Democratic Party. At the conclusion of his address, the usual committees were appointed and the convention adjourned until Wednesday.

Regarded as a whole, the result of the day's work was a setback to the ambitions of Mr. Bryan. In his address, Chairman Parker suggested that Mr. Bryan should be placed at the head of the Platform Committee, and in this way held out the olive branch, averting what might otherwise have been a serious break. But the lesson was clear to all who had watched the course of events on that first day, that the distinguished Nebraskan had, to a considerable extent, lost his grip on the national Democracy, and that the delegates were not likely to be stampeded by any movement in his behalf. His every action during the day had been calculated with the purpose of producing dramatic effect. His advocacy of Senator Kern and, later, his offer to join with Judge Parker in mutual withdrawal "for harmony's sake," all went for nothing, although they were designed to make a popular impression. He spoke well, but failed to sway the delegates with his old-time power, and interruptions were so frequent that it was evident to all that the convention was not with him, as he had hoped it might be.

When the convention reassembled on Wednesday, Bryan was tendered the chairmanship of the Committee on Resolutions, but declined the honor on the ground that it was useless to write a progressive platform if the conservative element controlled the choice of the candidate. He feared that the committee had been packed against him. Senator Kern was then chosen as chairman of the Platform Committee and Bryan became a member. A meeting of the Committee was held during the forenoon, at which Mr. Bryan moved that the presentation of the platform be deferred until after the nomination for President. It was seconded and carried by 41 to 11. This was an innovation in convention methods. The platform prepared by Senator LaFollette, which was rejected by the Chicago Convention, was handed to Mr. Bryan with the request that the best of its planks be incorporated in the Democratic platform.

Wednesday was a day of rumors. Booms were being industriously groomed. There was talk of compromise candidates in the event of a deadlock between Wilson and Clark, and the names of Gaynor of New York, Marshall of Indiana, Harmon and Underwood were talked of in this connection, but with no very decided preference. Bryan's followers still held to the hope that the convention would ultimately nominate a Progressive candidate and predicted that a number of ballots would be necessary to decide. As far as the Indiana statesman's own chances were concerned, they were not discussed very hopefully. The "Old Guard" held confidently to the expectation of an easy victory for Clark, while the Wilson boomers were equally firm in their expectation that, with the co-operation of the Bryan following, the New Jersey governor would come to the front in the final running.

When the convention met at noon, the committees not being ready for report, the session was devoted to stirring oratory and inspiring music. Shortly after two o'clock, an adjournment was taken until 8 P.M.

At the evening session the convention voted to abrogate the unit rule as to all State delegations, except those where the State laws are mandatory on the subject. This point was forced by the Wilson men, after a short and sharp struggle. The committee on rules had formally recognized the authority of State conventions to instruct delegates to national conventions concerning the unit rule, but there had been a minority report in favor of discarding the rule. This minority report was adopted by the convention by a vote of 555½ to 495 2-5, with 43 absentees. [The fractions are explained

NOMINATING THE CANDIDATES

BRYAN MAKING HIS FAMOUS "PILLAR OF CLOUD" SPEECH AT THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

by the fact that in some delegations the number of delegates exceeds the votes allotted to the delegation.] The announcement of the vote was followed by a great demonstration by the Wilson men—the most significant thus far in the convention. Cheering lasted fully half an hour. As a result of the rejection of the unit rule, delegates in the various State delegations are left free to vote according to their convictions. As an illustration of the effect of the vote, the Louisiana delegation, instead of casting 20 votes solid for Clark, may cast eight for Wilson and 12 for Clark. Wilson would also gain 18 votes in Ohio, and would make similar gains in several other delegations hitherto bound under the old unit rule. The vote was regarded as a decided triumph for the Bryan and Progressive element in the convention, which was believed to be focusing on Wilson as the candidate. When the Wilson demonstration had quieted down, there was some further oratory and it was nearly midnight when the convention adjourned until Thursday.

In the Credentials Committee, the Clark delegates won two important contests, those from South Dakota and the District of Columbia. All the committees completed their work on Thursday.

Senator-elect Ollie James of Kentucky was chosen as permanent chairman of the convention. While in the Lower House several years ago, he was the champion who successfully led the movement, inaugurated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in behalf of restoring the motto, "In God We Trust," on the gold coinage of the country. He is an able speaker and a practiced parliamentarian.

Like its predecessor, the day session of Thursday was largely devoted to speech-making, and it was not until evening, when the convention reassembled, that it began to make history. Mr. Bryan introduced a resolution declaring the convention opposed to the nomination of any candidate for President who was under obligation to J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont or any "privilege-seeking class," and demanding "the withdrawal from the convention of any delegates representing the above-named interests."

This resolution, which was totally unexpected, excited a tremendous sensation. There were shouts of approval and disapproval all over the hall. Mr. Ryan and Mr. Belmont were both on the floor as delegates, one sitting with the Virginia delegation, the other with New York. Their friends bitterly denounced Mr. Bryan, and there were shouts demanding that he withdraw the personal allusions, and cries of "Get out of the party!" "He's crazy again!" "Put him out!" But the Nebraskan stood like a rock amid the pandemonium, and when it had somewhat subsided he spoke in support of his resolution, insisting that it was good Bible doctrine to cut off political offenders, and quoted: "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off." He would cut off these men to save the Democratic Party. This raised a new uproar, but finally the references to the men by name were stricken out and the resolution then passed by a vote of 889 to 196. There were many who regarded the whole episode as extreme and ridiculous, and who held that the Nebraska leader had not only lost his old-time oratorical power, but in the present case had clearly lost his head as well.

This lively episode had delayed the nominations, and the convention was now eager to ballot. The night session was devoted to nominating speeches. At 12.25 A.M. on Friday, Senator Reed nominated Champ Clark, and there was an ovation lasting fully an hour. Judge John W. Westcott of New Jersey presented the name of Woodrow Wilson; Senator Shiveley nominated Governor Marshall; and Professor H. W. Rogers of Yale nominated Governor Baldwin. Harmon and Underwood were also nominated in brief addresses. Balloting for President continued during Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday. Clark led at the outset, but Wilson overtook him on the thirtieth ballot. After that came the break, State after State going over to Wilson, who was nominated on the forty-sixth ballot, amid great enthusiasm. He received 909 votes.

Roosevelt Convention in Chicago

AT THE Progressive Convention held in Orchestra Hall, Saturday, June 22, resolutions were adopted offering the presidential nomination to Theodore Roosevelt

In his address accepting the nomination, Mr. Roosevelt made a strong presentation of the political conditions which had resulted in this division of the Republican Party. He said in part:

I feel that the time has come when not only all men who believe in progressive principles, but all men who believe in those elementary maxims of public and private morality which must underlie every form of successful free government, should join in one movement. Therefore, I ask you to go to your several homes to find out the sentiment of the people at home, and then again to come together, I suggest by mass convention, to nominate for the presidency a progressive candidate on a progressive platform, a candidate and a platform that will enable us to appeal to Northerner and Southerner, Easterner and Westerner, Republican and Democrat alike, in the name of our common American citizenship. If you wish me to make the fight I will make it even if only one State should support me.

The only condition I impose is that you shall feel entirely free when you come together to substitute any other man in my place if you deem it better for the movement, and in such case I will give him my heartiest support.

The bosses, he declared, had stolen enough delegates to carry through their nominations and their whole course had been in direct antagonism to that liberty and justice which were the characteristics of true Republicanism. The Progressive cause appealed equally to North and South. The law against stealing dated back to Sinai, and to steal a nomination was as bad as any other kind of theft. Primaries and elections are useless, if unscrupulous politicians can defeat the will of the people at their pleasure. He had fairly won the nomination and had been cheated out of it by the men who fear to see the principles of the Progressive party reduced to action. Closing, he said:

I hold that we are performing a high duty in inaugurating this movement, for the permanent success of practices such as have obtained in the fraudulent convention that has just closed its sittings would mean the downfall of this republic; and we are performing the most patriotic of duties when we set our faces like flint against such wrong.

The Progressive National Convention will be held in August, and meanwhile a strong organization will be effected covering all the States. Governor Johnson of California, James R. Garfield, Hugh T. Halbert of St. Paul, Controller Prendergast of New York, William Halpin of New York, and others, are among the leaders in the new party. They hope that the radical members of both the Republican and Democratic organizations will be induced to unite with the Progressives. The Progressive National Convention will probably be held in Chicago. Besides dealing with the Presidency, the movement contemplates the nomination of Progressive candidates for State officials in those States where the Republican Party is now the strongest.

THE SEED AND THE SOIL

A SERMON

BY

Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D.*

TEXT: "And he said, Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." Mark 4: 9 (R. V.)

THESE words were spoken from the prow of a fishing boat. They are part of the first parable Jesus used. There is the breath of plowed ground in them, the aroma and vision of springtime, the strength and vigor of God's out-of-doors. The Preacher was an out-of-doors Man. He loved the open air and the green fields and the blue sea. He spent his time along the shore, in the mountains, and roaming the fields. He changed the figures of speech of the world and made it necessary for every lover of the good to be a lover of nature, and no man can write a good commentary upon his words or truly understand them who has not taken the first lessons of a farmer, a shepherd or a vine dresser. Both the Old Testament and the New were lived, and written for the most part, out of doors. The men who made the history of the Old Testament were nurtured in the open. Moses was cradled in a basket on the Nile, and when he was old enough to do as he would, he climbed up into the mountains. With forty years of that kind of life to his credit, he came back to smite Egypt and to drive the first nail in its coffin. Afterward he took forty years of open air and endless plains and went up to meet God from the crest of a mountain, and God hollowed a grave for him on the mountainside.

The Book that opens with God at work in nature ends with the last of the apostles singing of heaven by the rolling sea. Go out of doors all you can, but go as they went—to look through Nature up to Nature's God. You may stand as stolid and dull as Millet's "Man with the Hoe," which made Markham ask:

> Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
> Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
> Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

But if you go with honest and holy purpose, it will be true for you, as for Bryant:

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language.

Sowing the Seed

I see again the white sands where His boat gently rocked and where I knelt to pray. I see the green carpeted Gennesaret stretching its plains to Hattin and to Safed, and the flowers abloom as I saw them last.

> That lily which He loved
> And praised for splendor passing Solomon's,
> The scarlet martagon decks herself still,
> Mindful of His high words, in red and gold,
> To meet the step of Summer. Cyclamens
> Lift their pale heads to see if He will pass,
> And amaryllis and white hyacinths
> Pour from their pearly vases spikenard forth,
> Lest He should come unhonored. In His path,
> Still, as of old, the lowly crocus spreads
> A golden carpet for Him; and the birds—
> Small almoners of Heaven, as once he said,
> Who fall not unregarded—trill their hymns
> Of lively love and thanks in every thorn.

The greatest Teacher of the ages opens his mouth upon the greatest theme. He speaks of the kingdom of heaven and shows it is not a structure to be reared: it is a life to be developed.

"A sower went forth to sow." A stupendous fact is in that figure. Seed—seed! Something with life in it; something that will give account of itself and bring harvests after its kind. It has to be *put* into the soil. It was not there by nature. It cannot be produced in any way. It is the product of life alone, and life of the same kind. Here is a fundamental distinction. There must be life before there can be growth. The difference between culture and Christianity is to be found in this: "Culture aims to make the most of what a man is by nature: Christianity aims to endow him with possibilities that are not in him by nature, and so to make of him a different thing from what he is by nature, and a better."

Many of our fruits and vegetables and grains were not native here. How come they to fill our barns and cellars and granaries? They were brought here from other shores, planted and nourished, till they have made us the richest land of fruit products in the world.

I affirm that the fruits of the Spirit do not grow by nature in these rocky hearts of ours. You will not find them in any natural heart, no matter how great its culture. Grace is an exotic. It must be brought from a heavenly shore and it will flourish here only with the utmost care. This is the truth that is vital; that does not hide in books, but in character; that comes into the world not by the fortuitous concourse of atoms; that is not thrust out as a spark by impinging worlds; but which was made manifest at Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem, by One who is himself the Way, the Truth and the Life. So far as truth is related to a formal life, the world had it before Jesus came. There is hardly anything relating to habit and daily affairs that was not wisely said by Solomon. But the age to which he spoke swept on to destruction and bore the speaker upon the crest of the ruinous wave. There was wisdom on his lips, but folly in his heart. He sang the praises of humility and self-restraint and unselfishness and poverty, but was himself proud and headstrong, a slave to ambition and to lust.

The Christianity of Christ

Truth is the cheapest thing in the market. He is a poor essayist or philosopher or poet who does not show it on every page. It is only the truth *as Christ taught it* in his life which is quick and powerful. His is God's truth, with the Almighty for its Author and all eternity for its field and background. Solomon is a warning: Jesus is a guide. With Solomon, life is "vanity and vexation of spirit"; with Christ, life is a glorious thing mounting to eternal blessedness. Life moves to a certain and glorious end. He holds the Ariadne clue that will lead every heart out of the maze and speaks with an authority which was the marvel of his time and all ages since. Solomon was a critic picking blossoms to pieces; Jesus was a husbandman sowing seed and reaping harvests. Solomon was a commentator on life; Jesus was making the history of godly living for all ages to admire. Now this is the Man who speaks.

But notice that the matter before us to-day is not so much the truth which he offers, as the way the truth should be received. No truth is good for anything unless it be rightly received. Before a scholar can study language or science or mathematics, he must learn *how* to study. Before one can profit by the teaching of Christ, he must learn how to receive that teaching. This is fundamental. "Is Christianity a failure?" asked a critic. A wise man answered: "It has never been tried." If one does not put himself in the proper attitude toward Christ, the Master had better not speak. It is but casting pearls before swine to speak to a deaf ear or a careless heart. Therefore the supreme importance of Christ's warning: "Take heed how ye hear."

In telling us how to hear, Christ gives us some examples of the way different men receive the truth and the varied results attending the several hearings. Some one has said that the next best thing to a good speaker is a good listener. And really, so far as getting good is concerned, the hearing is quite as important as the speaking. I mean by that, if the soul is alert it will find some good in the most ordinary proclamation of the Gospel; but if the soul is dead, not even a voice from heaven can bear truth in upon its consciousness. The truth which Jesus personified has been left to the propaganda of human lips. How shall men believe in him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher? Christ's commission to his disciples was to preach the Gospel throughout the world, and by the foolishness of preaching the great work for which the heavens were made is to be accomplished.

Three Classes of Hearers

Jesus has named for us several classes of hearers of the truth thus proclaimed, and we cannot do better than to examine them in order and see, if we may, to which class we belong, that we may give better heed how we hear.

1. As there are some preachers who preach for pleasure of literary production and to gain a personal reputation for sermonic adroitness or sparkle, so there are some who hear sermons as they would hear any essay and criticize it. From the same standpoint, I confess that it strikes me with a sad sense of incongruity when I see a preacher more interested to have his name in capitals than to have his theme prominent. I cannot believe that that is the mind of the Master. But that class of hearers Christ calls wayside hearers and likens the truth which they have to seed scattered in a path. The truth does not find a lodgment at all. It lies on the surface. They are sermon-tasters. Very likely they can tell you how many divisions the sermon had—that is, if the sermon had an orthodox skeleton where each rib was plainly marked. They have a clear notion of the literary excellence of the composition, and will pass judgment on the value of the argument, but in all this the sermon has not entered at all into their life. The seed lies there upon the surface just as it fell. The feet of the passing events tread the life out of it. We walk home talking of other things; we catch up a trifle of business or gossip. The truth has had no chance to demonstrate its vitality, for it has not reached the condition which it is necessary for any seed to reach before it can germinate.

2. The second class goes one step further than the first—they give the seed a lodgment, but a shallow one. The seed falls on stony ground. That is, not on soil where stones are mingled with it, for there might be plenty of earth and the possibilities of a great harvest, but upon soil which lies as a thin covering over a ledge. If there is no room for a deep root, there will be no chance for a lofty growth. How many there are who only allow their Christianity to affect the surface of things! They never give it a chance at the deep things which move their whole life. Business and pleasure are the bed-rock, and religion is little more than a veneer. Some of these hearers are shallow in everything, but more are simply hearers without a purpose, satisfied when the least indication of religious growth appears. They are of two kinds—one has a quick growth and soon withers with the scorching sun. I had a spot on my lawn. I soaked it with water, but in a few days the grass was brown. I tried with an iron rod, and found the ledge a few inches under the soil. The other is the kind that produces only a meager growth and brings nothing to maturity.

3. The third class is the kind that have good possibilities—soil deep and rich and mellow—but they have too many crops. What would give one crop would only make a failure of two. Weeds grow better than grain and hence the grain has no chance. People are astounded at the growth of fruit trees in California—where the soil is better or at least less worn than ours. If you will duplicate their methods here you can come near to duplicating their results. The careful farmer keeps his grove plowed and all the weeds down. Our farmers plant an apple orchard and then let it grow up to grass. The question is, will this growth of amusement or business choke the word and make it unfruitful?

The Soil That Is Good

4. The fourth class is the kind that gladdens any true preacher's heart and is the hope of the church. The kindling eye, the rapt and earnest demeanor, all this sends by a wireless telegraphy a message to the preacher's heart that is a benediction. Some will hear and shortly forget. Some will hear a little for a little while, and some will become unfruitful to God because of their fruitfulness unto the world. Longfellow's experience is that of many a preacher:

> Long, long afterward in an oak
> I found the arrow still unbroke;
> And the song from beginning to end
> I found again in the heart of a friend.

This is the man who hears for himself, who is not angered when the preacher assails his easily besetting sin, but rather feels like thanking him for showing him his own heart. He will be more interested in the spirit of the message than in the form, and his life will bear glorious fruit. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Continued on next page

* Pastor, Calvary M. E. Church, New York City.

I WILL

I WILL start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach *your* duty and be more concerned with *mine*.

—*British Weekly.*

The Seed and the Soil

Continued from preceding page

Give the seed a chance. It has a charmed and mighty life. I have picked beautiful Alpine flowers out of the snow and I have found the pink arbutus nurtured by a melting snowdrift, but this seed will grow where nothing else can grow if only it has care and nurture. Give henceforth a new reception to the Gospel. Give it a chance to do its work. Are the weeds choking the word? Martineau was right when he said: "The weeds are not painfully plucked out by the cautious hand of tillage reckoning on its fruits, but burnt out by the blaze of a divine shame and love." And that must be philosophical, for Lord Bacon has said that "a man reforms his habits either all together, or not at all." If a man hears this Gospel carelessly he condemns and despises the Lord who offered it and the judgment which saw its necessity. Hear for eternity, for it is the message that eternity was made to hear. Unless you accept it, what answer will you make when the Sower asks of the soil for the seed and the harvest? "Take heed in what manner ye hear!"

A Year of Christian Endeavor

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, DD., LL.D., the president and founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, whose interesting series of articles, "In the Footsteps of St. Paul," is now appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has prepared a little book entitled "Thirty Years of Christian Endeavor Briefly Retold and the Story of the Year." This little book outlines briefly the inception of the Christian Endeavor movement and sketches its history up to the beginning of 1911. Then follows the story of the year. The society's work in the United States of America, in Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, the various countries of Europe, India, and the Far East, the island realm of Australia and the South Seas, and wherever else in the world the Christian Endeavor has founded branch societies, is fully reviewed and interestingly illustrated. Dr. Clark says: "If it is true of the domains of King George that 'the sun never sets' upon them, it is doubly true of Christian Endeavor. In the Occident and the Orient they are equally at home." The little book, which is packed full of interesting information, is published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago, and may be obtained by addressing either office.

Anvil Sparks

..OF TWO evils choose the lesser and turn it into a blessing.

..WE BORROW most of our happiness from those to whom we give it.

..ONE good habit brings on another.

..THE man who walks with God partakes of exercise that is good for the soul.

The Man With a Grouch

WHERE in all the world did such a word come from—such a very expressive word? Dickens? Oh, no; he exploited the type but did not originate the name. Yet when you read the first few pages of *A Christmas Carol* you almost expect, every minute, to run against the word "grouch." Poor old Scrooge certainly carried a well-developed grouch around with him until that night when the ghosts took it away and he woke up in the surprising character of Sunny Jim.

The word sprang up from the fertile hotbed of American *patois*—it was the spontaneous coinage of the streets. Like Topsy, it "just growed." It has no etymology. "Let's make one, and say that it is a contraction and combination of the words 'growl' and 'speech'—the first sound of the one joined to the latter sound of the other." That really fits the case. The man with a grouch begins almost every speech with a growl.

"What a beautiful day this is!" exclaims the optimist. "Well, it will rain before night," replies the man with a grouch.

"That was a splendid sermon this morning, wasn't it?" says Brother Jones, coming out of church. "Fair; he could preach well enough if he wasn't too lazy to study," grunts Brother Cross in reply.

So it goes; in church, in business, even in sport, the man with a grouch opposes every joy with gloom. Unwilling to concede that anything is pure, unadulterated good, he is busy always hunting out the evil and grumbling over his real or fancied wrongs. He is sometimes called a "knocker," another expressive word with an origin similar to that of "grouch." To such a man nothing seems to be right, nothing is free from his ill-natured criticism. He is always

> Knocking the man that he sees on the street,
> Knocking his neighbor whenever they meet,
> Knocking at business, knocking at play,
> Knocking because he can't have his own way,
> Knocking the preacher and knocking the pew,
> Knocking the man who dares differ in view,
> Knocking his enemy, knocking his friend,
> Until we all wish that his knocking would end.

Some happy spirits are like the birds in the tree tops greeting the sunshine with songs of joy, but the man with a grouch is like the frog croaking at night from a slimy swamp.

* * *

EVERY man, it is assumed, wants to succeed in his business or his profession. What a pity that some are destroying their own prospects of success and rapidly traveling toward failure by hugging a grouch to their bosoms to eat out their hearts! A mean, bitter, gloomy habit of thought and speech incapacitates a man for good work as surely as a spell of sickness. It *is* a disease. It weakens his powers, destroys his initiative, paralyzes his efforts, blinds his vision, and drives away his friends.

Such an ailment afflicts all who must spend any time in the company of the unpleasant victim. Friends try for a while to tolerate or to cure him; then they give up in disgust and avoid him. His employees or business associates are not so easily rid of his growls and snarls. Trifling mistakes and mishaps that might easily be overlooked are seized upon as excuse for fault-finding and unjust criticism. The interest of employees treated in such manner is soon destroyed. They have no enthusiasm for their work, no loyalty to their employer. They begin to suspect that things are not in prosperous shape and they join, unconsciously, with the "head gloom" of the concern in clogging the wheels of progress. A chronic grouch can knock out a good business as effectively as "hard times" or tightness of the money market.

It is often asserted and never denied that panics in the business world come more often from mental conditions than from actual material conditions. Lack of confidence, uneasiness, pessimism, fear, complaining—in a single word, the grouch, this baneful and contagious disease which spreads so easily, is the thing which undermines business stability and causes the senseless panic.

Extensive campaigns are being pushed aggressively to stamp out the "great white plague." States and cities are declaring war upon the mosquito and the house-fly. Let's get busy with a vigorous crusade to knock out the grouch.

* * *

TREATMENT of the grouch must be based upon an understanding of its nature. Get first of all a correct diagnosis, and then apply the right kind of cure. Perhaps the ailment may be compared with that brought on by poison ivy, except that its poison strikes in deeper. Gentle handling is necessary for any case of severe irritation or inflammation. Soothing ointments and antiseptics are required.

Scolding will not cure the grouch. Rather it will make it worse. Apply the oil of gladness so far as possible. Expose the victim to the sunshine of cheerful smiles. Inject into the veins frequent doses of hearty mirth, knowing that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Subject the patient to a constant process of mental suggestion, introducing kindly, helpful, and sympathetic thoughts. There may be prolonged resistance for a while, and it will seem as if the treatment is unavailing, but just as truly as the grouch is stubborn and contagious, so is love and good cheer. It becomes merely a question of which force shall weaken first and give up the struggle. A chronic grouch is not an easy thing to conquer, but the treatment indicated will win if persistently followed.

If the sufferer can be aroused to a realization of his own condition, and to a real desire to cure himself, the result can be gained more quickly. The practice of thinking well of others, of putting the best possible interpretation upon their acts, of crediting them with good motives even when they make mistakes, of rejoicing when they do well instead of seeking some selfish reason behind the act—this practice will create a state of mind in which the grouch poison will soon die out.

A dear old lady used to travel always with a bag of flower seeds, and wherever she went she would throw handfuls of the seeds out of the car windows, and flowers sprang up along the railroads as her contribution of love and beauty to the world. There are happy spirits going through life scattering the flowers of kind words, smiles, laughter, helpfulness and love. Look out for the man with his bag of nettles. Waylay him, take away his sharp stuff, and give him, instead, a bag of flower seeds to beautify his path. If he knows no sound but the croaking of the frog, try and teach him the song of the lark. He will enjoy it much better when he learns it, and he will be transformed from a nuisance to a maker of joy.

Poems Everyone Should Know

SINNE

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round?
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
The sound of glorie ringing in our eares;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole aray
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT.

"The Church that Is in Troy"

THE Men and Religion Forward Movement in Troy, N. Y., has left some permanent results for good. For three months, beginning with the first of last January, there was unusual activity in church life. The large committee of ministers and laymen mapped out the work last fall, and there were over thirty churches of different denominations which enlisted in the campaign. Ever since last November, when the campaign was first inaugurated, there has been seen an increasing interest for the religious forces of the city "to get together." One wealthy man, at the very inception of the campaign, offered to give $1,000 toward the expenses of the movement.

The attempt was made to bring about a deep, quiet, united, and permanent quickening of the spiritual life of professing Christians, to arouse the lax and indifferent, to increase the attendance of all classes, especially men, upon church services, and to commend the Christian faith to those who have not accepted Christ. The church members were urged to depend much upon prayer, to place very little reliance upon machinery, and to exercise breadth and warmth of Christian fellowship. The Central Committee requested the ministers, during the Sundays of January, to preach on the general theme, "The Cross of Christ—the Central and Commanding Feature of the Gospel." The month of February witnessed a concerted movement for the increase of church attendance. The month of March was devoted to the winning of men to Christ. During the last of March there was held an eight-day series of institutes and conferences, under a "team" of experts and specialists. Some churches were inspired to have a "follow-up" work, and endeavored to enlarge the attendance of their Sunday schools; some churches even attempting to double the attendance. Some pastors at once began to organize boys' work, and started boys' clubs. Many Sunday schools began to organize their Sunday school classes and to increase their efficiency. Some churches undertook more evangelistic work; and more church meetings were held during the three or four months of the campaign than had been held in Troy for many years during the same length of time. Ministers and laymen held many Gospel meetings in the shops and factories at the noon hour.

The Railroad Young Men's Christian Association and the Central Young Men's Christian Association did excellent work in these evangelistic meetings in the shops and factories. The good results are seen to-day in several aggressive movements among the churches and church people. The churches of the East End have made arrangements to hold open-air Gospel meetings in our beautiful Prospect Park every Sunday afternoon during July and August. In different sections of the city open-air Gospel meetings will be held. There has recently been some good work done by the Law and Order Alliance in suppressing gambling and working for civic righteousness.

WARREN G. PARTRIDGE, D.D.

The Parthenon, Antiquity's Most Magnificent Temple

The Acropolis, as Seen by One Coming from the Piraeus

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPEECHES

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

ST. PAUL came to Athens by sea from some point on the Macedonian coast, whither he had escaped when driven out of Berœa by the opposition of the Jews, who pursued him with malicious vindictiveness everywhere. The journey was and is a most interesting one. Splendid mountains rise from the western shore. Charming islands dot the coast along which the little vessel on which St. Paul was embarked threaded its way; and every mile is alive with memories of the glorious victories or the terrible disasters of the Greeks.

Did Paul, as he sailed past Eubœa, remember Thermopylæ, where a few Greeks won imperishable renown by defending their country in the narrow pass, and preventing the devastating influx of Asiatic hordes? Did he recall the glories of Marathon and the defeat of the Persians as he sailed near that historic spot? It is not unlikely, for Paul was a scholar as well as a Christian, and such heroic deeds of genuine patriotism would appeal to his martial spirit. But I think that chiefly his mind was on the celebrated but superstitious and frivolous city which he was about to see for the first time—a city of song and story, the city of marble temples and palaces, of sculpture and painting and of gods innumerable. He was doubtless considering his message, and how he should deliver it so that it might make some impression on the minds of the fickle sensation-mongers of Athens. As he strains his eyes to catch the first glimpse from the ship's deck of the world-famous city, a flash of sunlight strikes his eye. It is the gleam that flamed from the armor of the mighty statue of Minerva, which stood, as the ancient coins of Athens show us, on the very summit of the Acropolis.

Thus it is very likely that the earliest warning which Paul had of his approach to the city came from one of the heathen divinities which it was his mission to overthrow. Soon after that he landed at the Piræus—then, as now, the harbor of Athens—a town which still retains many of the characteristics of the seaport which St. Paul saw. To-day huge steamers, with their black hulls and belching smoke-stacks, from Brindisi, Trieste, Constantinople, and Smyrna, and even from far-away London, Hamburg and New York, take the place of the great corn-ships from Alexandria, and the many coasting vessels from Greek and Macedonian ports of the olden time. But the everyday life of a great seaport is much the same in every age. To-day one sees swarthy sailors, with their rolling gait, wandering on the docks of the Piræus, venders of cakes, sweetmeats, oranges and dates trying to tempt them to buy. Slatternly women stand at dirty doorways gossiping with their neighbors. These sights, doubtless, are little changed by the centuries.

The Approach to Athens by the Sea

But Paul probably did not tarry long at the Piræus, nor need we. We will follow him up that long straight road, then lined with fragments of the great wall which once connected Athens with her seaport, until, after a four-mile walk, we come to the far-famed Agora, or market-place of Athens. Before Paul had come as far as this he had seen many signs of the idolatrous city. He had passed beautiful marble statues of Minerva, Apollo, Mercury, Jupiter, and other gods and goddesses. Shrines and temples were everywhere, before and behind, to the right and the left. There were also statues of the great statesmen, warriors and law-givers of Greece, like Solon and Demosthenes, as well as of her mythological heroes, Hercules, Theseus and many others; but the great majority of the statues were of her innumerable gods. "The religiousness of the Athenians went even further," as has been said. "Every public place and building was likewise a sanctuary. The Record House was a temple of the Mother of the Gods. The Council House held statues of Apollo and Jupiter, with an altar of Vesta. . . . And as if the imagination of the Attic mind knew no bounds in this direction, abstractions were deified and publicly honored. Altars were erected to Fame, to Modesty, to Energy, to Persuasion, and to Pity."

Crossing the market-place, Paul would have upon his left a rough and ragged rocky hill, surmounted by a temple to the God of War. This was the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, where afterwards he made his memorable speech. On his left was the still more famous hill, the Pnyx, on whose partially leveled top Demosthenes and other great Athenian orators had held their audiences spellbound. Before him, as he passed on toward the east, was the Acropolis or citadel of Athens, a hill of solid rock far higher than either of the others we have described, and covered on every projecting ledge and cranny, as well as on its broad, level top, with the most magnificent temples, shrines and statues of antiquity, as the ruins one sees to-day mutely testify.

Paul Preaching on Mars Hill, from a Modern Painting

Her three statues on the Acropolis were perhaps the chief objects of Athenian worship. One was of ivory and gold, the greatest work of the world's greatest sculptor, Phidias. Another was made of the brass and copper captured in the battle of Marathon, and was the gigantic statue whose gleam could be seen far out at sea; while the third was the most sacred of all, for it was said to have fallen down from heaven, like Diana of the Ephesians, like the pedestal of the Virgin in the Church of the Holy Pillar in Saragossa in Spain, and like other statues and relics deemed holy for the same reason by the Roman Catholics of our day. Volumes and libraries of volumes have been written about these temples and statues and their worship, and the people who gathered about them, for there are none other so famous, even in their ruins, in all the wide world. But what do we see to-day standing where Paul stood? Mars Hill is still there, for nature's monuments are not easily removed or defaced; but the Temple of Mars has left no trace behind. Tourists wander over the hill, and find nothing but the bare, rough foundation rock. Children play hide-and-seek around it, and goats nibble the grass and moss

Continued on next page

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

that spring in its crevices. The Pnyx, too, can be easily recognized, but no vestige of a ruin of temple or shrine can be seen; only the outlines of the rocky forum on which the greatest orators stood.

With the Acropolis it is different. It is crowded with ruins to-day. The Parthenon, the temple of Minerva, the magnificent gateway with its massive marble columns, the beautiful little temple of the Wingless Victory, and the larger temple of the Erechtheion, all stand magnificent in their ruins. The ground is strewn with marble columns, capitals and cornices, and to walk over it is like picking one's way over a marble quarry. But the images of the gods and goddesses have vanished, like the religion for which they stood. They are either utterly demolished or have been removed to some museum in Athens, in England, or on the Continent of Europe. The guns of Turk and Venetian, the violent hands of Goth and Vandal, Slav and Norwegian have done their worst; but so immense and massive were these temples of the Acropolis that they stand, almost like the foundation rock itself. They are battered, broken, weather-stained, with the beating rain and bleaching sunshine of two thousand five hundred years, but splendid even in their ruins. Here we can see the actual works of man on which St. Paul looked — the very fluted pillars of the temples on which he gazed when "his spirit was stirred within him, as he saw the city crowded with idols."

Famous schools of philosophy, as well as religion, schools which have affected the thought of mankind in all the ages since, had their origin and home in Athens. Though they were decadent in the time of St. Paul, yet they had their adherents, and they molded the thought and speech of the apostle if only to refute their errors. As he looked from the Acropolis he could see the "Painted Cloister" of the Stoics, where Zeno their founder had taught his pupils. The Stoics, though stern and ascetic in their morality, and though they opposed the worship of images, were pantheists, and their god was the Spirit of the Universe. There was no room in their faith for a personal God. The other dominant school of philosophy which Paul encountered in Athens was the Epicurean; and the "Garden" of Epicurus, where his disciples still gathered though their master was long since dead, was a noted spot in Athens, and could doubtless be seen by St. Paul as he gazed from Mars Hill over the beautiful but wicked city.

Here was a city having more gods than in all the rest of Greece; where "it was easier to find a god than a man"; where the cultured people who rejected the ancient gods and laughed at the priests and their incantations were either pantheists or atheists. Here, too, was a city in many respects the brightest and most glorious in the world, with more treasures of art heaped together within its small compass than anywhere on the planet; a city that was always gay with processions and festivals, celebrating the rites of some deity. So fearful were the Athenians, with all their innumerable deities, that they might miss some god, and so fail to propitiate him, that they had set up in several places altars "to the Unknown God."

Into this welter of superstition and idolatry, this strange mixture of culture and frivolity, of reason and bigotry, came a man who, according to tradition, which ancient artists have followed, was small of stature, his body distorted by lameness, his beard long and thin, his head bald, with a bright gray eye under thickly overhanging evebrows. Such a man was not one, it would seem, to challenge the learning, the cynicism, the atheism of a gay, frivolous, self-sufficient city, the center of the world's art and philosophy. But God had chosen the "weak things of this world to confound the things which were mighty," for "the weakness of God is stronger than men." Every day Paul talked with the Jews in their synagogue and with the idle crowd in the market-place, as Luke tells us in the Acts. There were various opinions as to his doctrines. Some called him a "babbler"—literally, a bird that picks up seeds from the ground, and hence one who chirps and twitters like a bird; a merely contemptuous expression. Others thought he was telling of new and strange gods, and many Athenians who would not object to a few new gods were willing to hear more.

Mars Hill, Where Paul Delivered His Famous Sermon

So they took hold of him and brought him to Mars Hill, the rocky eminence that lay just to the right of the market-place, as you look from the Acropolis. On the top was a rocky platform, and on seats hollowed out of the rock sat the judges to try the most desperate criminals, and to decide questions of religious controversy. Here on the hill, too, was a temple to Mars, and the hideous Furies had their shrine and their statues in a cleft of the rock just below. Here, then, Paul stood at last in the midst of enemies and idlers, philosophers and poets, Stoics and Epicureans, and a great company of those who only wished to see or hear some new thing. Here he stood to make his defense of his faith which should echo through all the ages to come. And yet it was a very brief and broken speech. It would scarcely take three minutes to deliver. It contains less than three hundred words; yet it contains truths that shook the world.

It is too familiar to require extended remark. The apostle begins by recalling the altar he had just seen "to the Unknown God," and, in conciliatory mood, tells his motley audience that he has come to set forth unto them this, the true God, though unknown to them. He quotes one of their own poets, Cleanthes, who sang:

Hail, O Zeus! for to thee should each mortal voice be uplifted;
Offspring are we too of thine, we and all that is mortal around us.

Paul quotes this, for it is a Christian sentiment though uttered by a heathen writer concerning one of his own deities. But this is only the prelude to Paul's speech. In the last forty words was his whole message embraced. For in them he told of Christ the Judge, ordained of God, and of his resurrection from the dead. That was too much for this frivolous, mocking, unbelieving crowd, the most decent of whom would only say, as they went their way, that they would hear him again about that matter.

His speech seemed to be the driest failure, broken off almost before it was begun, ending in the jeers of an idle, insulting throng. In reality it was a glorious success, not chiefly because in consequence of it one of the judges of Mars Hill (Dionysius the Areopagite), Damaris and some others seem to have believed on Paul's Saviour, but because it was the challenge of the new religion to the whole world. It is not too much to say, with an author of distinction: "That speech on the Areopagus is an imperishable monument of the first victory of Christianity over paganism."

KENTUCKY'S "MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS"

THE summer of 1912 is epoch-making in Rowan County, Ky. The county will never forget the installation of Moonlight Schools. Carefully planned to meet the demands of communities of mountaineers, the Moonlight Schools hold session on moonlight nights. This is in order that the bright light of the moon may entice the adult learner from his cabin over even roughest roads to the schoolhouse, where earnest volunteer "helpers" wait to instruct and help him become a more useful, cheerful and contented member of the community.

"Aunt Dicie" Carter
An Eighty-six-Year-Old Pupil

When Mrs. Cora Stewart, president of the Educational Association of Kentucky, suggested the plan of moonlight schooling to the teachers of the day schools, they entered heartily into the enterprise, and volunteered their services to teach. They campaigned the mountains and the woods prior to the opening of the schools, in order to explain their purpose and to enlist students. Classes in the elementary studies, reading, writing, geography and history, were instituted, and the story of the success of it all reads like fiction. Classes of two or three in each of the first ten schools to be opened would have been gratifying and fully worth the effort. But instead of twos and threes, they came in crowds, and in forty-five schools that were subsequently opened within two weeks, there was no class smaller than ten and some were as large as fifty-eight. The exercises are as interesting to hear as the classes are impressive to see. A grandmother of eighty-six side by side with a rosy-cheeked lass of twenty; a grandfather in the same class with his grandson, each trying to surpass the other; lumbermen and farmers, brides and grooms, mothers and sons, all join in a whole-hearted, good-natured rivalry in their efforts to learn.

To save the embarrassment of using primers, current events and news items were correlated with reading, the reading text being a little newspaper prepared especially for beginners. Bible study is especially popular with the pupils, many of whom learned to read in two weeks' time, which is conclusive evidence that grown-ups learn with astonishing rapidity. Mrs. Cora Stewart, at the beginning of the first session, offered a Bible to each pupil who would learn to read and write. The results were nothing short of amazing.

Next year, not only will the ignorant be allowed the privilege of moonlight schools, but school trustees, magistrates, country merchants and preachers with their wives and relatives have pleaded for admission to the classes. These schools might serve as an example to other rural communities whose people are remote from learning.

The effect of the Rowan night schools on the social life of the county is admirable. The uncommon school associations seem to develop a spirit of good fellowship before unknown, welding whole communities in sympathy and real neighborliness. The demand for books has also greatly increased in the "Moonlight School" districts and the circulation of periodicals is far greater.

"Aunt Dicie" Carter is the eldest pupil at this unique school, and is without doubt the oldest public school pupil in the United States. She is eighty-six years old and her countenance, seen in the photograph accompanying this article, gives evidence of really awakened hope and a growing mind. There are twenty-five schoolboys and girls in her reading class, not a single member of which is under seventy-five.

Many additional counties in Kentucky are establishing schools and especially adapting them to the particular needs and problems of the people within their boundaries. Other States are sure to follow the example set by Kentucky. Some will meet with less success and some will fail; successes and failures both are very sure to lead into the pioneer paths that must be trod in any radical onward and upward movement for the welfare of the people. Very certain it is that the broad safe highway leading out of ignorance and superstition to useful and enlightened lives is sure to be built, and within the next ten years will be laid the foundation of a complete system of public education adjusted to the needs of rural America.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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Chicago and Baltimore

HOWEVER the political wiseacres may regard the outcome at Chicago, they will make a profound mistake if they fail to recognize the importance of the principles for which Theodore Roosevelt fought. His weak point was his personal ambition, which has experienced a setback. Had he been content to be a savior of his party for reform's sake alone, he might have won the fight, and united Progressive Republicanism could have looked forward to a triumphant issue in November. It was his third-term candidacy and his personality, not his principles, that split the party. But the reforms he championed, and which have been approved by an indisputable majority of the Republican voters at the primaries, will go on to final triumph. There was both force and dignity in Mr. Roosevelt's appeal for nation-wide support for a movement, the main object of which is to reassert the popular will and restore the right of self-government to the hands of the people by taking it away from unscrupulous bosses and political machines. He raised an issue which, although thrust aside for the moment by the sheer power of a superior organization, will yet have to be faced and wisely and patriotically decided at whatever cost.

Now, the turmoil of Chicago is reproduced in Baltimore. What a picture of social and political unrest, the tossings and distractions of the people bound hand and foot by precedents that are designed to deprive them of their share in the government, do these conventions present! At Chicago, Roosevelt pointed out the danger of tolerating longer the corrupt rule of united capitalism and bossism, and especially its control of the machinery of nominating conventions and the making of Presidents. At Baltimore, Bryan has sounded a similar note of warning to the Democrats. Both protests are a loud call to arouse patriotic citizens to a true sense of the situation.

History repeats itself. Our modern reformers, fighting a seemingly hopeless battle against entrenched power and overwhelming numbers, have their prototypes in the lives of many who have been sacrificed on the altar of reform in the past. Solon found the Athenian commonwealth degraded by injustice in the courts, a corrupt administration, a general lowering of moral, political and economic standards. They called him mad when he attempted to stir the people to action; but his message reached the mark and redeemed them from the tyranny and oppression of the rich, redistributed taxation, relieved industry of its onerous burdens, freed the land from a load of debt, repealed oppressive laws, gave to the commonwealth a new constitution and rebuilt it upon the broad basis of equality and justice. Political parties and their corrupt allies had been its ruin. The machine controlled everything in sight, and was in turn controlled by the wealthy classes who usurped the people's rights, fostered unworthy ambitions and reveled in lawless power. Solon warned them that a time would come "when a man would be ashamed to say, 'I am a citizen of Athens,' for it would be a confession that he was one of those who had let their liberties go."

We need men like Roosevelt and Bryan. Although they may be tumult-makers, their mission is to keep in constant view the danger that threatens the most sacred rights of citizenship, "lest we forget." They may not have the courage to put aside, with firmness and decision, as Solon did, the allurement of personal advancement; but they accomplish their mission nevertheless when they hold up the vision of clean, honest government before the nation. They stand to us as prophets, calling us to a higher citizenship, and to the exercise of those qualities that go toward better manhood and a nobler nation.

The Spirit of the Work

AFTER all, questions of method and material are outer things, and important as they are, essential even as they are, and conformed though they may be to the plan of the Great Architect of the Kingdom, yet when he looks upon them there will be no smile on his face, no light of hope in his eye, no sweet thrilling of his heart, unless within the true form he sees the true life. The instrument may be all right, but the instrument is not the music. The most precious Stradivarius violin in existence is nothing but dead wood. As it lies in its case, or as it is held in the cunning, caressing hands of a master, it is nothing but dead wood. The music—who shall say what that is? It is not the wood of the violin, it is not the strings, it is not the bow. What is it? Who knows? Who has ever been able to tell us what the witchery is in the "concord of sweet sounds"? Something invisible, intangible, imponderable; something that no microscope has discovered, no scales have weighed. And yet a real thing; the thing without which the instrument, whatever it be, is a foolish mockery. Christ listens for the music of the instrument—the hidden spirit in the heart of the work. If that is right, the form will be sure to please him. And remember, that the spirit of any work of church or Sunday school, of society or board, is only the spirit of the individuals who do the work. The individual spirit of the worker—that is what is all important.

The Suffrage Martyrs

MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST, the militant suffragist leader, who on May 22 was convicted of conspiracy in inciting the recent window-smashing crusade and sentenced at the Old Bailey in London to nine months' imprisonment, and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, joint editor with her husband of a suffrage newspaper, and under the same sentence with Mrs. Pankhurst, have been released on the plea of ill health. Miss Emily Davison, serving a six months' sentence for setting fire to a postal letter-box, and eight others convicted of various misdemeanors have also been liberated. By instituting "hunger strikes" in prison, these militant ladies resorted to a dramatic appeal for pity and leniency, which was successful. The picture is a sad one. These high-spirited women appealed in a spectacular way to public sympathy, but their violent methods produced a revulsion, to the great disadvantage of the cause they represented. Their excesses were repudiated by the conservative women suffragists. Whatever there is in the principles of woman suffrage that will make for the permanent good and welfare of a nation is very sure to make its way, not by means of violence but through the gallantry and the sense of justice of the other sex. And this applies equally to the suffrage situation on both continents.

A Conscience Void of Offense

IN THESE days, when so much is being said about dishonor in private and public life, it is stimulating to note the claim of a brave and busy man of nearly twenty centuries ago who hastened from province to province of Asia Minor and Eastern Europe, planting the seeds of modern civilization. Paul, citizen of the Roman town of Tarsus, well-born, well-bred, well-schooled, well-seasoned, declared that he exercised himself "to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man." Fine exercise, that; and told of in a way that implies success. "I make it my business," he declared, "to keep my conscience clear."

To succeed in that business is to succeed in life; to fail there is to fail everywhere. And the idea that it is hard to do right is absolutely false. It is hard to do right when one is undecided whether to do right or to do wrong; but once the decision is made to do right as a regular business, the rest is easy.

"Those men never waste any time making up their minds whether or not they are going to do right," said an enthusiastic and earnest pastor in speaking of his church officers. "All they want is to know what *is* right. When they see it they'll do it fast enough." A successful lawyer expressed the same idea in conversation with a confidential friend. There is no struggle, he agreed, about doing right if one made the great, fundamental resolution at the beginning to do right all the time.

That is the sort of men America needs now, in church, in state, in court, in trade—everywhere, men who make it their fundamental business to keep their conscience void of offense. Nothing is more disastrous, in personal or national life, than to allow the conscience to become soiled and dull and dumb. Conscience, abused, neglected, disobeyed, may cease to assert itself. Then comes the appalling horror of a man who does wrong, making himself believe that it is right. Conscienceless men will make a conscienceless nation. And the conscienceless nation is doomed. It is incalculably important for the Christian to keep his conscience keen and vigorous. He must not trifle with it. He must give it right of way. If he does not, his eye will lose its sharpness, his tongue will stammer, his hand will falter. The only way to live in God's presence is to live with clean hands and a pure heart. The only way to do God's work among men is to do it with a conscience that is clear.

No other consideration can possibly count in the scale against this. No matter what it costs a man or those who are dependent on him, he must be true. To be otherwise is to welcome to his soul defeat and doom and to spread disaster among those whom he desires to help. A man's first duty to himself, his family, his friends, his nation, his God, is to make an eternal covenant with himself to do right at any cost.

This is an alluring call—the call to right living. It is a plain call. God and the world are waiting for men who, echoing the assertion of the dauntless Paul, can cry with Galahad:

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

A Summer Day

(See Cover Page)

A SUMMER DAY," from a painting by Corneille Max, is an excellent example of German impressionistic art. In the shortness and sharpness of the shadows, in the limpid, cleanwashed atmosphere and the heavy clouds full of light and color reflecting picture shadows in the quiet stream and on the purple hills beyond, the story is easily read. Clearly it is high noon; a restoring rain has passed over the valley, and the little family has come into the open.

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WANTED—A NEW LUTHER

Editor The Christian Herald:

When Luther drove the last nail into his thesis on the door at Wittenberg, he struck a blow for religious freedom that sounded through the world. We need another Luther—a strong, able, fearless leader of men, to fling out a challenge to that power which is plotting day and night, and employing all the agencies within human reach, to effect the religious conquest of this continent. We need a Luther to show Rome in her true colors as the maligner of men, the obstructor of divine truth, the falsifier of history, the enemy of every form of education, religious and secular, the arch-plotter of the ages. We need a Luther who will carry through this country, in the press and the pulpit, the might and power of a divine mission to apprize men of the menace of Catholicism, which would take from them their birthright, supplant their independence with servitude to an alien power, proselytize their children, anathematize their marriage laws and render illegitimate the progeny of every Protestant domestic union. It will be strange if, in the whole array of Protestant churchmen, there should not be found one man equal to the occasion and prepared for the emergency.

New York City. J. B. D.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Woman's College in India

THE Sylvanus Stall Woman's College in Guntur India, was dedicated recently. Guntur, the scene of this school's dedication, has about twenty thousand population, and is ated in the Madras Presidency, which has a er native Christian population per capita than other section of India. The school was built by Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society e General Synod of the Lutheran Church, aided overnmental and personal help. The various en's societies of the church contributed $12,000, English Government in India $10,000, and Dr. anus Stall gave $13,000. This building, like in India, is all on one floor. Many weary, steps will thus be saved, particularly in this country, where every effort means enervation. building is 280 feet long and 112 feet deep. It uilt of light gray stone, it is built to last many uries, the walls being e to four feet thick. steel girders, which e made in England, are longest and largest ever ped to that part of In- The commodious main and drill room are 40 0 feet, the various class ns are also 40 by 70 In addition to the ns for the study of Eng- and the Telegu lan- ge, there are the kin- arten, play rooms, the nt room, the science n, the art room, the li- y and the offices. The ding, which cost $35,000, dedicated wholly free of

r. Stall is well known in a, and in the course of work he has been instru- tal in bringing many and women to Christ. appeal of the Christian ion is to the heart, but heart is to be reached ugh an enlightened in- ct. No language can nor arithmetic compute nfluence of education in establishment of the dom of God in the hearts and institutions of kind. This college will help to verify the pic- of the Psalmist:

t our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after e militude of a palace. (Ps. 144: 12.)

Sylvanus Stall Woman's College, Guntur, India

Drowned by Falling Pier

VO hundred excursionists from Buffalo were ropped into the Niagara River at Eagle Park, nd Island, the other night. A steamboat col- ed and a score and a half were drowned. The ms were members of Amherst Lodge, Order of sters. Five hundred of them had gone to Eagle k for the day. Half of the party had been safely rned to Buffalo, and as the boat landed to take remainder home, the excursionists crowded the and it gave way, leaving at least one hundred fifty in water twelve feet deep, struggling in ny darkness to save themselves. The Niagara r has a current there of ten miles on hour. s believed that nearly thirty perished. That e were not lost was due to the prompt, wise and re efforts of men with boats, and expert swim- s. This fatality happened on a Sunday excur- , but similar accidents have occurred in the ng of floors and platforms at the dedication of rches, teaching the lesson of earthly insecurity calling to mind the Scriptural passage:

ere is but a step between me and death. (I. Sam. 20: 3.)

Bible to President Madero

EV. DR. JOHN W. BUTLER, in the name of the Christian Workers' Association of Mexico, pre- ed to President Madero a beautifully bound copy he Bible in Spanish. Dr. Butler in his address, h was in Spanish, said: "From these sacred pages ope the Mexican people are going to learn true ocracy, for which you have labored and sacri- so much in these last years. So we are sure will hear with pleasure that up to the present almost a million copies of the Bible, complete portions of it, have been distributed throughout ico. We engage in the distribution of the Bible, knowing that, now as ever, 'The entrance of His Word giveth light,' and that the study of the same by the people will help wonderfully in the formation of the ideal type of citizenship. Daniel Webster, the famous orator of the neighboring northern republic, said with reason: 'The best Christian will be always the best citizen.' For this reason the thousand Protestant congregations scattered throughout the republic are heartily co-operating with the Bible Society in increasing the circulation of the sacred Book, and we are sincerely anxious for the happy day to come when, whatever the creed of the people, a copy of the holy Bible will be found in every Mexican home. Mr. President, we are truly grateful to you for the amiability with which you have received us on this occasion, and we have the honor to place in your hands this testimonial of our admiration and highest respect and to express the wish, before leaving, that you and your worthy family may enjoy the best of success and health, and for your government the blessing of heaven, which will result in the broadest prosperity and happiness of the Mexican nation." President Madero replied as follows: "I am exceedingly grateful for this gift you make me. You may rest assured that I appreciate it to its utmost worth. I hold the same belief as you concerning the value of its principles for the elevation of the people, inasmuch as I am sure that only through Christian morality are the nations uplifted. I heartily congratulate you on the good work you are doing in co-operating for the moral uplifting of the Mexican people. The Mexicans are of noble sentiments; they are good and heroic; they have only lacked enlightenment, and it will be one of my greatest efforts to work for their enlightenment, so that they may be able to understand the high principles of this Book. Continue your good work and you will thus co-operate with me in the uplifting of the Mexican people." Could anybody have dreamed thirty years ago that such religious progress could have been made in Mexico? It is only another evidence of the swiftness with which the Book and the Christ of the Book are moving to the conquest of the world. Under the Mosaic dispensation it was made obligatory on the ruler of the nation to take a copy of the law in a book, to study it and teach it to the people as the source of enlightenment, virtue and prosperity.

And it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life; that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law and these statutes, to do them. (Deut. 17: 19.)

Lived Under Twenty-four Presidents

NEARLY about the same time two men in different parts of the country died recently who had lived under twenty-four Presidents of the United States, and had voted for nineteen of them. These men were the Rev. William Thorp of Middletown, Ky., said to have been the oldest Christian Church minister in the world. He was ninety-six years old, and had been pastor of the Christian Church of Middletown for fifty-five years. The other man was Hugh McDowell, who was a delegate to the first National Convention of the Republican Party, held in Pittsburg in 1856, and was ninety-seven years old when he was gathered to his fathers. What marvels those eyes saw in the advance of methods of locomotion, of transportation, of communication, of illumination, of agriculture, of manufacture, of surgery, of medicine, of education, of benevolence, of moral reform, and of religious activity! How firmly the church and state have rested on them and those like them as foundation stones! In these men the prophecy of old was fulfilled:

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. (Job 5: 26.)

Heroism in Hell Gate

MISS MARGARET HUGHES, twenty years old, and her best friend, Miss Ella O'Rourke, twenty-five years old, nurses in the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island, went down to death the other day while five of the other nurses looked on powerless to help them. Miss Hughes, who was an expert swimmer, plunged into the water at the bathing pavilion and swam about for quite a while. Suddenly she threw up her hands in distress, and in answer to a call from shore she coolly said she had a cramp. Miss O'Rourke threw off a white sweater and swam out to her relief, saying, "Keep up, Margaret, till I get to you." Miss Hughes said, "Ella, don't come near me; we shall both drown. You go back and save yourself." Miss Hughes kept on, and seizing her, held her up till she could get her breath, and then started to bring her to the shore. When she had almost reached the dock they both sank in the very treacherous river current before any help could be given them. There cannot be found in any literature or time a more beautiful example of heroism than in these two nurses in a charity hospital, one going to the rescue of her friend though it cost her her life, the other desiring that her rescuer save herself and let her die. The longest life of wealth, or highest summit of fame, are not half so great as these lives of sacrifice. The life of the trained nurse is one of perpetual danger and sacrifice for the good of others. And the beautiful heroism of these young women was as natural as it was divine, and was a reflection of the true spirit of Christianity:

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. (I. John 3: 16.)

Earnings of College Men

STATISTICS published in the *Decennial Record* of the class of 1901 at Princeton University show that the average income of the members of this class ten years after graduation amounts to nearly $4,000. This sum includes only a man's individual earnings and is exclusive of allowances or legacies. The lawyers lead the list with an average for the tenth year of $4,994.88, and the business men, including bankers, insurance men and publishers, a close second with an average of $4,684.69. Other statistics compiled by the 1901 men show the comparative number of marriages of Princeton, Yale and Harvard graduates and the number of their children. The class of 1901 from Princeton shows that of 268 men, 175, or a percentage of 65.2, are married. They have a total number of 219 children, or a percentage of 1.25 to a marriage. The class of 1901 of Harvard has 720 members, 398 of whom are married, a percentage of 55.2. They have a total of 413 children, or a percentage of 1.03 to a marriage. At Yale, from a class of 236 graduating in 1901, 128, or a percentage of 57.6, are married. They have 99 children, or a percentage of only 0.77 to a marriage. A college education is valuable first in the development of the mental, moral and spiritual faculties, and in widening the sphere of activity and enjoyment. It has a money value also which is not to be overlooked. The Princeton statistics of incomes emphasize this fact and call to mind the words of the wise man:

For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. (Prov. 8: 11.)

THE NEW CHILDREN'S BUREAU

WHEN, in years to come, the record of the present Congress of the United States is scanned for noteworthy achievements, results of permanent value, a prominent place in the roster will unhesitatingly be given to the creation of the Children's Bureau. The Children's Bureau is not only the newest branch of the United States Government, but it is a thoroughly unique institution. Like many another step toward enlightenment its inception has been the subject of agitation on the part of humanitarian workers and public-spirited citizens for years past, but only this spring was the bill authorizing Uncle Sam to provide an "annex" of the Department of Commerce and Labor for the benefit of our juvenile population finally passed both the Senate and House of Representatives and signed by the President.

There were some rather remarkable circumstances in connection with the passage of the bill creating the new bureau. For instance, when the measure was under consideration in the House of Representatives, Congressman Mann, the Republican leader in this branch of the national legislature, took the floor and stated that, though his individual judgment did not prompt him to support the bill, he had laid aside all personal objections in the matter upon learning that Jane Addams was strongly in favor of the measure, and that she insisted that the creation of such a bureau would elevate child life in the United States. Incidentally, Representative Mann paid a glowing tribute to Miss Addams for her work at Hull House and elsewhere. This new Federal agency for the common good will, after all, cost Uncle Sam less than $30,000 a year, which is a very modest appropriation compared to the widespread improvement of conditions which it is expected to bring about. In addition to the director or chief of the bureau, provision is made for an assistant chief and a private secretary. When the new institution is fully established, which may be within a few weeks after this reaches our readers, the executive heads will have the aid of a statistical expert, two special agents and a clerical force of about a dozen persons. It is planned that the new bureau will, if possible, find permanent quarters in the main building of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, D. C., where it will be under the direct supervision of Secretary Nagel, who has taken so keen an interest in this newest branch of our newest executive department. In view of the extent to which Miss Jane Addams was instrumental in securing the establishment of the Children's Bureau and the interest she has all along manifested in the plan, it is but fitting that the position of chief of the new bureau should be given to her long-time friend and co-worker, Miss Julia C. Lathrop, of whom a short sketch has already appeared in these columns. As the first head of the Children's Bureau Miss Lathrop occupies the most prominent and possibly the most important position held by any woman in connection with the government. Moreover, her salary of $5,000 a year places her in a unique position among the members of the fair sex whose names appear on Uncle Sam's pay-roll. Many persons throughout the country have not, judging from the inquiries which have been received in Washington, formed a very clear idea of the scope and purposes of the Children's Bureau. The new institution is neither designed to exercise authority of any kind over the children of the country nor upon parents. It is to serve as a great national intelligence office or bureau of information which will continually engage in investigation and research work bearing in any and all ways upon the interests of those children who are in need of some body's solicitude and watchful care. The accompanying photographs are, in themselves, evidence that great abuses exist in the employment and management of child labor in our great industries. Surrounded by conditions which, from their very nature cannot but retard physical development, these children are deprived of all chances of even the most elementary school training. Such conditions as those shown here are those which will call forth the activities of the new bureau. The information it will gather will, of course, be authoritative, because it will have all the resources and prestige of the United States Government behind it. Such information as this is certain to prove of immense value not only to the Federal Government but to State and county and municipal governments throughout the land, and to church and charitable organizations. The well-fed, well-clothed children of prosperous parents in a position to properly educate themselves will be given little heed by the officials of the Children's Bureau, except in the preparation of general statistics covering our whole juvenile population. The new Federal "clearing house of information" will concern itself specially with the less fortunate of our junior residents. Indeed, there are four classes of minors upon whose condition of life the governmental searchlight will be turned in most energetic fashion by the newly empowered officials. These classes comprise afflicted children, dependent children, delinquents and children at work—that is, the child laborers of our mills and mines and factories, the growing shame of prosperous and supposedly enlightened America. Just to convey a hint as to the wide scope of the investigation already planned, it may be noted that the Children's Bureau is empowered to secure information and report upon the questions of infant mortality, orphanage, juvenile courts, accidents and diseases of children, the conditions of the employment of children in all the industries, legislation affecting children in the several States of the Union, the desertion of children by parents, the birth-rate, dangerous occupations of children, and many more. As a result of comprehensive investigations on these subjects, the public guardians and the law-makers in every State and municipality between the Atlantic and the Pacific will constantly have the benefit of the latest and most improved ideas which may be developed in connection with child welfare. It is predicted that the inevitable result of this method of keeping the whole country in step with the march of progress will be not only more modern laws and regulations affecting children, but also more uniform laws. Furthermore, the Federal Government will be in a position, through this new information exchange, to save money for local governments and for charitable and other helpful organizations. No longer need any local body waste money "trying out" some new plan or conducting an experiment whose value, if they had only known it, had long since been demonstrated at some other point in the country.

W. F.

Washington, D. C.

Breaker Boys at Work Sorting Coal

These boys work in cramped positions where much of the time the air is black with dust

Miss J. C. Lathrop

A Girl at Her Machine in a Hosiery Mill

Breaker Boys from a Pennsylvania Coal Mine

A Twelve-Year-Old "Doffer Boy" in a Cotton Mill

THE POINTER PUPPY

BY EDWIN BALMER

TWO similar cartoons, in opposing newspapers that morning, pictured Harvey Lennon. Both presented him as Horatius at the Bridge, behind him the Rome which he guarded. In both newspapers that Rome was, of course, the great "trust" under attack, the American Commodities Company. The character and feeling of this Rome differed in the two cartoons, however, one emblazoning it as the noble and imperial capital of American industry, the other showing it a citadel of predatory privilege—a robbers' retreat.

The bridge in both pictures was the law by which the American Commodities Company was being assailed. The assailants in the first cartoon were an ignorant rabble and run of vandals clamoring only to destroy; in the other cartoon they were the forces of law and prosperity. But not even this latter cartoon dared picture its attacking forces as making way against the lawyer Horatius baffling the attack at the end of the final bridge. For every reader of every newspaper, not only in that great city where the trial was on, but throughout the nation, knew that the government forces had not yet gained from Harvey Lennon a foothold upon that bridge.

It was the steady increase in the realization of this which, each morning, enraged anew the readers of the second part of newspaper throughout the country; it was Lennon's own unruffled certainty of it which, at each session, infuriated those who thronged the court-room that, upon the morning that the cartoons appeared, a man followed the chief counsel for the defense from the courtroom at the noon recess and struck him in the face.

Lennon did not stop to arraign the man. He knew better. He passed it off as nothing. In its physical effect, the blow was nothing. There was no sign of it upon his face when he reached his office at twenty minutes to one, precisely his usual time when court arose at twelve-thirty. He entered his private room and shut the door firmly. Alone, he picked up from his desk the heavy crystal sphere which he always kept upon it, a polished piece of quartz a little larger than a golf ball. He lay down upon his leather lounge, extended his right hand, clasping the crystal, and closed his eyes.

As soon as he should fall asleep, his hand would relax; the ball would drop upon the floor and wake him. He would sleep for barely an instant; but it would refresh him; it would take "the edge off." Till the thud of the ball upon the floor came to his secretary upon the other side of his door, no one would dare to disturb him.

But the tension upon his nerves would not slacken. Other things combined to keep him conscious of himself. Another of the yellow papers attacking him had discovered and printed an account of how he rested with the crystal in hand at noon. The article had been illustrated by a severely penciled photograph of him, with heavy lines drawn in his face and his dozen gray hairs exaggerated to great, disfiguring blotches. It was so untrue that he had laughed at it upon the train that morning; but now it angered him.

It stirred him, too, to recollect that a picture of his wife had been dragged into the columns, though she was made to appear as young for her thirty-five years as he was made to seem old for his forty. Also they had drawn his little boy into their current of abuse, his eleven-year-old boy whom they had photographed galloping free with head thrown back upon his little pony.

The lawyer's hand tightened on the crystal ball. He jumped up. He stood at his window, high up in a great building. Before him and all about rose other buildings as great. With each, as he gazed about, he identified a man or a group of men with whom those for whom he fought stood allied. To him they constituted his city, those groups of men so few that their names automatically went through his mind as he glanced from building to building. To him the city rose as witness for any one to see that the men for whom he fought were right. They were—they made the city! They, and their associates in other cities, made the nation. Laws passed at the clamor of those crawling specks in the streets below who had nothing and who, left to themselves, could accomplish nothing, must not be allowed to operate. Anything to prevent their operating was right!

Drawn by H. Stockton Mulford

"I thought he said he'd done it. Father, you see, don't you?"

Yet as Lennon threw himself again on the lounge and extended his hand with the crystal, the fingers would not of themselves let go. He waited another instant, fuming.

Unwilling to let those in the outer office know that he could not sleep as usual, he let the ball thud upon the floor. As his secretary opened the door with papers which he must look over, Lennon passed his hand over his eyes and stood up.

But, left alone again, he could not take up the papers. He was nervous; he could not go out to lunch. It was the first moment in the long tension of the trial, which already had run from June through the five weeks of heat into the last of July, that he felt distinctly unfit. And the afternoon session with Reardon, the American Commodities' president, upon the stand was sure to demand the lawyer's utmost.

He swept the papers impatiently aside. A cheap, printed card slipped to the surface among them. The loosening of the tension all through him let him know that he had read the name upon the card and sensed it.

THE McCARTHY KENNELS
INGUARD
POINTERS AND SETTERS A SPECIALTY

On the back, scrawled in pencil over the list of blooded blue-ribbon winners bred at the McCarthy Kennels, Lennon read:

"DEAR SIR: In reply yours of yesterday, have brought in my best pointer puppy. He is positively best puppy I have, besides having one eye with brown spot around it, as required.

"Respectfully,
"J. McCARTHY."

Lennon rang for the man; and, ten minutes later, left the office smiling and at peace.

A few minutes before six, as the train slowed for the suburban station far north of the city, Lennon with the puppy in his arms stood on the platform looking toward the station. His little boy ran to him, flushed and panting.

"Papa! You got me the puppy!" and the son took it and hugged it to him.

Lennon stood on the platform, smiling.

"Oh, papa, he's got brown around one eye! He's just what I wanted!"

Lennon, observing that his son had come on his pony, stepped into his waiting motor-car and delayed to see how the boy would manage.

"Want to give me the puppy, Georgie, or come in with me and let Ted follow?" Ted was the pony.

Georgie mounted, still holding the puppy. "Papa, I think I can ride with him!"

Lennon motioned to the chauffeur to keep the car so that the pony could trot beside it; and all the way home father and son chatted together, first about the dog and then about the many other intimate things which a father and son have to talk about together. But, of course, as they reached home, they spoke of the puppy again; and the father gave his only warning.

"Remember, boy, a pointer's a kennel dog. You can play with him outside all you want; but you mustn't have him in the house."

Georgie meant to obey. So far he had, indeed, never disobeyed seriously. When he was a very little boy, he found out that his father was a lawyer. A lawyer, they told him, was one who knew better than any one else what was right and wrong. His father knew these things so well that people of all sorts came to ask him about the right thing to do; and, for telling them, they paid his father money which bought things to eat, and paid the servants and bought Georgie's clothes and everything else. Later the boy understood that Mr. Reardon and a few of his friends paid his father for all his days, from the time he left home in the morning till he got on the train at night, to tell them how to do everything according to law; and the boy knew that they obeyed his father. So what his father ordered at home was certainly to be obeyed absolutely, particularly now that Georgie knew that people who did not understand what was right were accusing Mr. Reardon and his friends of doing wrong.

The boy therefore intended to leave the puppy with Ted in the stables when he was called in to go to bed after dinner. He left him there, in fact, and came in and went to bed at nine o'clock as usual, but

Continued on next page

THE POINTER PUPPY

Continued from preceding page

later he stole out the side way in the dark to the stables and ran back with the little puppy in his arms, and had almost reached his room when the little dog slipped from him and scrambled away down the long, low front stairs and into the front hall and tumbled across it into the study with Georgie, forgetful of everything else, after him.

No one saw them or heard them in the hall; there was no one in the study. The lights were lit; but Georgie's father had gone out in front as an automobile came up to the house. Georgie looked under table and chairs for the puppy; and he found him at last under the lounge—so far under that, to get him out, the boy had to crawl under after him. So Georgie went under, and had the dog just as he heard his father's voice and Mr. Reardon's and they both came in and shut the door.

The puppy, next to the wall, did not move. After its adventure it seemed to be going to sleep. Georgie was entirely out of sight under the big lounge. He lay very still as he heard his father's voice speak very sternly.

"Reardon, I would never have let you go on the stand if I had known this."

There was a silence; then Mr. Reardon's voice.

"This was the exact way it was. Gairing asked me to meet him at—"

Mr. Reardon's answer was slow and careful, so clearly and slowly given, for the lawyer was making notes of part of it, that even the little boy under the lounge could comprehend most of it.

At least it told him, beyond chance of misunderstanding, that Mr. Reardon had had a strange secret meeting with a Mr. Gairing and had agreed to many different things, and that, afterwards, a great deal of money was paid over to Mr. Gairing in some strange way. And the boy already knew that one of the most important things which his father's opponents were trying to prove at the trial was that Mr. Reardon had met secretly with a Mr. Gairing and paid him much money afterwards.

So the boy lay very still while his father made Mr. Reardon tell it all very carefully again. Then his father was satisfied. He got up. Georgie did not understand what his father said now. He knew only that he had disobeyed his father, while his father, finding Mr. Reardon had done wrong and broken the law, was making him admit it. His father had brought Mr. Reardon there, the great Mr. Reardon whom every one else seemed afraid of, and had made him say over and over again that he had broken the law, and had written down what Mr. Reardon had said so he could bring it to court with him, as Georgie knew his father once before had brought in a confession.

The boy crawled with the dog out from under the lounge and returned the puppy to the stables. He crept back to his room and, as again he thought of himself and his father, he lay with his face in the pillow and sobbed. Outside his door he heard first his mother and then his father stop for a moment before going on to their rooms to bed. The boy slipped to his knees beside his bed in his sense of guilt. Only after that was he able to go to sleep.

He slept so late in the morning, therefore, that his father was gone before Georgie got up. He found the newspaper which came to the house and read the headlines with more than the usual thrill of excitement.

"State will Attempt to Show Agreement with Gairing. Nothing Else Left in Case Against American Commodities."

The boy flushed again as he reread it. Court opened, he knew, at ten o'clock. It was past that now. So his father was standing straight and speaking to the judge and the jury directly and earnestly as Georgie had often heard him speak. He would be telling them now that he had found out the truth at last, that Mr. Reardon had made the agreement with Gairing and that the money had been paid over and he had forced Mr. Reardon to say so.

The thought excited him, not only then, but almost all day as he played with Ted and the puppy, whom he named Spot. It made him ride to the station to meet his father long before the time he ever came home. But, if his father was late, the afternoon papers would come in ahead of him and there Georgie could read what his father had done.

Very proudly he took the first paper off the heap.

"State Unable to Shake Reardon's Testimony. Lennon, in His Re-Direct Examination, Brings Out Beyond Doubt That No Agreement Could Have Been Made with Gairing."

It stared Georgie in the face. It struck him trembling with disappointment. Disappointment—that was all. For he had thought he understood before; and now he knew that he could not have understood. So he rode with the paper a little way off from the station and sat down under a tree and read the whole account through carefully.

It was very easy to read. What his father had said, what Mr. Reardon had said, what Mr. Hadley, the attorney for the other side, had said, was all perfectly clear, with the name before each sentence. And what Mr. Hadley asked was almost exactly what Georgie had heard his father ask the night before; but what Mr. Reardon answered now was entirely different; and what his father asked and what he said was different. Georgie knew it was different only because he could not make out the real meaning; but still—still he didn't want to wait for his father's train so much. He didn't understand it; but—he rode slowly home.

It was the second morning after this that Georgie came to consult his mother after his father had again gone to town early.

"Mamma, the paper says papa makes his speech this afternoon."

His mother put her arms about the little boy, for he had not been quite himself that morning and the day before.

"Yes, dear."

"Then to-day papa doesn't just have to ask questions and try to make other people tell things. I mean, mamma, he can tell everything himself just the way he knows it is, can't he?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then will you take me in town to hear it?"

His father's speech was plain and clear. He spoke earnestly, as he had heard him before, and directly to the judge and to the jury, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but always clearly and simply. There was barely a word, there was no sentence which even a boy could not understand. And as Georgie heard him, his heart beat with pride and his fingers tingled. For now that he heard his father's voice, he knew everything was right as his father said it. It could be no other way.

For an hour and then for another his father spoke, and carried not only Georgie and his mother, but every one else about them, with him. Then his father stopped for a moment.

"And now, gentlemen of the jury, and your honor, we come to the accusation of an agreement with Gairing and the charge that, in one form or another, seven hundred thousand dollars was paid over within the year."

Again, for less than a moment, his father stopped and straightened his shoulders. Georgie, his heart-beats pounding in his ears, leaned forward in a hot perspiration of excitement. For he saw his father glance once at Mr. Reardon and then face the judge and jury again earnestly. And the boy knew that his father, able to speak now for himself and tell the truth of things as he knew them, was to tell every one that he knew the agreement *had* been made with Mr. Gairing and the money had been paid over.

Then he heard his father's voice again.

"There was no agreement; there was no transaction between them. The two men, I tell you, never met except on a train as neighbors, or as fellow members of their golf club. I tell you there was no agreement, there was no transaction involving any amount of money in any way. . . . I tell you they never met. . . ."

The other words which went with them were lost somehow in the whirl in Georgie's brain. Only as his father repeated those sentences again and then, looking straight at the judge and the jury and, still speaking earnestly, repeated them again, did Georgie catch anything. After that he may have heard, but he sensed no more of what followed till he was roused when his mother got up and he realized that his father had stopped speaking and that the people were leaving the courtroom.

Lennon reached his home that evening much later than his wife and son—so much later, indeed, that before leaving the city he questioned whether he would go home at all that night. But he decided he would sleep better at home. He had not finished his address to the jury; he was to conclude in the morning. Therefore he needed to give himself every advantage.

His wife was waiting for him when he reached home; but Georgie was long in bed. Lennon stopped outside the boy's door on the way to his own. His wife touched his arm.

"Go in and look at him, dear. He's been worried about something. He took his puppy into the house the other night, he confessed to me. He—he feels things so."

Lennon opened the door.

Georgie was not asleep. He sat upright in bed as the door opened and his father came in. For some reason, Lennon did not know exactly why, he closed the door behind him and left his wife out. He came to the side of the bed.

"Father, I couldn't sleep. I was hoping you'd come in."

"Boysie, what's the matter?"

"Papa, I brought Spot into the house the night I got him."

Lennon patted the troubled head.

"I know. You told your mother, didn't you? She told me. That's all right now."

"No, papa. I didn't tell mamma everything. I didn't tell her Spot ran away."

"Ran away?"

"Papa, he ran into your study. I chased him. He went under the lounge. I heard you and Mr. Reardon coming in. I was afraid; so—so, papa, I hid!"

"Hid?" Lennon was still wondering. "What do you mean, boy? Hid? Where?"

Then his son told him everything.

The father's hand dropped from the boy's shoulder. Georgie grabbed it and hugged it to him.

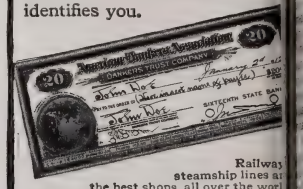
"Papa, wait! I've been bad. I know I've been bad. You see—you see, papa, I thought Mr. Reardon said he had been meeting Mr. Gairing. I thought he said he had done it. Father, you see, don't you? Oh, father!" He was clinging to the hand which his father was trying to draw away. "He said it so many times. So you see I thought—I thought—" he stopped and sobbed. His father broke from him and went to the other end of the room and stood with his back turned to his son and left him alone. So in a moment the boy controlled himself and came to his father and clung again to his hand.

"Papa. I'd understand if I was bigger, wouldn't I? It's just that I'm not big enough, isn't it, papa?"

Continued on next page

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

Pay Traveling Bills with "A.B.A." Cheques. Hotel men of all countries like to accept them from guests. Your signature on the cheque identifies you.



Railway steamship lines and the best shops, all over the world know that "A.B.A." Cheques are as good as gold.

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Under the supervision of New York Banking Department. All funds safeguarded by mortgages on best New York and suburban real estate.

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Selling Dress Goods, Skirts and Handkerchiefs. Free Outfit. No capital required. Mutual Fabric Co., Dept. 405, Binghamton, N.Y.

WINNING THE WORLD*

...day School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

EVERY alert mind that is familiar with biography and history must see in the twin parables of Jesus about the leaven in the three measures of meal till the whole was leavened, and the mustard seed that from a tiny seed grew to a size that the birds might rest in, the accurate prophecies of the ...sible and visible growth of Chris...ity in individual and social life. ...he personal message of these para... which is the best lesson for boys ...d girls, we shall speak later, but ... let us bring out the missionary ...on for adult classes.

...he newest and most wonderful ...f of the leavening power of Chris...ity in social life is China, trans...hed from a backward pagan mon...y into a republic of avowedly ...istian ideals by a century of mis...ary influences, supplemented by a ...al crusade against opium, of Chris... origin, that is fusing China's in...dualism and provincialism into a ...nationalism and a new patriotism.

...was only a few years ago that ...ecuted Christians, during the ...er outbreak, were crying, "How ..., O Lord, how long?" It seemed as ...hina, except a few thousand con..., was all unmoved by a century of ...istian missionary effort. Pagan... and opium seemed to hold both ...ernment and people in their deadly ...p. But the leaven was working ...ntily down in the minds of the ...ers and the masses. The mustard ... of visible Christianity, seemingly ...gnificant, was gathering strength ...a great and sudden growth. Many ... were to be influential officials had ... educated in Christian schools in ...a and the United States; and the ...ldren of many more were bringing ... from missionary schools to their ...nts, almost unconsciously, the ideals of Christ, including civil liberty. Christianity made many realize that every human being is a brother or sister of Christ, a son or daughter of God, and so has sacred rights of individuality, including a right to share in government.

Then came the Christian liberator, Sun Yat Sen, who said, in receiving the present of a Bible: "We are trying to build up a new republic on the principles of this book." And his successor, Yuan Shi Kai, in a message to a missionary service of thanksgiving for the establishment of the republic, said that so far as he understood the principles of Christianity they were what he was striving for in the new government.

Let us thank God for this proof that the leaven is really "hid" in the most numerous race in the world, but let the parable prepare us to exercise further patience till it is all leavened, which will probably be a long time yet. A Manchu soldier on the wall of Peking, asked how he liked the republic, replied that he "did not understand the business." A farmer replied to the same question that it was only a quarrel between Yuan and other leaders, and did not concern him. A majority of the Chinese people neither know nor care for either Christianity or republicanism. Let us hope that the mistaken efforts of the past to hasten the Christianizing of a people by the political adoption of Christianity, which fills the churches with "baptized heathenism," will not be repeated. The spiritual and educational work of Christian missions must slowly change individual character and the social conscience.

Home and City Missions Also

The parable of the leaven is also timely because of our new home and city missionary problem: Will American Christianity be able to leaven a million immigrants a year, coming to us from southern Europe chiefly; or

Continued on next page

*HE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON ...uly 21, 1912. "The Growth of the King..." Mark 4: 26-32; Matt. 13:33. GOLDEN ...: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, ... heaven, so on earth." Matt. 6: 10.

THE POINTER PUPPY

Continued from preceding page

...nd his father for refuge said: ...s; yes. That's all." And escaped ...caped from his son's room and ... his wife's and into his own and ...ed the door behind him. But there ...did not sleep. He did not move ...t lest his wife hear him, though ...lid not undress. Instead he lay on ...back in bed staring up at nothing ...one hour and then for another. So ...ay till he was very sure that his ...e must be asleep and his little boy ...must have fallen asleep from mere ...austion. Then in his stocking feet ... chief counsel for the American ...modities Company crept down the ..., silent hall to his son's room and ...t in.

...he wide opened windows let enough ...w into the room from the bright, ...nlit lawn to show the chief counsel ... son lying asleep with one arm ...own up above his head and the other ...n beside him. Both hands, evi...tly, had been clenched; but now ...y were relaxed; and the boy's lips ... were relaxed, so the chief counsel ...w that faith in his father had won ...h the boy. But he knew too that it ..., as his son himself had said, only ...ause he was not big enough that he ... not understand; and that very soon ... boy must know.

...o he stood there moment after mo...t looking down in the dim light at ... son.

...he fairy tales of beasts and birds ... other creatures endowed with vir... and powers for good, or for evil—...se fairy tales which psychologists ...y are telling us we should never ...e read because they merely muddle the mind—are they not, after all, true? If two or three thousand years from now the story of the struggle of the people of the United States against the great American Commodities Company were saved only in folklore, as we have preserved the similarly important struggles of our fathers two or three thousand years ago; and if that folk story told of how the great, cruel giant was routed and brought to ruin by a little pointer puppy, with a brown spot about one eye, would it not be true?

Truer at least than any account in the newspapers the next day accounting for the collapse of the chief counsel for the defense when he attempted to continue his argument before the judge and the jury—a collapse which, all agreed, lost the case.

The city newspapers explained the sudden change in the chief counsel in many ways; the cartoonists of all the papers also tried to account for it. But none of them came near the truth.

Two brief items in the little suburban weekly sheet, which concerned itself chiefly in the simple home events of the people of the village, approximated the truth far better.

One related that Master George Lennon had received from the famous McCarthy Kennels, Inguard, a blooded pointer puppy.

The other item read:

"It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lennon and son are to leave for an extended trip in Europe. The Chicago papers report that Mr. Lennon has resigned his place as chief counsel for the American Commodities Company and will return to general law practice."

Why Everyone Should Drink Grape Juice

DO you know that grapes have wonderful tonic qualities—that they build up the blood, yield energy and vitality, aid digestion, increase appetite?

That pure rich grape juice, adopted as a beverage, gives you the benefit of these priceless health qualities?

And that the purest, richest grape juice that can be produced is

Armour's Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Drink ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE with meals and between meals and both work and play will become joyous propositions.

Give the children all they want. It helps assimilation, keeps them from begging for sweets.

Only the finest Concord Grapes, grown in the famous vineyards of New York and Michigan, are used for ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE.

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No sweetening or diluting of any sort. ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE is just the pure, rich, naturally sweet juice of the finest quality grapes, preserved from fermentation by sterilization and airtight bottling.

As a hot weather drink, ARMOUR'S GRAPE JUICE is not only delightfully refreshing, it is an aid in resisting the debilitating effect of hot weather.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid. Address Armour and Co., Dept. 168, Chicago.

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Everywhere, the same report

"I believe it saved our baby's life." Dr. ——, Harmony, Maine.

"I put the baby on Ridge's Food and said if it lives a week it will get well. The baby got well." Dr. ——, Chicago, Ill.

"It transformed my baby into a healthy child." Dr. ——, Bloomington, Ill.

"It saved my baby's life." Dr. ——, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Your druggist has Ridge's Food in four sizes, .25, .50, $1.00, $1.50.

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Pays for itself in bakings saved

Put the Boss Oven on top of your oil, gasoline or gas stove. Put in your biscuits, bread, roasts, and watch them through the glass without opening the door—without even stooping. You can't realize how convenient the Boss Oven is until you use it.

The baking is never chilled or jarred. There is no more burning or "falling." The glass is *guaranteed not to break* from heat or to steam up. Be sure you see the name "Boss" on the front. 260,000 now in use.

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WALTER CAMP

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No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloated feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts food she is well, and says she don't think she could do without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a "bad stomach." There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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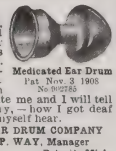
with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums. I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.



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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

will these immigrants, mostly Roman Catholics, mostly in sympathy with the holiday Sunday and the saloon, become the leaven, and Americans the loaf? Will they be Americanized or we foreignized?

We do not forget that the seed of Americanism itself is that original immigration for which, it has been truly said, "God sifted three continents." It would be absurd for any one to expect that European immigration to-day, when the voyage is cheap and pleasurable, would average as high in quality as when it required a long and dangerous voyage to reach this country, where the forest and the savage were to be encountered, so that few except the strong-hearted came—many of them seeking chiefly "freedom to worship God." To-day it is but truth to say that many immigrants come for *"freedom to serve the devil,"* though there is a strong minority of solid worth. As patriots and as Christians we need to consider chiefly, first and most of all, how we can leaven those who are already in this country with Christian and patriotic sentiments—not only the new immigrants but those native Americans who are both un-American and un-Christian. Second, we should consider whether, if foreigners are coming faster than we can assimilate them—so fast that they are endangering the very institutions that have made this country an attractive place to emigrate to; is it not the kindest thing to do, for the world's sake as well as our own, to prevent the dough from coming any faster than we can furnish the needed leaven?

Whatever we may do as citizens to check the flood of immigration, we must as Christians awake to greater home missionary and city missionary efforts to leaven those already here, not only to save them but to save ourselves.

The most effective agencies are the public schools and the Sunday schools, for all children of foreigners are ambitious to be true Americans at least, and we must aim to make them true Christians also, and use them as the lad with the loaves (John 6) and Naaman's little maid (II. Kings 5) to carry spiritual food and healing to their own people. Why not organize the Sunday schools, especially the men's classes, for a door-to-door distribution of illustrated leaflets about Sunday rest and other appropriate subjects on Sunday afternoons or week-day twilight hours, when families are sitting on their porches with leisure to read whatever may interest them? This would open the way to alert minds in many cases for personal evangelism.

As Catholics are accused of making religion too much a mere going to mass, Protestants in many cases are making religion too exclusively a matter of meetings, which to-day reach not more than half the population. The literature distribution should start a new harvest of hand-picked fruit, and while native Americans need it, it is especially desirable that new immigrants shall receive timely messages in their own tongue by word and printed page at their own doors.

"Stepping Heavenward" Individually

There is a personal message in these parables of Christian growth, which is compared to leaven in its hidden work in the soul; to the mustard tree in its outward progress.

These parables of growth are especially adapted to teach us patience with ourselves when we are growing sincerely though slowly toward the likeness of Christ. The doctrine of "instantaneous conversion" has often been misunderstood, as if conversion took the place of growth, education, development of character. Conversion is only the act of putting the leaven into our "three measures," body, soul and spirit, and we are to pray and work and wait "till it is all leavened." Conversion is but planting the divine seed in the heart, which even in the boy Jesus grew daily stronger, physically, mentally, spiritually. The error of those who expect to develop Christian character without conversion, by mere education and improved environment, is like that of one who should expect to raise a loaf by putting it in a warm place while forgetting to put in the yeast; or one who should expect to raise mustard by plowing the ground, removing the weeds, building the fences, while forgetting to put in the seed.

When we have started well and done our best, we shall still find human nature is not transformed into the divine nature in a day or a week. How many times those who seemed perfect saints in the church have discovered to themselves and others unexpected meanness when a fancied slight or a church quarrel or a chance for profit or promotion has upset "the even tenor of their way"! Mrs. Prentiss's story, *Stepping Heavenward,* shows in a lifelike way how one who is faced heavenward often stumbles along rather than walking or running or mounting up on wings as eagles. If only the purpose is sincere let us be patient with ourselves and others, remembering the deep encouragement in God's record of the first Christian church, as given in the Revision, "There were added to the church daily *such as were being saved."* They were "being" leavened and were received into the church to help the leavening along by vows and sacraments and instruction and good company, till body, soul and spirit should be *"all leavened."*

IN A MISSISSIPPI HOUSEHOLD

I have been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty years or more, and I feel now that it has become necessary to my happiness. I can truthfully say, I have learned more of God's holy Word from its columns than from the Bible itself. THE MAIL-BAG explains so many things an ordinary Bible reader would never understand if left to his own interpretation. The household looks forward to its coming each week with pleasant expectations. Your paper has done a world of good in many ways. Long may it survive. JOHN KENNY.
Selma, Miss.

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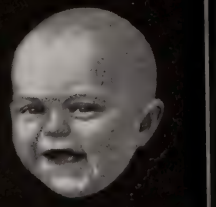

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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. "How?" Oh, something new—The MORLEY PHONE I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

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Keeps flies and other insect pests of animals—in barn or pasture—longer than any imitation. Used and endorsed since 1885 by leading dairymen and farmers.

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SEND $1, if your dealer can't supply you, **for 200 cows, and our 3-tube gravity sprayer without extra charge.** *Money back if not satisfactory.* Write for booklet, FREE. Special terms to agents.

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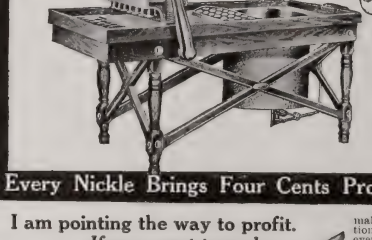

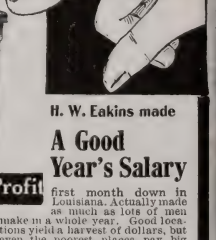

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first month down in Louisiana. Actually made as much as lots of men make in a whole year. Good locations yield a harvest of dollars, but even the poorest places pay big profits. You can make money anywhere you can get 8 square feet of space. How much you make is up to you. **The money is in the machine**—it's one of the biggest money makers the world has ever seen—absolutely. This machine makes delicious popcorn Crispettes—the new delicious appetizing confection. Everybody likes them. Better than popcorn balls or cracker jack. Made by special secret process known only to users of machine. Sets competition crazy. Successful imitation impossible.

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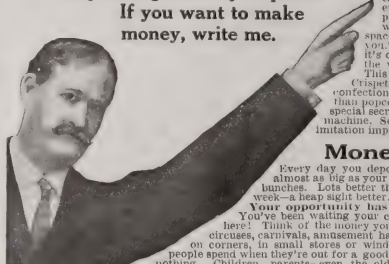

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Your opportunity has arrived—Don't let it get away. You've been waiting your chance to make a "clean up." It's here! Think of the money you can make at resorts, parks, fairs, circuses, carnivals, amusement halls, in corridors or picture shows, on corners, in small stores or windows, etc. Think how liberally people spend when they're out for a good time. A nickel for Crispettes is nothing. Children, parents—even the old folks like Crispettes. You can make them at home if you wish, then job them to confectioners, grocers, depot stands, etc. Field is big—profits immense. Each nickel shows almost four cents profits. Machine simple—easy to operate. Full directions with each machine. Remember—many a fortune was made in 5 cent pieces. Crispettes sell for 5 cents. Get the big, easy money. Anyhow, write me for particulars. Look over the proposition—see what there is in it for you.

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You Can Build This Canoe

ANY boy of average intelligence can build this canvas canoe, and the boy who builds a boat and paints, names, and navigates it himself is far and away ahead of the boy who doesn't.

The very first requisite of a boat ny kind is safety; never venture to t to luck; be sure your boat will sink, then go ahead.

efore you begin operations gather ther a saw, a chisel, a hammer, a let and a screw-driver, then oth a board three and a quarter es thick, two inches wide by ve feet for the keel, two half-inch os one and a quarter inches wide hirteen and a half feet for side os, eighteen barrel hoops, a large e of heavy canvas, some galvan- nails, brass screws, large carpet s and two elm or ash boards two es thick and fifteen inches n for the stem and stern s.

ow you are ready to begin k on your canoe, which, if are careful and do not der, will almost build lf. Cut out the stem and stern s (see Fig. 1) and mortise them position on the keel. Be sure to out the rabbet in both pieces ex- y deep enough to allow the side p to lie flush when it is bent around "mold." The mold is a flat rough board about thirty inches long by en inches wide to be fitted in tem- arily like a crosswise partition in the boat to mold the framework over. Now nail the barrel hoops eight inches apart along the upper side of the keel, which will be the inside of the canoe, and fasten the mold in place in the middle, nailing it lightly to the keel.

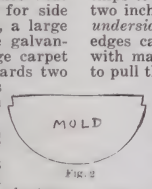

Fig. 2

Fasten the two side strips to the post at one end, and bend them past the mold to the part at the opposite end of the keel and fasten them permanently into place. Now nail the barrel staves firmly to the inside surfaces of the side boards. Always bore holes with your gimlet before putting in the screws. Clinch all nails and bore holes before driving them in.

You have only to take the dimensions of the framework of your boat now and tack on the canvas. Measure it carefully, allowing three inches all around for turning in. Begin amidships to tack it on and drive the tacks two inches apart and along the inside *underside* of the side strips, turning the edges carefully and tacking it firmly with many tacks. Always be careful to pull the canvas very tight. Set in a three-inch board for the floor, nail in a couple of cross-pieces against which to lean as you paddle, and before you start out for even a trial trip fasten down the lids of four or five empty cigar boxes, cover with canvas and a coat of paint to make them watertight; fasten them in the stem and stern in a fifteen-inch space decked over with canvas, where they will serve as perfect airtight chambers and render the boat practically unsinkable. One coat of linseed oil, two coats of paint and a safety rope securely fastened in shallow loops around the canoe just in case of an upset, and your home-made boat is ready to name and launch.

Next week we will tell boys and girls some nice ways to make pin-money.

Best Maple Fudge

USE one cupful of maple sugar, two cupfuls of light brown sugar and add one-half pint of thickest cream. Cook about five minutes, or until a soft ball can be made of the mixture when dropped into cold water. Remove the candy from the fire and beat it until it begins to thicken, then add about a cupful of walnut meats, broken, not chopped, and before turning it into the buttered tins to cool and "set," stir in a dozen or more quartered marshmallows.

Special July Prize Contest

TO ENCOURAGE our boys and girls to observe and identify birds and wild animals, we offer this month a first prize of a gunmetal watch and three prizes of one dollar each for the best out-of-door photograph, any size, mounted or unmounted, of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural surroundings.

There will be best prize books and beautiful pictures as supplementary prizes in the competition, and the prize-winning photographs will be promptly published in the Cozy Corner.

Put your name, age, and address clearly on all work, and send it in before the 21st of July.

GOOD-NIGHT VERSE

As for God, his way is perfect: he is a shield unto all them that trust him. . . . And thy gentleness hath made me great. Ps. 18.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

ailored Wash Suits

For Girls and Boys

Ford's Suits wash and ar. Generous—easy fit- and finely made—give ividuality. Dutch mpers—Play Suits, Rus- n and Afternoon Suits of acter, made in light, airy, tary workrooms. Large selec- of materials.

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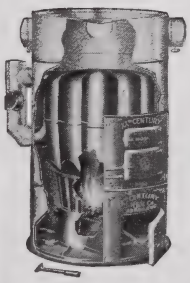

do not come from wealth or large income. They come from having the home evenly, cleanly and economically heated. The proper kind of a furnace costs less than stoves or grates.

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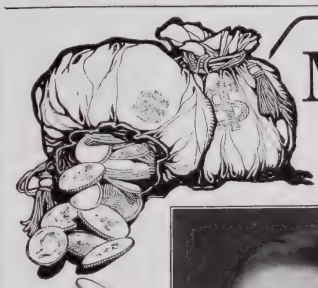

MONEY FOR A Boy's Vacation

CAREY GOTTSCHALK
Our Wideawake Boy from Pennsylvania

This boy is earning **Vacation Money** as well as **Prizes.**

Carey writes:

"I received the watch and it is a little beauty. It works well. I received the roller skates and they are fine. Thank you for the watch and roller skates.

Yours truly,
W. Carey Gottschalk."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City. Date.....

Please send me a Free start in business and tell me all about how I may earn Vacation Money if I do good work.

Signed.....

Address.....

Age..... Town..... State.....

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Mrs. F. E. E., Walter Valley, Ky. What (in miles) is the probable distance traveled by Joseph and Mary in their flight into Egypt? (Matt. 2: 13.)

Egypt was not far off. It was then a Roman province, independent of Herod, and it had many Jewish residents and was a safe refuge. There were caravan routes accessible, and from Bethlehem to the boundary was probably something between 100 and 125 miles.

G. L. A., San Pablo, P. I. Our government stands pledged to help the Filipinos to reach the point in political and social development where they will be capable of self-government. This we are trying to accomplish, although it may be a work of years. The duty of the American churches has not necessarily anything to do with the independence of the Filipinos. They are endeavoring to Christianize the natives who, under the long continued influence of Romanism, had remained in ignorance and semi-heathenism. It is probable that when the country is ripe for independence, the people will take a tolerant and enlightened view of the religious situation and choose for themselves the church and form of religion which appeals to them as being most conducive to their spiritual and material progress. Knowing how they fared under Romanism, they will be able to contrast the result of its teachings, social and spiritual, with those of the evangelical Protestant churches, which have always contributed to the advancement of any country in which they have found a foothold.

Reader, Parsons, Pa. In case one or both the witnesses to a will are dead, would that affect the validity of the will?

No, the death of one or both witnesses does not affect the validity of a will.

B. W., Pittsburg, Pa. How do the big ocean-going vessels of our day compare with the dimensions of the Ark?

Some modern vessels are a good deal larger. Commodore W. H. Beehler, U.S.N., retired, in an article in the *Century* discusses this subject. The *Great Eastern* was the first wooden vessel which exceeded the dimensions of the Ark, but she proved to be architecturally weak. The Ark, counting a cubit at 21 inches, was about 525 feet long, 87½ feet wide and 52½ deep. The *Great Eastern* was 680 feet long, 83 beam and 58 deep. A number of the larger modern ocean-going craft greatly exceed these measurements.

H. B. J., Anamosa, Ia. Do you think it possible for one to enjoy himself in heaven when he knows that some of his friends and relatives are in torment?

This question has often been asked and gives rise to painful suggestions. Some of the old Calvinistic leaders stoutly held to the affirmative; but if the angels rejoice over the repentance and reclamation of a single sinner, we may assume that the redeemed could not regard wholly unmoved the loss of those they held dear while on earth. Paul wrote of the "cloud of witnesses" who watch from above the spiritual battle on earth, and John tells of the plaint of the souls under the altar (Rev. 6: 9) as indicative of the solicitude of those who have gone before for those that remain. Besides, there is the parable of Dives and Lazarus. But the heavenly inhabitant will not know sorrow, as we know it. We have this assurance that there will be neither sorrow nor sighing, and that all tears will be wiped away.

F. R. C., Charlotte, N. C. In Luke 2: 40 we read "the grace of God was upon Him" and in Luke 2: 52 "and in favor with God and man." How can it be that Jesus at this or other times, any more so than at other periods of his life, was "in favor with God"? At what age or time did he have a full recognition of his divinity? Would it be reasonable to assume that Jesus did the same kind of teaching, healing, preaching, etc., previous to the descent of the Holy Spirit?

The passage in Luke simply records the development of the boy Jesus; his intellectual growth kept pace with his bodily; his mind was "filled with wisdom" and constantly increasing in capacity to receive it. His whole temper, disposition and actions were so markedly different from those of other youths of his age that "the grace of God"—the special favor of the Almighty—was manifestly and increasingly resting upon him. Indeed, in a sense, his whole life up to his baptism by John, was a gradual unfolding or development of mental and spiritual power and grace. That his was a nature divinely nourished and reinforced is made evident by many circumstances. Even the few incidents of his childhood that are recorded by the evangelists are marked by the assertion of divine power (see Luke, 2d chapter). It cannot be said, therefore, that he did not have a definite recognition of his divinity even in those early years, for he "spoke with authority," with a sense of power and perception that was utterly beyond human explanation. That his youthful years were marked by many wonderful developments is doubtless true, but Mary "kept these things in her heart." See also the significant passage in John 2: 5, which gives a hint that his parents had had earlier experiences of his miraculous powers. Though these are not recorded in the Gospels, there are many traditions preserved concerning them.

Reader. Is there anything known in modern times of Dodona, the ancient Grecian city which was famous for being the site of a heathen oracle?

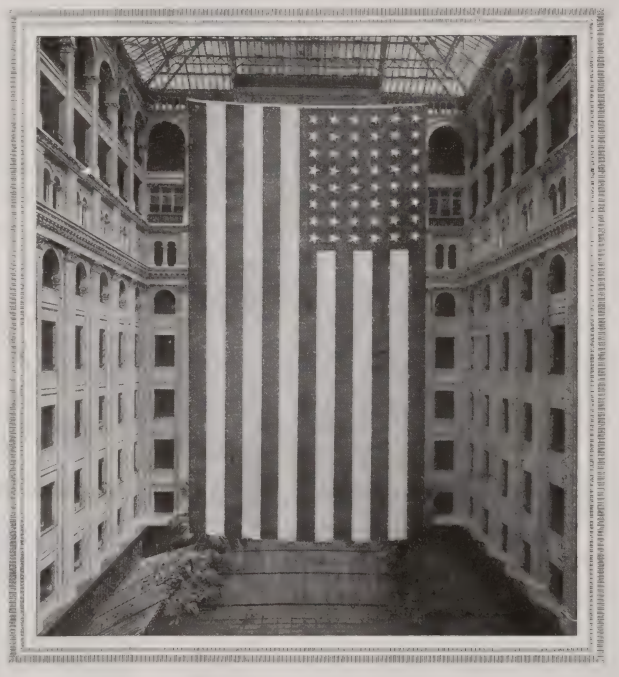
Dodona was a name given to the most famous oracle in Greece, which held sway in Epirus. It was dedicated to Zeus and its priests were called Selli. The oracle gave its answers to inquiries from great trees. The god's will was expressed by the sound of rushing wind through the branches and the clanging of metal vessels which hung by chains from the limbs of the trees. There was a temple of Dodona at the foot of Mount Tomarus, which was destroyed in 219 B.C. Its ruins were excavated by Carapanos in 1875-1878. There was no city called Dodona—only a village.

We wish to correct two errors occurring in OUR MAIL-BAG of June 12, in answer to questions from B. L., New Salem, Ind. Jesus was forty days old when presented at the temple. And his circumcision, in all probability, took place at Bethlehem, this, of course, eight days after his birth, according to the law of Moses, and as clearly stated in Luke 2: 21. The inference of Luke 2: 22 is that this was their first visit to Jerusalem, and the reference to the Mosaic ceremony of purification fixes the presentation in the temple at forty days after the birth of Jesus. The visit of the Magi and the flight into Egypt must have occurred after the return from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.

K. B. W., Fort Lincoln, Neb. Will you please state if you do not think the world should cease honoring the ancient heathen deity Janus, after whom the first month is called?

Not only the first month, but the third and fifth as well, are named after pagan deities, March for Mars, and May from Maia. All the days of the week except Sunday and Monday are also named for heathen deities. It would have been a happy thing if the days and months could have been given names with Christian significance or at least been kept free of references to pagan worship. But those gods now are forgotten, except as historic and literary curiosities. No one thinks of their having reality or power. Christians and non-Christians alike agree now with Paul: "An idol is nothing." So it is hard to see that any harm can possibly come from continuing the use of the ancient names whose meaning is either never thought of or only thought of with contemptuous pity for the superstitions of other days.

M. McK., California. 1. A real Christian is not afraid to show his colors. He will associate with God's people, and will not miss the privilege of worship in his sanctuary; nor will he omit to confess Christ as Saviour before men. One may be a Christian and omit these things, but he would be a very rare exception and would miss much joy and blessing besides. 2. The acceptability of the saloonkeeper's money has been much discussed. Not long ago, it was a subject of consideration in a very extensive circle, and it was decided that such gifts to God's treasury, being possibly gifts of re science and repentance for sin, might be cepted and devoted to charity. Your last qu tion is a controversial one and cannot be sol by any discussion in THE MAIL-BAG. We app ciate your good wishes.



The Largest Flag in the World

THIS flag, seventy feet long, is the largest American flag yet made, and is said to be the largest flag in the world. It was unfurled, with appropriate ceremonies, in the center of the court of the United States Post Office Building at Washington, D. C., on Flag Day, June 14.

R. W. S., Sandusky, O. Can you give me t poem in which the following lines occ and who was the author?

"Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow."

The poem was written by the late M Sangster, and is here given in full:

Never yet was a springtime,
Late though lingered the snow,
That the sap stirred not at the whisper
Of the south wind sweet and low;
Never yet was a springtime
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer
Are folded under the mold;
Life that has known no dying
Is Love's, to have and to hold,
Till sudden the burgeoning Easter!
The song, the green and the gold!

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION

Once each month we attach, just under t notice, a subscription blank and notice of piration for our subscribers whose CHRIST HERALD subscriptions expired at any time d ing the past month. If your copy has subscription blank attached, please use it renew at once. **IF YOU SENT YOUR NEWAL WITHIN THE LAST TWO OR THR WEEKS, PLEASE PAY NO ATTENTION THE BLANK.**

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Miscellaneous

Any reader of this journal knowing of t whereabouts of Thomas McAchaney (last hea from in British Columbia) will confer a fav by communicating with his sister, Mrs. Kat Murray, at Enterprise, Ore.

Subscriber, Newell, N. C. The statement th a larger percentage of preachers than of chur members make shipwreck of life is an old a familiar libel, utterly unfounded and long a exploded. There is a certain class of peop who, when they have exhausted legitimate arg ment, resort to fabrication, and this is a proof of that class. You may depend upon it that t person who repeats such a slander is utter ignorant of the facts and statistics.

G. M. T., Edgewater, Col. You have asked question which many others are asking at th time. The churches need a new enduement the spirit of the old apostles and evangelist with power to move the hearts of the multitudes. There are many churches in which t Gospel is preached with power and earnestne but there are others in which a dry and le potent formalism has usurped the place of t living Word.

S. J. A., Cottonwood, Minn. Paul's attitud toward marriage has been voluminously di cussed and is a puzzle to many people. H seems to tolerate it, although he does not ap prove of it, and he tells his friends that h would rather see them as he himself was (s I. Cor. 7: 7), implying that he had remaine single that he might devote his time and en ergies exclusively to the work of the Gospe It is not known that he was ever married; in deed, all the evidence points to a contrary con clusion. Why he should have advised as he di if he meant the advice to be taken generally, i a mystery. The probability is, however, that h designed such advice for a limited proportion o his hearers, probably those who were in train ing to serve as preachers or teachers. Cer tainly, he could not have meant it for genera application.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Raise Alfalfa

MANY city men now own nearby acreage which they cultivate. The staggering price of a ton of hay, this winter, $34, has caused many a saddle horse, children's pony and private coach team to be sold. Why do not "country gentlemen" raise alfalfa? They can do it just as well as not. Just now is the time for its spring sowing. It can also be sowed in August and early September. A good stand of alfalfa will last for years. It is, beyond all question, the best food for horses and cows now known.

A farmer or other land-owner can cut and feed, by the wheelbarrow load, alfalfa to his winter-worn horses as early as the middle of May. The animals will turn away from their oats to eat it every time. The ration of oats can be safely reduced one-half. The effect of the fodder is promptly visible in hair shedding and early smoothness of the new coat. It is a flesh builder. It calms the nervous system; fretful horses, overstimulated by a winter of oats till they are weary and irascible, at once show their old-time good nature.—*New York Evening Mail.*

. . .

Greed of the War Demon

THERE is no end to the greed of the war demon in times of peace. The German Reichstag has been driven to provide for the addition of a new naval squadron for which three battleships and two cruisers are to be built before 1920 at a cost of from $24,250,000 to $31,750,000 yearly, with a corresponding increase in the army. The Reichstag did, however, muster up courage to insist that the additional cost should be provided for by taxes on wealth, not on the poor people who are now taxed to the limit. And now Admiral Mahan tells us that we must build two battleships every year, or the Germans will break down the Monroe Doctrine. Thus Germany and Japan alternate as bugaboos.—*The Independent.*

. . .

A New Inquisition

IN a letter from a correspondent in Rome of the *Western Churchman* (a Catholic weekly of St. Louis, Mo.) the writer discusses the attitude of the papacy towards the government of Portugal, which recently expelled the Catholic religious orders from its territory. The letter says:

"As yet it is not known what attitude the Holy See will adopt toward the Republic seeing the treatment meted out to the religious of both sexes. The Italian Government has issued an order prohibiting the religious expelled from Portugal to enter Italy. Scarcely had the decree of expulsion from Portugal been known in Rome than the anti-clerical party began an agitation to prevent religious from coming to this country."

The same correspondent tells of a meeting of the Vigilance Committee which is held every month by order of the Vatican. The members are expected to report on various matters, including prohibition against reading anti-Catholic periodicals, violation of their religious oaths of office, etc. An enlightening sentence in this connection is the following: "Not only those who violate the oath, but those who refuse to take it, are to be denounced to the Holy Office." This is a species of twentieth century inquisition. The same writer tells of the formation of a Catholic Defense Society among the nations, and especially of the need of combating the Free Masons, which the Pontiff regards as "the living and organized heresy of to-day, and the advice to the faithful is to make use of everything to bring about its downfall, and to lose no occasion of crushing it."

. . .

The Pope and the Flag

IN a special cable despatch from Rome to the New York *Sun*, dated June 4, it is related that the Paulist choristers of St. Mary's Church of Chicago sang before the Pope in Consistorial Hall, Rome, to his great delight. The despatch continues: "He said he hoped they would continue to sing the praises of the Virgin and the Holy Trinity all their lives, as they had to-day, thus emulating the angels." The Pope was deeply moved at the work of the choir, and was gratified to hear the plain-song melodies so marvelously rendered by the Chicagonns. He said he hoped their example would be imitated throughout America. He gave a medal to each member of the choir and repeatedly blessed the choristers as a body. He had his photograph taken with them *standing under the Stars and Stripes* [!]

. . .

Catholics Losing Hold in Mexico

A PASTORAL letter written by the Archbishop of Morelia, in Mexico, commanding his flock to remain out of "politics" altogether at present, convinces the *Catholic Universe* (Cleveland) of this prelate's feeling "that neither from Madero nor from Orozco can there come any good to the church." This opinion is shared by the editor of the *Universe*, who sees only continued humiliation for the Catholic Church in the triumph of any of the present leaders, regrets the passing of Diaz, and hopes for the re-establishment of order and the church's consequent gain in influence and power in a permanent government under some such statesman as de la Barra. "From the hour that Diaz fell," we are reminded, "there has been constant unrest in Mexico; and there will be, until a government is established which has regard for order." And that government, this writer predicts, "will be one that will mark a return to power of Catholic influences." The only hope for the Catholic Church in Mexico, continues the *Universe*, lies in Francisco de la Barra, who is now representing his government at the Vatican, or in a man like him.—*Literary Digest.*

. . .

Official Sectarian Favoritism

PROTESTS are reaching us against the participation of the military forces of the United States, in uniform and under orders, in sectarian religious services, especially on Memorial Day. It is clear that a religious service the nature of which forbids participation by more than one religious body, and much more leadership by the ministers of any but one such religious body, is something in which the Federal authorities can take no part.—*Congregationalist and Christian World.*

. . .

"The Foe of Human Liberty"

THE United Presbyterian General Assembly at Seattle, in its report on reform, presented the religious situation in the nation in the following paragraph, headed "Romanism":

"That ancient foe of human liberty, the papacy, as it gains in numbers in the nation, is becoming bolder and more menacing by means of its alliance with corrupt politics and scheming politicians. With a secret military organization numbering hundreds of thousands, its priestly dictation over two million voters, its jesuitical influence over the nation's President, it demands of American Protestantism a sleepless vigilance and the most earnest, prayerful and persistent effort to give its blinded millions the true Gospel of Christ."

No More Paring on 50,000,000 Corns

Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.

He made a wax—the B & B wax—which forms the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster has since then removed fifty million corns.

It is applied in a jiffy, and the corn pain ends at once. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. You feel nothing at all.

People who pare corns get just a few days' relief. To get it they run the constant risk of infection.

The millions who use Blue-jay never suffer or wait. They get rid of the corn in two days.

Get Blue-jay and prove it, as they did.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

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Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

A ROUGH SKIN

depends upon an improperly working stomach. Gas, fermentation, acids, are neutralized for Murray's Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), which regulate digestion and so insure a rosy, clear complexion and a smooth, flawless skin. For *once only*, a full size 25 cent box will be sent for 10 cents in stamps, enough to prove these claims beyond the shadow of a doubt. A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

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We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now

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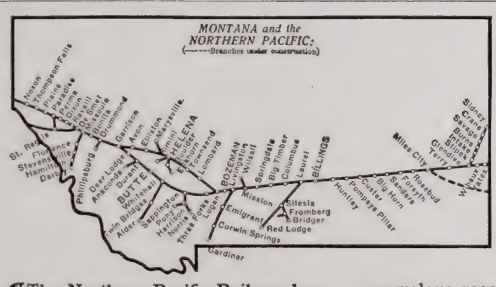

MONTANA

has Ninety-three Million acres of land; present population less than four hundred thousand.

¶Scientific farming in the big "Treasure State"—in the center of the Great Prosperity Belt of the Northwest—is showing what marvelous resources have long been trodden under hoofs.

¶The Yellowstone Valley with the Tongue, Rosebud, Bighorn, Clark's Fork, Shield's Rivers and Big Timber Creek, has available for irrigation alone more than 2,000,000 acres, much of it for sale at low prices. The Huntley and Lower Yellowstone Government Reclamation projects will reclaim about 90,000 acres altogether, in this valley. The Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone is rapidly developing into a first class fruit district and the Shield's River Valley is a rich section, particularly attractive.

¶The Gallatin Valley, the "granary" of Montana, with the adjacent Madison and Jefferson Valleys, form a great grain and livestock producing area from which Europe derives food.

¶The Bitter Root Valley is famous the world over for its luscious fruit and the fertile Flathead country is a garden spot.

¶The Northern Pacific Railway has 1,431 miles of main and branch lines in Montana, to which will be added some new mileage this year.

¶OPPORTUNITIES are on every hand in Montana—not only to acquire valuable and productive farming lands, but also in the many growing cities and towns along the Northern Pacific Railway.

¶Ask for our "Opportunities" book which lists Montana's "Opportunity" points, along the Northern Pacific.

¶The Northern Pacific Railway Company has lands for sale in the various states along its lines. Printed price lists and descriptions will be furnished on application to Thomas Cooper, Land Commissioner, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

¶In the way of educational advantages, Montana has the State University at Missoula, the State Agricultural College at Bozeman, the School of Mines at Butte, with numerous educational institutions at other points.

¶Montana's increase in population in the last Census decade was 55%—and there is plenty of room for more.

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L. J. BRICKER, Gen'l Immigration Agent or A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent Northern Pacific Ry., ST. PAUL, MINN.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Northern Pacific Railway

NOTE. Please mention title of this announcement and publication in which you saw it.

Avoid Milk Worries

How we made the quality of

CARNATION MILK

From Contented Cows

Here are just a few of the things our managers and experts think about, *every* day, in order to produce and keep up its superior quality:

We employ experts in every department of every Carnation Condensery. The process, though very simple, is conducted with utmost care. We take out nothing but water and we do not add anything; but every temperature and test is observed with the utmost care *every* day. Nothing but the purest of healthy milk could stand the severe tests it gets in the Carnation process.

We have to exercise the greatest care, that we may give to the public an article we can guarantee unconditionally as superior in quality and flavor.

First we insist upon good milk. To produce that, we must have good cows, living in a good country, feeding upon sweet grass, drinking pure waters and breathing fresh air. We locate our Condenseries where the best natural dairying conditions are to be had.

We often send buyers to other States, to buy high-grade cattle for farmers who supply our Condenseries with milk.

We pay a premium for good, rich, sweet, milk. We educate farmers how to take care of their cows and how to handle the milk, to preserve its purity.

We insist upon the farmers having the right kind of cans and coolers—we even wash the cans for the farmers, every day, sterilizing them with a powerful steam jet.

Our experts and veterinarians inspect the herds constantly, to be sure the cows are healthy and free from fever and disease.

Our Positive Guaranty to Every Housewife

We know so well that Carnation Milk will meet your every requirement that we make the following positive guaranty:

Order a 10c can of Carnation Milk from your grocer, and if you find that Carnation Milk does not please you better in every way than fresh, raw milk or any other evaporated milk or condensed milk, write us and we will cheerfully refund your money and postage.

PACIFIC COAST CONDENSED MILK CO.
SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Every morning's supply of milk is tested for richness in butter fat and in strength-building solids. The farmers are paid in proportion to the richness of the milk. They vie with each other in keeping healthy cows, rightly cared for; they know this means increased profits—and we know it means superior milk for Carnation purchasers.

Carnation Milk is nothing but pure, wholesome milk, less the water removed in evaporation. It comes to the consumer absolutely pure. Open it in your own kitchen—pure, delicious, rich. Use it for everything—in all cooking—for seasoning, shortening and for whipping. Use it in coffee, upon cereals, in custards and all desserts. Give it to the children to drink.

Bring up the baby on Carnation Milk. It contains no cane sugar—nothing but good, pure milk from contented cows, sterilized to make it safe. Ask your doctor. Take advantage of our guaranty to give Carnation Milk a *trial*. Count the cost and enjoy the benefit of using Carnation Milk *all* the time, in place of the uncertain raw kind.

Telephone or tell your grocer to send you a can, use Carnation Milk according to the brief instructions on the label, and remember our positive guaranty as shown above goes with every can. You take no risk.

We have prepared an unusual booklet, covering a large number of points of interest to everyone who prepares food. It contains recipes, suggestions for economical cooking and the story of Carnation Milk. It tells you how to make more delicious every dish in which milk is used.

Write for your copy today.

Tall can, 10 cents. Baby size, 5 cents. At your Grocer's

Carnation Milk—the Modern Milkman

"Flavor superior to all others or your money back"

PACIFIC COAST CONDENSED MILK COMPANY

General Offices, SEATTLE, U. S. A.

Fourteen condenseries in the States of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Illinois

Christian Herald

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1912

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THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER

From the Painting by von Kaulbach

In the 10-Year Race for Favor
Here's the Tire That Won

In the first ten years of this 20th century came a race for supremacy in pneumatic tires.

All the leading makers were in it.

And all of us knew that the tire which won must excel all others in the test of use.

In the past three years came the verdict, in vivid, unmistakable terms.

In 1909 No-Rim-Cut tires began to be preferre In 1910 the sale doubled. In 1911 it doubl again. So far this year it has trebled over last.

Now the most popular tire that the world ev knew is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

And now an ouput of nearly 100,000 tir monthly fails to keep pace with the call.

Voices the Verdict of Over 200,000

Over a million and a quarter of these premier tires have now gone into use.

They have been tested out on some 200,000 cars.

So the status today of No-Rim-Cut tires voices the verdict of 200,000 who have tried them out.

A verdict like that is too overwhelming for any tire user to question.

Six Times Larger Than in 1909

In the year 1909—our tenth year of tire making—we sold 105,127 Goodyear tires.

In the past twelve months our output has been 649,147 pneumatic automobile tires.

So the demand for these tires, since 1909, has more than multiplied six times over. It doubles now every few months.

These figures tell, in a vivid way, how users regard No-Rim-Cut tires.

How Goodyear Won

We brought to our factory years ago the best rubber experts we knew. And every year we've added to the corps.

To compare their ideas we built a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Every new idea in formula or fabric, material or method, was put to the mileage test. And those which won were adopted.

Thus we compared 240 formulas and fabrics. Thus we compared every factory method. Thus we compared rival tires with our own.

As the years went by, in this ceaseless selection, Goodyear tires became better and better. At the end of ten years we had come close to finality in wear-resisting tires.

Rim-Cutting Ended

During this time we brought out our patent type of tire.

This type—the No-Rim-Cut type—makes rim-cutting forever impossible.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined old-type tires are rim-cut. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

This new-type tire saves that 23 per cent.

We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this type. So the multiplying demand for tires that can't rim-cut has centered Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

10% Oversize

Then we made these tires 10 per ce over the rated size. That meant 10 p cent more air—10 per cent great carrying capacity. It saved the blo outs due to overloading.

This 10 per cent oversize, und average conditions, adds 25 per cent the tire mileage.

By these two features—No-Rim-Cu and oversize—we cut the average ti bills in two.

Profit Reduced to 8½ Per Cent

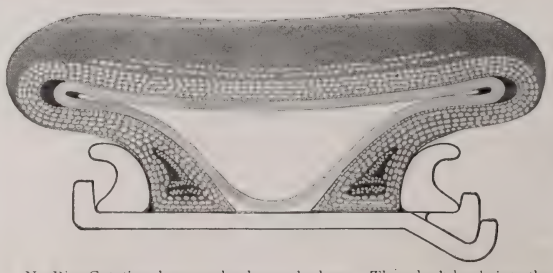
These new-type tires, made oversiz cost more to build than old-type tir of just rated size. And Goodyear the costliest quality that goes int tires.

Yet Goodyear prices have kept clos to other standard tires.

As a result, our profit last year ave aged 8½ per cent.

By giving most we have gotte most. Those are the only reasons wh No-Rim-Cut tires now dominate i Tiredom.

And those are the reasons why yo will employ them when you once fin them out.



No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They don't hook into the rim flange. So your removable flanges are set to curve outward when you adopt this tire. Just move them to the opposite sides.

Through the base of this tire run six flat bands of 126 braided wires. These make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force it off the rim. But unlock a flange and the tire slips off like any quick-detachable.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

With or without Non-Skid Treads

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 1 years of tire making—is filled with fact you should know. Ask us to mail i to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfit
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

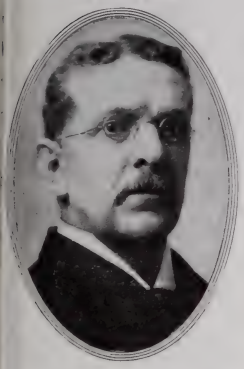
(694)

NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Bishop Luther B. Wilson
Camp Meeting Leader



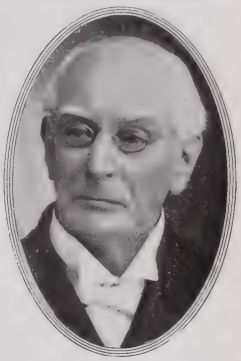
Mrs. Henry Wheeler

Miss Helen G. Rumsey

Mr. Clarence Reynolds

Dr. Henry Wheeler

Rev. A. E. Ballard, D.D.
President of Ocean Grove Ass'n



SUMMER DAYS AT OCEAN GROVE

THE season at Ocean Grove this year promises to be even more successful than any in its history. The opening Sunday, June 16, was a most encouraging harbinger of future success and blessing. The venerable Dr. A. E. Ballard, now over ninety years of age, the president of the Ocean Grove Association, was the presiding officer at these exercises. Bishop Berry of Buffalo preached the sermon, taking for his text John 6:67, "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?" The bishop declared the perils of the church to be attacks on the personal deity of Jesus Christ, and asked the question of the congregation: "To whom will ye go for eternal life if not to Christ?" He claimed for Christ the most dominant personality in all literature, and declared the Bible to be different from all human creations because it alone speaks the language of the skies. The evening services consisted of short addresses from different speakers.

It is expected that Bishop Luther B. Wilson will again be at Ocean Grove during August and have charge of the services, especially the Camp Meeting, which begins August 23. Tali Esen Morgan is director of all the music as usual. Temple University, Philadelphia, has conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Music. The presentation was made in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, quite recently. Dr. Morgan is assisted in the singing at the Auditorium by Donald Chalmers, soloist, and a voluntary choir, also the Aida Trumpeters, four beautiful young ladies who add much as accompanists to the organ, which is in the care of Clarence Reynolds, a most able organist. He gives daily an organ concert, followed by "The Storm," which is played on the great Hope Jones organ, the largest in the world. Mr. Morgan gives the story of the storm, which is most realistic. It is night in the camp; dawn breaks; the organ sounds the reveille. The organ gradually swells to its full power, suggesting the glory of the day. More bugle calls, and the army is on the march. As the regiments pass through the city "America" is rung on the church bells. The band again plays and the sound is lost in the distance. The army is again encamped in the country, "God's Green Inn." And the glory of nature, and the greatness of God find expression in the Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah." It is afternoon, and you hear the merry-making in the camp. A storm is approaching. The bells in the church on the hillside strike five. You hear the singing in the church. The bells play:

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide.

Then you hear the sad strains of a funeral march as one of the boys is borne to his last resting-place. The storm has been gradually drawing nearer, and soon it breaks in fury. The wind howls and moans; the rain comes down in torrents; the thunder crashes; and the lightning falls. The storm passes. You hear the old strains of the hymn:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

The skies are clearing. Darkness spreads over the valley. The bugle sounds "Taps" (lights out), and the soldiers' dream, "Home, Sweet Home," ends the composition. It is indescribably thrilling, and thousands come to hear it every season.

The Summer Sunday School was organized on June 23. Joseph A. Hudson of Philadelphia is superintendent of the intermediate department, which meets in the Temple. Mrs. Hudson and daughter assist him. Mrs. W. H. Skirm of Trenton has charge of the primary department, which is held in the Tabernacle. One hundred sweet rosebuds of children greet her sight as she leads them to Jesus. The singing is delightful in its freshness and purity. The Bible class meets in the Auditorium. Rev. Dr. Marshall Owen of St. Paul's Church, Ocean Grove, was the leader on June 23.

The Holiness Meeting held at nine o'clock every morning in the Tabernacle is this year in the care of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Henry Wheeler. She is "Mary Sparks Wheeler," and a celebrated writer. One of her books most highly commended by the clergy and press is called, *As It Is in Heaven*. She has also written *The First Decade of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society*, with sketches of the missionaries. A pamphlet called *A Temperance Bible Reading* has been scattered broadcast by the thousand. Miss Marsh assists at the piano. The young people's meeting, held at the same hour in the Temple, is already well filled, though the season has scarcely begun. Mrs. Ballard Lewis is one of the soloists, with Donald Chalmers, baritone. The Aida Quartette is always present, and renders good service. Rev. Dr. C. L. Mead is the efficient leader and well qualified, as he gives the keynote, "Religion the Whole of Life." Miss Helen Gertrude Rumsey, with Dr. Ballard, and Miss Harris, soloist, Miss Bailey, pianist, are in charge of the twilight service at 6:30 o'clock P.M. It is an evangelistic service for young people. Their hymn, written by Eva Mehling, called "The Old Camp Ground," is very inspiring.

We are praying to-night on the old camp ground,
That the Spirit may draw near
To strengthen every faltering heart,
And banish every fear.

CHORUS

Many are the lives that are weary to-night,
Burdened with sin and care.
O trembling soul, draw near to God
And leave your burden there.
Praying to-night, praying to-night,
Praying on the old camp ground.

On Sunday evening Dr. Ballard leads the Beach service at six o'clock.

Rev. Dr. W. R. Wedderspoon, of Washington, D. C., pastor of Foundry Church, delivered the Fourth of July oration in the Ocean Grove Auditorium. Dr. Wedderspoon is a splendid orator, and an immense crowd was present to hear him. The Declaration of Independence was read by Hon. Charles Henderson of Red Bank, N. J.

Continued on next page

Auditorium, the "Heart of Ocean Grove"

The Wonderful Temples of Kyoto

BY MATTHIAS KLEIN

GOING to Kyoto? Oh, the brown, smoky old idols, upon whose surface the sighing breath of countless millions has been wasted!

Buddhism seems to be woven into the very warp and woof of Japanese history. At one time it had captured nearly every dwelling on these islands, appropriated every hill and conspicuous green grove, and to-day still the temples occupy the most prominent sites of towns and cities. In former days the country must have actually run mad. The gods were as easy to obtain as their worshipers, and to suspect humbug in the priest was far beyond the simple devotion of the people.

Viewing the fanatical zeal of prelate and people at festivals to-day suggests the query, "To what heights of frenzy must their enthusiasm have led them five hundred years ago, or when they dedicated their once magnificent temples and pagodas? But Kyoto in particular is the hotbed of Buddhism and the terminal of pilgrims. Here priests and priestesses, with shining scalps, are in their element. At least forty or fifty sects and sub-sects vie with each other. Here are erected images and statues of all gods, from the highest divinities down to the lowest demons. These statues are made of bronze, wood or stone, and in size from a dwarf to a colossus. Ancient traditions covered by a filmy glamour, hoary legends enshrouded in a sort of diabolical halo, all create in the worshipers, except for the supernatural power of God, an armor-plated resistance to Christianity.

A Buddhist Procession in Kyoto

That the noblest and most refined in human nature finds its highest expression in religion is as true here as in the West. As cathedrals and mosques are embellished and their coffers filled with priceless works of art and many ancient treasures, so also many of these Oriental temples are the museums of this land, and for their up-keep large sums of money have been appropriated by the government and also collected from private sources. The lover of the esthetic and the student of art and history will naturally invade the temples; the connoisseurs, though they have almost denuded the country of curios during the last fifty years, will still be repaid for a visit. The well-wisher and soul-lover also come here with a feeling of pity, and to learn of the needs of a race. True, dilapidated towers and shrines, held erect by wooden supports, are still regarded as monumental objects by the nation, where in the West they would be considered unsafe and condemned as wreckage. One such ramshackle hull in Kyoto, dedicated to the goddess of Mercy, containing 33,333 dirty-looking images, is a dark, weird and neglected abode. Along its passages a priest solicits the visitors for money to repair the place—and the necessity of a house-cleaning was, in more than one sense, in great evidence.

But temple architecture in Japan is unique and impressive; those tip-tilted turret roofs, those gigantic wooden doors swinging raspingly under the gate towers, the massive stone or wooden "torii," leading to all temples; the larger and smaller red-painted torii, the property of the fox god, at whose original shrine in Kyoto six hundred or more in two colonnades decorate the entrance; the stone-pedestaled lanterns and carved lions, dogs and foxes; the fantastically arranged furniture, the gaudy array of priests, the carving of birds, fishes and fabulous beasts; the magnificent gilt baldachin adorned with glittering pendants; the many-lighted tapers and candles and incense sticks; gigantic circular hardwood pillars, richly lacquered or gilded or else unfinished; or, again, rough hewn pillars forming immense colonnades from one structure to another, many though old and decaying still calling forth admiration because of their height and circumference.

Here one may find handsome gold "fusuma" (paper doors); costly screens; rooms containing funeral tablets of great men, princes and even emperors; countless brass lanterns, drums and bells in the belfries; prodigies in lotus and dragon fountains in the courts; cherry blossoms, wistaria arbors and autumnal maple tints, scientific landscaping amid rippling streams and plunging cataracts; tombs, monuments and mausoleums beneath the shady domes of century-old trees. Added to all this, these heights on which the temples are frequently located command a beautiful view of seacoast, mountain and valley, with their teeming millions.

However, on account of the rapid strides Japan has made toward Western civilization, to the foreigner first, then to many of the more enlightened Japanese as well, the fact that the grandeur of art and beauty of nature are so closely interwoven with ugly idols and base superstitions, stands out in bold and rather unpleasant relief.

So much for Buddhism, though the writer has by no means forgotten the great work accomplished by the Christian missions, the influence of Christianity and Western civilization; and, by the way, one more fact may as well be stated here. It is that here and there erstwhile useless temples are now transformed into schools, police stations or government offices.

SUMMER DAYS AT OCEAN GROVE

Continued from preceding page

Among the striking attractions for the present season are the W. C. T. U. Convention, July 16, Mrs. Beauchamp of Lexington, Ky., lecturer; Children's Day, July 21; Woman's Home Missionary Society, July 23-24; International Sunshine Society, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, president, July 30; Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, August 2-3; United States Marine Band, August 5; Organists' Convention, August 5-10; Oratorio of Elijah, August 10; Children's Festival, August 17. The celebrated preachers for the season are Rev. Dr. F. W. Hannan of Brooklyn; Bishop F. J. McConnell, late president of DePauw University; Rev. Dr. O. H. Bartholow of New York, and Rev. Dr. W. R. Wedderspoon, Bishop Spreng of the Evangelistic Society; Bishop Wilson, Rev. Dr. George Peck of New York, and Rev. Dr. G. P. Eckman.

The great camp-meeting begins on August 23. This is the climax of the season's activities, and in it are to be found the true meaning and mission of Ocean Grove. It stands, as the founders of Ocean Grove stood at the beginning, for "Holiness unto the Lord." It stands for Christian unity, the evangelization of the whole world in the twentieth century, the personal work of saving men through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Visitors and residents at Ocean Grove are missing this year the inspiring presence of Dr. John H. Alday, who has died since the last encampment. At the opening service Dr. Thomas O'Hanlon referred in prayer to the loss of Dr. Alday and of a noble layman, Mr. Alexander De Haven, a devoted supporter of Ocean Grove. Dr. O'Hanlon prayed that the venerable president, Dr. Ballard, might still be spared to the church militant for many years.

The president and the Ocean Grove Association are seeking to carry out the design of the originators, "Holiness to the Lord." The gates are still shut on Sundays to vehicles of every kind, and a stillness of heaven reigns. No liquor is sold on the ground except by a physician's prescription, no moving picture shows will be given this year, and no photographs allowed to be taken on the Lord's Day. A magnificent hotel, costing one million dollars, was finished last year. It is called "The North End." A new broad plank walk has been laid this year beside the sea, where every one can walk and breathe healthful air. Wesley Lake is much improved by an esplanade with high white poles for electric lights, which make the night almost as bright as day. The North End Pavilion is now used on Sunday afternoon for a religious service at four o'clock. A high white pulpit with place for piano and orchestra has been erected for speakers and musicians. Many chairs are provided for the audience, which is large. The services consist of singing, music, and addresses. Dr. Ballard was leader until July, when Rev. Dr. C. L. Mead is in charge.

The Aida Trumpet Quartet

In August Rev. Dr. Morgan, of Newark, will be the leader. It was a singularly fortunate choice that made the New Jersey coast the site of what has proved to be the most important religious gathering in America. A few consecrated ministers and laymen were intent on finding a quiet place where they, with their families, and friends of Jesus, could worship God without the intrusion of conventional society. They had no special plans, and certainly no conception of what the future would bring forth. "Holiness to the Lord" was written upon the tents, for there were no houses in those days. God was here to work out his purpose, and a marvel of Christianity before an unbelieving world. The sandheaps were so high that to the natural eye there was nothing promising but the broad Atlantic Ocean rolling upon the shore, and the balmy sea breezes fanning the brow. With the eye of faith, these men of courage and conviction met in prayer, committing themselves and every interest into God's hands, being fully persuaded that he was able to give them their desire, a camp ground for holiness. Their horizon was limited, but God's horizon *infinite* and quite beyond their most sanguine expectations. The history of his wonders is written upon every inch of ground at Ocean Grove.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

Frightful Wreck at Corning, N. Y.

THE worst wreck in the history of the Lackawanna Railroad occurred near Corning, N. Y., on the morning of July 4. An express, which had pulled out of Elmira fifteen minutes before the accident with a fresh engineer at the throttle, after making the ten miles of straight track east of Gibson's Narrows at high speed to gain a few lost minutes, crashed into a passenger train which had been stalled by a disabled freight train ahead. Forty-one persons were either killed outright or died from their injuries within a few hours. Early accounts of the wreck attributed it to a mist which prevented Engineer Schroeder of the express from seeing the block signals and a warning flag.

MORE AVIATION TRAGEDIES

Mr. Melvin Vaniman

Mr. Vaniman's Dirigible Balloon, "Akron"

Miss Harriet Quimby

JULY 2, 1912, will be remembered in the history of aviation. On this day the world received the news that seven victims had been added to the long list of those who have given their lives in the fight to make the air a safe medium for human transportation. At sunset on July 1, Miss Harriet Quimby, the first woman in the world to receive an aviator's license, plunged to her death from the height of one thousand feet, and with her fell her passenger, Mr. W. A. P. Willard, who was manager of the Boston Aviation Meet, under the auspices of which the fatal flight had been undertaken. A few hours after this, in the early morning of July 2, Melvin Vaniman and his crew of four men fell to death off the beach at Atlantic City, after the great dirigible balloon Akron, which had been built at the cost of half a million dollars and was being tested for a trans-Atlantic trip, exploded in midair. The other victims of this second tragedy were Mr. Vaniman's younger brother, Calvin Vaniman, Walter Guest, Frederick Elmer and George Bourtillion.

Both of the tragedies were spectacular in the extreme. Miss Quimby and Mr. Willard were returning to the aviation grounds at Dorchester Bay from a flight over Boston Harbor to Boston. They were using a Blériot monoplane, and had made the journey in twenty minutes. The wind was blowing gustily, and from the height of one thousand feet Miss Quimby started to volplane to the ground. Her first angle was too sharp, and a gust of wind caught the tail of the aeroplane, throwing it to a perpendicular position. Mr. Willard was thrown first, followed instantly by Miss Quimby. The horrified spectators, looking up into the sky, saw against the red glow of the sunset the bodies falling toward the beach. They struck the water not far from shore; the tide was low and the terrific momentum carried both bodies deep into the mud beneath the water. The machine itself had been righted after being freed of its passengers, and descended gracefully into the bay.

The Atlantic City accident also was witnessed by a large crowd of sight-seers. Mr. Vaniman and his company made their ascent soon after six o'clock in the morning. After the balloon had been in the air about twenty minutes it suddenly burst into flame. After the first brilliance had subsided the great cigar-shaped gas-bag was seen to double up, forming a perfect "U." For some seconds it appeared to hang motionless. Then it crumpled and began to fall, leaving in its wake a stream of fire. As it fell the heavy under-structure was torn loose. Calvin Vaniman was seen to fall from the car. The other four men were penned in by a meshwork which had recently been placed around the cage. Following Calvin Vaniman's body the heavy car and its four passengers plunged into the water, followed by the wrecked gas-bag still in flames.

Mr. Melvin Vaniman came into prominence in the field of aviation when he accompanied Walter Wellman as engineer on his ill-fated expedition in 1907. Mr. Vaniman had built the first Antoinette aeroplane, but later came to believe that the dirigible balloon was the final answer to the problem of aviation. He built the machine whose wreck caused his death, and was soon to try to cross the Atlantic, hoping to make the first trans-ocean airship voyage. Miss Quimby, besides being the first licensed woman aviator, was also the first woman to sail through the air across the English Channel. She was a California girl, and besides the fame she had won from her flights was also known as a writer and dramatic critic. Mr. Willard was an enthusiastic promoter of aviation, and his son, Mr. C. F. Willard, was one of the first airmen trained in the Curtiss school.

BALLOTING AT BALTIMORE

NOT since 1860, when fifty-nine ballots were taken in the Democratic National Convention before a nominee was chosen, has there been such a protracted deadlock in any presidential struggle as that which took place recently at Baltimore. So evenly matched in strength were the two leading candidates, Clark and Wilson, that it seemed as though a compromise on some other nominee must inevitably result.

Balloting began on June 27 and lasted continuously until July 2, with the exception of Sunday. On the first ballot, Clark led with 440½ votes to 324 for Wilson, with Underwood, Foss, Harmon, Kern and Bryan in the field. For the first twenty-nine ballots, Clark held his lead with slight variations in the vote, Wilson receiving some accessions from other candidates, while Underwood's vote held solidly together, the others scattering. On the thirtieth ballot, Wilson took lead with 460, against 455 for Clark. After this it was a slow, arduous battle, with the Wilson strength steadily rising. On the thirty-ninth ballot he polled 501½ against 422 for Clark, 106 for Underwood, 29 for Harmon, and 28 for Foss, the remainder scattering.

The forty-second ballot, the last taken on July 1 at the night session, saw Wilson well in the lead. When the convention reassembled on July 2, there were ominous indications of the coming break. On the forty-third ballot, Illinois swung over to the Wilson column, with West Virginia following. The ballot gave Wilson 602, or within 124 of the nomination. On the forty-fourth ballot, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Utah and Wisconsin swelled Wilson's total to 629, Clark having 306, Underwood 99, Harmon 27, Foss 27. The next ballot, the forty-fifth, gave Wilson 633 votes, Clark 306.

The battle was practically over. Every one saw that the landslide was setting towards the New Jersey candidate, and the rush of the delegations to "get on the band wagon" became fast and furious. All the warring factions of the Democracy vied with each other in being foremost to acclaim him as the candidate. When the forty-sixth ballot began, Senator J. H. Bankhead of Alabama, a grizzled veteran, took the platform, and after paying a tribute to his candidate, Underwood, withdrew him from the race and released the Alabama delegation from their pledges. Alabama's twenty-four votes were accordingly cast for Wilson amid tremendous cheering. Senator W. J. Stone, of Missouri, next came to the front for Clark, and after a brief complimentary address, announced that the Clark delegates were free to vote for whom they pleased. This was the signal for another hysterical outbreak. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston withdrew the name of Governor Foss. Next, Congressman Fitzgerald of New York fought his way to the platform, and speaking for New York and Kings County, he moved that the nomination of Wilson be made unanimous. There were both cheers and hisses at this episode, but the roll-call proceeded. Missouri cast 36 votes for Clark. When New York was called, Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, arose and announced that the 90 votes of the Empire State would be cast for Governor Wilson. This was greeted with shouts of approval.

Hon. Woodrow Wilson, Nominated at Baltimore

When Texas was called, a little girl, Mary Frances Hall, aged thirteen, the daughter of a delegate, was held up by her proud father and, in a clear, childish voice that was distinctly heard, said, "Texas casts her 40 votes for Wilson." The whole convention, delegates and audience, shouted itself hoarse. When the roll-call was finished on this final ballot, it was found that Wilson had 990 votes, Clark 84, Underwood 12. The Clark votes came from California, Florida, Louisiana, Missouri, Nevada, New Jersey and the District of Columbia.

Chairman Ollie M. James, making himself heard with difficulty in the tumult, proposed that "the convention speak as with a single tongue," and his suggestion was adopted with a shout, and Governor Wilson was made the unanimous nominee.

For vice-president there were four candidates placed in nomination. Bryan was suggested by a District of Columbia delegate, but declined, declaring that he believed he could render better service to his country in private life. The five nominees were Governor Marshall of Indiana, Governor Burke of North Dakota, Judge Chamberlain of Oregon, Elmore Hurst of Illinois, and Mayor Preston of Baltimore. The second ballot gave Governor Marshall 619½ votes as against 366 for Burke. At the conclusion of this ballot, Governor Marshall was nominated by acclamation.

RESTORING THE LOST YEARS

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Courtlandt P. Butler, D.D.*

TEXT: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Joel 2: 25

OUR Scriptures lead us to look upon this world as a place from which sin has stolen much beauty and much joy. It is a world which for ages has been groaning and travailing as it waits for redemption. That He might restore to the earth its "ancient comeliness" Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea. We call him the Redeemer, the One who is to buy all things back from the power of evil. He is the Restorer of all things, whose fingers can touch and glorify that which has been marred and broken. In order to see something of what such restoration is to mean I ask you to go back with me to the prophecies of Joel. Joel had a great deal to say about restoration. In glowing language he told of the day of the Lord, when Israel was to be free from her enemies, and when in perfect freedom she was to enjoy great prosperity; when Jehovah at last was to bestow the best of all gifts, even to pour out his Spirit upon all flesh, so that their sons and their daughters might prophesy, their old men see visions and their young men dream dreams; "and," said he, "whosoever shall call upon the name of Jehovah shall be saved." In the midst of his glad song of the future the prophet broke forth into this cry: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

The Desolation of the Locusts

The occasion of Joel's prophecy seems to have been a visitation of locusts which had come upon the country. The descriptions of such visitations as we have them from travelers to the East would be incredible except for their many corroborations. The locusts come like an army, millions upon millions strong. While they are young, before their wings are grown, they march relentlessly across the land. Men go forth to fight them. They dig trenches and kindle fires and beat them down with clubs, but on they come, the ranks of the dead being quickly filled from the ranks of the living. They cover the ground so that it looks as though the earth were moving. For several days they pass and when they are gone little has escaped them. The land before them may be like the Garden of Eden, as Joel says, but behind them it is utter desolation. They eat every blade of grass, they devour all vegetables and leaves, they cut the tender bark from the branches and even the harder bark from the trunks of the trees. It is said that no scene gives such an impression of an infinite multitude, and that their work is almost unparalleled in the completeness of its destruction. And so in imagination we look upon the fields over which the locusts have gone; we see the bare earth where there ought to be a harvest; we think of the owner of the field and of the poverty which is likely to come upon him and upon his children; and we say, Who can ever make good to him this vast, irreparable loss? And then we listen with new interest to the Word of the Lord according to Joel, "I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten."

Looking Back Over Lost Years

I suppose that we often think of God as the one who is to *change our conditions*, to surround us with good instead of evil, to take the locusts forever from our fields. But in this text the prophet goes farther than this: God will *restore*, he will give back to us the things which we have lost. Not only will he make it impossible that evil shall distress us any more, but the past shall be made up, the grain which the locusts destroyed shall overflow in our garner, and we shall find that in all things we have experienced perfect gain. And I am glad that the prophet in giving us this promise used the word he did use when he said that Jehovah would restore *the years* that the locust hath eaten. To the people of Joel's day this meant that in some way the loss of the year in which the locust had come would be made up to them, but I am sure that there are some of us who as we look back over our lives, or as we look at the days through which we are passing just now, feel that there is a sense in which some of the years, or part of some of the years of our lives have been consumed; they have been left bare and desolate, joyless as the fields upon which the locusts have marched; perhaps, oh, perhaps they have been left as useless as the fields upon which the locusts have marched. As we look at them it seems as though there were nothing in them to nourish our souls or the souls of others. These eaten years, who shall ever make them up to us? Are they not lost and gone forever? Ah, no; "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Does that mean that he will give back the years, and that they shall be clothed with beauty and filled with fruitfulness? I think that it means just that. A part of the power of Christ's resurrection is this power to give back the years which we have lost just as he gave back the lives which we had lost.

Human Helplessness

And now let us look to see what the locusts are that have been eating our years. There are some of us who have had our years marred by sickness. It has come, destroying our vitality, consuming away our opportunity of doing that work in the world which we would like to have done, and robbing us of much of life's joy. Who can fail to pity the man who is laid aside, particularly if he has the ambition to do and to enjoy? There he is, limited as to his modes of activity, cut off, it may be, from every form of activity. The world is full of the need of work; he feels that his own life is full of the need of work, but the locust is eating his years and he is helpless to prevent him. He digs his ditches and he builds his fires and he tries to beat off the intruder, but on he comes, and lo! the years are eaten. Perhaps these years are years of the past for some of you. You once were ill and now are well, but you have never caught up with the loss of the years. The locust took them right out of your life, and you have never hoped to get them back. But hope now, for he has said, "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." Or if we are not ill; if we have not been ill; we certainly know of some one who is ill, some dear friend of ours perhaps, or some neighbor who is discouraged. Cannot we go to him with this word of the Lord, and tell him to look up and to take courage, to fix his faith upon the One who can restore the years or the months or the days of weakness and weariness and pain and loss? I am sure that already such years in a measure have been restored to some of you. I do not mean merely that the locust is gone and that your years now are the years of activity and gladness, but that God has given you back the years that are gone. They stand out before you, poor in all material things, but rich in the experience of his goodness, rich in the knowledge of his power and of his grace, and you know that you are a better man because of them. You would not have missed them for anything in the world. And you say, "Yes, truly, he hath restored to me the years that the locust hath eaten, and by this token I know that he will restore in fuller, richer measure by and by. That field, bare of its harvest, shall toss and wave like a yellow sea.

Or the locust may be Grief. Sometimes he has come leaving the more essential things of life, but stealing its earthly happiness. He has left the fruits in our garden, but has eaten the flowers, and full though life may have been in many ways, full of work and full of accomplishment, still we have longed for that which is gone; the touch of a vanished hand, or the return of old conditions, or the possession of a sense of the Lord's nearness which has been denied. Our years are not altogether a loss, but the locust has robbed them of their brightness and bereft them of their bloom. And it truly seems to us as though these are things which never can come back. But when we think thus we forget the open grave near Jerusalem; we forget the Saviour who goes on high to complete his work of redemption, of restoration; to get back from the hands of his Father the years that the locust hath eaten, that the dark losses of his people may be restored. And one of the greatest joys which the Christian can know is to stand with one who has gone out into his garden of roses, and found nothing left but the thorns, and to tell him that the roses shall be given back, that the fair flowers shall bloom again, and that he even shall be glad that the locust came in the day when his years are restored. No joy is lost, lost and forever gone, to the man of faith, to the woman who believes.

But if anything can test this promise, that thing is the years which have been destroyed by the locust called Sin. He destroys root and branch, the flower as well as the fruit. Before he comes life may be sweet and fair, filled with promise and radiant with hope. When he has passed over, death strides behind him. He eats the years away so that there is nothing left to them. Let lust feed on a man's years. See that man's body, weak and trembling, his hands unfit for work, his feet unfit for walking. Behold his mind, blind and bewildered, his soul black with famine. Let the love of the world feed upon a man's years, and strong though his body may be and active his mind, his soul has felt the locust's touch and has shriveled beneath it. Where are his opportunities to bless a sin-burdened world? Where are his hopes of life and immortality? His years have fed the locusts. Sin and selfishness have grown fat in his garden of herbs and of roses, that garden which once lay smiling in the sun. And very often as we look upon such a one we say, "He has lost that which never can be found." Now there is a sense in which the word is true. No one can repent of his sins and look back with anything but regret upon the long years in which God was forgotten, and men felt the influence of unholiness. And yet if any man has sinned and has repented of his sin, has turned away from it with grief and hatred, "with full purpose of and endeavor after new obedience," I think that he too has a right to lay claim to this promise, "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

The Marvel of Restoration

I remember some in whose lives the promise has found a partial fulfilment. I see a young man going forth in pride of person and nation and religion to persecute the saints of the Most High. He holds the garments of them who stone the martyr Stephen; he becomes exceedingly mad against all who believe in Stephen's Lord. He goes from city to city; he shuts men up in prison; he stands by at their trial, and when they are condemned it is found that he has given his vote against them. He is no common sinner, this young man. He dreams that he is doing God service. He is not a thief, nor a murderer in the ordinary sense of the word, nor a drunkard, nor an adulterer. He is a man who boasts of his freedom from all these sins. But he has surrendered himself to the sin of pride, and pride is a locust which eats his years, destroys his real opportunity to bless men and to honor God. But at last a light from heaven burns his pride away, and he turns in full humility to be a disciple of Christ. As you witness the ministry of St. Paul can you doubt that there is a sense in which the years that were eaten by the locust were given back to him, so that out of them—even out of them—there came power? Or, take the more modern case of John Newton, many of whose hymns we constantly sing. This is his epitaph: "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy." Are not we who sing his hymns and feel the influence of them willing to give our testimony that in this latter day some of those dark, locust-eaten years of the far past have been given to John Newton again?

The Years That Were Wasted

Or, once more look at one who but a short time ago found his way to the city whose gates are never shut. Samuel Hadley was a bad man with a bad influence. He was a drunkard and a thief. The locust had eaten his years until there was nothing left of them which was useful or beautiful. But by the grace of God there was a night when he sat in the old Water Street Mission, clothed and in his right mind, and he began that marvelous work of his which resulted in the salvation of a multitude of drunkards and crooks and women of the street. Now Paul and John Newton and Samuel H. Hadley looked back upon their wasted years with shame and regret. They were not proud of those years. That man's piety is not very deep who is proud of his past sins. The aim of every true Christian is to be like Christ, and Christ never went astray. There is no inherent advantage in having gone astray. A visitation of locusts is a pitiful thing at the best. *But*

Continued on next page

* Pastor First Presbyterian Church of Newton, N. J.

CALL BACK

IF YOU have gone a little way ahead of me,
call back—
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along
the stony track;
And if, perchance, Faith's light is dim, because
the oil is low,
Your call will guide my lagging course as
wearily I go.

Call back, and tell me that He went with you
into the storm;
Call back, and say He kept you when the for-
est's roots were torn;
That, when the heavens thundered and the
earthquake shook the hill,
He bore you up and held you where the very air
was still.

Oh, friend, call back, and tell me, for I cannot
see your face;
They say it glows with triumph, and your feet
bound in the race;
But there are mists between us and my spirit
eyes are dim,
And I cannot see the glory, though I long for
word of Him.

But if you'll say He heard you when your
prayer was but a cry,
And if you'll say He saw you through the
night's sin-darkened sky—
If you have gone a little way ahead, oh, friend,
call back—
'Twill cheer my heart and help my feet along
the stony track.

—*Selected.*

Restoring the Lost Years

Continued from preceding page

if a man has gone astray, he may take infinite comfort out of the thought that God can give him back his wasted, lost years. I do not know when he will do it. I cannot tell what ineffaceable marks the locusts may have made upon the restored years. But I feel assured that to the man of faith there is some glorious restoration of the sin-cursed years, just as there is of the sickness-fraught and sorrow-burdened years. And if a man were dying, a man who was weak and weary through sin, a man who had seen the locusts destroying his bright years, and had not until now turned to the God of his salvation, I think I could go to him and say, Your life is not passing out in darkness; the Redeemer of your soul is the Restorer of all things; this last faint breath of yours taken in faith makes all the difference between gain and loss.

This then is a word of comfort for all who are the children of God. It is a word of vast comfort. One scarcely allows himself to dream all that the promise might mean. There is in it no comfort for him who lives without the grace of the Lord Jesus. That man cannot escape the locust. Sin eats away his years. He faces famine. Man with a lost life, would you like to have your life back? Christ can give life back. He can restore the years that the locust hath eaten.

Anvil Sparks

..IT IS always a compromise to argue with temptation.

..THE cup of joy which is not overflowing evaporates.

..THE resolutions of some folks are so soft that they can get no grip on them.

..THE sweetest music of life is not brought out by playing only the major chords.

..THE devil would be a poor trader if he paid very much for the souls that are brought to his market.

..LOVE believeth all things that are promised to it in God's word. The doubter does not love.

..NO ONE has to pay for a license to peddle gossip; he just takes it; the community pays for it, and it often costs a pretty penny, too.

..WHEN a man sins he has made a mistake. Some men make small mistakes, and some large ones. God will not overlook our mistakes, but he will forgive them.

Get the Bible Into the Boy

BY PRESIDENT WILBERT W. WHITE

Bible Teachers' Training School, New York

HAVE noticed your article on "Religious Training for Children," in the number of May 8, by Walter Koenig, of Paterson, N. J. You will be interested, it seems to me, in learning about the experience of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church Day School in Atlanta, Ga. I am acquainted with that congregation, having visited it several times, and also with this experiment, having seen it recently and had it described to me on the spot. In short it is as follows:

They have grades first to eighth, and also high school students. They began, using the Primary Department rooms in the Sunday school, three years ago. The first year they had twenty pupils, and were limited to one teacher. They cleared $150. They charged $50 apiece tuition in the grades below the high school. They had only the third and fifth grades the first year. The second year they had 53 pupils, with the grades first third, fifth and seventh. They had three teachers and a physical instructor, and cleared $250. The third year, which is the present year, they have 135 pupils. Six are in the high school at $100 apiece, and they have 129 at $50 each. They have six regular teachers, a physical director, and a French teacher. The whole school converses in French. They have paid $2,000 on a $4,000 house which they bought next to the church, in which they have put the school. They expect to pay the other $2,000 soon.

. . .

THEY have no relation whatever to city schools, except that they seek to put up as good work as or better than the city schools do. They use the same curriculum as the city schools and same text-books, because this is an experiment and they want to make it possible for the children to go back to the city schools, providing the parents are not willing they should continue with them. They are now, however, beginning to cut away from the curriculum and text-books of the city schools, because they feel that their experiment justifies the same and the parents are willing. They use different text-books to some extent and do not adhere strictly to the grading of the city schools. They are introducing more limits in the matter of the amount of work done, and are individualizing more than the city schools do. They are cutting out non-essentials, and putting in what they consider essentials. The one great essential *not* in the city schools is considered to be the Bible. Everything is arranged with reference to meeting the fourteen-unit plan of the Carnegie Foundation in reference to college degrees.

The management is from the Session of the Church, a committee of five men, being the board of trustees—three elders and two deacons, these five men being especially interested in the development of the school and agreed to assume the financing of the same. The outstanding distinguishing features, as stated by one of the trustees to me as we inspected the school during May, 1912, are as follows: First, symmetrical development—physical, mental, moral, spiritual and social. They have playgrounds, and the children are interested in working up with the teachers entertainments of various sorts, etc. All of this is in the atmosphere of the church, and yet most healthy and full of the spirit of the normal child. They are proceeding on the basis of the increasing of Jesus "in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

. . .

THE second characteristic is the presence of small classes. Individual attention is given to students and individual instruction is given if necessary. They are allowed to advance as rapidly as possible. The bright ones are encouraged. Sloth is avoided.

The third characteristic is Bible study. This is very prominent and is given six days in the week. Much attention is given to the memorizing of Scripture. The ease with which children memorize is taken advantage of. Every teacher is an earnest Christian, and team work is studied.

Following the conversation about the social work and the naturalness of the Bible work, my informant told me that in a camp where the boys were out together for several days, when prayer-meeting time came some one suggested that they were having prayer-meeting at home and that it would be the proper thing to have a meeting in camp. This they did, and each of the boys, from twelve to fifteen, quoted a passage of Scripture, and then they had a season of prayer. This came in a perfectly natural way.

The leaders are seeking to develop a normal Christian career, the normal Christian life in everyday affairs. There was large and very decided opposition to this move on the part of many at the start; but the leaders were not discouraged but ready for even violent opposition. Those who wanted to do the thing undertook to do it without involving expense to others, and they were permitted to do so. The way this came about was that one man was brought face to face with what his boy was not doing in the public school. He said: "I have a boy to raise, and I must get the Bible into him." He spoke especially of the capitalists, or the well-to-do men who had grown up from poverty themselves, and, through either professional or business lines, had secured a reasonably good living. Their own children are in great danger. After a while these children are to come into possession of accumulations of wealth, which their fathers never had until they had themselves earned the same. The school should train the boy particularly as well as the girl, to be qualified for such responsibility, and in order to do so must get at it early. The boys and girls are being secularized in the common schools. It is necessary to keep in touch with religious work more than once a week in a normal life.

. . .

IT IS interesting to know that both Catholics and Jews are sending their children to this Presbyterian school. They have a waiting list.

May I say that I was very much interested in the following experience: I preached in this North Avenue Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning in May, and I was told afterward that some of the children who attend this school were present. I referred to certain passages of Scripture, one portion being the first Psalm, part of which I quoted. These children remarked that they knew where some of the passages were which I quoted.

JUST COMMON THINGS

"JUST common things," with scorn you say,
And crush beneath your feet the things
God meant to brighten all your way,
The gifts that sweetest gladness brings.
You seek amid the worlds afar
For priceless treasures rich and rare,
While shining, like a fadeless star,
Lie all about you, here and there,
Rich gifts no wealth of earth could buy;
Yes, treasures sweet of price untold,
While for the lesser things you sigh,
And lightly life's true riches hold.

"Just common things!" ah, what would be
The world without their glory bright?
The beauty of the earth, the sea,
The common sun, the star's clear light?
The common dew, and mist, and rain,
The pure refreshing perfumed air,
The common flowers o'er mead and plain,
The common bird-notes flutelike clear?
The common light of love that wears
Through all things deathless, pure and sweet,
The common hopes and aims and prayers
That ever upward guide our feet?

Beyond all price are "common things";
Scorn not their beauty, strength, and grace;
Safe is the soul that ever clings
To these, whate'er its "bounds or place."

IDA L. REED.

Mrs. Sangster Remembered

Oh, Could We Know!

In Memoriam Margaret E. Sangster

OH, COULD we know what heavenly voices gladden,
Whene'er a pilgrim leaves this mortal shore,
The partings here would not so deeply sadden,
Could we but listen at that glorious door!

Could we but hear the gladness of those greetings
That meet our loved ones as they enter there,
Then would we too rejoice in those sweet meetings
And banish from our hearts the grief and care.

Oh, may we, by our hope's exalted vision,
See with our eyes of faith that heavenly band,
And joy with them in that dear land Elysian,
While yet we stay upon this earthly strand.

Stay, toil, and hearken for those gladsome voices,
That only can be heard on that blest shore;
Where life, with knowledge, peace, and love, rejoices
In God our Father's care forevermore.

M. D. TOLMAN.

Margaret E. Sangster

A Bit of Appreciation

THIS morning the telegraph has sent over all the land the news which will bring deep and lasting sorrow and regret to thousands of hearts: Margaret E. Sangster is dead. To these thousands, though they may have never seen her, she was a personal friend.

I was to-day watching a beautiful full-blown white rose swaying in the June wind between me and the brilliant blue of the sky. Instantly the thought of Mrs. Sangster came to my mind. How like they were! And how like the message of each to the world!

A rose is ever the embodiment of grace and loveliness and peace. So Mrs. Sangster's name, in connection with her writings, has ever stood for sweetness, gentleness and goodness.

The telegram did not read true. Margaret E. Sangster is not dead. Such as she cannot die. She has just gone to bloom perennial in her Father's garden.

Her memory will ever linger with us like wooing, sweet, persuasive music, or the benediction of a summer dawn. MARY E. SAWYER.

Poems Everyone Should Know

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands, at his bidding, speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

THE SHRINE OF JUGGERNAUT

BY ALBERT L. KUEGLE

The Juggernaut on the Temple Wall

WHO has not heard of the Car of Juggernaut, and pictured it on its rolling death-dealing journey in religious India, or of the almost equally famous temple, the dwelling-place of the god? This most popular of all Hindu shrines is situated in the city of Puri, three hundred miles south of Calcutta, on the Bay of Bengal. In Calcutta, early in the morning, a long train, consisting largely of third-class carriages, is made up, amid the din and clamor of many disputes, invariably incident to any purchase in the Orient. My fellow passengers, pilgrims on their way to the holy city, are buying from venders greasy sweets or tough round dough cakes indigestible to any but an Oriental stomach. These venders are invariably of high caste according to the Hindu system of social position, for no Hindu will buy food or drink from one of a lower caste than himself.

The great civilizer in India, however, as elsewhere, is the railway, which has made it necessary for the Brahman to sit next to the despised Sudra if he would travel. On all ordinary occasions, should the passengers of one compartment all be of one caste, they put their feet out of the window—for want of space—and sleep in peace and security. Should they be of different castes, however, all but the lowest, the Sudra, sit rigidly erect, guarding against defilement of their caste by a touch of their more unfortunate fellow travelers.

During the short hour's run from Kurdah Road to the sea, a glance along the train revealed no protruding feet, but every window was crowded with heads, for the passengers are watching eagerly for the first glimpse of the lofty temple of the god, where they confidently expect relief from the thousands of maladies to which they are heir, and complete absolution and sure transmigration into the form of the sacred cow, the loftiest pinnacle to which the Hindu religion aspires. As we near the sea we pass through a beautiful tropical country, where graceful, swaying palms meet over shady bayous covered with magnificent white lilies and other varieties of tropical water plants, whose blossoms perfume the clear, warm morning air. Monkeys clamber through the trees and a flash of black and a splash in the water show where alligators flee at our approach.

A few miles from our destination the character of the country suddenly changes. Nothing but sand and cactus can be seen as far as the eye can reach.

Ah, there at last over the white drifted sand is the great sugarloaf-like tower of the temple of Juggernaut, and I am sure many a Hindu heart beat quicker at the sight, for here at last was the end of a pilgrimage begun perhaps two thousand miles away and which cost the savings of a lifetime. What sweet gratification to the traveler it will be to sit awhile at the feet of the god, perhaps to sleep and dream of hoped-for existences in other forms, and in his dotage, when time has dimmed the eyes which to-day gaze hopefully upon these scenes, to sit before his humble hut in his native village and tell the wonder-stricken, open-mouthed crowd of, the most cherished event of his otherwise drab and uninteresting life.

A few minutes later we stop at a station entirely out of keeping with the size of the city, but necessary to accommodate the immense crowds of pilgrims who at all times of the year visit Puri. On one side sparkles the Bay of Bengal, splendid in the morning light and of that beautiful deep indigo blue of the tropical seas. On the other hand is the city of Juggernaut, throbbing and buzzing with excitement as it awakens to another day. An excellent road leads from the station past the bungalows of the few government officials stationed here, and the

The Lion's Gate and the Monolith of the Servant

solid walls against which the sand has drifted recall the haciendas of Mexico; but here the angelus at evening never calls the faithful to prayer. Instead, the deaening din of drum and clashing cymbal fills the air with an unceasing clamor to awaken the god to the offerings of the pilgrims.

Writing Their Sins in the Sand to Be Obliterated by the Sea

We pass on to the crowded native bazaars which surround the temple. Looming large and imposing, one sees it through the narrow streets as through a crystal, clear-cut and distinct in the brilliant morning light. Distance lends enchantment to the view and softens the esthetic errors and the ravages which time has wrought. We hasten on, keeping pace with the throng of pilgrims who salaam humbly as they approach. In their simple childlike hearts must vibrate such feelings of devotion and piety as the more sophisticated dweller of the Occident can hardly appreciate. A massive wall twenty feet high soon bars our progress, none but Hindus being permitted to enter the sacred enclosure. The interior is six hundred and fifty feet square and contains about one hundred shrines and temples. No pilgrim comes empty-handed, all having some offering of rice or fruit to offer to the god, which is afterwards disposed of by the priests. Within the temple wall all castes are forgotten, the only shrine in India where this is the case, and the Sudra and Brahman eat together without defilement of caste.

Before the Lion's Gate, the principal entrance to the shrine, stands a great monolith, thirty feet high, on the top of which, facing the temple, is the seated figure of a man. This is the servant of the god, but being unworthy to be with his great master, he is kept outside, and raised so that his head comes to the level of the feet of the god inside. Around the base of the monolith ebbs and flows the tide of battle for a few coppers with which to buy a bit of fruit or rice to offer the god. My appearance was hailed with delight, a "sahib" being an unlimited supplier of bakshish, and I was soon surrounded by many nearly naked Indians of all ages and conditions, their outstretched hands like a circle of bayonets around me. My offer to finance the enterprise on condition that I be allowed to enter also was refused, the only occasion in my Oriental experiences when money failed to influence the decision. From the top of a nearby building I obtained a better view of the interior of the compound and the struggling crowd before the gates.

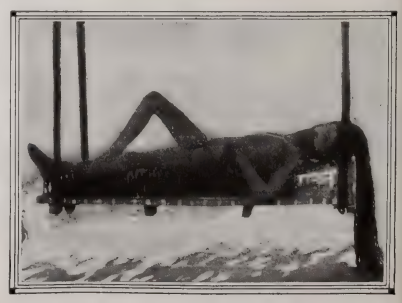
The other shrines which cluster around the central pagoda dwarf its one hundred and ninety feet of height. Carved and fluted its entire length, it stands proud and supreme in the dazzling light. From its peak the Hindu circle of life and bright colored pennants fly, giving it a holiday-like appearance. The year 1198 A.D. is said to have witnessed its completion, hence it was already three hundred years old when Columbus turned the prows of his ships westward to find a new land, unhampered by caste or creed or superstition. But still older is the idol itself, it having first come into history in 318 A.D., sixteen hundred years ago, when the Roman Empire was still flourishing and the early Britons still danced around their sacrificial fires. At one place by the walls is a great figure of Juggernaut, carved in relief, and standing eighteen feet high. An almost horrible object it is, glossy black except for its ape-like face, which is brilliant red. Devout pilgrims place fruit or rice before it, press their foreheads to its feet and pass on, confident that they have appeased this god on their long journey to the Hindu's paradise.

As I stood and watched the silent worship before this hideous object, an incident which I had never hoped to witness came to my view. I had often heard of a form of penance known as "measuring your length to Puri," but gave it little credence until here before my eyes it appeared, the most soul-and-body-racking, the severest, the most trying of all forms of religious worship I have ever seen. It consists of standing erect, stretching the arms over the head, then lying face downward in the dirt, reaching forward as far as possible with the hands and making a mark in the dust. Then rising, stepping forward to the line, and repeating the process, and in this slow, laborious and exhausting manner traveling great distances. These journeys sometimes begin as far away as Benares, five hundred miles, and continue through the blazing tropical heat or blinding monsoon storms, until the weary pilgrim reaches his destination or dies on the way. How infinitely welcome must be the first sight of the streaming pennants which float from the apex of the temple of Juggernaut after the weary pilgrimage! Surely the gods demand a heavy price for promised bliss!

Outside the walls lie remnants of this year's great car-wheels, eight feet in diameter and a foot thick, mounted on axles twenty-two feet long and fourteen inches in diameter. How different is the real story of the car from what is generally supposed! One pictures it as carved from

Continued on next page

Pilgrims Praying in the Surf at Puri



A "Holy Man" on His Bed of Trident Spikes

THE ALASKAN VOLCANO

IN a letter from Seward, Alaska, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. J. H. Romig gives the following additional details of the recent eruption of Mt. Katmai, the great Alaskan volcano:

"On the 10th inst. I wired you a brief statement about the eruption of Katmai. On June 6 at about 4 P.M. an immense funnel of smoke was seen rising over Katmai Mountain, which terminated in a mushroom top and rapidly began to spread, extending with the brisk wind towards Kodiak and Afognak Islands. Terrific lightning and thunder rent the sky, and with a whirling, rolling, seething, infuriated roar, it settled down on the islands about sixty miles away, excluding from view its appalling work near the mountain. Coarse sand rained, drove and blew into everything, and came down with a thunder-like roar as of a snowslide; drifts buried fences and some houses; weak roofing collapsed from the pressure, and for seventy-two hours there was inky night.

"Members of relief parties standing twenty-five feet apart could scarcely see the next man with a lantern, as the weeping, terrified natives were rescued from the houses and taken to boats and lighters at the dock. Dust filled the eyes. Acid fumes cut the nose and breathing was difficult from the accumulation of ash in the nostrils. Frequent trips to the boats were necessary that the eyes might be washed out with some solution to cleanse the cutting pumice from the lids. Brave men struggled for the lives of the women and children, while overhead the ragged flashes of lightning rent the sky, and roaring as of a thousand cannon horrified the workers. Wild birds came screaming through the air and perched on anything they could find, entered buildings or fluttered to the ground and perished. Desperation and mere self-preservation seemed the only hold left on life, and withal an intense headache told of the presence of gases.

"When the tempest abated, red, green and yellow lights appeared shining through the depths of the ash. Drops of mist from occasional clouds would fall, withering plant life as soon as absorption could follow and, where striking on the face or the eye, causing a sharp pain. Iron rusted and copper corroded and engines in boats ran hot from the fine emery-like ash getting into the bearings or from the acid.

"On the islands sixty to eighty miles away the grass is killed; cattle and live stock perished and gardens withered. Streams are buried and will require much water to reach the surface. On the mainland and near the mountain an effort is in progress to rescue the people. The photograph I send you is of the steamship *Dora* as she appeared after running through the second fall of ash."

S. S. "Dora" After Her Escape from the Volcanic Ashes

The Shrine of Juggernaut

Continued from preceding page

costly wood, black with age, ornamented with gold and set with precious stones. But, in reality, a new car is built every year, in which the god journeys the two miles for a fortnight's rest at his garden or country house. Vast numbers of pilgrims grasp the ropes and the car moves slowly forward to the cheers of thousands of spectators. But the heavy wheels cut deep into the sand and it slows down and stops. Interest lags, the priests now accepting a mere touching of the ropes as sufficient service, and hired coolies complete the journey, two weeks being sometimes necessary to traverse the two miles, and an even greater time to return. The British Government now prevents the sacrifice of life under the car, which probably accounts for the decline of the festival.

At the shark-infested waters of the Indian Ocean which wash these tropic shores, and where that oddest of all sea-going craft, the grass-sewed catamaran, or surf-boat, is used, we come to the last scene of this great tragedy of Juggernaut. Men and women, young and old, in the prime of life and wrinkled and withered as seems possible only with Oriental people, with their fingers draw squares and circles and crosses on the sands of the beach to represent their sins, watch anxiously for the waves to obliterate and wash them away, and turn homeward to make room for the generations who, seeking peace and happiness at the feet of Juggernaut, will follow them blindly upon their hopeless quest.

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Hot Weather and Religion

RELIGION and warm weather have long been considered as somewhat hostile friends, if not, indeed, out-and-out enemies. People do not like to go to church on hot days. The old excuse is heard that they can find God as well in the open fields or on the open road. The mornings are hot; the evenings are hotter. City churches are almost deserted because their members have gone to the country. Country churches are poorly attended because people have gone to another part of the country, or to the seaside, or because they stay at home to provide for the city boarders. It is noteworthy that the city church people do not fill up the country churches to any great extent; and that the country people who exchange residences during the hot months do not take one another's places at church.

Let us be frank with ourselves and truthful with God. The church slumps unreasonably and unpardonably in summer time. The world does precisely the other thing. Summer sports and follies are substituted for winter follies and sports, and pleasure seekers find allurements every hour. The church should be at least equally alert.

Of course wearied, faithful church toilers are entitled to a few weeks of freedom from routine duties, but every church should plan out a definite summer program, getting its members to confer about the vacation absences and seeing to it that a sufficient corps is at hand every week to push the battle of the Lord. Open-air services should be held, some near the church door, some out among the crowds of pleasure-seekers. The children's meetings and young people's meetings can be successfully strengthened because the school people are released from their studies. Music is an easy and important part of summer worship. Prayer and testimony, personal work and Gospel preaching must go on unabated even when the thermometer rises high.

Especially careful must summer visitors be not to break into the Sabbath habits of the Christian households where they are stopping. The old excuse about finding God in the fields is usually an excuse for an indifferent heart. The church is the place to find God on the Sabbath day unless you go out into the open air to work for him. Householders and visitors, young and old, layman and preacher, should put forth unwonted efforts to make the summer time a season of spiritual advance and victory, not of retrogression and defeat.

Aerial Tragedies

IN THE long list of 158 victims of aeronautics since 1908, nothing has come with so sudden a shock to the public mind as the death of Melvin Vaniman and his crew, following within a few hours after the tragic fate of Harriet Quimby and her passenger, A. P. Willard. In a science which is yet in its infancy, such disasters seem to be inevitable. So much must depend upon the reliability of machinery, the expertness of the operator and atmospheric conditions, besides the constant liability to accident through fire and explosion, that the life of no aeroplanist or balloonist can be regarded as safe. We are still a long way off from the conquest of the air. Aeroplanes and dirigibles are equally at the mercy of the elements, and skill and caution afford no guarantee of safety. Spurred on by ambition, men and women will continue to take desperate chances among the clouds. Miss Quimby, who is the fifth woman victim in aeronautics, was brave as well as skilful. She was believed to be one of the most careful of aeroplanists. She was the first woman to cross the English Channel and also the first to be licensed as an aeronaut in this country. But it is not a vocation fit for women, since strength may be as necessary in an emergency as skill and coolness. Vaniman, the young engineer, had set his heart upon attempting to cross the Atlantic, and, with his whole crew, lost his life in trying to succeed where Wellman failed. If this double tragedy, which claimed seven human lives, carries any lesson, it must be that inventors should turn their attention to life-saving appliances which would at least minimize the dangers of aerial flight. Meanwhile, one can but feel sincere sorrow over the untimely fate of these brave souls who gave up their lives as pioneers in this perilous field.

After the Conventions

NOW that the political struggle which has distracted the country for many weeks past has reached a temporary resting-point, and that the presidential candidates of the great political parties are in the field awaiting the suffrages of the people in November, the whole country can afford to breathe easier. People are glad of the respite from turmoil. Business can get back into its normal grooves and everybody will welcome the coming of a season of comparative quietude. It is gratifying to note that, amid all the excitement and struggle, there is discernible in the work of the conventions a very clear recognition of the demand for a higher standard in the administration of public affairs. In the platforms there is promise of tariff revision, of trust regulation, of better recognition of the rights of labor, and of legislative action looking to relief from the high cost of living. The time is opportune for a general uplift in American politics; in other words, for progressivism in every branch of the public service. If the pledges in the platforms are respected, we may look forward hopefully to the day when the power of "bosses" and "machines" will decline, when the evils in our present political system which they have fostered will be regulated, and when the will of the sovereign American people will be consulted and carried out in all that relates to the nation's welfare. In the whole world there is no post of greater dignity and responsibility than that of executive of this republic. If the people choose wisely, and the man of their choice prove loyal and true, then we shall not regret the turmoil and tumult, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," that make the midsummer of each political quadrennium a season to be dreaded.

Suffering the Gateway of Glory

THERE is no other entrance into glory, the glory of any victory—victory over the low, the false and the evil, over selfhood or Satanhood, but the gateway of suffering. The history of our country from Valley Forge and the Brandywine to the Rappahannock and the deathbed of martyred Presidents proclaims this truth. Even the flag of the country, which is loved and reverenced through all the world as the bringer of free communion between nation and nation, the bringer of order and equal justice and holy freedom and the divine majesty of law and the light of the blessed Gospel wherever it goes—is not that flag a beautiful and deep sign to us, almost an ordinance of God to us, that, whether for nations or for men, stripes are first, blood-red perchance, and only afterward and through them the stars of peace and glory?

He who will not suffer for principle has no principle. He who will not suffer for love—love of man, love of country, love of God—does not know what love is. To sink self, to bury self—that is greatness, that is glory. When the monitor *Tecumseh*, on that August morning in Mobile Bay, was running the Confederate forts, she was rent by a torpedo and went down in a few minutes. It was then, says the historian, that her commander, Craven, did one of those deeds that should always be linked with the doer's name, as Sydney's is with the cup of cold water. The pilot and he at the same instant instinctively made for the narrow opening leading to the turret. Craven drew back. "After you, pilot," he said. There was no afterward for him; the pilot was saved, but the commander went down with his ship. There was a lineal descendant of the knighthood of old, and the true type of the hero for all time to come.

Not Far Away

THE day after James Russell Lowell's wife was buried, sitting in his desolate home, he wrote these words:

> There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard,
> 'Twould scarce stay a child in his race,
> But to me and my thought it is wider
> Than the star-sown vague of space.

Lowell was not an unbeliever, but grief had spread a thick mist over his sight. In truth, the hope which we have from Him who is the resurrection and the life, assures us that there is no wideness like "the star-sown vague of space" between us, if we are Christ's, and the objects of our love have gone to be forever with the Lord. We speak of "the world beyond" as if it were a country across an ocean. But beyond what is that world? Only a veil, the thinnest of all partitions, and that transparent to those who are on the other side.

Charles Reade, in his most famous novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, has put beautiful words in the mouth of Gerard: "Christians live forever and love forever, but they never part forever. You and I part here for life; and what is our life? One line in the great story of the church, one handful in the sand of time, one drop in the ocean of Forever. Adieu—for a little moment called a life! We part in trouble, we shall meet in peace; we part creatures of clay, we shall meet immortal spirits; we part in a world of sin and sorrow, we shall meet where all is purity and love divine, where no ill passions are, but Christ is, and his saints around him clad in white. There, in the turning of an hour-glass, in the breaking of a bubble, in the passing of a cloud, she and thou and I shall meet again, and sit at the feet of angels and archangels, apostles and saints, and beam like them with joy unspeakable, in the light of God upon his throne, forever, and ever, and ever."

No! No! Our King in his beauty is not in "a land that is very far off; and the words so often thus understood bear no such meaning. When he ascended he merely "passed within the veil." He has only to lift the veil, and whisper, "Come in, my child," and instantly you will be in the midst of the blessed ones whom you have "loved and lost awhile."

On the High Cost of Living

—DURING THE LAST twelve months, according to figures by Bradstreet, the cost of living has still further advanced ten per cent. It has now reached the highest point ever known in this country. It constitutes the biggest of all national problems, having an immediate relation to the largest number of people. Farmers' markets have sprung up in many places since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD began its agitation of this subject, most of them on the lines laid down by the mayors of our leading cities, whose letters were published in these columns, and they have been remarkably successful in lowering prices to a multitude of consumers. Co-operative societies are also multiplying, to the great advantage of their members, as affording a convenient means of economic buying.

How our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn celebrated the Fourth will be told in next week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Cold Water Fountains

OF NEW YORK'S various charities probably none is more appreciated at this season of the year than that of the organization known as "The Cold-Water Fountain Society," which supplies free iced water to the thirsty thousands in the densely crowded districts of the city. This noble and beautiful work, which has been a great boon to the tenement dwellers and has visibly lessened the sale of intoxicating liquors, was started some years ago by a group of philanthropists under the direction of the late General Ferdinand P. Earle, H. K. Thurber and Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. Last season the work was reorganized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York with the following officers: Mr. A. A. Robbins, president; Mr. W. F. Austin, treasurer; Rev. J. H. Young, secretary and superintendent, and Mr. George J. Medole, chairman of the board of trustees. The society maintains a number of fountains in the city, which are supported by voluntary contributors, but there is need for many more during the summer. Everywhere in the Scripture water, the fountain of vegetable and animal life, is used as a symbol of the divine streams so necessary to spiritual life. And the fountains to which the thirsty poor are invited for refreshment remind us of the call the prophet gave to those who were spiritually famishing and destitute to come to the spiritual fountain to receive refreshment and life.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy. (Isa. 55: 1.)

Tallest Building on Earth

THE last steel girder of the tallest business structure in the world was riveted on July 1 at the top of the Woolworth Building in New York. The Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world because it was 105 feet high. Seven of such statues could be placed one on top of another and the last could not look over the giant new building. When completed the structure will weigh 250,000 tons, and will have cost $13,000,000. It is sixty-three stories high, and will have a population of 10,000 people, and yield an annual income of about $2,500,000. The following are the thirteen tallest buildings ever erected in the world: Colossus of Rhodes, 105 feet; Pantheon, Rome, 150 feet; St. Isaacs, St. Petersburg, 365 feet; Statue of Liberty, the highest statue, 305 feet; Great Pyramid of Cheops, 450 feet; St. Peters, Rome, 400 feet; Rouen Cathedral, 490 feet; Cologne Cathedral, 516 feet; Washington Monument, 555 feet 5⅛ inches; Singer Building, 612 feet 1 inch; Metropolitan Tower, 700 feet 3 inches; Woolworth Building, 750 feet; Eiffel Tower, a steel skeleton, 984 feet. There must be a limit to the height of the skyscrapers. The fabulous price of ground by the front foot or inch in the great cities is the excuse for the skyscrapers, but it is not certain that it is a valid reason. Most of the cities have plenty of ground room in their limits, and it seems hardly the thing to be so stingy with the land and so generous with the air above it in the construction of business houses. One borough in New York City, over ten miles long and several miles wide, has only 75,000 inhabitants, every man, woman and child of whom could be gotten into eight of such sixty-three-story buildings. We believe that the best health and civilization will be promoted by more ground in the cities for homes and business purposes, and by putting a safe limit on the height of the structures. An earthquake or the enemy's warship might make the tragedy of the century. The men of olden time did not have as good fortune in the construction of lofty buildings as those in our time. Their ambition to construct a skyscraper ended in Babel.

And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven. (Gen. 11: 4.)

Rare Art Sale

THE late John Edward Taylor, who was proprietor of the Manchester *Guardian*, possessed one of the choicest art collections in Great Britain. In his will he had left the treasures to the government, but his opposition to the Boer War made a break between him and the administration, and he revoked that clause in the will, and the collection was sold in London the other day. A pair of candlesticks, ten inches high, by Sansovino, Venetian, sixteenth century, formed of boys supporting bases, brought $46,825. A statue of David, ten inches high, by Bartolomeo Bellano, fifteenth century, was bought for $9,710. Seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars was paid for a candlestick, school of Donatello, designed as a youth supporting on his hand a circular tray. A triangular inkstand, ten inches high, by Riccio, 1500, was sold for $16,275. The three faces of the inkstand are formed of plaquettes by Moderno, depicting Hercules capturing the oxen of Geryones in Erythia, Hercules fighting the centaurs and Hercules and Cacus. "Virtue Overcoming Vice," by Benvenuto Cellini, an allegorical group represented by a figure of a woman holding a club and standing upon the prostrate figure of a winged demon, was bought for $16,275. A pair of large andirons, Venetian, sixteenth century, were sold for $48,300. The andirons are surmounted by statuettes of Apollo and Mercury. An equestrian group, seven and one-half inches high, from a design by Leonardo da Vinci for the proposed Francesco Strozzi monument, Milanese, sixteenth century, sold for

The Drinking Fountain in Tompkins Park

$17,345. "Mercury and Prometheus" and "Apollo and Marsyas," a pair of groups, by Bernini, sold for $9,450. "The Spinaro," a copy of the antique in Rome, representing a boy picking a thorn from his foot, sold for $7,875. A volute of a crozier, five and one-half inches high, of ivory, with two groups, one representing the Virgin and Child attended by angels, and the other Christ crucified, with the Virgin and St. John at the foot of the cross, sold for $5,575. A ciborium of silver gilt and translucent enamel, on the base of which are silver plaques engraved with scenes from the life of Christ, sold for $7,085. The soul hungers for beauty, and nature and art feed it. The products for food and fabrics for clothing are not more necessary than the works of art with their beauty and truth to feed the soul. All beauty and truth are the reflection of the Absolute. Christ refers to the necessity of food for the soul.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. (Matt. 4: 4.)

Fanaticism Causes Murder

RELIGIOUS fanaticism and bitter animosity expressed by one Mohammedan against another of the same faith who had embraced Christianity were responsible for a murder the other day at Philadelphia. When the tank line ship *India* left Calcutta, Ismail, the ship's cook, who had renounced Mohammedanism for Christianity, undertook to convert the crew of East Indian Moslems to his new faith. They resented his attempts with much ill-feeling. On landing at Philadelphia, the members of the crew said Ismail should leave the ship's employment for good. He refused and said he would bring the matter to the attention of the government officers, and Lascar Abram, in his fanaticism, proceeded to inject some of his Mohammedan religion into the newly made Christian with a knife, which he did, stabbing his victim to death. And the Mohammedan crew fell on their knees on the deck, beseeching Allah to pardon the crime that had been committed, not of murder, but of renouncing the Prophet for Christianity. What a part in the history of the world has been played by the Moslem's sword, and what a diabolical mockery its crimes have been! Murder from religious fanaticism is not an unusual thing in secular or sacred history. The first deacon fell a victim of this hellish hate which was mistaken for loyalty to God.

And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. (Acts 7: 59.)

Tornado Devastates Regina

REGINA, now the capital of the province of Saskatchewan, in a rich wheat belt, a city of 8,000, was visited the other night by a terrible tornado, which destroyed three hundred houses, six grain elevators, fifty buildings in the wholesale and business districts, involving a loss of several million dollars, and fifty precious lives. The roof of a factory was blown three blocks away and driven through a handsome new residence. Four livery stables were demolished and every horse killed. Railroad cars in the yard were most of them smashed, and some were carried bodily several blocks away. The cupola of the Baptist church was dropped in the middle of the street three blocks away. Many who had gone out on Lake Wascana to avoid the heat were drowned, and sailing craft were lifted out of the water into the southern part of the city. A canoe was carried a mile inland. Seventy-five telephone girls, supposed to have been crushed in the wrecked building, slid from the second floor to the basement, carried down by a fifteen-ton switchboard. The building of the Young Women's Christian Association was wrecked, and it is little less than a miracle that sixty girls who were in it escaped without a single serious injury. Premier Scott wired Mayor McAra that the provincial government had placed $25,000 at his disposal for relief, and that more would be granted if necessary. The tragedy brought its lessons of heroism and benevolence. The prophet, in searching for a symbol of destruction, uses

The tempest in the day of the whirlwind. (Amos 1: 14.)

Shall Weak Babies Die?

A HYGIENE expert at a convention in the interest of baby-saving held in Philadelphia recently insisted that children who were weak in body, or tainted with criminal blood, should be allowed to die, as their existence would be a curse to the community. He is reported to have said: "Certain strains are of such low mentality that it would have been better had they never been born, but having come into the world that is no reason why they should be allowed to exist. If this country enjoyed proper laws for the regulation of marriage such conditions would never occur. The present methods of reducing infant mortality are all wrong. To save babies of this class and raise them into adults is only to continue to breed disease. By keeping them alive we are increasing the race of thieves, paupers and the like, and it would be far better if they were allowed to die in infancy, that the whole human race may be saved from the consequences of contamination with the offspring of such parents." This cold-blooded proposition is as unscientific as it is inhuman and unchristian. Heredity is one half of life, environment is the other half. To furnish a healthful environment is the duty of science, of good men and women, and of the church. The laws of natural generation are to be considered, but the law of spiritual regeneration must not be forgotten. One of the best things about our present civilization is its care for the weak and helpless, and it rises nearest God's throne when it stoops lowest to care for the weak little babe, or the offspring of wicked parents. This is in imitation of Christ.

Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. (Matt. 18: 5.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

J. H. K., Fayetteville, Ark. 1. Should not Luke 15 be studied as a whole in order to understand its meaning? 2. Should not "this parable" be regarded as one parable, or a threefold rather than three parables—one parable with a threefold setting? 3. Why did Jesus speak the parable, or what was the occasion of its utterance? 4. Whom does the returning prodigal son represent? also the angry elder brother?

In this chapter, Jesus was setting forth the great truth that God cared for the sinner and welcomed his repentance and return. To explain this, he employed three parables: the publican, the lost sheep and the prodigal, all three being designed to send home with conviction the same truth. They must therefore be accepted as parts of one lesson. The Pharisees had been murmuring against Jesus, because he received persons who were known to be sinners, and this was his justification. In chapter 14 we learn that this took place as he was traveling on his final journey to Jerusalem, and that "great multitudes" listened—doubtless people going to the Passover. It was probably about the first quarter of the year A.D. 29. In the parable of the prodigal, we see the younger son, thoughtless, weary of restraint, eager for independence, restive of paternal rebuke—just the position of thousands of youths to-day who want to see the world and who have probably got in touch with bad company. His experience and the degradation to which he was subjected illustrate the nature and consequences of sin. In the elder son we have an example of how seriously envy, jealousy and selfishness may mar an otherwise meritorious character. The lesson is that the deeper the degradation and the longer the estrangement through sin, the greater is the joy of forgiveness and reconciliation, and that those who have spent their lives loyally in the Father's service, and who have been kept from backsliding into open sin, should not begrudge the welcome that is given to the long-lost, returning sinner but should help him to find salvation.

Reader, Pa. The book of Proverbs is probably of composite origin, and was a collection of the world's wisdom, expressed in proverbial form, compiled under the auspices of Solomon, who is believed to have been the originator of the peculiar literary style in which they are expressed. They are the sum of the practical human philosophy of that early age. They deal with almost every phase of human life and character, its trials and temptations, follies, wickedness, pitfalls and dangers. Taken as a whole, they cover a much wider range and are expressed with greater force and dignity than anything of the kind in later literature. This is the opinion of the best scholars. Senator Beveridge is right in giving them the palm as superior to all other collections. Wisdom, godliness, obedience, purity and all the moral virtues are set in vivid contrast against the vices of men. The book contains a thousand phrases and observations that can be studied by readers of all ages to advantage. There is not a chapter in the Proverbs that does not contain excellent mottoes for the guidance of men and the development of character. Business men might surround their offices with framed sentences from Proverbs that no modern mottoes could equal. Here are ten that will be helpful to young folks starting out in life: Chapter 1: 10; 3: 6; 3: 27; 4: 24; 6: 6; 9: 6; 10: 4; 11: 16; 11: 25; 12: 22; 20: 1. From the last chapter you may compile all the virtues of a good woman, enumerated in their order.

I. T. K., Lincoln, Neb. What have you to say of vivisection? Has it benefited mankind?

Though much has been said and written against vivisection in that it inflicts pain and torture on the lower animals, still vivisection by wise and humane investigators who invariably use anesthetics where possible has materially advanced the progress of medical and surgical science. Much of our knowledge of physiology, of the effect of medicines, and of bacteriology has been obtained by experimentation on animals. Many diseases, such as diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, tetanus, malaria, diabetes and tuberculosis, have been rendered amenable to treatment or prevented altogether by the knowledge gained in vivisection. The pain formerly inflicted on animals has been eliminated or made negligible by the use of anesthetics. At any rate the results obtained in the alleviation of human pain and prevention of sickness counterbalance any suffering that may be involved on the part of the subjects, but the work should be restricted to experts.

C. B., Dayton, O. The "bridge" habit has a great vogue here and is even finding its way among church people. Do you consider it a proper way of passing time?

There are many pleasures that are innocent and legitimate, but card-playing — especially where it is associated with gambling—is certainly one of the least desirable of all social amusements, and is very properly regarded as a positive evil. When people with too much leisure resort to bridge or any other form of cards, the "habit" soon becomes a vice. The New York *Medical Journal* calls it "mental dissipation to the eventual exclusion of logical and close thinking." It is a very serious question how far a man or woman may claim the right to waste precious time, even if there was no gambling connected with their pleasures. Besides, in the case of professing Christians, such indulgences should be avoided if for no other reason than on the ground of setting a bad example.

L. C., Boston. What is the meaning of *Ense petit placidem sub libertate quietem?*

The words are Latin for "With the sword she seeks a quiet pence under liberty." This is the motto of Massachusetts.

Miss R. B., Beeville, Texas. Is there a passage in the New Testament which refers to a book of the Bible which has been left out?

Jude 14, 15 refers to the book of Enoch. It was, apparently, widely known, but was never considered to be a part of the canonical Scriptures. In Col. 4: 16 Paul refers to a letter which he had written to the Laodiceans. He asks that when his letter to the Colossians has been read they would forward it to be read by the Laodiceans, and that they would get his letter to Laodicea and have this read in the church at Colosse. Ussher believed this letter to be the one sent to the Ephesians. No separate letter to Laodicea was ever found, though a clumsy forgery was later attempted, and this manuscript is included in the collection of the New Testament apocrypha. The New Testament writers must have written other letters and memoranda besides those which are included in the canon of the New Testament, but none of them have been preserved and discovered.

R. S. W., Dodgeville, Wis. 1. Calvin died on May 27, 1564, aged 55, after a period of illness in which he became very much emaciated. On his death-bed he took God to witness that he had preached the Gospel purely and he called on all about him to live so that they would be worthy of the divine goodness. He was one of the most eminent of the reformers, but not a martyr, as your letter implies. 2. Moses slew the Egyptian in a moment of sudden indignation, when he had seen the man shamefully abuse an Israelite. It was the first blow in the battle for Hebrew release from Egyptian oppression. One tradition, which has long been preserved, and which is mentioned in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, states that Moses slew him "with the word of his mouth." Moses had had military training, and at that time of his life he was high-spirited and impetuous, not meek and sufficiently obedient to be an instrument of the divine purpose. This came afterward as the result of long development.

A. J. McC., Philadelphia, Pa. What foundation is there for a belief in the Trinity? The Revised Version does not seem to contain the language made use of in the King James Version, I. John 5: 7, 8, and in this appears to sustain Dr. Smith's *Dictionary* that it is not genuine. The *Berean Scripture Study Manual* includes it under the head of "Spurious Passages of the New Testament" and Benjamin Wilson's *Emphatic Diaglott* asserts that it is "spurious."

1. See Matt. 3: 16, 17; 28: 19; Rom. 8: 9; I. Cor. 12: 3-6; II. Cor. 13: 14; Eph. 4: 4-6; I. Pet. 1: 2; Jude 20: 21; Rev. 1: 4, 5 and many other passages. The passage in I. John 5: 7, 8, is found in the Latin Vulgate, the *Complutensian Polyglot*, the *Revianus*, and the MS. of Ottobonianus (fifteenth century). Nor of the older versions contain the words in ful but all the Greek MSS. have "there are *thre* that bear record." Cyprian wrote explainin "Of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, it is writ ten: 'and these three are one.'" It was there fore a natural inference that the Trinity wa meant, not simply the trinity of the spirit, wate and blood, but the higher Trinity. It is eviden that the additional clause was originally inter polated as a marginal reference in the text o the Latin Vulgate, probably about the eight century.

Kansas Reader, Iola, Kan. Remembering th injunction of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye hav done it unto the least of these, ye hav done it unto me," has a Christian the righ to enjoy luxuries while thousands of th "least" are naked and hungry?

All of God's gifts to us are intended to b used, not selfishly, but for his glory, and that through them we may be the means of blessing to others. The greater the gifts we enjoy, th greater our responsibilities are. We should recognize this in a practical way, and not simply theoretically. Were a tree to refuse to expand its branches and spread its foliage so that it might give shade and comfort, and to decide instead to hug them to itself, it would soon wither and perish. So, when we keep to ourselves selfishly the blessings God has given us, we limit our usefulness, destroy the purpose of the gift and deny spiritual joy and refreshment to our own souls. The question in Kansas Reader's letter carries an obvious answer, *i. e.*, no real follower of Christ would close his heart to sympathy and compassion, or deny help if it lay within his power to render it. Read the story of the rich young man, whose wealth stood between him and the great happiness. One of the highest joys we can ever know is that which comes from service done to others "in his name."

Reader, Greenup, Ill. 1. What is your opinion of one keeping a great many magazines, etc.? I have several hundred on hand. 2. Where can I get maps and articles relating to the reclaimed area of the Colorado Desert? 3. How is "Gifford Pinchot" pronounced?

1. Send them to the nearest hospital, almshouse or prison. 2. Write to Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. 3. The final "t" is silent.

Open-Air Preaching on New York Streets

OUR readers are already familiar with the splendid work being done at the Eighth Avenue Mission, New York, under the leadership of Miss Sara Wray. This picture shows an open-air service conducted for the mission by Miss Wray at Madison Square on a recent Sunday afternoon. These are each year the earliest open-air meetings in the city, and continue after the other open-air campaigns have been closed. From the first Sunday in April to the Sunday before Christmas this noble young woman and her assistants tell the story of Jesus to the people passing through the park. The picture shows how men and women are attracted by the open-air Gospel and how they will stop to hear it. Besides the Sunday afternoon meeting, an open-air service is held every night at half past seven on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. The Mission itself is at 290 Eighth Avenue, and night after night throughout the year men and women in the depths of sin hear the glad news of Calvary and are redeemed. Every Wednesday night a "Converts' Meeting" is held at the close of the regular mission service, at which the recent converts are instructed in the deeper things of the spiritual life.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Chelan, Wash. Question too indefinite. Unfortunately the divorce laws in some States at least are not in accord with Christian principles.

Turbotville, Pa. Write to the Secretary, Carnegie Fund, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, for all information.

C. E. B., Stanton, Ia. Margaret E. Sangster was a Miss Munson before her marriage in 1858. She began her literary career in the late sixties.

B. D. G., Tyrone, Pa. It is very hard to get a copy of the works of Judge Hopkinson now. They were published in Philadelphia in 1792 under the title of *The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson. The Battle of the Kegs* was a lampoon. You may possibly get it in some public library.

L. P. C., Jamestown, N. Y., writes: "I was pleased to read the article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of recent date concerning the English sparrow. They are an awful nuisance in this city. We have very few home birds now, and besides being so noisy, they spoil the looks of church steeples, etc. One can hardly sleep mornings with their racket, and they have killed and driven out the robins, which we regret. There was a time when the State of Ohio paid the boys a bounty for their destruction."

THE OPTIMISTS

BY MARY LAVINIA BRAY

Illustration by Robert W. Amick

T WAS the first of the month. At her desk Mrs. Whitney sat, pencil in hand, a frown above her brows, beneath them a pair of vaguely troubled eyes. Nestling at her feet, a tiny boy ietly, intently, was pulling to pieces the delicate e flouncing of her negligee. Now and then he ked up with mischievous eyes, and being unper-ed, proceeded with his little work of destruction. Now the negligee, though it had been mended and leansed to a state of fragility, was still wearable, d the repairing or replacing of the damaged ance would make one of those very items, grouped ler "Miscellaneous," which every month added mselves into the most in-dible total among all of Mrs. hitney's vexatious household counts. There were always ex-s to the tune of many dollars spiring to prevent her house-ping allowance from covering monthly bills.

"If I could only put my finger on something to be cut down," was thinking. "It seems to everything and nothing. roceries have gone up—no nder; we're feeding twice as ny. And meat, of course, and lk." She ran her eyes over a allenging array of figures. "I ought I'd surely have eighty llars left this month for the al bill. I forgot the insurance ning—and we had to have the ole linen—"

Suddenly she beheld the occu-tion of her eldest. With a othered cry she caught him , and his outburst of gleeful uckles did not save him. The anks were gentle, but Robert's sponse so noisy that the nurse me running.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, stopping ort.

Robert, appreciative of the ef-ct of his yells, redoubled them, aking frantic efforts to escape s mother's arms.

"Take him, Mrs. Keegan," said e, handing him over. "Robert s been very naughty."

Whereupon he cried anew and ade equally frantic resistance ainst being carried away.

The noise of Robert diminish-g up the stairs was reinforced sympathetic clamor of the by, and for some minutes up-ar reigned. Mrs. Whitney did t stir. When peace ensued, e sighed. "Capable woman, rs. Keegan — expensive, but hat a help, what a comfort!"

"Let me see," she began, turn-g again to her accounts; "the al bill—"

There was a sound of foot-eps approaching from a remote rner of the house, gathering eight and determination as ey came, each step smiting pon the hardwood floors.

"Alma in a tantrum," she ought, glancing up calmly to eet the flushed indignant young oman who with arms akimbo onfronted her and without arley hurled challenge: "You'll ave to get some one in my place, Mrs. Whitney!"

The shade of surprise passing over Mrs. Whit-ey's face was too nearly imperceptible to betray er. "What is the matter, Alma?" she asked evenly.

Alma, having worked up considerable feeling and eing taken aback by the absence of emotional re-ponsiveness, answered stammering: "I can't do the ork."

"You have been doing it all along, Alma, and airly well, too. What is the trouble now?"

"Oh, it used to be all right. There wasn't so much ork. I used to could get done. Now it's all day, ll day, morning to night. I don't get a chance to it down. You better get a stronger girl than me. can't keep it up. I ain't strong enough." The irl began to sob hysterically. "I thought all along 'll do my best and maybe things get better. But it on't. The family's bigger and always extra peo-le, and now Mrs. Keegan—"

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Whitney.

"She makes double my work at meal-times!" the girl cried, her eyes flashing with comical pathos about her reddened nose. "Second table now! And catch her helping! She wouldn't even bring out her own dishes. I never get through in the evenings any more. And the washings! Four days this week I've been washing and ironing—"

"Yes, Alma," her mistress interrupted, "and an expert laundress would have done it in a day and a half. That is your one shortcoming—you are very slow with the laundry work."

The girl's face stiffened, sullen and red. "You better get another girl quicker than I am."

"At her desk Mrs. Whitney sat, pencil in hand"

Mrs. Whitney took up her pencil. "When do you wish to leave, Alma?"

The girl started. "When my month is up," she retorted.

"Very well, Alma."

Mrs. Whitney was apparently engrossed with her papers. Alma stood hesitating. No upbraidings? No pleadings? Then with a toss of the head, she marched from the room. When the undue rattle of pans indicated that Alma was vengefully circulating in the kitchen, her mistress dropped pencil and paper and leaned her chin upon her hand.

That evening, when Mr. Whitney and his wife were comfortably toasting before the blazing open fire which was one of the recompenses of suburban living, a pensive recurrent smile upon her face provoked his curiosity.

"My dear?"

She looked at him comprehendingly. They had reached that stage of sympathetic matrimony in which ordinary thoughts and shades of feeling are mutually understood without definite speech, and the man and woman have become so satisfactorily adjusted to each other as seldom to strike a spark out of the ordinary.

"My dear?" said Mr. Whitney.

"Yes." She smiled. "I am amused at our ménage. It isn't amusing, but—" She shrugged her shoulders. "We came out of town to live because we wanted a baby, and the country is good for babies; so good that now we have two. There were only you and I when we came. Now there are you and I and Robert and baby Adelaide and Alma and Mrs. Keegan and Johnson—"

"I hope you are not counting them all as our family," her husband interposed tranquilly.

"Not as the family, exactly," she replied. "I said it was our ménage that amused me. It was you and I. Then you and I and Robert. So we needed Alma. That made our expenses heavier, and you had to devote more time to your work, consequently less to the place. So we added Johnson to look after the grounds and develop the garden to the extent of supplying the family and raising enough surplus to make a profit on his wages and decrease our cost of living and so forth. It hasn't done anything of the kind, but no doubt it eventually will. And then it was you and I and Robert and Adelaide—with Alma and Johnson—and every one working harder; so we added Mrs. Keegan to lighten our burdens. That is, I thought she would—that Alma would never have to be called upon to bother with the children, and I should have time for other things. However, it seems—" She paused to poke a smoldering log into active flames. "It seems that I continue to be very busy in my little household, because as my manual toil decreases, my responsibility of superintendence increases; and the more that increases, the harder you have to work to make more money; and Alma isn't pleased, because if she has less to do for the children, she has more to do for Mrs. Keegan and—"

"For mercy's sake!" Mr. Whitney exclaimed, bewildered. "Mary! What are you getting at?"

She leaned back, laughing. "Nothing—only Alma gave notice to-day."

There was a moment of dead silence.

Then, "After what you've done for that girl!" Mr. Whitney remarked. "The incompetent piece of baggage that she was when she came to you! Some woman offered her more money, eh? I'm sorry you'll have the struggle all over again."

"Green girl or none for the suburbs," his wife commented cheerily. "But I'm not going to struggle. I shan't let her go."

"No? What have you promised her?"

"Nothing, as yet—not while she's on her high horse, you know. But she has reason for complaint. The work is much heavier than when it was you and I and Robert. I'm going to give her three dollars a month more, and get a laundress in twice a month."

A line or two about the man's mouth deepened. He looked into the fire, saying nothing.

"Yes, dear," she said, as though he had spoken. "It is quite a ménage that we are developing. Now it will be you and I and Robert and Adelaide—and Alma and Mrs. Keegan and Johnson and—Mrs. McVay twice a month. Yes, I think I'll have Mrs. McVay to do the washing."

Their talk subsided. He was revolving the situation in his mind, and he might as well have done so aloud, for she knew of what he was thinking. He lifted his head with a sigh that became a laugh. "We go deeper all the time," he said, "and yet our

Continued on next page

THE OPTIMISTS

Continued from preceding page

income seems to gallop along and keep pace. I declare, sometimes I don't know how we do it."

"Are we—do you suppose we can keep it up?" There was a hint of anxiety in her tone. "Our income doesn't come out of a miraculous pitcher, you know. Are you sure we'll come out all right?"

"Oh, yes," he answered easily. "Trust to luck; We'll come out all right, Mary."

They sat idly watching the fire, lulled by its savage fascination. Presently she asked, "Shall I get the coat, Mortimer?"

"H'm? Yes. I want you to have that. I've been promising you a fur coat ever since we've lived out here."

"No fault of yours, dear," she responded. "There's always been some costly thing needed for the house or the babies."

"This time it is your turn," he said. "What do you want? Persian lamb?"

"No. Every woman in this select suburb gets, or isn't happy until she gets, a Persian lamb. I want something different, perhaps moleskin."

"Very well. Get something different," said Mr. Whitney gallantly. "Get a moleskin."

"And how many nights will you have to work to pay for it?"

"Oh, three or four. I'm a high-priced man, you know. How much is moleskin?"

"You're a dear," said his wife, kissing him. "I'm tired out and I'm going to bed."

"I'll wait here a while," he said.

She left him, and with the rhythm of her departing footsteps a refrain formed itself in his mind. "More work, to make more money, to spend more money, to need more money. More work, to make more money," and so on.

It was near the first of the next month that Mortimer Whitney began to wear an air of concern. One day he asked his wife if the coat had been ordered, nodding carelessly when she said it had. Another time, he inquired whether certain bills had been paid. It was not until he ventured a jesting suggestion that she might have saved up a secret reserve fund from her housekeeping allowance that she scented alarm.

"Why, Mortimer!" she exclaimed. "I've never been able to put a dollar aside. No matter how I calculate, I never come out with quite money enough to pay everything."

"Of course not," he said. He had heard of wives who had surprised their husbands by such achievement and had wondered if by any possible chance she might.

She faced him soberly. "Tell me," she said. "Are we short of funds?"

It was a relief to unburden his mind. They were short, alarmingly short. A fee of nearly one thousand dollars that he had counted upon to square up all of the extras and meet the interest on the mortgage was not going to be paid, because the debtor had suddenly declared himself insolvent. He had counted upon it, and they were in a predicament.

"Why, Mortimer!" she gasped. "To think of such a thing happening! Who could have expected it? How I wish," she cried, acutely miserable—"How I wish I had never ordered that coat!"

"How much for the moleskin?" he asked.

"Chinchilla! I didn't get moleskin. Two hundred and eighty dollars."

"Buy it from Roberts?"

"Yes. I might have saved a little at a regular fur shop, but our account there— Besides, they're reliable, and that's most important in buying fur."

"How much do you suppose the rest of our account with them will amount to this month?"

"Not more than forty dollars."

"That's three hundred and twenty, four hundred interest due, and eighty for coal, our annual fifty to the church, seventy-five club dues, seventy dollars taxes nearly past due. There's a thousand dollars, just as I figured. I've been depending upon that payment."

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked.

His eyes met hers desperately. "I don't know."

Far into the night they figured, though in the first five minutes results were clear. They owed every one. They could keep abreast of current living expense, but they could not pay off the accumulated "extras," or the interest. They had sufficient income to look forward to, but after paying housekeeping bills about due and the help, they would have less than one hundred dollars in cash and pressing indebtedness of twelve times that sum.

"Mortimer," she said, aghast, glancing about their surroundings, "who would think, to look at this house and its furnishings and you and me, that we haven't a dollar to our name!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if a good many suspected," he said gloomily.

"If I could stave it off for a few more months," he went on. "I can get thirty to sixty days, but we can't save a thousand in that time. It all comes, Mary, from living up our income. We have never denied ourselves, to get money ahead."

"We haven't indulged ourselves particularly," she answered with a touch of resentment. "The coat is the only real luxury I've had. You've refused to get a little runabout, although nearly every one we know has one—people no better off than we."

"I mean denying ourselves what we think necessities," he replied quietly. "That is the way to get rich. Our scale of living really is not commensurate with our pocketbook. It would be justified if we had any reserve for emergencies. But we've spent as we've made, with immense faith in the future—and here we are."

For a moment she said nothing. Then, "If we could only start over." And presently, "They say that most successful men have been through the bankruptcy court once in their time."

"That is not true. And what truth it contains refers to their business. Decent men don't go into bankruptcy because of dressmakers' and grocers' bills."

She shrank a little. "We might be worse off, I suppose. I've heard Mr. Elroy say that when he was forty he was ruined; hadn't carfare. Now look at him."

He drew a long breath. "Mary," he said solemnly, "I believe it would be easier to be without carfare—'busted,' no job, no debts, a clean start to-morrow, than to disentangle ourselves from the mess of obligations we're in."

"If we could start all over," she repeated. "If we could live in a little flat where I could do the work, with a laundress in once a week, no servants, no debts, no ménage—think of the money we could save! Think of it! And then when we had a fat little bank account—"

"No use thinking of it. It seems we aren't that kind. In fact, we've always despised thrift, Mary; considered it mean. I'll borrow some money."

"On your life insurance?"

He laughed. "That would bring about ninety dollars. No. Somewhere else."

"You mustn't," she said in a subdued voice.

"I must," he replied.

He arranged the loan at outrageous interest, exchanging an army of small annoying debts for one debt large and oppressive.

"We will economize and pay this off at the earliest moment," his wife said enthusiastically. "Let's not run a penny behind, but pay cash for everything, and without old accounts to pay up—why, we're sure to save!"

Paying cash meant keeping no cash in hand. At the next accounting they had nothing ahead, and drew on the small bank balance in order to pay Alma. The experience was disconcerting. Before long, in spite of zealous efforts toward economy, they were again in arrears. Interest—or usury—was a devouring monster. They began to feel that they ran a losing race.

"My luck seems to have turned," said he. "I can't make an extra hundred anywhere."

She concluded to let Mrs. Keegan go. But Mrs. Keegan's dismissal was only a sop to Cerberus.

"It's our scale," they told each other. "We'll have to alter our scale of living until the tide turns." The scale, however, was obstinate while conditions remained as they were. They felt enmeshed, and when they thought about it, frantic. Mrs. Whitney was pathetically debating whether it would be more profitable for her to seek some kind of employment or to keep a pair of "paying guests," and which might be managed with less odium, when from the most unexpected quarter deliverance appeared in the form of a legacy from an almost forgotten aunt who had cherished a fond memory of Mrs. Whitney's girlhood.

A little notice of the bequest found its way into the local newspapers, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney became at once and thereafter recipients of suggestions for disposing of it. Everything was suggested, more or less forcefully—benevolences, personal and public, safety vaults, trust companies, various extravagances baited with flattery, reputable and disreputable investments. After a while they decided for themselves by promising five hundred dollars to the Associated Charities, preparing for a European tour, and ordering a modest motor-car.

On the day when the car was brought out for a trial spin, with Mr. Bailey, the manufacturer's agent and their friend, acting as chauffeur, at the hour in which they returned from the spin, refreshed and pleased as children with a new toy, they received sudden advice that, to the surprise of the executors, payment of the legacy must be deferred, as certain unconsidered persons who thought themselves entitled to benefit were preparing to contest the will.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney read the message together, looked at each other with frightened eyes, and burst into laughter.

"That's a good little machine, Bailey," he cried excitedly. "I like it. Let's take her out for another run."

When they reached home, Mrs. Whitney threw herself upon a couch, exhausted. Her new motor-bonnet crumpled under her head. Her husband collapsed into a padded chair, and they sat regarding each other abjectly.

After a long while, he said: "You know there is something the matter with us, Mary—or with me. People who are absolutely unable to learn a lesson have a screw loose. Perhaps we'll learn now."

She wept. "What is to become of us? I don't know how much we owe now. Shall we go to jail?"

"No such luck. We shall be driven to haunt the streets, our little ones howling hand in hand, shelterless."

"How can you jest at such a time?"

"I'm not jesting."

"You are. You ought to be ashamed. Now is the time for action. What are we going to do?"

They eyed each other gravely.

"We'll cancel the passage, of course."

That was one clear step. They began to be rational.

"Next?"

"Try to sell the house. It may take some time."

Her lip quivered. "I hate to lose our home—don't you?"

"It is my disgrace, Mary, to have brought you to this."

"It is my fault that we began such extravagance. Oh, dear! We'd have paid off the mortgage some time, wouldn't we?"

"I doubt it," he replied. "At the

Continued on next page

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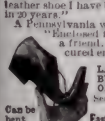

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Sense and Nonsense

Conducted by JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings."

JOSIAH told Samantha he had composed an obituary which he intended to have published, if she was ever took from him. He said, looked up to and admired as he wuz in the community, he knew it would be expected of him, and he dassent trust anybody else to write it, knowin' well they couldn't do justice to her many virtues, and describe her merits as he could who knew her best, and loved her so devotedly. He said it would be a heart breakin' job; but he felt that duty to the public and love for the deceased would nerve him up for the effort.

Samantha was touched to the heart by his devotion, and in a tearful voice asked him to read it to her, which he did, as follows:

"Here lies Samantha, wife of Mr. Josiah Allen Esquire of Jonesville, Deacon in the Meetin' House, Salesman in the Cheese Factory, Doorkeeper in the Grange, Pathmaster and Collector in the School Deestrict. Beautiful and Amiable, with a brilliant intellect, he is a young man respected and beloved by all who knew him but to love him, and name him but to praise."

Samantha, after a few minutes of silent thought, said she too had thought of what she would write upon his taking away if she lived through it:

"Here lies Josiah, husband of—"

Josiah sprung to his feet and says sternly, "Stop, Samantha! stop right where you are! Dead or alive, I never will be depictered in that humiliatin' way. Don't you see how demeanin' it is to a man to be called husband of—a female? I won't stand for it, it is too lowerin!"

"But you call me 'Wife of'—"

"That is altogether different. I don't want to be harsh, Samantha," sez he, settin' down and speakin' in a milder and less scareful voice. "I will try to explain it so even a female can understand it. You know men and wimmen are divided into two separate classes by law; wimmen are put into a humbler, low-downer class, hence their inability to vote, or meddle with the laws that govern 'em. Men are put into a higher, uplifteder class, hence their powerful statesmanship and their fur-seein' eyes; for instance, they can set wimmen, criminals, lunaticks and idiots on the same bench side by side, and look up to and admire and worship the wimmen, as we male statesmen all do, and at the same time, and with the same pair of eyes, look way down with contempt on the other three setters we have placed on the same bench. It takes keen eyes and great minds to do that, Samantha; hence as I said, it is upliftin' and honorin' to a female, and dead or alive, she ort to be thankful for it, to be writ down wife of a man. Do you understand it, Samantha? Have I brought it down to your comprehension and made it plain to you?"

Samantha gin a deep sithe and told him she couldn't "see the sense or justice of it yet."

"No," sez Josiah, "I spoze not. We male statesmen cannot explain these deep political matters so a female can understand 'em, their brains are too shaller."

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

THE OPTIMIST

Continued from preceding page

rate we were going, perhaps in forty years." He reflected. "I must try to get rid of the place before they foreclose."

"Are they likely to do that?"

"Extremely."

She shivered. "Mortimer, how much *do* we owe?"

He groaned. "Oh, spare the calculation."

"I must know."

"Eight thousand on the mortgage, fifteen hundred that I borrowed, a hundred and fifty dollars interest on that, twenty-five hundred for the car—they may take that back—five hundred you promised the Charities, a couple of hundred to Roberts, about four hundred household accounts—"

With a shriek she clapped her hands over her ears. "Never mind about any more." She buried her face in her arms.

At the sight of her dejection his fighting spirit rose. He came to her and gathered her into his arms.

"Don't cry, Mary," he said. "We do seem to be snowed under, but we'll tunnel out. I've been an incompetent, easy-going, bedazzled idiot. I don't blame you for being discouraged. But don't cry. We're so poor now that we have to turn over a new leaf. It's the best thing for us. We're young. We'll pull through."

At his words she cried harder and he strove to comfort her. When she raised her head, she answered tremulously that they had a whole book full of leaves to turn over, and where were they to begin?

"On an entirely new basis. We'll sell our house and pay our debts and live as poor people should. No more pretensions, no more gambling with fortune. It won't be easy at first, dear," he said, kissing her. "We'll not have—so many good times."

"Perhaps we'll have better times," she said. Then with hands upon his shoulders she told of the idea that had come to her.

"We've said how differently we would do if we could start over. Here is our opportunity. We'll pretend nothing has happened. We'll pretend to be going away as we planned. We'll close the house, and I'll tell the servants that our absence will be indefinite, so they'd better look for new places. And what we'll really do is this: Find that little flat we've spoken of, the cheapest, nicest little flat in some respectable suburb, and we'll live on a third of your income. We won't have to sell our house. By and by we'll rent it. None of the people here will know where we are—"

"Are you planning to disappear from our friends?"

"Not from our friends. They won't care where we live. As a matter of fact, there are not many of them. But from society and the Country Club set—you know. And by and by"—she grew enthusiastic—"the rent of the house will be paying off the mortgage! We'll be saving nearly all that you make! We'll make thousands!"

"Mary! Mary!"

"I know I'm exaggerating—a little, not much. We can pay all our debts but the mortgage within two years."

"I'm afraid you'll hate those two years, Mary."

"No, indeed. We shall keep it up two years longer, until we have a *balance*. I shall be a miser. I am perishing for a savings bank account. I could sell my clothes—"

To stop her excited talk he kissed her again.

"And by and by," he said, "shall we come back?"

"Yes. When we really own something, we'll take possession. And have it for the children, too."

"Rather upsetting, isn't it, to think of owning everything that we call ours?"

Her eyes shone. "It will be more than things, dear. We shall be owning our own souls."

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Receivers' Certificates

THE power of Courts of Equity to preserve property during litigation, so that as little loss as possible may result from the intervention of the courts in the ordinary business affairs of corporations, is a great boon to those whose money is invested in bonds or other obligations of companies which are compelled to liquidate and reorganize. The exercise of this power generally takes the form of the appointment of receivers. The receiver is an officer of the court appointing him, and his duties are principally and generally to preserve all the assets of the company for the benefit of creditors.

In order to fulfil these duties, he often must have immediate cash for the up-keep of the property under his care greater than the earnings of the property afford. The raising of this cash is effectuated generally by receivers' certificates. They are a well recognized element in the present financial world, and many millions of dollars are invested in them. This is the only class of securities created directly by the courts for the carrying out of its decrees. As is most fitting, the courts authorize the issue of these certificates only in the most pressing cases, and limit their use with the greatest strictness.

Importance of Certificates

Let us suppose that a railroad company has defaulted in payment of interest on its obligations; that the property of the railroad is a large and valuable one, that the railroad owns favorable franchises and serves a rich territory, and that certain of the secured creditors of the company have started suit to enforce their bonds or other obligations, and have petitioned the court to appoint a receiver pending the reorganization or sale of the railroad.

Now, obviously, if the receiver simply closed down the road, ceased to run trains, and discharged the road's employees, he would decrease the expenses of the receivership, for the operating expenses of railroads are their heaviest charge; but in following out this policy he would lose for the railroad and for the holders of its securities the three great assets, that is, franchise, business, and good will. In other words, the road would lose its vitality, and become merely a financial corpse. All the physical elements of a railroad would be present, but the life of the railroad would have departed as the wheels ceased to turn. So then it becomes of the utmost importance that the receiver be empowered to continue the business of the company as nearly as possible along the old lines, and that in case of a sale to a new management, there be a live corporation to turn over to the purchasers.

A Benefit to Receivers

Considered also from the standpoint of the general public, continuance of the business of railroads and other corporations during reorganization is of immense importance. The railroad is a matter of public concern. The franchises and rights of the corporation which constructed it were not given merely for the private gain of the corporators, but to furnish a public highway. The court, while in charge of the property, owes a duty to keep the road safe and convenient to serve the public needs. It would be hard to estimate, for instance, the confusion and turmoil which would have existed in the City of New York if the street railroads should have ceased to operate during their long receiverships.

From every point of view, therefore, it is desirable that means be given the receiver to carry on the operations of the corporation in his charge. The railroad may be in need of funds to replace worn-out equipment or rolling stock, or to make repairs thereon. In such a case, the receiver applies to the court in which he received his appointment for an order permitting him to issue receivers' certificates to pay for such necessary expenses. If good cause appears therefor, after notice to all the bondholders, the court may order the issuance of certificates, even over the objection of the bondholders.

The order under which the certificates are issued limits the issue to immediate needs of the receiver, and provides for the rate of interest which shall be paid on these certificates, and also provides that the lien of the receivers' certificates on all property in the hands of the receiver shall be second to none, and that they shall be paid prior to first mortgages or any other security on the property of the railroad. Being limited, however, by the court to the immediate needs of the receiver, the amount of these certificates is very small when compared to the regular bond issues covering the same property. So beneficial, too, is their use when prudently issued, that bondholders usually consent to their issuance, despite the fact that they take precedence in lien over the bonds.

Although in this, as in other judicial functions, the courts are inclined to conservatism, yet in the 70's and 80's, when many of the railroads of the country were being operated by receivers, the authorization of receivers' certificates was sometimes unwisely made in certain of our courts, and as a result, on the foreclosure sales of certain of these properties, sufficient funds were not realized to pay the certificates in full, and the first mortgage bondholders received nothing for their holdings.

A Convenient Investment

This condition, however, was soon checked, and it is safe to say that receivers' certificates at the present time afford a conservative investment. Moreover, they generally carry the full legal rate of interest, and are sold by the banking houses which underwrite them, in denominations of from $100 to $1,000. They are payable upon the sale of the property which they cover, and consequently run for an indefinite and short term. Although they do not possess some of the desirable features of negotiable instruments, yet they are dealt in on many stock exchanges, and form a convenient and generally secure investment for those having funds to place at a high rate for a short term.

DAVID PAINE.

To Theodore Roosevelt

[This sonnet from the pen of William Watson, the great English poet, will interest many Americans as showing a British estimate of Roosevelt.]

I hear a mighty people asking now
Who next shall be their captain and their chief.
Amidst them towers a man, as Teneriffe
Towers from the ocean, and that man art thou—
Thou of the shaggy and the craggy brow.
The day of fate comes on; the time grows brief;
Round the great ship is many a lurking reef;
And would'st thou drive once more that giant prow?
Perhaps thou shalt and must! But if the choice
Fall on a lesser voyager, thou shalt still
Be what thou art, thy nation's living voice,
Wherewith she speaks in thunder. Nay, thou art more;
Thou art her fiery pulse, her conquering will;
Thou art America, dauntless Theodore.

—*From the London News and Leader.*

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It is the most **solidly built, most durable, best looking and best cooking Fireless;** the only Fireless made with **steam valve and porcelain lining.**

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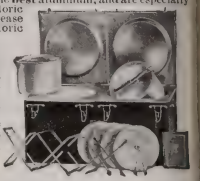

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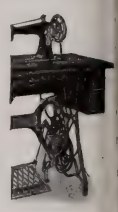

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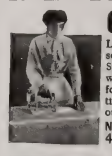

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This is the Kitchenette—a dishwasher that will wash, dry and sterilize all the dishes used by a large family in three minutes. No need to put your hands in water or perform any labor whatever, and the Kitchenette does it all and does it better. It is so easy and simple that a child can work it, and it is rigidly guaranteed.

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Please send me a Kitchenette for 20 days' trial with the understanding that I can return it if not satisfactory.

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

"There is everything in pegging away," Mrs. Sangster says in one of her delightful "informal talks" to girls, the theme of which is the heroic petition, "Grant me the wages of going on."

Too Good to be True

YOU can teach yourself to swim and you can do it in an hour or less. I know plenty of boys and girls who have done it by following carefully these directions:

First and foremost, fix this thought clearly in your mind: *The water will hold you up.* It is fear and struggle that invariably send a person to the bottom. The best way to acquire confidence that makes for courage and fun is: *Go squarely and reasonably at it.* Begin in still water; the old swimming pool on the farm is just the place. Wade out until your shoulders are covered, float a little and trust yourself wet all over. Don't be the least atom afraid even if a little water does get into your nose and ears; wade out a little farther until you are up to your chin, and now your toes will begin to leave the bottom of the pool. Do not be alarmed. This shows you that you are a little lighter than the water. Now lift your chest and with the muscles of your stomach breathe deep, stretch your arms out to form the letter "T" of yourself, stiffen your backbone and follow your back as though suddenly you were a very important and dignified person. Your toes have come up to the surface now. Lean your head back freely as far as you can, keeping your mouth shut. Lie back with absolute confidence, and there you are floating. Keep your backbone stiff, gently paddle with your hands, and you are swimming. Make toward the shore, of course. Then try it all over again. This time kick with your feet very gently; strong strokes might turn you over and frighten you. Keep your balance and practice two or three times in straight succession. When you feel the least bit chilled come out of the water, and on your way up to the house you will feel as proud as a fighting cock. The next thing about swimming that you will have learning is the "V" stroke. Kick out until both legs are like the letter V, shut them together like the blades of a pair of scissors (which gives a strong drive ahead), then draw them up sidewise like a frog and kick persistently out again. Then try making your legs go as if you were climbing up stairs. *Always remember the water will bear you up, and the great and only difficulty about swimming will be out of your way.*

Summer Souvenirs and Gifts

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: While you are camping, picnicking and knocking about in the woods and country-side remember this: The season of gift-giving is coming, and such a nice part of a summer gift is the assurance that during your vacation outing you recalled your friends at home. The partridge vine with its bright scarlet berries is ripe in the woods in July. Try digging up the roots of a small, healthy plant, with the moss and loam that surrounds them, and place the little plant in a glass bowl, covered over with a smaller glass bowl that will fit inside very closely; stand it in the shade and water it now and again. You will be surprised at the way it will grow and delighted with the beautiful big ball of scarlet berries that you will have for a holiday giftie. A jar of dried field mushrooms is such a nice present for almost any one. Thread the mushrooms with a common needle and linen thread and hang them in the sun to dry. Label the bottle into which they are put, "Sun-dried mushrooms."

To make them exactly like mushrooms freshly gathered soak them in cold salt water until they swell.

A glass of fresh caraway seeds is a delightful souvenir of the country. Fill a half-pint glass jar with the dried seeds after the stems have been cut off and the seeds have been carefully examined to see that no insects are among them. Another practical and welcome gift for the friend with whom you enjoy an afternoon cup of tea or a cozy evening by the open fire is a basket of pine cones full of the sweet odor of the woods. Aftermath and everlasting dyed scarlet while they are still fresh will very well keep until Christmas time, and while you are gathering and coloring it and making it up into wreaths and balls remember how festive it will look among the holiday greens. Potted ferns, old-fashioned quill pens, balsam pillows made of the new tips of pitch pine and balsam are always sweet souvenirs of idle summer hours. I have seen exquisite hair ornaments made of tiny gilded oak and maple leaves. Several coats of gilding are necessary, but if you experiment long enough to become interested in the art, and sew the leaves to a piece of wired ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide and long enough for a bandeau, you will be delighted with the result.

"And thar' set Huldi all alone with no one nigh to hinder"
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

These are suggestions enough. You have only to begin planning for little souvenirs and gifties for your friends, and many other delightful ones near at hand in the country will suggest themselves.

A Word to You

IN OUR May contest, a prize was awarded to a Cozy Corner girl who had not justly won it. The verses entitled "The Boy Who Ran Away" were not written by the child who sent them in. The mistake did not escape the bright eyes of our boy and girl readers.

Most magazines require a note from parents or teachers, saying that the work you send in is entirely your own. We have never required this. We want our boys and girls to maintain a high standard of honor which will make such precaution unnecessary.

In the Cozy Corner we want original work.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE RAPID SPREAD of picture theaters is reflected in news of legislation abroad to safeguard and restrict this business. Anything so distinctly demanded by the masses as that form of entertainment holds limitless possibilities of both blessing and harm.

—INTEREST IN THE notorious Camorra trial in Italy is renewed by the near approach of the end of this amazing proceeding. Great crowds are gathering near the scene to hear the verdict. The lowest element is astir with expectation of the release of the prisoners, who have been in custody six years.

—RACE SUICIDE received a decided check when, in 1896, the Province of Quebec passed a law granting a substantial premium to the head of every family that could boast of twelve or more children. Recent statistics tend to prove the excellent results of that means in peopling Canada with a hardy race.

—A NOTABLE DECISION has been rendered by a Canadian court in the suit brought by Mrs. Morin, wife of Professor Morin of McGill University, against the Canadian newspaper, *Le Croiz*, for libel. Mrs. Morin is a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Chiniquy, the well-known ex-priest, and Euphemie Allard, his wife. The journal published that Chiniquy, having once been a priest and bound by his solemn vows to be a celibate, was forever prevented from marrying, and that consequently his marriage was no marriage and his wife no wife. Mrs. Morin held that this reflected upon her mother and herself, and sued for $10,000 damages and by an award just rendered will receive $3,000. The court, in its decision rendered by Justice Greenshields on June 21, held that "No church, be it the great and powerful Roman Catholic Church, or the equally great and powerful Anglican Catholic Church, possesses any authority to overrule the civil law. Such authority as any church has is given it by the civil law and is subservient to the civil law." The court also added that the publication was a reflection on the validity of Dr. Chiniquy's marriage and the legitimacy of his children; that it was insulting and humiliating in the extreme, and they were consequently entitled to redress. The case has been before the Canadian courts for six months and has attracted general attention throughout the Dominion.

Get your free jar from the grocer

Why persist in using old-style, narrow-necked, tin-topped, screw-capped jars? That was the old way of "canning." The newer, easier, safer, *better* way is called "jarring," preserving in the all-glass

"E-Z SEAL" JARS

The sturdy, sanitary, green-tinted jars with the wide neck, the glass cap and the spring seal. Easy to fill, easy to close, easy to open and easy to clean—no twisting or turning.

Put up your vegetables and fruit in E-Z Seal jars. Save time and labor, too—your fruit will *not* spoil.

Free Jar—Free Book

Take this coupon to your grocer. He will give you a *free* jar. Write to us and we will send you a *free* book of recipes and canning instructions. Do this—*to-day.*

1-Qt. E-Z Seal Jar FREE

In order to secure free jar, present this coupon to your dealer before Sept. 1, 1912, properly filled out.

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.
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HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

This is to certify that I have received one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar free of all cost or obligation. This is the first coupon presented by any member of my family.

Name.....

Address.....

TO THE DEALER:—Present this to jobber from whom you received E-Z Seal Jars. All coupons must be signed by you and returned before Nov. 1, 1912.

DEALER'S CERTIFICATE. This is to certify that I gave one "Atlas" E-Z Seal Jar to the person whose signature appears above.

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Hello, Polly!

Secure one of these entertaining companionable pets at lowest (summer) rates. Absolutely no risk. Guaranteed to talk or may be exchanged. Book on care of Parrots, shipping box and food for several weeks furnished FREE. Mexican Red Head Parrots $4.50 each, or $8.50 including cage. Mexican Double Yellow Head Parrots $8.50 each or $12 including cage. Order a "Live Talking Machine" now.

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$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 6c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. ANNA AYERS,
Dept. A618 22 Quincy St., Chicago

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES

International Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

IT IS said of Jesus' teaching, "Without a parable spake he not unto them." Wise teachers of our times follow his example. We do not, however, say that they speak in parables, but rather that they use "illustrations," stories and incidents from daily life, from school life, from history, the Bible, etc.

It has been said of the parables of Jesus that "they are always new, always as if just written, the ink never dry," that "he speaks to us in the words of our English Bible." We are even now among those who waited on the land that day as he taught them from the boat. In sight there is a field ready for the harvest. He directs our attention to the two kinds of plants growing in it, one good, the other bad; one wheat, the other tares. He tells us how they come to be growing side by side. The farmer sowed his wheat while it was day, and in the night his enemy came and sowed the tares (a plant so vicious that it poisoned those who ate bread in which it was carelessly mixed with the wheat flour). Jesus said the servants discovered that tares were growing in their Master's field, and they proposed to pull them up. "Not so," said the Master, "lest you also pull up the good wheat. Let them grow together until the harvest, then you can gather the wheat into sheaves to be put in the barn, and you can gather the tares in bundles to be burned."

We think Peter must have been in the boat with Jesus, for Jesus had asked him to push the boat out a little way, so that the throng of people could not press against him. But the other apostles were among the people. They heard the words of Jesus, and wanted to be quite sure that they rightly understood their meaning. And this is the way Jesus explained the parable to them afterward: The field is the world. The sower is Jesus himself. The enemy who sowed the tares, Satan. The good seed, the sons of the kingdom, those who love and obey God. The tares, the sons of evil, are those who would serve Satan. The harvest, the end of the world. The separation of the good and the bad, the judgment. The gathering of the sheaves into the barn, the bringing of the faithful to heaven. The burning of the tares, the punishment of those who belonged to Satan.

The First Enemy Who Sowed Tares

Let us glance back to the time when Satan sowed evil in the Garden of Eden, where the good seed, Adam and Eve, had been placed—so good that they were but "little lower than God" (Ps. 8: 5, Revised Version), or according to the Old Version, "a little lower than the angels." Satan persuaded Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, and so the tares of disobedience to God sprang up in their hearts, and but for the mercy and loving kindness of God they would have perished from the earth. God not only let them live, but Adam lived to be nine hundred and thirty years old. The promise of a Saviour was given to them, and they were given another chance to acquit themselves as those of the kingdom—a true son and a true daughter of God. Here we see a fundamental difference between the tare growing in the field, whose identity can never be changed, but it must always be a tare, and the human tare, which may become as good wheat through the grace of God by his Son Jesus Christ our Saviour. From Adam and Eve until now Satan has been sowing the tares of sin in the human field, and so there have always been some bad men and women in the world.

Perhaps we have often heard the question asked, "Why does God allow the wicked to live?" It is very like the suggestion made by the servants to their master that they might pull up the tares. Dr. John Hall once answered this question very wisely as follows: "The tares are not bad doctrines, but bad people, and they are allowed to remain because of their nearness to the good. Here is a careless man, but wedded to a godly woman; his removal, his being summoned to judgment, would be a blow to her. Here are children learning to fear God, but the parents who are to care for them and give them a start in life are not Christians. Here is a strong money-making merchant who despises religion, deems it, perhaps, a superstition for women and children. Some religious members of his family will survive him and have funds through his secular success with which to glorify God. The wealth of such sinners, which they were spared to make, is sometimes laid up for the just." (A noted gambler in New York City won and laid by a large fortune. He died suddenly, and his wife and daughter inherited all of the money. Shortly after, they both died, but they had become Christians, and they left the gambler's fortune to benevolent institutions and the church.) Dr. Hall continues: "Had there been a dozen righteous in Sodom, the people of Sodom would have been spared, and probably not bated one whit their contempt for the righteous; but there was not "wheat" enough to make it worth while to tolerate the tares for its sake, so the wheat was taken out (Lot and his family) and the tares were destroyed. God in conscious almighty power; in considerate regard for the children of his love; in clear view of the time when his angels will make a final separation and his government will be cleared of all suspicion, lets the wicked alone because of their closeness to the righteous."

A Modern Example

No need to read in the Bible, "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust," for we see it all as we look out upon the book of nature; we see it in the streets of the town or the city where we live. As we look another reason appears before us why God tolerates the wicked: The tare in the wheat-field can never become a stalk of good wheat, but the human tare, the son of Satan, may become a son of the kingdom. What if God had not allowed such a tare as Jerry McAuley to live, but had cut him off in the days when he was a river thief, a prize-fighter, and almost everything but a murderer. Instead God let him live even in prison fifteen years after he had been convicted of highway robbery. And in the prison he was changed from a tare into wheat, being converted through the efforts of a reformed convict. After that he became so exemplary that he was pardoned out after having served only half of his term. Almost the first use he made of his liberty was to establish the "Helping Hand for Men," otherwise known as the "Jerry McAuley Mission." For many years he preached the Gospel there every night—so long as his health permitted, for he was stricken with tuberculosis and died at forty-five years of age. His last words were, as he pointed toward heaven, "It's all right up there!"

A newspaper reporter when visiting Jerry McAuley's Mission met a white-haired old man who said: "I always come to Jerry's Mission when I feel a little uncertain about my theology. There is no nonsense here about the disagreements between science and religion. These people know that heaven or hell awaits them, and they are earnest in proportion to their certainty."

Phillips Brooks has said, "Every man is good. Every man is bad. Nor is this all. Not only in the same man, but even in the same deed, the good and the evil are commingled. The act of benevolence flecked and stained with pride; the self-restraint which has some self-indulgence at its heart; truth told for false purposes, religion with some soul of selfishness." So each of us and all of us must constantly be on the watch for this arch-enemy of ours, lest he sow the vicious seeds of sin in our hearts. Each of us must try to keep his own field of life just as free as possible from tares; we must try to be as like good wheat as we can.

Many Grades of Wheat

As there are many grades of wheat, so there are degrees of goodness in human life. In the year 1848, when there was a riot in Paris, and the mob was sweeping through a street, killing the soldiers, spiking the guns, an old man suddenly appeared, unarmed, and signaled for silence. The leader of the mob recognized him, and called out to the rioters, "Citizens, it is De la

Continued on next page

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for July 28, 1912. "The wheat and the tares." Matt. 13: 24-30; 38-43. GOLDEN TEXT: "Gather up first the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn." Matt. 13: 30.

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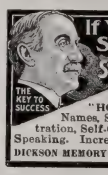

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

Eure. Sixty years of pure life is about to address you." And they stood still, and listened, and the mob was checked. We must compare such a man with the finest of wheat, and his example inspires us to be the best we can be. It has been said that "to be" is higher than "to do," because it embraces "to do" within it. To do deeds of mercy is only a part of the precept to be merciful; to do justice to others is only a part of the precept to be just, and the Gospel requires not merely that man's deeds should be in accordance with God's law, but that his spirit should also be penetrated with the spirit of that law, and that his deeds should be in harmony with his inner life, and with all that comes from that inner life.

Degenerate Wheat

The peasants in Palestine believe that in wet seasons the wheat turns into tares! But of course this is not so; the wheat, however, develops so poorly, its grains not filling out, that it does quite resemble the tares. Alas! one sees sometimes in Christians a state to be compared with this. They make a start as the followers of Jesus, but they do not follow closely; from what they say and do one would hardly know that they were followers at all. Such Christians are hardly above the grade of tares.

Let it be our purpose to be that sort of a Christian that may be compared with the soundest, fullest wheat, and we can be, God helping us, if we pray to him.

Rust on Wheat

Then there is another danger that sometimes takes hold of wheat in the field; it is called "wheat rust." In that condition the wheat is not worth harvesting. Something akin to this sometimes takes hold on the followers of Jesus, the sons of the kingdom. They used to attend church, but now they are seen there very seldom, the automobile ride, or the excursion down the river or on the railroad claims them. They tell those with whom they once tirelessly worked to relieve the sufferings of the sick and the poor that they are "now too busy for such matters." Dr. Joseph Parker in the People's Bible says: "It is easy to see whether a man is going up or going down—we feel it. It is a sight to cry over with rivers of tears to see the men we loved, and all but worshiped, grown all over with tares. They used to be so noble, kind, sympathetic, generous, helpful—the world could never be cold to us so long as they were in it. Day by day the tares grow in number and strength till we know not what the end will be."

Teaching the Lesson to Children

As this lesson occurs about harvest time, it will be an easy matter for teachers living in small towns or in the country to secure some bunches of wheat to use by way of illustration, and it should by all means be done. It will not be so easy to get tares, and some sort of noxious weed will have to be substituted, or a drawing made on the blackboard. Only one point should be made in teaching; being useless, even worse, bad like the tare, or good and helpful like the wheat. Give the children a chance to choose which they will be like, then warn them against certain bad deeds that are like tares, and get them to name good deeds that will be like wheat.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Time for Public Interference

THE terrible catastrophe to the Vanman dirigible airship, almost immediately following the tragic deaths of Miss Quimby and her companion, emphasizes the danger of air navigation. Even the safest type of airship —for that is what the dirigible is thought to be—is far from safe. Count Zeppelin's own experiences with this type have been a long chapter of accidents, though without loss of life. In the present state of air navigation would not the public be justified in attempting such a degree of regulation as would put an end to the misuse of airships at public exhibitions and thereby keep down the rapidly increasing roll of fatalities? Fifteen aviators lost their lives in June, and seven have already been killed in July. Deaths are becoming almost a daily occurrence.

This shocking slaughter is not necessary to the development of aviation. It tends to make the public hold human life more and more cheap. As the use of aeroplanes increases and the number of persons eager to operate them grows larger, and as exhibitions become more numerous, fatal catastrophes will multiply unless the state interferes to prevent reckless performances under improper conditions.—*New York Tribune.*

. . .

Big Bible Demand in China

EAGER for Western intelligence, especially since the departure of the Manchu rulership, the people of China are demanding Bibles in excess of numbers which the American Bible Society finds itself financially able to supply. Dr. Hykes, the society's agent in China, reports that prejudice has disappeared with the Manchus and that China really wishes at last to find out what Christianity is. The Chinese and others buy Bibles, but they do not always pay all the cost. The society appropriates $52,500 this year for Bible work for the Chinese, but it will not, it is now stated, meet the demands of these wideawake, revolutionized peoples.

Owing to the disturbed conditions obtaining last year, the sales of some colporteurs fell off 6,000 to 12,000 copies. Yet in spite of drawbacks, the sales last year increased in the whole country 15,000 copies.

As never before, there are dialect Bibles to meet these new demands of this year. The question is solely the cost of manufacture and distribution beyond amounts paid by the purchasers. The Bible Society is now asking whether the churches will see to it that no one in China who desires a Bible shall be compelled to go without one.—*New York Times.*

. . .

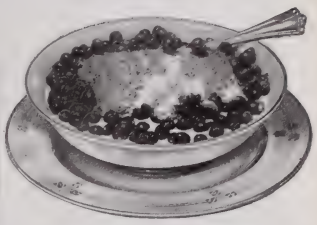
Big Business in a Big State

THE scale on which things are done in Texas is indicated by the demand for thirty thousand refrigerator-cars to ship the vegetables and fruits of the State this season. Four thousand cars are wanted for onions, four thousand for early potatoes, four thousand for peaches, six thousand for watermelons and cantaloups, sixteen hundred for tomatoes, and the rest for miscellaneous products.—*Scientific American.*

You Can Make One Child Happy

Mont-Lawn, the "Children's Paradise," is open. There are hundreds of little tenement children eagerly pleading for a holiday there. Any reader who contributes *now* can be the means of bringing joy and health to some poor little waif. Send your gift to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and help to make at least one child happy.

"The World Is Hers"



The sense of freedom that comes from a knowledge of food values makes the housewife equal to any emergency in household management. She is ready for the uninvited guest— for the disappointments of uncertain domestic service. "The world is hers" if she knows

Shredded Wheat

and the many wholesome, nourishing dishes that can be made with it. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Nothing so wholesome and nourishing and nothing so easy to prepare as Shredded Wheat Biscuit with huckleberries or other fresh fruits.

Heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and then cover with huckleberries or other berries. Serve with milk or cream and sweeten to suit the taste. A delicious, appetizing dish for the sultry August days.

For noon-day lunch nothing so delicious and nourishing as Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat wafer, eaten with butter, soft cheese or marmalade. Take it with you to the camp or the bungalow, on picnics or excursions on land or sea.

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Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1912

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THE CATHEDRAL AT CHARTRES

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See description in this issue

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

P. R., Allentown, Pa. Please explain bimetallism.

Bimetallism is a term employed to describe a financial system wherein gold and silver are used as standard money and coined without limit at a fixed ratio. Bimetallism proper implies, first, that the money unit shall rest upon two metals; second, that these metals shall enjoy equal and unlimited coinage privileges; third, that they shall be connected by a fixed and definite legal ratio; and fourth, that the coins made from them shall be a full legal-tender.

M. R. G., Thompsonville, Ill. Who are the Scotch-Irish who have many societies throughout the country?

The Scotch-Irish are the descendants of the Scotch Presbyterians whom James I. sent over (1609-1612) to colonize Ulster, or the Northern province of Ireland.

M. B., Holland, Mich. None of the great political parties is based on religion, although an effort is now being made to control them in the interest of the Catholic Church. The American ideal, upon which our government was founded, is that church and state are forever separate and that absolute freedom of religion is guaranteed to all. Rome, however, wants to dominate the state (as she once did in almost all the European countries, but does no longer), and to attain this end, she takes every available means to win strength in the rank and file of the political parties, and among the leaders and high officials of State and nation. Every American, no matter to what religious faith he may belong, should oppose with all the forces at his command the attempt to Romanize this republic.

W. O. D., Athens, Ga. 1. What is the meaning of Matt. 5: 17? 2. Where do some get the idea that women are sometimes commanded to preach? Where in the Bible is a woman commanded to preach? 3. What is the meaning of Heb. 12: 14?

1. The Jews evidently had the impression that the new Gospel which Jesus taught was subversive of the religious teachings they had respected, especially the law of Moses and the prophecies. At the outset, he reassured them on this point. He had come to fulfil, not to uproot or destroy. 2. There is no such command in the Bible. In some of the Epistles we have references to godly women who did good service in connection with the early church; but theirs was a humble ministry and not one of either teaching or preaching. 3. Paul was here impressing upon the Hebrews the value of a pacific and amiable spirit, avoiding quarrels, objectionable exercise of authority and petty jealousy. They were to be helpful and considerate toward the "lame" (the weak in faith) and to guide them aright in love and kindness. The three verses 12-14 form an exhortation to holy, sanctified living.

T. G. M., Sandusky, O. What is German silver?

A composition consisting approximately of six parts copper, three zinc, and one nickel. These proportions form a tough white metal susceptible of fine polish and well adapted to the manufacture of spoons, forks and other domestic utensils.

Reader, Whitney, S. D. 1. Please explain Mark 9: 43-48. 2. Also Mark 13: 14-25. 3. Are evil thoughts Satan's messengers? How can we best combat them?

1. In the preceding verses Jesus had rebuked John for exclusiveness. Then, leaving that incidental topic, he returns to the theme he had begun when he took up the little child as an object-lesson. The point is that humility is the gateway to heaven, and that it is better to make any personal sacrifice than to lead another astray, or to indulge selfish and sinful propensities to our own eternal loss. 2. The "abomination of desolation" is interpreted as pointing to the Roman ensigns as the symbols of an idolatrous pagan power—the same power which profaned the Hebrew altar. The whole passage foreshadows the evils that were to accompany the destruction of Jerusalem. Then, from verse 21 to the close of the chapter, the prophetic theme is changed and deals with the further vision of the second coming and the last judgment. The first part of the prophecy is already fulfilled. 3. Evil thoughts may come even to the purest mind. If we ask divine help in ridding ourselves of them and at the same time set resolutely to thinking of other matters or doing such work as will get our mind healthfully occupied, we shall succeed in banishing them. Pray for strength, keep busy, read helpful books, choose as far as you can cheerful companions, and cultivate a habit of prompt resistance to any evil intruder which knocks at the gate, and remember that the sin lies not in the temptation or suggestion, but in the encouragement. Christ himself was tempted. Resist evil thoughts with all your strength, and if you ask for divine reinforcement you will assuredly receive it.

Reader, Unionville, Md. 1. Who started the first Sunday school? 2. How long after the death of Christ did Paul begin to preach?

1. The first Sunday school was established by Robert Raikes, an English philanthropist, about 1784. He found the poor children of Gloucester growing up without any knowledge of the Gospel. Many of them when they came to his little gathering on Sunday at 10 A.M. were ragged and shoeless. What was probably the first Sunday school in America was founded by Thomas Crenshaw, a Methodist, in Hanover County, Va., in 1786. 2. We first hear of Paul in connection with the martyrdom of Stephen (A.D. 29). His conversion occurred probably a year later, and he began his active Christian career almost immediately afterward. The crucifixion and resurrection, according to the best Biblical authority, both occurred between March 18 and 20, A.D. 29.

M. L. M., Letts, Ind. Kindly explain the seeming cruelty of the "wars of extermination" given in Joshua in the Bible. I get help by looking at those nations as a type of evil in our hearts that must be utterly destroyed.

The treatment of the Canaanites and other nations, as related in the book of Joshua, has been much discussed, and while some have condemned his severity, the fact is pointed out that the extensive conquests of Joshua did not result in the complete extermination of the Canaanites. Many of them continued to occupy isolated strongholds throughout the land and lived at peace with Israel. Principal Fairbairn, Dean Graves and other eminent commentators have contended that what seems to us to have been unnecessary cruelty was the natural interpretation, in a rude age, of the divine method of ruling the world and of meting out justice to the wicked.

W. J. K., Shepherdstown, W. Va. Why is the new year not commenced on December 25 instead of January 1?

The year can begin on any date, determined according to views, history, traditions, or other circumstances of the people adopting it. Our calendar as now constituted follows that of the Romans, who commenced their year in January in honor of the god Janus, who was supposed to preside at the beginning or opening of all things. It was not until 1752, however, that England and other European countries adopted this style, the legal New Year previously beginning on March 25. The length of the tropical year as measured by a revolution of the earth round the sun being the lapse of time from one vernal equinox to the next, the beginning of the year in the northern hemisphere should naturally occur in the latter part of March. It was in this month (Nisan) that the ancient Babylonians celebrated the first of their year in honor of the return of the sun, which they termed the sun-god Bel-Merodach.

K. T., Wichita, Kan. 1. Who discovered the process of photography and in what way? 2. Who invented the first typewriter?

1. Louis Daguerre, a Frenchman, in 1839 was the first to produce a direct photographic positive in the camera by means of a highly polished silver surfaced plate exposed to the vapors of iodine and subsequent development with mercury vapor. Fox Talbot, an Englishman, in the same year was the first to produce positive proofs from negatives. 2. It is hard to say when the first movable type machine was produced. We find the idea of a typewriter recorded in an English patent of 1714. From 1840 the inventive genius of America was busy upon the idea, but it was not until 1868 that Latham Sholes, a Milwaukee printer, constructed a machine that could really write. During the following five years he so improved on it that the great firm of Remington & Sons, gunmakers of Ilion, N. Y., became interested and brought to bear on Sholes's invention the skill of their gunmakers, with the result that the famous Remington typewriter was put on the market in 1874.

Mrs. J. N., Chicago, Ill. In I. Sam. 16: 18 it says David was a mighty, valiant man, and a man of war. Later, in I. Sam. 17: 33, Saul says: "Thou art but a youth." Also I. Sam. 16: 21, 22, compared with I. Sam. 17: 58.

It would appear that David's talents were already well known and this statement "by a servant" (tradition says it was Doeg) probably magnified his prowess intentionally, to make a good impression. Still, he was only a youth, though stout of limb and fearless of heart. In I. Sam. 17: 58, Saul's question to Abner was probably prompted by jealousy. A few years had passed since the shepherd minstrel was the king's harpist and these years may have produced such a change in his appearance—from the smooth-faced youth to the bronzed and bearded young soldier—that for the moment he was not recognized by Saul. Or the king might simply have pretended not to know him. In either case, it is not necessary to regard the statements in the Book as inconsistent, since they are clearly capable of reasonable explanation.

LAST CHANCE!

Four Months at Half Price

DEAR FRIEND: Our four months' coupon offer made in the July 10th issue of *The Christian Herald* has met with a hearty response from our subscribers. The opportunity to secure a trial subscription to *The Christian Herald* at half price, or only twenty-five cents for seventeen issues, is welcomed by thousands of Christian people who have not heretofore been regular readers of our paper.

Have you sent in your coupons and selected one of the valuable premiums given for one or more of these short-term subscriptions? Remember it is with your aid that we expect to reach the Million Mark. We count on you for your help. One coupon only is well worth while both to you and to us. Two or more coupons will bring you handsome rewards, both in immediate returns by a beautiful premium, and also because of the satisfaction you will have for good work well done.

Think over your list of friends, who among them would be benefited by reading *The Christian Herald*. Cut out the four coupons from the July 10th issue, and get as many *new* subscribers to sign them at once. Send them in to us with twenty-five cents each on or before August 1st, the LAST MAILING DATE. If you have not the July 10th issue at hand, send as many names as you can with twenty-five cents each for a four months' subscription, and we will send you a handsome premium of our own selection. This is the only short-term subscription offer we will make this year, so do not wait for another chance. This is positively the *Last Call*. Act at once and do your share!

Yours for the Million Mark!

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. L. L. W., Ashland, Pa. Episcopalian.

D. M., Chicago. Some distinguished Hebrew preachers of liberal tendencies recognize Jesus as a great teacher and prophet, though not divine. This is probably what the rabbi had in mind.

L. M., Worthington, Ind. The monthly list of "Bible Questions" deals with topics which can be answered through either the Revised or Authorized Version. You should have a Concordance; and a Bible with a Word-Book would be very helpful.

Mrs. T. M., Alma, Ill. They are teachers of false doctrines, even although they do not hold to some of the views of the other wing of the same church. As you yourselves are people of influence and intelligence, why not try to gather around you the nucleus of a small congregation on the lines of your own denomination, or, possibly, a union church? Write to the American Sunday School Union, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. A. D., Conway, Mo. The passages on the subject are: Acts 1: 25; Luke 16: 23 and 23: 43; II. Cor. 12: 2-4; Heb. 12: 23; John 3: 13 and 20: 17; Acts 2: 34; Heb. 11: 39; I. Thess. 4: 15-17. The last is the clearest and most emphatic on the subject. To the disembodied spirit, freed from the relations of space and time, the interval will seem to pass as an instant and in this manner all will be equalized, as Paul implies.

E. P. E., Wausa, Neb. God's power is not shortened, but results are proportioned to our faith. There are many instances in the church to-day of wonderful answers to the prayer of faith. It is well to remember, however, that God has placed certain means within our reach and we should employ these means and ask his blessing upon them. Jesus himself never said anything in disparagement of the profession of Luke the "beloved physician."

A. N. H., Silver City, N. M. There is no foundation in Scripture for masses, the lighting of candles to show souls the way out of purgatory and the sprinkling of holy water. In the early Christian Church, Christians were told to confess their sins to one another and to God, but there is no warrant for auricular confession as practiced in the Roman Church. Idolatry in every form is condemned in the Bible, and Mariolatry, or the worship of Mary, is idolatry.

An Appreciative Subscriber

I cannot express my pleasure and my gratitude to you for all which came to me safely—the lovely book that I have enjoyed so much (*Mother*), the beautiful pictures, and the most valuable *Almanac* that I would not part with, and again the dearest magazine. May you live long and prosper, shall be my prayer for you.

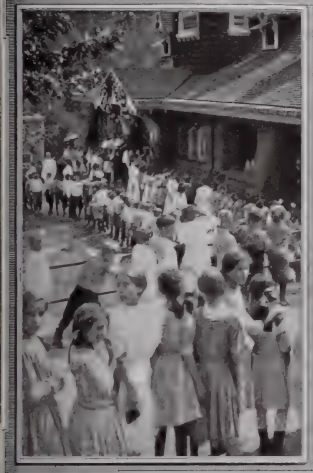
Amherst, Mass. MARION L. CLARKE.

NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

On the Way to the "Temple"

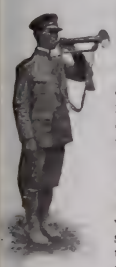


Dr. C. H. Mead Addressing the Children

Drinking in Eloquence

MONT-LAWN'S HAPPY "FOURTH"

Crowds of Delighted Visitors Join with the Tenement Waifs in Celebrating the Day



PERFECT weather, an unusually large attendance of visitors and a delightful program made the Fourth of July at Mont-Lawn this year an ideal holiday. Never did the "Children's Paradise" look more attractive. The great lawns in front of the cottages had been neatly trimmed, and all the buildings were prettily decorated with flags and bunting, while long lines of varicolored flags and streamers flew from tree to tree, giving added picturesqueness o the scene. The 312 fresh-air chilren, the little guests of the Home, vere awake betimes in eager anticiation of the celebration which marks he red-letter day of all the year for Mont-Lawn.

About ten o'clock, the first of the visitors began to arrive. Every train and ferry-boat from that time on added to the number. These arrivals ncluded many good friends who have ontributed to the support of the Home for years, some of them coming rom considerable distances. There vas also the usual crowd of visitors rom Nyack and the surrounding vilages, who come to the Home every ourth to enjoy the singing of the hildren and the patriotic oratory on he lawn.

It was a pretty and inspiring scene o watch—the coming of the guests. arge parties came from train and oat in the commodious CHRISTIAN ERALD Home stages, while hundreds nore rode in other kinds of conveyances. Each fresh group of arrivals vas enthusiastically greeted by the hildren who massed themselves in welcoming bands at the entrance odge and different points along the driveway, sending up volleys of cheers for the newcomers.

At noon, the Home settlement looked like a populous country village enjoying a festival. To the grown-up spectator at Mont-Lawn, remembering the heat and strain of the city and the hurly-burly of everyday life, a holiday at The Children's Paradise is ever a novel and refreshing experience. A safe and sane Fourth carefully planned and carried out as such a celebration should be, "with children everywhere," is an inspiring event not soon to be forgotten. It was worth while for the hundreds of guests to feel the charm of the place on the greatest of holidays. The Abigail Kindergarten Band played stirring airs, the children danced beneath the flag-pole with Old Glory fluttering gaily above them, and the whole scene was one of bustle and joyous excitement. At twelve o'clock, Matron Goering sounded the bell for the assembly for the children's dinner. From all parts of the grounds and even from the distant ball field came the happy little tenement folks, hurrying to take their places in the line for the march to Fort Plenty. The visitors crowded around to watch them as the boys, at a signal, opened ranks to permit the girls to pass between and after the last little miss had gone into the big open-air dining-hall, the ranks were closed and the boys resumed their march, entering the building in perfect order. When all the children were in their places at the tables, at a tap of the bell by one of the teachers, they sang their quaint old grace in unison, their voices swelling in perfect time and accord throughout the verse:

> God is great and God is good,
> And we thank him for our food;
> By his hand must all be fed.
> Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen.

Another stroke of the bell and all took their seats and did justice to the meal on the long tables. When the dinner was ended, they sang the blessing which has always been sung at Mont-Lawn during the eighteen years since the Home was first opened. Then they marched out of Fort Plenty, down the gravel path to the playgrounds.

At one o'clock the guests' luncheon was served, and at two P.M. the march was begun to the Children's Temple for the special song service, always a feature of the Fourth at Mont-Lawn. Troops of wee little lads and lasses, glad to be away from the huddled city slums, came running across stretches of velvety

Continued on next page

On the Lawn with Their Friends

MONT-LAWN'S HAPPY "FOURTH"

grass and beneath the grand old trees that surround the Home on every side. In the beautiful Temple they took their places, over three hundred strong. With prayer and song and blessing, that little army of glad-hearted boys and girls, of varying creeds and nationalities, sang the sweet songs of faith and patriotism and declared their allegiance to Old Glory. The familiar songs of the Children's Paradise were rendered with fine effect by the little singers under the leadership of Professor Henry Noll, their music-teacher. "Mont-Lawn Bells," "Can we Hear the Flowers Grow?" "Jesus Loves the Little Children," "It Never Pays to Be Bad," and the "Glory Song" were prime favorites, and won the hearty applause of the audience, which crowded every available part of the Temple, including the long ambulatory and the gallery above the platform.

One of the annual features of Independence Day at Mont-Lawn is the patriotic hour, and the speakers never fail to have a good-sized audience. The children, smiling and eager, were banked on the long grassy slopes in a semi-circle, and behind them were hundreds of visitors, seated and standing, the whole forming a very picturesque setting for the open-air exercises. The president of the Home introduced the speakers to the audience. Rev. C. H. Mead, in a spirited address full of humor, drove home lessons of honor, manliness, courage and truth. Mr. Edward R. Johnstone delivered the patriotic address of the day and was listened to with close attention. He sketched, in language which children as well as adults could readily understand, the glorious story of the Flag, and the rise of the American Republic until it has become one of the great powers of the world, with an influence extending to the remotest parts of the globe. During his speech he introduced interesting reminiscences of distinguished Americans. Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart gave a very beautiful and inspiring talk on love and children. "Where love for God is," he said by way of text, "there will always be love for the little children." He paid a touching tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Louis Klopsch, whose love of children made him known throughout the world as "The Children's Friend." Dr. J. M. Farrar, of Brooklyn, the last speaker, made a brief, characteristic address which evoked roars of merriment from both children and grown-ups. All the speakers were rewarded with liberal applause.

During the afternoon the visitors inspected the dormitories, with their long rows of snowy white cots. They strolled through the grounds, went up to the stone tower of Fort Plenty to see the bells and hear the "Westminster chimes"; they looked over the new bathing pavilion now in process of erection, they viewed the big rainy-day playground and the spacious Home kitchen on the floor below, with its ample provision for turning out nearly a thousand meals daily for three hundred children and the working staff. They chatted with the little tenement waifs on the lawn and found among them children of many nationalities, American predominating. Some of the visitors sought out little beneficiaries who were at the Home enjoying a fresh-air outing through their generosity, and were delighted to find them well and happy. Still others went to the clothing room, and eyes opened wide in amazement to see the great presses, some full of blankets and sheeting, others piled up with hundreds of simple dresses for girls and suits for boys, all fresh and clean and ready for the use of the little guests.

A new feature of the celebration this year was the introduction of daylight fireworks, an exhibition of which took place during the afternoon. It has been found from experience during former years that regular fireworks keep the children up too late. The daylight show, therefore, was a welcome novelty. A number of pieces were sent up from the east field, and there were loud cheers as each piece disclosed itself to view in the upper air, many in fantastic forms, as animals, fishes, caps, cubes, American flags, etc. There was a great scramble among the little folks to secure the various trophies as they came to earth. After this diversion, the children, who had been active all day long, were seated in circles on the grass and served with cake and ice cream. The guests were served with a light refreshment immediately before their departure.

It was now nearly six o'clock and the stages and other vehicles were in readiness to carry the guests to the trains. This work occupied nearly an hour, and shortly after seven o'clock the last of the visitors had departed, and the children were in their dormitories, saying their evening prayers before retiring to their snowy cots for the night.

. . .

A Visitor's Impressions

THE country; the river; ice-cream; flags; games; full permission to shout and cheer; big firecrackers that turned into balloons, which, after they had been floating a while, were discovered to be birds and flying fish, and came sailing back to earth; songs in the chapel, and speeches on the lawn from men that made you laugh riotously—it's altogether too bad that Fourth of July comes only once a year, and that only about one-tenth of all the fresh-air children who come during the season can be at Mont-Lawn on that gala day.

An Audience That Can Appreciate a Good Story

But for three hundred children to go through one such day is a fairly big item in the sum total of the world's merriment and progress. In the first place, you could hardly have three hundred children looking at such a flag as rolls from the Mont-Lawn staff on Independence Day without putting something into their make-up which ought to count till they have cast their last vote or tended their last grandchild. There is really something remarkable about that biggest one of the Mont-Lawn flags. The pole is not so high but that the flag seems to be on rather intimate terms with the good green earth, and the children and their friends. It rolls sturdily, gently, leisurely, grandly, in incomparable beauty and with indescribable grace, and as a child watches it, even when he does not know he is watching it, the conviction will get down to the roots of his soul that a flag of such beauty as that, and such majesty, is bound to fly forever. And while he watches the flag, he sees the river gleaming beyond the trees at the foot of the hills, and the words of the old hymn he sings at school mean more than they could have meant if sung with only the picture of roofs and bricks and towers in his mind.

> I love thy rocks and rills,
> Thy woods and templed hills;
> My heart with rapture thrills
> Like that above.

Fort Plenty! What a name! Safety and satiety! It is truly pitiful to think of the meager meals eaten, one must fear, on so many of the three hundred and sixty-five other days. But for ten days really enough to eat—and on this great day enough and then ice cream! Sitting there with the breezes slipping in from the mountain's crest and laughing in among the trees, with the flag gleaming near, and the river gleaming below, who shall say what impressions may not be made which shall lead these "little citizens" to insist in later years, when they shall be no longer little, though citizens still, that the flag must float over a land in which plenty shall be more common, and where it will be a harder thing than now to find families who live in want!

And the guests! Some familiar, some strange, but all welcome, and all making Mont-Lawn and its work a part of the great world of grown-up folks and grown-up deeds. "I'll be grown-up, too, by and by," some of the children may be thinking "and I'll go on the Fourth of July to see boys and girls. It will be nice to hear them cheer for *me* when I drive in." And while they are thinking this, something within them may suggest that the way to bring the heartiest and most affectionate cheers will be to do kind and noble things.

Then the speeches! To sit right down on the grass instead of on hard chairs; to be allowed to laugh without restraint; to have the speakers ask questions that any one may feel free to try to answer; to hear such interesting things about America and the flag, to have such funny jokes cracked that were so easy to understand, and then to find that the joke was a lesson that would be hard to forget because it had started with such a big laugh—this is surely listening to speeches under extraordinary conditions.

And the songs in the chapel, with Mr. Noll to lead, and the teacher standing in the aisles to help hold together this magic organ made of three hundred little throats and tongues! The children do not seem to get unduly flattered when the guests praise the songs extravagantly. But they can hardly realize how surprising the results are which they produce. Mellow tones (except that sometimes it is such excessively good fun to sing that it is hard to keep from singing almost too vigorously), sweet melodies, rich harmonies, and words full of thrilling meaning—it is worth something either to hear or to help make the Mont-Lawn Fourth of July songs.

Year after year, three thousand little children are returned to the metropolis from their ten-day romp in the green fields with songs like this in brain, in heart and upon their lips:

> It never pays to be bad;
> No! It never pays to be bad;
> It makes one feel so mean inside
> It NEVER pays to be bad.

And this:

> G, double o, d—good;
> G, double o, d—good;
> We will try to be like Jesus—
> G, double o, d—good.

One of their recessionals lingers long in the memory of every one. It would, indeed, be hard to find a more touching thing to witness and hear. They march out of their chapel, each boy as he reaches the aisle meeting a little girl coming from the opposite seat. They raise the flags they are carrying and cross them above their heads. Then they join the procession of little couples marching ahead under the crossed flags, and the chorus floats back from the aisles and in from the lawn where the head of the procession is winding its way down "Sunshine Alley":

> Jesus loves the little children,
> All the children of the world—
> Red and yellow, black and white;
> They are precious in his sight.
> Jesus loves the little children of the world.

. . .

Subscriptions for the work of the Home during the present season are now coming in. Among the earliest contributors are the following:

Catherine F Abbott	3.00	Fannie W. Benedict	3.0
Jane E. Aber	1.00	Melissa P. Benedict	31.0
J. H. Abrams	10.00	Wm. H. Berger	20.0
I Achilli	10.00	Elizabeth D. Berrien	2.0
Miss C. E. Adams	5.00	Sarah W. Berry	10.0
Mrs. Wm. Alexander	1.00	Edw. S. Bice	6.0
Mrs. C. A. Anderson	1.00	Wm. C. Bidlack	5.0
Floyde W. Andrews	3.00	D. D. Bidwell	1.0
J. F. Andrews	1.00	Geo. Bigley	1.0
Lydia Arnold	1.00	Rev. John Binney	3.0
W. A. Arnold	1.00	Mrs. G. Birmingham	1.0
Mrs. Mary E. Ash	1.00	Mrs. T. Bishop	3.0
Miss Atterbury	12.00	Martha L. Bixby	21.0
Mrs. P. B. Atwater	3.00	Mrs. Chas. Bjorklund	1.0
J. A. Atwood	3.00	Emma L. Blauvelt	5.0
Mrs. S. F. Atwood	1.00	Ella E. Bliss	6.0
Frederick L. Averill	2.00	Ida Bogardus	1.5
Rev. T. J. Bach	21.00	Samson Borgnis	1.0
Mrs. Alice J. Bachtel	3.00	Miss Bownes	2.0
Joseph W. Bacon	2.00	M. H. Boyer	23.0
Mrs. Leonard W. Bacon	3.00	John J. Bradford	1.0
C. F. Bahret	3.00	Edward M. Bradley	10.0
Mrs. T. H. Bailey	2.00	Miss M. H. Bradley	1.0
J. C. Bain	1.00	Myrtle Braithwaite	21.0
Edgar N. Baker	1.00	S. Alfred Brandes	2.0
Alfred C. Baldwin	2.00	Herman Brandt	5.0
Mrs. M. T. Baldwin	3.00	Wm. H. Bray	2.0
Newt. G. Ball	2.00	Mary E. Breckenridge	2.0
J. W. Barnes	1.00	Mrs. Nelia Brelsford	1.0
Mrs. Eva Barrett	4.00	Mrs. Luther Brill	1.0
Fred. H. Barton	3.00	Mrs. C. A. Brinckerhoff	10.0
Mrs. J. A. Baxter	2.00	Mrs. F. B. Bristol	1.0
Gustav Becker	3.00	Fred J. Broadbent	2.0
Arthur I. Beil	5.00	Jessamine A. Brooks	2.0
Mrs. E. A. Belcher	5.00	Mrs. Matilda Brooks	3.0
Geo. H. Bell	10.00	William P. Brothers	6.0
Mrs. Lida Bell	1.00	Mrs. Allen Brown	2.0
John M. Bender	2.00	Mrs. Mary E. Brown	3.0

IN THE GRIP OF THE HOT WAVE

With Stones for Pillows

Better Than on the Fire-Escape

How the Children Fared

Because They Could Not Go to the Beach

A Sidewalk Dormitory

No Room Here for Bad Dreams

WIDESPREAD suffering was caused by the heat wave which visited eastern America during the early days of July. Reports of distress and death came from hicago, Montreal, Philadelphia, and Boston, while ew York sweltered in the intolerable temperature nd grieved at its own appalling death list.

Occasional showers brought only temporary re- ef. The barometer was phenomenally restless, aking sharp angles in the charts recording its osition. Often a lower thermometer would be ac- mpanied by a higher barometer, and the insuffer- ble humidity augmented the discomfort of the ty's inhabitants. Then, too, as the days and ights passed, vitality lessened, and there was less hysical power to resist the ravages of the heat.

The death list was by no means limited to the oor. Hon. Wm. F. Mackey, formerly State Sena- r, was among the victims. But in the tenement istricts the suffering was the keenest. The stuffy ooms were almost literally uninhabitable, yet some others preferred them to the scorching heat of the streets themselves. Night brought little relief. All over the city people slept out of doors, some finding their way to the parks, others sleeping on the pavements and steps before their homes. Some were able to get to the beaches and there found relief from the deadly heat.

Philadelphia reported thirty-seven deaths in three days. From Montreal came the pitiful tale of ninety-five funerals in one day, most of them due to the heat, and eighty of them being of babies. As early in the siege as July 9, Chicago recorded thirty-seven deaths from the heat. Up to July 10 Cleveland reported that the heat had killed forty babies there.

Side by side with the severe suffering there was, as always, the earnest effort to bring relief. Children were rushed into the country by the various fresh air agencies. The New York *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, the New York *World*, the St. John's Guild, the International Sunshine Society, the Five Points Mission, and our own CHRISTIAN HERALD organization continued the work of rescue. The New York *Herald* conducted its campaign for free ice for the poor. Six hundred families were referred to the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which, besides supporting the home at Sea Breeze, has made arrangements to take five hundred mothers and children for a day's outing at Coney Island three times a week. CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will be pleased to remind themselves that during these days and nights of distress in New York the home at Mont-Lawn was kept full of happy children who have romped and slept under the cool shadows of the mountain trees.

Terrible as the siege has been, it has not been without its humorous side. Dignity had to be forgotten. A judge held court in his shirt sleeves; men traveled coatless on the suburban trains and walked about the city with sleeves rolled up; youngsters got gleefully in the way of the streams turned from the fire hydrants upon the baking streets; the city fountains became swimming pools for happy boys; and the park policemen forgot all about the signs: "Keep Off the Grass."

THE THIRD PARTY CONVENTION

AS WAS foreshadowed some time ago, the formal convention call of the National Progressive Party was issued on July 8, announcing that the convention would be eld in Chicago on August 5. The call is issued by enator J. M. Dixon, chairman of the Provisional ommittee, and signed by sixty-three names, in- uding United States Senators, governors of tates, representatives, jurists, and the president f a college. Three of the signers are Democrats. Whatever may be one's personal attitude toward he new party, every citizen is interested in it as a striking event in our nation's history. Some of the phraseology of the "call" is more than ordinarily forceful. Continuing to name the classes of people who are invited to participate in the new movement, the message reads as follows:

Who believe in the right and capacity of the people to rule themselves, and effectively to control all the agencies of their government, and who hold that only through social and industrial justice, thus secured, can honest property find permanent protection;

Who believe that government by the few tends to become, and has in fact become, government by the sordid influences that control the few;

Who believe that only through the movement proposed can we obtain in the nation and the several States the legislation demanded by the modern industrial evolution; legislation that shall favor honest business and yet control the great agencies of modern business so as to ensure their being used in the interest of the whole people; legislation which shall promote prosperity and at the same time secure the better and more equitable diffusion of prosperity; legislation which shall promote the economic well-being of the honest farmer, wage-worker, professional man and business man alike, but which shall at the same time strike in efficient fashion—and not merely pretend to strike—at the roots of privilege in the world of industry no less than in the world of politics;

Who believe that only this type of wise industrial evolution will avert industrial revolution;

Who believe that wholesome party government can come only if there is wholesome party management in a spirit of service to the whole country, and who hold that the commandment delivered at Sinai, "Thou shalt not steal," applies to politics as well as to business.

HOSPITALITY IN GOD'S HOUSE

A SERMON

BY

Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Ps. 84: 10

IT IS probable that David, in using the title "doorkeeper," had in mind the family of Shallum, to whom was assigned the duty of guarding the doors of the tabernacle, a position which was regarded with high honor in those days. It will be remembered that on the night of the Passover, when the angel of destruction smote the first-born of every Egyptian household, the first-born of the Israelites were spared; and, as a recognition of that fact, it was ordained that the eldest sons of Israel should thereafter be dedicated to the ministry. A year later, in the encampment at Sinai, when Moses came down out of the mountain and found the people worshiping the golden calf, he cried indignantly, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me!" whereupon the whole tribe of Levi "gathered themselves together unto him." It was then ordained that the tribe of Levi should be set apart to the ministry, taking the place of the first-born of the nation. The tribe thus consecrated was assigned to duties of various kinds. One of its families, that of Aaron, was appointed to minister at the altar. The family of Asaph was detailed to the musical service. The family of Kohath was charged with the care of the tabernacle itself, particularly the Ark of the Covenant and the Book of the Law. To the family of Shallum were committed the entrances of the tabernacle and subsequently of the temple. These were the "doorkeepers," who were enjoined to see not only that the doors were suitably guarded but that the rites of hospitality were observed in the sacred place. In the early church this office was continued in an order of the minor clergy known as *ostiarii*. And this is precisely the position held by the ushers of these days.

It is obvious, therefore, that the position is one of high honor. It is really an order of the ministry. Our Lord himself said that he "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." No service is menial in the following of Christ. The motto of the Prince of Wales, *Ich dien*, that is, "I serve," has a royal ring to it. The man who serves most faithfully in his appointed place is the most loyal follower of the Prince of men.

The Value of Courtesy

It is also a position of grave responsibility. For in the ministry of the Gospel much depends on the attitude of those who attend to hear it. A man passing in the street on Sabbath morning hears the church bell calling, "Come! Come! Come and worship God!" The deepest longing in the soul of that man, whether he knows it or not, is to learn the way of everlasting life. He heeds the invitation of the church bell and enters. If he is welcomed at the threshold and made to feel that he is not an intruder but a welcome guest, his mind is open to the message awaiting him. But if he is repelled by indifference or discourtesy, he is in no mood to listen; and when the service is over he is likely to sympathize with Dr. Foster who "went to Gloster in a shower of rain" and resolved that he would never go there again. And the doorkeepers may have to shoulder the blame for it.

The position is one of difficulty also. The fault of a wrong adjustment in these premises is not always ours. There are many peculiar people in the world and some of them occasionally go to church. A guest is sometimes over-exacting in his demands; sometimes gruff and overbearing to the last degree. The good nature of the ushers is not infrequently tried beyond measure in this way. They have need constantly to remind themselves of Peter's injunction, "Be courteous!" And I have this to say to their credit, that I have almost never heard a complaint as to their courtesy in the years gone by.

Our Lord is not unmindful of such service. He promised a sure compensation for the mere giving of a cup of cold water to one of his little ones. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The roll of highest honor is not for dignitaries who occupy the most conspicuous positions in the church, but for those who are faithful in whatever place is divinely assigned to them.

On Sunday morning, forty years ago, my wife and I betook ourselves to a Fifth Avenue church, on entering which we were informed by a polite usher that if we would wait in the vestibule until the pew-holders were seated we would be provided for. We waited there twenty minutes, by the watch. It was long enough for me to relate to my companion the legend of St. Sebald, which runs on this wise: He came from his monastic retreat in the desert to visit an ancient city and while there entered a great cathedral to worship God. As he was clad in a garment of gray homespun he was asked to remain in the open portico while others more suitably garbed were ushered in. It happened to be a chilly day, and the Lord had compassion on him; so that he was enabled by a miracle to keep himself warm. He collected a heap of icicles which he fanned into a flame. I had just said with a shiver, "The Lord does not seem so gracious to us," when the usher returned and smilingly showed us to a comfortable seat in the half-filled church. The sermon did me little good that day. One thought kept pressing hard upon me, to-wit, that there was something wrong in the attitude of such a church toward the stranger within its gates. And I resolved then and there that if my lot should ever be cast in a metropolitan pastorate I would, by God's grace, find some better way.

The Gospel's Welcome

The second visit was twenty years ago, when I was summoned to look over the ground before answering a call to the ministry of this church. The pulpit had long been vacant and the congregation had drifted away. The neighborhood was changing. Homes were being broken up to make way for the encroachments of business life. But it seemed to me that here, at the geographical center of Manhattan Island, was a coign of vantage for a church of a different sort. It happened that Mr. Moody was holding meetings here at that time; and as I rode with him in a cab along the avenue he pointed out of the windows, saying, "Look at them! Look at the people! Multitudes of immortal souls! Men and women for whom Christ died! All waiting for the Gospel of salvation! You must come," he said earnestly; "you must come and lend a hand!" It seemed to me like a divine call. I felt sure there was room just here for a church in which the old-time religion should be preached with up-to-date methods for attracting people to hear it. And I have never repented the decision at which I arrived that day.

In my first sermon in this church I used these words: "Welcome is the shibboleth that will win the people. So long as there is a vacant seat in the sanctuary no person shall be kept waiting in the vestibule. Welcome to the lofty and the lowly. Welcome to capital and labor. Welcome to wise and unwise. Welcome to the stranger. Welcome to all."

A church for the people! That is the proposition which has been kept constantly and consistently before us. And, with that object in view, it would appear that three things are prerequisite to success, namely:

First, an Open Door: a door wide open to all sorts and conditions of men.

To the rich? Certainly. There is no class of people whose spiritual interests are more neglected than theirs. A good deal is said about "the lapsed masses," but consider the lapsed aristocracy. Shall the church do nothing for those whose privileges reduce the gate of heaven to the dimensions of a needle's eye?

Open Doors to All

To the laboring classes? As a matter of course. Was not Christ himself a carpenter? I see him coming up the middle aisle, just now: a man with calloused hands and clad in a peasant's garb. To your feet, pewholders every one; make way for the Workingman! In an address by John Burns, the representative of the labor unions in the English Parliament, he says, "The reason why the handicraftsman does not attend church is because he regards the church as the appanage of the rich." I do not believe that. No doubt there are churches, here and there, of which it may justly be said; but as a rule the churches are wide open to the men of the Third Estate: to the wage-earners who are so cially of closest kin to Him who, standing in the carpenter shop, with the implements of his trade about him, wiped the sweat of honest labor from his brow.

To the poor? Shall our doors be open to the friendless and homeless? To tramps and beggars? Surely. Did not our Lord say, "When thou makest a feast, call in the poor"? And when John the Baptist asked for a sign of his Messiahship did he not answer, "Go tell him that the poor have the Gospel preached to them?" The church is the only place under the blue sky where the rich and the poor can meet together and acknowledge that "the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Hospitality in the Pew

It is written of Christ that he was "no respecter of persons"; and therein we must needs follow him. The apostle James was moved to write to the members of the early church, "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons. For if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; are ye not then partial in yourselves and are become judges of evil thoughts?"

And to strangers? Yes, particularly to them. New York is full of strangers. We wonder at the ever increasing number of our hotels; and they seem to be always full. This city is at the intersection of the caravan-routes of the world. And think of the boarding-houses, full of young men and young women who have come hither to make an honest living; the clerks, nurses, stenographers, many of them living in hall bedrooms; lonely, longing for friends, dreaming of the old home. The red lights along our thoroughfares are always beckoning to them. Shall not the door of the sanctuary be open?

But the open door is not enough. In order to have a People's Church *there must also be a Hospitable Pew.* I have nothing against the pew-rental. On the contrary, it would seem to be eminently wise that every household should have the same pew and occupy it Sunday after Sunday, with the home feeling that accompanies it. But it is imperative that the pew-rental should be subject to the conditions of Christian hospitality; since, when all has been said, the church is not the house of the pew-holder but the house of God.

One thing more is necessary to the keeping up of a People's Church; that is *the Glad Hand.* No apology is made for adopting a phrase out of the vernacular, since it expresses so precisely the business of the ushers.

I know of no better outline of a People's Church than that which is set forth in one of Sankey's hymns, which he used to sing at the Moody meetings many years ago:

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshiped there to-day;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray:
The meeting-house was finer built
Than they were years ago,
But then I found when I went in
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor.
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church
To find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife;
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said with trumpet voice,
"Let all the people sing."
Old "Coronation" was the tune;
The music upward rolled
Until I thought the angel choir
Struck all their harps of gold.

Continued on next page

* Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), New York City.

AT NIGHTFALL

If I have planted hope to-day,
In any hopeless heart;
If some one's load has lighter grown,
Because I did my part;
If haply I have caused a laugh
That chased some tears away;
And if, to-night, my name be named
Where some one kneels to pray—
I claim my day has been well spent,
Not lived in vain, and am content.

If cup, or crust, or covering,
Has been dispensed by me;
If I have helped the weak to stand,
Or warmly clasped some hungry hand
In friendship, it may be;
Or if some lonely little child
Has known my comradeship and smiled—
Then, humble though I be, I know
I have been helping God, and so,
Serene, I claim my nightly rest,
Just glad that I have done my best.

WATSON SHEPHERD.

Hospitality in God's House

Continued from preceding page

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple Gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

But, after all, the welcome to the urch is of little or no value in itself. he throng is nothing. It is no diffi- lt matter to gather a crowd; but the estion is what to do with it. The urch is only an avenue to Christ. he preacher is merely a voice crying, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" he welcome of the sanctuary has no lue except as it echoes the voice of im who said, "Come unto me, all ye at labor and are heavy laden, and I ill give you rest." His arms are ider than the widest door. His voice sweeter than the sweetest bells. Come! Come! Come!" The air is sonant with his invitation to the ace of God.

An Opportunity for Service

NY reader of this journal who is looking for an opportunity for un- tentatious Christian service without ublicity, by dropping a postal ad- essed "Opportunity," CHRISTIAN ERALD, Bible House, New York City, ill be put in possession of particulars ncerning the case of a very worthy mily which has been strongly recom- ended to us for assistance. We have vestigated the case and found it to in every way deserving, and we can erefore recommend it to the benevo- nce of our readers.

Anvil Sparks

...THE simple truth is too simple for any folks to respect.

...THE highway of holiness is no ace to put on high ways.

...NO GRIEF is great enough to kill ny one who takes it right.

...WHEN you can not go straight ead, investigate the path.

...YOU cannot hope to get much out the life that you put little into.

...WHO is always laying down the w for others is apt to lay it aside for mself.

...THE preacher who skins right and ft is always popular with the butch- s of character.

...The fellow who hunts for the soft- it pew isn't the one who covets the ghest good from the service.

...GENTLE breeding is not Christian- y, but Christianity creates gentle- ss, which is the essence of good eeding.

Enthusiasm for Work

VACATION rest and play and all the delights of country and seashore are calling to the toilers of the town. All who can are responding with alacrity. Slam down the desk; lock the house; pick up the golf clubs, or the tennis racket, and away to the green fields. Good-by, dull care, I'm off for a holiday! Rather an odd time to read serious talks on enthusiasm for work, when the all-impelling motive seems to be enthusiasm for play.

Very good and proper. Begone to your place of rest and fun! Enjoy your vacation to the fill, and know that it is a means and not an end. If rightly used for good, wholesome, natural sport and relaxing of the work-day strain, it will *re-create* body and mind and give you a fresh store of the thing that really counts—enthusiasm for your work.

"Take the old world by the hand and frolic with it," as Stevenson said. Laugh in the sunshine, sport in the winds and the waves, revel in close contact with the green earth, get the song of the birds, the roar of the surf, the whispering of the trees into your soul, until the clang and discord of the world let go their hold upon you and all things are in tune. Then go back refreshed and full of gladness to the earnest purposes of life which are expressed through your work. It is worth while to play that we may gain greater zest and greater power for that part of life which is the beginning of our eternity.

. . .

WORK is the greatest joy of the man or the woman with a true vision. It is the one thing that gives value to life, that makes every moment precious, that inspires youth, that enriches old age, and that holds the unanswerable proof of a larger life to come.

Nothing but beginnings and little journeys toward accomplishment are possible here. Life is spent in preparation. A little achievement, by way of practice and foretaste, sometimes rewards our efforts, but it only spurs us on. The stronger we grow, the more efficient, the better equipped we become, the clearer is our realization that all we are doing is but a preparation for greater things. The Creator of the universe does not build merely to throw down as a child tumbles the house of blocks, and laughs to see it fall. The master artist does not make a perfect likeness of full-grown manhood just to blot it out, as a child rubs a picture from the slate. The impulse and the privilege of growth in power, and gain in knowledge, and strengthening of purpose are proof that this equipment is meant to be used somewhere, sometime.

As the human soul takes in more and more of the wonderful plan of an Eternal Father, whose work for blessing the world is hardly touched on the outer surface as yet by his human agents, there is an ever larger conception of what man might do, and an ever increasing eagerness to share more fully in the work.

Whether the work be directly among the poor and suffering, or in the development of medical science, or in the building up of beneficent business enterprises, or in preaching, or writing, or in purifying public life, or in striving for world peace, or simply in creating the tender, holy influences of home life—whatever the particular work to which a life is devoted, there is always the looking forward to better results than this short day can hope to see. Just as the man who thinks a million dollars is the supreme fortune of his ambition, finds, when he gains it, that it is only a beginning, and that with the power one million gives him he will strive for a hundred million, so the man who accomplishes one day's triumphant work looks forward the more eagerly and confidently to the next day, the next year, the *next life.*

. . .

THIS short span of apprenticeship is given us only as a test to determine our fitness for promotion. Day by day we labor on with our small tasks, glad if they are growing bigger as time goes on. We are not frightened, we are stimulated and spurred on by the promise that "greater works than these" shall we do as the personal representatives of the Master. We do not look forward to hearing him say,

> Work, for the night is coming,
> When man works no more.
> . . . . . .
> Work while the night is darkening,
> When man's work is o'er.

No, we are striving for a different word; we sing it over in our hearts and try to think how it will sound in that glad day when our apprenticeship is over, when our test is completed, and promotion is in the hands of the Master, and he says, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And what is that "joy of thy Lord"? It is the greater, fuller, more effective work, the rulership over many things, the life of activity and service, with all the weariness and worry left out. No weak backs, nor heads that ache; no tired feet nor strained eyes; no turmoil nor anxiety; an endless life of rich and joyous work with a soul forever at peace.

As we go on, the vision brightens. As we go on, the enthusiasm for little things does not so often divert our progress. A higher enthusiasm begins to impel us onward and upward. Work takes on new and larger significance, and we "see in better perspective the things that need doing." It is a mistake to speak tolerantly of "the enthusiasm of youth," implying that when youth passes, enthusiasm must die out. Enthusiasm is the life of the heart and should be unquenchable. The possibilities that dazzle the eyes of youthhood may well feed the fires of enthusiasm within, as the mountain climber is ravished by the beauty of the view which he can see from the foothills; but only when the summit of life is reached is it possible to gain the full glory of the vision. Each day has its work, its joy, its enthusiasm. Each day, on and on through life, should bring a better understanding of work and a more joyous enthusiasm in the knowledge that our little labors of to-day are preparing us for the greater things beyond.

Poems Everyone Should Know

NOT THE STRUGGLE

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Mormonism in Hawaii

WHILE the growth of the Mormon Church in Hawaii has been noted with more or less misgivings on the part of the other churches, only recently have the facts and figures regarding the strength of the Latter Day Saints in these islands become known property. The Protestant churches have already formed a federation to work against them. In an incredibly short space of time Mormon doctrines have gained wonderful headway among the native Hawaiians and the Orientals, two classes which constitute more than four-fifths of the entire population. Not only have the Territorial officials been asked to make a careful report upon the situation, but seven officers of the secret service are detailed to make exact tabulations of the doings of the Latter Day Saints, the number and nativity of their converts, the amount of property in the possession of the elders and to what extent polygamy is practiced.

Bishop Willis of the Episcopal Church said yesterday to your correspondent: "Hawaii is credited with many menaces, industrial and martial, all the way from strikes among plantation laborers to war with Japan, but there has not occurred in the history of the islands a more terrible menace than this Mormon scourge which not only threatens but is actually festering in the moral and political body of the Territory. The cancer had its beginning a long time ago with the distribution broadcast of Mormon literature, but only within a few years have there been zealous elders among the people, sent here by the mother church of Utah. At first they worked secretly and did not call themselves Mormons; but within the past two or three years they have become so strong in those remoter regions where the white man is in a very small minority, that they have come out not only openly but aggressively for Mormonism and polygamy. From the natives it has spread to the Chinese, Japanese and even to some extent among the Russian and Portuguese plantation laborers, so that to-day it is a positive disease, eating into the vitals of the non-white races. I feel that all militant Christianity and particularly the churches of the United States, should take up this great matter without delay. Will the offenders be prosecuted in the courts? You may rest assured they will be."

"The Mormon Church authorities have seized upon these weaknesses of the easy-going natives of these islands," said a Territorial official, "and I believe it is their hope to found an island Utah in the Pacific. The great majority of the voters of Hawaii are full-blood natives and half-whites, and with Brigham Young's doctrines followed by the larger number of these it would be only a question of a few years when the civil government, including everything perhaps but the higher courts—the judges of which are appointed from Washington—would be in their hands." W. G. L.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

JERUSALEM, ROME, WASHINGTON

BY PROFESSOR W. H. T. DAU

In St. Louis Theological Quarterly
By Permission

AN ITALIAN gentleman of pleasing address, his clean-shaven face beaming happiness and his piercing eyes kindling with the enthusiasm of hope and bright prospects, stood "before a highly distinguished audience" on the 30th of January, 1893. From the windows of the room in which he had come to speak the suave gentleman could have looked out, had he cared to do so, upon many an object dear to the hearts of citizens of the North American Republic. He might have been said to be standing in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol of the United States, and almost within harking distance of the presidential mansion. All around him could be observed the material evidences of the activities of a great government. The gentleman was fully conscious of his surroundings. He was pleased to know that he was exactly where he was. He loved and admired the beautiful American city on the Potomac. But his love was hardly that of the patriot, and his admiration differed from that of the tourist. He loved and admired the city, and the country which had made the city the seat of its government, not so much for what they were at the time of his address, but for what they would be, and what he ardently hoped to be instrumental in making them within a measurable space of time.

The gentleman was a person of authority, but he was not independent. At the moment of which we are speaking he was representing a higher authority far away, and his remarks were inspired by that higher authority. In fact, he had been careful to emphasize from the day that he set foot upon our hospitable shores that his master had sent him, and that those who heard him heard his master's voice and could know, from him, his master's mind. And Monsignor Francis Satolli's official character and mission were fully understood and heartily appreciated by his audiences, especially by the "highly distinguished audience" which had gathered at Carroll Institute, on the date above named, to honor the Pro-Delegate Apostolic with a formal reception.

A Memorable Address

The Italian gentleman said—or rather "the erudite rector" of the young Catholic University, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, interpreted him to his American audience as having just said "in his beautiful Italian"—the following:

"The Papal Delegate began by saying that while he appreciates every mark of respect and esteem shown him as the legate of the Holy Father, he was particularly gratified at this reception tendered him by a society representing the Catholic gentlemen of this Capital City and bearing the name of one so distinguished in the history of the Church in America. This is an occasion, the memory of which will ever be dear to his heart, and will be a precious memory to the members and to their children, who will be the future members, and the coming generation, for it is an occasion linked with so many great events. It is a significant fact that the opening of a new chapter of the Institute should take place in the beginning of a year marked by so many great events, the sending of a Papal delegate to this country, the celebration of the quadrocentenary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and the golden jubilee of Leo XIII.

"It is not strange that the Papal delegate should give his greeting in Italian, for that was the language which first sounded over the billows of the Atlantic and echoed on the shores of America, when the Italian Columbus bore across the sea the knowledge of Christ to the shores of this unknown continent. And *it is beautiful to trace the economy of divine Providence in the history of America. The Christian religion, which was founded by our divine Saviour at Jerusalem, was, by divine Providence, destined to become centered at Rome. Rome, the greatest city of the world, was going to destruction on account of the wickedness of its people, and it was to become the capital of the Christian world and send forth streams of light to all the nations of the world. Fittingly, then, Rome sent Christianity to America, just as she received it from Jerusalem, so that the world is encircled by the great chain connecting Jerusalem, Rome, and Washington.**

"A study of the history of America, the constitutional organization of our government, and the sentiments of its founders, as expressed in the writings of Washington and our other great men, only confirm the impression that the life and essence of our institutions are in perfect harmony with the sentiments of our Holy Father Leo XIII. on the subject of human liberty.

"In the great event we are so soon to celebrate, three names will be linked together and cherished with love and veneration—the names of Columbus, Washington, and Leo XIII. The Papal delegate utters the prediction that as the years unfold and America continues on her great mission, the more closely men analyze the origin and development of her free institutions, the more clearly they will perceive that we are indebted to the teachings and inspirations of the Church of Christ for all of them.

"In conclusion he spoke to this effect: May your republic, built deep in its foundation of solid rock, raise its pinnacles to the clouds, and like the church, outlast the ages, and may they side by side, in perpetual good faith and love, teach all mankind true liberty, true brotherhood, and peace everlasting."

How the Peace Vessel Damaged the Battleship

COLLISIONS IN THE FOG

A SINGULAR accident occurred in the early morning of July 8 when a vessel built for peaceful traffic rather seriously damaged a United States battleship lying at anchor in Narragansett Bay. The Fall River liner *Commonwealth*, making her way slowly and carefully through a dense fog, rammed the stern of the big *New Hampshire* and, striking an unprotected section, cut a wedge-shaped figure in the warship's hull. No one was hurt on either vessel. The sleeping passengers of the *Commonwealth* hurried on deck, but kept their wits well collected, and there was no panic. But the calmness of these eleven hundred "land lubbers" was of course more than equaled by the alacrity and precision of the *New Hampshire's* bluejackets. Lieutenant Harry Campbell was on watch and when he saw that a collision was inevitable he ordered the alarms sounded, and almost before the blow was struck the sailors were in their places.

The account of this remarkable address which we have given is the official account, and it is complete. It has been published with the full approval of Cardinal Gibbons, who has prefaced the book in which it appeared.* The address is remarkable for a number of things. In the first place, there is, or seems to be, a cordial patriotic fervor pervading the address. Americans love to hear just such things as these: our great Washington, our free institutions, our greater destiny, etc. And when a foreigner tells them these things, they feel more than commonly flattered, and the speaker has won their affections completely. In the second place, the address is remarkable for its unheard-of collocation of persons, places, and events. "Columbus, Washington, and Leo XIII," "Jerusalem, Rome, and Washington," the Columbian Exposition and the papal jubilee—what is it that these matters have in common? Columbus was a mariner of the fifteenth, Washington a soldier of the eighteenth, Leo XIII a clergyman of the nineteenth century. Columbus' voyage was a commercial enterprise, Washington's campaign a patriotic undertaking, Leo XIII's business was to preach. Columbus' name can be intelligently connected with the American Continent, but not with the territory occupied by the North American Republic and her institutions.

What Columbus might have done—besides finding a shorter way to India—has been shown by the fate of those countries where the religion which he brought to the new continent became firmly established. On the subject of liberty, Columbus and Washington could not have agreed for a minute. Nor is there any evidence of agreement in sentiment upon this subject between the first President of the United States and the late Pope George Washington was, in the estimation of the affable gentleman from Rome, not only a miserable and damned heretic, like the rest of us, but also an anarchist, because he championed the separation of church and state. We are perfectly amazed to hear this stranger in our gates tell us that he is in possession of facts, from the writings of Washington, which "confirm the impression that the life and essence of our institutions are in perfect harmony with the sentiment of our Holy Father Leo XIII on the subject of human liberty." Most Americans are well acquainted with what Washington has said on that subject; quite a number of Americans know equally well what Leo XIII has said on the same subject. The claim of Monsignor Satolli, then, can be understood only when in the sentence last quoted we emphasize the word "the life and essence." And the question now arises: Did our Italian visitor *studiously avoid* saying simply "our institutions"? If the agreement between Washington and Leo XIII affect not our institutions, as they stand to-day and are accepted by Americans, but their life and essence, we require somebody to tell us what is that "life and essence."

The late Pope has delivered himself in unmistakable language on this very point. On November 1, 1885, he denounced the very principles on which our political organization rests.* On June 20, 1888, he denounced the chief American "liberties," liberty of worship, liberty of speech, liberty of the press, liberty of teaching, liberty of conscience.† On January 10, 1890, he felt it incumbent upon him to instruct Christians as to their duties as citizens and told them, amongst other things, to fight to fight vehemently, if in their particular country the Catholic Church were not allowed to "make laws and exercise every other kind of right."‡ The "essence and life" of American institutions, in the view of the late Pope, are these: The church exists as a distinct body so does the state. But the state must in all its activities become subservient to the interests of the church, meaning the Roman Church. When did Washington express sentiments like these

Why the Papal Legate Came Here

It was because Americans, who had read these papal dissertations, might draw from them certain conclusions unfavorable to the Popish Church in America, that the Pope sent his legate to this country. We were to be assured that the Pope is an ardent American patriot—the same Pope who had written the afore-mentioned encyclicals. And Monsignor Satolli had assumed the artful task of honeying the Pope's word and making American swallow the Pope's poison. Well did he accomplish his task! His diction is a masterpiece as regards concealment. He did not cancel one syllable of the subversive utterances of his master, but he did not touch a single one of the terrible issues which had been raised by those flaming, liberty destroying encyclicals. He smiled upon the Americans whom he met, and extolled the love of Leo XII for America.

Strange, too, ill-boding, portentous, is the geographical chain which the bland Italian gentleman forged, a chain encircling the world, to be closed and riveted at Washington. At Jerusalem our Lord preached and died, but he did not establish Jerusalem as the center of the church. His thoughts about Jerusalem are expressed John 4 21; Luke 19, 41 ff. It *was* a center when he began his career. At Jerusalem the Sanhedrin, the ancient hierarchy, had its seat. The Sanhedrin murdered Christ. "Christian Rome," *i.e.*, the papacy cannot point to any connection with Jerusalem, except one that will make it the sequel, the successor, the heir, yea, the perfecter of that system over which Annas and Caiaphas were presiding in the days of the Lord. And to Washington this system is to be extended? Was the geographical triad which the Italian gentleman constructed the shadow that preceded the cablegram from Rome t

* Italics ours.

* *Loyalty to Church and State. The Mind of His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Satolli, Pro-Delegate Apostolic.* Second, enlarged edition, Baltimore. 1895. p. 216 ff.

* See Encyclical *Immortale Dei* in *The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII.* Translations from approved sources. With preface by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, printers to the Holy Apostolic See. 1903. pp. 107-134.

† See Encyclical *Libertas Praestantissimum.* l. c. pp. 135-161.

‡ See Encyclical *Sapientiae Christianae.* l. c. pp. 180-207.

Continued on next page

TAMING THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Representing New China

The First Americans

Welcoming the Dove of Peace

[T HAS been demonstrated that our great American eagle can sing as well as scream: even better, in fact.

The 136th Fourth of July was celebrated in "safe and sane" manner practically all over the nited States. This does not mean, unfortu- tely, that every city and town and cross-corners served the day that way, for seventeen persons d get killed. But three years ago 215 persons ed as a result of the Fourth, and a great many re injured.

Throwing sacrifices to the National idol once a ar is really not civilized, and now that we have oken away from the practice, the utter folly and ckedness of it is becoming more and more evi- nt. Our very big cities found this year that en the last person to be convinced, namely, the mall boy," enjoys the new day. Pageants, sing- g, games, evening displays of fireworks under ple safeguards proved entirely satisfactory to these eminent judges of what constitutes a good Fourth of July.

In New York large crowds gathered at different points to enjoy just such a program. The parade included such interesting features as fire-engines bearing the legend: "This Used to Be Our Busy Day; We're Not So Busy Now," a float bearing boys in baseball uniform—true insignia of peace; another showing girls playing May-pole; and similar homely subjects that appealed to the spectator.

The old-time fire company shared the interest with the veteran soldiers, and the Indian contingent with its characteristic actions *en route* had an interest all its own. Our foreign-born population was excellently represented, and scattered through the parade were such items as a group of little Chinese girls, a Scottish maiden in Highland garb, and others who sang and gave demonstrations of skill and grace before the reviewing stand.

Even the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the various orations held the crowd. And the evening displays of fireworks gave the day its fitting climax.

All this was under official auspices. In addition there were flag-raisings and suitable exercises by many societies. The city dwelt in safety and woke the following day with a great sense of satisfaction and of gratitude to the committee of eminent persons who had carried the burden of arrangements and supervision.

The "Peace Movement" was well emphasized. The absence of gunpowder symbolized the world-wide *abolition* of gunpowder. White-robed young ladies, representing the Young People's League for International Federation, displayed a banner with the legend, "To the Hague, 1915, for Peace and Justice."

If great cosmopolitan New York prefers such a Fourth, what has the small town to say against it? Happily, the small towns are loud in praise of the new Fourth. The eagle is indeed at his best singing the National Anthem. More power to his glorious lungs!

W. B. ASHLEY.

JERUSALEM, ROME, WASHINGTON

Continued from preceding page

er President elect on the morning of November fourth? Was the speech at the Carroll Insti- e to pave the way for the reception at Washing- n of the Papal Nuncio, who was to take his place ong the ambassadors of foreign countries to nerica, and represent his sovereign and his sov- ign's interests among us? Washington the se- el of Rome! The splendors of the White City on ke Michigan in 1893 represented to Americans the expression of the tion's gratitude to the pist Columbus who is id to have brought man Christianity to nerica! The Pope's niversary linked and nded with that of the nerican nation! Verily, s is brazen impudence. t it has all been said in h winning words, in h a devout spirit, with reverent appeal to the ine Providence, that cunning equivocations h which the address stles are overlooked. false setting which s been given to a mere comitant circumstance an historical event is discovered, the deft nipulation by which a bborn fact emerges ul- ately as in harmony h its exact logical con- ry is not recognized. y, the very things ich the Italian gentle- n thanks Providence having achieved, vidence, in the judg- nt of every historian the North American public, has most significantly averted. It is one of the great miracles of history that the American Colonies, at a time when every condition seemed favorable to Romish ascendency, did not come under the influence of Rome, as did Mexico, the Central American States, Peru, and all of South America. And it is a most significant ruling of Providence that, when in the course of human events the young republic declared its independence and uttered the constitutional principles on which it wished to start on its course as a nation, explicitly eliminated that principle for which every occupant of the papal throne, down to the present incumbent,* has stubbornly fought, the union of church and state. Monsignor Satolli merely beams upon you as you betray your inability to comprehend him, and says: Child, "*analyze closely* the origin and development" of your free institutions, and you will see that they were conceived in Rome and shapen in popery.

Concluded next week

A Regina Street After the Cyclone Had Passed

THE city of Regina, capital of the Province of Saskatchewan, Canada, was recently struck by a terrific cyclone, which destroyed three hundred houses, besides grain elevators and many large business buildings. Fifty lives were lost and the property damage ran up into the millions.

* See Encyclical of Pius X., *Vehementer nos esse*, on the Separation of Church and State in France. Authorized Latin and German text, published by Herdersche Buchhandlung, St. Louis, Mo. p. 7 ff.

A Letter to Dr. Sheldon

I have read many of your previous sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and those of the other noted divines whose sermons appear regularly every week, all of which have been well worth reading, but the very honest, sincere and quiet manne in which you have placed the Bible above all other books ever written in the history of the world has appealed to me as being the very best sermon I ever read or listened to on the subject of the Bible. The knowledge that most people enjoy a feeling of satisfaction in knowing that others appreciate their efforts is my reason for sending you this letter, as your discourse has led me to the conviction that I should study all its precepts more carefully than I have in the past.

GEORGE W. HALL.

Denver, Col.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President — GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor — THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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Bible Tinkering Again

AN ORGANIZATION known as the International Bible Students' Association, lately in session in Washington, D. C., is stated in a despatch to have adopted a resolution, repudiating as thoroughly unscriptural "the teaching of a place, state, or condition of hell-fire and brimstone for the torment of the wicked." This organization has also placed itself on record as holding to the belief that the majority of ministers throughout the country have privately repudiated the "hell-fire theory," but are either unwilling to announce such belief to their congregations, or regard it as impolitic to do so. We know nothing of the theological standing of this association, or whether its membership includes men of sufficient scholarship and familiarity with the Scripture to speak authoritatively. We are naturally skeptical of Bible tinkering. We have seen much of it that ended in sorrow and regret.

The whole question, whether we are to accept in a literal sense or as figurative the language of the Gospels in regard to the place of future punishment, is one which has been widely discussed. While some authorities hold that certain references to future rewards and punishments must be interpreted figuratively, all agree that the Scripture, in a majority of instances, is sufficiently clear to convince any one that for the unrepentant sinner there is a place of punishment. It is a fact too obvious to need comment that there are many evils committed in this life that cannot be redressed here, and in all ages the simple sense of justice, human or divine, has pointed to a state of retribution hereafter. As to the character of that state, however, we know little, and speculation does not help us. All the language of Scripture on this subject points to the punishment of those who persist in sin to the end of this life, and admonishes us to righteousness and to the acceptance of God's gift of pardon through Jesus Christ while we have the opportunity.

To make a pronouncement on hell-fire, such as this association has essayed to do, was superfluous and can hardly be expected to carry weight, except possibly among the thoughtless, or those who rarely if ever "search the Scriptures." God has wisely placed a veil over the future world, which no human eye can penetrate. Jesus, in bringing life and immortality to light, while he has revealed to man the future as a state of rewards and punishments, has also shown us the way of righteousness. If in his teachings he employed the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah as symbolic of the fate of the wicked; if he held up Gehenna, the refuse pit outside the walls of Jerusalem, as typical of the fate that awaited those who were to be cast away for their sins and moral worthlessness; if, in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, he showed us the rich sinner suffering from the consuming fires of remorse, and Lazarus resting peacefully on Abraham's bosom—these, whether we view them as figurative or literal, bring us inevitably to the same conclusion: that the sinner *will* be punished—the righteous rewarded hereafter. Conjecture and speculation, such as the Washington Association invites, will bring little comfort in the final hour of life. What we need then is the sure anchor of faith in God's Word and in His forgiveness and acceptance. With these, we need have no fear concerning the future.

The Presidential Term

ONE outcome of the present campaign which must be regarded as important is the movement looking to a change in the presidential term from four to six years, with the proviso that it shall be a single term. This can only be effected by constitutional amendment. From time to time the question of a single term has been discussed, and as long ago as the close of Grant's second incumbency it found many advocates. Now, however, the subject has been brought up in Congress and has found recognition in the platforms of national conventions. Its advocates hold that the single term would be attended with many advantages. It would render impossible the undignified spectacle of a President personally campaigning for re-election. Again it is urged, and with apparently good reason, that a single-term President would have the strongest inducement to faithful and disinterested public service, and a higher ambition to leave behind him a clean and honorable record than if he had a prospect of re-election and yielded to the temptation to place party interests and success above those of the nation.

It is worth noting that the new republic in China seems to have profited by its observation of American politics, since it has decided in favor of a six-year single term for its chief executive. Another consideration not to be overlooked is that the proposed innovation would be a blow to bosses and "machines." With an executive looking straight to the people for approval of his official course, "machines" would get little consideration and bosses would hardly be tolerated. In this sense, a single term would be distinctly progressive. No executive could then lay claim to re-election as a reward for services rendered to his party. At no time in our history has there been an emergency when the welfare of the country depended upon the selection of a single individual to the Presidency. There has always been, and always will be, enough good Presidential timber available to make a choice, and that choice should always be free and untrammeled. Moreover, it is a historical fact that the persistent pursuit of the Presidency by any one man, no matter how talented or popular he has been, invariably ended in failure. All of which goes to show that the sentiment of our people is that the office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

Small But Significant

PORTLAND, Oregon, had an election for superintendent of public schools in June last. Regarding the individual merits of the candidates no question seems to have been raised, and the local newspapers pronounced them men of capacity. There was, however, one incident in connection with this public school election which is of interest to all right-thinking Americans. On a Sunday morning previous to the voting, the Catholic churches of the city took a hand in the fight. It was announced from the altar that cards would be given out to voters at the close of the service, and the members were urged to "vote as conscience dictates." Every one who heard thoroughly understood that the Roman Church claims to be the interpreter of the conscience of the individual member. Those cards, it is hardly necessary to say, bore the name of the candidate for superintendent whom the church wanted to win. The church meant to have that office—to have an incumbent upon whom the church could depend. And the candidate favored by the Roman Church of Portland was duly elected. In that little local public school campaign the "steam roller" was applied as scientifically and efficiently as was ever done in a National Committee or Convention.

Our cities, towns and villages, where the independence of the public school is valued, should guard that independence jealously. Rome means to have the schools, if she can. Some years ago a distinguished Catholic prelate was quoted as making this confident declaration:

> *"We can have the United States in ten years, and I want to give you three points for your consideration: the negroes, the Indians, and the public schools."*

Secure in the possession of unlimited wealth, and with organized forces that are conducting shrewdly and silently a campaign of encroachment with the view of "making America Catholic," the Roman Church regards the public schools as of the first importance to her ambitious plan. If there should be in the mind of any one the last lingering doubt as to the actuality of her far-reaching schemes and purposes, we would recommend him to read the remarkable article by Professor Dau in this issue, entitled, "Jerusalem — Rome — Washington." Though the attempt to control the public schools may seem insignificant in itself, viewed in the light of the larger project for a nation's conquest, it assumes an importance that is not to be underestimated without serious danger.

The "Titanic" Inquiry

AFTER a thorough and searching investigation involving the testimony of several hundred witnesses, the British inquiry into the *Titanic* disaster has been finished and the draft of the report of Lord Mersey to the Board of Assessors sitting with him is published in the cable despatches. It exonerates Mr. Ismay on the charge of influencing the navigation of the ship, and attributes the disaster to excessive speed, but holds that Captain Smith simply followed precedent. It condemns the antiquated lifeboat rules of the British Board of Trade and recommends regular boat-crew drills. It urges the general adoption of the Marconi wireless system with day and night operators continuously on duty. Contrary to expectations, it regards searchlights as undesirable. In many respects, there is a striking similarity between the results of the English and American investigations. There is this difference, however, that the British inquest was a slow and deliberate affair, unmarked by any sensational features. Some of the far-reaching suggestions of Senator Smith and his associates might well have been followed by the British court, especially those that had reference to international action for the better safeguarding of life and comfort on the ocean.

The Southern Flood Sufferers

IT WILL be welcome news to our readers to learn that the worst suffering from the Mississippi floods is now past. The following letter, acknowledging the receipt of the latest contributions from this journal, speaks for itself:

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
CITY HALL, NEW YORK, July 10, 1912.

Editor The Christian Herald:

In behalf of the committee I beg to thank you for your check for $3,000 received to-day for the relief of the sufferers from the Southern floods. This check has been turned over to Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, treasurer of the Red Cross, who will forward it to the South. The committee is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Bicknell, national director of the Red Cross, stating that he believes it unnecessary to solicit further funds. The time has passed for planting seeds, and he thinks that with the money already on hand, and that will continue to come in for three or four weeks, there will be enough to meet the needs of the people.

Again thanking you for your active and generous co-operation, I am, etc., ROBERT ADAMSON, *Secretary.*

THE HOUSE OF PRAYER

THE plate from which our present cover subject is reproduced is a rarely beautiful etching on copper by G. Marchelli, the famous Italian etcher in colors. This view of the sweet, fresh water canal of Chartres, with the fine play of color reflected in it, and the famous Gothic cathedral known the world over as the "House of Prayer," its tall spire and azure roof outlined in the gray blue of a hazy midsummer day in France, is especially appealing and truly beautiful

The Cathedral at Chartres is one of the richest and finest Gothic cathedrals in Europe.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

amorrist Leaders Get Thirty Years

HE trial of the Camorrist leaders at Viterbo, which had been in progress for seventeen months, ended July 8 in the conviction of the survivors of the forty-one arrested for criminal conspiracy, and the sentence of five to thirty years of solitary confinement on the charge of murder. In June, 1906, Gennaro Cuocolo, a former Camorrist leader, was found stabbed to death on the lower slope of Mount Vesuvius. On the same night his wife was murdered in Naples. The government was four years in tracking down the murderers, and has now been a year and a half trying them. The cage of prisoners, howling, shrieking, cursing, and abusing the prosecution and the judge, has been the tragical picture witnessed by the world. The trial ended with a final outburst of shrieks, gestures, oaths and curses such as had characterized the proceedings from the start. One of the prisoners, Di Marinas, cut his throat with a piece of glass and fell bleeding to the floor. Women fainted and confusion prevailed. The president of the court immediately sent for the condemned men. Sortino, Cerrato, Salvi, Cuocolo, Di Gennaro, Alfano, Rapi, and Di Marinas, were sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment and seven years' police surveillance; Di Matteo to ten years and six months' imprisonment and ten years' police surveillance; Ascrittore to ten years' imprisonment and three years' surveillance; Ciro Vizzi, the priest, to seven years' imprisonment and two years' surveillance; the others to five years' imprisonment and three years' surveillance. Thus ended one of the most remarkable trials of history. The whole world looked on to see whether Italy had virtue and courage enough to succeed in the death struggle between civilization and organized assassination which the murderous secret societies of Italy had provoked. There was anxiety that the fear of vengeance that has been so swift and certain for so long a time might intimidate witnesses for prosecution, but it did not, and it is generally understood that the trial and verdict are the death of the Camorrist society, and that all nations of the earth are likely to have a new era of law and order. It will be well if the verdict puts added courage and efficiency into the courts of America, that they may put an end to the secret assassinations by criminal foreign organizations that are getting to be of too common occurrence in all the great cities of the country. The prophet thus described such people:

Their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. (Isa. 59: 7.)

The Camorrists in the Cage, During the Trial at Viterbo

Bible Gives Woman Strength

THE "Gideons" put 100,000 Bibles in the various hotels of the country, which have been yielding abundant harvests in comforting and inspiring believers to duty, and in bringing unbelievers into the kingdom. Recently a woman had an important business engagement in a certain city. On the table of her hotel room she saw one of these Bibles. Having worried herself with heartsickness, she opened the sacred Book, yearning for comfort. Her eye fell at first upon these words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and her heart was rested. With tears of gratitude running down her cheeks she opened the Book again, and read, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." The Spirit accompanied the written word and she went to the task that looked so difficult, and had the largest measure of success in her undertaking. Christ, through his revealed word, spoke to the woman these words:

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. (John 14: 18.)

Heroic Rescue of Child

CHARLES STERLING, a little fellow three years of age, slipped away from home the other afternoon down to Rockaway Beach, New York City, where, seeing a rowboat high and dry on the sand, he got into it and began to play. The tide came up and took it away, and there being no boats or men at the dock at the time, the little fellow drifted out a mile into Jamaica Bay on his way to the big ocean. The mother, missing the boy, went to the shore, and, to her horror, saw him in the skiff clapping his hands and having the time of his life. The mother cried for help, and David Hugh and Milton Baillie, only twelve years old, taking off their shoes, went into the water and swam out to the skiff. Getting into it they found no oars, and those two little sailors got into the water. One taking the end of a rope at the bow and swimming tugged at his load, the other swam at the stern and pushed the boat, and in this way they brought the boat and child to shore. By this time a great crowd, mainly of women, had gathered at the dock, and the heroes were smothered with kisses. The incident occasioning the risking of the lives of three boys should not have occurred. Thousands of children, some not more than mere babies, play around the banks of rivers and shores of bays and the sea in the summer, and the toll of life is terrible. Constantly the papers tell of little boys falling off the pier or barge or out of the boat into the water to their death. These little urchins are dear to Christ, and should be to his followers, but to society the dropping of them out of life occasions almost as little notice or regret as the dying flies that are not missed by the swarm. There must be closer parental watching, and even better police protection of these little ones. Boys crave water in the summer time as much as ducks do, and under safe guardianship the poor, as well as the rich, should be provided with this healthy sport. But the reckless slaughter of the innocents that each summer produces is a sin and a shame. The heroism of the two boys only twelve years old is beautiful in the extreme. Our children in the schools in their essays and declamations refer to the heroic acts of Greece, Rome and other ancient nations, but few are more brave than the rescue of the baby in Jamaica Bay by boys only a little older than babies at the risk of their own lives. So many people are only silly children straying away from home, and playing in the boat on the sand with dangerous tides and no oars or human arm to save them from drifting out to the great ocean to death. There is One who is willing and mighty to save those who are helplessly drifting to ruin:

For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. (Luke 19: 10.)

American Athletes Capture Stockholm

FOR the third time in the history of Olympic games, the Stars and Stripes floated from all three flag poles on which are hoisted the national emblems of the countries obtaining first, second and third places in final events. The first occasion was at Athens when American athletes won all the points in the standing broad jump. In the first Olympic race recently run at Stockholm, the Americans made a clean sweep in the final of the 100-meter flat race. Barely a yard separated the first and fifth men at the finish, and none of the twenty thousand persons present except the judges knew who had won. But a moment later a mighty shout arose when the numbers were posted showing that Ralph Craig, of Detroit, was first; Meyer, of New York, second; and Lippincott, of Philadelphia, third. Patching of South Africa was fourth. On the third day of the games in the 800-meter race the American athletes took the first three points again when Meredith, Sheppard, and Davenport came sweeping down to the tape, all of them breaking the world's record. Meredith also broke the world's record for a half mile. At the close of the third day of the contests in Sweden, the United States had won twenty-six points, Finland six points, and Great Britain five points. America is very proud of the successes of her athletic representatives, which show physical strength, endurance and skill, and a splendid mental and moral self-mastery. In securing a living, in accumulating a fortune, in the search of preferment or fame, in the pursuit of happiness, in winning a crown of immortality, there is the contest, the race for the prize. The foot race is used by the apostle as the symbol of the spiritual race:

Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. (I. Cor. 9: 24.)

Old Horse Refuses Idleness

CHARLIE is the name of a gray horse sixteen hands high, who has been actively in the harness for thirty years in a lumber yard in New York City. The faithful old fellow the owners would not sell, but recently they retired him on a pension for the rest of his natural life. He was sent out to a pasture on Long Island, and instead of kicking up his heels and rolling on the ground like a colt he looked unhappy and grew sick. It was suggested that he was homesick and unhappy in an idle life, and so it seemed. For they took him back to his old stable in the city and to his old stall, and he picked up in health and spirit at once. But when the other horses with whom he had done his daily tasks went out to their work in the morning Charlie would tug at his halter and try to get away to them, and so every morning they would put his harness on him and let him go without cart or load anywhere he wanted in the lot, encouraging him with the idea that he was busy aiding the lumber business as he had done the rest of his life. Many men who undertake to retire from business are like old Charlie, nervous and ill, and some taken out of an active business or profession pine away and even die. The animals have not had their last say. The old horse, under the force of habit and love for work, teaches eloquently to men the tremendous power of habit, and the beauty and joy of an industrious life. People could go to this faithful old work-horse for a lesson of industry, as the Wise Man found that lesson taught by the lower tribes.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. (Prov. 6: 6.)

Great Cave Just Discovered

ONE of the most wonderful caves in the world has been found in Southern Arizona. Unnamed, unexplored, and almost unknown, it gives evidence of being a rival of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, whose fame is worldwide. Only a few have dared to enter it to view its grandeur and to study the marvelous handiwork of the Almighty in its construction. This cave lies at the foothills of the Huachuca Mountains, about forty miles northeast of Nogales, Santa Cruz County. Exploring parties have entered and spent days inside, but none has ever discovered the end. They report passageways, rooms and chambers innumerable. One room is level and smooth, and there are many deep and dangerous chasms. A cave figured in ancient times as a den for thieves, a grave for the dead, a refuge for the pursued and persecuted. Five kings who had fled to one for safety were penned up by Joshua and slain and made fearful examples by his order. David was afraid of Achish the king of Gath, and fled to a cave.

David therefore departed thence, and escaped to the cave Adullam: and when his brethren and all his father's house heard it, they went down thither to him. (I. Sam. 22: 1.)

OUR JOYS

BETTER a smile than a tear or a sigh,
Better a laugh than a frown,
Better an upward look to the sky
Than always a sad look down.

The joys we find in each little day
Perhaps may seem few and small,
But better these little joys, I say,
Than to have no joys at all.

Keep faith in the love that blesses men
As the sunshine does the sod,
Let us do our best and trust the rest
To the after-heart of God.
—*British Weekly.*

A Live Sunday School

IT IS characteristic of the "busy Methodists" that they have in church and Sunday school many of the most prominent men in the community, but one might not find it easy to discover another Sunday school in a comparatively small place in which so many of the leading men are found, as in the Sunday school of the First M. E. Church of Garden City, Kan. The superintendent, Mr. C. L. Marmon, is a prominent lawyer in the town. The mayor is the leader of the orchestra, and is rather proud of the fact that he has missed but one session of the school in three years. Seven members of the town council are in one organized Bible class, in which there are a large number of other prominent men of the town. The town marshal is the successful teacher of a large class of boys, while the assistant superintendent is the principal of the high school. The superintendent of classification is also a teacher in the city schools. The sessions of the school are held in the High School building, while a fine new church is being erected. The new church will have accommodations for the Sunday school which is, it need hardly be added, the most important ally of this church. With so many men of activity and prominence in this school, it is a foregone conclusion that the boys are also there in large numbers.

J. L. H.

Old-Time Camp Meeting

THE third annual camp meeting of the New York District of the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene was held at Groveville Park, Matteawan, N. Y., from June 28 to July 8. The services were scheduled to close on Sunday evening, July 7, but on that night there was such a remarkable demonstration of divine power in awakening and saving souls, and so keen an interest on the part of the people of the neighborhood, that another service was announced for Monday night, and this closed the eleven day campaign, which was noteworthy in interest, blessing and victory.

Mrs. Carrie Crow, of Kentucky, who has preached the gospel of full salvation in many States, and has recently conducted successful campaigns in New York and Brooklyn, was the evangelist of the Groveville camp. She and her sister, Miss Kell, sang earnest and beautiful selections, which added to the power and blessing of the services. Their younger sister, Miss Bonivere Kell, and Miss Hayes, who is soon to sail as a missionary to Persia, joined them occasionally in their "hymns and spiritual songs." A military band, organized by the men of the Utica Avenue Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, under the leadership of Rev. Henry Elsner, arrived at Fishkill Landing Saturday afternoon, July 6, and marched through Fishkill-on-the-Hudson and Matteawan, out to the Park. Some of the camp meeting workers accompanied the band on parade, and the people of the villages looked on with respectful interest as these militant Christians marched along the brick-paved streets to the strains of "Holiness unto the Lord" and other stirring full salvation songs. When the camp ground was reached, the band played "The Christian Warfare," a march including the music of "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Hold the Fort." The tent-dwellers flocked down to the entrance and cheered as the procession continued its march about a circle under the trees until the last strains of "Hold the Fort" had been played. The band assisted at the Saturday evening meeting, and on Sunday morning, afternoon and evening it marched through the camp to the tabernacle to take part in the services.

The Sunday night meeting was one of most intense power, and closed in triumph. After the sermon by Mrs. Crow, the old invitation hymn, "Almost Persuaded," was sung, and while the stanzas were repeated again and again, seekers came from the body of the tabernacle and in from among the trees and bushes from which they had stood watching and listening. As the altar filled, the people standing outside drew nearer to gaze in wonder and respect at the demonstration of the changeless power of God to work the great transformation in human hearts. When the space outside the altar was filled with seekers and those who had brought them, others came inside the altar, kneeling to ask for pardon and cleansing. Faithful workers, many of them young men and women, went out to seek their companions, in some cases following them through the woods when they tried to escape from the conviction that had seized them, and brought them back to the altar. In one or two cases seekers were persuaded to fall on their knees out in the grove, and they found God under the trees. Altogether it was such a tangible demonstration of the supernatural as to strengthen the faith of many hearts and to justify high hopes that the results of that single service will tell through many years and in many lands. For side by side with the insistence upon regeneration and holiness there was carried throughout the camp meeting an earnest spirit of missionary zeal.

Among the preachers who assisted Mrs. Crow at the camp meeting were Rev. J. A. Ward, superintendent of the New York District and pastor of Utica Avenue Church, Brooklyn; Rev. William Howard Hoople, president of the Groveville Park Camp Meeting Association and pastor of John Wesley Church, Brooklyn; Rev. J. E. Angell, president of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute at North Scituate, R. I., and Rev. Jeremiah Tamblyn.

AMERICA BEFRIEND!

A NEW AMERICAN HYMN

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

With Music by William Fierson Merrill

1. O Lord our God, Thy might - y hand Hath made our coun - try free;
2. The strength of ev - 'ry state in - crease In Un - ion's gold - en chain;
3. O suf - fer not her feet to stray; But guide her un - taught might,
4. Thro' all the wait - ing land pro - claim Thy gos - pel of good - will;
From all her broad and hap - py land May wor - ship rise to Thee.
Her thou-sand cit - ies fill with peace, Her mill - ion fields with grain.
That she may walk in peace - ful day, And lead the world in light.
And may the joy of Je - sus' name In ev - 'ry bo - som thrill.
Ful fill the prom - ise of her youth, Her lib - er - ty de - fend;
The vir - tues of her min - gled blood In one new peo - ple blend;
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor, Un - e - qual ways a - mend;
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea, Thy ho - ly reign ex - tend;
By law and or - der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be-friend!
By u - ni - ty and broth-er - hood, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be-friend!
By jus - tice, na - tion - wide and sure, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be-friend!
By faith and hope and char - i - ty, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be-friend!

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Professor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, is the author of this beautiful National Hymn, the music being composed by Dr. William P. Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York. It has been pronounced by competent critics a musical masterpiece and is reproduced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by special permission of the authors and of *The Continent*, in which it originally appeared.

READY TO HEAR

JESUS listens with compassio
To the voice that prays relief
And his smiles, like sunshine, fi
Rainbows in the tears of gri
And the heartache soon is over,
And he seems the pain to sh
Ah, the world would soon recov
If the world would bow in pr

Comes a Magdalen confessing,
And he puts the sin away;
Comes a publican for blessing,
And he never answers nay;
And another voice is crying,
Crying "Lord, remember me!
And a thief is saved while dying
By his side on Calvary.

Ready every good to give us,
Every grief to take away,
All transgression to forgive us,
All our anguish to allay;
Never had the soul another
Friend so true and kind as he—
Closer cleaves he than a brother
Jesus Christ of Calvary.

Somerville, Mass. W. C. MART

A Life Transformed

ABOUT seven years ago a m
by the name of T. W. R
ardson received THE CHRIST
HERALD from my law office.
liked the paper so much that
called on me for it each w
and for many years he has
missed getting a dozen copies
this paper. The community
which he lived at the time
commenced taking this pa
had no church and no religi
service, and he himself was
open and outbreaking sinn
After many months he came
the conclusion that he wo
build a church in his comm
nity. He was a very poor m
had bought a tract of land
credit and had to pay for it
his own labor. While he w
laboring to pay for this la
unassisted and without mo
influence to encourage him (e
cept THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
he persisted in his purpose
building the church. He begg
a few dollars here and there;
cut the timber off of his ov
land, and did his hauling wi
some assistance from his neig
bors. A Baptist minister nam
Bryant helped him at this jun
ture, and he finally complet
the church building, and it h
been paid for and dedicate
It is a nice country church in
beautiful location and has
regular monthly service and
Sunday school every Sunda
We consider that all this h
been brought about by the goo
Christian influences exerte
upon Mr. Richardson and hi
neighbors by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
He is now a leading member and off
cial in the church and is living a cor
sistent life. WILLIAM M. PEYTON.

The Gospel in the Worksho

IN MANY workshops throughout th
country brief religious services ar
now held at the noon hour on one da
each week. Meetings of this characte
are held at noon in twelve of the fac
tories of Brooklyn, N. Y., under th
auspices of the Central Branch of th
Young Men's Christian Association
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been usec
as a preacher of the Gospel at these
meetings. In a communication from
Secretary Alfred Stokes, he says: "I
have become somewhat acquainted with
the housing conditions of these men
and realize that too little reading mat-
ter of a helpful character comes into
their homes. I have distributed large
numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
at these shop meetings and they are
taken eagerly. The cash gift of a
generous friend enabled me to give
away 1,000 copies of it at the noon
meetings, and it is my cherished dream
that I may in the near future give out
1,000 CHRISTIAN HERALDS every week,
with their message of love, good cheer
and hope."

WHAT IT MEANS

BY LILY A. LONG

ND, by the way, bring your wife with you. You *are* married, aren't you? Mrs. Anson will be glad to put her up for the night."

Mr. Anson pushed back his chair and rose he spoke, perhaps to signify to the young mining ineer that he had taken as much of a banker's uable time as he could in reason expect to claim. eorge Howe's face cleared at the last words and hesitation vanished. He certainly wanted most ticularly to come down and meet the great Al- Wirth, who had become the controlling owner he Blue Bird Mine, and explain to him in person and why it could be worked to produce satis- tory results; and he had hesitated about leaving et up at the camp. Howe had been married y four months, and his anxiety to the right thing by the most won- ful girl in the world was some- es complicated by a consciousness his ignorance as to what the right ng was. He hadn't quite come to stage of taking Janet for nted. His intentions were always the best; but this is the way in ich he reported Mr. Anson's cas- invitation:

'I have to go down to Ansonia on 10th on business" (having been rried only four months, he did yet know that a wife has any in- est in the details of a man's busi- ss), "and I'll have to stay over ht in order to meet a man I want see. How would you like to go wn with me? Mrs. Anson wants to come and spend the night."

'Oh, goody!" cried the intellec- al Janet Allington Howe, late of Chicago Women's Club and in- merable committees and societies, d now of the Blue Bird Mine in wilds of Washington. "How rfectly lovely! She is the wife of Mr. Anson who is a stockholder our mine, isn't she?"

"Yes," he said, looking surprised. He's a small stockholder. But he presents the man who owns the ntrolling interest, and who is com- g out on the 10th. How did you ow about him?"

"Oh, I can't help knowing some- ing, even if you don't tell me very uch! He's an important man in nsonia, isn't he?"

"*The* important man. He founded e town and still owns most of it."

"Then his wife is probably the so- al leader. Fancy! In Ansonia! ut I suppose they have them in amchatka. What sort of a woman she?"

"Why, rather a large woman, I ould say."

"Is that all you should say?" ughed Janet.

"Well, she has white hair."

"Nobly done!" jeered Janet. "You uld qualify for a society reporter. ever mind, Georgie dear. I'll find ut all I want to know in three min- tes when I see her. And I do think was very nice and friendly of her invite me. I wonder if she will ave any one else. Maybe she eans to give a party for me in the vening! And a chance to wear an evening gown! he trousseau trunk shall be opened at last."

"I'm afraid you must find the camp pretty stu- id," said Howe uneasily, taking note of her happy nimation. That was the brilliant look she had abitually worn when he first met her.

"Oh, not at all," said Janet lightly. "My mind o me ought to be a sufficient kingdom to save any lace from seeming stupid. But of course, with a hinese cook who looks cleavers and bolo knives at e if I venture to make any suggestion about the amp-keeping, there really isn't much for me to *do*. With no bric-à-brac to dust, no calls to make, no lubs to attend, nothing to eat but food and nothing o look at but landscape, I welcome a little diver- ion!"

"I'm afraid it *is* dull," he repeated, in a worried one.

Janet gave him a quizzical look, but she said nly, "Do *you* find it so?"

"I? Oh, no. The days aren't long enough for what I want to do. But then—this is my life."

"Well?" she smiled.

But he did not catch her point, and it was not in her nature to be more explicit. He only said, still in a disturbed tone, "I'm glad that you will have Mrs. Anson at least."

"The path of gold for you and the need of a world of women for me," said Janet with a curling smile. (And to George, who didn't know his Browning at sight, it sounded most unintelligible.) "But, truly, I am glad to go. Do you realize that I haven't seen a woman's face for nearly three months? I can hardly wait for Wednesday." And she went off to her own tent, where George heard her happily singing over some of the bridal finery which had never before been unpacked.

Wednesday dawned grayly on the mountains, but Janet met it with a face of sunshine.

Drawn by H. T. Fisk

"She clung to him with something of the terror of one who has been lifted from the edge of an abyss"

"In Ansonia the sun is shining," she said gaily. But George made literal answer:

"I'm afraid not. It's more likely to be raining down in the valley."

It was a four-hour ride down the mountain, part of the way on the spur track that belonged to the Blue Bird, and then on the main line. Janet had come up by this way when their wedding trip through California had ended with a climb to the mine where George was in charge of the operations on the Blue Bird, and she had not been away from the camp since that day. There had been no place to which she could go. Ansonia had not occurred to her as a social possibility. Besides, it was four hours away. At first the activities at the mine had had the fascination of novelty, and she had tried to interest herself in the details, but her quick mind grasped it all too soon. Then the large solitude of the place had folded her in. Heretofore her life had been busy, even crowded. Here, she told herself, she would be able to read, to sketch, perhaps to write. But the solitude did not prove fruitful. She began to feel that it was paralyzing her energies. The somber qualities of the fir forests which clothed the mountains and reduced their grandeur to shaggy uncouthness began to prey upon her spirits. She had not realized how far this had gone until to-day, the day of relief. As the unsteady little train of freighted cars slid down the chute which the railroad track cut through the dense forest, Janet tingled with a pleasant excitement which had long been a stranger.

George proved to be a true prophet as regarded the weather. It was five o'clock when they reached Ansonia, and a drizzling rain was doing its worst for the raw little town. Janet's eye swept the unprotected platform beside which the train stopped.

"There is no one to meet us," she said in surprise.

"Why, no, there wouldn't be," said Howe, surprised in his turn at her expectations. "I know the way to their house."

It wasn't Janet's idea of a gracious reception, but she was continually telling herself that she must learn to adjust her life to the new conditions, and she cheerfully stepped forth into the mud of the unpaved streets of Ansonia.

"Thank heaven I have a pretty dress in that suit-case," she said after a few minutes of trudging. Her skirt was mud-splashed, and she knew her hat was limp from the rain. "I feel that I must look like the maiden all forlorn."

"You look very nice," George said, and though she knew it was not the judgment with which Mrs. Anson would judge, it pleased her.

She was also pleased with the aspect of the Anson house when they were admitted. Compared with the rest of the town, it was imposing, and though Janet would once have laughed at its esthetics it struck her now as delightfully comfortable.

"Doesn't a house seem a good human invention?" she murmured to her husband while they waited for their hostess. "Even when it is as bourgeois as this is! It looks homelike to have doors and windows and shelves. Ah, here she comes."

Mrs. Anson came toward them slowly; dignity was a physical necessity with a lady of her avoirdupois.

"Common. Self-satisfied. Warmhearted. Good, but tactless," was Janet's swift appraisement as she rose to meet her.

"So this is Mrs. Howe," said the unconscious lady in a rich, throaty voice.

"Yes, I am beginning to acknowledge the name as something more than an alias," laughed Janet happily.

"And where did you drop from, my dear?" pursued Mrs. Anson amiably.

"Why, from the camp," said Janet, looking puzzled. "I'm staying up at the mine, you know."

"How should I know, when I didn't know till this minute that there was a Mrs. Howe?" said the large lady in chuckling raillery. "I thought George Howe was a gay young bachelor, and I've been plannin' to make a match for him; ha! ha! Lucky you let me know. So you're stayin' up at the mine, eh? Well, I've done the same thing in my young days, but the comforts of home mean a good deal to me now. You don't look as though you had been brought up in camps, either. From the East?"

"From Chicago," said Janet. In some indefinable way her manner had changed and George looked up inquiringly.

"I'm expectin' some people from the East myself this evening," said Mrs. Anson with placid importance. "Comin' up in their private car, if you please. Funny what some folks do have in this world, ain't it? Mr. Anson is afraid I can't entertain 'em good enough, but I tell him what is good enough for us is good enough for them. But you know how fussy men are."

"You are quite right," said Janet heartily. She rose as she spoke, and managed somehow to hold George dumb with a glance while she extended her hand cordially to Mrs. Anson. "We mustn't stay. I know you have things to see to. We are just

Continued on page 743

NORTHFIELD, A SPIRITUAL MECCA

An East Northfield Scene

A Section of the Campus at Northfield

The Grave on "Round Top"

WHEN the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, died there were many who spoke in foreboding tones of the future of the Northfield work. The two schools which the great evangelist had founded required $75,000 a year to pay expenses; the many summer conferences which had made Northfield a Mecca for Christians of all sects were now without a leader. The schools which D. L. Moody had said would be his monument they predicted would merely show his visionary judgment and lack of wisdom in starting such a movement, which no one else could carry on. But the critics were wrong, and the man whose abilities were untested measured up to the task. For over ten years William Revell Moody has raised a sufficient sum to cover the annual deficit on the schools, which now amounts to nearly $100,000 a year, for Northfield and Mount Hermon students pay only half their actual expenses. He has continued the Northfield Conferences, has aided in adding four new gatherings to the annual summer program, has brought to Northfield such men as Morgan, Johnston Ross, Jowett and Brown, and has become known as a chairman of ability nearly equal to his father. He has found new friends to support the Northfield work. The Northfield Schools to-day fulfil the prophecy made by their founder; they are his greatest monument. Already ten thousand men and women, scattered in every walk of life throughout the world, are better servants of their God and their fellow men because they have been at Mount Hermon or Northfield.

The Growth of Northfield

Within the past few years there has been a decided increase in material equipment; since 1910, alone, buildings costing over half a million dollars have been erected. One new building has just been dedicated, and three buildings are in process of construction now. At Mount Hermon, across the river from Northfield, the loyalty of the old students has been a striking factor in this material development. The alumni gifts, from men only slightly encumbered with this world's goods, have annually been in the thousands. At the twenty-fifth reunion two brothers gave Holbrook Hall, the administration building, and last year, when the "old boys" came back to celebrate the school's thirtieth birthday, $20,000 was raised to build a Principal's Home, which was used for the first time at the spring commencement. It is a fitting testimonial of the appreciation of the school to Henry F. Cutler, who has served as principal for twenty years. As the winter term was starting in January last year fire destroyed Crossley Hall, the largest dormitory, and two hundred students were without accommodations. The other buildings expanded in some miraculous way, and all were cared for. Last fall the returning Hermonite found a fine new fireproof dormitory ready for him, raised from the ashes of old Crossley, filled with every modern device, trimmed with marble, and large enough for two hundred and fifty students. Work is now progressing on the new library, the gift of Mrs. A. F. Schauffler, of New York, which will be completed in time for the fall term.

Three new friends have recently added a large sum to the equipment of the Northfield Seminary. A few years ago Mrs. Russell Sage gave the new Music Hall, and the beautiful gray stone chapel, which looks out across the broad river, over the other buildings. Beside it lies the boulder which marks the grave of Miss Evelyn S. Hall, who served the seminary as principal for a decade. The new principal, Charles E. Dickerson, who was vice principal at Mount Hermon, is completing his first year in the new position; a Principal's Home is being added to the equipment of the school. Mrs. John S. Kennedy, whose husband left $50,000 to each school, has recently given Kenarden Hall, which will serve as an Administration Building when completed, and will probably be the finest building on either campus. Another gift, just announced, is a home, on the seminary campus, for the director of the two schools, the position now occupied by Mr. W. R. Moody. At this particular time, however, interest is centered on Gould Hall, the new dormitory situated behind the chapel. The dedication exercises took place June 8, with addresses by Miss Helen Miller Gould, the donor, and Rev. G. A. Johnston Ross. There are ninety rooms, including suites for teachers, and with this added equipment the seminary will enroll at least six hundred girls next fall. With these new buildings the Northfield Schools have an equipment worth nearly two and a half millions.

Because the Moodys do not believe in having the Northfield plant lie idle, the plan was started some dozen years ago of continuing Mount Hermon School throughout the summer. The year is now divided into three terms, and graduation exercises are held in April and August; seventeen men expect to graduate this summer and go on to college in the fall. The August commencement at Mount Hermon is always a popular feature during the General Conference; the delegates drive over to attend, and the speakers to take part in the exercises. Nearly three hundred young men are busily studying there through these summer months; already nine hundred different students have attended the school since last September. A special feature of the summer term is the afternoon Bible class, taught by visiting teachers, among whom, this summer, are Rev. W. W. Weeks, D.D., Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins, D.D., Rev. Edgar Whitaker Work, D.D., Rev. John Henry Strong, D.D., Rev. F. B. Meyer, M.A., Professor Charles E. Erdman, D.D., Rev. James A. Francis, D.D., and Professor A. T. Robertson, D.D.

Conference for Theological Students

A new feature at this Conference, June 21 to 30, was a sub-conference for theological seminary students, with men of the caliber of Doctors Mott, Speer, Atkins, Cairns, of Edinburgh University, and Professor Horne of New York University, as leaders. In addition to the regular delegations from nearly a hundred and fifty New England, New York and Canada institutions, a number of Chinese delegates were invited. For the first time Northfield was to hear the Gospel preached in Chinese.

July has been largely occupied with the conferences for women, starting with the Young Women's Conference, and concluding with the Summer School for Sunday School Workers, which is Northfield's only co-educational summer school. The two s sions for women's missionary societies will att a large number of missionary leaders, including Cornelius H. Patton, secretary of the A. B. C. F. Dr. Walter C. Roe, an authority on work am Indians, and Dr. I. T. Headland, of China, who conduct a class on the new movements in that gr republic.

W. R. Moody's Conference Call

The General Conference, August 2 to 18, have as a new feature a central theme, which i consideration of "The Word and the World,' natural outgrowth of the great Men and Relig Movement. There will be sessions for minist and laymen; meetings for women and children probably be arranged later. Special plans are ing made for the music this year, which should to the effectiveness of the gathering. As with the Northfield Conferences, most of the afterno will be devoted to recreation, and during the summer months baseball games between coll men, girls, and ministers will succeed one anot on the diamond.

In a letter to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN H ALD, Mr. W. R. Moody says:

"In this day the world is challenging the auth ity of the evangel, and inquiring as to its conte There is need, therefore, that the Church of Chr should state in unmistakable terms its convicti that it carries the authentic message of God's vealed love for mankind, and of his provisions humanity's greatest need. Realizing that world was never in greater need of a Saviour fr sin, and convinced that this need can only be through the dissemination by the church of t Christian message, we earnestly invite the atter ance of all Christian workers to this thirtieth Co ference, to be held in Northfield from August 2 18. 'Not by might, but by my Spirit' is the conqu of the church to be accomplished, and in prepar tion for this end we extend this invitation.

"It was customary, in the early days of the Chr tian Workers' Conference, to choose some ther about which meditation should center, and in t coming season it is planned to return to this meth by adopting a general subject for consideratio The theme for 1912 will be 'The Christian Messag or The Word and The World.' In a theme so co prehensive in its scope there is sufficient latitude f every speaker, and at the same time a unity a homogeneity which will enhance the value of t gathering. Adaptations of this theme will be pr sented for all classes who attend.

"Special Ministers' Conferences will be held, co ducted by Rev. John A. Hutton and Dr. A. T. Ro ertson. 'The Weapons of Our Warfare' will the subject of Mr. Hutton's lectures, in which will review the conflict of the Christian messa with the hostile world during the first three Chri tian centuries, and will deduce from this conflic much-needed lessons for our own age. Dr. Rob ertson will give expositions in the Epistle of Jame entitled 'The Wisdom of James,' following th Greek Testament text. Although primarily fo students of the Greek Testament, a knowledge o Greek will not be necessary in order to follow th lectures of this eminent scholar."

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WHAT IT MEANS

Continued from page 741

going through Ansonia, and as there was time, Mr. Howe wanted to bring me here."

"But, Janet!" exclaimed Howe.

She cast him one swift look which paralyzed him into bewildered silence.

"Of course he wanted to show you off," said Mrs. Anson, who had noticed nothing. "I don't wonder! And when these important people have gone, I want you to come down to see me, and we'll have a nice cozy time gettin' acquainted. You and me mayn't be grand, but we can be comfortable!"

Once out again in the wet street, Janet turned to her husband with pent indignation.

"I thought you said she invited me for the night."

"*He* did. It's just the same. If you had let me explain—"

"It isn't at all the same. A man's casual invitation to a man! Even at that, he hadn't thought the matter of sufficient importance to mention it to his wife."

"I suppose he forgot," said Howe, with masculine fellow-feeling. "I am sure it would have been all right if you had let me explain. Mrs. Anson is really kind-hearted."

"And would have charitably taken me in out of the rain. Don't you understand that I don't want to visit her on that basis?"

"Oh, of course, if you feel that way about it, we'll go to the hotel."

"I won't go to the hotel. They would hear of it, and he would remember his invitation and tell her. I told her we were going *through* town. You said the train waited here an hour. We'll go on."

"But where? Good heavens, Janet, be reasonable. There's no place to go to!"

"The conductor and engineer go somewhere, don't they? We'll go, too. We can transfer somewhere to some train coming back—since I suppose we *must* come back!"

If you had asked George Howe when and where he was married, he would have said on May 15 in Judge Allington's drawing-room in Chicago, for he was a truthful young man after his lights. He would have seen nothing more than a figure of speech in the statement that he took a more decisive step in the direction of marriage that rainy evening in Ansonia, when he swiftly balanced in his mind the importance of staying over to see Anson and the new Owner against the importance of wiping that look of tragedy from Janet's face, and decided that *since* she felt so, the Blue Bird must take care of itself.

"All right, we'll go on," he said cheerfully.

Janet's sigh of relief was almost a sob, but she did not speak. She hurried on feverishly, and not until they had caught the train and dropped into their seats did the tense look leave her lips.

"I wonder where we are bound," said Howe jocularly, as they pulled out of the town. Since he had, in his own mind, made the great concession, he felt that he had a right to be facetious. Janet did not respond, so Howe unfolded the paper which he had time to snatch in the station, and left his unreasonable wife to her own thoughts.

They were dangerous thoughts. Janet had tried to control her speech, but her thoughts flared unrestrained. Why had she let herself in for this sort of thing? she questioned fiercely. She, whose life had been so significant, not only to herself but to her friends, and, beyond that circle, to her city—to exchange all that for this empty life in a wild country, where she, as a unit, counted for nothing even with such women as Mrs. Anson! She had possibly been a little proud of the plain living that went with the high thinking of her father's house, but now the "plain living," with its ordered peace and self-respecting dignity, rose before her in beauty. She had shared her father's thoughts, her mother's large beneficences. And all this she had given up—for what? For a strange man with whom she had spent less than a hundred hours all told before she placed her hand in his and turned away from that dear, familiar life to walk into a new world with him. She looked at him now, buried in his paper, judging him as a stranger. Was there anything to distinguish him from a million more, if she were seeing him for the first time? And here she was bound for life to go where he went, to stay where he stayed, to measure her step by his so long as they two should live! *Was this what being married meant?* Janet turned her face to the window, where the twilight of the rain had brought on the evening prematurely, and crushed her hands together in her lap.

Presently their train ran on a siding and stopped. Howe threw down his paper, yawned, and rose.

"What are we stopping here for, Jim?" he called familiarly to the conductor.

"There's a special to pass us here. Common folks like us have to step out of the way. There she comes now." And the two men walked out to the platform.

The special came up and stopped on the opposite track. Janet saw but gave no heed until a familiar figure on the platform of the private car which ended the train caught her careless glance. For a moment it seemed a vision; then she understood and jumped up. Her train was already beginning to move, but she caught up her suit case, ran to the door, called to George, who stood in the door of the next car, "Quick! It's Marian!" and, gathering her skirts in her hand, jumped to the ground. And George followed as a matter of course, though his mind was chaotic.

"In heaven's name, Janet," he began, but Janet had fled across the tracks to the other train and was already scrambling up the high steps of the rear car.

"Oh, Marian, *Marian!*" she cried, and the two girls were locked in each other's arms.

Howe found himself pushed and pulled up the steps as the train started. It was Anson who gave him a hand up. An impressive-looking stranger was laughing and shaking Janet's hands with both his own.

"So you know Mr. Wirth?" said Anson, with mingled surprise, annoyance, and respect.

"Who?" asked Howe blankly.

"Albert Wirth, the owner of the Blue Bird."

The great Mr. Wirth had heard and he turned, laughing, to lay a hand on Howe's shoulder.

"Oh, I know this young man very well—I was present at his wedding, though he may have been too absorbed in other matters to notice me. How do you happen to be in this part of the country, Mr. Howe?"

"Mr. Howe is superintendent of the Blue Bird," said Anson, puzzled, but determined not to be ignored.

"Oho! Oho! So!" said Mr. Wirth, looking keenly interested. "To be sure, I have seen your name in the reports, but it never occurred to me that it was Janet's Mr. Howe. That puts a new aspect on things. Come, my friends, let us talk business while Janet and my daughter are disposing of the more serious matters of life."

Janet was the first to withdraw from the clinging embrace of her friend.

"It's like heaven to see you," she said. "Quite unexpected, you know, and very nice. What brought you up here?"

Marian was looking at her with soulful gaze.

"Janet, are you happy?" she asked, ignoring trivialities.

Continued on next page

Titanic Disaster
Set to Music
by Glazounow, Great Composer

THE loss of the "Titanic," the heroism of the men who perished on it, have inspired the great Russian composer, Glazounow, to write a symphony. He is taking as a motive the melody of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which the ship's band played as it went down into the depths.

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WHAT IT MEANS

Continued from preceding page

Janet flushed and drew back. "Why, of course," she said, defensively. "As happy as falls to the lot of mortals. Did you really come to see me?"

"Why, dearest child, we are on our way around the world, father and I. A week ago he said to me, 'Honey, how would you like to go to Japan and India and Algiers and some of those places, and come home by way of Paris and London?' You can guess how I tore around. I didn't have time to write you, especially as I knew we'd go through Ansonia. Father is going up into the mountains from there to see an old mine of his. I wonder if your Mr. Howe knows anything about it—the Blue Bird."

"Why, that's our mine," said Janet quickly.

"Oh, really? I thought you were at Ansonia."

"That's our post office. I infer that you are the important people Mrs. Anson is expecting." And she told gaily her experiences of the day. She thought that she had stripped them of all sting and left them simply amusing, but Marian said fervently,

"How horrid! I hope you know some nicer people."

"Don't know any one," said Janet concisely. "There is no one to know."

Marian looked at her in expressive silence for a moment. Then she said, with apparent irrelevance,

"Father is going to shut up the Blue Bird, I think. He does not believe it will ever pay."

"Oh!" said Janet blankly. How would that affect George? she wondered. (Was that what being married meant?) And at the same moment, perhaps reflected from Marian's ingenuous eyes, she saw what such a decision might mean for her. Her old interests and affections arose like liberated ghosts and beckoned to her. She dropped her eyes so that Marian might not see the flare of joy which she knew they held.

Supper was served a few minutes later. Mr. Wirth devoted himself to Janet with a deferential and affectionate courtesy which (she could not help but know) greatly impressed Mr. Anson, and was not wholly without effect upon George. She responded with vivacity. George looked at her now and again with a puzzled air, and she smiled brightly as she might have done to some stranger. She did not clearly know whether she was acting a part or not. It somehow eased the pressure at her heart to smile at him in that way.

"So you are staying up at the Blue Bird," Mr. Wirth said. "Happy Bird! Do you know that you have saved his life, my dear, or at least secured a suspension of sentence. I came up here with the intention of clipping his wings, if not of wringing his expensive neck, but since you are interested in his worthless life—"

"Am I interested in his worthless life?" she laughed across the table to George.

"I hope so," he said quietly.

"At any rate, we'll go up and look at the creature," Mr. Wirth declared. "You've done that much by bringing Janet into it, Mr. Howe. I confess I had meant to close the whole thing up at a directors' meeting in Mr. Anson's office to-morrow—it didn't seem worth while to keep on pouring money into that hole in the ground—but since you have ideas on the subject, and since I have been given to understand that Janet thinks highly of your ideas, I'll go up and let you demonstrate them on the spot. Then we'll talk things over with Janet." He smiled at her affectionately, and patted her hand.

"Is Mrs. Howe a mining expert?" Mr. Anson asked, with a touch of derision. Evidently the turn things had taken did not altogether please him.

"She's a general expert on everything in particular," Mr. Wirth answered with smiling enthusiasm. "There used to be a saying among the lawyers that Judge Allington never decided a case without taking it home first and talking it over with his daughter, and that wasn't all imagination, either. Has this young man convinced you of the soundness of his theories about the Blue Bird, Janet?"

"I have reserved judgment," she said lightly. She could not bear to admit that he had never discussed his theories with her. She looked up suddenly and met his eyes—puzzled and a little troubled. She lowered her own. There was no smile in them for him.

Mr. Wirth at once decided that the car should proceed to the mine instead of stopping over at Ansonia. Janet noticed Mr. Anson's chagrin at this decision, and guessed perspicaciously that Mrs. Anson would have to suffer for his disappointment.

"Suppose you invite Mrs. Anson to accompany us," she prompted Marian aside. "She was expecting to entertain you."

"Why, of course, dear, if *you* want her," Marian answered amiably—and audibly. Then she turned to Anson and carelessly extended the invitation. When he accepted, Janet guessed how much he must have wanted to be identified with the party.

They ran into Ansonia for the night, and the next morning, with Mr. and Mrs. Anson aboard, they went up to the perch of the Blue Bird. The men went off at once to the field of operations, while Janet laughingly extended the hospitality of the scenery to her guests. There was little else to offer.

"But to *live* here!" protested Marian, in a dismayed tone. "It's gorgeous, of course, but—Oh, Janet!"

"I don't expect to live up here forever," said Janet lightly. But she wished that George had heard Marian's tone of voice!

Mrs. Anson had clung to Janet as a friendly raft in an unfamiliar social sea, but now she spoke up as one who knows.

"I lived mostly in mining camps until I was married," she said. "My father was just a miner. It seems like home to me to see the piles of raw earth beside the holes in the hillside and to hear the chug of the machinery. Of course Mr. Anson is above that sort of thing, and since I am married I have to think of what he likes. That's what being married means. But it makes me homesick to see that red mud, and that's the truth."

"*Was* that what being married meant?" Janet mused. In one way or another, was that what it always meant? Her heart went out in sympathy to the good, commonplace creature who was trying to live up to her husband's social ambitions.

The men came and went—and talked endlessly. George was eager and earnest, Janet noted, though she held aloof from any share in the discussion; and Mr. Wirth was critical and watchful, and secretly impressed; and Mr. Anson was trying to catch the wind whichever way it might blow. Marian was puzzled and bored and commiserating. Mrs. Anson alone was reminiscently happy.

On the third day George came back alone from a tramp on which he and Mr. Wirth had set out together. He came upon Janet by herself at a little distance from the camp. Marian had lain down with a headache and Janet had come away to the edge of a small waterfall which had seemed worth sketching. She saw George coming, and his grave face told her that something had gone amiss, but she had no impulse to go to him. A strange paralysis of affection had followed that evening in the car. She knew that George did not guess that anything was the matter. The presence of strangers had kept him from realizing her spiritual withdrawal, but she knew. She dreaded the hour when they should be alone. Now, with quiet indifference, she watched him approaching.

"I have been having a talk with Mr. Wirth," he said, stopping before her.

"Yes, I saw you go off," she answered, continuing to touch her drawing lightly. She felt no interest in what he might have to say.

"He is willing to have me go on in my own way," Howe continued. He spoke with something of an effort. "He had intended to shut down, but I have satisfied him that it is worth working in another direction. He is going to leave it in my hands for a trial."

"Well? That pleases you, doesn't it?" she said carelessly, to break the long pause that followed his words.

"Janet! Are you unhappy here?" he burst out suddenly. His voice sounded unnatural.

"What makes you think that?" she asked slowly, still touching her sketch.

He pressed his teeth on his lip for a moment, and then he spoke quietly, in his natural manner.

"Mr. Wirth proposes that you go with them on this trip around the world, Janet, while I am working out the Blue Bird problem. He says this is no place for you—your talents are lost here. And he is right. I ought to have realized it before. I do see it now, and I think you ought to go, Janet."

Janet's sketch had slipped from her hands, but she did not look up.

"Go with them? At once?" she asked. She was hardly conscious of surprise. It was like waking in a dream and finding that the dream was true.

"Yes," he said steadily. "He said it wouldn't take you long to get ready."

"Oh, no," she said, vaguely. "I have never unpacked."

"It is a great chance. Of course I see that. I quite agree with him," he reiterated, with unconvincing earnestness. "You mustn't miss it."

"Yes, it's a great chance," she said, in that same vague way. She did not see the tumbling water before her. Instead, she had a flashing vision of a minaretted temple, with herself, in her gray traveling suit and veil, in the foreground.

"Well, then, we'll consider it settled," Howe said quickly. "The sooner it's over—I mean, the sooner you can be ready, the better they will like it. He said Miss Wirth was shocked at finding you in such a place. I ought to have realized what a difference it was."

Janet looked up at last with a mocking smile. But the words that were behind it died upon her lips. Instead, she asked quickly,

"What's the matter with your hand?"

"Why, nothing. Oh, I cut it."

"Let me see," she said, springing up.

"Oh, it's nothing," he repeated, but he let her unwind the blood-stained handkerchief he had twisted about it. It was a jagged cut, not dangerous, but ugly-looking. She did not know till long afterward that it was Mr. Wirth's quiet suggestion that a year's travel would benefit Janet which had made his knife slip. Now, without a word, she brought a cup of water from the rippling mountain cataract she had thought to sketch, and bound up the cleansed finger in her own handkerchief.

Then she looked up at him with tears in her eyes—which was quite unworthy of the capable Miss Allington who, in her settlement work, had bound up mortal wounds after a street fight with never a quiver of her strong nerves.

"Does it hurt?" she murmured.

Then, in a moment, his arms were about her, and all the world was forgotten. Unreasonably, unaccountably, after the illogical fashion in which

Continued on next page

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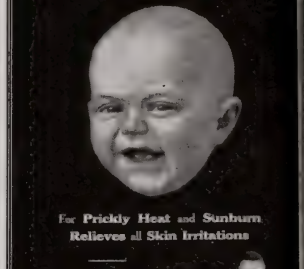

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Values Compared by Jesus*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

BEING asked, "What is the kingdom of heaven?" a happy Christian replied: "It is something here" (laying his hand on his heart) "and something there" (pointing toward heaven). In such a condition one may be said to have found true happiness. In our lesson to-day Jesus tells us that the kingdom of heaven is a hidden treasure. He said so in a parable which he spoke to the multitudes. He knew that in each heart was the desire to be happy, and it was the wish of his loving heart to make everybody happy. But then and now almost every one has a different notion of the way to be happy. Varro, a Roman author, said he sent in many directions to find out from men what they thought to be the chief good. He received three hundred and twenty different replies, so many opinions were there in the world as to what is really the chief good to be sought, and the source of joy to be received.

When the missionary hero Alexander Mackay went to Uganda, he found a great want of water. By use of the geodolite, which he had carried with him, he calculated where he could find water at a depth of only sixteen feet. He set men to work, and reached water just that depth. The natives had never seen a well before, and it is said that their wonder knew no bounds. We are not told so, but we may be quite certain that he took the opportunity to teach them about the water of life which Jesus could give, that would be in them "a well of water springing up into eternal life." There are misguided people who have not taken the missionary's scientific way of finding water; instead, with the dry limb of a tree, and incantations, they have sought water and found it not. Many people seeking happiness are to be compared with them.

I once made search, in hope to find
Abiding peace of mind.
I toiled for riches, as if these
Could bring the spirit ease.
I turned aside to books and lore,
Still baffled as before.
I tasted then of glorious fame,
But hungered still the same.
Then fell a voice from out the skies
With warning in this wise:
"O my disciple! is it meet
That roses tempt thy feet?
Thy Master, even for his head,
Had only thorns instead!"
Then, drawn as by heavenly grace,
I left the flowery place,
And walked on cutting flints and stones,
And said with tears and groans:
"O Lord, my feet, where thou dost lead,
Shall follow though they bleed!"
I walked in weakness, till at length
I suffered unto strength.
Henceforth I knew a holy prayer
To conquer pain and care;
For when my struggling flesh grows faint,
And murmurs with complaint,
My spirit cries, "Thy will be done,"
And finds the victory won.

—*Unidentified.*

Alexander Mackay described the kingdom of God in his heart when he wrote home: "Duty before pleasure, they say; but my duty is a pleasure."

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for August 4, 1912. "The Worth of the Kingdom." Matt. 13: 44-53. GOLDEN TEXT: "Seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6: 33.

This is the way Phillips Brooks put it: "To work; to help and be helped; to learn sympathy through suffering; to learn faith by perplexity; to reach truth through wonder; behold, this is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live." That is indeed the way to find the hidden treasure of the kingdom of heaven, and happy are they who seek and find it! Some will find it in the home by seeking to do deeds of kind thoughtfulness; others will find it as the boy scouts are told to do: "Do a good turn for somebody every day"; others will find it by being kind neighbors. Boys and girls may find it in the schoolroom by being faithful and diligent and true.

The Pearl of Great Price

Jesus further compared the kingdom of heaven with a most valuable pearl. His hearers were familiar with pearls, or he would not have spoken the parable. From the time of King Solomon, pearls had been brought by merchantmen from Egypt, and more than likely pearls had been among the rich gifts which the Queen of Sheba had brought to King Solomon. It is not unlikely that the fame of the pearls of Cleopatra's earrings valued at $400,000 had reached some of the people to whom Jesus spoke. Jesus would have them know that those who would seek happiness in God's way were like merchantmen seeking for precious pearls, large, lustrous and shapely. Jesus is himself the supreme Pearl; his glory fills earth and heaven. And wondrous to tell, all who seek him are promised that they shall find him; that was what the merchantmen of Egypt could not hope for. Some of them sought many years, even a whole lifetime, and failed to get a perfect pearl, even though they were willing to pay a large price for it.

Dr. Horatius Bonar has said: "O Pearl of pearls! What shall we not give for thee? What shall we not lose by losing thee? What shall we not gain by gaining thee? Is there anything in earth or heaven that we would not be willing to part with in order to win thee?" We have everything to win in accepting Christ. "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Golden Text, Matt. 6: 33). The great German poet Goethe did not at all comprehend the truth when he wrote "Religion is renunciation." Rather would we say, *Religion is acquisition.*

The Pearl of pearls can not be bought with a price. Jesus is the gift of God to us, and we must take him as a gift or not at all. It is said that the grand Lady Huntingdon was on her way to a brilliant assembly, when suddenly she remembered some words she had learned in the catechism when a child: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." It was like a flash of lightning, illuminating her soul, and from that moment her life revolved around a new center—Christ, and not self.

A charming little book has been

Continued on next page

WHAT IT MEANS

Continued from preceding page

ve works, the ice which had lain out her heart had melted away. his was no casual stranger to whom ie was bound by the chance of a marage ceremony! It was *Geordie!* ne clung to him with something of ie terror of one who has been lifted om the edge of an abyss.

He was the first to come back to the resent.

"Now about this plan of Mr. Firth's," he said gently. "It's a very ood plan. This is too barren a place or you to live in, and in a year's time will have worked myself free and an meet you when you come back—"

"Pooh!" she said lightly, still clinging to him but not lifting her eyes to his. "I'm not going anywhere. Not for a minute. I won't bother you if I stay—because I am going to stay!"

"Would you rather? Really?" he asked hoarsely, trying to look into her eyes.

"Of course," she said, lightly, sheering away from the emotion in his voice. A sudden shyness of his tenderness thrilled her. Then she looked up swiftly and added, under her breath,

"That's what it means, being married!"

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WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

England and the Canal

THERE can be no question that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty gives the United States the right to make any rules and regulations, including tolls, for canal traffic that may seem good to it, the only stipulations being that all rules shall apply equally to the shipping of all nations and that the tolls shall be just and equitable. Now, waiving the contention that the stipulation of uniformity refers only to other nations, this country being free to make any discrimination in its own favor, it is difficult to see in what way either of the proposed regulations would conflict with those provisions of the treaty. The United States is inhibited from creating new discriminations, but it is certainly not required to abolish discriminations already and for a long time existing. It is the shipping law of the United States, and not the proposed canal law which excludes British shipping from whatever advantages are enjoyed by our coastwise trade. Nevertheless, it is quite possible to make representations concerning pending legislation in an entirely inoffensive and amicable manner. It is obviously better to have laws made right and satisfactory at the beginning than to have them subjected to contention and dispute after they have been made, and whatever contributes to that end should be welcome. Great Britain has, by virtue of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, a legitimate interest in canal legislation, and that interest may be expressed, even at this early stage of the legislation, without any semblance or suspicion of undue interference in American domestic affairs.—*New York Tribune.*

. . .

The Milk in the Cocoanut

IT IS understood that Ambassador Bryce discussed the matter of canal tolls with Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador, and M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, several months ago. Neither France nor Germany has manifested any disposition to contest the plan of free tolls for American ships. These countries have no commerce that competes with American coastwise shipping which would enjoy free tolls if allowed. Great Britain would have reason to complain on this score, but it is not so much competition in the carrying trade that makes Great Britain disposed to protest as it is the carrying trade between the producers of tropical and subtropical fruits in the British West Indies and Central America. The trade in tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, bananas, and pineapples produced in Jamaica, Barbadoes, the Bahamas, and British Honduras brought to the United States will be seriously interfered with when by lower freights through the canal California can reach the Eastern markets on a fairly competitive basis. This is the milk in the cocoanut, although the carrying trade of British tramp steamers is a part of the trouble.

When California can ship her fruit through the canal at freight rates one-fifth of those now charged by the railroads, which would be possible with free tolls, the British West Indies will be crowded to the wall, and the fact is well understood, and on this account the fight has been begun to prevent free tolls. Even the immense banana trade that the British planters now enjoy will suffer, although California produces no bananas. Cheaper oranges and other fruits produced in great abundance in California will in part displace bananas by reason of the low prices.—*New York Times.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from preceding page

written by N. C. Macfarlane on *The Quest of the Yellow Pearl.* We who are accustomed to judge pearls by their whiteness can hardly understand how a yellow pearl could have great value; but in India the yellow pearl—the "golden pearl"—is considered the choicest. We are reminded somewhat of the search for the Golden Fleece as we read the story of the quest of the yellow pearl. A gem merchant by the name of Eldad ben Jacob knew of one particular yellow pearl for which he was willing to pay all of his wealth. He did not know in whose possession the pearl was, and so kept on tracing it from one owner to another, but he was always unsuccessful. At last he sat down, and loosened his girdle, and allowed to flow from it a stream of pearls, which was the price he intended to pay for the one yellow pearl. A man in distress suddenly appeared before him, saying that his son was condemned to die or pay a large price. Eldad ben Jacob gave him a handful of his pearls, and the old man went gratefully and happily onward to redeem his son.

After that Eldad ben Jacob freely gave away his pearls, until one day he tossed his last pearl to a poor woman. It occurred to him to ask her if she had heard of the wonderful pearl he was seeking. She replied that she had heard that it was owned by a young prophet of Galilee—one Jesus. "And strangely," she said, "he is willing to give it away to any one who will appreciate its beauty." Eldad ben Jacob set out to find Jesus. He did find him, he heard his wonderful words, he determined to be his follower. Jesus spoke joyously to him, saying, "Blessed art thou who hath come into the light. Having chosen first the kingdom, all other things shall be added unto thee."

The Kingdom of Heaven Like a Net

By this parable of Jesus we are taught that all people in every part of the world may have a part of the kingdom of heaven in their own hearts. It is the custom at such seaside resorts as Atlantic City to draw once a day a huge net out of the sea, and land its contents on the end of a great pier. The large number of fishes, and the many different kinds, curiously and wondrously made, are an interesting sight to the beholders. Sometimes in great World Sunday School Conventions, as at Jerusalem and Rome, and also at Peace Conventions and World Parliaments at The Hague, one sees a gathering of people comparable in diversity to the fishes caught in the net. But they are decidedly more interesting than the fish, because they are men made in the likeness of God, because they have souls, and have an immortal life to lead.

But what a contrast there is between the net of cords drawn up from the sea, and the Gospel net! The first is cast unto death, that the fish may be destroyed, or eaten, while the Gospel net is cast unto life that men may be kept for a glorious eternity. Dean Farrar has put this thought most clearly thus: "In Luke's story of the great draught of fishes, Jesus tells Simon: 'From henceforth thou shalt catch men.' The phrase literally is: 'Thou shalt be catching alive,' and the words imply the contrast between the fish that lay glittering there in dead heaps, and the men who should be captured not for death, but for life."

Many people there are who delight in just fishing for fish. Such an one was John Quincy Adams. The story was told by one of his clients, whose case was to be tried on a certain morning, that he could not get his counsel to leave his fishing-boat except long enough to write a note to the judge which read: "Dear Judge: For the sake of old Izaak Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelt are biting, and I can't leave." And the judge having read the note announced to the court: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business." We do sometimes find a zeal in catching men, comparable with that shown by John Quincy Adams in catching fish, but alas, it is rare! We call it "sport" when we speak of fishing, but catching men is God's service. The hundreds and thousands of missionaries, and preachers of the Gospel, and the nearly three millions of Sunday school teachers and the other millions of Christian workers all agree as to the joy of such service. Their joy will not be complete until they see at last the Gospel net drawn up on the shores of heaven, and the number of living creatures out of every tribe and nation shall be ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, and their song shall be "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing." (Rev. 5: 12.)

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Called Higher

John R. Francis (87), of Lagarto, Texas, passed away July 3, 1911. He was for a long time a subscriber to this publication.

Mrs. Lydia Holt (92) passed away last June at her home in Bridgeport, Conn. This paper had been a source of great comfort to her for many years.

Miss Jeanette Adair Walter (24), of Bow, Wash., passed peacefully away December 9, 1910. She was a devoted Christian and reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. F. D. Coffin, of Binghamton, N. Y., passed to the life beyond November 9, 1911. She had been a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Rev. D. L. Mitchel (78) died on May 30, 1911. He leaves a bereaved widow at Biloxi, Miss. He served his Master for more than sixty years, and was a devoted reader of this paper.

Answered Prayers

Reader, Forsythe, Mont. "God has answered my prayers."

A Reader, Pittsburg, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to prayer."

B. E. L., Oberlin, O. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer."

H. A. P., New Hampshire. "I wish to acknowledge that God hears and answers prayer."

K. H. J., West Va. "I had a deep sorrow which I took to the Lord in prayer, and he answered. Praise the Lord!"

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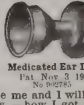

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums, I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. Nobody sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.
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Happy Cozy Corner Days

PIN-MONEY SUGGESTIONS

ONE thing is certain about Cozy Corner boys and girls, and that is, they are pretty lively and up to date about ...ag independent and wanting to ...ke spending money of their own. ...ters come every day asking for ...ys and means to make money with ...ich to buy the dear "extras" which ...an so much to our girlhood and boy-...d. It is the distinct purpose of the ...y Corner to point out in special ...icles many sim-... and practical ...ys in which ...'s and girls can ...ke money. ...anwhile, we be-...e that an in-...esting list of ...ngs by which ...ung people of ...r acquaintance ...already mak-...successes will ...very useful ...l suggestive.

A Summer Pin-Money Girl

eedlework Ideas

'OVELTIES ... made of cre-...ne—bags, cen-...pieces, book-...ers for books ...d magazines, ...-bonnets and ...ies' sun-hats, ...kaback porch-...ow covers and ...ldren's romp-..., a layette for ... new baby, rag ...ls, cloth ani-...ls and brown-..., maids' aprons ...th bibs and ...kets, and chil-...n's school aprons find a ready ...rket anywhere. Dressmaking for ...ls, remodeling children's frocks, ...nding and stocking-darning is all ...e work and pays well.

More Pin-Money Pathways

SHIRTWAIST boxes and boxes for ... flowers, candy-boxes neatly covered ...h flowered cretonne or crinkly pa-..., Jack Horner pies, garden hats ...d paper dolls. A paper-doll trade is ...beautiful thing to work up and is ...le short of wonderful in its possi-...ities. I know girls working with ...e and scissors who are clearing ...ty dollars a month even in dull ...sons working in odd moments in ...eir homes; and in the busy holiday season frequently these busy girls double their receipts.

The girl who can take orders for birthday cakes, Boston beans and brown bread, beat biscuit, cottage cheese, grape juice, salted almonds, caramels, marrons glacés, date cream, fudge, doughnuts, popcorn balls, jellies, jumbles and kisses, preserved figs and candied ginger can easily work up a nice little trade. The point is to make these things a little bit richer, a little bit more delicate in flavoring than any one else can make them.

If you are successful with flowers, fern bowls, hanging baskets and potted plants, special care of flower gardens, and selling seeds and slips of your best plants, are good ways to make your knack with growing things practical. If you are handy with paints and brushes, dinner and menu and tally cards are always popular, and it will pay you to take a few lessons in painting on silk and satin. Planning children's parties, coaching backward children, kindergarten classes in the woods, are all pleasant and profitable occupations. Platting raffia baskets of all shapes and sizes is a very successful trade if the baskets are well woven and the colors and designs attractive.

A Little Gift-Shop is a nice thing to work toward. They are so popular now, and while it may take several years to realize the dream of a gift-shop, the effort to establish one in your neighborhood will repay you, and by way of advice I warn you to calculate carefully upon the tastes and needs of your prospective clients. Make the things of which they are in need, and your pin-money battle is half won.

You may write to me for particulars for money-making as often as you like. I will answer your letters painstakingly.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

THE DAISY'S SONG

The sun, with his great eye,
Sees not so much as I;
And the moon, all silver proud,
Might as well be in a cloud.
And oh, the spring—the spring!
I lead the life of a king!
Couched in the teeming grass,
I spy each pretty lass.
I look where no one dares
And stare where no one stares;
And when the night is nigh,
Lambs bleat my lullaby.

JOHN KEATS.

NOTE: Next week we will publish for our boys the first of a new series of articles on "gliders," written especially for CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and girls by Mr. Francis A. Collins, author of *The Boys' Books of Model Aeroplanes.*

GOOD-NIGHT VERSE

He only is my rock. The rock of my strength and my refuge is God.—Psalm.

Uncle Tom

For complete enjoyment of your summer holiday see well to the condition of your teeth.

There's *no* better time for a visit to your dentist than just before you leave for the mountains, the shore or abroad. And there's no better time than vacation time for appreciating the convenience, the elegance and the cleansing efficiency of

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PERFECT
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Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder thoroughly cleanses and polishes the teeth without chemical or injurious action—it keeps the gums healthy and hard by inducing adequate brushing—it imparts a natural purity and fragrance to the breath—these are infallible teeth preserving virtues and these features have maintained it as the standard dentifrice throughout nearly fifty years.

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The Hurry-Up Breakfast

How much of a man's fortune depends on his breakfast?

A good Breakfast, not too big, goes a long way toward making a man feel good.

When a man feels good he can do his best work.

Now it sometimes (not always) takes time to prepare a good breakfast.

The exception is the breakfast with

Post Toasties

Here's a breakfast that's ever ready to serve instantly—that's delicious—that makes a man (or woman or child) feel good—for it *is* good.

The thin, crispy wafers of toasted corn with some milk or cream and sugar (if you like it) should be responsible for a whole lot of success.

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Our Mail-Bag

Questions and Answers

W. A. P., Meriden, Conn. Both Peary and Amundsen made allowances in determining the site of the Poles. Why? Is the location of the Poles not stationary?

No; it seems the position of the Poles is not perfectly constant, there being a counter-clock elliptical movement of some thirty feet and a counter-clock circular movement of some twenty-six feet in diameter in a period of 428 days at the extreme axes of the earth. This change, however, is so slight as not to be reckoned in practical calculations. Peary and Amundsen made no allowances, but took several observations from various standpoints to determine conclusively that they had reached the Poles.

G. M. H., Goff, Kan. 1. Was John the Baptist sentenced to death before the dance of Salome? 2. Was the Jewish Passover a type of the Lord's Supper?

1. While there is no record to prove it, the presumption is that Herod, in his mind, had already condemned John on political grounds as one whose existence endangered his position and authority, but his awakened conscience and the fear inspired by John's teachings restrained him. He had kept John in the prison of Machærus nearly a year when the Salome incident occurred, which gave Herodias her opportunity to be revenged upon the Baptist, who had rebuked both her and Herod for their sinful relations. It cannot be asserted that Herod would have executed John had not the king been caught by his pledge to Salome. On the contrary Mark 6: 26 tells us that he "was exceeding sorrowful." 2. The Lord's Supper was instituted at the time of the Passover and there is naturally a paschal analogy. But in the Supper itself, the usual formal ceremonies of the Passover were either set aside or transferred to the new order of things and given a new meaning, which has been perpetuated in the Christian Church.

W. D., Dorset, Minn. In ancient times, it was generally held that the unpardonable sin was attributing the works of the Holy Spirit to Satanic agency. If there be a modern counterpart of the unpardonable sin, we should think it is to be found in the case of the person who uses the livery of God to serve the devil in; who enacts the role of the shepherd of the sheep, while he is nothing but a ravening wolf in disguise; who assumes the attitude, language and demeanor of a saint while his exterior covers a heart black with sin and foul with guilt; who brings to the altar of God's house hands that are stained with crime and who keeps up this show of religion and utters the language of Christian invitation while he himself is not a Christian. It is a terrible picture and one which is almost unimaginable in the case of any sane and responsible person.

S. F. M., Elmira, N. Y. Who were the Essenes?

A small community of Jews in the time of Christ, who led a pastoral life and did not marry. They held their goods and took their meals in common, strictly observed the Sabbath, prayed before sunrise with their faces to the East, bathed daily in cold water, never swore, sacrificed no animals, and believed in immortality without a resurrection of the body.

Reader. 1. Who are the two witnesses spoken of in Rev. 11: 3? 2. Please explain I. Cor. 15: 29. 3. Also Luke 23: 31.

1. They are witnesses for Christ and the truth who are to be raised up in the final apostasy. It is conjectured that Moses and Elijah are meant. They appeared with Christ at the transfiguration. 2. This is an allusion to a practice which prevailed in the early church, of baptizing a living person in behalf of a friend who died unbaptized. In referring to this, Paul, however, does not give sanction to the practice. 3. The meaning intended to be conveyed by this passage is plainly this: If such sufferings fall to the lot of the comparatively innocent, what shall be done to those who are the greater sinners?

M. M. J., Kilbourn, Wis., writes: "I notice in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 10 an answer to a question of S. J. A., Cottonwood, Minn., in regard to Paul's attitude toward marriage (I. Cor. 7: 8). From Acts 26: 10 it would appear that he was a member of the Sanhedrin, and, if so, he had been married, as no unmarried man had a vote in that body. We may safely infer that Paul was a widower, and advises them to continue as he; or if unmarried, so to abide."

H. N., Pontotoc, and W. B., Hamlin, W. Va. Please explain I. Cor. 14: 34, I. Tim. 2: 12. Harmonize I. John 1: 8 and I. John 3: 6-8.

1. Both passages deal with the same subject the position of woman in public affairs and in the church. At the time when Paul wrote, the morals of Corinth and Ephesus were of such a character (with loose living and false teaching) that he deemed it advisable to urge the Christian women to a quieter and more seemly mode of living than their heathen contemporaries. His epistles were suited to the time and place and conditions. Like many other passages in Paul's writings, the texts in question were primarily designed to be of local ap-

Continued on last column

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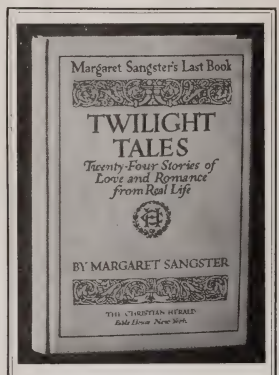
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BY MARGARET SANGSTER
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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THERE is a thread of pure gold running through the **Twilight Tales** from which the reader may divine the author's purpose in writing the book. It is the line of God's protecting love and care which encircles all who trust in Him, and the knowledge of which gives to even the smallest detail of everyday life a purpose and significance. She spreads before us the little daily dramas, the heartaches, the disappointments, the sweet surprises and unexpected joys, the separations and the reunions, the cares and consolations of the household, the "journeys that end in lovers' meeting;"—all are unrolled like a moving picture, with the vivid action of life itself. Mrs. Sangster has crowded the best heart and soul stories of her whole career into this book. Love, romance, self-denial, ambition and the success that true character commands are here pictured with a fragrant setting of American home-life in town and country. It is a book which will exert a strong spell on the mind of the reader and which creates its own atmosphere of woodlands and old-fashioned gardens, and charming American homes, and her men and women are such as we would love to meet.

THE last of the **Twilight Tales**—"The Opposite Shore"—gives a fore-gleam of that blessed land to which so many of our dear ones have already passed over and to which the author was even then hastening while she wrote. To the aged Christian nearing the close of life, the veil that severs the seen from the unseen grows so thin as to be almost transparent. This was the personal experience of Margaret Sangster, and in these last pages she sounds the note of Christian triumph, as the spirit passes in anticipation

"Out of the chill and the shadow,
Into the thrill and the shine."

No one can read this last book without feeling that it contains a personal message.

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When Buckwheat Bloomed	*At Lonesome Ford*	*The Little Old Lady*
Mr. Warriner's Change of Heart	*The Romance of Marcia*	*Letitia's First Love*
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The Patience of Hope	*One Easter Day*	*Barbara Graham*
The Saving of Benjamin Ray	*Cousin Mary*	*Golden Sunsets*
A Bend in the Road	*A Midsummer Meeting*	*The Peacemaker*
The New Pupil	*A Little Corner*	*A Reparation*
A Long Lane	*The Snowdrop's Message*	*The Opposite Shore*

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CHRISTIAN HERALD, *New York*

Our Mail-Bag

Continued from first column

plication. Paul stands practically alone, am... the early writers, in the rigidity of his attit... towards women. He believed in wifely obe... ence and modesty in behavior and apparel, ... he did not wish to see the women of the Ch... tian Church emulate the brazen conduct of... certain class of Greek women. 2. Both passa... are in agreement. I. John 1: 8 occurs in... discussion which must be interpreted as ... whole. The statement is made in verse se... that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's S... cleanseth us from all sin. Verse eight decla... that if we say we have no sin from which ... be cleansed we deceive ourselves. We m... acknowledge the sin before we can be clean... from it. Thus read the passage is in ex... agreement with I. John 3: 6-8.

L. J., New York. What are the privileges o... wife? Has she no privileges at all, or ... she simply to be a slave, or one un... bondage to her husband? I know the w... of a farmer, whose husband never gi... her any freedom. If she goes to call or... neighbor (which she seldom does) he v... say: "What did you go there for?" or i... neighbor comes in to call on her, he v... say: "What did they come here for?" ... she takes the trolley to town in the aft... noon, he will go on like a madman a... say: "You could have gone with me ... morrow morning" (he is a milkman as w... as a farmer) "and saved that trolley far... She never gets to church and he thinks ... should never go anywhere unless with hi... He does not wish her to see or associate w... any but himself. I repeat: What do y... consider the reasonable privilege of ... wife?

This letter presents a case which is so unus... in some respects that we would be glad to s... mit it to the judgment of a jury of wives a... mothers, if that were practicable. Meanwhi... we invite the ladies who read THE MAIL-B... married or single, to send us, very briefly, th... idea of a wife's privileges and of what cou... should be followed in the peculiar case descril... in the foregoing letter.

Miscellaneous

F. P. R., Pembroke, N. H. Traditional ... counts of incidents in the career of John t... disciple, not found in the Scriptures, are chie... gleaned from the writings of Eusebius, Augu... tine, Jerome, Nicephorus and others.

Subscriber, Litchfield, N. S. Lotteries, as ... means of raising money for churches, are to ... discouraged. Church members should be taus... to regard their gifts to the Lord's work as ... privilege and a duty, and they should not ne... the persuasion of lotteries or other worl... schemes. The strongest churches, spiritual... are those in which the members cultivate t... habit of regular giving and where spasmo... methods of exciting generosity are not nec... sary.

M. E. B., Sioux City, Ia. "Espoused" mea... "betrothed." Joseph was the nominal fath... before the Jewish law, but it is expres... stated in the Scripture that Jesus was begott... of the Holy Spirit. James the Younger a... Joses, according to the usual interpretati... were the sons of Salome, the sister of Ma... and wife of Cleophas (see John 19: 25, Acts ... 13, Matt. 27: 56, Mark 15: 40). This is t... view of many commentators, who hold that t... term "brethren" was applied to cousins a... others of the same kindred. On the other han... there are not a few who hold that the brothe... in question were later sons of Mary herself.

DELIGHTED WITH THE FLAG

In acknowledging receipt of the Americ... flag sent us some weeks ago, we wish to l... you know how pleased we are with it. We d... not realize its full beauty until it was used ... yesterday's decorations.

MRS. JUDSON A. CLEVELAND.

Holyoke, Mass.

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Around the Camp Fire at Guild Camp, West Hills, L. I.

SETTLEMENTS GO CAMPING

WHILE for many years the children of the poor have been given opportunity to spend part of summer in the country, the plan of taking whole families away from the city's heat for an outing among the fields is somewhat new. The United Neighborhood Guild of Brooklyn has recently purchased a large farm in Rockland County and will carry on there during the summer the settlement work which it conducts in the winter. A number of other settlements have made similar arrangements to extend their operations into the country through the summer, and the whole movement marks an interesting development in modern philanthropy.

Very noble has been the city settlement work in our crowded towns. And it has been somewhat difficult to keep the work well in hand during the demoralization of vacation time and the intense summer heat. The new idea transplants part of the settlement work from city to country, keeps the interest keen, and gives the humble city dwellers a breath of sea or field in the torrid summer days.

The whole idea of settlement work is correct and charming. Charity "handed out" or "handed down" does not always accomplish the most absolutely desirable results. It is infinitely better than selfishness, but the settlement idea carries with it something else. The settlement worker goes to the people; he becomes one of them; his dwelling is their dwelling—and so their homes are open to him. And now these workers have arranged a plan by which the people they try to assist and inspire can share with them the benefit and pleasures of rural life. A little section of the city is moved into the country under the auspices of the settlement.

The settlement workers know the needs of the individuals with whom they are in daily contact. They know best how to make up parties so that the members will be congenial and the results of companionship satisfactory. Where the camp is a year-to-year affair it happens that many of the same people go to it season after season and thus certain customs and traditions are established which may contribute much to the social life and the achievement of good results. The influences are carried over from the summer into the winter and bind all together in stronger friendship, making for greater success in all settlement activities. The United Neighborhood Guild of Brooklyn for several summers maintained an extensive camp at West Hills, in the township of Huntington, L. I., on property loaned to it for the purpose by Robert W. DeForest, who has long been actively identified with the philanthropic work of Greater New York. It was a beautiful location and a fine work was done there, but the Guild needed a permanent home of its own where plans could be made for extension of this branch of the settlement activities as the needs might suggest. This ambition was realized when money was forthcoming and title was taken this summer to the historic farm between the villages of Haverstraw and New York City, known as the Coe Place. It is in the edge of the Ramapo Mountains, and contains a quaint homestead which tradition places at about 200 years of age. There is a story that General Anthony Wayne slept there and that Washington and his army once camped in the nearby fields. There are outbuildings which can readily be adapted to the various purposes of the camp. The tract purchased embraces eighty acres and includes a portion of a mountain where it is proposed to establish a bungalow colony. Several bungalows have already been erected. This is in fulfilment of the dream of the former head worker, Louis Heaton Pink, to establish as one phase of the summer work of the Guild a camp where families might take their outings together, renting tents or bungalows from the Guild and either cooking their own meals or getting them at the mess tent as preferred, but in either case enjoying the benefit of rates much lower than prevail at ordinary summer resorts, such outings being thus brought within the reach of families which could not otherwise obtain them. Accommodations are free to those unable to pay, but most of the campers share to some extent in the expense of the outing. Mr. Pink recently resigned as head worker of the Guild in order to take up the practice of the legal profession, but his ideas are being carried out under his successor, Miss Alice E. Robbins, and with the extensive property now in the Guild's possession it is hoped to evolve many plans which will increase the efficiency of the work. For camp life tends to bind together in friendship the workers in a settlement and the people of the neighborhood whom they seek to benefit. It creates *esprit du corps*, and as a result a loyalty is produced which renders possible greater success in work for the benefit of the community. In these respects the settlement camp exerts a far-reaching influence and attains an importance above and beyond that of giving fresh air to a certain number of deserving people, however valuable that in itself may be. In passing, however, it may be well to mention that the privileges of the United Neighborhood Guild Camp at West Hills were enjoyed last summer by about five hundred people, and no doubt the roll of visitors to the new camp in Rockland County, N. Y., will be longer.

Dining Tent for West Hill Campers

Among other settlements which have done interesting and significant fresh-air work is Hale House, Boston, which for several seasons has conducted an all-summer camp at Squam Lake, N. H. Another Boston settlement, the South End House, has since 1907 provided and directed the caddy force for the golf links of the two great hotels at Bretton Woods in the broad valley at the base of Mount Washington. This forms practically a summer camp for boys connected with the clubs of the settlement. Sixty or seventy boys each season are benefited by two solid months of good air, good food, and wholesome companionship, together with occupation and its reward. They have the best of sleeping quarters and excellent fare, play rooms, picnic, open fireplaces, etc., and are under sufficient discipline to prevent disorder without its being irksome.

Christadora House and the University Settlement, both of Manhattan Borough, New York City, carry on summer camps. The latter has a camp for girls called Cedar Grove, near Montclair, N. J., which it owns and has conducted for several summers; and a boys' camp is maintained at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, on the estate recently presented to the University Settlement by Mrs. Joseph Howland in memory of her husband, the late General Howland. The estate comprises 225 acres of woods and meadowland situated at the foot of Mount Beacon and with splendid views of the Hudson. The Howland mansion itself is used as a vacation resort for social workers. It is known as Tioronda House.

Continued on next page

ON THE ROOF OF NEW YORK

HE THRIVES IN HIGH ALTITUDES

TOP OF THE TALLEST BUSINESS BUILDING ON EARTH

CITY HALL PARK FROM THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING

LOOKING DOWN INTO BROADWAY'S CANYON

WHERE A DIZZY HEAD MEANS DEATH

"TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK"

A FEW days ago the last steel beam in the skeleton of the tallest office structure in the world was put in place. This is the new Woolworth Building, which is being erected on Broadway, New York, between Park Place and Barclay Street, diagonally across from City Hall. The latest triumph of architectural genius towers to a height of 750 feet above the sidewalk, dwarfing its neighbors of steel and stone, which less than a decade ago were looked upon as colossal in their dimensions. Viewed from the tower of this mammoth edifice, the City Hall looks like a doll house, and the fountain in the park appears no larger than a cockle shell in a mill pond. The post office, directly opposite, housing its hundreds of busy employees, sinks to the insignificance of a suburban cottage. The crowds of New Yorkers hurrying down the great thoroughfare and darting here and there across the Park, appear as so many ants scurrying from their hills in the sunlight. Street cars, automobiles, busses, wagons, horses, and all the hustle and bustle of the great city's busy life when looked at from this dazzling height are seen in such miniature as to seem like shifting pieces on a child's chessboard. To give some idea of the vastness of the immense pile, it may be stated that there will be two thousand offices, with a floor space of twenty-three acres, an area equal to that of a small farm. The total cost will be $13,000,000.

America is pre-eminently the land of the skyscrapers and New York City their especial location, though Chicago is coming well to the front as a competitor. In no other spot in the world is space at such a premium as in New York. The land area is so small for the population and for the amount of business to be done that the real estate value is enormous, hence space must be utilized, and as a result we have the skyscrapers.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, on the southeast corner of Madison Square at Twenty-third Street, held supremacy in height till the erection of the latest marvel. This huge campanile is 700 feet 3 inches high, and has fifty stories, with two acres more of floor space than the Woolworth Building. The Singer Building, at the corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, has a total height from the basement floor to top of flagstaff of 742 feet, the height from the street to the main roof being 612 feet 1 inch. It has forty-one stories and nine and one-half acres of floor space. The Bankers' Trust Company Building, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, is 539 feet high and has thirty-nine stories. The *Times* Building, at Forty-second Street and Broadway, is 419 feet high and has twenty-eight stories.

Of course, the cost to build and maintain these giant edifices is enormous, but apart from this consideration, their erection has been made possible only by the mighty strides of modern science, which, within the past ten years or so, may be said to have revolutionized the art of building. Steel, combined with hoisting facilities, has enabled modern progress to erect the skyscraper, and erect it in a space of time marvelously short when one comes to consider the amount of work to be done. Each workman employed is an adept in his particular line, be he hod-carrier or engineer. The structural ironworkers are trained to the business with a thoroughness which only the initiated can understand. The brain thinks, the eyes see, and the hands perform. These men are like circus acrobats—they start early, and they keep at it until it becomes a kind of second nature to them. With something of a feeling of awe, we view them from the streets, looking up to the dizzy heights where they appear like mechanically operated objects, flitting hither and thither with mathematical precision. We see them running along narrow ledges and beams at those immense heights, or stretching far out underneath copings and girders to rivet bolts and ties, etc., seemingly the while defying all the laws of gravity, and we wonder how it is possible for them to do such things. The answer is: It is their business, and they have learned it so well that danger has been almost eliminated.

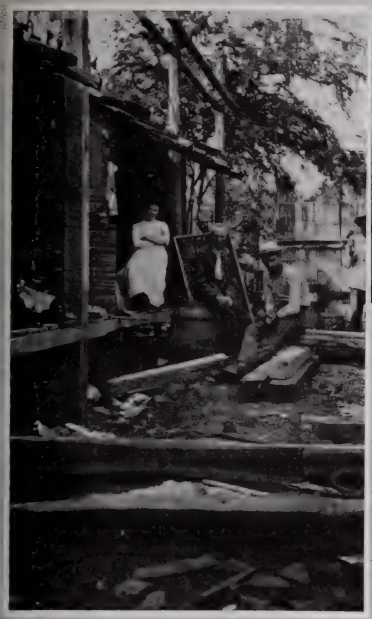
SETTLEMENTS GO CAMPING

A settlement camp is usually a lively place, and in the boys' section at least there is not much to suggest a home for invalids. The idea that charity is being dispensed is strictly tabooed. As a matter of fact most of those who come pay their way, and they feel at liberty to have a good time, just as if they were at an ordinary resort, though of course there has to be reasonable limitation on the doings of the young people. With beach parties, camp fires, boating, fishing, there is always something

Continued from preceding page

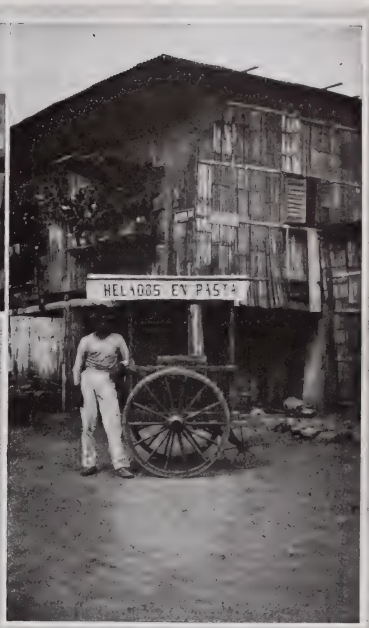
going on, and it is surprising what a change two weeks in the country will often make in the city boy or girl. The tenement children are wise enough, and perhaps too wise about some ways of the world, but many things that country boys and girls are familiar with from babyhood are new and strange to them. They learn what a hornet's nest looks like and that it is not necessary to have a key to a tent as if it were a city flat, and they find that neither bears nor Indians are to be feared in the forests, in the vicinity of the great cities at least, and their horizon is widened in many ways. On the return of the campers, whether they are children, young working boys or girls or adults who needed a vacation, their attachment to the settlement which provided their pleasure is bound to be strengthened and their interest in its activities redoubled.

EDWARD HALE BRUSH.



Mr. and Mrs. John Funk and Mr. Freeland

Colporteur Irigoyen Reading the Scriptures to Deckhands



A Street of Guayaquil

SCATTERING BIBLES IN ECUADOR

BY A. R. STARK

Callao, Peru

GUAYAQUIL, Ecuador, has well earned the name of the world's pestilential port. Yellow fever, bubonic plague, smallpox, malaria, and many other deadly diseases flourish amid its bad sanitary conditions. The United States Marine Hospital Service maintains a sanitary officer at Guayaquil to establish a system of quarantine and supervise all ships bound for Panama. The amount of fumigating done on this coast is extraordinary, much to the deterioration of the ship and cargo and the annoyance of the passengers. Each ship is provided with a Clayton machine, and before entering Guayaquil is thoroughly disinfected with dioxide of sulphur. But even quarantine officers are not proof against the deadly bite of the infected *stegomyia calopus*, or yellow fever mosquito. One of their officials, Dr. Whitman, succumbed recently to yellow fever. Both bubonic and yellow fever exist here in their most deadly form; generally ninety cases out of every hundred are fatal.

On arrival at the wharf, I met two American Adventist missionaries who were leaving for the provinces. They gave me an alarming description of the ravages of bubonic and yellow fever, and urged me on no account to sleep in Guayaquil at night. Whole blocks of the city were infested with the plague, and a number of cases of yellow fever were reported. Under this depressing news I found my way to the Guayaquil Hotel, run by a good-natured Basque, who boasted that he had never lost a traveler through Yellow Jack or bubonic. Here I was billeted for nine days. Anxious to know who his traveler was, I informed him that I was representing the greatest Bible publishing house in the world. Thereupon he was very kind to me, gave me a good room, and honored me with a seat at his table. Here I visited every part of the city, market-place, slums, river front, barges, etc., and when I left Guayaquil it was surely a testimony to the goodness of God, cold water and the simple life that I was the only passenger who sailed down the river with a normal temperature. As a result I sold several books on the *Victoria*, and the little "Blue Books" became quite popular, and the Peruvian health officer of Tumbes bought a Bible and Testament.

Notwithstanding that fires and earthquakes have devastated the place and bubonic and yellow fever scourges have swept over it, Guayaquil is to-day a crowded city of 80,000 or more. It is the emporium of the greater part of the country. The houses are of the lightest construction, built of wood and split bamboo. Given the frame outline and the flooring, a house of considerable dimensions can be walled with bamboo in a week. Glass, unless in a few shop windows, is unknown. Venetian shutters serve to close the house windows, excluding the sun and allowing a cool breeze to pass through the rooms. Stoves are unknown, yet a Guayaquil cook, over a primitive charcoal fire, can cook a dinner for a party of fifteen or twenty in a remarkably short time, after the taste and flavor of the place.

Edison is credited with defining American genius as 2 per cent. of inspiration and 98 per cent. of perspiration. Guayaquil genius cannot claim such a high percentage, and must rank about 99.9 per cent. of perspiration and 0.1 per cent. of inspiration. The new arrival, amid equatorial heat, walks the stuffy streets bathed in perspiration, beholding the apparently unruffled, indolent, easy-going Guayaquileño who has never awakened to the reality of the strenuous life. Chicha boys and ice-cream vendors are the only people who seem to put energy into life. With voice and bell they push their trade everywhere.

To a man who believes that the highest and most lasting inspiration in life and conduct, business and social development comes through the Bible, it was an inspiration to see men and boys along the *malecon* reading Gospels and New Testaments. Ecuador has been cursed by a system which has divorced morality from religion. But men are beginning to realize that the religion of the Bible is something distinct from the religion of the priest; that it is a working Gospel for everyday life.

Colporteur Irigoyen, though living in one of the most enervating climates, is an active and well-known figure on the streets of Guayaquil and along the river front. There is an immense number of river craft bringing bananas, oranges, cacao and other products down for exportation and carrying passengers to different ports on the extensive river system. Canoes or dug-outs, floating *balsas* made from bamboo cane, *cabalitos* (small houses made from reeds) and river steamers line the river front. It is a pretty sight in the soft tropical light of the evening to see canoes and other small craft being carried swiftly up the river with the tide, guided by the helm or paddle.

Drifting up and down the river a tribe of people may be found. Numerous little house-boats are moored along the banks of the river. Whole families are born and reared in these balsas among grunting pigs and cackling hens. Accustomed as they are to the rough life of the river, children grow up half-naked and begrimed, without education or religious instruction. About the only chance they have of ever hearing the Gospel story is through the lips of Colporteur Irigoyen. A good part of his life in Guayaquil is spent on canoes and balsas, providing this river tribe with the Christian Chart—the New Testament. Times without number he has defined life's course,—the narrow way, or cast the anchor of promise and hope for some mariner without God and without hope, or lifted men in heart and thought to the great Captain who pilots the course from time to eternity.

His monthly report for last October is before me. The circulation is 50 Bibles, 96 Testaments, 180 Gospels and Psalms; receipts £8.0.2. To place this number of books in circulation he has during the month been in touch with over seven thousand people. Month by month his report shows the same steady average of work.

For years the Gospel Union has been at work among the Spanish-speaking people, the Quechua Indians of the Sierra and the savage tribes of the Oriente. Rev. W. E. Reed, the field secretary, who has shown so much kindly interest in our work, is at present off on an extended Bible tour along with a fellow worker. During two years Mr. John Funk, accompanied by Mr. Chapman of the same mission, made one of the most extensive Bible journeys ever made in Colombia. In their travels they visited over one hundred and thirty towns. Mr. Funk was recently married. I am glad to enclose a photo of Mr. Funk rebuilding the mission station in Guayaquil. It also shows Mr. Freeland, who has spent eight years in the Oriente conquering the language of the wild Jibaros and trying to make the Gospel speak in their language. Two lady missionaries are toiling among the Quechuas and translating the Gospel story into a dialect of the Quechua language in Ecuador. No more heroic devotion to Christ can be found in any other mission field.

We are now steaming south on the steamship *Victoria*, one of the comfortable coast boats of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Guayaquil is behind us. The doctor has examined the passengers and taken their temperature. Now fumigation has been vigorously renewed. The Clayton has been pumping sulphur fumes for hours into the holds until the passengers are nearly choked. Later we call at Etem, the port of Chiclayo, Monsefu, Lambayeque and other towns where our Colporteur Herrera was at work a good part of the year.

In the course of the Bible Society's operations every one of these ports and the towns and villages that lie behind them away on the eastern slopes of the Andes have been canvassed by the colporteur with the message of the Gospel. Our journey is near its end. Scriptures have been circulated and friends have been made. One night about 10 P.M. I heard a knock at my cabin door. It was an American Jew who is traveling round South America. About an hour before that a group of passengers had been discussing Christianity, and the Jew made an irreverent remark about Jesus Christ. "I have come to apologize for that rude remark about Jesus Christ," he said. Like many more educated American Jews, he had never read his own Scriptures. It is midnight and we stand on the cool deck under the Southern Cross. For two hours we have been trying to bring this intelligent Jew to glory in the cross of Christ. "How strange," he said, "that I should have to come to South America to meet a man like you! At first I was afraid of you and your Bibles. Now I understand you. Believe me, I want to read the Bible. I have read Ingersoll and men like that, but I have never read my own Jewish Scriptures."

The lights of Callao are beginning to loom on the distant horizon. In thought we wander to the scattered Bible workers across this vast continent, who have gone forth in the spirit of conquest. May the prayers of those who have made it possible to send them forth follow them until the light from the cross of Christ shines into the darkest nook.

Shall We Know Each Other in Heaven?

A Sermon

BY

Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D.*

TEXT: "Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." I. Cor. 13: 12

SHALL we know each other in heaven?" Poetry, philosophy and revelation say Yes. Even the pagan poets and philosophers expected to meet and know their friends in the future world. Homer, in his *Odyssey*, represented Ulysses as recognizing his mother in the world of spirits. Virgil pictures Æneas on a visit to the spirit world recognizing and being recognized by the acquaintances he met. Socrates in his defense before the judges said, "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I would even be glad to die often. What pleasure will it give to live with Palmedes and others, who suffered unjustly, and to compare my fate with theirs! What an inconceivable happiness will it be to converse in another world with Sisyphus and Ulysses, especially as those who inhabit that world will die no more."

A Universal Hope

Cicero echoed the same hope in the words: "For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, whose character I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this, my earnest desire, confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected. I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read so much, whose virtues I myself have commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition that my future, like that of Pelias, should again be restored."

The savage American Indians buried wives and dogs and arrows with their chiefs because they thought they would need them in the happy hunting ground. The same motive prompted the burning of the Hindu widow on the funeral pyre of her husband. The king of Dahomey was in the habit of sending messages to his departed friends by whispering into the ear of a subject and at once cutting off his head. When a king of Guinea died, hundreds of subjects were slain that he might have better attention in the spirit world. Now what are we to learn from the views of cultured pagan poets and from the customs of untutored savages? Simply and emphatically this: The belief in a future recognition is as universal as the belief in immortality, and this universal hope, based on natural religion, though associated with much evil, is a strong presumption, if not proof, in favor of the claim that we shall know each other in heaven. There is a sense in which the voice of the people is the voice of God. God does not give such a universal expectation only to disappoint it.

Foregleams of the Immortal Life

Let us pass now through this vestibule of philosophy and poetry into the sacred temple of revelation. What say the Scriptures? The text is a positive declaration that we shall know each other in heaven. A fair translation of it would be: "Now I know in part, but then shall I know thoroughly, even as I am known thoroughly." It teaches without doubt that we shall know each other better in heaven than on earth. Here our knowledge of each other is partial; then it will be complete. The flesh is a veil that covers the soul and conceals much from view. The limitation of human language prevents us from revealing our inner selves to our most intimate friends. A better medium of communication will insure greater knowledge. And it may be that our spirit, when freed from the flesh, shall discern another spirit in a sense that we cannot even understand. It is well that our souls do not live in glass houses, for there is much in the best of us which others ought not to see. But when we have attained unto the heavenly character, there will be no reason for concealment. Motive, imagination, desire, disposition and temper may then be open to all the world, because they will be such as God himself approves, and their publicity will make everybody holy and happy. When one has reached the perfection of being and living on earth that he can afford to have others know all there is in and about him, he is in the outer court of heaven.

This thorough knowledge which every one will have of every one else will prevent all misunderstanding and will make heaven a very much more desirable place to live in than earth.

In the second place, the positive declaration of the text is confirmed by five considerations:

1. The immortality of the soul carries with it the recognition of each other in heaven. We learn from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus that memory lives after death, and while memory lasts, we can never forget the mental, moral and spiritual features of our friends. The disciples recognized Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration as they heard them talk to Jesus. After we have spent a lifetime studying the Psalms, shall we not recognize David in heaven, if we shall be permitted to hear him speak? Have we not in his Epistles the heart and mind of Paul, and do we not know him through them? Think you not that we shall recognize the same Paul in heaven? A wife asked a dying Scotchman, "Will you know me in heaven?" and he replied, "Do you think, my dear, that I shall have less sense in heaven than I have here?" Imagination, reason, conscience, taste and love are parts of the immortal soul, and in order to prevent recognition you would have to blot them out forever. When you have done that, there is no soul left to recognize.

The Deathlessness of Love

The distinguished preacher, Dr. Gregg, in his sermon on "The Occupations of the Heaven-Life" truly says: "Human love was made for eternity. Contrast human love with animal love and you will see this. The animal mother loves her offspring until it is able to take care of itself, and then that natural affection ceases. Not so with the human mother. She may be bent with the weight of fourscore years and ten, and her living son may be more than threescore years, but yet that first natural love, instead of ceasing, is seemingly growing stronger, and is just as heartily reciprocated. Why is this? Because these loves are as immortal as the soul." I saw something of this maternal love a month ago when I spent a month with my own mother on the other side of the Alleghanies. She is seventy and seven now. When I was coming away, she came to me and said, "Son, it seems to me that I have done nothing but cry since you have been here. But, son, do not think that I am not glad to see you. The tears are not tears of sorrow; they are, every one of them, the tears of love and joy." She did not need to tell me that; I knew it by the way she pronounced the word "son" and by the number of times she called me "son."

2. Heaven is revealed as a social place. Lazarus in the bosom of Abraham means fellowship, and such fellowship without recognition is almost inconceivable. Jesus defines heaven as "our Father's house," and think of a family of children in a father's house total strangers to each other! Paul writes of "the whole family in heaven and earth." The new version translation is, "Every family in heaven and earth." Though we shall lose our carnal relations in heaven, every spiritual tie will continue. If I should go there to-day I think I should try to bring about a meeting of the glorified members of my church, that we might worship and talk together of Christ and his dealings with us.

Some good people, however, refuse to believe in heavenly recognition because they declare that it would make them forever miserable to learn that a loved one was not there. But this refusal does not help the case, for if they recognize no one, they may be doubtful through all eternity as to whether any loved one was saved. If I miss my dearest friend in heaven, I shall be certain of two things: (1) God is justified, for he has done all that infinite love and power could do for a free moral agent to save in heaven; (2) he is less miserable where he is than he would be in heaven, unprepared for the place. If I had the power to make some of you serve God as the glorified saints serve him, I would put you in a hell upon earth. You shun a prayer-meeting and a revival as you do the leprosy, and as for holy spiritual service, you have no taste for it. To compel you to live as you do among people who do not love sin would be to give you the experience of a chain-gang.

Our Names Written in Heaven

3. Our names are written in heaven. "Rejoice not," said Jesus, "that the devils are subject to you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." The name stands for the person. It means him and no one else. It marks him off as an individual distinct from all other individuals. And this Scripture teaches that we are known in heaven before we get there. Shall we cease to be recognized when we arrive? There will be a new name given to the overcomers known only to God and the one who receives it (Rev. 2: 17), but that new name does not imply that personality will be destroyed. There is even here a sacred relation between each one of us and God, which only God and we fully understand, and yet this does not hinder us from knowing each other. "The general assembly and the church of the first-born which are written in heaven" will each and all answer to the roll-call, knowing each other thoroughly even as they shall be thoroughly known.

4. The joy of heaven is increased by the presence of our friends. In writing to the Thessalonians, Paul asks, "What is our hope of joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" Paul is looking forward to the coming of Christ with pleasure, because, among other things, he expects to see the Thessalonian converts standing among the saved, and be permitted to present them to Jesus as trophies of his grace. How could he rejoice in them before Christ if he did not know them? And if you will turn to II. Cor. 1: 14, you will see that the apostle expects a mutual recognition: "As ye have acknowledged us in part, that we are your rejoicing, even as ye also are ours in the day of the Lord Jesus." This "day of the Lord Jesus" is the glad day, when he shall be revealed in glory, and Paul is comforting himself with the reflection that he and his Corinthian converts shall rejoice in each other in that day. There must, of course, be mutual recognition before there can be mutual joy. Happy days it will be for faithful pastor and loving people when, in the presence of the King in his beauty, they shall meet each other and rejoice together in paying tribute to their Saviour. Jesus urges his disciples to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness that when you fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." In other words, so use your money that you will make men your friends by making them Christians, and thus you will have friends who have gone ahead to welcome you when you shall arrive at the doors of heaven. Such a welcome would not be possible without recognition.

The Glorified Spiritual Body

5. Our Lord Jesus between his resurrection and his ascension is the first fruits of the life after the resurrection, and his friends recognized him, though on one occasion their eyes were holden that they should not know him. He was no longer subject to the natural law. He appeared and disappeared at will. The glorified physical body was under complete control of the Spirit. There was no need of beast on which to ride. He simply willed and his body went even through closed doors. And yet his personality was not lost. The two disciples at Emmaus recognized him as the same Jesus they had known by the simple act of breaking bread. Mary recognized his voice. Thomas saw at a glance his Lord and his God. And as they knew Jesus after his resurrection while in the glorified body, so shall we know each other in our glorified bodies.

I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my spirit up
Beneath its mountain load:
Redeemed from death and grief and pain,
I soon shall find my friends again
Within the arms of God.

* Formerly of Moody Church, Chicago, now of Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

ADVERSITY

THE mist was heavy on the mountain, where
I walked alone, and thought of God as near,
Till, huge and threatening, loomed a monster there
Full in my face, and I was filled with fear.

Nearer it came and larger seemed to grow,
My heart beat faster and I turned to flee,
When a stray zephyr cleared the mist, and lo!
The monster was a man, like unto me!

I called, he answered merrily, and came
To where I stood, with God not far away;
Long years had changed him, but he spoke his name—
My brother, lost to me for many a day!

A. S. COATS, D.D.

Africa Calling for Workers

BY BISHOP I. B. SCOTT

THE seventy-ninth session of the Liberia (West Africa) Annual Conference has just been held and the reports surprised and thrilled the members of that body. These reports not only gave evidence of a year of real triumph in the salvation of men, but that the heathen of this part of Africa are actually pleading in vain for some one to point them to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." It is about seven years since I came to Africa to work. That the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may note the progress of the work, let me say that then there was a membership of 3,301; now the membership is 7,687. The Sunday school scholars were 2,447; now they number 4,442. Then the church and parsonage property was estimated at $95,200; now it is $165,454. The number of pupils in the day schools is 1,925, of whom 1,548 are natives. If we could enlarge our equipment we could easily increase the enrolment.

I want the Christian world to know that we are in the midst of the most remarkable uprising of heathen natives in their call for education and the Gospel that Africa has ever witnessed. I am wholly unable to respond to their calls. I have neither the men nor the money. Delegation after delegation has besieged me and I have sent out all the workers I could and am hoping and praying for others. Hundreds have been received into the church, while thousands are pleading for admittance. I have only one American missionary among a people whose towns extend along a line which covers a distance of about two hundred miles. There are native workers at intervals, but what are they among so many? With $2,000 I could bring out and provide for two prepared missionaries for a year. And you ask where would I place them? I should place one in a town of ten thousand or more people where we have more than six hundred Christians and hundreds of others awaiting instructions. From this center he could reach ten thousand more by a walk of two or three hours. I should place another in a center where there is a large body of Christians and where he could easily reach ten thousand or more, many of whom have been converted, and thousands of whom are under our influence.

It was in this region that an old gray-headed king said to me on my first visit, "Bishop, I am the man who came to Monrovia for you because I believe my people should know your God. Some of my people say they ought to kill me, but I believe my people should learn about God." Again I am led to exclaim: If the Christian Church were only ready! Some years ago I asked the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to save Jasper Grant's family from heathenism and they did so. Now I ask, will they not provide the two workers for this region and thus save thousands from heathenism?

[Any contributions for this worthy cause sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be acknowledged and forwarded to Bishop Scott at Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa.]

Use for the Blind Spot

IN EVERY eye there is a little spot that is totally blind. Young eyes, old eyes, sharp eyes, dull eyes, blue, brown or black eyes—all of them, even the most perfect, have, in each retina, a little round spot which is wholly blind both to brightness and color. This spot is located just at the point where the optic nerve enters, and is approximately one-twelfth of an inch wide.

Several interesting experiments can be made to prove the presence of this blind spot. For example, cover the right eye with the hand, or a bandage, and gaze with the left eye steadily at a point on the wall or screen about seven feet distant. Let another person be seated against the wall on your left-hand side, in such a position that his forehead is on a level with the point at which you are gazing, and his nearer cheek about twenty inches distant from it. Do not turn your eyeball, but gaze steadily as at first, and his face will entirely disappear, and the wall will seem to be perfectly blank. If you spread a sheet of paper on the wall and note the points at which a pencil moved back and forth by another person appears and disappears, you will be able to make an accurate map of the blind spot as projected on the wall.

Another experiment is performed by painting nine large letters in three vertical columns of three letters each, upon a sheet of paper. Hold the paper at such a distance and in such a position before the eye that the central letter of the square falls within the blind spot, while the surrounding eight letters are still visible.

So much for the facts as gathered from the encyclopedia; but there are other more important and more interesting facts regarding blind spots in the eyes which mere scientists and encyclopedias do not recognize.

* * *

BLINDNESS is not often counted among the good things of life. In every realm—the physical, the mental, the spiritual—we are urged to exercise and develop our ability to see clearly. The highest premium is placed on good eyesight and on perfect vision. All manner of optical contrivances are made to correct or increase the physical sight, and philosophers are constantly appealing for broader, more searching vision of things hidden that should be revealed to the seer.

Now, however, we shall consider a word in praise of blindness. The blind spot in the eye may be so cultivated as to become one of life's greatest blessings. The man or the woman who goes through life partly blind is far happier and more useful than the one who sees everything; just as the person who is partially deaf spends a more comfortable and enjoyable life than the one who hears everything.

The photographic lens sees a great deal more than is taken in by the human eye. Artists complain that the photograph presents only a record of details, that it includes everything and therefore it includes too much. It is not a correct picture as the eye sees it. The beauty is lost in the detail. Light and shade, color, depth, feeling, "atmosphere" are what the artist wants. Instead, the camera gives him a catalogue of all the physical objects within range of the lens. Therefore the artist photographer has resorted to many tricks to make his camera see less. He has thrown the lens out of focus; he has covered it with colored glass; he has tried in every possible way to make it blind to the non-essential things that it might better record the things which make the real beauty of the landscape.

* * *

TWO friends were looking across the Hudson River in the twilight. One remarked on the beauty of the water and the rocky cliffs of the Palisades crowned with green. The other complained of the railroad tracks, the sheds, the gas-tanks, and the rubbish in the foreground on the side of the river where they were standing. "Oh, just let those things come into the blind spot of your eye and look beyond them," laughed the other—and there you have the whole secret.

Here is a random sentence stolen from a manuscript which passed through my hands the other day. "What a strange girl she was, he thought, as he watched her busy fingers. She was hatless, and the soft wind ruffled her brown hair. It was a pity that her mouth was so large and her nose so small. No one could think she was pretty, and just as he decided that, she raised her eyes and smiled and he caught a glimpse of a dimple and of gray eyes fringed with long black lashes and knew he had made a mistake, that she was charming, that her eyes would make a man forget she had a mouth or a nose." There again you have the same secret.

In every landscape and in every person there is beauty worth seeing, but seldom indeed is there nothing but beauty. Often the foreground is littered with rubbish it were better not to see. Often there are defects of face and defects of manner to which it were far better to be blind. The real picture is not found in the sticks and stones of the foreground. The real person is not to be measured by the little deformities of feature or the little unpleasant personal characteristics which appear on the surface. These are the things which we must contrive to lose within the area of our blind spot. Sometimes it is necessary to stretch this area of blindness in order that we may see the better.

A paradox of sight is the fact that blindness often is an aid to the clearest vision, while ability to see everything is the greatest hindrance to seeing truly. In fact, sight itself becomes a kind of blindness. Our eyes are filled with the rubbish in the foreground to the exclusion of the beauty beyond. It is possible to look at a five-cent piece before the eye in such a way as to shut out the sun itself.

It is possible to go through life refusing to see the faults and blemishes of our friends and neighbors, blind to their failures and defects, shutting out of our vision all that is ugly, in order that we may see their beauties and virtues and do them and ourselves better justice. The sister, the brother, the wife, the husband who learns how to use the blind spot in the home will discover unexpected loveliness in the other members of the family as they see one another with the clearer vision of the soul.

Poems Everyone Should Know

Per Pacem ad Lucem

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

A. A. PROCTER.

Mrs. Sangster Remembered

MANY letters have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD paying tribute to the literary genius and beautiful lifework of the late Margaret E. Sangster. Mrs. Nelson Root, Kankakee, Ill., writes: "For many years she has been our guide-post. She has gone, but she is yet living. Oh that we all some day may meet her in the heavenly home."

Miss Annie Rodd sends these verses:

Gone, thou faithful, gentle spirit.
Gone to live in heaven above;
Gone the kingdom to inherit,
Purchased by the God of love.

"We dearly loved her writings," says Mrs. N. J. Reiniger; "they were so commonsense and motherly."

G. W. Tuttle sends some memorial verses:

Her thoughts were like a fountain, pure and sweet,
Where thirsty mortals stayed their weary feet
A fountain of refreshing, pouring out
Its wealth of blessing on the world about.

Fred Martin, Kansas, writes: "She endeared herself to the whole English-speaking world. Her Gospel was that of good cheer. Permit me, as one to whom her words of comfort meant a great blessing, to pay this tribute to her memory."

Very touching is the letter of Mrs. I. K. Bates, Michigan, who writes:

We women who for many years have been readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have, I think, quite generally sought Margaret Sangster's page and received help and inspiration from the reading. Words cannot express how greatly her weekly message will be missed. We realize afresh how blessed her life must have been in the possession and use of a talent that brought her into such close and tender relation with a large and ever-widening circle of those who will now feel a sense of personal loss When we reach the other shore, we shall seek to meet this friend, whom we have known here only through written words and a sweet pictured face.

Mrs. J. McA., Watkins, N. Y. writes: "Truly a good woman has departed, but her work was well done and she has received the plaudit, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"I have had THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for twenty years, writes Mrs. Drumm, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and I had grown to love Mrs. Sangster dearly. If I should get to heaven, I think she will be one of the first for whom I shall look. I am sure my loss is only one of thousands of others, because she was so dear to us all."

These and many other similar tributes have been forwarded to Mrs Sangster's family.

TO ONE GREATLY BELOVED

In Memory of Margaret Sangster

O GENTLE counselor, with heart of gold,
And loving hand that labored evermore
To bless the home and lift it nearer God!
Where shall thy mantle fall? O faithful friend,
Our ways are parted for a little space!
Thine is the Master's welcome and reward,
And ours to live the precepts he has given,
And follow in the path thy feet have trod.

New York. MRS. C. W. BABCOCK.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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"The Law of the Spirit"

THERE is a great deal of haphazard religious work, which is barren of result because it ignores fundamental, fixed laws. No one would dream of trying to produce electric light without following absolutely the laws of electricity. Yet people plunge ahead in religious activity and are dismayed to find their activities fruitless, when, as a matter of fact, they have no reason to expect anything but failure because they are ignoring the law.

Theology is called, technically, a science. So the operations of the Holy Spirit may be said to form a science. It is, after all, the same God in nature and in the realm of the spirit. The changing of the position and combinations of bits of physical matter produces electricity and electrical results, which are the manifestations of God's physical power; certain other acts and changes in human minds and wills bring about conditions in which God's spiritual power is revealed and made fruitful. It is as fair to call the second a science as the first. There is a *law* of the Spirit.

It would require a book rather than a paragraph even to outline the things which shut off the power of God. But a few positive items of "the law of the Spirit," as it applies to work done for the souls of others, may be laid down.

There must be straight preaching about *sin*. No other idea will lead a soul to seek real salvation except the idea of real sin. Wrongdoing is not a misfortune, even a calamity. It is sin—the kind of sin that means guilt and danger. Next there must be straight preaching about the Cross of Christ. The message of Christ crucified is the message that moves and melts hearts. No better altar song for seekers has ever been found than this:

> What can wash away my sin?
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

There must be intense love for those to whom the message is delivered. There must be consecration. God's Spirit can work only through lives that are yielded wholly to him. Lastly, there must be faith. In fact, faith is so vital that it is almost true to say faith is the only requirement, because faith can come only to the heart that has done these other things first. But when faith comes to such a soul, victory is sure.

This, then, is the law of the Spirit in the work of saving souls: the preaching of sin, the preaching of the Cross, love, consecration and faith. Prayer is not mentioned specifically, for the whole matter is a matter of prayer. Prayer is getting into touch with God and keeping in touch with him. We must pray while we preach, we must pray while we love—and as we pray, in consecration and love, we believe. And with the faith comes triumph.

Exit Lorimer

BY a vote of fifty-five to twenty-eight, the United States Senate, on July 12, declared the election of William Lorimer to that body invalid, and he was accordingly unseated. There was something exceedingly pathetic in his closing appeal to the Senate. He spoke of his past life, of his family and of his political associations. He pleaded for generous consideration, and claimed to be a victim of misrepresentation and of a combination of the "interests"; but the Senate accepted the evidence as conclusive, and Lorimer went into retirement, the second member of the Upper House to go out under charges, the first having been Senator William Blount, of Tennessee, in 1797. It is a tragic thing to witness the fall of a man who has attained high position in the public service. The use of money in politics has given rise to many abuses, but it is only the open and flagrant instances that come to light. Lorimer's fate should be a warning. We hear of huge funds being raised in political campaigns, and the modern tendency is toward the increase of this dangerous feature of our political system. Hardly a candidate for any important office need expect success, in these days, unless he has the amplest financial backing. It is true, the machinery of politics cannot be set in motion except the wheels be lubricated financially; but there is surely a limit to such lubrication. The nearer we approach to the day of clean politics, the less we shall hear of gigantic funds placed under the control of campaign managers.

Is Valentine's Head Wanted?

IT IS a matter of open comment in Washington that there is a movement to force the resignation of Hon. Robert G. Valentine, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in order to relieve the administration from embarrassment on the Indian school question. As our readers will remember, Mr. Valentine is the official who several months ago issued the famous order prohibiting the use of religious insignia or garb by employees of the Indian service while on duty in the Indian schools supported by the general government. This order, which was clearly conceived in the spirit of obedience to the Constitution, and which applied to twenty-three schools, was immediately opposed by the Roman Catholics, but it was cordially approved by the entire Protestant ministry and press of the country as a proper step to secure compliance with the laws and regulations governing all public-supported schools. President Taft revoked the order, pending a hearing of both sides. Weeks have elapsed, and still there are no signs of a decision by the Commissioner of the Interior, who has the matter in charge. Now the situation, as explained by the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, is a peculiar one. If the order is permanently revoked by the President, notwithstanding that it is admitted on both sides to be constitutionally sound, the revocation will naturally bring a storm of protest from every part of the country. Any plan to force Valentine out, under present conditions, would be rash and unwarranted and would intensify the situation. That such an attempt has been made is generally reported. In reply to a telegram of inquiry from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Commissioner Valentine wired in very positive terms that he had not resigned and had no intention of resigning.

As we have already intimated, the Indian school question is one which should be decided now—not after election. It involves a serious violation of constitutional rights, and the point raised in the Valentine order—that the usage complained of in our Indian schools is in conflict with the essential principle of the separation of church and state—has been so abundantly sustained by the highest courts, that no attempt has been made up to date to defend or refute the charge. Denial or evasion is not refutation. Somebody is responsible to the people for the continuance of this condition in the schools, and for the delay in reaching an official decision. To decapitate Commissioner Valentine would simply make matters worse. If he should be made a victim in return for his fidelity to public interests, the people will certainly want to know all about it.

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Portugal's Struggle for Independence

ONE of the papal maxims is "Divide and rule." It is to-day finding practical illustration in Portugal, where the young republic is in a life-and-death struggle with the royalist movement, which is fomented by Romanist influences. Reactionary success would mean the restoration of the Roman Church to power and the return of the horde of orders which were lately expelled from the country. That the Papal Church is a past master in the art of stirring up strife and exciting disturbance is also shown in the case of Belgium, where the Clericals, though a minority, really control the government, and through the plural voting system so limit the popular voting power as to render it ineffective. There the essential point is the struggle of the powerful Clerical body (Roman Catholic) to secure for the church schools the same financial support as is now received by the public schools (which are subsidized by the communes, the provinces and the state), and thus divide the public funds to the advantage of the sectarian schools. These concrete instances of papal politics in action show that the Roman Church is as ready to-day as it ever was in olden times, to plot and to do battle for temporal power wherever it finds the opportunity.

A Tangled Crime

CRIME committed to conceal crime is usually futile. Within a few hours after the murder of Herman Rosenthal, gambler, in front of a Broadway hotel on July 16, all New York was stirred by the conviction that the tragedy was one that demanded instant investigation, chiefly for the reason that it furnished, in some of its attendant details, strong indications of a secret understanding between the police and the criminal underworld. Rosenthal had quarreled with his gambling associates and had bitterly complained that police exactions for immunity from prosecution had become intolerable. He had made a partial exposé to the district attorney, and his allegations, involving the police as well as the gamblers, were so startling that of themselves they would have forced an official inquiry. There was, of course, a prompt denial from the police. Then, when the situation became intensely acute, and when Rosenthal was preparing to produce a number of witnesses, whose disclosures would have precipitated a scandal, he was deliberately assassinated. Public opinion is demanding that the whole case be thoroughly investigated, and it seems likely that Burns, the famous graft-hunting detective, may take part in the investigation. Whether Rosenthal was the victim of a gambler's feud or whether the police had knowledge of the plan to silence him but took no steps to prevent it, will soon be shown. What interests the citizens most deeply is that all the facts should be brought out relative to the alleged secret understanding between the gamblers and the police, which Rosenthal was preparing to establish when he met his fate.

General Notes

—ONE OF THE latest fads among the fashionable women of London is to wear live lizards attached to gold collars and chains, which are bound around the neck. These creatures are non-poisonous, although repulsive, and there are many varieties. Some are twelve to eighteen inches long. They are said to be easily tamed and taught not to bite.

—AN EGYPTIAN SPHYNX, weighing ninety tons and carved out of alabaster, has been excavated from the sand on a marshy plain near Memphis. It is fourteen feet in height and twenty-six feet in length and has a singular tail. It is believed to have been carved about 1300 B.C. Professor Flinders Petrie, the celebrated Egyptologist, has examined the figure, which bore no inscription, and considers it a very remarkable find.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

King Awards Olympic Prizes

THE Olympic games in Stockholm have ended. The closing events were shadowed by the death of Lazaro, a Portuguese athlete, who, after covering nineteen miles in the Marathon in the broiling sun, fell exhausted and was carried to the hospital, where he died. The point score for all sports, including shooting, swimming, lawn tennis, football, etc., follows: United States, 128; Great Britain, 108; Sweden, 104; Finland, 46; Germany, 34; France, 23; Denmark, 14; Italy, 13; Belgium, 11; Norway, 10; Hungary, 8; Russia, 5; Greece, 4; Austria, 4; Holland, 2. It will be seen that the American athletes led the world in the games. The royal family was deeply interested in the awarding of prizes. Gustav, king of Sweden, conferred on each of the winners of a first prize a laurel wreath, a gold medal, and a cup. Crown Prince Gustav Adolph presented silver medals to the members of the second group, and Prince Charles, brother of the king, handed bronze medals to the third group. The procession into the arena was a remarkable sight. Every sort of civil and military costume figured, from full dress military with plumed and shining helmet and much gold lace to simple khaki, and from frock coat and silk hat to running tights. The women swimmers and tennis players wore pink and white dresses, while the women gymnasts made a very charming appearance in sailor frocks. King Gustav, in gray frock coat, mounted the rostrum, behind which were the tables loaded with trophies, wreaths and medals. Ralph O. Craig, Detroit Y. M. C. A., the double winner of the 100 and 200 meter dashes, was the first victor called. He stepped forward to the platform and the king placed the wreath on his head and shook him warmly by the hands. Several other Americans followed. The Marathon winner, McArthur, of South Africa, received enthusiastic cheers. He appeared in green tights, with bare arms and legs. In addition to other laurels he was presented with a big bronze statue of the original Marathon hero falling at the finish. The king applauded him and held his hand for a long time. All the Swedish winners were given ovations. James Thorpe, of the Carlisle Indian School, took the highest honors of the Olympic games. He followed up his earlier victory in the Pentathlon by winning the Decathlon for the trophy offered by the Czar of Russia, and established himself as the greatest all-round athlete in the world. The competition, made up of ten events, including running, hurdling, throwing the weights, vaulting and jumping, provided a remarkable test of speed, strength and agility, and Thorpe won from a representative field by 8,814 points out of a possible 10,000. It is fitting that this man with an Indian face and blood should be quick and strong, the perfect animal his fathers were, and should have that strong, quick body under the direction of an educated mind. The popular press and public sentiment join our country in congratulating its representatives in Sweden at the victories fairly won. The Olympic games and the prizes awarded by the king call to mind the language of a hero who, having won in the real contests of life, awaited his prize:

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day. (II. Tim. 4: 7, 8.)

James Thorpe, of Carlisle School
The World's Greatest Athlete

Ralph Craig, of Detroit Y. M. C. A.
Winner of 100 and 200 Meter Races

Influence of Christian Womanhood

AT AN old-fashioned Methodist class meeting the other Sunday morning at the Metropolitan Temple, New York City, two rare tributes were paid to the value of Christian womanhood. A woman said that her mother had died when she was a babe eighteen months old, and that a drunken father had given her twenty-five years of as miserable existence as a mortal could have, but that her mother's prayers in his behalf after a quarter of a century had availed and her father was reformed, and life became a paradise to her. A man next spoke, who said that he had been a saloonkeeper for fourteen years, and had gone to the point of suicide from remorse at his bad life, when his wife clung to him with her love and godly example and prayers, and saved him to his family, to a noble occupation and a life of happiness in the church. Paul pays a tribute to the influence of sanctified womanhood on the Christian character in his letter to Timothy:

When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded that in thee also. (II. Tim. 1: 5.)

Barrett Browning Dies

ON JULY 9, at Asolo, Italy, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, the only son of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, died on the land that the Brownings won permission from the Town Council to buy on the very day that the poet passed away. In Asolo Robert Browning planned to build Pippa's Tower for his dwelling-place, and here his son afterward established an industrial school as a memorial to his poet mother. Barrett Browning was born in 1849. Of him Bayard Taylor wrote: "Their child, a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy of two years old, stammered Italian sentences only; he knew nothing yet of his native tongue. He has since exhibited a remarkable genius for music and drawing, a fortunate circumstance, for inherited genius is always fresher and more vigorous when it seeks a new form of expression." In a letter to Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Browning herself wrote: "You are aware that that child, I am more proud of than twenty 'Auroras,' even after Leigh Hunt has praised them. He is eight years old, but reads English, Italian, French, German, and plays the piano—then is the sweetest child." This boy was Browning's anchor when the mother died and the two of them lived in England and journeyed about Europe with Browning's sister Sariana. The son adopted art as his profession. He studied at Antwerp, and at the Royal Academy. In 1878 he exhibited for the first time a piece of his work, "A Worker in Brass." The painting attracted much attention, partly because of the story behind its authorship, but also because it promised a successful career for the artist. He bought the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice, where on December 12, 1889, Robert Browning died. The children of great parents as a rule suffer a handicap in the race of life. It is hard to raise a harvest of grain under the shadow of tall forest trees. The comparison of the Brownings with their issue is unfair and disappointing. The artist son's reverence for his father was profound and love for his mother intense. His establishment of a benevolent institution in honor of his mother calls to mind these words:

Her children arise up, and call her blessed. (Prov. 31: 28.)

Fidelity of the War-horse

RIDING over the field at Aguaje on the Mexican Northwestern Railway where a battle had recently been fought, a ranchman came upon a horse saddled and bridled there, ready to perish with thirst and hunger. His rider, a Federal officer, lay dead on the ground with a rope clenched in his cold fingers fastened to the horse's bit. The horse could have broken loose and found water and food, but he loved his master and was dying out of devotion to him. What an eloquent lesson the dying creature taught on the fidelity of love, and how it shows the many inconsistencies of human infidelity. It calls to mind the deathless fidelity of human love expressed in these words:

The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. (Ruth 1: 17.)

Telegrapher's Mistake Prevents Marriage

A YOUNG man sent to a young lady he expected to marry soon this telegram: "I love you forever." The operator mistook the word and delivered the telegram, "I leave you forever." The Morse spelling for love and leave are so nearly alike that the mistake could be easily made. The young lady sent his ring, his letters and all his presents back to him, and said that henceforth they would be only strangers. Before he had time to explain, she had engaged herself to another man. The young man, it is said, has entered suit against the telegraph company for the mistake and the wounds it caused to his heart. There is the necessity of being careful about the dots in the message. Success or failure in life depends often on the accuracy with which tasks are done. Fearful conquences have resulted from little mistakes through carelessness in secular and spiritual things. The impulsive lover could have avoided the mistake by sending a night wire letter, where he could have had a longer message not difficult to understand, or he could have used a two-cent stamp and drawn his sweetness longer out at a trifling expense, even if it had reached the object of his affection a few hours later. It would be natural for an impulsive young man like this to sue the telegraph company for damages. His course in doing so may not be wise. The message was not repeated, and he may have no legal claim. Besides, it would seem that there was not much love for him to alienate where the betrothed, on the receipt of a telegram, and before there was time to explain it, could or would turn around and engage herself to be the wife of another suitor. A man whose judgment was not beclouded by sentiment might rather send a note of thanks to the company for the mistake which revealed the inconstant love, rather than enter suit against it for damages. The impulsiveness of love on the one side and its shallowness on the other are in marked contrast to the Christian's love for the Master.

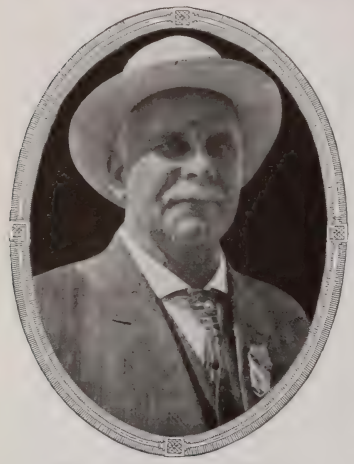
For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Rom. 8: 38, 39.)

Miss Kate Malecka Pardoned

MISS MALECKA, the daughter of a Polish exile, but a naturalized British subject, was convicted in a Russian court on the charge of belonging to the revolutionary wing of the Polish Socialist Party, and was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, with the loss of civil rights. The Czar has just pardoned her and released her from the prison in Warsaw. The power of the modern newspaper has been demonstrated in securing the prisoner's release. The London *Daily Chronicle* championed the cause of Miss Malecka and stirred a public sentiment on the subject in England that reached the Czar and secured her pardon. The woman publicly gives the British press, and especially the *Chronicle*, credit for having procured her liberty. Her friends claim that the pardon of the emperor is an act of justice and not of mercy, as she was convicted by unfair processes. Even when the condemned is guilty, if there be penitence, the Ruler of the universe will pardon.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. (Isa. 55: 7.)

THE PROHIBITION NOMINATIONS



Eugene W. Chafin, of Illinois
Prohibition Candidate for President

AFTER a three days' session at Atlantic City, N. J., the National Prohibition Convention on July 12 placed in nomination Eugene W. Chafin, of Illinois, as its candidate for President, and Aaron H. Watkins, of Ohio, for Vice President. This is the second nomination of these candidates, both having been chosen as the party leaders in 1908.

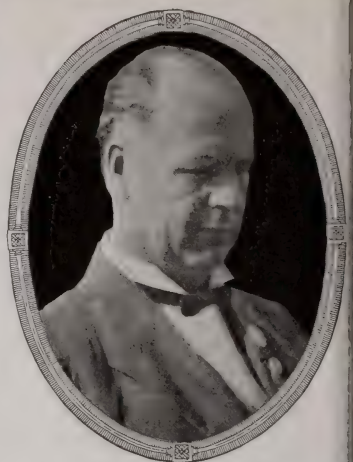
The Prohibition platform is in line with progressive ideas. It declares that alcoholic drink, considered as a traffic, is a crime and not a business, and that it is a duty to prevent the manufacture, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages. Other planks of the platform include the following:

Election of Senators by the people; a six-year term for the President with no re-election; uniform marriage and divorce laws; the extermination of polygamy; the suppression of the white slave traffic; court review for Post Office Department decisions; the initiative and referendum; a non-partisan tariff board; an elastic currency system; graduated income and inheritance taxes; conservation and reclamation of public lands; votes for women; government regulation and control of corporations doing an interstate business; economy in the public service.

Virgil G. Henshaw will manage the Prohibitionist campaign. He is an Oregonian and was chosen after a sharp contest, in which three other candidates figured. The Prohibition campaign fund is small compared with those of the leading parties. Up to the present time, it is said to amount to $46,000.

The Rev. Stephen Taft, founder of Humboldt College, Sawtelle, Calif., tried to secure a change in the title of the party to "Conservation," and the Rev. William Taft, also of California, started the campaign fund with a contribution of $10,000. In its present condition, the Prohibition campaign is a campaign of conscience and principle rather than practicality. It looks more to the promulgation of the basic idea of Prohibition than to the election of its candidates, and accordingly its fund will be largely used in spreading the principles of Prohibition in a campaign of education conducted by the party leaders.

Professor E. O. Excell, of Chicago, led the music of the convention. Gospel hymns were sung with rousing enthusiasm. "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "Where He Leads Me I Will Follow" were sung with great earnestness.



Aaron H. Watkins, of Ohio
Prohibition Candidate for Vice-President

The platform as originally presented by the Resolutions Committee was changed in several particulars. Some of the delegates contended there was "not enough prohibition" in the document, so several strong phrases were added on that subject. Then came the elimination of the plank declaring for a separation of state and church and declaring against the use of public moneys for sectarian schools and churches. Dr. Silas Swallow, of Pennsylvania, sought also to add a declaration against the wearing of clerical garb in schools. Father George Zurcher, of Buffalo, a Catholic priest and delegate, declared this would be interpreted as an affront to Catholics. After much discussion the plank was voted down.

THE INVINCIBLE POWER OF LOVE

By Orison Swett Marden

"WITH long life will I satisfy him," declares Jehovah in the words of the Psalmist, "because he hath set his love upon me." Love is harmony, and harmony prolongs life, as fear, jealousy, envy, friction, and discord shorten it.

All through the Bible are passages which show that love is a health-tonic, a healing balm, and actually lengthens life.

There is no doubt that those who are filled with the spirit of love, which is the Christ spirit—whose sympathies and tenderness are not confined to their immediate relatives and friends, but reach out to every member of the human family—live longer and are more exempt from the ills of mankind than the selfish and pessimistic, who, centered in themselves, lose the better part of life, the joy and the strength that come from giving themselves to others. Christ taught the healing and sustaining power of love. In no other way than through the marvelous power of love can we account for the wonderful miracles of endurance presented by many mothers in bringing up large families.

. . .

THE power of love is often illustrated in a delicate mother who walks the floor, night after night, with a sick child, and whose days pass without recreation or change, week in and week out, and who feels more than compensated if she can only procure relief for her suffering little one.

Think of a mother carrying about, perhaps for the greater part of a day and the night following, the same weight, in merchandise or other matter, as that of a sick child! She could not stand the strain. She would be ill in a short time. But love lightens her load and makes self-sacrifice a pleasure. She can bear any burden, even poverty, disappointment, or suffering, for the sake of the loved one. This sublimely unselfish mother-love is a type of the most exalted creative love that encircles the universe, that invites us to be partakers and dispensers of this world-tonic, this great panacea for all of the ills of mankind.

Many a mother's love for her children has undoubtedly stayed the ravages of some fatal disease. Her conviction that she was necessary to them and her great love for them have braced her, and have enabled her to cope successfully with the enemies of her physical life for a long time.

When shall we learn that the great curative principle is love, that love heals because it is harmony? There can be no discord where it reigns. Love is serenity, is peace and happiness. Everywhere we see people starving for love, famishing for affection, for some one to appreciate them. On every hand we see men and women possessing material comfort, luxury, all that can contribute to their physical well-being—who are able to gratify almost any wish—and yet they are hungry for love. They seem to have plenty of everything but affection. They have lands and houses, automobiles, yachts, horses, money—*everything but love!*

. . .

THERE is only one way to win love, and that is to love. Love will break the bonds of selfishness and self-consciousness. Stop thinking of self, and take an interest in others; develop an admiration and love for them, a real desire to help them, and you will not fail to be loved and to be popular.

Much of what goes by the name of love is only selfishness. Until love extends beyond the narrow circle of relatives and friends; until it stretches beyond the shores of one's own land, it is not real love. The Christ-love is not that which nourishes and cares with greatest solicitude for one's own child, and yet turns a deaf ear to the cry of the hungry and forsaken one in the street. Pure love is in the act, and does not take note of the object.

Who has not seen the magic power of love in transforming rough, uncouth men into refined and devoted husbands? I have known women who had such great loving, helpful hearts and such charm of manner, that the worst men, the most hardened characters, would do anything in the world for them—would give up their lives, even, to protect them. But they could never be reformed by prison methods, could never be touched by unkindness or compulsion. Love is the only power that could reach them.

I do not believe there is any human being, in prison or out, so depraved, so low, so bad, but that there is somebody in the world who could control him perfectly by love, by kindness, by patience.

Many a man has been kept from performing a disgraceful, even a criminal act, by the thought that somebody loved him, believed in him, trusted him.

. . .

LOVE is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent, a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge, and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity and loving sympathy.

. . .

MANY parents are very much distressed by the waywardness of their children; but the waywardness they deplore is often more imaginary than real. A large part of their children's pranks and mischief is merely the result of exuberant youthful spirits. They are so full of energy, and so buoyant with life that it is difficult for them to restrain themselves. Love is the only power that will control them.

A man ought to look back upon the home of his childhood as the Eden of his life, where love reigned, instead of as a place where long-faced solemn severity ruled, and he was suppressed and his fun-loving spirits snuffed out.

Love is the great educator, the great unfolder of youth. As the sun is the only thing that will bring out the sweet juices and develop the luscious flavor, the exquisite beauty and tint of fruits and flowers, so love is the only thing that will develop the sweetness and beauty of the child. It is the only power that will call out the true, the natural, the responsive, the spontaneous, the beautiful side of its nature. It is only the hard, coarse, and unlovely qualities that are developed by force and repression.

JERUSALEM, ROME, WASHINGTON"

WO years pass after the benignant gentleman from Italy has linked Washington with Rome. On the 6th of January, 1895, there is issued at Rome another encyclical letter, essed directly and exclusively to the "Catho- y in the United States."* The aged Pope, tot- ng on the brink of the grave, "traverses in it and thought the wide expanse of ocean." says to his beloved sons in America: "We shall God willing, of some assistance to the Catholic e among you." Was "the Catholic cause" in ger? Had Catholics become disfranchised? the country entering upon an anti-Catholic paign? Had laws been made that rendered existence of the Catholic Church precarious? in the least; we shall hear that the Pope in this tle acknowledges that the flourishing condition he Catholic Church in our country is "due to the ty of the laws which obtain in America." The istance," then, which he wishes to render can- be for *defensive* purposes. He goes on to say:

highly esteem and love exceedingly the young and vigorous ican nation, in which We plainly discern latent forces for dvancement alike of civilization and of Christianity. t long ago, when your whole nation, as was fitting, cele- d with grateful recollection and every manifestation of joy ompletion of the fourth century since the discovery of ica, We, too, commemorated together with you that most cious event, sharing in your rejoicings with equal good- Nor were We on that occasion content with offering rs at a distance for your welfare and greatness. It was wish to be in some manner present with you in your fes- es. Hence We cheerfully sent one who should represent person. Not without good reason did We take part in your ration. For when America was, as yet, but a newborn uttering in its cradle its first feeble cries, the Church it to her bosom and motherly embrace. Columbus, as We elsewhere expressly shown,† sought, as the primary fruit s voyages and labors, to open a pathway for the Christian into new lands and new seas. Keeping this thought con- ly in view, his first solicitude, when he disembarked, to plant upon the shore the sacred emblem of the cross. refore, like as the Ark of Noe, surmounting the overflowing rs, bore the seed of Israel together with the remnants of uman race, even thus did the barks launched by Columbus the ocean carry into regions beyond the seas as well the is of mighty States as the principles of the Catholic religion. is is not the place to give a detailed account of what there- ensued. Very rapidly did the light of the Gospel shine the savage tribes discovered by the Ligurian. For it is iently well known how many of the children of Francis, ell as of Dominic and of Loyola, were accustomed during wo following centuries to voyage thither for this purpose; they cared for the colonies brought over from Europe, but arily and chiefly, how they converted the nations from rstition to Christianity, sealing their labors in many in- es with the testimony of their blood. The names newly to so many of your towns and rivers and mountains and teach and clearly witness how deeply your beginnings marked with the footprints of the Catholic Church.

All America as a Papal Domain

his agile old Pope, who possesses such a lithe nory, is blessed with a convenient forgetfulness. forgets that the religious character of the erican colonists in British territory during the iods of exploration and colonization differed most kingly from that of the colonists in Spanish and nch dependencies. He forgets that the flocking "the children of Loyola," etc., to America was also to other causes besides their missionary l. Their overthrow in Portugal, their expulsion m France, the rise of Gallicanism, Febronian- , Josephinism, the fierce fight which European ions at that time were making upon the infa- us Bull *Unigenitus* of Clement XI—all these nts‡ persuaded the Society of Jesus that their ient pastures had turned into warring camps inst them, and they must find new pastures. forgets that the superstitions of which he aks have not been removed, but merely sup- nted by a different sort of superstitions in all se parts of the New World where Rome held lisputed sway. His genial reminiscences, then, valuable only as showing that he regards *all* America as a papal domain, from the day that it e out of the ocean to the eyes of Columbus. e Pope proceeds:

or, perchance, did the fact which We now recall take place hout some design of divine Providence. Precisely at the ch when the American colonies, having, with Catholic aid, ieved liberty and independence, coalesced into a constitu- al Republic, the ecclesiastical hierarchy was happily estab- ed amongst you; and at the very time when the popular rage placed the great Washington at the helm of the Repub- the first bishop was set by apostolic authority over the erican Church. The well-known friendship and familiar rcourse which subsisted between these two men seems to be evidence that the United States ought to be conjoined in cord and amity with the Catholic Church. And not without se; for without morality the state cannot endure—a truth ch that illustrious citizen of yours, whom We have just tioned, with a keenness of insight worthy of his genius and

* See encyclical *Longinque Oceani* in *Encyclical Letters of XIII.*, l. c. pp. 320-335.

In the encyclical *Abrupto Saeculo*, of July 16, 1892. This ument was issued expressly in commemoration of the Colum- Tercentenary. It was from this encyclical that Satolli took cue for the address at the Carroll Institute. See l. c. pp. -270.

See Dr. Fredrik Nielsen's *History of the Papacy in the XIX. Century*. Translated under the direction of Arthur nes Mason, D.D. 2 vols. London, 1906; a third volume theoming. Chapters III and V of the first volume are espe- ly valuable.

BY PROFESSOR W. H. T. DAU

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Concluded

statesmanship, perceived and proclaimed. But the best and strongest support of morality is religion. She, by her very nature, guards and defends all the principles on which duties are founded, and, setting before us the motives most powerful to influence us, commands us to live virtuously, and forbids us to transgress. Now what is the Church other than a legitimate society, founded by the will and ordinance of Jesus Christ for the preservation of morality and the defense of religion? For this reason have We repeatedly endeavored, from the summit of the pontifical dignity, to inculcate that the Church, whilst directly and immediately aiming at the salvation of souls and the beatitude which is to be attained in heaven, is yet, even in the order of temporal things, the fountain of blessings so numerous and great that they could not have been greater or more numerous had the original purpose of her institution been the pursuit of happiness during the life which is spent on earth.

The Hierarchy in the United States

Here we observe again that dexterous grouping of heterogeneous elements which succeeds in welding Jerusalem, Rome, and Washington into a popish chain. The establishment of the North American Republic and the establishment of the Roman hierarchy in the United States coincide in point of time. Hence, they are allied causes working to achieve the same ends. That is the argument. George Washington was a personal friend of some Catholic priest. Hence, the American Congress and the Roman Curia must be allied. That is the argument. The State cannot endure without morality. Hence it needs the guardian care of "*the* Church," *i.e.*, the Papacy. That is the argument. If this is not *baculus in angulo* logic, what is? If the Church of England had created an American bishop at the time of the Declaration of Independence, we presume we would, as a nation, by that coincidence become "conjoined in concord" with the Episcopal Church. If George Washington had fellowshipped Henry Muehlenberg in a social way, we presume that the country would have been destined, by the irresistible force of that event, to become Lutheran. If the Presbyterians were to declare themselves "a legitimate society, founded by the will and ordinance of Jesus Christ for the preservation of morality," Congress, we anticipate, seeing that the State is in need of morality, would have to recognize that it is useful and necessary for these free American States to be conjoined in concord and amity with the Presbyterian Church. But we are still in search of some indication why Catholicity in the United States is in need of "assistance." The next paragraph seems to render this task almost hopeless. It reads:

That your Republic is progressing and developing by giant strides is patent to all; and this holds good in religious matters also. For even as your cities, in the course of one century, have made a prodigious increase in wealth and power, so do we behold the Church, from scant and slender beginnings, grown with rapidity to be great and exceedingly flourishing. Now if, on the one hand, the increased riches and resources of your cities are justly attributed to the talents and active industry of the American people, on the other hand, the prosperous condition of Catholicity must be ascribed, first indeed, to the virtue, the ability, and the prudence of the bishops and clergy, but in no slight measure also to the faith and generosity of the Catholic laity. Thus, while the different classes exerted their best energies, you were enabled to erect unnumbered religious and useful institutions, sacred edifices, schools for the instruction of youth, colleges for the higher branches, homes for the poor, hospitals for the sick, and convents and monasteries. As for what more closely touches spiritual interest, which are based upon the exercise of Christian virtues, many facts have been brought to our notice, whereby we are animated with hope and filled with joy, namely, that the numbers of the secular and regular clergy are steadily augmenting, that pious sodalities and confraternities are held in esteem, that the Catholic parochial schools, the Sunday schools for imparting Christian doctrine, and summer schools are in a flourishing condition; moreover, associations for mutual aid, for the relief of the indigent, for the promotion of temperate living, add to all this the many evidences of popular piety.

What the Roman Church Wants of the State

After reading this paragraph, which depicts American Catholicism in the present age with astonishing accuracy, one is utterly at a loss to understand why this wealthy, influential society, which is very conspicuous on our avenues and elevated building sites, which is without exaggeration the largest landholder in the country, whose activities ramify in the life of Americans from border to border—why this ubiquitous, plethoric society should be in need of "assistance" from the Pope. We make one more effort at discovering the obscure cause.

The main factor, no doubt, in bringing things into this happy state were the ordinances and decrees of your synods, especially of those which in most recent times were convened and confirmed by the authority of the Apostolic See. But, moreover (a fact which it gives pleasure to acknowledge), thanks are due to the equity of the laws which obtain in America, and to the customs of the well-ordered Republic.

We are beginning to be extremely attentive at this point.

For the Church amongst you, unopposed by the Constitution and government of your nation, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hindrance. Yet,

We are wide awake.

though all this is true, *it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced.** The fact that Catholicity with you is in good condition, nay, is even enjoying a prosperous growth, is by all means to be attributed to the fecundity with which God has endowed His Church, in virtue of which, unless men or circumstances interfere, she spontaneously expands and propagates herself; but she would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor of † .e laws and the patronage of the public authority.

Now *we* shall have to do some juxtaposing. Here are two official statements of the sovereign ruler of the Catholic Church as to the status of Catholicism in the United States:

(*a*) The Pope is pleased with it, *because* the laws of the Republic protect his church impartially, and do not oppose it.

(*b*) The Pope is not pleased with it, *because* his church does not enjoy "the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority."

The Pope acknowledges that his church is receiving common favors, and regrets that he has not—uncommon favors. What he has is good, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There is one thing, one only thing in the way which keeps him from getting more: the mistaken notion that the separation of church and state is expedient. *Hence, his assistance is needed.* This country must be led to see that what they consider "lawful and expedient" is an "erroneous conclusion."

What "The Assistance of the Pope" Means

We remarked that the "assistance" of the Pope could not be required for defensive purposes. The Pope is not attacked, but the Pope means to attack. He means to take the offensive. We are not seeing any ghosts of armed Catholics marching through the land and shooting down Protestants. We are not dreaming of concealed arsenals in the cellars of Catholic citizens, as a gentleman in the *Pioneer Press* of St. Paul† (November 22) imagines. Merely as a matter of history we would note that St. Bartholomew's Day of 1572, and sundry other events, afford food for reflection. When we speak of attacks at this present day, we do not mean an attack with grape and canister, but we mean those measures which Pope Leo XIII has suggested to American Catholics in his letter of January 6, 1895, the letter which we are now studying. He has suggested:

(*a*) The enlargement of educational facilities for Catholics in the United States, the Pope himself taking the lead by founding "at Washington, your capital city," a Catholic university (l. c. pp. 324-326);

(*b*) Submission to the statutes of the third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the Pope himself "putting, so to speak, a proper and becoming crown upon its work" "through the due establishment by the Apostolic See of an American Legation" (pp. 326-330);

(*c*) The general adoption by American citizens of "the Catholic teaching and the Catholic customs" regarding marriage and divorce (p. 330 f.);

(*d*) "The virtue of temperance, the frequent use of the sacraments, and observance of the just laws and institutions of the Republic" (p. 331). (N.B. In what sense and to what extent the laws and institutions of the Republic are regarded as just has been noted);

(*e*) Shunning associations which "have been openly condemned by the judgment of the church," and associating with Catholics (p. 331 ff.);

(*f*) A controlling influence on the daily press (p. 333 f.);

(*g*) Increased missionary activity among "those who dissent from us in matters of Christian faith," among the Indians and negroes.

By a gradual, silent process the Catholics are to wrest to themselves the instruments for controlling public opinion; in every possible way they are to commend themselves to the nation as a well-compacted, well-organized body; they are to impress Americans more and more with their wealth and influence. Then the day will come at length, when "the favor of the laws and the patronage of public authority" will be theirs.

Are Faith and Liberty Irreconcilable?

To show how the spirit and letter of this papal communication was inculcated upon Catholics, we revert once more to our Italian gentleman, the forger of the chain "Jerusalem, Rome, and Washington." The scene this time lies in the Quaker City, and the occasion is the eighteenth anniversary of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, February 14, 1895. In a hall profusely draped with the

* Italics ours.

† From the Hancock (Mich.) *Gazette* we learn that the gentleman is Rev. P. A. Sullivan.

Continued on next page

MT. KATMAI'S VOLCANIC SHOWER

Removing a Triple Layer of Volcanic Ash Near Kodiak

The Pumice Lies Over the Land Like a Smooth Glacier

THE eruption of Mt. Katmai, Alaska, is over and the worst is past, but the mountain, a week after the eruption had practically ceased, was still sending fire and smoke thousands of feet into the air, and deep guttural sounds as of angry muttering came from the earth. On the Kodiak Island side, about fourteen hundred people are attempting to realize that the splendid homes of a few days ago are now an arid ash land. Vegetation is almost impossible and the water supply is greatly reduced. When a stream runs it is laden with pumice ash and not good for man or beast to drink. It clogs the gills of the fish and kills them or drives them away.

The south end of the Island was not affected and the early report of suffering has been reduced to a little more than half the population. The gove ment is now caring for them in relief camps, a no actual want exists.

Villagers on the islands are digging out th houses and gardens and trying to reinhabit th homes. There will be many in want for a l time after the present emergency is past.

Seward, Alaska. J. H. R

"JERUSALEM, ROME, WASHINGTON"

Continued from preceding page

American and the Papal colors Monsignor Satolli, in response to a toast by the president of the club, said, after a few introductory remarks:

> The arms of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia appropriately express its character and its aim. In them I see the symbol of heavenly light and the sign of man's redemption by the Man-God; and I read that motto, which is a great principle of social life, *Per fidem libertas.* This is a solemn declaration against the error of those who think that the sacrifice is incompatible with generous sentiments, and that a clear, well-defined religious faith is irreconcilable with liberty. . . .
>
> Every historical epoch has its special conflicts, and from the sixteenth century down to our own time the conflict has been between liberty and authority. It is the office of religious and social truth to establish harmony between these two terms. The excess of social authority leads to oppression, and the excess of liberty leads to license and the disorganization of the social fabric. The equilibrium of the two constitutes and maintains the life of all society. Proofs are not needed to show that it has ever been the highest glory of the Catholic Church, I do not say to have invented either social authority or social freedom, but to have maintained the equilibrium and established the harmony of the one with the other. And this harmony is what is symbolized in the arms of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia.
>
> I need not tell you how dear to the heart of the Holy Father is the Church in America. I need not tell you the admiration he has for this great American Republic and all her institutions. His encyclical, which we have so lately received, tells plainly enough his high regard and tender affection for this country.—*Loyalty to Church and State, p. 211 ff.*

The author goes on to say that Catholic clubs have the special approval of, and are commended by, the Pope. Their mission he characterizes thus:

> In Catholic Clubs a filial affection for the Pope should be cherished in a special manner. The Catholic Club ought to feel that it has a special mission—to teach respect for the Pope in the fulness of his dignity and authority, to sustain him on every occasion, and to aid his plans with regard to the Church and to society. And not only should the Catholic Club universally exhibit the harmony between being a good Catholic and a good citizen, but it should show how one can submit with docility to the teachings of the Pope, and sustain at the same time with all his strength the liberties of his country.—*l. c. p. 214.*

We have here a plain echo from *Longinque Oceani.* But the wand of the magician has again passed over the papal bull. Listen how innocently everything that the Pope has said sounds as it comes from the lips of his legate! For "state" we read "society" and "social authority"; for "enjoying the favor of the laws and the patronage of the public authority" we read "maintaining the equilibrium between social authority and social freedom." There is a reminder that a conflict is on between these two, and that it is an old conflict. (*Query:* Who in America is engaged in this conflict?) The Catholic Church is the arbiter in this sad disagreement. The echo winds up with an appeal to "sustain the Pope on every occasion."

The gentleman from St. Paul whom we mentioned before says that "undue prominence" is being given to a certain Lutheran letter to President Roosevelt. He calls the contents of that letter "an antiquated charge," and declares that "up to the present there is positively no *'de fide'* doctrine" (that is to say, no doctrine constituting an essential part of Catholic belief) "existing in the church" to prove the hostility of the Roman Church to the principle of the separation of Church and State. No "*de fide* doctrine"; this is good. *Risum teneatis, amici!* What about the "*de facto*" teaching of Rome? No one charged the Catholics with having embodied their anti-American tenets in their Sunday-school leaflets, or in their catechisms for children. The point made was this: Gentlemen, so says your Pope, and so you must do, whether the statement is *de fide* or *de infidelitate.* That is just the truth which we are trying to make Catholics see, that *they must disobey their Pope, in order to be loyal American citizens.* "Antiquated"? Would to God this were so! No Lutheran has any interest in flaunting *Unam Sanctam* in the face of a peaceful nation and sounding an alarm. The man who is responsible for our present fears is not dead more than five years, and his successor has not unsaid, but solemnly reaffirmed, what his predecessor said.

The Lutheran Protest

The gentleman from St. Paul and the editor of the *New World* of Chicago have also cited the state churches existing in some Lutheran countries, to show that the protest from New York is not in keeping with the general practice of Lutherans. This is beside the mark. The Lutherans who protest are living in America, not in Germany, nor Sweden, nor Norway. Moreover, these protesting Lutherans have never endorsed a state church. Fact is, many of them have come to America because they could not conscientiously live in a state church. Besides, we do not grant that state churches are identical with the Roman hierarchy. And lastly, the argument of the New York letter, and also of a similar one from Philadelphia, does not seek to exalt a Lutheran Church tenet, and to denounce a Roman tenet, because it differs from the Lutheran. True, the Augsburg Confession in the 28th Article plainly teaches the separation of church and state, as the gentleman from St. Paul has correctly observed. But he seems not to have observed that the Lutheran letter from New York does not cite the Augsburg Confession, that the authors never thought of citing the confessional writings of their church in this issue. The Augsburg Confession merely happens to coincide, in this instance, with a political principle, and it is from that well-known American principle, *as citizens,* not as Lutherans, that the authors have addressed the President. The Presbyterians and the Baptists have no connection with the Augsburg Confession, and it is not known that their churches anywhere in the world are allied with the State, yet the Presbyterians and the Baptists have said the same things as the Lutherans.

It is plain to any calm observer of the trend of affairs in our country that *Rome wants the United States of America for herself.* Not in a subdued whisper, not *sotto voce,* but loud and ever louder comes the urgent call: "America and Catholicism," "Rome and Washington." At Chicago, during the recent Catholic Missionary Congress, Bishop P. J. Donahue, of Wheeling, W. Va., spoke in the evening session of Wednesday, November 19. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* sums up his remarks in a significant headline in bold print:

"SEES CATHOLIC REPUBLIC."

It reports that the bishop "pictured an era of t future when Catholicism will be supreme throu out the United States." And it quotes him saying:

> Half a century hence, or at the most a century hence, I a Catholic country. In the winter months, from the Atlanti the Pacific and from the North to the South, I hear one Ang bell after another calling the millions to prayer. Over the l are dotted the Catholic churches. I see Christ ruling Christ loving through this broad nation. I see the extinct of all fads and various philosophies.

Of these words it might be said what some c has said of similar utterances of Catholics fift years ago: they are worthless as prophecies, b they are valuable as confessions. Our country h reason to be awake, to observe, and to ponder. noting the letter of protest which Lutheran cler men in New York addressed to President Roo velt, the St. Louis *Mirror* of December 3 said:

> VOTING AND CATHOLICISM
>
> Church organizations of the Lutherans and the Presbyteri have remonstrated with the President for denouncing as calumny the assertion that Protestants will not vote fo Roman Catholic for President. The President wrote magn mously, but we believe he is mistaken. We believe that if issue were presented of a Catholic candidate for President, vast majority of Protestants would vote against such a can date because of his religious faith, believing that in a crisis c moral sort he would be dominated by Roman Catholic as supe to American considerations. We don't defend this attitude. simply state it as a fact. We have no hesitation, either, stating that a great deal of the surprise in Mr. Taft's vote President was due to Catholic support because of Mr. Ta friendliness to the Catholic Church in the Philippines. Catholic vote gave such a city as Brooklyn to Taft. This may make trouble in future, but as a fact we must accept it.

Cardinal Gibbons also foresees trouble; and his judgment the trouble is imminent. He says, quoted in the *Lutheran* of December 10:

> There is a great evil in the land which forebodes revolution a partial upheaval of society.

This language, coming as it does on the heels the New York letter to President Roosevelt, is s nificant. Surely, the Baltimore ecclesiastic wo not call his church organization "a great evil" anything that Catholics have done. Nor is the l ter of the President to Mr. Martin the great e For Catholics love that letter, and the Cardi has, no doubt, increased his importance in his c church, because he has been able to say: "I kn the letter was coming." The "great evil" m have arisen later than the President's lett Something has happened since then that "forebo revolution or a partial social upheaval."

Yes, there may be trouble; but there is a way forestall trouble: the ceaseless agitation of the sue which the Popes have forced upon us. Not Catholics actually know what their Popes ha said. Not all Protestants know it. The avera American citizen does not know it. They must told. And they must be told also that the oppo tion to a Roman Catholic President of the Uni States is made "on purely patriotic grounds," from bigoted zeal.

A Man Who Goes Where Men Are

A Noon Meeting at the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company's Works

T WAS midday of a fair June day when the writer went with Dr. Greenwood to get first-hand knowledge of just how he carried forward the shop and factory meetings with which he been successful. The place was the Boston ır Works at Norfolk Downs, a short distance m Boston. When the noon whistles blew the n left their noisy machines to eat their dinner, l they ate it with despatch, for they knew this s the day on which Mr. Greenwood held his noon- meeting. He or some of his helpers hold a eting of this kind every day in the week at some tory or shop, and often Mr. Greenwood is again ging his songs at midnight with all the fervor t has brought his success. The gift of persua- e and compelling speech is his as well as the gift song, and from start to finish he held the close ention of the men and boys who assembled in the wing sunshine for the meeting at Norfolk wns. Mounting a chair he sang a simple Gospel nn and then gave them a simple and direct Gos- message. There was need of being direct, for men had but forty-five minutes at noon, and many of them had to go home and get dinner before coming to the meeting. Mr. Greenwood used every minute well, and when the whistle blew to recall the men to their machines they called out cheery good-byes, and some of them added,

"Be sure and come again next Friday, won't you?"

"Sure, boys!" was the reply as he clasped the grimy hands of the men nearest him. Having been told that one of the boys in the factory was a good drummer, he added:

"And have that drummer boy on hand with his drum next Friday, and we'll have him play the drum to beat the band!"

"Is it difficult to get permission to go into the shops, and what is the attitude of the owners toward you and your meetings?"

When Mr. Greenwood was asked this question his reply was:

"I am seldom refused admission, and when I am, it is from those you would think most likely to welcome such meetings. I have had the most cordial welcome from some non-Christian mill owners. More than one mill or factory owner feels as Mr. Burgess, owner of the Boston Gear Works, felt when he said to me: "Mr. Greenwood, the best thing I ever put into my shop outside of the machinery itself is these meetings of yours. Their influence has been good from the start."

The Young Men's Christian Association has assumed a part of the responsibility of the meetings in some places, and a number of Christian ministers and laymen have gladly given their services in helping to conduct the meetings in some of the shops. Musicians have given their services, and foremen and superintendents of factories and shops have co-operated with Mr. Greenwood in the most helpful way. The workmen themselves have sometimes come forward as musicians or singers, and it always adds to the interest of the meetings when the men know that one of their own number is to do a musical "stunt" of any kind. At one railroad round-house where midnight services have been held, the men took hold of the musical part of the service in the most enthusiastic way and made a great "go" of it. One of the mill superintendents said: "I tell you, Mr. Greenwood, but you've got them going all right. I have seen one hundred per cent. improvement in the last four weeks in the working force of this plant."

J. L. HARBOUR.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

UMMER weather does not keep people from being interested in Bible study. And the summer record for accuracy is rather better than that of winter and spring. One hundred thirty-three readers answered correctly all lve of the June questions. One successful pupil Rock Island, Ill., who answers 11½ questions rectly, writes: "This is my fourth venture, and, I am one of the oldest if not the oldest of the ss, being past eighty-eight, I am anxious to reach Honor Roll. I have been a Bible reader all my , having read it through every year since a child twelve, and sometimes as many as three times ear."

ndicating the wide variety in the conditions of workers at their Bible tasks, in the same package letters in which is found this from the dear old nt in Illinois, are two letters from penitentiaries. d the two convicts are successful students, too, h of them answering eleven questions correctly, l finding a place in the Honor Roll.

ollowing are the correct answers to List No. 6:

(a) What prophet received the divine call to his work by g touched with a live coal? Ans. Isaiah (Isa. 6: 6). (b) what prophet did the Lord say: "Behold, I have put my da in thy mouth"? Ans. Jeremiah (Jer. 1: 9). (c) What phet saw a mysterious vision of living creatures and wheels? Ezekiel (Ezek. 1: 15).

To what great warrior did Jehovah promise that he would mpany and aid him as he had his predecessor? Ans. Joshua. ah. 1).

What bountiful supplies and provisions were brought to id and his followers by a few friendly men during his cam- gn against Absalom? Ans. II. Sam. 17: 27-29.

What is the first recorded instance of clapping hands as a imony of joy? Ans. II. Kings 11: 12.

Who was the youngest king of Judah and how old was he n he was anointed? Ans. Jehoash. (II. Kings 11: 21, or Chron. 24: 1.)

What other extremely young king became a great reformer remained faithful to righteousness to the end of his life? . Josiah. (II. Kings 22 to 24, or II. Chron. 34: 1-2.)

What letter-carrier's name is mentioned in the New Testa- t? To this question there are ten possible answers, for t number of persons are referred to in such a way as to imply that they were bearers of written messages: Tychicus (Eph. 6: 21, 22); Phebe (Rom. 16: 1, 2); Epaphroditus (Phil. 4); Onesimus, Philemon, Silvanus (I. Pet. 5: 12); Titus, Lucas (II. Cor. 13. Note at end of chapter); Stephanas, Fortunatus, Achaicus, Timotheus (I. Cor. 16. Note at end of chapter); Paul, Barnabas, Judas, Silas (Acts 15: 23-32; 22: 5, and 9: 1-3).

8. Where have we an instance of certain officers falling backward when confronted by their victim? Ans. John 18: 6.

9. Where is God's covenant declared to be more lasting than the mountains? Ans. Isa. 54: 10.

10. Where is God's covenant declared to be as unchangeable as the law of day and night? Ans. Two places in one chapter. (Jer. 33: 20, 21; 25, 26.)

11. In what passage does Jesus liken himself to a faithful man who gives his life for his charges? Ans. (John 10: 11-15; or, 11 *and* 15; or, 11 *or* 15.)

12. In what single epistle is Christ shown to be our Joshua to lead us into rest, our High Priest to bring us to perfection, and the sacrificial Victim to purify us through his blood? Ans. Hebrews.

NEW QUESTIONS, LIST No. 7

1. What man was spared by a king and slain by a prophet?
2. What prophet was detained as a deserter?
3. What two young men fell victims to a warning pronounced five hundred years before?
4. Of what were the mirrors made that are mentioned in Scripture, and where is this stated?
5. What is the largest number converted at one time in New Testament days?
6. Who, speaking in derision, first used the phrase: "No doubt ye are the people"?
7. What is the only revenge permitted to the Christian faith?
8. Where in the Bible are mortgages mentioned?
9. What is the first Bible reference to a library?
10. What good man was rebuked and punished because he did not control his sons?
11. What attendant upon royalty mourned because of the trouble of his people, and was later allowed to help them?
12. What striking sign of the new birth does Paul mention in II. Corinthians?

The Honor Roll

The following 133 answered 12 questions:

Mrs. Will T. Aitchison, Mrs. Mary Anders, Mrs. George Anderson, M. J. Archibald, J. H. Archibald, Mrs. J. A. Ainslie, Mrs. H. H. Barrows, Mrs. O. G. Beard, Mrs. D. I. Biggar, Rev. A. E. Bloom, Amelia C. Bohl, Emma B. Burrill, S. J. Black, Mrs. John Burgoyne, Mrs. A. L. Brackett, Mrs. Luanna Baldwin, Mrs. M. W. Barr, Bell W. Brown, John Bissett, Lawrence A. Brooks, Mrs. Chas. Bartholme, Mrs. Rebecca A. Best, Mrs. Jennie A. Clapp, Mrs. Isaac T. Coppock, Una Corner, Mrs. E. DeM. Case, Lila A. Cook, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. E. Camp, Mrs. E. E. Cammack and daughters, Mrs. H. P. Calkins, Ora M. Curry and parents, Annie Currie, Clara B. Cushing, Mrs. Alma Culver, Mrs. R. Cance, Jennie Cunningham, Mrs. S. H. Clark Mrs. Marion A. Clark, Sadie L. Dawson, Anna Dill, W. K. Desh, Mrs. B. I. DuBois, Sallie Davidson, Mrs. J. C. Douglass, Mrs. E. M. Doan, Rev. B. A. Disney, Mrs. Neil Davis, Mrs. Mary E. Diament, Miss M. J. Elmore, Wm. Eason, Mrs. W. J. Evans, John Erickson, Mrs. Sarah Eberhart, Mrs. N. E. Emmons, Mrs. H. C. French, Flora French, John Fleming, Elisha Frail, Eliza J. Fuller, Mary Fitzgerald, Mrs. Wm. Findlay, H. D. Gordon, Marion F. Grinnell, Annie M. Glover, Mrs. Samuel Guth, Mrs. Susan A. Glover, Wm. W. Hammond, Mrs. W. C. Henderson, David Haisley, Mrs. E. A. Haynes, The Hutchings Family, J. F. Hannay, Emily H. Harrington, Mrs. G. W. Hanert, Marie M. Holt, Mrs. Annie Howell, Mrs. Jennie E. W. Howell, David T. Hewsom, Mrs. D. W. Jackson, Helen M. Jones, E. A. Johnson, Delinda A. Jackson, Esther D. Jones, Mrs. Kate A. Jackson, Katie Kennel, Mrs. J. A. Koontz, Mrs. E. L. King, Nancy R. King, J. H. Layton, Minnie Lohr, Mrs. W. B. Lawrence, Estella J. Lathrop, Mrs. Alice Lee, Nellie Mead, Mrs. Lizzie Morse, Charles Miller, Viola L. Morse, Charles Martin, George McLachlan, Mrs. Ellen R. O'Neil, J. M. Phillips, Mrs. Addie Perrine, Flossie Patton, Mrs. M. A. Pringle, Frances L. Pettigrew, Maria L. Rue, Rosina Rausch, Mrs. David Robb, Mrs. A. C. Rhodes, Mrs. A. S. Ross, Helen S. Scammell, Clara M. Spencer, C. F. Schumacher, Mrs. Alonzo Sedgwick, Mrs. M. E. Stotts, Ellen Simkin, Mrs. S. W. Sloan, Rosa Stevenson, J. R. Strickland, Mrs. Ida L. Sharp, Mrs. Wm. Sattler, Mrs. F. K. Tucker, W. J. Taylor, Mrs. J. A. Tuthill, Rhoda B. Thompson, Julia Thomas, Mrs. A. W. Trueblood, Mrs. Mattie C. Vivens, Julia E. Wilson, Mrs. C. E. Wells, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, No Name from New Mexico, No Name from Cresson, Pa.

The following 15 answered 11½ questions correctly:

Fannie L. Bell, Mrs. Harriet N. Cheney, Miss M. E. Dietrick, Annie S. Dyer, Wm. H. Griffing, Richard Galley, R. J. Hazlett, Jennie E. Holmes, Altie E. Kemble, Mrs. Emily O. Lewis, Miss F. M. Moseley, Alfred Morton, W. D. Moore, Mrs. Sarah A. Strong, Amelia Williams.

Continued on page 767

BACK WITH HER OWN FOLKS

BY STELLA CLANTON DYSART

THERE, the list I have made out includes just twelve. That's as many as this little room will hold. And there's not a social scrub among them, Tommy dear! But every one of them has been as kind and hospitable to us as they could be. Oh, I want to have things really nice for once, and give them something worth while!"

Dorothy Pangburn looked up from her note-book and across the breakfast table at her husband.

"Why, I haven't poured your coffee yet, have I?" she exclaimed. "And it's stone cold."

"Oh, never mind," returned Tom lightly. "You've not poured your own either, or eaten a bite. You do get so wrapped up in a thing, Dot. When did you say this affair is to come off? To-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" scoffed Dorothy. "It will take three weeks at least to get up such a scrumptious dinner as this is to be. I want to have this old dining-room all done over first—new rugs and varnish and paper. I was ashamed of it last week when we entertained the Webbs, and when I try to look at it through Mrs. Purdy's lorgnette it is simply impossible. I think I shall engage Delancy to take charge of the serving and bring in everything, as he did at Judge Moreland's last week. It will cost something, of course, but I'd have to get somebody to serve, anyway, so that Mary can be with Kathryn. Kathryn would be sure to wake up. And think of having to trundle a baby out into this company as I have had to sometimes! Here's the list, Tom."

"Whew!" whistled Tom, glancing down the row of names. "What a lot of big-wigs! But, Dorothy, do you think we should go to the expense of having the dining-room fixed up now? We've planned to some time, I know, but just now—you know I didn't get that raise we'd counted on, and I may not get it for a year yet. And about Delancy's, I suppose he must be the fashion, but how much do you suppose one of his course dinners cost, waiters and all?"

"Why, Tom Pangburn!" exclaimed Dorothy. Never before had her husband objected to any of her little plans. Could he be teasing her? But Tom's face was painfully sober.

"I think," he remarked slowly, as he pushed the note-book back and gathered up his napkin, "that if we must entertain in such style we had better not entertain at all."

"Oh!" said Dorothy. She had known that there were men who supposed they must keep a sort of checkrein on their wives, and must themselves see and approve every little item of household expenditure, but it had never occurred to her that her husband might develop into one of these. As if she were not as capable of deciding what they could afford as was Tom, after working as hard as she could for two years to keep within their meager income! If the company Tom was with didn't pay him enough, why did he stay there? Other men went ahead, why didn't he?

"Among my folks, the mistress of the house always manages its domestic affairs," she remarked coldly. "If the expenses of a home weigh upon you so, perhaps you would prefer not to maintain one."

"I don't see," retorted Tom, "how I'm going to keep up this one unless you can find a way of running it a little differently. Our expenses have climbed steadily in the two years, and my salary hasn't. During the last three months we've gone over our income. That can't go on indefinitely."

Tom got up and reached for his hat, and Dorothy, too, rose from her chair. Had she ever dreamed, when she left everything to be Tom's wife, that he could talk to her like this?

"It will not go on," she answered in a low voice. "My extravagances shall not trouble you further." Then, as her husband stood looking at her, making no move toward going, she added: "Good-by. Don't let me keep you."

"Good-by," echoed Tom, without coming a step nearer to her. In a moment more the front door had closed sharply, and she heard his quick step on the walk.

Dorothy wondered afterward how she would have got through that day without Kathryn. The lump in her throat could not be allowed to quite choke her when Kathryn needed to be bathed and dressed. If her heart was lead and her eyes burned, Kathryn must still be fed and amused. It was a relief that Mary, the small housemaid, had the day off, although it seemed almost impossible to get everything done all alone.

By three o'clock, however, the house was in perfect order, even to one favorite dish of Tom's keeping warm on the back of the range, and another keeping cool in the ice-chest; and Dorothy and Kathryn were both dressed for traveling, with trunk and suit case packed. For Dorothy was going away—oh, yes! Tom could not but have understood what her words meant, and he had not made a single protest! Back among her own folks she could think things out and decide what she must do. Nothing was quite clear to her yet, except that she must get back there to that haven of love and peace and to those welcoming dear ones. No one there had ever used such words to her as her husband had used just now, and she had had charge of the house, too, for three years after her mother's death. Could she not remember how her father—dear man, he hadn't an idea of things domestic, nor desired to have—had held her close just before she came away with Tom that first time, and told her how he would miss his little housekeeper? And Ralph—why, Ralph was through college now and starting into the business world! Ralph had always relied upon her so and trusted to her judgment, and so had Bernice and Sally, sixteen-year-old Sally, who would always be the baby of the family, no matter how grown up she got to

Drawn by Lawrence Herndon

"For the moment she forgot everything except that something new and beautiful had come into the life of this beloved chum and brother"

Dorothy cashed a check on her own little savi
account for the amount of her ticket (she had
tended to keep the whole sum for Kathryn's coll
expenses), and two days later they steamed i
her home town, where, in answer to a brief t
gram, her father and Sally met them.

Dorothy ran to her father's arms first, Kath
held close. It seemed to her that she could rest
that dear shelter forever. But Sally was wait
to be greeted, and Kathryn must be given her sh
of attention, and presently the commonplace bu
ness of getting into the family carriage must h
its place.

"How is Tom?" Dorothy's father asked, turn
half around to face the others in
back seat, when they reached a q
street. "We hoped he was along.

Dorothy felt her cheeks bu
She had decided it would be best
tell the home folks everything
once, but she could not do that h
and now.

"Tom is well and busy," she m
aged to answer. "And you are w
father? You look younger t
when we were here last."

"There!" laughed Sally. "W
have we been telling you?"

"It's these youngsters," explai
her father, with a pretended grim
at Sally. "They won't give me t
to grow old. When you were
home to make out four without m
used to get a chance to play off s
of the time, but they pretend t
can't do without me now at all."

Dorothy sighed involuntarily, t
were both so happy and so unc
scious of her trouble. But she co
not tell them just then.

Bernice, waiting on the front
randa, would hardly look at Doro
until she could get Kathryn into
arms.

"But where is Tom?" she qu
tioned. "We wondered if your c
ing so suddenly was because he
an unexpected vacation."

Now was the opportunity to
plain everything. Dorothy knew,
somehow she found herself say
only, "Tom is busy. I came alon

"Alone!" echoed Bernice, lead
the way with Kathryn in her a
through the hall and into the liv
room. "Do you hear that, M
Pangburn? Oh, very well, I
Then, when you get ready, pray
back alone and leave this preci
baby where she will count for so
thing."

Dorothy tried to laugh, but
laugh choked her. Was Kathry
absence counting in the home
had left behind? It reminded
of Tom, too, the way Bernice t
possession of Kathryn. She
glad to escape from them all into
own room for a little while, un
the pretense of brushing up.

The room was the one that
been hers as a girl, and Dorothy
her eyes fill—it seemed so welcom
and homelike. She turned the ke
the lock and went about, touch
softly the familiar things that had been deares
her, patting the bed cover, drawing aside the v
dow draperies, re-arranging the dresser sc
What happy memories everything held!
dressing table had come from her mother on D
thy's twelfth birthday; the chair with qu
carved legs and low back was a gift of Ralph
the little dressing articles scattered about had b
mostly made and given her by her younger sis
—there was nothing to remind her of Tom or of
dreadful things that had been happening du
the last few days.

After a while the sound of another voice mi
ling with those down stairs told Dorothy that
brother had come home, and she began hurriedly
get ready to go down. Dear Ralph! It would
easier to confide in him than in any one else. T
two had always been chums. She would tell
everything, she decided, and he could let the oth
know.

Kathryn was gurgling and cooing in Ralp
arms when Dorothy entered the room. "See tha

Continued on next page

BACK WITH HER OWN FOLKS

Continued from preceding page

was saying, "She knows uncles are rce and precious articles in this pany. Do you suppose," he asked othy, "that she thinks I'm Tom?" f Dorothy was not entirely herself t evening, nobody seemed to notice

I telephoned Anna you were com- Dot," Bernice remarked.
And I told Cousin John and Aunt riet," added Sally. "You know nt Harriet thinks the world of you Tom, Dot. She hasn't been out of house for weeks, but she said she ld come over to-morrow. 'And how those three babies have been ing care of each other,' she put it. thought Tom was along."
Dorothy started. She had not real- that here with her own folks she st meet others, also, and she felt ost as though the quarrel between and Tom were already a matter of mon knowledge.
We want to tell you about Har- " Bernice went on. "If you didn't w, you might say something that ld hurt Anna. He gets more thless every day, and has lost ry good place he's got lately. He is poor Anna a terrible life, we w, although she never says a word ut it."
nna had been a special friend of othy's at a time when there was a uliar bond of sympathy between two—their marriages had been week apart—and a vision of the ntive Harold of the old days and na in the weeks of joyous prepara- for her wedding came to Dorothy h a swift desire to meet her old nd again and let her know at least silent hand-clasp that she sympa- ed. But the thought of her own tions with Tom made her shrink m this. She hoped Anna would come in for a while at least. She n found herself thinking, in a re- ed way, that Aunt Harriet might be well enough to come, much as wanted to.
t was toward the end of the even- , after Kathryn was tucked away the night, that Dorothy's oppor- ity came to talk to her brother ne.
I feel like stretching my legs a " Ralph said suddenly. "Dot, you d to enjoy tramping. Let's take a lk."
Outside in the still night air the walked some time in silence. nehow Dorothy could find no words begin. This path along the edge of garden had been Tom's favorite, d on a little way was the rustic seat t knew all their plans and hopes the future that was now spoiled.
After what seemed a long time, lph began speaking in a low tone.
I've been wanting a chance to talk h you, Dorothy." (When had her ther called her by her full name ore? Did he suspect something?) rothy's heart seemed to stop beat- , and her limbs trembled.
You can help me more than any e else. But first I want to tell you nething. Knowing you and Tom, not afraid but you'll understand. —Nell!" Ralph paused for a mo- nt. "She doesn't know yet what e is to me, but lately I've hardly red to go near her for fear I uldn't keep from telling her until sure I'm ready."
'Oh, Ralph!" breathed Dorothy, ssing the arm she clung to. "I am glad for you!" For the moment e forgot everything except that nething new and beautiful had ne into the life of this beloved chum d brother. "Nell is such a dear l."
"Don't!" begged Ralph. "I mustn't nk about that just now. What I nt to know, Dot, is whether a fel- v just starting out like I am has y right to ask a girl like Nell to are his life. You know Nell teaches makes almost as much by the year I do. Is it fair to ask her to give up everything and come to help make a home on little more than half of what we both have now; and if she would do it, would she be sorry some time, when she has to skimp and do without things she might have had? Don't answer right away, Dorothy. I've tried more than once to ask you this in a letter. Think about it. And don't let sentiment warp your judgment."

"Oh, Ralph!" cried Dorothy, "I don't have to think about it. Nobody would! It isn't as if you couldn't keep a family from real want. Can't you see how it would be to Nell if she loves you? Doing without things couldn't matter when she has—" Dorothy suddenly faltered and stopped. What was she saying? Hadn't doing without things mattered to her? But she could not spoil these sweet, new hopes of Ralph's—she had no right to! Because her own life was spoiled must she go about trailing it against every other life to spoil it, too?

But Ralph read nothing but sympathy in her unfinished words.

"I believe," he said in a low voice, "that Nell is beginning to care some. And she's like you, Dot. If yours and Tom's life hasn't lost the sweetness in the hard pull you must have had, I believe ours wouldn't."

Dorothy gave Ralph's arm a squeeze. She could not say anything. But Ralph did not seem to notice. They were near the house now, and before they went inside, he added: "I'd rather the others wouldn't know just yet."

When Dorothy went to kiss her father good-night, he drew her down upon the arm of his chair and patted her hand softly in the old way. Dorothy had felt that she had gone through with almost all she could stand when she had come in from her walk with Ralph, but after that had come a kitchen tête-à-tête with Bernice, in which that confident and admiring younger sister sought unravelment of some domestic problems, ethical and economical. "You always managed so beautifully," Bernice declared, "I wish you lived nearer so I could run in and take object lessons in home-making."

Now, sitting by her father, Dorothy felt as she had felt when everything had gone wrong in her little girl world long years ago. How could she have thought of confiding in any one else, even in Ralph, before her father!

"You are like your mother, Dot," he was saying, as Dorothy searched for words in which to tell him of her trouble, "more so, I think, since you are a wife and mother yourself. She was just such a loving little thing as you are: not so cheery on the surface as some, maybe, but with a depth of sympathy and feeling that makes the true helpmate."

"Oh, father!" cried Dorothy. "I am not nearly what you think me!" She could not say, "I have given up trying to be a helpmate at all!" without explaining what had driven her to do this. And yet she could not say anything to her father against Tom! But perhaps her father would understand. "I—I've been so disappointed," she stammered miserably.

"Well, you needn't be," soothed her father. "Nobody else is disappointed in you, little Tenderheart. What is it?" he went on teasingly. "Did your last cake fall, or can't you make Kathryn toe the mark as she should?" And Dorothy, half laughing and half crying, hid her face in his shoulder, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry that he had not understood.

Dorothy had just turned out the light and crept into bed beside the sleeping Kathryn, when, with a light tap on the door, came Sally's voice calling softly, "May I come in, Dot, dear?"

"Yes," she answered, dabbing her eyes and trying to speak naturally. "Be careful, child, or you'll stumble over that chair in the middle of the room. Here. Would you like to turn on the light?"

"Not if I can get in without waking that precious baby. There! Oh, it's good to feel your arms about me again, sister mine. You must stay a good long time now you're here."

"Yes," Dorothy said. It would be easy now to add, "I may stay always, Sally, dear." And Sally would understand and would let the others know.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Wreck at Western Springs, Ill.

THREE shocking railroad wrecks occurred in an interval of eleven days in the early part of July. The first was near Corning, N. Y., on July 4, when a west-bound Lackawanna express ran into another passenger train which had been blocked by a stalled freight train. In this disaster more than forty persons were killed and about fifty injured. On the day following twenty-one persons were killed and thirty injured at Wilpen, Pa., when a double-header freight train on the Ligonier Valley Railroad ran into a crowded passenger car being pushed by a locomotive. On July 14 the Overland Express of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Line was struck by a fast mail train just outside of Chicago. The Overland was standing on the track, and the mail train telescoped two of its Pullman cars, killing thirteen persons and injuring from twenty to thirty others.

"Sally," she began, "can you realize that people who think they are just everything to each other sometimes find out after they are married that they were mistaken?"

The cheek against Dorothy's grew suddenly hot. Sally's arm clasp tightened.

"Oh, do you know about it, Dot? I didn't know any one except father knew. But I came in to tell you, because—" There was a silence of a full minute until Dorothy urged, "Tell me all about it, sister." Then Sally went on: "Bob's going away out West to an uncle—you remember Bob Cardigan, Dot. He's to take a year or two in an agricultural school out there and go in with his uncle on a big ranch. And he's been wanting father to consent to our marriage—oh, not now, of course! But he wanted my promise now before he goes away, and father won't consent. Father says we shouldn't make any plans or promises about it till we're both through school and Bob has a start somewhere. I wouldn't mind that, I really think I should like best to leave things just as they are now for ever so long, only—Dorothy, I couldn't talk about it to father or to any one else except you, but I've wondered whether Bob might, away off out there, forget to keep on caring for me, if I make him wait that way!"

Dorothy forgot, as she listened, everything but that Sally, little motherless Sally, already deep in one of the real problems of life, was coming to her for sympathy and council. Oh, yes, she remembered Bob Cardigan! An irresponsible, light-headed boy she had always considered him, not worth a second thought. What if Sally had not come to either her or her father about him—had even run away out West with Bob!

Dorothy could not have told afterward just what she said to Sally. But she did not say what she had meant to a few minutes before—oh, no, not that! And she felt that Sally was listening—that Sally was being led. It was not until when her sister was ready to slip back to her own room that Dorothy mentioned herself. Then she said:

"You were so young you may not know it, but I had to make Tom wait for a long time. I wasn't in school, but I didn't feel free to even promise to leave home until Bernice could take my place. I'm glad now that our love was put to that test, for if I hadn't been able to stand that, I'm afraid maybe it couldn't have stood some other things that are sure to come later. It must be true that the love that is highest and best can no more be affected by separations or delays or deprivations—oh, I think I am beginning to learn, Sally, what a wonderful thing true love is!"

The next morning before any one was astir, Dorothy slipped out and mailed a letter to her husband, stopping at the lower end of the garden to sit for a while on the rustic seat there. In the letter, among other things, she had said: "And don't let us ever let any one know about this. It doesn't seem to me I could bear that!"

But when, before her letter had more than been gathered into the carrier's bag, she had a call to the long distance telephone from Tom, whoever cared to listen might have heard at her end of the line something like the following:

"Yes, this is Dorothy. Oh, I am so glad, Tommy dear! I hope you haven't suffered. Why, you were just right! It was every bit my fault. I won't have you say that! The idea of my wanting to give that extravagant dinner party! Oh, I can't, I must come home. . . . A good visit! Oh, Tom, when you're there all alone! . . . Don't you know, Tommy, that you're the very *ownest* folks I have?"

The British Insurance Act

CHANCELLOR LLOYD-GEORGE'S Insurance Act, which went into effect on July 15, is probably the most extraordinary piece of legislation of this age in its far-reaching scope and in the character of the benefits involved. Fourteen million people are to be provided with various sick benefits, doctors and hospital treatment; 76 tuberculosis sanatoria with 2,500 beds are to be provided and 50,000 tuberculous patients will be treated, many being outdoor cases. Every person in the service of an employer must be insured, and every employer must contribute a share of the insurance and use "health insurance postal stamps" in his communications on the subject. Sick benefits of $2 a week for workers last twenty-six weeks; disablement benefits are $1 a week, and maternity benefits, $6 (single payment). The act provides for the recognition of a large number of trades-unions, provident societies, industrial associations and others as "Approved Societies," and it is optional with the beneficiaries to join one of these societies or to become what is called a "deposit contributor." Among those who are not included in the insurance act are apprentices and learners receiving low wages, children working for their parents without wages, wives employed by husbands, farm help working without wages, certain classes of agents, men and women employed at more than $800 a year, employees of the Crown, of the local or public authorities, and of railroads which have already established superannuation funds. These are only a few of the many features of the new legislation. It will require a year or more to bring all the branches into full operation. Many of the English newspapers criticize the situation as a "muddle," but Lloyd-George and those who are most familiar with the plans believe that order will speedily emerge from the present chaos.

The Chancellor, in a speech delivered on July 14, declared that although he recognized the fact that the act did not bring the millennium, he was confident that it did bring it nearer.

"It brings it nearer," he said, "because it is a step in the great Liberal forward movement which began with the Old Age Pension Act, which was continued by the budget of 1909, providing for the taxation of land in Great Britain, and which has since been furthered by the enactment of the law depriving the House of Lords of its power of veto over legislation thrice passed by the Commons, the people's representatives.

"For the first time in the history of Great Britain as a state, employer and worker are now to co-operate to maintain and to increase the efficiency of the individual and of the nation. The Workman's Insurance Act aims to make provision for keeping the household from poverty, to keep the worker and his family from pauperism in the dark days of sickness which come to every household in turn, and to guard against suffering from unemployment for which the workman is not responsible.

"It will help the mother at childbirth and will inaugurate a great national campaign against consumption. Instead of devoting our strength altogether to fighting our neighbors abroad, we are organizing armaments to fight social evils at home.

"Although the act has been the subject of unscrupulous attacks and of deliberate misrepresentation, I am convinced that it will be hailed throughout the whole country as one of the most beneficent measures ever given to the people.

"And now that the Workman's Insurance Act will be in full operation next Monday," he concluded, "we intend to put our hands to the great work of freeing the land."

Amazing News from Korea

A CABLE despatch from Seoul, Korea, received in New York July 12, contained the amazing statement that native Korean prisoners being tried for conspiracy against the Japanese Government gave the names of nineteen missionaries as being implicated in the plot. The cablegram stated that the confessions were forced by torture. This fact alone renders the testimony altogether valueless; but aside from this, it is thoroughly and ridiculously incredible. The plot being investigated was one to assassinate Count Terauchi, the Japanese Governor General of Korea, and to those who know the noble and consecrated men whose names were put into the mouths of these tortured wretches while on trial, their accusations are altogether preposterous. One hundred and twenty-three Koreans are being tried, and while it is true that some of them are Christians, yet the movement is wholly political, and the Christian element has been injected into the episode. One of the most prominent of the natives on trial in Baron Yun Chi Ho, a well-known Christian. Four of the missionaries named in the statements of the prisoners were Methodists —Bishop Harris, and Messrs. Noble, Becker and Morris. The others, Messrs. Moffett, Wells, Swallen, Blair, Bernheisel, Baird, Holdcroft, Lee, McCune, Roberts, Sarrocks, Ross, Lampe and Whittemore are under the Presbyterian Board.

The one really distressing feature of the episode is the fear that it may imply a change of attitude on the part of the Japanese Government toward missionaries. On the other hand, the hope was expressed that later despatches might disclose the fact that the torture had been administered and the false testimony secured by Korean police who were not actually representing the Japanese authorities. It is hoped that Japan will repudiate the whole proceeding and condemn the officers who employed these base methods to discredit the missionary cause.

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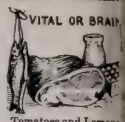

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Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

ALL told, the Sea of Galilee is the most interesting body of water in all the world, and this is not at all because of any ...ity in itself. We have heard of a ... in the sky—Lake Louise in the ...cies—but Galilee is a lake in the ...hs, six hundred feet below sea ...el. Formerly there were a few ...s and fishing villages on its west... side, as Capernaum, Tiberias, ... while the eastern shore has ...ays been precipitous and rocky ...d wild. The lake in the sky is all ...es and beautiful in its reflections, ... Galilee smiles and frowns by ...s; worse than this, it is lashed ... fury as the winds sweep down ...n it through the cavernous rocks ...h surround it. We study Galilee ...ay in one of these angry moods, ... a wild beast whose bellowings ...duce terror in the hearts of men. ... the sea found its Master, and was ...ed. Only three words were spoken, ...ace, be still," by the Lord Jesus ...st, "the wind ceased, and there ... a great calm." And this was not ... twelve other tempests were stilled ... the same power and the same ...e, in the hearts of the twelve ...tles, who were in the boat with ...s, crossing the lake from the ...ern to the eastern shore.

The First Gospel Boat

...cording to our modern way of ...king, we would say Jesus had had ...renuous day, for he had been con...ously speaking to and teaching ...multitudes gathered on the shore, ... Peter's boat for a pulpit. Being ...an among men, he became weary ...ody, and desired physical rest, ... so proposed to cross the sea to ...less inhabited side. But he was ...ined by one and another, who ...sed their needs upon him, and fin... when his boat did get under way, ...as followed by a fleet of small ...s filled with people who were say... "We will not let thee go." How ... they followed we do not know, ... when the storm burst, they were ...ably not in sight, having put back ...he first signs of its coming. We ... with tenderness the sleeping ...st, with his head laid upon the ...rman's hard pillow in the stern ...he boat. And we can but sympa... with the apostles when they ...d the bellowing of the storm... ...t and saw his grip upon their ... They came to Jesus and woke ... up, saying in querulous tones: ...acher, carest thou not that we ...sh?" And when Jesus had calmed ...sea, he spoke also to the turbulent ...ts of his apostles, saying, "Why ... ye fearful? Have ye not yet ...?"

...ne evening eight years ago, we sat ...n the steps of the monastery at ...rias in the gloaming, waiting for ... fish to be cooked, which had been ...ght in the Sea of Galilee; a boy ...sed in a coat of many colors, with ...d fez upon his head, came and ...d in front of us, and reached out ... hand, full of small shells, impor...ng us to buy them. He said, ...ey are from the Sea of Galilee." ... asked him where he had learned ...peak English, and he replied, "In ... Scotch mission." And then we ...d if he had ever been told stories ...ut Jesus or the Sea of Galilee." ..., shall I tell it to you?" he re... And this he proceeded to do in ...ost dramatic way, but in broken ...lish, which was quite charming. ...n he came to that part of the ... where Jesus rebuked his disci...

*THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON ...ugust 11, 1912. "A Troubled Sea and a ...led Soul." Mark 4: 35—5: 20. GOLDEN ... "God is our refuge and strength, a very ...t help in trouble. Therefore we will not ... though the earth do change, and though ...ountains be shaken into the heart of the ... Ps. 46: 1, 2.

ples, the boy said, "And Jesus said, 'Are ye not Christian? Ye are not Christian at all.'" It was quite evident that the meaning of the story was very clear to the boy. And though he knew it not, he had brought us a blessing that has lasted until now, and will always last.

The Man Christ Jesus

"Who, then, is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him?" That was the question the apostles of Jesus asked each other. Even though they had been the close associates of Jesus for nearly two years, they had failed to comprehend him. There was an unknown quantity in Christ which they had not at all measured. Dr. Joseph Parker, in commenting upon this, says: "There was, of course, no doubt in the mind of the disciples that Jesus Christ was a man, yet there was a something about him which very often made them look upon him with surprise, and even bewilderment. . . . For days together they would be able to look upon his face as the face of a gentle brother, pensive indeed, and much worn, yet quite human and most tender. Then, in an unexpected moment, there would come into that brother's face a look unlike all other looks; a gleam of spiritual light, a flush and color, showing that through his heart had just passed a wave of more than mortal life, and he would look more like an angel than a man. He was a man; no doubt at all about that; yet there was something about him that there was about nobody else; even when he appeared to be a common stranger, there was a power in his speech which made men's hearts burn. He was a man, but a man *plus*, to say the least of it."

In all the ages men have been trying to come at this "unknown quantity," and in the end they could but yield "reverent and loving homage."

Jesus Stills a Storm in Man's Soul

After the stilling of the tempest, Jesus and his apostles passed over to the other side of the sea and landed in Gerasa. There Jesus encountered another tempest. It was a brain-storm in a man who lived in a cavern (or tomb) in the rocks, like a beast in his lair, and so fierce was he that he cut himself with stones, and he could not be bound with chains, and no man could tame him. But fierce as he was, he came out to meet Jesus when he saw him landing. He did not cry out against Jesus, or attempt to do him violence, but instead, he fell down before Jesus and worshiped him. The apostles might have exclaimed again about Jesus, "Who, then, is this, that even sinful man obeys him?" Their surprise must have been as great, or even greater, than when Jesus calmed the sea, as it was more wonderful to calm a human soul. But listen: there is a voice of defiance: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the Most High God?" Oh, that was Satan, who had come to live in the heart of the man, and demonized him! "Come out of the man," said Jesus, and he did come out, bringing all of his devil helpers with him. They had to go somewhere, and Jesus did not want them to go into any other man, so he let them go into a herd of pigs that were feeding in the mountain, and the devils rushed the pigs down the mountain into the sea, and they were drowned.

But how calm and peaceful and lovely was the man whose brain-storm Jesus had calmed. He wanted to go away with Jesus in the boat and be as one of his apostles. "No," said Jesus, "you must stay in your own land, and go and tell your friends what great things have been done for you, and get them ready to hear me when I come again." And so the man became a herald for Jesus, and a few months later when Jesus went to Decapolis, he found that the man had prepared the hearts of many people to listen to him and receive the Gospel message.

Edersheim in his book, *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, calls this instance "a parabolic miracle," and he says of it: "There are critical epochs in the history of the kingdom of God, when the power of evil, standing out in the sharpest contrast, challenges that overwhelming manifestation of the Divine, as such, to bear down and crush that which opposes it. Periods of that kind are characterized by miraculous interposition of power, unique even in Bible history."

Looking to Jesus to Calm Our Souls

Let us remember Jesus' power over the troubled sea, and over the troubled soul. Not trusting him is being like that man on a train for the first time. As the train rushed into a tunnel, he threw down his paper, and shouted in great fear: "I am blind, I am blind!"

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?

O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And like a cheerful traveler take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
Because the way is short, I thank thee, God.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A Lesson Story to Tell the Children

Harry had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over all his pictures, when baby toddled up, and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Harry called out, "O mamma, see!" and began to cry. "Harry," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know tears are salt water?" Harry checked a sob and looked up. "No," he said, with great interest, "are they? How did you find out, mamma?" "Oh, somebody told me that when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear, and found it was true." "Real salt water?" asked Harry. "Yes, try and see." Harry would very gladly have tried it if he could have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright there was no hope for any more at that time. "Next time I cry I will find out," he said. That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking chair, he fell, and got a great bump. He was just beginning to cry when he remembered it would be a good chance to see if tears were really salt. He put up his finger, but there was not a tear to catch, for he had forgotten all about the bump. "I can't get a single tear to taste, mamma," he said ruefully.

Another little boy let his tears run down his cheeks and into his mouth, and he said, "They didn't taste good." Jesus can wipe away all tears, and he has promised to do it, and to make us happy if we will pray to him to do it. Let the teacher now tell the lesson stories.

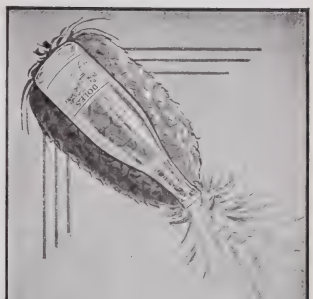
JOHN'S GRACE

JOHN is a small boy, the youngest of a minister's family.

As a punishment for some misdemeanor at the table, it was decided that John must not eat with the family at the next meal.

So his dinner was placed on a small table at the end of the dining-room. When all were seated, the minister said: "Now, John, you should ask a blessing before you eat."

This was a new duty to John, but he bowed his head and said reverently: "Our Father in heaven, thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thanks for the food. Amen."



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It Happened This Way

Ingle Nook

IN the Cozy Corner some weeks ago we talked about storing our girlhood with courage and usefulness. In the American Girl Paper before that we visited France and loved together Joan of Arc with her wonderful homespun courage—and I want to thank all of you plucky girls again for your nice letters, full of ambition and ideals, prompted by Joan. It was a great pleasure to answer them. How good it always is to feel that we are on such a fine footing of friendship here in the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD.

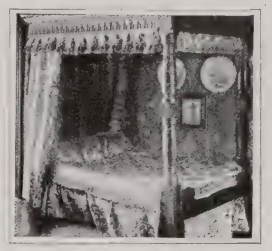
And right here I want to say something about ideals, girlhood ideals, that so often are poohpoohed by unimaginative grown-ups. Not only do I believe in them with all my heart and soul, but I believe that each one of us girls, no matter what our sphere of life, can so far follow after them that somewhere along the line we can make them definitely and permanently count for much.

This week I want to ask you to come with me into the highlands of wild Wales and visit there in the romantic vale Crucis the famous "Little Ladies of Llangollen." Doubtless you have heard of them, because their story today is one of the far-away, lovely legends of the world. There is something very inspiring, I think, in the actual surroundings where beautiful and real people have lived, and in hearing their story at first hand.

A Girlhood Dream

UPWARDS of a hundred years ago, the Little Ladies of Llangollen made their way on a summer holiday into this paradise of a sweet Welsh valley. They were but slips of schoolgirls then, as full of romantic ideals as the proverbial egg is full of meat. The restless, hurrying river Dee, threading its way like a silver ribbon in and out of woodland and clearing; the long mysterious roadways where Crusaders had passed on their way to the Holy Land; Dinas Bran, the stronghold of King Arthur, like a sentinel commanding the mountain pass where the river hurls itself into the outside world through the irregular arches of an ancient Roman bridge that is one of the seven wonders of Wales—held them spellbound with ancient romance. In the rich gardens of Llangollen, quaintest, sunniest village of the British Isles, jauntily perched on a flowery upland commanding the valley, and like nothing so much as a gracious lady of warmth and power inviting them to come and stay; the spell was cast and then and there they made a schoolgirl compact, declaring that on coming of age they would return and build them a home in the valley, and live such lives there as would "match up" with the richness and wonder of what they saw and felt that day. "Kings and emperors shall pay us homage," declared the romantic Lady Elinor, elder of the two girls, yet scarcely sixteen. "The great and noted folk of many lands shall know us, for instead of frittering our lives away, we shall learn to know and love the people of the valley and serve them and in turn be served by them."

"Plas Newydd, Like a Richly Carved Old Oaken Chest"—Tennyson



Quaint Teester Bed at Plas Newydd

On the face of things this was an extravagant fancy, a girlhood dream; but at the same time there was lofty and laudable ambition in the hearts of those two girls, who, in every sense, had that day hitched their wagon to a star.

The rest of the story is like the fairy tales that come true. No sooner had the Lady Elinor Butler inheri her share of her father's fortu than she set to work to make g that compact. Entreaties, argumer threats, brilliant offers of marri were brought to bear against "girlish whim"; but nothing deter her. Sarah Ponsonby, her sch girl chum, stood stanch and faithf and together they built beautiful P Newydd, where for fifty years t lived dignified and useful lives. from being eccentric or aloof, clever and attractive ladies w among the Welsh people and learn their language, encouraging the i to work, teaching the dull to pl gardens and be thrifty, tenderly c ing for the sick, and frequently t sent promising girls and boys to L don or Glasgow to learn a trade.

In recognition of their bounti work, the queen of England and emperor of France accorded them r gifts, and in the proud little gu book at Plas Newydd appear the nan Wellington, Tennyson, Ruskin, Wor worth, Browning, Lady Bulwer L ton, Spencer and many others equa notable. So the world came to the tle ladies, even as they had dreame might.

Yes, I believe in girlhood drea Loyalty to ideals is a good thi Love and heroism, sympathy and a bition are never brighter than no to translate them into everyday u fulness is to determine to carry w us always the flaming torch of yo and courage, the "cherished heroi out of which our lives may be m rich instead of dull, radiant instead drab and indefinite? Out of the v abundance, brilliancy and inconsist cies of our girlhood fancies, we sho be able to crown our womanhood w glory and gladness and make our li blessings in the world.

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The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

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WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Mail Carrier Fire Patrol

RURAL mail-carriers are hereafter to act as a fire-patrol on the million miles of highway over which they travel every day. They have been ordered to report all forest fires to the nearest ranger or fire warden. If they do this part of their work as faithfully as they have delivered the mail, the loss from forest fires will be greatly reduced.—*Scientific American.*

. . .

To Rid the World of Locusts

IN THE course of a visit to Mexico two years ago, Dr. Felix Dherelle, a young French scientist of the Pasteur Institute, noticed that locusts were subject to an epidemic disease and concluded that the best means of destroying the insects would be to spread the disease among them.

After careful research he discovered the bacillus of the disease and as a result of a paper he read before the Academy of Science in Paris, Dr. Dherelle was invited to make a practical test of his discovery by the government of Argentina, where every year a plague of locusts does incalculable damage to crops.

The first experiments were immediately successful. A swarm of locusts was kept between barriers for observation purposes. Six days after they had eaten grass sprinkled with Dr. Dherelle's preparation the insects were dead. Locusts were also found twenty miles from the infected fields, while forty days afterward locusts bearing marks of the epidemic were picked up 250 miles from the infected area.

The locust plague in Argentina threatened to be worse than ever this year, and in the spring the doctor set out, accompanied by mules carrying the disease-spreading liquid, and sprinkled every swarm of locusts that could be found in the province of Rioja, where acre after acre of insects had just been hatched. After three weeks only one living swarm was left in the entire district.

The doctor declares that his preparation in no way affected the cattle grazing in the fields sprinkled with the liquid.—*New York Times.*

. . .

Plural Voting

WOULD plural voting be a good thing in this country? We presume there are many people who think so. In Belgium, which we are told is one of the happiest and most prosperous countries in the world, they have plural voting. They have universal suffrage there, which may be a dangerous thing, for the same persons who so warmly praise Belgian social conditions tell us that to universal suffrage "a very valuable corrective is added." Every man who has reached the age of twenty-five has one vote; at the age of thirty-five, if he has children and pays a house tax, he has two votes; or if he is a bachelor and has property valued at $400, and has $20 income a year from national bonds, he has two votes. If he has an academic or professional degree he is allowed three votes. Thus 1,000,000 men have one vote each, 400,000 have two votes each, and 300,000 have three each. Thus the two preferred classes have 1,700,000 votes with which to "nullify," we are told, the votes of the "worthless or incompetent." We trust the people better here, with "one man, one vote."—*Independent.*

. . .

Practical Eugenics

FOLLOWING the example of clergymen in Chicago and Boston, the Lutheran ministers of Pittsburg have invited the clergy of all other denominations to join them in refusing to marry any man who cannot produce a health certificate from a reputable physician. They might well have included the prospective brides in their proscription, as has been done in other cities. The taint of the diseases against which this general movement is directed comes often through a mother who gives no indication of anything but robust health, and who herself may have inherited it.

All persons who hope to see the new generation start life a little healthier and with a little better chance in the fight for existence than this one had must be gratified at the spread of this movement among the clergymen. Its practical benefit is twofold. It is sure to prevent some unwise and improper marriages and its educational value may be even greater, since it inevitably compels thought and discussion on a subject on which ignorance and silence have wrought great harm. No rules and regulations, however desirable or necessary, will bind all the race. At the same time it is possible, through reasonable and proper preventive action and the spread of education, to lessen greatly the sum total of human misery resulting from marriages of diseased persons who are certain to transmit disease to their offspring. The stand taken by these clergymen will help much toward that end.—*New York Tribune.*

. . .

Sane Summer Clothes

SOME of the hottest days of summer slay as many as, or more than, an insane Fourth of July did a few years back. But there is no public authority to decree that men shall wear sane clothes in the heated term, and the slaughter goes on. A glance at a crowd in the street when the official thermometer is registering more than ninety degrees shows how little progress is made not toward more sensible summer clothing, at least among men. A quarter of a century ago men perhaps dressed more inappropriately, when starched shirts prevailed and when waistcoats were more generally held to be indispensable. But in recent years about the only progress toward more suitable hot weather attire is the use of less starch.

But the coat remains as conservatively oppressive as ever. Perhaps one man in a hundred wears clothes of some light washable fabric, but the number does not increase from year to year. Such clothing is cheaper than woolen clothing and might be worn with advantage on a good many summer days besides those which have their record of death.—*New York Tribune.*

Do You Know Your Bible?

Continued from page 761

The following 91 answered 11 questions of List No. 6 correctly:

Mrs. J. Adam Andrea, Mrs. Kittie Baldwin, J. W. Baker, Miss C. Jane Barton, Mrs. B. F. Bohne, Mary M. Bhule, Mrs. Mary U. Brown, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mrs. Geo. Brill, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, Mrs. Mary Coupland, Bess M. Carpenter, Harriet Crocker, Stella Crosby, Mrs. C. E. Clark, Mrs. J. K. Davis, Isabella T. Dyer, Mrs. Nettie Dymond, Adelaid W. DeRevere, J. Harry Deems, J. T. Fazer, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Mrs. R. F. French, Mrs. A. P. Fassett, John A. Freeman, H. C. Fallon, Ruth Griffeth, Mary Graham, R. M. Gittings, Geo. A. Gilderson, Evelyn Gardner, George L. Gray, Mrs. F. M. Gainfort, Geo. F. Hills, E. Higgins, Marion S. Hamblett, Mrs. Percy W. Holmes, Edward Hicks, Alfred H. Holt, Lois L. Hoyt, Mrs. C. A. Heath, Mrs. S. Grace Harlow, Rosa Hirschy, D. S. Hadden, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoover, Mrs. Edith L. Hupert, Mrs. M. T. Jones, Caroline Johnson, Mrs. Ella Jameson, Miss E. M. King, Julia E. Kemp, Mrs. Amelia J. Kichline, Mrs. James P. Low, Miss S. E. Lyle, Mrs. E. J. Matthews, Jas. H. Munro, C. H. Mather, Eva J. Moscrip, N. K. McLeod, Mrs. E. J. Merrill, Mrs. Clara R. Moore, Mrs. W. A. Melton, Thomas Nickson, Mrs. S. D. Osborn, Miss H. Maud Plaisted, Mrs. M. Perry, S. P. Parker, Vilie Powell, Miss Sallie E. Penn, James M. Payne, Goldie Quinn, Annie E. Roberts, Mrs. E. W. Reynolds, Ethelbert Stover, Mary T. Scott, A. Lucetta Sherman, J. P. Street, Hallie McP. See, M. J. Sattler, Mrs. Mary E. Stephens, Mrs. C. R. Stone, Ida Shields, Lucy Saussy, M. A. Trowbridge, Annie Tipton, Mrs. Chas. A. Taggart, Mrs. W. W. Wills, W. A. Wilson, James Wilson, Mack Wilson, Edward Yoder.

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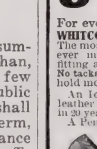

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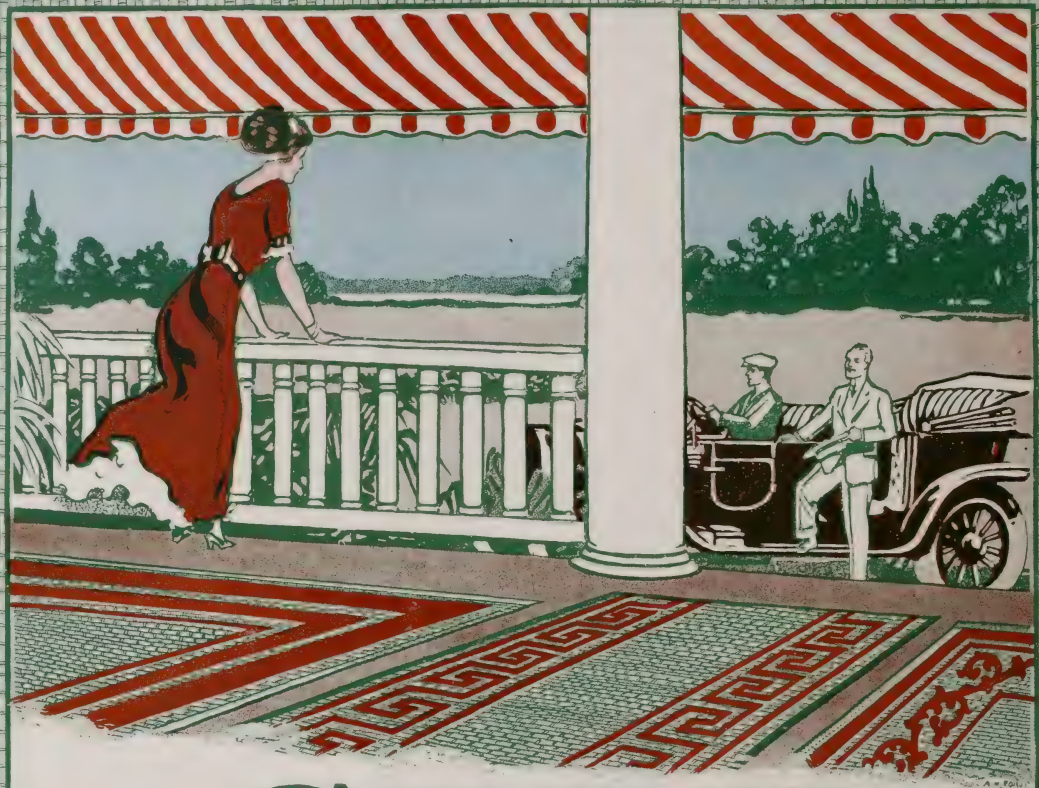

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1912

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

HAPPY EXPECTATION

From the original painting by L. Nicolet

The spirit which inspires the making of Ivory Soap, as conceived by Charles A. Winter

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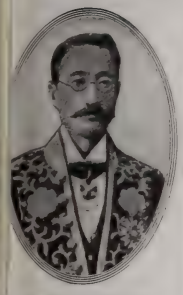
NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1912

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Korean Christian Prayer Service in a Buddhist Temple



Baron Yun Chi Ho

Bishop Merriman C. Harris

THE KOREAN PUZZLE

[T IS perhaps not too much to say that not since the Boxer uprising in China twelve years ago has an event occurred which caused such apprehension to the missionary forces of the world as the recent news that nineteen American missionaries had been implicated by confessions of native prisoners on trial for conspiracy in Korea of being parties to a plot to assassinate the governor general. Reading the names of those thus implicated, people who know them feel that the whole matter must be the arch-jest of the long romance of missions. Heading the list was Bishop Harris, Methodist Episcopal Missionary Bishop to Korea. With him were named Dr. Samuel A. Moffett, president of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Pyenyang; Dr. Horace Grant Underwood, the first Protestant missionary to Korea, now stationed at Seoul; Dr. Graham Lee, now on furlough in this country on account of ill health; Dr. J. Hunter Wells, a medical missionary in charge of the Caroline Ladd Hospital at Pyenyang. Dr. Wells was on his way to America, through Siberia, at the time the news was received here, taking his regular furlough, allowed after each seven years' service. Rev. George S. McCune, head of the boys' school at Syenchun; Rev. Stacy L. Roberts, also stationed at Syenchun; Dr. A. M. Sharrocks, head of the hospital at Syenchun; Dr. W. M. Baird, president of the Union College at Pyenyang, were also named, while Dr. W. A. Noble, senior Methodist missionary in Korea; Rev. Charles D. Morris, superintendent of the Methodist work of Pyenyang district; Rev. A. L. Becker, vice-principal of the Union College conducted by Presbyterians and Methodists at Pyenyang, shared in the strange fame of being accused. The others named were Messrs. Swallen, Blair, Bernheisel, Ross, Lampe, Holdcroft and Whittemore, faithful, fully accredited emissaries of the Gospel of Christ. The accusation itself is incomparably ridiculous. But what it means may be very far from ridiculous. Briefly stated, the incident was as follows: Some months ago 123 Koreans were arrested, charged with conspiracy against the life of Count Terauchi, governor general of Korea. A number of these prisoners were Christians; reports differ widely as to how many of them profess the Christian faith. One of their number, Baron Yun Chi Ho, is not only a Christian, but the most influential native Christian of Korea. He is a graduate of Vanderbilt University in America; was a member of the Korean Cabinet before the country was annexed by Japan, is vice-president of the Korean Young Men's Christian Association, and president of the Methodist College at Sangdo. Some of these prisoners, under torture, confessed that nineteen American missionaries, including Bishop Harris, were implicated in the plot. Later in court every one of these witnesses repudiated his previous testimony.

A Native Pastor and the Secretary of the Seoul Y. M. C. A.

The charges specify a number of occasions on which preparations were said to have been made to take the life of Count Terauchi. In connection with two of these occasions a number of students from the Presbyterian school for boys at Syenchun, of which Mr. McCune is president, are accused. They are alleged to have come to the railway station when Count Terauchi was to pass through the city, armed and ready to slay him. The mere reading of the charges carries with it the impression of their fictitious character. The official organ of the Japanese Government in Korea thus describes what was supposed to be the manifestation of a plot to kill the count at the Syenchun railway station. After describing one attempt which it claimed was foiled because the governor general did not leave his compartment in the train, the report continues:

"The following day the conspirators, concealing revolvers or short swords under their *turumaki* (outer garments) went to the station, where they mingled with Japanese and Koreans assembling to welcome the governor general. About noon the train carrying Count Terauchi and party arrived at the station from New Wiju. Count Terauchi alighted from the train and greeted those gathered there to welcome him. He passed by but a few steps from the conspirators, but on account of the vigilant watch kept by the police, none of the conspirators dared attack him." A little farther on the narrative reads: "At New Wiju a large number of conspirators watched on the morning of December 28, 1910, for an opportunity to make murderous attempts on Count Terauchi. The latter passed close to them, and twice they were on point of drawing their revolvers. The vigilance of the police, however, foiled their attempt." There is an air of insincerity and pretense in the very words that goes far toward making one think that the whole charge is manufactured out of whole cloth. It is hard to see how the police would know that certain men were "on the point of drawing their revolvers." Perhaps the Korean police are mind-readers. Further facts point to fraud and falsehood on the part of those making the charges. On the two occasions when the students from Mr. McCune's school went to the station to greet the governor general they had been commanded to do so by the Japanese police. Since some arrests of students and teachers of his school had been made following the first visit of the count, Mr. McCune directed on the second visit that all the boys should be searched, and they were not allowed to take even their pocket-knives to the station with them. The charges state that this school was a center of conspiracy, that anti-Japanese meetings were held there and inflammatory speeches made. The claim is made that the students signed with their own blood an oath binding them to assassinate the governor general. Now, following the news of the flimsy charges, comes the horrible account of cruel tortures and the strange determination to implicate American missionaries in the tangled situation.

Count Terauchi

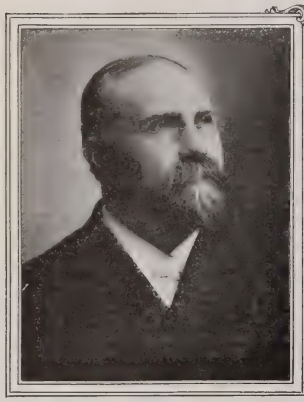
It must be recognized that the Japanese Government has good reason to fear that plots for the assassination of its Korean officials may be formed. Prince Ito was shot down by Korean patriots, and the murder of tyrants is recognized in Mongolian countries as a noble act. It is the established patriotic method. A secret patriotic society, *Sin Min Hoi* (New People's Society) is said to have been formed as long ago as 1905, and it is claimed that the object of this society is the assassination of government officials. It has also been intimated that Koreans now living in America have had a share in these schemes, as well as Koreans in Russia.

But the most insistent question of all is, "Why?" If the whole charge is trumped up, why has it been done? And most especially, why have the names of American missionaries been dragged in?

One interesting solution which, if found true, would bring vast relief is that the whole matter is due to the determination of the Korean police to demonstrate their powers of activity. Dr. George Heber Jones, former missionary to Korea, and now one of the secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions, in a statement made for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, said that he does not anticipate that this prosecution is indicative of a change in attitude on the part of the Japanese Government toward Christianity. "The constitution of the empire," he declared, "guarantees religious liberty. The high officials of the government have been and continue to be friendly personally toward the missionaries.

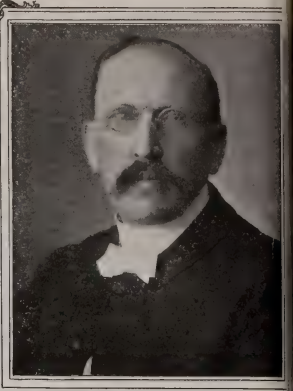
Continued on page 780

The Swedish Free Church of America



Rev. K. F. Ohlson
Pres. Swedish Eastern Missionary Association

Chinese Militia Escorting the Swedish-American Missionaries of Shensi to Shanghai at the Revolutionists' Commands



Rev. G. E. Hjerpe
Pres. Swedish American Evangelical Covenant

THE recent tragedy at Sianfu, in Shensi, China, where seven missionaries were murdered, including the wife and three children of Rev. E. R. Beckman, has brought into prominence the work of the Swedish Free Church of America, with which these Christian martyrs were affiliated.

There are three fairly strong Swedish-American church organizations that may be classed under the general name, the Swedish Free Church, and their members are known as "Mission-Friends." The largest and strongest one is the Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant of America, the others are the Swedish Free Church of America and the Eastern Swedish Missionary Association or the Swedish Congregationalists. Together they comprise five hundred active churches which are scattered over nearly every State in the Union. In all essential points of doctrine there is little difference between these church bodies. Ministers from one of the groups are frequently invited to hold pastorates in the other. Efforts are being made to consolidate these three church bodies, and it is hoped that an amalgamation may eventually be brought about.

The Swedish Evangelical Mission Covenant has, during the twenty-seven years of its existence, made phenomenal progress and marvelous growth. At its annual convention in Chicago a fortnight ago reports showed nearly $100,000 to have been expended for mission and educational work.

Hon. W. W. Thomas, ex-United States minister to Norway and Sweden, briefly summarizes the chief characteristics of the Swedish people as follows:

"Wherever in this broad land the Swedes fix their habitation, whether it be among the forests of Minnesota or Michigan or on the prairies of Illinois or Iowa, everywhere they are noted for their honesty and industry, their economy and thrift. . . . No other foreign race so speedily embrace our American ideals, and become so thoroughly assimilated with us and so completely Americanized. Our Swedish fellow citizens do not try to subvert our institutions. There are no Swedish anarchists or dynamite bomb throwers. Order-loving as well as liberty-loving, God-fearing and law-abiding, the Swede seeks to know the law of the land, not to break, but to keep it. . . . Upon the prairies and in the backwoods of the great West they have by honest toil converted millions of acres of wild land into fertile farms and happy homes. The Swede also brings with him, from his old home, the fear of God, the reverence for the Bible, the respect for sacred things. . . . It is my belief that no immigrants to-day, in both faith and works, so closely resemble the sturdy pilgrim fathers of New England as the Swedes."

A spark from the mighty revival and great spiritual awakening that swept Sweden from 1850 to 1880 kindled a fire of religious zeal and enthusiasm among the pioneer Swedish settlers of America. The result was the Swedish Free Church movement. The settlers tilled the virgin soil and built small meeting-houses simultaneously; to-day these primitive houses of worship are replaced by modern church edifices.

It is quite unfair to the Swedish people to be placed in matters of religion on the same level as the people that come here from southern Europe. But the mistake is often made in the press, perhaps with no intention to misconstrue, but purely from lack of knowledge of actual facts. More than any othe nationality the Swedes resemble in their religiou development the Scotch and English people. Mos of our churches have been founded by earne Christians, who came across the ocean, never b American missionaries of any church denomina tion. The Swede did not find the Gospel in Ame ica, he brought it with him from the strongest Pro estant country in the world.

The activity of the "Mission-Friends" on th home and foreign field justifies their name. I New England the Swedish Congregationalist numbering seventy churches, support and maintai wholly and in part some forty missionaries and na tive helpers and evangelists in Japan, China, Sout America and Africa. The Evangelical Missio Covenant has many stations of its own in Chin and carries on a strong medical mission and doe a great deal of educational work. It also has mission in Alaska as old as The Covenant itself.

On the 22d of October, 1911, when 15,000 to 21, 000 Manchus were mercilessly massacred by th revolutionists in Sianfu, Shensi, China, seven o our missionaries were murdered. The school a Sianfu was demolished and burned. The touchin story related by one of the survivors, Rev. E. R Beckman, has already appeared in these col umns. He says, further:

"The death of my dear one was the means of saving al the missionaries in the whol province of Shensi. Hearin of the murder, the revolution ists feared European interven tion and sent soldiers to brin all the missionaries to Sianf safely, and from there we were all escorted by a large detach ment of soldiers and brough in safety to Shanghai after month's perilous journey.

"My shocking experience ap pears more like a horrib dream than a reality. Th Gospel field has once more beer watered with the blood of th saints."

"And they overcame by th blood of the Lamb, and by th word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unt the death."

REV. ADOLPH LILJENGREN

The Burial of the Swedish-American Martyrs of Sianfu, China

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—THE APPEARANCE of the bubonic plague in Cuba and Porto Rico has stimulated our health authorities to adopt stringent measures to prevent its importation into this country. Three cases in Havana have been diagnosed as true bubonic plague. In Porto Rico there have been 42 cases and 23 deaths. All freight is being carefully inspected and forces of rat-catchers are at work in San Juan and other points. Five hundred rats are being examined daily and this number will shortly be increased to 1,000 a day. Rats are the prime carriers of infection. At home ports, vessels from the West Indies are being rigidly inspected.

—LATE IN JULY a destructive earthquake occurred at Piura, Peru, a city with 12,000 inhabitants, capital of the Department of Piura, the most northerly of the Pacific departments. The shock lasted forty seconds. The city is said to be almost in ruins. While advices from the district are meager, it is reported that a number of children were killed and that many persons were injured. The dry bed of a river was torn open and jets of water were thrown out. The heaviest shock of earthquake in many years occurred at Guayaquil at the same time. It caused a great panic among the inhabitants of the city, most of whom left their homes and rushed to the open spaces. No material damage has yet been reported.

—A RECENT CAUCUS of the Democratic members of the House of Representatives at Washington again put that party on record against the building of additional battleships for our navy. By a vote of 70 to 62 the caucus refused to permit the conferees on the naval appropriation bill to accept the Senate amendment authorizing two battleships, nor would it accept the compromise suggestion of one battleship. The larger navy advocates quoted the Democratic platform as voicing the stand of the party in favor of an adequate navy. The House "economists," led by Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, asserted the platform did not bind the House to authorize new ships at this session, and those advocating a retrenchment of annual naval expenditure won by a margin of eight votes.

—ONE OF THE DISQUIETING revelations that have come out of the official inquiry in New York into the murder of Rosenthal the gambler, is the fact that criminal gangs are still numerous in the metropolis. In the light of this remarkable case, it is not difficult to understand how gangs exist and crimes go unpunished. Meanwhile, the actual assassins are in hiding somewhere, and "the police of the world" have been notified that these men are "wanted." Unless some confederate turns informer, on the promise of immunity, the hunt for the Rosenthal murderer may be a long one.

—JOHN MITCHELL, VICE-PRESIDENT of the American Federation of Labor, was sentenced by Justice Wright in Washington, D. C., on July 23, to nine months' imprisonment for contempt of court in the violation of the injunction in the Bucks Stove and Range Company case, prohibiting the Federation from carrying out a boycott. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, and Frank Morrison, secretary, were recently sentenced to eighteen months in jail each on the same charge. All three cases have been appealed.

THE FIFTH OLYMPIC CONTEST

THE CRACK ATHLETES AND SPORTSMEN OF MANY NATIONS COMPETE FOR THE LAURELS AND MEDALS OF THE VICTORS BEFORE VAST CROWDS IN THE STADIUM AT STOCKHOLM

THE START OF THE FIRST HEAT OF THE 800-METER RACE

Photos copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

THE FINISH OF THE 800-METER RACE, MEREDITH (U. S.) WINNING

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

HE CROWN PRINCE AND THE KING OF SWEDEN AT THE TENNIS FINALS

ON JULY 17 the foreign teams which had participated in the great Olympic contest at Stockholm started for their distant homes. The steamship *Finland*, bearing the American representatives, was cheered away from her dock by an enthusiastic, flag-waving crowd. The pictures here presented show typical scenes at the Stadium. In the 800-meter race pictured above, J. E. Meredith made a new world's record of 1 minute 51 9-10 seconds. The photograph on the lower right-hand corner of this page shows Ralph C. Craig of Detroit making a new world's record of 10 4-5 seconds for a 100-meter run. In that event Americans secured all the places, A. T. Meyer taking second and D. F. Lippincott third. Another new world's record was that made in the shot-put contest by "Babe" McDonald, a New York City policeman, whose picture appears below.

The keenest interest was shown in all the international contests. The tennis matches were watched by thousands of all nationalities. The marksmanship trophies, the horsemanship prizes and the awards in the swimming and diving events were all objects of the hottest contests. Each particular event had its throng of enthusiastic watchers, and well may the victors treasure even more than their cups and medals the simple laurel wreaths awarded them as reminders of the games of ancient Greece, where this symbol of fame was the only prize.

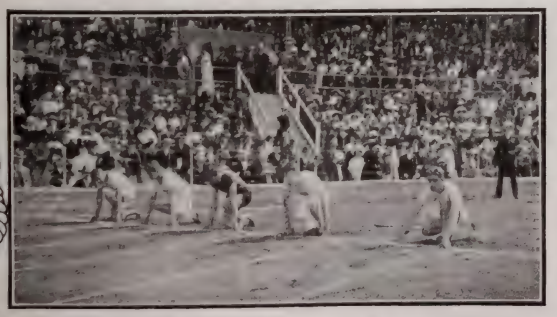
SCOTT (ENGLAND) AND KOLEHMAINEN (FINLAND) IN THE 10,000-METER DASH

THE UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVES PASSING THE ROYAL BOX

Photographs Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

A WORLD'S RECORD SHOT-PUT

CANADIAN AND AUSTRALIAN GROUPS SALUTING THE ROYAL BOX



THE START OF THE FINAL 100-METER DASH

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R. C. CRAIG (DETROIT, U. S.) WINNING THE 100-METER FINAL

Christ and Chronic Infirmity

A Sermon

BY

Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D.*

TEXT: "And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years." John 5: 1-9

I THINK it is needful that we try to appreciate the condition of the man before we can apprehend the ministry of the Lord. What then is the influence of prolonged infirmity upon men? How does chronic ailment affect them? Let us trace the possible deterioration in one or two examples. Of course I am stating the case as a tendency, not as a necessity; as something probable, but not inevitable.

Consider first the influence of chronic deprivation. Take the matter of work. To be without work for a week may have all the ministry of a holiday. It may rest the jaded powers, it may sharpen dull perceptions, it may restore man to a healthy and fruitful delight in labor. But to be out of work for a year is a much more serious matter. And to be out of work three or five years is to reach a point where deprivation becomes the agent of disease. Experience tells us how the worker can degenerate through worklessness into worthlessness. There comes a stage when the moral tissue may begin to be impaired, and the once healthy worker deteriorates into the loafer and the tramp. I do not think it impossible, or even difficult, to trace the line of descent and degradation. There is first of all a functional waste. Prolonged deprivation of work produces incapacity for work; the unused talent is lost. And then, secondly, there is an affectional waste. The fire of desire begins to smolder, hope dies down, the life becomes possessed by a lukewarm air of indifference. And thirdly, there is a volitional waste. With the loss of talent and desire there comes the sapping of the will. Endeavor is relaxed. The man ceases to steer and begins to drift. We witness the emergence of Micawber and the death of the real man. This surely is a by no means infrequent occurrence. There are multitudes of men, now tossed about helplessly on the sea of circumstances, mere human driftwood, who were once good-going vessels, engaged in purposeful voyagings, and who have been reduced to this pathetic helplessness by chronic deprivation.

Changing Life's Forces

Or take the possible influence of a chronic complaint. To be ill for a week is one thing. It would be quite possible to name a few compensations which emerge from a brief illness, but to be ill for a year is quite another matter. And to be ill for five years, ten years, twenty years, eight and thirty years, creates possibilities at once momentous and destructive. Every one is familiar with this path of possible peril and fatality. Let us partially trace it. An ailment first of all startles us into serious concern. We have consultations and we seek advice. We inquire about remedies and amelioratives, and we are punctual and punctilious in their application. There is an air of concern about us, and the forces of our life are enlisted in a campaign of restoration. We have a will to be well.

But let it be prolonged, and a very remarkable change may occur. The craving to be healed may be changed into a deeper craving for sympathy. We become more intent on exhibiting our complaints than on getting rid of them, more disposed to talk about them than to seek their banishment. We find more pleasure in people's pity than in the hope of recovery. When our ailments become our exhibits the process of demoralization has begun.

It is not difficult to name the subsequent issue in the descent. However paradoxical it may sound it is nevertheless true that the will either becomes emasculated or it becomes subtly enlisted in the retention of the complaint. It was a wise saying of one of the wisest of men that "The only reason why some invalids are not cured is because they will not be healed." The long continued illness has set the forces of their life away from the paths of restoration, and they have made a sort of pathetic friendship with an interesting invalidism, and their recovery seems impossible.

Or consider the influence of a long continued vice. Now a vice in the soul is like a cancer in the body; you never know where it may find fresh food and break out in further destruction. But there is one thing perfectly sure. Though a long continued vice may impair one power more than another it never leaves a single power intact. I suppose a man may have a stroke, which deprives him of the use of certain parts of his body, and yet his brain, for thinking purposes, may remain as clear and strong as ever. I only offer that as a supposition which a more perfect knowledge might not confirm. But however it may be with the body, this at any rate is true of the soul; a vice impairs all our moral and spiritual powers. They all receive the taint and all of them lose their excellency and the vigor of their prime. Take a long continued abuse of the flesh. What power remains unscathed? Is it love? Is it imagination? Is it fine appreciation? What power is it that remains white as the dove and majestic as the eagle? All the powers are touched with the malady, and like varied plants in a vitiated air they all begin to droop. A long established vice produces a general drooping of the soul, the sickening of faith and hope. Then mark the stages in the moral sequence. There comes a sense of the incurableness of the vice; then a growing languor and indifference; then an increasing indolence; and last of all a regnant insensitiveness in which the man becomes unconscious of the presence of his vice. "Thou knowest not that thou art poor and naked and blind." Such is the influence of chronic infirmity and vice.

"Wilt Thou?"

Now, let us watch the Lord as he seeks to minister to this man who lies in the grip of chronic infirmity. First of all he addresses himself to the waking of the will: "*Wilt* thou be made whole?" The man had altogether ceased to exercise his will. Effort had been abandoned. He was now contented to wait for some one to lift him into the pool. He had become a log and was no longer an originating power.

And for this reason the Lord began to minister to his slumbering, flabby, imbecile will. For the Saviour of men demands the active co-operation of man's will. The will may be almost extinct, but what remains has got to be used. And therefore a saved life is not entirely a passive acquisition. There is to be a co-operating initiative in ourselves. All remedial ministries are hindered, and many are rendered futile, by dormant and inactive wills. Even in the realm of the body an unaiding will is the doctor's strongest foe. In the realm of knowledge an obstinate will can close all the pores of the mind. And in the realm of the soul, if the will is unsurrendered, God's grace remains inoperative. "Wilt thou?" The Lord demands the will.

And in the second place, the Saviour addresses himself to the heightening of the desires: "Wilt thou be made *whole?*" Really whole? Art thou willing to lose people's pity, and to become independent of people's alms and to be willing to work? Or does thy will choose only a partial recovery, which will enable thee to retain the soothing pity of men? Our Lord purposes to lift our desires to perfect restoration. And when he comes to you and me, in our infirmity of spiritual desire and purpose, he makes the same demand. "Art thou willing to be made a really whole Christian, not merely endowed with Christian privileges, but with the Christian's obligations, and share in blood-shedding campaigns?" How far will our desires lead us? How high will they take us? Do we only wish our Lord to give us comfort, or to make us comforters? Is it our sole ambition to be saved, or to become saviors? Shall we be contented to get to heaven, or do we crave to be Greathearts leading others there? Do we wish only to be made sure of the New Jerusalem, or by bloody sweat would we give the thews and sinews of body, mind and soul to build the New Jerusalem "in England's green and pleasant land?" If this is the meaning of being made "whole" how many us are willing? If it means to lose thyself for othe and for the sake of others to tread the gloom thy Gethsemane, and not even shrink from the cr on Calvary's slope, "Wilt thou be made whole?" say the Lord would hearten our desires and lead o choices to the worthiest and the best.

"Rise!"

And thirdly, there is a word addressed to t evoking of a venturesome faith in himself. "Rise The word is addressed to a man who had lapsed in the assumption that he had no power to rise! faith in the Lord Jesus he is commanded to ris In faith in Jesus he is to attempt the impossibl and he will find that the impossible can be achieve And so is it ever in our relationship to Christ. W are to prove our faith in our attempted obedienc and in our infantile endeavor we shall discover th Infinite. But our obedience must be prompt, must be complete, and it must be progressive. "Tak up thy bed and walk!" We are to go on in the wa of obedience, and in that way of venturesome co fidence we shall discover how rich is the strengt "which God supplies through his eternal Son."

The Missionary Call

PAUL, the great missionary, was a self-suppor ing missionary. William Carey, the cobble served the Lord by cobbling shoes to pay his ow expenses. Teachers, ministers, doctors, nurses, in dustrial workers, farmers and many others ar sorely needed on the mission field to-day. A Chris tian home in those lands is like an oasis in the des ert; like a lighthouse on the coast of a dark sea, center of light for those who sit in darkness and i the shadow of death. The need of workers and th great variety of work offer an opportunity an room for any who can go. Sunday-school teachers personal workers, ministers, teachers for da schools, matrons in hospitals and schools, busines men, stenographers, mechanical workers, and othe forms of work are needed.

A few years ago, the writer met a missionary from Borneo. He said that several years befor Bishop Thoburn of India had sent out a call fo thirty young men who were willing to find thei support without any guarantee, to go to the mission fields. The thirty young men were found. This missionary had made his support by teaching, hac married the daughter of a missionary, and he an his wife were working on the island of Borneo, in Sarawak, where are found many of the Dyaks, the savage head-hunters.

A few years ago a refined Christian woman lef her home, and went at her own charges to Korea She has had a very useful and blessed service in teaching God's Word to many poor, ignorant heathen women. Her home is visited almost daily by numbers of these women, who meet to study the Bible. She is their friend and helper, and writes she never knew what true joy was until she entered upon this life of service.

A young lady in Virginia said to her parents that as they could support her on the mission field for the same amount they spent at home, "then why not have me for your missionary?" A sister writes that her mother is sending her son, a young business man, to one of the most difficult places in our African mission. Some years ago a Kentucky business man sold out his business and to-day he is one of our most useful and honored missionaries in China. A retired minister and his wife recently went to spend their time in Korea and do what they could for the furtherance of the Gospel. A mother went out with her daughter and, aside from being a help and blessing, has found time to teach the younger children of the missionaries, and teach a class in English.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Ps. 110: 3. "Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." Isa. 6: 8.

* Pastor Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

THE OCEAN'S MESSAGE

SIT on the sands in the sunlight
And the waves break away on the beach;
y tell of a deep, restless longing,
or a something they never can reach.
y are yearning for something beyond them,
hat each moment they strive to attain—
y are restlessly moving toward it,
ut never are able to gain.

l mortals are just like the billows,
With their wearisome tossing oppressed;
y are breaking, and breaking, and breaking,
ut never they seem to find rest.
knowing that right in life's ocean,
Where the surges unceasingly roll,
nds One with sweet calm for each trouble,
nd rest for the poor weary soul.

l He speaks, oh, so tender and sweetly,
In the world shall your trials ne'er cease,
be of good comfort, O loved one!
n me you shall find perfect peace.
ough the waves dash so madly about you,"
he same gentle voice says, "be still!"
r heart, let him still the wild tempest;
he waves must obey his sweet will.

re's a calm in the ocean of trouble,
here's a rest in each pathway of life;
re's a Pilot who stands at the rudder
o guide thee o'er waters of strife.
oul with the deep restless yearning,
) heart that is longing for rest,
the waves but lift you up higher,
o the haven of Jesus' dear breast.

sic, N. J. REV. JAMES R. MORRIS.

A Unique Gospel Service

A FEW days ago it occurred to me that we might get a few rowboats gether and go out on Culver Lake, w Jersey, on Sunday afternoon and ld a Gospel Song Service. I had en or heard of almost every kind of service, but had never heard of one e this. The idea was suggested at e little "Christ's Union Chapel," re at the lake. Yesterday at 6:30 M. we started out with a little fold- g organ in our boat, with about six her boats following, and when we t out a little way we anchored our at and invited the others to tie to rs. We started to sing, and in a w minutes other boats and canoes gan to come from all directions, ving been attracted by the singing. ie hundred and seventeen people re counted in attendance. It was a eat sight. Some of the people were first inclined to keep at a distance; t as song after song was sung, and vitations for them to "tie up" with were repeated, they kept coming ser till at last they were all at- ched to the central group. Dr. eming of Drew spoke on "The Call- g of the Fishermen," putting stress the words, "Come after Me, and I ill make you." It was one of the veetest addresses I have ever heard. then followed briefly with the clos- g of that passage, "Make you fishers men." Another service of the me kind is called for next Sunday.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Anvil Sparks

..A CONTENTIOUS spirit always nds something to do.

..ONE never learns how to do any- ing by worrying over it.

..THE half-truth outclasses the lain lie as a trouble-maker.

..AN EMPTY mind is like a vacuum eaner; it gathers up the dirt.

..THE church needs you, but not arly so much as you need it.

..TO CHEAT another, one first eats himself into thinking it pays.

..UPLIFTED hands may be those of rayer; but toiling ones are those of aith.

..THE church bell seems to be the nly call to service some of the mem- ers ever hear.

..LIGHTEN the pocketbook a little t church and you are surer to go way with a light heart.

..DON'T be too generous with the ermon; what you take for yourself is o deprivation of another.

The Plague of Flies

SWAT the fly!" is a new national slogan that makes up in efficiency what it lacks in elegance. Newspapers and magazines are teaching it to the people. Photographic exhibits, moving pictures, and scientific experiments are being employed to drive it home. State and municipal authorities are urging it upon their citizens. Even the pulpits ring with the new slogan "Swat the fly!"

One of the ten plagues of Egypt has been upon us for years and we have not realized it. The awful results have been charged to other causes. It has been hard to interest the people seriously in so commonplace a thing as flies. The little pest has been a subject of banter and joke. It has collaborated with the baldheaded man in supplying the professional humorist with material for mirth. At the worst it has aroused only the impatience of irritable humanity. We have fished it from the milk and dug it from the butter. We have shooed it, and laid all manner of traps for it, as an inevitable part of the summer routine, regarding it, the while, merely as something sent to annoy us and try our patience; for after all it was nothing but the common, insignificant house-fly.

But scientists have been busy investigating the formation and habits of the tiny creature, and suddenly they have revealed facts which startle the world. No longer can the common house-fly be treated with indifference or mere petulance. It must receive the most serious and aggressive attention. It is a matter of life and death to thousands of men, women and children.

. . .

THIS busy buzzing little beast, the common house-fly, is the most dangerous and deadly wild animal in all the world. More persons are killed by it every year than by all the other poisonous insects, all the snakes, and all the beasts of prey combined. More persons fall victims each year to the common house-fly than are killed on all the fields of battle throughout the world.

Capture one of the most insignificant looking flies buzzing around your baby's head as she lies sleeping, put the fly under a microscope, and at once its character is revealed. You can hardly refrain from starting back in horror at the thought that your baby is constantly being attacked by so terrible a beast. Each foot of the fly is covered with claws and little sticky hairs. You have seen many times how the fly is continually rubbing his feet together. He does this to scrape off everything that adheres to his feet and legs. These sticky feet are loaded with germs and microbes deadlier than bullets, and the fly industriously wipes them off on your baby's face or on your food.

Flies feed on filth. They flourish only where refuse or filth of some kind exists. They bring typhoid germs from sewage and deposit them in the home. Intestinal diseases which afflict so many thousands of persons come from the feet of the house-fly as they bring the poisonous germs and microbes in direct contact with their human victims.

Man made the fly by carelessness in the disposal of filth. The fly inhabits the dwelling places of man, finding more to encourage it than to discourage. Now man must unmake the fly. The State of Utah has adopted the slogan, "Man must kill the fly or the fly will kill the man." In many cities rewards are being offered for systematic extermination of flies. The tiny assassin, hitherto ignored because of his diminutive size and familiar appearance, now has a price set upon his head. Men and women, and even children are rising to "swat the fly." In one small city the result of a few days' campaign was ten barrels full of dead flies as a public exhibit.

Every family should join the campaign, and by strict cleanliness of rooms and grounds and aggressive warfare against every intruder should banish the house-fly forever from the home.

. . .

IF YOU want a moral lesson from the plague of flies, think it over and discover the things for which the fly is a symbol. You will find it easy to draw the parallel point by point. Few of our boys and girls, or our men and women are attacked and destroyed by the great sins, which are so quickly recognized and so easily shunned. But the little temptations, the little deceits, the little meannesses come swarming into our homes like the poison-bearing flies, and the germs of sin they bring eat into the character with deadly effect.

A malicious bit of gossip told in an easy way about some absent friend or neighbor is laden with poison for the mind. Bzz-zz-zz! Swat that fly!

A cross or sneering rejoinder in some trifling family dispute fastens its sting in the very soul. Buzz-zz-zz! Swat that fly!

Just a little carelessness of the truth in telling of some event or some person starts a disease of dishonesty in the one who tells the story and may carry a vicious hurt to the one who is the subject of remark. Buzz-zz-zz! Swat that fly!

Just a little selfishness; just a little ill-temper; just a little irreverence; just a little laughter at a coarse jest; just a little dallying with impurity; just a little indulgence in sin while it looks harmless—all the swarm of moral insects that have been so common and have seemed so harmless to us because we have not considered their real character—when we examine them through the magnifying lens of a pure heart and a conscience void of offense we find that they are dangerous wild beasts sent upon us out of the pit. Join the campaign of extermination. Swat the fly!

Poems Everyone Should Know

LIFE'S BEAUTY

HOW beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive
That we might sing, "How happy is our case!
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

To read in God's great Book, until we feel
Love for the love that gave it; then to kneel
Close unto him whose truth our souls will shrive,
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Rather to go without what might increase
Our worldly standing, than our souls deprive
Of frequent speech with God, or than to cease
To feel, through having wasted health or peace,
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies, or to try
To bear all sweetly, hoping still to cry,
"How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness
Strive still some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON.

He Wrote "Beulah Land"

"O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land!
As on the highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, for evermore."

Edgar Page Stites, the writer of the famous hymn, "Beulah Land," is now an aged man living in modest retirement at Cape May, N. J. His pen name of "Edgar Page" has hidden for three decades the real authorship of a song that has voiced the religious enthusiasm of countless millions.

"It was in 1876 that I wrote 'Beulah Land,'" said Mr. Stites. "I could write only two verses and the chorus of 'Beulah Land' when I was overcome and fell on my face. I could only weep and write no more. That was one Sunday. On the following Sunday I wrote the third and fourth verses and again I was so influenced by emotion that I could only pray and weep. The first time it was sung was at the regular Monday morning meeting of Methodist ministers at 1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Bishop McCabe sang it to the assembled ministers. Since then its story is known wherever religious people congregate. I have never received a cent for my songs. Perhaps that is why they have had such a wide popularity. I could not do work for the Master and receive pay for it."

Mr. Stites is now seventy-four years of age, over six feet tall and straight as an arrow. A remarkable thing about him is that the eyes with which he still "looks away across the sea" have never needed glasses. At seventy-six years of age he can still see to read and write without glasses.

Papal Temporal Supremacy

THE arrogant pretensions of the Church of Rome are exemplified in the following extract from a recognized authority on Roman Catholic theology. It is taken from *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology*, by the Jesuit Sylvester Joseph Hunter, which was published in 1898, bearing the *imprimatur* of the late Cardinal Vaughan. On page 398 of Vol. I we find:

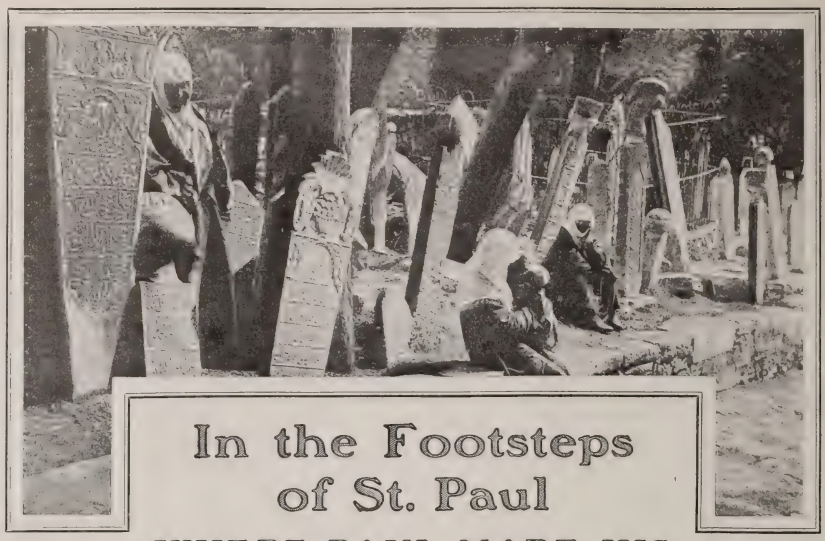
"Every merely human law, though it may be ancient in the church, *and even of Apostolic origin*, may be swept away by him (the Pope) who at the present day *wields an authority equal if not superior to that of the Apostle* or other man by whom the law was enacted."—*Protestant Observer, London, June 12.*

Always Full of Good Things

Please accept my heartiest thanks for the gift of *The Christian Herald Almanac* for 1912. It is like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD itself, replete with useful information and good things. I have always enjoyed reading it.

Farley, Ia. MRS. GEO. MCGEE.

A Typical Scene in a Turkish Cemetery



In the Footsteps of St. Paul

WHERE PAUL MADE HIS FIRST RECORDED SPEECH

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

President and Founder of the Christian Endeavor Society

THE city where Paul made the first public address that has come down to us through the nineteen centuries that have elapsed since it was uttered is of special interest as we follow in the footsteps of the great apostle, for this address was an epoch-making speech. It sounded the keynote, as it were, of all Paul's ministry. It attracted vast numbers of people to the synagogue where it was delivered. It aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and at the same time provoked unbounded antagonism. It opened the door of the Gospel to the Gentiles, and for that reason alone it is of supreme interest to every modern Christian.

This city of Paul's first speech was Antioch of Pisidia. It is important to designate the city by the province of which it was the capital, since Seleucus, the founder of the city, the great conqueror and ruler of the Seleucid Empire, named no less than sixteen cities after his father Antiochus.

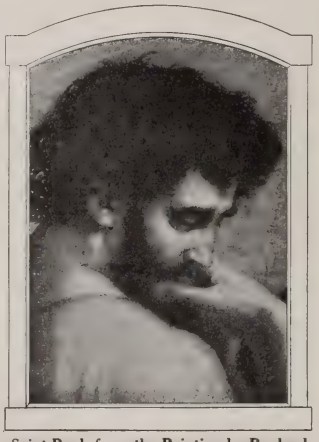
The name Antioch, however, is not repeated in ancient geography so often as many modern names recur in modern geography. There is, for instance, a Washington in almost every State of the Union, and no postmaster would be wise enough to know where a letter addressed to "Newton" should go unless the State was also added. It is interesting, by the way, to note that the name Newton was as popular in the ancient geographies as in the modern, only it was called Neapolis, which meant new town, or new city.

There was a Neapolis through which St. Paul passed on this very journey some twenty miles from Antioch. At another Neapolis on the coast of Macedonia he landed on his way to Philippi on a later journey; and the great modern city of Naples is but another way of spelling Neapolis or New Town.

The modern traveler in visiting Antioch of Pisidia will be likely to start from Constantinople. He will take the steam ferry at the bustling Galata bridge, the most famous and the most crowded bridge perhaps in all the world: he will land at Haidar Pasha after a half hour's sail, where he will take a very comfortable train on the Anatolian Railway, which is built and equipped in first class German style.

For fifty miles the road winds beside the beautiful Sea of Marmora, affording charming glimpses of mountain and ocean, of peaceful bay and bold surf-washed headlands. At Ismid the road begins to rise, and great granite mountains, snow-covered through much of the year, come into view.

Through stern, rocky, barren defiles the railroad winds its way, occasionally skirting a small village of adobe houses, surrounded by vineyards and by groves of olives and mulberries. The silkworm is a chief source of the little wealth of this country, and thousands of acres of mulberry trees furnish him with food.



Saint Paul, from the Painting by Raphael

At some stations one sees some small boys with long poles on which are strung large round rings of bread covered with sesame seeds. At others the boys who purvey eatables for passengers carry apples, strung like beads on a long cord.

After a long day's ride we reach Eski Chehir, a place which every traveler is likely to remember, for here he must spend the night, since no trains in Asia Minor travel in the night time, but tie up at some convenient station and wait for daybreak before resuming the journey.

Bright and early the next morning, before it is fairly light, we are off once more. Every moment is full of interest, since our surroundings are so novel and the route so untraveled. Our fellow travelers themselves are objects of unfailing interest. Their brilliant sashes and turbans add a touch of color to the grayness of the winter days. Their gaily embroidered saddle-bags, their baggy blue trousers, and the bright embroidered handkerchiefs that are around the fezes of the young dandies all remind us that we are far from the Occidental lines of travel.

Our train stops at every principal station some fifte or twenty minutes, a gives us ample time stroll about on t platform and to wat the natives who alwa surround a railw station in every la The stations are w built and substanti and at every one is fountain with runni water, for the Tu always likes to dri and wash in a flowi stream, even though runs only from a s got. At every stati a stampede is ma for the fountain by t third-class passenge with brown water-ja or old kerosene-ca which they fill and ta back to their comrad on the train.

Eski Chehir is w up among the mou tains, some three tho sand feet above t sea, and from now for many days, in f lowing the footsteps St. Paul we find ou selves on the great el vated table-land Asia Minor, a hu and lofty prairie from three tho sand to five thousand feet high.

We are now indeed in the land the classics. This is the very rou that Cyrus the Younger follow with his great army, four hundr years before Christ, in the expe tion of which Xenophon tells us.

At the town of Chai, where we arrive at noon on t second day, the army of Cyrus mutinied and halted f five days, demanding an increase of pay. Thus we s that strikes and quarrels over wages are not altogeth things of modern invention. Near here, too, was foug a great battle a hundred years later, when Seleucus the founder of Antioch, and the mighty ruler of all th region, defeated Antigonus, the one-eyed general Cappadocia.

Shortly before reaching Chai the train makes a lo halt at Afion Kara Hissar, the most picturesque town the route, and in some respects the most picturesque tow in the world, for in the very center of the town there ri a mighty monument of stone, a symmetrical granite h eight hundred feet high. On top of this tremendous ro a Byzantine fortress was built, which seemed in the old days to make the town absolutely impregnable.

About the middle of the afternoon of this second da we reach Ak Shehir. This city was for a long time su posed to be the ancient Antioch for which we are boun but later explorers have found that, beyond a questio Ak Shehir is not Antioch, but the equally ancient city Philomenion. Here we must leave the railway and pr ceed by a tolerably good wagon road, which is, howeve frequently impassable in mid-winter, to Antioch, the ci of Paul's first recorded speech.

Before we view its scanty ruins, let us follow for a fe minutes Paul's route on his first journey to Pisidian A tioch. He had sailed from the port of the more famo Antioch, in Syria, and after various adventures in C prus, which we may describe in later articles, he came to Perga, on the Med terranean coast. But he did not stay long in this fever-stricken city, thou long enough, as some commentators suppose, to contract the malarious disea for which it had so evil a reputation.

It was probably in the month of May that he reached Perga, and here a s disappointment awaited him, f his trusted and beloved disci John Mark, refused to go any fa ther. Paul evidently charged th refusal to cowardice, or at least unworthy weakness, though Barn bas, his stalwart companion, te a more charitable view of his your nephew.

But Mark would go no farthe and was unmoved by Paul's u braidings or the entreaties of Ba nabas, and the two older men to their journey as soon as possib from the hot marshy plains Perga over the rugged mountain from which they could look back the tropical plain so beautiful wh seen from a distance, as it skirt the blue waters of the Mediterr nean.

We can imagine the sick a way-worn traveler sustained the strong arm of his companio as they toiled on day after day, u the steep mountain side throu the narrow gorges, and at la across the great central plai

Continued on next page

Unloading the Camels at the End of the Day's Journey

The Emperor of Japan

Princess Takeda

Crown Prince Yoshihito

Princess Kitashirakawa

The Empress of Japan

JAPAN'S GREATEST EMPEROR

MUTSUHITO, Emperor of Japan, is reported to be lying critically ill in his palace at Tokio, and it is feared that by the time this paper aches the reader, the greatest ruler of Old Nip- n shall have passed away, leaving behind a mem- y which shall be treasured by his country with ide as long as it retains the prestige gained un- r his wise and beneficent rule.

Mutsuhito has been on the imperial throne forty- e years, a longer time than any European mon- ch except Franz Joseph of Austria, but even this a very short span as compared with the life of a tion. Brief as it has been, no country in history n show such strides of advancement and national ogress as has been made by Japan in this short ne. Indeed, short as it is, a further limitation ay be put upon it, for it was not until late in the neteenth century that this Oriental land began awaken from the long sleep in which she had en indulging for many centuries.

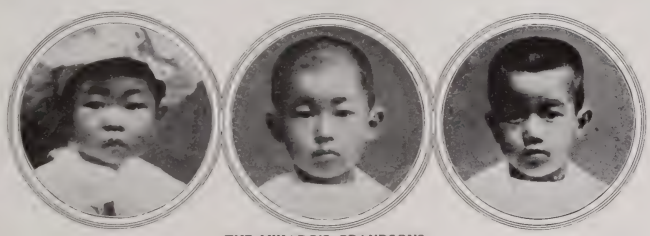
When Mutsuhito was a boy, his untry was little farther advanced Occidental knowledge and civili- tion than some of the South Sea lands. Japanese soldiers then ught with bows and arrows or ith lances behind great barri- des of padded armor. Their ets consisted of rudely con- ructed open galleys of woodwork, r inferior to the Viking craft of thousand years ago. There were railroads in their land, no great anufactories, no agricultural sys- ms, no modern science. The ords Alexander Pope applied to it and China two hundred years ago could have fit- tingly been applied to it then:

> Jealous China, strange Japan;
> Ye are but Dead Seas of man.

But a change was coming; the Japs were soon to awake and discover their own dormant power. This awakening they owe to America, and they ac- knowledge it. Perry taught them an object lesson when they looked upon his ships, the practical em- blems of the might of a Western Power. They learned the power of a cannon and the efficiency of gunpowder and steel. They became fighters, and they have fought so well since as to excite the won- der and admiration of the world. First, they had troubles among themselves and many internal dis- sensions to settle. The patriotic rebellion of 1867 against the Shogun restored the power of the throne. The caste system was swept away in 1871 and the East was for the first time opened to Western civilization. The Satsuma rebellion was crushed in 1877. In 1890 a modern constitution was adopted, and in 1894-5 the might of imperial China, with her populous mil- lions, was humbled in the dust of defeat. But the crowning glory of all was when the snarls of con- tempt of the Russian Bear were turned into howls of dismay and defeat in 1904 by a series of the most brilliant victories the world has ever witnessed.

All these things happened in the time of Mutsu- hito, and Japan stands to-day at the gates of the East, one of the Great Powers of the world. What changes will take place on the passing of Mutsuhito lies, of course, in the future. The Crown Prince Yoshihito, who himself is but recovering from a severe illness, is very popular with all classes. He is thirty-three years old and has already made an honorable record. He is an admiral in the navy and a hero of the war with Russia. Every precaution has been made to meet the situation in the event of the Emperor's death. The newspapers have been warned not to print sen- sational rumors, and all troops whose loyalty is doubted or whose discipline is known not to be up to the mark have been ordered con- fined to their barracks.

There is universal sorrow throughout the Empire for the be- loved ruler. All realize that his passing will mean much to their country. His reign will be a long shining page in Nippon's history.



THE MIKADO'S GRANDSONS

Prince Hikaru — Prince Atsu — Prince Michi

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

hich we have already skirted in our journey from onstantinople, until they came to the important oman city, as it then was, of Antioch.

It stood upon a hillside, and was strongly forti- ed, with low gateways in its walls, to admit the coming travelers.

Then it was a city with great white marble build- gs, an immense theater, a temple to the moon, a arble shrine to Bacchus, and other public build- gs that marked it as the capital and most im- ortant city of all that region. To-day only a few attered fragments of its ancient magnificence re- ain; some huge foundation stones, the fragment a splendid aqueduct, and some rock cuttings hich are supposed to be the sanctuary of the chief od of Pisidia—these scant ruins only are left to ll the story of Antioch's ancient glory.

In Paul's time a large and influential colony of ews was found in Antioch, and the synagogue, eir house of worship, was the one building hich, though no relic of it can be found, is yet of upreme interest to the Christian traveler.

Here the great apostle came on his first Saturday Antioch. It was the Jewish Sabbath, and not nly had the Jews assembled for their weekly wor- ip, but also many of the Gentile residents of An- och, who had become converts to Judaism. The uler of the synagogue read the lesson of the day, hich was probably from the first chapter of saiah. The stately words had re-echoed through he synagogue: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O arth, for Jehovah hath spoken. . . . Come ow and let us reason together, saith Jehovah: hough your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as hite as snow; though they be red like crimson, ey shall be as wool."

Then he laid aside the book, and, seeing the two istinguished strangers, of whom he had doubtless heard, he said to them, "Brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation to the people, say on."

Paul was not slow to accept the invitation. Then began his memorable address which Luke re- cords in the thirteenth chapter of Acts, the first of which we have any record. We will read it again with new interest as we think of its setting in the great synagogue of Antioch. It seems like an echo of the address of the martyr Stephen, the speech that Paul heard in the synagogue at Jerusalem.

We notice, too, with peculiar interest, that in Paul's first word he couples the believing Gentiles with the Jews, "Men of Israel, and ye that fear God." A little later, in the fervor of his eloquence he draws still closer to the Gentile converts. He calls them "brethren," he couples them with the Jews in the very same breath. "Brethren," he says, "children of the stock of Abraham, and those among you who fear God, to us, not to the Jews only, but to all of you who hear me, is the word of this salvation sent forth."

Probably that was the first time in all history that a Jew ever called a Gentile "brother," and placed him on the same exalted platform with the stock of Abraham. Then he goes on to preach to them all, Jews and Gentiles alike, Christ and him crucified, Christ the fulfilment of ancient proph- ecy; Christ the Risen One; Christ the Saviour of sinners and the Atonement for sin.

It was an amazing speech. It was apparently so unexpected that the rulers of the synagogue knew not what to do, but the people desired to hear more of this matter, and urged the apostles to speak again on the next Sabbath. A week passed, and with every day the excitement grew more intense, so that on the following Saturday "almost the whole city," we are told, "was gathered together to hear the word of God."

The great success of the Gospel brought with it, as is often the case, great opposition. The wily Jewish leaders, always ready to stir up opposition against the new religion, found influential allies among the chief women of the city, who had become proselytes of the gate, while their husbands, the magistrates, probably remained attached to their heathen worship. With the help of these powerful allies the Jewish rulers not only contradicted Paul and Barnabas, and blasphemed, but they stirred up such persecution that at last they were able to cast the apostles out of the very borders of their city.

We can easily imagine them, as they made their way, dejected, perhaps, and dispirited, apparently defeated, in the city where at first everything looked so propitious. As they turned back to look upon the city they were leaving, they remembered the words of their Lord, and taking off their san- dals, they shook out the dust that had collected in them as a sign, not only of man's disappointment, but of God's disapproval.

But their six months' stay in Antioch had not been in vain, for many Gentiles had heard the glad tidings and glorified the word of God. A door, wide and effectual, had been opened to the Gentiles, not only of Antioch, but of all the world. Hence- forth they were to be considered by Christians, not as aliens and outcasts, but "brethren," as Paul called them. "Moreover, the Word of the Lord was spread abroad throughout all the region," and not only throughout the region of Antioch, but, start- ing from Antioch, throughout all the Gentile world. Perhaps some such thoughts as these cheered the noble Christian warriors, as they turned their backs on Antioch and their faces toward Iconium.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

OTTO KOENIG, President GEO. H. SANDISON, Managing Editor THEODORE WATERS, Secretary

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The Korean Conspiracy Trial

WE HAVE been accustomed to accord to Japan a leading place among those nations that have come to the front in adopting the methods of modern civilization. We have paid tribute to the heroism, the magnanimity, the broad-mindedness of the Japanese statesmen and people. Recent events, however, seem to have changed to some extent the attitude of Japan towards the Western nations. Especially has this been true since the annexation of Korea. Some time ago, the cable despatches announced the discovery of an extensive plot against the life of Governor General Terauchi, in which hundreds of natives were implicated. Lately this matter took a surprising turn when a number of American missionaries in Korea were publicly accused of having fomented the alleged conspiracy. Confessions extorted from Korean prisoners were said to have implicated the Americans as accessories in the plot. These alleged confessions, wrung from helpless men while undergoing physical tortures that recall the doings of the Spanish Inquisition, were read in open court to the amazement of the missionaries. Stirred with indignation, they demanded a hearing that they might refute the slander; but this was peremptorily denied. They were not allowed even to face their defamers. This may be according to Japanese law, but it should be noted that the whole proceeding, from first to last, is opposed to the usage of civilized nations, and is a distinct blot upon the fair fame of Japan. Our State Department has thus far taken no action in the matter, and the Japanese Government has adopted an attitude of non-interference while the trial continues. Beyond the actual defamation itself, there has been no attempt to cause annoyance to the missionaries. But what has been done is more than enough. The names of men so distinguished in missionary work as Bishop Harris, and Messrs. Underwood, McCune and Morris and others well known and beloved for their earnest Christian labors, have been held up to odium and the pastors and teachers in the Christian churches and schools of Korea have been grossly defamed. If the object was to slander Christianity in Korea, where it has made such remarkable progress, it is an attack that must recoil upon its perpetrators. If it be true that the Japanese are seeking to supplant Christianity with Shintoism, they will fail. Christianity ever thrives best in persecution, and the Christians of Korea will multiply as a result of this course. Japan owes much to this country. We have done much to lead her into the paths of civilization and progress, and she has repeatedly acknowledged this indebtedness. We cannot believe that the broad-minded ruler of the Island Empire, who has been prostrated by a serious illness, would ever have assented to such a policy as that which seems to have been followed by the Japanese authorities in Korea, which is altogether unworthy of a great and progressive nation.

The Warnings of History

FROM the days of Luther down to our own time —and indeed in all ages—there have been men of far-seeing spiritual vision who looked down through the future and warned the people of the presence of any element that might ultimately become a foe to religious liberty and freedom of conscience. John Wesley, in 1780, in an article contributed to the *Public Advertiser* of London, gave warning to England of the danger of Roman Catholic domination in these pregnant words:

> It is a Roman Catholic maxim, established, not by private men, but by a public council, that "no faith is to be kept with heretics." This has been openly avowed by the Council of Constance; but it never was openly disclaimed. Whether private persons avow or disavow it, it is a fixed maxim of the Church of Rome. But as long as it is so, nothing can be more plain than that the members of that church can give no reasonable security to any government of their allegiance or peaceable behavior. Therefore they ought not to be tolerated by any government, Protestant, Mohammedan or pagan.
>
> You may say, "Nay, but they will take an oath of allegiance." True, 500 oaths; but the maxim, "No faith is to be kept with heretics," sweeps them all away as a spider's web. So that still no governors that are not Roman Catholics can have any security of their allegiance.
>
> Again: Those who acknowledge the spiritual power of the Pope can give no security of their allegiance to any government; but all Roman Catholics acknowledge this; therefore they can give no security for their allegiance.

Setting then religion aside, it is plain that upon principles of reason no government ought to tolerate men who cannot give any security to that government for their allegiance and peaceable behavior. But this no Romanist can do, not only while he holds that "no faith is to be kept with heretics"; but so long as he acknowledges either priestly absolution or the spiritual power of the Pope.

Portugal and Belgium heard many similar warnings; but, permitting them to pass unheeded, the trouble came upon them which they are now struggling to overcome. They felt the destructive force of the Roman maxim: "Divide and conquer." It has been the same experience in other lands. Here, where the Roman power is looking eagerly forward to the "conquest of America," the question is one which no American should set aside without serious consideration.

The Struggle for Sea Supremacy

IF THE recent speeches in the British Parliament are to be accepted seriously, we may look forward to a furious rivalry in battleship building between England and Germany for the next half-dozen years. Amazed at the rapidly growing strength of Emperor William's navy, the British see in imagination their supremacy in the North Sea threatened and the day drawing nearer when their naval superiority may be called in question in the Mediterranean as well. They conjure up the specter of a strong Austrian fleet as Germany's sea ally. Britain has resources such as few nations possess for strengthening her sea power. Her colonies can be depended upon and her home treasure would be poured out freely to build all the warships needed. It may well be questioned whether the present scare has a real foundation, or whether Germany, naturally proud of her new navy, actually has any serious designs on the "tight little island." German trade and commerce are expanding rapidly; she now has considerable colonial possessions which may need at any time to be safeguarded, and her foreign commerce needs nurture and protection. Perhaps the next move in the drama of national rivalry may come in the shape of a reassuring declaration of pacific intentions from the lips of the Kaiser himself. Who can tell?

Shall Civilization Triumph?

THE people who shake their heads when the question is asked: "Is the world growing better?" must have felt that a big item was added to their side of the debate when the recent disclosures were made of appalling horrors in connection with th rubber industry in Peru. It would be difficult t find in all history a more hideous page. It mu certainly stagger one's hope that some of the base qualities of the human heart have been entirel outgrown. Evidently they are present, as stron and terrible as ever. The delight in causing pai the eagerness to bruise and grieve and kill for th sake of gain, these things evidently remain in som souls that must be called human.

And one of the very worst features of the whol affair is that the Christian world knew somethin of these horrors five years ago. In 1907, Reginal Enock, F.R.G.S., published, in London and Ne York, a book in which he described the condition of slavery under which the Amazonian rubbe gatherers labor, and the cruelties committed to se cure slaves to carry on the work. During the fiv years since then matters have been growing wors rather than better, and a recent report made fo Parliament by Sir Roger Casement, British consu at Rio de Janeiro, contains the most heartrendin accounts of cruelty. Men and women beaten t death, mothers flogged in the presence of their littl sons to terrorize and penalize the boys for bringin in scant supplies of rubber, ingenious and diaboli cal forms of torture, even the burning alive of men women and children, are included in the dreadfu list of atrocities.

The company under whose auspices these thing were done is in liquidation, and there seems to b some uncertainty whether, under the existing Eng lish laws, the actual promoters of the outrages ca be seized and punished, but arrests of some of th guilty men in Peru have been made, and some o the culprits have fled the country. No British sub ject is accused of actually inflicting the tortures The work was done by underlings who desired to increase their commissions on rubber gathered fo the company.

Peru has already promised that the offenders wil be punished and the practices stopped. Mr. Stuar J. Fuller, special agent of the United States, is o the ground and has been commissioned to see to it that these promises are kept. Great Britain has acquiesced in giving the United States a free hand in the matter, realizing that this government is in a better position than theirs to control South American affairs.

It is certainly a time for the Christian Church t make its power felt. The whole affair reflects seriously on Roman Catholicism, for it has long been established in Peru. The situation seems to call for courageous Protestant missionaries who will go to protect and convert the harassed natives and make a more determined effort than has yet been put forth to evangelize the country. And some punishment must be found for the monsters who, representing a Christian nation, have been guilty, for the sake of commercial gain, of countenancing these pagan practices.

As to the whole matter furnishing proof that the world is growing no better, it must be noted that the modern spiritual consciousness is horror-struck at the revelations, whereas in other days deeds of like character evoked no comment or rebuke. Furthermore, whereas cruelty was once the common practice of mankind, it has now grown almost rare. But what Christian civilization must learn is not only to be shocked at wrongs like these, but to stop them. The forces of the Cross are once more on trial before the world. We can put an end to this South American shame if we will. Shall it be done?

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Our New Serial

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

A Concrete Retaining Wall Swept Away by the Flood

The Ruins of Speer Boulevard, One of Denver's Most Beautiful Roads

Cloudburst in Denver

RECENT heavy rains flooded many parts of the country, causing great damage to life and property, as at Reno, Nev., where twenty bodies were found. The flood in Denver, Colo., was particularly severe, resulting in the death of two, the serious injury of fifteen, and the destruction of $2,500,000 worth of property. Had it not been for a note of warning sounded over the telephone from an unknown source to the city hall just before the crest of the flood reached the city, the losses by death would have been appalling. The rain began at three o'clock Sunday afternoon and continued two hours, one hour with the fury of a cloudburst. At 8:30 o'clock the flood poured down the shallow bed of Cherry Creek, overflowing its banks and flooding the city. Six hundred persons were rendered homeless. The entire residence district from Broadway east to the city limits and from Broadway to the Platte River between Thirteenth Street and Seventh Avenue was two feet under water. The Union Depot was flooded, and the women had to be transported on baggage trucks. Men waded through four feet of water. At daylight hundreds of men, women and children had to be gathered into the City Auditorium to be fed and cared for by the city. Mayor Arnold, the fire and police departments and thousands of heroic citizens were early on the scene to rescue the imperiled and care for them. As is always the case under such circumstances, instances of splendid heroism were recorded. This pathetic story was told: Joseph Bickford hastened to his aged mother's home when the fearful storm broke, and knocking hard at the door got no response. Feeling certain that she had made her escape, he devoted his time to saving the lives of others. The son then instituted a search for his mother among the rescued ones, failing to find her, and on his return to his mother's home to his horror he discovered her drowned body. These cloudbursts were quite common in Palestine, and the great World-Teacher uses them as a symbol of the spiritual storms that come and the stability of character necessary to withstand them.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. (Matt. 7:25.)

Saved Eighty-nine Lives

CAPTAIN PATRICK GRACE, aged seventy-three, skipper for nearly sixty years of the boat that plies between New York City and the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, has to his credit the saving of eighty-nine precious lives, many of them at great risk to himself. This is pretty near to a world's record. He retired in June from active service, with his loving cup, his many medals, his badges and flags, and the memory of his perils and glorious rescues as a precious treasure. This old man ought not to slip out of service and notice without some recognition of the grand life driven by the divinest passion. What a privilege some rich man might count it to fix him up for a rainy day. It would be nothing more than ordinary gratitude for the State or city to pension this humble servant, so loyal to a sacred trust. There are hardy captains that fight the storms, there are brave commanders of vessels that discover lands; there are able masters of floating palaces that race the ocean with goods and men; but brave and great as they are, they are not so much to be praised or honored as this modest skipper who saved eighty-nine lives, and made no fuss about it whatever, and never thought he had done anything but his duty, such service being his joy and supreme life passion. What a zeal in the salvation of souls the life of this blessed old hero should inspire! This passion for soul-saving is thus described:

For they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief. (Heb. 13: 17.)

Gunda Attacks His Keeper

GUNDA of the Bronx Zoo, one of the largest elephants in captivity, turned upon his friend and keeper, Walter Thuman, and nearly killed him. Thuman, who is the only person Gunda will allow about him, was in the cage cleaning it out, when, without any provocation or warning, the elephant swung his trunk through the air, and with the impact of a rushing locomotive struck his keeper across the breast, hurling him fifteen feet with a crash against the iron wall. The beast tried to trample the man to death, but his own great head was in the way. He then thrust his huge tusk into the man's leg, making a hole in it three inches deep. Charging again, he struck one tusk against the wall, breaking it off and leaving five pounds of broken ivory on the floor. Richards, a fellow workman, answered Thuman's screams for help, and with a pitchfork drove Gunda away and rescued the wounded man, who was sent in a serious condition to the hospital. Gunda is from Assam in northeast India. He is sixteen years old. He was captured in 1903. In 1904 Colonel O. H. Payne gave $3,000 for him and presented him to the Bronx Zoological Society. He was then six feet seven inches high and weighed 3,740 pounds. Now he is eight feet nine inches high and weighs more than four tons. He used to be kind and often carried the children on his back about the park; now he is sullen and his man-killing instinct is strongly marked. Gunda, after this last performance, has been given up as a hopelessly bad elephant, and has been condemned to chains the rest of his life. Some people are like Gunda, essentially mean and murderous in their disposition, and there is no telling when they may break out in homicidal attempts. Gunda does not know any better, and is not so much to blame; people do know better and are to blame. Christ traces such evil impulses in the human heart to Satan.

Ye are of your father the devil. He was a murderer from the beginning. (John 8: 44.)

The Bubonic Peril

THE bubonic plague does its continuous work of death in certain parts of the Far East, where the crowded and none too cleanly millions furnish food for it, and where it stays year after year with a never decreasing rate of mortality. It has for a long time cursed parts of South America, and we have had every reason and plenty of time to provide against its entrance into this country. Now we hear that it has got a foothold in Porto Rico, and our own fellow citizens are threatened with this pestilence. Rats carry fleas, and fleas carry the plague; but we suggest that the flea-and-rat danger has been overemphasized, and that the real carrier of the disease is in most cases the patient suffering from the malady. Anything short of the most rigid quarantine of ships from infected ports, or most complete isolation of suspects, is a crime. We cannot understand why the United States could not keep out, not simply rats and fleas, but infected people, who were unquestionably allowed to land in Porto Rico. Just one infected person allowed to land is enough to blight the whole island. Some of the specialists of the Health Department who were sent to Porto Rico to investigate the plague are reported to be quite pessimistic, holding that the infected rats cannot be kept out of the United States. We do not share such discouraging opinions. The bubonic plague must be kept out of these States, and we have faith enough in the scientific ability and the conscience of the State and Federal health officials to believe that an incessant warfare will be waged on this deadly plague, and that infection from patients or rats or fleas will be prevented. Among the Jews leprosy, not nearly so dangerous as the bubonic plague, was most rigidly isolated, the king himself being no exception to the rule.

And Uzziah the king was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house, being a leper; for he was cut off from the house of the Lord. (II. Chron. 26: 21.)

City in Darkness

THE electric lights of Newark, N. J., went out a few nights since, and many districts of the city were in pitchy darkness. A slight fire in the power house of the Public Service Electric Company of Newark caused by the blowing out of an oil-cooled engine caused the trouble. Burning oil was spattered over the insulation of the heavy cables and made them useless. How necessary to have all the connections in good order to send the subtle current with its light to the streets and buildings! How necessary it is for the Christian to be vitally related to Christ, the fountain of life and light, if there would be personal illumination and outer influence!

In him was life; and the life was the light of men. (John 1: 4.)

$35,000 for Saving Child

WILLIAM BUSBY, formerly a soldier in the British army and now a hornplayer in an orchestra in Melbourne, has been left $35,000 under these romantic circumstances: Ten years ago Mr. Busby rescued from drowning a child who had fallen over the Chelsea Bridge into the Thames. The father of the child handed him $50 and said: "You will hear from me later." And he did in the news communicated to him by cablegram that the father of the child had died, and left him $35,000 in his will. The young soldier in his manly act had no idea of reward. He was utterly unselfish and took the risk of his own life in the rescue. But the father was grateful, and did the gracious thing by him. Sooner or later every good act will bring its reward. It may not be in dollars and cents, but it will come in coin more valuable. The apostle refers to this law in these words:

Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor. (I. Cor. 3: 8)

THE KOREAN PUZZLE

The chief danger is from the possibility that the sensational press in Japan may exploit the false reports to the damage of the representatives of Christianity, but this on the other hand will be corrected by the utterances of the more sober-minded and influential papers of the country. The whole incident is of temporary rather than permanent importance. Though for a time we shall undoubtedly be caught in its heat and distress, yet without doubt when the whole thing has been probed to the bottom and the real truth discovered, things will resume their normal condition. and as is well known, the normal condition in Japan is not at all antagonistic to the Christian propaganda. It must not be forgotten, however, that the Christian Church will have to reckon with the misunderstanding that seems to prevail among the police and gendarmerie concerning the purpose and the privilege of the Christian Church in Korea. A misunderstanding may have arisen between the local authorities at Syenchun and the local church authorities, but it is incredible that out of a small affair like that this great complication should have arisen. In common with other missionary leaders in the United States, I am

Continued from page 771

awaiting further light on the whole situation in its genesis and its development and its outcome."

Much less lenient is the opinion expressed by Mr. Seek Hun Kimm, president of the New ... Korean Patriotic Society. In a statement rece... issued Mr. Kimm declares: "Korea is a Chris... nation to-day and the Japanese are seeking to ... plant this religion with Shintoism."

While waiting confirmation of ei... side, American Christians earnestly h... that the opinions expressed by Dr. J... and the other missionary leaders are ... rect and that this episode will not in ... degree block the progress of the Ch... tian faith in old Korea, where alre... one hundred and twenty thousand pe... are said to have accepted Christ ... many flourishing churches are in e... tence.

While authorities at Washington h... followed closely the Korean reports, ... official action was taken as late as J... 26, and it is not likely that any repres... tations to the Japanese Government ... be made. No direct charges were m... against American citizens, and while i... believed that there must have been s... official pressure brought to bear to ext... the confessions implicating the Am... cans whose names were thus brou... into the trial, this in itself would not c... stitute a cause for official representati... to Japan from Washington.

A Korean Middle Class Christian

A Scene by the Roadside, Korea

MIDSUMMER JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

THIS summer is an unusually busy one at our Children's Home. Ever since the opening day, the dormitories have been kept full and every little snowy cot has its tiny occupant. Applications have been received in behalf of hundreds of other little tenement dwellers, and any of our readers who have not yet sent in their contributions have now an opportunity to do so, and to make some little child of poverty happy for ten whole blissful, health-giving days at the Children's Paradise.

Among the letters received from friends of the Home there are many that express hearty appreciation of the Fresh-Air work. H. H., Martin, Mich., encloses a contribution to the Endowment Fund, and writes: "It is the accrued savings in a toy bank of years ago by my son Howard. He was a frail but good boy, and after a week's illness in the autumn of '93 he was called home. I have been in New York enough to know the needs of a little fresh air for the poor waifs of that city." Mrs. L. S. E. writes, expressing cordial appreciation of the kind treatment accorded to her beneficiaries, three little brothers from Newark, N. J. "It was the first glimpse they ever had of the beautiful Hudson and the lovely country along its shores." Mrs. L. H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that her little son came home from Mont-Lawn "so well and full of loving fun and happy and brown as a berry. He just loves Mont-Lawn and his teachers. Each evening we sit together and he sings the dear Mont-Lawn songs." A poor mother in the Bronx, New York, writes, appealing for an outing for her two little boys, who are sickly. Her husband is in the hospital as the result of an accident.

A widow on the West Side, New York City, pleads for her three little children, who are eager to go to Mont-Lawn, and for whom she cannot afford to pay for a holiday. A missionary on Eighth Avenue says she has thirty poor children who are looking longingly to her to get them accepted for the Children's Home. Mary D., West One Hundred-and-Twenty-third Street, New York, writes in behalf of a poor little deaf lad, who is also somewhat lame, but whose eyes lighten up amazingly when told that he may go "to the country." These will probably all be accepted and sent to our Children's Home within the next few weeks.

There have been many visitors at the Home recently, a large proportion of whom came there this season for the first time. All unite in expressing their admiration of the work. The handsome new bathing pavilion is now nearly completed and will go into operation shortly. It will be a great boon to the children.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR OUR CHILDREN'S HOME NOT PREVIOUSLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

In the name of Howard W. Herbert	$250.00	Jno. F. Burke	1.00
Geo. P. Ahlf	10.00	Mrs. Sarah J. Burton	5.00
Helen T. K. Brunner	1.00	Frances H. Butler	21.00
Emery W. Buckley	1.00	Mrs. J. W. Butler	1.00
M. J. Buechler	4.00	J. P. Button	5.00
Dr. E. Burd	6.00	Mrs. J. F. Byxbee	1.00
James W. Burdette	5.00	Mrs. H. P. Calkins	3.00
L. H. Burdick	1.00	Mrs. H. A. Camp	25.00
		E. F. Campbell	1.00
J. R. Campbell	1.00	Albert Clark	
Mark Campbell	1.00	Miss E. V. Clark	
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Annie F. Carlton	3.00	Geo. W. Clendening	
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		Sadie N. Davis	
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		Mrs. M. Day	
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		H. F. Dernell	21
		J. Dettmar	
		S. S. Dickson	10
		Mrs. M. G. Donaldson	
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		Charles Dorr	10
		Miss Alice E. Dougan	
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		Lottie L. Duren	
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		Annie M. Eastman	21
		Mrs. A. E. Eaton	21
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		Mrs. George H. Eck	
		Mrs. J. G. Edmonds	
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		Mrs. Chas. Ferguson	
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		Mrs. Mattie Freman	10
		Mrs. C. R. French	
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		Mrs. L. F. French	
		Mrs. M. J. French	

THE GOSPEL AT THE CURBSTONE

AN OPEN AIR MEETING IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

THE National Bible Institute of 156 Fifth Avenue last year held over eleven hundred distinct out-door evangelistic meetings with an aggregate attendance, by actual count, of 165,000 men, women, and children. Inquiries revealed that nearly eighty per cent. of the auditors attended no church or were without church membership. This year the work is carried on on a larger scale, as more speakers, singers, and helpers than ever are enlisted in the out-door evangelistic campaign, which has for its ideal an every-day evangelism carried on continuously in the teeming metropolis. Six years ago Don O. Shelton and his associate, R. Willis Reed, under the branches of one of the trees that beautify Madison Square Park, held their first meeting at high noon, and meetings have since that time been continued there and at Union Square and other dense centers of city life. Though theological students and ministers help in the work, the aim has been to enlist the laymen systematically in the meetings in business centers on business days. Now the speakers are largely alert, active, magnetic, Christ-loving and loyal business men. Like a business man's church, it ministers to the unshepherded, uncared for, and unsaved crowds, who need and are hungry for God's Word. To speak on the curb and hold the crowd one needs a good vocal apparatus and a bright mind and modern vocabulary, without cant or over-religious Latinized words. But the crowd, from hundreds to a thousand, as at Printing House Square, will listen as long as you talk from a saved experience to lost men and tell them of Jesus only. The curb-stone crowd will leave you to speak to the pavement if you do not have a vital message worth while for time-driven men. Out of touch with God and far from their best, multitudes gather to hear the noon-day Gospel and are held, touched and saved.

The work is supported by voluntary contributions. Hugh R. Munroe is treasurer, and Evangelist David Hughes, a converted Welsh opera singer, is director of the out-door campaign, where often his sweet voice is heard pleading with the men to give their hearts to the Lord, or singing some sweet Gospel hymn like "Saved by Grace," "My Lord and I," or a melody born in the Welsh revival. In Mr. Shelton's office a conference and prayer meeting is held each day by the workers for God's blessing on the men and their messages.

JOHNNY CUP-O'-TEA

By Catharine Houghton Griebel

JOHNNY cleared his throat and asked for a cup of tea in his politest manner. It was a crisp evening in October and the hatchet-faced man who stood in the doorway shivered as he peered into the gathering dusk. Johnny s surprised to see the man there. Only two nths before, his wanderings had brought him vn this identical road and a woman, a weary-king little woman, had given him his breakfast. was an exceedingly warm day, he remembered, d she was bending over a hot stove frying crul-s. She had given him some, too, and they were icious.

Johnny had occasion to see many people in his vels and he had become a keen observer of his low men. That was why, instead of asking for nething to eat, he always asked for a cup of tea. "Most every one'll give yer tea," he explained, n' it's mighty few won't be offering yer a bite to with it."

Ever since Johnny could remember he had been tramp, and he decided he must have been born e; for his earliest recollection was of lying flat on back in a great field, watching the clouds sail and feeling glad he was alive.

ice, when he grew older, he d tried to work in a shop, but was so utterly miserable that gave it up and went back to e road.

Work! Why, Johnny was per-ctly willing to work—but he anted to choose his own time r doing it. For days at a ne he would loaf along the untry highways, watching the rds and squirrels until he was eary, and then, creeping off to a clump of trees, have a ap, lying on his face with the hell of the cool earth in his strils. He often wondered w any one could sleep in a bed the summertime, when he ight, if he chose, lie under e stars and wake with the rds at rosy dawn! When the ngs of hunger assailed him, would amble to the nearest rmhouse, and, asking mod-tly for a cup of tea, be served ith a hearty meal of corned ef and cabbage by the good-atured housewife. For every ie knew Johnny Cup-o'-Tea, id hardly one of them but knew at he could do more work— hen he felt like it—than any vo men in the neighborhood.

And so he had grown from oung Johnny to middle-aged ohnny, and now—well, his hair as scant and gray, and his old gs were twisted with rheu-atism. He had a number of old coats which he ore, one over the other, according to the weather. o-day he wore four and consequently looked quite obust, though really he was getting so thin that a rong blast from the north almost lifted him off ie ground.

He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as ie man in the doorway continued to stare. He as really very hungry and he had gone out of his ay to come to this particular house. He remem-ered the excellent crullers.

"I hope she ain't dead," he thought. And he re-alled the frailness of the little woman.

Then the Man spoke.

"I ain't got much in the house, but I'll find uthin' fer ye, Johnny."

Once inside, Johnny Cup-o'-Tea looked curiously bout for the Woman. "She must 'a' died," he oncluded, gazing pityingly at the Man as he set he tea-kettle over the fire. The red tablecloth was wry, and there were ashes on the floor by the tove. The kitchen-towel hung from its roller treaked with grime. There was a pile of dirty ishes in the dish-pan, and a basket of half-decayed pples on the shelf. A geranium, by the window, rooped, withered and sickly, and half its leaves ay yellowed on the floor.

A loaf of unwholesome-looking bread was rought from the pantry, and this, together with huge wedge of strong cheese, washed down with veak tea, formed an evening meal for the two men.

At first they talked about the weather and the rops; of the early frost that had killed the corn; f the other damage it had done in some localities.

"I hed a fine lot o' inyuns, though," remarked the Man as he gulped down a second cupful of tea. "Fine!"

"I noticed 'em when I wuz here in August," said Johnny. Had he not lain by that very stone wall all one afternoon, and then pulled a few of these same onions to eat on his bread for supper?

"Wuz you here?" asked the Man eagerly.

"Yep! Hed my breakfast right at this 'ere table."

The Man carefully buttered another slice of bread before he spoke. He took a huge bite, and while he chewed it, seemed debating what he should say next.

"Ye saw *her* then?" he asked after a few minutes, looking over the top of Johnny's head.

"Hm-hm. She give me a right good breakfast, too. She was fryin' nut-cakes when I come in." Johnny grew eloquent. Perhaps now he should hear what had ailed the Woman. But the Man ate the entire slice of bread before he spoke again. Then, as if he had dropped the subject, he said:

"I—I've hed the pump fixed. It's been broke fur more'n a year. She hed t' tug most o' the water from the well."

Drawn by Corwin Knapp Linson

"I came to-night to git out his winter flannels . . . I wuz afraid he couldn't find 'em"

Johnny made no reply, but he made up his mind that it would have done the Woman more good if the pump had been fixed while she was alive.

"I've got a big box outside the kitchen door now —t' keep wood in. She uster bring it all in from the shed an' it's quite a ways when it's bad weather."

Again Johnny ruminated on the tardiness of the Man in making things easier for his wife.

"I got a good bit o' cash fur my inyuns," continued the Man, "an' I wus calculatin' to give her some fur clothes. I been savin' t' git some new-fangled machine fur threshin', but—" his voice trailed off and he put down the piece of cheese he had cut without tasting it.

"I—didn't—know how much I thought o' her till she—"

Johnny interrupted. "That's the way o' the world, Mr. Man. When—they're dead—then—we know."

The Man stared at him with wide eyes.

"Dead!" He swallowed uncomfortably. "She ain't dead, Johnny. She's—she's run off—an' left me!"

"Left yer!" Johnny's eyes showed his astonishment.

"That's what she did—an'—I dunno es I blame her. I—didn't mean fur t' make her unhappy—but she'd gone on—uncomplainin' fur so many years, I—thought 'twas all right.

"That day she'd asked me fur money fur a new dress. Said she hadn't hed one since Minnie—thet's our little gal thet died when she wuz a baby—wuz born. Wall, she always looked clean an' good in her calico dress an' I said that wuz enough fur her. I wanted t' buy a new horse, an' paint the barn, I told her. An' then she up an' spoke her little piece.

"I never knowed she felt like thet afore. Why, we had been married twenty years come spring, an' —she'd never said a word—never complained once in all thet time. Three years ago I wus goin' to git a new stove an' she wus so pleased! Then I lost two cows an' hed t' put the money into s'more an' she never even said she wuz disappinted.

"But this day she let it all out. I'd never thought about it thet way afore—an' I went right down t' the village an' bought her the best silk dress Bill Pierce hed in his store. An' when I come home—she—wuz—gone.

"Et first I thought she'd come back in a day 'r two, an' when she didn't come I tried t' find out where she wuz. But 'twant no use. I've been everywheres. I can't find hide nor hair o' her.

"After the second week I didn't lock the back door nights any more, hopin' she'd show up—but—it's so long now I'm thinkin' she won't never come home.

"I bought a new stove, too—an' a mattress fur the spare chamber. She's always wanted one. I've got all the things she's ever spoke of, an'—"

The Man bowed his head on his hands and Johnny Cup-o'-Tea knew he was crying.

"I'm—I'm awful sorry fer ye," stammered Johnny. "Ef ye could only find her, why, p'raps she'd give yer another chanst. Wimmen is patient critters, mostly, an' fergivin' too."

The Man shook his head and began to clear away the dishes.

"S'posin' we wash up them dishes," suggested Johnny, hoping to divert the Man.

The Man hesitated. "I usually let 'em go fer a week an' then do 'em all t'onct," he remarked.

But he filled the kettle, and while they waited for the water to heat, Johnny took off a few of his coats in preparation for his task. He hadn't done a day's work for a week now. It had been such glorious weather, he felt that he must enjoy it while it lasted; for winter would soon be here and he couldn't stand the cold as he used to.

The Man grew cheerful as they worked, and when the last dish was set in its place and the fire banked for the night, he insisted that Johnny sleep on the lounge in the kitchen.

"I'd let yer sleep in the spare chamber ef 'twan't fer that new mattress," he said.

But Johnny declared that he preferred the lounge. Indeed it was much more like his usual bed than the mattress would have been, for it was as hard as the rockiest pasture-land and it was covered with a gay flowered carpet that would have put to shame any field on the face of the earth! And Johnny Cup-o'-Tea slept sweetly.

And as he slept he dreamed of the little Woman who belonged there in the house. She seemed to be frying an indeterminable number of crisp, brown crullers, but whenever Johnny tried to reach one it disappeared. And, when he tried to induce the Woman to give him one, she disappeared also. Johnny was so unhappy to think that she was gone that he wakened and lay for some time watching the bright isinglass eyes in the stove.

"That's a mighty good stove," he thought drowsily. "It's a pity—"

The doorknob turned softly. Johnny's heart stood still a full second. The door opened—and in the dim light he could see the slight form of the Woman. He knew her in a minute, and, when she carefully lighted a candle she had brought with her, he spoke softly.

"It's only me—Johnny Cup-o'-Tea—ma'am," he breathed—not to startle her.

She dropped the candle, but it was quickly recovered, and Johnny explained his presence.

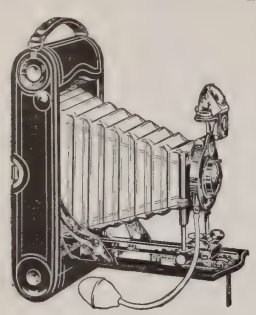
"I'm goin' to the city to-morrow," said the Woman in a whisper.

"He tol' me ye wuz gone," murmured Johnny.

"I—come—to-night to git out his winter flannels," continued the Woman. "They're put away in the chest an' I wuz afraid he couldn't find 'em. It's

Continued on next page

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



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JOHNNY CUP-O'-TEA

Continued from preceding page

growin' cold an' ef he don't put 'em on early he's likely t' git a cold that'll hang on all winter."

She disappeared into the next room and Johnny could hear her moving softly about. "It's a wonder *he* wouldn't hear her," thought Johnny. Then he remembered that the Man had closed the door after him.

In a few moments the Woman returned with the garments which she looked over carefully.

"I'll leave 'em in the closet right by his coat," she said. "Then he can't help but see 'em."

"I wish't ye'd stay," said Johnny after a while.

"Stay!" the Woman looked at him indignantly.

"Why—yes—ma'am. He feels purty bad t' think ye've gone," explained Johnny.

"Humph!" She began to put on her coat.

"That's right," continued the old man. "He's bought a new stove."

" 'Bout time! The other's been wore out fer five years."

"He's got a wood-box by the door."

"Noticed it when I come in," said the Woman shortly.

"An' the pump's fixed—an'—an' there's a new mattress in the spare chamber—an'—" Johnny thought desperately. If he could only remember all the things the Man had done.

"He's awful sorry he wuz so clost with ye," pleaded Johnny. "He's sold his inyuns an' got a right good price fer 'em, an'—an'—he bought ye a new dress. Yes ma'am! A bumbazine dress! Or wuz it silk?"

The Woman stood quite near Johnny now, and in the flickering light of the candle he could see tears in her eyes.

"He's about—sick—from not bein' able t' find ye. He can't work nor do nothin'. He's got everythin' ye ever spoke of, he says, an' he'll git ye anythin' else ye want, I reckon. He's mighty fond o' ye, ma'am—ye'd oughter hear him talk! An' that day ye went off—that very day—he'd—bought—ye—that—dress! Silk! I'm sure he said silk—an' when he brung it home ye was gone! I wish't ye would stay, ma'am. He—he needs ye bad."

The soft light of early dawn crept through the kitchen window while the two talked. The roosters began to crow and the sparrows in the maple tree by the door chirped noisily. The Woman noticed the drooping geranium in the window and began to pick up the scattered leaves. And all the while Johnny pleaded for the Man!

"An' thet dress, ma'am, he bought ye! The—best—one—Bill Pierce—hed—in—his—store!"

The Woman took down the soiled towel and put a clean one in its place. She brushed up the ashes by the stove, and straightened the red tablecloth.

Encouraged, Johnny talked on, and, when the sun began to show through the apple trees, the Woman took off her hat and coat and started up the fire.

Johnny's eyes were very happy when he saw her take down the frying-pan and begin to slice some bacon. He put on his coats, and, under plea of a promised day's work at a neighboring farm, started for the door.

"He'll be awful glad ye're here," he said from the threshold, "awful—glad."

The Woman smiled, a pale little smile, and continued her preparations for breakfast.

"Come around another day an' I'll give ye some crullers," she said.

Then came heavy steps on the stairs, and Johnny Cup-o'-Tea clapped on his faded hat and was gone. A moment more and he would have heard the glad cry of the Man as he gathered the little Woman in his arms to kiss away her tears.

Among the Workers

—A READER IN PASADENA, CALIF., writes us that Pasadena, contrary to a very widespread impression, for the last four years has not been a "dry" city. The "drys," however, have not lost hope of yet succeeding in their campaign.

—REV. W. BROWNE, of England, a preacher well known in general evangelical work in that country, is visiting the United States. He will accept engagements to speak in missions, etc., and may be addressed in the care of this journal.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN recently concluded one of the best union meetings ever held at New Kensington, Pa. A large tabernacle erected by different churches held over 109,000 people during the campaign. Over a thousand conversions were reported.

—W. FRED LONG, secretary of the Mississippi Sunday School Association, Jackson, Miss., writes that they are doing an exceptional thing in having a negro secretary working among his own race. "He is making good and we are making history against no little opposition. We believe God will give us the friends we need to help us in this work."

—REV. H. D. SHELDON, evangelist, Auburn, N. Y., assisted by William McEwan, Binghamton, N. Y., recently conducted a very successful evangelistic campaign in the First Congregational Church, Huntington, W. Va. The whole congregation has been spiritually revived, and about thirty professed conversion, most of whom have, or will in the near future, come into church fellowship.

—HOME MISSION WEEK is to be celebrated by the Protestant churches of America from November 17 to 24. The committee having this matter in charge is desirous of securing articles on twelve subjects which are to be presented each week during the three months' preliminary period. Details will be given upon request by Mr. Charles Stelzle, executive secretary, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

—MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK, who labored for seventeen years at Ourfa, Asiatic Turkey, was one of the world's great heroines. During the massacre of the Armenians in 1895 she personally saved over three hundred lives by her heroism, and later built up a great industrial work and school in Ourfa, whereby the widows have been enabled to support themselves and the orphans educated and industrially trained. She remained at her post until a few weeks before her death, May 22, 1910. It is proposed to honor her memory by erecting a building in Ourfa to be called "Shattuck Memorial Hall" for educational and religious purposes in connection with the orphanage and schools she founded.

—THE MOVEMENT FOR church unity received vigorous sanction in the resolution recently passed by the bishops, clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church, in convocation at Clarendon, Tex. The resolution was as follows: "Resolved, That this convocation heartily place on record its earnest desire for Christian union, and as an end thereto recommends (a) the clergy and laity to avail themselves of any opportunity for Christian co-operation which does not involve a sacrifice of church principles, and (b) that the clergy seek opportunities to confer with their brethren of other communions concerning the principles of Christian union."

—ONE OF THE MOST prominent and best educated citizens of Newark, O., passed away when Dr. Wray Beattie was called to his reward last February. Dr. Beattie was born in Ireland, January 6, 1831. When he was two years old his parents moved to this country. He was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1852, receiving later many college degrees, among them that of doctor of medicine. He became a professor in Iowa Wesleyan University and was subsequently made vice-president of that institution. For a time he was engaged in missionary work in South America. Thirty years of his long and useful life were spent in the practice of medicine, chiefly in Washington, D. C.

—DR. J. H. ROMIG writes from Seward, Alaska, thanking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for their generosity in sending pecuniary help for some of the poor diseased and needy natives for whom it bought much-needed medicines. He says further: "I received a check of the same amount for a like purpose about two years ago, which I applied on the account of a destitute miner, whom misfortune had brought to my hospital. I amputated his limb and boarded and cared for him for seven months before he was able to care for himself. Last year we treated over eighty natives gratis. One of these was going blind. The others needed treatment for different ailments and as they were poor no compensation could be had from them, and there was no source from which we could secure such. There are continual calls for medicine and surgical aid and we are doing all we can to alleviate suffering, among those unable to pay for care and who are far from the aid of a charitable institution. Alaska has no organized charity except what is done by the Missions, and the small amount carried on by schools and the gratuitous work of physicians."

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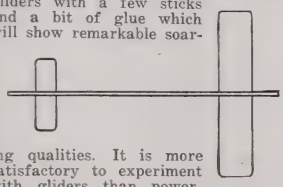
Long Distance Model Glider

A GREAT deal has been learned of late about the action of the glider, or the model aeroplane which flies without any propelling device. It is now possible to construct gliders with a few sticks and a bit of glue which will show remarkable soaring qualities. It is more satisfactory to experiment with gliders than power-driven models, because there is so much less mechanism to get out of order, and the results are more certain.



Still another advantage of this model is that it may be flown even in very high winds. When launched against the wind it will not travel forward or backward as might be imagined, but will stand or rise almost vertically, and then, as it meets with less resistance, will soar gracefully forward. Once aloft it will swoop like a bird in long graceful lines, often returning to the exact spot from which it was launched.

Such a glider may be made in several sizes, but a small model is best to begin with. To enlarge your model it is only necessary to build a new model, exactly doubling all its dimensions. The best wood for the purpose is probably white pine, although any straight-grained wood of light weight will serve. A soft wood will be found easier to work with.

For the backbone of your model prepare a stick, fifteen inches in length and about three-sixteenths of an inch square. See that the piece is perfectly straight. Plane and sandpaper the stick until it is perfectly smooth and its sides will offer as little resistance to the air as possible. The model will require a rudder, which should be cut from a thin board not more than one-sixteenth of an inch thick. Make your rudder two inches square. This should be fastened to the main stick by gluing it an inch from the end flush with the top of the stick.

The two planes should be cut from wood of the same thickness. Make one ten by two inches and the smaller plane four by one and a half inches. Sandpaper them all carefully. The larger plane should be fastened to the end above the rudder, the smaller plane near the opposite end. Secure them in position by tying them firmly with rubber bands. These will hold them in position, and at the same time allow you to slip them back and forth to get just the right position.

Begin your tests by placing the planes about one inch from either end. The glider should be thrown against the wind with the small plane forward. Be careful to throw it in a straight line, and not upward or downward. Should it dive down, raise the plane by placing a small piece of wood beneath the front of the forward plane. If it tilts to one side, slip the planes a trifle in the other direction until it travels on an even keel.

EDITOR'S NOTE. — Mr. Francis A. Collins, author of the well-known Boys' Books of Model Aeroplanes, has written expressly for the "younger readers" of the CHRISTIAN HERALD a second series of articles on up-to-date Miniature Air Shipping, of which this is the first. It was crowded out of last week's magazine. Any of our boys and girls who have not already received a complimentary copy of the Cozy Corner booklet No. 3, titled *Miniature Air Shipping*, may have one by writing a letter for it and sending a self-addressed and stamped envelope, 5½ x 3½ in.

Barbara Sheffield, a Cozy Corner Girl

GUESS ME PLEASE

You may find me in May but not in June,
A simple statement to understand soon,
I am not in November, in April am I,
I am in October, but am not in July,
I am not in hot August, but in cool December.
My last letter is in but one month of the year.

Send answers to the Cozy Corner Aunt before August 14. The answer will be published here on that date.

Such a Nice Letter

DEAR AUNT IN THE COZY CORNER:

I received my prize kite in good shape and I was very glad to get it. Thank you ever so much for sending it to me. I have three hundred feet of string on it now. I fly it every day and it goes all the way up. I am sending you a picture of myself.

Your Cozy Corner Boy, OSCAR NELSON.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

In the Garden Long Ago

THE garden was pleasant with old-fashioned flowers,
The sunflowers and hollyhocks stood up like towers.
There were dark turncapped lilies and jessamine rare,
Sweet thyme and marjoram scented the air.

The moon made the sundial tell the time wrong;
'Twas the time in the year for the nightingale's song:
The box-trees were clipped into alleys so straight
Till you came by the shrubbery hard by the gate.

Fairies stepped out of the lavender beds
With mob-caps and wings on their quaint little heads;
My lord had a sword, my lady a fan;
Music struck up and the frolic began.

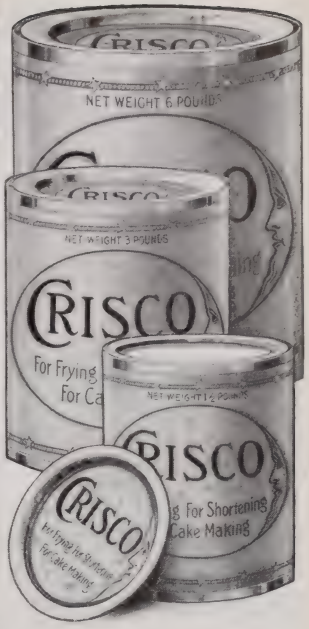
I watched them go through the grave minuet;
Their pretty sweet antics I'll never forget:
They bowed and they curtsied, the brave and the fair,
And laughter like chirping of crickets was there.

Then all of a sudden the church clock rang out!
With flutter and shiver they hurried about;
The cock crew, the wind blew, the trees tossed their heads,
And the fairy folk hid in the lavender beds.

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY RANDS.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner



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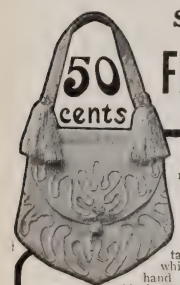

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

R. S. S., Oklahoma City, Okla. We often hear that Noah was 120 years building the Ark. How do we get the time, 120 years?

The passage in Gen. 6: 3 and the corresponding passages in I. Pet. 3: 20, II. Pet. 2: 5 are generally interpreted as meaning that a respite of 120 years was mercifully granted to bring the race to repentance, and during this period Noah, who was a "preacher of righteousness," labored in the work of awakening the people to the enormity of their sins and of urging them to repentance. It does not necessarily mean that that period was occupied in building the Ark. (We have no means of answering your other question.)

M. S. B. M., Weehawken, N. J. At the time when God said he would destroy humanity with a flood on account of the wickedness of man, was polygamy one of the greatest evils? After the flood, according to the Bible, what was the first evil committed?

By reason of their long lives, the antediluvians had fallen into many sins. This is expressly stated in Gen. 6: 5, 6. We may gather from Gen. 4: 19 that polygamy was known and practiced, but the universal depravity to which the Bible refers does not specify this particularly. Their sins must have been widespread to justify the description in Gen. 6: 11-13. The first grievous sin of which we have any record immediately after the flood was the sin that came from Noah's drunkenness.

L. G. H., Hopkinsville, Ky. 1. What is the greatest height attained by an aeronaut? 2. What height is it possible to attain? 3. Will the moon ever be reached?

1. Glaisher and Coxwell, two Englishmen, on September 5, 1862, ascended over 30,000 feet in a balloon and had almost lost consciousness, as there was no artificial oxygen in those days, when Coxwell managed to open the descending valve with his teeth. This is the greatest height ever reached by man. Present day aviators in aeroplanes have ascended as high as 12,000 feet. 2. It is hard to say. At a height of about five miles the air becomes so tenuous that life is almost impossible, but aviators carry compressed oxygen and with the aid of this agency it may be possible to ascend to a much greater height. 3. No, the moon can never be reached by any means within our present comprehension. The atmosphere extends only a short distance beyond the earth's surface (200 miles in an extremely attenuated form) and where it ceases space becomes but a vacuum. The moon is a dead mass of rock, with no air, no water, where no kind of life or vegetation is possible.

R. M., Decatur. How is the book of Job to be interpreted? As a real history or as a dramatic allegory?

Job is the oldest of the Biblical books. Its principal character is an Arabian, a godly man of Uz in North Arabia. Job is believed to have been a real personage—a type of the earliest patriarchs, a man of high intelligence and great faith. The story is cast in dramatic form. Professor S. S. Curry, of Yale and Harvard Divinity Schools, thus outlines it: the place, a hill outside the city; a rising storm flashing lightning, rolling thunder and a rainbow; the speakers, God, the patriarch Job, his friends, and Satan; the theme, the mystery of human suffering, and human existence." To which may be added, a sublime faith in the divine wisdom, righteousness and justice.

A. S., Washington, D. C. Whenever one wants any passage of Scripture made a little plainer he calls on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for he almost invariably gets a satisfactory explanation. 1. In Luke 8: 26-36 is the account of a man having devils. What became of the evil spirits which had entered the swine? These evil spirits recognized Jesus as the Son of God. 2. In John 5: 2-9, we read of the pool called Bethesda, of which it was said, at certain times an angel went down and troubled the waters. Did an angel actually come down and disturb the water? It seems to me there was superstition exhibited about that pool, and Jesus took the opportunity to show the impotent man, and possibly many others, that faith in the Christ was the all important thing.

1. This question has been frequently raised. According to the law of Moses, swine were unclean, and any Jew owning them or using them as food violated this law. The destruction of the herd and the question of the destination of the evil spirits has been well explained by Trench in his famous book on *Miracles.* He wrote: "A man is of more value than many swine," and added that it is not necessary to suppose that our Lord *sent* the devils into the swine, but merely *permitted* them to go, adding further that if those Gadarene villagers who owned the swine were Jews, as may be supposed, they were properly punished by the loss of that which they ought not to have had at all. As for the evil spirits, it is reasonable to conclude that they found a congenial refuge somewhere else. With regard to their recognition of Jesus as divine, we have Scripture assurance that "the devils believe and tremble." 2. It should be observed that the evangelist, in giving an account of the pool, does nothing more than to state the popular belief (probably a legend) as he found it, without vouching for it except so far as it explained the invalid's presence there. Jesus simply put aside as of no moment the alleged healing virtues of the pool, and aroused the man's faith in that power which alone could minister to his need.

H. G. D., Bismarck, N. D. What is the amount of the public debt, and was it on account of war that it was contracted?

In 1911, $2,831,330,305.66. The debt is mostly on account of war, especially the Civil War. Eight principal debts have been contracted by the nation, and these have overlapped each other and also have been complicated with incidental loans for special purposes. Five of the debts were for wars—that of Independence, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War and the Spanish-American War. The other three were due to the commercial panics of 1837 and 1857 and the imminent silver bankruptcy of 1893.

J. H. M., Oliver Springs, Tenn. Is it consistent with a Christian life to cherish a revengeful spirit?

The Gospel teaching on the subject is so clear that we are surprised that the question should be asked. The spirit of revenge was rebuked and condemned by Jesus himself on many occasions. See Luke 6: 27-37 and similar passages. The old natural law of justice—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"—was superseded under the Gospel by the law of love and forgiveness. No one who claims to be a follower of Jesus will cherish revenge in his heart against any one. We are to forgive as we ourselves hope to be forgiven.

E. R., Harrison, Ark. What denominations were represented in the committee who revised the Bible in 1911?

Practically all the Protestant denominations were represented. The Committee on Textual Corrections included Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Reformed Episcopal, Dutch Reformed, Congregationalist and Lutheran. It had thirty-three members, and included the most distinguished living scholars in these denominations.

L., Brooklyn, N. Y. I have just had an argument with a Roman Catholic about the Sacrament. He says that after the priest blesses it, it becomes a part of the real body and blood of Christ, and quotes John 6: 53, 54. Please explain.

Transubstantiation (the term applied to the change of the substance of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ at the Sacrament) is a doctrine held by some, but not all, of the Christian churches. The Church of England and a large number of Protestant bodies hold that the bread and wine are sanctified symbols. Chrysostom wrote that after divine grace had sanctified the bread, "it is no longer called bread, but dignified with the name of the body of the Lord, although the nature of bread remains in it." Theodoret declared that the bread and wine remain still in their own nature, after consecration. Augustine taught that what they saw upon the altar was bread and the cup, as their own eyes could testify; but that their faith required to be instructed that the bread is the body of Christ; and he added, "These things are therefore called sacraments, because in them one thing is seen and another is understood. That which is seen has a bodily appearance; that which is understood has a spiritual fruit." Isidore of Seville said: "These two things are visible, but being sanctified by the Holy Ghost, they become the sacrament of the Lord's body." Luther held the doctrine of the true presence of the body and blood of Christ, saying, "The bread is the body, the wine is the blood of the Lord," according to a sacramental union, but not in the manner of transubstantiation, adhering literally to the language of the Scriptures. The Catholic Church has always held the doctrine of the real, corporeal presence. With a few exceptions the Protestants interpret the Saviour's language figuratively, and hold that Jesus intended to convey to men the lesson that unless they voluntarily appropriated to themselves his death and sacrifice, so that they become their very life and nourishment, they can have no spiritual and eternal life at all.

Mrs. F. A. A., Garber, Okla. 1. Please explain Matt. 11: 11. 2. Also tell us if the one spoken of as being raised up under the apple tree (Song of Solomon 8: 5) is or has reference to our Saviour.

1. Jesus was here referring not to John's personal character, but presumably to his official standing or position in the economy of grace, in which, although he was above those that went before him, he belonged to the old dispensation and was therefore behind the humblest worker in the new order of things. See Matt. 11: 15; Luke 16: 16, which further illustrate the meaning of the passage. 2. The reference here is to restored Israel who comes up from the wilderness where she has long sojourned. Some commentators hold that the

Continued on next page

THE STRANGER

I WAS a stranger, and ye took me in."
The Master had no time for idle words.
Fraught with deep meaning all,
Though all were of the dear familiar things—
A Jewish mother at her daily task,
A wayside plant, a lily pure, and birds.

"I was a stranger sad." Did he then know
The heartache, heavy, desolate, and drear,
And hunger of the soul,
Keener by far than body hunger is,
That comes to strangers on an alien soil,
Long separate from all to life most dear?

"I was a stranger," and to me ye gave
A welcome warm, and set for me a place
With friends and kindred dear.
For this thy welcome in that Day shall be,
"Come, blessed of my Father"—from the King—
"At my right hand shalt thou behold my face."

A stranger? When, Lord, saw we thee alone
And bade thee share our humble home and vine
Low came the answer sweet:
"As to the very least of these ye did"—
Not asking a reward of them again—
"Ye did it unto me, for they are mine."

"Yea, inasmuch as unto these the least,"
Forbid, O Master, it should be our lot,
For lack of vision clear,
To see the stranger, and not take him in;
To hear thy voice, all full of sadness, say,
"I came, a stranger, and ye knew me not!"

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Ask Your Grocer

(77)

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"I continued to drink it for years until grew to be a man, and then I found I ad stomach trouble, nervous headaches, oor circulation, was unable to do a full ay's work, took medicine for this, that, nd the other thing, without the least enefit. In fact I only weighed 116 when was 28.

"Then I changed from coffee to Postum, eing the first one in our family to do so. noticed, as I did the rest of the family, hat I was surely gaining strength and esh. Shortly after I was visiting my ousin who said, 'You look so much better —you're getting fat.'

"At breakfast his wife passed me a cup f coffee, as she knew I was always such coffee drinker, but I said, 'No, thank ou.'

"'What!' said my cousin, 'you quit offee? What do you drink?'

"'Postum,' I said, 'or water, and I am ell.' They did not know what Postum as, but my cousin had stomach trouble nd could not sleep at night from drinking offee three times a day. He was glad to earn about Postum but said he never new coffee hurt anyone." (Tea is just as njurious as coffee because it contains *affeine*, the same drug found in coffee.)

"After understanding my condition and ow I got well he knew what to do for imself. He discovered that coffee was he cause of his trouble as he never used obacco or anything else of the kind. You hould see the change in him now. We oth believe that if persons who suffer rom coffee drinking would stop and use Postum they could build back to health nd happiness." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

language is the bride (the church) addressing Christ, referring to the incarnation and the sacrifice for humanity, the "apple tree" referring to Eden and to the divine love that foresaw and provided for the spiritual needs of the race.

J. B. N., Hartford, Conn. 1. What is the distance of the nearest fixed star from the earth? 2. What is the brightest star in our sky? 3. Has the universe a boundary?

1. **Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, is** twenty-five trillions of miles from the earth, or in astronomical language, it is four "light years" away; that is, light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, requires four years in coming from this star to the earth. 2. Sirius, commonly called the Dog-star; eight "light years" away. 3. To this question there can be but one answer: "We don't know." The most learned philosopher that ever lived, the greatest scientist on earth to-day could give no more satisfactory one. The infinite, which necessarily is, is necessarily incomprehensible.

R. S., New York. The selection of a Roman Catholic prelate to pronounce the opening invocation at the two conventions was another illustration of the growth of that power in American politics. Ordinarily, it would have made little difference what church performed that office, as here all religions stand on an equal footing; but at this time, when the question of Romanist activity in political affairs is an acute one and widely discussed, it was palpably a bid for Catholic support by the political managers who hoped to dictate the nominations. These are by no means the first instances of the kind, however, in the history of presidential conventions.

Miscellaneous

A. T. Adam bestowed upon his companion the name of "Eve" (Gen. 3: 20).

L. S., Waterloo, N. Y. If you have an enlightened conscience and follow it as a guide in the matter spoken of, you cannot do wrong.

Subscriber, Yonkers, N. Y. Your name should be signed to your letter; but if you so desire the name need not be printed in THE MAIL-BAG.

G. W. S., Clearfield, Pa. We have heard various criticisms of the book you mention, but do not know enough about it to express an opinion. The passage in question describes a peculiar vow performed by such Israelites as consecrated themselves to Jehovah. There is nothing to indicate that it was done on the Sabbath.

Reader, Viola, Kan. While it is well to patronize local trade as far as practicable, there is a higher necessity in many families. In these times, when all foodstuffs and clothing are so dear, one is justified in buying in any market he can reach, in order to make ends meet and keep out of debt. The case of the church repairs is somewhat different, and there ought to be some way of getting the work done by local tradesmen.

M. G. A., Galesburg, N. D. There is nothing in the Scripture that can be construed as bearing on woman suffrage, even in a remote sense. In the ancient Jewish state, however, and under Roman law, women had many privileges, both in regard to her position in the household and as to property, which you will find set forth in any good encyclopedia. The subject is too large to be discussed in a MAIL-BAG paragraph.

Enlighten the Nation

I am so pleased with the article in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD on "Publicity in Religion" that I write to thank you for it, and to urge you to continue to enlighten the people, whose apathy concerning Romanism is deplorable. Your good paper is so widely distributed and has such a warm place in the hearts of the people, that I am encouraged to pray on that God will open the eyes and understanding of our nation. Our fathers fought for America to be a Christian country and we must not give it over to Romanism. (MRS.) W. S. B.
Ardsley, N. Y.

TRANSFORMED BY GRACE

The Bowery Mission's Oldest Convert Celebrates His Conversion Anniversary

THE question is often asked, "Do converts of Rescue Missions hold out?" Here is the answer: On Tuesday evening, April 2, Charles Thompson celebrated his twenty-fourth anniversary. There are, doubtless, many other converts who have passed away to different and distant parts of the world, who have been longer in the service, but Mr. Thompson is the senior of those still remaining in active work at the Mission.

No man is more respected or beloved than he. It was, therefore, a large and exceedingly enthusiastic crowd that greeted him on this anniversary occasion. He is a simple, honest, unostentatious Christian man, and the story that he told of his conversion and subsequent career was effective and convincing because of its straightforwardness and his sweet spirit of humility.

The background was dark enough. A life lived in the Bowery a quarter of a century ago, when it was probably the vilest and most vicious thoroughfare in the world. A poor, helpless victim of the twin evils of drunkenness and gambling, spending his time in the vile resorts and gambling dives that then flourished in such profusion between Cooper Union and the post office.

How he came to enter the Bowery Mission, then a small and struggling institution near Chatham Square, he never could understand. But he is sure that the Holy Spirit directed his footsteps there, for he heard a testimony that night that revolutionized his life. A truck-driver, who had been a drunkard of such a terribly ferocious type that his two children were seized with spasms of terror whenever he came near them, and the household cat would run when he approached, had undergone the great change. On this particular evening, he had dwelt upon the transformation in his life and home, telling how the children now greeted him, coming up the alley, with a kiss, and the cat would lie in peace in his lap.

It touched Charles Thompson's heart, and when, at the close of the meeting, Superintendent Childs laid a kindly hand upon his shoulders, and begged him to yield himself to God, he at once surrendered. Then began an active life of goodness. That night, in "Beefsteak John's" restaurant, he told some of his acquaintances what had happened, and afterward, standing at the lodging house desk, waiting for the key of his room, he again proclaimed the fact of his having become a Christian man.

Since then he has scarcely ever passed an inactive day. In the lodging houses, prisons, factories, and other places, he has never lost an opportunity of testifying to God's power to save. His devotion to the Bowery Mission is almost pathetic. Although he is an elder in the DeWitt Memorial Church, he gives a large portion of his time to the nightly meetings of the Mission. For several years he has been employed in the Free Labor Bureau, and in an official capacity visits city offices, stores, factories, warehouses, coal and lumber yards, and other scenes of labor, hunting for jobs for Bowery Mission converts. In this work he has been most signally successful.

A large number of his friends were by his side on the platform and gave unstinted thanks to God for the life and influence of this devoted man. His wife, his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law, his neighbor who has roomed in the same house with him for fifteen years, his fellow workers in the Mission, and many of the men for whom he had obtained employment, all joyfully testified to his useful and noble Christian life.

Nearly at the close of the meeting, his pastor, the Rev. W. T. Elsing, entered and brought these testimonials to a fitting climax by declaring his belief that "if the Bowery Mission had done nothing more than secure the conversion of such a man, it was worth all the money that had been spent upon it." J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent.

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Jesus, the Children's Saviour*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THERE are three recorded instances of Jesus raising the dead: the son of the widow of Nain, the little daughter of Jairus, and Lazarus after he had been four days dead, sometimes named the supreme miracle. We are told that all which Jesus said and did is not written, and probably he raised yet others from the dead. The daughter of Jairus was about twelve years of age. She was the child of a prominent family, because her father was the ruler of the synagogue. Her name is not given; possibly it was Esther, or Ruth, or Miriam, all popular names for little girls among the Jewish people, as namesakes of three of their most celebrated women. She became very ill, so ill that her father hazarded his reputation to call upon Jesus for help. So desperate was the situation that he went even to a feast for the Pharisees, where he was told Jesus was, in order to bring him to the bedside of his child. Jairus had heard of the wonderful cures wrought by Jesus, and in the hour of his extremity he overlooked the fact that Jesus was the despised Nazarene to people of his order. But Jairus might have been a secret believer in Jesus as Nicodemus was.

There at the feast, braving the contempt of all of the Pharisees present, Jairus knelt at the feet of Jesus, and probably kissed his robe, as that was a customary salutation, and begged that he would come and lay his hands on his little daughter, and so restore her to health.

Jesus' Prompt Response

Jesus, setting aside all questions of expediency, at once left the feast to accompany Jairus to his home, and it is said a great multitude followed and thronged him. On the way the unexpected happened: a woman was healed of a twelve years' sickness by touching the fringe of Jesus' garment; the healing was not by his own volition, but he perceived that power had gone forth from him (Luke 8: 46), and the incident caused a few moments' delay, while Jesus took note of it, and gave his blessing to the woman. In the meantime, a messenger came from the house of Jairus saying that the little girl was dead, and there was no need of troubling Jesus to come further. But Jesus comforted the father, saying, "Only believe, and she shall be made whole" (Luke 8: 50). And he went on, choosing to take with him Peter, James and John, as his inner cabinet among his apostles. When they reached the home of Jairus, the funeral ceremonies had already been commenced in the wailing of the accustomed hired mourners. But Jesus waived them all out, and took into the death chamber the father, mother, and his three apostles, Peter, James and John. And then he took the thin, little, white, cold hand in his warm, loving hand, and said, "*Talitha, cumi,*" "I say unto thee, arise" (Jesus spoke in the Aramaic language, the popular tongue of the district). His words reached the soul of the dead child, and the breath of life was imparted, and she arose from the bed and stood upon her feet and walked, and was so thoroughly alive that she was in need of food, probably from her long fast in the fever. And Jesus commanded that something should be given her to eat.

We are told that the parents and the apostles were "amazed." We are not told about the loving gratitude of the father and mother, nor of the loving thanks of the child for her restoration, but it all must have happened. It is said that "The fame thereof went forth into all the land" (Matt. 9: 26). And the echo still rings. Parents and teachers of children have rejoiced in the occasion, and will rejoice in all coming ages to know that Jesus did not omit the children in his ministrations. Even parents who did not know Jesus have felt their children's need of such a friend.

A Strange Belief

Among the Buddhists in Japan, it is believed that the souls of children go after death to *Sui-no-kawara* (the stony river bed) and there they remain until they reach maturity under the care of Jizo-bosatsu, who is represented as a priest with a long cane in one hand and a ball in the other. He is said to stand in the center of the *kawara*, where he preaches to the children as they pile up stones, one for the salvation of their father, one for the mother, the third for brothers, the fourth for sisters, and the fifth for their own salvation. When night comes on, and the wind blows hard, a gigantic evil spirit appears, and with a huge iron rod knocks down the heaps of stones which the children have made, and they are so frightened that they run to Jizo and hide themselves in the big sleeves of his kimono, which have a miraculous way of increasing in size according to the number of children who seek refuge. Then the evil spirit disappears, and the children begin again the work of heaping up stones. Passing through cemeteries in Japan, one sees tombs that have the image of Jizo carved upon them, as the parents take that way of gaining the special favor of Jizo for their children, and one will see little piles of stones built up by the parents and brothers and sisters of the children with the hope of helping in the tedious work of the little ones in the *kawara*.

How pathetic is all this, and how rejoiced we should be to know that Jizo-bosatsu is giving way to Jesus Christ as the friend of children in Japan, as evidenced by the Sunday school movement, which is going ahead by leaps and bounds, as shown by the reports made to the World's Sunday School Association.

Let all teachers and Sunday school scholars in the United States, as they study this lesson on Jesus Christ, the loving friend of the little daughter of Jairus, pray not only for the children in our own land, but for those of Japan, many of whom are to-day studying the same lesson, that they may come to know what a friend they have in Jesus.

And the same prayer should be made for the children in all lands, particularly the children in China, who do not even have a Jizo-bosatsu, but instead, it is the belief that children who die before seven years of age are inhabited by souls that have escaped before their terms of punishment have expired, and when the little child dies, it is only the officers of justice belonging to the Yen-Lo-Wong who take it back to finish its punishment. This child is counted only as a vagrant soul. We rejoice that the Sunday school movement is being felt in China, and that thousands of children have learned what a friend they have in Jesus, and thousands more are on the way to learn it.

Even in our own land of Christian enlightenment there are thousands upon thousands of children who are yet untaught about Jesus as their loving Friend and Saviour, as will be seen by comparing the number in our Sunday schools, about 12,000,000 under eighteen years of age, with the enrolment, 17,813,852 from five to eighteen years of age, in the public schools for the year ending June, 1910. Seeing thus that the Sunday school has nearly

Continued on next page

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for August 18, 1912. The Ruler's Daughter. Mark 5: 21-43. GOLDEN TEXT: "And taking the child by the hand, he saith unto her: *Talitha cumi;* which is, being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise!" Mark 5: 41.

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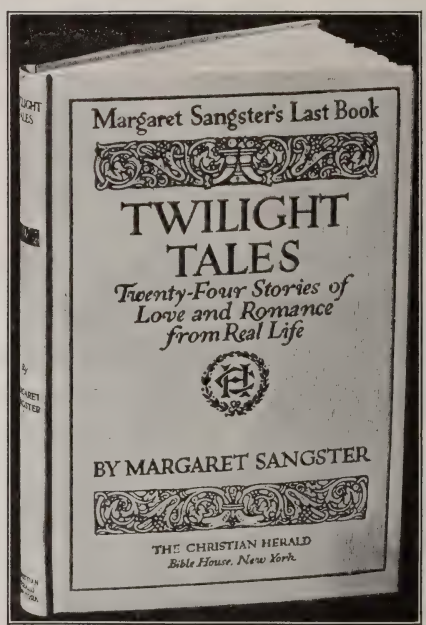
THOSE who already know the rare literary charm of Margaret Sangster's writings will welcome this volume—the last perfect product of her wonderful talent. **Twilight Tales** comes almost as a parting message from one who has been greatly beloved by countless multitudes, and whose contributions for many years in the pages of *The Christian Herald* have made her name a household word.

Mrs. Sangster's remarkable power of sympathy and of sounding the depths of human feeling is evident in every one of these twenty-four complete stories. She is never so much the mistress of her art as when relating in her own inimitable way the progress of some love match in simple life, some idyl of the farm or the village, or a romance of the cottage, the garden, or the orchard. An ardent lover of nature in all its moods, she has put into these **Tales** the true atmosphere of American rural life as it is to-day, with all its charm of changeful season and its panorama of flowery lanes, ripening fruits and waving fields. Her heroes are fine types of manly character, and her women have the sweet and comely fascination, mental and physical, which we love to associate with the daintiest idea of American womanhood.


Margaret Sangster's Last Book
TWILIGHT TALES
Twenty-Four Stories of Love and Romance from Real Life
BY MARGARET SANGSTER
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
Bible House, New York

This photograph shows the cover of the book in miniature. The actual size of the book is 5¼ in. wide by 7¾ in. long.

There is a thread of pure gold running through the **Twilight Tales** from which the reader may divine the author's purpose in writing the book. It is the line of God's protecting love and care which encircles all who trust in Him, and the knowledge of which gives to even the smallest detail of everyday life a purpose and significance. She spreads before us the little daily dramas, the heartaches, the disappointments, the sweet surprises and unexpected joys, the separations and the reunions, the cares and consolations of the household, the "journeys that end in lovers' meeting;"—all are unrolled like a moving picture, with the vivid action of life itself. Mrs. Sangster has crowded the best heart and soul stories of her whole career into this book. Love, romance, self-denial, ambition and the success that true character commands are here pictured with a fragrant setting of American home-life in town and country. It is a book which will exert a strong spell on the mind of the reader and which creates its own atmosphere of woodlands and old-fashioned gardens and charming American homes, and her men and women are such as we would love to meet.

The last of the **Twilight Tales**—"The Opposite Shore"—gives a foregleam of that blessed land to which so many of our dear ones have already passed over and to which the author was even then hastening while she wrote. No one can read this last book without feeling that it contains a personal message.

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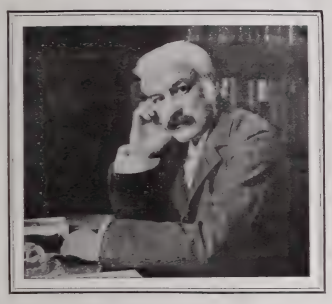
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

DEATH OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR

DESPATCHES from Banchory, Scotland, announced a short time ago the death of Andrew Lang, the well-known ...ic, poet, novelist and essayist. Mr. ...ng was born ...Selkirk, Scot..d, in 1844. It ...ws in the ...ost of these ...enes on the ...nks of the ...ried Tweed ...t he spent ...k boyhood and ...ceived his ...st inspira...ns and im...pressions. He ...s educated ...the Edin...rgh Academy ...d St. An...w's Univer...y, passing ...m there to ...lliol College, ...ford. His en...e life was spent as a university ...turer and as a writer.



The Late Andrew Lang

His first works were published in ...2, and were rapidly followed by ...ers of widely varied characters. ...contributed highly scholarly criti... articles to various London publi...ions, for several years edited a ...ll-known English magazine, and in ...dition to all this made splendid ...nslations of Homer, wrote history, ...ered the field of anthropology, pro...ing two books which attained ...eat popularity, and compiled and rewrote a great many fairy tales for children. In his death, lovers of literature lose a writer of singular charm and power and of the most astounding versatility. He has been thus described by a well-known critic:

"A scholar without pedantry, a master of light yet polished verse, a profound student of folklore and anthropology, a journalist capable of all save dulness, the laureate and the chronicler of many sports, Andrew Lang is king among free lances—the Admirable Crichton of modern letters." Mr. Lang rose to a recognized position in English literary life in a surprisingly short time after his first ventures were published. Yet long before he had rounded into a position of accepted authority in the many branches of literature in which he worked, he was well known on this side of the Atlantic, as well as in London, as a contributor to the newspapers, and as a writer in lighter vein whose angling sketches were as well received by an appreciative public as his more serious work.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from preceding page

...s millions less of children than the ...blic school, what active workers we ...ould become in the Sunday school, ...rinning with the class in which we ...d ourselves, to do all we can to in...ase its members, and after that take ... the whole school into our hearts, ...d then all of the children in the town ...c city where we live, and then our ...ate, and then our efforts will become ...ion-wide and we need not stop short ...c world-wide.

Not alone in the death chamber of ...e little daughter of Jairus did Jesus ...ow his loving sympathy for chil...en. One day he took a little child ...r the text of one of his sermons. ...acing the child in the midst of the ...n to whom he was talking, he told ...em that in order to be great they ...ust be as humble as a little child. ...sus meant a good child that is al...ys willing to obey and to learn what ...right, and has no selfishness in its ...art.

Another time when Jesus showed ...at a friend he was to the children, ...l gathered them in his arms and ...ssed them. Have we ever loved him ...ough for doing it? The children ...re blessed by Jesus. Let us read ...ain the story of the lunatic boy ...om Jesus healed. Matt. 17: 14-21. ...d let us read of the sick girl whom ...sus cured because of her mother's ...ayer. Matt. 15: 21-28. And a beau...ful story is that about Jesus per...tting a boy to help him provide food ...r a great multitude of people. John ...1-13.

Almost every hour in the day chil...en are dying in our own land and in ...her lands. Sometimes loving fathers ...d mothers have prayed to Jesus not ...let their sick children die, and he ...s made them strong and well again. ...metimes Jesus has answered "no" ...such prayers because he knew it was ...t to bring the little ones to their ...avenly home. One day a father and ...other who never prayed told a clergy...an that they were angry with God ...r letting their only child die. They ...ked, "If God is love, how could he do ...ch a thing?" He answered: "You ...k of me why God has taken your ...ild? Listen: he means to have at ...st one member out of your family in heaven. You cared not to enter heaven; and, had your child remained with you, you would not have suffered it to enter in. Hear now a parable: There was once a shepherd who prepared choice food in a fold for his sheep; he opened the door wide; but the sheep would not go in. He tried long to induce them to enter, but farther and farther they went away from the open door. At last he took a little lamb from the flock, and carried it in, and the mother sheep followed right away, and then all followed. The good Shepherd is Christ; the open fold, heaven; your child, the lamb. The Lord has borne away your little lamb that ye may follow after it."

They understood the saying, and it was not long before they let their hearts travel on to the better country where their child had gone. And heaven became as real as earth to them, and far dearer. And they thanked God for the anchorage he had given their souls.

There Is No Death

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

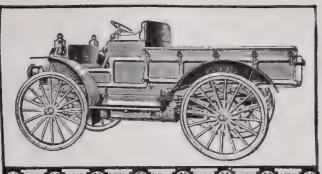
There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best loved ones away,
And then we call them dead!

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

LORD LYTTON.

A modern writer, who has a faculty for presenting thoughts in a remarkably striking way, says: "There is a great mistake in teaching children that they have souls. If you do, they think their souls to be something which is not themselves. For what a man has cannot be himself. Hence, when they are told their souls go to heaven, they think of themselves as lying in the grave. They ought to be taught that they have bodies, and that their bodies die, but they themselves live on."



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International Auto Wagons

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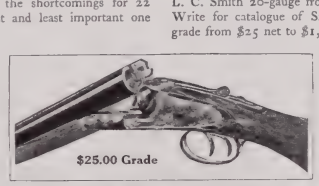

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"A COZY CORNER"

From the painting by Francis D. Millet in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Reader, Keyport, N. J. What is the strength numerically of Christianity in Korea today?

There is a substantial and growing self-supporting and self-directing Christian Church in Korea, with 300,000 nominal Christians, of whom two-thirds are enrolled catechumens and one-third baptized. There is a union college of 300 Christian students, about twenty academies and hundreds of primary schools, and a theological seminary with 154 students and 58 graduates. All this is the result of twenty-five years of earnest Christian work.

J. D. T., Pollock, S. D. At the prayer and teachers' meeting not long since, the minister asked if it were possible that Jesus could have fallen under the temptation of the devil. I had never heard the question brought up before, but answered emphatically, at once, "No." Was I right?

Jesus submitted to all the liabilities of the human condition; we are told expressly that he "was in all things as we are." The appeal of the tempter was to his ambition, and the purpose, as some commentators conclude, was to excite in his mind the desire for worldly power and dominion. Even his own followers had cherished visions of an earthly kingdom. The question whether he could by any possibility have yielded has often been asked, but it is one that must remain unanswered. To say that it was impossible would imply that he was not wholly subject to human conditions and temptations; while to admit its possibility would make him less than divine. The incident shows to us that while the vision of sudden power may have been alluring, it could not move him from the fixed and beneficent purpose of his great mission, which was to establish his kingdom in the hearts of men by love and sacrifice, and by the example of his perfect humanity. Contrasted with such a kingdom, all the glory of worldly pomp and power are trivial, transient and unsatisfying.

J. W. McK., Greeneville, Tenn. 1. What is the total number of voters in the United States? 2. What is the number of voters in the United States who are Roman Catholics? 3. How many Roman Catholics are there in the United States?

1. At the last presidential election in 1908 the total vote cast was 14,888,442. 2. Somewhere between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000, estimated. 3. According to the last census, 12,321,746.

Reader, Berryille, Va. A preacher in his sermon states that during the Passover supper (before the institution of our Lord's Supper), "Judas went out to betray him to the Jews." Now, Luke 22: 14 to 22 reads to me very plainly that he was present. Please explain.

Judas was present at the beginning of the Last Supper. He heard the Master's sorrowful words: "One of you shall betray me." He heard the disciples asking in turn, "Is it I?" He, too, asked the same question (Matt. 26: 25); but no other ears save his heard the answer, although John and Peter understood the situation (John 13: 26). Then he heard the final words: "That thou doest, do quickly," and went out to complete his evil work.

Subscriber, Bristol, Tenn. Please give the Mizpah benediction.

"The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another." Gen. 31: 49.

G. E. N., Essexville, Mich. 1. How many kinds of leprosy are there? Describe them. 2. How many lepers are there in New York City? 3. How many in the United States? 4. How does the mortality of leprosy compare with that of tuberculosis, typhoid, and other malignant diseases? 5. Is it true that Asiatic nations pay little attention to it?

1. Two, tubercular and anesthetic, the former characterized by large tubercles, composed of masses of cells, on the face, neck, shoulders and lower extremities of the body; in the progress of the disease these tubercles soften and break, forming ulcers which gradually penetrate into the flesh, destroying tissue, until fingers, toes, hands, feet, arms and legs fall off by a kind of spontaneous gangrene. Anesthetic leprosy usually manifests itself by pain in the limbs, and the flesh, which at first is highly supersensitive, becomes so anesthetic that needles can be inserted without the victim feeling pain. Mahogany-colored spots appear on back of hands, arms, nose, brow; the pupils of the eyes contract, the hair falls out and the whole facial expression is strangely altered. 2. Only a few cases have been discovered from time to time in New York City; we understand there are a couple of lepers at the present time on North Brother's Island in the East River. 3. There are two settlements of lepers in the United States, one in Massachusetts and the other in Louisiana, but probably there are not more than 2,000 lepers on the continent. There are 1,200 on the Island of Molokai in the Hawaiian group. 4. The mortality from leprosy is small compared with the diseases you mention, owing to the smallness of the number infected. Leprosy is a very lingering disease, the victims sometimes living for many years from time of infection. While consumption annually carries off over 100,000 and typhoid about 40,000 in the United States the deaths from leprosy only amount to a few hundred, taking in all the settlements. 5. Until recently Asiatic countries, especially China and Japan, were lax in regard to leprosy, and even India took little precaution to segregate the tainted. Now, segregation is the rule almost everywhere and science is doing its best to prevent the spread of the dread malady, though as yet it has not been able to grapple with it in the way of cure.

Dunbar Creek, With the Flood at Its Height

A HEAVY rainstorm, which at stages reached the fury of a cloudburst and which caused loss of life, great property damage and the crippling of transportation facilities throughout the Pittsburg district, took place on July 24. The dam of the Cool Spring Reservoir, the largest in Fayette County and situated in the mountains, gave way, pouring a torrent down the beds of the creeks upon the towns below. At Evans Station, Mine No. 2 of the Superba Coal Company was flooded and fourteen men were trapped and drowned thousands of feet below ground. Dunbar, a town of several thousand inhabitants, caught the full brunt of the flood. The water rose so rapidly that hundreds had to flee for their lives. There is no doubt that many of these would have perished had it not been for the heroism of three telephone girls who remained at their posts giving warnings of the approaching danger. The property damage in the little city will mount up into many thousands and seventy-five families were made temporarily dependent on outside aid.

Mrs. M. V. S., Lowell, Vt. I like to try answering the lists of Bible questions, but do not think I clearly understand the rules governing the contest. May we simply answer the questions from memory, and then use the Concordance to locate the place where the answer is to be found; or must we tell with the aid of the Concordance?

You are at liberty to use all the aids and facilities at your disposal in answering the Bible questions, Concordance and helps included. They are not intended as puzzles, but as an incentive to seeking closer acquaintance with the Bible.

E. W. S., Rives, Tenn. The ablest scientists hold to the unity of the race, and in this they are in accord with Scripture, which declares that the Creator "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth" (Acts 17: 26), and that the "free gift comes upon all men to justification to life." Climatic variations extending over long periods account for physical differences. The negro is the descendant of Ham, the head of one of the three great divisions of the human race. He was the progenitor of the Egyptians, the Cushites and the African nations, and his descendants were the founders of great empires in Ethiopia, Babylonia, Arabia, Abyssinia and, according to some authorities, in a considerable part of Asia, as far as the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. No one has the slightest warrant for asserting that the negro has not a soul. Christian converts from Cyrene in Upper Libya were among those who were identified with the formation of the first Gentile church in Antioch. Mark the evangelist labored during a large part of his missionary career in Africa. Simon, who bore our Saviour's cross (Matt. 27-32), was a Cyrenian and a native of Libya. The Copts, who were active in the early days of Christianity, were a mixed race, chiefly negro. The Coptic Christian Church is one of the oldest in existence and possesses some of the most valuable early Christian manuscripts.

H. M. C., West Pittston, Pa. Chronology is one of the most difficult studies in connection with events that took place before recorded history. Many tables have been compiled, but these are only approximations. Thus, one table gives the period from the Creation to the Flood as between 1,600 and 1,700 years, but the Bible itself, referring to the Creation, gives simply the words "In the beginning." Ussher made the calculation that from the creation of Adam to the Flood was 1,656 years. Bunsen and other scientists have assigned a much longer duration to this period. How the years were reckoned in prehistoric times is now largely a matter of conjecture, although they were probably reckoned according to the cycle of the seasons, which may have been longer or shorter than now.

J. A. H., Chester, S. C. Do you find anything in the Bible to justify the position that it is right to choose the lesser of two evils? If so, kindly refer me to the passage.

The passage you evidently have in mind is not Biblical. It is from a translation (or imitation) of Horace by Prior and the exact quotation is: "Of two evils I have chosen the least." It has no Scriptural foundation.

Reader, Atlantic, Ia. 1. How would you solve the following problem orally? If 5½ pounds of sugar cost $1, what will one pound cost? 2. What are the integral orders? I know them up to one hundred billions, but what comes after that?

1. Mentally reckon how many half pounds are in 5½ pounds and how many half cents are in $1; then you will have the number of pounds and their cost in like denominations, and the answer will be obtained by dividing the price by the number; thus: 200 divided by 11 gives the answer, 18 2-11 cents per pound, which despite the high cost of living, is certainly a amazing amount to pay for a pound of sugar. 2. The orders or periods in our notation extend indefinitely. They are reckoned in three figures and their names are derived from the Latin. After one hundred billions come units of trillions, then tens of trillions and hundreds of trillions. The trillions period is followed by quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, etc.

Reader, Detroit, Mich. That the trusts constitute one of the great problems of the time is shown by their remarkable growth in the last fifteen years. The figures given are from *Moody's Magazine:*

Year	Number of Trusts	Number of Plants	Capitalization
1897	38	672	$1,419,428,50
1898	48	837	1,679,582,50
1899	88	1,746	3,027,910,56
1900	98	1,862	3,249,001,06
1901	117	2,980	5,202,350,56
1902	136	3,264	5,723,741,56
1903	146	3,469	5,941,042,56
1904	153	3,687	6,576,918,50
1905	163	3,846	6,843,891,76
1906	178	4,018	7,284,750,76
1907	186	4,068	7,367,745,00
1908	194	4,157	7,506,004,00
1909	200	4,210	7,608,426,00
1910	206	4,245	7,706,621,10
1911	224	4,426	8,066,290,86

A. K. O., McColl, S. C. 1. What was the last miracle of our Saviour? 2. Was he visible to others than his spiritual followers after his resurrection?

1. His ascension. Acts 1: 9. 2. See I. Cor. 15: 5-8. Paul at the time referred to in verse 8 was a persecutor and unbeliever.

Miscellaneous

M. E. B., Brookstine, Texas. Fancy work is sold with a subscription only.

Perplexed Reader, Bridgeport, Conn. If you will send your name and address we will try to answer your queries by mail.

Reader, Mottville, Mich. Yes; the Gospel invitation is a universal one. Whosoever will may come. He is able to save to the uttermost. He will abundantly pardon. He is more ready to grant forgiveness than we are to ask. Whatsoever we ask in Jesus' name, believing, we shall receive. Come boldly, in all sincerity, pleading Jesus' redemptive work and promise, and you will not be denied.

N. A., Dows, Ia. 1. The story is sensational and unworthy of belief. 2. Unitarian. 3. Episcopalian. 4. Roman Catholics are obliged, by their religious vows, to obey the church in preference to the State. Instances are coming to light in which this obedience extends into public affairs, showing that the Church of Rome is exceedingly active in politics, and does not hesitate to utilize its adherents to its own advantage.

T. H. S., Martha, W. Va. Baptism is a sacrament which is enjoined upon all Christians alike, and should not be neglected. This is repeatedly stated in the Gospels and is emphasized in the Christian Church to-day. We cannot set any limits to the divine mercy or to God's goodness in pardoning the sinner; but where a duty is so clearly set before us, it is incumbent upon us to perform it, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding.

Reader, Wilkesbarre, Pa. The statement you quote is a sample of the false logic which is sometimes employed to take the place of truth because it can be distorted to the semblance of truth. There is nothing in the quotation from Wesley to justify such an application. In his *Book of Discipline*, which governed his followers, he demanded total abstinence for the individual and the non-use of liquors generally except in cases of extreme necessity.

Reader, Martinsburg, W. Va. Every wife has financial rights which a husband ought to respect as far as his means permit. It should never be necessary to *take* money. In properly regulated households of means, such as you describe, the wife usually has a regular allowance to cover home needs and personal expenses. Her share in upbuilding the home, in bearing the burden of struggle and in many cases in materially aiding in her husband's success, should not be overlooked.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

The Bab-el-Zuwryla Gate

A Typical Egyptian Village Scene

An Arab Slipper Shop

A LITTLE TOUR IN OLD EGYPT

BY A. W. CUTLER

A Beggar

A Vender

OUR little party landed at Alexandria, Egypt, about the middle of February, after an exceptionally rough, cold and cheerless voyage out from Liverpool. Here at Alexandria it was warm and delightful—like an English June. In driving from the docks to the station I experienced that glorious sense of comfort so often felt on a still, clear spring day, when the weather is "just right."

It is three hours to Cairo by train, and every inch of the way is interesting. Even on the outskirts of Alexandria we passed nomadic groups of Bedouins, camping by the side of the Mahmoudieh Canal. Out in the fields men and women, dressed alike in the loose cotton gown of the country, were busily at work. The fields were dotted with curious doorless structures made of cornstalks. They are used as temporary homes at certain seasons of the year, as, for instance, when the crops are being gathered. Later on I entered one and found it to be not more than five feet square; one could not stand upright inside. The place contained nothing but a few jars and cooking utensils. In the winter the occupants wrap themselves up in their clothes at night, covering the heads also, but leaving the feet bare. The hut I saw was occupied by a man and his son. These people, of course, are the fellaheen—the peasants—the pure Egyptian of the poorest class.

This stretch of country between Alexandria and Cairo is typical of all Egypt, in that it is as flat as a pancake. As the train rushes along you get the impression that you are traveling through a limitless expanse of cultivated prairie. For miles around you have the same uninterrupted view that you have from the deck of an ocean liner. The eye follows the land until sky and horizon blend into one. Sometimes the horizon is marked by a fringe of palm trees.

We must have been half way to Cairo before we saw the first camel. It was standing all alone in the center of a big field, and looked as it must have felt—very out of place. We saw lots of water buffaloes pasturing in the fields, invariably tended by a small boy or girl. These buffaloes are used for plowing, but more especially for operating the sakiyas, one of the ancient methods adopted for local irrigation. Two large cogged wheels connect by a shaft with a third wheel, around which are fastened a number of earthen jars. As these wheels are revolved by the animal harnessed to the arrangement, the jars descend and ascend a deeply sunken well, and as they come to the surface discharge the water automatically into a trough, which, in turn, feeds a network of tiny canals intersecting the field under irrigation. Frequently we saw camels working these sakiyas, and, in almost every instance, the animals were blindfolded. The idea apparently is to keep the poor beasts on the job. Once started, they will continue going round and round indefinitely, believing, no doubt, that somebody is behind them all the time to urge them to the unwelcome task.

We passed a constant stream of men, women and children, walking along the canal banks, or on donkeys—occasionally a whole family on a donkey! At the railway stations men and boys in a great variety of flowing robes of many colors and gaudy skullcaps or turbans came to the carriage windows with fruit, sugarcane, and cakes of all sorts. Eggs were also popular. A man sitting opposite me bought two eggs and a little salt. He offered me some salt, which I declined, and all the rest of the way to Cairo he kept glancing at me as if he thought me a very ill-mannered person.

An Arabian Slipper-Maker of Cairo

But what interested me most was the villages we came to from time to time. These were often situated near a grove of palm trees, and on artificially raised ground, this being done to escape the annual inundations caused by the rise of the Nile. The houses were low, one-storied structures, made entirely of sunbaked mud, with flat roofs ornamented by a curious little dome. In some of the villages the roofs were thatched with cornstalks and covered with great piles of rubbish—an extraordinary custom of the fellaheen. The streets were in an indescribable state of filth owing to recent rains. Groups of women and children were squatting on the muddy ground, with their backs against the walls of the hovels.

Upon my arrival at Cairo I was beset by representatives of the different hotels, and once outside the station a delegation of donkey boys surrounded me, quite sure that the first thing I should want to do would be to ride a donkey. Each and every boy assured me that if I would ride his donkey it would certainly "make me much happy."

Finally I extricated myself from all these friendly folks, and having ensconced myself and belongings in a comfortable hotel started out to see something of the life of the streets. I found I could not move a yard without being accosted and followed by guides, dragomans, postcard men, and men selling scarabs, mummies, sphinxes and pyramids. This was very amusing for a while, and then it got tiresome. But I soon discovered a way of shaking off these human barnacles without getting excited. I posed as an unfortunate individual—deaf, dumb and blind. It worked like a charm. Verily is necessity the mother of invention.

Continued on next page

A LITTLE TOUR IN OLD EGYPT

The Bazaar Silk Merchants

A Scene on a Canal Bank—Egypt's Most Traveled Highway

An Ancient Arabian Silk Loom

What were my first impressions of Cairo? Perhaps I was rather disappointed, or perhaps it was merely that I was feeling decidedly shaky as a result of the desperate passage from Liverpool. At any rate, it struck me at first that the whole place was frightfully modern. The street cars, the hotels, the carriages and automobiles with their fashionable English and American occupants, even the pedestrians, seemed prosaically up to date. But this was an impression which did not last; for in the native quarters of the city you may see Cairo today as it was a thousand years ago, and even on the most fashionable thoroughfares you will frequently witness scenes which will carry you back into bygone ages—scenes which the dominant modern note merely serves to throw into strong relief.

I have specially in mind the old water-sellers, with their ancient jars and goatskins slung over their backs. This custom is as old as Egypt, a charmingly primitive custom which I hope may last forever. The jars contain drinking water, the goatskins wash water, which is sold to the native houses where there is no running water. The men with the jars always carry a couple of brass plates in one hand, and as you go along the street you hear from time to time the clinkety-clink-clink-clash which announces the proximity of a water-vender.

A Blindfolded Camel

It is indeed interesting to see these old fellows parading up and down on the sidewalk, mingling with the up-to-date citizens of the present day. The same contrast is noticeable out on the street. An automobile of the latest design is followed (more leisurely!) by a camel mounted by an Arab of the desert. Below the waist his body is absolutely rigid. The upper part of his body sways to and fro in rhythmic accord with the absolutely noiseless tread of the great clumsy animal. And the man himself gazes silently and steadily straight ahead, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, as if there was nothing in front of him but limitless miles of sand. One cannot fail to be impressed by this striking blend of ancient and modern.

One afternoon I took a cab to the bazaars. Fortunately cabs are cheap, as it is frequently necessary to take one. The cabmen drive along in the most reckless way, cracking their whips the whole time and yelling out "Ohrigoleck!" which means "Mind your feet!" You expect every minute to be dashed to atoms, as the same speed is maintained in the narrowest streets.

The bazaars are really very interesting. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and the stores of the merchants are often no larger than a good-sized cupboard, without doors, but with shelves on which the goods are displayed. The merchants squat down on a little platform in front. You see here the workers in gold and silver; weavers of silk fabrics, and slipper-makers, doing their work in the same way it was done hundreds of years ago. The oldest bazaar is that of the scentmakers. They have a whole street to themselves, and when you get within a hundred yards or so the only guide you need is your nose.

These narrow streets are crowded with a ceaseless throng of natives; women with veiled faces; men, women and children on donkeys; curious flat carts drawn by donkeys, on which squat women enshrouded in black—nothing visible but one eye; and occasionally along comes a great lumbering camel, quite as large as half a dozen of the native shops. Cabmen drive past with studied indifference to life and limb, and rather than get hurt you crowd yourself into a bunch of natives, at the risk of having your pocket picked or being covered with vermin.

I perceived at once that it would be impossible to photograph any of these bazaars without very efficient help. By great good fortune I ran across an excellent dragoman a couple of hours later. He could speak English well, and his terms were reasonable. I explained to him what I wanted to do and he said he could manage it, so I promptly engaged him, and the following afternoon found me again at the bazaars. Here, in spite of almost insuperable difficulties, I secured several good photographs. No sooner had I taken my camera out than I was literally hemmed in by a crowd of curious people, and before the photograph could be taken these had to be kept back and the traffic stopped on either side of the subject being photographed. The difficulties involved may possibly be imagined, certainly not described. Once a native policeman came to my aid, thrashing right and left with a rope end. The ubiquitous small boy who wears nothing but the afore-mentioned cotton gown, went off howling. When the photograph had been taken everybody wanted *baksheesh*, and my dragoman had to fight off all those not entitled to a fee. I was glad to pay the men who frequently volunteered to keep the crowds back.

The Watersellers

Toward the close of the afternoon I photographed a typical Egyptian cemetery, which looks rather like a collection of mummies. The sun was just setting when my dragoman excused himself, saying that he would catch me up in a few minutes. After going on a hundred yards or so, I looked back to see what he was doing, and there was the man down on his knees on the outskirts of the weird-looking burial ground, going through the various motions incident to his form of prayer.

Thus a very interesting day closed in prayer.

A NEW MIKADO RULES JAPAN

Empress Sadako

MUTSUHITO, for forty-four years emperor of Japan, died early on the morning of July 30, and on the same day the crown prince Yoshihito Haru-no-miya, his eldest son, was proclaimed in his stead, though the latter will not be crowned as emperor until probably a year from the date of his father's death.

There was universal grief throughout the Island Empire of the Orient on the passing of the great Mikado, who was beloved by all his subjects both at home and abroad and regarded in the light of a father as well as that of a ruler. Certainly during his reign Japan emerged from the darkness of centuries into a white light of civilization and progress which reveals her to-day as one of the leading powers of the world, commanding not alone the respect but the admiration of sister nations. The reign of Mutsuhito was termed the era of Meiji—that is, of intelligent administration—and no one can dispute that the term was aptly applied. The great Mikado came to the throne but a lad, yet he gave promise of what was in him, and no necromancer was required to forecast that he would accomplish great things. The young Mikado worked unceasingly as well as enthusiastically for the cause of his country.

Besides being a ripe statesman who kept himself posted on national affairs throughout the world, the dead ruler was an artist and a poet of much genius. He had a pleasing personality and powerful physique; indeed it seemed that the latter signified he should rule, for he was a giant among his people, being six feet one inch tall and weighing over two hundred pounds. It was in 1904 that he first showed symptoms of breaking down. Diabetes was his first complaint and remained with him to the end. In 1906 chronic kidney trouble developed, and from this time forward, although his strong constitution rallied now and then, he was a doomed man. The beginning of the end manifested itself on last July 19. Acute nephritis or Bright's disease set in and this complicated with diabetes brought about the death of the popular emperor. Cablegrams of condolence came to the bereaved wife, Haruko, now Dowager Empress, one of them from President Taft, expressing his own personal sorrow at the passing of the emperor, whom he had met about half a dozen times, as well as the sorrow of our nation.

Emperor Yoshihito

Yoshihito comes to the throne of his fathers popular with all classes, and it is believed he will do his best to carry out present policies. His reign is to be styled the era of Taisel—that is, great righteousness—and it is hoped the term will be in no sense a misnomer. He has been trained in the art of statecraft and has seen service on the field. He is more approachable than was his father, is devoted and affectionate, genial and familiar with his friends, and courteous and gentlemanly to his subjects. He speaks English, French and German fluently. In 1901 Yoshihito was made lieutenant general in the army and afterwards an admiral in the navy.

The Pope and the "Ne Temere" Decree

ST. LOUIS, Mo., has been called "The Rome of America." In that city there has been in many respects a more marked development of the official power of the Roman hierarchy than in any other city of the West. Consequently it was not a surprise when, on July 27, the announcement came from Roman Catholic sources in St. Louis of an important change of attitude on the part of the Papacy on the question of mixed marriages. On that date a telegraphic despatch was sent to the daily newspaper press from St. Louis, reporting the *Acta Sedae*, an official Vatican publication, to the effect that the Pope had repealed that portion of the decree, *Ne Temere*, which dealt with the question of mixed marriages and the religious training of the children of such unions. The statement was as follows:

"Protestants wishing to marry Catholics need no longer sign an agreement to rear their children (resulting from the marriage) in the Roman Catholic faith. Either will they be obliged to pledge themselves to refrain from interfering with the Catholic consort's performance of religious duties. The change has been brought about by the repeal by Pope Pius of that portion of the decree *Ne Temere*, and the repeal becomes effective at once.

"*Ne Temere* was a decree issued by Pope Pius himself on Easter, 1908. It obliged every Protestant wishing to marry a member of the Catholic faith to sign an ante-nuptial promise that he or she would refrain from interfering with the Catholic in the exercise of his or her religious duties. Further, the non-Catholic was required to pledge himself or herself to have all the children resulting from the marriage baptized Catholics, and to have them educated in Catholic schools. The decree required that these promises be made and signed before the priest who was to perform the marriage ceremony. In cases where non-Catholic persons refused to so obligate themselves, no priest was allowed to marry them, under punishment of being suspended himself. If the couple went to a Protestant minister and were married, the Catholic party to the marriage was excommunicated.

"According to the instructions said to be contained in the repeal of the *Ne Temere*, the non-Catholic party will be asked to sign the ante-nuptial promises, as was previously the custom. Should he or she refuse to so obligate himself or herself, the priest may perform the marriage notwithstanding the refusal."

This startling news, indicative of an amazing backdown by the Roman Church in deference to an overwhelming public opinion in Europe and this country, soon became the theme of general discussion in religious circles, Protestant as well as Catholic. Rev. D. S. Phelan, a prominent Roman cleric, is quoted as saying on this point that, by the refusal to sign this pledge, "families have been estranged and no end of enmity and discord has been engendered." He added:

"Pope Pius's action in this repeal is sure to create a stir in Catholic circles throughout the country. Protestants marrying Catholics have always regarded the enforced signing of the ante-nuptial promises as a hardship and an unnecessary humiliation. The Court of Appeals of St. Louis recently decided that the promises had no legal force. The law requiring the promises is older than the *Ne Temere*, which simply enlarged on and confirmed the law.

Within twenty-four hours after the semi-official statement from Catholic sources on the strength of the announcement in the Vatican journal, the whole situation underwent a sudden change. There had been a mistake somewhere, or at least a grievous misconception, and the Vatican set about its immediate correction. On July 28 this authoritative statement came by cable from Rome:

"The report that the Pope has revoked the decree *Ne Temere* unfounded, nor is he likely to revoke it, as it embodies provisions which have governed church procedure for two centuries. It is probable that the misunderstanding with respect to the revocation of the decree arose through the suspension of the provision relating to mixed marriages in Germany and Hungary. The other provisions, however, are in full force in those countries. In the United States and England the decree still applies in its entirety. By its terms a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant without the sanction of the parish priest is void. It is declared that possibly the United States and England may obtain a modification of this regulation.

This left the whole situation practically *in statu quo*, but the explanation was by no means a complete or satisfactory one. Shortly after the original promulgation of the *Ne Temere* decree, the Prussian minister in Rome requested information of the Vatican concerning its scope. He asked, in plain terms, whether it was intended to apply to Germany, and the Vatican's representative, appreciating the significance of the situation, replied that it was *not intended to be enforced in Emperor William's dominions*. The answer was concise and satisfactory, as far as Germany was concerned, but there were other governments to be reckoned with. In England, where the decree was presumably intended to become effective, the "Vatican method" of dealing with mixed marriages was repudiated by the people. Huge public demonstrations were held in London by the Evangelical Alliance, at which the overriding of the civil law by Rome to the detriment of British subjects was unsparingly denounced. At one of these gatherings, the following resolution was adopted:

That this meeting of three thousand citizens, representative of our national Christianity, protests against the publication in the British Empire of the Decree of the Council of Trent known as *Ne Temere*, whereby mixed marriages contracted according to the rites of the Protestant churches and the law of the State are declared to be null and void, and British subjects who have openly and honorably entered into such marriages are held up to public reprobation as living in sin, and their children branded as illegitimate; this meeting also repudiates the pretensions of the Church of Rome to regulate the conditions determining the validity of marriages legally solemnized between British subjects in any part of His Majesty's dominions.

Other resolutions were adopted requesting the British Government to take steps for the relief of those who were suffering through promulgation of the decree which put upon such marriages the stigma of illegality and upon their helpless offspring the shameful brand of illegitimacy.

In the Dominion of Canada there was also serious trouble over the *Ne Temere* decree. The Supreme Court of Quebec took up the question of the validity of the marriages of Roman Catholics before Protestant ministers, and while disagreeing on some details, all five judges held that mixed marriages were valid whether performed by a Catholic or Protestant minister. It was decided that the *Ne Temere* decree had no legal force in the Province of Quebec. The recent suit brought by Mme. Morin, wife of a professor of McGill University, Canada, against the editor of the Catholic journal, *Le Croix*, was a direct outcome of the decree. Mrs. Morin was a daughter of the late Father Chiniquy, who left the priesthood and became a Protestant. He married Euphemie Allard. *Le Croix*, on November 18, 1911, referred to Chiniquy as an apostate, who, having been bound by his religious vows, had no right to marry, and consequently his wife was "nothing but a concubine." Mrs. Morin held this to be a slander both upon her mother and herself, and sued Joseph Begin, the editor and proprietor of the paper, and won her case, securing a judgment for $3,000 damages. Justice Greenshields, in delivering judgment, characterized the article as "grossly defamatory and libelous. . . . No man or no paper, Anglican or Roman Catholic, has the right to say of or concerning any woman that she is a concubine, or her children illegitimate." Such was the attitude of the Dominion courts on the validity of the *Ne Temere* decree in Canada, under cover of which three persons were grossly slandered and the functions of the civil courts and of all ecclesiastical authorities other than Roman Catholic were held up to contempt.

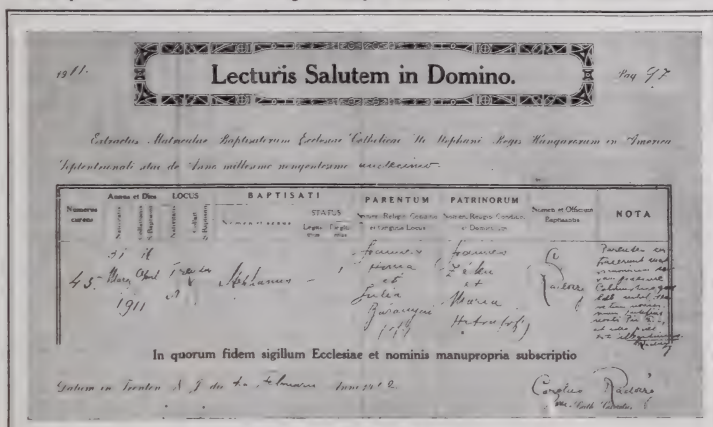
In this country the *Ne Temere* decree has been productive of great injustice to the principals in mixed marriages. Several cases have come to light in which the children of such marriages, when presented for baptism before a Catholic priest, have been entered on the official baptismal record as illegitimate, although their parents have rendered obedience to the marriage laws of the State.

A certificate of this character—the original document and not a copy—has been sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and is reproduced on this page in fac-simile.

This dreadful stigma, which the Roman Church has stamped upon father, mother and child in this case, is something against which every fair-minded person must revolt with indignation. That any church should have the audacity so to defame those who have complied with the laws of the land seems almost incredible; yet here is the positive evidence that Rome claims this right and exercises it here in this Republic. She dare not do it in Germany; she meets opposition in England; her right to place the stamp of infamy upon mixed marriages is authoritatively rejected in Canada; but she does it here in free America, and apparently with impunity, making no secret of it.

A similar case comes to us from Perth Amboy, N. J., where, in a baptismal certificate dated November 6, 1910, given in the Church of the Holy Cross of that place, Anna Suzanne, the infant child of Stephen Dagonya (Catholic) and Mary Csoma (Reformed) is recorded as "illegitimate," and this degrading remark is appended: "The parents are living in concubinage." This certificate is signed by Franciscus Gross, rector of the Hungarian Catholic Church. The humiliated family is probably poor and helpless, and without the means of taking the case to court for vindication; so the father, mother and daughter must go through life with the finger of scorn pointed at them, although the parents have complied with the laws of God and man in their marriage relation. These cases are examples of hundreds of others in which American citizens have been defamed by virtue of the infamous *Ne Temere* decree.

A Baptismal Certificate Condemning a Family to Shame, Under the "Ne Temere" Decree



1911. Lecturis Salutem in Domino. Pag 97

Extractus Matriculae Baptisteriorum Ecclesiae Catholicae St Stephani Regis Hungarorum in America

Septentrionali sita de Anno millesimo nongentesimo undecimo.

BAPTISATI — PARENTUM — PATRINORUM — NOTA

In quorum fidem sigillum Ecclesiae et nominis manupropria subscriptio

Datum in Trenton N. J. die 4. Februarii Anno 1912.

[TRANSLATION]

To Those Who Read, Health in the Lord

1911 Page 97

Taken from the Record of Baptisms of the Catholic Church of St Stephen, King of the Hungarians situated in North America, in the year 1911.

Number	Year and Day of Birth	Year and Day of Baptism	PLACE of Birth	PLACE of Baptism	BAPTIZED Name and Sex	STATUS Legitimate	STATUS Illegitimate	PARENTS Name, Religion, standing and where they date from	SPONSORS Name, Religion, Standing and Residence	Baptizing Official	REMARKS
6	March 31 1911	April 16 1911	Perth Amboy N J	Perth Amboy N J	Stephen	—	1	Joannes Hamy and Julia Baranyai	Joannes Zeku and Maria Hay	C Radoczy	Parents contracted marriage before a Calvinistic preacher which is nothing, really, the latest Reformed Church of Pope X, therefore the child is illegitimate. Radoczy

In the faith of which, the seal of the Church is attached, and the name is subscribed in proper hand.

Signed: Casimirus Radoczy, Rom. Cath. Curate.

[SEAL]

Given at Trenton N. J., Feb. 4 1912

THE GIFT OF GOD IN YOU

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Richard Braunstein, D.D.*

TEXT: "I put thee in remembrance, that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee." II. Tim. 1: 6

THE extent of the usefulness and achievement of any person's life depends very largely upon that person's conception of what life really is. One great reason why so few people ever make a true success of their being, is because by far the greater majority fail to regard life in the light of its tremendous capabilities and possible achievements. Most men are insensible to the highest and best things within and about them. They are dead to the rich gifts of possibility which God has implanted in every human breast. They are deaf to the myriad of voices that are pleading for their advance, and blind to the lofty heights above them, which beckon upward.

The two great conceptions of life are well illustrated by the manner in which two men will regard a little child. One sees wrapped up in the little body, as it lies sleeping in the cradle or folded gently in its mother's arms, simply a little bundle of flesh and bones. He sees only a little child, with childish fears and faith, with but the beginnings of ambition and thought, simply a child and nothing more. Another man of truer sense and sounder faith, regarding that same child, sees in him amazingly more than the weak materials and fancies of child-life; he recognizes that wrapped up there in that spark of life are all the possibilities of the man, all the signs of enormous achievement, of accomplished usefulness and of realized hope. He beholds in him great latent energy, dormant power, intrinsic vitality, waiting only for time to give it expression, for opportunity to give it vent, for development to awaken it to consciousness and form it into lasting action.

Life and Its Promise

It is very much as when one man of narrow mind regards a kernel of corn or seed of grain, and forgetting that rich property whereby it is capable of unfolding into manifold life, thinks the seed complete in itself, while a second man of broad faith and quickened forethought sees combined in the little germ all the possibilities of matured life and ripened fruits. The acorn of the forest, as he holds it in his hand, bears to him the image of the ponderous oak, and reflected in its little shining surface he sees the spreading branches, the mighty trunk and tenacious roots of the tree that will be; the tree which one day, if the acorn grows, will brave the storms and defy the tempest.

So, friends, is he who regards his own life and the lives of those about him aright; life to him is a gift from God; it is capital, stored-up energy, latent power, dormant force. It is replete with possibilities of improvement, with ability of unfolding into grace and grandeur and usefulness. It is at every moment to him a reflection of what may be, an image of what will be, and though at present incomplete, he presses into the unknown future with hopeful assurance that the possible in his life will become the actual. The happiest hour in all of a young man's existence is the hour in which he awakes to consciousness, feels his strength, learns his gift, hears his calling, is sure of his mission, and, sensible to all the capabilities of the forces upon which he may depend, presses into his truer life with zealous hope and an unbounded faith.

The Revelation of Christ

And now one of the brightest and best of all the revelations that we may find in Jesus Christ is this very revelation of ourselves; not ourselves as we are, but ourselves as we ought to be, as we may become. God holds up in Jesus our life, and bids us behold in him the rich possibilities of our nature. "See," he says, "what purity, what trust, what tenderness, what humility, what usefulness, what devotion to the Father's will." Behold, all these priceless principles of character are the ripened fruits in Christ of which you possess the seeds, they are the ends to which you possess the means. And how beautifully all this revelation in Christ of man's *possible* self appeared when Jesus was upon earth! Every one with whom he came in contact seemed to be aroused into conscious possession of something within him of which he was unconscious before. Christ came into the old world of men's lives and immediately they became new. The blind and deaf and dumb saw and heard and spoke; to each the old earth seemed to burst forth into vigorous life; new beauty and divine possibility were everywhere seen in that light of God. Weeping Mary with forgiven sins, doubting Thomas with newly found faith, wavering Peter with final trust, John with amazing love, Paul with boundless zeal, are a few of the representative names of souls who found themselves when they found Christ.

Paul's Plea for an Awakening

Here, then, I take it, we have much light thrown upon the meaning of the apostle Paul, when he made appeal to the gift of God in the heart of the young Timothy. Paul had the true conception of life, and he saw in the youthful disciple, as in a child, as in the seed or acorn, tremendous possibility, wondrous energy, phenomenal power; and more than that, as that disciple had come into possession of the Christian life, had Christ formed within him, had been baptized with the holy Spirit of God, Paul saw that all his wondrous possessions and possibilities and powers were unfolding in the direction of useful service for the kingdom of God. But as yet those powers were inactive, those forces were sleeping, that gift within him of becoming an expression of Christ was dormant and Paul appeals for their arousing. Stir up, he says, that gift, fan into flame that spark, beget into life that hope that is within thee. Become transformed into the complete likeness of your Master and bring into subjection every faculty of your soul and yield over to the magnifying, multiplying power of God every talent in your possession. Paul himself had found the high achievements of which a life with God is capable; he had stirred up God's gift to him until he had become a delightful image of his Master. He now calls upon Timothy to do the same with his God-given gifts.

Our Sleeping Talents

And it is right here that we find our lesson. We, too, have had given unto us the gift of God, the capital for right investment, the capacity for richer development, the possibility of highest usefulness. We, too, have had set beside our own incomplete lives the great life of Christ, and we see in him the great unoccupied territory of possible achievement. But how many of us have truly, in the apostle's sense, stirred up into being and realized life our gift from God? In many of us, yes, in most of us, is it not too true that that gift lies unimproved and dormant? Or if it has been stirred, has it not been partially, rather than thoroughly, stirred? Not one of us can stand forth and properly claim that he is at the end of self-improvement, and that he has achieved all with his gifts. In each of us the faculties which God has given us are still capable of greater expression and development.

There is the gift of our social nature, with its illimitable possibility of growth. Society is pressing its demands upon us for purity. In every community in which we may enter, there are portions, at least, which will not bear the searchlight of scrutiny and inspection. They are contaminated with almost every conceivable form of sinful practice and secret crime, and it is our duty in the little world which surrounds us to so thoroughly stir up the gift of our social light-bearing as to be reflections in purity and moral stability of our Saviour. Society also demands our sympathy. Paul well knew the need of this feature to the Christian character, and doubtless had it in mind when thinking of the latent gifts of Timothy. Each one of us owes a great deal to society in the way of sympathy. We are inclined to forget that God is our common Father and that all we are brethren. If there are any sick, needy, discouraged, sorrowing, mourning, like so many entreating voices, they appeal to our interest and helpful effort. Listen where you will, and you will always hear the cry of need, a call for your endeavor. In the midst of such demands, behold your Saviour, with every fiber of his being bent upon the relief of suffering, and with such compassion born of God do you go and do likewise.

Not only are we to arouse the gifts of our social nature, but we are to awaken and set into lively action the abilities of the intellect. We are social beings, and we are also intellectual. Paul beautifully demonstrated in his own character the extent to which sociability and mind may develop in the Christian. Stir up your mental gifts; study nature and humanity. Above all, study God. Make every possible effort to rise into the highest realm of intellectual activity; make the best of every opportunity, ennoble yourself with the loftiest ideals and purest purposes, and be assured that you are never too old to learn; in no instance whatever can ignorance be bliss; it can never be folly to be wise. The loftier our attainments in the world of knowledge, the better we are prepared to think the thoughts of God and to be in harmony with his truth. Therefore, stir up vigorously, energetically, enthusiastically, every feature of your intellectual being.

Our High Calling Unto God

But higher than all are the gifts of our spiritual nature. These are the crowning graces of the soul. The spiritual side is the farthest away from earthly things. Many there are who never even enter this sphere of spiritual activity because their gifts have been deadened by disuse, and while they may be social and intellectual giants, they are spiritual dwarfs. But there is the possibility of wondrous development in this direction of the soul. The perfectly rounded, symmetrically developed man is he whose religious, intellectual and social natures are all equal. One cannot be stunted except at the expense of the other two. The talent in each which God has given us are capable of like increase. The higher we reach into God, the larger and broader will be our characters. To stir up the highest and best gifts will make the activities of the lower more capable of perfection, and he who will employ to the best advantage the presence of the Holy Spirit of God, the truth of his word, the many means of grace, will gradually discover that he is unfolding like the oak from the acorn, like the stalwart man from the tiny child into the glorious character of his Lord. He will discover his own life reflected in the Saviour, and will begin to understand the mysteries of his own being by the solution which he finds in the life of Christ.

As when one holds the seashell close to his listening ear and hears, not the beatings of the waves upon some distant shore, but the reverberations of his own heart-beats resounding there, so he who gets in closest contact with the living Christ will hear, not the life-beats of some distant divine echo, but to his amazement he will hear his own true life beating in each heart-throb of his Master.

PRIZED THE RED-LETTER BIBLE

The Red Letter Bible you sent me for my daughter is the most beautiful book. Its elegant binding, clear print, and splendid material put together in such a substantial manner make it one of the most desirable books I have ever seen. May your magnificent Bibles be placed in many a home to attract the reading public and point the way to the great Beyond, is the wish of your more than pleased reader.

E. S. WOOD,
Superintendent of Public Schools.
Fulton, Mo.

* Pastor M. E. Church, Ashland, N. Y.

MY DUTY

OD called me forth to serve; I could not go
Far out upon the height, or midst the throng
Iould not cheer amidst the battle's van,
r join the multitude in victory's song.
own small sphere was all too large for me—
could not leave it for the busy mart—
he had called me to his harvest field,
nd I could not refuse to do my part.

oked about me for a work to do;
found it lying at my very door;
ery of need that I had often heard,
he weakness and despair I'd seen before.
re was a time to say a word to one
n sin, and there a chance to lend a hand;
moment here and there in which to pray,
o hear and sympathize and understand.

en, while the multitude in chorus swell
he praise of wreath-crowned victors true
and brave,
me go forth upon the field of life,
nd succor those my Master died to save.
duty this: to give the rare, sweet flower
f love and kindness while 'tis yet to-day;
lend a hand to pilgrims on the march.
nd speak a word to cheer them on their way.
iedom, Ind. ASA LEE KENT.

The Hope of the Future

HOUSANDS of homes in the slum districts of Chicago are Christless nd prayerless. Cruelty takes the ace of kindness, oaths are heard in ead of prayers, and neglect and in fference abound where moral and ligious instruction should be given. r. J. F. Atkinson, the superintendent the Chicago Boys' Club, with his lpers, is laboring in some of the ost benighted parts of this great odom, Chicago, to save the boys, any of whose homes are worse than homes at all. The purpose of this oys' Club, with its three branches in ie slums, is to provide for poor, agged boys places where they can me freely and regularly into an at osphere of love, sympathy and help ilness, where they can receive the atherly counsels and be surrounded the wholesome Christian influences prayer and spirituality which they annot get in their own homes.

Five evenings of each week and on unday afternoons hundreds of these oys come from the tenements and om the streets. They are given op ortunity for wholesome amusement nd exercise in gymnasiums and game ooms, for mental culture in libraries nd reading rooms and for industrial raining in carpenter shops, freehand rawing classes, basket-weaving, print ng departments, etc. Two evenings f each week are given over to heart -heart talks, stereopticon lectures nd Gospel services. Even on the ights when industrial classes are in rogress the boys are gathered at the lose for a season of song, prayer and estimony. These Boys' Clubs provide hat every boy needs, but many fail to et: physical development, mental raining and a moral and spiritual plift. J. G. L.

Colorado's Woman Pastor

MRS. MINNIE WARD PATTERSON has the distinction of being he first woman minister in Colorado Springs. She has received and accepted a call to become permanent pastor of Hillside Congregational Church, succeeding her son, the Rev. J. L. Patterson, who has resigned to become field secretary of the Florence Crittenton Association. Mrs. Patterson has frequently substituted for her son in the pulpit, and when he resigned the congregation was practically unanimous in extending the call to her. She graduated from Hillsdale College, Michigan, with the degree of Master of Arts. One of her classmates was John C. Patterson, whom she married. She is a Greek scholar, and an artist of ability.

A Sunday Feast

Coming early each week, I save my CHRISTIAN HERALD for a Sunday feast. After long acquaintance, each succeeding issue seems better than the previous one. Nothing affords me greater satisfaction than its introduction to other home circles. GEO. D. DODGE.
Hampton Falls, N. H.

Waiting in a Hurry

THE world is speed crazy, and growing more so day by day. Ocean liners are built to clip a few minutes off the previous best record time for a three thousand mile trip. Railroad trains are advertised with record-breaking speed between given points as the chief attraction. Mountains are tunneled or cut away, costly bridges are built, and roads are straightened solely to reduce the time of a journey by a few moments. Automobiles and aeroplanes become noteworthy in proportion to their speed. New means of communication base their claim for attention on greater speed. Everybody calls for speed, speed, speed, and the more they get the more they demand.

The same mania disturbs every department of business. It keeps social life and even home life in constant turmoil. "Rush!" is the lash which every business man feels on his own back, and it is the lash which he applies to those under him. In contracts we find the words, "Time is of the essence of this contract." The work must be completed on a given date, or a penalty is incurred; whereas for a day gained a bonus is earned.

Rush to build the house; rush to get the paper out; rush to plant the corn; rush to fill the orders; rush to catch a train—from morning to night, if we yield to the current, we are swept on in the constant rush, rush, rush, which exhausts both body and spirit and destroys in us all true sense of perspective.

It might almost be said that we are living explosive lives. No sooner is a plan conceived or a wish formed, than we must achieve it at once. The old motto on the savings bank pass-book, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," does not suit the temper of the present age. We are liable to be impatient of the small change and call it "chicken feed." The day of small things is contemptuously rejected in many business enterprises, and plans "to get rich quick" find favor. Even in legitimate enterprises, to which one would never dream of applying that insulting phrase, the same spirit of haste causes many an honest man or concern to ride to a fall.

. . .

QUICKLY come, quickly go. Nothing endures that has too sudden a birth. "Up like a rocket, down like the stick." A business that is launched full-grown, without years of slow, tedious growth to give it deep root or foundation, seldom endures the storm of competition, the turmoil of internal dispute, the strain of hard times, or the draining waste of inexperience. When you find a newly organized concern just starting in business on a big scale, with elegantly appointed offices, a large staff of employees, and elaborate stationery, keep your weather eye open for an auction sale.

A mushroom springs up in a night and finds its way to the frying-pan the next day. An oak tree may still be in its childhood after a hundred years. The famous Cowthrop Oak, at Cowthrop, Yorkshire, England, was planted about the time of the Norman Conquest, and is at least eight hundred years old to-day, cared for and venerated by the English nation. Some of the great redwoods of California were shaking their branches in the wind when Moses wandered with the children of Israel through the wilderness three thousand years ago. These noble veterans of the forest have never been in a hurry. They have waited in calm majesty as the seasons and the years have passed in long procession, and the only rush they have felt has been the rush of the tempests, by which they have never been moved. A wholesome, healthful thing it is for body and soul to spend some of the vacation hours looking up at the trees and learning from them the truth of Milton's words, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

. . .

GREAT enterprises grow by the accumulation of countless little things and by the combined force of many smaller powers. This is equally true whether it be a great business enterprise, or the greater enterprise of building a character that shall stand the test of eternity. Some one has said that character "is not built by a powerful effort, but by long-continued accumulation of small acts. A great soul does not swell out into grandeur in a day; it grows bit by bit, and fills up every little space of time with something of growth. The giant tree can weather the fiercest storm; but the whole of its mighty force once flowed in microscopic particles dissolved in its rising sap."

Whether it be business success, or personal influence and reputation in the world, or a strong, pure character, and "conscience void of offense," it is to be gained, not by any single brilliant coup, but in the way Longfellow says in his *Psalm of Life*, "Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait."

Right here the easy philosophy of a writer is in danger of clashing with the practical experience and insistent demands of the man who is battling in the world. "I have no time to wait; I'm in a hurry!" he exclaims. "Life is short; my creed is 'hustle!' All things come to him who waits only if he hustles while he waits." The waiting lesson is the hardest of all for eager souls to learn. It is all the more hard because it is so often misunderstood.

The right kind of waiting does not mean idleness; it means patience. Waiting may sometimes join hands with hurry, but never with worry. While we toil on with all our might, using every moment and every opportunity for its full worth, we can keep our hearts in peace and wait patiently for the result. "I worked with patience, which means almost power," said Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

. . .

EVERY good worker looks forward to some desired achievement. Too much haste, too much speed may bring him to wreck on his way. A spirit of impatience hinders his progress. "Make haste slowly" is a safe rule. It is necessary at times to put on the brakes, and try waiting in a hurry. Stop the rush and take time to think. Quiet thought steadies and refreshes the tired, worried worker. No great task need be finished in a hurry. Completion is not the most vital thing. The one essential is that whatever we do shall be *well done* as far as we go. This life is but the beginning of endless usefulness. We can afford to be patient, doing our best, and *wait* to hear the words, "Well done. . . .

Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many."

Poems Everyone Should Know

COMFORT

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fail, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Advice to Young Preachers

REV. PROFESSOR DAVID SMITH, D.D., in the *British Weekly*, gives some practical hints for the encouragement of young pastors, who find their ministry waning in spiritual vigor and feel that they are gradually coming down to a dull, dead level, which gives discouragement both to preachers and congregations:

"Let me offer to my younger brethren who are enduring the ordeal several counsels which I know to be good. 1. Recognize your place, however narrow, as the heritage which God has given you, and your work, however disheartening, as the service which he requires of you. 2. Amid the poverty of your actual keep before you the grandeur of the ideal. The church at the best is so imperfect, and often so squalid in its worldliness and pettiness that one could hardly endure it if one did not see the divine ideal of the Kingdom of Heaven hovering above it and shedding glory upon it. Try to see as God sees. View your people as 'heaven's possible novitiates, angels who have not found their wings.' It makes a world of difference in our feeling toward the dullest and least engaging when we recognize him as an immortal soul, the purchase of our Saviour's precious blood. You may accomplish little, but it is something to touch the dormant sensibility in a human breast; and patient faith and love will do it. 3. When you have little encouragement without, retire into the inner sanctuary, and find refreshment there. Of course, it is not given to every man to enrich literature with the fruit of his study, but it is possible for every man to enrich his own mind and redeem his ministry from futility. 4. Never let your surroundings set your standard. Put your heart and soul into every sermon. Study as diligently for fifty peasants in the little sanctuary of a poor hamlet as for a thronging multitude in a cathedral; and prepare every sermon as though you would send it to the publishers to be read by the world. It is not the judgment of your hearers that you should consider, nor even your own ideal of workmanship: it is the verdict of your Lord. Prepare and preach your sermons 'as unto him.' Remember always that the King is in the audience."

Anvil Sparks

..WEARING a sour face is a libel on religion.

..WEAKNESS is not so bad as blindness to it.

..A WISE man is not over-confident of his wisdom.

..PEACE is valuable enough to fight for if necessary.

..THE biggest help we can ever give another is just love.

..INDECISION is a great blockade in the way of progress.

..THERE are no changes of fashions in the garb of righteousness.

..SOME folks never have a chance because they just fool around and will not take it.

..WHEN a duty looks to be beneath your dignity, your dignity needs to be lowered a few notches.

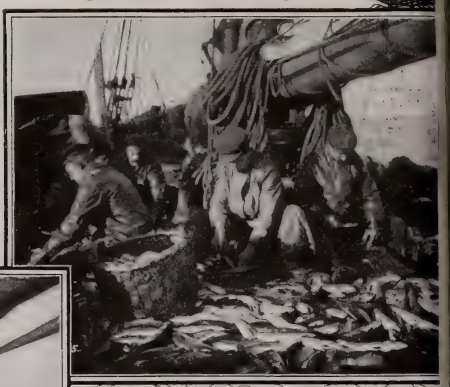
..WE DO have many solemn duties, to be sure, but it never adds to their importance to look too solemn because of them.

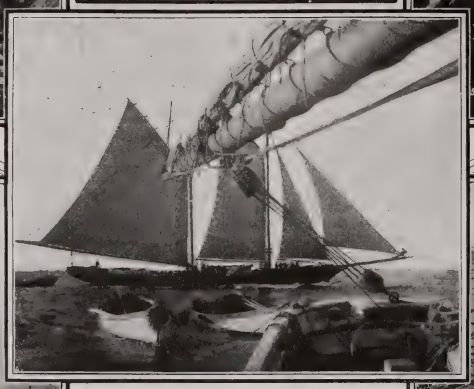
THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

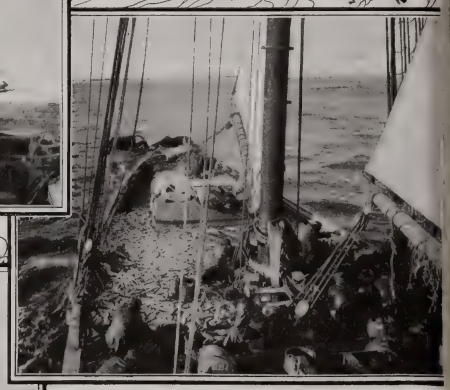
THE DAY'S CATCH

THE LAST TACK

THE DAILY CLEANUP







Photographs by Levick

LETTERS FOR HOME

HEY, you Novie! Wut the great horn spoons air you foulin' up my roddin' fer?"

"Hoot, mon, who's foulin' yer roddin'? Mickle ye care uf ye can but draw yer knife an sim ither budie's whun he is na lookin', ye shrimp-faced Glooster loon!"

A Massachusetts Portuguese and a Quebec Frenchman guffawed their delight over this tiff between Gloucester and Cape Breton, and a Nova Scotian lad from Lunenburg was just poised ready to add his lively tongue to the dispute when a high-keyed Cockney voice broke in with "Dip, you bloomin' 'eathen, dip! 'Ere's the fish."

In a single instant it seemed as if the sea were alive with tiny fish, and behind them came the omnivorous cod, jumping like salmon for a fly as they devoured their smaller brethren and fled in terror to escape the cavernous jaws of three or four great drab-backed whales that followed close on their trail. The water fairly seemed to boil, it was so full of fish, and the air was as full of shouts of precaution and advice, while every man plied his dip-net as fast and furiously as he could, fouled his neighbor's anchor line and said what was in his heart without let or hindrance.

There were ten wild minutes of shouting and dipping, then the sculpin had gone and only the song—popular on the hotel verandas of Gloucester the summer before—of a New England boy rose above the splash of the sinkers, the flapping of the monster codfish and the dull thud of the muckles as the fish were stunned and taken from the lines. Great green-backed rollers, almost a half mile from crest to crest, would silently lift a line of dories to make a frieze against the sky line, then leaving them behind, swing up a new set with moving men like figures in a pantomime.

Mid-August had brought all the diversified fishing boats of the Grand Banks fleet together in one great group for the schooling of the cod that gives them their easiest catch of the season. That morning the first level beams of the sun had splashed with pink and gold and pearly-gray and white the riding sails of a hundred little ships as they lay in a three-mile circle around that terror of the North Atlantic, the Virgin Rock. As Newfoundlander and Frenchman, Bluenose and Yankee, slid gracefully over the long unbroken swell, their many-colored dories dropped from their sides, and mid the rattling of ropes and blocks, the splashing of oars, and the shouts of the rowers, made off for the charmed circle where the cod were sure to come. All day the fish swam steadily by in little schools, and bit as steadily as they swam. The men fished and chaffed one another and sang in every phase of English that's spoken from Connecticut to Labrador, to say nothing of Italian, Portuguese, Gaelic and French. All day the dories filled with gleaming fish, and relief boats ferried the precious harvest home to the mother smack, where tables and knives were ready for the cleaning process, and the "wetting of salt" in the hold that would take far into the darkness to finish.

HOMEWARD BOUND

The long twilight crept up out of the east, and like bees to the hive, heavy with their freight, the dories gathered home, to be swung aboard the schooners for the night. From scarlet and gold the western sky paled to amethyst and lemon-yellow, and the sea stretched out to meet it, a shimmering opal of blue and green. The smell of bacon and fried cod's tongues floated across the water till supper was over. Then, with many moving lanterns, decks were cleared, dories washed, and the day's catch cleaned and sent to fill the yawning space below deck, where layer on layer, with salt, lay several thousand of their fellows.

The darkness gathered, and into its gray and purple depths the news of the catch was passed from ship to ship, growing fainter and fainter as it sped to those that were but far-off voices in the night. Red and green port and starboard anchor lights soon blinked on the very water line, and a hundred bright stars winked and gleamed where a hundred lanterns made long, graceful arcs, swing ing at the peaks.

THE RICHES OF THE SEA

With the dawn came fog—great silent banks rol ing like heavy wind-driven smoke. A burnishe copper shield, the sun rose, only to be quenched i the leaden gray that settled over all the flee From every deck there rose the raucous voice of foghorn, while from the scattered dories answerin notes on conchs and all varieties of tin horns tol those left behind the whereabouts of their fellow Redoubled blowing marked the evening hour whe the dories crept home through the dripping gloom.

Darkness came, and each in the isolation of th fog set his lights and anchor watch for th menace of the night. Feebly the lanterns strov against the bulwark that shut them round. A fe short yards their light fought its way through th fleecy barrier; then there was darkness. The lon swell rose till, with a roar like a voice of fate abov all man's puny sounds, the waves broke about th Virgin Rock. In its silences, the wails and groan of the foghorns warned the small and pleaded wit the great who might be abroad on such a night.

The leaden hours dragged on to midnight. Th rime grew white on the beards of the watch, an little pools gathered in the stiff folds of their oil skins as they leaned at the rail watching an listening.

Then it came, the deep sonorous bellow of steam siren. A rhythmic pulsing of the air told o a great ship feeling her way through the dark, th fog and the fleet, surrounded by sounding horns, ye unable to tell how near they were. Suddenly ou of the blanket of mist rose the white numerals marking the feet on the bow of a liner. Then th startled and startling cry of the lookout, "A ligh five points under port bow, sir," and the steady voice on the bridge, "Hard-a-starb'rd." The swis of imprisoned water; the grating of wood and steel the flashing of lights from the portholes; the fac of a child in the light, and she was gone into th night that brought her with her freight of life an light and her menace of death and the dark.

Of such are the dangers of deep sea fishers. S close death comes and passes. With a changing wind came morning and sunlight and the old tas of taking fish. All the standing jokes of the fleet come out for their annual rejuvenation. The

Continued on next page

RAILROADING IN CLOUDLAND

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER

BOLIVIA has taken a unique way among South American countries of observing its national birthday. It proposes to celebrate by opening a railway which will give it a short line across the coast range of the Andes down to the ocean. Bolivia's July 4, that is, its independence day, comes on August 6, and this is the day set for opening the railroad which connects the capital La Paz with Arica on the Pacific.

Bolivia itself is one of the most interesting countries in the world. It sometimes has been called the imprisoned country because it had no coast line. Its great tableland or plateau sustains more than one million inhabitants at an altitude of nearly two miles. There is no part of the world where so large a number of people find the means of subsistence at such an elevation. Tibet, as is well known, has very few inhabitants.

The opening of this short route, or air-line, will mark one of the most notable triumphs of railway engineering. The vast wall of the Andes, which stretches for thousands of miles along the Pacific coast, has seemed to defy railway builders. Yet their genius time and again has pierced the wall.

A year or so ago the first short line from the Pacific to the Atlantic was signalized by the railway through the Uspallata Pass which joined the systems of Chile and the Argentine Republic. Other lines climbing right into the heart of the Andes had been built in Peru and Ecuador. There was also a winding line from Antofagasta up from Chile to the Bolivian tableland and the Peruvian route by way of Lake Titicaca. But the La Paz Arica line is by far the shortest. A great advantage will be for passengers to be able to get from the coast to the heart of Bolivia in the midst of the perpetual snows of the Cordilleras in about fifteen hours.

The Arica La Paz line starts from Arica, or rather from Tacna, for there has been a line across the valley from Arica to Tacna on the edge of the sandy desert for many years. Arica is notable both from the picturesque point of view and from its history. A tremendous crag or spur of the mountain —the Morro—beetles right out over the sea, but at the base there is smooth water, practically a sheltered harbor. Far up in the Andes sometimes can be seen the glistening snowcap of Mount Tacna, which is 19,000 feet above sea-level.

Arica's written history goes back nearly 350 years, for Sir Francis Drake wrote in the log of the *Golden Hind* that he found at this point a small collection of native huts. That is about the only record of early history, although the Spanish voyagers also make mention of landing there.

Numerous earthquakes and so-called tidal waves have been recorded. In 1868 the United States frigate *Wateree* was carried a mile inland and her companion ship, the *Fredonia*, was destroyed. In the American navy to-day and on its retired list there are officers who recall their experiences on those ships.

A Street Scene in La Paz

The new railroad climbs up from Tacna a pretty steep wall in surmounting the volcanic chain of the Andes. In some places the grade is six feet. In consequence the rack and cog system has to be used. The place where the ridge of the coast range is crossed is a little more than 14,000 feet. A novel idea is to be introduced on this road for the benefit of passengers. I have frequently described the *soroche*, or mountain sickness, from which few travelers in the Andes escape. It is sometimes called the land form of sea-sickness. One gets over it in a few days, but in a short journey the sickness is very acute and for persons of weak heart it is somewhat dangerous. To overcome the effect of the quick ascent and the great altitude it is proposed to have oxygen compartments in the passenger cars. Passengers in these compartments will have in the air they breathe the same proportions of oxygen as at sea-level.

How far the new line will serve for freight is not yet settled, although it will be used to some extent. It follows the route which used to be taken for transporting freight by mules and burros across the volcanic desert and through the pass to the tableland. It will not, however, displace the llamas, which are the native beasts of burden in the Andes and which serve as freighters in regions where even the burros and mules can be used only to a limited extent. The llamas sometimes have been called competitors with the railways. They are hardly that, since they really bring traffic to the railways from regions which would otherwise be inaccessible.

The Arica La Paz line will not afford much of native life to see until it has crossed the pass and dropped down to the great plateau. It is on this plateau that the native Bolivian Indians, both the Quichuas and the Aymaras, or primitive races, are found living about as they lived when the Spaniards came four centuries ago.

The Arica La Paz line is only one chapter in the national railway development now going on in Bolivia. Recently a railway was completed to Potosi in the heart of what three centuries ago was the most famous silver mining region in the world. Mr. Ignacio Calderon, the Bolivian minister in Washington, says that when the *Mayflower* arrived on the coast of New England in 1620 and Boston was not yet in existence, the city of Potosi, founded in 1545, had a population of more than 160,000, and could boast of several multi-millionaires. With the working out of the silver mines the population diminished and until within late years has been less than 10,000. It is expected that the opening of this railway branch, by cheapening the transportation of supplies and machinery for the silver mines and improving the means of transporting the ore, will cause the revival of silver mining in this district.

While Bolivia has copper and gold and other minerals as well as silver, her greatest wealth is in tin. There is as much romance in tin mining in Bolivia as in diamond mining in South Africa and gold mining in our own country. Fortunes just as large have been made. One man who a few years ago was a prospector now has an income from his tin mines equal to that of the bonanza kings of California or the South African mining magnates. He has recently offered to build a railway line which the government itself did not feel able to undertake.

In all the world last year there were only 110,000 tons of tin produced and to this quantity Bolivia contributed one-fifth, so the value of her tin deposits can be understood. Some of this tin is mined as high as 17,000 feet. When I was in Bolivia a few years ago a mine owner gave me some tin crystals which he said one of his Indian workmen had brought down from an altitude of 17,500 feet. Most of the mines, however, are worked at altitudes of less than 15,000 feet. Tin mining has thus the distinction of location at one of man's most lofty permanent dwelling-places as well as beneath the bed of the sea. This opposite extreme is found in the world's oldest known tin mines in Devonshire, England.

The Ever-Present Llama—the Beast of Burden of All the Upper Andes

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

Continued from preceding page

chronic grouches and the lords of unassailable happy temperament must stand for the caustic or good-natured raillery of their neighbors. Small boys out for their first year with the fleet go through their initiation and fall victims to the strawberry weed, that beautiful poison ivy of the deep. Rival claims to first honors at seamanship are argued pro and con.; for in the last good blow the *Lolla W.* dragged her anchor, and with the dawn came slipping back shamefacedly to the jibes of the laughing fleet.

"Hey! git a ring on bottom ta hitch to, why don't ya?" and "How're the folks ashore this mornin'?" . . . "Oh, I thought you'd been over on a visit." Then the ubiquitous youngster, "Say! Gotta piece o' cable ye're not usin'?" and from the drifted schooner now safely again at anchor, "Ye young rapscallin'! I'd like ta use ut over your back!" "Well, why don't ya stick round when the chances is good?"

Keen but silent rivalry urged on the fishing, for great is the honor of that ship which shall first stand off for home with a full catch.

As August waned, one little schooner after another battened down her hatches over a full cargo, took letters from those left behind, shook out her canvas and sailed away for St. Johns, Halifax or Gloucester, a season's work well done. Through mist and rain, through storm and calm, through moonlit nights and over sunny seas, back to the home wharfs the stanch little ships are drawing, back to mothers, wives and sweethearts with the harvest of the sea. THEODORE RAND-MCNALLY.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Progress Heavenward

WE WATCH the beautiful motions of the sea birds following a ship—now floating on the wind with no apparent exertion, now flapping their wings in upward flight, now dropping to catch from the crest of a wave a morsel of food thrown from the ship, now outstripping the wind to recover the distance lost, now wheeling with graceful curve to right and left, and ever crossing and recrossing one another as if in joyous dance. Watching them, one forgets that they have any other motion. Yet all the while they are traveling onward twenty knots an hour. Those various motions among themselves do not suspend at all their steady flight across the deep. God means that we shall have life's movements among ourselves. That is the truest, most beautiful Christian life, in man or woman, which, diligent in whatever station Providence may have assigned, with cares of business, cares of children, cares of society, cares of friendship, is yet amidst all making steady progress heavenward; now stooping for food, now soaring in thankfulness, now sweeping hither and thither in the exercise of God-given faculties, and ever with friendly heart mingling in beautiful harmony with the kindred flight of others; yet in every one of these motions regulated by the purpose of an all-controlling flight onward, ever onward, to the desired haven.

No man's faith is right, no religion is of the worthiest type, if "mine" and "here" and "now" are its bounding terms. No man's prayer is according to Christ's standard if it does not sweep with its vision the nations of the world and the ages of the future—all his heart rejoicing if he may be identified, in however humble and unnoticed a way, with the interests of Christ's universal and everlasting reign. Here is the nobility of Christian living—to take this larger view; to look at ourselves through the small end, and at God's kingdom through the large end of the field-glass; to see with sweet content a future good which is not for us, and cheerfully to give our energy, make our sacrifices and endure our sufferings in order that the coming man and the coming time may be better than ourselves and our own time; that those who catch the torch from our falling hands may lose no time in kindling it afresh, but leap forward with shouts of victory to the goal.

The Dead Mikado

THE sympathy of the whole world has gone out to the people of Japan during the last few weeks. Mutsuhito, their beloved emperor, is dead, and not alone as a great national loss does this blow strike them, but each and every Japanese feels a keen sense of personal bereavement. As Mutsuhito's reign was the Victorian era of Japan, so the ruler himself was beloved for his kindly wisdom and his sterling character as Victoria the Good was dearly loved by her subjects throughout the British Empire. His name, as hers, had found its way into the nursery rhymes of the people. Many a man in the prime of life can remember no other ruler. All the youth of the land has been reared in an atmosphere of loyalty that has made the phrase "For the Emperor" carry the same thrill to their hearts as an appeal in the name of Old Glory to the loyal American. There is a sob at many a heart and many an eye is wet, for they feel that they have lost a great national father.

Down through history from Grecian times to our own, we find, here and there, a man whose name looms large in his nation's story called the father of his country. Surely none has ever more truly deserved such distinction than the late Mikado. As a boy of only fourteen years he ascended the throne, which we have every reason to believe his fathers had occupied in unbroken line of descent for 2,570 years. He found himself monarch of an isolated land—a land that had stood still—and hedged about by a power greater than his own. Within a year the Shogunate was abolished—the military power which since 1199 had overshadowed the throne. Then each succeeding year marked a stride toward progress. In 1871 the feudal system was abolished. Eighteen seventy-two saw the completion of Japan's first railway. In 1873 the Gregorian calendar was adopted. The Satsuma rebellion, the last effort of the old régime, was suppressed in 1877. Two years later the Mikado granted his people a constitution and the next year established a Diet. In 1894 came the victorious struggle with China. Then after ten years of commercial and industrial progress the war with Russia. The following year, 1905, marked the realization of one of Mutsuhito's great ambitions. The treaty of alliance with Great Britain was signed, and the phrase "political inferiority," which had been diplomatically dropped by the other nations in 1901, was forever wiped out.

It has been stated that Japan would have advanced to her splendid position among the nations under any other leader—the development was due. Even so might it be said the thirteen colonies of North America were due for political separation from the mother country in 1776 and the event would have taken place without the wise generalship of George Washington. Yet as Washington guided the fortunes of the revolution, so has Mutsuhito guided his people from the depths of medievalism to the light of modern civilization.

Mail Swindlers

IN SPITE of the fact that the Post Office Department has been unusually vigilant in its supervision of the mails, to guard against swindlers, the extraordinary statement is made in a report to the Postmaster General last month that during the past year the American people were victimized to the extent of $120,000,000, chiefly by bogus mines and worthless land projects. In the preceding twelve months, over $70,000,000 were secured by similar swindles. There have been over one thousand arrests and 452 convictions for the year ending June 30, while many cases are still awaiting trial. It is a difficult undertaking to protect the people against these specious frauds. Coming in the guise of legitimate enterprises, they usually succeed in cozening large sums out of the pockets of the credulous before their real character becomes apparent. There is practically no limit to the ingenuity of this class of freebooters. Their wholly imaginative descriptions of enterprises read like a page from the *Arabian Nights*, and fascinate the unwary, and their skill in finding victims among all classes—professional and business men, farmers, preachers, tradesmen and thrifty mechanics—puts vulgar rascality to the blush and elevates swindling to the dignity of a fine art. Their dupes for a little while live in a fool's paradise, but the inevitable exposé comes some day when the coffers are full. Then there is the usual scurrying of the rascals to cover, their mail is stopped, their offices deserted, their help unpaid, while thousands of silly men and women all over the country lament because they didn't take the sensible advice of the philosopher who wrote the warning couplet against the lure of sudden riches:

> Though it seem like a fortune to other hands thrown,
> Take counsel from caution and—let it alone!

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The Reign of Crime in New York

DISTRICT ATTORNEY WHITMAN of New York has conducted almost single-handed the investigation into the Rosenthal murder and has let in the light on a chain of crimes that shock the metropolis. In his possession are confessions by three of the men implicated in the case, which point conclusively to the existence of an extensive system of criminal collusion between the police and the gambling fraternity. Blackmail to the amount of more than $2,400,000 a year has been levied upon the gamblers, and the confessions show that it has reached the hands of officials whose names are in Mr. Whitman's possession. Becker, the disgraced and incriminated police lieutenant of the "Strong Arm Squad"—the leading spirit in the collusive arrangements and the instigator of the murder of Rosenthal—is behind the bars and can hardly save himself from the full penalty of his misdeeds by confession now. Meanwhile, the Police Commissioner and the Mayor, who have been practically inactive until now, are beginning to take the situation seriously, which they should have done long ago. It is the universal hope that the infamous system which has disgraced the metropolis and which preyed upon and protected the gamblers and gangsters who have lately overridden the city and defied the law, will be permanently uprooted. The plunder wrung from criminals is being traced from hand to hand and men "high up" are involved in the disgraceful revelation. It has been said with truth that New York is the greatest hotbed of crime of any large city on the globe. Here rascality of every species seems to flourish better than anywhere else. More than one hundred gambling houses were wide open on the day of Rosenthal's murder. Gangs have multiplied and crimes have increased to an extent that is unprecedented. The methods of the underworld have their parallel in business and we find here turpitude in many quarters which would not be tolerated elsewhere. The hour has struck for a wholesome reformation, and we trust that the cleaning-up process so energetically begun by the district attorney will be continued with redoubled vigor until not only the gamblers and confidence men, the burglars and footpads and other professional rogues are suppressed, but the frauds in every kind of business, who prey upon an unwary public, are dealt with according to law. The eyes of the nation look toward this one brave official, who is fighting the people's battle against the criminals.

Forbidden Pleasures

SIR GEORGE SITWELL, an author of repute, tells of a lovely, though deadly, garden in Italy. He writes that there is a pool in the garden with surroundings like a very wonderland; but the traveler who wanders there alone and succumbs to the drowsy influence of the place is in danger, for in the shaded alleys of the garden there is a miasmatic influence that death to those who sleep there. In this strange garden, with its fatal influences, one sees a type of the danger of yielding to forbidden pleasures. Sin allures, then enslaves and at last destroys. He who yields to the temptations of the sensuous life suffers a spiritual as well as a physical deterioration which can only end in complete loss of all that is noble and beautiful, and unless providentially rescued, in the wreck of the soul as well as the body. There are sins that masquerade in the garb of purity and harmlessness and whose character we cannot detect until we find ourselves enslaved. It is well to resist the first approaches of such allurements and to remember that vice, in its earliest forms, hides its true nature and deadly purpose. Test your pleasures and see that they are clean and wholesome, and avoid those that are not. No matter how innocent they may seem at the beginning, if we yield, we shall surely find that an hour will come when it is too late to liberate ourselves without a terrible struggle.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Conducted by FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, D.D.

Joy Ride for Children

NINE hundred children, who filled eleven large automobile omnibuses, rode from Washington Square, New York City, up Fifth Avenue to the end of the park, and nce west and down Riverside Drive and Fifth enue back to the square. Fifth Avenue stood ll and approved when the procession of automo- es went by decorated with flags and bright- ored bunting, and adorned with almost a thou- d human bouquets. It was the first joy ride of ven of the schools of the National Daily Vaca- n Bible School Association. The Rev. Dr. Rob- G. Boville, the national superintendent, and illiam F. L. Edwards, city superintendent, had arge of the parade. There were two or more achers to each omnibus. Only those children re allowed to go on the ride who had not been sent from the morning session once in three eks, and who did not have a single black mark ainst them. The procession was led by Old inity School, followed by three of her chapels. her schools were Calvary, St. arks, the Church of the Heavenly est, House of Aquila, Spring reet, Judson Memorial, and Ken- dy House. After the joy ride e automobile omnibuses took the ildren back to their respective hools, where they were treated to e cream, cake, lemonade, etc., and e children all voted the day a orious success, and those who rovided the entertainment were st as happy as the children. It ust not be forgotten that this joy de was provided by the teachers the Scripture to the little stu- nts of the Bible. The idea that here is anything gloomy about e study of the Sacred Word or a eligious life should be banished rom the mind. The Bible is a ook of remedy for sin, of joy in orrow, of genuine happiness in the ractical duties of life. If any one n earth has a right to a happy eart, a radiant face, and a glori- us life, it is the one who has ouched Christ's heart and been hrilled by his joy. We are sure hat Christ prompted and com- ended the joy ride for the Bible hildren, and the entertainment hat followed, and led teachers and upils to realize somewhat of the ruth of the Saviour's saying:

These things have I spoken unto you, hat my joy might remain in you, and that our joy might be full. (John 15: 11.)

World's Seven Wonders

A CERTAIN magazine recently took a vote of scientists as to he seven wonders of the modern world. Wireless telegraphy came irst in the vote, followed by the elephone, the aeroplane, radium, ntiseptics and antitoxin, spec- rum analysis, and the X-ray. From the nearly even hundred replies from as many noted men of cience in all countries, wireless received 244 votes, with 185 for the telephone, the nearest rival. The X-ray received 111. The Panama Canal got 100 votes. The seven wonders of the ancient world made up by Antipater were the Pyramids, the Pharos ighthouse at the entrance of Alexandria harbor, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the statue of Jupiter by Phidias, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Colossus of Rhodes. Farmers, merchants, manufacturers and men of the learned professions would have left out some of those wonders the scientists named and included others they omitted, according to their ideals or experiences. The seven wonders of the ancient world were nearly all expressions of magnitude and power. Most of the seven wonders of the modern world chosen by any circle of voters greatly multiply the convenience of civilized living, add enormously to the volume of wealth, and the welfare of the common people, and some render beautiful service in easing pain, curing disease, prolonging life, and contributing to the happiness and development of mankind. The wonders in the material world are types of the marvels in the spiritual realm. Some who have had weak faith, who have been inclined to reject from their creed that which was mysterious or supernatural, who have been unable to see how men and women could talk with God and walk with him on the earth, have had their spiritual faith greatly strengthened by the discovery of the wireless, the telephone, the phonograph, the moving pictures and such wonders of the world. The wonder of wonders, the miracle of miracles, the Messiahship, is thus mentioned:

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. (Ps. 118: 23.)

Bumper Harvests; Hands Needed

IT IS harvest time in the grain fields, and bumper harvests are promised. There is great difficulty in getting hands in sufficient numbers to gather in the wheat and oat crops. In Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and other States, as well as in districts in Canada, free carfare and the highest wages are offered as an inducement, but as yet the supply is so much smaller than the demand that there is danger of great loss to the farmers. The Board of Trade of Watertown, S. D., at the request of the banks of that place has issued a call for 2,000 hands for immediate help. In the Red River Valley and in Saskatchewan and Alberta, the great wheat-growing provinces of Western Canada, there is an imperative need of 50,000 farm hands. It is a pity to the men themselves and the public welfare that so many will swelter and trample on each other in the hot crowded city and earn the scantiest living, or loaf or dead-beat their way in the congested neighborhoods, or spend more energy in tramping the road and escaping profitable labor than they would in the harvest field. They are only a picture of the many who will idle or loaf their time away while the white wheatfields of duty and opportunity are everywhere calling for reapers. This is the picture which Christ saw when he said:

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. (Matt. 9: 37.)

The Motor 'Buses with 900 Joy Riders in Front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Daubs Painting in Louvre

AN ATTENDANT at the Louvre the other day caught a young woman in the act of smearing the valuable painting, "La Femme," by Boucher, with red ink. She had given the eyes and the nose a good coat of red when she was discovered. At the police station in Paris she gave her name as Polaine Delarre. She said: "The picture displeased me, and I wished to correct what I considered wrong. I am miserably hungry and have been unable to find work. I often go down to the Louvre, and the sight of the young woman in the picture, with a happy, disdainful smile and luxurious clothes, maddened me. I decided to mutilate her hateful face in the hope that perhaps after that the people would notice me and save me from starvation." This young woman was unquestionably crazy, and yet her envy, jealousy and malice are often possessed by those whose sanity is not questioned, and they put red ink on the eyes and nose of beautiful pictures and do all in their power to stain or deface the successful work of others. The measure of the responsibility of the discouraged seamstress that defaced the portrait may be small, but that of many others who do similarly is far greater. It is not sure that the red ink can be gotten out, or the picture preserved in its beauty. The damage done by those who deface beautiful acts, or besmear reputation or character, is hard to be repaired. By her own admission jealousy was the base impulse that prompted her deed, illustrating the truth:

Jealousy is cruel as the grave. (Solomon's Song. 8: 6.)

Sees Brother Drown

MR. LEE DEATHERAGE, engine driver on the Vandalia line, passing through Vandalia Swamp, recently saw from his cab window a boy twelve years old in the struggles of drowning. He saw three or four men near, and he said to himself that they would save the lad, and he did not stop his engine and try to rescue the boy. When the engineer got to the roundhouse in East St. Louis he remarked casually to a companion that he had observed the struggles of the boy, and hoped that he was rescued. Five minutes afterward he received a telegram notifying him that the boy drowning was his brother, and that his body had been found. The man was overwhelmed with sorrow and regret that he had not stopped his engine and swum to the relief of his brother. In these times when the schedules are so imperative and so many lives are at stake in carrying them out to the letter, an engineer cannot stop his engine any time he may have a mind to, but if the man had known that it was his brother that was drowning he would have taken the risk of stopping the train and attempted the rescue of his loved one. We feel more closely to those who are attached to us by the ties of blood, and a greater obligation to care for their bodies and souls. And the remorse will be deep and the accounting will be strict if it shall be proven that any of our own people shall have been lost by our failure to rescue them. It must not be forgotten that all men and women are our brothers and sisters. It is the imperative command of Christ that we are to do all we can for their happiness and salvation. The question the first murderer asked in insolence is the one we are to ask in all seriousness.

Am I my brother's keeper? (Gen. 4: 9.)

Diver Caught by Octopus

A NAVAL diver at Toulon had a terrible experience while under the water. He was surprised by a gigantic octopus. Being without his knife he was unable to defend himself, and promptly gave the hoisting signal. Meanwhile the octopus had wrapped a score of feet of his tentacles about the diver, and when the man and beast had been hauled to the surface, the man was unconscious, and the foul creature would have completed its work of death, if those who rescued the diver had not cut it into pieces with knives. The sea of life is full of cuttlefish with long arms, and devilfish with murderous tentacles to destroy the soul. The spirit of evil is incarnated in the vision of John as a beast of the sea.

And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. (Rev. 13: 1.)

MISSIONARIES' MOUNTAIN HOMES

IN SPITE of disappointments or the strange and often uncongenial living conditions the life of the missionary in any land is not without its purely human recompenses and many of those whose fields are in the torrid plains of South or Central India feel that they have an extra compensation in the mountain homes to which they go in the summer. Neither kings nor presidents have summer homes amid more beautiful surroundings, and as a few *annas* will here buy as much labor or service as almost an equal number of dollars in Europe or America pretty grounds and many of the comforts of life may be had by even those who feel that every coin that passes through their hands is a trust to be made the most of.

A Missionary Mountain Home

At the present time many of the missionary societies support sanitaria in the mountains where their missionaries may go for rest or to fight the fevers that so often attack them in the plains. It may seem like a terribly cold-blooded calculation, but considering the missionary as an investment of money for the Great Cause it pays to let him rest a while during the months when summer's terrific heat in the plains makes it next to impossible to do any work. So all who can flee to the blessed coolness and beauty of the mountains. It is this annual vacation that makes it possible for missionaries to spend from seven to nine years in lower India, while the British Government officials and foreign business men often follow the rule of going home once in every three years.

In South India, especially in the glorious Nilgiris or Blue Mountains, there are a number of these beautiful homes for the tired or temporarily disabled missionary. Probably more missionaries gather annually at Kodaikanal, Outacamund and Coonoor than any other hill stations. In these missionary sanitaria three or sometimes more families will occupy a single dwelling, and this fraternal intermixture of all sorts and conditions of missionaries in perfect harmony leaves an abiding impression on the hearts and minds of the surrounding heathen. Up in these mountain houses the children of missionaries are frequently born, and it seems no wonder that they are often as bright as the sun and as beautiful as the moon. The missionaries are truly and deeply grateful to all in the homelands, who, by warm-hearted generosity, make it possible, during the season of blazing heat when soul and body alike are weary, for them to say literally:

I will lift up my eyes unto the mountains
From whence my help shall come.
My help comes from the Lord,
Who made the heavens and earth.
The Lord is my keeper!
The Lord is my shade upon my right hand.
The sun does not smite me by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord keeps me from all evil,
God keeps my soul.

The "Oxomobile," the Slow, Slow Oxcart of India

Formerly one traveling to the mountains had a long and wearisome journey up the hills by "oxomobile"—the deadly slow, yet expensive oxcart. Now a beautiful and convenient new government railway conveys the missionary and his luggage in comfortable coaches to his destination in the hills. Speed is not an object on this railway, and as the train crawls upward at a rate of ten miles an hour, all may have a foretaste of vacation in the splendid views of the mountains in all their glory and may cast happy farewell glances through the opening vistas into the burning plains and their heat-glare far, far below him.

GEORGE N. THOMSSEN.
Bapatla, India.

CHILD-PRAYERS AT MONT-LAWN

IN NO previous summer during its eighteen years of existence has our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn been more beautiful, more joyously The Little Haven of the Poor or more *necessary* in its helpfulness than it has been this saeson. There is no reckoning its value as a blessing for the little children of the poor. More children than ever before, in a given time, have been rescued from the dangerous streets of the lower East Side of New York City and given a happy holiday at the "Children's Paradise."

During the recent cruel heat no effort was spared to help as many little tenement waifs as possible. Who can tell how many little lives are saved yearly through the open-handed hospitality of Mont-Lawn, while thousands of children are perishing from the deadly summer heat in the close and unwholesome tenements of the big city? Tiny elder sisters and brothers, scarcely larger than the babies they were caring for, were sought out in the congested districts and taken away to the sweet, green country where birds sing and flowers grow, to regain health during a ten days' outing.

After the first hot spell it never gets cool in the tenement quarters of New York City while summer lasts. The porous red brick buildings hold the heat night and day. Showers that cool the country and refresh the more open quarters, bring only a greater heat and mugginess almost impossible for underfed children to weather. These little people, practically helpless so far as escaping from conditions that surround them is concerned, need our sympathy, our prayers and our material assistance. We can sweeten our own summer by sending just one child from the streets and alleys to spend ten happy days at our Fresh-Air Home on the banks of the Hudson, where things are beautiful and clean and sweet.

A recent visitor at Mont-Lawn remarked that "Johnny in the country sees evidence of God a hundred times to Johnny in the city's once." It is evidence of God in kindness, cleanliness, abundance, in stories, songs, games, gladness, that these children need. We who treasure memories of a happy childhood and rejoice in the recollection of a story hour, and lullabys, songs, games, and prayers, with blessings before our food, should remember what it means to look back upon these things.

Mary Dillon is a typical Mont-Lawn little girl. She lives in the vicinity of St. Mark's Square in lower New York. Her face is very wise and she is very quiet for a little girl of twelve. But Mary is neither ill nor dull; she is a most capable and thoughtful little girl. Life has been pretty full and serious for Mary. Her mother died when she was seven and she has kept house for her father ever since. Mary walked determinedly up to the kindly-faced minister who had been talking to the children underneath the big Mont-Lawn elms, last Sunday afternoon, and said, "I want you to say something to God for me, please. My voice is so little I think he could not hear it way up in heaven. Your voice is big and he will surely hear you," she continued quite frankly. The kindly man took the earnest, anxious little girl upon his knee and asked what it was she wanted so much. "Ask him," she said, "to make Tim and Lydia come, too. Tim had his leg cut off with an automobile, and Lydia she minds him. They live in the alley next to me and we play Mont-Lawn together. You see," she explained further, "Sally Martin told us all about it. She came here last year, and we play songs and Fort Plenty. If Tim can't come on account of his leg, I'll mind him, tell God, till Lydia gets back."

Andy, a lean, freckled-faced boy with carroty hair and restless, keen blue eyes, succeeded in making himself so useful during his first visit at Mont-Lawn, keeping walks clean and weeding flower-beds, that he was invited for a second visit. When the time came for him to go home and the Mont-Lawn stages were waiting at the door of The Homestead to take the last relay of boys and girls to the ferryboat on their way back to the city, Andy was missing. No one could find him, though the grown-ups hunted everywhere about the houses and cottages, and the children spied into every nook and corner on the grounds. The housemother opened the dormitory door of Sunshine Cottage, and there, in the far corner, behind his own little bed, and face to the wall, was Andy, absolutely oblivious to everything. This is what he was saying:

"Dear God, I am going back home. There ain't no gardens, nor songs, nor flowers, nor games, and there ain't no God there, neither. Good-by, God, I bid you good-by."

All we can do is to add our prayers to Andy's and Mary Dillon's and to give our help to those homes where God is not, by sending as many little people as possible to the haven of Mont-Lawn while the summer is sweet and green and the city is hot. Our Children's Home is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions. Three dollars pays for the support and transportation of a child during a ten days' outing, but even smaller sums will be gratefully received. Address The Children's Home, care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City. The following sums are acknowledged:

Mrs. M. J. French	5.00	Samuel F. Hitt	5.00
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Mr. & Mrs. M. W. Hicks	1.00	Mrs. S. A. Kykendall	2.00
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Susanna Hirschy	6.00	J. W. Latimer	5.00

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea"; "The Two Captains"; "Hearts and the Highway"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"THE LEADING INDIAN WAS UPON THE CHILD: HE LEANED DOWN IN FRONT OF HIS HORSE; HE SWEPT HER UP AND HELD HER HIGH IN THE AIR"

CHAPTER I

THE BABY GETS "ESCRUGED"

LITTLE Miss Ethel Benton Compton had successfully negotiated her escape from the dining-room of her father's quarters at Fort Sullivan. Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Compton, United States Army, who commanded the post, had been exceedingly distrait and preoccupied during the meal. The colonel of the regiment was on detached service, and the command of that splendid body of hard fighters and gallant horsemen, the Fourteenth Regular Cavalry, had devolved upon the youngest officer of his rank in the service; and with the command of the regiment came the command of the post.

Fort Sullivan was not much of a post. It was one of those many little frontier forts with which the Western country was dotted, being intended to house three or four companies of infantry, or a troop or two of cavalry, seeking to overawe and control vast expanses of territory that were filled in those days with roaming bands of savage Indians, not yet broken to the law and totally unable to realize the power of the United States from the petty manifestations of it to which they were accustomed.

To this post, three years before, Colonel Compton had been ordered, with his wife and little daughter, the latter then an infant in arms. Fort Sullivan was situated among the foot-hills of the Big Horn Mountains. The enormous mass of snow-capped Cloud Peak was easily visible from the parade. The fort itself was nothing more than a rambling stockade, in which were contained the officers' quarters, storehouses and barracks for the men and a watch-tower.

Adjoining the stockade was a less defensible enclosure, the corral, containing the cavalry stables and the yards for wagons, mules and miscellaneous live stock.

The stockade was impregnable against anything but artillery. Soldiers with fieldpieces could have knocked it to pieces in an hour; but against Indians it would serve. Outside the post, extending for nearly a mile toward the mountain range, lay a broad expanse of untimbered meadow. It was used as a cavalry drill ground and its proximity to the knoll on which the stockade rose, together with the mountain brook to the left, had determined the location of the fort. Except for this open, the land about the post was heavily wooded.

The country, all through that long summer, had been in a state of feverish unrest. The Sioux and Cheyennes had grown menacingly bold and reckless; they had gone on the war-path early in the spring and they were still out. The whole frontier was ablaze; settlers had been massacred; and, if they had wives or children, they had been treated with atrocity too frightful to dwell upon.

Every available soldier in the Northwest had been hurried into the field except Compton and four troops at Fort Sullivan. They had been retained where they were as a sort of reserve, to afford a rallying point in case of disaster. The four troops also had to guard an immense section of the country. The main trails to the front passed by the stockade. There had been many small brushes with the Indians, while these cavalrymen were escorting wagon-trains to the next post across the range. The work was important; but both the colonel and his men pined for a chance to take the field. There was no help for it, however; orders were orders, and they had to remain at the post during this escort duty, which was exciting enough and dangerous, too.

Mrs. Compton, while she sympathized outwardly with her husband's disappointment at inaction, rejoiced in her heart that Colonel Compton was spared the dangers of the field. She was very contented that summer, save for the anticipation that some other detachment would be ordered to garrison Fort Sullivan and the fresh men of the Fourteenth Cavalry would have to take the field. That this was certain to come about sooner or later, she and everybody else knew; meanwhile she would enjoy the day.

She was not the only woman at the post. Two or three of the officers were married and there were twice as many children as wives there, so little Miss Ethel Benton Compton did not lack youthful companionship. Then, too, there were a number of married non-commissioned officers stationed at the post. There were also three or four maids—mostly pretty young Irish or German girls—who found life at such a post, surrounded as they were by the attentions of two hundred or more gallant, dashing young cavalrymen, very delightful.

The colonel's wife's maid was a jewel. Molly McNeil was as pretty as the proverbial Irish girl of the story-book. Her hair was black, her eyes were blue and her skin was fair. As a maid she was a veritable treasure; but had she been as incompetent as she was capable, Mrs. Compton would have kept her, if for no other reason than because she was

Continued on next page

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

devoted, heart and soul, to baby Ethel, who reciprocated the affection she inspired so completely that the young mother sometimes had to fight down a more than passing throb of jealousy.

Molly McNeil's devotion to Ethel junior, however, could hardly be described as whole-hearted, for the young Irish girl also cherished a growing admiration for Private Danny Meagher, one of the likeliest young men in "B" troop. She would rather have died than allow her preference to become known to anybody, even to the object of her affections. Molly was liked by all and loved by many, and she took pleasure in treating all with equal courtesy. Although knowing that Danny was hopelessly in love with her, Molly was disposed to think of marriage, if at all, as something yet far off and a problem for the future years. Handsome and clever, she was the social leader of her little circle at the Fort. It was an extremely lively circle, too, and Colonel Compton used to declare whimsically that he had more trouble on account of the maids of Fort Sullivan than he would have had with an army; but the trouble evidently was not one that bore heavily on his mind.

Molly's heart was a big one, however—indeed, it seemed sometimes to the keenly observant and not a little amused officers that it was large enough to take in the regiment!—and baby Ethel enjoyed a share entirely disproportionate to her own small person.

Colonel Compton had been distrait and irresponsive to his little daughter's advances at dinner, that late autumn day, because he had received tidings of the burning of a settlement a few miles from the post, by a larger and more formidable company of Indians than had hitherto ventured near the post. He had promptly despatched one of his best captains, with his troop, to the destroyed settlement, praying that some of the settlers might have escaped, and hoping also that the arrival of the cavalry might possibly save other outlying settlements, or at least give the ranchers and their families an opportunity to get to the post under a safe escort.

This troop had been gone a day and a half and nothing had been heard from it, which was very disquieting. Whether to wait any longer, or order out another troop to seek for it, or go with heavier force, were problems which weighed upon him deeply. Contrary to his usual habit, he had paid no attention to Miss Ethel's prattle. He answered her in monosyllables and at random. The young lady was not used to being so disdainfully treated and she resented it in her own fashion by bursting into a sudden torrent of weeping.

"What's the matter with you, baby?" he asked.

There was no answer. When she got started screaming, Ethel could outmatch the capacity of Bottom the Weaver, who boasted his qualifications for playing the lion's part. Like the immortal Webster, she demonstrated that she could do it extempore, too, since it was "nothing but roaring."

"Ethel, what do you want?" at last insisted Colonel Compton firmly.

"I dess want to be escruged," Miss Ethel at last managed to choke out between her vociferous sobs.

"Well, in heaven's name, 'escruge' her Mary," said Compton to his wife. "I've got troubles enough without having this child on my nerves in this way."

"Molly," said Mrs. Compton with dignity, "take Miss Ethel out."

"I don't want to do in de kitchen wiv Molly," roared the little lady.

"For goodness' sake, take her anywhere—out on the parade ground or anywhere else," said the distracted officer.

Molly, shooting a rather indignant glance at him—for had he not been harsh to her darling?—looked to Mrs. Compton for confirmation. She took her orders from the mistress, not the master.

"Yes, take her out on the parade; the colonel is very much troubled to-day," she said.

Molly nodded; she hadn't lived at the post a year without comprehending some of the troubles of the commanding officer and eke the commanding officer's wife. She gently bundled the small miss in her arms and the two made their escape.

"What is it that troubles you, John?" asked his wife, coming around the table and sitting down by his side.

"The old situation, my dear," he replied. "Not hearing from Calmore"—Captain Calmore was in command of the troop that was missing—"the fact that the Indians had the audacity to raid that settlement so near us—their numbers, according to the report of old Marnett, who brought the news of the attack. We had no reason to expect anything of this kind and it looks as though the troops to the westward had been defeated or outgeneraled, else the Sioux couldn't be in such strong force hereabouts."

"Are there many of them?"

"There must have been three hundred in that war party. You know Marnett is a most reliable man—"

"He went back with Captain Calmore, didn't he?"

"Yes, and his presence with that force makes me a little less anxious. Calmore is a splendid officer; but Marnet knows more about Indians and Indian fighting than any man on the frontier, and he loves it, too."

"I wonder why he didn't go to the front with General Crook or—"

"Well, Marnett is getting old and he's mighty fond of a young woman not far from here with whom I, too, am mightily smitten."

"Nonsense, John," said Mrs. Compton, looking greatly pleased, nevertheless.

"And Marnett has told me that he rather expected that all we'd have to do to get in the fighting was to sit tight and wait until it came to us. I laughed at the idea at first; but I begin to believe he is right, now. Well, I must go into the office."

"Don't go right away, John," pleaded his wife. "Stay with me a little while. I'll let the table wait for Molly. Come, we'll go into the parlor and I'll play for you. You look so tired and worried. I can't bear to see that expression on your face."

"And what would my command say if they knew, when I ought to be about my business, that I was listening to you at the piano?"

"Well, they would probably say they wished they were where you were if they got a chance," answered his beautiful young wife brightly.

"And well they might," returned Colonel Compton. He looked at his watch. "I can spare you a half hour."

"Spare me!" smiled the girl brightly. She was still only a girl, although five years a wife and almost four years a mother.

"Spare myself then, you little witch."

And although she was rather a substantial "little witch," he picked her up tightly in his big, strong arms and carried her into the room adjoining the dining-room. Like every other frontier room, it was bare and sparsely furnished; the only piano in the territory, it was believed, had lodgment there, and the whole garrison rejoiced thereat.

Presently, the music of Mary Compton's clear, sweet soprano floated out into the room, and a little after, Compton himself joined in some old song with a tenor not classic, but creditable. The half hour was soon gone and something more besides. For a little time Compton had forgotten his responsibilities and his cares. The orderly who opened the door, having knocked once or twice without arousing attention, thought they made a very pretty picture, the girl at the piano, the colonel standing back of her, his arm resting lightly and tenderly on her shoulder. It was a pity to disturb them, but he had news that could not wait.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said sharply.

Compton wheeled on his heel on the instant and looked at him, frowning.

"I knocked several times, sir, but could not make you hear," exclaimed the orderly quickly.

"Oh," returned Compton, "I understand."

"The officer of the guard reports that there are Indians on the hills to the westward."

"John!" cried Mrs. Compton, as he turned, snatched a hasty kiss, grabbed his cap and, followed by the orderly, fairly ran from the room.

In one corner of the post a tall watch-tower of logs had been built. Compton broke into a run as he stepped off the low porch in front of his quarters. He crossed the parade on the double-quick, and sprang up the rude stairs of the watch-tower with the agility of a boy.

Hadden, one of the junior lieutenants who was the officer of the guard, was already there with the sergeant of the guard, Schmidt, a veteran of many campaigns.

"Where are they?" asked the colonel quickly.

The officer lowered his field glasses and pointed across the meadow to the hill.

"There, sir," he cried, proffering the binoculars to the colonel.

"Cheyennes," growled old Schmidt.

He had seen them often in the field and recognized them even with his naked eye.

"By George!" exclaimed Compton after a quick stare through Hadden's field glasses, "you are right. Where can Calmore be?"

"He should have been back long ago, sir," ventured Hadden.

"Yes. Sergeant of the guard!"

"Yes, sir," answered Schmidt saluting.

"Have the trumpeter sound 'Boots and Saddles.' Let the men get their horses in a hurry. Mr. Hadden, tell the adjutant to see that every man has all the ammunition he can carry."

"Very good, sir," cried old Schmidt, turning and plodding down the stairs.

The next moment the blare of a bugle was heard throughout the enclosure. Hadden had turned to follow the sergeant to carry out the orders he had received with reference to the adjutant; but ere he could leave, Compton caught him by the shoulder. He dropped the binoculars to the floor with a crash as he did so.

"Hadden," he cried hoarsely, "look there!"

CHAPTER II

Miss Ethel Is Taken by the Enemy.

THE colonel's face was as white as a sheet. Hadden stared at him in amazement, not comprehending.

"There! there!" cried Compton, fairly shaking with emotion.

Away off near the farther end, evidently just having come out from the trees to the northward, Hadden made out a tiny little figure toiling through the tall grass. He recognized it at once.

"The baby!" he exclaimed. "What is she doing there?"

"I don't know. Look yonder."

The Indians, too, had caught sight of the little figure. A number of them detached themselves from the mass on the hills, and galloped down the slope to the eastward that led toward the meadow and the post. Compton was paralyzed with horror.

"I'll get her," cried Hadden.

He threw himself down the stairs. Some of the more alert of the men were already assembling on the parade when Hadden burst into the midst of them.

"A horse, for God's sake!" he cried.

He seized the bridle of the nearest one.

"Everybody that is armed and mounted, follow me," roared the officer. "Open the main gate!"

The troopers off guard, dismounted of course, had not realized what had happened; no one could see over the stockade. They knew that something serious was up and they lost no time in mounting and obeying the lieutenant's orders. Throwing open the main gate the lieutenant, followed by a score of soldiers, dashed through it.

Hadden was a superb horseman, and he happened to have got a good horse; he had the lead, too. He knew just what he wanted; the others had to find that out. They followed blindly with the courage that the American soldier always manifests when his officer leads him, and it was not until they opened out on the meadow that they saw what they were after. The colonel's daughter was the pet and the pride of the regiment. Every man in it loved her and she loved them all in turn. She was utterly unconscious of her peril; but they realized it and rode like madmen toward her.

Ethel raised her head presently and saw the Indians, who were nearer than the soldiers, since they had a much shorter distance to go to reach her. Their presence did not frighten her. She was absolutely fearless. She had seen Indians before, and the bright plumes of the magnificent war bonnets of the Sioux and Cheyennes pleased her greatly. She waved her hand at them in childish glee. She did not see the troops racing furiously on, gritting out curses and prayers as they pushed forward, sparing neither their horses nor themselves in their frenzied endeavor.

It was a hopeless attempt from the first. The Indians had too great a start; there must have been two hundred and fifty of them riding toward the baby, yet Hadden and the twenty heroes raced on. They were not the only persons in the drama, for a trooper on foot, his face deathly white, suddenly appeared back of the galloping squadron, running in their wake. The speed with which he went was amazing; of course he could not keep up, or overtake them on horses, but he made a gallant run for the baby. It was Private Danny Meagher of the guard.

Back in the fort, pandemonium was let loose. Compton turned and called over the parapet of the tower:

"For God's sake make haste and get your companies out, gentlemen; my little daughter is there in the meadow, and—" He could say no more.

Never in the history of the regiment were three troops of cavalry mounted and moved out so quickly. With frantic haste, the men saddled their horses and fell in line. Dexter, senior captain, raised his sword two minutes after Hadden had burst out, and cried:

"All ready, sir."

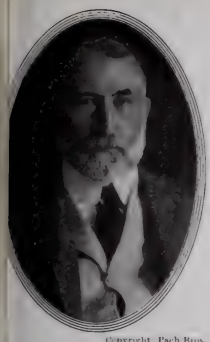
"Go!" said Compton. "Get the child if you can, but don't bring on a general action. Stand by for signals from the post; don't leave the meadow."

He was a soldier, this colonel; he realized that although his child's life might be forfeited, there were other women and children there, and gallant men whose lives should not be thrown away. By

Continued on page 806

CRIME AND GRAFT IN NEW YORK

The Nation Shocked by the Extraordinary Revelations Following the Rosenthal Murder



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Mayor W. J. Gaynor

SINCE the memorable exposures of the corrupt Tweed Ring and the notorious Broadway franchise bribery, New York has not gone through any experience of such startling importance as the disclosures connected with the Rosenthal murder. That the sudden taking off of the gambler was part of a deep-laid plot to cover up the tracks of officials who were in league with gamblers and confidence men was well known from the day of the tragedy; but not until the arrest on July 29 of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, chief of the Strong-Arm Squad, on a charge of murder, did New York really appreciate the fact that something of tremendous import was happening at the district attorney's office and police headquarters. The city was full of ugly rumors, each of them having graft as an ominous background. For weeks the hunt had been going on for the slayers of Rosenthal, and a number of arrests had been made; but it was admitted that the actual assassins were still at liberty. On Tuesday, July 30, the storm which had been gathering ominously over the heads of the police department suddenly burst, and New York was plunged into the midst of the biggest exposure of official graft that it had ever encountered. Three of the men under arrest charged with complicity in Rosenthal's murder, being anxious to save themselves, volunteered to confess and lay bare the whole story of the murder plot and the appalling record of official corruption that lay behind it. These men were "Jack" Rose, "Bridgie" Weber, and Harry Valinsky or Vallon, and their stories not only implicated Lieutenant Becker but higher officials in the police department. It is a long story and here we can give it only in outline, the original being in the hands of District Attorney Whitman. These confessions, unless conclusively refuted, form a perfect chain of evidence against Becker as the planner, instigator and secret director of the murder.

Rose, in his confession, stated that the rendezvous of the gang—which has long been notorious but had been permitted to flourish under police protection—was at Weber's gambling room at Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. The actual murderers, he said, were members of "Big Jack" Zelig's gang—a notorious group of "gunmen," who had been guilty of several daring crimes. When Rosenthal had begun his disclosures of police graft before the district attorney, it was decided to stop him before he went too far. Lieutenant Becker, who was on familiar terms with the gamblers, told Rose (according to the latter's statement) that Rosenthal must be got out of the way. "Becker said Rosenthal had lived too long," continued Rose, "so I dropped the hint here and there." He made it clear that Becker had determined on Rosenthal's removal long before the latter had begun his exposures to District Attorney Whitman. Becker not only instigated the murder, Rose said, but he also promised protection to those who were to be concerned in it. "If you don't kill this man," he told them threateningly, "I'll frame you up as I did Zelig." He assured them that he had ample power to protect them.

There was a unity of interest between gamblers and police, Rose declared. They dreaded the further revelations promised by Rosenthal. The demands of Becker to have him "silenced" grew more and more insistent; but the gamblers, conscienceless though they were, hesitated at actual murder. Ten days before the crime occurred, it was planned to kill Rosenthal in the Garden Restaurant, Broadway and Fiftieth Street, while he was dining with his wife, but the band of "gunmen" were stampeded by seeing, as they supposed, a Burns detective watching them. Becker was furious and called them cowards, declaring he would have to "do the job himself." He hounded them daily with threats of sending them to Sing Sing unless they "got rid of Rosenthal." A week later a conference was held at which Lieutenant Becker, "Jack" Rose and Weber were present. Rose bluntly told the lieutenant that the "gunmen" would not attack Rosenthal on his (Rose's) order, whereupon Becker turned to Weber sharply and said: "You've got the money and I've got the power. I want you to give the order." And Weber did so, adds the confession. To enable the murderers to get out of town, Weber gave Rose $1,000 in $100 bills, which the latter handed to Sam Schepps (an intimate of the gang) who paid it over to the assassins in Seventh Avenue in open daylight, the day after the murder.

Rose, in his confession, gave the names of the men who did the shooting at Weber's bidding. They were, so he alleged, "Lefty Louie," "Whitey" Lewis, Harry Horowitz (known as "Gyp the Blood") and "Dago" Frank—all members of the Zelig gang. On receiving the blood-money they fled. "Whitey" Lewis and "Dago" Frank were caught after considerable effort. On August 2, the others were still at large.

Even after the black deed had actually been done, Becker's conscience did not seem to trouble him. He was still confident that the power of his "pull" would bring everybody out safely. The "get-away" of the assassins had been skilfully managed. When Weber and Rose expressed fears to the lieutenant who met them after the event, he was angry and exclaimed: "Isn't it proof enough of my power that the murderers got away without difficulty?"

But while the story of the murder plot and its tragic culmination was sufficiently shocking, Rose and his associates had something even more startling to follow. Having decided to confess, they were resolved to make a clean breast of it and spare none. Jack Rose was the spokesman in a further confession to District Attorney Whitman, but he was supported at every point by Vallon and Weber. Rose told of his long association with Lieutenant Becker, who employed him as the collector of gambling graft for the police. In one year, Rose said, he personally had collected $600,000, and this, Becker told him, was divided among higher officials. In a single year the gross amount of blackmail paid over by the gamblers and other lawbreakers for police protection in their criminal business was over $2,400,000—and this huge sum was turned over by the collectors, each of the four ultimate recipients getting $600,000.

In making these remarkable disclosures of official corruption, Rose gave the names of three officials connected with the police, two of them of high rank. The $600,000 which each of these men received, Rose intimated, was in turn shared with others. Just how far the "graft" system extends in the police department will be made clearer hereafter, but that it takes a very wide range is already apparent. Rose, in the course of his strange story, stated that Becker made the admission that there were four "splits" of the graft netted by the system. It was recalled that Rosenthal, only a few days previous to his murder, stated that Becker had admitted to him that he had made $75,000 in the last six months. Rose has agreed to furnish complete lists of the collections he made of money that passed into Becker's hands. The assessments of gamblers and others on the police list he alleges ranged from $50 to $500 a month. An opportunity will be offered to Becker to tell all he knows, and he may accept it as the only way of escaping the full penalty of his crime. In any event, it is believed that nothing can now avert the complete exposure of the ring of grafters, nor prevent them from being brought to justice.

Weber and Vallon, who were confined in the Tombs, have been removed to the West Side Court Prison since Rose's confession, fearing that the vengeance that is unhesitatingly dealt out to "squealers" might reach them if they remained there. In view of the valuable assistance they are rendering in the investigation, they will be accorded leniency. Lieutenant Becker, who now occupies a cell in the Tombs next to that lately tenanted by "Jack" Rose, his former confidant and graft collector, still maintains a bold front and declares his innocence, but as the toils wind closer about him daily and hourly, it is fully expected that he will make an effort to save himself by telling the whole shameful story.

In the police department, the disclosures seem to have paralyzed activity. Commissioner Waldo makes this statement:

"The more the police department is investigated the more confidence the people will have in its general efficiency and honesty. I can assume no responsibility for the acts of individuals."

In the dark underworld of crime in New York—where gamblers and evildoers flourish in the protection of the "System," there is something akin to a panic. They feel that the "System" has been rudely shaken and is in danger of falling to pieces, which would mean ruin to their nefarious business. This "System," as it is universally called, is simply a compact or secret understanding between criminals and police officials whereby the former are allowed to run their places "wide open" in return for the payment of regular tribute. This tribute, which is nothing less than sheer blackmail, varies in amount, the small-fry gamblers paying from $50

Con'd on next page

Detective Wm. Burns

Herman Rosenthal

Police Lieut. Charles A. Becker

The supposed head of the police blackmail system, now under arrest charged with murder in the first degree

The Hotel Metropole

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District Attorney Whitman

Police Commissioner Waldo

"GOOD NEWS TO THE POOR"*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

THIS story teaches—to sum it all up in a sentence—that the living, present Christ fulfils, not Bible prophecies only, but especially all human needs.

"He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up." This is a wonderful glimpse of Christ's humanness, which fulfilled at once the prophecies of the Old Testament and the needs of the human heart. If the Messiah was not to be human there would be no advance upon the Old Testament dispensation of angels. The purpose of the Messianic prophecies was to usher in a period when God could get nearer to man's confidence and love than in the days when he was known only as a divine being, communicating with men by angel messengers. The Israelites, reading the prophecies through the deceiving glass of pride, though they saw a human being, did not see a lowly one. They missed both extremes, the divineness and the lowliness, and saw only a greater Judas Maccabeus, who should more completely and permanently deliver them from the Romans and put the Israelites in their place as world-rulers.

Frequently in the Old Testament the Messiah is called "the Branch" in token of his lowliness. The Hebrew word for branch is the same as the word for Nazareth, and so the New Testament, interpreting not the meaning of the prophet but *the meaning of prophecy*, tell us that these prophecies meant that Christ should be "called a Nazarene," a name by which his followers are still derided by Mohammedan children in the streets of Nablus —"Nazarini." The writer himself, with others, was so taunted there. How near it brings the Messiah to the poor and despised to know that he was not only a man but one of the lowliest of men!

So great are the miracles the Christ of history has wrought upon nations as well as individuals that we need his thirty years of utter humanness at Nazareth—a few of them given to meager schooling, most of them to hard toil, all of them to poverty and obscurity—that we may not forget that he was the Son of man as well as the Son of God.

The Divine Workingman

Nothing in all the land he made holy made his lowliness so real as the rough carpenter tools we brought from Nazareth—tools such as he used as "a man with men." He was not only tempted as we are, but he toiled as we do—as do those whose toil is hardest. "He was in all points made like his brethren" that in all points his brethren might be made like unto him. He was "touched with a feeling of our infirmities" that he might be "a merciful and faithful High Priest."

Often it happens that the one who pities us has no power to help us. But Nazareth teaches us that he who has "all power in heaven and in earth" has infinite pity also. "Jesus wept," and therefore we come to him in our tears. Jesus worked, and therefore we turn to him in our weariness, as he says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will rest you."

Labor's Best Boon

One of the chief fulfilments of that promise of "rest" to the "heavy laden" is the Christian Sabbath, Christ's regular observance of which the next clause describes—and the reminder is needed on this August Sunday when so many Christians away from home forget their "custom" and belie their faith.

"He entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." The writer, speaking to the International Convention of the Knights of Labor, some years ago, held up as a link between the preacher-reformer and those workingmen a saw he had brought from Nazareth, which works only on the back stroke, making the toil of an Oriental carpenter much harder—as did others of his tools also—than that of a carpenter among us, and said: "Surely the church that was founded by a carpenter can never be indifferent to the real interests of workingmen, chief of which is the preservation of one unbroken day in every week for rest and home and culture of conscience." "The Church and Labor" should unite their forces in defense of their common citadel, now more attacked and less defended than ever before. It should be defended especially against Sunday sports, which, in Continental Europe and Spanish America, have proved the "thin edge" which has split open a way for Sunday toil and traffic. In Germany it was found by the government, a few years ago, that 57 per cent. of the factories and 77 per cent. of the establishments of trade and transportation ran seven days in the week. The toboggan slide of a desecrated Sabbath runs swiftly down the following stages: holy day, holiday, work-day, devil's day, despot's day. *"Rest and let Rest on the Rest Day."*

The Living Seed of the Gospel

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me." The first purpose of Jesus in reading from the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah was to show that he who, as the fourteenth verse had said, "had returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee," after his baptism and temptation, was the very Messiah that in Isaiah's prophecy was pictured as pre-eminently the Spirit-filled man, whose spirituality would grow, as a seed grows into a tree, into an abounding humanitarianism.

But the verses we are now considering (16, 18) are of chief practical value to us to-day as Christ's own description of the Gospel—a familiar word that is much misunderstood.

Continued on next page

* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for August 25, 1912. The Visit to Nazareth, Luke 4: 16-30 (R. V.). GOLDEN TEXT: "He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not." John 1: 11 (R. V.).

CRIME AND GRAFT IN NEW YORK

Continued from preceding page

to $100 a month, while those who run big places and make plenty of money in the Tenderloin and a few other districts frequently pay as high as $500 a month. These tributaries to the "System" have no fear of the police. A raid means to them little more than make-believe—a mere sop flung to appease the public demand for police activity. It halts their business for a few hours and then they open up again as wide as ever. Within the last two years gambling has been carried on more generally and with less restrictions than at any previous time. Political bosses of the baser sort joined their influences with that of the police in "regulating the System" and profited by it. There was no fear of the district attorney, for his powers were greatly curtailed. The whole gambling situation, and, indeed, the entire criminal contingent, came under the beneficent control of a squad of police especially detailed to the work. The city was districted for the greater convenience of the "System" and the freebooter who paid his toll regularly was as safe from interference as the honest merchant or tradesman. Moreover, in the "System" there was a methodical division of the spoils, and its mechanism was so geared that the revenues derived from crime steadily increased. The "System" has been brutal, greedy, absolutely lawless; but it kept a sort of rude faith not only with the men "higher up" but with its underlings. It was the unseen power in the local politics of New York, for politics and crime were linked closely together in an infamous partnership in the "System."

Herman Rosenthal was both a partner in and a victim of the "System." He was an enterprising gambler, and some time ago decided to play a bigger game. So he made up his mind to move into the rich pastures of the Tenderloin and also to seek as partner and protector some one of influence. Lieutenant Becker became his silent partner—so all the evidence goes to show—furnishing the money for him to go into business on a larger scale and appointing "Jack" Rose as his business representative. For his investment of $1,500 Becker was to get 20 per cent. of the gambler's profits. But the big Tenderloin gamblers resented this intrusion in their territory and used their influence to compel Becker to raid his own establishment.

When Rosenthal saw that the raid meant business and that he would be permanently put out of the field, he planned to get revenge. He carried his grievance to the district attorney. Then, when he began telling the truth about the gamblers and their tribute, the whole influence of the "System," high and low, was leagued against him, gamblers, politicians and police. He then determined on such a comprehensive exposure that they decided to seal his lips forever. The price of Rosenthal's assassination, as Rose declares, was $1,000. It was only one of twenty killings which took place in that terrible July of murders; in most of which the slayers are still at liberty—a grim testimony to the lack of law and order in New York.

But the killing of Rosenthal produced the very opposite effect from that which the "System" had expected. It instantly let in a flood of light on its criminal operations. Public-spirited citizens of means and influence have offered District Attorney Whitman substantial financial aid in his vigorous crusade for its destruction. Even in the face of personal peril—for the "System" has its characteristic ways of reaching its enemies—he will push the investigation to the last limit and will bring to justice every member of the ring of grafters — police and politicians — sparing none. The searchlight is turned on in full force and there is a decided uneasiness perceptible that recalls the scurry to shelter when the bribers and corruptionists were caught in former investigations. In the present instance, fortunately, justice's dragnet has been skilfully spread and there is little chance of escape for the guilty.

Women in Business

IT IS announced that the Central Pacific Railroad is eliminating women entirely from all its departments. The same thing is true of the Erie, New York Central, New Jersey Central and Lehigh railroads. When a railroad official was asked why women were thus discriminated against, he replied, "Women regard business as a makeshift, and not as a means of advancement. They take a position, intending to leave it just as soon as they can get a good offer of marriage." On the other hand, one of the largest employers of labor, who has hundreds of girls on his payroll, says that they average as long periods of service as do men.

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A Ky. lady, speaking about food, says: "I was accustomed to eating all kinds of ordinary food until, for some reason, indigestion and nervous prostration set in.

"After I had run down seriously my attention was called to the necessity of some change in my diet, and I discontinued my ordinary breakfast and began using Grape-Nuts with a good quantity of rich cream.

"In a few days my condition changed in a remarkable way, and I began to have a strength that I had never been possessed of before, a vigor of body and a poise of mind that amazed me. It was entirely new in my experience.

"My former attacks of indigestion had been accompanied by heat flashes, and many times my condition was distressing with blind spells of dizziness, rush of blood to the head and neuralgic pains in the chest.

"Since using Grape-Nuts alone for breakfast I have been free from these troubles, except at times when I have indulged in rich, greasy foods in quantity, when I would be warned by a pain under the left shoulder blade, and unless I heeded the warning the old trouble would come back, but when I finally got to know where these troubles originated I returned to my Grape-Nuts and cream and the pain and disturbance left very quickly.

"I am now in prime health as a result of my use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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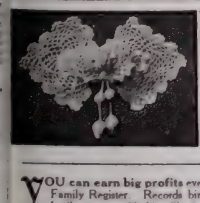

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Sunday School Lesson

Continued from preceding page

Spirit-filled individuals are the seed of the Gospel—"the Spirit of the Lord is upon me." The beginning of a better individual life and a better social life is a strong if not numerous group of Spirit-filled men and women. Ten such could have saved Sodom. Wesley said a hundred such could move the world. Three-fourths of the Bible is occupied with warnings and exhortations to unspiritual church members. It is "good news" for them and for all when they became dynamic with spiritual power.

The Christian City That Is to Be

But the conversion of individuals is only the seed of the Gospel. The full-grown Gospel is social regeneration, as is plainly shown by the words of Isaiah that Jesus quoted, which refer to the Jubilee year that is to come every year when Christ not only reigns but rules.

He anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor;
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

What does that mean? That's what it means—exactly what it says: that the influence of Christ, when fully applied to man's social life, will produce, like glorious fruits, blind asylums and other philanthropies, emancipation of slaves, prison reform, and, most of all, justice to the poor.

Some people who are most opposed to rationalism are most rationalistic in their interpretation of the Gospel, as if it exhausted itself in saving the sinner, and could not save the city. That is one of the most blighting forms of unbelief. The Gospel promises the Christian conquest of those three great provinces of social life that are now largely segregated from the kingdom of God; business and politics and pleasure. Not till those are dominated by Christ will we reach "the acceptable year of the Lord." When Jesus said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears," he could have meant only that in his entrance upon his earthly ministry the fulfilment of that great promise was well begun. "Full salvation" in the Gospel sense is not the salvation of the individual, but "the salvation of Israel"—the salvation of the whole man and the whole community.

Be a Light-Bearer

The main work of the Christian, as of Christ, is to bring help and gladness to the poor, the oppressed, the unfortunate.

The pride of the Israelites had prevented them from seeing that the Messiah was not to be a warrior though a conqueror, but most of all a philanthropist and a Saviour. He was not to make captives, but to set captives free; not to break human hearts by wars, but to bind up hearts already broken; not to give offices to the rich, but the Gospel of gladness to the poor.

For the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The king of some remoter star,
Listening at times, with flattered ear,
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I need not remind you how in his earthly life Christ fulfilled Isaiah's picture of him as a bringer of gladness to the poor; how he bound up with pardon hearts broken for their own sins; brought healing and comfort to those spent with sickness and bereavement; how he gave release and liberty to captive demoniacs and to slaves of lust and covetousness.

Those are but his "beginning of miracles." "Greater things than these" has he done in more recent history, inspiring his people to build thousands of churches, to most of which the poor are absolutely welcome; and hospitals and asylums where broken hearts and broken bones are bound up with Christian compassion in marked contrast with the cruelty toward the weak that characterized the barbarism of cultured Europe before the Gospel of Christ came to it. Men talk about "the religion of humanity." There is none such except the religion of Christ. Europe, before he entered it, had no real humaneness, and Asia and Africa have none except where he has introduced it. The unchristian parts of the earth always have been "the habitations of cruelty." Even now in Christian lands,

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn;

but wherever you find a mitigation of this inhumanity, wherever a hospital, an asylum, an orphanage, a law for the protection of the weak, there you find a footstep of Christ.

Among the Workers

—REV. J. C. LAWSON of the Industrial Mission at Dehra, Dun, Mussoorie, India, writes telling of the establishment of a new Rest Home for missionaries there. Aid is invited to make the Home a success.

—EVANGELISTIC SERVICES WERE recently held in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, N. C., by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Crowley, and the Rev. W. S. Jacoby, the noted evangelist and personal worker who at one time assisted Dr. Torrey in his campaigns.

—"HEAVEN AND OUR SAINTED LOVED ONES" is the title of a booklet written by the Rev. E. W. Pfaffenberger, editor of the *Western Christian Union* of Boonville, Mo. These booklets are to be sold at 10 cents each, and the proceeds are to be devoted toward fitting the writer's son for the ministry. The booklet is written in a comforting and careful manner, and will tend to make the future life real and to take away the dread of death found still in many Christian hearts.

—NORWOOD'S "SUNSHINE GIRLS," a class of the Floral Avenue Presbyterian Sunday School at Norwood, O., devoted part of one session to a Margaret Sangster memorial. The class president, Miss Ruth Gordon Seaman, a Cincinnati University girl, read a sketch of Mrs. Sangster's life and the class teacher, Ren Mulford, Jr., followed with a tribute of appreciation.

—THE JENNIE CLARKSON HOME for Children, Valhalla, N. Y., has secured as its superintendent General A. C. Kenyon, until recently connected with the Children's Aid Society, New York City. General Kenyon was instrumental in building the Harlem Boys' Hotel. In that institution he cared for about one hundred boys, giving them excellent home-life and Christian training. In the Jennie Clarkson Home he will eliminate as far as possible strictly institutional features in the boys' and girls' cottages and in the administration building, and endeavor to make this charity a true home for children, welcoming not only orphans, but half-orphans, and, in extreme cases, children where parents cannot provide for their children and are willing to surrender them until they become eighteen years of age.

—HEPHZIBAH ORPHANAGE at Vineville near Macon, Ga., which has been doing an excellent work for several years, was destroyed by fire lately. The people of the neighborhood threw open their homes to the little ones who fortunately were rescued from the burning orphanage. An effort is now being made to raise money to rebuild. The loss by the fire was $11,000, only half covered by insurance. The Hephzibah Orphanage was founded by Miss Mollie A. Tyler, of Vineville, and at the time of the fire sheltered about eighty inmates.

—MR. WILLIAM ELLIMAN, of Lyons Falls, N. Y., celebrated, on the 20th of June, his fiftieth anniversary as a Sunday school teacher. He was for many years in business in New York. His residence was then at Flushing, L. I., where he was an enthusiastic Sunday school worker. Even during his summer vacations he managed to keep near enough to his home to be on hand to look after his Sunday school class. Mr. Elliman was one of the founders of the Public Library at Flushing, and was for fifteen years its president. Mrs. Elliman was treasurer of the library, and the organizer of the Woman's League of Flushing. Some time ago Mr. Elliman helped his present Sunday school class, of young ladies, to found a library and reading-room for the town of Lyons Falls. He has now retired from business and devotes all his time to church, Sunday school and community welfare work.

If Mercury and Air Didn't Go Up

Fountain Pens Wouldn't *Leak*

WHEN mercury in a thermometer gets warm it goes up.

When air in a fountain pen gets warm in your pocket it goes up too—up the feed tube.

Now, this "going up" habit of air is what makes all the ink-smearing trouble.

It happens like this: When you set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, point up, some lazy ink stays up in the feed tube—won't all run down.

Up goes the heated air through the inky feed tube, pushing the lazy ink up and out, all over the writing end of the pen.

Now, George S. Parker, of Janesville, Wisconsin, said: "I'll get all the ink down out before the heated air goes up."

So he invented a *curved feed tube*, which bends and touches the barrel wall. This touch sucks all ink out of the feed tube and drops it in the reservoir below the instant you set a Parker Pen in your pocket.

That is what makes it impossible for air to force ink out on the writing end of a Parker Pen.

The curved feed tube is called the Lucky Curve, and that queer force, Capillary Attraction, which makes a sugar lump suck coffee, is what sucks the ink out of the Lucky Curve.

Parker Pens write smooth as glass, for the 14k gold pens are pointed with hardest Iridium. And the Parker Spear Head Ink Controller never allows any blotting or skipping.

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LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN

Standard Style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens, $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen won't leak in *any* position. Carry it upside down in pocket of your white vest. Pen knife size for lady's purse. Prices $2.50 up.

New Parker *Disappearing* Clip grips like a snapping turtle, but slides back into its shell when you want to write.

Dealers sell Parkers on 10 days' trial. If unsatisfactory your money quickly refunded.

If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you catalog and fill your order direct. *Do it today.*

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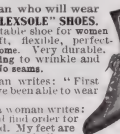
An Iowa woman writes: "First leather shoe I have been able to wear in 20 years."

A Pennsylvania woman writes: "Enclosed find order for a friend. My feet are cured entirely."



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Send outline of foot and give size usually worn.

Can be bent double

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Special Inducements.

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A Practical Danish Girl

THE Copenhagen newspapers which recently arrived in America contained a number of interesting accounts of the doings of Mlle. Berntsen, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Claus Berntsen, Denmark's Prime Minister. This independent little lady has just apprenticed herself to a cabinetmaker in Copenhagen, giving up that social distinction to which her father's official position would entitle her. She has announced her resolve to earn her living by building furniture. She works from six o'clock in the morning till late in the afternoon with the woman who runs the establishment where she is to learn her trade. She expects to succeed to the proprietorship of this shop, or upon having completed her apprenticeship to start one of her own. Mlle. Berntsen comes of a long line of sturdy independent peasant folk. Her father, who was born in 1844, received the education which has enabled him to rise to his present position through what is known as the "High School" movement in Denmark. This is a system which was started by a famous divine to enable the sons of comparatively poor farmers to secure educational advantages if they were willing to work. M. Berntsen has been closely identified with this movement, having headed one of its schools and actively assisted in its development.

Daughter of Denmark's Prime Minister

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from page 802

this time the two women panted up the stairs, Mrs. Compton and Molly.

"John," cried the wife, who had heard, "is Ethel there?"

"Yes, God help us!"

"Will they get her?"

Colonel Compton took his wife by the hand.

"I am afraid so. Look!"

The woman strained her eyes out over the prairie. By this time the Indians were fearfully near; yet Hadden and his men were going like a hurricane, and far in the rear panted that desperate runner. Immediately before and below the gate, the three troops, Dexter in the lead, debouched from column into line and joined in the great race.

But it was soon over. The leading Indian was upon the child; he leaned down in front of his horse, he swept her up and held her high in the air, and as he did so, pealed out a terrible war cry. The next instant the spitting of rifles crackled over the plain, the first shot coming from the lone runner. He stopped short in his tracks and emptied his carbine into the Indians who had circled about, following their leader, and were now galloping back across the meadow and up the hill.

The range was short, the target was large; there were half a dozen empty horses amongst the Indians, especially as Hadden's men poured in a close volley on them. The Indians themselves made a quick return. They were going fast, and as they were execrable marksmen, there were only three of Hadden's men hit. Hadden himself received a scratch on the cheek; one man was killed and another had his arm broken by a bullet.

With despair in his heart, the young lieutenant checked his pursuit. He had made a gallant ride, but he had been too late! With twenty men he could not cope with the two hundred and fifty Indians in the advance. He might have attacked them, nevertheless, for he was a reckless youngster and his blood was up; but they would immediately be supported by the other savages in great numbers on the hill. It was not to be thought of.

By this time Hadden was joined by Dexter, raising the total force to two hundred. The odds were still impossible.

"Let's ride through the whole bunch, captain," cried one of the men, "and git back the baby."

Dexter hesitated.

"I'd like nothing better than to do it," he answered, "but it would be a hopeless task, I fear. Still—"

And at that instant faint and far from the tower came the bugle blowing the recall. That settled it.

To be continued

Answered Prayers

W. E. G., Hancock, Vt. "I thank God for answering my prayer in improving my health."

W. C. M'C., Knoxville, Tenn. "The Lord has been graciously merciful in answering my prayer."

F. E. H., Edmund, Okla. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering many prayers for me."

A. E. S., Lowell, Mass. "The dear Lord has answered my prayers for a dear one and restored her to health."

Mrs. L. E. C., Greenville, S. C. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to my prayer that I should walk once more."

Reader, Mich. "I wish to acknowledge to the world that God has answered my prayers and been to me what no earthly friend could be."

Mrs. C. D. B., Pasadena, Calif. "In answer to prayer God protected me when in danger, which I wish to acknowledge before the world."

M. A. H., Sutherland, Fla. "God answers prayers. My son was sick unto death's door, and God restored him to health, through prayer."

Mrs. A. M. W., Chazy, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to me in restoring to health my little daughter, in direct answer to prayer."

Called Higher

J. B. Goff (79) died at his home (Oakland, Ore.) on March 27, 1912.

Mrs. C. A. Royce, Willimantic, Conn., age 71 years, passed away December 17, 1911.

In Seattle, Wash., on April 5, 1912, in the study of his friend, Dr. Garvin, the Rev. B. F. Miller (76) was summoned home.

Mrs. Jane A. Fraser, of 126 Albany Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., 100 years old, died February 19, 1912. A very dear old lady and beloved by all.

Mrs. Cornelia Nevins (79) died at the home of her daughter near Three Bridges, N. J., January 26, 1911. She had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Miss Elizabeth F. Bastian (32) passed away March 13, 1912, after a short illness. Her friends and relatives at Home, Ore., greatly miss the joy and sunshine which she spread in her loving unselfish service.

Mrs. Mary Jane Bush, North Side, Cincinnati, O., passed away on March 27, 1912, in her 76th year. She was an active Christian worker for over sixty years.

Mrs. Mary Jane Rees, of Carpenter, S. D., age 80 years, died April 2, 1912, lived a Christian life many years and is missed by old and young. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

No More Corns

No More Dangerous Paring

Nobody needs to suffer from corns since Blue-jay was invented.

Millions apply this little plaster. The pain stops instantly. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out—root, callous and all.

Blue-jay has done that for fifty million corns, without any soreness, any trouble, any delay or discomfort.

Common treatments mean just a brief relief. Blue-jay ends the corn.

Paring a corn just removes the top layer. The main part is left to grow. And in myriads of cases paring causes infection.

All those methods are wrong. Soon or late the corn must be removed. Why trifle and delay?

Blue-jay removes it in two days. In the meantime you forget it.

Please prove this—for your own sake. It is the only right way to treat corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (148)

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DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent prepaid for $1.

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10¢ Stamps or Coin brings you a tin of GOLDEN WEST SALAD DRESSING POWDER Makes a pint of delicious Salad Dressing Address Clozet & Devers, Portland, Ore.

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YOU CAN DO What Others Do

RECORDS OF A FEW PRIZE WINNERS:

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HAROLD P. CAHILL, New York, - - -	Winner of 100.00

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VALUE 50 CENTS

Our Younger Readers

LITTLE YOSOSAN

IN a land across the sea, dear,
Where the dancing moonbeams be, dear,
Lives a little brown-eyed maid of old Japan.
There the sunshine spills o' day-time,
And the lotus fills the May-time
With its bloom of sweet perfume for Yososan.
Like a swaying flower she seems, dear,
In that garden land of dreams, dear,
And her skin is smooth and warm as ivory glint.
There are gay fans in her tresses
And her little silken dresses
Are like butterflies of every lovely tint.

New York. RENA CARY SHEFFIELD.

Opportunity

A LITTLE more than half a century ago Commodore Perry with a letter from President Fillmore made his way into ne closed ports of Japan and nego- ated a treaty with the Shogun grant- ng the United States permission to ob- ain provisions needed by our ships n the Eastern Seas. Our vessels night thereafter with safety anchor n Japanese waters, and humane treat- nent to American shipwrecked sailors vas freely granted.

This peace treaty marked the first tep in the opening of Japan to the vorld, to foreign commerce, and to esidents of other nationalities. With- n ten years after the treaty the hogunate passed away, and the late mperor, then a boy of fourteen years, ssumed the reins of government and ecame head of the nation which dur- ng his reign vas to march teadily for- ward from a neathen and unknown peo- ple, shut away rom the open world, to a first and foremost nation of the earth. Rarely has the world witnessed such a splendid event.

The late Mikado was in every sense of he word a pro- gressive and a true patriot.

There is no second way whereby to show
The love of fatherland.
Whether one stand
A soldier under arms, against the foe,
Or stay at home, a peaceful citizen,
The ways of loyalty are still the same,

s the striking lesson of high patriot- ism that he taught his people. Like the great level-headed ruler he was, he built a modern army and navy which command the respect and ad- miration of the world. First in peace and first in war is the slogan of mod- ern Japan.

The highest Power over all nations of the earth works indeed in mysteri- ous ways his wonders to perform. No crown prince in Europe has received a more world-wide and democratic edu- cation than has the present young em- peror. Yoshihito has played with schoolboys in England and France, a schoolboy among them. He has trav- eled extensively in preparation for his reign, and is much beloved by his own people for his democratic ideals. The whole world expects him to be the greatest ruler Japan has ever had. That is a high responsibility, but there is little doubt that he will make good. American schoolboys and girls would do well to learn all they can about this splendid progressive nation and its young ruler, for in new Japan many a young American will find an opening for a great and successful career.

Japanese Chicken

ONE of the best and jolliest of games is Japanese Chicken. If you have never played it, do try it. It is really great fun. Boys and girls in Japan play it with their slippers; small blocks of wood or beanbags or little stones will do as well. Each player donates a slipper to the game, and holds up the shoeless foot in imitation of a lame chicken. They place the shoes in straight rows with spaces of about ten inches between each shoe, the players line up and in turn hop on one foot over each shoe until the end of the line is reached. The last shoe is then kicked away, the player using his "lame foot," after which it must be picked up without putting the lame foot to the ground and carried back over the same route to the first end of the line. If the player has made no slips or mistakes, he hops back again, kicks away the last shoe on the line, returns, and so on until he fails. Only one foot may touch the ground at a time. The hopping must be very deftly done, no shoes may be touched excepting the end one which is to be picked up. When "lame chicken" breaks or infringes any of the rules, he must instantly give place to another player. At the end of the game the winner has most shoes to his credit.

SUNSHINE

Parks in Japan teem with children playing lame chicken.

This Is Fun; Try It

ASK your arithmetic teacher at school to double the number of his pupils, add 3, multiply this sum by 5, add to it the number of pupils absent on that day, multiply the result by 10, add to it the number of his own aunts, and then tell you his answer. From his answer you subtract 150 and the remainder will be the *correct* number of his pupils present and absent and the number of his aunts as well. For example: Supposing the number of pupils is 6, doubled equals 12, plus 3 equals 15, multiplied by 5 equals 75, plus 3 equals 78, multiplied by 10 equals 780, plus 3 equals 783. Subtracting 150 from 783 leaves 633. Therefore you can safely announce to your teacher that he has 6 pupils, 3 absent pupils and 3 aunts.

The trick is charming and never fails to be accurate and amusing. Next week I will tell you about another one.

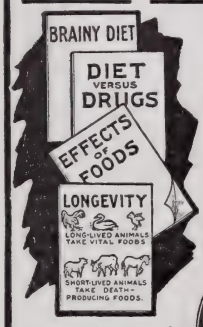
Good-Night Verse

"Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—*Phil. 3: 13, 14.*

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Popular Educational Food Campaign



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"I have confidence in this system. It has relieved an unsightly skin and mental inertia through the valuable suggestions and hints in your four booklets. There is a mine of practical hints in them, enough to convince a skeptic, were he so stick to the rules faithfully and give it a trial.

"I have already gained more brain and nerve force—more efficiency without enforced exercise.

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. To put it weakly, I was astonished. I know now that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge, and hope to learn more of your system in the future."

Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables and fresh, juicy fruits do not.

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—no fasting
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G. H. BRINKLER, FOOD EXPERT

A thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

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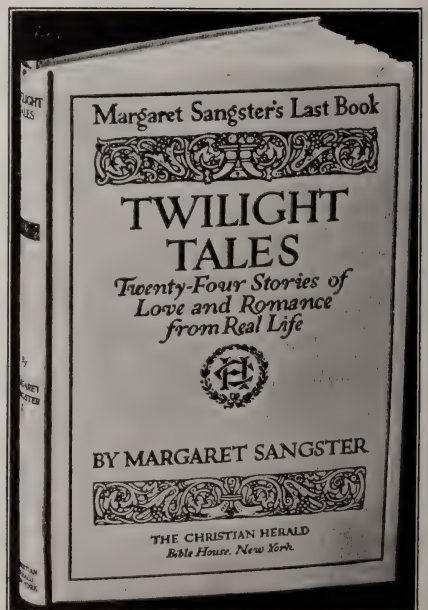
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SHEEP IN CENTRAL PARK

See description in this issue

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

S. C. F., St. Albans Bay, Vt. Where was the land of Nod located, to which Cain was banished after the murder of Abel, and where he found his wife? Was it inhabited by the human race? If not, who was Cain's wife?

The land of Nod means simply "land of exile." We may gather that at the time referred to the human family had multiplied considerably. Cain's wife was doubtless some blood relative, probably a sister. From Gen. 4: 14 we may gather that, although only four persons are mentioned in the sacred narrative up to this point, the human race had increased rapidly and that Cain's fear was of punishment by his own relatives. Josephus says that the Jews held a tradition that Adam had thirty-three sons and twenty-three daughters.

A. B. C., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. Please tell me where we have authority for saying there were three wise men who came from the East to find the new-born Saviour. 2. Was the *Maine* blown up from the inside or the outside?

1. It is true that the Gospel account does not state the number of wise men, but simply says they were from the East. Many ancient traditions, however, have been preserved from the early days of the Christian Church, among them one which states that there were three Magian princes, and gives their names as Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar, who came with a large retinue of servants and camels, presumably from Arabia. They had been a long time on the journey and had seen the star in their own country, which had guided them to Palestine. 2. The report showed that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside.

Reader, New York. Is there a record of the blessing that our Saviour asked at the Last Supper?

The words Jesus employed are not recorded, but the blessing pronounced may have been that which was customarily asked by the head of the household at all paschal feasts. It is in these words: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast created the fruit of the vine! Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast chosen us above all nations, and exalted us above all peoples, and hast sanctified us with thy commandments. Thou hast given us, O Lord our God, appointed seasons for joy, festivals and holy days for rejoicing, such as the feast of unleavened bread, the time of our liberation, for holy convocation, to commemorate our exodus from Egypt." As Jesus gave to the Last Supper a broader spiritual significance than the Passover possessed, it is probable that he gave to the opening words of blessing a character in keeping with his high purpose. The new Passover was not to be for the Jewish nation alone, but for the whole world.

D. B., Athens, Ga. 1. Is it true there is no danger of hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog if the dog be killed afterward? 2. Is foam at the mouth a sign the dog is mad?

1. This is an old fallacy. The killing of a rabid dog can have no effect on his victim. If bitten, first be sure the animal is mad before slaying it, otherwise you will labor under the belief he was mad, and so worry yourself into thinking you have hydrophobia. If the dog was normal there is no danger of the disease whatever, in which case only the healing of the wound is to be considered. If you fear the dog was mad lose no time in visiting a surgeon. 2. No; a mad dog at first is listless and apathetic, then restless, and finally goes into spasms and convulsions, when very often foam appears at the mouth. Normal dogs foam at the mouth in summer just like horses from thirst induced by exertion or exhaustion and it is a humane act to give them water.

L. S., Newcastle, Pa. Is it true, as some Socialists claim, that the red flag was the one under which Americans fought for freedom in the Revolution?

There were many flags in the early days of the Revolution, but the red had never a place, for it had a sinister significance then as now. It seems that each colony, in the beginning of the revolt, adopted a flag of its own, but the rattlesnake flag with its suggestive motto, "Don't tread on me," was a general favorite. The oldest flag in America is preserved in the Free Library, Bedford, Mass. It is the flag of the Minute Men of April 19, 1775, the "embattled farmers" who fired the shot at Concord heard round the world. The ground is maroon-colored satin damask emblazoned with an outstretched arm in the hand of which is an uplifted sword, this emblem being in silver color. There are three circular figures representing cannon balls and upon a golden scroll are the words *Vince aut Moriture* (Conquer or Die). It is doubtful if any flag was carried at Bunker Hill; but if so, it was probably the Pine-tree Flag. The flag of the United Colonies had thirteen alternate red and white stripes with subjoined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in a blue canton, and was raised on Prospect Hill, Cambridge, January 1, 1776, the first ensign to wave defiance to the enemy. From this banner the national flag was evolved by replacing the two crosses in the canton with thirteen stars in a circle, which arrangement was afterwards changed to horizontal lines.

The Children of the Founder of the Chinese Republic

THE children of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the Chinese Republic, arrived in San Francisco on July 27, and were photographed just before leaving the steamer. They have been sent to the United States by their progressive father that they may have all the advantages of our educational institutions. From left to right those in the picture are Miss Sun On, Miss Sun Yuen, Mr. Sun Fo and his bride. This is not Mr. Sun Fo's first visit to America, as he was here for a time during the period of his father's activities in connection with the financing of the recent Chinese revolution.

On June 14, 1777, the American Congress at Philadelphia confirmed the adoption of this flag, and it was carried through the Revolution.

X. Y. Z. Are all sins pardonable, if the sinner truly repents and lives an upright Christian life afterwards?

Divine mercy extends to the uttermost. The invitation is that "whosoever will may come." The "unpardonable sin," which was frequently spoken of in the early days of the church, is believed to have been attributing the works of the Holy Spirit to the powers of darkness. With this exception, there is nothing in the category of human offenses that is beyond the reach of divine forgiveness. "Although your sins be like scarlet, they shall be white as snow," is the ancient promise given by God to men; "though they be like crimson, they shall be as wool." This is not to be interpreted, however, as an encouragement to sin, but rather as an inducement to repentance. If the sinner truly repents, imploring God's forgiveness for Jesus' sake; if he accepts him as Saviour and endeavors, with divine help, to live thereafter a Christian life, he will not only be forgiven, but will be kept from falling back into sin. This is the teaching of the Gospel, and it is exemplified in innumerable cases to-day. We have instances among the converts of the Bowery Mission and in Christian work everywhere of great sinners who have forsaken their evil ways and who are now living the new life, sustained by divine power.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

We have the Saviour's distinct assurance, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." With regard to your last question, there is no punishment for sins that are forgiven. "Jesus paid it all." Remember, however, that sin leaves its indelible marks upon humanity, and these are ineradicable in this life.

W. H. B., Danbury, Conn. What is meant by the "new birth" (John 3: 7)?

It is an expression frequently used instead of "regeneration," to express the change from the natural state of sin to the new spiritualized life of the Christian. It is dying unto sin and being born again unto righteousness, a complete transformation of our moral nature, a new heart. Following after conversion and justification, the new birth or regeneration brings about a complete change of heart (see Heb. 10: 22; Gal. 6: 15; II. Cor. 5: 17; Col. 3: 9; Eph. 4: 22-24 and other passages).

Reader, Providence, R. I. What are we to understand by the battle of Armageddon, referred to in Revelation?

Armageddon is the name given to the last great battle to be fought in the world's history, in which the whole human race is arrayed on one side or the other. It is to be the final struggle of Antichrist. When it will be fought no one can tell; but that there will be a great struggle we are assured. Before that day comes "many false prophets shall arise and lead many astray . . . iniquity shall b multiplied and the love of many shall wa cold." There are to be false Christs, fals teachers doing signs and wonders, and leadin astray "even the elect if such were possible. It is to be preceded by a period of apostasy, i which the authority of the wicked one will b fully demonstrated, with the assumption divinity and the demand for universal worshi as God. In the present stage of the conflict b tween good and evil, when mighty forces a arrayed on both sides, we can see the for shadowing of the fierce struggle that is come; but we may rest assured that righteou ness will triumph in the end. (See the parall passage in Joel 3: 2-12). Armageddon is "t mountain of Megiddo," west of the Jordan, scene of early historic battles and the pla that would naturally suggest itself to the min of a Galilean writer to whom the place and i associations were familiar.

L. D. K., Morristown, N. J. Is there a d nomination known as the Pentecost Church of the Nazarene? If so, kind give the facts concerning it.

This denomination is thus described in *T Christian Herald Almanac:* "Its doctrine essentially in accord with that of the M. E Church; its ecclesiastical organization is con gregational; each congregation is independen in its management. Ordained ministers fro other denominations may be received on th vote of the church committee. The denomina tion has about 100 organizations, 6,657 com municants, 107 ministers, 82 Sunday school 5,039 scholars."

M. S. H., Regina, Sask. 1. What is the grea est depth that has been penetrated into th earth by sinking or boring? 2. Of wha is the center of the earth composed?

1. A little over a mile. 2. Only inference can be drawn as to the composition, densit and temperature of the interior nucleus lyin four thousand miles beneath the surface. Som think it is a molten mass, but this is untenab in view of the fact that the earth is rigid as steel ball, therefore the pressure at the dee est part is tremendously great, and conse quently no considerable portion can be liqui There must be an inconceivable heat, howeve for the temperature rises about one degree f every fifty feet of depth. At about twent miles down the most refractory metals woul melt were it not that the pressure of supe incumbent masses tends to keep them in th solid state. Volcanoes draw their supplie from reservoirs of molten rock a short distanc below the surface.

Miscellaneous

J. E. P., Brooker, Fla. Yes, he is a Christia and, we believe, either a Presbyterian or Congregationalist.

If the correspondent from Bancroft, Wis who wrote a letter some time ago to THE MAI BAG, will send his name and address we wi try to answer his questions.

A. E. K., Harmony. We quite agree wit you that for this nation to take up the Pap yoke, which Italy, France and Portugal ha thrown off, would be a crowning folly.

Mrs. Gertie Decker, Newfield, N. Y., woul be grateful to any reader who should send h the address of her brother, Arthur P. Howe who was in California twenty years ago.

W. J. T. Our answer with regard to ba tism had no reference to the laws of Moses, b to the methods presumed to be in use in th primitive Christian Church. No one can do matize on the matter, however. It is a contr verted subject purely.

J. E. M., Fullerton, Texas. Luke 21: 23-2 is a divinely prophetic passage with a doub significance. Like certain other prophecies the Saviour, it has relation not only to event impending in the near future, but also to th Second Coming and the end of the age. Th has already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG i a recent issue.

AN INSPIRING BOOK

I received the book, *Twilight Tales*. I a delighted with Mrs. Sangster's work. I ha enjoyed it very much and it has been an i spiration to me. MRS. MARY PIERSALL. *Winchester, Ky.*

LOVED MRS. SANGSTER'S WRITINGS

I wish to let you know that I received Mr Sangster's book, *Twilight Tales*, and thank yo very much. I certainly do appreciate it, fo I loved to read Mrs. Sangster's writings. *Darby, Pa.* MRS. J. PARKER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A Winter Scene in Konia

The Wood Bazaar in Konia

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

The Gate of the Koranic School at Konia

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor

WE NOW follow the great apostle from the Pisidian Antioch, where he had been so hardly treated, to the city which the great archeological authority, Sir William Ramsay, considers the oldest city in the world, the city of Iconium, or Konia, as it is called to-day. In this journey we are following St. Paul from persecution to persecution, from tribulations to still greater tribulations, yet we can hear him say with undaunted courage and cheerful voice, "Rejoice, and again I say, rejoice." The road the apostle must have taken from Antioch to Iconium is not far from the path of the modern traveler who would journey from Antioch to Ak Shehir, and then, taking the Anatolian railway which we left at this point in order to visit Antioch, he will proceed in a southeasterly direction until he comes to the modern town of Konia, which, unlike most of the cities of St. Paul, is perhaps of as much importance to-day as in the apostles' time.

After crossing the mountains in the neighborhood of Antioch we come at once to the borders of the great central table-land which averages more than three thousand feet above the sea, and which is such a marked feature of Asia Minor. On a smaller scale, it is not unlike the great central plateau of North America, which embraces western Kansas and western Nebraska, much of Colorado and the great plains beyond the Rocky Mountains. In reaching our own great central plateau from the east the rise is so gradual that one scarcely knows that he is going up hill until he finds himself to his surprise nearly a mile high under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Not so is the traveler beguiled who journeys across the central plain of Turkey. A rough, steep, dangerous road leads him from any part of the coast to the crest of the mountain ranges that almost completely surround Asia Minor, and encircle like a mighty fortress the great plain that lies between them. On a clear day one can see the minarets of Konia from the mountain heights thirty miles away, and between him and his destination stretches a level prairie, snow-covered in winter, but smiling in the spring and summer in some parts at least with an almost tropical vegetation.

From time immemorial this plain has been noted for its fertility. Wherever water can be obtained it becomes as a garden of the gods. But water is scarce in the plain of Konia, especially in these days of broken aqueducts and ancient disused wells, and not until one comes within some five miles of Konia, where the streams from the Lystrian Hills irrigate the soil, does the unusual natural fertility of the country display itself. For miles, however, in a great circle about the modern city, the gardens and vineyards, the fruit trees of various kinds and the olive orchards form as attractive a scene as the eye often rests upon.

The modern Iconium has very much to interest the traveler, and I know of no place in all Asia Minor which has left a more abiding impression upon my mind than this city which we are now approaching with Paul and Barnabas. Our visit, to be sure, was in midwinter. The snow was still piled high in some of the streets; the wind blew shrill and gustily through the narrow alleys; but a day or two of warm sunshine contended with the north wind for the mastery, and changed the whole aspect of things even in this forbidding season.

I have already spoken of Iconium as the oldest city in the world, on the authority of Sir William Ramsay the archeologist, who has done more to elucidate Bible geography than any other man. He acknowledges that Damascus rivals Konia in antiquity, but the story of both cities goes back before the dawn of recorded time.

The city derived its name from the Eikones or images of mud which, according to the ancient legend of the place, were made by Prometheus and Athena at the command of Jupiter, who, after the great flood caused the winds to blow upon the eikones and they became living men and women. Thus, according to this tradition, Iconium was the first place settled after the flood. But the traditions of the place go back even beyond the flood to the time of King Nannakos, who was told by the oracle that when he died there should come a mighty deluge in which all men should perish. Thereupon he called all the people together to a great temple and cried so bitterly and with such a flood of tears, in which his Phrygian subjects joined, that "the weeping in the time of Nannakos" became a proverb even among the Greeks of later days.

The golden age of Iconium, however, both commercially and politically, was not in the time of

The Courtyard of the Tekke or Mosque of the Whirling Dervishes

Continued on page 816

THE PROGRESSIVES NAME A TICKET

ON MONDAY, August 5, the National Convention of the Progressive Party met at noon in the Coliseum, Chicago, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency and adopting a platform of principles. It was a large and representative gathering. From all over the country, enthusiastic followers of the new movement were present. From the minute the crowds began to pour into the hall, there was a continuous display of enthusiasm, and many patriotic songs were sung.

Before the convention met there was a suffrage parade and the great army of women who marched were cheered as they entered the Coliseum. Conspicuous among them was Miss Jane Addams of the Hull House Settlement. There were many women of wealth in the audience, fashionably dressed, and there was also a strong representation of working-women in shirtwaists. Roosevelt emblems, and especially the red bandanna, were in abundant evidence.

There were about 1,200 delegates in their seats when the convention was called to order by Senator Dixon, who briefly outlined the circumstances attending the birth of the new party. The convention call was read by Oscar King Davis. Pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Hamilton were hung across the platform end of the hall, and at the farther end was a large portrait of Roosevelt, the founder of the new party. The entire gathering was estimated at between 10,000 and 12,000 persons.

During the reading of the call, when Senator Dixon spoke the names of the signers of the document, there was loud cheering by the members of the different State delegations. Rev. Mr. Dornblazer of the German Lutheran Church made the opening prayer. The band then played "America," the entire audience singing.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana was selected as temporary chairman of the convention and was escorted to the platform by Governor Johnson of California, Governor Vessey of South Dakota, Carey of Wyoming, and Hon. Frank H. Funk, Progressive candidate for governor of Illinois. On taking the chair, the Senator made a ringing address, which kept the floor and galleries cheering. He denounced the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions of the Supreme Court and the general corruption prevailing in the old parties. He stated the principles of the new party and dwelt on its opposition to the boss system and the special interests. The people were tired of mock reforms. He made a special plea to Southern Democrats to rally to the support of Progressivism. He said the new movement would abolish child labor, plan old-age pensions and favor woman suffrage.

At the close of the first day's proceedings, the party leaders met to consider the choice of a running mate for Colonel Roosevelt, and it was agreed that the most favorable man was Governor Hiram Johnson of California. Mr. Roosevelt, it was stated, personally favored a Southern Democrat.

A subject of considerable discussion was Mr. Roosevelt's stand on the negro delegate question, and although some of the members of the National Committee opposed him at the outset, his strong arguments finally broke down all opposition.

On assembling for the second day's session, the crowds were even larger than on Monday, in expectation of the promised speech of Mr. Roosevelt. The first business before the convention was the report of the credentials committee, after which a permanent organization was effected, Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Colorado being elected permanent chairman.

Colonel Roosevelt then made his first appearance on the convention platform, being the only occasion on which a presidential candidate has taken such a step. The Coliseum was crowded to the doors when he began his address at one o'clock P.M. Mrs. Roosevelt sat in a box not far from the platform. There was a wild outbreak of cheering and waving of hats as the Colonel came forward, waving his hat with the rest. For nearly half an hour the fervid jubilation lasted; then the delegates, completely carried away by the enthusiasm, began marching around the hall, waving their standards and singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." There was a great crowd of women on the platform, adding to the picturesqueness of the scene.

In his speech, which contained 18,000 words, Colonel Roosevelt declared himself in favor of preferential primaries in presidential years; election of United States Senators by popular vote; the short ballot, limiting the number of officials to be voted for; a stringent and efficient corrupt practices act, applying to primaries as well as elections; publicity of campaign contributions; initiative, referendum and recall; recall of judicial decisions; simplifying the process for amendment of the constitution; strengthening of the pure food law; establishment of a National Health Department; social and industrial justice to wage workers, including a minimum wage; insurance and old-age pensions; regulation of conditions of labor; prohibition of child labor; federal control of trusts; a National Industrial Commission, controlling all interstate industry; revision of the tariff in the interest of employee and consumer; a permanent tariff commission, non-partisan; land monopoly tax; suffrage for women; regulation of hearing in contempt cases; internal waterway improvements; reform of the currency to give greater elasticity; conservation of forests, mines, water power; development and control of the Mississippi River; government ownership of Alaska railroads; leasing system for Alaska coal fields; a larger navy; fortification of the Panama Canal and strict observance of the canal treaty.

During the address, a Georgian delegate interrupted to ask him how he stood on the negro question. Mr. Roosevelt replied promptly that he wanted to see intelligent and educated negroes come to the front, but not the bribable type he had seen not only in the last convention but in national conventions for many years.

The concluding passage of his speech was as follows:

> Surely there never was a fight better worth making than the one in which we are engaged. It little matters what befalls any one of us who for the time being stand in the forefront of the battle. I hope we shall win, and I believe that if we can wake the people to what the fight really means we shall win. But, win or lose, we shall not falter. Whatever fate may at the moment overtake any of us, the movement itself will not stop. Our cause is based on the eternal principles of righteousness; and even though we who now lead may for the time fail, in the end the cause itself shall triumph.
>
> "We stand at Armageddon, and we battle for the Lord."

The convention then adjourned until 10 A.M. Wednesday.

At the closing session on August 7, the greatest harmony prevailed. There was some delay about the preparations of the platform, to which great care had been given by the committee. When completed, it contained about five thousand words. To a large extent it was foreshadowed in Mr. Roosevelt's speech of the previous day. It is a dignified and serious document. The name of the Progressive Party is adopted for the new movement; the old parties are arraigned for their failure to represent the interests of the people and for their corrupt alliances with selfish interests. Among the reforms advocated in the platform are practically all that were enumerated in the speech of Mr. Roosevelt, especially presidential primaries, election of Senators by the people, the initiative, referendum and recall, laws to better the conditions of labor, the establishment of a Department of Labor with a representative in the Cabinet, restriction of the powers of the courts and placing them under the control of the people, the re-establishment of the Country Life Commission, a Federal Commission to supervise industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce, a protective tariff, downward revision and a "non-partisan scientific Tariff Commission" to study the whole subject, supervision over investments to prevent the exploiting of worthless properties and swindling of the people, better protection of immigrants, conservation of natural resources, good roads, an official inquiry into the high cost of living and suitable remedial legislation, the establishment of a national health service, sound progressive laws for the protection and encouragement of legitimate business, a strong national regulation of interstate corporations, equal suffrage for both sexes, publicity for campaign contributions and expenditures, and the creation of a parcels post. It contains a strong appeal to the conscience of the people and for their support of the new party, "born of the nation's awakened sense of justice," next November.

Four women were added to the National Committee as members-at-large. It was two o'clock when the nominations were reached. William Prendergast, of New York, presented the name of Theodore Roosevelt for President, declaring him to be the "man courageous" of American politics and "a national asset." There was another scene of wild enthusiasm, delegations marching, the band playing, and the whole vast audience singing the "Battle Hymn" and "America." Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Colorado seconded the nomination and Miss Jane Addams followed in a short speech in support of the candidate. When she had finished, a banner with the words "Votes for Women" was carried up through the aisles amid great cheering. There were several other seconding speeches. The calling of the roll of States was dispensed with and Chairman Beveridge called for a *viva voce* vote, which was answered with a tremendous reverberating chorus of "Ayes" and Theodore Roosevelt was then declared the unanimous nominee of the convention.

Governor Hiram W. Johnson of California was unanimously nominated for Vice-President. The usual formal votes of thanks to officers of the convention were passed, after which the nominees stood side by side on the platform and made brief addresses of acceptance. Once more the great audience lifted its voice in song and the Doxology resounded through the Auditorium. When the last notes had died away, Rev. Dr. Johnstone Myers (Baptist) pronounced the benediction, the band played "Home, Sweet Home," and the first National Convention of the Progressive Party was at an end.

Governor Hiram Johnson, Nominated for Vice-President

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Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Addressing a Crowd Outside the Auditorium in Chicago

KEEPING THE FARMER AT HOME

A Typical New Homestead in the Recently Opened Portion of Northwestern Montana

LEADING officials of the United States Government believe that they have found a way to keep American settlers at home. The great majority of American farmers and homesteaders who have in recent years moved to Canada have not gone through any dissatisfaction or loss of patriotism. In nine cases out of ten the migrations to the Dominion have been prompted by the prospect of material advantages. Farmers have been attracted by the opportunity to sell out their holdings in the United States at favorable prices and then reinvest in similar farms in the newer provinces of Canada at a fraction of the sum received in each instance for the American farm, thereby leaving the tiller of the soil a splendid "nest egg" for his trouble in moving. Similarly, men and women who are ambitious to become homesteaders have in many instances been influenced in favor of Canada by the fact that it has been easier for a person with small capital to secure a farm in Canada than in the United States.

With an intimate knowledge of just what has induced the stampede to Canada, our Federal officials, backed by the hearty co-operation of Congress, have adopted two means of turning the tide of settlers. For one thing, Uncle Sam is setting about correcting the false impression which has gone forth to the effect that there is no desirable public land remaining for settlers in this country. This popular belief that the public domain is exhausted is very far from the truth. Not a year passes but sees the opening to settlement of some of the finest farming land in the world. The government is constantly purchasing land from the Indians and throwing it open to settlement on the homestead plan, and the vast irrigating projects of the United States Reclamation Service are transforming arid regions into garden spots of marvelous productiveness. Furthermore, the continual extension of railroads and other transportation lines in the West is all the while giving sudden value to homestead land that was decidedly unpromising before such improvement was commenced.

The second means that has been adopted for keeping American homesteaders at home is found in a new law which greatly simplifies the winning of a farm. It has been realized for some time past that the conditions under which the Federal authorities sold slices of the public domain to *bona fide* settlers were not as favorable to the purchasers as they might be, and so Congress was induced at its present session to pass a new homestead law which has been duly signed by the President, and which reduces the requirements. The new law is commonly known as the Three-Year Homestead Law, because under it the period of residence necessary in order to entitle a person to patent under the homestead laws is reduced from five to three years, and the period within which a homestead entry may be completed is reduced from seven to five years.

Public land is sold to homesteaders in consideration of their agreement to improve the property and cultivate the land. Formerly no specific amount of cultivation was required respecting a homestead entry made under the general law—an entry for 160 acres—but the United States Land Office was wont to require a considerable portion of a tract to be cultivated before a person could gain title to his holding. The new law says in so many words that not less than one-eighth of the area of any homestead holding must be cultivated, and this stipulation will reduce by at least one-half the amount of cultivation of agricultural crops previously required. But, owing to the liberal reduction in the period of residence, the new law requires that there shall be actual cultivation. A mere breaking of the soil will no longer suffice. Henceforth, the homesteader must plant or sow seed and must till for a crop other than native grasses. Under the new law a homestead entryman must establish an actual residence on his land within six months after the date of entry, but after establishing a residence he is permitted to be absent from the land for one continuous period of not more than five months each year. The new homestead law and the general agitation in favor of American settlers remaining at home has greatly quickened popular interest in the vacant lands of the United States. Many persons will doubtless be surprised to learn that there is to-day in this country a total of considerably more than half a billion acres of public land, unappropriated and unreserved, and much of which has never been surveyed. In some counties where public land is reported, the vacant areas total only a few acres, but there are not less than twenty-six States that have vacant public lands. Some of the Western States have twenty to thirty million acres apiece waiting settlers, and from that the State totals scale downward until at the foot of the list we find Missouri with little more than one thousand acres remaining undisposed of when the government compiled its latest statistics.

There is no land for the homesteader in New England or in the Atlantic Coast States north of Florida. We heard more or less a few years ago of the "abandoned farms" of New England, but these were not, of course, in any sense public lands under the national government, and anyway these farms have been pretty well taken up as a result of more scientific farming methods of the "back to the farm" movement and the popular desire of the well-to-do classes for country homes in New England. Nor is there any public land in what are commonly known as the Central States—the Middle West of yesterday if not of to-day—nor indeed in any Northern State east of the Mississippi with the exception of Michigan and Wisconsin.

In the South, however, particularly in the Gulf States, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of vacant public land. To be sure, a considerable proportion of this Southern territory is low, swampy or marshy land, but the "new South" is wrestling in earnest with the problem of draining her swamps and it is believable that in time she will, by this means, add tremendously to her productive areas, just as, to go to the opposite extreme, irrigation is reclaiming the deserts of the West. Meanwhile the development of perfected machinery for taking the cypress trees from the Southern swamps is bestowing upon this lately worthless land a tangible value, even without thought of what the future may hold when the receding waters have exposed a tremendously fertile soil.

Arizona, one of our newest States, has nearly two score million acres of undistributed land. Most of it is either arid or mountainous, but there are some grazing and timber lands. Arkansas has close to half a million acres subject to entry under the homestead laws, and there is much of it that the government officials designate as productive, mountainous or timbered. Despite the rush to California in years gone by, there are more than a score of million acres in that State that have not yet been spoken for. Some of this land is located in the mountains, but there is quite a representation of agricultural and grazing land. Colorado has almost as much undisposed of territory as has California. In point of acreage, Michigan is in about the same class as Kansas, but the Peninsular State makes a stronger bid for the homesteader because some of her unoccupied land is classed by the Federal authorities as "good farming land." Montana ranks among the three or four foremost States when it comes to accounting the public domain. She has considerably more than thirty million acres on the bargain counter, and much of it awaits only the plow and the seed.

WALDON FAWCETT.

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An Interested Crowd at a "Land Opening" in the West

Starting Off with Pack Outfit to Take Up New Western Lands

The Sheep Rancher and His Flocks on Newly Opened Lands

The Sacred Splendor of Youth

A Sermon

BY

Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, D.D.*

TEXT: "Let no man despise thy youth: but be thou an ensample to them that believe, in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith, in purity." I. Tim. 4: 12, R. V.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, in his book, *Coningsby*, says: "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret." That is the undisguised statement of a pessimist. But Paul, although he was an old man at the time he wrote this letter to Timothy, and had experienced enough to make a dozen men pessimists, wrote to his young friend in a most exultant series of exhortations, reminding Timothy in almost every sentence of the fact that he had a very great life to live and that the time for him to live it was the present. "Youth," he says in this letter, "is of all times in life the one splendid exercising time. It is a sacred trust. It is consecrated energy. It is of all periods in life the one most fragrant and the one to be treated with the greatest reverence."

It is well for us to remind ourselves not infrequently of the historical fact that some of the greatest achievements in the world have been made by youth, and it will always be so in human history. David had experienced some of the greatest emotions before he was twenty and was a king at the age of eighteen. Raphael had practically completed his life work at the age of thirty-seven. He did no great artistic work after that age. James Watt even as a boy as he watched the steam coming out of the teakettle saw in it the new world of mechanical power made possible by the old element turned and driven by a simple appliance. Cortes was master of Mexico before he was thirty-six. Schubert died at the age of thirty-one, after having composed what may perhaps be called in some ways the most entrancing melody ever written. Charlemagne was master of France and the greatest emperor of the world at the age of thirty. Shelley wrote *Queen Mab* when he was only twenty-one, and was a master of poetry before he was twenty-five. Patrick Henry was able to shape the revolutionary history of a new country before he was thirty and astonish the world by his oratory before he was twenty-six years old. At the age of twenty-four Ruskin had written *Modern Painters*, and Bryant while still a boy of high school age had written *Thanatopsis*. The list of achievements of youth in all ages—in all departments of activity—is endless.

What Jesus' Preparation Meant

The most conspicuous example of the splendor of youth is found in the person of Jesus Christ. There is no parallel in history to this personal achievement. We have in the first place an astonishing period of absolute silence concerning eighteen years. All we know about those years is contained in the fact that he went home from the meeting with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem and was subject to his father and mother. There is no question that during those eighteen years spent in the undramatic and homely acts of a common carpenter in a little country town he was preparing himself mentally and morally for what we call his great life work; but we must not forget that the preparatory years of youth for life work are as important as the work itself. In fact we may as well remember that no great work is ever done without great preparation. If you had fifteen years to live and knew you had only fifteen, it would be the wisest thing you could do to spend ten of them getting ready for the last five. Here was the Master of Life who spent eighteen years getting ready for two and a half. Within that two and a half years what momentous events were crowded! We have the record of the tremendous expenditure of vital force continued through a succession of public appearances. We have the record of great public speeches, of great conferences held with multitudes of people, of a personal impression made upon a group of men so powerful that nothing was able to stamp it out. Neither the fact of obscurity on the part of the men who reproduced Christianity, neither the fact of the crucifixion of their leader, the martyrdom of thousands of his followers, the scorn and contempt of a whole empire, the indifference and antagonism of a whole world could keep the peasant of Nazareth, the carpenter, from becoming the King of kings and Lord of lords, in his sway over the world's history.

Can you name any young life in history which for actual results in the way of shaping and creating new forms of human activity can equal the influence of Jesus? And it was all done within a period of time so brief that it seems the greatest miracle of all the ages when we stop to think of it. But in the matters of purity, sinlessness of conduct, absolute fidelity to truth, most commanding courage, the most stupendous optimism, the finest love of the multitude, absolute lack of exclusiveness and aristocracy, Jesus Christ set the example for all young life for all time to come. There has never been his equal and never will be his superior.

But the sacred splendor of youth is a special period of life which stands out by itself in unique fashion and deserves special mention and calls for special thought on the part of those who might make shipwreck of the fair vessel of life owing to some mistaken ideas concerning the period of youth. Some of these mistakes have become almost axiomatic, as, for example, the idea that often has prevailed that youth is a time for anything except serious things; that it is mostly playtime and that the serious things of life are to be undertaken after one has exhausted the play period.

Paul's Advice to Youth

It is exceedingly interesting to note the things which Paul enumerates to Timothy in the list which he gives where he says Timothy ought to be an example to others. "Let no man despise thy youth," he says, "but be thou an example to those that believe"—that is, to the very good people or to those who have made a profession of Christianity. They should be the first and strictest to measure you.

"Be thou an example," he says, "in word."

Common custom almost agrees to forgive and excuse any kind of conversation among young people. Why should they be careful about what they say? Let them rattle on and say anything. They are young people.

"Be an example," he says, "in manner of life."

That covers nearly everything. Habits, daily conduct, enthusiasm, the purposes of life, its ambitions, its hopes, its desires. It covers the widest possible range of example. "Be thou an example in love," the most sacred experience of youth in its courtship, in its sympathy, in its sense of brotherhood. Yet how often we hear excuses made for young men and women that they cannot comprehend the meaning of democracy and how seldom we feel like condemning that attitude which favors the clique of the little circle in the school or university. We think perhaps the sense of brotherhood will grow upon a man as he gets older and that after a while he will come to a place where his race prejudice will disappear, where he can look out upon the multitude and have compassion upon it; but we do not ordinarily ascribe to youth so large a quality as democracy, and say it is a period when exclusion and aristocracy are natural. Do you remember how rare a sight it was when a young man not yet twenty-five invited into his family circle from his university six different nationalities and entertained them in brotherly fashion, holding out his hand of friendship to them? If you read that story, you were astonished not so much at the thing itself as by the fact that it was done by a young person. But why not? Paul says to Timothy, "Be an example to those in affection, in democracy, and brotherhood."

The Period of Doubt

"Be an example in faith."

Youth is the period for criticism and for religious doubts and skepticism. It is not the period for holding on to the treasures that were sacred in the home. It is the time for dispute and argument, for seeking eagerly after new things, new beliefs. As one young man said to another just leaving the lecture room in a great university, "That settles the question of the resurrection for me." "Why?" "Why, didn't the professor say there wasn't any?" "But have you argued it out?" "No. Why should I argue it out? What are professors for but to tell us what the newest discoveries in science are?"

We would not feel surprised if youth, as we s[ee] in its search after new ways of thinking sometim[es] regarded its beliefs as of little importance. I[n] Paul bids Timothy to be an example in faith, as [if] youth were actually a period when one could ma[ke] up his *own* mind and be his *own* man, and wh[at] faith is of any value unless it is your own? Do y[ou] believe something simply because some one e[lse] says so or disbelieve it simply because some one e[lse] says so? How far is your faith your own faith a[nd] not the faith of some book or some argument wh[ich] you have never really tested? Youth should ha[ve] enough regard for its own sacredness to stand [up] for its own rights, especially in matters of religi[on], and should use its own plummet, the tests of its o[wn] experience, before it throws overboard the mea[ns] of its own salvation.

"And be thou an example," Paul says, "[in] purity."

What commoner error has been sown over t[he] world broadcast than the error that impurity [is] more or less excusable in youth? There is so[me] excuse, we say, for their action. They are [so] young.

Of all heresies and of all falsehoods which ha[ve] been damning the world in its thought of life, the[re] is none which has been more fearful in its con[se]quences than this. Of all times in life youth is t[he] time for purity, not impurity. One should shri[nk] back with horror as he sees the splendor of you[th] drawing near to the bottomless pit and eage[rly] ready to plunge into its black and foul current. [If] there is anything which any young man or wom[an] can give to the world in the way of service which [is] a splendid gift to succeeding generations it is t[he] example of an unsoiled life, and to say that the[re] is any reasonable excuse for any youth to yield [to] physical passions simply because of youth, is [to] condemn the sacred splendor of a thing which w[as] meant to be kept inviolate from the time it was fi[rst] born; and the youth himself, as he thinks upon t[he] vast consequences which flow from the yielding [to] temptation, ought to call up reserves of physic[al], mental and spiritual power and realize the sacr[ed] calls imposed by the Divine Being when he cons[ti]tuted such power and gave it birth. There is [no] reasonable excuse for youth to throw away [its] jewel or repudiate the clear-eyed gift of the Divi[ne] Being because the energy which could be exercis[ed] helpfully in work has been vitiated and diseas[ed] and distorted by misuse.

Youth's Enthusiasm

The sacred splendor of youth shines brighte[st] and strongest in the great realm of religion a[nd] human service. There are three qualities whi[ch] youth at its best always possesses—energy, inclin[a]tion and enthusiasm. In the nature of the ca[se] as men grow older in mind and body they lose t[he] first flush of their enthusiasm. The inclination [to] take up and initiate great reforms, to underta[ke] apparent impossibilities, belongs naturally to t[he] youth time of life; and if anything should have f[ull] sway it is the religious instinct and purpose. "R[e]member now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" is an exhortation perfectly natural because youth [is] the time for the exuberance of religious vitalit[y] for the crusade which every age demands even [of] its boys and girls in the march, not to resc[ue] the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infide[l] but to plant the cross above the resurrection. [If] there was ever a false thing spoken or thought [in] this world it was the assertion made a few yea[rs] ago that the religious life precludes the exercise [of] the finest instincts of young men and women; a[nd] that religion might be well enough for the closin[g] years of men's and women's lives but had litt[le] place in the life of any man who must be occupi[ed] with great things like science and invention a[nd] progress. This assertion, made by one who call[s] himself a scientist, is an exact contradiction of s[o] the human facts in the case. No religious enthus[i]asm has ever been able to equal that of the you[th] who have, without counting the cost, given ther[n]selves heart and soul and body to the service [of]

Continued on next page

* Former pastor of Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

Poems Everyone Should Know

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

(The Sonnet to the Waldenses)

VENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
e scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
nen all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.
rget not: in thy book record their groans
no were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
ain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
other with infant down the rocks. Their moans
e vales redoubled to the hills, and they
heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
e triple tyrant; that from these may grow
hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
rly may fly the Babylonian woe.

JOHN MILTON.

The Sacred Splendor of Youth

Continued from preceding page

od; and the world demands more
an anything else of every young
an and woman this kind of service.
The one thing which the universe
eeds to-day is a religious passion.
he world is not suffering for more
eamships like the *Titanic* to be
uilt, upon which are lavished the
ealth of invention and luxury and
l sorts of physical skill in the way
machinery equipment and scientific
ppliances. The world could get along,
ithout any loss whatever, without
ch productions, but what the world
in crying need of is a youth filled
ith a tremendous passion for re-
eeming life from its stupidity—its
upidity of sin, from its enormous
elfishness, from its cruel greed, from
s corroding lust, and its tireless
earch for pleasure at the expense of
ower. What this city needs is not
ore science spent on its buildings,
ot more money spent on its amuse-
ents, but just plain righteousness,
onest dealing between man and
an, living wages paid to those who
abor, clean homes, which are only
ossible where there is religion. And
e time to create and set in motion
is righteousness is for the youth
me of life. If young men and
omen are not religious in the deep-
st sense, their education is lacking in
ne one thing needful.

"Though I have all knowledge," says
aul, "and have not love, I am noth-
g." That is, love to God and man,
hich is the creed of religion. It is
ne saddest thing in all the world to
ee a young life equipped with every
race of mind and body and destitute
f religion

Youth is not simply great in its
bility to plan. It is not wonderful
imply in its powers of endurance.
t is not fascinating because it can
ccomplish great things with tireless
nergy. It is not a thing to be ad-
ired because it has simply within it
ossibilities for all kinds of expres-
ion in artistic ways; but youth is the
reatest time in life because of its
acredness. It is the time when the
est and the noblest and the richest
nd sweetest are possible; the joyful
ecognition of a divine Fatherhood is
what makes youth time so splendid.
he mockery of all life is to take the
est we have and throw it away, or
ive it to unworthy purposes, or
oard it up to ourselves until it is of
o value. The most splendid sight in
he world is to see youth dedicating
tself to the greatest uses. The high-
st standards, the greatest enthusi-
sms, the noblest incentives come in
outh. They are not vain dreams or
maginings: they are the promptings
f a divine inspiration. Unheeded,
hey will pass, and you will look in
ain for them to come back when you
re old. The greatest religious waves
f power sweep over young life be-
tween eighteen and thirty years of
age. After this last age has passed,
he chances, as we say, are vastly
against any religious vision. God in
some mysterious but real way chooses
o reveal himself in his greatest
power to the young life of humanity.
If one who catches this vision remains
true to it, he will indeed make the
most of life."

NEW STYLES AND OLD ONES

IN GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*, old Mrs. Hardcastle exclaims, "I hate old-fashioned trumpery." "And I love it," replies Hardcastle. "I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books," etc. Certainly the change of the old for the new is almost as profitless in some cases to-day as it was when the housemaid in Aladdin's palace ran out with an old lamp to exchange it with the man who went through the streets crying, "New lamps for old ones."

The "old-fashioned trumpery" of our grandfathers was often very plain and very cheap, but it gave more satisfaction then than much of the new-style gewgaws of to-day which represent the fondness for show and the desperate effort to keep up appearances.

An elderly millionaire of New York who died the other day left among his immediate personal effects "a $5 watch, a pair of cuff buttons valued at $10 and a ring worth $15." Quite in keeping with the unostentatious simplicity and modesty of old-time captains of industry; quite in contrast with the lavish and often senseless display of many modern millionaires.

Utility and comfort used to be the standards by which expenditures were measured. Economy was as natural to the man of large property as it was to the man whose small income compelled him to be careful of his outlay. In just this old-time habit of thrift were laid the foundations of many of the colossal fortunes of the present day. Yet what real comfort and what a genuine atmosphere of home distinguished the old homesteads of our grandfathers! Increase of wealth did not destroy their simple, hearty manner of living. Their lives were more unselfish, more wholesome than some of those who followed them.

That good old-fashioned word, "homestead," is fast becoming obsolete, because the good, old-fashioned homestead itself is becoming a thing of the past. Now the millionaire has his "city house" and his "country place," or his "palace on Riverside," and he moves restlessly with his family from one to another in the intervals between European trips and "seasons" at Newport or Palm Beach. The poorer man with an ambitious family strives to keep up appearances in a modern "cottage" in some new-fashioned suburb, or in an up-to-date "apartment" in the city. His movings, though more restricted, are perhaps as restless and as frequent as those of the rich man whom he and his family envy. Thus home spirit suffers, and the joys and solid comforts of the old-fashioned homestead are unknown.

. . .

COST of living is the immediate problem of the day. Political parties are presenting plans for its solution. Tariff is blamed for its existence. Trusts are accused of creating it. Everybody and everything is supposed to be in the conspiracy except the persons directly affected. Where do we find the people recognizing their own part of the responsibility and trying to find part of the cure in changing their own manner of life?

False standards of life and new-fashioned demands and indulgences have more to do with the high cost of living than most of us realize. A few months ago one of the New York newspapers printed a series of cartoons under the caption, "We could live as cheaply as our fathers if we would do as they did instead of the way we do to-day." One picture showed the family of the old times picnicking and bathing at the riverside, in good rustic enjoyment. Another picture showed, by way of contrast, the present day family at the stylish seaside resort, where a uniformed attendant pushed the roller chair along the board walk at "a dollar a minute." Other pictures showed the contrast between the making over of "papa's pants" to fit his boy, and the new-style tailor measuring the young hopeful of to-day for a sporty suit, while he remarks, between cigarette puffs, "I don't care so much about their wearing as I do to have 'em look right." It is easy to imagine other pictures of the series. They were more truthful than ridiculous.

. . .

THE constant effort to keep up appearances, to make a show, to do as others do, to buy the latest styles, to indulge in the up-to-date appliances and pleasures—these things have the most direct and vital relation to the high cost of living. The wage earner and the salary earner must have the player-piano and talking machine in his home, even on instalment payments. New records require constant expenditures. The set of books in handsome bindings has been forced upon him because they cost "only a dollar a month." If his salary can stand it, he must have an automobile. Sometimes a mortgage on the house that the neighbors will not see is not too high a price to pay for an automobile that the neighbors will see. With such indulgences, the cost of meat and milk become very burdensome, and one cent a pound, or a quart, increase in price of these necessities is a household burden worse than the addition of a ten-dollar-a-month instalment on the things that help in keeping up appearances. These little steady increases in prices may be unfair and needless, but the millionaire captains of industry also must maintain their new-style manner of living; and palaces, yachts, hunting trips, weddings, and the like make a terrific drain upon their income. The wage earners and the dividend earners all want to increase their incomes to meet the increased "cost of living" and to enable them to keep up appearances in their own respective ways.

. . .

GETTING and spending are the most natural aims of active life. We all want to get as much as possible, and few of us are misers. It is pleasant to spend, whether it be money, or strength, or talent. All the difference rests in the kind of spending that gives us the most satisfaction. Money or effort spent solely for self-indulgence or for the sake of keeping up appearances pays the poorest dividends. Even in this life the dividends are mean and unsatisfying. In the life to come the investment represents nothing but bankruptcy, hopeless and everlasting.

None are so happy or so richly rewarded as those who put their money and their talents into simple, helpful, unostentatious service of love. The old-fashioned way of Him who had not where to lay his head, yet who went about doing good, is the way which brings real pleasure and contentment and which is least hindered by the "high cost of living." Appearances do not count. *To be* and not to seem is the rule of the genuine, wholesome, helpful life.

ABSENT

TWILIGHT, and evening star,
And one last word to thee;
Sweet one, I know so truly
How dear thou art to me.
When thou art here beside me,
My heart and soul are thine;
When thou art gone, beloved,
No love compares with mine.

Dawning, the light of day
That creeps o'er yonder hill
Fills me with silent wonder,
And tears my heart do fill.
For thou art gone, 'tis silent;
I wake ere morn's first call;
O love, I know He'll guide thee,
The God who loves us all.

Noontide, with wondering eyes,
I search the mist beyond,
Thinking my eyes may see thee,
And know where thou art gone.
Beyond the dim horizon
A last long look I take;
Then, sleeping, dream I see thee
Return at morning break.

F. E. HATHAWAY.

Sheep in Central Park

(*See illustration on cover page*)

ROMANCE wherever we find it is a matter of contrasts, whether it be a story of love in the midst of strange and hazardous surroundings or a simple wayside scene that presents some striking, unexpected feature. Perhaps nowhere do we get a better example of this than at the edge of the sheepfold in Central Park, New York City. Here one finds the sheep pursuing the even tenor of their existence and serving admirably the purpose for which they were placed in the park, that of keeping the grass nibbled down to a lawn like velvet. The strange and striking part of the picture is that as one lifts his eyes from the age-old simplicity of the contented flock of sheep, his vision passes to a number of the world's most outstanding examples of the complexity and luxury that man has built up for himself. Only a few blocks away the subway roars its way underground. In the other direction the elevated railway passes through those districts of the city which represent the very farthest call from the simplicity of the scene before him, and in the distance the Hotel Plaza, one of the largest and most luxuriant hostelries of the world, looks out upon all these contrasts of the poverty and wealth, the rush and the leisure, the peace and the strife of the great city.

Anvil Sparks

..KILLING time is butchering opportunity.

..SITTING down is not a good way to wait for opportunity.

..MANY shipwrecks of faith are made upon the icebergs of frozen philosophy.

..A CHEERFUL face is more glorious than sunshine, and it shames all weathers.

..SOCIETY never gets all in a ferment without there having first been decay somewhere.

..SOME folks give small heed to the modest wren's wonderful anthem, because the bird is clad in no catchy color.

..MANY folks go to church in so solemn a march that one would think they were keeping time to a funeral dirge.

..WHEN you find yourself borrowing trouble, go out and lend a helping hand somewhere; it will make you feel better.

..THE pessimist is color-blind; he sees nothing but the shadows in the picture. The optimist has a normal eye; he knows the shadows are there, but they make the colors stand out in greater glory to his vision.

A CHARMING BOOK

Twilight Tales received. It is charming and a worthy souvenir of its loved author. I am more than pleased with it and thank you very much. FRANCES BEADLESTONE.

SHOULD "NE TEMERE" BE REPEALED?

BY PROFESSOR W. H. T. DAU

Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo.

SIX years ago a papal decree was published which declares any betrothal or marriage entered into by a Catholic with a Catholic, or by a Catholic with a non-Catholic, to be valid only on condition that either the betrothal or the marriage take place in the presence and with the sanction of a Catholic priest. This decree is known as the *Ne Temere* decree. It is called thus according to a custom prevailing in the Catholic Church, by which the official deliverances of its Popes are cited by giving the initial word, or words, of such a deliverance. The two Latin terms *Ne Temere* are a warning against reckless action, and the reckless action intended is the one indicated above.

We quote a few statements from the *Ne Temere* decree, from the work of Dr. Leitner of Passau, which was issued in its fifth edition at Regensburg in 1908. Dr. Leitner is a Catholic professor at Passau and bears the title "Doctor of Theology and of Canon Law." Dr. Leitner's book is in German: *Die Verlobungs- und Eheschliessungsform nach dem Dekrete Ne Temere*, which means, "The Form of Betrothal and Marriage according to the *Ne Temere* Decree." Throughout his book the author cites the original language of the papal deliverance. The decree reaffirms, in the first place, the decree of the Council of Trent, to this effect: "The Holy Congregation declares any person who dares to enter into the estate of matrimony, except upon license from the parish priest or of some other priest of the same parish, or of the ordinary and of two or three witnesses, incapacitated for such a contract, and contracts of this kind are declared null and void." (p. 9.) We shall append the original Latin text in footnotes.*

Regarding betrothals the decree declares: "Only such betrothals are regarded as valid and efficacious according to the law of the church, as are set down in a document signed by the contracting parties and by the parish priest, or the local ordinary, and by at least two witnesses."†

Regarding marriage the decree hands down the following ruling: "Only such marriages are valid as are entered into in the presence of the parish priest, or the local ordinary, or of a priest delegated for the purpose by either of these, and of two witnesses."‡ Again: "To the above laws are amenable all persons baptized in the Catholic Church, also all who have joined the Catholic Church from errorist or schismatic societies (notwithstanding either the former or the latter have apostatized later) whenever they entered into betrothal or matrimony."† Lastly: "The same laws apply to the aforenamed Catholics whenever they enter into betrothal or matrimony with non-Catholics, baptized or not, even when they have obtained a dispensation from the obstacle of a mixed religion or of a disparity of cult; except the Holy See decrees otherwise for a certain place or locality."‡

From the operations of the *Ne Temere* decree Germany was at once exempted by the Apostolic Constitution *Provida* of January 18, 1906. Other countries (e.g., Belgium) secured the same privilege at later dates. In Canada the decree has caused lawsuits. One of them, Morin vs. *Le Croix*, was tried in Justice Greenshield's court at Montreal, June 21. The judge, in his ruling, said: "No church, be it the powerful Roman Catholic Church, or the equally great and powerful Anglican Catholic Church, possesses any authority to overrule the civil law. Such authority as any church has is given it by the civil law and is subservient to the civil law." (Montreal *Daily Witness* of June 21, 1912.) The last statement, of course, relates to the authority of any church only as applied in civil affairs. That the *Ne Temere* decree is being applied in the United States has been plainly shown by the *Protestant Magazine* of Washington, D. C. (Vol. IV, No. 2). This paper has published a fac-simile of a baptismal certificate for Anna Susanna Dagonya, daughter of Stephen Dagonya, Roman Catholic, and Mary Csoma, Reformed, who were married at Perth Amboy, N. J., August 4, 1909, by Rev. Louis Nannassy, Reformed. Their child was born November 6, 1910, and baptized by Rev. Franc Gross, priest of the Holy Cross Church at Pert Amboy. In writing out the baptismal certifica the priest has stated that the child is illegitima and that the parents are living in concubinage.

An incident like this shows the practical workin of the *Ne Temere* decree. No one who understanc the teaching of the Roman Church will have an difficulty in locating the real cause of the N *Temere* decree. It is the logical consequence of th teaching of the Roman Church on matrimon which this church declares a sacrament, and on th priesthood, which, according to this church, alor can perform valid religious acts. One might eve give the Roman Church credit for its relentles cruel consistency as evidenced by the *Ne Temer* decree. On the other hand, this decree shows th menace which this church constitutes to the civ authorities and to the civil interests of men. In it wanton aggressiveness and grasping after worl power this church shrinks from no extreme. It i difficult to see how the *Ne Temere* decree, when ap plied according to the plain intent and declaratio of its framer, can fail to become libelous. So fa as it affects the authority of the State, it is riotou and seditious. The consistent Catholic must reb against the civil authority in order to obey hi spiritual ruler. This is a sad and horrible d lemma, but it verily exists, and will become mor grievous as the fell purpose of the *Ne Temere* de cree is better understood.

The *Ne Temere* decree is laughed to scorn b every Christian with a conscience enlightened b God's Word. It exercises an influence only on me who do not know "the liberty with which Chris hath made them free," and who are, by their ow choice, subject to a spiritual bondage which the might spurn if they were properly enlightene For the sake of Catholics and their peace of min one might wish that the report of the repeal of th *Ne Temere* decree were correct. Father Phelan o St. Louis is quoted in the St. Louis *Republic* of Jul 29 as having said that he has seen the repeal i *Acta*, the official publication of the Roman Curi published at Rome. Monsignor Lavelle and Cardi nal Farley of New York are quoted by the sam paper as questioning the authenticity of the repor concerning the revoking of the decree. The decre no doubt, should be repealed. It will never b obeyed in the United States. It is a slanderou and mutinous action. But whether repealed o not, Protestant Christianity and enlightened citi zenship in general throughout the United State will simply ignore the decree, or resent and resis its execution.

* Qui aliter quam praesente parocho vel alio sacerdote de ipsius parochi seu Ordinarii licentia et duobus vel tribus testibus matrimonium contrahere attentabunt, eos Sancta Synodus ad sic contrahendum omnino inhabiles reddit, et hujusmodi contractus irritos et nullos decernit.

† Ea tantum sponsalia habentur valida et canonicos sortiuntur effectus, quae contracta fuerint per scripturam subsignatam a partibus et vel a parocho, aut a loci Ordinario, vel saltem a duobus testibus. (p. 6.)

* Ea tantum matrimonia valida sunt, quae contrahuntur coram parocho vel loci Ordinario vel sacerdote ab alterutro delegato, et duobus saltem testibus. (p. 7.)

† Statutis superius legibus tenentur omnes in catholica Ecclesia baptizati et ad eam ex haeresi aut schismate conversi (licet sive hi, sive illi ab eadem postea defecerint), quoties inter se sponsalia vel matrimonium ineant. (p. 8.)

‡ Vigent quoque pro iisdem de quibus supra catholicis, si cum acatholicis sive baptizatis, sive non baptizatis, etiam post obtentam dispensationem ab impedimento mixtae religionis vel disparitatis cultus, sponsalia vel matrimonium contrahunt; nisi pro aliquo particulari loco aut regione aliter a S. Sede sit statutum. (p. 8.)

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

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Nannakos, or even of St. Paul, but many hundreds of years later, when the Seljukian Turks, the most virile as well as the most artistic of all the Moslems, in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, made Konia the capital of the powerful empire of Roum. "The city was then made so splendid," it is said, "with beautiful buildings, palaces, mosques and mausolea, that the proverb arose and lasted long among the Turks, 'See all the world; see Konia.' "

The Seljukian mosques retain much of their ancient glory to the present day. Indeed I saw nothing of comparatively modern interest in all Asia Minor that compared with these splendid temples of the Seljukian dynasty. The greatest mosque of all is that of the Mevlevi Dervishes, which contains the tomb of Hazret Mevalana, the founder of this curious order of Mohammedans usually called the Whirling Dervishes. This great mosque is decorated without and within in the most lavish fashion. The intricate designs of the mosaic work are marvelous in their beautiful lines and patterns. The mosque is hung with magnificent rugs and scores of beautiful lamps in silver and brass, while the tombs of the dervishes who are honored with a resting place beneath the great dome are covered with costly cloths embroidered in a most elaborate fashion. Especially is the tomb of the founder of the order dazzling in its magnificence. It is covered with cloth of gold, which looks almost like a pall of solid gold, and as Hazret Mevalana is buried standing up it is of a peculiar shape for a sarcophagus.

This order of Moslems is of special interest to us because of its approach to the religion of Jesus. Indeed, these dervishes are frequently called "the Protestants of Mohammedanism." Their mosques are covered with tiles of Christian blue rather than Moslem green, and their worship is far more spiritual than that of the average Mohammedan. Yet, as I have said, these are the Whirling Dervishes, and this is the spot where they originated and from which they have spread throughout the Mohammedan world.

We are apt to look upon these Whirlers and Howlers as the most absurd of religionists, yet if we look into their history we find that a spiritual idea underlies their curious practices. Their founder, who was a great admirer of the Psalms of David, had read in the Bible about David's dancing before the Lord. He thought there must be some connection between the physical and spiritual exercises of the poet king, so he and his followers began to dance or whirl, all the time shouting "Allah, Allah, Allah," until, physically exhausted, though rapt, as they believe, in spiritual ecstasy, they could whirl and shout no longer.

Curious crowds of non-Mohammedans in Constantinople and Smyrna and other large places watch the Whirling Dervishes with a derisive smile on their faces and contempt in their hearts, but as I have seen them in the quiet of their own sanctuary, with no gaping crowds looking on, the exercise has seemed to me as serious as a prayer meeting, for the solemn faces of the dervishes indicated that to them, at least, it was no laughing matter, but an act of religious worship.

As I went into the courtyard of these strange devotees the first sight that caught my eye, aside from the splendid minarets and domes of the mosque, was a beautiful fountain from which gushed the pure water for which Konia is famous. Here a solemn dervish in a tall sugarloaf hat of gray and long gray robe took charge of us and conducted us through the mosque. Moreover, he was no ordinary dervish, but a descendant of the prophet himself, as the green band around his tall hat declared. Within he showed us not only the beautiful rugs and lamps and marble chairs, and the magnificent tombs, the head of each crowned with a marble fez, but, most precious of all, a rug from Mecca, that he told us had belonged to Mohammed himself.

But more interesting to the Christian than thes magnificent relics of a decadent civilization were th institutions which promulgate the doctrines an carry out the teachings of St. Paul in Konia, a cit which he has rendered more famous than all th dervishes and kings who ever made it their home Here is "The Apostolic Institute," a flourishin school for Armenian and Greek boys, to which eve the Turks are not averse to sending their sons. Thi was founded by a Christian Armenian, Jenanyan b name, and is carried on to-day by another scholarl Armenian, a graduate of Yale, who with his abl corps of teachers perpetuates the doctrines as wel as the memory of the great apostle in the Apos tolic Institute. Here in Konia, too, has lately bee established an American Christian Hospital an Dispensary, under the charge of Drs. Dodd an Post, two noble, self-sacrificing missionaries. Thei permanent hospital has not yet been built, but a fin site of eleven acres will soon, we trust, contai another monument to American Christian enter prise in the shape of a large and well-equipped hos pital. Besides these Protestant institutions ther are Armenian, Greek Catholic and Roman Catholi churches and schools. Konia is one of the fe places in Asia Minor where the worship of Chris has never been entirely discarded. Such to-day i the city to which St. Paul journeyed nearly nine teen hundred years ago when he had shaken fro his sandals the dust of the city of Antioch. Th great Mevlevi mosques, whose minarets dot the cit in every direction, were not there then, to be sur The wall which surrounded the city was of Roma construction and not of the Seljukian period as th one that we now see. But in many respects th objects that greeted St. Paul's eyes were little dif ferent from those which the modern traveler see Then, as now, the wayfarer in reaching the cit walls passed through beautiful gardens and or chards and vineyards and groves of mulberry tree Then, as now, the twin peaks of St. Philip and S

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THE CHURCH OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

SOME time ago there was printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a paragraph concerning "The Little Temple of the Lord's Prayer" in Palestine. Many letters have been received, asking for a more detailed description.

This white memorial church was erected just south of the Church of the Ascension on Mount Olivet in 1865 by the Princess de la Tour Auvergne. It occupies the spot on which all the traditions of the Middle Ages lead us to believe our Lord and Saviour first uttered the model prayer he taught to his disciples, and which has been adopted by all Christendom. Photographs have been made of this beautiful marble house of prayer, its surroundings, interior views, and several of the large tablets containing the prayer (which is given in many tongues) are shown here on this page. The one in English reads:

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

The Cloister of the Church of the Lord's Prayer, Showing Nine of the Tablets

It is stated that the original intention of the princess was to have within the church twenty-four small chambers in which the Lord's Prayer should be written upon large tablets in as many different languages; so that pilgrims of all nationalities and all creeds might there unite in its repetition. Though the object remained unchanged a different plan of carrying it out was evidently adopted, for, as one of the accompanying photographs shows, many of the tablets have been placed in the cloisters of the building. These cloisters are divided from the open interior court of the church by a series of Gothic arches, the pediments of which rest on a massive stone wall about three feet in height. Outside the wall and the arches the dry court lies largely uncared for. Along the wall there runs a narrow white paved path, but sparse grass and tall straggling weeds occupy most of the space. On the shadiest side a few big geraniums and slender trees relieve the glare of the sunshine on the marble. The architecture of the whole interior of the Church of the Lord's Prayer is a plain, almost severe rendering of a modified Gothic style. The exterior presents entirely unornamented walls, a tower of semi-Gothic design, and a dome which is purely Oriental, save for its surmounting cross.

The Church of the Lord's Prayer

Mr. William H. Winton, of Rochester, N. Y. (to whom we are indebted for the photographs and information of this article), writes that the genuineness of the photographs is attested by the American consul at Jerusalem. This is probably the first time that any pictorial presentation has ever been made of the beautiful church in question, concerning which a writer recently said:

"'Our Father which art in heaven,' in every known language, is carved on the walls and columns, and is the only decoration of this supremely lovely place. To see it in the soft opal twilight of the East, or at moonlight, or in the earliest dawn, is to understand the matchless words of the Master translated into marble."

To many it would seem that the idea of such a church must have come to the Princess de la Tour Auvergne as an inspiration. There is no doubt that the prayer was first given in the Aramaic language of the time of Christ in Palestine, though scholarship is agreed that both Matthew and Luke must have chosen to use a version written in Greek rather than depend on their own memories or translations. Yet in spite of this change of the original language the prayer has the wonderful faculty of translating with undiminished force and sublimity into any tongue now spoken or that ever has been spoken by man. It is stated upon the authority of the British and Foreign Bible Society that the Gospel of St. Matthew, and therefore the Lord's Prayer as well, has been translated into five hundred and nine different languages and dialects. It is the universal prayer; the one in which every human being who believes in God can join. There are no other limits to its unique adaptability. Any one who believes in God, no matter what his race or age or creed or condition, can use the Lord's Prayer and use it just in proportion to his belief. The child of the untutored peasant can understand enough of it to make it the expression of his daily needs. The ripest scholar, philosopher and saint cannot exhaust all its possibilities of meaning. "In a few minutes it may be committed to memory; but it is the work of a lifetime to learn it by heart."

MISSIONARY VIEWS OF THE KOREAN TROUBLE

THE more detailed accounts of the trial of the Korean Christians who are accused of the formation of a plot to assassinate Count Terauchi, the Japanese governor general of Korea, and of the implication of a number of well known American missionaries, have produced a most plausible explanation of the affair, though they have not yet cleared it up entirely. The reports sent to a famous New York daily newspaper, having been cabled back to the Tokyo *Nichinichi Shimbun*, have led that influential paper to attribute the prosecution to an excess of zeal on the part of subordinate officials, and to state that the alleged conspiracy may prove to be merely another case of "much ado about nothing."

The Rev. Dr. Horace G. Underwood, who was one of the first missionaries to go into that country, is now *en route* to his Korean home, at which he expects to arrive about August 25.

"I do not anticipate any trouble when I return," he said just before his departure, "for I cannot believe that the higher Japanese officials are in league with any of those who seek to destroy the work of the Christian missionaries. There are, at present, more than three hundred thousand Christians in Korea, and when the Japanese took control of the country they found that it was the missionaries who wielded most of the social and some of the political power.

"I do not think there has been any fanaticism behind these persecutions. I attribute the trouble to the resentment of the subordinate officials, who find that the missionaries have prevented them from committing petty offenses which their offices would allow. I cannot say anything more until I get back and see to what extent the printing of the true statement of the situation has affected the attitude of the Japanese. Then I will make a report to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions."

On July 29 a delegation, consisting of Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson of Baltimore, Bishop Warren A. Candler of Atlanta, the Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, secretary of the New York Church Extension and Missionary Society, the Rev. Dr. Arthur Judson Brown of New York, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and the Rev. Edmund F. Cooke, secretary of the Foreign Board of Missions, called on President Taft, Secretary Knox, the Japanese ambassador, and Representative William Sulzer, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, in Washington, D. C., in the interest of American missionaries in Korea.

They were received in a very cordial manner by the President and the Japanese ambassador, and went over the case thoroughly in the conference with Mr. Knox. They said that their visit to Washington and their calls on officials were partly calls of courtesy, and were also to inform the President and the Secretary of State, as well as the Japanese ambassador, of the full facts of the case as they are known in America, and also to state that they had no complaint to make arising out of the reports from Korea.

The visitors asked that they be advised as to what they could do in the interest of the Korean missionaries who stand accused, and Secretary Knox replied that they had been pursuing the correct course, in his judgment, by manifesting their solicitude to the Japanese Government through the Japanese ambassador here. Mr. Knox assured them of the interest of the administration in all the Americans who have duties in Korea and other foreign lands, and that this government would not lose sight of the incident, and they might depend on the co-operation of the State Department if the occasion should arise where assistance could be given.

"We are not alarmed over the safety of Americans, and do not fear that the Koreans will not get full justice at the hands of the Japanese Government," declared Dr. Cooke. "One of the principal objects of our visit was to disclaim any intention of filing complaints against Japan with the United States Government, as has been reported. We appreciate the cordial treatment and liberal consideration given to American missionaries, both in Korea and Japan, and our one thought now is that they shall not be discredited through false reports."

Highly inflammatory despatches continue to appear in daily newspapers, but it would seem self-evident from their wording that they are printed with the idea of adding fuel to the smoldering fires of ill-feeling which some Americans seem to have for Japan. As far as can be learned, the conclusions which have been reached by the missionaries and missionary authorities whose statements we have quoted are those on which the greatest reliance may be placed.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

About Going to Church

IN AN article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Meredith Nicholson discusses the familiar topic of the prevalent religious indifference concerning church-going, and makes some interesting suggestions as to church efficiency. He asks: "Should Smith go to church?" Smith, who is a type of the average non-churchgoer, is not distinctly irreligious. Few people are absolutely and utterly without some sort of religion. But Smith is not interested in church services, even while he believes the church to be a good thing in the main, and sends his family there and his children to Sunday school. The point in the author's presentation is that we are over-churched as to the number of edifices and that they are locked up tightly all the week, save for a few hours on Sunday and on prayer-meeting nights.

His plea is unquestionably a valid one as far as it relates to a very large number of churches. He brings forward the familiar argument in favor of reducing the number of rival establishments by consolidation "founded upon local neighborhood needs." He would also introduce amusements, entertainments, concerts, dances and motion picture shows.

It is evident, however, that this writer is unable to furnish a satisfactory answer to his own question. The real reason why Smith and his kind do not go to church is because their sense of moral responsibility is unawakened and the fact that the church furnishes the great spiritual link of union between man and his Maker has not yet intelligently dawned upon their consciences. The church itself must go out to Smith and his kind, if they will not come to the church. There is something radically wrong with the system which keeps our churches open only eight or ten hours a week and closed during the rest of the time. From a mere worldly point of view, an investment so poorly conducted would be absurd. "Go ye out into the highways and byways and compel them to come in" clearly indicates the scope of the church's mission to the indifferent multitudes. The devil's chapels are always open. A church which is an active home missionary hive sends its influences out in all directions, and when Smith and his kind are brought under that influence by having the Gospel taken to them, the first important step is accomplished. They learn, probably for the first time in their lives, that the church is the appointed and most effective way of confessing Christ before men; and they learn also that it is a means of grace and blessing to all who use it.

It is easy to criticize the church. Such criticism generally comes from outsiders, who are not familiar with the real situation and its needs, and who regard it from a purely material point of view. It is difficult for them to comprehend why the usual worldly methods should not be applied to "boom" a church into popularity. They smile incredulously at the warning that such measures invariably involve a decline in spiritual power, for the church cannot serve both God and the world successfully. Such critics, however well-meaning, are not on the right plane for really helpful remedies. What is needed is the awakening of pastor and people, the kindling of the Gospel fires in the congregation, the personal consecration of each and every member to the work of extending the kingdom. When the true missionary spirit has once been aroused in a church, however small and insignificant its membership, it will grow apace, and when the Gospel invitation is extended indoors and out, and all the church's energies bend to the work of soul-saving, such a church cannot remain stagnant. It will go forward to larger activities and the noblest of spiritual triumphs.

The Danger of Twisting History

SOME people are easily misled by boastful language, the shallowness of which is soon made apparent by a little investigation. Father Phelan of St. Louis, a Catholic of prominence in the West and somewhat given to vainglorious exaltation of the greatness of the Roman Church, is a preacher of this stripe. He concluded a recent sermon on the greatness of Rome with these words: "The Catholics of the world are Catholics first and always; they are Americans, they are Germans, they are French, or they are English *afterward*." The *California Christian Advocate* of August 1 takes him sharply to task for these specific statements. It points out that France lately canceled the "Concordat," placed the parochial schools under government control and made the republic independent of the Vatican. The German Catholic premier, also quite recently, asked the Pope to rescind the *Ne Temere* Decree as far as his country was concerned, and it was done. In Spain and Portugal the Vatican has lately made prompt backdowns. How does Father Phelan's comprehensive claim square with these historical facts? It is by such boastful trumpetings—sound without sense—that the attention of the American people is being called to the extraordinary claims and ambitions of Rome, which, even on the most superficial investigation, are seen to be without reasonable basis. It is a risky thing to attempt to distort history, particularly recent history. The American people are beginning to awaken to the real character of such absurd pronouncements and to estimate them at their proper worth.

The Gospel's March in India

THE Christian population of India doubled in thirty years! Literally and absolutely doubled! Not almost, but really doubled—and more than doubled!

What a rapturous sound it would make if everybody who feels like saying hallelujah when those words are read should really say it! Can't you hear the great shout? It would be a good idea to say it anyway—even if you are alone. That is, if you are really glad. Are you? Glad that there are more than twice as many Christians in India as there were thirty years ago!

We'll get the figures out of the way so they won't bother the shout. For we shall have to shout a little over this, shan't we?—even if the shout is sent up by units instead of in a mass. In 1881 there were 1,862,634 Christians in India. Twice that number would be 3,725,268. But, true to Gospel measure, the count at the end of thirty years is 3,862,634, over one hundred thousand more than twice the enrolment thirty years ago.

Are you glad? Of course you are. Give your gladness voice, then. God will hear it. The spiritual currents of the world of prayer will record and carry it. Some shouts will arise from India itself. The shout of the American Christians will mingle with that of the Canadians and the Europeans—and will roll back to India, strengthening the faith of missionaries and converts there. The Church has long been praying for India; she must continue to pray; but shall we not pause a moment now for one great shout of praise? Some day the air waves recording the shout will meet. We shall hear the great, united echo of the word of praise we utter now from our delighted hearts. Let us say it aloud, by ones, by twos, by threes, perhaps, here and there, gathered in congregations, as we read this: HALLELUJAH!

Charged With the Spirit

SCIENTISTS tell us that there has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant which possesses in a very high degree astonishing electric and magnetic power. The hand that breaks a leaf from it receives instantly a shock equal to that which is produced by the conducto of an inductive coil. At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it. The energy o this singular force varies, but it is most powerfu when the sun is hottest, and in times of storms it intensity increases in striking proportion. On never by any chance sees a bird or an insect ligh on the electric plant; nature seems to warn them that they would find their death.

Let us seek—for it is the will of God concerning all his people—to be so instinct with the life, th divine force of the Holy Spirit, that whatever come in contact with us, into even casual association with us, will feel something of the heavenly influence that society about us will be affected, and every magnet of worldliness be disturbed, if not over come; so charged with the Spirit that, in the hot test fires of adversity, and in the most appalling storms of disaster and sorrow, that all-gracious power shall reach its supremest degree, while every light-winged messenger of Satan shall keep aloof finding not even a needle-point of our all-possessed hearts so unprotected as to invite his touch.

A Christian Scholar Gone

IN THE death of Bishop Henry White Warren not only the Methodist Church but the church a large in the United States sustains a distinct loss He was a religious leader of wide attainments, un usual energies and resources, eloquent on the plat form and with a love for natural science and mastery in that particular field which alone would have made him famous. His books on the *Study o the Stars, Recreations in Astronomy* and *Among the Forces* are notable contributions to scientific literature. Bishop Warren's scholarship never led him astray from the revelation of divine truth, but strengthened his spiritual powers and made the product of his voice and pen eminently valuable He was a consecrated scholar. For nearly thirty years he was a foremost factor in church activities and the thousands of addresses, sermons and lectures he delivered honored the ministry and dignified the pulpit. As a leader in Christian work, he has had few equals in his day and generation, and he will long be remembered.

General Notes

—ACCORDING TO A report by Frederick L. Hoffmann of the American Statistical Association, there were 15,000 suicides in the United States during 1911. While the rate in small cities is larger than in the big centers of population, the general average for all cities was 19.6 per 100,000. The principal causes assigned are disease, nervous troubles and alcoholism Mr. Hoffmann adds to these: social and moral discontent and the depressing and infectious influence of the publicity give to suicides in the newspapers.

—EARLY IN AUGUST the activities of a revolutionary force under General Mena in Nicaragua caused such apprehension on the part of the government that the United States Navy Department ordered the landing of marines for the preservation of order. The crew of the U. S. S. *Tacoma* was on the Pacific coast and three hundred and fifty men were landed from the collier *Justin* and taken to Managua. Military law had been proclaimed in the capital and though business was still being carried on, an outbreak hostile to the administration was expected at any moment.

—A DESPATCH from Athens, Greece, dated Wednesday, August 7 states that a massacre lasting seven hours followed a bomb explosion which occurred in the market place of Kotschana, fifty miles southwest of Uskup, European Turkey, on Friday, according to reliable information received here. Fifty Christians were killed and 200 seriously wounded by the Turks, who suspected them of having committed the bomb outrage, by which about fifty persons were killed or injured.

I have received three copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently, with all of which I am very highly pleased, more especially the Guardians of Liberty number. I wish to thank and congratulate you that you realize that you are not dependent on the minions of Rome. I also wish to commend you for publishing the article by Professor Dau on page 736 of issue July 24, also your editorial "Small but Significant" (p. 738). I hope that you will keep up this campaign of arousing the American Protestant people from their lethargy of fancied religious security to a real sense of their danger. L. C. MCELWEE.
St. Louis, Mo.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Taking the Gospel to Boys

EVERY summer for several years past has seen the formation throughout the entire United States and Canada of Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camps. These camps, ranging in num- from twenty-five to a hundred and twenty-five , try each season under the leadership and tion of a few enthusiastic college men to de- among the boys a spirit of clean competition anly outdoor sports, a love of the open and an eciation of the lessons and the beauties of re. One of the most successful of these camps e one at Greenkill on First Bitterwater Lake e of four beautiful little lakes in the foothills he Catskill Mountains and about eight miles from Kingston, N. Y. This camp is under the rvision of the West Side Branch of the Young 's Christian Association, which is located in y-seventh Street, New York City. The boys under the closest but most kindly type of dis- ne, and are compelled by the agreement under h they go into camp to share the duties con- ed with its mainte- e. Each group of boys t keep its tent in ap- ie order. The sani- squad must see that camp grounds, in gen- , are kept clean. Then e are the garden ds, the water and d squads and the gen- assistants to the cook. Thursday and Friday ach week the boys are pelled to be out of p, so under the leader- of one of the regular ervisors or a senior they pack up their kets, pool their funds maintenance along the , and start off on a e." It is not at all un- al for them to cover n sixty to a hundred es in these three and r-day tramps. The ritual side of the boys' ures is carefully watch- over by the earnest ng men who are in rge. One of the most ular evening amuse- nts is the holding of a bonfire where the boys her about and sing. y usually start off h a few popular songs, n as it grows darker y work back to the old dbys that were as pop- r with their grand- ers as they are to-day. n some one starts an old-fashioned evangelistic n, and when that one is finished some one else a favorite to be sung, and so it works on till of the leaders has the opportunity of giving a le outdoor message of the Gospel to these boys manner which appeals to them much more than usual evangelistic address. These camps un- Christian environment are a great blessing in eloping the physical, mental, moral and spiritual ength of the young men, and inducting them re certainly into the class addressed by the stle:

have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, the word of God abideth in you. (I. John 2: 14.)

One of the Leaders Talking to the Boys Gathered Round the Evening Bonfire

New Timber-Seasoning Method

A CHICAGO paper makes mention of a novel electrical method of treating timber which is d to have given striking results in France, and have changed the greenest wood into perfectly soned material. A watertight tank of suitable e is required. The timber is piled on a large d plate at the bottom until the tank is full, when econd lead plate is placed on top of the pile and nected to the negative pole of a dynamo, the tom connected to the positive pole. The space und the timber is then filled with a solution con- ning 5 per cent. of resin, 10 per cent. of borax d a trace of carbonate of soda. On turning on current, it passes from plate to plate through wood, driving out the sap, and the resin and ax take its place in the cells and interstices. is process being completed the timber is taken out and dried, when it is ready for use. It used to be that green timber had to be cut and left for one or more seasons to dry before it was fit for the carpenter's use. Of late years mechanical processes have been devised for the seasoning and more ready use of lumber. The new curing process in France promises to be successful. Christ refers to the different qualities of green and dry timber in his reference to coming judgments.

For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? (Luke 23: 31.)

Took Too Great Risk

FRANK BRUNKHARDT, of Clifton, N. J., was standing on the Livingston Avenue bridge over the Hudson at Albany when the wind blew a five-dollar bill he held in his fingers into the water below. Instantly he jumped from the bridge into the water to regain it, and he was drowned in the attempt. He did not expect to be drowned, but intended to get the money, which to him as a workingman meant a good deal; but he took too great a risk and lost his life. A little boy in New York City the other day, living in an upper story of a flat-house, heard an organgrinder in the street in front and ran to the window and climbed up into it. He lost his balance and fell to the pavement below, from which his lifeless body was lifted. What are the poor little children to do for air or music, but run to the windows? But parents run entirely too great risk, and the harvest of death from the windows, fire escapes, and roofs is terrible. And when the boys and girls go out on the street to play (and where else can many of them go?) they are cut down by the trolley cars, the automobiles, the wagons, and other accidents. Parents and guardians often get very careless and take fearful risks for their children. There are in every community men who are diving in the river for the $5 bill and are being drowned physically and morally in the attempt to secure it. There are children and young people who are drawn by the melodies and enticements of vice, often by the strains of music in the service of wickedness, to the window of danger and the pavement of death below. Amid the moral perils of all kinds there is need of watchfulness and prayer.

Lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices. (II. Cor. 2: 11.)

One Murder a Day

FOR the thirty-one days of July there was a murder a day in New York City and August is at this writing keeping up the record. This is twice the number for a corresponding period of last year. In ten instances there was no arrest made whatever, and there is not likely to be. Pretty nearly all of them were shot or stabbed to death under the eyes of witnesses, and yet with a police force of ten thousand, ten murderers out of thirty-one in one month got away. In three other instances the criminals were arrested and discharged. It is claimed that there are but eighteen murders in a whole year in London, while the homicides at the present rate in New York City alone would amount to 360 a year, or twenty times as many as in the largest city of the world. Savage, man-eating nations cannot do much worse than that. The record is an outrageous one. There is no denying the fact that there is a riot of crime of every kind in New York. The saloons, the gambling dens, the disorderly houses, the institutions of vice of every kind are allowed to break the law and do so by payment of fees to the grafter; and the gangs of gunmen have increased, and the blood running down the streets is the natural consequence. The responsibility for the carnival of murder must be fastened, and the heaviest penalty should fall not only on the base hand that does the deed, but the baser heart of greed and malice and treachery to solemn trust. It is true in New York City as it was in Palestine in the days of old:

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. (Hos. 8: 7.)

Wire-Bound Aorta

ONE of the most unusual operations for the swelling of an artery ever known was performed upon Oscar Nielson, a cabinet-maker, at the Bellevue Hospital in New York City the other day. There were present besides the medical staff of the hospital about fifty of the leading surgeons of the city. The operation was from the back. An incision was made after the back had been sprayed with cocaine. The fifth and sixth ribs were cut away and the distended aorta was reached. A little incision in the artery was made and the end of a gold wire thinner than a human hair was inserted and wound around the artery like a spring, until thirty-six feet of the wire had been used. An electrical current melted and fused the ends of the wire as well as hardened the artery. The blood started to circulate freely through the aorta, which was being strengthened by the wire and electricity, reducing the swelling and allowing the heart to perform its function. It is claimed that this is the second operation of this kind ever performed in this country. It is not expected that the binding of the artery with the gold wire will restore Mr. Nielson to full health, but it is claimed that his life will be prolonged. As the heart and the channels through which the currents flow to and from it are the fountain of life it is well to look after any disease that would hinder or destroy their action. As the affections or heart are the fountains of spiritual life, it is well to care for its condition and its health.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. (Prov. 4: 23.)

A Historic Flag

THE other day Mrs. Eliza C. Hayward, who rode on the first steam passenger train in the United States and made a flag used by General Grant during the Civil War, died at the home of her daughter in Chicago. The train ran over a road between Albany and Schenectady, N. Y. The flag made by Mrs. Hayward is one of the mementoes preserved in Grant's tomb. Mrs. Hayward was ninety-one years of age. The flag the woman made as a symbol of patriotism is a reminder of the emblem of essential truth and righteousness used by the army of God:

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. (Ps. 60: 4.)

A MONT-LAWN BOY'S STORY

JAKE SWEENEY came to Mont-Lawn last year toward the end of the season, and a livelier boy than Jake never came out of the New York slums. Whistling, singing, playing, working from morning till night, Jake was everywhere at once. Games and walks, picnics, fishing, there was Jake leading off every time. At milking time and song service, Sunday school and preaching, Jake Sweeney was always there, and never once was caught among the laggards. He was first in the ranks to meals at Fort Plenty, first in the dormitory procession to bed, first up in the morning, fresh, clean and high-spirited, whistling, singing, playing, working again through each happy day.

But before his visit was over he fell ill, and after a few days spent in the sweet, fresh hospital room in the Homestead at Mont-Lawn, where the attendant doctor watched carefully over him and administered best of treatment, his mother, who had little faith in Jake's being ill, took him home. He grew very ill indeed, however, and the nice doctor at Mont-Lawn cared for him through the whole long winter after he came back to town. This season Jake was invited to spend two weeks again at Mont-Lawn, and the first night, as he was saying his prayers, the attendant passing by his little white bed where he knelt heard him say: "And, dear God, so long as I am back at Mont-Lawn, can't we be on the same old terms?"

On those days upon which children are taken to Mont-Lawn, the reception rooms in the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, set apart specially for the Home work, are crowded with poor, hard-working mothers who are filled with gratitude for the opportunity given to their children to visit the country. "Our little ones must live, and we do want them to be well and happy," these mothers say over and over again, and though the little helpers are sorely missed from homes where they are of so much use, the mothers gladly give them up and cheerfully assume the extra work themselves.

Mother nature is the same everywhere. By the normal instinct, these mothers in the poorer districts know what it means to their children to have a taste of clean, pure living, and long draughts of health-giving milk, and country fare, with sunshine and hills and ideals, and they gladly look to us for a little portion of these things which they cannot supply, but which they would willingly give to our children, if the tables were turned and our little

Marching to the Children's Temple

ones were suffering. Mothers are more grateful for Mont-Lawn than any other class of people.

Will you not undertake now, before the season closes, to send a child to Mont-Lawn—the Children's Paradise—to be looked upon as your own guest there? She or he will write and thank you for your goodness, and your reward in gratitude will be priceless. If you could only see them dancing, singing, swinging, playing, shouting for very gladness, as children will, how your heart w warm to them!

Mont-Lawn has never in a single instance fa of making its visitors happy. The good wor carried on under the auspices of THE CHRIST HERALD, friends of the institution, and friend the little children of the poor. Every donatio matters not how small, is a direct gift to little c dren. No effort is spared to take as many li visitors as the Home will accommodate. The c dren come and go in relays of from fifty to a h dred. Who can reckon the good that stows it away in the hearts and minds of each hungry li band, and which, by the mysterious ways of li children, is brought back to the homes in the te ments?

The following contributions in aid of the Fresh work at Mont-Lawn are gratefully acknowledge

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Mrs. L. A. Lelean	3.00	James McGee	
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OUR CHILDREN AND THE BIBLE

WHAT IS TO BE DONE TO TRAIN AMERICAN YOUTH IN GOD'S WORD?

BY REV. WALTER KOENIG

Paterson, N. J.

I WAS interested in reading the description of the Presbyterian Church school in Atlanta, Ga., by President White in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 17, as no doubt many others were, for there seems to exist a growing concern about the proper, all-around education of children—education in distinction from instruction. Of late years, voices have been heard in increasing volume from serious-minded pedagogues, clergymen, parents, and earnest Christians, showing that many are troubled as they think of the twenty to twenty-five million children of our country and recall that the majority are receiving, day by day, instruction totally divorced from the Word of God. The statement that education—meaning instruction in the various branches of learning—is the mother of civil righteousness is to-day sincerely challenged. The moral stamina must be strengthened. Dry "moral" discourses will not avail. We don't tell a starving man to grow strong and see to it that the pantry is locked.

Morality as a pedagogical subject cannot safely be separated from Christianity, much less substituted for it. It runs in the same direction; but it can not and surely does not surpass or displace Christianity. Christianity is the larger sphere and includes morality; the righteousness which Jesus taught embraces but transcends morality. Moreover, a Christian is persuaded that the true source of morality in the individual is the knowledge and acceptance of God in Christ (John 15: 4, 5). This morality and righteousness we have in the Bible. So let us get the Bible into the boy, as the man of Atlanta said of his own boy when he helped to bring into existence the Presbyterian Day School.

I have spoken in a previous communication of Lutheran Day Schools, as I know them a little better than other schools. In my city, the Lutheran Church established one forty-five years ago, which to-day still is in a flourishing condition. The congregation is now planning a new modern building. Books are not furnished free. Tuition is one dollar a month, and is reduced in the case of the second child from the same family. Of course, this tuition fee does not cover the expenses. The congregation pays the rest out of its own treasury. It has been remarked of a wealthy Boston church that it was paying annually $2,000 for its music but nothing for its children. This congregation is doing the reverse. In a number of cities, tuition is entirely free. And the basis of that is the view that all members of the church, even if they have no children of their own, on a broad view of the subject, have an equal interest in the safe upbringing of the youth of their congregation or town.

These Lutheran Church schools add the study of the Bible, and usually also the study of German, to the common branches. Yet with regard to the latter, the results are gratifying. A very recent experience is interesting. A certain list of words used in the Chicago public schools was dictated to children of the seventh and eighth grades of a Lutheran school (Holy Cross) in St. Louis. The average for the eighth grade was 91 per cent.; for the seventh grade 79 per cent. In three grammar schools of the city of Chicago, the averages were respectively 50 per cent., 68 per cent. and 72 per cent. Yet neither this school nor that of the Presbyterians of Atlanta has any intention of antagonizing the public school system. There must be public schools for many who would otherwise go without instruction altogether. But it is their answer to the query, "What is to be done?" What is to be done to get the Bible into the child? It isn't there now, as a general thing.

The ignorance of the Bible among the young men of America is again brought home to us by a report of James McConaughy, teacher of the English Bible at Mount Hermon School, as published in the *Sunday School Times*. Two sets of questions, from which the following are selected, were asked of one hundred and seven new students:

1. (a) Write in full the names of any five Old Testament books. (b) Tell for each the leading actor or chief subject of the book.
2. Write the first and fifth commandments.
3. (a) Who were saved from the judgment of the Flood, and why? (b) Who tried to save Sodom and Gomorrah from destruction and how? (c) Who lost his life on Mount Gilboa, and why?
4. Who was each of the following, and what did each have to do with God's chosen people: Jacob, Aaron, Gideon, Samuel, and Elijah?
5. What great event in the history of God's people happened at the Red Sea? At Mount Sinai? At Jericho?
6. Who built the tabernacle? Where? Who built the temple? Where? What was the difference between them? How were both used?

It will be noticed that these questions deal only with general facts and do not expect details. None of the 107 prospective students were under sixteen years of age, and they averaged about nineteen. They were above the average young man in chara ter and presumably in knowledge of the Bib They were selected from a much larger number applicants, because they had formed an earne purpose in life. Eighty-four had attended Sund school an average of six years each.

Without entering upon the wording of the a swers—some of which were: "Adam and Eve we saved from the Flood because they believed God;" "Jesus made the Jews leave Babylon;" "S mon Peter told the Jews where Jesus was hiding "Saul saw a bush burning"—the following résun is worth some thought. Six, after reading th questions, made no attempt to answer an Twenty-three others did not answer correctly o question out of fifteen. Fifty-five were able give, though not always to spell correctly, th names of five Old Testament books. Here are tw specimens: "Luke, John, Isicak, Peater, Paul; "Genesious, I. Timothy, II. Timothy, Amose, Ruth When it came to the commandments, only twenty six were able to give the first and fourteen the fift Thirty knew that the law was given at Mour Sinai. Only five knew of the division of the king dom after Solomon's death.

What is to be done? The Presbyterians of A lanta have answered: "Church schools." Som Episcopalians and some Reformed have given th same answers. Many Lutherans for decades hav said: "Church schools under present conditions. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would perform a signa service, it seems to me, if it should invite fro clergymen, Sunday-school superintendents, class leaders and educators an expression of opinio Those answers would be most helpful which show together with a plan, the way to accomplish it un der existing conditions. An impartial symposiu and résumé would, I am persuaded, be read wit interest by thousands.

[As the importance of Bible education for th young, now so sadly neglected, is a subject whic urgently appeals to Christian people of every de nomination, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites a fre and general expression of opinion from pastors superintendents, class-leaders, and all who have th spiritual welfare of the rising generation at heart Practical suggestions will be welcomed for publi cation, and especially from those who have made o are now making personal efforts in the direction in dicated. All letters on the subject should be ad dressed: "BIBLE EDUCATION, THE CHRISTIAN HER ALD, Bible House, New York."]

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea"; "The Two Captains"; "Hearts and the Highway"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

CHAPTER II—*Continued*

COMPTON, standing there alone with his wife at his feet in a dead faint and Molly bending over her, had seen it all. He knew that if he gave the signal those gallant men would try to ride through the whole Cheyenne Nation, but it would be throwing away their lives, and he decided instantly against it.

But before the men out in the meadow could obey the recall—indeed, they had become so scattered in their wild ride that it took some little time to get them into orderly ranks again—there was a sudden burst of rifle firing far to the left, behind an unusually steep hill near which the river ran and around which the trail entered the valley. Dexter was a good soldier; he knew the situation as well as Kennard; everybody knew it as a matter of fact.

"That'll be Calmore and hard pressed," he said to the other captains. "We must relieve him."

"Certainly," was the quick answer as they noticed the Indians to the front galloping toward the pass.

"I'll disregard the recall," said Dexter.

He rode out a little in advance of the three troops, and waved his sword to the figure he could see standing on the tower. Compton had heard the firing; he had seen the smoke; he had a better view than the troopers in the field. He waved his hand at Dexter and the next moment ordered a bugle to be sounded, which gave him the needed permission.

"Forward!" cried the veteran captain exultantly.

The battalion moved off at a gallop up the meadow toward the pass behind the hill. They got there just in time. Calmore, with a dozen wagons containing wounded settlers and their women and children, was fighting desperately with the Sioux and Cheyennes circling around him furiously, pouring in a withering fire. Dexter did not wait a second; he fell like a storm on the flanks of the Indians, fighting them back. Indeed, that was easy, for they invariably gave way before an impetuous, dashing charge. Dexter kept his men well in hand, and it was not long before the pass was cleared. Calmore, who did not need any instructions, urged his wagons in Dexter's rear and then ordered his tired men up on Dexter's right. The whole body fell back skirmishing, hard pressed by the Indians, who, although they outnumbered the soldiers five to one, did not venture to come to hand-to-hand death-grips with them.

Dexter handled his battalion with masterly skill and they presently reached the fort, one or two having been killed and a few more wounded. Compton and the few men left with the women and children met them at the gate.

"You didn't bring back my baby?" cried the desperate mother, as the excited soldiers filed through and formed line on the little parade.

"Mrs. Compton," said Dexter, throwing himself from his horse, "I wish to God I had been in her place, ma'am."

"And you too failed, Mr. Hadden?"

"Madam," said the young lieutenant, "I would cheerfully have given my life for hers. I rode the best I knew how, but they had too great a start over us."

"Did they kill her?" asked Compton.

"I don't believe so," answered Calmore. "I saw her alive in the arms of a chief just before Dexter saved us."

"Were you all saved, Calmore?"

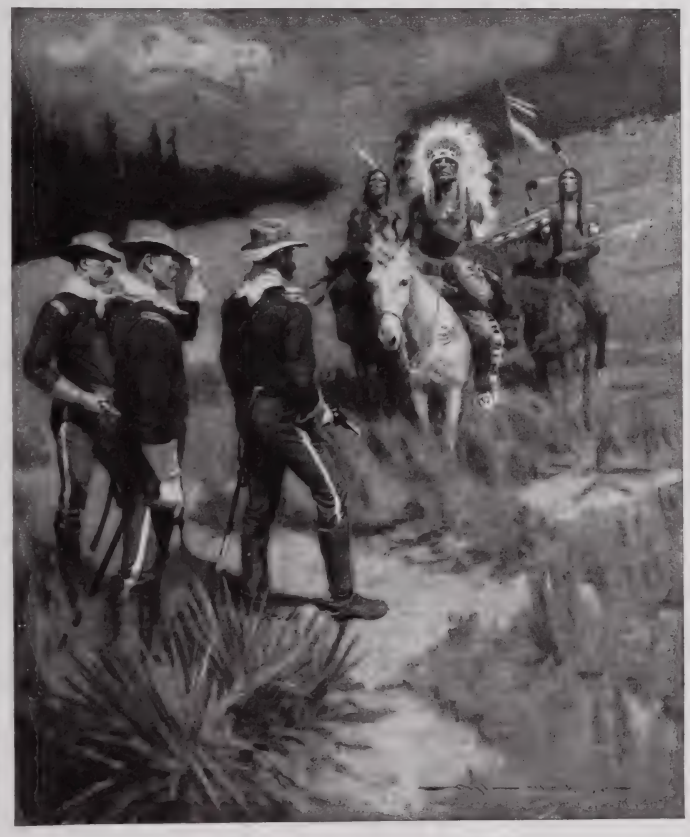
"Three men were killed, sir, and seven wounded," answered Calmore; "but we brought off a score or more of women and children, besides some wounded settlers. That's Dull Knife out there with all the Cheyennes. If it hadn't been for our dash for the settlement every woman and baby we've got in the wagon would have been gone. The whole Sioux Nation is out, too. I am awfully sorry to hear about the baby, Mrs. Compton," continued Calmore.

"Now that you are all safe I want to know how she got out," asked Compton sternly. It was the first opportunity he had had to investigate the affair. "Sergeant of the guard!"

"Yes, sir," said Schmidt.

"Do you know anything about this?"

Then a white-faced man of the fort stepped from the ranks of the guard and saluted.



Compton . . . stepped forward a few paces and said, "What do you want?"

"It is my fault, sor."

"Meagher!" cried Compton.

"If the colonel pleases, I was on guard an' the little gate was opened as it always is, an' my attention was disthracted elsewhere an' the child got out an' we didn't know it until Leftenant Hadden burst through the gate, sor."

"What distracted you?" thundered Compton.

" 'Twas me, sor," said Molly McNeil, bravely assuming her part of the responsibility. " 'Twas me that tempted the bhoy. Oh, the evil day that I was born, sor!"

The colonel's eyes flashed.

"Officer of the guard, put that man in the guardhouse," he cried. "Desertion of his post of duty in time of war is the charge. By heavens, it is punishable with death. Mr. Severance!"

"Here, sir," answered the adjutant.

"Make out a detail for a court to convene in the morning to try Private Meagher for deserting his post."

"Oh, for the love of heaven!" wailed Molly. " 'Tis my fault, 'tis mine intirely."

She threw herself at the colonel's feet.

"Out of my way!" said Compton, turning aside.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want you all at my quarters. Come, Mary." He took his wife by the hand, he put his arm around her before them all and half led and half carried her across the parade.

A low growl like thunder rose from the men; then finally one of them a little bolder than the rest voiced the demand.

"Colonel Compton, give us leave, sir, and we'll go out and clean up the whole Cheyenne tribe to git back the girl."

"For the honor of the regiment," added old Schmidt, "just give us a chance."

"Ay," cried the first sergeant of "B" Troop, "give us leave to wipe out the disgrace that has been brought upon us all by that coward yonder. It is a shame he is to the Irish and to the regiment and to the army."

There was an instant surge toward poor Danny, who stood disarmed and helpless in the grasp of the troopers who had arrested him.

"You're right, me bhoys," he cried. "I deserve it all. Kill me, I'll welcome the bullet."

But Dexter, Calmore, Hadden and the rest of the officers threw themselves to the front.

"Get back in ranks there!" roared Dexter furiously, his soldierly instincts outraged by their mob-like movements. "What do you mean?"

"Ask the colonel to let us go at 'em, sir," the sergeant-major rather demanded than requested.

"You hear, Colonel Compton," cried Dexter.

For a moment the colonel hesitated.

"John," cried his wife imploringly, "let them go; they may save her."

"No," said Compton decisively, "it is not in the power of men. There are too many Cheyennes out there. I am responsible for these men, for these women and children in this post. I can't throw the lives of these men away uselessly. Remember, there are other mothers here. I appreciate your spirit, men; I'd like nothing better than to lead you on such a charge; but it can't be. Captain Dexter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Dismiss the battalion, detail one troop for guard, and then meet me in my quarters at once with all the officers who can be spared; we must determine our course of action."

CHAPTER III

DULL KNIFE OFFERS AN EXCHANGE

THE informal council of war at the colonel's headquarters decided, in view of the overwhelming numbers of the Indians on the hills, that nothing on earth could be done to rescue the baby. There was not a single officer nor trooper who would not gladly have periled his own life for the child, but the officers were placed in positions of public trust, the post was crowded with refugees, its maintenance was necessary for the safety of the trail and the keeping open of the supply route to the front. Fort Sullivan was the only place of refuge, and the only protection as well, of a vast extent of country.

The colonel and his officers realized that he had no right to jeopardize these great issues for the life of one little baby, however precious she might be to him. One or two of the junior officers did indeed advocate a bold dash at the Indian encampment, but the votes of the older and more experienced captains were unanimously against it. And by these votes they showed their high qualities; for Mrs. Compton, a piteous picture of silent appeal, sat in a corner of the room listening to this discussion which would determine the fate of her child. There were elements of heroism in her composition as well, for she gave vent to no outcry, she broke into no wild and passionate entreaties. She sat still and rigid as the mountain range, her white face stony with horror

Continued on next page

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

and grief, listening to the verdict of these gallant men.

When all had spoken, Compton, with one pitying glance at his wife, confirmed the view of the majority.

"Gentlemen, you have decided rightly," he said. "To attempt with our force to ride through those Indians would be madness. There are women and other children here, God bless them, and our first duty is to them. The post must be defended at all hazards; we can't spare a man."

"Let me go alone, sir," pleaded Hadden. "I can't stand it to see your wife—"

The lieutenant choked up and could not finish. The colonel shook his head.

"You are too good an officer to be thrown away, Hadden, and you don't know this Indian game. If Marnett were here now—where is Marnett, Captain Calmore?"

"Why," exclaimed Calmore in great surprise, "didn't he come in with us?"

"I didn't see him," answered Compton. "Did any of you, gentlemen?"

"I was the last man in the gate," said Dexter. "I saw every one in ahead of me, and I am certain that Marnett was not there."

Calmore struck his hand on the table. "I wouldn't have had anything happen to him for the world," he exclaimed. "We had a running fight for two days, and I don't hesitate to say that if it hadn't been for his skill and resourcefulness we should have been wiped out."

"How on earth was he left behind? That old trapper had served me and mine in days gone by," returned the colonel feelingly, "and I value and esteem him more than any of you can. Don't take any blame to yourself, Captain Calmore. In a running fight like that it would have been impossible to watch every man. Besides, I have confidence that if he did not come in it was because he wanted to stay out. Gentlemen, his absence gives me a ray of hope."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Compton, "do you think—"

"I don't think anything, my dear; I only hope, a little."

"Mrs. Compton," said Captain Dexter, "with the colonel's permission, you surely know how we feel. There isn't a one of us who wouldn't do anything to get the baby back."

"I know," faltered Mrs. Compton, "that you are as brave and devoted a set of officers and men as any on earth. I know as well as you that nothing can be done for my baby now. Her fate is in the hands of God."

"Yes," returned Calmore, a veteran of many a hard campaign and desperate fight, "I know these Indians well. There is more than a chance, I think, that they won't do her any harm; being a baby they may adopt her into their tribe."

"My judgment agrees with that of Captain Calmore," said Dexter; "I don't consider the case as absolutely desperate."

"I pray not," returned the woman. "But whether it be or not, we can do nothing."

"Certainly nothing now," said Emmett, another troop commander, "but by heaven, if we can get the regiment together we'll ride through the whole Cheyenne Nation, sword in hand, and rescue her, or—"

"Gentlemen," said Compton, "I have been proud of my command; never more proud than at this moment of bereavement. Now we must counsel together about the defense of the post. It may be that they won't attack us. They have shown extraordinary boldness in approaching so far, and I fear it may have gone hard with the troops at the front, else how could they be here in such force, so many miles in their rear?"

At that moment the door from the porch was thrown open, and an orderly from the guard appeared in the entrance.

"The officer of the guard directs me to report to the commanding officer," he said saluting, "that a flag of truce from the Indians is outside in the meadow."

It was one of the conditions of this savage warfare that the white men were bound to respect the conventions and habits of civilization. A flag of truce must be received, although the Indians themselves would not have paid the least attention to a similar advance on the part of the soldiers.

"Come, gentlemen all," said Compton, rising and buckling his sword around him; "we have no secrets, and we'll see what they want."

Followed by the other officers the colonel repaired to the main gate. Old Sergeant Schmidt reported that three Indians had ridden up, one of them carrying a dirty white rag on the end of a lance, and they had been halted by command some thirty yards from the gate. By the colonel's direction the wicket at the side of the main gate was opened, and Compton, attended by Dexter and Hadden, stepped out, the other officers mounting to the tower by the officer of the guard. The three Indians sat their horses impassive as statues. Compton, revolver in hand, stepped forward a few paces and said,

"What do you want?"

"Me got letter," said the leading Indian, a magnificent specimen of Cheyenne manhood with a gorgeous war bonnet on his head.

"Give it here," said the colonel.

"You no fire?"

"No."

It was a tribute to the honor of the white man that the Indian recognized that no further assurance was necessary. He kicked his pony in the ribs and spoke a word. The animal slowly trotted over to the three dismounted officers. Dexter and Hadden kept him well covered with their revolvers. The Indian rode up with utmost unconcern and halted within reaching distance of Compton. He handed him a dirty, greasy scrap of paper. It read this way:

"We got big white chief's papoose, we give back, you give fort. You no give fort, we kill baby."

The writing—that of some half-breed—was as ignorant as the paper was dirty, but the purport of the message was unequivocal and not to be misunderstood. The Indians offered to exchange the baby for the post. The proposition would not be entertained for a moment, of course, and the colonel did not even hesitate.

"No," answered Compton promptly.

"You no give?" queried the Indian.

Compton shook his head.

"Look," said the chief, turning in his saddle and pointing back to the hill on which the warriors were clustered. As he spoke, as if in obedience to the gesture he made, a gigantic Indian separated himself from the balance and raced down the slope. He stopped just out of rifle shot and held the baby up in his hand, while with the other he brandished a knife whose bright blade reflected the afternoon sunlight.

"I will not give up the fort to anybody," said Compton sternly; "but I want to tell you that if you hurt one hair of that baby's head, as there is a God above me I will make the Cheyenne tribe pay with a life for every drop of blood that's shed."

How much of this the chief understood could not be known, for it was Dexter who asked:

"Is he proposing that we give up the post for the child?"

"Yes," answered Compton.

The chief grunted, pointing from the child to the stockade as if for the illumination of Dexter.

"And I have told him that we can not entertain the proposition."

"Good!" said Dexter grimly.

"Hadden could no longer control himself. He stepped closer to the chief and shoved his revolver at the man's head.

"You murderous dog," he said, "I don't know what stops me from pulling the trigger."

"Respect the flag, Mr. Hadden," cried Compton. "Get back," he flung out his arm toward the chief, "and give them my message. We won't give up the fort, and if you hurt the child you'll pay."

"White chief heap fool," said the Indian, turning his back on the group and trotting away to his comrades.

"For God's sake, let me plug him, colonel," cried Hadden, nervously fingering his revolver.

"It can't be," said the colonel. "Come, gentlemen."

In a few moments they were at the fort again. A few words put the officers in possession of the proposition which the colonel had so unhesitatingly rejected. Some of the men heard it, too, and at once communicated it to the others. The little fort was a seething mass of passion. Dispositions to repel the expected attack and to hold the position were quickly made. The number of the Indians seemed to be increasing. It was the heaviest war party that the Cheyennes had ever sent afield. Experienced men estimated that there were at least a thousand warriors there. They were evidently making camp, for they made no move to attack the post; on the contrary, as night approached, fires were kindled here and there on the hills and other preparations made for the passing of night.

Whether they would eventually attack the post or not, no one could say; but Compton did not expect any trouble during the night, although the guards were warned not to relax their vigilance and watchfulness on that account.

After seeing everything in readiness, the colonel summoned Dexter and Calmore, the two officers upon whom he placed most reliance, to his quarters once more. It had been impossible to keep secret the Indian offer of exchange, and Mrs. Compton was aware of it. She would not have been a mother if her heart had not yearned toward acceptance; but, like her husband, she knew that was impossible. She was a soldier's wife, and she schooled herself to take up again the ordinary duties of life, which, though they sometimes are frightfully hard, yet after all sometimes save the breaking mind.

Supper was on the table when the colonel and the two officers entered the room, and Mrs. Compton bade them partake of what she had provided.

"I have had to do it myself," she apologized. "Molly is in a state of utter collapse, poor girl, not only over the baby," she bit her lips and fought down the choking sensation in her throat, "but because it was her foolish flirting with Meagher that caused him to neglect his duty and made them both forget the baby, who evidently slipped through the wicket gate unnoticed. It was ajar at the time, so far as I can learn."

"Meagher deserves all that is coming to him," said Dexter, a grim old bachelor who had little sympathy for woman's wiles.

"Yes, but I am sorry for him," returned Calmore. "He was one of the best troopers in the regiment."

"Molly says it is her fault."

"But Meagher will have to take the punishment just the same," returned Compton, dereliction of duty being the one thing he could not pardon.

"Molly says they will shoot him, but

Continued on next page

AN AGED READER'S APPRECIATION

Thank you for *The Christian Herald Almanac* which I received. I also received Mrs. Sangster's last book, *Twilight Tales*, which I prize very much, as I loved her as a friend. I am almost seventy-five years old, but love to read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. After reading it, I give it to my friends.

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A COLORED MOSES

THE people of that great industral and manufacturing region which lies south of Chicago, and of which Joliet is the ..r, are watching with interest the ... of Rev. Fe... A. Curtright ...eading his ...ed brethren ...etter things. ...ically, men... and morally. ...as done what ...l to the lot of ...paratively ...men to ac... ...plish in so ...rt a time. ...inning two ...s ago with ...utely noth... he has ral... his people ...d him, built ...paid for a ...ch building ...g over $12,... established a ...ial center ...n is minister... to the various ... of the col... people of the ...t. and — not ... of all — he ...won the es... and good ...of the white ...ns of Joliet, ..., realizing ...his work is meeting a need of the ...unity, have been generous in ...ort of his cause.

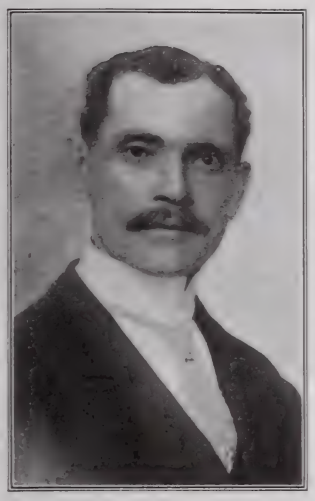
...Curtright came to Joliet at the ...estion of Mr. Rollo H. McBride, ...eform worker of Chicago.

...ut there's no place for me down ..., not even a church building," ...sted Mr. Curtright to McBride ... the latter first suggested the ...er.

...o and make a place for yourself," ... McBride. "Build a church; es... a social center for your people. ...u make up your mind to do some... for them, God will bless your ..."

...d so Mr. Curtright came to Joliet scarcely knowing what he was to do or where he was to begin.

"At first," he said, "I had no enthusiasm for what I had undertaken, but I made it a matter of prayer, and in a little time I began to feel that perhaps God was really using me as he did Moses to lead my people to better things. Then my heart warmed to the work and when once I had decided to fully cast my lot with my people—to suffer with them as they suffer or rise with them as they rise—my doubts disappeared and I saw nothing ahead but success."



Rev. Felix A. Curtright

In this unique work in Joliet the church and social center are not divorced but go hand in hand. The building is open at all times. The only difference to be noticed is that there are more people about on Sundays than on week days. There is a Sunday school that packs the church; the Bible class alone numbers sixty-five. During the week there are sociables and lectures upon practical subjects. An employment bureau is maintained, and in October a night school will be opened. A restaurant, a reading room and shower and tub baths are part of the equipment. The whole aim of the work is to help men and women become better citizens. Mr. Curtright believes that the time is not far off when any religious organization to succeed must open its doors every day in the week and minister to the bodies as well as the souls of its people.

O. E. C.

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

...is not possible, is it?" asked the ...

... is more than possible," returned ...usband briefly. "Desertion of his ...in time of war."

...ut this isn't war exactly," pleaded ...oman.

... it not?" returned the colonel. ... will see before we get through ... that crowd yonder."

...nd is he likely to be shot?"

...e ought to be," returned Dexter ...ly, "if for no other reason than ...ld law, a life for a life. That lit... ...aby is worth a thousand soldiers ...desert their posts."

...oor Meagher!" said the woman ...y, choking back her tears. "It ... be awfully hard on him, and he ...o fond of the baby."

...es," said the colonel, "but that ...n't excuse him."

... will kill Molly," pleaded his ...

...ere was a tap on the door again. ... orderly, being bidden, entered ... more.

...he officer of the guard says that ...risoner, Private Meagher, would ... to speak with the commanding ...r."

...y compliments to Mr. Dalton," ...ned Compton, "and tell him to ... the prisoner to my quarters at ..."

... wonder what he wants," said Cal..., as the orderly departed.

...'ants to beg off, I suppose," re...d Dexter.

"No, I hardly think so," said the colonel. "He doesn't seem to be the kind that will refuse to face the music."

To be continued

Called Higher

William Newton (81) died April 15, 1912. He lived a consistent Christian life.

Professor S. B. Fahnstock (57), of Long Beach, Calif., died January 9, 1912.

A. R. Hemenover (83), of Santa Rosa, Calif., was called to his heavenly home May 27, 1911.

Mrs. C. B. Sherwood, of Rockford, Ill., passed away on August 20, 1912, a very devout Christian.

Henry Sell (75) died at his home near Fairmount, Ind., March 26, 1912, after a short illness.

Miss Emily Gibbons (77), of Mechanicsville, N. Y., passed to her heavenly home January 16, 1912.

Mrs. H. Currie, 80 years of age, of Happy, Texas, died January 31, 1911. She was a very devout woman.

Mrs. M. D. P. Watson, a life subscriber to this publication, passed away near El Paso, Texas, January 17, 1912.

Wm. Lintner, of Blairsville, Pa., died March 12, 1912. He was a devoted church member and a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

IT DELIGHTS AND HELPS THE READER

The book, *Twilight Tales*, came to me safely, and I am more than pleased with it. It is a book that any reader will get good from. Thanks for it, with best wishes.

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THE HERODS OF HISTORY*

Sunday School Lesson by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

JOHN and Herod, prophet and king, preacher and president, are all "ministers of God." That title Paul twice applies to rulers (Rom. 13). This lesson shows a faithful minister set in contrast with one who was fearful, and so a failure.

The Herod family has become the synonym of cruelty and tyranny. The first Herod, though he had built Herod's Temple, attempted to kill Christ, and in the effort massacred all the babies of Bethlehem. He treated his own children so badly that the Emperor Augustus said, "I would rather be his swine than his son." In the intoxication of anger, to which he was subject, he murdered, at different times, his brother, his grandfather, three of his sons, his wife's mother and his wife, Mariamne, who was the favorite among his ten wives. And when he was dying, he ordered that the chief men of Judea should be killed lest there should be no mourning but rather rejoicing when he was dead.

His son, Herod Antipas, the Herod of this lesson, called by Christ "that fox"—a fine characterization of the unprincipled politician in all ages—was less given to murder than his father. He took the legal wife of his brother, Herod Philip, as his own, no doubt veiling his crime under some unwarranted decree of divorce.

The fearless preacher, John the Baptist, God's ambassador at his royal court, arraigned the king and queen for this mutual crime before the supreme court of the universe. Herod bore the rebuke, even if he did not obey it, but women when they are wicked seem to go into sin more intensely than men, and so the Jezebel at his side insisted that John should be sent to the dungeon of Machærus. Edersheim describes two dungeons in its ruins: "One of them deep down, its sides scarcely broken in, with small holes still visible in the masonry, where staples of wood and iron had once been fixed. As we look down into this hot darkness we shudder in realizing that this terrible keep had for nigh ten months been the prison of that son of the free wilderness, the brave herald of the coming kingdom, the humble, earnest, self-denying John the Baptist."

An incident is worth repeating here, of the European prison to which many martyrs to liberty and religion had been committed, where the writer saw, scratched deeply with a nail in the stone wall: "Be thou faithful unto the deathe, and I will give thee a crowne of life." In our times we need to ponder such heroism, for many of us are not faithful even up to the sneering point. So far from being faithful when it costs blood, we are not willing to face even rain.

Heroism in War and Peace

How shall we make Christians as brave in the daily tests of faithfulness as soldiers usually are in battle, as firemen commonly are, as life-savers are, as even scientists are in their frequent risks of life for the promotion of knowledge?

Often we read in the papers that even naturally timid women have stopped runaway horses, driven burglars from their homes, rescued drowning men. Such courage is found among Christians in the supreme tests of martyrdom, as recently in China. But the problem we are considering is how to develop such courage in "the piping times of peace" in the common tasks of the common day; the courage to speak unwelcome truth in public and in private—the last the harder of the two—the courage to adhere to convictions among those who sneer at them; to do among the Romans as the Romans ought to do.

For one thing preachers and teachers, by their very illustrations, should prove that they really believe that "peace hath her victories, not less renowned than war," for there can be no doubt that the expected reward of public approval stimulates the soldier and the fire-fighter to daring deeds. We should make the heroes of peace feel that their reward will be not only a "crown" in eternity, but also the grateful appreciation of good men here on earth. This earthly approval, however, should never be counted on by God's heroes, who are often blamed even by the good, whom they outstrip in daring. We need to get in the habit of living as in God's sight, supremely regardful of his approval. "How can we fear anything with him looking at us?"

Herod had a living conscience, and he often called forth the imprisoned prophet and "heard him gladly." But for fear of his wife he would have set him free. He had no thought of punishing him by anything worse than imprisonment.

The King of the King

Here comes in the story of King Alcohol, the power behind the throne then and now, that outherods Herod in cruelty and tyranny and lust. Every crime of all the Herods is repeated by Alcohol on a grander scale. Herod put in his mouth what steals away the brains of king and peasant alike. In his after-dinner drunkenness, with his guests in like case, Herod called for the dessert that usually follows the wine in the Orient, as it is coming to do in our cities to-day—the dancing girl. He utters his foolish promise to reward the dancer, Salome, with "whatever she would ask, to the half of his kingdom."

A queen's daughter, in order to secure such a promise and through it revenge for a wicked mother against her faithful chaplain, had taken the dancing part usually left to the lowest women. Salome's queen-mother bade her ask the head of John the Baptist. The awful request sobered Herod. But he was not brave enough to say he had made a mistake and face the sneers of his wife and guests. He might at least have pleaded that a bad promise is worse kept than broken, though better not spoken. In the words of Shakespeare:

> It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
> But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
> Who can be bound by any solemn vow
> To do a murderous deed?

But this was one of many cases where a king was himself a woman's slave. And so in his lonely dungeon John was straightway beheaded, and the woman whose sin he had rebuked received the ghastly head on a platter for her feast of revenge.

Historic parallel is seen in the case of Fulvia, to whom the head of Cicero was brought, who pierced his tongue, which in life had often pierced her guilty conscience.

Herodias, the destroyer of John, was at last the destroyer of her husband in everything but life. In her ambition, she induced him to go to Rome to secure the title of king. Instead, he was there charged with crimes, and was deposed by Caligula and banished to Lyons.

This lesson invites us to survey the ruin drink has wrought in the specific realm of government, illustrating the warning in Proverbs 31: 4, 5;

> It is not for kings to drink wine,
> Lest they forget the law
> And pervert the justice due to any that is afflicted.

Railroads are insisting on total abstinence in their employees. Perhaps we shall learn some day that as clear a brain is required to run a government as to run a freight train.

King Ben-hadad was defeated when he was drinking himself drunk, he and the thirty and two kings that helped him (I. Kings 20: 16). Belshazzar, the young king of Babylon, only seventeen years old, was overthrown while he drank sacrilegiously from the sacred vessels taken from God's temple (Dan. 5: 1-30).

Continued on next page

* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for September 1, 1912. 'Death of John the Baptist. Mark 6: 14-29. GOLDEN TEXT: "They drink and forget the law." Prov. 31: 5.

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LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

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WALTER COUSINS, New York.

"I wish to let you know I received the watch in good condition. I feel very proud of it, as it is a beauty, and I prize it highly. Kindly accept my sincere thanks for it. In five hours I sold seventy-one copies of *The Christian Herald*. My success so far may encourage some other boys. The more I sell, the more I want to."

JOHN GEIGER, New York.

"I am in receipt of the pin. I think it is a very nice one, and I am very glad that I got it. I hope there will be a good many more boys who will get them."

KNOX PATTON, Pennsylvania.

"Enclosed find my order for the coming week. I got a new tire for my bicycle with money I earned by selling *Christian Heralds*."

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TEN-YEAR-OLD LIFE-SAVER

THE steamship *City of Rockland* was slowly feeling her way down the New Hampshire coast on the night of July 30 she crashed into the steam col- *William L. Chisholm* in a dense It was just after one o'clock most of the passengers were when the accident took place. fficers and crew rushed to their ns and "Wo- irst into the was the is all gath- n the upper All the pas- rs were pro- with life and then the g of the began. Into rst one were Mrs. W. H. npson, an New York and her ten- old grand- ater, Doro- ockett. The of this little heroism is ps best told r own words: e were all asleep when hing jarred oat so hard we woke Then it ed again. wrapped things d us and ed up to the deck. It was g way up to op and it was cold and dark. of people called to each other ran back and forth, but they not awfully scared. I wasn't much frightened, but once when grandmother in the water. They us to get into the boats. But I ot want to get into the first one, ome way we had to go. All of a en one end of the boat went down he other stayed up. hen I struck the water I went way down and I thought I was going to the bottom of the ocean. I forgot that I had a life preserver on. But I came up pretty quick and I knew I had to look out for grandmother. Mother told me to take good care of grandmother, so I thought of her first thing when I came to the top of the water."

"I've known how to swim for a whole year. And besides I had sent all my dolls up with mother the other day. So I didn't have anything but grandmother to look after. So I called out, 'Grandma! Grandma!' and at last she answered. When I got to her I just held her chin up. I just said, 'Now don't be afraid, grandma, there's no danger; and another boat will be here in a minute.' Then a man pulled me into a boat and said to help bail. But I told him I wouldn't unless he helped grandmother, too. They found her, but just then somebody sat down on my legs. I screamed, because it hurt dreadfully, but nobody seemed to know what was the matter with me. Then whoever it was moved and I was all right, and I helped bail out the boat."

Miss Dorothy Lockett

This is the little heroine's story of twenty-five minutes that might well have tried the courage of the bravest aboard. In the thick darkness none could tell who was saved or who was missing. No lives were lost, however, and though the *City of Rockland* had twenty-five feet sheared off her bow, her stanch bulkheads kept her afloat.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from preceding page

e other chief theme of this story, in the text but last in the order of s, is Herod's remorse. The guilty hears of Jesus going about teach- nd healing, and cries out: "It is the Baptist, whom I beheaded; risen from the dead" (Matt. 14). t when remorse becomes repent- there is a way back to the light for the most beastly slave of sin.

The Taming of "the Tiger"

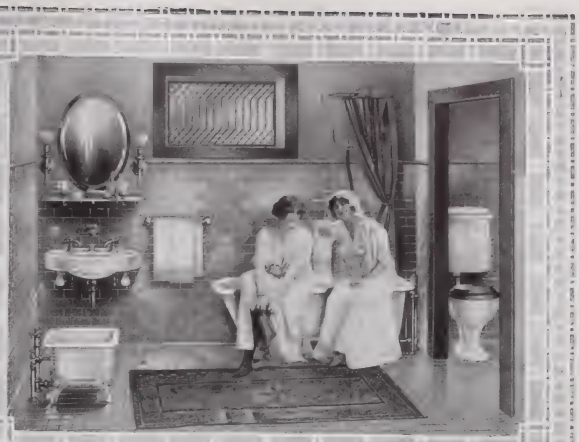
was not a four-footed beast of ungle, but a human being; a fish- of Tayeh, a city in Central a. He was known by his fellow- smen as "Tan the Tiger," because he drank—which was frequently would rage and fight until every was afraid of him. One day a from across the lake brought a pean, David Hill by name, the missionary to visit Tayeh. A us crowd quickly gathered and wed the white man to the front of nfucian temple, from whence he e to them of him who gave his life nsom for many. But the people d have none of it. With cries of foreign devil; stone him!" they up stones and drove Hill back to ake. "Tan the Tiger" was fore- in the mêlée, and aimed his stone such effect that it cut the mis- ary's forehead, causing blood to He narrowly escaped with his Some years later the city was ed by Thomas Protheroe, and n Tan was ready to drive the "for- devil" out. As the preacher warmed to his subject the people listened with marked attention, not one of them attempting to make the least disturbance. The moment he stopped, "Tan the Tiger" pushed his way to the front and, in a voice that could be heard by all, exclaimed: "Foreign teacher, I am known as the Tiger. I am a drunkard, and have broken those ten commandments you have spoken about. Can your Jesus save such a sinner as I am?" The answer was: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." Tan the Tiger exclaimed: "Then he can save *me*." And straightway, in the open air, he was converted. Christ saved him, and the tiger gave place to the lamb.

The Success of the Slain

There is another profound lesson of encouragement in the story of John, which Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock embodied in a sermon to Endeavorers on the text: "Were slain with the sword" —words that appear in a list of the victories of faith (Heb. 11), reminding us of *the victories of those who fail*—the prisoners, the martyrs, who were vanquished and yet victors, like their crucified Master. At the last it is not Herodias, but John, that comes off victor.

"TWILIGHT TALES" GIVE PLEASURE

The book, *Twilight Tales*, by Mrs. Sangster, received. I thank you very much. Am very much pleased with it. Also the *Almanac*.
Utica, N. Y. C. E. SEARLES.



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"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

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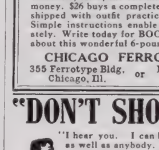

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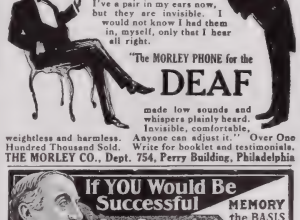

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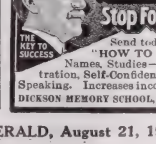

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WILSON ACCEPTS NOMINATION

GOVERNOR WILSON, in accepting the Democratic nomination for the presidency, made a remarkably lucid and statesmanlike speech at Sea Girt, N. J., on the afternoon of August 7. Fully 6,000 people crowded the lawn of the "Little White House" to hear his views on the great issues of the day. He spoke from the printed type calmly without passion and without uttering a word of invective or abuse or partisan bitterness against those opposed to him or who have said harsh things of him in the heat of the political agitation of the past few months. The great gathering listened to him with rapt attention, but the proceedings were too impressive for much applause.

After showing that we were on the eve of a new epoch at the beginning of a coming age of moral and national development he turned attention to the tariff, declaring that he was for immediate revision unhesitatingly and steadily downward. As to the currency question, he asserted that the farmers and merchants must be consulted as well as the bankers in regard to the nation's policy of dealing with it. He came out strong for an increase in the merchant marine and made a hit at the large corporations, saying, "Big business is not dangerous because it is big, but because its bigness is an unwholesome inflation created by privileges and exemptions which it ought not to enjoy."

He dealt with every vital problem confronting the nation and proclaimed himself in favor of laws for safeguarding workers and improving labor conditions; conservation not limited to reservation; development of water powers and waterways; revival of merchant marine; a parcels post as complete as that of any other nation; governmental promotion of agricultural, industrial, and vocational education. The peroration of his speech was as follows:

"I could not have accepted a nomination," he declared, "which left me bound to any man or any group of men. No man can be just who is not free and no man who has to show favors ought to undertake the solemn responsibility of government in any rank or post whatever, least of all in the supreme post of President of the United States. To be free is not necessarily to be wise. But wisdom comes with counsel, with the frank and free conference of untrammeled men united in the common interest. Should I be intrusted with the great office of President, I would seek counsel wherever it could be had upon free terms."

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from page 816

Thekla, which rise straight out of the plain to a height of more than 5,000 feet, kept guard over the city to the westward. Then, as now, the soft-footed camels plodded their way, slowly and majestically, through the narrow streets, and knelt in the wood-market to unload their heavy burdens of logs and fagots which they had brought from the mountains. Then, as now, the traders at the little booths in the bazaar, under the brown awnings, sat cross-legged before their small stock of wares, entreating the passerby to stop and purchase. Few of the notable features of the street life have greatly changed, for, in the slow-moving East, customs and costumes and manners remain the same from generation to generation.

In Iconium the apostles received very much the same treatment as in Antioch. A period of favor in which the willing ears of the people were eagerly lent to these new doctrines was followed by a period of coldness, distrust, persecution and final banishment. The character of the city, however, and hence the character of the opposition to the apostles, was different from that of Antioch. Antioch was a free Roman city and the upper classes, the nobility and the rulers, were those who were especially incensed against St. Paul, and finally compassed his banishment. Iconium was an Hellenic city, with no Roman hierarchy, but the unbelieving Jews who were always like bloodhounds on the apostle's track stirred up the rabble in Iconium to perform for them the same service which had been accomplished by the rulers of Antioch. However, it was not until the apostle had lived for a "long time" in Iconium that the hostile Jews prejudiced and inflamed the mob against Paul and Barnabas. "There they abode," we are told, "speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands."

So effective had been their preaching that the whole city had been stirred, and took sides either for or against the new faith. Part held with the Jews and part with the apostles, and when the assault was about to be made, and they knew that they were to be stoned and "used despitefully," they took counsel of prudence and common sense, knowing that their mission was not yet fulfilled, and fled to Lystra, some seven hours farther toward the southeast, whither we shall follow them in another article.

Their banishment from Iconium was not a permanent one. In the same chapter of the Acts we read how they returned again to Iconium, where they found their work had not been in vain, for they confirmed the souls of the disciples, exhorting them to continue in the faith, and "that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." These brave apostles knew full well the meaning of these words. Driven out of Antioch, again driven out of Iconium, they fled to Lystra, where they should receive a persecution more savage, and tribulations still more severe. Yet whether in Antioch, or Iconium, or Lystra, or Derbe, or "in the region that lieth round about," they had but one mission and one message. For there and everywhere, as the simple, unadorned but tremendously effective account of St. Luke tells us, "they preached the Gospel."

The Guardians of Liberty

AS a subscriber and a member of the Guardians of Liberty, I want to thank you for the support you have given them in your issue of June 19 and especially the article of June 26. An organization formed by such a body of men is certainly for a worthy cause and deserves the approval of every Protestant church paper, and it is a discredit upon our daily newspapers that they refuse to give it any space. Thanking you again and trusting it will receive further co-operation and encouragement from the greatest religious weekly, I am, etc.,

St. Louis, Mo. J. W. S.

—MANY READERS OF this paper have been interested in the study of Esperanto. A free Esperanto booklet has just been issued. It sets forth how Christian work, particularly the missionary work, can be advanced through the use of Esperanto. The Esperanto course published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several years ago is especially noted. The British and Foreign Bible Society and the Scotch Bible Society are about to issue the New Testament in Esperanto. Later the Old Testament is also to be published. A hymn book is being prepared by the Esperanto Society of Edinburgh, which will quickly follow the New Testament. Former students of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Course may send a postal card request for the missionary number of the *Esperanto Herald* to the "Esperanto Office," Washington, D. C.

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THOSE who already know the rare literary charm of Margaret Sangster's writings will welcome this volume—the last perfect product of her wonderful talent. **Twilight Tales** comes almost as a parting message from one who has been greatly beloved by countless multitudes, and whose contributions for many years in the pages of *The Christian Herald* have made her name a household word.

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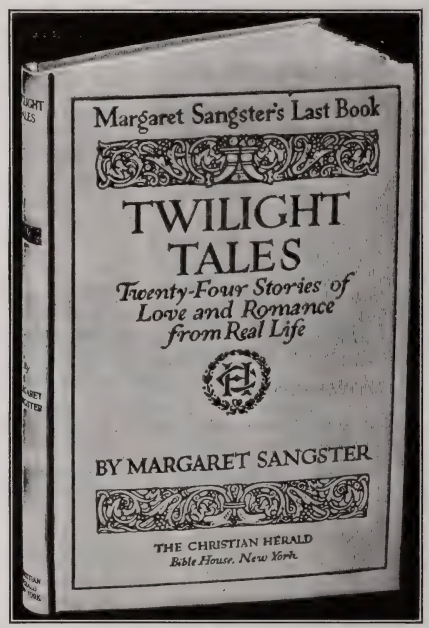
Margaret Sangster's Last Book
TWILIGHT TALES
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This photograph shows the cover of the book in miniature. The actual size of the book is 5¼ in. wide by 7¾ in. long.

There is a thread of pure gold running through the **Twilight Tales** from which the reader may divine the author's purpose in writing the book. It is the line of God's protecting love and care which encircles all who trust in Him, and the knowledge of which gives to even the smallest detail of everyday life a purpose and significance. She spreads before us the little daily dramas, the heartaches, the disappointments, the sweet surprises and unexpected joys, the separations and the reunions, the cares and consolations of the household, the "journeys that end in lovers' meeting"—all are unrolled like a moving picture, with the vivid action of life itself. Mrs. Sangster has crowded the best heart and soul stories of her whole career into this book. Love, romance, self-denial, ambition and the success that true character commands are here pictured with a fragrant setting of American home-life in town and country. It is a book which will exert a strong spell on the mind of the reader and which creates its own atmosphere of woodlands and old-fashioned gardens and charming American homes, and her men and women are such as we love to meet.

LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED READERS

An Inspiring Book

I received the book, *Twilight Tales*. I am delighted with Mrs. Sangster's work. I have enjoyed it very much and it has been an inspiration to me. MRS. MARY PIERSALL.
Winchester, Ky.

It Delights and Helps the Reader

The book, *Twilight Tales*, came to me safely, and I am more than pleased with it. It is a book that any reader will get good from. Thanks for it, with best wishes.
Rockford, Mich. MRS. ELIZA COATS.

HOW TO SECURE "TWILIGHT TALES"

Twilight Tales will be sent free, postpaid, as a premium to every subscriber who sends us one NEW six months' subscription for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at 75 cents. This new subscription must be one not now on our list, or one to replace one now on our list. This is an excellent opportunity for our readers to get the book for themselves and to send the paper to some friend *not now a subscriber*, for half a year. **To any of our present subscribers the book will be sent with one year's CHRISTIAN HERALD renewal for $2.** If your subscription does not expire for some time to come, send in your renewal *now* with **$2**, and the date of expiration on your paper will be advanced for one year. Address all orders to

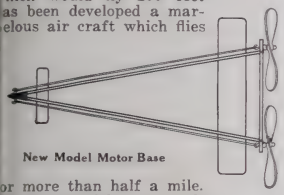
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

MODEL AEROPLANES—ARTICLE NO. II

By Francis A. Collins, Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes"

THE improvement in model gliders during the past year has been even more remarkable than that of the large man-carrying machines. From the toy which would fly 200 feet has been developed a marvelous air craft which flies

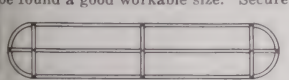


New Model Motor Base

for more than half a mile. The new models are much lighter and simpler this year, and therefore easier to build. The principles of flight are besides so much better understood to-day than they were a year ago that any boy can readily master the problems and be sure of making long flights.

The frames or motor bases of the new model aeroplanes are fascinating bits of construction. In place of the rather cumbrous frames used a year ago, the most successful model builders now use a simple contrivance of sticks weighing scarcely more than an ounce. It will be found a good plan to build one of these frames very carefully, and use the same design, even should you change the size and position of the planes or wings. By keeping to the same design of frame you will soon become skilful in constructing it, and will perhaps make improvements upon the form here described.

A frame thirty inches in length will be found a good workable size. Secure



The Simplest Plane to Make

three strips of some straight-grained light wood, such as spruce, about three-eighths of an inch square. Two of these should be cut in thirty-inch lengths, the third a foot in length. Later these strips may be planed and sandpapered down perhaps an eighth of an inch both ways. The idea is to construct a triangular frame strong enough to resist the pull of the rubber bands of the motor when wound up. Your construction may prove so rigid that the strips may be reduced to a quarter of an inch square.

Now cut away or bevel one side of each stick a distance of an inch at the end so that the strips will form a neat angle, and glue and tie them firmly together. Wrap them tightly with strong thread and touch the wrapping with glue. The triangle is completed by securely fastening the cross-piece on base to the ends of the two long sticks, so that it will have a spread of about ten inches, leaving an inch extending out at either side. There are several ways of fastening the sticks together. We would suggest slightly mortising the longer sticks and gluing and binding the parts together. Be careful not to cut away enough to weaken the frame. Brace the frame with several cross-pieces, using bamboo if possible.

Next prepare two planes, the larger twenty by three inches, the smaller one eight inches by two inches. The simplest plane to make, and one of the best, is cut from a thin piece of board, about one-eighth of an inch thick. Sandpaper it carefully and bevel the edges. Now cover the plane by binding with a tough muslin, gluing it to the surface and pulling it tightly over the edges. This will protect it from cracking when landing.

This model aeroplane travels with the point forward. Fasten the smaller plane rigidly across at the apex of the triangle, tying it with rubber bands. These allow it to be moved backward and forward. The larger plane should be fastened on the same side about six inches from the base stick. This will be construction enough for the present. We will leave the propellers and motors for another week. For the present you should practice throwing the model as a glider, moving the larger plane back and forth until you have just the right position, when the model will soar on an even keel.

FEEDING THE BIRD

Do You Know This?

IF you want your garden to be beautiful during all the rest of the summer and far into the autumn as well, do not let the drought that is apt to be very general at the end of August catch it. Give every plant, shrub and vine plenty of water at this season and you will have abundance of green foliage and flowers for six weeks longer. Cut the blossoming plants back about one-third, and do not spare the new shoots. Then soak the soil plentifully with a solution made of two ounces of nitrate of soda to every three gallons of water. The plants will pick up wonderfully and be covered again with fine healthy leaves and blossoms. Try it. You will be both surprised and delighted with the result.

GRACE FOR A CHILD

What God gives, and what we take.
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thank'd for those and these;
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish.
Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand,
Asking that Thy Blessing fall
On our meat, and on us all.

ROBERT HERRICK *(1591)*.

The answer to the puzzle in the Cozy Corner of August 7 is: "March." Miriam H. Field, age 16, of Springfield, Mass., won first prize for answer and best letter accompanying it. The prize is a beautiful book entitled *Deeds of Daring Done by Girls*.

Among the features of next week's Cozy Corner will be an article to older girls, entitled, "Is He the Man, I Wonder?" and a new puzzle for everybody.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

A Soldier's Poem

HEARING

HOW I love to hear of Jesus,
For he is God's only Son,
Who by his blood on Calvary
Us back to God has won.
How I love to hear him whisper
To my often weary soul;
Yes; I love to hear of Jesus,
For 'tis he who makes me whole.

THINKING

How I love to think of Jesus,
And his thoughtfulness for me;
Think how he was tried and tempted
Just to give me liberty.
In his love he gave his Spirit,
Which by faith now dwells within.
Yes; I love to think of Jesus,
For he saves me from all sin.

SPEAKING

How I love to speak of Jesus,
And his loving, tender care;
How I love to tell the weary
He will grief and burdens share.
How I love to tell the tempted
There is grace for every need;
Yes; I love to tell of Jesus,
Who my soul from sin has freed.

WORKING

How I love to live for Jesus,
Although in a small, small way;
How I love to serve and trust him,
And shine brightly every day.
Where he leads, I love to follow
To my best ability;
This I gladly do for Jesus,
Who has done so much for me.

W. E., *Sergeant, S. Co., The Queen's Reg't.*

Bermuda.

JUST A LITTLE LOVE

JUST a little love here, just a little help there,
Makes this world go better everywhere;
Just a little smile here, just a little tear there,
Helps somebody else his load to bear.

Just a little word here, just a little song there,
Lifts from heavy hearts their weight of care;
Just a little cheer here, just a little hope there,
Drives away the cloud of dark despair.

Just a little trust here, just a little faith there,
And the world a brighter face shall wear;
Just a little day here, just a little night there,
Then eternal life with God we'll share.

MARY MCKINNON MCSWAIN.

Carlsbad, N. M.

SAVE HALF Your Paint Bills

By using INGERSOLL PAINT—proved best by 66 years' use. It will please you. Only paint endorsed by the "Grange." Made in all colors—for all purposes.

DELIVERED FREE
From the Mill Direct to You at Factory Prices.
INGERSOLL PAINT BOOK—FREE
Tells all about Paint and Painting for Durability. How to avoid trouble and expense caused by paints fading, chalking and peeling. Valuable information free to you, with Sample Color Cards. Write me. DO IT NOW. I can save you money.
O. W. Ingersoll, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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I CAN NOW HEAR

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums, I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.

Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY
Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager
G. P. WAY 2 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

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To represent a complete line of Vacuum Cleaning Machines. Splendid opportunity for anyone with small capital to build up a large and paying business. Exclusive territory allotted to hustlers. Write for particulars, explaining how to start a selling, renting and cleaning business.

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Ask for Catalogue and special Donation Plan No. 44
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There are Opportunities in Medicine, especially Homeopathic Medicine. Send for Catalog P. New York Homeopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital, Royal S. Copeland, A. M., M. D., Dean.

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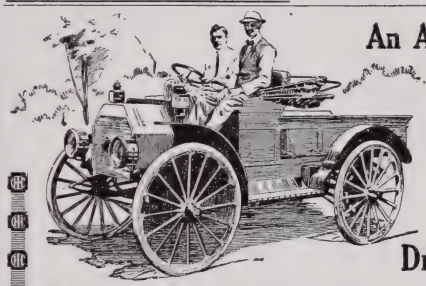

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AN International Auto Wagon costs little if any more than any good driving team, buggy and light wagon. With reasonable care it will last as long as the team will stand up to the work of the road. The maintenance cost of the International Auto Wagon is low because of the small expense necessary to keep up solid tires. About a cent and a half a mile for gasoline and oil, a cent a mile for grease and possible repairs—say three and a half cents a mile for all maintenance—is considerably less than the usual cost of keeping a road team.

An International Auto Wagon

will go anywhere that a team can go and will travel two to three times as fast. It costs nothing to keep when not working. It is a steady, every-day, all-day-long worker, with power enough to meet any emergency. It is simple—any member of your family can learn to drive it. The brakes are powerful—safe on any hill. The springs are resilient, making the car easy-riding. There is an auxiliary spring to take care of heavy loads.

The International Auto Wagon is quickly converted from a wagon for light hauling to a pleasure car, by the addition of an extra seat in the back. A top is furnished for protection from sun and storm.

Give us an opportunity to show you how many business trips this car will make for you, how much pleasure it will give your family, and at what little expense it will do it. A postal will bring catalogues and full information.

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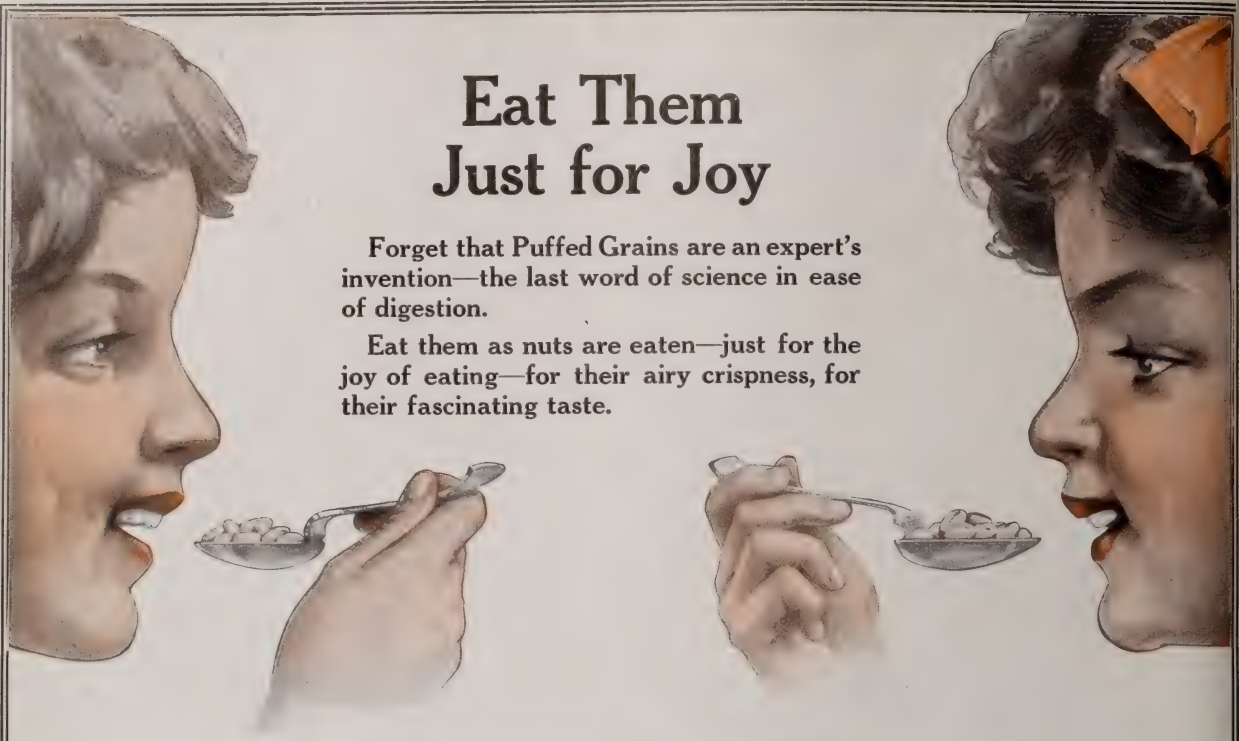
The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to IHC Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U S A



Eat Them Just for Joy

Forget that Puffed Grains are an expert's invention—the last word of science in ease of digestion.

Eat them as nuts are eaten—just for the joy of eating—for their airy crispness, for their fascinating taste.

The Joyous Facts About Foods Shot From Guns

Ten Thousand Cells Formed by Steam Explosion

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are simply steam-exploded grains.

The moisture within them is turned to steam, in a terrific heat, then exploded.

Every food granule is thus blasted to pieces, and a myriad cells are formed.

Each cell is surrounded by thin, toasted walls, which melt at the touch of moisture.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

Curious Creations

Each grain is a puffed, airy wafer, like no other food you know. Each is a magnified kernel, shaped as it grew, for the coats of the grain are unbroken.

They are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible. No element is lacking.

One would never dream that such dainty morsels could be made from unground grain.

Like Toasted Nuts

The grains in the guns are subjected to a heat of 550 degrees for an hour. That's how we create the steam pressure. Because of that heat, the exploded grains taste much like toasted nuts.

They are used like nuts in candy making—in frosting cake—in garnishing ice cream.

Served in any way you like them, the grains suggest nut meats, made porous and crisp and digestible. There lies their main enchantment.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

How Folks Enjoy a Million Dishes Daily

Folks serve them for breakfast with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit.

For supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Serve in soup at dinner. Or scatter them over a dish of ice cream.

Use them in candy making. See directions on the package. Let children eat them like peanuts when at play.

Serve at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—for digestion is extremely easy.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(309)

Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1912

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

THE POWER OF PRAYER
From the painting by Ludwig Roth
"The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him." Ps. 145: 18

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

R. S. P., Winnipeg, Man. Please explain Metempsychosis.

Metempsychosis is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls or the belief that the soul after the death of the body passes into some soulless creature, one of the lower animals or even a tree or plant. It is very ancient. The Egyptian priests taught that the spirit remained on earth three thousand years before being admitted to the abode of happiness. The Brahmanical Hindus believed that the soul passed through body after body, becoming higher with each incarnation until it was fit to merge into God; while the Buddhists are of the opinion that each change from body to body brings purification, until Nirvana is reached, which, despite many hairsplitting attempts at distinction, Western minds cannot understand other than as annihilation. The great Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, treated of the doctrine, as did also Thales of Miletus. Of modern thinkers who leaned towards the belief may be mentioned Lessing in Germany and Pierre Leroux and Jean Reynaud in France.

J. B., Roy, S. D. Please explain Acts 2: 1-4; John 14: 16, 17; John 15: 26; John 16: 13. Is the Holy Spirit referred to in the Old Testament, and if so by what name?

The passages you mention refer to the coming of the Holy Spirit to the earth in a new way to do a new work. The Holy Spirit is mentioned in the Old Testament, usually by the term, "Spirit of God." But on the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit came to inaugurate a new dispensation; he came to apply the effects of Christ's life, mission and death to human hearts, to keep the memory of Christ fresh in the hearts of those who had known him and to make him real to those who had never known him; he came to fill and strengthen and guide individual believers and the whole Church of Christ.

K. S. K., Cleveland, O. When and by whom was time divided into days, hours and minutes?

From the remotest antiquity men have observed the movements of the sun and heavenly bodies, which movements regulate the divisions of time. The first great natural division, the day, was the measure of the diurnal course of the sun from point to point (meridian to meridian), causing light and darkness, day and night. It is claimed that the Babylonians were the first to divide the day into hours and minutes, but equal claims are put forward for the Chaldeans and Egyptians and even the Chinese.

M. J. W., Holland, Mich. I would like to know in what way we can best oppose the growth of Roman Catholic authority in the nation's affairs.

Publicity is the best and most available means of combating it. The American people needs to be enlightened by a thorough campaign of education, showing the results of Romanist political domination in other lands, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Portugal and England, and how practically all of the European countries have shaken off the grasp of Rome in temporal affairs.

O. E. G., New Haven, O. 1. How may we tell the difference between the accusations of the devil and the reproofs of the Holy Spirit? 2. How can we drive the evil spirit away? 3. How may one receive the assurance that he is a child of God? 4. Can a person be a child of God and not be satisfied with his experience? 5. Can a person be unhappy if he is truly a child of God?

1. The promptings of the Holy Spirit are always in accord with the Scriptures; they are always reasonable; they are always plain and definite. The evil spirit, on the other hand, is vague, puzzling, unsettling in his suggestions. 2. He is driven away by an appeal to the Word of God, as the Saviour demonstrated in his own temptation, and by faith in the name of Jesus. There must be firm resistance. James says: "Resist the evil one and he will flee from you." (James 4: 7.) 3. The assurance that we are saved comes in answer to faith. We must really trust Christ to forgive us and accept us, and as we trust the assurance comes. But the faith always precedes the assurance. We must not wait for feeling, but believe first, and as we trust, the restful asurance will come that God receives us. As we go out bravely and briskly to work for Christ in helping others, we shall find that the doubts are kept away. 4. Many children of God are not satisfied with their experience. They are always longing for more of God. But the Christian may certainly have peace. Many Christians have found that by a definite consecration of themselves to Christ and by definite faith in his blood to cleanse them and faith in God to fill them with the Holy Spirit, they have been led to an experience of new joy and power. This is undoubtedly promised in the Word of God. 5. Sorrow comes at times to every Christian. The Bible does not promise us freedom from sorrows, but it does promise us grace to bear them. Our griefs and trials should make us strong and brave. Nothing need ever separate us from Christ (see Rom. 8: 35-39). While we are conscious of his presence any grief may be endured, and may be made to strengthen our character and increase our usefulness.

J. R. C., Covington, Ky. How does an explorer make an observation?

He finds his latitude by measuring the altitude of one of the heavenly bodies, sun, moon, star, planet. This is done with a little instrument called a sextant, graduated for observation and provided with mirrors so arranged that while looking direct at the line of the horizon the observer can cause the image of the heavenly body to move down until it touches the horizon; then the graduated circle of the sextant shows at a glance the angle through which the image has been moved and that gives its elevation above the horizon. The visible horizon answers for the purpose at sea, but on land generally the explorer has to use an artificial horizon, which usually consists of a trough of quicksilver or treacle or something similar which is carefully leveled and in which the image of the heavenly body is reflected. In the case of the sun the angle between the sun as seen direct through the sextant and its image reflected in the quicksilver or treacle is just twice the altitude of the sun above the real horizon. Longitude is the distance east or west from the first meridian, which for the United States and Great Britain is that passing through Greenwich; therefore, the difference between Greenwich time and that of the place to be reckoned, as determined by the chronometer, which reduced to degrees, minutes and seconds, gives the longitude sought, east or west.

P. D. S., Omaha, Neb. I have read of a minister giving a homily. What is a homily?

A homily is a short ministerial talk to a congregation in the nature more or less of a conversational discourse with no pretension to style or oratory as in a sermon.

K. S. A., Meriden, Conn. Where were the most destructive earthquakes and when did they occur?

The Messina-Reggio earthquake of 1908 is probably the most destructive on record, 200,000 lives being lost and cities and towns wiped out of existence. In 1703 nearly as many perished in an earthquake at Yeddo (Japan); in 1731 Peking (China) was visited with a loss of 100,000; in 1883 in the earthquake and volcanic outburst at Krakatoa (Sunda Strait) 35,000 lives were lost.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HOW THEY ARE WAGING WAR ON FLIES IN TEXAS

A CONTINENT-WIDE crusade against the disease-carrying house-fly is now in progress. In many States, Boards of Health have issued instructions warning the public against the ravages of this disseminator of filth and infection. The public schools are co-operating in the spread of information on the subject. In a number of States, a sharp competition is going on with the view of hastening the destruction of these insects, and rewards have been offered to those who take the most effective measures in fighting the pest. In the photograph on this page, a conical wire fly-trap is shown, which has been effective in destroying tens of thousands of the disease-carriers. These traps, set over a dish of molasses or sugar-water, attract the flies, and once in the trap, they cannot escape. A simple means of ridding the room of flies is the use of pyrethrum, which may be obtained in the drug stores. It is blown through a tube and the room is then closed. In a few hours the flies are found scattered dead along the floor. Another effective device is a "swatter," made of a piece of fine wire screen-mesh, fastened on a stick. The best means of getting rid of flies is to keep the grounds and house free from garbage. Refuse is a breeding place of flies. Entomologists have discovered that a house-fly on an average lays 120 eggs, which mature in ten days. The second generation, ten days later, is capable of producing 14,400 flies, the third generation 1,728,000, and the fourth generation 207,360,000 flies, and this from a single progenitor in forty days. A medical authority writes that flies killed more soldiers in the Spanish-American War than the Spanish bullets did. The fly carries the germs of yellow fever, cholera, smallpox, typhoid, tuberculosis and many other diseases.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD, *New York.*

Vina, M. S., Meekton, Colo. To whom did Peter refer in John 21: 21?

Four verses, beginning with verse 20, must be read to get the full import of the incident. Peter's end the Master had already foretold (verses 18, 19), and now that disciple, seeing that Jesus gave especial evidence of his affection for John, asked the direct interrogatory concerning the fate which should befall the "beloved disciple." Jesus' rebuke in verses 21, 22 seems to have been accepted by the disciples as a prediction that John would not die, but would live to witness the Second Coming which was then believed to be at hand after certain things had been accomplished. As John was the only one of the twelve who survived the destruction of Jerusalem and who witnessed the events connected with the first great development of the kingdom, there are many commentators who interpret it as a prophecy as well as a rebuke.

Mrs. G. E., Larkinburg, Kan. Which one of the twelve apostles did Jesus appoint first?

The accounts of the choosing of the twelve in Mark 3: 13-19 and Luke 6: 12-16, mention Peter (or Simon) as the first. Peter's name is also first in the list of the apostles given in Matt. 10: 2-4.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. P. A. L., Skaneateles, N. Y. A husband is bound to support his wife and children, and the courts will compel him to do so. The wife cannot be prevented from keeping boarders to support herself. A girl of seventeen years of age cannot marry without the consent of her parents.

G. K., Delta, O. 1. Presbyterian. 2. The clergyman chosen to open a convention by prayer is selected with the approval of the National Committee.

Mrs. E. M., West Bolton, Vt. By all means you should join the church. The other questions you ask are wholly controversial and do not touch the essentials of religion. We thank you for your kindly appreciation.

M. A. H., Lemon Grove, Calif. Nearly all the States have local option in some form, either county or State, Pennsylvania and New Jersey being the only exceptions. The prohibition States are Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, North Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Oklahoma and Georgia.

B. H., Tuscola, Mich., sends this suggestion: "Why not start a World's Prayer Meeting, to be held on Saturday and Sunday of each week, and all approximately at the same hour? It would be a great human wireless communication, blending our petitions, and it would do a great deal of good to have all Christian people on earth unite in praying for what they need in the different parts of the earth.

JUST LIKE A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

How can I thank you for the dear little clock! It came safely, and is keeping excellent time—ticking away as merrily as any of the grandfathers' clocks in ancestral halls.

Zearing, Ia. MRS. F. H. FRY.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

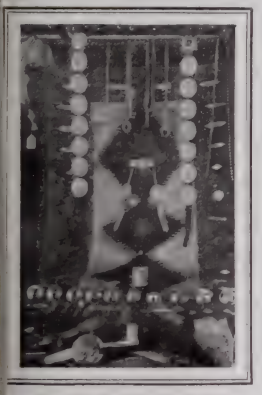
The Ostrich Exhibiting His Speed

All the Attractions of the Midway

Bronco-Busting at a Western Ranch

THE JOYS OF THE HARVEST TIME

BY JOHN L. COWAN



Native Indian Jewelry at the Shiprock Navajo Fair

IN SOME part of this big country, every month is a harvest month, so that somewhere the country fair or harvest festival is always in season. The first celebration of the year comes on New Year's Day, when Southern California makes merry over the gathering of the orange crop, at Pasadena's famous Tournament of Roses. Through the winter and spring California has many similar floral festivals and numerous citrus fairs, wherever the orange and grapefruit, lemon, olive and other products of semi-tropical regions flourish. In June, when the great deciduous fruit crops of the Pacific Northwest begin to ripen, comes Portland's Rose Carnival—doubtless the most spectacular of American floral fiestas.

By that time the harvest season has begun in the South and Southwest, followed in succession by the Middle West, the Rocky Mountain region, the Dakotas and Minnesota and distant New England. From June until October agricultural exhibitions, with their accompaniments of horse races, side shows, and general spirit of happy good-fellowship, hold the field in rural districts against all other forms of entertainment. When November's winds begin to blow, the ingathering of the harvests has been completed throughout the major part of the Union, and the President's Thanksgiving proclamation calls for a nation-wide feast, a football game in every community that can muster enough husky youths to make up opposing elevens, and everything under the sun to eat in celebration of the plentiful harvests. Even after that date the cotton crop of the South must be gathered, and the negro cotton pickers make merry in their own fashion, which may take the form of a camp-meeting and religious revival, or of a cake-walk and general jollification. The great fiesta of the Western cotton belt is the "No-Tsu-Oh" festival, at Houston, Texas. Through November and December there are agricultural fairs and carnivals in the far Southwest, and in California, where almost every month is a harvest month for one or another of the State's products.

The Rocky Mountain States have their special fête days, timed to occur when their crops are harvested and safely garnered away. Some of these occur in connection with agricultural fairs, while others have no such accompaniment; but all are notable in that they insure to all comers a full stomach; for in the estimation of the people of the West a good dinner is an essential part of all good times.

First of these harvest fêtes is Glenwood's Strawberry Day, when all visitors, for at least once in their lives, may eat to satiety of the luscious berries for which that little town in the heart of the Colorado Rockies is far-famed. Later in the season come Longmont's Pumpkin Pie Day, Greeley's Potato Roast, Loveland's Corn Roast, Brighton's Tomato Battle, Rockyford's Melon Day, Grand Junction's Peach Day, Gunnison's Fish Fry, and others not so well known. At Cheyenne, on the occasion of the annual Frontier Days' celebration, the feast is omitted, but the spirit of the Old West is reanimated to strut once more around the race track for the edification of the vast majority, to whom the cowboy is only a story-book tradition, and the overland stage and prairie schooner matters of ancient and dubious history. In order to catch the eye and excite the imagination, there are street parades, in which Indians and buxom artificially tanned cowgirls are much in evidence. Then there are burro races, pony-races, bronco-busting contests, fake stage-coach hold-ups, and other features that the West feels constrained to maintain for the sake of tradition.

A Tempting Fruit Display at a Western Fair

County fairs and State fairs are painfully alike in all parts of the country. Ostensibly they are educational institutions for the interchange of ideas, the dissemination of knowledge and the encouragement of agriculture. Enterprising manufacturers of agricultural implements and all sorts of tools and devices used on the farm have found them useful for the display of their wares for advertising purposes.

Though each may take time to hunt up his pet hobby—be it poultry, sheep, shorthorns or mangles—most farmers and country people attend the fair with little thought of instruction and with no desire for profit, but solely in order to be amused. As a rule, the real, simon-pure farmer soon sees what interests him in the exhibits of farm machinery,

Continued o next page

Blankets, Silverware and Farm Produce at a Navajo Fair

SCHOOL WORKING BEES

Weighing School-Farm Cotton

Dinner Time Is a Picnic

Many Hands Make Light Work

SOME three years ago the deplorable condition of the public school system in the little town of Holly Springs, N. C., aroused the women of the town to effort, and as a first step in the progress of reform they organized the "School Betterment Association," and at once set about raising funds for the education of the children. There was no school land for public use, no building, not even a shelter where a school could be held, they thought at first. But the town had known better things, and earnest search revealed a dismantled old building which had once housed the "Holly Springs Academy," and here, when the first floor had been put into habitable condition, a small school was opened and supported by voluntary contributions.

To keep the school running and the teacher's salary paid was no light task, and when some one suggested that the large lot which constituted the academy grounds might be cultivated and made to produce a revenue, the ladies accepted the idea with enthusiasm. They at once undertook to enlist the aid of the most progressive farmers in the community, and with the help of Mr. Z. V. Judd, county superintendent of public instruction, they succeeded in this and also in securing donations of fertilizers, seed and all the other requisites. The heavy work was done by unenthusiastic husbands, while the ladies, assisted by the teacher and the children, made war on the weeds.

The method of planting, cultivating, gathering and marketing was dictated by the best farmer in the region, and he also acted as supervisor. Under his direction, two acres of land were plowed, fertilized and put in proper shape, cotton seed was tested and planted, and the best machinery was used. The cotton grew and flourished, and the neighborhood, always interested in things which interest the children, began "to take notice." From far and near came men with their wives and children, all ready to lend a hand, and it was not long till a name developed and these meetings were called "Working Bees."

The social side was a natural outgrowth, for the workers must be fed. They brought their lunches, and at first it was a basket picnic, but to eat together was pleasanter, and soon long tables were constructed and all gathered about in harmonious intercourse. "Many hands" quickly performed the necessary labor, and by noon everybody was ready to do ample justice to housewifely provision. Games followed in the afternoon—tennis, baseball, races and other sports; or sometimes the exercises of the school, or little addresses by such authorities as could be had. Prejudice and indifference began to give way, and men were glad to vary the monotony of country life with these "School Working Bees." They soon realized that in observing the methods of the supervisor, and in the exchange of views among themselves, they had gained new and helpful ideas. The school farm was educating the farmers and they liked it.

This was encouraging, and the Holly Springs School Farm became an established institution. The town now has a $7,200 brick school house, four teachers, an eight months term, a three-year high school course, with a domestic science class of twenty girls, and a school garden in which are raised all the vegetables used by the class. This effort on the part of the women, assisted by the wide-awake county superintendent, has had a far-reaching effect, for it has not only enlisted the interest of its own people, but, Mr. Judd believes, has also solved the problem of arousing sympathy and co-operation in rural communities. There are now seventeen school farms in Wake County alone, and the movement bids fair to take the State and the neighboring States. Professor Monahan, assistant director of rural education, who has devoted much time and study to the question, believes that these schools will become the means of a general uplift of conditions in rural districts, where parents have no conception of the value of an education, and where little is now done for children.

The plan is to establish farms of two to ten acres, in each of which some country school shall be interested, though sometimes one farm, midway between two schools, may be cared for by two districts working together. The best farming methods known will be put in use, a system of crop rotation suitable to each locality determined upon, and incidentally the farmers and their children will learn many things about up-to-date, scientific farming.

The public schoolhouse, now a structure of comparatively little social use to the community, will become a great light, radiating information and uplifting thought, leading every farmer's child not only to cultivate his mind, but also to appreciate the work of his own hands, to delight in the growing fields, and to find in his own environment—his own home—a new beauty and harmony.

E. YOUNG WEAD.

THE JOYS OF THE HARVEST TIME

Continued from preceding page

fruits, vegetables and live stock. Among such things as these he spends his days of toil, and on Fair Day he is after novelty, and when he has seen what there is of that, he looks for amusement. He pilots his wife and mother-in-law to the jams, jellies, bread, butter and fancy-work exhibits, steers his sons over to the lung-testers, photograph and tintype galleries, and then hies joyfully away to the tented street whereon are the curved mirrors, the five-legged calf, the fortune-telling parrots, the tatooed man, the snake charmer and half a hundred other familiar Midway features.

In all this there is no hint or suggestion of the religious origin of fairs. Yet, as a matter of history, we know that the great fairs of Europe were, in the beginning, purely religious gatherings. Later, merchants began to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded for the display of their wares to vast crowds of people, assembled from widely separated regions; and the fairs became commercialized.

However, the character of the fair as a festival of the harvest time is still preserved; so that its kinship with harvest festivals known by other names must be recognized. Its origin is grounded deep in the heart of man and the good brown earth. It antedates all religions and all social organization, springing from the joy of the harvest. The first farmer must have rejoiced when he found that the fruits of his labor were sufficient for his needs. After this rejoicing must have come the giving of thanks to the unseen powers that caused the sun to give its light and heat, that made the rains to fall that the seeds might germinate and the plants grow to maturity and ripen.

It gives us a new conception of the solidarity of the human race to realize the fact that the barbarous rites of the Indian snake dancers, the county fairs and clam bakes of New England, the floral fiestas of the Pacific Coast and colored camp meetings of the South, the ancient Hebrew offering of the first fruits, and the harvest festivals of the peasantry of Europe, China and India, all spring

An Indian Harvest Festival

from the same instinct to rejoice in the sufficiency of the fruits of the earth and to give thanks to the powers that gave them.

In America it is only among the agricultural tribes of Indians that the original religious significance of the harvest festival has been retained. Among the Pueblo Indians of the community of Taos in northern New Mexico, the great tribal fiesta takes place September 30 of each year. This celebration is noted for its spectacular ceremonial dances and for its ceremony of climbing the greased pole. Upon the top of the pole is tied a live sheep, a live rooster and a basket containing specimens of every variety of fruit, grain and vegetable produced in the neighborhood. The victor in the pole-climbing contest cuts loose the trophies and casts them down to the waiting crowd. Then follow offerings to the gods of the harvest and a feast to all who care to share the bounty of the tribe's people.

If the bureau of Indian Affairs has its way, it will not be long until the tribal festivals of the harvest to which the red men still cling become but a tradition. The first Indian fair was held in 1905 on the Crow agency in Montana. Every year since then, the Crow Fair has been growing in interest and importance. It attracted the attention not only of bureau officials in Washington but of all others interested in the progress of the Indians toward citizenship. Three years ago Superintendent W. T. Shelton, of the Shiprock Agency, in New Mexico, first tried the experiment among the Navajos. It proved an unqualified success among the members of that tribe also.

It is hoped that the general introduction of the agricultural fair among the Indian tribes will not only encourage agriculture but that it will supplant the tribal dances and fiestas to which the tribesmen cling with all the tenacity of fanaticism. The tribal dance and harvest fiesta are religious observances in honor of the old nature gods. So long as these endure, paganism must continue to flourish. But if the agricultural fair can be made to take the place of the tribal dance and other pagan ceremonies, it is hoped that the old gods will soon be forgotten.

MOSTAPHA, THE MOSLEM MUEZZIN

BY REV. J. C. HARTZELL, M. E. BISHOP OF AFRICA
AND WALTER J. YATES, PH.D.

Mostapha's Minaret

FROM his earliest boyhood he had known the mosque almost as well as he knew his father's house. When very small, in playing with the other barefoot boys in the streets, they often came into the square on which it fronted and heard the call of the muezzin from the minaret above the roof. He would watch the sober-faced men as they went in to prayers, and creeping close up to the doors would peer into the interior. Its columns and ornamentation caught his boyish fancy, and he came to regard it as the most wonderful place, as well as the most holy one, on earth. And was not this wonderful city of Constantine where he lived the greatest and holiest spot on earth? He had never heard of Mecca, nor would he have understood if he had heard. As he grew older, he would curl himself up in a heap in some nook of the bazaar when he saw the strolling minstrels from the desert reciting or singing their religious songs to a company squatted cross-legged on the pavement or sitting sedately on the benches at the sides of the street. He also liked to listen to the discussions of the old men as they sipped their coffee, smoked and disputed about the Prophet, and Moslem customs, and their religion. What interested him most, however, was the muezzin, who five times a day called from far over the mosque roof to the followers of the Prophet to pray to Allah. The mystery of the call added to its fascination. The minaret could not be seen from the square. There was only one place, down a narrow side alley, where it could be seen from the ground. How did the muezzin get up there? Who told him to do it? Why was he always alone? These and a lot of other questions bothered Mostapha. If he could get on top of one of the houses he could see it all. When he grew to be a man he would do it. So the years passed. Mostapha was taught the Koran, as every Moslem boy must be. Three duties every Moslem father must perform for his son. He must teach him obedience and the Koran, and must secure his marriage. Mostapha's father faithfully performed the first two, but died before his boy was old enough to be married. The mother was left with three sons, of whom Mostapha was the oldest. The support of the family fell on him. No small burden in any land, and especially heavy in Moslem North Africa. Fortunately their tastes were simple, their health was good, their actual needs few, and the people around them were as poor as themselves.

Mostapha must work. That was clear. But what could he do to earn money? Now the half-formed dream of boyhood took shape. He would be a muezzin, and from the minaret of the mosque call to prayer all the faithful. It was a startling idea to his family, but so perfectly natural to him that at last he won their consent and secured the place and was put in training. A happy day it was to him when for the first time he climbed the long flight of narrow stairs alone and from the balcony of the minaret gave the call in a strong, clear voice, heard in the busy streets and far up on the rocky crags of the surrounding hills.

He was faithful and devoted to his duties and rapidly gained friends among the influential men of the city. While things were in this prosperous condition an incident occurred which changed his whole life course. Going to the mosque one day he passed a house where he heard singing different from anything to which he was accustomed. It was not Moslem, though the words were Arabic, and the song was a religious one. The voice was European, and the tune was entirely new in character. He was familiar with the weird chanting of the minstrels and their religious songs, which were always tinged with licentiousness if not openly lewd, as they sang on the streets and in the cafés. This new song was about Jesus Christ and trust in him. He understood the words, but what they referred to was a deep mystery to him. The joyous tone of the music attracted him; it was so unlike anything he had ever known. But it perplexed him. Was not Mohammed the true Prophet, and were not all his followers sure of salvation? How then could Jesus Christ be the Saviour of the world, as these people sang? He resented the placing of Jesus Christ above the Prophet, when all the world knew he was not his equal. He was stirred and angry at these newcomers for their false teaching, and the more so because the singing was so very pleasing. He went past the house again and heard them praying and reading some sacred book, but not the Koran; and then they talked about this new religion and of loving God. That was a thought entirely new to him. He watched the people come out. They were fine-looking and very intelligent. The women mingled freely with the men, and yet it was clear to be seen that they were not immoral women, though not veiled. And the women sang, prayed and talked as well as the men. Strangest of all, they seemed to enjoy their religion. He did not understand it at all.

Later, he learned that these people were teaching the common boys of the streets to read and sing and do some useful work, and the girls also who would come to them. Such absurdity! Trying to teach a girl anything! But the girls did learn to read and sing and sew and do a lot of things he had never supposed they could do. Finally, one of the missionaries, who had noticed him as he often stopped and listened near the corner, spoke to him and invited him to come inside. Of course he would not go. He, a Moslem muezzin! But he did talk with the Christian, asking questions and arguing for the Moslem faith. It came about that they met quite frequently. The missionary was wise and knew the truth was working in the mind and heart of the muezzin, though Mostapha neither knew it nor would he have acknowledged it if he had known. The result was inevitable with one of Mostapha's make-up. Gradually he came to know the truth and to realize that Jesus was the only Saviour, and that he needed salvation through Him. He sought and found it. Then came the crisis of his life. What should he do? Could he break with all his old life and his people and declare himself Christian? If he did, how could he support the family? The struggle was long and severe, but he at length boldly declared himself Christian, and was baptized. This made a sensation in Moslem circles, and all possible means were taken to induce him to return to the faith of his fathers, but he held firm. After a time, his younger brothers followed him into the Christian Church. His mother is a woman of more than ordinary strength of character. She approves the action of her sons, but will not become Christian herself. Perhaps the social and family influences and tradition are yet too strong for her.

Mostapha's Sister and Her Children

The Mosque at Constantine

These changes were not made without grave troubles, however. The sister was married and had two beautiful children. Her husband at once divorced her and sent her and her children from his house, refusing to do anything for their support. Now, no Moslem woman of the better class, especially if divorced, can by any means earn her living in a Mohammedan country except by a life of degradation.

Mostapha's sister is an unusually bright and attractive woman of about twenty years of age. Having been brought up in the regular Mohammedan fashion, she had never received such training as would qualify her to undertake her own support and that of her children in any of the ways that, in similar circumstances, would present themselves to an American or European woman of the same social class. The situation was pathetic and almost tragic; but Mostapha met it bravely and took his sister and the little ones back to his mother's house. He must now support them also, and the addition of three to the family made a difference not to be lightly reckoned with. Mostapha's sister has not yet become a Christian, but is cast off by all her husband's people socially as well as religiously.

Training Class at Constantine—Mostapha Standing at the Right

What then of Mostapha? His training in the mosque made him a valuable helper to the missionaries. His knowledge of ten thousand details of daily life, his inborn knowledge of the Oriental mind, his familiarity with the city and its life all conspired to make him an ideal native assistant for the missionary workers. He was employed by them and gradually trained for the new work. He went through the villages as a colporteur, selling Bibles and portions of the Scriptures. This led to argument and finally to short addresses and sermons. He had skill in teaching the younger men and boys, and so he was employed in the school work. He was in due time made a local preacher. At the last session of the conference in Tunis, in February, 1912, he was regularly appointed by Bishop Hartzell as an assistant to the missionaries in his native city of Constantine.

Mostapha, the Moslem muezzin, has become a Christian teacher and preacher.

THE JOY OF ACTIVE SERVICE

A SERMON

BY

Rev. W. Jasper Howell*

TEXT: "I press toward the mark." Phil. 3: 14. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. 7: 16. "Be ye doers, and not hearers only." James 1: 22

YESTERDAY can never satisfy youth nor the middle-aged. The inner self cries out, "Give me to-morrow." Not "what I now am," but rather "what I may yet become," is the only goal acceptable to a normal and right-thinking person. The grandeur of the human spirit is that it can elevate itself above itself. Moral growth is from within and outward. Motive and conduct are joint architects in the erection of that building called personality.

The chief hope of the soul is the certainty of growth. The possibilities of to-morrow stir every man in his daily struggles to reach nobility. Take away the goal, and all effort ceases. The acorn is a future oak, but not till after the storms of many winters. So a child after the experiences of the many testing years of development is the stalwart man. Even the world's greatest philosopher once struggled to learn his letters. It is a long distance from learning to spell and to read till one finds himself an author of books that people gratefully read. So it is in the moral realm. But the letters—possibility and doing—can be used in writing the great sentence—a life growing in goodness. Even in this world, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." The duty urged upon the hearer ought to be—to lead a life of doing. It is not the hearer, but the doer of the word, who has the secret of his Saviour. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Every laboratory, every microscope and telescope tells us of forces at work. Even continents grow. Progress is the preachment of scientists.

The Watchword of Progress

Growth is the watchword in both the physical and the spiritual life. The seed of life—whether material or ideal—requires growth. Environment prevails in the former, but personal effort alone characterizes a human being. Character is the result of doing.

Doing is the expression in conduct of the ideal within. Whenever the ideal changes, the outer action also changes. But often religious forms, ceremonies and creeds refuse to change, even if the inner ideal has perished or entirely changed. Institutions and customs are more fixed than the external actions of one individual. Religion is of the inner spirit. Without the kernel, the outer form and ritual is a shell—lifeless and mechanical. The expansive is the only growing life—the life worth living. Poetry already written can never express all the future aspirations of men's hearts. New poetry must be written. The pulsating life of ideals in men's hearts like a swelling river must overflow the narrow channel. Even godliness with true contentment is not satisfied with past attainment. The holiest ambition of the soul is progress. Is your life a factory or a field? Faith, hope and love are the result of cultivation, and that only by actions that give them expression.

Failure begins when a man ceases to surpass himself. When Thorwaldsen had finished a statue that satisfied him, he discovered that his genius, like Samson's strength, had departed. The best in a man ought to grow to the very last. MacLaren was writing a commentary on the Old Testament in the last year of his life, when past eighty. There is no dead-line in the ministry so long as the thought life is being cultivated by personal effort. It is not old age but the loss of efficiency that sends one from scenes of action into retirement.

Absolute goodness is never reached, even if total depravity could be. Yet there is no standstill. It is inevitable that every man tends either toward the one or toward the other. As no man can acquire all knowledge, neither can he become as faultless and as good as Jesus. But if he does not become better, he must become worse. Though he can never learn more than a fraction of the world's knowledge, yet he ought to strive as if he could. Personal effort is the keynote of growth in the realm of goodness. Whenever, from a mountain height, one has once seen a landscape bounded by a distant horizon, he can never again be satisfied with the outlook that can be had from the bottom of a well. Aspiration creates vision and vision in turn creates many aspirations. Aspirations compel actions. Actions are the goal, which the inner moral self strives to reach. The civil war within between good and bad motives must be brought to an end before outer conduct can become ideal.

In a true sense a motive is an action in embryo, and an action is a motive expressed. Bud and blossom point forward to the ripened fruit. The inner activity of the soul leads to outer activity in conduct.

The Thought and the Act

But being, not doing, is what Jesus requires. A good person rather than his good deeds is his primary requirement. Nevertheless, becoming or being is an impossibility apart from doing. There is no character without conduct. Nor can any person become good until his actions are good. The psychologist says we learn by doing. Jesus teaches that men can become good only by doing that which is right.

Thought is well nigh powerless till it is expressed. Temptation is seldom injurious unless it becomes victorious. It is not said that men shall give account for every idle thought, but rather for every idle word. Yet Jesus says a man's motive is his real self, and his action is less accurate as a definition of his character. But a motive usually has a short life, that is denied its expression in an action. Indeed, that motive cannot be a governing one that never becomes an outer action. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Certainly, motives originate conduct. But actions also create motives. The reflex influence of external conduct on the inner motive life is a greater fact in the daily experiences of men than they are aware of. This is one of the greatest benefits of good habits. As bad conduct makes the heart worse, so good actions make the heart better. The reflex influence of good actions is that they clarify the muddy stream of the heart. Like an eddy, the good actions flow back into the soul. A bad man can begin good actions, because repentance is a fact in men's lives. He cannot continue such actions, however, and remain bad.

Repentance is as much a change of conduct as it is a change of heart. As soon as the inner life begins to change, the outer life also begins to change. The change of either is impossible without the other. Jesus was primarily concerned with the creation of a good person. But good actions are necessary before one can become such a person. A good life, therefore, is the result of good actions. While a good motive is the architect of good conduct, it is conduct alone that gives character its firmness. Habits are not only the result of the groove worn in the brain by the channel of thinking, but especially the result of repeated actions. Indeed, there can be no habits without actions. Habit is not the outcome of thought, but of practice, "pressing toward the mark."

Man's Duty to Act

Paul did not say "this one thing I think—I resolve," but this "one thing I do." Not the idealist merely, but the man of action gains a growth of soul. Actions alone can break the tyranny of bad habits. Thus alone can freedom be gained. "I press toward the mark." Wishing is useless. The greatest weakness is to be content with being as good as one's neighbor. Rather ought one to fight till he is as good as he is capable of becoming. One's neighbor may be a poor criterion for one who would climb. One is disloyal who willingly falls short of his every capacity. Even the good man is bad, if he refuses to try to be a better man. Too often, the good is the enemy of the best. Esau was right in thinking that physical food was good. But he was wrong in acting as if there were nothing better. Some one has well said that if a man is capable of building an empire, he ought not to be satisfied to build a hut.

Many a man has failed to measure up to the talents and prospects of his youth. "The fault is not with our stars, but with ourselves, that we are underlings." The failure is neither with our fates nor with our ideals. Even the man who failed shamefully had ideals enough to have saved him. But he was not a doer. Dreaming can never take the place of action. The physical nerve cries out when in pain. Our environment and companionships are often merciless in their treatment of the finer things of the soul. They may ignore its cry and turn a deaf ear. It then remains for the man himself, the real custodian of his own soul, to turn warrior—to become a doer in behalf of the rights of his own soul. Every man is free to choose his own ideal, but never free to disobey it.

Difficulties need not be millstones about the neck. The man of courage climbs up by them like rounds of a ladder. Intense struggle may mean a fair chance. An iron will can do the impossible and work its way through difficulties. A hard battle is preparation for a harder one. One victory is the forerunner of another struggle. The impossible of to-day becomes the easy task of to-morrow. In no field of endeavor can one long sustain himself by resting on past laurels. The great pianist must practice for hours daily, or else lose what skill he hath. "To him that hath, shall be given." But he who fails to employ his gifts shall suffer decline and loss of capacity. Endurance of character is not gained by one sudden crisis, but rather by the rebuffs of many years. The coral reef is built by a million separate acts.

The Arena for Service

The sacrificial life is the highest form of doing, leading to moral ends. All activity is the expression of stewardship. To acquire means to spend. It may be a greater test to keep money than to earn it. How rightly to acquire and how rightly to use money, education, and Christian experience are problems in the realm of conduct. The man with the one talent failed because he did not act so as to get an increase. Many people do not know how to invest their lives in those activities that will produce usefulness. The human body cannot be kept in health without exercise. Character cannot grow in a vacuum. The ascetic is not the truest type of Christian, because he evades service. Apart from conduct, Christian character is an impossibility. Deny the fish water, and you take its life. Take away from the Christian all unchristian surroundings and social relationships, and you reduce his opportunity to exercise his Christian motives and ideals. The non-use of good motives leads to their decline and extinction. Disuse of the arm tends to atrophy. Old people by bodily exercise have prolonged their lives for years. The Christian heart languishes if acts of service and sacrifice are not required of it. Do not pity the day laborer but the leisure class—the idle rich. With such ever pleasure palls, and life itself is a burden to the idle and aimless. The community is an arena for the exercise of loving deeds and a sacrificial ministry in the behalf of others and their moral well-being. We cannot be moral unless we strive to make others moral. We cannot remain Christian unless we strive to make others Christian also.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

* Pastor of First Baptist Church, Columbia, Mo.

Poems Every One Should Know

TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas;
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky—
I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SLEEP

SLEEP, silence, child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest;
Lo, by thy charming-rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou sparest, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, oh, come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show;
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath.
I long to kiss the image of my death.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Under the Ban of Rome

ON JULY 1 Bishop M. J. Hoban, of the Scranton diocese, placed a ban on St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Church, at Nanticoke, and excommunicated several of the members who went to law to force the bishop to give up title to the church property, and thus break an old law of the church. The trouble dated back four years, following the death of Father Gramolowicz, who had been pastor for thirty years. The members wanted to select their own priest, and when the bishop refused the request, they proceeded in court to compel him to give up title to the church, the deed being turned over recently.

The bishop called the action of the congregation a "scandalous attack" on the church. His letter, which was made public to-day, says in part:

"Certain men in defiance of the laws of the Catholic Church brought suit against the bishop of Scranton, and thus incurred excommunication from the Catholic Church of Jesus. I now declare these men cut off from all rights and privileges of Catholics. I now declare that the Church of St. Stanislaus, Nanticoke, is hereby placed under interdict and that no Catholic service of any kind shall be held therein, nor shall any Catholic enter therein without incurring ecclesiastical censure. Forever the cemetery of St. Stanislaus is placed under interdict."

The foregoing extract is from the Philadelphia *North American*. Just what this Polish congregation did—whether they stood firm or were terrorized into inaction by the ban of the church—does not appear.

Anvil Sparks

..YOU must go down before you go up.

..AN OPEN mind should keep good sentinels at the door.

..WHEN any one boasts of his goodness, we know that he has little to boast of.

..IF YOU scatter the seeds of kindness there awaits you a harvest of good will.

..IF THERE were coins as small as a mill, some men would go to church ten times on a single cent.

..THE things that man actually needs are very plentiful, and very beautiful, and very good.

..JOSEPH found his path to the Egyptian court through the pit into which his brothers threw him.

TWO GLASSES OF MILK

KEEN-SCENTED reporters are busy night and day in every city and town of this great country hunting out the bitter tragedies and the shocking scandals of life to make big-type stories for the newspapers. We think, sometimes, that the world is more bad than good, and that crime and sorrow are the rule of life rather than the exception. It is not so. The newspapers do not reflect the whole of life.

If as many reporters were detailed to hunt up the records of goodness and joy, they would find countless stories of love and devotion and self-denial. They would find far more goodness and beauty than evil. They would find that many men and women are working *and living* in quiet usefulness and purity of character to gladden other lives and to exalt and sweeten the life of the nation.

A prominent surgeon was riding one summer day through the country on his bicycle. The road was long and dusty; the afternoon heat was intense. The open gate of a farmstead invited him to turn in. An enticing glimpse of cool, green shade, and of a well sweep, with a shining dipper hanging near, promised rest and refreshment.

A young woman was sitting on the porch, and arose to meet the doctor as he approached, asking permission to help himself to water at the well.

"Certainly," she exclaimed, "but wouldn't you like some milk instead? We have a pitcher of fresh milk on the ice, and I shall be glad if you will have some of that."

"Oh, thank you," replied the doctor, "that would be delightful, but I'm afraid it would impose too much on your kindness. The water will answer as well."

But with a charming grace the young woman insisted upon bringing the pitcher of milk, and the tired doctor drank two glasses of it and was refreshed. When he had rested and was about to go he handed the young woman his card and said, "If you ever come to the city and need the advice of a physician, please call me."

. . .

MONTHS passed and the incident was forgotten. About a year later the mother of the household was very ill. The local doctor, who had attended her for many years, could do no more, and informed her that she must go to the city to a hospital for a serious operation. This was sad news for the little family, whose income was slender. The mother protested that such expense was out of the question, but both father and daughter insisted, and planned between themselves for the sacrifices they would make to meet the cost.

Preparations for the trip were hastily completed. The daughter arranged to go and to stay near the hospital at the home of an aunt. While packing her trunk, the card of the bicycle traveler was found, and the young lady decided at once that she would hunt him up as soon as she reached the city, before selecting the hospital. She was somewhat awed as she entered the house of the great surgeon, but he set her at ease in a moment and made her happy by remembering her. She explained all that the country doctor had said about her mother, and asked his advice as to which hospital she should select.

"My dear young lady," said the great-hearted man, as he took her hand, "if you will trust your mother to me I shall be very happy to do all I can for her. I have my own private sanatorium right here and will personally attend to your mother. In the morning I will send a carriage for her and you can come to see her every day. If you have any doubts about the matter just write your doctor and tell him I have the case."

The next day her mother was safely established at the sanatorium, and her daughter was assured that everything possible would be done for her comfort. But in the evening there was panic at her aunt's house.

"My child! What have you done? That man charges the most terrible prices. They say he gets a thousand dollars for one operation, and when he keeps a patient at his own hospital he charges fifty dollars a week for board and nursing. Oh, dear! you should have asked about this before taking your mother there. Your poor father can never pay such charges."

So the frightened girl fled to her room and wept alone in her dismay; but as she remembered the kind face and gentle tones of the great surgeon, she felt that somehow it would come out right.

. . .

THE operation was entirely successful, and at length the happy daughter was told that she could take her mother home in two weeks. This would make a total stay of four weeks at the sanatorium, and as she realized what this meant, together with the cost of the operation, which the great man had performed himself, the anxious girl began again to wonder, with fear tugging at her heart, how they would ever be able to pay.

The final day arrived. In the surgeon's private office were the father, mother, and daughter ready to return to their home. The mother was entirely well and looked better and happier than she had been for years. The father and daughter were happy because of the mother's splendid recovery, but the daughter could not shake off her worry on account of the bill which the surgeon would soon give them.

"Now, I am so glad that you are all right again," he said, "and I hope your little visit with me has done you good that will last. I have put your bill in this envelope, which I will ask you not to open until you get home this evening. Then after you have finished supper you can take it out and talk it over."

A little puzzled, but profuse with thanks for giving back health to the beloved mother, the family departed. That evening when the meal was over, the envelope was brought out, and at least one heart beat quickly as the bill was unfolded. Here is the way it read:

To professional service rendered. $.....
To service at Sanatorium. $.....
$.....

Received payment in full, by two glasses of milk given to a weary traveler.

All the main facts of this story are true, and come to me from the Secretary of the Maryland Christian Endeavor Union, Alfred S. Day. It is only one illustration of the beautiful truth that giving pleasure is getting pleasure; doing good is receiving good. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Do You Know Your Bible?

ANSWERS to List No. 7 of our Bible Questions are still coming in as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, and the publication of the answers and the honor roll is necessarily postponed till next week's issue. It is important to send answers promptly. One of our students, Willian Tin Soon, is a young Chinese boy living in Honolulu. That is so far from New York that it is almost impossible for him to get his answers to us on time. He is doing fine work, and would have been on the honor roll last month if his letter had reached the office a bit earlier. Eleven of his answers were right. Most of our other Bible students live much nearer than that, and they can get their answers in on time if they will work fast and mail their letters promptly.

Here are the new questions:

LIST NO. 8

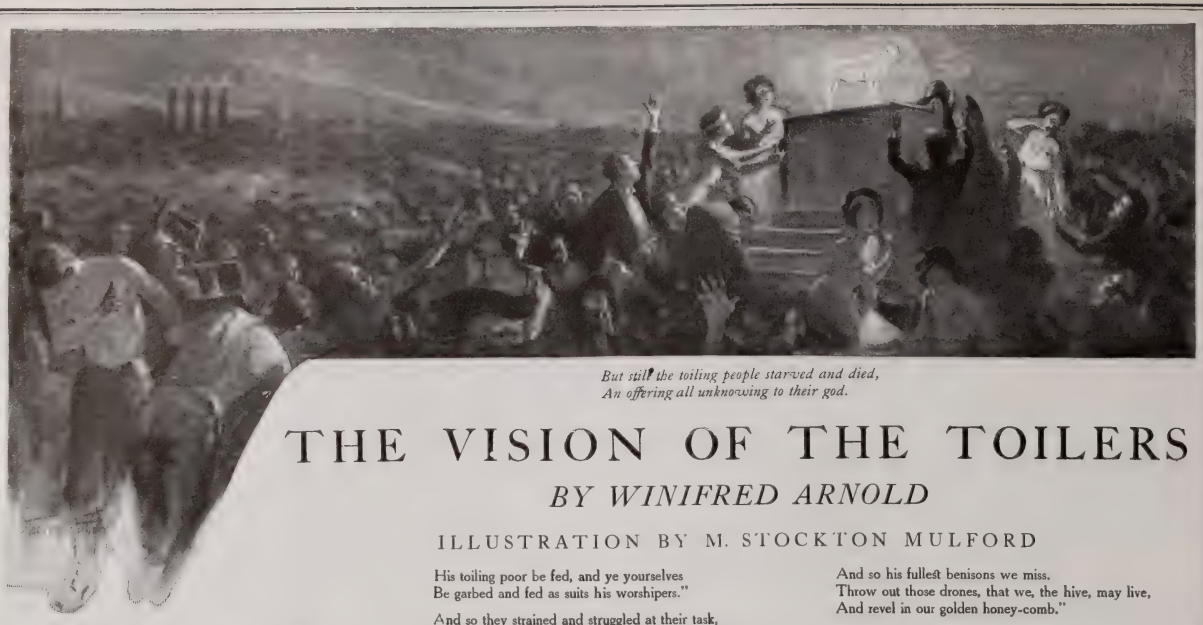
1. On what occasion did four men sit upon the ground seven days and seven nights?
2. What king was allowed to choose one of three punishments for his transgression?
3. What is the first Bible reference to a hypocrite?
4. What prophet was suspended between earth and heaven by his hair?
5. What births recorded in the Scriptures were announced by angels?
6. In what passage does an Old Testament prophet mention by name three men of eminent piety, and who were they?
7. What member of the early church tried the patience of the Beloved Disciple by his ambition for leadership?
8. To persons meeting what conditions did Jesus declare that he would manifest himself?
9. What does the New Testament say of a man who says he loves God yet hates his brother?
10. Where should the Christian's eyes be directed while he is running his race?
11. What argument does Paul present in a passage in Romans to show that we may ask large things from God?
12. By what two things does a passage in Revelation declare that Christians overcome the devil?

New York Anti-Graft Crusade

A GREAT mass meeting of citizens of all classes was held in Cooper Union, New York, on August 14, at which resolutions were adopted demanding that the police alliance with criminals shall cease, that vice shall be dealt with by the strong arm of the law and that the reign of "graft" and blackmail—the price of police protection paid by the gamblers, the "white slavers," and the gangs of professional criminals—must come to an end. Speeches were made by District Attorney Whitman and several others, including Mr. Emery R. Buckner, the brilliant young lawyer who is to conduct the graft investigation. It was a gathering which, in numbers, spirit and enthusiasm, recalled the famous meetings when the people of the metropolis rose in their power and overthrew the notorious Tweed Ring. A Citizens' Committee was appointed to co-operate with the district attorney in bringing the guilty to justice—not only the murderers of Rosenthal, the gambler, but every person who is shown to be connected with the gigantic system of police protection for the criminal classes.

The search for Rosenthal's assassins continues, two of them being still at large. Another of the suspects, Sam Schepps, has been arrested at Hot Springs, Ark. He is said to have been one of the go-betweens and to have received and paid over the "blood money" given by Webber at the order of Lieutenant Becker, to enable the murderers to get away from New York. Jack Sullivan, the intimate friend of Becker, who is now in the West Side Prison, New York, is said to have joined Rose, Webber and Vallon in making a clean breast of his connection with the graft collections.

It is said the evidence has been found proving that $250,000 of graft was deposited in New York City banks by men connected with the police and that at least one important official is implicated.



But still the toiling people starved and died,
An offering all unknowing to their god.

THE VISION OF THE TOILERS

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATION BY M. STOCKTON MULFORD

THE people gathered in the market-place,
Where sat their golden god, Prosperity,
And said: "The time has come when all must toil
To offer fitting tribute at his feet,
To gild his altars and make fat his priests,
To deck ourselves as suits his worshipers,
To feed the poor who flock from foreign shores
That they may glean in his rich harvest fields.
So all must labor; strive with hand or brain.
No longer can we let those dreamers go
To distant mountain-tops among the clouds,
To worship their strange gods, and to return
With visions that they thrust before our eyes
Of splendid far-off cities they have seen
With walls all grounded deep on Truth and Right,
And towers shining in Love's fadeless day."

AND so they dragged their dreamers from their dreams,
And chained them to the treadmill with the rest,
And blinded eyes that search for mountain-tops,
And said: "Ye idle ones, turn now and work,
That our great golden god may bless us still.
His altars must be heaped, his praises sung,
His toiling poor be fed, and ye yourselves
Be garbed and fed as suits his worshipers."

And so they strained and struggled at their task,
Those dreamers, lashed to round of humdrum toil,
And slaved and sweat to make their offerings meet,
Like blinded Samson with his strength all gone.

So still the altars shone, and still uprose
The loud-voiced pæans in the despot's praise;
But still the toiling people starved and died,
An offering all unknowing to their god.

Then spake their leaders: "Some are shirkers still,
Some are not striving with their hearts' full strength.
It is these dreamers here. Pile on more chains,
And lay the lash upon their bared backs,
Till from their souls they worship and adore."

BUT still the people perished, though, bowed down,
The dreamers strained and tugged with heartstrings taut,
And pyres burned high for man and little child,
While women in their shameful woman's plight
Were offered to the god of gold and lust.

Then cried the people: "Throw those idlers out;
Too long we've suffered them to burden us.
They are no honest worshipers of his,
Our splendid, mighty, golden-throned god,
And so his fullest benisons we miss.
Throw out those drones, that we, the hive, may live,
And revel in our golden honey-comb."

So roughly then they tore the cords away,
And roughly they unwrapped their dazzled eyes,
And lashed them forth with taunt and threat, to starve.

But, once outside that cursed market-place,
The dreamers seemed to gather strength, and soon,
As if with manna fed, they struggled on
With eyes still smarting, but with hearts grown strong.
And feet that bled, but climbed the narrow way
Up to the misty mountain-tops where rise
Those altars to that God still all "Unknown."
Then, worshiping, they turned their longing eyes
To where, still distant, but still fair and true,
The vision gleamed—the City of their God.

THEN back to all their members rushed the strength
Of Deity itself, and with his love
All brimming in their hearts, they turned and ran
Back to the market-place, to bring new life
To those who perish there without that sight,
And starve for heavenly food, and know it not.
Back to the market-place with outstretched hands,
Filled full of living Bread.
Oh, will the people eat?

MONT-LAWN AS OTHERS SEE IT

WHAT the readers of this journal think of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, near Nyack-on-the-Hudson, is already well known from the many hundreds of letters that have been received from subscribers who have visited "The Children's Paradise." But there are many others who, though not united by the same sympathetic bond of interest as the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family Circle, have come into personal contact with the work at Mont-Lawn and have expressed their warm admiration and approval of what they saw there.

Editor George B. Helmle of the Nyack *Journal*, in a recent issue of his paper, gives this description of a visit he paid to our Children's Home:

"Little do the people of Nyack, or, for that matter, of any other town, fully realize just what a place THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home for Children is, or what it does for thousands of the poor of the great city. If the joy, the health, the sunshine and the lasting impression upon the minds and hearts of these hundreds of youngsters could but find adequate and full expression in one grand outburst, the power of it all would fairly shake the earth and awaken mankind to the fact that there is really something worth while, and worth supporting, going on at Mont-Lawn.

"A few days ago quite a number of friends were invited by Miss E. Goering, the matron, to spend the greater part of a day up there. It happened to be Saturday, the day of unusual interest and activity among the little tots of the great tenement districts of the big city, many of whom, at this place, get their first real glimpse of dear old mother earth and the wonders which God has wrought upon it. And what an awakening! The velvety grass, the grand old trees, the flowers, the birds, the sunshine, the invigorating air, the majestic Hudson, the pretty cottages, the beautiful Temple, the great graceful flag, cannot help but stir the emotions and fill one's soul with the conviction that God is good and that man ought to be more like him.

"Every ten days, through the summer season, some three hundred little folks are thus received, entertained and impressed at this institution. Over all these reigns a little woman, full of pent-up enthusiasm and firm determination. For two years she has been matron of the Home, and never before in its history has the general management gone along so well and so smoothly. With Dr. Sandison, president, and Henry Colver, treasurer of the Home, together with Otto Koenig, president and treasurer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Publishing Company, Matron Goering works in harmony.

"Any housekeeper can well realize what it means to provide suitable and healthy food and entertainment for three hundred or more youngsters hardly old enough to be away from their mother's apron strings. And they have good food, too, meat at least once a day, while some three hundred quarts of milk and some two hundred loaves of bread are consumed daily by the empty little stomachs, always crying out, as did Oliver Twist of old, 'more, more.'

"In the morning the children are taken on short walks, and the teachers give them nature talks. Kindergarten instruction fills in the afternoon, while the smaller children delight to play in sand pits, especially prepared. On rainy days, and they are not many, the hurdy-gurdy is put at work and indoor amusements are afforded; thus the children are continually amused and instructed. Time and space will not permit a detailed description of the clean and pretty dormitories; the new bath-house with shower baths, and a swimming pool which is soon to be added; the self-consuming and sanitary sewage system; Fort Plenty, the open air dining-hall, where, when all are in their places, at a tap of the bell, they sing, in unison, that quaint old grace:

> "God is great and God is good,
> And we thank him for our food;
> By his hand must all be fed.
> Give us, Lord, our daily bread. AMEN.

"But the songs and the singing of these youngsters! That is the wonder and the delight of the visitors, for some, indeed, are moved to tears, as the three hundred or more take their seats in the beautiful Temple, and with prayer and song and talks and blessing, this small army of joy-hearted boys and girls, of every creed and nationality, sing the touching songs of faith and patriotism.

"The wonder of it all is the rapidity with which these children learn, not only the words, but the music of the songs, and they sing with a fervor that is surprising. This, no doubt, they imbibe from their leader, Professor Noll, whose enthusiasm, rigid yet kindly teaching and patience bring about such surprising and satisfactory results. 'Mont-Lawn Bells,' 'It Never Pays to be Bad,' and the 'Glory Song' are the favorites, and when the children get onto the swing of these songs the Temple fairly rings, and what is especially pleasing is the two-part songs, and visitors are so delighted that they can hardly refrain from applauding. It is certainly fine! Saturday and Sunday afternoons are the best times to visit this Children's Paradise, and visitors are always welcome."

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea"; "The Two Captains"; "Hearts and the Highway"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Lieutenant Colonel John H. Compton, in command of four troops, is stationed at Fort Sullivan among the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains. The country is in a state of feverish unrest, as the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians are on the war-path, and many settlers have been massacred. Colonel Compton's wife, Mary, and their little four-year-old daughter, Ethel Benton, are with him at the fort. There are several other women, wives of officers, and Mrs. Compton's pretty Irish maid, Molly McNeil, who dearly loves the little girl. Molly is very popular with the soldiers, but gives her preference to Private Danny Meagher of Troop B. One day an alarm is given, the officer of the guard reports Indians on the hills to the westward, and the troops are ordered to get ready. In the meantime little Ethel has wandered from the enclosure, the Indians see her, and the chief swoops down on horseback and carries her off. With frantic haste the soldiers pursue the marauders, but the colonel knows his men are outclassed in numbers and there are still women to protect in the fort, so he causes the recall to be sounded. An investigation is held as to how the child got out of the grounds. Private Meagher comes forward and confesses 'twas his fault in not guarding the gate, but Molly McNeil takes the blame on herself, saying she tempted "the bhoy." The Indians put up a flag of truce, and Colonel Compton and his officers meet three of their leaders. These propose to give up the child in return for the fort. The proposition is haughtily rejected, and death is threatened to the little one. Private Meagher is put under arrest and is to be courtmartialed, when he asks to speak with the colonel.

CHAPTER IV

PRIVATE MEAGHER DESERTS TO THE ENEMY

In a few moments Meagher, attended by a corporal's guard, was marched into the colonel's room. His guard released him and stepped back; the colonel motioned them to remain in the room.

"Well?" he said sternly.

Meagher moistened his lips and tried to speak, but could make no sound.

"Speak out," said the colonel; "what do you want?"

"If the colonel pleases," Meagher at last gasped out, "I—" He found difficulty in continuing.

"You have not come to beg for mercy, have you?"

"No," returned the private, a little color coming to his face. "I acknowledge me fault, sor, an' 'tis all mine. You won't do anything to Molly, sor?"

"What can I do? She is a woman and—"

"It was me that tempted her, sor. I clean forgot meself an'—"

"There is no justification in that."

"I know it, sor, I know what I've done an' what I deserve. I know what the court martial will award me. I've got nothing to say agin' the justice of it. I'm ready to take me punishment like a man. I failed in me duty, sor, but the colonel knows I'm no coward, an' Captain Calmore knows it too, sor."

"Yes," said Calmore, thus appealed to, "I know it."

"You didn't come here to tell us that, I take it," said the colonel, "and—"

"I am coming to it, sor. Next to Molly," said Private Danny, "I loved that baby of yours, an' before I'm punished for me fault, I'd like to git her away from the red devils yonder if she's alive."

"Yes, we'd all like to do that," said Dexter coldly.

"Well, sor, I want to try it, if the colonel pleases."

"Try it!" exclaimed the colonel. "Are you mad?"

"Oh, listen to him," interposed Mrs. Compton, who had heard in silence all that had transpired.

"Have you a plan?"

"I have, sor."

"What is it?"

"'Tis to escape this night an' pretend to Dull Knife an' his men that I'm a desarter, an' by that means to git into their camp an' then to take a chance at stealing away with the young missy."

"Ninety-nine chances to a hundred you'd get shot before you could have speech with Dull Knife."

"Yes, no doubt, sor, but I'd be glad to take the wan chance for the sake of the child, if the colonel would let me. The court will probably condemn me to death anyway," pleaded Meagher, "an' why not let me thry before I die? Besides, sor, if I were kilt that way, it would save the record of the regiment, which has never had a case like mine before."

The door from the dining-room was thrown suddenly open. Molly burst into the room and threw herself at the colonel's feet.

"For the love of heaven," she cried, "don't let him do it."

"And would you rather have him shot as a criminal by his comrades than take that kind of a chance?" said the colonel coldly. He had not much sympathy for Molly after her folly.

"I don't want him shot at all, at all, for I love him," Molly cried.

"Molly, is it the truth you are saying?" cried Meagher.

"It is," returned the woman. "I treated you shamefully; 'tis my fault."

One of the soldiers found a little girl's shoe

"Indeed, 'tis not," protested Danny Meagher earnestly. "Does the colonel belave me? I'm as good as a dead man; I wouldn't lie to him now."

"I don't believe you would," Compton admitted.

"An' I swear I don't want to pretend to desart to save me life. I want to save the child, an' I give the colonel an' the other officers present me word of honor that I'll come back if I live whether I save the child or not an' surrender meself a prisoner for trial. 'Tis only the word of a private, sor."

"The honor of a private soldier of the American army should be as dear to him as that of any officer," returned Compton.

"And it is, sor, thank your honor for them words," exclaimed Meagher.

"Oh, Danny, Danny," wailed the woman, "don't go."

"'Tis only the colonel's permission I am waitin' for, Molly, darlin'," returned the man.

"What do you think, Dexter?" asked Compton.

"I don't think there is a chance in the world, but as far as I am concerned, I'd rather have him shot by the Indians than do it ourselves, and it would in a way save the regimental record if he could escape."

"I agree with Captain Dexter," said Calmore in answer to an interrogative look from the colonel. "I believe that Meagher means what he says, and there is a bare chance that he can bring it off. I am in favor of letting him escape."

"Let him go," whispered Mrs. Compton, although no one had asked her opinion, which nevertheless had more weight than any other with her husband.

"I'll bring that baby back to you, ma'am, or I'll die the death of a desarter, if the colonel will only let me go," said Meagher.

The colonel was sunk into a brown study.

"Meagher," he said at last, "I am inclined to accede to your request."

"Heaven bless you, sor," answered Meagher, his face lighting.

"You give me your word of honor that, successful or not, you will surrender for trial again when the opportunity arises?"

"My word of honor, sor, so help me God," said Meagher, with great solemnity.

"I take it," answered Compton briefly. "Now as to the details."

"The moon will be up in an hour, sor," returned Meagher. "I have thought it all out. I can git over the wall of the corral, slink along the stockade till I reach the meadow an' then make a dash for it. The men on guard will fire at me, the more of them the merrier, an' if I could git hit an' slightly wounded so as not to knock me out, it would be better. It would make them believe then that I was honest."

Molly lay on the floor moaning.

"My dear," said the colonel sharply, "if that woman doesn't stop, I will have her taken out. Very well, Meagher, it shall be as you say. Corporal, you have heard all that has passed?"

"Yes, sir," answered the corporal of the guard, saluting.

"And you, too, men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take the prisoner away, and send for Mr. Dalton and Sergeant Brace."

"Thank you, sor, an' God bless you," cried Meagher, "I'll do me best to show meself a man an' to bring you back the baby."

"Corporal," said the colonel, "just let the prisoner step into the dining-room alone a moment. No, he won't run away now."

It was quite evident what the colonel gave the soldier that permission for, and Molly, struggling to her feet, followed after him and closed the door behind her. The colonel's wife looked at him gratefully because of his kindness.

"Mr. Dalton," said the colonel as the officer of the guard, accompanied by Sergeant Brace, entered the room. "I have decided to allow the prisoner, Meagher, to escape. He intends to desert to the Indians in the hope that he may be received by them and find an opportunity to steal away my little daughter."

"Very good, sir," returned Dalton.

"You are to let him go over the wall near the stockade; he is to slink along the stockade until he gets to the meadow and then make a dash for it; the guard is to discover it and open fire upon him until he gets out of range; care must be taken, however, not to hit him, also you must not overdo the firing. Let it be just what would occur if a prisoner were escaping; understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Brace, you, too, comprehend?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; we must have no hitch about it; it seems to be our only chance."

"I will attend to it, sir."

"Very good; you can go."

The colonel himself stepped to the door of the dining-room and called Meagher. The soldier tore himself away from the clasp of Molly's arms, and,

Continued on page 841

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Where Are You Known?

SOMETHING was in the papers not long ago about the postmaster of a great American city. The city was so large and important that its postmaster is something of a national character. The thought perhaps occurred to more than one mind that it is odd to discover how unfamiliar the name of a man holding so important a position may be outside his own State. One often thinks this about even the governors of the various States. They hold offices of high rank and authority; they are national figures. Yet if the present voters of America were challenged to name all, or half, the governors of the forty-eight States before they could vote, it is likely that not many ballots would be cast.

Often the situation is reversed. People who are little known or not highly regarded near home are famous in the outside world. Many a poet or artist or scholar is lightly esteemed in his own community, but is admired and loved by multitudes elsewhere.

As there are many other States and countries than the one in which a citizen may be well known, so there are other realms than this, realms of the heavenly kingdom. And it may be that people well known in this world are scarcely known at all in the greater territories above, while many who are well known there are unknown here.

Jesus said to his disciples, "Your names are written in heaven." It is a tremendous thing to have our names written in the records of heaven. But is anything else there besides our names? "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth." Do you not think the people that bring in the new names are well known in heaven? Every time a name is added a record is doubtless made of the name of the one who brought in the newcomer to the fold.

Then there are people faithful in other forms of work: people who are peculiarly patient, people who know how to bear disappointments and distresses with cheerfulness; people who are on the lookout for some one to help or comfort. There are people noted in heaven for the prayers they make. Matters are stirred throughout the spiritual world when these folks go to their knees.

Multitudes of aged Christians who have been somewhat forgotten in the present rush of church work are far from forgotten in heaven. Dear old men and women who live quietly and modestly, out of the modern currents, perhaps, and fearing they are of not much account, are of vastly greater service than they dream. Perhaps the prayers they make in their old-fashioned homes are doing more to bring down the power of God and keep heaven's blessing upon church and community than the vigorous labor of the stalwart younger folk.

It will be pleasant if we can find, some day, that we are well known in heaven. We should not work for that end; if one should start out with that motive, to win heavenly fame, he would fail of it, just as those who set out to win earthly fame usually fail of that. But to lose oneself in affectionate service for Christ; to be alert in doing his will; to be faithful and fervent and triumphant in prayer; to be mighty in faith; to be sweet and patient in trouble; to be eagerly winning new souls for the heavenly citizenship; to be losing our life that others may find life; to be forgetting self in zeal for Christ and in tender care and earnest work for others—to be living that sort of life is to be getting fame in heaven.

Where Science Fails

MANY readers of this journal will doubtless recall the case of Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs, the distinguished theologian, whose trial in 1892-93 for the dissemination of certain radical views concerning the authority of the Scriptures, was a famous case in those days. In a recent issue of the *American Journal of Theology*, Dr. Briggs tells something of his subsequent investigations in the study of Christology. He says:

> In late years, I have sought to find in the most recent results of scientific and philosophical investigation something that would help in the study of the most difficult theological questions, anything that would enable me to test, verify, or correct the Christological opinions I had inherited from my teachers; and I venture to affirm that I have found very little help. And I challenge any man to produce any valid results of modern philosophy or modern science that will in the slightest degree impair the Christ of the church as represented in her creeds and institutions. It is significant that the modern objectors to the Christ of the church content themselves with challenging the definitions that the church has already made. They revive ancient heresies, nothing more. These speculators, many of them, call themselves Modernists. They tell us they have a new theology. They may be Modernists in the philosophical and scientific spheres, and may have new speculations, some true and some false; but so far as theology is concerned, and the Christ of the church, they have nothing new or modern.

In all his experiences, as Dr. Briggs' article implies, he has never been away from Christ. He found that science failed completely to shake the basis recognized by the theologians as applying to the great central Figure of the Christian faith. It is a fine thing when great minds begin to perceive such limitations—to understand clearly that, after all, the natural cannot compass the spiritual, and that the methods and apparatus of the ablest scientist are but poor tools with which to measure infinity. And when a man, having skirted the wilderness, comes back to the good and stable ground of simple faith, he finds it a land of realization, where the humblest believer may know those sacred and blessed truths which science and philosophy are quite incapable of demonstrating.

The Papacy in Politics

MANY and vehement have been the denials of the Catholic press of the charge that the Roman Church has ever attempted or contemplates attempting active interference in American politics. These disclaimers were scattered to the winds when a direct order was received from Rome by the Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at Notre Dame, Ind., on August 8, the facts concerning which are set forth in the following press dispatch which appeared in the New York *Times* on August 9:

> A sensation was caused to-day at the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, now in progress at Notre Dame, Ind., when the president of the Union, the Rev. Peter O'Callaghan of Chicago, announced that he had received a communication from the Pope commanding that the members of the Union have no connection with the Prohibition Party.

This is interpreted officially, of course, as meaning that it is the wish of the Pope that the members be left free to work in any party they may desire; but the rigid discrimination against the Prohibition Party is evident, and as there is no other temperance organization with a national ticket in the field, the order can only be construed as having one object, viz.: to drive the Catholic temperance vote over to the candidate favored by the Church. Why is it not perfectly logical to conclude that, having now claimed the right to forbid the support of one political party, the Pope will presently claim the right to *command* the support of another political party? It is added that the Pope's wishes meet with the approval of practically all the ecclesiastics in attendance at the convention.

In 1886, Leo XIII. gave this command:

> We exhort all Catholics to devote attention to public affairs, and take part in all municipal affairs and elections and all public services, meetings and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in countries where they live. All Catholics should exert their power to cause the constitution of States to be modeled on principles of the true church.

The order conveyed to the Catholic Total Abstinence Convention, however absurd it may appear on the surface, is an instance of actual papal interference in American politics which can hardly be misinterpreted. It is a part of the great campaign "to make America Catholic," under which the promotion of the church's welfare is superior to all other considerations. It also reminds us that a loyal son of the Roman Church is "a Catholic *first* and a citizen *afterward*." How the Prohibition leaders regard this order we do not know, but we presume they at least will accept it as convincing proof of the pernicious activity of the Church of Rome in our national politics.

Our Heathen at Home

MISSIONARIES who have returned on furlough from their posts in foreign lands express surprise at the progress Orientalism has made here within the last few years. Places of Vedanta worship, conducted by so-called swamis, are spreading here with amazing rapidity. Los Angeles, Pittsburg, Washington, Boston, St. Louis, Denver, San Francisco, Chicago and Lowell have now swamis or other leaders of occultism, and it is asserted that over thirty thousand persons, mostly women, attend the services and follow the strange pagan doctrines. In round numbers, the deluded American followers of these teachers of heathenism are said to reach one hundred thousand. This is probably an exaggerated estimate; yet it is a matter for wonder that any movement of this character should be able to make such headway in a land which is doing so much to convert the heathen abroad to the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Vedantism claims to be a universal religion. It has been called the core of Hinduism. It is an ancient, pantheistic philosophy, subtle and indefinite, yet alluring to many minds through its mysticism and its teaching of successive incarnations. When one hears that there are fifteen thousand Americans allied with the Mazdagna sun-worship propaganda alone, and that this particular cult has its temples here in which ancient rites, suited to the necromancy of medieval times, are performed, one is naturally incredulous. Surely here is a field for missionary work right at home. To conceive of Americans worshiping Krishna, who had 16,000 wives and 180,000 sons during his incarnation, and "Kali the Terrible," whose history is probably the most repulsive of that of any heathen deity, demands such a stretch of imagination that the average person will refuse to believe in its possibility.

It is time for a counter movement by the churches of our land to check the influence of this strange and unnatural development, and to give to the misguided devotees the real truth about the pagan beliefs into which they have been beguiled by the skilful swamis, who are making a rich harvest, especially from susceptible women.

General Notes

—MULAI HAFID, Sultan of Morocco, has abdicated in favor of his brother, Mulai Youssef. The change of ruler was a peaceful one. The ex-Sultan has gone to France, taking with him his entire harem and a large number of attendants.

—JACOB SCHURMAN, of Ithaca, N. Y., president of Cornell University, has been appointed United States minister to Greece. He is fifty-eight years of age and has had a brilliant career. He went to Cornell in 1886 as Sage Professor of Philosophy, and was elected president of that institution in 1892.

—NEW YORK IS TO HAVE another gigantic skyscraper, which is to be the largest office building in the world. It will rise on the site of the present Equitable building and $14,000,000 is said to have been the price paid for the land alone. It will occupy a whole city block from Broadway through to Nassau Street, and will have thirty-six stories. The sale of the land is the largest single transaction of the kind in the city's history

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

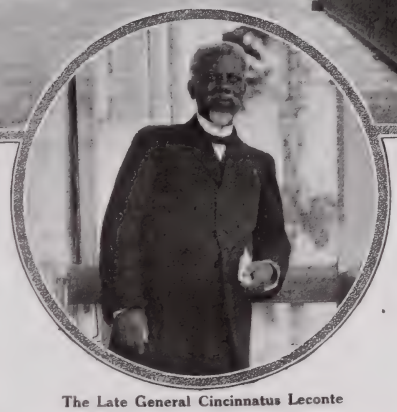
CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Leconte, Haitian President, Killed

THE National Palace was blown up in Port-au-Prince August 8 and General Cincinnatus Leconte, president of the republic of Haiti, was killed. With him perished his ughter and son-in-law, who was the Minister of iblic Works. Among the burned and blasted ins the president's body was found on the bed on ich it had slept, burned to a crisp. Having won s office by the sword, Leconte determined to have rce ready at hand, and had stowed his palace llar with vast quantities of munitions of war. A e in the palace set these explosives off, and scores, not hundreds, of persons were killed or injured, d houses for a mile around were damaged. It is t known certainly whether the explosion was an cident or the result of a plot of his enemies. It more than likely that his enemies did it, for a ajority of the presidents of that republic in the st hundred years have been urdered while in office, and ost of the rest have been sent to exile. Only the smallest mber, less than a half dozen, ve ever been allowed to live t their presidential terms. In 01 Toussaint l'Ouverture broke e power of France in Haiti, d a few years later a republic as established, which has con-nued with almost no interrup-on as the form of government l now. Stormy as it has been, e Haitian republic is one of e oldest democracies in the rld. Leconte was the twenty-cond native ruler of the re-blic. He was a mulatto be-een forty-five and fifty years age, and previous to entering aitian politics he practiced w. In 1908, when he became ominent in Haitian affairs, he as Minister of the Interior in e cabinet of President Nord exis and leader of the govern-nt forces in defending the esident against the rebels. On ovember 25 he was reported to ve been killed and his com-nd routed, but Leconte man-ed to save his life by escaping a rowboat, accompanied by veral officers of his command, nding at Petit Goave. Re-rning from exile he plotted ainst and overthrew the administration of Presi-nt Simon in May of last year, and on August 29 llowing he was elected as the successor, which sition he had not held a year at the time of his ath. President Leconte was credited by some of ose familiar with Haitian affairs with being the st-educated man in Haiti, broad-minded, liberal his views, and desirous of developing the re-urces of the country and bringing greater osperity to its people. General Tancrede as chosen by the Senate and Chambers in Na-nal Assembly as successor. The well-nigh uni-rsal killing of the rulers of Haiti, of which the st is probably no exception, reminds us of the as-ssination of Eglon King of Moab by Ehud:

e opened not the doors of the parlor: therefore they took a , and opened them: and, behold, their lord was fallen down d on the earth. (Judges 3: 23.)

The National Palace of Haiti, Which was Blown Up



The Late General Cincinnatus Leconte

Million for Memorial Library

N ARCHITECT in Philadelphia has just an-nounced that Mr. P. A. B. Widener will erect a llion dollar library building for Harvard Uni-rsity as a memorial to his grandson, Harry kins Widener, who lost his life when the *Titanic* nk. Harry Elkins Widener in his will left his lendid library of three thousand volumes of books Harvard University under the condition that the iversity provide a suitable building to house the me. The grandfather conceived the idea of pro-ding that building himself immediately on the ath of his grandson, but did not reveal the sur-ise till now. The building will be known as the arry Elkins Widener Memorial Library, and will of brick and marble to conform with the style of e university buildings at Cambridge. It will be ree stories high, 275 feet long, and 210 feet wide. e room will be set apart to hold the collection of arry Elkins Widener, which is now being cata-logued by the librarian of Harvard. How sweet and strong the affection of grandparents for the grandchildren, and that of the grandchildren for the grandparents. This mutual devotion is one of the loveliest compensations of age. How beautiful to perpetuate this affection in the library building at Harvard, for the love and not the marble is the memorial. Christ forever marks the immortality of earthly love.

Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her. (Matt. 26: 13.)

Planting Trees for Ties

THE scarcity of timber for railroad ties has become so great, and the price charged for them is so high, that the Pennsylvania System has adopted a scheme of raising trees for its own use. More than four and a half million of trees have been planted by this company in the past ten years. Last year alone 515,703 trees were transferred from the company's nursery at Morrisville, Pa., to permanent places on railroad property. The present stock at the nursery, which includes thirty-six acres of ground, is 2,296,833, of which 2,072,166 are forest trees, and 224,667 ornamental plants. Steel has largely taken the place of trees for building material, and in some places for railroad ties, but the destruction of the forests of this country has been cruel and wicked, and the national health and wealth will be promoted by the replanting of trees. Early in the history of the world we read of a man planting a grove of forest trees.

And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba. (Gen. 21: 33.)

Tag Identifies Lost Child

AS POLICEMAN COMOLLI was passing the corner of Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City, a little girl about three years old walked up to him, and placing her hand in his said: "I am losted." The bluecoat was on his way to the station-house, and so he took the child with him. On her way to the station and while there the little thing kept reaching down the inside of her dress at the neck, and the officer thought she was reaching for a mosquito bite, but the lieutenant discovered that she was trying to get at a metal tag hung around her neck by a string. On the tag was printed the child's name and address. A patrolman went to the address and found the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ketner, and brought them to the station to identify the child. It seems that the child had gotten into a habit of running away from home, and the tag had been put on to identify her. It is as natural for a child as it is for a sheep to wander away from home. There is required the strongest parental love to counteract the influence. Three years of age is rather early to develop this straying instinct, and the tag saved the little thing from what might have been dangerous consequences. This incident suggests the identification mark of his faithful children by Christ:

And I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, and I will write upon him my new name. (Rev. 3: 12.)

The New Postal Bill

THE new post office bill to be passed by Congress contains features that are of great significance. The Mann amendment will practically close every post office in the first and second class cities of the country on Sunday and give the large and loyal force of employees a day of rest. The special delivery mail will be excepted from the rule and will be delivered on Sundays as now. The law will be a moral victory scarcely to be calculated, and the universal church ought to rejoice. Three years ago a modest letter-carrier of New York City, Mr. E. A. Eggers, began the agitation of one day of rest in the week for the post office employees throughout the nation. It was the privilege of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to commend his plans and ask the public to co-operate with him in them, and though he seemed to be asking for impossible things, those hopes, plans, and Christian prayers are to be embodied in a Federal law with nation-wide and eternity-long consequences. Our own beloved America, the modern Israel, should, like the one of old, remember that all the tender providence of God should prompt an obedience to the divine commandments:

Therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day. (Deut. 5: 15.)

Fortune for Fake Picture

ARTISTIC Paris had a veritable sensation recently when Baron Henri de Rothschild, who bought the famous La Tour pastel portrait of Duval de l'Epinay at the Doucet sale for $132,000, refused to take the picture on the ground that it is "not authentic." The Baron employed experts to examine the portrait. These experts have declared the picture unauthentic, and he refuses either to pay for or accept it. Baron Henri is very angry at the imposition practiced, and it is more than likely that, amicable adjustment failing, the question will be left to settlement in the courts, which may take several years of contest. It seems such an impertinence to push fraud into the realm of the beautiful, into fine art. But into what sacred precinct will avarice not enter and what sin and crime will it not commit to satisfy its cravings. Some millionaires get money out of the plain people by fraud, and some plain people get money from the rich through falsehood and forgery. The attempt to get an ordinary fortune as the price of a "fake" picture is an illustration of the myriad methods devised to get the property of another without rendering an equivalent. These deceits from penny pilferings to the taking of a railroad or bank, from the polite and loquacious liar in a transaction to the housebreaker and highway robber, all break the commandment:

Thou shalt not steal. (Ex. 20: 15.)

THE HEART, THE HOME, THE NATION*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

HE WAS moved with compassion for them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." For more than a year Jesus had been gathering "disciples." The word means learners, and should never be confused with "apostles," which means those sent out. There were only twelve apostles, who were selected out of hundreds of disciples in the second year of Christ's ministry. The two words disciples and apostles represent the two great words of Christianity, Come and Go; Come to Jesus, Go and teach. We are privileged to come to Jesus and become "disciples" if we desire to learn the truth. Whatever may be the proper tests for ministers and church officers, there ought to be at least a vestibule in every church where all sincere learners, all true disciples, however small their faith, however large their doubts, can be enrolled and shepherded. The relation of the sheep and the Shepherd, in Old Testament and New, pictures the relation of new disciples to the Good Shepherd, who is Leader, Provider, Healer, Defender. The opening verses of this lesson picture him as gathering the lost sheep of the House of Israel, by "teaching, preaching, healing." Note that "teaching" has the place of honor.

The Universal Call to Service

"Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest." When disciples have learned the first principles of religion, which are forgiveness through Christ and the new inner life of the Spirit, then the disciple is called from the sheepfold to the harvest field of service. All through the Bible members of the church are pictured as sowers and reapers whose devotion to God must be shown by helping their fellow men. Church members are no longer "few," but "laborers" are still "few."

In Christianity spontaneous service is the consummate fruit of a tree whose root is love, whose trunk is law, whose sap is spiritual life. If service be lacking it is a barren tree. "He gave some to be apostles and some prophets and some evangelists and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints unto the work of ministering" (Eph. 4: 11, 12). Note that in this full census of the church we do not find in the list "some idlers." When Adoniram Judson returned to the United States from his missionary work in Burma, at the close of a great address to a multitude that gathered to give him welcome, a woman wrung his hand with exuberant joy and said, "Mr. Judson, I would like to be a returned missionary." There are many such who would like the joys and honors of service without the toil and sacrifice. Every Christian is called to be a missionary—a foreign missionary, a home missionary, a city missionary, serving all these fields by regular and generous contributions of money, and serving also in person in a near, if not remote, harvest field.

That word "service" is one of profound significance. It is from the same root as "servant." It recalls the great teaching of Jesus, "he that would be greatest of all, let him be servant of all." And that teaching has become the test of honor in all civilized lands. The selfish man gets temporary honor by wealth or political success, but it is those who have been "servants of all" whose names are in history's hall of fame—the martyrs, prophets, saviors.

Ways of Doing Good

"Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out demons." The fundamental fact we should seize here is that those who are sent out to work for God must do something besides talk. Religion must not exhaust itself in masses and meetings. "Speaking in meeting," when it is sincere testimony for Christ, is twice blest; it blesses those who speak and those who hear; but it must not become perfunctory, and it must not be considered the whole of religion or even the chief part of it. Saying, doing and being, these are great, greater, greatest, in Christian life. That was a good compliment: "He lives as loud as he shouts."

It is a very narrow interpretation of the Bible to suppose that we must do the very same work in the twentieth Christian century that the apostles were told to do in the first century. There were few educated physicians and nurses then, and no hospitals or sanitary boards. These are now fully developed in Christian lands, largely through the influence of Christ and his apostles, and the church can therefore leave to medical science mostly the work of healing. Even in Paul's day miraculous healing was rare and work on the individual and social conscience took the leading place.

All Christians are not to have the same work, but every Christian must do some work. And rank does not depend in God's sight on the kind of work, but the spirit in which it is done. Even the apostles differed greatly in rank. Only two or three were great preachers, only three or four were writers of Bible books. None of them were learned. But all were useful save the betrayer, who lacked not talent but consecration.

Christianity Blesses the Home

"And as ye enter into the house, salute it." Jesus taught that the coming of Christianity to a home would be of such value to it that the apostles had a right to expect free entertainment as a partial return. Much as Christianity does for the individual Christian, it shows a richer fruitage in a true Christian home. The very word "home" is a Christian word and comes from the Puritans. The Roman word *familia* meant hardly more than a tribal encampment. The only person in it with any "rights" was the Roman man. Wife, children, slaves, cattle, were all his property. That was the best that the highest mental culture in a pagan civilization could do for the family relation. To learn what Christianity has done for the family look into a Christian home in any truly Christian land, where children are loved and servants respected, and all join in family worship, in which all petty quarrels are buried before they have hardened into grudges. Christianity fills every home where it is welcomed with pure marital and parental love, living flowers of beauty and fragrance. Even the homes in Christian lands that do not welcome the Christ are blessed by the influence of his teachings through ages past and should receive him in gratitude and for protection against discord and divorce that seldom blight a Christian home.

Christianity and the Social Conscience

"It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom than for that city." Here we are reminded that Christianity brings civic blessings to cities and lands, and that Sodom, to which the message of Christ did not come, will be more excusable in the day of judgment than more respectable Capernaum, because the latter heard but did not heed his call to civic righteousness. In order to realize how Christianity has revolutionized every aspect of government, changing despotism to democracy, torture of prisoners to "reformatories," oppression of the poor and weak to laws for their defense, we need to turn to pagan lands of to-day and see this transformation in progress.

One of Dr. John G. Paton's stories will help to show the governmental and social influence of Christianity. A New Hebrides young chief named Youwili was bitterly opposed to the Gospel, and gave the missionaries much trouble. Observing that for several days no natives came to the mission house, inquiries were made of an old chief as to the reason. "Youwili has *tabooed* the paths and threatens death to any one who breaks through it." The taboo was an obstruction made of reeds stuck in the ground somewhat like a fence. "Then," was the reply, "I conclude that you all agree with him and wish us to leave. We are here only to teach you and your people. If he has power to prevent that, we shall leave." The old chief, Youwili's father, at once called the people together and explained matters to them. They then sought out the white man and said: "Our anger is strong against Youwili. Go with us and break down the taboo. We will assist and protect you." This was done and all present agreed to punish any one who dared to replace the obstruction. A few days later Youwili appeared before the mission house, axe in hand, and proceeded to cut down some bananas—a declaration of war, meaning that he was prepared to cut down the missionary. The old chief and his men were near at hand, ready to prevent any disaster. Dr. Paton called out: "This must not continue. Are you going to permit him to defy us all and break up the Lord's work on Aniwa? If you cannot righteously punish him, I will shut myself up in my house and withdraw from all attempts to teach and help you till a vessel comes, and then I can leave the island." "No, no," cried the people, "you must not leave us." "Very well, you know the resolution. It is for you now to decide. Either you must control that foolish young man, or we must go!" Much speechmaking followed. The people resolved to seize and punish Youwili; but he fled and hid himself in the bush. Once more the old chief approached Dr. Paton and said: "It is left to you to say what shall be Youwili's punishment." "Shall we kill him?" "Certainly not! Only for murder can life be lawfully taken away." "What then? shall we burn his houses and destroy his plantations?" "No." "Shall we bind him and beat him?" "No." "Shall we place him in a canoe, thrust him out to sea, and let him drown or escape as he may?" "No, by no means." "These are our ways of punishing. What other punishment remains that Youwili cares for?" "Make him, with his own hands and alone, put up a new fence and restore all that he has destroyed, and make him promise publicly that he will cease all evil conduct toward us. That will satisfy me." This idea of punishment seemed to amuse them greatly. They laughed and cheered and said, "It is good! It is good! Obey the word of the Missi" (the native name for the preacher). After considerable hunting the young chief was found and brought before an assembly of chiefs who scolded him severely and told him their sentence. He listened with surprise and replied: "To-morrow I will fully repair the fence. Never again will I oppose the Missi. His word is good." By daybreak Youwili commenced repairs, and before evening he had everything made right, better than it was before. When his task was over, he left without uttering a single word. The work of the missionary then started anew, and earnest prayer was offered for the conversion of the young chief. Apparently there was no result. But one day as Dr. Paton, assisted by two boys, was dragging a hand-cart full of coral blocks, Youwili came upon the scene and said, "Missi, this is too hard for you. Let me be your helper." That was the first step. His countenance became brighter and more peaceful, and in a few days his wife came with a message, "Youwili sent me. His opposition to worship is over now. I am to attend church and school. He is coming, too. He wants to learn how to be strong, like you, for Jehovah and for Jesus." Youwili proved to be slow at learning to read, but he had perseverance, and his wife greatly helped him. The two attended the communicants' class together, and ultimately both sat down at the Lord's Table. Thus does Christianity transform bad citizens into good citizens everywhere it goes.

I think the immortal servants of mankind
That from their graves watch how by slow degrees
The world-soul greatens with the centuries,
Mourn most man's barren levity of mind;
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.
O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great,
All truth being great to you; ye deemed man more
Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse;
The world for you held purport; life ye wore
Proudly, as kings their solemn robes of state,
And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE PATIENCE OF THE OLD

THE patience of the old—a blest completeness
That crowns the tide of years when ebbing mild and low!
Unto life's latter days it gives a noiseless sweetness,
Like slippered feet that travel soft and slow.
For all the ties of life that bind them here
Have weaker grown from fleeting year to year;
The hearing gone, the eyesight dim,
And trembling seen in hand and limb!

The patience of the old—'tis thus I reason:
Their grinding work in life is almost, almost done;
Their constant toil sustained through ev'ry changing season,
Their burdens borne in blinding rain and sun;
And then there comes the gentle, healing calm
Of viet'ries nobly won, a precious balm,
That soothes the chastened, ling'ring soul
While life's remaining moments roll!

The patience of the old—ah, blessed token!
A life serene, at peace, it tells to me and you;
Of harvests gathered in, life's duties high unbroken,
And then the waiting for the last adieu.
God's peace is like a river deep, 'tis said,
And they submerged from foot to silver head;
The soul made all in sweet accord,
This is the spirit of the Lord!

The patience of the old—methinks the singing,
The angel voices of the loved ones gone before,
Borne on the misty tide of years they now hear ringing,
And note above life's furnace blast and roar;
Entranced they sweetly listen as they stand,
As to a message from the golden strand;
These blessed accents of the past,
They hear above the raging blast!

The patience of the old—oh, grant it, heaven,
When earthly scenes grow dim my fading sight before,
To me may this contentment, e'en to me! be given,
And may it go with me unto the farther shore;
Then down the jeweled aisles I'll walk enraptured,
My new-found senses blest, my new heart captured,
And see at last, no cloud between,
All wondrous patience and all love serene!

DOUGLAS DOBBINS.

* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for September 8, 1912. The Mission of the Twelve, Matt. 9: 35—10: 15; 10: 40—11: 1. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." Matt. 10: 40.

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from page 837

thout trusting himself for a back-
ard look, followed the colonel. It
as Mrs. Compton who went to the
or fainting, foolish woman, who had
t them all into such awful trouble.

The escape was effected just as it
d been planned. The troopers on
ard had received their orders. As
on as the form of the private was
sible in the meadow in the moonlight,
ey opened fire. Meagher played his
rt to perfection; he zigzagged as he
n with furious speed toward the
dians. The carbine fire from the
ockade was tremendous; it filled the
ole valley with noises, and awoke
e Indians to instant attention. There
as quick mounting of ponies and rid-
g to the front. The moonlight made
ings plainly visible and the Indians
on realized that some one was run-
ng away from the fort.

Meagher, of course, was not hit, and
a short time was out of the range.
e kept on running, however, while
mpton and Dexter and Calmore
tched him eagerly from the watch
wer. Just before he reached the
remost of the Indians, from the
ods off to the right came a sudden
sh of light followed presently by the
arper crash of a heavy rifle. At the
me time Meagher pitched forward
d fell prone on the grass. He was
mediately surrounded by Indians
d they could not see what further
came of him.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Comp-
n, "who could have fired that shot?
ur last hope is gone."

The three officers stood gloomily
tching. They saw, or thought they
d at least, a figure hauled from the
ound and laid across one of the
rses, after which the Indians turned
ck to the hills. They were just
rning to descend the tower when a
an broke out of the woods and hailed
e fort.

"Don't shoot," cried a voice they all
cognized. "It's Marnett."

The colonel in an instant plunged
wn the stairs to the wicket gate and
et the old scout.

"Wall, colonel," said Marnett cheer-
lly, "I plugged that deserter all
ght."

"Oh, Marnett," said Compton
avely, "I am afraid you have spoiled
r only chance."

"How's that?" asked the scout
ickly as he entered the post.

"That was Meagher. It was all a
heme between us; he was to pretend
desert so as to get a chance to rescue
y baby."

"Is that Miss Mary's baby I seed
ith the Indians?"

"Yes," answered the colonel.

"Goodness! I'm sorry I drawed a
ad on him. I seen him break away
' I heard all the shootin' an' I
ichur'ly thought you wanted to git
m. I wouldn't have done it for the
orld."

"You are not to blame, and it cannot
helped," answered Compton. "It
most seems as though heaven were
ainst us."

"'Tain't so bad as that," answered
arnett. "I know them Injuns well.
think there ain't no one in this coun-
y that knows 'em better. They won't
no hurt to the baby; they'll likely
lopt her into the tribe, thinkin' to
ve her for some chief's squaw when
e grows up, colonel. But we'll get
r long before that. I didn't come in
th Cap'n Calmore this afternoon, be-
use I wanted to find out somethin'
out 'em. It is Dull Knife hisself.
here's nigh onto a thousand of 'em.
ey seemed to have outgeneraled
rook an' Miles an' all the rest of the
ldiers. There ain't been a battle so
r as I can find out, but they left
azy Horse and made a quick dash
re hopin' to find you off your guard
the post and seize it an' then make
quick gitaway."

"They sent me a letter written by
me half-breed offering to exchange the baby for the post, and saying they would kill her if I didn't accede to their demand."

"It's jest a bluff, colonel," said Marnett. "Now, with your permission (I had to turn my pony loose in the woods yonder), after I git a little rest an' somethin' to eat an' drink, I'm goin' to git some young soldier here to go with me an' git away south an' east until I strike a telegraph station an' git help for you, unless you've got a better plan, for they're goin' to attack you in the morning."

"Let me go with him, sir," asked Hadden.

"Well, Mr. Hadden," said Marnett shrewdly, sizing up the young officer, with whom he had some acquaintance, "if the colonel says so, I'd about as soon have you for trailmate an' fightin' mate as anybody in this yere post."

"Thank you, Marnett," said Hadden.

"Take Hadden if you wish," said Compton, "although he is one of my best officers and I can hardly spare him."

"We'll be back before the fightin' is over," said Marnett.

"And now if you will go over to my quarters you will find something to eat there," added Compton.

"And I want to say a word to hearten up Miss Mary," answered the old scout.

CHAPTER V

The Regiment Marches Away

MARNETT and Hadden got away safely that night. As Marnett had anticipated, the Indians attacked the post early the next morning. Short of an escalade they tried every possible way to capture it, even managing to set fire to it, but their efforts availed them nothing. The soldiers easily drove them back, killing many of them. In truth, they had not a chance on earth to succeed with the tactics they employed, and as water and provision abounded in the stockade, the garrison suffered no special hardship.

The fact of the baby's loss, however, preyed on the whole garrison. There never was a body of soldiers who longed more earnestly to go out in the open and grapple with their red besiegers than they. The Indians wanted that, too, for their overwhelming numbers, their knowledge of the rough, broken, mountainous country, so well suited for ambush and surprise, so easily defensible, would have given them an easy victory over so small a force. They could cut it to pieces. Therefore to entice the troops away from the post was what the Indians most particularly desired; they would have made short work of the soldiers if they could have got them in the open, for the Indians were better armed and practically as well mounted as the troopers. The Winchester repeating rifle with which the braves were all armed was a more serviceable weapon than the cavalry carbine. The cavalry horse was no better for service purposes in that country than the Indian pony, and the Cheyennes possessed a large number of remounts, which the soldiers did not have.

Furthermore, the hills would have afforded abundant cover for the Indians, and the small force of soldiers would have been caught in the defiles and exterminated. Dull Knife was one of Crazy Horse's best lieutenants, and in many a campaign had shown his strategy and tactics. He was a worthy antagonist on that score for the very best commanders in the army.

The Indians had not yet killed the baby, and they continued to irritate the soldiers by displaying her just out of range, where she could easily be seen by the garrison. Sometimes they struck her, or appeared otherwise to ill-treat her. Those were the hardest things to bear.

Although they tried to prevent it, Mrs. Compton saw these evidences of savage barbarity, for they could not keep the wretched, heart-broken mother away from the tower. Her feelings can better be imagined than described, and yet she got a certain satisfaction from the evidence that the child was still alive.

After four days of this desultory siege, Marnett crept into the fort one night and brought the welcome news that Colonel Huntley, from the nearest post to the east, was coming up with a battalion of infantry and two troops of cavalry. The foot soldiers had been loaded into wagons, and they were coming almost as fast as the horsemen.

Marnett transmitted to Colonel Compton a plan of attack formed by Colonel Huntley, by which it was arranged that the garrison of the fort should make a demonstration in force, on a given signal, by a sortie, while he fell on the rear of the Indians. But the Indians were better served than the soldiers by their scouting parties, and when Colonel Huntley's force arrived in the vicinity of the post early the next morning they had broken camp and moved away to the northwest through the mountain passes.

The siege was thus raised, and with the departure of the Cheyennes the peril to that country was over. Riding over the place where the Indians had camped, one of the soldiers found a little girl's shoe, which he brought back to Mrs. Compton. This seemed almost like a souvenir of one who had passed to another world, for it was the only evidence of the child's presence that was discovered. In all these days nothing had been seen of Danny Meagher. The Indians had carried off the bodies of those who had been killed in the skirmishing. It was thought they might have scalped and left the remains of the soldier, but there was no sign of him anywhere. The colonel took some comfort in this. He believed that Meagher might be alive and possibly able to effect something, but Marnett privately held a contrary view; he had drawn a bead on the soldier, the shot had been easy, and he was not accustomed to missing his aim. He did not say anything about this, however. It would have been cruel to take away the only hope of the parents.

The newspaper men had accompanied Colonel Huntley, and they, of course, soon learned the story of the baby, which was promptly spread broadcast over the United States. Public opinion was greatly aroused thereby, and Colonel Compton's heroic resolution in sacrificing his child to his duty as a soldier met with instant commendation. And the commanding officer of the Fourteenth having opportunely received the much coveted star of a brigadier general, Compton found himself, while still a young man, left in command of the regiment, the new colonel being kept on staff duty, to the approval of every one.

Public opinion did more than approve; it clamored for a winter campaign against Dull Knife, for the annihilation of his band, which had been guilty of other most atrocious cruelties and maraudings. It had been the policy of the War Department hitherto to confine its expeditions to the open seasons, especially in the mountainous countries, and to place the troops in forts and cantonments during the winter. A different policy was to be followed now, and Colonel Compton's earnest request to take the field, backed as it was by an overwhelming public demand so soon as it was learned that his whole regiment was assembled at Fort Sullivan equipped for a winter campaign, was promptly granted. Again he was given an independent command, although he was the youngest lieutenant colonel in the army, with orders to go where he

Continued on next page

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A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

would and to do what he might to run down Dull Knife, to find his child, rescue her if she were alive and avenge her if she had been killed, by breaking up and bringing in the band.

It was a sad yet glorious day at Fort Sullivan when the regiment, assembled for the first time in its history, ten troops fifty strong, marched away. It was a bright winter morning in December when they paraded for the last time in the meadow.

They broke ranks for a few brief and hurried moments of farewell, all too short, before the final assembly was sounded.

Poor Mary Compton clung to her gallant husband without a thought for the others, as the rest of the women did with those whom they loved.

"I will find her, darling," said the colonel reassuringly, "if she is on the face of the earth. Somewhere in those mountains Dull Knife is hidden for the winter. We will comb them until we find him."

"And you will be careful, dearest," whispered his wife; "careful of yourself; you know I have only you now."

"Careful of my men, perhaps," said Compton, smiling at her, "but in expeditions of this kind, you know, the commander must lead."

"You will watch over him, Mr. Marnett, won't you?" pleaded the wife, turning to the old hunter who was to accompany the expedition as chief of scouts, and who was never very far away from the colonel's side.

"It's like askin' me to look after a lightnin' flash," answered the old man, smiling kindly at her, for he loved her very much and for a long time, "an' nobody but God can really look after Colonel Compton; but I'll do my best, ma'am, an' I got a hunch that we're goin' to bring the little gal."

"If the colonel pleases, sor," said Molly, who was Mrs. Compton's constant and faithful attendant, "will you please, sor, thry to find out what is become of poor Danny Meagher? And if he is alive, will you tell him I am pinin' away for a sight of him?"

"That I will, Molly," said the colonel, looking kindly into her pale face, whence the roses had all departed. He had long since forgiven poor Molly.

"Now, Mary, we can't stay any longer."

He kissed his wife's cold cheek before them all on that snow-covered meadow; then he turned to his orderly, mounted his horse, nodded to the bugler, and the clear notes of the assembly call rang over the little plain. He drew his sword when the regiment was formed, spoke a sharp word of command when the cheering died away, and then all took up the march.

The band, which was to stay behind with the two companies of infantry that had been detailed to garrison the post until the Fourteenth came back, played merrily the famous battle air of the regiment. The women and children, wrapped in furs, stood in the meadow looking long after the column, which trotted across the clearing and disappeared among the snow-covered foothills, headed for the great range, somewhere in the heart of which lurked the great and redoubtable chief with his cruel warriors like a group of savage lions in their lair.

To be continued

IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

—A READER IN PORTLAND, ORE., Mr. D. L. Kichle, writes us that the recent school election in that city was not for superintendent, but for a member of the board. Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, a prominent Catholic priest of Portland, has written to Mr. Kichle that the priests at the church in question were not responsible for the distribution of cards at the church door. He adds that they did, however, speak of the necessity of citizens performing their duties at the polls, but mentioned no names of candidates.

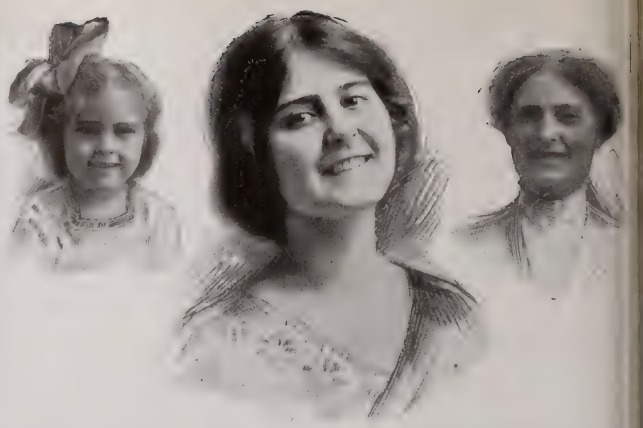
—YIELDING TO THE storm of disapproval coming from many sources at home and abroad, the conference committee on the Panama Canal Bill agreed, on August 13, to recommend that only coastwise ships be admitted to the canal free of toll, while the required tolls must be paid by all American-owned ships engaged in foreign trade. Among other points agreed upon by the conference were: American registry of foreign-built ships; prohibition of railroads from operating water routes which compete with their own railway lines; denial of the use of the canal to any vessel owned by a trust if that trust is doing business in violation of the Sherman Act.

—A DESPATCH FROM Odessa gives a startling story of a conspiracy of Russian sailors on several warships to abduct the Czar, and compel his abdication, or the proclamation of a limited monarchy. The plan was to seize the imperial yacht *Standart*, with the royal family on board, while *en route* from Yalta to Sevastopol. The crews of several warships, at a given signal, were to mutiny, murder their officers and attack Kronstadt and St. Petersburg simultaneously. One battleship, the *Ivan Zlatoust*, was the center of the conspiracy, and sixteen seamen and petty officers were arrested, four of whom were shot and ten others sentenced to death.

—JULIUS ROSENWALD, a Hebrew business man of Chicago, on August 11, his fiftieth birthday, gave away $687,000 to various charitable and educational institutions. Jewish and Christian bodies are included in the seven institutions specified by Mr. Rosenwald as beneficiaries of his gift, while $25,000 goes to Dr. Booker T. Washington for negro education. The University of Chicago, for the erection of a woman's gymnasium and buildings for geological, geographical, and classical departments, receives $250,000; Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago, $250,000; Chicago Hebrew Institute, for a gymnasium, $50,000; a Country Club for Social Workers, $50,000; Home for Jewish Orphans, $25,000; Tuberculosis Sanitarium, $25,000, and a Manual Training School, $12,500.

—THERE SEEMS TO BE somewhat of uneasiness in Turkey at the present time. The wheels of the machinery so vigorously oiled by the Young Turks when they deposed Abdul Hamid are not running as smoothly as was anticipated. In fact, there is friction and possibly the brakes may have to be applied ere long. It is hinted that the Committee of Union and Progress, which seeks to set up a rival parliament to the new government, may even utilize the dethroned Sultan for their purpose; it is said some of them are as anxious to get him back as they were eager to send him away. Many Turks of the old as opposed to the young school look upon Abdul still as the rightful ruler in conformity with a sacred Moslem law which stipulates there can be only one Sultan and that his successor cannot be chosen until death causes a vacancy. These, uniting with the discontented element among the party of the Young Turks, may bring about a change in the near future. The war with Italy is another issue that is intensifying the situation and tending to bring matters to a crisis. The Young Turks are anxious for peace, but Italy is showing no intention of backing out of the campaign in Tripoli, believing that she will be able to break up the Mussulman occupation of that country. Again, the Turkish atrocities occurring here and there are causing a bitter feeling between the two parties, the one approving and the other condemning.

—TURKEY, IN THE REGION of the Dardanelles, experienced a serious earthquake on August 9, resulting in a loss of several hundred lives, with thousands of people rendered homeless and property destroyed for a radius of many miles. The important Turkish seaport of Gallipoli, situated where the Dardanelles joins the Sea of Marmora, and the key to the commanding position of the strait, was almost wholly destroyed. In the town of Shar-Koy, which was completely wiped out, 60 of the inhabitants were killed and 150 injured. At Ganos-Hova 80 persons were killed and 30 wounded. Here the wrecked buildings caught fire and were burned to the ground. Tchanak-Kalessi, on the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, suffered severely. The place to suffer most was Myriophito. Here the loss of life and havoc to property was very distressing. It is believed fully three hundred were killed instantly and twice the number wounded. Oil from lamps used to illuminate ikons communicated flames from house to house until the whole place became a charred ruin. All the district between Adrianople and Constantinople felt the shock in more or less degree. Forty miles southeast of the former city, beside the river at Lule-Burges, the earth was split into fissures, some of them a mile long, which belched forth sand, foam and sulphurous gases. The hospitals at Constantinople are filled with victims of the catastrophe. Appeals are being made for outside aid and the Turkish Government is doing its best to relieve the suffering.



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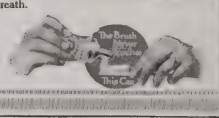

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THE GOSPEL IN THE HIMALAYAS

Traveling on Coolie-Back

ROM his distant station away on the edge of "the of of the world" illiam Greet enoses the two pictures produced on this ge. Of the first he ys: "This picture ows how our boy avels through the eeps and gorges with s." Describing the cond picture, Mr. reet writes: "This tle house where we e is on a ridge diding the unevangeled region of mounins and valleys north rough Tehri, from e plains away south. ractically from the nce seen in the picre there is no Christianity right ay to Russia." We quote some the most interesting incidents om Mr. Greet's open letter from the hri Border Village Mission, Lanur, Himalayas: "One of the saddest ings we have ever witnessed was our or old Thammu in his heathen surundings, as he had to face his last ys. We call him ours because he as the first to welcome us into the lley where he lived. He was a poor l blacksmith and jeweler (this is ite a natural combination of handafts here), and his veranda was distant villages and shout to him their attempted greetings, condolences, or exhortations not to be afraid, but he knows he is going. They prepare for his departure by hauling him up for a ceremonial bath in the sun outside, and this rouses him so that he sits up and utters a few words: 'I—am—going and — it — is — dark very — dark.' His friends around are chattering on every subject and in the midst of it I try to make him hear what the Bible says about the Light of the City and who may enter. He lives through that day, so the next day they repeat the barbarous bathing, this time in another corner of the room, and though till yesterday he had not been able, they say, to take nourishment in any form for many days, they now repeat what was included in yesterday's ceremonies, giving him boiled rice for the journey, while I am powerless to interfere. Between their urgings as to its necessity and his own old way of thinking, he forces himself to take some spoonfuls, and that of course hastens on his death. After a few hours he dies.

The Border Fence of Christianity

all places the most readily offered shelter for us among people whose ste, in spite of their dirtiness, genally forbids our entrance to their uses.

"Thammu has said less than some hers as to his judgment of the mesge, but he showed at times some real xiety to know 'the Way,' and he d not quote other names as he did at of Isa Masih. Of social customs knew none but those of his own eople, and these are terribly corrupt. ast year he sent for us in a time of vere illness and said he wanted bapsm, but those of his household held m back. And now, in his death-sickess, with the first and the last of his ven wives trying to care for him, he ars to die. He rouses himself from s half conscious state on hearing my ice, declares he is Christ's and asks he told more about him. On the rength of this request I push my way ast more than usual of Hindu cereonials that are going on, his relatives oking very doubtful as to whether ey shall let me, as an old friend, step ast their cooking place to sit with im in his corner. It is filthy and ark and stuffy, but has never been olluted by the step or touch of a forgner and a Christian.

"The old man is again only half conious, but fresh relatives arrive from

"We have shouted into the valley of death the condition of life, amid the clamor of men and all evil powers, and now nothing remains in this house but the right and power of his people to put rice and colored powder on his forehead and carry his body away to burn it on the Jumna's banks.

"From Maugi we moved one stage farther than we had hitherto taken our camp, and there we spent a fortnight where the villages lie closer to each other than in any part of our field. The people received us very gladly, though it was mostly as kind sahibs who give medicine. There are certain places, up and down the country, which the people use as regular stage resting-places when traveling to and fro, and at them it is sometimes good to spend some days. Our camp at the village of Gorakuri was such a place, and there I had long talks and readings with people from great distances. One party came from the Rawai country beyond the Jumna source. They were burly looking fellows, these northern men, but simple as children about everything told them. They bought a couple of copies of the Gospel. My pockets are stained with the red earth of wheat taken as the price of the copies. This earth-dust is used to preserve the grain from insects."

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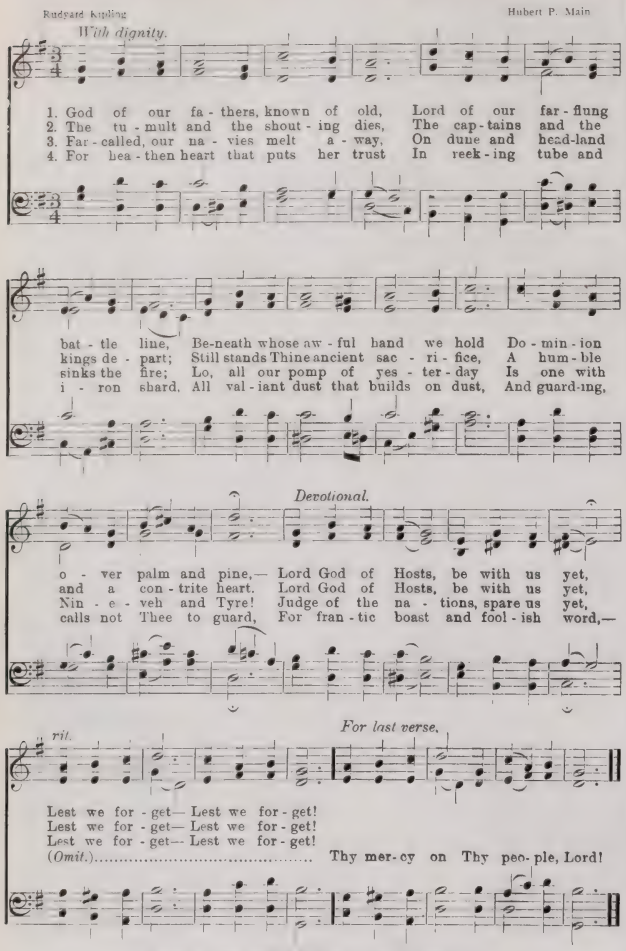
LEST WE FORGET

Rudyard Kipling — Hubert P. Main


With dignity.
1. God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung
2. The tu - mult and the shout - ing dies, The cap - tains and the
3. Far - called, our na - vies melt a - way, On dune and head-land
4. For hea - then heart that puts her trust In reek - ing tube and
bat - tle line, Be-neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion
kings de - part; Still stands Thine ancient sac - ri - fice, A hum - ble
sinks the fire; Lo, all our pomp of yes - ter - day Is one with
i - ron shard, All val - iant dust that builds on dust, And guard - ing,
Devotional.
o - ver palm and pine,— Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
and a con - trite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Nin - e - veh and Tyre! Judge of the na - tions, spare us yet,
calls not Thee to guard, For fran - tic boast and fool - ish word,—
For last verse.
rit.
Lest we for - get— Lest we for - get!
Lest we for - get— Lest we for - get!
Lest we for - get— Lest we for - get!
(Omit.)
Thy mer - cy on Thy peo - ple, Lord!

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Reader, Trumansburg, N. Y. "I give thanks that God has answered my prayers."

Mrs. T. C. R., Pittstown, N. J. "Again I wish to acknowledge answer to prayers."

A Constant Reader, Corinth, Miss., wishes to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer.

Mrs. L. C. C., Howell, Mich., wishes to return thanks for answer to a special prayer for another.

Floyd E. Ackler, Mohawk, N. Y. "I wish to state that I have received an answer to my prayers."

Subscriber, W. M., N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in sparing the life of a dear one in answer to prayer."

Subscriber, West Martinsburg, N. Y. "I have just had a direct answer to prayer. Am still praying for an unconverted friend."

Mrs. E. A. L. C., Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge that the Lord has heard and answered my prayers many times, both for myself and for loved ones."

D. S., Santa Monica, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge that God has directly answered my prayer many times in healing my afflictions, for which I praise his name."

L. M. B., Forestburg, S. D. "I wish to acknowledge my firm belief in a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. I have had many direct answers to prayer."

Mrs. John Schultz, Ann Arbor, Mich. "For many years I prayed that my husband would become a Christian. God has answered my prayer, and I praise his holy name."

A Subscriber, West Union, O. "I wish to acknowledge the answer of prayer in the healing of my body, which is only one of the many answers which I have received."

Reader, Fayette, Idaho. "I wish to acknowledge that through prayer God has restored what I specially asked for, which strengthens my belief that he does answer prayer."

Mrs. L. B. K., Fort Richmond, N. Y. "I was greatly exercised over a matter which I took to the Lord in prayer. He heard and answered, and I am truly thankful."

Called Higher

Harvey Stewart, aged 12 years, died April 10, 1912.

Mrs. Anna L. Fondey (88), Philadelphia, Pa., died May 26, 1911.

Abram L. Schomp died March 30, 1911, at his home near Three Bridges, N. J.

Miss Elizabeth Wyer (85) died January 3, 1912, at her residence in Bangor, Me.

Mary E. McClure (78), of Idaville, Ind., passed to her reward February 2, 1912.

Mrs. R. S. Goudie, a devoted Christian worker, died May 17, 1912, at the age of 66 years.

Wesley R. Boone (48) passed away September 22, 1911, at his home near Coffman, W. Va.

Mrs. Maria Crise Mentzer (88), of New Holland, Pa., entered calmly into her rest, October 19, 1911.

Mrs. Mary Monroe (93) died January 30, 1912, in Granville, N. Y., at the home of her daughter.

Mrs. I. Knapp (78), of Wichita, Kan., died January 21, 1912, after a long life of Christian faithfulness.

Mrs. Clara Reigart Snyder (40) passed to her reward March 27, 1912. She lived a life of comfort and cheer and self-sacrifice for others.

Mr. A. C. Armstrong (92) passed away at his home, Grinnell, Ia., April 23, 1912. He was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Caleb Lockerman Luff (80), long a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed away at his home at Felton, Del., on April 7, 1912. He was a Christian gentleman.

Deacon B. F. Baldwin (Gaines, N. Y.) entered into rest, January 15, 1912, at the age of 88 years. A faithful and devoted follower of his Master for over 60 years.

Rev. Aaron B. Peffers (85) passed away at the home of his daughter in Northampton, Mass., November 11, 1911. He was for over fifty-six years an earnest Congregational minister.

Miss Mary A. Manning (74), after months of severe suffering, was called to her rest at Dorchester, Mass., February 11, 1912. She was a devoted Christian and for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

WATCH FOR THE COZY CORNER MASCOT

Can you guess her name? It begins with a D. She is expressing it as well as a little girl can. The little girl's picture will appear in four different attitudes. If you guess the name, which is quite a common one, you can have a prize which I will tell you about next week.

IS THIS THE MAN FOR ME, I WONDER?

MY DEAR GIRLS:

Among the heaps of letters here on my desk in the busy offices of the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD from boys and girls everywhere, there is a packet which I have labeled "Dilemmas," and which I want to answer here and now. In every letter some dear Cozy Corner girl has just turned a new leaf in her little book of life and is beginning to read there the exquisite chapter, old as the world, new as the day just dawned—the story of first love—and she writes for counsel, God bless her.

It never grows old, that story; its life is youth itself. I am glad you have come to it, glad you have told me about it, and perhaps I can give you the advice which you so sweetly ask.

Let me assure you first of one thing: you are not alone in your transport. Those who love you and are near you have probably guessed, so do not necessarily seek to hide your new awakening from them. The coming and going of your friend all in the new light of love drives you to blushes and sets the hot blood coursing through your veins at a higher rate of speed than you have ever been conscious of before. Do you think no one has noticed it? Some intense admiration of his personal appearance makes you dreamy and conscious of his presence even when he is not there. Should he pass by the window or fail to pass by is the all-important question of your day, no matter how slyly you may have concealed it, and do you think, dears, that the household is so dull as not to have made account of it? Above all, you are certain that no one understands you. Ah, the secret is out now. No girl at the first sweet dawn of love ever believes she is understood, and perhaps right here your dilemma lies.

Listen. This time of awakening, with its self-consciousness, its blushes, its uncertainties, its ecstasies, its impatience and despondency, comes to all normal girls. You are no exception to a general rule as old as love itself. Rest assured of this and trust yourself to speak frankly to some one in whose sincerity you believe and whose guidance you would value.

You may be reasonably sure that your parents have seen the questioning love-light in your eyes and are making allowances for your shy, uncertain ways and the hours spent in idle dreaming. You may be sure, too, that they are anxious to play their part in your first little love drama, with wise counsel and gentle service.

To be sure, sorry blunders are sometimes made by over-loving, over-cautious parents: "We want you by us always. We love you, oh so dearly. We need you at home," are dear and familiar arguments which loving fathers and mothers have used at such times from time immemorial. Too often, perhaps, their judgment comes swiftly and uncompromisingly, and because she is a dear, loving, hopeful daughter full of loyalty and self-sacrifice, it comes about easily that Polly or Marjorie or demure Janie, in a panic of loyalty, instantly decides that Jack or James or Charley or Robert can never be anything to her, and by that quick decision sets a little ache in her unselfish heart that will last all the rest of her life, maybe.

On the other hand, some over-zealous person in whom a girl might easily confide, paints the characteristics of her boy friend in such glowing terms that the little doubter quickly sweeps away all hesitancy and decides, poor little dear, that she has found her soul-mate, only to be bitterly disillusioned in the hard-to-break fetters of a promise when it is too late.

Teens and Twenties

NOW, my sweet girl questioners and sweethearts all: My counsel to you is just this: Confide freely and frankly in your father or your mother, your older sister, perhaps, or better still, your big, manly brother; listen faithfully and weigh carefully what they say. Heed both the good and the uncomplimentary that they will lovingly tell you about your friend. Keep it deep within your own questioning heart and turn it over and over. Ask God to help you measure up justly and fairly the gold against the dross. But even then, perhaps, the old question, "Is he the one for me, I wonder?" still rings in your mind unsettled. And now is the time to come frankly and painstakingly to your own self and ask—not the commonplace, foolish queries, "Can I love him?" "Could I marry him?" "Shall I tell him Yes?" "Shall I tell him No?" but put yourself to the greater test, and in the night alone, when all is quiet and your prayers are said, ask yourself, "Could I live without him?" "Could I endure the coming days unfilled with his love, his guidance, his cheerfulness, his care for me?" "Can I face life with its problems, its joys, its sorrows, its comforts, if he is not with me?" Listen faithfully to your own heart's answer, and I assure you, according to its whisperings you will know whether this is the right man for you or not, because you will have ceased to wonder.

Lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

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POPPY FIELD

The reproduction here gives no idea of the wonderful qualities in this picture. There is no red so royal and gorgeous as a "poppy" red. The coloring throughout the painting is sumptuous yet surprisingly harmonious, combining the deep green of the fields, the brilliant red of the flowers and the luminous blue of the sky.

A CANAL IN HOLLAND

A glimpse of Holland reproduced in all the rich coloring for which the Low Countries are noted. Every year art students from all over the world go to the Netherlands to catch the splendid color combinations abounding in the towns and landscapes. The picture also gives an excellent idea of how the streets formed by both water and land make highways and waterways through the towns.

SIX BEAUTIFUL PICTURES
IN COLOR, EACH 10 x 14 INCHES

DO YOU want these six splendid pictures in full color? Of course you do. We have just made several thousand sets for free distribution among our subscribers who will favor us with just a few minutes of their time. We want the names of all the Christian people in your community, so that we can send them sample copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and thus introduce ourselves to people who are not now subscribers. We ask for only fifteen names for these beautiful pictures because we want carefully selected names—names of people whom you know are not now subscribers and names of people whom you have every reason to believe should be interested in such a paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In our last name offer, two years ago, we gave only one picture for twenty-five names. This present offer of Six Pictures for fifteen names is the most liberal offer of this kind that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has ever made. All we ask of you is to send 10c to pay postage and handling of the pictures. We ask you nothing whatever for the pictures themselves. Similar pictures sell in art stores today for as much as $1.00 per copy.

These small half-tone illustrations can give you only a very inadequate idea of the splendid reproductions of these beautiful paintings. They are printed in full color on plate paper, ten by fourteen inches in size. All of these pictures have been used as covers for *The Christian Herald*. Many requests have been received for copies for framing. Of course these specially printed copies on plate paper make a still finer and better appearance than that shown on the covers of *The Christian Herald*. These full-color reproductions are without lettering of any kind, except the title and the artist's name. The six pictures will be mailed, postpaid, in a strong tube so as to insure safe delivery.

Use this blank or your own paper to send in the fifteen selected names

Fifteen Selected Names and Addresses

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A SUMMER DAY

One of the most attractive of the pictures we offer. The scene gives a vivid idea of a hot June day in the country. By the shadows under the trees, one can see that it is nearly noon. The quiet peace of the country stretching away to the distant mountains suggests a "Sunday stillness"—and this, with the contentment of the children, is wonderfully restful.

MME. MOLE-RAYMOND

This portrait of Madame Mole-Raymond is easily the favorite among the many portraits painted by Madame Vigee Lebrun. One famous critic said of the original painting, which for many years hung in the Louvre, "There is almost enough action and witchery in that girl to carry her right out of the canvas."

ART WINS THE HEART

The coloring of this delightful subject is exquisitely rich and beautiful. The Greek decorator at his work and the absorbed maiden watcher have not only the appeal of their beauty, but the added fascination that all the world feels in watching the craftsman at his handiwork. Then, too, there's just the suggestion of a story. Just the same old story that has made all ages one.

THE WAY OUT

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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32 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit $1 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.
Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. **ANNA AYERS.**
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To introduce Dress Goods, Silks and Petticoats. Make $10.00 to $30.00 weekly. Sending—lowest prices—sold through agents only. No money required. New Fall patterns now ready. Samples and case free. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 32, Binghamton, N.Y.

THROUGH THE SOUL'S WINDOWS

BY DR. O. S. MARDEN

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out.—*H. W. Beecher.*

TUMBLING around in a library," was the phrase Oliver Wendell Holmes used in describing in part his felicities in boyhood. One of the most important things that wise students get out of their schooldays is a familiarity with books in various departments of learning. The ability to pick out from a library what is needed in life is of the greatest practical value. It is like a man selecting his tools for intellectual expansion and social service. "Men in every department of practical life," says President Hadley of Yale, "men in commerce, in transportation, or in manufactures, have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have this selective power of using books efficiently. The beginnings of this kind of knowledge are best learned in any home fairly well furnished with books."

Dr. O. S. Marden

Libraries are no longer a luxury, but a necessity. A home without books and periodicals and newspapers is like a house without windows. Children learn to read by being in the midst of books; they unconsciously absorb knowledge by handling them. No family can now afford to be without good reading.

It is related that Henry Clay's mother furnished him with books by her own earnings at the washtub.

Children who are well supplied with dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories, works of reference, and other useful books, will educate themselves unconsciously and almost without expense, and will learn many things of their own accord in moments which would otherwise be wasted; and which, if learned in schools, academies, or colleges, would cost ten times as much as the expense of the books would be. Besides, homes are brightened and made attractive by good books, and children stay in such pleasant homes; while those whose education has been neglected are anxious to get away from home, and drift off and fall into all manner of snares and dangers.

* * *

IT IS a great thing for children to be brought up in the atmosphere of books. It is astonishing how much a bright child will absorb from good books, if allowed to use them constantly, to handle them, to be familiar with their bindings and titles.

Wear threadbare clothes and patched shoes if necessary, but do not pinch or economize on books. If you cannot give your children an academic education you can place within their reach a few good books which will lift them above their surroundings into respectability and honor.

Is not one's early home the place where he should get his principal training for life? It is here we form habits which shape our careers, and which cling to us as long as we live. It is here that regular, persistent mental training fixes the life ever after.

I know of pitiable cases where ambitious boys and girls have longed to improve themselves, and yet were prevented from doing so by the pernicious habits prevailing in the home, where everybody else spent the evenings talking and joking, with no effort at self-improvement, no thought of higher ideals, no impulse to read anything better than a cheap, exciting story. The aspiring members of the family were teased and laughed at until they got discouraged and gave up the struggle.

If the younger ones do not want to read or study themselves, they will not let anybody else so inclined do so. Children are naturally mischievous, and like to tease. They are selfish, too, and cannot understand why any one else should want to go off by himself to read or study when they want him to play.

Were the self-improvement habit once well established in a home, it would become a delight. The young people would look forward to the study hour with as much anticipation as to playing.

* * *

I KNOW a New England family in which all the children and the father and mother, by mutual consent, set aside a portion of each evening for study or some form of self-culture. After dinner they give themselves completely to recreation. They have a regular romp and play, and all the fun possible for an hour. Then when the time comes for study, the entire house becomes so still that you could hear a pin drop. Every one is in his place reading, writing, studying, or engaged in some form of mental work. No one is allowed to speak or disturb any one else. If any member of the family is indisposed, or for any reason does not feel like working, he must at least keep quiet and not disturb the others—an ideal condition for study. Everything that would scatter the efforts or cause the mind to wander, all interruptions that would break the continuity of thought, are carefully guarded against. More is gained in one hour of uninterrupted study than in two or three broken by interruptions.

Were it possible for every family that squanders precious time to spend an evening in such a home, it would be an inspiration. A bright, alert, intelligent, harmonious atmosphere so pervades a self-improving home that one feels insensibly uplifted and stimulated to better things.

* * *

SOMETIMES the habits of a home are revolutionized by the influence of one resolute youth who declares himself, taking a stand and announcing that, as for himself, he does not propose to be a failure, that he is going to take no chances as to his future. The moment he does this he stands out in strong contrast with the great mass of young people who are throwing away their opportunities and have not grit and stamina enough to do anything worth while.

The very reputation of always trying to improve yourself in every possible way, of being dead in earnest, will attract the attention of everybody who knows you, and you will get many a recommendation for promotion which never comes to those who make no special effort to climb.

There is a great deal of time wasted even in the busiest lives, which, if properly organized, might be used to advantage.

What would a business man accomplish if he did not attend to important matters until he had time that was not needed for anything else? The good business man goes to his office in the morning and plunges right into the important work of the day. He knows perfectly well that if he attends to all the outside matters, all the details and little things that come up, sees everybody that wants to see him, and answers all the questions people want to ask, it will be time to close his office before he gets to his main business.

Most of us manage somehow to find time for the things we love. If one is hungry for knowledge, if one yearns for self-improvement, if one has a taste for reading, he will make the opportunity.

Where the heart is, there is the treasure. Where the ambition is, there is always time.

Get your free jar from the grocer

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A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

JAPAN'S IMPERIAL FUNERAL

High Officers of the Army Praying for the Emperor

Burning Incense and Praying for the Emperor in Tokyo

N THE funeral services the late Emperor Mutsuhito Japan the world will have the opportunity witnessing an event as unique as rare, and nothing like has ever happened before. The funeral of a monarch who has occupied his throne for almost half a century is in itself epochal. Only in that mighty pageant of love and simplicity side by side with imperial splendor that bore the remains of the late Queen Victoria of Great Britain to Frogmore has history ever seen the burial of a monarch who has ruled as long and been so deeply loved and highly revered as Mutsuhito.

The ancient and the modern, the Oriental and the newly imbibed ideas and ideals of the West will be seen in strange combination and still stranger juxtaposition. In her governmental, official, military and naval life, Japan has almost entirely adopted, rather than adapted, the forms and ideals of Christian nations, yet she is to all intents and purposes heathen. Of her fifty millions of people less than one million are Christians, and of this number the Emperor was not one. He, as all the 120 rulers of Japan from primitive days down, was a Shintoist, and it is with the rites of that worship he will be buried.

The Shinto funeral, as it has been described by travelers in Japan, is an impressive ceremony, which yet lacks the solemn dignity that associates itself with Christian burial services everywhere except in large cities. The Shinto worship consists largely of a deification of the dead, and strange as it may seem, the sadness which is always associated with our funerals is either entirely lacking or most sedulously concealed. All Japan believes, or politically pretends to believe, the legend of the descent of its emperors from Amaterasu O Mi Koto, the Goddess of the Sun. He is therefore something more than human. The death of a ruler thus adds a new demigod to the long list of heroes and renowned personages who have been so exalted. The beloved Tenno Sama, "The Heavenly Lord Emperor," has "rejoined his imperial ancestors." This title, Tenno Sama, is the one commonly used by the Japanese, and its significance clearly indicates the wide gulf that lies between the Japanese conception of loyalty and love for a sovereign and that which animates the subjects of even the most beloved of Occidental rulers.

Three days will be taken up by the ceremonies of the burial of Mutsuhito. At six o'clock on the morning of September 13 the first private service will take place in the presence of the new Mikado, Yoshihito, and the Dowager Empress Haruko. How long this service will be or of what ceremonies it will consist is unknown. According to the official program, the next event will take place at seven o'clock that evening when the Elder Statesmen, the Peers and all the high officials and foreign representatives are to assemble at the palace, whence the procession will start at eight P.M. Emperor Yoshihito will meet the cortège on the Aoyama Parade Ground. It is expected that this procession will be very long and will offer many strange contrasts. Musicians and torch and lantern bearers of Japan's old régime will find themselves marching with modern carriages behind and before. Many silk-robed priests and officials carrying emblems must still leave space for representatives of the modern army and navy. The funeral car bearing the late Emperor's body is to be drawn by teams of snow-white oxen along the route lined by soldiers of the regular army.

Just after the arrival of the procession at the Aoyama field the funeral service will begin, and will comprise the full and imposing Shinto ritual. After the service the Emperor will personally read a tribute to the dead monarch, and this will be followed by another read by the Empress Dowager, who will be succeeded by the ministers of state and others, the musicians meanwhile continuing to play funeral airs.

When these ceremonies and orations are finished the funeral train will start for Kioto, where the interment is to be made. A special station has been built at Momoyama, and here the train is scheduled to arrive at 5.10 P.M. on September 14. A procession similar to that in Tokyo will conduct the Emperor's remains to their last resting-place. More memorial poems and tributes will then be read beside the tomb. On the following day the concluding ceremonies will be conducted by the Shinto priests. These, it is supposed, will consist of the actual rites of committal to the earth. The arrangement of the obsequies so that the two great processions will take place during the hours of darkness seems passing strange to us, for it is within only the last decade or so that even the thought of holding a respectable funeral at night has come to be tolerated in this country. In Japan, however, all Shinto funerals are conducted at night. The appearance of a burial procession in daylight marks the deceased as having been either a Christian or a Buddhist.

The body of Mutsuhito, clothed in the uniform of a generalissimo of the army, is now lying in state in a white silk-lined room in the Imperial Palace at Tokyo. The funeral ceremonies assume the aspect of an international event when it is realized that all the great nations of the world will be represented by special embassies. To mark the cordial relations that have existed with the United States from the time of Admiral Perry and Townsend Harris, and continuing through the long reign of the late Emperor, President Taft has sent Secretary Knox as his special and personal representative at the obsequies. The special mission consists also of an admiral of the navy, Rear Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, U.S.N., retired; a general of the army, Brigadier General John J. Pershing, commanding the Department of Mindanao, Philippines; and a secretary, Mr. Ransford S. Miller, chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs, State Department, Washington, D. C. Secretary Knox, who with this party and Mrs. Knox is now traveling to Japan on the armored cruiser *Maryland*, expects to arrive in Yokohama on September 10.

It has been announced that Prince Henry of Prussia, who a few years ago visited the United States, will be present at the funeral as the representative of his brother, Emperor William of Germany. No definite pronouncement has been made as to Great Britain's representative, but it is generally believed that Prince Arthur of Connaught, King George's nephew, will fill this

Continued on page 869

Shinto Priests Praying for Mutsuhito

A HERO OF THE CROSS

THE life of Griffith John is one to stir to its depths every soul who is awake to the splendor of courageous and noble living. His whole career, now that he is gone, flashes forth like a rebuke upon our modern, easy-going ways. He was consumed by one passion, and one only—to help in saving China for the kingdom of Christ. And that passion carried him back to China when he was not far from eighty years old, after he had been compelled to rest for a year on account of failing health.

A standard encyclopedia, in its sketch of Dr. John's career, states that he retired from the life of an active missionary in 1906, and was residing in the United States. There were some brave chapters to be added after that. Back to his field of labor the old man journeyed, lived through the revolution which brought nearer the new China of which he had dreamed, and at last, in his eighty-first year, when the hostilities about Hankow became so perilous that the missionaries were compelled to turn toward the coast, with his physical strength exhausted and his great intellect in partial eclipse, he reached England last January, and on July 25 went to his rich reward.

For fifty-six years he lived for China. He cared not for recreation, for rest, even for furloughs. He visited England only once from the time he sailed to his work in 1855 until he returned last January to die. When he needed recreation, he took an evangelistic tour through the country districts of China, and in the preaching of the old Gospel he found new strength.

The *Christian World*, of London, commenting upon his life and work, says:

"Griffith John was first and foremost a preacher and an evangelist. He translated the Bible into Chinese, the New Testament alone taking him twenty years; he founded the Central China Tract Society, whose yearly output is now nearly three million publications; he wrote and published scores and even hundreds of tracts and booklets; but it was by preaching that he aimed supremely at making Christian disciples among the Chinese people. To make Christ known to China was his consuming passion. He founded at Hankow a hospital, a high school, a normal school and a medical school; but pioneering as a preacher of the spoken Word was his chief joy. His keen eyes were ever upon new fields to enter and conquer. At enormous risk to life and limb he penetrated into fresh cities, preaching the Gospel and teaching the Scriptures. For that work, he said, 'one feels that he could dare and endure anything.'"

But even more remarkable than his work was the spirit of the man. He had overcome and slain one of the most subtle temptations that can beset the Christian worker—the desire for recognition and fame. Converted at the age of eight, Griffith John began to preach at fourteen, and from sixteen to eighteen won remarkable attention as a "boy preacher." People flocked to hear him and were tremendously moved. He was thought to be the new prophet of evangelism sent to awaken his own people. But being urged to attend college, he felt there the higher call to be a missionary. It is hard to estimate the severity of that struggle. Called to preach, fired with spiritual ardor and power for th task, gifted almost miraculously with eloquence i his native tongue, welcomed by his people, t turned away from it all to a strange land, a strang race, a strange tongue. He expressed thus in late years what it was that had taken place: "The mi sionary desire came in and took possession of m heart," and the lower desire to become famous a a preacher was "driven out never to return. He adds: "This was one of the greatest victorie ever won in the arena of my soul." How com plete the victory was may be guessed from th fact that in 1889, when the Congregationa Union elected him its chairman, he declined th honor, and when, some years later, he was agai nominated for this high office, he withdrew fro the ballot. He lived only to work, and h worked only because he loved the souls of me and the Christ who had died to redeem them.

The Late Dr. Griffith John

Dr. John was the first missionary to Centra China. For five years after reaching the for eign field, in 1855, he resided at Shanghai. I 1861 he went to Hankow, which remained unti the end the headquarters of his great work. H traveled through large portions of nine of th eighteen provinces of China, most of the time o foot, and in four of these provinces he was th first preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Nelson Bitton writing for the *Christian World*, paints thi charming picture of one of the last days in th life of this rare old soldier of the Cross:

"The last day that I spent with Griffith John in the year 1908, is vivid in my memory as I write. We traveled out from Hankow to Hsiaokau, where the doctor was to spend the week-end with the Christians of the church he had established a generation before, in a city which had been wholly hostile to his work and opposed to his entrance. Once in Hsiaokau, he was like a boy in his keenness to see all that was going on. He must visit the lepers and mark with emphatic admiration the perfect little chapel which had been erected for them under Dr. Fowler's superintendence. Then nothing would do but we must go with him to see the small Chinese house which had been his dwelling thirty years before. And as we went through the streets where, in the old days, he had been reviled and mobbed, the word went round that this was the *lao muhsz*—venerable pastor—from Hankow. I bade him farewell that evening, making my way back to Hankow, and the last words of this invariable optimist were: 'Believe in the good things ahead, my brother.'"

A. H. H.

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—DURING THE FIRST week of August one of the most remarkable conventions that the world has ever seen took place in Paris, France. Several thousand deaf-mutes representing almost every country on earth were gathered together to consider ways and means for the advancement of the interests of those similarly afflicted throughout the world. Speeches were delivered in the sign languages of all the countries represented, and discussions were carried on which led to the inauguration of a movement for the creation of a universal sign language. Such strange scenes as a Hindoo, a Turk, an Englishman and a Russian, each in distinctive dress, carrying on an excited and earnest discussion without a single sound were not at all uncommon. The accompanying photograph shows one of the incidents of the first day of the convention, when the delegates were just beginning to gather.

A French Delegate Delivering an Address of Welcome in Sign Language

—COUNSELOR CLARENCE DARROW, who was on trial on the charge of bribery in the case of the McNamara brothers, the dynamiters of the Los Angeles *Times*, has been acquitted.

—THE PROPOSED amendment to the Constitution to limit the Presidency to a single term of six years was killed in the Senate on August 20, for the present session at least. Senator Borah was the chief opponent of the measure. He insisted that the honor of being elected a second time was an incentive to the proper exercise of the powers of the Presidency.

—IT IS REPORTED that a cloudburst, followed by the heaviest downpour in the history of Montana, occurred on August 19. All train schedules were temporarily abandoned, washouts on every Eastern Montana line rendering regular service impossible.

—AT A LARGE meeting in Indianapolis for the notification of Governor Marshall of his nomination as Democratic candidate for Vice-President, the grand-stand collapsed, carrying 300 persons with it. Seventy-five persons were injured, five severely, and a panic was narrowly averted.

—THE NEW JERSEY BRANCH of the Lutheran Synodical Conference July 16 adopted a resolution that, for the protection of the innocent, the State, before issuing a marriage license, should demand a satisfactory medical certificate from both the contracting parties to the marriage. The resolution was prompted by the fact that of 50,000 blind children in the United States, 12,000 lost their sight in consequence of disease in the parents.

—WITH A PARTY of friends from the United States, Harry Payne Whitney recently started from London for his annual shooting party upon the Scottish grouse moors he leases from the Earl of Strathmore. The shooting he has afforded the four friends in his party will cost Mr. Whitney more than $75,000. That is the sum the wealthy American pays a year for the Holwick grouse moors, which he uses only a few days annually. This year the rental will be largely increased by incidental expenses. Mr. Whitney has engaged more than one hundred beaters to drive game for the party, and the other expenses of entertaining the gunners will be large. The Holwick moors are among the best known in Scotland. This event has caused a storm of protest in the British press. As England's great problem is to find room for her people, it is proclaimed an outrage that these lands should be held year after year by one man who uses them only for sport a few days each year.

—THE TURKISH Foreign Minister recently confirmed the report that semi-official peace negotiations with Italy are proceeding and some definite result in Tripoli would not be surprising. The chiefs of the tribes in the interior of Tripoli refuse to countenance talk of peace. At a recent conference of the prominent Arab leaders, it was resolved, in the event of Turkey and Italy arranging terms, to proclaim the autonomy of Tripoli and to continue the war until overwhelmed. Turkish officers who were present at the assemblage swore that they would remain in Tripoli and fight on the side of the Arabs. The chiefs say they have food sufficient to last them three years, but they need a supply of ammunition. They already have selected a provisional government.

—AN AMERICAN soldier of fortune, James Ward Rogers, a native of Wayland, Allegan County, Mich., who at different times resided in a number of places in California, met his death recently in the jungles of Africa, at the hands of British soldiers, who had been tracking him through the jungles and forests for several weeks. Rogers was a modern freebooter and outlaw. He had defied the laws and customs and authorities of every African country he had entered. For years along the boundaries of the Congo he carried on a career as an elephant poacher and illicit ivory trader, netting, it is believed, a large fortune. The British officials of the Soudan made every effort to trap him, but without avail until Captain Fox, Inspector of the Mongalla Province, set out after him about the beginning of July and ran him to earth on the banks of the Uganda. Rogers was shot in one of the skirmishes that ensued, but managed to get to his own camp, where he later sent for Captain Fox. The British officer removed the bullet from Rogers's wound and nursed him for four days, until his death. Rogers's death occurred on Belgian territory, and Captain Fox immediately reported to the nearest Belgian court what had occurred. He was escorted to the boundary by a Belgian force, which took possession of the other prisoners, two white companions of Rogers and about one hundred natives.

THE PASSING OF GENERAL BOOTH

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Evangeline Booth

Commander of the Salvation Army Forces in America

IN THE passing of Rev. William Booth, the venerable founder and general of the Salvation Army, one of the most romantic figures of the religious life of the last half century has been removed. On August 21 the announcement came from his home, the Rookstone, at Hadleywood, near London, that the General had passed away the previous evening. He is survived by his sons, William Bramwell, Ballington and Herbert Booth, and his daughters, Evangeline Booth and Mrs. Booth-Helberg.

The aged leader's health had been failing for several months, and the end came not unexpectedly. On the previous Monday night his condition was known to be hopeless, and it was then obvious that the termination of his remarkable career was near. On May 24 last General Booth had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from his left eye. For two days after the operation indications justified the hope that the General would ultimately recover. Then, however, septic poisoning set in, and

Bramwell Booth

The New Commander of the Salvation Army of the World

m that time to the end his immediate household feared that it could not be er than a losing fight. During his illness General Booth had the unremit- g attention of his son Bramwell Booth, who is the Chief of Staff of the vation Army, as well as of his son Herbert, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, and his granddaughter, Miss herine Booth.

The failure of the operation on his eyes to restore sight came as a severe blow to the General and his followers. When the announcement was de that all hope of saving his sight was gone, he azed all associated with him by the courage h which he faced the black prospect. He issued the Salvation Army throughout the world the lowing remarkable statement:

'In a few brief hours my comrades may be under painful compulsion of announcing that the neral is hopelessly blind. In that event, what an escribably painful loss will be mine, never again see the light of day, or behold the countenances my friends, or look into the sympathetic eyes of comrades; never again to witness that which for r sixty years has been to me the sight of sights— n and women kneeling at the mercy-seat.

'Then, too, I have lost the hope of being able with facility to write, while it will be an absolute possibility to read well. Pile up all my losses, ey are many and serious, I admit; but look at the cies left me!

'First, there is my confidence in God. I am not ng to allow the existence of a few things which e in conflict with my judgment to interfere with confidence in his wisdom—confidence that is in- ed by a lifelong knowledge of his loving care en, I have not lost the assurance of my own ppy relations with my heavenly Father. I have t lost the confidence and love of my own dear ople."

The morning following his death the English pers paid the highest possible tributes to his emory. They gave him a prominent place ong the illustrious company of the world's great ligious leaders. He has undoubtedly left behind m a vital record of his life's activity in the ser- ce of a great cause, and in the organization which survives him a monument himself in every civilized country. William Booth became a world figure rough the working out of two ideas which at first seemed to give little omise of their ultimate development. These ere to combine charity and religion in a practi- l way and to organize a Christian army on lines nilar to those of the military establishments of e nations. Few pages in the world's religious d social history are more picturesque and dra- atic than the organization and growth of the ighty army of peace which is the outcome of ese two ideas. In 1844 the army had its humble ginning in talks delivered from an ash-barrel lpit in the slums of Nottingham, England, by a ung evangelist, who had not the faintest dream at his simple, earnest efforts to carry the Word God to people who would not go to God's house hear it would ever culminate in the organiza- on of a great body of workers commissioned to ach and to help the unchurched masses the orld around. He was not an ordained minister, t just a devout Christian lad, who worked at his cular employment until eight o'clock every ght, and then went forth "to an open air meet- g, a prayer meeting, or the bedside of the sick d the dying." His mother was a widow, and he r support. At the age of fifteen he had been nverted in a Wesleyan Chapel, and had immedi- ely set about seeking lost souls. At seventeen was appointed a local preacher and urged to ter the ministry, but various obstacles pre- nted. Yet on Sundays he tramped from village to village, preaching in church after church. Observing his congregations, he noted that one class did not come; "the 90 per cent. of the working classes, whose cathedral was the saloon, whose sacrament was a drunken bout, and whose Bible the penny-dreadful," would not seek the sanctuary, so he went to them. From his ash-barrel pulpit a tatterdemalion throng followed him into cottage meetings; then marched singing down the Goosegate into a chapel. From Nottingham he went to Cornwall; then to London's most famous place of evil—the Whitechapel district. An old tent in a disused Quaker burial ground in the East End was one station of expansion. It was blown down, and a dance hall became the meeting-place on Sundays, while an old unused wool warehouse on Bethnal Green served the same purpose through the week. By this time the movement had received the name of the Christian Mission. The exact origin of the name "Salvation Army" seems rather indefinite, but this is the most generally accepted story. Some one asked a definition of the Christian Mission of one of the ex-prize fighters, who was a leading worker. He replied that it was a volunteer army for the salvation of the poor. General Booth, who overheard this, immediately said, "A Salvation Army," and so the name was born. The military organization was a matter of later introduction. To catch the eye of the Whitby fishermen, the title "Captain" was introduced as a nautical rather than as a military term. One night a Captain Cadman referred to William Booth as "the General of the Salvation Army." "The name has stuck to me ever since," General Booth once remarked, "I never took the title. It seemed to grow fast, so I decided to sanction it." It was soon evident that military organization, terms and discipline would solidify his forces and advance the great end he had in view, and this led to the introduction of that type of organization.

The Late William Booth

Founder and General of the Salvation Army

This action led to considerable censure in England, where military titles mean more and are more strictly guarded as to usage than they are in this country. People said Booth was mad, and he and his band came in for rather rough attention from the street crowds. The throwing of sticks and stones and mud became so common that the members of the Army considered it simply an incident in the day's work and paid little attention to it.

William Booth was an enthusiast, but he was practical, and he realized that every day's work carried him nearer the goal for which he was striving. The basest of pecuniary motives were attributed to him, and this, for a time, made trouble, but he and his organization by their untiring efforts have lived down that accusation and have come to enjoy the sincerest support and admiration of the general public. Of late years the members of his great army could go where they pleased in their uniforms without fear of violence, of misunderstanding, or of jeers. From this small and undignified beginning has grown the Army which now consists of 4,611 corps and outposts that reach throughout the civilized world. No possible attempt can be made to state the activities of the Salvation Army in figures. Thousands of the poor have been fed and lifted to a higher plane of living; thousands have been led to accept Christ as their personal Saviour, and still more thousands have been taken at the doors of prisons and led back to lives of usefulness and respectability, and from the streets of the great cities of the world nearly thirty thousand young women have been rescued from the depths of shame and given a new hold on life and decency. So great was the respect in which the founder of the organization had come to be held that sympathy was extended to his family by the heads of two great nations. King George V of Great Britain sent this message:

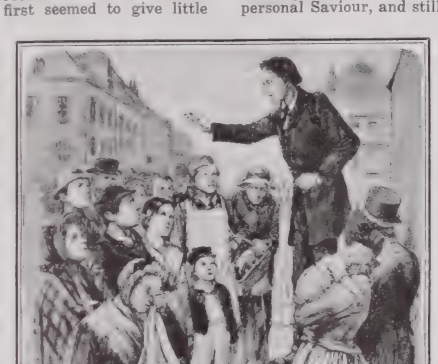
"I am grieved to hear the sad news of the death of your father. The British nation has lost a great organizer and the poor a whole-hearted and sincere friend who devoted his life to helping them in a practical way. Only in the future shall we realize the good wrought by him for his fellow-creatures. To-day there is universal mourning for him. I join in it and assure you and your family of my true sympathy in the heavy loss which has befallen you.

(Signed) GEORGE, R. I."

President Taft cabled the following statement to W. Bramwell Booth:

"In the death of your good father the world loses one of its most effective practical philanthropists. His long life and great talents were dedicated to the noble work of helping the poor

Continued on page 870



William Booth's First Pulpit—an Ash-Barrel

QUEST AND CONQUEST

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, D.D.*

TEXT: "Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." Job 23: 3, 4. (Also Rom. 8th chapt

THERE are certain hungers or directions resident in human nature which, under the impulse of instinct from within or necessity from without, determine the course of every life. The first of these we call the appetites. That is to say, when a child is born, he immediately becomes dependent upon the earth for his existence. He never can escape from that necessity. Whether the child be born in a palace or a cottage, in the city or upon the farm, always, every day, his body is related to the earth, depends upon the earth, and cannot escape from that dependence any more than one can escape from his own personality.

There is also the instinct for thought. The difference between a rational and an irrational being lies here: that under an urgent impulse, whether it be from God or from beneath or from within, the child is directed at once to an inquiry. A babe has no notion of distance. He must determine by reasoning whether an object is a mile or a league or a foot or an inch from his eye. He must determine in the same way whether he is looking upon his father or mother or friend or enemy. The eye reports to the mind, and the mind reasons.

The Hunger of the Soul

Deeper than these, as universal as these, more spiritual and more immortal than these, is another hunger, the hunger for God. When it is not enlightened by reason or by revelation, this appears under grotesque forms. This hunger for God has produced the low forms of religious life common among savages. It has produced the mystic philosophies of India. It has produced the granite morality of the Chinese. It has produced the wonderful traditions of the North American Indian about the Great Spirit and the Common Father. It has produced Christianity. It has produced the Bible. It is the most elementary and the most vigorous and the most resistless impulse of human nature.

Now, judging from appearances, it would seem as if that hunger were dying out of men. A young business man of position, intelligence, and character said to me within a week, standing in one of the great hotels of this city and looking at the people: "How much attention these people pay to their food!" I have been thinking that over. Looking upon the civilization of a great city like this, it would seem that these millions, rushing to and fro, eating and drinking and working and playing and forgetting God—it would seem as if this hunger had no place in their lives and never did have and never could have. But that is only a superficial and incidental view. A man in some inaccessible mountain upon some inaccessible island of the sea, marooned from and forgotten by his fellows, discovers vast deposits of gold. It is of no use to him. It is real gold, and he is a real man. But its value depends upon his being in society among other men, where he can give and take and buy and sell and realize his social nature. The sunset is glorious, but not to the blind. The symphony of the great artist is exquisite, but not to the deaf. Food is beautiful and good, but not to the sick. Love is lovely, but not to the insane. So that it is possible for these people who rush to and fro like swine to their gilded troughs—it is possible to say of them that this impulse after something other and greater than themselves has been changed and degraded until perhaps, in its inflamed and degraded and diseased condition, it is responsible for the very unrest which they seek to satisfy by a pernicious activity. These hungers and impulses after God are the most common of all the powers of human nature.

The Only Satisfaction

Come down the centuries to the man who wrote this letter to the Romans, a man of equally high position socially to that occupied by Job; a man of unquenchable zeal for righteousness, of a deep hunger after God; a man who stood, by virtue of his intellect and character, in the very van of leadership among his people. He has had a strange experience. In place of peace, there has come turmoil and struggle. In place of the admiration of his fellows, he now receives their hatred. He has been hungry and thirsty and naked. He has been almost lost upon the sea. He has been turned out of one city and welcomed to a prison in another. In the distant future, growing nearer every moment, he sees himself approaching death at the hands of the law. In the midst of such crushing experiences, this great Titanic man stands forth and proclaims his persuasion that nothing can separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus his Lord.

What makes the difference between Job who cries: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" and Paul who is persuaded that nothing can separate him from the love of God? The difference is supplied in this word: Jesus Christ. We then have, in contemplating this universal hunger after God and the strange vicissitudes through which it drives human nature, two permanent facts: the hunger itself and its supply in Jesus Christ.

What is it that Jesus does for a man to satisfy him? First of all, our Lord reorganizes and rearranges the warring energies of human nature. Men have capacity for peace, for happiness. You business men know that if you were to enter your office and find your bookkeeping far behind, so that you could not tell how much you owe nor who owes you, it would disturb you deeply. If you are orderly and have capacity for business, you would address yourself to that situation until you had healed it and made your business a real, rational organization around you, the expression of a well-ordered mind; the expression of a definite purpose and policy. So human nature is in its essence disorganized. Conscience says one thing, the will another, the intelligence still another. These elemental forces of our nature are arrayed one against another until we find ourselves plunged into spiritual chaos. We cry with Paul: "Oh, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The first thing Jesus does for a man is to restore harmony among his warring powers. Just as he drove out demons, and restored the sightless eye and healed the deaf ear, so, when he penetrates to the moral nature of a man, he puts the regnant power of conscience once more upon the throne; he regulates the intellect so that we can discern what is right and what is wrong; he stimulates the will so that we have the energy to do the thing we ought to do. The first thing Jesus does for a man is to regulate and inspire and adjust his own inner powers among themselves.

Christ the Truth

The next thing Jesus does for a man is to clarify his vision of truth. The greatest contribution which Jesus has made to the world, apart from his redeeming work, is his revelation of truth. Men have been haunted since the beginning with a conception that truth is mathematics. Two and two make four; three and three make six; three times three makes nine. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

"These principles can never change." But they do change. If two and two make four of money coming to you, that looks one way. If two and two make four of money you owe, then it looks another way. If two and two make four, and that is your children, if they are alive and with you, that is one thing; but if two and two make four, and their graves are out on the hillside, that is another proposition. That is to say, you, being a man, must put personal considerations into all your reasoning if you are to rise to the full height of your manhood. When Jesus came, his great contribution was truth —not mathematics, but *truth*, alive, personal, vital: "I am the Truth." When Jesus enters into your life he takes the intelligence which God has given you and lifts it up and clarifies it and gives it a new standard of measurement, a new telescope through which it can see long distances, a new microscope which reveals the beauties of God's grace and justice within and without. It clarifies your reasoning power until you find room within your mind for sympathy, and right, and love, and time, and eternity.

Then, best of all, and last of all, and first of all, Jesus, as he enters into one's life, brings God within the compass of a man's understanding. I know that men do not find God because they do not know where to find him. They seek him in the sound of the winds and they feel the winds blowing upon them and hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence they come nor whither they go. They see him in the beauties of nature, and they find themselves involved in the question whether nature is the incarnation of love or law, of life or death. They seek him in the mysterious temple of their own nature, and their search ends in chaos and confusion and they sink into darkness. Men have sought God through all the ages and have found him partially, have caught glimpses of him, have seen fair outlines of his glory. But it was given to the Lord Jesus to bring God down out of the sky, to bring him in from the vast immensities of space, to bring him out of the great silence of his spiritual existence and place him in some compass where men can understand him.

Such was the conscious life of Jesus. He is the supreme medium by means of which men may understand and make response to God. This is his great contribution to you and me. He has brought God within the compass of our human powers so that we can understand and respond to him.

The Reason and the Cure

And now I want to bring this word into your life and mine. You are a Christian. You have been one for many years. Perhaps away back when you were a little boy in some revival meeting, your childish nature was stirred by an appeal, and you united with the church. Many times since you have wondered if that was not a fatal mistake on your part because the childish fervor soon passed away like the bloom upon summer flowers when touched by frosts, and all you have is a blasted flower as a memory of that sweet childish experience long ago. You have retained your membership in the church. You have not been joyous as a Christian. You have not been active as a Christian. If your pastor asked you to do anything in the church, it was not because you did not have the power to respond that you said "No." It was not because you are lacking in equipment; it was not because you have been a failure in your business; it was not because you have no intelligence that you have refused. It is because you have no passion that drives you in that direction. You have attended church pretty regularly, and given sometimes. But when a man speaks to you about Jesus, you look confused, you look half ashamed. He is speaking about something that is not a reality to you. Your eye does not kindle with joyous response. Your voice does not fill and thrill with an accent of personal passion when you begin to talk about Jesus. You are embarrassed because there is nothing in your life that corresponds to what Jesus seems to be in his message.

I have presented to you the way along which, if you follow to its glad conclusion, you will find a reason and a cure for these wasted years of your church membership which are a terrible tragedy for you. Every man must appear before the judgment seat of Christ. These sleek, well-fed worldlings will some day be trembling, as they stand before God and try to explain why they stood like swine in the trough and never raised so much as the tip of a finger when men were dying around them in this vast godless maelstrom of modern life. God will find them and you and me when he wants us. Though we be seated in our palace, the door double-locked, that silent stranger will find us. He will not even stop to note the beauty of our flowers and admire our mural decorations. He will step behind us and touch us on the shoulder, and we shall instantly follow him like the most abject slave. Every man must appear before the judgment seat of God to give an account. If any of you men have ever served as the trustee or administrator of an estate, you know what utmost care you must exercise in the handling of its funds. Why? Because you are going to appear before the judge at periodical times to give an account. It won't do to say, "I think so," or "I guess." You have got to know, down to the last penny for a postage stamp, because you are administering a trust fund, and the law

Continued on next page

* Pastor Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

LIFE'S HARMONY

ERE'S a legend old I have somewhere heard
d it comes so oft to me,
the thought so often my heart has stirred
l I long and long to be
ve that my part in life's harmony
ght sound no discordant tone
e song that rises so ceaselessly,
at will echo on and on
all of the singers have passed away
he land of light and the perfect day.

ld you know this legend of long ago,
wonderful story that haunts me so?
this, that the voices of earth and air
one in life's harmony great must bear
rt, for the least may not silent be,
must sound out its message in its own key,
echoing on through space for aye,
ote into silence may die away.
uld all be right if a melody sweet
ld ever and ever itself repeat,
might and power it swept along
it filled the universe wide with song.
oh, if the tones were harsh and shrill,
ver and ever discordant still,
'd echo and ring till the sweetest strain
ld strive to be heard by all in vain,
the harsh, wild discords the harmony
ld mar and destroy all the melody.

hen would I strive each day to fill
place in life's music as God may will,
t only my sweetest notes may be
ver heard in the melody.

ilippi, W. Va. IDA L. REED.

Quest and Conquest

Continued from preceding page

ds you absolutely responsible. You trustee of a greater estate than l ever be administered by men, in twenty-four hours of every day t God has given you in your existe here. By and by you will stand ore him to give an account of the rs and hours and minutes of this den life. Oh, things look differly here from what they will look ore the judgment seat of Christ! se indeed is the man who aphes his life from that point of w now, so that when he is called he l be like Paul, in a strait betwixt o, having a desire to depart and be th Christ, which is far better. Judgnt is nothing to him. The terror of law has been obliterated. He will nd before the judgment seat of rist some day. He will stand there riously triumphant, at perfect ace because Christ is with him and ims him as his own.

My dear friend, my sister, my other, in your long years of church ationship which have turned out to largely for you a matter of relius instinct grown cold, a matter of m instead of substance (it does not p you in your business, it does not p you in your home, still less in the ess and torment of your own be), I bid you to mark this day as the ginning of a new age.

Are you seeking God and have not nd him? Go not up into the avens, go not down into hell, go not the uttermost parts of the earth, hough he is there, for in him ye e and move and have your being; t come to Jesus, to the human rist and the divine. Bow before n. Open the windows of your spirit him, and he will come in and bring th him the Father, and then you will ow as you are known.

It is so much better than we had red to hope to be a Christian. Many you here have not got as much out your religion as you expected. I ll you, in the name of Jesus, that it very much greater and better to be Christian than we dared to expect. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, ither hath it entered into the heart man, the things which God hath epared for them that love him" in e next world. It is equally true of is. If you are still in a quest for od and know nothing of the conquest your life in his presence and power, rn away from Job; get acquainted ith Paul, and through Paul with aul's Christ, and through Christ with s God. Then thou shalt live.

"THE TONGUE OF THE DUMB SHALL SING"

SOME ONE has said that an affliction may be one of the first aids to success, and a physical handicap is often a positive help to mastery because it spurs the possessor to greater mental and spiritual effort and challenges his will to prevail in the struggle.

A thrill went through the heart of the nation when it was announced the other day that Helen Keller sang at the Otological Congress in Cambridge, Mass. Blind, deaf and dumb from infancy, this young woman, with all the world seemingly shut out from her grasp, has conquered her tremendous handicap by the power of her will, the loving patience of her teachers, and the outreaching eagerness of her own soul. She has said unto this mountain, "be removed." She has emerged from her physical prison and claimed her place among living, working men and women. She who could not utter a word can now carry on a conversation over the telephone. She has addressed in three languages, English, French, and German, a congress of scientists who came from all parts of the world. As the crowning achievement, this girl who could not see notes, who formerly could not even utter speech, sang clearly and sweetly, so that her voice reached every corner of the great room and her audience was moved to tears.

"Almost it is a miracle!" exclaimed the scientists. Almost? Never was there more truly a miracle than the bringing of this wonderful girl up out of the tomb of silence and realizing in her the promise of Isaiah that "the tongue of the dumb shall sing." A miracle of science truly, but with the Omnipotent hand working through science and opening the understandings of men to the marvelous mechanism of the human body and brain.

But the miracles of to-day are not of sudden achievement. Most of them are performed only by persistent, heroic effort. Explosive action or spontaneous combustion is less a miracle than steady, progressive growth. The building of a house in a day, as was done not long ago, was less of a miracle than the growing of the timber which entered into its construction. A man may suddenly be given position or wealth by some unexpected turn of events. There is no miracle in such a happening comparable with that performed by the young man who begins with nothing but a strong purpose and fights his way up inch by inch, day by day, year by year, against all manner of obstacles until he achieves position, wealth or power through the victory of his own effort.

. . .

SENATOR GORE of Oklahoma is another example of such miraculous achievement in the face of the worst physical handicap. When an eight-year-old boy he lost one eye through an accident. Three years later he lost the other eye by another accident. Since then he has been totally blind. He had not gained even common schooling, because his father was poor. The world of work and of men was blotted out of his sight, but within him his soul was alive. One day, when he was fifteen, he sat on a box in his father's barn down in Mississippi and listened to a chum read to him from the *Congressional Record*. What boy chooses such a story book nowadays? A vision came into his young soul. A hot flash of purpose thrilled him. At that moment the blind boy nominated himself for United States Senator. He followed the gleam through the dark, hard days and years that followed. He worked, and he grew, and he won. When he was led to his seat of honor, which he has occupied with honor ever since, he had achieved the kind of miracle which makes manhood great wherever it is performed, and which has been, through the centuries, the miracle by which, under divine blessing, the nation itself has gained its greatness.

. . .

YOUNG men and young women who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and tongue to speak may well compare their efforts and their achievements with those won by Helen Keller, Senator Gore and others like them. The world has no sympathy with the well-equipped athlete who cannot win in a race with a cripple. If without sight, and hearing, and voice, marvelous self-development and brilliant accomplishment are possible, what should the young men and women who have all these things not be able to do?

We read in the parable of the man who had only one talent and became discouraged and hid it away unused, while the man with the ten talents employed them profitably. By a surprising reversal of the parable, we are finding many of the one-talent competitors to-day outstripping the ten-talent men. It is so hard to win in the fierce competition of life when there is only one talent as the initial capital, that the possessor employs it to the utmost—and wins. It is so easy to stride out into the world and take the high places when one has ten talents to start with, that often the ten talents are carelessly frittered away and lost and the owner "begins with shame to take the lowest place."

The wise father does not make everything "as easy as possible" for his son whom he sends out into the world to find his own place. He knows strength and endurance come not that way. He knows that as strong muscles knit themselves upon the bones, and the frame broadens and grows tough by physical exercise, so strong powers knit themselves upon the spirit and it broadens and grows mighty through the grim struggle with obstacles. The severe physical struggles have their analogy in the spiritual struggle. Only after the battle comes the victory and only for him that overcometh is laid up the crown.

TO A MOTHER

PRAY not to keep him here—
This little child with wonder in his eyes
Whose troubled soul looks forth
As though in quest of its lost Paradise

He did but lose his way.
And wandered down the rugged path to earth
From fields Elysian;
And thou in pain and travail gave him birth.

And now because they call—
Those comrade souls who miss his winsome smile—
Weep not, O mother-heart;
This be thy joy: *"I held him close awhile."*

RENA STILLMAN.

A Remarkable Prayer

ON THE assembling of the Progressive Party's Convention in Chicago on August 5, the opening prayer was offered by Rev. T. F. Dornblaser, pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Chicago, Ill. His petition was in many respects a remarkable one. First, it was admittedly the longest prayer on record as ever having been offered in a political convention. Second, it was read from typewritten sheets, and during its delivery the speaker gestured after the manner of orators. Then it was an intensely earnest prayer, dealing with great vital issues which he described in burning words that aroused the audience to frequent ejaculations of "Amen!" "Good!" "Good!" Public wickedness in every form was unsparingly denounced. Our nation had become puffed up with the spirit of pride and vainglory; our strength as a world-power had made us boastful and defiant. While there are many public wrongs and individual sins which ought to lead us to repentance and humiliation, we have sinned as a nation, trampled upon the commandments, and sinned against the red man and the black man. We have encouraged mercenary and soulless corporations. We have sinned against the white man, the woman and the child. We have had our money sharks, our political manipulators, our Pharaohs of industry and crooked finance, and "we have ground the faces of the poor and made their lives bitter with hard bondage." For all these we should cry for mercy and forgiveness.

"Throughout the history of the nation," he said, "the hand of Providence could be discerned, guiding the Union. We should not be satisfied with past achievements, but go forward to greater victories for humanity. When a nation ceases to be useful and helpful, and fails to fulfil the purpose for which God designed it, it must give place to another. So with political parties. When they have accomplished their aim, and only remain to "fatten upon the public patronage," then it is time that they should be supplanted by others with higher ideals.

He prayed for national guidance; for men of faith and conviction; for renewed liberty and popular government in the nation, leading "to better, loftier and more enduring heights than it has ever attained before"; for political honesty, moral heroism and civic righteousness to take the place of fraud, injustice and moral cowardice in high places; "but if the new party is possessed of no higher ideals than the old one, we have no supplications to offer in its behalf." North and South were both included in this extraordinary prayer and Cuba and Porto Rico were not forgotten. He appealed for the dismissal of all sectional jealousies and that love might prevail throughout the nation, with high ideals as beacon lights to guide the manhood of America. Especially did he pray for the "men and women who are battling against poverty and misfortune," that they might "take on new hope when they see the light of a better day dawning on their embittered lives." He closed with the Lord's Prayer, in which the great audience joined.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

THIS number seemed harder, but I enjoyed it." "Think these the most difficult questions we have had, but took pleasure in trying to look them up."

Letters like the foregoing show the spirit of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible students.

Another writes: "These questions are proving more interesting with each succeeding lesson, and we are deeply interested." Another: "I am deeply interested in the Bible Question Class. It is a strong incentive to 'search the Scriptures.'"

An honest farmer declares: "Some of these questions are too hard for me these busy harvest days." But he found eight correct answers, even in harvest time. Another list is signed: "The Hutchings Family." That calls up a pleasant picture: father, mother, and the boys and girls working together over their Bibles around the dining-room table, and comparing results. They reach the Honor Roll in a group, answering correctly every question but one.

Very different is the picture brought to the mind by another letter. One of our penitentiary students, sending correct answers to ten questions, writes: "I was very much gratified to learn of my success as a member of the Bible Class and to see my name on the roll of honor as a successful contestant. As never before I feel the sore need of a *Cruden's Concordance* and a good reference Bible." It might not be a bad idea for some member of the class to send a *Concordance* and reference Bible to this man who, in his prison cell, is searching the Word of God.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

LIST No. 7

1. What man was spared by a king and slain by a prophet? Agag. (I. Sam. 15: 9, 33.)
2. What prophet was detained as a deserter? Jeremiah. (Jer. 37: 13, 16.)
3. What two young men fell victims to a warning pronounced five hundred years before? Abiram and Segub. (Josh. 6: 26; I. Kings 16: 34.)
4. Of what were the mirrors made that are mentioned in Scripture and where is this stated? Polished brass. (Ex. 38: 8.)
5. What is the largest number converted at one time in New Testament days? Three thousand. (Acts 2: 41.)
6. Who, speaking in derision, first used the phrase: "No doubt but ye are the people"? Job. (Job 12: 2.)
7. What is the only revenge permitted to the Christian faith? Forgiveness. (Rom. 12: 20.) Matt. 5: 39-44; I. Peter 3: 9; Prov. 25: 21; Luke 6: 27; I. Cor. 4: 12, also contain correct answers to this question.
8. Where in the Bible are mortgages mentioned? Neh. 5: 3.
9. What is the first Bible reference to a library? Ezra 6: 1.
10. What good man was rebuked and punished because he did not control his sons? Eli. (I. Sam. 3: 11-13.)
11. What attendant upon royalty mourned because of the trouble of his people, and was later allowed to help them? Nehemiah. (Neh. 1: 4; 2: 1-8.)
12. What striking sign of the new birth does Paul mention in II. Corinthians? "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Here is the Honor Roll of the successful studer of List No. 7:

Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, J. Harry Deems, M J. Elmore, Rosa Hirschy, Esther D. Jones, Mrs. D. W. Ja son, Mrs. Alice Lee, David T. Newsom, Carrie L. Ray, E Simkin, Mrs. James Sanderson.

The following 53 members answered 11 questior

Miss L. Armstrong, Mrs. J. A. Ainslie, Charles Allen, B A. E. Bloom, Maud F. Brackett, Mrs. Charles Bartholme, Jo Bissett, Mrs. George Brill, Mrs. M. W. Barr, Bell W. Bro Mrs. Ione E. Coe, Annie J. Currie, Jennie Cunningham, M E. E. Cammack and Daughter, Sallie Davidson, I. Daigle Mrs. E. M. Doan, Mrs. Mary E. Diament, Wm. H. Etno Mrs. William Findlay, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Marion F. Gi nell, Mrs. Alonzo S. Gibson, Mrs. Susan A. Glover, Mrs. Grimshaw, Mrs. F. M. Gainfort, Mrs. Percy W. Holmes, I L. Hoyt, Mrs. Emily H. Harrington, Jennie E. Holmes, and Mrs. E. E. Hubbard, Mrs. Hugh J. Hughes, Mrs. S. Gr Harlow, The Hutchings Family, Kate A. Jackson, Mrs. E. King, Mrs. J. A. Koontz, Minnie Lohr, W. E. Light, Geo McLachlan, Mrs. Celinda Nye, C. G. Nelson, Mrs. Addie Perri Mrs. M. Perry, Rosina Rausch, Mrs. D. A. Rogers, J. P. Stre Hallie McP. See, Mrs. Anna Smitchel, Mrs. Dennis Sku Mrs. A. W. Stockwell, I. R. Strickland, Amelia Williams.

The following 56 members answered 10 questior

Mrs. H. L. Abel, Mrs. J. Adams Andrea, M. J. Archibo Mrs. Ralph E. Bridgman, J. W. Baker, Mrs. Louis A. Bla Mrs. A. L. Brackett, Mrs. T. H. Bedford, H. P. Calkins, B M. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Camp, Alma Culv Mrs. T. W. Cole, Agnes Cowan, Una Corner, Stella Cros Mrs. Marion A. Clark, H. F. Datesman, M. D., Mrs. M Davis, Mrs. R. W. Davis, Mrs. Sarah Eberhart, Martha F Mrs. Eliza J. Fuller, Mrs. Emma M. Gray, Richard Gall Mrs. W. C. Henderson, Mrs. Jennie E. W. Howell, Edwa Hicks, J. F. Hannay, Mrs. M. T. Jones, Julia E. Kemp, Jar W. Lott, Mrs. Emily O. Lewis, Mrs. W. B. Lawrence, Mich Murray, Mrs. J. C. McColm, N. P. Martin, Mrs. E. M. M thews, William Marshall, H. Maud Plaisted, Flossie Patt Bennet Pike, Mrs. A. C. Rhodes, Mrs. Albert P. Ryder, M A. S. Ross, Ida Shields, Mrs. Alonzo Sedgwick, Mrs. S. Seabury, Julia Thomas, J. D. Tracy, Carrie E. Tillson, H. Urian, Miss L. M. West, Julia E. Wilson, No Signature (fr Canada), Nancy R. King.

OUR FRESH-AIR WAIFS AT MONT-LAWN

IN HAPPY Mont-Lawn, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home among the Rockland hills, nearly two thousand little boys and girls, tenement waifs from the big city, have been guests for this summer. Arrangements are under way for the reception of a thousand more before the Home closes for the season. Never has "The Children's Paradise" looked prettier or the little folks been more happy or contented. There has been no serious sickness and the hospital has been usually without patients.

Visitors have been plentiful, and many have come from long distances to see the children at their meals, to watch them at their games on the great lawn, and to listen to their sweet voices in the Temple. On Sunday the regular two-o'clock service in the Temple has usually a goodly attendance of adults from the nearby villages. Among those who have addressed the children this season are Dr. C. H. Mead, Rev. Lyman Wheaton, Rev. George Sanderson, chaplain of the Tombs prison, New York; Rev. Franklin Babbitt, the venerable rector of Grace Church, Nyack; Rev. Mr. Moore, of Nyack; Rev. Dr. Smith, of Poughkeepsie; Mr. C. V. A. Blauvelt, and Postmaster George Helmke, both of Nyack. Rev. Mr. Howland, of Spring Valley, N. Y., has been present on a number of occasions. At the Saturday afternoon gatherings there have also been entertaining speakers, including Miss Emily Hartwell, of Foochow, China, who described the life of the Chinese children in the great orphanage there, in which two hundred little Chinese boys and girls are supported by patrons provided by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

If those good friends who have contributed toward the maintenance of this beautiful charity could visit Mont-Lawn and hear for themselves the expressions of loving appreciation that fall from the lips of the children, and could note the joy and delight that fill their waking hours, the patrons of Mont-Lawn would feel amply repaid for their generosity. They have brought real gladness into the pinched and parched little lives. "We cannot thank you enough," the larger of the tots tell the teachers, but in their joyous ways and happy faces one can clearly read childish satisfaction and thorough enjoyment.

A Playground Scene at Mont-Lawn

A lady who has visited Mont-Lawn several times and who is greatly in love with the work she saw there, writes, sending a plea for the neglected tenement waifs who have not been so fortunate as to get a holiday thus far. After a tour of the tenement districts in different parts of the city, but especially on the East Side of New York, she thus records h observations:

"There are many little girls and boys who hearts are fairly set on going to the Children Paradise, and great will be their disappointment they cannot be taken. Will not some kind-heart patron provide for them? I have listened to the pleadings, with eyes brimming with hope, mingl with the fear of being left behind. They have su rounded me and hungrily asked, 'Car I go to the country, ma'am?' These l tle Marys, Tommys, Lucys and Mikes (bless their hearts!)—it is so hard put them off with a promise of anoth year. A year is so long to wait. know that the Housemother and all her staff stretch every gift to its u most. It is little short of wonderf what can be done with a few dollars their loving and efficient hands. W must all do what we can to help t children of the poor, and it is a s thing to pass over even one little pitif appeal that rises from the heart to t lips of a neglected child. When th cry is multiplied a thousand time wherever we go in the slums, it is som thing unimaginable. God will sure prosper and bless every one who sends little tenement child to Mont-Lawn. no other way can one's benevolence a complish so much. And even if one not able to do all that could be wished, still a sma gift, joined with many others, will accomplish wh is needed. Truly, every mite counts for doub value at the Children's Paradise."

Contributions in aid of our fresh-air work shou be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible Hous New York. Every gift, however small, will l gratefully acknowledged.

THE FOLLOWING CONTRIBUTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME

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Ida Shuhr	2.00	J. W. Stephens	1.
Mrs. A. E. Shultis	1.00	D. F. Stevens	2.
Mrs. A. S. Silverberg	1.00	Mrs. Jacob Stokka	5.
Mrs. R. E. Slaven	5.00	S. B. Strong	1.
Mrs. Maria Small	1.00	John P. Stump	2.
Addie A. Smith	1.00	M. A. Sullivan	5.

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea"; "The Two Captains"; "Hearts and the Highway"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Lieutenant Colonel John H. Compton, in command of four oops, is stationed at Fort Sullivan among the foothills of the g Horn Mountains. The country is in a state of feverish rest, as the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians are on the war-path, d many settlers have been massacred. Colonel Compton's fe, Mary, and their little four-year-old daughter, Ethel Benn, are with him at the fort. There are several other women, ves of officers, and Mrs. Compton's pretty Irish maid, Molly cNeil, who dearly loves the little girl. Molly is very popular th the soldiers, but gives her preference to Private Danny eagher of Troop B. One day an alarm is given, the officer of e guard reports Indians on the hills to the westward, and e troops are ordered to get ready. In the meantime little hel has wandered from the enclosure, the Indians see her, and e chief swoops down on horseback and carries her off. With antic haste the soldiers pursue the marauders, but the colonel nows his men are outclassed in numrs and there are still women to proct in the fort, so he causes the recall be sounded. An investigation is held to how the child got out of the rounds. Private Meagher confesses was his fault in not guarding the gate, t Molly McNeil takes the blame on rself, saying she tempted "the bhoy." he Indians put up a flag of truce, and olonel Compton and his officers meet ree of their leaders. These propose give up the child in return for the rt. The proposition is haughtily reected, and death is threatened to the ttle one. Meagher is put under arrest d is to be courtmartialed. In an inrview with the colonel he suggests at as he will be condemned to death nyway, he be allowed to try to rescue liss Ethel by seeming to desert to the ndians. This is agreed upon, but Marett, an old scout and hunter, who does ot know of the agreement, hears the arefully missimed fire from the fort, nd seeing the deserter running, fires nd wounds him. Meagher falls, but is icked up and carried away by the ndians. Marnett enters the fort and arns of his mistake. He and Lieutennt Hadden then get away to a distant legraph station and summon reinorcements, which arrive under the comand of Colonel Huntley. Colonel ompton is given command of the enre Fourteenth Cavalry, and the War epartment orders a winter campaign gainst the Indians. Leaving two comanies of infantry to garrison the fort, olonel Compton and his command arch out into the snow-covered mounins to search for Chief Dull Knife and is band.

CHAPTER VI

Private Meagher Shows the Way

NEITHER horses nor men had ever sustained such hardships or carried on a campaign under such frightful difficulties as Compton's column encountered. When they started they had been accompanied by a body of Shoshone scouts, but the intense cold and the heavy snowstorms which filled the passes had discouraged these Indian auxiliaries. They had soon straggled away and abandoned the column. Yet they had no difficulty in their trailing because of the skill and devotion of Marnett, who, as chief of scouts, had associated with him a band of hardy, well-skilled, experienced frontiersmen. It resolved itself into a white man's expedition therefore.

Dull Knife and his band had concealed themselves for the winter in the hidden recesses of the mountains, which were traversed in every direction by a network of deep cañons, through many of which flowed icy rivers. The rude, almost impassable trails along the sides of these rifts in the mountains at this time were covered with snow. The regiment had been out of touch with civilization for at least a week; it had penetrated far into the mountain range before its advance was halted, and scouting parties had been sent out from the permanent camp in every direction. Cañon after cañon had been examined with no results whatever. The fierce wind and the drifting snow had obliterated the trails the Cheyennes might have left. Neither scout nor soldier found a trace of them.

The other Indian bands of Sioux and Cheyennes who had been on the warpath the previous summer had been located and were under observation, but Dull Knife's band had so far remained concealed. As it was Dull Knife's band that had carried off the colonel's daughter, Compton was certain that if alive she would be found with this group of Cheyennes. He therefore prosecuted his search with the most desperate determination.

The sufferings of the horses and the soldiers were terrible, but the troopers endured everything without murmuring. They responded to every demand with a cheerful enthusiasm which no cold was able to freeze out of them. Strange pictures they presented, coming in from a scout, or from mounted guard duty, in their great snow-encrusted buffalo overcoats, huge fur caps and gloves, with their beards and moustaches frosted with ice and snow! But it was certain to Compton that the regiment had about reached the limit of human endurance, and that unless Dull Knife were soon found he would have to break camp and return to the fort if he did not wish his men to be frozen to death in that ghastly wilderness of snow and ice.

They plunged desperately on in the drifting snow and the bitter night

Nothing had been heard from Danny Meagher either. No one knew whether he was alive or dead. With despair in his heart, Compton called a council of war, which met around a huge fire in the midst of the camp.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is evident that the men can't stand this much longer. A more cheerful, willing, courageous lot I have never commanded. They have done everything that mortal man could ask; forage is running low, rations are getting scarce. I dare not keep them out much longer; what do you think?"

Dexter and Calmore, who had both been promoted to majors, looked at each other. Calmore spoke first.

"I hate to say it, colonel, but I suppose you are right, sir."

"Yes," added Dexter, "unless we can find them in a day or two, we'll have to move out."

"We haven't rations for more than four days longer, sir," said the commissary.

"A lot of the men are already suffering from frost-bite; if this keeps up I can't answer for the health of the command, sir," said the surgeon.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "I believe it will kill my wife if we come back without the baby."

"I know," said Dexter speaking for all the others.

"Well," said Calmore, "you needn't decide anything to-night. We can't do anything until K troop returns."

"Marnett and Hadden started day before yesterday," said the colonel. Hadden commanded K troop, while its captain was in the East, seriously ill. "They were only rationed for three days; they must be back to-night," the colonel continued. "Well, gentlemen, if they don't bring a favorable report, we will break camp in the morning and go back to Fort Sullivan."

"I hate to do it," growled Dexter.

"And I," added Calmore.

"And think what it means to me," said the colonel; "yet I have no option. I can't let these men freeze to death."

Just before dark that night Hadden and his troop came in. They were covered with frost and snow; some of the men were freezing. The poor horses were in a state of complete exhaustion; they had covered miles of intricate trails, but had found nothing. Disconsolately, dejectedly, they made their report to the colonel.

"He is in there somewhere, curse him!" said old Marnett, brushing the ice from his face with both hands and warming himself by the campfire. "We've jest got to find him."

"I am afraid we can't do it now, old friend," said Compton. "We have just about rations and forage enough to get us back to Fort Sullivan; the men can't stand this any more."

"They've got to stand it," said old Marnett stubbornly. "I'll never go back to the fort and face your wife without that baby, or tidings of her, as long as I can set a horse or pull a trigger."

"That is all very well for you, Marnett, but I am responsible for the lives of these men and the safety of this command. If I were alone I would stay here in these mountains with you until we died before we gave up."

"Colonel," said Dexter, who was standing by, "give us one more day. We could stretch our supplies to cover five days by going on short rations. I know the men; they will take a long chance at starvation before they will go back beaten. I know the United States, too, and the people of this country have got their eyes on this column; we can't afford to go back unsuccessful."

"Let me ascertain the feeling of the men," said Compton.

Leaving the little group around the headquarters fire, the colonel walked from one troop camp to another. What he said to the first, he said in effect to them all; it ran something like this, the men crowding around him to listen:

"Men, we know Dull Knife is in the mountains somewhere, but we haven't yet found him. We've got four days' rations and forage left; we might stretch it to cover five or six. You have shown a courage and devotion and willingness to do everything that men could that's beyond all praise. As I am responsible for you, I should break camp and

Continued on page 861

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

William Booth

THE General has laid down his sword. God is with us."

These words, posted at its headquarters in London, announced that the Salvation Army's great leader was dead. His was a rugged sword, wielded with heroic strength. The closing words of the bulletin are an echo of the dying words of Wesley, whom, probably more than any other Christian warrior of the past, General Booth resembled and followed: "The best of all is—God is with us."

God was with General Booth in life; it was that fact that made his colossal achievements possible. God will be with the organization he built and commanded, now that he has gone. His own last audible words were about the promises of God. "They are sure—they are sure if you will only believe."

Remarkable tributes streamed into the headquarters of the Army on the day following the General's death. King George, President Taft and other notables of the world added their messages of sympathy to the words of humbler folk. The President issued a supplementary statement to the press in which he declared that "General Booth was as fully entitled to the term general as any military officer who marshaled his armies in the field." This tribute calls to mind Field Marshal Lord Wolseley's statement that the British army had taken lessons in methods of organization, distribution and control from the Salvation Army.

History alone can make the true estimate of William Booth. It will probably write him down as the greatest religious campaigner and organizer of half a century; one of the towering and most influential figures of his times. To begin work alone, in the face of ridicule, which for years only spread and deepened as the work grew, and to die at the head of an organization numbering thousands of officers and hundreds of thousands of enrolled soldiers, with 4,611 posts scattered over the world; to have wrested from a bewildered church and a hostile world the heartiest confidence and praise; to have been directly and indirectly the means of turning many thousands of wrong-doers to the paths of righteousness; to have fed the hungry and clothed the naked and cared for the orphans; to have found work for the idle and hope for the hopeless; to have brought joy to the broken-hearted and love to the forsaken; to have influenced by his own movement the ideals and methods of other religious bodies; to have changed public sentiment and influenced humanitarian legislation; to have kept alive the ancient truths of the Christian faith while making them potent in the rush and furor of earth's latest and maddest day; to have himself written millions of words, terse and true, and capable of bringing eternal life to men; to have caused the publishing and circulating of other papers and books bearing the words of life to scores of nations of varying speech; to have preached the evangel of Jesus throughout the British Isles and around the world; to die, leaving the words emblazoned on the daily garments of the soldiers of his widespread legions: "Blood and Fire," keeping thus fresh the memory of the death of God's Son for the world's redemption and confidence in the Pentecostal fire of the Holy Ghost—to have done these things is to be great with a greatness that is truly regal.

From the unwelcome infirmity of age, which his stern will and his gigantic labors had kept at bay for many years; from his new calamity of blindness; from the disappointment at realizing that never again could he take his place upon Jehovah's earthly battle ground; from his pain and his cares, the General has gone to receive his crown from the King of kings.

The Salvation Army, mourning him, rallies round its new commander and pledges allegiance to him and to the faith and purposes of his father. Its members realize that the greatness, the worth, the charm of their founder were reflected from the Christ of Nazareth and Calvary. They know that his successor and they themselves may live as the General lived, in the light of Christ's companionship, in touch with his holiness, in league with his power.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is glad to remember that its voice was among the first to welcome the Salvation Army to the United States and to express confidence in its purposes and methods. Its editors knew and loved the General. They personally mourn his loss, and they extend to his successor, General Bramwell Booth, the promise of their prayers and their encouragement in the great work put into his hands.

The General is dead! Long live the General! And to the Army new kindlings of the old fires, new blessings and fresh victories!

The Graft Indictments

JUSTICE is moving slowly but surely in the New York police graft cases. Seven indictments have been found in connection with the murder of Rosenthal the gambler, the indicted parties being ex-Police Lieutenant Becker, who is charged with planning the murder; Jacob Reich (or "Jack Sullivan"), the tool and associate of Becker; Harry Horowitz, "Leftie Louie" Rosenzweig, "Dago Frank" Cirosici, and "Whitey" Lewis (the four gunmen who are believed to have been the actual assassins), and William Shapiro, the driver of the car that bore the murderers to the scene of their crime. All seven are under arrest except Horowitz and Rosenzweig, for whose capture a heavy reward is offered. Link by link the chain of evidence is being completed against Becker and his associates. Even the hiding-places of their ill-gotten graft in banks and safety vaults have been traced. Their criminal deeds, which they believed to be safely concealed, are all coming to light, and the men "higher up" have lost their defiant attitude and are stricken with trepidation.

It would surprise nobody if the grafting exposures, when they are finally disclosed, should cause a municipal upheaval and a moral revolution. The Temple of Graft has been shaken to its foundations, and the whole ugly structure, which has been the shame of New York too long, threatens to collapse, carrying the guilty with it to disgrace and ruin.

Abuse of Spiritual Authority

MY KINGDOM is not of this world," said Jesus to Pilate. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered unto the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence." There were many in those days who believed that the kingdom of heaven was to come through violence. Probably John the Baptist was one who believed it. Some of the disciples who had looked for the setting up of a temporal kingdom were rebuked by the Master for indulging such an expectation. Jesus never advocated or encouraged violence; he never attempted to gra temporal power; he never planned for worl authority, although the tempter seductively offe it. His kingdom was the divine ideal of love God and fellow man stirring in the hearts of m He chose suffering and sacrifice for others rat than personal elevation and self-glorification. kingdom was to be won through the conquest self, through faith in God, through peace and c fidence midst the world's turmoil.

How different from all this is the attitude of Church of Rome! It seeks temporal power, o tion, princely recognition, territory, supre earthly dominion. And it takes up carnal weap to fight for a worldly kingdom, political supremac and wealth.

In September last, Archbishop Quigley, speaki at the annual convention of the German Catho Central Verein in Chicago, said:

I am glad to see that the Central Verein is so thorou organized, for organization is the hope of the Catholic Chu In France and Portugal the Catholic Church was defeated persecuted because the Catholics were not organized. Altho there were thousands of devout and loyal Catholics who w have given their lives if need be for conscience sake, they merely a mob without leadership and were defeated. I want say that when the time comes in this country, as it surely come, and the same forces attack the church here they will find us unprepared or unorganized and they shall not prev We have well ordered and efficient organizations, all at the b and nod of the hierarchy and ready to do what the church thorities tell them to do. With these bodies of loyal Catho ready to step in the breach at any time and present an unbro front to the enemy we may feel secure.

No one can misinterpret language of this so whether it comes from the lips of a Romanist pr ate or a layman. It is in direct contravention the spirit and language of Jesus. It looks not the Kingdom which is "not of this world," but the setting up of a worldly kingdom by violen The Prince of Peace needs no armed hirelings, political advocates, no hierarchy with its organiz forces at his beck and nod. We present the co trast to the open-minded reader, who can draw own conclusions.

Improved Workers' Dwellings

IN MANY of the large European cities, the pro lem of the better housing of the poor is receivi marked attention. It is now nearly twenty yea since London first began to provide improved hom for the working class as a municipal investme It has expended many millions of pounds in t erection of improved dwellings which give comfo and health to their occupants while forming p turesque additions to the suburbs. Paris, with the last few weeks, has authorized its municipali to raise a loan of $4,000,000 for tenements smaller dwellings to be occupied by workers, t ownership vesting in the city. Berlin, too, h made headway in the same direction. Some of o American cities have illustrated the practic value of similar efforts, but their number is st far too few. New York City, which has an annu budget of $190,000,000, has never yet taken up t problem of proper housing for its poor but ind trious working class, although their number legion. What is needed is such a reform in met politan administration as will utilize land in t suburbs for workers' dwellings, instead of coopi them up in a fashion which has given New Yo the unenviable reputation of being the wo crowded city in the world. We should like to s such an experiment set afoot with a good, energe business committee at the head of it. It wou greatly simplify the problem of city congestion a would be an immense advantage in other wa Besides, it would set a needed example to oth municipalities.

General Notes

—DISQUIETING REPORTS came from China during August. Assembly threatened to institute impeachment proceedi against President Yuan Shi Kai unless he gave a satisfactory planation of his execution of two generals affiliated with Sun Sen. A rumor spread that Dr. Sun himself had been assassinat but this was without foundation. Later reports told of a seri mutiny of Mongolian troops in Manchuria.

—AT A RECENT wedding in Philadelphia the bride's fat gave what is probably the most extraordinary wedding ever presented on such an occasion. It was a bridal ca weighing 300 pounds, standing six feet high and artistica decorated. The father and two sons, who are confectione put in this monument of culinary skill 100 pounds of raisi 100 pounds of currants, 360 eggs, 75 pounds of sugar and pounds of butter. Its construction occupied two weeks a it is said that it will last a quarter of a century with crumbling.

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FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

The Nicaraguan Revolt

THE president of the republic of Nicaragua received messages from General Zeledon and General Mena, leaders of the insurgents, that unless the government immediately surrendered they would bombard Managua, the capital, within twelve hours. The local diplomatic corps, aroused by the ultimatum of these generals, protested vigorously against the bombardment of the city, and in the name of humanity besought them to desist. The American minister also notified the rebel leaders that they would be held to a strict account for any damage done. The protests were of no avail, and the guns were turned on the city, and for a number of days the besieging army has pressed into the outer precincts of the capital. The deposed Secretary of War, General Mena, brought up some heavy guns from Granada, and they were trained on the houses of the city, and especially on the palace of the president, and on the American legation. Several of the missiles struck within fifty or a hundred feet of the legation. One shell hit the table around which President Diaz and the members of his cabinet were sitting, but no one was hurt. So far the insurgents have been repulsed. There has been considerable loss of life on both sides, and a number of innocent women and children have been killed by the bombardment. One shell hit a hospital and killed and wounded many patients. Our government has been informed that at this time there are one thousand dead bodies unburied on the field about the capital, and that the sanitary conditions are fearful. The government troops number about 3,500, those of the insurgents about 2,500. Our government has ordered the 350 marines who were taken from Panama to Corinto on the collier *Justin* to go to Managua to protect the lives and property of American residents there. There were at the capital when the siege began 100 United States bluejackets. The department at Washington is likely to use its wisdom or its force to put an end to the useless slaughter in the weaker republic, and to guarantee proper protection to American citizens. The rebellion in Nicaragua, like so many in the Central American republics, answers the description of the prophet:

And the revolters are profound to make slaughter. (Hos. 5: 2.)

A General View of Managua, the Contested Capital of Nicaragua

Types of Nicaraguan Rebel Troops

Drove Rabies from England

THE man who was responsible for the passage of the law driving rabies out of Great Britain arrived at New York the other day. He is the Right Honorable Walter Long, member of Parliament from the Strand Division of London. By his law all dogs were muzzled and a six months' quarantine was put on canines entering the country. The only dogs in the realm exempted under the new law are those owned by the king and queen. The fearful toll of precious lives might be saved in this country if a similar law were enacted. The law should have no exception, for the dogs of the White House might bite as hard and fatally as the cur of the alley. The dog is a beautiful pet and true friend, and that is the greater reason why he should not be allowed to become a murderer. This plea is proper:

Deliver my darling from the power of the dog. (Ps. 22: 20.)

Two Active Women Centenarians

RECENTLY two notable birthday celebrations were held, one of a woman 103, and the other of a woman 104 years old. Mrs. Margaret Van Rensselaer was born in the year that the importation of slaves was abolished in this country, and is consequently 104 years old. She is a resident of Saratoga, N. Y. She entertained a score of relatives who had come to her humble home to help her celebrate her birthday. She declined the invitations to go to live with her relatives, saying she felt more at home in her own cottage, taking care of her flowers and chickens. Her longevity is hereditary. Her mother lived to be 94, and her father was 110 years old when he died. She attributes much of her long life to the careful habits she has observed, illustrated in the fact that for pretty nearly a century she has gone to bed when the chickens have gone to roost, and has gotten up when awakened by the crow of the first rooster. Mrs. Lyman Rogers, of Gay Hill, Conn., celebrated her one hundred and third birthday, many of her friends calling at her home and leaving with her tokens of their love. She is healthy, active, and very highly respected in the community. These centenarians are Christian women, with precious memories of Divine Providence, with present faith and love, and with bright hopes of reunions and of a blessed immortality, and realize the fulfilment of the promise:

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation. (Ps. 91: 16.)

Tokens of Father's Love

MR. LEON KLEIN, a well-known citizen of Chicago, has a family of two sons and three daughters. They grew up, were well educated and went out into life on their own account. There was singular parental and filial affection. The father gave a dinner party the other day, and the children and grandchildren made up the guests. Instead of the buttonhole bouquet, the little trinket of brass or silver or gold, there was found as a favor at the plate of each of the five children a check for $25,000, making $125,000 in the distribution. The children were not looking for a cent, and the surprise was as great as the delight which found expression in thanks and kisses and tears. The father said: "I feel richer in the love of my children than in my bank balance." Mr. Klein was wise to invest some of his surplus in his children while he was alive to enjoy the giving, and they alive to show the gratitude of receiving, rather than wait for death to make the distribution, which would be cold and might be attended with small gratitude. At that dinner party some one could aptly have made this quotation:

Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers. (Prov. 17: 6.)

Civic Honesty

THE commission government of Passaic, N. J., recently introduced a striking novelty in municipal management by practically permitting large property owners to tax themselves. Believing that former assessments had been too low, the Board of Appraisers asked the mill owners to value their own property for taxation. These property owners raised the amounts upon which they were required to pay taxes over five million dollars. In one case the owners of a certain mill declared their willingness to pay taxes on $900,000 more than the city had required of them before. The civic honesty of these manufacturers and their willingness to render to the authorities that which is a just due brings to mind the admonition of the Master:

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. (Matt. 22: 21.)

An Alpine Tragedy

IN THE Haute-Garonne, not far from Toulouse, a terrible experience has just befallen a brother and sister named Van Goethen, as the result of which the woman lies dying with a fractured skull, while her brother is in the same hospital overcome by shock and exposure. The brother, who is an engineer in a paper mill, his sister, and a friend, M. Sombardier, son of the director of the mill, started out to climb Mount Sarousse. They made the ascent, but in returning they took the pathway leading to the glacier Domenon. In a dangerous place Mlle. Van Goethen slipped and fell down an ice incline toward the edge of a deep precipice. Her brother, in his attempt to save her, also slipped, but was able to stop himself by seizing hold of a boulder. At the same time he grasped his sister's skirts just as she was sliding over the edge. M. Sombardier crawled down to the boulder and tried to aid the brother to drag the sister back to safety. Their efforts did not avail, for the woman was unconscious and could not lend any help herself. For several minutes the men shouted for help, but in vain. Then Sombardier set off to find rescuers, leaving the brother and sister in their perilous position. It was three hours before the friend reached Revel, and eight hours before the rescuing party had arrived at the glacier. They found the brother still holding on to the body of his sister, from which life was well nigh extinct. The rescue party drew the sister's body over the precipice to safety, and the brother was so nearly dead with agony and exhaustion that he also had to be carried to Revel. The man in his heroism and devotion to his sister in peril is the type of the true, the average brother, who is so careful to protect and save the sister from the physical and moral dangers that beset the pathway of life. This is another one of the long line of Alpine tragedies that have shocked the world. In climbing the steeps of wealth or preferment or ease, or in getting up in the professions or callings of life, or in climbing the mountain of holiness, there are perils, slippery paths, and awful precipices; and there must be caution, and the warm heart and strong arm of a brother to help, and also the heart and the hand that never fail.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. (Prov. 18: 24.)

REST IN THE YOKE*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

"WOE unto thee, Chorazin!" This is a chapter of mingled justice and mercy. It is in Christ's severest sermons that we find his tenderest words. He does not make the mistake we often find among men, exalting justice without mercy, or mercy without justice —this last the besetting fault of our age, which sings of love but belittles law. Law is really but a strong expression of love. Jesus said, Thou shalt love God, thou shalt love man; on these two loves hangs all law. The longest chapter in the Bible (Ps. 119) is a Hallelujah chorus of praise for the excellence of God's law and the happiness of those who love and obey it. As the naturalist grows enthusiastic about some discovered law of plants or stars, the psalmist exults in the beauty and beneficence of God's higher moral law. If we could but catch his spirit our hymn-writers would sing:

Law divine, all law excelling;
Joy of heaven to earth come down.

And law means justice. If our hearts were properly developed we should admire justice no less than mercy, and accept hell no less than heaven. Let us get away from medieval conceptions of punishment and behold it as an integral part of the justice of the great white throne, the supreme court of the universe, where the miscarriages of justice in human courts and in human judgments are overruled and righted. A rascal bribes a jury or wins a judge and robs a poor man, or blackens the character of a woman, and there is no redress in this world. If that is the end of the case we may reasonably be atheists, for a world without justice would be as imperfect as the universe without its central sun.

On this putting of the case, a mountain preacher exclaimed, "Thank God for hell." It was but his quaint way of thanking God for justice. Emerson's apostrophe to justice is timely:

My will fulfilled shall be,
For in daylight or in dark
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to his mark.

In this chapter, as in others, Christ teaches that those who have indulged their lowest passions in ignorance may not be condemned so severely in the supreme court of perfect justice as those more privileged who refuse to turn from sins less gross. Sodom and Gomorrah by the Dead Sea, Tyre and Sidon on the Mediterranean shore, all notorious for their impurity, were not really so guilty as Capernaum and Chorazin and Bethsaida on the shores of Galilee, that rejected truth not in twilight but at its noon.

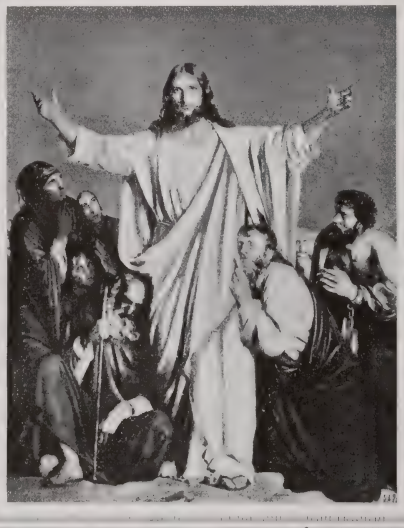
A dying man, remorseful that he had neglected his soul, was reminded by his weeping friends of the repentant dying thief of Calvary whom Christ accepted, but he exclaimed bitterly, "There is no hope in that. He did not have a wife and a pastor urging him for years to turn to God." And he died in despair."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will rest you." This verse is a broad, landlocked bay where thousands of storm-tossed souls have found peaceful anchorage—probably more than in any other text, save the story of the prodigal, and in John 3: 16, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Come Unto Me"

St. Augustine tersely says: "In Cicero and Plato and other such writers, I meet with many things acutely said, and things that excite a certain warmth of emotion; but in none of them do I find 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" A book might be filled with stories of the heavy laden who have found rest through this promise—many heavy laden with undue toil; many more heavy laden with grief and care; many more heavy laden with sin. Here is one story of a young man that may help others in like case to come for rest.

During a New England camp-meeting an interesting and intelligent looking young man gave the following testimony: "I set out in life, being pretty well-to-do, with a view to enjoying and making the most of it. In a certain sense I succeeded in this respect measurably well. Dipping now into this and now into that kind of business, I made it a point at the same time to dip deep into worldly pleasures. All the way from here to California I acted upon the precepts of the Epicurean: 'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' At length, however, I was sated. Heartsick and sinsick, disgusted with myself and everybody else, disposed almost to curse the day of my birth, and to wish myself out of the world, I sat down. Like the prodigal son, I came to myself. I had sought satisfaction in the restless whirlpool of pleasure, and had been disappointed; and now, weary and heartsick, I sat down and mournfully asked myself whereunto all this selfish, sinful life was likely to lead. Just at this crisis I seemed to hear a voice sweetly calling, and saying: 'Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I heeded that call"—and here the tears were coursing freely down the young man's face, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the whole congregation—"I turned to this heavenly Friend. Gladly I gave myself to him in an everlasting covenant; and then, oh how sweetly he saved me! He saves me now. Yea, even now, he gives me his bounty, his love in my heart, and enables me without ceasing to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."



"Come Unto Me"
(From the painting by Carl Bloch)

Rest in Labor

"Take my yoke upon you . . . and ye shall find rest." The other "rest" promised was rest given; this is "rest" achieved, "rest" we have learned to "find" in the "yoke" by doing our work in the joy of useful service. "Don't take your work as a dose." "It is all in the day's work." These mottoes themselves will help to prevent the chafing in the yoke that makes most of its weariness. Rest is largely due to the attitude of the mind. The soldier wearies of carrying his gun, but the hunter does not. When President Eliot said that workmen should be happy in their work, some workmen sneered, thinking labor a curse. But it is only labor mixed with sin that is a curse, and idleness is also a curse, while labor as a means of serving the world should be a joy. Labor for both man and woman was a part of man's first paradise. One way to make common toil a joy is to teach from childhood that not alone religious work but all useful work in the way of duty is "divine service." The familiar lines should be in every memory:

A servant by this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for God's cause
Makes that and the action fine.

Less familiar are the lines in which Professor Henry Van Dyke teaches the same truth:

"Joy is a duty," so, with golden lore,
The Hebrew rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach:
But one high peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ,
"Life is divine when duty is a joy."

Christ's Yoke Compared with Others

When we contrast the simple requirements t Christ puts upon his followers with those of pa religions we see how light his "yoke" and "burd are in contrast. Compare the Pharisaic Sabb for example, with its hundreds of petty rules, v the simplicity of the Christian Sabbath, in wh works of necessity are allowed and acts of me enjoined. Compare the complicated rules of co ing for various castes in India, the mani bondage of the "tabu" in savage islands, the s tortures of Hinduism—compare all these, Roman Catholic ritualism of to-day, with the s plicity of New Testament Christianity. A P estant convert in Mexico thanked God he "saved without so much machinery." Even P estant churches of the twentieth century might reduce Christ's yoke to its New Testament lightn

One feast day in Jerusalem Rabbi Judah his brethren, the seven pillars of wisdom, in the court of the temple disputing about r There sat in the court a fair-haired boy, pl ing with some lilies in his lap, and hearing talk, he dropped them with astonishment fr his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelv and said, "Nay, nay, fathers: he only find rest who loveth his brother as himself, and with his whole heart and soul. He is grea than fame, and wealth, and power; happ than a happy home, happy without it; bet than honored age; he is a law to himself, above all tradition."

The Rest of Heaven

Life will be a warfare to the Christian, heaven will be the sweeter rest and peace. brave cavalry officer was dying of his woun He thought himself on the field at the head his gallant men and fancied that a heavy g was just in front of them ready to be fi His distress was great. At length he thou the gun had been fired, and his men, badly up, were retreating. "I must recover my co mand and renew the attack!" "No." said friend, "let us not talk of battle scenes. are soon to die. Let us talk of Jesus." mention of that name seemed to exert a ma cally powerful influence. His agitation cea at once; his delirium passed away; a smile up his pallid features. After a moment's lence he said in a low voice, "Jesus, Jesus! is he who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that la and are heavy laden, and I will give you re I want rest; I am weary." Soon after that entered into rest.

THE CHILDREN

WHAT will become of the children?
Oh, who will gather them in—
In from the highways and byways,
In from the hotbeds of sin?
Who is now seeking the children;
The little ones going astray?
Oh, who will care for the children
Who wander so sadly to-day?

Who if not I who should love Him,
Him who was once but a child,
Him who so tenderly blessed them,
Saying in accents so mild,
"Suffer the children to come unto me"?
Oh, are we keeping away
Any whom we should be sending
Out to their Eden to-day?

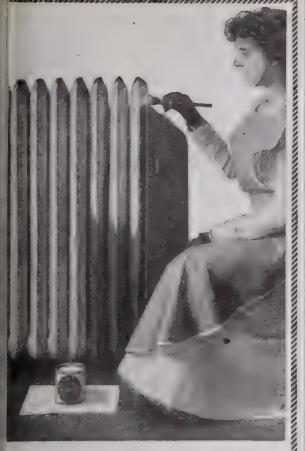
What if it costs self-denial?
What if some joys we forego?
We who are living in comfort,
Greeting the blessings that flow
Fresh from the hand of the Master?
Our dear ones have food and to spare,
While, living in vilest surroundings,
Their childhood is cheerless and bare.

Oh, when our lifework is ended,
Joyful our welcome will be,
If on the banks of the river
Little ones there we shall see—
Those whom our own hands have rescued,
Rescued from want and from sin,
Sending them out into sunlight,
Greenest of pastures within.

Out to the Home that is waiting,
Waiting with wide open door,
Waiting to welcome their coming,
The lowly, the suffering, the poor.
Oh, shall we care for the children
Or carelessly live at our ease,
Not hearing the voice that is pleading—
Pleading for "the least of these"?

Pittsfield, Me. MARY B. WINGATE.

* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for September 15, 1912. Matt. 11: 20-30. (Read also Luke 10: 12-22.) GOLDEN TEXT: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.



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A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from page 857

march back to Fort Sullivan to-morrow, but I can't bear to give up; it isn't the habit of the Fourteenth Cavalry. I don't feel that I can keep you here, however, unless you are willing to stay. I will make a return party out of those who want to go back; with the rest, I'll stay in the mountains to the very limit of safety and possibility—and beyond. Who wants to go back?"

The troop he was addressing was that of which old Schmidt was first sergeant.

"Donner und blitzen, colonel! we vill shtay mit you righdt through; ain't it, boys?" he began fiercely.

"Sergeant's right, sor," exclaimed a trooper.

"We'll live a week on them four days' provisions," said another.

"We won't go back without having it out with Dull Knife's braves," cried a third.

"All who vill shtay fall in line und shtandt at attention," growled old Schmidt.

The whole body fell in line instantly. Not a single man even hesitated; the colonel's eyes shone with pleasure.

"You are a body of soldiers and gentlemen," he said gravely, saluting them, "that any man on earth would be honored to command. There are no better men in this army or in any other army, I am sure."

What happened in B troop happened in all the others; there was not a single officer or man who wanted to go back. The whole regiment, five hundred strong, had volunteered.

"I knowed how 'twould be," said Marnett after they had thoroughly talked it over; "them fellers is game an' grit down to their heels. You couldn't freeze it out of 'em at the North Pole."

"What do you advise now?" asked the colonel. "You know we've got to make it this time."

Old Marnett thought deeply; so much depended upon him that he would give no hasty judgment. At last he spoke, carefully weighing his words.

"We've sent out three scoutin' parties an' we've done the northeast pretty well, but we've kind a neglected the southern part, not thinkin' of Dull Knife gittin' down so near the settlements. Mebbe he's counted on that; mebbe he's down in there somewheres waitin' for the spring to break up the snow an' give him a chance to git north an' join the Sioux in the open country, where there's good buffaler huntin' still. Let's try to the south'ard."

"Your advice is good," said Compton. "I think I will send out three different parties to scout south; you will take one, Grouard another, and—"

"Let me have the third," said Dexter. "You know I know this game about as well as anybody, except yourself and—"

"Good!" answered the colonel. "We will detail a lieutenant and twenty men to go with each leader. Take the best men and the best horses in the regiment. We will give you three days; at the end of that time you must be back. That's the limit of our endurance. Meanwhile I'll try to organize hunting parties to see if we can't get some game to eke out our rations."

"I've got a hunch," said Marnett, "that we are goin' to git him this time."

The little colloquy was broken by a rifle shot from the farthest sentry to the westward, who was stationed where he could command a view of the pass, through which raced a little brook so furiously that even the intensest cold had not yet frozen it from bank to bank. It was quite dark by this time, and Colonel Compton with the other officers of the staff hurried to the picket line. A short distance away, seen dimly in the dusk and falling snow, stood a solitary Indian, wrapped in a blanket, an eagle feather rising from his head.

"What is it?" asked the colonel of the officer of the guard.

"There's an Indian out there, sir," answered Lieutenant Alderdice. "He seems to want to speak to us, but I have ordered him to stay where he was, not to make a move under pain of death. He has been hallooing at us—there he goes again."

There was a lull in the wind at the time, and for the first time since he had hailed the voice of the Indian was plainly audible.

"For God's sake," came faintly, "don't shoot. I'm a white man."

"That's no Indian," said Compton. "I seem to know that voice."

"And I," exclaimed Dexter.

"That will be Meagher," cried Calmore.

The colonel darted past the sentinel and pushed through the snow, with Calmore following.

"Keep him covered," ordered Dexter, who remained with the officer of the guard, "and if it should prove to be an Indian and there is any treachery give him a bullet at the first move."

But there was no treachery. The Indian dropped his blanket as the colonel drew near and those who covered him saw him salute and the next instant the colonel had him by the hand shaking it furiously.

"Meagher!" he cried; "is it you?"

"It is, sor."

"And Ethel?"

"Safe an' well, sor, at this minute."

"Where is she?"

"As near as I can judge, sor, she's about fifteen miles away in Dull Knife's village."

"Not up this cañon?" asked the colonel. "We scouted that carefully when we first came."

"You missed the little cañon that leads off from it, sor, about eight miles up an' about six into the heart of the mountains. Dull Knife is there."

"Can you lead us to the spot?"

"I am afraid not, sor; I have got to be back before morning. They don't quite trust me yet; I'm supposed to be on a hunt, an' if I'm not there in the morning, they might do some harrum to the child."

"Can't you guide us there?"

"I could, sor, but I'd better not."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, sor, I can tell you the way so that you can find it yourselves. I know a trail over the range an' I can cut across the country an' get to the camp long before you do. I'd better be there when you attack, for there's no tellin' what they might do to the child if they get a chance when the troops burst in on them."

"How many are there?"

"Over six hundred, sor."

"Braves?"

"Yes, sor, an' women an' children besides. Dull Knife has found a regular hole in the wall, a pocket where they are encamped; there is only one way in an' another way out."

"Thank God, she is alive. Have they mistreated her?"

"No, sor, she is rather a pet of the chief; he's dressed her out in buckskin an' even had a war bonnet made for her."

"Is she well?"

"Well an' happy as she can be, save for wantin' her mother, sor."

"How did you escape?"

"You see, sor, the lasht man that fired at me as I run across the meadow came near to gettin' me. As it happened I shtumbled an' fell jist as he pulled the trigger; the bullet cut across the back of me skull an' stunned me."

"It was a lucky stumble," said the colonel; "that was Marnett."

"Glory be!" cried Danny.

"Well, I haven't time to hear more of your story now, Meagher; you say you will go back over the mountains?"

Continued on next page

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A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

"Yes, sor, 'tis only about ten miles that way. If you could shpare me a squad of men that can climb like goats, I'll take them back with me an' they will come in handy. I'll put them on the hill while I go down into the valley to my tepee."

"You shall have them," said the colonel; "let us go back now."

When the three men reached the camp they were greeted with a ringing outburst of cheers; although Danny was painted like an Indian and dressed as one, his comrades recognized him.

"Men," said the colonel, "Meagher has given us the location of the Indian camp. We are going up the cañon to-night; we will hit them in the morning. Meagher wants some men who can climb like goats and who can stand a hard march to go with him to take a position on the hills overlooking the camp. Who will volunteer?"

"I for one," cried Hadden, "my horses are dead beat now, and my whole troop will go afoot if you will let us."

"Good," said Compton. "Let every man of the troop that wants to go with you, Mr. Hadden. The rest of you saddle up and get ready to move out. We'll take every man jack that can go, leaving the sick and the wagon train with the teamsters. The chief teamster can command the camp. We ought to strike the hostiles by morning."

"'Tain't up the cañon here, is it?" asked Marnett.

"No," answered Danny, "after you have gone about eight miles up there's a narrow little rift in the mountains."

"I've seen it," said Marnett; "I didn't know it led anywhere."

"Well, it does," said Danny. "If you follow that cañon for a mile, you come to a broader pass, an' if you follow that for five miles more over the range you come to one of them holes, pockets that is, as level as a floor, and big enough for a brigade camp. There ain't nobody knows of it except the Cheyennes. Once there an' you've got 'em. Now I'd better go, with the colonel's permission, sor."

"You have it," answered Compton.

"All right, sor," said Meagher; "please may I ask the colonel one question before I go?"

"A dozen if you want," answered Compton.

"How's Molly, sor?"

"Well, I believe. She's back at the fort with Mrs. Compton and the rest, praying every hour on her knees for you and our success."

"Thank you, sor. After I have served my term for my neglected juty," said Danny, "if I'm not shot, I'll ask the colonel's permission to marry her."

"You have it now," returned the colonel.

"Thank you again, sor," said Danny gratefully, beaming on his commander.

"Good-by," said Compton, extending his hand. Meagher shook it awkwardly, saluted, and turned away, followed by Hadden.

It was quite dark now, and the men filed by, in the light snow that was falling, like gray ghosts. In a minute the line halted, and Danny turned and came back.

"If you please, sor, I'll be wearing a white buffalo robe when the ould Fourteenth reaches the camp, that belongs to Dull Knife. It's the only one in the camp, but I can git it. Will you kindly pass the word among the boys not to fire at any one wearing a white buffalo robe? I'm apt to be in the thick of it with the little girl; 'tis not so much for meself I'm caring."

"Good. We will watch out for you, Meagher," said the colonel.

"Thank you, sor." And he was gone again, and in less than a minute Hadden and his troop had disappeared.

It took ten minutes perhaps for the rest of the regiment to get in line and move out. The sick, the frozen, the snowblind and the invalids were left behind with the wagon train, all cursing the hard fate that deprived them of the chance of participating in this desperate adventure. With Compton and Marnett at their head, the troops saddled and started up the trail in a column of fours. They went slowly, but they plunged desperately on, in the drifting snow and the bitter night.

To be continued

A QUESTION FOR PROHIBITIONISTS

REV. SILAS C. SWALLOW, former presidential candidate of the National Prohibition Party, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"I notice in your July 31 report of the proceedings of the Prohibition National Convention held in Atlantic City, July 12, you have this statement, viz.:

"Then came the elimination of the plank declaring for a separation of state and church, and declaring against the use of public moneys for sectarian schools and churches. Dr. Silas C. Swallow of Pennsylvania sought also to add a declaration against the wearing of clerical garb in schools. Father George Zurcher of Buffalo, a Catholic priest and delegate, declared this would be interpreted as an affront to Catholics. After much discussion the plank was voted down.

"This statement by your reporter is quite misleading, and should not go uncorrected. Here are the facts: After the submission of the report of the committee on platform, I offered the following:

"We are opposed to the appropriation of public moneys to sectarian churches and schools; also to the wearing of sectarian garb by teachers of public schools. We demand that the separation of church and state be perpetual.

"Rev. George Zurcher made a speech against it. A delegate, claiming to come from the District of Columbia, by the name of O. Brian, moved to lay the plank on the table. On a rising count vote the chairman announced that it was laid on the table, naming the number for and against it. Many delegates afterward averred that the motion to lay on the table was lost and the secretaries and chairman by an inadvertence had between them reversed the vote in making the announcement. The next day I eliminated the 'garb' part of the plank, and presented it again under a 'question of privilege.' The chairman, Dr. Charles H. Mead, of New York, decided it out of order under a question of privilege, and said it could come up at another time, but in the hurry and flurry of nominating candidates, and the hurry to adjourn for the accommodation of delegates anxious to start for home, the subject was dropped. It goes without saying that the Prohibition Party does not now, never did, and never will stand for a union of church and state, nor for the appropriation of public moneys for sectarian purposes. It is unfortunate for our cause that the matter was left in the contradictory condition which it now occupies in the public mind."

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUST SPLENDID

I think THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for 1912 is just splendid. I have taken this paper since 1890, and surely you have made wonderful progress in every way. The front cover pictures are so much better than at any time during the last three or four years. Eugene Thwing's articles are splendid productions, as well as the notes on the Sunday School Lessons by Dr. and Mrs. Crafts. We always enjoy reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and wish you continued success. L. W. KASTRUP.

Clyde, O.

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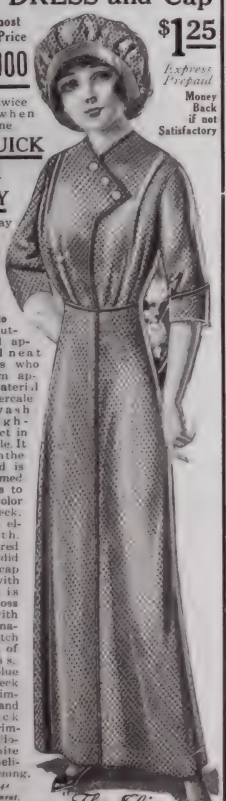

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GENERAL CHARITIES FUNDS

Of The Christian Herald for Year Ending May 31, 1912

	Balance June 1, 1911	Receipts	Disbursements	Balance May 31, 1912
African Child Redemption Pledges	$27.50	$272.00	$279.50	$20.00
American Baptist Foreign Miss'y Society		3.50	3.50	
American Bible Society		155.75	155.75	
American Sunday School Union		10.25	10.25	
American Tract Society		165.00	165.00	
American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.		3.00	3.00	
Anti-Saloon League		15.00	15.00	
Anti-Tuberculosis League & Dispensary		50.00	50.00	
Any Good Cause	71.11	228.19	247.50	51.80
Arabian Mission	5.00		5.00	
Ass'n for Improving Condition of Poor		20.00	20.00	
Bach, Rev. T. J., Maracaibo, Venezuela		10.00	10.00	
Baker, Rev. J. M., Angola, India		10.00	10.00	
Bender, Rev. R. H., San Salvador, C. A.		23.00	23.00	
Beals, Z. Charles, Wuhu, China	110.27	78.00	188.27	
Billings Polytechnic Institute		3.00	3.00	
Blind Billiken (I. S. S.)		38.00	38.00	
Board of Domestic Missions		10.00	10.00	
Boston Floating Hospital	1.00		1.00	
Bowery Mission—Contributions, legacy, rents, supplies, transportation	423.00	36,789.60	36,456.63	*p* 755.97
Burns, J. A., Oneida Institute, Ky.		50.00		*p* 50.00
Bulgarian Mission	.10			.10
Cake, Rev. J. Ashley		.25		.25
Charity Organization Society		69.50	69.50	
Children's Aid Society		20.00	20.00	
China Famine Fund	4,861.97	7,932.05	12,557.80	*p* 236.22
China Inland Mission		1.60	1.60	
China Inland Mission Orphanage		15.00	15.00	
China Orphans	3,815.29	23,389.10	1,672.29	‡25,532.00
China Presbyterian Mission	1.00	12.00	12.00	1.00
Christian Farm Colonies		5.00	5.00	
CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home—				
Contributions	5,343.45	34,731.16	34,439.98	*‡864.63*
Endowment	4,247.10	608.47	4,855.07	.50
Legacy		100.00	100.00	
Compassion Orphanage		25.00	25.00	
Conscience Fund		12.00	12.00	
Cooke Mission, Bella	.10			.10
Crittenton Mission, Florence		10.00	10.00	
Daily Vacation Bible School Association		5.00	5.00	
Door of Hope	.65	10.00	10.65	
Dora Refund Account		296.50	46.50	250.00
East Central Africa Mission	2.00		2.00	
Eli, Misses	5.00		5.00	
Evangelistic Committee		5.00	3.00	2.00
Felter, Mrs. Mary C.		6.00	6.00	
Field's Home for Crippled Children		18.50	18.50	
Five Points Mission		13.00	13.00	
Mississippi Flood Fund		2,303.99	1,000.00	*p* 1,303.99
Foochow Orphanage		2.00		2.00
For Children who were at Mont-Lawn		5.00	5.00	
Foreign Missions	42.95	168.05	200.00	*p* 11.00
George Junior Republic Association		8.50	8.50	
Grenfell, Dr. Wilfred T.	15.80	126.25	142.05	
Hadley Rescue Hall		20.00	20.00	
Hall, Rosetta Sherwood*	5.00		5.00	
Hartzell, Bishop		10.00	10.00	
Haswell, Susan B., Lower Burmah, India		5.00		*p* 5.00
Home Missions	6.20	63.53	69.73	
Hume, Dr. R. A.		15.00	15.00	
Indian Leper Mission		6.00	6.00	
Indian Orphan Pledges	1,608.19	4,365.57	3,945.25	‡2,028 51
Inland South American Missionary Union	8.00	5.00	13.00	
International Sunshine Society	1.50	135.00	136.50	
Jacobus, Dr. Hannah Y., Vabriz, Persia		15.00	15.00	
Jacques, Rev. C. J.		10.00	10.00	
Jansen, Rev. F., Cebu, P. I.	5.00	82.25	37.00	*p* 50.25
Japanese Flood Sufferers	6.02		6.02	
Japan Orphans	1,644.99	2,303.89	2,672.14	‖1,276.74
Keswick Colony of Mercy		8.50	8.50	
Kinnear, H. N., Foochow, China		13.50	12.50	1.00
Klein, M., Sumoto, Awaji, Japan		25.00	25.00	
Lake, Miss E. M.	4.90	4.00	8.90	
Lee, Mrs. Ada, Calcutta, India		1.00		1.00
Lincoln University		10.00	10.00	
Loomis, Rev. H., Yokohama, Japan		10.00	10.00	
McAuley Cremorne Mission	.25	39.50	39.75	
McAuley Water Street Mission	7.00	94.50	90.50	*p* 11.00
Mayesville Institute	2.00	86.75	63.75	*p* 25.00
Merrill, John E., Aintab, Turkey in Asia		25.00	25.00	
Methodist Missionary Society	5.00		5.00	
Meyer, Lucy R.		6.25	6.25	
Missionary Substitutes: 25 Missions	121.00	1,745.76	1,680.76	*p* 186.00
National Temperance Society	12.00	61.10	73.10	
Navajo Indian Mission		11.50	11.50	
Needy Families through Bowery Mission		75.00	75.00	
New York Bible Society		1.00	1.00	
Olson, Emillio, Buenos Ayres		5.00	5.00	
Pacific Garden Mission		48.50	48.50	
Paton, Frank H. L., Melbourne, Australia		5.00	5.00	
Paynter, A. S., Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon		21.00	21.00	
Perkins, Rev. J. M., Cape Palmas, W. A.	18.56	8.00	26.56	
Perry, Miss M. E., Ellsha Institute		18.50	18.50	
Prison Association of New York		4.00	4.00	
Prison Gate Mission		1.00	1.00	
Pundita Ramabai, Sharada, Poona, India		52.00	45.00	*p* 7.00
Reed Lepers, Mary, India	.25	67.25	65.00	*p* 2.50
Rhul, Rev. W. N.		2.45	2.45	
Richardson, Rev. D. W., Chinkiang, China		6.00	6.00	
Salvation Army		4.50	4.25	.25
Schmitt, Christian		71.00	71.00	
Seamen's Christian Association		5.00	5.00	
Seamen's Church Institute		5.00	5.00	
Sianfu Scandinavian Mission		.50		.50
Snook, E. J., Pagsnkan, Laguna, P. I.		10.00	10.00	
Schroder, H. M., Treas. Inner Mission		4.50	4.50	
Society of Soul Winners		93.50	58.50	*p* 35.00
Stark, A. R.		15.00	15.00	
Steele, Mrs. A. S.		35.00	35.00	
Sunday Breakfast Association		8.50	8.50	
Tennesseetown Mission		33.50	33.50	
Titanic Survivors		30.00		*p* 30.00
Tuskegee Normal & Industrial Institute		8.50	8.50	
West Side Aid for Friendless Men & Boys		19.50	19.50	
White Door Gospel Settlement		244.20	244.20	
Williamsburg Mission to the Jews	40.00	54.50	94.50	
Wray, Sarah	5.00		5.00	
Zamora, Nicholas, Manila, P. I.		18.00	18.00	
Zwemer, Rev., Bahrein, Persian Gulf, Arabia		1.47	1.47	
	$17,704.15	$117,988.68	$102,851.52	$32,841.31
Interest	93.05	762.82	53.75	802.12
Postage	.29	1.36	1.35	.30
	$17,797.49	$118,752.86	$102,906.62	$33,643.73

All balances marked "*p*" are paid.
* Does not include $35,348.91 contributions disbursed same year by Klopsch estate.
† Does not include $16 contributions disbursed same year by Klopsch estate.
‡ Does not include $76.25 contributions disbursed same year by Klopsch estate.
‖ Does not include $194.79 contributions disbursed same year by Klopsch estate.

After a careful examination we hereby certify that in our opinion all cash receipts have been properly accounted for and the disbursements have been made for the purpose intended by the donors.

New York, May 31, 1912. WRIGHT, SCHOOLEY & MORSE, *Public Accountants.*

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Questions and Answers

Subscriber, Lincoln, Neb. Is it against the rules of the Catholic Church for a Catholic man to marry a Protestant woman or *vice versa?*

By the Papal decree *Ne Temere* (which is fully explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 21, p. 816) such marriages, unless permitted by a special "dispensation" from Rome, are regarded as "no marriages" and the children as illegitimate.

W. G. M., Lancaster, Pa. Please give the marriage age in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware.

In Delaware the man's age is eighteen, the woman's sixteen. In New York State, the man's eighteen, the woman's not specified. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland, the man must be twenty-one and the woman eighteen.

C. W. S., Lincoln Heights, O. Christ himself tells us that "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." This is surely the highest standard of loving sacrifice. Many thousands have followed this example in yielding up their lives for their faith in Christ. The great army of martyrs is the best illustration of that love which holds life as a little thing in comparison with fidelity to the faith. Those who truly follow Christ do not value their own comfort or their worldly interests, and instances are not wanting even in our own time where devoted men and women have died at their post of duty for his sake rather than abandon his service. The whole history of modern missions is full of such instances, showing that the martyr spirit has not died out.

W. T., Lucerne, Mo. Can a person be a true Christian and not pray?

There may be such a one, but we sincerely doubt it. Prayer is the most potent weapon in the Christian's armory. By keeping in constant communion with God, faith is renewed and life takes on a higher purpose and a nobler direction. We cannot conceive of any one who, professing to be a Christian, can read the teachings of Jesus in the Gospels and yet live without prayer. "Pray without ceasing" is the admonition which should be practically followed.

C. C. A., Saratoga, Wyoming. 1. Where does the soul dwell after death until the Judgment Day? 2. Why is the rich man mentioned in Luke 16: 19-30, so often spoken of as Dives when there is no such name given him in the Bible?

1. Many books have been written concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection. The Catholics have the doctrine of purgatory, but the early Christians held no such belief. They believed that there is a judgment immediately after death and a final judgment later, and that in the intermediate state (not "place") every believer's soul would find a foretaste of the greater joys to come. Some non-Catholic authorities have held that the soul after leaving the body remains inert until the resurrection. The best authorities, however, hold that it retains its active power, and is assigned to a condition which is suited to its degree of development until the final change. Jesus promised the repentant thief: "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise" (Luke 23: 43). See also II. Cor. 12: 4: II. Cor. 5: 6-8. 2. Dives is the Latin word for "rich," and has been applied as a symbolic name to the rich man of this parable. There is an old tradition that his real name was *Dobruk.*

J. R. G., Columbia, Pa. Will you suggest some way to increase the membership of our Men's Brotherhood?

As a first principle it is well to remember that men will be more likely to meet together if they are given something to do than if they are invited to come simply to be amused. The men's club in a church ought to be made to feel that it has some definite task to accomplish and exists for work rather than amusement. The very best thing would be to get the men intensely interested in leading others to Christ. Many brotherhoods, such as that of St. Andrew and of Andrew and Philip, make this their special work. Others pledge their members to try to bring one man each to church every Sunday. Bands of lay evangelistic workers used to be more common than now, but the idea is sensible and excellent. In almost any evangelical church a few men could be found who could do good evangelistic work; the other men would be willing to accompany them to help in the singing and would gradually get into the work of exhortation. The "Ushers' Club" of Central M. E. Church, Frankford, Pa., has quite a reputation in and around Philadelphia, and is in demand to conduct church services in this way. The club is so large that details of men are assigned to do duty as ushers, while another group goes to lead the services at some church to which they are invited. The experiment of asking the men of a church to meet together for prayer would probably be more successful than might be thought. Men feel the need of deep and serious things, and could be made to realize that prayer is the highest task in which a human being can engage. Then there are countless tasks for neighborhood and civic betterment in which churchmen should be taking the lead. Whatever efforts are made to interest men in a social way should be dignified, and in keeping with church ideals. Courses of lectures, debates, study of current events, economic and political problems, all these can be made helpful and attractive.

Mrs. T. L. T., New York City. Did not Christ preach his first sermon from a text?

The address referred to in Luke 4: 16-19 was made at the opening of his public ministry. He chose a passage from Isaiah's prophecies (49th chapter) announcing the sublime object of his holy mission, his divine character and his special preparation for it. It was his first public deliverance in a prophetic capacity and described the "Servant of the Lord," despised of men, but before whom kings and princes were to worship. Nothing could have been more applicable than this for such an auspicious occasion.

D. R. E., North Lewisburg, O. If France and other European countries, where the populace is overwhelmingly Catholic, can turn down the influence of the Church of Rome and make those countries democratic, what might we reasonably expect American Catholics would do if, by some chance, this country should be dominated by the Pope? I am confident, from my intimate acquaintance among them, that they would spring with courage and determination instantly to the front and demand at once that the country be returned to a democracy.

This suggestion is a very misleading one, although doubtless put forward in all frankness by our correspondent. In the case of France and other European countries, which the Catholics formerly dominated, it was not until the last degree of suffering from such domination had been reached that the people in self-protection were driven to cast off the selfish and irksome yoke of the Church of Rome. If D. R. E. will study history carefully, and will especially study the present situation in Portugal, where the new republic is struggling for its life against a revolution fomented wholly by Catholic influence, and Belgium, where the people are conducting a great battle to save their liberties and to prevent the schools, the public revenues and the political representation of the country from being absorbed, he will realize what a fearful thing it is for a country to have passed under the power of Rome and how hard it is to shake off the papal grip. There are some very worthy people who write us advising toleration. The American people are distinctly tolerant of all religions, but they rightly take the ground that no attempt by any religion is to be tolerated, which has for its object interference with the state and the liberties and privileges of the citizen.

W. H. B., Medford, Mass. There have been many varied interpretations of Revelation. The passage to which you refer (in chapter 20) relates to the period immediately preceding the millennium; but it is beyond man's power to reckon the time when these things shall be. It is not possible, in a human sense, to attain to perfection, but God has revealed to us through his Son his plan of reconciliation for the repentant sinner, whereby his sins may be forgiven and no longer imputed to him. There is much in Revelation that is figurative or metaphorical and many things that have puzzled the wisest, but of this we may be assured: That God's mercy is boundless; that his forgiveness through the atonement extends to all who will accept and that no one who comes to him truly repentant will be cast out. Being at liberty to choose of their own free will between good and evil, forgiveness or condemnation, they cannot charge God with the result of their own sins or for their failure to seek the pardon and mercy he so fully offers.

J. J., Odessa, Wash. What is the highest tariff? Mention a few articles on which it is placed.

Under the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909 the tariff on some commodities was reduced, on others increased, while some, hitherto taxed, were put on the free list. It is hard to say what is the highest tariff as there are so many articles steeply rated. Probably cigars and cigarettes are heaviest, the tax being $4.50 per pound and 25 per cent. ad valorem. Spirits, such as brandy, gin, whisky, come high at $2.60 a proof gallon. Crude opium has to pay $1.50 per pound. Woolen goods are far up in the scale, blankets being assessed at from 22 cents a pound and 30 per cent. ad valorem to 44 cents a pound and 50 per cent. ad valorem.

A. B., Pittsfield, Mass. Please explain the dog days; when do they occur?

The dog days are the hottest part of the year, a period which the ancients associated with the heliacal rising of Sirius, the Dog Star; that is, when Sirius and our own sun crossed the meridian at the same time in midsummer. The great heat was supposed to extend from twenty days before the rising of Sirius until twenty

Continued on next page

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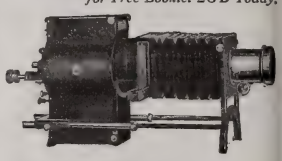

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

s after, hence the total dog days were forty. Romans dated the period from July 3 to gust 11. The dog days can be no longer ntified with the rising of Sirius owing to effects of precession, the star rising later ery year; in time Sirius will cross the meri- n in midwinter. At present the dog days popularly supposed to extend from July 15 August 15, but are not associated with the r. This is the hottest and most unpleasant iod in our latitude. Sirius, the Dog Star, be easily recognized, as he is five times ghter than any other star in our firmament. gives out thirty times more light and heat n our own sun, but is 555,000 times farther ay. He now rises about 16½ degrees south ue east and in our latitude is with us from ober to May. In midwinter he is in full w for ten hours every clear night.

P. V., Trenton, N. J. Is there any Scripture to substantiate the fact that God has a purpose to carry out in each of his children's lives?

es, there are many passages bearing on subject. The divine purpose in the lives each of us is clearly set forth in God's ealed Word. It is that we should live an, upright, holy, useful lives, obeying God's s, trusting in his word, accepting his Son our Saviour and invoking divine strength guide and protect us through life; that we uld dwell at peace with all men, love one other, be just, generous and charitable, help needy, sympathize with the suffering and, far as lies in us, follow Christ's example in daily acts and keep close in touch with him ough prayer; that we should forsake not assembling of ourselves for worship and leavor to do our whole duty to our friends, neighbors, and for the advancement of d's kingdom on earth.

H. K., Pasadena, Calif. Does a mother use good judgment and display wisdom who reads story books of all kinds to her daughter, who is just six years old and of a nervous temperament? The reading is usually done in the afternoon for an hour or more; then again in the evening, when the child is put into her bed at seven o'clock, the reading is resumed and continued until the child falls asleep.

Children usually delight in stories, but in e case you mention, the mother may be erstimulating the imagination of a nervous ild. Judgment should be used in the choice books for children. To pack their young nds with stories at so early an age would many cases be unwise, if not positively jurious. Certainly, to do so just before the ild's time to retire would be inadvisable, nce it would be apt to make the young mind bnormally active at a time when it should quiet and undisturbed.

As to a Wife's Privileges

L. J., New York (in THE MAIL-BAG of July), asked: "What are the privileges of a ife? Has she no privileges at all, or is she mply to be a slave, or one under bondage to er husband? I know a wife who never gets church and her husband (a farmer) thinks e should never go anywhere unless with him. e does not wish her to see or associate with y but himself." Several readers have undertaken to answer. Mrs. S. G. H., Durand, L, writes: "It is her privilege to walk by the de of her husband as his equal, not as his aler, but as his complement; and we think e jurisdiction of his authority extends only ver instances of deviation from rectitude. I ould suggest that the cardinal virtues to be xercised on the part of the wife (who has such hard part to play) would be, trust in God r enlightened judgment, fearless action acording to that judgment, cheerfulness and atience. I cannot say what her outward acts hould be, but am confident that the inward cts or virtues above referred to will work like charm."

Mary S. R., Port Byron, N. Y., writes on the ame topic: "The privileges of a wife should nclude the carrying out of her own ideas of appiness and usefulness in her own way, proiding, of course, that in so doing she does not isturb the harmony of the home. As she is he undisputed custodian of harmony among er household, she will constantly have deep roblems to consider, most of which must be olved by elimination. The poor man mentioned has probably been worried to distraction over the hard task which bows down more han half the human race—that of 'making oth ends meet.' It is certainly a good sign hat he wishes to go with his wife and to have er go with him. This close companionship hould have good results, as it gives a great pportunity for the wife to soften his nature y her gentleness and patience. Love never ails. It has the divine guarantee. Let the wife think less of her own crosses and try more o ease those he has to bear. Even if he is all o blame (which is quite unlikely), the practice on the wife's part of lovingkindness and forgiveness will sweeten both their lives and do more than anything else could possibly do to make the husband see the error of his ways. When women begin to inquire seriously into their 'privileges,' they are appalled at the scope of them and fearful lest they may not prove equal to their opportunities."

Another reader, J. B. W., Des Moines, Ia., writes: "The privileges of a wife should include: (1) A regular liberal financial budget for household needs; (2) A personal budget (or allowance) which represents her share of the labor of the domestic partnership and which should be proportionate to the united income, enabling her to have entire freedom of action in church money, wardrobe, charities, gifts, etc. (3) She should have also full freedom of action regarding church attendance and a reasonable latitude as to social gatherings, etc. (4) She is entitled to the practical control of the management of the household, as to servants, meals, and general arrangements, assuming that she is capable, of course. With these conditions and with mutual love with respect for each other's opinions and forbearance with each other's shortcomings there should be no serious discord."

J. U. X., Parkland, Wash., writes: "As to 'privileges of a wife,' I would ask: 'What privileges do I demand?' Then let me concede her the same right. The man is the head, not the master of a slave. 'All of you be subject one to another' (I. Pet. 5: 5). That husband might profitably read Col. 3: 19; especially I. Pet. 3: 7. But such men are found. I know of one so jealous of his wife that when he went out plowing he placed her in the middle of the field he was plowing around, so that no one should see her and she see no one. Whether he even tied her, I am not sure. Such men ought to be treated likewise."

Miscellaneous

Reader, Connecticut. You can address Miss Helen Clark, Chinese missionary, at 195 Worth Street, New York City.

Reader, Greenup, Ill. Miss Mary E. Gaines, Largo, N. M., would be glad to communicate with you concerning the several hundreds of magazines you have on hand.

Reader, Muscatine, Ia. The presumption is that John the Baptist was baptized by some of his own disciples, as it was customary for them to baptize one another. John's baptism has not the character of an immediate, but rather of a preparatory consecration.

A Subscriber, Richmond, O. Under the circumstances stated in your inquiry, the daughter's husband has no interest in the property of his wife, since under the terms of her father's will, she took only a life interest, and the grandson on her death would be entitled to the property.

J. M. S., Winters, Calif. The Bibles sent abroad by the American Bible Society are sold in some cases, but for the most part distributed free. The society is supported by contributions at home. We have no record of the largest shipment, although the seven tons of Bibles recently shipped may be the record consignment.

N. B. B., Clifton, N. J. While from your point of view you were no doubt justified in your judgment of the case, it is quite a different matter with a pastor who has to defer to the wishes of others in certain matters. We cannot judge the pastor, not knowing how he would have acted had he been free to follow his own inclinations.

Ada S., Paterson, N. J. The names of the twenty rulers of Israel were Jeroboam, Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Tibni, Omri, Ahab, Ahaziah, Jehoram, Jehu, Jehoahaz, Jehoash, Jeroboam II., Zachariah, Shallum, Menahem, Pekahiah, Pekah, and Hoshea. You will find them mentioned in the historical books of Kings and Chronicles.

The "Guardians of Liberty"

A NUMBER of letters have been received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inquiring with regard to the Guardians of Liberty. An article fully describing the high patriotic character of the organization and the distinguished standing of its founders appeared in this journal on June 26. The membership of the organization is rapidly increasing. All who desire to know more about it can address Hon. Charles D. Haines, 50 West Twenty-fourth Street, New York City, who will receive applications and issue membership certificates, costing $1 each. All moneys received from this source are used for membership propaganda. Any American of either sex who stands for religious liberty and the preservation of the Constitution is eligible to membership. New members are organized in "Courts," supplied with working material and brought into active and sympathetic relationship with the main organization in all its activities.

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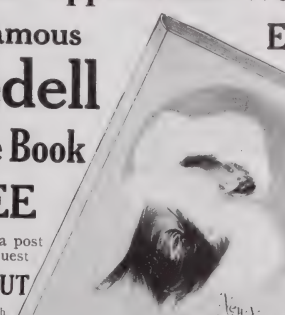

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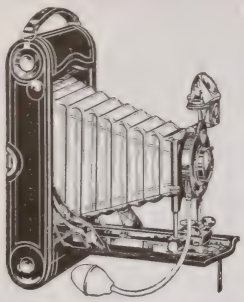

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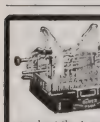

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The Catholic Church in Peru

"THE Roman Catholic Church has been supreme in Peru during more than three hundred years, yet is it not generally admitted that in no region of the earth has Christianity sunk to a more degraded condition than in some of the South American republics? The attention of the world was drawn nearly fifty years ago to the religious conditions prevailing in Santiago, one of the principal towns of Chile, where on December 18, 1863, two thousand human beings were burned to death in the 'Church of the Company.' It is worth while to turn back to the leading articles and correspondence published in the London *Times* at that period. A priest, Ugarte, had made himself a devotee of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. According to the narrative in the *Times*,

"he worked his way down to such a depth of superstition that one of his least extravagances was the invention of a celestial post office trick, by which the 'Daughters of Mary' might correspond with the Virgin in writing. At the entrance of the temple the Virgin's letter-box was constantly open, and there persons of a robust faith deposited in sealed letters their wishes and their prayers. Every Wednesday that letter-box for eternity was placed before the high altar, and Ugarte, who acted as postman between the Mother of God and her Daughters, exhibited to the Divinity those offerings, of course keeping that singular correspondence to himself. The same mountebank got up a religious raffle for the favor of the Virgin. . . . The old times of pagan idolatry had been resuscitated in this center of exaggerated Catholicism.

"The 'Church of the Company' was blazing with thousands of lights on the night of the catastrophe, and when fire broke out the artificial garlands and hangings were instantly aflame. In a leading article the *Times* spoke bluntly of 'the clerical mountebanks of Santiago.' A lurid light was thrown at that time on the methods of South American ecclesiastics. Has the spirit of Ugarte been wholly exorcised during the past half century?"

. . .

The foregoing is from the *British Weekly* of August 8. It is now proposed to remedy the disgraceful conditions of native servitude and cruel inhumanity in Peru by entrusting the task of reformation to a Roman Catholic mission. People may well ask how a church which so neglected its moral and spiritual responsibilities during three hundred years, can now be expected to reform conditions to which its long-continued neglect has given assent. What Peru really needs is the Gospel and a rigid enforcement of humane and just laws. It is worse than ridiculous to consign its people to the tender mercies of the same church which has been so largely responsible for its miseries in the past.

Priests Leading Portugal's Revolution

AFTER a period of comparative peace, the young Portuguese Republic finds itself engaged in a life and death struggle for existence. When the rebellion broke out several months ago, it was an open secret that the entire movement was fostered and financed by Romanists. Proof of this fact is now forthcoming. The republican authorities have not been caught napping. To prevent the young government from being wrecked by the plotters, they have inaugurated a counter-movement. A Lisbon despatch, dated August 13, gave the following description of the present situation:

The government is making wholesale war on priests, scores of whom are being put in prison daily on the accusation of complicity in monarchist plots. The prisons are so overcrowded that convents and monasteries are being turned into State penitentiaries. The government is daily discovering fresh monarchist plots. It is estimated now that 400 priests and 100 army officers are in prison. After the discovery of the monarchist plot at Braga a band of 150 Royalists, including twenty-six priests, fled to the woods. They were pursued by soldiers, overtaken and after a desperate resistance surrendered, having lost many, killed and wounded. The government declares now that the Catholic clergy in Portugal are mainly responsible for the Royalist movement, and intimates that no mercy will be shown to priests suspected of tendencies hostile to the government. Death or deportation will be the fate of all recalcitrant clerics. All the leading Portuguese Royalists are emigrating to Brazil, and Rio Janeiro is now the headquarters of the revolutionary movement.

A later despatch from Lisbon, dated August 18, says:

The Patriarch of Lisbon is giving marked publicity to a message he has received bearing the signatures of Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, and Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston. The American cardinals in the message regret the persistent attacks directed toward Catholics in Portugal, and hope for the speedy return of liberty of conscience.

Answered Prayers

W. T., Savanna, Ill., wishes to acknowledge an answered prayer.

Mrs. C. S. P. wishes to acknowledge God's love and answer to prayer.

C. T., Iowa. "I hereby wish to testify that the Lord hears prayers."

C. Q. B., Springfield, Mass. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer."

Mrs. M. S., Geddes, S. D. "God has answered my prayers and I wish to thank him."

Mrs. S. Conrad, San Diego, Calif. "I wish to acknowledge many answers to prayer."

N. M., Orange, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer concerning a dear friend."

C. A. D., Philadelphia, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge an answer to a prayer when the way looked dark."

Mrs. E. L. S., Jefferson County, Ohio. "In time of sickness and danger God has restored my loved ones through prayer."

Mrs. L. H. S., Arena, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge wonderful answers to prayer, for which I thank and praise his dear name."

Miss L. M. C., Westmount, Quebec. "I wish to acknowledge that God answered our prayers in our recent trouble, and comforted us as only he can."

I. I. T., Leominster, Mass. "I asked God to relieve me of most intense pain and effect a speedy cure. The answer was immediate. 'Before they call I will answer.'"

A Reader, Virginia. "I wish to acknowledge that God does hear and answer prayers. He has blessed me in raising up dear ones from sick-beds and in many other ways."

Mrs. M. E. M., Harrisburg, Ill. "I was distressed about a friend, and God answered my prayers and sent relief; and I want to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Mrs. D. B. McCreary, Tabor, Ia. "I wish to testify to the goodness of our Father in answering my prayers, and as my faith increases the answers are stronger, fuller and more glorious."

I. M. M., New York. "I wish to give my testimony to many answers to prayer in restoring my health from a much dreaded disease. How I praise my heavenly Father for restoring me through prayer!"

Called Higher

Mrs. A. A. Dakin, of Newtonville, Mass., died October 18, 1911.

Levi M. Scott (85), of Greensboro, N. C., passed away November, 1911.

Miss Angeline Platt, of Pultney, N. Y., was called to her heavenly home, February 20, 1912.

Mrs. Leah A. McKey (92) passed away at the home of her daughter in Cambridge Springs, Pa., January 28, 1912.

J. W. Perkins (81), of Uniontown, Kan., died January 6, 1912. He was an earnest Christian and a devoted reader of this magazine.

Mrs. Margaret E. Relyea (82), of Kingston, N. Y., died March 25, 1912. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

John Nyswaner (86), of Parnell, Ia., was called home August 11, 1911. He was an earnest reader of this paper, which he had taken for many years.

Mrs. Mary Hood F. Tempest, of Granogue, Del., who for a long time had been a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, was called home February 7, 1912.

Mrs. J. B. Fuhrmaster (44), of South English, Ia., died March 17, 1912. She was a consistent Christian whose memory will be cherished by all who knew her.

Rev. R. A. Hughes, of Lime Springs, Ia., died January 24, 1912. He had been a minister of the Gospel for forty years, and was a devoted reader of this magazine.

Mrs. L. S. McNeely (50), of Jeffersonville, Ill., was called to her higher home January 22, 1912. She was a faithful Christian and devoted reader of this magazine.

Mrs. Augusta A. Wing (66), of Melrose, N. Y., passed to her eternal rest January 10, 1912. Her life was spent in Christian service and devotion to her church. She was a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family.

Mrs. Obedience Burdren (79), of San Antonio, Texas, died February 4, 1912. She saw the ravages of the Civil War and heard the cannon of the battles, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, and Lookout Mountain, and for over sixty years has been a devoted church member.

THE ODORLESS DRESS SHIELD

The Odorless quality of OMO Dress Shields has made them famous.

They are impervious, but contain no rubber, and are free from injurious chemicals.

They are double covered, white, light in weight, cool to wear, hygienic, durable and easily cleansed. OMO Dress Shields are of the highest grade. The trade mark is protection against inferior quality, and a guarantee goes to the wearer with every pair.

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The ideal garment for babies. Worn over the diaper, these dainty little garments will protect the clothes and keep them clean and dry. Made from OMO Sanitary Sheeting, which is soft, white, odorless and absolutely water-proof. Plain or lace trimmed. 25c to $1.00.

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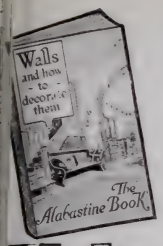

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We Trained These Three Nurses in Their Own Homes

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Miss B M Downing, Lowell, Mass., writes, "I receive $15 and $18 a week and have had more work than I can do."

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Our method of home training has enabled thousands of women, with and without experience, to earn $10 to $25 a week as nurses. Send for a copy of "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book explaining method. 248 pages with many interesting experiences by our graduates.

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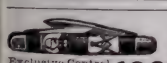

AGENTS

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HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

THE COZY CORNER MASCOT

Can you guess my first name? It begins with a D, the second letter is E, and I am looking it with all my might. I will appear here four times. *You may have four guesses.* If you are *first, second* or *third* to guess it correctly, you will receive a beautiful Watch (gunmetal and guaranteed), a Brownie Kodak or a best Fountain Pen.

I want to know more boys and girls everywhere. So please take my picture to school and ask your teacher and schoolmates to send their guesses too. The Cozy Corner will distribute hundreds of charming prizes in this contest, in return for names and addresses of *new friends* to whom to send my mascot pictures. Every one who makes three new friends for me and over, will receive a lovely prize.

Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope, not smaller than 7x4 inches, for an answer, and address your letters to

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

MODEL AEROPLANES

HOW TO BUILD PAPER WINGS AND CONSTRUCT PROPELLERS

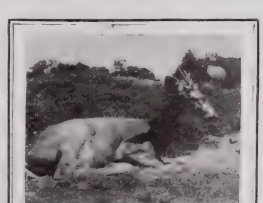
BY FRANCIS A. COLLINS

THERE is much to be learned about model aeroplanes by practicing with gliders, and a great deal of fun in learning it. The glider should be held above one's head, grasped somewhere near the point at which it balances, and thrown forward and a trifle upward. You will learn more about stability in this actual practice than by reading all the books of rules and theories. The trick is to have your model fly, or, rather, glide on a perfectly even keel, neither rolling or pitching in its flight.

"IT WILL SAIL HALF A MILE"

Some amateur model builders get better results with wings built up of wooden strips and covered with cloth or muslin. If you prefer these planes they will be found simple to construct and very interesting work besides. Select a stick of some light straight-grained wood, measuring one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch square, and cut off a piece the width of your plane. For the cross pieces of the frame use a thin strip, just heavy enough to keep from bending. Cut off three lengths the width of your larger planes, and two the width of the smaller plane. These should be fastened at right angles to the main sticks by gluing and tying them firmly in position. Now take a piece of wire or a thin strip of bamboo and run it around the edges, tying it and gluing it to the cross pieces. The ends should be rounded. The frame may then be covered with paper or some thin, strong cloth. A thin, tough paper is better. Should the paper be torn, as it probably will be, it is easy to repair the damage by pasting a piece of paper over the broken part.

The propellers should be five inches in length. It is possible to buy propellers ready for use, or the propeller blanks from which you can carve the blades. If you cannot obtain these, prepare propeller blanks by cutting a block of wood five inches in length, one inch wide, and three-quarters of an inch deep. Round off the ends and whittle away the sides, beginning with the edges, until you have two thin blades. Sandpaper and varnish all the surfaces. To mount the propellers, pass a stiff wire through the exact center and clinch the end on the opposite side. Now drill two holes through the base stick of the fusilarge just large enough for the axles to pass through, and after placing the propellers in position, turn the end into a hook. A similar hook should then be fastened to the extreme end of the fusilarge, directly on a line with the propellers. Between these hooks now string half a dozen strands of rubber about one-eighth of an inch square. Such rubber can be bought at the aeronautical supply houses for about one cent a foot. To wind up the motor for a flight, turn the propellers in opposite directions until a double row of knots has been formed. The propellers must, of course, be turned in opposite directions. When your propellers are wound up, launch your model as though it were a glider.



Photograph by Douglas Mennie, age 12, San Francisco, Calif. Winner of gunmetal watch in Cozy Corner Prize Contest for July 10.

GOOD-MORNING SONG

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Nothing Leaks Except Fountain Pens

How to Stop It:

IF they can make great steam boilers, vast water supply systems and pipelines for oil that won't leak, why can't they make fountain pens that won't leak?

They can. George S. Parker, of Janesville, Wisconsin, makes them.

Mr. Parker found out that ink always stays in the feed tube of an ordinary fountain pen, even when point up in your pocket. It won't all run down.

The air in the pen gets warm from your body and expands—expands up through the inky feed tube. It blows the ink up with it—up and out all over the writing end of the pen, to smear your fingers when you remove cap to write.

"If I can get that ink down out of the feed tube, my pen won't leak," said Mr. Parker.

So he *curved his feed tube* to touch the barrel. That touch creates Capillary Attraction. And Capillary Attraction sucks the ink down out of the feed tube before the expanding air ascends. Thus, nothing but air smears the end of a Parker Pen.

The curved feed tube is called the Lucky Curve. Capillary Attraction is the force in Nature that makes a blotter suck ink.

Parker Pens write fine—never hitching, skipping, blotting. The 14k gold pens are pointed with hardest Iridium. Parker Spear Head Ink Controller makes ink flow velvety.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $250.00 according to size and ornamentation.

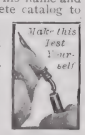
New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen won't leak even if carried upside down in trousers pocket. *Pen knife* size for lady's purse. Prices $2.50 up.

New Parker *Disappearing* Clip grips like mad, but *disappears* peaceably when you remove cap to write.

If you do not find Parker Pens at your dealer's, send us his name and we'll send you complete catalog to order from direct.

Sold on trial. If any Parker Pen should leak or shouldn't be as represented, return it within 10 days of purchase. We protect dealers from loss.

Tomorrow is a bad day. *Today* is the day.



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Money for Your Spare Time

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LADIES! An exceptional opportunity for HAIR DRESSERS, MILLINERS and women in other lines to represent one of the best-known lines of high-class TOILET PREPARATIONS in this country. This is your opportunity to build a permanent business among the best class of people. Address Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 26 West Illinois St., Chicago.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

COMMENT OF THE PRESS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Ambition of Rome

IN AMERICA just now we are facing many peculiarly perplexing questions, and Rome—the same Rome that wanted to burn Martin Luther—is an element in the situation. It would be well, therefore, if every citizen were informed as to the mind and might of Rome. Although freed from the outward scandals and corruptions of Luther's times, and curbed by the larger knowledge of our day, at heart it is the same Rome that Martin Luther faced with such uncompromising courage and audacity. It craves and demands mastery—absolute, unquestioned mastery. With its power and prestige tottering in the Old World, it is making a bold stand here in America. Its powerful hierarchy is demanding special recognition and special privileges, in defiance of American ideals and constitutional restrictions. We shall have to meet this demand. It is useless to try to evade it. In the light of the past, it is clear that we cannot hope to escape it. And in this inevitable contest one most effective weapon is enlightenment. A knowledge of what Rome has been helps us to a knowledge of what Rome would be. We make no call for proscription, but we do call for watchfulness and vigilance to keep our institutions true to American ideals.—*From the Examiner (Baptist), New York.*

. . .

Caution in the Streets

IT IS an excellent idea of the American Museum of Safety to hold classes for the instruction of children in carefulness in the streets. If rules for the safety of pedestrians, such as those the museum suggests, could be so impressed upon the minds of the people that their observance would be second nature many lives would be saved.

If people always looked on leaving a car and passing behind it to see whether another car was coming in the opposite direction before stepping on the other track, if they were careful to see whether automobiles were approaching before dismounting from cars, if they would always look about themselves before crossing streets, and if they would abandon the habit of crossing streets anywhere instead of at the regular crossings, there would be fewer accidents.

Moreover, a public which was careful in crossing streets, and thus did its part to avoid accidents, would probably become insistent that vehicular traffic should show regard for the rights of pedestrians. This would be one advantage that would come from developing generally the practice of the orderly and careful use of the streets.—*New York Tribune.*

. . .

General Booth and the Abbey

THERE is a natural demand among Englishmen of all classes for the highest post-mortem honor in the case of the founder and successful director of the Salvation Army—burial in Westminster Abbey. William Booth was, to be sure, a lifelong and aggressive dissenter, and the Abbey is a temple of the Established Church. But, as the canon of Westminster, Dr. Henson, said yesterday, no question of creed has ever been considered in relation to burial in the Abbey, which, by the way, contains monuments to both the Wesleys and other dissenters of renown, including Milton, who was a foe to the Established Church, and Dr. Isaac Watts.

In the case of General Booth, however, the tribute of burial in the Abbey would be paid to one who was a dissenter above everything else, who threw off all denominational shackles, who preached and taught religion wholly according to his own lights. Nevertheless, the honor is richly deserved. No man of his time did more for the benefit of the people than William Booth. He placed charity on a practical basis. He taught religion to the lowliest in terms which they could comprehend. Cleanliness, decency, and the will to do good thrived under his rule. The dean of Westminster will undoubtedly have the approval of all the churchmen in this liberal hour if he offers a grave in the historic Abbey for the body of William Booth.—*New York Times.*

. . .

Ruralized Schools

A BULLETIN from the North Dakota Agricultural College tells in concrete form of facts which speak louder for ruralizing the rural schools than reams of treatises could do. Several years ago 157 country boys and 174 country girls in Wright County, Ia., were asked what they meant to do as a life-work. All but seven of the boys said that they "would have nothing to do with farming." All but eleven of the girls gave a similar verdict against the life in which they had been reared and of which they knew most. During the next three years, through the efforts of a fine county superintendent, the schools were made over into real country schools by the teaching of agriculture and home economics. The same questions were then put to the same pupils. This time 163 out of 174 boys and 161 out of 178 girls said they were planning to remain on the farm.

Educate the children, and the colleges and the fertility of the soil will be taken care of.—*Farm and Fireside.*

THIRTEEN YEARS

Unlucky Number for Dakota Woman.

The question whether the number "13" is really more unlucky than any other number has never been entirely settled.

A So. Dak. woman, after thirteen years of misery from drinking coffee, found a way to break the "unlucky spell." Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the drug in coffee. She writes:

"For thirteen years I have been a nervous wreck from drinking coffee. My liver, stomach, heart—in fact, my whole system being actually poisoned by it.

"Last year I was confined to my bed for six months. Finally it dawned on me that coffee caused the trouble. Then I began using Postum instead of coffee, but with little faith, as my mind was in such a condition that I hardly knew what to do next.

"Extreme nervousness and failing eyesight caused me to lose all courage. In about two weeks after I quit coffee and began to use Postum, I was able to read and my head felt clear. I am improving all the time and I will be a strong, well woman yet.

"I have fooled more than one person with a delicious cup of Postum. Mrs. S. wanted to know where I bought my fine coffee. I told her my grocer had it and when she found out it was Postum she has used it ever since, and her nerves are building up fine.

"My brain is strong, my nerves steady, my appetite good, and best of all, I enjoy such sound pleasant sleep." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book in pkg., "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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If you have never used Mentholatum send us your name and address and we will mail you absolutely FREE, one large size physician's package. Write today.
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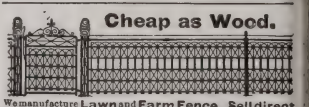
Cheap as Wood.



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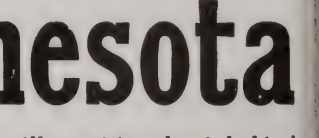
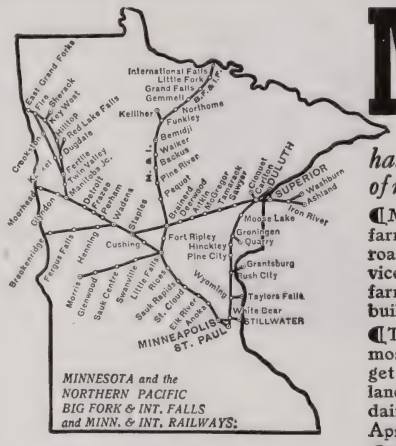


Minnesota



MINNESOTA and the NORTHERN PACIFIC BIG FORK & INT. FALLS and MINN. & INT. RAILWAYS.

has millions of acres still awaiting the right kind of men to develop them and make them productive.

¶ Much progress has been made in building up Minnesota's farms, towns and villages, its schools and churches, its roads and bridges, its telephone lines and rural mail service—yet there are still too many large farms, and more farmers are needed to cultivate the soil as well as men to build up the towns.

¶ The northern part of the state is very largely a region of most fertile soil still unoccupied, where homeseekers can get government lands, or state lands, or cut-over timber lands at low prices. These lands are specially valuable for dairying and stock raising. Sales of state land are held April to November, each year—write for information.

¶ Minnesota climate is healthful; the air dry and clear. Minnesota is a beautiful state, with rolling well-drained land and thousands of lakes, large and small, inviting to summer outings, boating and angling. The woods in the Northern part afford game of various kinds for the sportsman.

¶ In short, Minnesota is a delightful place in which to work, to live and to enjoy life.

¶ The great markets in close proximity at the Head of the Lakes (Duluth-Superior) and the Twin Cities, (St. Paul-Minneapolis), offer a ready and convenient disposal of farm products.

¶ Let us tell you more about the "bread and butter state" and the low round-trip Homeseekers' Fares in effect to many points on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. Write today to

L. J. BRICKER, Gen'l Immigration Agent or A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent Northern Pacific Ry., ST. PAUL, MINN.

¶ The Northern Pacific and Minnesota & International Railways have nearly 1,200 miles of steel highway in Minnesota, serving important and growing cities and towns. Its arteries of travel pulsate day and night with the commerce and life of the commonwealth.

¶ OPPORTUNITIES were never better in Minnesota, for the farmer, dairyman, merchant, manufacturer, artisan and investor.

¶ Send for free copy of our OPPORTUNITY book in which are listed Northern Pacific cities and towns in the state, with descriptions of conditions, needs, and names of Secretaries of Commercial Clubs, who will gladly help you to get located.

Important Notice to Homesteaders:

¶ Recent revision of homestead law reduces period of required residence from 5 to 3 years and allows 5 months absence each year. Write quick for list of homestead lands adjacent to Northern Pacific, and full particulars.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Northern Pacific Railway

NOTE.—Please mention title of this announcement and publication in which you saw it.

HE NEW WOMAN IN THE EAST

WHILE so much interest is being awakened in the cause of woman's advancement in Western countries, the following graphic sentences, taken from ...sticle in the *International Review ...ssions* for January, 1912, will be ...ciated. The article, entitled ...Place of Women in the Modern ...tual Movements of the East," is ...n by Miss Agnes de Selincourt.

'...ou know,' said an old Mohammeheikh as he somewhat timorously ...mplated the prospect of modern ...tion for his little girl, 'you know, not care to have our daughters ...n school very long.' 'Oh, but all ...is past,' broke in a young Moslem ...who had ventured within the ...n precincts on a similar errand; ...country can never be great until ...omen are properly taught.'

...the old and the new are meeting ...in the East; the clash of con...g theories as to woman's rightful ...in the life of a nation is one of ...rces which is shaking society to ...undations. Not in one country ...is this phenomenon observable; ...ver the East is being touched ...the breath of awakening life, the ...n's question leaps into promi...

...ith the proclamation of the con...tion in Turkey in August, 1908, ...ands of women threw off their ...and streamed into the streets ...their husbands to join in the gen...shout of 'liberty.' Though this ...d to be a premature attempt and ...omen have since been forced back ...their former seclusion, yet below ...urface the ferment continues un...d, and it cannot be long before ...ocial life of Turkey is trans...d. The last few years have seen ...rth of a national consciousness in ...a, and with it there also an awak... has begun among the women. ...e town alone a hundred schools ...irls have been opened within a ... in one of the largest a mother ...found sitting in the same class ...her two daughters, the youngest ...ld of seven. In China, also, ...ls for girls are springing up like ...rooms in almost every province, ...hough, owing to the lack of quali...eachers, much of the work that is ... done is almost comically crude, ...e pathos of these women's eager... turns laughter into something ...r tears.

India, of which I wish principto speak, side by side with the ...h of national ideals and aspira... the woman's question grows ...ily in importance. Not only in ...uickly increasing percentage of ...attending school do we find traces ...e new spirit, but in every depart... of social life. Clubs are being ...ed, women's periodicals launched, ...thropic activities undertaken, all ...ed on by Indian women for Indian ...n. One of the most significant ...ments of the kind is the Bharat Mahamandal, a society formed in United Provinces last winter by ... advanced Hindu and Moslem ...n in the Empire. The following ...cts are from the inaugural ad... given at the meeting of the ...mandal: '"The hand that rocks ...radle rules the world." It is to ... ourselves worthy and efficient ...s, to equip ourselves with the fit... of sound rulers, to have our In... social world better governed, that ...Bharat Stri Mahamandal has been ...led. No nation can rise above the ... of its women. If that spirit be ...p the nation can never be wide ...e. Thus the Bharat Stri Maha...al is to form a common center for ...omen thinkers and women work... of every race, creed, class, and ... in India, to associate themselves ...her for the progress of humanity. ...secretaries and members of the ...itive body are always to be chosen ... the Hindu (including Sikh, Jain, ... Mussulman, Buddhist, and Parsi ...n of India. A certain number of "helpers" are to be selected from the Anglo-Indian and Christian members who join the Mahamandal. Their function will be to help the executive body by suggestions and ideas which are expected to be stored up in them by their greater experience in these lines of work, also to co-operate with us in any other way found practicable.'

"Those who know something of social conditions in the East even ten years ago will realize the swiftness and the significance of the appearance of these phenomena; one cannot but feel a measure of sympathy with the alarm and hesitancy of the old sheikh and his *confrères*, as they watch the old order changing, and wonder whereunto this will grow. Times of transition are always difficult, and the changes which we see taking place in the thoughts and ideals and opportunities of Eastern women are such as cannot but give food for serious reflection. And yet the dangers of advance can only be met by still further advance, and surely there are none who care for the progress of humanity, whose hearts do not throb in sympathy with these women, struggling, sometimes crudely, often mistakenly and yet passionately and sincerely, for light and knowledge and liberty. Who would not respond to the appeal lately voiced by a Hindu lady before a Western audience: 'It is clear that our advance as Indian women must be based on our national literature, our national ideals. In working out its steps, we need sympathy, we need the fellowship of all the noble women of the world'?"

At Japan s Imperial Funeral

Continued from page 851

important position. Even Russia, which has not yet entirely recovered from the humiliation which Japan gave her a few years ago, is to be represented. France, Italy. and Austria have already announced their intention to send official embassies. All the governments and courts of Europe have declared certain periods of court-mourning. Great Britain, as Japan's firmest ally, will observe a period of five weeks' mourning. Japan herself will retain the garb of grief for a year; the first six months being a period of deep mourning, and the last six of half-mourning.

Any pictorial representation of Shinto funeral services is extremely hard to come by, as they take place at night, and no flashlight photographs are to be had in this country. The most recently arrived pictures from Japan are those which accompany this article. The deep grief of the Japanese people has already been spoken of in these columns, and the pictures here reproduced show some of the scenes to which this grief led. Other photographs, which because of their indistinctness it was impossible for us to reproduce, showed school children and kimono-clad women bowed with their foreheads to the pavement of the courtyard, praying that the life of their Emperor might be spared.

A GRACIOUS APPRECIATION

Accept my thanks for the wonderful encyclopedia of knowledge, *The Christian Herald Almanac*, and the delightful stories in *The Women of the Bible*. Either of these is worth the subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which for years has lain upon my library table for the entertainment and Christian culture of my family. With appreciation of your generous gifts, I am gratefully yours,

Pasadena, Calif. ELIZA J. BEACH, M.D.

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Perhaps you may think I am somewhat tardy in sending my thanks for the *Almanac* you have given your readers this year, but we all think there never was a more comprehensive and interesting almanac than this, and, as a family, unite in thanking you for its unusual contents. We prize THE CHRISTIAN HERALD greatly. I prefer it to any other paper.

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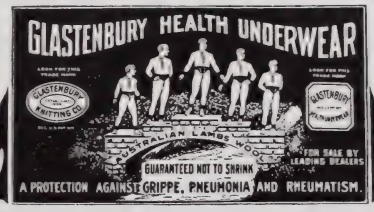
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"The O'Hara Epidemic," *by Louise Rand Bascom.*
"A Knight There Was," *by Eleanor H. Porter.*
"The Joy of Creation," *by Rose Seelye Miller.*
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"The Frigidity of Frankenstein," *by William Hamilton Osborne.*
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"When a Woman Will," *by Harriet Lummis Smith.*
"Pat," *by Kilbourne Cowles.*
"Christmas on the Corkscrew," *by Carmelita Carasco.*
"Clarisse of the Cronanqua," *by B. M. Connor.*

And these general interest articles:

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THE PASSING OF GENERAL BOOTH

Continued from page 853

and weak and giving them another chance to attain success and happiness. Accept my deep sympathy."

General Booth left with a famous banking house in London a sealed envelope which contained his wishes as to who should succeed him as the head of the Salvation Army. As was generally expected, the command devolved upon his oldest son, W. Bramwell Booth, who has been identified with the activities of the army since he was a mere lad.

Just before his death General Booth had outlined two new lines of work to be added to the already elaborate system of rescue homes, slum outposts, labor bureaus, food depots, shelters, factories and homes for inebriates. One of these schemes was the establishment of poor London families upon small farms of five or six acres in English country districts. The second project might almost be termed of national importance, for it provided for the colonization of portions of Rhodesia.

In addition to his other activities General Booth was a writer of books and a publisher of newspapers. Among his books are *Salvation Soldiery, The Training of Children, Letters to Soldiers and Holy Living.* His best-known volume, *Darkest England and the Way Out,* contains a scheme for the education and industrial support of the lowest classes. In 1890 General Booth established the *War Cry* as the Army's weekly organ. It now appears weekly in England and at each colonial and foreign headquarters, so that there are thirty-four weekly *War Cry* editions in various languages.

It was said of him after his death: "General Booth, to whose extraordinary abilities as a preacher and organizer the success of the institution and its branches has been most largely due, has not differed so very greatly in his evangelical methods from the great evangelists of the past. He has taught the people religion in their own terms, as the medieval monks did with their miracles and mysteries. He has clothed all that he has needed of the creeds and articles of faith in the language spoken by his people. He has been enormously successful in uplifting the fallen, in placing them, at least, on a level perceptibly above the lowliest, in promoting temperance and decency as well as faith. He will be remembered as a great evangelist, as a force for righteousness, as a sincere man who devoted his whole life to the good of common humanity.

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In the fulness of years and of honors,
The patriarch goes to his rest:
The great soul, free and unfettered,
Has sped to the Home of the Blest.

Unheeding the sneers of the rabble,
The scoffs that Wealth flung at his cause;
He suffered and strove for the Master
Till contumely changed to applause.

Uncaring for worldly plaudits,
He ever looked up to his God;
And in spirit he faithfully followed
The way that the Nazarene trod.

Ever the friend of the friendless,
A brother to all in their need,
He took up the sinful and fallen,
Regardless of class or of creed.

In the gateways, the lanes and the alleys,
His voice was appealingly heard
Like John in the wilderness, crying:
"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Thousands on thousands of sinners,
From out of life's dregs and its dross,
He brought to the heavenly fountain
That wells at the foot of the Cross.

So to-day, in its depth of affection,
The world bows its head at his bier,
Mourning the guide who has left us—
The leader who never knew fear.

I, along with the rest of the mourners,
This flower of memory send,
To place on the grave of the Hero
Who was truly Humanity's Friend.

—J. D.

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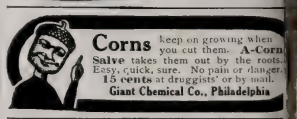

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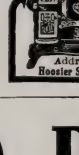

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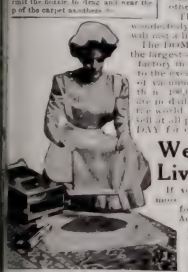

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IN DEFENSE OF THE SPARROW

I HAVE noticed of late in several papers requests to farmers and others to help destroy the English sparrows. Having observed them for many years, and at all seasons of the year, I feel called upon to defend them for their many good qualities which seem to be quite generally overlooked. Few people seem to realize that the English sparrow has been responsible for the great reduction of the numbers of bottle-flies, the *castrophilus equi*, or horse-fly. Forty years ago when the sparrows were not as plentiful as they are to-day these flies were so numerous that they were a great torment to horses and cattle, and often caused great discomfort to human beings. The entire life history of this fly is identified with the horse. The larvæ are developed in such a way that the sparrows' particular virtues as a scavenger lead him to discover them and use them for food. As a result of this the horse-fly, though not entirely done away with, is not one-quarter as prevalent as it formerly was.

It has been claimed that the sparrow is largely a seed-eating bird, but a careful observer will notice that during the breeding season the sparrows gather great numbers of small beetles, moth-millers and other insects to feed to their young. Then as seed-eaters they undoubtedly do inestimable service as the destroyers of the seeds of troublesome and noxious weeds. It must be admitted that the sparrow is a quarrelsome little chap and a great deal of a bully. He undoubtedly drives the more peaceable birds from their nesting places. This is specially true of the wrens and the martins, which seemed to be particularly fond of using bird-houses constructed for them by man. From the wren's house the sparrow can be kept out by making the openings to the house too small for him to get his rather bulky body through. The wren needs only an opening an inch in diameter or at largest as big as a quarter to go in and out. The martin requires a larger opening and as he is usually a late-comer in the spring he finds that the sparrows have already set up housekeeping in his last year's home. About the only way that this can be prevented is to screen or in some way close the doors of the bird-house when its occupants flit south in the fall, and open them again in the spring only when careful watch shows that the martins are back again. The all too rapid disappearance of those birds which formerly nested in close proximity to man's dwelling-places may not be entirely due to the pugnacious disposition of the sparrow. It is greatly to be feared that the household tabby is equally guilty. There is no doubt that the goldfinches, summer warblers and other orchard and shrub-nesting birds have been driven away by the ever-increasing number of cats in small towns and country places as well as in the larger cities.

The greatest of Teachers used the sparrow of Palestine, which was a bird very similar to the English sparrow, as one of his most telling illustrations. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? . . . Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." So the little fellow is surely deserving of some consideration at our hands. While feeding the birds during the winter I have often been asked, "Why do you feed those useless and troublesome sparrows? If they are strong enough and hardy enough to drive away almost every other sort of bird, they can surely forage for themselves." My only answer is, "Because, though Christ mentioned them as one of his Father's most inconsequential creations, yet he used them to teach us a great lesson, and as even the smallest of his creatures they are deserving of our care."

D. J. W.

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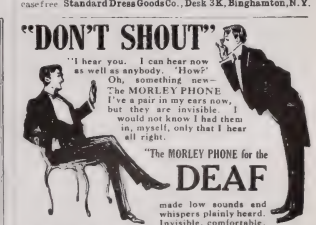

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1912

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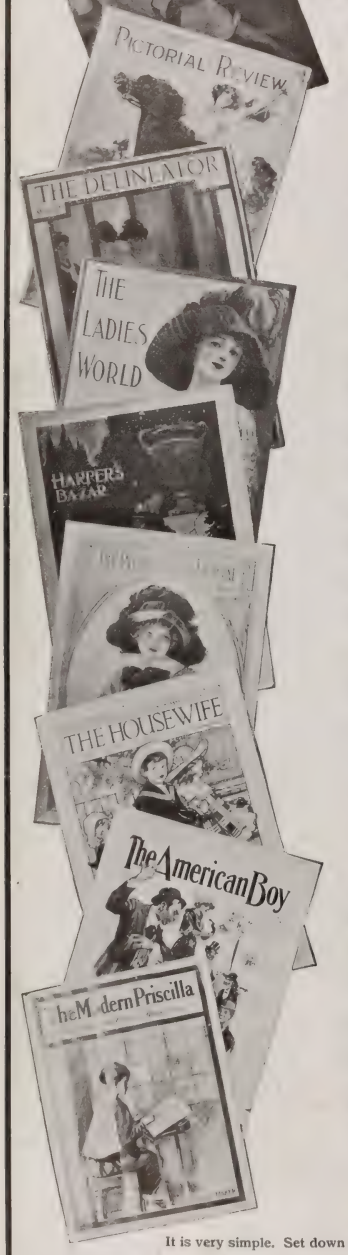

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Address: **THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY**

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1912

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Carrying Home the Day's Catch

Sea Fishing Through Arctic Ice

Clad for Cold and Labor

HARDSHIPS OF A LABRADOR WINTER

THE ice has just left Labrador, and in a few days we may have our mission ship *Harmony* here again. I therefore wish to write you a brief account of some of our experiences during the past winter.

I am sorry to say that the past winter season has been one of extreme poverty with most of our Eskimos. In the autumn, the seal fishing, which furnishes the native with nearly all requirements for daily use, failed. The new ice set in early in November, before the migration of these animals had fully begun, and cut the hunt short. During winter, foxes and other fur-bearing animals were extremely scarce, and in consequence many of our people were reduced to want.

I have not known so poor a winter during the whole of my stay among the Eskimos (now twenty-two years). While the coast is icebound, the days short, snowstorms frequent and the thermometer often forty below zero, it is not possible for the Eskimo to do much to secure a living. One way for the women to produce something was to cut holes through the sea ice (which reaches a thickness here of six feet), and there they stood, fishing for rock cod, most days only securing between five and ten fish. The Mission endeavored to help, but poverty was so general that all resources were taxed to the utmost.

An outsider has no idea of what poverty among the Eskimos means. At the best of times, the wants of the Eskimos are few, and their food consists of the coarsest of substances. Seal, walrus and whale meat form a large part of their diet, and the blubber of these animals serves in the place of pork or butter.

In China, the famished inhabitants subsisted on roots or some other inferior vegetation, but here the vegetable kingdom has nothing to offer. The earth is frozen and deeply covered with snow and ice; the birds have gone south, and one might walk for miles without seeing a living creature. At the same time, it is of interest to know how even these primitive people have for ages found a kind of substitute for food somewhere. Along a beach which is known to have plenty of seaweed, holes are cut through the thick ice and the seaweed and mussels pulled up through the holes, and it is on record that the Eskimos have sustained life on this, one might say, refuse of the sea, during the long winter months.

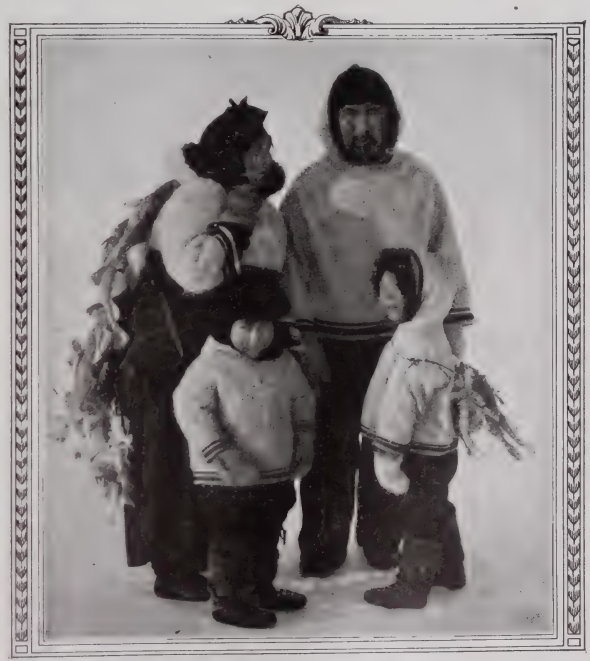
The Eskimo has no word for "God" in his language, and it has been fitly remarked that the very austere aspect of life may have helped to exclude the conception of a superhuman benevolent Being from the beliefs and superstitions of these people of the Arctic.

I can hardly express my thankfulness for the kindness of your readers in putting at my disposal means to help on the Mission work. During the extreme poverty of the past months, I was glad to be able to help; but in order that the aid rendered should be a lasting one, I formed a kind of co-operative self-help society among our Nain people. This society has for its aim to relieve poverty during the extreme part of winter. Each beneficiary received $5 in cash, and pledged himself to refund this in summer, with an addition of from one to five dollars. During the succeeding winter he is permitted not only to renew the original loan of $5, but also the additional sum, however much that might be, and thus he is enabled to increase his credit year by year. We hope that in this way poverty may be relieved during seasons in which the people are frequently unable to help themselves.

At the end of the benevolent experiment I find that I have considerably overstepped the amount at disposal, but nevertheless I venture to hope that your kind CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will again help our work this year.

CHRISTIAN SCHMITT.

Nain, Labrador.



At the Close of a Day's Successful Fishing

Christian Schmitt, Dr. Grenfell and other laborers, taking the Gospel to the strange dwellers of Labrador, are carrying forward the brave work begun in 1852, when the first missionaries to that country were sent out by the London congregation of Moravians. The story of missions in Labrador is a romance in which tragedy and triumph are strangely mingled. Erhardt, leader of the first band, was murdered by the natives, and a number of his companions perished with him. The second expedition was made in 1764, and in 1769 100,000 acres were granted to the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel. On August 10, 1770, a group of missionaries landed at a point 180 miles north of the station occupied by the first band, and the newcomers called the new location Nain, the present headquarters of Mr. Schmitt's work. The first ingathering of souls began in 1804, and by 1818 six hundred natives were connected with the missions. Besides the Moravians, the Church Missionary Society has done successful work.

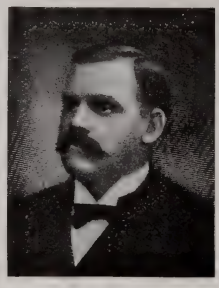
WITH THE "SUNDAY-SCHOOL FLEET"

PLANS FOR THE WORLD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION

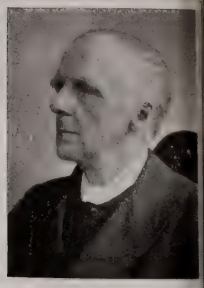
Dr. S. M. Zwemer
Missionary and Author

"Gipsy" Smith
Beloved Evangelist and Singer

Mr. E. K. Warren
"Admiral" of the World's S. S. Fleet



Mr. Hugh Cork
Sunday-School Statistician



Rev. F. B. Meyer
Regent's Park Chapel, London

ON TO Zürich" is the rallying cry of the Sunday-school world. Mr. E. K. Warren, a well-known manufacturer of Three Oaks, Mich., was recently appointed admiral of the World's Sunday-School Fleet, in which some two thousand delegates from the United States and Canada will cross the ocean next summer. Four ocean liners have been chartered for the purpose, viz., the White Star liner *Canopic*, 12,000 tons; the Donaldson Line steamship *Letitia*, 10,000 tons; the Allan Line steamship *Scotian*, 10,500 tons; and the Red Star liner *Zealand*, 12,000 tons.

According to the plans which Admiral Warren has laid out for this remarkable voyage, the *Canopic*, which the admiral now believes will be his flagship, will make the longest tour. She will sail from Boston on June 12, 1913. A couple of days afterwards the *Letitia* will sail from Montreal, and on the 21st of June the *Scotian* will sail from the same port, while the *Zealand* will depart two days afterwards from New York. The *Canopic* will go to the Mediterranean cities, while the *Letitia* will touch first at Glasgow. The *Scotian* will land her passengers at London, and the Sunday-school workers on the *Zealand* will embark at Cherbourg, France. In the end, however, the passengers will all come together at Zürich, Switzerland, where the convention will be held from July 8 to 15, 1913. Various meetings and small conventions have been planned to be held during the voyage, and the passengers will have an opportunity of exchanging ideas on Sunday-school work.

Earth's ends will meet at the Zürich Convention, and there will be present representative Sunday-school specialists, pastors, teachers and missionaries from all parts of the world. Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea, as well as America, will have their representatives at this gathering. Committees in Europe and America have been busy for months past completing arrangements, and it is believed that their efforts will be rewarded by a gathering of greater magnitude and power than has ever been recorded in the modern Sunday-school movement.

Zürich is beautifully situated at the base of the snow-clad Swiss Alps, a center of art, culture and commerce; a Mecca for students of the history of the Protestant Reformation; and the scene of the historic efforts of Zwingli and other leaders of the world's battle for religious liberty. The mayor of the town will welcome Admiral Warren and his Sunday-school multitude. The leaders of the state church are co-operating with the representatives of the free churches in a large local committee of arrangements of which Pastor Ruegg, one of the lecturers of the University of Zürich, is president. The Tonhalle, a stately edifice containing several halls, will be the Convention home. The citizens will entertain free five hundred Continental delegates. Provision is made for conducting the Convention in English, German, French and Italian. The chief interpreter is Dr. Levering of Germany, who speaks twenty-seven languages.

The Program Committee of the Convention is planning to make the events of the occasion of exceptional practicability in every branch of Sunday-school work, and with such leaders as Gipsy Smith, Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer, D.D., Pastor Charles Bieler, Rev. F. B. Meyer, A.B., Rev. James I. Good, D.D, and others, they will doubtless accomplish their purpose.

Under the direction of Mr. Hugh Cork, an exhaustive Sunday-school exhibit will be placed in the Convention hall, so that the delegates may study the extent and condition of Sunday-school work in all parts of the world. The music will be in charge of Dr. A. J. Burker, a native of Zürich, and an artist of rare ability. The musical program will include a special concert by the symphony orchestra in Zürich, a large chorus of Swiss singers, and a hearty participation by the Convention itself in sacred songs that have stirred the Christian wo for centuries.

The afternoons of the Zürich Convention h been set aside by the Program Committee for c ferences, denominational rallies, sectional gath ings and other special meetings.

The two thousand delegates sailing with Sunday-School Fleet will not be, however, the en number of delegates to the Convention from t country. An earlier contingent of delegates Sunday-school specialists, led by Mr. H. J. He will leave this country early in 1913 to visit Orient to study Sunday-school conditions and ne and to hold from twenty to thirty Sunday-sch conventions and institutes while *en route* to World's Sunday-School Convention in Zürich. first party will leave San Francisco in Janu 1913, for the Philippine Islands, where a series public gatherings will be held. The second pa will leave San Francisco in March, 1913, and j the first party in Tokyo, Japan, in cherry-blos time. The united forces will travel through Jap China and Korea, thence over the Trans-Siber Railway to the Convention.

There are 600,000 child in the Philippines who sp English. A Sunday-sch union, organized in 1911, which 2,000 were present, which was addressed by Gov nor General Forbes, Bish Brent and others, now ha membership of 40,000 un the leadership of Rev. H. McLoughlin, secretary of Bible Society.

Japan is one of the fin fields for Sunday-school wo At a recent Sunday-school c vention held in Tokyo, m than twelve thousand w present. There are now o one hundred thousand schola enrolled in the Japanese Su day schools. A remarka Sunday-school awakening manifest in China, with 100,0 in the Sunday schools. R. E. R. Tewksbury, of Shangh is secretary of the Chinese Sunday school, and has native secretaries in every province whom trains for service. Six translators are constan at work on Sunday-school books and the dema greatly exceeds the supply. In Korea many Su day schools are being organized, several having regular attendance of from one to two thousa In one town of 4,000 population there are 2,300 Sunday school.

The evolution of the World's Sunday-School Fl began in 1904, when 1,500 delegates from 26 co tries and 55 denominations assembled in a t pitched just north of Gordon's Calvary in Jeru lem, and held a convention that stirred the religi world. A specially chartered ship carried 8 delegates from America to the Holy City, while other ship sailed from London with 575 delega representing Great Britain. The inspiration a fellowship of these gatherings, followed by the markable events of the convention, created a p found impression. Three years later two ch tered ships were necessary to carry the Americ delegates to Rome, where a convention was held the Methodist Church located on the historic Tw tieth-of-September Street, over which the liberat General Garibaldi, had passed thirty-seven ye before in his great march for the liberation of Ita

In 1910, Washington, D. C., was the Conventi city, and forty-seven countries sent representativ

Railway Station at Zürich, and the Swiss Museum

One of Zürich's Thoroughfares

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS ADJOURNS

AFTER a continuous session of 267 days, since December 4, 1911—the longest since the second session of the Fifty-third Congress, which occupied 268 days—the Sixty-second Congress adjourned at 4.30 P.M. on August 26. The closing hours were exceedingly busy ones. There was a sharp struggle between the two houses as to the General Deficiency Bill; and the State claims of Maryland, Virginia, Oregon and Texas for $600,000 and a proposal to add $200,000 to the pay of Capitol employees were abandoned by the Senate, the attitude of the House being unyielding on these appropriations. They will probably be revived in the Urgent Deficiency Bill at the next session. With these items omitted, the General Deficiency Bill was passed and it was signed by the President before five o'clock P.M. A number of nominations sent in by the President failed of confirmation. These included over sixty appointments of postmasters and several judges.

It is estimated that altogether the Congress just closed has appropriated in the aggregate of $1,000,000,000, being some $7,000,000 less than the last Congress disposed of. It should be stated, however, that the last Congress provided $45,560,000 for the Panama Canal, and this, the Republican minority claims, should be deducted in making the comparison between the gross appropriations of the two Congresses.

The usual animated scenes took place immediately after adjournment. Members shook hands with each other, wishing good-bye. Old-time political feuds were forgotten and all fraternized in the friendliest fashion. Although the number of members on the floor was by no means large, the galleries were crowded with friends and relatives. Speaker Clark wished that absent members might have enjoyable vacations and that they would return refreshed and invigorated for the work next winter. The actual work of the sixty-second Congress has occupied 408 days.

Canal Legislation

THE bill which has aroused the widest discussion is that fixing the methods of controlling and operating the Panama Canal. The bill as first drafted exempted American vessels from toll, or, what amounts to the same thing, provided for the remission of tolls paid. This provoked a furious storm of protest in Europe, and many American newspapers joined with foreign voices in declaring that this provision was a direct violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which gave assurances that no discrimination in favor of any nation would be made. The objectionable feature was finally removed from the bill, but a section was retained providing that American vessels engaged in coastwise trade should be allowed to pass through the canal without payment of toll.

This bill the President signed on August 25, but the storm of foreign disapproval was only slightly abated. British and continental newspapers still insist that the bill violates both the letter and spirit of the treaty. The contention of the United States Government is that the coastwise trade is entirely a domestic matter. In fact, one British writer points out very forcefully, in an article appearing in *The Nation*, one of the leading British weeklies, that the United States already forbids foreign vessels to engage in its coastwise trade, and declares that it is difficult to see why, having granted this restriction without complaint, the powers should now insist that the United States must be compelled to collect canal tolls from its own vessels, engaged in a trade from which all other vessels have been excluded.

"If the treaty," says this writer, "meant that American ships which enjoyed a monopoly under the navigation laws when plying round Cape Horn, between the eastern and western coasts of America, should lose that monopoly when they used the canal, it should certainly have said so, but no one ever suggested that the treaty suspends the operation of the navigation laws when the coasting trade goes through the canal."

This is precisely the position taken by President Taft in the memorandum to Congress accompanying his signature to the bill. Quoting the British protest, he denies the right of that government to "read into the treaty a surrender by the United States of its right to regulate its own commerce in its own way and by its own methods." He pointed out that many nations reimburse their merchant vessels for tolls paid at Suez, and some are preparing to do the same at Panama. To prevent the United States from exercising this privilege to its own shipping would place us, as the builders and owners of the canal, at a serious disadvantage compared with other nations. The following from the official memorandum explains the President's views of the case:

"Since the rules do not provide, as a condition for the privilege of use upon equal terms with other nations, that other nations desiring to build up a particular trade involving the use of the canal shall not either directly agree to pay the tolls or to refund to their ships the tolls collected for the use of the canal, it is evident that the treaty does not affect that inherent, sovereign right, unless, which is not likely, it be claimed that the promulgation by the United States of these rules insuring all nations against its discrimination would authorize the United States to pass upon the action of other nations and require that no one of them should grant to its shipping larger subsidies or more liberal inducements for the use of the canal than were granted by others.

"In other words, that the United States has the power to equalize the practice of other nations in this regard.

"The British protest, therefore, is a proposal to read into the treaty a surrender by the United States of its right to regulate its own commerce in its own way and by its own methods, a right which neither Great Britain herself nor any other nation that may use the canal has surrendered or proposes to surrender.

"The policy of exempting the coastwise trade from all tolls really involves the question of granting a government subsidy for the purpose of encouraging that trade in competition with the trade of the transcontinental railroads. I approve this policy. It is in accord with the historical course of the government in giving government aid to the construction of the transcontinental roads. It is now merely giving government aid to a means of transporation that competes with these transcontinental roads."

European Geographers on the Summit of Mt. Beacon, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN Geographical Society of New York is having a two-fold celebration to mark the sixtieth anniversary of its founding and the completion of its new home, which, for architectural beauty and general utility, will be second to none in the world. This body has cause to rejoice, for short as has been its existence it has made such mighty strides in the fields of exploration and science that it is recognized as the peer of any similar institution in Europe. This is emphasized by the fact that some forty-four geographers, men acclaimed as masters in their special lines of investigation and research and exploration, have come from the great seats of European learning to do honor to their American brethren on the auspicious occasion of the dual celebration. These visitors typify the highest degree of Continental scholarship and progress, of which we hear so much on this side of the water, and it will be most interesting to have their views and impressions of our country. They are getting a fine opportunity to study us at close range, for the Society is sparing no efforts, not alone to give its guests a good time of enjoyment and recreation, but to show to them the material side of our country, to give them an inside view of the workings which enable the wheels of our national machinery to revolve. They have seen our great metropolitan city, its sky-scrapers, its subways, its suspended bridges, its elevated roads, its mighty manufactories and hives of industry, where the shuttles and spindles and wheels of business never cease to hum; they have been taken through Wall Street, America's financial center; they have visited our great colleges and seats of learning, and they have been bidden as guests to some of America's palatial homes. As a result, these serious men, scientists and savants, representing the conservatism of the Old World, have been deeply impressed not only with the giant strides we have made in material advancement, but also by the mental and social progress we have made in the race of nations.

The sights of New York have given them an incentive to see the rest of the country and with a score or so of their American brethren as guides, they are now off on a continental tour to the Pacific Coast. They will visit nearly all the States of the Union and their American friends will make sure that they miss none of the great sights.

IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

DISTRESSING reports of wars and threats of wars come from many lands. Besides the revolution in Nicaragua, there have been further disturbances in Mexico, mutinies in China, alarming indications that there is danger of the partitioning of Persia, plots of Cretan filibusters to attack the island of Samos, trouble in Turkey, besides continuing the war with Italy, has had its more clashes with the governments of Servia and Montenegro and has had a serious time with insurgents in Albania.

AFTER ORDERING the Tenth Regiment, on August 28, to proceed from Panama to Nicaragua for the purpose of protecting American life and property in the distracted republic, President Taft, on the day following rescinded the order, stating that the forces of marines and sailors available for duty there were sufficient to handle the situation. The first message was sent from Beverly just as the President was leaving his summer home for a trip to Ohio. All along the way he was in touch with naval and military authorities and with the State Department, and the telegram rescinding the marching orders to the Tenth Regiment was sent from the President's train at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Taft believed that by September 3 there would be a thousand marines on Nicaraguan soil. This government has been asked by President Diaz to assist in quelling the revolution which has continued to assume serious proportions. Reports of atrocities committed by the insurgents have been denied by the revolutionary leaders, but there has been considerable bloodshed, railroads have been blocked and some Americans have been in great danger. A massacre occurred at Leon, in which two Americans, Dodd and Phillips, were killed.

—ORDINARILY the world at large is not intensely interested in the social affairs of the millionaires' colony at Newport, but it happens that a few of the recent events there have attracted the attention not only of the American people but of the citizens of Great Britain as well. One Newport matron gave an evening's entertainment to her friends at a cost which was estimated by social experts at $100,000. Within a few evenings another lady provided an entertainment at a cost of $200,000. These figures seem almost incredible. Their publication was greeted with many caustic comments, the most bitter of which was probably that made by a British paper, which declared that the entertainments were not only errors on the part of good judgment but also in the matter of good taste. For the second entertainment an entire troupe of actors and actresses was engaged to come from one of the leading New York theaters at an expense of $5,000. In marked contrast with these two exhibitions was one held at a home of equal prominence at which a real effort was made to provide entertainment without extravagance, and the expressions of pleasure at this last function differed widely from anything said by those who participated in the dreadfully gorgeous functions which had preceded it.

—FLOODS raged throughout England during the latter part of August. Heavy rains inundated large sections of the country, causing extensive damage to crops and property.

—MR. J. L. RICAUD, treasurer of the Flood Relief Committee, Baton Rouge, La., writes, acknowledging receipt of an additional remittance of $1,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to be applied in aid of the flood sufferers. He adds: "I am pleased to state that all who were forced to leave their homes in the flooded district have returned and are now endeavoring to resume normal conditions. The Relief Committee has directed its labors in the direction of rehabilitation, and we believe that the results are indeed gratifying. The results are due mainly to the ample funds with which the committee has been provided, and in this connection we have noted the splendid contributions emanating through your efforts, and the committee wishes to avail itself of this opportunity to extend its appreciation in behalf of the beneficiaries."

THE THANKFUL HEART

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Orville T. Fletcher *

TEXT: "Be ye thankful." Col. 3: 15

GRATITUDE has been called "the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant." Cicero said, "A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue but the parent of all other virtues." The Bible teaches the same truth, and our own enlightened hearts confirm it.

Gratitude is not a gift but a growth; not a prize but a product; not a fiat but a fruit; not a bequest but a conquest. It cannot be purchased; it must be produced. But it is worth all the cost and care of its cultivation. It blesses him who has it and him that receives it. It brings joy to its possessor and joy to whom it is proffered.

It may be defined as the confession of obligation; the acknowledgment of appreciation; the attitude of gratification; the natural response of the heart for benefits intended or received, accompanied with the desire to requite, and, if possible, to repay. Let us analyze this attitude or spirit of gratitude.

First, it is a spirit of thoughtfulness. Think and thank come from the same Anglo-Saxon word. There can be no thankfulness without thoughtfulness. If you would be thankful, begin to think—think of all you have received; count your blessings; think of the debt you owe for kindnesses received. Set yourself to recognize every obligation. Think and you will thank. The more we know the more grateful we ought to become. Paul said, "Knowledge puffeth up"; and another wrote, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," but Jesus said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." And one of the things from which knowledge of the truth will make us free is conceit, and another is ignorance, which has been called the root of every sin; and a third equally important to be freed from is ingratitude. How can one know the truth about God in all that he has done and is doing; all he has been and is; all he has promised and prepared, and not be grateful to him for his loving kindness and tender mercy, and for his wonderful works to the children of men? It is ignorance that breeds ingratitude. The thankless heart is the thoughtless heart. How can we be grateful for blessings that we do not recognize? And, on the other hand, how can we fail to be grateful when we truly realize their value? Because he knew, David said, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations."

The Multitude of Our Mercies

We ought at times to stop and consider the multitude and the magnitude of the things for which we ought to be thankful. A Latin poet tells us that "Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase." To know their limit or their limitlessness, one should try to answer Paul's question to the Corinthians, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" What a debt we owe to the past! What a debt we owe to the present! Who can measure the goodness of God to us? His gifts are unnumbered, unmeasured and unmerited. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights," and every gift from God is a good gift and a perfect one. No sincere man can see God's goodness and not be grateful for it. Alas, that we are so blind and slow of heart to see God's hand helping us, his light leading us, his Spirit serving us! We need to remember that

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill,
And back of the mill the seed and the shower
And the sun and the Father's will."

Surely we ought to be grateful. There is sufficient reason for it. True, there are many things which it is hard to be thankful for, but only because we do not see the wisdom and love of God, or the end of his endeavor. We misunderstand God's gifts. We do not see the end from the beginning, or the harvest in the seed. A better knowledge of God would save us from missing the meaning of his mysterious acts. If we knew God better we would trust him more. How often we grieve when we should be glad! Truly did Mrs. Browning say:

"Methinks we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view.
And thus, alas! since God the maker drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we're called unto
By griefs we're fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! Hold thy sobbing breath
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong—
That so as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation—lights of death."

Nowhere are we told to be thankful for everything, but "in everything give thanks." If we possess the spirit of gratitude we shall be strong to wait God's time for the unveiling of his mysteries and the fulfilling of his word. If we knew God better we would trust him more and be more grateful to him. Trust is an essential element of gratitude. The trustful are thankful; and the trustful are those who think.

Pride, the Enemy of Gratitude

Another element of gratitude is humility and a sense of honor. Pride has nothing in common with gratitude. It is utterly foreign to it and in eternal hostility to it. But it is the very nature of humility to be grateful. Humility accepts and acknowledges obligations; pride recognizes none. So, too, if we have a true sense of honor, we desire to make some return for benefits received. The man who has no honor will take all he can get and grumble because it is not more. Men who have honor feel the obligation that gifts impose, and gratitude grows out of that sense in an effort to repay if possible. It is vain to expect men without any self-pride or sense of honor to feel any promptings to gratitude. He who would increase his gratitude must cultivate his sense of honor, the sense that says, "I must do my duty; I must meet my responsibility; I must make recognition; I must square my obligations; I must give back as much or more than I have received." Yet, while one may never be able to square accounts, this sense of honor will increase the spirit of gratitude. There can be no real gratitude without it.

Close to this sense of honor we find another element in gratitude, viz., appreciation. No one who lacks this can be truly grateful. Gratitude demands appreciation. It goes before thanksgiving. It is the sense of worth. It is the ability to estimate values. It is the power to see beyond price and lay hold of the heart of things; to recognize motive; to weigh the spirit; to know the worth. It is a sympathetic recognition of excellence. It is the vital part of gratitude, the very life of it, the central principle in it. Without it thanksgiving is a cold, formal, perfunctory, lifeless thing. We may not be able adequately to express our appreciation in fitting forms, but it is possible to grow in our sense of appreciation by a reasonable, reverent, sympathetic regard for things till we shall have a genuine gratitude for them. How can the child be truly grateful for things whose worth to it and cost to others cannot be comprehended? No more can we without some degree of appreciation.

The fourth element in gratitude is nobleness. By that we mean the quality in human nature that can and will respond. It corresponds to the characteristic of some material things which we call resilience—the power of springing back to former condition or position—the rebound. You strike a soft substance and there is no rebound of the hammer; but there is resilience in the anvil. Nobleness is that quality in human nature that gives the rebound. It is to life what tone is to the instrument of music. You press the key and a certain sound is produced. When God plays upon the human heart by pouring blessings into it, if it have nobleness, resilience, it will respond, rebound, resound with gratitude and praise. But the heart that has no nobleness receives God's gifts without gratitude. There is no resilience. It is a heart of stone. It is not what Tennyson calls "a harp of a thousand strings." The more noble we are—that is, the more natural, sincere, obedient, believing, earnest, loving—the greater will be our gratitude. Goodness generates gratitude. "'Tis only noble to be good."

Closely akin to nobleness is the fifth element that goes to make up gratitude. It is kindness. K... dred and kindness spring from the same r... word and thus explain each other. We are kind... our kin because they are near and dear to ... Kindness is that spirit toward others that gove... our relations to those who are bound to us by ... ties of kinship and affection. It is a consider... feeling for others; sympathetic interest; tend... ness, charitableness, humaneness, gentleness. N... he who is not kind cannot be grateful. The he... that plots revenge, that harbors ill-will, that is c... and indifferent to the rights and needs of othe... that finds pleasure in another's pain, that glo... over another's misfortune, that has no brothe... love—how dwelleth gratitude there? It cann... Such soil poisons the seed. Gratitude will not gr... in the bitter heart. Its brackish nature will ... nourish it. All promptings to gratitude are n... tralized. Blessings turn away from such surrou... ings as birds from the region of the Dead Sea, ... an arid desert. But kindness is a fertile soil. ... of it gratitude will spring to a luxuriant grov... and bear its blessings of thankfulness in rich p... fusion. Those fruits warrant the careful culti... tion of gratitude—warrant the endeavor to ... thoughtful, humble, appreciative, noble and ki... It ought to be cultivated for its beauty, fragra... and sweetness.

Gratitude Ennobles and Blesses

It beautifies character, it adorns the life, it swe... ens the nature. Gratitude opens the mind and ... hand; it purifies the purposes; it chastens ... spirit; it softens the heart and strengthens the wi... Gratitude gladdens. It gratifies and satisfies ... soul. It ennobles and enriches the heart where ... blooms, and brightens the soul that it serves. ... lessens and lightens the loads of life and fills ... cup of life with the fragrance of peace.

Gratitude blesses others. It rewards; it compe... sates; it honors; it satisfies. It cements frie... ships, disarms foes, produces peace. It mak... crooked ways straight and rough places even. ... prevents discords and produces harmonies. A... thankful heart and life cheers, comforts and ... spires all who come near to it. Gratitude he... others to do their best and to stand the test of g... ciousness. Ingratitude tends to smother and st... out the generous spirit of others. Even God h... self withholds his best gifts from the thankl... heart. Let us then "be thankful."

The Way of Salvation

BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt ... saved." There is a definition of saving fa... (writes Prof. David Smith in the *British Weekly*). Observe, it is not said, "believe the Lord Jesus," ... "believe *on* the Lord Jesus"; and the little prep... tion makes a vast difference. When you "belie... a person you merely accept what he says as tr... and if it were said, "believe the Lord Jesus," ... would mean merely that you are to listen to wha... has told us, and credit it. He has told us, for ... ample, that we are sinners, that we need salvat... and that he came to save us; and we may "beli... him" in each and all of these declarations, but t... is not sufficient. It is mere assent of the und... standing, and this is not saving faith. You m... go farther. You must "believe *on* the Lord Jes... must put your trust in him, and rest your troub... soul on his merciful loving-kindness. And ... may you do this? Remember it is with Jesus t... you have to do. He is "the same yesterday and ... day and forever," as gracious and pitiful now in ... glory as in days when he dwelt in visible presen... among the children of men, and went about do... good, with never a hard word on his lips, and ne... casting out any poor soul that came to him in r... and sorrow. And, indeed, there is freer acces... him now. There is no spot on the wide earth wh... Jesus is not present; and there is no poor sin... who may not, just where he is at any moment, ... in every need, reach out to him the hand of f... and lay hold upon him. Dismiss that quibble ab... asking Jesus to save you. The real and only q... tion is whether you want to be saved and are wil... to trust Jesus. Why should you keep on ask... him to save you when he is asking you to trust ... and rest with a quiet heart on his abundant mer...

* Pastor First Congregational Church, Sidney, N. Y.

JUST FATHER

f father were living to-day,
Ah, then would I hie me away
the homely old cottage once more,
d I'd sit by the old kitchen door,
nder the big locust tree,
st only dear father and me—
If father were living to-day!

father were living to-day,
travel once more far away,
the old home cottage again,
d we'd walk down the cool, shaded lane
here the odor of fall's in the trees,
d the ripening fruits scent the breeze;
d to him would I gladly explain
out my life's failures and pain—
If father were living to-day!

father were living to-day,
steal, oh, so quickly away,
the scenes of my boyhood once more,
d I'd knock at the old-fashioned door;
d it seems if I'd just step inside,
ould leave all my burdens outside,
d be happy and free
I once used to be.
the sailor by storm-wind oppressed
ds safely a haven of rest;
I'd sleep with a perfect delight,
th the old scenes around me at night—
If father were living to-day!

anklin, Ind. DOUGLAS DOBBINS.

necdotes from Northfield

HE speakers at the Northfield conferences this summer took from actual occurrences of life many of r illustrations of spiritual truths. W. R. Moody told of making a t to a Boston hospital in company a surgeon. A boy had been shot he head and the bullet had lodged ne brain. After the wound healed, right side became paralyzed and heart began to fail. The surgeon : "I must build up his heart and extract the bullet from his brain emove this paralysis. As long as bullet remains he will be helpless." Moody declared that just so sign matter of sin must all be n from the soul of a man or he have a spiritual paralysis and will not be able to use him.

r. A. C. Dixon related an incident day on which he was showing his e son the wonders of New York. king up at a "skyscraper" in pro- of erection, the boy said: "See, a! There are some little boys up e." "No," Dr. Dixon replied, "those full-sized grown men up there." en," said his son, "they will be small by the time they reach ven, won't they?" "What is man," the Psalmist, "that thou art dful of him?"

ne speaker told of a remark made an old-fashioned lady at the first ing meeting after the new pastor been installed in a Vermont rch. The new minister had been discussed when this lady summed he situation by saying: "Our new ister dresses all right. His clothes im and he looks good. But as to preachin', well, all I can say is, he n down deeper and stays down ger and comes up *dryer* than any acher I ever heerd."

ajor Cole spoke of an awkward ier who could not keep step. One the major called him out from awkward squad and took him perally in hand. He marched with , repeating: "Left, right! Left, t! Left, right!" Then he made soldier call the steps: "Left, t! Left, right! Left, right!" man tried it for a while, and then : "Let me get my gun. I can rch better when I'm carrying the ." Major Cole said the Christian ier needed to ask the Saviour to h him how to keep step, and that would keep step better if he ched armed for battle. E. J. P.

Anvil Sparks

THE CUP cannot run over with the turned downward.

PEACEMAKERS are splendid economists, for fighting is waste.

NO MAN ever climbed a mountain his face toward its foot.

YOU CANNOT tell how big one's ble is by the way he worries.

FINDING THE RIGHT PLACE

CONSIDER how many persons there are in the wrong places in life and satisfied to stay there; and how many persons, on the other hand, are in the right places and anxious to get out of them. Where is anything more pitiful than a man or a woman who is a misfit in business or society, unable because of occupation or environment to express or develop the best qualities and talents which otherwise might give nobility and usefulness to life?

The skylark is a thing of joy and gladness as he

> Runs up the golden stair
> That leads through cloudy gates from heaven to earth,
> And all alone in the empyreal air,
> Fills it with jubilant sweet songs of mirth.

The lake-trout, also, "the grand prize in the Lake George lottery," is a thing of joy. But let them try to change places!

The swarthy giant swinging the sledge hammer with mighty blows, or driving the drill deep into the rock to prepare for the blast, is admirable at his work. The skilful dentist, searching the tiny cavity and driving the gold into it with fine tools, is admirable also—when the ordeal is over and we are free to enjoy the results of his work. But let the two men change places!

Now and again ambitious parents try to do this very thing. They do not realize, in ambition for their offspring, that they are heading them straight to failure. The father who declares his son must be a doctor when nature fitted him for a mechanic may force him through college until he gets the desired diploma. Then, with "all his blushing honors thick upon his vacant head," the young M.D. settles down to kill people scientifically—to pour, as a famous writer said, drugs of which he knows little into bodies of which he knows less—till his incapacity is discovered, when he starves.

. . .

FAILURE in the wrong place may be a necessary preliminary to readjustment and success in the right place. A young man tried to establish himself as salesman in a drapery house, but his bluntness of speech constantly hindered his work. At length he received a brief note of dismissal. He went at once to the manager with an earnest protest against being turned out. "Surely I am good for something," he urged. "You are good for nothing as a salesman," declared his employer. "But I know I can be useful; don't send me off; try me at something besides selling; I'm no good at that." "Well, what can you do?" "I don't know yet, I only know I can make good if you'll find me the right place," insisted the young fellow. The merchant was induced to try him again and put him in the accounting department, where his aptness for figures was revealed. In a few years he became chief cashier and gained a reputation throughout the country as an expert accountant.

No young man or young woman should be in haste, however, to decide that such a change of place is essential to success. The more experience has been gained in one vocation the less reason is there for trying a new one. Nothing is more destructive of purpose, courage and ability in any work than the restless thought that perhaps in something else success might be won more easily or in greater measure. Persistence and concentration are indispensable to success anywhere.

. . .

HOW then can any of us know that we are in the right place? It is natural with all of us to want to do something greater and better than our present work. In every heart is a "ruling passion." We think that the thing we want most to do is the thing we could do best if given the chance. We applaud as a noble maxim the sentiment, "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities," and we resent any conditions or circumstances which restrict us to a narrow or uncongenial task.

We measure our calling too often by our own desires and tastes. We forget that our right place is not always where we want most to be, but *where we are most needed.* If all of us could choose our own places and our own work in the world, how many places would be left vacant; how much needful work would be left undone.

. . .

GOOD Dr. T. De Witt Talmage wrote once, "If you can perform your work *easily,* without being cramped or exhausted, that is your right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious efforts to do more than he can do. If you can only find out just what you are to do, you can do it perfectly easy." Such a rule will never take any soldier through the battle of life. Let me say, rather, that if you find your work is "perfectly easy," if it requires no effort, if it does not call upon you to do more to-day than you were able to do yesterday, you are in the *wrong place.*

No growth nor development is possible to the man or woman whose task is always within present powers. Phillips Brooks issued a stirring call for progress in power and achievement when he said, "Do not pray for easy lives; pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks." Every real success, whether in the large things of national life, or in the cramped routine of a household, has been won after a soul-testing struggle against difficulties. It is only "through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things." In such a courageous fight, "making prodigious efforts to do more than we can do," the strength grows invincible, the powers increase, our place broadens, our work is exalted, the crown of the victor is won.

With sure conviction that our chosen work is right, that we are in the place we ought to be, nothing need shake us or turn away our eyes from the goal. Even defeat cannot hold us back for more than a moment. "Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—On with what strength I have! Back to the way!"

Do we hear a clear call summoning us, "Friend, come up higher?" Is our right place yonder in the radiant distance? Are we determined to move on to better things? Then no difficulties need frighten us; no "prodigious efforts" will be too great if we are sure of our calling; and if we believe when we "pray for powers equal to our tasks," the power will come as we faithfully make the effort.

THE LITTLE LAD

WITH fishes small and barley cake,
A lad went forth one day;
And on a mountain by a lake,
Christ met him on his way.

Christ and an hungering multitude,
To which he could give bread.
When his disciples had no food,
One of their number said:

"Master, behold this little lad,
Who hath a scanty store."
"Bring it to me," the Saviour bade.
Oh, wonder! more and more

Increased the meat, the more he gave,
Till all that throng was fed.
Ah! what we give to Christ, we save
And honey-sweet is bread

Which, blessed by him, with his we share.
Lord Jesus, at thy feet
We lay our little with our prayer,
For thy use make it meet!

ALICE RANLEIT.

The Last Hours of Mutsuhito

ALL Japan is mourning to-day. The emperor died soon after midnight, this morning (July 30). There have been bulletins of his condition appearing regularly every few hours for the last ten days. The old custom was to keep all such things concealed from public knowledge. Even recently, it has been thought that the death of prominent public men was not announced until some days after it really occurred.

So, when reports of the critical illness of the emperor were given out some days ago, many people thought that he was already dead, and that the bulletins were given out simply to prepare people for the real news. But it soon became apparent that a new policy was being followed, the policy of taking the whole empire into confidence in regard to the emperor's condition. In fact, the pendulum swung so far the other way that the bulletins recorded symptoms and treatments that would hardly be given to the public in an American paper.

During these days of critical illness, the nation has been watching at the bedside, and we read that the emperor occupied a bed three feet high in the center of apartments furnished otherwise in Japanese style. The cars that skirt the palace grounds have gone at slow speed all these days. The fire-gongs have been silenced, for he was always so concerned for his people when the fire-bell sounded. The telephones have been used instead for fire warning. Outside the moat, around the inner palace grounds, is a large gravel plaza, and here multitudes have come to pray for the life of their emperor. Lines of school-girls bowing on the ground in the hot sun, their teachers walking back and forth fanning them; groups and scattered ones, old and young men and women, Buddhist priests, Shinto priests, Christians—many who perhaps never in their hearts prayed before, bowed deep in the dust and offered their prayers. Far into the night the scene was the same, the police directing the people as to where they might bow. Night before last, a photographer let off his flashlight, and the people were so enraged at the desecration that they attacked and killed him.

In spite of the best medical attendance, diabetes carried off the emperor. Though he had reigned forty-five years, he had not completed his sixtieth year of life. He ascended the throne at a time when feudalism was tottering and the Shogun's power waning, and his reign was synonymous with "Meiji," the "era of enlightenment." His evident constant care for the welfare of his people gave him a place in their veneration and affection that can hardly be described.

Mutsuhito, the emperor, is dead. Yoshihito, his son and heir, the new emperor, is almost thirty-three years old. For many years his health was very poor, but he now seems to be in good health. He has three fine little boys. We hope for him as long and beneficent a reign as his father has just closed. (REV.) E. T. IGLEHART.

Tokyo, Japan.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Our Magazine Club Offer

IN THESE days of literary abundance, the American home that is without a sufficiency of good reading matter is sadly behind the times. Every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should keep in touch with the great movements of the day, and there is no better way in which this can be done than by the regular reading of our leading magazines. In our MAGAZINE COMBINATION OFFER (which appears on another page of this issue) there is an opportunity for every one of our friends not only to gratify his own literary tastes, but to provide the very best and most agreeable and profitable entertainment for the Home Circle during the coming months. By this remarkably economical arrangement, any one or more of your favorite magazines may be secured in combination with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at a greatly reduced price.

We would urge all of our readers to look over the list carefully and take advantage of our money-saving offers. Select your combinations *now* and send us your order for your magazines for the coming year. Remember, whatever the date of your regular expiration may be, if you send your renewal *now*, accompanied with your magazine order, your subscription will be advanced a full year from the date of expiration, so you will lose nothing, but be in every way the gainer.

Besides, you will be doing us a real service by renewing at this early date. Later, when the great tide of CHRISTIAN HERALD renewals sets in like a flood, it taxes all the facilities of our extensive Subscription Department. We would gladly relieve the coming pressure by getting in as many early renewals as possible, and we would thank our readers in advance for their cordial co-operation.

War on War

KEIR HARDIE, labor leader in the British House of Commons, who is at present traveling in the United States, tells of a plan being worked out by the labor element of both Great Britain and Germany which suggests the most unique means ever considered for preventing war. "It is proposed," he declares, "to call a general strike in the event of war, a strike of all producing organizations of workingmen, to prevent the furnishing of supplies and munitions of war."

Mr. Hardie points out that the labor element is not to be regarded as unpatriotic, but he believes that the workers are unwilling to go to war where no real principle of patriotism or justice is involved. This is a sort of activity which the labor organizations may well pursue with the utmost vigor. It is quite overwhelming to be confronted with such a revelation of the actual power of labor. What nation could conduct a war when its workers refused to produce the sinews of war?

A King Among the Prophets

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany, who has a *penchant* for supplying lively topics for the consideration of the cabinets of Europe in particular and the rest of the world in general, is credited with a recent utterance which, even from such a source, sounds somewhat apocryphal. The Berlin correspondent of the *Tribune* writes that in a recent conversation with Karl Von Kroon, the distinguished historian, after an inspection of the Berlin School of History and Literature, the emperor made this extraordinary prediction: "My son will be the last of the emperors. That is why I am bringing him up as I was brought up, under firm discipline. He must be a credit to the house of Hohenzollern and to the thrones that, after his, will cease to be. All the world will be republican within fifty years. Germany will be the last of the empires. It is inevitable!"

Whether this remarkable utterance—if it was really made, which is exceedingly doubtful—was the outcome of a morbid state of mind, due to the emperor's sickness, or was merely a topic flung out to awaken discussion, can only be conjectured. Certainly it does not sound like a genuine utterance from a ruler who has held such firm convictions on the "divine right of kings" as he has held in the past. In May, 1890, in his famous Königsberg speech, he said: "This kingship, by the grace of God, expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our mission only from heaven and are responsible to heaven for the performance of its duties." Less than a year ago, while unveiling a statue to his father at Aix-la-Chapelle, he said, concerning his inheritance of the imperial crown: "It is a glorious jewel, a jewel from which, under God's protection, rich blessing has gone out to the fatherland." Of the break with Bismarck he said: "It is so ordered for me by God, and it must be borne!" There are doubtless many things credited to the potentates and other high personages that never happened. It was our own Emerson who, nearly half a century ago, wrote: "God said 'I am tired of kings;'" but he wrote in the strain of the philosopher and poet rather than of the political observer, and most people have already forgotten the passage. The likelihood in the present case is that whatever Emperor William really did say to Historian Von Kroon has acquired its lurid and portentous color at the hands of the Socialistic press of Germany. Even in this progressive age, it is not an easy matter to make a prophet out of a ruling monarch, although we have sound Scripture warrant for it, on one occasion at least, as in the case of Saul, who was found among the prophets at Gilgal, prophesying with them.

Light at Evening Time

IT WAS a wonderful thing which the prophet Zechariah predicted. How startling it would be if, when the twilight shadows were falling deeper and deeper, when the silent woods seemed in a slumberous trance, and the distant hills showed purple against the soft crimson, with a sudden burst the light of midday were to spread around! Yet something like that is signified by this symbolic word of promise, given first to the Church of God, but also for individual believers, that in their experience, in their day, "At evening time it shall be light." The figure scarcely needs interpretation. We know it means that great and signal blessing shall come just when it is least expected—when hopes have perished one by one, and the very last seems ready to die. Surely most Christians who have gone far on the way have proved the truth. How often when things were almost at the blackest a strange, unearthly light has come stealing through the gloom, and the heart that could bear no more has found a wonderful support, a strong consolation. Did you never feel, with something like surprise, that, now the worst had come, you were less crushed than your friends expected you to be—than you yourself would have thought you must be? The sunshine was breaking through. It was still the twilight, but the distant horizon you could see the dawn of serener days. You had found, in a word, the fulfilment of God's gracious promise, "At evening time it shall be light."

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Waste in Municipalities

THAT official graft has become a national evil of huge dimensions is made evident by the disclosures that are now taking place, not only in New York but in a number of other cities. It is a familiar saying that a State or municipality usually gets the kind of government which it deserves since the people themselves have the power to choose between good and bad appointees. It is not correct, however, to assume that public vigilance and conscientious attention to the government will always result in official honesty. The grafter has many ways of evading the law, and some of these are pointed out by Commissioner of Accounts Raymond B. Fosdick, of New York, who lately sent in his resignation to Mayor Gaynor. Mr. Fosdick lets in the light on various forms of municipal mismanagement and corruption which are difficult to reach. New York's budget for the current year is $190,000,000; yet in spite of this gigantic sum lying at disposal for necessary expenditures, the public treasury is always so low that the metropolis is unable to care for its eighty thousand school children on part time; it cannot afford enough inspectors for the city's food supply, nor can it devote the necessary money to provide an efficient ambulance service or proper hospital facilities, and its jails and workhouses and bakeries are shamefully unsanitary. The public money of our great cities, he declares, is recklessly wasted. "The average municipality in its disbursements is like a man who spends 50 per cent. of his income with the lavish prodigality of a drunken sailor. His money flows through his fingers like sand or is abstracted from his pockets." Mr. Fosdick indicates, as the initial cause of all this waste, the prevailing methods of appropriating money without sufficient knowledge and information concerning the real cost of the work in hand. Coal should be bought with reference to heat value in thermal heat units and not for bulk; oats should be subjected to a laboratory test instead of being accepted on off-hand judgment. The same criticism affects supplies for almost every kind needed by a municipality. Road-making is a fruitful field for official waste, and appropriations are usually granted without determining the cost by any known standard or modern method of estimating labor and material. He suggests that every municipality should have a Bureau of Efficiency for the double purpose of avoiding extravagant expenditures and of getting substantial value for the people's money.

General Notes

—EMPEROR WILLIAM is suffering from an attack of muscular rheumatism and influenza, accompanied by chills and swelling of the right side of the neck. All his engagements have been temporarily canceled and he is confined to his room at the palace in Potsdam.

—GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH'S eldest daughter, Mrs. Catherine Booth-Clibborn (known as La Maréchale), is planning to come to the United States this fall or winter. Arrangements for her meetings are being made by the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, to which communications from churches and other organizations should be sent.

—POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK has been deluged with complaints over the provision in the Post Office Appropriation Bill prohibiting first and second-class post offices from keeping open on Sunday, the writers holding that it would prevent the prompt delivery of mail matter and thus produce a very serious effect. Mr. Hitchcock issued a statement in answer to these complaints, pointing out that lock boxes will be accessible on Sundays as usual, that special mail will be delivered, that mail for newspapers and hotels will be delivered, and that emergency letters will be sorted out on that day. The only mail affected by the new law will be that received at the post offices on Sunday and hitherto sorted out on that day for distribution to lock boxes.

—THE GRAFT investigation in New York has had some surprising developments. It has been shown that a majority of the gambling houses which were raided are again in full operation. A list of all the gambling resorts in the city, with the names of the property owners, is in the hands of District Attorney Whitman. Subpœnas will be issued for the owners to appear before the grand jury and the case against them will be pushed rigorously, regardless of wealth, influence or social position. Prior to August 28, two of the men believed to have been among the actual assassins of Rosenthal—"Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louie"—were still at large. It is surmised that one of them at least is hidden away in New York. The gambling house of Webber (who is now in jail charged with complicity in the murder of Rosenthal and who furnished the money for the "get-away") was raided on August 26, and one man, who was in charge of the place, was arrested. It was in full blast at the time and has been so ever since the murder.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Funeral of General Booth

THE body of General Booth lay in state in Congress Hall, London, several days, and two or three hundred thousand persons passed by the bier and took a last look at the nerable hero and said to him "Farewell." The rrow for the dead evangelist among the laboring asses was keen, and it was an impressive scene to e the men marching bareheaded through Con- ess Hall, many of them carrying their tool-bags. nere was a moving scene when Mrs. Booth- ellberg, Chief of the Salvation Army of Denmark, me into the hall with her family, who took places side the catafalque and sang a consecration mn. Many wreaths were sent, including beauti- l ones by the Queen Mother Alexandra and the mperor of Germany. The Queen Mother's wreath re the inscription: "To the emory of General Booth, to hom this whole nation owes n eternal debt of gratitude r the services he rendered to ffering humanity. [Signed] LEXANDRA." On Sunday me- orial services were held orning, afternoon and night, ongress Hall being taxed to s capacity at each service. he formal funeral services ere held in the mammoth lympia Hall Wednesday ght, and were conducted by rigadier Wood and Pastor ake. Forty bands played andel's Dead March in Saul," and to this accompani- ent the body was brought to the hall by a procession of alvationists of all ranks and both sexes, bearing the flags the nations they repre- nted. The flag unfurled by eneral Booth on Mount Cal- ary was displayed during the rvice. The hall was too large for speakers to be eard, and the service consisted mainly of hymns, rayers, Scripture readings and quotations from e deceased, which were thrown upon screens by nterns. There were present at the service be- veen six and seven thousand soldiers of the Salva- on Army. On Thursday the burial was at Abney ark Cemetery, where Bramwell Booth, the new eneral of the Salvation Army, read the burial ser- ice, and Miss Eva Booth, Commander of the Army the United States, made an address. And thus as laid away one of the greatest religious leaders modern times. The secular press has wisely ommended the practical humanitarian side of Gen- al Booth's movement. He was like his Lord in it. ut a keen vision of God and eternal things was e characteristic of both his wife and himself. hey were so anxious to do their duty by the suffer- g and fallen here because they were so certain of e other life in their souls. Whatever they did for eople's bodies, they never left any doubt about the act that it was the salvation of their souls at which ey were aiming. When we think of the blessed- ess of this saint and of the earthly immortality of is influence, we call to mind these words:

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: s, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: d their works do follow them. (Rev. 14: 13.)

Martyr to Medical Science

THE other night at the Georgetown University Hospital, Post Assistant Surgeon T. B. McClin- c of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service died of Rocky Mountain "spotted ever," a martyr to the cause of medical science. ne of the foremost specialists in this deadly mal- dy, which he had virtually eradicated from the itter Root Valley in Montana, it was the irony of ate that Dr. McClintic should succumb to the dis- ase. Until recent years little has been known of he deadly tick of the Bitter Root Valley, whose bite ives spotted fever, which kills 70 per cent. of those ho have it. The young doctor was sent by the gov- rnment to Montana to co-operate with the State uthorities to eradicate the insect and the disease. fter two years of investigation and tireless service e succeeded in so destroying the mites that infested he ground-squirrels, chipmunks, woodchucks and ine-squirrels, and consequently the deadly disease hey carry, that no case of the spotted fever had ap- eared for the year till he himself was bitten and ied as the result. Dr. McClintic was thirty-nine ears old and had been connected with the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service for fifteen years. He was a native of Warm Springs, Va., and a graduate of the University of Virginia. He leaves a young wife, the bride of only a few weeks. From a human standpoint we cannot understand the providence that takes away so good and useful a man. But in his short career he did the work of a thousand lives in beneficent service to others and in his martyrdom to science. In dying that others might live he only imitated his Master, and of him also it could be said:

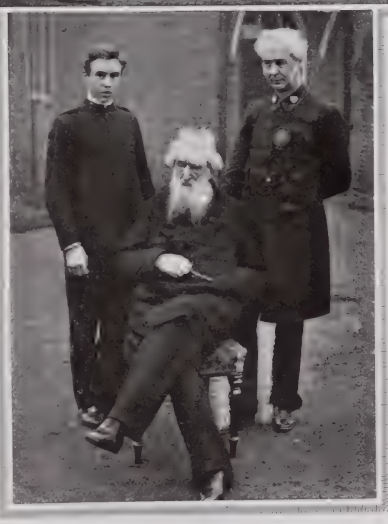
He saved others: himself he cannot save. (Matt. 27: 42.)

Successful Trade School Work

THE annual exhibition of the Manhattan Trade School in East Twenty-third Street, New York City, was held the other afternoon, and charmed the hundreds of people who attended it. One girl in the novelty department had made a remarkable array of cloth-covered boxes. Another had excelled in the making of shirtwaist and handkerchief boxes. In three months the girls advanced from plain sewing to plain and advanced millinery. Some of the hats would command the respect of a professional milliner as to taste and cost. The dresses on exhibition were made by the girls in the last month and served as a final examination. Each pupil designed her own pattern, selected her own material and turned out a finished article. There are 375 pupils in the school, and 200 on the waiting list. The trade school is one of the most important departments of our popular school system. It is strange that it should have taken this length of time to discover the fact. This feature is as necessary as the rudiments of an education are absolutely necessary for practical success in any calling. But there is no reason why the ideal work cannot be carried on even better when mixed with the practical in the schools for the proper equipment for life's duties. Professor Maxwell, superintendent of the New York City schools, has made a pronounced declaration in favor of the manual training feature from the lowest to the highest grade. He thinks it should begin the moment a child enters the school. He suggests the school workshop, the school kitchen, and the school playground as important means of development for mind and body. The question of self-support is all-important as an economic, moral and even religious question. The manual training feature cannot be introduced too soon into all the schools of the land in the city and country. It will aid the coming generation materially in obeying the commandment:

Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. (Ex. 20: 9.)

Congress Hall, London, Where General Booth's Body Lay in State



General Booth, His Son Bramwell, and Grandson

Earthquake Kills 3,000

RECENT reports reveal far greater damage from the earthquake in the Sea of Marmora than at first supposed. J. Cornell Tarler, second secretary of the United States embassy, and the special mission of four physicians on the board report that at least three thousand persons were killed outright, and six thousand more seriously injured. Some of the villages could not be approached, so foul was the odor of the dead bodies among the ruins. The people are stunned by their calamity and are sitting about in groups in despair. The Turkish transport *Bezzm-y-Alem* has been converted into a hospital ship and anchored off the coast to care for the worst cases. The Red Crescent Society, the Greek philanthropic society, the American Red Cross and other societies are doing their part to alleviate the suffering. Such catastrophes reveal the severe side of nature and call upon men to regard the injunction of the Master:

Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh. (Matt. 24: 44.)

Birds Destroy a Church

NOW and then we read of a thunder storm with lightning striking a church and killing some of the congregation, or of a wind turning a church building over, or of a fire burning it up. But a more curious form of destruction is that of a church building at Oak Hill, in Belmont County, Ohio, effected by the assault of an army of woodpeckers. These birds had hammered so many holes in different parts of the building, especially in the sides, that the officers met and resolved to repair and put an end to the damage. It is not unlikely that the birds had been busy for a good while, and that the authorities had been careless of the matter, not thinking that the damage would be serious till their attention was stirred, and the real danger recognized. Whatever damage the destructive birds may have done to the country church building, there are many churches in the rural districts and in the cities that suffer from the acts of human destroyers, the scandalmongers of society, who hammer ugly holes in people's good name, and feast their long sharp tongues on the insects of slander. Few causes of discontent and open rupture in churches have been greater than gossips and slanderers who, having found some imagined or real fault or sin, run swiftly to proclaim it publicly by telling every one "in strictest confidence," with hypocritical caution, "Don't tell anybody for the world," knowing that the story will go like the wind. Such persons would not break a safe and steal money; they would not burn their neighbor's house; but they do a damage which is worse and harder to repair—they destroy a good name. Fortunately character is so much stronger than reputation that it can stand the assaults of a vile tongue; but a church organization cannot afford the damage caused by the long-billed, sharp-tongued, insect-fed birds of slander. The apostle thus truly and powerfully describes this tongue of scandal:

It is set on fire of hell. (James 3: 6.)

THE BLIND WOMAN OF ALGIERS

BY REV. J. C. HARTZELL, M. E. BISHOP OF AFRICA, AND WALTER J. YATES, PH. D

The Blind Woman at the Foot of Her Stairs

The Junior Division of the Girls' Class of Moslem Kabyles

The Street of the Blind Woman, Algiers

A HOLE in the wall, and a very small hole at that. You would hardly believe it possible that a human being could cook, eat, sleep and live in such a place. It was scarcely five feet long, four feet wide and four feet high. The only opening into it was a doorway two and a half feet square. That had for years been the only home of the blind woman of Algiers. It was not clean, neither was she. It was long enough for her to lie down or sit up in, for she was small, very poor, and was getting old. She was nothing but a Kabyle woman, a Mohammedan. She had never been particularly good-looking. Being no longer young, she had no value in the Moslem world and no place in any other. Where or how she lived mattered nothing to any one else, and but little to her, when our ladies found her.

This was in the city of Algiers, in that wonderland of North Africa. Not in the beautiful, new French Quarter, with its wide streets and fine buildings, but in the old Arab town, with narrow alleys and ancient crowded houses, foul with the unremoved filth of years. The ladies of our mission had long searched for a house in the native quarter which they could hire for the purpose of holding meetings with native women and classes for girls. They finally secured the one where the blind woman lived. I was asked to visit it and take some photographs. This was a most extraordinary thing, for a man to be allowed to visit the apartments of the women and take their photographs. The privilege was secured by each of the married women asking the consent of her husband, assuring him that there would be no cause for jealousy since I had gray hair, and so must be an old man.

The street was reached after passing through a maze of bazaars, alleys and little squares. It was a steep flight of stone steps between high walls, having here and there a heavy nail-studded door and an occasional window high above the walk. A knock on the door was answered after a short wait by a timid hail from within, of: "Who is it?" then another wait while hurrying feet went to carry the message. A second call from within to make certain that all was right on our side, and our door opened cautiously for me to enter, but not for my guide. Though he was a Christian Kabyle, he was a *man, a young man!* Under no circumstances could he be admitted to the women's apartments of a native house.

From the small entrance hall I passed into the court, paved with stone slabs, from which rooms opened on the four sides. Some were on the level of the court, and others were six feet or more below and were reached by stone steps. On one side of the court was a stone well-curb from which water was obtained for the use of the families. In one corner was a stone stairway leading to the flat roof. Half way up the stairs was the opening into the blind woman's room. The sill to the opening was breast high from the stairs. This could be closed by a tight wooden shutter on hinges which would shut out all light and air. I didn't go in. I couldn't, without bumping my head against the stone roof and curling up my legs. Yet she had lived there day and night for years before the ladies of our mission found her. This is Moslem poverty. Now she has a larger room near the head of the staircase, where she can stand upright. She has ample room for her sleeping rug on the clean floor and for her simple cooking and eating utensils. She is no longer in daily danger of starvation, if the uncertain gifts from street begging should fail. Our ladies have found some Christian friends who pay her rent and help her to necessary food.

But there is more to be seen here. Go up the stairs and out upon the roof. Here are two rooms in each of which a family lived when our folks took possession. Neither one is eight feet square, yet there were four persons in each family. In the right hand one, a native woman was sick and dying. Kneeling by the rug on which she lay, our women told her in the Kabyle tongue of Jesus and his love, his care for women and the hope of heaven. It was all absolutely new to her. She listened, understood, believed, and with a light in her eyes, never there before, and a smile on her face, she passed into the other life, looking for a better house which should be her eternal home.

A Group of Algerian Kabyle Women

Every room opening from the courtyard, whether above or below the ground level, was occupied by a family. There were fifteen separate families living in this house when o people took it. The filth w incredible to an America and altogether indescribab The first thing done was get rid of nine families, th to "clean up." The dirt d out filled a room high up u til it could be carried awa Six of the more cleanly a peaceable families still re rooms in the house. None of those under grou are allowed to be occupied. Some of the larg rooms are reserved for the meetings of the Kaby women and the classes of girls connected with t mission.

We are impressed with the fact that this is t East, and we begin to comprehend how it is th these people when they come to New York ci crowd together without complaint, in a way th shocks our Western ideas. Customs are slow change. On a street not far from our house, I sa a family one morning rousing from sleep. The were six of them in a room about eight feet squa four steps below the street and wide open to th view of all passers. They slept on the stone floo each wrapped in a dirty blanket, which was th principal garment worn by day. If they wash at all, it would be at the hydrant at the street co ner. If they had any breakfast, it was cooked simple fashion in that same room and eaten sittir on the floor, the steps, or on the sidewalk. Privac is unknown. Privation is so universal that passes unnoticed.

The Kabyle girls who come to us are divided in two classes, the younger and older. It is impossible to hold them after they are eleven or twelv years old, as they then put on the veil and are soc married, and then their husbands jealously refu to let them go out in public, or be taught. Th older women and some mothers with children con to the women's meetings. Unlike the Arabs an Moors, these Kabyle women are not usually veile They are, without exception, desperately poor an densely ignorant. The ladies of the mission talk t them of Jesus and try to teach them the simp things of a pure life. They listen to their storie of hardship, cruelty and hopeless sorrow, the con mon lot of all Moslem women. All are pitifu some are heart-breaking. At the close of the mee ing a saucerful of meal is given each woman tha she may have at least once a week a fair feed fo herself and child. Each wraps it in the corner o her mantle, as she has no other way to carry it.

This is Moslem womanhood and these are Ka byles. Now, a Kabyle is not an Arab, but is a de scendant from the old white stock which people these lands ages before the Arabs conquered it i the seventh century. They have never forgotten wh they are. They were obliged by their Arab con querors to accept the Koran and become Moslems They did so outwardly, but to this day the wome all bear on their foreheads an indelible blue mar of the cross, put there at birth in memory of thei ancient faith. The first settlers of North Afric were of a white race called Libyans. Later cam the Phœnicians from the eastern shores of th Mediterranean, who mixed with them and becam the ruling race. Conquered by the Romans, ther

Continued on page 894

SO SHALL THE PERIL PASS

BY ALICE J. WHITTIER

SHANGHAI, CHINA

WHILE in the tents of Shem,
On the far twilight hem
Of earth's dark region,
Found I great lands and fair,
Found I much people there;
It dwelt in earth and air
Whose name is Legion.

Under each spreading tree
Shrine and pagodas see,
Fair hilltops pointing.
Demons of stone or clay;
Tablets to mem'ries gray;
Priests, gods, by every way,
Of man's anointing.

Evil as good did reign;
Love was an empty name;
Deep did I sorrow.
Ruled by a robber band,
Fear brooded o'er the land;
Yet saw I, far and grand,
Shapes of to-morrow.

Lor, toiling through the years,
Patient in hopes or fears,
A little leaven—
Human indeed were they;
Love used the faulty clay;
Strong did they hew the way
Toward God and heaven.

Oft was that toiling spurned;
Backward the nation turned,
Back to their sages.
Plumbline knew not the place;
Gain was the saving grace;
Weak grows a mighty race
Buried in ages.

Bound by an evil creed,
By ignorance and greed,
This was their token.
Famine walked lean and bare;
Floods swept the harvests fair;
Plague tainted foul the air;
Their pride was broken.

Then rose War's horrid head,
Strewing the land with dead,
Dumb in its terror.
But from the evil throng
Of weaklings came the strong
Young men to battle wrong.
Truth grappled Error.

Up rose the people then;
Tore they the robber den
Down from its station.
Here where the dragon flew,
Flung out a banner new;
Hope in its rainbow hue
Hangs o'er a nation!

Dawn comes across the night:
Saw I a wondrous sight
In a strong city—
"God save our President!"
(God grant 'twas truly meant!)
Ne'er be that fair sign rent;
May all hearts pity.

For, with her garments torn,
Faint, weak, and newly born,
See China pleading.
Turns she to other lands;
Turns she with helpless hands,
Where truth appealing stands:
"Wise men we're needing."

Come, if thy Lord be *All*,
Thou and thy message small,
This and no other.
Preach thou One God to them;
Live thou the Christ for them;
Teach thou the love of men;
Love *thou* thy brother.

So shall Thy Kingdom come,
So shall the land be won,
To Christ confessing.
Yea, Truth shall make them free;
White, white, the harvest see;
China shall never be
"Peril"—but blessing!

SEPTEMBER JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

THE glorious tints of late summer, in golden red and russet brown, are giving finishing touches these days to the beauty of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn. To those who have had the privilege of visiting the "Children's Paradise" this year, there will come back the memory of the bright faces of happy childhood brought away for a time from the squalor, the sorrow and the sin of the great city.

Many of our readers who have never seen the home, although they have read much about it, are keenly alive to its interests. Their feelings are freely expressed in the letters that reach us by every day's mail. M. M., Cedarville, Ohio, an old lady of seventy-one, with slender income, sends 25 cents for the work. Mrs. M. B., Pasadena, Calif., encloses $3 "to give a poor waif a ten days' outing in the pure air among the green fields." "With heartiest wishes for the success of the work," Mrs. J. O'H. also sends $3. A like sum is sent by a Carthage, N. Y., reader to send "a little girl to Mont-Lawn." From the Hinman Hollow (Milford, N. Y.) Sunday school comes a contribution of $3 "permit some poor waif to breathe the fresh air in the country for ten days." Miss Edsall's class in the Sunday school of the First Presbyterian Church, Palisades Park, N. J., sends $12, which will provide an outing for four little waifs. Miss H. L. Alexander, N. Y., ($10) writes: "The cause is one that reaches the heart, and I want to do even a small share toward making poor little children happier in the ideal Children's Paradise." "I wish it were as many hundred," writes Mrs. D. L. H., Fort Churchill, Nev., who sends $5. Mrs. N. F. Daniel-son's Sunday school class of ten little girls at Boone, Col., collected $3 which the good teacher sends to provide an outing for some little boy or girl. These golden-hearted little Sunday school maids earned the money which they now give so generously. Mr. and Mrs. Danielson added $3 to the gift, thus making two tenement waifs happy. N. B. Weir, New Plymouth, Ida., sends $3 from the little girl members of Class No. 12, First Congregational Church of that town. They wish their beneficiary to be a little tenement girl. The "Sunshine Tryst Club" of Bristol, R. I., through Miss R. M. Blaisdell, treasurer, sends a gift of $3. The Sunday school of the Congregational Church of West Cornwall, Conn., sends a birthday gift of $3 from the junior members "to take care of one dear child at Mont-Lawn." "I have one little girl dead and one living," writes Mrs. N. L. S., Hobart, Okla., and she kindly sends in their names with $3 to provide an outing for a child. "God bless the old HERALD and its work," writes Mrs. J. H. S., Drain, Ore., who sends $5; "I have taken it for twenty years and expect to take it as long as I live." A number of dear children at Bayshore, N. Y., held a fair and now, through Mrs. S. A. B., they generously send the proceeds, $43.58, to help the Fresh Air Fund. The young people who did so splendidly are Evelyn Weeks, Constance Benjamin, Sarita Morse, Martha Tucker, Katharine Fanning, Virginia Weeks and Elizabeth Corwin. Miss M. F. Shaw, of Walton, N. Y., sends $10.20, a collection from her Sabbath school class. Three friends in Sunbury, Pa., send $3 through Mr. Geo. B. Remensnyder. A birthday offering of $3 comes from the children of the primary department of the Presbyterian Sunday school, Livingston Manor, N. Y.

The following recent contributions are acknowledged. All gifts for Mont-Lawn should be addressed "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."

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THE HELPING POWER OF GOD

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

WE ARE about to study again one of "the dear old stories," the feeding of the multitude of five thousand by the Lord Jesus. It is so familiar we shall need only to state the points in brief:

1. Jesus and his apostles after many days of teaching and healing sought rest at Bethsaida, a "desert place," not a barren place, because much grass was there. It was what we call "the country."

2. The people, seeing Jesus and his disciples depart by boat, went themselves the land way, and reached Bethsaida before Jesus did.

3. The multitude numbered five thousand men, besides women and children.

4. Jesus, though he had come to rest, devoted himself to teaching and healing the great throng.

5. When evening was drawing on, the apostles suggested to Jesus that the people should be sent away where they could buy bread.

6. Jesus, not willing that they should be sent away hungry, told the apostles to give them food.

7. The only food that could be found was in the basket of a boy: five loaves and two small fishes (John 6: 8-9). Jesus said, "Bring it to me."

8. The people were told to sit down in companies of fifty and a hundred on the grass (Mark 6: 39, 40).

9. Jesus took the loaves and the fishes in his hands and blessed them. He broke them in pieces and gave them to his apostles to pass to the people sitting on the grass.

10. The bread and the fish multiplied in the blessed hands of Jesus more than a thousand fold, for what was enough for five people in the end filled the more than five thousand.

11. After the feeding the people departed by the land way to their homes.

12. The apostles departed by boat for Capernaum. Jesus went alone on the mountain to pray.

How much greater than five thousand are the many millions of people in the world whom God is feeding day by day, and the countless birds and fish and animals. This great miracle of world-feeding began in the Garden of Eden when God said to Adam and Eve: "I have given you every herb yielding seed, and every tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for food. And to every beast of the earth, and to every bird of the heavens, and to everything that creepeth on the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for food" (Gen. 1: 29, 30).

And afterwards God made a promise to Noah concerning daily food, and he put a rainbow seal upon the promise. Read Gen. 8: 22 and 9: 1, 13.

But some one asks, "Why, then, do famines occur, as in China and in other lands?" People who give so much of their money, as CHRISTIAN HERALD readers do, have a right to ask this question, and have it answered. First, it will be found that men, and not God, are usually accountable for famines. They deforest the land and disturb the rainfall, so that their country becomes a barren wilderness, as is largely the case in China, or they use the soil for pernicious plants, as opium in India and China. Sometimes men put in their ruthless hands and turn the course of rivers, so that once fruitful lands become the beds of salt seas, as in our own land. But under the blessing of God in other parts of the world the harvests are so increased that there is enough and to spare, so that abundant supplies may be sent to famine regions. Never can we forget the thrill of joy we felt one day in Nagasaki, Japan, when we were told that the United States transport *Buford* had just come into port laden with flour, the gift of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for the famine sufferers in China. We were at the time addressing a company of Christian workers, but the meeting was speedily brought to a close, and we all went down to inspect the cargo. This brings us to say that God overrules the famines in such a way as to make them result in wonderful harvests of love and good will to all human kind. Still he keeps his promise that the world shall be fed. God has been unceasingly at it since the time of Adam and Eve; for forty years he fed the host of Israel with bread from heaven, the daily manna, and when they asked for a change of diet he gave them flesh (quails) in the evenings (Ex. 16). He fed Elijah by ravens as messengers, and afterwards by increase of the meal in the widow's barrel and oil in her cruse (I. Kings 17: 1-15). And God fed Elijah even when he was a fugitive from duty (I. Kings 19: 1-8). From that time until now God has regarded the hungry and fed them, even whole asylums of orphan children, as Müller's in England, where all food comes in answer to daily prayer.

"I Am the Bread of Life"

These are the words of Jesus selected for our Golden Text. They teach us that Jesus gives us bread for our souls as well as for our bodies. He, himself, is the bread of the soul. He spoke these words in Capernaum the day after he had fed the multitude at Bethsaida. What occurred between

Painting by Murillo

"Jesus took the loaves, and when he had given thanks he distributed to them that were set down"

will be the subject of our lesson for October 6.

The throng that gathered around Jesus in Capernaum after his return from Bethsaida was even greater than before, because several boatloads of people from Tiberias, half way down the side of the sea, had heard about the wonderful feeding of the multitude, and they came to Bethsaida, thinking Jesus would still be there, but when they heard that he had returned to Capernaum, they came to that city and swelled the throng (John 6: 23, 24). As they gathered about Jesus, he read their thoughts as though they had been an open book. He told them, as well as many who had been fed the day before, that they had come to get more loaves. He did not repeat the miracle of the loaves and fishes, but instead he offered them living bread, as he had offered living water to the woman at the well of Samaria, and had told her that "whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst" (John 4: 14). When Jesus spoke in Capernaum about the living bread, he said, "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever." But, alas! those who heard him did not understand him. They thought that he was promising to give free bread to all of the people as the Roman emperors were sometimes accustomed to do, and they were ready to take him for their king. But when Jesus continued teaching them about the Bread which was his own flesh that he would give for the life of the world (John 6: 52), their hearts were turned against him, and they became his bitter opponents. We love to think there were some that day who did understand him, and who from that day had no more soul-hunger.

Bless, then, the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee.
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My all in all.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

"Them that had need of healing he cured" (L 9: 11). Among them were the blind, the lame, deaf, the palsied and the lepers. We could that we might see a list of how many of these ferent kinds of sufferers he healed that day be the feeding of the multitude occurred. We n believe that he stopped the healing only when t were no more to be healed, for all had been m well.

God is just as surely healing the world to-da he is feeding the world. Jesus healed by mira for two reasons: first, that the power of Go him might be made manifest; second, becaus his time there was no medical profession that trained physicians, as we consider a physi trained and qualified for his high calling. We call the case of the woman who had been sick twelve years, "who had spent all her living on sicians, and could not be healed of any" (Luk 43). She simply touched the border of Jesus' ment and was healed. At his touch blind men ceived sight; at his word, those not in his prese were cured of fevers and delivered from dem he put his fingers in the ears of the deaf, straightway they heard; he touched the tongu the dumb and the bond was loosed (Mark 7: 34) his word, lep were healed. But work of the hea Christ is greater day than it was w he was upon ea We read of only persons that w healed who did come into his im diate presence — centurion's serva and the daughter the Syrophenic woman. Altho throngs follow him, the number people who ca close to him small, for Palest was a little le hardly larger t our smallest St and too, the time his healing was ited to a little o three years. Let compare with th conditions the th sands of hospi that have been tablished where his Name is spok where cures are wrought hourly, momentarily, cause his blessing is upon them. Without Ch they could do nothing. When people trouble th selves and their friends with such questions "Why does Jesus not cure the sick to-day? Is power less than when he was on the earth?" t have failed to grasp the larger work which he is complishing through the revelations of scie Indeed, we must believe that results which c from asylums for the insane, institutions for feeble-minded, for the blind and deaf and du etc., can be accounted for only by the fact that healing Christ illumines the judgment and streng ens the hands of those who are his help Christ is to-day healing the world just as sure as is feeding the world. If we want a proof of t let us take the healing that is constantly going in our bodies. God is with us to heal. That sev cut which you received in your hand a few we ago, you hardly see the place now. Did you heal Did it heal itself, or did God do it? A man fell the icy steps and broke three of his ribs; the ph cian came and tightly bandaged him, leaving to do the rest, and to-day he is as strong as e You fell, and got an ugly bruise upon your face; first it was dark and swollen, but little by little swelling went down, and slowly the delicate c came back, and now you would not know that had ever had such a trouble. Who was your de erer? And God is doing such things constantly the hundreds of millions of his creatures in parts of the world, and for the birds and bea which he has created, for they too receive injur And yet there are some who idly think "his arm shortened that he cannot help."

WORTHY SOUVENIR OF MRS. SANGSTER

Twilight Tales received. It is a charming an worthy souvenir of its loved author. It is a b that any reader will get good from.

MRS. SALLIE TEWKSBURY
Columbus, Ga. *Principal of Tewksbury Miss*

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[1] INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 22, 1912. The Feeding of the Five Thousand. Mark 6: 30-44. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." John 6: 35.

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea"; "The Two Captains"; "Hearts and the Highway"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Lieutenant Colonel John H. Compton, in command of four oops, is stationed at Fort Sullivan among the foothills of the ig Horn Mountains. The country is in a state of feverish nrest, as the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians are on the war-path, nd many settlers have been massacred. Colonel Compton's ife, Mary, and their little four-year-old daughter, Ethel Ben-n, are with him at the fort. There are several other women, ives of officers, and Mrs. Compton's pretty Irish maid, Molly cNeil, who dearly loves the little girl. Molly is very popular ith the soldiers, but gives her preference to Private Danny eagher of Troop B. One day an alarm is given, the officer of he guard reports Indians on the hills to the westward, and he troops are ordered to get ready. In the meantime little thel has wandered from the enclosure, the Indians see her, and he chief swoops down on horseback and carries her off. With rantic haste the soldiers pursue the marauders, but the colonel nows his men are outclassed in numbers and there are still women to protect in the fort, so he causes the recall o be sounded. An investigation is held s to how the child got out of the rounds. Private Meagher confesses was his fault in not guarding the gate, ut Molly McNeil takes the blame on erself, saying she tempted "the bhoy." he Indians put up a flag of truce, and olonel Compton and his officers meet hree of their leaders. These propose o give up the child in return for the ort. The proposition is haughtily re-ected, and death is threatened to the ttle one. Meagher is put under arrest nd is to be courtmartialed. In an in-erview with the colonel he suggests hat as he will be condemned to death nyway, he be allowed to try to rescue iss Ethel by seeming to desert to the ndians. This is agreed upon, but Mar-ett, an old scout and hunter, who does ot know of the agreement, hears the arefully missimed fire from the fort, nd seeing the deserter running, fires nd wounds him. Meagher falls, but is icked up and carried away by the ndians. Marnett enters the fort and earns of his mistake. He and Lieuten-nt Hadden then get away to a distant elegraph station and summon rein-orcements, which arrive under the com-nand of Colonel Huntley. Colonel ompton is given command of the en-ire Fourteenth Cavalry, and the War epartment orders a winter campaign gainst the Indians. Leaving two com-anies of infantry to garrison the fort, olonel Compton and his command narch out into the snow-covered moun-ains to search for Chief Dull Knife and is band. After weeks of terrific hard-hips in the rough country and intense old, Colonel Compton and his officers gree, when all the rations are used ex-ept enough to take the regiment back to he fort, that, to save the lives of the en, they should give up the quest. But he men volunteer to go ahead on hort rations. As new plans are being ade, Danny Meagher appears, dressed s an Indian, and reports the hiding-lace of Dull Knife and assures them hat Miss Ethel is safe, well and happy. He returns with a troop, under Lieu-enant Hadden, which is to take a posi-ion on the hills above the Indians' amp. The rest of the regiment, except he sick, frozen and snow-blind, follow, Compton and Marnett leading.

CHAPTER VII

THE HORROR OF THE PASS

FOR hours the gelid troops slowly and painfully plodded up the cañon in the hyperboreal air. Sometimes the icy, snow-covered trail, not a good one under the most favorable conditions, narrowed so that it was necessary for the long column to pass over it in single file. Frequently they crossed from one side of the cañon to the other on huge boulders lying in the bed of the stream, which would have been absolutely impassable for the horses had not the space between been filled with masses of ice beneath which the low torrent ran. Fortunately when they got well within the cañon it stopped snowing, the wind died down, and about ten o'clock at night the full moon burst from the clouds and gave them abundance of light, save where the towering walls of the pass, sometimes rising several thousand feet, threw the trail far beneath into deep shadow.

In spite of their precautions, there were many accidents. Horses stumbled and fell into the river, carrying men with them. In one instance a trooper was dashed against a wall of rock and killed. Although the wind and snow had both ceased, the cold was intense. Only the most heroic resolution, the most indomitable persistence, animating their otherwise frigid hearts, enabled the troops to sustain it. They plodded along silently, Marnett with the colonel in the lead. Conversation was so painful as to be almost impossible, and speech was only resorted to in direst necessity. The old scout seemed to have an unerring faculty of picking out the most practicable places for the slow advance of the freezing command. Whenever the cañon opened into a little pocket, as it did sometimes, the troops were halted and assembled, stragglers were brought up, and order was restored.

It was one o'clock in the cold, still winter morning when they reached the narrow entrance of the transverse glacial cañon which led to the "hole" where Dull Knife had concealed himself. It was a mere rift in the wall, as if some titanic hand had cleft it with a mighty blade from the lofty rim to the abysmal depth far below. The narrow entrance, scarcely affording passage to a horse and rider, looked grim and terrible. It was, of course, too deep for any light from the moon to penetrate, and seemed like a thin black scar in the face of the ice-bound wall of the pass.

As they listened the dogs barked again. "Gentlemen," said Compton, "Dull Knife!"

No wonder the scouts had passed it by unheeded when they had before examined the cañon. The walls here towered at least fifteen hundred feet above them, and the opening was a mere thread. A closer inspection showed that the lateral cañon also bent sharply about a hundred feet from its intersection with the greater pass, and unless a very careful examination of the spot were made it looked like merely a niche or scarred recess in the face of the mountain.

The main pass was here a little wider than ordinarily, and trees grew on the banks of the stream, which was fortunate for the soldiers, for otherwise they would have been compelled to ford the icy torrent, which would have been difficult, perhaps impossible. Axes had been brought along, and soon four huge pines lay across the brook. By means of this improvised bridge the command presently reached the other side. The strongest troopers under Major Dexter briefly scouted the narrow pass, and returning, reported it was empty. Indeed, all the veteran fighters knew that no Indian on the continent would be abroad on such a night if it could possibly be avoided. The troops were certain they would not be under observation, therefore they cleared a little space in the snow and by means of dry pine branches a huge fire was soon kindled, coffee was made for the men and the horses were watered and given a scanty feeding.

It was two o'clock in the morning when they started, Marnett again in the lead. The new cañon was so narrow, its walls so steep, it ran in such a direction that its interior was almost pitch dark. Fortunately the brook, which ran through it in the spring, summer and fall, had either been dried up before the winter set in, or it had been frozen solid; the snow, too, was as hard as iron, so the going was easier. The black rocks jutting out of the white crest were easily discerned and avoided by the twisting, stumbling, ever mounting column.

There were a dozen places in the winding, turning, climbing trail through the mountains where a dozen men could have held the pass against a thousand; but there were no men there. Dull Knife was confident that his retreat would be undiscovered; he had no idea that there were any troops on earth which would have had the hardihood to struggle up the frost-bound cañon on a night of such deadly cold. Doubtless he felt as safe as if he had been in the fortress of Gibraltar, had he known anything about that famous position. He was to learn before the morning of what the American soldier is capable, and that the polar temperature itself could not congeal him, or his horse, either.

The rare cold grew more and more intense as the trail through the cañon, if such it could be called, mounted gradually upward. They attained a height of 9,000 feet in this narrow pass before they began to descend. Once in it they had to go on; there was nothing else to be done. To stop was to die, to turn back would be to perish miserably; there was salvation in the advance, and nowhere else. They had to seize Dull Knife's camp to get rest, food and fire.

Mechanically, with bent heads, they plodded on, keeping together by a sort of instinctive coherence. Obedient to acquired habit through long years of soldiering. Often they had to dismount and lead their horses for long distances. This relieved the horses and in a measure warmed the men. Only the most heroic care on the part of the officers prevented straggling; benumbed, dazed men sought occasion to drop from their horses and lie down to sleep and die. A few of them did succeed in getting away from the column unobserved in the darkness and were seen no more, but the great majority struggled desperately on. The horrors of that winter march of Compton's men were never forgotten by the army. It was a tale to tell around

Continued on next page

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A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

warm firesides on wild winter nights.

After they had passed the high point and the descent began the temperature grew a little more bearable, but it was still frightfully severe. Conversation was of course practically impossible, yet some there were whose positions and duties compelled them to speak, with frozen lips.

"We must be near," said Marnett to the colonel at last.

He was an unerring judge of distance, and was certain that they must now be close to the place that Meagher had described. The colonel raised his head; he also lifted his hand; those nearest him stopped, and then those farther away; it needed but a suggestion to bring the whole long column which came crowding slowly onward to a halt. The panting horses were too exhausted to move. There was neither shaking of heads, nor pawing of hoofs, nor jangling of bits. Their riders leaned over their saddles as motionless as the cañon walls. The officers slowly crowded to the front near the colonel. Clouds of mist from many breaths of men and animals hung undisturbed above them in the stillness of that ghastly morning.

What had stopped them was soon apparent. In that thin air, in that intense cold, sound carried a long distance. They heard a dog bark! They were near the Indian camp evidently. It was about half past four in the morning. Through a rift in the range they saw the whitish gray of the dawn to the eastward. As they listened the dogs barked again.

"Gentlemen," said Compton, "Dull Knife."

The words seemed to put new vigor in the command. One would have said, watching them reeling down the trail, had such observation been possible, that they were at the last gasp of human endurance. It was a mistake; these men had still some reserve force. The colonel's three words had called it into action.

"Carbines and revolvers!" said Compton.

He loosened his own pistol in its holster and then unslung the carbine that he carried in common with the other officers and men across his shoulder and dropped it lightly in front of him across his saddle. Without a word the men did the same, although his and their hands were so benumbed in spite of the thick fur gloves which all wore that their fingers would scarcely do their work.

"We will jump the village the minute we see it," he continued. "Keep fast the saber until we come close to them. Understand?"

A low hoarse inarticulate growl of assent came from those nearest, and both word and response were passed down the long ranks until the weakest stragglers at the other end heard and were inspired by them.

"I'll ride for'ard to the bend in the pass," said Marnett, pointing ahead about a quarter of a mile, "and see how things lay."

"Go ahead," said the colonel.

Like a white-frosted, rime-covered ghost, Marnett ventured ahead. He dismounted when he reached the bend and plodded out of sight on foot. He was back in a few minutes, meeting the command slowly advancing as he came.

"I couldn't keep them still longer; they were freezing to death," explained the colonel. "We had to move."

Marnett nodded.

"They are there," he said. "The trail breaks sharp to the right an' opens into a beautiful pocket wide enough for the hull regiment to form line. The village is under the north bluff facin' south, an' the pony herd is to the south an' below. Fires are almost out, there's no watch; everybody is in the tepees asleep. They don't dream there's a soldier within a hundred miles of 'em."

"Good!" said the colonel. He turned and rode back along the line; the men had by this time got themselves again into column of fours. "Dexter," said the colonel, stopping at the head of the first battalion, "detach one troop to pass around the village to the left to try to capture the pony herd."

"Captain Emmett," said Dexter, "to you that duty."

"Very good, sir."

"The rest of the battalion will form line the instant they debouch from the pass and ride through the village, driving out the Cheyennes before them; and for God's sake, be careful of the women and children; one of the latter may be my own," said Compton.

"I understand, sir," answered Dexter.

"Don't fire on an Indian wearing a white blanket if you can help it; that will be Meagher."

"We will take good care."

"I know you will, Dexter," said the colonel, riding down toward Calmore's battalion, which brought up the rear.

"God give us luck, sir," cried Dexter after his superior as he rode away.

The instructions to Dexter were repeated to Calmore, save that the latter was directed to hold his rear troop as a reserve to be thrown into action whenever circumstances might determine.

"Close up!" said the colonel. "Let's have no straggling; and now," he continued, raising his voice, "let every man make his peace with God, and then do his best."

There was no cheering, but again the low growl of assent. The colonel reached his place at the head of the line.

"Forward!" he said softly; and the march was at once begun.

The wind was blowing toward them from the camp; they could hear the dogs again. As yet, however, it was desultory barking, for the Indian curs had not yet scented them; what wind was stirring blew in the faces of the soldiers. The trail was now broad and smooth.

"Trot, march!" cried the colonel.

The pace was accelerated; the rapid movement warmed them a little; they went faster; they forgot for a moment the awful, gripping cold; the trot grew more rapid until they reached the bend in the trail and looked down into the valley. The camp and hundreds of tepees lay before them. Faint smoke rose from dying fires here and there among the tents, but not a human soul was visible. They caught sight of a dog slinking from tepee to tepee. Emmett, preserving his column formation, now broke to the left and galloped off toward the pony herd; the rest formed into line in the open on the double quick.

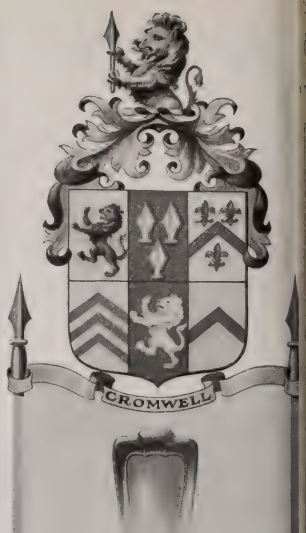
The dogs in the village scented them at last; a wild howl and a furious barking rose here and there; tepee flaps were instantly thrown aside; heads peered out sleepily, to awaken into full life and action in a second.

"Forward!" roared Compton, with a sudden access of lost vigor.

To be continued

Canada Bows to Rome

THE Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council has decided the Quebec marriage question involving the papal decree of *Ne Temere* in favor of the Province of Quebec and against the recent proposed legislation of the Dominion Parliament, which undertook to provide that no law or canonical decree or custom of any province should invalidate any marriage performed by any person competent to perform a marriage ceremony. The Lord Chancellor, in delivering judgment, said that the proposed bill was beyond the powers of the Dominion Parliament.



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A BACKYARD PLAYGROUND MISSION

THE new superintendent of "Faith Mission" opened the door of the Sunday-school room and went in. It was his first Sunday as director of the affairs of this little West Side oasis of religious life, and the door had not closed behind him when he was greeted by twenty-three children of various sizes and ages, most of whom were expert at the shrill whistles and long-drawn recalls they produced for his edification. Even the baker's dozen or so that had been lending main force assistance to the pianist broke away to have a try at the quality of nerves possessed by Mr. C. D. Usinger, who had come from the Bowery Mission to this neglected field on the West Side.

It is almost on the edge of this unsavory neighborhood known as "Hell's Kitchen" that Faith Mission is located, and Mr. Usinger went to take up his work in October, 1903. He had been converted about two years before coming to the Bowery Mission.

For nine years Mr. Usinger has devoted his energies to the building up of a stalwart mission work in a district where it is surely greatly needed. The gross results of such work are always hard to come by, but even from the net results as expressed in figures, Faith Mission has more than justified its existence and proved its worth. The disorganized group of twenty-three children has developed into a modern Sunday school of one hundred and sixty, having sixteen teachers, eight officers and a library of almost a thousand volumes. There is now a mission membership of two hundred and fifty, and from this outpost in the enemies' midst forty-nine persons have united with the Dutch Reformed Church at Vermilye Chapel; two, the Methodist Episcopal Church; two, the Baptist Church; two, the Salvation Army; and seven, other churches of various denominations outside the city.

Early in the history of the work the children of the neighborhood became a problem for the mission workers. A place was needed where they could be gathered from the streets to play under wholesome influences and be shielded from the evil that is always abroad in the district where they live. Lacking any better facilities, a large flagged yard in the rear of the mission was appropriated for this purpose. Planted with sturdy flowers and climbing vines, it soon became a spot much to be preferred to the dirty street, and now almost every day of the summer months, when the children are most out of doors, finds from seventy-five to a hundred of them playing contentedly in the yard. From these boys and girls special organizations in connection with the mission work have been formed. Over thirty boys have been enrolled as a troop of the Boys' Brigade of America, and a girls' club of forty members devotes its attention to sewing classes and other work that is planned for their instruction and advancement.

Recently from this group of boys and girls a choir has been formed under the leadership of Miss Grace Hildebrandt, and to judge from its present development it bids fair to be one of the best choirs of children's voices in the city.

A unique phase of the Faith Mission summer work has grown directly from its backyard playground. The experience here was that of all similar enterprises in that it proved almost impossible to get the people to come to even the shortest service in the hot, gas-lighted mission rooms. This suggested the use of the stone-paved yard. An open-air platform was put in, and settees to accommodate about one hundred and fifty people were secured. Here the summer services are held, and as the yard is in a block of densely peopled tenement houses the audience is usually largely added to by listeners in the banks of windows that rise on every side. In these services Miss Hildebrandt again comes valiantly to the assistance of the superintendent. Her voice, with its wonderful carrying power, fairly fills the block, and many a ribald song and vicious oath is hushed as the song of the "Gospel Nightingale" fills the evening air with the message of Christ.

Mr. Usinger and Miss Hildebrandt Leading a Service in Faith Mission Yard

Among the Workers

—THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES of New Philadelphia, O., have united in a plan for the erection of a tabernacle capable of seating 4,000 people.

—REV. COURTLANDT P. BUTLER, the author of a recent sermon published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD entitled "Restoring the Lost Years," is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lakewood, N. J.

—GEORGE JONES, the seventy-five-year-old prison evangelist and Crimean War veteran-preacher, recently occupied the pulpit of the Union Church, Corona, Long Island, during the absence of Dr. William J. Peck, the regular pastor.

—EVANGELIST A. J. FITT of Denver, Colo., has just closed a summer campaign of tent meetings in Colorado, Nebraska and Kansas. Many were converted, baptized and joined the churches. Many others reconsecrated their lives to the Master's service. Professor E. O. Martin of Havelock, Neb., was associated with him in his work as musical director. Mr. Fitt is a brother of A. P. Fitt, Mr. Moody's son-in-law.

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A UNIQUE EVANGELISM

FARMER boy, then storekeeper, traveling salesman, local Y. M. C. A. secretary, traveling secretary and organizer for the Young Men's Christian Association, evangelist to the men of the industrial world: such, in brief, is the life history of A. M. Bruner, executive secretary of the Industrial Evangelistic Foundation, and one of the Community Extension experts of the Men and Religion Forward Movement of 1911 and 1912.

A. M. Bruner

Coming from an Illinois farm, he entered business, meeting with success, but later gave his life to definite Christian work, entering the service of the Young Men's Christian Association. In 1885 he became assistant secretary at Minneapolis, and two years later was called to become one of the Department State Secretaries of Illinois, and was placed in charge of the railroad and city department of Association work, a position which he held for twenty-three years. In the work of organization and supervision, he was used in accomplishing large results, pushing the department to a place of power, with more than thirty flourishing associations, employing a hundred men, and owning an equipment totaling two millions of dollars.

In 1909 Mr. Bruner was one of the delegates from America to the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations in Barmen-Elberfeld, Germany. On his return, he entered a new field of labor, which was the natural outgrowth of his years of experience among men. He began evangelistic work, under the auspices of the Association, and since then has been doing a most effective work in shops and factories as an industrial evangelist.

Mr. Bruner was one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the "Sixth Message of the Forward Movement," known as "Community Extension," which he defines as "the entering wedge of the Gospel to the unreached, unchurched masses, an inter-church enterprise, not an end in itself, including with industrial communities rural districts, where the country church is gradually disappearing from the map."

With the close of the Forward Movement, Mr. Bruner reorganized the Industrial Evangelistic Foundation, enlarging the committee from seven members in Illinois to a National Extension Committee, with twenty-seven members representing twenty-five cities and twenty-three States.

"Bruner's shop talks" have been heard by railroad, shop and factory men throughout the entire country. His work is of the plain, fearless, direct sort which appeals to men because they can understand it. The results from his efforts have been clear and definite, and he has won a place for himself as a special evangelist to the more than twenty million men in the class that has been appointed for his field.

THE RINGS OF THE ANCIENTS

SINCE jeweled rings are such a widespread fashion to-day, it is interesting to know that wonderful rings set with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, turquoises and all our favorite stones, were just as popular among men and women two thousand years ago.

In the days of Cæsar, a Roman of wealth or prominence covered all his fingers with rings. Not only the first joints of the fingers were covered with jewels, but the second joints also, and for this use rings were made with small bands. A rich Roman often wore as many as sixty rings at once, and usually kept them on even when asleep in his bed.

Frequently the bands and settings of these Roman rings were made hollow, so that the weight would be lessened, for the task of carrying around sixty solid gold rings set with jewels would be more than even a vain Roman was willing to undertake.

As far back as those days of ancient glory, the onyx was believed to bestow upon its wearer the gift of oratory and overmastering persuasion, for Juvenal mentions one lawyer hiring a grand ring to wear in court, and because of it he obtained greater success and higher fees than any of the others. Juvenal also says that huge rings set with sardonyx were badges of military rank.

A woman's ring, taken from the ruins of Pompeii, is made precisely in the fashion of the present day—it is a hoop design set with emeralds, and the workmanship is exquisite.

The turquoise is the gem of Persia. A magnificent turquoise ring has been found which is known to be over a thousand years old. It is carved with the portraits of the then reigning monarch and his queen, and this carving is wonderfully inlaid with gold.

Answered Prayers

J. G., Albion, Ia., wishes to acknowledge answer to prayer.

E. M. C., Utica, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered my prayer."

A. W., Payne, O. "I am thankful for prayers answered by him, the giver of all blessings."

C. B. S., Springfield. "I have had two prayers answered very suddenly, for which I thank the Lord."

M. M., Wilkinsburg, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge and give thanks to the Lord for a special mercy."

M. L., Trenton, N. J. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayers for two dear ones."

Annie, Johnstown, Pa. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me for prayers answered and burdens removed."

A Reader, Greenville, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge God's answer to my prayers in sparing my child's life."

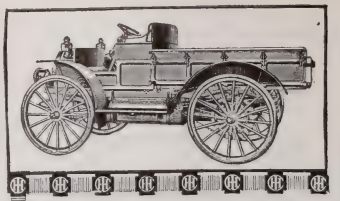
Mrs. B. L. M., Lemasters, Pa. "I wish to thank our heavenly Father for many answered prayers in restoring my daughter and myself to health."

Mrs. M. G. W., Wilmington, N. C. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering special prayers."

J. L. P. "I wish to acknowledge before the world God's mercy and goodness in answering my petition recently."

Reader, Salem, Va. "After over a year's trial of my faith, God has given me a wonderful answer to prayer."

E. W., Kokomo, Ind. "I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to me in answering my prayers many times. He will never forsake us."



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International Auto Wagons

help make farm life pleasant. It is a pleasure to run the car and it is so reliable, so ready to go at any time or for any purpose that it soon becomes indispensable. It can be used in all seasons when the road is passable to horses. The wheels are high enough to give ample road clearance. Solid tires give good traction and eliminate many tire troubles. The engine is simple and powerful. Fuel and oil to run an International auto wagon cost less than the feed for a horse, while the wagon will do from two to four times as much work.

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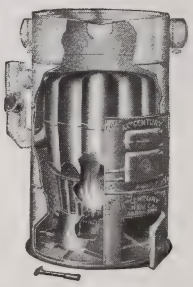

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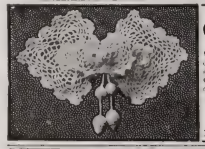

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VIEWS ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION

The Question in Illinois

I FEEL like extending my appreciation for the excellent articles which have been appearing in your valued paper on the Roman menace in this our land of liberty. I admire your courage and loyalty to the thousands who read your columns from week to week. There is enough integrity and patriotism in this country to stop any further advances of this fallen band of political plunderers in a false religious garb, if all will rally to the call that is coming from so many quarters. I trust your pen, and the pen of every brave American editor, will continue to be more powerful than the sword, and that a flood of balots will soon replace the many politicians who are falling over themselves in the effort to kiss the Pope's big toe. Keep it up, my brother, and God and America are with you. In the meantime let us labor and pray that a flood of light shall shine unto the many who are being deceived by the Roman hierarchy—false prophets from Pope down—and that they shall be brought to know the Lord's Christ, and having come in saving touch with him, the priest will have lost his hold.

I wish you godspeed in your work of faith and labor of love in leading men to the Cross. JOHN H. WHITEMAN,
Office Editor, Free Methodist.
Chicago, Ill.

. . .

A Kindly Suggestion

ON PAGE 793 of your issue dated August 14, in commenting on "The Pope and the *Ne Temere* Decree," you state that "the humiliated family (Stephen Dagonya and Mary Csoma) is probably poor and helpless, and without the means of taking the case to court for vindication," etc.

I sincerely hope that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will at once open its columns for subscription so that an indignant Protestant public can at once instruct a capable lawyer to secure for the parents a legal judgment that will save them from going through life with the finger of scorn pointed at them." Can the dear old CHRISTIAN HERALD do less than this in such a worthy cause? W. J. C.
Newton Highlands, Mass.

. . .

A Service to Humanity

I HAVE been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for about twenty years, and have not in that time ever differed very much from the general policy of the paper. In the main, it has as always led in great humanitarian movements, such as must have met the commendation of angels as well as men. At no time in its history has it undertaken a greater work for God and humanity than at the present. The unmasking of the Roman Catholic Church is one of the greatest needs of this country. Your course is both dignified and courageous, and I assure you that you will do a service for humanity and the Lord Jesus, which only a truly great leader could do.

For the sake of the crying millions who get the priestly stone of tradition and the serpent of absolution when they ask for the Bread of Life; for the sake of the national life whose very existence is threatened by the *priestly peril*, keep up the fight until the "land of the free" is forever free from foreign ecclesiastical domination.
Washington, D. C. ZED H. COPP.

. . .

Papal Supremacy Over State

THE priesthood is now an army, and all those in its ranks are subject to orders. There are no free lances. Time was when priests and even monks could roam over the world at their own sweet will, immune from temporal laws and privileged to do and go where they pleased. Now every man in orders, and every man and woman under vows, is subject to some ecclesiastical authority, and that authority will have to answer to Rome for the conduct of all those subject to them. All the retired priests of France have been "called to the colors," and the drones of the sanctuary have been given the option of exercising the ministry for the good of the people, or of secularizing themselves as far as the active ministry goes. They must be priests in the fullest sense of the word, or they may not say mass.

As regards those eighteen Canadian priests, they must return to the obedience of their bishop or become practically laymen. It will not do to say that teaching is a profession, and priests can devote themselves to it, as they might to painting, or music, or literature, or science. That notion is now exploded. Priests can devote themselves to secular pursuits or liberal professions with the consent of their bishop, but not otherwise. But as regards education: that is a field covered by the church, and in it she is supreme. The state has usurped her duties, but she has not abdicated them and she will not permit her priests to wrest them from her.—*Western Watchman (Catholic), August 22.*

. . .

A Defender Needed

AS ONE of the subscribers to your valuable paper, permit me to say that I am very much pleased with your attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church, or, rather, hierarchy. I also read with great interest the article in your issue of August 14, entitled "The Pope and the *Ne Temere* Decree." You say very properly: "That any church should have the audacity to defame those who have complied with the laws of the land seems almost incredible, yet here is the positive evidence that Rome claims this right and exercises it in this republic." You mention several individual cases where this has been done; people, however, whose circumstances forbid them to seek redress and demand reparation in the courts. Is there no man with means and moral courage sufficient to take up one of these cases in the courts and publicly brand this outrage done to citizens of this "land of the free and home of the brave" by a foreign ruler?
H. GRINTZENBERG,
Retired Minister of the M. E. Church.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

. . .

The Pope and the Pilgrims

THE Pope, on July 25, received seventy pilgrims from Denver, Col. They were presented to the Pontiff by Bishop Kennedy, the rector of the American College. The Pope blessed the pilgrims and thanked them for their liberal contributions of Peter's pence.

. . .

Catholics for Office

IT IS gratifying to note that through the efforts of our Catholic societies Catholic chaplains are being appointed in public and penal institutions throughout the country. In Missouri the Catholic societies have made it possible to have a permanent chaplain at the State penitentiary since last October. A special society called The Prisoners' Aid Society has been formed which is collecting funds for this worthy undertaking. The Juvenile Courts are being looked after by County Federations in many localities, notably in Cincinnati and Columbus.—*Boston Pilot, August 24.*

. . .

More Catholic Appointees

MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS BARRY, U. S. A., Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, has been assigned to the command of the Eastern Division of the Army, in succession to the late General Grant. Rear Admiral Ward, U.S.N., the new Catholic head of the New York Navy Yard, has been appointed naval aide to Mr. Knox, Secretary of State, who will represent this country at the funeral of the late Mikado of Japan. General Frank McIntyre, U.S.A., a Catholic, has just been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington.—*Catholic Citizen, August 24.*

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Our catalogue is our only representative—it goes to thousands who are glad to pocket the commissions on their own orders and not be annoyed by agents. If we employed agents as other tailoring concerns do, we would have to pay them at least 33⅓% commission and add this to our present prices.

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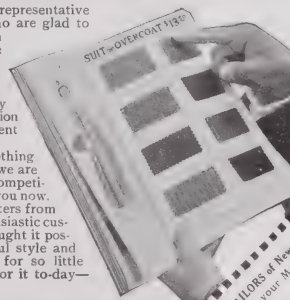

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

G. H. B., Yankton, S. D. How many stars can be seen with the naked eye, and how many with a telescope?

About 7,000 stars are visible to the naked eye, and it is computed that from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 can be discerned through the most powerful telescopes.

J. J. M., Springfield, Mass. 1. What are the three largest railroad stations in the world? 2. What are the three greatest streets in the world?

1. Grand Central, New York City, covering 28 acres; the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, covering 25 acres; the Waverly Station, Edinburgh, covering 23 acres. 2. Fleet Street and the Strand, London; Broadway, New York; Unter den Linden, Berlin.

C. C. P., Des Moines, Ia. I have a sword-cane of General Jackson ("Old Hickory") in my possession, the sword over two feet long and the cane of unique workmanship; also an old-style letter Bible of 1630. Where could I dispose of these relics?

If you care to advertise, probably there are many private collectors who would be glad to make you an offer. You might write to some of the museums, say the curator of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, or the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa.

E. G. B., Philadelphia, Pa. Our superintendent asked "which was made first, man or the Sabbath?" Will the Mail-Bag answer?

Man was created on the sixth day. (See Gen. 1: 26-31.) On the seventh, God, having ended the work of creation, rested. (See Gen. 2: 2, 3.) This is the order given in the Scripture and it is divided as follows: first day, light (general); second day, earth and water divided; third day, land and water outlined, and vegetation created; fourth day, light (direct); fifth day, lower animals created; sixth day, mammals and man created; seventh day, rest.

B. C., Oneida, Kan. In your paper of July 17 you printed an item in regard to a tornado which visited Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan. Where are these places?

Saskatchewan is in Canada and comprises the eastern half of the former district of Athabasca and the greater part of the old districts of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, and was proclaimed a province in 1905. It is bounded on the east by Manitoba and Keewatin, on the west by Alberta, on the north by the Mackenzie District and on the south by the United States. Regina is the capital. Other towns are Indian Head, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon and Yorktown. Saskatchewan is a great agricultural province, especially noted for the large production of wheat and barley.

Reader, Three Forks, Mont. 1. The Jewish Sabbath was Saturday. In the Gospel dispensation, the first day of the week (Sunday) is recognized as the Christian Sabbath in commemoration of the resurrection. This was done also for the purpose of marking the distinction between Christian and Jewish worship. In the New Testament the Sabbath is called "the Lord's Day." At the time when it began to be observed there was no Catholic Church in existence. 2. The eating of unclean meats is forbidden, but not of other meats. 3. The old dispensation is that which relates to Israel in the Mosaic law; the new is that which came in with the advent of the Saviour and the beginning of the Gospel dispensation of grace.

J. A. B., Upland, Calif., referring to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's comments on the case of Commissioner Valentine, writes: "This whole fuss you are making about these Indian mission schools is a little bit of political play to embarass the President in his fight for re-election. Congress having refused to repeal the law appropriating money to aid these schools, it is the duty of the President to see that the Catholics have control of them and that the teachers shall wear the usual clothing or insignia customary for teachers engaged in that school. I think that when a superior officer of the Interior Department made an order seeking to regulate the garb to be worn by these teachers, he, Mr. Valentine, was guilty of an offense against Congress and the President and the Secretary of the Interior, who have full control of these schools. Mr. Valentine knew that his order would breed trouble for the President, and that is the reason, no doubt, it was made, at the instance of your paper and others of like views. Don't think that this course of yours and the Methodist Church, of which I am a member, will deceive any one. . . . The Catholic Church may want to elect Taft, while THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wants to elect Roosevelt."

Our correspondent is no doubt entitled to his own opinion, although it happens that he is wrong on all the facts of the case. 1. Commissioner Valentine obeyed an authority higher than even the President or Congress or Secretary Fischer, viz., the Constitution of the United States and the rulings of the United

Continued on next page

"The Best Entertainment Ever!"

New, Novel, Immensely Interesting, Easily Arranged, And a Big Money-Maker

JUST at the time when you are wondering what entertainments you can plan for this Fall that are sure to be successful---we have a rattling good suggestion to offer:

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to those who best solve its mysterious happenings. The complete story will be published in four big installments in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, commencing with the October number (on sale September 23d). Your trial can be held after the third instalment has appeared (November 23d) and before December 20th, when the contest closes. There are no restrictions of any kind. In order to compete you do not have to be a subscriber to EVERYBODY'S. There is no age limit. Any one---old or young---man or woman---can act in any capacity at your trial.

413 PRIZES

¶ There will be three National Prizes, one for $500, one for $300, one for $200. Also 381 state prizes and 29 Canadian prizes, making 413 in all. National prize-winners will be selected from all competitors irrespective of state boundaries. The 381 state prizes will be awarded only to those in competition within the limits of each state, and are as follows:

Alabama	$75	$50	$25	1 prize of $10	Nebraska	$100	$50	$25	6 prizes of $10
Arizona	75	50	25	1 prize of $10	Nevada	50	25	15	2 prizes of $10
Arkansas	75	50	25	1 prize of $10	New Hampshire	100	50	25	
California	100	50	25	6 prizes of $10	New Jersey	100	50	25	11 prizes of $10
Colorado	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10	New Mexico	50	25	15	2 prizes of $10
Connecticut	100	50	25	7 prizes of $10	New York	100	50	25	17 prizes of $10
Delaware	50	25	15	2 prizes of $10	North Carolina	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10
District of Columbia	50	25	15		North Dakota	75	50	25	
Florida	75	50	25	2 prizes of $10	Ohio	100	50	25	17 prizes of $10
Georgia	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10	Oklahoma	100	50	25	1 prize of $10
Idaho	50	25	15	2 prizes of $10	Oregon	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10
Illinois	100	50	25	17 prizes of $10	Pennsylvania	100	50	25	32 prizes of $10
Indiana	100	50	25	11 prizes of $10	Rhode Island	75	50	25	
Iowa	100	50	25	6 prizes of $10	South Carolina	100	50	25	1 prize of $10
Kansas	100	50	25	4 prizes of $10	South Dakota	75	50	25	2 prizes of $10
Kentucky	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10	Tennessee	100	50	25	
Louisiana	100	50	25	1 prize of $10	Texas	100	50	25	8 prizes of $10
Maine	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10	Utah	75	50	25	2 prizes of $10
Maryland	75	50	25		Vermont	75	50	25	
Massachusetts	100	50	25	26 prizes of $10	Virginia	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10
Michigan	100	50	25	11 prizes of $10	Washington	100	50	25	2 prizes of $10
Minnesota	100	50	25	3 prizes of $10	West Virginia	75	50	25	
Mississippi	100	50	25	1 prize of $10	Wisconsin	100	50	25	7 prizes of $10
Missouri	100	50	25	6 prizes of $10	Wyoming	50	25	15	2 prizes of $10
Montana	75	50	25		Canada	100	50	25	26 prizes of $10

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to the "Jennie Brice Disappearance Bureau," care of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, saying that you desire to enter the contest. We will immediately send you full particulars regarding the details of the contest, how to conduct a mock trial, and how to send in your report to compete for one of the prizes. It should be easy for you to win one of the state prizes--or even one of the big national prizes. Learn all about the contest, anyway.

Address "Jennie Brice Disappearance Bureau"

"EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE"

Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York

OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

...es Supreme Court, and he did right. 2. ... attitude has received the unqualified sup... of the leading Protestant denominations, ...h have adopted formal resolutions on the ...ject condemning the suspension of Com...ioner Valentine's order and recognizing ...isentire constitutionality. Moreover, their ...ion was taken before the first notice of the ...se appeared in our columns. 3. THE CHRIS... HERALD is not a political paper in any ...se, but treats all parties and candidates ...e equal fairness, Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. ...t included. We make no comment on ...r. B.'s repudiation of the action of his own ...omination, the Methodist Church, at its last ...ral conference, when it passed resolutions ...demning the suspension of Commissioner ...ntine's order, although his attitude is bet... calculated to please his Catholic than his ...odist friends.

...V. Z., Carlock, Ill. 1. Is the following in ... the Bible, and where can I find it: "The ...body will go to its mother earth from ...whence it came, and the spirit will go to ...God who gave it"? 2. How many lives were ...lost on the *Titanic*? How many men, ...women and children? Also, how many ...were rescued?

The text you have in mind (but which is ...rrectly quoted) you will find in Eccles. ...7. 2. In all, 1,503; 1,347 men, 103 women ...53 children; 703 were rescued.

...B., Marshalltown, Ia. A preacher here said ...from the pulpit that he did not believe that ...God commanded Abraham to go and offer ...up his son Isaac in sacrifice; but rather ...he did it of his own accord, to be like his ...idolatrous neighbors, who offered up their ...children in sacrifice to Moloch.

...he record in Genesis, 22d chapter, is clear ...unmistakable. It was a test of Abraham's ...th in God. It is probable that human sacri... already existed among the heathen, but ...ac was a "child of promise," and therefore ...bly dear to his parents, and there is no ...rant in Scripture for inferring that Abra..., of his own free will, made the deliberate ...ice to offer him up. Indeed, verse 2 dis...es such a supposition altogether.

...W. Lynchburg, S. C. 1. Name the three ...most thickly populated States in the Union, ...with density of population. 2. What three ...foreign nationalities predominate most in ...our population?

... Rhode Island, 508.5 to the square mile; ...ssachusetts, 418.8 to the square mile; New ...sey, 337.7 to the square mile. The most ...sely populated locality is the District of ...umbia, with 5,517.8 to the square mile. 2. ...those, native or foreign, who have one or ...h parents foreign, the Germans predomi...e, there being 2,666,990 such, according to ...last census; next come the Irish with 1,618,... and thirdly the English, numbering 842,...

...S., Sullivan, Ind. 1. It is a recent doc...e and is preached by only one man, as far ...we know, a pastor in Brooklyn. 2. The pas...e in Eccles. 9: 5 points to the brevity ...life and the certainty of death as an argu...nt that we ought to apply our hearts to ...dom while we have the opportunity. "The ...d know not anything" is interpreted to ...an as far as their bodily senses and worldly ...airs are concerned. There is no door of ...pentance open to them, nor have they any ...vantage from their worldly labors. This pas...e is directed not to the righteous but to the ...ifferent and wicked, who, notwithstanding ...osperity in this life and their efforts to ...ild up a lasting name, pass away and are ...on forgotten.

...B., Glenville, Neb. Is the Mary of Bethany, ...who anointed Christ, according to John ...11: 2 and 12: 3, identical with the ...Mary spoken of in Luke 7: 37, or was ...Christ anointed twice? It seems to me ...that the Mary mentioned in Luke was ...Mary Magdalene. Am I right?

There have been many conflicting interpre...tions of the Scripture narrative concerning ...ary of Bethany and the woman spoken of in ...ke 7: 37. The majority agree that there ...re two anointings, one during Jesus' Gali...n ministry (Luke 7), the other at Bethany ...fore the last entry into Jerusalem (Matt. 26; ...ark 14; John 12.) There is not the slightest ...ace in the Scripture story of any blot on the ...e of Mary of Bethany. The epithet Magda...ne seems to have been chosen for the especial ...rpose of distinguishing the one to whom it ...as applied from other Marys. Mary or Mary...n was a common name, which seems to have ...d to misunderstanding. Some of the earliest ...urch writers entirely reject the identification ...the two Marys, athough it is an error into ...hich not a few have fallen. It is to be noted ...at Luke 7: 37 speaks of a woman "which was ...sinner," but gives no name, while Luke 10: ...39 speaks of Mary and Martha as though ...ither had been named before and without any ...idence of previous reference. The whole ...estion is one concerning which no one can ...eak with final authority, although the reason...able inference is, as we have said, that they were different individuals.

G. P. R., Galesburg, Ill. 1. Why are some months longer than others? 2. What should be the exact length of a month?

1. In the early reckoning the length of a month was measured by a revolution of the moon around the earth. The present system of long and short months was instituted as being adaptable to the arrangement of the yearly calendar, hence they are called calendar months, and range from 28 to 31 days. 2. There are several kinds of months. A *sidereal* month is reckoned according to a revolution of the moon from a position among the stars to the same position and consists of 27.32166 days; if the period is reckoned from new moon to new moon it is a *synodic* month and contains 29.53059 days. The time of the moon's revolution from perigee to perigee, that is, from the point in the orbit nearest the earth to the same point, is an *anamolistic* month, requiring 27.55460 days. The *nodical* month having 27.21222 days is the interval between the moon's passage of and return to the same node.

J. D., Clarkston, Wash. Please inform me how the "kingdom of God" can be established in the hearts of men now, when Jesus will say at the judgment "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you at the foundation of the world"?

The kingdom of the Messiah, which was foretold by many of the prophets and is further explained in the New Testament, is a divine, spiritual kingdom, to be built up in the hearts of men and ultimately to become universal. It is described in the early prophecies as a coming golden age, when the true religion should be re-established and universal peace and happiness should prevail. Unquestionably, it was regarded by the Jews in a temporal sense only, but the Saviour himself declared it to be a spiritual kingdom, and his followers look forward to its highest realization only after his return. Meanwhile, from the beginning of the Christian dispensation, the kingdom has progressed in the hearts of men. That Jesus himself intended to convey this is made clear in Matt. 8: 12; 11: 12; 11: 28; Mark 12: 34; Luke 11: 9, 11, and many other passages which deal with the various phases of the same subject. The passage in Matt. 24, to which you refer, describes the condition of the believers at the judgment and their welcome to the fulness of the kingdom, with all its blessings and rewards.

Miscellaneous

W. L. T., Oakshall, Va. No such passage in the Bible.

H. B., Springtown, O. We have no data on the subject, but believe the statement to be fairly correct.

Sincere Inquirer, Andover, Mass. The Old Testament contains throughout a line of prophecies of the coming of the Messiah, and the New Testament tells the story of his coming, mission, Gospel, life-work, death, atonement and resurrection, and the duty of his followers for the upbuilding of his kingdom. One who does not accept Christ as divine rejects the very basis of the revealed Word. To him, its prophecies of a Saviour and their fulfilment are alike meaningless.

Constant Reader, Asbury Park, N. J. The option to renew, given by the owner of the property, would not be binding, unless you gave some consideration to the owner to induce him to sign it. Not being binding on the owner, the agreement to renew the lease would not be binding on any subsequent purchaser of the property. If you did give any consideration for the owner's agreement to renew the lease, however small, the renewal agreement would be binding on a subsequent purchaser.

Reader, Dell Rapids. Both are needed, more trained and equipped workers for the foreign field and more money for their support. The same applies in a less degree in the home field. A college education is not considered indispensable for missionary work, although it is always an advantage. There are training schools for missionaries, where they can receive a regular course of preparation. It is seldom nowadays that any denomination sends a missionary to service who has not had the necessary special training to fit him for the work.

G. H. R., Shiremanstown, Pa. 1. Some churches are autocratic, while others allow considerable latitude to their congregations in many different ways. Disobedience to the order or rule of a church conference respecting the wearing of a certain garb would not be visited by excommunication or expulsion by any Protestant body. Neither would any action be taken against a member who might marry outside the church. 2. The passage in Isa. 45: 7 (second clause) does not refer to moral evil, but to war, disaster, disturbances of the natural order of things, in contrast to peace. It is very important to get the right meaning of this passage, which is frequently misinterpreted.

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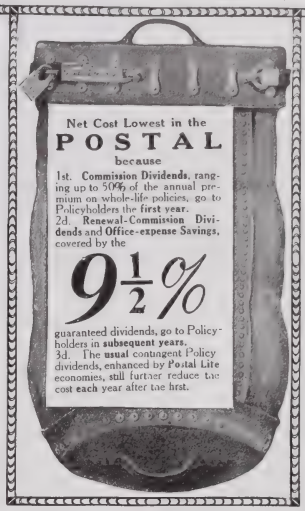
But education isn't always so easy. Grammar school and high school, yes; for the youngsters live at home and the cost doesn't seem to count.

It is another matter when high-school days are over and the next step — the *necessary* step — must be seminary or college.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This is the Kitchenette—a dishwasher that will wash, dry and sterilize all the dishes used by a large family in a few minutes.

No need to put your hands in water or perform any labor whatever, and the Kitchenette does it all and does it better. It is so easy and simple that a child can work it, and it is guaranteed.

Every home should have one at once. We don't ask you to buy it until you have had it in your own home and proved to your own satisfaction that it is worth its weight in gold. We don't ask you for a penny down. We ship you the Kitchenette FREE. Try it for 30 days. Then if you like it pay us on easy terms of one payment plan—$1.00 a month for nine months. If you don't like it return it to us at our expense.

Pay $1.00 a Month

KITCHENETTE CO., 42 Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y. Dept. C

Please send me complete information about the Kitchenette Family Dishwasher, with full particulars of your Free Trial Offer and Easy Payment Plan.

This coupon is to be worth $1.00 if I decide to buy a Kitchenette.

Name .....

Address .....

HAPPY COZY CORNER DAYS

My attention has been called to the fact that there might be unfair discrimination in awarding three prizes only to the first three friends who correctly guess the name of the little girl whose picture appears above.

Some boys and girls live far away, and it would take the mails many days to bring in their replies. Others live within a few blocks of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, which would give them an unfair advantage over distant ones.

I am therefore compelled to call off the contest. But I do not want any of you to be disappointed, so I am going to offer you the following:

To any boy or girl who will send me the names of three friends who might become interested in the Cozy Corner I will send a lovely prize. You have only to send their names and addresses. Please enclose a stamped envelope, not smaller than 7x4 inches, addressed to yourself.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

YOU CAN DO THIS, TOO

A BOY I know grows a superior variety of new potatoes of most unusual texture and delicacy of flavor. He has been doing it for three years, and is already planning to pay his way through a first-class agricultural college with what he calls "my potato proceeds."

Two years ago he found a heap of potatoes in a perfectly dark room in the stable. Instead of being decayed each potato was surrounded by bunches of almost perfectly white little potatoes about the size of hickory nuts. They looked so good, he cooked some of them in a dipper on a tin stove in the barnyard, and because they tasted much more delicate than the usual "new potato" he decided all on his own hook to experiment systematically with them and waste no time on a paltry dozen or two. Selecting large, perfect potatoes without the slightest blemish he spread uniformly dry vegetable mold sifted fine and three or four inches deep on the bare floor of the same dark room from which every particle of light was excluded. He half buried the potatoes in rows about four inches apart, never allowing a ray of daylight to touch them, and within three weeks of the first planting many pure white "new potatoes" about the size of a walnut had developed on the old potatoes. These he removed and made gifts to his friends. In a few weeks more a second crop was gathered, and after this a third from the original planting. His "dark garden" spread to the cellar and an old loft, and to-day the Joe Hawkins potatoes sell like eggs for so much a dozen in the open village market, and within two years Joe has about fifty private customers to buy all the new potatoes he can raise.

To Take to School

RECESS Cookies: One and one-half cupfuls of molasses, one cup granulated sugar, one cup butter, half teaspoon salt, one heaping teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one cupful of cold water in which two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda have been dissolved, flour enough to roll soft.

Don't Do It—It Doesn't Pay

MOST boys have heard a whole lot about the evils of cigarette smoking and I want to add just a word more. You can't blame me. I heard Judge Ben B. Lindsey, "the Boy's Friend," say it, and I want you to hear it too. "See here," said the judge to a gang of boys arraigned before him for general bad conduct, "it is cigarette smoking brings you here. I can tell it by looking at you." Then leaning over his desk and looking squarely into the faces of that line of good-for-nothings, "cigarette smoking doesn't pay," he added. "It dulls the moral nature. Its effect on the physical and nervous systems is little short of deadly. It over-stimulates and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption and insane asylums. "I have seen bright boys," the judge continued, "turned into dunces and cowards by it. Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples. They droop before the harvest."

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLK

IN SILENCE I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.

I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knife or fork or anything,
I must not play; nor must I sing.

I must not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen, not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.

I must not say, "The bread is old,"
I must not say, "The soup is cold,"
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."

The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run.

When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all his wondrous love.

J. TROWBRIDGE.

GOOD-NIGHT VERSE.

Bless His holy name. . . . Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies.

A FOOD CONVERT

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve stomach trouble, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to tonics is liking whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash diminishes his power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts — light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an advertisement I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls as the cereal part of a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Crown Jewel Cotton Batting

CROWN Jewel Cotton Batting is made from the choicest long fibre cotton. It is scientifically purified — thoroughly cleansed and is entirely free from odor and dust. It is pure—natural snow-white cotton, soft and fluffy—clean and sweet.

Its use insures sanitary bedding—warmth without excessive weight—no sewing or stitching layers together—the long fibre prevents bunching or separating.

One Roll Free. One full size roll of Crown Jewel Cotton Batting free to anyone sending us 10 Crown Jewel trademarks taken from the wrappers of *Crown Jewel Batting.*

If your dealer can't supply you write us. Descriptive Booklet free.

Rock River Cotton Co., Janesville, Wis.

BARGAIN OFFER KEITH'S

To show the wonderful value of Keith's 72 page magazine for home builders, we are offering for a limited time—three months' subscription to Keith's Magazine—and Keith's Book of Wonder Houses with 20 plans showing photo views as actually built—and Volume 1 and 2 of Keith's famous Big Plan Books with many plans of small inexpensive houses, cottages and bungalows. Keith's Magazine contains each month 8 to 10 plans, and many articles interesting to home builders.

$1

All sent for only $1.00 if you order now.

M. L. KEITH, 384 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.

$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair

Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2.in ten days, or send 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 6c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods.

ANNA AYERS,
Dept. A618 22 Quincy St., Chicago

REV. EZRA T. SANFORD DEAD

The Late Rev. Ezra T. Sanford

ONE of the most active Baptist ministers in New York City, Rev. Ezra T. Sanford, of the North Baptist Church, West Eleventh Street, died suddenly at his home in Chester, N. Y., on August 23. For several months he had been a sufferer from heart disease. He was sixty-seven years old and had been in charge of the North Baptist Church for seven years. He was one of the leading clergymen of the Baptist denomination.

Dr. Sanford was a graduate of Cornell University, following a course at College, and completed his education for the ministry in the Union Theological Seminary. In 1892 he accepted the call to the Baptist Church in Cornwall, N. Y. He was afterward pastor of the Baptist Churches at Port Jervis, N. Y., and Hackensack, N. J. He came to New York City in 1905.

Dr. Sanford was a man of many Christian activities and was particularly fond of Sunday-school work. For ten years past he visited THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home at Mont-Lawn every summer and was a special favorite with the children, who loved to listen to his illustrated stories of travel in foreign lands. He was a most genial and lovable man, a ready speaker, and an earnest and successful soul-winner. The interment took place in the family burying-ground at Warwick, N. Y.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a writer asserts the authenticity of the alleged events narrated in Whittier's poem, namely, that during the march of the Confederate soldiers through Frederick, Md., Barbara Frietchie, an old, gray-headed woman, appeared at a window and waved a Union flag in the face of Stonewall Jackson, the Southern commander. The latter is reported to have given strict orders that no one should fire upon the old woman.

This is a very pretty story, but like that of Sergeant Anthony on the sinking of the *Maine*, it is purely the product of a vivid imagination. Nobody denies the existence of Barbara Frietchie, or that she lived in Frederick at the time, but the alleged exhibition of her patriotism and the Southern general's order have been contradicted time and again by those who accompanied General Jackson on that occasion. Years ago I read these denials, all of which stated that Barbara Frietchie was bedridden at the time, to make the matter doubly sure I have been making investigation since John Iglehart's article appeared, with the following result:

Rev. Dr. James Power Smith, of Richmond, Va., who was appointed on General Jackson's staff the day after the entry into Frederick, and was with that time closely associated with the general and his staff and many General officers of his command, writes that he never heard the story until after the war was over. He says that Colonel H. Kyd Douglas, of Hagerstown, Md., was with Jackson when he entered Frederick, and guided him through the town, and that Colonel Douglas repeatedly published the statement that neither the general nor the troops passed the home of old Barbara and that there was no firing on any flag. The story has been denied again and again by other officers who were with Jackson or in his command. Dr. Smith (now summering in the Blue Ridge) adds: "I believe it was denied in a public letter by a kinswoman of old Barbara. I am away from my papers and cannot quote the authorities. I have never believed a word of the story."

Even if the flag had been displayed by the old woman, it was only what was openly done by other women in that and other communities. Major General E. M. Law, a distinguished Confederate officer residing in this town, tells me that he and his troops passed through Frederick on that occasion. He says that the girls and women were timid at first when the Confederates entered the town, but when they perceived that they would not be insulted or molested, they became very bold and appeared openly in the doorways, at the windows, and on the porches, wearing Union flags as aprons and across the breast, and waving small flags at the soldiers. One of them even accosted a soldier and asked him if he would not like to fight under that flag. The soldiers greeted the women pleasantly. General Law assures me that the same thing was done by the women of Chambersburg, Pa., and other towns of that section, which shows that the Southern soldiers had no thought of shooting a woman because she exhibited a Union flag, and hence General Jackson's order (as alleged in the poem) was altogether unnecessary.

(REV.) EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Bartow, Fla.

CALLED HIGHER

George Taylor (75), of Norwich, O., died January 20, 1912.

Mrs. Tressa Martindale, of Centralia, Wash., passed to her reward October 14, 1911.

Mrs. Sarah H. Partridge, of North Mc-Alester, Okla., departed this life February 25, 1911.

Mrs. Clarissa Spalding (80), of Chicago, Ill., was called suddenly from this life December 1, 1911.

Mrs. Artelissa Packer, of Pitcher, N. Y., died suddenly on August 7, 1911. For many years she was a devoted reader of this magazine.

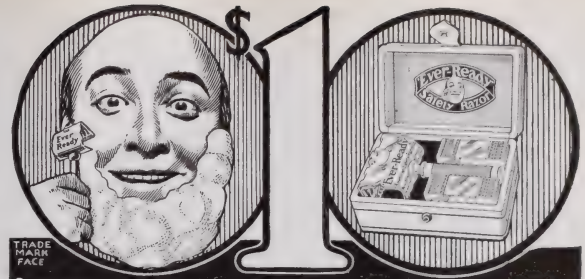
Mrs. H. Cook (44), of Cuero, Texas, passed away on March 8, 1912. For many years she was deeply interested in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its work in foreign fields.

Alpheus White (76) died March 21, 1912, at his home near West Middleton, Ind., after a long life of loving devotion to his family and to God.

Mrs. Anna M. Hines, of Hasbrouck Heights, N. J., in her 76th year, passed away April 22, 1911. She was a great sufferer and bore her affliction with Christian fortitude.

Mrs. D. L. Coe (87), of Langdon, D. C., died January 17, 1912. She was a noble Christian character, and a frequent contributor to the charity funds in connection with this publication.

Theodore T. Douglas (44), of Melrose, N. Y., was taken to his heavenly home August 3, 1911. He was a true Christian character and for the last ten years of his life a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



'Ever-Ready'

Always guaranteed the best shaving safety at any price, the "EVER-READY" in its new, solid case now ranks as the classiest looking of "safeties." *See illustration.*

Each of the 12 blades is guaranteed; the frame is guaranteed 10 years and the entire outfit is guaranteed completely.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Safety Razor

Order your "EVER-READY" today of any Druggist—Hardware store—Sporting goods dealer or general store; you don't risk a penny but do get the best razor that ever touched a beard.

Look for the trademark face—count the 12 blades to avoid disappointment—ask for the "EVER-READY" by name.

Mail orders filled where dealers don't handle, or attempt substitution.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC., Herald Square, New York

With 12 Blades

For Economy and Quality

"YPSI-GIRLS" Gingham Dresses

MADE of highgrade material (Ivanhoe, Utility, Renfrews and Manhattans) by skillful operators in sanitary shops. Quality and workmanship guaranteed. Large production permits low prices.

Both these attractive and serviceable dresses sent anywhere, postage prepaid, for $5. Either one for $2.75. Just right for school or general fall use. Order to-day, giving size wanted. Satisfaction or money back.

We also have complete line of misses' and girls' serges, woolens, ginghams. Samples and designs sent upon request.

Good proposition for Women Agents.

Ypsilanti Garment Co., 808 Chicago Av., Ypsilanti, Mich.

LADIES! A customer writes: "It is a relief to know at last there's one shoe made to fit the foot. I have always had to fit the shoe before."

The Unlined, Vici Kid PILLOW SHOE

eases the foot and pleases the eye. Soft, easy, neat and stylish. No lining to wrinkle and tear. Made in Goodyear welt and turn style. Price includes O'SULLIVAN Rubber HEELS shock absorbers of new, live rubber. Absolute comfort and fit guaranteed or money refunded.

This shoe Goodyear Welt

$3.75 Prepaid in U.S.

Write for Free Catalog and self-measure blank.

Customers Everywhere PILLOW SHOE CO. Trade Mark Registered

184 Summer Street, - Dept. 3, - Boston, Mass.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS.

UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.

Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

SAVE HALF Your Paint Bills

By using INGERSOLL PAINT—proved best by 66 years' use. It will please you. Only paint endorsed by the "Grange." Made in all colors—for all purposes.

DELIVERED FREE

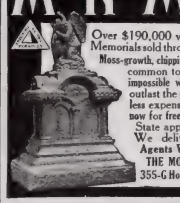
From the Mill Direct to You at Factory Prices.

INGERSOLL PAINT BOOK—FREE

Tells all about Paint and Painting for Durability. How to avoid trouble and expense caused by paints fading, chalking and peeling. Valuable information free to you, with Sample Color Cards. Write me. Do IT NOW. I can save you money.

O. W. Ingersoll, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

MONUMENTS



Over $190,000 worth of White Bronze Memorials sold through the *Christian Herald*

Moss-growth, chipping, cracking and crumbling, common to marble and granite, are impossible with White Bronze. It will outlast the pyramids. More artistic, less expensive. Investigate. Write now for free illustrations and prices. State approximate cost desired. We deliver everywhere. Good Agents Wanted.

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO., 355-G Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

Save $8.00 to $22.00 on

Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.

Address Hoosier Stove Co., 164 State St., Marion, Ind.

Ladies Wanted

Money for Your Spare Time

We require ladies to co-operate with us in securing orders for finest New York custom tailored suits and coats. Our new selling method and co-operative plan will make you independent. We sell from factory to wearer at factory prices, and allow liberal, quickly earned profits. Big Style Book—50 sample fabrics, and complete outfit *free*. Get your next coat and suit tailored to your measure and let us start you on our co-operative profit-sharing plan. No expense or experience necessary. Write for particulars.

New York Garment Co., Inc., 1158 Broadway, N.Y.

SUGGESTIONS TO FALL HOUSE CLEANERS

In "fixing up" your house for the winter, you may find that you need coverings for one or more floors. You may also be undecided as to just what to buy. Permit us to suggest.

Some people seem to have the idea that CREX floor coverings are used principally on living porches and in summer homes. This is a wrong impression—a CREX covering will grace any floor of the house.

There is no covering, of modest cost, so cleanly, so bright, so cheerful, so durable and so healthful. The cost, compared with even cotton coverings, favors CREX.

There are runners for halls and stairs, carpets for unpolished floors and rugs where desired. The color scheme of any room may be matched.

Bed chambers with CREX rugs or carpet are a delight. The delicate fragrance of the natural untreated grass soothes the nerves and promotes peaceful rest. You do not have to tack down CREX coverings—they lie flat—never curl.

CREX
Grass Carpets and Rugs
TRADE MARK

CREX products are made of scientifically cultured wire-grass—the most cleanly, economical and sanitary material known for floor coverings—by patented spinning and weaving machinery.

There are imitation grass coverings selling at a trifle less price, but you will find CREX more beautiful, more substantial and more durable. Insist upon the genuine.

Most carpet, furniture and house-furnishing dealers carry the CREX line. Go to your dealer and make a careful inspection. Note the modest patterns and colorings—of which you will never tire.

Examine the weave, which you will find is porous—yet substantial—therefore permits the dust to sift through instead of holding, as do woolen and cotton coverings. The task of keeping your rooms in clean, sanitary condition is cut to the minimum.

If you will send us your name and address, asking for Catalogue H, we will mail you, with our compliments, our latest edition, showing sizes and patterns in lifelike colors.

CREX CARPET COMPANY
Originators of Wire-Grass Floor Coverings
377 Broadway, New York

FINDING LIFE IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH

IT WAS a fitting close of the funeral services of the great general of the Salvation Army at the Olympia in London, when the strains of mournful music were hushed and the signs of mourning forgotten and the great assembly gave itself up to the old-time revival fervor. While the body of the dead general lay before the platform, his son Bramwell, the Army's new general, led in the singing of invitation hymns, while the unconverted and backsliders crowded forward to kneel at the "penitent forms." Benches had been placed at the right and left of the general's casket, and above them were great signs bearing the words, "Mercy Seat." Here the penitents knelt, while the singing rolled on, and other seekers joined them. Death had indeed lost its sting. The joys of salvation dried the tears of those who mourned their departed chief, for they knew he was not dead. After a mighty chorus:

"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me,"

which the general had sung at nearly every meeting he conducted in recent years, the vast congregation joined in singing,

"When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

Thus, even in death, General Booth drew others to the Cross. Sorrow at his death deepened the conviction of sin and led sinners to the joys of salvation. Death was swallowed up in victory. For many years it will continue to be said of William Booth: "He being dead yet speaketh."

The Blind Woman of Algiers

Continued from page 882

was another strain of blood introduced. This was the people converted to Christianity who made these regions of North Africa the stronghold of the early Christian Church. Here lived Tertullian, Cyprian and Augustine, the leaders of the Christian world.

The Blind Woman of Algiers is a type of the Kabyles of to-day, living in a stone-walled dungeon for twelve hundred years, with the mark of the ancient faith on their faces, but all its power lost from head, heart and home. This people is in a desperate condition, for the old life is being revolutionized by the new civilization, which gives them no help, but makes their situation still more desperate.

Their only possible hope for help lies with the womanhood of Christian America. The Methodist Episcopal Church is the only organized Protestant church in all these regions. The Roman Catholic Church is here, but it never has in the past, does not now, and never can, so long as it remains what it is, give the help needed. The responsibility lies on the Methodist Episcopal Church alone. A splendid beginning has been made. The Blind Woman of Algiers has been found and put in a cleaner room. The task now is to enter as a friend the filth-filled habitation of Islam and lead out its blind and beggared childhood, womanhood and manhood to the health-giving sunlight and sweetness of a Gospelized life; to give civilized Christian homes to those who have so long lived in "the hole in the wall."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A SUBSCRIBER

We have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so long that I can't remember how long. It is upwards of twenty-five years or more. I assure you it is a very welcome visitor each week. I have taken advantage of the premiums offered each year, which have come promptly and given entire satisfaction. The calendars and art pictures have helped to decorate our home, and this morning the useful and perfect *Almanac* was received, for all of which please accept our sincere thanks.

Kendallville, Ind. MRS. S. J. HARTSUCK.

Don't Doctor Corns With Steel

Don't pare them. That just removes the top layer. It leaves the main part to grow.

A slip of the blade may mean infection. Sometimes a dangerous infection.

This form of home surgery should be ended forever.

A few years ago a chemist invented the B & B wax — the heart of the Blue-jay plaster.

Now you simply apply this plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain instantly stops, and the corn is forgotten.

This wonderful wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and branch, comes out. No soreness, no discomfort.

Please don't doubt it.

Fifty million corns have been removed in this way. Millions of people know it. Just try it yourself, and never again will you let corns cause you pain.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (149)
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets

FROM THE MILL — 33⅓% SAVED

Buy from the manufacturers and save dealers' profits. 25,000 satisfied customers. Well-known **Regal Rugs**, 6x9, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. **Brussels Rugs**, 9x12, greatest value known, $3.60. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9x12, $8.75. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9x12, $16. Standard **Axminsters**, 9x12, $16.80. Best quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleum** and **Furniture** at mill and factory prices. Write to-day for our New Illustrated Catalog, No. 15, showing designs in actual colors. SENT FREE.

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2428-42 JASPER ST.,
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They Die Outdoors!
No mixing—
No spreading—
No muss—
No trouble.
Just crumble up a
Rat Bis-Kit
about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way. Large size 25c, small size 15c; all druggists or direct prepaid
THE RAT BISCUIT CO.
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Springfield, O.

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"NUBO" Shoulder Braces
For Men, Women and Children

built on the same scientific principle and serving the same purpose as Shoulder Braces being sold at $1 to $3.

SPECIAL PRICE, postpaid, - - 30c

Light, perfect fitting; comfortable—they assist nature in its work. They compel, without discomfort, a correct carriage and deep breathing which fills the lungs with pure, invigorating air. They insure pure blood, a healthy complexion and vigor that medicine can never give.

Price, 30c. postpaid
Send Chest measure.

Size 1—Children
" 2—Youths and misses
" 3—Stout youths and misses
Size 4—Men and women, slender
" 5—Men and women, stout
" 6—Men and women, extra stout

REBORN CO., Dept. D, 28 W. 15th St., New York

Guaranteed Stoves—Direct from Factory Wholesale Prices—Freight Paid

Buy a Gold Coin Stove direct from factory and save $5 to $20. We pay freight and insure safe delivery of stove—polished, all ready to set up.

After One Year's Trial

we will refund your money if you are not satisfied. Send for Big Catalog of

Gold Coin Stoves and Ranges

and details of our **PROFIT-SHARING PLAN** for our customers. Learn how you can get stoves, standard for 51 years, at a bargain. Write today.

GOLD COIN STOVE CO., 11 Oak Street, TROY, N. Y.

Get This New Point of View:

Life is too short for any Shotgun Shortcomings!

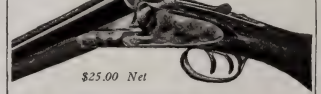
Why should your pleasure or your game bag suffer because of some oversight or omission of the gun maker—no matter how slight?

The six Hunter Brothers' 22 years of Inventions, Precision Workmanship, Purpose and Experience have freed the Smith gun of all the shortcomings, one by one, which other guns—each to a greater or lesser degree—have.

Inaccessibility, for example, is eliminated by the Smith "One-Screw Access" to all working parts. *Shooting loose* is eliminated by the Smith Rotary Bolt. This takes up wear *in all directions* by the double wedging of its double claws, which enter the frame after passing through the extension rib.

And so on through the list of *gun problems solved* the Smith becomes truly the gun with No Shortcomings! If you really want to be up-to-date on gun improvements, send for our handsome catalog, showing grades from $25 net to $1500 list.

Send to-day, and you'll be mighty glad you did not put it off.



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ROOSEVELT AT MASS

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Times* gives an interesting account of the jubilee held in celebration of the silver anniversary of the ordination of Father John J. Curran, a prominent Catholic priest in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on August 22. Colonel Roosevelt was an honored guest and politics was not barred by any means. The *Times'* account of the event says:

"Father Curran read the mass, which was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Saviour, East End, and impressive services marked the ceremony. Colonel Roosevelt occupied a front pew, while Bishop M. J. Hoban of Scranton, Vicar General Turner of Philadelphia, and Monsignor O'Mayley of Pittston had seats of honor in the sanctuary. There were perhaps fifty priests present. The church was filled to overflowing.

"It was after the sermon by the Rev. John J. O'Donnell that Father Curran arose to thank those who were doing him honor. Then turning from that subject, he said: 'When times of great upheavals come, I, as priest and citizen, should read and study the conditions as they occur, and should go straight ahead and fight for what I think is right. There are certain factors to-day which are changing our lives, and we must study these conditions. We want justice and the rights of man. We must face these conditions, and once we have the conviction that we are right we must not falter. We must progress. Some may think we are ahead of the times. I do not think so. If we are unselfish in our motives for the uplift of our fellow men we shall win out. I have made up my mind and shall go ahead.'

"As Father Curran and Colonel Roosevelt left the church for the parish house, there was a stampede by the congregation to congratulate the priest and shake hands with the colonel. Roosevelt was escorted to the front porch, from which he spoke briefly.

"The ex-President was hurried by automobile to Harvey's Lake, where he held a short reception, standing beside Father Curran. Then the two hundred guests, including men of all creeds, sat down to dinner, Roosevelt sitting at the head of the table between Father Curran and Monsignor T. F. Coffey of Carbondale. Over the colonel's head were pennants bearing the words, 'Our Next President.'

"After he had smiled his thanks for the applause that greeted him, the colonel praised Father Curran, and then the Catholic priests in general.

"'I want to add one thing to what Bishop Hoban said when he said that in Ireland the priest had a peculiar hold on his parishioners,' began the colonel. 'I want to say that I think the American priest has inherited it in full. There is not another country in the world where it is so well worth while as in America, and where a gathering like this to pay honor to a Catholic priest would be accepted with so little comment. Here all religions gather—Catholics, Protestants and Jews.'"

A REMARKABLE SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD

The books came with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and in good shape. Please accept thanks for same. I have now gone 900 Sundays to Sunday school and have not missed one Sunday. I live in the country, and for about seven years I went to the United Brethren Church and had to walk two and a half miles each way. About one year I went to the M. E. Church and had five and a half miles each way to go. Most of the remaining time, I went to an M. E. Church two and a quarter miles each way. If the Lord spares my life and gives me health, I will have completed 1,000 links in the golden chain before I stop or miss a Sunday. Some people say that in the winter it is too cold, in the spring too wet and in the summer too hot. Those things have never bothered me. I have read the Bible for nearly seventeen years and have only missed three or four days. I read it book by book, yet have only read it through seven and a half times.

I think THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a paper good beyond description. It is very dear to me.

J. A. MEISGER.

Jacobs Creek, Pa.

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This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called **"Sargol"** that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

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"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so that makes 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

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"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age, and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 28 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

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"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do.

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Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Sargol does make thin people add flesh. But we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us today and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package for trial. ***Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.***

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Christian Herald

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A PORTRAIT

From the Painting by Boleslas de Szankowsky.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

E. V. M., Newark, N. J. Can you give me a comparison between the wages of bricklayers and stone-masons in this country and England?

In England bricklayers and stone-masons receive about the same, from $9 to $10 weekly, while in the United States the former command $26 to $30 and the latter $23 to $27 weekly. It must be taken into consideration, however, that living is much cheaper in England than in this country, and in face of this, there is not so much dissimilarity as would seem.

E. L. Y., Heppner, Ore. Please explain John 3: 5. Does it have any reference to water baptism?

"Born of water and of the spirit" is a two-fold explanation of the new birth. To the Jewish ecclesiastics, already familiar with the symbolic application of water, this language was designed to show that the real object was a thorough spiritual purification by the operation of the Holy Ghost. This element of water and the operation of the spirit are the subject of prediction in Ezekiel 36: 25-27. The Jews were already familiar with the water symbol, and now, in the Christian Church, they were to have the demonstration of the works of the Holy Ghost in spiritual baptism.

R. G. N., Hawkinsville, Ga. Can a negro be called an Africander?

No; a negro is a black man of African blood, especially a descendant of Senegambian or Sudanese ancestors; an Africander is a person born in South Africa of European, usually meaning Dutch, parents or descent.

A. A. C., Winslow, Ind. 1. When the Apostle Paul spoke of the "great cloud of witnesses" in Heb. 12, I think he had reference to the witnesses he spoke of in the eleventh chapter who had overcome by faith and whom he was holding up as an example to the Christians under this dispensation. 2. Please explain Luke 23: 31.

1. Possibly such an interpretation may be correct, although the other finds the readier acceptance, viz.: that he referred to the ministering spirits from the invisible world. The translation here permits the rendering of the word "compassed" to mean also "above us," the figure of speech being taken from the scene at the national games, where the spectators press around to see the combat. The martyrs in this sense are witnesses of the struggle of faith that is constantly going on in the world. 2. "The green tree and the dry" is an illustration drawn from Jesus' experience as a carpenter. The green tree resists the fire, while the dry attracts it. The spiritual meaning is that if such suffering as he had described came to the innocent, what must be in store for those who are provoking and instigating the suffering?

B. S., Topeka, Kan. 1. Can a Chinaman, under any circumstances, become a citizen of the United States? 2. Can Chinese children, born here, become citizens?

1. No Chinaman can be admitted to citizenship. Section 14, Act of Congress, May 6, 1882, says: "No State court or court of the United States shall admit Chinese to citizenship, and all laws in conflict with this act are repealed." 2. Children born here of Chinese parents who are themselves aliens and incapable of becoming naturalized are citizens of the United States the same as the children of any other nationality.

G. R., Arnprior, Ont. 1. What are the annual amounts of the imports from the United States to Canada and the exports from Canada to the United States?

In 1911 the imports amounted to $269,806,013 and the exports to $100,863,418.

Reader, Canton, O. An evangelist here lately said that the Catholic Church was the first church, meaning the Roman Catholic Church. When and where was the first church established?

The word "church" is first applied by Luke the evangelist to the company of original disciples at Jerusalem at Pentecost (Acts 2: 47), and is afterwards applied in Acts, Epistles and Revelation to the whole Christian body or society, as well as the sanctified of God (Eph. 5: 27), and to those who profess Christian faith under pastors (I. Cor. 12: 28). It was also applied to early societies of Christians in cities and provinces (Acts 8: 1), to Christian assemblies (Rom. 16: 5), and to small gatherings of friends and neighbors in private houses (I. Cor. 11: 18 and 14: 19, 28). In those early days and for a long time afterward, there was no distinctive body and certainly no denomination; the church was simply an appellation describing groups of believers anywhere. Later, these groups were organized into congregations and districts and parishes were defined. Then they were called "Christians," the first use of this appellation being at Antioch. The Romanist claim to priority is an old one, but it does not stand the test of history. The title "Catholic Church" (meaning the "church universal") was originally given to the Christian Church on

Continued on last column

IMPORTANT!

TO CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS

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SEVERAL Magazine Publishers announce a new and higher schedule of clubbing prices to take effect in October. To meet the raise in prices and save *Christian Herald* Subscribers as much as possible, we offer **reduced price** Magazine Clubs for September. Send in your order at once for your magazine list for the coming year. All unexpired subscriptions renewed now will be extended a full year, no matter when the present subscription expires. Our new 1913 Almanac (published November 1st) will be sent free with each renewal made now.

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Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + American Magazine ($1.50 a Year)	$2.15	Was $2.65
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + McClure's Magazine ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30	Was $2.65
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Everybody's ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30	Was $2.65
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Delineator ($1.50 a Year)	$2.20	Was $2.55
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Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Cosmopolitan ($1.50 a Year)	$2.15	Was $2.50
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Pictorial Review ($1.00 a Year)	$2.00	
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Harper's Bazar ($1.25)	$2.15	Was $2.50
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Garden Magazine ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30	Was $2.65
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Current Literature ($3.00 a Year)	$3.00	
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Housewife (50c a Year)	$1.55	Was $1.75
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Ladies' World (50c a Year)	$1.55	Was $1.75
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + McCall's (50c a Year)	$1.60	Was $1.75
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + People's Home Journal (50c a Year)	$1.60	Was $1.75
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Modern Priscilla (75c a Year)	$1.75	Was $2.00
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Survey

CLASS 70
Country Life in America
Harper's Magazine
Harper's Weekly
North American Review

EXAMPLES

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Christian Herald	23
Wom. Home Comp.	23
Cosmopolitan	20
	66
	x5
Total Clubbing Price,	$3.30

Christian Herald	23
Pictorial Review	17
Ladies' World	8
	48
	x5
Total Clubbing Price,	$2.40

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from first column

account of its not being confined to Jews, but embracing other nationalities. The earliest use of this title was about 166 A. D., whereas the Roman Catholic Church, as such, did not come into existence until several centuries afterward, when the original church divided in consequence of the rivalry between the bishops of Rome and Constantinople.

W. B. R., Dayton, O. What are the flower symbols for January and February?

Snowdrop and primrose.

M. H. J., Roanoke, Va. Why is it that all are agreed that Jesus was buried on Friday and rose on Sunday, when he himself said plainly that he would be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth? Matt. 12: 40. May it not be true that he was crucified and buried on Thursday?

Professor Wescott, a great New Testament scholar and one of the editors of the most widely used text of the Greek New Testament, held the view you present, but practically every other authority disagrees with him. The celebration of Friday as the day of our Lord's death and burial dates back to extremely early times in church history. The explanation is that a "day" meant to the Jew a day and a night. Their day began at sunset and continued till the next sunset. The day of the resurrection is fixed without any uncertainty as Sunday. The statement that Christ rose "on the third day" occurs nine times in the New Testament. Figuring back from Sunday, scholars have agreed that he was crucified and buried on Friday. At sunset Friday, the "second day" would begin. At sunset Saturday "the third day" would begin (lasting till sunset the following day), and it was during this day that the Saviour rose. It is true that the expression "three days and three nights" in the passage you mention sounds very emphatic to our Western ears, accustomed to the sharp distinction conveyed by the words in our time and speech. But, as Dr. Whedon comments here, "the Jews reckoned the entire twenty-four hours in an unbroken piece as a *night-and-day*. They counted the odd fragment of a day, in computation, as an entire night-and-day. Our Lord, therefore, was dead during three night-and-days."

P. T., Ogdensburg, N. Y. What has been the most fatal disease to the human race and when and where did it occur?

The most fatal plague of history is that known as the "Black Death," a form of typhus which caused the body to turn black. In 1348 it swept the Old World from China to Ireland. In Europe alone 2,500,000 perished. London became a huge mortuary, 100,000 being carried off in a few weeks.

Miscellaneous

H. H., Coldwater, Kan. The passage in I. Peter 3: 19 is one which has been much discussed by commentators. It is generally interpreted as meaning that the preaching to the spirits "in prison" implies not the preaching of the Gospel, but the announcement of Christ's finished work. Nor does it imply a second day of grace.

R. B. F., Minden, Neb. A lie is a lie, no matter what the circumstances under which it is told may be. When it is not wise to tell the truth, it is better to say nothing. It might save trouble if the victim of a robber should say he had no money, when he really had money; but it would be an untruth nevertheless.

A. B. H., Winterport, Me. Daniel, King David's second son, born of Abigail, lived, as is supposed, about 1051 B.C. Daniel, a priest of the family of Ithamar, mentioned in Ezra 8: 2, lived about 459 B.C., and is presumably identical with the Daniel who joined in the covenant drawn up by Nehemiah (mentioned in Neh. 10: 6). He was called a "son of Ithamar" in the sense of being a priest of that family. The two need not be confused. Ithamar was the youngest son of Aaron, and, like his brothers, was consecrated to the priesthood, as were his descendants for many generations, who were called his "sons."

Subscriber, Provincetown, Mass. 1. The Peace party is facing a discouraging situation at present, but it is not losing hope. Its leaders believe that even though wars continue, they should still go on with their peace propaganda, and await God's good time for the world's full enlightenment. 2. The last six verses of Rev. 13 is a mystical description of Antichrist, and many interpreters believe it foreshadows the Papacy, which claims the double power, secular and spiritual. There has been an immense amount of speculative literature on the subject.

TWILIGHT TALES HIGHLY VALUED

With pleasure I acknowledge receipt of Margaret Sangster's last book, *Twilight Tales*. It is highly cherished with her many other contributions. I cannot say enough in her praise. I regret that her good work here is ended, but our ways are not God's ways.

Fremont, O. EVELINE BALL.

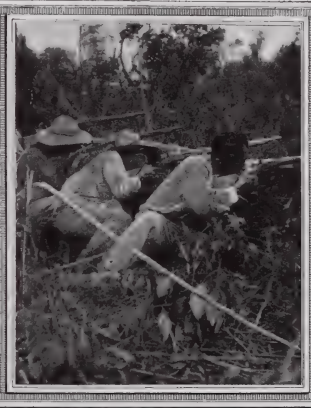
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Landing Troops at Recreo, Nicaragua

Rebels Lying in Ambush



The Main Street, Bluefields, Nicaragua

THE NICARAGUAN TURMOIL

NICARAGUA is once more in the throes of one of its periodic, geyser-like revolutions. It is only three years since the last upheaval of this sort, when a revolution against President Zelaya compelled him to flee to Mexico, and left two generals, [illegible]da and Madriz, to contend for the supremacy.

This time the revolutionists are out against Adolfo Diaz, who assumed the presidency after the period of unrest that followed the 1909 [illegible]olution. Under the direction of General Mena the sporadic fires of [illegible]surrection that have flamed more or less luridly for the past few months have now been united to form a conflagration that lights the entire country with anarchy and lawlessness. When Richard Harding Davis, a few years ago charmed us with his stories of the romance of Central American *opera bouffe* warfare, few realized how serious these petty struggles may become; how much suffering they may entail; how much destruction they are responsible for; or how, in the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the world's diplomatic relations, they may cause a most unpleasant charge to be laid at the door of a [illegible]nation, in fact, at our very own.

[illegible] weeks there came reports of petty battles and insurgent movements. It was not until late August, however, that the seriousness of revolt was realized [illegible]ashington. The disabling of [illegible]ailway line from Corinto on the [illegible]acific Coast to Managua and Granada was one of the first causes of [illegible]alarm for the lives and property of the Americans. Then came [illegible]interruption of telegraphic communication, and then came the [illegible]nited States marines from Panama. In the meantime, the rebels had bombarded Managua, the capital, and had besieged Corinto, Masaya and Matagalpa, reducing the last two almost to starvation before relief arrived. Days passed and no word came from the American and British subjects in the beleaguered towns. General Mena and his chief lieutenant, Francisco Baca, gained possession of the important towns of Leon and Granada. The lack of [illegible]ffice news rendered the situation all the more alarming, and President Taft ordered the Tenth United States Infantry Regiment to proceed from Panama to Nicaragua. This order was rescinded, however, just before the arrival of Rear Admiral William H. H. Southerland, who immediately assumed control of the [illegible]ast section of the coast.

The rear admiral, shortly after his arrival on the *California*, transferred his flag to the *Annapolis*, and sent the larger ship to Panama for 750 marines, who landed from the *Prairie* at Colon. The cruiser *Denver* he stationed at San Juan del Sur to keep order there and to protect the telegraph and cable station. Under orders from Rear Admiral Southerland, Commander Terhune and 500 marines were despatched inland to re-establish communicaton. They found rails torn up and bridges destroyed, telegraph lines cut, and buildings demolished along the railway. The malicious damage to the telegraph lines required a great deal of work and material to repair, but the marine electricians rushed it through, and within sixty hours a number of messages were despatched to the State Department at Washington. The repairs to the railway occupied practically two weeks. The placing of small garrisons of United States troops in the larger towns and the re-establishment of order along the railway quieted the activities of the rebels to a great extent. In spite of this, however, much uneasiness is felt both in diplomatic and commercial circles from the conviction that General Mena has suspended hostilities only under the pressure of superior force and that he is simply waiting a favorable opportunity to renew his aggressive campaign.

The Europeans throughout the country are appealing to their home governments for protection, but nothing definite in the way of a course of action has been agreed upon as yet. The United States is the only country to reckon with the situation so far, and as usual the action of our government is causing comment. At the present time this country has an armed force of some two thousand seven hundred men on Nicaraguan soil. Some of the European papers have not hesitated to state their belief that the policy the United States is pursuing is equivalent to putting a protectorate on the little republic. They sharply criticize our government for its intervention, charging that the State Department assists one side or the other according to the interests of the promoters of trade-seeking concessions. The critics say that this country should make clear its attitude towards all the Latin-American governments, especially the Central American republics, pointing out the fact that it cannot embroil itself in their revolutions without bringing down upon itself hostile comment and being accused of sinister motives in its interference. In the present instance the United States is being accused of having for its object the absolute control of Nicaragua in order to provide a safeguard against the eventual completion of the abandoned

Continued on next page

Government Troops En Route to the Front, Just Below Recreo, Nicaragua

NEWARK'S UNIQUE PLAYGROUND

IT'S a lucky lad who finds himself eligible to the Newark City Playgrounds, for they afford more amusement to the square inch than any other in the country, if the word of youthful enthusiasts is to be believed, since the system embraces many novel and unique features not to be found elsewhere. It is considered a model of its kind and to study it come educators from all parts of the country.

The Newark play centers, unlike those of other cities, are open the year round, summer and winter, and are free to old and young alike, so that from youth to middle age there are sports, amusements, classes and clubs suited to every taste. The daylight hours are given over to the younger element, after five o'clock to the older boys, many of whom before they were gathered into Supervisor McKiernan's fold chose the corner saloon for their nightly rendezvous, but are now leaders in all movements that make for civic righteousness, for the clever head of Newark's playground system is accounted a wizard in boy culture. Like Judge Ben Lindsey he believes boys are bad only for want of proper occupation and amusement.

While the Newark playground system possesses all the activities of other cities, with the exception of swimming pools, it has, in addition, such superlative attractions as free moving picture shows, playground orchestras, fife and drum corps, scout-craft, such as wigwagging, semaphore signaling, and instruction in the Morse and Continental Code for wireless telegraphy. As an object lesson in ethics, based on the fundamental principle of service for others, Supervisor McKiernan gives a home on the play centers to certain civic benevolences, such as babies' milk stations, free dental clinics, and a nursery for the better care and nourishment of the younger children.

One feature which has worked out beautifully in Newark is the self-government idea. Every play center, both for boys and girls, has its own mayor and common council, as well as other city departments, which operate, in a small way, after the same manner as those of the municipality. Boys of fourteen are organized into a police force after passing a civil sevice test, which, on some grounds, is quite as difficult as any the regulation police candidate is called upon to pass. Nevertheless many of the boys show averages of from 90 to 100 per cent. The youthful bluecoats police the grounds, and it is through this agency that Newark can make the proud boast that it has never had to call upon the regular police force for assistance at the playgrounds, and the importance of this can be better understood when it is explained that the moving pictures attract as many as ten thousand visitors at a time. In handling these crowds, the juvenile policemen take a hand, and they have been found more effective than the official bluecoats.

There are also playground courts, where trials are held before a juvenile judge, and youngsters who violate any of the playground rules are summoned to appear before this court for trial, and, if found guilty, are subjected to penalties, usually suspension from the playgrounds for any term from one hour to a month, according to the gravity or frequency of the offense. To keep the playgrounds neat and clean, a Board of Health, or Sanitary Squad, is appointed. Receptacles are placed on the grounds and into them go all waste and refuse, else complaints are lodged against the offenders, and, in case of a repetition of the offense, banishment from the grounds for a longer or a shorter period follows. To the youngsters who display the greatest efficiency in keeping the grounds clean, medals are awarded. It is incumbent on the Sanitary Squad, also, to prepare the grounds for athletic meets, digging the jumping-pits, laying out the running courses, and removing the litter which interferes with baseball. All this makes for individual responsibility.

On three of the playgrounds are amateur orchestras composed of boys, and on the Newton Street Playground is also a small string orchestra composed of girls. Fife and drum corps are a feature of each playground, and a combination of all the musicians furnish music for special occasions, particularly for Playground Day, which occurred on August 21.

First Aid to the Injured classes render prompt and effective assistance in case of accidents. Not only are the minor cuts and bruises of the ground children treated, but the fame of the teur physicians has spread abroad, so that quently they are called upon to treat men wh injured by machinery in the neighboring sho children hurt in the streets. "There is a doct the playground" is usually the information gratuitously by some youngster when an acc occurs, and in all possible haste the patient, seriously injured, is hurried to the spot wher First Aid boys can lend their services.

The moving pictures exhibited invariably educational subjects, and they depict the ra of the house-fly, the dangers of impure milk tragic results of unhealthy ments, methods for contr tuberculosis at home, and intensely practical series. rainy days, when the childre unable to be out of doors, are stereopticon displays i schoolrooms, with accompa talks on travel. The work girls is carried along on pa lines, and from the smallest the largest all have their and classes. There is occup work of a light and intere kind for the younger chil and domestic science, b making and the like for elder sisters.

In addition, the playgroun joice in boy scouts, their or zation, the Boys' Peace S antedating the present o federation by two years; air camps during the su months in connection with playgrounds; basket ball in ter; facilities for working and working boys to make t the grounds and recreation ters after workin hours. A are encouraged to make u the play centers, and this is aged without interfering wit activities of the children. patrons of the various cente organized into groups of clubs, classes, t ments and leagues, from the children of the k garten age to the married men.

So it will be seen that the contention of Ne folk that their playgrounds present a mo versified series of activities than most oth based on fact. Supervisor McKiernan, mor will tell you there is scarcely anything in the of recreation in the country that cannot be there. "With the exception of swimming p he says, "we have the distinction of being a in all recreation activities. Not only have we thing the combined playground systems have United States, but we are leaders in various of sport and amusement, which, first intro here, have since been widely copied all ove country."

And the secret of its success lies in the p ality of this plain, quiet-mannered man, who i of the Newark City Playground Commission.

The "Mayor and City Council" of a Newark Playground

THE NICARAGUAN TURMOIL

Nicaraguan Canal, which would be a competitor with the Panama waterway. Despite these criticisms American lives and American interests must be protected in Nicaragua. There is yet danger, and while it remains there is a duty to perform toward those of our people who have embarked in business enterprises there.

In his latest despatch to the State Department Minister Weitzel declares that conditions are still grave, especially at Granada, where there is a possibility of both famine and fever. The inhabitants, he says, are in favor of constitutional government, but have been terrorized by General Mena, who holds the fort and military supplies, and has brought about a condition of abject suffering. Minister Weitzel also reports that President Diaz has sent a force of federal troops to Matagalpa, some eighty miles east of Managua, to protect foreign interests. Despite this move of the president, much concern is felt for the safety of some one hundred and twenty-five Americans at Matagalpa, and also a number of British subjects who have interests there. Diaz is so much incensed over Mena's violation of an armistice arranged by the Salvadorean minister that he refuses to enter into another such agreement with the rebel leader.

In a message dated August 28, the minister repeats his previous statements that outlawry is rampant and that the rebel leaders are unable to check

Continued from preceding page

violence against foreigners, even if they are disposed to do so. The Salvadorean minister at Managua, who was interned by the rebels at Leon upon his return to the capital, furnished the American minister with many facts regarding the gravity of the situation.

Danger of another attack on Managua has been lessened, it is believed by Minister Weitzel, by the capture of eighty thousand rounds of rapid fire cartridges from the rebels. The federals intercepted a convoy sent by General Mena from Granada to General Baca, commanding the rebel forces at Leon. The convoy was attacked near El Guayabal, and it is believed the loss of the ammunition will have the effect of temporarily checking the revolutionists in their depredations. It will take many weeks to get ammunition over the mountain and jungle passes leading from the east coast, and it is certain the American naval officers stationed on the Pacific side will not allow any to enter from that direction. Rear Admiral Southerland believes he has control of the situation at Corinto and San Juan del Sur.

The last despatches from the scene of the turmoil indicate that the American forces have to a large extent re-established order. The officers in charge of the force of marines along the railway e the opinion that they will have little trouble i tecting the railway property and maintaining munication between the capital and Corinto assuring advices have been received at the Department in Washington, D. C., from Rea miral Southerland regarding the situation Americans and other foreigners at Mata The federal forces seem to have been making headway during the last few days than earlier progress of the fight. The capture of a large ber of the rebel army is reported, and it is b that President Diaz's troops have succee separating the two divisions of the revolut and for the time being, at least, postponed an active aggression on the part of General Mer

Maintaining Tibet's Independence

BRITISH officials on the frontier of Tib watching closely the intercourse of the Chi with the Tibetans. The proposed incorporat Tibet as a province of the Chinese republic h with strong opposition from Great Britain. The British Government contends that Tibet sho permitted to manage its own affairs. Grea ain's policy in regard to Tibet is that it will cog nize China's suzerainty over that country, b its sovereignty.

CHINA'S INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM

BY EMILY S. HARTWELL, FOOCHOW

T WAS at a Sunday afternoon Christian Endeavor meeting of women in Foochow City, 1899. Opposite me sat a Chinese woman, the tears coursing down her cheeks from eyes that e swollen with long weeping. At the close of the rice the Bible-woman and others begged me to two doors distant and see the go-between who waiting to close the bargain to buy the weeping man's children.

I have come to your class and learned God ented these children to me," the woman gasped out ween her sobs, "to bring m up for heaven; but they starving. The only way have them fed is to sell m! Their father was a d-working man and always ught home his money, but year the cholera seized and in one short day he s in his coffin, Ai-ah! Ai-ah! ave sold his house and rything, and nothing is left these starving children, girls and two boys. The s cry and will not leave me. told me I must love the s as much as the boys. s baby boy does not under-nd, so he must go first, but ah! Ai-ah! it will kill me to him! What will become his soul sold off to a then? I cannot, cannot let go!" and she burst into ther paroxysm.

That is just the way she been going for days," exined the Bible-woman. "She killing herself with grief!"

What would you do? Do send us missionaries to na to teach Christ and n stand by and see women their children? And yet I ed not ask a Missionary rd to help me save them. Without a cent hand, I then and there promised those girls seven and nine they should not be sold, l I went home to pray for money to be sent When we put our shoulders under others' dens in this way and let the burden crush, we rn the meaning of the promise, "The Lord hear-the needy when they cry."

This was not all. There were two older boys, apprenticed in an opium shop. His mother rned that was sin and took him home, but his ironment had already poisoned him. He would study—the only thing the Missions provide for. went into a medicine shop belonging to a family t soon moved to Singapore, as Foochow is over-pulated. Removed from his mother, the boy used his money and failed to write home; but er years of our prayers he must have been ched, for he bought a steerage ticket and started k to Foochow. He died on the way, leaving his ther's address, with the message, "I am the son a Christian. Tell my mother I tried to get back her." This is the fate of many a lad who was born to be a scholar, but for whom the Chris-na have no other provision. The other older son s most ambitious and thoroughly good. His em-yer's business failed and he studied ht and day, determined to become a olar; but his brain was not equal to He might have made a good artisan. The eldest girl was not a student er but finished the preparatory ool. She married a day school teacher o died of plague, and now, with a little daughter of her own, she teaches for their support. The second daughter was needed at home, as the mother never recovered from those days of weeping. This daughter studied only half a day and worked half a day. She is now an assistant in the industrial school of weaving and apparently well and strong. The two younger boys are learning trades with non-Christians, waiting for the Christian Industrial School we are asking funds to create.

Many a time I have stopped at a door to inquire the cause of the screams of a child. "My boy has run home from the shop and refuses to go back, so I must beat him," would be the answer. "He must be up at dawn to bring water, and work all day until eleven at night. It is terrible for him, but I cannot keep him at home to starve."

The Hill at Pagoda Anchorage, Available for an Industrial Plant

Do you wonder why the Chinese Christians feel that the industrial training for their children is the greatest need of New China?

After the appeal for the starving millions of the Yangtse in 1908-9 THE CHRISTIAN HERALD entrusted orphanage funds to the Chinkiang Orphanage Committee. Funds for two hundred children were secured for Foochow. Funds were also granted for buildings and two foreign houses. Five Chinese houses, together with land for a large garden, but appropriate for a future building site, have been secured. The first boy received had been the nephew of an opium eater, both parents having died. His debased uncle, after having sold his house, stole the doors, windows and floors, and resold them. Finally only the nephew was left. For him the uncle must receive the highest possible price. Opium leads one to sell wife, child, even one's own soul's only hope for eternity, for his craving. The boy went to the theater company, as they pay the largest price, for all know this means basest degradation of morals. The neighbors, although heathen, were indignant to have this boy sold to such a life, and they collected a purse, larger than the one paid for him, and reclaimed him; but who was to feed him afterward? Their own children were unaerfed, so they trusted him to us as soon as they heard of the opportunity.

Of the two hundred children taken, very few were girls. We found that in the poorest homes the girls had been sold, given away or drowned. Of the boys a few should be students and will have ample facilities in mission colleges, but most need *industrial training*. This need is immediate, for the homes opened January, 1910, with the larger proportion from eleven to thirteen years of age. These boys are now two years older and should begin to learn their trade at once.

At Pagoda Anchorage, the harbor for all large steamers coming to Foochow, a fine hill, with water front and buildings sufficient to house one hundred boys, is offered for sale. This adjoins the Standard Oil plant and is near the Dutch Petroleum Works, proving its choice location and its safety by reason of foreign gunboats in case of war. This fine site is offered now, hence the immediate need of funds.

The American nation needs to be friendly with China, which is becoming more and more our "next door neighbor." With the late revolution, and China bankrupt as at present—as a leading business man expressed it—"a million invested to help China to-day will be worth more than ten million ten years from now." Help given in her day of extremity will never be forgotten. China already looks upon America as her best friend. Secretary Hay led with the "open door" policy and thwarted the plan to partition China. America refunded its share of the Boxer indemnity, and it is to be used to help educate in our colleges the Chinese youth who are to create the young republic. Vast assistance has been rendered by the great universities and colleges planted in China by Americans—the Peking University and North China Girls' College, the St. John's University and Anglo-Chinese College of Shanghai, the Boone University of Wuchang, Yale Mission of Changsha and the Anglo-Chinese College and Foochow College of Foochow and the Canton Christian University, with many others.

Then, too, China appreciates the help of our government, which issued the call for the first International Opium Commission, that led Britain to begin to withdraw opium after over sixty years of traffic in the drug. We of Foochow are proud of Commissioner Lin, who hurled $6,000,000 worth of opium into Hongkong Harbor after mixing it with quicklime. Are not such people worth helping?

And last we come to the unique but stupendous problem—an entire race of people, the Manchus, turned out of employment. For over two hundred years the Manchus kept their own people, a military class, supported by stipends paid by the Chinese. This stung the

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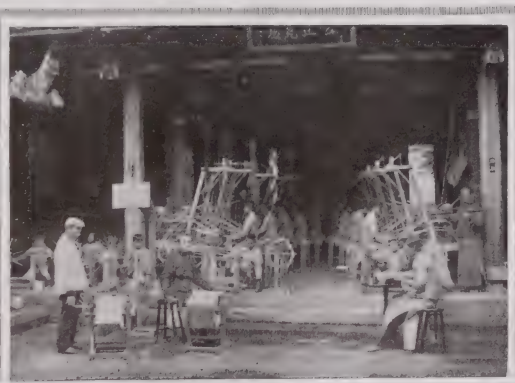
Chans Awaiting Relief During the Revolution



Fukien Industrial Homes Boys at Their Looms

Manchu Women of the School at Dinner

THE SUNSHINE OF CHRISTIANITY

A SERMON

BY

Rev. John H. C. Fritz *

TEXT: Luke 10: 17-20

THE Christian life is a life of joy and good cheer. The Christian, of course, having yet the old sinful flesh and because he yet has it, experiences also a measure of sorrow, but sorrow is not the predominant note of the Christian life. Sorrow, in fact, does not mar the Christian's joy, but rather helps, under the wise dispensation of God, to prove the Christian's joy to be real and lasting. "We glory in tribulations also," says the apostle. To the man sick of the palsy Jesus said, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." We Christians ought to cultivate a life of joy. Our Christian joy is not counterfeit and passing like the joy of the world. The joys of the world are like so many sky-rockets, which shoot up with much noise, present a most beautiful appearance, and, for the time being, seem to put the very stars in the skies to utter shame, but last only for a moment and then are no more, while the stars shine brightly on. The joys of the world resemble the mountain stream, which, during a rainstorm, swells to tremendous proportions, overflows its banks, and takes, perhaps, everything in its path, but, after all, is only so much turbulent and muddy water, which soon flows away and is gone, leaving ruin behind it, while the little river of the plain, with its bright and clear water, flows steadily on.

The Joy of "The Seventy"

We ask, "What is the real cause of the Christian's joy?" Our Saviour tells us. We read, "And the seventy returned again with joy." Who were the seventy? Where had they been? What had they been doing? What was the cause of their joy? The seventy were the Lord's disciples, whom he had chosen, besides the twelve apostles, and sent out "two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come." The seventy had now returned, having been in the places whither the Lord had sent them, having preached the Gospel of salvation, having healed the sick, and having driven out the very devils from such as were bodily afflicted with them. The seventy returned "with joy." Their mission had been successful, their work had not been done in vain. More than anything else they rejoiced in the fact that, not in their own name but in the name of Christ, they had cast out the evil spirits. They had done more than the apostles, of whom just before it had been reported that they were helpless to free a demoniac boy, for his father came to Jesus and complained, saying, "I besought thy disciples to cast him out and they could not."

Before the Lord withdrew from us his visible presence, ascending to heaven, he gave this command to his church, his disciples, saying, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We Christians have experienced that this our work done in the Lord has not been done in vain. We have seen the fortifications of Satan destroyed and the Church of God grow and prosper. Those few disciples in the time of Christ have increased to many millions. Wherever the Gospel is preached souls are being saved. This has been, and is, a cause for great joy unto us. And when an old drunkard or a gambler or an adulterer or any unusual enemy of Christ has been converted through our services, we think such fruits of our labors to be a special cause for joy, and they are.

When the seventy had returned to their Lord who had sent them and reported that they had cast out the evil spirits, Jesus "said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." "What you tell me," said Jesus, "is nothing new nor surprising to me; I have seen not only the devils conquered, but Satan, the very chief of the devils, fall from his position to the very depths of hell, even as lightning falls from heaven." The power of Satan had been broken and his final overthrow and the redemption of man was already an assured fact. Jesus had come into the world to destroy the devil and his works. As a result of the Saviour's work, the disciples would have their experience, which caused them so much joy, repeated many times. "Behold, I give unto you power," said Jesus, "to tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you." The disciples were told not to fear, for they would be able successfully to fight against the spiritual powers of evil.

This same glorious promise is given unto us. We have by faith in Christ been given power over the world of darkness. Strong as the devil is, we by faith in Jesus are stronger. We have nothing at all to fear. Nothing shall be able to hurt us. We can triumphantly exclaim with Paul, "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? . . . I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Not Success But Salvation

But listen! After all, the Saviour says, "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." The real cause of the Christian's joy is not the success which he meets in his work in the Lord's kingdom, but the fact that his name is written in heaven, inscribed upon the Book of Life; in other words, the Christian should rejoice above all else in the fact that his soul is saved. The salvation of our soul, though, is due alone to the grace of God in Christ, and not in the least to anything that we can glory in. This very fact teaches us not only to give all honor to God alone, but also gives us positive assurance that our soul is saved; God is not only the Author but also the Finisher of our faith. Of the salvation of our soul we can be absolutely certain, and our own personal salvation in Christ being the real cause of our joy, we can always rejoice. Our work done in the Lord will prove to be successful in the end according to the Lord's own promise, but there are times when the success is not as great as at other times, and times when the success is not apparent at all. If we made our success in the Lord's work, therefore, the real cause for our joy, our joy would be subject to variations; in fact, it would, at times, leave us. As it is, when our work in the kingdom of God is hard and there are many difficulties to overcome; when, at times, Satan seems to have been turned loose anew; when all manner of reverses in life turn up; when trouble and sickness and death come; then we are braced up, encouraged, comforted, by this one fact, that by the grace of God our names are written in heaven; that we are the children of the heavenly Father; that we shall be eternally saved. In turn, we are then also encouraged to go on with the work of the Lord, knowing that unto us, who are the children of God, is given the promise that our work done in the Lord shall not be in vain, that we shall go on gaining victory upon victory until the last battle is won and the Captain of our salvation returns in glory to take unto himself all that have loved his name, to rest in the eternal mansions above.

"God So Loved the World"

"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." So said the Saviour to his disciples, and thereby has told not only what should be but what in fact is the real cause of the Christian's joy. *Is your name written in heaven?* Is your name found in the "book of life"? In other words, are you sure of your eternal salvation? Thank God, the Christian can and should rejoice in the absolute certainty of his election unto eternal life. Jesus would have his disciples *believe*, and not doubt, that "their names were written in heaven," and because of this *fact* would have them to "rejoice." Paul spoke of his fellow-laborers, "whose names are in the book of life." Paul himself was persuaded that nothing could separate him and his fellow-Christians "from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Paul would have the Ephesian Christians believe that they were "chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world." John would not only have Christians believe that now they are the "sons of God," but also that when "Christ shall appear" they "shall be like him, for they shall see him as he [illegible] Paul in his earthly trials was comforted by the v[illegible] assurance of his future heavenly glory, for he s[illegible] "I reckon that the sufferings of this present t[illegible] are not worthy to be compared with the glory *wh[illegible] shall be revealed in us.*"

Whereupon did these children of God base th[illegible] firm faith of the glory which was awaiting th[illegible] and whereupon shall every Christian base his s[illegible] hope that his name is written in heaven? *Upon [illegible] promise of God which cannot fail.* "With everl[illegible] ing kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith [illegible] Lord thy Redeemer. . . . The mountains sl[illegible] depart and the hills be removed; but my kindn[illegible] shall not depart from thee, neither shall the co[illegible] nant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord t[illegible] hath mercy on thee." Wherein does the kindn[illegible] of the Lord consist, and what is the covenant of [illegible] peace? Listen! You are by nature a sinner un[illegible] the curse of God. God's holy law, which 'ema[illegible] holiness and perfection in thoughts, words, [illegible] deeds, you have transgressed. "The wages of si[illegible] death," eternal damnation. But "God so loved [illegible] world," you and all others included, "that he g[illegible] his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth [illegible] him should not perish, but have everlasting li[illegible] "God sent forth his Son to redeem them that w[illegible] under the law." "Christ died for the ungodl[illegible] "Jesus died for all." "Jesus is the propitiation [illegible] the sins of the whole world." Jesus is "the Lamb[illegible] God which taketh away the sins of the wor[illegible] Jesus came to "save that which was lost." Pe[illegible] expressly says that even those have been "boug[illegible] with the blood of the Son of God, who deny [illegible] Lord and thus bring upon themselves swift destr[illegible] tion. Because the Lord has so dearly paid for [illegible] redemption of all, therefore he has commanded t[illegible] this Gospel, this good news of salvation by grace [illegible] Christ, should be preached in "all the world" [illegible] "to every creature." "God will have all men to[illegible] saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth[illegible] "As I live, saith the Lord God," as we read in [illegible] Book of Ezeziel, "I have no pleasure in the death [illegible] the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his w[illegible] and live." Therefore the Lord "now command[illegible] all men everywhere to repent."

Unto You, Salvation in Christ

The Gospel offers to all unto whom it is preach[illegible] their free salvation in Christ. Unto you u[illegible] whom this Gospel is preached *your* salvation is [illegible] fered. To come into its possession you need t[illegible] *believe* the Gospel, the good news that Jesus is *y[illegible]* Saviour. Your works cannot justify you, for [illegible] him that worketh is the reward not reckoned [illegible] grace but of debt. But to him that worketh not [illegible] believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, [illegible] *faith* is counted for righteousness." To t[illegible] woman, that notorious sinner, who repented and [illegible] lieved, the Lord said, "Thy *faith* hath saved th[illegible] Go in peace." "Being justified by faith, we h[illegible] peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, [illegible] whom also we have access by faith into this gr[illegible] wherein we stand and rejoice in hope of the gl[illegible] of God." "With boldness we enter into the holi[illegible] by the blood of Jesus" and draw near unto G[illegible] "with a true heart in full assurance of faith," s[illegible] positively know that we shall have "boldness in [illegible] day of judgment," assured that our "names [illegible] written in heaven."

Is your name written in heaven? Have you a[illegible] good reason to doubt the many precious and g[illegible] cious promises of God? Certainly not. Co[illegible] then, repent of your sins and by faith in Jesus [illegible] cept the forgiveness which by his blood he procu[illegible] for you. Then also unto you he speaks the co[illegible] forting words, "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go[illegible] peace." Rejoice, because your name is written[illegible] heaven." Then your life even here below ami[illegible] the sorrows of sin will be a life of joy and g[illegible] cheer; your body and possessions and your serv[illegible] you will give to Christ, and in turn you will go u[illegible] others and proclaim to them by word and deed t[illegible] Gospel which has saved your soul, that they m[illegible] partake of that real joy which is found in Je[illegible] alone. To him, with the Father and the Ho[illegible] Ghost, we give honor and glory now and everm[illegible] for through his grace we rejoice in the fact that [illegible] names are written in heaven.

* Pastor English Evangelical Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE FALL O' THE YEAR

HE fall o' the year has come back again,
And it's jest as delightful as't ever has been,
th the odors o' apples and must o' the grape,
d the leaves all colored jest any old shape,
d plaintive Bob White whistles merriest when
e fall o' the year has come back again!

e fall o' the year has come back again,
d I let down the bars o' the stubble field then,
d hie me away to the woods and the wold,
here the leaves are all purple, the weeds are of gold;
d somehow or other—jest how, I can't tell—
caught in the maze of a mystical spell;
d the breeze as it whispers in both o' my ears,
ings back to me visions o' faraway years;
d I'm happy and sad both together jest when
e fall o' the year has come back again!

e fall o' the year has come back again,
d the weather jest sizzles no longer like sin,
d the trees in the distance are hazy and brown,
d the lazy old cattle are standing aroun';
d I love jest to bask in sich halcyon days,
d throw away trouble that on my soul weighs;
ey tinge up the future with some sort o' hope,
e seeing the things in a ka-leidoscope,
d I love all around me the tenderest when
e fall o' the year has come back again!

DOUGLAS DOBBINS.

A Singer of Sacred Songs

F ALL the really beautiful sacred songs of modern times, few have ade a stronger appeal to the spiri-al natures of men and women, boys d girls, than the songs entitled, "I ve to Tell the Story" and "Whiter an Snow." These songs, so rich in mfort and hopefulness, were writ-n by William Gustavus Fischer, who ed at his home in Philadelphia on ugust 14. He was also the author the hymn, "I Am Trusting, Lord, in ee," and of the song that countless ousands of Sunday-school children ve sung, "A Little Talk with Jesus." is doubtful if any Sunday-school ng of recent years has been sung re than "I Love to Tell the Story," d it has been one of the most popu-r of songs at great revival meetings. r. Fischer often led thousands of gers when they were singing this d other of his songs. He was leader the music when Moody and Sankey ld their remarkable revival meet-gs in the old freight depot in Phila-lphia. Mr. Fischer was then in his ime, and the work he and his chorus one thousand singers did will never forgotten by those who attended ese wonderful meetings. Some of e songs written by Mr. Fischer will sung as long as the Christian world aises God in song. M. M. M.

How to Find Success

HAT you may find success," said Rev. Charles Brooks in an address boys, "let me tell you how to suc-ed. To-night, begin your great plan life. You have but one life to live, d it is immeasurably important at you do not make a mistake. To-ght, begin carefully. Fix your eye the fortieth year of your age, and en say to yourself: 'At the age of rty, I will be a temperate man; I ll be an industrious man; an eco-omical man; a benevolent man; a ell-read man; a religious man; and useful man; I will be such an one; resolve and I will stand to it.' My ung friends, let this resolution be as m as adamantine; let it stand like e oak which cannot be wind-aken."

The foregoing extract comes to us om Mrs. E. B. Bradbury, Auburn, e., accompanied by this note: "I pe you will give it a place in THE HRISTIAN HERALD. It was found nong a precious brother's effects, atly pasted in an expense book. A ung man in college (to whom I had ven a copy) wrote me, 'If I ever at-in success, it will be because of this solution.'"

WATCHFUL OF ROME'S PROGRESS

I am very much pleased with the various ticles which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN RALD of late, calling our attention to the work Roman Church is doing and expects to do this country. G. H. KENNEDY.
Jersey City, N. J.

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE AND THE CRIPPLED LIFE

OW fine a thing it is to strive after a more abundant life! It is one of the "best gifts" which we are told to covet earnestly. Life offers us so much, if only we can grasp it. The realm we may occupy is so broad and so rich, it is a pitiful thing to be shut out from it and to have our lives crippled, and narrowed, and impoverished.

Some years ago a young man secured a modest position in a great business institution. He worked hard and won promotion. Step by step he pushed his way upward, gaining larger responsibilities and increased income. At length he reached the highest place and became president of the concern. All the wide interests of the business were under his control. A multitude of workers moved at his command. His influence was felt in countless other enterprises. Captains of industry consulted him and sought his aid. From a small beginning he had grown rich and powerful, and as he moved in his masterful way among men, enforcing his will and counting the abundance of his possessions and the fulness of his power he seemed to say, in the words of Monte Cristo, "The world is mine!"

A young woman was graduated from a college and entered eagerly the open door of an attractive world. All that was good seemed to beckon to her and promise a life full and brimming over with its best gifts. She married happily, and then life grew richer. In her children she found the supreme blessing, as she thought, and the hope of the most abundant and joyous life. Suddenly she was stricken with illness, terrible in its complete devastation of all her hopes. The physicians could do nothing. She was condemned to lie helpless, suffering and incurable, shut in her room while the world bustled on outside, and she could never see it again.

. . .

WHICH of these two had gained the more abundant life, and which was the crippled life? Curiously enough, the true answer is not the obvious one, for "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth."

The man of power and wealth cared nothing for books or music. His family were lavishly provided for, but were almost strangers to him. The whispering trees, the fragrance of wild flowers and new mown hay, the songs of lark and thrush, the quiet peace of the fields, and the deep mysteries of the blue sky overhead, all were unknown to him. Life was all an everpressing NOW. Money and power were the only things worth while. Other men and women were useful as they could be made to contribute to his steady increase of these things. They were to be pushed aside, crushed if need be, when they hindered him. No children ran to him with wide open arms and shouts of laughter. No sighs were hushed, no tears wiped away, no hearts encouraged by his influence. His wealth and his power might have been used to fill the world with joy, but he lived a miserable, selfish, crippled life.

The poor sick woman lay for a while rebellious at her weakness and pain and the spoiling of all her high hopes. But her life was still strong and pure within her. In time she yielded and became reconciled. Then in her narrow room she lifted up her heart in which the eagerness for good still throbbed, and she said, "Lord, I am cast down, but not destroyed. Though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. Lord, in my weakness, and my loneliness, and my pain, what wilt thou have me to do?"

And a strange answer came to this stricken woman, shut in a small room away from the world: "Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep." She did not exclaim in protest and surprise. She did not say that others must do the work because she could never again go out to find the sheep who were hungry. She just smiled, but it was a smile of such brightness that the nurse looked and wondered. When her husband came, heavy-hearted and full of unshed tears, the smile lifted some of the bitter load from off his heart. When the children tip-toed into the room, fearful and silent, the smile flooded them with its brightness and made them happier than they had been for months.

Such a smile could never be shut up in one small room. It spread more and more. It brought smiles to other sad faces. It brought gladness into other sad hearts. It lifted up drooping spirits and gave strength to burden-bearers. To tell of the breadth and the fulness of its ministry would need a great book and the testimony of many witnesses.

. . .

HOW can we gain the more abundant life and avoid the crippled life? To the man and the woman who feels strong and free and confident of mastery the question is as urgent as to the one who suffers from unnatural restrictions. Rather, it is more urgent to him that has much, because from him much shall be required. Certainly the abundant life is gained not by heaping up treasure for self, but by putting something into other lives. But how may the life that seems to be crippled, or restricted by narrow duties, or limited by small abilities, be transformed?

The other day the newspapers printed a pitiful wail from a woman stricken, in the full tide of young motherhood, with a strange malady that paralyzed her from the neck down. In her pain and hopelessness she cried out for death and begged the State to end her misery. Every one who read the sad story must have felt a yearning pity and desire to help. Is there any help for such as she? Is there any Great Physician who can say now to the sick of the palsy, "Arise"?

In the same column of the newspaper, immediately following the account of this paralytic, was a short item telling of a woman who had just celebrated her eighty-ninth birthday, and who had spent more than three-quarters of a century as a shut-in. When a child of eleven, she had injured her spine and never walked again. Most of her long, crippled life had been rendered more abundant by knitting and sewing things for missionary workers in foreign fields, and by spreading an atmosphere of sunshine and good cheer among all who visited her.

But the stricken woman who cannot use her hands? If her body cannot arise may not the Great Physician in his love say to her broken spirit, "Arise!" Somehow, sometime, somewhere, there may be a glad and abundant life even for her.

REMEMBRANCE

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was!"
You will say, "How true she was!"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom—
While I laugh or weep or sing
Never more, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah! beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will mourn, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

—*Selected.*

Awakening in Bulgaria

IN CONNECTION WITH the various Protestant churches in Bulgaria and Macedonia, there have been organized Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues and Young Men's Christian Associations, according as local needs have required. There are now thirty such organizations in Bulgaria and Macedonia. Two years ago they formed a national union, of which the second conference has just closed in Sofia. This conference was a sign of the times in Bulgaria.

Morally and spiritually Bulgaria has not been moving very fast. The Greek Orthodox state church is upheld as a political institution, but as a means for the spiritual elevation of the people it has been utterly useless. Materialism and infidelity have taken a strong hold, especially of the youth. Such religious organizations as those above-mentioned are badly needed.

In spite of this tendency, however, of the many conferences of all sorts held in Sofia during the summer months none could gather such audiences as did the National Union of the Young People's Christian Societies. The national poet Stoyan Mihailovsky one evening addressed the conference on the subject, "The Regenerating Principles in Christianity as Compared with Other Religions." Mr. Mihailovsky is not a Protestant, but is a believer, and by his writings and lectures is doing much in upholding the religious spirit among the Bulgarians. It was his first address delivered in a Protestant church and the auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity.

As a result of Dr. John Mott's visit in the spring, we have now in the Sofia University a students' Young Men's Christian Association, a thing which I deemed impossible ten years ago, when Dr. Mott for the first time stopped in Sofia for a half day's stay to look over the field. Now some forty students have enrolled in the Bible classes. The sales of the Scriptures are unprecedented.

The annual meeting of the Bulgarian Evangelical Society was held in Bourgas on the coast of the Black Sea. Fifteen years ago in that city there was only one Protestant family; now there is a flourishing church. The largest public hall in the city was opened for our meetings and they were always overcrowded. This is only one of the many indications of the great change which the Gospel is making in Bulgaria.

Sofia, Bulgaria. M. N. POPOFF.

Anvil Sparks

..IDLE money doesn't depreciate, but idle folks do.

..HE WHO takes the bitter with the sweet finds the sweet generally to predominate in life.

..A HALF-HEARTED effort is an infinitesimal fraction of a whole-hearted one.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

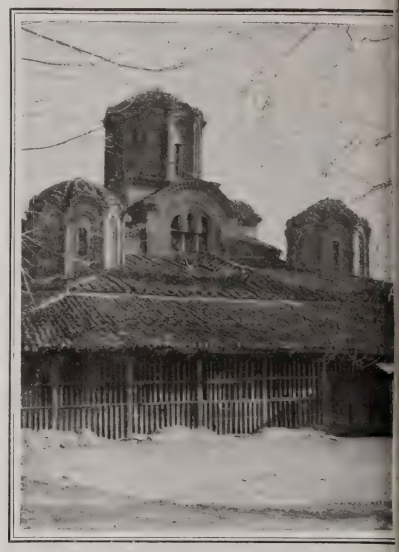
TURNING THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

The Ruins of the Roman Triumphal Arch at Salonica

In a Macedonian Sheepfold



The Church of the Twelve Apostles, Salonica

IT HAS been said that the book of the Acts of the Apostles has made Macedonia a Holy Land. Since Thessalonica is the chief city of Macedonia, the city where the apostles had their greatest triumphs, and from which the Gospel spread most widely into all the world, we may call it the Holy City of the Acts of the Apostles. It is then well worth consideration in another article. Indeed, many articles would not exhaust its past glories, its present interest, or its importance in the history of the Christian Church.

In writing to the Thessalonians from Corinth, the first epistle, by the way, which St. Paul wrote to any of his churches, he says: "From you [the church of Thessalonica] sounded out the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia [Greece], but also in every place, your faith to Godward is spread abroad." We have other testimony from the book of Acts as to the marvelous effect of the preaching of Paul and Silas in Thessalonica, for we are told also that not only some of the Jews believed, but a great multitude of the "devout Greeks as well, and not a few of the chief women." Even from the enemies of Paul we have confirmation of the extent of the work they performed and the commotion it caused, for they complained to the rulers of Thessalonica that "these that *have turned the world upside down* have come hither also."

Therefore let us linger a little longer in this holy city of the Acts and the Epistles. In a previous article we have walked through one of the busy modern streets of the city, where the clanging electric cars of the most modern day jostle the pannier-laden donkeys of the oldest civilization. Such a street as this we might find in Athens or Trieste, in New York or London. But go back from this modern thoroughfare a few rods, and we are in a city which we can easily imagine was not unlike the Thessalonica that Paul knew. The narrow streets, with their horrible cobblestone paving; the ancient houses that nod to each other across the way, whose inhabitants can shake hands from the upper windows; the public fountains, where for centuries barefooted maidens have come with great earthen jars to draw water; the thousand-year-old wall that circles the upper town; all remind us of the city that was, rather than of the city that is.

But the most interesting street of all is the one which Paul knew as well as the most recent comer to Salonica in this twentieth century. It is none other than the *Egnatian Way*, which to-day runs through the very heart of Salonica, as two thousand years ago it ran through the heart of old Thessalonica. The houses on either side, to be sure, have been built and rebuilt, and demolished and restored, time and again since Paul's time. But these ancient highways have followed the same lines for century after century. Doubtless the old Roman pavement is covered many feet with modern débris, but that this was the route of the most famous road ever built is proved by the triumphal arch of which I have before spoken and which still spans the *Via Egnatia* as in the days of St. Paul.

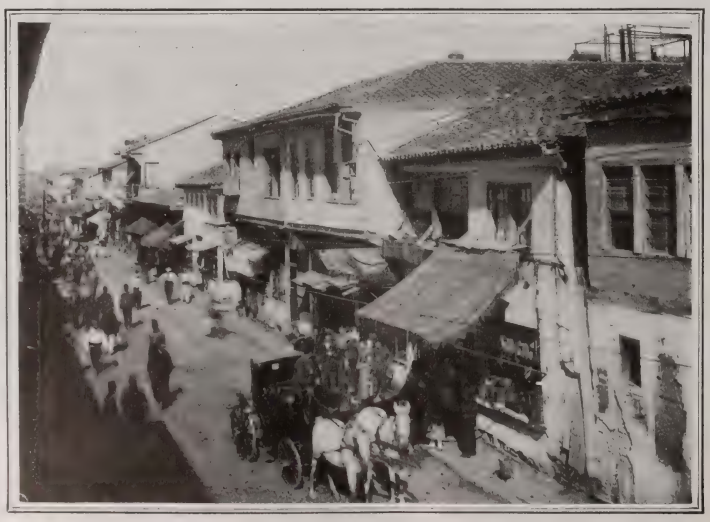
Though the beautiful, sculptured marbles which once covered this arch of victory have recently been removed and taken to the museum in Constantinople, some traces of its former magnificence still remain. Only a few years ago the traveler might have seen upon this arch the figures of the consuls in their long togas, and have read the inscription in Greek letters that told every passerby that the victorious Romans had made Thessalonica a free city, and that the rulers were seven politarchs, as the magistrates of Thessalonica were called. Even their names were given, and it is thought that Politarch Secundus may have been Paul's friend of the same name. The name "politarch" was an unusual one for the rulers of a city, and the minute accuracy of St. Luke's account is shown by his use of this word, which puzzled the commentators until the inscription on this Roman arch was discovered, to prove that Luke knew what he was talking about better than the commentators who criticized him.

This ancient street is to-day, as then, the busiest in all Salonica. It is the Broadway, the Washington Street, the Friedrichstrasse, the Strand of the modern city, as it was of old Thessalonica. It is lined with shops of all sorts and sizes, butcher shops and restaurants, barber shops and bakeries, fruit stores and tobacco shops. In fact, you can scarcely think of a trade or profession or business house that is not represented on the modern *Via Egnatia* of Salonica.

As the Orientals do their work in the open far more than the people of Western countries, the *Via Egnatia*, now called the *Rue de Vardar*, is even a livelier place in some respects than its counterparts which I have mentioned, for you do not have to go into a store to buy your goods, since the merchant in many cases brings them out on the side walk to tempt you, and cooking, and tailoring, and hair-cutting and shoemaking go on under the very eyes of every passerby.

Until recently the lordly camel trod the Egnatian Way as solemnly and superciliously as in the days of St. Paul, but now he is seldom seen, for the railway and the trolley car have banished him to the interior cities of Macedonia.

In our recent journey we wished to follow the footsteps of St. Paul on his first journey from Philippi to Thessalonica, so far as we could, under modern conditions of travel. So we left the Salonica railway station, with its crowd of officials and loafers and would-be passengers and sweet-meat sellers one bright morning, for Drama the nearest station on the railway for old Philippi. We were traveling in the opposite direction from that which St. Paul took, to be sure, and we could not follow his exact route, but the modern railway which connects Salonica with Constantinople traverses the same general region of country and gives us a very realizing sense of what the apostle must have seen.



A Scene on the Via Egnatia, the Great Highway Between Rome and Constantinople

It is an exceedingly mountainous region. Soon the traveler bids good-by to towering Olympus, but his smaller brethren are never out of sight, and they are small only by comparison with the monarch of them all. In many countries these Macedonian hills would be considered mighty mountains. They are usually steep and bare, never clothed with large forests, but at the best only scantily covered with underbrush.

Between the mountains we see fine valleys of fertile soil and pastures that support thousands of cattle and buffaloes, sheep and lambs. Here

Continued on page 913

"LABOR DAY" AT MONT-LAWN

THREE hundred and thirty little tenement children and a large number of visitors joined in the Labor Day celebration at Mont-Lawn on September 2. This holiday is always one of the delightful events of the season at our Children's Home, and this year was no exception to the rule. Never did the "Children's Paradise" look more attractive.

Shortly before noon the guests began to arrive by train and boat, and there was a goodly number present when the children assembled to march to Port Plenty for dinner. Every seat in the great dining-room held a tiny occupant. The visitors were delighted with everything they saw, and after hearing the children sing the opening grace, they passed up and down the aisles between the dining-tables chatting with them and speaking encouraging words. The big kitchen, the dormitories, the chapel and all the beauties and attractions of the place were duly inspected by the visitors, many of whom had come there for the first time.

After dinner there was a short intermission, and Matron Goering gave the signal for the march to the Children's Temple for the "Hour of Song." This was an occasion of more than usual interest, for Messrs. Tullar and Meredith, the well-known sacred song writers and evangelists, had come to the Home expressly for the purpose of conducting the exercises. Every seat in the Temple was filled, and the ambulatory gallery and platform were packed with visitors. After the opening hymn and the invocation by the Rev. Dr. Fish, of the Presbyterian Church of Nyack, Tullar and Meredith took charge of the services, and an hour of perfect enjoyment followed. Song after song from the children's leaflets was sung with fine effect. Mr. Meredith taught the children two new pieces, which they took up with amazing readiness. Then Mr. Tullar gave a short Gospel address and astonished the little folks with his skill in tearing pieces of paper, which under his nimble fingers assumed various wonderful forms; one of them, a beautiful yet simple pattern symbolizing Christ as our Pattern; another was a pilot's wheel, from which he also drew a spiritual lesson; and a third was three crosses, which told the story of Calvary.

When the "Glory Song" was rendered, Mr. Meredith leading, a surprise awaited the evangelist. Never was it sung with better effect by the hundreds of fresh young voices. At its conclusion, Mr. Meredith said he had heard it sung by audiences numbering thousands of voices in England and this country, but the singing of that song by our children at Mont-Lawn had given him far greater pleasure than any of these, and he thanked them heartily for it. It was a fine tribute to Professor Noll, to whose skilful training the Mont-Lawn

The Baseball Enthusiasts at Mont-Lawn

children owe their success in sacred and patriotic song.

Rev. Dr. Babbitt, the venerable rector of Grace Episcopal Church of Nyack, took part in the services in the Temple, together with the Rev. Mr. Moore, his assistant.

Then came an hour or more devoted to the children's sports on the green lawn, which included a number of features for which the little folks had been training during the week. Athletics, games, songs and various other amusements made the afternoon pass pleasantly. On parting, the visitors united in declaring that the day had been one of perfect enjoyment. Mrs. Louis Klopsch, the patroness of the Home, was present throughout the day and received many congratulations from the guests on the success of the occasion.

All contributions, large or small, in aid of the work of our Children's Home will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

H. L. Abbe	$5.00	R. E. Badger	3.00
Robert Chester Abbott	3.00	Mrs. F. O. Bailey	6.00
Fritz Achelis	25.00	John Bailey	1.00
Mrs. Marian Acker	1.00	Frank M. Baker	2.00
Capt. C. Ackerman	1.00	L. N. Baker	2.00
Miss Adeline E. Ackley	6.00	J. W. Baker	1.00
Calvin Ackley	5.00	L. P. Baker	1.00
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F. D. Amsden	3.00	Wm. T. Barker	10.00
Mrs. J. B. Anderson	1.00	Mrs. David Barkman	1.50
J. E. Anderson	5.00	Mrs. C. Barlow	3.00
Janet Anderson	5.00	C. L. Barlow	2.00
P. Anderson	2.50	Mrs. H. Barlow	5.00
Wm. Anderson	1.00	H. W. Barnard	1.00
G. P. Anderton	10.00	Harry R. Barnard	1.00
John D. Andrae	3.00	Mrs. A. G. Barnett	1.00
Mrs. A. Andrews	1.00	Miss C. E. Barnett	1.00
A. W. Annis	2.00	J. J. Barnfield	1.00
L. C. Archambault	3.00	Martha B. Barrett	2.00
Mrs. J. H. Armstrong	3.00	M. Barry	1.00
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Julia L. Atwater	21.00	Christopher Beatty	1.00
W. A. Augur	5.00	Mrs. J. Y. Bechtel	1.00
J. W. Auld	3.00	Chas. T. Beckmann	5.00
Miss Mary R. Aurandt	2.00	G. Beebe	1.00
Charles L. Avery	1.00	Samantha Belcher	10.00
Mrs. C. E. Babcock	1.00	Mr. & Mrs. C. M. Bell	3.00
T. W. Babcock	2.00	C. W. Bell	3.00
Josiah Bachman	3.00	Eliza Bell	1.00
Miss M. F. Bachman	21.00	Mrs. J. D. Bell	3.00
Margaret W. Bacon	1.00	Mrs. Wm. W. Percival	1.00
Mrs. R. Bacon	1.00	Mrs. F. Smith	10.00

TOPICS OF INTEREST THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

—FLOODS CAUSED BY a terrific rainstorm raging through the night of September 1 and 2 in the neighborhood of Pittsburg resulted in the death of at least forty persons, the loss of much livestock and the destruction of approximately two million dollars' worth of property. The storm-covered area included parts of Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia. Many buildings were struck by lightning; others were washed away in the quickly flooded streams. Fields filled with flourishing crops were devastated. At Scott Run, near Wellsburg, W. Va., a freight train on the Wabash Railroad jumped the track and most of the cars rolled into the swollen torrents of Cross Creek. At Pittsburg the rainfall was reported to have been five inches. Street car traffic was stopped, many belated passengers being forced to spend the night in the car-barns to which the trolleys were run for shelter. Railway traffic and telegraph communication was blocked; one thousand men were despatched from Pittsburg to repair the tracks between that city and Wheeling, W. Va. The town of Salesville, O., suffered severely. Houses were washed away, the electric light plant badly injured, the water system ruined and the natural gas system rendered useless by the floods. Cherry Valley, Burgettstown, Cannonsburg and Avella also suffered severely. At one coal mine prompt action on the part of the management brought 400 men to the surface who were in danger from the floods. At Avella Rev. B. F. Henny proved himself a hero by rescuing a woman and two children who were clinging to a tree surrounded by raging water. He made eight unavailing efforts to reach the tree with a rope before he succeeded. All were finally drawn to safety, including the brave clergyman. Prompt measures were taken by Governor Harmon and others to rush food and supplies to the flood sufferers. In Michigan and Wisconsin there were serious floods at the same time. Three lives were lost at Hustler, Wis., and railroad traffic was badly impeded.

Wabash Freight Train Wrecked at Scott Run, near Wellsburg, W. Va.

—ON JANUARY 1 the Post Office Department will put in general operation the parcels post system authorized in the postal appropriation bill, which became a law on August 24. Under the new legislation it is provided that hereafter fourth-class mail matter shall embrace all other matter, including farm and factory products, not now embraced by law in first, second or third class, not exceeding eleven pounds in weight, nor greater in size than 72 inches in length and girth combined, nor in form likely to injure a postal employee, nor of a nature perishable within a reasonable period for transportation. Special stamps, ranging from one cent to a dollar, will be used for the packages, and the rate per pound, which must be prepaid, will be determined by the zone of territory to be covered and will range from five to eleven cents for the first pound, with a corresponding decrease for additional weight. There will be eight zones, ranging from that having a mean radial distance of approximately fifty miles from the center of any given unit of area to that having a radius of more than 1,800 miles from the center of a given unit of area. Under this new arrangement the postal express will be extended to over 1,000,000 of rural delivery and star routes.

—THE BOSTON *Morning Herald* states that Cardinals Farley and O'Connell have sent a letter to the Archbishop of Lisbon against the stand of the Portuguese Government in separating the church and state. The Catholic leaders in America are trying to create the opinion in Europe that Americans are in favor of the Roman Church. If these foreign governments were correctly informed of the true state of American opinion concerning the separation of church and state, and that only the Catholic Church officials here are against it, they would be better able to judge of the policy of misrepresentation which the Catholics are pursuing in this matter.

—DESPITE HIS ADVANCING YEARS Thomas A. Edison spent such a busy week recently that he found time for less than twenty-two hours' sleep in the course of the six work days. By his own accounting he devoted 122 hours of the 144 to hard work. This spurt of energy was inspired by the need of finishing touches on his disk phonograph. At the end of the week he was ready to say that the invention was about perfected, and he hopes and believes that he will be able to put it on the market by October 1 or thereabout.

—FOR THE FIRST TIME IN a presidential year, the State election in Vermont has resulted in a failure to choose a governor on the popular vote, and the election is thrown into the legislature, which, however, will be strongly Republican. The vote on governor, as announced on September 4, is Fletcher (Republican) 26,200; Howe (Democrat) 20,100; Metzger (Progressive) 15,708; Fletcher's plurality, 6,100. The result was a great surprise to the Republican leaders, showing a loss of 43 per cent. in the party vote since the election of Prouty (Rep.) in 1908. The Democrats gained 27 per cent. over the party vote for governor in the last presidential year, making the best showing in twenty-five years. Their candidate, Howe, it is estimated, will run about 6,000 votes behind Fletcher when the complete returns are in. Fletcher's failure to secure a majority (although he has a plurality) encourages the Democrats to look for a big vote for Wilson in November. The Progressives regard the result as a moral victory for the new party. The disaffection from the Republican ranks did not extend far beyond the head of the ticket. In 1900, the Republican September majority for governor was 30,864, and the presidential majority the same year was 66,999; in 1904 the figures were 31,559 and 66,509, and in 1908 the vote stood 29,654 and 64,367. Political experts estimate that the slim plurality of 6,000 for Fletcher foreshadows a very close presidential vote.

—A NUMBER OF THE Korean prisoners who were forced by torture to implicate American missionaries in the alleged plot to assassinate Count Terauchi, governor general of Korea, were recently allowed to plead their own cases in court, and described in detail the tortures to which they were subjected. The Japanese lawyer acting as attorney for a number of the prisoners decried in court the severity of the present Korean régime, which he declared amounts to military rule. The crown prosecutor demanded that Baron Yunchiho and five others accused of being leaders of the conspiracy be sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, the other 117 to terms of from five to eight years.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

What Is "the Kingdom"?

WHY should there be any misapprehension regarding the nature of the Kingdom of which Jesus so often spoke while on earth, and the foundation of which was his life-work? Yet it is a truth that there are very many worthy people, desirous of knowing and entering into this Kingdom, who have a wrong conception not only of what the Kingdom is, but of what is necessary to make them eligible as members of it and what it is that excludes many from it.

In all of the public teachings of Jesus, his principal and ultimate theme was the Kingdom. It was to be not only the "reign of love in the human heart," but a realization of our fealty and allegiance to God the Father, and a generous and affectionate, tolerant and forbearing consideration for our fellow-man. It was to be the desire for righteousness rekindled within us, taking the place of selfishness and worldliness. It was the regeneration of the man—his uplift from a fallen to a redeemed state, from being the slave of sin to being the freedman and adopted son of the Highest. It was that moral and spiritual transformation which changes a sullen, selfish, brutal nature, indifferent to the woes and hardships of others, to a nature filled with divine sympathy and overflowing with love for all humanity.

Who were to be eligible as members of this Kingdom, which, begun in this life, is to be perpetuated and completed hereafter? Not the selfish nor the worldling, the oppressors of the poor, the worshipers of wealth, the enslavers of men and women, the doers of wickedness. Only the miracle of complete moral and spiritual transformation could cleanse them and make them worthy of the Kingdom. Yet, strangely enough, the "unfortunates" were welcomed; the sick and maimed; the morally and physically disfigured; the law-breakers; those whom fortune had passed by; the publicans and sinners—in a word, those who, sick of sin, or flung of adversity, had looked in vain to the world for succor. Thus, the Kingdom was to a very large extent to be a social reformation. Then there were still others, countless millions, who had been earnestly praying and looking forward all their lives in expectation of the Kingdom and whom it was not difficult to persuade to enter; unselfish men and women of noble impulses, open-handed and with hearts filled with compassion and helpfulness, who saw in Jesus the great Exemplar, the Ideal of all their hopes, the fulfilment of the promise. These were welcomed into the Kingdom.

We have seen how the Kingdom was prominent in the thought of Jesus. When we pray, "Thy Kingdom come," we not only express the desire—which ought to be present in every believing heart—that Christ himself might soon return to establish his visible Kingdom here on earth and rule in person, but that the Kingdom might take root and grow in our own souls and lives and in those of others meanwhile. "The Kingdom of God is within you." When we give entrance to the King, submit our lives to be ruled by him, and do whatever lies within our power to win others to the same delightful allegiance, we have already begun the life of the Kingdom.

Euthanasia

EUTHANASIA, or the means of producing an easy and painless death—a subject not unknown to the ancients—is again attracting the attention of the medical world. Recently it came to the surface in connection with the case of a young woman afflicted with hopeless paralysis, who issued from her sick-bed "an appeal from suffering humanity for some method of putting an end to her life." In her appeal she asks, "Why should not the State take the matter in its hands and end the wretchedness of such poor sufferers?" In the suggestion of any legislation which would empower the taking away of human life on individual judgment, there is serious danger. Life is a sacred thing, and to put a sudden end to the existence of a human being is to assume the very gravest responsibility, since by so doing we may incur the double peril of destroying both body and soul together, ushering the latter into eternity unrepentant and unprepared. There is always danger that such permission would be liable to frightful abuses. Medical men themselves have recognized this as an evil, and admit that it would be a return to barbarism to place the lives of the helpless and incurable at the disposal of the physician. Influences could be brought to bear upon them to deprive patients of life who stand in the way of greedy heirs, and this fact alone should suffice to prevent the legalization of euthanasia.

We have known of hopeless confirmed invalids, lingering for years between life and death, deprived of the use of their limbs, and yet who, by their beautiful Christian spirit, had become reconciled to their condition and were a blessing to those around them. The late Bella Cooke, "the saint of Second Avenue," was such a character, and there are hundreds of others whose feeble lives have been transformed into an evangel through divine grace. They have become purified through suffering. Job in his heavy affliction was tempted to long for death, but his better nature triumphed when he said, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." Life is God's gift to man, and even the poorest life should be sacred from violation. We shudder to think of the excesses that might be practiced in the name of science and humanity were the State to authorize its deprivation by human hands on the plea of incurable invalidism. It is an unchristian, inhuman, barbarous idea and can never be seriously entertained.

Why a Catholic Census?

OUR esteemed contemporary the New York *Sun*, in its issue of August 31, published the following despatch from its correspondent in Milwaukee:

It developed to-day that the conference of Archbishops Messmer of Milwaukee, Ireland of St. Paul and Glennon of St. Louis was intended to *discuss a recent decision of President Taft with regard to the Catholic census of the country.*

The recent official census reports were criticized by Catholics as giving far too small figures for the Catholic families of the country. The protests reached the President and he has finally authorized the taking of a special census of Catholics by church dignitaries, and the archbishops were in conference with a view to studying how to make the census correct and sufficiently inclusive.

Archbishops Ireland and Glennon were here as two who had led in the agitation against the government figures.

Apart from the fact that the foregoing may be regarded as further convincing evidence of the truth of the charge that the Roman Church is in politics, it will be asked: Why is the Catholic hierarchy dissatisfied with the figures of the census? They were compiled, as we are assured, with the same scrupulous care to ascertain the status of all the religious bodies in this country, and it is somewhat significant that at this late date their accuracy should be questioned by the Catholics alone. Why should there be so much solicit about taking a "special census" of Catholics, advance of a presidential election? President T has stated that he has treated all religious deno nations with equal fairness. Assuming this to the case, and that the census figures are the resu of such uniform treatment, why should he h suddenly come to the conclusion that "a spe Catholic census by church dignitaries" is n necessary? Is such a census to supersede t taken by the officials in the government service, cording to "uniformly fair methods" which census officials applied to all denominatio These are questions which will naturally be as by the American people, who are interested in strange a proceeding. According to the cens there were 12,321,746 Catholics in the Uni States, or about one-eighth of our entire popu tion. Are the rank and file of that church diss isfied with these figures, or is it only the hierarc that is agitating for this new census to be tak under their own auspices, in the hope of produci a more formidable showing and thus placing Catholic voting power in a better position to mand respect and consideration? Surely the pub is not to be blamed if it detects in this affair all earmarks of a strategic political move—anot step forward in the great Papal political campai

We shall watch with interest for developme in this strange proceeding, which is somethi startlingly novel in administrative methods, bei so far as we know, wholly without a precedent.

Grand Jury and the Churches

THE world is fairly familiar with the specta of the church scolding the courts, but a co scolding the churches is novel and startling. the Queens County (New York) grand jury, in presentment recently made to County Judge Dil rebuked the churches themselves for not taking keener interest in guarding the young people of city from delinquency and crime. After stati that many young women had gone astray "by appa ent laxity or inability of the parents or guardia to give them proper homes," and that many you men and boys had commenced a life of cri "brought about by idleness and improper ass ciates," the grand jury suggests: "The remedy these conditions is a grave subject that should ceive the attention of the authorities and the repr sentatives of various religious denominations in t borough."

Before quoting the paragraph which follows should like to recommend to the members of t grand jury that they make an investigation abo the effect of foreign missionary interest upon t vigor and success of local activities. It has be observed that the churches which are most active foreign mission projects are also the busiest home work. It is unfortunate that these gentl men could not have made their appeal for help fro the churches without discounting one of the mo noble and important of the church's spheres action:

This grand jury would suggest that if the heads of represe tatives of the various denominations were invited to attend sessions of the county court on arraignment day, they wo see for themselves what is actually going on and then, inste of paying so much attention to foreign missions, they wo better understand the maxim that "charity begins at home."

Aside from the disparaging reference to foreig missions, this official statement from earnest m engaged in performing their civic duties should accepted and acted upon. The church must be ma to feel more profoundly its practical duty in kee ing our cities morally clean and in holding t young people of its communities back from a li of sin. The home life should be cultivated and ma winsome. Religion should be made sunshiny a alluring. The churches should be places of brigh ness and good cheer. The parents and friends the young folks should take an active interest their amusements. The interest and the sense responsibility should not be limited to the membe of home or church, but should be made to inclu all the people, young and old. They should feel t friendly concern of their Christian neighbors. T churches should co-operate with the various mov ments tending to make life more clean and cheerfu such as the playground associations, kindergart associations, fresh-air activities, etc., and, as t grand jury suggests, should keep in touch with t courts, find out what is going on, and lend aid in practical way to help delinquents to a better wa and to hold back other lives from moral disaster.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Burned Gambling Implements

A NUMBER of gambling places in Philadelphia were recently raided by the officers of the law and the gamblers' tools and furniture confiscated and burned in a public place. The faro and roulette tables, wheels, cards, chips and all the paraphernalia belonging to such dens went up in smoke. There is fierce indignation against the gambling evil, especially in the big cities, where the moral damage is enormous, and the furniture and tools of such places are smashed in many instances. In Philadelphia the rage set the things in a blaze and made a public bonfire. The shocking revelations of the gambling vice in New York by the assassination of Rosenthal has intensified the public indignation now expressed everywhere. The whole gambling business when carried on "fairly," as the sports would say, is abominable enough; but the investigations in New York revealed the fact that many of the gambling machines were made to run "crooked," so that the customer had not a ghost of a chance to win. The ordinary swindle became the compound swindle. What a moral example the fire in Philadelphia was! What a rebuke to money secured by such fraud! It is well to have such fires as the one in Philadelphia, but they will do no good unless there shall be a moral revolution in the hearts of the people, a new birth in the desires of men. New wheels and tables and chips and games will take their place instantly unless the hearts of the people are purified by the fires of divine love. In the fires of these gamblers' devices in Philadelphia can be read the words of the prophet:

This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us. (Isa. 17:14)

Burning Philadelphia's Gambling Apparatus

Discovers Strange Lakes

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, assistant curator of the Department of Mammalogy of the American Museum, arrived in New York City the other day after his tour around the world, with a number of rare specimens for the museum, and the story of the discovery of three singular little lakes in Korea. The native folklore mentioned the "Three Big Rivers," the Sam-he-Ung as the natives call them. Mr. Andrews took six natives and went in search of them. They passed through forests never before traversed, and so dense were the forests that for days the party could not see the sun. The explorer found the lakes on the top of a plateau. Their shores were of volcanic dust and their clear waters did not have any fish. Then the young explorer turned back into the water-shed of the Yalu River. Here he came nearly losing his life. As he undertook to appropriate the picture out of a shrine to a mountain god his native guides, stung with religious indignation, fixed a gun to kill him automatically in the act of taking the image. Paul almost lost his life by the religious wrath of heathenism, provoked by a supposed indignity to a goddess.

And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. (Acts 19:28.)

Seeks Treasure Island

WHEN Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island* it is not likely that he thought any one would hunt for real gold in the dream of an author. It seems, however, that Frederick Smodden of Calgary, Canada, did think that the yarns of sea captains and visions of dreamers were descriptions of material fact rather than the pictures of a wild fancy. Smodden is reported to have started for Colon on board the steamship *Turrialba* the other day on his way to Cocos Island, 450 miles off the coast of Costa Rica, in search of the $30,000,000 he thinks is buried there. Trevan, an aged sea captain, reported that during some of the early agitations in Costa Rica the merchants of that country, to save their fortunes, went over to this island of Cocos and hid away a fabulous fortune. Smodden claims that a sister of the widow of this aged sea captain told a man, who told him, the important secret. Mr. Smodden carried along with him on the vessel a variety of picks, shovels and other instruments needed to unearth the buried treasure. Nobody but Mr. Smodden has any idea he will find the $30,000,000 sought, or that he will find a penny for his trouble. The world will laugh at the credulity of a man who would go so far on so wild a scheme of fortune-hunting. As far as the question of a temporal support is concerned, or the accumulation of a little for a rainy day, the adventurer had better stayed at his task, however humble or however poorly paid. And yet there are many persons credited with the best of judgment who are just as visionary and reckless in the search for earthly treasures as the one on his way to the Treasure Island. We do not refer to the many throughout the world who bore holes in the ground among the mining camps and get water instead of silver and gold, but to the many in every community who build air castles at terrible expense, and chase dreams of gold that are wonderfully expensive. Eight-tenths of all the search for earthly treasure is not far from being as visionary and unsuccessful as that of the supposed "Treasure Island." The wild and generally unsuccessful chase for earthly wealth should emphasize the lesson Christ taught:

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. (Matt. 6:20.)

Reformed Convict Alderman Returns

WILLIAM J. BURKE, Philadelphia's reform councilman, was exposed as an ex-convict by a miserable creature who had been his companion in Charlestown prison in Massachusetts. Jimmy Foley blackmailed Burke till he had bankrupted him, and when he could get no more he threatened to expose the councilman. But Burke made an open breast of all, resigned his position in the board of aldermen, and fled the city and lived as an exile in New York City for several weeks. The people of Philadelphia sympathized with Burke, and the mayor wrote him a beautiful letter asking him not to resign; that as he had lived an upright life for so many years since leaving the prison the people would believe in his sincerity and honor. Burke's devoted wife, who had had so much to do in saving her husband to a life of ambition and success, had not known of his shady history, but she and her daughter stood by him, and he returned to them the other day. After greeting them, he went to the home of John L. Fehr, a local business man who had proposed to set him up in business again and give him another start in life. The spirit of forgiveness and confidence manifested by the mayor and citizens of Philadelphia and of the country at large is beautiful in the extreme. In these days of slander and mud-slinging it is truly refreshing to see the spirit of charity manifested toward this man Burke. It was not because he was a convict who had served out a long prison sentence that the sympathy was manifested, but because he wanted to be a better man and atone for the past, and because he was living a good life. The feeling was sympathy for him and contempt for the criminal who did not want to reform and who robbed his old comrade in stripes. This forgiveness is in imitation of Christ, who always pardons the penitent and helps him to a better life. Human forgiveness is taught by the apostle:

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted. (Gal. 6:1.)

Cabled "Can Cut"

THE Chinese legation in London has discarded the queue. Directly after the establishment of the new republic, the Chinese minister, his secretaries and all the attachés of the legation, with the exception of Chung Wing, had their queues cut off. Chung was agreeable to the new régime, but felt that he should first obtain his father's consent. Accordingly he wrote to his father in Peking, but the response was a flat refusal to allow what he thought to be the disgrace. After a month's delay the son wrote again, earnestly pleading for permission to follow the example of his associates. The son stated that he had been practically ostracized by his fellow Celestials, but the father was unyielding. The other day the son was surprised and overjoyed to get a cablegram with the two words, "can cut." The queue is now on its way to Peking as a souvenir to his wife. It is a fitting thing for these representatives of a newly liberated nation to discard the queue, the original badge of bondage. It is the proper thing for a nation reaching out so rapidly toward a world-wide life to have its official representatives conform in dress and manners to the customs of the peoples to which they are sent. The significant thing about the incident is the reverence the son had for his father when circumstances so sorely tried his loyalty. Reverence for parents is a part of the religion of the Chinese. The affection of Chung for his father and regard for his feelings are matched by many of our grown-up sons and daughters, and can be seen in the delicate and devoted attentions shown the aged in the church, the car, amid movements in and out of the house. There are some grown-up sons and daughters, however, who are cross, ungrateful, neglectful and mean with their fathers and mothers. They are rebuked by the Chinese representative who waited till he got the cablegram "can cut" before he gave up his queue. This reverence for parents is the commandment with a promise:

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. (Ex. 20:12.)

No Lobster Famine Likely

THE consumption of lobsters in this country has increased so amazingly within the last few years that fears have often found expression in the public press that the supply of this delicious article of food would be exhausted. The United States Government has had an eye toward such a danger and has taken steps to guard against it. The annual report of George M. Bowers, United States Fish Commissioner, indicates that there were 3,700,000,000 fish planted in our waters, 300,000,000 increase over last year, and 41,000,000 over the previous high record, and that 30,000,000 lobsters were planted. One of the leading fishermen on the Atlantic Coast, when asked about the likelihood of a lobster famine, said that no fishes that swim in the big ocean like the lobster can ever be exterminated. The prophet makes this reference to a fish famine in a certain country:

The fishes of the sea also shall be taken away. (Hos. 4:3.)

THE WORDS OF JESUS*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

First Lesson.—Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. Mark 3: 35.

OUT of the kindness of their hearts the mother of Jesus and his brethren interrupted him in his teaching, because they thought he was overtaxing his strength. Jesus would not stop to see them, but sent the message we have just quoted. If we would have kinship with Christ we must be co-laborers with him in God's work for saving souls. The charge has been made that "one-tenth of our church members are doing all the work while the other nine-tenths do nothing."

In contrast with this consider the famous motto of John Wesley, "All at it, and always at it." In carrying out this motto, there was a certain family consisting of a father, mother and two sons, young men, whose custom it was to ask at the breakfast table each morning, "What can we do for our church to-day?" As a result they abounded in good works and were the pastor's best helpers. And Jesus seeing their good works must have said of them, "They are my kin."

Second Lesson.—"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Jesus said these words after he had spoken the parable about the four kinds of ground on which the seed fell when it was sown. There was stony ground; and other that was infested with thorns; and other that was trodden down hard; and there was good ground. So he had before him four kinds of hearers. The ground was not responsible for its condition, but the hearers were. We must give an account to God for the ears with which he has endowed us. If we listen well to the teachings of his Word, we shall use them for his glory.

Mr. S—— was a chronic invalid, but worst of all, he was not a Christian. His wife was a faithful member of the church, and she frequently repeated in her husband's sick-chamber some of the interesting things she heard in the sermons. One sermon in particular she praised very highly, and her husband remarked, "I wish I could have heard it." This she repeated to her pastor, who kindly offered to come and read it to the sick man. Given the opportunity, he read it with all of the energy and impressiveness that he had given it in the church, which fact greatly pleased the invalid. Afterward the pastor came again to read another sermon highly commended by the wife, and as a result, before many weeks had passed, the sick man became an earnest Christian and his death was triumphant.

Third Lesson.—"So is the kingdom of God."

Jesus said the kingdom of God is like a growing seed, which is first planted, then a green shoot appears, and later the grain is formed, and then ripening occurs. The seed of the kingdom Jesus brought with him when he came from heaven to earth. He planted it in the hearts of his listeners as he went about on his tours of preaching and healing; the blade appeared in his first two followers, Andrew and John; the ear was forming in the appointment of the twelve apostles; the ripening was in process during the years the apostles went about with their Master, preparing to do the works which he did.

The kingdom of heaven is like the mustard seed, so small in itself, so large when it is fully grown. On the day of Pentecost, when the first sermon was preached by the apostles after Jesus had ascended to heaven, three thousand members were added to the church. And the Lord added to them day by day those that were saved (Acts 2: 41, 47). It has been estimated that the growth of the church should now be estimated at the rate of two Pentecosts a day—six thousand souls!

The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven. The baker and the housewife are familiar with the action of yeast, which is leaven. It takes only a small bit to raise many loaves of bread. A missionary landed upon an island where the people were all savages. He remained until his death. It has been said of him, "When he came there were no Christians; when he left there were no heathen."

Fourth Lesson.—Jesus said: "The good seed, these are the sons of the Kingdom, and the tares are the sons of the evil one."

Yes, and they grow together in every part of the world. The rain falls upon the evil and the good, and the same sun shines on both alike. And it seems that God not only keeps watch over his own, but over those who belong to Satan. In a field a tare never can become good wheat, but in God's kingdom many a child of the devil has become a saint. A pastor thus describes one of these "tares": "I was surprised when this distinguished lawyer and determined enemy of the Master crossed the threshold of our church; stern, unsympathetic, seemingly disgusted before the sermon began, and growingly disgusted as it went on. . . . Meantime there was to me but one man in all that crowded church. My soul went out for his soul. . . .

"Two days of desire and prayer ended in nothing more than dropping a line into the mail, recognizing his presence the past Sabbath, and expressing my pleasure. He replied, respectfully, in a note whose edges were as keen as its touch, icy. . . . He wanted to argue. Gently, but firmly, I declined, and said in my next note to him, 'You will now and hereafter be the subject of my earnest prayer, at a certain specified hour of each day, until you repent or perish, or I pass away.' . . . Suffice it to say the great opposer grounded every weapon, made clear and comprehensive confession before God, and, accepting Christ for righteousness and redemption, presented himself a new man. . . . 'Only let me sit down on the sill of the door, it is all I deserve,' said he at his admission into the church." *(Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D.)*

Nazareth, the Home of Christ's Childhood and Early Manhood

Fifth Lesson.—Jesus said: *"The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field;" like a merchant having found one pearl of great price,* he went and sold all that he had, and bought it; like a net cast into the sea, which when it was filled they drew up, and gathered the good into vessels, but the bad they cast away.

Strangely enough, one may possess the "treasure" and recognize it not until many years have passed. Luke Short heard a sermon when he was fifteen years of age by the distinguished John Flavel. When he was one hundred years old he was converted by recalling that sermon.

Wherever the Gospel net is cast, souls are gathered into the kingdom of God. No species is unknown to God, and all are taken, not for death, but for life evermore.

Sixth Lesson.—Jesus said: "Why are ye fearful? Have ye not faith?"

These words of rebuke were spoken to his disciples on a boat that seemed about to be swamped by the angry tempest. His saying is applicable to all who love their vision of Christ in any affliction that may come to them.

HOW WE TRUST

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things;
All we cannot understand,
All that stings;
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGA

Seventh Lesson.—Jesus said: *"The child is not dead, but sleepeth."*

We say we die, but he says we sleep. W Christ as our resurrection, death should have hold on us. The heathen wrote "Impositus" tombs (buried because of no further use). Ch tians wrote on tombs in the catacombs, "Deposit (laid down to be raised again).

Eighth Lesson.—Jesus said: "The Spirit of the Lord is u me to preach good tidings to the poor, to release the capti to give sight to the blind, to let the oppressed go free, to claim the Gospel."

The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He comes, the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus.

What a mission of compassion was his! And men turned their cold hearts away from him would have slain him even in the city where he grown up from boyhood.

Ninth Lesson.—There were words of Jesus in this les Mark 6: 14-29.

Tenth Lesson.—Jesus said: " harvest indeed is plenteous, but laborers are few."

He said this, seeing vast numbers of people he journeyed through the villages and cities Galilee who knew nothi about God's truth and great eternity beyond. A so he sent his twelve ap tles out among them, t by two, giving them pow to preach and to heal, a even to raise the dead, t the people might know th had been sent from G The human harvest field which Jesus looked in G ilee was not as large one's finger compared wi the field of the world, up which thousands of m sionaries are now at wo in companies large a small, and yet God is ca ing for more thousands. we cannot go ourselves, us give our money to p the expenses of those w can go. And let us uph them with our prayers.

Eleventh Lesson.—Jesus said: "Take my yoke upon you a learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart; and ye sh find rest unto your souls."

When we look at oxen working together under yoke, we are apt to think of it as an instrument torture. If they could speak to us, they would t us our mistake and say, "As we pull together, help each other; it would be more than twice hard to work alone."

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lonely paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience, still with thee
In closer, dearer company;
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong;
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Twelfth Lesson.—Jesus said, "Give ye them to eat."

These words he spoke to the twelve apostles wh they were proposing to send away hungry t great multitude that all day had listened to t teachings of Jesus on the plain of Bethsaida, mar of whom had been healed of blindness, lameness palsy and other diseases. Never was the compa sion of Jesus so fully measured as on that da To-day the whole world is the Valley of Blessin and the same God is caring for us all and pron ising that as long as the world remains we shall fed by his bountiful and unerring hand.

* THE QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER 29, 1912. GOLDEN TEXT: "The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life." John 6: 63, R. V.

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea"; "The Two Captains"; "Hearts and the Highway"; "As the Sparks Fly Upward"; etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

CHAPTER VIII

THE WINTER FIGHT

THE horses' hoofs thundered on the hard snow. Now the men cheered. Their blood was up. It seemed warmer.

The village was suddenly red with naked n. The Indian sleeps without clothing beneath blankets and furs, even in the coldest weather. ery brave had at least a cartridge belt and a nchester; there was some distance between the uth of the pass and the village; the galloping rses had not traversed it when a sudden, crashing tburst of sound filled the valley. This was fol- lved by a steady crackling as every rifle in the nds of five hundred braves was discharged, at st with one volley, as it were by instinct, followed a rapid storm of bullets which swept across the wy level. But the Cheyennes, only just awak- ed from sleep and not expert shots at best, did t do the execution with their hasty firing which ght have been expected, considering the closeness the range and the largeness of the target.

It was impossible to miss en- ely, however; soldiers threw their arms and fell here and ere; horses went crashing wn on the snow. But the fir- g of the Indians was as inef- tive to stop that rush as dust rown at a storm.

The next instant the troops re among the tepees, and the ttle of their carbines and the arper staccato notes of their volvers showed how quickly y got to work. But the cour- ge of the Cheyennes was gnificent. After their first rprise they rallied splendidly. e onrush of the charge was cked by the thick huddle of e Indian tents; the Cheyennes thdrew to the lower end of e village and then desper- ely, stubbornly, kept up the hting.

It was difficult to use the rses to advantage. Compton ve the order to dismount, and n led a rush directly upon e Indians. The fighting was the hand-to-hand type. The dians were naked as they had shed forth. If they lost that mp, they knew that their con- tion in the frozen mountain nge would be frightful. In- ed, they must conquer or die. d Dull Knife exposed himself cklessly, and they all fought only the northern Cheyennes, avest of all savages, braver even than the ux, always fought. Dull Knife was a vil- n, bloodthirsty, cruel, depraved, as were those he l, but no one could deny that he and his were men. bers had been left with the horses, carbines were ubbed; it was gun-butt against tomahawk and alping-knife.

The colonel had been looking eagerly everywhere his baby. Most of the women had fled to the e with their children to get out of the way of the ttle, but there had been no sign of the little white by anywhere. Suddenly from out the Indian nks a man, wearing a white buffalo robe and car- ing a child in his arms, burst into the open space tween the soldiers and the Cheyennes.

"Meagher!" exclaimed the colonel.

There had been a little temporary cessation in the mbat for a moment, while the rival fighters gath- ed themselves for a final struggle.

"Hold your fire," cried Compton to his men.

The soldiers dropped the carbines they had pre- ted at the advancing figure. But the Indians cognized at once what was up, and a storm of bul- s swept toward Meagher. He had foreseen it, d just before the volley he ran swiftly to one side ward the narrow wall of the valley, which here se sheer above the camp. He threw himself ainst the wall, thrust the child behind him, and ood defiant, Winchester and revolver in hand. e was yelling like a madman, as his barbaric Celtic rebears had done in many a battle of the past.

It was daylight now and the soldiers and Indians ke saw him plainly. With a whoop of rage the eat Cheyenne chief made for him with the others of his following. Colonel Compton started at full speed for the same objective point at the same moment, and the whole regiment followed to a man.

The Indians were naked, or very lightly clad; the soldiers were in heavy marching order and were further encumbered by great fur overcoats. The Indians had much the shorter distance to traverse, too, and they reached Meagher the more quickly.

Danny Meagher did not wait for them; his rifle cracked again and again as they came on until the magazine was empty, then his revolver spat into their faces until he hurled the heavy weapon into the brown of them. He received a half dozen wounds, but the blood of the fighting Irish had not yet been drained from his veins. Battling with the savage ferocity of the Indians himself, he leaped toward the red horde, his gun rose and fell like a flail until they grappled him, pulling him down as big gray wolves pull down a fighting buffalo. The next second the troopers were upon them.

The whole open was filled with a twisting, struggling mass. The advantage was not always with the soldiers either, in this hand-to-hand fighting,

Colonel Compton clasped her in his arms and then turned to look at Meagher

but the superior weight and more desperate courage of the white race soon told.

The Indians were driven back. Dull Knife, fighting in the front, had received a dozen wounds. The Indians broke and fled, struggling down the open toward the narrows at the farther end. There was not a solitary pony for the chief even; Emmett had rounded up the herd not without some fighting, for a little section of the village with many braves had been pitched upon the other side.

The soldiers sought to follow, but encumbered as they were, they were no match in speed for the Indians, and for the moment Colonel Compton had forgotten everything but Danny Meagher and his precious burden.

Little Miss Ethel, too frightened to cry out, they found to be absolutely unhurt. She was dressed in buckskin and feathers, her little face smeared with paint, but she was alive and well. Colonel Compton clasped her in his arms and then turned to look at Meagher. He was a gory-looking spectacle, his white blanket cut and torn to rags and covered with blood. Yet he was conscious still.

"I got her," said he. "Leftenant Hadden will be along presently. Sure 'tis dyin' I am, but you'll give me back me place in the regiment, sor?"

"That I will, my brave boy," said the colonel.

"And you'll tell—Molly," faltered Danny, and then he closed his eyes and lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Major Dently," cried Compton.

"Here, sir," said the veteran surgeon, forcing his way to his superior's side.

"Look after this man; do your best."

And Dently dropped to his knees beside the unconscious soldier.

The next moment the crashing began again. The chief had taken advantage of the respite—for the men had crowded around the colonel and Meagher and had burst into a cheering at the sight of the baby—and had rallied his men in the narrow mouth of the cañon which continued the trail. From this opening, and from behind a natural intrenchment of rocks, he opened fire. The Indians were doing more. Dull Knife had not fought in Crazy Horse's school without learning something. He was not beaten yet. There were practicable trails ascending the wall to the south; he detached part of his men to scale it, and from high points inaccessible to the troops in the village, poured in a dropping and disastrous fire.

"Get into line!" roared the colonel, quickly disposing his baby by the side of the gallant soldier who had fought for her and the surgeon who was looking after him. "We must rush the pass."

Seconded by their officers, the troops were soon taking their positions coolly, though under a galling fire. At command they advanced, but were met by such a heavy fire from the Indians behind the rocks as for the moment checked them. The line staggered, wavered and came to a halt. Compton, Dexter, Calmore and the officers leaped to the front.

"We've got to do it!" cried the colonel. "We've got to do it! Nothing is gained as long as they are there. Forward, forward!"

"For the honor of the Fourteenth!" roared an officer.

The men took a surge forward; they bent their heads as they had bent them before the driving snow, and came on, but whether they would have succeeded in dislodging the four hundred surviving Cheyennes, over one hundred of them already having been killed, was a grave question.

The colonel, emptying his revolver toward the Indians, looked upward, half in prayer, half in hope of seeing something of Hadden. At that instant, as if in answer to his unspoken appeal, the rim of the cañon was filled with men. By a lucky chance Hadden—whom Meagher had left behind—struck the "hole" just where the farther pass ran out of it, where the Cheyennes had elected to make their stand. The exhausted men, seeing the whole course of the battle beneath them, threw themselves face down on the brink and opened fire at point-blank range into the rear and on the flank of the Cheyennes. The sound of the first shot from above quickened the troops below, and the next instant they were among the rocks firing and fighting hand-to-hand again.

Dull Knife, tomahawk in hand, sprang at Compton, who was leading. The great war chief was covered with wounds. Pealing a war cry, he lifted his hatchet; Compton was weaponless; he closed with the Indian, fell upon him with all his hundred and seventy-five pounds of bone and sinew and struck him on the side of the head a terrible blow with his fist. The chief staggered and fell, and Marnett, who was ever by the side of the colonel, made sure that he would never rise again. The rest of the Indians broke and ran, followed by devastating shots from the soldiers.

Two hundred and fifty Indians had been killed; the remainder got away, but naked and freezing in the mountains.

The battle was over. Compton was astonished to discover that he was in a profuse perspiration in spite of the cold.

EPILOGUE

IN WHICH ALL ENDS WELL

THERE is little more to add. The victory had been complete. Dull Knife had been killed and his band as an organized force had been annihilated. His women and children in the camp were in the hands

Concluded on next page

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UNIQUE CRADLE-ROCKING DEVICE

UNIQUE and probably the most primitive cradle-rocking device ever seen or employed in any part of the world is the one here pictured. This novel method has been adapted by the matter-of-fact squaws of the Kwakuitl tribe of Indians now living on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. A great deal of their time when not engaged with household duties is spent in weaving, making baskets, and some parts of wearing apparel out of the fine inner bark of a certain cedar tree, a very serviceable and waterproof fabric being obtained out of this material. The picture above shows a Kwakuitl mother performing the double duty of spinning and rocking her infant, snugly packed in a hollowed-out cradle stuffed with cedar-bark strips suspended from the limb of a sapling. This is about the most realistic and accurate representation of the old nursery song, "Rock-a-by, Baby, in the Treetop," so far known; the most striking part, however, being that of the Indian mother using her big toe as the motive power. With a cord attached to the bent limb and the other end wound around her toe, she swings her dangling offspring to and fro, leaving her hands entirely free for weaving. So out of the ordinary was this scene of Indian life, which was met by an expedition, that a life-size group of this subject has just been set up in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. L. E. Z.

A Kwakuitl Mother and Her Novel Cradle

A BABY OF THE FRONTIER

Continued from preceding page

of Compton. The surviving braves, suffering incredible hardships during which many perished from cold, struggled on in the mountains and through the passes until they could join the other bodies of Indians more fortunate than they.

The camp was destroyed; every tepee was burned with all the supplies, save just enough to ration the troops and captives on their return march to Fort Sullivan. The captured women and children, numbering several hundred, were mounted on the captured ponies.

The men were allowed to rest until noon, warming themselves by the huge fires and eating their fill of the winter store of buffalo meat which Dull Knife's band had killed. Hadden's men, who had made a fearful march over the snow-covered mountains, and who looked it, were also mounted on the Indian ponies for their return. The regiment had lost thirty-five killed and they had nearly a hundred wounded, such had been the fierceness of the conflict. Two officers were among the killed and three among the wounded.

Meagher was the object of the colonel's most intense solicitude. If they could get him to the Fort, the surgeon said that he would recover. They made travois for the least dangerously wounded and litters for those more severely hurt, and with incredible love and labor they carried them down the pass. Late at night they reached the main camp.

The journey back to Fort Sullivan, terrible as it was, seemed easy compared to what they had undergone; and a week after they broke camp the column marched falteringly through the main gate and then was dismissed to the arms of its women.

A courier had gone on ahead, the indomitable Marnett whom no hardships or anxieties could daunt, and the old scout in great joy had told the young mother, whom he loved, the story of the rescue of her daughter. Marnett would not have missed the chance for anything. Mary Compton met her husband at the gate and took the baby from his arms to her heart. For the first time the colonel had to take the second place, but only for a little while. Molly, who was close behind, in obedience to the colonel's gesture went to the side of Danny Meagher's litter, bent over it sobbing and kissed him boldly before them all.

Charges against Meagher were of course dismissed. A sergeant of C troop had been among the killed, and Meagher was promoted; and when he recovered, there was such a wedding in the post as the rank and file had never seen, the colonel himself giving away the bride.

Little Ethel had many stories to tell of her captivity. The Indians had used her well, and even the great Dull Knife had condescended to notice her not unkindly. She had picked up many words and phrases during her sojourn in the tepees, and one of her favorite tricks was to strike her little breast with a gesture, in exact imitation of the Indian manner, and say:

"My fader heap big chief!"

It was an assertion that no one in the regiment had the least desire to dispute.

THE END

Answered Prayers

Mrs. E. Maile, San Diego, Calif. "God has answered my prayer in behalf of a dear one and I wish to praise his name."

Mrs. M. McL., Philadelphia. "I wish to acknowledge that my prayers have been answered many times by our heavenly Father."

W. R., Natural Bridge, Va. "I wish to thank God for his goodness to me. He has answered my prayers and has given me direct evidence."

Miss M. J. S., Champaign, Ill. "The Lord has answered my prayers times without number, but I promised I would publicly acknowledge the answer to this much-needed prayer in our beloved CHRISTIAN HERALD."

Miss M. W., Albany, N. Y. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered many prayers for me and three very important ones lately. With our meager knowledge we are not competent to judge what is best for us, and I thank him for some ungratified wishes, as I now see it was best for me so."

Answered prayers were also acknowledged by A. E. M., North Carolina; E. J. H., Burr Oak, Kan.; Mrs. F. Van S., Castleton, N. Y.; A Constant Reader, Gallatin, Tenn.; Mrs. G. M., Mt. Rainier, Md.; E. A. B. F., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Miss A. M. H., Danville, Ind.; Mrs. E. Allen, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. W. H. G., Southern Pines, N. C.; L. R. M., 1587 Fiske Street, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. A. W., Marion, Ind.; S. M. A., Pennsylvania; E. M. H., Newburyport, Mass.; Mrs. H. F. M., Emerson, N. D.; L. G., New York City; Mrs. E. McC., Hoopeston, Ill.; Mrs. J. M. G., Washington, Pa.; Mrs. J. S., Decatur, Ind.; Mrs. W. B., North East, Md.; A Subscriber, Holdenville, Okla.; A. W., Wharton, Texas; M. W., West Hoboken, N. J.; Mrs. J. S. P., San Diego, Calif.; W. T. L., Milton, N. C.; G. W. H., Bloomsberg, Pa.; Mrs. S. H. J., Canon City, Colo.; S. B., Alameda, Calif.; Miss B. W. B., Salisbury, N. C.; Mrs. C. L. C., Kirtley, Wyo.; T. E. D., Highland Falls, N. Y.; E. W., Prescott, Ariz.; E. M. B., Sunny Cove, Ore.; Mrs. C. W. D., Lyons, Colo.; E. E. T., Farmer, Ill.; J. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. E. O., Ada, O.; A. A., Ellsinore, Mo.; M. G., Merkel, Texas.

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1. There is a bet-ter world, they say, O, so bright! O, so bright! O, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done a - way, O, so bright! O, so bright! O so bright!
And mu - sic fills the balm-y air And an-gels with bright wings are there,
D.S
And harps of gold and mansions fair, O, so bright! O, so bright! O, so bright!

nd wicked things and beasts of prey
Come not there!
nd ruthless death and fierce decay
Come not there!
here all are holy, all are good,
ut hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
nd guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there!

And though we're sinners every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign;
Jesus died!

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THE UNCHANGEABLE GOSPEL

THE strange words, "Blood and Fire," which made the watchword of the Salvation Army, have been brought into special rominence in the many descriptions the scenes attendant upon the obseies of the late General Booth. hile the army was passing through s days of testing in the eyes of the orld, those words were looked upon part of its general queerness. eaders and soldiers alike were taken be more or less harmless fanatics, ho must be indulged the privilege of tting queer and rather terrifying ords on their regalia, just as they ere to be indulged in the unheard-of siness of beating drums and shakg tambourines as a means of worip and exhortation. But to-day the tuation is utterly changed. The alvation Army stands vindicated bere the eyes of a cynical world. The reatest men of earth have been glad express in earnest word and frarant wreath their high estimate of s founder and leader who has passed t of sight.

Yet the words remain as they were the days of those despised beginngs: "Blood and fire." All through e praise and display of the days hen the general's body lay in state, roughout the hours of the funeral rvice in London and the memorial services held round the world, during the long march to the grave and at the open tomb, those same strange words blazed everywhere: "Blood and fire." On the cap and the flags of the dead warrior, on cap and coat, on cape and ribbon of the mourning yet jubilant regiments who met and marched and sang to honor him; on the more than a million copies of their newspapers published in many tongues; on the stationery which carries forward the business of the great organization as it shelters the homeless, feeds the hungry, saves the erring, still the words stand: "Blood and fire." What do they mean? Have they been indeed the secret of the Army's victories? Wherein lies their magic? Words that will bring triumph such as these may well be earnestly pondered by those who are craving similar victories.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," said Jesus of Nazareth long ago. "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," boasted the great apostle who burst open the gates which let salvation flow from the narrow limits of Judaism out over the spiritual deserts of the Gentile world.

It would be almost humorous if it were not so bitterly tragic to observe so

Continued on next page

MOTHER'S KITCHEN

TIMELY HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS

AT THIS season of the year more than any other, the problem of the daily menu perplexes the housewife. With the prices of meat so high, it is advisable to have desserts that are not only dainty and appetizing but which also possess actual food value.

Kingsford's Corn Starch desserts are a specially happy conception in that they are extremely tasty and pleasing and wholesome and nourishing as well.

With Kingsford's as basis, you can prepare a wide variety of tasty dishes that delight the palate and supply much needed food elements.

Kingsford's Fruit Blanc Manges are a standby with a multitude of discriminating housewives—the fruits and sauces varying with the changing seasons.

Kingsford's Corn Starch is so delicate in flavor it combines perfectly with any fruit and is served with whipped cream or a syrup made from the juice of the fruit.

These Kingsford's desserts are especially easy to prepare. The one thing the housewife has to be most careful about is the *purity* of the corn starch. That is all-important. Kingsford's has been standard so many years, its extreme purity is beyond question, and to avoid inferior starches it is best to insist on the old favorite.

Here is a corn starch recipe you will want to try:

Corn Starch Pudding.—Three cups scalded milk, six level tablespoons Kingsford's Corn Starch, one-quarter cup cold milk, one-third cup sugar, one-quarter teaspoon salt, two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla. Mix corn starch with cold milk. Stir the scalded milk into this mixture, return to double boiler and stir constantly till it thickens. Cook eight minutes. Beat the eggs slightly, add sugar and salt. Add corn starch mixture and cook one minute longer. Take from fire and add vanilla. Serve with cold cream and sugar. Serves six persons.

For other splendid corn starch recipes write to Kingsford's, New York, for their free cook-book.

LAUNDERING DAINTY LINGERIE WAISTS

MANY women consider dainty lingerie waists and undergarments an extravagance not because of the initial cost but because their first trip to the laundry (even the home laundry) takes away the dainty, crisp, chic freshness which was the delight of the original garment.

Too many ruined garments are blamed to the painstaking and careful laundress; it is not always true that she did not thoroughly wash the garments nor that she did not give the usual scrupulous care to the ironing—the fault, many times, is in the starch. There are many kinds of starch on the market—there is one clean, pure, package starch. Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch, that never fails to give entire satisfaction.

Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch is absolutely pure and free from dirt or chemical action that will spot or stain the daintiest muslin—neither will it fade the daintiest colors as do many of the cheap bulk starches.

The "colored clothes" are often the most troublesome and "fading" is very often not due to the soap or sun but a cheap starch with strong chemical reaction.

Clothes starched with Kingsford's Silver Gloss Starch iron up with a dainty finish that cannot be obtained by the use of cheap starches.

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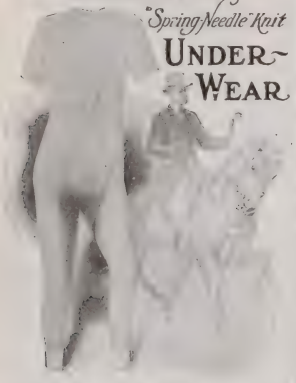

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The Unchangeable Gospel

Continued from preceding page

many present-day followers of Christ wearing themselves out in trying to find a new message that will win its way. "The times are new," they say. "We must find a new message." "Men's hearts and minds have changed, the church must change her message."

Not so. The message of the Cross is as potent to-day to win men from sin to holiness as it has ever been. "Christ died for the ungodly." That is the message which wins the world. "Christ died for you, my brother." That is the message which will win the heart of the twentieth century man as it won the heart of the men of the first century and of the nineteenth.

Fire? This preaching of the love of Christ that led him to die for men must be charged with the fire of God burning in the heart of the messenger. The war we are engaged in is real. Sin is real. If sin is to be overcome by the love of God in Christ Jesus, the proclaimers of that Gospel must have their hearts set on fire by the Holy Spirit. "I am come to cast fire on the earth," declared Jesus. And only where that fire burns is his work being really done. On the day of Pentecost the gift of power came so suddenly, so amazingly, that those gathered in the upper room said that the heavenly light kindled upon each countenance looked like fire. It was that fire that made the early church triumphant. It was the same fire, flaring in the soul of rugged Martin Luther, that awoke a slumbering church and purified its dire defilements. Wesley labored in vain to win men to God until an evening came on which "he felt his heart strangely warm." And the warmth thus strangely kindled in his heart has swept, in the less than two centuries since that day, into millions of other souls. Indeed, it was from that torch of Wesleyanism that the fire leaped to the breast of William Booth, just as it was the fire kindled in Luther's heart that set Wesley's soul aflame. It was the same Pentecostal fire that moved Finney and Spurgeon and Moody and Phillips Brooks to preach the evangel of Jesus with irresistible persuasiveness.

It is the only real power, this fire of God. If the church is to win modern victories in these modern times she must seek not a new message nor a new kind of power. It is the old message of the Cross that must be preached again; it is the ancient fire of God that must be kindled again in the hearts of his ministers and upon the altars of his church. Even in death the very body of General Booth drew sinners to the Mercy Seat. Death could not quench that fire which had blazed in his heart, flashed in his eye and flamed in his speech.

No need any longer to inquire as we sing to Jehovah:

> Is not thy grace as mighty now
> As when Elijah felt its power,
> When glory gleamed from Moses' brow,
> Or Job endured the trying hour?

Our very eyes have seen this man who could bear trials as Job bore them, who could lead people as Moses led them, who could prophesy as Elijah prophesied. God's power has not changed.

Shall not the regiments of Christ's universal army gather in their thought about the grave of William Booth and pray with desperate earnestness and expectant faith:

> Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire:
> Let us thine influence prove;
> Source of the old prophetic fire,
> Fountain of life and love!

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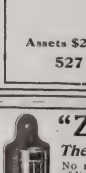

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In the Footsteps of St. Paul

Continued from page 904

and there is a sheepfold, often built of wattle and rushes, where at night the sheep are gathered, though during the day they are allowed to roam over the scanty pastures. In February every sheep has its lamb, and often a pair of them, but the lambs are kept in the fold while the mothers are feeding on the hillside.

It is an interesting sight to see the return of the mother sheep to the sheltering fold. They are eager to come, for they know that their lambs are waiting for them, and they rush pell-mell down the steep hillside to the door of the fold. Inside there may be five hundred lambs, which to the eye of a mere man look exactly alike, the same age, the same size, the same color; but the mother and the lambs make no mistakes. The shepherd, with his long staff crooked at the end, so that he may, if necessary, with it catch the sheep by the hind leg, whistles softly when folding time comes, and the sheep know his voice, and are soon safe folded for the night, each one with her own child by her side.

Another conspicuous feature that we saw from the railroad train was the little villages of houses built of mud or adobe brick, each village with its white minaret rising above the brown hovels, a tower which at least points toward the heavens and reminds the inhabitants of the one true God. Occasionally we passed a larger town with many minarets. Of these towns the most important is Ceres, a city with forty thousand inhabitants. Here Xerxes left his chariot on his famous march to the sea. But today the traveler sees little that is martial or heroic. To be sure, the Turkish soldiers, drawn up at every railway station that we passed and at every bridge and culvert, for fear of the bombs of the revolutionists or the discontented Albanians, reminded us in a remote way of Xerxes and his mighty hosts and of the other armies which have made their devastating way across Macedonia and have subdued it to the rule of Persian and Greek and Roman and Turk. At last the train drew up at the station of Drama, the nearest point to old Philippi. Here we found a large town flourishing by reason of the local traffic, and here, too, we found a Protestant Bulgarian Church (the Philippian Church, it is called), with an earnest pastor, whose wife is a helpmeet indeed in his good work, and who made us feel the moment we left the train that we were not among strangers and aliens. This family is just such an one as Paul and Silas would have sought out when they took this journey across Macedonia eighteen hundred and sixty years ago.

But we have already journeyed with the great apostle to Neapolis and Philippi, and we must return to Thessalonica and dwell for a little on the result of his message and his life in this ancient city. He lived here doubtless from December, in the year of our Lord 50, to May, 51. He first preached to the Jews, according to his usual custom, and though he made some converts among them and among the Jewish proselytes, he soon found a larger field among the Gentiles. We are especially told that a great multitude of devout Greeks believed. To this day the Greek Church is the predominant Christian church of Salonica. Though overlaid with many superstitions, a church in which doubtless Paul would find much to reprove and disapprove, yet, during all these centuries, it has maintained the Christian name, and in its creed the essentials of the Christian faith.

There are many beautiful Greek churches in the Salonica of to-day. Among them may be mentioned the Church of the Twelve Apostles. But alas! some of these ancient churches have been transformed into Turkish mosques. Among the most important and magnificent of these ancient

Continued on next page

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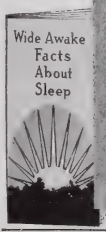

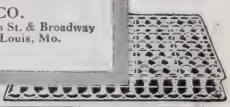

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In the Footsteps of St. Paul

Continued from preceding page

churches which the Mohammedans have converted to their own use is one which doubtless Paul saw, and which in its architecture was originally like the Pantheon at Rome. It was at first a heathen temple, then a Christian church, and now a Mohammedan mosque, as is also the Church of St. Sophia, which was built by Justinian, and whose architect also built the magnificent St. Sophia at Constantinople. Here was once a stone pulpit, now removed to the museum at Constantinople, from which it is said St. Paul preached, a tradition about which, however, there linger the gravest doubts.

Perhaps the most magnificent of the modern mosques is the one that was formerly the Church of St. Demetrius, who, for some strange reason, became, instead of Paul, the patron saint of Thessalonica. Tradition tells us that this church was built on the site of the ancient synagogue where Paul for "three Sabbath days" reasoned with them [the Jews] out of the Scriptures.

After these three Sabbath days Paul and Silas seem to have turned to the Gentiles, and for some months, apparently, were allowed to continue their propaganda unmolested. But at last the Jews, according to their invariable custom wherever the new Gospel made headway, "took to themselves certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and set all the city in an uproar." They could not find Paul and Silas, however, in the house of Jason his host, and so they dragged Jason and some of the brethren before the rulers with the accusation that these men had turned the world upside down. This charge was as true as it was unique; far, far more true than the accusers themselves knew. Paul, through the doctrines that he was preaching, was indeed turning the world upside down, or rather, as some one has quaintly put it, he was turning it down-side up, for it was wrong, and he was righting it through his preaching, his writings and his life.

As a result of this uproar Paul and Silas were obliged to flee to Berœa, whither we shall shortly follow them. The canny magistrates, apparently taking little stock in the accusation of the rabble, took security of Jason and another of the Christian disciples to insure the city against any further turmoil which might be caused by the preaching of the apostle. He could no longer tell the Gospel story of Christ and him crucified in Salonica, but he could not remain silent. He must tell the story to another people, and so he departed by night to another city of Macedonia, some forty miles distant.

We must not suppose that during his residence in Thessalonica Paul did nothing but preach the Gospel. In fact he tells us himself in his first letter to the Thessalonians that he "labored night and day that he might not be chargeable to any of them." Doubtless he labored at his trade of tent-making, for that was and is to-day an important part of the business of this ancient city. What a contrast is presented to us, as we think of this humble artisan, toiling by day perhaps in one of the open shops of Thessalonica, and by night with the aid of his smoky lamp—to furnish him with the bare means of subsistence, that no man might have occasion to reproach him for making gain of his doctrines.

One more supreme distinction must be accorded to Thessalonica, for to this city were written two of the letters of St. Paul, which through the ages have brought strength and comfort and warning to Christians in all the world.

As we think of the apostle in Thessalonica, the city that still retains so much of its ancient greatness, we may well take into our hearts anew his exhortations to the brethren there:

"Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks; quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIEN

By WALTER GRIFFITH

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end —

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way — by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops, the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches, come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them through the system and weakens it so that are subject to whatever disease is m prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on own little weaknesses and what we are least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically corr in every particular, and it has of surprised me that they are not m generally known and appreciated. we have to do is to consider the treatm that we have received in illness to rea fully how it developed, and the meth used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumula waste directly and constantly pull down our efficiency by making our bl poor and our intellect dull—our spi low and our ambitions weak, but responsible through its weakening infecting processes for a list of illnes that if catalogued here would se almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause that very expensive and dangerous c plaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate waste all our functions work prop and in accord—there are no pois being taken up by the blood, so i pure and imparts strength to every of the body instead of weakness—th is nothing to clog up the system make us bilious, dull and nervou fearful.

With everything working in perf accord and without obstruction, brains are clear, our entire physi being is competent to respond quickly every requirement, and we are 100 cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of can be thoroughly removed by drugs, even if it could the effect of these dru on the functions is very unnatural, an continued becomes a periodical necess

Note the opinions on drugging of most eminent physicians.

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the N York College of Physicians and Surge says: "All of our curative agents poisons, and as a consequence, every d diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of same school, says: "All medicines wh enter the circulation poison the blood the same manner as do the poisons t produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can kept as sweet and pure and clean as external and by the same natural, s method—bathing. By the proper syst warm water can be introduced so t the colon is perfectly cleansed and k pure.

There is no violence in this proces it seems to be just as normal and natu as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more wid and generally every day, and it seems though everyone should be inform thoroughly on a practice which, tho so rational and simple, is revolutionar its accomplishments.

This is a rather delicate subject write of exhaustively in the public pr but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepa an interesting treatise on "Why Man Today is Only 50% Efficient," wh treats the subject very exhaustively, which he will send without cost to one addressing him at 134 West Street, New York, and mentioning t they have read this article in CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Personally, I am enthusiastic Internal Bathing because I have s what it has done in illness as well a health, and I believe that every per who wishes to keep in as near a per condition as is humanly possible sh at least be informed on this subject; will also probably learn something a himself which he has never kno through reading the little book to wh I refer.—*Advertisement.*

Overland 1913 $985

Model "69 T" **Completely Equipped**

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5-Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
Center Control
Warner Speedometer
Remy Magneto
Prestolite Tank
Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision Wind Shield

In 24 Hours the Demand for This Car Was Greater Than Our Annual Supply

AND yet we are shipping better than 150 cars a day. Think of it! Nearly 1000 cars a week, and still the public refused to be satisfied. We could ship 500 cars a day and at that we could not wipe out our immediate orders. But 150 a day is the very best we can do just now. That is our present production limit. Later on when our new ctories are swung into working operation we can improve this condition; for this ason we will make 40,000 Overlands, which nearly doubles our production of e season that just closed.

We announced this car to the general public the latter part of last month. he instantaneous effect took our breath away. Inside of twenty-four hours we ard from practically every corner of the globe. It seemed to jar the entire tomobile universe. Cables from abroad were almost as thick as American egrams. Distributors, dealers and the appreciative motor buying public alike, lephoned, wired, wrote and traveled from every direction. Our headquarters in oledo were swamped with requests, demands and threats. Everybody wanted Model 69 at the same time. Nothing could curb the demand. We simply d to close our doors and ears to the riot and allot the cars as best we could.

This car took the country by storm. The very fact that a car of this size d power, a car of this magnificence, strength and comfort, a car so fully equipped ith the very best of everything, could be had for $985 was beyond all belief.

Everyone said "Why that car is identical with lots of $1,200 and $1,500 rs I have seen." And so it is.

The self-starter, big wheel base, powerful motor, rugged rear system, the unusually large brakes, the beautiful finish, rich upholstery, and the complete equipment, which includes practically everything made for an automobile, are specifications that square up with cars that cost twenty and thirty per cent more money. These specifications are all $1200 specifications.

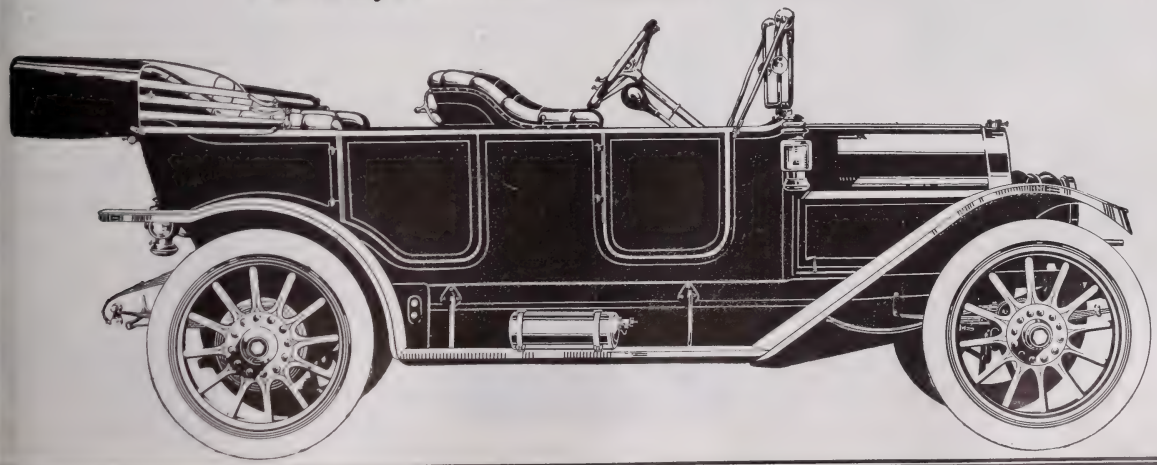
Then there is the cold rolled pressed steel frame, the selective transmission—three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings; the well known Remy magneto; the I section drop forged front axle which is forged in one heat and is fitted with the famous Timken bearings; the three quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings. This car is finished in that superb Overland blue with gray wheels, trimmed in black and nickel plate, making a most striking and stylish car of rich design. You cannot duplicate this car from any other maker for less than $1200 and some want $1500.

We have but one suggestion to make. Get your "69" order in early. Don't delay, put off or stall. Just get busy. If you want to enjoy your automobile this fall you will have to step pretty lively. "First come first served," is an old expression but it fits. The demand right now is treble the supply. We never in the wide world will be able to catch up with the orders, so if you want one of these world's record cars, act quick.

Get in touch with our dealer in your locality. If you cannot find him, wire us. There are over 2000 of them delivering these cars right and left just as fast as we can ship them. Don't you get left.

Write us for a catalogue describing this model—the car that broke all preceding automobile values. Please ask for Book K79.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Made over from a white serge dyed tan

Made over from a white voile, dyed pink

"Getting Ready for the Fall With Diamond Dyes"

"Last ... sister and I tried your dyes for the first time. ... decided that we could have ... Immense hit ... this fall, so for three days this week ... have ... ready for the fall with Diamond Dyes.

"Mother ... one ... last June, so she will go out ... in ... We made her two party dresses, one ... and the other a gray crepe de chene ... I had ... enough ... for a year. Then I got a ... pattern and we made her such a stylish tan serge suit! I had ... to wear it ... for three years. We made baby Helen ... little ... pettycoat. All of them ... were different ... that we ripped up and re-colored.

"Then ... all in one ... contains a deep, warm red, ... the effect is superb. Thanks ... for the interest in dyeing matters. ... I can ... out this way, and I realize now all I needed was the Diamond Dye Direction Book."

Mrs. Frederick Leland, Philadelphia, Pa.

You can make new gowns by making new colors—you can brighten up and renew your wardrobe with Diamond Dyes. You can transform the colors of draperies, curtains, rugs, and carpets. Diamond Dyes are the magic workers of the home.

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 90% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another, and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one classed dye while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, **and another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

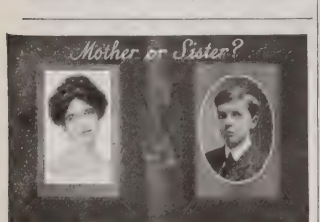
AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package

Valuable Books and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not the fabric is a Diamond Dye. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a sepia of the Dyeing Book, and 36 sample Dyed Cloths—FREE.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.



Don't lose your fresh girlish beauty! Pompeian Massage Cream has helped many a mother to look so young that people who have seen mother and son together have said, "Is she that boy's mother or his sister?" What a beautiful compliment! Many women know that such a compliment is often made possible by the use of Pompeian Massage Cream. Wrinkles and saggy skin are kept away; dead or sallow skins are given new life, and skin health is made lastingly possible if Pompeian is used. Get the original Pompeian that several million women have used for years. 50,000 dealers sell it. For years you have heard about Pompeian Massage Cream. Send now for trial jar, 6c (coin or stamps).

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AGENTS WANTED to sell the wonderful Magic Stove. Big Profits. Vest pocket edition of pat. consent Free. Write for it and our new sales plan which makes the business so easy that Boys and Girls can make money at it. Book indorsed by Bankers, Lawyers, Doctors and Business Men everywhere. F. E. Morrison, Publisher, 1153 Broadway, N.Y.

AGENTS wanted to sell the Duntley Pneumatic Sweepers. Only machine made combining Suction Nozzle and Sweeper Brush in one frame. Made in 5 sizes. Prices from $3.75 up. Sales easy. Discount liberal. Write to DUNTLEY PNEUMATIC SWEEPER CO., 420 Harvester Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

OUR YOUNGER READERS

Boy Scouts Are in Every Country Where the English Language Is Spoken

400,000 KIND DEEDS A DAY

SINCE the Boy Scout Movement in the United States first got a start two years ago, there are 400,000 kind deeds *extra* each day in the world done by American boys alone. One hundred and forty-six *million kind deeds a year extra!* Think of that! And this is a conservative estimate. Boy Scouts tie a knot in their neckties in the morning when they start out for the day, and they are in honor bound not to untie it until they have done some one a good turn. A Boy Scout's honor is a pretty serious thing and can very well be depended upon. There is almost no reckoning the amount of good done by boys alone in this world to-day. Their motto is "Be prepared," and by way of living up to it vast numbers of boys are in training for efficiency, which will raise the standards of boyhood everywhere and vastly increase the army of self-reliant, responsible men.

Any good all-around boy, if he makes up his mind to do it, can be a pretty good "scout" whether he actually registers in any organization or not. To make boys good at reasoning and capable, law-abiding citizens is the aim and the purpose of nearly all boys' clubs, leagues and bands. There have always been "scouts," and a scout's place from time immemorial is on the danger line in times of trouble, protecting those who trust to his judgment and bravery. Wherever there have been heroes there have been "scouts." A boy cannot live up to the very high "scout" standards unless he is healthy and well, therefore he must systematically take care of himself. He must play and sleep and work and eat well.

The Commandments of a Scout

THY honor shall be kept sacred, and thy loyalty to parents and country unsullied. Be ever ready to save life. Always be a friend to animals, and never under any circumstance take money for doing a kindness or a brave deed. Be thrifty, and despise the pleasures of the street corner. Carry your back straight and your head bravely in order to grow muscular and self-reliant. Refrain from cigarette-smoking. Try to be cheerful and good-natured under all circumstances and Be Prepared.

* * *

The scouts' salute or fraternity sign is three fingers held erect; little finger and thumb joined across the palm.

Follow Him Up

A PRETTY good game for after school on autumn days is Follow Him Up. Choose a leader, and if there are enough players, the leader may choose a running mate. The rest of the players give the leaders a full five minutes' start, and then follow them up hot-foot. The leaders must chalk a trail of signs at intervals of a minute or a minute and a half. If they are caught marking the signs, or if the "trailers" catch the slightest glimpse of them, they are promptly called in and other leaders are sent out in their place. Follow Him Up is a good old barracks game.

Would You Believe It?

PLACE on the dining-room table a piece of flat thin wood about twenty by ten inches, and half an inch thick or less. Let about five inches of the piece of wood stick out over the table's edge and cover up the rest of the board with four or five newspapers. You can now deal that projecting end of the board quick downward blows with your fist or a hammer until it splinters and you cannot raise the other end of it off the table, although at a very light touch of your finger the end will fly up. Try it. This is a very old scientific demonstration of air pressure, and a very pretty trick. It is surprising how few boys and girls have tried it out.

OUR LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

BUBBLE BLOWING

OUR plot is small,
but sunny limes
Shut out all cares and
troubles:
And there our little
folk at times
Play at blowing bubbles.

The screaming swifts
race to and fro;
Bees cross the ivied
paling;
Draughts lift and set
the globes they
blow
In freakish current
sailing.

They glide, they dart,
they soar, they
break,
O joyous little daughter!
What lovely colored
worlds they make!

A Happy Sunny Afternoon

What crystal flowers
of water!

One, green and rosy,
slowly drops;
One soars and shines
a minute,
And carries to the lime-
tree tops
Our home reflected
in it.

William Canton.
Adapted.

Good-Night Verse

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.—*Ps. 113.*

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

FLOOR FINISH

Makes Floors Like Thi

WE want to know—and we want *you* know—all about *your* floors. We wa to show you, as we daily show so many othe how inexpensive and how easy it is to e *permanently* all your floor troubles. ELASTICA is a floor varnish which will gi you positive, satisfactory results. It is trad marked like this—

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
TRADE ELASTICA MARK
FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. Beware of imitations.

Whether your floors be old or new, of so wood or hard wood, painted or unpainte stained or unstained, ELASTICA will preser them with an elastic, bright, durable, wate proof finish. ELASTICA can be used just well over linoleum or oilcloth.

Send for Book 88

"How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition. Profusely illustrat rich in suggestions for making and keeping floors beautif Also ask for a SET OF EXQUISITELY COLORED POS CARDS showing handsome interiors, which will be sent w our compliments. Address

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

29 Broadway, New York, 2620 Armour Avenu Chicago, Ill., 301 Mission Street, San Francisco, Ca or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ca

Ask Your Dealer

Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1 for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2 for interior use—Satinette White Enamel, for interior and exterior decoration—Kleartone Stains and other Architectural Finishes.

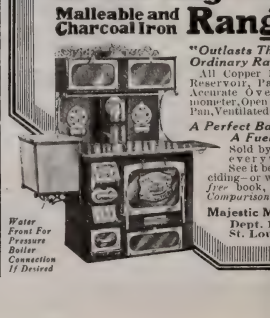
The Range With A Reputation

Should Be In Your Kitche

ONLY range made of malleable iron a charcoal iron. Charcoal iron won't r like steel—malleable iron can't break. Put toget with ***rivets***—absolutely air tight. Oven lined w ***pure asbestos board—you can see i*** insuring a ***dependable*** baking heat with ***half*** fuel required in ordinary ranges.

Great Majestic

Malleable and Charcoal Iron Range



"Outlasts Three Ordinary Ranges"
All Copper Moval Reservoir, Patent Accurate Oven Th nometer, Open End A Pan, Ventilated Ash P

A Perfect Baker— A Fuel Sav
Sold by deal everywhe See it before ciding—or write t *free* book, *"Ran Compurison."*

Majestic Mfg. C Dept. 155 St. Louis, M

Water Front For Pressure Boiler Connection If Desired

Get Our FREE Booklet on

Domestic

VACUUM CLEANERS

We want every home in the country to have our Free Booklet on DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANERS. It's full of valuable information on Modern Housecleaning Methods. It is impossible to keep a sanitary, healthful home if you clean house thoroughly but once or twice a year. One week after you have cleaned house by the old methods, disease-breeding dust is collecting in the texture of your carpets and rugs, beyond the reach of the broom and sweeper.

The only safe, absolutely clean and SANITARY method is to have a

DOMESTIC
Vacuum Cleaner

Run an easy-running Domestic over your carpets and rugs every day or two as you would a carpet sweeper, and you keep them as clean and bright as new every day in the year. You keep the surface clean—you keep every thread of the texture clean, and, what is more, you keep the dust beneath the carpet as clean as your kitchen table. The DOMESTIC is the ONLY Vacuum Cleaner with full ball-bearings. The Domestic is the only vacuum cleaner with a ball-bearing roller adjustment to support the nozzle—causing the nozzle to roll and not drag and wear the carpets as others do.

SEE THAT BALL-BEARING ROLLER. This is an exclusive DOMESTIC feature. It rolls over the carpet and does not permit the nozzle to forward wear the nap of the carpet as others do.

The DOMESTIC is wonderfully well made and will last a lifetime.

The DOMESTIC is made in the largest and best equipped factory in the world devoted to the exclusive manufacture of vacuum cleaners. More than 100,000 DOMESTICS are in daily use in all parts of the world. We make them to sell at all prices. Write TO-DAY for our Free Booklets.

IS PILE OF ... was removed from a rug by a DOMESTIC after ... had been roughly used by old tools. The DOMESTIC all the ... beyond reach of sweeper

We Want
Live Agents

If you can sell five or more DOMESTICS—write for our agents' terms. An excellent opening for one person in each locality. Write today

DOMESTIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.,
228 Hermon St.
Worcester, Mass.
228 Masonic Temple
Peoria, Ill.

WRITE TO THE NEAREST ADDRESS

Send Us Your

Old Carpets

We Will Dye Them and Weave

New Rugs

By our improved method of weaving, we make beautiful rugs, totally different and far superior to any other rugs woven from old carpets.

We Dye Your Old Carpets
—You Choose the Colors
for Your New Rugs

Beautiful designs to your taste—plain, Oriental—soft, bright, durable—fit for any parlor. Woven any size, without seams. Guaranteed to wear 10 years.

New Rugs at a
Saving of ½

... old carpets are worth money, no matter how badly ... Don't throw them away. Freight costs you ... nothing—we make liberal allowances for far- ... states. Every order completed within 3 days.

REE Write today for book of designs, in 12 colors, prices and full information. IT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

SON RUG CO., Dept. 162 40 Laflin St., Chicago

SAVE HALF Your
Paint Bills

... using INGERSOLL PAINT—proved ... by 66 years' use. It will please you. Only paint endorsed by the "Grange." Made in all colors—for all purposes.

DELIVERED FREE
From the Mill Direct to You at Factory Prices.

NGERSOLL PAINT BOOK—FREE

Tells all about Paint and Painting for Durability. ... to avoid trouble and expense caused by paints ... ading, chalking and peeling. Valuable information ... to you, with Sample Color Cards. Write me. DO ... NOW. I can save you money.

... W. Ingersoll, 253 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

100,000 APRONS
Given Away

Send us the name of your dealer (who should keep Dean Lockstitched Aprons and Rompers) with 7 cents for packing and postage and we will send you an Embroidered Round Apron.

The W. H. Dean Co., NEW YORK CITY

EVERY CHURCH SHOULD USE OUR INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION SERVICE
Clean, Sanitary, Impressive
Address THOMAS COMMUNION SERVICES
Lima, Ohio

China's Industrial Problem

Continued from page 901

Chinese to revolution. Between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 Manchus have their assured livelihood cut off! They know no trades, for they have been soldiers. Their one imperative need is industrial education.

We cannot expect to meet the whole need, but we can help train industrial leaders. It is for this end—*training industrial leaders*—that the Fukien Industrial Homes is making an effort, with the help of friends in America, to secure $100,000 for an industrial plant at Pagoda Anchorage. One-half of this is needed to provide a thoroughly equipped American superintendent; the other half to purchase, equip and run the industrial plant itself. All income received will be expended to develop the plant.

This industrial plant is designed to provide industrial training primarily for the boys of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Homes, but it is hoped it will be able to receive others needing industrial education. At present a well-to-do Manchu family has donated two large Chinese houses, free of rent, toward a weaving plant in Foochow city for five years. This is superintended by a Chinese. It is approved and helped by the Chinese themselves. It is already started, but it is impossible to put it on a lasting basis without funds sufficient to purchase this unrivaled site, and to secure the services of a foreign superintendent trained in industrial methods. The Industrial Home is interdenominational, but connected with no mission. It is entirely independent, and will seek incorporation as soon as funds are secured. A site is offered, a fully trained American is considering taking up the work, and we are hoping and praying and confidently expecting that God will put it into the hearts of generous Americans to supply the means for going on with this great and sorely needed work.

The Late Major A. R. Calhoun

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has lost an honored and beloved member of its contributing editorial staff by the death of Major Alfred R. Calhoun. Early in the summer he underwent an operation, from the effects of which he failed to recover. He lingered through the summer days, bravely doing his work in spite of pain and weakness. Much of his writing was done in bed; he was never able, after his return from the hospital, to leave his home. During the last days of August his condition grew rapidly worse. To his colleagues and friends who visited him at his bedside he presented the same unflinching bravery and firm patience which had characterized his whole life. One by one he bade them "good-by," with a quiet "God bless you." The end came on Sunday, September 1, when his brave spirit entered into rest.

Major Calhoun served with the Union forces in the Civil War, and was severely wounded, suffering the loss of his right leg. Leaving the army at the close of the war, he entered upon a literary career, in which he gained distinction. He served on the staff of a number of the leading newspapers and magazines in New York, and was a favorite author of war stories and other forms of fiction, as well as a literary critic of high rank. Throughout his life he was not only brave, honorable and diligent, but tender-hearted and cordial, a faithful, affectionate friend to many who deeply mourn him. The major is survived by a widow, two daughters and one son. His death occurred in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

* * *

Mrs. A. Law (85) passed away at her old home near Savanna, Ill., where she was for over thirty years a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

David Bayless, of Toledo, O., died January 29, 1912, at the age of eighty-eight years. He was a faithful church worker since a lad, and had subscribed to this paper for twenty years.

James P. Morse (98) died recently at the home of his granddaughter in Chicago, Ill. He was for many years a devoted subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Richard Bartlett, of Guilford, N. Y., fell asleep recently at the advanced age of ninety. He was for many years deacon of the Congregational Church of his town, and a devout Christian.

F. A. Rogers, Sr., of Ovalo, Texas, passed away recently after a long life of Christian devotion. He was not only a subscriber to this paper for thirty years, but introduced it into the households of his children, grandchildren and friends.

Chalmers 1913
MOTOR CARS

Made in Chalmers Shops

Send For The Chalmers Pedigree

Every man who owns, or expects to own a motor car, should send for our book, "Story of The Chalmers Car."

There is good information in it for every car buyer. It will tell you how to look for both strong points and weak points in any car you buy. It tells just how Chalmers cars are built, and why they give more service and satisfaction than any other.

It will show the man of hard common-sense just why we can build a car at $1950, that is not exceeded in strength, style, power, and durability by any other car at nearly double the price.

This is a broad statement, but true and provable. There is no mystery about it any more than there is mystery why one farmer gets 20 bushels per acre, and another gets 40. There is a reason for everything.

We want you to realize the value of these great features:

Electric lights; Turkish cushions; nickel trimmings.
Improved springs; self-starter; long stroke motor.
Demountable rims; eleven-inch upholstery.
4-forward speed transmission; speedometer.
Special silk mohair top; rain vision windshield.

A Chalmers is the car for you to buy for real service. You cannot afford to buy a cheaper car, and you cannot buy *better* service no matter what you pay.

Send for the book on the coupon today.

"Thirty-six", $1950; "Six", $2400
(*Fully Equipped*)

Chalmers Motor Company.
Detroit, Michigan

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and catalog of 1913 cars

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....C. H.

OUR NEW OFFER

OUTFIT FOR TINTING POST CARDS consisting of 10 Cards, Brush and Paints mailed for 25 cents, 100 Cards assorted for 80c

10 Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving or Birthday Post Cards, 10c. 30 Cards, 25c.; 100 Cards, 80c. Special assortment of Birthday or Remembrance Cards 100 for 60c.

MADISON ART COMPANY, MADISON, CONN.

AGENTS WANTED

High Class Dress Goods; Silk, Cotton, Wool, Trimmings, Ribbons, Buttons, Silk and Cotton Petticoats. Biggest and Best line ever offered. Write today for full information.

CASE IMP. AND NOVELTY CO., 75 Main St., Cortland, N.Y.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted; prizes, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 53 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Cash or Credit

You'll Be Proud of Your Stove and Your Saving—If You Buy a Kalamazoo

Maybe you think it is *easier* to buy a stove at home than from the factory. So you are willing to pay a lot more or get a second or third rate stove. You are mistaken. Write a postal now for our catalog and you'll see it's easier to buy from our factory. Of course it's far more economical because of our factory prices, and much safer because of our free trial, year's approval test, and legal guarantee. And our prices *have been reduced.* We have saved 200,000 customers an average of $18.00 each.

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According to Size and Style

Kalamazoos are *acknowledged the best* everywhere—but being the only *quality* stove sold exclusively direct by the makers, they are also the lowest in price.

Your Choice Free For One Month And One Year's Approval Test

Write for Book Now—Free. It shows 400 styles—a heating stove and cooking stove and range for *every* home to suit *every* purse—*every one at a bargain.* Orders shipped day received. Write for Catalog No. 103 mentioning name of this paper.

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We also make Furnaces and Gas Stoves. Ask for Special Catalogs if interested in these lines.

FREE

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

And Gas Stoves Too

SUMMER AND AUTUMN

I

MY PRISON

THE walls are not of stone, but splendors, gold,
And blue and emerald—the soft, silken skies
That fold me in like veils of paradise.
The floors are carpeted with manifold
Colors of green and red and white, like old
Designs from lustrous looms of dead sunsets.
Inwrought are daisies, roses, violets—
Ah! fragrant beauties of a wealth untold!
The windows, stretches of a silver sea,
Opening on highways gemmed with shining stars,
Whose music glad from the high cliffs of heaven
Wings my unfettered soul upward to thee,
Before whose pure, white presence all that mars
Dies as died pain from the angel face of Stephen.

II

THE AUTUMN ANGEL

Over the melancholy earth he spreads
His dream-enchanted wings of weightless gold.
He gathers stealthily within his fold
Summer's green children, tucked within soft beds
Of fading verdure. All late blooming heads
Are hidden there beneath his shining pinions—
Dear, frayed creatures, withered, lifeless minions,
Slain by the Autumn Angel's flaming reds.
Ah me! his glance is in the atmosphere;
His voice is in the crying, crooning wind:
His yellowing kiss is fallen on every place
Our human hearts and haunts and paths hold dear:
On flower, leaf, grass, corn, vineyard, bird and mind
Of man, and pictured in his dreaming face.

FREDERICK F. SHANNON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

RIGHT HOME

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of *caffeine*—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor. Tea is just as harmful as coffee because it, too, contains the drug *caffeine*.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

A Mo. physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says:

"I wish to add my testimony in regard to that excellent preparation—Postum. I have had functional or nervous heart trouble for over 15 years, and a part of the time was unable to attend to my business.

"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavour than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A ROUGH SKIN

depends upon an improperly working stomach. Gas, fermentation, acids, are neutralized for Murray's Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), which regulate digestion and so insure a rosy, clear complexion and a smooth, flawless skin. For *once only*, a full size 25 cent box will be sent for 10 cents in stamps, enough to prove these claims beyond the shadow of a doubt. A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

Are You Interested In

pleasant, permanent and profitable agency work? We offer a position as exclusive distributing salesman either all or spare time for the **Automatic Combination Tool**, a Fence Builders Device, Post Puller, Lifting and Pulling Jack, Wire Stretcher, Wrench, etc. Used by Contractors, Teamsters, Farmers, Factories and others. Weighs 24 lbs., lifts or pulls 3 tons. Write for offer and county desired.

AUTOMATIC JACK CO., Box 54, Bloomfield, Ind.

THE POWER OF MUSIC

BY PROF. HARLAN L. FEEMAN

Westminster Theological Seminary

THE world could get along without flowers, but it would be much less beautiful. The forests could cover the hills and spread through the valleys without the birds, but they would lose their song and be lacking in much of their interest to man. The battles, the processions, the sacrifices, the feasts and the harvests of all the past might have been carried on without music, but they would have been bereft of much of their glory and influence and have come down to later generations with a far less rich association. Our churches and our homes might go on without music, but some of the keenest longings of the human soul would languish and perish, and life be much more somber than it is. If the home should no more know the fireside song and the church her evening hymn, much joy and fellowship would be missing in this life. A song has changed many a cabin into the vestibule of paradise. The faith of more than one soul has risen on the wings of a church hymn into the eternal radiance resting above the lowering cloud of the deathbed.

More particularly as to the church, what can music do? Let us say, first, that if it be of the right kind, music can create an atmosphere in which the prayers and sermons of the pulpit will flourish like the cedars of Lebanon. Many a good sermon has had its edge dulled by cold and spiritless song. Many a poor sermon has been lifted on the wave of soulful singing to the place of the unforgotten. I am quite convinced that no one so fully realizes how much the effect of the work in the pulpit is due to the singing as the man in the pulpit. Yea, more than this does he know; that frequently the emotions, the spirit, the mood, the heart of the preacher as he rises to speak, has been in the keeping of those who sing. A cold, spiritless, unworshipful song; a solo more pagan than Christian from a fervorless soul, always puts upon the preacher the burden of throwing off from himself and his hearers a depression which has settled down. If the people who lead in the music of our churches more carefully considered the effect of their work on the man in the pulpit, they would more frequently environ him with a volume of spiritual song. The ancient Hebrews believed that their kings found wisdom, and their prophets vision, under the influence of music. They had good reason to practice such belief. But more than the influence on the preacher is music's influence in the creation of an atmosphere of worship, which is worth more, perhaps, than anything else in the assembling of ourselves together. The singing may be lacking in artistic effect, the sermon not unusual, and everything in the service very ordinary, yet if there be from beginning to end a lively sense of the divine, a spirit of sincerity and reality everywhere, we have just that atmosphere which is most needed in our churches. This is not to say that cultured song is less fitted to produce such spiritual atmosphere, but rather that it is better able to produce this, provided that heart quality is united with voice quality.

What can music do? It can lift burdens from hearts that are heavy. It can sweeten the sorrows of life. It can strengthen the pulse-beat of the discouraged. It can provoke a silent intermingling of fellowship which is too deep for physical expression. It can quicken the faith of believers. Nowhere in our church life does the social confirmation of our faith take place more than in the songs of the sanctuary. There is a mysterious touching of heart with heart in this part of worship. Like the push and the pull of every particle of water which forms the wave crossing the lake, so do the waves of feeling made up of the emotions of a worshiping

Continued on next page

Grains That Taste Like Nuts

Prof. Anderson's process for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice requires a terrific heat.

The guns with the grains in them go into a furnace, where the heat is 550 degrees.

That fearful heat—continued an hour—gives a flavor much like toasted nuts.

So the grains are used in candy making—used to garnish ice cream—used in frosting cake.

And when served with cream or served in milk, they have that enticing almond taste.

Crisp, Airy Wafers Puffed by Steam Explosion

These curious grains, with a myriad cells, are due to a steam explosion.

The inner moisture is turned to steam. When that steam is exploded, all the millions of granules are literally blasted to pieces.

Thus the grains are puffed to eight times normal size. And thus they are made fully twice as digestible as grains were ever made before.

Thus the grains are made airy and porous, thin and melting, brown and crisp.

No Other Cereals So Enjoyed as These

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are being served for a million meals a day.

For breakfast with cream and sugar, or mixed with fruit. For luncheons and suppers in bowls of milk. As crisps in soup for dinner, and as garnish for ice cream.

No other ready-cooked cereal was ever created which people liked so well.

And never was whole grain made wholly digestible, as it is in these foods shot from guns.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

These are the premier grain foods, approved by every expert, enjoyed by every taste. There is nothing else like them—nothing to take their place. Don't let the children miss them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(327)

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rnish Pianos and Organs, famous through- the world for purity of e and exceptional lasting ualities, are now sold at lowest prices ever quoted high grade instruments. You can buy

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from a third to a half what dealers charge, freight paid ou wish. *Try* the Cornish in your own home—if not olutely satisfactory, return it to us within a year at our ense and your payments will be refunded with interest. ry Cornish Piano or Organ guaranteed for 25 years' per- service, and you are fully protected by our guarantee *in ing.* You can take 4 years to pay. No more liberal of standard pianos and organs ever made. This is a arkable buying opportunity.

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o matter what the price. Better ruments can't be made. The erial and workmanship in every nish instrument is perfect. The e is remarkably low when you direct from factory, the nish way, which eliminates middleman.

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r 250,000 Cornish instru- its in use today.—5,000 olicited testimonials (re- ered) from satisfied pur- ers in every section of the ld. *Special terms and dis- on* to religious and charit- institutions.

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Our new Catalog is the handsomest piano and organ book ever published—it contains proof of every reason for Cornish superiority. Sent FREE on request. Say whether you are interested in pianos or organs. Receipt of book means no obligation on your part. Write today. Please mention this paper.

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IRON WITHOUT A FIRE

New, easy, elegant way. Mrs. Larkins, Mich., writes, "Have ironed 6 years with perfect satisfaction." Mrs. Timm, O., says, "Couldn't think of ironing without it."

Improved Monitor Sad Iron

Self-Heating. Not Sold in Stores.

Strong, light, handsome—durable. Easy operate; heat regulated instantly; no dirt—no odor.

NTED--AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS, Big Profits. No experience required, is almost on sight. Send for colored circular, full size and erior view of iron. Exclusive ling rights—no charge for ritory.

Monitor Sad Iron Co.

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DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new The MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

"The MORLEY PHONE for the **DEAF**

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, ghtless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over One ndred Thousand Sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. IE MORLEY CO., Dept. 754, Perry Building, Philadelphia

TO THE BOYS OF OUR COUNTRY

COME, boys, take the floor, stand up manly and true,
And let the world see what you're going to do.
It seldom will notice just how you are dressed,
If it sees you are clean it excuses the rest,
But it gives careful heed to your action and talk,
And sees just the path you are going to walk.

Two roads lie before you. The one on the right
Has manhood and honor all plainly in sight;
The other leads off to the by-ways of sin,
Where all kinds of evil and trouble begin.
You would not like that, with the shame and disgrace
To sadden your heart and disfigure your face.

What are brains made for? "For use," you will say;
"For study, and storing up knowledge each day."
And what are hands made for? Your bright looks reply,
"To do what we can, and do more by and by."
Your answers are good, so keep the right track,
Onward and upward, and do not turn back.

Your mouths should be clean for a good loving kiss,
For mother and dear ones you never should miss;
So don't use tobacco, for often it leads
To the road on the left, with bad boys and bad deeds,
Which makes people think, and sigh with regret
As the step is all wrong, and will injure you yet.

Now school is dismissed—but I call you all mine
From each county and State, so wheel into line;
Stand firm in your places—brave, manly and true;
The hopes of our country are centered in you.
You are its Life Guard—so heed what I say,
And come at the roll-call of Company A.

ANNA KATHARINE WHITING.

The Power of Music

Continued from preceding page

people roll over an assembly. It is contagious, it is irrepressible. It is almost overmastering.

Perhaps St. Paul was thinking of this in his exhortation to the Corinthians, "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." He does not stop here as we generally do in reading it. He goes on, saying, "Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord." This filling of the Spirit, this intoxication with divinity, qualifies for spiritual singing. The Spirit is brought into the same relation to Christian song that he bears to other kinds of Christian service. Undoubtedly St. Paul's "speaking one to another" comes to pass in our Christian songs by which the faith delivered to the saints is reenforced and established. It is more than likely that all of us would sing more in the Spirit if we thought more often of this mystic intercourse of souls through the medium of our Christian hymns.

What can music do? It can express for us thoughts of the soul which elude the sermon and the written page; those experiences of the heart too tenuous to be breathed out in common talk. Only by the tender breathing and rhythmic caress of music can they be lifted from the inner life. But how beautiful and sweet and heavenly they are when borne forth on the measured strains of music! The sacred lilt of the bridal chorus in the marriage ceremony, the eternal promises in the subdued strain of the funeral service, more fully express the deep things of the heart than spoken address ever can. Would that all of us, our choirs, our congregations, and the minister, too, might more thoughtfully consider the ministry of music.

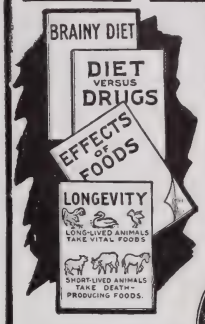
Westminster, Md.

TWILIGHT TALES PRIZED HIGHLY

Have received Margaret Sangster's last book, and send my thanks for it. I always enjoyed Mrs. Sangster's writings, and have missed her page in the paper very much. But she has gone to her reward. I shall prize her book very highly, and I thank you for it again.

Rockford, Ill. MRS. C. L. KELSEY.

Popular Educational Food Campaign



FREE: Four Booklets Which Have Taught Many People to Cure Themselves

One clever young university student writes from Lincoln, Nebr.:

"I have confidence in this system. It has relieved an unsightly skin and mental anemia through the valuable suggestions and hints in your four booklets. There is a mine of practical hints in them, enough to convince a skeptic, were he to stick to the rules faithfully and give it a trial.

"I have already gained more brain and nerve force—more efficiency without enforced exercise.

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. To put it weakly, I was astonished. I know now that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge, and hope to learn more of your system in the future."

Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables and fresh, juicy fruits do not.

—no foods sold
—no fasting
—no exercises

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert

A thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

Correct Combinations of Foods Cure Diseases

I have always cured the above-named symptoms in a few days or weeks by returning to a correctly combined diet. The experiments have been fascinating, and the results underlie success in life.

Brainy Diet

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses) gained strength with firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.

People Write:

"My brain power and general efficiency have been about doubled this year by selecting brainy foods. I have made a fortune in real estate, and the credit is honestly yours."

"The government should investigate and teach the Brainy Diet System for the good of the nation."

"The hints in Booklet No. III, on foods for curing congested liver, nourishing the brain, etc., are worth untold dollars, although the books are free."

(1) TEST OF BRAINY DIET (3) EFFECTS OF FOODS
(2) DIET vs. DRUGS (4) KEY TO LONGEVITY

Send 10 cents for mailing. Send addresses of your sick friends.

G. H. BRINKLER
Food Expert. Dept. 3 J, Washington, D. C.

WHEEL CHAIRS A wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Rolling Chairs, with latest improvements. **Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid,** and sell on **THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.** Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.
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PARKER'S Arctic Socks

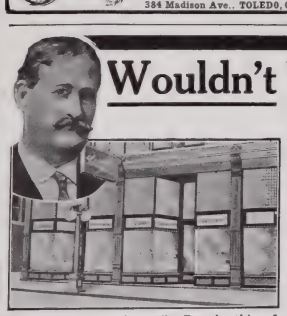
Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Postage paid. Catalog free.

Look for Parker's name in every pair.

J. H. Parker & Co., Dept. C, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

Wouldn't You Like to Own a Store Like This?

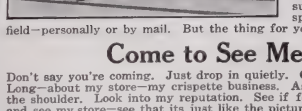


Wouldn't you like to be proprietor of a money making business? Once I was just a struggling candy maker. The profits from Crispettes, the new, delicious popcorn confection built this big business for me. The very same proposition that made me, should do the same for you. Long winter months are ahead. Don't slave them away for someone else. **Start in the Crispette Business for yourself.** Build a business of your own as I did. Get a window—a small store—a cozy nook where the rent is low. Keep **all** the profits. I'll teach you the Crispette business—tell you how to succeed—show you how to make Crispettes by my special secret formula. I'll do it right here in Springfield—personally or by mail. But the thing for you to do is to

Come to See Me At My Expense.

Don't say you're coming. Just drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that its just like the picture. See the machine. See crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see—know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Won't take you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show you the store and have a good talk with you. You'll go home ready to make more money than you ever made in your life.

This is the Money Making Machine.



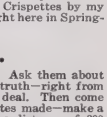
Every Nickel You Take in Nets You Almost Four Cents Profit.

Think of it! Think of the fortunes made in 5 cent pieces. It's one business in a hundred. Everybody likes crispettes—children—parents—old folks. One sale always means two—two means four. So it goes. It's a great business. I found it so—so should you.

Send for my big free book "How to make money in the Crispette Business"—48 pages illustrated—complete information and story of how I built my business. Read it and then come to Springfield.

Send for Free Book

W. Z. LONG, 613 High St., Springfield, O.



This is a recent picture of the man who made $1500 in one month with a Long Crispette machine, in a store window.

INSTANT POSTUM
(PATENT APPLIED FOR)
This is the regular Postum in a concentrated form, nothing added. See directions for preparing on other side.
POSTUM
POSTUM
POSTUM CEREAL
A compound made of different parts of Wheat and a small portion of New Orleans Molasses.
MANUFACTURED BY
Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.
U. S. Serial No. 3202. Guaranteed by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906.
(1205) MINIMUM NET WEIGHT, 8 OZS.
in Postum nor any medication or adulteration whatsoever.

The Morning Beverage *Instantly*

A cup of hot water
A level teaspoonful of Powder
and there you are

INSTANT POSTUM

Under the new method we boil Postum at the factories and reduce it to a powder, which dissolves instantly in hot water and produces *a perfect* cup of Postum.

This makes it easy for anyone unpleasantly affected by coffee to stop it and be rid of the disorders.

"There's a Reason"

Sample sent for 2-cent stamp to cover postage.

Grocers sell 100-cup tin 50c.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1912

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A QUIET WOOD
From the Painting by Heinrich Böhmer

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"It's Welch's"

It is both food and drink

WELCH'S is more than just a drink. It is the true juice of the ripest, finest Concords grown. That is what makes it such a delightful beverage. Our policy of paying a bonus for the choicest Concords, and our method of pressing the grapes when they are freshly gathered, brings Welch's Grape Juice to you always fresh—always delightful with the aroma of the full-ripe grape.

Welch's
The National Drink
Grape Juice

Welch's is not a manufactured drink—it contains nothing but the properties supplied by Nature. We add no sugar. It is fruit nutrition in fluid form. It is good for and relished by well people, invalids and children.

Welch's is a staple convenience in the home. It is served plain or in many tempting forms as a beverage and is used in the making of sherbets, punches and a large number of dainty desserts and delicious drinks for all occasions.

Write now for our free book of recipes, containing those given below and dozens more.

Three Famous Welch Recipes

Welch Fruit Salad

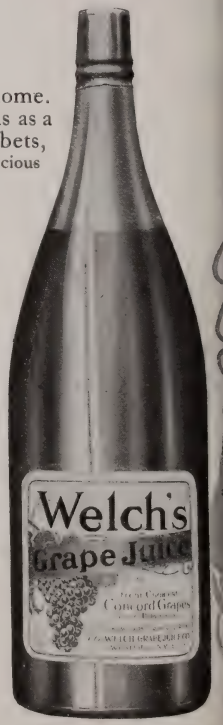
Cut one pineapple, three oranges, three bananas and six peaches in moderately thick slices and cover with powdered sugar. Over the fruit, alternately placed and nicely arranged in a dish, pour one pint of WELCH'S.

Welch Grape Punch

Take the juice of three lemons and of one orange, one pint of WELCH'S, one quart of water and one cup of sugar. Add sliced fruits, if desired, and serve very cold. This is a splendid punch and deservedly popular.

Welch Grape Sherbet

One and one-half pints WELCH'S, one quart water, one and one-half pounds sugar, juice of three lemons. Freeze this mixture medium stiff. Take the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beat thoroughly; then stir the froth into the sherbet. Freeze as hard as possible; remove the dasher and set aside for an hour or so before serving. Be careful to pack well. The best mixture for freezing is four parts of ice to one part of coarse salt.



Do more than ask for grape juice—
ask for Welch's—and get it

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Four-ounce bottle by mail, ten cents. Write now for our free booklet, "The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice."

The Welch Grape Juice Company - - Westfield, N. Y.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A NEAR VIEW OF GOLGOTHA, "THE SKULL"

THE OUTSIDE OF "THE GARDEN TOMB"

A VISIT TO THE GARDEN TOMB

THE one spot which, more than any other, has controlled the history of Europe lies, strangely enough, not in Europe itself, but in Asia. For the possession of the site where Christ "suffered, was buried, and rose again," more ood has been shed than for any other. An immense number of ves was laid down during the Crusades; and for six hundred ears before the Crusades, and even to the present time, a con- ant stream of pilgrims has poured into Jerusalem to worship at the spot ade sacred by the crucifixion of Christ.

From the fourth century after Christ until fifty years ago, the site was gen- rally conceded to be within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Now, two tes dispute the claim of being the actual Golgotha. The second claimant is nown as "Gordon's Calvary," though to an American, Dr. Harlan P. Beech of ale University, is due the actual discovery of it, General Gordon, the hero of hartoum, being first to secure for it general recognition.

"Gordon's Calvary," just without the Damascus Gate, when viewed from the ty walls, seems to stand up like some huge altar, or like a stage for the enact- g of a drama. It reaches an elevation of fifty feet, the side facing the city eing a straight, perpendicular liff, broken toward the right y a cave known as "Jeremiah's rotto," and in the center by nu- erous small caves and lines hich, in the noonday shadows, resent a striking resemblance to human skull. The top of the ill, some three acres in extent, is urmounted by a Moslem burial- round, made beautiful with reen grass and wild flowers. illions are firm in their be- ef that on this green hill our ord was crucified.

"Now in the place where he as crucified there was a gar- en; and in the garden a new epulcher, wherein was never a an yet laid. There laid they esus therefore, because of the ews' preparation day, for the epulcher was near at hand."

Within a few rods of the sum- it of "Gordon's Calvary," and enclosed by a very ancient garden, is a tomb known as the "New Tomb." A descent of some few steps below the level of the garden brings us to the door of the sepulcher. A trench runs alongside the base of the wall, and a huge round stone, clearly too heavy to be moved by feeble hands, yet remains to close the entrance. Within the tomb chamber itself is a receptacle for the dead. The marks of workmen's tools, still visible, show that the tomb was never completed.

Here, we are led to conclude, we have the hill and the tomb—the hill of the crucifixion and the tomb of the death and resurrection of our Lord. It is the one sacred spot in all Jerusalem kept and tended by English hands. The birds sing and the flowers bloom; all is open to the air and the light of heaven. Let us hope that this most holy of all places on earth may continue as it is, undesecrated.

R. J. ROBINSON.

. . .

Meager as are the references to Golgotha in the Gospels, they are sufficiently explicit. Jesus was crucified "without the gate (Heb. 13: 12); "nigh to the city" (John 19: 20); "at a place called Golgotha" (Matt. 27: 33); "on a thoroughfare leading to the country" (Mark 15: 21). "His tomb was one hewn out of the rock" (Mark 15: 46); "in a garden or orchard" (John 19: 41, 42). Among the early Christian writers, Eusebius is the first to mention that the Emperor Constantine resolved to unearth the holy tomb, which had been covered with débris, over which a heathen temple had been built. These were removed and the tomb and Golgotha revealed, and a Christian church was erected over them in A.D. 335—the site of the present Church of the Sepulcher. Later, however, other authorities disputed this site, although its authenticity was accepted for several centuries. Dr. Edward Robinson, the well-known authority on Biblical research in Palestine, was the first to seriously question the

Continued on page 940

GORDON'S CALVARY AND THE JERICHO ROAD, JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS

OCEAN GROVE'S LOVE FEAST

Mr. Tali Esen Morgan

Ocean Grove's Musical Leader

THIS season's camp-meeting, beginning on August 23 and closing September 2, was the greatest in the history of Ocean Grove—greatest in spirituality and attendance. It was truly a Mount of Vision, where one could leave the temporal things, and by faith catch a glimpse of God and his great purposes.

Bishop Wilson, as chairman of the devotional services, presided at all the meetings in the Auditorium, and he gave each morning a Bible reading at the Holiness Meeting held in the Tabernacle. This soon outgrew the building, and it was removed to the Auditorium, where hundreds listened devoutly to his teachings on "The Higher Christian Life." His theme one day was "The Unquenchable Fire"; on another, "The Victory of Faith"; on another, "The Potter and the Clay." One of his striking addresses was on "The Pillar of Cloud and the Pillar of Fire," which led the children of Israel through the wilderness. He showed it was the privilege of every Christian, willing to give himself in a surrender to God, and to accept his leading without murmuring, to be really led of God. He asked all to rise who could say from their hearts:

> I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
> Over mountain, or plain, or sea.
> I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord;
> I'll be what you want me to be.

Many rose in response to the invitation and stood, with tears rolling down their cheeks.

Miss Elizabeth Smith led "The Immediate Decision" meeting at two o'clock P.M. in the Tabernacle. A daily meeting was held in the South End Pavilion at four o'clock, under the leadership of Rev. Frank L. Wilson.

The Twilight Revival Service was so crowded that it was adjourned from the Tabernacle to the Temple. Miss Helen Gertrude Rumsey was the leader of this service, assisted by Miss Emily Carrigan Porter and Miss Ruth Harris, vocalist, who sings the Gospel. This year the Berge Sisters rendered most delightful and spiritual music, singing in the Spirit. These meetings closed each evening with an altar service, when many came forward for prayer.

Dr. W. H. Morgan was called away by pastoral duty from the leadership of the Young People's meeting, and Rev. Charles Kemble, of Rahway, took his place. All the meetings were crowded, many standing who could not find seats. One day was called "Railroad Day" at the camp-meeting. About forty rugged engineers, firemen and conductors from Altoona, Pa., and other points along the line to Newark and New York were in attendance. The presence of Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, helped to make the meeting a rousing one. There was not one dull moment, and the testimonies were most fervid. Mr. Mohn presided.

Among the well-known clergymen who preached to great audiences in the Auditorium were Dr. C. H. Babcock, the Southern evangelist; Dr. C. L. Mead, Dr. Geo. P. Eckman, Dr. Henry Ostrom, Dr. T. G. Spencer, Dr. B. C. Warren, Dr. A. H. Lucas, and Dr. Allan MacRossie.

The great annual camp-meeting Love Feast was held on Sunday morning, September 1, at nine o'clock, in the Auditorium, with Bishop Wilson in charge. He called on Dr. O'Hanlon, of Bible class fame, to lead in prayer, and Rev. Frank L. Wilson to lead the responsive reading of the Scripture lesson. The Auditorium was crowded; the body of the building and the galleries presented a sea of faces. Worshipers from England, Ireland, Bohemia, and Italy were in the audience. The sight was truly inspiring. Tali Esen Morgan led in singing, "When the Roll Is Called up Yonder I'll Be There." Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, gave the first testimony. Then two little juveniles from Mrs. Hudson's "Juniors" brought a message on paper, "We send greeting. When the roll is called up yonder we'll be there."

Dr. O'Hanlon called on the natives of old Ireland, or their sons, or grandsons, to rise, and many sprang to their feet. A thrilling scene began when Bishop Wilson called on representatives from the West to rise and sing together:

> Jesus loves me, this I know,
> For the Bible tells me so.

The bishop then called for representatives from below Mason and Dixon's line, and a number rose and sang the same couplet. Representatives of Pennsylvania were then called for, and a host responded, joining in the song. New York was called, and many rose with shining faces to respond. New Jersey was the largest company. Then the bishop asked that all join in singing:

> Yes, Jesus loves me,
> The Bible tells me so.

The meeting increased in enthusiasm, and the people were so inspired with the Spirit that speaking and praying came spontaneously. At the close Bishop Wilson called on Dr. Ballard to offer prayer. The Love Feast was thus merged into the preaching service at 10.30 A.M. to be addressed by Bishop Wilson. At least twelve thousand people were present. Bishop Wilson asked Tali Esen Morgan, with Clarence Reynolds at the organ, to lead in singing:

> Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
> Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
> Which in my Saviour shine,
> I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
> And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
> In notes almost divine.

Dr. Ballard led in prayer. Bishop Wilson's text was Timothy 4: 8, "Godliness is profitable." He spoke particularly of godliness as "God-likeness," which can only come from entire surrender to God and supreme love to Jesus.

The bishop earnestly and directly put the question to the people, "Are you going back to live the holy life, in your family, in your business life?" He pleaded for men and women who will live the life of apostolic holiness. The sermon was listened to with great solemnity, and the people dispersed quietly with no idle talk. In the evening Rev. I. G. Wil of Philadelphia preached to another great thr in the Auditorium. He exhorted all to have spirit of Jesus in the conflict with evil. The af service was impressive and the altar was filled w seekers, some for a deeper baptism, some for pardon of their sins.

Dr. W. H. Morgan

Leader of the Young People's Meeting

"The March Around Zion" closed the camp-m ing of 1912. Before it began Bishop Wilson gav few parting words of admonition. He alluded w feeling to the beloved leaders of Ocean Grove v had fallen in the ranks, and were now in glory. "O a little while ago," said he, "Alfred Cookman h high the banner of holiness, for which Ocean Gr stands. Rev. Dr. Stokes followed him, bearing same standard. There was Bishop Fitzgera faithful and true; Bishop Simpson, our champ for holy living; and now recently Rev. Dr. Ald one of the original members of Ocean Grove As ciation. Shall we stand as they did, bearing blood-stained banner of the Cross? The conqu of the world for Jesus can only be won by Church of Christ lifting up Jesus Christ on Cross of Calvary. The preaching of the Cross w settle all the conflicts between capital and lab We are to be representatives of our Lord, and th the world will believe in him and receive him. you going home to be his representative, and st a new work in your city, your town, your villa Remember, you conquer by the Cross. It mee conflict, but it also means victory."

Then the march began. Twenty-four members the Salvation Army National Staff band, who h come to Ocean Grove to participate in a great m morial service to General Booth h on Monday evening, headed the p cession, which was led by John Patterson, chief of the Ocean Gr police. Tali Esen Morgan, with t band, led the singing of "We Marching to Zion," "When the R Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be Ther and "Onward, Christian Soldier Following the band marched t ministers, Bishop Wilson and I Ballard leading. After the scor of ministers came the people, marc ing two by two. They marche singing, around the grounds, retu ing to the Auditorium, where joined in the old hymn:

> God be with you till we meet again.
> Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
> Smite death's threatening wave before y
> God be with you till we meet again.

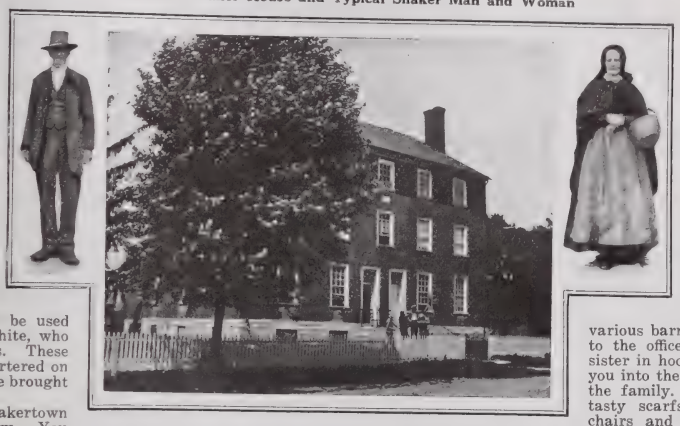
After the doxology the venera Dr. Ballard pronounced the benedi tion, and with handshaking and wi grateful joy for the heavenly visio and for the strengthened purpose strive more valiantly and expe antly for the salvation of the wor the great camp-meeting of 191 came to an end.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

A Typical Scene at the Auditorium Doors, Ocean Grove

THE PASSING OF "SHAKERTOWN"

A Lebanon Shaker House and Typical Shaker Man and Woman



NEVER again a good chicken dinner, served by the quiet Shaker sisters in the immaculate ...ck bonnets and the striped ...aker shawls! Never again an ...ening watching the Shakers ...rform their curious dance. ...ver more long idle hours in a ...age of communists who are ...lewise celibates—for the fa... ...us Union Village, some miles ... of Lebanon, Ohio, is now a ...ng of the past, and Shaker... ...n—the largest Shaker town ... the world—is doomed.

According to press despatches, ...chibald White, of Cincinnati, ... practically completed ar... ...gements to buy the Shaker ...rm near Lebanon. This farm, ...ich comprises 4,000 acres, will be used ... fancy stock raising by Mr. White, who ...ns a herd of fancy shorthorns. These ...tle, at the present time, are quartered on ...anch in the Northwest and will be brought ...the Lebanon farm.

But you who've traveled to Shakertown ...efer the other side of the story. You ...member all your early readings of the Shakers. Sparks, you recollect, used ... tell how "the oldest purely communistic societies in the United States, ... well as the most successful, are those of the Shakers. Ann Lee, a ...aking Quaker of Manchester, England, evolved a theory that Adam ...d originally created, included both sexes, but, being dissatisfied, ...s re-created and supplied with a companion, from which came ... fall. A life of celibacy is therefore an attempt to return to ...e original state of creation and must be pleasing to God. ...ith eight followers Ann Lee came to America in 1774, and ...ttled in the woods near Albany, N. Y. Being deserted by ...r husband, she became a spiritual leader, and six months ...er removed to New Lebanon, near the borders of Massa...usetts and Connecticut, where a society was gradually ...thered, which at times numbered several hundred people. ...anch societies were founded in New York, Massachusetts, ...w Hampshire, Maine and Connecticut. In the great reli...ous revival in the Middle West in 1801, societies were ...ganized in Ohio and Kentucky. The life in the various ...anches was similar, embracing celibacy, separation of the ...xes, constant toil in the fields and factories, a common treas...y and eating-rooms, frequent religious meetings, and guid...ce by the Spirit. In their worship the Shakers perform a ...rt of religious dance, in which long lines of men and women ...vance and retreat time after time and finally turn their backs on ...ch other." As is usual with new forms of religion, persecution grew ...ace, and the Shakers in New York were for some time under ...spicion of being revolutionists and were consequently held in dis...vor. Ann Lee's death, on September 8, 1780, put one James ...hittacker in the lead, and he held the position until 1788, when Joseph ...eachem became the head of the society. It was through him that the ...akers were brought to adopt the communistic plan. "By 1870 there had ...me to be eighteen Shaker communities in the country, owning property ...sessed at $86,900. The meeting-houses of the sect then would have held ...out nine hundred people."

A Shaker "Sister" and Her Adopted Daughter

Of all their villages, Union Village soon became the largest. To visit it one ...es preferably by way of Cincinnati, a train leaving for Lebanon, the nearest ...int by rail, at 7.40 in the morning. It is a ride of thirty miles. From Lebanon ...e visitor has the choice of hiring a vehicle or awaiting the 'bus which plies ...tween Lebanon and Red Lion. Four miles, by road post, from the starting ...int, the green turrets and white tanks and orange-hued barns of Shakertown ...re to be seen among the leafless trees. Corn fields and peach orchards line ...e Red Lion road where one descends. Then there is a gray little storehouse ... the left which serves as outpost of Shakertown. This is filled to over...owing with corn and grain from the near-by fields. Only a short distance from this there is a similar frame building of a dull orange color, with windows, many-paned, as they were in the olden time. On the left looms a modern, green-painted building surmounted with a conical tower at the center and at either end. It has a portico at its front, and in general outline resembles some military institute. This is known as the office. A three-story white house above it is the dwelling-place of the settlement.

On through Shakertown the road is wide and shady. A strip of lawn and a hedge of the dwarfed arbor-vitæ separate the street from the cement pavement, and everywhere well-kept grass-plots stretch between the various barns and houses. On making a visit to the office you were admitted by a kindly sister in hood and Shaker shawl, who ushered you into the parlor, there to await the elder of the family. Moquette carpet, upright piano, tasty scarfs and well-chosen etchings, cozy chairs and tables book-laden, potted plants thriving under the mildness of steam-heated atmosphere, walls which rival the whitest snowbanks; these and other things gave the lie to the rumors that the Shakers were poor, that communism is a failure, that the effects of civilization are thwarted by the system. One could phone from here to any part of the country by aid of the instrument in the hall. Out there the floor is of marble, and carved balustrades guard the stairs that lead to the hall above. The local estate was in charge of the elders, appointed in conjunction with the Eastern ministry, whose headquarters are in the Eastern States. Two of the four trustees are always women, and the quartet deals with the temporal business of the clan. Modern machinery has caused the Shakers to close their woolen mills, and the once famous Shaker blankets, yarns and clothing are a thing of the past. The women of the community perform all the household work, no hired help being engaged inside the dwellings, and in the laundry-house there are mechanical wringers, dozens of the most modern clothes-driers, vats of soft soap, and a varied accumulation of flat-irons. The water used in the settlement is obtained from cisterns. A Shaker engineer runs the machinery about the place. A fourth-class post office, too, is in operation in the building known as the office, near which a well-stocked clothes-room is located. In the course of one's visit to Shakertown he was introduced always to Leo Goepper, a kindly old man who had been a Shaker for a quarter century, and spent an hour in his company, gathering interesting data from his talk. Something like forty-five years ago there were two hundred people in the settlement, but within the last decade it went down to between thirty and forty. The men in the community keep the place in repair and perform the grosser work. The community rises at five in the morning. Members prepare their respective rooms and assemble for breakfast at six; the men and women eating in the same room, but at separate tables. During the morning each person has his particular duties, the women caring for the sick and preparing the food. Dinner is ready at noon.

The elders enter first, the others following in point of age. At the close of the meal the assemblage kneels, then steps aside to allow the elders to pass out, after which they follow. The afternoon is spent in performing chores, reading and the like until six, or 5.30 in the winter, when supper is served. At eight o'clock the curfew rings, and while they need not necessarily retire, all good Shakers are then due in their separate chambers.

To-day, Shakertown, once the Mecca of the automobilist and the seeker of the country dinner, is deserted. The giant buildings wear a lonely aspect as they look out on the pike—the Shakers have gone, both the men and the women—and the fruit in the orchards is spoiling awaiting the picker till the new owner takes charge.

FELIX J. KOCH.

TOPICS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD

—AS IN ENGLAND the Boy Scout organiza...n is rivaled by a girls' society organized ...ng very similar lines, so in America they ...ve now the "Campfire Girls of America" ... the field for out-door honors. Self-reliance ... the woods and fields, first aid to the injured, ...mp cooking, nature study and athletics, are ...e subjects that engage their attention. The ...companying photograph was taken at an ...campment on the Lanier estate in August. ...is group entertained ten other groups of ...rls, sixty in all, initiating them with full ...mp and ceremonial into the organization.

—CABLE DESPATCHES from Shanghai state ...at immense loss of life is reported in mail ...vices which have just been received there ...om Wenchow, in the province of Chekiang. ...he Chinese estimates give between 30,000 and ...,000 as the number of dead as the result of a ...phoon combined with torrential rains and ...gh tides, which occurred on August 29. Great ...ods followed, and the Upper Wenchow River ...erflowed its banks and swept over a vast ...ea. The town of Tsingtien, about forty miles ... the northwest of Wenchow, was over...helmed, and 10,000 of the inhabitants were ...rowned. Various other towns and villages ...ere destroyed. The Prefecture at Chuchow, ...hich is an important missionary station, was ...ashed away.

Mrs. C. B. Lanier and a Group of "Campfire Girls" at Greenwich, Conn.

—DR. CARL DUISBERG, the eminent chemist and president of the large color works at Elberfeld, Germany, lectured recently in the Great Hall of the College of the City of New York on the strides that Germany has taken in the development of chemical industries. In the course of his speech Dr. Duisberg said: "I will refer to one of the greatest successes and yet one of the most difficult problems of the chemical industry, namely, the production of synthetic rubber. The Old World, you know, owes its knowledge of natural rubber to the New. Yes, this wonderful product became known in Europe shortly after Columbus discovered America. Therefore, if I, coming from across the ocean, now bring you this colloid prepared there synthetically, I merely repay part of the debt which we owe America." There were continued cheers, and they increased when two assistants of Dr. Duisberg rolled out before the audience two excellent specimens of rubber automobile tires, one a heavy 6½-inch tire, the other a smaller 4-inch tire. Both of the tires, Dr. Duisberg explained, had run over 4,000 miles, and yet appeared to be just as good as new, notwithstanding the fact that they had been driven on heavy automobiles. The original tread had not yet worn off, and the only evidence of wear was the seasoning of the original rubber color to a light brown.

WHEN SEVEN MEN WENT A-FISHING

A SERMON

BY

Rev. F. B. Pullan *

TEXT: "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also come with thee." John 21: 3

OUT of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks. The man who spoke his mind to a group of comrades, and their answer in those short sentences, revealed their state of mind and their attitude of life. It made them become representative persons. Through them has come a fine chance to get at the heart of some deep things which keep coming into the program of our human living everywhere and in every age.

We get a glimpse of the admirable quality of self-dependence amid bewildering changes. Simon Peter was the chief one of a group that suddenly, with a severe jar of spirit to all of them, had come to the end of an enterprise that had promised much, but had utterly failed, as they thought. They had given themselves and their fortunes to the task of setting up a new order of things, politically, socially, morally, religiously. It was a big proposition, but they had big hope, until their Leader's death had blocked all further progress seemingly. When their Master was crucified it made a dead halt in the march of events as Simon had planned. "Lord, this shall never be unto thee!" They had, indeed, received positive proof of his personal existence after his dying, but he was no longer the earthly head and heart of the great task of restoring political power to Israel, of setting up the kingdom of God then and there. They could think of him as a Son of God, but as a Son of David he had failed to get hold of the throne in Jerusalem. What will they now do? Jesus, who knew men, had said of Simon that he was a rocklike soul. Quick resolution would petrify into rugged strength in his character. So we hear him say, "I go a fishing." He will get to work again at his old calling. He will begin right away. He will waste no time in idle regrets. If this was his mind, it showed manfulness in going straight about something he could do, although it was so different from what he hoped to do. He and the company of those whom Jesus had called to be with him had been taken care of for several years. The company's purse had been kept full enough to supply their needs, even with a Judas for a treasurer. Jesus had been able to appeal to its sufficient fulness. "When I sent you forth, lacked ye anything? They said, Nothing." But now it is changed, and Simon stiffens up his heart, heavy with disappointment. He will take care of himself. It was not the most spiritual decision to make, nor the loftiest, neither was it the lowest and meanest thing to do. It was a self-dependent state of mind. "I go a fishing."

Influence, Our Shadow

Simon showed good sense in hard circumstances. He was a grief-stricken soul. He had done as much, gone as far, sacrificed as freely, believed as strongly as any one in the enterprise which Jesus had put up to them and called them to share in. He was hard hit by its failure. No Judas way out for him. No suicide for Simon, even though he had been caught shamefully off his guard in Pilate's palace court. He will pull himself together and do the best thing he can think of. He will go back to the work he was doing when Jesus had asked him to leave it. He will not let his sorrow utterly swamp his soul. If the milk be spilt, what use will tears be? This is not heartlessness. It is heart-helpfulness, to force oneself to some useful task, when the heart is breaking with grief. Grieving over a past failure is not the best part of any one's life. There is always a next best way, if we have failed to obtain the first that seemed desirable. "I go a fishing."

Simon Peter's decision to go back to the fishing business proved that he still had influence over other people. "We will come too." His old partners, James and John; Thomas, who had come to believe in Jesus as Lord and God; the pure-minded Nathanael, and the others, were all carried along by Simon's decision that late afternoon by the lake shore. Influence is like the shadow we cast; we cannot run away from it. We are all capable of it and all use it knowingly or unwittingly. Perhaps this incident is more notable in its human elements for the power of influence than for anything else. It shows that we cannot escape from the force of its operation either by or upon ourselves. It is false to deny it. It is guilt to neglect the right use of it. It is ennobling to employ its power in every beneficial way. Its force is incalculable. To be careless of our possibilities of influence classes us with the forces of harmful influence. Influence is a comparative quality, but not a soul is altogether forceless, and not a soul is competent to estimate the degree of influence he exerts. Penetrating to the inner essence of this mysterious power of human life, we will find that it is not so much what we do as what we are that produces the strongest outflow of influence. It is the "atmosphere" of us rather than our action which results in effective influence. As some air we breathe stimulates our bodies, while a different air depresses our bodily vitality, so is the influence of our lives upon other souls. It is possible always to invigorate the heart-life of people who come within our reach. But to have it so we must keep our souls pure and sweet and wholesome.

The Good, the Better or the Best?

Perhaps Peter intended to induce the group to go back to the fishermen habits. That would be direct influence. But quite likely it was the spiritual atmosphere of his state of heart-life at that twilight hour when courage and hope and high ideals of the life which Jesus had sought to fix upon them were all weakened and in danger of complete loss. So do we allow the spirit of our lives to become vitiated by the earthliness of our living. If we all could steadily keep in the forefront of our thoughts that we are appointed of God to saturate the range of our influence with the most invigorating and wholesome atmosphere for soul-life, we might expect vast increase of what God calls wealth. We would be soul-winners and fishers of men. We can do this only as our own souls are rugged in the faith of the love of God, which Jesus offers to every human heart. He had been training that group of seven souls in the science of such true faith. He had been enlarging their hearts and illumining their minds, and inciting their wills to choose the best way of life in this world. He had been showing them the best way as to God their Father in heaven; as to himself, whom the Father had sent to them and through them to all the world; he had been teaching them true faith as to themselves, the children of such a Father. He had started in them a faith in such a splendid reality as the kingdom of heaven being visibly dominant in all the affairs of this earthly life. He had begun to surround them with the atmosphere of that kingdom of love and good-will, and he had expected their influence would be expressive of that higher and sweeter air of the upper life whence he had come.

But, alas! Peter, who was appointed the primate apostle of this newest way of life, had that day fallen away, to be only influential in the atmosphere of an earthly occupation like the fish business. After we have said all we can of Simon's manliness, we begin to see that his enticing proposal to go back to get a living in the fish markets of Capernaum was, on his part, a consent to a great loss of the higher and nobler influence he might have exerted. Dr. Mabie says in one of his essays: "In all our relations we make our choice whether we shall evoke the best or the worst in those whom we meet." It ought to be the great business of every life worthy to be called a Christian life to give out always the contagion of faith; the influence that shall tone up all the best in other people.

Losing the Vision

"I go a fishing. We also come with thee." The story of these brief speeches shows that there are some human conditions which require God's special attention. The key to life and to every human life is in some other lock than that which shuts us up to making a livelihood as the chief end of existence. What God wanted of Simon, and the two Zebedee boys, and the twin Thomas, and the other pair of his friends, was not to become expert fishermen, not financially successful fish dealers. Those seven men had been called out from the common affairs of human living to be the apostles of another kind of success in life. The real bond which held those seven together that evening was the common consciousness which Jesus had awakened as to the heavenly and diviner significance of daily life. Constant companionship with Christ will always uplift the soul's conception of the worth of
The danger of losing that new view of life
great that day at dusk. How near the edge
calamitous setback the progress of Christianity
on that evening! Those seven made the majo
of the eleven men then living whom Jesus
chosen to perpetuate his influence in all their w
and for all time.

They had all the facts as to himself which
world needed to transform its human life. His
vent, his character, his deeds and words, his de
and resurrection were known to them. T
lacked only the sight of his ascension and the P
tecostal experience that was a few weeks ah
They could have written the story of Jesus, exc
his ascension departure, as we have it in thre
the New Testament writings. Such lives needed
be looked after if they were in danger of forgett
their high calling of God in Christ Jesus. W
we become wise enough, we may be able to disc
the special ways God deals with every life, as
can see he does so treat some lives. Those n
needed to be reminded that they could not be succe
ful even in getting a livelihood apart from him
his aid. To this late day, men need to be sho
that the whole of life is not rounded out in secur
adequate returns for work done, and that the
business of a human soul is to realize its own so
powers, both Godward and manward, and th
make all other business contribute to these high
enterprises. Therefore, God in Christ looked af
Simon that night and early the next morning;
called him and John and the others to a fresh st
in the big business of fishing for human so
And that is what special providences are for,
convince those who experience them that life
always a higher and deeper meaning, which j
then we may be in danger of forgetting.

"Lo, I Am with You"

Jesus is the authority that God's dealings with
are particular and personal. We can count up
his special concern for us. His only miracle af
his resurrection, which was a repetition in form
that one which had so impressed Simon and t
two sons of Zebedee, was wrought to fasten the f
of his constant and commanding and compreher
ing nearness to and with them; that his death a
resurrection had only changed him so that he cou
keep his word given them, "Lo, I am with y
alway, even unto the end." "I go a fishing."

Make note of how this incident shows that
earthly event can be connected with a glorio
heavenly outcome and result. Simon and six co
rades started to get a mess of fish. They end
with getting a splendid soul-filling interview wi
their transformed Lord and Leader; and it rema
them again into apostles of Jesus and foundati
rocks of the new temple of God in human histo
Simon received his recommission to be the leadi
follower of the Lord; the follower who should hir
self feed and shepherd the flock. There are oth
cases of common events changed to great crises
the lives of God's people. Moses had a notable d
marked in his career when he stepped aside to i
spect a bush that seemed to be on fire. A woma
went to get a jar of water one noontime, and r
turned with a great hope in her soul of a better lif
A zealous Jewish officer with a paper permit to ra
sack the ghetto of Damascus to make arrests
heretics was himself arrested outside the city gate
and it was a great day in the world's history, th
day when Saul met with the heavenly Lord. B
such days come into the lives of the humblest
mortals. Simon heard that morning what he mu
keep on doing as a life habit, if he would follo
Christ fully and faithfully. He learned what H
must bear and how he would be able to glorify Gc
in death.

That was a notable day in Peter's lifetime.
came to his mind years later when he was preacl
ing at Cæsarea to the Gentiles there. He thoug
of that early breakfast with Jesus—"We who at
and drank with him after he rose from the dead.
If some one of the common days of life should t
such a day for you, would you be very glad?
day when you saw the Lord with fresh clearnes
a day when your faith was renewed with lastin
power; a day when love and loyalty for Jesu
Christ flooded in upon your soul and your earthl
grip upon things was loosed because he was the
revealed to you as the One altogether lovely.

* Pastor Hyde Park Reformed Church, Orange, N. J.

The Origin of Life

NEW poet, Alfred Noyes, has appeared in England. He is only ty-two years of age, but his work attracted much attention in liter- circles since 1902. "The Origin ife" appeared in the London *Daily* on September 9, and was cabled he New York *Times*, which gave it ultaneous publication and high est. It is a challenge to agnosti- n and materialism.

he beginning slowly grope we back
g the narrowing track,
to the deserts of the world's pale prime—
mire, the clay, the slime.
then, what then? Surely to something
less:
—back to nothingness!

dare not halt upon that dwindling way.
e is no gulf to stay
footsteps to the last. 'Go back you must
far below the dust.
end, descend grade by dissolving grade:
follow unafraid.

olve, dissolve this moving world of men
thin air, and then,
omers, O warriors of the light,
hat abysmal night
you have courage then to rise and tell
h of this miracle?

you have courage then to bow the head
ay, when all is said:
t of nothingness arose our thought.
blank abysmal nought
e and brought forth that lighted city street,
e towers, that armored fleet"?

n you have seen those vacant primal skies
nd the centuries:
ched the pale mists across their darkness
flow,
n a lantern show,
ving by merest "chance" out of thin air
eants of praise and prayer;

ched the great hills like clouds arise and
set,
one named Olivet;
en you have seen as a shadow passing away
child clasp hands and pray:
m you have seen emerge from that dark
mire
martyr, ringed with fire;
from that nothingness, by special grace,
woman's love-lit face,

ll you have courage then to front that law,
m which our sophists draw
ir only right to flout one human creed,
t nothing can proceed
even thought, not even love—from less
t its own nothingness?

law is yours, but dare you waive your
pride
I kneel where you denied?
law is yours; dare you rekindle, then,
faith for faithless men.
say you found, on that dark road you trod,
the beginning God?

ALFRED NOYES.

dians Spreading the Gospel

T THE convention of the Indian Young Men's Christian Associa- n recently held at Flandreau, S. D., was voted that the Young Men's ristian Associations of the Sioux dians support an Association sec- ary in India. The sight of the s of Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, nerican Horse, Spotted Tail and ung-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses bscribing to send the good news of e Gospel to the heathen of India is rely a splendid concrete example of e visible results of the message car- d by the evangelical missionaries to at warlike tribe. "By their fruits shall know them," and the practi- l results of every form of mission ort afford the criterion of its value in this matter, at any rate.—*The dian's Friend.*

PRIZES THE RED LETTER BIBLE

The Red Letter Bible you sent me for my hter is a most beautiful book. Its elegant ding, clear print, and splendid material put ether in such a substantial manner make it e of the most desirable books I have ever n. May your magnificent Bibles be placed many a home to attract the reading public d point the way to the great Beyond, is the h of your more than pleased reader.

E. S. WOOD,
Superintendent of Public Schools.
Fulton, Mo.

PETER GRUMP'S POTATO CROP

DROPPING his fork in the tangle of weeds and stones, Peter Grump turned to the near-by wall which bounded his field and sat down in the shade of a tree. A dreary figure, dejected, slow of movement, dull and sour of countenance, he appeared quite in keeping with the slovenly, rebellious field in which he had been digging.

From the other side of the stone wall came the sounds of voices and the frequent noise of wagon wheels. As they drew nearer, Peter Grump rose slowly and climbed to a seat on the top of the wall where he could watch his neighbor at work with two hired men and a stout boy. They were digging the late potato crop. The two men were moving steadily along the clean rows of vines, skilfully turning out the large white potatoes into the furrow and tossing the seconds into little heaps by themselves. The boy followed a few rows behind the men, gathering up the dry potatoes into bags. After him came the young farmer with the wagon to carry the bags to the barn. He stopped near Peter Grump to pick up part of his load.

"Mighty poor season fer pertaties," grunted Peter, by way of greeting.

"Nonsense, Peter, this'll be the biggest crop I ever raised." The young man straightened up and wiped the dripping perspiration from his face.

"Reckon ye hain't been round these parts long. I kin remember crops as was crops. I seen a hundred bushel raised right on this here field where I calculate on gettin' no more'n forty. I know. They hain't no more sech big crops, an' this year's the wust yet." Peter Grump shook his head gloomily, but with an air of finality.

"Call a hundred bushels a big crop?" exclaimed the young farmer. "No, I haven't been around these parts very long, only four years, but let me tell you that the first crop I raised, the year after I came, was a hundred and thirty bushels to the acre. The second crop was a hundred and sixty bushels, and this year I'll have two hundred bushels an acre if I have one. See here! Look at those rows; look at those bags, how close they stand!"

"Hump! ye can't tell me. Everybody says this is an off year fer pertaties. Drought killed 'em, an' what it didn't kill, the bugs an' the blight finished. Besides that, they were no good comin' up in the fust place. Ain't likely to have no more big crops like we used to. Them days is gone."

"Been planting potatoes in the same place right along, haven't you?" asked the young man.

"Sure, it's the best place I got."

"Well, I haven't. Last year I grew corn here, with plenty of barnyard manure. Did you put in any fertilizer this spring?"

"Nope; can't afford it; don't pay."

"All right, I did. How often did you go over the field with the cultivator?"

"Wall, I went through once, till the weeds got bigger'n the pertato vines, an' I was afraid o' pullin' 'em up."

"Don't wonder the drought caught you. I kept the ground loose on top all summer and it didn't get a chance to dry out. What kind of potatoes did you use for seed, and did you spray your vines?"

"Say, young feller, you think yer smart, don't you? Reckon I been too long farmin' to need teachin' from any young city upstart."

"All right, my friend, good day. You can go back to your forty bushels. I'm pretty busy with my two hundred. I'm young; when I'm a little older I'll be raising two hundred and fifty, and maybe three hundred bushels to the acre."

. . .

PETER GRUMP is not always a farmer. Probably you have met him in business in the city. He is always explaining his own misfortunes by the "prevailing hard times." Conditions over which he cannot be accused of having control are all wrong. "Business is dull; money is tight; nobody is buying; money that ought to come his way is being diverted into other channels of trade; election is on; his competitor is taking unfair means to steal away his customers." Anything and everything is to blame except his own wrong methods and lack of up-to-date enterprise.

He fails to cultivate new fields, and does not properly or thoroughly work the old field. He fails to plant good advertising seed. He neglects to keep the blight of carelessness from his business, and little losses that could be avoided by close attention eat up his profits; while across the way his live, up-to-date competitor increases his crop of business in the very year Peter Grump complains of as "the worst season."

One quiet summer, or early fall, it occurred to a man I knew that while everybody else seemed to be waiting for "business to open up," and complaining of the prevailing dulness, it would be a good time for him to jump out alone, with the field all to himself, and make a "clean-up." He put out a strong announcement and got a surprisingly large and profitable return before others in his line had made up their minds that it was possible to do anything at all.

. . .

CHURCH is a poor place for Peter Grump to sit down and interrupt the workers with his hard luck tales and prophecies; yet in almost every official board, or conference, or society, Peter Grump is sure to find a seat near the front ready to tell of hopeless conditions in the department of labor under discussion. When the pews are not half filled, when Sunday school or mission work lags, when current expenses fall behind, when revival efforts are unproductive, Peter Grump is quick to find the reasons in the indifference of those outside the church, or in the faults and neglect of others than himself.

Individual responsibility with individual efficiency is the imperative need in every business, and just as truly in every church. If we are ever to benefit by the "showers of blessing" of which we sing, we must have the soil in shape to receive them and drink them in. The most copious shower will run off from the surface of hard-baked ground. If we are to gather a rich harvest, we must not slight the cultivation. If we work for only forty bushels we shall find no more. If we plan and work for two hundred bushels it is unlikely that we shall be disappointed. But before we can hope for the best results we must be sure we have made the best possible personal preparation and effort. We cannot expect to reap another's planting. There is too much scattering of responsibility and of effort. We must first pray, "Revive *me* again," then we may safely join in singing, "Revive *us* again."

MY WISH

A Poem by John Quincy Adams

I WANT the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought, in future days,
The friend of humankind.

That after ages, as they rise
Exulting, may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I shall not need them long.
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.

My great last wish, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod
And summoned to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

And oh, while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And but a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,

My soul, in humble hope, unscared,
Forget not thou to pray
That this thy hope may be prepared
To meet the judgment day.

[This long-forgotten poem by John Quincy Adams is sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by an old subscriber who writes: "It has been an inspiration to good works to me, and I doubt not but that the verses will delight and inspire others to a higher plane of living."]

He Careth for You

ONE Sunday morning I opened my Bible at these words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." I am not a preacher, and I said to myself, "What is the Gospel? If I should go to my neighbors and friends, and should say to them, 'I bring to you the Gospel,' and they should say to me, 'What is the Gospel?' what could I say to them?" I knew that it was the love of God, the redeeming love of Jesus Christ; but how would one carry this Gospel to others? Later, I attended our church service, and one sentence in the sermon was the answer to my question. It was this, "The Gospel of the cross is 'He careth for you.'" If every Christian could engraft this one truth in the hearts of the people with whom he comes in contact, it would solve many hard problems. Not a day passes in which our newspapers fail to chronicle one or more suicides. Various reasons are given, but underlying it all is the failure to grasp the great Gospel truth that God careth for all, and there is always a way out of trouble and difficulty, if one will only let the Lord do better for him than he can do for himself. Though seemingly coming against a blank wall, there is a way of escape.

This is a good old world to live in, with the evidence of God's love all about us; and it is the privilege of God's children to carry the good news of the Gospel of love—the love of God for the despondent ones, whose burdens seem greater than they can bear, and to influence them to "Look up, not down; out, not in; forward, not backward," and to believe in the message of the cross, "He careth for you."

M. C. S.

Anvil Sparks

..JEALOUSY feeds more on suspicion than fact.

..FRIENDS can never be bought at the bargain counter.

..AIM high, and be sure there is a good charge in the shell.

..GRUMPINESS is more of a sign of old age than gray hairs.

..A STINGING rebuke should not be unaccompanied with balm.

..THINK twice before you speak angry words—and then don't.

..A LITTLE man may have a big idea, but it takes a big man to carry it out.

..EVEN if you should be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," you wouldn't be in any condition to enjoy it when you got there.

MONTESSORI'S "HOUSES OF CHILDHOOD"

IF THERE is no new thing under the sun, at least there is childhood as old and remote in its eternal newness as the days when God divided the light from the darkness and declared that it was good—childhood, around which perpetually cluster ideals, hopes, inspirations, which to the ever-present generation shine in the light of a new day. The already famous Montessori Method of training little children is in this sense new, and, because of its intrinsic merit, its well-proven excellent results and alluring possibilities, the attention of the ultra-modern educational world is largely centered upon it.

Fifteen years ago Maria Montessori, a young Italian woman of wealth, refinement and culture, brimming with life and ambition and with a broad general interest in the affairs of the world, studied for a doctor's degree at the Roman Medical Academy, and later became interested in the feeble-minded children of the public asylums in Rome. She studied their needs and their possibilities, and in the course of a few years introduced a system of teaching the tiny delinquents to read, to write and to memorize, which was so successful in its results as to make it entirely possible for the mentally and physically deficient to compete with normal children of their own age, and, in many instances, to surpass them in kindergarten and primary grades.

This astonishing result of her work convinced the young Dr. Montessori, not that the delinquents under her teaching were specially clever, but rather that the system of education of normal children could be improved.

She gladly gave up all other study, devoting herself to elaborating and enlarging her ideas, applying practically the identical principles, lessons and materials which had worked such wonders with her first pupils to large classes of normal children. Once again, the work resulted in success that was little less than phenomenal. It was brought to the attention of the school board of Rome, and, in order to give the somewhat radical theories every advantage to prove themselves, Maria Montessori was appointed supervisor of the famous Children's Houses in the poorest quarters of the Italian capital. These houses are to-day the model schools of this class in the world. Here the work was carried on and perfected with the further gratifying result that the Montessori system of instruction, adapted to the education of little children, is at present, after fifteen years' success in Rome, widely recognized as one of highest merit, and is being carried forward in other countries, as well as in Italy, with almost feverish interest. London, Paris, Berlin have each their ideal Children's Houses modeled after those in Rome, and in the short space of a year, America boasts upward of two hundred and fifty such Houses of Childhood, and in eight States the Montessori methods have been added to the kindergarten and primary curriculums of the State Normal Schools.

No adequate description can be set forth in a single article, or even in a short series of articles; but to say that the system in its present form is the result of years of practical experiment, of painstaking observation, and of scientific study among children individually and in classes, and to add, furthermore, that its purpose is to encourage the growth of strong, complete human beings physically, mentally and morally, is already to have entered far into an explanation of its most important characteristics and aims, the details of which are delightfully set forth by Dr. Maria Montessori herself in a remarkable book on the subject which has only recently been translated into English.

One of the striking aspects of the work is that it adapts to the education of normal children methods and apparatus originally designed for deficients. Another is that it represents the sincere and constructive efforts of a woman. No other such example exists.

Dr. Montessori is too liberal-minded a woman to claim either originality or infallibility for her theories, and she hopes more for the spirit than the letter of her doctrines. She expressly regards her great work in the light of experimental science and invites comparisons of likes and differences to the Froebel, Seguin and Pestalozzi methods, out of which she frankly states many of her ideas grew. Montessori and Froebel agree, for example, definitely on two points: First, the child's right to be active, to explore his environment, to develop his inner resources through creative effort, and also on the need of the careful training of the senses. Dr. Montessori, in this respect, has developed a much more concrete and elaborate method than either Froebel or Seguin, which is designed piece by piece, here a little and there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept, to develop the pupil's mental capacities by training separately his several senses.

Children Three and Four Years of Age, Practicing Some of the Montessori Exercises

A Montessori Teacher and Her Pupils at Remi

Cleanliness and good manners, self-confidence and unerring self-respect are the foundation stones of much of Madame Montessori's teachings. Children are taught to correct their own mistakes in conduct and in lessons. Teachers are allowed to administer little or no so-called discipline. The children in the Houses of Childhood discipline themselves.

"We have sometimes," says Maria Montessori, "had to do with children who disturbed the others and were deaf to our admonitions. First, we would have them specially observed by the doctor; but often they were found to be quite normal. We would then place a little table in the corner of the room and seat the child at it, with his face to the others, giving him whatever he wanted to play with. This isolation would almost always succeed in calming the child; the sight of his companions would be a most efficacious object lesson in behavior. Moreover, the isolated child would be the object of special care, as though he were ill. He himself, on entering, would first go straight to me, caressing him like an infant, and would then turn to the others and interest myself in their work, though they had been men. I do not know what happened in their souls, but certain it is that the 'conversion' of the isolated children was always definite and deep. They take pride in knowing how to work and how to behave with dignity, and for the most part they have conserved a tender affection for me, the teacher and for me."

Such methods as these, to be sure, might prove ineffectual, even dangerous in clumsy hands, but Madame Montessori is as successful in training her teachers as she has been in developing her children.

There are no desks nor benches in the Montessori model school rooms, and the children are treated as individuals (not as classes), under the subtle guidance of a carefully trained assistant, whose practical common sense has been appealed to and whose quick sympathies have been taught to turn the curb of discipline in the right direction to avoid strain or resistance on the child's part. Children are practically left alone to do pretty much as they please in attractive surroundings with plenty of opportunities and materials of absorbing interest close at hand.

The Montessori apparatus is so alluring, so varied and full of interest, that the children never tire of it and continue to handle it with ever-increasing delight.

On being asked, "How do you manage to keep your roomfuls of pupils so quiet and good?" Dr. Montessori answered, "Because they are interested. The pupils are in every case doing what they like to do."

Among the "playthings" in the Montessori outfit are substantial wooden bobbins, wound with silk in eight standard colors and eight shades of each color, making sixty-four gradations of light and shade. One of the favorite games with these bobbins is this: Eight pupils gather around a table and each is asked to select a color with which to play the game. Sixty-four bobbins are then heaped in the middle of the table and a leader is chosen to deal out the shades asked for by the players. If he makes a mistake and gives out the wrong shade, the next child on his right becomes the dealer of the bobbins, and when all the colors have been properly distributed, each child arranges his eight bobbins according to the proper gradation of shades. The one who has his scale of color correctly arranged first becomes the leader of the next game.

There are like games of comparative weights and measures. There are also blocks and bricks, tablets and rods with which to construct stairways, towers, bridges, causeways, churches and what not, that are little short of wonderful in their direct and simple adaptability to the logical development of the sense perception and awakening intelligence of the child. Substantial metal bowls filled with water of varied temperature are the delightful playthings with which tiny pupils become experts in estimating degrees of heat and cold.

On wooden frames eighteen to twenty inches square, strips of bright substantial stuffs are securely fastened, and children of three and four years learn, by means of strings and eyelet holes, to properly lace the strips together, thereby learning to lace their own shoes. Buttons and buttonholes, hooks and eyes and the tying of ribbon bows are all acquired in the same pleasant way, for the children in the Houses of Childhood must learn to dress themselves and take minute care of their persons in the making of their toilet, cleaning their teeth and finger nails, brushing their hair, and keeping dainty and attractive. They must set the tables for their luncheon also, and put the rooms in order. "It is the joyous growth along these useful lines that we so rejoice in, as we watch in these tiny tots, humanity growing in spirit according to its own deep laws and requirements," says Madame Montessori in her enthusiastic warm-hearted way; and she adds, "only he who

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SOUTHAMPTON'S PILGRIM MEMORIAL

ALTHOUGH nearly three hundred years have elapsed since a memorable event happened at Southampton, England, one full of interest for the whole of civilization, it is only now that a scheme adequately to commemorate it in that city has ripened to completion. It was on August 15, 1620, that the immortal band of exiles afterward known as the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from the Hampshire town on their quest for a new home. To-day Southampton's old West Gate, through which the exiles for conscience sake passed to their ship at the "West Key," remains exactly as it was; today the Solent is still as they knew it, and there are yet standing some of the battlements of the ancient walls on which their eyes rested as the *Mayflower* and her unfortunate companion ship, the *Speedwell*, drew out into the tideway on that historic afternoon.

Here is an episode any town might be proud of, any nation remember with respect; and in recognition of this, on almost the very spot where the self-compelled Puritans embarked on their adventure of extraordinary enterprise and result, Southampton last month laid the cornerstone of a long-projected memorial to their devotion. A design for this memorial was submitted by Mr. R. Lucas, a famous English architect, and approved by the committee. On the Western Esplanade, not far from the historic West Gate, the corporation of Southampton granted a site for the monument, and on the 15th of August last Mrs. Bunce, the wife of Colonel E. Bunce, V.D., D.L., Mayor of Southampton, laid the cornerstone. The history and the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers were reviewed by Dr. Samuel G. Smith of St. Paul, Rev. James Lee of St. Louis, and Dr. Benjamin Rand of Harvard University.

There was a notable gathering of *Mayflower* descendants and Puritan antiquarians and historians to witness this event. After the ceremony the company passed through the West Gate and walked to the West Quay, where a number of wreaths were placed in position near to the spot from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed. The Colonial Dames' wreath was hung in position by Mrs. Morgan Richards; that for the "Mayflower Descendants" by Miss Florence E. Taylor; from "The National Society of New England Women" by Mrs. Swalm; from "the Winslow Family" by Mrs. Du Domaine, *née* Miss Winslow; from "The London Hampshire Society" by Mr. Bennett; from "the Daughters of the American Revolution" by Miss Mary Paterson; from the Dominion of New Zealand by Mr. H. H. Bridges; fom "The New England Mayflower Club" by Mrs. Cooper, Southampton; and from the Dominion of Canada by Mr. Ramsey.

Visits were also made to Tudor House, King James' Palace, and a number of other points of historic interest in Southampton, whose memory dates back to the days of the Pilgrims or even further. In this connection the mayor of the city addressed the gathering, and papers of historic character by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, lately of the Hartely University College, Southampton, were read and keenly appreciated by the audience.

The date of the completion of the memorial is as yet unknown, as Alderman R. S. Oakley, the treasurer of the memorial fund, announced that though the work had been undertaken and would be completed as rapidly as possible, he had not yet in hand sufficient subscriptions to be able to set the date. He was convinced, however, that the first of January next would find the memorial fund complete and the monument would be ready for unveiling early next spring.

The Laying of the Cornerstone

Colonel Bunce, Mayor of Southampton, Speaking

FIRE SWEEPS A PLEASURE RESORT

ON THE afternoon of September 3, one of the most disastrous fires that have ever taken place on the Pacific Coast swept Ocean Park, Los Angeles' most popular seaside resort. The fire, which it is believed started from a defective flue, spread with such amazing rapidity that the efforts of the combined fire departments of Ocean Park and Venice, a nearby coast town, were unable to make any impression upon it. The conflagration started on what was known as Frazer's Million Dollar Pier. It leaped through the light superstructure with such rapidity that the owner of the pier and a number of pleasure-seekers who were out over the water were forced to run to the end and make their escape by jumping into boats or into the water. The beach lifeguards rescued from the water a number of those who had been forced to jump before the boats arrived to take them from the blazing pier.

From the great pier inland the fire spread until it had reduced to ruin and ashes an area of six full-sized city blocks. Practically all the amusement places were destroyed and a large part of the colony of bungalows was wiped out as if it had been of paper.

One of the principal reasons for the rapid spread of the flames was the lack of sufficient water pressure at the hydrants. Here it was found that the pressure would not drive a stream more than twenty-five or thirty feet, and the result was that the struggle against the flames was carried on, one might almost say, hand to hand.

In spite of the immense property loss, which it is estimated would be over two million and a half dollars, the people of Ocean Park are meeting the disaster with the greatest philosophy and with real enthusiasm for the new town which shall rise from the ashes of the old. A. R. Frazer, whose loss will be at least a million dollars, sat in a boat during the progress of the fire, and calmly watched a fortune go up in flames. Then the following morning he displayed across the street near his property a big painted sign which read: "Let us build a bigger and better Ocean Park." Although upward of three thousand people were rendered homeless they were almost immediately looked after by the other members of the community. The trolley company whose line connects Ocean Park with Los Angeles at once provided a strip of land where temporary dwellings and shops might be erected. Two days after the fire upwards of two thousand men were at work clearing away the débris and making ready for the builders, whose materials were even then commencing to arrive.

A General View of the Smoking Ruins **Refugees Gathered Around Their Effects** **A Demolished Amusement Building and Its Guard**

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

The Mystery of Lire

IN THESE days of rapid scientific progress and of daring speculation in "realms beyond," to which there is no human access, one is scarcely surprised to hear of new marvels in the line of scientific discovery. At a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor E. A. Schaefer, president of the Association, gave to the thinking world a distinct thrill by announcing that life can now be produced artificially from inanimate chemical matter. This he applies in a general sense both to the life of man and the lower animals. "The life of the whole," he said, "is the life of the individual cells only, some of which lose their vitality at the moment of so-called general death." Then, as if to admit that even science has its limitations, he added, "all that lives must die." He instanced, as an experiment, the fusion of minute drops of oil and mercury, resulting in the production of a movement precisely like that of the white corpuscles of the blood. Certain simple living organisms absorb food from surrounding objects by assimilation, and so one chemical nourishes itself on another. Again, certain chemicals in a colloidal state grow and divide like living organisms. The wonderful thing in his new discovery is a substance which he calls "hormones," "the great essential to the creation of animate life." This mysterious substance is carried by the blood to various parts of the body, exciting the cells to activity. It is "hormones," he assures us, which differentiates the sexes in all animal life. Yet it is of a very simple chemical character, and has actually been prepared in a laboratory from chemical substances.

He dismissed as of minor consequence the suggestion that life was produced by supernatural intervention, on the ground that the accepted orthodox version of the Creation was "devoid of scientific foundation." At the same time he felt constrained to admit his doubts that man "would ever succeed in creating a fully equipped being." He closed with the warning that no man should feel over-elated, as his physical achievements, his ideals and his imaginations "are all the effect of chemical actions and reactions which are due to outside stimuli and nerve cells."

Science, it would seem, can go no farther. It has once more reached the impassable barrier. It thinks it has found the clue to the mystery of creation, although it admits its impotence to utilize that knowledge. We have listened with patience to the wrangling and disputes of the scientists concerning the origin and antiquity of the human race. It is true, they differ among themselves to the extent of hundreds of thousands and even millions of years in calculating the remoteness of man's advent. Their differences are equally marked as to his ancestry. Now they challenge the Creator by this new claim. We have seen one after another of their beliefs fall to pieces; indeed, like Professor Schaefer's chemical corpuscles, they seem to have devoured each other to such an extent that it is difficult to define what science actually does believe concerning man, creation and life on this planet.

Some of the more conservative scientists who heard Professor Schaefer belittling the creation of man were most unfavorably impressed by the wildness of his assertions, and others among his auditors declared at the close that they came away "with the conviction that life had never had any origin at all." Job, the oldest of known philosophers, when he was tangled up in a wordy speculative discussion with his three comforters, gave them a rebuke which most thinking people will consider well adapted to the latest materialistic claim. "No doubt but ye are the people," said Job, "and wisdom will die with you." Professor Schaefer does not seem to have approached his subject in the spirit of reverence which was its due. He has uttered the "last word" on materialistic science. We wonder what the next word will be. This supreme problem has been foremost in all the ages, and it is not likely to be settled by this new dictum, which will probably be a nine days' wonder in scientific circles and soon forgotten.

The Emperor and the Bible

EMPEROR WILLIAM has a way of "speaking his mind" that is sometimes disconcerting to those who look for the language of diplomacy from the lips of a Kaiser. It is related that on one occasion, in conversation with Dr. Forrer, the Swiss President, the talk turned to theology, and the German ruler spoke freely of his religious convictions. "I do not care much for priests or preachers," he said. "They dilute the Gospel with too much of their own brew. As for myself, I hold to the Bible, which I constantly read. In it one finds the solution of every difficulty and every problem, even of a political description." In these days of turmoil and social and political unrest in Europe, such a testimony from so high a source to the strengthening and enlightening power of God's Word deserves to be remembered. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," wrote the royal Psalmist. Like monarchs of a later day, he had his troubles to face, but he knew where to go for comfort and guidance. A Bible-reading ruler gives the best assurance of a wisely governed state.

What Are You Doing for Christ?

WHY did Christ perform his miracles? What was the motive back of these wondrous acts of mercy? The ordinary answer is that he performed them to demonstrate his divine power. Another is that they were for the purpose of bringing honor to his Father. Both of these answers are true; but an answer given by Dr. Marcus Dods, in a beautiful sermon written some years before his death, strikes a human, everyday note which is tender and convincing. Jesus did these wonderful things naturally, spontaneously, because he loved the folks who were in need, and wanted to help them. He could not see a blind man without wanting to give him sight; he could not see a sick child or an afflicted man or woman without wanting to bring relief. His sympathy was so quick, so intense, that wherever he saw suffering he wanted to relieve it. Wherever he saw signs of a faith that would make a channel for his divine power to reach and remove the affliction, his sympathy and love led him to work the cure.

It is beautiful to think of all the things that Jesus is still doing for men through his church. Sad hearts are being gladdened; sinful hearts are being cleansed; darkened homes are being filled with sunshine; nations are being illuminated with the light from the Cross. The same spirit of love which moved him to mighty works during his incarnation is moving his followers now to carry on the work he began. Are we helping all we can? Have we let him touch and thrill our hearts, filling t with his tender and never-failing sympathy? the griefs of others grieve us, the sins of others tress us, the needs of others move us to helpfuln

But Christ does more than simply move us to and help others for their own sake. He has la deeper and more telling plan than that. He found a royal way to put into our poor, hu hearts the same sort of sympathy he had. He us to give our love to him, to become real friend his, to think of him, to talk and walk with He is calling disciples to-day as he called the tw in the earlier days. He cares first and most we love him, because he knows that those who him most will do the most for the others for wh he cares. He asks us to fix our love upon h then he tells us that anything we can do for s one else he counts as though done to himself. should like to have comforted and cheered served him when he was on earth. We may c fort and cheer and serve him now by doing for ers in his name what we should like to do for hi he were here in the flesh. He asks us to se every hurt child or sorrowing woman or gr stricken man, himself, the Man of Sorrows, world's great Friend. And he asks us to help t with this two-fold motive: because they repres him, and because he would help them if he hands and feet and a human tongue, as we h now.

Only one life! It will soon be past,
And only what's done for Jesus will last.

Give your best. Do your best.

Take the task he gives you gladly.
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly while he calleth:
"Here am I. Send me; send me."

The Shoals of Suffrage

THE question whether or not women shall e political life is no longer open. She has ente The men are, of course, glad the ladies have got what they wanted. But the men may also be mitted, in congratulating their sisters, to echo s dry warnings which have been heard from time time, and to repeat certain exhortations which indeed, more needed now than in the past.

Strange to say, one of the most ringing notes warning of the last months comes from a wom not a man. Edith Sellers, writing for *The N teenth Century and After*, a London period makes some observations upon the apparent res of woman's suffrage in Finland. She makes the heartening report that "since female suffrage c into force a fairly large section of town-dwell Finnish women have lost considerable in what might, perhaps, call 'sweet reasonableness.'" is terrible. No amount of political power co possibly compensate such a loss. But what foll is just as alarming: "Some of them go so far a hold that it better befits them, as full-blown zens, to issue railway tickets, or sort letters, tha tend babies. Babies, indeed, are rather at a count among them in this our day."

There is probably no real necessity for the los feminine charm and feminine instincts when wor take an active interest in politics. Many of th who have entered the arena are among the m winsome of America's women. But in all their litical achievements they and their sisters m take care to keep the essential characteristics womanhood, particularly the instincts of moth hood and home-making. Mrs. Frances Maule Bj man, a leading suffrage worker of Colora in a recent speech had declared most impressiv that the women of Colorado, so far from los their motherly instincts and their interest in h life, had had these impulses deepened and bro ened. She said splendidly, speaking of the conc the Colorado women feel for the welfare of c dren: "They are coming to feel that they are doing their duty as mothers till every child has b mothered. They feel that they are not doing th duty as home-makers until every household been made a home indeed."

If, along with power, American women shall k their tenderness; if, along with earnestness, th shall continue to be gentle thought and low-to speech; if, along with interest in making laws electing candidates, there shall continue to be l of home, desire for children, and painstaking car the children they may bear; if, in fine, as they t hold of the work men have been wont to do al they shall lose nothing of their real womanlin all America will rejoice that its women are gain so rapidly the privileges for which they have l and valiantly striven.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

A Unique Marine Accident

ONE of the most peculiar marine accidents that has been recorded for many years took place at Balboa, Panama, shortly after midnight on August 17. The steamship *Newport*, which belongs to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, was lying at the wharf with cargo aboard and practically all ready to sail for South American ports on the following day. There was no greater warning than a slight creaking of the wharf, one section of it collapsed, taking down with it all the steamship moored alongside. Two of the huge cranes which were operated from a track along the outer edge of the wharf went down in the water, one falling across the forward decks of the *Newport* and helping to force her to the bottom. Had all were sleeping aboard the ship when the accident took place there would undoubtedly have been a considerable loss of life but for the presence of mind of an American police watchman who, on hearing the first tremble of the wharf, rushed ashore to spread the alarm. All escaped, though some had time to secure other clothing than what they happened to have on. One of the most interesting incidents in connection with this peculiar accident was the speed with which all the wreckage was gotten cleared away. Forty-eight hours after the collapsing of the wharf all the debris had been removed from the scene, the fallen cranes had been lifted back on to a solid section of the wharf, and the plans for rebuilding were already in hand and the building materials were arriving all ready for a start. It is important that the wharf to which a ship is fastened should be safe. It often happens that people entrust themselves up to those who are unworthy and unreliable. Not often the unsound ones go down and sink — not only themselves, but also those who were fastened to them. The loss of the ship without the sacrifice of a human life suggests the words of Paul in the shipwreck:

There shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. (Acts 27:22.)

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The Mail Steamer "Newport" as She Looked the Morning After the Accident at Panama

Motorcycle Murder

At a widely advertised race meet at the Vailsburg Motordrome in Newark, N. J., Sunday, September 8, there was a terrible motorcycle tragedy in which six persons were killed outright, others fatally injured, and a large number seriously injured. It was a race of record-breakers: the one between "Eddie" Hasha, the daring Texan rider, and John Albright, of Denver, Col. Hasha was going at the fabulous speed of ninety-two miles an hour, and under the eyes of his young wife in the grand stand, his wheel went wrong, and, climbing in a flash the twenty-foot incline of the track, shot through the rail right into the packed bleachers. Unchecked, unguided, it mowed the helpless crowd like a scythe. The master and other victims of the machine lay stunned upon the ground. Far down on the track, knowing nothing of the tragedy above, deaf to the screams and blind to the panic rush of the people, Albright came whirring at fearful speed. He rode in front of the bleachers just as the Hasha machine crashed against the grand stand's outer pillar and wrecked, a heap of tangled metal, back upon the track. Albright rolled down slowly, timing its movement to avenge its dead master's fate by destroying his competitor in reaching the track in front of the latter's wheel. The crash came. Albright went over his handlebars, flew through the air for thirty feet, fell at the bottom of the track unconscious, and died that night in the hospital. His wife, too, was in the grand stand. Both she and Mrs. Hasha fainted. The wildest panic ensued among the 30,000 spectators, as six dead and nineteen seriously injured lay upon the ground. It was the shocking ending of a day of Sunday sport. When will this horrid massacre of the public "meets" end? What kind of a public sentiment is it that tolerates it? What weak laws or weaker administration of them makes it possible? It was bad enough to let a man thus risk his own life, but it is worse still to imperil the lives of the many spectators. The dead at the race in Newark were victims of the craze for speed that seems to possess the nation, and victims of the craze for money that is behind most of the contests for speed. The fearful massacre at the brilliant Sunday sporting at Newark ought to be taken with becoming seriousness, and call for an end to such races and contests as defy the laws of God and man. This page has called attention to the open and notorious manner in which the Lord's Day and the civil Sabbath have been violated by the races at Newark. In the reckless destruction of human life it will be well to remember the words of Christ:

Thou shalt do no murder. (Matt. 19: 18.)

Oldest Public School Teacher

RECENTLY Dr. Zephaniah Hopper, who has devoted more time to the profession of teaching, it is said, than any other man in this country, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday by teaching a class at the Boys' Central High School of Philadelphia, in which institution he has been a professor for fifty-five years. The venerable educator has been connected with the public schools of Philadelphia exactly seventy years. During that time what an army of boys have passed under his care and instruction out into the occupations and learned professions, into lives of honor, usefulness and happiness! How important, how divine the mission of the teacher in the school, academy, college, or university! What tongue can tell or arithmetic compute the service of the men and women who teach the children in the public schools? Neither we nor they will ever know the results of their labors till from the Last Day they look back over the harvest fields of life. The teacher has a function in the economy of Christ's kingdom.

And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers. (I. Cor. 12: 28.)

Providing for Old Age

THERE was an address made the other day before a Chicago college class by Superintendent Graves of the King Home for Old Men. Among other things he said: "Only one man in ten thousand is self-supporting at seventy. In the United States there are now 1,125,000 former wage-earners who are sixty-five years of age and more, dependent upon public and private charity at a cost of $220,000,000. Moreover, there are 300,000 old men and women in homes whose support costs $50,000,000 annually." A man beyond fifty out of a job has a hard time getting another. There are certain forms of industry that will not receive an application for service from a man over forty. In law and medicine old men have a very good opportunity, but it is ridiculous to face the fact that the minister at fifty-five is supposed to have reached the dead-line. A number of commercial and manufacturing institutions, as well as municipal departments, have provided pensions for the aged. Some of the governments of Europe have instituted pension systems for old citizens. This is most beautiful and beneficent. Many children care for their aged parents, counting it a privilege and pleasure to do so, but many old people are penniless and friendless, and one of society's first duties is to make proper provision for them and fulfil the words of prophecy expressing divine providence:

Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. (Isa. 46: 4.)

Flavors Growing Melons

WHILE on a visit to relatives in New Jersey recently, Professor Enoch G. Hogate, dean of the law department of the Indiana State University, described a new feature in the raising of melons. It is his claim that the fruit may be satisfactorily flavored, artificially, by the injection of some particular extract into the green stem. A hypodermic syringe is used to inject the flavoring extract. Vanilla has been used most satisfactorily. It is necessary only to take care not to send too much flavoring syrup into the green stem, as the sap takes up small quantities more readily and distributes them evenly through the heart of the melon. Whatever the scientific fact be with reference to the flavoring, it is certain that the fruit-grower has had much to do in cultivating the melon. He has not always improved it. In order that it may stand shipment in cars and ocean steamers, the watermelon has been crossed with the citron or pumpkin to give it a thicker rind, but at the expense of the ripe red heart within. If the things on branches and vines respond so readily to human culture, how much more susceptible are the hearts and lives of children and men and women to the culturing care of the Christian teacher in the home, the school and the church! Among the articles of food that the children of Israel looked back to as a luxury were the melons which they had eaten during their Egyptian captivity:

We remember the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic. (Num. 11: 5.)

Prayer of the Arrow

THE Prayer of the Arrow" is the name of a picture twenty-four feet wide, painted by Mr. Edward Deming, which is to hang in the mission house of the Church of the Ascension in New York City. The scene is the shore of Spirit Lake, Minnesota. A medicine-man of the Sioux tribe is making a prayer to the orb of day, which is just appearing across the lake, between two great cliffs which the artist's fancy has turned into an altar. It casts a red glow over the lake and landscape and over the faces of the Indians participating in the ceremony. The whole picture is pervaded with the spirit of reverence with which the Indian regarded the works of the Great Spirit, one of whose greatest manifestations was the appearance each day of the sun. This is perhaps the first picture of a heathen rite to hang from the walls of a Christian church. It represents the Indian with the thirst for God, doing his best to find him. The medicine-man in the picture holds a bow in his hand, from which an arrow has been sent with a message to the Great Spirit. Fortunately, many Indians have found the Christ who has clearly revealed the Great Spirit, and brought him to their hearts and lives. The man with the arrow has found the Sun.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. (Mal. 4: 2.)

THE HAND THAT NEVER LETS GO

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

JESUS as the Maker and the Master of the sea walked upon the waves. The apostles in a boat, already frightened by the tempest which threatened their destruction, were increasingly alarmed when they saw what seemed to be a man coming toward them, calmly ascending and descending the wave-hills of the sea. They cried out with fear, "It is a ghost!" (Matt. 14: 26.) Strange they did not think it was Jesus! But they had never before seen him walk upon the sea, only upon the land, with weary and dusty feet. Jesus came nearer and nearer to the boat, and when he was near enough for them to hear him speak, he said: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Their fears of a ghost at once subsided, and they were willing to receive him into the boat (John 6: 20, 21). But one, more daring, perhaps more loving, than the rest, proposed going out on the water to meet Jesus! "Bid me come to thee," said Peter to Jesus. And Jesus said, "Come." All of his biddings are enablings. We are told that Peter went down from the boat and walked upon the waters to come to Jesus (Matt. 14: 29). Marvelous! But we are not told how many steps he took; not many; for he soon began to sink, and regained his foothold only when Jesus took him by the hand, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" By that time they had reached the boat, and when they got in, the storm ceased (Matt. 14: 29-33).

Peter's faith was big at first, almost audacious, to think that he could walk upon the waters at all, but it was little, in that it lasted so short a time. What a hero of faith he would have been if he had walked all the way to meet Jesus, and then walked back with him to the boat, nothing wavering. But we must count him pretty much of a hero to even begin doing it. He certainly showed more faith than any of the other disciples. We venture to say that word concerning the incident was soon spread abroad in all Capernaum, and that Peter was the hero of the hour; but of course some discredited him because he had not held out. But it is always better to try and fail than not try at all. We do not read that Peter ever again had occasion to walk upon the sea, but we must believe his faith would not have failed the second time.

A log lay across a stream for a bridge, and two girls were about to cross on it; the first went over bravely and quietly; the other stepped tremblingly as the log shook, and said, "I can't go any farther." "Don't look at the log shake, but just look up and walk right along," said the girl who had already crossed over. The advice was taken, and the two soon stood side by side. That was a case of nerves, we would say. Yes; nerves that made fear, followed by nerve, which gave courage. In a recent article, Dr. Orison Swett Marden says: "Fear is one of the most deadly instruments for marring human lives. It has a paralyzing, blighting influence upon the whole being. It impoverishes the blood and destroys health by impairing the digestion, cutting off nutrition and lowering the physical and mental vitality. It crushes out hope, kills courage, and so enfeebles the mind's action that it cannot create. And fear kills initiative. Fear strangles originality, daring, boldness; it kills individuality and weakens all the mental processes. Great things are never done under a sense of fear of some impending danger. It depresses normal mental action and renders one incapable of acting wisely in an emergency, for no one can think clearly and act wisely when paralyzed by fear." He might have added, fear paralyzes faith in God, as we see in the case of Peter. A lady was telling a six-year-old boy some stories about the jungle, and she named lions, tigers, snakes. The boy interrupted her and interjected, "and microbes." He was an up-to-date boy and had been hearing the wise talk of his parents and their friends about the microbes from which come deadly diseases. We will make no mistake in classifying fear as a deadly microbe. If you have any doubt about it, re-read Dr. Marden's testimony concerning it. And the next time you feel its presence, recall the advice of the little girl who said, "Look up, and walk right along." The Christian should look up, even to Jesus, and then we shall have nothing to fear. Let

Christ and St. Peter
(From the painting by Plockhorst)

us take warning from Peter, who looked at the waves instead of Jesus.

Heroism is of two sorts; one is born of physical courage, and the other of faith in God. The latter is the more enduring, because its foundations are eternal. Mere physical heroism may give way at any moment, but it is truly glorious while it last

The story of Oliver Cromwell and a girl's heroi for her lover, as told in the familiar poem, "Curfe Shall Not Ring To-night," needs no repetitio That was physical heroism incited by affectio Another phase of heroism is illustrated by one wi saved the lives of forty-one people. It was in t year 1902 in Oil Creek Valley, Pa. Incessant rair followed by a cloudburst, made of the usual sma creek an angry torrent, carrying death and destru tion in its path; men, women and children we clinging to window ledges, trees and fences, callin piteously for help. John Haladay Gordon, residi in a near-by village, heard of the distress, and ha tened in his small boat to the scene of the disast Seven times he rowed his boat through the su merged streets of the village, returning each tir with a freight of human beings whom he landed places of safety. When nearly overcome with f tigue, a terrible explosion of oil tanks occurred, a the burning oil came floating down towards hi Gordon plunged into the flood, diving down, to pr vent being roasted by the burning mass. Final the burning river passed by, and he was able escape to shore. Mr. Gordon was modest, a afterward, speaking of the work that he had pe formed, said: "I was in God's hands, his instr ment. He had a work for me to do, and I did it t best I could." That was true Christian heroism.

Not alone is the strength of manhood requir for such deeds; they may be undertaken by yout A boy, pale-faced and slender, presented himself a nurse when the yellow fever was raging. "Ha you ever had the yellow fever?" asked the phy cian. "No, sir." "Do you know anything abo the disease?" "No, sir." "Why, how can you any good as a nurse here?" "You can tell me ho and I can do as you tell me." The doctor was i pressed by the boy's determination and set him work. Hard and fearful work it was, but the b did it well. The doctor declared he had never b fore seen such an instance of patient and tend fidelity. But at length he was stricken down wi the fever. The doctor hurried to his bedside a found him lying with closed eyes and folded arm praying. "Such a prayer," said the doctor, never listened to before. His mother (who was widow), the physician and nurses, the sufferi sick, were all remembered." For himself dea had no alarm; he knew whom he had followed a in whom his soul trusted. As gently and faithful as if he had been his own son, the doctor tend him. He recovered and lived to add to his devot work.

The spirit of Christian heroism not only imp human beings to relieve the sufferings of othe but it makes them calm to bear their own trials, membering that Jesus has said: "Be of good chee it is I; be not afraid." We are out on the sea life, amid the contrary winds of temptation and t waves of sorrow, in the way of his commandmen and yet in seeming danger of destruction. B yonder on the hills of heaven Christ is watching waiting to come to us.

Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

Or, as Browning puts it:

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

We shall be safe if we never allow ourselves get out of the sound of Jesus' words: "It is I: not afraid." He is close beside us, nearer th hands and feet, Spirit with spirit. There will no sinking unless we lose sight of him.

Continued on page 937

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for October 6, 1912. Jesus walking on the Sea. Mark 6: 45-56. GOLDEN TEXT: "Straightway Jesus spake unto them saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14: 27.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

[Every CHRISTIAN HERALD reader is requested to bring this new department to the attention of every Sunday school superintendent he knows, asking his co-operation in making the department helpful. If you will send us names and addresses of superintendents in your town or county or State, we will send them sample copies. The Round Table is to be devoted, not so much to theories as to successful methods of increasing Sunday school membership and attendance; getting the Sunday school pupils to become regular church attendants, and, best of all, to become Christians and church members and useful citizens. Send us some one success that has been achieved in any of these lines, expressed in one hundred words or less.]

—MRS. CRAFTS, one of the teachers of this CHRISTIAN HERALD Million Bible Class, at her husband's request, went out one Sunday morning in Yorkville, New York City, during the hour of preaching service, in order to reach the children who were not church-goers, and by distributing a colored picture paper for children, containing an invitation to come to the Sunday school, to the children who thronged about her when a few had received the paper, secured sixty new pupils in sixty minutes.

—AS THE LATEST statistics show that there are twenty-three millions under twenty years of age in the United States not connected with any Sunday school, and only thirteen millions who are, it would seem that a similar experience might be had in almost any city, and there is a great work to be done even in the countryside.

—ON THE SUBJECT of keeping up the interest we recall the favorite saying of "Billie" Witham, the Sunday school leader of Georgia, in arguing for more use of the blackboard and visible illustrations in the Sunday school. He says: "What goes in one ear goes out the other, but what goes in the eye stays, for there is no hole in the back of the head for it to get out."

—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ought to appeal far more to the eye than it does, not only by blackboards and charts, but also by use of slates and writing pads in small classes.

—THE BEST WAY to keep a class of lively boys interested is to give not only their ears but their eyes and hands something to do all the while.

—AS TO CHURCH attendance, the teachers of this class brought four hundred out of four hundred and fifty of their New York Sunday school regularly to church by having Sunday school first and then marching it in a body into church, those whose parents had no family pew or not sufficient room marching to the galleries, where they never made the preacher the least trouble, for he always had something in the sermon for them and selected one of the hymns with special reference to them. T successor drove them all out by having noth of interest to the children, and addressing th chiefly in criticism because, being uninterest they were uneasy.

—ONE OF THE most successful methods wh the same pastor used in getting boys to the church was playing football with them his big church yard in Brooklyn on Mon afternoons—the association game in which ball is kicked and not the players, and in wh no one was ever hurt. This brought the pas in such close acquaintance with the boys t a large proportion of them were led into chu membership.

Every superintendent, pastor or teacher w has any successful report on any of th lines, whether great or small, is requested send it to Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Penn vania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

WASTE

BY OLIN L. LYMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY M. STOCKTON MULFORD

HE old man's fingers tensed in a painful grip upon the edge of his desk. His widened eyes, big in his gray, drawn face, stared like those of a somnambulist in the th of a grim dream. The crabbed scrawl ed to writhe, serpent-wise, beneath his ned gaze, while his thin blood, whelming in er tumult, pounded sullenly through his veins, ing in waves of despair over his buffeted . Mechanically, with trembling fingers, he ved his spectacles and wiped them. He felt a in stunned hope that the note might be an hallu- ion. But no: it was real enough:

"Wallingham, November 7.

Mr. Wheaton:

" is my painful duty to inform you that our new l plan abolishes your position. You will please two weeks' notice. In consideration of your ful service we shall add a week's salary to will then be due you.

"JOHN MARSDEN."

heaton rose, swaying a lit- while he stared blankly t the dark, dingy corner in offices of Kilpatrick & Co., nufacturers of farming ma- ery, where he had been per- d to toil unobtrusively for y years. Then, with sudden ermination, he turned and led through the main office, e with electric lights, for it well after five o'clock. of his fellow workers at desks, divining the sordid drama, directed toward fleeting looks that stung— of sympathy.

ith a sense of unreality, en by the saturnine thing pled in his hand, the vet- shuffled faster and faster gh the main office, whipped by fear and also by the owy, grotesque hope that aps it was not true, that aps he walked in a waking m. So, gray and faltering staring strangely, he en- Marsden's office almost a run, and stood there ing, silent, with eyes im- ng like a dog's.

patient at the unwonted sion, Marsden had turned ply in his chair. At sight e veteran a shade of dis- crossed his ruddy face that the strength of a born r of men.

"What is it, Mr. Wheaton?" the manager, putting un- kindness in a deep voice ually brusque.

his note, Mr. Marsden," mered the old accountant, ding it with trembling fin- "I thought, somehow— g been here so long—there t be a mistake." The glar- absurdity of his words sud- smote his consciousness a blow. He stopped, floundering helplessly, g stupidly at a ring of ancient design set upon and.

arsden looked out of the window upon the myr- ights twinkling among serried stacks of brick stone. A deep frown cleft his brow; he stirred sily. "It is no mistake. I am sorry."

ut—but *why?*"

Ve have been pursuing some investigation of ral expense," responded the other slowly. "We about instituting a cost-reducing system. e of our present office force must be sacrificed. e is nothing personal in this. It is merely ness."

e crisp word of finality held the dry savor of s. Roger Wheaton winced and stood irreso- The manager watched him askance, nervous rs thrumming upon his desk.

here has been waste in the methods here," he ued, queerly resentful with himself at extend- so much of explanation, yet sensible of the r man's tacit right to it. To be torn from rings that one has come to regard as monoto- ly certain is no light thing. Marsden was ng into a face of tragedy.

e manager paused for a moment, weighing his ls. "When I assumed charge a year ago, I was by the directors that I must prune the operat- expense, which has been unwieldy. I had the American Costs System Company, Incorporated—the best in the country—send their leading expert here. Mr. Fleming has opened our eyes. For instance, your work and that of two other men will be so systematized as to be done by one man—and I'm sorry, but it must be done by the youngest."

It is only the aged and hopeless that realize in its uttermost irony the insolence of that ringing word, *youth*. Wheaton managed to murmur, "I'm sorry you wrote me. I'd rather you'd told me."

Marsden's teeth snapped shut upon an impatient word. "I tried to be considerate," he said, instead, and with an unmistakable air of finality.

"Oh, it isn't that!" stammered Wheaton, and turned slowly, leaving the manager's room. He walked in the midst of comprehending silence, which he no longer heeded, to his desk, to sit there dazed for the quarter-hour remaining till six o'clock. Numbed with the shock, he failed to notice

"Marsden, whose is it?"

other veterans through the great room in similar plight, for several envelopes had been distributed. They had received the sinister news in divers fashions, according to their type. One sat crushed, like Wheaton; another scowled blackly and rattled papers viciously; a third stout soul contrived to smile and chat with a neighbor, an effort plainly forced.

The whistles sounded. Mechanically Wheaton turned out his desk light, and securing hat and topcoat, left the office. At the door he found himself in company with the man that had scowled and was scowling still.

"So you're in it, too," observed Fred Stockwell, a glum old bookkeeper that nobody liked, and who returned the compliment with enthusiasm. "Five of us out, on account of *him!*" he snarled, pointing to the tall form of a man who had just left the office and was crossing the street ahead. "That cursed expert! *Expert!* Yes, in figuring to take bread out of men's mouths."

Wheaton's sense of justice remained undimmed. "He's just earning his living, same as we have been."

"'*Have* been' is good!" retorted his companion, bitterly. "We've worked like dogs for 'em all these years—twenty-five for me and longer for you—and what do we get? Thrown out like worn-out gears!"

Still persisted Wheaton's sense of justice, in dreary acquiescence to the inevitable, the sardonic way of the world. "Oh, I don't know; we've had our wages."

"*Wages!*" repeated the bookkeeper, with an indescribable inflection. Why not a property right? So asked the tone. His jaws snapped shut and his vengeful gaze followed the retreating form of the expert. Wheaton turned away.

"Where are you going?" asked Stockwell. "The car's coming."

The accountant smiled wanly. "I can't afford it. I feel extra poor, all of a sudden."

He trudged the weary mile and a half to his little flat in the West End. Heavily he mounted the stairs. His wife, a little gray dove of a woman, had opened the door at his step. With the sight of his face, from which he could not quite banish the lines of this new and grave anxiety, she bent forward with that instant divination he had found at times uncanny.

"What is the matter, dear?"

She had marched shoulder to shoulder with him for forty years. Hers was no timorous soul requiring to be shielded from the breath of adversity. Very simply he stated his case, queerly relieved at sharing his burden with a spirit stronger than his own.

"I'm given two weeks' notice at the office, mother. I'm too old."

The delicate face opposite him went gray for a moment. Then his oppressed heart swelled painfully at the miracle of a brave smile forced for him.

"You must have supper, father," she told him, her voice quivering ever so slightly, "and then we'll talk it over."

She fairly willed him to eat a little. Near the end he placed his thin, blue-veined hand over her own. "Mother!" he murmured chokingly. The eyes that smiled back into his own held all the love of their springtime, and more.

The ensuing conference he never forgot. She bent her strong will to the cheering of his flagging spirit; he sank into slumber almost in an optimistic glow. But long after he was sleeping peacefully, she lay in darkness with brooding eyes. For she realized too well what a workaday tragedy it is to grow old.

However, it was with a brave smile that she sent him away in the morning with his frugal lunch, which he invariably carried in a tiny handbag. At noon he hurried through it, then nervously entered the telephone booth, in accordance with the plan he had talked over with his wife. He emerged at one o'clock, his face gray with discouragement. Mechanically he pursued his monotonous tasks of the afternoon.

Once he looked up as a man passed his desk. It was the expert, tall and spare, gray as himself. The words of Fred Stockwell recurred to Wheaton: "Expert in figuring to take the bread from men's mouths." Yet somehow he could not feel resentment. The little man possessed the compensating grace given many who fail to win material success: he was a philosopher. So he was unstirred in the presence even of this man, whose keen, cold intellect had found the veteran a useless cog in the machine. The expert's bread and butter came from the Wheatons of the world, leaving them hungry. It was monstrous enough in a sense, but the little gray man recognized the need for it in the quickening commercial scheme. Waste could not be treasured; it must go to the slag heap.

Wheaton was silent that evening until his wife had cleared away the scarcely tasted supper. Then, in dressing-gown and slippers, he repaired to the living-room, where she sat down opposite him, wistfully expectant. "I called up Dobbs and the Epps Gear Company and Brown & Stone. I happened to get all three office managers, unusual for the noon hour. You see, luck was with me, that far. They all know who I am, too. But I couldn't get even an interview. They were kind—but there

Continued on next page

WASTE

Continued from preceding page

was no opening. Mother, I'm too old."

After a desolate pause he continued: "They want *young* men, dear—like *I* was once—like Tom was—when—"

His voice broke huskily. The little gray woman sprang from her chair and came to him, bending over him in brooding love. Her thin hand closed over his own, hiding the quaint old ring that was so dear, yet which recalled such poignant memories.

He drew her down beside him, upon the arm of his easy chair. They presented what is perhaps the most somber of earth's pictures, Darby and Joan in genteel poverty, facing a sordid crisis—and facing it alone. For the ring told the story of a grave filled for twenty years—a boy who had been an only child. The wounds in the hearts of each of them bled now as then, as they would bleed until the end. They sat for a long time silent, with wet eyes. Then she bent and with trembling lips kissed the ring.

The days seemed fairly to fly toward the dreaded moment of chaos. When his services with the big farming machinery concern should be completed, a meager bank fund of two hundred dollars intervened for Wheaton's use ere, lacking work, he and his wife would have to accept dependency. And in this case it could mean only the dependency of the almshouse.

The accountant had at the best earned only a moderate income, and his salary during the past ten years had been but half the high water mark of twenty years before—when the boy had died. Till then the father had shown a steady, clocklike type of ambition that promised progress. But when Tom died the mainspring of his father's life had broken; he settled mechanically into a narrow groove, with the inevitable result. Advancing years had brought lessening responsibilities, with corresponding depreciation in income; now the slender need for him was outworn. For the potential requirement of business is that it shall be insensate; those that serve its imperious need must indulge private griefs and crosses outside its portals. Wheaton was merely paying the price any man must pay who has not grown a shell for the workaday hours, whether or no he discard it when the evening whistles blow.

The fateful day arrived—a dreary day with sullen, intermittent gusts of snow. Wheaton sat at his desk, his mood gray as the outer skies. He was haggard; he looked ill. Anxiety had dealt cruelly with him; he faced the empty future with sick despair. He had polled the larger manufacturing and mercantile establishments of Wallingham; he had telephoned; he had written notes; he had secured a few interviews. It had been all to no purpose; he was too old.

The veteran was occupying his chair in the dim corner for the last time. His mind, like his hands at the moment, seemed strangely empty. He felt a dull satisfaction that all had been put to rights; he wondered mechanically what he should do when he left the building, footloose and tragically free. He had been puttering at his desk all the afternoon. Some personal keepsakes were tied in a neat bundle to be taken home; all office records were left in their proper places. It lacked an hour of closing time.

Somebody paused by Wheaton's desk. He glanced up wearily to behold Fred Stockwell, the sour-faced bookkeeper, who, with Wheaton and several other luckless others, was finishing his duties on that day.

"Come on," said Stockwell, gruffly. "The rest of us are getting out now. Four-thirty is the pay-hour here; we've got our envelopes. What's the use of waiting any longer? Come."

"No," answered Wheaton, with a forced smile. "Six o'clock is the quitting hour. I'll stay till then."

"You're a fool!" growled Stockwell, and departing, slammed the big front door viciously. In his wake followed the others, some sad, others defiant; another with forced gaiety and cheerful farewells; each according to his stripe.

Left to himself, Wheaton sat huddled over his desk, slipping the odd ring up and down the third finger of his left hand, a habit he had when engrossed. A slender member at best, the finger was now grown painfully thin. Without difficulty Wheaton drew off the valuable ruby in its quaint setting and held it, regarding it fixedly. In his depressed mood the stone, an heirloom for generations, seemed to emit a sullen, sinister gleam.

A fool? Ah, yes, he had been a fool. He knew too well when the mainspring of his life had snapped. And yet, the dead are God's; the living owe a duty to the living. With the fury of a potential shock there came to the old man for the first time the full and bitter lesson of his broken years. Which of them—the two that were left—had been the greater sufferer? He knew now. From the moment when they had turned from the boy's grave, she, the little gray woman with the heart of oak, she had borne the husband's burden and her own. A shell of a man, selfish in his grief, he had leaned upon her—and now he was dragging her with him to chaos.

The ring fell from the old man's nerveless fingers upon the desk. Unheeding, he buried his tortured face in his hands and bent his gray head. Unnoticed in his dim corner he sat for a long time, nor did he hear approaching footsteps. He looked up dazed as the nasal voice of an office boy sounded in his ear.

"Mr. Marsden wants to see you in his office, Mr. Wheaton."

The old man stared incredulous, the stagnant blood within him gathering slow force, pounding faster and faster within his arteries, mounting in staccato jets upward to his brain. What could this mean—unless . . . ? He stumbled to his feet, swayed giddily an instant, and presently found himself somehow in John Marsden's office, his tongue touching dry lips, his yearning soul in his faded eyes.

The manager smiled, a grim smile of understanding. "Sit down, Mr. Wheaton," he said, indicating a chair directly opposite his desk.

The accountant was thankful for the invitation; he felt strangely weak. With characteristic abruptness the manager plunged into his business.

"Have you secured another position?"

"No, sir," replied Wheaton, unsteadily. "I guess I'm too old."

"Bah!" retorted his chief. "It isn't years; it's the ruts we let ourselves get into. Why, the youngest man I know is eighty-five. All the same, I'm glad they thought you were too old, for I can offer you something worth while."

Wheaton gasped while the manager swept on. "I've liked you from the first. I heard with regret that our expert had abolished your job. Really, you can't blame him; with our improved system, that position is superfluous. Several others went out today. I will state frankly that in the case of each of them there were several reasons. In yours there was but one."

The old man was leaning forward, breathless. "Then—I am to *stay?*"

"No. But you are to go elsewhere, if you like. The night you learned of your coming release I chanced to stand behind you and Stockwell as you went out; I walked along, close to you, to the corner. I heard what he said and what you replied. I got a glimpse of business light you have kept hidden under a bushel of late years, Wheaton. A breadth of view, sound logic, common sense! It set me thinking; I've been thinking ever since. And to-night, right around the corner from your desk, I heard Stockwell and you talking again. It decided me; I sent for you."

"As you may know, I have a country place ten miles out. I have the market gardening fad. I have to have a right hand man, a superintendent, for details. Within the past month I have found the present incumbent intemperate and dishonest. He's gone. You used to know the farming game, I believe?"

"I was brought up on one," huskily supplied the veteran. "I invented a couple of devices afterward that other people got rich from. I used to think that some day I'd go back to farming."

"Well, here's your chance, if you like. I need a man of loyalty, of capacity for detail, of that executive ability that you showed once so strongly. I have heard of it, I learned what interrupted it, and I am sorry. However, in new scenes you'll regain it. It's a hard road, this life, Wheaton, but we must go on to the end. If you want to move out there with your good wife, I can offer you a fine little cottage, your keep and a salary considerably better than you have been drawing here. This is a trial, of course, but I feel confident of the outcome. Will you accept?"

"Will I accept?"

The little man's face was working uncontrollably. He started up to reach across the desk and grasp Marsden's hand. At that moment the door was flung open. A man faced them, a tall, spare, clean-shaven fellow with iron-gray hair. At the look of him they recoiled. He was the costs expert, Addison Fleming, in the full grip of some strange emotion.

Striding to the desk of the manager, while both men watched him fascinated, he flung down upon it a small object. He questioned hoarsely, his voice scarcely audible:

"Marsden, whose is it?"

The manager looked up in wonderment. "I have noticed it because of its peculiarity. It belongs to Mr. Wheaton here."

"Wheaton!"

The expert whirled toward the old accountant, his face convulsed. "Wait!" he cried. "Wait . . . let me think!"

His face grew tense; he advanced toward the old man, who sat trembling with a strange premonition. The tall man's eyes seemed piercing the elder through and through; his brow contracted gruesomely with an agony within, as if he groped in darkness for redeeming light. Marsden, with the look of one gazing upon a madman, sprang from his chair.

Then the face of the man that had been Addison Fleming for twenty years changed in a flash to a wonderful tenderness, to ineffable marveling.

"Ah," he cried, "thank God! Father, look at me. *I am Tom!*"

The old man lived a moment that seemed crowded with eternity. Wordless he sat, with fingers twisted about the arms of his chair; sat and gazed and gazed, while gradually the strong face opposite that was coming nearer to him, as the hands of the expert were outstretched in yearning, melted weirdly into rounder, ruddier outlines, the gray hair regained its youthful brown. Then the form of the accountant crumpled like a leaf.

It might have been a moment, it might have been ages ere he revived to find a glass of water pressed against his lips. He swallowed weakly. Then he opened his eyes. He caught the cool hand that had rested upon his brow, holding it as a zealot clings to

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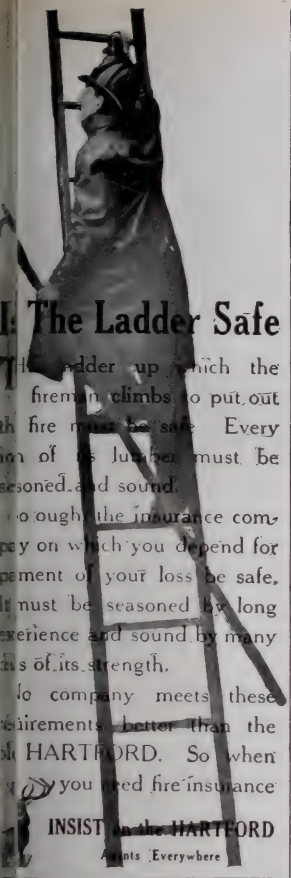

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WASTE

Continued from preceding page

faith. Marsden was softly closing the door, excluding a wondering huddle of attachés, attracted by the unwonted commotion.

"But, Tom," Wheaton muttered stupidly, "we buried you after that railroad wreck; your body was identified by the ring." He shuddered violently. "And your hair is as gray as mine. Boy! . . . I am dead, dreaming in my grave—"

"Listen, father. I was on my way to take my first position as accountant, you'll remember. I fell in with a traveling companion of my own age. Curiously enough, we were dressed nearly alike. He had commented on the ring, the heirloom you gave me when I went away, and was trying it on his finger when the crash came. If you buried me . . . why, it is he that lies in my grave. And, dad, dear old dad—what—what of—mother?"

"At home—waiting."

"God is good!" The tall man's voice was breaking. "Just us three—as then—for I've never married. Well, dad, they discharged me from a Philadelphia hospital with a mended skull and a big blank in the cells inside. I had completely lost my identity; you have read of such cases. My hair was as gray as it is now. I have not known my age for twenty years—I must be forty now. I found a card in the pocket of my clothing, the only scrap for my identification. I had on a new suit; my baggage was lost, of course; there wasn't a letter; there was nothing. The card was his, I remember now; the man who had put on my ring. I took his name, hoping it would lead to some clue that would disclose my own identity. It never did. Well, my natural bent for figures remained unchanged; I have won success with that poor fellow's name. I have not dishonored it. And now I shall discard it for my own.

"And just now, dad, I chanced to see the dear old ring upon your desk out there. The sight of it—it was awful! It started my mind groping—groping—it led me to the dear old dad that loved me from the time I was *that* long! . . . my old chum dad! . . . the dad I fired! May God forgive me! But I'll make it up to you, dad; I've got enough; you need never work nor worry again—"

"Wait, laddie!"

Marsden's eyes moistened at the thrilling pathos in the old pet name. Roger Wheaton's face was a glory of resurrected dreams, of broken destiny miraculously restored. His voice rang out in exultation.

"Worry? It is done. Work? As never before. Mr. Marsden is in luck. I'll show him some waste resurrected! Why, laddie, I'm younger than you—I'll bet I'll throw you after supper, for all your six feet and the big shoulders on you. The old man's all there, yet. I can't—I can't realize it yet—but mother will! Let's go home to her, laddie—let's—let's go—*home!*"

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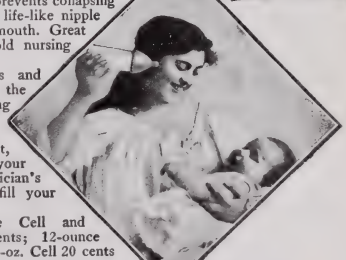

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Many blessings have come to the Home this season, for which its management is sincerely thankful. In the first place, the season has been unusually free from sickness, and the little Home hospital has been, for the most part, empty. Even during the hottest weather, when the children in the cities were suffering and dying, our little guests at Mont-Lawn rejoiced in cooling breezes and restful, invigorating nights.

For nearly a week after the children had departed, Matron Goering and her helpers were busy putting things to rights. There was a great pile of laundry to be laid away, fresh and clean, for next year's opening; hundreds of little dresses, and quilts, and bedding, etc., all to be inventoried. Many kind friends of the work have sent in gifts of clothing this season, which have been greatly appreciated. Contributions from patrons in all parts of the country have enabled the management to keep up the work to its highest standard of efficiency in all departments. These friends, through their generosity, have been the means of bringing untold happiness into the hearts of a great army of little children, who will remember their kindness with pleasure during the months that are to come.

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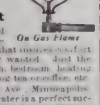

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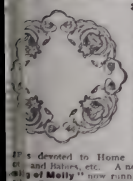

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Election Results in Maine

THE final returns from all sections of the State of Maine make the vote of the State for governor in the election held September 9 as follows:

William T. Haines (Republican), 70,928.

Frederick W. Plaisted (Democrat), 67,905.

These results show a remarkable change of political sentiment since the last election which was in 1910. The Republican plurality this year is 3,023. Governor Plaisted's plurality in 1910 was 8,735.

For the State Senate and House of Representatives the returns show that there will be in the Senate 23 Republicans to eight Democrats, and in the House 79 Republicans and 72 Democrats. The political alignment for this recent election was that of a coalition of the Republican and Progressive parties against the Democrats. With the election over, however, the successful co-operation of the two parties under single leadership came to an end and the Progressive leaders stated that they would henceforth work along independent lines seeking for Roosevelt presidential electors in Maine. In the Democratic camp, although beaten in the elections, the leaders seemed encouraged by one significant fact. As compared with the vote for Governor in the last presidential year, the Democratic vote gained while the Republican vote, despite the union of the two factions which formerly composed that party, fell off.

Sunday-School Lesson

Continued from page 932

A traveler was following his guide in an Alpine climb. He followed without fear, because he had perfect confidence in his guide. But suddenly the traveler hesitated. His guide had stepped across a narrow but very deep, dark chasm, and then held out his hand, asking the traveler to grasp it, but still he hesitated, looking down into the chasm. "Take my hand," urged the guide; "that hand never let go a man." Then the traveler put out his hand, and it was firmly grasped by the guide, and the chasm was crossed in safety.

The living hope: it is the grasp we have on Christ.

I like the sweet, old-fashioned phrase,
"A living hope in Christ";
How many saints of elder days
It gloriously sufficed!

"A living hope"—why, then it breathes,
And fashions kindly speech;
With cheery song its life enwreathes,
With courage dares to teach.

"A living hope"—why, then it walks,
With steady step and swift,
Where beggars crouch and evil stalks,
And brings the needed gift.

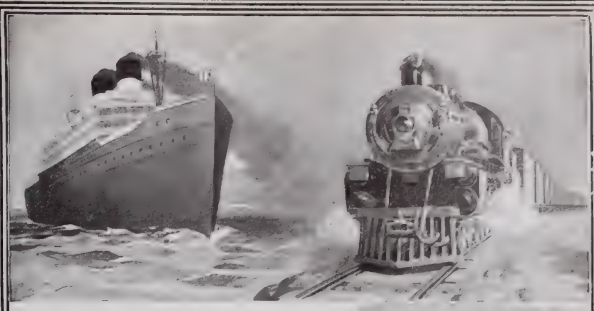
"A living hope"—it labors then,
It laughs, and, pitying, sighs;
It lifts the life of earthly men,
It lives—and never dies.

AMOS R. WELLS.

General Notes

—HON. ROBERT G. VALENTINE resigned, on September 10, his office as United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs under the Department of the Interior.

—OUTWITTING SIX great Powers, who have been for a number of months trying to negotiate with China for accepting a loan on what they considered safe terms, an American engineer, Mr. A. Wendall Jackson, succeeded in closing a contract with the Chinese minister at London by which the new republic accepts a loan of $50,000,000 through the Lloyds Bank. The negotiations with the six Powers were delayed because China would not consent to the terms demanding supervision of her finances. The contract with Mr. Jackson leaves China free to handle the money, but provides for supervision in case interest is not promptly paid. The chief security is the republic's income from the duty on salt.



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Paderewski, the pianist, is great because he expresses in music all the love, sternness, joy, sadness and poetry of his nature, so that *his* hearers feel what he feels.

Paderewski

There is greatness of soul in all of us, if we only have the means for pouring forth our stifled feelings. That is the whole secret of the

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Each and every owner of a Virtuolo has been astonished to find how marvelously it releases his pent-up instincts; how it makes him able in playing to *express* all the emotions that a piece of music stirs within him.

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HEAVEN, WHERE IS IT?

IN the Book of Revelation we are told that heaven's principal city has walls of jasper, gates of pearl, and streets of gold. Figurative language, no doubt. According to the words of our Lord, he would have little or no appreciation for anything of that kind; for he tells us that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lily of the field. With Jesus and with the wise and prudent, the flowers of the field and the birds of the air are our Father's work and far surpass Solomon in all his wealth and glory.

When we enter into his rest, art and vanity, the work of man, will be things of the past. It is written: "Here we have no continuing city," but we seek one "whose builder and whose maker is God." He feeds, clothes and cares for the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, and tells us that we are of much more value than these. When we leave this world, our Lord will have for us cities which we build—not olive yards and vineyards which we planted not.

As such will be our home that fadeth not away, we can look for nature in all its charms and beauty. Groves and wild woods, far surpassing in beauty the trees of Lebanon; smiling meadows, rolling hills and towering mountains, interspersed in every direction with bright, flowing streams of living water, the air made melodious with the songs of birds and freighted with the odor of flowers; trees and vines loaded with every manner of fruit needful for a hale and happy people.

In our meditation, we often ask ourselves: "Where is this goodly land?" It would be an easier matter to tell where it is than where it is not. God's kingdom is unlimited. From us its boundary line is not far away. According to the Word, we are not separated from heaven, our abode of rest, by vast space, impregnable walls or gates, but by a deprivation of senses without which it is impossible for us to see or perceive heaven or those who abide there.

Our God, in answer to those who asked him when the kingdom of God would come, answered that the kingdom of God "cometh not with observation, neither shall they say: Lo, here; lo, there, for behold, the kingdom of God is within you." And such indeed is the real truth. Our Lord tells us: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Sin is the dark wall we cannot see through. It is when this veil of flesh is taken away that we shall see God in all his glory and his kingdom in all its beauty.

We are glad heaven is a sphere of existence much more exalted every way than this world in which we live. We cannot see its people, though they can see and visit us. The Egyptians could not see the destroying angel, nor could the Assyrian army as they were about to lay siege to Jerusalem. The arm of flesh, fettered with sin, is a hopeless defense in time of need. We never know how weak and frail we are until brought face to face with Death, the king of terrors.

With all our faults, it is fortunate for us that there is a sure and safe way to heaven, our abode of rest. For the anxious faithful there is nothing to fear. They can have with them the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. As written, they can abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He gives his angels charge over them to keep them in all their ways. When they call, he will answer them and show them his salvation.

Thank God, there is a distinction and consolation about the Christian dispensation we find in no other form of faith, and that is: no true Christian need to be in doubt! If he seeks with the whole heart, he will surely find to his entire satisfaction. It is written: "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." And we can thank God that we know it is a finished work. All we have to do is to be faithful

Continued on next page

Father and Daughter both raised on

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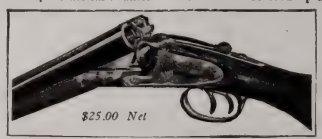

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HEAVEN, WHERE IS IT?

Continued from preceding page

to God and his word, and death will have for us no sting, the grave no victory.

The way marked out for life is clear and legible. We have it all in those words: "Ye must be born again." There are about fifteen hundred millions of people in this world, and not one sane person among them who does not know that he is born of the flesh. How can a man hope to enter the kingdom of God (a much greater and better) who does not know that he is born of the Spirit of God?

This world of sin has made death appear to be a treacherous and unwelcome visitor; but the true Christian has no need to look on it as such, but rather as a welcome, indispensable ferryman, to row him over the Silent River to a host of loved ones waiting on the other shore.

In our rest after the toil of the day, we never enter the land of dreams until our natural senses are buried in slumber. It is then we exercise senses we cannot exercise elsewhere. And when, being possessed of the Spirit of God, we vacate this house of clay we now live in, we will exercise our latent spiritual senses in a kingdom where time cannot dim our vision, nor disease mar our appreciation of life.

Chicago, Ill. P. G. MEATH.

Called Higher

Mr. Samuel W. Palmer, of Valhalla, N. Y., an old subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, met an untimely death. He was one of God's good workers and beloved by all.

Mrs. Mary Talmer Arnold, of Thompson, Conn., passed away recently, after a life spent in helpfulness and Christian service to those who mourn her death.

Mr. Robert Gordon, of Tweed, Ont., Can., Sunday school superintendent for sixty-five years in one church.

Mrs. Mary A. Black (83), of Charlotte, N. C., passed away recently after a life of unswerving devotion to all those about her. Her saintly life was the truest type of Christianity. Mrs. Black was a great friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

D. W. Beckwith (88) was called higher recently at his home in Great Barrington, Mass. His life long he served faithfully both the church and Christianity.

George Roesler, of Potts Grove, Pa., passed away to the better land June 9, 1912. He was a loving friend and unselfish worker.

Mrs. J. W. Miller quietly fell asleep March 28, 1912, aged 69 years, at her home, Harrison, Ark. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Wm. G. Calkins, of Winneconne, Wis., died June 22, 1912, at the age of 89 years. He had been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for over fifteen years.

Mrs. Rachel A. Miller Sailhamer (78), of Erie, Ill., was called to her heavenly home December 9, 1911. She was a faithful Christian throughout her life, beloved by all who knew her.

Mrs. Henry A. Youkin (81) passed away July, 1912, at her home, Riverside, Ia. She was a devoted Christian woman beloved by all.

Mrs. Mary L. Horton, of Portland, Ore., passed away June 29, 1912. She was a faithful reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Apollonia Othmer (74), of Williamsport, Pa., passed away June 25, 1912. She was a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and took a great interest in the Bowery Mission.

Mrs. Daniel McCurdy (80), of Bedford City, Va., passed away on June 11, 1912. She was a life-long Christian.

Entered into rest May 20, 1912, Mrs. Sarah S. Hamilton, aged seventy-four years, a native of Point Coupee Parish, Louisiana. She was a devoted subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Tonnes Thompson, of Royersford, Pa., died June 29, 1912. He was a lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Harriet Wood, of Norrisville, Pa., died June, 1911. Hers was a beautiful Christian life.

Rev. O. R. Morris (85), of Lime Spring, Ia., was called higher July 10, 1912. He was in the ministry over fifty years, and was a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD over thirty years.

Mrs. Jane Morris, Lime Spring, Ia., passed away July 12, 1912, at the age of fifty-seven years.

On August 20, 1912, at Flanders, N. J., Mrs. Lucretia Fairbanks Robinson Stout passed to the other land and fuller life at the age of seventy-two years. She was a sincere Christian and a faithful and efficient helper to her husband, Rev. William Stout, in his pastoral work.

MONUMENTS

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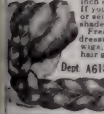

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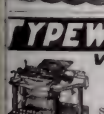

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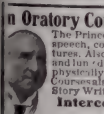

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Even the plain woman with fine teeth fascinates by her smile.

Too many women fear to smile because a misdirected care of the teeth has robbed them of their greatest claim to beauty.

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It contains no glycerine, glucose, gelatine or saccharine to lodge between the teeth and encourage decay.

Dr. Lyon's refreshes, sweetens the breath and removes discolorations and tartar. Only a dentist is competent to do more.

Four smiling generations now attest the efficiency and harmlessness of Dr. Lyon's, the standard dentifrice. The life-long use by millions of people is the best proof of its safety and preservative action. Make the use of Dr. Lyon's one of your children's daily habits.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

VACATION time and harvest days are over, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Class can settle down to a little harder work and, we hope, still prompter replies. Many readers are getting the benefit of the Bible study involved in hunting out the answers to these monthly lists of Scripture questions. It is a good time to join the class if you have not already done so. No preliminaries are necessary. Begin at once, and send us as many answers as you can to the new list of questions appearing below.

Remember that this Bible study will not only be a most enjoyable way of spending some of these autumn hours, in afternoon or evening, but that it will store your mind with valuable information and give you a familiarity with the Scriptures which will be of great help to you in your own spiritual life and in the Christian work you have to do in church, young people's meeting, Sunday school, or in your associations at home and with your friends.

Every one owes it to himself to learn all he can about the Bible. In the list below are some questions of special human interest, some of curious interest, some of deep spiritual interest and value. Find the answers.

Answers to List No. 8, and the announcement of the Honor Roll will appear in next week's issue.

Remember that it is specially important to mail your answers promptly.

These are the new questions:

LIST NUMBER 9

1. What prophet said: "I am no prophet"?
2. What New Testament preacher gave special advice to soldiers?
3. What were the contents of the Ark of the Covenant?
4. What king failed, by exhibiting to a prophet a lack of energy and perseverance, to win the promise of completely exterminating his enemy?
5. Mention three occasions described in the Old Testament where the special presence of God was indicated by fire.
6. On what occasion were two sad pedestrians cheered by a fellow traveler who joined them?
7. What two men of New Testament times were taken on one occasion to be gods?
8. What two women are mentioned in the New Testament, each of whom had a name of three syllables, beginning with the letters "Try"?
9. When did 276 men partake of a joyful meal at a time of extreme peril?
10. Who, besides the governor himself, was the only person to raise a voice in defense of Jesus during his trial?
11. To what four things does Peter, in his epistles, apply the word "precious"?
12. What fourteen rewards to overcomers are promised in the book of Revelation?

A VISIT TO THE GARDEN TOMB

Continued from page 923

identity of the Tomb and to decide against the site in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, although the latter is still recognized by the multitudes of pilgrims who visit Palestine. In recent years there has been renewed controversy as to the exact locality, and at the present time Gordon's Calvary, as Mr. Robinson, the writer of the foregoing article, states, is seriously considered by many eminent Bible students who have made it a special subject of investigation. Others are still divided on the question. It is urged that the place of the crucifixion and the sepulcher are now situated in the heart of the modern city, whereas the Gospels illustrate that they were "without the city"; but, on the other hand, it is pointed out that Jerusalem topographically has undergone many changes since the time of Christ. The present walls of the city were erected centuries afterward, and a part of the originally enclosed city identified as belonging to Mount Zion, originally within the walls, is now outside. It is pointed out as a probability that if there was contraction in one section of the city, there may have been expansion in some other part when the walls were rebuilt, and that if the city was enlarged in its northern boundaries in proportion as it was diminished on the south. Golgotha would naturally have been brought well within the walls, although originally outside.

Hon. Selah Merrill, formerly American consul general in Jerusalem, and for many years a contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was regarded as an authority on this question, to which he had given closest investigation. Dr. Merrill, in his book, *Ancient Jerusalem*, wrote that the devastation in Jerusalem in A.D. 70 and A.D. 135 had practically obliterated every vestige of the Saviour's Tomb. A still later authority, the Schaff-Herzog Biblical Encyclopedia, says that in the time of Eusebius there was apparently no doubt whatever as to the actual locality. Indeed, it had never been in doubt until after A.D. 135, when a historic catastrophe buried the entire city. In later years, the site of the tomb became a subject of speculation. General Gordon, in 1883, made discoveries indicating that it was on the small rocky eminence outside of the Damascus Gate. E. M. Clos, another investigator, held that it was on a spot two hundred yards south of the present church. Dr. Trumbull wrote: "I know that the idea has been scouted that these present cavities in the face of the rock next to Jeremiah's Grotto can have any bearing on the identification of this knoll as Golgotha, the Place of a Skull. Yet no man can settle that site beyond dispute. And many a one loves to believe that that Christian warrior was right, General Charles George Gordon, whose name, though he was in no sense the discoverer, has become so linked with this site that it is even called "Gordon's Calvary"; that it was not on the Golgotha claimed by the great Church of the Sepulcher, but here on this hill, still covered only by God's blue sky, that the Cross of Christ was lifted up, bearing the body of the Messiah, that he might draw all men unto him."

AMONG THE WORKERS

—HENRY W. BROMLEY, the evangelist, writes: "The Lord gave us a blessed victory at Superior, Neb. About three hundred were led to the Saviour, besides a good work done among the church people. We crave the continued prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family."

—AN INVALID and shut-in, William K. Quillin, of Spencer, N. C., writes to ask whether some of our readers would not be willing to send him some entertaining reading matter. He receives THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regularly, but would be thankful to get some papers, books or magazines.

—A DAUGHTER of Pundita Ramabai writes from Muku, Kedgaon, India: "Kindly convey to your readers our very grateful thanks for their practical sympathy in the Lord's work here. The people are in special need at present. For so far in this district we have not had the much looked for rains, and the people are in sore distress. May He who notes even a cup of cold water given in his name reward each kind donor."

—THE ELIM HOME, a well-known resting-place for city missionaries and other Christian workers, at Bell Island, South Norwalk, Conn., has been more than usually overcrowded this season. Rev. William James, the manager of the home, writes that it has been an extremely busy summer, and the demands upon the hospitality of the home have been unusually heavy. Any one interested in the Elim Home may communicate with Dr. William James.

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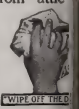

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Montessori's "Houses of Childhood"

Continued from page 928

experiments and sees for himself can guess how great may be the harvest from the sowing of such seeds."

And so on and on through the entire story of the Montessori work of education. Practical common sense is the basis of it, and unquestionably is the secret of its widespread appeal.

Dr. Henry W. Holmes, of the Division of Education of Harvard University, says of it in his able preface to Montessori's book:

"It is wholly in the bounds of safe judgment to call Dr. Montessori's work remarkable, novel and important. Original at least in its systematic wholeness and in its practical application, worked out and inaugurated as it has been by the feminine mind and hand, it is remarkable because it springs from a combination of womanly sympathy and intuition, broad social outlook, scientific training, intensive and long-continued study of educational problems, and wide experience as a teacher. No other woman who has dealt with the education of young children has brought to it personal researches so richly diverse."

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JANET PORTER.

The Lord's Prayer

(Arranged to sing to common meter tune.)

OUR Father God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread,
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free:
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory ever be.

The above arrangement was published in George F. Boot's *Diapason* (tune book) in the early sixties, when I was a boy. I hope you will rescue it from oblivion.

J. L. C.

Great Falls, Montana.

Louisiana Flood Names

THE following contributions to the fund which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD raised for the relief of the flood sufferers of Louisiana are hereby acknowledged.

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Millions of corns are kept growing for years. Think of it—*painful corns.*

Folks pare them occasionally—take off the top layer. Then let them keep on growing.

Or they doctor them in some old-time ineffective way.

Millions of others take out their corns with a little Blue-jay plaster. The pain stops at once. Then the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—gently undermines the corn. In two days it all comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no discomfort whatever.

A million corns monthly are removed in that way. Perhaps a million others are simply pared and kept.

Which, in your opinion, is the wise way to treat corns? Try the new way and see.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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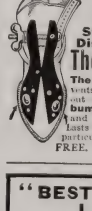

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Please send me complete information about the Kitchenette Family Dishwasher, with full particulars of your Free Trial Offer and Easy Payment Plan.

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UR YOUNGER READERS

"GET ON" IS A GOOD MOTTO

Statue in Paris of Charles Perrault

EAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Vacation days are , and once more busy lesson times here. Somehow eems a bit too to be getting to school, does ot? Too soon, er the splendid vacation, to be- to plod away at ous things. It is to be with your ns and compan- again, though, r all, the days long enough school work and ty of play be- ; and, believe it is all right if parents and hers do insist you "get on" at ol. Do not fall behind at the start be bothered all the year with try- to catch up. Take time to learn lessons each day as they come g. This is the best way, and there argument whatever against it.

"et on" is a pretty good motto. It sily recalled and hits the mark, means something.

ore than fifty years ago my grand- er, one of the old school chancel- of New Jersey, gave this bit of e to a boy employed in his office. the best you can to get on, my and plan all the time to do better." t long ago I met that "small boy," in the course of conversation, as were walking up a mountain road e Swiss Alps, he told me how he never forgotten that piece of ad- "nor the big earnest way in which ld chancellor said it." And I love ll you now, my CHRISTIAN HERALD and girls, that this same small is one of the greatest and most American statesmen to-day. Like cho he heard the words, "Do the you can, and plan all the time to etter." And he got on.

heartily enjoy all of your letters. e is never one too many, and gh the answers must sometimes be ved because I do not want to send hurried letters, they will surely to you before long.

e have chosen for our good-night e this week:

answered and said unto them. He that the good seed is the Son of Man; the the world; the good seed are the children kingdom; the harvest is the end of the ; and the reapers are the angels.

Did You Know This?

E boys and girls of Paris have is year erected a very beautiful e to the man who more than two uries ago saved from old-fashioned eries and chimney corners the es of Puss in Boots, Cinderella, ing Beauty, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, beard, Little Red Riding Hood and more, besides much of Mother e, and passed them along to com- generations. What Charles Per- did was to impart to these tales rm so simple, so straightforward at the same time so charming they have remained through all ese years the delight not only of and girls, but of older people as

rrault himself gave the lion's of credit for their authorship s little son, whose name appeared he original collection of these es published in Paris so many s ago.

rrault is to France what Hans stian Andersen is to Denmark, brothers Grimm to Germany, Mr. Andrew Lang to English- cing boys and girls; and the be- iated tribute to his memory is a beautiful thought and well merited.

The statue stands in the Tuileries Gardens, which by his efforts were preserved forever as a playground for the children of Paris; and it will interest you all to know that the modeling class in a very delightful school for younger boys and girls in the neighborhood of the Tuileries has been going every day this summer to have their lesson in modeling near the new statue, and their models are the three ring-around-a-rosy girls and the princely Puss in Boots which surround the pedestal.

The Postscript

A Prize for Every One

I AM sorry about the Cozy Corner Mascot Prize Contest, which we were obliged to call off. Everything is perfectly fair about it now, and a beautiful Cozy Corner Mascot Prize will be sent to all who send names and addresses of their friends (three at least), who are likely to become friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cozy Corner. The names, of course, must all be new.

The Mascot prizes are truly lovely, and there are charming souvenirs, too, for the friends whose names and addresses you send, so send as many as you care to. Every one is welcome. Don't forget the self-addressed and stamped envelope for your own self. And

I am lovingly always,

The Aunt the Cozy Corner

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"Here is Your Answer;" in

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Even as you read this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD you likely question the meaning of some *new* word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harden?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *jujutsu*. What is the *Monroe Doctrine?* What is *white coal?* etc., etc. YOU often long for a quick, accurate, encyclopedic answer. This NEW CREATION is an encyclopedia—equivalent in type matter to a 15 volume set. It answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, *with final authority*. It is used as *the* standard of the State Supreme Courts which can be said of *no other* dictionary.

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Accept no substitute—insist on the yellow package with the tilted letters (LIQUID VENEER)

Trial Bottle Free The popularity of LIQUID VENEER is shown by the fact that you can get it anywhere—at druggists', grocers', department, paint and oil stores, hardware and furniture dealers'. A free trial bottle will be sent upon your filling in and mailing the attached coupon today.

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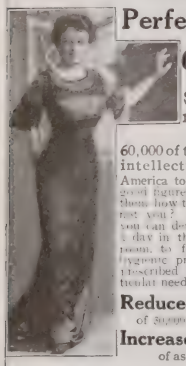
Holds the Admiration

of Husband, Friend, Brother, Sweetheart. She is sound in body and mind; is efficient, well poised, with



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I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight
of 50,000 women and have
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of as many more.

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My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense*. You can

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best*.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such **Chronic Ailments** as

Indigestion	**Torpid Liver**
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Nervousness	**Rheumatism**

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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WE PAY FREIGHT

Finding God in a Shutter-box

ONE beautiful afternoon in June I gladly accepted the invitation of a retired police officer to visit ex-Inspector H. V. Steevs. We found him at his home on One Hundred and Fifty-second Street. Going up the old colonial stairway we were introduced to a hearty, well-preserved gentleman, so vigorous we could hardly believe him to have passed his eightieth birthday. Two years ago he was suddenly stricken with total blindness. Despite this affliction, his simple trust in God is a continual spring of joy, and the influence of his beautiful life is still far-reaching. Knowing of his long years of excellent service as policeman in New York City, passing upward from rank to rank from patrolman to inspector, I asked him to tell me what led him to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour. His story in brief is as follows: "Some fifty years ago a revival meeting was in progress in the lower part of the city. I was detailed there as patrolman. At first I did not enjoy my surroundings, and kept in the back part of the gallery. The interest deepened. Soon I was an interested observer of what appeared to me to be wonderful transformations. I saw those whom I had known as drunkards changed to rejoicing Christians. I saw families reunited, and such evidences of real comfort and joy coming into hearts that I cried out in the bitterness of my spirit, 'Why can't I have some of these good things also?' One night soon after this, as I patrolled the street my mind was brooding over the need of God, and in a way was reaching out to him in prayer. In those days wide board shutters were put across store fronts to protect the windows. As I neared one of the empty shutter-boxes I felt irresistibly drawn to go in. I fell upon my knees, cried out to God, confessed my sins, and asked him to make me a new man. After a little it seemed as though the very glory of heaven lighted the darkness of the night and of my soul. God had spoken to my heart. I sprang up and I believe I shouted, 'Praise God!' I hastened along my beat, walking as on air, and patrolled until 6 A.M. At that time, I met my side partner on the adjoining post, and we walked together to the station house. He was a faithful Christian, a Baptist, much older than myself. I said to him, 'Daddy, I've been praying that God would forgive me my sins and make me a Christian. While on Halsey's corner I went into the shutter-box, and prayed God to forgive me all my sins. While praying it seemed as if a light shone around me and a voice from heaven said to me, "Thy sins are all forgiven, go thy way."' The old officer grasped my hand warmly, saying, 'God bless you, Henry! God has converted you.' I said, 'What shall I do to go on in this good way? As you have been a Christian many years teach me what I must do.' He asked me: 'Do you have family prayer? Do you read your Bible? Do you say grace at meals?'

"I replied, 'I do not.' He urged me to begin by going home and commencing family prayer at once. I went home and said to my wife, 'We shall have family prayer this morning.' My wife, our little daughter, and myself fell on our knees and prayed together. We then arose, and breakfast being prepared we asked God's blessing upon it. After breakfast I read a chapter from the Bible. My wife wept from very joy, saying, 'I have been praying for this to come into your life.' God accepted the earnest purpose of my heart. During my life I have gone through many and varied experiences upon the police force, but God has been my stay, and I prize the blessed Scriptures above all else. I now repeat the promises as I sit in darkness, and the presence of Jesus is very real and blessed." J. L. SPICER,

Secretary and Chaplain Christian Police Association, New York City.

Every Live, Ambitious Boy and Girl Should ANSWER THIS : : Advertisement

NOW that vacation days are over, every progressive, wideawake boy and girl naturally is anxious to earn a little spending money after school.

We have a plan whereby any persistent boy of good character can earn a handsome weekly income. Thousands of boys are delivering copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week to their friends and customers, in the homes and places of business of the people throughout the country, and are thereby earning more than many of their friends who have left school and gone regularly to work.

The work is easy. It will not interfere with your school or home duties. It supplements them to a very large degree by helping you practice many of the principles of business which are taught in business colleges. While earning a small income, you are at the same time, through seizing this opportunity, learning to understand the value of grit and enthusiasm, of good manners and tact, of self-reliance and thoroughness; you will be making your character through CHRISTIAN HERALD work.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives to boys and girls, besides their regular weekly profits, many valuable and useful premium prizes, which any fun and home-loving boy or girl enjoys receiving. Among them are a Pony, Cart and Harness which are offered every other month; Roller Skates, Watches, Knives, Crest Pins, Etc.

In order to learn full particulars regarding this excellent plan, sign coupon below and mail it at once. All you have to do is to enclose 15 cents with this coupon. The 15 cents which you enclose will pay for 5 copies of The Christian Herald at the wholesale rate of 3 cents. In addition to this, we will send you an extra five copies in order that you may secure extra capital for ordering future issues. These ten copies can be sold at 5c. each, or 50c. As a mark of appreciation on our part, we will also send you Free one of our Gold and Enamel Christian Herald Crest Pins.

This is a special offer. Take advantage of it now. Sign the Coupon below and mail it immediately.

The Christian Herald Special Boy Coupon

I enclose with this Boy Coupon the sum of fifteen cents (15) in cash for five copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the wholesale rate of three cents each. I hereby certify that I am not now selling THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but that I will try to sell the copies sent me at five cents each and to secure regular weekly customers.

In order to provide me with additional cash capital this coupon also entitles me to five free copies which I will sell at five cents each (value 25 cents) and you agree also to send me a handsome Gold and Enamel Crest Pin (C. H. surrounded by laurel leaves) value, 35 cents. The total value of this coupon, sixty cents (60 cents).

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Please enter me in all Shetland Pony and Cash and Premium Prize Contests.

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Should you know of a number of boys who would be interested, simply put the number of extra coupons you want in the little square which appears before this. For example, if you want five more coupons, simply put the number 5 in the square. When you send in your coupon we will send you five or as many as you wish.

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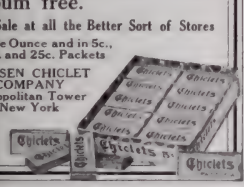

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

P. D., Dubuque, Ia. In large cities how is electricity supplied to the street cars so that it can operate those a long distance from the powerhouse as easily as those near to it?

Electric energy for cars is transmitted by conductors usually placed in cables in underground conduits, the maximum electro-motor force transmitted being about 11,000 volts. This pressure is directly generated by a steam-driven alternating current generator, and is transmitted over the conductors to sub-stations where by step-down transformers the pressure is dropped to, say 600 volts alternating current, which by rotary converters is turned into direct current for the street mains, the feeders of the railway system and for charging storage batteries, which in turn give out direct current at times of heavy demand or when otherwise required.

H. L. F., Rossburg, O. Where did Paul write the letters to the Galatians and Thessalonians? Rev. Francis E. Clark states in one of the back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that they were written at Corinth.

There is a wide difference in opinion as to the place where Galatians was written. Some hold that it was written from Rome, others from Corinth or Ephesus. Jamieson, Fausset and Brown say the evidence shows that it was written in Corinth during the winter of 57 or 58 A.D., after Paul's visit to Jerusalem recorded in Acts 15: 2. Thessalonians was also probably written in Corinth, but at an earlier date, probably between 48 and 51 A.D., when Paul had already visited and probably left Athens (see I. Thess. 3: 1.)

E. G., Berlin, Ont. Will you please suggest some way by which we can make the business meetings of our young people's society more interesting?

The greatest secret of an interesting business meeting is to have business that is really interesting. Many young people's societies languish because they do not take up enterprises that are really worth while. The spiritual note should be kept predominant. The society exists for the purposes of giving testimony to the power of Christ to save and bless the soul, of attaining spiritual culture by Bible study, prayer and Christian service, of winning others to the Master, of promoting the work of missions, and of assisting in all the enterprises of the church. The developing of enthusiastic, spiritual, practical Christians will help to solve the problem of the business meeting. But the conduct of the meeting itself is also important. The president should carefully plan the meeting in advance. Chairmen of committees should be notified to have all reports ready. It is a good idea to insist that reports be sent in two or three days in advance, so that if the chairman is unable to attend his report will be on hand. Begin the meeting on time. Appoint a special committee to provide for a social hour after the business session. Transact all business promptly, leaving social conversation and amusement till the business session has come to an end.

S. M. H., Baltimore, Md. Please explain the first five verses of the 12th chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes.

These verses have already been explained in THE MAIL-BAG. The figures of speech employed are purely Oriental. The "keepers of the house" are the limbs that protect the body; the "grinders" are the teeth which decay in age; those that "look out at the windows" are the eyes—the powers of vision; "the doors" are the lips; the "daughters of music" are the vocal organs and the voice; "the almond tree" refers to the whitening of the hair, which has a likeness to the almond tree with its white blossoms; the "grasshopper" is a type of the dried-up, shriveled human form in age; "desire shall fail" is the cessation of appetite; and the "long home" and the "mourners" typify the end of life.

E. F., Bloomfield, N. J. Please explain "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have" [R. V.: Thinketh he hath]. (Luke 8: 18).

This expression occurs in a number of New Testament passages, Matt. 13: 12; Mark 4: 25, etc. Its meaning is most evident in Matt. 25: 29, and Luke 19: 26, in connection with the parable of the talents, or pounds. Christ is stating in these words two laws which are universal. First, a man must have something to start with before he can do any work. Second, if he does not make good use of what is given he loses it. In other words: something never comes from nothing; neglect means loss. Every man is given something to start with for working out his life plan. If he neglects to use what he has he loses it. It cannot be said that God takes it away from him; the man simply lets it slip through his fingers. Helen Keller had very little to begin with, but she made such amazingly faithful use of that, that she gained much more. She used and developed the sense of touch till it has become almost equal to sight and hearing. But a sense or a muscle unused becomes useless. A man has only to stop walking and he will soon lose the power to walk. It is ridiculous to say that there is anything cruel about this. It is simply the law of life. And the law works no hardship to any one who has a desire to make good use of life. In the passage you mention the law is applied to hearing. When a man hears a truth he must follow it and apply it quickly. If he does not he will forget it, or cease to believe it, or lose it in some other way.

J. R. C., Fairfield, Conn. What is the difference between planets and stars?

Planets are opaque bodies which revolve around the sun as a center, in elliptical orbits nearly circular and are only visible as reflecting the sun's light. There are eight major planets, including the earth, and several hundred minor ones, with a possibility of hundreds more to be discovered, and these constitute what is called the solar system—our system. The nearest of the major planets to the sun is Mercury, 36 millions of miles distant from him, and the farthest away is Neptune, 2,791.6 millions of miles from the central luminary. The latter planet can only be seen through a strong telescope. The stars are luminous celestial bodies supposed to be the suns of other systems of worlds, and so far away are they that they are referred to as "fixed" stars, though in fact they are traveling with inconceivable rapidity around immense orbits.

J. A. M., MacLeansboro, Ill. 1. Dr. Talmage was at one time the senior editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but never its owner. 2. Whether our Lord personally baptized has been doubted. The only passage which may bear on the question is John 4: 1, 2, the explanation of which is presumed to be that John, being a servant, baptized with his own hand, while Christ as Lord and Master "baptized with the Holy Ghost," demonstrating the outward symbols through his disciples. Whether he baptized personally or not, the fact remains that, during his earthly ministry, baptism was the accepted mode of entering his service. 3. In the 7th chapter of I. Cor., Paul had apparently been asked questions by the church in Corinth which tended to disparage marriage and regard it as an undesirable state to be continued when one of the parties is an unbeliever. His long reply may be summed up in a few words: "Abide in your present station, for the time is short." The passage in I. Tim. 5: 14 is not inconsistent with the other, for the circumstances of the two cases were different, and in the latter he commends marriage under certain conditions as an antidote to certain temptations.

J. R., Saginaw, Mich. On what day of the week was June 15, 1866?

Friday.

A. C. B., Mansfield, La. 1. Please explain Ezek. 38: 1-23. 2. How long was Isaac blind? 3. Do you suppose Noah employed a great many laborers in building the Ark?

1. The verses indicate the final triumph of Messiah's rule over the distant and barbarous nations. Judea had been desolated by the heathen races and the temple defiled. Some commentators have assumed that Gog represented Lydia and Magog Syria. Others take a broader view and hold that these names refer to the confederacy of sinful nations upon which God's judgment was to be visited. (See Rev. 20: 7-9.) The whole chapter foretells the re-establishment of Israel and the final triumph of God's kingdom on earth over its enemies. 2. Isaac's blindness seems to have been due to old age and feebleness. Sight fails frequently in Eastern countries much sooner than in more temperate climates. The blessing of his sons is supposed to have preceded his death by many years—McClintock says over forty years. He died at the patriarchal age of 180. 3. There is no information on the subject in the Bible record, although it is fair to presume that he had abundant help. His own immediate descendants would hardly have been enough for such an enterprise.

F. S., Cutler, Ill. Please explain (1) Matt. 19: 10 and Matt. 21: 44. (2) Mark 2: 21, 22 and Mark 13: 14. (3) Luke 9: 62, and Luke 17: 6. (4) Rom. 9: 16.

1. It was as though the disciples had said "in this view of marriage, surely it must prove a snare rather than a blessing and had better be avoided altogether." Matt. 21: 44 has a twofold meaning. The kingdom of God is indicated as a temple, the keystone of which had been rejected by the builders, who are pictured as falling on it and receiving great hurt; but that same stone, when it should fall on them, would grind them to powder. The double reference is to the coming demolition of Jerusalem in a material sense and to the fate of the rejecters in a wider spiritual sense. 2. Mark 2: 21, 22 is designed to illustrate the difference between the old and new economies, and the result of mixing up one with the other. The "new wine" was the evangelical freedom which Christ was introducing into the old spirit of Judaism. It was as though he had said, "These inquiries about the difficulty between my disciples and the Pharisees, and even

Continued on next page

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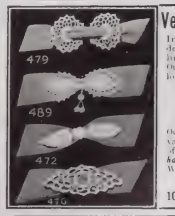

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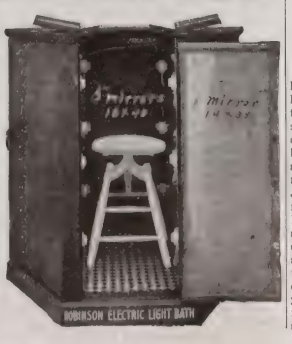

OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

John's disciples, serve to point out the effect of a natural revulsion against sudden change, which time will cure and which will be seen to be to the better advantage." Eusebius later tells us that the Christians fled to Perea to escape the predicted calamities to the nation. 3. In the first passage referred to, the meaning is obvious. There is a natural reluctance in the human heart to break with the world; but God's work demands undivided attention and complete consecration. The second passage is one in which not physical but moral obstacles to the progress of the kingdom were in the mind of the speaker, who sought to teach that no obstacle could stand before firm faith in God. 4. Mercy is God's free gift and must be so regarded, although we may desire it inwardly and make effort to secure it. Both the desire and the effort are indispensable to salvation: but in the ultimate, it is God who "out of his own good pleasure worketh in us both to will and to do." (Phil. 2: 13.)

B. M., Oshkosh, Wis. 1. Are all children born in the United States citizens thereof, irrespective of parentage? 2. If a child is born on a foreign vessel in United States waters, is it an American?

1. All except the children of persons engaged in the diplomatic service of foreign governments. 2. No; it is a citizen of the country to which the vessel belongs.

A. T. S., Plainfield, N. J. Was John the Baptist the same person as Elijah?

The statement is made a number of times in the New Testament (see Matt. 11: 14; 17: 10-12; Mark 9: 12, 13. See also Mal. 4: 5). But there is no reason for believing that this means any more than that he was the new Elijah of his time, a rugged prophet, like Elijah in temperament, habits and speech, unafraid even of kings. He himself said distinctly that he was not Elijah (John 1: 21). The sense in which the expression was used is made clear in Luke 1: 17: "He shall go before him in *the spirit and power* of Elijah." In the narrative of Elijah's appearance at the transfiguration there is no suggestion that he was John the Baptist, whom all the men present had known and seen, and who had only recently died. One of the things that distinguishes the philosophy of the Bible from that of uninspired teachings is that it never confuses or obscures personal identity. Each soul has a distinct personality, which can never be merged or changed into another. The theory of the transmigration of souls, to which you refer in your letter, has no place in the Christian system.

E. B., Arcola, Ill. Please explain Mark 13: 30.

This passage corresponds to Matt. 24: 32-35 and Luke 21: 29-33. Three explanations are given by commentators on these passages. (1) That the word "generation" should be interpreted in its literal sense and that it refers only to that part of the prophecy fortelling the destruction of Jerusalem. This interpretation seems forced and difficult. (2) That "generation" here means "race," a sense in which the word was often used, and that it applies to the Jewish race, which will survive until Christ's second coming. (3) That the "race" referred to is the body of believers, the spiritual Israel, which will continue until the Lord comes.

Mrs. M. H. S., Fredonia, N. Y. Where in the Bible is the statement that a contented mind is a continual feast?

Your quotation is not quite accurate. The passage is Prov. 15: 15, the last half of the verse: "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

"Anxious," Rutledge, Tenn. I am trying to live a Christian life the best I can, but I do not feel as I want to or think I ought to. When at church the pastor asks the Christians to stand, if I do so my conscience tells me I have done wrong. Sometimes I feel as though I had committed the unpardonable sin. I have come to the Lord in just as humble and contrite a way as I know, but it seems hard for me to believe he has pardoned my sins. It seems to me that I am willing and want to work for the Lord if I can only be made to feel that he accepts me as one of his children. I surely love the Lord, but it seems I cannot have peace.

Although this reader asks for a reply by letter, the inquiry is one that is upon so many lips that we are publishing what we feel to be the sure and only answer to all such troubled souls. We should like to be able to go to these distressed folks, one by one, and taking them by the hand say, as Paul said to the lame man at Lystra: "Stand upright on thy feet." They must get to work immediately at trusting Jesus. They have all the facilities and faculties for believing him, but they are not doing it. Faith is like the clutch that grips the shafting and so brings power to the machine that would otherwise stand idle. Let your faith grip God and you will feel his power coming into your troubled spirit. Of course if there is some definite wrong that you are clearly convicted of you must do what you can to make the wrong right. But the thing that brings the victory is simple faith in Jesus. It is really such an easy thing to trust Christ that we are tempted to try to find some harder thing to do. But there is nothing to do but trust him. Whatever shape your worries or doubts or anxieties take, it is possible to drop them all and trust God. He says he will receive you when you come; you must believe it. He says he will forgive all your sins; you must believe it. He says he will cleanse your heart; you must believe it. As you trust his word you will find the torments vanishing. As to the "unpardonable sin," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been glad to say at other times that those who are grieved lest they have committed it may be very sure they have not. That very grief is a sign that God is near you and is calling you to himself. You say you love God and love his church. Do not doubt any longer that you are his child.

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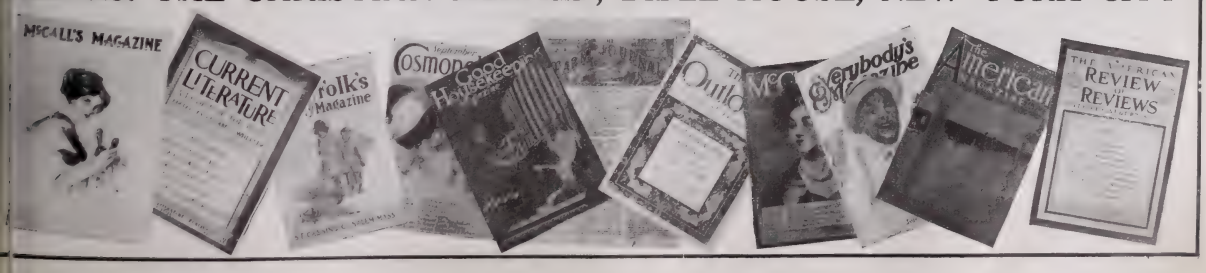

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Writes:

"I use Sanatogen every now and then, under my doctor's advice, and always derive great benefit from it."

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1912

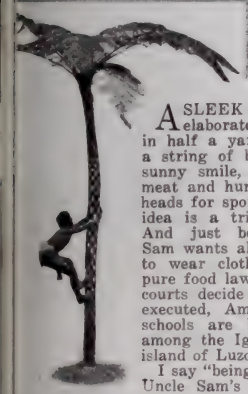
THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

The Scholars of an American School in Luzon

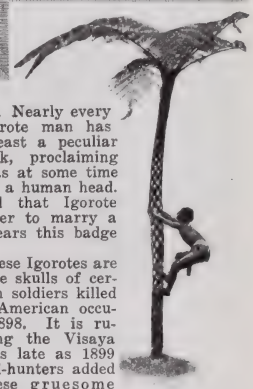
Souvenirs of War

A Scene in an Igorote Dog-Market at Baguio



SENDING THE IGOROTES TO SCHOOL

BY FREDERICK SIMPICH



A SLEEK brown man elaborately dressed in half a yard of calico, a string of beads and a sunny smile, eating dog-meat and hunting human heads for sport—well, the idea is a trifle gruesome. And just because Uncle Sam wants all his children to wear clothes, obey the pure food laws, and let his courts decide who shall be executed, American public schools are being started among the Igorotes on the island of Luzon.

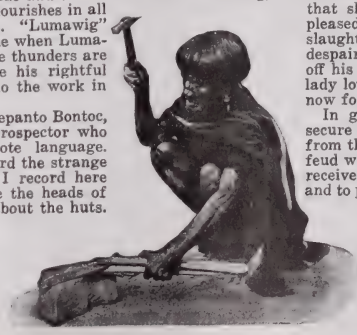
I say "being started," for Uncle Sam's teachers still have a lot of unfinished business ahead. Only in the larger towns like Baguio, the "Simla of the Philippines," where the government meets in summer, has any progress been made. For when generations of children have eaten cold dog meat for lunch, and gone garbed only in "gee-strings" and necklaces of teeth, their savage customs die hard, even under the chastening spell of an American public school. So it is that while a few now wear clothes, play baseball, and prefer a ten-dollar graphophone to the jungle call of the flaming "soldier bird," the average Igorote youth sticks to the crude spear and the wild life of the hills. Twenty miles from Baguio the real Igorote flourishes in all his pristine savagery. The superstition of ages is his. "Lumawig" is his god's name and the Igorote says earthquakes come when Lumawig gets mad and grabs the world and shakes it, for the thunders are but the angry voices of the god. Human heads are his rightful souvenirs of war, and it is mete that women should do the work in the oddly terraced rice fields of the hillsides.

An Igorote House Built on Stumps

I recall vividly my first trip to an Igorote village in Lepanto Bontoc, the barrio of Bagnen. With me was an American prospector who had picked up a working knowledge of the Igorote language. Through him and our wrinkled old guide Fu Nit, I heard the strange folk tales and superstitions of this ancient people. I record here what Fu Nit said about the custom of bringing home the heads of vanquished enemies. In every village we saw skulls about the huts. There were also many human jaw-bones used as handles on *gang-sas*, or gongs, beaten during the dances. This head-hunting habit seems based on the same idea that underlies the family feuds of some parts of our own land. You steal a head from my family, and I steal one from yours. The "Debt of Life" it has been styled. For generations this quest for the heads of tribal enemies has gone on among the Philippine Igorotes and among certain natives of Borneo. Nearly every adult Igorote man has on his breast a peculiar tattoo mark, proclaiming that he has at some time brought in a human head. It is said that Igorote women prefer to marry a man who bears this badge of honor.

Among these Igorotes are still kept the skulls of certain Spanish soldiers killed before the American occupation in 1898. It is rumored among the Visaya tribe that as late as 1899 Igorote head-hunters added more of these gruesome trophies to their family collections. It is believed that the spirits of beheaded enemies will become the slaves of the Igorotes in the next world. Dr. Jenks, who studied the Igorotes in 1903, was convinced that head-hunting was largely a sport—a sort of test of tribal strength, valor and agility. The *Kafo Kab* is the feast held to celebrate the taking of an enemy's head.

Henry Roth, in his book on Borneo, says the wild men took human heads as trophies merely to please the women. He tells of a Sakaran legend about the origin of head-hunting, as follows: A princess living near the evening star said to her lover that she would marry him if he found a present that really pleased her. He killed a large deer, and she sniffed at it. The slaughter of a giant ape also failed to please the lady. In a fit of despair the lover rushed out and slew the first man he met, cut off his head and brought it back and threw it at the feet of his lady love. To his profound surprise she smiled and said he had now found the only gift worthy of herself.



The Village Smith at Work

In going through the Igorote country it was impossible to secure packers who would accompany us more than a few miles from their own village. Each hamlet seemed to have a standing feud with those about it. Yet my companion and I were always received with warm hospitality, invited to sleep in the straw huts and to partake of food. The rice and vegetables cooked by Igorote women were appetizing enough. Roast dog we balked at, but even roasting dog smells good to a hungry man. Hundreds of dogs are brought up from the lowlands about Dagupan by Tagalog venders, and are sold to the mountain-dwelling Igorotes every year. Fat dogs are at a discount; lean meat is preferred. Fifty cents to one dollar and a half (Mexican currency) seemed the average price for a dog, depending on size. We observed in our journey through the Igorotes' land that at night all

Continued on next page

CONVERTS' RALLY IN NEW YORK

OH, YES. Every morning I pray the Madonna to help me find the two men that were witnesses against me at my trial, so I can kill them."

Such was the answer made by a man who had served a twelve-year sentence for murder, when asked if he were a Christian. The question was asked by a worker in the recent campaign of the Evangelistic Committee of New York. Later the man became a real Christian.

This report was one of many given at the Converts' Rally held in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening, September 16, at the close of the committee's eighth summer campaign of tent, open-air and shop work. Other striking accounts were given of souls who met Christ and yielded to him, sometimes at great cost, during the season's work. People of all classes and conditions were among the committee's converts. Gangsters from the East Side, business men from Wall Street, Spanish cigarmakers, boys and girls, heard the call of the Saviour and followed.

At the rally the body of the great hall had been reserved for the recent converts and other members of the various groups of worshipers who had been gathered together by the committee's work. Red banners designated the groups. One banner read "Spanish Shops, Ten Societies"; another, "French Open Air Auxiliary"; another "Wall Street Meetings"; another, "Little Italy Tent"; and so on. A number of the boxes also bore banners representing other phases of the committee's work, particularly the auxiliary meetings in which the churches have co-operated with the committee. Other boxes and the galleries, to the topmost, were filled with interested friends of the movement.

Mr. Stephen Baker, chairman of the general committee, presided at the rally. With him on the platform were Dr. Arthur J. Smith, superintendent and director of the committee's work; Bishop Leibert, of the Moravian Church; Colonel W. A. McIntyre, of the Salvation Army; Dr. C. L. Goodell and other prominent Christian leaders, with the corps of the committee's own workers. A choir of five hundred voices, under the leadership of Mr. B. Franklin Butts, was grouped back of the speakers, and the rally was preceded by a praise service of half an hour, led by these evangelistic singers. A beautiful anthem, "Shine On, O Holy Light," opened the formal service. The audience sang "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"; Colonel McIntyre led in prayer, and Bishop Leibert led the responsive reading of part of the forty-third chapter of Isaiah. Mr. Baker made a brief statement of the satisfactory business arrangements and management of the campaign, and Dr. Smith gave a summary of the season's work.

The Great Audience at the Converts' Rally in Carnegie Hall, New York

During the season just closed 1,922 meetings have been held at 125 centers, including 10 tent centers, 20 shop centers, 34 open-air centers, and 61 centers of auxiliary services, or meetings held by church organizations in co-operation with the committee. Altogether 414,347 persons have heard the Gospel at these meetings, which have been conducted in eleven languages.

Following Dr. Smith, a number of the leaders gave brief reports. Dr. G. A. Carstensen spoke of the open-air preaching on Wall Street; Rev. George Skrieska told of the work among the Bohemians and Slovaks; Dr. A. Perazzini told of the successful work among the Italians, a large group of whom were present, including a company of Boy Scouts. Dr. Pirazzini called attention to the fact that there are 500,000 Italians in New York, and for wor among them the committee provides only five evan gelists. He said that twenty-three young Italian were now being educated at the Bible Teachers Training School and he hoped that arrangement could be made to put some of them into the cit work. Rev. S. F. Gordiano spoke of his wor among the Spanish people of New York. He foun them chiefly about the docks and at work in th cigar factories. Rev. Julius F. Hecker gave a re port of work among the Russians; Rev. C. LeRo Butler, of work among th negroes. Mrs. Ross gave brief report of the splendi work for boys and girls i which she had acted as as sistant to Mr. Horace R Baker. At the closing rall for children's work eleve hundred boys and girls were present. Mr. Kemper G McComb spoke briefly o the efficient work done b church organizations, such as Christian Endeavors, Epworth Leagues and the Men's Brotherhoods, in co-operation with the committee. Rev. Alec Russell, known as the South Dakota "Sky Pilot," made a brief address, and after other workers had made reports, Dr. C. L. Goodell spoke, urging upon the audience the duty and privilege of supporting the committee's work. He told of finding two natives in Italy this summer who said they had been converted in New York, and one man in Switzerland, who had been converted in one of the committee's evangelistic services. "Thus," he said, "the ripples from your work are going out over all the world." Funds were needed to "follow up" the committee's summer work and prepare for the next campaign.

The choir sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and while the collection was being taken, the old familiar hymn, "My Jesus, I Love Thee." Miss Minnie Steinmetz, a young vocalist who has assisted the committee in its summer work, sang sweetly and impressively, "Christ Will Never Fail."

At the close the Doxology was sung, first in English; then lustily by the Italian friends present; then in Slovak; then in Spanish; then in French, many of the Italians and Spanish joining; and last in English again by the great audience and the choir. Dr. Smith closed the service with prayer and the benediction.

SENDING THE IGOROTES TO SCHOOL

Continued from preceding page

Though their tools are few and crude, the Igorotes are clever workmen. Some of their axes, spears and shields show a wild art all their own. The pipemakers, too, turn out pipes of peculiar and graceful design. One day I watched the women working in clay and turning out kitchen utensils. Two girls carried clay from a distant pit, while older women in the village worked it up. Shapely urns and bowls are molded from the plastic clay and set in the hot sun to dry. I did not see them bake any pottery. They called these vessels *fang-aas*.

The Igorote villages usually consist of a small group of bamboo and thatched houses built usually as all the Malay tribes build their homes, elevated on stilts or stumps. The dignity of the owner is proclaimed by the stability of his house, the thickness of its thatch and the nature of its decoration. Pigpens in Igorote hamlets are mere holes in the ground, dug with steep sides so the pigs cannot get out. And dirty as the people are in their own habits, they are strangely careful of the pig. They wash and cook its food.

In the island of Luzon, one of the most recent estimates states, there are over two hundred thousand of these wild natives who are classed as absolutely uncivilized. They are of almost pure Malay blood, and in religion have ideas very similar to those of the North American Indians. Nature worship is the basis of what religion they have. They identify the sun with their chief god, and the moon and the stars with the spirits of departed heroes. The government efforts among these people are as yet in their infancy, for progress toward civilization in the face of the weird superstitions of these people is most disappointingly slow. Practically naked, immersed in the blackest of superstition and trained for generations to consider the most gruesome of sights and experiences a part of everyday life the Igorote is indeed a problem which only years of patient labor will solve.

In the opinion of those who have studied this tribe they are a strong, splendidly built people physically, and are mentally high among the savage races of the world. Fred W. Atkinson, the first American General Superintendent of Education in the Philippines, says of the Igorotes: "They are, as a whole, simple, honest, frank and tractable, and possessed of a sense of humor not to be observed in members of the so-called Christian tribes. The majority of the Igorotes, although so hardy and uncivilized, are anything but fierce and warlike; peaceful and self-satisfied are terms that better describe them, and the friendship between them and the Americans is tending constantly to make them more so."

Such, in outline, are the head-hunters of the Philippines whom Uncle Sam would fain see wearing a few more clothes and refraining from dog-meat luncheons and the quest of human heads.

Igorote women have a strange superstition about twins. They say that *Anito*, an evil spirit, is always present in one of the babes when twins are born. *Napeek*, twins are called, and their advent is looked on as an evil omen. Even wild buffalo—*carabao*—have but one calf, say the superstitious Igorotes, so they take one of the twins, usually the larger, and quietly dispose of it.

the unmarried women occupied a large hut near the center of the village. They call this institution an *olag*. It is a sort of social hall, where the young people of the tribe meet at night to do their courting. When an Igorote girl takes a fancy to a particular man, she will steal his spear or shield—in fact, any portable chattel—and hide it in the *olag*. To recover his property the young man, of course, must go in person to identify it. So all Igorotes look on the *olag* as the natural matrimonial bureau of the tribe. And once the Igorote man and woman are thus mated, they observe the marriage bonds as faithfully as they are kept in lands where the ceremony is not so simple.

AMERICAN COLONISTS IN MEXICO

AN AMERICAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION IN MEXICO

THOUGH during the last two years we have so often heard of the necessity of protecting American citizens and their interests in Mexico, few outside the comparatively small rcle of these closely in touch with Mexican affairs ealized how large a proportion of these interests is a purely agricultural nature. We have long as- ociated the interests of our fellow countrymen in lexico with the mines, the ranges, and the com- erce of the country, so it comes rather as a sur- rise to learn that there are upwards of ten ousand American farmers whose landholdings in lexico total almost half a million acres. For ex- mple, upon the Atascador *hacienda* or plantation, tuated near Coco, in the State of Vera Cruz, are cated sixty families of Americans.

These people, who represent many different tates of the Union, are attempting to transplant eir old life, with its ideals and customs, into this ew soil. They hold church services and Sunday hool every Sunday in a thatch-covered building hich is centrally located upon the land. From dif- rent parts of the 191,000 acres that comprise the lantation the farmers and their wives, and chil- ren drive to the picturesque spot in the wilderness here the religious services are held. Among the orshipers are quite a number of devout Mexicans ho have embraced the Protestant faith. Some of ese American pioneers are men well beyond mid- le age, but they are still possessed of the spirit hat characterizes the men who brave the dangers f the wilderness to conquer its rich soil and make a safe haven for the generations who shall come fter them. The Atascador colonists not only at- end to their own spiritual welfare but the educa- ion of their own children as well as those of their lexican employees. Schools with competent teach- rs have been established in this colony as well as a number of other localities in this part of Mex- ico where American farmers have located in con- siderable numbers.

During the last few years the advent of Ameri- cans into the agricultural portions of the States of San Luis Potosi and Tamaulipas has been very large. Some of the colonies have not prospered as well as their members had hoped, but for the most part the new settlers have made a success, although they have had to put up with the hardships that accompany life on the frontier before they got a start.

In the beginning of this colonization movement the chief obstacle to the success of the farmers was the lack of an established market for the products. Since then, however, they have begun to grow vege- tables and other crops on a scale sufficiently large to enable many carload shipments to be made from one particular point, thus insuring transportation at a reasonable cost to a better market for the products of their farms. Practically all of the hun- dreds of cars of vegetables that are shipped each winter from Mexico to the United States are grown by Americans. This industry is increasing very rapidly. Every year the American people demands more and more fresh vegetables for its table during the winter months. Our doctors and our physical culturists tell us that we need these green things, especially those of us who live midst the conditions of our larger or largest cities. Our appetites crave them and the enterprise of the farmers and gardeners of our own semi-tropic States and now of Mexico place them before us at prices that, though apparently high, are in reality only a fair return upon the money invested, the labor and the risk.

The social life of these colonists is not as dreary as might be supposed, the men, women and children having various forms of amusement that are fa- miliar to us all, and while it is natural that there should be a longing on the part of the self- expatriated people for their old homes in the United States, they are for the most part a well satisfied and contented lot. So far as the men are concerned, there is no lack of diversion. The brush-covered country is filled with wild game and there are no laws to prevent hunting at will. There is a never ending number of new things to be learned in connection with life in these colonies, and the daily round of work and pleasure prevents homesickness and monotony getting a hold upon the new settlers.

During the days of the Madero revolution there was no lack of diversion of a rather unpleasant nature, for the American colonists were never sure when their property might fall a prey to either the army of Diaz or of Madero. Ever since Presi- dent Madero has had his government established upon a good working basis there have been times when great uneasiness was felt by the colonists. Bands of outlaws, such as may always be found in a country which has recently been torn by war, are moving up and down and at times have actually gathered in sufficient numbers to be termed, in some of the press despatches, revolutionary armies in- stead of mere outlaws. The most recent reports, however, hold out the greatest encouragement for the American settlers in the neighboring republic. The disturbing reports which, only a few weeks ago, led President Taft to a serious consideration of intervention in Mexico have now proved to have been grossly exaggerated. Orozco, around whom the malcontents have been gathering as a leader, has been handicapped in his operations and com- pelled to seek peace by the capture of his father, who was on the Texas side of the Mexican border attempting to arrange shipments of arms and am- munition to his son's outlaws, who masquerade un- der the title of the revolutionary army of Mexico.

TOPICS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD

—THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, which the American Government ill erect in Manila, has been completed by the well-known wiss sculptor, Kissling, whose design was chosen in an inter- ational competition. The statue, which will cost $58,000 when elivered in Manila, is a grandiose work in bronze, consisting f a series of life-size figures dominated by the Philippine na- ional hero, José Rizal. The monument, after inspection by an merican commission, was shipped from Geneva and is now on s way to Manila.

—THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT, which began its session on eptember 17, was the scene of a free fight between police and eputies. The violence was unprecedented, and the din of rumpets, motor horns, and cowbells continued all day long. ount Stephen Tisza, president of the Lower House, who was ered from the moment he entered the Chamber, surrendered he chair at 3 o'clock to Vice-President Beothy, but the uproar id not abate. At 4 o'clock a strong force of police entered the uilding. All attempts to induce them to depart peaceably ailed. The police advanced to expel them, and a terrific strug- le ensued, in which fists were used freely. After a prolonged truggle, only Count Apponyi and fourteen Deputies were left. he count told the police commandant that they would depart oluntarily if the police went first. This was done, and the overnment Deputies returned to the Chamber.

—A RECENT DESPATCH FROM Paris states that the terms for eace between Italy and Turkey have been practically arranged, vith the exception of a proposed loan to Turkey of between 100,000,000 and $120,000,000, concerning which Italy is now ommunicating with French, English and Belgian financiers. he terms of the proposed settlement include, the despatch tates, the tacit acceptance by the Porte that the Italian occu- ation of Tripoli is an accomplished fact, Turkey being per- itted to retain a Mediterranean port at one of the extremities f Libya, with a strip of territory allowing communication with he Arabs in the interior. Provision is also made for the recog- ition of the spiritual suzerainty of the Sultan in Tripolitania, for the payment of monetary grants to the Arab chiefs by Italy, which also will pay to Turkey annually a certain amount of the national debt, the payment being guaranteed by revenues de- rived from Libya, and for the cession to Turkey of some terri- tory as compensation for the loss of Tripoli.

—SIDNA ALLEN AND WESLEY EDWARDS, the last two members of the notorious Allen clan which startled the entire country last March by "shooting up" the courthouse at Hillsville, Va., killing Judge Massie outright and fatally wounding several others, were apprehended a couple of weeks ago at Des Moines, Ia., where they were evading pursuit under assumed names. The love of a girl for one of them led to the arrest of both. Miss Maude Iroler, of Mount Airy, N. C., innocently led the detectives to the lair of the fugitives. She is the sweetheart of Wesley Edwards, and about a month ago the latter came to North Carolina to spend an evening. On that occasion a letter was dropped which gave the authorities the clue to the where- abouts of the missing men. Miss Iroler was watched and was on her way to marry Edwards when followed by the detectives.

—ON THE NIGHT of September 14 Harry Horowitz, or "Gyp the Blood," as he is known to the police and his intimates, and Louis Rosenzweig, who is known as "Lefty Louie," the last of the four gunmen wanted by the police in connection with the now famous Rosenthal murder in New York, were locked up in police headquarters. They were arrested in a flat in the Glendale section of Queens County just over the Brooklyn city line. They had been hiding there for almost the entire two months which elapsed between the murder and their capture. The taking of these two men comes as the result of weeks of unremitting activity on the part of the Detective Bureau of the New York Police Department. A section of the country, taking in every town within two hours' railway journey of New York City, has been carefully and thoroughly searched. The relatives of the accused men were watched and followed by day and their homes guarded by night. It was hoped that by fol- lowing the wives of Rosenzweig and Horowitz the capture might be effected. Though these young women have been going freely about New York, at times using an automobile, such care have they exercised that the detectives who followed their movements and attempted to trace the machine were entirely thrown off the track. The police had secured a number of clues and fol- lowed each only to find it useless until they learned that the two men were in hiding in a house whose rear windows over- looked an open air moving picture show. Then came the in- formation that the house also contained a laundry. This nar- rowed the search until finally the right place was found.

—TWELVE YOUNG NAVAL apprentices from the United States Naval Training Station at Lake Bluff, Ill., were drowned in Lake Michigan on the afternoon of September 15 when the recreation cutter attached to the station was swamped on a sandbar close to shore. The party, in which were twenty-four apprentices, left the training station about two o'clock in charge of Chief Gunner's Mate William Negus, and after cruis- ing about for two hours headed for North Chicago. A few minutes later, while the cutter was north of Lake Forest, a squall struck the boat, the sails were lowered and an anchor was thrown out, but the waves soon were running so high that the boat dragged its anchor and gradually was being driven on to the beach. When within two hundred feet of the shore, it overturned, and its occupants were thrown into the water. Captain W. F. Fullam, commandant of the naval training sta- tion, saw the danger of the apprentices from his headquarters and sent a motor boat to the rescue, but this craft also was capsized before it had gone far and the men in charge of it were obliged to swim back to the shore. All but one of the young men could swim, but as many were badly affected by seasickness they were unable to do their best. The non-commissioned offi- cer in charge took the one boy who could not swim and tried to get him ashore, but the waves, driven by a forty-five-mile gale, tore the youth from his rescuer's grasp. All the appren- tices in the cutter were from the Middle Western States and ranged between eighteen and twenty-three years of age.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Wallace MacMullen, D.D.*

TEXT: "A well of water springing up into eternal life." John 4: 14

THIS is a promise by Christ of the kind of life which is quite independent of any accidents of time or place, a life which finds its satisfaction and supplies within and is always young. This topic, how to keep young, does not imply that age is an unmitigated curse and youth an unmixed blessing. Age has its treasures and no sane soul would dream of exchanging those treasures for the tempting things of youth.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote many poems on old age which were full of cheer and pathos, has one called "Nearing the Snow-Line." In it he reminds us that we must leave the bright enameled zones below, and, as we climb, the flowers get few and slender and their stems are ice-coated. Yet the snow-line of life introduces one to a white realm of peace. It has majestic altars and from them there rises no smoke of vain desire, and the eternal stars shine on that realm and all the unclouded blue of heaven belongs to it. When the heart covets youth and coaxes it to be its constant companion, its longing does not mean that it regards age as a shivering pauper stripped by envious time of all warm raiment and desirable property. It does not mean a proposal to relinquish any of the rare prizes which have been won on the hard battle fields of experience. It does not want youth's immaturity and folly and vanity but its liberty and delight and inexhaustible vigor.

God's Thought Forever Young

So far as these treasures are physical in their cause we must be content to part with them. A strong body in perfect repair, defying the years, may be a heavy contributor to the youth of the soul. But it may not be. Many a sturdy frame has been the home of an old and withered soul. And many a frail frame, pain-racked, has made a cage for a soul that sings. The problem is not a physical one. We may, perhaps, by a proper observance of the laws of health, lengthen out the years and preserve the vigor of this fleshly tabernacle, but our powers in that realm are exceedingly limited. As Brierly says, "The heart is a laborer to whom we pay no wages, with whom we hold no conversation, who gets his orders elsewhere, who elects to work and at the end to cease to work without any say of ours in the matter. And so of the other organs. In some mysterious way they run the machine. Some one has wound them up to go for a certain time. When their energies slacken we feel it, but we cannot alter the situation. The body ages, as a plant or planet ages, by a rhythmic immutable process." The problem of keeping young is spiritual. There are characteristics of youth which we rightly prize and may properly covet; tempers which we should try to keep if we have them or create if we have not.

One of the marked things about youth is its ability to walk in the living present. One of the tendencies of age is to live in the past. Perhaps, alas, the vanished years are a heavy burden; they have vexed the soul and bruised it and seriously crippled it. Perhaps they are full of the haunting specters of sins which the soul would gladly blot from its remembrance, but cannot. Perhaps they are full of invitations to reminiscence sad but sweet, because they held treasures which have been snatched away from us by cruel time. For whatever reason, whether attractive or repulsive, the past to those who are old bulks large and the soul looks back with regret upon sins or losses, or wanders with dreamy delight through the experiences of long ago. It is not to condemn the tendency that we mention it, for memory is the basis of the continuity of life, but to contrast it with youth, which has no past to weight its wings or clog its feet. Youth lives in the present. Again, burdened maturity is apt to dwell in the future. When the fight is on and the loads are heavy and the soul is anxious and weary and its breath comes quick and panting, it is natural, partly because of its weariness, partly because of its vigor and the hope which is one of its elements, for that soul to look into the future and revel in the prospects of release from toil, and the coming of ease and success. But the habit of youth is to be occupied not with yesterday nor with to-morrow, but with to-day. "Now" is its accepted time. And this must be a valuable ingredient in any prescription which aims to bring to the soul perennial youth. Keep interested in to-day, alive to the present. "Every day is the best day in life." If the former times were better than these, still these are different. Be alert to the novelties. Life is not stale, it is fresh. It is not dull, it glows.

> I find earth not gray, but rosy,
> Heaven not grim, but fair of hue;
> Do I stoop? I pluck a posy;
> Do I stop and stare? All's blue.

The poor bored creatures, tired and cynical, to whom everything is flat and unprofitable, who need to travel and toil to get new sensations, are pitiable; old before half-grown; decrepit spirits blaming the times in which they live for their hopeless decrepitude.

Cultivate the habit of an eager expectancy toward to-day. Maintain that attitude toward nature. In God's out-of-doors there is nothing old—everything is new. "God renews his ancient rapture" in every fragrant flower and every flaming sunset. "What a great thought was that of God, when he thought a tree!" said Ruskin. So great that God himself was delighted with it and repeats it daily. "The hour of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower" is not past when the early years of life are over. God paints new flowers and cuts new leaves and lays new carpets of green and new robes of ermine and builds new forests and weaves new clouds all the time, flinging out new glories from the inexhaustible storehouses of his power, and is pleased if we are polite enough to keep up an interest in his splendid handiwork and keep our souls receptive. Said Sir Arthur Helps, "What! dull, when you do not know what gives its loveliness of form to the lily, its depth of color to the violet, its fragrance to the rose? when you do not know in what consists the venom of the adder any more than you can imitate the glad movements of the dove? What! dull, when earth, air and water are all alike mysteries to you and when as you stretch out your hand you do not touch anything the properties of which you have mastered? while all the time nature is inviting you to talk earnestly with her, to understand her, to subdue her and to be blessed by her? Go away, man; learn something, understand something, and let me hear no more of your dulness." And keep interested in men. They have not lost value. Every soul is a problem, tormenting or exhilarating, and no two are alike.

The Temper of Youth in the Soul

Keep the dimness of age out of the eyes of the spirit when you look upon your fellows. Maintain a hospitable attitude toward them. Give them entrance to your interest and sympathy. There is that in them which is worth welcoming. They are not mere breathing creatures against whom you jostle as you walk through life, they are not mere conveniences helping you to get your work done. They are thrilling with high hopes, sad with unmet needs, palpitating with power, fellow runners with you in the swift race toward the immortal years, fascinating to God. Be expectant as you face them. Never lose interest in existing things, in nature or life, in current history, in to-day's truths. When John Wesley was eighty-seven, decayed in every part of his frame, eyes dim, hands trembling, he sat for his picture, he studied Lincoln Cathedral and compared it with Yorkminster, he noted the characteristics of the Lincoln people, he corrected bad practices in the churches he visited, young until at last the windows were curtained and the old heart refused to beat and he went home. To be always expectant, always receptive, always responsive will help the soul to keep its youth.

And then the young are care-free. They have a simple trust which is perhaps not a specimen of the finest faith, but is nevertheless beautiful. It is an attitude born of experience. They have been cared for and have gotten the habit of expecting the care. They do not study their needs, analyze and measure them and reach conclusions as to how to meet them. They know their needs only in the haziest way, but are content. Theirs is an unreasoning, untroubled dependence. When Francis of Assisi was starting on one of his journeys he came upon a flock of birds and he preached to them: "Little birds, you are much beholden toward God, your Creator, and should never fail to praise him in every place. You should thank him for the warm covering, for the air which he has given you to live in, that you, neither reaping nor sowing, are fed by him; that he has given you the mountains and valleys for refuge and the high trees to build your nests in, and the rivers and fountains to drink in. Wherefore, little sister birds, because God loves you so much you must beware of the sin of ingratitude and forget not to praise him." The attitude of the young is like that of the birds. They are cared for and are contented. And that is part of the youthful temper which souls should cultivate. Worry and fret are the enemies of youth. They interfere with physical processes, to say nothing of spiritual ones. They clog the circulation, impair digestion, interfere with heart action, disintegrate nerve filaments and plow furrows in the face. And they make the soul old and timid and irritable, break its peace into fragments, quench the light of its hope and the fire of its love. Get the child temper and keep it. "He careth for you." Don't fret.

Youth's Treasures, Our Immortal Hope

And youth's outlook is an interesting thing. The ability of the young to make much of the present is partly because of their boundless future. There are no limitations in sight. They don't worry about the future, because there is so much of it. They have not learned to economize time, because they have such princely possessions in that particular commodity. Now, we are commending not their extravagant habits, but their inspiring outlook. If they thought their days were few they could not so heartily welcome to-day. Because their future is illimitable their present is full of glory. Do we not see how the truth of our immortality gives a sense of leisure and radiant delight in the passing hours? This truth really grasped will bring zest into toil and confidence into plan. We may indulge in long purposes because we have eternal length of days. The earth experience, however lengthened out, is our infancy. We will grow up some day and become mature in the far-away reaches of eternity. The prospects are illimitable.

But the immortality of our hope means not a long process of growing old, but immortal youth. There is no old age over there. There is nothing to wear out. The wisdom of the mature joined to the vision and vigor of the young, and death dead. If our belief in our immortality rules us as a master does a slave, then the eternal life will make us feel the thrill of its youth now and here.

We cannot think of youth's treasures without urging its vigor. And vigor means toil. Young life which is normal is in love with the idea of a task. Nothing is surer to promote age and decay than the lack of vital interest in the needs and problems of the world. Inaction is not only a sign of death, it is a cause of death. Said Martin Luther, "The human heart is like the millstone in the mill; when you put your wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat it still grinds on and grinds itself away." The rich young man who is not obliged to work is sadly handicapped; he has a threat aimed at his soul by his condition in life. And if he elects not to work he invokes a curse upon himself. But if he is honorable, high-souled, with lofty ideals, is there a career open to him? Political life is not decent enough to appeal strongly. He does not care for the prospect of surrendering himself and becoming the servant of a cheap boss. Commercial life is not too savory. Current revelations of ideals now in vogue and practices now common make it rather repellant to a self-respecting, clean soul. And yet there has never been a time for many a year when there was a better chance in politics for an independent, brave, eager man than now. Recent upheavals, the cheering example of some splendid leaders, these things call to the men of leisure, brains and conscience to give themselves to the task of the ethical reconstruction of our political life. And the same opportunity and appeal come

Continued on next page

* Pastor Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York City.

PEACE

NEVER a sigh through the livelong day,
Never a sigh;
But a laughing face, and a cup of joy
As the hours flew by.
But where were the peace that follows grief
When the morrow's light has brought relief,
If never a sigh?

Never a task through the livelong day,
Never a task;
And for kindly rest by labor won,
No need to ask.
But where were the peace, when, work all done,
We sit and rest at set of sun,
If never a task?

Never to part through the livelong day,
Never to part;
But to walk together in weal and woe
With gladsome heart.
But where were the peace that follows pain
When several souls have met again,
If never to part?

Never a prayer through the livelong day,
Never a prayer;
But all things granted, and all things won,
And a truce to care.
But where were the peace that comes from heaven
With blessings sought and daily given,
If never a prayer?

Never a cross through the livelong day,
Never a cross;
But all things right that are now most wrong;
All gain, no loss.
But where were the peace our days might hold
With heaven's love ours, when earth-love grows cold,
If never a cross?

KATHLEEN R. WHEELER.

How to Keep Young

Continued from preceding page

from the financial world. There is a new chance and a new need for all men of honor to stand uncompromisingly for righteousness in our commercial life, and there is a new and more bracing atmosphere for such men to breathe. And never were the opportunities for Christian toil more inspiring. In the old empires of the East, where the new life is throbbing; in the heavy tasks which confront the church in the great cities everywhere where men live in sin and die without God, there are awful needs sending out clarion calls for consecrated men. Save your life by giving it away. Keep young by doing something. Get interested in human lives. "Hitch your wagon to a star"; and that means, if it means anything practical, link your soul to this star on which you dwell. Give yourself to its need. Get absorbed in its destiny. Push with all your power to help its progress. Get in love with God's purpose for it. Be conquered by Christ's passion and sacrifice for it.

To be receptive, responsive and trustful; to have vision, vigor, love, God, are not these the guarantees of youth in this mortal life? There are multitudes of white-haired saints with jubilant young souls who can testify that the prescription is reliable. And

As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of their infinite sea,

may we cross with quiet hearts and radiant faith to the other shore, where we shall see the King in his beauty, and dwell with him, and be forever young!

Anvil Sparks

..DON'T allow your ambition to look like arrogance to others.

..WHEN people philosophize about their own sins, it is to excuse them.

..LINES of fret upon your brow are volumes of satire upon your faith.

..ONE is never a very good master of anything else until he is master of himself.

..IF THE days seem long and dreary it is an evidence that you have nothing to do.

..A PERSON who talks about his woes always wants the big end of the conversation.

EFFORTS AND RESULTS

DISCOURAGEMENT comes less from the difficulty of a task or the heaviness of a burden than it does from the failure of those for whom the work is done to appreciate earnest effort. "What is the use of trying when I get no credit for it?" exclaims one who has striven faithfully with a hard duty but has not yet met the demand of the world for results.

Everywhere in business, in public life, and even in church work that stern rule is applied. "Can you produce the goods?" the employer asks the applicant. Visible, tangible proof of value is required when an attractive proposition is offered. "Show me," is the business man's slogan. When substantial, well-authenticated results have been presented to the world, then the world responds with that praise so eagerly fought for, "He has made good." Never mind how faithful the effort, never mind how stupendous the difficulties, a calculating world seldom rewards with a verdict of "well done" the man who has failed to produce something to add to the statistical wealth or efficiency of his day.

Now and then there are exceptions. Now and then persons of insight or vision are able to see deeper than the externals and beyond the results. It is easy to appraise a man's product; it is more difficult to place a correct valuation upon his effort. Yet there are sensitive souls who instinctively, or by an acquired gift of grace, recognize the motive and the effort as the real thing of value and the result as secondary in importance.

. . .

IN FLORENCE, Italy, is a manufactory for hand-made lace. It was founded and endowed by Robert Barrett Browning as a memorial to his father and mother. Hundreds of women in the villages scattered about Florence bring their work to this Browning Memorial. Most of it is very beautiful, for the workers are paid not for the quantity but for the quality of their lace. The rare and costly pieces are eagerly bought by those who delight in such things, and can afford them.

One day a poor woman more than eighty years old came to the Browning Memorial to sell her lace. Her husband had been drowned at sea, her sons had been killed in war, and alone in her old age she was struggling to care for two grandchildren. She brought an elaborate piece of lace upon which she had worked steadily for three months, but her eyes were failing and her fingers unsteady, and the lace was crude and uneven.

"What shall we do with it?" asked the superintendent, showing the lace to Mr. Browning. "It is worthless, but I dread sending the poor old woman away."

"Pay her for it, and give it to me," said Mr. Browning. "She has done the best she could."

So for several years, the old woman came, each three months, hobbling on her cane and bringing her lace, and with comfort and gladness in her heart she went hobbling away again carrying her silver tied in the corner of her handkerchief.

. . .

BUSY in his study a minister was preparing his sermon for the coming Sabbath. He reached to the shelf at his side for a book, and then remembered that he had left it down stairs. His little daughter was playing in the next room and he called her. She came, running, eager and delighted at the thought that papa needed her. He explained carefully where she could find the book and she went gladly, returning in a moment with a book which he saw at a glance was the wrong one. But he hardly looked at the book as he took it and laid it on his table. He looked only at the eager face of his little daughter, wreathed in smiles. Gathering her close to his heart he kissed her and said, "Thank you, darling," and when she had gone back happy and contented to her play, he went quietly for the book he needed. I think I should like to listen to the sermons that man would preach. I think they would deal little with dogmas and theories and much with life, and human hearts, and the tenderness of God the Father in his dealings with his faulty, stumbling children.

. . .

THE relentless demand of the world for results is a good thing. So often we are tempted to exaggerate our efforts and think we have done our best when we have not really developed half our latent powers. Much of our energy and much of our ability would remain dormant if we were not fairly compelled by the prodding of the world to stir them into life and action.

Any results short of those possible to us by the full employment of all our talents, by the full development of all our potentialities, must merit rebuke. We cannot know when we have reached our utmost. As long as further effort is possible, further achievement also is possible. Many a battle has been won after it seemed that defeat was inevitable. The inflow of new strength, the flash of a new idea, the impulse of a new inspiration or revelation, all are useless to one who has quit the struggle and accepted defeat.

Only when we have continued to the end, doing our utmost and doing our best, may we be comforted by the knowledge that it is the effort and not the results which will win the reward. Then we may go confidently into the presence of the Master of the works and present the lace which we have made with so intricate a pattern and so much labor. There will be many faults, many uneven, and unbroken, and tangled threads, but through it all, if we have been faithful, the Master will be able to trace *the design*, and he will look it over without reproach, saying, "Pay her for it, and give it to me. She has done the best she could."

MY BIBLE AND I

WE'VE traveled together, my Bible and I,
In all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh,
In sunshine or sorrow, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship's unchanging, my lamp and my Psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
When life has grown weary, and death e'en was nigh;
But all through the darkness of mist and of wrong,
I found thus a solace, a prayer, and a song.

So now who shall part us, my Bible and I?
Shall ism? or schism? or "new lights" who try?
Shall shadow for substance or stone for good bread
Supplant thy sound wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah, no, my dear Bible. Revealer of Light,
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put error to flight;
And still through life's journey, until the last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

Author Unknown.

A "Hoosier Poet" Story

THIS story, which will undoubtedly prove new to many of our readers, has been sent us as a personal reminiscence by Mr. D. R. Emmons, of North Lewisburg, Ohio. He tells how one day many years ago General Don Piatt, who occupied a splendid castle in the Macochuk Valley, in imitation of the feudal life of the Middle Ages, was riding his famous horse "Golddust" through the streets of one of the neighboring villages, when he encountered the local constable in the act of gathering in a rather seedy-looking individual, who appeared to be terribly ill. Reining up, he asked, "What are you going to do with that man?"

"Lock him up, of course," replied the constable. "Oh, I wouldn't do that," said the general, only to have the constable, who was none too pleased at being thus questioned, remark, "Well, we can't have him around here."

"You better let me take care of him then," the general said, and in a short time a carriage was brought and the man who had so narrowly escaped arrest as a vagrant was taken to the general's home and carefully provided for.

He was so dreadfully ill that several days elapsed before he made his appearance downstairs. Then Don, as he was familiarly called, said, "Well, old fellow, I have been trying to take care of you for several days and I would like to know who you are and where you are from."

"My name is Riley," was the reply, "and I am a sign-painter from Indiana."

"What! you can't be James Whitcomb, who writes verse?"

"That's what they call me at home," was the reply.

Don Piatt kept the now famous Hoosier poet as a guest in his home for several months. One morning in the fall, as they were walking up a neighboring road, Riley, now in the pink of condition, took a spurt, vaulted a fence into a cornfield where the drying stalks were piled up in great sheaves, and, producing pencil and paper, sat down on a log to write. The general walked some distance, then returned and sat by the poet on the log. Riley at last finished his work and tossed into the general's lap a sheet of paper. It was the first manuscript of the well-known poem, "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock." General Piatt superintended the publication of this poem, and as long as he lived he and the now aged poet remained the firmest of friends.

MORE THAN PLEASED WITH TWILIGHT TALES

The book, *Twilight Tales*, came to me safely. I am more than pleased. It is good, very good. Thanks for it. With best wishes,

Saint George, Ga. MRS. J. S. HARRIS.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE AMERICAN HIGHLANDERS

IF FORTY years' experience among the Highlanders gives authority to speak of them, then I may be granted that privilege. For more than forty years I have traveled among them as soldier, physician and minister. I was brought up in a village of churches, and thought all people this side of China were equally blessed. Some older people are yet laboring under this same delusion. When a young man I went to Virginia, the land of my fathers, to join the army, and rode more than a hundred miles across the Cumberland Mountains. Although not looking for churches nor preachers, I do not remember seeing a single one. During the war I crossed those mountains several times, and still found no churches. I was surprised.

After the war I became a physician, and frequently rode through those mountains, visiting the sick, and still found only a church or two in many miles, though there were thousands of people with souls. When I became a minister, I naturally remembered that country, where many of my old comrades lived, Christless and churchless, and determined to take them what little help I was able to give.

In the Synod of Kentucky I found a mighty champion of these long-neglected people, the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, a man who believed the Gospel was for "every creature" in "all the world." Through his influence largely, the mission to the mountains was inaugurated by the Synod of Kentucky over twenty years ago, and I was honored by being called from the First Church in Louisville to serve the Synod as an evangelist. I thought I had some idea of the vast destitutions of the mountain regions, but when I entered the work I was amazed to find a region as large as the German Empire practically without churches, Sabbath schools, or qualified teachers; whole counties with tens of thousands of people who had never seen a church, or heard a Gospel sermon they could understand; and there are thousands of them yet.

This vast Appalachian region covers some eighty-six thousand square miles, and is inhabited by some four millions of people, nearly all white, and they are to-day the purest stock of Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxon races on the continent. For hundreds of years they have lived isolated from the outside world, with no foreign intermixture. I do not remember ever seeing a foreigner in the Cumberland Mountains.

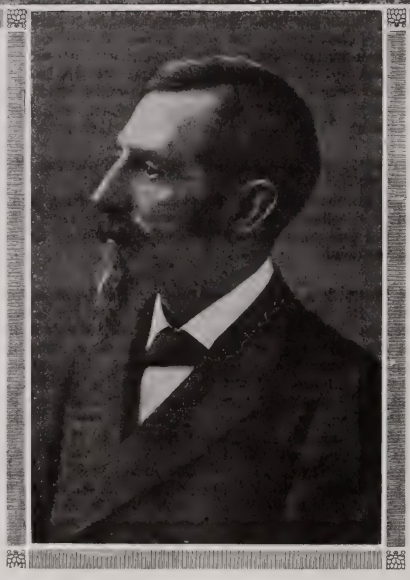
They are not a degenerate people. They are a brave, independent, high-spirited people, whose poverty and location have isolated them from the advantages of education and religion. They have been simply passed by in the march of progress in this great age, because they were out of the way. The world to-day, even our own people, knows more of China and Japan than of these neighbors, our contemporaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

No railroads or any other kind of roads invited travelers, scholars or preachers into the solitudes of their mountain homes. The inevitable result has been the want of those blessings which education and religion bring—churches and schools. With the fewest exceptions, there are none of either. In the largest county in the Cumberlands, when I entered it, there was not a church in the whole county, and the only school in its capital was taught in the courthouse. One of our oldest evangelists, a mountain man, after a tour through a large section, said: "Of all the destitutions I have ever seen this excels all. Not a Bible nor a Christian did we find."

I have no hesitation in saying that this is the largest body of white people on this continent who are practically without the Gospel, and I do not know any people who will make greater sacrifices to hear it. I have known them to walk from five to ten miles over their rough mountain roads to hear the Gospel, and sit on the ground and rough boards from nine A.M. till four P.M. with only a brief intermission at noon. Though without education they are naturally very bright and easily comprehend and gladly receive the Gospel message; and when converted are as faithful as any others under similar conditions. To their honor be it said, I have never seen an infidel among them.

We believe in foreign missions, but we also believe in "beginning at Jerusalem." These are the "heathen at our doors." Their souls are worth as much as others. They are more easily reached. It costs less than half to reach them. The results are quicker because their language is our own. Their traditions, history and ancestors are the same as our own. The consequences of their conversion are greater. They will furnish the teachers, ministers, and missionaries to the heathen abroad.

A Typical Sunday School Among the Highlanders of Kentucky



Dr. Edward O. Guerrant

President, American Inland Mission

After forty years' knowledge of this people and twenty-five years' labor among them as a minister, I was convinced that all agencies now employed or available by neighboring churches would never reach them in this generation, or maybe in a dozen generations. So I appealed to all other Christian people who loved their poor countrymen to help save them.

The response was such as only God could inspire. From every branch of the church and every section of our country, and beyond it, even from China and the Sandwich Islands, God has raised up loving hearts and liberal hands to help.

In ten years 362 missionaries have labored exclusively in these wild mountains. They made 51,000 visits; held over 22,000 public services at 10,069 places; had 6,304 conversions; taught 879 Bible schools with 39,456 pupils; distributed over 250 boxes and barrels of clothing to the poor, over 10,000 Bibles and Testaments, and 125,000 tracts; built 56 churches, school and mission houses, including three colleges and an orphan asylum.

No man with a heart could ride through those wild mountains and behold the almost universal destitution of everything necessary to human life and happiness without pity and compassion. He certainly would not have the heart Jesus, who "had compassion on the multitude scattered abroad as sheep having shepherd." These people belong to the ruling race of the world and are worthy to belong to it. They certainly should have an equal chance for the blessings of religion and education with the Asiatics and Africans. They have not had it in the past. For our missions are big houses yet, on the shores of a continent dar ess.

Among those who have responded to our call for help are two noble women in Ohio, who sent money to open a new mission in Breathitt Count on the new railroa from Jackson to th head of the Kentuck River, where such mission is sadl needed. It will co sist of a nice chap and a residence fo the teachers. Th people are enthus astic over the pro pect of such a bles ing and will give a the help they a able. They will fu nish land, lumbe and labor, and lo of fine children to b trained for God an their country. God blessing and his poo children's gratitud will amply rewar these two goo women.

Highland Colleg conducted by the "Inland Mission," continues to re ceive many tokens of the Father's blessing. Th new term began on July 22 with the largest attenc ance yet. Some generous friends of our Maste and his poor children have furnished the means t build a forty-foot wing of two stories to the colleg which is now going up. This is the "Breckenridg Hall." God will reward those who made this wor possible.

Sunday, the 21st, was a big day at the colleg Crowds came early and brought their dinner an spent the day, and a lovely day it was. At nin A.M. the Sabbath school opened with a full attend ance. At ten A.M. the large chapel was crowde and Dr. Guerrant preached, and seven person came forward to confess Christ and unite with th church, and six received baptism. At two P.M there was a sacred concert led by Mrs. Flowers Rev. Mr. Anderson of Louisville, Miss France Breckenridge Steele of Midway, assisted by fou young ladies who came up with her, and some o our Soul Winners from other missions and local tal ent. At three P.M. Rev. Elias Moore, a High lander, raised in a neighboring county, recentl pastor of a church in Oregon, preached an eloquen sermon, aptly illustrated by incidents of his travel in the Holy Land. At night Rev. Mr. Anderso preached an excellent sermon to a good congrega tion, who came through the rain and darkness Behold what God hath wrought in five years fron a little school of five pupils, under a sycamore tree where there was no church, or preacher, or school house, or Sunday school!

On Monday evening of the opening of the High land College, Rev. Dr. Hawes of Louisville and Mr Collins, an elder in the First Church, came up t see and help. The doctor preached that night and twice on Tuesday, and delivered a humorous lecture to the college students. The Highlanders, whose life is a tragedy rather than a comedy, and who sel dom have occasion to laugh, greatly enjoyed the doctor's lecture, and for an hour and a half they ceased to be serious and sober, and laughed until they were tired, tired from laughing, not of listening. They will never forget the doctor.

God wisely ordered it through Professor and Mrs. Wells that Dr. Bach, of Jackson, with Miss Braden, a trained nurse from Lexington, should hold a clinic at the college on Monday and Tuesday Scores of the lame and halt and blind came to this free clinic. Dr. Hawes saw it, and was so deeply impressed with the want of medical and surgical help for these poor people that he returned to Louisville and laid the matter before his splendid church and raised money enough to build a nice hospital at the college. We have no words to express our gratitude to him and them. Nor have the Highlanders, but God is able to reward them gloriously when he comes to make up his jewels.

The hospital will be built at once, and the good doctor intimated that they might support a trained nurse there. "Our cup runneth over."

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

Wilmore, Ky.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

NOTHING has been said as yet about rewards for our best Bible students. All the records are being kept, and some names are noticeable as occurring in the Honor Roll month after month. There was one list near the beginning of the series to which no one sent a perfect set of answers, so there will be no one who has answered every question of every list correctly. But some have done remarkably faithful and successful work, and when the series ends those who stand near the head of the year's Honor Roll will receive suitable rewards.

Of all the letters received in the Bible question correspondence, this one has brought more gratification and encouragement to the editors than any other: "In hunting for the answers I read the entire book of Romans, several chapters of Revelation and considerable of other portions of the Bible." This is the sort of Bible reading that counts—a whole book at a time. And when people get in the habit of reading the Bible that way, not a verse or a chapter here and there, but by the book, they will begin to grasp the real message of the Scriptures. It is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S earnest hope that the study of these Bible questions will produce multitudes of Bible experts, people who do really *know* the Bible.

We have thought a number of times that we had located our oldest pupil, but we find this week that some one has this distinction who had not told us his age before. He is Mr. Asa E. Halbert, of Glean, N. Y., ninety-six years old! We can see the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Class rising in a body to give him the Chautauqua salute. We hope that he, too, can see them in imagination, as we do while we write. His name is on the Honor Roll, and will be written down, we know, not only in the printed Honor Roll, but in the hearts of our readers.

By the way, are you saving the lists of questions, with their answers? They will make a valuable scrapbook of Scripture knowledge.

Here is the Honor Roll for List No. 8:

The following 62 answered all 12 questions:

Miss J. H. Archibald, John Bissett, Maria P. Berry, Sarah F. Bartlett, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Camp, Mrs. E. E. Cammack and daughter, Mrs. Jennie A. Clapp, Ora M. Curry and parents, Mrs. Isaac L. Coppock, Mrs. Harriet N. Cheney, Annie S. Dyer, Mrs. C. A. Denton, Mrs. M. E. Diament, Mrs. E. M. Doan, George M. Elliott, M. G. Elmore, Mrs. R. F. French, Mrs. Eliza J. Fuller, Mrs. Susan A. Glover, Anna M. Grover, Mrs. Alonzo S. Gibson, J. F. Hannay, Rosa Hirschy, George F. Hills, The Hutchings Family, Mrs. Emily H. Harrington, Mrs. Jennie Howell, David Haisley, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hubbard, Mrs. Percy W. Holmes, Mrs. J. P. Hubert, Wm. W. Hammond, Mrs. D. W. Jackson, Mrs. William L. Jones, Kate A. Jackson, Esther D. Jones, E. L. King, Mrs. S. Kendrick, Mrs. Alice Lee, Minnie Lohr, Caroline E. Moyer, George McLachlan, Mrs. G. W. Metzger, Mrs. Addie Ferrine, H. Maud Plaisted, J. M. Phillips, Fred Rowe, Rosina Rausch, Maria L. Rue, Mrs. A. S. Ross, Ida Shields, Mrs. C. A. Shurtleff, Ellen Simkin, J. D. Tracy, Mrs. J. A. Tuthill, Mrs. Andrew Wilson, W. W. Waring, Mrs. C. B. Wood, No Signature, Apollo, Pa., Mrs. E. E. Zechiel, Mrs. H. P. Calkins.

The following three answered 11½ questions:

Mrs. B. I. DuBois, J. Harry Deems, Mrs. B. Hughes.

The following 61 answered 11 questions:

Mrs. J. A. Ainslie, Georgianna Alexander, Susan T. Adams, M. J. Archibald, Maud F. Brackett, Mrs. D. I. Biggar, Marian F. Grinnell, Mrs. R. S. Bridgman, George W. Bell, Mrs. Luanna Baldwin, Mrs. Louis A. Black, C. L. Bailey, Stella Crosby, Jennie Cunningham, J. D. Clapp, Mrs. R. Cance, Mrs. J. B. Doolittle, A. C. Drumm, James B. Davidson, Dr. H. F. Datesman, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Mrs. B. Grimshaw, David Gladstone, H. D. Gordon, Wm. H. Griffing, Mrs. F. M. Gainfort, John C. Heys, Mary Harris, Mrs. W. C. Henderson, Edward Hicks, M. J. Harrison, Esther Jaquith, Miss E. M. King, W. E. Light, H. E. Lininger, Mrs. W. B. Lawrence, Mrs. E. M. Matthews, Mrs. Lizzie Morse, Mrs. C. W. Maxwell, Alfred Morton, N. K. MacLeod, Mrs. S. D. Osborn, J. N. Ogle, Samuel Peter, Mrs. M. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rodgers, Hallie M. See, Mrs. Clara M. Spencer, Stella V. Sparrow, Miss P. E. Seofield, Ethelbert Stover, Mrs. A. W. Stockwell, Julia Thomas, Florence E. Timmins, Mrs. F. K. Tucker, Mrs. A. W. Trueblood, Annie Tipton, Mrs. John F. Wilhite, Julia E. Wilson, Mrs. C. A. Williamson, No Signature from Wisconsin.

The following 12 answered 10½ questions:

H. P. Axtell, Mrs. B. B. Allen, Laurence A. Brooks, Edwin S. Boyce, Mrs. Nell Davis, Mrs. E. P. Kingsbury, Julian Klock, Mrs. Emily O. Lewis, Mrs. A. C. Rhodes, Mrs. Sarah A. Strong, J. P. Street, Eunice D. Thompson.

The following 46 answered 10 questions:

Mrs. Wm. Anderson, Mrs. A. L. Brackett, Mrs. H. A. Borgers, Amelia C. Bohl, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, Mrs. John Burgoyne, C. Jane Barton, Mrs. B. F. Bohner, Fannie L. Bell, A. A. Crabtree, Una Corner, Mrs. H. B. C. Cope, Annie Currie, Mrs. R. W. Davis, Martha Fletcher, John Fleming, Anna Fitts, Jennie Garre, R. M. Gittings, Richard Galley, Asa E. Halbert, Thomas Hickson, Julia E. Kamp, Amelia J. Kirkline, Nancy R. King, Katie Kennel, A. L. Monforte, Susie Merry, A. L. Mossman, R. P. Owen, James M. Payne, Mrs. Wm. V. Pemberton, Miss D. S. Phillips, Annie B. Raney, Mrs. Wm. Sattler, Rosa Stevenson, C. H. Sultner, Mrs. Elizabeth Stout, Mrs. Fannie Swan, Helen L. Stetson, Anna M. Smith, Mrs. Ida L. Sharp, Mrs. Anna Smitchel, M. A. Trobridge, W. A. Wilson, Mrs. S. E. Welch.

Answers, List No. 8

1. On what occasion did four men sit upon the ground seven days and seven nights? Ans. When Job's three friends came to visit him. Job 2: 13.

2. What king was allowed to choose one of three punishments for his transgressions? Ans. David. II. Sam. 24: 12.

3. What is the first Bible reference to a hypocrite? Ans. Job 8: 13.

4. What prophet was suspended between earth and heaven by his hair? Ans. Ezekiel. Ezek. 8: 3.

5. What births recorded in the Scriptures were announced by angels? Ans. Ishmael, Gen. 16: 10, 11; Isaac, Gen. 18: 10; Samson, Judges 13: 3; John the Baptist, Luke 1: 11-13; Jesus, Matt. 1: 18-21, Luke 1: 26-31.

6. What prophet mentions by name three men eminent for piety and prayer, and who are they? Ans. Ezekiel. Ezek. 14: 14. Noah, Daniel and Job.

[Some readers suggested "Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," referred to by Jeremiah, in Jer. 33: 26, and "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," mentioned by Daniel in Dan. 3: 12. Since these answers must be recognized as filling the literal requirements of the question they were accepted as correct.]

7. What member of the early church tried the patience of the beloved disciple by his ambition for leadership? Ans. Diotrephes. III. John 9.

8. To persons meeting what conditions did Jesus declare that he would manifest himself? Ans. Those who have his commandments, and keep them, and love him. John 14: 21.

9. What does the New Testament say of a man who says he loves God yet hates his brother? Ans. "He is a liar." I. John 4: 20.

10. Where should the Christian's eye be directed while he is running his race? Ans. Unto Jesus. Heb. 12: 1-2.

11. What argument does Paul present in a passage in Romans to show that we may ask large things from God? Ans. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?" Rom. 8: 32.

12. By what two things does a passage in Revelation declare that Christians are to overcome the devil? Ans. The blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony. Rev. 12: 11.

A CRUSADER IN SOUTH AMERICA

A BIG, bronzed man made two or three brief stops in New York a few months ago, and between these stops had certain experiences which give some indication of the sort of life not a few modern soldiers of the Cross are called to live. The man was the Rev. John D. McEwen, missionary in Brazil. On the occasion of the first of these recent visits to New York, instead of proceeding to his home in Glengarry, Ontario, as he had planned, he received an unexpected message summoning him to London to confer with the society under whose auspices he works. He returned to New York in a few weeks, reached Glengarry to enjoy the remaining weeks of his furlough and to carry forward the plans he had in mind for raising funds for his work, when he received by cable the heart-breaking news that his wife, who had remained at the mission station with their five children, had died. No particulars accompanied the message. She had been in good health when he left, and had eagerly encouraged his taking the furlough, which would, they hoped, bring funds and strengthening to the work which was upon their hearts. Now, instead of rest and success, came this crushing grief, and the brave missionary returned to his station to learn the full details of his affliction, and to bring the motherless children back to their grandparents' home in Canada.

Mr. McEwen's work in Brazil has been full of incident and real progress. He went to South America in 1899, laboring alone until his wife and their first two children joined him in 1902. He opened a school at the foot of Mount Orobo Grande, two hundred miles west of Bahia City. He has purchased a large tract of land there for the development of his school, and has of late been working to raise money for establishing an industrial department in his institution.

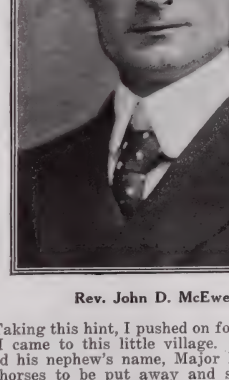
Mrs. McEwen became superintendent of the school, leaving her husband free to pursue his calling as preacher and evangelist. She had been a teacher in the government schools of Nova Scotia, where she received the highest approval of the government school inspector. The sad work of reorganizing this prosperous little mission school to continue its work without her will be difficult indeed.

Mr. McEwen relates, as follows, an interesting event in his Gospel work in the interior of Brazil:

"One time, going far up the country to distribute books which the Bible Society had sent up from the coast, I was met at nightfall by a man on horseback. The Brazilian, with instinctive hospitality, asked, 'Where are you going to stay to-night?'

"I pointed to a light streaming off in the woods, and said, 'I think I shall go over there.'

"He said: 'I don't know that family; but I do know that if you go on to Pau de Pilao, you are sure to be well received if you ask for my uncle, Major Dourado, and mention that his nephew sent you.'



Rev. John D. McEwen

"Taking this hint, I pushed on for about a league, till I came to this little village. The moment he heard his nephew's name, Major Dourado ordered the horses to be put away and supper prepared. His family sat around the table while I told Bible stories, sang Sankey songs, and gave incidents of my journeys. I could hardly get to bed, so eager were they for more.

"More than two years later a strapping, tall man appeared at the mission, and said:

"'Mr. McEwen, I didn't want to pass without thanking you for the great favor you did to my brother-in-law.'

"I asked: 'Who is your brother-in-law?'

"He said: 'Major Dourado.'

"Ah, Pau de Pilao. Yes, I remember staying there all night.

"He said: 'Yes; and that Bible you gave my brother-in-law proved a great blessing. He read it constantly, and of a Sunday, to his neighbors; but my poor brother-in-law took suddenly sick and died the other day. Just before his death the neighbors came in with lighted candles to hold them in his palms according to the Romish custom; but he firmly refused. Then with one hand placed on the Bible near by, and the other hand pointing toward heaven, although he was not able to speak, they all understood that he wished to say: "God's Word is my Light. He is with me; I am safe."' And my visitor went on to say that a smile and light shone on his face. It made a deep impression on the whole village. Then I called Mrs. McEwen, and said: 'I would have come to Brazil just for this.'"

Mr. McEwen has given most attention to the remote peoples in their hut homes in the woods. Here are thousands, even millions, that never once heard the glad news.

"What is needed," he declares, "are hundreds of Rough Riders with the Gospel in their sacks to sell and give away, and the Gospel burning in their hearts to tell out."

Through the great forests of Brazil Mr. McEwen has ridden, stopping at isolated homes and in the towns to tell the people about Christ. The native papers have announced and praised his work, and he has won the respect and support of many. Here is a sample of these quaint reports, indicating the willingness on the part of both the official and unofficial public to hear the plain Gospel:

Rev. J. D. McEwen held on the 11th instant a conference in the town hall. He spoke as to the birth, death, resurrection and return of the Rabbi of Juda, frequently quoting the Bible which he held in his hand. His speech was fluent and within the reach of all. . . . Mr. McEwen closed the conference with sacred hymns, which he sang with a firm true voice full of style and harmony.

The brave, lonely man continues his sacred work within sight of the silent grave of the woman who shared his labors, and with the voices of his little children in faraway Canada ringing in his homesick heart. But one may be sure, if he were asked whether grief or loneliness would turn him from his task, he would answer with St. Paul: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Gloomy Churches

IF DAVID the psalmist king could revisit the world to-day and go into some of our churches, we imagine he would be greatly surprised. David's idea of the sanctuary was that it should be a place of joy and spiritual refreshment, not one of gloom and dulness. "A day in thy courts," he sang, "is better than a thousand . . ." "I will praise the Lord with my whole heart." "I will be glad and rejoice in thee." "I will sing praises to thy name." "I will call upon the Lord who is worthy to be praised." "Let the people praise thee, O God; let *all the people praise thee!*"

What a contrast between such a picture as this and that seen in too many of our modern churches! How often we find a tuneless congregation listening to a performance by the choir as it sings piece after piece of complicated music, which the audience follows in the hymnal with eyes alone. Is congregational singing really becoming a thing of the past? We have attended services in which the choir or quartette sang at intervals half a dozen selections from beginning to end, while the standing congregation rose again and again, with hymnbooks open, but sang not at all.

Now, we do not assert that the average congregation does not appreciate good music. But the songs of the church of Christ should in the main be such as all can sing. We read that in the early Christian church, the members comforted themselves "with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs"; they were mostly sung in unison and with hearty fervor. Simple yet tuneful and effective was the church music of a generation ago. To-day, the standard of hymnology in most churches puts congregational participation out of the question, and the result is dulness and indifference.

Nothing could possibly be more unfortunate for a church than to have its congregation voiceless and then listen to a sermon in which the preacher plays with some intellectual problem, neglecting the "corn and wine" of the old Gospel. Such a church is neither hot nor cold, and hardly even lukewarm. It is usually marked by an abundance of empty pews, with a small congregation huddled near the door, ready to leave as soon as the benediction is pronounced.

Do You Like the Picture?

THAT "Rome never changes" is as true to-day as at any time during the last thousand years. That this conclusion is a justifiable one may be gathered from the reports of the conditions prevailing in Vienna during the holding of the Eucharistic Congress, from September 9 to 16. It was a magnificent celebration, and one in which the Roman Church bore a brilliant part. A huge procession was arranged, the aged emperor leading in a carriage drawn by eight milk-white horses, with a large number of rulers, Catholic clergy, high state and civic functionaries, ministers, generals and other illustrious folk following, the whole cortège being over a mile in length. During the procession the Host was to be carried from the high altar in the famous Catholic Cathedral of St. Stephen and escorted to the palace gate, where mass was to be celebrated. But what chiefly interests us in connection with this gorgeous spectacle is this paragraph from the Vienna correspondent of the New York *World* on September 8:

"All rural districts have been informed by bills on the church walls that whoever attends the Congress and says fervent prayers before any altar on which the Host is exposed is entitled to seven years' indulgence, which he may devote to any soul in purgatory. If prayers are offered up for the aggrandizement of the Church a complete indulgence is insured. The same privilege is accorded to all who take part in the procession and in the Holy Communion on September 15. All priests, down to the lowest degree, are entitled to grant pardon for the mortal sins, which in ordinary times only the bishops can pardon—perjury, murder, incest, arson."

Who after this will dare to assert that Rome today is not the Rome of the Middle Ages? It was the shameless traffic in indulgences conducted by Johann Tetzel, the Dominican monk, which impelled Luther to take the first step toward the Reformation. Tetzel held an appointment as commissary for the sale of indulgences from Leo X, and, beginning in 1517, his work grew so flagrant that it shocked intelligent people everywhere, and Luther denounced him from the pulpit. Tetzel's defiant rejoinder drew forth from Luther the famous 95 theses which Tetzel openly burned in the marketplace at Juterbock—a service for which he was rewarded.

Should Rome succeed in the cherished plan of making America Catholic, how many years must elapse before pardons and indulgences would be sold and given away in the streets of our principal cities? How do Americans like the picture?

The Passing of Nogi

THE self-destruction of Japan's greatest general is indeed a mournful spectacle: a truly great man, wise, brave, kind, efficient, hastening out of life because of faith in baseless superstitions and loyalty to mistaken traditions. His death is still full of mystery. It has been suggested that he hoped by it to rekindle the patriotic fires of Japan. This with him must have meant the hope that Shintoism would become more universally and dominantly prevalent. Such a thought makes his death still more mournful, for that mistaken faith is bound to perish before the resistless advance of truth.

Japan is destined to outgrow not only Shintoism, and any lingering tolerance of the theory that suicide is justifiable, but the passing of Nogi suggests another change that is inevitable. It relates to a principle which is part of the same mistaken philosophy, namely, the disregard of human life in warfare. A sketch of Nogi's life which accompanied the news of his death contained this description of his military tenets: "With General Nogi, as with every other Japanese commander, the question of the cost in life which would be entailed in the execution of any project scarcely entered into the calculation. If it became necessary to secure a certain position, regiments and brigades were hurled to death in a manner which the people of the Western world cannot realize."

That kind of fighting is a thing of the past. The officers of other nations are trained to consider with most painstaking care the cost in life of any military move. The nations, sadly enough, are not yet done with war, but what wars must yet be waged will be marked by a real effort to save the lives of the men through whom the grim tasks must be wrought.

"The old order changeth." The light from Calvary is driving the mists of superstition and the clouds of error from the earth. Christ met death to show men the true value and the true meaning of life. The world is coming, by giant strides, to accept his estimate of life and to put their trust in him for all that lies beyond.

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A Word With Our Friends

THE position which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has taken in defending American liberties against the attacks of the Roman Catholic Church is highly commendable and should receive the approval of all liberty-loving citizens. In view of the fact that the Pope at Rome has declared his intention of "making America Catholic," and recognizing the fact that the Catholic Church is the bitter enemy of our beloved institutions, would it not be a wise thing to start a movement to unite all the Protestant churches in a campaign of enlightenment? If the crisis (which is surely coming) is to be averted, it will have to be proclaimed from the Protestant pulpits and through the religious press of the land. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has never failed in any of its undertakings. Through its powerful influence it can perform a highly patriotic service by inaugurating such a movement. M. R.

Crossville, Ill.

. . .

I TAKE this opportunity to express my gratitude to you for your attitude on the Roman Catholic question. Would that there were more papers of your quality taking the same position! If you have any samples that you would like to have me discriminatingly distribute, I would gladly do so. I would like to see your subscription list rapidly increase. It should do so. We need more reading of that stamp in our beloved America, which the Roman Catholics are determined to make their own.

The American Protestants are too credulous along this line. Thank God, however, they are becoming awakened to the situation! May the Lord bless you and make you a blessing in your efforts to reach the masses through the medium of a sanctified press. Keep on believing and push the battle, "and the God of all grace be with you."

North Scituate, R. I. L. V. B.

. . .

ONE of the finest things in this world is to have right convictions. It's still finer to have the courage to live up to them, isn't it? Our friends—and we have been simply amazed at their number—are showering us with letters of hearty encouragement of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S sturdy attitude in dealing with the Papal threat to "make America Catholic." They're not afraid to speak out, these friends of ours, and this is a time when no good American can afford to be silent.

Now, there never was a time so opportune as the present for earnest right-thinking Americans, who love their country and who long to do it some real service, to accomplish this by taking part in our campaign of publicity and placing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *in every home in their acquaintance.* This is the best sort of missionary and patriotic service.

We invite our two friends, whose letters we print above, to join with the hundreds of others, like-minded, who are already rolling up big lists of new subscribers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at a tremendous rate. Even wholly apart from the great problem at issue, they regard it as the most welcome of all the weeklies that visit American homes. But now, with this great issue on hand—and it is one that vitally affects the whole people—there is positively no excuse for any intelligent household remaining in ignorance concerning a question of such tremendous significance to their own and their children's welfare. Even the boys are doing a splendid work, which we describe elsewhere in this number. If our land is to be kept from Roman Catholic domination, then each and every one of us must put a strong shoulder to the wheel to speed along the campaign of enlightenment.

Are you ready to do your share in this important work? If you are, write us to-day with the names and addresses of ten or twenty friends or acquaintances who do not get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but whom you believe to be interested in the publicity campaign. In this way you can give us material help and at the same time perform a duty on which you will look back with satisfaction in the years to come. To *every reader* complying with this urgent request and sending us ten or more names and addresses, we will mail the new and valuable booklet, *The Papacy in Politics,* which will be found comprehensive, accurate and conclusive, affording just the information most needed for general enlightenment at the present time. Address all letters with lists to

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT,
CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

General Nogi's Tragic End

AS THE funeral train started with the Mikado's body from the Aoyama parade ground for Momoyama, where the burial was to be held, General Count Marosuke ri, hero of Port Arthur, and Japan's most promit war general, took his own life with a dagger in home at Akassaki. His wife immediately fol- ed his example. Thus was continued the an- t Samurai custom in sorrow at the death of an peror. Nogi and his wife idolized the Mikado, according to the ideas of the race from which came, they thought that perfect loyalty to him uired them to go out of life also and accompany on his long journey. Another motive may e mingled with loyalty to the emperor ch led to the tragic act: the insuffer- e loneliness endured by the general his wife at the loss of the two beauti- sons who were killed in battle in the sso-Japanese War. Nogi sent his two s to the military college to prepare m for the war with Russia that he w was certain to be, and in prepara- for which he had spent his time over war maps and plans since the war be- en China and Japan, in which he had en an active part. In March, 1904, eldest son, Shouten, then twenty-six rs old, came to his father and said he s ready to go. He said: "I am glad I going to the front. There is no hope ny coming back, and I wish mother to e good care of herself. If I die, ise my deeds. You no doubt will go war, but perhaps we will fight in dif- ent places; so I will tell you good-by v. Father, shall we make a race for good name we may win on the battle- d?" The younger son, Hoten, who s twenty-four years old, hearing his ther talking to the general, said: "Fa- r, let me go into the race also." The her answered: "Well, the race of the ee will be very interesting. Each will to win the prize." As Nogi himself s ordered to the front after the boys l gone away, he said: "In my house three of us are soldiers. It may be t all three of us will die, but I do not nt a funeral from my house until the r is ended." The two boys were ed, the older at Nanshan, the younger the fight around 203 Meter Hill in nt of Port Arthur. A little while be- e he was killed he wrote a letter to his ther and enclosed in it some wild flow- picked from the battlefield, with his e. The mother and father used to k at the letter and the pressed flowers l the pictures of the boys and cry over m, and feel proud about them, and say t the Mikado and the country were rthy of their precious lives. Nogi s universally honored and beloved by people of Japan, was shortly to have n made field marshal, and will be ked among the greatest generals of dern time. Japan, especially under administration of the late Mikado, s outgrown many of her feudal cus- ns and adopted those of a Christian civilization. e law of Japan forbids self-destruction under y conditions. Nogi himself forbade his soldiers der any circumstances, however trying, to take ir own lives. Lamenting the sad taking off of gi and his wife in this way, one cannot but com- nd their devotion to the emperor and the nation. every subject of the heavenly King were as loyal him as Nogi to the Mikado the world would soon conquered by the One

ho is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and d of lords. (I. Tim. 6: 15.)

Surrenders Royalty For Love

HE engagement of Ella, a favorite granddaughter of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, to a ng officer of noble but not royal blood was fol- ved by a ceremony in which she renounced all hts as a princess. The princess, who is twenty ars old, fell in love with Count George Waldburg henems, a dragoon officer who was a comrade of r brother during their education. The act of nunciation took place in the ceremonial chamber the Hofburg. The emperor, seated beneath a opy, was surrounded by members of the royal nily and by various court functionaries. The princess took a vow of renunciation and signed the act, and her future husband also renounced all rights in her name. The archduchess showed both good sense and sentiment in trading off the possibility of royal honor for a real man for a husband. It would be well if some American women would show the same wisdom by refusing to trade off real men for husbands for a glittering title of nobility. The royal child of Austria had the higher, holier royalty of love expressed in these words:

Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee. (Sol. Song 4: 7.)

Dying, Thought of Mother

HENRY L. McGOEY, JR., who was a switchboard operator for the New York, Westchester and Boston Railway at Mount Vernon, N. Y., was sent to ground the wires of the electric power system so that painters could work on them. As he was climbing down from an anchor bridge, a wire he carried came in contact with one of the overhead wires carrying 11,000 volts. He was thrown to the ground, his clothing afire, both hands and arms and right leg burned to the bone. He was rushed in an ambulance to the nearest hospital, where, in a short time, he died. He had, during the years spent in perfecting himself as an electrician, lived with his parents and seven brothers and sisters in New Rochelle near by. It was a sad enough thing to see the life of a young man of twenty, with the tides of life running strong, and the impulses of ambition high, snuffed out so suddenly. In dealing with the dangerous electric current managers should see to it that better precautions are taken than were with this young man. It was still more sorrowful to see a young man whose wages aided in the support of a large family taken away. But the young man's death was the more lamentable because of his admirable qualities and beautiful spirit that would so have honored his life and blessed his loved ones and his fellow men. Out of the terrible darkness of this tragedy this beautiful spirit expressed itself. Though suffering intolerable anguish, he clenched his teeth and did not utter a complaint until he died. He told the physician the reason he did not groan or cry out with the pain was because he was afraid it would disturb the other patients. The first thing he said when he reached the hospital was: "Don't let my mother know anything about this. She is sick, and if she does it will make her much worse. Please don't tell her." That boy's mother trained him right. Whatever Sunday school or church he attended, he had learned in the school of Christ, and had caught his spirit. From our side of the river we call such a going out of a life a sad thing, a horrible tragedy; from the other side of the river and from those on this side with eyes keen enough, such a death is only the passing over into wider fields of activity, beauty and enjoyment. The sweet thoughts of young hero McGoey about his mother call to mind the relationship between motherhood and the dying boy, where the child who was sunstruck in the harvest field was carried to his mother's lap, where she held him till he died.

He sat on her knee till noon and then died. (II. Kings 4: 20.)

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The Late General Count Marosuke Nogi

Falls Asleep Plowing

ARTHUR SCHULTZ, a farm hand residing near Chippewa Falls, Wis., when plowing the other day in the field, fell asleep, and losing control of himself for a moment he also lost control of his horses and they ran away with him. The lines became entangled around his feet and he was dragged over the ground and fatally injured. There are not many farmers who fall asleep while plowing. But there are many in the religious field that are asleep at their plows. They have hold of the handles of the plow and have started on the furrow, and they are sound asleep leaning on those handles. They go to the church and are thinking about something else all the time. Or they stay away from the Sunday service to read the Sunday newspaper, or to go on the automobile ride. They never think of the week-night prayer service except when the minister announces it from the pulpit. They ride by the hovel where the poor widow and orphans suffer and never dream of their struggles. They know there are unchurched and wicked men and women living in their neighborhoods, who are waiting for a brother's and a sister's hand to come and save them, and yet they are completely insensible to all these calls of responsibility. They are professed Christians, church members, but they are spiritually sound asleep. They are in the Gospel field behind the plow, but they are asleep on their jobs. The misfortune is that in so many instances the horses run away with the man asleep at his plow and fatally injure him. The stupor of the Christian often sinks down into the sleep of death. If Christ pronounced as unfit for his kingdom the man who put his hand to the Gospel plow and looked back, what would he say of those who pretend to plow the Gospel field and fall asleep at their task?

And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. (Luke 9: 62.)

Make Hazing a Crime

THE other day President Venable and the trustees of the University of North Carolina passed a set of resolutions asking the State legislature to pass a law making hazing in college a crime. This action was taken on account of the killing of William Rand on the morning of September 14 by four hazers, who were fellow students. Hazing is supposed to be fun; but it often becomes serious fun, and too often a tragedy. It is a relic of barbarism that is shut out of many colleges, and should be driven from all. If the school or college authorities have not the wisdom or discipline to stop it, then laws making it a crime should be passed in all the States and the law rigidly enforced. It may be fun to the bandits, but it may be death to the victim and his family.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; . . . but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. (Eccles. 11: 9.)

HOW TO BE TRULY BLESSED*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IT IS a rule of common politeness that one should always come to his meals cleanly, well brushed, and with well-ordered garments. But these requirements meant more to the Pharisees than common politeness. They were a part of their religious duties. Not only hands and face received attention; they also washed their feet before coming to the table, because they wore sandals, which did not protect their feet from the dust of the streets or the roads. On some occasions they laid aside their own garments, and put on those provided by the host, as in case of a wedding. Jesus observed these washings, and when they were omitted, he sometimes commented upon the lapse, as in the case of Simon, who had invited his Pharisee friends and Jesus to dine with him. It was there that Mary the Magdalene came in, and washed Jesus' feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair. And when Simon demurred, Jesus reminded him that he had not given him water for washing his feet (Luke 7: 36-46). Before eating the last Passover feast with his apostles, Jesus washed their feet (John 13: 1-12).

Notwithstanding Jesus' regard for these matters, there were some Pharisees who found fault with him; he did not reach *their* standard! On the other hand, those same Pharisees did not reach Jesus' standard, because they had a wrong notion about how to serve God. They were concerned only about the forms of service, and had made for themselves so many rules that a religious life was a great burden. They had done this with little or no thought about having their inner life pure and undefiled before God; washings and fasts were the chief of their concerns.

"Why walk not thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders?" The Pharisees came to Jesus with this question, and in so doing they seemed to be most pious. But Jesus lifted the thin veil of their hypocrisy when he said: "Ye leave the commandment of God, and hold fast the tradition of men." And then Jesus went on and said more, that their false standard might be branded, so that others should not be misled.

CHRIST'S REPROOF OF THE PHARISEES

(From the picture by Edward Armatage, R.A., in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, England)

AS the teachings of our Saviour were in so many respects antagonistic to those of the Pharisees the occasions recorded in Scripture, upon which he denounced them in the sternest language are many. Of all of these none has made a more lasting impression upon art than the one which provides the subject for the picture here reproduced. The similarity of the provocation in the episode here portrayed and in the one which forms our present lesson is very evident. The Pharisees, as usual, were insisting upon the letter of the law without a thought as to the deeper meaning which Christ sought to impress upon them.

The Teaching of Christ and of the Pharisees

It would not be profitable for us to enter into all the details of the Pharisaic laws and regulations. Suffice it that it was their teaching that "Whosoever hath his dwelling-place in the land of Israel, and eateth his common food in cleanness (with washed hands) and speaks the holy language (Hebrew) and recites his phylacteries morning and evening, let him be confident that he shall obtain the life of the world to come." Compare with this the teaching of the passage chosen for our Golden Text: "The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." (Rom. 14: 17.) While the law of the Pharisees emphasizes outwardness the law of God interpreted by the apostle Paul sets forth true inwardness as the right standard, for the hands and feet will move in right directions to accomplish all good if only the heart is right with God.

A lady spending some time in India had a strong desire to secure an interview with a so-called "holy man," who dwelt in solitude on the heights of the Himalayas. She obtained his consent through some Hindu pilgrims who preceded her, and she afterwards undertook the perilous journey alone, being carried up the mountains by professional bearers, who at first insisted upon blindfolding her that she might not see the wild leaps they must make. She, however, did not consent to the blindfolding. When the ascent was accomplished, and she was ushered into the presence of the Yogi (holy man) she was strongly impressed by the exceeding ethereal purity of his appearance. His flesh seemed almost to be transfigured by the abstemious life he had been leading "for two hundred years" he told her. He also said that he expected to live three hundred years longer! But what of it? That life was tainly of very little use to his fellow men, beca he came in contact with so few of them, and those who were of the highest type climbed to lofty abode among the snows. Living a life of highest morality, devoting his mind to the templation of that which is best according to lights, this man in spite of all this had lost in forms—the meditations, the oft repeated pray and the fastings—the true spirit even of his heathen cult, which though now so debased, cam the Orient from the brain of its founder as a rev tion of higher and better things than it then kn

Righteousness, Peace,

There are three st of blessedness which ceed from the inner that is right with As to righteousness the life, it must first planted in the he Henry Ward Beec once said: "Suppos should go out and m a bed in my garden, say, 'Lord, be pleased reveal to me twenty lips,' and they should come. Suppose I sho pray the same th four or five times o and then they should come; then suppose Lord sent an angel explain to me the rea why this prayer was answered. The an would say, 'Have planted any tulips?' 'Well, if you plant so tulips you will get bl soms; if you do not, y will get none.'" So flowers of righteousn will not appear in hum life until the Holy Spi which is the root of righteousness, is plan in the heart. So-cal morality apart from Holy Spirit is to be co pared with some flowers and some fruits which call "mock," mock seringa, mock oranges, wh have the appearance of the genuine but lack essence which makes the real flowers and the fruit desirable.

Peace is a state of blessedness, even more to desired than happiness. "Thou wilt keep him perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Theodore L. Cuyler has said: "When guilt is p doned, and the penitent soul is restored to divi favor, when conscience no longer stings like scorpion, but smiles its approval, then the Lo becomes our strength and our song, and we can dr with joy out of the wells of salvation. All th joys God provides for us, and offers them to We cannot create canary birds, but we can provi cages for them, and fill our rooms with their mus Even so we cannot create the heavenly gifts whi Jesus offers, but they are ours if we furnish hea

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* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for October 13, 1912. Clean and Unclean. Mark 7: 1-13. GOLDEN TEXT: "For the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." Rom. 14: 17, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

[Questions and brief suggestions as to improvement of Sunday school invited.]

—ONE GOOD WAY TO get new members every week for the Sunday school is to put on the school record after every new name the name also of the person by whose influence or invitation the member declares he was induced to join the school. At every quarterly review the name of every one who has brought even one new member should be publicly read with appreciation, the reading beginning with the winner of the lowest number and ending with the highest, to whom special honor should be given. (It is questionable whether any prize of value should be awarded for such a service.) Once a year the names of at least the most faithful workers for new members should be read, in that case counting only new members who had "stuck" for a whole year. This will prompt those who bring new members to help in keeping them.

—AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE of persistent fidelity in this work of increasing the Sunday school was seen in the Dover (N. H.) Methodist Church, years ago, in the case of a woman who had the whole care of a little child and an old man in second childhood. Her duties included all the housekeeping. She had no social standing nor wealth nor education—not even beauty, for her face had been scalded in childhood. But that woman, by daily devotion to this one purpose of building up the Sunday school and benefiting her neighbors by getting them—old and young—under its influence, succeeded, in a church-going, New England city of only about ten thousand population in her day, in bringing in a full five hundred into that Sunday school, up to the time when the present teachers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Million Bible Class had charge of the church. She lived long afterwards and probably filled a whole regiment before she died, fulfilling the promise that "one shall chase a thousand." It was not due to any unusual ability, but only to unusual persistency and fidelity. On the way to market she won many of her trophies day by day, asking every boy and girl she met whom she did not know to be in some Sunday school to come, and not quitting when once rebuffed. To win older people she called on them in their shops and homes, and there also she did not accept a refusal as final, but cheerily renewed the attack till she won.

—ONE OF THE MOST inspiring illustrations of bringing Sunday school members into the membership of the church was the case of Mrs. Bartlett in Mr. Spurgeon's church. When the writer first heard Mr. Spurgeon she had brought seven hundred persons from her adult Bible class into full membership in that church in a series of years. So far as one could judge from her teaching and appearance and from what information was available, this very unusual harvesting for God was not due to wealth or education or social graces, for she was just a plain old-fashioned Christian woman of ordinary ability—extraordinary only in the persistency and enthusiasm and consecration with which she worked daily at her harvesting. Every week she must add to the membership of her Bible class of men and women, and every week she must lead some of them to dedicate their lives to Christ and to the church.

—IN THE FACE OF all those passing events which disrupt a Sunday school session, the pastor, superintendent, or teacher must never lose presence of mind. In a certain New York church the whole length of the Sunday school room was on the street, and one Sunday while the preacher was giving the "pastor's review" of the lesson, a fire engine swept by, and its tide of influence brought every boy to his feet, ready to break for the door. The preacher said quickly, though quietly, "You mustn't mind those little boys that never saw a fire." Every boy down in haste, with a look on his face of fairly beaten.

—SO MUCH HAS BEEN said about superinte ents talking too much that some who know h to talk effectively don't talk enough. Ra Wells and B. F. Jacobs and D. L. Moody w all good superintendents, and all of them w accustomed to introduce as well as review lesson, taking as much as fifteen minut mostly saved by not singing to kill time. It not to be expected that the average teac will be able to express the truths of the less as clearly and impressively as the pastor superintendent, who should make sure, wh ever teachers may do, that some interesti start is given to the lesson for the whole sch and some practical duty is learned as its fitti climax.

—ONE OF THE BEST superintendents the wri has known drilled the school in weekly revie for a good quarterly review by making sure whole school and each separate class could peat the Golden Text on the first word bei spoken, and name one practical duty learn which was represented by a symbol on blackboard.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

BY ANNA E. FINN

IT WAS the first object Easton's eyes fell on, when, having climbed the dark, narrow stairs and quietly unlocked the door to Flat Seven, he entered the small sitting-room. The picture, a large old-time photograph in a modest frame, hung to the right of the mantle as he entered, away from the strong sunlight that might add to the fading the years had already brought. It was the first thing he saw always on coming home unless it danced to be Anne's and the Boy's faces, eagerly, stillingly awaiting his return at the appointed hour. To-day he had gotten back earlier, and he tiptoed to the sitting-room and peeped into the little bedroom beyond. She had kept her promise to him after all, as she always did even in the small things, and was lying down resting beside the Boy as he slept in his white crib. At first he thought she too slept, and he stood without speaking, watching them. Her face, in the little blue heart pillow with its dainty ruffled rip that her skilful hands had made, was turned away from his own toward the child's. He could see the delicate contour of her face, the fine hair, tumbled, as it grew away in soft waves from her brow; one hand—still white, he noted, in spite of manual work—lay palm up on the coverlet. He could hear the deep breathing of the sleeping child, could see through the white bars the baby face and one moist fist uplifted in an apparent effort to reach his mother's hand as he had dropped off to sleep. The more quiet breathing of the woman could be heard too, and as he moved a little he could see that while her body rested, her mind was active and awake. . . . Watching, he forgot the picture in the hall, forgot the struggle of the years and his effort to "make good"; remembered only that through it all Anne had clung to him in her woman's weakness and her woman's strength—Anne, whom he had known since she was six — his, Easton's, sweetheart always. He even forgot the regrets that rarely left him and which had touched his face with premature lines, his hair with gray; forgot how pitiably little he had given her of anything save his great love in the seven years of their married life together. As if feeling his presence and his love, Anne slowly turned her head and their eyes met—in hers a smile. He had sometimes marveled that even in extreme moments he had not been able to surprise that smile away, that it was as a beacon light lit for him, for his safety and guidance when the seas were dark. In season and out of season, and in all hours since the Great Shadow of the Closed Gate had fallen on him, it had never failed. In the gloom of the one small room he called his office across the bridge in the modern skyscraper, when he sat in stoic silence waiting for the clients that seldom came, he could feel it down in the silences of his shadowed soul; and in the thought of her and of that light that lived in her eyes for him alone, he found his grip on things again and the brave front he showed the world.

She rose softly, so as not to disturb the child, and crept out of the room with him into the larger one beyond, closing the door gently so they might talk.

"O David!" she cried, "you came home early and wasn't at the door to meet you. And Boy! he will be so disappointed when he wakes up. He counts on watching you come up the corner from the window. David! *David!*"

She clung to him, as though they had been parted for months; she smoothed his hair and patted his hand, and in silence he laid his thin cheek against her own and held her to him. Something in the act, in the lack of further greeting, made her look up into his face quickly, and the light faded from her own a little, though her eyes still smiled. She pulled him to the morris chair before the fireplace, where a tiny blaze was burning, knelt down on the floor and drew his arm about her. Leaning forward he stared into the burning coals, the lines deepening in his thin face and the shadows in his tired eyes. She watched him, her heart yearning over him as it had yearned so long, and waited for him to speak.

Illustrated by Lawrence Herndon

She pulled him to the morris chair before the fireplace

"I saw 'Mugs' to-day," he said at last in a low voice; "his ship is at the yard. He is ordnance officer."

She caught her breath quickly, but did not speak, only laid her cheek down against his knee, as she too watched the fire. The old struggle was on again; all she could do was to listen and to wait. The time for comfort would come later.

"I met him on Myrtle Avenue. He is boarding with Mary and the little Commodore near DeKalb—in one of those big brown fronts, you know—opposite the park."

The fire burned on. It was a brave little fire, and tried to light up to brightness the few really rare and pretty objects in the room: a Persian rug, some wall hangings from Peking, one or two fine old engravings, a piece of Satsuma, and some drawn and embroidery work from the Madeiras; but even its brave efforts could not reach the old framed photograph to the right and light it up, as it hung in shadow, or touch the navy football flag that hung above it.

Easton's eyes sought it out, however, and in the silence they rested on it and on the flag, which was one Anne had carried when he was on the team, his first class-year. The photograph—he was too tired even to count how old the photograph was—had belonged to his father years before his retirement. It was a picture of the main gate to the Naval Academy. Beyond the faded outlines of the iron bars was the semblance of faded trees, and as his eyes rested on the picture, they seemed to penetrate beyond the bars and the trees into regions where he might dwell only in memories. Such a long, long cry from the shade and shelter of that land beyond the gate, where as a child he had lived when his father was on duty there; where he had first met Anne; where—was it really David Easton who had marched there with the batallion?—to this little Brooklyn flat, lost in the life of the great twin cities, out of the service; How had it happened? Had he been to blame? Was it possible that he, in love with an officer's daughter, born of a long line of navy men, brought up in the service, whose breath was the odor of the salt sea, whose life was the routine of military code, had trifled with his chances, had through boyish ignorance and indifference thrown that life away—for this? Outside of Anne and the Boy and the fiddle perhaps, what could life offer him to "make good"? Would a great name at the bar compensate for the longing for the deck beneath his feet again? Was the power to sway men by eloquence equal to the authority that could control and master his division in peace as well as war? Was the might of the law equal to the might of the great engines straining and pulsing, to the strength of the guns in the turrets? Could the faces of the jury and the judge replace the faces at the long table in the ward-room mess?

Had he failed to make his two-five on that examination in navigation, just three months before his graduation? . . . He turned his eyes away from the faded picture, and his head sank a little lower on his breast. His eyes went back to the fire. That he had *not* failed he knew in those innermost recesses of his being where every man stands stripped of all save truth. That his case and Elkhart's were still remembered, still spoken of with regret by many of the service, had had no power to change the fact that he and Elkhart had "bilged," that Waterman though lower in class standing had been retained. Waterman's father, a member of Congress, had been a friend of Gupper, the superintendent. The enmity between Elkhart's uncle and the superintendent had never been concealed; but Easton stood between. Easton had been reached because of Elkhart. And because when a target has been hit through a barrier, the barrier wall is crumbled, Easton had been "bilged" too. That two-forty-nine! It had *not* been a two-forty-nine for either Elkhart or himself, or—if it had, it had been a lower mark for Waterman! Waterman was a senior lieutenant now, one of the best on the list, Easton remembered; cool, able, fit to be retained,

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Christian Herald Bo

RECENTLY an interesting story was printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD entitled "The New Pony Express," in which we told THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family and friends about the wonderful way through which bright and intelligent boys, members of the best CHRISTIAN HERALD families and churches and Sunday schools throughout the United States and Canada were helping us all to accomplish the task of reaching the Million Mark in circulation.

We want to tell you more about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boys and their work.

You know there are millions of Protestant homes in the United States and Canada, into many of which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has never yet entered. In order to be appreciated and taken regularly in these homes, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD must be read, not once, but many times. Many people who believe, on first sight, that they would like to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD regularly, prefer to examine it from week to week for a while.

This is where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boy comes in.

Since the 1st of January, 1912, CHRISTIAN HERALD boys have introduced THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into thousands of new homes where it was not known before and where it is now welcomed regularly every week.

From a small group of a dozen boy representatives, the Boy Organization has become a sales division to be proud of. Thousands of boys are delivering copies every week to their friends and customers in the homes and places of business of the people. We could print, if space would allow, the photographs of hundreds more of these bright lads who have proudly sent us their pictures upon request.

The boys themselves like the work of selling THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many reasons. Foremost among these are the following:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD helps the boy start by providing part of his first capital. We ask him to provide the other part in order to assure us that he means to do his best to sell the copies sent.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD plan enables the boy to make a steady weekly income, large or small, depending entirely upon the ability of the boy. Twenty-five copies sold each week, for example, will pay 50 cents per week profit, or $26 per year. Fifty copies sold weekly will pay $1 per week profit, or $52 per year, and so on—a decidedly good income for spare-time, after-school work for a boy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD plan does not interfere with the boy's school or home duties; it supplements them to a very large degree by helping him practice many of the very principles of business which he is learning at school and at home. While earning a small income, he is at the same time, through seizing this opportunity, "making a life," understanding the value of "grit" and "enthusiasm," of "good manners" and of "tact," of "self-reliance" and of "thoroughness." He is "making his character" through CHRISTIAN HERALD work.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offers for national competition between the boys upon a fair, equitable basis, Shetland Pony and Cash and Premium Prizes of very great value. Shetland Pony Outfits (or $100 when preferred) have been awarded to the following boys during the last six months: Fred Bu... Ontario; Harry A. Crumbling, Maryland; Harold P. Cah... New York; Percy Huffman, Pennsylvania; Andrew Paint... Ontario; Young Taylor, Kentucky; W. O. Gardner, Cana...

Hundreds of watches and thousands of premium pri... have also been sent. The boys have also earned many th... sands of dollars.

Ten Thousand More Boys Wanted

When a comparatively small number of boys comprising ... organization only eight months old has done such wonder... work, we are sure you will agree with us in our belief th... *if we can secure and add to our Boy Organization 10,... more boys*, we will have gone a long distance upward tow... the Million Mark, because we know that CHRISTIAN HER... boys not only are very happy in helping to extend the influe... of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by selling copies to new frien... but that through their boundless energy the aggregate numb... of sales made by such a number of boys will, through y... help, quickly bring success to this campaign.

How shall we get these boys to take an interest in this wo... which is so wonderfully beneficial both to the boys and to T... CHRISTIAN HERALD family? How shall we secure 10,000 b... at the beginning of this fall and winter season in the short... possible time? *Only with your personal help. If you ... help us we will secure the boys.* We know you will, as y... have in the past, so we have provided *special coupons* for y... use, each of them *good for sixty cents* as described, and in ... dition, *we will give you free for your trouble the splen... premiums described upon the following page.*

For every member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family w... induces one boy to send in one of the coupons on th... pages, properly endorsed, the number and influence of T... CHRISTIAN HERALD family will be increased at once by ... proximately *ten new homes.* Some of our boys are selling ... many as 200, 300, 400 or more copies per week. Perhaps ... boy or boys you start will find it *as easy* to introduce T... CHRISTIAN HERALD as these boys have, and as easy to mak... weekly income and earn the prizes which these boys h... earned.

This Is Our Plan

On these pages you will find four coupons. Please t... them apart on the dotted lines, and after filling in your na... in the proper space as endorser, *hand them to boys whom ... know or whom you can induce to start in this spare-ti... after-school* CHRISTIAN HERALD *work.* It will take up l... little of their time each week. Tell these boys about T... CHRISTIAN HERALD opportunity and about our helpful ... Organization. Point out to them that, if they explain ... beauty and richness and attractiveness of THE CHRISTI... HERALD to others, they will have no difficulty in selli... their first supply, and in this way not only give the plan... thorough trial but get entered in our interesting Boy Co... petitive Contests. Point out to the boys that we provide th... with part of their first capital. All they have to do is to s... 15 cents, together with the coupon, *which has an additio... value of 60 cents as explained.* Tell these boys that T... CHRISTIAN HERALD will at once start to help them in ma... ways from our home office in New York. They will earn t... cents on every copy that is sold and also receive many attr... tive premium prizes from week to week. The boy in yo... home may be one of the boys whom you can start. Indeed, ... may have several boy chums who would like to join with h... in this work. Enrolled on our staff are boys, the sons of m... isters, doctors, lawyers and of the leading business and p... fessional men and working men in the country. We wish ... could send you on for examination some of the interesting l... ters from their parents, thanking us for the valuable ho... which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD work has been to their sons...

The Christian Herald Special Boy Coupon

I enclose with this Boy Coupon the sum of fifteen cents (15) in cash for five copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the wholesale rate of three cents each. I hereby certify that I am not now selling THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but that I will try to sell the copies sent me at five cents each and to secure regular weekly customers.

In order to provide me with additional cash capital this coupon also entitles me to five free copies which I will sell at five cents each (value 25 cents) and you agree also to send me a handsome Gold and Enamel Crest Pin (C. H. surrounded by laurel leaves)—value, 35 cents. The total value of this coupon, sixty cents (60c).

I agree to use the money that I get from the sale of my first supply with which to order and pay for a supply of the next issue at three cents each. Unsold copies of the second and succeeding issues credited at the price paid upon return.

Please enter me in all Shetland Pony and Cash and Premium Prize Contests.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Endorsed by .....

60 Cents

The Christian Herald Special Boy Coupon

I enclose with this Boy Coupon the sum of fifteen cents (15) in cash for five copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the wholesale rate of three cents each. I hereby certify that I am not now selling THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but that I will try to sell the copies sent me at five cents each and to secure regular weekly customers.

In order to provide me with additional cash capital this coupon also entitles me to five free copies which I will sell at five cents each (value 25 cents) and you agree also to send me a handsome Gold and Enamel Crest Pin (C. H. surrounded by laurel leaves)—value, 35 cents. The total value of this coupon, sixty cents (60c).

I agree to use the money that I get from the sale of my first supply with which to order and pay for a supply of the next issue at three cents each. Unsold copies of the second and succeeding issues credited at the price paid upon return.

Please enter me in all Shetland Pony and Cash and Premium Prize Contests.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Endorsed by .....

60 Cents

Last Mailing Da...

Address: THE CHRISTIAN HE...

nd the Million Mark

To Boys Themselves

y boy reading these pages about the work that our boys oing who would like to become a young salesman for THE STIAN HERALD may do so. All that you have to do is to ut one of these coupons, sign it and mail it to us, together 15 cents. We will at once send you your beautiful Gold Enamel Pin, together with your start in business. (See ons.) We will quickly enter you in all Pony, Prize and mium Contests upon an equal basis with all other boys, and ou how to sell the copies and get regular customers.

Parents—Teachers—Boys

stantial Rewards for Your Co-operation

you have carefully read in the foregoing columns the of the splendid work already done by CHRISTIAN HERALD you will be as enthusiastic as we are about the possibili- of their future work and you will be glad to co-operate us and help start more boys so that we may have a STIAN HERALD boy salesman in every city, town and ham- throughout the length and breadth of our great country. ake your co-operation with us doubly interesting to you, ave made a careful selection of some useful and beautiful iums which we purpose to give you for assisting us to CHRISTIAN HERALD boy salesmen. For one or more cou- sent in through you or by the boys direct, endorsed and enced by you, you may have your choice of the premiums ed for that number of coupons as per the list below.

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e will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gold and enameled with your choice

A Set of 50 Beautiful Colored Post Cards

This series of post cards of the wonders of the world beautifully illustrates and describes the principal Ameri- can and foreign scenes of interest on a tour of the world.

Six Beautiful Pictures in Color

These six beautiful color reproductions of recent covers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are printed on heavy plate paper without lettering other than the title and artist's name. These pictures are "The Poppy Field," "Hansel," "Lady with the Muff," "Summer Day," "A Canal in Holland," and "Art Wins the Heart." They make a collection you will be delighted with and will wish to frame and put on your walls.

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The Christian Herald Home Library

Any one of the following titles from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home Library of Useful and Helpful Books: *Healthful Sports for Boys, Helpful Talks with Girls, Practical Suggestions for Mother and Housewife.* These are splendid books of home helps.

Powerful Pocket Microscope

A powerful Pocket Microscope. A marvelous little instrument of extraordinary high power, one lense enlarging five hundred times and the other one hundred and fifty times. It can be made the source of unfailing interest in the study of thousands of small objects.

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e will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gold and enameled pin h your choice

Boy's Pocket Knife

This splendid Pocket Knife is the famous Sheffield make, hand forged and ground, with one large and one small blade. It has an 18-inch nickel-plated chain fastened to stag horn handle, making its loss impossible.

Or—Embroidery or Buttonhole Scissors

Your choice of either a 3½ inch Embroidery Scissors or four-inch Buttonhole Scissors, both made of the very finest quality steel, highly finished and nickel-plated.

Or—Miniature Swiss Clock

Handsome Miniature Swiss Clock, size 3x4x7 inches, hand made and hand carved. Comes from the mountains of Switzerland where it was made by the peasants. Frame and face of the clock dovetailed and carved by hand. This clock contains a set of brass works of simple design made to run for twenty-four hours by weight suspended from chain.

For Four Coupons

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Of—Eight-Inch Shears

These eight-inch Shears are made of the very finest quality of steel, highly polished and nickel-plated throughout. Guaranteed to hold their edge, and warranted not to rust.

Or—Reliable Fountain Pen

This first-class Fountain Pen is supplied with 14kt. gold pen point, with hardened iridium tip, allowing of unlimited wear and use. This pen is the equal of any pen that can be purchased on the market for $1 or more.

Or—German Weather House

This artistic little Weather House, imported from Germany, stands about six inches high, with one doorway to the right and one doorway to the left. If the weather is going to be fine the children appear in one doorway. If the weather is going to be bad, an old lady with hood appears at the other doorway. The figures are suspended on an ingenious contrivance which is affected by the moisture in the atmosphere, and it thus becomes a barometer, foretelling the weather from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance.

Remember that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD starts any boy and provides him with part of his first capital.

Remember that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gives each boy personal and direct instruction, helping to make him a successful salesman and business man.

Remember this is an opportunity for you to help a boy earn a steady weekly income.

Remember that in addition to a steady income he will earn many prizes, and possibly a Shetland Pony, in competition with other boys.

Remember that your co-operation with us and the boys helps a boy, helps yourself, helps the new CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and helps THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a step nearer the Million Mark, vastly increasing its activities and usefulness.

The Christian Herald Special Boy Coupon

I enclose with this Boy Coupon the sum of fifteen cents (15) in cash for five copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the wholesale rate of three cents each. I hereby certify that I am not now selling THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but that I will try to sell the copies sent me at five cents each and to secure regular weekly customers.

In order to provide me with additional cash capital this coupon also entitles me to five free copies which I will sell at five cents each (value 25 cents) and you agree also to send me a handsome Gold and Enamel Crest Pin (C. H. surrounded by laurel leaves) value, 35 cents. The total value of this coupon, sixty cents (60c).

I agree to use the money that I get from the sale of my first supply with which to order and pay for a supply of the next issue at three cents each. Unsold copies of the second and succeeding issues credited at the price paid upon return.

Please enter me in all Shetland Pony and Cash and Premium Prize Contests.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Endorsed by .....

60 Cents

The Christian Herald Special Boy Coupon

I enclose with this Boy Coupon the sum of fifteen cents (15) in cash for five copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the wholesale rate of three cents each. I hereby certify that I am not now selling THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but that I will try to sell the copies sent me at five cents each and to secure regular weekly customers.

In order to provide me with additional cash capital this coupon also entitles me to five free copies which I will sell at five cents each (value 25 cents) and you agree also to send me a handsome Gold and Enamel Crest Pin (C. H. surrounded by laurel leaves) value, 35 cents. The total value of this coupon, sixty cents (60c).

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ber 15th, 1912

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No. 1713
MADE TO MEASURE $14.50 up

MADE-TO-MEASURE, guaranteed to be perfect fitting and perfectly satisfactory to you—and the price as low as $14.50.

Can you imagine a greater bargain, a more delightful opportunity?

For twenty-four years the "NATIONAL" has been making garments to order from simple measurements sent by mail. We have over half a million pleased customers—pleased with their suits and with the saving of $5 or $10 on each suit.

Your "NATIONAL" MONEY-SAVING STYLE BOOK" (reserved to be sent you FREE) shows all the new Tailored Suits, prices (from $10.95 to $35.) And it shows hundreds more bargains in all kinds of apparel for Women, Misses and Children.

One copy of this valuable Money-Saving Style Book is yours—FREE. All you need do is write for it. Just write us: "Send me my "NATIONAL" MONEY-SAVING STYLE BOOK."

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Waists . . . . 69c to $6.98	Hats . . . . $1.49 to $9.98
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In writing for your Style Book, be sure to ask for samples of materials for "NATIONAL" Made-to-Measure Suits, and state the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

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We prepay postage and expressage on all our goods to any part of the United States. Every "NATIONAL" garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag attached. This tag says that you may return any garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money, and pay express charges both ways.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.
218 West 24th Street, New York City
NO AGENTS NO BRANCHES

OUTSIDE THE GATE

Continued from page 961

although in "math" and "skinny" and the other things he had been the "wooden" man in his class. Perhaps he was making a better officer than either Elkhart or himself would have made—Elkhart, one of the star men in "math," and himself leading in his plebe year in English and in "skinny."

Well, Waterman had been given his chance; the other two had not, although the Secretary of the Navy, unable to discover conditions warranting the superintendent's drastic action, had twice recommended the case for reconsideration. A strange tyranny in a free land it was, that gave one man, in spite of high protest, such power to overrule. A position needing force and tact, discernment, justice, discipline, the cool judgment that could weigh, and weighing know the pure gold from the dross. Elkhart had gone West and the silence of the years and the great distance had swallowed him up until one day there came back East the news that in Arizona he had died.

The fire burned low and still Easton sat staring into the coals. With a swift movement he leaned forward and drew Anne into his arms and held her there, and, spreading his large hand, heavily veined, over her head, pressed it to his breast. He had almost forgotten Anne—Anne, who alone in all the world knew him as he was; who fathomed his thought almost before his conscious knowledge of it; who daily, hourly had suffered with him since the day when he had laid the cadet clothes in his trunk and in citizen's dress had passed through the academy grounds, beyond the gate, to the Shadow of the outside where she had been waiting for him to see him to the train. After all, the service had been her life too, her father an officer and her brother an ensign, a sister married to a fellow whom he, as an upper classman, had helped good-naturedly to "run" as a plebe. Well, he had "Frenched" in those academy days; sometimes had not turned in at "taps" or out at "reveille"; but he had always left a safe margin to his credit on his demerit record. He had never to his own inner knowledge brought dishonor to his name then—the name of his father who had fought with Farragut—or to her who all the world guessed then would take it on graduation for her own.

She had refused to release him when for him and Elkhart there had been no "class day," no coming forth in their new uniforms before their mates, no diploma for the four long, hard, wonderful years of work, no graduation; and on that day in April before he "left" the academy, a "bilged" man, she had made her father and mother open their house on Blake Row for an "afternoon," where slender, proud, with luminous eyes that never faltered before the curious looks, she had publicly announced her engagement to him. She waited five years while he worked in an office in New York by day and studied law by night; waited until he was admitted to the bar and had gained a small foothold for himself in serving subpœnas and similar humble tasks; and then, refusing to wait longer, had quietly married him. How distinctly he recalled the day (it was after the parents of both were dead), how, since there was no money for a "trip," he had brought her directly here, and how they had made of the four rooms a home, the ugly painted walls and bare floors covered with the treasures he had gotten from his practice cruises and with the things their parents had gathered when abroad.

To-night the bitterness and the longing were on him afresh, and he had brought the struggle and the darkness of it home to Anne—his harbor for the tired craft of his heart. Not even the violin on the shelf above the low bookcase, which came after Anne and Boy and the service in his heart, could to-night make the regrets lie still. He had run across "Mugs" again, the classmate, the room-mate of the Annapolis years; "Mugs," the only one of his class who really ever tried to keep track of him, and whose letters even, of late, he had avoided. "Mugs" had carried him off to the ship for lunch, and he remembered being acutely glad that he happened to be wearing his one best and prosperous-looking suit. From Anne he might not hide the depths of his life struggle, but none of the men, not even "Mugs," must guess just how hard it was to get along; how few the clients were, how slow in pay. For an hour he was one of them again. How familiar the steps of the ladder under his shoes, twice re-soled but spotlessly shining; how good to look upon were the great turret guns; how easy the ward-room transom and the comfortable dining-chairs; how blissfully, delightfully cramped "Mugs's" quarters, with their photographs of Mary and the little Commodore! The reaction had come on the way home, the culmination now.

. . .

From the next room came a low chatter.

"It's Boy talking to his toes," said Anne, and the smile in her eyes deepened and crept downward to her tender mouth. She rose and went into the bedroom, and when she came back she led the child up to Easton's chair, a sturdy three-year-old in a white piqué Russian blouse.

He leaned forward and took the boy up, perched him on the arm of the morris chair beside him, while Anne lighted the lamp—oil was pleasanter than gas, and cheaper—and its softened light from beneath the green shade fell on the man and the child. Easton squeezed Boy's chin between his fingers and Boy beamed on him with appreciating benignity. Slowly the lines receded from Easton's face, the weariness from the mouth; he no longer looked at the faded picture near the mantel, but into the child's clear eyes. He had never admitted even to Anne what the Boy had meant to him. He sometimes wondered if he did not mean more to Anne and himself in their straightened, narrowed, shadowed life than even the Commodore meant to "Mugs" and Mary. Anne watched the two profiles, the big one and the small one, so alike, facing each other and smiling in friendly understanding, and then she crept away to see about supper. They followed her shortly, both conscious of the fact that she had left, although they did not see her go; and Easton set the table while Anne made coffee for two, and prepared a bowl of bread and milk for Boy which he ate from his tall chair, cheerfully, the while superintending his father's affairs.

It was not until the few dishes were washed up and Boy safe asleep for the night that Easton broached the subject of having "Mugs" and Mary in for supper some evening.

"Couldn't we manage it?" he asked Anne somewhat wistfully. "Bridget might come in and help, and—and I'd like to have it as nice an affair as we could," he added with a short laugh.

Anne showed no surprise nor any of the trepidation that took possession of her soul. It was the one purely personal request he had made in all the years.

She consented gleefully, hiding her misgivings.

. . .

Easton was detained late the night of the dinner. Clients with profitable cases were too few to allow putting off and it was almost time for "Mugs" and Mary to arrive when he hurriedly turned the latchkey in his front door. It was not the old picture that first met his eyes to-night, but Anne, tall and lovely, in a pale blue dress, a white rose at her breast, the soft color

Continued on next page

Our New Linen Catalogue
Free on Request

Our new Fall Catalogue is ready for distribution. It is handsomely illustrated.

It not only includes the newest styles and models in Housekeeping Linens of every kind, but illustrates a very large variety of the latest designs in Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, for which "The Linen Store" has long been famous.

Besides these, it shows the newest Fall and Winter models in French and Domestic Lingerie and Corsets, Infants' and Children's Wear, Ladies' Hosiery, Neckwear and Outer Garments.

Every woman who loves Fine Linens should send for a copy, which will be mailed free. Ask for Catalogue No. 39.

James McCutcheon & Co.
"The Linen Store"
Fifth Avenue and 34th Street
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There is Harmony in Every Line of Burson Hose

THE beauty of smooth lines unbroken by seam, the comfort of walking on smooth, soles—no seams or uneven threads in to foot or leg—no scratching threads. The nam

Burson

has been for years the protection of women wh want *the best* in stockings at moderate cost—th best in "feel," style and lasting wear.

Burson Hose Are Knit to Fit
"And the Shape Won't Come Out in the Wash"

In all lengths of foot and widths of leg—fro extra sizes to the "Sylph" for slender figure At 19c, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c the pair, according t materials. At your dealer's, or write to

Burson Knitting Company
Dept. 9 Rockford, Illino

forget the name,
but Mother said it
was pure gelatine"

"Then, little girl, she must want Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine but does your mother know about the Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine, that is also in great demand? It is the package with the separate envelope of *pure lemon and fruit juice* and saves the cost, time and bother of squeezing lemons.

"This allows your mother the choice of using lemon jelly plain, or if she wishes it colored she can use the tablet of pink coloring that is enclosed in a separate envelope, or she can add any fresh fruit—which is always best—using the juices for coloring.

"With the Knox Acidulated as well as the Knox Plain Gelatine you can make desserts, salads, candies, ice cream and ices, and improve other dishes.

"Now, take this Knox Acidulated package home and I *know* your mother will be more than pleased—the price is just the same as the Knox Plain Gelatine, and each package makes two quarts—one-half gallon of jelly."

Knox Recipe Book FREE

Contains over 100 recipes for Desserts, Ices, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc. Sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Print sample of Acidulated Gelatine for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

Shirr-Ruffle Bust Form

New Model
A Perfect Figure for $1.

If you are not satisfied with your figure; not fully developed as nature intended, wear the Shirr-Ruffle Bust Form.

Makes a Woman Charming and Attractive

Produces that perfect, natural form every woman covets. Fills hollows in front and under the arms; gives full shapely bust.

Light sanitary refined Cloth high in back forming perfect cover. Ruffles launder flat.

Thousands of delighted women praise it. Look for the label—refuse cheap imitations. At your dealers or postpaid for $1.00. When ordering give bust measure.

Shirr-Ruffle Co., 225 E. Spring St., Lima, Ohio

A SHIRTWAIST CHOIR 700 STRONG

ON THE afternoon of the last Sunday in August, nearly fifteen hundred Bible students gathered at the Anthony Drexel estate in Lansdowne, Pa. The occasion was the open air rally of the Drexel Biddle Bible classes at the beautiful summer home which has been provided by the wealthy and enthusiastic young Philadelphian who is the founder and organizer of this interdenominational movement. Churches in Philadelphia, Norristown, Chester, Conshohocken, Plymouth Meeting, Garrettford, Wilmington, Del.; Marshallton, Del.; Tacony, Holmesburg and Danville were represented by their Bible study classes.

A. J. Drexel Biddle, as president of the organization, greeted the students, stating the object of the rally to be a demonstration of strength and scope of the work that this big Bible class is doing. The only aim of the movement is to enlist a great army of souls who will study carefully and give their most devoted efforts to the cause of the Master.

One of the inspiring features of the exercises was the singing of an informally dressed choir of seven hundred men and women under the leadership of William J. McEwen of Philadelphia. Arrangements had been made for this musical demonstration out of doors, and its splendid success proved how efficiently they had been planned.

Among some of the prominent church workers present were: Rev. W. S. Neall, of the Holy Apostles' Protestant Episcopal Church; Rev. E. D. Cone, of Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church; Rev. George Gassner, chaplain of the Seamen's Mission; Rev. John A. Hookway, of Wyoming Avenue Baptist Church, of Philadelphia; Rev. Lima C. Drake, of the Garrettford Baptist Church; and Directing First Vice Presidents William J. McEwen, Thomas McGarvey and F. Thomas Landis.

The Group Near the Piano at the Drexel Biddle Bible Class Rally

OUTSIDE THE GATE

coming and going in her cheeks, who met him at the sitting-room door. With eager tenderness she drew him in and stood aside, her eyes smiling shyly as they used to do years ago down at the old academy. Inside, the pretty lamps and the shaded gas jets cast softened lights and shadows. A cheerful, friendly little fire in the grate glowed its welcome; in the window recess three plants of rose geranium bloomed. Through the half-open door he caught sight of Boy, sitting bolt upright in his little white crib, early undressed and put to bed, but very quiet and very good and very much impressed with the occasion, waiting only for his father's good-night kiss without which he was not content to sleep. He crawled to the foot of the crib and pulled himself up, a chubby little form in wee pajamas, all curves and smiles. Easton, with one grateful look at Anne, went in to dress. Through the door beyond he caught a glimpse of a small white table, set with pretty wedding silver long packed away; fresh flowers, and candles with soft pink shades; of Bridget, in dainty white apron and waitress cap. He told Boy a wonderful story of an elephant and a catapillar, evolved from the depths of his own excited brain, as he struggled with his shirt-front studs, and in the most thrilling part, when the elephant had let the caterpillar go to bed in his ear, a stud fell on the floor, and the front doorbell rang. He rummaged in wild haste, Boy directing and gesticulating in momentary danger of overbalancing from the crib. The stud was recovered, likewise Boy's equilibrium. The toilet was finished with despatch and taste, and Boy was left to ponder on the mysteries of "tumpany" in general and "tatapillars" in particular, and, so pondering, fell asleep.

To be concluded

DREAMING OF HOME

I

DREAMING of home; the old familiar faces,
Forms that I love, I see them gathered there;
Round the old hearth in their accustomed places,
Eyes dimmed by tears look on my vacant chair.
Hark! now I hear their dear, sweet voices singing
Fair hymns of praise unto their God on high;
Else 'tis the angels, some glad message bringing
From the old home to cheer me ere I die.
See! there's the picture, father, mother, kneeling
Low, as of old, in faithful, earnest prayer.
Answer to-night, I pray, thy love revealing;
Let me once more kneel at the old home chair!

II

Dreaming of home; my pilgrimage here ended,
Forms that I love await my coming there.
Round God's great throne methinks I hear them singing
Glad songs of welcome to that city fair.
Gone are the tears, the sorrow and the sighing,
Gone are the throbbing heartaches of the past;
Where now the sadness and the pain of dying,
Where now the fears of grim Death's chilling blast?
Father and mother, loved ones there are waiting;
Waiting to welcome home their wandering child.
Footsore and weary home to-night I'm coming,
Tired of my wanderings through this lonely wild.

Dreaming of home! Oh, rouse me not from slumber!
Fold now my hands above my quiet breast;
Sing to me some dear song of home and mother,
Let me pass, dreaming, to the Homeland blest.

MRS. T. A. COVINGTON.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making
will improve your pastry

Because of its pure vegetable origin, Crisco will make your pies and puddings so perfectly digestible that no member of your family need deny himself the pleasure of eating them.

It will make the crust deliciously tender, light and flaky—so much so that even the under crust which so easily becomes tough and hard always will be crisp and easy to cut.

It will give a flavor as delicious as butter—yet at half the cost—for, in addition to all its other advantages, the price of Crisco is but half that of butter and materially less than the least expensive of other cooking fats.

Use a fifth less of Crisco than of other shortenings. When used instead of butter, add salt, one teaspoonful to a cupful of Crisco.

Send for this Cook Book

It tells why Crisco makes better foods at less cost and gives over 100 tested recipes illustrating the best ways to use Crisco.

The Procter & Gamble Company,
Dept. S, Cincinnati.

You Can Get

this dainty lambs-wool puff filled with Freeman's Face Powder and contained in a suede leather case, for the cost of postage and packing.

Looks Like a Coin Purse

We want you to *know* Freeman's Face Powder. *We* can tell you how delightfully soft, clinging, fine and fragrant it is and what an aid to the preservation of the complexion. But if *you test it*, you will *know* for yourself. That is why we offer you this puff and purse. The puff is filled with a week's supply of

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which sifts through when using. This purse puff would cost 25c in any store without the powder. To get it, buy a box of Freeman's Face Powder and send us the gold seal from inside the box and five 2c stamps towards paying postage and packing, and the next mail brings the puff.

Freeman's Face Powder costs 25c, never more, never less. We assert that 25c is the top limit in real value in any powder.

Our Guarantee

Freeman's Face Powder has stood the test for 30 years. You can test it by buying a box for 25c, and use half. If you do not think it equal to any 50c or $1.00 powder you have ever used, return the other half to your dealer and get all your money back. You have nothing to lose in testing it.

Should your dealer happen not to have Freeman's, you may order direct from us. Samples gladly sent.

FREEMAN PERFUME COMPANY
Dept. 62 CINCINNATI, OHIO

VELLASTIC is the underwear you will like for the warmth and comfort of its velvety fleece and for its snug, easy fit.

VELLASTIC
Ribbed Fleece-Lined
UNDERWEAR

VELLASTIC is all that its name implies—soft like velvet and elastic. Though medium in weight it affords perfect protection against colds, draughts.

The inner fleece won't wash away, knot or mat. VELLASTIC is wonderfully durable. And no underwear is more finely finished.

For Men, Women and Children

In Separate Garments and Union Suits, at 50c and up. Medium in weight. At your dealer's.

Write for Bodyguard Book No. 9.

UTICA KNITTING CO.
Utica New York
Makers of Bodyguard Underwears, including Lambdown, Vestlast, Springtex and Celtex.

American Buddhist Priests in Ceylon

A GOOD deal of excitement has been caused in the Southern Province of Ceylon by the recent establishment of a brotherhood of White Buddhist Monks. Being in the district of this settlement I felt led to pay these Western converts to Buddhism a visit a few days ago. They reside on a picturesque little island in a backwater lake, quite near to the seaside. The island is three acres in extent and, with the exception of the small portion cleared to accommodate the newcomers, is covered with thick forest undergrowth. In this lovely and lonely spot live five white priests, two of them Germans and three hailing from America. They have each a little wooden hut about ten feet square. Here, buried away from the world with changed names, with shaven heads, and clad in the bright yellow robe of the Buddhist priest, these men, raised in the West, cradled in Christianity, are presumably seeking the so-called enlightenment of Gautama Buddha. The leader of the party, called, I was informed, the High Priest, is a German who had spent a few years in Burma, where he was ordained a Buddhist priest, and came to Ceylon eighteen months ago.

A Typical Ceylon Buddhist Priest

The robe he wears is brilliant yellow. As Buddhist priests are forbidden to look at a woman, a fan is carried and held before the eyes when ladies are present or should a woman be met on the street.

One of the lay managers of the settlement, a man who had known me for twenty-five years, introduced me to the hermits, previously obtaining permission to do so from the occupant of each hut in succession. This manager, a stanch Buddhist, needless to say, was boasting of the fact that Westerners were becoming Buddhists, and said, "Who would have thought twenty-five years ago that Europeans would come here as Buddhist priests!" The island, he prophesied, would soon be full of White Buddhist priests. The first hut we visited was the home of Henry P. Clarke, a curly-headed, bright-eyed young fellow of thirty years of age, who looked and spoke as if he might have just stepped out of a skyscraper office in lower Broadway, New York. Indeed, he had but recently left America, for he told me he had arrived in Ceylon only a week ago, having come direct from New York City. He had lived in One Hundred and Sixth Street, somewhere near Central Park, I believe. He had not yet taken the robes, and wore the white cloth and jacket of an *Upasakarala*, a religious layman. I spent a short while in conversation with him, and he was interested in knowing that I had been in America but a year ago. I mentioned to him among other things the conversion of a leading Buddhist of the district at the age of forty, a man who had become a deeply pious and most earnest Christian.

Ceylon Buddhists have during the last thirty years been rapidly assimilating Christian ideas and nomenclature. They now have Sunday schools, commemorate Buddha's birthday as Christians do Christmas, speak of Gautama as "our Lord," Buddhist temples as "churches," and Buddhist priests are given the title of "Reverend." So the name of the next monk I visited was given me by our guide as the Rev. Assaje. This gentleman is also a pure-born American, and a year ago was known as Mr. Franklin. He appears to be about forty-five years of age, and had, he told me, been raised in Wisconsin. Before the interview he had asked our guide whether our party were Christians or Buddhists, and I fancied from his opening remarks that he was prepared for discussion. But I imagine he soon discovered I had not come to argue, and we had a friendly chat. He agreed with me, or appeared to do so, that soul-satisfaction was to be found alone in God. He had the shaven head of the Buddhist priest, was clad in a yellow robe, and had been ordained a few months. I invited him to visit me in *Nuwara Eliya*.

The occupant of the next hut I visited now bears the name of Rev. Bhaddiya, but was formerly known as Mr. Beck. He is, too, an American, and is, I should say, between forty and forty-five years of age. He appeared to be an educated, intelligent man. He told me he had been brought up in Texas and had lived there from sea level up to an altitude of eleven thousand feet. At first he seemed to receive us somewhat coldly but became quite friendly as he found we were not bent on controversy. He took the yellow robes six months ago and had, he said, been in Ceylon nearly a year.

Rev. Vappa was temporarily living in the house of the high priest—the only substantially built house in the settlement. It was a rather nice little house, slightly larger than the others. A striking picture of a human skull was the chief decoration of its one room. There was also a well-stocked bookcase. All the four monks had Pali books before them as I entered their huts. Pali, a dead language, is the sacred language of the Buddhists, and is a sister tongue to Sanskrit. Rev. Vappa is a German. He had, he said, traveled all over the continent of Europe, had spent a good deal of time in Russia, and also knew Lausanne well. He appeared to be second in seniority to the high priest and struck me as being an intellectual man.

Our party (my two friends and I) were greatly saddened by our interview with these poor men. We were united in the opinion that they feel keenly the loneliness of their situation and that none of them appeared to find the least joy in the life they were living. I hope friends will join us in very earnest prayer for them. Their presence in Ceylon as Buddhist priests is, I need not say, very harmful to the cause of Christ. I ask special prayer for one of the monks to whom I believe the Lord spoke during our visit. I had talked of the possibility of knowing God. "Many profess to know him," he said. "True," I answered, "but few have the blessedness of the experience. It costs something to get to really know him." "It costs more to give him up," he replied. This of course meant that he had adopted the blank atheism of Buddhism. I repeated, "It costs something to get to know God," and added, "but it is worth it all. To really know him, know him intimately—it is

Continued on next page

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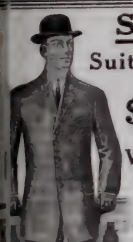

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dark and rough my way, With ten - der love He cir - cles all my
jour - ney, I can - not get be - yond His lov - ing sway.
CHORUS.
I can-not get be-yond the cir - cle of His love, I can-not get be -
yond the cir - cle of His love; His pres-ence goes be-fore me, And His
love-light shineth o'er me, So I can-not get be - yond His love.

In sorrow's hour his tender love abideth,
For every woe he hath a soothing balm;
Mid every stormy tempest, wildly beating,
He whispers peace, and there is instant calm.

O peerless love, beyond all understanding!
And every soul this lasting love may choose!
Far-reaching love, so measureless, so boundless!
How strange that hearts can e'er such love refuse!

No powers, no depths, no towering heights above me,
Nor life, nor death, nor trials anywhere,
Can separate me from the love of Jesus,
Or keep me from his watchful, tender care.

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AMERICAN BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN CEYLON

Continued from preceding page

the *summum bonum*, the highest good." His assumed atheism seemed scattered to the winds, and he said, deliberately and with emphasis, "I guess you know him." "By his grace I do," I added quietly.

Will each reader join in definite prayer for these deluded men? They cannot of course have known experimentally anything of the grace of God, and that they should have been led to seek spiritual light and consolation in Buddhism—the most utterly hopeless religion in the world—is sad beyond words. If earnest—and they appeared sincere—they are to be pitied. But why, oh, why were they not reached with the Gospel in the home lands? Surely, had God's professing people really *lived Christ*, and preached the Gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost, these poor misguided men would not be in a heathen country seeking peace of soul in a heathen religion, a religion that does not make for righteousness; a religion that so completely fails to satisfy its millions of adherents in these dark lands.

Will *you* cry to God on behalf of these white Buddhist monks? O people of America! in view of some of your sons being in this far Eastern country as Buddhists—heathen missionaries—do not let his cause in these heathen lands flag for lack of the needful money to prosecute it, or for lack of earnest, believing, constant prayer. I have just sent these four men my card and have written earnest letters to the two to whom the Lord seemed to speak. Pray God's blessing on these letters.

My heart is saddened by the fact that money is forthcoming from Christian countries to support Buddhist monks here, whilst in connection with our own mission scores of heathen villages are begging for the Gospel, and still we must turn a deaf ear to their cry. A. S. PAYNTER.

Mahagastotta, Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.

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Questions and Answers

N. H. B., Orangeburg, S. C. What is the meaning of the Bible saying: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days"?

The illustration is taken from the custom of sowing seed by casting it from the boats into the overflowing Nile, or in marshy ground. When the waters recede, the grain in the alluvial soil springs up. "Waters" expresses multitudes, whose seemingly hopeless character as recipients of charity may turn out better than we anticipate, so that our gift would prove at last not to have been thrown away. The day may be near when we ourselves may need the help of those whom we have bound to us by kindness. The passage you quote is from Eccles. 11: 1.

H. J. S., Racine, Wis. Please give numerical strength of the German army.

On a peace footing: 23,176 officers and 562,277 men, with 98,038 horses; the war footing strength is not officially given, but probably Germany could put almost three million trained officers and men into the field. She has 494 batteries, of which 47 are mounted.

C. W. S., Linden Heights, O. I notice in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 31 a sermon by Dr. Dixon, "Shall we know each other in heaven?" Judging from the sermon our condition in heaven will be similar to that which we enjoy here—a mother's love, a son's love, a wife's love and a love for such things as are necessary for our progress and existence here. I believe we shall know each other by our fruits, and if we enter into that divine love for one another which Christ had for us, the things of this world will become insignificant. What is your opinion?

Recognition in heaven is implied in many Scriptural passages. Christ himself taught it in the story of Lazarus and Dives, and in other illustrations in his ministry. David, speaking of his dead son, said: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." At the transfiguration Moses and Elias were discerned and recognized. Recognition being granted, the survival of our love and affection for those recognized follows. But after all, very much of what is written regarding the conditions of the future life is conjectural. Our present life is a training school for better things and we can look forward to a larger, nobler life hereafter, full of opportunities for grander service, and with experiences and enjoyments to correspond. As Paul tells us in I. Cor. 2: 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Only as we are taught of the Spirit can we have foregleams of the occupations, joys and opportunities of the life hereafter.

J. J. R., Helena, Mont. How is a heavenly body photographed?

A telescope is pointed at the body so that the image of the latter is formed in its focus. A sensitized plate is placed in the focus and exposed for the necessary time, which may be only the fraction of a second or several hours. Unless the exposure is very brief it is necessary that the telescope be kept in motion so as to follow the object in its apparent diurnal course. When the exposure is completed the image is developed in the usual way.

J. C. McW., Eagleville, Mo. Please explain Rom. 8: 19, 21, also Mark 4: 12. In the Lord's prayer what is meant by "lead us not into temptation?"

1. See answer to P. A. P., Wadeville, N. C. 2. Jesus was here explaining why he employed parables in teaching. He did not begin to do so until his miracles were malignantly ascribed to Satanic agencies. His enemies saw his works, yet closed their eyes to their source and spiritual meaning. They heard his words, for he "spake as never man spake"; yet they were deaf to the life-giving message conveyed. They voluntarily refused to accept the Gospel and at length became morally incapable of doing so. 3. Some authorities read "suffer us not to be led into temptation."

Mrs. J. R., Redondo Beach, Calif. Can we feel, if we are true believers in Jesus and continue faithful, that if we steadfastly pray for the unconverted members of our households God will in some way draw them to himself and we may have the assurance that they will be saved?

The most definite Bible passage on this subject is I. John 5: 16: "If any man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life." The words of Paul in Acts 16: 31, "Thou shalt be saved, and thy house," probably mean simply that if all the members of the household believed they would be saved. But we have positive Scripture warrant for praying for our unconverted friends, and countless incidents from present day life and earlier times prove that many hearts have been won to Christ through prayer. The assurance may not always come that those for whom we pray will yield to God, but sometimes the assurance does come very definitely. Prayer for others should be personal, definite, earnest. S. D. Gordon in his *Quiet Talks on Prayer* takes the position that prayer for others, offered in the name of Jesus, has the effect of driving off evil influences from the persons for whom the prayer is being made. It projects the personal influence of the one who is praying to the one prayed for, and clears the spiritual atmosphere so that the voice of God can be heard and the power of God felt. Just as by talking to a person one may be able to persuade him to listen and yield to God, so by prayer one may influence another to submit himself to God. Most important of all is love. We must love ardently, steadily, those for whom we pray. Love will prevent us from doing things that would mar our influence over them or spoil their conception of the religious life. If our friends know that we love them deeply and constantly our words and prayers will have an almost irresistible power.

J. B. M., Ocala, Fla. What are the leading languages of the world, and by how many persons is each spoken?

English, spoken by about 120,000,000; German and Russian, each by about 80,000,000; French by over 50,000,000, Spanish by about 45,000,000, and Italian by some 35,000,000.

Subscriber, Elida, O. 1. Please explain I. Peter 3: 3, 4. 2. Also John 13: 4, 17.

1. The apostle, in these two verses, warned the Christian women against the abuse of outward ornament, not necessarily forbidding its use in a modest degree, but rather against excessive indulgence in such things when they became a needless hindrance to religion. He knew that even under costly attire there might be a humble and pious heart. At the same time, he points out that the true distinction or adornment is "a meek and quiet spirit"—a tranquil mind, undisturbed by the world's pleasures and vexations and not disposed to yield to its allurements. (See Prov. 31: 10, 31.) 2. Although Peter knew that the washing of feet was a hospitable Jewish custom, it was the act of a servant, and his heart rebelled against his Lord and Master performing the duty of a menial. Impulsive and loyal, he could not suffer himself to be so served by Jesus. His very refusal was evidence of his strong affection. But when the Lord had spoken, Peter realized the lesson of obedient service and that the truest humility and loyalty is to receive reverently the gifts of divine grace. Further, the alternative implied in the Master's answer (verse 8) caused Peter instantly to reverse his rash refusal, even if no other word had been spoken.

D. W., Tipton, Ind. In the tariff, what is meant by duty ad valorem?

Ad valorem means according to value and is a term denoting the method by which customs taxes are determined at a percentage of the value of the imported article at its place of export on the seller's oath and the appraiser's estimate.

C. B. G., Roaring Spring, Pa. What will be the future of the heathen who have never had the light of the Gospel?

The question of the salvation of the heathen has long been discussed. Early Christian writers held that the Holy Spirit exerted an influence upon the heathen, "who had no means of hearing the Gospel," through the channel of reason. Others have held that they are to be judged under natural law. God has his witnesses in all ages and in every land who, even though they may not have heard the Gospel, have lived according to their light. John Wesley wrote on this subject: "We have no authority from the Word of God to judge 'those that are without'," and he also wrote, toward the close of his ministry, "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness according to the light he has, is acceptable to God." See Rom. 4: 9. God, who will judge all, will not judge unjustly.

E. E. V., Britannia Beach, B. C., Canada. 1. Who gave Matthew, Mark, Luke and John the title of "Saint," and where does any church secure the right to make present-day "Saints"? Is it not wrong on the part of true Americans to acknowledge any "saints" such as Patrick, etc.? 2. In an argument, I contended that the keeping of any such saints' days by Americans is doing more to raise "racial barriers" or "nationalities" than anything else. I contend that when foreigners come here and America has prospered them, they should drop these old-country fads and customs and be *Americans.*

1. During the early days of the Christian Church, there was no authoritative use of the word "Saint" as a title. Wherever the word occurs in our New Testament, it simply means a "devout person," one who has been sanctified and specially consecrated. After the early Christian era, however, the martyrs and apostles were considered as having attained to the dignity of sainthood, although there was no formal canonization until the ninth century A.D., when the Church of Rome introduced formal canonization with special ceremonies.

Continued on next page

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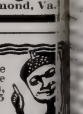

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

is no definite rule in the Protestant on the use of the title "Saint." The n Jews have their saints, as well as the ics, and the appellation they use is ah." Their most celebrated saint is Judah Hak-kadosh ("Rabbi Judah the) Protestant writers are not as con- as they ought to be in this matter, some ng the title and others not at all. 2. bservance of saints' days applies specially e Roman and the Oriental Catholic ches. In the Russo-Greek Church the ob- ce of such days has been carried to nes and they are so numerous as to inter- eriously with business. Under the influ- f the Church of Rome in America, saints' re becoming numerous among Catholics also. Read the article on "The Pope Ne Temere" in a recent issue of THE TIAN HERALD, which will give you the ic view on marriage. It is one that is ve to a great majority of American . This will answer your last question.

. S., Lynchburg, O. I have erected a indmill having a tank six feet long, four et wide and three feet deep; how many allons of water should it hold?

e hundred and forty.

P., Wade, N. C. Please explain Matt. : 48; Rom. 8: 22-24; I. Cor. 15: 35-56; hil. 3: 21; I. John 3: 9.

the first passage, Jesus is speaking not of s of excellence, but rather of the *kind* of ence which was to distinguish his dis- and characterize his kingdom. The pas- in Romans is one in which the apostle, with the future glory of the saints," in a strong figure of speech of the whole groaning under the degradation of sin ooking longingly for the coming emanci- n and for the glorious consummation of istence. "The redemption of the body" is romised triumph over death and the grave. oad meaning of the whole passage is that ture will be delivered from the liability to ness and decay, when God's final purposes rning the world's redemption are fulfilled. long passage in I. Cor. 15 is one of the Paul ever wrote. It has been adopted ly by the Christian churches in the burial e for its beauty, high spirituality and latory power. It was written in reply to eniers of the resurrection in Corinth. The er should be read as a whole and not in to realize its sublimity and the power of spiritual argument. The passage in Phil- ns refers to the same connection. (Com- I. John 3: 9 with I. John 1: 8, 10.) The er is no longer under the influence or age of sin and is kept by the power of the t.

C., Waynesboro, Miss. Please explain Rom. 9, especially the 15th and 16th verses.

ese two verses together emphasize the fact mercy and salvation are God's free gifts, while we are to make every effort and to every desire toward them—working out own salvation "with fear and trembling" t after all it is God's will and pleasure not only stirs us to such an attitude, but ts that which we do desire, and which we l never attain through our own efforts .

ler, Paterson, N. J. What is the relative strength of the Catholic and Protestant population of Ulster, the Irish province in which the great battle over home rule is now in progress?

what is known as the "heart of Ulster," h embraces the most populous parts of ion of Ireland, the Catholics constitute 4.1 cent. in Belfast, 31.6 in County Down, and per cent. in Antrim. The Episcopalians in Belfast 30.5, Presbyterians 33.71, hodists 6.2, and other denominations 50.3. se figures are taken from a recent religious us and show the overwhelming preponder- e of Protestants in the whole province.

der, New London, Ia. 1. Please explain II. Cor. 3: 14. 2. What law is referred to in Heb. 7: 19? 3. Explain Gal. 3: 23. What law was it? 4. Explain Gal. 5: 4, 18. 5. What commandments are referred to in I. John 5: 3? 6. What commandments should one follow to have eternal life? Does Matt. 19: 17-21 answer this?

his careful letter bears the marks of being written by one who is not thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the Protestant faith; but so many, even of those who have been most carefully trained in that belief, are in danger of forgetting the simplicity of the doctrine of salvation by faith that it will be worth while to make a special study of those passages. 1. The Jews are said to have a veil over their hearts, because they have allowed their allegiance to the old dispensation to keep them from believing Christ. It is he who brings the veil. The Jews let the old ceremonial law remain as a veil between themselves and the light of God which is in Christ. 2. The Mosaic law. There was nothing in the commandments themselves which had power to bring souls to spiritual perfection. 3. This again is the Mosaic law. The law convicted men of sin and challenged them to try to do right. The failure of a man to keep the law makes him ready and willing to yield to a new principle, the principle of faith in Jesus. And this faith in Jesus gives him the power to be good, for which he was formerly striving. The old law was a bondage; faith is a life. 4. If, after finding salvation by faith, one gives it up and begins again to try to be good in his own strength, "Christ becomes of no effect" to him. That is, he ceases to take advantage of Christ's sacrifice and Christ's strength in going back to the old plan of trying to save himself by works. 5. All of them. None of God's commandments can be said to be grievous. But John is doubtless thinking here of the simplicity of the Christian life, a life freed from the old ceremonial law, and bound by no requirements except the requirement of loving God with all the heart and loving and serving our neighbor in Christ's strength. 6. Before Christ died there was no other way of finding eternal life than by keeping the law. But since he has died we are saved by faith in him. The law Christ quotes here was the fundamental moral law. Every one must keep that law. Faith in Christ gives us the power to keep it. It is only the ceremonial part of the law that we are exempted from in the new dispensation. The answers to your other questions will appear in our next issue.

Rev. A. J. Arendt (Lutheran), Beaver Dam, Wis. You certainly strike on some very timely subjects in the issue I received as a sample copy. For instance, "Our Children and the Bible." Another thing that is woefully neglected at the present time is prayer. We have the divine command of Christ to pray *at all times, unceasingly.* The alarming prevalence of superficial Christianity is undoubtedly due to the fact that this command is being more and more disregarded. In view of this, why not devote part of your paper to a department superscribed "Jesus Loves to Answer Prayer"? It seems to me that, aside from the fact that it would be interesting, it would be the means of producing inestimable good.

There is already a department in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD devoted to "Answered Prayers." We receive every week a large number of such communications, and we are always glad to welcome contributions of this character from our readers. We heartily agree with Pastor Arendt that prayer is too much neglected at the present time.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. G. L. R., Los Angeles, Calif. 1. We have sent your letter to the person you mention. 2. There are, unfortunately, professors in our theological schools who are believers in the destructive Higher Criticism, and those you mention probably belong to this class.

C. F., Detroit, Mich. It is a very hard question and one in which we would not undertake to advise. Indeed, if the woman has complied with the law in other respects, we think her first duty should be to her children. It is clearly a case for the individual conscience.

W. C. S., Cayucos, Calif. The refusal of a church member to attend services or contribute to the support of the church because he "does not like the minister," is a weakness in human nature by no means uncommon. Not knowing the particulars, however, we cannot discuss the case in question.

W. A. R., Atwood, Ind. 1. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is not a political paper in any sense, and consequently cannot advise. Every man should vote as his conscience and his sense of duty to the nation and the community may direct him. 2. There is no standard of comparison between the races mentioned. 3. The Unitarians do not accept Christ as divine.

J. ., Oxford, O. 1. The book of Job, as we have already stated, is a spiritual allegory. See discussed in a recent issue in THE MAIL-BAG. As we are told that "multitudes believed on him," we are justified in accepting it as an evidence of the work of the Spirit. 3. Though criminals have been convicted and punished on their own supported confession in many cases, it is the rule in modern law not to do so, unless the confession can be fairly substantiated.

C. P. M., Detroit, Mich., suggests the publication of the following question: "When have you heard your pastor preach a sermon which you believe would have been the means of your conversion, had you not already been born again?" It is a good question, with a strong, personal note, and we print it with pleasure, and shall be glad to hear what THE MAIL-BAG readers have to report concerning it. C. P. M. adds: "There is a great decline in the spiritual status of our churches. Even among those who still have a call to come to Christ, the call is too often only a few words at the close. It seems to me that such a question might lead pastor and layman to think."

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WELL-KNOWN WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

CULTURED women trained in Christian homes are the ones who are taking the lead in organized movements for the betterment of many phases of our civic and national life. The new president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, of Austin, Texas, is a minister's daughter. She was Miss Anna J. Hardwicke, born in Petersburg, Va., and her father was the Rev. J. B. Hardwicke, a zealous and devoted minister of the Gospel. The training of the Christian home laid the sure foundation of her broad culture and fine womanly qualities. All her work has been marked by the earnestness and perseverance of the serious and high-minded individual who holds life as a trust and devotes it to community service.

Mrs. Anna Hardwicke Pennybacker

Mrs. Pennybacker is well known in the educational circles of the South. For fourteen years, both before and after her marriage, she was in public educational work, ten years being spent as principal of a Texas high school. She exercised her literary ability in writing a history of Texas, which was adopted by law as the textbook for the public schools, and she has also written many articles for educational publications. In her work as an educator, she ever had in mind the making of a life, and her impression upon her students was one of serious purpose and highest aspiration.

Left a widow with three children, Mrs. Pennybacker has fulfilled the duties of both parents in the rearing and training of her family; and "her children rise up and call her blessed."

Organized work in various forms, religious and secular, has called her and claims her best. She formed the first woman's club in Texas twenty-five years ago and gave it the impulse of her fine mind and literary ability. She recently became president of the State Federation and treasurer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. As chairman of the Field Committee for the Endowment Fund, she has been the chief factor this year in raising a $100,000 endowment for the General Federation, which will give the organization a much-needed income for promoting and carrying on its important work. Among the endeavors listed are work for universal peace; for social purity; for a national bureau of health; for better care of the unfortunate; the conservation of our great natural resources; rural betterment; civil service reform; the training of women for citizenship; and the correlation of social and industrial activities to home-making.

J. A. S.

. . .

A HIGHLY cultured Christian woman, public official, and philanthropist is Mrs. C. E. Lees, of Oldham, England, who has the distinction of being second woman mayor in England. She successfully contested Hollinwood Ward, Oldham, as the Liberal candidate in a municipal by-election in 1907; and the following year was returned without opposition, being nominated by both parties. In appreciation of her services to the town she was given the freedom of the borough, being the first freeman to obtain the honor. Last year Oldham made her its mayor.

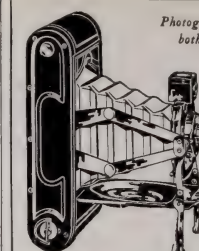
Mrs. Lees is now at the vantage point of seventy years, having been born at Carr Hill, Massley, England, in 1842. Her father was the late John Buckley and her husband the late Charles E. Lees, a well-to-do manufacturer of Oldham. One of her two daughters is the wife of the Rev. Charles Prodgers, vicar of Elvaston, Derbyshire; the other, who is a member of the Oldham Board of Education, discharged the social duties which usually devolve upon the "mayoress" during her mother's term of office.

Mrs. C. E. Lees
Mayor of Oldham, England

For the last twenty years, Mrs. Lees has been active in public work. The Oldham Nursing Association claims her as its honorary secretary; she is also president of the Oldham Branch of the National Union of Women Workers; governor of Hulme Grammar School; president of the Beautiful Oldham Society; a member of the city education committee; chairman of the special schools committee; a member of the Council of the Royal Manchester College of Music, and of the court of the Manchester University. J. A. S.

ARTISTIC APPRECIATION

The paintings on the covers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are particularly fine reproductions in color. The June 5 number is "Sunset," by Sagantini. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is carrying on a valiant relief campaign for the flood sufferers of the Mississippi Valley, while more and pressing are the urgent appeals which pour in from the great flooded districts of Louisiana.—*Baltimore (Md.) News.*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URCE OF LIFE ABUNDANT

BY DR. O. S. MARDEN

HERE is surely something wrong when multitudes of the sons and daughters of the King of kings, who have inherll the good things of the uni- starve on the very shores of the n of plenty, of opulence unspeakwhich flows past their very doors hich carries infinite supply.

's children were not made to l but to aspire; to look up, not They were not made to pinch in poverty, but for larger, er things. Nothing is too good e children of our Heavenly Fa- nothing too beautiful for human s; nothing too magnificent for us oy. It is the narrow- of our thought that mited us. If we had r and grander concep- of life we should at- grander things; we made in God's image we are his children; is his children we are of all that is his, all s beautiful and useful e universe. The very g of the mind open d all the good things e world, expecting and ciating them, will have thing to do with our ning them.

Dr. O. S. Marden

ere is nothing which uman race lacks so much as unioned, implicit confidence in the Source of all supply. We to stand in the same relation to infinite Source of things as the does to its parents. The child not say, "I do not dare eat this for fear that I may not get any " It takes everything with ab- confidence and assurance that ts needs will be supplied, that is plenty more where these s came from.

do not have half good enough ons of our possibilities; do not t half enough of ourselves; we t demand half enough, hence the erness, the stinginess of what we lly get. We do not demand the dance which belongs to us; hence eanness, the lack of fulness, the pleteness of our lives. We do lemand royally enough. We are nt with too little of the things while. It was intended that we d live the abundant life, that we d have plenty of everything that od for us. No one was meant to n poverty and wretchedness.

ppose a boy should try to become wyer without expecting to be ad- ed to the bar, or while really be- g that he would never amount to hing as a lawyer. He would fail. end to get what we expect, and if expect nothing, we get nothing. stream cannot rise higher than ountain-head; no one can become perous when he expects or half cts to remain poor.

e man who is bound to win be- s he is going to be prosperous; he s out with the understanding himself that he is going to be a essful man, a winner and not a . He does not say to himself all time, "What's the use? The t business combinations are swal- g up the chances. Before long multitude will have to work for ew. I do not believe I shall ever nything more than make just a living in a very humble way. I never have a home and the gs that other people have. I am ned to be poor and a nobody." A will never make progress with ideals. Everybody ought to stand t with face towards the sun of and prosperity. Success and iness are the inalienable rights very human being. Let your be those of plenty, of abun- e. Let us hold the thought that is our great supply; that if we keep in tune, in close touch with so that we can feel our at-one- ness with him, the great Source of all supply, abundance will flow to us and we shall never again know want.

Lack and want do not fit man's divine nature. The trouble with us is that we do not have half enough faith in the good that is in store for us. We do not dare fling out our whole souls' desire to follow the leading of our divine hunger and ask without stint for the abundance that is our birthright. We ask little things, and we expect little things, pinching our desires and limiting our supply. Not daring to ask to the full of our souls' desire, we do not open our minds sufficiently to allow a great inflow of good things. We do not fling out our souls' desire with that abundant faith which trusts implicitly and which receives accordingly.

We are not dealing with a Creator who is impoverished by granting our requests. It is his nature to give, to flood us with our hearts' desire. He does not have less because we ask much. The rose does not ask the sun for only a tiny bit of its light and heat, for it is the sun's nature to throw it out to everything which will absorb it and drink it in. The candle loses nothing of its light by lighting another candle. We do not lose but increase our capacity for friendship by being friendly, by giving abundantly of our love.

One of the greatest evils of the world is the belief in the necessity of poverty. Most people have a strong conviction that some must necessarily be poor; that they were made to be poor. But there was no poverty, no want, no lack, in the Creator's plan for man. There need not be a poor person on the planet. The earth is full of resources which we have scarcely touched. The fact is, we live in our own worlds, we are creations of our own thought. Each builds his own world by his thought habit.

Many people keep themselves poor by the slavish fear of poverty, allowing themselves to dwell upon the possibility of coming to want, of not having enough to live upon. The minds of the children in such families are saturated with the fear of poverty; they hear of it from morning till night. They see poverty-stricken conditions everywhere. They hear everybody talking about limitation, lack. Everything around them suggests poverty. Is it any wonder that children, brought up in such an atmosphere, should repeat the poverty-stricken conditions of their parents and environment?

Did you ever think that the terror of poverty, the constant worry about making ends meet, the fear of that awful "rainy day" not only make you unhappy, but actually tends to bring about the conditions that disqualify you from making real progress?

True prosperity is the inward consciousness of spiritual opulence, wholeness, completeness; the consciousness of oneness with the divine Source of abundance and infinite supply; the consciousness of possessing an abundance of all that is good for us in material things, and a personality of character which no disaster on land or sea can destroy. Opulence, in the larger sense in which we use it, is everything that is good for us, abundance of all that is beautiful in life, uplifting and inspiring; abundance of all that is sublime and magnificent. It is everything that will enrich the personality, the experience, the spiritual life.

THE Maker of the tree made me.
How close we are of kin!
Thou hadst no need of Calvary,
But I knew sin.

Philadelphia, Pa. A. A. McCASKILL.

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AIN'T IT FINE TO-DAY?

SURE, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Me! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life, it ain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But to-day is fine!

It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago:
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again to-morrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine to-day! —*Selected.*

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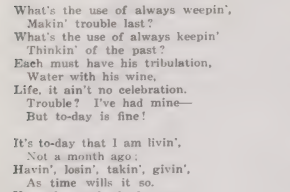

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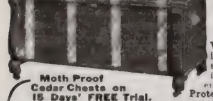

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 960

room for them. The birds of peace and contentment and joy and praise will fly in fast enough if we only invite Jesus Christ, and set the windows of our souls open for his coming. Every time that we perform a living Christ-like service to the poor, or wronged, or neglected, another canary flies back to our window." But rather we would compare peace with the gentle dove, which does not burst forth into rapturous song, but breathes forth in cooing tones the quiet gentleness of its nature.

We may all have the dove of peace abiding in our hearts, and may say with the apostle Paul: "I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." Dr. Cuyler has said: "Some of the happiest people I have known are in the by-ways of life, and no fine equipage ever halts at their humble doors. I used to climb up quite often to a garret in order to catch an ever-bright gleam of heaven's sunshine from an aged blind woman, who could not see the little grandchild who read the Bible to her. She dwelt in perpetual night. But into her soul shone the perpetual light of her Saviour's countenance. Mighty in the Scriptures, she fed on angel's food, and her dingy garret was another Patmos.

"So lived she on, for God was kind,
And well she knew in heaven no eye is blind."

But joy in the heart, which proceeds from the Holy Spirit, is the highest blessedness. A joyous Christian is an honor to the religion which he professes. He will do more than many sermons to lead many people to be Christians.

One day several ministers were dining together at a hospitable home; many witty things were said, and some humorous stories were told; a maid who was waiting on the table several times went out into the entry to have a good laugh all by herself. A few days after the hostess said to her pastor: "Have you heard that our Katy is converted?" "Who did you say?" he asked. "Why, our waiting maid," she replied. "What was it that awakened her and led her to Christ?" he asked. "Well," replied the lady, "you may remember that she waited on the table the day the ministers dined here, and she afterwards told me that she never had heard so much laughing without any swearing. She had served tables at an inn before coming to us, and had been accustomed to hear men jest and swear over their cups, and so she had become accustomed to believe that cheerfulness could not be absolutely pure and blameless."

It is said of the great composer, Haydn, that once, being asked why his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful description, he replied: "I can not make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that notes dance and leap from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

"The wild joy of living," so-called, is not the joy that satisfies an immortal spirit. Coleridge has said: "In the deepest night of sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing. With all our wisdom and foresight we can take a lesson in gladness and gratitude from the happy bird that sings all night as if the day were not long enough to tell its joy."

[In the Sunday School Lesson of August 7, credit was given to Lord Lytton as being the author of the poem, "There is no Death." The poem came into our possession with that name attached. We are now convinced that the author is Mr. J. L. McCreery of Iowa, who wrote it in 1859, and published it in the *Delaware County Journal.*]

WOMEN SOLDIERS

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD there appeared an account of certain women soldiers. As a matter of interest, especially to your host of Pennsylvania readers, here is a transcript of a record in Vol. IV of *Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers:* On page 139, linked by a bracket, are these names and record: "Frank Mayne — Frances Day, Sergeant. Enlisted August 9, 1862. Deserted August 24, 1862. Subsequently killed in battle. See note page 127." Said note reads as follows:

"A melancholy but romantic incident which occurred at this time, is thus related by Judge Rowe in his *Sketch of the Regiment:* 'Before we follow the regiment from Washington, a bit of romance connected with its history is to be chronicled. William Fitzpatrick of Western Virginia loved or was loved by Frances Day. Fitzpatrick enlisted in Company F, from Juniata County, and went to the war with the 126th Regiment. In a short time he fell ill, and on the 24th of August, 1862, whilst the regiment lay at Cloud's Mills, he died in the hospital at Alexandria. On the day he died, Frank Mayne, a sergeant of Company F, unaccountably deserted. When he enlisted he was a stranger to all the men of that company, but in a few days he had so ingratiated himself with all his comrades and officers as to be promoted to sergeant. He was not heard of any more while the regiment remained in service. But long after, in the far West, a soldier, wounded badly in a great battle, could not conceal her sex, and Frances Day then told how she had followed Fitzpatrick into the army, and became herself a soldier and sergeant in the 126th Pennsylvania Volunteers; of her desertion upon her lover's death, and the abandon and despair which led her again to seek the ranks of the army. To verify her story letters were written to the officers of Company F, at Mifflintown, and thus the mystery of the sergeant's desertion was dispelled.'" C. R. GEARHART.

Lock Haven, Pa.

Called Higher

Harvey Stewart Fenner died April 10, 1912, at Mineola, N. Y., aged twelve years.

Mrs. Thomas Fleming (70), of Indiana, Pa., was called to her heavenly home July 26, 1912.

Miss Anna Scott, for many years a reader and subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed away July 24, 1912.

Mrs. Mary A. Phillips, of Newburgh, N. Y., widow of the late Rev. James H. Phillips, entered into rest August 8, 1912, aged 81 years.

F. J. Ashburn, aged eighty years, died at Schilling, W. Va., July 23, 1912. He was a minister of the Gospel for over fifty-two years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hewitt (75), of Sharpsville, Pa., passed away August 9, 1912. She was a devoted Christian.

Mrs. Nancy Nysewander (90), of Osborn, O., died September 1, 1912. She was a faithful Christian for seventy-seven years.

Mrs. Rachel Encke (81), of Atlanta, Mo., entered into rest July 26, 1912. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mrs. Isabella Montgomery (82), of Ada, O., fell peacefully to sleep July 13, 1912, after an illness of over eight months. She was a warm admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. E. A. Hawkins, of Windsor, N. Y., was called to her reward August 21, 1912, at the age of seventy-three years. She was a life-long Christian, serving her Master faithfully.

Mrs. Henry Tilden passed away at her home in Dorchester, Mass., August 28, 1912, at the age of ninety-one years. She was a sincere admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which she had taken for many years.

Thomas H. Carter (71), of Baltimore, Md., died July 9, 1912, after an illness of over ten months. He had been for years a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and an official of the church for years.

HARD TO SEE

Even When the Facts About Coffee Plain.

It is curious how people will refuse believe what one can clearly see.

Tell the average man or woman t the slow but cumulative poisonous eff of caffeine—the alkaloid in tea and cof —tends to weaken the heart, upset nervous system and cause indigestion, they may laugh at you if they don't kn the facts.

Prove it by science or by practi demonstration in the recovery of cof drinkers from the above conditions, a large per cent of the human family shrug their shoulders, take some dr and—keep on drinking coffee or tea.

"Coffee never agreed with me nor w several members of our household," wri a lady. "It enervates, depresses and c ates a feeling of languor and heavine It was only by leaving off coffee using Postum that we discovered cause and way out of these ills.

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Ever read the above letter? A n one appears from time to time. Th are genuine, true, and full of hum interest.

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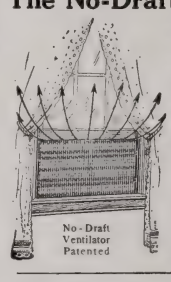

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makes the owner, and friends a neighbors uncomfortable. It is near always caused by a bad stomach. G fermentation and acid may be immed ately removed by the use of Murra Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmed cated), and irritation being remove the disposition improves at once. F *a single trial,* a full size, 25 cent b will be sent for 10 cents in stamp A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

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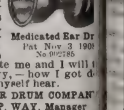

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UR YOUNGER READERS

Heaven Is Not Reached at a Single Bound

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

J. G. H.

FOR ALL HALLOWE'EN

ARLY in October is none too soon to prepare for an All Hallowe'en frolic. Ever so many school societies and Sunday-school bands have written to the Corner asking for suggestions for all Hallowe'en. So we have put a Hallowe'en party in the form of a story-making affair, though it can easily be carried out as a frolic pure and simple by leaving the money-making part out of it and substituting other prizes and costumes.

As to it that the rooms where the party is to be given are liberally festooned with orange and black cheesecloth and/or crêpe paper and invitingly decked by no other means than an open fire and jack-o'-lamps, large and small, carefully and artistically placed.

Plenty of large and tempting red apples should hang just out of reach on long strings stretched across the room in several directions. One of the funniest sights imaginable is to see twenty-five or thirty people, each trying to take a bite out of an apple hanging from a string.

Pretty maids dressed as witches in robes of yellow and black cheesecloth or crêpe paper, and topped with a witch's copiæ cap, should go about among the guests with little slips of paper urging the guests to "try to bite an apple, please, five cents a try." Two pretty girls should go around crying out "Apple bobs for sale. Come buy, come buy," and pointing the way to tubs three-quarters full of water where many rosy apples float. Apple-bobbing is sure to be popular, and groups of enthusiasts will soon be gathering about awaiting their turn. A penny is added to the zest of apple-bobbing if pressed into each apple before it is a bean, a grain of corn, or a penny.

The old game of Apple-Bob played by our great grandmothers was played in this way: If you secure an apple with a bean in it, "Yours will be a fair life, with peace and plenty and a pretty wife." The grain of corn indicates that you will marry a professional man, or be one if you are a boy, and the button points to a life of single blessedness.

Guess Me, Please

Have a little stand in the corner named "Guess Me, Please," in letters made of cranberries or popcorn, and a delightful little witch could ask people to buy from her a privilege to guess the number of grapes on a branch; of grains on an ear of corn; of beans in a bag of chestnuts, or of peas in a basket heaped with the beautiful rosy fruit. A large chrysanthemum might invite you to guess the number of petals in its shaggy head, or an autumn rose ticketed "The Last Rose of Summer" could invitingly suggest that you guess the number of its unfallen rose leaves. Nice prizes for nearest guessers are a deep-dish pumpkin pie, or a dozen corn muffins all brown and tempting in a new tin box and plenty of tissue paper for the one guessing nearest the number of kernels on the ear of corn; or a jar of grape preserves or a tumbler of rich jelly for the lucky guesser of the bunch of grapes. A basket of chestnuts, a peck of apples, a dozen ears of popcorn would also be nice for prizes.

A simple and funny magic lantern entertainment for twenty-five cents a ticket is sure to be a popular feature, and a very nice Hallowe'en supper can be served for fifty cents a plate.

The Feature of the Evening—Games After Supper

THE room in which the games are to be played should be emptied of all furniture except chairs. A Hallowe'en witch dressed like the others should start the game-ball rolling by announcing: "Blindfolders may be bought in the hall for five cents apiece." Everybody, of course, will buy a blindfolder, which consists of a folded strip of white muslin large enough to encircle the head. At a signal from the piano, when everybody is good and ready, a big game of Blind Man's Buff should begin. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes the hostess witch must announce, "Tickets to Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Who will buy tickets to Jerusalem, five cents apiece?" A long line of chairs should be arranged alternately down the center of the room, while everybody joins in the good old game, Going to Jerusalem, or Musical Chair. This is great fun if the players dress in sheets and pillow cases and march to solemn music. Puss in the Corner, Hide the Slipper, Cobbler, Cobbler, Round and Round the Mulberry Bush, Alphabet, Jingles, London Bridge, Forfeits, How Many Miles to Babylon, Dumb Crambo, Charades, The Muffin Man, Stage Coach, Still Pond No More Moving, Last Couple Out, and as many more of the good old-fashioned games as there is time for. A good ghost story that ends happily is always a nice finale to a Hallowe'en frolic.

Our Prize Offer

The Cozy Corner prizes will be ready by October 7, and all boys and girls who have sent in names of their friends will receive one.

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

THE SANDMAN

The rosy clouds float overhead;
The sun is going down:
Now the Sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes:
Every child right well he knows:
The he is very wise!

When you hear the Sandman's song
And through the twilight sweet,
Are you do not keep him long
Waiting on the street.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till by your bed, his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.

Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

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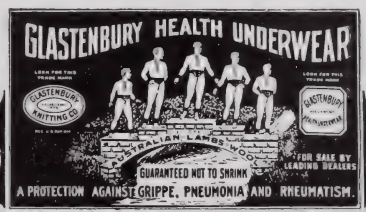

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THE METHODISTS AND THE CATHOLICS

IN ITS issue of September 12, the *Christian Advocate* of New York, in an article of remarkable force and clearness, thus defined the attitude of the Methodist Church in America on the Roman Catholic question:

"The Methodists propose to make a clear distinction between the Roman Church as a religious body, dedicated to the proclamation of the Gospel of the crucified One, and the politico-ecclesiastical institution which under the same name asserts its right to the temporal as well as the spiritual sovereignty of the world. They see no necessary connection between the vital piety of multitudes of Romanists and the arrogant claims of the Papacy.

"The Methodists propose to continue exposing the fallacy that Rome alone has "the keys" and the authority to "bind and loose." They will go on affirming one Holy Catholic Church, the body of Christ, with many members, a goodly fellowship of Greeks, Romanists, Armenians, Copts, Protestants, Anglicans and whatever other artificial labeling may be discovered among them, one in spirit but various in outward expression. Neither badges nor shibboleths, neither banners nor symbols, will be reckoned as tests of truth. Fidelity to the plain meaning of the Holy Scriptures and the obvious teachings of Jesus Christ will constitute their criteria for discriminating the chaff from the wheat. They will recognize no schism but separation from Christ. Those who are in spiritual fellowship with him are of the Holy Catholic Church.

"The Methodists will persist in expressing, as they did at the late General Conference of one branch of their denomination, 'the deepest sympathy with as well as love toward the priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches who are working toward a more spiritual interpretation of the Christian faith.' There are many such, and though they are a trouble to the politico-ecclesiastical machine, and are increasing everywhere in strength and vexatiousness, they will be recognized by Rome herself in the long run as the providential means by which the Church was saved from the corruptions which brought on the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century.

"The Methodists will continue to lay bare the record of political Romanism in those countries where she has been dominant, both as an admonition to liberty-loving people and as a justification of Protestant missions in so-called Catholic nations. They will point to the history of Spain, Italy and France, they will recall the struggles of Holland, the debasement of the Philippines, and the depravity of South America and Mexico, and only ask that the common sense of mankind be permitted to judge Rome by the results of an impartial examination of these records. Methodists are simply anxious that what has occurred in other lands and at other times shall not be reproduced in America at any time. The writer in the *Catholic World*, to whom we are making response, declared that Romanists are "destined to win this country by sheer force of religious superiority." If they could obtain that coveted prize by such a spiritual preeminence no broad-minded man in the Christian Church would object. Unfortunately Rome hopes for conquest by carnal as well as spiritual methods. It is futile for her defenders, like the writer in the *Catholic World*, to denounce as lies the accusations of those who charge her with political intrigues. 'The Church will never come to its own until there are more Catholics in Congress,' says Archbishop Ireland. 'It is our duty to direct every individual, and also the rulers in public, social and political affairs, . . . to make of the United States, according to a dream that is no longer visionary, the first Catholic nation of the world,' declares Pius X in an allocution. 'A little practice of practical Catholicity now in their political relations will be an excellent preparation for the fight that is prophesied by events,' says the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, O., concerning what is called 'the great party of Catholic voters.' 'Tell us we are Catholics first and Americans or English afterward; of course we are,' says a priest in a sermon reported in the *Western Watchman*, a Romanist paper. 'It is one of vital importance to the three American cardinals,' says Cardinal Farley of Major Butt's mission to Rome. What folly in the face of such deliverances to pretend that only a spiritual propaganda is contemplated by political Rome!"

. . .

Catholics and the Schools of Lowell

UP TO about a year ago, the governing power of Lowell consisted of a mayor, a board of aldermen and a common council, but this year we are under the commission form of government, which consists of five men and a school committee of five. Of the five commissioners at least three are Catholics, and at least four of the five men on the school board are Catholics. Up to the present year our school board has been largely made up of Protestants; but this year the women of the city had an opportunity to vote, and we feel that it was largely due to this fact that so many of the Catholics got into office. Simply for the reason that the *Catholic women turned out in much larger numbers* than the Protestants. Unless the complexion of our school board is changed, eventually the Catholic teachers will dominate our public schools.

Lowell, Mass. C. D.

. . .

Papal Defiance of Law

SEVERAL illegal public processions were organized last month by the Romanists, the most noteworthy being from the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Southwark on the evening of June 10, when the Host was carried into the Lambeth Road by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark. It is very evident that the organizers of this illegal procession, which was conducted in contravention of the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, feared lest the authorities might stop it, or that a public Protestant protest might be made, for they kept their object a close secret until the last moment, when they emerged, like a lot of guilty schoolboys breaking into an orchard, from the doors of St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, carrying their wafer-god beneath a gaudy golden canopy. The *Catholic Times* says: "The fact that the Sacred Host was to be carried had not been made public." The *Tablet* (Catholic) states: "And then came the surprise of the gathering. Known only to a few, it had been decided to carry the Blessed Sacrament in procession into the public highway." This secrecy on the part of the organizers shows that they were fully aware of the illegality of their action.—*Protestant Observer, London, July, 1912.*

. . .

Catholic Federation

THE Federation of Catholic Societies is only in its infancy, and yet it has accomplished results that are amazing in proportion to the difficulties with which it had to contend. Instituted as a means of Catholic defense, it has met many old-standing forms of aggression and brought them to silence. It has placed the Catholic position prominently before the general public, and thus served to dissipate many long-standing prejudices. It has helped to show the Catholic people themselves their own important position as citizens of the country and thus aroused in them a sense of their rights and a determination to maintain them.—*Boston Pilot, August 24.*

OUR BABY'S JOURNAL

A mother's nursery book in whi may be recorded the chief events baby's life. Texts and illustratic lithographed in many colors. *Bound half white moire silk.* Boxed. Co tains spaces for first photograph, date of birth, weight, name, presents, first laugh, first tooth, first words, first shoes, first short clothes, first steps, second photograph, yearly record of age, weight, height and birthday notes. Beautifully embossed with apple blossoms and lilacs in natural colors.

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"Pat," *by Kilbourne Cowles.* **"Clarisse of the Cronanqua,"** *by B. M. Conn*
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"The O'Hara Epidemic," *by Louise Rand Bascom.*
"Felicia-Patricia," *by Maude Woodruff Newe*
"The Frigidity of Frankenstein," *by William Hamilton Osborne.*
"One Merry Christmas," *by Harriet Prescott Spofford.*
"When a Woman Will," *by Harriet Lummis Smit*

And these general interest articles:

"The Glory Hole" **"The Care of the Breadbox"**
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"The Criminal in the Home" **"Going to the Candy Store with Johnn**

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"Indigestion, Its Causes and Treatment," *by Dr. Franklin W. White.*
"Teeth and Their Care," *by Dr. Herbert Locke Wheele*

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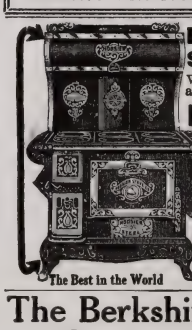

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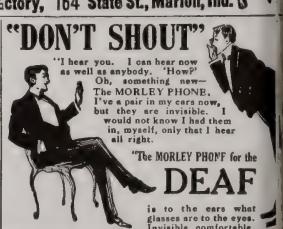

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TORIES OF ANSWERED PRAYER

ON SATURDAY, the 8th, I shall be, if I live, eighty-four years old. Passing through many severe trials, I have n brought through by prayer from tenth year. My prayers have al- ys been answered when they have n from a pure desire. Jesus said, hat things soever ye desire, when pray, believe that ye have received m and ye shall have them.' I have d seventy-four years to learn the ts that God hears and answers all ayers where there is need, and that ayer must be in faith. The more life is lengthened my faith grows onger."

These sentences are taken from a ter written by Mr. J. S. Perkins, of st Dixfield, Me. Seventy-four years living the life of faith is an inspir- record. Here is another:

"I feel it my duty as well as a pleas- e to speak of the goodness of my avenly Father in answering prayer through my life. Am now ninety- years of age." Such is the testi- ny of Mrs. S. Y. Egan, who writes om San Diego, Calif.

The "Answered Prayer" letters re- ved at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ce make a most impressive testimo- il to the place and power of prayer the life of the American people. Ac- panying letters like those quoted ove, written by aged saints who ve proved through a long life the acy of prayer, come words from ung and middle-aged Christians o are making God their partner d friend in the affairs of life. The ters come pouring in from all quar- s of the continent, giving incident on incident in which the power and e of God have been manifested in swer to prayer.

There is a story of heartbreak in is letter, heartbreak that has given ace to joy: "God answered my ayer. He sent my boy home." L. H., of Natrona, Pa., writes: "My other, who was ill unto death, was aled through prayer, and another other was brought into the kingdom the prayer of God's people." There ems something of the air of Beth- y about that letter. One hears the ho of the sad words: "Lord, if thou dst been here my brother had not ed," and the cheering assurance: hy brother shall rise again."

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain.
We touch him, in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

In this letter from Texas there are ggestions of another sad story ven a happy ending through prayer: wish to acknowledge, through your swered prayer column, that God in s infinite mercy and wisdom has re- ored a dear one to health and ought news of one supposed to be ad." Here is another practical ayer that has been answered. Miss S., of Detroit, Mich., writes: "I ish to have it published that my ayer for help from God to get my ucation has been answered." In e letter of a lady of Washington, C., is a phrase that dissatisfied ople everywhere would do well to nder. Every one is wishing for ppiness. We are apt to forget that od wants us to be happy, even more an we can want happiness our- lves. And the place to find happi- ss is in prayer. This lady writes: wish to acknowledge that the heav- ly Father has answered a prayer at has made me very happy." We ed often the warning of the old- shioned hymn:

Oh, what peace we often forfeit;
Oh, what needless pains we bear:
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Letters telling of answered prayers ve also been received from:

S. E. S., Denver, Colo.; C. H. R., Columbus, ; H. C. D., McVeytown, Pa.; Reader, arlestown, W. Va.; E. C. A., Brockport, N. ; A Reader, Terrell, Texas; A. C. H., South ange, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W., Newport, Ore.; M. E., Marion, Ia.; Mrs. B., Lisbon, N. Y.; A Reader, Hebron, Neb.; Mrs. A. W. C., Flowella, Texas; S. E. K., Chico, Calif.; J. B. Oswego, N. Y.; M. A. J., Detroit, Mich.; M. S., Bainbridge, N. Y.; M. M. McG., Goodwater, Miss.; E. M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. T. D., Hiteman, Ia.; C. W. P., Butte, Mont.; A Subscriber, Shenandoah, Va.; F. A. Y., Stonington, Conn.; Mrs. F. P. Y., Denver, Colo.; E. B., New York, N. Y.; Mrs. F. W., Alderson, W. Va.; Mrs. W. H. B., Armon, Ont., Can.; A. M. H., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. M. H., Cushing, Okla.; Mrs. J. H. K., Newark, N. J.; W. H., Ingram, Pa.; Mrs. T. H., Cloverdale, Ore.; Mrs. M. E. T., Sidney, N. Y.; Mrs. D., Delaplane, Va.; C. R. C., McKeesport, Pa.; Mrs. M. M. H., Fairland, Ind.; Mrs. J. R. McP., Geneva, Neb.; Mrs. E. B., Sebastopol, Calif.; C. L. G., Waterloo, Ia.; Mrs. E. A. B., Reno, Nev.; M. M., Williamsburg, Pa.; M. E. H., Cortland, N. Y.; J. S., Brussels, Ont., Can.; E. D., Norristown, Pa.; A Subscriber, Danville, N. Y.; Mrs. H. R. O'B., Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. L. A. C., Gravesport, O.; J. S. C., Millbrook, N. Y.; L. W. S., Moores Corner, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. A., Newark, N. J.; Mrs. C. A. B., Montverde, Fla.; Mrs. A. M. T., Vernon, B. C.; A. E. E., Atkinson, Neb.; G. P., Hedgesville, Mont.; Mrs. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; D. M. H., Grafton, W. Va.; L. D. E., Middleboro, Mass.; Mrs. S. C. T., Dunlap, Kan.; Mrs. S. M., Altoona, Pa.; A. O. L., Naples, N. Y.; Mrs. G. W. H., Chambersburg, Pa.; M. W., Clark, Pa.; Mrs. B. W., Stoneville, N. C.; A Subscriber, Johnson City, Tenn.; A Reader, Stamford, Conn.; K. E. L., Elizabeth City, N. C.; A Reader, Kane, Pa.; Mr. A. S., Shrewsbury, Mo.; A Reader, Logansport, Ind.; A. R., Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. A. J. R., Walkerville, Mich.; Reader, Mexico, Texas; J. S. B., McC., Wheatland, Ind.; A. P. G., Panama, N. Y.; Mrs. E. R. S., Falls City, Neb.; E. W., Pomona, Calif.; Mrs. E. M. S., Greene, N. Y.; M. W., Corbin, N. Y.; A. B. B., Portland, Ore.; P. N. W., Fostertown, Newburgh, N. Y.; Mrs. S. S., Wagner, S. D.; E. C. A., Chicago, Ill.; H. B. H., Warren, Pa.; A. M. A., Ogden, N. Y.; Reader, Pevely, Mo.; J. Q. F., Philadelphia, Pa.; H. D. M., Plainfield, N. J.; H. A., Waco, Neb.; Mrs. S., Norfolk, Neb.; Mrs. C. B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. A. C. J., Richmond, Va.; Reader, Palmyra, Mo.; J. E. E., Victoria, Texas.

$13,400.31 on the Side

Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twenty-five years has cleared $13,400.31 from hens. This is a remarkable record, when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a day in a store and all the time he has to put in with his hens is what he can get morning, noon and night. This $13,400.31 was all made on the side. Nor does Mr. Dunlap get fancy prices for what he has to sell. He ships to Boston, and takes current quotations from the commission men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty hens. In 1910 his poultry profits figured out $1188.05—and this is all on the side. Mr. Dunlap's hens have bought him a beautiful home, purchased a horse and carriage, sent three boys to school and college, besides saving something for a rainy day. Can others do equally well?" Sure thing," says Mr. Dunlap, "if they will wear out the soles of their shoes faster than they do the seat of their chair." The story of Mr. Dunlap's success and his methods is told in the book, "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping," and it is only one out of a score of things to set the blood tingling and make one resolve to get next to the $600,000,000 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him $1,009.31 in 1910, and kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping."

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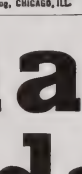

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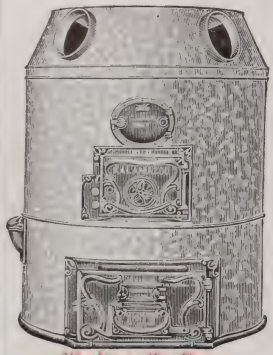

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1912

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From a painting by R. Eickemeyer, Jr.

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

In the Potato Field

The Hand Cultivators Among the Beans

Work That Is Made Into Fun

COLLEGE FEES RIGHT FROM THE SOIL

"EY, you fellows! All aboard for the sparkling streamlet!"

A dozen sun-tanned students, who had been working industriously at the celery-beds of the College Farm at Princeton, straightened up, and, with suspicious celerity, fell into line for the to the brook. This brook finds its way through -five acres of fine farm land that the Princeton Uni- y trustees have lent for cultivation to those students ind it necessary to earn their college fees and their while acquiring an education. It was a five-minutes' across plowed fields, and on the way student-farmers l enthusiastically about their summer experiences.

njoying ourselves?" laughed one sunburned boy. , just watch us. We are having a far better time any pampered pet of adoring parents who at this nt is basking in the calcium at a fashionable summer . Me for the 'back to the soil' experience every None of us ever felt better in our young lives, be- me.

; we have no whistle to call us to work, and no set of . We're just a little band of willing workers, and the edge that we are getting a college education by our ons on the farm makes the work as good as fun. Be- just look at the practical knowledge of the agricultural business we are ring. Haven't we got it all over the chaps who sit and throw pebbles at aves all through the summer vacation? Any one of us knows enough to a truck-farm if we had to, and of us were as green as those to- plants about farming when we ame on the college reservation.

ow did we learn? Well, that was of the plan all thought out by our Mater. The student you saw ow—the one who was not working quit your kidding, you fellows; don't work yourselves, you can't that I don't)—I mean the over- tudent—he knows all about farm- You see, he was born and brought a farm, and he runs this thirty- re truckery in the real profes- l way. He had to show us what in the first place. Now, each fel- knows his work thoroughly, and thing moves like five thousand s' worth of motor car on an as- road. There is no real bossing, understand. We know our work ell. And another thing let me tell There are too many chaps all the country looking for this snap ny of us to risk our chance by sol- g on the job. Here's the place we get off to take a drink."

tin cup furnished the fastidious he means of dipping up the water, nost of the students lay at full h on the edge of the brook and in the fashion favored by simple ns of the Stone Age. In the same ing brook, below the drinking-point, other students indulged in a near-bath. Then, much refreshed within and without, the members of the College Farm Squad trooped back to the hoes, the hand-cultivators and the celery-beds.

The Water Wagon

"To continue," said my own particular student. "I was telling you there are many fellows looking for a chance to get on this farm, who can't make it. You see, the number of boys permitted to farm has to be limited by the extent of the land. Otherwise, the plan would not work. You would be surprised to know how many students have begged to be allowed to join the working-squad, who haven't the least need of the money. Chaps with everything they want have asked to come into our little 'honest sons of toil band,' because they see how we enjoy it, and how it keeps us in splendid condition. Football men and members of the athletic teams have had to be chased away. They have clamored to be permitted to become farmers. It appeals to them as serving the same end as training, without the awful drudgery of training on track or field. But we can't have them spoiling our game. We need this little thirty-five-acre truck-patch for our own little college expenses.

"But before long something will probably be done by the trustees for the clamoring throngs. From all over the country, as far as Texas, letters have come by the hundred, begging for a chance to work through Old Nassau by putting in time on the College Farm. It will probably result in a big increase in the acreage, and then the 'working-through' squad can be increased in numbers.

"One result of the innovation has been to remove from Princeton the stigma, if it can be so called, of being a rich man's college. Perhaps that was what influenced the trustees, to some extent, in establishing this means of working through the university course. Anyway, no one can reproach us any more with being a university solely for exclusives, since the college made it possible for any boy of the right sort to get an education here without doing more than work for it. Of course, the farm does not actually pay the entire bill. But the trustees look after the deficit. We get our education, and live at the college, and in return we till the soil of this bully little farm, and furnish the tables of the seat of learning to which we are attached with the best kind of vegetables, right from the soil at the college door.

"When the dinner-hour comes, you will see us meander in the direction of the university. We are the only students there at this vacation time, and we dine all together and live together. It wouldn't be such fun if we didn't share each other's troubles and find comfort in numbers. There are about sixteen of us now.

The Student Farmers Adjourn to the Brook

Continued on page 993

WORLD SCIENTISTS IN CONCLAV

THAT old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," seems to have become the slogan, not only of the careful old-fashioned housewives, but, of the medical profession as it is represented by its leading members from all parts of the world. During the last week of September this was proven time after time in the sessions of the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography which, for the first time in the sixty years of its history, met on American soil, at Washington, D. C. For several days before the actual sessions began the hotel corridors of Washington were abuzz with cosmopolitan activity, and as there were over two thousand foreign delegates, some of the hotels heard more different foreign languages and more of them than ever before in their history.

President Taft, who was introduced by Dr. Henry P. Walcott of Boston, the chairman of the conference, opened the sessions with a speech of welcome to the delegates. Mr. Taft made a special trip from Beverly, his summer home, to Washington, to make this address in his capacity as honorary president of the organization. Surrounding him on the platform were many foreign diplomats resident in Washington, and the chairmen of the foreign delegations to the congress. Resplendent in gold lace and varied uniforms, the military and naval delegates, including high officers of the French, Austrian, German, English, Russian, and Italian armies and navies, added color to the setting. It was the greatest international conclave of scientific men America had ever seen. Mr. Taft aroused considerable enthusiasm when in the course of his address he said: "We need to develop under governmental auspices a bureau or a department in which the funds of the government shall be expended for research of every kind useful in the practice and enforcement of hygiene and preventative medicine. That something of this sort may grow out of the present United States Public Health Service there is reason to believe, but it will need far greater appropriations and a widening of its scope of duties before it shall have filled the place that the medical profession of this country has a right to expect the general government to create in the progress of hygiene and demography."

When after the President's address the roll call of the nations took place the heads of thirty-three delegations representing as many different governments responded to the President's greetings. There was an informal reception at the White House, and immediately afterward the congress plunged into its discussions on the problems which arise in the world-wide efforts of the medical profession to conserve human life and health.

There were two main divisions of the congress, nine sections and two subsections. In the sessions of each of these sections and subsections hundreds of papers were read, addresses delivered and discussions carried on relative to the thousands of subjects which this great body of the world's scientists had met to consider. As had been anticipated, there came forth in the course of these proceedings the announcements that important discoveries and advances had been made since the last International session of the conference took place. Drs. John F. Anderson and Joseph Goldberger of the United States Public Health Service made public three discoveries in connection with their studies of measles and typhus fever. Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research announced the discovery of a new unnamed organism which has a vital connection with the transmission and growth of tumors. Dr. Frederick G. Novy of the University of Michigan told of his discovery of one of the smallest and deadliest of micro-organisms which he believes will prove of the greatest value in wiping out the bubonic plague, as the newly discovered organism is peculiarly adapted to the production of fatal disease in rats, and, so far as his experiments have led, in rats only. Measuring only one-billionth of a cubic centimeter in size, he said, this micro-organism would kill a rat in a single day.

Photo copyright by G. V. Buck

President Taft Opening the Fifteenth International Conference on Hygiene, Washington, D. C.

During the conference subjects varying through all the phases of hygiene and preventative medicine were thoroughly canvassed. Municipal health problems of all sorts were discussed by men who have been in close contact with the great problems of such centers of population as London, England; New York; Berlin, Germany; and Chicago. Dr. Max Rubner, who was introduced to the congress as the "Dr. Wiley of Germany," delivered a special address on the "Nutriment of the People." "One of the greatest, if not the greatest, of problems now confronting mankind," said Dr. Rubner, "is that of providing the race with proper nourishment. It is of such importance, in fact, that every large city should have a department in its government clothed with plenary powers of caring for this branch of the people's welfare." He also told the convention that malnutrition in children, even from homes where it was absolutely unnecessary, had become so general and reached such a critical stage in parts of the world that, unless the State and municipal authorities made provisions to enforce proper feeding of the younger generation, it was a question if the human race was to be saved from degeneration. The doctor said further:

"Then, too, cooking is a lost art so far as women in this modern age are concerned. This condition should not be so, and is a big factor in the high cost of living.

"Housekeeping is a noble art, an interesting high vocation. Cases of actual starvation are numerous, but cases of undernourishment are common to an extent that is horrifying."

The following days were filled with discussions on the hygiene of almost every conceivable phase of human activity; the hygiene of factories and factory-workers, of mines and miners, of the office, the street above all, else, of the school and public places. Sir Thomas Oliver of the University of Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle, England, delivered an address in the National Museum on the evening of September 23. He spoke on "Dust and Fumes, Foes of Industrial Life," and presented many new and original aspects of the problem. M. Jacques Bertillon, a noted French health statistician, addressed the congress on "Mortality and Causes of Death in the Professions." His statements caused considerable discussion and it is hoped, led to the promotion of new ideas in hygiene for the men and women in professional life.

One interesting feature of the congress was a great exhibit which was prepared in a temporary building erected for the purpose. Here almost every conceivable device of value in the promotion of health and the prevention of disease was exhibited. "Prevention" might well have been inscribed over the entrance of this temporary hall, for from the "kill the fly" sign in the window of a market to the big working model of a city filtration plant all worked toward that one idea. The activities of the public health service and its various bureaus, what States and cities and hundreds of private charities are accomplishing, how the tenement-dwellers of large cities are being taught better housing and living conditions, what large manufacturing concerns and other employers are doing for the well-being of their employees, how the welfare of babies are being looked after, what children's playgrounds are accomplishing, and what schools and colleges are doing in their physical development departments, are all placed vividly before the eye by working models and demonstrations.

That the entire time of the sessions in Washington was not devoted to serious business was evidenced by the fact that the Washington Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce entered into the activities of the conference with an elaborate program of entertainment. There was a garden party at the White House, a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, a public reception at the New National Museum and a number of trips down the Potomac River.

TOPICS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD

—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS of New York City opened September 9 with 730,000 pupils as against 703,000 last year. Owing to the lack of school accommodations some 80,000 pupils will attend on part time only.

—THE SALVATION ARMY announces its intention of erecting a Central Training College as a fitting memorial to the late General William Booth, the founder and head of the Army. General Bramwell Booth has approved the project. It is estimated that $250,000 will be required to erect the proposed building.

—HENRY HOUSEN, a reader of this paper in Kansas, writes that the plague among horses in that State has already carried off 6,000 victims in the last few weeks. Kansas has been blessed with good crops this year, but the horse epidemic will probably prove a severe handicap. Injections of serum have been tried but have proved of little value.

—PROBABLY THE SEVEREST TYPHOON recorded swept over Japan on Sunday, September 22. The loss of life was very heavy and tens of thousands were rendered homeless. It is estimated that the damage done from a material standpoint will amount to $20,000,000. At Gifu 262 people were killed and 283 injured. Every house in Nagoya was overthrown, the entire harbor demolished and three steamers sunk. At Osaka, 20,000 houses were ruined, and the piers and breakwaters of the harbor swept away.

—ENGLAND HAS NOT BEEN alone in finding herself compelled to count up into almost appalling figures the damages which have been done by a summer of almost constant rain and attendant floods. The rains in Holland and Sweden have caused great damage to crops, and have swept away and submerged many homesteads. The bridge at Kvibille, carrying traffic between Falkenberg and Halmstad, has been entirely destroyed. Several persons are known to have been killed and many others are reported missing. Church services in a number of the hamlets and smaller towns have been suspended, as it is impossible for the circuit-riding clergymen to reach them.

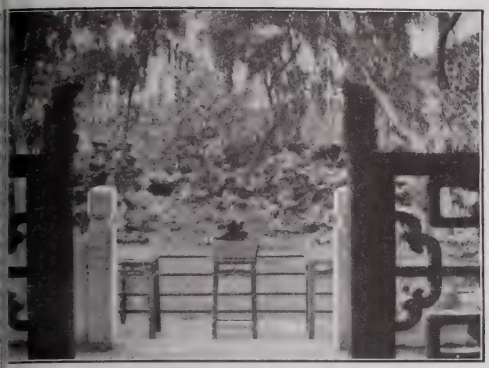
—THAT THE RELIGIOUS question is entering into politics is made evident from many indications. One of the latest is contained in a letter from Paul F. Dehnel, editor of the *Republican*, Worthington, Minn., who writes: "I am enclosing a copy of my platform. I am a candidate for Congressman-at-large in Minnesota, and, as you will observe, I have adopted one of the planks of the Guardians of Liberty." The plank referred to is that which declares for the preservation of our institutions against any foreign and menacing influence, and that Congress should protest against diversion of public funds or lands to any religious or sectarian purpose. Mr. Dehnel's platform has been strongly approved by a number of editors and pastors, and he is evidently making a good fight and winning many friends.

—IT IS SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE that three great conferences dealing with the leading issues of the day were held recently simultaneously, two in this country and one in Europe. The nineteenth International Peace Congress opened at Geneva September 23, and every country in the world sent delegates except Italy. The chief issues discussed were questions of international law and international relations, taking up specially the duties of pacifists. On the same day the Fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce convened at Boston to consider the increasing high cost of living and other cognate problems. There were forty-four foreign representatives and several hundred delegates of national prominence. The chief topics discussed were tariff revision, legislation regulating monopolies and trusts, co-operation, elimination of the middleman, municipal markets, workingmen's compensation and housekeeping clubs. The great unrest of the country caused by the high prices was emphasized and it was pointed out that this unrest and discontent might finally lead to revolution. The third conference constituted the fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography and was held in Washington the first week. An account of this conference appears above.

A CHINESE NOBLEMAN AT HOME

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF A HIGH FUNCTIONARY OF WEALTH IN THE DAYS OF THE PAST IMPERIAL REGIME

BY E. R. JOHNSTONE



One of the Ferneries in the Inner Court

A Chinese Lady at Home

The Lotos-Covered Lake on Lord Ho's Grounds

WOULD you like to meet a Chinese millionaire of high rank in his own ancestral home?" asked my friend as we sat on the porch of his high house in Chinkiang one ay in June, some years ago. This was years be- re the revolution, which has since changed hina's imperial government to that of a republic d sealed the doom of rank and title in that land here many titles dated back nearly a thousand ars.

"I would like it above all things," I replied.

So it came about that, soon after, we were duly vited to call upon Lord Ho at Yangchow, in the rovince of Kiangsu, and to see what few foreigners er witness—a bit of the home-life of a great Chi- se nobleman of the old régime. This unusual nor was due to my friend, who has occupied a gh position in the missionary field in China for e last twenty-seven years, and who not only peaks "Mandarin" but several dialects fluently, d is *persona grata* with many an over-lord, anchu as well as Chinese proper.

Yangchow is one of the ten great cities of China d is located on the Grand Canal about fourteen iles north of the Yangtsekiang, or sixteen miles om Chinkiang. The city is walled and has a ative population of more than three-quarters of a illion, while of foreign residents there is a scant zen—all missionaries, save two petroleum agents. e reached the city from Chinkiang by steam unch, passing, as always when voyaging on the rand Canal, hundreds of novel sights.

For miles along the canal front the launch made ow way through the narrow lanes left by the housands of junks and sampans, finally mooring pposite one of the largest of the traffic gates which ierce the huge wall at intervals, and which are rowded with men, merchandise and mendicants.

From the gate we made our way in sedan chairs, an advance courier, who shouted our greatness and our destination, being a necessity, so narrow were the thoroughfares and so crowded with men, women, children, donkeys, caribaos, wheelbarrows and goods of every conceivable variety.

Unless you visit Yangchow, Suchow, or some of the large cities without foreign concession-areas, you never see the real China; never can appreciate the density of urban population, the multifarious occupations, the range of manufacture, the startling difference between the caste of the coolie and that of the artisan. My friend had told me of the splendor in which Lord Ho lived, but it was hard to believe the tale when we alighted at his gate. His house was enclosed by a wall that stretched from right to left for hundreds of feet, but the embrasure through which we made our way to the dingy metal gate of entrance was far from inviting, filled as it was with beggars and filth that disgustingly appealed to more than the sense of sight.

What a change when the gates swung open in welcome! We were ushered into a large antechamber where the grandsons of our host awaited us. Without were misery and dirt—within, luxury and high refinement. There was a homelike air that I had not found in any of the other yamens (official homes) into which duty and ceremony had called me.

Before we had advanced more than a dozen steps, tea was served us, and by servants of a caste much above any I had seen before. The major-domo or butler of the primary gate was dressed in beautiful silks, and while he "kotowed" deeply and often, he did so with full retention of personal dignity. The grandsons—young men of from eighteen to twenty-one years—spoke purest English, having had foreign tutors from their infancy, and the elder of the two in welcoming us begged that we would forgive and forget the "filthy appearance of the house," due to the fact that the family had been in occupancy but a few days, having recently come from their Shanghai residence on the Bubbling Well Road.

After a long walk through corridors paved with tiles of many colors and lined with porcelain columns of beauty and rarity, we reached a *patio* or court with playing fountains and exquisite plants, flowers and dwarfed trees. Here we found tables set with tea equipage of rare china, and with confections and cakes of all the colors of the rainbow and all the tastes of a delicatessen cargo.

From a door near by there came to us an old man —considerably over three-score and ten, but reasonably vigorous—who greeted us with the most dignified hospitality and the most impressive courtesy imaginable. Lord Ho is not only very rich but very learned. He is an authority on Chinese antiques, accumulation of which has been his pastime for years. He held high office in the old Imperial Government at Peking; having been prefect, taotai, governor, foreign minister, and the like, and retired from public life only because of advancing years and the desire to spend the rest of his days in the bosom of his family.

He is of medium height, with piercing black eyes, a chin-beard of the Brother Jonathan variety, a complexion not unlike that of the high-class American Indian; wears his nails exceptionally long, and dresses in a modest-tinted robe of silk, belted at the waist in simplest fashion, and as far removed as possible from the gaudy or the spectacular. On his head was a fez-shaped cap, from the front of which gleamed a fine ruby—his single notable ornament.

Chinese courtesy is apt to wear upon the foreigner, so elaborate is it, so long-drawn. Lord Ho eschewed all that, greeted us as an American ex-official of years, wealth and prominence might have done, and begged us to be seated. (The invitation

Continued on page 999

Chinese Ladies Ready to Receive Guests

A Restful Corner in the Garden

THE CHURCH'S OPPORTUNITIES

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

TEXT: "The field is the world." Matt. 13: 38

OUR churches in America may for the sake of definition be divided into two classes: inspirational and institutional. Only a few churches can be institutional. Every church should be inspirational. The institutional church requires generally a great outlay of money—more than the average church can command. A church in the nature of the case is not a money-making institution any more than a home. There are three great institutions in society which are continually requiring money, but never earning any. Those are the church, the family and the school. Yet no man begrudges the money he spends on his home. He will pay out hundreds of dollars for the care, growth, feeding, housing, clothing, and educating of a child, and if he never gets a cent of money back counts the money all well spent if the child grows up to be a good man. The same thing is true of our thought of the school. We do not begrudge the expenses of a public school, a college or a university, although we are constantly spending money to send our children to them. Neither should we count the cost of maintaining a church, although we are getting no money dividends from it. The dividends, of course, are in manhood and womanhood, which in the long run are worth more than all the money in creation. But while this is true, the average community composed of average wage-earners cannot afford to maintain what is known as an institutional church. It requires more money than can be continually raised. That does not mean, however, that the average church cannot be a power of life against death. Any real inspirational church has a tremendous reason for existence and can carry on the work which Jesus commanded and prophesied. Let us see what the average church of to-day has within its own organization to use for power. These forces do not have to be created; they are already in existence, which is a tremendous thing to begin with. Have you ever stopped to think how long it takes to organize anything which really lives? Nearly every day some new society or organization springs into existence and nearly every day some one that was born a few months ago dies. The church, however, is organized right to our hand and has the great advantage of having behind it the centuries.

Engines of Power

Right at the hand of the church as an engine of power is the Sunday school. It is not only a great religious but a great educational institution. The report of the Commissioner of Education in the United States sometimes puts as much as thirty pages into the report of the Sunday schools of America by way of additional forces in civilization. Any one who sneers at a Sunday school sneers at a thing infinitely bigger than himself. We criticize our own Sunday schools. We sometimes fall into the error of thinking they are insignificant. Our teachers in the nature of the case cannot be paid. They are sometimes seemingly poor material. We have half an hour once a week to teach the most tremendous truths and the thing looks very poor and pitiful at long range. But year in and year out the Sunday school of the church does a work which no other organization on earth can do or does do. Let us take off our hats to the Sunday school. Civilization offers nothing like it. The church has this power to-day.

Along with the Sunday school power is the work with the young. The young people's societies may in some places be losing their hold, but young men and young women are the same to-day as they have always been. When they are religious they are profoundly so. The church has a hold on young life. Any church which has any reason for existence against which the gates of death cannot prevail is a church which can always reach young men and women. That in itself is a great power.

The church has, as a historical heritage, social powers. It touches men and women on the side of their neighborly instincts. It gets them together regardless of politics or anything else in gatherings where they become better acquainted. It is a good mixer, the church is, for the community, and this in itself is no small means for the leavening of that sometimes hard lump known as society.

Another great power of the church is its missionary enterprise. The world at large does not understand the immense amount of service which the church has rendered the great world. It is not very well advertised. The daily papers very seldom give us any missionary news. Our little church publications are so small, so modest, and we are so retiring ourselves in the matter of subscribing to them, that we ourselves, members of the church, do not know the extent of missionary enterprise. But if China is a republic to-day, if Japan is reaching up like a young giant to make herself new and wonderful strength, if Turkey is coming out of the dark ages of its cruelty and oppression, if that old tyranny in Persia is beginning to think, it is because the churches in America have for the last century been sending the light of liberty into those countries. There is no other answer for those upheavals except the answer which comes out of the missionary money and the missionary enthusiasm of the last century, all of which has been a product of the modern church.

Definite Purpose and Great Results

The church finds already established to its uses what is known as the midweek service. It is not irreverent to say that what has been known throughout the church as the prayer-meeting has for one reason or another greatly changed within the last quarter of a century. Hundreds of churches find a growing difficulty in maintaining this service along the lines which were followed some fifty years ago; but aside from that fact the church has an established custom of meeting together for conference and religious work on some special day in the week. That has established a habit among at least a certain number of church people which can be utilized, as will be indicated later on.

The church has also what no other organization in the world has: a regular, systematic, continuous appeal from the pulpit and from its entire organization—a regular appeal to the divine, the spiritual, and the ideal. Political organizations do not try to influence men generally along lines of divine exaltation. Commercial organizations are not in the business of changing men's purposes. Educational institutions are not as a rule concerned as they should be with the spiritual welfare of the students. The endless number of organizations known to mankind, literary, medical, legal, political, educational, geographical, commercial, are not making a regular, constant appeal to mankind to be better morally and spiritually. The church is making that appeal. It is in the business of trying to change men's habits and on that account is an engine of force which is engaged in the greatest business known to mankind.

The question may now honestly and fairly be asked: How may the church get the greatest results, considering its regular organization, the number of forces at its command and its place in the world?

First, the relation which exists between the people of the church and its pastor is a peculiar one. It is not duplicated by the relation of the doctor to his patients, the lawyer to his clients, the business man to his customers, or the newspaper man to his subscribers. There is a different relationship between people and pastor from that existing in any other walk in life. The church will gain the greatest result if there exists between people and pastor the greatest possible confidence and the willingness to grant on both sides the largest possible freedom. The church may expect great results when every member of it, because he is a member of the church, is also a missionary; that is, not simply a person who comes to church to hear preaching and supports the church, as he says, by paying toward the expenses. The church will gain the greatest results when every member of it is an evangelist and a missionary and a seeker after souls as much as is the pastor. In other words, a church membership should not be a collection of people over whom the minister must constantly labor in order to keep them good-natured or to keep them Christian, but it should be an organization made up of Christian people who are trying to bring people into the kingdom as much as the minister himself. This result is possible only when the members and the pastor together are working for the one great common end and are emphasizing the great thing for which a church exists. No great work will ever be accomplished by the church until it defines its own purpose and mission in the world, which is to make disciples of all the nations.

The greatest possible result will flow from the church when it emphasizes work for the young. The regular, steady, permanent growth of the church must depend not upon unusual revival efforts, but upon regular, usual, systematic training of the young already in the Sunday school and the young people's organizations. This is the only permanent and satisfactory path of growth which the church will ever possess. Without criticizing what are ordinarily called "revival efforts" any member of this church can recall occasions when evangelists have spent a month and the churches have been called upon to pour out large quantities of time, energy and money with the result that perhaps a half dozen people are brought into the church by the combined effort. The same amount of time, energy, and money spent by the church in training its young—in saving life before it had gone wrong, in preventing sin instead of bringing in a remedy after it had been committed—would have resulted in a great many more real accessions to the church. I believe the future growth of every healthy church will depend largely upon the reasonable, regular, undramatic and quiet teaching of young life.

The church will realize its greatest result when it begins to use the midweek service for the largest possible work. If what is known as the old-time prayer meeting of testimony has passed away, the church need not be discouraged nor fearful of losing power. It can make great use of the midweek service for educational purposes. The average man or woman in the average church is vastly ignorant concerning the missionary work of the world, for example. Any church could well afford to spend fifty-two nights in the year studying world-wide missions, bringing the facts before the people. What church members need generally is information. They do not know what is being done in the kingdom. They know hardly anything about the great triumphs of the cross. What better use can be made of the midweek service than to use it as a great school of information? There has been a great amount of waste time spent by a small handful of people in churches who have honestly thought they must preserve the traditions of the church and maintain a small circle, fearful of losing out of the church what they have called its spiritual center. The use of the midweek service for an educational campaign need not lose out of the meeting its spiritual fervor or its devotional character. In fact, the increased knowledge of God's kingdom and of Christ's power gained through increased information will add to the spiritual uplift of the entire church.

The Mission of the Church

The greatest result will come to the church when missionary zeal is highest and most intelligent. The great business of the church is saving the world. This includes the family living next door to the church and everybody else, no matter where he may be, if he is not a disciple. There is no such thing as "home" and "foreign" missions. My uncle was pastor of a little home missionary church in southern Dakota. One of his members had gone to Turkey and was working there under the American Board in a small native church. At one of the first meetings held by my uncle in his new struggling little church he urged the people to take up an offering for foreign missions and send it to Turkey where this member of his was. At almost identically the same time, the member over in Turkey, in order to develop the missionary spirit among his people, invited them to take up a missionary offering and send it over to Dakota to my uncle's church which was a struggling home missionary enterprise. The two offerings were received at about the same time. The church in Dakota sent a "foreign" missionary offering to Turkey and the church in Turkey sent a "foreign" missionary offering to

Continued on next page

* Former pastor of Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

THE ROYAL GIFT

TO KNOW, and do, the will of God,
This is the joy supreme:
To walk with him each gladsome hour,
This is no idle dream.
But a sublime reality,
Which every soul may prove
The soul-reviving joy and bliss
Of God's eternal love.

Only believe, and serve him here,
And to us shall be given
Pardon and sweet assurance now,
And rest with him in heaven.
So we'll dismiss all craven fear,
Trusting alone in him;
Till we in heaven shall see his face
And join the cherubim.

Utica, N. Y. MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

The Church's Opportunities

Continued from preceding page

Dakota. The field is the world. There is no limit to it.

The church will realize its greatest results when it has the right definition of neighborhood service. Here is where the church which is unable to do institutional can really be of immense service. It can make a social survey of its surroundings. This can be done through committees of its members. It is being done by several churches at the present time. The church can take account of its own members—how many of the members are in the professional class, how many in the artisan class, how many are working on salaries, how many are on day's wages. It can make itself useful by establishing a fund in the treasury from which persons in need can borrow. This would cover cases of sickness, doctor's and undertaker's expenses and funeral expenses generally. Many churches are adopting this method and find it exceedingly helpful. In other words, the socializing of the church's immediate neighborhood, including its own members, will bring great results along certain lines.

Great results may be obtained by the church so far as it encourages the thought of federation. The denominations historically have done a great work for the kingdom. They have existed with reason, and there should be no great criticism of them; but I believe they have served their purpose and that the next century will witness the union of church bodies in a real brotherhood. There is not enough difference between the great denominations of Christendom to hold them apart any longer. Methodists and Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists practically believe the same great truths of the Christian faith. Why should there be ten distinct organizations in one neighborhood? If ministers could do their work in unity, they could accomplish vastly more for the kingdom, and the church of Jesus Christ must keep as a vision which will some time be realized the federation of Christendom.

After all else has been said the church must remember that it is in the greatest business known to mankind. There is no greater business than religion and the whole world will never be any better until man's religious life is what it ought to be. All the schemes of the politicians of any party or plans to legislate the world into righteousness, doing away with inequality and injustice, will be of no account unless men's hearts are right with God and with one another. It is the supreme business of the church in the world to teach men to love God and one another, and until men love God and one another they will continue to be selfish and cruel, they will continue to fight together politically and industrially. The only way in which we can create a sentiment for more righteous dealing between man and man is to change the heart and purpose of the man who is going to create the sentiment. This is the business of the church and there is no greater business known to the earth.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HILLS

WE HAVE found rest and gladness in our rambles through the green fields; we have found friendly comradeship in the little rivers, and in "the brotherhood of venerable trees"; but when we have sought inspiration and strength in nature we have taken a journey to the mighty hills. Some dwellers in the valley who are short of vision and lacking in inspiration think of the mountain-tops only as cold, severe and unattainable, but to others they stand as a peculiar and exalted source of blessing. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," sang David. It is a song, or an eager prayer, that rises from the heart of the man and the woman who needs that special help which is fittingly symbolized in the everlasting hills.

When the spirit seeks uplift, it is good to get the eyes and the mind away from the traffic, the strife, and the little, shifting, transient things of the plain, and to look up where

the everlasting hills
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

Calmly and boldly they seem to pierce the very throne-room and join earth with heaven. As we look, and look, our spirit mounts up with wings as the eagle. There can be no uncertainty—and we know, with George Macdonald, that there is

A meaning on the face of the high hills;
A something is behind them: that is God.

The mountain-top seems to melt away into the blue haze of the summer sky, until it is hard to tell where earth ends and heaven begins. Both are blended into one. There are moments of exaltation when our spirits seem almost to be lifted into the place of glory and transfiguration. Such moments come sometimes with great blessing as we take our journey to the mighty hills.

. . .

WHEN the fight is hard; when achievement grows more difficult; when the desired goal seems to recede as we struggle on toward it, there is inspiration in steep and rugged hills. They represent toilsome, persistent climbing if the summit is to be reached. The camel kneels to let his rider step into his place, but no mountain-top ever bends its rocky head to meet the climber. There it stands, unyielding, a challenge to utmost endeavor, to valiant mastery of difficulties, to proud achievement in the end.

Year after year ambitious explorers battled with the steep snows of Mount McKinley in the effort to reach the summit. Fearless, adventurous souls find a fascination in the dangers and almost unconquerable difficulties of the great mountains. Send out the word that any particular mountain-peak has never yet been scaled, that it has baffled every climber, that brave men have tried and failed, and that death stands guarding its perilous heights—at once other bold men spring up in every land and rush to the conquest, saying, "No mountain-peak shall defy me. I will stand on that summit."

So in every field of human endeavor the difficult achievement challenges the man who feels his power. Man was not made to grovel nor to be a defeated creature all his days. He was placed on earth with the distinct command to subdue it. No difficulties must prevent his doing the thing that is good and ought to be done. As he views the difficult ascent to victory his spirit rises. The very height and peril of the mountain-top calls to him and he climbs, toiling and panting, to the summit.

. . .

BROAD view and splendid outlook is one of the rewards of the man who wins the summit of his mountain. Just naturally he breaks into a song of joy and triumph. I remember the day I climbed Mount Marcy, the highest mountain in New York State. Late in the afternoon we reached what we supposed was the very top. The view was glorious, and we stood there singing,

Oh Beulah land, sweet Beulah land!
As on thy highest mount I stand, etc.

And then we turned around and saw towering far above us another peak which we knew must be Marcy. We had made a mistake and were rejoicing over our victory before it was won. We must go down into the valley and begin our climb all over again. How often the same thing happens in the battle of life.

We cannot stand boastfully on every mountain-top and sing, "Beulah Land." Some are won only at bitter cost and are held only by grim effort. There is no place of rest, but only storm and danger. Such summits must be won, but only because they stand between the pilgrim and his goal. They are not the goal. They are to be passed, and the joy comes when they are behind.

When we came down into the lower passes before beginning the climb of the real Mount Marcy, it was late and a storm was coming on, so we were compelled to camp until morning. The storm grew fiercer each hour. We could not stay long where we were. As soon as it was light enough to see our way, in the small hours of the morning, we began the climb. We had no other choice. We tied ourselves together with a long rope—three men and a dog. The gale tugged hard to carry us away into the mad, racing clouds. The rain cut like a hail of steel. We crawled through the moss and then over the bare rocks, clinging to every crevice and jagged spur. Like worms we dragged our bodies over the storm-swept summit, fighting for our lives in the storm. No exulting over victory then. No rejoicing at the glorious view. No singing of "Beulah Land." At last, with trembling bodies and thankful hearts, we found the trail, down on the other side, and, well-content to leave the mountain-top behind us, we journeyed on, torn and wearied, but safe. Strength of soul came from that struggle and that deliverance. The thing *was done*, even though hardly done.

Not every journey to the hills is a pleasure excursion, but it is almost sure to be one of profit. Even the hills which confront us in our daily work or our spiritual progress are not there to afford us playgrounds, nor are they there to stop our advance. They give exercise to our strength, our zeal, our skill, our persistence, and our faith. When life goes on too long at a dead level our souls are in danger of growing sluggish. Welcome to the hills that compel us to rise into higher, purer altitudes.

THE BROADER VIEW

WHEN fourscore years have passed away,
We're standing on the sunset slope:
Far, far removed from that glad day
When eagerly we joined in play,
With ball, or bat, or skipping rope,
And out on all things looked with hope.

Far, far removed from childish joys
That lured us on—with glad surprise,
In company with girls and boys
Who shared with us the games and toys,
Which meant so much in youthful eyes,
Beneath those far-off morning skies.

Far, far removed from helpful schools
Where we were taught with skill and care
The all important simple rules,
Which were to be our master-tools—
With which to delve, and do and dare,
As we in noble work should share.

The day is done. The toil is o'er—
The care, and all that brought us pain,
So like the mariner! the shore,
When ends the voyage—is just before.
What seemed a loss was often gain,
Life's lessons have not all been vain.

Now, far removed from all the past,
We're looking toward the setting sun.
Our view extends! How broad, how vast!
We see beyond the shadows cast,
A vision bright! Earth's day is done,
Our future life is just begun.

Passaic, N. J. JOHN M. MORSE.

New Hebrides Missions

A LETTER from J. W. Leggatt, Foreign Missions Department of the Presbyterian Church in Australia, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gives some interesting information concerning the progress of mission work in the New Hebrides. He writes: "At Aniwa, Dr. Paton's old station, the people, under the care of their native pastors, keep true to their faith, notwithstanding the fact that it is only once or twice a year that a white missionary is able to visit them. On Tanna there has been a remarkable revival going on at Lenakel. Iavis, the old war-chief, with Lomai and a number of the young men, began a week's services in one of the villages, and other villages began to ask similar visits. Some of the young men composed hymns and set them to tunes. Others began to speak with grace and power, and all alike rejoiced because of the joy which had come into their hearts. A new church, which was erected in place of one destroyed by the cyclone of last year, was opened with great rejoicing. It was decorated with palms and crotons, and outside from eight hundred to one thousand people formed into a procession.

"The first service was a harvest thanksgiving. Then eleven couples were married, and the whole congregation filed past and shook hands. On Sunday fifty-five were baptized on profession of faith, and 460 sat down to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. From other stations the brightest reports have come; and these are all the more wonderful considering the havoc done by drink, which French traders continue to sell to the poor natives."

Anvil Sparks

..DISLIKE also begets dislike.

..CAN'T is the worst cant there is.

..OUR best increases with the doing of it.

..THE fragrant flower proclaims itself in sweetness.

..PRAY always; but don't let go of the plowhandles.

..A VOICE used too much in scolding is not good to sing with.

..THE birds just keep on singing whether you hear them or not.

..TOO many try to play the great game of life contrary to the rules.

..SOME folks calculate to get on in the world upon the shoulders of other people.

AN APPRECIATION

Accept my thanks and appreciation for the beautiful book, *Twilight Tales*, and your splendid *Almanac*. MRS. WM. CROWELL.
Hoboken, N. J.

IN AFRICA'S BLACK REPUBLIC

King Baasiai-Nyema, His Chiefs, and the Missionary

West African Devil Doctor

A Chief, His Guard and the Missionary at a Palaver

SEVERAL splendid letters have come to us this week from the various mission fields of Africa, and of all these the most interesting are from Liberia. Writing from the Darobo bush country, inland from Cape Palmas, John and Jessie Pirkins describe a recent visit to a cannibal tribe. "On September 2," Mr. Pirkins says, "I started for Darobo, the nearby cannibal tribe, with Jasper, our native preacher, and six boys for the hammock and luggage. All along the road my boys kept pointing out to me the various trees. One they announced to be gopherwood, and added, 'The kind of wood Noah made the ark of.' A bit farther on we passed a rubber tree, in which we made a small cut with a cutlass so we could see the rubber commence to flow. Walnut, mahoganies and many other valuable hard woods were about us all through our forest trip. As we crossed a stream close to the edge of the forest we noticed fresh tracks of a large drove of wild hogs that had evidently just passed.

"Here the boys asked me to get into the hammock, but I always prefer to walk through the tropic forests, the study of them is so intensely interesting. About 10 A.M. we reached the first cannibal town, and went directly to the king's house. The king was away from home, but one of his many wives (the head one) cooked us some rice, and after putting it in two wooden dishes, set it down on the floor and called us to come and eat. While I was eating the women were laughing and talking, evidently having much amusement at my expense. Jasper told me later that they said, 'This man knows how to eat; he keeps his mouth shut and chews his rice plenty, and does not show his teeth like a countryman.'

"One woman sat down close to me and began stroking my hand, saying, 'This hand is nice and white and soft.' It may be she was thinking my whole body would be rather nice to cook in their palm-butter, as it is not very long since they ate a man in one of their towns. While the rice was cooking we called the people together and had a Gospel service.

"Having again gotten under way at 12 o'clock we reached a lone mission, started by Friday, a Christian native of their own tribe, a convert of the Garraway mission, who has gone back to his own people to share with them the light and blessing he himself is enjoying. Friday also was away from home, but his good wife Esther received us very hospitably. Friday had begged me many times to come over and dedicate his new mission house, so his wife said I must do it this time, while there. Early Sunday morning we had service in the heathen town near by and in the afternoon dedicated the mission house. The king, his chief men and quite a number of others came and gave good attention throughout the service. Afterward the king said, 'We want to know when a white missionary will come. Three of you white missionaries have been here now, and you all talk about a missionary coming to live in our country, but we have waited long, and do not see or hear of any coming yet. It looks like you are telling us a lie. We want you to write a book to your country and tell some white man to make strong and come quick.'"

. . .

FROM the Grand Cess district, Rev. Walter B. Williams writes some interesting explanatory notes on the photographs which he forwarded. He says, "Believing that some pictures might tell the story of our people and conditions in this great field, I am sending several which were made recently on the Grand Cess field, inland from Cape Palmas. Though all the discouragements that must attend work in such a field have been ours, we have not been without our successes and encouragements.

"This people is given up to the most debased sort of idolatry. They worship bits of broken crockery or bottles, rocks, trees, rivers, sheep and deer horns, dried monkey skins, and in fact almost anything that strikes their fancy or that of their local devil doctor. Yet the king, Baasiai-Nyema, who in one of the photographs is the second seated at the right, and who is no better than the rest, said to me one day: 'Mr. Williams, I want to live to see you build a big church here, and then I am ready to die. I'm going to tell my god, that sheep-horn, to build this church for your God.'

"This King Baasiai-Nyema is the ruler of the Grand Cess tribe, which is very large and which wields the most powerful influence of any on the Kroo coast.

"The late king's reprobate brother, who was known as Tom Nimily, was once heard to say that he never wanted to live in Grand Cess if a Christian church was built there. He has his wish, for some four years ago the tribe arose and drove the king and all his family into exile; but the church has been built, and now has a membership of over a thousand. All these people are much of the type shown in the accompanying photograph, which was taken at the substation at Pequanini Cess. The most barbarous tortures have been inflicted upon some of these native Christians. They have been tied up by the thumbs or wrists in a doorway, while a fire of red pepper burned beneath them. They have had red pepper rubbed into their eyes and into all the tender parts of the body, all because they have refused to work on Sunday, or eat food sacrificed to idols, or join in the drinking bouts which are one of the chief delights of their countrym Laws are often made with the seeming intent catch the Christians, and for their obedience the true law instead of to those of their chiefs th have been whipped and imprisoned and have l their houses broken down. In spite of all this th have held loyally on and have grown in numb continually.

"The substation at Pequanini was started abou year ago, and though the church there now l nearly one hundred members and a congregation almost five times that number, it is still withou church building. This is a keen trial in the rai season, as we are driven from place to place, b our hopes are high that the near future will see t comparatively small sum needed in hand for t building.

"Work among these Kroo people is not wi out its highly dramatic incidents. Once, wh preaching from the text, 'Will a man rob God? man suddenly sprang to his feet shouting, 'I w not rob God any longer. Take all the idols fr my house.' This we did, and burned and destroy them publicly, while a great crowd looked on silent awe. When o work started here found a naked a almost utterly graded people, b God is doing wonde ful things for t Kroo race, and the e dences are about us many forms.

"One of the mo formidable influenc we have had to co bat is that of t Voodoo men or de doctors. These m extol as virtues all t most vile practice Lying and stealin are a part of the creed, and many the baser crimes a quite permissible long as the perpetr tor escapes detectio They are continual fomenting petty wa between the trib and subtribes, and them murder is but a small matter. They do n hesitate to kill an innocent child that they ma from parts of its body make an idol.

"It has been a great source of delight th through missionary efforts fourteen wars have be averted within the last few years. Roads whic were formerly shut most of the time by tribal wa are now kept open to traffic and commerce. Mar of the chiefs have agreed that I should act as arbit of all disputes, and I am often called upon to atter a palaver and keep peace.

In January last Daniel Howard was ina gurated at Monrovia as President of the republic Liberia, succeeding President Barclay, who for eigh years had occupied the office. The ceremony was bot brilliant and dignified. The new President, aft taking the oath, read his inaugural address, in whic he set forth his ideas on reform and announced se eral schemes for the development of the countr The ceremony was made the occasion of a great fe tival. Throngs came from all parts, and Monrov was full of life and color. Many natives came fro the interior, their primitive garb contrastin strongly with that of the women of the city, wh wore Arabian costumes of vari-colored silks.

Native Christians, the Result of a Year's Work Amongst a Warlike and Savage People

CHATS ON HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS

A Mother's Question

PERHAPS no question will appeal with more force to many mothers than this: "What is the best course for a mother to take in regard to her son whom she suspects of not living a ral life? Is it best to ignore the subject and do in her power to show that she has faith in him l loves him, or to have an open outbreak? Re-mber, it is only a suspicion, and she fears to lose hold on her boy, as she now has his confidence." This mother's position is as delicate and difficult her responsibility is heavy. No two boys and two situations can be treated alike. It is hard give an answer that would surely fit this case. t one part of her question may be answered by other. Let her ask herself: "Would an 'open break' do any good?" It might destroy her in-ence, weaken her power over him—the only hu-n power, it may be, that can free him from that l power which she fears has laid its grip upon soul and body. She "now has his confidence." at gives her an advantage over his enemy which must not lose. Would she forfeit this by seek-a heart-to-heart talk with him, drawing him , saying on her side as little as she can, but that le calm, and sweet, and wise, and treating his iquity, if there be such, as an affliction from ich he needs deliverance? s he and she a male end in whom she can con-e? If the boy has a good her, the father is the one undertake the office of ofessor and counselor in s instance. If he has no her, then some good, wise n, who stands near to n, might act for the ther. The pastor or the mily physician may be ggested.

This mother's view of the uation and of her respon-ility; her readiness to do ything—even to having "open outbreak" with r boy, "losing her hold on n," sacrificing his affec-n for her in order to save n—is to be commended, d betrays a purpose so re, firm, and wise in its votion as almost to proph-y and to pledge success. at he gives her his "confi-nce" shows on his side an preciation of her and a ality of character that o augurs well.

* * *

Tyranny of Dress

NEVER in history were the modes so abhor-ntly indecent as they are day. The pity is that st of the wearers are in-cent young girls who have t the faintest idea of what they are doing. odesty, beauty, and common sense join in the de-and for reform, which need not, as reformed shions are wont to do, jump to the other extreme. this case, a few inches of material will make all e difference between grace and disgrace," says v. P. N. Dreslin of Brooklyn, N. Y. Rev. F. A. ge of Atlanta, Ga., saying practically the same, ds that modest fashions are no indication of und morality, citing the extremely modest attire women in Rome at the time of her worst degenera-n, and the ultra-modest attire, past and present, Oriental women. "Christianity, by giving woman r liberty, has also given her the means of abusing

But we need not be alarmed. It is the nature a fashion to die. It will die just as quickly thout a doctor. The present one is doomed to itk death because it is cruel in its exposure of perfections." Thus the pulpits everywhere are nouncing the "mode," that impalpable tyrant om whom, there is little doubt, a very large section the women of this country literally groan to be ee.

"Please say something on the tyranny of fash-n," pleads one of our readers. "Say it from my ewpoint. I am not rebelling against ugliness or decency so much as abject slavery. The constant anges in dress keep us women on the rack for oney, for time, for everything. If we drop be-nd and look 'dowdy,' we are a reproach to our en-folks, abhorred of our husbands, a shame to r acquaintance. If we keep up with the changes, e have to spend money more freely than most of ought, or we have to scheme and plan, and that takes time and strength from more important things—the raising of our children, the care of our homes, the keeping of our spirits sweet. Even rich women are resenting this incessant, inexorable demand upon time, intellect, and vitality. How many, many precious hours does a change in the size of a sleeve cost! How much precious thought do such trifles demand! Say something, do something, for mercy's sake, to stop the march of this Juggernaut over our bodies! The present styles are economical, pretty, if reformed just a bit—widened, one might say. Let us do that and keep them—until we all get rested and can think out what to do for our freedom and beauty of body—and of soul."

* * *

Young Girls and "Emotionalism"

THE experience of many educators in this country is strangely at variance with the conclusion of the London School Board that co-education is a disadvantage to boys, that girls are slower to learn, and that therefore the presence of girls in the same room with boys retards the progress of the latter. This department cannot now take up the large question of co-education, but quotes, in passing, the opinion of a woman teacher on one point involved, because this opinion is of value in another direction:

"The result of my observation, after more than thirty years spent in teaching mixed schools, is that girls are brighter than boys, and learn faster. My 'star' scholars were mostly girls. The boys plodded heavily, the girls flew lightly ahead. One reason, as all know, is that girls of the same age are more mature than boys. But there was more to it than this—something deeper, something in sex character. In after life, my bright, and even my mediocre, boys accomplished more than my bright girls. I heard of them, of the solid things they were doing. My bright girls—girls that were meteor-like—dropped out of sight. I found, on following them up, that they had worn themselves out in emotionalism. They flew at or through everything with the same velocity, the same intensity, with which they had shot through books. The life of woman encourages and overdevelops affectionateness, devotedness. She needs to take herself less seriously or less intensely; to accept her vocation with more calmness and strength, more coolness and poise."

* * *

A Young Man's Dilemma

A READER from Carlsbad, N. M.—a young man —writes:

"In No. 31 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in a story entitled 'Back with Her Own Folks,' are questions which I wish you would answer in your Home Department. I know it will interest many young men like me. The story said that when Dorothy went back to her father's home, her brother Ralph told her about his sweetheart Nell, and said: 'She does not know yet what she is to me, but lately I have hardly dared to go near her for fear I could not keep from telling her until I am sure I am ready. What I want to know is whether a fellow just starting out like I am has any right to ask a girl like her to share his life. You know she teaches and makes almost as much by the year as I do. Is it fair to ask her to give up everything and come to help make a home on little more than half of what we both have now, and if she would do it, would she be sorry some time, when she has to skimp and do without things she might have had? Would life lose its sweetness in the hard pull that we might have?'

"I am sure many CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are in about the same position as Ralph was, and will be pleased to have an impartial answer to these questions. I know I will myself."

This young man's dilemma is one that must interest many young lady readers and on which, no doubt, some of the young matrons might give advice from their own experience.

* * *

What Shall She Do?

IS IT ever right for a young girl to marry a man of fifty just for a home?" one of our young readers writes us in such evident distress, such painful perplexity of conscience that her letter makes strong appeal to human sympathy. She continues: "He makes no pretense of loving me, but wants a housekeeper. I certainly do not care for him, but I need a home for myself and father. If he were a young man, I could not love him."

Had her question ended with the first sentence, it might be answered thus: It depends upon the character of each. Some girls are staid and set in their ways before they are out of their teens; are home-loving and would cling to the hearthstone and its duties and love any man who was kind to them. Some men—men who have been clean and straight in their lives—are younger at fifty than are some others of fewer years, and are more capable of taking care of a wife and making her happy. Many very conscientious thinkers would say that the concluding clause of this sentence, "just for a home," condemns our young reader's question to the answer, "No. Love only—recognized and positive—should govern such a choice." Her concluding paragraph adds new aspects to her problem. Perhaps other young women are asking themselves like questions. Will our Family Circle — particularly mothers and daughters in it—take this maiden's problem to heart, consider it carefully, and give their views as to what would be her right decision? Send replies to the editor of this page. Please write briefly, not over a hundred words, and on one side of the paper only.

A FRUGAL MEAL

(From a painting by Josef Israels)

IN THE simple home of the peasant the children are the chief treasures. They are rosy and healthy and they make their father and mother equal in dignity with the king on the throne and the queen beside him. Work is easy and life cheery when love and faith abide in true hearts. The frugal meal is shared by all, andthey bring to it the zest of wholesome appetite.

* * *

Her Mother's Wedding Gown

A RECENT incident revives what many people recall as an old-fashioned custom. When Miss Mary Cotton Burne walked up the aisle of St. John's Church, Huntington, L. I., to become the wife of Mr. Arnold Furman Sammis, she wore her mother's wedding gown "of ivory white satin and point lace," "and it was very becoming," as the society editors would carefully relate. Whatever was the beauty of the gown and the beauty of the wearer (in this instance considerable, beholders relate), it is the beauty of the sentiment that catches us in this conjunction, and the revival of the old custom, or what was so often done as to be remembered by some as a custom in grandmother's or great-grandmother's day. To fold away the bridal dress, to lay with it the fleecy veil, the orange wreath, the white slippers, for the daughter who might come, was the tender office of many a bride of "old times." Every one did not do it, of course, but fortunate in the eyes of her acquaintance was the girl who received such a legacy from her mother's hand.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

The Forward March of Missions

AT NO previous time in the world's history since Christ lived among men, has so much consecrated ability been devoted to the cause of missions as now. It has become customary to criticize foreign missions hastily, and even to belittle their work; but such criticisms in almost every instance spring from sources that were uninformed or hostile. We need not expect praise and encouragement from those who are out of tune with all that we ourselves hold most precious. To the true Christian there is no part of God's work more imperative than the carrying out of the Great Commission which the Master imposed upon his followers, and that it is being carried out right nobly and successfully, the record itself satisfactorily proves.

At the close of the year 1911, the total missionary funds raised by the various Protestant missionary organizations here and abroad for work in heathen lands was $25,297,074. With this magnificent annual offering, support was furnished for 22,058 white missionaries and 88,542 native helpers, teachers, pastors, Bible women, and evangelists at 49,579 different missionary stations in India, Africa, Japan, China, Burma, Siam, the Arctic, South America and Polynesia. The missions had an enrolled list of 4,875,454 adherents, professing Christian belief, of whom 2,304,318 were communicants. In the same year, there were 1,477,049 children in the various missionary schools. The United States contributed nearly one-half of the total fund for conducting the whole work, having raised last year $12,290,005 for missions.

In his excellent book on the *Outlines of Missionary History*, Alfred DeWitt Mason, D.D., reviews the foundations and rise of Christian missions and shows how marvelously the work has grown, notwithstanding tremendous difficulties. What a difference is presented in heathen lands to-day, contrasted with the time of William Carey, who began work in India in 1793. The last hundred years has been above all others the missionary century. Thousands now labor where Carey stood alone, and tens of thousands of thoroughly equipped men and women are distributed where, some twenty-five years ago, there were only a handful of lone missionaries fighting with heathenism and darkness. Well might the poet feel inspired to say:

God is working his purpose out, as year succeeds to year;
God is working his purpose out, and the time is growing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.

"Circular No. 601. Religious Insignia"*

UNDER the above caption there was issued, on January 27, from the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an order to superintendents in charge of Indian schools. This order provided that "in government schools all insignia of any denomination must be removed from all public rooms, and members of any denomination wearing distinctive garb should leave such garb off while engaged at lay duties as government employees. If any case exists where such an employee cannot conscientiously do this, he will be given a reasonable time, not to extend, however, beyond the opening of the school year after the date of this order, to make arrangements for employment elsewhere than in the Federal Indian Schools.

On February 3 the Washington *Herald* reported as follows: "Rev. Mr. Ketcham called at the White House yesterday and was in conference with President Taft. It was after this visit that he intimated that the Valentine order" (the one quoted above) "was to be rescinded." The Reverend Ketcham is at the head of the Catholic Bureau of Indian Missions. He had been correctly quoted by the Washington newspaper man; for in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior President Taft suspended the order of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Robert G. Valentine. The President's grounds were thus indicated: "The commissioner's order has been made without consultation either with you or with me." "The questions presented by this order are of great importance and delicacy. They arise out of the fact that the government has for a considerable period taken for the use of the Indian certain schools theretofore belonging to and conducted by distinctive religious societies or churches. As a part of the arrangements then made the school employees, who were, in certain cases, members of religious orders, wearing the distinctive garb of these orders, were continued as teachers by the government, and by ruling of the Civil Service Commission or by executive action they have been included in the classified service under the protection of the civil service law."

The order of Mr. Valentine, who has recently resigned his position at Washington "voluntarily," became famous in a short time. Thousands of our citizens, when they heard that the President had suspended the order of the Indian Commissioner and was contemplating its entire withdrawal, wired and in other ways expressed their approval of Mr. Valentine's action and their eager desire that the President should uphold the Commissioner in his patriotic and progressive measure. Protestants in particular were quick to discern that Mr. Valentine's order was simply a practical application of the accepted American principle of the separation of church and state, and that its provisions were fair and considerate to all parties concerned. The President was told that the attitude which he had assumed over and against Mr. Valentine was "un-American."

Press reports from Washington under date of September 22 state that after months of deliberation, and after many conferences with interested parties were held by the Secretary of the Interior, the President has finally decided to make his suspension of Mr. Valentine's order permanent, with the understanding, however, that while teachers now employed in Indian schools may continue to wear the garb of their religious orders, this privilege is denied to any persons hereafter entering the service.

This decision of the President may be politic, but it is regrettable. By the Act of June 10, 1896, it had been "declared to be the settled policy of the government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian school." And "the final appropriation for sectarian schools" was accordingly made and approved by the Act of March 1, 1899. Thus the President had the mature judgment of the nation, rendered through its representatives, before him to guide him in his action and to justify him in advance if he chose to uphold Mr. Valentine's order, yea, to compel him to uphold it. We can imagine that strong pressure was brought to bear upon him from the opposite direction, and that at this particular season it was extremely difficult for the President not to yield to that pressure. His present decision virtually treats the principle of the division of church and state, not as a principle, which it is, but as a policy, which none of its advocates desire it to be. If the wearing of religious garb by employees of the government is permissible in fifty-one cases out of 2,000, we should like to know what these fifty-one employees have done to merit the special favor of a government decision, and why other, or future, employees should be debarred from the enjoyment of that privilege.

There has never been a principle, designed to govern the actions and relations of men, against the application and enforcement of which there could not arise difficulties. And no principle has ever been successfully upheld by granting exceptions and immunity from its working. The application of the principle in the present instance would not have worked any harm, except to interested parties who the government cannot wish to protect in their violation American claims without losing the respect of loyal citizens of our Republic. The President's decision is not only perverse ethics, viewed from the standpoint of civil righteousness, but it is an egregious blunder, if it was meant as a political expedient.

* By Professor W. H. T. Dau, of St. Louis, Mo.

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IN OUR widespread Family Circle, there are ma subscribers who, after the copy of THE CHRISTI HERALD which reaches their homes every week h been read by the members of the household, ma it do double duty by mailing it to some one e whom they wish to have the benefit of its good che This they do on the principle that we should sha our blessings with others less fortunately situat and doubtless a good deal of excellent missiona work is done in this way.

On our desk lies a letter from a subscriber many years' standing, who has long been in t habit of mailing his CHRISTIAN HERALD regula to a friend in another State. He usually does t a week or ten days after it reaches his own hon He writes very cordially and in closing says: appreciate the paper more than I can tell, for it h meant much to me and to my family all these yea in which it has ben coming to my home; but I f that it can do good work elsewhere, although I co fess I do not send it away without regret."

This letter is a sample of many of the same ki that we are constantly receiving from good frien who have learned to love THE CHRISTIAN HERA Now, there is a great difference between a copy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fresh from the press a brimful of all the news of things happening God's world, and a copy that is a week or two o We have a proposition to make to these friends and we know there are thousands of them—whi will enable them to do their missionary work wi the paper at *less cost* and to *better advantage*, gi ing more satisfaction to themselves and addi greatly to the value of their gift. For every co of the paper which they remail to some other frie or acquaintance, not personally a subscriber, th pay an average of two cents postage. To-day T CHRISTIAN HERALD is a larger paper in the numb of its pages and the quantity of its reading matte and it weighs more than it ever did before. Th postage, added to their original subscription, mak a total outlay of $2.54 yearly. We now make t offer to every reader who desires to mail away h copy of the paper, to supply *an extra copy regula every week at 75 cents a year*, thus making t total subscription for two copies $2.25, and effecti a saving of 29 cents and giving his friend the pap fresh from the press every week, simultaneous with the receipt of his own copy. He thus has t advantage of placing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD whe he wants it while it is still new and up to date, i stead of sending away a back number at full posta rates, as he has been in the habit of doing.

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To all such friends, we would further add—in fo warding your own renewal this year, *send it in far ahead of time as possible.* Very soon the tide renewals will be coming in in a steadily increasi volume, and it relieves the pressure on our Su scription Department to get the bulk of our su scriptions in early. Remember, you lose nothing anticipating your renewal date, as your subscri tion is simply put one year ahead from that dat Send in at the same time 75 cents additional, wi the full name and address of the friend, *not now subscriber*, whom you wish to benefit by your gene osity, and he or she will receive the paper for a f year from the date of subscription.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Terrible Tornado's Destruction

CYCLONES are of common occurrence in tropical countries; hurricanes are frequent in the flat districts of the West, but tornadoes in the New England and Middle Atlantic States are rare. It is said there was never one in Onondaga County, New York, till Sunday, September 22, when a terrific one swept over a large portion of that county, leaving death and destruction in its wake. It killed three persons, injured scores of others, and caused great destruction of property. Houses and barns were crushed like eggshells; acres and acres of crops were mowed in the fields; great trees, giant oaks, chestnuts, elms, and maples that had defied and grown in the storms of generations were uprooted or twisted and broken into tangled masses; buildings were whipped about like straws, turned upside down, or taken up bodily and carried long distances. The worst damage was done at Long Branch, near Syracuse. In 1904, St. Charles, Minn., a town of 10,000 inhabitants, was destroyed by a tornado, and nine persons were killed. Another terrible storm damaged Kirkville, Mo. Different scientific reasons for the origin of the tornado are given. It is believed that the conditions necessary for their production are a very humid atmosphere charged with electricity; a cold west or northwest wind blowing over the country, the line of its front extending southwest to northeast, and a mild southerly wind, very warm, blowing across the path of the cold west wind. Where these winds meet, the warm wind is suddenly elevated and cooled by expansion and mixture with cold air. A roll of heavy clouds is formed along the front of the cold west wind. At a favorable point, the upward rush of air and the indraft on all sides produce a spiral motion which whirls, and scatters, and crushes, and kills. There are terrible tornadoes in the mental and spiritual realm as well as in the material world, against whose damages wisdom and faith can provide ample safety. The tornado has a place in the economy of nature, and is an intelligent expression of divine power. The prophet thus expresses this thought:

The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. (Nah. 1: 3.)

The Wreck of a Home on Cold Spring Road Near Syracuse

A Suburban Home With Its Roof Removed

Immigrants East of Mississippi

THE last census of the United States gave the number of white persons of foreign birth at 13,345,545, of whom 5,000,000 had reached the country between 1901 and 1910. The other day Census Director Durand told how these 5,000,000 have been distributed. Of the number 2,155,772, or 43.1 per cent., are in the Middle Atlantic States; 1,012,417, or 20.2 per cent., in the east north central division, and 684,473, or 13.7 per cent., in the New England States. These three divisions, comprising the States lying north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, contain 3,852,662, or 77.1 per cent. of the immigrants who have come to this country since 1901. There were only 1,147,436, or 22.9 per cent., in the part of the country south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi. The recent immigrants do not seem to be of as hopeful a class as some who came in earlier years. But with our system of education and the help of the churches we will Americanize them and make them tributary to our material, mental and religious progress. The prophet saw the benefits of the migrations of men.

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. (Dan. 12: 4.)

World's Enormous Grain Crop

EUROPEAN countries, as well as the United States and Canada, have the prospect of a phenomenal yield of grain this year, one that for wheat, rye, barley, oats and corn will show an increase over last year of from 5.7 to 17.8 per cent. According to the figures just received in this country from the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome, Italy, we learn that the preliminary estimate of the wheat production in France is 35,974,000 bushels; Roumania, 89,417,000; Canada, 206,033,000. The total production this year in the following named countries is given as 3.200,000,000 bushels, or 6.7 per cent. more than last year's production: Prussia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, Switzerland, France, Norway, Netherlands, Roumania, Russia, India, Japan, Egypt, Tunis, Canada and the United States. The total production of corn this year in the following named countries is given as 3,616,000,000 bushels, or 17 per cent. greater than last year; Hungary, not including Croatia and Slavonia, Bulgaria, Spain, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Switzerland, the United States, Japan and Egypt. The agricultural is the basis of all industries. Good crops are the surest prophecy of good times. God has blessed our nation with such bountiful harvests that there is no excuse for the wail of the pessimist even in a presidential election year, but rather cause for gratitude to the All-Father, and the recognition of new obligations to love and serve him. Such gratitude God required of the children of Israel at the end of the harvest:

And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the first fruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end. (Ex. 34: 22.)

Dangers of the Aeroplane

ON THE 21st of September three aviators were killed. One was Mr. H. J. D. Astley, a well-known aviator, who met with a fatal accident in a race with James Valentine at Belfast, Ireland. He fell from a height of 150 feet into a field filled with thousands of spectators. He died in a few moments. Mr. Astley was among the foremost monoplane pilots of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain. He was the son of Lady Florence Heathcote Drummond Willoughby, daughter of the third Marquis Conyngham, and was twenty-four years old. On the same day two German military officers were killed while flying near Freiberg in Saxony. The machine was piloted by Lieutenant Berger, who was carrying Lieutenant Junghans as a passenger from Chemnitz to Berlin. In the struggle for the mastery of the air there is a fearful toll of precious lives, and it will be heavier still before the upper air has been conquered. There is much loss of life due to reckless aerial navigation, but the perils of the airship are very great when there is the greatest prudence manifested. The successes of the airship have been such as to cause the nations to adopt it as a new instrument of war. England, France and Germany proved in recent maneuvers that the epoch of aerial navigation is at hand. Already the British admiralty is experimenting with an armored covering for the funnels, engine rooms and hatchways of its new dreadnoughts, and special weapons are being designed to protect the warships against aerial attack. The British admiralty has decided to arm vessels with high-angle guns to carry seven miles to puncture the warships of the air. There is more hope to the world from the white-winged doves of peace than from the airbirds of war. It is the prayer of the Christian civilized world that the words of the Psalmist may be verified:

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth. (Ps. 46: 9.)

Fears Race Deterioration

DR. FORBES ROSS, the well-known cancer expert of London, says that in two thousand years the English, under the present kind of legislation, will become a nation of degenerates and criminals. He claims that the heavy burdens of taxation have fallen on the higher classes, compelling them to have small families, while the land is peopled by the children of the lower classes, who have the primordial instincts and traits. We take serious exception to the premises of Dr. Ross, and must reject his conclusions that the race is deteriorating, going back to savagery and crime. There is the most marked progress of the English-speaking races in physical health and comeliness, in longevity, in intellectual ability, in education, in culture, in spiritual faculty, and in devotion to and imitation of the Perfect Man, in obedience to the injunctions of the apostle:

Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. (Eph. 4: 13.)

Radium in Colorado

HENRI CHAGNOUX, the eminent French mineralogist expert of the Biological Laboratory "du Radium" in Paris, has just returned to Denver from Meeker, Col., where he claims to have found the greatest natural supply of radium in the world. He spent some time at Meeker examining lands and ores said to contain the precious metal which Madame Curie, the French scientist, discovered in 1906. Chagnoux, who does not speak English, through an interpreter gave an interview to the Denver reporters, which was sent by telegraph to the whole world. Up to the present time the minerals containing the richest deposits of radium compound have been found exclusively in Europe, in countries like Portugal, Bohemia, Austria, and Russia on the borders of Siberia. The minerals which contain uranite (or pitchblende) are clereite, gummite, ellasite, hatchetolite, blomstrandite, antunite, and uranospinite. Time will tell whether the French scientist has found a sufficient supply of the precious metal to make its extraction worth while. The Promised Land, like Colorado, was rich in mineral products.

A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. (Deut. 8: 9.)

THE REWARDS OF FAITH*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE mother who came to Jesus, praying that he would cure her little daughter, was a Syrophenician. She belonged to a proud race, dominant at that time. Their principal city was Tyre, which has been compared with Babylon for magnificence and for its wealth, which consisted largely of ships laden with cedar wood, silks, valuable dye-stuffs, etc. We are not told that Christ during his ministry ever entered Tyre, but only that he went to "the borders of Tyre and Sidon," another great Phœnician city. We are told that "he entered into a house." Into whose house? Certainly not that of a Syrophenician, but of a Jew. Why had Jesus left Palestine, even temporarily? It is generally supposed that it was because of the persecution of the Scribes and Pharisees, and so unfriendly critics have said itwas "a cowardly retreat." Friendly writers have said that it was "to teach his apostles that they must not at random, or unreasonably, or without sufficient object, encounter dangers." That this was a part of his plan we must believe, because he would have no man know that he was in the house where he had taken refuge. But let us take a broad view, even that he had gone there that the Gospel might be proclaimed to the Syrophenicians, and he chose that a woman and a child should be the medium. As we read the story, we are continually reminded of the woman at the well through whom Jesus gained access to the Samaritan nation. But there is a great contrast between the two nations; the Samaritans were a despised race, and the woman was of unsavory reputation; on the other hand, as said before, the Syrophenicians were a proud and prosperous people, and the woman herself was a faithful mother. The manner in which she approached Jesus betokened that she was a person of good breeding. We are indebted to Madam Layyah Barakat, herself a Syrophenician, for enlightenment on this line. She personally explained to us this incident, referring us to the account given in Matthew 15: 21-28, rather than to the less detailed account in St. Mark's Gospel.

THE CANAANITE WOMAN

From a Painting by Jacopo Palma (Il Vecchio)

Madame Barakat says: "There are three greetings among Orientals: first, that of young persons meeting their elders, when the youth grasps the hand of the older person, carries it to his lips, and then to his forehead (this the woman of Canaan did not do). The second greeting is when one meets a person in authority; there is a folding of arms, a low bow, with downcast eyes, afterwards a request sometimes being made. The third kind of salutation is that given to God alone, when the body is prostrated and the face brought to the ground. The Syrophenician mother, when she first addressed Jesus, gave him the second form of salutation. She met him as the son of a great king, a renowned healer of diseases; but that was not enough, and so Jesus "answered her not a word." It was not until she prostrated herself before him and acknowledged him as her Lord that he granted healing to her little daughter. Her proud race-feeling so entirely gave way that she was willing to be classed as "a dog." There is no animal so despised as a dog in the East; nowhere in all the world are dogs so hungry as they are in the Orient. Madame Barakat tells us that when she was a child and sometimes found herself almost late for the mission school, she would not wait for breakfast, but would take a piece of bread, not thicker than paper, and roll it together that she might break off little pieces to eat as she went along. At such times she was generally followed by one dog or more that picked up the small crumbs she dro by the way. The Syrophenician mother was ing even to be as a dog for the help of Jesus.

It is sometimes stated that Jesus for a while layed his help in order that he might give his a tles a lesson in patience, but we are disposed think it was rather to bring the woman to the p of confessing him before men, that when the m aculous cure of the child should be publis throughout Phœnicia, to God should be given glory. We are told in the Bible of the wonde result of Jesus' mission to the Samaritans wh followed his meeting with the woman at the w We are not told that any great number of Pho cians became the lowers of Christ im diatelyafter the heal of the little daugh but we do know t when Barnabas Paul preached the G pel to the Phœnicia many of them beca Christians, and t showed great res ance when the Moha medans came down l a wolf on the fold.

The Healing of the C turion's Servant

Jesus was brou into contact with other power when Roman centurion (c tain over one hundr soldiers) came to hi begging him that would heal his valu servant who was s of the palsy. Though Roman, we must thi that he was a believ in the Lord Jesus the Son of God, for said to Jesus when made his request, am a man under autho ity," that of the Rom emperor. More th this, he said: "I *al* am a man under autho ity," thus acknowled ing that Jesus himse was the exponent of higher power, even the God of earth and heave The centurion, such was his implicit faith, d not ask Jesus to come to his home to heal h servant, only that he should speak the word, and h would be made well. And Jesus said to the ce turion: "Go thy way; as thou hast believed, so l it done unto thee." And the servant was healed that same hour. A memorial has come down a through the ages, for that same centurion testif ing to his faith in the Lord Jesus in the form of synagogue which he built for the Jews. Even t day there are beautifully carved fragments of it be seen at Capernaum. So the testimony in ston has been given by the centurion, not only to t Romans, but to people of all lands who travel to t

Continued on page 998

*THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 20, 1912. Mission to the Gentiles. Mark 7: 24-30. Matt. 8: 5-13. GOLDEN TEXT: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

[Show this to some Sunday school superintendent and tell him he is invited to contribute to this new "Round Table" a statement, as brief as if he were putting it in a telegram, of any success he has had, large or small, in solving any of the Sunday school superintendents' problems: punctuality, getting new members and steady attendance, order, saving bad boys, making music tell, getting full supply of good teachers, conversions, getting Christians to work. Address Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.]

—THE SUPERINTENDENT OF one of the most successful Sunday schools in the world, Mr. Frank L. Brown, of the Bushwick Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, tells in the following paragraph how it has made good. It is worth while to read carefully every word he says, for it was because of his good work in his own school that the World's Sunday School Association sent him to organize American Sunday school work in the Philippines and to improve Sunday school work in Japan, and has recently made him secretary of a national Commission on Adolescence and general field secretary.

—THE BEST WAY OF increasing the Sunday school attendance is to increase the interest and take care of the membership already on the books. This is common sense and good business. We have tested it out at Bushwick Avenue, where we take in from ten to twenty new scholars a Sunday without offering a reward. The contest plan—red and blue, pink and white, or yellow and green—will not of itself build up a school. The new additions will melt away after the excitement of the contest is passed unless there is a teacher on the job who gets those scholars "upon her *sole*," and that means foot work as well as knee work. And the department superintendent must have the genius of attaching a scholar by a public introduction; a welcome letter sent to the scholar and parents as well; the birthday recognition; the department or school button; the social; the outing. From a membership of 80 to 3,600 in twenty-six years, besides establishing and maintaining for years three missions with an additional membership of 1,500, is the record of Bushwick Avenue. And this is the result of business methods, pleased members, visited homes, school atmosphere, training for service. From 4,000 to 5,000 decisions for Christ have occurred from the school membership in these years. Intensive plans have been followed, such as a good program, class organization, large attention to the week-day life, graded lessons, training of teachers, wholesome recreation, employment department. The school has sought to individualize and follow the scholar, and that scholar and his folks have become warm friends and allies of the school. "The best advertisement is a pleased customer." Our school motto is, "We seek the best," and its business adages are: "Once a visitor, always a friend," "A place, and the right place, for every member of the family." And once a member is "on the hooks" the drive is made to atmosphere that life for Christ and his service.

—THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN Association International Boys' Secretary tells in the *Sunday School Journal* for July of the great success of the Association in using older boys, fifteen to twenty years of age, for teachers of younger boys from ten to twelve. Why not group the boys from sixteen upward in a training class that will study the lesson one week ahead of others, and methods of teaching also, from which teachers for classes of younger boys can be taken as substitutes first, and later for permanent teachers?

—AT A MINISTER'S table in Baltimore, the Sunday school being under discussion, the young daughter, "sweet sixteen," remarked: "All the young men I know of seventeen and eighteen have left Sunday school because they think they are too old to stay with the 'kids'; and when I ask them why they don't go into the Bible class, they say the men are too old for them." Look to your records and see if it is not about the weakest spot in your school, the later 'teens, sixteen to nineteen, the very years when full adolescence creates altruism, the most favorable time for religious decision, as a wide investigation a few years ago showed. It is just t time when consciousness of new manho makes a young fellow least willing to be in class with younger fellows. The boys from s teen to nineteen ought to be by themselves, a they ought to have for teachers the stronge Christian men in the church.

—WE MIGHT AS WELL face the fact on bot sides of the sea that keeping up Sunday scho attendance in large cities, with trolleys an automobiles and other Sunday pleasurings pul ing against us, is a strenuous task. Sever whole denominations in Great Britain report heavy loss, and now comes the steady and co servative Northern Presbyterian Church of t United States reporting, in a "Call to Arms, that in sixteen of the largest cities of th United States, in which one-fifth of the d nominational Sunday school membership found, and in which the churches have gaine almost fifty-five thousand members in te years, the Sunday school gain in that lon period is only 1,095. These ten great citie have grown enormously in population, but i New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baltimor Cincinnati, St. Paul and Washington, D. C the Presbyterian Sunday schools are actuall smaller in number than ten years ago, and th average gain per year for the sixteen cities i seven each—much less than one addition ne per year for each school.

SNAPSHOTS WITH THE BIBLE

BY A. R. STARK

Callao, Peru

The Open Door

Seeking Entrance

At the Gipsy Tent

MORNING breaks gray and chilly in the winter season in Lima and Callao. The first sound that falls upon the ear out among the *chacras* is the cry of the *lechero* and *rero* (milkman and vegetable vender), who, as enter town, urge their donkeys and horses on voice and blow. The wild cry and kindly one-conversation of the Spanish-speaking *arriero* er) with his animals once heard can never be otten. *Hola mula! Hacho mula! Mula ca-a!* are a few of the familiar epithets of the y *arriero*. *Hielo! Hielo!* is the lusty shout of *echero*, with his tins of milk strapped to the of his beast. *Panadero! panadero!* is the far-ing cry of the baker, who, like his *compañero lechero*, advances, despatching his stores of l out of curious panniers made of hide which, ey swing to and fro, make a bump, bump noise ey strike the horse's side.

ndas are open at early hours for the workmen wish a cup of coffee. The *cocineras* (cooks) een returning from the market with their well-ed baskets of fruit and vegetables. Bells have calling devotees to early mass. Women with ast eye and devout air, with little girl ser-s, are wending their way to church.

t us too accompany the Bible-seller in the early ing as he threads his way along narrow ts across old Inquisition Plaza. Let us make way through the throngs to one of the en-es of the fine new Lima market, and care not e jostle with cholo, Indian or Chinese. There stand with copies of *la Biblia* in their hands.

The clear ringing voice of Palaci carries through the market, anon it is the more subdued tone of Reyes or Espinosa. A busy throng of buyers passes to and fro. Will any stand and examine what these men are selling? Yes, an illustration on the cover of a Spanish New Testament or the bright colors of a Gospel attract the eye, the earnest words of the sellers arrest men, and an attentive crowd is being held. Parts of the sacred Word ring in the ears, pithy explanations follow. "*Falso! Falso!*" cries out some fanatic. "No," replies the colporteur; "come with me to Protestant lands where the Bible has entered into the home and its teachings into the heart. How they have advanced in education and social progress while we lag far behind in superstition, ignorance and moral degradation." Purchases are made, twenty, thirty or even forty copies of the Gospels are sometimes sold, and a number of New Testaments. "*Viva la Biblia*" shouts some ardent young buyer as he waves his book on high, and the colporteurs take up the refrain, "*Viva la Biblia!*" in South America.

We pass on from this cinematographic crowd with its strange babel and jargon of tongues to another part of the city. This is where the Bible woman left a Gospel last week. They stepped down on the sunken brick floor of a little fruit shop. With a welcoming smile a stout woman appeared from behind the canvas screen. "I looked for you to come soon," she said, "the words you read and talked of are ever present with me. I want the two Gospels *San Lucas* and *San Juan* and next week I think to take a *Testamento*."

A gray-haired little man left off his minor chant, rose from the piano and opened the door. With serious air and frowning countenance, he bade us enter and take away the Book, whose words throb with life, that had been left the week before. "Take it away. Take it away!"—his eyes were flashing—"it is false, false. What is the *Santa Biblia* without notes? What is it without the purification of *la Virgen?* It is *mala, mala!*" (bad, bad). And there he stood, his hand thrown out in protest and averted head. "No, say no more, I will not listen." "Señor, we leave you, next time you will have thought of the words we have spoken and you will perhaps listen to God's message. *Adios.*"

In the *circo de animales* the white bear rolled on its back and clawed the plaster off the mud wall; a black bear turned a surly head as we approached and several fierce dogs barked their loudest. "Stand back, stand back, from the black bear!" shouted the gipsy in charge as we came up, Glad to obey, we chatted to him of the Bible we carried as his scissors clipped off tufts of hair from his little boy's head. Performing monkeys and little dogs in boxes had drawn plenty of children into the corral to see the *circo de animales*, and we were not long in getting a crowd of boys in the manager's tent. Colporteur Reyes made good use of his opportunity. At another corner, a Hungarian gipsy woman listened at her door and smoked her pipe contentedly as we talked. She then told us of her gipsy home, her religion and her wanderings for twenty years in South America. The Bible women also told her of the Book they carried and of its story of love to gipsies as well as to all the world.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

BY ANNA E. FINN

PART SECOND

T WAS not until after dinner, when the four had returned to form a group around the fire, that the subject of Ivonson's son came up. It had been Easton himself who introduced, earin the evening, talk and inquiries about things he navy; and so easily, so cheerfully did he k that "Mugs" at first looked at him in quesng surprise. Could it be true, after all, that on had no regrets, that he was "making good" prospering? Somehow it was hard to think of and Anne out of the service life. He had r forgotten those last weeks when Easton and lf were upper class men, when they were iting the superintendent's action on the secre-'s recommendation; those days of apparent d indifference, those nights when he would be kened hearing Easton going over the two-five, two-forty-nine problem in his sleep. But Eashimself had led the talk to-night to naval matand after dinner "Mugs" mentioned the case vonson's son.

"wo congressmen have taken the thing up and going to bring it before a committee in Washon, but it looks pretty black for the boy. What eeds is some able lawyer to defend him. The -priced ones are beyond the widowed mother."

Easton sat forward on the edge of his chair.

"Ivonson's son! Not 'little Pete?'" he said.

"Mugs" nodded.

"Makes one feel ancient, doesn't it? He was in kilts in our second class year."

"And Ivonson is dead?"

"Mugs" nodded gravely.

"A year before Pete got his appointment. You remember him, don't you?"

"Remember him! It isn't likely I'd ever forget him. He was on my board, and he treated me square."

A hush fell on the little group. Anne leaned forward and lowered the lamp, pretending that it smoked. Except to her, Easton had never spoken of his own case since the day when he had passed the gate. After all, though, it was only "Mugs" and Mary.

The guests sat silent. Something in Easton's voice thrilled them.

"Square!" he repeated slowly. Then his mood changed. He came back to the fire and leaned against the end of the mantel.

"What's the matter with Pete?" he asked.

"Mugs" looked at Mary swiftly, then to Anne, whom he had known all her life, then to Easton.

"Williams is superintendent now, you know," he explained. "Of course you remember him. I don't believe they ever had a meaner man for commandant than he made in our day. He's an admiral now; perhaps you didn't know they are sending more rank to fill the billet now. He never did care for Ivonson, and, as far as I can learn from Smith, who is there in seamanship now, he doesn't care for Pete; seems to have shifted his dislike from father to son. Smith says it's a rank shame. Pete's room-mate came down with diphtheria and was carried to the hospital, and Pete was kept quarantined for two weeks just before the "semi-an," when the class work is important—you know how it is—and then when they let him out his little sister Maggie—you remember her—died, and he went all to pieces. Smith said the boy did bone—his seamanship work showed it—but somehow he's short on 'nav,' and—"

"Mugs" broke off and looked straight to Easton. A slow, inscrutable smile crept across Easton's thin, lined face.

"And Williams is going to 'bilge' him on a two-forty-nine."

"I guess that's about the straight of it," he said.

Continued on next page

OUTSIDE THE GATE

Continued from preceding page

"Of course Williams will be there before the committee. He has a pretty smooth tongue. Pete's lucky to have two congressmen to get him a reconsideration, but he hasn't retained any attorney to handle his case. Smith says he will be dropped."

Mary looked up from the fire.

"It will break his mother's heart."

Anne was silent, watching Easton. His face in shadow, hidden from the others, looked as she had seen it sometimes when, turning from the faded photograph of the gate, he had sought distraction in his violin, when he had played on and on, and finally drawn his bow across the vibrant strings in one low sobbing note.

When the guests had gone, he drew her to him to the big chair by the fire.

"Some day you will know how I enjoyed the evening, how proud I was of everything, but to-night—to-night I must think—think—" He looked at her, a strange fire in his eyes.

"How much cash have we on hand?" he asked suddenly.

She leaned over to the desk and took from one of the pigeonholes a much thumbed little account-book and showed him the meager balance.

"It is not enough," he said; "not half enough!"

She did not question him. Again she only waited. He looked around the room. Once he picked up her left hand and fingered the small diamond resting near the wedding ring.

"It's a pretty little stone," he said, half tenderly, half pityingly, "but it wouldn't be enough—"

And then her silence broke.

"David! David! What is it? What has happened?"

He smiled a little and stroked her hair.

"There's really only one thing in this place worth while—after you and Boy—" He broke off.

"You mean—your violin?" she said very slowly.

"Yes, the violin."

Then silence fell and she trembled in his arms.

"What—what must we sell it for?"

"We won't quite sell it, dear," he said. "We'll just raise money on it—although the Villier Company offered me five hundred for it last year. We won't consider it sold. It has been in my mother's family seven generations. Some one of the blood always played on it, although never like its first master. I want it for the Boy. Perhaps we can put it up for two hundred and get it back. Yes, two hundred should be enough."

She did not speak. She could not, but she knelt beside him, her face hidden in his coat.

"Ivonson was the only one, outside your father," he went on, "who tried to influence the superintendent and Williams and the board for Elkhart and me. Elkhart's dead now, but I've lived on, and I've never 'made good'—to life, or myself, or you, or the Boy; but now—" He broke off and she threw her arms around him, sobbing.

"You've given a life of devotion, David. It's all I need or want. Most women have so much less of the things that really count."

"I've never 'made good,'" he persisted, looking with somber eyes over her bowed head into the dead fire.

"Who's ever given you a chance?" she demanded fiercely.

He smiled slowly.

"The chance doesn't ever seem to have come, does it, little girl?—although I've waited day after day in that room across the river."

"And now?" she questioned.

"The chance isn't for me," he answered, "but the chance has come to try to repay Ivonson. Elkhart isn't here to help; I must work for both. Ivonson died and left that little woman all alone except for Pete and Maggie, and then Maggie went, and there's no one to help her or Pete, no one to plead his case. We'll put up the fiddle, Anne, and I'll go to Washington in new clothes and with a prosperous air, and we shall see what we can do for Pete."

. . .

The testimony was all in. The men grouped around the long table in the Committee Room considered the case nearly closed. Williams was there, and others of the board, and even Chief of Bureau Gunper had been called in as an authority on precedent at the academy, since once, years ago, he had been superintendent. He had not recognized Easton on entering—a superintendent cannot remember cadet faces so long, especially when changed by the long years. Easton had acknowledged his presence by a grave inclination of the head, outwardly unmoved, but inwardly, for one brief instant, the enforced calmness of the years had been broken. It was not until he rose and stood facing them in the strong light that the chief of bureau fancied he recognized something familiar about the man.

"Gentlemen"—the voice, low, far-reaching, broke the silence of the room—"there are a few points I wish you to consider in connection with your findings in this case—a few points upon which I think more light might be justly thrown." The words fell slowly, arousing sudden interest in the hearers, but no idea on the part of the board that its decision could be altered, nor hope on the part of the congressmen or the young midshipman present for a favorable result. Easton addressed himself to neither the chief of bureau nor the superintendent, nor did he appear to notice the still, white-faced boy, whom he remembered as a romping child. He spoke, for the most part, to them all, sometimes referring specially to a member of the board or to the congressmen present. He reviewed briefly the technicalities of the case, showing a depth of knowledge of the facts of the situation that aroused admiration but gave little promise for the case in hand. The superintendent looked bored, as did the chief of bureau. The board was tired and eager for the final closing. The congressmen glanced at each other and frowned a little, remembering young Ivonson's mother whom they had known in girlhood—in fact, one of them had loved her then. Ivonson sat, pale and inert.

Easton laid his few brief notes down upon the table before him. They fancied he was through. Watching him in a half-curious way, they saw him take a deep breath as he raised his head slowly, and the thought struck several present that his head was finely shaped. The forehead was broad and high; the eyes inscrutable.

"Gentlemen!" His voice was vibrant now. It reached for their wandering attention and tracked it as a dog tracks its prey, bringing it back and holding it in thrall. The dry technicalities he had reviewed were forgotten, as were forgotten the brief notes beside him. He used no gesture, standing tall and very still, one hand resting on the edge of the long committee table. He had no trick of manner. It was his voice, tense, earnest, true, that poured into their minds, their veins, their hearts, as an electric current runs over lands and under seas, and knows no turning from its purpose.

He paused. The board and the congressmen leaned forward. The chief of bureau and the superintendent glanced at each other, remembering. Ivonson's son raised a white face. His mouth was working queerly. The broad shaft of sunmotes shot from the long high window to the floor.

"Gentlemen!" And once again that voice wrought its spell. It wooed them persuasively, as warm skies and forest streams woo vagrant schoolboys in the spring; it possessed them, it controlled them; it won with tenderness, it denounced with fine, cool scorn. It played upon the heartstrings the whole scale of human emotions, up and down, drawing the bow of imagination across the taut strings of justice and of reason, until the measure that it played, weighed down with the burden of human wrong, seemed too great a thing to listen to and live. He stopped, as a musician stops with bow suspended in the middle of an impassioned strain, only to lay it again across the strings.

They listened until the voice became a thing to swerve them from their purpose, to remold their wills, to teach them reason—to yield—to yield—to yield to his power at last.

"Gentlemen!" It spoke to them each in turn now, and it was as though each man was chosen from all others and stood alone in a vast void, listening, yielding to that voice that filled the gap. "Gentlemen!" the congressmen listened. "Gentlemen!" it was addressed to the board now. "Gentlemen!" the superintendent, whiter than Ivonson's son, whom the voice alone ignored, listened, knowing it was for him. "Gentlemen!" it called the chief of bureau; and although he sat outwardly quiet in the flesh, his soul, recognizing its victim and its master, answered "Here."

. . .

It was Easton who went over to young Ivonson and walked with him into the adjoining room, following the congressmen, when the board cleared the room for deliberation. In that inner room they awaited the decision.

The congressman who had loved young Ivonson's mother stepped up to Easton.

"Are you thinking of making a change in your affairs?"

Easton looked up. He had been talking very quietly to Ivonson's son.

"A change? You mean—"

"You know what I mean. Will you come and talk it over in my office later?"

From Easton's lined face, his somber eyes looked back into the other man's. He read there what assured him that hardship and failure and privation were things of the past. He thought of Anne and the Boy. He read, too, in the congressman's eyes that dishonor was to form no part of the contract they were about to make.

"Yes," he said.

. . .

In the committee room the board pushed back their chairs. The superintendent had been overruled. He stood smiling sarcastically, tapping the ferrule of his cane against his boot.

The chief of bureau crossed the room to the western window, through which earlier in the day the sunmotes had streamed in. They were gone now. There was a chill in the air. The shadows in the room were deepening.

"Great heavens!" he said below his breath, and staring into nothingness. "I never heard anything like that!"

. . .

After his session with the congressman a telegram preceded Easton as he set out on the journey home. He climbed his stairs and unlatched the door. The picture of the gate still faced him, tall, beautiful, with the outline of the trees beyond—the life within; the gate for him forever closed.

But beyond the picture of the gate and its shadow he saw the Boy waiting for him, and behind the Boy, Anne, with love and triumph in her eyes.

THE END

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HIGH PRICES IN OLDEN TIMES

VE ARE apt to think of the high cost of living as a very modern problem because we are in the midst of one of e periods of high prices which, one transient cause or another, visited humanity all through re- ed history. Even the caveman oubt sometimes complained of the sive labor involved in the gath- of roots and mussels, and the nan perhaps grumbled at the toll rampum exacted by the ancient w-maker. However it may have before history was recorded, e is no doubt that these periods of prices have occurred at intervals e world's history ever since the when Joseph in Egypt doled out to a starving world. We may be that when Solomon made silver e as stones in Jerusalem prices have soared, and the poor must been ground between the upper the nether millstone.

ie clearest ancient record of a e of high prices and a systematic npt to stem it is that of the Em- r Diocletian of Rome and his . In the year 301 A.D. this em- r, the arch-persecutor who sent sands of Christians to martyr- within a few years, issued an in which he laid down maximum s for all the articles of daily use. ven regulated the price of labor, ng the maximum daily wage of nskilled laborer at 10.8 cents per and board.

ocletian was a man of humble n, unlettered and of boorish hab- and would not live in Rome for of being laughed at by the cul- l patricians for his uncouth h and manners. The bombastic incoherent style of the introduc- to the edict makes it one of the extraordinary specimens of n literature. It may well have a product of Diocletian's own pen. ie first fragment of this edict was vered in 1709, and since then r fragments have been unearthed Egypt, Asia Minor and Greece. mmsen, the celebrated historian, pieced together these fragments published a reconstruction.

rofessor Frank Frost Abbott of ceton University in his book *The mon People of Ancient Rome* as. Scribner's Sons, New York), given the prices laid down in edict in American dollars and s and the commodities in Ameri- weights and measures. This slation enables us to compare the ent prices with those of to-day. e are the prices of a few selected cles of food:

	301 A.D.	1912 A.D.
t, bushel	33.6c	(flour) $3.60
bushel	45c	" 3.00
s, bushel	45c	3.75
y, bushel	74.5c	3.60
ar, quart	4.3c	7c
pork, lb.	7.8c	22c
lb.	4.9c	20 to 40c
on, lb.	4.9c	18 to 24c
lb.	12c	36 to 44c
r, lb.	9.8c	32 to 42c
river, fresh, lb	7.3c	14 to 28c
sea, fresh, lb.	9 to 14c	14 to 28c
salt, lb.	8.3c	15c & up
se, lb.	7.3c	20 to 60c
per dozen	5.1c	28 to 60c
per quart	6c	9c

he modern prices given above are e which prevail in New York City he present time. It will be readily erstood that the wide ranges of es given in some instances repre- different qualities of the foods ied and those fluctuations of price ch take place from day to day, in ts, eggs and butter, etc.

interesting comparison with e the following table of daily es may be taken:

	301 A.D.	1912 A.D.
rer	Board and 10.8 cents	$2.00
clayer	Board and 21.6 cents	6.50
enter	Board and 21.6 cents	4.00
e Mason	Board and 21.6 cents	4.90
ter	Board and 32.4 cents	4.00
ksmith	Board and 21.6 cents	3.20
builder	Board and 21 to 26 cents	3.50

ome workmen, who had their own os or places of business, did not re- e their board as part of their wage. these, the barber was entitled to charge not more than nine cents for a shave; the tailor could charge twenty-six and one-tenth cents for making "an overgarment of first quality"; the writer might receive ten and nine-tenths cents for one hundred lines; the elementary teacher twenty-one and six-tenths cents per pupil per month. The lawyer could exact a retainer of one dollar and nine cents and a total fee of four dollars and thirty-five cents. The cabby was entitled to a fare of nine cents a mile for one passenger.

Of the rather remarkable differences in the prices of clothing the following will serve as examples:

Boots for peasants	52 cents
Soldiers' boots	43 cents
Patrician's shoes	65 cents
Women's boots	26 cents
Mantles and robes	$6.52 to $26.08
Tunics with sleeves	$8.70

The Roman carpenter of the fourth century at 21 cents a day and board received only about one-ninth or one-fifteenth as much as the American carpenter of to-day, whose wage ranges from $2.50 to $4 per day, while pork and beef cost about one-third of their present price, and other articles, though vastly less than our present prices, much more in comparison to the wages received. The lot of the workingman, therefore, must have been almost intolerable, and Professor Abbott finds it hard to understand how he managed to keep soul and body together. The answer to the problem which this raises may perhaps be found in the public distribution of grain to the citizens; for it is history that in Imperial Rome the bread-line was one of the permanent institutions.

One may well ask what was the outcome of this attempt to reduce the cost of living. The answer is given by Lactantius in a book entitled *On the Deaths of Those Who Persecuted*. He says: "And when he had brought on a state of exceeding high prices by his different acts of injustice, he tried to fix by law the prices of articles offered for sale. Thereupon, for the veriest trifles, much blood was shed, and out of fear nothing was offered for sale, and the scarcity grew much worse, until after the death of many persons the law was repealed from mere necessity."

Like all attempts to resist the workings of natural laws, this effort to restrict the operation of the law of supply and demand was a hideous failure from the start. Although the edict laid down the penalty of death for the seller and the same penalty for the buyer as an accomplice, that relentless law of economics, which proclaims that the price of any commodity shall be fixed by the amount of it which is offered for sale in the market and the demand for it by the public, held its own, and after a short time the edict was repealed.

But what were the workingmen of the fourth century doing to alleviate their hard lot? This Professor Abbott tells us in a chapter entitled "Some Reflections on Corporations and Trade Guilds." It seems that the Roman workingman in his tradesunion was organized not for the purpose of raising wages or of protecting himself in case of differences of opinion with his employer but to mitigate his hopeless lot by the amenities of social life. Many of the inscriptions uncovered in various parts of the Roman Empire record the collection of sums of money to defray the expense of banquets, or the funerals of deceased members. About 2,500 inscriptions have been found which deal with workmen's organizations. There were more than eighty trade guilds in the city of Rome alone. Each guild had a patron deity, as, for instance, Bacchus for the innkeepers, and Silvanus, god of the woods, for the carpenters. A similar custom still obtains among the Latins, and St. John *ante portam Latinam* is at this day the patron saint of the printers.

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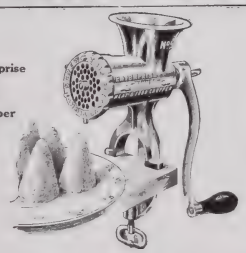

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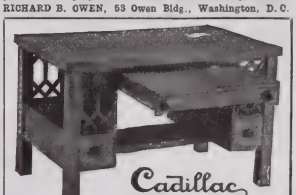

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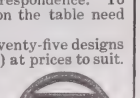

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PRESIDENT SUSTAINS NUNS' GARB

The full text of Mr. Taft's order, directing that the present wearers of religious garb are not to be discharged, but that in future school appointments the garb will be forbidden, is given below:

IN JANUARY of this year, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs issued an order to superintendents in charge of Indian schools, directing that all insignia of any denomination be removed from all public rooms of such schools, and that the members of any denomination wearing a distinctive garb should not wear it while engaged in lay duties as government employees. Although the propriety of such an order had been under the consideration of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and although the secretary had submitted the matter to me for discussion, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs finally acted on his own responsibility, without having first received the approval of either the secretary or myself. Because of this circumstance I directed that the order be revoked and that action by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs be suspended until such time as to permit a full hearing to be given to all parties in interest and a conclusion be reached in respect to the matter after full deliberation. Accordingly the Secretary of the Interior has given a very full hearing to the parties in interest, and printed arguments have been presented.

In the first place, it appears that *all religious insignia have already been removed* from the walls of government schools by the voluntary action of those who put them there before the schools were transferred to the government, and no question arises, therefore, with respect to such insignia, and no order is necessary. The issue, therefore, is confined to the question whether those persons engaged in teaching Indians in the government Indian schools, and who are members of the government civil service, should be required to lay off their distinctive religious garb while they render service as government teachers.

The Secretary of the Interior, after a very full and patient consideration, has reached the conclusion, stated in a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, that *the order ought not to be made*, and that those persons who are now engaged in teaching in government schools as members of the government civil service, and who are wearing the garb, *should be permitted to remain in the service and while discharging their duties to wear the garb. I concur in this view*, and the order as revoked will not be revived.

The Secretary of the Interior goes into a very full discussion of the whole history of the conditions surrounding the teaching in government Indian schools. It is evident that at first the government gave very little care or attention to the teaching of Indians, and was quite willing to accept the services of any religious denomination engaged in missionary work which would take charge of the education of Indians and give them sectarian teaching, and we all should be most grateful to those denominations who were willing to spend the money and the effort not only to educate but to instil moral and religious principles in the young Indians who were wards of the government. After a time, however, it evidently became the policy of the government itself to assume the burden of the education of the Indians and to direct what it should consist in, and it is evident from acts of Congress that it was and is *the settled intention of Congress that the general education of the Indians shall be secular and non-sectarian* and that their religious instruction shall be separate and left to the volition of the Indians and to the care of the denominations to whose communion they belong. But in this transition state, in which the Indian youth are being transferred from sectarian to government instruction, the ultimate purpose *has not always been strictly held in view*, and it has been a frequent method to transfer a whole school, previously under a Protestant or Catholic denomination, to government control, and to include, in the transfer, all the teachers who had been engaged in this work in the sectarian schools and to incorporate them as a whole and as individuals in the classified civil sevice of the government. The transfers thus have often been effected by the government's renting denominational schools and taking over the whole plant and the teachers as well. It appears that out of 2,000 teachers in the Indian schools there are 51 who wear a religious garb and who are regularly classified members of the government civil service. To direct them to give up their religious garb would necessarily cause their leaving the service *because of the vows under which they have assumed that garb.*

The Secretary of the Interior holds, as a matter of congressional policy, that *all orders hereafter made should be directed toward securing the secular and non-sectarian character of teaching;* that this is the evident purpose of Congress from its legislation. He holds, further, that the wearing of a distinctive religious garb is *not, as claimed by some before him, a violation of any constitutional limitation in respect to religion; that it does not violate the freedom of religion; that it does not constitute an established religion; and it does not prevent or impair the separation of church and state.* He sustains this view by reference to the authority of a well-considered case decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He therefore finds that to allow the present members of the civil service who wear a distinctive garb to remain in the service until such time as their service may end, either by resignation, separation for cause, disability, or by death, is not forbidden by existing law or statute, and that while *the method of transfers was a mistaken one*, the circumstances surrounding them constitute an equity in favor of those who are now in the service and are wearing the garb which should prevent their being excluded from the service by such an inhibition.

On the other hand, he finds that while the wearing of the religious garb is not a violation of the constitutional limitations referred to, *a regulation forbidding the wearing of such garb by teachers to be hereafter appointed would be equitable, reasonable, and within the authority of the Secretary of the Interior to prescribe.* This conclusion he establishes by reference to two well-considered cases, one by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and the other by the Court of Appeals of New York. In the exercise of his lawful discretion as Secretary of the Interior, therefore, and in order more certainly to secure purely non-sectarian teaching in the schools, the evident object and aim of congressional legislation on the subject, he believes it wiser that hereafter no such transfers *in solido* of school plant and teachers of any denomination to the government school should be made, and that *no set of teachers wearing distinctive religious garb should be by order in the future incorporated into the government civil service of teachers.* His opinion is that, while it is neither unlawful nor impossible for teachers in a distinctly religious garb to do non-sectarian teaching, it makes as between denominations interested that only secular teaching be given, for more apparent equality of treatment not to increase or to add to those now in the service who wear a religious and denominational garb. Those representing the denomination of the teachers having religious garbs disclaim any intention of submitting any more such teachers for examination as eligibles under the civil service rules. No order or rule, therefore, seems necessary to carry this purpose of the secretary into effect.

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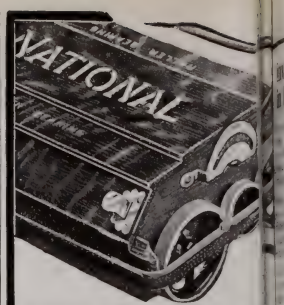

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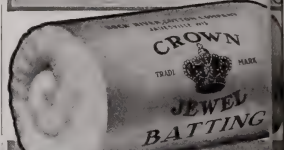

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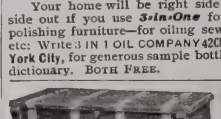

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A Famous Singer's Seventieth Birthday

ONE of Sweden's most noted women, Christine Neilson, celebrated her seventieth birthday on the 20th of last August. Not since the days of Jenny Lind has any singer more completely won her way into the heart of the music-loving world, not only in her own country but in other lands as well. Though Christine Neilson, or Countess de Casa Miranda, to give her married name, has reached the age of threescore and ten, her friends assert that her voice is still sweet and clear, though not so powerful as in other years. That the world had not forgotten the day when she charmed it with her songs was proved by the telegrams that came in a constant stream all through the day from noted persons. The king and queen of her native land sent their congratulations, and from the musical and dramatic societies of Sweden there came congratulations and great offerings of roses. The town of Gardsby, where the countess was staying, made the occasion a little festival and was decorated with bunting and garlands. In the evening fireworks were a feature of the celebration.

Christine Neilson was one of six sisters, and through her childhood knew well what it was to be limited in this world's possessions. Her mother, being a very strict woman, had slight patience with the child whose head was filled with fantasies, and who constantly dreamed of melodies to the neglect of her home duties. When the future prima donna was scolded and sometimes even more seriously punished for her inattention and neglect, her father would intercede, saying that the child would some day make her mark, and it was best to let her go her own road of development.

Christine Neilson all through her life has maintained a nobility of character, sweetness of temper, and tenderness of heart that is truly remarkable for one who has occupied the position she has. No amount of homage or ovation has ever been able to destroy her mental poise or to win her away from those lessons which were deeply impressed upon her mind in her home training. Through all her studies and hard work in her youth, and all through the years of her remarkable successes she has continued a habit of spending a certain amount of time in daily devotions. She herself attributes all her success to the religious beliefs which her godly father instilled in her as a child.

Many years ago at Ljungby, a gentleman, whose name ranked large in the world of music, heard Miss Neilson sing and offered to make arrangements for her to go to Halmstad to study under a well-known teacher. With that started the years of constant training that led finally to her artistic triumphs in many lands. It has been reported lately that the countess has been suffering from bronchitis and that this necessitates her spending several months in a warmer climate than her native Sweden. Other than this she is reported to be in good health, able to move about freely, to entertain, and sometimes even to favor her most intimate friends with little songs.

COLLEGE FEES RIGHT FROM THE SOIL

Continued from page 979

"That's just enough to make a nice bunch, you know. Enough for all the garden varieties of a good time. (Well, Mr. Butterinski, have it farm varieties if you will, but it's a rotten poor pun.) Enough to keep us from getting tired of one another, but not enough to split up into cliques or any of that sort of tomfoolery.

"You see the kind of stuff we grow. Just the ordinary garden-truck, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, potatoes; that sort of stuff. No fancy vegetables. We may get to that before we graduate, but just now the farm is a new thing, and we are learning how to look after the simple vegetables first. We are working full time now because it is the time to cultivate. Later, we shall put in less time, because college duties will take our attention. But we must find time to do the work thoroughly. You can see by the look of things here, if you are anything of a farmer, that there has been a lot of solid industry expended on this little section of the earth's much scarified face.

"Oh, dear, no!" continued the student farmer, in reply to a question put rather hesitatingly. "The other students do not look down upon us because we are working through. There's no snobbishness of that sort round these diggings. On the contrary, as I have said, there is a lot of competition to get the chance to work here, and although we are all simon-pure working students on the job now, we could have our places filled in a minute by fellows more fortunately situated if we would vacate and give them a chance. Whether they would stick to it as we have to, is a question. It isn't all pie forking fertilizer, working hand cultivators and fighting the merry parasite. But we are far from complaining. It will be a good thing to watch this little farm squad and see how we come out later in life. We're pretty fully convinced that this particular slice of experience isn't going to do us any harm. Just keep your eye on us! Watch us grow! A little of that manure here, Oscar.

"Going? Well, so long. Call again."

PRESIDENT SUSTAINS NUNS' GARB

Continued from preceding page

The action of the Secretary of the Interior is to maintain the *status quo* by refusing to revive the order which was revoked, and by retaining in the service those now engaged in teaching, although wearing a distinctive religious garb, but to declare his intention strictly *to pursue the policy hereafter of maintaining only non-sectarian teaching* by government teachers in government schools, and, on the other hand, to leave to the various denominations interested full opportunity out of regular school hours in the rooms of such government schools, to conduct religious education according to the customs and the tenets of each denomination for the children, who themselves or through their parents have elected to become members of such denomination. This solution, it seems to me, is very equitable as to existing conditions, is quite in accordance with the purpose of Congress, and ought to satisfy all persons in interest of the purpose of the Interior Department to do equity and at the same time to carry out the congressional intent.

The action of the Secretary of the Interior is, therefore, approved.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

September 23, 1912.

[The italics in all cases are ours.]

ALMANAC ON LIBRARY TABLE

Thank you very much for the *Almanac*. It is an excellent book of reference. It is most valuable for its concise and comprehensive matter. It holds an honored place on our library table. I value THE CHRISTIAN HERALD more and more all the time.

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IN HIMALAYAN BYWAYS

ANOTHER report of adventure, toil, and conquest comes from the Tehri Border Village Mission among the Himalaya Mountains where Rev. William Greet and his wife are carrying the Gospel message to the people of the hill country.

"The past season's touring," writes Mr. Greet, "totaled up more than that of any previous season, and included reaching into some new country. One of my first trips away from our family camp, after the writing of our last letter, was to see poor old Prema at Nauta. There he sat by the little water-mill, blind and very helpless, trying to care for the people's flour. In the judgment of some who have lately seen for him, he seems a believer.

"We returned to our home in January for a few weeks and then went out again to stay till April. This time we pushed forward at once to Devasari, a neighborhood of many villages which last season we were prevented from reaching. We pitched our camp on the edge of a pine wood and close to a small ravine, on the other side of which lay a long line of villages. Close by our tent was the temple to which, on special occasions, the people gathered from all sides.

"My memory goes back many years to some remarkable results from the very first visits to simple villagers in the plains who accepted Christ at once and stood faithful till death, but generally where people are laid hold of, it is after continued presentations of the truth. A most encouraging thing during our touring in the hills this past springtime was the extent to which the truth of the Gospel was admitted by a man who has served us for years but had always passively resisted all we said. He sat with me at

Himalayan Boys Carrying Loads of Grass

the close of a hot journey up a long gorge to a village where we found only one man, a lad and a child at home. We conversed, under the shade of an apricot tree, concerning the Way of Life and other ways, and at the close our man, who has nearly always boasted of the superiority of his own religion, said to the village man, 'We shall have to come to it! this religion will win its way everywhere and all will at some time have to yield, willingly or unwillingly.'

"As I write part of this letter here on the roadside, half a dozen fakirs or sadhus sit down with me to listen to the singing of a *bhajan* which tells of the One who can take away sin. They have been to the Ganges source away in the snows, professedly to be rid of their sin. Some Sirmoori charcoal men come in the other direction and they too sit down to listen. Neither of these groups are Tehri men, so I sing to them in Hindi. Presently some others come, Tehri men to whom I read the Lord's words about the house on a rock and that on the sand. One man wishes to buy a Gospel but has no coppers with him, so he consents to pay for a book with his stick, which answers very well as a walking-stick for me.

"After presenting many various arguments in trying to convince the people of the truths of our eternal Gospel we drop back again to the proof they can have in their own heart at this very time in their own village, if they will really give themselves up in prayer to him who was revealed to take away sin. After talking with us the people find themselves, perhaps the same day, in the midst of, say, the slaughter of goats throughout the village for the keeping up of some special festival, or a great dance before their gods right on into the night. Who knows where the Message has really found access?"

ANSWERED PRAYERS

"A Very Present Help"

IF PHOTOGRAPHS of all the people who send statements of Answered Prayer to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could be collected, what a gallery of faces would be shown! If illustrations could be made of the household groups and scenes referred to in the letters, what a picture-book of human life would be produced! Many letters tell of dear mothers restored to life and health. It is easy to picture those scenes: the members of the household, tiptoeing about; the hurried whispers in the hall; the tearful, brave folks who must stay in the kitchen and get the meals for the others; the anxious waiting for the doctor's morning call. And up in the sick-room a dear, silvered head lies upon the pillow; hot, weak hands lie outside the coverlet, hands that have been busy enough in other days; the fevered, worn body is very still; a nurse, or a kindly neighbor, watches the fitful sleeping and the patient wakings to fresh bewilderment and pain. And perhaps it is father, out in the haymow, or alone in the strange guest-room whither he has been banished when mother grew so ill, who, on his knees, is asking God to spare for a little while the old sweetheart of his youth, the brave comrade of the long, long years. Or perhaps it is the daughter, who runs up from the kitchen, and, stealing into her own room, asks God to let mother stay a few years more in the old, dear home. Then suddenly there is a change. The fever lessens; the pain is stilled. The doctor looks surprised and pleased. The dear mother-face lights up with the old smile. Sunshine filters through the vines and fills the house. The birds are found to be singing; if they had been singing an hour ago no one heard. Father knows what has happened; daughter knows. In their hearts the words are repeating themselves: "He touched her hand and the fever left her."

That afternoon a letter is written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that reads like this: "Praise God for answering my prayer in sparing the life of my precious mother"; or this: "I praise God for answering our prayer and sparing our dear mother to us"; or this: "I wish to acknowledge that the dear Lord restored my mother to health through prayer." These letters come from a reader, New York City; G. A. P., North Bangor, N. Y.; and E. M. B., Watsontown, Pa.

There are still other letters which tell of mothers restored to their homes in answer to prayer. Then there is the other picture: "I wish to thank God for sparing the life of our baby when she was very low. The physicians said she could not possibly live, but through prayer she has recovered." This letter comes from Mrs. C. A. R., of Kings Mountain, N. C., and a similar letter is received from Mrs. C. S. F., of Louisville, Ky. Mrs. M. L. R. writes from Red Oak, Ia.: "I sought God with all my heart to save my baby's life, which he did." V. H. writes from West Virginia: "I wish to acknowledge that our daughter's life was spared in answer to earnest prayer." Mrs. J. G. of Omaha, Neb., says: "In answer to prayer my son is well." C. H. S., of Hinton, W. Va., writes: "I prayed that my brother would get well. The Lord heard and answered my prayer." C. W. writes: "I believe that God brought my father through a very serious illness in answer to our prayers."

The letters tell of other kinds of trouble that have been conquered by prayer. Mrs. S. W. writes, from Naches, Wash.: "I wish to bear witness to answered prayers for employment, when in need." J. P., of Greenfield, O., says: "God does answer prayer. Not long since our home seemed to be gone; I asked God to give it back and he did." A. K. N., of Mt. Holly, N. J., writes: "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness and mercy in hearing and answering my prayer in a time of great financial distress, and thereby increasing my faith and trust in his promises."

A. B., of Washington, D. C., wants to "tell the world, through our blessed paper, how many times God has heard and answered the prayers of an Old Widow." "A South Dakota Girl" writes: "I want to acknowledge that God has been good to me in answering my prayers." There is a pleasant sound to the letter from E. F. D., Staten Island; it seems to indicate that God is really very friendly: "I wish to acknowledge my gratitude to God for a beautiful answer to prayer."

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have also been received from: A Reader, Hickory, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. E. H., Conrad, Ill.; Eliza, Pennsylvania; W. G. M., St. Andrews, Fla.; G. W. H., Bloomsburg, Pa.; C. L. A., Sidney, Neb.; G. T. B., New Bedford, Mass.; R. W. C., Uniontown, Ky.; A Constant Reader, Gallatin, Tenn.; Mrs. F. B., Holdenville, Okla.; A. B. M., Newark Valley, N. Y.; L., St. Clairsville, O.; J. L. P., Konorado, Kan.; C. E. H., Franklin, Pa., and M. J. K., Middletown, N. Y.

Called Higher

Frank T. Youndt (52) passed away at Lebanon, Pa., September 4, 1912.

Eligh C. Crosswaith (82), of Mapleville, Ill., was called higher July 1, 1912.

Mrs. Samuel J. Austin (65) died July 20, 1912, at Schenevus, N. Y. She was long a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Candace Livingston (70) died at Huntington, Ind., July 9, 1912. Converted in her youth she devoted her life to bless others.

Mrs. Anna M. Walker (79) passed away at her home at Platteville, Colo., on July 8, 1912. She was a loyal Christian for sixty-five years, and enjoyed reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Cornelia Caroline Carrico (67), of Alva, Okla., passed to her reward July 7, 1912. She was a model wife and mother, and a Christian in the fullest sense.

Mrs. J. W. Everett (65), of Parker's Landing, Pa., passed away to her heavenly home August 2, 1912. She was a life-long Christian, a faithful and loving wife and mother and a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Frank G. Wilson, aged 42 years, of Waterloo, Ia., passed away July 25, 1912. For ten years every Sunday morning he had read to his invalid mother the sermon in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. J. B. Spencer was called from earth to heaven July 29, 1912, in blessed assurance that Jesus was hers. She loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD next to her Bible, and was a sister of charity for all.

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UR YOUNGER READERS

Fame has eagle's wings, and yet she mounts not so high as man's desires.—*Beaconsfield.*

FROM THE COZY CORNER SCRAP BOOK

This Is Lots of Fun, Try It

D you know that four boys can
it down together quite comforta-
with apparently nothing to sit
? The trick is an easy one. Try
Stand up in the form of a right
cross with right elbows touching
each boy's back at right angles to
oy behind. Count three and let
body sit down, exactly as though
as about to sit on a chair; when
boy will discover himself quite
ortably on the knee of the boy
d him. This is always very
y and nice, and invariably ends
big laugh.

A Successful Youthful Inventor

YOUNG boy in Turin whose name
is Francisco de Bernocchi has re-
y invented an instrument which
transmit messages, sketches, au-
aphs, shorthand, codes and other
. The instrument is known as
"wireless iconograph," and the
ipal point of its originality is
the correspondence cannot be in-
pted. The scientific world is wait-
with almost breathless interest to
he instrument made entirely prac-
and commercialized. Francisco
not fifteen years old when the idea
his invention came to him, which
eclares was on a Christmas morn-
while he and his little boy brother
playing together with some new
stmas toys.

Six Dozen Cookies

Y girl with a taste for good cook-
ing can with all ease, on a Satur-
afternoon, make cookies enough
a whole fortnight of school lunch-
, after this delicious recipe: Two
uls of molasses and one cupful of
brown sugar. One cupful of but-
and four heaping teaspoonfuls of
er and four of soda mixed in a
ful of boiling water. Beat the
er up with three eggs well beaten
enough flour to make the mixture
od, even consistency to drop from
blespoon into shallow breadpans
bake in a quick oven.

To Sharpen Your Wits

he answers to these questions are
abbreviations for the names of
es:

. The State to cure the sick.
. The father of States.
. The State of single blessedness.
4. The best State in case of a flood.
5. The State which is no such word as fail.
6. A most unhealthy State.
7. The State of exclamation.
8. The personal pronoun State.
9. The decimal State.
10. Not a State for the untidy.
11. The State of metals.

The answers will be published here next week.

A Popular Contest

THE Cozy Corner Mascot prizes were delayed at the hands of the printers, owing to a great rush of work and the popularity of the contest. They are going out every day now, so do not be impatient. Your prize is sure to come in time, for everybody introducing at least three new friends into the Cozy Corner will receive one.

A Nice Little Letter

DEAR AUNT IN THE COZY CORNER: I want to thank you ever so much for the beautiful camera which I have just received as my prize for good work in the Cozy Corner. My brother is teaching me how to take pictures and it is great fun.

Your loving Cozy Corner niece,
HAZEL C. FOSTER, *age 12.*

Mine Host of "The Golden Apple"

A goodly host one day was mine,
A Golden Apple his only sign,
That hung from a long branch, ripe and fine.

My host was the bountiful apple tree;
He gave me shelter and nourished me
With the best of fare, all fresh and free.

And light-winged guests came not a few,
To his leafy inn, and sipped the dew,
And sang their best songs ere they flew.

I went to sleep on a downy bed
Of moss, and my host benignly spread
His own cool shadow over my head.

When I asked what reckoning there might be,
He shook his broad boughs cheerily:
A blessing on the sweet Apple Tree!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

Good-Night Verse

The grass withereth and the flower fadeth, but the word of our Lord shall last forever.

I am lovingly always,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

ROMPER BABIES. "PLEASE TAKE US TOO."

"I'm Not Much of a Cook, Hubby,"

"but here's what I did with Jell-O. Could any *cook* make anything finer than that, and won't that hit the spot?"

Of course no cook could make anything finer. The "beauty of it" is that women who cannot cook can make as good desserts as the best cook, for

JELL-O

doesn't have to be cooked. The young housekeeper who *must* prepare the meals herself and uses Jell-O, is saved much experimenting at the expense of her husband's digestion and good nature.

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we will refund your money if you are not satisfied. Send for Big Catalog of
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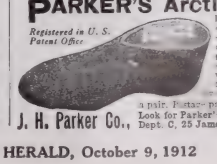

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Should you know of other boys who wish to start, enclose their names with 15c for each name and full information will be sent them.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

G. B., Dayton, O. How is life of any kind possible at great ocean depths?

Two factors render life possible in the greater depths of the sea. The constant currents descending from the surface in the polar regions to the bottom and thence to the equatorial regions bring with them the necessary oxygen, although the amount of this gas present in the great depths is much less than at the surface. The other factor, that of food, is, in the last analysis, furnished by the constant death of surface (pelagic) forms whose dead bodies, slowly sinking through the water, furnish the nourishment needed by the abyssal creatures which in turn are preyed upon by those more highly organized.

P. R., Ferndale, N. Y. 1. The name or identity of Cain's wife need trouble no one; she was probably of his own kindred, as the human family at that time had evidently grown in numbers, as may be gathered from Gen. 4: 14, 15. The land of Nod simply means "land of exile." Any one who would refuse to believe the Scriptures on account of this particular question, must be very easily dissuaded. 2. The use of tobacco is unquestionably a vice, although it has its apologists. Those Bible class teachers and others who approve it should be pointed to I. Thess. 5: 22, which lays down the proper rule of conduct in such a case. If this is not sufficient, you may also ask them to read Matt. 5: 29, 30, Luke 17: 2 and I. Cor. 8: 13. It is our duty to be an example to others, and the influence of personal example is one of the strongest points in Christian character.

Reader, Imlay City, Mich. We read in the Bible that "Whosoever will, may come," and "Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." Does that invitation extend to one who, while professing Christ and being a member of the church, has lived a life out of all harmony with that profession; who has neglected obvious duties and carelessly at least and sometimes wilfully stifled the voice of conscience, and who during a period of revival service has been allowed to see where he stands and longs to get right with God? Is there any hope for such a sinner, in your opinion, and what must he do to be saved?

There is but one simple course to follow: He should renew his profession, confess Christ as Saviour before men, and, asking forgiveness, endeavor, with all the strength of his will and with divine help, to begin a new life. A backslider is not irredeemable although he may have wandered far from the Cross and even stifled the voice of conscience. But he must be willing to lay down his pride and stubbornness, and to come in all meekness and sincerity once more to the fount of pardon and blessing. Above all, he should pray to be kept again from falling into sin and indifference. We would advise such a one to take an active part in the spiritual activities of his church. There is nothing so effective as to keep busy working for Christ and for the good of our fellow men.

W. W. D., Norristown, Pa. The passage in Matt. 23d chapter, to which you refer, is a part of Jesus' denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees, who were given over to formalism and regarded the *letter* rather than the *spirit* of Scripture. They sought personal honors and the applause of the multitudes. They carried strips of parchment of Scripture texts, bound to arm, forehead and side, in time of prayer, and they loved to be addressed by ecclesiastical titles. *Rabbi* (Master) was a title which they particularly affected and which their whole spiritual conduct discredited. Had they been true teachers and guides, instead of false, he would not have reprobated them, nor would they have belied the title they bore. Titles in the modern Christian Church are vain distinctions, except where they are worthily worn. All should be brethren in Christ, the highest dignitary of the church and the humblest follower. Unfortunately, in every age there has been a desire for ecclesiastical distinctions and, while in many cases these have been merited and gladly accorded, in others the honors were not deserved. The ecclesiastical system of the Jews lent itself to this vanity to such an extent as to arouse the divine indignation. The title "Rab" was originally Babylonian and that of "Rabbi," Palestinian. It was given to learned men, authorized teachers of the law and spiritual heads of the community.

A. J. B., Shamokin, Pa. Do you consider it advisable to use a prayer-book for family worship or private devotions?

There are many who use prayer-books. They are a guide to devotion and an aid to those who have not the gift of freely expressing their emotions in words, or who suffer from self-consciousness when praying aloud before others. We have frequently seen very worthy Christian people at prayer-meeting, laboring in distress when asked to lead in prayer. In many of our churches, too, of various denominations, the prayer-book is called into service, and they are very appropriately used for certain functions and observances in practically all the churches. But after all, they are merely designed to be an aid to the expression of the feelings of the heart and not to supersede voluntary prayer. For family worship you may use a prayer-book as our good forefathers did in the olden days or you may read a portion of Scripture, and then repeat the Lord's Prayer in unison; then let each in turn or one leader for all, follow in simple petitions which meet the needs of that household. One does not need to be eloquent, or learned, or oratorical to pray. Speak to God reverently in your own simple way, fearing nothing, but believing, for he will never turn a deaf ear to those who come to him in the right spirit.

Mr. H. P. Main, the well-known Gospel hymn writer and composer, writes: "The versification of the Lord's Prayer, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for September 25, page 942, was made by Rev. Adoniram Judson in March, 1825, while a prisoner at Ava, in Burma. It is said to be comprised in fewer words than the original Greek and in two more words only than the common translation. I believe the original varies from the version given in your paper only in stanzas one and three. Stanza one, line four:

"In earth and heaven the same.

"In stanza three, lines three and four:

"The kingdom, power, and glory, Lord,
Ever belong to thee.

The hymn has been used in many books for Sunday schools, and I think in some of the Baptist and other hymnals."

Reader, Hastings, Mich. The "one thing needful" to carry out your purpose is to get under the banner of Christ. Join the church, make open profession and acceptance of your faith, and profit by contact with Christian people. The church to-day has many activities in which you ought to have a personal share. Find something to *do*, however simple. Religion does not consist in prayers and introspection; it consists in living the Christian life, having faith in God and carrying it into your daily duties. Ask your own heart in every emergency, "What would Jesus do?" and, as far as lies in your power, follow his example in being pure, truthful, honest and kind. Ask him to help you and keep you day by day.

N. S. D., Pennsylvania. Please explain Matt. 5: 19.

The meaning of the passage is: Whosoever shall break, or make invalid through deliberate misinterpretation, one of the least of these commandments and shall teach men so (as the Pharisees were doing), shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. The penalty was not exclusion from heaven, but the loss of the position of honor in God's kingdom, which they might have enjoyed. On the other hand, whosoever shall teach men to obey the law in its right interpretation, looking to the glory and honor of God, should be honored in heaven. It was a warning to the Scribes and Pharisees that righteousness must be *inward*, vital and spiritual, instead of *outward* and formal.

A. L. B., Bloomington, Ill. Can consumption be cured? Is it hereditary? If not, how is it communicated? Is it a fact it kills more than any other disease? Who called it the Great White Plague?

Consumption, unless too far advanced, can be practically cured by nature's process of confining the tubercular germs in sacs of fibrous tissue, which later become calcified, and thus prevent the spread of the disease. Formerly it was thought to be hereditary, but the great German bacteriologist, Robert Koch, isolated the bacillus in 1880-2. In most cases consumption is communicated by the dried-up sputum of victims, which as particles of dust may be whirled through the streets and light anywhere; the most dangerous localities are congested tenement districts and some factories and mills, where sanitation is defective and sunlight and good air lacking. With the possible exception of pneumonia, consumption causes the greatest destruction to humanity, the annual toll of deaths in this country alone amounting to almost 150,000. Tuberculosis (including consumption) was called the Great White Plague by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

C. W. P., Boston, Mass., apropos of a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG, "The whole influence of the Boy Scout movement is against militarism and military drill, as not only having a tendency toward war, but also toward creating a mere unit in a machine, whereas the purpose of the Scouts is to inspire originality and initiative in the individual."

Subscriber, Cumming, Ga.: "What substantial proof have we (if any) that regeneration preceded the day of Pentecost?" Mrs. E. V. D., Lake Odessa, Mich.: "Was Peter converted before the day of Pentecost? If he was why did he deny Christ?" E. B. M., Marshalltown, Ia.: "Was Jacob a justified man before his wrestling at Jabbok?"

Jesus had said many things to and about his disciples before his death, which indicated that they were converted men: "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven," Luke 10: 20; "Now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you," John 15: 3; "Ye know him" (the Spirit of truth), "for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." In the last

Continued on next page

IT'S THE FOOD

The True Way to Correct Nervous Trou

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"At times I would have no appetite days, then I would feel ravenous, n satisfied when I did eat and so nervc felt like shrieking at the top of my v I lost flesh badly and hardly knew w way to turn until one day I bought a of Grape-Nuts food to see if I coulc that. I tried it without telling the do and liked it fine; made me feel as had something to eat that was satisf and still I didn't have that heavi that I had felt after eating any o food.

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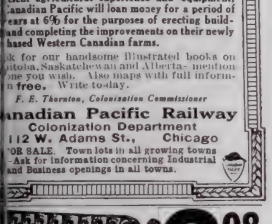

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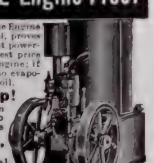

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

verse he distinguishes them from "the world." The world, he said, cannot receive the Spirit; but the Spirit was already with the disciples, and was to come into their hearts in greater fulness, as he did on the day of Pentecost. In the high priestly prayer Jesus said: "I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine;" "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world;" "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word," John 17: 9, 14, 16, 6. Although Peter was a converted man, he fell into sin and denied his Master. It is the common experience of justified Christians that, while they do not habitually sin, they slip occasionally into transgression. But after the fulness of the Spirit had been received on the day of Pentecost, Peter and the other apostles stood firm. This also has been the experience of many Christians since the apostles' time, who have found, in a second blessing, sanctifying and keeping grace. Jacob's experience was the same. Before his blessing at Jabbok, he had met God at Bethel and received the promise: "I will not leave thee," Gen. 28: 15; God had spoken to him again, while he dwelt with Laban, Gen. 31: 3-11; the angels of God met him at Mahanaim, Gen. 32: 2. But after the experience at Jabbok, or Peniel, he lived to the end of his days a purer, higher spiritual life.

Subscriber, Randolph, Wis. What other stories, or works, besides *Ben Hur* were written by Lew Wallace?

General Wallace wrote *The Prince of India, The Wooing of Malkatoon* (verse), *The Boyhood Life of Christ*, and *The Life of General Benjamin Harrison.*

S. B. M., Leavenworth, Kan. After life becomes extinct, can the body be called really dead, when, as science teaches, its constituents pass into other forms?

When life ceases, the body as an individual organization is said to be dead; that is to say, death is the cessation of organic life. Matter, however, is indestructible; when it loses one form it appears in another. The matter of which the body is composed does not perish on the death of an organized being; it undergoes various changes which are known by the names of decay and putrefaction and which are the preparation for its becoming subservient to new forms of life. What becomes of the mind or thinking principle in man, otherwise the soul, is altogether a matter of religious faith or philosophic conjecture on which science has been unable to throw the slightest light. God has revealed the truth in the Bible, and particularly in the historic fact of Christ's resurrection, that the soul which is in harmony with himself will live forever. For the Scripture teaching concerning the resurrection of the body read I. Cor. 15, which has been recognized from the earliest Christian times as the expression of the Christian's faith about the future life. Note particularly verses 35-44, 50-54.

A Friend. I saw in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD a request for a Bible for a convict, and am now sending one.

The Bible has been received and forwarded, and we have no doubt "Friend's" gift will be greatly appreciated. As it came anonymously, we acknowledge it through THE MAIL-BAG.

W. M., Holland, Mich. The attitude of the Christian Church, or a very considerable portion of it, toward Socialism is undergoing a change. The church is coming more and more to recognize the fact that the claims of Socialism are not to be turned aside. It is also beginning to understand that there are two kinds of Socialism: 1. Constructive or beneficent, which aims at the amelioration of existing conditions and the uplifting of the masses through the pacific methods of education, agitation and legislation, and 2, destructive Socialism, which is antagonistic to law and order. There are many excellent books published.

P. M. S., Louisville, Ky. Do animals reason?

Animals do not reason as men; they do not profit by the experience of actions to varying circumstances. Spencer defined reason as "the faculty which is concerned in the intentional adaptation of means to an end." This faculty is lacking in animals. For instance, a monkey will sit by a fire of logs the hunter has kindled, but when the blaze dies down to embers and the cold asserts its influence, it will never occur to the monkey to throw on more logs to restore the heat. It is safe to assume, however, that the higher animals, especially those which have been in contact with and trained by man, exhibit the germs of reason, and while they cannot make inductions and deductions or predictions, their intellectual acts differ rather in degree than in kind from those of the lowest races.

H. R. W., Long Island, N. Y., writes: "I felt it my duty to communicate with you in reference to the argument advanced by one D. R. E. of North Lewisburg, O., and answered so ably and correctly by you. It is regrettable but nevertheless true that some of our Protestant brethren cannot be induced to believe that the Church of Rome is bending every effort to make America Catholic. If these same ones could only have a vision of the result should the Church of Rome succeed in her purpose, then how quickly they would change their minds and say with James Madison, when he was President of the United States: "It is proper to take alarm at the first experiment upon our liberties, and to hold this prudent jealousy to be the first duty of citizens." I for one wish to commend you for giving publicity to the aims and purposes of the Roman hierarchy, and I sincerely hope that your readers will take full note of the warnings and be governed by them. We do not want history to repeat itself here in the United States, which will certainly happen if our non-Catholic citizens are not on the alert, regardless of what their opinions are of their Catholic friends who really do not know what their church is planning to accomplish."

R. F. B., Chicopee, Mass. Give the composition of the present Congress as to political affiliation.

In the present or Sixty-second Congress, there are in the Senate 51 Republicans, 39 Democrats and five Independents, while in the House there are 228 Republicans, 162 Democrats and one Independent, who is a Socialist.

Reader, New London, Ia. 1. Explain Heb. 4: 8. 2. Explain Eph. 4: 5. Did Christ establish any creed? Since the apostles were all taught the same thing why do we have different creeds?

1. The word Jesus here should be Joshua. Joshua, though he led the people into Canaan, did not really lead them into spiritual rest. This is precisely what Jesus does. The soul that is really trusting him, trusting the power of his sacrifice to save from the penalty of laws broken in the past, and trusting to his power to keep from sin in the present, is living a restful life. 2. It is true that there is only "one faith." But Jesus did not go into minute details in instructing his apostles, preferring to teach great principles. In determining the details of worship and conduct, or in interpreting the directions he gave, his followers have sometimes differed from one another. It is these differences that have made the different denominations. But all the evangelical denominations agree in this: that men are saved by faith in Jesus Christ.

R. B. S., Bethlehem, Pa. When did the Jewish calendar originate, and what is the present Jewish year?

In the fifteenth century the Jews adopted as their epoch the Creation of the World, which was placed on a year called in the Christian chronology 3760 B.C. This makes the present year, 1912, correspond to the year of the world 5672-5673 in the Jewish calendar.

Miscellaneous

Constant Reader, Victoria, Can. There is no passage in the Bible which can be so construed.

Mrs. L. E. F., Zionsville, Pa. One should vote as conscience directs for the best moral interests of the community.

G. H. R., Shiremanstown, Pa. There is nothing in Scripture to justify any church or denomination in compelling members to adopt a certain dress nor justifying the deprivation of church privileges for refusing to conform to such a rule.

R. N. A., Asbury Park, N. J. There are already observed in many churches now the anniversary of Founders' Day (Puritan) and Forefathers' Day (Pilgrims), although the observance is not national.

J. H. F., Covington, Ky. We quite agree with you that no one has a right to speak decisively on matters that are largely speculative, and concerning which there is a marked division of opinion even among the ablest commentators. We quoted these in the article in question, and gave the Scripture passages bearing on the subject.

M. E. J., East Boston, Mass. Read I. Cor., 15th chapter, for a statement of the belief of the early Christian Church concerning the resurrection. This is accepted as the general belief of the church to-day. See verse 50. The passage in Job 19: 26, which is so frequently quoted, is transformed by the more accurate rendering of the Revised Version to read "out of my flesh."

J. C., Oxford, O. The book of Job is believed to be a spiritual allegory. The name Job is derived from an Arabic word signifying "repentance." Not a few writers, however, refer to Job himself as a real personage. (See Ezek. 14: 14 and James 5: 11.) The book is in the nature of a public debate in poetic form on an important question concerning divine government, viz.: Are the righteous afflicted consistently with God's justice? Satan is here the accusing angel, who is permitted to test Job. We must read the book as an allegory and allow for the many things which would not appear in an ordinary narrative of events.

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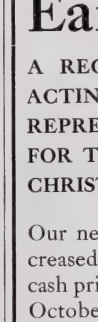

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 988

distant Capernaum; and to those who are told about its existence, but cannot go to see it for themselves.

Ever since the days of the Samaritan woman and the Syrophenician woman, and the Roman centurion, God has been raising up men and women as leaders of the Spirit in many lands: Saul of Tarsus was the great preacher to the Gentiles in his native Asia, and in Europe beyond.

Africaner, called "the monster" and "the human tiger" because of his savage cruelty, and for whose head a hundred pounds ($500) had been offered by the governor of Cape Town, through the grace of God became a Christian and a preacher of righteousness to his people in Africa.

Joseph Neesima embraced Christianity in his early youth, and afterwards established the *Doshisha*, the great Christian college in which hundreds of the youths of Japan have received a Christian education.

Dr. J. R. Brown, a missionary of more than forty years' experience in Turkey, tells of a boy named Thomas, who was literally forced upon his care by a widowed mother when he was preaching in a small town that he had crossed a swollen river to reach, at great risk of his life. Almost reluctantly he took the boy back with him, and the outcome has been that the boy, grown to manhood, has become the religious leader and reformer of Kurdistan, the wise counselor of his people in personal and national affairs.

Almost every missionary could give similar instances of God's raising up men and women to be his messengers. Such a woman was Frances E. Willard. There is hardly a land in the world where her name is not spoken, and where her picture is not seen, and where her teachings are not followed. We have met her thus in Australia and Iceland and in all the lands that lie between. Once when crossing the ocean, bound for Liverpool, she was told that just ahead lay the rocks called "Bull, Cow, and Calf." The captain said: "If my calculations are right, we shall see them in ten minutes." He had made the statement by what is called "dead reckoning," taken in a dense fog, which had dimmed the sun and stars for two days or more. In five minutes the outlook reported, and in eight minutes the "Bull, Cow, and Calf" were reported. Miss Willard enlarges upon the incident thus: "A good sailor, loyal and true, sings his song of cheer, and in light or darkness keeps at his post, and reckons himself right, and goes on his way rejoicing. God's Book is the Christian's chart; the star of Bethlehem his polar star; the Sun of righteousness illumines his heavens; the compass of faith guides sure and true, whether he sees the light above or not, and he sails on, singing:

"Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives me nearer home."

It is perhaps not known that astronomers depend almost wholly upon stars for obtaining accurate time. They can rely upon them because there are several hundred stars whose positions have been noted at the principal observatories of the world, and the data concerning them, including the time when they will pass the meridian of any given place, is published in nautical almanacs for the use of navigators and all others who have uses for them. These stars are called "clock stars." Each Christian, whether his sphere be large or small, should be like a clock star in morals, in all noble deeds, and in Christian conduct and leadership.

Jesus said to the Syrophenician woman, "Great is thy faith; be it done unto thee as thou wilt." And of the centurion he said: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." We are reminded of the "water test" given to diamonds; by means of it, even the most inexperienced person can discover whether or not a stone is genuine; the real diamond will become all the more brilliant by being placed under water, while the imitation stone will lose its luster. And so the faith of the true Christian will become more apparent when he is surrounded by the deep waters of sorrow. It is then that the true servants of God, like Job, shine forth as genuine jewels of the King.

Have you faith great enough to make this your daily prayer?

These are the gifts I ask
Of Thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I would have thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of a common day.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—TO SPREAD far and near the "glad tidings of great joy" is the purpose of the Good News Association of the United Brethren Church. One band of five bearers of good news is now in the field, and it is the purpose of the United Brethren Church to put other bands in the field during the fall and winter. A Good News band consists of a leader, a good singer, a worker with and for children, a pianist and a secretary. This band of workers stands ready to go wherever their services are in request.

—IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for August 21 the statistics given for the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene were taken from a table compiled before the reports of the denomination's latest addition had been received. The correct figures are as follows: 470 churches; 20,501 communicants; 545 ordained ministers; 570 local preachers and exhorters; 17,978 Sunday school pupils. The Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene is almost the newest denomination, but its growth has been phenomenally rapid.

—THE SEAMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION has for more than a quarter of a century extended help to sailors at New York. It provides a free shipping employment bureau, where over one thousand men a month are shipped free of charge. It sends destitute and shipwrecked seamen to their homes, visits and cares for sailors who are patients in hospitals. Its Gospel services are attended by an average of sixty men, and hundreds visit its rooms to read and write letters. Concerts are given each week, with a large attendance. Libraries are placed on ships and comfort bags, knitted articles, etc., are given to worthy and needy seamen.

—THE HEARTSEASE WORK for Friendless Women in New York has entered its fourteenth year. 204 women and 52 babies have been cared for; 14,459 meals given; 5,305 lodgings; 1,290 garments given; 1,184 visits made and 10 children adopted. It endeavors to show these friendless women the way of salvation, and to elevate them by instilling into their hearts and minds the principles of right living, using God's Word as a text-book; to teach them the customs of decent society and to train them to be self-supporting. To this end instruction is given in Bible, English, stenography, sewing and domestic science. Some of these women walk the streets all day, seeking shelter. The greatest need of the work at present is a place for mothers and babies who are convalescing, seeking employment or homeless; and a nursery properly equipped for the little strangers who are waiting for a home.

—MISS C. E. MASON, president of the International Council for Patriotic Service, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "The Mormons are now having a moving picture made to show the growth of their sect in the last hundred years. It is to be most favorable to them. They plan to use this film in educating the masses all over the United States, Mexico, Central and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, and they are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on it. It is time to be up and doing before this 'educational' film is to be released in October or the latter part of September."

—THE RESULTS of the great revival which took place in Wichita, Kan., about six months ago are still being widely felt in the country round about that city. Each Sunday a group of business men who call themselves Wichita's Forward Movement Team visit some of the smaller towns and hold evangelistic services. A few weeks ago, one of these services held in Oxford, a town of six hundred people in southern Kansas, was attended by the greatest success. Twelve members of the team were present and as they are all of them business men, farmers or professional men, their method of carrying the Gospel message is particularly adapted to the type of work they have chosen for themselves.

—W. A. EASTMAN, A CONVERTED ex-criminal, who for two years past has been doing Christian work in California, Oregon and Washington, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inquiring: "Is there any company or society that would let me have little New Testaments to distribute as I go along?" He has been speaking on the streets and in churches and has become acquainted with over thirty ministers since beginning his Gospel work two years ago. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is forwarding several Testaments to him. Perhaps some of our readers may be disposed to assist this "brand plucked from the burning" in his new field.

—THE FORWARD MOVEMENT, a settlement founded in 1893 in Chicago, Ill., started its Forward Movement Park fourteen years ago. During the past fourteen years they have taken 11,282 people from the congested district of Chicago to their summer park at Saugatuck, Mich. Some of these people paid a small part of their expenses, others paid all of their expenses, and a great many paid nothing other than a small fee for expenses. The park itself is 133 acres of Michigan land with a large beach and a river a quarter of a mile away. This land, buildings and equipment, including an up-to-date electric light plant, water works and sewer system, is worth over $125,000. The attendance last year was 986, and this year promises to run above that mark. The park is open six months in the year. The activities of the people are those of a social, physical, educational and religious nature as the work carried on elsewhere.

—RECENTLY RESIDENTS of the Flatbush section of Brooklyn saw a practical demonstration of real church work and interest. The men of the Lutheran Church of the Good Shepherd turned out one morning with overalls, paint-pots, brushes and ladders to paint their church. The church was begun only shortly ago, and its resources were strained to meet the heavy expenses on its property. The pastor, Dr. Pannkoke, saw the need of a new coat of paint, but also knew the difficulty of obtaining the necessary funds at the time to pay a professional painter. He suggested that the men themselves get out and do the work. Enthusiasm grew apace, and the plan was decided upon. Then the pastor broached another idea. Not every one has the privilege to paint a church. Why not charge for the privilege? A fee of one dollar was decided upon for every one desirous of undertaking to paint. One coat was finished the first week, and the second the week after. And at present the church is one of the coziest and prettiest of Flatbush. Not only has the painting been done in record time, and well done, but the interest of the men, who thus showed their enthusiasm, has been more than doubled, and is ready to do more in other lines of church work.

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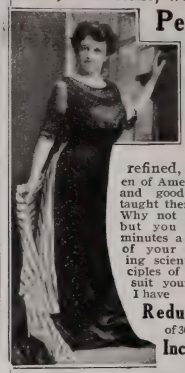

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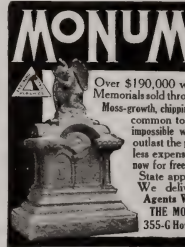

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CHINESE NOBLEMAN AT HOME

Continued from page 981

not include his grandsons, who od in attitudes of loving and admir- respect.) As soon as we had been ved with fresh tea and had tried a en or so of the comforts prepared our delectation, we began a con- sation as to the most recent famine, means taken to relieve the worthy fering and the generous contribu- s from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S ders.

"I want you to see my home," Lord continued, "for this is my real ne, though I have a house in Shang- and a summer bungalow at Kiu- g. Here my ancestors lived; here I s born and here my children and irs came into the world. This place the growth of hundreds of years, I am sure there are not many, in ina or elsewhere, that have more, or re sacred, associations. I shall live e and, if possible, die here; from e I shall be buried, and within these lls my descendants shall venerate memory, as I have revered that of ancestors and theirs."

All this was said in simplest fashion I listened to by grandsons and serv- s with bowed heads.

The walls enclose several acres—t how many I cannot tell exactly, ause Chinese units of measurement vastly different from ours. With- the compass of the inner enclosure re are ten lakes, connected with h other by miniature ravines, made bronze and decorated, as are the nks, with every conceivable variety flower, vine, shrub and dwarfed e. Pointing to one of the latter, I d: "Ah! a Japanese cedar!" "Not " came the quick reply; "a Chinese duct. Japan learned from us to arf and pattern trees and shrubs; rned as she did many other matters use and ornament."

Our tour was ended by an inspec- n, under Lord Ho's personal super- ion, of the rooms devoted to curios d antiques. Of these rooms and gal- ies there were at least a dozen, and lespair of giving even a hint of the riety and scope of the "museum ces" displayed. There were authen- ated bronzes dating from the Han nasty, B.C. 2200; coins of a lineage at makes the Cæsars seem "new h"; evolutions in ivory showing how e ideas of idol-makers grew in gro- squery; great variegated marbles om Yunnan or the gorges of the ngtse, whose veins had been guided into pictures of mountains, trees, pagodas and bridges.

There were jewels, cut and uncut; rosaries that had decked the necks of great Buddhas in far-off temples, long since gone to ruin; porcelains so light and transparent, so cunningly simulative of bird or butterfly, that one could imagine them alive and floating. The curios are Lord Ho's delight.

Of servants in this wonderhouse I learned there are more than 800 when the family is in residence and half as many the year around. A venerable footman or body servant joined us in one of the curio-hung corridors and entered into a whispered conversation with one of the grandsons, who looked much pleased as he dismissed the servant and said: "My grandmother wishes you to visit her in her own apartments."

My missionary friend fairly gasped, so unusual was this mark of favor. We repaired at once to the more secluded portions of this labyrinthine home and were ushered into a large living room very simply though prettily furnished in Chinese fashion, with fragrant matting on the floor, cabinets of rare china lining the walls, several chairs, including two American rockers, and numerous screens. From behind one of the latter soon came a dainty gentlewoman of seventy or more, supported, because of her impossibly small feet, by two female servants, and smiling adorably with black eyes, carmined lips and artistically decorated cheeks. Black satin that could "stand alone," as the old-time storywriters were wont to put it, clothed Lady Ho from neck to ankle.

The interview was short, and consisted mainly of reciprocal compliments; but I shall not soon forget the picture nor the glimpse of a life so foreign to all our Western ideas. Lady Ho, I learned, is a power in the household and a very dictator as to the education, pursuits and amusements of her grandchildren.

After tiffin, a ride was proposed—a ride on horseback or in sedan chairs, as we elected—and some of the marvelous shops of the ancient city were visited. Returning, we saw the library where the family spend hours each day and where newspapers in Chinese, English and French are displayed in a plenitude not to be excelled in the home of any European or American millionaire.

"TIFFIN"

)N THE rugged coast a storm had raged all night. As morning broke, e gale still kept up, and the vil- gers began their daily tasks in fear d trembling. Suddenly the boom of cannon was heard, and everybody stened to the beach, for they knew was a signal of distress. Far out on the tossing waves they saw intly the masts of a vessel, seem- gly beating itself to pieces upon the cks. The lifeboat crew quickly thered, but their captain, Tiffin, as not to be found. They manned e boat, however, pushed her out, d the sturdy rowers were soon lost view. A half hour passed before e anxious watchers on the shore re rewarded by seeing the boat re- rn. As the people gathered about e rescued and the rescuers, some e asked, "Did you get them all?" We've got all except one," was the swer. "That poor fellow was frozen the mast. Our boat was in danger d so we left him." Just then a big ilor stepped forward and said: Well, he is worth saving; we will go ter him." It was "Tiffin," the cap- in. His aged mother, with tears reaming down her face, said to her y: "O Harry, don't go out there is time. This is the anniversary of ur father's death. He died on just such a day. Your brother John left home eight years ago to be a sailor. We haven't heard from him since, and doubtless he too has been lost at sea. You're my only comfort, lad. Stay with me!"

"Tiffin" put his great strong hand upon her frail shoulders and looked down upon her care-worn face. "Mother," he said, "it's my duty to go out there. If I'm lost, God will take care of you." He kissed her, ordered his men to the boat, and it was again pushed out. Half an hour went by, three-quarters of an hour, and still no sign of her return. At last her faint outline was seen through mist and rain. It gradually grew larger, and soon it became evident to the spectators that its crew were fighting for life with the storm. Those on shore could see one man standing up in the prow, and finally made out the figure of the big captain. Then, as the boat came nearer and within hailing distance, they shouted out: "Did you get him?" They could see "Tiffin" reach over the prow and put his hands to his mouth so that his voice would carry, and then he shouted back this message:

"We got him, and tell mother it was brother John." EARLE W. GAGE.

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It is not a mere conservatory catalogue of names and prices, but is a chatty, readable, fascinating revelation of what is being done by some of the wide-awake, talented, present-day Masters in Music. It is a book full of musical suggestions and usefulness, containing portraits of the world's most eminent musicians, such as Liszt, Busoni, Leschetizky, and others, biographical sketches, and a musical dictionary. In itself it is a musical guide that no music lover can afford to neglect. Correspondence music study has been the subject of considerable discussion among musicians. Every music lover should have the facts on the subject, and know what is being done, and how it is being done. This book shows the consensus of the trained opinion of the world's greatest critics about this new work. It represents the views of not only one or two men, but of a distinguished group of American and European artists. It should prove of wonderful service in the library of any musician.

The book is technically a form of advertising matter—and for this reason we cannot sell it. We have decided, however, that every music lover interested in further study should have an opportunity to possess a copy. Hence this offer. And as a true lover of music cannot help but be interested in this new work, we are confident that we shall be more than repaid in dollars and cents for our expense by spreading broadcast this thoroughly adequate description and explanation of what can be accomplished by high-class correspondence music study.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Officers of the Aguadilla, P. R., Organization

East Indian Bible Class Boys of Jamaica

Officers of the Ponce, P. R., Organization

Y. M. C. A. ACTIVITIES IN THE WEST INDIES

ONE of the most encouraging and substantial campaigns carried on in recent years for the betterment of young men and boys been conducted by the Young 's Christian Association, under direction of an American Advis- Committee of 170 prominent busi- men residing in the United es and Canada, co-operating with Foreign Department of the Inter- onal Committee, in behalf of the g men and boys of the West In- Islands. This campaign was begun 909, at which time headquarters e established at San Juan, Porto , under the direction of Messrs. rge F. Tibbitts, Secretary for the t Indies; Cameron Beck and rles H. Nuttle, Associate Secreta-

he remarkable growth of each de- ment of Association activities is ely due to the energetic and faith- work of the native men of the t Indies. It has been well proved all they need is friendly co-opera- and guidance, and such financial stance as may be necessary to in- uce the different features of Association departments. Who of us would say that this is a timely work and ought to have the most hearty en- agement of the American people? These t millions of most worthy inhabitants of e islands, which lie at our very borders, have n for many years overlooked; and the work t has already been done by the Young Men's istian Association in their behalf has proved, ond a doubt, that they are most ready to do r part fully and are at all times most grate- for any assistance that we may render them. s not this a work, undenominational in its racter and practical in its scope, that will g the people of the West Indies, and the in-American Republics as well, into a closer more friendly relationship with each other with us? Time and space will not permit a report of all the work that has been accom- hed during the past three years, but one g that has stood out most prominently has n the cordial relationships that have existed ween the Association secretaries, our repre- tatives, and all classes of people, irrespective olitical preferences or religious beliefs. The ple have well learned that the association is seeking after power, or those connected with fter honor or financial returns, but is con- ting a campaign in which all may unite to them in their fight for perfect physical, in- ectual, social and Christian manhood.

n January, 1910, a banquet was held in San n, at which time 125 of the most prominent in the city started a campaign for a Young n's Christian Association Building for that . The sum of $50,600 was subscribed imme- tely after, in twenty-four days, largely by the ive men; and the Insular Government of Porto Rico at once gave to the Board of Directors an entire city block valued at $100,000, on which the Association Building is now being erected, and will be dedicated on November 1. No one can question the need of such an institution in the West Indies. As this will be the first Association Building to be erected, we cannot help but realize that there is not one well-equipped gymnasium with intelligent supervision in all of the islands, and practically no medical or physical instruction given to the young men and boys; that there is not a modern business college and that there are few night educational classes for those who are employed during the day. Those who know the conditions that exist throughout the tropics will recognize at once the tremendous need for attractive social features, surrounded by Christian environment.

The New Post Office, Kingston, Jamaica

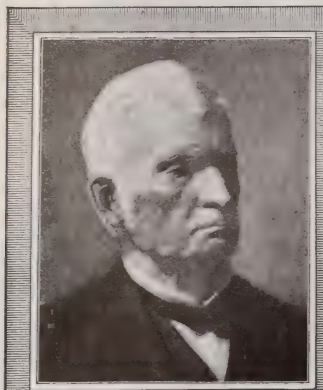
Associations have also been established among the working classes called peons, especially those employed in the sugar mills. Guanica has two such buildings, with a trained general secretary in charge, and plans are being drawn for three other buildings, which will be located in Porto Rico and Cuba. There are also County Associations established throughout Porto Rico and Jamaica. Thousands of young men and boys have been reached through these branches; Bible classes organized; Gospel meetings conducted; literary societies and outdoor athletic features established. Jamaica, as well as Porto Rico, has made remarkable progress and the native young men have shown their ability to concentrate, persevere and successfully carry out the important plans which have been outlined by the traveling secretaries. All the young people of Porto Rico have learned to speak the English language fluently since the American occupation, and are now seeking constantly for other features that will develop them into all-around useful lives according to American standards.

A Canal Scene in Jamaica

The American people are beginning to realize that these neighbors have been very much neglected in the past, and that we, as a nation, do owe this part of the Western Hemisphere some consideration. We are reminded that the capital city of Santo Domingo was the first land colonized in the Western Hemisphere, and here we find, beyond question, the mortal remains of Columbus, the discoverer of America. Many other heroic souls that have made what we now have possible, have been buried in this famous old city. Until recently we have known little or nothing of the 700,000 people of the Dominican Republic, or how we, as a strong nation, might help them. The Young Men's Christian Association has answered the question in a very practical way, by striking at the basis of the trouble in an endeavor to train the youth physically,

Continued on next page

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS WAITING ON GO



J. C. Lanphier

The Anniversary Service at the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting

George H. Dowkonnt

FOR fifty-five years the Fulton Street Noonday Prayer Meeting in New York has been a power in the religious life of the metropolis and of the nation. Organized in 1857, the year of America's great revival, it has flourished, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to the present day, and on September 23 the fifty-fifth anniversary of its founding was celebrated by special services at the noon hour and in the evening. Business men united with clergymen and evangelists in testifying to the spiritual benefits received at this place where the Scriptures are believed in, the Son of God honored, and the Holy Spirit given the right of way.

Mr. William Phillips Hall, who presided at the noon service, reminded the audience that the revival of 1857 was born in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. He quoted the late Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler in estimating that at least one hundred thousand people were converted during that awakening. Aside from this great ingathering, whose beginnings can be traced to this source, the blessings received directly from the noonday service held year after year have been innumerable. Mr. Hall, continuing, said: "We have no record, because it is established on high. When we examine that record we shall be astonished to find how very many have been helped and benefited by this Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting. Business men have come to this place again and again greatly burdened; mothers have sent requests asking prayer for their children; and many requests have been received from all parts of the world. This is a place where we meet God and God meets with us."

It is surely an impressive change from the clatter and strife of the street to pass into the shelter of this quiet place of prayer.

Many souls have learned that "man does not live by bread alone"; many have also been guided and helped in the details of their daily tasks. From their inception, fifty-five years ago, these noonday meetings have been held continuously on every week-day, including holidays.

In the addresses and testimonies delivered at the anniversary many words of affectionate and gratified praise were spoken of the earlier leaders of the meeting, J. C. Lanphier, C. F. Cutter, F. N. Jacobs, and words of appreciation for the present superintendent, Dr. George H. Dowkonnt. One friend, stating that he had attended as a newspaper reporter the first anniversary of the meeting in 1858, said: "I was acquainted with that gentleman whose picture I am looking upon (Mr. Lanphier) and the fragrance of his pure life has been with me until this hour." Another spoke of a Testament which he had received, when a young man, from Mr. Lanphier; John H. Wyburn, superintendent of the McAuley Mission on Water Street, said: "I remember him well. What an inspiration he was to me! On one occasion he told me about a better time that was in store for me if I was faithful to Jesus Christ." Mr. Wyburn stated that S. H. Hadley first brought him to the Fulton Street meeting, and that he remembered still the blessedness of that hour. "I represent the old Jerry McAuley Mission, where we believe in the Christ who can make men over new. I thank God for leading Dr. Dowkonnt to this place. I have known him for many years and know that he believes in the whole Gospel."

Among the others who spoke were Mr. S Burr, Mr. Andrew Wood, Mr. Sidney Perrin, Mr. Norman Raymond, representing the John S Noonday Prayer Meeting. The Rev. W. Tucker, D.D., of Los Angeles, Calif., made the cipal address at both the noon and evening ser of the anniversary. Mr. C. D. Wood, Rev. Ge S. Avery, Rev. George Douglas, Mrs. Richard H ley, Rev. T. M. Shilford, Rev. Robert McE Captain Pennington and many others, inclu strangers, gave words of testimony and exhort during the service. The Fulton Street Male Q tet, which sings at the regular noonday meet rendered a number of selections at both serv The quartet has proved a very attractive and ful feature of the work. W. H. VanSteenbu chairman of the prayer-meeting committee, wa presiding officer of the evening session of the a versary.

Dr. George H. Dowkonnt was appointed sup tendent of the Fulton Street Noon Prayer Mee on May 19, 1911, having been in charge of the vices for some months before his formal app ment. The report for 1911 showed a ma increase in attendance. The total attendance the year was 19,235, an increase of 4,949, or ne 25 per cent. over the previous year. A we paper, *The Call to Prayer*, is published under auspices of the meeting. Officially the Fu Street Meeting is under the jurisdiction of the legiate Reformed Church of New York. Dr. I konnt happens to be a Baptist, and no denom tional lines are drawn in the splendid work of organization.

Y. M. C. A. ACTIVITIES IN THE WEST INDIES

intellectually, socially and morally, for indeed this is the secret of good government as well as character building.

The most neglected of all these neighboring islands, however, is Haiti, with its 2,500,000 people. One often hears it said that this is a republic, where they have constant turmoil, revolution and murder. Possibly true; but why should we let such criticisms prejudice us and keep us from doing our duty towards these very needy people? The Young Men's Christian Association secretaries have well learned that there are many noble people among them, who are sincere, reliable and worthy of our most generous and hearty co-operation. It is not color that makes a man or a woman, but character, and with the proper influence, example and assistance of the American nation, the Haitians would no doubt rise to be a most praiseworthy people. There are multitudes of most worthy citizens among them ready to be taught if we will teach, and ready to follow an upward course if we will but show them the way. We only need to ask ourselves the question, as Americans, "Are we responsible for the development of Haitian character?" and we answer emphatically, "Yes, morally; for this nation, through its Monroe Doctrine, is responsible for all of the people

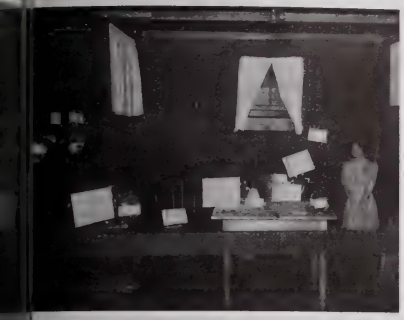
Continued from preceding page

residing in the Western Hemisphere. They are a part of us and we are the strong Christian nation that professes to guard and uplift them."

The United States Government has been endeavoring to do as much in their behalf as diplon and law will allow. As a country we have friended Cuba, and now stand as the guardia the Santo Domingo treasury. Our battles stand watch where the peace is endangered. more than this must be done, and the Young M Christian Association. in the nam the American people, is leading way, and for such an opportunity practical service we should be grateful; and the results already tained and the strong foundation being laid should encourage us a take a greater part in uplifting individuals of the West Indies and Latin-American republics. T islands may well be called a melt pot for the fusion of the races of kind. Here we find Americans English, French, Spanish, Dutch, anese and Chinese, the Indian, negro, and in the British Islands re sentatives of many of the races people the Far Eastern sections of British Empire. What shall com this great mixture of blood mus largely what we help to make it. George F. Tibbitts, Secretary for West Indies, will consider it a p lege to send further information a this association work to any intere reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may care to address him at 124 Twenty-eighth Street, New York

Y. M. C. A. Members at Coamo, Porto Rico

R. ULTIMATE CONSUMER AND THE TARIFF



Object Lesson in What High Tariffs Add to e Prices of Kitchen Furniture and Utensils

A Silent Sermon on "Protective" Tariffs

In the Dining-Room; Every Article Ticketed to Show What Tariffs Have Done to Its Price

UR friendly old enemy, "The High Cost of Living," has at last succeeded in doing something else beside squeeze a squeal of distress out of poor little Mr. nate Consumer. It has bumped the crani- of our national politicians with sufficient e to leave a noticeable dent, and as a result thing is going to happen to the tariff. Of se things have been happening to the tariff own through the years of politics, but this it looks as if something real were afoot—thing to record in the annals of history er than of mere politics. Tariffs high and tariffs low have made the bat- lds of many a campaign of the past, but this time it is for tariffs lower—uickly and as safely as possible. All are agreed on this, and the battle as hot not as to the why—we all feel that—but as to the how.

ne of the presidential nominees said a few weeks ago:

t is not as easy for us to live as it used to be. Our money will not buy as h. High wages, even when we can get them, yield us no great comfort. used to be better off with less, because a dollar could buy so much more. majority of us have been disturbed to find our- s growing poorer, even though our earnings slowly increasing. Prices climb faster than an push our earnings up." And that the other idates for office are convinced that this is the is shown by the fact that all are promising something—perhaps a rather indefinite some- g—shall be done to the existing law. The Re- can platform proclaims itself for a "protective ff," saying, "some of the existing import duties oo high and should be reduced." For this pur- it has decided that Congress should be guided e reports of expert investigation boards. The ressive Party, too, is in favor of a "protective ff," but it asserts that "no industry deserves ection which is unfair to labor or which is oper- g in violation of federal law." It agrees with thers that "the present tariff is unjust to the le" and urges the "establishment of a non- isan scientific tariff commission reporting both e President and Congress." The Democratic orm makes no bones about its statement that overnment has "no right or power to impose or ct tariff duties except for the purpose of reve- Appended to this statement its platform s the "immediate downward revision of exist- luties."

r. Ultimate Consumer, by this time firmly con- d that something really is going to happen, is g his little double-shuffle of joy and devouring paign literature by the acre in an attempt to e up his mind to just which of the three doctors who are so anxious to at- his case he will entrust his national life for the next four years.

New York, where the giant High Cost of Living sits down with his great- eight on the pocketbook of Mr. Ultimate Consumer, somebody decided to a demonstration of just how this operation was performed. So now, if Ultimate Consumer happens to pass along the Broadway side of Union re, he is sure to have his attention attracted by a husky, leather-lunged g man, who sits at the door of a large shop s the way, and barks forth the attractions Tariff Chamber of Horrors. Judging the live goat and crate of five contented, ting little porkers in the window, one is quite sure as to what he is going to find e. A venture within, however, will prove m that for once tariff figures, which are, as le, so deadly dull and uninteresting, have made to stand out in a graphic fashion h impresses him before he realizes it.

e of the most startling things which he at hand as soon as he goes inside the door demonstration of the purchasing power of dollar as applied to sugar. Here he will that whereas sixteen pounds of sugar now be bought for a dollar, twenty-five ds would come at the same price were it or our high tariff wall that protects the infant sugar industries of this country. Hanging just above the barrels and bags of sugar there is a large card for which "a committee of wholesale grocers, formed to assist in obtaining cheaper sugar for consumers through reductions of duties on raw or refined sugar" is responsible. A glance at this will give him the comforting information that at the present time sugar pays a duty of 78.87 per cent., while champagne pays 70 per cent., automobiles 45 per cent., and diamonds 10 per cent. About the time he has thoroughly digested the meaning of this one exhibit to his pocketbook, he commences to feel the force of the sign which decorates the cage of the sorrowful-looking goat in the window. That reads: "Must the consumer always be a goat? This animal looks it. You are it."

Moving slowly down the side of the room he will be astonished by the number of places in which the demonstration shows how the foreigner gets the best of it. He will discover a sewing machine for which $30 was asked in New York. The export price of this machine is $18.62. Now, allow the foreign retailer to add 33 1-3 per cent. for carriage charges, general expenses and legitimate profit, and that sewing machine will sell in England, or Holland, or Mexico, for between $24 and $25. On a nearby table he will find a number of articles bearing label cards, which are apt to fill his soul with envy of those who live somewhere else besides in the United States. For example, a coat of Irish frieze which looks particularly alluring in these first cool days of fall, bore the label, "Was bought in London for $27.50, and $60 was asked for a similar coat in New York." An exhibit of tools bore such signs as this: "This plumb level cost us $1.88. It is offered for export at 57 cents. Allowing foreign retailer 25 per cent., 14 cents, his selling price will be 71 cents. The difference against us, $1.17."

So it went, down through all the list of things shown upon the table; the hammer, the screwdriver and the trowel, the frying pan, the teapot and the coffee-pot. The Taylor scoop cost in this country $1. It sells for export at 58 cents. Now if we allow the foreign retailer 25 per cent. on his investment, he will add 15 cents, making his selling price about 73 cents. So it proved, too, for the shovel, the shoes, and the typewriter. The latter, which sells at $90 in New York, can be bought in London for the equivalent of about $69.

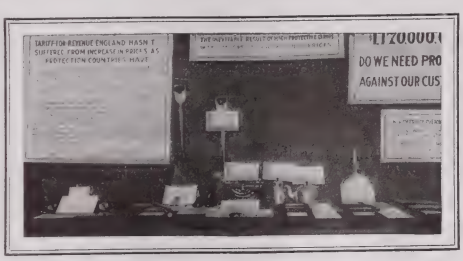
Down at the farthest end of the room there is a lifelike representation of an ordinary little home with all the necessities for its living-room, bedroom and kitchen. Here each article is marked with its price and in nearly every case the proportion of that price which represents the duty levied, for the protection of American-made goods, upon similar articles when they are imported. The small iron stove, for which $11.75 was paid, has 45 per cent. "protection." The kitchen table, the frying-pan and the teakettle are all in the list and pay respective duties of 35, 40 and 50 per cent. In one corner of the bedroom a wax figure, representing the mother of the household, sits beside a white willow baby carriage, which cost $15, 45 per cent. of this being due to our present tariff system.

A $5 iron crib and a white iron bedstead, marked $7.50, demand 45 per cent. duty each. Two feather pillows, marked $4, are burdened with a 20 per cent. duty. The cotton and felt mattresses, worth $13.50, has 20 per cent. duty. Cotton and wool blankets, sold for $3.98, carry 75 per cent. duty.

An oak dresser near the crib, with its small toilet articles, is a whole sermon in itself. The dresser is worth $10, while the duty is 35 per cent. of its value. A hairbrush worth $1 must stand 40 per cent. duty. Four Turkish towels at 25 cents each carry a duty of 45 per cent. Two pairs of women's gloves carry 50 per cent. of duty. A duty of 55 per cent. is added to a 13-cent woman's handkerchief.

Conclusion? Well, Mr. Ultimate Consumer is just now very busy arriving at one which he will announce to the world on next November 5.

A Graphic Demonstration of the Purchasing Power of $1 Under Different Tariff Arrangements



A Demonstration of Where the Foreigner Gets the Best of It

The Unchangeable Christ

A Sermon

BY

Rev. H. H. McQuilkin *

TEXT: "The same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever." Heb. 13: 8, R. V.

THESE words contain an exhortation to constancy of faith based on the changelessness of Jesus Christ and the changelessness of the human heart. "Imitate their faith. . . . Be not carried away by divers and strange teachings"—that is the exhortation: "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever"—that is the changelessness of the Redeemer: "Remember them that had the rule over you, who spake unto you the word of life"—that is the changelessness of the human heart.

It is immutability calling for fidelity; fixity demanding faith; stability invoking steadfastness; abiding reality inviting abiding repose. This heavenly correspondence lies at the center of the secret of successful living. Spencer tells us that life is correspondence with environment. The definition is operative in the spiritual world, is operative here. The attitude of conformity brings the certitude of completion. Fundamental changelessness in life must be matched by fundamental constancy in adherence. How deep and thoroughgoing it all is!

A Timely Exhortation

The exhortation is always timely, because the necessity for the correspondence is always timeless. And the timeliness is accentuated by the fact that although the correspondence is necessary for man, it is, alas! not natural to him. There is a perpetual tendency to hanker after novelty. The present day witnesses an almost vehement chase after new things. We have the "new psychology" and the "new theology" and the "new thought." Truth seems sometimes to have become a matter of the calendar. The old is identified with the obsolete. Only the new is supposed to be true. Of course it is only a tendency, but it is a very marked tendency that needs to be carefully observed and guarded. The ambition for the untried may become a mania. Progressiveness may degenerate into apostasy, forgetting that true progress consists of motion plus direction. Insurgency may easily pass over into philistinism. The suspiciousness in the popular mind against the "faith once delivered to the saints" may be unhealthy: the state of flux in our thinking may be only a disease that needs attention. "Remember, . . . be not carried away"—it is the warning against thoughtlessness and lack of historical perspective and vacillation of mind. Our modern age with its Athenian tendency to spend its whole time "in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing" may well give heed.

The desire for variety is legitimate in its proper place. Regularity in the accidentals of life leads to monotony, and monotony to stagnation. The ministry of change is often most beneficial. Bacon, in one of his essays, advises occasional breaks in the routine of eating and sleeping, as being good for the health. The bow needs to be unstrung once in a while to preserve its elasticity; so also do the nerves. Monotony of surroundings is calculated to break the spirit. Change of scenery, of climate, of food, of associates, ministers relief and refreshment to both body and spirit.

"Behold, I am Alive Forever More!"

But the function of change is limited to the more superficial relationships of life. Our clothes and our food and our dwelling-place—in short, the outer facts—are rendered more beneficial to us by modification and alteration. But when we attempt to put into operation the same principle of variation among the essential and vital things in us and about us, we find straightway that the variation has become vagrancy. And instead of benefit, disaster results. Love cannot alternate with hate without vitiation; honesty falls into dilapidation with one act of knavery. "He that keepeth the whole law, and offendeth in one point, is guilty of all." For law is life, and life has no fellowship with death.

Come back to the Scriptures and see how they continually dwell on permanency in truth and life. It is a cardinal insistence. "Eternal," "everlasting," "abide"—these are words that are on almost every page. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "The lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." "I, Jehovah, change not." "He that inhabiteth eternity." "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Thus does the message of eternal life echo in our ears.

Take the changelessness of Jesus Christ our Lord. He is "the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever." Career and character are in him alike "without variableness or shadow that is cast by turning." To the Jews who caviled among themselves over the problem of his person he calmly declared, "Before Abraham was, I am." The fact of his eternal existence is crowded into the little word "am." He is the everlasting "present"; there is no past or future tense to him. He is greater than time; he is its Author and Maintainer. Like his Father, with whom he is one, his title in relation to the procession of time is, "I Am."

True, he did appear at a given point in time for the world's redemption. Yet even here his superiority appears, for all history is dated from the event. From his advent Time takes the cue. His manger has become the watershed of earth's chronicles. But more than this, his advent was not a beginning; it was a continuation, although an augmentation. "The name above every name" would be his when he returned to the Father, for he would go back to glory carrying with him a world redeemed. But his glory he "had with his Father before the world was." He was not created in the year 1; he was "manifested." The events in his earthly sojourn were incidents in his perpetually abiding existence. "In him is life." Dr. Dale was right: "Jesus is alive to-day." Every day is an Eastertide to the Christian. "I was dead, and am alive forevermore," he shouted in the exultation of his everlastingness. And with the thrill of his triumphant pæan in our hearts, we hear another pealing anthem rolling down along the corridors of life, and filling millions of souls with rapture inexpressible—"Wherefore he is able to save forever [margin] all them that come unto God through him, seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for them." Thank God that the Lord Christ will never, never cease to be!

Christ, the Ultimate

But with the unchanging career there abides the unchanging character of Jesus. What he was when he was on earth, that he is to-day and ever will be. Take his character as it is portrayed by the four evangelists; analyze it into its constituent elements, and then prolong them into eternal measure, and you have the real Christ. "Yesterday and to-day, yea and forever." The same holiness and the same unselfish love for sinners and the same willingness and power to forgive sins and the same interest in human joys and sorrows, characterize him to-day.

If Jesus were here to-day he would come right down into the common, everyday life of people and participate with them in every wholesome pleasure and pour heavenly illumination over every problem and breathe strength and consolation into every weak and stricken soul. The first century and the twentieth century are both alike to him.

Behold him mingling with the joyous guests at the wedding feast in Cana and hear his ringing laugh as he joins in the pure mirth of the festive occasion. Watch him going out fishing with his disciples, or touching the eyes of blind Bartimeus, or picking up the little babies caressingly in his arms and smiling his love for them into their little upturned faces, or speaking eternal emancipation to the poor fallen girl who poured out the passionate flood of her tears and love that night as she stood at his feet in the house of the aristocratic churchman! "Behold the man!" cried Pontius Pilate. I catch up the cry and emptying it of every trace of pity and filling it with reverent love and adoration, I fling it out among earth's millions.

There is life for a look at the crucified One.

Jesus will never be superseded in excellence. He is the Unapproachable in perfection. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end." The whole Epistle to the Hebrews is full of the finality of Jesus Christ. He is the ultimate Prophet, the ultimate Priest, the ultimate Sacrifice. On on the author goes in his delineation of the won of the Son of God until at last he breaks ecstatic benediction, and at its very core the "the blood of the everlasting covenant." finality in fitness and function. It is, moreov vital finality. It is not mechanical, not legisla It is the finality of absolute superiority. He a because he excels. "In all things he has the eminence," but only because "in all things" he i Pre-eminent. He is "the brightness of his g and the express image of his person." This finality that is more than progress; it is destina Jesus is at once the inspirer and the goal of all progress. "The author and finisher of our fa

The Logic of Changelessness

Is it not comforting and satisfying to think in our Saviour we have an absolutely unchan rest for our spirits? Here faith and hope and may find "foundation."

O thou who changest not, abide with me.

Such changelessness must be met with const or it will brand the inconstant heart with pe of the blackest hue. No wonder the Script enter a bitter complaint against "unstea souls," and that James inveighs against the "do minded man, unstable in all his ways," who is the surf of the sea, driven by the winds and tos declaring such vacillation can never receive thing from God.

Turn to the changelessness of human na "Remember them that had the rule over you and considering the issue of their life—" utterance is distilled logic with premises and clusion wrought out of quivering human life. faculties and processes of the human mind a Intelligence, emotions, conscience, will—time ca add to the list and it cannot take away fro Love, hate, hope, despair, aspiration, faith—t are race attitudes; they cannot be dated. tread the same road that our fathers have troc every essential of inner and outer existence. the frills are altered. It is the inherent solid of the race, the oneness of soul texture. The of the writer is this, roughly translated: " giance to Jesus Christ brought salvation to fathers; but you and your fathers are identic your makeup; do you, therefore, swear allegi to the same Redeemer." The appeal of the rea ing ought to be irresistible. It is nothing sho the historical argument for the truth of Christ ity. Whatever has worked well will, in a univ of abiding principles, work well again. The outlook that brought cleansing and resolution symmetry to others will, other things equal, b it to me.

Let Us Not Turn to Look Back

One day, I was riding on the train up over vast prairies of Wyoming with a noted jurist. was a federal judge, and a man of broad and ough culture. We were talking together of claims of Christianity on the mind of man, turning to me he said, with intense emotion in face and voice, "There is one argument that always made skepticism impossible to me." I a him what it was, and he replied, "My father!" federal judge had considered the issue of his fat life, and had imitated his faith.

For nineteen hundred years the Spirit has writing "the Newest Testament," which Jo Cook speaks of as the record of Christ's workin life and history. Take up the sacred volume comes with fresh leaves from the press each m ing and ponder well its pages. The eleventh cha of Hebrews contains no more wonderful exampl sublime and conquering faith. There are the J and the Pauls and the Augustines and the Chry toms and the Calvins and the Luthers and Knoxes and the Wesleys and the Spurgeons and long line of unheralded heroes and heroines of whose names are written in heaven. By the cha lessness of Jesus Christ and by the changeless of mankind, let us avoid promiscuousness of giance. With our hand to the plow, let us not to look back, for thereby we shall evidence our fitness for the kingdom of God.

* Pastor First Presbyterian Church, San José, Calif.

RS. SANGSTER'S SWEETEST POEM

HERE shall I look for thy little ones, Lord
The lambs of thy scattered folds?
hey out on the mountains bare and bleak,
lost in the tangled wolds?
I search for them only in lonely spots,
look in the crowded street,
ittle ones who are thine, dear Lord,
be brought to thy blessed feet?

cross the ocean, and find them, Lord,
the Hindu's sheltering cot;
take their hands in the Arctic cold,
where Southern suns are hot;
gather them in from jungle paths,
ay give them bread to eat,
e hungry and wailing I find them, Lord,
guide them straight to thy feet.

lways I need not fare afield
hunt for thy children lost;
are those anear who are weary and sad,
poor and tempest-tossed.
e rich man's home, in the beggar's hut,
e thy loved I meet,
tis angel's work, O pitiful Lord,
bring them safe to thy feet.

I plead for the ears to hear,
the eyes that are swift to see
ittle ones wherever they are,
o are treasures of worth to thee.
ld not turn in the passing throng
m one that I ought to greet,
ail to lead by the upward way
wanderer to thy feet.

Idle Gold

VO boys, who were great friends,
ttended the same church in a
hern State. One of them came to
astor one day and declared that
wanted to be a missionary. He
leted his education and went as
of the first missionaries to Korea,
re he had great success.
e other boy remained at home.
day this pastor preached a ser-
urging the people to bring their
gold for the Lord's use. Follow-
he sermon, a lady, the mother of
boy, brought him a gold coin,
h she had carried for years. This
the gift of her husband, given to
is he was leaving to enter the war.
r the war he had died suddenly
she had carried this coin for years.
wing its priceless value to her he
ated to receive it, but she insisted
he must take it as she had already
n it to the Lord in prayer. He
the coin and told the congregation
he incident, without mentioning
ame of the giver. After the ser-
the boy, who had remained at
, came and asked if his mother
not given the coin? He said if
wanted money to give he would
her all she wanted. His mother
him that if he had money to give
would better give it himself.
d prospered this young man, and
ow supports his friend the mis-
ary in Korea, and in addition a
e industrial school for boys in that
. The gift of this little gold coin
not in vain.
is same pastor had a little daugh-
who died. Instead of erecting a
orial to her in the form of a
y monument, they chose a simple
e and erected a memorial to her
e form of a chapel in Korea. A
r written to him by a Korean
an who attended this chapel was
arded to the pastor by the mis-
ary who had gone out from his
ch as a boy. He enclosed a trans-
n of the letter, which was her ex-
sion of faith in Christ and grati-
for having heard the Gospel.
following is the letter:
didn't know that Almighty God
Lord of heaven and earth, but
ed before and prayed to idols,
ing for a blessing. When I think
eparting from God, I dare not seek
Father existing above. Yet the
er, through his grace, not sparing
nly Son, sent him to bear the sins
ll mankind. He loved me—a bag
ns—and through his blood shed on
cross, washed me white as snow.
ough the Holy Spirit coming into
all room [her own heart] I desire
salvation of all men. A loved pas-
in the Western kingdom has built
a large chapel. Thanks, thanks
o God! In this I desire to thank
my brother, the Western pastor.
tten by Ni Chung Koang."

W. H. FORSYTHE.

SMOOTHING OUT THE WRINKLES

LIFE is full of wrinkles, and it seems to be a lot easier to increase the supply than to smooth them out. Did you ever notice how much more readily some persons move along the path of the greatest resistance than they do along the line of the least resistance? That means that they are rubbing up wrinkles everywhere they go.

Suppose we step out of the quiet seclusion of the study to-day and try our philosophy in the busy workshop. So often these little talks with CHRISTIAN HERALD folks come from undisturbed meditations in private, and are set down quietly and alone when all seems at peace. I wonder if something of helpfulness cannot come, perhaps, from the noisy, bustling, strenuous place of business.

To-day, all about me on every hand is the rattle and bang of many typewriting machines, going with the eager speed of "piece-workers." Crowded into every available space are girls and men, folding, addressing, recording, stamping, giving instructions. Every few minutes the telephone bell rings, or messengers enter, or deliveries are made, or postmen call, or inquiries demand attention. All the time there is quick moving here and there in narrow, crowded spaces between desks, machines, chairs, and tables. From morning till night is one constant pandemonium fortissimo of noisy but earnest and systematic work. Nerve-racking? No; it might easily be so, but in reality it is a very pleasant pandemonium, a sort of industrial symphony, a musical clatter in tune with which at least one heart is singing and making agreeable melody.

I look over the busy office, and nowhere is a frown. Nowhere any loud or impatient voice is heard. Everyone is doing his or her level best and is glad of it. And right here, in the midst of this noise, and bustle, and interruption, I am thinking of the great family of HERALD readers, all of them busy, no doubt, with their own work in some place appointed. How much pleasanter and more profitable any work becomes when the wrinkles have been smoothed out!

. . .

AN ANGRY, insulting letter comes in the mail. The writer is wholly mistaken and has taken no pains to get at the real facts before writing. It is so easy to call a fellow hard names when he is a long way off and you don't know him at all. To some correspondents it seems to be the natural thing, and they go at it with a gusto. Such a letter will raise a wrinkle very quickly, and a hot or sarcastic reply will make the wrinkle bigger with several others to join it. Then business begins to feel the friction and the irritation at both ends of the line, and everybody suffers.

Smooth out the wrinkle at the very beginning with a good-natured reply to the trouble-hunter, setting him straight, and showing him that he is dealing with a friend, and not a bandit. It is almost certain he will come back in the same frank, friendly spirit, and all the wrinkles will disappear. Just as a single amusing illustration, here is an extract from the reply of a hot-tempered chap who had written a ferocious attack upon some imagined enemy only to discover that he had found a friend. Immediately he showed that he, himself, was a jolly good fellow, too. He wrote:

> My comments were not written in a spirit of unfriendliness as you thought, but rather in a spirit of fun. I supposed the letter would be opened by some pretty little stenographer or bookkeeper who would laugh and chalk down the remittance along with the rest. Didn't suppose for a moment that it would be opened by that red-haired one with a fiery temper, who was going to flounce into your private office in a rage and show the sheet to *you!* My! How I felt like crawling through a knot-hole when I read your letter. My respects to the girl with the red hair, and tell her I'll look out for her after this. I have entire confidence in your firm, and I'll do what I can to help. Kindly accept my apologies.

. . .

PERHAPS the sharp ring of the telephone breaks into an important conversation or interrupts the work at some inconvenient moment. How easy it is to rub up a whole regiment of wrinkles during a few minutes on the 'phone. Why is ordinary politeness so often cast aside when one is talking into the transmitter? A single experiment will prove that twice as much can be accomplished to accelerate business if the "wrinkles" are kept out of the wire between the transmitter and the receiver. It is really marvelous how much can be gained by a pleasant voice over the 'phone.

Employees will make mistakes—of course, they will. Even machines slip a cog, or break a pin, or wear out a bearing now and then. The important thing is to reduce these mistakes to the minimum. Harsh criticism rubs up the wrinkles, and just as grit in the bearings of a machine makes mischief, just as the lack of oil causes friction, and heat, and trouble, so the petty irritation of unfair or nervous criticism spoils the smooth action of an office force. Smooth out the wrinkles; keep an atmosphere of good cheer and co-operation in the place of work; drop the oil of a pleasant word of praise and encouragement here and there where it will do good. It will conserve the power, increase the output, and improve the quality of work of the delicate human machine that *feels* while it works.

. . .

BUSINESS has by no means a monopoly of troublesome wrinkles. Every room in the home needs a smoothing process at times, and there are sad wrinkles in many places that need gentle treatment. Here is a little story which will suggest to many busy workers how they may keep the wrinkles out of their own lives, while at the same time they are smoothing them out of others:

> Mary Ellen was only a poor, plain, freckled woman, whose clothes were out of fashion and whose home was mostly in her hot little kitchen, where she did other folks' work. Yet, day by day, as she busily plied her iron, many a humble neighbor would stop by her door for a moment in passing to listen to the quaint old hymns she sang so vigorously.
>
> "How can you stand all day in this hot room, always ironing, and yet singing so cheerily?" asked a lady who had called to engage her services.
>
> "Ah, ma'am," she replied, "the Lord has given me this work to do; so when I am tired and out of sorts I say to myself that verse about doing things heartily, as unto the Lord, and try to think how I'd feel if I could see him standing right here looking at me and knowing I had an unwilling heart for his tasks. Then I sing a bit, and while my iron is smoothing out the wrinkles in other folks' clothes, I'm thinking how can I smooth out a few rough places in my neighbors' lives.
>
> "There's little Tommy Green in the room above me, has a weakness in the back, and he lies on his cot-bed from morning till night. His mother works in a factory and doesn't come home till dark. When he's lonely and sick with the pain he pounds on the floor with a stick, and I sing the hymns he likes best, and then he lies quiet and hums them over to himself till he falls asleep. Then once in a while I slip up with a cup of water and bits of picture papers that come wrapped round the clothes, and give him a pleasant word. Sure, ma'am, the Lord's so good to me I must try to help make things pleasant for what others I can."

WHEN THE AIRSHIP WENT OVER OUR TOWN

THE bells were set ringing, the whistles all blew,
And every one rushed out of doors;
The street had been empty; first thing that we knew
The people were out there by scores;
The baker was wiping his hands as he ran,
The grocer threw everything down,
The housewife spilled fruit she was trying to can,
When the airship went over our town.

Miss Tompkins stopped short in the midst of a song,
The editor dropped all his proof;
The oldest inhabitant sprinted along,
Then wanted to climb on the roof;
Of course he got dizzy—and so did his wife—
But such an event was the crown
Of all the great things he had seen in his life,
When the airship went over our town.

And we all got such cricks in the backs of our necks
From gazing and gazing so much;
But we all cried, regardless of age or of sex,
"There it is! Well, it does beat the Dutch!"
And we each asked the other, "Would *you* dare do that
If offered the cash and renown?"
But most of us answered, "No, sir!" quick as scat,
When the airship went over our town.

A few daring fellows, who liked to seem brave,
Asserted they "wouldn't be scared,"
But older folk watched it with countenance grave,
And then their convictions declared.
"It's temptin' the fates, and I know it ain't right,"
Asserted Aunt Tabitha Brown;
"And you won't never ketch me a-tryin' no flight"—
When the airship goes over our town.

GRACE MCKINSTRY.

Cost of Living 48 Years Ago

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, A. C. Niver, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes:

"I was clerk in a general merchandise store in 1864. We sold sugar from 20 to 30 cents per pound during the year. Flour was $20 per barrel; kerosene, $1.25 per gallon; rice, 20 cents per pound; and other groceries in proportion. A spool of cotton was 20 cents; brown 4-4 sheeting, 80 cents per yard; calico, 50 cents. Four garments of men's underwear cost $10, that would be $2 now. In 1871 I began a similar business on my own capital. I paid at regular wholesale prices 11⅞ cents per pound for A sugar; $1.65 per pound for best Young Hyson tea, and 70 cents for the cheapest. Maracaibo coffee was 26 cents per pound. I also paid $260 for thirty barrels of flour—none of it the highest standard. Fish and eggs were cheaper than now in the country; all other goods in proportion to the above prices. I have sold rye from the farm for $1.75 per bushel; oats for 95 cents. I was in business for thirty-one years and sold during that period about half a million dollars' worth of general merchandise in a small country store and was familiar with values. I sold cook stoves for $60, which is double the value now. Wagons and farm implements were double the price of to-day."

Anvil Sparks

..RUNNING away from trial is never a success.

..A TOLERATED vice soon becomes an intolerable master.

..IT IS hard to look at gold and keep a clear vision.

—WHEN God cannot be seen, the heart needs purifying.

..UNIVERSAL peace doesn't mean striking colors to the devil.

..A GUINEA HEN chatters, but there is no slander on her tongue.

..LOVE is never normal, or full grown, until it includes enemies.

..A TRUE lover of flowers will certainly grow some in the garden of the heart.

..HIGH hopes are apt to topple over unless they are founded upon pedestals of adequate preparation.

A Group of Macedonian Brigands

A Scene Near Karaferia, Ancient Berœa

St. Paul's Square and Pulpit, Berœa

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

BERŒA, THE CITY OF THE HIDDEN CHURCHES

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

PAUL and his companions were driven out of Thessalonica by the unbelieving Jews, who were inspired by the meanest of motives, for though they pretended that the new doctrines were subverting the authority of the Roman Empire and setting up a new king, even Jesus, in place of Cæsar, their real purpose in this and other persecutions was that, by the teaching of the apostles, the Gentiles were placed on an equal footing with themselves. Jealousy, selfishness, an absurd sense of superiority over all mankind, and national exclusiveness combined to form this meanest of motives, influenced by which they dogged the footsteps of St. Paul, interrupted his work, sought to discredit his character and destroy his influence. From Antioch to Iconium, from Iconium to Lystra, from Lystra to Derbe, across the great Asian Plateau, across the Ægean to Macedonia, the jealous hatred of the Jews followed him, driving him out of Philippi, and now from Salonica to Berœa he is pursued by the same implacable and unreasoning hatred.

The quiet, self-restrained, almost casual way in which St. Luke records these many persecutions, these constant harryings, these secret flights and hairbreadth escapes from death, is remarkable, as we think of the thrilling tale he had to record. In what vivid colors a romancer might have pictured this wonderful story even without departing from the truth! But the biographer of St. Paul evidently had no wish to produce a sensation, but simply to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, which is all the more effective because he leaves it to the imagination of every reader to supply the exciting and harrowing details.

Paul and Silas were sent away from Thessalonica to Berœa by night. It was a journey of more than forty miles, and probably took the wayfarers fully two days to accomplish it. They did not go by the *Via Egnatia*, the magnificent road five hundred miles long which we have before described, but by a less important road which led to Berœa, a somewhat obscure town almost directly west of Thessalonica. It may be of interest to compare the description of Paul's journey by a famous traveler, Cousinéry, who wrote many years ago, from personal experience, of the route with the journey as it is now taken by the few foreigners who visit Berœa to-day.

"After leaving the gardens," says Cousinéry, "which are in the immediate neighborhood of Thessalonica, the travelers crossed a wide tract of cornfields, and came to the shifting bed of the 'wide-flowing Axius.' About this part of the journey, if not before, the day must have broken upon them. Between the Axius and the Haliacmon there intervenes another wide extent of the same continuous plain. The banks of this second river are confined by artificial dykes to check its destructive inundations. All the country round is covered with a vast forest, with intervals of cultivated land, and villages concealed among the trees. The road extends for many miles through these woods, and at length reaches the base of the western mountains, where a sharp ascent leads up to the gate of Berœa."

Since this account of the journey was written great changes have occurred even in slow-moving Macedonia. Now the traveler who wishes to visit Berœa takes a morning train on the well-built railway which connects Salonica with Monastir, an important Turkish town on the borders of Albania, noted for its constant outbreaks and scenes of brigandage. Such a train we took in the early days of 1912. The railway station at Salonica was guarded by scores of Turkish soldiers. Our passport was demanded and vizéd, for Macedonia was in a state of great unrest, not only because of the Italian war then raging, but for fear of an Albanian uprising.

After the necessary preliminaries of having our names recorded, our passports vizéd, and our tickets bought, we found ourselves in a comfortable second-class car, bound for the very city to wh Paul was hurried away by night as though he w a criminal fleeing from justice. For a time railway skirts the seashore, and we get glori glimpses of cloud-capped Olympus beyond the sl ing waters of the Thermaic Gulf, rippled by morning breeze.

Soon Olympus is obscured by the nearer mo tains, among which the railroad pushes its pers ent way. We saw none of the great stretches forest that Cousinéry describes, but there are m orchards of mulberry trees, olive groves and vi yards. We also saw many of the small villages which he speaks, but no large town until, a about two hours of travel, the brakeman shouts "Karaferia," and we know that we have come the station for old Berœa. The word that brakeman shouted is the Turkish name, while Greeks call it Verria, and the Slavs know it by monosyllabic name Ber. All the names, howe mean very much the same as the ancient w Berœa, from which they are all derived, which tells of the abundance of water v which, as we shall see, Berœa is blessed to as in ancient times.

The Ancient Library at Berœa

The town lies about a mile from the stat and we find some ancient hacks, drawn equally ancient horses, waiting to carry us the hill. Before we can take a carriage, h ever, our American passport must be ag vizéd, and our visiting cards handed to polite station master in order to assure that we are neither revolutionists nor ar chists, nor Albanians bent upon the dest tion of the city.

Through pleasant groves of mulberry t our road passes, constantly climbing, until come to the outskirts of modern Berœa, w is situated on the exact site of the ancient to which Paul fled. Though not one of great towns of antiquity, Berœa has a hist of which it is justly proud. It was founde thousand years before any of the great c of Europe, saving perhaps Rome and Ath Its inhabitants were evidently wise in t day and generation, and understood the conquering power of Rome, for it was first city that surrendered to the Rom after the battle of Pydna in the year 168 B Some fifty years before our Lord's adv Pompey's conquering infantry went into w ter quarters there, but it was not till s fifty years after Christ was born that man who was destined to make Berœa fam for all time entered the city, a lonely fugit to find quiet refuge for a few weeks or mo in hospitable Berœa.

Now, as then, it is a busy city of some 000 people, and a very mixed population i consisting of gipsies and Jews, Wallachs Greeks, Albanians and Turks. The Gre are in a majority, however, and num

Continued on next page

A FRESH OUTBREAK IN LAWRENCE

As a result of the labor disturbances which took place in Lawrence, Mass., last winter and spring, that city was again, on September 30, a scene of fierce rioting and scores of conflicts between mill-workers and the police. The occasion of the lawlessness was the first "demonstration strike" which has ever been called in this country. The trial of Joseph J. Ettor, Arturo Giovannitti and Joseph Caruso in connection with the death of Anna Lopizzo, who was killed during last winter's trouble, opened in Salem on that date and the labor leaders called upon the forty thousand operatives of the cotton and woolen mills of Lawrence to go upon strike for twenty-four hours in protest against this trial and to show their unanimity and power. From the point of view of those who had made these plans, the strike, as a demonstration, was an abject failure. Only about seven thousand of the operatives responded to the call, and many, either by intimidation or by the closing of departments, caused about five thousand others to remain away from work.

The worst of the rioting occurred at the opening of the mill gates in the morning. Pickets armed with revolvers, knives, sledge-hammers, iron bolts and other weapons, attempted to stop operatives from going into the mills. When the police tried to maintain order, the pickets struggled with them desperately. Swinging their clubs with effect the bluecoats drove back the rioters. A score of arrests were made, many of the prisoners having cracked heads, while there were many others who escaped through the crowds to their homes with bleeding heads and bruised faces. Men, women and children on their way to work were held up and assaulted by strikers or sympathizers.

A short time before the hour for opening the mills a stream of operatives began to pour through the side streets leading to the factories. The pickets intercepted them and attempted to prevent them from entering the mill gates. Lunch baskets were snatched and hurled into the faces of the women and children. One gray-haired woman was rescued, with two companions, from a group of pickets who had bruised her face. Fathers and brothers, some of them armed, escorted daughters and sisters to the mills. Cars bearing workers were intercepted by pickets and stalled for a time. Private automobiles were used as patrol wagons by the police. Timid women operatives were taken in charge by the police and conveyed by automobiles to their mills.

The strike was called and conducted by the Industrial Workers of the World, though the leaders of that organization claimed that they could not be held responsible for the disturbances as they had cautioned the workers against any violence. They claim that the trouble was caused by some of the more excitable young men among the operatives. This statement, though made in all sincerity by one of the leaders, must have weighed against it a statement made in one of the addresses which Carlo Tresca, an Italian newspaper editor of Pittsburg, and one of the leaders in the strike, made at a mass meeting. Fearing that the statement had been misunderstood, Tresca was requested to translate it into English, which he did by putting it in this form: "If Ettor, Giovannitti, and Caruso are found guilty, or either of them is found guilty, the Industrial Workers of the World will march to Salem, storm the jail and rescue the prisoners, if possible."

The clashes between the police and the strikers were marked in almost every instance by a harvest of broken heads, for the police, armed with their night-sticks, did not hesitate to strike out right and left. This proved a not unwise precaution, though it seemed uncalled-for at the moment, because when those who had been arrested were searched, a regular little arsenal of weapons was found secreted upon their persons. Revolvers, knives of different sorts, brass knuckles, slung-shots, and other implements of violence were among the things confiscated. Several of the knives and revolvers were new, and, in some cases, still bore the price tags.

It is reported that the disturbances of September 30 have alienated from the textile workers the sympathy of a large part of the citizens of Lawrence. Mayor Scanlon said that evening, when the trouble had quieted down to a great extent:

"I estimate that fully 90 per cent. of the people of Lawrence refuse to condone this last strike or the actions of the strikers. Their sympathy, which was with the strikers during the previous fight, is now solidly against them. I look for no more trouble and expect that all the workers will go back to their places to-morrow. I believe they are to blame for the rioting this morning. They had no permit to parade and no permission to flaunt banners symbolizing anarchy."

Carlo Tresca Leading a Procession of Lawrence Strikers in the Rain

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from preceding page

Two-thirds of all the inhabitants. The winter population is much larger than the summer, for then the Wallachian shepherds with their families come down from the surrounding mountains and make this city their abode during the stormy months of the year.

As we approached Berœa, we were struck with the beauty of its situation. Its white minarets glisten in the sunlight. The many trees which line the streets remind us of some of our own tree-embowered cities, like the two Portlands of America on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Beyond the town rise tiers of glorious mountains, snow-capped through much of the year, and sparkling streams carry down their sides and flow through the very heart of Berœa. To be sure, the promise of the more distant view is not altogether fulfilled as we enter the precincts of the city, for the first section in which we come is the gipsy settlement, and the swarthy, black-eyed, unkempt sons and daughters of the race gaze curiously at us from every shop and doorway. The gipsies are iron-workers, for the most part, and their streets resound with the anvil chorus of the forge and the clangor of the hammers on the metal.

Almost at the moment we entered the town a shot was heard, and a policeman who was trying to disarm an Albanian, who was carrying weapons contrary to the law, was laid low. So far as we could learn the Albanian quietly walked off unpursued, while the poor policeman breathed his last on the train that took us back to Salonica that same afternoon, as he was being carried to the hospital. Such an incident, seemingly commonplace, told volumes about the Albanian peril, and the antipathies between the irreconcilable races of Macedonia. In spite of the murder, things seemed to go on quietly and peacefully enough in the streets of Berœa. The merchants in the tiny shops sold their goods in leisurely fashion. Little girls, with crooked knitting needles, plied them industriously as they walked along. The unusual advent of four strangers (for an American missionary and a Greek pastor accompanied us) seemed to give the Berœans no little diversion as we made our way with interested curiosity through the narrow streets.

All sorts and conditions of men we passed and repassed. Wallachs in white leggings and shaggy flocknous, or shepherd's coat over their shoulders; stout-limbed Albanians that look like ballet girls in their white fustanelles; Jewish women with quaint head-dresses; Turks in trousers that look like blue meal-bags, and Greeks in modern European costume, all make a strange and picturesque variety in this living panorama.

Everywhere is the abundant water which gave the city its name; gushing from the hillsides, flowing through the streets, bubbling up in innumerable fountains, dashing and splashing down through the steep walled-in channels, as the water comes down at Lodore.

The Wallachian courtyards are the most picturesque. They are surrounded by extensive walls, and within each courtyard is a multitude of huts; in each hut several rooms, and in each room a shepherd's family.

Many curious sights we see. There is a huge tower in recent ruin. Great blocks of stone lie around in confusion, and piles of broken brick, mortar and masonry declaring what a mighty structure must have once existed there.

The intelligent and wealthy Greek gentleman who kindly served as our guide told us that this tower, which had been sealed up by the Turks since the twelfth century, had lately been destroyed by the "Young Turks," and that for a curious reason. It seems that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries Berœa was in the height of its power. It was a city larger and more important than Salonica even, but it was betrayed to the Turks by a recreant Christian, and the punishment of the traitor, according to tradition, was that he must wander around the tower night after night through all the centuries until the Christians came again and he should give the keys of the city back to their former owners. This tradition, with the hope of future Christian domination, so pervaded the city that the Young Turks, it is said, destroyed the Traitor's Tower, which contained a great library, in order that the force of the superstition might be broken. I take this story, however, with several grains of salt, and have no doubt that some of its embellishments at least were supplied by hatred of the "Young Turks."

There are thirty-two mosques in Berœa, and we were amused to see that the gravestones in front of one of the most modern and beautiful of these was used as a clothes-yard, and that various nether garments of the priests were drying on the tombstones.

But by far the most interesting sight to the modern traveler in Berœa is that of the "hidden churches," concerning which the outside world appears to know absolutely nothing. I have consulted many volumes of commentaries and descriptive writings, the scanty guide-books of Macedonia, and all other available sources of information, and find no remotest allusion to this most interesting feature of Berœa. Even the missionaries and Greek Christians of Salonica, forty miles away, so far as I could learn, had never heard of them. But the wealthy Greek gentleman who volunteered to be our guide rightly considered them the most interesting and unique feature of Berœa. There are no less than seventy-two of these hidden churches which were tucked away in all sorts of obscure and undreamed-of corners, when, some hundreds of years ago, the Greeks were in deadly fear of Turkish persecution. It would be difficult for a stranger to find a single one of these churches, but our guide, who had been born and reared in Berœa, was familiar with the location of many of them.

No outward sign gave a hint that a church was anywhere in the vicinity, but he would lead us through crooked, narrow streets with overhanging balconies, whose upper stories almost touched each other; then would enter a courtyard where a family, or perhaps a dozen families, lived, and where the housemothers were cooking the noon-day meal, or doing the weekly washing. Out of this courtyard another door would open into a still narrower yard, and there at the end, perhaps, we would see a door with a rude cross marked in charcoal or in chalk upon it.

One of the inhabitants of this inner courtyard would be found to have the key of the door, and, opening it, would usher us into a tiny church, perhaps not more than ten feet square, but in it we would always see one or more icons or pictures of Christ and the saints, covered with tinsel or gold-foil, except for their hands and faces. There would also be a row of candle spikes on which to impale the tapers so freely used in Greek worship, an altar, and a holy of holies behind a painted curtain.

Some of these churches were much larger than such a one as I have described, and on the further side there was often a way of egress, sometimes an underground passage, so that if the persecuting Turks should catch the worshipers at their devotions they might escape massacre by fleeing in

Continued on page 1023

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

The Korean "Conspiracy" Trial

IT IS unfortunate that the first important official act of the new Japanese régime in Korea should have been marked by what has all the aspects of a grave miscarriage of justice. In the trial of the notorious conspiracy case at Seoul, just ended, one hundred and six Koreans—all of them professing Christians, several of them pastors, and many of them church leaders—were condemned to penal servitude for terms varying from five to ten years. Seventeen young students were acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence, although under severe police compulsion they made confessions similar to the others, who were convicted. Some who had clearly proved an alibi were sentenced with the rest. In passing judgment the court ignored the charges that prisoners had been tortured into making confessions. Although in the early stages of the trial the names of several well-known American missionaries had been introduced in the court proceedings, obviously with the purpose of implicating them as having knowledge of the so-called conspiracy, no American missionary was even mentioned in the final charge. This remarkable case has attracted world-wide attention, largely on account of the sweeping though unproved claims of the prosecution and because of the evident animus it showed to Christian missions. To the unbiased mind, the whole dark drama resolves itself into an effort to crush Christianity in Korea by extreme measures. From such evidence as has been permitted to come to light, there has been no adequate proof of any plot against the governor general. Persecution has never succeeded in crushing Christianity, but has always strengthened it, and the official crusade against the native Christian leaders in Korea, discreditable as it is to its conductors, will react and make the "new faith" stronger than ever. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

The Ulster Covenant

SEPTEMBER 28 will pass into history as the day upon which forty thousand representative Protestant citizens of Ulster signed a solemn "covenant" or protest against Home Rule for Ireland. Proclaiming themselves loyal British subjects, they declared in their "covenant" their belief that Home Rule would be disastrous to the well-being of their own native province and the whole country, destructive to their citizenship, and subversive of civil and religious freedom. Therefore, they pledged themselves unitedly to oppose it, and in the event of a Home Rule Parliament being forced upon them, they bound themselves to refuse to recognize its authority. This is the substance of one of the most remarkable documents in British politics in a generation at least. Ulster equals a fourth of the total area of Ireland, and has a population of 1,581,696, of which 386,947 are in Belfast. It is the wealthiest and most influential of the provinces. In 1911 the religious divisions were as follows: Roman Catholic, 690,816; Protestant Episcopalians, 366,773; Presbyterians, 421,410; Methodists, 48,816; all others, 53,881. The Catholics or Nationalists thus represent only 43 per cent. of the whole population, but the Protestants or Unionists, while little larger in numbers, are the commercial and business backbone of Ulster. Their great public demonstration at the signing of the Covenant has brought about a startling condition of affairs in Ireland, and even the conservative London *Times* perceives in the movement a serious menace which calls for the ablest skill and generalship of the Liberal government if the Home Rule measure now before Parliament is to be saved from utter defeat and a cabinet crisis averted. It is significant of the scope of the Ulster revolt that it has won to its support not only the leaders of the Conservative Party, but many men of title and influence besides. Such men as Lord Londonderry, Sir Edward Carson the Unionist leader, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Charles Beresford, Bonar Law and Arthur J. Balfour, have made common cause with the men of Ulster. Even the leading bishops of the Protestant dioceses, clergy of various denominations and members of Parliament have advocated their cause on the public platform, urging that to subject them forcibly to Home Rule would be to violate all British ideals and traditions of the honor and recognition due to those who have always been loyal to the Union.

That Home Rule—to which the Nationalists have looked forward so hopefully for many years—is seriously jeopardized by the Ulster movement cannot be doubted. The measure must be passed three times by the House of Commons, the last time after an interval of two years, before the veto of the House of Lords can be overridden and the bill becomes law. To grant self-government to Ireland, as Britain has done to her colonies, it was hoped would bring prosperity to that country, and it was therefore urged as a political and economic necessity. If the protest of Ulster were grounded in the desire to prevent the people of Ireland from obtaining justice, their covenant would be an unworthy one. But it is something far different which actuates them. These usually orderly, sober and law-abiding men of Ulster represent the attitude and feeling of the whole Protestant population of Ireland, and, we might add, of Great Britain also, who foresee as one result of Home Rule the political supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. They know by the stern lessons of the past what that supremacy means. They remember the record of oppression of the Irish agriculturist under Catholic domination, the over-taxation and the religious persecution that drove so many out of the country. They value their present freedom from these evils, and are resolved to proceed to any extremes rather than submit to the old evil yoke. They point to the loyal record of their province, and demand to know why she should now be made a victim. William Watson's impassioned verses in the London *Times* describe the feeling of Protestant England:

> Oh, when has constancy firm and deep
> Been proven so oft yet held so cheap?
> She had only asked that none should sever—
> None should divorce us, nothing divide;
> She had only asked to be ours for ever,
> And this was denied!
> This was the prayer of the heart of Ulster,
> To them that repulsed her
> And flung her aside!

Although the Covenant of the men of Ulster does not contemplate anything beyond a passive resistance to the authority of a Dublin Parliament, and the refusal to pay taxes, it is not difficult to see where such a situation would ultimately lead. Civil war would probably be the outcome. There is, of course, a fair likelihood of the present agitation resulting in the defeat of Home Rule or its indefinite postponement through the collapse of the Liberal-Labor-Nationalist coalition. But it is not "Home Rule" but "Rome Rule" which is the real objective point of Ulster's protest, and no assurance from any political party can meet the situation.

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Ill-Considered Legislation

THERE is a strong probability that the newsp per legislation which was attached as a rider the Post Office Appropriation Bill, which pass hurriedly in the closing hours of the last session Congress, will be subjected to the test of constit tionality before the courts. It requires newsp pers, daily and weekly, and other publicatio (excepting religious, fraternal, scientific, and tra journals), to make sworn reports twice a year the government, of ownership, management, e dence of debt, figures of net paid circulation, ma ing of all paid reading notices with the wo "advertisement," etc., failure to comply being pu ishable by exclusion from the mails, and in the c of reading notices unmarked, by a fine of from $ to $500. It is a piece of restrictive legislation, a one of which even the Post Office officials, who a compelled to enforce it, are heartily ashamed. is an attempt at press supervision which is who out of place in a free republic. It is design to interfere with the influence of the press throu indirect means, by meddling quite unnecessarily w the details of its business. Even putting the mi est construction upon the new law, it is a piece paternalism that is thoroughly un-American a out of tune with all the traditions of our peop It cannot be interpreted otherwise than as an tempt to establish an official inquisition of the pr by methods that can do no good, and which w unjustly hamper and do much harm to a very la class of publications. The fact that the religio papers of the country are not affected by the n law does not blind us to the danger involved to t great mass of other publications if such legislati should become established. It would be the beg ning of the end of independent journalism in t country—or, as a distinguished legal authority h characterized it—"an entering wedge looking to timate federal regulation of the newspapers." trust soon to see a test of this amazing measu before the proper tribunal, and we have little do of the result.

Forgetting God

THERE is an old legend of the Jews which lates that long ages ago there lived on the sho of the Dead Sea a tribe of men utterly given up pleasure and covetousness—the lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, and the pride of life. To them prophet was sent to warn them of righteousn and judgment to come, and to try to awaken th souls to high and holy thoughts, and bring th back to the knowledge of God and heaven. T listened to him, admired his preaching and agr that it all sounded very good; but they said he w too far, that it was too difficult; that their pres way of life was very pleasant and they saw great need of change. At length they began to tired of his admonitions, and so he went his w Long afterwards, when some travelers passed that way, says the legend, they found these fool people changed into dumb beasts. Having made use of their souls, they had lost them. They l given themselves up to folly, and now folly H taken to herself her own. They had fancied, people do every day, that this world is a pl ground, where every one has to amuse himself he likes best; or a great market or gambling-hou where the most cunning wins most of his neighbo money. They had lost their faith and forgot God and spiritual things, and now those thi were hid from their eyes. Only every Sabb there came over the poor wretches a dim remi brance of the past.

How many, in our day, are like those dwellers the Dead Sea! Legend though it be, it convey lesson not to be overlooked. One of our later pc has written of a "Land of Lost Souls." May n of us ever enter that dark and hopeless land. M we never permit our hearts to be so filled with allurements of worldly pleasure, the struggle wealth or power, or the sensuous charm of l that the divine image in us shall become dim effaced. Israel forgot God and fell into idola and wickedness that sapped the national life character. The land that oppresses the poor, t sacrifices to mammon, that permits vice to flou unchecked in high and low places, that makes executes unjust laws, and that is totally indiffer to the call of the soul—such a land forgets God cannot escape divine indignation save by natio repentance. History is filled with the records nations that have been blotted out for their s "So are the paths of all that forget God."

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

The Welsh Musical Festival

EARLY in September last the great Welsh annual national musical festival, which is known as the Eisteddfod, was held at Wrexham, Wales. This festival has been an annual celebration for many years among the Welsh people. The national costumes are worn, and the ancient order of the bards, who trace the lineage of their order back to the days of the Druids, crown a new member. The winner of the honor this year was Mr. T. Herbert Parry Williams, who, with his poem entitled "Gerald the Welshman," surpassed every effort which has been made in connection with these festivals for some years. The honor which he won is signified by a crown and velvet cap of the ancient Welsh pattern, and is accompanied by a prize of $100.

The Welsh people have been noted for their musical ability. The harp, their national instrument, perhaps nowhere else has so many adept players. During the past year the music of Wales attracted considerable attention because of the revival in that principality of so many customs which had been allowed to die out for a time. The investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon was marked by the singing of a choir of ten thousand voices in the old Welsh language. The strongest appeal to the intellect is through the eye; the heart is reached most readily through the ear. How the heart is softened and clothed and inspired by melody of instrument or voice! Music has ever formed an important part in the life of a nation, and in the services of divine worship. The musical society among the children of Israel was early organized.

And David spake to the chief of the Levites to appoint their brethren to be the singers with instruments of music, psalteries and harps and cymbals, sounding, by lifting up the voice with joy. (I. Chron. 15: 16.)

The Archdruid Standing on Logan Stone Talking with the Bard Cadvan

The Prize-Winning Harpist in National Dress

Legally Dead, Inherits Fortune

TWENTY years ago John C. Beck, then a youth of nineteen, ran away from his father's house in Edinburgh, Scotland, and came to the United States. He toured the country with a theatrical troupe, and later secured employment at a hotel in Providence, R. I., where he now has the position of bookkeeper. A few days ago, in glancing over a Boston newspaper, he saw the name of F. F. Begg as a delegate from England to the Congress of Chambers of Commerce. Beck, who had changed his true name from Begg to Beck, suspected that the man was his brother, and going to Boston he found that it was really his brother, and that he was a member of the London Stock Exchange and London Chamber of Commerce. He also learned that his brother William was a member of the Australian Parliament, and that another brother was a physician in England. He learned of his father's death and of the large estate he had left, and that he himself had been given up for dead and had had no share in the division of the property. It is understood that his share of the estate, amounting to $400,000, will be given to him without contest. Those who are children of the heavenly Father, wherever they be scattered in the earth, have a right to the family heritage.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. (Rom. 8: 16, 17.)

Footprints Convicted Him

HIS footprints in the dusty cover of a Bible sent William Hargraves to the penitentiary at Denton, Tex., the other day on the charge of burglary. He was sent to prison for two years. Hargraves robbed a store in Roanoke, Tex., in March last, and in the back of a Bible, printed in the dust, were the foot-marks made by a pair of shoes that the robber had purchased at the same store. The shoes so nearly fitted the marks that the jury convicted the prisoner. The Bible had dust on it. The store may have been a depository of the Bible Society, or the Book may have been kept for convenient reference or reading by the storekeeper; but it is evident that there was dust on the cover. There is a likelihood that disuse leaves the dust abundant opportunity to settle on the covers of God's Book. In some homes there is more dust on the Bible than on the deck of cards or games of amusement in the drawers under it. The Bible is an awful Nemesis. It has mercy for the penitent but no apology or toleration of anything that is wrong. It will be a severe witness against the persistent wrongdoer. Within it was written:

Thou shalt not steal. (Ex. 20: 15.)

Entire Company Accused

COURT-MARTIAL proceedings against the entire personnel of the Sixth Company of the First Foot Guards of Germany, including the captain, eleven non-commissioned officers and 110 men, are being held in Potsdam. The company is charged with cheating in connection with a target shooting competition for the coveted Kaiser prize of the Prussian army in August. The First Foot Guards is one of the proudest regiments of the household troops, and the Kaiser and all of his sons have at one time or another served in it. The Prussian army conditions for the shooting competition limited each man to thirty rounds of cartridges, but while the contest was in progress at the Döberitz camp an officer of another regiment noticed a private of the Sixth Company of Foot Guards put his hand into his boot and haversack and take cartridges out. A complaint was made by the officer to headquarters, and the shooting was immediately stopped. An investigation revealed the amazing fact that practically all the sergeants, corporals and men of the company were found to be in possession of many more cartridges than they were entitled to under the rules; that 1,700 cartridges were found secreted in boots, knapsacks, and parts of men's clothing to which they had no right. Few soldiers in the world have a keener sense of honor, and few by their ability, courage and integrity reflect greater glory upon their nation than those of the German army. The German sense of honesty will not look lightly upon any such cheating as is charged in the court-martial proceeding. A nation's greatness consists not in its territory, or army, or navy, but in its intellectual ability and its moral purity. In these regards Germany is a great empire. Moses makes this mention of the necessity of honesty to a healthy national life:

That which is altogether just shalt thou follow, that thou mayest live, and inherit the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. (Deut. 16: 20.)

The Stingless Bee

SCIENCE is able to take the thorn from the blackberry bush, and now it has learned how to take the sting out of the bee. Mr. Burrows of Essex, England, after two years of experiments, claims to have obtained a species of bee which can be handled by a child in perfect safety. He mated the Cyprian drones and the Italian queens, the result being the production of harmless insects. They are splendid workers, and are said to be less liable to disease than the ordinary honey-gatherer. It appears that the new product has a sting, but it does not hurt, and is useless as a weapon of offense. Yet the bees die when they lose it. As civilization advances the sting will be taken out of men's disposition and lives, and under the triumphs of Christianity many of the pains that come to the bodies and souls of men by the stings of misfortune and sin will have been prevented. The virulence of the sting of the old-fashioned bee is thus referred to:

And the Amorites, which dwelt in that mountain, came out against you, and chased you, as bees do, and destroyed you in Seir, even unto Hormah. (Deut. 1: 44.)

Intemperate Soldiers Forfeit Pay

THE Army Appropriation Bill passed by the last Congress contains the provision that any officer or enlisted man who shall be absent from duty on account of disease resulting from his own intemperate use of drugs, or alcoholic liquors, or other misconduct, shall forfeit his pay for the period during which he is unable to perform his regular duties. Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, accordingly the other day issued an order throughout the military service, requiring the enforcement of this new feature of the law. The War Department, and especially the Surgeon General, have been anxious to secure such legislation to reduce the amount of dissipation in the army. There is a concerted effort of many nations, especially of England and Germany, to reduce the alcoholism of their armies, and marked success has attended their efforts. We have an army and navy of splendid men physically and morally, and it is a wise and proper thing for the government to safeguard their character as far as possible by saying to its brave defenders:

And put a knife in thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. (Prov. 23: 12.)

LOOKING UP AND LIFTING UP

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IT IS interesting to take a map of Palestine and trace the journey line of Jesus described in this lesson. He passed through Phœnicia on the borders of Tyre and Sidon. This may have been a walk along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea for twenty miles; then he traveled eastward and crossed two mountain ranges, Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and came to Decapolis, a region of ten cities, named by the historian Pliny as Scythopolis, Hippos, Gadara, Tella, Philadelphia, Gerasa, Dion, Canatha, Raphana and Damascus. We have no record that Jesus went into these cities, so are inclined to think that he visited only their borders. We do know, however, that the people of Decapolis were prepared for his coming, for when Jesus had healed the demoniac at Gadara, and he begged to go with him across the sea to Capernaum, Jesus had said to him, "Go to thy house unto thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Then it was that the man went his way and began to publish in Decapolis what Jesus had done for him.

The healed demoniac became a herald for Jesus. Doubtless some very interesting chapters might have been written about the ministry of Jesus in Decapolis. However, two interesting incidents are given: the healing of the deaf and dumb man very soon after Jesus entered Decapolis, at which the people were astonished beyond measure; and the feeding of the multitude of four thousand. We get some idea of the following Jesus must have had, when we read that Jesus had compassion on the people, because they had been listening to his teachings for three days, and had nothing to eat. They were very hungry, and Jesus, in compassion, determined to feed them. Very small was the stock in hand—seven loaves of bread and a few small, dried fishes. These the apostles had in their scrips (traveling bags or baskets). Surely there was not a crumb of bread or a morsel of fish for each person. But in the end there were seven large basketfuls gathered up by the apostles of broken pieces that remained when all had eaten and were satisfied. There was no fall of bread from heaven; but, in the loving hands of Jesus, after he had looked up to heaven and given thanks, the pieces multiplied until all were fed. Immediately after the feeding of the multitude, Jesus left Decapolis, and, with his apostles, crossed the Sea of Galilee and came to Dalmanutha, a town of southern Galilee. Possibly Jesus had found objectors even in Decapolis, which was, for the most part, inhabited by a heathen population.

This journey of Jesus certainly covered more than a hundred miles, which seemed all the longer for being taken on foot, and much of it mountain climbing, but from start to finish it was a succession of helpful and loving deeds. What a string of pearls we could make of them if we knew them all!

We do not need to go to Decapolis to look up and to lift up; we can do it right where we find ourselves, in whatever land, in whatever town. *Christian Endeavor* tells with wonderful clearness how we can do this: "The two characteristic postures of the Christian life are looking up and lifting up. It is even so. Aspiration and pity become natural and necessary to him who loves Christ. He learns to love that which is better than himself, and longs to be like the ideal which is presented to him. On the other hand, he likewise yearns to help those who are beneath him, and to spend himself, like his Master, in the service of the destitute. He is no longer self-centered, self-satisfied, self-reliant. He clings to One above, and reaches down to those below. It is the noblest life and the happiest.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK

(From the painting by Hoffman)

And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them. Matt. 15: 30

In this age there is a new industrialism, and there is being developed a new philanthropy—a scientific philanthropy, so to speak. The imitation of Christ in his giving of himself to the poor is increasingly needed. The social settlements and the unpaid "friendly visitors" of charity organization societies are tokens that at least a few of the Christian leaders of social reform appreciate that it is not sufficient to say: "Here is my check; send a city missionary to uplift the poor." Nothing will t[ake] the case but the *noblesse oblige* which is promp[ted] some of the wealthy, the cultured, the educate[d] say, "Here am I, send me." In his poor, Cl[rist] says to the rich, "I seek not yours, but you." V[ast] poverty needs more than money and charitable m[a]chinery is character, comfort, counsel, the upli[ft] brotherly friendship with stronger minds [and] hearts. The capitalist has hundreds, often t[hou]sands, of skilled brains to aid him in produc[tion] but seldom even one skilled assistant to [aid] him in the wise distribution of his we[alth]. One of the arguments against the undue [con]centration of wealth is that a millionaire [has] ten times as much to dispense as a man [with] $100,000 has even less time to consider ho[w it] can be used most wisely.

There are two ways of dispensing cha[rity]: one that pauperizes and degrades, and [the] other that uplifts. The first kind is illustr[ated] by the following incident: a lady used to [give] regularly ten cents a day to a poor b[lind] beggar that stood on a certain street cor[ner]. This became known to a gentleman, who [con]cluded to find out the history of the poor b[lind] man. He engaged a young man of his [ac]quaintance to follow him up. After begg[ing] all day on that corner, a woman came at [five] o'clock in the evening and led him many bl[ocks] until a certain gambling den was reac[hed], when two stout young men received the b[lind] man most graciously. They took his mo[ney] amounting to $14, and in return gave him f[ood] and lodging for that day only. The follow[ing] advertisement appeared in a newspaper: "[For] let, a beggar's stand in a good charit[able] neighborhood, bringing in about $7.50 a w[eek]. Some good will is required. N. B.—A dog [and] a blind man is to be disposed of."

In more than one city the problem of p[over]erty has been made worse by the establi[sh]ment of free lodging-houses and free lunc[h], so that both of these forms of relief have [met] with protest by the Conference of Charit[ies]. Charity should be dispensed in such a w[ay] that it will lift the poor out of the slough [of] despond up to the firm ground of self-h[elp]. In 1878 the City of Glasgow Bank failed, a[nd] by causing the closing of manufactur[ing] plants, cast hundreds out of work. It was a terrible winter. The ordinary labors of ch[arity] were increased tenfold. One mission[ary] was given $200 to distribute in his distr[ict]. He found that the most of it would be [ac]cepted only in loans, and in the course of a following year not less than $115 were rep[aid] to him after work had grown better. An American lady on a street in Rome bou[ght] some matches from a little match-vend[or]. They were wax matches in prettily decorated li[ttle] boxes. She handed the boy a five *soldi* piece, [and] expected to have two *soldi* in change, but the li[ttle] fellow shrugged his shoulders, and held the cha[nge] tightly in his hand, with a begging expression [on] his face, signifying that he wished to have it gi[ven] to him, whereupon a second American lady [who] was accompanying the first straightened hers[elf], looked intently at the boy, and said, "*Mercante, [no] mendicante!*" (you are a merchant, not a begga[r]. That was an appeal to the boy's self-respect, and t[he]

Continued on page 1022

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for October 27, 1912. Wanderings in Decapolis. Mark 7: 31—8: 10. GOLDEN TEXT: "He hath done all things well; he maketh even the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak." Mark 7: 37, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—ONE OF THE teachers of this department was in Kentucky one Sunday. Her host said to her on Sunday morning, "Come and see this beautiful sight." It was a Sunday school of more than two hundred members, pouring out of the church next door into the street. "Excuse me," said the guest, "but I do not think that is a beautiful sight—a whole Sunday school turning its back on the church and going home at church time instead of remaining for church."

—MANY A PASTOR never fails to shake hands with the grown-ups at the close of church, but he would do better to put in his best handshaking at the door of the Sunday school, where he is losing his best material. It is the rule, and not the exception, for Sunday school classes, even of young people in the best of all periods for religious decision, the late 'teens, to go from Sunday school, not to church, but to the home or street.

—PASTORS AND SUPERINTENDENTS will get valuable pointers for work with boys from the best of the boy secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., and especially can they secure from them the best books on the boy problem as now interpreted by many helpful writers. Probably no one book will help more in the interpretation of boys psychologically than *Boys' Life and Self-Government*, by Professor George W. Fiske, of Oberlin, which is published by the Y. M. C. A.

—A GENERATION AGO, the chief motive appealed to in urging a religious life was the awful consequences of sin in the next world. There are other motives that modern teaching is now holding up as to the consequences of sin and the rewards of virtue in this world, and every Sunday school superintendent ought to be able to state these effectively to his boys, directly or through their teachers. These truths concerning impurity, intemperance, the tobacco habit, etc., ought to be stated not in mere assertions, but on scientific authority, with charts wherever possible. There is abundant material for making the wholesome fear of consequences of sin stronger than ever.

—THE MISTAKE OF THE hour in Sunday school management is the assumption that the so-called Sunday school is really a "school," and can do work in "school" fashion with only a tenth as much lesson time in a week as a public school has in a day. On the idea that the Sunday school is really a school, it is criticized for not giving children that complete knowledge of the Bible which they should get mostly at home, and reformers are attempting, by mere pedagogical methods, to make a half hour a week sufficient for the purpose of religious education. Far better to devote at least half their energy to awakening Christian homes to their duty. But the wide introduction of the new methods has not checked the decline of Sunday school attendance, nor increased its spiritual contribution to church membership.

—LET US RECALL that the name "Sunday school" is a relic of the days when Robert Raikes taught ragged boys and girls (who worked on other days) the rudiments of education, with the Bible for a reading book to give it a religious flavor. The "Sunday school"—which means the church at Bible study—should aim at conversion and character, using biography, history and geography only as Bible writers use them, incidentally and illustratively, in seeking to influence individuals and communities toward righteousness. E. L. Pell tells in his new book, *Secrets of Sunday School Teaching*, of a woman who "does not know pedagogy from a potato," yet "who trained more boys into Christian men than any teacher in the community." Let us improve our teaching intellectually, but hold to the spiritual aim.

—SOME GOOD HINTS about increasing Sunday school attendance are given in *Secrets of Sunday School Teaching* by Edward L. Pell. He does not favor contests for prizes, but rather a quiet plan, in charge of the assistant superintendent. A "Lookout Committee" of childr[en], he thinks, will find out quicker than any [one] that some new family has moved in or [a] boarder has arrived. These little sentin['els] 'phone to the assistant superintendent or [to] one of the membership committee of the [new] arrivals; and the latter get a prompt and tac[tful] invitation to join a suitable class. If it [is a] young man who is to be invited, the [best] young men in the school of his age and of [the] class he should join are chosen to make [the] call, and they do not give up if a single in[vi]tation is not effective. Boys are sent after [boys] and girls after girls, and ladies after little [girls].

—EVERY CONSIDERABLE city should have [a] yearly religious canvass, and if a force [is] arranged with a regular beat for each wo[rker] (not more than could be done in the leisur[e] one appointed week when all would be [at] about at the same time, with pupils and p[ar]notices to prepare a welcome) it would no[t be] a serious task. Why not, on such trips, or [at] afterward, have the same workers put [in] attractive leaflet in every home, so that [the] people who will not go to the church or Sun[day] school may get some message of truth? Be[st] if such door-to-door canvassing were a mon[thly] effort. Many would be won for Sunday sc[hool] and church by such a persistent campaign.

BY SHALLOW WATERS

BY MARGARET HORNER CLYDE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. FISK

T WAS the first day of summer vacation, and Mary Jane dangled a pair of very small new velvet pumps over the edge of the tiny bridge - and frowned at her own face in the water. It s not an altogether accurate mirror, since every ssing zephyr tended to wrinkle up one's nose and literate one's eyes altogether; but still it an- ered.

From the house across the road she could hear mother's thin voice, "Sammy, Sammy boy! O ry Jane, go find Sammy!" But Mary Jane ned a deaf ear. Had she not risen a half-hour rlier to-day, fried the eggs and the panful of tatoes, which formed the bulk of the family akfast, washed and dressed the plump but elu- e Sammy, rinsed and wiped the pile of dishes. d replaced them in the closet, all in order that her other might have each precious min- e to finish the minister's wife's Sun- y dress on time? No; her hard-earned ur of ease should not be interrupted. mmy, for all her, might "go hang."

So this, she reflected, was vacation; is early rising, this washing of babies d of crockery, this subordination of e's self to the demands of the sewing- achine that the village might rejoice new dresses to wear. A little rebel- us scowl darkened the face in the ter.

There was the minister's daughter o was going to the seashore for the nth of July. Somebody had invited r. And there was Letitia Brown, o was going to visit her grandmother, ich was almost half as good. To be re, Letitia's grandmother was not a rticularly festive-looking old lady, t even a visit to a grandmother is bet- than nothing. But most wonderful all, there was Margaret Craven, who s going in the fall to New York; and w York was to Mary Jane the key of world.

In that remarkable book called Geog- phy, which has somehow gotten into prosaic company of school-books, re were pictures of countries where roofs of the houses were fluted like ruffle of a dress, and of others where people wore rings in their noses and t much of anything anywhere else. ese countries, however, had seemed her not only queer but wholly ficti- us, until the day that she had made acquaintance of the gentleman on ge seventy-three. He had his sur- isingly long hair braided down his ck, wore what appeared to be the top lf of a suit of pajamas, and accord- g to the printed assurance was "cul- ating tea." Thereafter she never ted a cup of tea to her lips without a nd of reverence for it, and a feeling of btle kinship to the man who lived for- er on the next page to the map of ina.

But there were other countries less rtling which called one even more ir- sistibly. There was England, for in- ance, where by gently flowing streams e massive buildings, bigger even, she pposed, than the new creamery down the railroad, and yet so built that eir spires looked like lace-work ainst the sky. There was Italy, which e knew about best of all, because a summer arder who came to the house one day on the mat- of a new lace yoke had told her about it. And e had shown her a picture of a place there called iples, where the sky was just the color of young rs. Stiles's blue silk wedding dress.

But to get to any one of these countries one must to New York first. Even though she knew it is absurd, she could not quite banish the idea that e might stand upon the shore there, and with a ass make out—very dimly, of course—on the ner side of the water, the canal-veined flats of olland, or the snowy heights of Switzerland. ien one would only need to say, "I'll choose—well, rance, this time—page 41"—and start. Perhaps paying a little more, one might—though of urse one would never want to—choose the North the South Pole.

However, this was all very unprofitable business, is thing of gazing at one's face in the water and nversing with one's self about the delightful ings that other people were on the point of doing. ary Jane therefore lifted her head and, as it were, turned her back upon her reflections, both mental and physical. Then she opened the big square box by her side and began sewing industriously.

Now, at sixteen, especially when seventeen is not far away, one has no moral right to a doll. Therefore Mary Jane kept hers sedulously concealed at the bottom of the box. Nevertheless it was unmistakably a doll's dress she was fashioning, and Mary Jane's doll dresses had long been famous. By the time her baby fingers could thread a needle she had made little aprons and little cloaks, and now it was nothing for her to build an evening gown that would have done credit to Worth. To be sure, a pearl garniture is a little difficult to manage out of glass beads surreptitiously appropriated from the fringe of the pincushion in the spare bedroom. But still it can be done. And there was always a bit of lace or a scrap of silk to be found in the rag bag for the crowning touch. There are advantages after all in having the village dressmaker for a mother.

"Good morning. A hot day, isn't it?"

To-day the dilapidated doll was to be transformed into a trained nurse, like the one who had arrived at Miss Tillie Major's last week in the first relay of summer boarders. Mary Jane had walked casually past Miss Tillie's porch that same afternoon, and had lost no detail of dress in the frail old lady in a lace shawl, or the robust young person in cap and apron who attended her. It was Mary Jane's first opportunity to inspect a real trained nurse at close range, and she had immediately determined that the half yard of chambray left from Marjorie Page's last school dress would answer excellently for a nurse's gown, while the cap and apron need be nothing but humble white muslin.

This morning, sitting beneath the quivering willows, with the stream singing under her feet, she cut and sewed and fitted as if her life depended on it. She was so absorbed that she did not even hear the creaking of the bridge until a footstep sounded close beside her and she looked up startled into the eyes of a very young man.

"Good morning. A hot day, isn't it?" was his highly original greeting.

Mary Jane nodded, but began tumbling scissors and spools indiscriminately into the box preparatory to flight.

"I wonder," he went on pleasantly, "if I couldn't get a drink here." He clambered easily down the bank, and balancing himself upon a jutting willow root, stooped and caught a handful of the sparkling water. The girl watched him intently as he drank and drank again; then she turned cautiously to his suit-case standing temptingly near her. "G. A. P.," she whispered curiously. "Gap; what's that for?" But a neat card fastened close to the handle proved more illuminating. "Guy A. Pearce, New York City." So that was his name, and he *lived* in New York.

By this time Mr. Guy A. Pearce had climbed up the bank again, had seated himself on the edge of the bridge beside her, swinging his long legs over the water, and was smiling at her in the friendliest manner. "You live here?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," she answered primly. She was fascinated by the strangeness of him, but she was still poised for flight.

"Do the people here like pictures?" he pursued.

"What kind of pictures?"

For answer he opened his suit-case and showed her piles of stereoscope views. For Mr. Guy A. Pearce was none other than one of that noble band of college students, who, each summer, supply to a thirsting public—for a consideration—the pictured beauties of Niagara and the Yosemite Valley.

"My!" exclaimed Mary Jane, breathless with interest. "Do you sell them?"

"I hope so. I haven't sold any yet. I've just started out. This is the first town I've struck."

"Well, I hope you'll have good luck."

"I hope so, though I can't for the life of me see why people should care any more about buying than I do about selling."

"You *don't?*" She withdrew her eyes from the Grand Cañon of Arizona and gave him a look of amazement. "Why, I think they're beautiful!"

"Maybe they are," he assented. "But what I had in my mind was, this is such a queer thing for me to be doing. I've never sold anything to anybody in my life. I wouldn't be doing it now only the governor says every fellow ought to know the value of money. And I'm not to have a penny this summer outside of what I earn."

"The *governor!* Do you mean the governor of the State?"

The young man was conscious of an inward convulsion. But he was a well-bred youth. He turned to the girl beside him a perfectly grave face. "No," he explained, "I meant my dad."

"Oh," returned Mary Jane briefly.

The cover of the white box stood a little askew. Beneath it the blue dress and the white apron of the trained nurse were visible. "Is that your doll?" he questioned.

The girl's face flamed angrily. "I don't play with dolls," she announced with dignity.

"I should think any one might play with this one," he said. "She's the real thing, isn't she?" He turned the nurse about critically, smoothing her apron with appreciative fingers. "Looks just ready to put a thermometer under your tongue."

Mary Jane said nothing. Her brief and healthy life had afforded her no experience of thermometers under the tongue.

"My sister," he went on, "tried everywhere to buy a nurse doll for my little niece last Christmas. Had to give it up and dress one herself."

"I could have done it for her if I'd known."

"You don't mean to say you dressed this one yourself?"

"Oh, yes," she answered loftily. "I make a great many dolls' dresses for the children."

"Say," he proposed, "why don't you send 'em to New York to the Woman's Exchange?"

"I don't know what a Woman's Exchange is," she returned frankly.

Continued on next page

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BY SHALLOW WATERS

Continued from preceding page

"Oh," he answered vaguely, "it's a place where people send things to be sold. My sister could tell you all about it."

"Does it cost much to send things there?" she questioned. "Because mamma can't give me any money hardly since papa died. She says it's all she can do to pay the rent and buy what we need to eat. And we do eat so much." She sighed.

"I suppose," she continued, "that's partly because Sammy's growing so. Why, do you know, in the fall Sammy will have to go into *pants*."

Her companion received the news sympathetically.

"It takes an awful lot of money to live," she said sadly.

The young man regarded her steadily. There was a new look of thoughtfulness in his boyish eyes. There was compassion there too. "I know," he assented—though he didn't know at all—"it's a tough world."

Then brightening, "I'll tell you what. You let me take this doll along with me. I'll send it to my sister and we'll see what she says about selling it."

"Very well," agreed the girl in her most business-like tone. "Only," she realized, "they won't want my poor old doll."

"Never mind. They'll want the costume, I guess."

Mary Jane gathered the stereoscopic views into her hand and rose with decision. Then, her old primness coming back, "Thank you," she said shyly, "for letting me see the pictures."

"Say," he suggested, "don't you want to keep 'em? I'll take the doll in payment."

"Oh, could you—would you—that is, would it be right?"

"Sure," he answered cheerfully. "And whatever money is coming to you over and above the price of the stereoscope, I'll send you when the doll is sold. You just write your name on this card."

So Mary Jane took his proffered fountain-pen, and wrote neatly in her round schoolgirlish hand her complete address. Then the old doll in uniform went into the suit-case, and its owner returned to her home in proud possession of the natural wonders of America, and the stereoscope wherewith to view them. The village dressmaker looked up from her sewing with a worried air as her daughter entered the room. "Did you find Sammy?" she asked nervously.

"No, I found something better than Sammy," answered Mary Jane.

This brought a puzzled look to the near-sighted blue eyes, which gave way the next moment to relief, as Sammy, smiling and begrimed, toddled into the doorway.

She never had succeeded—this toiling seamstress—in comprehending her daughter. Of late she did not even try. She simply accounted for all eccentricities by saying that the child "took after her pa," and Mary Jane's "pa," she would have you know, was a gentleman.

She had known it the day he had strolled, debonair, from the unknown outside world into her life; she had been equally convinced of it the day she had followed him, in the widow's mourning she was almost too poor to buy, to his grave.

During the intervening years she had faded from a pink and white apple-blossom of a girl to a care-worn woman, but no stress of hardship could quench the conviction of her soul that she had married well. She would have maintained against the world—if it had been called for—that her husband was a gentleman. But who, indeed, questioned it? Had he not kept his hands smooth and white at the expense of her labor? Had he not graciously allowed her to clothe and feed him through long years of toil when his easel and brushes had produced nothing but acres of unsalable canvases?

Mary Jane put the stereoscope and the views upon the center-table in the darkened parlor and set about preparing dinner. At her first leisure moment in the afternoon she slipped off to her room and locked the door. The small blotched mirror over the bureau was perhaps hardly more accurate than the brook, but it was at least steadier. She sat long before it, drawing the comb through her abundant hair. Then she piled the shining mass high upon her head. The little tendrils that escaped she brushed carefully around her finger, turning her head that she might see how lovingly they clung to her plump white neck. Slipping into her longest white dress, the one with the short sleeves that showed her dimpled elbows, she sat down again before the mirror. "Now, then, Marie," she challenged, for Mary Jane in the privacy of her own soul was never Mary Jane. And the face in the mirror accepted the challenge proudly.

It was a breathless moment, as it always is in a girl's experience; for the first putting up of one's hair is not so much a physical as a psychological phenomenon. The girl who had talked with her own reflection in the water that morning was not the girl who now faced herself in the glass. Her whole outlook upon life had changed. It was no longer the world as related to Mary Jane. It was Mary Jane as related to the world.

Toward the end of summer there came an express package and also a letter, which the girl ran all the way home from the post office to read in the privacy of her own room. It bore her name in tall pointed characters, and smelled of violets. It began: "My dear Mary Jane: My brother has told me—" and ended, "Your interested friend, HELEN PEARCE."

It was some time before she was calm enough to comprehend what came between. "I am sending you back," the letter ran, "your own doll. The nurse's uniform is charming. It sold for $10, and with the money I have bought three new dolls for you to dress. I hope you will approve of this. My friends are delighted with your work, and already these three are engaged for Christmas. How about a little Dutch maiden for one, and a Tyrolese peasant for another? I am sending you pictures from the magazines to copy. As for the other, use your own judgment. And if you need materials, write to me and I'll buy and send them to you on account."

"On account of what, I wonder," deliberated Mary Jane. But she did not deliberate long. She was soon at work planning and cutting and sewing.

. . .

The little Dutch maiden and the Tyrolese peasant but headed a long procession of dolls which made their way to New York from time to time throughout the winter. And despite the occasional demands upon her money for fabrics not obtainable in the village, the checks which came steadily grew in size.

"If it will not be too much trouble, please send me some more magazines," had been one of her first requests. In this way she had been kept supplied with models for her work. She copied everything she saw. Historical articles, travel sketches and stories, she read with avidity, and straightway the pictures illustrating them were reproduced in silks or muslins. She had a catholic taste and was absolutely impartial. Charlotte Corday and Evangeline went to the city in the same box, with a Turkish peasant girl to keep them company.

Continued on next page

"I'll Tell You How I Happened to Buy a Radioptican."

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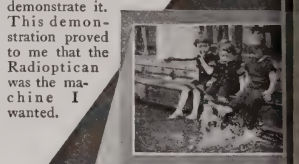

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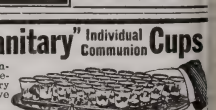

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Y SHALLOW WATERS

Continued from preceding page

'Do you know," reflected Miss len Pearce, on one of her visits to e Woman's Exchange, "that girl is genius." She was finger ng, as she oke, a bit of exquisite hand embroid- carefully fitted about the neck of French doll. The gowns she de- ns are really beautiful."

'And so young, you say," replied rs. Worthington, gathering the rich ck folds of her skirt into her jew- d fingers. They were the only sign e gave—those diamonds—of light- ng the heavy mourning she had rn for five years.

'Just seventeen."

'My Mary would have been just a le over seventeen." She sighed as e stepped into the street and di- ted her chauffeur to drive her back the big desolate house she called me.

. . .

When summer had come again, there ne also to the village the usual sum- r boarders. Among them this time s Mrs. Worthington. "I know it's surd," she confided to Helen Pearce, ut I want to have a look at the ild. A week there won't hurt me yhow. I was born in the same inty."

Mary Jane had by this time accu- ulated a bank account. Her first eck she had filially placed in her other's hands. "There," she said, hat'll help pay the rent." But Mary ne's mother had at that moment the e inspiration of her dull life. "No, ild," she answered, "you keep it. e'll get along. Maybe it'll help you something better than your moth- s ever had." And Mary Jane had oped impulsively and kissed the inkled forehead.

The faded face had flushed with easure. "There, child," she said, ou'd ought to have it yourself. u deserve it. I've always said ere's nobody had a better daughter an me." For not all her years of l had quenched her mother love, if ey had tended to relax her hold upon e proprieties of the English lan- age.

Mrs. Worthington speedily made e acquaintance of Mary Jane. "My ar Helen," she wrote some days er, "the child is not only a genius, e is on the point of becoming a auty. But fortunately she doesn't ow that." In which statement Mrs. orthington was entirely mistaken. ary Jane knew it perfectly. Only e was too busy at present to think ry much about it. Still the same nd of care which she bestowed on e adoring doll, she bestowed also on r own hair and hands and dress, not cause she loved Mary Jane inordi- tely, but because she loved beauty. In September Mrs. Worthington re- rned to her silent home, but it prom- ed to be no longer silent, for Mary ne, fairly bubbling over with eager- ss, was with her. She was going to hool, as all the village knew, to udy designing, and she was to live th Mrs. Worthington.

New York, that Mecca of her eams, at last rose before her. Any- ing seemed possible now. "Do you ow," she confided to Helen Pearce, o was lunching with Mrs. Worth- gton the next day, "there's one thing I like to see first of all—a big ship, ship that's been—oh, everywhere. ' she added ruefully, "have never en anywhere."

The young lady opposite her ughed. Then, "You poor child," she id, "you shall see one to-morrow—a ry big one. I'll take you with me meet my father and brother, who e arriving on the *Olympic*." For Mr. y A. Pearce, now burdened with a and new university degree, had not ent his summer this year in intro- cing to the rural districts the scenic andeur of America. He had been road with "the governor."

Standing wide-eyed and speechless beside Helen the next day, Mary Jane could yet scarcely keep her feet from dancing. This great vessel had bridged the chasm between her and those fascinating lands beyond. This hurrying throng of people had looked with their own eyes upon the cathedral spires of England and the poplar rows of France. Her mind became a blur of foreign forms and faces, out of which stood distinctly her old friend on page seventy-three, with his pigtail and his blouse, patiently and forever "cultivating tea."

The next instant the blur faded and she found herself being introduced to a tall and commanding gentleman with kindly but quizzical eyes. This could be none other than "the governor." She was rather embarrassed and the color flew to her face. Then she heard a familiar voice behind him saying succinctly, "Well, if it isn't Mary Jane!"

Her eyes danced and her dimples suddenly appeared. "You didn't think, Mr. Guy A. Pearce," she pronounced deliberately, "that you would see me in New York? Did you? This is what comes of your carrying off my old doll in your suit-case."

The young man said nothing. His admiring eyes swept her slender figure. From the golden brown of hair and hat that framed her sparkling face, to the little shoes that ventured forth from the hem of her discreetly lengthened skirt, there was not a jarring note. How could he have forgotten how pretty she was?

The girl grew very demure beneath his gaze. As they moved through the crowd toward the waiting automobile, she told him sedately all her plans and prospects. "You see," she explained, "I'm going to learn how to design real gowns for real people. When I've learned all I can here, I'm going abroad. I'm planning about it already. I'm going first to Paris, of course, but I'm not going to stop there. I'm going to see a lot of this nice big world! If I like Europe very well"—she paused reflectively—"perhaps I'll settle down there on the other side of the ocean. So you'll never see me again."

"Never see you again?" he returned. "Not by a jugful."

The girl laughed, but she was now very much in earnest. "You don't know," she insisted, "how kind your sister and Mrs. Worthington have been. Why, I owe everything to them."

"Everything?" he questioned jealously.

"Yes, everything—to them and to you," she added hastily, as she half turned toward him and laid an impetuous little brown glove on his sleeve.

He looked a little mollified, but still he frowned. He intended to make that sister of his—and Mrs. Worthington too—understand that Mary Jane belonged not to them but to him, by right of original discovery.

"If I hadn't found you that day on the bridge—"

"Oh, I know," she interrupted, "that was the beginning of it all. I can't ever repay you."

"Yes, you can," he replied significantly.

"How?" she questioned, and her eyes were wide and her face was the innocent face of a child, but still there flitted across it a little smile that said, "Perhaps," instead of "How?"

"Well," he temporized, as they drew nearer the group ahead, "we'll talk about that another time."

. . .

"Yes, people," he called, for the rest of the party were impatiently awaiting them at the door of the motor car, "we're coming. I've just been telling this young lady of the beauties of—er—Switzerland—and she has promised—well, or rather I think I can persuade her—to go along next time."

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RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL BOOTH

BY JENNIE FOWLER-WILLING

I MET General Booth first at the Lord Mayor's reception of the Ecumenical Council at the Mansion House in London—tall, lithe, with eagle eye and nose. I told him at once that the one person in England that I most wanted to see was his wife. Gladstone, Tennyson, Bright, Josephine Butler, Queen Victoria, were then on the stage. What a group of royalties! The frail, fine-grained, brave woman, whose "Never!" that day in Conference, when the authorities tried to tie them down to one circuit, and who, with four children, and not one penny of income, dared risk all for the rescue of the submerged—that word, like a reveille of relief, had sent the Salvation Army drumbeat around the globe! I felt that I must have a word with that woman.

He shook his head. "She's resting to gather strength for the next charge. No one can see her!" Our talk ended in an engagement for the next Saturday.

There we sat—two women in desperate earnest to see something doing for the hopeless poor. I used my American privilege of questioning, and she gave answer with the utmost frankness. When I set my face again toward my hostelry, I was sure I had touched the true inwardness of the strange movement that even the Greatheart Spurgeon thought a travesty of Christianity.

At the table I saw the sweetest and most loving of mothers with her fully responsive children—there were eight of them in all. General Booth is reported to have said that he would be glad if there were eighty of them, they were all so helpful. Surely enough, the London papers, in their notices, would announce General Booth to preach at such a place in the East End, Mrs. Booth at such a place in the West End, and all the Booth children that were old enough to carry a message were preaching, praying, or singing somewhere to win the uncared-for.

I had taken a good look at the London slums. My young lady and I, with "know - nothing - fear - nothing" zeal, had made a dash for Whitechapel to hear some of the Booths. We had made our escape before the close of the service, when we saw the inadequacy of the police to handle the crowds. I had gone with a reputable city missionary to her "girls' parlor," where the young girls, too far beneath the surface to go out to service, came from their four-family cellars, with chalk-mark partitions, to be shown how to handle a needle on their ragged gowns.

The lady told me that the East End pugilists were mainly women. She had had a terrible, almost dangerous, scuffle with the girls in trying to save one of them from a beating, because she didn't tell the others that her mother was going to fight another woman in a place hid away to escape the police, who had broken up the fight once or twice. She had cheated them out of seeing the fun; and the lady, trying to save her from their anger, had come in for a share of the drubbing.

I had gone away from those dens and lairs with sick heart and reeling brain. But here was a refined family who were ready to live in them for the sake of helping those London heathen to a better life!

They say that fortunes are made from Paris waste. The Booths believed that good Christians could be made out of that human wreckage; and they braved all that it might be done.

General Booth's sense of humor stood him in good stead in dealing with those slum people. Sometimes, when Mrs. Booth would be preaching one of her fine sermons to a great audience of Salvationists, perhaps she, who was always frail, would need a moment's vocal rest. The general would break in with, "Comrades, give her a volley!" and the "Amens" of those thousands of stout English throats would have raised the roof, if sound could have done it.

I saw him once in Exeter Hall at a slum anniversary. He had asked the "Slum Mother" to tell the beginnings of the work. She was talking a trifle too long for such a mercurial audience. The general caught her hands and danced up and down the platform, while the rank and file shouted vociferously. I have seen prolix speakers called down and sung down, but that old lady was the only one I ever saw danced down!

I went away from the Booth home feeling that I had talked with the greatest woman the world had ever known, except Mary, the mother of our Lord.

London's three greatest funerals show the appreciation of unselfishness hid in the big, needy, human hearts, that seem so hard to reach, and fit only for the moral junk-heap: that of David Livingstone, when he was borne to his resting-place in Westminster Abbey. (*Punch* put it strongly when he called for "all flags at half-mast," while they carried to the Abbey the man of "weaver-kin" who gave his life for darkest Africa). Those of William and Catharine Booth taught the same lesson. The general loomed larger, with thirty-four thousand at his bier, when they carried him over his slum battlefields than when he stood before the Oxford chancellor to receive his great degree, and was hailed as the "tender-hearted protector of the lowest classes of the people."

FINDS TWILIGHT TALES DELIGHTFUL

I received *Twilight Tales*. Many, many thanks. The stories are delightful. The book will be a sweet memory of Margaret Sangster to me. She was a dear loving Christian.

Beverly, Mass. A. WATT.

"GOOD STUFF"

A Confirmed Coffee Drinker Takes to Postum

A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of coffee. She says:

"For the last five or six years I have been troubled with nervousness, indigestion and heart trouble. I couldn't get any benefit from the doctor's medicine, so finally he ordered me to stop drinking coffee, which I did.

"I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improvement, then went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.

"A new servant girl told me about Postum—said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. We got a package but I told her I did not believe my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.

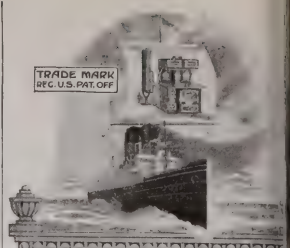
"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was "good stuff" and wanted to know what it was. We have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have in years.

"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days, during which time he could not eat or drink anything. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was all caused by coffee.

"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell everyone about it—some say they tried it and did not like it. I tell them it makes all the difference as to how it's made. It should me made according to directions—then it is delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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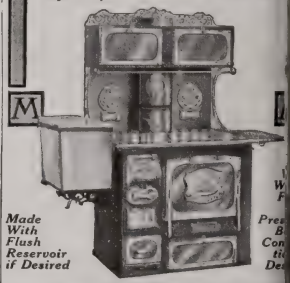

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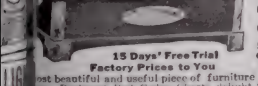

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO-NIGHT?

THIS is the season when, after a busy day at school, boys and girls are looking for jolly ways to spend the long sweet evenings at home, and we plan to give many suggestions, with lots of fun tucked away in them, right here in the Cozy Corner. The first one is an Evening of Tableaux.

It will be great fun ransacking the attic for old finery out of which to make up the costumes; and if you get them up really very nicely, perhaps the committee on entertainment may ask you to repeat them for the benefit of your church.

Tableaux Nos. 1 and 2—Scenes in the Life of Pocahontas.

1. Pleading for the life of Captain John Smith. 2. Her wedding with John Rolfe.

Tableaux Nos. 3 and 4—Scenes from Hiawatha.

1. Hiawatha and Nocomis. 2. Hiawatha and Minnehaha.

Tableaux Nos. 5 and 6—Scenes from the Life of Priscilla, the Puritan Maiden.

1. Miles Standish and John Alden. 2. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Tableau No. 7—Betsy Ross Working on the First American Flag, with Washington Standing By and Making Suggestions.

Tableau No. 8—A Daughter of the Pioneer.

Tableau No. 9—A Petted Daughter of the South.

The little Southern lady in soft brocade, powdered hair, high-heeled slippers, short gloves, a fan and a fancy reticule will be a charming contrast to the sturdy pioneer girl in buckskin costume, with a bowie knife and carrying a musket.

Tableau No. 10—The Girl from the Plantation and the Girl from Salem.

The daughter of a wealthy planter dressed in a soft muslin skirt with many frills, a short bodice with round neck, soft full sleeves, and hair parted in the middle and curled, wearing behind each ear a red rose, sitting in an easy chair playing a guitar. The girl from Salem sits primly in a high-necked, hoop-skirted costume, perfectly plain, with long shoulders, sugar-scoop bonnet tied with broad ribbons, and a large shawl.

Tableau No. 11—A Group of Old-fashioned Girls.

Tableau No. 12—The Golf Girl, Motor Girl, Basket-Ball Girl, Yachting Girl, Driving Girl, Tennis Girl, Girl Athlete, the All-Round Girl.

Tableau Last—The Girl that Everybody Loves.

The prettiest girl obtainable, dressed in evening dress, sitting on a quaint little sofa surrounded with boxes of flowers and candy, and a dozen men grouped about her in various attitudes of service and adoration.

Little Maid Maud Muller

Ask Your Sunday School Teacher To Guess It

A Puzzling Inscription

This puzzling inscription is just above the Ten Commandments on the wall of a little church in Wales.

By the addition of a single letter here and there the inscription becomes perfectly intelligible. Can you guess what letter it is?

PrsvrYPrfctMn.
EvrKpThsPrcptsTn.

Find the missing letter.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

1, Md.; 2. Pa.; 3, Miss.; 4. Ark.; 5, Kan.; 6, Ill.; 7, La.; 8, Me.; 9, Tenn.; 10, Wash.; 11, Ore.

The Harvest Moon

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasseled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime!
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender;
Earth hath not a holier time!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Old Woman and Her Cats

There once was a lovely old lady,
Who dwelt in a house by the sea;
Her home was a bower of roses,
As sweet as a home could be.

Now she sits by the lonely fireside
And dreams of the days that are past;
In memory she sees the dear faces
Just as she saw them last.

Oh, the flowers bloom ever as sweetly,
The cat and the kittens play,
But mother is listening to voices
That she heard in the yesterday.

MABEL BIGELOW, *age 14.*

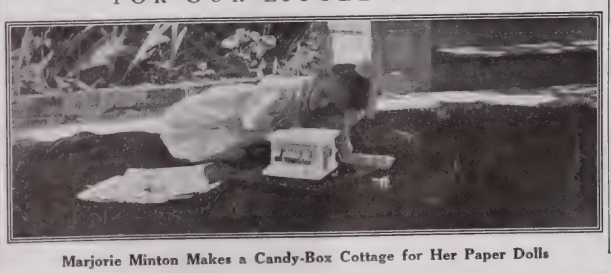
Good-Night Verse

Teach me thy ways, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth.

I am lovingly always,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE



Marjorie Minton Makes a Candy-Box Cottage for Her Paper Dolls

The Thing That Makes a Pen Write
Keeps the Parker From *Leaking*

WHEN you set an ordinary fountain pen in your vest pocket, point up, most of the ink runs down into the reservoir below. But some always stays in the feed tube.

When your body heat—98 degrees—reaches the air in the pen, the air expands—pushes up through the inky feed tube—pushes the ink up and out—messes the writing end of the pen, and *blacks your fingers* when you remove the cap.

That is why ordinary fountain pens leak and smear.

Now the Parker, unlike other fountain pens, has a *curved* feed tube. The end touches the barrel wall. This touch creates Capillary Attraction. This Capillary Attraction draws all the ink down out of the feed tube before the expanding air goes up.

That is why the Parker does *not* leak and smear. The curved feed tube is the famous Lucky Curve.

And when you turn the pen down to write, the touch of the pen point to the paper creates Capillary Attraction too, which draws the ink down on the paper.

Thus the thing that makes a pen write is the same thing that keeps the Parker Pen from leaking—to wit: Capillary Attraction.

14k gold pens with hardest Iridium points make Parkers write without scratching or "kicking." Parker Spear Head Ink Controller won't let the ink flow too fast or too slow.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation.

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New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen *can't leak in any position*, in any pocket. Comes also in pen knife sizes for lady's purse. $2.50 up.

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If your dealer doesn't sell Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalogue and fill your order direct. If he does sell Parkers, get one on trial. Use it 10 days. If it should leak or not be what you expected, take it back. Dealer will quickly refund.

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at prices that never before prevailed in the history of the ostrich feather business. Just look at the prices below and you will agree with me that you are getting better value in Schaefer plumes than ever before offered.

Heretofore our business was confined to the trade exclusively, and never before sold by mail. These plumes are best grade stock, direct from our farm in South Africa. Plumes are unusually full, long and beautiful.

THESE PRICES WILL CONVINCE YOU

WILLOW PLUMES	FRENCH PLUMES
18 in. x 14 in., $3.30	12 inches long, $2.50
19 in. x 15 in., $3.60	14 inches long, $3.00
20 in. x 17 in., $4.10	16 inches long, $4.10
21 in. x 19 in., $4.55	18 inches long, $5.00
22 in. x 20 in., $5.20	20 inches long, $6.50
24 in. x 21 in., $5.98	Other French Plumes, up to $50.00
28 in. x 23 in., $6.98	
Ostrich Bands, 36 inches long, Special, $2.49	

When ordering, mail us sample of colors desired and we will match plumes exactly. All colors without extra charge.

Because of these low prices we cannot afford expensive catalogues. Order at once from price list above as this stock can't last long. If you are not DELIGHTED, your money will be refunded. Bank reference.

Charles A. Schaefer, Mfr., 143 E. 117th St., New York

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A wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort. We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self-propelling and Invalids' Rolling Chairs with latest improvements. Ship direct from factory to you, freight prepaid, and sell on THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. Liberal Discounts to all sending for free Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.
384 Madison Ave. TOLEDO, O.

Today A Million Meals

A million meals were served today which included Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

In some they were served with sugar and cream. In some they were mixed with fruit.

And countless children tonight ate Puffed Wheat or Rice, like crackers, in bowls of milk.

There was never another ready-cooked cereal enjoyed like these million meals.

All Due to Prof. Anderson

We claim none of the credit for these remarkable foods. Our only part is to tell folks about them and to see that people are kept supplied.

You owe the delight to Prof. A. P. Anderson, who solved the problem of exploded grains.

For these grains are puffed by a steam explosion, following terrific heat. All the granules of the grain are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

And the curious fact is that all this is accomplished without breaking the coats of the grain.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

The exploded grains are eight times normal size. They are airy and porous and crisp.

Each grain is filled with a myriad cells, surrounded by thin toasted walls.

The grains melt in the mouth—melt into granules which have a delicious flavor. Nearly all folks consider these thin brown grains the most enticing of cereal creations.

Like Porous Nuts

The taste of the grains is like toasted nuts.

However you serve them the grains taste like nut meats—like nut meats made porous and melting and thin.

They are used in candy making—used in frosting cake—used to garnish ice cream. When eaten in milk you get the same almond taste—the flavor of roasted nuts.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(331)

THE ROMAN CHURCH IN POLITICS

A Lutheran Pastor's Inquiry

(From a letter to Lieutenant-General Miles.)

A FEW days ago there came into my hands a copy of the Principles and Constitution of the Guardians of Liberty. As the youngest son of Brigadier General Herman Haupt, who did so much with the railroad and bridge work during the Rebellion to help the Northern Army win the war, it makes my blood boil to know how our liberties to-day are being threatened by an ever watchful and insidious foe. I am anxious to know just what the Guardians of Liberty stand for and how they purpose to carry out the preservation of our liberties. If there is any prospect of winning out, I wish to go into it with my whole soul.

Nearly thirty years ago, when father was called to St. Paul, Minn., to open and organize the Northern Pacific, I came out as a young missionary, and the first man I ran into was Dr. Neill, a fellow alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania, who had been in the State for more than twenty years, and he said to me, "Haupt, I'm glad you've come; keep your eye on the Romanists; they are trying to get the State and nation." I did so, and found, by accident more than by intention, one of our young Swedish Lutheran girls who was rescued from the Roman Catholic House of the Good Shepherd. I was asked to investigate the matter and found that she had been committed for ninety days for petty larceny, and had been detained for fifteen months over her time. She was a strong, well-built girl, and was put into the laundry and served all that time at hard labor. A Protestant earning good money for the Romanists! I found that they had five sources of revenue and were receiving money from the county treasury of $1 per week—more than we could support those girls for at the county workhouse per head on much better fare. The girls received scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. Their institutions are not under the surveillance of the public in any way, and free American girls are detained against their will and compelled to labor for the enriching of the Roman Church.

For three years I was called to labor in the penal institutions of Pittsburg, Pa. They have two such houses there. They ran short of help. A Roman Catholic chief of police and a Roman Catholic court judge soon fixed things up. Several houses were raided; nearly one hundred girls were taken out; the men were fined from $5 to $10 each and turned loose on the community to fill up the houses with fresh material, and the poor girls, most of them, were sent to the two houses of the Good Shepherd. Then, too, I believe they were drawing large sums of money from the State treasury for the support of these private, sectarian prisons. How can loyal Americans stand for any such thing? And yet it is being done on the quiet all over this country. What I wish to know is, what aggressive measures do the Guardians of Liberty plan to put forth to remove the curse of these Roman prisons in a free land, and to guard the different political parties from having each one nominate Roman Catholic officials for each office, so that the voters will be helpless and will have to vote for one of them if he votes at all?

On Sunday last, being the nearest to the 4th of July, it was my privilege to preach to members of the Grand Army of the Republic at Albert Lea, and as a consequence two of them interviewed me with reference to the peril as they see it, and our views certainly coincided. In writing thus to you, I feel sure that you are ever

Continued on next page

Stop Paring Corns

End Them in a Scientific Way

Don't keep on paring the same old corn. That merely takes off the top layer. And paring often leads to infection.

A chemist has invented a wax which *removes them.* It is used in the Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster is applied in a jiffy. It stops the pain instantly, and it fits so neatly that you simply forget it.

The heat of the foot sets the wax gently working. It loosens the corn root, callous and all and in 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

No soreness, no pain, no discomfort. And no more corn. Tight shoes may bring another, but that corn can't come back. This little plaster now removes a million corns a month. Let it get rid of yours.

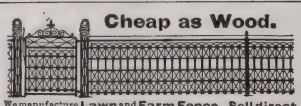
A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(265) **Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc**



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The following Magazine Clubs will positively be advanced in price on November 1st. This is the last month in which you can save magazine money on these clubs.

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Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Delineator ($1.50 a Year)	$2.20	Was $2.55
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Good Housekeeping ($1.50 a Year)	$2.15	Was $2.50
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Cosmopolitan ($1.50 a Year)	$2.15	Was $2.50
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Current Literature ($3.00 a Year)	$3.00	
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + McClure's Magazine ($1.50 a Year) + Review of Reviews ($3.00 a Year)	$3.00	Special Club
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Modern Priscilla (75c a Year)	$1.75	Was $2.00
Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) + Pictorial Review ($1.00 a Year) + Modern Priscilla (75c a Year) + Ladies' World (50c a Year)	$2.65	Was $3.00
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If ordered through us, you may cancel the subscription of any undesired magazine at any time and receive full credit for the unexpired term. Canadian and Foreign Postage Extra.

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Pictorial Review

CLASS 20
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Good Housekeeping
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Everybody's
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McClure's
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Woman's Home Comp.

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CLASS 70
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EXAMPLES

	CLASS
Christian Herald	23
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Ladies' World	8
	48
	x5
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Time—Ready cooked—instantly available for preparing many dishes.

Trouble—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling—

Money—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage—

B. & M. FISH FLAKES are caught in the deep cold sea waters—cleaned—cooked—slightly salted—packed in parchment lined containers—Not a speck of preservative used.

Can be used for almost countless ways of preparation, but they are certainly good in **Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder.**

Try one tin of **B. & M. FISH FLAKES**, 10c—sizes 15c *except in Far West*—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.

Free Book of Recipes—Every housewife should write for *Good Eating*, containing many new recipes, menus, etc., by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor, "Boston Cooking School Magazine."

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Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—New packing now ready—tender, sweet, creamy—a revelation in canned corn. Order some from your grocer to-day.

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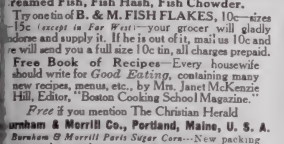

Genuine Diamonds $35 up

Send me $1.00 and let me express you this magnificently beautiful, brilliant, blue-white, perfect cut, *guaranteed genuine Diamond*, set in 14 Karat Gold "*Tiffany*" Mounting for Ladies, or "*Belcher*" for Gentlemen. Examine it critically, and if satisfied with its rare beauty, pay Express Agent $4.00 and keep the ring; then pay me balance at rate $1 per week. Send $1 today. Send for Catalog.

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All our hair is arranged under perfect sanitary conditions and guaranteed exceptionally fine human hair.

Match a long sample of your hair and we will send switch to match any shade. All sent in plain box. If satisfactory send us the money—if not return switch without delay. We will accept your check on your bank. Be sure to say whether you want straight or wavy hair. Switches cost a trifle more—extra size three-fifty, green or sandy shades. Send booklet showing latest New York and Paris styles sent on request.

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20 inch $1 75	22 inch $1 75	24 inch $4 00
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As low as $15.00 per acre. Fertile lands—mild climate—abundant rainfall—nearby Eastern markets. Lands suited to growing truck, alfalfa, grasses, grain and fruit. Write today for booklet "Country Life in Virginia." 450 pages—giving full description of large and small farms. Excursion rates and booklet free. Address

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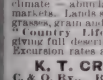

To introduce SAN-I-FLA Antiseptic Germ destroying Tooth Paste, we will send, postpaid, free with each order for one dozen, one imported, curved handle, pneumatic back sanitary **Tooth Brush**, valued 35 cents. One only to each new customer. Price Tooth Paste, 25 cents; coin or stamps.

NATIONAL TUBE FLAVOR CO., - NEWARK, NEW YORK

LADIES! An exceptional opportunity for HAIR DRESSERS, MILLINERS and women in other lines to represent one of the best known lines of high-class TOILET PREPARATIONS in this country. This is your opportunity to build a permanent business among the best class of people. Address Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 26 West Illinois St., Chicago.

WRITE US TODAY About Our "26" Best Sellers in New Idea Sanitary Brushes, or proposition appeals to hustling agents everywhere. Work ready, commissions large. Illustrated booklet sent on request.

L. SILVER & CO., Dept. H, Home Office and Factory, CLAYTON, N.J.

THE ROMAN CHURCH IN POLITICS

Continued from preceding page

ready to stand by the old soldier. The old soldiers here are willing to form a court at any time.

(REV.) A. J. D. HAUPT.

Albert Lea, Minn.

. . . .

How the Jesuits Teach in New Mexico

THE teaching of Jesuit priests, who dominate and control the Catholic Church in this section, is done secretly in the confessionals. Not one of these priests, so far as I know, is an American. All are from Europe, mostly from Italy, Germany and Spain. Their hatred of everything American is intense, and was made more so by the war we had with Spain. These priests teach the Mexican children that all Protestant churches are the abodes of the evil one, and under no consideration must be entered. In a paper read by a graduate of the New Mexico Normal School it was stated that 90 per cent. of school children in New Mexico never passed the fifth grade. This is true, and it is because of the teachings of the Jesuits. They are also taught never to speak English unless forced to do so by necessity! and they never do, notwithstanding that all are taught English in the schools, and Spanish is not allowed to be spoken either in the schools or on the playgrounds. To a strange American, the children will declare they do not understand English. All this is impressed on their young minds by the Jesuit priests. W. M. S.

Silver City, N. M.

Answered Prayers

A LOVED one has been in danger in Mexico; we have been praying that God would bring him safely out of that country, and our prayer is answered."

So prayer is not an impractical, out-of-date matter, but a power that can be applied in the most modern and matter-of-fact affairs. Browning tells of the humble Christian who, when the king had consummated a vast plot for his destruction,

Caught at God's skirts, and prayed.

So in the time of the darkest, and the mightiest, and the latest peril, Christians to-day get in touch with the infinite power and find deliverance for themselves and their friends. The letter about the friend in unsettled Mexico was from "A Reader," New York.

There is a sensible note in this bit of praise, too: "I prayed earnestly that God would spare my life and give me health and strength to get back to my work. I thank him that I have improved until able to go through regularly with my daily work." So writes M. R. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. This dear lady, Mrs. A. T. A., East Smithfield, Pa., is having Paul's experience repeated. The thorn is not taken away, but Jesus gives strength to bear it. She writes: "Praise the Lord! I know he sustains me in intense suffering, and he also hears and answers the prayers of loved ones."

The following acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received:

C. B. M., Norcross, Ga.; Mrs. M. A. H., Fairmingdale, Ill.; M. B., Galion, O.; Mrs. W. B. C., Hanover, Ind.; A. M. S., Worcester, Mass.; E. S. M., Baltimore, Md.; R. Y., Baltimore, Md.; Faith B. C. C. H.; E. B. H., Lancaster, Pa.; S. E. T., Thompson, Conn.; Mrs. W. C. G., Alfred Junction, N. Y.; A Reader, Baldwin, Kans.; M. E. S., Castana, Ia.; L. N. K., Lake Geneva, Wis.; M. L. S., Bainbridge, O.; J. G. McI., Caledonia, N. Y.; E. C., Pennsylvania; Mrs. P. I. S., Baltimore, Md.; M. S. B., Leominster, Mass.; A. W., Columbia, S. C.; M. A. B., Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Sara Nunn, Wellesley Island, N. Y.; M. D., Montana; A Reader, Ashland, Pa.; D. M. T., Wichita, Kan.; J. E. K., Paterson, N. J.; M. M., Glenn Springs, S. C.; E. M. S., Belleville, Ill.; M. C. G., Bucklin, Kans.; E. J. S.; Mrs. L. M. G., Warren; L. E., Indiana; Mrs. E. Wilson, Belvidere, N. J.; Mrs. W. F. C., Warner, Alta., Canada; M. C. P., Palmyra, N. Y.; Mrs. M. J. T. O., Amelia, O.; A Reader, Medina, O.; H. A. L., Kansas; Mrs. M. A. W., Watkins, N. Y.; An Old Reader, Concord, Tenn.; Mrs. M. A. R., Providence, R. I.; Mrs. M. L. R., Colfax, Ia.; L., Pennsylvania; E. E., Danbury, Conn.; Mrs. J. S. C., Palmyra, Mich.; M. H., G. M. L., Freeport, Ill.; and Mrs. M. E. T., Harper, Kans.

"How many pairs of 'Holeproof' are you taking, Nell?"

"Only six—that's enough—they will all keep silky, stylish and perfect, without a break or tear, until Spring."

Going away—or staying at home—Autumn demands trim, neat, stylish Holeproof Hose. Hose that feel good, and are the latest fashion in snugness and color. Hose that *wear*.

Heavy autumn shoes are hard on dainty hose. Holeproof Hose end the nuisance of "looking them over" when they return from the laundry. Half a dozen pairs of silky, lustrous Holeproof Hose equip anybody—grown-ups or children—for six months' steady, constant wear.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hose are cotton or silk. We get our silk from the north of Japan. We make it up into beautiful silk "Holeproof" for both men and women. We guarantee three pairs for three months. These silk hose thus last much longer than some of the brands of *heavier cotton* hose. They give you silk hose with economy.

We use in the cotton "Holeproof" yarn made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest yarns sold. We pay the top market price—an average of 70 cents to the pound. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. But our yarn is three-ply, light weight and strong. Six pairs of cotton are guaranteed six months. We make them for men, women, children and infants.

One must be careful to see that he gets the genuine, the original guaranteed hose, if he wants the same satisfaction that these million wearers get. The genuine bears the signature, "Carl Freschl," on the toe. Be sure that you see it.

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Prices for cotton goods are $1.50 to $3.00, according to finish and weight. Six pairs guaranteed six months. Silk "Holeproof" for men cost $2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. For women, $3.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months.

Write for free book
"How to Make Your Feet Happy"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906 Carl Freschl

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
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Are Your Hose Insured?

(365)

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906 Carl Freschl

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DENTAFFIX, a new, scientific discovery. Guaranteed to hold artificial plates firmly in place whether you eat, talk or cough. A creamy, vegetable powder; pleasant and harmless. Not a cement, does not harden. **DENTAFFIX** means comfort, health and happiness to millions. Postpaid, in plain wrapper, 50c; stamps taken. **Free sample** for your name on a postal. *Correspondence solicited from dentists everywhere.*

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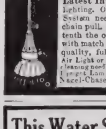
Your money refunded at once if **DENTAFFIX** fails.

WIZARD LIGHT



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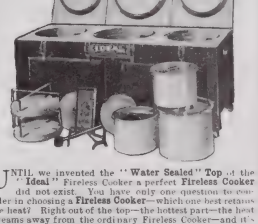
Learn Something New About "Efficiency"

There are perhaps a thousand reasons why man of today is only 50 per cent. efficient, yet ninety per cent. of those reasons have been traced to one cause.

It would doubtless be most interesting for every American, man or woman, to read a treatise by a specialist on the subject and this will be forwarded without cost if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Dept. 162-J, 134 West 65th Street, New York.

Perhaps this little book will help you materially in your business and social duties. At any rate it will tell you a few things about yourself that you never knew before.

This Water Sealed Heat-Tight Top Makes Fireless Cooking Perfect



UNTIL we invented the "**Water Sealed**" **Top** of the "**Ideal**" Fireless Cooker a perfect **Fireless Cooker** did not exist. You have only one question to consider in choosing a **Fireless Cooker**—which one best retains the heat? Right out of the top—the hottest part—the heat streams away from the ordinary Fireless Cooker—and it's that precious heat, which is the one thing needful.

Imprisoned heat is what does the cooking in a Fireless Cooker. When you examine your "**Ideal**" Fireless Cooker, you will see that loss of heat simply cannot take place through its "**Water Sealed**" **Top**. This means that the "**Ideal**" Fireless Cooker **Cooks Faster, Cooks Better and Keeps the Food Hot Longer** than any other Fireless Cooker. It will **Roast, Bake, Steam, Stew and Boil**, and saves 50% of the fuel and reduces work and worry to a minimum.

"Ideal" Fireless Cook Stoves are Lined With "Pure" Aluminum

You want a Cooker lined with a metal which will not rust, pinhole, corrode, chip or crack. "PURE" Aluminum is the only insurance against these things. Separate cover over each compartment. Equipment of "WEAR EVER" Aluminum Utensils.

Try the "IDEAL" at our risk. Use the COOKER 30 days and if it is not all we claim, money refunded. You can pay for an "IDEAL" Fireless Cooker a little each month if you desire. Write today for illustrated catalogue and details of our easy payment plan.

THE TOLEDO COOKER CO., No. 1313 W. Bancroft St., Toledo, Ohio
We also make the celebrated "Ideal" Steam Cooker

Made over from a tan serge dyed navy blue

Made over from a brown broadcloth dyed black

"Winter Suits Like New With Diamond Dyes"

"I think I ought to tell you for the benefit of others about my success with Diamond Dyes. Before I learned the magic of Diamond Dyes, I used to scrimp and worry every Spring and Fall about how to get new, fresh clothes for my daughters and myself.

"I guess the two snapshots I enclose will show you that I don't worry much now. These are two Winter suits I made over from a tight tan serge suit and a brown broadcloth dress and coat. I cut two of the latest——suit patterns, ripped the old suit and dress with coat up carefully and they are just like new.

"I also dyed some old ostrich plumes and ribbons and we made three hats with them.

"Please send a copy of the new Diamond Dye Annual."

MRS. H. G. BURGESS, New York City.

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for wool or silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience for over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics, and vegetable fibre fabrics.**

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, **and another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on EVERY fabric.

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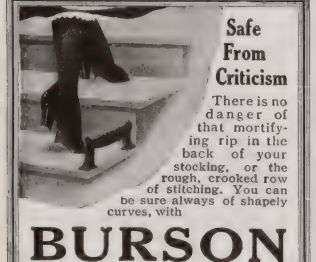

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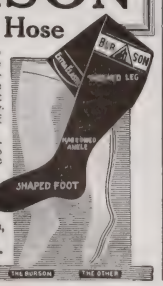

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

T. C., Grove City, Pa. Please explain (1) Rev. 20: 5 and (2) Matt. 24: 21-40.

1. This refers to the first resurrection—"the resurrection of the just." The earth, not yet being transformed, is not fully prepared for the transfigured Church, but from heaven the transfigured saints with Christ rule the earth. 2. This portion of the chapter (verses 21-40) relates to the Second Coming and the signs or indications thereof. The first portion of the same chapter was prophetic of the coming destruction of Jerusalem. This twofold prophecy has already been discussed in THE MAIL-BAG.

J. B., Bristol, Va. How can I make putty for window glazing?

To enough whiting add as much linseed oil as will beat it to a stiff dough.

R. B. C., Fort Leavenworth, Kan. Is an atom the smallest particle of matter?

Until recently, the atom was considered the indivisible part of matter; but advances in radio-activity point to the fact that the atom is a complex system, consisting of a positively charged nucleus around which are grouped numerous negatively charged particles of infinitesimal dimensions, called electrons. A great deal has yet to be learned about the electron. Though regarded now as the unit of the material universe, it is really nothing but electricity, though it possesses the properties of matter—mass, momentum, kinetic energy and probably weight.

H. E. K., Wellsville, O. It is useless to speculate on conditions in other worlds, especially with regard to their inhabitants, when we do not even know that they are inhabited. At best, science furnishes only presumption based upon supposed climatic conditions. It is all God's universe, however, and under his love and care, and we do right to hold that he makes nothing in vain and that if there are intelligent beings on those distant spheres they, like ourselves, will have a share in his thoughts and be under his providence.

L. J. L., Napoleon, O. Please explain Matt. 27: 52, 53.

These "sleeping saints" (see Thes. 4: 14) are held to be Old Testament believers who, having served the Lord faithfully according to their lights, and who looked forward to the promise of the Messiah's coming, were quickened at the moment of Jesus' death, although they did not come out of their graves until his resurrection (see verse 53). The opening of the graves was symbolic proclamation that death was "swallowed up in victory"; and the rising of the saints after Jesus' resurrection fittingly showed that the Saviour of the world was to be the "first" that should rise from the dead. (See Acts 26: 23; Col. 1: 18; Rev. 1: 5.)

R. B. S., Memphis, Tenn. What is radium? Explain its properties.

Radium is a metal, though never prepared in metallic form, and is obtained from the ore of pitchblende in very small quantities. It is generally made up as a chloride or bromide and looks like common salt. In this form it lasts indefinitely, without any apparent physical or chemical change. To give the properties of radium here would require too much space. For a clear article on the subject see *Marvels of Modern Science* in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Home Library.

F. B. M., Seattle, Wash. How does Pintsch light, used on railway trains, differ from ordinary gas light?

Pintsch light is obtained from compressed gas, and is used by nearly every railroad system in the country. The gas is compressed from oil, 125 pounds of pressure to the square inch, giving one foot of oil gas equal to the illuminating power of five feet of coal gas. The lamps for this light are of special design with four or six burners.

A. F. S., Raspeburg, Md. The Bible says we should beware of "false prophets in sheep's clothing." How are we to distinguish them from good preachers and teachers?

The warning is against teachers who come claiming to be authorized interpreters of the mind of God and expounders of his Word, yet who are false leaders, having no spiritual light in themselves and being unfitted to guide others into the light of truth. Coming in sheep's clothing implies that they present a plausible exterior, their lips filled with smooth, persuasive words; but they do not teach nor do they know the Gospel of Jesus. They teach instead a man-made Gospel, and make a great show of liberal ideas. The "old paths" they discard for new ways of reaching heaven. They cast doubt upon the essentials of the faith and teach the doctrines of error. Any teacher who does not hold fast to the cardinal points of the Gospel, or who does not emphasize the divine nature and the mediatorial office of Christ and his sacrifice and atonement; who would exalt works above faith; who belittles the importance of the revealed Word, and casts doubt upon its genuineness and authority; who compromises with sin and the weakness of our nature; who leads his flock to regard with doubt all that pertains to the invisible realm of faith and the supernatural; who attaches more importance to the operations of the human mind than to all else—such a person is not calculated to lead others in the way of life everlasting. It is therefore of the very first importance that the pastor who is chosen for a church should himself be a Christian, living the Christian life, else, however sincere he may be in his efforts, he will not be able to lead others aright.

P. D. E., Norwich, N. Y. Please explain I. Tim. 5: 24.

There are two kinds of sins here specified: The first, those that are palpably manifest (which is the true translation of "open beforehand"). Such sins are evident or notorious and are consequently judged of men. The other kind is hidden sin, which is not disclosed until hereafter. In the next verse, a similar distinction is made with regard to the two classes of good works. The term "going before to judgment" refers to acts which are their own heralds—"crying sins," which accuse their perpetrator.

M. F. G., Rome, Ga., writes: "In your September 25 issue, under the head of "Providing for Old Age," you quote Mr. Graves, of the King Home for Old Men, as saying: 'Only one man in ten thousand is self-supporting at seventy.' I cannot imagine how he could have made such an error, unless he has been living in a very sickly country. This is a city of about 14,000. There are here more than fifty men over seventy, who are making a living without any assistance. Some of them are a good deal over seventy, near eighty. This applies to whites only. Most of them served four years in the Southern army, which was a very hard life and calculated to shorten their days. I suppose there are as many ladies of the same age, but as to this I have not investigated. This must be an unusually healthy locality, and there are more old people in it in proportion to numbers than any other place I know of. Fourteen miles from here there lived until a few years ago Mr. Nathan White, a farmer. When he was 106 years old he planted and made all alone three bales of cotton and three hundred bushels of corn, besides splitting his own rails and cutting firewood for the family. I took him to a photographer and he walked without a cane—walked too fast for me. This man lived to be about 112 years old. He was a native of North Carolina."

L. C., Knoxville, Tenn. What is the order of succession to the presidency in case of death or removal?

By act of Congress, January, 1886, the following is the succession in case of death or removal, inability or resignation of the President or Vice-President: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior.

R. E. B., Manitoba. Please explain Heb. 7: 3.

There are two interpretations of this passage. One, which is most generally used, is that his parentage was so obscure and his genealogy so unimportant that it is not recorded. The other is that the mystery veiling his birth is designed to impress us with his exalted nature and office as a priest from all eternity. Melchizedek's person, his office, his relation to Christ (of whose divine high priesthood he was the type and forerunner), and his sovereignty, which was recognized and acknowledged by Abraham, have given rise to innumerable discussions and many conjectures. Some have held that he was Shem, son of Noah, who had survived the deluge; others that he was an angel; and still others that he was the Son of God. This last-named conclusion would appear unwarranted, however, and evidently it was not held by the early church, as Heb. 7: 3 says he was simply "*like unto*" the Son of God, and in chapter 6: 20 Christ is referred to as a priest "after" the order of Meichizedek, which phrase would hardly have been employed had the two been identical. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that he was a righteous king who "on account of his virtues was made the priest of God." This combination of the twofold office of priest and king (not uncommon in remote times) appears for the first time in the Scripture in Genesis and afforded Abraham an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to God in the usual manner by making an offering of one-tenth of all the spoil of battle.

H. D. Johnson, Allenton, Mo. 1. Please define Christian liberality, especially in regard to paying ministers, missionaries and other Christian workers. 2. Is "knowledge" in II. Pet. 1: 5 "knowledge of God" as in verse two? Has "virtue" in verse three the same meaning as "virtue" in verse five of II. Pet. 1? 3. Which do you consider the cardinal Christian virtues?

1. We are told in Scripture that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and this applies to ministers as well as others. There are people who seem to think that because "salvation is free," therefore they have no legitimate financial re-

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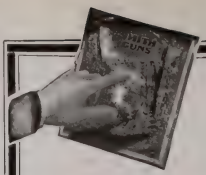

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

sponsibilities in connection with the Gospel. The attitude of the real Christian is altogether different from this. He regards all his possessions as gifts from God, entrusted to his keeping and to be administered as a sacred stewardship. Many very excellent Christians set apart a portion of their means as the "Lord's money," and find a blessing in so doing. It is a disgrace to a church or congregation to have its ministers underpaid, and its missionaries and others, who devote their lives to the furtherance of the Gospel, insufficiently supported. Such men are "robbing God." They are not Christians at heart, although they may be such nominally. 2. The chapter in question is an exhortation to all the Christian graces. The "knowledge" in verse 2 is better interpreted "full knowledge" of the unity of the Father and Son (see John 14: 7-11.) The "knowledge" quoted in verse three is that experimental realization of God which is the first step in the new life. The "glory and virtue" (verse three) refer to the glory and transcendent moral excellence that characterize God's majesty. The word "virtue" is seldom used, however, in expressing the divine qualities. The same word (in verse five) means moral excellence and strength after the manner of the divine perfection, though in infinitely lesser degree and in a human sense. 3. The cardinal virtues, so-called, are four, viz.: prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance, but the wider range of Christian virtues is set forth in verses five, six and seven of the chapter in question.

C. Z., Canby, Calif. 1. Works of necessity, charity and mercy may be done on the Sabbath, and a visit to a sick relative would certainly seem to be within that category. 2. Pork is forbidden under the Mosaic law, and is condemned by others than Jews as unwholesome, though there are many who eat it. 3. Romans 14th chapter is devoted to the discussion of Christian forbearance and the consideration that is due from us to our weaker brethren. The general principle is laid down that we should do nothing, either in eating, drinking, speech or action, which would offend our brother or cause him to stumble. Paul lays down the rule that while ritual distinctions are at an end, "it is good not to do anything whereby thy brother is offended or made weak." Nor should we do that which our own conscience condemns, because if we do that concerning which we are in doubt, and have no faith in it, we are self-condemned by our own wilful violation of conscience. 4. There is no harm in innocent games in moderation, or for exercise, provided always that the element of gambling be left out. 5. God is ready to forgive "to the uttermost," if we come to him repentant, asking forgiveness for Christ's sake. 6. God's law should be first in our hearts and lives, and we are justified in disobeying any one where obedience would involve breaking God's law. 7. Restitution and atonement, as far as lies within our power, are commanded. We are to pay our debts, right the wrongs we have done wherever we can, make peace where we have quarreled, restore what we have taken away. Failing the performance of this duty on our part (if it can be performed) we have no right to claim divine forgiveness.

Miscellaneous

E. H., Oxly, Mo. The passage you quote is not in the Bible.

Y. E. A. "Bahai" is pronounced Bah-hi; "Ullah," as spelled; "effendi," effen-dee; "Abbas," Ah-bas.

J. M. C., Sonoraville, Ga. See the subject of the salvation of the heathen discussed in a recent article in THE MAIL-BAG.

L. L., Pasadena, Calif. 1. Write to the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, Madison Avenue, New York City. 2. Dr. Sheldon's first book was *In His Steps.*

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. The story of *Gabrielle* (which appeared in serial form in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) was to have been published in book form, but the author died before carrying out her purpose.

Reader, W. Va. Insurance is a proper provision for those who are dependent upon us and for whom we can leave no estate, or make no other provision. The whole subject of insurance is now under legal regulation, and is as far removed from gambling as can be imagined.

Adelaide L. Mason, a reader of this paper in Chelsea, Mass., suggests that "Anxious," Rutledge, Pa., whose inquiry concerning Christian peace and assurance was lately answered in THE MAIL-BAG, should procure the book *Abide in Christ*, by Rev. Andrew Murray, which she will find most serviceable. It may be procured through any bookseller.

J. M. D., Germantown, Pa. There are at the present time 80,000 Protestant Christians in Japan, estimated. Forty years ago there was not a single Protestant church in that country. This is the best answer to those who claim that the Gospel is making but little progress in the Mikado's empire. Although it has encountered difficulties there as elsewhere, it has surmounted them all, one after another, and the future looks bright, and gives assurance of still greater spiritual harvests.

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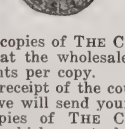

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1012

so inspired him that he actually laughed and pressed the change upon his customer. The little match-vender had learned a lesson that would make a man out of him. This is a story that will do to tell the younger children.

Here is another that both the children and the grown-up people should read. The United States Commissioner of Labor took upon himself as a part of his work to examine into the conditions of child labor in the District of Columbia. He turned his attention to the investigation of newsboys, many of whom he found were acting the part of extortionists by begging to keep the change when a nickel was handed to them. Kind-hearted but thoughtless people said "Yes" to the ragged little newsies, and thus unwittingly started them on a dishonorable course of life. The commissioner one evening was accosted by a little newsboy with long baby curls, to buy his "last paper," which of course he did. He moved off a little distance and saw the same boy sell a "last paper" to as many as ten persons; that was the boy's trick of appealing for charity, and he was on the way to be a professional thief, if he was not one already.

The new charity provides better housing for the poor, and that is just as it should be. But even after that is done, there will be need for kind oversight. A friendly visitor went into an apartment house. One woman was very proud and happy to show her bedrooms, kitchen and living-room. "But where is your bathroom?" the visitor asked. The visitor insisted upon seeing it, and finally when it was shown, the bathtub was covered with boards; when the boards were lifted a pig in brine was discovered. The woman explained: "We didn't need the bathtub, and so we thought we'd keep our winter meat in it."

Ruskin has truly said: "How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good without multiplying the sources of evil! To give alms is nothing, unless you give thought also. It is written not, 'Blessed is he that feedeth the poor,' but 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.' A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money."

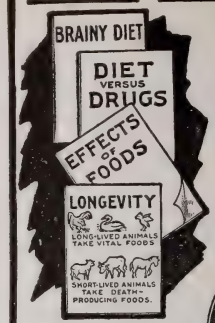
The charitable work of the Lord Jesus was largely in the line of working miracles of healing and feeding. In this we can not do likewise, but when we make human efforts to relieve distress of mind and body in others, the Lord himself will so bless our efforts that results will be nearly miraculous if not quite so. All he expects of us is to do the best we can do.

Love thyself last! Drink deep
The nectared anodyne of selfishness!
Feast full upon the diet angels eat—
Pity and help and vast compassion! Seek
The pathway to the kingdom; finding that,
Other things shall be added! Griefs shall come,
Pain, hardships, death, it may be, on the path;
Yet turn not back! hand once upon the plow,
Drive the brave furrow forward, eyes intent
On the share's point! Trust heaven for recompense,
Forgetting recompense; trust God for due
Of goodly things, and for soul's due of peace
Foregoing both! EDWIN ARNOLD.

War in the Balkans

HOPE that war between the Balkan States and Turkey could be averted grew rapidly less during the first days of October, and, following weeks of occasional border clashes, definite reports of a serious engagement at Harmanli were received on October 3, in which the casualties were estimated at 400. Actual fighting thus preceded the diplomatic action of declaring war. Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Montenegro were about to send an ultimatum to Turkey, demanding immediate autonomy for Macedonia, Albania, Old Servia and Crete. Prior to the reception of this note Turkey sent to the Powers a statement that "In view of the manifestly aggressive attitude of the Balkan States Turkey reserves to itself full liberty of action."

Popular Educational Food Campaign



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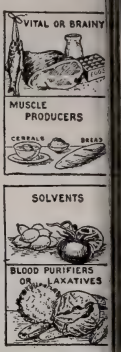
"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three week... To put it weakly, I was astonished. I knew now, that butter, eggs and ri... cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge, and hope to learn more ... your system in the future."

Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables and fresh, juicy fruits do not.



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In the Footsteps of St. Paul

Continued from page 1009

every direction. Though the days of persecution of the Greeks are past, most, if not all, of these churches are used at the present day, at least on special occasions, like the name-days of the saints to which they are dedicated. It would seem that with seventy-two Greek churches and thirty-two mosques, to say nothing of the little sanctuaries for other races, the 22,000 inhabitants of Berœa might have sufficient religious privileges—of a kind, at least.

But, alas! there is not a single Protestant church of any kind in Berœa, perhaps not a single Christian who would accept the doctrines of Paul in their purity as we understand them. Let us be thankful, however, that the name of Christ is still known and that in these seventy-two churches, the lineal descendants of the church Paul founded, our Lord is still worshiped, though in much ignorance and darkness and superstition.

St. Luke is as brief and succinct as ever in his account of the apostle's life in Berœa. We know that as usual he went first into the synagogue and that the Jews were "more noble than those of Thessalonica." To this day it is a common saying that the same is true of the modern Jews of Berœa. A graphic writer thus pictures the scene in the Berœan synagogue where Paul preached:

"The rabbis and ministers, attired in their flowing robes, hold in their hands the well-thumbed scrolls of parchment containing the writings of Moses and the prophets. The apostle directs them in these to reference after reference, proving that Jesus was indeed the Christ. May we not imagine him saying, 'Turn to your roll containing our old prophet Micah's prediction: you will find there mentioned the birthplace of the Messiah.' The presiding minister reads aloud: 'But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto thee that is to be the ruler of Israel.' 'Jesus,' Paul may be supposed to say, "was born there.'"

Thus this writer goes on imagining how Paul told the Jews how his tribe was predicted, how he was to be born of a virgin, to be a lineal descendant of David, and how his rejection and death were described by the prophets, while the rabbis turned the scrolls and read the prophetic passages in confirmation of Paul's statements.

This is not altogether a fanciful account of the apostle's experience in Berœa, for we know that the Jews "received the word with all readiness" and that they "searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so." We also know that many of them believed, and that this was also true of the honorable women among the Greeks and not a few of the Grecian men as well.

But the unbelieving, jealous Jews were soon upon Paul's tracks once more. They could not let him rest even in remote Berœa, but from Thessalonica they came, ready to hound him to death, and eager to drive him out of Macedonia. As in their own city they stirred up the people, and Paul and his companions knew that in order to continue their work and to carry the Gospel message to still other peoples he must at once leave the city where he had been so hospitably received. So while Silas and Timothy stayed in Berœa to comfort and strengthen the infant church, Paul, who seems to have been the only one whom the hostile Jews really feared (a splendid testimony this to his tremendous spiritual power and untiring vigor), was sent away by sea to Athens. Thus again we see how God makes the wrath of men to praise him, for though driven from obscure Berœa he is enabled to proclaim the everlasting Gospel in Athens and Corinth, the world's greatest centers of learning, philosophy, art and commerce.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1912

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TURKISH NAVAL GUNNERS AND OFFICER

SERVIAN INFANTRYMEN AND THEIR COMPANY COMMANDER

WAR BREAKS OUT IN THE BALKANS

ON THE afternoon of October 8 the world was shocked, though not surprised, by the announcement that the little kingdom of Montenegro had declared war against Turkey on the previous day and that a bloody though indecisive battle had taken place on the frontier of Macedonia. For about a week before this date the rumors of war in the Balkans had filled columns of the daily newspapers. Despatches from the capitals of all the great Powers of Europe had told of the efforts of the various governments to bring such pressure to bear upon the fiery little states that make up the so-called Balkan Confederacy that actual hostilities might be averted.

A GREEK SOLDIER IN WALKING-OUT UNIFORM

The relations between the government of the Sublime Porte and the governments of its northern neighbors have been in a state of high tension for many months past. The larger part of Macedonia, which is really Turkey in Europe, has as many Christian inhabitants as these smaller states which a few years ago made independent kingdoms by an agreement of the controlling powers of Europe. In race and training and feeling these Christians of Macedonia are almost identical with the Servians, the Bulgarians, and, to a certain extent, the Montenegrins. The fellowship between the peoples is very close, and the sympathies of the small independent kingdoms have gone out in no uncertain fashion to their more-than-cousins who have been suffering under Turkish misrule. The coming of the Young Turk Party into power at Constantinople brought the promise of reforms for Macedonia. These proved to be promises only, for nothing has ever come of them.

During the last few days of September the Turkish War Ministry announced its intention of concentrating an unusually large military force at Adrianople, ostensibly for purposes of field training and manœuvers. This caused a great deal of apprehension in the smaller bordering states, and Bulgaria and Servia both began the mobilization of their armies. Montenegro followed a few days later and pushed her operations to a conclusion so rapidly that she was the first ready to take the field.

The correspondents of the various great daily newspapers have given brilliant pictures of the military enthusiasm that is shown in all the countries which are vitally interested in this affair. From Constantinople comes the declaration that enthusiastic crowds have been marching the streets and that the call of the Turkish reservists to the colors has brought out almost one hundred thousand more men than was anticipated. From Belgrade, Servia's capital; Sofia, in Bulgaria; and Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, come similar stories of enthusiasm and firm determination to bring the Turk face to face with his final struggle for the last of his once great dominions in Europe.

A SERVIAN INFANTRYMAN

Greece, too, has mobilized her land forces and her navy. The enthusiasm there runs as high as in the Balkan kingdoms themselves. Even far-away New York, a few days ago, felt a touch of this Greek enthusiasm when about seven thousand Greeks gathered to express their loyalty to their king and country; to make arrangements for the return home of thousands of their young men to bear arms and also to take subscriptions for the carrying out of this undertaking. The enthusiasm of the crowd ran to the wildest extremes. Young men came upon the platform and pledged themselves unreservedly to their king and flag. Inside of fifteen minutes the finance committee held cash and pledges to the extent of $20,000.

France was responsible for the first move made to preserve peace in the Balkans. Her calls addressed to the various Powers seemed to bring forth the response that all were ready to stand back of any demands which she might make. M. Sazanoff, the Russian foreign minister, made hurried visits to London, to Paris, and to Berlin, and it was generally believed that his mission was being

Continued on page 1030

KING NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO

KING CHARLES OF ROUMANIA

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BY

Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., LL.D.*

TEXT: "Do this now, my son: Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine eyelids. Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler." Prov. 6: 3-5

DO *WHAT* now? Get thyself out of the snare. What snare? The snare of suretyship. Who was caught in it? Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, a reckless spendthrift. He had fallen into the hands of adventurers and money sharks. He had given promissory notes to the young voluptuaries with whom he associated in his dissolute quest of pleasure. He had gone further and indorsed their obligations, for which he was held personally liable. He had hypothecated the good-natured indulgence of his royal father to such an extent that patience in that quarter had ceased to be a virtue. The net had now closed about him and his father's advice was that he should deliver himself and at once.

The young prince could not appeal to the law, for the Jewish law of suretyship was rigid to the last degree. He could not appeal to his creditors, for "business was business." He could not beg his comrades to satisfy these claims, for they were as bankrupt as he. But the necessity of doing something was obvious; and the sooner the better. "Get thyself out of thy difficulty," says the wise man, "and do this now." It is a business proposition which is laid down. If you were to ask the average merchant as to the secret of success in commercial life he would assuredly say that it depended on four things.

Four Prime Essentials

First, Honesty. This is assumed at the outset; not because "honesty is the best policy," but because it is right. The cash boy in a department store must have a conscience or he will never get on.

Second, Industry. "By hammer and hand all arts do stand." Something is to be said for genius; but all the natural gifts of the brightest genius that ever was born will not insure success unless he is prepared to sweat for it. Work is what wins. Eight hours a day? Yes, ten, twelve, more if need be. God never made an eight-hour man. "I went by the field of the slothful; and lo, it was overgrown with thorns; and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man." Idleness is the anodyne of purpose and the sepulcher of hope. The man with his hands in his pockets seizes none of the opportunities that pass by.

> The heights by great men won and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Third, Enthusiasm. "The labor we delight in physics pain." In order to succeed we must needs be in sympathetic touch with our work. An eagle on a perch is the most awkward of living things; but behold it as on poised wings it pierces the heavens with eyes fixed, undazzled by the sun! What makes the difference? The eagle is now in its element. We do best what we love to do. If you are a dry goods clerk see to it that you measure out tape as if it were cloth of gold. If you are a grocer's boy, deliver your load of vegetables as if they had grown in the hanging gardens of Babylon. If you are a cobbler's apprentice, hammer your lapstone as if you were playing on "David's harp of solemn sound." If you are a typewriter, finger your machine as if you were Paderewski at the keyboard of his piano. If you are a teacher in the public schools, teaching the young idea how to shoot, do it as if you were Apollo teaching archery to the children of the gods.

But the fourth prerequisite is the one that more immediately concerns us; to wit, Promptitude. The call of our strenuous times is for minute-men. The motto of John Ruskin was "'To-day"; that of Walter Scott was "*Hoc age*," meaning "Do it"; that of Franklin was "Time is money." I have seen similar mottoes on the walls of business offices: such as "Do it now," "Don't dawdle," "Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day," "Now or never," "Make hay while the sun shines," "Take time by the forelock," "Step lively," "The Street of By-and-by leads to the House of Never."

We are the only creatures in the world who are behind time. The homing birds know when to fly. The stars of heaven meet all their appointments. The earth makes a circuit of five hundred millions of miles and is back again at the solstice—on the second? No, on the millionth part of a second! We alone waste time; and time is more than money. The sands that fall through the hour-glass are diamond dust. They stand for opportunity. Once gone they are gone forever. "The mill cannot be turned with the waters gone by."

Too Late! Too Late!

A few years ago I went over the battlefield of Waterloo with an old Walloon guide. It was in the autumn, and the harvests covering the historic ground were ripe for the sickle. They were not yellow, but red as blood; for the poppies were in luxuriant bloom and overtopped the wheat. As we stood by the doorway of the stone chateau which was the center of the battle, the guide pointed out the wall which sheltered the Old Guard of Napoleon, and the ditch where Wellington's musketeers were hid, and the well which was filled with bodies of the dead and from which the cries of the wounded were heard on that fateful night. On my asking for the direction in which Blücher's troops had come to the relief of the allies, the guide pointed to a road running over the crest of a distant hill and through the wheatfields; and at this point, carried away with the excitement of the moment, the old Walloon cried, "There's where he came! At four o'clock in the afternoon!" Then turning to the opposite hills, he added, "And there's where Jerome should have planted his great guns at half-past three!" Then, with curses on the head of Prince Jerome, he wailed, "Too late! Too late! And France was lost!" This is the requiem of lost fame, lost fortune, lost life, through all the ages. Too late! Too late!

I have spoken of the advice of Solomon as a business proposition. But it applies equally well to the higher life. For religion is business; though we do not always so regard it. If man were an ephemeron; if his life were only threescore years and ten; if death were the end; then, as a matter of course, we could do no better than to confine ourselves to the workshop. But if life here is only the vestibule of an eternal life; if time is only the small arc of an infinite circle; if we are merely serving an apprenticeship in this world to qualify us for another further on; then it is obvious that our most important business is not to be getting a mere livelihood but to be getting ready for the endless life that awaits us.

Character Building and Service

The first item in this higher business of life is Character Building; for what we are is the germ of what we shall be. We are here to make the most of ourselves. We are here to equip ourselves for what awaits us. We are here to grow; not to mark time, but to get on; "so to live that each to-morrow find us further than to-day." This is the sum in addition which Peter proposes when he enjoins us to "add" grace to grace until we arrive at symmetry of character in the likeness of Christ. Thus we are to reach "the measure of the stature of the fulness" of a man. And if this is ever done it must be done now; since at the dead-line our characters are fixed: as it is written, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still," and so forever.

A building is going up on a neighboring corner; and I observed that before the steel frame had reached the second story a placard was posted announcing that it would be "Ready for occupancy on the first of May." We are building a house in which we are to live forever; and it must be ready for occupancy when Death strikes the hour. We have, therefore, no time to lose. We are, here and now, determining what manner of persons we shall be through all the ages.

The second item of importance in the business of our present life is Service. For we are not our own. We are bought with a price; not silver and gold, but the precious blood of Jesus, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. We, therefore, belong to him. Our time, our physical and mental strength, our talent and treasure, all belong to him. "We serve the Lord Christ." If this be so then our chief business is not to make the most of ourselves but to serve him. He said, "Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye say well, for so I am." Our business, then, as Christians, is to do his will.

It is necessary, as a matter of course, to attend to the common tasks of livelihood; but even these are to be done for his glory. "Who sweeps a room as to God's laws, makes that and the action fine." But there are other and higher tasks in the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ, from which no lower occupations can excuse us. We are called to be fishers of men. Soul-winning is our vocation. And there is something to be done, in the line of this high beneficence, every hour of the day. To procrastinate is to leave undone. To postpone one of to-day's duties until to-morrow is simply to crowd out one of to-morrow's duties or push it further on. Wherefore, if you have anything to do, do this now.

Begin the Christian Life Now!

In the autumn, when the wheatfields of Dakota are ripe for the sickle, the cry of the farmers goes up for "hands." The ingathering cannot wait. Our Lord said to his disciples, "Say not, it is yet four months and then cometh the harvest. Lift up your eyes and see!" The fields are already ripe! Thrust in your sickles and reap. The secret of right living in the service of Christ is to do at each moment what each moment requires of us.

> Make a little fence around to-day,
> And therein stay.

A friend recently came to me with a newspaper in his hand, saying, "Did you see that Thus-and-so committed suicide last night?" His voice trembled as he added, "'He was my nearest friend. I knew he was going at the pace that kills. I thought of it when I awoke yesterday; and I resolved that before the day was over I would go and reason with him. But it was a busy day, and now—it is too late." The moral of which is, Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do this now.

But suppose one has not begun to live the Christian life; what then? Do the first things first. The ship that would cross the sea must first hoist anchor.

> Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute:
> What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.

You cannot build a Christian character or a Christian's work until you have begun the Christian life. You cannot make a journey until you have taken the first step. And why not do this now? Do you say you want to think about it? Certainly. "Count the cost." But do not deceive yourself by confusing deliberation with procrastination. You have been brought up in the clear light of the Gospel. You have heard sermons without number and the Bible is open before you. What more do you want? What you call "thinking" may be mere putting off. Not to decide is to decide not. And danger lies that way.

The trouble with the unconverted is precisely like that of the spendthrift prince. They are taken in the snare of suretyship, "like a bird in the hand of the fowler." They are in bondage under the law. They have done the things which they ought not to have done and have left undone the things which they ought to have done. They have heaped disobedience on disobedience. All their obligations have gone to protest. What shall they do? Appeal to the law? Justice is a merciless creditor. Its only answer is, "Pay me that thou owest!" What shall be done? Do nothing? That would be stark fatuity. Is there, then, no escape from the net?

At this point the Gospel enters, saying, "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might

Continued on next page

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WHERE I FOUND THE MASTER

I SOUGHT him in the words of men,
As told with tongue and writ with pen;
Too oft he seemed forgot;
I sought him in the busy street,
But 'mid the men I there did meet,
Alas! I found him not.

I sought him in the wooded hills,
The birds' sweet songs, the purling rills;
I found him but in part;
At last I bowed in grief and sin;
I wept, and lo! I felt him in
An humble contrite heart.

Easley, S. C. ANDREW LEE PICKENS.

Do It Now!

Continued from preceding page

fulfilled in us." In other words, Christ comes to discharge our obligations to the broken law. He pays the ransom; we sing, "Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe." It does not follow, however, that all are saved; for a clear condition has been affixed to the benefits of this redemption, to wit: that the penitent sinner shall accept it. He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life;" but what of him who refuses to believe, or accept? He remains in the bondage of the law. Is it too much to ask that we shall accept the proffered gift of God? Is it too much for the Saviour to ask that we shall clasp hands with him? If you believe that he has redeemed you, why not thank him for it? If you really desire to have him cancel your obligations why not ask him? Why not accept the receipt at his hands? For you will want that receipt on the great day. But when shall we do this? Do it now! The choice is always between to-day and to-morrow. To-day is ours but to-morrow is God's. "To-morrow" is written over the door of the poorhouse, over the archway of the potter's field, over the gate of hell. No man ever tends to be lost; he simply postpones his salvation until a more convenient time. He does not propose to reject Christ; he simply puts off thinking about it. Wherefore, if you have any decision to make, make it now.

In each man's life there comes a time supreme;
The day, one night, one morning or one noon,
The freighted hour, one moment opportune,
The rift through which sublime fulfilments gleam.
Oh, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
Knows also how to watch and work and wait,
Life's broad deck alert, and at the prow
To seize the passing moment, big with fate,
From opportunity's extended hand,
When the great clock of destiny strikes *Now!*

Little Words of Love

THERE are weary hearts to cherish
While the days are going by." Opportunities to say kind words, dispense good cheer and show sympathy are frequent. We should never pass them without availing ourselves of the chance to be God's messengers to those who are heavy-hearted and over-burdened. Why do we so often speak as we were bored beyond endurance by the book agent and the vender of wares brought to our doors? Often it is out of our power to make a purchase, but this is no reason why we should not treat the one who comes with politeness, and send him or her on the road with a feeling that our good wishes are going too.

Little children often need words of love. They run to father and mother with their small triumphs or trials, and are disappointed if they are roughly turned away and made to feel that their affairs are matters of indifference.

One of the sweetest privileges of life is the giving time without stint to those who interrupt us. Of course, time is now and then money, or time may not be our own. Whatever the circumstances happen to be, if we control our time, let us regard interruptions as sent on purpose to enable us to help other people. The busiest person may learn how to sidetrack the thing in hand, meet an interruption with patience and courtesy, and return with renewed zest to the work that was laid aside.

ARE YOU AN ANGEL?

MODESTY, doubtless, may prevent you from answering at once in the affirmative. Pray do not be in haste, however, to answer "no," because there may be but one alternative. If you are not an angel, what then?

Old-fashioned classifications of men and women have become meaningless and confusing as they have multiplied indefinitely. The familiar line of separation which puts all the good on one side and all the bad on the other side is broken up, and we cannot apply it safely. Who is good, and who is bad? Some one has answered that "there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it does not behoove any of us to find fault with the rest of us."

We are given to dividing men according to characteristics which we seem to see in them and which we feel competent to judge. But our eyes deceive us again and again, and our judgment is superficial and mistaken when we set out to classify our fellow men as wise or foolish, strong or weak, true or false, mean or noble. Even when we try to classify ourselves, having some advantage in that we can look deeper beneath the surface, we find the task such a doubtful one, despite the advantage, that we are willing to give over sorting out our fellows.

The essential division must relate, after all, to qualities of the spirit, which is the real life, rather than to qualities of mind or body, which are only the mediums through which the real life expresses itself. If the great spiritual forces of good and of evil which control the world can operate only in and through human lives, it must be evident that all mankind falls into two grand divisions—those who are controlled by and act in obedience to the spiritual forces of good, and those who are controlled by and act in obedience to the spiritual forces of evil. Every one of us must be enrolled in one army or the other, because the rivalry is so keen that no man, woman or child is overlooked by the recruiting or drafting agents. The person who does not definitely enlist on the one side is pretty sure to be drafted on the other side.

We have authority for believing that both angels and devils are abroad in the world on their active missions. Some are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Others are "the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world," and which "now work in the children of disobedience." Every human heart has been made the campaign headquarters for one kind or the other of these active spirits. The citadel has been gained after a hard fight, perhaps, and is held only by constant struggle, but the dominant spirit dwelling there is the answer to our question at the head of this article.

* * *

WE USED to sing with enthusiasm an old hymn beginning "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand." For some reason that favorite hymn of the past is not so much in favor now. A mansion in the skies, though we may all ardently desire it, can wait while we are doing our best to make earthly homes fit to dwell in, and while we are concerned in giving those who have no such homes a fair chance to gain them while they live.

CHRISTIAN HERALD folk would hardly approve an enterprise which gathered poor, wretched children together in the city slums and taught them to sing, "Oh, think of the home over there, by the side of the river of light," and then sent them back to play in the gutters, or to crusts and curses in their garrets. The practical way to give these poor waifs some conception of "the home over there," more beautiful and joyous than the place they now call home, is to give them a taste of beauty and love and joy in some earthly home, such as Mont-Lawn, "the Children's Paradise."

There is no need to postpone angelhood until we reach "the home over there." There is more need of angels here and now. Small chance has any one of realizing the ambition to be an angel in the world to come who does not practice the profession in the world of to-day. There is no preparatory school for angels in heaven. But graduates from the preparatory school on earth are gladly admitted.

* * *

ANGELS are very different from other persons, although the difference does not consist of wings or shining raiment. Still, there is a radiance in face and manner which proclaims them, whether they work in a kitchen, or toil in a workshop, or grace a drawing-room.

One day, a ragged little fellow, about ten years old, was standing before a shoe store on Broadway, bare-footed, peering through the window and shivering with cold. A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage observed the forlorn little lad and immediately ordered her driver to stop in front of the store. The lady, richly robed, went to the boy and said:

"Little boy, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes. Mama told me p'raps he would if I asked him," was the reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her a half dozen pairs of stockings. The proprietor cheerfully assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, washed and rubbed those cold little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair on the boy's feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes. Then she tied up the remaining pairs of stockings, handed them to him, and, patting him on the head, she smiled and said: "Now, my little fellow, you feel more comfortable, I'm sure."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and, looking up into her face, eagerly exclaimed, "Are you an angel?"

There will be many little boys and little girls with bare, cold feet this coming winter. Are you an angel?

There will be many wretched homes where mothers and children are shivering and starving—where fathers are going down, discouraged and hopeless, in the struggle. Are you an angel?

There are thousands of men on the streets fighting poverty and temptation, while Rescue Halls and Bowery Missions seek to cope with work too great for their resources. Are you an angel?

There are sad hearts in homes where sorrow has entered; there is coldness, and hardness, and doubt where love and faith ought to be; there is humble work near at hand such as He did who said "I have given you an example"; there are dark places that need to be made bright, and foul places that need to be made clean and sweet. *Are you an angel?*

INDIAN SUMMER

WHEN the breath of the dying summer
Has passed from the world away,
When the fields are no longer golden,
And the woods no longer gay,
When the skies have lost their glory,
And the world is bleak and bare,
And hints of the coming winter
Are felt in the frosty air,

Then, from out of the far-off heaven,
Where dwell the years that are fled,
Comes back the spirit of summer,
The ghost of our blessed dead.
In the hush of the gathering twilight
When the night is near at hand,
With wings that are swift and silent,
She comes from the spirit land.

And away from the sky at morning
She brushes the clouds apace,
Till the sun looks forth from heaven
And smiles like an angel's face.
She wraps in her misty garments
The shivering earth and chill,
And breathing the warmth of the roses
She says to the winds "Be still."

And all through the days she lingers
There is sunshine and song and mirth,
And the spell of her gracious presence
Lies over the sleeping earth;
And the spirits of men grow braver
For the message her sweet lips bring.
"Hope on through the weary winter,
And wait, and watch for the spring."

When youth's beautiful dreams have faded,
And passed from our lives away,
When the world is no longer golden,
And our hearts no longer gay,
Then into our souls aweary,
And shadowed by care and woe,
God sends, like a blessed spirit,
A dream of the long ago.

And our hearts grow brave and tender,
With the glow of the days gone by,
And we catch the wonderful music
Of life's truest melody.
"Grieve not for thy youth departed,
Or the sorrows the swift years bring;
Hope on, through the snows of winter,
And wait and watch for the spring."

Maysville, Ky. ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

Biddy the Hen

THE lost egg—more plainly, the bad egg—costs the family circle of the United States over $66,000,000 annually. This loss is by no means the fault of Biddy, the hen, who does her thrifty part to solve the "high cost of living," laying yearly over $400,000,000 worth of eggs. Not a bad one does she lay. How then do we, her beneficiaries, manage to despoil ourselves of two in every twelve of her gifts?

Biddy's product is kept by the farmer a week or two or more before it gets to the country store, where it abides another several weeks before shipment to the city commission merchant. From the retailer, in due or undue season, Biddy's eggs reach the consumer's pantry or ice-box, and thence appear by relays on his table. Now, here is a problem of delays which Biddy cannot solve, and it is up to us, mere mortals, to do it. Everybody can help a little, and everybody who helps a little is doing a public service—helping to feed our big family.

No less an agent than the Government of the United States seeks to sustain Biddy's effort to feed us, and to co-operate with the farmer in getting fresh eggs to market. The Agricultural College of the State of Minnesota, through Mr. N. E. Chapman, of its extension staff, is blazing a path which all the schools of all the States might follow. He preaches the value of Biddy and her works to railroads, merchants, teachers, farmers and country schools. Children flock to hear "Uncle Norton," as they call him. He runs poultry classes in country schools. This is a thing every teacher in every country school might do. If any of our readers want to know how, we think a request addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., would bring information.

The suggestion has often been made that we substitute thrifty, productive, domestic Biddy for the eagle as our national emblem. She certainly deserves position on our coin.

EVANGELISTS IN SESSION

Rev. W. E. Biederwolf

ABOUT one hundred and fifty evangelistic workers from all parts of the United States and from Canada gathered as guests of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, for an Evangelistic Conference, September 18-20. The call for this conference was issued by the Rev. Dr. James M. Gray, dean of the Institute, in behalf of the trustees and faculty of that institution. The evening sessions were held in the Moody Church; the morning and afternoon meetings, in the various halls of the institution.

Dr. Frederick E. Taylor was one of the strong speakers of the conference. Dr. Taylor is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis, Ind., and a former evangelist.

"I do not wish to criticize," he said. "I only want to talk over with you a few things that may help us in our work. We are all aware of the condemnation which is being poured forth against present-day methods in evangelism. I think we as evangelists and ministers fail many times because we give too little time to the spiritual. I find a woful lack of deep spiritual life in many of the evangelists, the lack of turning aside each day to get close to God. We say we are 'so busy' and are 'so tired.' Jesus was never too tired to pray. I believe we should have a definite time for prayer and study of the Bible. Mr. Moody was a man of prayer. He searched the Scripture. If there is any good to come from this conference, it must begin with you and me. Are we in condition? 'Search me, O God, and try my heart.' Let that be our prayer."

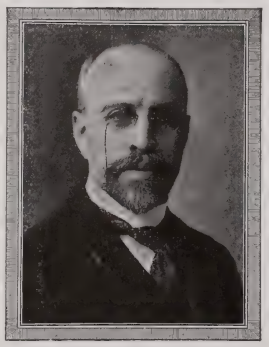
Dr. Taylor said that when he gave up his church work and started out as an evangelist another evangelist invited him to come to his house and learn, as he said, the "tricks of the trade." "I have got 'em skinned a mile in taking an offering." "I was indignant," said Dr. Taylor. "Just imagine a Wesley, a Whitefield, or a Moody saying this. Once they gave Mr. Moody a free-will offering of from $2,000 to $3,000 for several months' work in London. Mr. Moody handed back one-half of this amount, saying, 'It is too much.' I think a local campaign committee these days would almost have heart failure, if an evangelist would return half of his offering.

"Some exaggerate results," said Dr. Taylor. "I have sat on pulpits and counted when evangelists have named the number of persons asking for prayer. 'There's one, and another, and another, and yet another,' cried the evangelist, and he kept right on counting. All I could see were two hands in the whole room." "And I have seen the same thing many times," remarked a brother seated near Dr. Taylor.

"At a meeting in St. Louis," said Dr. Taylor, "there were in the audience about three thousand men. 'All who wish to lead a better life,' said the evangelist, 'please stand.' Every man in the hall stood. 'Three thousand men for Christ,' yelled the evangelist, and the next morning the papers reported 3,000 men converted." Insincerity in story-telling was also touched by Dr. Taylor. "I know an evangelist," he said, who tells a story as if he were the actor in it, when I know that the story was told him and he was not near the event when it happened." Dr. Taylor spoke of evangelists who try to get applause by denouncing higher criticism, of which they themselves are ignorant. Many evangelists are becoming superficial because they do not keep up with the times in their reading. "When you get the evangelist down in a corner," he said, "he does not know what higher criticism is and how it differs from lower criticism. I am more afraid of lower criticism than higher criticism."

Dr. W. E. Biederwolf, in speaking of remuneration, said that he hoped that some plan would be found by which evangelists could earn a stated salary instead of depending on the "free will" offerings which, in many cases, might be too small or entirely too large.

It was regretted that the Rev. W. A. Sunday could not be present. Mr. Sunday was holding meetings in East Liverpool, Ohio, and sent an interesting and characteristic letter to his brother evangelists at the conference.



Rev. James M. Gray, D.D.

Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin

The Rev. Dr. Henry Ostrom spoke on "City Evangelism." "Some people now have an idea that a little Buddhism and a little Confucianism and a little Christianity make a modern religion. Let us never yield to the idea, but give the people the old-fashioned kind of religious doctrine and we will have them all saved." Evangelist L. A. Cooper discussed the subject "Which produce better results, union or denominational meetings?" and declared that his observations led him decidedly to favor denominational campaigns.

Rev. Henry Ostrom

Miss Grace Saxe, of Waterloo, Ia., organizer of the "Neighborhood Bible Classes" in campaigns conducted by Rev. W. A. Sunday, told something of her work and results that have resulted. Miss Saxe gave a brief outline as to how she c ducts these classes in the various cities, and clared that last year 10,000 had begun Bible stu which a visit to several cities just now indica they were resuming. The plan of study Miss Sa divided into three parts, intellectual, devotional a practical. These classes, the ministers say, have a certain large way solved one of the most i portant and difficult problems presented at the cl of an evangelistic campaign, namely, that of p viding some definite and adequate way which the new and renewed life of th who have come under the power of t Christ may be nurtured and trained a put to work.

The Rev. Dr. John M. Dean, of Chica in his address on "How Are Ministers Be Awakened?" deplored the lack of sy pathy with evangelistic work on the pa of preachers, and advised establishing chair of evangelism in every theologic seminary throughout the world. "A go tonic," he said, "for some of the theologic students and professors would be to into the Rescue Missions of our cities a do personal work."

Dr. Gray, the venerable dean of t Moody Institute, gave a hearty welcome the evangelists at the opening session a said he believed that it was of God th this conference was called. It was ma plain to every one present that the Ho Spirit was present in great power. Nev has the writer attended a more spiritu gathering. There was much prayer. The was no show of temper at any time, matter how hard the methods of many present we criticized.

This great company of evangelists prov themselves men of God. They are eager to w souls. They were in conference together brethren. One could not help noting the de humility of these evangelists and singers, who wi take up their work this winter greatly strengthene and helped by what they saw and heard at th conference.

MRS. M A. MARTIN.

WAR BREAKS OUT IN THE BALKANS

attended by success. Just at the close, however, of a sixteen-hour conference in Berlin with the Russian, German, Italian, Bulgarian and Greek diplomats came the overshadowing announcement that Montenegro had declared war and started operations.

The first intimation of actual hostilities was the report which came on Monday night that Montenegrin troops had attacked the town of Berani, across the frontier in Albania. This was unconfirmed and not generally credited in London and New York. Tuesday afternoon brought the unconfirmed report of still more fighting, and on Wednesday morning the accredited representatives of some of the world's greatest newspapers sent confirmatory reports putting an end to all hope that peace might still be maintained in the Near East.

Mr. G. Ward Price, the London *Daily Mail's* special correspondent at Constantinople, telegraphed: "The report of a Montenegrin attack on Berani, Albania, is confirmed. The town has been the center of a brisk engagement since Monday night. The ministers of the Balkan States are hourly expecting instructions from their governments ordering them to leave. A declaration of solidarity with Montenegro from the other three States is expected hourly, or even the opening of hostilities without a declaration of war.

Continued from page 1027

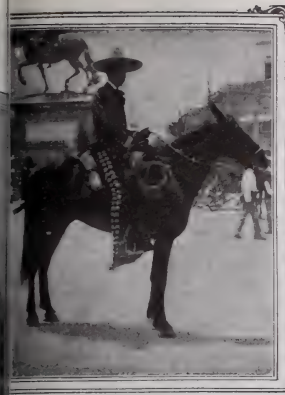
"It will be one of the most relentless campaigns in history. The war spirit of the Turkish people is worked up to fight desperately in defense of their territory from joint attack by neighboring states. In no crisis in the recent chaotic history of Turkey has her position, not only without her gates but also within, been so marked by grave possibilities, and above and beyond all is the grim fact that the scourge of war may only too easily spread to the rest of Europe."

The *Daily Telegraph's* Belgrade correspondent says: "King Nicholas of Montenegro to-day (Tuesday) arrived at the army headquarters at Podgoritza. The inhabitants of Skutari, who at once proclaimed Nicholas their king, begged his majesty to occupy the town."

The *Daily Mail's* Vienna correspondent quotes the following despatch from Oltenitza, Roumania, to the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt:* "A massacre occurred yesterday (Monday) at Turtukai, Bulgaria, near the Roumanian frontier. Egged on by agitators from Rustchuk, armed Bulgarians attacked the Turkish inhabitants at the dead of night, pillaged their houses, and started appalling slaughter, even women and children being sacrificed. The Turkish quarter presents an awful spectacle to-day. Pile of corpses are lining the streets. Only a few Turk succeeded in escaping to Olteritza, which is jus across the Roumanian border. A witness of th massacre states that Bulgarian police participate in the slaughter and pillage."

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the well-known war co respondent, writes to the London *Daily Telegrap* from Sofia: "The great Powers may arrange t keep the ring, but the Balkan peoples, with bitte memories in their minds and accumulated sorrow in their hearts, persist in declaring for war. Th Balkans are resolved at all costs henceforth to b absolutely free from Turkish control direct or indi rect. The foregoing may be accepted as true o public opinion and partly true of official opinion.

"Let me emphasize that Europe in general over estimates the military power in action of the Turks For defense they are excellent. For attack the are faulty and weak. Nor have you known o counted the strength and character of the allie forces—the Bulgars, Serbs, Greeks, and Montene grins. Bulgaria puts over 300,000 men into th field—60,000 more than was estimated; Servia ha over 300,000, also an increase of strength, whil Greece and Montenegro have larger numbers tha was expected."



A Mexican Dandy in Full Dress

Some of the Insurrecto Sharpshooters

The Full Regalia of Mexican Fashion

OUR PEACE MISSION TO MEXICO

GEN. OROZCO STATES THE REFORMS THE REVOLUTIONISTS DEMAND

BY HENRY ALLEN TUPPER, D.D., LL.D.

President Madero
of Mexico

SOME years ago, during the Diaz administration, I visited Mexico; and the wonderful possibilities of the country greatly impressed me. Under the strong rule of President Diaz troubles among the people were quickly quieted, the investment of foreign capital was encouraged, the material resources of the land were developed and popular education received a new impulse. But in these latter years it was apparent to the world that the man who had ably ruled the restless Mexicans for more than three decades was losing his power; and the many voices of discontent were not hushed at his bidding as in former days.

The success of the Madero revolution brought about the downfall and exile of Diaz; and Don Francisco I. Madero became president of the Republic of Mexico. But a change in the administration of the government did not produce a change in the spirit and demands of the people; and Madero soon found that, as he had ridden into power on the currents of a revolution, he was being tossed by the billows of the storm which he had largely created. Pascual Orozco, Jr., the brilliant young general during the Madero revolution, declaring that the newly elected president was acting in bad faith in failing to keep his pre-election promises, took the field against the existing government, and since the first of the present year the disturbances in Mexico have been increasingly serious and complicated.

It is surprising that the civil strife among our neighbors across the Rio Grande River should be viewed with such apparent indifference by the American people; and it is strange indeed that no definite and intelligent effort has been made looking toward the restoration of peaceful relations among them. I am aware that any movement in this direction would necessarily be attended by grave difficulties; but these are not insurmountable and the gravity of the situation should inspire rather than discourage us in this mission of peace.

Under date of July 20, 1912, the following letter was written:

Rev. Henry Allen Tupper, D.D., LL.D., New York:

"MY DEAR DR. TUPPER: I have the pleasure to inform you that you have en appointed one of the honorary vice-presidents of the International Peace orum, and Special Peace Commissioner. We are assured that you will honor ese positions, and by your diplomatic wisdom, with the hearty co-operation the International Peace Forum, bring about much good through your en- avors. We are very much interested in the efforts that you are making for e restoration of peaceful conditions in the Republic of Mexico, and our orum will do all in its power to aid you in this blessed service.

"JOHN WESLEY HILL,
"President International Peace Forum."

From the opening of the year, I had taken a deep and active interest in exican affairs; and, after receiving the sympathetic assurances of the Inter- ational Peace Forum, I determined, if possible, to study the situation at close inge. In August I visited El Paso, Texas, situated in the extreme western d of the State on the Rio Grande River. From there, through the good offices prominent Texans and with the aid of the attorney of General Pascual rozco, Jr., a personal conference was arranged with the leader of the Mexican volutionists. Accompanied by three American gentlemen and General rozco's attorney, I visited Juarez, Mexico, and in the room where the noted terview between President Taft and President Diaz was held, I met, for the rst time, the ablest representative and leading spirit of the revolution in our ighbor republic. In the room with General Orozco were Señor Cordova, his cretary-general, the general's father, Pascual Orozco, Sr. (who is now a risoner on American soil), and six or eight prominent Mexican revolutionists. General Orozco presented a very striking appearance. He is about thirty ars of age, and over six feet in height; his features are large and rugged; is expression is firm and intelligent; his figure is attractive and stalwart and his whole demeanor betokened a man of unusual force of character and strength of purpose. Neither the general nor any of his aides wore uniforms; indeed, this much-talked-of young leader met us in his shirt-sleeves, and his welcome was cordial and democratic.

For two hours, through my interpreter, I conversed with Orozco and his attendants; and toward the close of the interview, as I explained explicitly the object of my visit and the purposes of the International Peace Forum, he called aside his secretary and attorney. To them, as I was informed later, he said: "This seems to be a great opportunity, for I want peace."

In resuming our conversation, he asked: "Dr. Tupper, will you come to me again tomorrow afternoon, at two o'clock?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: "I shall then have for you a paper and a personal letter which you can use as you please. I hope your effort will be successful."

I returned to El Paso and next afternoon, with four Americans and three Mexicans, I promptly kept the appointment. General Orozco and three of his aides joined us outside of the custom house at Juarez, where he was residing; and he manifested even greater cordiality than he had shown the day before. His first words were:

"We sat up until three o'clock this morning, preparing a statement and letter for you."

After a few moments of informal conversation, the general, through his secretary, handed me a document containing more than three thousand words and a personal letter, both of which he signed in my presence. The longer writing is largely a detailed historic statement of the rise of former revolutions in Mexico, particularly the one under Diaz; but there is one paragraph to which he called special attention, and which states his own position and contention in the present uprising. It is this:

General Pascual Orozco
The Rebel Leader

"It appears to me useless to say what are the causes and the possible results of this revolution; but I desire to insist on some points: The fundamental cause is the maladministration of Mr. Madero and his family, through which it has been impossible to bring about any peace negotiations, and peace cannot come to the country except through the termination of that administration or the fulfilment of the promises; that is, either Mr. Madero retire or guarantee in a positive manner the correction of these evils: administrative corruption, nepotism, impositions, immense privileges, and offenses against the domain and against the freedom and life of the majority of the citizens."

After this communication had been carefully read and discussed, both in Spanish and English, General Orozco, in a very impressive manner, said: 'I have prepared a personal letter expressing my thanks to you, and showing my spirit and motives in this war. You are at liberty to use both this and the longer statement as you desire."

The letter is most significant and now, for the first time it appears in print. The following is a literal translation of it, from the Spanish:

"CITY OF JUAREZ, *August 12, 1912.*

"Dr. Henry Allen Tupper:

"SIR: I give to you in my name and in the name of all of my comrades the most effusive thanks for the disposition which you have been pleased to manifest to me to learn the motives of the present revolution and to interpose the valuable influences of the International Peace Forum, of which you are the dignified and conspicuous representative. The elevated sentiments you have expressed, and which I have had the pleasure to value personally, induce me to give to your knowledge during our interview the causes and purposes of the revolution in order that, in view of the same, you may form your judgment in the noble purposes which your association proposes, and which has all my

Continued on page 1058

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

The Nation's Voice on Rome

IT IS a mistake to imagine, as some people seem to do, that the religion of Christ is largely a thing of concession, of yielding compliance for the sake of peace, love and harmony. These three are indeed to be greatly desired, but never at the sacrifice of a vital principle. There comes a time when, great principles being at stake, duty demands that we take a firm stand in order that the whole world may know clearly where our allegiance lies. As Paul dealt with Alexander the coppersmith on a certain occasion, so we must "withstand to the face" those who would destroy the sanctities of our national and religious life.

This is the situation that confronts the Christian Church to-day with relation to the peril of Roman domination. It is not a situation of our seeking, but one that has been forced upon us by the bold and defiant utterances of the papal prelates and press, especially within a comparatively recent period. These utterances cannot be misinterpreted; their true purpose is evident in every line and syllable. To meet vaunt with vaunt, threat with threat, is not within the province of a Christian journal. How, then, are we to deal with the oft-reiterated intimations that it is the purpose of the Romanists to "make America Catholic," to dominate our politics, to come to "their own" by "securing more Catholics in Congress"? How are we to treat with a foe which for twenty years has boasted that Protestantism is "decadent and will soon disappear"? How shall we estimate the political activities of a church which claims absolute temporal power throughout the world; which has already set up at least three thrones of temporal power in the United States; which claims for its cardinals the official precedence due to "princes of the blood"; which is already in the saddle in a political sense in some of our biggest municipalities, and whose sudden growth in wealth and power is only surpassed by its arrogant claims for the future?

These facts constitute substantially the problem submitted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a recent letter addressed to a number of the leading pastors of various Protestant denominations, and also to the presidents of our foremost theological seminaries. Recognizing the constitutional rights of all religions to the free exercise of their faith in this republic, we invited no criticism of creeds or religious principles. But when any church or denomination leaves its legitimate sphere and plunges into politics, as the Roman Church has done with the avowed purpose of overriding all other religionists, and "making America Catholic," it becomes a proper subject for public criticism. This is the view universally taken by the distinguished contributors who have sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD their responses to our invitation to an open discussion of the subject. In these frank and outspoken letters, the first instalment of which we print to-day, one may feel the very pulse-beat of the free and independent American people. We believe these sentiments will find an echo in many millions of American hearts.

The time is now ripening for a new reformation, though not on the lines of the old. Here, in this republic, which Leo XIII declared was "the hope of Rome," we are evidently destined to witness a struggle between an arrogant hierarchy, backed by the wealth, influence and pomp of papal power revived in almost medieval magnificence, on the one hand, and the nation's love of civil and religious liberty and the enlightenment that comes from popular education, on the other. The Christianity of Rome is not and never has been that of Christ. It seeks a "kingdom of this world." Happily, our people are already awakening to a realization of the folly and wickedness of Rome's old pretensions, which Europe has cast off forever.

We commend the reading of these letters to all lovers of religious liberty, who believe in the separation of church and state and in an open Bible. They are inspiring and convincing. They form a part of the literature of the very notable historical period in which we are now living.

Hail to the Fleet!

IT IS with many conflicting emotions that the metropolis greets the spectacle of the mightiest fleet ever assembled in any harbor of the world (the greatest assembly of American war vessels ever witnessed, one hundred and twenty-three ships carrying 27,300 men). Even those whose souls revolt at the thought of war are thrilled with pride for the nation which, from such recent beginnings, has evolved the splendid navy capable of producing such a magnificent display. The demonstration was not without serious purpose. It was made not for mere love of display, but to awaken the patriotic impulses of the people, to give an educational exhibition of our naval equipment, and to present to the world a spectacle of dignified power.

America is coming into the harvest time of her long and patient years of strenuous constructive toil. America is no longer an experiment; she has proved her worth as a world power. The war with Spain gave a hint of what a great nation may do to help a neighbor in distress, and pointed the way to a time when armaments shall be not agencies for aggression, but for protection of the weak and for the triumph of international justice. As America has been called of God to explore and possess new regions not only of land but of ideals, so she must still lead the way toward that glad time when kindness shall be the law among nations as it is being recognized as the only sane and righteous social law for individuals.

The time has not yet come when the armaments of Christendom can be spared. War is a bitter thing; pain and death and widows' tears are woful matters. But for some years to come there will be need for these international policemen to guarantee international weal. God grant that the navy of the United States may never again be engaged in a great and bitter strife! God grant that with our added power there shall come constantly the opportunities for peaceful pursuits and the possibility of peaceful relations with our sister nations! God grant that the day may not be immeasurably distant when, as the swords are beaten into plowshares and the spears into pruning-hooks, the ships built for death and ruin shall be turned into vessels of merchandise and mercy to carry cheer and healing and bounty over the seven seas.

The Balkan War Begun

MODERN civilization has little use for the Turk. He has been so long a monstrous anachronism, an obstacle to human progress, that it would almost seem that any legitimate combination of circumstances that would wipe him off the map of Europe would be doing the world a service. But he seems to possess wonderful powers of recuperation. Twice in a twelvemonth he has been suddenly forced into war—first by Italy over Tripoli, a now by peppery little Montenegro, representing t Balkan principalities—yet so far is the Turk fr being weak and helpless that he now seems to forcing events and prepared to try conclusions w Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Cre whose united armies are threatening his b ders. Unless intervention comes quickly, the c flict may become general, involving others than t little group of Balkan allies. The Turk may be tering on his last great campaign on European s There is no harder fighter than the Ottoman at b and the struggle may be long and bitter. What t result will prove none can foresee. It is worth n ing that the Pope, who made no effort to stop h tilities between Italy and the Porte, is anxious to a mediator in the Balkan broil, although he has been invited to act. He could not intervene in t Tripoli campaign, as he would have been opposi the aroused patriotism of Italy. But the papal d of peace probably spreads her wings too late to even noticed amid the smoke of the Balkan confli

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Our Premium List

IN ADDITION to its other manifold activities the service of its readers, THE CHRISTIAN HERA has become a caterer to their needs in many wa that are welcome, useful and money-saving.

Included as a part of this issue is our Annu Premium List, which presents many remarkat liberal and attractive inducements for new su scriptions.

For those who are book-lovers—and we believe very large proportion of our friends are in th class—there is a splendid literary variety to su every taste: volumes of travel, biography, popul science, education, and a full line of new and c favorites in the "enchanted land" of the stor teller.

For the home, there is such a wonderful varie of articles, serviceable and pretty, decorative a useful, that our readers might well imagine the selves transported to some great metropolitan c partment store, where the prices were so fabulous modest as to place the things they most desire easi within their reach, financially speaking.

It has been the aim of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD place at the service of its readers and their frien the very best and most desirable things on t easiest terms. This is accomplished in the Premiu List, the preparation of which has involved mont of care and solicitude. We now send it forth wi the hope that every taste will be satisfied, eve wish gratified. And we would remind our frien that this Department, like all others, is conduct with two objects clearly in view: to enlarge TH CHRISTIAN HERALD'S opportunities of usefulne and to give pleasure and profit to all the membe of our Family Circle.

General Notes

—NEWS FROM PEKING to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* states th a Belgian financial syndicate is negotiating a loan of $50,000,(to China for railroads connecting four important cities, vi Lanchau, Siangfu, Kaipingfu and Haichanfu. Meanwhile, t Chinese loan in London has been unsuccessful, only forty p cent. of the $25,000,000 placed before the public having be subscribed.

—CRITICISM OF PROFESSOR SCHAEFER'S recent address in En land, announcing that science had at last definitely discover the origin of life and could actually produce life from a chemi compound, has been widespread and vigorous. Strange to s not a single scientist of note upholds the professor. Dr. Alf Russel Wallace sums up the situation by saying: "All t scientist can do is to experiment on dead matter. He cann subject living matter to his chemical process while it continu to live." The kindest of the critics satisfy themselves by sayi that Dr. Schaefer permitted himself to be carried away by enthusiasm and announced as a thing accomplished that whi is still but a dream, as far from realization as ever.

—"BIG JACK" ZELIG, a notorious New York gunman a gambler, and one of the district attorney's principal witnes in the Rosenthal murder case, was shot dead by a Russian J named Phil. Davidson on a street car in Second Avenue, N York, October 5. The crime is believed to be an outcome the Rosenthal case, and the allegation is made that Davids was urged to the act by those who were interested in getti Zelig out of the way, to prevent him from testifying at the tr of Police Lieutenant Becker, who is accused of instigating t murder of Rosenthal. Davidson, however, declares he kil Zelig out of revenge, because the latter had robbed him of $ and beaten him besides. The murderer, who is known as "P Phil" on the East Side, has fraternized for years with the la less bands of thugs and gunmen whose recent misdeeds ha given them criminal prominence.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Mobilization of Atlantic Fleet

THE mobilization of the United States navy took place between October 6 and 15. New York was not the only city to witness a great gathering of warships. In San Francisco d Manila the Pacific and Asiatic fleets also were obilized, and if it had been possible for one to see these harbors simultaneously he would have en the United States navy on dress parade. The et gathered in New York waters was the largest e ever gathered within a harbor in any part of e world, the British naval demonstration being in e open roadstead off Spithead. There were all d 123 ships of all classes in the armada, 1,000 mmissioned officers, 300 warrant officers and 26,- 0 enlisted men. There were thirty-one battle- ips, four armored cruisers, four cruisers, twenty ecial-type vessels, six naval militia vessels, eight olliers, twenty-four destroyers, sixteen torpedo ats and ten submarines. The six largest fighting ips, the *Arkansas, Wyoming, Florida, Utah, Dela- are* and *North Dakota* anchored off Seventy- nth Street up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth reet. On October 6 Rear Admiral Hugh Oster- us arrived in the harbor with ten battleships. he next morning an official call was made on the ayor in the City Hall. In the afternoon officers d sailors went to see the Gian<s and Yankees ay baseball. October 12 there was a land parade bluejackets.

tober 13 the ecretary of e Navy ar- ved on the olphin, and e next day ade a rigid spection of e fleet. Octo- er 14 Presi- nt Taft came the *May- ower*, which nchored off hirty-first reet. After e reviews of e fleet by the resident and her officers the 14th d 15th of ctober the et left the arbor. The ng line of ips, the mil- on proud ectators, the yriads of ectric lights at night, the spectacular display of rce and real protection to a nation and the pa- iotism and heroism inspired in the hearts of the tizens made the mobilization of the Atlantic fleet e of the most profitable events in the history of e year. It is not the steel battleships so much as e men back of the guns and the character of the illions of people back of the officers and sailors at constitute the real defense of the land and of e nation's interests throughout the world. The e of a navy as an instrument of war is thus men- oned:

The king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, th chariots, and with horsemen, and with many ships. (Dan. 11:40.)

The Flagship "Connecticut"

The Warships Lying in the Hudson

The "North Dakota"

Very Ancient Love-Letter

EV. DR. F. C. EISEN, professor of Old Testa- ment interpretation in Chicago, has just trans- ted a love-letter written on a baked brick in abylon four thousand years ago, which has been ound in recent excavations. It contains a unique re for the toothache, and the avowals of the riter's warmest affection for his lady love, and his tense desire that she should come to him in his new ome. The letter is as follows: "To Bibeya from imil-Marduk: May Shamash and Marduk grant ee, for my sake, to live forever. I write this to quire after thy health. Let me know how it goes ith thee. I am now settled in Babylon, but I am in reat anxiety because I have not seen thee. Send ews when thou wilt come that I may rejoice at it. ome in the month of Arakhsama [November- ecember]. Mayest thou, for my sake, live for- ver." The toothache cure is: "So must thou say this: 'O worm, may Ea smite thee with the might of his fist.' Thou shouldst then do the following: Mix beer, the plant sa-kil-bar and oil together. Repeat thereon the incantation thrice and put it on the tooth." Human love is one of the elemental, one of the eternal things. The dust of the years has not dimmed it, the convulsions of society have not shaken it, the chemistry of the centuries has not dissolved it; it burned in the tender words of affection on the brick tablet of Babylon four thousand years ago as in the messages of lovers to-day. The heart of the letter taken out of the buried ruins of centuries could be included in the healthy story of to-day and reflects the sentiment described in the Bible: "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair." Human affection in ancient or modern times is only an emanation from the infinite affection which is manifested toward us in these words:

I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee. **(Jer. 31: 3.)**

Detects Storms at Long Distance

THE "barocyclometer," an instrument so sensitive as to detect a hurricane five hundred miles away and thus enable ships equipped with it to steer clear of storms, is to be installed by the United States Government in all the naval stations on the Atlantic Coast, and perhaps on ships of the Atlantic fleet. The instrument was invented by the Rev. José Algue, director of the weather bureau of the Philippine Islands. Thus science comes to man's aid again in the mastery of the wind and the sea. In olden times people knew very little about the seas and did not venture far out into them, and they ran into the harbor in hiding at the first hint of the storm that stirred its depths. The new weather instrument just adopted by the United States Government and other inventions of the kind mark somewhat the advance in scientific discovery since the days of Christ, when little or nothing was known of the origin or pathway of the winds.

The wind bloweth whence it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. **(John 3: 8.)**

Pilot Defied Kaiser

AS THE imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* was entering a Norwegian port, the Kaiser, impatient at the slowness of the vessel's speed, himself rang the bell indicating "Increase speed." To the Kaiser's amazement the Norwegian pilot, an old sea-dog named Nordhuns, rushed to the telephone and cried to the engine-room, "Slow down; take no notice of the bell." The Kaiser looked at the man who dared to speak thus in his presence, and said to the pilot: "Go and put yourself under arrest." "I shall not leave this place," replied the old man firmly; "the ship is under my guidance and I take orders from nobody, not even an emperor." The officers looked on in silence, for they knew that the pilot had the nautical regulations in his favor. Great was their surprise when they saw the emperor quit the bridge, leaving the pilot alone. The next day the Kaiser, who had recovered his good humor, decorated the old sailor, and named him his "official pilot in Norwegian waters." The old sea-dog knew the waters better than the emperor did, and he knew the danger there was in an increased speed, and that the laws of navigation gave him the direction of the vessel, and he dared the king in doing his duty. There was a hero in olden times that often defied the king for conscience sake, and was decorated and rewarded afterward for his moral courage.

Then answered they and said before the king, that Daniel regardeth not thee, O king, nor the decree that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day. **(Dan. 6: 13.)**

Pedler Gave Short Weight

MRS. ELIZABETH ANDREWS, of Staten Island, New York City, bought, as she thought, a bushel of potatoes of a pedler. When the man had gone she thought the bushel very small and weighed the potatoes, and found that she had only gotten thirty-seven instead of sixty pounds' weight—only a little over one-half of the amount she had paid for. Mrs. Andrews is in comfortable circumstances and could have ignored the trifling swindle, but she was very indignant at the idea of being robbed in such a fashion. So she started out after the pedler and chased him pretty well over Staten Island from eleven in the morning till nearly dark. She overtook him and had him taken to the police station, where she made a charge against him. Mrs. Andrews is one of the women who have joined the crusade against the high cost of living, which she claims is partly on account of the light weight and short measure given. For wives to protect their husbands and families against this form of dishonesty is to be commended. It will aid in the reform so much needed. Full weight and measure were required under the Mosaic dispensation.

Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin, shall ye have; I am the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt. **(Lev. 19: 36.)**

Prominent Man Loses Eyes

FORMER State Senator A. F. Thompson of Phœnixville, Pa., one of the best known and most highly respected men of the State, met with a fearful accident the other day which resulted in the loss of both eyes. Mr. Thompson has a fine country place at Phœnixville, where he is an amateur farmer. He was experimenting with a new method of removing stumps. He planted dynamite under several of them and saw the success of his invention. One stump did not move and he went to investigate it. Just as he approached it the dynamite exploded, the blast catching him full in the face. He groped his way to his home, and was taken as swiftly as possible to the hospital, where both of his eyes, which were sightless, were removed. His accident is not likely to cost him his life, but he will be blind forever. He is a man of wealth, of thought, sentiment and character, and he will have quite a world within visible to his spiritual eye. There are explosions of sin that put out the spiritual eyesight. Christ warns against this spiritual blindness:

If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness **(Matt. 6: 23.)**

SHALL ROME "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"?

LEADING COLLEGE PRESIDENTS AND PROTESTANT PASTORS EXPRESS THEIR IDEAS ON THE ROMANIST PROBLEM AND THE BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH IT

Rev. Josiah Strong | Rev. Charles M. Sheldon | Rev. Warren A. Candler | Rev. D. R. Steffens | Rev. Francis E. Clark

IN VIEW of the widespread discussion in religious and secular circles throughout the country over the avowals by Roman Catholic prelates and press that the purpose of the hierarchy is to "make America Catholic," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD recently invited a number of leading Protestant pastors and theological professors to express through its columns their ideas of the best method of dealing with the question at issue. It was pointed out that this project of Catholic conquest was not a spiritual one, nor was it confined to the utterance of a single cardinal, but was expressed everywhere in Catholic pulpit and press and even in Papal allocutions, the latest being that of Pius X, which declared it to be a duty to bend every energy, "public, social and political," toward making this country the "first Catholic nation in the world." The program is emphasized by the recent phenomenal Catholic activity in politics, State and national, by the establishment of a throned hierarchy in this republic, by astounding claims of royal precedence for Roman cardinal-princes, by the condemnation of our public schools, and especially by the open vituperation of Protestantism, which is the faith of a great majority of the American people.

Our invitation met with a prompt and enthusiastic response. Many of the letters received are evidently written by men who have brought to the consideration of the subject trained minds familiar with every detail of the question, and appreciative of the grave danger of Rome's pernicious activities. In almost all the letters, one is made to feel that the hearts of the writers are filled with the love of our common country and its birthright of political and religious liberty. As these letters constitute in themselves a liberal education on the great vital issues at stake, they deserve a wide reading. The first instalment of this remarkable correspondence is given below:

Rome's Arrogant Political Claims Constitute a National Peril, Writes Bishop W. A. Candler.

THE trouble with the Roman Catholic Church is that it seeks to be both a church and a political party. Its arrogant claims of being the only true Christian church, intolerant as they are, might be treated with indifference; but when for its head it asserts temporal power and civil authority, intruding itself by logical consequence into the political affairs of every country which it enters, a position is assumed which cannot be allowed any church whatsoever. If it must assume such a position, its members must not complain if it is met with political opposition not offered to any other church. This is why such great men as Gladstone, Bismarck, Juarez, Diaz, Garibaldi, and the ruling statesmen in France have resisted its pretensions.

Since the Spanish-American War and the acquisition by the United States of colonies where Romanism has been the established religion, it has been more aggressive than ever in our political affairs. The peril of Romanism to our institutions is not an imaginary danger, conceived by the heated brains of fanatics; it is a real and constant menace. It must be resisted in our country, as it has been resisted in England, Germany, France, Italy, Mexico, Portugal—as it has been resisted in every country where it has secured any considerable following. If it were willing to take its place as a church along with all the other churches, it would be improper to meet it with any other attitude than that in which we meet all the other churches; but it is not willing to be only a church. Putting itself in a class to itself by its political animus, it must take all that such an improper position makes inevitable; it can not claim the political exemptions of a church while it asserts political claims as well as churchly prerogatives.

WARREN A. CANDLER.
Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Ga.

. . .

Protestantism Must Be Alert, as Rome Works Politically Under Cover.

I SHARE in the conviction that the Catholic Church needs to be very carefully watched. Her record is such, in countries where she has in the past held practical supremacy, that those who know her are naturally suspicious. Of course it may be agreed that we are in a new age, and that even the Roman Catholic Church has undergone change. This, of course, is cheerfully conceded; but within the memory of most of us, that church has made a bitter fight against the use of the Bible in the public schools, until the custom of reading the Bible in the public schools of our country has been practically abandoned. It was felt by many that the position of that church was justified, because of the fact that this country believed in the separation of church and state. However, the recent attitude of the Church of Rome demonstrates conclusively that it was not because she felt that a principle of our government was being violated, for she has spared no pains to put Catholic influences in the public schools.

Protestantism needs to be alert. Her enemy is wily, and in the past has done her work under cover. There is reason to believe that much of her present work is being done after the same manner. Fortunately, evidence is not wanting that this organization has been able to use large political influence for the accomplishment of her ends, and not only is the safety of the Protestant Church at stake, but also the safety of our republic.

B. W. ANTHONY.
President Adrian College (M. E.), Adrian, Mich.

. . .

Rome's Political Ambition Doomed to Failure, Declares Pastor C. M. Sheldon.

PERSONALLY, my own experience with the Catholic Church and knowledge of its purpose has been limited to a small section of country; but within that experience, I have always found these facts to be prominent:

It has never acknowledged nor recognized the Christian ministry or discipleship of our Protestant Churches by any real fellowship in its ministerial unions.

It has refused to participate in general movements for common reform or uplift of the community when urged to unite with other Christian bodies for that purpose.

It has used its influence against the use of the Bible in the schools, and withheld its support from common appeals to the entire community to teach ethics in education.

It has denied historical freedom of thought to adherents, and has allowed saloon-keepers to brewers to remain undisturbed communicants of rites and ceremonies.

It has emphasized ritual and dress in its fo of worship to such an extent that during a re Catholic celebration at a cathedral, three colu of a large city daily were used to describe in de the *garments* worn by the clergy.

If the political ambitions of the Roman Cath Church in America are actually what those ought to know say they are, then it is certainly duty of every true Christian disciple to oppose s ambitions in every Christian way possible. world is growing more and more enlightened power of true Christianity will in the end previ I do not fear for the final outcome, and do not lieve Roman Catholicism is going to be suprem America, because I believe that through the education and discipleship of the people true Ch tianity will prevail. *Meanwhile, let the tru about the Catholic Church be made known*, that may guard against its errors and protect the fu from its danger.

CHARLES M. SHELDO
Minister at Large, Central Congregational Chu Topeka, Kan.

. . .

Professor Dau Tells of the Political Aspiration Rome's Hierarchy and How to Combat Them

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has set forth facts wh in my opinion, are incontrovertible, regard the openly avowed aspirations of the Roman C olic hierarchy to make religious conquest of nation, and to make our country the future wo center of the Papal power. The publication of t facts I regard as a patriotic service which you h rendered to our Republic—a true Paul Revere Your procedure has been in full accord with cherished sentiment of one of our noblest Ameri patriots: Eternal vigilance is the price of liber

I am aware that men who call attention to s facts as you have published are being decried some as alarmists, men of unsound judgment misread the trend of public opinion, misrepre existing conditions, and draw pessimistic con sions not warranted by actual facts. It is held the danger arising in our country from the agg sion of the Roman Church is being overra Granted that it is possible that the numer strength of Catholicism in the United States is ing overestimated in some quarters, and that, consequence, exaggerated fears are being en tained for the *immediate* future of our free inst tions. Still, these fears, it must be acknowle by every intelligent observer of public affairs, being constantly fed by the bold utterances spokesmen for Catholicism in our country. Gra that while these utterances are disquieting to Americans, it is not necessary to take them because all reliable religious statistics justify still discounting heavily the face value of t utterances. Still it must be conceded that the leaders of American Catholicism "a Cath America" is "a dream that is no longer me visionary." Granted, lastly, that it is exceedin questionable whether this dream can be as spee realized as these leaders hope, if it is to be rea merely with the following which the Cath

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CHRISTIANITY, THE LIGHT-BRINGER*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THREE sorts of blindness are set before us in this lesson: first, that of prejudice in the case of the Pharisees who questioned Jesus and demanded a sign of him; second, that of ck of knowledge—ignorance—when the apostles asoned with one another because they could not derstand what Jesus had said; third, the blind- ss of eyes, which Jesus found in a man at Beth- ida.

The blindness of prejudice made the Pharisees ll Jesus "a Samaritan, a devil, a winebibber." hat will not prejudice make men say? The story told of a man who stoutly asserted that there ere no gold-fields excepting in Mexico and Peru. nugget dug up in California was shown to him as sitive evidence against his assertion. He was t in the least disconcerted, d replied: "This metal is tremely like gold, and you ll me that it passes as such the market, having been clared by the assayers to indistinguishable from e precious metal. All this will not dispute. Never- eless the metal is not gold, cannot be gold, because ld comes only from Mex- o and Peru." Persons who ve prejudices become self- nceited, arrogant, and pocritical. These charac- ristics were so blazoned it by the Pharisees that sus had often to condemn em, even calling them by e severe names of "hypo- ites," "blind guides," whited sepulchers," etc. hy should they seek Jesus, hile he was still in De- apolis, asking a sign? lainly it was that they ight confuse him and mble him before the peo- e, for they did not think sus capable of showing at he was indeed the Son God as he claimed to be. sus plainly answered, "No gn shall be given." If ey had been earnest seek- s after him, how different ould have been Jesus' atti- ide toward them! And, too, ey had seen enough of Jesus' work in healing men nd feeding the multitudes to convince them that e was the Son of God, if they would be convinced.

After this incident Jesus left Decapolis, and came er to the other side of the Lake of Galilee. But ere were Pharisees wherever Jesus went. It ould be difficult to find to-day just the sort of harisees Jesus met, but similar hypocrites are to e found now and everywhere. Many of them hide ehind their ability to live a good life before the yes of men, and a wicked life in the depths of their wn hearts. There is another type which professes hristianity but which wrongs its tenants and eats its customers. Let us not forget it is just s surely hypocrisy when one secretly prays and believes in religion, but for fear of sneers fails to rofess what he believes. Hypocrisy is a lack of armony between creed and conduct, between the abel and the goods. If you have not the goods, tear off the label; but if you have the goods, put the label on boldly.

When Jesus told his apostles to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and the leaven of Herod," they connected his admonition with the fact that they had brought only one loaf of bread with them in the boat, and thought Jesus was warning them against such bread as the Pharisees were wont to use, or that of the Herodians (a Jewish political party who were devoted to King Herod). Did they think possibly that what is one man's food may be another man's poison? Jesus saw their blindness of heart, and said, "Do ye not perceive, neither understand? Have ye your heart hardened?" For Jesus had meant to warn them against the wrong teachings of the Pharisees, and the false notions of the Herodians, for they were likely to come into closer contact with that sort of people than ever before. "Strange," we say, "that the apostles should have made such a mistake!" Strange that they did not think of that day after the feeding of the multitude, when Jesus had spoken in the synagogue at Capernaum about "the true bread out of heaven," and with it contrast the bitter bread of the Pharisees and the Herodians. But Jesus himself took that very incident to enliven their understanding. It was a solemn warning to them not to be impressed with the teachings of the Pharisees and the Herodians, no matter how specious they might seem. Later, Jesus said to his apostles: "The Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I have said unto you" (John 14: 26). This was realized on the Day of Pentecost, when multitudes were fed with the Bread of Life by the apostles, and three thousand souls were added to the church in one day.

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisee." This injunction of Jesus is needed to-day in the United States to guard against Bahaism and other Oriental cults that are being so industriously pushed upon Christians in a wily way, trying to make them think they will be all the better Christians if they accept Bahaism! It is claimed that Bahaism is the final perfected religion destined to comprehend and unify all the world's other forms of religious faith! Is the Bahaist teacher greater than Christ?

Let us see how the true leaven of Christianity works. Dr. Joseph Parker in his book, *The People's Bible*, tells about the work of one man, William Duncan, who went among the Metlakahtlans, one of the most ferocious and murderous tribes on the North Pacific Coast, but they were men of intellectual capacity, though in barbarism. It was laid upon the heart of William Duncan that he should teach Christianity to those people. His thought was laughed at and scorned. He enlisted one who could initiate him into the mysteries of the language of Metlakahtla; there was no written language. He told them that he wished to tell them about the white man's God, if they would allow him. The end was a garden of the Lord, every man subdued; within thirty years the whole place transfigured, transformed; civilization, education, an interest in spiritual things; a falling down before the Cross of Christ as the God and King and Saviour of men.

Jesus had a special sympathy for blind people. How many blind eyes he opened; some with a word, some with a tender touch, some with clay made by his own spittle applied with his own fingers! We have one instance of this kind in Bethsaida; a blind man was brought to Jesus by his friends, and they besought Jesus but to touch him and he would see. How great was the faith of those friends! Jesus sometimes opened the eyes of blind people in a crowd as he was passing along, but for some reason best known to himself he took the blind man of Bethsaida by the hand and led him out of the village before he began to restore his sight. Then he spit upon his eyes, and laid his hands upon him, and asked him, "Seest thou aught?" Only dimly the man saw; he could not distinguish men from trees. He needed another touch of Jesus to make him whole. Again Jesus laid his hands upon his eyes, and afterward he saw all things clearly. "Do not enter the village," said Jesus, knowing that if he should an intense excitement would prevail that might prevent his teaching the multitudes.

The tender helpfulness of Jesus should make us all very compassionate for the blind. Carmen Sylva, the queen of Roumania, had her eyes bandaged for weeks while she laboriously learned to write Braille, the raised letters for the blind. It is said that not only did her eyes ache, but her right hand as well; but by the process she became one of the most helpful friends the blind people in all the world have ever had. She established a school for them where they were taught music and many industries, so that they could earn their own livelihood.

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CHRIST REPROVING THE PHARISEES. *From a Painting by J. J. Tissot*

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for November 1912. The sign and the leaven. Mark 8: 11-26. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus spake unto them, saying, I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life." John 8: 12, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—SUPERINTENDENT J. R. PEPPER, a leading member of the International Lesson Committee, writes: "The question as to 'retaining boys from 15 to 18 in the school' is always a hard one, and I have no doubt every school in America has had trouble at this point. One of the most efficient ways we have found is to district the city and put certain persons to work in each district and never let up upon those who are absenting themselves from school, writing, telephoning, teacher visiting, calls visiting by committees and individuals, parents enlisted as far as possible and then giving them something special to do when they come. This latter requires careful planning, but it is worth it all to succeed at this hard undertaking. Where graded system is used, the general superintendent of the school cannot conduct reviews intelligently without vast labor or can the superintendent of the department do it best, but we find it must be done chiefly by the teacher and that puts added strength upon the teacher's work and also added responsibility where it really should belong. We have found the most fruitful source of recruits for our teaching force comes from the adult classes and we draw most of our teachers from that direction."

—ALL THAT HAS been so ably written about seizing opportunities ere they pass out of reach is applicable to Sunday school superintendents at this time when the men's Bible class movement makes it easier than ever before to get young men and older men permanently settled in our Sunday schools. It was stated at the Rhode Island Sunday School Convention by Mr. A. T. Atwood, of Albany, N. Y., who is in charge of adult class work in New York State, that more adults are now joining the Sunday schools than children, and more men than women.

—A BIG BIBLE CLASS of fathers is the best way to keep the older boys in the school, and into such a class they should graduate in token that they are men, at twenty-one years of age, or shortly before. Such a class, organized with a president and other officers, nominating its own teacher with a tactful committee on sociables, another on athletics, others on social service and work for boys, every one on some committee, and "something doing" all the time, is a "magnet" not only to hold what we have but to draw others.

—HOW CAN WE BETTER show the wonderful momentum of this movement and the influence on Bible study of the Men and Religion Movement, than by reporting that half a million men have joined organized Bible classes in three years, as many as the whole membership of the Y. M. C. A. in our country? The men's Bible Classes find in the Y. M. C. A. their best ally, and the two movements should be closely associated. The organized Bible classes usually recognize their duty to promote "civic reforms," but the writer believes that only in the gravest emergencies should this or any other official branch of the church enter directly into law enforcement or party politics, but everywhere men's classes should be federated and by resolutions, deputations, volleys of letters, "reason" with officials "of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." Towns never before under "No license" have been rid of the saloon by the votes of men's leagues, and every class should have a civic committee that by correspondence with reform societies will keep their members informed of appointments for patriotic service.

—SEND BRIEF statements of successful plans of Sunday school work to Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D., 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

BY JEAN MAHAN PLANK

WHEN the carriage brought her home from the funeral, Amy Kerner walked steadily up the winding path to the little wooden bungalow, nestling under a roof of roses. As she threw back with a weary gesture the strange black veil which floated like a cloud about her thin form, she revealed to portly Mrs. Cotton, walking at her side, and to the three solicitous watchers behind the latticed windows, that a dazed pallor was upon her fine, homely, worn face, but not a trace of tears.

Martha Spence, a small, spare woman, with stooping shoulders, came out upon the porch, where blue plumbago and white jasmine wrestled with the roses for possession. Martha gave a nervous hitch to her ill-fitting shirt waist and her faded brown skirt, and pushed back slightly the bowled straw hat from her scant gray hair. She on the one side and Mrs. Cotton on the other took Amy's arms in an awkward attempt to help her up the three wooden steps.

"Yeh must be awful tired, Mis' Kerner," sympathized Martha. "Me'n' Mis' Brace's been here an' got things sort o' straightened up, and the minister's jest come in, too. He hurried back so's to get here before you did."

Amy's dazed look quivered into one of comprehension, and she responded in a low, wondering voice:

"How kind you all are—how very kind!"

Mr. Brace, the young minister, and his pretty wife put the widow into a wooden rocking-chair; Mrs. Cotton, a competent woman, the general adviser of the neighborhood, handed her a fan, while Martha Spence brought a cup of tea. As a rapt, unseeing expression settled upon her face, they talked in low tones, almost as if she were not there.

"I'll come in an' help her pack up what things she'll need to take to her sister's in Ohio," volunteered Martha, "fer of course she'll go right there. They're well-t'-do folks; an' yeh know"—her voice sank—"there's only $500. What's that? We kin hev an auction," she proceeded with relish. "That's the way to get the best prices. It won't take long to dispose of what there is." Martha glanced significantly about the bare little place where orange-laden branches, waving against the lattices, took the place of pictures, and to which the absence of knick-knacks and upholstery gave distinction.

Mrs. Cotton's strong voice broke in, and her firm, clear glance wiped from the scene, as it were, for the time being, Martha's scrawny existence.

"Mrs. Kerner won't need to go and be a dependent on her folks. Why, she's been working at that embroidering for so many years, and never selling any of it—just giving it to the orphan asylum. Now, Mrs. Bartlett told me she'd pay her any time for one o' those little cloaks, two and a half for just the work, and buy the materials herself. And I'd take one at the same price for my new grandson. Besides, Miss Scott would be glad to get 'em for her little shop in the city. Of course Mrs. Kerner will have to give up this house; she can take that little room in the wing of Mrs. Victor's boarding-house; and she could help Mrs. Victor some for pay."

"Tew 'n' a half fer one o' them cloaks!" muttered Martha acidly. "Why, it takes a fortn't stiddy workin' jest t' do the embroiderin'!"

The remarks of the two ladies were apparently addressed to the minister's wife, who listened with an absent smile. Mrs. Brace was too young, too much engrossed with her new bliss and new responsibilities to comprehend the sweeping from a life, in the manner of a cataclysm, love, home and surety—a woman's world suddenly become chaos.

The minister, however, was gazing steadily at the bereft. He had a thin, spiritual face, and a listening look. He started at the sound of his wife's silvery voice.

"But, Mrs. Cotton, how we shall miss Mrs. Kerner's work at the asylum! That is selfish, I know, but when the babies are dressed they look just like a flower-garden, with all that exquisite embroidery."

The widow stirred in her chair.

Drawn by M. Stockton Mulford

Mrs. Brace dropped to her knees in sudden comprehension

"And lately," continued Mrs. Brace, "she has been making the very loveliest cloak of all for that little crippled Julia. And by the way"—she spoke in an aside to Mrs. Cotton—"we are so puzzled to know what to do with Julia. You know Mr. Brace has her sort of in charge because he was with her mother when she died. She must be placed where she will at least be treated kindly, and everybody who wants to adopt asks for the pretty children. But the cloak Mrs. Kerner is making for her! Do you know that she never even has her work stamped? That she does it just as if she were painting—out of her head, her imagination?"

Amy Kerner sat up straight. "*He* always liked me to do it. He called it 'love-work'." She sank back in the wooden rocker; her gaze wandered out of a window to where the mildest of breezes was stirring the sadly waving grasses of southern California.

Mrs. Cotton leaned over to the minister's wife. "You knew, didn't you, that they lost a baby two years ago? The first cloak she gave was the she had done for her own; and as fast as she c finish them since, she has given them to the asy babies."

Martha Spence hitched her hair to whisper distance. "Yes, he always encouraged her in and an awful extravagance too; that expen cashmere and them silks; and him only a garde He was an awful good man, there's no denyin' t but not practical, you might say." She recalled exciting prospect of an auction, and spoke alou

Amy: "Well, Mis' Ker I'll help you with y packin' an' gittin' re When do you think li you'll be able to go to y sister's? You know five h dred does melt away a fast, an' when the head o' house is gone—"

Mrs. Cotton's ample fig had been waxing rigid du these remarks. She now tur her head slowly, and the l she gave Martha Spence all the effect of a gold l nette leveled upon the ene She spoke, however, to A

"Don't you be afraid, M Kerner! You can make y way. Why, there's alw plenty wanting help of kinds if the embroidery i enough. You keep your c age up! Don't you be af you can't make a livi You're smart enough for t surely. Now, whenever like I'll come and go with to Mrs. Victor's boardi house. In two or three d maybe?"

Amy's gaze came back the circle of eyes bent u her. At first her mo showed a puzzled pain, t a sudden surprised flash w over her face. She hesita an instant before she sai a calm voice:

"I do not expect to m any change. My husban he wouldn't want me to le my home. We built it, he always wanted that should live in it. I—I s just stay here."

For an awkward inst the four visitors gazed in lence, then they all ar The minister stepped ward, a troubled look u his face. His lips moved, a certain gentle aloofness the part of the widow bade speech, even the kind He wrung Amy's hand w out a word. As his little started to do the same, An eyes sought the sweet yo face.

"We—loved—each oth she faltered.

Mrs. Brace dropped to knees in sudden compre sion. Love she knew alre and the thought of its appalled her. She laid soft cheek against that of elder woman, and when, later, she left the h with her husband, her hand sought his with a cli ing clasp.

Mrs. Cotton had been standing in grim, pleased surprise. She started now toward the d saying dryly: "Well, good-by, Mrs. Kerner!" sense of irritation, nevertheless, being too much her, she wheeled about and spoke sternly to A "No woman that's left like you can expect to k up her own home, with the cost of living and t —and the head of the house gone. It would tak least fifty dollars a month, and it's too little a h to let rooms. Mrs. Kerner, you're not being missive to the will of the Lord."

Martha Spence's voice struck in with sharp dorsement:

"Why, it's jest a temptin' o' Providence. I ain't, then I don't know what is."

The two ladies, strong in their belief in themse

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OUR NATION AND ITS CHILDREN

ucation: Scholarship or Efficiency?

A HOPEFUL sign of our times are the many letters coming to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about our public schools. "What are the schools doing for our children?" "What our children learning in them?" "What are children getting out of them?" "Are the hours long, curriculums too severs, for growing boys girls?" "If our public school system is wrong, are we to find out in just what particular? how are we to help mend it?"

can't see that my children are being as well for life as were their grandparents who went the old-field schools. The public school here, holds for a few months in the year, is taught a girl chosen because of her kinship with the ing family rather than her fitness. The school he mountain, started by philanthropists, is edung the children away from the country with its rses in stenography, book- oing, millinery, and so on. ll we go back to the old- l schools from which we such men as Lincoln and ck Stephens, who hoed and wed and went to school ween whiles, but learned ething when they went?" tes an Appalachian Moun- subscriber, perplexed ost beyond his bearings.

low, our system of public ools is not wrong, but our lic school system may e its faults. Other good ngs have. This sort of pub- education is one of our at national developments, is worth any trouble we y take in the mending. e promise of mending is this spirit of inquiry on part of parents and of satisfaction on the part of cators. The latter put ir finger on the weak spot; y have thought it out and e facts and figures; they trying to work a change, for this they need the operation of parents. The lt, say they, is in the sys- itself, which is not yet ly developed. It was created scholars and bookmen; v it must adapt itself to day and the nation; must ch our children the things y need to use in their life- rk; must become more ctical.

Questioning Parents

"Do not the new courses being introduced—man- training and domestic ence—crowd my child, re- e health and strength, and unfit it for life's battle?" s one parent. Another de- nds, "Why should my child nd years of labor master- dead languages, ancient history, and the like, ich it cannot use in its lifework?" Between se two lies an answer: To the child whose work may require these last, opportunity uld not be denied. The child whose leaning is toward mechanics or other of the applied arts uld not be forced to acquire learning he does not d at the expense of that which he does. Again, vironment should count. It is absurd to teach same course in the country and the city schools. the country, agriculture, horticulture, stock-raisy, poultry-raising, and dairying should have minence. Nor are these subjects dissociated th the sciences; they are simply the translation botany, biology, bacteriology, and chemistry into ms of everyday use. As to ancient history, all ree that it is of great practical value if its lessons e applied to the life of to-day, and we learn from sins and failures of the past how not to sin and t to fail in our municipal and national life. en, too, the humanities—history, the classics, toric, philology, mythology, and all the rest—en a new world of pleasure and inspiration in the lm of books, the enjoyment of literature.

Destructive criticism is always easy. We hear it all sides every day. Constructive criticism is tirely another matter, yet is the only kind that unts. Now the problem is, can we, who are outde the system, help the educators of our country apt the public schools more fully to the life of day, to the needs of the individual child, the needs of the special locality? If there are ideas in your brain that may help us to a solution, do not hesitate to tell of them. The question is an open one and the entire nation feels its need of an answer.

An Example of the Problem

Meanwhile, the following letter may serve as a pointer: "I was recently visiting in a rough mountain section where everybody was poor and had to do manual labor in field or dwelling. Idling and shiftlessness were evident, most so among the men. The women could not leave home and babies to loaf at crossroad stores. Life was hard, and they aged quickly. Methods of work were crude. Rocky hillsides did not encourage good husbandry, nor rude shacks good housewifery. The school has spasmodic sessions of several weeks during the year. I heard in that school not one word about agriculture or housewifery. The hope of the section was in the orchard industry started by settlers of means who were seeking to employ reliable and competent native help. Yet this subject was entirely neglected in the training of the children.

"A prosperous orchardist said to me: 'I fear I must import labor or abandon my property. Yesterday, on my visit to my orchard, I found mules standing like statues to their plows, hoes lying where dropped, sacks of peas and fertilizer open to impending rain. In nearby woods men shouted and dogs yelped. When I had waited an hour, my "hands" straggled back. As, according to my custom, I handed their foreman the bag containing their wages, I said quietly: "Do you men think it right to quit work for rabbit-hunting?" Every plower and hoer stood at sullen attention. A stalwart youth said snappily: "I don't care what I'm doing, I stops when my dog jumps a rabbit!" A woman, with dinner-buckets on her arm, shouted: "We don't sell our liberty!" A noble sentiment however misapplied. I took off my hat to her, and left my money in their hands. Now I am willing to teach fruit cultivation to incompetents, and pay them to learn, for I am an orchard enthusiast. But what am I to do with unreliables, with men conscientiously unreliable—thinking freedom and unreliability synonymous? These are strong, fine fellows, with a rock-bottom of good character, but they have not been educated aright; they have not been educated to their environment. to love and reverence nature and nature's gifts, and the work that is to their hand. They look on hoeing and plowing, sowing and reaping, as menial toil. They should be taught that it is sacred service to help the earth bring forth her increase.

"'If the teacher in the little school here would lead her flocks into an orchard at due intervals and give them lessons in the care of trees, it would change the attitude of this community toward orchard-work, would dignify it in their eyes, interest them in it, and develop the section in many ways.'

How the Solution Worked

"I thought on his words in my next visit to the school while a lad declaimed 'Catiline's Defiance to the Senate.' 'Here is where I come in,' thought I. 'I will have a little private talk with the teacher and tell her what Mr. Orchard says.' This I did. She sent him a note asking permission to 'lead her flocks at due intervals' into his orchard for object lessons in fruit culture; confessed her ignorance of the art, and suggested his co-operation. He met the school in his orchard, gave the first lesson himself, offered prizes for perseverance and efficiency, and wound up with refreshments and music from a graphophone. Other orchardists followed his example. That school has become the star institution of its community, and its most distinctive and popular feature is the course in fruit culture. Its scholars know how to plant, to prune, to worm, to spray, to hoe and to plow trees; and how to gather and pack fruit for shipment without wounding and skinning trees and without bruising fruit. To whatever section of our country the fruit goes, the receivers are beneficiaries of that little school. What I did for that section anybody can do for another by studying its needs, its school, and approaching its teacher, preacher, and leading citizens in the right way."

THE HOME'S TREASURE AND THE NATION'S PROBLEM

THE advance of the rising generation is by far the most interesting and potential feature of human experience as well as one of its greatest problems. Here are a girl and a boy with all the charm of childhood; a future woman and a future man, with all the possibilities for romance, for genius, for success or failure. They are our nation's asset, charge and problem, and it is trying to discharge its obligation through the public schools. Is this being properly done?

. . .

Stress of Life

"We don't live any more. We're all the time getting ready to live," said one woman to another. "I've moved three times in one year—not because I wanted to; I want to stay in one place and not be packing and unpacking all the time. In the first case, the house in which I roomed changed hands; in the next, the people meddled with my affairs until I had to go; in the last—before I came here—the house was to be torn down to make room for a business establishment. And now—" She looked into the other's eyes—the other who had hoped to keep this tenant, and not to have to move furniture all over again to suit somebody else. "This house," said the tenant, "is not constructed for two families. One bathroom and one kitchen and no separate gas meter—"

"I know," said the other, "I have thought of making improvements—" "Oh, not for me!" hastily interjected the tenant. "The firm my son works for may order him to Buffalo, or Galveston, or San Francisco any time!" "That's it! Everybody is uncertain. What one tenant wants, another does not; and with everybody so uncertain, why, I'm uncertain myself! I think I'll break up and board."

A grandmother spoke up: "We used to have time to live. We had not such unrest. We had, as a rule, to spend a lifetime in one place, and we adapted ourselves to it and it to us. Generation succeeded generation in it. Those who married and went away came back for long visits to the old homestead. Parents tried to have their children marry and settle near them. Grandparents and grandchildren, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and cousins gathered under the old apple trees or about the big fireplace. They loved the old homestead; loved to be together; to have the neighbors drop in; they *lived*. I don't know what's the matter with you modern folks that you can't live, but I think moving around has something to do with it. I wonder if this *movableness* does not breed instability of character and instability of affection."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

GUARANTEED PREMIUM LIST FOR 1912-13

THE following pages contain THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Premium List. The premium inducements given herein for *new* subscriptions are liberal and attractive. The members of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family have made it possible to produce so splendid a paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is conceded to be to-day. As its circulation grows, so its contents grow in quality and interest. Every year sees more and more money expended to produce a better and more interesting paper.

For many years our friends have helped us to increase CHRISTIAN HERALD circulation. Many have asked no reward but the one of satisfaction for service to their fellowmen. This is a greater reward than we can ourselves bestow, but we desire further to make as substantial and tangible a recognition of the services of our friends as is possible. The great popularity of the merchandise premium seems to us to give the widest possible range of choice and the best value in return for little effort. Our last year's premium list met with a very cordial reception, and we look for a still more favorable response to the present list.

The premiums are for you and your friends. Select your choice of premiums and send for our helps and instructions showing you how to secure them.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

INSTRUCTIONS

Read Carefully Before Sending in Your Subscription Orders

GENERAL: The regular subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is $1.50 per year. The paper is delivered postage prepaid in Canada, Mexico, the United States and its Possessions. Foreign postage is $1.00 a year extra.

YOUR OWN RENEWAL: You can have *your own renewal and one new subscription for* $2.25, or *your own renewal and two new subscriptions for* $3.00. It is understood that the old subscriber must get the full subscription price of $1.50 from the *new* subscriber and must not in any way share the special price with the new subscriber.

YOUR OWN RENEWAL AT $1.50 may be counted as a new subscription if it is sent with one or more actual new subscriptions at $1.50 each secured by you and sent to us for a premium. For instance, a premium offered by us for two new subscriptions may be secured by you by sending only one new subscription at $1.50 and at the same time sending $1.50 more, paying for your own renewal. If you desire a premium requiring three new subscriptions, you may send us two actual new subscriptions with your own renewal, paying the full price of $1.50 on each of the three subscriptions.

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WRITE YOUR NAME DISTINCTLY: Many letters go astray simply because of the careless handwriting of the sender. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a number of complaints from friends who have not received replies to letters, and upon investigation it was found that it was impossible to decipher the handwriting, or that the name and address or both were entirely left off the letter. Much time will be saved if you will write your name and address carefully.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SUBSCRIPTION MONEY: We do not send receipts for money sent in payment of subscriptions unless we are especially requested to do so. The change of date upon the mailing wrapper enclosing your paper is evidence of our receipt of the money and the filing of your order. This change of date usually takes about four weeks to make its first appearance. Do not write unless there is a greater delay than that length of time in making the change.

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***The Christian Herald* guarantees every article offered in this Premium List to be exactly as described. Should any premium from this list fail to satisfy you, it may be returned to us and your money will be refunded upon request, or a substitute premium may be selected in place of the one returned. You alone are to be the judge as to whether you are satisfied or not.**

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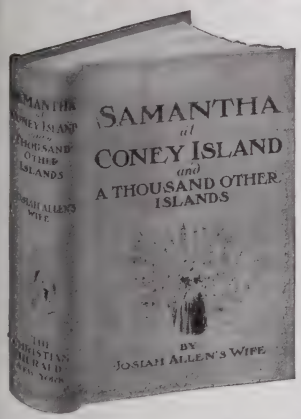

SAMANTHA AT CONEY ISLAND
AND A THOUSAND OTHER ISLANDS

By Josiah Allen's Wife

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Postage Prepaid.

Samantha was living happily enough as Josiah Allen's wife when they returned from their trip around the world, and all might have gone as merrily as a wedding bell, had not Serenus Gowdey put the idea of Coney Island into Josiah's head. After that Josiah could talk of nothing else.

Samantha gave him catnip tea, but that didn't get the "pizen" out of his system. He spoke of it day and night, and Samantha was more shocked than surprised one morning to find that he and Serenus Gowdey had run away to the great amusement city by the sea. Of course Samantha followed him immediately. How she pursued Josiah through the mazes of the concessions, how she rode the witching waves, went on a voyage to the moon, watched the circus, looked in the magic mirrors, sank through the floor, got lost in the maze, trod the rocking steps, lectured the Head Hunters, discovered the fire, rescued the incubator babies from the flames, and finally saved her beloved "pardner" Josiah from the jaws of the blazing lion, etc., etc., are all told graphically with humor and pathos.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE

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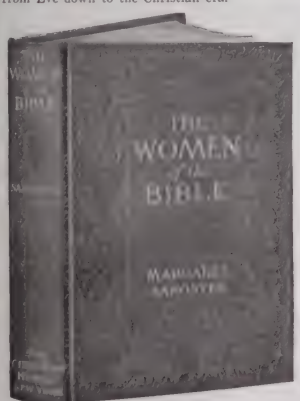
This magnificent volume by Margaret Sangster has been cordially welcomed in tens of thousands of America's Christian homes. It is the most comprehensive book ever written on womankind, for it is a World's Portrait Gallery and embraces the foremost representatives of the sex from Eve down to the Christian era.



Mrs. Sangster had this to say concerning *The Women of the Bible*:

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Seldom has any book issued in recent years been so beautifully illustrated as this great volume, which contains sixteen full-page artistically colored portraits of Bible heroines by famous masters. The book is printed in large, clear type, contains 368 pages, and is handsomely and substantially bound in cloth.

The Christian Herald Almanac for 1913

will be bigger, brighter and better even than that of 1912, which brought us so many letters of pleased comment.

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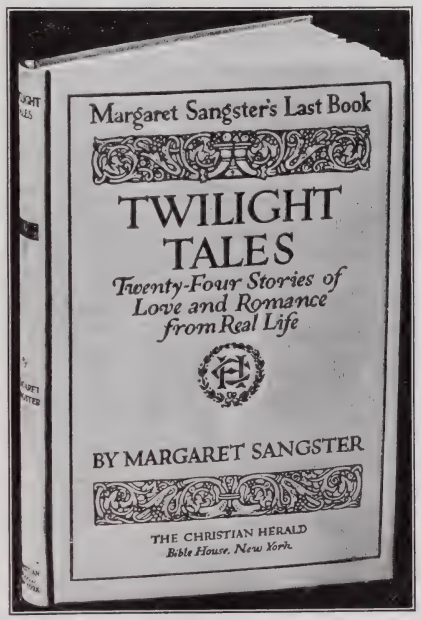
TWILIGHT TALES

By Margaret E. Sangster

Twenty-four Delightful Stories of Love and Romance From Real Life

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Postage Prepaid.



Those who already know the rare literary charm of Margaret Sangster's writings will welcome this volume—the last perfect product of her wonderful talent. *Twilight Tales* comes almost as a parting message from one who has been greatly beloved by countless multitudes, and whose contributions for many years in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have made her name a household word.

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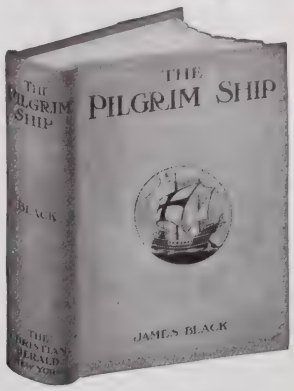
There is a thread of pure gold running through the *Twilight Tales* from which the reader may divine the author's purpose in writing the book. It is the line of God's protecting love and care which encircles all who trust in Him, and the knowledge of which gives to even the smallest detail of everyday life a purpose and significance. She spreads before us the little daily dramas, the heartaches, the disappointments, the sweet surprises and unexpected joys, the separations and the reunions, the cares and consolations of the household, the "journeys that end in lovers' meeting" —all are unrolled like a moving picture, with the vivid action of life itself. Mrs. Sangster has crowded the best heart and soul stories of her whole career into this book. Love, romance, self-denial, ambition and the success that true character commands are here pictured with a fragrant setting of American home-life in town and country. It is a book which will exert a strong spell on the mind of the reader and which creates its own atmosphere of woodlands and old-fashioned gardens and charming American homes, and her men and women are such as we love to meet.



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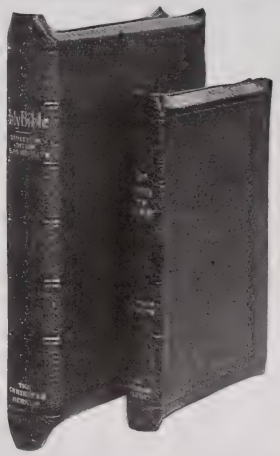

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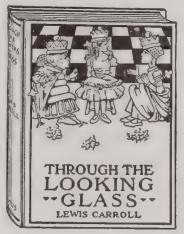

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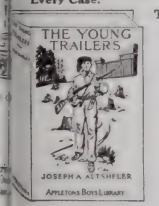

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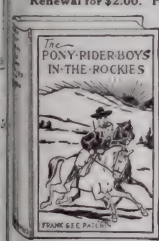

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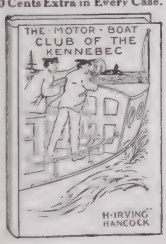

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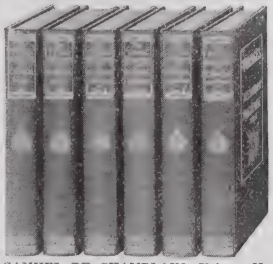

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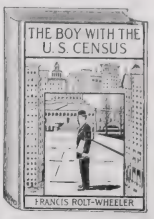

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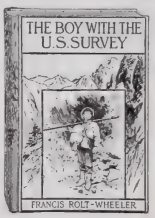

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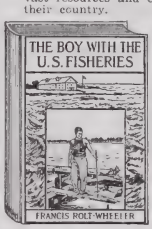

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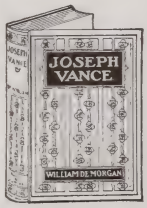

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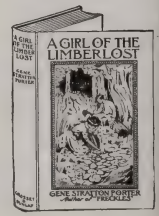

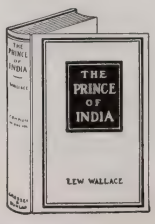

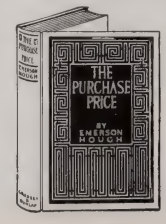

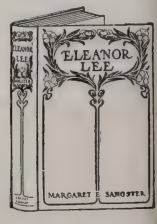

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By Frances Hodgson Burnett

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By Ralph Connor

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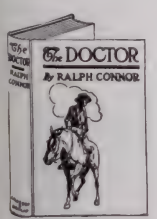
After many trying things had come to pass he became a "preacher doctor" in the Rockies. The climax to his career is a triumph of success in failure.



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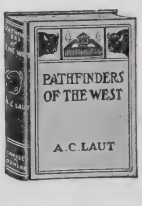

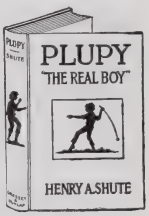

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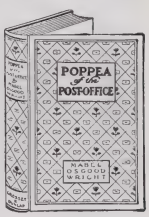

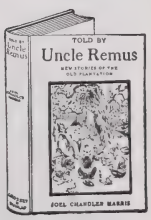

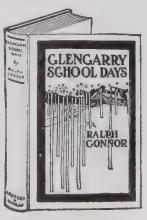

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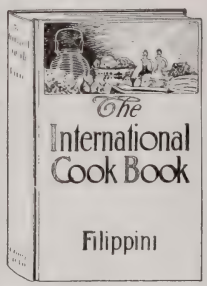

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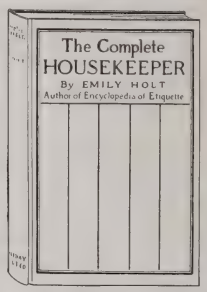

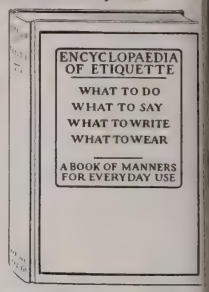

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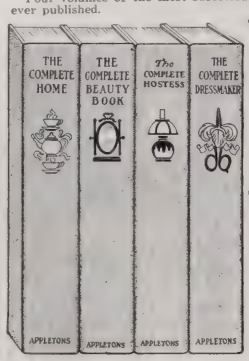

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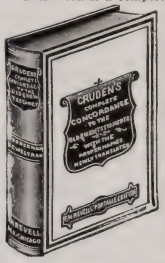

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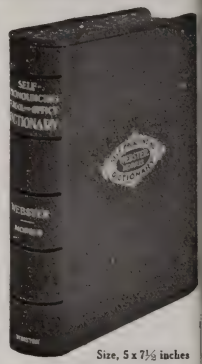

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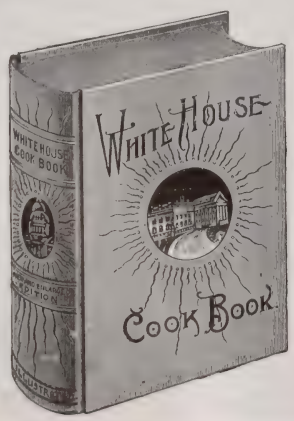

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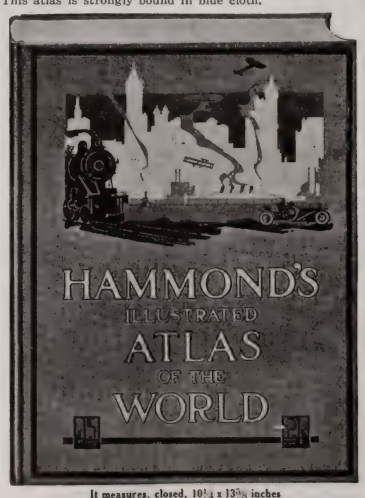

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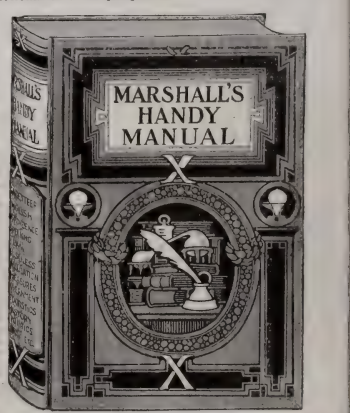

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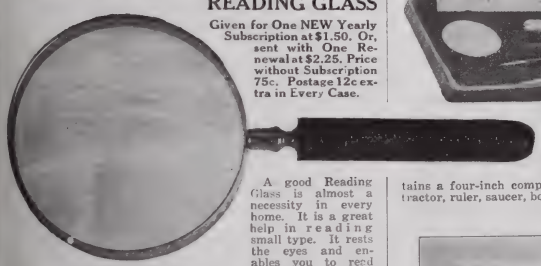

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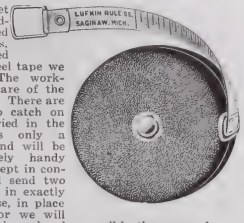

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LARGE AMERICAN FLAG

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Prepaid.

This large American Flag is a very popular premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers. We have sent out thousands of them, and they were received with great satisfaction and appreciation.

This is a large flag, measuring 4 by 6 feet. It is strongly made and has metal eyelet holes on the inside corners ready for fastening.

Every home wants a flag which can be shown on all holidays and special occasions. It is due to yourself that our beautiful American flag should be unfurled as frequently as possible, helping to instil patriotism in the minds of the children of America.

If you desire a larger flag, we can supply you with one 5x8 feet for Two New Subscriptions, or with One Renewal for $2.25. Postage, 25 cents extra.

POCKET FOLDING MICROSCOPE

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Sent with One Renewal for $2.25. Price without Subscription 75c. Postpaid.

This small but very powerful Folding Microscope is an especially useful article for the pocket, always coming in handy to examine small objects.

It is called a linen glass, as it is used extensively to count the number of threads.

NICKEL WATCH CASE PEDOMETER

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Price without Subscription $2.00. Postage 4c Extra in Every Case.

Every one likes to know how far they walk each day. You would be surprised to know how far you walk even if you do not leave the house—just moving around from room to room. It will run into many miles each day. You simply snap the fastener into your belt, making note of where you start in the morning. When you take it off at night it will show a record on the dial of every step you have taken during the day. When it has registered 100 miles it commences over again and again, registering as many hundreds of miles as you may walk in a year, if you desire.

VEST POCKET FLASH LIGHT

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, with One Renewal Subscription for $2.75. Price without Subscription $1.75. Postage 10c Extra in Every Case.

You can carry an electric light plant in your vest pocket. A neat little case—no larger than a small memorandum book—yet containing an electric lamp, a battery powerful enough to light it, and a button for switching the light on and off. The Eveready Flash Light weighs so little and is so small, you forget it is in your pocket until you need it. And it is surprising how often it comes in handy: on the street at night, when you want to read an address; in a dark hallway when you want to see the name plates at push buttons, or when you are looking for something in the storeroom or closet. No one but one who has a flash-light appreciates how often it is useful. They have become almost indispensable to the people who have come to know how convenient it is to be able to produce instantly—in wind or rain—a bright, steady light. It is the wonderful Eveready Tungsten Battery that has made them really practical. This battery is so powerful and has so long a life it will outlast four of the old kind. With ordinary use an Eveready Flash Light will last for months, and any one can slip a new battery into place. Each light is fitted with the new and powerful Tungsten lamp.

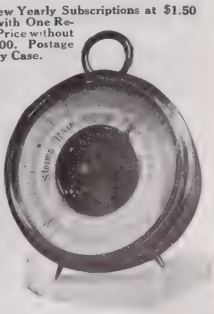
FIRST-CLASS TELESCOPE

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal for $3.50. Price without Subscription $2.25. Postage 15c Extra in Every Case

This has been one of our most popular premiums during the past year—a real Telescope and not a cheap toy. It has fine lenses, magnifying ten diameters, and is 15½ inches long. Objects a thousand yards away are brought to an apparent distance of less than 100 yards. When used at night, under a clear sky, this instrument will show two or more moons of Jupiter and the crescent phase of Venus. It is especially interesting in its views of our own moon, of the mountains, seas and craters, etc. The brass body is covered with black morocco leather; three brass draw tubes, highly polished; brass cap to protect object lens, and sliding cap to protect eye lens. Power of Telescope, 10 diameters; length when closed, 6½ inches. A larger telescope of 14 diameters will be given for Four New Subscriptions, and one of 16 diameters for Six New Subscriptions.

HIGH-GRADE BAROMETER

Given for Three New Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $3.00. Price without Subscription $2.00. Postage 12c Extra in Every Case.



This splendid little instrument is made on the same scientific principles as the most expensive high-grade barometers. It has a two-and-a-half-inch open dial, showing the interior. The Barometer indicates what the weather will be for from twelve to twenty-four hours. Those desiring an accurate, scientific Barometer will find in this just what they want.

CUT GLASS CANDLESTICKS

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription 75c. Postage 25c Extra in Every Case.

This very handsome pair of solid Glass Candlesticks stands nearly eight inches high. The Chrysanthemums cut in the glass are a particularly attractive decoration, the full beauty of which can only be appreciated by seeing the candlesticks themselves with the reflection through the clear crystal glass. Very handsome ornaments for mantel, dresser bureau, etc.

BRASS BOOK HOLDER

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.50. Price $1.25. Postage 20 Cents Extra in Every Case.

This very useful book holder is intended for table use and will hold from ten to twenty books. The ends are held together on brass rods with concealed inner springs, allowing of extension to from eight to fourteen inches. Keep your reading table tidy and attractive by having your books in order in this handsome book holder.

MESH BAG

Given for One New Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription 75c. Postage 10c Extra in Every Case.

This is one of the best values we have to offer for a single subscription. The mesh bag is made of German silver with a very handsome frame and a specially long chain. Just the thing for misses and young ladies, who will be delighted with it.

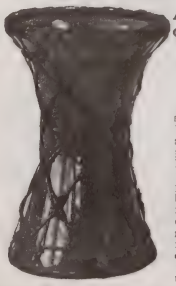
The Mesh Bag itself is about four inches square, large enough to hold loose change, handkerchief and accessories. It can be worn with the chain around the neck or slipped over one shoulder.

NUT CRACKERS AND PICKS

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50 and 20c Additional. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.25. Price without Subscription $1.00. Postage 30c Extra in Every Case.

This very handsome set consists of two strong double-hinged nut crackers with spring opening and twelve nut picks with chased design handles. Both the nut crackers and picks are all heavily nickel-plated, and highly polished. The entire set comes in a strong oak case beautifully finished, and with a hinged cover and fastening. This is just the thing for use around the fireside on cold winter evenings when the whole family are enjoying fine apples and a basket of assorted nuts.

AWAJI WARE VASE



Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription $1. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

The illustration shows one of several different designs of Awaji Ware of which we have secured a limited quantity by a fortunate purchase. Awaji Ware is a very handsome glazed porcelain of a rich dark green color. Each piece is covered with a fine dark brown basket weave of polished rattan. The dark brown rattan over the bright green porcelain gives an extremely handsome effect. The Awaji Ware Vases will come to you in the original wrappings exactly as they were put up in Japan.

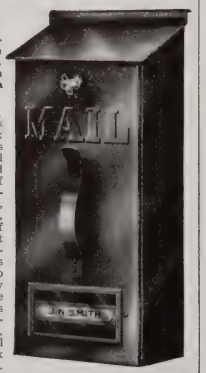
HAND HAMMERED BRASS TRAY

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription $1.00.

This handsome dull-finished Brass Tray is of the arts and crafts design, measures 8x12 inches in size, and is just the thing for use as a server or tea tray. By express at receiver's expense.

AJAX MAIL BOX

Given for One NEW Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription $1.00. Postage 30c Extra in Every Case.



Made of Oxidized Copper, with glass name plate. It is supplied with a flat keyed lock and two keys. This box holds a full-sized legal envelope, and the door opens full length and drops, making the process of emptying the box very simple. It is absolutely rainproof, as it is closed all around, and, when located on the outside of the house, rain or snow cannot get at its contents. An indestructible clip for newspapers and packages is attached to each box. The box is easily and securely fastened to the door or wall through the holes in the back, left for that purpose. If fastened to the door, there is an aperture which will disclose the contents of the box from the inside. Weight, 2 lbs.

CUT GLASS SALT AND PEPPERS

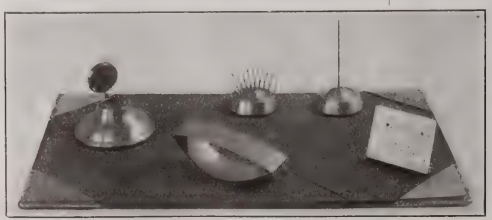
Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription $1.00. Postage 12c Extra in Every Case.

This pair of genuine cut-class Salt and Peppers comes in assorted designs as to cutting, so that while the cutting may not in all sets be exactly as per illustration, it will be very similar, and in any event, a very handsome design. Each pair of Salt and Peppers has genuine sterling silver tops with perforated pearl centers. You will appreciate these new style pearl centers when you come to use the Salt and Peppers, and find that the salt does not stick to the pearl even when damp, and, of course, has no chance to corrode the sterling silver, as it does not come into direct contact with it. The reduced size illustration, which is made from a photograph, does not show the clear sharpness of the cut glass as it should, because of the refraction of light through the glass. These cut-glass sets are imported to this country, and are guaranteed to us by the importer to be hand-cut. Of course the pieces of each set of Salt and Peppers match in design, and if you wish several sets, we can supply them all of one design of cutting if desired.

ART BRASS DESK SET

Given for Three New Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal at $3.00. Price without Subscription $2.00.

This Desk Set will make an ideal gift; sure to please the most fastidious. The set consists of a large blotting pad holder, with brass bound corners, solid brass inkwell with hinged cover and glass ink-holder, brass pen and pencil rack, brass paper file, brass hand blotter-holder and brass calendar-holder with calendar for 1913, making a complete desk outfit. Nothing helps to make letter writing a pleasure so much as a well-appointed writing set. Here you have an ideal set complete. Sent by express at receiver's expense.



HAMMERED BRASS FERN DISH

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription $1.00.

You would hardly know at a little distance but that the ferns were really alive and growing in the fern dish. Ferns and leaves are artificial, but so cleverly made and colored in vivid green as to deceive the eye except upon close examination. They remain fresh and bright for an indefinite time. The fern dish is solid brass, hand-hammered, and is five inches in diameter and is in itself well worth the price of the complete ornament. By express at receiver's expense.

ALUMINUM PERPETUAL MATCH

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1 50. Or, Given with Renewal at $2. Price without Subscription 75c. Postage 12c Extra in Every Case.

This valuable contrivance will save you its price in cost of matches in a few weeks' time. You can always strike a light with it whenever you want it, and it can hardly be blown out in a strong breeze. A few drops of benzine or gasoline in the container occasionally is all that is required to keep it in perfect order for constant use. The soft iron match will strike 60 to 70 thousand lights before wearing out. This perpetual lighter is imported from Germany, where they are in almost universal use in every household. A German housewife would not think of buying matches to-day when she can save so much by having a perpetual lighter.

SILVER THIMBLE

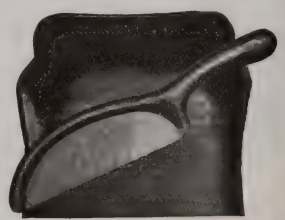
Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription 75c. Reg. Postage 12c Extra in Every Case.

This heavy Sterling Silver Thimble has a heavy chased band around the lower circumference, as shown in the illustration. It will make an ideal gift for any girl or lady. Supplied in any size desired.

HAMMERED BRASS CRUMB TRAY

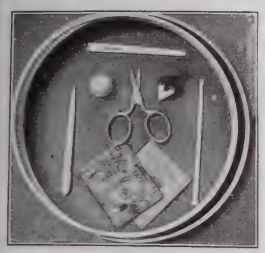
Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50 and 20 Cents Extra. Or, Given with One Renewal at $2.25. Price without Subscription $1.00.

This is a particularly fine example of hammered brass work, as you can see by the illustration. Each tray is supplied with a crumber. The two pieces will make a most desirable acquisition to your table service. They will also make a fine companion set to the Brass Tray offered in another column. It is not often that we can offer such excellent value for a single subscription as this Tray and Crumber. It will last a lifetime, and is far superior to the ordinary Brush and Crumber, because there are no bristles to wear out. This Crumber is thoroughly sanitary and easily cleaned, which cannot be said of the ordinary brush used with a Crumb Tray set. By express at receiver's expense.



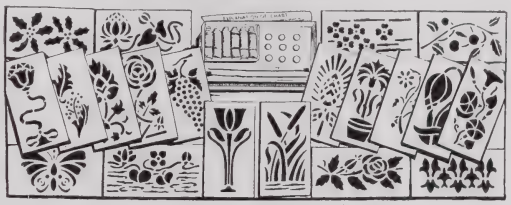
EMBROIDERY AND FANCY WORK

A Choice of any One Number Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, a Choice of any One Number Given with One Renewal for $2.00 Price Without Subscription, 75c. Postage Extra in Every Case.



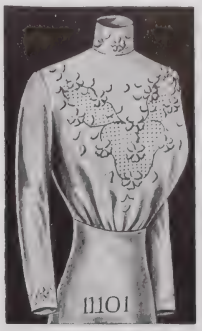
IDEAL EMBROIDERY OUTFIT

This complete Embroidery Outfit consists of 1 pair imported steel embroidery scissors; 1 pair Duchess embroidery hoops; 1 German silver thimble; 1 emery bag; 1 bone stiletto; crochet hook; bodkin and 2 packages "Hold Fast" embroidery needles. Postage, 5 cents extra.



STENCIL OUTFIT. No. 20-a

This ideal large Stencil Outfit is just the thing with which to decorate your home. It is suitable for painting curtains, pillow tops, table covers, dresses, walls, etc. No knowledge of painting required, no drawing or tracing necessary. The outfit consists of 20 cut stencils on oil board (as illustrated) ready to use; 6 tubes of assorted "Ideal" best oil colors; 2 stencil brushes; 9 thumb tacks; full directions for stenciling and mixing the various colors to desired shades. Postage, 10 cents extra.



ATTRACTIVE WAIST

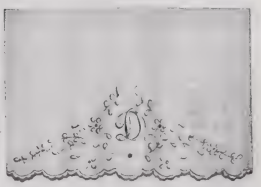
This attractive and up-to-date Shirtwaist is for punch-work and solid embroidery, and is very appropriate for the fall and winter season, as it has a high neck and long sleeves. This design is stamped on two yards of good quality lawn. One skein of linen thread for working punch-work embroidery, five skeins of cotton for working solid embroidery, one punch-work needle and directions included. Postage, 6 cents extra.

PILLOW TOP

This neat and attractive Pillow Top Design is for punch-work embroidery, and is stamped on pure imported white linen, including back and one skein of linen thread, 5 skeins of D. M. C. embroidery cotton, punch-work needle and directions. Postage, 4 cents extra.

FANCY WORK COMBINATION OUTFIT. No. 33

This most up-to-date complete outfit is the best offer we have ever made. It consists of the following: 1 corset cover design stamped on nainsook; 1 punch-work centerpiece design stamped on 18x18 inches pure imported linen; 1 pillow top, size 20x20 inches, hand-painted on Aberdeen crash; 5 skeins D. M. C. embroidery cotton; 1 bone stiletto for piercing eyelet holes; 1 package embroidery needles; 1 punch-work needle; a punch-work lesson, also three large sheets of perforated patterns on bond paper, containing the following designs: 1 shirtwaist for punch-work embroidery; 1 table cover; 2 jabots; 1 bag; 1 bow in punch-work embroidery; 1 complete set of alphabets, ¾-inch high; 3 borders, which can also be used for different purposes; 1 corset cover; 1 centerpiece in eyelet embroidery; 1 doily in eyelet embroidery; 1 complete set of initials, 1½ inches high; 1 towel end; 1 belt; 1 handkerchief corner; 1 scissors holder; 3 different sprays; 1 scarf in eyelet embroidery; 1 baby bib; 1 Dutch collar; 1 baby cap in punch-work embroidery; 1 pair baby shoes; 1 pincushion and several other designs not mentioned here. We also include in this outfit a cake of stamping preparation, poncette, and directions how to work. Postage, 10c extra.

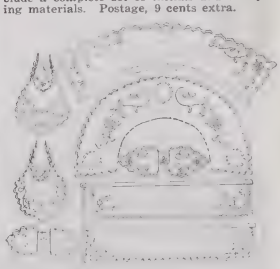


PILLOW CASE. No. 11341

A dainty pair of Pillow Cases is a constant source of joy to the housewife, and those shown here are stamped on good quality muslin, 36x44 inches. We also include a complete set of initials and stamping materials. Postage, 9 cents extra.

TRAY DESIGN IN PUNCH-WORK

This beautiful Tray Design, to be worked in the popular punch-work embroidery, is stamped on 18x25 inches pure imported linen. It includes 20 skeins of D. M. C. cotton; 1 skein of linen thread; 1 special large punch-work needle and special instructions for punch-work embroidery. Postage, 4 cents extra.



LADIES' NECKWEAR SET

This up-to-date set consists of the following designs, all stamped on fine quality pure imported linen: 2 different Dutch collar designs; 2 straight collar designs; 2 jabots; 2 different tie designs. We also include with this offer 15 skeins of D. M. C. cotton to make the different designs. Postage, 4 cents extra.

CENTERPIECE ASSORTMENT

This beautiful assortment consists of 1 large centerpiece, size 21x21 inches; 4 doilies; 2 trays to match; 1 long pincushion; 1 picture frame; 1 calendar; 1 bookmark; all stamped on pure imported linen 22½x41½ inches. We also include 1 stiletto and transfer patterns of 2 complete alphabets. With this assortment you can embroider your gifts at very little cost. Postage, 5 cents extra.

TABLE COVER DESIGN. No. 10162

This beautiful Table Cover Design for eyelet embroidery comes stamped on 36x36 inches pure imported white linen. Postage, 4 cents extra.

SCARF AND DOILY SET DESIGNS. No. 10161

These neat Scarf and Doily Set Designs are for eyelet embroidery. The designs are stamped on 18x53 inches pure imported white linen, including ten skeins D. M. C. embroidery cotton for working. Postage, 4 cents extra.

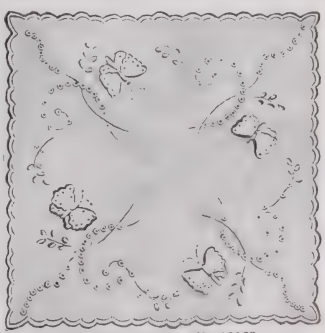


Table Cover Design No. 10162

A Book Entitled "Latest Ideas in Fancy Work Designs" Included with Each Premium Shown on this Page

SWISS CUCKOO CLOCK

Given for Five NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or Given for One Renewal for $4.00. Price Without Subscription, $3.00.

This handsome Cuckoo Clock, imported from Switzerland, is over twelve inches high, and, as shown in illustration, is hand-carved in an extremely graceful design in a rich, dark wood. The cuckoo calls the hours and half-hours. The clock is run by weights attached to chains, which must be pulled up every twenty-four hours. The clock contains a reliable set of brass works fully regulated, and guaranteed to keep good time. There is no other clock that has the charm and interest of a Cuckoo Clock, and we know you will be delighted with this one.

If there are any children in the family, they particularly will be pleased with the call of the cuckoo, and will listen to its calling and count the hours. The little ones, before they can tell time by the dial, will learn to count the calls, and thus tell the time by numbers. Sent by express at receiver's expense.

MINIATURE SWISS CLOCK

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription, 75c. Postage 24c Extra in Every Case.

This novel and handsome Miniature Swiss Clock, size 4x7 inches, was made in the mountains of Switzerland by the peasants, during the long winter months. The frame and face of the clock are all dovetailed and carved by hand. The brass works are simple but perfectly made, and the clock will keep good time if hung on a solid wall out of a draft, the pendulum being so very light that it is more or less affected by vibrations or air currents.

THE MITE LADIES' WATCH

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $3.00. Price without Subscription, $2.00. Reg. Postage 14c Extra in Every Case.

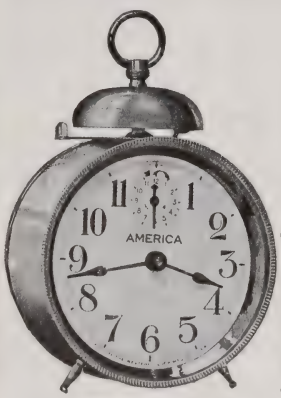
This small-sized Ladies' Watch is American made, and is the smallest low-priced ladies' watch manufactured that is guaranteed by the makers—the guarantee for one year accompanying each watch. This little watch is an excellent time-keeper, and it will prove thoroughly satisfactory. It can be supplied in either gun metal finish or full-nickeled.

AMERICA ALARM CLOCK

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription, $1.00. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

The America Alarm Clock is one of the most popular and reliable clocks of American make. It is six inches high, runs over 32 hours with one winding, has a loud, clear ring, which can be shut off at will. It is a good time-keeper, and its full-nickeled case gives it an extremely attractive appearance. This is an especially good premium.

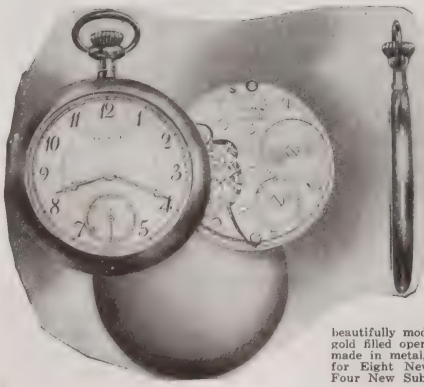
Getting up early in the morning is sometimes a task, but the insistent call of the America Alarm Clock will give you no peace until you get up and stop it. When you want an alarm clock, you want one that you can depend upon and here you have it.



RUBY WATCH

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50 and 20 Cents Additional. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.25. Price without Subscription. $1.00. Reg. Postage 14c Extra in Every Case.

The Ruby Watch is an American-made watch in a handsome, full-nickeled case, with a stem wind and a stem set. Has plain white dial, with second hand, and is an excellent time-keeper. Every watch is tested and regulated in the factory, and is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be in perfect condition. It is an ideal watch for boys, as it has a very strong double case, making the works difficult to get at, and giving them complete protection.



THIN MODEL 10-YR. GOLD WATCH

Given for Eight NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $9.00. Price without Subscription $8.00. Reg. Postage 14c Extra in Every Case.

This is a high grade, thin model, straight line lever 7-jewel watch with cut expansion balance, damaskeened plates, visible winding wheels, and is thoroughly non-magnetic. Each watch is timed and regulated and bears a five-year guarantee on the movement. Fitted in a beautifully modeled ten-year guaranteed gold filled open face case. The dial is made in metal, finished in gold. Sent for Eight New Subscriptions, or for Four New Subscriptions and $2 extra.

WEATHER HOUSE

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription, 75c. Postage 15c Extra in Every Case.

This artistic little Weather House is made in Germany and especially imported for us. It has been one of the most popular of our premiums during the past year. It perfectly fills all the requirements of a thermometer and barometer. If the weather is going to be fine the children will appear at the door; if the weather is going to be bad the children will go indoors, and the old lady will come out dressed for a storm. While the construction is very simple, the barometer is thoroughly reliable and accurate. The changing positions of the children and the old lady will be a source of constant interest to all members of the family.

FANCY WEATHER HOUSE

Given for Securing Four NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal Subscription for $4.00. Price winhout Subscription, $3.00.

Our small Weather House has been so very popular and we have had so many requests for a more elaborate house, that we offer this combination Weather House, Thermometer and Clock. The house represents a forester's home, and is 11¾ inches high and 9 inches wide. The figures represent the forester and his wife. They foretell changes in the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance, the forester appearing for bad weather and his wife for fine weather. The clock is manufactured in Switzerland and runs for forty-eight hours without winding. This is a thoroughly reliable time-piece, and is worth more than is asked for the house with subscription. The thermometer is high grade and thoroughly accurate. Sent by express at receiver's expense.

IVORYOID CLOCK

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Price without Subscription, $2.00. Postage, 15c Extra in Every Case.

This handsome little clock in ivoryoid, or fine imitation ivory, is one of the daintiest creations which we have to offer this year. It is a good timekeeper and will be a handsome ornament to any table or desk.

This Clock is an imported article, and the quantity is strictly limited. The workmanship upon the case is perfection itself, each of the joints and corners being practically invisible. You will appreciate the beauty of this clock more after you see it than you can possibly from our illustration, which loses much. This clock will make a pleasing gift for anyone at holiday time. The handsome dial and rim, in contrast with the ivory-white body of the clock, makes it stand out with sharp distinctness.

WRIST WATCH

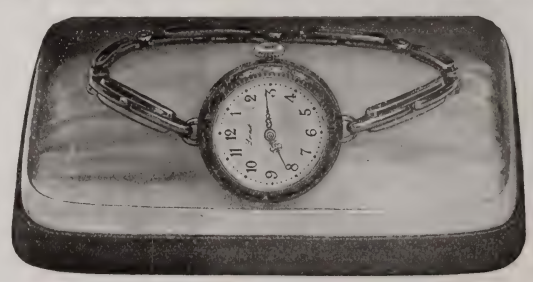
Given for Eight NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $9.00. Price without Subscription, $8.00. Registered Postage 14c Extra in Every Case.

This watch is particularly useful for horseback riding, driving, automobiling, etc., and it is worn almost exclusively by the United States cavalry. By wearing this watch on the wrist you always have the time before you, and it is not necessary to take your watch out of your pocket and put it back every time you want to see the time. If you are handling a spirited horse, you will readily appreciate the above. The movement in this watch is the regular O size Locust, 7-jewel, with the usual guarantees. The case can be had in either genuine gun metal or German silver.

GOLD-FILLED BRACELET WATCH

Given for Sixteen NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $10.00. Price without Subscription, $12.00. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

This Bracelet Watch is a combination of beauty, elegance and usefulness, and the lady of refined taste cannot be without it. The bracelet watch is of the latest design, and fits snugly around the arm. It is made of gold filled stock, warranted to wear for ten years. The watch is of decorated enamel, made of assorted exquisite colors such as only the skilled enamelers in Switzerland can make. The movement of this watch is seven jeweled, nickel finish, bridge model, pendant set and stem wind, and will give perfect satisfaction in every sense of the word. Sent for Sixteen New Subscriptions, or for Ten New Subscriptions and $3 extra.



BEAUTIFUL FURS VERY SPECIAL

All of the Furs illustrated here are carefully selected pieces of good quality. They will please every wearer fortunate enough to secure them.

Detroit Brown Seal Cap

AUSTRIAN LYNX TURBAN

Given for Four NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $3.50. Special Wholesale Price Without Subscription $2.50. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

This Turban, as shown on the wearer at the left, is made up in the latest style to match the shawl collar and muff, although it is suitable for wear with any costume. It is well made on a strong wire frame, which will hold its shape indefinitely. This is a large modish style turban, made of selected fur of same high grade as the collar and muff, and lined with a shirred satin lining.

AUSTRIAN LYNX SHAWL COLLAR AND MUFF

The Set Given for Twelve NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $9.00. Special Wholesale Price Without Subscription $8.00. Postage 50c Extra in Every Case.

This very stylish Austrian Black Hair Imitation Lynx Shawl Collar is a very heavy, long-hair fur and it has twenty-one tails around the edge of the collar and two tails on each end of the tabs. This profusion of trimming sets off in splendid style this very handsome Shawl Collar. The rich, long black fur makes a deep, heavy pile, giving a very warm and serviceable garment for winter wear. This Shawl Collar is lined with a heavy black satin lining. We will send the Shawl Collar alone for Eight New Subscriptions, or for Three New Subscriptions and $2.50 extra.

This beautiful Austrian Black Hair Imitation Lynx Muff, as shown in the illustration, has six tails on each side. The fur in the muff is a long, rich glossy black, making the muff an extremely stylish piece. It has a good quality silk-side lining, shirred in rows. This muff will be found a thoroughly serviceable article in every way, standing the hardest kind of wear, as it is extremely well sewed at the edges. We will send the Muff alone for Six New Subscriptions, or for Two New Subscriptions and $2 extra; or, we will send both the Collar and the Muff for Six New Subscriptions and $4.50.

COLLARETTE AND MUFF

The Set Given for Ten NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $8.00. Special Wholesale Price Without Subscription $7.00. Postage 50c Extra in Every Case.

This French Sable Collarette and Muff is made of an exceedingly rich, soft, smooth, fine-haired fur. It is a decided contrast to the Austrian black long-haired lynx. The Collarette is 36 inches long and nine inches wide at the back seam. It is made up in the very latest style, with two fancy tassels attached to each tab. It is lined with good quality brown satin. We will send the Sable Collarette alone for Five New Subscriptions, or for Two New Subscriptions and $2.

The Barrel Muff is made in the very latest style, and is 18 inches wide and 16 inches long.

BROWN SEAL CAP

Given for Three NEW Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $3.00. Special Wholesale Price Without Subscription $2.00. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

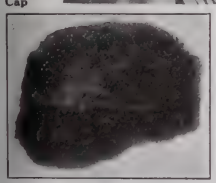
This very popular Detroit Shape Men's Fur Cap is a fine, soft brown selected fur, looking very much like real seal and often described as such. It is a thoroughly serviceable cap, made with reversible visor, wide turn-down outside band, and lined with brown satin lining. Furnished in sizes from 6¾ to 7⅞.

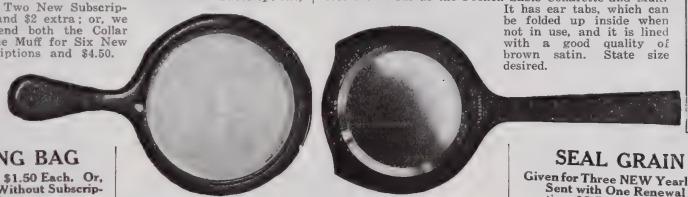
FRENCH SABLE FUR CAP

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Special Wholesale Price Without Subscription $1.25. Postage 15c Extra in Every Case.

This very pretty Cap, made of French sable, is especially for girls and boys, and is of the same quality rich, soft brown fur as the French Sable Collarette and Muff. It has ear tabs, which can be folded up inside when not in use, and it is lined with a good quality of brown satin. State size desired.

French Sable Fur Cap





SAFETY CLASP SHOPPING BAG

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal for $2.75. Price Without Subscription $1.50. Postage 12c Extra in Every Case.

This handsome Handbag is finished in seal grain, high-grade leather with strong nickel-plated frame. It will be found to be a very handsome and serviceable bag. It is kid-lined and has inside pockets with a separate small coin purse, and an entirely new safety clasp, which is a thorough protection against the bag being opened accidentally by any one but the owner, and by them with the greatest possible ease. This is the very latest style, now sold in all the best stores. It is ten inches wide by eight inches deep.

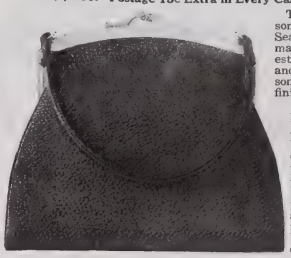
FINE HAND MIRRORS

A Choice Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, a Choice Given with One Renewal for $2.25. Price Without Subscription $1.00. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

These beautiful Hand Mirrors, with highly polished beveled-edge glass, are mounted in black ivory-finish wood, looking like ebony. They come packed each in its own strong box, and are guaranteed safe delivery.

SEAL GRAIN SHOPPING BAG

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal for $3.50. Price without Subscription, $2.50. Postage 15c Extra in Every Case.



This very handsome large size Seal Grain Bag is made from highest grade leather and is very handsomely made and finished throughout. The nickel plated and embossed frame has a patent safety clasp. The bag is kid lined and has pockets and a separate coin purse, and is about nine inches wide by ten inches deep.

THE SMILING YANKEE DOLL

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Price Without Subscription $1.50. Postage 30c Extra in Every Case, or sent Express Collect.

Fully dressed, 14 inches high, jointed at arms, limbs and head, and a face that shows soft, natural lines and an expression that is lifelike; body and head made of a strong composition, and will not break unless handled roughly. Will stand alone or sit down. Dresses can be taken off at will, washable, and easily put on. Has a winning smile that will please both old and young. Packed each in a strong box.

Coral Bead Neck Chain

CORAL BEAD NECK CHAIN

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription, 75c. Postage 4c Extra in Every Case.

This very handsome Coral Bead Neck Chain is 48 inches long, and is suitable for wear on any occasion. Its beautiful, rich, true coral color makes it a handsome ornament.

FIVE-PIECE MANICURE SET

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $300. Price Without Subscription $2.00. Postage 15c Extra in Every Case.

This five-piece Manicure Set comes in a very handsome box, and each of the five articles is first-class in every particular. There is a button hook, curling iron, nail file and two nail knives. The pure white bone handles are as clear and as perfect as pure ivory.

LUSTROUS PEARL NECKLACE

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription, $1.00. Postage 4c Extra in Every Case.

This Pearl Necklace is not a cheap, thin imitation, but is made of solid, heavy, lustrous beads not easily broken—in fact they are practically indestructible. Strung on a fine chain.

FOLDING UMBRELLA

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $3.00. Price without Subscription $2.00. Postage 30c in Every Case.

This Umbrella is the very latest model, permitting it to be folded up so that it can be carried in a 24-inch suit case. The material in this umbrella is called "Infinito" fabric, being a very glossy, highly finished, long-fiber Egyptian cotton, warranted to shed water and hold its color. The important feature of this umbrella is having your name embroidered on the inside free of charge so that you can always identify it. Postage, 30 cents extra.

INFINITO SILK UMBRELLA

Given for Four NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, with Renewal for $3.50. Price without Subscription $2.50. Postage 30c Extra in Every Case.

This Umbrella is of exactly the same design in folding handle as the one described above, the difference being in the cover, which in the Infinito Silk is a pure silk reinforced with fine Egyptian long-fibred cotton, making an extremely durable fabric, guaranteed by the manufacturers to outwear an all-silk umbrella. Your name will be embroidered on the inside free of charge. You may have your choice of a curved or straight, genuine boxwood handle, with either umbrella.

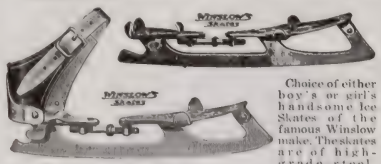
YANKEE DRILL SET

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Price without Subscription $1.50. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

The Yankee Drill Set is one of the most useful of all of the famous Yankee tools. There is always something you want to make holes in, and this drill with five drill points contained in the magazine handle will do drilling for you more quickly and easily than any other way. The small illustration at the left shows the magazine handle disclosing the drill points. The drill points are easily fastened in place by the adjustable chuck.

WINSLOW SKATES

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with Renewal for $3.00. Price without Subscription $1.75.

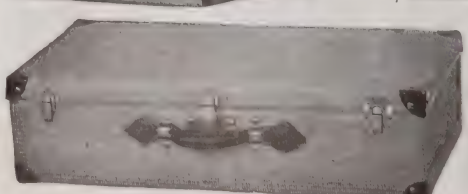


Choice of either boy's or girl's handsome Ice Skates of the famous Winslow make. The skates are of high-grade steel, nickel-plated, polished and ground. The girl's skates have a special heel clamp. Sizes, 9, 10 and 11. Sent by express at receiver's expense.

SERVICEABLE MATTING BAGS

Choice of Any One Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with Renewal for $2.50. Price without Subscription $1.25 Each.

These very light Serviceable Matting Bags are extremely popular with the traveling public. Each bag is clasped with nickel-plated fasteners and lock, and each is equipped with strong sole leather handles. Your choice of either the suit case or hand bag style. Sent by express at receiver's expense.



IDEAL MONOPLANE RACER

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $3.00. Price without Subscription $2.00.

This is a real flying machine. Any boy can fly it a thousand feet or more. It is the only three-foot racing flyer that can compete with other racers in contests and seldom fail to win. Made of the very best fully-tested materials all ready for assembling. Any boy can put it together in an hour's time. Boys, it is great sport flying the Ideal Racer. It beats kite flying, and besides the good fun, it will give you real instruction in the principles of the model aeroplane. By express at receiver's expense.

Each Racer is fully equipped with all parts necessary to make it complete. There are two 6-inch true pitch ideal fibre racing propellers, aluminum propeller hangers, solid turned bearings, and many feet of ⅛-inch finest rubber strands, which, when twisted, furnish the power. The Ideal Friction Winder for winding the rubber strands supplied for 40 cents extra.

CHILDREN'S PLAY SUITS

Rough Rider, Cowboy and Indian Suits

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Given with Renewal at $2.25. Price without Subscription $1.00. Postage 20c Extra in Every Case.

These Play Suits, as shown in the illustration, are for both boys and girls, and come in several different styles, such as Indian suits, Cowboy suits and Rough Rider suits. They come in sizes to fit boys and girls from 4 to 14 years of age. The suits are made of khaki drill, and consist of coat and trousers (or skirt) with additional pieces such as feather head dress with Indian suits, bandanna and khaki hats with cowboy or Rough Rider suits. The suits are all elaborately trimmed with bright-colored fringes, strappings, etc., and they will delight the heart of every boy and girl.

Boys' and girls' clubs can be formed, each having their own play suit in order to be comfortable, and these clubs taking tramps in field and wood will get lots of active outdoor exercise.

KHAKI INDIAN TENT

Given for Four NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with Renewal at $3.75. Price without Subscription $2.75.

This Khaki Indian Tent is made in true tepee style, is six feet high, and quite roomy. The walls are decorated in fancy, characteristic Indian figures. Boys and girls who have cowboy and Indian costumes will desire a tent to complete their outfit for play. Sent by express at receiver's expense.

THREE-COIN BANK

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.00. Price without Subscription $1.00.

The Universal Three-Coin Register and Adding Bank is the first home bank ever made which registers any one of three coins, a nickel, a dime, or quarter of a dollar, and shows the total contents of the bank upon the registering dial: The bank cannot be opened until $10 has been deposited, when it opens automatically. After depositing a coin, you simply pull the lever and the amount deposited is correctly registered and added to the total which has already appeared. Made of sheet steel, handsomely enameled and decorated. Sent by express at receiver's expense. Weight, 2½ pounds.

AUTO-STROP SAFETY RAZOR

Given for Six NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $6.00. Price without Subscription $5.00. Postage 10c Extra in Every Case.

The Auto-Strop Safety Razor guarantees the purchaser five hundred shaves from the twelve blades contained with the set. The automatic self-contained stropping feature makes this guarantee possible. The handsome leatherette case contains one heavily silver-plated safety stropping razor, twelve blades and shell horse-hide strop.

We will also send the Auto-Strop Razor for Two New Subscriptions and $2 in cash. One razor only to any one person.

Any man who has used a Safety Razor of any kind knows of the discomfort and difficulty of securing a clean shave after the first or second time he has used a new blade. This is the only safety razor with an automatic stropping device which will absolutely insure a perfect cutting edge on a blade for 600 or more shaves. This makes it by far the most economical razor in use. The appreciation of this feature of excellence will grow with every user the longer he has had the Auto-Strop Safety Razor.

RIVAL SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Price without Subscription $1.50. Postage 6c Extra in Every Case.

Our subscribers received a great many hundreds of Rival Self-filling Pens this last year and they gave very general satisfaction. The pen automatically fills itself in four or five seconds without staining the fingers by simply pressing the aperture on the side. The nib is made of 14-k solid gold. The manufacturers' guarantee accompanies each pen.

FOUNTAIN PEN 14-KARAT

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Sent with Renewal at $2.00. Price without Subscription $1.00. Postage 6c Extra in Every Case.

This is a first-class Fountain Pen with 14-k gold pen point with tip of iridium. The cut shows the pen full size. By purchasing in very large quantities, we are able to offer in this pen an extra good value for the terms made.

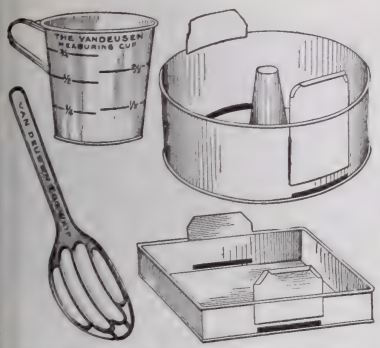
We have distributed hundreds of these pens to our subscribers, and given them a thorough trial ourselves, and know that they will stand hard service and give entire satisfaction.

Rival

VACUUM BOTTLE

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Given with One Renewal for $2.50. Price without Subscription $1.50.

The Peerless Vacuum Bottle which we offer is the pint size, and is finished in handsome green enamel solid metal case. It will keep any liquid hot for 24 hours and any liquid cold for twelve hours or more. It is extremely useful in a sick-room, for out-door trips, lunches, etc. It is thoroughly sanitary and may be taken apart to be cleaned. Sent by express at receiver's expense.



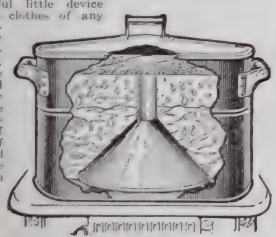
VAN DEUSEN CAKE SPECIALTIES

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $2.25. Price Without Subscription 75 Cents.

Here we have a specially selected combination of Van Deusen Cake Specialties—a round loaf mold, two square layer molds, a measuring cup and the Van Deusen Egg Whip. These cake molds require no greasing, and are simple and easy to operate, having openings at the sides covered with slides through which a knife is inserted and the cake loosened from the mold when it is ready to be removed. They are made of charcoal tin, and we are convinced all cake-makers will appreciate their special merits. This Egg Whip is the most thorough and expeditious egg whip ever produced. It is stamped from a solid piece of tinplate and is very strong. The groove feature adds fifty per cent. to its effectiveness and durability. A copy of Van Deusen's Famous Cake Recipes sent with each set. Sent by express at receiver's expense. Weight, 3 lbs.

PERFECTION VACUUM CLOTHES WASHER

Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $3.50. Price Without Subscription $2.50.



This wonderful little device actually washes clothes of any kind very quickly, without any hand labor whatsoever, cleaner, whiter, more sanitarily and more perfectly than can be done by hand. It is the result of many years of experiment and operates on the vacuum suction plan. After the water has been heated and a sufficient quantity of soap added to it, according to directions, the rapid motion of the water, caused by the strong power of the vacuum, forces hot, soapy water through the clothes, cleansing them thoroughly and making them snowy white. All you have to do then is to rinse, blue and hang out to dry. The Perfection Vacuum Clothes Washer is warranted and will last you indefinitely, as there is no mechanism about it to get out of order. By express at receiver's expense. Weight, 4 lbs.

PREMO FIRELESS COOKER

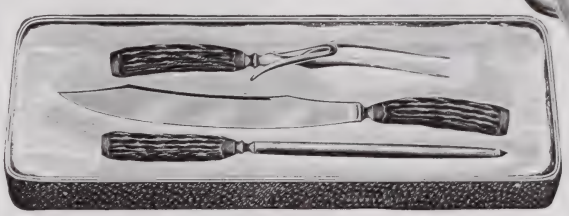
Given for Four NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $3.50. Price Without Subscription $2.50.

The Premo Fireless Cooker weighs only ten pounds, and is sanitary in every respect. Cereals and other foods cooked in the Cooker will stay hot for twelve to fifteen hours. This is due to the heat-retaining materials used in their manufacture. The Premo Fireless Cooker contains one six-quart granite enameled ware kettle and one two-quart granite enameled ware pudding dish and one granite enameled ware cover of the best quality made. Capacity of large kettle is six quarts if used in Cooker without the pudding dish. The Premo will cook cereals or any food after it has been brought to the boiling point, which means that all you have to do is to take about five minutes to heat any food, put the kettles in the Cooker and the Cooker will do the rest. (See directions with each Cooker.) It will save you eighty per cent. of your fuel bill. It will save you from four to six hours in the kitchen every day in the year, as it can be used for cooking breakfast, dinner or supper. Sent by express at receiver's expense. Weight, 10 lbs.

THREE-PIECE CARVING SET

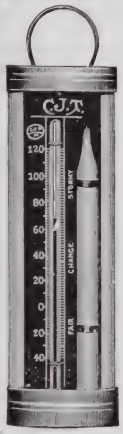
Given for Three NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal for $3.00. Price Without Subscription $2.25.

This very handsome Carving Set in lined leatherette box will please every receiver and is bound to give satisfaction. Each piece is made of high-grade steel, highly finished and polished. The handles are genuine stag horn, solidly mounted on steel shank, rigid and firm. Each piece is hand finished and polished. The fork has a hinged spring guard and standard. The knife is a long, fine blade, highly tempered, ground and sharpened and ready for use. The steel for putting an extra keen edge on the carver is of special steel, scored and grooved. Sent by express at receiver's expense.



THERMOMETER AND STORM INDICATOR

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, with One Renewal at $2.00. Price Without Subscription 75 Cents. Postage 10 Cents Extra in Every Case.



This Combination Thermometer and Storm Indicator is mounted on heavy copper back and frame. It is guaranteed accurate and reliable.

YANKEE HAIR CLIPPER

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50. Or, with One Renewal at $2.25. Price Without Subscription $1.25. Postage 10 Cents Extra in Every Case.

This is the best medium-priced Hair Clipper made to-day. The handles are made of stamped sheet steel, highly polished and finished. The cutters are accurately milled. The clippers are nickel-plated throughout and are guaranteed.

FINEST QUALITY SHEARS AND SCISSORS

Choice of Any One Given for One NEW Subscription at $1.50. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $2.00. Price Without Subscription 75 Cents. Postage 10 Cents Extra in Every Case.

The eight-inch Shears are made of the very finest high-grade steel, hand finished, nickel-plated, warranted rust proof. No better shears than these and the Buttonhole Scissors and Embroidery Scissors are made by anybody. The Buttonhole Scissors are four inches long and the Embroidery Scissors are 3½ inches.

The Shears and both pairs of Scissors will be sent as a special premium for Two New Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 each, or with One Renewal at $2.50.

PERFECT FOOT SCRAPER

Given for One NEW Yearly Subscription at $1.50 and 20 Cents Additional. Or, Sent with One Renewal for $2.25. Price Without Subscription $1.00.

It's an invitation to everybody to wipe their shoes on such a perfect foot scraper. It cleans the sole and brushes the sides of your shoe in one operation. The Perfect Foot Scraper automatically adjusts itself to any size shoe. Scraper may be rotated and cleaned or swept under with ease. Brushes are made of best stiff bristle and firmly clamped in place. By express at receiver's expense. Weight, 3 lbs.

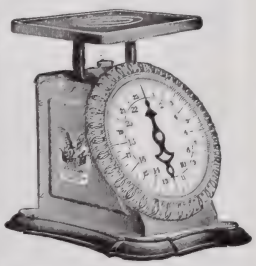
UNIVERSAL COFFEE PERCOLATOR

Given for Five NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $5.00. Price Without Subscription $4.00.

Every one wants a Coffee Percolator and those we offer are the very best made. The illustration shows the interior construction. Five minutes after filling with cold water and placing on the stove, it will commence to percolate, the hot water running up through the center tube and spraying over the coffee and returning into the pot. In fifteen minutes the coffee will be ready and will be as clear as amber. Made of heavy solid cast aluminum throughout. Capacity six cups. New Model Nickel-Plated Copper Coffee Percolator, same construction and capacity as above, given for Three New Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 each, or with One Renewal at $4.00. Price, $3.00. Sent by express at receiver's expense.

HOUSEHOLD SCALE

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, with One Renewal at $2.50. Price Without Subscription $1.50.



Strongly made Family Scale, handsomely finished in black enamel and gold. It weighs up to 24 pounds, and the dial shows division of pounds in ounces. The six-inch slanting dial face makes it very easy to be read when set upon an ordinary table. It has a brass regulator screw, allowing adjustment of spring before weighing. It is warranted accurate by the manufacturers. Sent by express at receiver's expense. Weight 4lbs.

LITTLE GIANT FOOD CHOPPER

Given for Two NEW Yearly Subscriptions at $1.50 Each. Or, Sent with One Renewal at $2.50. Price Without Subscription $1.50. Sent by Express at Receiver's Expense.

The Little Giant Food Chopper, size No. 15, is a wonder in what it will accomplish. Mrs. Rorer calls it "A perfect chopper." One of its chief features of excellence is the ease with which it can be cleaned, as it opens with a hinge through the center, exposing every part. It is heavily tinned throughout, making it rust proof. Each chopper is supplied with four cutters.

"EASY" SELF-HEATING SADIRON

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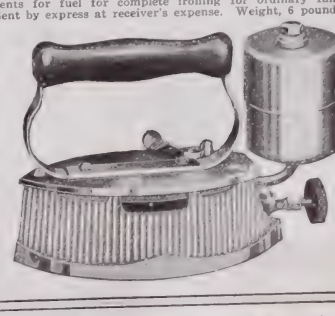

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We offer here the very latest model Talking Machine, portable, compact and complete. It is operated by means of a powerful noiseless spring motor, which can be wound while running if desired. It plays either ten-inch or twelve-inch disc records of any make. It has a convenient adjustment of speed which will obtain the best results from the record. The sound waves gathered by the reproducer are led through the tone-arm to the tone-chamber in the base of the cabinet and are magnified by the construction of the tone-arm and the tone-chamber so that the music is exactly the same as that from which the original records were made, without "cramping" or distortion. The cabinet is well made of clear-grained oak, and measures 11⅞ in. wide, 11⅞ in. deep, and 6½ in. high. Sent by express at receiver's expense. Weight, 17 pounds.

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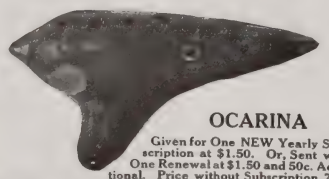
These are standard Double Disc Records, that is, with songs and music on both sides of the disc. Each disc gives you two complete selections, the ten records giving you twenty selections in all. A sample list of sacred songs is given herewith.

a236	Abide with Me.	Baritone solo
	Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?	Tenor solo
a888	Free as a Bird.	Contralto solo
	Ring the Bells of Heaven.	Male quartette
a757	God Be With You.	Quartette
	Heaven Is Thy Home.	Tenor solo
a235	Ninety and Nine.	Tenor solo
	Nazareth.	Baritone solo
a83	Rock of Ages.	Tenor solo
	Calvary.	Baritone solo
a24	Sabbath Day.	Quartette
	All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.	Baritone solo
a244	Safe in the Arms of Jesus.	Tenor solo
	Onward Christian Soldiers.	Quartette
a266	Throw Out the Life-Line.	Tenor solo
	What a Friend We Have in Jesus.	Duet
a262	Yield Not to Temptation.	Tenor solo
	Hosanna.	Baritone solo
a849	The Sweet Story of Old.	Contralto solo
	Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me	Duet



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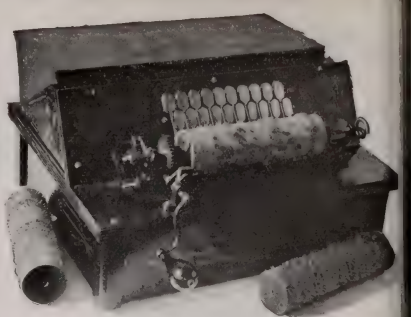

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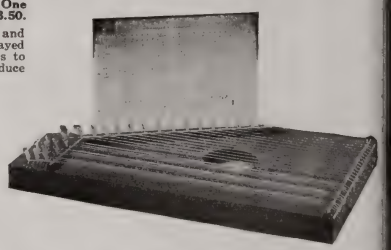

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Contents

The Angels
Carol for Christmas
Decoration Day
Easter Song
Evening Prayer
The Flag Song
Gifts of God
Grace Before Meals
Morning Prayer
New Year's Day
The Song of the Sabbath Bells
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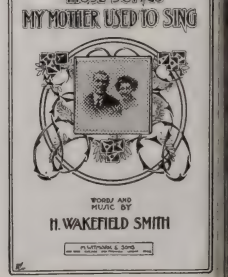
Dixie Land, I Love You
Driving Home the Cows from Pasture
For Killarney and You
Good Night and Good-Bye
If All My Dreams Were Made of Gold
In the Golden Afterwhile
Somebody's Mother
Only a Message from Home Sweet Home
Kathleen Kildare
Those Songs My Mother Used to Sing

Instrumental

Chimes—Novelette
Fighting the Flames—March
Light of Heaven—Reverie
On Wings of Love—Reverie
Red Fez March
Sunset in the Valley—Reverie
Sweet Dreams of Home—Meditation
The Chimes—Reverie



HE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

Continued from page 1036

acles of the divine will, and with sympathies somewhat lowered in erature, went out the door and he widow alone in her little rose-wered stronghold.

livious of the thoughts and words her, Amy Kerner, as the days weeks went by, sat dreaming close e sweet-smelling orange-boughs e lattice, while she drew threads arl and gold and rose in and out e delicate cashmere. With the of her weaving, a look of patient settled about her kindly mouth, nder the spell of her dreaming, ilken flowers and foliage took on deal beauty of the dream.

hen she was a bit weary with ap-tion, she would take from the el a finely bound copy of a very ook, and seat herself in the high-d wooden rocker. She invariably d first to the fly-leaf, and read nscription traced by the hand was gone; after which she would the leaves slowly, and repeat half familiar words that caught her

he beloved," she would murmur, l dwell in safety." "Thy Maker r husband—" "He is with thee;" hold thine hand and will keep

idences of love were not lacking. n she went into the little shed-en to get her simple meals, she vered fruits and flowers lying the table. Glasses of jelly and y conceits of cooking found their to the front door. Strong-armed ibors were ever ready with offers d a hand. Amy accepted grate-the little attentions that ad-d a possible return, but when , the florist, came in one day with ffer to work her small garden, remarked that he didn't exactly time for it, but wouldn't like to er kept out of her vegetables, hesitated.

can't take your time, Mr. Allen, for my advantage—No," she said y, "some other way will be found." thanked him, and spoke of other gs.

. Allen, however, coughed once or , and his face flushed. "Well, of e it takes time—but—well, the is, I—I'm making some experi-s in flowers, and I'd rather like to ome more ground. I—"

ny's clear eyes surveyed him ghtfully. "Then if it is an advan-to you, we will make the arrange-," she said with quiet dignity.

e cloak she had been embroidering he crippled child was finally com-d. Examining the finished work, held the little garment out at s length. Upon the soft, creamy ground of French cashmere, a n in yellow and white poppies in-oven with arabesques outlined the er.

t *is* the very prettiest of all," ght Amy. A look of puzzled won-rossed her face. "It almost seems I'd never seen it before. I won-ow I came to make those wreaths." e carried the cloak, under stiffly d palms and languorous magno-to where, fenced in by festoons ink and white Cherokee roses, the an asylum opened its sheltering s. As she went through the s, a motor-car like a moving ce floated up to the curb, and a who bore the hall-mark of a per-ge alighted.

half hour later, the lady was ding in the nursery, exclaiming at t of the babies being arrayed for afternoon's outing.

never saw anything like it in my such embroideries in an orphan-And such marvelous work! Do me—"

he nurse touched her arm, and ted, whispering, to where Amy t to fasten the new cloak about neck of the crippled baby.

You say," murmured the lady, t she is a widow and almost pen-niless? Must make her own living? Well, I'll give her a chance to do it, that is sure. May I speak with her?"

Amy listened to the lady in troubled silence. It was a strange offer, but made with an earnest assurance that was convincing. The matron was enthusiastic.

"Mrs. Kent is a senator's wife, Amy; and she has a magnificent mansion in Washington. Just think of going there with her, and having all the embroidering you can do—at big prices!"

"And you shall live for a time right in my house," added Mrs. Kent kindly. "I'll see that you are cared for."

Amy adjusted the last loop on the cloak before she spoke. Her voice trembled a bit.

"I am grateful. It is a wonderful kindness. I cannot understand it—so much kindness in the world! But—my husband—I—I must wait—to-morrow I will tell you. I must think what *he* would want me to do."

. . . . .

It was late when Amy reached her home, and she entered a mystery of moonlight, palm-branches, and towering eucalyptus, under which the little dark bungalow dwelling was hidden in masses of shadowy foliage like a nest. Her heart swelled with humble gratitude. How tenderly she was cared for! There seemed in the perfumed air an almost tangible, personal something that she could touch and speak to. Was this—could this be love?

In the night she woke, and wept, and wondered. Arising, she looked out of the lattice to where the calla lilies were growing in the moonlight. She drank in the warm whiteness of their beauty, and wept, and slept again. The next morning, before starting her work, she seated herself with the old book by the front lattice, where, through the blue plumbago, she could see the dew still sparkling on the grass. A mocking-bird flew down from an orange-tree to snatch a surprised worm from its moist home in the sod, and flew instantly back to the perfumed perch among the orange-flowers.

Amy began turning the leaves of the book. "Commit thy way," she murmured; "trust also in Him—"

She remembered with a sudden sharp pang that Mrs. Kent would come to-day for her answer. She fluttered the leaves. "And thine ears—shall hear a word behind thee—this is the way—"

She arose and brought out her work basket. It had occurred to her that little crippled Julia ought to have a new cap, and she had decided to embroider one for her.

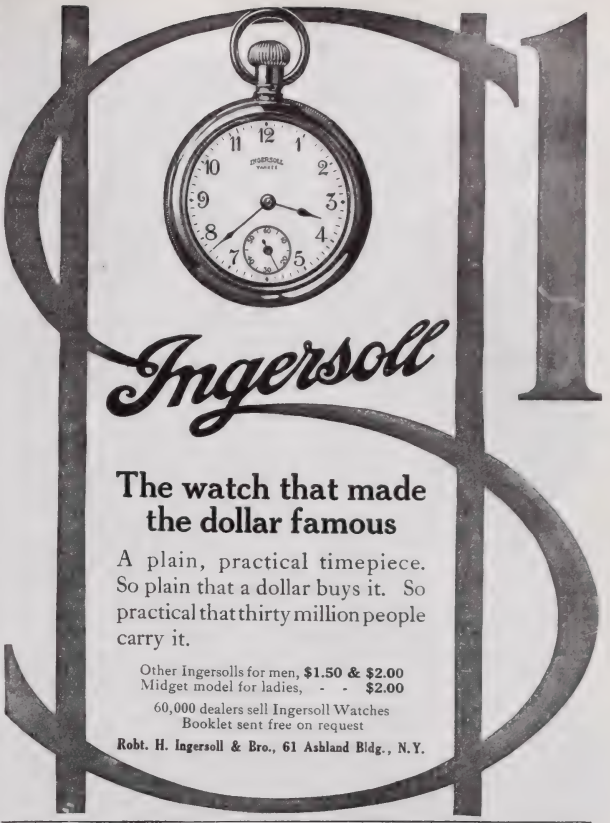
When it became known in the neighborhood that Mrs. Kent had departed for Washington without Amy Kerner, it was Martha Spence who imparted the fact to Mrs. Cotton, when the two ladies met in the butcher's shop.

"Would you believe," asked Martha breathlessly, "that she told the matron that *he* wouldn't want her to leave her home? How on airth does she know what *he* wants now? She must be a bit *touched*, I say. Why, she jest sets there and embroiders 'n' embroiders, an' don't go out t' try an' sell any of it—though goodness knows that wouldn't be much use; she'd far better go to her folks. There's lots o' ways she could pay fer her keep. *But*—jest wait a minute!"—Mrs. Cotton had made a gesture suggestive of washing her hands of the whole situation, and was turning away—"I hain't told you *half*." Martha's eyes gleamed with the excited joy of the news-bearer. "Would you believe it? She's taken that little crippled Julia—adopted her—took her as her own! Now!"

Mrs. Cotton's impatient frown gave way to a stony glare. After an instant, she dropped the ejaculation: "Scotland's burning!"

With a basis of real affection for

Continued on next page



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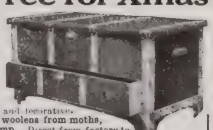

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THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

Continued from preceding page

Amy, nevertheless, surface emotions regarding her improvidence could not keep the two ladies away from her bungalow longer than toward the end of a week. As Martha, one late afternoon, was hitching her stooped figure along the cement pavement as fast as she could carry it, she saw the minister and his wife going up Amy's gravel path. Martha tried to attract their attention by signs, for her gleaming eyes and excited breath needed to be relieved of a burden by impartation. Failing this, she hurried her steps, and reached Amy's open door just behind Mr. and Mrs. Brace.

The sound of a voice raised in forceful admonition caused the three newcomers to pause on the threshold. In front of the mantel stood Mrs. Cotton. Her face revealed signs of struggling sympathy and righteous wrath; her eyes were directed to the lattice where Amy was standing. Upon the table at the widow's side, the feet of little Julia rested, and the child, in a gown of pale blue linen embroidered delicately in white daisies, was responding to the newly found love by rapturously clasping and patting the face of her adopted mother.

"Do you want us to think you are clear crazy, Amy Kerner? You've gone now and cut off your last chance of keeping your head above water, and holding your independence. Why, don't you know that you can't leave that child a minute without somebody to look after her?"

Mr. Brace had taken a step forward, but Mrs. Cotton, at sight of reinforcements, had begun to lose self-control.

"Don't you realize," her voice rose, "that with what little you have oozing out, and nothing coming in, you're going to find yourself where you'll have to take *charity?* Why—"

"Lemme tell you," burst in Martha of the gleaming eyes.

Mrs. Cotton flashed at her. "We know well enough what *you* advocate—her going to relatives. But what relatives will consent to take her with this child on her hands? And *legally adopted,* mind you! She can't get rid of her now. And Amy—" she turned with waxing anger and flushing face to the widow—why, you, at your age—you're not an *old* woman—you could likely as not—plenty of women do—*marry* again!"

Amy Kerner's form straightened. Her pale face contracted grievously. With a gasp, she caught the crippled child in her arms, pressed it convulsively to her breast, and walked quickly away a few steps. In a corner, she turned about and faced what seemed to her the united powers of the inferno. Anything in the nature of strife or reproach was a foreign element to her tender soul; but Mrs. Cotton's last words were like vitriol poured upon a wound.

The minister had been making futile efforts to stem the tide of Mrs. Cotton's indignation, while an embarrassed smile hovered about his mouth. When Amy turned at bay, however, quick moisture shone in his eyes.

"Perhaps I can help Mrs. Kerner solve her problem," he now said quietly. "Little Julia was given into my care with the hope of finding a proper home for her. I thought the safest way would be to place her temporarily in the asylum, knowing that any one taking her from there would be moved by the tenderest and most charitable of motives. I am deeply gratified at the result. Julia could not have found a better home, or a warmer welcome. And with Julia will come to her guardian, for life, fifty dollars a month."

Mrs. Cotton sat down. Martha Spence raised her hands speechlessly, and the minister's wife burst into tears. But Amy Kerner only clasped more closely the little crooked form and buried her face in the soft embroideries of the child's robe.

Martha's own news could not be kept longer. Half laughing, half crying, she broke out in a choked voice:

"And what do you think! That senator's wife who was goin' through the asylum, has written to the matron that Mis' Kerner could jest as well do the work fer Washington folks right here in her own home. For *she'll* get the orders for her, and she says there will be a plenty of 'em. And she's ordered four already — and sent the money. And what do you think she's goin' t' give fer jest one cloak? *Twenty-five dollars!*"

ANSWERED PRAYERS

IN THE deepest sorrow of my life I prayed to the living God, and he answered my prayer. I give him all the honor and glory, for I knew not the way myself."

There is tragedy and triumph in that letter, coming from a lady in Illinois. It would make, too, a good text for a sermon on prayer. The sorrow was very deep, but the *living* God was wise and mighty and kind. It is the people who have this view of God, this conviction about him, who are likely to get results when they pray; particularly when coupled, as in this case, with deep humility. This woman "knew not the way," and acknowledged it; her lack of wisdom was quickly matched by God's omniscience, her weakness by his power, and now that the trouble is over she feels in her heart that all the credit is due to Jehovah. Her humility, her confession of helplessness, her simple trust made the pathway along which his power could sweep into her life, bringing light and gladness.

Here is another letter, which teaches important lessons about prayer: "Our precious boy was saved after going through a terrible operation, and two years of sickness when even doctors gave him up. I concentrated my mind and energies on him and did all in my power, and with the help of God and a good doctor his life is spared."

In this case, as in certain of the Saviour's miracles, there was something which could be done by the one who was asking help. This mother prayed, but while she prayed she kept busy nursing the sick son; and she chose a good doctor, recognizing that God is in science as well as in grace, and that his divine healing often comes through the fingers of a skilful surgeon and through the chemical properties of medicines. Prayer and intelligence, faith and works must go together as we try to bring God's power to bear upon our human needs.

Further acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from E. T., Vinita, Okla.; E. S., Greenville, Tenn.; Mrs. W., Randolph, Ill.; A. S. S., Richfield, Pa.; J. D. D., Greenville, Mich.; J. F. E., Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mrs. H. S. B., Minneapolis, Minn.; Subscriber, Chester, Ill.; C. S. L., New York, N. Y.; F. C. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Reader, Hurley, S. D.; F. W., Ashhow, N. C.; A. M. G., York, Pa.; Reader, Twelve Mile, Ind.; J. D. D., San Diego, Calif.; C. E. B., Hancock, N. Y.; E. M., Wynantskill, N. Y.; B. F. A., Assonet, Mass.; S. H. L., Winnebago, Mich.; E. McC., Moundridge, Kan.; Reader, Belgrade, Mo.; W. C. B., Providence, R. I.; M. A. M., Pennsylvania; F. M. A., Readville, Mass.; T. M. W., St. Louis, Mo.; W. F. H., West New York, N. J.; J. M. G., Litchfield, Mich.; M. E. O., Broken Arrow, Okla.; R. S., Hummelstown, Pa.; R. J. L., Bussey, Iowa; J. M. B., Northfield, Vt.; R. L. S., Canon City, Colo.; W. W. C., Butler, Pa.; E. E. D., Watsontown, Pa.; R. U., Amsterdam, N. Y.; C. C. C., Dallas, N. C.; A. M. McC., Cochranville, Pa.; J. F., Chicago, Ill.; H. B., West Shokan, N. Y.; Reader, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; E. H., Pennsylvania; C. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. E. O., Califon, N. J.; M. E. T., LaGrangeville, N. Y.; L. J., Cutler, Ind.; A Reader, Barronvale, Pa.; A. A. C., Chandler, Okla.; M. E. C., Roxbury, N. Y.; C. C. P., Wellsville, N. Y.; M. L., Warsaw, Ky.; One of the C. H. Family, Galton, Ohio; E. M., Danville, Ky.; G. E. H., Dayton, Ohio; M. M. G., New York; N. B., Macon, Miss.; S. A. T., Iowa; R. B., Saint Patrick, Iowa; A. N. R., Florin, Pa.; A Reader, Denver, Colo.; H. L. M., Center Village, N. Y.; C. T., Hebron, Iowa; A Subscriber, Berwich, Ohio

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THE MAW-KEN

.ST year a brochure upon this interesting people, whose home is on and about the rocky Mergui Archipelago in the Bay of al just off the coast of Tenassiurma, was published by the In- Government in connection with thnological Survey. This ac- was from the pen of Mr. W. J. rripiet, and in it we find the Ken classed as Mongolians. To classification we must defer, h there are many apparently reasons to question its accuracy. features resemble this race only ly. The eyes are not markedly e, but the cheek-bone is high. en first seen in their boats at the of Mergui, or loitering about in of food, the Maw-Ken appear to rraded savages; but an intimate al knowledge of them dispels lusion. Clothing is a new thing ost of them, and they generally d upon the cast-offs which they ick up in Mergui. The wearing kind of apparel gives them the rance of the nursery rhyme begwho come to town, some in rags ome in tags—there are none in gowns. Men and women gen- have the upper portion of the exposed, and few of them seem erstand the art of being personclean. Their boats are evilng from the offal which they nto them when preparing things e pot, and all swarm with creepings innumerable.

n in the streets of the town, color, which is a true brown e that of the Burman), attracts ion, and their peculiar gait them objects of curiosity. In ng they carry the body forward, keeping their balance on a pitch- at. Their boats are their homes. live, cook and sleep in them. fashion of them is strange. and stern are scooped out, to for entering and leaving the An attempt to enter from the night cause an upset.

name Selone, Salone, Selon, or g—one may take one's choice— ir Burmese designation; but they hemselves Maw-Ken. The name de up of two words—O'maw, to ; and O'ken, salt water (or the O'en is fresh water. "Drowned sea" is their self-given name. tains a history, and for this rea- is regrettable that the govern- paper upon the race has not ed it. The Maw-Ken explain years and years ago they had a om upon Kissering Island. The ese came down, drove them out founded a Burmese kingdom. y there are remains of a large ese settlement in the middle of sland. The Maw-Ken were thus driven out into the island to live a roaming life. Whenever they attempted to settle, they were molested by Burmese and Malays. When first they took to the sea life they made the sides of their boats too low, and during the monsoon weather the sea came in and numbers of boats were swamped and the occupants drowned in the sea—hence their name. Profiting by experience; they added a section to the sides of the boats. This is marked off by a rib and may be seen in the construction of their boats today.

A few of the Maw-Ken have settled on islands. These people cultivate fruit and vegetables. They are still harrassed by Malays, who, when the fruit is ripe, will land and clear away with as much as they want. In days of yore the acts of piracy were worse. Even now the Malays hold up solitary Maw-Ken boats and rob them of their provisions. The Maw-Ken are a defenseless people, and there are no police in the Mergui Archipelago. Since the pearl fishing has been taken out of their hands, they find it hard to get a living. They cannot manage deep diving in costumes, so they cannot work for those who have taken out a license for a diving-pump.

Many years ago a missionary worked amongst the Maw-Ken and invented a script, adopting Burmese characters and adding some Roman ones. He had an illustrated reader printed in this script. The effects of his work have been practically obliterated by time. The writer of this article is giving them a phonetic Roman script. He has three keen students—a man and two boys. A dictionary getting on for two thousand words has been compiled, and is being added to daily. Some translation work has been done, including the Lord's Prayer and the Decalogue.

The Maw-Ken have a romantic history, which it is not easy to trace. They "forget" when questioned, until they feel they can trust their questioner. They respond to sympathetic treatment. Some are ready to settle and to build a large village as soon as the arrangements are completed for some one to take charge of them. A scheme has been placed before the government and has met with kind consideration and promise of support.

W. G. WHITE.

In forwarding this interesting little story of an almost unknown people, Miss Susan E. Haswell, of Ahlore, Burma, writes:

Mr. White's term of service as chaplain of Moulmein's will close in a few months, and he will go to his home on furlough; after which, God permitting, he plans to return to work among this people. It is a work which will call for great self-denial and patience. I know that Mr. White will be grateful for prayer for God's blessing on the work and for any other sympathy the Lord's people may be led to give.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1035

is latter part of the lesson refero the healing of the blind man is at the teacher of children should nt. It will be well to enlarge it by showing pictures of schools lind children. A few years ago was one school in Canton, China, a mat house, placed upon a of land that had been donated, modated a school of more than children, where not only reading ounting were taught, but many arts; best of all, the blind chilwere taught to see their Saviour the eyes of their souls. We vis- school for blind children in Pe- accommodated in comfortable ings, quite artistic in form. We glad to see it recognized, believhat the beautiful appeals to blind e in ways that we know not of.

The Golden Text

has in it the promise of light, the of life, and they shall have it who e followers of the Lord Jesus Christ; all are blind until they do. A new invention called the "optophone" has recently been made; by means of it blind people are made to see through their ears, not objects, but light. It is a box connected with telephones which are attached to the ears by flexible wires. It may be adjusted so that the brightest light, either sunlight or electric light, produces silence and then various shades of darkness produce sounds of corresponding intensity; or it may be adjusted to darkness so that light produces a sound whose loudness measures the intensity of the light; then moonlight is very audible, and the sun roars! It must prove of no small benefit to the blind to thus see light, opening up a new world to those who have never seen, and making it safer for them to move about. But no optophone is needed to reveal the glories of the light of heaven; Jesus alone can do that.

"While ye have the light, believe on the light that ye may become the sons of light." (John 12: 36.)

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

GOOD TIMES IN THE COZY CORNER

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Your school work is in full swing now, and you are busy, I know. As I said to you in September, master it if you can. It is *mastering* that counts. Choose the most difficult part of your task first; attack it with a will. The easier parts will soon yield and you have saved time then to come along with the Aunt in the Cozy Corner to have some real fun.

I shall need you all as the winter comes on, for we shall be having such good times together. The plans for many of our good times will appear right here in our dear Department, and others I shall be writing you about from time to time in answer to your nice letters. We have so many new guests in the Cozy Corner that we must give them no end of happy entertainment, you see.

Have you ever played Country Spelling-Bee? If you have not, do ask mother to consent to your inviting your schoolmates to spend some Saturday evening with you, when there are no lessons, and play it. It is no end of fun, I assure you.

In the Autumn Shade and Sunlight

A Country Spelling-Bee

EACH guest on arriving is presented with a small bean bag, either red or green, which he or she keeps until later in the evening, when, after much mysterious guessing as to what the bean bags are for, the guests are asked to form into two lines, the "Red Bags" and the "Green Bags," for a spelling-bee. A captain is chosen to give out the words, which should not be over three or four letters; but they must be spelled *backwards* and very promptly, which is not so easy. For every mistake the speller must pay a forfeit, and redeeming of forfeits is one of the best parts of the bee. Doughnuts, taffy, lollypops, apple cake, popcorn balls, bags of roasted chestnuts, slices of pumpkin or mince pie, coffee in tin cups with treacle sweetening and coffee-cake are appropriate refreshments for a Country Spelling-Bee.

A Pretty Parlor Trick

CAN you pick up a handkerchief twisted ropewise by its opposite ends, and, without letting go of either end, tie a knot in the middle of it?

This is the way to do it. Lay the twisted handkerchief in a straight line upon the table. Fold your arms so that the fingers of the right hand come out above the elbow of the left arm, and the fingers of the left hand pass below the elbow of the right arm. With arms in this position bend forward and pick up the handkerchief, the right hand picking the left-hand end of the handkerchief, the left hand picking up the right-hand end of the handkerchief. On drawing your arms apart it will be found that a knot is tied in the center of the handkerchief.

Soap Needed

WHILE the agent was selling farm machinery at the house, the friend at the gate held his horse, and a conversation took place with the small boy of the family.

With grave incredulity he was saying: "Are you sure you are only nine years old? I think there must be some mistake."

The boy was positive, but to make sure, "Ma!" he called. "Ain't I just nine years old?"

"Yes, son."

After a time he ventured: "Say, mister, what made you think I was over nine years old?"

"Why," said the stranger, "I couldn't understand how you could get so dirty in nine years."

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

The missing letter in last week's puzzle is E.

A SONG FROM THE SUDS

QUEEN of my tub, I merrily sing,
While the white foam rises high;
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
Then out in the free fresh air they swing,
Under the sunny sky.

"I wish we could wash from our hearts and souls
The stains of the week away,
And let water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be indeed
A glorious washing-day!

"Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow or care or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we bravely wield a broom.

"I am glad a task to me is given,
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say,
'Head, you may think; Heart, you may feel,
But, Hand, you shall work alway!'"

LOUISE M. ALCOTT.

I am lovingly always,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

LESSONS IN CRUELTY

A ROBIN REDBREAST in a cage
Puts all of heaven in a rage;
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State;
A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
He who shall hurt a little wren
Shall never be beloved by men;
He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved. . . .
Kill not the moth or butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh;
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou shalt grow fat.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Good-Night Verse

Mercy shall be built up forever; thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

—*From the Psalms.*

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Increased the Weight
of as many more

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural, permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense*.

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Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as:

Indigestion Nervousness Constipation Sleeplessness Anae[illegible] Weaknesses Rheumatism Headaches Torpid Liver Catar[illegible]

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to wo[illegible] Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is [illegible] what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this [illegible] movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonde[illegible] experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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(Expressage extra.)

VC398. Here is a wonderful coat value. Smartly styled and beautifully tailored of good quality **Tibet** in black or blue. A heavy, warm material closely resembling broadcloth. Cut on modish straight lines, with the new loose-fitting back and made with yoke lining and facings of self material lining a correct, graceful hang. Novel deep shawl collar is attractively embroidered with silk appliqué set in with velvet. The sleeves are trimmed to match, Unimedland closes with three jet buttons. Excellent $6.50 value. Special **$3.98**

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SERGE VD398 $3.98

OUR PEACE MISSION TO MEXICO

Continued from page 1031

sympathies and commands my gratitude. You may be sure that, as a man, as a Mexican, and as commander of the revolution, I desire vehemently the arrival of peace, established on liberty and justice. I am confident that the motives I express, and the manifestation of which has been shown in the spirit and the opinions of my comrades in this struggle, will result in complete justification in the lofty moral standard of yourself and the association you represent; and you may be sure also that if the result establishes in my country those principles which the revolution upholds, I am disposed to make any personal sacrifice, however great, and also all of my comrades, and shall be pleased with the suggestions and inspirations which the men of good will may be pleased to accord me. Reiterating to you my profound estimation, and requesting that you kindly present the same to the association you so ably represent, I am pleased to offer myself as your most attentive, sure servant and affectionate friend, P. OROZCO, JR."

This letter is stamped with a seal, reading: "Commander in Chief of the National Revolutionary Government. Staff Headquarters."

Since my return to New York I have kept in daily touch with the Mexican situation through sympathetic friends in Mexico and Texas. Important conferences have been held with influential Americans, who pledge their heartiest co-operation in this mission of peace; and should I favorably consider the urgent invitations to visit Mexico again, I shall, in the name of the Prince of Peace, hopefully pursue this merciful mission, to which I have placed my hands and into which I have placed my heart.

HENRY ALLEN TUPPER.

. . .

Dr. Tupper, who has been a frequent contributor to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has placed at its disposal the story of his peace mission and its hopeful results. He visited President Taft at Beverly (Mr. Taft is an honorary president of the Peace Forum), and the latter, while expressing his earnest desire for amicable solution of Mexico's troubles, regretted that in his official capacity he could recognize only one authority, that of the Madero administration. Mr. Tupper has also been in communication with the Foreign Relations Committee of Congress with a view to enlisting its aid in the promotion of peace. President Madero has been fully informed of recent events in this connection and it has been recently announced in the press despatches that Madero's government is willing to grant amnesty to Orozco and his associate leaders in the revolution provided they lay down their arms. Whether such an offer has been formally communicated to Orozco and his associates cannot now be learned; but the fact that both sides desire peace on honorable and satisfactory terms is a significant tribute to the influence of the American peace-lovers, who undertook a task which to most men would have seemed doubtful and dangerous, but which may yet prove to be just the one bold and timely act that was needed to pave the way to peace in Mexico.

NO REAL SUCCESS WITHOUT CHRIST

MAY I say something as to the article headed "How to Find Success" in your paper dated September 18, 1912, page 903? The statement to boys, "You have but one life to live, and it is immeasurably important that you do not make a mistake," is most solemnly true. Will it do to leave Christ out when he says most emphatically, "Without me ye can do nothing"? There may be success as men count things, and religion too, without him; but it is written, "All our righteousnesses (the best things about us) are as filthy rags," Isa. 64: 6. Of course, temperance, industry, etc., are good and commendable in their way; but the Scriptures declare, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God," Rom. 8: 8. No doubt Nicodemus was moral and religious, but it was to him and not to some depraved person that Christ said, "Ye must be born again," John 3: 7. Paul was a religious man before he was converted (see Acts 26: 5); but from Phil. 3: 4-9 it will be seen that as for all those fine things "in the flesh," including his own righteousness which is of the law, he afterwards counted but loss and filth that he might be found in Christ, not having his "own righteousness, . . . but that which is through the faith of Christ."

The word "religion" and its derivatives occur but a very few times in Scripture, and generally, if not always, with qualifying terms. James 1: 26 contains the words, "This man's religion is vain," and the next verse goes on to speak of "pure religion and undefiled before God," showing that all religion is not that.

Perhaps there is no occupation better morally as men look at things than the cultivation of the soil, and yet it is said, "The plowing of the wicked is sin," Prov. 21: 4, and it must be remembered that by "wicked" the Bible does not mean necessarily those who are low and base in the eyes of men, but those whose hearts are unchanged. Jesus said to some covetous people once, "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God," Luke 16: 14, 15.

There can be no real, abiding success without Christ. An apostle says, in I. John 5: 12, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life," whatever else he may have.

L.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—THE GIRLS' MISSIONARY BAND of the Presbyterian Church of Dunbar, Neb., has undertaken the support of an orphan in China. The little girls are planning a handkerchief bazaar whereby they hope to raise sufficient funds to support their little ward for one year.

—THE FIFTH ANNUAL Medical Missionary Conference will be held at the Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., beginning December 31 and holding over January 3. A very cordial invitation is extended to all Christian missionaries to attend. Members are to be entertained for one week by the institution. Inquiries should be addressed to *The Medical Missionary*, Battle Creek, Mich.

—EVANGELIST S. B. SHAW recently closed a series of revival services at Gladwin, Mich. The meetings were attended by crowds from all the surrounding country and most of the business establishments of the town closed earlier than usual on account of the meetings. There has not been such great religious interest manifested in the community for years.

—MARION LAWRANCE, general secretary of the World's Sunday School Association, informs THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that great interest is being shown in the plans for the World's Seventh Sunday School Convention, which is to take place in Zürich, Switzerland, next July. Five hundred reservations have already been made with the transportation committee and it is expected that 2,000 delegates from the United States and Canada will attend.

—REV. Z. C. BEALS, for twenty years missionary at Wuhu, China, is now home on furlough. He has gone through three of China's great famines, and also the famine last year caused by the great flood. In that connection he was appointed by the committee as buyer and in one month bought $150,000 (Mexican) worth of rice for them. This money was given by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and others. He was for over twenty years a close friend of the late Dr. Klopsch. Any church which wants a good lecturer in the autumn or winter on missions would do well to write him at 160 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.

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SHALL ROME "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"?

Continued from page 1034

Church in America now has under its absolute control — that it cannot possibly be realized soon, that it will hardly ever be realized without the aid of non-Catholic forces. Still it can easily be shown that this belief rests, in reality, upon a hypothesis which, if proven to be a fact, upsets the very claim of the objectors. From a purely academic point of view, the proposition: If Catholic ascendancy is to be secured in the United States of America, it must be secured with aid from non-Catholic sources, is just as tenable, and just as easily maintained, as this counter-proposition: If Catholics can obtain aid from non-Catholic sources in their aggressive policy, Catholic ascendancy in our country is assured.

It is, therefore, a one-sided method of reasoning which pronounces the publication of such facts as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lately has set forth a piece of alarmism and pessimism. There is another danger threatening us: apathy, lethargy, mental indolence, unwarranted security, and moral cowardice. And this danger is more formidable than the former; for this danger spells death, utter inaction in the moment of peril, while the former means, at the worst, hasty action which can be speedily checked and corrected.

I am of opinion that the mere prospect that outside aid and support may come—or let me rather say, the fact that it is coming—to the leaders of American Catholicism, represents the real gravity of the present situation. American Catholicism has succeeded in creating a false impression of its importance, influence and power. Not a few of our citizens have hastily yielded to this impression without studying the facts in the case. This impression exists, in a very pronounced form, in the domain of politics, but it is also observable in all the social strata of our national life, from the wealthy trader and the man conspicuous in public life down to the humble wage-worker and private citizen. While the present numerical strength of the Catholic Church in our country may be overestimated, it is not possible to overestimate its actual influence in our present day social and political life. It is in indisputable evidence in the government of most of our large and many of our smaller municipalities. The public servants belonging to the Catholic Church who are on the pay-roll of our cities and towns are often out of all proportion to the voting strength of Catholics in that locality. Nor can this disproportion be explained on the ground that Catholics are by nature mentally and morally better fitted for public service. They may be more eager to serve; but that will not make them office-holders, unless they can impress upon their fellow citizens that it is necessary, for some reason or other, that they be placed in office. Catholic influence is being felt—and feared—by publishers of encyclopedias, who must figure on a speedy sale of large editions to reimburse themselves for capital invested; by publishers of periodical literature, who derive a large amount of revenue from advertisements. Unless these enterprises are conducted by men who will publish the truth at whatever sacrifice, they will be inclined, for their own financial advantage, to pander to Catholic power and influence, negatively by suppressing or mitigating facts unpleasant to Catholics, positively by heralding Catholicism and eulogizing its institutions and enterprises. This applies, also, in a measure, to the daily press of our country; although I personally believe that the large space often allotted to notices of Catholic events is paid for like an advertisement, though it is not published in the conventional form of advertisements. Else I can see no reason why publishers of our large dailies should be inclined to extend special favors to Catholics, when the overwhelming majority of their readers is recruited from the ranks of non-Catholics.

The latest statistics of the Catholic Church available at our National Census Bureau are found in the *Special Reports of the Census Bureau for 1906*. In Part I, page 25, of these *Reports* the Roman Catholic Church is credited with 12,079,142 communicant members, all other church bodies with 20,857,303. These figures embrace both male and female members, also minors as young as twelve years of age, or even younger. These figures merely refer to the church-going part of the nation. Outside of the Protestant, Jewish, Mormon, Greek, and other religious bodies, there is in our country a non-Catholic population of the age of communicants that is twice, perhaps three times, as large as all these bodies combined.

With these figures before one, and bearing in mind at the same time that the general tenor of our republican institutions is not genial to hierarchical pretensions and aggressiveness, one is ready to join the British historian, James Anthony Froude, in his amazement at the extraordinary growth of Catholic power and influence in the United States. Froude published his sentiments about thirty-five years ago in the *North American Review*. At that time the situation brought about by the growth of Catholicism in our country did not look half as critical as to-day. What would the British author say if he were to examine the situation as it is to-day? It is plain, I think, to any one who examines the facts, that Catholicism in the United States has not gained its present strong position without the conscious or unconscious, voluntary or involuntary aid of non-Catholics.

To the end that this aid may be withdrawn, there must be kept up an intelligent and respectable, but vigorous and persistent campaign of education and enlightenment, such as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is engaged in. No Catholic, indeed, must be subjected to social ostracism in any form, or to industrial or commercial annoyances because of his church relationship. Neighborly relations and trade relations between Catholics and non-Catholics must not be disturbed. Nor must any obstacles be erected to Catholics in the discharge of their religious and civil duties. There is but one thing that the non-Catholic part of the nation must clearly understand and insist on, and that the Catholic part of the nation, too, must plainly perceive and acquiesce in as a fair and equitable verdict, viz., that the claims to temporal power of the Roman Popes are incomptaible with American liberties; that any attempt to enforce these claims must be resisted by every American patriot; that even the publication of these claims must be resented as a disturbance of our national peace; and, last but not least, that any citizen of the United States who is found supporting these claims will have only himself to blame if his fellow citizens regard him with distrust, no matter how well they think of him otherwise.

Such a campaign will be attended with good results and will forestall graver dangers. In the first place it will bring about a revision of views on the part of such non-Catholics as are fearful that the opposition to Catholic aggression in the United States emanates from religious or social intolerance, and is apt to endanger the peace and prosperity of the country. It will compel these people to see that this opposition really has at heart the best interests of the country, its continued peace and prosperity, and that for all inhabitants of our land; that the opposition is directed, not primarily against a certain class of our citizens, but against a foreign power which dominates this class, and, through them, seeks to dominate our

Continued on next page

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SHALL ROME "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"?

Continued from preceding page

entire country. In the second place, this campaign will convince such of our statesmen and politicians, editors and publishers, whose public policy is dictated to them by thoughts of immediate profit and reward, and who are prone to seek alliances that will insure them a speedy achievement of their political or other purposes, that it is inopportune to disregard a growing public sentiment, which looks with disfavor and alarm upon their opportunist policy in the management of public affairs; that it is really to their interest to side with the mass of citizens who resent Roman aggression in our country, rather than with the one class of citizens who, either because of their erring conscience, or from a mistaken view of their personal advantage, foster, aid, and abet such aggression.

And this leads me, in conclusion, to say a word in behalf of our Catholic fellow citizens. Any attempt on the part of non-Catholics to adequately explain and justly determine whose is the responsibility for the undue aggression of Roman Catholicism in our country must not overlook sundry facts. In the first place, it is but fair that a distinction be made between the Roman hierarchy, in particular the Italian head of the same and his advisers, and the laity of the American Catholic Church. True, the consistent Roman Catholic must follow the dictates of the Pope and the Curia. The Catholic Church, accordingly, has been able, as a rule, to control the action of its followers on public questions, and to present to the outside world the spectacle of a well-compacted society loyally supporting its leaders. Nevertheless, it may safely be considered a question that cannot be answered except when the actual test comes, viz., whether Catholic laymen, if they were placed before the alternative of either refusing to obey their Pope in his demand of support for his temporal schemes, or renouncing allegiance to our secular government, would not choose the former course. I, for one, believe that there would be not a few who would choose this way out of the dilemma. In the second place, we must not forget that, despite the seeming advance of Catholicism and its cry of "the passing of Protestantism." there is a constant defection from its fold going on, not only in European countries where for centuries it held undisputed sway, but also in our country. Bishop Cameron of Pittsburg calls it "leakage," and no doubt draws an ironical smile from Protestants when he speaks of the Belgian Catholics who come to this country as being "Catholics in name only," and when he says of the Italians in particular: "from their poverty, lack of religious education, indifference and apathy toward the church, they are a favorable field of proselytizers." (The *Presbyterian*, July 3, 1912.) Surely, "this is the most unkindest cut of all" for the poor Italians. First, Rome makes them what they are and then blames them for being what they have become under Rome's fostering care! It is possible to view these Italians in a better light: they know from their own sad experience what Romanism in full operation means to the spiritual and secular interests of men. Many of these people would be loath to establish in our country a supremacy and tyranny from which they had fled in their own country. The ceaseless and ever louder assertion of the claim of American Romanists for prerogative and preferment may, in the end, serve a good purpose with some of their own people: it may open the eyes of some of them as to the danger which threatens our common liberties; for these would be taken from them as well as from non-Catholics, if America should become a Catholic country.

Lastly, there are also in the Roman Church in our country well-meaning people who earnestly strive to go to heaven. They honestly believe all that their Popes and priests teach them. They consider it their religious duty to support also the temporal claims of their Popes. Their consciences are bound in the strong fetters of error, and they are horrified at hearing their religious leaders attacked. Their misinformed and misdirected conscience bids them regard the truth which non-Catholics publish about the tenets of their church as falsehood, slander and vituperation. They are led to look upon their leaders as persecuted martyrs. Such is the deplorable power of an erring conscience: a person with such a conscience spurns the truth in his endeavor to follow the truth. If he wants to act conscientiously, he must obey his erring conscience; that is the only one he has. For these people every one must entertain cordial pity. They may ultimately become bigoted fanatics. But their bigotry is not removed by abuse and by relentlessly charging them with error. Only the truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ can break the fetters with which their consciences have been bound. The State can do nothing for these people. Their misery is of a spiritual sort, and will yield only to spiritual treatment. Evangelical Christianity has a great mission to these people, to lead them by the pure teaching of the Word of God from darkness to light, from error to truth, from bondage to liberty. Among the forces of Romanism these people represent the "tenth legion"; they are conquered, whenever they are, only by the grace and truth of the Son of God.

St. Louis, Mo. W. H. T. DAU.

* * *

No Church Should Be Permitted to Dominate in America's Political Life, Writes Dr. F. E. Clark.

YOU have presented a most serious theme for our consideration. While I believe in giving to every Roman Catholic every political and social right that any Protestant enjoys, I am just as strongly of the opinion that he should have no more such rights or privileges.

If, as seems probable from the expressions of Pope Pius, Archbishop Ireland and others, which you quote, there is to be an aggressive effort to make the Roman Catholic Church a power in the political life of America, every Protestant should resist this effort. Though I am a Congregationalist, I should repudiate any effort on the part of Congregationalists to obtain control of the machinery of government for the sake of promoting the interests of my denomination, and I certainly should not voluntarily concede any such rights to any other denomination, however large or powerful it might be.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.
President United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass.

* * *

No Political Church, and Church and State Forever Separate, Writes Dr. Goodell.

IN AMERICA, church and state must forever be separate. Whatever may be their religious affiliations, her citizens must see to it that no political aspiration be allowed to divert any church from its moral and religious high calling. If any church becomes a political schemer, God and all good citizens will see to it that her candlestick is removed out of its place.

(REV.) C. L. GOODELL.
Calvary M. E. Church, New York.

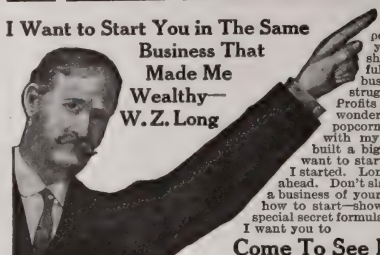
* * *

In an Event of Conflict with Protestantism, Rome Always Meets Defeat, Writes a Lutheran Pastor.

I FAIL to see that we have any quarrel with the Church of Rome, if that ecclesiastical body "frankly and repeatedly avows an eager hope to make a religious conquest of this nation." If the adherents of that body

Continued on page 1063

I've a Big New Propositi
To Make You, Man to Man



I Want to Start You in The Same Business That Made Me Wealthy—W. Z. Long

I want you to come to see me at my expense. I want to meet you face to face and show you the wonderful possibilities in the business. Once I was a struggling candy maker. Profits from Crispettes, the wonderful, new, delicious popcorn confection, made with my Crispette Machine built a big business for me. I want to start you the same way I started. Long winter months are ahead. Don't slave them away for someone else a business of your own—be independent. I'll te how to start—show you how to make Crispettes special secret formula—personally or by mail. But I I want you to

Come To See Me At My Expense

Learn all about the proposition. I'll show you records that will th inspire you. I'll read you letters from users of my machine that will ta breath away. You'll see that what I say is true. Don't say you're coming in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—ab store—my crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right f shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square dea come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture in this advertisement. machine. See crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Ge ers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 m pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine see know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Wo you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show store and have a good talk with you. You'll go hor to make more money than you ever made in your li

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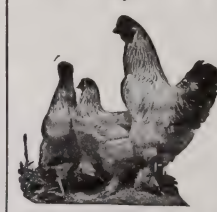
A Picture of My Big Store in Springfield. **W. Z. LONG, 649 High St., Springfie**

$13,400.31 on the Sid



Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twen years has cleared $13,400.31 from hens. This is a remarkable when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a d store and all the time he has to put in with his hens is what l get morning, noon and night. This $13,400.31 was all made side. Nor does Mr. Dunlap get fancy prices for what he has He ships to Boston, and takes current quotations from the co sion men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty her 1910 his poultry profits figured out $1188.05—and this is all on th Mr. Dunlap's hens have bought him a beautiful home, purch horse and carriage, sent three boys to school and college, h saving something for a rainy day. Can others do equally well? thing," says Mr. Dunlap, "if they will wear out the soles of shoes faster than they do the seat of their chair." The story Dunlap's success and his methods is told in the book, "Sid Poultry-Keeping," and it is only one out of a score of things the blood tingling and make one resolve to get next to the $600,0 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him $1,009.31 in 19 kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry-Ke

"SIDE-LINE POULTRY-KEEPING"

is the name of a new book by the author of "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," the most popular poultry book ever p inted. "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping" deals with the business side of poultry keeping as the other deals with egg production. It tells how to make poultry keeping pay. It describes the methods by which F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., makes over $1000 a year from eggs, devoting not over two hours a day to his hens. Not a detail left out. The book tells how to make a start, what breeds pay, how, when and where to buy a farm, how to make a living from the first, describes the most wonderful brooding system in the world, tells how to build the most economical poultry houses and trap nests, how to feed for best results, describes a feed that can be made for 15 cents a bushel and is without a peer for producing eggs, how to make mon pigeons, ducks and market gardening, how to buy and advantage, how to pick out the laying hens, how to pu eggs so that they will keep a year, etc.

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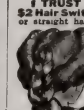

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tically every important 1913 announce- as been made. A careful examination e announcements will prove precisely ve have been claiming—that there is $1,200 car built that has any more al value to offer than this one for $985.

here are the comparative facts which rt this seemingly bold statement.

omobile values must be looked at from 1 different angles. You must consider ly the price, but what that price buys You must take into consideration the , the strength, the beauty, the con- on, the size, the appearance and the nent of the car. You must judge a car material in it; the workmanship on it; ethods employed to produce it; and ut not least, the facilities behind the ction methods.

mine each one of these fundamentals Overland at $985 and you will find a at is identical with any $1,200 car in orld. Go further and you find high-grade construction and painstaking care in finish that equal the production methods employed in the making of any $5,000 car you know of.

This car has the power of a $1,200 car; it has the strength of a $1,200 car; it has the size of a $1,200 car; it has the seating capacity of a $1,200 car; it has the wheel base of a $1,200 car; it has the chassis construction of a $1,200 car; it has the comfort of a $1,200 car; it has the beauty and finish of a $1,200 car.

Take the equipment item alone. It has a Warner speedometer—the best made; it has a fine mohair top and boot; it has a clear vision wind shield; it has a self-starter and Prestolite tank—every practical accessory made for an automobile. And all for the one price—$985. There are no "extras."

Then there are those important construction features which are only found on the very high-priced cars. This model has a drop-forged I beam section front axle, fitted with the famous Timken bearings; a three-quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings; a selective transmission, with three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings, and a cold rolled pressed steel frame. It has the center control. The brakes are unusually large for a car of this size and power, and are ample for cars of much greater weight. There are two powerful sets of the drum type, internal expanding and external contracting. The great braking surface of these is indicated by their dimensions, 13 inches by 2¼ inches each. These are the brake dimensions you find on $1,500 cars. Pick up the catalogue of any $1,500 car and see for yourself. The springs are semi-elliptic front, three-quarter elliptic rear. Each spring has six leaves. Tires are 32 x 3½ Q. D.

This model is superbly finished. The striking body is in dark Overland Blue. Battleship Gray wheels harmonize perfectly with the rich, dark body, which is trimmed in black and nickel plate.

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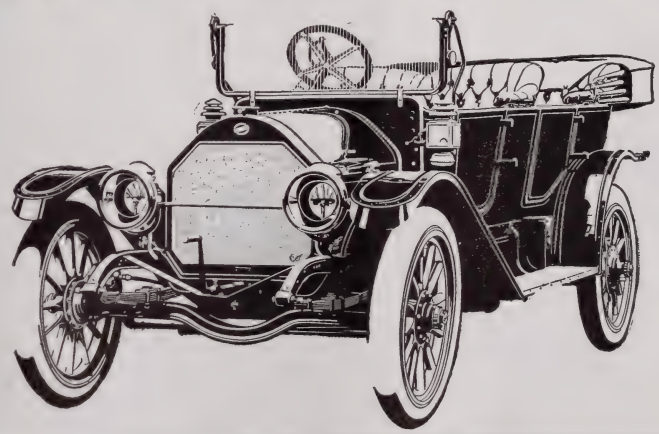

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Questions and Answers

R. P., Lebanon, O. Have the Jews political equality in all countries, and are the higher offices open to them?

In Russia, Roumania and Galicia, which contain the great majority of Israelites, they still suffer social and political exactions and are under strict medieval restraint so far as their religious state is concerned. The revolution of 1848 completed the work of the French Revolution in assuring political equality to the Jews of Western Europe. Great Britain broke down the barriers in 1858 when Lionel de Rothschild was allowed to enter Parliament. Since then, Jews have held the highest offices under the British Crown. There have been a Jewish prime minister, several Jewish Lord Mayors of London and a Jewish Master of the Rolls. In Rome the ex-minister of war was a Jew, and the present mayor is a Jew. In this country, the Jews have full political rights, and stand high in finance, literature, science and art, with any and all offices open to them.

R. S., Lowell, Mass. Is our alfalfa crop increasing or decreasing and is it true it is not grown in England?

Largely increasing, and much attention is being given to improving it. The world has been ransacked for seeds of promising species and three expeditions have been made into Siberia for the purpose of obtaining ample quantities of certain forms to enable the breeders to work together in the creation of superior drought and cold resistant forms for the Northwest and winter-growing varieties for the irrigated valleys of the Southwest. Of course it is grown in England as a forage crop, but over there it is generally called lucerne. Alfalfa is a Spanish-American name.

W. H. S., Waco, Texas. 1. It is absurd to attribute the loss of the *Titanic* to any other cause than that which was announced at the close of the inquiry, viz.: reckless speed in the face of known danger, lack of sufficient lifeboats and life-saving appliances and lack of the prescribed emergency drills by the crew. 2. The fate of the people or nation that "forgets God" is foretold in Scripture (Ps. 9: 17) and is abundantly illustrated in history. 3. The passage in Rom. 8: 28 must be taken in conjunction with what precedes it. It describes the *mutual attitude* of God and the believer as a co-operative one, for the furtherance and completion of his high design for the salvation of men. The believer has the assurance of faith and "knows" that, happen what may, He will bring his beneficent purpose to pass, and will give the strength and courage to overcome all obstacles.

S. D., Yankton, N. D. Is there any difference between the magnetic pole and the North Pole?

There are two kinds of poles: the North and South Poles, which are the terminal points of the earth's axis, and the magnetic poles, which are the points on the earth's surface where the dipping needle stands precisely vertical; that is, where the dip is 90 degrees at the north magnetic pole, the north end of the dipping needle pointing vertically downwards, and at the south magnetic pole, the south end of the same needle pointing vertically downwards. Owing to the peculiar magnetization of the earth the magnetic poles are not diametrically opposite. A straight line drawn from one to the other would miss the center of the earth about 750 miles. The north magnetic pole is in latitude 70 degrees 5 minutes north and longitude 96 degrees 46 minutes west, and the south magnetic pole in latitude 72½ degrees south and 155½ degrees east.

G. S., Lebanon Junction, Ky. Please explain Matt. 5: 20, 29, 30; Matt. 8: 11, 12, 20-22.

1. Matt. 5: 20. The righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees was formal; it did not spring from the heart. Christ's plan of righteousness is that it should be the spontaneous fruitage of a meek, worshipful, affectionate spirit; that it should spring from an ardent, self-forgetful love to God and man. 2. Verses 29, 30. Righteousness and salvation are such priceless things that nothing in the world must be allowed to stop our pursuit of them. The eternal values are here contrasted with earthly values; better suffer any loss or sacrifice here than to miss eternal life. He wished to impress on his hearers the terrible importance of spiritual and eternal things; then they would learn that eyes and hands must be used, not for the gratification of self, but for service to men in the name of Christ. 3. Matt. 8: 11, 12. The Jews thought they had exclusive rights to salvation; Jesus says in these verses that many Gentiles shall enter the kingdom of heaven while many of the chosen people shall be cast out. It is another insistence that real religion must be of the heart; membership in the Jewish race will not save unless the heart is right. 4. Verses 20-22. Christ made the extreme sacrifice in coming to earth (see Phil. 2: 6-8 and II. Cor. 8: 9). His followers, therefore, must realize their obligation to make any sacrifice for his sake. Under ordinary circumstances he wants his followers to fulfil their obligations to households and friends, but in this case he probably saw that the man had not definitely made up his mind to put Jesus first in his life. If he could have trusted him he would probably have directed him to attend the obsequies of his father and then return; but he feared that if the man got back among his old acquaintances he would lose his determination to be a follower of Jesus. Christ everywhere insists that he must be first; then he directs his followers to fulfil their social obligations in his name, serving others for his sake.

J. H. T., Eugene, Ore. What was the time and what the probable purpose of the establishment of celibacy among Catholic priests?

It originated officially with the edict of Siricius, bishop of Rome (A.D. 385), who argued that the reason why priests in Old Testament times were allowed to marry was that they might be taken exclusively from the tribe of Levi; but as no such exclusive limitation prevailed in the Roman Catholic priesthood, marriage was unnecessary and inconsistent with the priestly office. The Roman bishops who succeeded Siricius sustained this contention and a long line of Popes confirmed it in their decretals. For centuries, however, there was a continuous struggle over it among the Romanist clergy and many lived openly in wedlock in spite of the decrees. Finally, about the sixteenth century it became a fixed rule of the Roman Church. It is a system which ever since its introduction has given rise to many abuses.

B. A. B., South Newbury, Vt., writes: "In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of October 2, N. H. B., Orangeburg, S. C., asks: 'What is the meaning of the Bible saying "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it many days"?' In the fifties of the last century I was visiting as a colporteur the people of what is now South Chicago with instructions to see that every family had by purchase or gift a Bible. A large portion were foreigners. I found one English lady who seemed to me a real Christian, and this is the story of her conversion: About five years before my visit a gentleman in the same business had called. She did not care enough about the Bible to buy one, but taking one with black cover and gilt edges said: 'If you will give me this I will read it.' Bowing his head on his hand he said, after a little, 'If you will read two chapters each day and five on Sundays, you will read it all through in a year. If you will do this and if you get so interested in the book that you finish it sooner, and if you will still read two chapters each day, the book is yours.' Her reply was 'I will do it.' She soon saw herself a sinner, and took Christ as Saviour. I think this story is a perfect answer to that question about bread cast upon the waters. I am not saying THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S answer is not correct, for it is."

E. N., Woodbridge, N. J. Please explain Josh. 6: 26.

It means that the man who attempted to rebuild Jericho would meet with calamity. His eldest son would die at the beginning of the work, which would take so long a period that it would not be completed till the birth of his youngest. Some interpret it as meaning that the youngest would die at its completion. It was a solemn injunction and warning against the restoration of a fortress (the walls of the city). See the fulfilment of the prophecy 550 years later, recorded in I. Kings 16: 34.

Miscellaneous

A. W. S., Livingston, N. Y. The terms "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of heaven" are usually held as interchangeable. In the New Testament in most cases where they occur, they are certainly so.

I. M. B., Olustee, Okla. Italicized words in the Scriptures indicate words supplied by the translator and which do not appear in the original. Parenthetical passages, with very few exceptions, are so in the original.

Any reader of this paper knowing the address of Wallace R. Seavey (last heard from two years ago at Glens Falls, N. Y.) will confer a favor by sending the same to Mrs. Mary R. Seavey, 130 Lumber Street, Allentown, Pa.

W. F. B., Perry, Mich. At no time during Jesus' life on earth could it be affirmed that he left off his humanity. In him the divine and the human were perfectly united, this union being more in evidence after the beginning of his active work, and increasingly so toward its close.

Reader, Bennington, Vt. It is true that there were specific promises to Israel; but there are many promises that are meant to apply to God's faithful people everywhere, in whatever country and age they may be found. The assertion of agnostics and advanced thinkers that we cannot claim the promises in these days is a familiar argument of unbelief. God's love is over all his children to-day as much as in earlier times and those who serve him and who walk in the light, as Jesus revealed it, are "inheritors of the promises."

A DOCTOR'S TRIAL
He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other

Even doing good to people is har
if you have too much of it to do.
An overworked Ohio doctor te
experience:
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doing two men's work, attending
practice and looking after the det
another business, my health broke
completely, and I was little better
physical wreck.
"I suffered from indigestion and
pation, loss of weight and appetite
ing and pain after meals, loss of
and lack of nerve force for co
mental application.
"I became irritable, easily anger
despondent without cause. The
action became irregular and wea
frequent attacks of palpitation dur
first hour or two after retiring.
"Some Grape-Nuts and cut b
came for my lunch one day and
me particularly with the result.
more satisfaction from it than fro
thing I had eaten for months,
further investigation and use, a
Grape-Nuts for my morning and e
meals, served usually with cream
sprinkle of salt or sugar.
"My improvement was rapid ar
manent, in weight as well as in p
and mental endurance. In a wor
filled with the joy of living aga
continue the daily use of Grape-N
breakfast and often for the evenin
"The little pamphlet, 'The R
Wellville, found in pkgs., is inv
saved and handed to some needy
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SHALL ROME "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"?

Continued from page 1060

...eve themselves to be in possession ...the truth, they must desire to see ...truth universally accepted. To ...e up this desire is to give up their ...nt to exist.

...can have no quarrel with Rome ... entertaining this desire. As a ...heran I desire "to make of the ...ited States . . . the first Lutheran ...ion in the world." The Methodist, ... Presbyterian, the Baptist, desires ... exactly as I do or as Rome does. ... must desire it, or confess himself ...errorist.

...f I have any quarrel with the ...urch of Rome, it must be because of ... means she employs in her efforts ...realize this desire. Christ gave his ...urch but one means for the success- ...accomplishment of her great pur- ...se, viz., the word of truth. That is ... And just so far as a church re- ...s upon any other means—political ...chinations, so-called Christian leg- ...ation, secular power and influence ...t ceases to that extent to be a ...urch and becomes a kingdom of this ...rld. It sells its birthright for a ...ss of pottage. This, I believe, is ... cause of Rome's loss of power as a ...igious force.

... believe her strength in this coun- ...y to be more apparent than real. ...r prelates have attempted to im- ...ss self-seeking politicians with ...ir voting strength; but the surest ...y to defeat any candidate for pub- ... office in this country is to let them ...nly advocate his election. They ...not even organize a third political ...rty, as the unfortunate union of ...urch and state enabled them to do ... Germany. The present struggle ... our American people for decency ...the government of our municipali- ...s, for the abolition of privilege, for ...nore direct participation of the gen- ...al citizen body in the affairs of gov- ...ement, is unconsciously directed ...ainst a so-called church, which has ...ways stood on the side of privilege ...d which has never, at least in this ...ntry, lent its aid to any large ...vement for the betterment of social ...nditions. Rome may make us some ...le trouble, but to me it is incon- ...vable that any Anglo-Saxon or ...utonic people will accept such a ...vernment as the Pope gave his es- ...es in Italy before 1872.

...t therefore cannot agree with you ...en you say: "If there ever was a ...e for a strong and outspoken re- ...firmation from the pulpit of vital ...merican principles, it is now." The ...lpit is concerned only with the affir- ...tion and reaffirmation of Gospel ...th. This, of course, includes refu- ...tion and condemnation of error. ...hen the pulpit has done that, it has ...e all that it is authorized to do. ... for the reaffirmation of American ...inciples, I think that that has been ...ite effectively done by at least two ... our recent political conventions. ...t us, as citizens, continue to reaffirm ...em, until in every State of the ...nion we have made it unconstitu- ...nal to appropriate any public funds ...r any private or denominational ...arity or institution whatsoever, and ...til we have compelled all religious ...rporations to pay their just share of ...xes with every other citizen or as- ...ciation of citizens, enjoying the privi- ...ges and benefits of free governm nt.

(REV.) D. H. STEFFENS, *Lutheran. ...ltimore, Md.*

* * *

Dr. Strong in Full Sympathy.

AM glad THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is taking up the subject on which ...u ask a contribution. In my book, *...ur Country*, there are two chapters ... Romanism, from which you are at ...ll liberty to quote, if it will be of ...y use to you. *I am told that the ...pe did me the honor to place the ...ok on the "Index."*

JOSIAH STRONG.

...rest. Am. Inst. of Social Service.

[The extracts from Dr. Strong's book will ...pear in next week's issue.]

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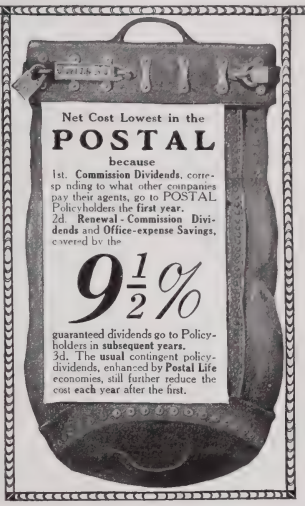
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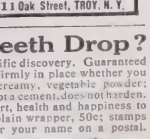

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Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1912

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN AND THE FODDER'S IN THE SHOCK"

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

THESSALONICA, THE CITY OF THE LIVING

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

PHILIPPI is to-day the city of the dead," alonica is no less em- hatically the city of ving. In following the teps of St. Paul we shall to few cities so large prosperous, so bustling modern" in every sense e word, so thoroughly as Salonica, the ancient alonica, to which Paul, d and sore from his re- hard experience in Phil- wended his slow way. ad, however, the com- of a good road over to travel, a comfort is denied to the mod- raveler who takes the route. This road was eat Via Egnatia, which, have seen, connected with Constantinople. undred miles or more Macedonia was one of est parts of this magni- highway. It is said to been paved with marble ooth as a house floor, onstantly kept in repair. s interesting to remem- at this was a continua- of the same road which postle trod years later he made his last jour- rom Pozzuoli to Rome. st when he reached Ap- orum and the Three ns he again struck into ia Egnatia, though called by a different name, the most magnificent high- of ancient times, and which has not its rival in any part of the world

The Pulpit from which Tradition Says St. Paul Preached at Salonica

e first stage of his journey took him to Amphipolis, thirty-three miles Philippi. This was one of the most important cities of ancient Greece, ts strategic position in the past, commanding the highway from the coast Macedonian plains, added to its importance. In the earliest days it was l the "Nine Ways," because of the great number of roads that centered ; but when the Athenians established a colony at that point they called it nipolis, because it was a "city surrounded by water."

s interesting to note in what classic lands we find ourselves while follow- e footsteps of St. Paul. The chief interest to us in these articles, to be arises from the fact that over these roads the great apostle with his com- ns traveled, and in these cities they abode for a longer or shorter time, o the classical scholars as well, every road of this journey is of interest. ncerning Amphipolis, Thucydides wrote intimate knowledge, and, because of his e in an expedition against this city, he was l. Demosthenes, in one of his great ora- concerning the threatening power of Philip of Macedonia speaks of Amphipolis as of great importance in the struggle between Philip and the people of Athens. "It was also the scene," as a famous authority tells us, "of one striking passage in the history of Roman conquest. Here Paulus Æmilius, after the battle of Pydna, publicly proclaimed that the Macedonians should be *free*, and now another *Paulus* was here, whose message to the Macedonians was an honest proclamation of a better liberty without conditions and without reserve."

As Paul left Amphipolis, he saw, across a narrow stretch of salt water, Stagirus, the birthplace of Aristotle, and farther on among the mountains which he must cross, he passed the tomb of Euripides. Thus, almost every mile reminded him of some of the great men of antiquity. Another thirty miles brought the apostle to Apollonia, through the pass of Arethusa, whose mellifluous name conjures up to the mind of the classical scholar everything that is beautiful and picturesque.

In Apollonia Paul rested perhaps but one night, and then pushed on thirty-seven miles further to Salonica, the great capital of Macedonia. Here he found a city after his own heart, the center of a teeming population, a great political capital, an important seaport, the "Liverpool of northern Greece," as it has been called, its ships plying the waters of the Thermaic Gulf as they sail for or return from all the great ports of the world.

Here was a cosmopolitan population such as Paul most loved, for it gave him his greatest chance to proclaim the good news of salvation to all classes and conditions of men. Here were Jews and proselytes to the Jewish faith, Greeks and Romans, high-born and low-born, a heathen rabble whose prejudices could be readily excited, and "noble women" and men too, who gladly gave ear to the Gospel.

The city to which we have now come has had a continuous history for more than 2,500 years. Even before it was refounded and renamed by Alexander the Great, in the year 315 B.C., a city had existed on this beautiful gulf, facing mighty Mount Olympus. But its known history dates from this year, when Alexander rebuilt it and called it Thessalonica, after his sister, the wife of Cassander. It is said that Philip of Macedonia named his daughter Thessalonica because on the day he heard of

Continued on next page

The American Farm School at Salonica

At the American Mission School

The Towered Wall of Salonica

SAILORS AND MARINES ON PARADE

Maj.-Gen. Barry, Rear-Adm. Osterhaus and Guests at the Reviewing Stand

The Marines Passing the Reviewing Stand

ONE of the most interesting features of the great naval mobilization which recently took place in the Hudson River was the land parade of seven thousand sailors and marines from the fleet. Led by Rear-Admiral Frank F. Fletcher and his staff, escorted by a number of naval bands and drum and trumpet corps, the parade proceeded down Broadway from Ninety-sixth Street to Fifty-ninth, then through and down Fifth Avenue past the Public Library, where the reviewing stands containing Major General Barry, Rear Admiral Osterhaus, Mayor Gaynor of New York and many others, were located. A great throng of people witnessed the parade and voted it one of the most successful events of the entire naval di The ships of the various States were applauc along the march as the swinging lines of crews came in view. The *Utah's* crew att special attention and received special applau they brought their mascot, a little brown ashore to march with them

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

her birth he won a victory over the Thessalians. Thus the victory of Philip and the name of his daughter, the half-sister of the conqueror of the world, are all embalmed in the name of the city which Paul has made more famous than all the conquerors and generals of the past because he abode there some five months, and wrote to the disciples whom he gathered there two of his most important letters.

Who would have suspected, as they saw this little Jew in his brown cloak, with his solitary companion, measuring off the weary miles from Philippi to Amphipolis, from Amphipolis to Apollonia, and from Apollonia to Thessalonica, that he would do more for the fame and perpetual remembrance of these cities than all the generals and rulers and philosophers and poets and historians who flourished in them during all the centuries of their greatness?

As Paul approached Thessalonica he saw a great city with its harbor full of shipping, its white houses rising in tiers one above another from the edge of the water to the summit of the acropolis behind the city, and around all a white wall five miles in extent. Through the heart of the city stretched forth the great artery of trade, the Egnatian Way of which we have spoken. At the eastern end it passed under a magnificent marble arch, which was built in honor of the victory of Octavius and Antony over Brutus and Cassius in the battle that took place on the plains of Philippi.

Fortunately for Thessalonica, she had sided with the Monarchists against the Republicans in this battle, and when it was over, both Antony and Cæsar visited the city and commemorated their triumph by erecting the Arch of Victory, which remains to this day. Under this archway doubtless Paul and Silas passed many times during their somewhat lengthy stay in the city.

It has been my privilege more than once to visit Salonica, to enter it from the sea as one journeys from Athens, and to leave by the route by which Paul entered it on his first visit. It is interesting to note the characteristics of the city, which are the same now as in Paul's time, as well as the changes which the centuries have wrought.

It was a beautiful day in February that we last entered the harbor of Salonica, the city whose name even has been less changed with the lapse of the centuries than have the names of most of the cities we shall visit in these articles.

We had just steamed by glorious Mount Olympus, the most famous mountain of all antiquity, that rises ten thousand feet sheer from the blue waters of the Ægean.

There it stands to-day, majestic in its isolation, cloud-capped and mysterious as ever. One cannot wonder that it was peopled with divinities, demons and spirits of all kinds, good and bad, by the simple folk of the elder time. Even before passing the mighty bulk of Olympus, the city of Salonica appears imposing in the distance with its glistening white houses and minarets.

Continued from preceding page

We approached slowly and carefully, because the harbor had been mined by the Turkish authorities to prevent the entrance of Italian gunboats. A little pilot steamer came from behind a headland five miles from the city to lead the way, and at the slowest possible speed we approached the beautiful metropolis.

It must be said that, like all Turkish cities, distance lends enchantment to the view of Salonica, though it must also be said that Salonica is one of the cleanest and most progressive cities in the domains of the Sultan.

We see one conspicuous sight, which Paul did not see, and that is the gleam of the sunshine on the many minarets, which rise, white and glistening, from between the houses. Scores of these beautiful ecclesiastical towers add greatly to the charm of the city as we approach it. Though the worship of which they tell is a debased and sensuous one, yet it is far better than the religion of the heathen temples which greeted Paul's vision, for if they tell of Mohammed the prophet, they also declare that there is one God, and not a myriad of pagan deities.

As we land at the busy quay we find all the bustle and confusion of a great seaport. We were so fortunate as to find a friend patiently waiting in a small boat with his much-bedecked and be-pistoled kavass, who relieved us of all trouble in landing and at the custom house. We went with our missionary friend through the street that skirts the waterfront and that leads to his industrial farm school, some five miles out of the city. In this street Paul would have seen sights that would indeed have amazed him. Through the center of the street runs a track of the electric car system of Salonica, and the whizzing "broomstick trains" dart back and forth at a rate which would have frightened the leisurely camels and donkeys and their riders of the ancient days.

Close up to the sea wall, which prevents the waters of the bay from inundating the city, lie the black hulks of the modern steamers which call every great harbor in the world their home port. On the shore side of this fine street are large hotels, great business warehouses and office buildings, while further on it is lined on both sides with beautiful residences of modern Salonicans.

All these things would have looked strange indeed in Paul's eyes, but Olympus is the same now as then, towering gloriously to the clouds on the further side of the bay. The rippling waters of the Thermaic Gulf, which lie between the city and Olympus, glisten in the sunlight and ripple under the gentle breeze as in the ancient days, and the hill behind the city, crowned with its fortress now as then, tells that the days of war and bloodshed unhappily were not left behind with the advent of the Christian era and the teachings of the great apostle.

As we traverse this busy street, either on foot or in the electric cars, we see a motley variety o ple, for Salonica now, as in ancient times, is f for its cosmopolitan population. This is one meeting-places of the East and West. He Occident and the Orient jostle each other same narrow highway. In Paul's time the were numerous, and so they are to-day. The no synagogue in Philippi, in Amphipolis, or lonia, but evidently there was a large synago Salonica, and here the apostle first proclaim universal message. To-day it seems as if other person one meets on the street is a Jew. Jewish women are distinguished from the T ladies by their unveiled faces, and from the by the fillet around their heads and the gree headdress hanging down behind. Often, too, wear long green robes lined with fur.

But besides the Jews and Turks and Greeks are Bulgarians and Armenians, English and mans, Wallachians and Albanians, French Italians, and occasionally, very occasionall American. But the quality of the Ame makes up for any lack of numbers, since m those who make Salonica their home are en in mission work, and have for their chief pu the proclamation of the same Gospel that preached.

As we pass the guarded villa-prison of Tu deposed Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, and come ou the open country that surrounds the busy city, l us still looms mighty Olympus, seemingly a more grand and majestic from each new po view. To the left rise other hills, most of rounded and bare, and affording pasturage f numerable flocks of sheep and goats. And in a beautiful site, under the sheltering hills, the broad blue gulf in front, is a sight that do eyes good, for we see a genuine American built by an American missionary as a center Christian school, where poor boys of all races, all the country round, are received and taugh only the love of the school book, but the wo the farmer and of the mechanic, which will fit for their future life of toil, as well as the knowledge which is found in the Book of bool

This is an enterprise started by the Rev. H. House, a missionary of the American B who has given many years of his long life to for Macedonia, and who has crowned these fr years by establishing this important industria ter, which is already looked upon as a model Greek and Turkish neighbors. Surely this m apostle is following in the footsteps of his predecessor, who, when he came to Salonica nineteen hundred years ago, not only procl the message of the Gospel to all who would but wrought with his own hands, as these boy taught to work, that he "might be chargeable man."

What friends Paul found in Salonica, the a tures that he met, and the further impression this most interesting city makes upon the m traveler must form the substance of an article.

Balkan Patriots Preparing to Return Home

General Vucotitch

Montenegrin Infantry on the March

THE STRUGGLE IN THE BALKANS

SPITE of the firm convictions that were oiced by diplomats and distinguished stu-ents of international affairs, the first few ays of actual hostilities between Turkey and lontenegro were marked by a series of bril-successes for the sturdy little mountaineers. Montenegrin army began the war in highly atic fashion by attacking a strong Turkish on just across the frontier opposite Podgor-. With a flying of flags and playing of the negrin national air, Prince Peter, King las's youngest son, fired the first shot. n a short time the Turks had been driven their first strongly fortified position on t Planinitza. They retired to further forti-ons on Detchitch Mountain, and over the ter- surrounding it the battle continued for -two hours before the Turks were again dis-i and compelled to surrender. The Turkish ander and officers and, it is believed, about thousand soldiers were captured. Military ts immediately announced that there was e strong position left between the successful negrins and the important Turkish center, ri. This last position, Tushi, surrendered to lontenegrins after a sharp battle on the af-on of October 14.

e advices through Constantinople say that ghting continues around Berana, where the hostilities before the actual declaration of ook place. The Constantinople despatch minimizes the successes of the enegrins, claiming the display of great bravery by the Turkish troops. Northern Montenegrin army, under General Vucotitch, is reported to crossed the border into the district of Novibazar—that strip of Turkish ory that extends northwest between Servia and Montenegro—and gained thold by capturing Byelopolye, one of the most important towns of the nce. The town fell, it is stated, after prolonged fighting. The Serb in-ants welcomed the Montenegrins erators from the Turkish yoke. urch service was held and pray-ere offered for the Montenegrin

ough up to October 16 there had no open declaration of war by the Balkan kingdoms, all the world fully convinced that a continua-f the struggle with all the Slavic ipalities against Turkey was unavoidable. That this feeling ntertained in many of the capi-of Europe was evidenced by the sing of war credits and the gen-though quiet, preparations which hand for the weathering of the should one actually break. Aus-though her movements have d considerable alarm lest they d drag some of the larger powers the struggle, cleared the atmos-a few days ago when she made fficial declaration that, in spite of enerally known deep interest in mbitions for the district of Novi-, she would, during the present st, keep her hands off it. The addressed by the Powers to the an principalities has not met with rkable success. From Belgrade, a's capital, came the polite ex-ion of regrets at that country's lity to comply with the terms of ote, because the proposals failed ovide guarantees for the execu-

tion of the long-talked-of reforms in Macedonia. Bulgaria, through her government at Sofia, said in reply to the communication that it is most anxious to do nothing which would aggravate the situation, and was desirous of leaving open every avenue for the maintenance of peace until the last possible moment.

Greece and Turkey, though they have not so far broken off diplomatic relations, have been exchanging rather heated correspondence over the seizing of several Greek merchant vessels in the Ægean Sea. The release of these ships within twenty-four hours was demanded by Greece on October 14, together with the payment of an indemnity to the owners of the ships. In reply to this the government at the Porte agreed to release those vessels which bore foreign-owned cargo, but reserved decision on the question of indemnity and the other ships. Greece has mobilized her navy and added to it, by purchase, a new cruiser, which was recently completed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, for the Chinese Government. Reports from Athens state that she has now 130,000 men ready to take the field, and has already garrisoned those strategic points along her northern frontier where fighting took place in 1897.

The news from all the capitals of the Balkan States, as well as from Constantinople, Salonica, and Athens, is being so closely censored that it is almost impossible to tell from the veiled language of the correspondents what is actually taking place. Through the larger centers there has been as yet no report of hostilities along the southern borders of Servia, yet other despatches state that half the Servian army in three divisions is being transferred to Sofia to effect a union with the Bulgarian army for operations against Adrianople, where, according to all indications the greatest European battle since Metz and Sedan is likely to be fought. This is coupled with the report that a Turkish column has already entered Servian territory on the aggressive and opened hostilities with some of the frontier guards. A telegram to the London *Daily Mail* from Semlin, Austria, opposite Belgrade, says:

"Servia's note to Turkey, which contains the demands of the Balkan States for very radical reforms in the Turkish European provinces, has been speedily answered by the Porte in the most unambiguous language. At five o'clock this morning a considerable number of Turkish troops crossed the Servian frontier between Ristovatz station, on the Nish-Uskub Railway, and at Vertigask, twenty-five miles further west. The Turkish troops engaged with the Servian troops guarding the frontier, and heavy fighting took place. It is probable that the main Servian army has now passed through the long, narrow Morava defile and has emerged on the comparatively high plateau between Vranya and the frontier, where the concentration is finished."

Reports of fighting both on the Servian and Greek frontiers have been made public through London, while a suspicious silence veils the progress of events in Bulgaria. This, it is believed, may well mean that the Bulgarian army is now *en route* to the frontier in the direction of Adrianople, where, according to all indications the greatest European battle since Metz and Sedan is likely to be fought.

The Crown Princes of the Balkan Kingdoms

From left to right: Alexander of Servia, Boris of Bulgaria, Constantine of Greece, Ferdinand of Roumania and Danilo of Montenegro

DISCOURAGED PEOPLE

A SERMON

BY

Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D.*

TEXT: "And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him and said unto him, Arise and eat." I. Kings 19: 5

DISCOURAGED! That is a good word with a bad prefix. And a word is known by the prefix it bears. What a sad and evil company this prefix leads out—Disease, Disgrace, Dishonor, Disorder, Distrust, Distress, Dissatisfaction, Discontent. The man who is discouraged is in a sad estate. Taking the word to pieces, we see that it means the man who has lost heart.

"Now, the heart giveth grace unto every art," and he who has lost it has lost the joy of life. If a man can do anything to hearten his neighbor he renders the greatest service which a friend can render. It will be a blessed thing for us all, if we can find that God has a cure for the "blues." There are discouraged people all about us. Some are discouraged about business. Times have been poor and they have lost heart in their work. They have lost confidence in their own ability. They are discouraged about their health, discouraged about their family. Dear ones are sick and boys or girls are going to the bad, and their hearts are like to break. The times are out of joint; the cost of living is too great; there is social warfare on every side. Political contentions fill the air and, altogether, it sometimes seems that the largest and saddest order on the face of the earth is "The Knights of the Juniper Tree."

Human Discouragement

How human it is for people to be discouraged! We roll into one all the evils we ever had, all we have now, and all we ever expect to have, and we worry about them. The Bible itself is filled with the sad plaint of discouraged men. Even Jacob, standing before Pharaoh at the ripe age of 130 years, was fain to say that his "days had been few and evil." Moses was discouraged, and cried: "I am not able to bear all this people alone. If thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray thee, out of hand, and let me not see my wretchedness." Gideon was a man of faith usually, but he was discouraged one day and said, "The Lord hath forsaken us and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites!" But that was pure imagination. The Lord had done nothing of the sort. Job was a patient man, but he cried out: "My soul is weary of my life. I will utter freely my complaint upon myself. I will speak in the bitterness of my soul." Jeremiah, who made kings tremble, said: "Cursed be the day wherein I was born, for my days are consumed with shame." Solomon sounded the whole gamut of human experience, but cried at the last that it was all "vanity and vexation of spirit." Jonah was one of the charter members of the Knights of the Juniper Tree, and tried to convince himself that he did well to be angry with his fate.

How Others Have Known It

The fact is, the old kings and prophets were very much like the rest of us. The best of us at times grow weary and discouraged. It is true that John Wesley once said he had never experienced lowness of spirit for a quarter of an hour in his life. But he was a remarkable man, and left no descendants to inherit his patient spirit. The most of us see times when we are tired of life's struggle, and our defeats are so many and our victories come by so narrow a margin that we are seldom bold as we come into battle. All history and literature is filled with the plaint of discouraged men, and we share it with our brothers. In spite of all our toil we are not satisfied. The river runs to the sea, but the sea is never full. What we began with enthusiasm we prosecute at length with indifference. The flood tide is gone, and only the slimy beds remain with never a white crest of the coming sea. As you watch the flotsam and jetsam of our city streets, you are fain to say with the old Scotch woman, "It's a sair sight; a sair sight!" One of our English essayists has made a list of the exclamations of men in "the blues," and it is dismal reading for a rainy day. Byron sums up his experience by saying:

> Through life's drear road so dim and dirty,
> I have dragged on to three and thirty;
> What have those years brought to me?
> Nothing, except thirty-three!

Schopenhauer, the arch-pessimist, said: "Our condition is so wretched that utter annihilation would be preferable." Diocletian grew tired of his throne, and said he "would rather plant cabbages in Salona than rule the world in Byzantium." Servius said "he had been everything from peasant to emperor, and nothing was of any good." Abderrahman the Magnificent said he had had but fourteen happy days in all his life; and Franklin surpassed him in the shortness of his count, for he said he had had "but five fairly happy days," and if he were to live his life over, he doubted if he could reach a round half dozen. St. Bernard said life was "begun in blindness, continued in toil and ended in emptiness." Savonarola and Knox unite with Luther in saying that men were not worth the trouble they had given to save them, and prayed that God would come forthwith and take them home. Cromwell cried that his life had been a burden too heavy for a man to bear. The poets are not always hopeful and happy. Shakespeare says:

> Tired with all these,
> For restful death I pray.

Cowper longs for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," where "rumor of oppression and deceit may never reach him more." Shelley sings:

> I could lie down like a tired child
> And weep away this life of care.

Let us be thankful that God has a cure for discouraged people. Let no man go to his cups and produce sodden soul in the vain attempt to cure a wounded spirit. Do not go to the festivities of the fast set, the excesses of social life, the fascinations of gay surroundings and company. For these will only plunge you into the blackness of darkness. And, least of all, don't undertake to rid yourself of misery by rushing into the presence of God unbidden and unprepared.

God's Remedy

If you are disappointed or discouraged in any way, try God's remedy. What that is may be learned from the case of Elijah. Here he is under a juniper tree. You would never have thought it of Elijah; he who had locked up the cisterns of the heavens and carried the keys in his pocket for years; he who had overthrown the altars of Baal; who had been vindicated on Carmel by fire from heaven, and whose hand was even now blistered and stained from putting four hundred false prophets to the sword. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" Sure enough! I am surprised at thee! What has happened that a man of courage has become a coward? Nothing but the wagging of one woman's tongue. Jezebel sent word to him, "I will make your life like that of the prophets of Baal by to-morrow!" And Elijah ran away from a woman and did not stop till he was clear of the country and a full day's journey into the wilderness. Perhaps there is a lesson before we go any further. Are *you* discouraged? Are you not the man who sang not long ago, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction"? Are you not the man who once cried, amid the shadows, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God"? Are you not the same woman who had a great victory and set up a memorial saying: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me; I will not fear what man can do unto me"? Was not your life so full of bounties that you sang long ago, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want'"? What is *you* doing under the juniper tree?

But see what God did for a man who was so forgetful and so discouraged. First, he feeds him. There is no use to talk with a starving man. God satisfies his needs. An angel spreads the board. A frugal feast spread by angel hands is better than a sumptuous seasoned with the bitter spices of sin. Twice the angel feeds him, and to good purpose, for in the strength of that he goes forty days in the wilderness. God's manna will give you strength that will last. The devil may spread a great table, but there is no nourishment in his food. His apples are dead apples of Sodom."

The Message of the Wilderness

God takes Elijah into the wilderness to Horeb to talk with him. It has often happened that God has led men away where the voices of the world are hushed, and in the great silences he has spoken to them. After the tornado and the earthquake and the fire are past, there comes the "still, small voice," and he who was not in the mighty tempest comes in the whispered message. "What are you doing here?" says God, and the prophet answered, "I who have done so much, am now a refugee. What shall I do?" The answer is sharp and stirring. "Go back. Take up the work you have to do. You have a commission to make kings. Get out of your cave and go at it!" So God says to every man: "Take up your work." The chances are that you came into your despondency through lack of service. You were so busy about yourself that you forgot your neighbor. You have failed to realize that you are his follower, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." There is many a heart to help. There is much work to be possessed, and many enemies to be overcome. But God is with you and he will give you a victory.

> It may be the bitter future
> Is less bitter than you think;
> The Lord may sweeten the waters
> Before you come to drink;
> Or if Marah must be Marah,
> He will stand beside the brink!

If you are old and weak and the burdens of life are heavy, let your soul hark back to prayer. If you cannot man the lifeboat, help to launch it, remember, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff." We are tempted, like the prophet, to think that we are alone, that no one will wield the sword or lift the spear with us. God told the prophet that there were seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal. So there are far more about you who are interested for you and for the kingdom of God than you can know. God is not dead. He who has cared for thee from the cradle will care for thee to the end. He is more interested than you can possibly be in the world and its work. Do not be alarmed. He and not you trundled it into space. He and not you gave its worn rocks a baptism of blood from his own heart. Pray for the touch of the angel that may open your eyes to see that the hills are full of the chariots and the horsemen of God. Get out from under the juniper tree. Gird up your loins for a pilgrimage with God. Israel will be won. The day is already dawning. Laughter and hope!

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

* Pastor Calvary M. E. Church, New York.

GRIEVE NOT

EVE not at close-shut doors, dear heart,
or let thy weak hands vainly beat
t these. Stand still, where'er thou art,
wait with patience calm and sweet,
ist God's voice, beloved, to hear,
t calls thee closer to his side,
her fields that lie more near,
ere other doors are open wide.
all to him, he knoweth best,
ugh drear the chosen path may be:
thou no more, in his will rest,
fuller, sweeter, strong, and free
be thy yielded life. He knows
t where he needs thee, hour by hour,
where thy spirit stronger grows;
knows thy strength, he knows thy power,
where thy light will brightest shine,
id life's mists and shadows dim,
ting all his love divine,
t where thou canst do most for him.

ippi, W. Va. IDA L. REED.

The Cordial Handclasp

D you ever observe what a differ-
nce there is in the fashion of wel-
in different households? There are
s to which you go where the people
indly disposed and glad to see you,
n which they are so stiff and for-
and so undemonstrative that you
ncertain whether or not your call
portune. You have a vague, un-
sense of having come at the
g time, of being an interruption,
infringing on the leisure of your
tainers. They may have been
g over their accounts or planning
it of their own, or they had in the
ground somebody they did not
you to meet. This is the feeling
envelops you like a fog while you
n the house, and you are glad to
e. A woman is peculiarly unfor-
te if in the character of hostess
ongeals her guests. A refrigera-
s not a pleasant place for an easy
. Yet sometimes these apparently
y folk are cold only on the sur-
and at heart are warm and
ing.

w of us need to be told that the
ful and often pitiful demeanor of
iren, as well as of those who have
ed the years of childhood's devel-
nt, in the company of strangers
ew acquaintances is the result of
ess. They may never have learned
ntle art of meeting and greeting
aintances with a little kind ef-
reness. Every one should study
art and it should be taught to
ren by precept and example. In
conflicts of life it will stand them
ead as well as arithmetic and biol-

How do you shake hands?
year or two ago an abominable
ion was in vogue among young
le, who gave each other their fin-
tips, elevating the hand and arm
e moment in a clumsy and awk-
l attempt at elegance. When you
your hand it should be on a level
your heart. To crush a friend's
l in a grasp that leaves it aching
much a mistake as to give a slip-
and clammy imitation of a fish,
sort of perfunctory handshake
arouses resentment because it
is insincere.

e grace of the cordial handclasp,
heart and the brain speaking
ugh the hand, the word of wel-
that is spontaneous, the open
itality that makes friend or neigh-
sure that his coming has made
hter your day—these are social
mplishments simply beyond price.

NEARING THE SHORE

SLUMBEROUS is the sea
The halcyon skies brood o'er,
The while I near the shore
Of immortality.

In love's sweet peace I rest.
The troubled journey's done;
Serenely sinks the sun
In the clear golden west.

Borne slowly onward still,
I watch the dawning light
Of day that has no night,
Of home that knows no ill.

—*Selected.*

SCHEMERS AND PLODDERS

BREEZILY, and full of enthusiasm, the schemer entered the office of the plodder and greeted him pityingly, utterly heedless of every sign that work was pressing.

"Still on the same old job, I see; nose on the grindstone. Say, I've struck the finest scheme you ever heard of. If I can get it started before anybody else gets hold of the idea, it's ready money. At the very least, I'm sure of twenty thousand the first year"—and so on, with argument and proof to sweep aside all doubt. The next week he drops into the office again to borrow a dollar. He is working on a new scheme. Oh, no, the other is "all right," perhaps, but the new one is better.

Schemes and scheming may easily become the bane and ruin of an otherwise steady and useful life. Inventive genius, originality, initiative, are most excellent qualities and strong aids to success, but the passion for scheming is a thing apart from these. Usually the habitual schemer is lacking in real creative genius or effective initiative. He sees part of a plan, but only the seductive part. The flaws he does not see, or he does not rightly estimate. He expects some one else to remedy the faults and carry the plan through with the necessary brains, energy, and capital. He is surprised and offended when the hard-headed man of experience fails to enthuse and puts his finger instantly on the weak points of the plan.

Usually the schemer is carried away with the thought that he has discovered a way to get large returns for little effort or expenditure—an unsound proposition in business or personal life. Any habit or any plan which makes "how much can I get and how little can I give?" the rule of life is injurious, wherever it is applied. With this false relationship comes, as a natural accompaniment, the temptation to trickery and exaggeration. Scheming and schemers are seldom free from these two characteristics.

Fictitious exchange values, with unsound principles and methods of operation, render most schemes insecure and temporary. No solid or permanent success can be built upon such foundation. The schemer is always starting things, but never finishing them. Very often he has left some one else "holding the bag" while he chases on after another will-o'-the-wisp.

. . .

OFTEN I have watched a man pounding—swinging heavy blows with his sledge-hammer—on a rock and seemingly making no impression. He doesn't appear to mind that. One blow follows another on the same spot, again and again, rhythmically. All of a sudden, one blow, just like the rest, falls, and the rock is split through to the heart. It wasn't the last blow that did it, but *all the blows*. How easily the man might have been discouraged when the first blow, and the second, and even the tenth, produced no visible result! It takes faith and courageous persistence to be a plodder, faithful from moment to moment and day to day in efforts which seem to be profitless, but which we believe will bring the cumulated results in due season.

The plodder need not wait for all his profit, however. He may gather from his daily task increase of strength, as the man with the sledge-hammer grows muscle with each swing of his arms. The plodder gains in the very qualities he uses. He makes his own power while he expends it. In certainty of achievement he has the advantage over the schemer because he is building steadily upon a foundation of knowledge and experience which will hold up whatever superstructure of success he may erect. Sometimes, in the crowded heart of the city, you may see a valuable plot fenced off and vacant so far as can be seen from the sidewalk. Week after week, sometimes month after month, this empty spot seems to mock the surging crowds and the skyscrapers around it. Where a small plot of ground is worth a million dollars, why is this valuable space standing so long unoccupied? A glimpse the other side of the fence will disclose the reason. The plodders are drilling deep into the ground and preparing slowly and laboriously the foundation upon which the building is to rise, and that building is expected to be worth all the time, and all the labor, and all the valuable space given to it.

. . .

MEN of modest, inconspicuous abilities often outstrip their more brilliant and versatile rivals in the race of life. There is a law of compensation in all things. We find it in the more delicate sense of touch in blind persons, and often in the greater persistence, the more steady, unyielding purpose in men who lack inventive genius or superior intellect. Students in college, the sons of poor parents, working their way toilfully but eagerly through their course, have made for themselves places of power and influence in the world while their better-favored fellows have failed to grasp any prize worth while.

The greatest achievements of man have been won not by strength, nor by great cleverness, but by persistent, heroic plodding. The engineer does not scheme to send the express train by a single leap over the mountain chain, but by slow, plodding toil he bores tunnels and builds bridges, inch by inch, until the giant task is done. The scientist does not wipe out disease by the wave of a magic wand or the sudden compounding of a medicine. He studies and experiments through toilsome years, with countless substances, and organisms, and agents, while the world knows him not, until at length he gains his victory and humanity hails another savior of the sick.

Man is very little, and he is very great. The mightiest tasks are his, but he must be satisfied to do them slowly, patiently, bit by bit. He was commanded by his Creator to have dominion over the world and subdue it, but his conquest must be gained through the centuries, as he feels his way on and on into the great mysteries of creation. Not by a single stroke of the fist will the door of fortune open to the average man, but there is no door that man has any right to open but will yield to the persistent knocking of the determined applicant. There may be drought, there may be blight, there may be flood, there may be fire, there may be raids from the Philistines, there may be thieves in the night; but we have the promise, and we are content to work on, for as sure as dawn follows night, faithful plodding will earn its reward, and we shall reap in due season if we faint not.

MY CREED

A LOVING thought, a loving word,
Crowned by a loving deed;
These three revealed in one true life
Express my creed.

Quietly come, quietly go,
Quietly show in need
Sweet mercy to thy fellow man;
This is my creed.

Teach men to love, teach men to pray,
And watchful be to feed
The hungry sheep of God above;
Read here my creed.

With all thy heart, with all thy mind,
With all thy soul indeed,
To love thy God with these and strength,
Tells all my creed.

ELLEN NACHTRIEB.

Refined by Suffering

YOUR article on "Euthanasia" brings back to my mind one of the most beautiful characters among God's suffering ones that it has ever been my privilege to know, Miss Mary Taylor of Wheeling. Miss Taylor, when a young girl of but eighteen years, was thrown by a horse and her spine was injured so that she lost the power to use the lower part of her body. She has lain in bed for more than forty-five years. During all that time she has not stood upon her feet nor sat entirely upright. Twice a week or oftener, she is lifted by her sisters upon a couch while her bed is made up, after which she is lifted back into bed again. Twice a year she moves: in the fall into a back room, which can be heated more easily; and in the spring into a middle room from which, when window and door are opened, she can see out into the street and see people passing. In all these years she has never been carried out of the house into which she was taken after she was hurt. She never saw an electric car or electric light or an auto until they came on the street in which her home is situated. She has spent her waking moments largely in reading, knitting, and such other work as she could do with her hands, while partially propped up in bed.

I visited her often during a pastorate of sixteen years. I never heard her murmur nor complain on account of her lot. She always had some blessing to tell of that had been hers. She frequently spoke of the goodness of God and of the many kindnesses that were being shown her and hers. She told me that for a year or more after she was injured she was very rebellious and unhappy; but when told that she could never expect to walk again, she asked God for Jesus' sake to have mercy upon her and give her grace to bear what he had seen fit to let come upon her. And she said that she was given the grace to quietly submit and to believe that the Lord would overrule her affliction for her good and for his own glory. From that time on she stopped complaining and began to count her blessings. And she has been blessed.

It is very hard for us mortals to explain why God permits such things. But are such lives lost? I think not. If one object of life is preparation for a higher life hereafter, then these lives are not lost, for they are ripening for heaven.

(REV.) SAMUEL SCHWARM.
Springfield, Ohio.

Anvil Sparks

..A POLISHED sin is just as rough on the sinner as any other.

..NO ONE ever found enough of the world to satisfy a love for it.

..WE CAN never satisfy our souls' needs by satisfying our wants.

..TIME is precious, but it cannot be hoarded up; its value must be taken as it rolls along.

..THERE is really not much use to pray for daily bread, with our Bibles unopened from day to day.

..IF DOLLARS had consciousness, they would be ashamed of the service the most of them are put to.

ULSTER MEN AGAINST HOME RUL

Sir Edward Carson, the Anti-Home-Rule Leader, Signing the Covenant

GOOD old Irish enthusiasm bubbled over at Belfast on "Ulster Day," September 28, when thirty thousand Irishmen took the oath pledging themselves to resist Home Rule. The day marked the culmination of a strenuous and dramatic campaign conducted throughout the province of Ulster by the former Solicitor General for Ireland Sir Edward Carson. Perhaps the most remarkable demonstration of the campaign was that of the great meeting held in Ulster Hall, Belfast, on the eve of Ulster Day. As Sir Edward Carson rose to speak, Colonel Wallace, Grand Master of the Belfast Orange Lodge, came forward bearing the flag which was carried before King William in the Battle of the Boyne, 1690. At sight of this historic flag, the audience broke into a frenzy of cheering.

Colonel Wallace declared, in presenting it: "This flag has lain quiet in the peaceful possession of the lineal descendants of that gallant officer, Lieutenant Watson, who carried it at the Battle of the Boyne. His descendants have thought that now is the time that it should come forth from its rest, and should once more take its place in the van of freedom." Sir Edward said in reply: "I accept this flag as a token of victory and religious liberty. I hand it back to you, Colonel Wallace, as representing the Loyal Orange Order. I ask you to keep it as a sacred trust until we have killed the conspiracy that confronts us at the present time." Later Sir Edward and Colonel Wallace exhibited the flag to the crowds outside the hall, where it was greeted with wild applause.

The protest made by these "men of Ulster" reads like a long ago chapter of history, but there can be no doubt of their tremendous earnestness. They have the same determination which fired the men who rallied round the dauntless William of Orange and won for him the Irish support for his throne, defeating and driving away King James II, who had returned from France at the instigation of Louis XIV in the hope of saving Ireland for Catholicism. It is this intense loyalty to Protestantism which is firing the men of Ulster in this present crisis. Fearing that "Home Rule will mean Rome Rule," they are defying the British Parliament which has taken the first steps in producing and passing a Home Rule Bill, and are declaring that they will not be bound by the acts of a Dublin Parliament. The exhibition of the ancient flag which led the Protestants to victory over two hundred years ago has intensified the sentiment of protest, and the men of Ulster are apparently determined to stop at nothing in enforcing their demands.

Crowds Surging Down Royal Avenue, Belfast, to Sign the Ulster Covenant

The flag itself is in a remarkable state of preservation and is indeed a beautiful banner. It measures seven feet by six, is made of silk, beautifully woven by Flemish or Dutch craftsmen. The ground of the flag is orange, with a five-pointed black star in the center; in the top corner nearest the staff is a white square with a crimson cross. It has been kept since its appearance on the ancient battlefields in an air-tight case, and has not entirely lost its first luster.

The ceremonies on Ulster Day proper were spectacular and significant. The great manufacturing plants were generally closed, and though the streets swarmed with enthusiastic partisans there was little or no disorder throughout the day. The first exercises were religious, Rev. Dr. M. Kean, former Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, preaching a sermon in the City Hall, being assisted in the services by Episcopal, Methodist and Cong... tional clergy... Sir Edward Ca... Admiral L... Charles Beres... the Lord May... Belfast, and ... dignitaries w... present. At a... minutes past ... Sir Edward Ca... placed his s... ture on the ... nant, which la... a table in a ... bule of the ... Hall, over w... the Boyne flag... unfurled. Afte... Marquis of ... donderry, the ... Mayor, counc... and other offi... had signed, the ... was closed ... two o'clock. At ... hour it was op... again, when th... thousand Ora... men, marchin... military fas... four abreast ... tered the City ... grounds, and, ... by one, signed ... solemn Cover... Union Jacks w... everywhere. E... lodge of Ora... men was prec... on the march ... member carrying the Union Jack, and b... played patriotic airs, avoiding the part... tunes which mean rioting on Ulster Day.

Sir Edward Carson thus outlined the ... pose of the covenanting in an interview g... just after he had signed his own name:

"It is in no spirit of defiance that we ... this pledge, but in the determination ... God's help to keep what we have got, defea... the wickedest conspiracy against Irish ... and religious liberty that ever endanger... free, blameless and God-fearing people.

"The government, for party purposes, ... poses to deprive us of our constituti... rights. It says we must submit to a su... tute constitution which never has been ... mitted to us or to the electors of the Ur... Kingdom.

"The thing is absurd. We have e... rights. We have an equal share in all ... belongs to the British Empire. We rec... equal justice. That is what we are aske... give up in order that there may be in ... country ascendancy of one religion over ... other—an ascendancy which we have ... attempting to put down through all these past ... turies.

"We are asked to accept what is admittedly a ... ordinate place under the empire, to dissolve p... nership with the richest exchequer in the worl... surrender our part in the direction of imperial ... fairs, in the expansion of which all who have ... before us have shed their best blood, and to ... our daily lives managed by those who have n... been anything but a disloyal faction and no pa... the great united empire.

"If this policy is persisted in, there is no lengt... which we may not be compelled to go, no sacr... we may not be compelled to make."

The covenant was also signed by many Union... in the other cities of Ulster, and also in Lon... Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, E... burgh and Glasgow.

TOPICS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD

—ON OCTOBER 9 JUAN J. ZAVALA, the Nicaraguan consul at New Orleans, made public a cable message from the Nicaraguan Minister of Foreign Relations at Managua announcing that peace had been re-established there. Although the message contained no elaborate details it was generally interpreted as meaning that normal conditions have been re-established.

—A NEW TURN WAS given to the development of revolutionary ideas in Mexico when it was learned definitely that General Felix Diaz, a nephew of ex-President Diaz, had taken the field with the avowed purpose of organizing the rebellious elements and overthrowing the Madero Government. It is believed by those who are familiar with Mexican conditions that this defection of Felix Diaz is one of the most serious blows which have yet been dealt the new administration.

—THE CRUISER *Maryland*, bringing Secretary of State KNOX from Japan and Secretary of the Interior Fisher from Hawaii, reached Seattle, Wash., on October 11. Secretary Fisher has been conducting an investigation at Honolulu, which has covered social, political and economic conditions in the islands. One of the chief results of his mission was the withdrawal of charges which had been filed against the present governor of Hawaii and the decision that the public utility corporations should be placed under the jurisdiction of a local commission. Of his trip to Japan Secretary KNOX said: "I have the pleasantest recollections of the kindly reception that was everywhere accorded me in Japan, both personally and as representative of the American people at a time of profound national mourning."

—FRANCE IS THE first of the nations to institute a post of Minister of Aviation, to which Alexandre Millerand, formerly Minister of Public Works, has been appointed. He will have a large staff, including three immediate assistants of great experience in aeronautics. One of these will be in command of the airmen at Versailles, who are divided into military battalions with 344 aeroplanes. Another assistant will have charge of the construction of aeroplanes at Meudon, where the government works are located, and the third will devote his time exclusively to experimenting with aeroplanes as an adjun... artillery. This really looks like business, and indicates ... France has a vision that the next great theater of war w... above as well as on the earth's surface. The republic has ... aeroplanes in military service than any other country, bu... system cannot yet be said to be organized on a practical ... Minister Millerand's plans include the establishment of ... plane stations at widely separated points, the entire for... be assembled on emergency either for frontier defense or ... purposes. This military force will include dirigibles as w... planes. When the new arm of the service reaches the effi... point, it will consist of twenty-seven "squadrillas" or ... squadrons, each of eight aeroplanes, each squadron to be ac... panied by a ground force of four wagons, traction engin... traveling workshop and a high-power armed motor car. ... will also be five garrison "squadrillas" stationed at ta... points, the whole system forming a great aerial chain ar... French territory.

TRIED TO KILL COLONEL ROOSEVELT

E EX-PRESIDENT, SHOT BY A SUPPOSED CRANK AT MILWAUKEE, ADDRESSES AN AUDIENCE THOUGH WOUNDED

Col. Roosevelt Leaving His Train at Chicago after the Shooting

N OCTOBER 14 the whole country was shocked by the news that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the Presidential lidate of the Progressive Party the most picturesque figure in present campaign, had been shot dangerously wounded by an as- in in front of a hotel in Milwau-

At first the wildest rumors e in circulation; but as the details ie occurrence became known, and as learned that the wound was necessarily a mortal one, a great e of thankfulness swept over the on.

olonel Roosevelt, who was stop- at the Hotel Gilpatrick, was paring to go with a party of po- al friends to the Auditorium re he was to address a political ering. A little before eight P.M., mpanied by his cousin, Philip sevelt, his secretary, Elmer E. tin, Henry F. Cochems, Captain). Girard, and several other gen- ien, Mr. Roosevelt left the hotel, he entrance to which there was a l-sized crowd, who greeted him ially. He took his way through throng toward his automobile, h was waiting at the curb. In best of spirits and with no ght of danger, he exchanged tings with some, shook hands others, and had a pleasant d and a smile for all around

Nobody seemed to pay any par- lar attention to a short, round- d, stockily-built man, who stood he edge of the crowd and whom colonel passed as he went to the car. Mr. Roosevelt smiling his acknowledgments and had his hand upon door of the car when this man, who had pushed up as e as possible, suddenly raised a pistol and fired point- nk at Mr. Roosevelt's breast.

was all the work of an instant: the murderous atti- e, the crack and spit of the revolver, and the sudden ering of the victim. For that single instant, the crowd apparently stunned and incapable of action; but the e of the shot had hardly died away when Secretary tin, who is an athletic six-footer, sprang forward, and, hing the would-be assassin, who was trying to fire an- r shot, bore him to the ground, where, with one arm nd the man's neck, he held him down, while with the hand he wrenched loose and secured the loaded pistol. man fought like a demon, but Martin, aided by Chair- Cochems, quickly subdued him. The muscular secre- picked the man up and carried him over to the side of car. Colonel Roosevelt stood gazing, with a strange, tified look on his face, while the crowd, which had now un to realize the situation, was angrily howling against assailant and crying: "Lynch him!" "Kill him!" onel Roosevelt looked steadily at Martin's prisoner, who ned likely to be torn to pieces. Then, with a wave of hand, he motioned to the excited crowd to fall back. Don't hurt him! Poor fellow! Stop! Stand back!" came in command- tones from the ex-President. Reluctantly they gave way and allowed Martin and Girard to take their struggling prisoner into the hotel, where he was turned over to the police.

John Schrank

Secretary Elmer E. Martin

It is a question whether at this juncture Colonel Roosevelt really knew that he had been hit at all; certainly the crowd did not know it.

"Were you hurt, Colonel?" cried out a chorus of eager voices.

Roosevelt smiled back at them—the old familiar smile. "No," he said, "not a bit. He missed me that time; but we had better go on or we shall be late at the Auditorium."

Satisfied with this personal assurance of his safety, the crowd thinned out, and the Roosevelt party entered the car which made its way toward the Auditorium. In the party was John McGrath, another of the colonel's political secretaries, who sat opposite to Mr. Roosevelt. They had only proceeded a few blocks when McGrath suddenly leaned forward with a cry, and pointed to Colonel Roosevelt's big brown overcoat — an army overcoat it was. "There's a hole in your coat, Colonel," he said huskily. "Better look at it, quick!"

Mr. Roosevelt gleamed at him through his glasses, then turned his eyes down, and there, on the right breast, was a hole. He undid the buttons of the big overcoat and put in his left hand beneath it. A moment later, when he pulled the hand out, the fingers were ruddy with blood.

There was a shudder among the occupants of the car and several endeavored to persuade the wounded man to give up the meeting and have his injuries attended to at once.

"No," was the grim reply. "I'm going to the Auditorium and I'll make this speech or die! I'm not seriously hurt." He pressed his left hand against his right breast as he spoke, and the bloodstains could be seen.

On reaching the Auditorium he was told that his determination to go on the platform and speak might endanger his life, but he smiled at such warnings and remained resolute in his purpose. In the dressing-room, some of his clothing was removed, and a hurried examination was made. The manuscript of his speech—about a hundred loose leaves —was blurred and blood-soaked, and in parts illegible. It was perforated by a bullet. The bunch of pages had been carried in his right inside coat pocket, and had so checked the bullet that its force was largely spent before reaching the skin. The manuscript had apparently saved the colonel's life.

Drs. Terrell and Stratton of Milwaukee and Dr. Sorenson of Racine, who were in the audience, were summoned to the dressing-room and made a superficial examination of the wound. They would venture no guess as to the extent of his injuries, but urged him to go to a hospital instantly. But the colonel's mind was made up. Bullet or no bullet, he would keep his appointment. And when the bleeding puncture in his right breast had been stanched and temporarily dressed with the aid of a handkerchief, he walked out of the dressing-room upon the stage, the audience in front (wholly unaware of the shooting) greeting him with cheers. Then Chairman Henry F. Cochems of the Speakers' Bureau stepped forward, and, in a shaking voice, told them that Colonel Roosevelt had been shot and was wounded. A cry of horror went up from the great audience. Many rose and called out: "Tell us, Colonel, are you hurt?" For answer, Mr. Roosevelt walked to the edge of the platform, and drawing back his coat, the excited gathering saw the blood-stains.

"It's true," he said calmly; "but I'm going to ask you to be very quiet. I'll do the best I can, but you see there's a bullet in my body. But it's nothing. I'm not hurt badly. It will take more than that to kill a Bull Moose," he added, with a touch of the old humor and the Roosevelt smile.

He proceeded with his address with the grim determination of a man who had a message to deliver even if it cost him his life.

While these events were taking place at the Auditorium, the assailant of Mr. Roosevelt had been turned over to the Milwaukee police, after a narrow escape from lynching at the hands of the crowd around the hotel. He gave his name as John Schrank, and made no attempt to deny his crime or his deadly purpose. He is of medium height, weighs about 160 pounds, is light complexioned, and partly bald. His mouth indicates peevishness, craft, and a certain kind of determination. He has a shifty, wandering eye and a manner that indicates mental disorder. Dr. Spitzka, the distinguished alienist, says the man is insane.

Schrank said he belonged to no political party, but had a "great reason" for his wild action. A written "proclamation" found in his pockets stated that he had a dream in which President McKinley appeared to him in

Continued on page 1084

The Bullet-Pierced Manuscript

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

The Attack on Mr. Roosevelt

THIS nation has cause for profound gratitude to God in the fact that Theodore Roosevelt's life has been spared, and that the attempt of a monomaniac to assassinate him in Milwaukee has failed. Present indications justify the hope of his early and complete recovery, although a bullet in his breast and a broken rib will still be the reminders of an episode which the merest fractional divergence might have transformed into a national calamity. We have learned by sad experience that one of the penalties of public prominence is personal danger. Any notable American is a shining mark for cranks and irresponsibles of the class of which Schrank is evidently a type. To guard against such enemies is a practical impossibility. Like the mole, they burrow in the dark, revolving their malign plots in their own disordered brains and disclosing them to none. Schrank had no accomplices; men of his type rarely have, and this fact makes them all the more dangerous as hidden foes against whom even the strongest can have little defense.

Now that the pressure upon the public mind has been somewhat relieved by the reassurances of the doctors, we may look back with glowing appreciation on the manliness of Theodore Roosevelt in those trying moments when he stood face to face with death. Stout of will, resolute of purpose, in confronting a danger that would have appalled most men he showed himself to be of the stuff of which brave men are made. Americans forget the politician in such a crisis and see only the man standing calm and unafraid amid the storm of excitement that followed the murderous attack, and even pleading for his assailant. They see him wounded and bleeding, delivering his message to the crowded Auditorium, as, with the grim courage of a Cromwell, he vowed he would do even if it cost his life. It is a scene that will be long remembered—a story that will be told wherever the deeds of "men of heroic mold" are spoken of in the years to come.

Meanwhile the nation hopes and prays for the recovery of Mr. Roosevelt, that he may be spared to his own dear ones and to render further useful service to his country. It is a welcome sign that political antagonisms are usually superficial and do not strike down to the roots of character. It is astonishing how little they begin to seem at such a time. When the heart is touched, all trivialities and conventionalities are brushed aside and we look behind the mask at the real man. Ex-President Roosevelt is one of the chosen few whom Americans love to honor, and his recent experience has given him, if possible, a warmer place in their hearts than before. Political suns may rise and set, but as an independent and arousing factor in the national life of our time, he occupies a very special place from which he would be sorely missed.

Concerning Rewards

DO THE Scriptures teach, and where, that some persons will receive more reward in heaven than others? Do any passages teach that some will enjoy heaven more than others?"

These questions, coming from a reader in Pennsylvania, awaken a quick response of interest and longing in every Christian heart.

The most comprehensive passage on the subject of rewards is found in I. Cor. 3: 10-15. St. Paul clearly shows here that the question of rewards is quite distinct from the question of personal salvation. All who have faith in Christ will be saved. But the work done is of differing qualities and values, and a man will be rewarded according to the value of his work. Jesus taught the same thing in the parable of the pounds (Luke 19: 12-27): the man who had gained ten pounds received ten cities to rule; the one who had gained five pounds received five cities. Our mansions in heaven are prepared for us; they are God's free gift. But we have the furnishing of them in our own hands. We can "lay up treasures in heaven" by the thoughtful, worthy, self-sacrificing things we do on earth.

Yet, after all, the finest attitude of mind about rewards is to work without thinking of them.

"What guerdon will ye?"

"None! For the deed's sake have I done the deed."

So spoke the youthful Gareth to Lynette.

"Who thought upon reward?" asks Colombe's brave lover in Browning's poem. All he asked was an opportunity to serve, unknown, unrecognized, unrewarded, the woman whom he loved.

What is the reward for speaking a kind word? The reward is simply to have spoken it; to have said or done a kind thing is greater in itself than any reward one could win for it. The good done, the souls saved, the lives cheered, these very things in themselves are the richest rewards.

Again, good deeds done bring the power to do more good. Margaret Sangster prayed: "Give me the wages of going on." The greatest possible reward will be the opportunity and power of doing still greater tasks for Christ. And these will be assigned according as we have fitted ourselves on earth for the higher tasks of heaven.

The answer to the first question also answers the second. If there ever be a regretful moment in that better land it will be because of neglected opportunities. The consciousness of having done much or little for Christ and for others in his name will doubtless bring varying degrees of happiness in heaven. Every time we make any one else happy we are made happy ourselves; so that those who have made many others happy will themselves be happier than those who have made few happy. But in this connection it is helpful to bear in mind the fact that, after all, the intensest soul happiness comes from direct communion with Christ. Even those saved late in life, who have missed the opportunities for service, may be richly blessed by loving him and being with him. But surely those who know that through their work others have been made glad must themselves have a greater gladness than they could otherwise have found. Perhaps there is no passage stating distinctly that some will be happier than others, but this is implied in all the Scripture statements about rewards, and in all the facts of experience.

Tumultuous Days

THESE are discouraging days for the Peace Dove. What with the war fires blazing in the Balkans; with Russia and Austria lining up their vast armies for emergencies; with France swept by a sudden wave of patriotic militarism; and with Germany, England and the United States hot in the race for sea-supremacy, there isn't much consolation anywhere on the horizon for the Bird of Promise. In Mexico and Nicaragua, too, the guns are still roaring and the air is heavy with battle-smoke. One lone crumb of comfort the Dove may find in the peace pact just negotiated between Turkey and Italy; but it is a very little one, as both combatants had fought over Tripoli to the point of exhaustion.

And now that the day of the war aeroplane has arrived, even the air itself will be monopolized for military purposes. No "piping times of peace in sight. From present indications many moons will wax and wane ere the poor little Bird of Peace will get good flying weather around this turbulent old world again.

How You Can Lend a Hand

The tongue is prone to lose the way,
Not so the pen, for in a letter
We have not better things to say,
But surely say them better.
EMERSON.

AS EVERYBODY knows, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD keeps open house at all seasons for the Family of readers, who have the privilege of doing pretty much what they please, while we always take pleasure in granting it, if within our power. We have we ourselves any hesitation in making request of our friends, knowing that, in pure goodness of heart, they're always ready to grant it if they can. It's a delightful thing to have such mutually pleasant terms, especially in our Family Circle as big as ours. And it's constantly growing, too.

We've been seed-planting and sowing for months, so that our readers and all their friends might have an exceptionally fine garden of things to wander about in and pick and choose from this fall. You have seen something of the harvest we prepared for you in our Annual Premium List, which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD October 23—just a week ago. These splendid premiums were specially chosen for you and for acquaintances whom you may choose to bring into our Family Circle as regular subscribers. There's a big enough variety to suit every taste, and it gives you a chance to lay in your stock of gifts ahead of the rush and crush of the holidays. Besides they are put at figures ridiculously low, contrasted with the high prices that are always asked later in the season.

And now for our request, to which we ask your give kindly consideration: This year, God willing, and with your help, can be made the banner year for extending our field of service. We want you to help us make it so, and the way to do it is place THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a *hundred thousand homes where it is not now taken.* Will you, dear friend who read this, send in along with your own renewal *one new subscription?* These liberal Premiums should win over almost any one you may approach on the subject. And besides there's a host of new attractions to appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the coming year—but that's another story and we'll tell you about it by and by.

We know that many of our readers feel like ing their favorite journal a service, in recognition of all its loving labors in their behalf. Now, if you do what we have asked, you'll really be doing triple service: You will help and encourage us; you'll introduce your friend to the delights of Family Circle and our Open House, and you will enlarge the scope and influence of the journal you love, for more efficient world-wide service.

Just another word: Don't linger over your list of Premiums but decide *now.* Send in your renewal as far ahead as possible. This is a great assistance to us at this season than you might imagine, because it relieves the pressure on our Subscription Department, which is liable to be overworked when the big volume of renewals begins to pour in later on. *Renew this week,* and your subscription will be extended one year from present expiry date, so you won't miss a single number.

General Notes

—COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S remarkable recuperative power, no doubt to his exceptionally fine physique, but also to measure to his normal and healthful manner of life, furnishes good illustration of the value of moderate living and exercise.

—RUSSIA HAS NOW over 120,000 political prisoners in penal establishments and is contemplating the erection of more prisons for the accommodation of the same class of offenders. We question whether in any other country in the world such a record can be paralleled.

—OUR READERS WILL find on another page of this issue the second instalment of our remarkable symposium on the plan to "Make America Catholic." These letters, from representative Americans of various religious denominations, are to be widely read and well considered. They present a case against Rome without bias and in temperate terms, which do not fail to appeal to the judgment and patriotism of every American.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Gave Scriptures to Sailors

AN IMPORTANT feature of the demonstration of the United States Navy in New York Harbor recently was the free distribution of portions of the Scriptures to the ...rs on board of the battleships. On Sunday ...ing, October 13, the Evangelistic Committee of ... York distributed 24,600 Gospels to as many ...rs on board thirty-two of the largest battle... in the fleet. The distributors consisted of ...ladies and a gentleman, the gentleman carrying a large package of Gospels, and each lady a ...l package. Dr. White's Bible School furnished ...t ninety students, sixty of them being ladies. ... Young Women's Christian Association and ...g Men's Christian As...tion sent delegations ...h amounted to about ...ty-five persons. Permis... to distribute the Gos... was received from ...iral Osterhaus, and the ...ies, with one exception, ... received with extreme ...tesy by the captains ...high officers of the dif...ant ships. Each captain ...onally thanked the vis..., and several of them ... they would send per...l thanks to the Evan...tic Committee for their ...ghtfulness. Many of the ...s returned with sou...rs consisting of boxes ...andy, private cards, lit...tokens, etc., from the ...ains and officers of ...different ships. In one ... the party was sent ... in the captain's pri... launch, and in several ...s they were invited to ...er. Some of the cap... themselves assisted in ... distribution of the Bi... and asked the commit... if they would not stay ...oard to hold a meeting ... the sailors; one captain ...ig so far as to notify the ...er to call every man on ...d the battleship into ... cabin for a religious ...ice. Every one who took a Bible said "Thank ..." The New York Bible Society, through the ...ness of Dr. Carter, donated 13,200 Gospels, and ... that it would make good whatever Gospels the ...angelistic Committee had to use of its own. The ...ribution of the Gospels was under the direction ...r. E. P. Hains, Jr., who is working his way ...ugh the Bible Teachers' Training School in ... York City. This gift of the sacred Book was a ...tiful and appropriate one. The Gospels, how...ls are at right angles to the warships, but the ...els are being generally believed, and when ...e shall be intense faith in them, our and other ...ons will cease to waste the money of govern...ts in deadly armaments. They will realize ... Christ meant when he said:

...ce I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. (John 14:27.)

Gives Leg to Save a Stranger

...HEL SMITH of Gary, Ind., was riding her ...motorcycle the other day when the gasoline tank ...er cycle exploded, burning her so terribly that ... injury was pronounced fatal by the physicians. ...re was one hope left—that of skin-grafting. ...ie Rugh, a crippled newsboy of Gary, seeing a ...tion of this hope, went to the doctor in charge ...he case and offered to give his crippled leg for ... grafting, which offer was accepted. When ... that so much skin would be needed that ...ould necessitate amputation, he hesitated a mo... ...t and then told Dr. Craig that he was willing to ... up the leg. Not until he was led into ... room in which the girl lay had he ever seen her ...re. "You are saving my life," she told him. ...ant to thank you." "Shucks! It ain't nothin'," ...tammered. The boy and girl were laid on ad...ing tables and the grafting operation began, ...t being chloroformed. When the 150 square ...es of skin needed to save the girl had been ...nsplanted to her body, the boy's leg was am...ated just below the hip. The girl will leave ... hospital before her benefactor, it is be...ed. The effects of the amputation on the newsboy have proved more serious than they were at first supposed to be, and there is now some doubt of his recovery. There is no more genuine heroism than that of this crippled newsboy who willingly risked his life for one who was a complete stranger to him. He had the spirit of Christ, who gave his body up to be nailed on a cross, that even his enemies might be saved.

For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be

Petrified Potatoes

AS THE excavations for the new subway on Lexington Avenue in New York City were being made, some rocks that looked enough like petrified potatoes to be real ones were thrown out. The boys watching the work, thinking them to be real potatoes, gathered them up in their hands, and the urchins, thinking they would have some fun, went along the street for a block, dropping them into the open barrels of potatoes standing out in front of the grocery and vegetable stores. The merchants, not discovering the tricks of the boys, sold the stone potatoes innocently with the good ones. The next day the housekeepers of that neighborhood who had made purchases came to the stores in great rage, and some of them assumed the rôle of the militant suffragette with rock in hand and eye on head of merchant. When the facts of the boys' mischievous trick were learned the anger subsided, and there was a good laugh all around. It might be known that merchants would not undertake to practice such an unblushing fraud as to sell stone for food. The Saviour's words are here recalled:

What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? (Matt. 7:9.)

A Group of the Visitors Starting Out to Go Aboard the Warships

E. P. Hains, Jr.

A Paradise for Birds

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE has just bought Marsh Island in Louisiana for $150,000, and donated it to the Federal Government, the State of Louisiana and an association organized for the purpose with the conditions attached to the gift that there shall be no settlements allowed on the island and that a special government permit be required to secure even a look at it. The island is on the Gulf Coast southwest of New Orleans, and is famous as a winter feeding ground for the mallards, canvasbacks, teal, black ducks, blue geese, snow geese, bitterns, herons, loons, rails, and shore birds of many kinds. This bird paradise is eighteen miles long and nine miles wide, and contains 75,000 acres. The provision of the refuge will be the most pleasant news the birds of North America have heard since the reading of the will of David Wilcox, which made possible the formation of the National Audubon Society for the study and protection of the feathered tribes. The use of birds as food is proper, but the wholesale destruction of wild birds even for food is bad economy. In Louisiana alone in the hunting season of 1909-1910 there were killed 4,265,585 game birds, which slaughter continued would mean their speedy extermination, and the end of the sport itself. Then there has been the barbarous destruction of these beautiful songsters for purposes of adornment of women's hats, etc., which cruelty fortunately many of the States have forbidden. Mrs. Sage has always had a love for birds and an interest in the preservation of their life, and she has manifested a beautiful benevolence in this paradise for them which she has created, and in so doing has copied her Master in God's care for the birds.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. (Matt. 10:29.)

The Hydroaeroplane to the Rescue

A HYDROAEROPLANE was used the other afternoon for the first time in history to save a man from drowning. From Hempstead Harbor, off Sea Cliff, Long Island, Walter Strohbach and Elwood Sawyer of Flatbush went for a row in the Sound. The former fell out of the boat, and his friend at the oars tried in vain to reach him. Some one on the shore noticed the plight of the young men, and hurried to Aviator Wald, who was tuning his machine for his day's flight. He jumped into his hydroaeroplane immediately, and putting on all speed possible headed straight for the drowning man, made the distance of half a mile to him in one minute, but only to save him after he had come up the second time. The aviator dropped a life-preserver to him and then hauled him up into the machine by a rope and took him to the shore. Strohbach was carried to the Country Club, where a physician revived him. Sawyer was enabled to get back to the shore in the boat. Wald then circled around the scout ships that were to take a part in the great parade of the United States navy. Thus the new invention that claims such a toll of lives in the mastery of the air is used in the saving of life on the water. The companions of Christ awoke him out of his slumber to save them from drowning, which he did.

And they awoke him, saying, Master, Master, we perish. Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm. (Luke 8:24.)

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

A WORLD'S temperance lesson from a chapter in which the only reference to intemperance is part of a verse about the hurtfulness of wine to the princes of Israel may seem an anomaly. But this single reference to intemperance comes in the midst of a word picture of a whole train of sins and sorrows of which alcohol is by no means the least. In the words of Dr. George Adam Smith, this "obscure passage on obscure events" is yet so "lurid with the passion of that fevered people in the flagrant years 743-735 B.C. that we can make out the crimes described—a king surrounded by loose and unscrupulous nobles; adultery, drunkenness, conspiracies, assassination; every man striking out for himself; none appealing to God."

The real temperance lesson comes to us not from the single verse upon which it is hung but from the whole prophecy of Hosea and from the whole period which he has portrayed. A long period of almost unequaled prosperity had had terrible effects upon the people of Israel. It has been said that the period of Kings Uzziah and Jeroboam were the golden age of Israel. Conquest and commercial enterprise were greater than at any other time except the reign of Solomon. The rich lived in true Oriental luxury, and many were rich. In addition to the wealth of their fields and their legitimate commerce, they enjoyed the spoils of the nations they conquered. They gathered in the flocks and herds of other lands. Such wealth as this could never be other than a curse. Riches and its attendant luxuries accumulated, but, as in ancient Rome, as they grew the people degenerated both morally and physically. Irreligion and idolatry came as the natural accompaniments of this state of affairs, and when Hosea began his work toward the end of the period of great prosperity, the results of these things were becoming more and more apparent in the life of the nation. Political weakness was following hard on the heels of moral degeneracy. The prosperity of the kingdom was rapidly declining. The Jewish nation, as a whole, was a volcano ready at any moment to burst forth with disorders and crimes and anarchy.

There is perhaps no more romantic figure, from our modern point of view, than Hosea in all the Old Testament. His own life had been marked by a tragedy in his loss of his wife. Out of this bitter experience he came, while still a young man, with a message of God's infinite love for this people who had forgotten him and neglected his teachings and his love, even as the prophet's wife had deserted him. In the midst of his bitter arraignment of his people, Hosea gives us the one verse upon which this lesson hangs. Alcoholic indulgence again appears as a large figure in the passage from which we get the Golden Text (Isa. 5: 11, 12, 22, 23).

In this case it is a picture of Judah, the other branch of God's chosen people. Because of intemperance and the vices and crimes that accompanied it, Hosea and Isaiah proclaimed that both nations would go down the three steps which lead to the graveyard of nations, from moral to physical and political decay. Having become captives of sin in "God's country," despite God's persistent warnings, they would become easy captives of a foreign foe. Both chapters and both countries should be studied as parts of this lesson.

There are many national evils and many personal sins to which the warnings in the lesson and Golden Text might appropriately be applied, for nearly all the wrongs and woes of the world grow out of the three chief roots of evil, which this lesson lays bare, namely, ungoverned appetites and passions and greed. But we cannot teach effectively, in the time allowed for one lesson, more than the one truth which may most appropriately be singled out on this "World's Temperance Sunday," that love of alcohol, like love of money, as described in the revised Bible, is "*a root of all kinds of evil.*" The lesson shows alcohol as (1) a root of "sickness," verse 5, first clause; (2) a root of sin and sorrow, verse 5, second clause and Golden Text.

HOSEA

From Sargent's frieze of The Prophets, in the Boston Public Library.

"On the day of our king the princes made themselves sick with the heat of wine." The sickness of the princes from wine-drinking at the king's banquet may have been no more than the seasickness on land to which President Lincoln referred in declining to take brandy for seasickness on the war. But to-day we know the effect of alcohol on health goes far beyond temporary nausea. Science testifies through a great host of the world's foremost medical men and through official utterances of French, British, German and American governments that "*the continued use of alcohol, even though not to the extent of drunkenness, often leads to chronic poisoning.*" This statement, in the very words, appears in British posters on "Alcoholism and Physical Degeneracy," such as have been put up in a hundred cities of Great Britain and Australia "by order of the city government." The quoted declaration itself is borrowed from the report of an official commission of medical men appointed by the British Parliament. Earlier, the French Republic posted an equivalent utterance from its national board of health.

In *Alcohol and the Human Body*, by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge, tables are given of scientific form of seven "diseases due to alcohol alone," and of thirty-nine "diseases of which alcohol is frequently a determining or contributing cause." On these diseases the scientists are almost entirely of one mind. They agree that alcohol complicates and aggravates all acute maladies. "Typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a temperate man, quickly carry off the alcoholic drinker."

In the March, 1912, issue of the *Scientific Temperance Journal* of Boston, it is shown by citations from *The Mortality of Alcohol*, 1911, by Edward Bunnell Phelps, editor of the *American Underwriter*, on the basis of American insurance records, that "alcohol is a factor in 106 different causes of death" and that "sixty-six thousand deaths this year are due partly or wholly to alcohol."

From the death goal of alcohol, let us come back to the unquestionable initial fact that alcohol is a drug, and when sold undiluted must bear the skull and crossbones warning of poison. Sir Frederick Treves, physician to the late King Edward, declared that "alcohol should be subject to the same strict limitations as opium, morphia or strychnia." We marvel that people will become enslaved to cocaine and to opium and its derivatives, morphia and heroin, but these things are hedged about with protections to save the ignorant and the unwary. It is generally agreed that no government should allow any of these narcotic poisons to be used except under direction of a qualified physician; and many are convinced of the wisdom of surrounding alcohol with the same restrictions.

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* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for November 12, 1912. HOSEA, chapter 7. GOLDEN TEXT: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame them!" Isa. 5: 11, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—AT ONE TIME Mr. D. L. Moody was superintendent of the Illinois Street Sunday School, Chicago. The school numbered about twelve scholars, and they were of the mission type. Next to the Spirit of God in his heart, Mr. Moody's power as a superintendent was in his personal contact with his scholars. He certainly knew every one of them by name, and smiled upon each one in a peculiar way, as he inquired about the folks at home, including the baby, and that was before the day of cradle rolls! He said to his primary teacher one day: "Get up some parties for your children, have them come every week, and do for them just as if the only happy times they ever have is when they are with you." To a young lady who had just commenced work in his Sunday school, he said one Sunday morning: "Go down and meet the class of young believers." "What shall I do with them?" she asked, for it was not the Sunday school hour. "Let them teach you," was his sagacious reply. When she reached the Sunday school building, she found fourteen boys and girls from twelve to fourteen years of age assembled, and eagerly waiting to be given bundles of circulars that they might go out on the streets and distribute them, inviting people to come to the church services and to Sunday school.

—MR. B. F. JACOBS was superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday school, Chicago, which was considerably larger in size than Mr. Moody's school, and was not a mission school. There was a fountain in the Sunday school room, and a large number of bouquets were piled about it every Sunday morning (provided by the superintendent) to be sent to absent scholars who were sick. One Sabbath in June Mr. Jacobs gave by his own hand a rose to every scholar. The teaching was very carefully supervised by Mr. Jacobs. He employed a skilled teacher belonging to the faculty of a Normal College to instruct his teachers "how to teach." During the week Mr. Jacobs frequently looked over the teachers' class books to see how matters were going. He noticed in one book a teacher had marked a scholar "absent" for six Sundays, and then had written "left." Busy business man as he was, he took time to go and see why that scholar had left. He found a very sick boy, whose head had been terribly cut by being run over by a heavy wagon. Mr. Jacobs wrote after the word "left" in the teacher's class book "by a careless teacher to die with a hole in his head." The feelings of that teacher can better be imagined than described when she opened her class book the next Sunday and saw what her superintendent had written.

—"THE WORLD'S Sunday School Superintendent," Mr. Frank L. Brown, of Brooklyn, N. Y., certainly deserves this title. In a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a brief account was given of his work as a superintendent of one school, which we now briefly summarize. From ten to twenty-five new scholars a Sunday in the Bushwick Avenue school without offering a reward. From a membership of 80 in the beginning to a roll of 3,600 in twenty-six years, and in addition three missions with a membership of 1,500. Between four and five thousand decisions for Christ have occurred from the school membership. The ways of working have been as follows: Increasing the interest and taking care of the membership already on the books; large attention to the week-day life of scholars; classes well organized; trained teachers; good program; wholesome recreations; employment department. Mr. Brown as the commissioner of the World's Sunday School Association, says: "The first Sunday School Convention of the Philippine Islands was held at Manila, February 24-26, 1911. One man traveled seven hundred miles to the convention; two men came nine days on horseback! On convention Sunday a model Sunday school was held. Over 1,100 members and onlookers were present. The Filipino took it in with wide-open eyes. At the closing meeting of the convention 2,000 were present. In China Mr. Brown conducted thirty-six Sunday school rallies at Hongkong, Canton, Savatow, Amoy, Swatow, Soochow, Nanking, Soochow and Shanghai. These rallies numbered from a thousand to twelve hundred persons present. Consul General Wilder said: "Give these Chinese boys and girls an education, and they will turn out as well as your children and mine." From China Mr. Brown went into Korea, and there he found a wonderfully developed Sunday school movement. In one school, for a sample, he found an Honor Roll of twelve scholars who had learned from 400 to 3,000 verses of Scripture; several girls about elven years of age had learned the entire New Testament, excelling the book of Matthew; eighty-seven of the boys had held meetings in villages, 3,052 conversions resulting. "And these young people are to become the Sunday school leaders of the future," says Mr. Brown. Japan was next visited. He reports: "Japan is well organized; has normal teacher-training courses and five hundred studies; a substantial library."

—SEND BRIEF statements of successful plans of Sunday school work to Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D., 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

THE BRINGING OF THE LIGHT

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

THE picture was turned to the wall, exposing to view only its brown paper back and the time-darkened wood of its frame. The reversed position hinted of mystery, and Gordon was interested in a moment. He silently promised himself that whether opportunity offered or not, he would not be laggard in seeking the reason for the unusual arrangement and what it signified. Something more than strange certainly lurked about such a picture in the parlor of such a man as Mr. Graves.

Opportunity proved to be slow of approach as usual; and finally, when Graves was out about his farms and Mrs. Graves was busy in the center of her universe, the kitchen, Gordon slipped into the parlor to verify the solution of the mystery that his own mind had evolved. With careful hands he turned the picture and brought to view a girl's face—a sweet, sensitive face from which dark eyes looked out with that indescribable expression that is sometimes seen in the eyes of those gifted with an esthetic temperament—the eyes of a dreamer seeking forever the transient beauty that flashes in everything from flower to star in gleams which few of us ever see. The picture itself was simply an enlarged photograph such as is often found in New England homes, but the workmanship was better than usual, suggesting that more than customary care had been taken by the one who worked upon the picture, perhaps because touched by the wistful beauty of the face which was his subject. Gordon in rapt study did not hear the soft approach of Mrs. Graves' felt shoes, but he did hear her low, startled exclamation as she discovered him. His heart throbbed and a flush was on his cheeks when he realized the situation in which he had placed himself. He turned calmly, trying to appear unconcerned, to see her standing white-faced and almost cringing near the door. The change in her gentle face shocked him. It was perfectly evident to him that in her heart was a memory and a longing that linked itself with the face in the gaudy frame. The hurt in the woman's heart was reflected in her face, and he knew that he had stumbled upon the tragedy of a mother soul torn hourly, daily, yearly by anguish, the cause of which he could not fathom.

The portieres parted, and the face of the girl in the picture turned to the wall, looked in

Gently he turned the sweet face back to the wall. He asked no question, but said simply: "This is a beautiful face, Mrs. Graves, a very beautiful face."

Her fingers were knotted and it seemed difficult for her to frame her words. "Yes—it—is—I—"

He hastened to help her. "I have made many studies of faces, for I am an artist in a small way, though please do not let Mr. Graves discover it; and to me this face is exceptional."

A soft light burned in the motherly eyes. "Indeed, I am glad—to have you say so. She was—"

"Mother!" Sharp and curt came Mr. Graves's voice, and his cold keen face appeared. "You'll find your bread burning in the kitchen if you don't stop this visiting sudden!"

She left them with a little cry of dismay and disappointment. Graves came further into the room. His gray eyes were stern and hard. "Mr. Gordon, I am glad to have you here in my home, and I want to do all I can to make your stay pleasant; but there is one thing that is never spoken of by any soul under this roof, and that is—the girl in that picture. Make no mention of her before me, my wife, or my neighbors. If you do, you are no longer wanted as my guest. That"—he motioned to the picture—"belongs to a part of our life that is shut away—tight! Kindly remember."

The grim figure stepped from the room, and left Gordon staring in astonishment and perplexity, but not in doubt as to the final meaning the old farmer had in mind. Needless to say, thereafter Gordon had plenty of food for thought. He had not expected to meet such an icy nature as Graves evidently possessed when he engaged a room at the house, nor had he expected to find such dark shadows as these that lay in the inner lives of his hosts.

He had been told that Graves's home was a place where it was quiet, and where he could recover from the fatigue induced by the continuous work he had been doing in his city studio. He had, also, been warned from other sources not to mention that he was an artist, for, as his village informant had said: "Graves is death on such things as playing, singing, painting—calls 'em tom-foolery." And Gordon in the little time he had been there had found the statement true.

Born of a Puritan race, bred in its rigid atmosphere and trained by its coldest precepts, it was natural for Graves to look upon amusement, music, and art as breeding influences that led to undesirable ends. Into the narrow range of his life had entered none of the softening influences of contact with minds that can see and make plain to others the glorious work done in the world by the very things he despised. Mrs. Graves, on the other hand, was not so constituted. Her life reflected the mellow gentleness that goes with a soul sensitive to the light and shadows of life; the soul that sings in answer to the birds and quivers with the sunbeams at the kiss of the sun. Gordon could see, too, that under the overshadowing nature of her husband, the high lights had been subdued and the music in her heart made but echoes of songs heard long ago.

Tragedy it was—nothing more or less—that they should live their uneventful years under the spell of something that chilled the love between them, laid a silence on the lips of both, building a grim reserve in the heart of one, leaving a stifled cry in the heart of the other. The condition must have resulted from a long process; swift anger, then the missing of a cheery girlish voice, and the absence of a sweet girlish face; after that the deadening influence of an iron will and the firm determination to forget, ever checked by the heart's plea to remember.

As he pondered the situation, feeling sure he understood, Gordon evolved a final plan of action that necessitated making changes in the earlier plan with which he had come. If he could touch the last dying bit of love and mercy in Graves's heart with the water of friendship, he might be able to woo the man's sere nature out into abundant life. This scheme involved the taking of a deep interest in Graves's beloved farm, in the thousand phases that go to make up the work of a skilfully managed estate of many acres. He was certain that he had entered Graves's heart by the only avenue when it was reported to him later that the old gentleman had said to a group in the village post office that "that Gordon was one fine fellow."

In spite of all his careful planning Gordon's scheme came very near going the way of plans that never grow up as a result of a sudden and entirely unexpected turn of affairs. While chatting with Graves at the barn door one evening, Gordon stepped just outside instinctively, as if in answer to a summons, to hear a vesper sparrow singing in a treetop below the hill. Graves, stepping out too, looked at him sharply.

"My word! Graves," Gordon began enthusiastically, "that's heaven's own music! Do you know the old legend—" Then he paused, remembering.

The grizzled old New Englander stood on the step, a silent and ominous figure. After a moment he spoke. "So you are one of them! I thought so at first, then I changed my mind. Of all the foolishness on earth, the biggest is this mooning over such things. My girl," he hesitated as if to say no more, but thought flooded over his lips into speech, "used to sneak out and listen to those birds. I used to find her out here when she ought to have been in the house working. She'd leave her mother, leave her duties, just because some bird happened to sing near the window." He stopped abruptly, and the little feathered minstrel filled the silence with meaning. The grim voice went on. "She got it into her head that she could sing—a dangerous thing for a farmer's girl. I told her her place was in the kitchen doing a woman's work. But—no! Ever since she was a little thing I had been trying to take it out of her, and train her so she'd like the work such as her mother does, and my mother, and their mothers before 'em. She kept it up. I vowed I'd tame her and teach her. Then she got it into her head she wanted to go away and learn to sing. I heard her and her mother plotting it up one day, and I faced 'em. She was set, and she spoke to me as no daughter should—said I was ruining her life. I told her to go and never show her face. . . . She went. . . . I haven't seen her for five years, nor heard a word from her or about her.

"I thought I'd burn everything of hers, but . . . well, all I did was to turn that picture, so that her mother could see it and remember, and know what was the result of letting a girl harbor such ideas. She liked to have the girl sing and play and gad around. She's come to see things as I do now. It's all foolishness—this getting daffy over birds' singing, common ordinary sunsets, flowers—all tommyrot! They don't pay your bills or fill your stomachs. You're a good sort of a chap, but don't get such ideas in your head. If you get them here on my place, I'll be sorry—that's all. I didn't mean to

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THE NATION'S VOICE ON ROME

MORE LETTERS FROM PASTORS AND COLLEGE PRESIDENTS ON THE ROMANIST PLAN TO "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"

IN THIS issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we print another instalment of the letters received from leading educators and ministers throughout the country in response to our invitation for an open discussion of the avowed purpose of the Roman hierarchy to "Make America Catholic." In these communications, the writers indicate what they consider to be the duty of Protestant America in the present emergency. While Romanism has been incessantly active, the forces of Protestantism have been strangely indifferent and only now are they awaking to the gravity of the situation.

Publicity is the first important step toward a right understanding of the significance of Rome's aggressive course in American politics. These letters let in a flood of light on this subject and should be read everywhere:

A Campaign of Education Needed to Defend Our Religious Liberties, Writes a Brooklyn Pastor.

THE power and influence of the Roman Catholic Church must be considered either from a political or an ecclesiastical viewpoint, and the two must be kept distinctly separate in any discussion of the subject, lest we become guilty of the same offense which we charge against the Church of Rome, namely, the failure to separate church and state as to the purpose and the sphere of duty of each in this world.

The complete separation of church and state—this Biblical doctrine and fundamental principle of the Constitution of our country—has not yet, in its various aspects and in its importance, been fully understood even by a large number of people in the Protestant churches of our day. It is right here where a campaign of education must begin, if we are to arouse our people to retain and defend the nation's priceless heritage of religious liberty. When this fundamental principle has been understood, we must then proceed to teach the people that, neither in the light of past nor present history, the Church of Rome, neither in theory nor in practice, favors the complete separation of church and state, but expressly denounces it as a condition which under circumstances must be tolerated, but which it can and will never sanction, holding that the Church (thereby meaning none other than the Church of Rome itself and exclusively so, more specifically the Pope), should not only be heard, but should dictate and shape all matters pertaining to civil government.

As loyal citizens of this country, we must oppose this wrong principle of the Roman Catholic Church as in direct opposition to our country's Constitution, and one which, if recognized, would rob us of the blessings of religious liberty which we value so highly. In opposing this wrong principle of the Church of Rome as citizens, we are not in any way opposing the Church of Rome *as a church*, as though we did not grant unto it, *as a church*, the very same rights which we grant to any church. Let this be distinctly understood and kept in mind. As members of the Protestant Church we may and do oppose the false teachings of the Church of Rome, but *as citizens* these do not and should not concern us at all. As citizens, we should discuss the question of the complete separation of church and state purely from a political and patriotic point of view. As citizens we should contend for the religious liberty assured us by the First Amendment of our Constitution, whether we be Protestants, Roman Catholics, or Jews; and as citizens we should, and as loyal citizens we must, quite as readily oppose Protestants and Jews who offend against the First Amendment of our Constitution as we oppose Roman Catholics when they offend against it; in fact, a citizen's religious belief does not in this matter enter into consideration at all. The failure on the part of many to understand this clearly has caused much confusion. It has given to the discussion of the matter an entirely wrong coloring, has frustrated efforts made in the right direction, and has unnecessarily engendered bitter feelings.

I most firmly believe that the false teachings of the Church of Rome have been and are a curse and not a blessing to the world, as the Bible teaches us and experience amply proves (Italy, Spain, France, Portugal, South America, etc.), and as a member of the Lutheran Church I must therefore oppose the false teachings of the Church of Rome and do so at the proper time and the proper place; but *as a citizen* of the United States, the false teachings of Rome do not concern me at all, as long as Rome teaches these as a church and remains within its sphere and does not interfere with my right, granted me by the country's Constitution, to worship God as my conscience dictates, nor with any of the rights and privileges which the country's Constitution gives unto me and all citizens alike. As a citizen, I ask not what a man's religious belief is, but whether or not he subscribes to the Constitution of the country. As a loyal citizen he must do so. If he does not, and I must oppose him, I oppose his wrong principles inasmuch as these conflict with *good citizenship in this country;* but I am thereby not opposing his religious belief, which as a citizen does not concern me. JOHN H. C. FRITZ.

Pastor Church of Our Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . .

A Metropolitan Pastor Tells How Catholics Cultivate Power and Influence.

THE danger of Roman Catholic domination is evident. Inflowing foreigners quickly and easily given power to vote; a vast and compact organization cemented by matchless loyalty and a systematic inculcation of the necessity of giving money, together with a persistent activity in gathering it, from the penny to thousands of dollars, is making the Catholic Church impregnable. Chief sites in every section of the West are early purchased for church and school sites. Their hospitals and orphanages appear first in mine and frontier regions, and through sympathy and early impress, they render stable old, or make new adherents.

Protestants expect one pastor, often even without secretarial help, to run an important church. The Young Men's Christian Association give a general secretary as many as thirty paid associates. It is time for Protestants to give more money directly to our local churches, so that they can carry on a propaganda of some power and persistency. Many individual members are now supporting Y. M. C. A. secretaries or giving thousands to associated charities. If a few would give the pastor money for a boy-specialist, or an assistant to work with young men, vast results would follow. Protestants must recognize the indispensable necessity of supporting their own churches first, as do the Roman Catholics, and other things afterwards.

One of the New York commissioners, with thousands of men under him, told me that every Roman Catholic Church official of prominence in New York had visited and dined him, while not a single Protestant clergyman had shown him friendly attention. We must fearlessly and heartily cultivate public men. They will then recognize Protestants, and our members will take courage. It is reported that one Presidential candidate will get the mass of the Roman Catholic vote. Why? By attention he has been led to give them many favors. We must be wise in our day and generation.

(REV.) CHRISTIAN REISNER.

Pastor Grace M. E. Church, New York.

. . .

An Episcopalian Pastor's View of Rome's Political Encroachments and Her Claims of Temporal Supremacy.

NOT for a moment would I abridge one jot of the religious freedom of any Romanist. I would fetter no man's conscience; I would restrain no man in his religious opinions. Nor would I curtail any man's civil freedom in any point in which his principles do not restrict my own liberties, or come in collision with the constitution of the country.

But the Church of Rome is not merely a religious institution. She is a political organization and assumes political prerogatives above all other powers. She claims absolutism and supremacy, and claims to exercise them universally. She comes between the subject and the sovereign, and assumes the right to depose the one from the throne and release the other from allegiance; and the prerogatives she thus assumes she has often exercised, and determines still to exercise whenever she thinks proper to do so, and to give it effect by stratagem and blood.

Now I say that the man who gives his allegiance to the Pope can yield but a subordinate and conditional allegiance to a Protestant government. He is by principle intolerant in respect to Protestant liberties, and therefore disqualifies himself to legislate for Protestants in a Protestant country.

When once there is a collision between the allegiance to the government of the United States and the Pope, and between obedience to American laws and obedience to the laws of the Pope, Romanists tell us plainly they do not hesitate to trample on American law and government and display their fealty to the Pope. I ask, are men of such principles fit to be our legislators; to make our laws, and mold the destinies of our country, sworn as they are to overturn everything which stands in the way of papal dominion? And yet we have opened wide the doors of our legislation for their admission; and not only so, we have all too long winked at "papal aggression," which defies the authority and tramples under foot American law. We have, indeed, in some instances been more indulgent to the arrogant assumptions of Rome than papist monarchies on the European continent, for we are allowing the land to be thickly studded with monastic institutions, though Italy, France and Spain have practically abolished them. These institutions, moreover, are exempt from salutary inspection, and allowed to work without legal control. We have no law against the publication of papal bulls, which France and even Spain have refused to allow in their dominions without examination and approval by the State. Men call this liberal, and liberal it is to papal stratagems and purposes, though it is forging chains for ourselves and posterity, and preparing the way step by step for papal ascendancy. Meanwhile, no concessions satisfy, but each in its turn becomes a precedent for further demands; and

Continued on next page

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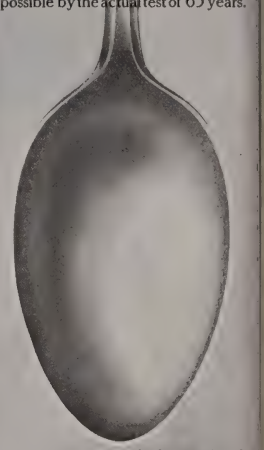

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THE NATION'S VOICE ON ROME

Continued from preceding page

e leaders of the papal faction tell us ainly they will never rest until Roanists fill every office in the State d in the government. Surely, it is ne, high time, that Americans reove the films from their vision, and hold things as they truly are.

HENRY P. LYMAN-WHEATON.
Ridgefield, N. J.

* * *

he Spech of Antichrist," and of an Enemy of the State.

EPARATION of church and state is a priceless boon. By conviction d training, I am led to view with arm any attempt to bring about an holy union where Christ has not ined but put asunder.

"My kingdom is not of this world." he Church of Rome has never repuated its ancient antagonism to this inciple. Rather, having grown in wer, she reasserts and proposes to le boldly, asking her followers to lp change our most cherished institions. Political rule is outside the ovince of any church, and Rome's le has always meant ruin. When e Roman hierarchy asserts that he Church will not come to her own til there are more Catholics in Conress," as a Lutheran I say "it is the eech of Antichrist," and as a citin, "it is treason."

(REV.) WALTER KOENIG.
t. Paul's Evang. Lutheran Church, Paterson, N. J.

* * *

lake the Printing Press the Agent of Our National Emancipation from Rome's Threatened Domination.

TO MY mind there can be only one way to meet the situation, and that through the Christian press. How id Luther and the other reformers ght the battle for evangelical truth nd human liberty in their day? hrough the printed Word, which the eople could read and meditate upon n their workshops and homes. Let ur Protestant press of to-day follow he same tactics.

How many of our evangelical Chrisians are so well versed in Scriptures nd history that they are able to reute the specious claims of Rome? low many of them could prove conincingly from the Bible how unounded, erroneous and destructive Rome's doctrine is on the primacy of he Pope, transubstantiation, worship f saints and the like? While Rome s scattering her nefarious doctrines roadcast through the land by means f her servile press, our Protestant, ur patriotic press securely sleeps and loes nothing to enlighten and fortify ur citizens against this danger. Thank God that at least THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has awakened to its duty. Now I, for one, Mr. Editor, would like to see you or some other write and publish in the HERALD a eries of short articles under the title: "Bible Answers to Romish Presumptions and Superstitions." These articles I would like to see issued in cheap pamphlet form and advertised in all of our Protestant church-papers. Then our ministers, Sunday-school teachers and other church workers would have a ready weapon to put into the hands of young and old, and our Protestant Christians would be able to defend their faith, which so many are not able to do, as their religious education has been so badly neglected.

It was the Gospel in the hands of the common people that won the fight against Rome in the days of the Reformation. It is the only way to win the fight to-day. Will you not, as a Christian and a patriot, help to win that God-commanded battle also through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? READER.
St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

"The National Peril of Romanism," as Dr. Josiah Strong Viewed it in His Prohibited Book.

IN the letter of Dr. Josiah Strong, president of the American Institute of Social Service (which we printed last week) the writer gave permission to print in this symposium the views on Romanism as a national peril, which he had incorporated in his famous book entitled *Our Country*. That chapter was the occasion of the book being officially condemned by the Vatican, which placed it on the forbidden list of publications known as the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. We give below a few brief extracts from the chapter referred to:

"There are many who are disposed to attribute any fear of Roman Catholics in the United States to bigotry or childishness. Such see nothing in the character and attitude of Romanism that is hostile to our free institutions, or find nothing portentous in its growth. Let us, then, first compare some of the fundamental principles of our government with those of the Catholic Church.

"The constitution of the United States guarantees liberty of conscience. Nothing is dearer or more fundamental. Pope Pius IX in his Encyclical Letter of August 15, 1854, said: 'The absurd and erroneous doctrines or ravings in defense of liberty of conscience are a most pestilential error—a pest, of all others, most to be dreaded in a State.' The same Pope, in his Encyclical Letter of December 8, 1864, anathematized 'those who assert the liberty of conscience and of religious worship,' also 'all such as maintain that the church may not employ force.'

"Another foundation stone of our free institutions is free speech and a free press. But in his encyclical letter of December 8, 1864, Pius IX anathematized 'all who maintain the liberty of the press,' and 'all advocates of the liberty of speech.' He calls it the 'liberty of perdition.'

"Again, free schools are one of the cornerstones of our government. Catholic opposition to our public school system is general and well known. . . . Said the Vicar General of Boston, in a public lecture, March 12, 1879: 'The attitude of the Catholic Church toward the public schools of this country, as far as we can determine from papal documents, the decrees of the Council of Baltimore, and the pastorals of the several bishops, is one of non-approval of the system itself, of censure of the manner of conducting them that prevails in most places, and of solemn admonition to pastors and parents to guard against the dangers to faith and morals arising from frequenting them.'

"Bishop Gilmour in his Lenten Letter, March, 1873, said: 'Nationalities must be subordinate to religion, and we must learn that we are Catholics first and citizens next. God is above man and the church above the state.'

"When the Jesuits were driven out of Berlin, they declared that they would plant themselves in the western territories of America. And they are there to-day with empires in their brains. Expelled for their intrigues even from Catholic countries, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, Brazil and other States, they are free to colonize in the great West, and are there gathering and plotting to Romanize and control our Western empire. Lafayette, himself a Romanist, was not wholly blind when he said: 'If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy.'"

* * *

How a Maryland Pastor Regards Rome.

I CANNOT refrain from commending you for the attitude you have assumed toward Romanism within recent months. This, more than anything else, you have done in recent years, has appealed to me.

FOSTER U. GIFT.
Pastor Calvary Ev. Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Md.

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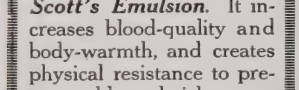

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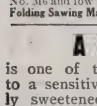

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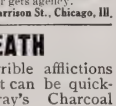

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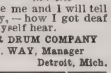

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THE BRINGING OF THE LIGHT

Continued from page 1077

speak of a few things I have, but you can see how I feel, and you're warned in time."

Gordon nodded, and without another word Graves strode inside to his work. Though this unexpected confidence was far from encouraging, Gordon did not give up hope of reaching the old Spartan's heart. He could now see plainly that any attempt to teach him that there was a beauty on earth and in the things of the earth which he had never seen would mean the combating of the formidable strength of heredity and environment.

Very cautiously one day he broached his wish that his host would accept an invitation to visit him in his city home. Graves hesitated, then said slowly: "I don't know but what I can stop and see you. I go up once a year on business. I've enjoyed having you here mightily. You're solid and sound, and have got an uncommon amount of good horse-sense. Yes, I'll let you know when I'm coming."

The next day Gordon departed after a hearty good-by from the farmer, and a shy lingering farewell from Mrs. Graves. Back once more in his studio he painted busily from sketches he had made at odd moments. By the time notice of Graves's coming reached him, Gordon had decided definitely just what he should do in the attempt to win the grim old man over.

On his arrival, Gordon met him and piloted him through the crowd to one of the side entrances of the station, where he led him to a low-built, powerful-looking motor car resting at the curb. Graves stared at it. "So you own one of those things, do you? You must be pretty well fixed. First ride I ever had in one of them—can't say I like 'em. They cost a sight o' money."

"Oh, they do a bit, but I have a little. The machine is one of my main pleasures," Gordon answered, smiling. "When I'm very busy it's about the only way I get a breath of clean air."

He watched the old gentleman narrowly as the powerful car threaded the busy streets, silently, surely, as obedient as if endowed with life. The scowl slowly faded from Graves's stony face, and a slow pleasure crept in. Gordon took a roundabout way, and by the time their destination was reached, the last stormy sign of displeasure had vanished from the wrinkled face; and been routed; the wedge had entered.

When finally they sat at ease in the young artist's cheery living-room, Graves opened the conversation by saying: "That was a sure enough treat for me. I've hated the things when I've seen them, but I do like the feeling—it's a new one for me. You've got a pretty swell place here, but homelike. By the way, Gordon, what's your business? I see what I thought was a lot of pictures in one of the rooms as we came in."

Quickly Gordon shifted the whole conversation, and saved himself from answering a troublesome question by pretending not to hear, and rapidly stating his plans for the next day, Sunday.

Very carefully that night, though it was not the last step in his plot by any means, Gordon arranged in one of the rooms connecting his with Graves's a group of pictures, all of places about the familiar farm. There was one of the meadows that were valued so highly, one of the buildings, and one of Graves's mother, which he had painted from a daguerreotype he had purloined for that very purpose.

The next morning when he heard his guest stirring in his room, Gordon slipped behind the portières of the room in which he had placed the pictures and waited to see what would result when Graves discovered them.

The pictures were in a prominent place, arranged for the very best light, and as Graves entered the room he

Continued on next page

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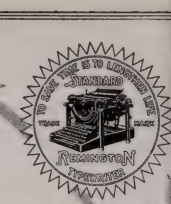

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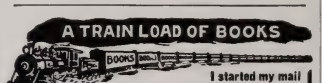

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THE BRINGING OF THE LIGHT

Continued from preceding page

pped and stared at them. Gordon
v him start, rub his eyes, then stand
rigid as a statue. He was looking
the picture of the meadows he loved.
e furrowed face eased. Suddenly
walked up to the canvas, and one
ck finger shot forward and traced
course of the brook in the picture.
e clever touch of the artist had put
o it every curve that the old man
d known from boyhood. Then he
ned to the picture of the buildings,
d he gazed at it long and fixedly.
nally he turned to the picture of his
ther. For a moment Gordon thought
would fall; his lips moved as if with
familiar name, and the shaggy
ength of his features softened and
axed still more. Before Gordon's
es was bared the longing, the loneli-
ss, the yearning of a man from
hom death and time had taken away
ecious things they can never give
ck. A mother's face links manhood
th boyhood and the memories of boy-
od, the dreams and hopes of child-
od with the bitter-sweet realizations
d disillusionments of age. The man's
ul was in turmoil. He backed away
d sat down weakly, staring at the
tures that had brought to him vis-
ns and thoughts and memories more
enly than mind unaided ever could
call, and through the medium of the
t he despised.

Not a word did Graves say of the
ctures when they met at breakfast,
it his manner was subdued. He was
idently thinking, and thinking hard.
ordon expected him to mention them
question him later, but still not a
ord was said regarding them. But
hen Gordon, missing him in the early
fternoon, found him again before the
ctures, it was evident to him that the
fort had not failed to reach home;
at into the cold, hardened mind had
me the first dawning of the knowl-
dge that life held values which he had
ever reckoned into his scheme of
ings—values he could not figure into
is account books or add to his bank
alance.

As the last step in his scheme—a
ep he hoped would prove an effective
imax to his efforts, Gordon and
raves a little later seated themselves
one of the beautiful churches of the
ty for the vesper service. A few
ghts glowed softly and made little
aths of reflections on the polished
acks of the pews; at the far end were
he shining pipes of the great organ;
he golden light of sunset illumined the
eauty of memorial windows and lost
self in the dimness of the tall Gothic
rches. Graves's attitude showed that
e felt the wonder and the holy spell
f the place.

A man appeared at the organ; the
oft murmur of the opening music
reathed through the great building;
he service was beginning. After the
rgan prelude, the full clear voice of
he black-robed minister fell mellowly
n the silence in the reading from the
Bible. Then a slim girl rose in the
hoir loft. The distance and the twi-
ight rendered her features indistinct
o them, but she made a beautiful pic-
ure silhouetted against the warm
ight from the window high above her.

The organ tones sang sweetly
hrough the introduction to her song
o meet her voice in close companion-
ship, and sweep on into full harmony. The crowded church grew quiet, nervous fingers and faces ceased from motion; it was as if a great silent will had whispered: "Peace—be still."

Gordon studied Graves's lined face beside him. The man was listening intently. His rough hands were folded tightly in his lap, and he, too, was motionless as if hearing music such as he never dreamed could be voiced by human lips.

After the service Gordon intentionally drew Graves into a corner where he could watch the great congregation leaving. Here and there comments came to them, referring to the singer and the song. "Her voice is angelic!" "It is a sermon, and a good one too, just to hear a song like that," and a white-haired, distinguished looking man who passed them remarked to his companion, "That voice in our church is a victory for all that's good."

Gordon attempted to lighten the silence between them as they turned homeward with a careless word or two, but he was soon conscious in some intuitive way that the man beside him preferred the silence. Not a word was spoken until they were seated once more before the late October fire; then the grim old farmer looked across at Gordon soberly, and said: "You've done all this a-purpose. I'm no fool, but your coming to my place, the things you said and did, the pictures you painted, and that singing to-night—they've hit me hard. I've thought things in this last twenty-four hours that I never thought before. I begin to see things differently, and I'm beginning to feel—to feel sorry—for some things I did—and said. . . . Take that singing there to-night. I tell you—I've worshiped in the old meeting-house at home for fifty years and I never felt Him so near as I did while that girl was singing." He paused and clasped his hands thoughtfully. "I tell you, it hits a man like me—hard, and—it hurts—to hear a girl sing that way. Now if my girl Bess had had that voice—"

Gordon jumped, and Graves paused in the act of fumbling for his handkerchief. The climax of all the plotting had come at the perfect moment.

In the adjoining room a soft piano chord was struck, and the same voice they had heard a little before sang the song again with the same sweetness, but this time with a yearning that made the young man bite his lips to keep the tears back.

The old man had half risen from his chair. The song ceased. There was a soft sound of steps that drew nearer; the portières parted, and the face of the girl in the picture turned to the wall looked in, the same wistful face now touched with the fuller beauty of womanhood. Her dark eyes were smiling through tears, watching in an evident agony of suspense the welcome of which she was not quite sure.

The old man's hands shook as if with palsy. Gordon saw that he was being torn by the lightning revelation of the truth; that the old beliefs that sheathed his soul were being rent and cast aside even as the butterfly rends the gray trappings of its winter tomb. Gordon rose trembling a bit himself, but he did not need to fear. The arms opened and she fled into them to have them close tightly around her in one eager, convulsive motion.

All unnoticed the young man slipped silently out of the room. After a time she called him and he went back. The face of Graves was transfigured. "Wayland—my dear lad, what a deal you have put up on me! Marry Bess—then come up to win me over—you rascal! But you've done it! you've done it! Bess, we must go back right off to the old place—to mother—won't she be—" He found no words to voice his thought, and he fought for mastery over his emotion. Then he took both of Wayland's hands in his. "You have brought the light into my heart and life and into the lives of those I love. May we all live in it!"

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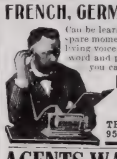

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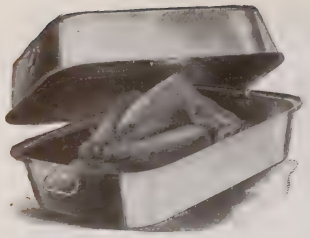

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2. Baking on top of stove.
3. Baking bread, biscuits or apples.
4. Baking or steaming fish.
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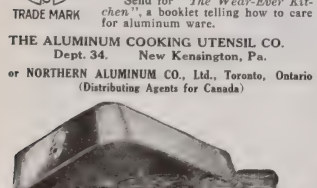

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WE ARE getting near the end of the first complete year of the Bible Study Course. Two more lists of questions will round out the year. Awards are to be made to those who have won a perfect score the greatest number of times. Two classes of awards will be made: the first class will go to those who have sent *twelve correct answers the greatest number of times;* the second to those who have sent *twelve correct answers the second greatest number of times.* The awards will be in the form of books, books practical, helpful, interesting.

Interest in the Bible questions themselves does not wane. "Now that vacation days are over and the world is settling down to business again," a lady writes in the early part of October, "you may expect better things of me. I have my questions and answers arranged in a book for that purpose, called: 'CHRISTIAN HERALD BIBLE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.' These questions have brought much pleasure to my friends and myself while hunting the answers."

One dear lady who is an invalid, after sending her answers, all of which were correct, continued to study the "overcomer" question and prepared a more comprehensive answer. She writes: "Whether or not it is what you have in mind, it is interesting. I have enjoyed making it out even more than I did the other. I have kept all the questions with their answers. I find THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Class a splendid way to study the Bible, along with being a member of the Sunday School Home Department of our church. In trying to answer all the questions correctly I have read and searched whole books and many chapters and passages in others."

One energetic lady begins: "I don't believe you have another Bible scholar with half the work I have to do. I haven't a minute's time to spend, but—" Whereupon she proceeds to write down eleven correct answers.

Here is the October Honor Roll:

These 70 sent 12 correct answers:

Mrs. Charles L. Adams, Mrs. J. Adam Andrea, Mrs. M. W. Barr, E. B. Burrill, J. W. Baker, Giles A. Burton, Mrs. John Burgoyne, Mrs. A. Babcock, John Bissett, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, Mrs. Louis A. Black, Mrs. H. A. Borgers, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, A. A. Crabtree, Harriet Crocker, Ora M. Curry and parents, Sarah L. Cornwell, Grace I. Cameron, Agnes Cowan, Mrs. Anna E. Cargile, Una Corner, Mrs. E. E. Cammack and daughter, Mrs. A. S. Dyer, W. K. Desh, C. A. Denton, I. Dalgleish, Myron H. Dean, W. H. Downs, Sadie L. Dawson, Mrs. B. DeYoung, James B. Davidson, Geo. M. Elliott, John Erickson, John A. Freeman, Mrs. J. W. Floyd, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Mary Fitzgerald, Mrs. Kate M. Goddard, Annie M. Grover, Susan A. Glover, Wm. W. Hammond, David Haisley, Mrs. Annie Howell, J. H. Hadley, M. A. Hubbard, Mrs. Percy W. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hubbard, Mrs. Emily H. Harrington, Fannie M. Hackett, Mrs. W. L. Jones, Kate A. Jackson, Mrs. P. J. Johnson, Esther D. Jones, Alfie E. Kemble, Mrs. Furman Land, Mary Means, David T. Newson, Annie E. Roberts, Mrs. A. P. Ryder, Lelia E. Robertson, M. Roberts, Dan B. Raulins, Subscriber, Georgia; Ida Shields, Mrs. Anna Smitchel, Ellen Simkin, Mrs. Alex. Smith, Mrs. A. W. Trueblood, Emma R. Vail, Mrs. C. B. Wood.

Ten answered 11½ questions correctly:

Mrs. B. F. Allen and Margery McGinnis, Mrs. A. S. Gibson, Mrs. E. P. Kingsbury, Mrs. A. H. Morrell, F. J. Oblinger, Samuel Peter, Carrie L. Ray, Elsie St. John, W. W. Smith.

The following 102 answered 11 questions correctly:

J. H. Archibald, Maggie Agner, Mrs. W. T. Aitchison, Mrs. B. B. Allen, Edward Yoder, Emily A. Ayres, M. J. Archibald, Mrs. B. F. Bohner, S. J. Black, A. W. Brownlie, B. W. Brown, C. L. Bailey, Mrs. Ralph S. Bridgman, Wm. Bennington, Mrs. L. M. Brown, Mrs. D. I. Biggar, Mrs. A. Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Camp, Annie Currie, Mrs. Harriet N. Cheney, Stella Crosby, Margaret E. Cathey, Mrs. Mary Coupland, Mrs. Isaac T. Coppock, J. Harry Deems, Wm. H. Etnoyer, Mrs. A. C. Fuller, John Fleming, E. J. Fuller, Flora French, Beatrice M. Finney, Mrs. Ida Guth, Mrs. Chas. Guest, Marion F. Grinnell, Mrs. B. Grimshaw, J. F. Hannay, Rosa Hirschy, S. M. Hitchcock, Mrs. Matilda Henry, Edward Hicks, The Hutchings Family, Mrs. W. C. Henderson, J. G. Hildenstein, Mrs. M. R. Henry, Mrs. S. F. Hines, Thomas Hickson, Mrs. B. Hughes, Geo. F. Hills, Mrs. D. W. Jackson, George Lusty, Fannie E. Lasley, Mrs. Alice Lee, James W. Lott, Charles Miller, Mrs. G. W. Metzger, Lizzie McLean, A. W. Merker, M. J. Millard, W. D. Moore, N. K. MacLeod, Geo. McLachlan, Samuel O'Hara, Rev. E. P. Parkam, John Peel, Mrs. E. Pierce, Mrs. Wm. Peabody, Mrs. Addie Perrine, Mrs. Wm. J. Pitt, Mrs. M. Perry, Mrs. A. S. Ross, W. G. Robb, Mrs. E. G. Sumner, Clara M. Spencer, Mrs. M. S. M. Scales, Mrs. Ida L. Sharp, Lucy Searing, Mrs. C. A. Shurtleff, Mabel G. Smith, Mrs. E. Shafer, Mrs. Wm. Sattler, Anna M. Sohn, Mrs. Mary T. Scott, C. F. Schumacher, Mrs. C. R. Stone, Anna M. Smith, Mrs. Lizzie Samsan, Mrs. J. A. Tuthill, Mrs. M. H. Ticknor, Eunice L. Thompson, Mrs. W. W. Thomas, Julie Thomas, Mack Wilson, Mrs. S. C. Welch, Mrs. Andrew Wilshe, Amelia Williams, Mrs. Wm. Williams, Mrs. J. F. Woodruff, Ellen B. Witmer, Frances A. Wallis, Henrietta H. H. Waldbrook, No Signature, Iowa; No Signature, Georgia.

Answers to List No. 9

1. What prophet said: "I am no prophet"? Amos. Amos 7: 14.

2. What New Testament preacher gave special advice to soldiers? John the Baptist. Luke 3: 14.

3. What were the contents of the Ark of the Covenant? The golden pot of manna, Aaron's rod that budded; the tables of the covenant. Heb. 9: 4.

4. What king failed, by exhibiting to a prophet a lack of energy and perseverance, to win the promise of completely exterminating his enemy? Joash. II. Kings 13: 14-19.

5. Mention three occasions mentioned in the Old Testament where the special presence of God was indicied by fire. Any three of the following passages were accounted correct: Gen. 15: 9-17; Ex. 3: 2; Ex. 13: 21; Ex. 19: 18; Lev. 10: 2; I. Kings 18: 38; II. Kings 1: 10; I. Chron. 21: 26; II. Chron. 7: 1.

6. On what occasion were two sad pedestrians cheered by a fellow traveler who joined them? When Jesus walked with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. Luke 24: 13-32.

7. What two men of the New Testament times were taken on one occasion to be gods? Paul and Barnabas. Acts 14: 11, 12.

8. What two women are mentioned in the New Testament, each of whom had a name of three syllables beginning with the letters "Try"? Tryphena and Tryphosa, Rom. 16: 12.

9. When did 276 men partake of a joyful meal at a time of extreme danger? Acts 27: 33-37.

10. Who, beside the governor himself, was the only person to raise a voice in the defense of Jesus during his trial? Pilate's wife, Matt. 27: 19.

11. To what four things, or persons, does Peter in his Epistles apply the word "precious"? Faith, I. Peter 1: 7 and II. Peter 1: 1; The blood of Christ, I. Peter 1: 19; Christ himself, I. Peter 2: 4, 6, 7; The promises, II. Peter 1: 4.

12. What fourteen rewards to overcomers are promised in the book of Revelation? To eat of the tree of life, Rev. 2: 7; Not to be hurt of the second death, 2: 11; To eat of the hidden manna, 2: 17; A white stone with a new name, 2: 17; Power over the nations, 2: 26; To be clothed in white raiment, 3: 5; His name to remain in the Book of Life, 3: 5; His name confessed by the Saviour before the Father and the angels, 3: 5; Made an abiding pillar in the temple of God, 3: 12; The name of God and of the city of God, and Christ's new name written upon him, 3: 12; To be seated with Christ on his throne, 3: 21; To inherit all things, 21: 7; The Father will be his God, 21: 7; Shall be God's son, 21: 7.

NEW QUESTIONS—List No. 10

1. In which one of the four Gospels do the words "immediately" and "straightway" occur with striking frequency?

2. What king was commanded to dismiss an army which he had hired and was given a rich promise on condition of his obedience?

3. In what three passages is the word found which is used in present times to designate the taking of offerings in public worship?

4. What New Testament writer urges Christians not to make distinctions between rich and poor in church, and sends a warning against those who have grown rich by oppression? State passages.

5. How many persons upon whom Jesus wrought miracles are mentioned by name, and who are they?

6. In how many and what cases are the names mentioned of persons upon whom the apostles worked miracles?

7. Every verse of one of the Psalms closes with the same refrain. In what other Old Testament passages does this refrain occur?

8. What Psalm of seven verses is repeated, with slight changes of expression, in another Psalm of six verses?

9. The word "lion" occurs five times in two verses [A. V.]; the word "chest" four times in four verses. Find the passages.

10. What king was told by a prophet that he would not need to fight in the battle about to be waged, and what great leader was given this same message at an earlier stage of Israel's history?

11. What two persons were injured by falling from a window [not thrown by violence], one dying from his injuries, the other recovering?

12. To what three crucifixions does Paul make reference in a verse in Galatians?

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1076

will be largely the fault of
day-school teachers if the fif-
e millions of pupils in Sunday
ools, and the fault of other
hers if the twenty millions in
r schools (many of them the
e persons) are not persuaded,
as President Eliot, by the re-
scientific experimentation on
hol showing the serious injury
ealth and efficiency of even its
erate use, that it is *"inexpedi-
even for the most self-con-
led gentleman to drink at all.*
must appeal in our classes of
th to that intelligent self-love
ch Jesus commends and com-
ds when he bids us to love
neighbors as ourselves, which
ns also that we are to love our
ghbors *and ourselves*, showing
abstinence, which is "wisdom"
lied to the drink evil, has health
ier right hand, and efficiency in
left hand, and true gladness in
heart.

ome facts that ring like fire-
s of national peril are given in
Human Factor, New York.
y show the need of agitation
education to decrease the
rming mortality of Americans
ve forty, especially of men, for
ent national census figures show
ve one hundred thousand more
ths per year of males than fe-
les, and this excess occurs chiefly
er the age when men begin to
l the effects of drink and other
sipation. The *Human Factor*
s: "Since 1880 the American
th rate per 1000 population has
n reduced about 25 per cent.
is is due to the spread of knowl-
e of the cause and means of pre-
ting tuberculosis, typhoid fever,
htheria, smallpox, etc., to the
reasing interest in sanitation,
to the adoption of more health-
living habits generally by
our people.

"And this has been done in the
e of a heavily increasing death
e above forty, chiefly from the
mmon chronic affections of the
n-communicable class, diseases
the heart and kidneys, and other
egenerative affections. Something
causing the important organs of
e American body to wear out too
n. Whatever the cause may be,
important thing to consider is
at no general campaign of edu-
tion or agitation has been or is
ing carried on to save any of this
edless life waste."

The agitation and education
eded must include the circulation
literature on morality and ab-
nence and Sunday rest from
or to door, since the half of the
ople who most need it do not go
church; and in this patriotic
rvice the men's classes of the
nday schools should lead the
ay, for it is pre-eminently a man's
ork for men.

Called Higher

Mrs. Harriet Sly passed away April 2, 12, at the age of seventy-four years. She as a devout Christian and a faithful mem- r of the Methodist Church for over fifty ars. She was a great blessing to all who ew her.

Mrs. Mary Sophia Graves Huffman, of nticello, Miss., was called higher Septem- r 30, 1912, at the age of 74 years. From r childhood she had been a faithful mem- r of the Presbyterian Church and was an tive worker.

Mrs. J. I. Gregory, of Cameron, W. Va., assed away on September 5, 1912, at the e of forty-one years. She was a great orker for the church, helping her husband, e Rev. J. I. Gregory, in his pastoral la- rs. She was greatly loved by all who ew her.

Elias Bradley Wightman, one of the best nown citizens of Fenton, Mich., and a alwart Methodist, departed this life Sep- mber 20, 1912. As a Christian citizen he as generous in his support of the church nd other good causes that met his approval. e was a Civil War veteran and a member the Masonic fraternity.

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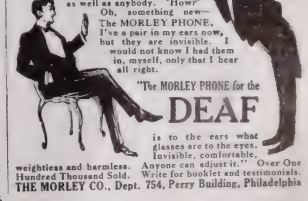

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TRIED TO KILL COL. ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 1073

monk's attire and urged him to the murder. Other notes equally wild and incoherent seemed to indicate that Schrank was either a violent lunatic or had become a dangerous monomaniac on certain subjects. "I am willing to die for my country," he wrote. "God has called me to be his instrument." It is believed that Schrank has been dogging Colonel Roosevelt for a long time, awaiting an opportunity for his assassination. Certain it is that he belongs to no political party, though he is believed to be an anarchist. He says he was born in Bavaria, and is a Roman Catholic. He once kept a saloon in New York City. He owns $25,000 in real estate, which he inherited. He came to this country thirty-five years ago, when he was a year old.

As soon as the colonel had finished his speech he was rushed to the emergency hospital, where the operating-room has been placed in readiness, and six of Milwaukee's leading surgeons were awaiting his arrival. While the surgeons were removing Mr. Roosevelt's clothing and making the examination he insisted that he was not badly hurt and that the doctors were taking it entirely too seriously. The examination of the wound showed that it had been made by a bullet of large size, which entered the fleshy part of the right breast half way between the collarbone and lower rib. The physicians found that an X-ray examination was necessary to determine to what depth the missile had penetrated. While he was waiting for the X-ray machine, Col. Roosevelt sat up on the operating-table and talked politics and joked with the doctors.

As soon as the X-ray photographs were developed it was decided to take Colonel Roosevelt to Chicago for further treatment. He was taken back to his private train that night and the following morning left his train at Chicago to go to the Mercy Hospital. Here Drs. John D. Murphy, Arthur D. Bevan and Scurry L. Terrell made a still more thorough examination of the wound and issued bulletins every few hours giving the patient's temperature, pulse, respiration and white blood-corpuscle count. The greatest difficulty of the doctors during the day was to keep their patient quiet. He insisted upon seeing a great number of visitors, and though no new manifestations arose to cause added apprehension, the doctors were greatly worried by their patient's continuous activity.

Mrs. Longworth, the ex-President's oldest daughter, arrived from Cincinnati late that afternoon. The following morning Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Ethel arrived from Oyster Bay and immediately took charge of the entire situation. The doctors were highly delighted at this, for they found that Mrs. Roosevelt could accomplish what they had found impossible. The colonel twisted uneasily under his blankets and remarked: "I've maintained all along that this was an unbossed campaign and that the people ruled. It's not unbossed and the people don't rule. Nobody rules but Edith." That the colonel was not mistaken in his statement was proved by the events of the day, for Mrs. Roosevelt immediately reduced her husband to subjection, and, as one of the reporters from the hospital remarked, "The moment she arrived a hush fell upon T. R. After that he became as meek as Moses." Mrs. Roosevelt remained in her room, but she inspected every card and letter and telegram, and, although the colonel pleaded for the privilege of passing on the missives handed in, the Boss was inexorable. Although he smiled indulgently as Mrs. Roosevelt passed in and out, he was overheard to say: "Ethel, I do not see why your mother won't let Jack come in. This thing about ours being a campaign against boss rule is a fake. I was never so boss-ruled in my life as I am at this moment."

The last reports from the bedside of the ex-President up to the time of this issue's going to press state that the colonel is recovering rapidly, due to his splendid physical condition; that though it was finally found that one rib was fractured by the bullet, this injury will knit without other attention than complete rest, and the wound is healing rapidly.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

[We shall be glad to answer questions sent us in regard to this department.]

Paint or Paper?

One of the principal reasons that large and dark patterned wall papers have been used on the lower parts of walls as wainscoting in living houses in the past, has been the difficulty in keeping the marks of everyday wear and tear from showing on the delicate tints that can be used on the higher parts of walls and ceilings. The inartistic effect produced from such wall paper combinations has been overcome by a manufacturer of wall decorative materials, who now, in addition to making a soft tone water color in all shades much superior to kalsomine and no more expensive for the upper parts of walls and ceilings, has also produced a material in the same rich and delicate tones to be used on the lower parts of walls as wainscoting, which can be cleaned with soap and water and a sponge and cloth. The washable paint made in beautiful water color tints, may be used along stairways, the nursery, on the lower parts of bath room walls, where water is splashed, and below the plate rail or chair rail in dining-rooms. It enables the housekeeper or maid to erase all traces of smudgy fingers, pencil marks and other disfigurements. The economy of this combination of water and oil colors in house decorating is very great, owing to the fact that those parts of the walls that usually get discolored first can be kept fresh for long periods so that the entire decorating need not be done over because of discolorations of parts of the wall exposed to the most wear. While economical, this combination oil and water color decoration is becoming very fashionable, as it is quite as artistic as the exclusive use of oil colors. In fact, many artists and architects prefer the perfectly flat color effects produced by these materials. It also entirely overcomes the unsanitary effects of some wall papers and the chipping and peeling of kalsomine.

A Few Simple Oyster Recipes

Oyster Croquettes

Take the hard ends of 1 pint of oysters, scald and chop fine and add an equal weight of potatoes rubbed through a colander. Add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful cayenne, the same of mace and ½ gill of cream. Make up into small rolls, dip in egg and rolled cracker crumbs and fry in deep lard. The parts of the oysters left over may be used for soup or stew.

Little Pigs in Blankets

This old recipe has been used for a number of years by many American cooks. The oysters are drained and dried and each one wrapped in a very thin slice of bacon, the whole fastened with a small wooden skewer or toothpick. When ready to serve have a large iron baking pan well heated; throw in a few oysters at a time, and as soon as they are browned and the gills curled, take them out, drain in a colander, and continue the frying in the same pan.

Deviled Oysters

Take 1 pint of oysters and chop fine. Put into a saucepan with 1 teaspoonful of melted butter and a gill of cream. Season with cayenne and salt and add ½ cupful of rolled cracker crumbs. Put on the stove and allow to simmer 5 minutes, stirring gently. Then put in a baking dish, sprinkle bread crumbs and bits of butter over the top and bake until the top is a rich golden brown.

Sauce for Raw Oysters

Take 1 dessertspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoonful olive oil, ½ teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, the juice of half a lemon, and ½ teaspoonful Tabasco sauce. Add a little salt and ½ onion grated fine.

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Questions and Answers

R., Quincy, Ill. 1. Name the principal cities in which Jews are most numerous, and give the population of the race in each. 2. What is the estimated number of Jews in the world?

New York, 1,100,000; Warsaw, 260,000; Posen, 190,000; Vienna, 150,000; London, 150,000; Odessa, 140,000, and Berlin, 100,000, round numbers 12,000,000.

F., San José, Calif. Some time ago we had quite a debate in our Bible class as to who is God's "chosen people." Some maintained that it is the Jews. I claim that it is the true followers of Christ.

You are right. The Jews were and still are the chosen people"; but with the incoming of the Gospel dispensation, and the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus, the saved from among all nations and races have been included among the chosen. In a large sense, as your letter states, the "vineyard" has been given to others. Your contention throughout is therefore sound, according to the Scripture and to spiritual experience of God's people.

W., W., East Durham, N. C. 1. In I. Cor., 7th chapter, the apostle was replying to various queries concerning marriage and dealt with them with an explicitness that carries its own explanation. The general principle which he lays down is that, in his judgment, the individuals should abide in their stations, "for the time is short." Paul himself (he may or may not have been married) preferred individual service, in order that he might be able to devote his entire time to the Lord's work. 2. In Luke 8: 39, which records the raising of Jairus' daughter, the last clause of the verse is interpreted to mean that, while the child was dead, the breath out of which she was to be so soon recalled was no more than a sleep, quickly followed by the awakening, and that consequently there was no cause for their lamentations.

S., Selma, Miss. 1. Please explain Luke 23: 29, 30. 2. What is meant by the "Miscellaneous" column? We are always glad to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It affords us much pleasure, and we have long since learned to expect the best of information from its pages. Have been a subscriber over ten years in succession.

Jesus here foreshadowed the coming conquest of Jerusalem and the fate in store for those who, with their little ones, fell into the hands of the invaders. They would pray for death to deliver them from their sufferings. This is a column devoted to the disposal of questions of a minor character sent in by our readers.

M. D., Hamilton, Miss. What is the best test to determine the purity of drinking water?

One of the best and simplest tests is to put a pint of the water in a flat earthen vessel, evaporate it quickly and scrape the receptacle for any residue. If such residue is white powdery, it means lime or gypsum, hence the water is hard, but safe. A whity-green or dirty-yellow gummy residue is suspicious. Taste it, and if it turns black, giving out the smell of burnt feathers, the water is contaminated with animal refuse and a likely breeder of typhoid. There are many other tests, more or less complicated and too chemical to be given here.

J., Parker, Ind. Please explain Matt. 6: 34.

Jesus, concluding the Sermon on the Mount, showed the sinfulness and folly of undue solicitude over the future and urged his hearers to have faith in God (who takes thought for all his children), and to seek first the kingdom, and all other things would be added to them. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is practical maxim, and means that every sunrise brings its own cares and responsibilities, and to anticipate them by worrying is only to double them.

D., Baton Rouge, La. In the code of wireless telegraphy, what do the letters "C. Q. D." represent?

They mean "Come quick; danger."

A. B., Fredericksburg, Pa. 1. Was Judas Iscariot still with the other disciples at the time Christ washed their feet and broke bread and gave wine, or had Judas left them before or between these two acts? 2. Where is the Garden of Eden supposed to have been located? Where is the location mentioned in the Bible?

1. The narrative in the four Gospels would indicate that the Supper had begun, that Jesus washed his disciples' feet to reprove their mutual rivalry and enforce condescension to one another by his own example, and that then, while they sat at table, he declared his own betrayal, and Judas, after receiving the sop, left without the others suspecting his purpose. The breaking of bread and the institution of the Sacrament came at the close of the meal. 2. The location of Eden is described in Gen. 2: 10-14. There are many conflicting opinions as to the identity of this location, some holding that it is north of the Persian Gulf, at the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris (which are claimed to be the Hiddekel and Perath of Genesis), others in Armenia, and still others in Ceylon, in India and in Syria.

R. M., Cranfield, N. J. What must be the length of a clock pendulum in order to beat seconds?

In the latitude of New York a pendulum must be 39.1 inches to vibrate every second. Nearer to the pole such pendulum would vibrate more rapidly, and nearer to the equator more slowly, for the reason that the pull of the earth is less, since at the equator the pendulum is farther from the center of gravity of the earth.

J. W. S., Latta, S. C. God is to-day as much as in the past the hearer and answerer of prayer. Our own personal experience, combined with that of thousands of others who write us every year on the subject, convinces us of the efficacy of prayer. But not all prayers are answered, for the reason that we may pray amiss and ask unwisely. Possibly the pastor to whom you refer had this fact in view. If he laid down the broad principle that praying for rain or succor of any kind in a time of great emergency was useless, he was speaking against all recorded experience, and taking an indefensible position. But you may have misunderstood him.

E. C., Cocoanut Grove, Fla. Please explain II. Cor. 12: 2-4. It has been a subject of discussion in our Sunday school for the last fortnight.

The man in question was Paul himself, although he speaks of himself in the third person. He was describing an experience fourteen years earlier, or about the time of his second visit to Jerusalem. He refers to a trance or rapture, in which his spirit was "caught up" and he heard "unspeakable words," which were designed for his own consolation and encouragement, and not as a general communication. This, he tells us, took place in the "third heaven." According to the early theology, the first heaven is that of the clouds and the air; the second that of the sky and the stars; the third is above both, where God's glory continually shines. See Eph. 4: 10.

Mrs. E. A. A., Chandler, Okla. In Sunday school a teacher asked, "Why did Jesus come to John to be baptized?" The answer was given: "He was sorry for his sins and had repented." The answer was accepted. He being sinless, how could that be?

Jesus (in his humanity) was "in all things as we are, yet without sin." When Jesus came to John for baptism, he did so for reasons that are clearly set forth in Matt. 3: 15 and John 1: 30-34. This preliminary ordinance was of the nature of "an initiatory rite, received at the hands of the only acknowledged living prophet who was empowered to administer what should be the equivalent of the holy anointing oil of the kingly and priestly offices." It was a part of John's duty as the Forerunner. See Luke 3: 16.

J. H., Lake City, Fla. 1. Simon, who bore the Saviour's cross on part of the way to Calvary, was a native of Cyrene in Africa (Matt. 27: 32). There were others from the same place dwelling in Jerusalem, and it is worthy of note that among those who contributed actively to the formation of the first Gentile church at Antioch were a number of converts from Cyrene (Acts 2: 10). The fact that Simon was from Africa does not necessarily imply that he was a negro, nor is it so stated in Scripture, although some commentators have taken that view. Cyrene was the commercial rival of Carthage and its people were cultivated and refined, with a Greek strain dating from B.C. 600, when the place was settled by Hellenic colonists. 2. The scourging of Jesus took place presumably in the forenoon, before the procession to Calvary. It was the usual terrible introduction to crucifixion—the "intermediate death," as Edersheim denominates it.

B. D. M., Linden, Pa. 1. Why do so many take the step of acknowledging their willingness to accept Christ at evangelistic meetings, and go away unbelieving and still feeling unforgiven? 2. Does one need a special call from God to be a missionary, or can the decision be made in one's own mind from the simple desire to lead souls to Christ? 3. Give some names of schools for the training of missionaries.

1. The trouble with the people you mention, of whom there are unfortunately a great many, is that they do not persevere in their seeking until they really find Christ. Raising the hand, or signing a card, or standing up, or even going forward to the altar, is but the first step toward the new life. The seeker should not consider that he has found what he wishes until he has in his own soul the assurance that Christ has received him and pardoned his sins. Of course, the Saviour is willing to do this at the first sign of the desire to come to him, but it is

Continued on next page

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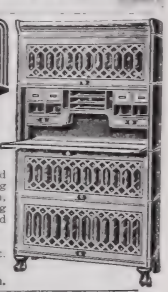

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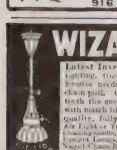

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Continued from preceding page

only as the seeker definitely trusts the Saviour that the consciousness of forgiveness comes and the new life is implanted in the soul. While all of the methods mentioned are helpful in making the decision to accept Christ, yet it is possible that these very methods may obscure the simple act of faith; none of them can, unaccompanied by positive, definite faith, bring the joy of the new birth, and the act of trust by which that joy comes to the soul can be made without any of these outward signs or agencies. 2. The call to be a missionary has come to many. Indeed, when that call comes there is often added an almost equally definite call to a certain field of missionary activity. It is, however, not at all necessary to wait for such a definite and supernatural call. It may truly be said that *the need is the call.* Wherever people have need of Christ there is the call to his followers to go and win souls. The need is so much greater in the foreign field than at home that many missionary workers have said that every Christian who has been called to distinctly religious work should go to the foreign field, unless he feels a definite call to work on the home field. 3. The Moody Bible School at Chicago, the Moody schools at Northfield and Mount Hermon, Mass., the Bible Teachers' Training School at New York are among the best institutions for missionary training. Some colleges, also, such as Ohio Wesleyan and Yale, have special departments for the study of missions in which some missionary training is given. For further information write to the Student Volunteer Movement, New York, or the Missionary Education Movement, New York, or the Missionary Board of your own denomination.

S. T., Renrock, O. Please explain Paul's letter to Philemon.

Onesimus, a slave of Philemon, had run away from his master and fled to Rome. Here he became converted, through the teaching of Paul. He was serviceable to Paul at Rome, but the apostle would not retain him without Philemon's consent. So he persuades Onesimus to return to his master, and sends with him this letter, which has been included in the New Testament canon, in which he asks Philemon to forgive his servant and to receive him "not as a servant but as a brother beloved."

Mrs. J. P. A., Crawford, Ga. In I. John 4: 20 what is meant by "brother"?

It is not used here in the sense of blood relation, but rather of friend, neighbor, acquaintance, fellow man. He is speaking also of our spiritual brethren. If we do not love the brethren whom we see and know, how can we love the invisible Father? By faith in Christ we learn to love both God and man. Besides, it is the Saviour's own commandment that we should love one another.

W. R. C., Dalton, Mass. 1. How can one recognize the polar star? 2. Is it a fixed star?

1. Any clear night look at the Dipper or Great Bear and in a direct line from the two first stars in the quadrilateral of this constellation measure with the eye about five times the distance between them in a straight line and you will locate a luminary a little brighter than its neighbors; this is the Pole Star. 2. Astronomically speaking, there are no fixed stars; as we explained in a recent issue the so-called fixed stars are supposed to be the suns of other systems of worlds, themselves performing immense revolutions through the fields of space. However, of all the bodies which scintillate in the starry night the only one that remains motionless or seems motionless is the Pole Star. At any moment of the year, day or night, its station remains unchanged. All the other stars, on the contrary, turn in twenty-four hours round it, taken as the center of the mighty vortex. For this reason it is the most important star to navigators in determining their course.

E. W. R., Los Angeles, Calif. The tabernacle, which the Israelites under Moses's instructions built in the wilderness for the glory of God and as a movable temple, is described in the Bible and also at great length by Josephus, the Jewish historian, in his *Antiquities.* It was the first sanctuary of the people, their place of meeting and the place wherein the divine glory dwelt in its peculiar manifestation to the nation. It was less a place of worship in the ordinary sense than a place where Jehovah *met* with or *dwelt among* his people. Ex. 29: 42-46. "Tent of revelation" has been suggested as the best equivalent for the Hebrew description.

Mrs. M. D. E., Whitewood, S. D. 1. Please explain John 8: 58. 2. Also third chapter of John, 13th verse. 3. Also third chapter of John, 18th and 36th verses. How and by whom were the prophets and others in olden times saved?

1. The more literal rendering is: "Before Abraham was brought into being, I exist"—implying that he existed before all creation, or from eternity. 2. This passage has caused much dispute, as it sounds like a paradox. Its manifest meaning, the best commentators hold, is: "The perfect knowledge of God is not obtained by any man's going up from earth to heaven to receive it, no man having so ascended, but He whose proper habitation is [illegible] (in the bosom of the Father) hath, by taking human form, descended as the Son of Man to disclose the Father." It has no reference to Abraham or Lazarus. 3. These verses emphasize the great fact that the object of Christ's mission was to save and that those who, having received his message, wilfully rejected it remained under condemnation. God had his witnesses in earlier times: prophets, patriarchs and holy men of old, whose faith was accounted to them for righteousness. James 2: 23; Rom. 4: 3; Gal. 3: 6 and other passages.

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Miscellaneous

M. B., Holland, Mich. None of the party platforms discuss religion.

Reader, Hudson, Mich. Write for the information to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

C. A. B., Dry Branch, Ga. The first Sunday school was organized by Robert Raikes in Gloucester, England, June 5, 1784.

W. E. D., Ossian, Ind. According to tradition, John was buried in Samaria. The Vulgate account of the burial does not make any mention of the head of the Baptist. See Matt. 6: 29. It may have been recovered afterward, but there is no record of the fact.

W. K., Hamilton, Mich. Psalm 115 omit verse 9 to close is an exhortation to praise and blessing and gratitude to God for all his benefits. The last three verses remind us that life is short and that we should fulfil his will and bless his name continually while we live.

Mrs. L. M. J., Glenwood, Ind. The custom of wearing mourning has been much modified in recent years. The rule at present is that a widow shall wear black for one year and then white the next year. After this, the life, if she chooses, may resume the wearing of colors.

F. H., Parkstown, S. D. The description in Ezek., chapters 40 to 47, is an ideal picture of the restored Jewish temple. At the very outset (chapter 40, verse 2) it is stated to be a vision. The temple he describes is to be built after restoration, and will be a perfect manifestation of God's love for his covenant people.

In the Table of Contents of a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Mr. C. H. Kilmer, of Mecklenburg, N. Y., was credited with an article entitled "In Africa's Black Republic." This was due to a mistake in the compositor department, the matter which made up that article having been compiled from letters sent from missionaries in Liberia.

Mr. Edmund Eitel, James Whitcomb Riley's private secretary, has called our attention to the fact that the story of "The Hoosier Boy," which appeared in the October 2 issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was rather unfair to Mr. Riley, as in it he has been confused by our correspondent with another poet, who Mr. Eitel believes was Richard Realf. "For something like that which was described in our article did take place between Don Piatt and this poet, 'When the Frost is on the Punkin and the Fodder's in the Shock' was written in Indianapolis and given out first under the name of Benjamin F. Johnson of Boon," Mr. Eitel concludes.

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

If You Are Getting Up A Club

EVER so many Cozy Corner boys and girls are asking for plans for successful club meetings.

Remember, the test of a successful meeting is this: Does every member come and have a good time? This coming regularly to club meetings lies very close to the heart of the question of successful meetings.

There should always be a new delight in your work and play each time you gather together. If you begin to feel that you have gone as far as you can with one kind of club meeting, then you may write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner, who will help you arrange a new series of meetings with new ideas and suggestions.

When you write be sure to say what you would like to do in your club. Give your own age and the ages of the club members and write your addresses all very distinctly.

Some Suggestive Club Names

THE Cozy Corner Club, Helping Hands, The Wide Awakes, The Jolly Juniors, Sunshine Circle, The Nimble Fingers, The Jolly Ten, Busy Bees and Brownies, The Pansy Circle, Chums, Honor Bright Sunshine Circle, Doll's Needlework Guild, The Thread of the Story, The Jolly Companions, Sunshine Scatterers, the Ready-to-Help Club, the Peacemakers, Loving Hearts and Busy Hands, Little Men and Women, Home Fairies.

A Dandy Sled

I Made It Myself

I TOOK two pine boards for runners 3 feet 6 inches long, 5¼ inches high, and ¾ inch thick. From both boards I sawed off a three-cornered piece (Figure 1). Six inches from the back of each runner on the top edge I whittled out a block 1 inch deep and 1 inch wide and 11 inches apart, sawed out two other blocks of wood, then took three sticks of hard pine (old stair rods will do) 1 inch square and about 16 inches long, placed the rods in the cuts, adjusted the runners, saw that the runners stood plumb, then nailed the cross rods fast to them. Nailed two stout sticks along the projecting ends of the cross sticks for handles, now made a seat-board to fit, fastened on a little forward of the middle, smoothed the bottom of the front runners with a knife and nailed strip iron an inch wide off an old barrel and nailed along the bottom of each runner, bored holes in the front ends for ropes, and the sled is a winner.

Iowa. WILLIAM MELTZER, *age 11.*

This Boy Is a Hero

GEORGE CARROLL, age six, was playing on the railroad bridge which crosses the millrace by a big flour mill in North East, Md., and fell in. The water was seven feet deep and the little fellow was going down the second time when William Johnson, the ten-year-old son of the proprietor of the mill, attracted by screams of the drowning boy's twin, who had seen his brother fall into the water, plunged after the drowning child and was twice pulled under by the struggles of the little boy. But young Johnson, with George Carroll quite unconscious in his arms, was pulled out of the race by other boys on the shore.

William Johnson

William Johnson is a Boy Scout, and, like the hero that he is, administered first aid to his unfortunate little playfellow and brought him to consciousness, never thinking of himself or of the part he had played in the rescue of his friend. It was not long, however, before plenty of grown-ups arrived on the scene, and the brave boy, even against his will, was carried through the village streets and proclaimed a hero. William Johnson is a very successful CHRISTIAN HERALD salesman in North East, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has awarded him a special prize for bravery. He deserves a Carnegie medal.

Kindness

KINDNESS and manliness are great virtues," says an old Spanish proverb. "Oblige without regarding whom you oblige," is another, and it means, be kind to every one, great or small, rich or poor.

When the Russians were besieged by the Japanese in 1905 in Port Arthur, the Japs got close up to their forts by digging long deep trenches, into which the Russians were unable to shoot. At one time they were so close that a Russian soldier was able to throw a letter into the Japanese trench. The letter was a message to his mother in Russia; but as Port Arthur was cut off from all communication he begged that some one would send a message for him, and he enclosed a gold coin to pay the cost.

The Japanese soldier who found the note took it to his officer and the officer telegraphed the Russian soldier's message to his mother and threw a note back into the enemy's lines to tell him it had been done.

A Puzzling Puzzle

CAN you take forty-five from forty-five and leave forty-five? This is one way to do it:

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 equals 45
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 equals 45

8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2 equals 45

PRIZES FOR OUR LITTLE PEOPLE

TEN Cozy Corner prizes of paper dolls and appropriate story books will be awarded, in order of merit, for best little verses entitled "In Winter Time," or "Little Bird," or "Christmas Stocking." All work for this contest must be in without fail on or before November 15.

Can You Guess This Rebus?

My *first* is a ribbon, an arch or a man.
And part of a little girl's name.
My *second* a dear little word of a bird,
A queer little glance and a game;
My *third* rhymes with weep, with sheep and asleep;
My WHOLE and my third are the same.

Good-Morning Verse

In his favor is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Ps. 30:5.

Ever lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

A sound mind in a sound body goes far toward the foundation of a sound character.

The best advice by expert coaches on training for football, baseball and the great sports, long-distance running, shot-putting, swimming, will be found in

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The Wilderness Castaways, A Tale of Hudson Bay, Dillon Wallace
Sarah Brewster's Relatives, A Home Story, Elia W. Peattie
The Colonel's Experiment, A Story for Girls, Edith Barnard Delano
The Vision, A Tale of Chicago Business Life, Gardner Hunting
His Father's Son, A Story of "St. Timothy's," Arthur Stanwood Pier
The Timber Treasure, A Story of Adventure and Fortitude in the Canadian Woods, Frank Lillie Pollock

And there will be 250 other stories—stories of thrilling adventure, luck and pluck for boys, stories of college life for girls, stories that touch the sentiment and tickle the humor in everybody. There will be contributions by such men as Speaker Clark of the House of Representatives, Col. G. W. Goethals, constructor of the Panama Canal, etc., etc.

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1912

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Do not hesitate to wear your fine laces, nor to buy those you admire, for fear they will not stand washing. It is true that they will not survive ordinary washing methods, but when washed carefully with Ivory Soap, they seem to grow more beautiful with use.

Those who make lace, and those who sell it, know the value of Ivory Soap for this purpose. They find that it cleanses perfectly even the most badly soiled pieces, leaving them like new in texture and clearer than ever in color, without weakening a single thread.

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Baste the lace to a piece of clean white muslin so that each point and picot is held firmly in place. Make a good lather of Ivory Soap and warm water and let the lace soak for thirty minutes. Then alternately press between hands and dip in the water until clean. Do not rub. If necessary, use a second clean suds of Ivory Soap. Then rinse in clear waters, next in blue water and lastly in a thin starch. Tack on a board, stretching the muslin evenly. When nearly dry, remove from the board and press thoroughly through the muslin. Do not put the iron on the lace. When dry, cut the basting threads and you will find the lace like new.

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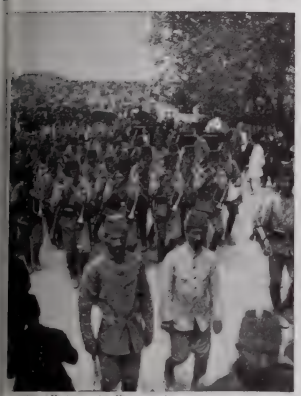

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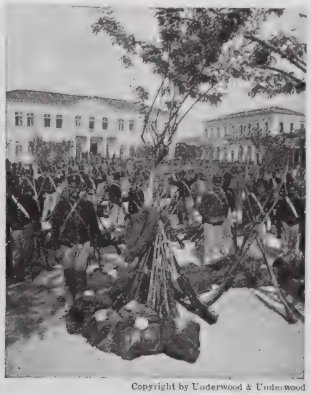
Turkish Troops Marching to Their Mobilization Point

Plevna Pass, a Typical Mountain Defile in the Balkan Peninsula



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Greek Troops Mobilized and Ready for the Front

CARRYING THE WAR INTO MACEDONIA

AS IF in preparation of a mighty amphitheater for some gigantic spectacle, the armies of the five nations of the Balkans marched and countermarched, maneuvered and ght petty engagements for positions all through first weeks of October. Not since 1870 has pe witnessed such spectacular warfare as that h is now taking place in Macedonia. A million are under arms in the conflict; three kings and crowned princes are leading their national es in the field. The greatest war that Europe known since the Franco-Prussian has opened r conditions which make the struggle likely to ne of the blood-thirstiest and bitterest in mod- history. The area covered by the military ations is enormous, as it stretches all way from the Black Sea across northern edonia to the borders of Montenegro the head of the Adriatic Sea. Along line of mountainous and broken country Bulgarians are reported to have mobil- four hundred thousand men; the ians about fifty-five thousand, and the tenegrins nearly forty-five thousand. ece, who is attacking the Turk from the h, has between thirty and forty thou- l men in the field, and against all these key has now arrayed nearly half a mil- soldiers and is rushing more to the t as rapidly as possible. It is believed she can make the number seven hundred fifty thousand before reaching her limit.

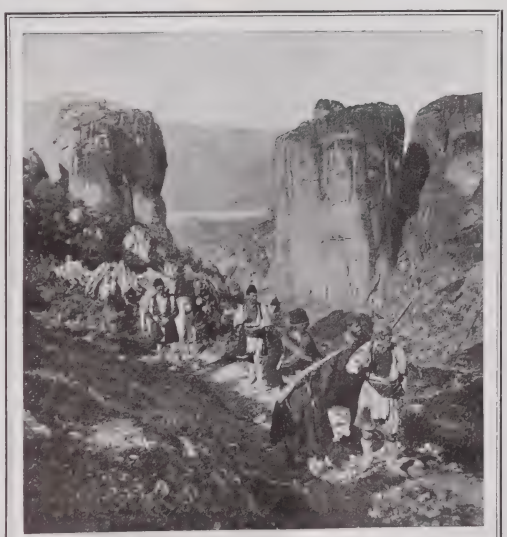
o close is the censorship that is being cised over the news despatches that it ost impossible to decide which shall be pted, the censored version of an engage- t as it comes from Constantinople or as omes from Sofia or Belgrade. In Lon- most credence seems to be placed in Constantinople versions of the reports, gh Vienna and Budapest fortify the thern versions with their confirmation. thing, however, is true beyond a doubt: Balkan allies have successfully carried war into Macedonia. Whether they can p it there is a question yet unanswered. m the borders of Montenegro practically the way across to Adrianople, which is y close to the Black Sea, the allies have wn great masses of troops over the tiers into the Turk's own territory of edonia, while on the south the Greeks, er the leadership of their Crown Prince nstantine, have pushed across the border and in two engagements driven back their ancient enemies, captured their artillery and finally occupied the important town called Servia, about twenty-five miles north of their own borders. Captain Butler, the British army officer who is accompanying the Greek army in the capacity of correspondent for one of the London daily papers, has telegraphed of the last movement as follows: "The enemy's forces were composed of twelve battalions with six field batteries. They suffered great losses, and in full flight they abandoned twenty-two guns with a large quantity of ammunition and stores.

"A heartrending sight was witnessed when the Greeks entered the town of Servia. The Turks before leaving had massacred seventy Greek women and children who lived there. Greek mothers were lying dead across doorsteps and in courtyards in every kind of position, indicating that they had tried to protect their offspring. There had been a systematic house-to-house massacre. The indignation of the Greek soldiers is intense, but the troops are well in hand, and no reprisals are feared."

The Montenegrins, after two days' hard fighting, took possession of the Turkish town, Berana, and are rapidly advancing toward the important military center, Scutari. Further east along the border the Servians have successfully crossed into Turkish territory, and, fighting almost every inch of the way, have possessed themselves of the important towns, Pristina, Kratovo, Kotchana, Kumanova and Novi-Bazar. The surrender of the last town took place only after three days' severe fighting, during which there was terrible slaughter both among the Servians and the Turks. Stories of hard-fought encounters with the Arnaut tribesmen and the Turkish regulars are being told by wounded soldiers who have been taken back into Servian territory for treatment. It is very difficult to arrive at any definite idea as to the actual numbers killed or wounded. It is a fair example of the tone of the despatches to quote that from Belgrade, which stated regarding the battle at Novi-Bazar: "The Turks lost over a thousand killed, while the Servian casualties were also considerable." The Constantinople version of this engagement states that the Turks, having held the city as long as possible for the purpose of delaying the Servian advance, retired in good order, losing some killed and wounded, but inflicting terrible loss upon their enemies.

Undoubtedly the greatest success of the campaign so far has fallen to the Bulgarians. The conformation of the country over which the fighting was doomed to take place was such that military experts had worked out beforehand a great many of the possible movements of the troops. The Turks had a great military center in the strongly fortified city of Adrianople. From this splendid position lines of carefully constructed earthworks stretched northeast toward the Black Sea almost thirty miles to the town of Kirk-Kilisseh, which was claimed to be almost as important from a military point of view as Adrianople itself. These two fortifications form the protection for the Adrianople to

Continued on next page



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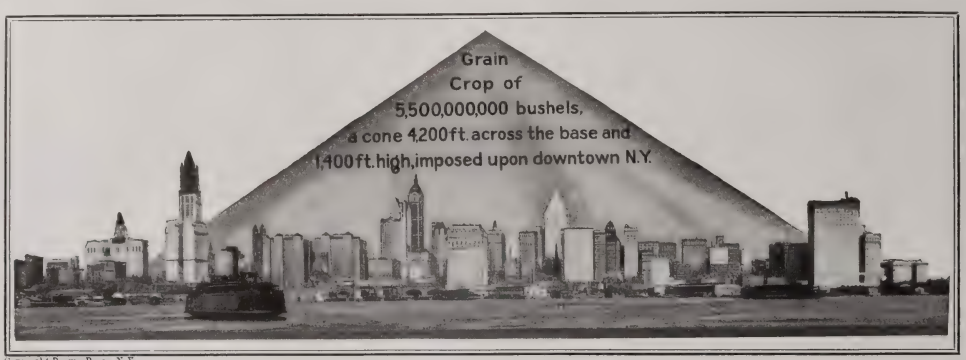
A Typical Scene in the Balkan Mountains

BUMPER CROPS MEAN BETTER TIME

ACCORDING to the reports received from all parts of the country, the crops of the present year are of phenomenal proportions and furnish a presage of lower cost of living and better times all around. These figures give an approximate idea of the tremendous size and extraordinary value of the crops of 1912:

Crops of 1912.	*Bushels.*
Corn,	3,000,000,000
Wheat,	750,000,000
Oats,	1,500,000,000
Barley, Rye and Buckwheat,	250,000,000
Total of the Cereal,	5,500,000,000

A writer in the New York *Times* gives some suggestive calculations covering this gigantic outcome of our agricultural industries. He shows that in handling this bumper crop, the farmers of the country have a task before them contrasted with which the movement of great armies seem like child's play. Hired hands—not regular employees—engaged for the harvest number 860,000, and this single division of the workers draws over $10,000,000 in pay for the short term of service. Then there are 1,130,000 farm laborers who are kept busy the year round. In the great Western States the men who own or rent grain land and who help in the harvest number some 2,240,000 more, thus bringing up the total of the harvest army to 4,230,000 men—greater by far than the biggest army the world has ever seen.



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If the Nation's Mammoth Grain Crop of 5,500,000,000 Bushels Were Dumped on Lower New York, It Would Make a Pyramid 1,400 Feet High, With a Base Nearly a Mile Wide

This giant working force uses in the field 9,500,000 horses and about 4,500,000 carts, harvesters, and other apparatus. If this vast train could be put in a single line, horses and machines, carts, wagons, etc., would string out over 25,854 miles, or considerable more than around the entire globe. As to the wheat crop alone, it would make a river of grain 100 to 125 feet wide, four feet deep, and reaching from New York to Chicago. All the ships in New York harbor, working steadily, would take two years to handle it.

If we take the entire crops of six cereals, the dimensions of the problem are simply astounding. The writer makes this picturesque calculation:

"If the attempt were made to store it all in downtown New York it would make a solid mountain more than 1,500 feet in height with sharply sloping sides and a base nearly a mile wide. The Stock Exchange would be buried under it. The peak of the thirty-nine story Bankers' Trust Building would be more than 700 feet from the surface. Wall Street and every building in it, every foot of lower Manhattan from the City Hall to the Battery sea-wall, would be buried under the sloping heap. The forty-one-story Singer Building, four blocks north of the top of the pile, would be hidden, in spite of its 612 feet of height. Lower Broadway and all its buildings, Bowling Green, the Custom House, the Battery, the North River piers, the docks of South Street, would all be swamped. Only a part of the Whitehall Building on the south and the new Woolworth tower at the north, with one or two neighboring skyscrapers, would show above the mass. The peak of it would overtop the Woolworth tower by over 500 feet. It would make a grain mountain higher than any other hill or headland within thirty miles of the Atlantic Coast south of New Hampshire.

"To move such a mass at one time would, of course, be impossible. Its weight would be 150,000,000 tons. It would require 7,500,000 freight cars of the large twenty-ton size to carry it, and 186,650 locomotives would be required to haul them."

On the farm, the value of the wheat crop is placed at $625,000,000, while corn, oats and barley bring up the total to $3,500,000,000. This is $250,000,000 more than the entire cost of the Civil War. The railroads handle it gradually. They receive $5,000,000 for freight in carrying the crop to the primary markets—the central selling points (Chicago, Duluth and Minneapolis) alone. Thence it is transshipped in the shape of flour, cornmeal, etc., to all parts of the country and to the ports for export. This means millions more in payment for freight.

How does the farmer fare in these enormous transactions? He has borne all the heavy initial expense of cultivating and harvesting; he has patronized the bank to borrow money on his crop, and he has had to pay $10,000,000 to extra hired labor as we have already shown. But, when all has been done, when the bumper crop is marketed, moved and the returns come in, the farmer can pay all his bills out of hand, have his new piano, automobile, or furniture; lay in his stock of goods at the stores, paying cash for everything, and have a substantial balance to put away in bank. It is then that the county and township banks are overflowing with money which they can send westward again. Local stores find business booming and the whole country, especially the agricultural sections, bask in the prosperity which the bumper crop has been the means of bringing to pass.

How the general public is affected by these conditions is partly shown in a report issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor which compares the prices of the principal foodstuffs in years of light crops and years of agricultural abundance. In that report, it is shown that on the nine great crops of the country, viz.: corn, wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, flaxseed and hay, the abundant supply will probably result in an average reduction in price of about 6 per cent. The aggregate saving is about 2 cent. la than it been in r years. W shows 100,000 bus more than year, an costing ei cents a b less at mills tha year ago. owing to abundance already s cents lowe bushel. Ha $2.74 lowe the ton, and this ought to reduce the price of milk, butter and cheese. The oats crop, which is largely used as food for stock, is nearly double that of last year, which ought also to make meat and livestock products cheaper. Potatoes, which last year averaged 38 cents a bushel, are now 51 cents. Finally, cotton—this year the biggest crop on record—is two points lower, and when the crop is finally harvested its magnitude and the reduction in price may give lower figures for all cotton goods.

Thus, through the goodness of Providence in giving us so plentiful a yield from the soil, the farmers, the workers and the whole country will share in the resultant benefit. This gift of abundance, coming straight from the hand of God, and for which none of the political parties have the slightest excuse for taking credit (although they may try to do so), is one which should awaken the warmest gratitude in our people everywhere. When Thanksgiving day comes, our churches, public societies and other bodies will have a rousing theme for the expression of the popular gratitude to God for his goodness.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO MACEDONIA

Continued from preceding page

Constantinople Railway line which is one of the two great arteries of travel in European Turkey. Toward this important position the Bulgarians threw the great mass of their army. As the various divisions passed through the defiles on the Turkish frontier the world looked with astonishment on their petty victories, expecting at almost any moment to learn that the Turk had finally sallied forth and annihilated them. It was with a good deal of joy in America, considerable disappointment in England and lots of surprise everywhere that the news was received on October 25 that during the first days of that week the Bulgarians had successfully attacked and captured the outlying stronghold, Kirk-Kilisseh. The London *Daily Chronicle* correspondent at Bulgarian headquarters telegraphed in part as follows:

"Under cover of a heavy artillery fire the infantry attacked on two sides, and the positions were finally carried at the point of the bayonet. The Turkish losses were heavy. Twelve hundred prisoners were taken, besides Krupp guns, quick-firing guns, wagons, and a large quantity of ammunition. The Turks are now in full retreat toward Visa on the main road to Constantinople. They fought a rear guard action, but in this the Bulgarians were again victorious."

From Constantinople comes the usual euphemistic version of a defeat, admitting that a severe engagement was fought between the Turkish and Bulgarian armies, but explaining that the Turks had advanced from Adrianople to Kirk-Kilisseh with the object of making a reconnaissance in force to oblige the Bulgarian army to deploy and disclose its strength; then announcing that as the Ottomans were not in sufficient force to press home the attack, they evenually retired in perfect order, deciding to evacuate Kirk-Kilisseh and fall back—nearly thirty-five thousand of them—to the main body of the army that is guarding the railway line.

The Greek fleet practically commands the Ægean Sea. This is by all odds a most important position, as it controls all communication by sea, and from it, with military assistance, the Salonica Railway may easily be destroyed. It is admitted, even in Constantinople, that the Greeks have possessed themselves of the Island of Lemnos at the mouth of the Dardanelles. This is a commanding position, and from it as a base Greece has every opportunity of keeping Turkey's ships bottled up in the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea. Military and naval experts were astonished by Turkey's move of sending some of her ships into the Black Sea and bombarding the Bulgarian ports of Varna and Kavarna. The reports of these engagements state that the Turkish fire had little or no effect and that the most serious damage done was the destruction of an old monastery and one of the king's summer residen

It is impossible to conjecture as yet what final outcome of this terrific struggle will be. early laurels of the campaign undoubtedly g the Christian allies, but what the Turk may do fore the end has come is beyond all imagin That the war itself will be terribly bitter is a f gone conclusion, for all those who are now al against the Crescent have felt the iron heel Turkish oppression and listened through gen tions to suave, but always unfulfilled, Mohamme promises. The warriors on both sides are impe to the fighting by the bitterest hatred, and now t the flame of war has been kindled. there will be stopping it until one side or the other is reduce subjection either by physical defeat or by the l of funds wherewith to prosecute the fight. O side the actual ranks of the fighters the distress suffering will be appalling before the winter over. One of the Constantinople corresponde inserts the following paragraph in the midst o despatch dealing with the whole situation:

"Fugitives from the country near the front who have come into Adrianople for safety decl that there is an absolute famine in Eastern Rur lia and that the prospects for the winter, wh would be gloomy enough in ordinary circumstanc are simply appalling. The neighboring villa are deserted by the peasants, who are afraid being shot or captured."

"HOME MISSION WEEK"

LANS for the nation-wide celebration of "Home Mission Week" are about completed, marking the culmination of one of the most vigorous campaigns in which the Protestant s of America have ever united. For a num- f months the central office of the campaign, of Mr. Charles Stelzle is the executive secre- with headquarters at New York, has been send- nt hundreds of thousands of bulletins, charts, s, and press notices guiding the churches aking plans for eek and stirring e people to prac- enthusiasm. ne indication of ethods to be fol- may be gath- from reports ady sent in to uarters. In a ouri city the h members will a procession to n to the interde- national mass ng held in a large er on Sunday, mber 24, the last f "Home Mission ." In an Indiana which is being d by a victorious elistic campaign ty-five men have organized for in- urch work, and are to manage Home Mission program. In a b of New York churches are g in the prepa- ns, and a union on study class of hundred members is taking a vigorous part in lans.

proximately 2,500 cities, of 2,500 inhabitants ver, have been communicated with by the cen- ffice, and the churches in these larger towns, es being coached in their own preparations, been asked to help the churches in smaller and rural districts to plan their work for the week. The program, which will be followed taneously throughout the land, is as follows: ay, November 17, morning, Our Country's Debt to Christ; evening, Units in Making Our Country God's Country; Monday, November 18, American Indians, Africans and Asiatics; Tuesday, November 19, The Frontier and the Island Possessions; Wednesday, November 20, The Immigrants; Thursday, November 21, The Rural Regions and the Cities; Friday, November 22, American Social Problems; Saturday, November 23, Prayer and Fellowship; Sunday, November 24, morning, Our Country's Opportunity for Christ; evening, Unity in Making Our Country God's Country. "Our Country—God's Country," is the campaign motto.

Mr. Harvey C. Olin
Treasurer of the Campaign

Rev. Charles Stelzle

Rev. Charles L. Thompson
President Home Mission Council

The movement has been conducted jointly by the Home Mission Council, composed of twenty-seven general boards engaged in national Home Mission work, and the Council of Women for Home Missions, representing nine constituent boards. These two bureaus represent practically the entire Protestant Home Mission force of America. The plan has included a three months' study of the economic, moral, and religious problems of America, culminating in the week's celebration, during which the pastors and workers will discuss the situation with a view to further practical work. For these services suggestive programs and exhaustive and illuminating material are being sent out from the central office.

One city has outlined the following campaign: from September 1 to November 17 will be regarded as the educational period, when the various aspects of Home Mission work will be presented. Home Mission Week will, of course, be observed from November 17 to 24. From November 24 to January 1 there will be a "Go to Church" campaign. Beginning January 1 there will be simultaneous evangelistic meetings in the churches, followed by a personal work campaign until the first of April. This outlines a pretty thorough winter's work. It is of interest to note in this connection that in this particular city the Men and Religion Movement had a most effective campaign last year.

A booklet entitled *America's Greatest Task Democratized*, which has been widely distributed in the interests of the campaign, quotes as a foreword the thrilling statement of the great philosopher, John Stuart Mill: "The political and economic struggles of society are, in their last analysis, religious struggles, their sole solution the teachings of Jesus Christ." The pamphlet proceeds: "The American Home Mission enterprise is the biggest, broadest, bravest movement in the United States, because it stands for the physical, social, economic, intellectual and religious emancipation of all the people."

Dr. Charles L. Thompson is president of the Home Mission Council; Mrs. George W. Coleman, president of the Council for Women.

A SHORT-LIVED REVOLUTION

THE revolt of General Felix Diaz, nephew of the exiled ex-President of Mexico, came to a sudden end when, on October 23, the city of Vera Cruz was retaken by the federal forces and the revolutionary general and his staff were made prisoners. This came as a great surprise to who had become convinced that, after General Reyes, Felix Diaz wield a greater influence with the Mexican army and the can populace than any other man alive. President Madero ted several days ago that the new uprising was not of great rtance and would soon be put down. The despatches the various Mexican centers, however, expressed the est fear that the organization of the formidable utionary movement with General Felix Diaz at its would make very uncertain General Madero's e of the presidential chair. Felix Diaz entered ity of Vera Cruz on October 16 with five hundred seized the arsenal and the defenses and placed in charge of the two gunboats, *Tampico* and *o*, which were lying in the harbor. It has ys been believed that the possession of Vera is the keystone of the arch of Mexican Gov- ent, and on this basis the despatches from co City assumed a general aspect of discour- ent. Some went so far as to prophesy the of the Madero administration. Business at came practically to a standstill. Foreign ents of Vera Cruz prepared to leave if such a became necessary. The United States ship *Moines*, which was lying about five hundred s from the American consulate, was placed in iness to be of such assistance as might be neces- in the case of a great battle. It seemed as if all in readiness for the first fight of a revolution as us as that which placed Francisco Madero in the which Porfirio Diaz had occupied for so many s. In the manifesto which Felix Diaz published he ised peace to Mexico and honest elections to his fellow ens. He also named his cabinet, and in the list were the es of some of Mexico's most able men. Such eminent and table men as Alberto Grandos and Francisco de la Barra were ned portfolios. General Bernardo Reyes, who is now in prison consequence of his unsuccessful attempt to engineer a revolu- last December, was named by Diaz as Minister of War. In Washington, D. C., it was difficult to obtain any expression of opinion on the outcome of this new revolution in Mexico. There was, however, no hesitation in predicting the result of the first battle at Vera Cruz, when it became known that the State Department was in possession of reports as to the strength of the contending forces. It was believed that, as Diaz was outnumbered nearly three to one, and as General Beltran, the commander of the federal forces, had sufficient artillery to reduce any position Diaz might attempt to hold, the result of the fight would be decisive. On October 22 General Beltran made a formal demand for the surrender of the city of Vera Cruz. This note was couched in the most polite terms and concluded with the intimation that if surrender was not made immediately the federal commander would be compelled to use force. In reply General Felix Diaz thanked General Beltran for the form in which his communication was put, and expressed his regrets that the situation and state of the national affairs of his country obliged him to offer forcible defense. Copies of both these communications were forwarded by General Diaz to the foreign consuls of the city, asking that the foreign residents be requested to make inventories of such effects as it might be necessary for them to leave behind on moving out. With this request was coupled the promise to indemnify them in the shortest possible time for any damage or loss which might result from the battle. Commander Charles F. Hughes of the *Des Moines* also received a note from General Diaz, saying that the situation would be handled according to international law, and adding: "It is unnecessary to disembark American marines on my account." On the morning of October 23 two federal columns under the commands of General Joaquin Beltran and Colonel Jiménez Castro entered Vera Cruz from the north and south. Instead of the pitched battle which had been expected, they took possession of the city with little or no resistance. The actual casualties were few. Colonel Castro, with less than fifty men, captured General Diaz and his entire staff at the Vera Cruz police headquarters. General Diaz and the rebel officers were disarmed and imprisoned. General Beltran has summoned a court martial, and it is believed all of these men will be dealt with as military traitors.

General Felix Diaz
Captured Insurgent Leader

God Our Shepherd, Father and King

A Sermon

By

Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D.*

TEXT: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Luke 12: 32

THREE worlds are packed into these words: the world of the Shepherd, the world of the Father, and the world of the King. It is a triune world, for the same God is Shepherd, Father and King. Out of these three worlds have come to me four triplets of truth, which I should like to pass on to you.

First of all, a triplet of spheres: the sphere of the sheep, the sphere of the child and the sphere of the subject. The word which defines the sphere of the sheep is dependence, the word which defines the sphere of the child is love, and the word which defines the sphere of the subject is loyalty.

The sheep is utterly dependent upon the shepherd for supplies, safety and guidance. The 23d Psalm is the unfolding of this dependence. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters." With such a Shepherd, the sheep has every need supplied. There is need of rest in repose, and God gives it by making us lie down. The sheep are rather frisky; they sometimes prefer to gambol over the fields; but the Shepherd, in his loving wisdom, often compels us to lie down and be quiet, and when his hand is upon us for such quiet repose, it is always in green pastures. Then there is need of rest in activity. "He leadeth me beside the still waters"—rest in movement, as we follow the Shepherd.

There is, however, a more intimate relation between the child and the father than between the sheep and the shepherd, and that relation is expressed by the word love. The father loves the children; while the children love the father and each other. The ideal home is the haven and heaven of love.

The subject-citizen is under all circumstances loyal to his king, ready to give up his life, if need be, in his defense. Scholars tell us that there are three words in the Greek which are translated "minister" in the English Bible. The first word means a private servant, who waits upon his master, eager to do his bidding. The second word means an official servant, who represents the government at the court of another nation. The third word, which Paul delighted in using, means an under-rower. The figure is taken from the ancient trireme, in which the captain, standing before the oarsmen, gave them the stroke; and as they struck with him, they, of course, struck with each other. Paul's ambition was to be an under-rower to Christ, to take up the stroke from him, to find out what he was doing in the world, and then come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

So a loyal subject in the kingdom of Christ takes the stroke from his King. He looks to him for guidance, and is ready to go at his command. If we find that our King is leading a great campaign for the evangelization of the world, we should take the stroke from him and join in the campaign. If he is leading a movement for the disestablishment of the church in Wales, we should take the stroke from him again and join in the movement. If he is leading for total abstinence and the destruction of the liquor traffic, we gladly take the stroke from him again and follow his leadership. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is the attitude of mind in every loyal citizen.

"Ownership"

We have next a triplet of relations. The relation between the sheep and the shepherd is expressed by the word "ownership." The sheep belongs to the shepherd; it is his property, and therefore safe. An old negro man in America was asked whether he felt secure in his hope of heaven. He replied, "I have my doubts and fears, and many troubles, but when the devil gets after me I simply go to my Master and say: 'Lord, you had better look after your property,' and he always does it!" Paul rejoiced in the fact that he was a bond-servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was glad to recognize his ownership, because he had been redeemed, "not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

With this ownership should go possession. "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them—" He has the sheep, but he has lost it. He owns it, but he does not possess it. It is quite possible to own what you do not possess, and to possess what you do not own. I am quite sure that I own ten or a dozen umbrellas in London, while I possess only one or two. Some time ago I owned a good overcoat, but some one came into my study and took it out. I still own it, but he possesses it. It is possible for God to own us, while the devil possesses us. The ideal Christian is the man who recognizes the ownership of Christ and realizes full possession through the Holy Spirit.

The word which expresses the relation between the child and the father is kinship. The sheep is not akin to the shepherd; it has not the shepherd's nature. But the Christian has been born from above; he has become a partaker of the divine nature. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."

The word which expresses the relation between the subject and king is citizenship, a citizenship which extends beyond the bounds of earth. Paul gloried in the fact that he was a citizen of heaven. But his citizenship in heaven made him all the more conscientious in using his citizenship on earth. We pity the man who has no better citizenship than England or America can give him, good as that is. He is called in Christ not only to a citizenship which is world-wide, but universal, taking in both earth and heaven.

A Triplet of Unities

We come, in the third place, to a triplet of unities. In the flock of sheep there is a unity of assembly. They go together as they follow their shepherd. The sheep in his nature is gregarious. I can think of nothing more pathetic than a lone sheep on the mountainside, unless it be a lone Christian, who refuses to join the church, and seeks to build up a Christian character and do the work of his Master without association with his brethren.

In the unity of the family there is fellowship and co-operation. Every member of the family works with every other member for the good of all. This co-operation is based upon kinship, a very much deeper thing than simply the gregarious spirit. Sheep herd together, but they do not live together in any co-operative way. In some great emergency, caused by danger, as in a cyclone, the sheep may herd even with other animals. I remember seeing in my boyhood the picture, in the old family Bible, of a group of men, women, children, sheep, lions and tigers herded together on the top of a hill, trying to escape the waters of the flood. Each one was so intent on self-preservation that it did not regard the presence of the others. Such miscellaneous herding, however, is not the ideal in the Christian Church. There must be a unity of spirit, of nature, of kinship, if there is to be real fellowship and co-operation.

In the unity of the kingdom there is organism. Of course there is organization, but a kingdom is a real organic unity, which expresses itself in various organizations. This organic unity comes from recognizing the king as head, while every citizen is obedient. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the head of the body of which we are members, and every member in healthy condition is obedient to the will of the Head. The spirit of democracy is in the air, which is both the hope and the menace of the age; the hope if it ripens into a democratic theocracy, in which Christ is enthroned; the menace if it rots into a democratic anarchy, in which liberty is license.

Let it be remembered that a New Testament church is not a democracy, but a theocracy, in which Jesus Christ is King, and every member a loyal subject. Heaven is that; and the nearest heaven on earth of which I know is a church that realizes this ideal. I was once seeking to carry forward a movement, in the church of which I was pastor, which was strongly opposed by a good brother, not a member of the official board. He argued at length against it, giving very plausible reasons; and in a spirit of apology for thus opposing the pastor he said that every church ought to have an "opposition bench," in order to preserve the proper balance of things! This "opposition bench" idea, however, he had gained, not from the Scriptures, but from Parliament and the democratic which has two contending parties. When an opposition bench" develops in the human body need a physician. It shows that something has gone wrong, that disease is doing its work. And when an "opposition bench" develops in a church course it is a symptom of disease, and not of he A majority vote, I must confess, is my pet a rence. If Christians will follow the apostolic ample of continuing in supplication and pr waiting patiently upon God for guidance, he sooner or later, give them the unity of the Spi the bond of peace.

The Appeal of Weakness

In the fourth place, we have a triplet of n The greatest need of the sheep is courage. " not, little flock." The sheep is the most cow animal alive. When it is badly frightened, it i even brave enough to run, but stands and tren When it seeks to escape danger it is apt to run some corner where its foe can easily reach it. both cowardly and silly. It is not courage, how to fight which the sheep needs, for it has no wea of offense or defense. Its need is courage to de to trust, to commit itself unreservedly to the ance and protection of the shepherd.

Such is the primary need of the Christian. W he realizes that he has no strength in himself all his help must come from God, and then ha courage to commit himself unreservedly to grace and power, he becomes invincible.

Weakness always appeals to noble stre Hence Paul could say, "When I am weak, the I strong," for his strength was in God. He even rejoice in weakness, that the power of C might rest upon him.

A friend of mine in America was very fond c chase, and lived in a country where the v abounded with wild deer. One morning, as he walking across his field, he heard the sou hounds in the distance, and as they approa looking through the cracks of a high fence he a little fawn, very wearied, its tongue hanging and its sides lathered with foam. The little had just strength enough to leap over the and stood there for a moment, with its great eyes gazing about in a frightened manner. it saw a hound leap over the fence not far a its first impulse seemed to cause it to run again instead of running away, it came and fell do a heap at the feet of my friend. He said: "I there and fought the dogs for nearly half an I just felt that all the dogs in that county coul capture the little fawn, after its weakness ha pealed to my strength."

So the Christian's weakness appeals to strength of God. Time was when, chased b hounds of my sins, I was full of fear. I a ashamed to say now that I was afraid of hell, my father preached because he believed the to be true and accepted the testimony of his Bewildered and weary, I stood not knowing way to fly, until I caught a vision of Jesus C on the cross, dying and rising from the dead. a sense of utter helplessness, I fell at his feet his omnipotence, linked with his love, has pro me ever since.

If you had gone to that Southern farm t twelve months afterward, you would have fou beautiful deer playing with the children o lawn; for my friend, after he had beaten o hounds, took the fawn on his shoulder and ca it home, to make it a pet in the family. Yes our Shepherd taketh the sheep on his shou limp weakness resting without holding on, or able to hold out, upon the shoulders of omnip love.

The need of the citizen in Christ's kingdom captivity. "It is your Father's good pleasu *give*." He would therefore have us possess ity to receive. He would give us a kingdom, before the King should appear in his glory to s

Continued on next page

* Preached in Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

Our Father, Shepherd and King

Continued from preceding page

dom on earth. "Blessed are the
in spirit: for theirs *is* the king-
of heaven." They, of course, be-
to the kingdom, but, better than
the kingdom belongs to them.
e first-born in the Jewish family
almost everything in the way of
th and honor, as is the case, to a
e extent, in Great Britain. But
ead in the Letter to the Hebrews:
are come . . . to the general as-
ly and church of the first-born,
h are written in heaven." In
s family all children are first-
Every one can have the best.
God wishes us to receive the very
that he can give us. All the
hecies and the promises of the
d are ours.

closing, I bring to you a chal-
e from our Shepherd, Father and
. "Bring ye the whole tithe into
storehouse, that there may be
t in mine house, and prove me now
with, saith the Lord of hosts, if I
not open you the windows of
en, and pour you out a blessing,
there shall not be room enough to
ive it." The direct reference is
e giving of tithes, setting apart of
tenth of our income to the work
he Lord; and there are accumula-
s in the hands of Christians that
to be purified by such giving.
principle, however, which under-
this challenge is: "Do what I ask
to do, and then I will do what you
me. Hear my prayers, and I will
yours. Obey me, and I will obey
Go out into the highways and
es, and compel them to come in,
t my house may be filled.' Go ye
all the world and preach the Gos-
to every creature; and lo, I am
you."

ow, we are not expected to do
's part, nor must we expect him to
urs. I heard once, in Baltimore,
union meeting, a very impudent
er. A good brother prayed thus:
Lord, go out into the highways and
es, and constrain the people to
e in!" God had told him to go,
he impudently turns and tells God
o himself! Our King expects us
o what he tells us, if we are to
e him do what we ask. "Take ye
y the stone." Back of that stone
ch ought to be removed lies some
d Lazarus, waiting to hear the
e of the Son of God; but the stone
t first be removed. before the res-
ection will take place. May we
e grace to accept this challenge
n God, bring ourselves and all we
e to his altar, and then expect him
mpty heaven upon earth. It is a
g threat that he will give us an-
er flood, not to drown, but to lift us
ve the highest mountains of
th's difficulties. May we do our
t, and God will do his.

Red Pepper vs. Millet

HE following little story, which has
the true Oriental flavor, though
re is a rather solid basis to doubt
authenticity, comes from one of the
respondents of a great London
ly newspaper. He relates that
en Mohammed V., the Grand Sul-
of Turkey, gave orders for the
bilization of his forces, he sent to
King of Bulgaria a sack of millet,
ompanied by the following letter:

FERDINAND EFFENDI: Mobilize if you like, but
assured that there are as many soldiers in
key as there are grains of millet in this
. Now, if you wish, declare war.

King Ferdinand, not to be outdone,
plied in kind. He sent to the Sul-
a very much smaller sack filled
h finely ground red pepper—the
st virulent red pepper of a country
t knows the best when it sees it.
th it went the following declara-
n:

EAR MR. SULTAN: The Bulgarians are not
erous, it is true, but be assured that to
k your nose into their affairs is like sticking
into our national condiment. Try it and see.
y will sting you so sharply that the whole
Asia will not be able to save you.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

WHERE shall we find a training school in the business of being a guardian? On all sides we are beset with teachers of personal efficiency who offer sure systems for self-improvement and for gaining success in the battle of life. The institution or the instructor who best can equip the youth to meet competition, to rise above his fellows, to win victories over his rivals, is sure of eager pupils day and night.

Prizes for the winners in the race; positions for the men who excel in their trade; big profits for the captains of industry who crowd and trample their way to the front; triumph and power and honor for him who by superior skill or aggressive force has captured the highest place. Such men the world applauds. Such men are said to have achieved success. And so they have, even as you and I are trying to do.

The world is rightly grateful to the successful teacher of personal efficiency; we need more of it in every branch of business and religious work, but we need something else with even greater urgency. We need more earnest attention to the study of relationship and to the business of guarding the interests of others. Individualism must be merged into brotherhood. I *am* my brother's keeper. If I am faithful to my charge he will advance with me. If he goes down to defeat, or to a life of littleness and ill favor with God and man, it is partly my fault.

"No! I protest!" exclaims the "self-made" man and the man whose days are strenuous with effort to make himself. I want no guardianship, and I deny that it is my business to play the guardian to any other man. This is an age for forceful, independent personality. Every man must fight his own way and win his own achievements. No one will accept responsibility for me if I fail. I shall have no one to thank but myself if I succeed. I must struggle for every advantage I gain and I shall snatch it when and where I can. The other fellow is doing the same thing." Such is the law of "self-help," a law greatly exalted by many teachers, but a pitiless law, which, when it operates alone, creates a savage individualism, destroys fellowship, forces some men up and many men down, and postpones far into an unknown future the era of "peace on earth, good will to men."

. . .

NO ONE of us is independent of the guardianship of our brothers and sisters. If they are faithful to us we prosper and rejoice. If some one of them forgets his obligation, immediately we suffer. The strongest man in the community, with unquestioned credit and large balances in the bank, may be ruined in a day if some humble brother, careless of the result of his gossip, spreads a rumor which causes a run on the bank and a sudden failure when a better sense of his responsibility to others would have kept him silent.

We are guardians of our brother's reputation as well as of his fortune. Freedom of speech gives us the right to express our own views and to spread our own beliefs; it does not give us the right to destroy our brother's reputation. Why is it that everywhere we find so many men and women who unhesitatingly denounce the integrity and the motives of those whom they do not know, but who, they believe, must be guilty because they have not submitted incontestible proof to their unknown detractors that they are innocent? Is it more popular to condemn the absent brother or sister than it is to praise? Is it more interesting? Is it pleasanter? Does it satisfy some inward lust for destruction? When our words have stabbed the absent brother or sister through and through and left a reputation bleeding and stricken down, can we go on our way, guiltless and indifferent, saying, with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Give us an increase, in these days, of splendid personal efficiency. Give us masterful teachers of "self-help." Give us the inspiration of those who have succeeded greatly—who have won glorious victories in their onward march—that we may be helped by their example to win our way upward. But do not stop there. Self-help, personal efficiency, victory over difficulties, successful achievement, power, reputation, wealth, influence—all these good things can never form a worthy goal. They are but the needful equipment to advance us toward the only goal worthy our aim. We are, and we must be whether we will or no, the guardians of our brother's weal. Splendid personal equipment used only for selfish gain is worse than wasted. If it be used in service to others it reaches its highest value and pays its righest dividends.

. . .

I AM my brother's keeper, therefore I will make myself strong that I may lend him a hand when he is weak; that I may carry my own burden unfalteringly and lift a part of his when he is weary.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will cheer him on the way; I will show him that in storm and darkness I am unafraid, so that he may be emboldened to walk through his own valley of shadow with a brave heart and head erect.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will be true and clean in my life, that as his life touches mine he may not be soiled; that he may find in me some example and incentive to keep his own life clean, and his dealings with men honorable and kind.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will cherish his fame, and never, if I can help it, cast a slur upon his motives or his acts. I am not his judge, I am his brother.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I will try to solve the problems of life with a view to his welfare, knowing that in the rightful adjustment of business, and society, and life in its truest expression, my brother's welfare is my own, and mine is his. When perplexing questions must be answered by my voice, or my pen, or my vote, I will seek the answer which means my brother's good, not merely because such answer will mean also my own good, but because he is my brother.

I am my brother's keeper, therefore I want to know more and more about my relationship with him and how to aquit myself as a brother should; because I shall hear, some day, a voice calling to me in the garden: "Son, son, where is thy brother?" and I shall want to answer, "Here, Father, here is my brother, with his hand in mine; we have come home *together*."

BABYLON

REMEMBER thy captivity.
The night of feast and song comes on;
The golden night to comfort me
Within the walls of Babylon.

Here are her jeweled gardens hung
(Dear God, my blossom-time is done,
Who fear to lose my soul among
The asphodels of Babylon).

My dazzled eyes before, behind,
See no strong hills to rest upon,
But turning, turning, ever find
The brazen gates of Babylon.

God of my fathers, grant a sign
Ere my last memory is gone,
Whose lips are sated with the wine—
The purple wine of Babylon.

Her towers from wall to wall are set,
A wide and glittering diadem;
O God, be near, lest I forget
My quiet place, Jerusalem.

London, Ontario, Can. BEATRICE TAYLOR.

Fanny Crosby Still Singing at Ninety-Two

HEARING by the way of Boston that Fanny Crosby was ill with pneumonia, Mr. W. H. Doane proposed that we go up and see her, which we did recently, and thought the result of our visit might be acceptable to your readers. We found Fanny in bed, looking about the same as she has for the past two years. Her voice was strong, and not once did she cough in the half hour that we were in her company. Fanny says she has had some pretty sick days, but she is much better now and thinks she will soon be able to be out and come to New York again. When we arrived at Bridgeport we asked a man on the street which car would take us to W—— Street. He replied, "I suppose you are going to see Fanny Crosby. The car on Main Street, two blocks up, will take you there all right."

We took the car named, and as we entered I said to the conductor, "This car goes to W—— Street?" "Yes, 226," he replied; so we concluded that Fanny Crosby and Bridgeport were synonymous terms.

Fanny was cheerful, happy and glad to see us, and more talkative than usual. We sat at the piano and played for her, songs which were adapted to her hymns, namely: "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour"; "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"; "I Am Thine, O Lord"; "Take the Name of Jesus with You"; "Hold Thou My Hand"; "Blessed Homeland," and "The Bright Forever," to which Fanny joined in with her voice and clapped her hands and exclaimed: "Praise the Lord, it is like heaven upon earth to be here."

She said she was "ready to go if it was the good Lord's will, but she thought "the Lord had work for her yet to do on earth." Truly it was a happy meeting which will never be forgotten by either of us.

Fanny has the best of care at the hands of Mrs. Booth and her daughter, and seems to be perfectly contented with her surroundings. Her friends are numberless; but it is hoped they will allow her to rest quietly and not be disturbed by overmany calls.

Fanny Crosby was born March 24, 1820, and is now rounding out her ninety-second year.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Anvil Sparks

..IT SUGGESTS laziness to be always praying for rest.

..A HEART of stone is no foundation for the house of character.

..SOME people never see the way because they will not face about.

..IT IS a "strait way," but it affords more liberty than the broad one.

..HARDSHIPS faithfully endured make pleasant recollection in after years.

..IT IS hard to divert the wrong course of a long day with a short prayer at bedtime.

THE WOUNDED EX-PRESIDENT

COL. ROOSEVELT is rapidly recovering from the effects of his bullet wound. He left Mercy Hospital in Chicago on Monday morning, October 21. Avoiding the crowds, he was taken to his car at Twelfth Street, a half mile from the station. Early Tuesday morning he reached New York, where the car was switched to the tracks of the Long Island Railroad. His fellow townsmen had gathered to give him a welcome at Oyster Bay, but his physicians insisted that he avoid this excitement by alighting at another station.

The train stopped at Syosset station, from which he was taken in an automobile to Sagamore Hill. He greeted the members of his household, who were on the porch to welcome him, with the characteristic salutation: "Hello, people! I'm glad to get home again."

The doctors who accompanied him from Chicago announced that he had stood the journey well. There were no delays or inconveniences during the ex-President's return home. Along the way

Colonel Roosevelt in the Midst of the Crowd Outside the Hospital

crowds were gathered at the stati watch the train pass, but he w course, unable to greet them. D the whole of the journey he lay bed in the Pullman stateroom c private car, in which he was acc nied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Philip velt, Col. Cecil Lyon, Drs. Lambe Terrell, and two detectives who gu the doors.

Upon reaching home the colone able to walk up stairs unassisted rested well, remaining in bed fo eral days, endeavoring to carr the order of the doctors that he t week's complete rest. They we first unwilling to state that there possibility of his taking up any paign work, but later agreed that would rest completely for a week was some probability that he mig able to address the New York m at Madison Square on October 30.

It is hardly likely that the bulle be recovered, as its location is suc there is little fear that it will Colonel Roosevelt any discomfort.

ELECTRICITY'S THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY

JUST thirty years from the day on which the first station for the distribution of electrical current was opened in New York City, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose efforts practically all the marvelous development that has since taken place is due, pressed a button which caused the new Grand Central Palace in New York City to burst into a blaze of electric brilliance. That was the opening of the annual Electrical Exposition and Automobile Show, and it followed immediately after a complimentary luncheon which had been tendered Mr. Edison. Men prominent in all branches of business were present to pay their tribute to the inventor's contributions to twentieth century development.

Mr. Edison himself was the first to inspect the thousands of electrical appliances which made up the show and most of which, directly or indirectly, owe their origin to his genius. During all the week that followed, thousands upon thousands of people passed up and down and looked with open-eyed astonishment at the wonders that the mystic fluid, electricity, has wrought. Huge generators bearing great danger signs warning the observer that there are 100,000 volts of high tension current within arm's reach added to the attraction. Miniature lightning flashes, eighteen or twenty feet long, jumping from coil to coil, were evidence enough to convince the most skeptical that the signs were telling the truth. Among the five thousand devices and appliances that were exhibited one might find everything to which the electrical current has been applied for the lightening of household work and the saving of time and labor in the manufacturing arts: everything from an electrically cooled refrigerator and a washing machine that was labeled "guaranteed fool-proof" to an electric toaster, an electric chafing dish and an electric piano that reproduces the playing of great masters. In the electric tea-room one might be served with tea or coffee cooked in five minutes by electricity. Electrically heated hot-houses extended their own invitation to come in and see the beauties they had produced.

One of the most interesting and most popular exhibits in the whole show was that of a gentleman who is familiar to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers for an entirely different reason. This was Mr. Emilio Olsson, the South American traveler, missionary and scientist, who is the inventor of an overhead irrig system which produces an electrically charged rain. This summer he down at Goodground, L. I., a little demonstration farm with his syste stalled. Mr. Olsson laughingly said that as far as this particular piece of was concerned it was badly misnamed, for it was the poorest soil on Island, yet under the electrical rain it produced remarkable crops of g truck. Mr. Olsson had at the electrical show a miniature glass-enclosed and at intervals, after the more daring of the crowd had dipped their har the electrified water to feel the tingle, the spray was turned on to sho system in operation.

This year the United States Army and Navy were well represented a exposition. This year, as last, they had the wireless room of a batt reproduced in the navy section and the men of the army—the coast artill showed how the great coastal defense guns are fired by means of elec signals to the gunners. One of the most amusing exhibits was that o Dictagraph Company. Here one might sit on the lower floor and hear p the comments which were being made about the machine by those who standing before the exhibit away up on the balcony with the band playi between. Another striking exhibit portrayed the industrial developme Brooklyn by a panoramic painting of a long section of its front. The painting was supplemented by miniature reproduc of the docks and factories along the river, and as the lighting e changed one saw the city in a blaze of sunlight, at twilig with all its electric lights burning after the moon and had appeared. On the topmost gallery of the Central Palace was a very popular exhibit of el storage-battery automobiles. These ran abo miniature exhibition track and carried as of the hundreds who besieged the atten for rides, as could be jammed in. Hun of thousands saw all these things enjoyed a few hours of combined educ and amusement as the guests of the trical company that supplies their h with current. The show ran th the entire week, and all, when the light went out on Saturday night, it a huge success.

The Electrical Rain

Lower pictures reproduced through courtesy of "The Edison Monthly"

Household Appliances and Motors at the Electrical Show

Electrical Machinery Exhibited in a Blaze of Light

"DAD" OF D-X CROSSING

BY ARTHUR K. AKERS

HERE wasn't much of Dad—just a handful of little old man with vaguely troubled blue eyes that brought a gulp of nameless pity to the throats of those who first beheld him, thin gray hair that straggled over his head, and a ier beard straying off uncertainly down over aded black tie and immaculate shirt. Bancroft d him one morning waiting in his office with a r from Holcomb to see what he could do for him. e then there has been a legend that the chief atcher put him to work out of sheer gratitude at ng a man who was smaller than he, but jokes it Bancroft's size are more numerous than orous. At any rate, he sent the old man down -X tower, where the derailing switches guarded W. G. S. crossing at grade of the K. & O., and ot about him.

t out along the line curiosity arose concerning Added to his appearance was the remnant of old-fashioned courtliness of manner, a certain iseness, that lent weight to the opinion which t drifting along the wires and through the cabs yards that the old man had seen better days. ed, word crept up from Clinch River that he had a division superintendent , back in the days of wood- ers. Trouble of some kind come; the word hinted at a pegrace son whom it had n all his father's small re- ces to get free; then more pades, faint rumors from a, Alaska, Hawaii; a man ned off the British Colum- coast; conjecture, hopes that ly faded into nothing—and tugging with his feeble gth at the levers in D-X er. The first month he was e the trainmen and opera- —some of them—called him d" in derision. The second as because they did not know other name; and by the third ad become a term of rough, est affection. The teleg- hers grew to close their keys ectfully when his uncertain se quavered over the wire—as for Dad, who said "sir" them all, and apologized never he had to interrupt a -by-four conversation in or- to report a train. He was so e, so inoffensive, so patient courteous, and, with it all, pathetic in the neatness of cheap clothing and the un- ding pride that sometimes lit his tired eyes, that the train- took him to their collective rt and almost wished that he ld lessen the gentle dignity t kept them from making ch of him. Four iron handles l four chattering sets of tele- ph instruments were his company in the little er set in the middle of the valley farmlands. of its windows the nearer views were of the shining rails of the W. G. S. from the center the cut on the north to the bridge over the creek the south, and the equally bright steel of the & O. from where it gleamed far down the valley tward to where, all too near the crossing, it dis- eared abruptly around the hill on the long Bent untain grade to the north. Below the K. & O. ck were the water tank and pumping station, latter half-hidden in the willows along the eam; and beside the tank was the spot to which d's gaze wandered oftenest of all. It was to the le frame house built of company lumber, with the sameness of company architecture, and nted with the company hues of yellow and white, t was home for him and the cheery old lady who led him Robert and whose love-dimmed eyes still w in him some likeness to the straight, vigorous ng fellow she had married forty years before. e house was part of his salary, and, as to the size that salary, there is still the classic comment of n Reagan, of Winchester, that he "hadn't never seen them have to double-head the pay-train en they paid off the operators."

Between trains Dad satisfied his hunger for read- as best he could with a battered copy of *Our tual Friend*, until he almost knew it by heart d the characters were as real to him as the switch ers before him. Books and magazines in plenty crews would have given him for the asking, but accepted no favors for which he could not pay. e passing years had taken from him all of youth ept its imagination and some of its dreams, and, although a little deprecatingly at what he felt was the childishness of it, he amused himself as the trains halted at the tank by peopling them with such persons from the book as his fancy found resemblance to among the passengers. His simple, kindly heart went out most of all to the two travelers whom he saw most frequently, "the boofer lady," as he called her, and the man beside her that, though his big frame and weathered face belied it, he said must certainly be "the mysterious secretary," John Rokesmith. Several times each month they went by, all unaware of the gentle old figure who beamed affectionately down on them over his spectacles from the telegraph tower at the crossing. Daily he watched for them, and when occasionally he missed them for weeks at a time a thin cloud of disappointment settled over his spirits that would not wholly lift until once more he caught a glimpse of their faces.

In the evening, when the night man came down on his railway velocipede from the next station beyond, where he boarded, Dad would trudge slowly across the tracks in the soft dusk to where the light shone through the moonflower vines rioting over the front

Drawn by V. H. Lynch

A voice in his soul, swift and impelling, cried, "Pull!"

of the tiny yellow-and-white house. As he stepped on the porch he would straighten a bit in what he fondly believed was a successful effort to show the old lady in black with the white ruching at her neck who met him at the door, that he was not tired at all. Then there would be just time to brush the wispy gray locks and put on the other coat, with which he honored her dinners, before the silver bell of other and better days called him to a table that with its thin china, its few pieces of old-time silver, or its carefully darned tablecloth that the old lady might have greatly strengthened the division's suspicions. And while she poured his tea for him into the cup that had a handle he told her of the day's happenings. Some time during the meal their conversation reached the whimsical question on her part, "And were the Boffins or Mrs. Wilfer aboard this afternoon?"

On his red-letter days his face lighted up at his reply of "No, Mary, but you should have seen 'the boofer lady' and 'the Secretary!' She is undoubtedly a girl whom any one would be proud to own as a daughter. I must confess to an unusual interest in her; almost as great a one, in fact, as I have in 'the Secretary.' I am sure he is a most excellent young man, and, I think, very much like—" Here Dad would check himself with suspicious suddenness to comment with a great show of indignation on the hazards of his crossing, as though he feared to disturb old memories in their uneasy slumber. Yet the crossing worried the old man. Imperceptibly, strengthening and deepening day by day, the feeling had crept over him that some time—far in the dim future he hoped and prayed—the hour would come when he should have to stand at his levers and decide which train should have the right of way, and which should take the derail. And of what could happen then he preferred not to think.

One day in August, Oliver McCullough came up into the tower to find Dad on his knees at the base of the levers, busy with an oil-can. There had been complaints that Dad was getting too old and slow for the tower. Trains had had to stop and wait for the "clear" at times until some of the more reckless engineers had taken to running by his signals, risking the chance that it was the old man's slowness and not a K. & O. train. Dad had been grieved and perplexed by it, but said nothing for fear of causing them trouble. Now, as he oiled about with his trembling fingers, he glanced up and caught sight of the engineer. "They work harder than they used to," he explained pathetically. But neither was deceived—the trouble was not in the levers. Oliver had noticed for a month the change that was coming over Dad. The dreaminess in the old eyes was slowly giving way to something very akin to pain. It was more difficult for him to straighten that extra inch as he went up the three steps of his porch in the evening. A few weeks later he fell twice on his way across the tracks to the little house, and the conviction was forced upon him that something must be done or the weakness that he kept so carefully hidden from Mary would reveal itself in spite of him. So the following afternoon the local passenger paused at the tower long enough to let off Dad's substitute and take on Dad himself in his scrupulously brushed other coat, with a pass in its pocket to Damascus Junction. "Some business that requires my attention in the city," he had told Mary, and she bade him good-by with a brightness which gave no sign that she had seen for many days that he was failing. Back in the parlor car of his train were "the Secretary" and "the boofer lady," but the old tower-man had no heart for fancies as he sat through the two hours' ride in the day coach on his way to a doctor's office.

* * *

Dad found himself adrift once more in the clamoring streets with his brain in a confused whirl. Everything frightened him—horses, trucks, autos, clanging cars, the whole hurrying life of the city; and through it all ran disjointed fragments of the sentence that had been passed upon him. "Operation—should have been done several years ago—only chance." The words had come to him as through a fog. Then, his own voice striving to be brave, "The cost, sir?" And that staggering blow, "Two hundred dollars!" Next he was out in the busy thoroughfare with the hazy memory of his reply, "Very well; I shall return to-morrow."

As he wandered on, scarce conscious that he was moving, he caught himself once or twice trying to calculate how long it would take him to save the amount out of his forty-five dollars a month. Then at the thought of seeking outside aid the troubled faded eyes flashed with some of the pride that he had not relinquished with the ending of those better days. He discovered a park bench and through half a summer's day sat trying to reconstruct his world, a wearied, bent, old man who turned over and over in his benumbed brain the hopelessness of his position. But gradually one thing grew out of it: Mary should not know. He would make a great effort to carry himself erect, to appear less tired when he came across the tracks at evening. Through will-power alone he would fight back the unseen hands that were daily drawing him down. But, even as he resolved, the pain and weakness gripped him afresh and he sat until far into the night before he was able to make his way to the obscure hotel that sheltered him. The next morning he was again at the four levers and four telegraph keys, and all that day he lived in a dream with a black shadow ever at his elbow. What would become of Mary without him was the question that recurred with increasing frequency, and as the hours wore past they brought no answer. He could not even know how much time he himself had left.

Continued on page 1102

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Big Crops and Prosperity

ON MORE than one occasion in the past, a big crop of cereals has done what all the statesmen and politicians, with their fine schemes and theories, could not do—it has put the nation on its feet and headed it toward prosperity. This is the fortunate situation in which we find ourselves to-day. As is shown in the report issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor, our crop this year is a bumper one, phenomenal in every respect. The total cereal yield of 1912, including corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and buckwheat, aggregates 5,500,000,000 bushels. Potatoes, flaxseed and hay are big in proportion. The natural result of the abundance of foodstuffs is already making itself felt in a drop of prices which presages cheaper food for our people everywhere. Truly the hand of Providence is dealing bountifully with this nation. Not only is the farmer enriched, but every industry in the country will feel the stimulus sympathetically, and the great masses of the American people will find life less of a struggle than it has been for the last two years. Crops enough to keep all our railroads busy in moving them; to give employment for 2,250,000 men in the harvesting; to realize at fair market rates a total of between four and five billions of dollars, and to enable every worker's home in America to set a better table—these are surely things to be sincerely grateful for! As Thanksgiving draws near, let us remember with overflowing hearts the Divine bounty that has been showered upon us so liberally. And let those who have been gloomy take courage at the outlook for next year. God is good, and what he has so generously bestowed is but the harbinger of better things to come. We believe that there are grander and more prosperous times ahead than we have ever known, and if we go forward in faith and confidence, we shall realize them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD congratulates its readers and the nation on these evidences of prosperity and blessing. And in this year of great things, let us not forget that it is the farmer who, under Providence, "feeds them all," and who is the backbone of our national prosperity. All honor to the American farmer!

An Opportunity for Service

WITH the outbreak of war in the Balkans, an opportunity is presented for Christian service in aid of the wounded, who are already beginning to arrive from the front in large numbers. A committee of ministers and citizens has been formed in Sofia, with Pastor Furnajieff, who is well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, as chairman. This committee, which is doing relief work on the field and in the hospitals, has cabled an appeal to the readers of this journal, inviting their gifts in aid of the work, which is purely humanitarian and which will be extended to the wounded, whether they be Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks or Montenegrins. In the past our readers have done noble service for Christ and humanity in Armenia, China, Japan, India, Italy, Finland, Cuba and other lands in times of great suffering. Any readers who may be disposed to respond to the appeal from the Christian people of the Balkans now engaged in a great struggle against Mohammedanism, can do so by sending their contributions to the "BALKAN RELIEF WORK," care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. All contributions will be forwarded to the committee in Sofia, Bulgaria.

"Greater Love Hath No Man"

THE name of "Billy" Rugh takes its place among America's heroes. The city of Gary, Ill., is making plans for a fitting memorial to the crippled newsboy, who sacrificed his leg to provide skin for a young girl who had been terribly burned, a stranger to him, but whose life he hoped to save. He saved her life, but lost his own. It is impossible to prevent the mind from recalling the great words that tell of the world's greatest sacrifice. There is no sacrilege in whispering, as we think with misty eyes of Billy Rugh: "He saved others; himself he could not save;" "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Billy Rugh had been a cheerful soul. His newsstand was on a busy corner, and he did much more than sell papers. He gave away sunshine. He knew his customers and loved them; he knew of their affairs and interests. As he handed them their papers he asked them with neighborly cheeriness about their welfare. If he had troubles himself, no one ever knew of them. He wanted to help bear other people's burdens, not add to them by tales of his own difficulties. When he died, the mayor issued a proclamation announcing that contributions for a memorial were being received. Before the announcement was made, $900 which had been sent for his use before he died was turned over to this testimonial committee. A statue in Jefferson Park, a bronze tablet in the building at which he sold papers, an endowed room in the Gary General Hospital, have been suggested as possible forms for the testimonial to take. The mayor said in his proclamation: "The hearts of all are torn to-day when we realize this his act of noble heroism, his unselfish willingness to suffer that another might enjoy health and life, has culminated in the supreme sacrifice."

It seems useless to moralize about this episode. The challenge it lays before us is too distinct to be misunderstood. We must live as the men and women, the boys and girls ought to live who dwell in the land that was blest by the sunshine of Billy Rugh's life and that has been thrilled by the sad glory of his death.

The Nobler Choice

IN ONE of Olive Schreiner's strangely beautiful stories, there is the dream of a mother, who ponders the future of her child. She dreams that the bees that were flying about her head when she fell asleep are suddenly changed into strange winged beings, and one by one they approach her with promises for her child. One says: "I am Health, and if I touch the child, he will never know weariness or pain." Another says: "I am Wealth, and if I touch the child, he will never know poverty and want." Another says: "I am Fame, and if I touch the child, his name will not be forgotten through the ages." Another says: "I am Love, and if I touch the child, in the deepest dark when he puts out his hand he shall find another hand near."

Last of all comes one with deep-lined face and hollow cheeks, who can promise neither health, nor wealth, nor fame, nor love—but only the lack of these. Yet there is one thing which this last strange visitor can promise. It is that the child shall ever follow the ideal. Suffering and martyrdom may lie in his path, but unswerving fidelity to the right, as it is seen—to the light of conscience—*to the ideal*—shall be the pole-star of his life, and for reward, the ideal shall become real t
Then the mother, being wise for her child, s
this strange guardian angel: "Touch."
comprehend that vision? Would that be our
for ourselves, for our children? Are we wil
give to the ideal—to truth, to light, to conscie
conviction of right and duty—our suprem
giance at the cost of all besides? Are we rea
the nobler choice?

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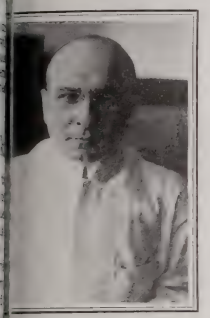
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Wins Nobel Prize



Dr. Alexis Carrel

THE Nobel Prize for medicinefor this year has been awarded to Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York. The award was made in recognition of his achievement in the suture of blood vessels, and in the transplantation of organs. The value of the prize is $39,000. In his address before the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia four years ago, Dr. Carrel

sed much interest in scientific circles by an- cing that he had interchanged the main artery the jugular vein of a man with no deleterious lts. A few months ago a warm controversy was ted among the scientists of s by Dr. Carrel's assertion that ad kept portions of animals' ts alive for weeks while im- sed in a special antiseptic so- n, and that these portions, r a short time, surrounded aselves with new cells and grew ixty times their original size. Carrel is a Frenchman. and has t most of his professional life riginal investigation, but for past six years has been con- ed with the Rockefeller Insti- . Men of science in all coun- s will congratulate him on honor conferred on him by the rd of the Nobel Prize. There prizes all along the journey of in the physical, intellectual, al and religious world. Some the prizes for which people ve are cheap and empty, others of priceless value and require racter, courage and earnest en- vor.

ye strong therefore, and let not your s be weak. for your work shall be re- ed. (II. Chron. 15: 7.)

Educational Building

HE New York State Educa- tional Building was dedicated Albany on October 17. It is the first ding ever erected by an American State foreign country for the exclusive use of cational interests. It is under the con- of the State Board of Regents. The lding is of white marble, terra cotta, and k granite, is 600 feet long, 330 feet deep the center, and 190 feet deep on the es. The front consists of a splendid onnade. The cost of the structure was 500,000. One of the objects of the build- was to furnish a home for the State rary, which, unfortunately, comes too e for its intended purpose. The great which two years ago devastated what s perhaps, next to the Library of Con- ss, the most valuable collection in the ited States, robbed the State of price- s treasures, but emphasizes the wisdom, ugh belated, of the policy of placing the partment of Education in the adequate arate building which it sought long to ure. A portion of the building will be a mu- um. Distinguished men and educators from Eu- e and America were gathered for the exercises. Wednesday President Nicholas Murray Butler Columbia University said among other things: We must not overlook the fact that of all existing titutions of civilization which have had their ori- in the Western world the university is the old- , save only the Christian Church and the Roman v. It has seen the rise and fall of empires, the gration of peoples, the discovery of continents, d one revolution after another in the intellectual, ial and political life of man." Canon H. Hens- ley Henson, as the representative of Oxford and Westminster Abbey, spoke. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, presided at the dedication Thursday and made an address. Governor Dix, in appropriate remarks, presented the building, and Mr. St. Clair McKelway, vice chancellor, accepted the building in behalf of the Board of Regents in one of his most felicitous addresses. The dedicatory address was deliverd by Dr. Andrew S. Draper, State Commissioner of Education. After referring the obligation of the cause to the past and its duty to the present, he made eloquent reference to duty to future generations. The Empire State could not have done a more important thing than to thus emphasize the importance of higher learning to the State. For it is the highest education which with a pure religion is the guarantee of the largest liberty, the strictest integrity, and the largest happiness and prosperity for the individual and for society. The building expresses the thought of the wise man:

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. (Prov. 4: 7.)

The New New York State Educational Building

A Scene During the Dedication Exercises

Czar Fabulously Rich

THE Imperial Treasurer General of Russia claims that Emperor Nicholas is the richest man in the world. In his report to the emperor he said: "Your majesty need have no fear of ever coming to suffer the stings of poverty. Financially, you are solvency itself. With one hand you could buy out the American multi-millionaires, Rockefeller and Morgan, and still have sufficient in the other to talk business with Baron Rothschild. Or, if you prefer, you can take over the Krupps, although I would not recommend the investment." The Czar became very angry with Baron Menchikoff for his flippant and boastful report, and rebuked him for such undignified comparisons. The Czar's personal allowance is one million sterling. He owns land in Russia in Europe as large in area as the State of Nevada, the revenues of which reach $20,000,000 a year. The Czar's lands in Siberia bring him in another $7,500,000 a year. The emperor's income from all sources is $30,000,000 a year. Under a despotic form of government the Czar of Russia could naturally and easily secure great possessions for himself. Nicholas was angry at his Treasurer General, perhaps, because the government has so often to borrow money from other nations, and because it was neither a safe nor wise thing to advertise the wealth of a ruler to people who complain at poverty and oppression. The richest king of olden times is thus named:

And King Solomon passed all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom. (II. Chron. 9: 22.)

Balloon Champion Killed

THE other day Lieutenant Hans Gericke and Lieutenant Steler, accompanying him, fell from a height of three miles near Dresden, and were, of course, instantly killed. The supposition is that the balloon, being caught in a terrible thunderstorm, was struck by lightning and destroyed. Lieutenant Gericke was the champion of the international balloon races and was looked to as the one who would hold the cup for Germany in the races this year, and that he would be the man most likely to fly over the Atlantic if such a thing were possible.

This death calls to mind once more what has been called the "death reel" of motion pictures taken in St. Louis in 1910. Lieutenant Gericke is the seventh of the central figures in this picture reel to meet a tragic fate. The others are Arch Hoxey, Ralph Johnstone, A. L. Welch, Jacques Faure, Captain Schreck and his aid, Walter Brookins, and Alfred LeBlanc; the only other aviators shown have barely escaped the accidents of the air. Wisdom and caution as well as courage are necessary to conquer the upper air. The day of the accident the two men were trying for a record high flight, and it may be they took too many chances in attempting to climb above the storm and were shattered by the elements they defied. That which can be said about all persons can be said about the navigators of the air.

There is but a step between me and death. (I. Sam. 20: 3.)

Value of a Smile

THE will of Alice Johns Hodges of Chelmsford, England, was probated the other day, and was found to contain a bequest of $500 to Mrs. Walker, the wife of a bank cashier, for simply smiling pleasantly at the testatrix as they left the church together. Mrs. Walker explained, when told of the gift, that she remembers to have seen Mrs. Hodges at church one morning, and that she noticed something in her face that attracted her, and greeted her with a smile and a kind word, and chatted with her pleasantly at the church door. Oh, the value of a smile! What a wealth of happiness it gives to the one receiving and the one giving as well! How many a maiden has won a husband, a young man a bride, by a pleasant smile! How many burdens have been lifted from a heavy heart, and wrinkles taken out of the face of care, by a pleasant salutation! The simpering smile of the professional even can draw a good salary in many of the callings of life. But the genuine smile of the pure and loving spirit is a treasure beyond compute. The church is a good place for a smile, for a tender courtesy, and for a Christian love. There would be fewer withdrawals from churches, and a larger number of additions to the membership. and a sweeter sympathy, and a better growth, if there could be smiles and happy greetings instead of the frowns that chill and the cross words that wound. These are sure to interfere with the prosperity of the church, for there can be little brotherly love where they reign. The apostle insists that this Christian affection is a necessary evidence of true conversion.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. (I. John 3: 14.)

FAITH AND CONFESSION

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

PETER was most highly commended by the Lord Jesus Christ and a moment after most strongly condemned. Our natural question is, "What was the matter with Peter?" To answer this we must consider the surroundings. Jesus and his apostles were at Cæsarea Philippi, or near there. In Tristram's book, *Land of Israel*, we read: "The situation of the acient Cæsarea Philippi is indeed magnificent. Everywhere there is a wild medley of cascades, mulberry trees, fig trees, dashing torrents, festoons of vines, bubbling fountains, reeds and ruins, and the mingled music of birds and water."

It was an Eden of beauty that forms for us a setting of the story of the most sublime moment of Peter's life. We might almost say Peter was transfigured that day, for with "the suddenness of lightning" and "the graciousness of light" he uttered the divinest sentence that has ever passed mortal lips: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." He spoke better than he knew. The declaration was called forth by two questions asked by Jesus: "Who do men say that I am?" "But ye—who say ye that I am?" (This is the emphatic form of the original language in which it was spoken). These questions came after nearly three years of close association of Jesus with his twelve apostles. They had seen him cure all manner of diseases and raise the dead to life, and, too, they had seen the wonderment and the living gratitude of the people, as well as the vexation of the Pharisees; hence Jesus' first question, "Who do men say that I am?" Of course, Jesus knew what was in the thoughts of men without asking his disciples to tell him. This occasion is to be compared with that other time when a question of similar import was asked by John the Baptist in prison when he sent two messengers to ask Jesus, "Art thou he that cometh, or look we for another?" (Matt. 11: 3). And Jesus' answer was: "Go and tell John the things which ye see and hear: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk," etc. The messengers were convinced, and they carried back to John most comforting assurance. But alas! all of the people who heard Jesus' teachings and saw his wonderful works did not have the clear vision that John's disciples had, and the apostles realized this, for they replied to Jesus' first question, "Who do men say that I am?" (What have you heard people saying about me?) in these words: "John the Baptist, and Elijah; but others one of the prophets." This was the voice of the multitude. It showed that they recognized Jesus as a great teacher, a great man, but that most had no understanding of his divinity. We must not forget, though, that some of the persons whom Jesus had healed believed that he had divine power.

Then followed Jesus' personal question to his apostles: "But *ye*, what do ye say?" Then Peter quickly became the spokesman for the whole company: "Thou art the Christ." We must know that Peter was speaking as a Jew. It was as if he had said: "Thou art the Messiah whom our nation has long expected, and we believe that thou art now ready to establish thy kingdom upon the earth." We seem to see the apostles by gestures and in other ways giving assent to Peter's words as expressing their opinion of Jesus. Some one has said: "If we could have seen Peter then, we should have seen him at his best." "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood (man) hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven," said Jesus to Peter. Also Jesus said: "Upon this rock I will build my church. I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Those words of Jesus have been strangely misunderstood by some people, and the Roman Catholic Church has been founded on that misunderstanding. If the claim were true that body should fill earth and heaven, and there should be Christians of no other name. As to the "keys," some of the "old masters," with their wrong interpretation of Jesus' words, painted many pictures of Jesus handing a bunch of keys to Peter, making him the keeper of the keys. We doubt not that the original keys given by Jesus to Peter are to be found among the collection of "relics" so called.

In the rock foundation to which Jesus here likens Peter is no reference to the rock foundations to be found under all well-built churches, but rather to the principle that forms the base of the church, which is in the hearts of the people themselves, and is to be seen in their faith in Christ and confession of him. Peter seemed to be exemp ing this, and Jesus commended the expression o more than this, he set his seal upon it as the foundation of the church. Yet Peter spoke be than he knew; he is to be compared with the b man who, at Jesus' first touch, saw things, but not see them clearly, and not until Jesus' sec touch was he entirely cured of his blindness. know it was this way with Peter, because whil recognized in Jesus the expected Messiah, Christ of God, he did not see him as the Savio men. We must think this, because when Jesus most immediately after began to tell his apos about his imminent death on the cross, Peter s "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall neve unto thee" (Matt. 16: 21, 22). Then it was J rebuked Peter, calling him "Satan." Peter's expression had been "the voice of the divine in human"; his second utterance was clearly the v of Satan in the human. Later on, after Peter received the Holy Spirit, and was led into whole truth, he not only saw J Christ as the Saviour, but tau men so, in the first sermon preached after that event (Act 22-37).

Benias, the Source of the Jordan, Scenery Typical of Caesarea Philippi

Have you heard the story of samphire, a sort of sea-fennel t sometimes grows on rocks ris out of the sea? A ship was das upon the rocks. Only three sail escaped, and they climbed up to narrow ledge of a projecting r Still the waves dashed upon th and to their horror they discove that the tide was rising, for waters grew higher and hig and their fear was that they wo reach them and drown them. T climbed higher, crouching on a s pery ledge, but the hungry wat seemed to follow them, and, w fearful forebodings of a wat grave, they simply clung to rock in mute despair. Sudde one man loosened his hold and cr out "Hurrah! Hurrah! we're sav the samphire! the samphire!" Ev man of them knew the peculiar of the little plant which grew the rock they clung to; it gr only above the tide line, and bef the waters reached it the tide wo turn, so that all the shipwrec men had to do was to cling close the rock and wait for succor. of them actually reached down s kissed the spray-wet samph growing at his feet. Early in morning the men were discove by a coastguardsman's telesco and were rescued. Jesus is the Rock of Ages, upon that Rock the everlasting samphire of the l of God forever grows.

The keys of the kingdom of heaven in Jes mind were not of brass or iron, or even of wo as they are in Oriental lands, and so large, sor times, that they are carried upon the shoulde Peter's confession of Jesus as the Son of God w an inspiration. Jesus instantly handed Peter keys. Dr. Joseph Parker says: "No need of an controversy or grammatical wordiness or criti inquiry into the exact meaning of the term, 'k keys.' This can only be understood by minds th

Continued on page 1106

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for November 17, 1912. The Great Question. Mark 8: 27—9: 1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Matt. 16: 16.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—THE GREAT MAJORITY of Sunday schools are small Sunday schools in rural districts, where there are no public libraries save those of the Sunday school and few other social centers. In such cases the Sunday school should be made the center of the social life of young and old. Let each Sunday school have its vacation clubs, to play baseball or basket ball in the case of the boys, and tennis and croquet for both boys and girls. Let each of the older classes have a president and a secretary, and meet socially sometimes, but always with some address on Bible study or Christian work. Let religion be ever mixed with gladness and gladness with religion. The temptations of idleness are greater in villages than in cities, and a tactful superintendent can greatly lessen them by getting up the sort of "good times that don't go off with the having." Everywhere it is well to make the church the real center of its people's social life, but it is pre-eminently the duty and privilege of pastor and Sunday school superintendent to make it so in villages and farming communities where there is almost nothing else that is wholesome in social fellowship outside of the homes.

—IN THE CITIES, TOO, the Sunday school and church should be made as much as possible the favorite meeting-place of their members, not on Sunday and for religious purposes only, but for occasions of social fellowship, if only to do away with the idea that religion is a matter of stern solemnity. It is surprising with what a sad face some preachers read Christ's word pictures of religion as a wedding feast. One of the gladdest times in every Sunday school should be some evenings every year when the parents of Sunday school pupils give a reception to the faithful teachers who have worked without earthly reward and often in the face of many obstacles to do good to their children. Parents should gratefully express their appreciation for the help teachers are rendering, and hear suggestions how the home can co-operate with the school. It is surprising that so seldom parents seek any opportunity to thank the teachers of their children. Instead, they sometimes act as if they had put the church under obligation by sending their children to the Sunday school.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT of the Sunday school, as commonly conceived, is an arrangement by which those homes that are too remote, or whose members are too sick or too aged to attend Sunday school, shall be provided with lesson helps and encouraged to study the same lesson in their homes that is studied in the Sunday school. There is need of another kind of "Home Department" which shall insure lesson study in the homes before and after the lesson. Surely half an hour a week of religious teaching is neither a square meal or a "square deal" for the souls of our children, when they are getting thirty hours a week in "learn more, earn more" studies of the public schools. Let parents be expected to give daily religious teachings, preferably in a home worship schedule placed in their hands by church officers, and let them be made to feel that instead of Sunday school teachers relieving them of responsibility, the latter are but supplementing the main work at home, and giving pupils, in a class exercise, a weekly fellowship with persons of their own age. It is not enough to exhort parents to teach religion at home. They must be called to it and equipped for it with helps, as teachers are called and equipped.

—MR. FRANK A. FERRIS was for many years superintendent of the Fourteenth Presbyterian Sunday school of New York City. It was located in the East Side of the city, close to the tenement district, but it could not altoget be called a mission school. Mr. Ferris wa successful business man, and he carried his b ness methods into his Sunday school work. school became justly famous for its benevol financial system. A "Sabbath School Missi ary Association" was organized. The creed this association was (1) That every one sho *help others* to the Gospel; (2) That every should help as much as he can; (3) That ev one should find this work of helping oth *very blessed and helpful* to himself. The p ciple of action evolved was expressed in the lowing motto: "An offering from everyb every Sunday in the year." The items in secretary's report each week were: Attenda in main room —. Number of offerings omit in main room —. Attendance in primary ro —. Number of offerings omitted in prim room —. So faithfully was this plan carried that there would not average two omitted off ings on a Sunday. And this plan went on y after year—increasing in amount as the ha of systematic giving grew upon the schol and teachers. But emphasis was never l upon the amounts of offerings, but entir upon regular systematic giving.

MARRIAGE, FOR LOVE OR A HOME?

A DISCUSSION OF INTEREST TO BOTH SEXES, OF THE BASIS OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS

A Girl's Problem

N THIS department in our issue of October 9 a young reader asked: "Is it ever right for a young girl to marry a man of fifty just for a home? He makes no pretense of loving me, wants a housekeeper. I certainly do not care him, but I need a home for myself and father. e were a young man, I could not love him."

he members of our Family Circle have shown ded interest in her problem and quite a readi- to give their opinion. Mrs. ——, Bingham- N. Y., writes: "It is never right for a girl to r into the sacred and intimate marriage rela- ship unless she has a sincere respect for the she weds. No woman can be happy or truly hful to wifely duties when she feels contempt the man whose home she shares. Nothing is e holy than marriage where hearts are truly ed by a love that is deep and abiding, but I ot if God ever sanctions a loveless marriage."

Ir. H. E. F., Richmond, ., says: "In such a , the woman sells her- for a home and de- des the name of wife, le the man acts as ty to the act. What ndation for respect on er side? Why should the woman find a sal- d position as a house- e p e r, and with her ney support her father? could expect little of a n too stingy to hire a sekeeper. Why invite ivorce later on? 'Better r the ills we have than to others that we know of.'"

Dr. P., Atlanta, Ga., s: "Her question can answered in a sentence: en love does not always tify marriage, but mar- ge without love can be tified on no grounds atsoever."

ere are more opinions. at they come from the ths of the hearts of ir writers is evident.

A Father, of Granville, io, writes: "I sincerely y a poor girl who will nk of marrying an old n for a home. He ought be put in an insane asy- n. He cannot be a pure, d man. Her life would nothing but misery. ere ought to be a law stop such marriages. I ve a young daughter; I l see that she does not rry an old man."

Mother, Philadelphia, .: "I am the mother of girls. I have always vised them to marry for e and for love only. And e must be mutual. To rry a man who loves you but whom you do not e but marry for the comforts he can give, is in the sight of God, and he cannot add his bless- to such a union. Were I the young girl asking s question, I would do the right thing and trust God to find a home for myself and father in some er way. I draw my conclusions from the lives those whom I have known who married for homes housekeepers, and who to-day are not happy!"

Young Girl: "The idea! I answer without hesi- tion, No! I would not throw my life away to ase any old man. One old man to care for and e with is enough. My advice to her is to marry me one as near her own age as possible."

Man and Wife, Green Valley, Minn.: "Why must ey marry? Why can she not work for him for ges, keeping her father with her? If her father helpless, or nearly so, so that he cannot do any- ing to help around the place, her wages might not large, but probably more than she would get as is old suitor's wife."

Young Wife, Daytona, Fla.: "You say you do not ve him, never could, and he does not love you. ere you have the reason why you should not rry him. A wife must be miserable without af- tion for her husband. There is something wrong a man who proposes to marry a girl just for the work she can do. Take your troubles to the Lord in prayer. He will show you a way out, and it will not be through a loveless marriage."

A. M. H., Mankato, Kan.: "Had she stated that this man of fifty loved her, that would make some difference, but even then she would make a great mistake in marrying one she 'could not love even as a young man.' Indifference might soon develop into repugnance, if not hatred. Better send her father to one of the many homes for the aged—he ought to be more than willing to go rather than have her make this marriage; then she would have little trouble in finding a home for herself in some Christian family where she might make herself useful and a blessing; in which case the right man would find her soon enough, and she might take her father to a home based on love and right principle."

These answers are representative of many received. There are some that cannot appear on this page, for they open the doors on many a family skeleton in its closet and in one case even upon black, heartrending tragedy, the wreck of a home, the chaos that follows the setting at naught of God's established law. Others lead out into a whole new realm of possibilities with the suggestion, "What if that real love that is the rightful heritage of every human being should come in after years?" The alternatives now presented give us pause. On the one hand is the black depth of disgrace; on the other the wormwood-bitterness of renunciation. One comforting thing about all these letters is that in these days of rash marriages and quick divorce their tone—the nigh estimate in which the marriage bond is held—is reassuring. The emphasis laid upon "respect" as a necessary element to right relationship between husband and wife is to be noted. Respect is essential to the firm foundation of a happy home. Love without it may work shipwreck. Lover and beloved should seek as earnestly to command, to deserve, each the respect of each as to win each the love of each. Love between mates is not what it should be unless it includes respect. There can be no confidence without respect. And without confidence what house can stand?

Our young reader's problem is, however, a painful one. Her filial love is in conflict with what we may suppose to be her sense of duty to herself and this man of fifty. Now why, since he "makes no pretense of loving her" but "wants a housekeeper," can he not employ her on salary to fill that position for him, and allow her to bring her father with her? Were he the "brother of woman" that he ought to be, this should occur to him. Perhaps he has not thought of it because he has not been trained, as every man ought to be, to consider himself as "the brother of woman."

Many a time as I sit and spin
My thoughts are back in the golden past,
When the world before me was all to win
And my little children held me fast.

The children are grown and the house is still;
I am sometimes lonely but never sad,
For I sit and spin with a right good will,
For all my own are the joys I've had.

"Lights for the Bride!"

THE wedding is the main thing—not the social side of it. The sacredness, the solemnity, the tenderness, the sweetness of the marriage itself is often lost sight of in the fuss and feathers, the worry, the rush, and the strain of carrying through a big society event." "I know. That's why we're trying to have Ethel married as quietly and simply as possible. Only the nearest and dearest to witness the ceremony. But, when we count up the kin and his and her closest and most intimate friends, the house is full. Of course, about such an occasion, we don't want to wound or anger any." "Both have many friends; they are most beloved." "Oh, it is dear to think that so many eyes of love will rest on them in that supreme moment!"

The voices were low and intimate, reverent and affectionate; evidently the speakers were friends of long standing. Ethel's mother's friend was confirming Ethel's mother's purpose not to let Ethel's wedding degenerate into a "social function." Judging by the attire of Ethel's mother, the limousine depositing her at the tea-room door, and other incidentals, Ethel's parents were fully able from the financial standpoint to make such a function a "howling success." There was a certain something, a fineness of type as of the thoroughbred, about Ethel's mother that rose superior to clothes, automobiles, and other appurtenances of wealth—or, if you please, accepted them as mere graceful accompaniments to itself, and not as essentials; this something protested against suffering a marriage to sink into a display of riches and social power. The friend, of like type, but without the "accompaniments," was saying softly:

"I want to consult you about my present to Ethel. I never give a bride, that I care really and deeply about, anything that will break. Otherwise, I could select a little piece of cut glass that might express my feelings—that you and she and he would appreciate because it did. But it could break. How would a pair of silver candlesticks do?" "That would be charming!" "Lights for the bride and groom—two lights—old lights for a new home! My dear, you know that—except from the standpoint of sentiment—they can't need anything my limited purse can supply. I am going to give them something that money can't buy! I am not going to give them new candlesticks. I am going to give them candlesticks over a hundred years old! They were a bridal present to my great-grandmother. They sat on each side of the mirror in her bridal chamber; on each side of the mirror in my mother's, and in mine. They have shed light in three happy homes, homes that were at least true and consecrated and stable, even if they were not at all times and in all ways happy." The friends looked at each other with shining eyes, and their hands met under the tea-table. "My dear," said Ethel's mother, "there are two rooms full of presents already—a responsibility and a burden—and two detectives on guard. But if there were two houses full and more, there would be welcome and place of honor for your generous and gracious gift. These precious candles shall sit on each side of the mirror in Ethel's bridal chamber."

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"DAD" OF D-X CROSSING

Continued from page 1097

In the growing dusk up on the long swell of Bent Mountain the first of the specials bearing home the Templars from their conclave at Philadelphia swung swiftly past a little country station; polished hand rails gleaming and streamers waving from vestibules and rear ends—a train of luxury and beauty; a fleeting glimpse of softly-shaded lamps in the diners, dull-sided Pullmans, and red lights fading through the summer twilight. As they flashed by a siding a mile farther on, a boy paused in his idle kicking at the ratchet of a brakewheel on a coal-car on which he was perched to watch them in open-mouthed admiration. Then he resumed his worrying of the ratchet. He loosened a notch, found the next one easier, and the third still more so. Too late he discovered that the cars were moving. Slowly, ominously, half a dozen of them to which the one he clung was coupled, parted from a long string on the siding and rolled ponderously forward. The frightened youngster strove frantically at the brakewheel but could not undo his work. As he dropped to the ground and sped homeward in dumb terror the loaded gondolas rumbled and clacked over the switch-frogs out on to the main track, shot forward with increasing speed into the gathering darkness and were lost in it—unlighted, uncontrolled, rushing heavily, irresistibly down Heartbreak grade toward the crossing at D-X tower and the Templars' train ahead. It was as though the long black shadow of death had gone by on the whirlwind as they crashed past Argyle, ten miles down the mountain. The oil-lamps of the platform shone for the twinkle of an eye on the leaping shapes, and then there was only the echo booming back from the cliffs of Little River beyond. Before the telegraph could take up the cry to the derail at Youngstown the madly flying wheels had struck the switch-points there a score of blows so swiftly that they were as one quick and terrible hammer-stroke, and were gone, faster and ever faster, into the darkness.

The agent at Panola caught the frantic note in the brazen voice of the sounder and tore desperately up his little yard to meet and turn aside the oncoming coal. He stumbled as the rails began to whine aloud beside him, recovered himself, reached the switch-stand, and was hurled backward, stunned, breathless, appalled by the rush and roar of the grim passage.

It was at this time that the flagman on the special straightened up from placing the last of his tail lights on the rear vestibule, and caught a vague glimpse of the runaways across the neck of the famous Horse Shoe curve. Sprinting wildly through the sleepers, leaving a trail of curious passengers in his wake, he found the conductor, Pat Barnes. He only heard a dozen words before he was out of the end door of the car, and clambering over the coal in the tender to the swaying, jolting cab of the hurrying engine. Into the ear of the engineer he shouted words unintelligible to the fireman until the sudden forward leap and lurch of the great machine and the sight of Barnes's face in the glare as the fire-box door swung open gave unmistakable hint of their meaning. Pat dropped down from the driver's seat and held his hands cupwise that he might be heard above the tumult of the now furious running. "Hit her up, old tallow-pot!" he yelled through them to the fireman, "Hit her up! There's a coal train loose on the grade behind us! We gotter let it bump us gentle or there'll be millionaires scattered along the track from here to Atlanta!"

The fireman's acknowledgment was a lunge in the direction of the tender. Scoopful after scoopful he flung on the bed of raging flame in the firebox. He chained back the door that he might shovel the faster, and the sides of the mountains gave back the light that sped over them with the train's flight. The lean-faced engineer was half standing at the throttle, adjusting himself as best he could to the frightful dip and swing of the locomotive, looking back from time to time for a sight of the pursuers. The heavy sleepers behind lurched and shrieked on the curves, rocking and swaying drunkenly as they tailed the galloping engine. Chairs and water bottles overturned in the diners; women screamed in terror, and crew and passengers hung to whatever could steady them. The scenery flew past like the runaway film of a motion picture. Hills, cuts and tunnels arose threateningly, slipped violently aside, and disappeared in the trailing smoke and steam and the echoes of the yelling whistle ahead. Yet swiftly as they fled, the voice of the telegraph clicked on before them—calling, imploring, sounding appeal on appeal—that only buried itself impotently in the earth twenty miles above the D-X tower, for a careless operator had "grounded" the wire and gone whistling gaily home for the night. As yet the special's engineer did not dare to risk allowing the runaway gondolas to crash into the rear of his train until the relative difference in their speeds should be less, so on they swept in a wild and losing race.

The shadows lengthened across the fields. At the foot of the eastern hills the twilight began to unroll itself and the soft hush of the coming night fell over all the peaceful landscapes upon which Dad gazed across his levers, with misty eyes and aching throat. Down below he could hear the night operator getting his velocipede into the little storage room at the base of the tower. He was early, and the old man was very glad: he wanted now to make the most of the hours in the house across the tracks. Like a huge red disk, the sun dropped below the horizon and the dark came on. Along the creek bank the frogs began their chorus, a katydid or two took up their nightly chant, the instruments seemed to click with a drowsy tone, and the whole earth to be wrapped in peace and rest. A vagrant breeze stole through the windows and softly rumpled the gray hair—rumpled it as a boy's fingers had done long years since, and the old head went down on the table before it and the ache in the throat grew too great for silence.

Then pandemonium came into the valley. It began far off in the shadowy distance, deep and mellow, with the chime of a W. G. S. express engine in the highway crossing call.

"You need not come until Five is by," Dad called down to the other man. "I'll let her over." As he spoke there arose, growing swiftly in volume, the scream of a K. & O. whistle, now blending with, now rising above the great vibrant roar of a train running at its ultimate speed, evidently beyond all control. Again, much nearer, came the two long and two short blasts of the W. G. S. for the Bent Mountain road, followed closely by the four deep notes for the D-X crossing block. The old towerman hesitated, halting in uncertainty, then saw in one frightened helpless moment that the W. G. S. engineer had once more taken a chance and run by his signals!

The oncoming rush of the heavy trains was blotting out the songs of the frogs and katydids, shaking the ground and filling the air with their overwhelming tumult. In some mad dreams that seemed suddenly to seize him, Dad found himself diving for the red lantern that burned beneath his table. He threw it straight and hard across in front of the speeding locomotive of the express. Then sight went out in blinding, choking, sulphurous smoke that swept through the tower, while it rocked and reeled with the force of the thundering chaos below. Above the straining roar of

Continued on next page

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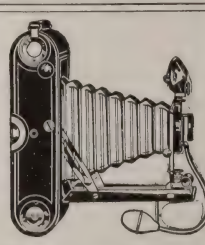

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"DAD" OF D-X CROSSING

Continued from preceding page

Number Five's engine, as her drivers went into the back motion with a scream of grinding steel, arose the sound of such battering of flying wheels on crossing-points as Dad had never known in all his days. In the midst of the smoke and dust and the incomparable uproar the old man found his hand on a lever, he knew not which, and a voice in his soul, swift and impelling, cried, "Pull!" And as the tottering legs partially collapsed beneath him, his weight sagged downward and backward on the handle and he swung out a thousand dizzy miles into darkness on the wings of a crash greater than all that had gone before.

Bit by bit the universe pieced itself together for the old man—began with a blazing flickering torch held near him, then strange anxious faces looking upon him, shouts heard above the roar of escaping steam, over all a star shining far up in the soft night. Slowly it came over him that they had brought him down from the tower and he was being supported between Oliver McCullough of Number Five and Pat Barnes of the K. & O. And he was startled at his recognition of them. Somewhere, eons ago, he had lived in a nightmare in which he had had to derail one of their trains, and since then he had been wandering for ages, seeking to know which it had been. He was very tired and he could not remember. He wished they would not bother him now. But the crowd pressed about him, wringing his hands, saying words that mingled with his troubled thoughts and made all things incoherent. He became vaguely aware of a woman's crying near him. Beyond the first row of encircling figures a bride clung openly to the tall young fellow whose arm was about her protectingly, and Dad wondered dimly why she did it. A fat man with two fat tears furrowing down his big face was passing his hat through the crowd in silence—for the American instinct to express itself with the pocketbook had already asserted itself—and again Dad wondered why. Silver clinked in the hat, was smothered under bills both green and yellow, and clinked again as it was showered in. The hum of talk began to take on a definite meaning to the old man. He caught a phrase here and there which was like a galvanic shock to his returning consciousness.

"Never heard of such a thing before!" a bearded knight was declaring excitedly. "The neatest piece of work I ever saw in all my days of railroading! Look at the old fellow now—you wouldn't think he had had that much nerve and decision in his whole life together; but good railroaders come done up in strange packages sometimes! No, sir; it beats my time how he could let our train over with hardly a split second to spare, get the W. G. S. across behind us with just grazing our observation end, and then catch the coal cars with his derail in time to put them in the ditch all safe and ready for kindling wood!"

Dad was still bewildered, shivering a little with weakness and excitement, when the fat man brought the overflowing hat to him, and, without a word, thrust it into his hands. He swallowed hard once or twice, then blurted out: "Take it, take it; it's the least we can do. I wish it was a million hats full; I've got a kid back here in the New Orleans car. Take it! I'm making a—a—fool of myself! Where's my—handkerchief!" And the portly one departed hastily. But Dad made no move.

"Please accept it!" pleaded a woman in deepest mourning; "and this ring with it. It was my husband's. He would have been glad for you to have it."

A traveling man gathered the bills in his hand that he might cram Dad's pockets full with them, but the old man would not let him. He knew now that being thrust upon him was that which could change the numbing words of yesterday from a sentence of doom to a message of hope; and yet he would not. Again the shadow was at his elbow; but a spark from the old deathless pride shone in his eyes. He tried to draw himself up very straight.

"No," his tremulous voice began. The pop-valve on the locomotive shut down with a snap, and above the muffled throb of the air-pump his words rose very clear. "I cannot take this. I—I thank you." Deeper than ever, at the finality of his refusal, the shadow hung; but once more he said it: "I thank you, but I cannot."

Then, in the quiet that followed, he turned, with a faint groping movement of his hands, and began to walk slowly away through a lane that opened in silence before him—so little, so hopeless, so weary—and yet so proud!

In the rear of the crowd there was a stir, and it parted before a big sunburnt man from the last Pullman, who had halted at its outer edge for one moment's keenest scrutiny of Dad. Behind him came "the boofer lady"—for it was "the secretary." In a few hurried steps he had overtaken the old man and his hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Father!" There was no other word—just that huskily, brokenly. And then the faces, the torches, the panting engine and the past horror all faded—and there was only the race-old story of the prodigal and his father.

Not until the deep mellow notes of the whistle floated back to them from far ahead did they know the trains had gone.

Then gently the big man disengaged himself. "It's all right now, father," he said chokingly. "It's all right. I've gotten rich down in South America. I've tried every way to find you. And now I—we—are going to try to make it all up to you." He turned to where "the boofer lady" was frankly wiping her eyes, though her lips were smiling. "Here," he added softly, "is the daughter that I have brought you."

"I am very glad and very proud to welcome you, my dear," said Dad, with a return of his old courtly manner, as he kissed her. Then, as though the years had dropped away, he said simply: "Come home, children. It's late and your mother will be waiting for you." And between them the old man went back across the tracks—to better days.

THE BEE PLAGUE

WE KNOW that the wild flora and fauna are quite as subject to parasitic diseases as are the domesticated creatures and things about us. It is, however, very certain that as man's protection increases the power of resistance to enemies decreases. The more finely bred an animal or a plant becomes, the less is its power of resistance, and diseases that would be thrown off without serious harm in a state of nature, become speedily fatal under artificial conditions. In a wild state the bee is wonderfully prolific, and although not exempt from disease, its enemies are usually the larger predatory birds and beasts. For many years the apiculturists of Europe have been plagued by a bee disease known as European Foul Brood. Despite the most careful quarantining, this disease has been introduced into this country, where we had already a bee plague of our own known as American Foul Brood. Last year the latter has been so destructive that 800,000 bee colonies have been wiped out, causing a crop failure of nearly one-half the value of the bee crop in 1910, which was set down at $32,000,000. The Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin telling how to treat the bee plague. This should be in the hands of every bee-keeper.

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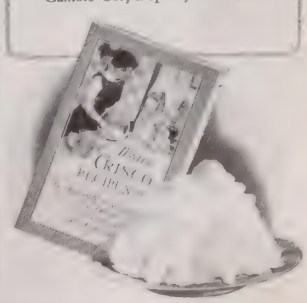

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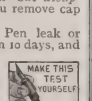

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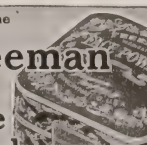

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AGENTS WANTED on Commission.

NEWS FROM GARRAWAY MISSION

FROM Cape Palmas, in far-away Liberia, Africa, comes a report of the year's work at Garraway Mission. Miss Anna E. Hall, superintendent of the mission, writes:

"This has been a very busy year. In fact, it seems that each year that comes is the busiest one. Last week we had our examination, and most of our large boys have gone to cut rice and help their people, while the others here are clearing the farm, doing a little coal tarring and painting. When not sewing the girls are busy on their farm.

"We have had a full school, boys and girls whose hearts have been touched. You may be sure we were anxious to have a wire fence around the mission lot to keep out the bullocks, and then a good house with iron roof.'

"The large number of new boys and girls coming to us has greatly increased our need of scholarships. A man brought his daughter to us recently and said: 'This my girl. She want to do mission fashion. She trouble me plenty to bring her here.' We told him that we had our number; but he continued to talk and the girl begged. She was about twelve years old. I asked why she wanted to come to mission and if she had a husband, or was she sold. She replied that she had neither been married nor sold. We finally agreed for her to stay.

The First Recruits for the Garraway Mission, 1912

have them accept Christ as their personal Saviour. When we grew earnest about the matter and were fasting and praying, one day the dear Lord honored us with his presence and power, and twenty were converted. The good work has continued until all of our family is saved with the exception of two.

"We are glad of the interest that is being manifested over at our Po River station. In the next few weeks, the Lord willing, we are to build at Trembo and also at Genoyoh. At the last-named place we had a gift which enables us to build a good house there, mud walls with roof of zinc. We are to build a thatch-roofed house for the present at Peddeh. The call continues to come to us for help. "Give us teachers." We dare not attempt any more new stations until we get good houses on the ones already opened. The most of our houses now need new roofs, the old thatch is spoiling. One of our native workers, who was down to visit us Tuesday, said: 'My heart can be pleased when we When she got up to go down we saw that she was lame, and that was why her mother's husband—not her own father—was so willing to have her come. Of course she wanted to come, and has seemingly been very happy here. She has also been converted. It is not so easy to marry off or to get pay for the lame or deformed girls. But Jesus accepts all, and we are glad to help her and trust that she may make a good, useful woman.

"Let me again thank the dear friends for their gifts to the work. We ask for their continued interest. As the work grows our needs increase. We are now in need of fifty scholarships and support for a number of our workers. We can feel very much more at ease now that we have a good wire fence around our place and have the town bullocks shut out. A saucy one was around, and the boys said he was vexed about our new fence. We hope in the near future to hear from many of the friends who have helped us in this work so well planned by the late Miss Agnes McAllister."

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Cornelia M. Packer (92) passed away to her reward August 29, 1912, at Brooklyn, Pa.

Robson Hogg (76) passed to his reward, August 4, 1912. He was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Fred H. Savage died January 22, 1912, at Camden, Ala. She was a life-long Christian, and an admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which she read for many years.

Will R. Penick, Jr. (48), of St. Joseph, Mo., died suddenly August 8, 1912. He was a wonderful example of patience, having been helpless. His only thought was to cheer and help others.

Calvin J. Mills entered into rest at his residence, St. Cloud, Fla., September 17, 1912, in his eighty-eighth year. He was a veteran of the Mexican War and formerly staff editor of the New York *Herald*. For many years he was a deacon in the Congregational Church at Sidney, N. Y., which was founded, at the beginning of the last century, by his grandfather, Samuel Rogers.

James G. Billhimer, of Harrisonburg, Vt., died July 14, 1912, after a lingering illness.

Orlando Lafayette Burdick (87), of Ocala, Fla., fell asleep in Jesus, September 13, 1912. He was a Baptist deacon for about forty years.

Mrs. H. B. Snow (80), of Gainesville, Ala., was called home June 16, 1912. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church for sixty years.

Mrs. Mary T. Swart, of Schenectady, N. Y., fell asleep in Jesus September 9, 1912. She was a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a great many years.

Mrs. J. M. Wilber (85), of Oakland, Calif., passed to the better land August 3, 1912. Her life was an inspiration of love and unselfishness and impressed all with whom she came in contact.

Mrs. Ella M. Moore (51), of Fort Pierce, Fla., died August 24, 1912, at Orangeville, Ill. She was a member of the Methodist Church, and a Christian who experienced personal faith in Christ as her Saviour over forty years.

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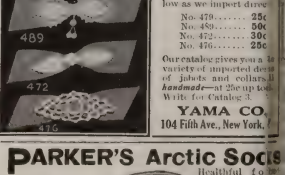

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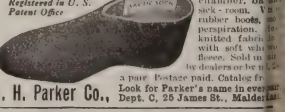

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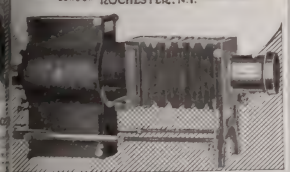

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Answered Prayers

THERE is a suggestion in this letter of a spirit which is quite likely to get results in prayer. W. L. N. of Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I beg to acknowledge a direct answer to prayer, which I certainly did not deserve." That sounds like the right sort of humility—the humility which makes the kind of a life God can bless. Here is another open secret: "How he . . . straightens out all our business tangles *when we try to do his will!*" So writes a lady who sends in an acknowledgment of prayer answered. It is true, indeed, that

> The favor he shows
> And the joy he bestows
> Are for those who will trust and obey.

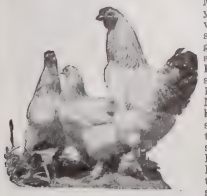
G. W. D., Boston, Mass., writes: "Twice in the last four months my prayers have been answered by the recovery of dear ones from illness, for which I wish to express my gratitude to my heavenly Father." A Reader, Ontario, Calif., declares: "Many times when the way has looked very dark, God has helped me out by means entirely unthought of in answer to prayer, for which I give him praise." "The Lord has answered my prayers; a wandering boy has come home and a child is regaining her health in answer to prayer," writes a grateful mother. A reader from Maryland testifies: "God does answer prayer. I have had many prayers answered when the way seemed dark." A CHRISTIAN HERALD friend, Pittsfield, Ill., writes: "I am thankful to God for his mercy and goodness in answering many prayers for me when there was no hope any other way."

Here is another mother's testimony: "God heard and answered my prayers. He knows the anguish of a mother's heart, and I praise him from whom all blessings flow." Mrs. T. L. B., Topeka, Kan., writes: "I know that God hears and answers prayers. I have been wonderfully led in his ways."

Other acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from:

P. W. B., Silver Springs, Md.; Mrs. J. C., Maryland; A Subscriber, Potert, Tex.; F. R., Guinda, Calif.; R., Delhi, N. Y.; A Reader; F. A. T., Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. W. A. O., Clyde, O.; M. C., Mississippi; A Reader, York, Neb.; Miss M. O. B., Granville, O.; Mrs. F. W. H., Newark, O.; Mrs. N. H., Middle Granville, N. Y.; One Who Prays, Fort Worth, Texas; J. F. W., Harlan, Ia.; B. E. S., Biloxi, Miss.; L. W. E., Kinsale, Va.; An Old Subscriber, Stamford, Conn.; H. B. A., Woodstock, Vt.; Mrs. S. A. A., Los Angeles, Calif.; A. C., Bridgeton, N. J.; Mrs. J. L. C., Charles, Va.; Mrs. N. S., Sheridan, Ind.; M. W. M., Fowler, Ind.; Miss N. B., Macon, Miss.; C. A. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Subscriber, Somerset, Pa.; M. P., Fairmont, N. C.; Miss W., Maryland; L. D. S., Black Creek, N. Y.; Constant Reader, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. S. N., Pittsburg, Pa.; J. A. C., Coldbrook Station, N. S.; Mrs. E. C., Coldbrook; A Believer, Williamsville, Va.; A Reader, Beloit, Wis.; M. E. G., New York, N. Y.; P. L. M., Cullin, Md.; Mrs. J. W., Bedford City, Va.; Mrs. S. L. G., Superior, Neb.; Miss H. S. B., Newport, Ky.; Mrs. T. P. H., Washington, D. C.; R. H. R., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. R. E. P., Blaine, Washington; L. J., Morris, Ill.; Mrs. E. R., Juneau, Wis.; Mrs. C. F., Jefferson, Texas; M. W. K., Perry, N. Y.; Mrs. B., Maine; R. J., Bucyrus, O.; Mrs. C., Scott, Kan.; A Reader, Maryland; Mrs. M. M., Russell, Ia.; Mrs. J. H. S., Stuart, Va.; M. M. N., California; K. H., Waco, Neb.; M. A. K. D., Flemingsburg, Ky.; A. R. F., Richmond, Ky.; N. L., Elmhurst, N. Y.; An Old Subscriber, Schoharie, N. Y.; A Reader, Pittsburg, Pa.; A Subscriber, Sunset, Texas; M. E. C., Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. M. S. M. S., Mansfield, La.; Mrs. A. M. L., Harrison, Me.; A Subscriber, Cooksburg, N. Y.; Mrs. M. H. R., Colfax, Wash.; Mrs. N. J. H. D., Millis, Mass.; A Reader, Unionville, Mo.; Mrs. M. M. V., Bristol, Tenn.; Mrs. M. L. S., Tularosa, N. M.; M. G., Lancaster, Pa.; C. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; H. K. S., Denver, Colo.; K. F. N., Newark; Mrs. R. T., Oxford, N. Y.; J. P. C., Celina, Minn.; Mrs. G., Mississippi; Mrs. J. L. R., Monroe, Wis.; A Reader, Freeport, Ill.; Mrs. M. A., Walnut Grove, Miss.; Mrs. F. J. B., Oklahoma City, Okla.; J. W., South Whitley, Ind.; D. K., Pequea Creek, Pa.; Mrs. E. F. S., North Scituate, R. I.; A Reader, San Leandro, Calif.; L. W., Silver Street, S. C.; E. M. D., Bronson, Fla.; Mrs. L. B. C., Youngstown, N. Y.; L. V. C., Chambersburg, Pa.; Mrs. C. L. S., Brownsville, Pa.; Mrs. W. E. G., Broken Arrow, Okla.; Holstein, Iowa; A. M., Elgin, Ont.; T. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.; G. W. H., Greenville, Ala.; O. F. M., Mt. Vernon, Ohio; J. R., Houston, Texas; L. M., San Diego, Calif.; Reader, Harrisonville, N. J.; S. M., Saskatoon, Sask.; L. B. B., Kane, Ill.; Mrs. S., Omaha, Neb.; A Constant Reader, Kingston, N. Y.; Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont.; M. A., Iowa; S. E. R., Hampden, Va.; E. B. R., Winchester, Ill.; S. E. D., Rochester, N. Y.; A Firm Friend, Richmond, Kan.; Mrs. C., Fort Bragg, Calif.; R. A. M., Des Moines, Iowa; Reader, Groom; Mrs. E. L. N., Lyon, Ohio; E. C., Wetmore, Kan.; G. M. R., Laurel Springs, N. C.; E. C., Troy Center, Wis.; A Reader, Pulaski, Pa.; L. M., Warsaw, Ky.

$13,400.31 on the Side



Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twenty-five years has cleared $13,400.31 from hens. This is a remarkable record, when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a day in a store and all the time he has to put in with his hens is what he can get morning, noon and night. This $13,400.31 was all made on the side. Nor does Mr. Dunlap get fancy prices for what he has to sell. He ships to Boston, and takes current quotations from the commission men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty hens. In 1910 his poultry profits figured out $1188.05—and this is all on the side. Mr. Dunlap's hens have bought him a beautiful home, purchased a horse and carriage, sent three boys to school and college, besides saving something for a rainy day. Can others do equally well?" Sure thing," says Mr. Dunlap, "if they will wear out the soles of their shoes faster than they do the seat of their chair." The story of Mr. Dunlap's success and his methods is told in the book, "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping," and it is only one out of a score of things to set the blood tingling and make one resolve to get next to the $600,000,000 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him $1,009.31 in 1910 and kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping."

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is the name of a new book by the author of "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," the most popular poultry book published. "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping" deals with the business side of poultry keeping as the other dealt with egg production. It tells how to make poultry keeping pay. It describes the methods by which F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., makes over $1000 a year from eggs, devoting not over two hours a day to his hens. Not a detail left out. The book tells how to make a start, what breeds pay, how, when and where to buy a farm, how to make a living from the first, describes the most wonderful brooding system in the world, tells how to build the most economical poultry houses and trap nests, how to feed for best results, describes a feed that can be made for 15 cents a bushel and is without a peer for producing eggs, how to make money with geese, ducks and market gardening, how to fan and sell to advantage, how to pick out the laying hens, how to get down eggs so that they will keep a year, etc.

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Continued from page 1100

have almost realized the fulness and elevation of inspiration itself. In your sublimest moods, when earth fades into a fleck hardly to be seen, and heaven crowds itself in noble fellowship upon your soul, the whole man is lifted up in an ecstasy divine. When you are inspired, you have the keys. And no man can take those keys from you so long as you realize the inspiration; everywhere the inspired man keeps the keys—in merchandise, in statesmanship, in philosophy, in adventure, in religious thinking, in Christian civilization, you cannot keep down the inspired man. It is as if Christ had said: 'This is the very wisdom of heaven, and therefore I say unto thee, the keys are thine.'"

Carey carried the "keys" with him when he went out to India to establish the great missionary movement. Morrison had a "key" in his possession when, more than one hundred years ago, he went as the first missionary to China. Livingstone carried a "key" with him to Darkest Africa; so did Bishop Taylor; so did Henry M. Stanley. Judson had a "key" when he went to Burma to preach the Gospel. Dr. Paton was in possession of such a "key" as he went to the New Hebrides. How the bunch of keys would increase if we should name all who have gone on similar errands!

Peter lost his keys only for a little while; he regained them on the day of Pentecost, and then the other apostles had keys too, for they, too, had their share in preaching the Gospel to the multitudes that gathered. Strange were the keys, but they worked well, for they spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance, and, though they were Galileans, they spoke in the languages of the Parthians, Medes, Elamites, Egyptians, etc. A "key," then, is an opportunity to do good in the name of Christ for those who are in need of his salvation and consolation.

The story is told of a child to whom an angel came, holding out a key, and saying, "My Master sends thee his love and bids me give thee this." "What is it?" asked the child. "The key of all the winds," the angel said, and went away. "Now," said the child, "I will stop the cold north wind with this key," and he listened and seemed to hear it going quickly away. "Now," said the child, "I will stop the hot south wind," but before he had turned the key he thought of the beautiful flowers that bloom because they are touched by the south wind. He thought of the green meadows where the lambs may play; he thought of the showers of rain that the south wind brings to fill up the brooks and rivers so that all living things may have water to drink, and where fishes may have homes to live in. "No," said he, "I think I had better not turn that key." And while the child was wondering what to do next with the key, the Lord Jesus himself stood by, and gently reached for the key, and took it from her, and put it in his girdle. And the child asked, "Dost thou keep the key of the winds?" And he answered, "Dost thou not know that my kingdom ruleth over all things?" "Over all?" asked the child. "Yes," he replied, "and your only safety is in everything to love, trust and obey."

A Successful Defense

—IN REPLY TO an accusation made in some of the New York daily newspapers that the dwelling-house property owned by the corporation of Trinity parish of the Episcopal Church in New York City was occupied by undesirable tenants, Rev. William T. Manning, rector of the parish, recently published a letter in the New York *Times*. Dr. Manning refuted the accusation and referred to authoritative documents in such fashion as to leave no doubt as to its falsity. One of the papers which had printed the mistaken statement immediately acknowledged its fault in an editorial on the subject.

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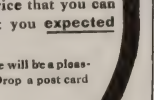

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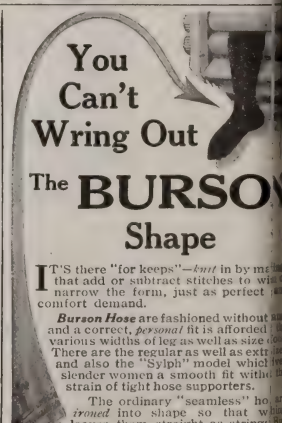

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UR YOUNGER READERS

An Unpublished Picture of Our Cozy Corner Mascot

as a treasure;
as sweet;
as darling of the Army and the Fleet!

she smiled
rews of the line-of-battle ships went wild!

When she cried
Whole regiments reversed their arms and sighed!

When she was sick, for her sake
The Queen took off her crown and sobbed as if her heart would break.

EVER SO MANY GOOD THINGS

DEAR COZY CORNER BOYS AND GIRLS: When I came back to the big offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this morning such a nice visit among the tiful Berkshire Hills of New land I found my desk so heaped delightful letters from old Cozy er friends and new that it will me some time to answer them; nwhile I want at this earliest pos- moment to bid our new friends a n and happy welcome and to as- you each and every one of a long y and personal letter very soon. ill have a beautiful Cozy Corner cot souvenir for remembrance and ard enclosed, and once again I t to thank you older members for he nice new friends you have in- uced to us.

he souvenir consists of four rming art cards. If you have in- uced at least three new friends to Cozy Corner and have not re- ed the Mascot souvenir, write and me and I will carefully look into matter for you.

ifts and prizes, souvenirs and let- are going out very briskly ou all every day, and I feel sure t each Cozy Corner member who written recently to us, sending d, publishable work, interesting ers, or the names of new friends, oing to hear from us in some de- itful way.

A Brand New Plan

EXT week I shall be telling you about a new plan for getting some tty things with which to make your n rooms attractive.

s I look over our new plans for and very up-to-date entertain- nts and par- s and puzzles, mes, stories, rades, verses, tures, fasci- ing prize of- rs, special thday par- s and letters t are bright d newsy, be- e a delightful p together, d some other ngs which I nt to keep for rprises during e coming win- , I feel very re indeed that e of the bright- t and best, as ll as luckiest and wholesomest bands of young people in all the world is *The Cozy Corner Boys and Girls of* THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our Good-night Verse for this week is:

The heaven is the Lord's. Yes, even the heavens are his, but the earth hath he given to the children of men.—Psalm 115.

And here is a suggestion which I think is

A Very Clever Idea

IN a nice homey letter to the Cozy Corner, Mary Marshall tells us that last year on Thanksgiving day she selected many beautiful turkey feathers from the tail of their Thanksgiving turkey and made charming Christmas gifts of them. "I dyed them," Mary goes on to say, "just as though I were coloring a ribbon or a bit of cloth. I then bought inexpensive gilt holders to slip on the quills and hold the nib, and you would be surprised what really bright and attractive Christmas gifts they were. Every one to whom I gave a turkey feather pen prized it highly.

"For my little brother and my nephews I made Indian bonnets out of chicken feathers dyed in brilliant colors. I sewed the feathers to a piece of canvas three inches wide and one and a half yards long: this allows for the headpiece and a long feathered end to hang down behind. To cover the cross stitching on the stems of the feathers I sewed a double strip of turkey-red cloth the whole length of the war bonnet, which holds the feathers firmly in place. No expensive gift which I might have bought for the boys could have delighted them half as much as did those homemade Indian war bonnets."

Ring around a rosy, a pocketful o' posy

Pied Proverbs

See how many of you can find the proverbs in the following lines of assorted letters, and send me your answers before November 27:

1. aa b d eeeee fff h iii k m nn rr ss t.

2. aa d eee h llllll n ss tt ww.

3. aa c eee ff hh iiiii m n ooo p rr ss ttttt.

Yours lovingly,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

The Way Paint Dries is Important

You know how kerosene and other similar oils dry when spread out in a film; they just evaporate. Some oils, on the other hand, scarcely dry at all; they stay soft and gummy. A good paint oil must dry hard and yet make an elastic film. Linseed oil is the only oil, so far known, which is satisfactory in all respects for general outside and inside painting use.

But it must be pure. And right there is the big reason why we decided to put up linseed oil in sealed one and five-gallon cans—put it up absolutely pure, just as it is pressed from the flaxseed. We guarantee its purity with our "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark, just as we do the purity of our white lead. When you buy or specify

and have them mixed to suit the conditions of your buildings at the time of painting, you have done all that anyone can do to ensure a satisfactory job. Nothing else quite equals "Dutch Boy Painter" *made-to-order* paint.

The season most favorable to painting is late Summer or early Fall. The paint anchors a little better into the wood, then, and dries a little more thoroughly—two items that count big for protection against rough weather.

Now is the logical time to paint indoors also. White-lead your walls and put on one of our artistic stencils, here and there. That's the way the most elegant homes are finished. It will make yours dignified, durable, beautiful and sanitary.

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which will give you some convincing facts and information. These "Helps" include our stencil book with a hundred choice designs for high class decoration, from which you may order at half the art store prices.

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Questions and Answers

O. M., Topeka, Kan. Where is the dryest and where the wettest sections in the United States?

The dryest region is what was formerly known as the "great American Desert," now comprising the southeast of Nevada and northwest of Arizona; the wettest areas are in the North Carolina mountain regions and in Florida.

H. C., Honduras, C. A. 1. In Num., chapter 22, verse 28, we are told that Balaam's ass spoke to him. Is this an Eastern parable, or not? 2. In the Gospel according to Mark (chapter 6, verse 18), John the Baptist told Herod that it was not lawful for him to have his brother's wife. Was Philip dead?

1. There have been many discussions concerning this passage. Some have held that as dreams and visions were the frequent methods by which God made himself known to the prophets, therefore Balaam's experience was a vision. Others have argued for a literal interpretation of the passage as a miracle. One authority (Dr. Jortin) explained it on the belief that Balaam fell into a trance and in that state conversed first with the beast and then with the angel. In any case it was a supernatural experience which, like others of the same class, is not to be explained by natural means. 2. Herod's wife and Herodias's husband were both alive and the parties were within the forbidden lines of blood relationship, Herodias being the daughter of Aristobulus, the brother of both Herod and Philip.

S. M. H., Watervliet, N. Y. Some years ago, I received a book with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which has been a great comfort to me during the dark days. It is Bogatzky's *Golden Treasury*. Will you please inform me who Bogatzky was?

Karl Heinrich von Bogatzky was a German writer, born in Silesia in 1690. He studied theology and became a great spiritual teacher and soul-winner. He wrote many books of hymns and devotional exercises. His *Golden Treasury* is the best known. He died in 1774.

R. B. F., Hampton, Va. 1. Will our sun and moon and earth and the stars we see eventually pass away? 2. Is there any certainty that other worlds are inhabited? 3. What will be the ultimate fate of the universe?

1 and 3. Your first and third questions may be answered simultaneously, though in a final analysis the third does not admit of an answer. Sun and moon and earth, planets and stars and all the visible universe in the course of æons shall become cold, dead masses and finally dissolve; but, since science tells us matter is indestructible, their disintegrations may help to build up other forms, to keep up the cosmic order in an eternal round of revolution. Astronomers tell us there are many old stars nearing dissolution (such appear red), and it is supposed that new ones are in process of formation from the nebulæ of space. However, it is futile to wander in the paths of groundless and fruitless speculation. He who called worlds and stars and systems into being by his word still holds them in the hollow of his hand, and it is for us to bow down and adore without questioning the why, the wherefore or the whence. 2. We have no absolute evidence that there are inhabitants of other worlds.

E. R., Sr., Homestead, Pa. Please explain Matt. 5: 33-37.

This was meant to condemn the use of swearing in common intercourse, frivolous oaths and meaningless adjurations such as were common in those times, and which were a sin, even if they did not profane the Divine name. It is evident, however, from other passages in Scripture, that it did not refer to sacred vows and pledges or oaths made for a righteous and proper purpose. For all the occasions of everyday life the simple "yes" and "no," without any asseveration whatsoever, is sufficient to establish the truth or untruth of our statements.

E. P. H., Denver, Col. The prayer of the heart, even if it should not find expression at the lips, will be acceptable. It is natural, however, to give expression to our feelings in words, and in the moments of deepest emotion the language flows to the lips, seeking audible utterance. Silent prayer has its proper place in our devotions, but it cannot satisfy the soul that is reaching out in great earnestness for divine help in its extremity.

F. S., Cleveland, O. What are the churches doing to look after the young people who are constantly flocking to our great cities? Who helps those who find themselves without money there? Could the churches do more than at present? Could they not provide inexpensive boarding houses for the young and inexperienced?

This very suggestive letter deserves careful consideration. Individual churches make some effort to look out for the young strangers in the city, but there is surely a need for a more comprehensive and vigorous campaign in this direction. The Travelers' Aid Society, whose work was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 12, 1912, is doing a great work on the right line. The plan that must be adopted sooner or later by all the religious organizations, including the churches, is not to wait till people who are in need come for help, but to go out and look for those who need help. The plan of church boarding houses might work exceedingly well. Too much credit cannot be given to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. for their magnificent work in this matter. Besides supporting lodging and boarding institutions themselves they keep lists of good places to which they direct strangers. If the young people would make it a point to go directly to the headquarters of these associations or to some minister they would receive cordial assistance. Your last point is also very well taken; young people should be urged to wait till they have some funds, both of money and experience, before coming alone to the city to try to make their way.

T. B., Augusta, Me. In addition to her navy, has Japan any merchant vessels?

Yes; of late years Japan has developed a large merchant marine and has a very important company engaged in the Transpacific trade known as the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, which means "The Oriental Steamship Company."

Canadian. In our prayers we should never get beyond Christ's words and spirit when he said: "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." The only time we have a right to insist upon having our own way is when we are absolutely sure that what we want is what God wants. Certain things are revealed very clearly in the Scripture and sometimes we can be sure that what we are asking is a thing God wants to grant. But in the ordinary affairs of life our most serious concern should be to find out God's plan; and in our praying we should earnestly try to cultivate a frame of mind in which we are eagerly desirous of glorifying Christ and advancing his kingdom, rather than getting a gift that we happen to want for ourselves. Rest for soul and victory in life are found in the "sweet will of God."

G. W. S., Duck Hill, Miss. Deut. 8: 4 relates to one of the many miraculous provisions by which divine providence cared for the Israelites during their desert sojourn. Most commentators interpret it to mean that they were so abundantly supplied with everything needful that there was no lack. See also chapter 29: 5, which bears out this interpretation.

R. C. B., Bismarck, N. D. 1. What will remove grease stains from brass? 2. What will remove rust from linen and white goods? 3. How can paint brushes be cleaned on which the paint has become hardened?

1. Try a solution of potash or concentrated lye. 2. Put a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in half a glass of water and wet the rust spots with the mixture time and again until they disappear, then sponge with weak ammonia. 3. Soak the brushes in linseed oil for a day or so, then rinse them out in hot turpentine. A strong solution in hot water of soft soap and washing soda will also be effective.

S. M., Allentown, Pa. Had the *Titanic* sunk at a great depth, say over 30,000 feet, is it a fact that the density of the water would have kept her from reaching bottom?

No; the confusing of density and pressure gives rise to such an idea. Of course, at a great depth the pressure is tremendous, but the density, that is, the weight per cubic foot, is but slightly increased over what it is at the surface. The *Titanic* would have reached bottom no matter where she went down.

By an interchange of words in our issue of October 9, the composition of the Sixty-second Congress was given as 228 Republicans and 162 Democrats, whereas the order should have been reversed.

F. F. F., Oshkosh, Wis. 1. How should we understand the "curse" on the barren figtree? (Mark 11: 21.) 2. Can we love our neighbors as ourselves? 3. How shall we manifest such love?

1. This whole episode is one of the many indications in the New Testament of a characteristic in Christ which has not been sufficiently emphasized either in art or in Christology; that is, his sternness. There is no necessity for attempting to apologize for his action in this case, to explain it away, or to minimize it. The fig-tree gave promise of fruit to those who passed along the way; but it had no fruit. It had not carried out the plan of nature; it had not done the thing for which nature made it. A fruit-tree that will not bear fruit is in the way; if there is any hope for making it fruitful it might be spared; but if it will never bear fruit it has no right to a place on the ground. So Christ, the ruler of nature, punished it by destruction. His act here is like his words about salt: "If the salt have lost its savor . . . it is good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men" (Matt. 5: 13). Aside from this actual and direct punishment, there was, of course, in our Lord's words and

Continued on next page

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

action a great lesson which he wanted his followers to master. It is perilous to profess or to promise what is not fulfilled; souls and nations will be judged, like the tree, not by what they pretend to be but by what they are. There was also the great lesson of prayer and faith. His followers were to be given the same power he had to produce, through faith, any result required for spiritual victories. There is a striking insistence of kindness in our Lord's words about forgiveness, immediately following his stern judgment upon the tree (Mark 11: 21-26). 2. It is certainly possible to love our neighbors as ourselves. Entirely aside from religion it is a common thing to see one person loving another even more than himself, as a mother loves her child, or a man his brother. If this is so without the help of religion it is surely true that when a soul loves Christ supremely it will love other people for whom Christ died, and love them in a self-sacrificing spirit. 3. This love should be manifested in service for others. A Christian should train himself to think more of the comforts and pleasures of other people than of himself; he must constantly look at them with the eyes of Christ and try to do for them what Christ would do if he were here in the flesh.

M. L. F., Schenectady, N. Y. 1. In a recent issue you stated *Sirius* was the brightest star; how can I locate it in the heavens? 2. What is the next brightest star, and where can it be found?

1. Look to the south for the constellation Orion, which can be detected by seven brilliant stars, four forming a quadrilateral, in the middle of which are three collinear stars known as Orion's Girdle or Belt, and sometimes called the Three Kings. In a direct line with these three stars towards the southeast is the blazing Sirius, bluish white in color, lying in the constellation of the Great Dog. This constellation rises in the evening at the end of November, passes the meridian at midnight at the end of January and disappears from our horizon toward the end of April. 2. The next brightest star is Arcturus in the constellation Boötes, which is in the form of a pentagon and may be found by following with the eye the turn in the tail of the Dipper or Great Bear. This constellation has only one star of the first magnitude, Arcturus, which can be readily distinguished by its beautiful golden yellow color.

A. M. P., Peoria, Ill. Where is the longest stretch of railway in the world without a curve, and what is its length?

In New Zealand, where there is a line of railway a part of which stretches for a distance of 136 miles in a perfectly straight line. This fact is remarkable when it is taken into consideration that New Zealand is one of the most difficult countries in the world for railway construction, as it is very mountainous, necessitating sharp curves and very heavy grades.

J. M. A., Chicago, Ill. What was the Pauper's Bible and why was it so called?

The *Biblia Pauperum* (Bible of the Poor) was the title given to a manuscript Bible Manual or Picture Bible of the thirteenth century. It was prepared for the use of the children of the poor. It contained forty or fifty pictures of incidents in the life of Christ and of Old Testament events, with texts or sentences in Latin. The earlier copies were written by hand, but after the discovery of printing, the *Biblia Pauperum* is said to have been the first book to be printed with wooden blocks and afterward with types.

Mrs. N. S. H., Los Angeles, Calif. Who was the author of the hymn "How Firm a Foundation"?

It was first printed in 1787 with the initial "K" as the only clue to the authorship. Thomas Kirkham, Caroline Keene, William Kingsbury and George Keith, a Baptist layman, have each been mentioned as the probable author. It first appeared in a small collection of hymns published in London and edited by Dr. Rippon, who was father-in-law of Dr. Keith. Beyond these facts, nothing certain is known concerning its authorship.

I. P. M., Milligan, Tenn. Explain the modern method of teaching deaf-mutes as exemplified in the case of Helen Keller.

The method employed is that known as the Bell method of visible speech. The characters of the alphabet on which this system is founded are intended to reveal to the eye the position of the vocal organs in the formation of any sound which the human mouth can utter. Articulation is learned by the deaf-mute as a set of movements and sensations in the organs of speech. It is taught by pointing out to the pupil the positions of the lips, teeth and tongue in pronouncing the vowels and consonants by making him feel with his hands all the perceptible movements and vibrations of the throat and other organs which are requisite for their pronunciation, and by using diagrams, etc. He is then required to imitate those positions and to force a quantity of air from the lungs sufficient to produce the sounds, and is taught to read the articulations of others by observing the position of the organs and the countenance.

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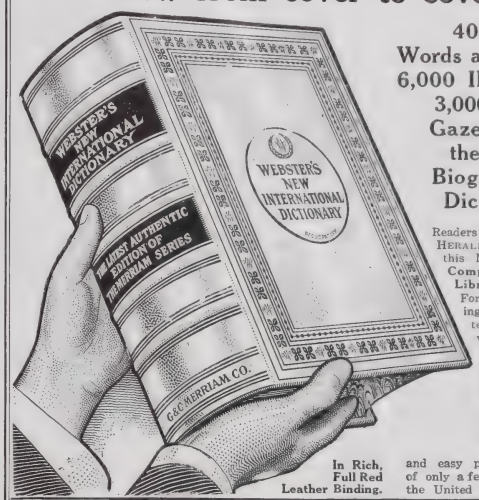
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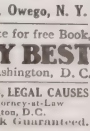

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HOW A DEBT WAS REPAID

BY REV. C. H. MEAD, D.D.

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice, for I've found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

FROM a rich baritone voice came the song ringing out on the frosty air of the late October morning, and the hills and valley, catching the words and melody, sent back in triumphant echo—"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own." The hoarfrost on the grass was like burnished silver under the touch of the rising sun that sent its golden beams to brighten the green and yellow and crimson and brown and purple leaves, and made the trees look as if they were festooned with rainbows. One could almost hear them whisper, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own." The song and nature seemed blended in a harmonious whole.

Around a bend of one of the hillside roads appeared the singer, tall and strong and magnificently proportioned, his face beamed with health and happiness and carrying in his arms the sheep for which he had spent hours of the night searching. The animal was trembling with cold, and, it may be, with a fear of a well-deserved punishment. The man looked at it with a smile and said: "You poor, foolish sheep, why did you wander away? Did you think the rocks and stones on the bleak hills were more nourishing than the green grass in the valley? Did you think you were safer among the wolves than with your comrades in the sheepfold? Why did you turn your back on your shepherd, who never turned his back on you? Did you think I would not miss you, and would fail to seek for you? If so, you do not know the love of your shepherd for his sheep. I wonder—" Here he paused as he discovered a man standing near one of the buildings—a young man, showing plainly the marks of dissipation and riotous living. He looked him over and then asked:

"Who are you?" "What, me? I am nobody." "Where are you from?" "Everywhere." "Where are you bound for?" "Anywhere." "Where do you belong?" "Nowhere." "Do you want employment?" "I would be glad of a job if I could only get away from my present boss, for whom I have worked faithfully for two years." "And pray, who is your boss?" "Satan." "Does he pay good wages?" "Good wages? No. Big wages? Yes." "What kind of wages?" "Hunger enough for a dozen men. Rags, desolation, shattered nerves, ruined character, and a burning appetite for the thing that wrought my ruin."

The shepherd dropped his head in deep thought and said to himself: "I've spent half the night in trying to rescue a four-legged sheep. Dare I drive this two-legged one from my door, and make no effort to rescue him?" Looking up, he said to the tramp, "You look to me as if you could eat some breakfast; how is it?"

The tramp was evidently moved by the kindness of the tone of voice in which the invitation was given. He straightened up and said: "Thank you, sir. I am very hungry, but I am not deserving of such kindness."

"Young man," was the reply, "I never turned a hungry man from my door, and I never will, so long as my name is Robert West." At the mention of the name, the young man gave him a startled look and turned pale. Bracing up, he said, "I appreciate your kindness and accept your invitation gratefully."

After putting the sheep in the fold with the others, he led the young man up to the house where Mrs. West stood in the doorway to greet her husband, of whose coming she knew when she heard a half hour before the welcome news, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own," ringing out through the valley. After both men had washed they sat down to the table, on which was a tempting breakfast. Robert West and his wife very sweetly and reverently asked the morning blessing.

While Mr. West gave his wife an account of his experiences in his search for the lost sheep, their guest ate his breakfast as only a hungry man can eat, yet with a manner that showed the breeding of a gentleman, and it was plain to be seen that he was thinking as well as eating, and thinking, too, with a purpose, as tears trickled down his cheeks.

When the meal was over, the host read from the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the parables of the lost sheep and the Prodigal Son, and offered up an earnest supplication for the wandering ones, and prayed for divine guidance for them all to do the right thing in the right way. During the prayer, the young man, kneeling with the others, was deeply moved, and at its close when Robert West and his wife sang, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own," the wanderer sobbed aloud. As they finished singing, the young man arose and said, "By some strange chance I came to your door this morning, a prodigal, one who is a pauper clothed in rags, a bankrupt in character, burning with an appetite for the cursed drink that has made me what I am, and yet, at your hospitable board, you have treated me as an honored guest. Nearly two years ago I turned my back on a beautiful home, closing my eyes to the appeal of a Christian father and mother, trying to drown the memory of the prayers at that family altar, only to find myself at the end in another Christian home, and bowing at another family altar. It was while at college I learned to drink, and though I graduated with the highest honors, I had gained also a consuming appetite. I was a slave, and every effort of parents and friends failed to break the chains that bound me until at last I fled from those who knew me best and loved me most. For nearly two years I have tramped hither and thither with the shadow of my wretched self falling on the path ahead of me, until this morning, bowing at your family altar, I acknowledged my sin and put my trust in him who has promised to "save unto the uttermost" the "whosoever" sinner. Sir, the desire for drink has left me, and the shadow of myself is behind me since I have turned my face and heart to the light. I said it was a strange chance that sent me to your door, but in that I was wrong, for it was a divine Providence that guided my steps hither, and it was his will that you should be the one who should bring back to the fold this wandering sheep, as well as the one you brought back earlier this morning. Do you wonder why? I think you will understand when I tell you that my name, for which you have not asked, is Robert West Beatty."

At the announcement of that name Mr. and Mrs. West, down whose cheeks the tears were falling like rain, started forward in surprise, and Mr. West exclaimed: "Are you the son of my old college mate, Frederick Beatty?"

"I surely am," was the reply, "and my father named me after you in memory of his college chum."

"Then it surely was God who sent you here to enable me to pay a debt of gratitude I owe your father."

"I never heard my father say anything about your owing him anything."

"Probably not; but listen now to my story. Fred Beatty and I entered college together and soon became the closest of friends. Like you and many another foolish young man, I began taking a social glass in society. One evening I returned to he rooms which

Continued on next page

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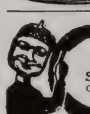

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OW A DEBT WAS REPAID

Continued from preceding page

yur father and I shared together, swing plainly for the first time that Ivas under the influence of liquor. Nur father waited until the effect id passed off, and then if ever one rn talked out of his heart and gped the heart of another, that rn was Fred Beatty, and on our kes I promised God and your father ver to touch another drop as long as I ved, and, young man, I have never ken that pledge, and I never will. Oly for your father, my boy, I might ve traveled the same road you have, il God helping me, I'll be as true to ed's son as Fred was true to me."

Gripping the young man's hand, he sd, "What can I do for you, name- se?" Mrs. West sprang to the other se of him, and grasping his other nd, she exclaimed, "And what can I e for you, too?" He looked at these w-found friends for a moment, un- le to speak, but at last said, with a oking voice, "Give me a chance to ke good. Set me to work, and en you think I have earned enough, me out of these rags. Be patient h me; if I do not do things just ht at first, I am quick to learn. . and Mrs. West, please be father d mother to me until such time as I n stand up strong and clean and e before my own parents." And work went Bob, as they decided to l him, and his foster parents de- red he earned his new clothes that f-same day. Out of doors Robert est made the hills ring and echo th "Rejoice, for the Lord brings k his own," while in the house his fe sang sweetly the same refrain. vine grace, backed up by good food d a good bed and clean environ- nts, did wonders for Bob, and he ver saw his shadow after the morn- g he turned his face and heart ward the light.

It was early in December when bert West, unknown to Bob, sent a g letter to his old college chum, ederick Beatty. He said nothing out Bob, directly. He wrote of ir old college days, and then said, ve been greatly prospered, and e long wanted you to come with ur wife and pay me a visit. I've e of the best ranches in the West, d the finest flock of sheep to be und anywhere. I spent nearly one hole night last October searching r one of them that went astray. fore I got back to the house I found o sheep, the one that belonged to me d another one. Now, I want you d your wife to spend the Christmas lidays with us, and I will give you a Christmas present the other eep I found that October morning, d, if you say so, a whole flock of hers, if you'll become my partner on y three-thousand-acre ranch. I will t take no for an answer, and I will k for your yes by telegraph on re- ipt of this."

The telegram was received, and it id, "We will come, and we will re- ain, for we need the help and com- rt of your friendship more than er. Am prepared to take a half- terest in the ranch."

The receipt of that message caused bert West to sing more than ever his work, and his wife more than er at her work, until Bob found mself singing at his work, while the mily altar was "Beulah Land" to all ree. Very early on Christmas morn- g Robert West drove four miles to e nearest railroad station and met r. and Mrs. Beatty on the arrival of e train at seven o'clock. Just be- re they reached the house, Mrs. est said to Bob, "Your Uncle Robert as gone to the station for your hristmas present, and I know you ill like it. I want you to go to your om and remain there until I call ou, so we can get the present in the ouse and ready for you at the break- ast table."

The company soon arrived, and when the greetings were over, just as they were about to sit down to the table, Bob was heard coming down the stairs, and Robert West said: "Fred and Mary, here is my Christmas present—the other sheep I found that October morning." As Bob opened the door, Mrs. West said to him: "Here is your Christmas present, Bob." Who can describe the joy of that reunion? The sheep that was lost was found again, while

The angels echoed around the throne.
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

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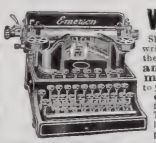

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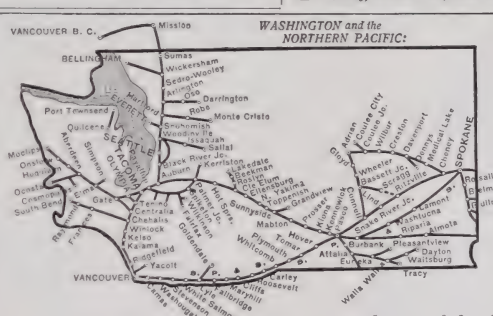
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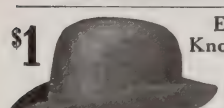

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Please send me complete information about the Kitchenette Family Dishwasher, with full particulars of your Free Trial Offer and Easy Payment Plan.
This coupon is to be worth $1.00 if I decide to buy a Kitchenette.

Name .....

Address .....

YOUR SIGNATURE

THE ordinary woman needs to be cautioned against signing her name to a contract or other document without knowing precisely to what she is pledging herself. "Sign here," a woman is told, it may be by a member of her family, a house agent or somebody else with whom she is having a business transaction. She sees a blank space and she writes her name. Later, she may discover that she has become responsible, to her embarrassment, in the settlement of claims to her own loss. One's signature, whether appended to a personal letter or written at the direction of another, has in it a quality of permanence, and may rise in judgment against one long after the ink is dried and the act forgotten.

Always insist upon reading anything that you sign. Be satisfied that your signature stands for that which your judgment approves.

A word may be said as to the legibility of a signature. Dozens of people write plainly and legibly until they reach the page where they sign their name. The signature trails off vaguely, vowels and consonants running into one another until the unfortunate individual who receives the letter is puzzled to ascertain from whom it has come. A woman who receives a great many letters from the outside public is sometimes compelled to paste the signature of a correspondent on the envelope that carries back her reply to an interesting letter. She has decided upon this plan as the only peaceable way of saving herself from misunderstanding and of lessening the burdens of the officials in Washington who open and return dead letters.

As a rule, you should sign your name in full at the close of every communication sent through the mail. There are exceptions to this, as to every rule, but they are few. In the correspondence passing between married people it may be sufficient to sign a letter, "Your devoted wife," or "Your adoring husband." Generally speaking, it is a better plan to write one's name, inclusive of both Christian and surname, without abbreviation, to the friend or relative or business person addressed. Simply to write "Alice," "Kittie," "Madge," or "Bessie," is not enough. In these days, young girls frequently write a similar hand, and there may be several Kitties and Madges in one's acquaintance, so that confusion ensues, particularly if the full post office address is not given.

One's signature should be characteristic. We remember the bold and striking penmanship of some of the brave men who signed the Declaration of Independence in a day when their signatures whirled defiance across the sea and involved a tremendous risk to themselves and their descendants. We recall with pleasure the bravery of Charles Carroll, who added "of Carrollton" to his name lest it should be a menace to another if his identity were mistaken.

We may never be called upon to sign our names amid conditions of peril. Still, in the most trivial affair it is worth while to remember that no one knows what may happen to-morrow, and to be impressed with the uncertainty that besets human life. We should think twice before placing a signature at the end of a letter written in exasperation, annoyance or resentment. Wait until to-morrow, and observe from its distance the thing that has vexed you to-day before committing yourself to a statement concerning it in writing. Be careful, too, about giving letters of recommendation or of personal introduction to those who are strangers. Many women have no hesitation in signing certificates of character for maids who have not been satisfactory as employees in their homes. This is an infraction of honesty and an obvious bit of cowardice.

POEMS EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW

DON QUIXOTE

BEHIND thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
To make Wiseacredom, both high and low,
Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)
Despatch its Dogberrys upon thy track.

Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possest!
Yet would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Don Quixote, written by Cervantes as a satire upon the extravagant romanticism of his time, makes an appeal to the sympathetic reader of these modern and materialistic days quite different from that originally intended by the writer. The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance and his doughty squire no longer excite extreme risibility. While we perforce smile at the incidents of the story, our sympathy subconsciously goes out to the earnest but ineffectual idealism of its protagonist. In the sonnet quoted above Austin Dobson has voiced the feeling many of us have experienced upon reading this wonderful book.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life? BLANCO WHITE.

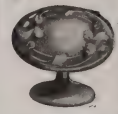
This sonnet was first published in an English periodical, called the *Bijou* in 1828, and was at first credited to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. This mistake arose from the fact that it was written by Joseph Blanco White, and dedicated and sent to Coleridge, among whose papers it was found and selected with certain of Coleridge's own verses for publication, by one of his friends, to whom he had turned over his papers. It is to be doubted if any sonnet in the English language compresses within its fourteen lines such range and wealth of imagination. This is one of several instances in the history of literature where an author's fame rests upon the merits of a single poem.

Cut a Rolled Gold Plat

KREMENT

One-Piece Bean and Post

Cuff Butto



in half, and you see why it the strongest Cuff Button ma No solder joints to break—t face is locked on so it can be pulled off. The thick metal is in the post, where t greatest wear comes.

A plate of gold is rolled the metal backing, and af years of wear the gold is there, which is not the case w other plated goods. The na KREMENTZ on the bu protects you.

Leading jewelers and hab dashers sell the Krementz C Buttons, and the Kreme Bodkin Clutch Studs and V Buttons, in various attract patterns and in all grades, from Rolled Gold Pl to the most expensive.

Put up in attractive boxes for Christmas gift Send for booklet telling how they are made, showing many designs.

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"3 in One"

is the right oil for polishing pianos, organs, music cabinets, fine furniture, hardwood floors—anything veneered or varnished. "3 in One" removes scuffs and scratches; brings out the natural beauty of the wood. FREE—"3-in-One" dictionary and sample bottle on request.

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You can *positively* cut down your bills with my Rapid Recipes a Rapid Fireless Cooker and h best tasting, most nourishin you ever ate. One woman s $91.25 in 1 year. Let me tell I will send my

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Cooks everything perfect. Inside of each compartment, al planger is lined with pure alum Complete outfit of finest Aluminum utensils. Write for Free Book to-day. WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 2, Detroit,

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It chases Care from a busy man's m or a school-girl's heart; gives a "shut no end of enjoyment; enlivens any so gathering, and is perfect for prize tests. All who see it break into smi then into laughter, then insist on tryi

This is Duke Bolivar's newest clevverest creation, rich in amusement entertainment. One letter does for or two persons, and enough letters to round assures success. Fellowsh and other parties. Sent postpaid, with each letter, 1 for 10 cents, 3 for 7 for 50, 16 for $1. Address

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Any Three 10-cent Packages mailed for 25 c
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Miss Cocroft has prepared the instructions in this course. Those who know her personal—yes international—reputation as restorer of health and youth, will be as pleased to hear of this new feature in her work as they will be certain that it will provide precisely the results she claims for it.

Wrinkles — Sagging Facial Muscles
Double Chins — Flabby and Thin Neck
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Pimples — Pouches beneath the Eyes
Sunken Cheeks — Thin or Oily Hair
Tender Inflamed Feet — Sallow, Discolored or Freckled Skin

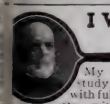
and many other blemishes are relieved by invigorating the muscles and bringing a fine nourishing blood to the parts affected. The expression is invigorated, the skin becomes firm, smooth and clear, the hair wavy and abundant, and our pupils **look 5 years younger.**

A Woman Is As Old As She Looks

The direction of this work is in the hands of her sisters, Miss Grace L. Ballack and Miss Mildred Albee, whose association with Miss Cocroft for many years has adequately qualified them to assume the direction of this department of Miss Cocroft's culture training.

Write for our Free booklet **to-day.**

Grace-Mildred Culture Course
624 Michigan Ave., Dept. 9 CHICAGO



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Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days, or send 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 4c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing; also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. **ANNA AYERS.**

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ILLINOIS POORHOUSES

THE title of "poorhouse"—suggestive of misery, adversity and ill-luck—is being abolished in Illinois through the work of Mrs. James Fesler of Rochelle, Ill., secretary of the Auxiliary Board of Visitors for the State Charities Commission. Mrs. Fesler began her campaign in her home county and there were no more official references to the almshouse or the poorhouse. Instead it was the "county home." Several other counties were induced to make

Mrs. James Fesler

the change and soon Mrs. Fesler hopes to make her campaign Statewide. The State charitable institutions of Illinois are taking care of more wards than before, so that now the title "county home" is suggestive of the residents—homes for the aged, infirm and unfortunate who are of good character and in genuine need of help.

THE OLD HOME REVISITED

MANY were there to meet the train
That drew up to the dear old place.
I recognition sought in vain,
For I was changed in form and face.
I made my way through the glad throng
That gathered there, loved friends to greet,
And hummed a merry old-time song
As I passed up the village street.

All seemed familiar, and yet strange
And unaccustomed first to me;
Not even Time had paused to change
The scene from what it used to be.
I saw, in glow of sunset fire—
Where oft I'd worshiped, not alone—
The church whose high ambitious spire
O'er tall encircling maples shone.

The dear old homestead came in view;
The short cut through the fields I took:
That was my brother there, I knew—
He let me pass with scarce a look.
But hardly had I reached the door,
My mother came, with tear-filled eyes,
And cried, "My son is home once more!"
And kissed me, in joy's sweet surprise.

Warm was my welcome, glad, sincere,
Receiving me in home's snug nest;
There were my brothers, sisters dear,
And mother, always first and best.
There was no father there to meet,
To grasp my hand, and bid me stay—
'Twill be to me remembrance sweet,
He blessed me when I went away.

On Sunday was a sermon heard
From the good preacher I had known;
The singing of the children stirred
Other full hearts besides my own.
And going home, how proud was I,
With feelings I could not define,
Beneath the quiet Sabbath sky,
To walk with mother's hand in mine.

In looking back to happy years,
I tried their story to retrace;
I saw, but through a mist of tears,
The cherished old familiar place.
And dear dead days could haunt me still
With joys that long had gone before:
Ah, could we choose our lot at will,
I'd leave the old, loved home no more.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

The Woman Worth While

Holds the Admiration

of Husband, Friend, Brother, Sweetheart. She is sound in body and mind; is efficient, well poised, with

Perfect Health
and a
Good Figure
(well carried)

She makes the most of herself.

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep well.** Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight
of 30,000 women and have
Increased the Weight
of as many more

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *commonsense.*

No Drugs—No Medicines

You can—
Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholsome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.
Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—
Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best.*

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as:

Indigestion Nervousness Constipation Sleeplessness Anaemia Weaknesses Rheumatism Headaches Torpid Liver Catarrh

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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Please send me FREE and without further obligation on my part sample bottle of Liquid Veneer.

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BECKER FOUND GUILTY

SHORTLY after midnight on Friday, October 25, the jury, which tried Lieut. Charles Becker of the New York police force for planning and instigating the murder of Herman Rosenthal, brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Justice Goff had begun his charge to the jury at 10:35 Thursday morning, concluding at five minutes of two. Counsel for Becker made numerous exceptions to the charge, which were noted in the record before the jury retired at twenty minutes past two. They were taken out to luncheon, and at four o'clock began their deliberations. There was much tense excitement throughout the city when it was known that the jury was at the work of preparing the verdict. In a sense, it was the whole city that was on trial. Was it to be found capable of sifting truth from falsehood in such a tangle of crime and of placing the guilt where it belonged?

Counsel for Becker insisted that the charge of Justice Goff had been virtually a charge to convict. He claimed, however, that he had merely called attention to the items of evidence presented and to the law covering the case. He acknowledged that the backbone of the testimony for the prosecution was the testimony of Jack Rose, who had engaged and paid off the gunmen. He said that the jury must decide whether or not his testimony was credible. They were to take into account the character of the man, but they were also to consider his manner on the witness stand and his ability to stick to his story throughout three hours of examination and seven hours of cross-examination. Also they were to ask themselves if a man of his mentality could invent such a story, and for ten hours keep its details consistent under such circumstances. He pointed out that the law which formerly made the instigator of a crime merely an accessory before the fact now makes him a principal in the crime. Another technical point was the value of evidence presented by accomplices. This in itself is not sufficient to convict, but must be supported by other evidence. Justice Goff held that Sam Schepps was not an accomplice, as no evidence tended to connect him with the crime before it was committed.

The battle of the lawyers in summing up on Wednesday evening was dramatic in the extreme. Attorney John T. McIntyre spoke for Becker and Assistant District Attorney Frank Moss for the people. Mr. McIntyre held that the testimony of such characters as the chief witnesses could not be reliable, and made insinuations against the District Attorney's office which Mr. Moss vehemently and skilfully resented. Altogether eight hours were consumed in this historic legal duel. Becker received the verdict with stolid calmness. Mrs. Becker, occupying an apartment adjoining the court room, collapsed upon receiving the news. Davidson, the slayer of Jack Zelig, will be tried before the cases of the gunmen who are accused of the actual killing of Rosenthal are taken up.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—THE AMERICAN BOARD of Foreign Missions, Boston, has received information to the effect that a famine prevails in South Africa. The area affected is about 250 miles inland from the port of Beira, in Rhodesia, and bordering on the Sabi River. Last season there was almost no rainfall and consequently no crops. This season the rains are holding off so long that there is little prospect of relief for three months at least. From the urgency of the news received, it is believed that many thousands are suffering. It is desired to send help as soon as possible to relieve the situation. The missionaries are doing all they can to save life, but their means are totally insufficient. The ordinary heathen African is generally so poverty-stricken and makes so little provision, except for immediate needs, that continued drought brings great distress and mortality among them. This characteristic is partly due to indolence on the part of the heathen and partly because of superstitious beliefs. It is valuable to note that the Christian community suffer far less than the heathen around them. It is estimated that one dollar will buy enough grain to save the life of one native.

—THE IMMIGRATION Restriction League of New York, at a special meeting on August 16, resolved to unite with the Guardians of Liberty, "with its full membership of 126,000, and that separate Courts be formed throughout the State of New York, other than those already organized by the Guardians of Liberty."

—MEDICAL MISSIONARY J. H. ROMIG, of Kodiak, Alaska, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD informing us that the contributions raised by our readers for the sufferers by the late volcanic upheaval in that region were worthily used in helping cases of real distress and physical suffering. Several of these sufferers were young children. Some were badly burned by the volcanic ashes and lava, and some were partially blinded. The patients were treated at Pioneer Hospital, Seward, the Kodiak Orphanage, Wood Island, and the government hospital, Juneau. Dr. Romig says much good has been accomplished through our readers' timely gifts.

—REV. T. HUCKERBY, a Methodist minister of San Fernando, Trinidad, B. W. I., will be glad to receive from any reader of this journal good Christian literature, especially Bibles and Testaments for use in his field, where he has given eighteen years of service in Gospel work.

—REV. C. A. COLLETT, of Khargpur, India, calls our attention to the fact that the illustration in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 17, entitled "The Juggernaut on the Temple Wall," is a picture of "Hanumanji," the leader of the monkey tribe, who aided Ram Chundra in a war against Rabana, of Ceylon, for the recovery of his wife. Rabana had stolen Ram Chundra's wife and carried her off to his own domains. In the war which followed Ram slew Rabana and brought his wife, Sita, home with him. For the aid given by Hanumanji he receives a special worship. No image of Jagannath is ever kept outside of a temple. Dr. Collett adds: "The government passed a law several years ago that the car must arrive at its destination within the same day on which the journey is begun. This was done to prevent the unnecessary delay of the pilgrims in Puri, where cholera invariably breaks out within a few days after their arrival, and because it is too much of a task for the police to control the mob so long a time."

—SAMUEL L. ADAMS, a lawyer, of Halifax County, Virginia, and well known on account of his long connection with the State Sunday school work and the Anti-Saloon League of Virginia, writes us in regard to the announcement of the death of Dr. Wray Beattie, of Newark, Ohio, published in these columns on August 7. "Some ten or twelve years ago I frequently spent Sunday in the city of Washington and attended Sunday school and church services at the Metropolitan Methodist Church. In the Sabbath school I was usually a member of the class taught by Dr. Beattie, who I am sure must be the same individual who has lately gone to his reward. He was an earnest Christian teacher, and always brought to the class a good-sized bundle of CHRISTIAN HERALDS and other religious newspapers, which he distributed to members of his class after the lesson was over, especially to the strangers or visiting members of the class. Some five or six years ago I happened to be at the same Sunday school in Washington on the day that he made a short farewell address, stating that by reason of age and infirmity he would depart within the next few days for his home in the West; since which time I have often thought of his clear expository remarks on the Scripture and his benignant countenance."

—MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED secretaries and experts of the volunteer, student, and foreign departments of the Y. M. C. A. met in conference with John R. Mott at Northfield, Mass., from September 1 to 15. Among the most notable leaders present were Count Moltke, the John R. Mott of Denmark, Dr. Julius Richter, the great specialist on missions from Germany, Rev. Arthur Rugh and Mr. F. M. Brockman of China, Mr. George Gleason of Korea, Rev. J. Ross Stevenson of Baltimore, Dr. Harley Smith of Toronto, John B. Hurrey of South America and F. P. Turner of New York, the general secretary of the Student Volunteer Work. A new feature this year was the language class taught by Mr. Thomas Cummings, a missionary from India. Mr. Cummings has been teaching the first principles of Oriental language study to several recruits who are soon to go to the foreign field. Mr. Mott, with several associates, sailed on October 5 for a world campaign among the student centers of the world. They will visit the large colleges and schools of learning in the Orient and attend several conferences in connection with the work of the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference, and will be absent from this country about two years.

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It gathers all the dirt and dust and holds it. This dirt and dust may be shaken out and the mop easily washed. It can then be renewed by pouring a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on the mop.

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Try O-Cedar Polish
(*a pure vegetable compound*)
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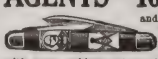

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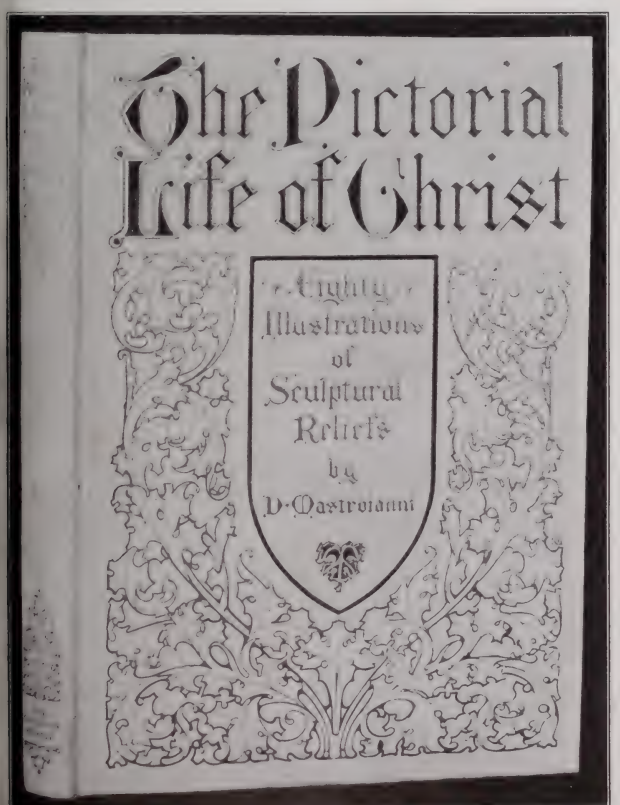

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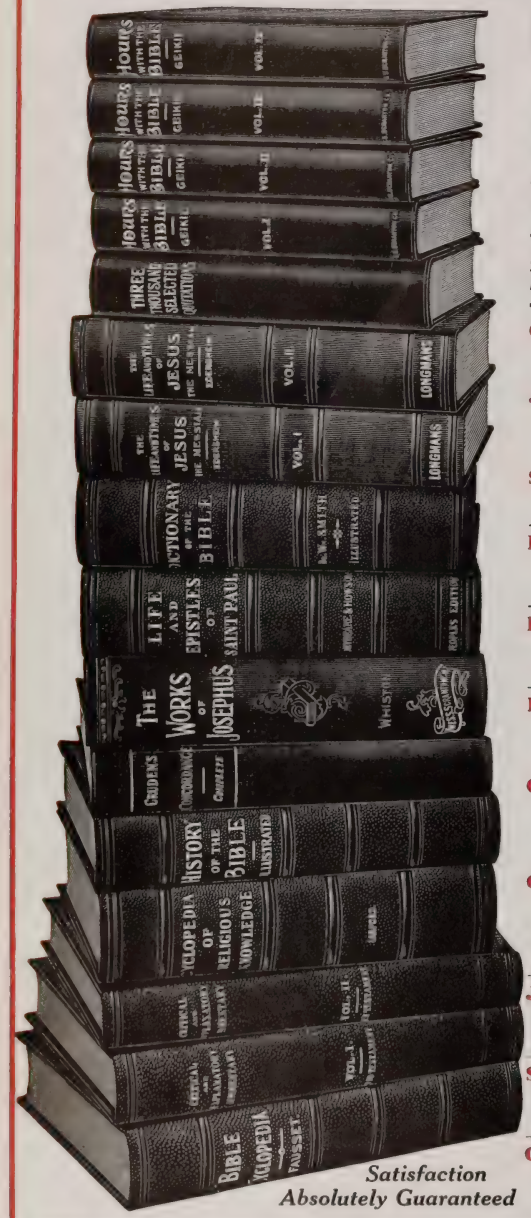

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THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

The Site of Ancient Lystra as It Is To-day

Dr. Clark at the Sheepfold that Now Marks the Ancient City

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

LYSTRA THE FICKLE

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

Types at Lystra

WHEN actually following the footsteps of St. Paul from Iconium to Lystra, I felt that I was more completely in the atmosphere of St. Paul's time than in almost any other part of our long journey. Not only have the physical features of this part of Asia Minor remained the same in the changeful yet unchanging years, but the character of the people; ther mode of cultivating the soil; the houses in which they live; their ignorance, superstition and fickleness, as will be seen from the succeeding story, all remind us that the people of to-day in the territory of ancient Pisidia are essentially the people of two thousand years ago, even though the modern abitants have sprung from a different stock. n America changes in the customs and habits of the people so sure to come, that the only certain thing is the cerity of change. A desert to-day is a populous State torrow. A barren, absolutely uninhabited lake front at the inning of the century is a city with millions of inhabitants its close. In this oldest part of the Christian world, howr, where we are traveling, it takes a millennium to produce changes of a century in other lands. What changes one are for the most part changes for the worse rather than for the better. ns of degeneration rather than of evolution are noted on every hand. The endid Roman roads have become re cart paths or impassable reminisces of splendid highways. The great dges of solid cut stone are so mase that they are often still used, as y have been for two thousand years, , in other places, one must ford the eam over which the Roman chariots, with their prancing horses, rode in umph. Unless one sees, as in Icom, mosques and colleges of the noble iod of Mohammedan architecture, cities which in Paul's time were ed for their magnificent marble temes and gymnasia and palaces and thers, now contain little besides mean vels of mud and stone, with possibly ew mosques and Greek churches of a enerate type.

Yet, in spite of these changes for the rse, one can seem to breathe the very nosphere of St. Paul's times when in se latitudes, and especially when on journey from Konia to Lystra, for region, then as now, was largely upied by a rude, semi-barbarous ple. Upon them the Romans and Hellenists of the more populous towns in ancient times looked down with a supreme contempt.

The Doorway of Seljukian Mosque

Our first days in Konia had been warm and sunny, for though it was still February there was a promise of the coming spring in the air. But the day that we started for Lystra was threatening and gloomy. Soon the snow began to fall and the dull, leaden sky and rising wind gave promise of a heavy storm. But our time was limited, and we must see Lystra then or never. Besides, it seemed altogether more Pauline to endure some hardships and perils, and so we started in the same direction, and perhaps through the same street by which he left the city which had treated him so inhospitably. How Paul journeyed we do not know; whether on foot, on horseback or donkey back. Very likely the latter animal, humble though he was, was pressed into the apostle's service, for on this road to-day one meets many travelers astride the patient ass. Our equipage consisted of two large Turkish wagons for the five people who were to make the journey. These wagons are called arabas, and are admirably fitted for the rough roads of Asia Minor. Their springs seem absolutely unbreakable, and well they need to be, for our road will take us through deep sloughs of mud, over the crests of a low range of mountains, where the only pass is strewn thick with boulders; across the rocky beds of ancient rivers, and through living streams with a very uncertain bottom.

in Modern Lystra

There are no seats in our arabas except those that we make for ourselves with our bedding and boxes of provisions. Our horses are not thoroughbred racers by any means, but they are strong and willing, and into their manes and tails are braided blue beads to keep off the "evil eye," while around their necks are strings of the same evil-eye beads, which are also worked into the harness in various parts of the araba. These blue beads, sometimes decorated with a rude imitation of an eye, indicate a universal superstition of the East. If any caravan could thus be guarded from evil, ours was surely safe from harm. One of our araba-jis, or drivers, was a Greek with a long brown scarf wound around his head. The other was a Turk dressed like a kavass, with much gay embroidery about his person, and some murderous-looking but harmless pistols thrust into his girdle.

Continued on next page

The Old Roman Bridge at Lystra, Now Impassable

THE PARK BENCH ROW

Drawn by F. J. Cassavant

LADEN down with load of sorrow, day by day and year by year,
Is the dreary park bench in our crowded cities far and near,
Till the breast of earth is tortured by this load of human woe
Centered in the hearts of thousands drifted to this wretched row.

Sparrows flit from post to pavement, happy in their humble lot.
Squirrels sometimes scramble gaily for the crust of careless tot.
Children riot at the fountain,—life to them is very sweet,
But the souls are dead that witness all this gladness at their feet.

Breaking hearts and bitter mem'ries fill these beings, dim of eye,
Blasted minds and aching bodies, waiting for the time to die.
Can it be that bright-eyed children, carried on by life's rough stream,
Will be tossed at last like driftwood where these vagrants doze and dream?

Yet they catch a moment's respite from their weariness and woe
When they sink to stare and slumber in the dreary park bench row.
They were children once, God help them, brothers still of me and you.
May we cheer them, help them, save them,—while we guard the children too.

T. E. ROBINSON.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

After plowing through the muddy streets of Konia, where the black slush often reaches the fetlocks of the horses, we came out into the gardens and vineyards that surround the city on every side, and which have long made it famous as the garden spot of Asia Minor. For some ten miles our road was across a plain as level as a house floor. We jogged along at the rate of some three miles an hour, the usual rate of travel by araba, and after something more than three hours began to ascend a rough hillside until we had reached a height of nearly a mile above the sea, fully a thousand feet above the city of Konia. Here a magnificent view greets the eye. Kara Dagh, the Black Mountain, is the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. On its sides are the ruins of "a thousand and one churches," according to tradition, though an actual count would make the number far less, and some would be found to be not churches at all, but ancient buildings of a secular character. To the north is the city of Konia, with its stately minarets and its beautiful mosques, the twin peaks of St. Philip and St. Thekla keeping guard over the city. To the south we can see Baba Dagh, or the "Pilgrim Father," a mountain eight thousand feet high, that rises, like its nobler companion, Kara Dagh, directly out of the level, ocean-like prairie.

In the nearer distance to the south is the plain of Lystra, and to this we now gradually descend. Our journey is about half completed, and we stop for a noonday lunch in an old khan, built of tremendous blocks of hewn stone, with mighty stone pillars supporting the roof. It looks more like a cavern than a house of refuge, and it dates back doubtless to the Seljukian times some six hundred years ago. Here numberless travelers over this lonely and desolate road have found shelter with their camels and horses and donkeys, and in just such a khan St. Paul may have rested, as he, too, took the same route over the heights of Loras Dagh to Lystra.

Four hours more from our noon halting-place, we plowed through mud and snow and slush until we came to a small river, crossed by a fine Roman bridge that was sadly out of repair. Some of the great stones had been carried off, perhaps to build the pigsties of the neighboring village, and we were obliged to seek a ford and drive our horses through. Just beyond we came to the wretched little Turkish village of Khatun Serai, the modern Lystra, for the ruins of the famous city of old lie less than a mile away.

Lystra, in Paul's time, as we have said, was largely inhabited by an uncultured people, and its inhabitants are no different to-day. To be sure, Lystra was a Roman colony, and there were a few well-educated aristocrats belonging to the ruling classes, who spoke Latin or Greek, but the great majority of the people were Lycaonians, and though many understood Paul's speech in Greek,

Continued from preceding page

yet, as St. Luke tells us, "they lifted up their voices in the speech of Lycaonia." The thousands in the populous city of old have dwindled to a bare three hundred, counting men, women, and little children. Of the temples and monuments and theaters of ancient Lystra, scarcely a trace can be seen. Every house in modern Lystra, with the exception of the mosque, which is a poor little affair without even a minaret, is a one-story hut of mud or stone.

We found the inhabitants still less hospitable than in Paul's time. Doubtless, a stranger in these days is a far greater rarity than in ancient times. Prying faces were thrust behind the curtains of our arabas to look at the strange women from America, with their unveiled faces. The mudir, or head man, of the hamlet was among the first arrivals in the motley throng that surrounded the arabas. In return to a polite request that he would direct us to the ruins of the ancient city, he gave a prompt and curt refusal. The boys and young men, taking their cue from the head man, began to revile us as "Giaours" or "Christian dogs." But soon they found out that one of our company was a missionary doctor; then their whole attitude changed, for there were many diseased people in the little village, and to them the coming of a skilled physician from America, whose fame had already spread to this little hamlet, gave promise of health and life. This sudden change, gratifying as it was to the cold and weary travelers, showed them that the character of the Lystrians for fickleness had not changed with the changing centuries. In Paul's time they first blew hot and then blew cold. With us, in the twentieth century, the process was reversed, and their cool and forbidding reception was soon changed to a warm welcome. The mudir relented, and allowed us the next morning to find the ruins of the ancient city. This was not the easiest thing in the world to do, for Lystra is surrounded by hills, and our only information about the exact site of the city was that it was upon a hillside, about a mile from the modern village of Khatun Serai.

Every hill was covered with a pall of spotless snow, while in the valleys and on the plowed fields it had largely melted into the brown earth. At last, however, with the help of Sir William Ramsay's invaluable descriptions and pictures, we reached the site of the old Roman colony, and stood before the pillar on which is a still legible inscription, which shows that here stood the temple at the gate of the city erected in honor of Cæsar Augustus. Here occurred one of the most dramatic scenes in all the Bible history. The people, rude as they were, were imbued with the legendary lore of Lycaonia. Ovid tells us how Lycaon, who gave his name to all this region, was directed by an oracle to found a city here. In this city Jupiter visited him in bodily shape, and he was so angry that Lycaon had cruelly murdered a legate from a neighboring kingdom and served up his flesh as a dinner to the god, that he overturned the tables, caused flames to burst forth in the palace, and laid it in ashes. Meanwhile, Lycaon fled in terror; his speech forsook him; his human form was gradually changed into that of a wolf, and he turned, growling with fury, on the unprotected flocks browsing in the fields around.

To this city, imbued with the superstitions of the past, and filled with the idea that the gods had actually visited their city, Paul and Barnabas had come, to tell of the true God and his Son Jesus Christ. There were few Jews in the city and no synagogue so far as is known, but in the streets and open squares the intrepid apostles preached the Gospel. The ignorant rabble were only too ready to believe that history was repeating itself, and that again the gods had come to visit their old haunts. They were led to this belief not only by the fiery eloquence of the newcomers, but by their supernatural power, as shown in healing the cripple, who had, doubtless, long been a familiar figure in the streets of Lystra. When Paul had fixed his piercing eye upon the lame man, and saw that he had faith to be healed, he cried aloud, "Stand upright on thy feet!" Then the cripple leaped and walked, and the people shouted in enthusiastic chorus, "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." Barnabas was doubtless a tall and stately man, who impressed people by his personal appearance, and him they hailed as the Jupiter who had once dwelt with Lycaon in their own Lycaonian city. Paul was a meaner appearance, according to his own statement, was more active and more eloquent, and him they called Mercury, the messenger of the gods.

I need not rehearse the story in detail; how they brought oxen and garlands, and were about to sacrifice to the apostles as though they were gods indeed. We know with what difficulty these men, servants of Jehovah, though they might have passed as deities and fared more royally than kings, put these honors away from them, with horror at the very thought of being worshiped as gods. We know how in the same breath in which they declared that they also were men with like passions as the humblest Lycaonion, they proclaimed unto them "the living God which made heaven and earth, and the sea and all things that are therein."

No passage of the Bible is more dramatic, and perhaps none is more familiar than this. It certainly shows forth more vividly the character of the great apostle, who, though endowed with extraordinary eloquence and supernatural power, only claimed kinship with the barbarians that would accord to him divine honors; the apostle who was ever intent not upon winning glory and honor for himself, but upon the message he had to deliver and the work he had to do.

THE GREAT BATTLE IN THE BALKANS

AN APPEAL FOR HELP FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS AND THE WOUNDED

Turkish Carts Transporting Munitions of War

A Panoramic View of Scutari

A Servian Frontier Outpost

DEFEATED on every hand, routed and disorganized, the Turk, who three weeks ago held sixty-six thousand square miles of territory in Europe, is at bay within twenty-e miles of Constantinople, making a desperate ort to save his last foothold in Europe. Now at e end of the third week of the whirlwind cam-ign, as this statement is prepared for the press, e situation in the Near East is one of the most tonishing in modern history. Four little king-ms that the Powers of Europe fondly imagined ey were allowing to exist on sufferance have sud-nly proved themselves a military giant—a giant generalship, equipment, sturdy, unflinching dis-line and in ferocity. And it has been, too, with ven-league strides that this unsuspected Power e marched into Albania, Thrace and Macedonia, iving the forces of Turkey before it.

Success after success has fallen to the arms of e allies. Every despatch from the scene of the hting proves that Turkey to-day is no longer the wer that held the Russians at y at Plevna. The individual ldiers may still be desperately ave, but the soul of the army, rrupted by politics, has sunk the lowest level in the history a race that for a thousand ars has been famous for its hting men. The general offi-rs are mere politicians and d ones at that. The troops e undisciplined and untrained d the commissariat and army rvice departments have prac-ally ceased to exist. Turkish isoners have begged their cap-rs for food, saying they had ten nothing in thirty-six urs. On the side of the allies, pecially of the Bulgarians, e management of the commis-riat has been one of the won-rs of General Savoff's cam-ign. The vast body of men der his command is really a ing column; in three weeks it s covered sixty-five miles in e face of constant opposition, d still all the reports agree at at the close of each day's hting or marching the Bulga-an trooper found his rations aiting him.

Straight across the northern ld of operations from Montenegro to the Black a the successful allies have inflicted defeat after feat upon the Turks. The Montenegrins have ken possession of several towns in the district of vi-Bazar, and have occupied positions on the untains around Scutari in such a fashion that e Turkish garrison there is cut off from all sup-ies and must, within a short time, surrender. In acedonia the Servians have marched trium-antly down, taking town after town and inflicting ch punishment on the Turkish army commanded Zekki Pasha that it is now reported in full re-eat toward Monastir. The important engage-nts in this section of the field were those at manova and the battle about the city of Uskub. re the Turks were so utterly routed and panic-icken that they fled in disorder, even fighting ong themselves, it is reported, for places in the parting trains.

The Bulgarians, who, of all the allied forces, have the largest numbers in the field, have, during the last few days, accomplished the most important movements and victories of the campaign. With Kirk-Kilisseh and its line of defenses in their hands they have, with amazing speed, despatched bodies of troops to the south and east. For several days there came the reports of their occupation of a series of small towns, defeating and driving out the Turks in every instance. After a time it was learned that they had succeeded in reaching the railway line which connects Constantinople with Adrianople, and had blown up a bridge, thus cutting Adrianople from its base of supplies. Though all the news is the closely censored output of the government officials at Constantinople and in the Balkan capitals, there soon remained no doubt that one line of defenses after another had been evacuated by the Turkish troops and that they had at last fallen back to a series of positions which were believed to be almost impregnable. Leaving the besieged garrison of Adrianople to its fate, Nazim Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War, who had himself taken the field as commander-in-chief, aligned his troops and prepared for what all the world believed would be Turkey's final battle on European soil. Then came news of fighting—indefinite and unsatisfactory. Now within the last few hours, without details, comes the news that after three days of almost unceasing battle along a front extending almost thirty miles, Nazim Pasha's main army has been absolutely crushed and is fleeing in disorder, leaving thousands of killed and wounded and many guns and rifles and great stores of ammunition on the battlefield.

Montenegrins Under Cover Upon One of the Turkish Positions Near Scutari

From London there come a number of reports of the diplomatic moves which will follow this great battle. In one quarter it is stated that the allies will accept no proposition for an armistice and will negotiate for peace only with Turkey herself. It is also stated that France is moving for a speedy settlement of the difficulties, and from the Sublime Porte comes the statement that the question of suing for peace is there being given the most serious consideration by the Sultan's cabinet ministers.

During all this activity throughout the northern theater of war, Greece has not been idle in the south. Although the Turkish and Greek fleets are playing surprisingly small rôles in this mighty drama, the latter has taken possession of the islands of Thaos and Imbros in the Ægean Sea. On land the Greek army under the command of Crown Prince Constantine has been moving steadily forward in its march toward Salonica. The last great success reported is the capture of the Turkish city of Verria and the cutting of the railway line which leads to Monastir. This achievement cut off the retreat to Constantinople of that wing of the Turkish forces against which the Servians are operating in Macedonia.

Both from Greek sources in the south and from the Bulgarian Red Cross workers in the north have come terrible tales of the atrocities of the Turks. From Verria the Greeks report that Turkish troops massacred many Greek women and children before leaving the city. Two small towns, Aidali and Marash, on the railroad to Constantinople, have been burned by the retreating Turks, and, it is stated, all the Christian inhabitants slaughtered. The Red Cross workers report that the Turkish irregular troops, the Kurds and Bashi-Bazouks, massacred the wounded Christians and mutilated both the dead and dying at Kirk-Kilisseh. Fearing that anti-Christian riots might take place, France and Great Britain have ordered warships to a number of important Turkish ports to protect the foreign population should the Mohammedans attempt to make reprisals.

Letters from American missionaries and native Christian (Protestant) pastors in the Balkans have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, describing the situation and appealing for help to enable them to assist in caring for the wounded and in aiding the widows and orphans.

Rev. M. N. Popoff, a correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes from the American mission at Samokov, October 13:

> Just two weeks ago a full mobilization was ordered of the Bulgarian army. That means four hundred thousand soldiers in readiness to fight. Most of them are on the Turkish frontier. All over Bulgaria, for ten days there was a great stir. One could see only soldiers and guns. Even the school children were marching like soldiers, each with a gun, accompanying the troops from the depot to the barracks. On the same day on which the Bulgarian mobilization was ordered a similar act took place in Servia, Montenegro and Greece. That meant at least six or seven hundred thousand more troops in readiness for fighting with Turkey.
>
> At last the Balkan States have come to a mutual agreement on solving the Eastern Question. It is hoped that the Powers will leave them free to act. From all appearances, the end of Turkey in Europe is fast approaching. By the time this reaches you, the war will be on. In fact, Montenegro has already started it. Greece and Servia will follow. Then Bulgaria, the strongest of the four allies, will strike for Adrianople, and on to Constantinople, where the hardest fighting will take place. All this is not for the acquisition of any territory, but for

Continued on page 1133

ONE THING THOU LACKEST

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Richard Braunstein*

TEXT: "What lack I yet?" Matt. 19: 20. "One thing thou lackest." Mark 10: 21

THE story of the rich young man who came running and kneeling to Jesus, anxiously inquiring what he must do to be saved, is particularly interesting and refreshing in the Gospel's history, because it is an account of one who is in earnest. It forms a sharp and decided contrast to the dishonest Scribes and hypocritical Pharisees of whom we so often read, coming to Jesus, not after truth, but only by their flippant questions to entrap him, and in the meshes of their hopeless and godless theology to entangle him, desirous for no other end than at last they might crucify him. All such evil spirit is wanting here; intense anxiety and deep sincerity after truth leave no room for any other than the spirit of earnestness. Consequently the lessons taught by this young man's intercourse with Jesus will find readiest acceptance with those who, like him, are in earnest; with those who are anxious to have answered that question which arises from every sincere heart, either from a lack of the knowledge of salvation or from an imperfect life, namely, "What lack I yet?"

Earnestness in a Good Cause

In the first place we would say what has already been implied, that the young man did not lack *earnestness*. Everything from the beginning to the end of this narrative is indicative of the intensest and deepest sincerity. And surely to be in earnest and to be sincere is a vital principle in every character. Without it there can be no stability, neither will there be substantial progress. It is a well established fact that earnestness in a wrong cause is far more to be trusted than its absence in a good one; for it is sure to lead to truth in the end, while its absence must, of necessity, betray the truth. Saul of Tarsus was most wofully deluded in his dreadful persecutions of the early Christians, but when this earnestness that was spent in persecution was suddenly brought face to face with the truth of God, and consecrated by God, he found his place at last among the very chiefest of the apostles. On the other hand, Judas Iscariot, a man apparently engaged in the very best of occupations, the bosom companion of Truth, walking at the side of Jesus, chosen to be an apostle, and yet lacking in the very fundamental element of success, earnestness, betrayed the truth, gave up his Saviour and died a suicide of error. So it is always. Life is real and earnest, and life will reward only those who are in earnest. This element the young man did not lack and he found the Truth.

The Sense of Imperfection

Again, he did not lack the knowledge of his own imperfections. The question, "What lack I yet? What must I do to inherit eternal life?" manifests his deep sense of his own incompleteness. He knew his failings. Such a knowledge of one's self is indispensable to every form of self-improvement. It was only after the Prodigal Son, as the Bible says, "came to himself," that is, felt himself perishing among the swine's husks, that he arose and went to his father. The knowledge of one's needs and inadequacies gives direction and scope in which earnestness can reveal itself. Without such guidance earnestness is simply fanaticism.

One of the most dangerous positions in life is to be satisfied with one's self. There can be no progress, no growth, in such a life. Everywhere there are far too many Christian people who are absolutely insensible to anything higher in the spiritual life than they have obtained, while the truth is that beyond and above the most spiritually inclined there are ever mountain peaks of exalted experience still unattained and undiscovered by them; for a life with Christ is perfectly boundless in the possibility of its dignity and development. St. Paul very beautifully expresses this idea when he writes, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching unto those things which are before I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The rich young man, in this respect, was apparently faultless.

The Soul's Cry for Help

Furthermore, he knew where to go for help. He was not ignorant of the proper source of relief. He came to Jesus. It is true, he was somewhat at fault in his estimate of the Saviour; he called him "Good Master," "Rabbi," high titles, but far too low. And Jesus, apprehending that he did not know that Christ was God, said, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good, but one, even God." But in his appreciation of where to go for aid, he must soon have come to a realization of the Saviour's high rank.

Among the multitudes of earth such knowledge is rare. Everywhere around and about us there are many weary, hungry, distressed souls, who are earnest enough, perhaps, and who are aware of their great needs, but who are ignorant of any means of deliverance from all those things that make human life unblest. The young man proved his earnestness and his wisdom by going to the Master for relief. Our age needs some Wycliffe or Wesley, some Luther or Calvin, Savonarola or Zwingle to lead the multitudes that are in bondage, to this Christ, to whom the rich young man went. This Christ unlocks the prison gates and dispels the gloom, solves problems, saves souls. No one shall be turned away from him and at this moment he is waiting with his balm to bestow healing upon individual and nation.

The Teachable Spirit

The young man did not lack a teachable spirit. He was willing to be taught. He came in the attitude of a student. Most young men, especially those of the high station and dignity which characterized the subject of this exposition, are very loath indeed to acknowledge a superior. But here is a young man who is willing to learn. No truth can be acquired without this teachable spirit; no life perfected; no vision enlarged; no soul saved. The first lesson which must be learned in every school, pre-eminently in the school of life, is a willingness to learn. Bigotry, conceit, pride, folly and failure are the fruits of an unteachable spirit. It is the privilege of every soul to go to Christ and learn of him. With tender compassion the invitation and divine appeal still calls, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The invitation to learn of him is strong.

The young man did not lack a moral character. He had high respect for morality. He observed the commandments of God throughout his life. It is not necessary to break all of the laws of God in order to be pronounced sinful, for to offend in one point is to make ourselves guilty of all. As some one has well said, in effect, when flames burst through the roof of a house we do not wait to see just which individual shingle is burning, but we make known as quickly as possible the fact that the house is in flames. So we do not stop to learn just which one of God's laws a man transgresses when he sins, but we are right in our conjecture that he is sinful, and that if all restraint were removed, yielding to the natural impulses of his nature he would be condemned for still greater offenses. But it will be noticed that Christ's answer is the only proper one that could possibly be given to the young man's question, for he asked, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" I think he had in mind a plan of salvation by works. He wished to do some great thing for which he might purchase life eternal, and for such a method the commandments must be kept to the minutest letter.

The young man replied, "All these have I observed from my youth." He did not mean that he had kept every point of the law, for the words rendered "have kept" and "have observed" mean to have respect for and to use as a guide. He was a moral man; but as thousands do he did not stop with morality. How common are the phrases, "I am honest; I do not steal, or lie, or cheat; I am as good as the next man; I am better than many Christians. I am saved if they are!" Everywhere men are trusting in their own moral character for salvation. Of course we must be moral. Of course we must do good works. It is to our shame if we are not the best persons in the world to-day; but for a ground of eternal possessions, our morality is as dust; we have offended in a thousand points. Christ, our Sacrifice, our Satisfaction for a broken law, our Righteousness, is the only ground of salvation.

The One Thing Lacking

And as faith always saves, so faith is the only means. The young man realized that by none of his virtues could he be saved; and it is right here that the significance of Mark's expression appears: "And Jesus, beholding him, loved him." I am sure that Jesus loved him because of his earnestness; he loved him for his knowledge of his incompleteness; loved him because he knew where to go for help; for his teachableness and his beautiful morality. But more than for all these things Jesus loved him because, not lacking in these essentials to a stalwart character, he still reached for something higher; was not satisfied, like the multitude about him, with the lofty plane of morality. Thus beholding him Christ loved him and gave the one great positive answer to his question: "One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up thy cross and follow me." And then we feel deeply for him when it is said, "He was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions."

Give God the First Place

Mark you, he did not stop to argue, neither did he remonstrate with Christ, for as never before the truth dawned on him, that between God and him he had fixed an impassable barrier; God was his first choice, nor did he occupy the first place in his heart. And note also that there was broken the very first of those commandments that he had observed from his youth, namely, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Here then is the lesson of all lessons for us to learn to-day: Perfect surrender of all we are and have to God. Some of us only give him a part, instead of complete, voluntary submission of everything to him, so that our hearts may have no other gods and the life no other guide. This one thing the young man lacked, and wanting in that, he lacked the kingdom of God.

On whatever stage of life we may be, at whatever age, in whatever household, business, profession or church, let us with all the mightiest fundaments of character ask of God, individually and collectively, "What lack we yet?" that we may be complete in our surrender of all things to him and become perfect and entire, lacking nothing.

The Blackfoot Glacier

(See Cover.)

THE wonderful bit of Western Montana scenery that gives us our cover subject this week is located in the Lake McDonald region of that State. From one pinnacle of the great Blackfoot Glacier we look away to Citadel Mountain, and in the further distance the peak that still bears its Indian name, Going-to-the-Sun Mountain. The reproduction has been made from an artist's colored photograph and in the foreground shows one mass of the mighty glacier. The effect of the brilliant sunshine on the mountain of ice beggars description. A thousand opalescent shades of green and blue and purple travel with the sun across its broken masses, presenting one of America's grandest and most fascinating mountain pictures.

* Pastor Ashland M. E. Church, Ashland, N. Y.

IF HE SHOULD COME

HE should come to-day—the Bridegroom
come,
summon me away to his own home,
at would his welcome be from me, his own,
o long so trustfully have borne alone
burden of the day, its dust and heat;
's bitter waters drank; who longed for
sweet;
o yearned for human aid when ways grew
rough,
listened for his word, "It is enough,
ough, my weary child; come to my breast;
re's love awaiting thee, and peace, and
rest"?

e should come to-day—my Lord should call;
uld gently breathe my name, my All in All;
uld speak the blessed word, the sweet word,
"Come!"
haste with joyful feet, though lips were
dumb;
uld go to him I love, who long has led
on life's lonely march, clouds overhead,
storms o'ershadowing my way so dim;
flee to his dear arms, who trust in him;
welcome him with joy, and not dismay,
e who loves his own should come to-day.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

'Han' Him Down Gentle"

SOUTHERN minister, whose
A father was a large planter and
e of the good masters of the old
uth, relates an affecting scene of
boyhood days.

In an autumn month, there was a
ath on the plantation. A very old
gro was dead, and the father and
n went out to the burial among the
urners, to see the faithful old ser-
nt laid away with others who had
ne out from the "quarter." On
aching the grave, the negro women
od to one side under the trees, clad
homespun frocks, with large head-
ths folded about their heads. The
ly burial service was a prayer made
a most pathetic tone by an old ne-
o man. As the body was being low-
ed into the grave, the man who
od there to receive and guide the
fin said: "Han' him down gentle,
ya! Han' him down gentle! His
nes is ole."

On behalf of many old people al-
ost as helpless as if dead, the pitiful
rds sadly need to be spoken. Old
rents, old preachers, old people who
ve no closer ties than those of com-
n humanity—how often their old
arts, and even their old bones, ache
reason of the carelessness and
ghness with which they are treated.
A stranger called to get the minis-
to officiate at the funeral of his
ther. "Oh, yes," he said, in reply
some expression of sympathetic in-
rest, "one hates to lose a mother;
did her duty by us as long as she
s able, but, you see, she had out-
ed her usefulness. When father
d some years ago, he left nothing
mother to live on, and she was too
and feeble to work. We couldn't
t her into the Home for the Aged, so
had to take care of her. There
re five of us children and we agreed
keep her at our houses year about.
t when my turn was out, she wasn't
ong enough to be moved, so I had
re than my share. It was pretty
rd, for she had outlived her useful-
ss, and she was so helpless that she
uired a lot of waiting on."

Yes, they have "outlived their use-
ness"—these very old and worn-out
es. They cannot serve us as once
ey did. They may even be childish
w, unreasonable, and need much at-
tion. But do not be cross and hard
ward them; do not neglect them;
ow them all possible tenderness and
mpathy. "Han' 'em down gentle"
Jesus' sake, whose "little ones"
ey are. "Han 'em down gentle!"

Elizabeth Porter Gould struck a
h-sounding note when she wrote:

Put your arms around me—
There—like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting;
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I'm old, alone and tired,
And my long life-work is done

WHAT'S THE MAN GOOD FOR?

ONE day a lover of art was rummaging through an old storeroom where many discarded articles left over from auction sales were thrown together. Lying on the floor, face downward in the dust, he noticed an old painting in a broken frame. Instinctively he picked it up, feeling a sort of indignant protest rise to his tongue that any canvas bearing the work of an artist should be so abused.

As he turned the picture to the light for examination, disappointment and disgust made him forget his protest. The painting was marred and dingy, but he saw plainly that it was crude and gaudy in the extreme, full of false perspective, wrong proportions, rough blemishes and ugly colors. "Why in the world should any one paint such a thing—or keep it after it was painted!" he exclaimed. "It is utterly worthless."

By force of habit he dusted off some of the dirt from the picture and looked closely to find the painter's name, but it seemed that no one had been willing to acknowledge the work with a signature. A glimpse of something else, however, almost hidden, but faintly gleaming through the wretched daub, caught the eye of the connoisseur and thrilled him with sudden emotion. He gazed long and earnestly at every part of the canvas; then he took it to the auctioneer and offered to buy it. The man laughed. "Sure! glad to get rid of it; never could sell it. Give you oil painting, frame and all, for a dollar."

Carefully wrapping up the soiled and scarred old painting, the lover of art took it at once to an artist friend who began skilfully and tenderly to cleanse away the filth and the vulgar painting which some evil hand had daubed upon the canvas. Little by little, as the careful work of cleansing and restoring went on, wonderful lines and colors lying beneath came into view, until at length the priceless work of a master artist was revealed.

* * *

NO NEED to tell you the story of the lover of men who went down among the discarded human wrecks of a great city and found a soiled, broken-down man, literally on his face in the dust. No need to tell you how evil companions had covered the real man with an ugly caricature. No need to say how he was knocked about, and scarred, and rejected as worthless; how the city custodians of such as he were glad to get him off their hands. No need to recite the thrilling tale of how the human connoisseur, the lover of men, took him where he might be cleansed and restored, and the priceless work of the Master Artist be again revealed. The wonderful story has been told again and again of men reclaimed. *You* have had a part in such work, and it is the noblest work given to men and women this side of heaven.

The Bowery Mission is doing this work earnestly, faithfully, night and day throughout the year, but *you are doing it*, or *may do it* through the Bowery Mission. The misery and crime which are lessened and prevented and the multitude of men who are lifted up and redeemed by this work, place the whole country under an obligation of sympathy and support.

From every State in the Union men and boys have been attracted by the glitter and the gay life of New York. Hope beats high in the breast of many a boy who comes to the great city to find a fortune. So often, in the crowding, crushing struggle, he fails to grasp the prize; so often through misfortune, or evil companions, or appetite, or lack of work, he goes down and out. Don't blame him; perhaps he is weak and friendless. Few, indeed, are really wicked. Perhaps he is discouraged and hardened by the thought that no one cares for him. He would not admit it, but he is hungry and starving—for love.

The Bowery Mission is his Good Samaritan. But what can the Bowery Mission do *without you?*

* * *

READ the items and figures in the following statement, just completed, for the year ending June 30, 1912. Do more than read it—statements and figures are so formal and cold. Take a single homeless, shamed, unhappy man, and *think of him* as a brother, a father, a son, a husband. Think of him; follow him step by step from the home he left. Watch him in the struggle. He does not fall at once, nor willingly. He puts up a good fight. The odds are against him. He grits his teeth and tries again. Why doesn't some one stand by him? Just a little encouragement in time would save him. He doesn't understand. Day by day he is losing his grip. Hope and purpose fade from his eyes and die out of his heart. There he goes—down—I cannot reach him to lift him up. I can only send a lover of men to him from the Bowery Mission in my stead.

Study these items and figures, showing the work of the Bowery Mission, and translate them into human lives. One man lifted up, and loved, and saved means so much. What does it mean when *one* is multiplied by *tens of thousands?*

Men and boys sheltered in lodging houses and other places	13,418
Memorial House (shelter)	9,282
Mission attendance	10,742
Free meals given in:	
Mission kitchen	15,105
Outside restaurants (meals paid for by the Mission)	2,100
Mission services (attendance)	142,615
Bread line meals	135,000
Thanksgiving dinners served at Mission	1,200
For poor families (meals sent out by Mission)	1,100
Christmas dinners served at Mission	1,200
For poor families (meals sent out by Mission)	1,090
Employment found for men on farms, at regular trades and miscellaneous work	3,554
Articles of clothing supplied	10,656

* * *

SUPPOSE the great army of men who have been lifted up and cleansed and redeemed by the Bowery Mission should march in a long line past your home, and should look up with bright, eager faces at your window, and give you a ringing cheer of manly gratitude and promise. How your heart would glow within you at the knowledge that *your love* and *your money* helped them to new life!

Read over the figures again, of the food given to the hungry, the employment given to the out-of-work, the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners carrying cheer into poor families, the blessed bread of salvation given freely to famished men eager for love and life. It may all be *your* work—nay, it *must be yours* if it is to go on. Give to its support and upbuilding now, as the bitterness of winter is coming on. Give gladly and generously, for your gift is a gift to humanity and to Christ.

THE ETERNAL SUN

DON'T fret when clouds have hidden
The sun away from sight.
No cloud can last forever,
And soon or late the light
Will pierce with golden lances
The mists of earth, and then
The glory of God's sunshine
Will flood the world again.

The clouds that hide the sunshine
A little time away
Will make it seem the brighter
Because they were so gray.
And so, because we miss it
When shadows intervene,
We all the more shall prize it
When there's no cloud between.

Learn, heart of mine, the lesson
Of sunshine and of shade:
There comes a time of trouble;
Grief makes the soul afraid.
And in our human weakness
We oftentimes forget
That somewhere in God's heaven
His sun is shining yet.

O fretful heart, be patient
And in this faith abide—
Forevermore there's sunshine
Upon the heavenside.
Oh, think, and take new courage—
Be brave, and learn to smile—
Beyond the clouds of trouble
God's sun shines all the while!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

General Booth's Will

THE following is a brief summary of the late General Booth's testamentary dispositions: By his will, which (except as to the appointment of his executor and the confirmation of the appointment of his successor) deals only with the properties held by him as general of the Salvation Army or on any like public trusts, he formally vests all such properties, both real and personal, including copyrights, in his successor as the general for the time being of the army to be held by him upon the trusts affecting the same.

By three codicils he deals (1) with his small private property, the net value of which amounts in American money to $2,342.16. This he gives to the Salvation Army, with the exception of certain private papers and memoranda, which he gives to his eldest son, the present general; and a few articles chosen by himself, which he gives as mementos to each of his children and children-in-law.

By the codicils, the general also deals with property of the present estimated value of $25,416—subject to duties and some expenses — representing moneys—which, as is well known, were many years ago settled by the late Henry Reed on the late general for his private use. It was this provision which enabled General Booth throughout his life to draw no stipend or remuneration from the funds of the Salvation Army. This settled property the late general divides among his children—Mr. Bramwell Booth, Cather, Marian, Herbert, Eva and Lucy—in exercise of the power given to him by the settlement. By the will the general appoints his successor to be his executor.

Just a Word About Covers

I CONSIDER the paper admirable, and, as an artist, it seems to me little short of a tragedy that those excellent reproductions of paintings, which are appearing on the covers, should be printed on such paper and folded so as to be scarcely suitable for framing. It is a great thing for such art to be put before the people, even though in such perishable form.

Very truly,

MRS. S. M. COBB.

Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill.

The above letter prompts us to call the attention of our subscribers once more to the fact that a splendid collection of the pictures referred to may be obtained through our Circulation Department. These reproductions are on a fine quality of heavy paper and are thoroughly suitable for framing or passe-partout.

—EVANGELIST F. P. TELFORD, a well known and successful English worker, is again visiting the United States. Churches desiring his services may address him at 952 Kansas Avenue, Kansas City, Kan.

THE SUFFRAGISTS' COMING CONVENTION

Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg
Ex-Pres. Pennsylvania Assn

Miss Bertha Coover
Cor. Sec. for Ohio Association

Mrs. Anna E. Goodwin
Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. S. W. Fitzgerald
Rec. Sec. Natl. Assn.

Miss Jessie Ashley
Treasurer, National Association

Miss Kate M. Gordon
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. K. R. Balentine
San Diego, Calif.

Mrs. Jenny Hardy
A Michigan Leader

THE national assembly of the suffragists at Philadelphia, November 21-26, focuses public attention on the organized Votes for Women Movement. Every State is represented in this convention, the forty-fourth in its list of national gatherings. The meeting is called by the national officers in support of the resolve "never to waver in the effort to obtain the right to stand side by side with the men in this country in the mortal struggle that shall bid perish from this land political corruption, privilege, prostitution, the industrial slavery of men, women and children and all exploitation of humanity."

The convention is a time-keeper of advance. It records, since the last meeting in 1911, that there has been well-defined progress in the suffrage movement in this country and abroad. The Norwegian Parliament has passed a law admitting women to almost all public offices on the same terms as men. The new republic of Portugal, under the new electoral law just passed, admits to the Parliamentary franchise a limited number of women over twenty-five years of age, who are qualified and have passed a certain educational test. The new Chinese National Parliament at Nanking has granted equal suffrage to the women of China, subject to the same restrictions as men—that is, they must be able to read and write, must be property owners, and twenty years of age.

Women are now voting on school questions in two States, added this year—Kentucky and Louisiana. Arizona and Michigan legislatures have submitted the question to the people. In Ohio, the constitutional convention passed the proposal for a suffrage amendment to eliminate the word "male" from the election statute. This was lost; but the suffrage movement "has suffered defeat victoriously" (as Mayor Newton Baker of Cleveland expressed it), and is going ahead on the "initiative and referendum" that was gained. The Wisconsin, Nevada, and Oregon campaigns have also attracted the attention of the forces of evil which have had a very busy year in their efforts to combat and destroy the rise of woman's influence in the State.

Wisconsin has been especially active. Novelty has marked the movement there. A Suffrage Marine Corps was formed for boat trips on the State waterways, speeches being made at all the docks. The workers have been selling washing machines and holding bargain sales to raise funds for the cause. In Kansas, where women already have school and municipal suffrage, they have been running for office in almost every county; in order to secure full suffrage they have conducted a very vigorous campaign in all sections of the State. The Michigan Grangers, sixty thousand strong, pledged themselves to support the women's vote and against every legislative candidate who did not favor equal suffrage. In Oregon the workers had a rose festival and have held hundreds of outdoor meetings. Great activity has been displayed in other States. There have been suffrage parades in many places, including Maryland and New York. The New York workers have held yacht meetings, stopping at every dock to address the crowds. The Chicago stenographers have formed a suffrage alliance. Summer Chautauquas have been fertile sources of seed-sowing in Indiana and elsewhere. In South Dakota a new suffrage league has been formed, dividing the State into four districts for effective work. Men's leagues have been formed in several Iowa cities and many clubs have been organized. A bill has been introduced in the United States Congress to enfranchise the women of the District of Columbia.

California women, who gained the franchise last year, have registered as voters in large numbers and are eager to help the campaign States. They have formed clubs to study citizenship and to promote improved legislation including equal pay; the eight-hour law; joint guardianship; property rights, and raising the age of consent to twenty-one years.

Dr. Anna H. Shaw
President, National Association

Pennsylvania (where the convention meets this year) has the distinction of being the State in which all the political parties have endorsed the women's vote. Among the noted speakers at the Philadelphia convention are Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago; President Thomas of Bryn Mawr College, who conducts the College Night; James Laidlaw, of New York, who conducts the National Men's League for Woman Suffrage, special night; Miss Julia Lathrop, Children's Bureau, Washington; and Baroness Bertha von Suttner, of Austria, the author of "Lay Down Your Arms."

During the convention of the National Equal Franchise Association in Philadelphia, Independence Square will ring with eloquent pleas for Votes for Women. Six platforms will be erected for the speakers, who include the best known of the national workers and organizers, among them being Rev. Anna Howard Shaw; Miss Caroline Lexow; Mrs. Ella Stewart; Miss Harriet M. Mills; and Miss Rose Schneiderman. During this meeting Mrs. Charlotte Pierce Olmsted, Philadelphia, one of the veterans who attended the first convention of suffragists in Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848, will read the "Declaration of Rights," issued that year.

During the convention week, a dozen active leaders will campaign about Philadelphia, holding meetings. The largest mass meeting will be that of November 24, in the big Metropolitan Opera House, North Broad Street. This will be a Thanksgiving service in honor of the campaign which is being conducted in Ohio, Oregon, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas and Nevada.

J. A. STEWART.

THE RULE OF AMERICAN WOMEN

BY EVELYN BAKER DODD

HISTORY teaches us that when this country was first settled, and for generations following, the women were in the background. We have little mention of them. They kept silent in the churches and out of public life, remaining strictly in their own homes, where they undoubtedly wielded a powerful and lasting influence. In song and story we learn that they spun and wove and looked well to the ways of their households. There was no question as to their "rights"; having all the liberty they desired, they never dreamed of lack of freedom. And thus the country grew and prospered.

The forefathers had not their advice in public affairs, nor needed it. They brooked not interference from women—which really was never attempted—nor would men be admitted in council, unless found to be "qualified"; and so the nation was cemented and grew into one of the great World Powers.

After a while, there was a "rattling among the dry bones" of household duties. They were soon called "drudgery." The maternal tasks that were once labors of love became "monotonous," irksome, and beneath the dignity of women, who, being equal with men, were fitted for higher spheres of action. Thus they reasoned. The leaven spread with marvelous rapidity. The foot leaped from the cradle and into the arena of public life. The ranks have been swelled along the years, until the twentieth century beholds them full panoplied at the polls in five "nations"—sovereign States.

The country has grown marvelously in material wealth—in everything that is embraced in that comprehensive word "success"—a development wonderful and rapid beyond human calculation—and women are everywhere in evidence. They rule *outside* now, where once they ruled *in* the home; but, like everything in nature, and art as well, when diverted from the appointed place and use, there is confusion, and in the end disaster. We are startled to hear the question asked, "What shall it profit a man (or nation) if he gain the whole world" and lose those highest qualities without which neither man nor country can hold that dearly bought success which, alone, can no more support the pillars of government than fibers of straw?

The foundation of the State must be of *rock*, not sand, and women's shoulders are not strong enough to bear the burden, nor to support it after it is built. Lacking strong mental fiber and full muscular development, possessing as they do a hypersensitive nervous system, if they rule at all it must be with other forces. Therein lies the danger. Tyranny in its worst form results, a tyranny that will fall first and heaviest on the shoulders of women themselves—on the women in the "file"; for it is a well known fact that women cannot sit in judgment upon the sins of each other, nor can they rule each other with that mercy required by justice and charity. The few splendid exceptions but more forcibly prove the rule. Then, where to turn for relief, if women are once given full powers?

In the meantime, man, thrown out of his province, as a consequence will have degenerated; his arm will be weakened, his hand will have lost its cunning, his brain cells from disuse will have deteriorated, and timidity will take the place of courage. You think a "henpecked husband" a lamentable thing? So it is, but what of a henpecked nation? Women by nature are more cautious than men. There while they are considering, "making up their minds," real progress passes and they are left to *follow*, not to *lead*. They are also more tenacious, obstinate and prejudiced than men; consequently, more provincial. Above all else, they abhor a compromise. It is all or none for them, and they generally demand all. They do not take kindly to negotiations. They have a liking for details. "Enterprises of great pith and moment" do not appeal to them. Women would never have built the Panama Canal nor would they demand government ownership of Alaska. How long, then, under the rule of American women, will this nation remain a World Power?

You may think they do not want to *rule*—only *vote*. Women will never be satisfied simply to cast a ballot. Above all else, they love and admire fame. Ambition in their breasts is a consuming fire. Once they were contented with fame for husband or relative; now they strive to have it for themselves and they are going to get it at all hazards! They have ruled in the home; now they aspire to rule in state and nation. They have won in five States and are pressing on to victory in others, while men look on with an indulgent smile as if only a kind of pin-money were taking place, not at all realizing that their own high prerogatives are menaced. Let the power already gained and the use made of it be examined to determine what women have accomplished with it. If ever a [illegible] broom sweeps clean it is when it is new; if not the[illegible]here is little to be expected of it.

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WILSON AND MARSHALL ELECTED

AT THE general election on November 5, the Democratic candidates, Woodrow Wilson and Thomas R. Marshall, were chosen as President and Vice-President of the United ates by an electoral majority which is almost unecedented. While the Democrats were confident fore the final struggle, the result far exceeded eir expectations. Wilson carried thirty-seven ates, including California, Massachusetts, New rk, New Jersey, Ohio, Maine, Wisconsin, New mpshire, Delaware, Connecticut and the whole e of Southern tates. Colonel oosevelt's strength rprised many, alough it did not fulthe expectations of s confident supports. He carried a numr of States, however, cluding Illinois, wa, Michigan and nnsylvania, more an enough to give m a good lead over resident Taft. As is edition goes to ress, the returns om several States e still incomplete, though the latest rures will not change e position of the ndidates. It is estiated that Governor ilson will have 400 tes in the Electoral llege, 266 being necsary to a choice.

Throughout the untry the voting as very heavy, the ather being favorle in most localities. almost all the ates, the rural vote as polled early. vernor Wilson carid his own State by ,000, and he also rried Ohio, Presint Taft's State, by ,000. Colonel Roosevelt had 40,000 plurality in nnsylvania, and he also carried Illinois, although a smaller vote. Maine, for the first time in ty years, went Democratic, and gave Wilson 00 plurality. New York went to Wilson by a mendous landslide, and also elected a Democratic vernor.

When the results of the vote throughout the untry became known, Colonel Roosevelt was the st to congratulate Governor Wilson on his elecn. He sent him a telegram which read:

"The American people, by a great plurality, have nferred upon you the highest honor in their gift. ongratulate you thereon.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Other telegrams poured in upon the successful ndidate at his home in Princeton. The governor spent the evening quietly with his family and a few political friends. Returns were received by telephone in the library, and when at last the confident announcement of his election was sent over the wire, Mrs. Wilson was the first to receive it. She went over to the governor, who stood before the open fireplace. The big grandfather's clock had just struck ten. "My dear," she said, "I want to be the first to congratulate you." This was the first of a series of greetings which lasted half an hour. Then he was told that there were several hundred Princeton students eager to see him. He had heard them cheering outside, and smiled as he gave consent to their admittance. When they were ranged up before him, their faces shining with enthusiasm, the governor said in serious tones:

"I have no feeling of triumph to-night, but a feeling of solemn responsibility. I know the very great task ahead of me and the men associated with myself. I look almost with pleading to you, the young men of America, to stand behind me, to support me in the new administration. Wrongs have been done, but they have not been done malevolently. We must have the quietest temper in what we are going to do. We must not let any man divert us. We must have quiet temper and yet be resolute of purpose. But let us hear them all patiently and yet, hearing all, let us not be diverted. I know what you want and we will not accomplish it through a single man nor a single session of the houses of Congress, but by long processes running through the next generation."

Colonel Roosevelt, too, had a little gathering of newspaper men at Oyster Bay, at almost the same hour in which President-elect Wilson was addressing the Princeton College students. The ex-President led his visitors out to the veranda and gave them this message to the public:

"The American people, by a great plurality, have decided in favor of Mr. Wilson and the Democratic Party. Like all other good citizens, I accept the results with entire good humor and contentment. As for the Progressive cause, I can only repeat what I have said so many times: "The leader for the time being is of little consequence, but the cause itself must triumph, for its triumph is essential to the well-being of the American people.'"

He concluded with: "Now, gentlemen, I wish you good-night."

President Taft learned the result of the great battle at the polls while in the home of his brother, Charles P. Taft, in Cincinnati, and in the same room where he heard the news of his victory over Mr. Bryan four years ago. Now, however, the bulletins were not those of triumph, but of defeat. Even as late as six o'clock—just an hour before the returns began to come in—the President believed he would have a safe majority in the Electoral College. When the result came over the 'phone, he preserved his characteristic good-nature. Later he issued a statement in which he says: "The election of Governor Wilson to the Presidency means an early change in the economic policy of the government in reference to the tariff. If this change can be made without halting prosperity, I sincerely hope it may be." He also sent the following message to President-elect Wilson:

"I cordially congratulate you on your election, and extend to you my best wishes for a successful administration. WILLIAM H. TAFT."

Democrats elected governors in New York, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Texas, Ohio, and nine other States. Congress will probably show a majority of 145 Democrats in the House and eight in the Senate.

THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT

Thomas Woodrow Wilson

Thomas Riley Marshall

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN DEAD

THE Honorable James Schoolcraft Sherman, Vice President of the United States, and candidate of the Republican party for re-election to that office, died at his home in Utica, N. Y., on October 30. though Mr. Sherman had been in seriously bad health r some months, the public generally was not aware of and the sudden news, announced a day or two before s death, that he would probably not recover from his ost recent attack, was a decided shock. On October 28, s physician, Dr. Fayette N. Peck, issued a bulletin in nich he said: "Mr. Sherman has been sick all this year, e to condition of the kidneys, hardening of the arteries d softening of the muscles of the heart." Throughout e last hours he lay in a state of coma, with the exception a brief interval of about fifteen minutes, in which he cognized and spoke to his wife and Dr. Peck.

When the end came, at 9:42 o'clock, Mr. Sherman was rrounded by his wife, his three sons and their wives, o brothers, and a brother and sister of Mrs. Sherman. lls were tolled in the City Hall at Utica and in the urches throughout the city, and the news, flashing over legraph wires, brought regret to many persons in all alks of life and to many assemblies in session. Presint Taft was attending a dinner, at which nearly twelve ndred guests were present, celebrating the launching the battleship *New York* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. though the program of speeches was not completed, the resident asked that "the assemblage adjourn in honor of e Vice-President's memory, and that no further proceedings be taken." Ex-President Roosevelt heard the news in New York, as he was leaving Madison Square Garden after his address at the rally of the Progressive Party. He at once sent a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Sherman for himself and Mrs. Roosevelt. All campaign activities at Utica were suspended until after the funeral, which took place on November 2. Governor Johnson, Progressive candidate for Vice-President, was to have spoken in that city on the 31st, but canceled the engagement. A Wilson-Marshall banner, hung across one of the principal thoroughfares, was removed. Leaders of his own and the other political parties expressed themselves as griefstricken by the loss of their genial and gifted friend.

Mr. Sherman was born near Utica in 1855; was graduated from Hamilton College in 1878; became a lawyer and was elected mayor of Utica in 1884; was elected in 1887, when only thirty-two years of age, to the House of Representatives, where he soon became a prominent and influential factor in Congress. He held positions on many important committees, was an expert on Indian affairs, directing much important Indian legislation, and was reputed to be the best parliamentarian in Congress. No other representative has been called on so often as he to preside over the deliberations of the House when sitting as a committee of the whole, and some of the greatest House debates of recent years were conducted with Mr. Sherman in the chair. When, on his election to the vice presidency in 1908, he became president of the Senate, he introduced the innovation of appearing in a business suit,

Continued on page 1141

The Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman
The deceased Vice-President of the United States

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

The Testing Time

IN DISCUSSING the general condition of religious journalism in this country, the *Christian Standard* of Cincinnati, one of the ablest denominational religious weeklies, asks pointedly: "What is the matter with the denominational press?" That something *is* the matter there can be little doubt. One needs only to look around him to note the many changes that have taken place recently. Old publications, veterans in the religious field, have passed out of the struggle, while others have merged their interests in the forlorn hope of pulling through. It is undeniable that there has been a heavy mortality rate among denominational publications, which is not to be accounted for by any ordinary explanation. They do not lack ability; and their loyalty to the interests of their wing of the great Church of Christ is beyond question. What, then, is the matter?

Searching for the explanation, the *Standard* finds it, or something very near it, in the suggestion that the denominational press is weak-kneed and lacks the moral and spiritual backbone to stand out boldly against the encroachments of Romanism, and to denounce the Papacy as the arch-enemy of religious freedom in this republic. The fact is that the testing time has come when every Protestant newspaper, whatsoever its denomination, must show its colors and step bravely to the front on this great issue, or it must inevitably fall to the rear and be mustered out. We have reached the crossroads where we must choose either the path that leads to a new Reformation, which shall revitalize and unify Protestantism; or the road that leads to dishonor and defeat, and bow to the triumph of the Romanist campaign to "make America Catholic."

One by one, the best and ablest of our religious journals have already come to the front on this issue and more are on the way. We should like to see every Protestant publication doing its duty as the reflector and historian of public opinion on this great question of our day. We should welcome such fraternal concord among the various Protestant denominations as would inspire all to put themselves officially on record concerning the aggressions of Rome as the Methodist, the Lutherans, the Presbyterians and Episcopalians have already done. This is a conflict in which united action will win the day; not a conflict in any physical sense, but a warfare of high principles and truth against error, in which the whole nation is vitally interested. Out with your flags, brethren of the denominational press, and let the whole world see where you stand!

An Appeal from the Balkans

THIRTY-FIVE thousand men killed and wounded during the first nine days of the Balkan campaign! Hospitals crowded and many wounded soldiers unprovided for! Women and children left destitute, with no men to cut trees for their winter wood, or bring fodder for the stock, or earn money to buy food, which can be secured only at famine prices! The harsh Balkan winter coming on! Pain, desolation, and death!

A CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee has been organized at Sofia, and our readers have the opportunity of repeating the splendid acts of self-sacrificing charity with which they have so many times in the past amazed the world and cheered the hearts and saved the lives of suffering men, women and children. The time has come; it has rushed suddenly upon us when the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family can demonstrate that they are still the same grand army of relief—in the name of the gentle Christ. What they did for China, for Armenia, for Cuba, for Finland, for Italy, and for other nations, as well as for our own America, in times of famine and flood, earthquake and fire, and persecution, they will do again for the brave people of these little Balkan States, which have drained themselves of their manhood, leaving weeping women and hungry children to face winter and want and sorrow undefended.

Already these brothers and sisters of ours have held out their hands asking us to come to their relief. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is cabling $250 to the relief committee in anticipation of contributions, that the work may be begun at once. All contributions will be forwarded to Sofia by cable. The committee requests that every donor state whether he wishes his gift applied to the care of the wounded soldiers or for the wives and children.

The present campaign will doubtless be recorded as one of the sharpest, bloodiest, most amazingly impetuous in all history. Turkey being forced to the wall after what seems to have been a decisive battle, intervention by the European Powers may follow. But the wounds in flesh and hearts and fields will be long in healing. Brave men have gone to the firing line; brave women are bearing burdens of want and grief; we are asked to match their courage with our charity.

An Introduction

LET us have the pleasure of presenting to you a new friend of ours, Pollyanna. It is quite certain that you're going to like her, for she's the most charming little person you ever met. Here's how we'll make the introduction. We have secured the right to print as a serial one of the finest stories THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has ever given its readers, and the first chapters will be in the November 27 issue. This story *is*

"POLLYANNA"

It is from the pen of Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, who has charmed so many thousands with *The Story of Marco, Into Still Waters, The Transformation of Margaret,* etc. *Pollyanna* is the best yet. Mrs. Porter always tells us a story that weaves its way in and out of dear, homely, real American homes and through hearts of the sort we meet every day. This time she brings us the story of a wonderfully lovable, elfin little girl who, with her strange "game," is the figure round which revolve mighty changes in the lives of those she meets.

Mr. Stockton Mulford, the artist who is making the pictures for the story, came in the other day with the first ones. He has been studying the manuscript and its characters so that their hearts may be reflected in their faces, and his enthusiasm is immense. "Why," he says, "I never knew of but one story along anything like the same lines, and I think this has it outclassed every way you take it."

An Explanation

SEVERAL readers have written asking why the news of the recent attack on Colonel Roosevelt did not appear in our issue of October 23. The explanation is that, owing to its widely extended circulation, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is obliged to send its regular issue to press twelve days in advance of the date of publication in order to secure simultaneous delivery. Thus the issue of October 23 went to press on October 11, three days before the occurrence in Milwaukee, a full account of which appeared in the issue of October 30. This is one of the incidents occasionally inevitable in the production of a paper of large circulation, like that of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It may be added that not one of the following weekly publications of national circulation printed the news of the event as early as October 23: *Collier's Weekly, The Literary Digest, Leslie's Weekly.*

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Where Do You Stand?

THERE is probably no joy within human re[ach] that can equal the joy of kindly service. Go[od] deeds have not loud voices, but they are never al[to]gether hidden or silent; they speak for themsel[ves] at the proper time, however modest the doer.

A quiet little lady—a "home body"—said one [day] to her husband, "John, I have a confession to mak[e]"

"Well, what is it? Something dreadful, no doub[t]"

"It depends on how you look at it," she s[aid] quietly. "I've been t-e-r-r-i-b-l-y extravagant."

"Out with it, little wife," said John.

"Well," she said, "you know that money I h[ave] been saving for a while past. I have spent it. N[ow] there!"

"Good! I suppose a new dress or something"

"N-o," she interrupted. "But I found out twe[lve] poor families in our district, and I have arran[ged] that in these twelve homes they will eat a Than[ks]giving Dinner at our expense, yours and mi[ne]. They are very poor and cannot have such things [for] themselves, John, and I thought—"

What she thought, however, did not appear, [for] she was interrupted at that point by a kiss.

"Good little wife!" said John. "Your heart [al]ways leads you right. I hope they will enjoy [the] dinners, but the less said about these things [the] better—I mean in a public way."

"Yes, John," said the little wife, "for Jesus [Him]self said, 'Do not your alms to be seen of men,' and n[ot] of our other neighbors will know it."

THIS little woman was a missionary. In a q[uiet] and unostentatious way she was carrying [the] Gospel of love and kindness into twelve homes [of] poverty. This is precisely what THE CHRIST[IAN] HERALD Family Circle has been doing all th[ese] years, and the editors of the paper are thankful [for] the co-operation they have had in this good wor[k].

Let us tell you of another sweet-souled woma[n], a housewife, like the first. She did her own ho[use]work, her cooking, her tidying up and the rest o[f it], and yet she found time to visit three hundred ot[her] homes into which she introduced her favorite pa[per], THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the result that [she] sent us 125 new subscribers. She was a home m[is]sionary of the first order. Still another not[able] instance of missionary service is that of a man in a Virginia prison who, having found Christ th[ere] while reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, got th[ree] hundred other persons to take the paper, and [as] the result of his work is a revival in that pri[son]. These three cases are absolute facts.

OF COURSE, it is not within the power of ev[ery] reader to spend so much time in circulating [THE] CHRISTIAN HERALD, but there is probably no m[em]ber of our CHRISTIAN HERALD Family who co[uld], not, if he or she made the effort prayerfully [and] earnestly, send us one or two new subscribers. I[f] every member of the Circle were to do this, send[ing] only a single new subscriber apiece, we would co[me] very near touching the million mark this sea[son]. Just think of the splendid opportunity for miss[ion]ary service. A united effort on the part of [our] friends would help us to accomplish what we h[ave] been striving and praying and hoping and labor[ing] to do for years past.

YOU can do this, if you will. With God's l[ove] and by devoting a few hours of your spare tim[e] the task, you can make your favorite journa[l] weekly messenger to a million American hom[es]. What a mighty agency our Family Circle would [be] one million strong, banded together In His N[ame] for consecrated service! That is our goal, and [we] want you to help us reach it NOW.

All that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done in [the] past, all the good work it has accomplished at h[ome] and abroad, all the splendid Christ-like humani[tar]ian campaigns it has conducted, are due in ev[ery] case to its readers. We have been praying [and] working and hoping that this year the field of [ser]vice may be greatly enlarged, and that 1913 ma[y be] a year full of rich blessing to every house[hold] represented in our Family Circle, and better [than] all the years that have gone before.

WHAT will you do, dear friend—you who [read] this article—toward helping us reach the [mil]lion mark, and to multiply our present opportu[nity] for service? If you will send in with your [own] renewal *one new subscription*, both subscriptio[ns] together will be accepted at the *special rate* of *$2.25*. Let us hear from you at once, and le[t us] have the pleasure of enrolling you as one wh[o is] ready to help us in making the Family Circle a [mil]lion strong—the greatest united power for g[ood] that Christian journalism has ever known.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

An Epoch-Marking Memorial

ABOUT the middle of September there was dedicated in Castelfidardo, Italy, a monument to General Cialdini and the Piedmont soldiers who under his command won the tle against the Papal forces led by General noriciere, which freed Italy from the rule of the ican. The unveiling took place on the fifty- nd anniversary of the victory, and was attended a great gathering of Italians prominent in politi- professional and social life. King Victor and en Helena were present at the ceremonies, the en loosing the cord which held the veiling of the nument. The monument itself is a colossal work, represents years of effort on the part of its lptor, Vito Pardo. The project was started in 2 under the direction of a national committee t had the patronage of the te di Torino. The actual k of completing the statue an immense one, for the res of the soldiers are nine in height and the mounted re of the general over fif- feet. Nearly seventeen s of bronze were used in the struction of the monument, over six hundred and fifty s of stone went into its com- ition. The entire work while in sections required forty- cars to carry it to its final tion. The interior of this at work of art is devoted to nemorial room which con- s relics of the mighty ggle it commemorates. All nations of the world have into stone and bronze record of important events, of heroic characters that e had a part in the founda- , perpetuity, or progress of country. The monuments ress the gratitude to bene- ors, are a lesson to the liv- and are an inspiration to ater devotion to country. s the hope and prayer of Christian world to-day that may cease, and the Prince Peace may rule the world h love. A simple monu- nt of gratitude to God was ed early in the history of the Hebrew nation.

en shall ye answer them, That the waters of Jordah were off before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord when it ed over Jordan; and these stones shall be for a memorial the children of Israel forever. (Josh. 4: 7.)

A Boulder of Copper

MONG the curiosities removed to the new Museum Building at Washington was that of a boulder copper three and one-half feet long, three feet e, and one and one-half feet in thickness, weigh- three tons. The metal mass has an interesting ory. For ages this remarkable mass of copper on the west bank of the Ontonagon River in the per Peninsula of Michigan, where it was known many years by the Chippewa Indians of that on. It was not until 1766, however, that the white man, Alexander Henry, an English ad- turer and trader, found this remarkable speci- . In 1841 Julius Eldred, a hardware merchant Detroit, purchased the rock from the Chippewa ians, on whose lands it was located, and two rs later, after many difficulties, succeeded in nsporting it down the Ontonagon River, ough Lake Superior to Sault St. Marie, and nce to Detroit, where it was placed on exhibition a brief period. Soon after its arrival the gov- ment claimed it, and toward the end of 1843 it shipped to Washington and deposited in the d of the quartermaster's bureau of the War partment, where it remained until 1860, when as transferred to the Smithsonian Institution. s remarkable boulder is perhaps the first siderable quantity of copper found in the Lake perior region, a district which has since become of the most important copper-producing terri- es in the world. The museum specimen, though e and interesting, is by no means the largest d piece of copper ever found. The largest cop- specimen ever discovered was that found in 7 in a Minnesota mine. It measured forty-five in length, twenty-two feet at its greatest width, more than eight feet at its thickest part; was ninety per cent. pure copper, and weighed 420 tons. Copper of fine quality was mined in olden Bible times. Ezra weighed the costly vessels to be used in the service of the Lord; among them

Twenty basins of gold, of a thousand drams; and two vessels of fine copper, precious as gold. (Ezra 8: 27.)

Rich Hermit Was Poor

MARINO MERLINO, a hermit seventy-three years old, died in Philadelphia the other day. Dying unattended by a physician or nurse, the police were called in to care for his body and arrange for the funeral. The officers looked through a dilapidated valise, and found it crammed full of bills of small denominations. A trunk they discovered to be full of silver coins from nickels to dollars. Bank-notes of large denominations were secreted beneath the carpet. They were spread neatly over the floor so that no lump betrayed their presence. The silver pieces and paper bills amounted in all to $30,000. Besides, bank-books were unearthed that represented a balance in his favor in savings banks of Philadelphia of $100,000. He liked the clink of the silver and the rustle of the bills better than human voices, and preferred the company of his material wealth to that of human souls. How many comforts of life he denied himself which he might have had for the interest on his money! How many widows he could have fed and orphans he could have clothed! How many pains he could have eased, what pitiful conditions he could have improved with the proceeds of his money without reducing the principal one cent! How close he could have gotten to God's heart by a right use of his money for the church in the name of his Master! But no; he had no room for anything else but the love of money, which made his a poor, pitiable, lonesome, selfish, wasted life, a failure and a mockery. There is a deep mystery about this hermit Merlino. No one knows how he got his money, nor where it is to go now he is dead. These words of Christ come to mind now:

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? (Luke 12: 20.)

The Monument to General Cialdini and the Piedmontese at Castelfidardo, Italy

The King and Queen at the Unveiling

Centenarian Visits New York

MACAGOR WISE, aged one hundred and nine years, of Beaver Brook, N. Y., visited New York City the other day, the first time in twenty years, and was as much of a curiosity to the city as the city with its skyscrapers, subways and other wonders, was to him. To a reporter he gave some interesting incidents of his life. He thus referred to his fighting the Indians, and to his enlistment in the Civil War: "It was on the Susquehanna," said the veteran backwoodsman. "The banks came down steep on either side and the Indians were in ambush on both sides waitin' for us. They trapped us and pretty near killed every one of us. I escaped all right, and when I ran about half a mile I saw Rufus Wood, a friend of mine, come runnin' back along the trail as fast as he could, followed by an Indian. I put a bullet through the savage an' dropped him. Rufus, he turned aroun' and looked at him and then he yelled, 'Look a' here. It's Old Nick.' And sure enough it was Old Nick, the chief of the tribe. Yes, when the Civil War came I couldn't keep away. I went down to Trenton one day in 1862, and I saw the boys enlistin'. They were all enthusiasm an' it just got a hold of me." "But, Uncle Macagor, you must have been nearly sixty years old then," interposed the reporter. "Yes, I was fifty-nine. But I enlisted all right." "Couldn't they see you were over the age limit?" "They knew I was the best marksman that ever joined the army, and they wanted me." He spoke of his wound and hospital experience. He said his father took him to see the first railroad built in the country, and that he was an old man when the telegraph and telephone came along. He has good eyesight, a strong grip, a little flush of color in his withered face, enjoys life, was happy as a child seeing New York, and returned to his farm, of which he still has the management. He is within eleven years of the age of Moses when he died, and the old gentleman says he intends to live a good while longer, as his father lived to be older than he, and he expects that his life clock will run as long as his father's did.

And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. (Deut. 34: 7.)

A Cave Tomb

SOME little boys of Brooklyn, none of them over twelve years of age, organized a band of "boy bandits" and worked for four weeks digging a cave as a headquarters for the Indian fighters and Black Avengers. Willie Bloom, aged nine, and Johnie Pecorella, aged twelve, concluded they would sleep in the cave on a bunk covered with hay. They did so the night of October 28. Their parents missed them and looked everywhere in vain for them. The next morning it was found that the roof had fallen in on them and smothered both of them to death. Whatever parental responsibility there may have been, whatever wild Indian stories may have been read, the city with its atmosphere of pillage and murder is much to blame for a crop of boy bandits. Vice and crime are constantly before their eyes, and it is in the air they breathe. We pity rather than blame these little fellows. Of them it can be said:

Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child. (Prov. 22: 15.)

MEN OF VISION FOR LEADERSHIP

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE story of the Transfiguration teems with inspirational and practical lessons, but the central purpose of it all was the preparation of chosen men by a vision of the real Christ and of heaven for service on earth.

"After six days." The time of this vision, that prepared men for divine service all the week and all through life, was the Sabbath, no doubt—the Friday evening with which the Sabbath then began. It was then that Jesus took to his coronation his cabinet, Peter, James and John, his only companions at the raising of Lazarus and later in Gethsemane's agony. It was not favoritism but fitness that gave these men their great opportunities. They were by no means perfect, but they were the best fitted of all his disciples and apostles to understand and appreciate these visions of the power and love of Christ. Let us catch the practical lesson in passing that while worth is not always rewarded in this world, men who thoroughly fit themselves for some place usually get there sooner or later. Young men who appreciate so well the significance in athletics of the words, "He is fit," should remember that the man who would be "fit" for the greater achievements of life must also train and restrain himself. A boy of fifteen entering a college class of older men determined in his own mind that four years later he would be class historian, one of the four chief honors. He began at once to make full notes of all significant events in the history of the class and of its individual members, and when the time came he was unanimously elected, because he was the best prepared for the work. In our relations with God there is no exception to the law of "the survival of the fittest" and the exaltation of the efficient.

"Went up into the mountain." No one who ever traveled through Palestine or carefully studied its topography could have any doubt that what was, even in Christ's day, known as "the mountain" could be no other than snow-capped Mount Hermon, which towers daily before the traveler in solitary pre-eminence, like a marble cathedral—the fittest place for the coronation of One who was King of all nature, King of heaven above and earth below, of Jews and Gentiles. It is pertinent to note also that companionship with Christ takes us to the mountain-top of joy. And as the sherbet sold in the hot and dusty roads of Syria is cooled with the snows of Mount Hermon, so it is from the vision of Christ that we derive the sweetest consolations for life's vexing hours.

"Apart by themselves to pray." Only four present at this prayer-meeting—yet who will say it was not worth while? What a rebuke to those who give up a prayer meeting in summer or winter because only a few will attend! An orthodox doctor of divinity said in 1911, "The prayer meeting is a consecrated nuisance." If any of them are, it is the fault of the pastor or his helpers. There are thronged prayer meetings, pulsing with the heart-throb of a helpful Christ, in which half a dozen are on their feet at once. No prayer meeting ought to be given up wholly to telling experiences, but chiefly to 'hearing Him' who speaks from heaven in his Word, and replying in brief prayers; and the end should not be to "get a blessing," "to be fed," but to get ammunition and training and orders as soldiers of Christ.

We need to pray with others that we may comprehend with all saints those Christian truths we might not learn alone; but we need also to go "apart to pray" with "Jesus only" every day. A Roman Catholic girl who had stopped praying to saints and commenced praying to Jesus, and who was watched and persecuted, went away into a coal-bin, and in the dark and dirt prayed till, as she said, "it got as light as day." (See II. Cor. 4: 6.) In one of our larger colleges for girls, a special feature of the daily life of the household is the morning and evening "silent time." At the opening and closing of the day there is a brief period, marked by the strokes of the bell, during which all the house is quiet. Every pupil is in her room. There is no conversation. No step is heard in the corridors. The whole great house is as quiet as if all its five hundred occupants were sleeping. There is no positively prescribed way of spending these silent minutes in the rooms, but it is understood that all whose hearts so incline shall devote the time to devotional reading, meditation, and prayer.

Mount Hermon, Where It Is Believed the Transfiguration Took Place

A Christian man of intense business enterprise and activity was laid aside by sickness. He who never would intermit his labors was compelled to come to a dead halt. His restless limbs were stretched motionless on the bed. He was so weak that he could scarcely utter a word. Speaking to a friend of the contrast between this condition and the times when he had been driving his immense business, he said: "Now I am growing. I have been running my soul thin by my activity. Now I am growing in the knowledge of myself and of some things which most intimately concern me." George Herbert's quaint lines contain wise counsel:

> By all means use some time to be alone;
> Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
> Dare to look in thy chest—for 'tis thine own—
> And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

"And as he was praying, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his face did shine as the sun; and he was transfigured before them; and his garments became glistering, exceeding white; so as no fuller on earth can whiten them." "We beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth" (John 1: 14). "We were eye-witnesses of his majesty, for he received from God the Father honor and glory" (II. Pe 1: 16, 17). This combines the descriptions of thi wonderful scene not only from Matthew, Mark an Luke, who got the story from others, but also fro John and Peter as eye-witnesses. No doubt th apostle James, who was martyred before the Ne Testament was written, may have given his obse vations to Matthew as a fellow apostle.

The transfiguration was really but the temporar unveiling of the hidden Kingship of Christ, "th glory he had with the Father before the world was. The Sabbath previous he had told his apostles tha he must be crucified—as if a preacher told h church officers he was to be hung—and he had con forted them with the assurance that some of the would live to "see the kingdom of God come wit power." This revelation of his Kingship was partial fulfilment of that promise. The "glisten ing" white garments were such as kings wore, an proclaimed his royalty. Th transfigured cloud and hea enly voice expressed th heavenly Father's approv of the coronation. But th transfigured flesh proclaime that his transfiguration w not like that of Moses at S nai, from without, but fro within. Here was a Kin who had a right to put h crown on his own head.

But note that it was du ing a human act, one i which he bids us share, o which he performed as a Sc of Man, that the glory can upon him. "As he *praye* the fashion of his count nance was altered." And le we should think we may n also be changed in outwa appearance by inward dev tion, Paul uses the san Greek word when he co mands us, in God's name, "I ye transfigured by the r newing of your mind," th is, by the regeneration your heart (Rom. 12:2). S the trees are transfigur after the winter by the inn life bursting out in leaf a flower and fruit. Jesus sa to the Father, "The glory that thou gavest me ha I given them," as if to make clear the fact that v too may be transfigured.

The skeptics say that the transfiguration w only the sunrise in the face of the half-awake di ciples. But let them explain Christ's transfigur tions of men and nations since then; thieves a drunkards made into honest citizens and altruist welfare-workers; pagan Europe humanized; sava islands civilized. How many things the touch Jesus has glorified! Bethlehem and Nazareth, on despised villages, are as well known and more e teemed than London and New York. The litt lake of Galilee, about twelve by seventeen miles, the best known and most loved lake in the worl "Samaritan" was a word of reproach, but the wor recalls the word chiefly in speaking of the "Go Samaritan." In each Christian life Jesus transfi ures doubt into faith, sorrow into joy, temptati into strength, death into victory.

"And there appeared unto them two men, Elij with Moses, in glory." Death then does not end a Moses was 1,608 years old at the time of the tran figuration and Elijah about a thousand—he h been 932 years in heaven. All the philosophy Greece does not give us so much assurance of a pe sonal immortality as this one well-attested reco which shows that heaven is not "far away" b close at hand, and that personal identity continu far beyond this life, and also interest in this worl redemption. Note, however, that there is no record th any one but Christ talked with these heavenly sain

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* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for November 24, 1912. The Transfiguration. Mark 9: 2-13. (Read story of same in Matt. 17: 1-13; Luke 9: 28-36; John 1: 14; II. Peter 1: 16-18.) Golden Text: "A voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my Son, my chosen: hear ye him. And when the voice came, Jesus was found alone." Luke 9: 35, 36, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

IN THE OPEN PARLIAMENT of Sunday school superintendents at the International Sunday School Convention in San Francisco a few ago, which was conducted by Marion Lawrance, the general secretary, the following questions and answers were brought forth. Because of their pertinence to the Sunday school problem at all times they are repeated here:

Q. What should be the superintendent's last word in dismissing the Sunday school? A. Invitation to church; prayer; benediction—something that will fix the lesson truth.

Q. Should organized adult classes be present at the opening and closing exercises? How much time should they have to themselves? A. Better that all should be together in the opening exercises, but that large classes should be dismissed from their own class-rooms.

Q. To what extent should an organized class be independent from the school? A. None; it has a bad effect for any class to be independent from the rest.

Q. What is the best plan for maintaining a helpful council meeting of officers and teachers? A. Have definite plan for meeting; have devotions; have speaking; consider one phase of the school at each meeting.

Q. How may the teachers' meeting be successfully conducted in schools using the Graded Lessons? A. Have general business council, and then divide under the leadership of departmental superintendents. Graded unions are a good thing for this.

Q. What can be done with young people recently converted, so they will not lose their interest? A. Set them to work.

Q. To what extent should church membership be pressed upon scholars who have confessed Christ? A. Line them up with church. They should by all means be urged join.

Q. How may a superintendent cultivate reverence in the Sunday school? A. By be reverent himself.

Q. Should a superintendent suspend indefinitely incorrigible boys and girls? A. N never have seen one; love is the better way their hearts. It will win every time.

IDOLS OF GOLD

BY FLORENCE GUERTIN TUTTLE

A Story, Complete in This Issue

YOUNG Ludwig, Baron of Saxony, stood on the stern deck of an ocean liner and watched his past recede. Behind him were his traditions, his training, his early associations; his amily with its ancient castles, its empty coffers, its ristocratic delusions, its pathetic attempts to rasp and retain a feudalism already extinct. Be-ore him lay America, its Goddess of Liberty hold-ng the scroll of his future in her firm, strong ands.

Ludwig did not deceive himself as to that future. e knew that, younger son though he was, he was ie modern straw at which the expiring family ride collectively clutched. His elder brother was opelessly invalided. The title and mantle of dig-ty must some time descend upon the younger n's well-set shoulders. Affairs were still con-ucted upon a subtle, medieval, rather ian an open, Twentieth Century asis, in Saxony. Yet Ludwig under-ood the occasion for his trip to merica quite as well as if it had been delicately discussed. They hoped it ould be a "mission," even as his an-estors had assumed crusades. They rusted that he would fill the family xchequer after the ancient and ap-roved custom of honorable gentle-en—he was to marry money. Vul-arly speaking, which in Saxony was odernly speaking, he was expected charm and entrap a million-dollar rincess. Would he do it? He looked ver the foaming white wake etched the vessel through a sea, now reen, now blue, and told himself that depended. It depended upon the irl. If she wished for a fair ex-hange—he shrugged his shoulders. e would sacrifice himself to the fam-y pride. He would bury his hopes. ut he would not pretend to a passion e did not feel. Far out on the hori-on flitted the girlish ghosts of his outhful fancies. Mockingly they eemed to wave a farewell of white ands to him. His eyes shot out long-istance, good-humored smiles in re-irn. He felt a sense of confusion, lmost of disloyalty, at realizing how eerfully he left those airy figures. he real woman, the woman for whom man would fight with every inch of is manhood, had not yet challenged im. The Great Experience, before hich all others become dwarfed, had ot arrived. And if it should? His ews came together firmly. His shoul-ers lifted. He came of generations men who had died fighting for their dies. He would be true to the in-incts of his race.

He checked himself here with a eptical shrug. Experiences such as e had dreamed of did not fall to any. About him he saw harassed umanity, bravely making the best of ounterfeit affinities in lieu of genu-ne. The poetry, the fine aroma and ssence of life, was probably not for im. He must console himself with ne prose of an American princess. t least the binding would be beauti-il. His critical taste would discrimi-ate as to that. Yet how little ecompense, he thought, in possessing n edition de luxe in covers when—his humor as-erted itself—the pages within came to mean Paradise Lost."

He began to stroll the deck. Doubtless there ere million-dollar princesses on board among the uman freight. With a half scorn of his quest and whole-hearted interest in the new scenes ahead, he t his gaze fall politely, almost flatteringly, on the orms in the steamer chairs. He encircled the deck ithout seeing a face that invited a second scru-ny. In no eye did the spark of life beckon. oredom was written on those not frankly given ver to slumber. If he could have discovered only ne face, man or woman, to whom life was a thing be lived, the great and exciting adventure, he ould have found some way of opening communica-ons. If he found any interest expressed, any in-rrogation, it was a weary "How long? How long ust we endure each other and this daily, deadly, olling monotony, before we reach terra firma?"

The shouts of children at play on the deck below rrested him. He leaned on the railing and over-ooked the travelers of the second class. He saw at the shrill voices came not from children but from dwarfed men and women. He remembered that on the boat was a troop of midgets who were to appear in a spectacle in New York. Their antics amused him. He lingered by the rail. They seemed to be looking excitedly in one direction. He followed their eyes. Down the deck, at full speed, a girl was running. After her came two men midgets. In the stern the little company of dwarfs watching the race jumped up and down. "Come on! Come on! Come on!" they cried in a Southern European patois. On the girl flew. Ludwig could see her face now. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes smiled. She was enjoying to the full every ounce of energy she was expending. Here was some one who was really living! Before he realized what he was doing Ludwig was leaning over the railing cheering to hearten her, "Hasten, Made-

Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter

The girl came nearer and spoke rapidly

moiselle, hasten! See! They are gaining on you!"

The girl heard the voice. Without looking up, she quickened her speed. A few yards more, and amid the delighted screeches of the little people, she touched the goal. Then she sank breathless upon a bench, the midgets swarming around her.

"Hide once more!" they pleaded. "Play hide-and-seek once more." She raised her eyes to the first-class passenger deck and met Ludwig's amused glance. Then she shook her head at the dwarfs and motioned with her hands for them to disperse. Ludwig, fearing that his presence embarrassed her, lifted his hat and left the rail.

When he had left the scene he could not tell whether or not the girl was pretty. Animation had been uppermost in her face. He remembered only a slender blue serge figure flying down the deck as not many girls could run, with the fresh, unspoiled joy of living radiating from her as she ran.

"I'd like to paint her as a modern Atalanta," he said. Like most foreigners trained to be non-useful, he had dabbled in art. "I'd—I'd like to race with her myself." Then he turned into the reading-room, and was soon lost to present events.

The next day, after wandering around idly all the morning, Ludwig was drawn, almost against his will, to the rail overlooking the second-class deck. The girl was there. She was reading to some American children. Her face looked grave now. He pronounced her interesting rather than pretty. He began to wish vaguely that she would be interesting, or might become interested—in him. Would she never look up? He wanted some sign of recognition from her. Just then she raised her eyes and for the space of a second met his glance directly. But, without the slightest indication of ever having seen him before, her eyes swept over him and wandered out to sea. He was not even an adjunct of the marine view! Her interst in him, as a human being, even after his interest of yesterday, was clearly nil. This was a novel experience. In Ludwig's little kingdom he had been a kind of Ahasuerus to whom every Esther only waited the lifting of his scepter to approach. He laughingly admitted that he liked this new attitude. He supposed it was American independence. And it spurred him on to attempt to conquer it.

The next morning he purloined a few lumps of sugar and went below to the second-class deck. The ponies used by the dwarfs in the New York performance were housed in the bow. As a means to an end he meant to cultivate the dwarfs. Only a few first-class passengers developed sufficient energy to see the ponies. The Italian stable boy was alone with them, save for a woman and one dwarf. Ludwig recognized the graceful figure. It was Atalanta! He was afraid she might think that he had followed her. But it was plain that she was not thinking of him at all. She was making the rounds of the ponies with her small escort, and was absorbed in reciprocating courtesies as he solemnly introduced her to each small horse.

"This my ponee, Babette," Pedro explained, stopping by a rotund little animal. "I ride heem—in show. Babette, smart Babette do tricks. But have care, Mademoiselle. Babette jealous. Babette ugly."

As he spoke Babette pointed her ears, rolled her eyes till they showed red, and snapped savagely at the girl's arm. Quick as a flash, something forced Babette's head upwards and held it firmly, while a voice of authority said: "Steady, Babette! Steady, girl!" For a moment the pony struggled, as Ludwig rose over her, still holding her by the mane, gazing steadily into her eyes. Gradually the pointed ears relaxed. Slowly the red disappeared from the eyes. Retaining his hold with one hand, Ludwig reached for a lump of sugar with the other. Babette ate the lump greedily and whinnied for more. Ludwig laughed boyishly, patting her face.

"Shake hands, Babette, and I'll give you more sugar." Babette hesitated. "Shake hands," the man who had mastered her insisted. Slowly the pony lifted a small hoof and put it daintily in Ludwig's palm.

"Good girl!" he said, shaking the hoof heartily and rewarding Babette with a second lump. "Nice Babette!" as the velvet nose rubbed his arm.

"You show-rider? You do trick?" asked the midget who had watched the scene in wonder. Ludwig smiled.

"No show-rider. Do tricks—a little—in army. Like horses—that's all."

The girl came slowly forward.

"I am greatly indebted to you," she said simply. "Babette meant mischief. She was jealous of Pedro's friendship for me." She smiled her thanks and turned to go.

"Must you go?" Ludwig found himself saying. "Won't you and Pedro tell me about the ponies? They are so clever. They seem a jolly lot."

Pedro, finding a sympathetic listener, slipped his hand fraternally into the blond giant's who had so wonderfully tamed Babette, and led Ludwig around the stalls, giving a dramatic account of the virtues and failings of each horse. The girl accompanied them. She had that unconscious poise of manner —or was it absence of manner?—that seemed to

Continued on next page

Made over from a pink voile, dyed tan

Made over from a white serge, dyed navy blue

"Two Fall Dresses for My Daughters"

"I had [illegible] I [illegible] under the Cover. I had [illegible] I could [illegible] and [illegible] each [illegible] to the same [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

IDOLS OF GOLD

Continued from preceding page

id him, although she was with- concealment. In their talks she ealed that she was a settlement rker, with a salary. Both her par- s were alive. Whatever their sta-, Ludwig felt that they must be tlefolk. Atalanta had that digni- l reserve and a certain freedom of diality, that are rarely united ex- t in those of assured birth.

Sometimes he led her to talk seri- ly of life and its purposes; of the vice she believed so passionately s required of each, while Ludwig ibed "a new set of values." Some- es they played and romped with lro and the other midgets, with om he had become the best of ends. A few times they sat in nce on starlit evenings, while Lud- bit his lip to keep back the words felt should not be uttered. The l's sanity, her freedom from the metry of the women to whom he had n accustomed, helped him. He was scious that marriage was not the amount issue of life to her. She s the only woman he had ever met o was in love with a Great Idea— idea of serving others.

Often she told him stories of the ttlement, the amusing side of the ldren's attitude towards her, as wn in brilliant gifts of paper es, or subtle attempts to duplicate idely her simple gowns. Sometimes told of the sodden, colorless lives the parents; of flashes of genius in ldren with no opportunity to fan spark; of childish figures, white- ed and pinched, exploited in work- ps, with no future but soul-destroy- toil—like that of their parents. even found himself longing to help , longing for power to transform idle park and forests into wealth at he might pour at her feet to do th as she chose.

They were sitting on deck the even- before landing, as the boat lay at arantine. Nearby, the lights of ney Island twinkled in the shape of phants, revolving wheels and tow- . To both, the fantastic forms med to characterize the civilization which they were returning. Lud- realized that he had spent the st significant week of his life, and ndered if it meant anything to her. "You will let me call upon you to- rrow evening, Atalanta?" he asked. was only a form. He intended to . Hitherto she had met his earnest trenchment on the personal with a ile that acted as a gentle, restrain- hand holding him with a firm "not ." But she did not smile to-night. Moved by a sudden impulse, he said: ou know why I want to come, Ata- nta? I must meet your people."

"Wait," she urged. "Wait a week— month, till you have seen America."

"You do not mean that," he said ietly. "You know that waiting uld not signify. The men of our use know their own minds. I have en patient. It was not easy. I have spected your position. I must see u in your own home to-morrow ght."

She looked at his set face with its al of determination, and with a oman's soft pride on her own, said: Come, then, to-morrow night."

The next evening he went. He lived rough the day, getting his luggage t of the customs and settling him- lf in a sky-scraping hostlery which d been recommended. He ate a soli- ry dinner to a distracting musical companiment in the palm room. at it is doubtful if he saw the young omen who eyed openly the distin- tished stranger with the foreign air. He called a motor and gave the auffeur the address she had given m. He wore evening clothes, as he ad evenings on the steamer when he ught the lower deck, with a military pe thrown over them.

The motor stopped at a house simi- r to others in a block. He rang the or-bell. A man in livery responded.

"My man seems to have made a mistake," Ludwig said shortly. "This is not No. —, East Eighty-seventh Street, is it—the home of Miss Montrose?"

"That's our number, sir, but no such person lives here."

Ludwig consulted the address. It was certainly the one she had given him. He had been silently repeating it all day.

"I beg your pardon," he said, turning away stiffly. He did not wish the man to see the depth of his disappointment.

"Wait a moment!" A voice Ludwig knew well sounded over the footman's shoulder.

Behind the man stood Atalanta. He hardly knew her. A long, dark gown accentuated her slenderness, leaving her arms and throat bare. Ludwig stepped back as if caught in a steel trap. A quick, mad sense of having been fooled swept over him. He felt like beating a retreat.

"Jennings will take your hat," the girl said quietly. Her eyes commanded him. He surrendered his wraps to the man, and followed her into the long drawingroom. Soft lights cast a mellow glow over antique rugs and beautiful pictures. Over the girl's head his eye took in a masterpiece known the world over. His brows contracted.

"Are you — visiting here?" he queried.

Before she had time to reply, two people came from the vista of an adjoining room. The man was tall, with a bright, nervous glance and an imperious, alert manner. His face looked strangely familiar. The woman was small, and moved slowly as if conscious of her weight of jewels. From diamond tiara to glittering shoe buckles she sparkled—all except her eyes. They looked world-worn and weary.

"I want you to meet my parents. They are leaving for the opera," the girl said.

Ludwig went through the conventions of an introduction in some way. He had a vague recollection of the man, in a kind, businesslike manner, offering to put him up at the club; of the woman thanking him for having helped break the tedium of a voyage for her daughter, and hoping to have the pleasure of his company at dinner the following night.

When the front door had closed behind them, Ludwig strode to the girl.

"What game is this? Has the last week been merely a farce for you? Why have you been masquerading? Why aren't you what you appeared to be? Aren't you real?"

The girl threw back her head and looked at him fearlessly.

"Yes, I am real."

"Yet *this* is your home?" His eyes wandered again over the marbles and priceless porcelains scattered about.

"It is my father's home," she corrected.

"Idols of gold!" he quoted scornfully. "Why, the place reeks of them!" He checked an unpleasant laugh. "I would better bid you good evening."

She placed herself between him and the door.

"I could not tell you on shipboard," her voice delayed him. Her head drooped. "I could not spoil—that perfect week. It was all true what I told you. I am a settlement worker. I live with the workers on the East Side. This is not my home. It is only the accidental place where I stayed before I knew what was worth while."

"And your father's name?" he asked half dazed.

"Is Wallace Cunningham. Yes, the railroad king. I'm not proud of his title, nor of his fortune. I know too well the system under which it was built."

Wallace Cunningham! Ludwig knew now why the man's face was familiar. He had seen it often in public prints,

Continued on next page

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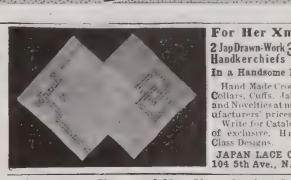
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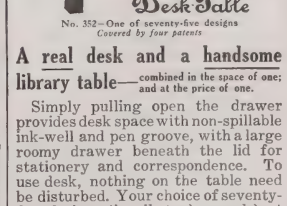
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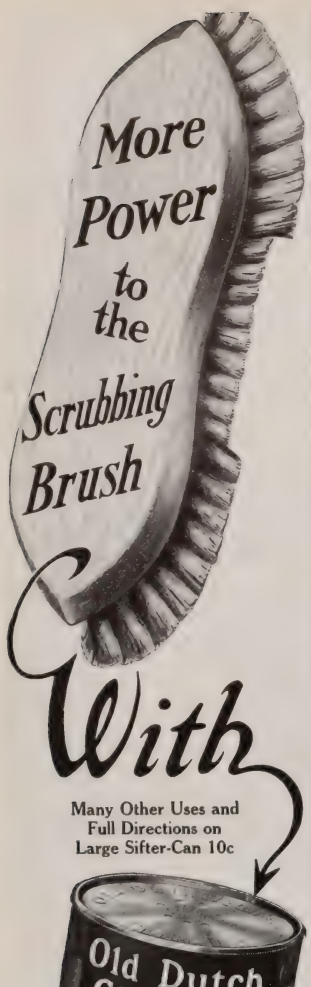
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IDOLS OF GOLD

Continued from preceding page

not only as a railroad magnate, but as a philanthropist and connoisseur of art.

He sank upon a divan and covered his face with his hands. The girl came near and spoke rapidly.

"My father and I think differently about life. But he is fair. He lets me live in my own way. I don't belong here. I nearly stifle in these surroundings. There is no prosperity, no rest for me while I know of the life of this city below. I had always longed to travel second-class with the people I care for. The opportunity came suddenly, ten days ago. The friends who were to cross with me failed me. My father had engaged my stateroom. One thousand dollars was the price. We needed about that sum," her voice faltered, "for some work at the settlement. The captain knew me, knew my father. I persuaded him to make the change in staterooms, and give me the money. All the way he watched over me, kept my secret. To avoid publicity, I took my mother's name. When I saw your—your interest, I couldn't tell you the truth. There had been a procession of men who had cared for me—for my father's sake. I could not undeceive one who seemed to care for my own."

He removed his hands. His face looked haggard and years older.

"You don't understand," he said wearily. "I can't speak now."

Her eyes searched his.

"It isn't a pleasant confession, but you'll have to know it. I came to America to marry—something like this." His hands indicated the surroundings. "I came seeking 'Idols of Gold'."

"I divined it," she said quietly. "When the captain told me of your name, your people, my intuitions told me the truth. You would have sacrificed yourself for your people. But you threw your idols overboard when you went to the railing of the steamer that first day that we talked."

"Thank you," he said simply. "I think I did." He arose slowly.

"Will you excuse me now? I must adjust myself."

"Wait," she replied. "Do not go until I return."

She went swiftly upstairs. A maid removed the shimmering gown and brought her the blue serge of the steamer. In a few minutes, arrayed for the street, she returned to the drawing-room.

A gleam of gladness came into Ludwig's eyes when he saw her.

"Atalanta!" he breathed involuntarily. She went straight up to him. Her eyes glowed softly with the highness of her resolution.

"Every word that I spoke on the steamer was true. This is not my real home. But you had to see it. You had to see the place I had evolved from—left behind. I want you to know my real home—my work, my comrades. The car is waiting to take me back. Will you come?"

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, but that's not all," she said softly. "It isn't often a woman asks a man to lead her life. Yet if the lifework is big enough for two, she can. I couldn't live in a toy kingdom. I couldn't spend my days flitting around a toy throne. Up to a few days ago, I had expected to live my life—do my work—alone. The man who follows me must be great enough to lose his life—to live and work with me, here."

"Will you let me try?" he eagerly asked. Her eyes shone with pride in him. In another moment he had taken her in his arms. When at last they moved toward the door, they were laughing like children to hide the mist that dimmed their eyes.

"Let's pretend we are motoring around the deck of the steamer," she said as they ran down the steps.

"We'll have Pedro for best man," he replied.

"To the Settlement," she told the chauffeur.

Ludwig handed her into the limousine and followed, still retaining her hand.

"To the new life," he said as the car glided through the glare of Fifth Avenue toward the darkness of the East Side.

THE RULE OF AMERICAN WOMEN

Continued from page 1124

after it has grown old in service. Now is the accepted time to determine if the States have gotten value received for the serious gift of a franchise to women. Let us see: In Utah, where women are truly in bondage, "they have not voted out polygamy. They did not vote out Senator Reed Smoot, a Mormon, when all the women in the country clamored for it. Twelve States do not allow children to work at night; Colorado, Wyoming and Utah have no such law. Twenty-eight States provide for factory inspection; Wyoming has none at all. Twenty-one States have juvenile courts, which they secured without the vote of women, except Colorado, in which last-named State the salaries of women teachers are lower than those of men teachers, while the husband and wife are jointly liable for the family finances. Thirty-eight States compel seats for women at work; Idaho has no such law. The best laws for women and children are not in the States where women vote."

This is a poor showing! A worse state of things than where men alone conduct the affairs of state and government. It can never be better, even though the suffragists sweep the country from Maine to Florida.

Women do not recognize the fact that "the overcoming of force or power must be by a greater force," and this they do not possess. They prove their weakness in the spectacular masquerade and show of a strength which they have not; in the splutter and noise and physical tactics they adopt. They seem to ignore the fact that the weapons with which their greatest victories have been won throughout all history have not been carnal, but the most powerful of all influences: gentleness, tenderness and goodness in life, which assert themselves only in some form of silent conflict, the "rôle that changes weakness into strength."

There should be a halt called *now;* acquiescence and encouragement should be withdrawn and women advised to return to their homes, where they are sadly needed, and to cast all their talents and influence there—to do the work which is their especial mission, and which cannot be consigned to men—a mission so great that if they should vote from now until doomsday they could not equal it in magnitude.

Women are needed in the homes to stem the tide of crime that is sweeping over the land—crime in high places as well as in the slums, which indicates the lack of right training of the young and the absence of high moral influence. These criminal boys and girls, men and women, have mothers upon whom rests the responsibility of right training. They have neglected their children, who are well-nigh motherless and homeless, and have allowed their race for so-called freedom to absorb all their time and interest, to the ruin of their own offspring, their country and themselves.

There may not be originality in stating that one must be either born to rule or trained through generations to rule, but there is great truth in it. The American woman, pampered, self-indulgent, without poise, lacking stability, impatient of restraint, highly emotional, undisciplined, has no claim to either.

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AN APPEAL FOR THE WAR'S VICTIMS

Continued from page 1121

ing freedom and protection for the Chris- and non-Christian inhabitants of Turkey. Samonov, our school has been for ten days f soldiers and we were unable to have our s. Now, our class-rooms are free again, we have resumed regular work with the ers who are not called to the ranks. But 1,500 men come twice a day for their , as their kitchen is in our school-yard. ave been having Gospel meetings every for the soldiers and three times on Sun- The church was always full in spite of weather. Many of these men have never e heard the Gospel. Many of them were shed with New Testaments. They have all appreciative listeners. It has been a sea- of good sowing. May God bless the seed To-morrow these men leave for the ier, and five thousand more will come here.

ev. R. H. Markham writes from okov, Bulgaria (October 5):

The mandate was issued that y Bulgarian who had ever borne s should report within twenty- hours to the regiment in which he once served. Since Bulgaria is a tary kingdom, that order meant every able-bodied man of fighting should leave his work, his city, his family, and at once take up s. Every horse and wagon, every and cart were also demanded for tary service, and within five days garia was left a commonwealth of , old men and women, deprived of y laborer and every means of r.

Some thousands of peasants were ting in line before the barracks to ive their military clothes and arms. r by was a little group of women. looked very sad and downcast, and oldest one of the little group was ping. When questioned as to the se of her grief, she gave vent to a sionate outburst. She knew noth- of history nor of oratory, but she very decided opinions about this ilization.

'Why do I weep?' she cried. 'Why I weep? Do you see these four nen here with me? Do you see the ding babies which two carry on ir backs? We five are left alone, there in that line, waiting to ch into Macedonia, are my four s, the husbands of these women, fathers of these babies. At home ten more children! We have no ses, they are taken for the war. winter wood is in the for- yet we cannot haul it. No doctor eft in our village. Our school is t, our stores are closed. Our money scarce, and prices will double. r village is on the exposed frontier ard Turkev. Oh, you ask why I ! Because my cattle are taken, my ses are taken, my sons are taken, I I, an old woman, am left alone h helpless grandchildren.' And n followed an outburst against the cedonians, whom she blamed for her troubles. Very few women in lgaria are as vindictive as this old ther, but none of them are seen to ile, and many, many weep."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received appeal by cable from a committee evangelical Christians in Sofia, ing for aid for the sufferers by the ent war. Pastor Furnajieff, who chairman of the committee, is well wn to the readers of this paper as occasional correspondent for sev- l years. During the war along the cedonian border some seven or ht years ago, he, with Rev. Dr. rk, the American missionary, Pas- Popoff, and a number of others en- ged in missionary work, did excel- t service in connection with a relief d then raised by our readers. The r which has just broken out, how- r, is of such vast proportions that suffering is widespread. Even re distressing is the condition of the lows and orphans, who have been reaved of their natural protectors this terrible war. All through rvia and Bulgaria, as well as in re distant Greece and Montenegro, re are thousands of husbandless men, who are left in destitution h their little children. All kinds of foodstuffs have risen to famine prices. The heavy expenditures involved in the war against Turkey have strained the finances of the allies to the last point. The appeal is made to Christian America through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in behalf of the wounded and the destitute women and children, and it is hoped that it will not pass unheeded. Associated with Pastor Furnajieff in Sofia are other pastors and leading citizens of the Bulgarian capital, including Mr. Atanasoff, banker, Dr. Temcoff, physician, both graduates of the American mission. They will work in co-operation with the Balkan Red Cross in relieving the wounded, and will also include in their relief work the widows and orphans, as far as possible.

We invite all of our readers to have a share in this Christlike mission of life-saving and succor. War, with all its miseries, has visited these unfortunate provinces. It is not ours to question as to the issues involved; all we need to know is that tens of thousands of fellow-creatures are sick unto death, and that multitudes are helpless and starving. We desire that every reader sending a contribution should indicate *whether it is to be applied toward the wounded or in aid of the widows and orphans.* Address all contributions to the "Balkan Relief Fund," CHRISTIAN HERALD Office, Bible House, New York City. Every contribution will be duly acknowledged and forwarded by cable. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already cabled $250 to the Relief Committee in anticipation of the gifts of its readers. The masses of Servia and Bulgaria are of the Oriental Christian Church, but in this charity there will be no discrimination, and Serb, Bulgar, Montenegrin, Greek, and even Turk, if in distress, will be recipients of your bounty. Send a prayer with the gift, and a blessing will follow. Above all, send quickly.

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Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.

The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ails result.

Too much fat also is hard to digest and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloated, heavy feeling.

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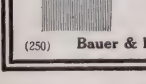

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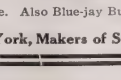

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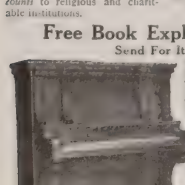

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

THE "Answered Prayer column has strengthened my faith," writes Mrs. W. C. W., of Hamilton, Ont. That is exactly the purpose of the column. The people of God need many things, but what they need above everything else is *faith*. Faith grows as testimony is heard; what God does for some he will do for all, if they will put him to the test.

G. F. R., Pa., writes: "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered many prayers for me, and three very important ones lately. I will be very grateful to you for publishing this. I have had such a sick mother, and the Lord has so graciously restored her to health, and I want to acknowledge it in this way." This friend continues, very wisely: "With our meager knowledge we are not competent to judge what is best for us, and I thank him for some ungratified wishes, as I now see it was best for me."

"A great trouble hovered over me," writes a reader from Quebec, P. Q., "and I saw no way of escape. God has turned my sorrow into joy. I wish to thank him for his great mercy."

Another grateful mother writes from Virginia: "I wish to add my testimony to God's goodness. He has heard and answered my prayers for my boy and some friends. I am hoping and praying for still greater blessings."

H. W. writes from Vernon Center, N. Y.: "I wish to acknowledge a complete answer to prayer in God's taking from my life an affliction that had oppressed me over eighteen years." Mrs. S. M. D., Baltimore, Md., writes: "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering many prayers, and especially in restoring three of my loved ones who were very ill." Here is the note of joy again: "I wish," writes M. S., from Crary, N. D., "to acknowledge that God has answered many prayers, and especially one which has made me very happy."

"Our son had undergone an operation and the doctors gave us no hope. We went to God in prayer, and he answered, and our son is well to-day. We praise his holy name." This letter comes from Mr. and Mrs. J. C. K., of Seaton, Ill. "Gospel measure" was in the answer to this prayer, acknowledged by H. E. W., Palmyra, N. Y., who writes: "I want to add my testimony to God's faithfulness in answering prayer. He has answered my prayer and given me a blessing greater than I could ask or think." Truly we have the same Lord to whom Paul prayed, and of whom he said that he "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Acknowledgment of answered prayer have also been received from:

Mrs. W. E. G., Cleveland, O.; Mrs. C. W. K., Central City, Neb; M. D., Dewitt, Ia.; Mrs. A. M. P., Galesburg, Ill.; A writer from Louisville, Ky.; C. M. E., Kerens, Texas; Mrs. C. H. G., Plattsburgh, N. Y.; A Subscriber, Cumby, Texas; Mrs. F. H. H., Wapakoneta, O.; An Old Subscriber of Minon, N. Y.; Mrs. M., Sarnia, Ontario; M. D., Columbus, O.; Mrs. F. F. T., Florence, Texas; Mrs. J. A. K., Conroe, Texas; J. V. K., Los Angeles, Calif.; A Constant Reader, Charleston, S. C.; Father's Child, Ontario, Canada; A Reader, Faithorn, Mich.; Mrs. H. B., Otego, N. Y.; S. E. K., Beverly, Mass.; G. D., Nebraska; M. D., Milburn, Neb.; E. L., New Jersey; A. F. B., Auburn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. D., Denniston, Va.; C. R., St. Louis, Mo.; R. R., Upper Sandusky, O.; W. E. S., Holmes, N. Y.; Mrs. S. A., Girard, Ill.; Mrs. G. J. G., Bridgeport, Conn.; B. R. H., Portland, Ore.; G. K., Westley, Ia.; Mrs. A. J. B., Baldwin, La.; H. V. H., Montpelier, Vt.; L. C. L., Rutland, Vt.; Mrs. M. S. B., Avalon, Pa.; J. A., New Canaan, Conn.; F. W., Ashboro, N. C.; A Reader, Plainfield, N. J.; E. M. S., Ambler, Pa.; A Reader, Timberlake, N. C.; Mrs. J. B. S., Spencer, N. Y.; A Reader, Cozad, Neb.; M. L. M., Knoxville, Tenn.; C. M. R., Kensington, Kan.; L. M. H., Diamond, Wash.; R. I., Westerly, R. I.; Virginia Reader, Charlestown, W. Va.; A Reader, San Diego, Calif.; J. P. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; C. C., Plainfield, N. J.; B. N., Richmond, Ind.; Reader, Indiana; R. P., New Hartford, N. Y.; W. B., Tiffin, O.; Mrs. C. E. B., Bradford, Pa.; Mrs. M. L., Summerville, S. C.; A. M., Buffalo, N. Y.; A. C. T., Antigonishe, N. S.; T. W., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. A. H., Milford, Del.; W. D., Berrien Springs, Mich.; Mrs. J. W. D., Olive Branch, Miss.; M. C. C., Pennsylvania; M. E. F., Wendell, Idaho; C. A. G., Iowa City, Ia.; G. S. K., Landsdale, Pa.; Mrs. L. M. F., Erie, Pa.; G. B. E.; Mrs. J. M. V., Van Alstyne, Texas; M. W., Evanston, Wyo.; Mrs. W. H. B., Jessup, Md.; Miss C. C. H., Brattleboro, Vt.; L. H., Palermo, Ontario, Canada; J. R. S., Ohio; J. L., Redlands, Calif.; J. W. M., Trenton, N. J.

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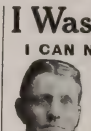

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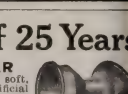

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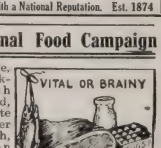

Tomatoes and Lemons are Solvents; Green Vegetables are laxative, etc.

YOU like most people, are probably taking too much starchy food:—rice, bread, pastries, etc. Substitute plenty of lean tender meat, fowl, game, fish, curdled custard, green non-nourishing vegetables and juicy fruits in *correct combination and quantities for your special needs* for a few days or weeks, taking no starchy food, and you will be surprised at your gain—**clearer eyes, stronger brain and a body more alert.** Abstinence from starchy foods creates a much bigger appetite for meat, fruit and vegetables. If you take correct quantities of *digestible* brainy foods, YOU CAN INCREASE YOUR BRAIN POWER FOR ANY SPECIAL STRESS OF BRAIN WORK.

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RAPHAEL TASSO RUBENS ANGELO

THE NATION'S VOICE ON ROME

MORE LETTERS FROM PASTORS AND OTHERS ON THE PAPAL PLAN TO "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"

THAT the discussion of the Romanist avowal of a purpose to "make America Catholic" is taking a wide range and exciting attention, not only in our pulpits and universities, but among all classes, is made evident from the many letters in the subject that continue to reach THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We print another instalment of them below:

Protestants Should Unite.

I AM delighted with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is indeed "toting fair" (using Southern brogue) with all Protestants—and no doubt would with the Roman Catholics if they would confine themselves to religion.

I have been a close observer of the political and other non-religious movements and activities of Romanism for twenty years—since I was eighteen years of age—and now, as an editor of an American country newspaper, I place the facts — some every week — before my readers. I feel it is my duty and God-given privilege, and as long as the Master grants my stay on His footstool, I shall continue. The American people, in their spirit of love and liberty, have been too careless, too unguarded, and have permitted the hierarchy to get our courts, law-making bodies and departments of our government in the clutches of the papacy.

I have met many good Catholic citizens—good people as men, however they may be as to religious convictions—but regardless of their good citizenship, they are bound to a foreign potentate, above loyalty to our nation; and though these good citizen-Romanists live on all sides of us, we cannot, as true patriots, hesitate to condemn the grasping, politico-religious organization which craves power to overpower our "Land of the Free."

I am a member of the "Disciples" (Christian) Church; but the word denomination should be cast to the four winds in dealing with this question. Our Protestant bodies should form one solid phalanx, with Christ as our commander, not the Pope! Why cannot the Protestant world unite on Christ, and with him as King and creed overthrow all the devices of the evil one, and thus counteract and repudiate that brazen plan to "make America Catholic."

The writer is but one of thousands who most assuredly will unite on this question and gladly support THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as well as all our religious press, in carrying this fight to the finish.

HERB LEWIS.

Gravette, Ark.

. . .

How a Canadian Author Regards Romanist Influence in American Politics.

THE only reason, besides the tolerance of Protestants, why we can live with Roman Catholics, is because there are so many of them who are better Christians and citizens than they are churchmen. But the policy and polity of Rome are ever the same, and wherever the rulers of the church think they can gain an ascendancy, they strike. Her position has been well described by Veuillot, whom Lecky quotes in his *Democracy and Liberty:* "When you are masters," said Veuillot, addressing Protestants, "*we claim perfect liberty for ourselves, as your principles require it; when we are the masters, we refuse it to you, as it is contrary to our principles.*"

It has been well said that "the voice of history is the condemnation of the Church of Rome." She is everywhere the enemy of personal liberty in every shape or form, and every lover of religious and political freedom should earnestly oppose any advancement of this power in the land. The manner of opposition is difficult to determine. It is our policy to be tolerant and to give a fair field to all free citizens; and then it is a matter of faith that we should be kind, loving and hopeful of good. But when an organization enters a free country and arrogates to itself tyrannical authority over the lives of thousands of citizens, insults the purity of thousands of homes, and sweeps into illegitimacy thousands of well-born children, it seems as though the limit of tolerance had been reached and a time for firm but kindly action had come.

What has divided Protestantism to offer against a united church that has her altars in every land? Even the use of Latin in her services has its advantages, for it presents a means of communication to the stranger in a strange land. Is there a claim for parades and secret societies, even with a training with real arms? Who has surpassed Rome in these? Behold the greeting to Cardinal Farley in New York, the Congress procession in Montreal, with its miles and miles of flower-strewn streets, and with all manner of civil and military accompaniment! Behold the Knights of St. John in their parades in Toronto and Washington! Then, Rome enters all municipal and federal politics and brings all the pressure she can to obtain positions for her own children and to punish those who do not grant her her wishes. If Protestants put forth any such efforts, or decry Romanism in her machinations, they are dubbed "narrow" and "bigots" and enemies of free and fair play. But the Catholics may do it with impunity, or it is passed over with a shrug or a smile, "That's Catholics for you. They are always at it." Their political machinations ought to be severely met in that field, and wherever ecclesiastical pressure is apparent, it should be resented. I know of no other way in which Roman aggression can be met and the agents of Rome taught that they will not be tolerated in American politics.

E. RYERSON YOUNG.

Bracebridge, Ont.

. . .

The Diversion of Public Funds to Parochial Schools Should be Stopped.

THAT the Roman Catholics are endeavoring by all possible means to secure the ascendancy in political affairs in the United States is evident from the testimony of their leaders. The Protestant Church ought to unite in opposing all efforts to divert the public funds from our public school system to aid in any way the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church. The unhappiness and injustice manifest through the dictation of the Roman Church regarding the religious training of the children of mixed marriages is deserving of emphatic and continuous condemnation.

The Roman Church has always been a menace to the highest interests of our Christian civilization.

(REV.) GEORGE ADAMS.

Lynnbrook, N. Y.

. . .

A Great Campaign of Publicity and Enlightenment the Best Means of Checking the Roman Peril, Writes Pastor Schoenfeld.

ROME, whereby we understand the papal system, the hierarchy, and the teachings specifically papal, is beyond a doubt, from the standpoint of evangelical Christianity, an evil, and from the standpoint of American democracy, a menace. "Has the time come when we must arise and with all vigor combat Rome?" There never was a time when this was not the duty of evangelical Christians and of loyal Americans, if Rome they rightly understood. The question of Rome's size and growth has, in my judgment,

Continued on next page

Getting Ready for Thanksgiving

With the coming of the harvest comes that great family festival, the annual Thanksgiving Day. To this day the housewife looks forward with glowing anticipations, and for it she prepares a feast of the best that the harvest affords. In these days we have some valuable and delightful articles of food that the founders of Thanksgiving Day knew nothing about. Here's one—

Minute Tapioca

Makes most delicious desserts suitable for any occasion, and is so simple that any one can use it. Do not soak it—it **requires no soaking,** but is ready for immediate use. Cooks quickly and is always light, wholesome, delicious. **Everybody likes it.**

The Minuteman Cook Book gives 25 different ways of using it—here's one of the 25. Try it for Thanksgiving.

APPLE TAPIOCA. Pare and quarter six large, tart apples. Place in dish and pour over one cup sugar, a little salt and butter. Cook fifteen minutes in the double boiler one-half cup Minute Tapioca and a pinch of salt in one quart water. Pour this over the apples. Cover the dish and bake a half-hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

Ask your grocer for it—it's for sale about everywhere. We send **Minuteman Cook Book and sample** (enough to make one pint), **both free.** All we ask is that you send us the name of your grocer.

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THE NATION'S VOICE ON ROME

Continued from preceding page

nothing to do with the attitude to be taken, except as it may compel one to realize how urgent and important is the zealous fulfilment of one's duty. In passing, let me say that the growth of Rome, except by accessions through immigration, appears to me a negligible item. Moreover, the mere size signifies nothing. In a moral combat the issue depends upon the moral purity and strength of the contestants and upon the arm of the Lord Almighty.

But right here it must be emphasized that, both as true Bible Christians and as true American citizens who realize the only right relation of church and state to be that of complete separation, neither interfering with the other in its proper sphere, we must distinguish between the fight against Rome on religious grounds, as a church, and the fight we must make against her on civic grounds, as a State, or as citizens pure and simple. Religious liberty for all, without exception or discrimination, is one of the fundamental teachings of Protestantism and one of the fundamental principles of our country. The Roman Catholic Church proclaims itself the only true and saving church of Christ. Hence she cannot do otherwise than strive to induce all men to embrace her teachings and enter her communion. And never can evangelical Christians or genuine Americans seek to deprive her of that privilege, unless it should appear that she endeavors to deprive others of the same privilege, or employs means and teaches doctrines by which she places herself in irreconcilable conflict with those principles upon which rest the sovereignty of the State, civil and religious liberty.

Every Christian worthy of the name must be intent upon the conversion and salvation of the whole world, and, to that end, upon the proclamation of the whole counsel of salvation revealed in God's Word, pure and undefiled, and hence upon the suppression and eradication of every error, particularly of such error as, in his conviction, subverts the very foundation of the Christian faith. Now, this is just what we believe the specific papal teachings to be, and hence we consider it a duty of love toward the Romanists themselves to uncover and prove their peculiar papal teachings soul-destroying perversions of the Gospel of Christ. We must, therefore, as a church, combat Rome; but as the work of the church is purely spiritual, so, also, we contend, no church is justified in fighting Rome, except with spiritual means, the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. It was this Luther ever contended for and insisted on. And by no other means did he gain his tremendous victory than by teaching and preaching the Word of God, and by proving the teachings of Rome, attacked by him, contrary to and without foundation in Holy Writ.

Rome cannot object to our inquiring into the position into which she forces her members in relation to our government by her teachings on the sovereignty of the Pope, the right relation of church and state, the duties of Roman Catholics in civic matters toward the Pope and the church, and the proper sphere and functions of the state. Nor can any Romanists rightly object, if their fellow citizens, having by such inquiry reached the conviction that the Roman Church is not purely a church, limiting itself to spiritual purposes and spiritual means, but in very truth a religio-political organization, meddling with the business of the state, dictating the political action of its members, seeking political control and public subsidies, or special privileges and preferments, and that the laity and lower

Continued on next page

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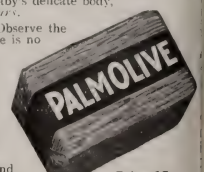

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THE NATION'S VOICE ON ROME

Continued from preceding page

ergy submit to all manner of politi- l interference and dictation by the gher clergy, and especially by him o claims not only supreme spiritual vereignty, but also supreme tempo- l sovereignty, raise a loud outcry d take a determined stand against e Roman Church as a political ma- ine and against the individual Ro- anist as an untrustworthy citizen. e duty of every loyal citizen is ithfully and fearlessly to uphold the ndamental law and principles of the untry against all inimical forces, if cessary against his own church. st so, every citizen must take an en stand against every fellow citi- n whom he finds, no matter through at influence, in disagreement with e fundamental principles of our untry.

Carefully examining the teachings Rome, the decrees of the Popes and e public pronouncements of its prel- es high and low, and finally the ac- al doings of the Romanists, who can se his eyes to the fact that Rome is menace to our country, to all true mocracy and to genuine civil and ligious liberty? And this because she tally disagrees with the fundamen- l conceptions and principles of any al democracy and of true American- n, does not stand for a free state d for freedom of all churches and ligions in the state, for complete paration of church and state, and r the freedom of the individual citi- n in the exercise of his citizenship, r for freedom of speech and free- m of the press, but claims for the erarchy, and for the Pope in par- ular, sovereignty in all matters, mporal no less than spiritual, and, cordingly, strives in making Amer- a dominantly Catholic, to secure r herself, and specifically for her erarchy, dominance in all matters, subjugate the state and make an d of all liberty, as understood by nuine Americans.

Why else should the Roman prel- es not be satisfied with the freedom establishing and maintaining their vn parochial schools, and instead rever demand what they claim their share of the public school nds, and demand, too, that all edu- tion be turned over to the Roman atholic Church? Why else denounce e public school as ungodly and orse and call for its early destruc- on, since, under the principle of com- ete separation of church and state, l religion must be excluded from all ate schools and all parents be left ee, if dissatisfied with the State hools, to establish schools to their vn liking? Why else, though de- ouncing the public school as vile and cious, should they yet permit and ven urge their people to become achers in and trustees of these hools and members of the boards of lucation? Why else should they for- er seek public subsidies for their aritable and other institutions and r their nuns the right to teach in overnmental schools and institutions their nun's garb, and in divers ays endeavor to incline the pupils id inmates toward Romanism? hy else declare that "our govern- ent will never be right until more omanists are elected and appointed public office, local, State and na- onal"? Why else demand public and ficial recognition for those whom ey please to call "princes of the ood"? Why else discriminate in olitics and business against all who e not Romanists, or who will not un- ly favor them? Why should they ek to inject Romanism into every olitical election and campaign? Oh, es, we well know what retort will be ade; the assertion: "You compel us do this in self-defense, since you rever cry out against us as though, ecause of our faith, we must be ared as dangerous characters, and r the protection of all that is dear to e American heart should be barred from all public offices." That such outcry has been made who will deny? But ere the Romanists can plead such outcry and the action resulting therefrom as an excuse for their demands and behavior, they will have to be able to show that the charge made against them is not warranted by the facts in the case.

As often as a cry of warning is raised against Rome's political pretensions and machinations, the Romanists cry back: "You are attacking our church, our religion." How can it be otherwise, since by its doctrine on "the power of the keys" the Church of Rome becomes a political body, and a political body utterly at variance with all that is fundamental and essential in American democracy? It was the knowledge of this fact that moved the great patriots of former days to utter their oft quoted warnings to the American people to watch over their liberties and to vigorously resent and resist the first onslaught made upon the principles of American democracy.

We have no hatred against the Romanists. We desire peace with all men and we wish the Romanists to enjoy the same rights, liberties and privileges as ourselves. But we also mean to retain for ourselves and those who shall follow us the precious rights and liberties we now possess and enjoy. We desire the American Republic to continue as the home of the free and the haven of refuge for all who may be persecuted elsewhere—especially if persecuted because of their faith or religion—until the end of time.

What then shall and must we do? We must, first of all, seek to unite all loyal patriots that we may oppose to Rome's united strength a superior force, frustrate her improper meddling in politics, prevent her intimidation and domination of politicians and public officers, newspapers and business men, make an end of her threat of boycott against all who resist her unjustifiable encroachments, political and otherwise, and we must make an end likewise of her attempts to suppress and crowd out from publications, schools, colleges and libraries all history, ancient or modern, which, while true, yet reveals her in an unfavorable light. We must unite to keep the Roman Catholic Church from getting into the public trough. "No land grants, no money grants or subsidies for sectarian or church-owned and controlled institutions whatsoever," must be our slogan. And we must unite to compel all public servants to stand out against Rome and to uncompromisingly enforce our laws and principles, and to maintain and protect our American institutions. We must unite in an effective, country-wide educational campaign, draw the Romanists out into the open, seek to truly Americanize them and thus induce them to join us in standing for the complete separation of church and state, and to demand of their church to recant what is in opposition thereto, and to cease meddling with politics and the business of the state; in short, to limit herself to the conduct of religious or spiritual work by means that are purely spiritual.

WM. SCHOENFELD.

Pastor Lexington Avenue Lutheran Church, New York.

A TEXAS READER'S VIEW

The rule of life seems to be to make known our complaints under all circumstances, and to refrain from words of praise except on rarest occasions. I wish to violate this rule and take enough of your time to say to you that I appreciate THE CHRISTIAN HERALD more than any magazine or periodical that comes to my desk. The first two things that receive my attention are the sermon and the editorial department, but every line in the paper is worth reading. The cover page is always a thing of beauty, and it inspires us to seek better things. Christianity in New York City and in Texas should be the same.

May your efforts be blessed with success.

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—Mrs. Clara L. Street

Tomato Sauce Recipe

One tablespoon butter — One tablespoon flour
One cup hot water
Half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup

Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour until smooth, then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.

For spaghetti and macaroni add some "snappy" grated cheese.

Brown Gravy Recipe

One tablespoon Snider's Catsup to all thick gravies for each person to be served

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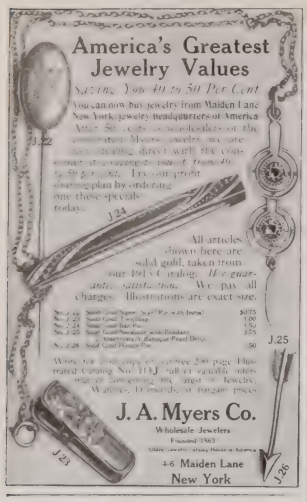

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1128

Moses and Elijah were sent from heaven chiefly, no doubt, to represent the court of heaven in the earthly coronation of Christ. Probably everybody would say the selection of Moses was inevitable in such a case. He is the greatest of the mortals of any age—so recognized when we hear in heaven "the song of Moses and the Lamb" (Rev. 15: 3). He reached the Land of Promise at last by a bridge from Pisgah to Hermon through heaven, reminding us that every noble yearning unfilled on earth shall be in some way fulfilled in heaven. It is more surprising that for the other heavenly delegate, Elijah, the rough countryman was chosen, rather than Isaiah, the eloquent scholar. The choice puts a great endorsement upon moral and civic reform work, to which Elijah was most of all devoted. "It would appear as if they had been sent to comfort the Saviour, and perhaps (as afterwards the Saviour himself did to the two disciples going to Emmaus) to show him 'in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself'—how his sacrifice was foretold in the prophets and prefigured in the offerings of the tabernacle and the temple."

The profoundest truth in all this story is that Jesus at this coronation hour looked from Hermon forward to Calvary as the real end and object of his earthly mission, and "spake of his decease which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." What beauty this incident gives to the words about him in Hebrews 2: 9, "Crowned with glory and honor, that by the grace of God he should taste death for every man." It is the coronation of self-sacrifice—the same truth that is pictured in Revelation by a throne on which was "a Lamb as it had been slain."

Some one has coined the phrase, "the ecstasy of self-sacrifice," which might fitly be used as the title of the Transfiguration. There is little real joy in selfishness—only a temporary pleasure. Ecstasy waits for Christ-like, unselfish service.

"The transfiguration was the culmination of Christ's perfect life in the flesh; and his ascension might then have followed had it not been that he had taken on him the sin of the world for which he must die. As he was to be Lord and Saviour of both the living and the dead, it was meet that he should be glorified from both conditions."

"It is good to be here." The three apostles, unable yet to understand how their Messiah could be both a sovereign and a sufferer, had fallen asleep, but were awaked when Christ's glory struck their faces, and Peter, seeing that Moses and Elijah were planning to leave, declared: "It is good to be here, and if thou wilt let us build three booths, that Moses and Elijah, as well as our Master, may remain long to make us happy on this glorious mountain top." But the apostles became "sore afraid," as a bright cloud immediately swung low like a chariot and bore Moses and Elijah from sight, in swift rebuke for Peter's words that seemed to rank Moses and Elijah as equals with Christ. Out of the cloud came a voice, in more specific rebuke: "This [not Moses or Elijah] this is my Son, my Chosen, hear ye him. And when the voice came, Jesus was found alone." Here is the resting-place for any troubled by discussions about the Old Testament—"Hear ye him." Turn to the Gospels and see what Jesus said, and rest on that. The highest reason is to accept his word on whatever he speaks as the supreme specialist on religion by almost universal acclaim, using our imperfect human reason only on the things of which he has not spoken.

Alarmed at Christ's grandeur, the apostles were comforted by his "Be not afraid." This vision was their preparation to bear the shock of the crucifixion, and of their own martyrdoms later.

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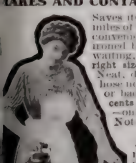

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Questions and Answers

Mrs. E. B., Winfield, Ia. Please explain Mark 13: 20. Who are the "elect" spoken of?

The elect are those who truly believe—the whole body of true believers. Election into the family of God is through personal faith, and as it is the divine will that none should perish, and that "whosoever will may come," all who come in repentance and faith are assured of acceptance. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The "eternal decree" of election, therefore, means clearly an eternal purpose to elect, in pursuance of a plan which offers salvation to all who voluntarily accept in contrition, repentance and faith. It is in no sense to be understood as implying arbitrary selection of certain individuals to eternal life without cause or condition. Those who repent and believe are of the chosen, or the elect, it being the divine purpose to save all who meet these conditions. Why else are we commanded to "make our calling and election sure"? Scripture has no record of an elect unbeliever.

G. P., Valencia, Kan. 1. Please interpret Luke 14: 26. 2. Scripture often speaks of God being sorry for what he has done or said. What is the meaning?

1. A better meaning is found in the parallel passage in Matt. 10: 37, which is to be accepted as the true rendering. The sense to be conveyed is that we should be willing to give up all that is nearest and dearest for his sake, when the test comes. 2. Though, in a sense, speaking after the manner of men, God is said to have repented, this needs explanation to make it clear. The writer in Genesis describes God in anthropomorphic terms, simply because these terms were the only ones that could be understood by men. But God does not change (Num. 23: 19; James 1: 17) nor is he affected by sorrow as all men are. He has set up his statutes for the sons of men and his laws for the government of the universe; yet he has left man free to choose between good and evil. When man sins mightily and persistently (see Gen. 6: 5) then God's retributive laws come into operation. He is then interpreted as changing, *i. e.*, his mercy and long-suffering having been exhausted. He is now to show himself a God of judgment.

N. J. D., Moore's Hill, Ind. 1. What is the meaning of Isa. 51: 6? 2. What is a Sabbath day's journey (Acts 1: 12). 3. What were the "high places" so often spoken of in the Old Testament? 4. What was the "shew-bread"?

1. It was a forecast of the purification by fire through which the present earth and its surroundings will have to pass (II. Pet. 3: 7-10) to prepare them for the eternal state to follow (II. Peter 3: 13); a change, a transformation and not annihilation. 2. A Sabbath day's journey was the prescribed distance that might be traveled by a Jew without violating the sanctity of the Sabbath (see Ex. 16: 29). It was approximately three-quarters of a geographical mile, and in any case not to exceed 2,000 yards. 3. They were the places usually chosen for temples or altars of heathen worship. 4. The consecrated bread, made in twelve cakes or loaves, which lay upon a table within the ark in the tabernacle. It was unseen by the people and lay in the sanctuary and was eaten by none save the priests as a part of a solemn rite.

P. J., Morgan, Minn. The printed article you enclosed, discussing the character and location of heaven, shows that the writer has not given much thought to the subject. To indicate the location of the future world is, humanly speaking, impossible. It is, as has been disclosed to us, the abode of God's highest spiritual creation. "My Father's House," Jesus called it, with "many mansions"; it is the "place prepared" for all who love and serve the Lord here when they are ready to pass over yonder. Where it is, we may conjecture but cannot determine; if God in his wisdom had seen fit to inform us, we should know, but he has not done this. For the rest, as to its location, we are satisfied to leave all to be disclosed in His own good time, remembering that the reality of heaven is attested by the Saviour who said: "If it were not so, I would have told you."

A. S. T., Feeding Hills, Mass. Are we to understand that Matt. 5: 42 and Luke 6: 30 are to be understood and practiced literally? Should we not ask for the return of articles lent people who never voluntarily return borrowed goods or money?

The beautiful precepts of the Sermon on the Mount become intelligible only as we accept the foundation principle upon which the whole structure of Christian ethics is reared—namely, that we should, not in a formal, perfunctory way, but in a genuine and definite and practical fashion, love our neighbor. To love another means to be heartily interested in his welfare, to care for his comfort and advantage. But a Christian has many duties aside from those to thoughtless or covetous neighbors or strangers; he must "provide for those of his own household"; he must take care of his possessions and instruments with which he is fulfilling his obligations and doing his work.

Continued on next page

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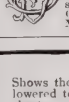

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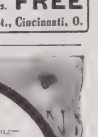

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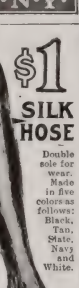

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Double sole for wear. Made in five colors as follows: Black, Tan, Slate, Navy and White.

Silk Hose for Women—with a GARTER-PROOF TOP OR WELT—

Knit on two separate machines—the stocking proper and this Garter-Proof ribbed top, which extends over the knee, where the strain comes. This means if a "ladder" or a "run" starts in the top it cannot go beyond. Think of what a saving in your stocking bill this would make! Ordinarily, once a run is started it spoils the looks of the stocking. Not so with UWANTA SILK HOSE—Besides this splendid feature: Being knit on two machines, the top section makes special provision for the knee, giving great elasticity just where it is necessary and preventing the families bursting of the hose when kneeling. The UWANTA has all the advantages of a seamless stocking—no seams under the foot—but, unlike any other seamless stocking on the market, has perfect fit—it hugs the ankle and fits everywhere without the seam under the foot or at the back, which is absolutely necessary in a full fashioned hose.

The leg and foot of this hose are made of 20 threads of the best Japan tram silk. The sole and ribbed top are of 4 threads of best silk lisle, heel and toe of 6 threads; will wear longer than any ladies' hose on the market. The dyes is the very best and we guarantee fast colors. We also make this hose in Silk Lisle for 25c; Heavy Silk Lisle—double sole, high spliced—3 pairs for $1.00, and Spun Silk at 50c. We send these postpaid upon receipt of price and willingly refund money or send a new pair upon receipt of unsatisfactory hose.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

A housewife, for instance, is under no obligation to lend an improvident neighbor things that she needs for her own children. And if she does lend such things she is justified in asking for their return. Again, we have a right to consider the welfare of the person who asks to borrow; often lending would do him harm, just as indiscriminate almsgiving sometimes does harm. Our real concern must be for the best interests, spiritual, mental, physical, of our brother. We must genuinely love him; then use prayerfully our judgment in the details of our dealings with him.

V. R. C., Latonia, Ky. Describe the present flag of the United States.

The official flag of the United States now consists of seven red and six white stripes, and a blue canton on the field of which are arranged six rows of stars, eight stars in each row. Before the admission of Oklahoma and New Mexico (July 4, 1912) there were six rows of stars, so arranged that the first, third, fourth and sixth rows had each eight stars and the other two rows seven stars each.

Miscellaneous

M. B. S. D., South Durham, Que., Can. Better consult a specialist. It is not safe to trust to advertised remedies.

J. P., Michigan City, Ind. The Scripture clearly tells us that "flesh and blood cannot inherit eternal life."

W. M. M., Munden, Kan. There are passages in the Old Testament in which evil spirits are mentioned. See Zech. 13: 2; II. Chron. 18: 22; Lev. 20: 6; I. Sam. 16: 23; I. Chron. 10: 13, etc.

Reader, Philadelphia. In New York State, a person convicted of a felony is not allowed to vote until restored to citizenship by the governor. Each State has its own laws in the matter.

M. K., Moline, Ill. The Revised Version is favorably received by professors and other eminent scholars, but the love of the common people for the old Authorized Version is so deeply implanted that it will take more than one generation to supersede it in public favor.

V. R. B., Grove City, Pa. The words "Catholic Church" in the Apostles' Creed mean the "church universal." They have no reference to Romanist; besides, there was no Romanist Church until long centuries afterward.

Reader, Kissimmee, Fla. Dogs should not be permitted in a church. The objection to their presence is well taken. The church officials should notify the owner of the animal to keep it at home, as its presence is a disturbance to the congregation.

Mrs. J. T. S., Eden, Md. You probably misunderstood the preacher. He doubtless referred to those passages relating to the temptation of Christ, in which the tempter quoted Scripture. Certainly, if he made such a statement as you mention, he had no warrant for it.

J. T. R., Blue Rapids, Kan. 1. You can order a copy of Josephus's *Antiquities* from any bookseller. 2. It contains a copious account of Herod's temple. 3. Yes, you can secure the Red-Letter Testament as a premium with your renewal of your CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription at $2.

P. W., Kingston, Ont. Chicago University conducts correspondence classes in divinity and English literature. It would be well to inquire of some clergyman of your own denomination, who would be able to tell you whether the leading schools of that denomination do any of their work through correspondence.

M. J. N., West Hoboken, N. J. The highest peaks of the Catskills are Slide Mount, 4,205 feet; Hunter, 4,025 feet; Black Dome, 3,990 feet; Big Westkill, 3,896 feet; Peekamoose, 3,863 feet; Pantherkill, 3,828 feet; High Peak, 3,660 feet; Indian Head, 3,585 feet; Round Top, 3,448 feet, and North Mount, 3,440 feet.

W. T., Wilmington, N. C. The decay and ruin of Babylon began with the conquest of the city by Cyrus B.C. 539. This was the end of the independence of Babylonia, and the beginning of the great Persian world-empire. Babylon was the center from which the Asiatic dispersion was derived and Josephus informs us that it contained many Jews even in the apostolic age.

S. H. C., Mahoningtown, Pa. 1. We have not statistics at hand to answer your first question. 2. If Americans act wisely and patriotically, the Papal scheme to "make America Catholic" will necessarily fail. Read the publications of the Protestant Book Concern, New York, on the subject. They cover the whole discussion, and give all the facts in their true, historical setting.

Subscriber, Ferdinand, Ind. Every will should be probated in order to prove its validity and to determine whatever objections and exceptions may be taken to it. No will can be declared a valid instrument until admitted to probate. There are many cases where the provisions of a so-called will are accepted as a matter of course, without any other legal formalities, by the consent of the parties interested.

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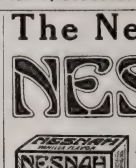

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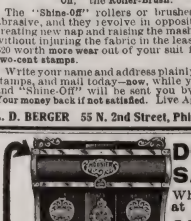

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Send us your address on a postcard, with druggist's name, and we will mail you one. Fits any small neck bottle. Only nipple with open food-cup and protected orifice at bottom—will not collapse, feeds regularly.

State baby's age, kind and quantity of food. Half bottle

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VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN DEAD

Continued from page 1125

discarding the traditional frock coat and silk hat. He regarded the work of the Senate as a business to be conducted in as matter-of-fact fashion as any other serious business enterprise, such as the many commercial enterprises with which he was identified as officer or director.

Mr. Sherman was a man of such striking and unfailing geniality that he won, among his political and business associates, and even to some extent among the public, the affectionate soubriquet of "Sunny Jim." That he was brave as well as genial was evidenced in his insistence upon making his set speech of acceptance when the renomination for the vice-presidency was tendered him on August 21, against the urgent advice of his physician, on which occasion he stood in the hot sun and spoke for more than half an hour, and in insisting, in spite of a definite command from the doctor, upon leaving his home to register at the polls not more than two weeks before his death. Mr. Sherman's death left his party leaders in great perplexity. His name had already been printed on the ballots in many States, and while the National Republican Committee had the authority to name a substitute, it was too late to do so. Neither legislation nor precedent has been found which could guide in the present perplexity.

General Notes

—ONE OF THE LEADING papers in Texas, the Waco *Times-Herald*, discussing the question of the Romanists' plan to "make America Catholic," refers to the symposium of views presented in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as "for the most part a fair and temperate discussion of the issue." The *Times-Herald* regards it as "a thing incredible" that the Roman Catholic prelates and press would deliberately set themselves to work to unite the Church and State in this country." It has heard from the lips of Catholic priests a disavowal of any such intention. Doubtless there are men within the Roman Church who disapprove of that church's political propaganda; but they constitute a very small minority. If the *Times-Herald* will take the trouble to look into the subject more thoroughly, it will reach a different conclusion. There is no more vital topic challenging the serious attention of the American press than this, and it would be well for every fair-minded newspaper—such as we take the *Times-Herald* to be—to investigate the matter fully with an open mind, and then let the people know its judgment.

—THE SUBJECT of the "Second Coming of Christ" is attracting much attention both in England and this country, especially in view of the threatened dismemberment of Turkey in Europe. Recently a Sunday was set apart by the Ministerial Union at Denver (Col.) when twelve ministers preached upon the subject from a Scriptural point of view. The movement attracted general interest, the churches were crowded and the newspapers next day devoted whole pages to the subject. A similar concerted gathering took place in London, England, a short time ago. A movement has been set on foot in New York, in which it is hoped upon a given Sunday united action may be taken which will not only stir the metropolis to an interest on the subject, but that other cities may catch the fire. Such representative preachers as Drs. C. Woelfkin, pastor Fifth Avenue Baptist Church; J. Haldeman, First Baptist Church, and Dr. A. B. Simpson, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, are taking an active interest in the matter, while the Rev. J. H. Jowett, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, has the matter under special consideration. It is proposed to form a Prayer Union with the object of making special supplication to God that interest in the general subject may spread. Rev. A. Sheldrick, who has been lining up the churches in New York, will be glad to receive the names of any wishing to join this prayer union or offering any suggestions. He may be addressed to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE FLAG IS A BEAUTY

We received the flag O. K., and we thank you for it. It is certainly a beauty, and the paper is getting better all the time. It is liked by every one who sees it. After reading mine I give it to a friend. He, after reading, takes it to the almshouse for the inmates there to read, and the good Lord only knows what good is accomplished by it. We recommend it to all.

Lock Haven, Pa. WALTER HOLMES.

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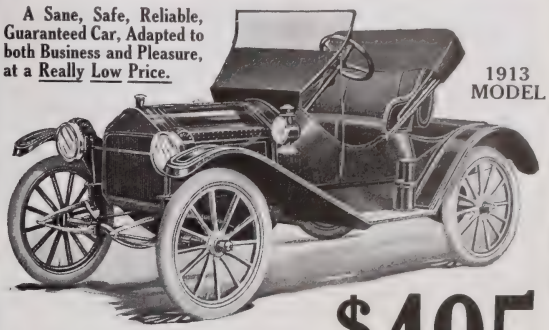
A Sane, Safe, Reliable, Guaranteed Car, Adapted to both Business and Pleasure, at a Really Low Price.



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It is operated by center control, which leaves BOTH sides of the car unobstructed for convenient entrance and exit, and is equipped with a specially designed wind shield and perfect fitting side curtains, affording ample protection from dust and weather.

Other features include: four-cylinder water cooled motor; Bosch magneto; best quality clincher tires; torpedo semi-enclosed body; extension top, with curtains entirely enclosing car when desired; dash lamps, gas lamps and gas generator, tail light, horn, pump, tire and tool outfit—a strictly high class Roadster car, completely equipped, for $495.

The METZ "22" is the easiest car to buy and most economical to operate. It makes from 5 to 50 miles per hour on high gear, climbs hills as fast as ANY stock car made, can travel 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, and 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires. It is the MAXIMUM of automobile perfection, cost considered.

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This big book contains proof positive of our ability to make you the smartest suit at a saving of many dollars. It shows on garments in actual photographs on real men the most convincing evidence of perfect style and fit. It offers you 64 beautiful all wool samples to choose from, and explains our simplified system of measuring, with which any member of your family can measure you with accuracy. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from these measurements. Our Style Book is our sole representative. You can't buy our clothes except through it. We will put its unite evidence up against any salesman's strongest arguments. Don't think of placing your order for clothes until you send for it. It is free on request.

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

THE national anthem of Japan, among all other national anthems, is said to be the most poetical and the most spiritually lovely. Translated into English it is like this:

Until this little grain of sand,
Tossed by each restless wave,
Shall grow to a cloud-girt mountain,
Towering above the land;
Until the drop of morning dew,
Beading this blossom's rim,
Swell to a mighty river,
In age upon age untold—
Joy unto joy add manifold
For our blest Sovereign's sake.

AN ANNIVERSARY LETTER

In Which There Is a Prize Offer to All Boy and Girl Readers of The Christian Herald

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: With this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it is two years since we have been having pleasant times together in our Cozy Corner. Two short years ago this big and lively department was only a dream, an ideal. To-day the dream is a delightful reality, and the ideal, like all true ideals, is darting farther ahead, leading us onward toward what beautiful goal who can tell? Perhaps the very best token that I can give you at this anniversary time is the assurance that dreams, best of dreams I mean, *do come true*. Faithfully held to and backed up by high purpose and unselfish work, dreams change themselves into real things, and on the radiant ladder of our visions and hopes our lives broaden out and become more useful. Do not be afraid to have dreams and hopes, ideals and visions, my boys and girls; but rather be regretful if you haven't them.

As an anniversary gift to be backed up with one stroke of high purpose on your part, I want to send to each and every member of the Cozy Corner a group of *eight beautiful pictures in colors*. The pictures are 15x12 inches in size, and are all ready to passepartout and hang up in your room. Our space here is too limited to tell you anything further about them, but if you will send me a letter saying that you would like to have the eight lovely pictures, and are willing to do the one single stroke of purposeful work of which I shall tell you, I will have them sent to you, with my love, for Thanksgiving Day.

Wishing you all good luck and trusting that God will speed us with delight and purpose on our new year of good times in the Cozy Corner, I am

Ever lovingly and faithfully yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

P.S.—A Pretty Experiment

FILL an ordinary tumbler with perfectly clean water, and with a sharp knife scrape from the inside of a lump of gum camphor a few small slivers into the water. The camphor will go through all kinds of curious and rapid motions until you will declare that the slivers are alive. If you want them to stop dancing, dip a toothpick in turpentine or other thin oil, and touch the end to the surface of the water. The bits of camphor will instantly stop dancing, and this experiment will show you with what wonderful rapidity oil spreads over the surface of water.

WHO GIVES US OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER?

ON THANKSGIVING DAY little Dorothy said,
With many a nod of her wise curly head,
"The cook is as busy as busy can be,
And good-natured too; oh, 'tis easy to see.
She gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

"Oh, no, little Dorothy," answered the cook;
"Just think of the trouble your dear mother took
In planning the dinner and getting for me
The things that I cook; so 'tis mother, you see,
Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But mother said, smiling, "You are not right yet;
'Tis father who gives us money to get
The things for our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But father said: "I earn the money, 'tis true;
But money alone not a great deal can do.
The butcher, the grocer, whose things we must buy,
Should not be forgotten, for they more than I
Will give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

What Makes it Spin, I Wonder?

But the jolly old butcher laughed long and laughed loud:
"That tender fat turkey does make me feel proud;
The one for your dinner; but then you must know,
The turkey was raised by the farmer; and so
He gives you your Thanksgiving Dinner."

Then mused little Dorothy full of surprise,
And feeling that now she had grown very wise:
"But yet all the others had something to do;
The miller and butcher and grocer helped too,
And father and mother and good-natured cook;
I never before knew how many it took
To give us our Thanksgiving Dinner."

But what do *you* think? Had she found it all out?
Or was there still more she might learn about
Who gives us our Thanksgiving Dinner?

—*Selected and adapted.*

George Washington's INSTANT Coffee

Absolutely pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—sugar and cream to taste—the flavor is *always* perfect—*you* control the strength.

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Resemble high-priced, hand-crocheted ties. Made in new patented machines—hence exceptionally low price. Buy direct from makers. All colors and combinations. *Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, ties exchanged or money back—positively.* Send $1, specify colors, and we'll ship, charges paid, 6 of these beautiful knitted ties in attractive Christmas box and catalog. Sample tie 25c.

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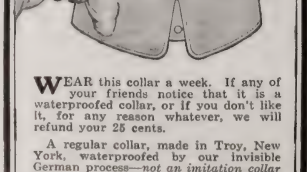

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Delicious Drinks made with Welch's

Welch Grape Punch

For a dainty, unfermented punch, take the juice of three lemons, juice of one orange, one pint of Welch's Grape Juice, one quart of water, and one cup of sugar. Add sliced oranges and pineapple and serve cold. This simple recipe makes a drink that has never been surpassed.

Sparkling Punch

One pineapple, four cups of sugar, three cups of boiling water, one cup of freshly made tea, six lemons, six oranges, two cups of Welch's Grape Juice, two quarts of charged water. Grate the pineapple and add to boiling water and sugar and cook fifteen minutes, then add tea and strain. Cool, add fruit juice and turn into punch bowl, and before serving add charged water.

Welch Grape Ball

Many people, especially men, do not want a sweet drink, but they want something with a tang to it and something that really satisfies thirst. The addition of a charged water to Welch's, say half and half, gives a drink with snap and sparkle. Use an eight-ounce glass, in which place the grape juice, adding a lump or two of ice and the charged water.

Camel's Hump

Use tall glasses. Allow half as many lemons as there are persons to be served. Wash and dry lemons, peel with continuous rind, taking in such a manner as to leave a round knob or hump at each end. Cut in two at center, and hang half of a rind in each glass, permitting the "hump" to hook over edge of glass. Put two tablespoonfuls of crushed ice in bottom of each glass, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice to each glass, pour on one-third of a glass of chilled Welch's Grape Juice, and fill glass with chilled charged water. Serve this very refreshing beverage with two straws in each glass.

Grape Lemonade

For each quart of well-sweetened lemonade allow a cup of Welch's Grape Juice. Chill and serve.

Welch's Grape Juice Served Plain

Served alone, Welch's Grape Juice is most attractive and delicious. See that it is chilled properly, that the glasses in which it is served are also cold, and select those which are attractive in form and fine in texture.

In serving Welch's Grape Juice place the glass on a small dainty plate covered with a paper lace or drawn-work doily, and lay two drinking straws tied with narrow violet ribbon across the plate. A sweet wafer or salted biscuit may be added.

Fruit Cocktail

Fruit cocktails are delicious, served at the commencement of a meal.

Fruits
One tablespoonful confectioner's sugar.
Welch's Grape Juice.

Place a spoonful of chipped ice in the bottom of small punch glasses, arrange ice cold fruits upon the ice and cover with a rich fruit juice. Welch's Grape Juice will be found invaluable in the making of fruit cocktails, as it is deliciously palatable, blends well with all fruit juices and is always ready for instant use. Use to a glass, four or five large sliced strawberries, a tablespoonful of shredded orange pulp with a little of the juice, a teaspoonful of sliced pineapple, and bits of banana and peaches, cherries and white grapes. Sift over each glass a tablespoonful of confectioner's sugar, and fill with Welch's Grape Juice and any other fruit juice one may prefer, using equal quantities.

A Grape Mint Julep

This fascinating summer beverage is making a decided hit, especially in Southern circles. Into about half a glass of Welch's Grape Juice crush the tips of about twenty mint leaves (don't use the stems), add a teaspoonful of sugar. After this has "drawn" for about two minutes strain into a tall glass filled with ice cracked about the size of a walnut. Add two straws of orange and serve with sprigs of mint sticking out of the glass, so that in drinking one must bury the face in fragrant mint.

Welch's with Olive Oil

When you take olive oil do it in this delightful way—pour two ounces of Welch's Grape Juice in a small glass and add the olive oil—really delicious.

Welch Grape Paste

Break one ounce of white sheet gelatine in pieces, add three-fourths cup of Welch's Grape Juice, cover and let stand two hours.

Put one pound of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water in an agate saucepan, bring to the boiling point, add the gelatine, again bring to the boiling point, and let simmer twenty minutes. Remove from the fire and add the grated rind of one-half orange and three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

Rinse a pan with cold water, pour in the mixture through a sieve to one inch in depth, and let stand in cold place until firm. Remove from the pan, cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar.

The Appropriate Beverage —

Welch's Grape Juice

"The National Drink"

The many delightful ways in which Welch's may be served in the home circle and at the family table make it a part of the good cheer of the household.

The hostess who serves Welch's as a beverage or dessert at her informal or formal social affairs knows that she is adding the happiest sort of touch to her hospitality.

Welch's is the pure, unchanged juice of the finest Concords. It brings to you the freshness and deliciousness of these splendid grapes with all the health-giving qualities that Nature has put into them.

On this page we give part of the recipes found in our beautiful booklet, "The Hostess and Welch's Grape Juice." In addition to the many recipes for dainty desserts and beverages there are suggestions for social affairs. The booklet will be mailed to you free on request.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—
say "WELCH'S"—and get it

If, for any reason, you cannot buy Welch's of your dealer we will ship a case of a dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3.00. Sample 4-ounce bottle, mailed, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Company
WESTFIELD, N. Y.

Dainty Desserts made with Welch's

Welch Grape Sherbet

Welch's Grape Juice, one and one-half pints; water, two pints; sugar, one and one-half pounds; juice of three lemons. Freeze medium stiff. Take the whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beat thoroughly, then stir the froth into sherbet. Freeze as hard as possible; remove the dasher and stand aside for an hour or so. Be careful to pack well. The best mixture for all freezing is four parts ice to one part coarse salt.

Welch Grape Ice Cream

One pint Welch's Grape Juice, one quart fresh cream, one pound granulated sugar. Bring one-half cream to a boil in a double boiler and add all the sugar. When cool add other half of cream and grape juice. Freeze.

Welch Grape Water Ice

Welch's Grape Juice, one pint; juice of two lemons; juice of two oranges; water, one quart; granulated sugar, one pound. If the water and sugar are brought to a boil, then allowed to cool, the water ice will be found to have a smoother consistency when frozen. Freeze slowly.

Grape Juice Macaroon Cream

Place one and one-half dozen macaroons in a serving dish and sprinkle with one-half cup of Welch's Grape Juice. Place one pint of milk in a double boiler, add one-half cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, which has been dissolved in a little cold milk. Cook ten or fifteen minutes, add a few drops of violet or orange extract, and when cool, pour over the macaroons. Set on ice to chill before serving.

Grape Tapioca

Mix one-half cup of quick-cooking tapioca and good half cup granulated sugar. Then take one pint Welch's Grape Juice and one-half pint water. Boil grape juice and water together. When this has reached a boiling point, add the tapioca and sugar. Stir until thoroughly mixed, and boil for three minutes. Pour in molds, cool, and serve with cream.

Grape Juice Bake

Pare and core apples for baking; place in pan, fill core space of each with granulated sugar, a good teaspoonful of Welch's Grape Juice, top with a piece of butter the size of a bean, and grate over a little nutmeg. Bake until apples are tender, basting a couple of times with the syrup which forms, and serve as first course for breakfast, or with whipped cream, as dessert for dinner or luncheon. Especially tasty and healthful.

Serving Grape Fruit

The grape fruit must first be prepared in the usual way. Powdered or confectioner's sugar is heaped lightly on the fruit, and its amount should be gauged by the flavor. Pour over the sugar two or three teaspoonfuls of Welch's Grape Juice. The fruit should be thoroughly chilled before serving, and the Welch's Grape Juice given time to permeate both sugar and pulp before bringing to the table.

Grape fruit prepared in this way is a delightful substitute for the soup course at the home dinner table. It is equally delicious as a dessert served surrounded by shaved ice and garnished with halved white grapes or candied cherries.

For Coloring

The use of Welch's Grape Juice as a harmless coloring matter will open delightfully dainty possibilities in the way of elaborating and decorating all sorts of desserts, puddings, cakes and home confections. By adding the fruit juice drop by drop, just the desired shade of violet may be obtained, from palest lavender to deepest purple violet, and this not only in the case of coloring icing for cakes, ice cream, etc., but a plain lemon jelly may be colored in the same manner, or the batter for a layer of "ribbon" cake, or the dough for a batch of violet cookies. In making marble cake part of the batter can be tinted lavender with Welch's Grape Juice, making a very dainty loaf cake.

Added to Mince Meat

Mince meat is also much improved by the addition of a cupful of Welch's Grape Juice instead of the rose water or fruit juices from home-canned fruits that are usually added. The use of brandy, cider or liquors of any sort is quite unnecessary.

Grape Crackle

One cup Welch's Grape Juice; one-half box (or two tablespoonfuls) granulated gelatine; one-half cup cold water; one cup sugar; one and one-half cups boiling water; rind and juice of two lemons (or three small ones); whites of three eggs. Soak gelatine in the cup of cold water for ten minutes; dissolve in the boiling water and add the grated rind and juice of lemons, sugar and grape juice, strain and set in a cool place. When nearly set, add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and whip all until well mixed. Pile lightly in a decorative serving dish, or put into a mold to be turned out later. Serve with a thin boiled custard made from the yolks of the three eggs used.

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Christian Herald

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ANTICIPATION

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Earnest Reader, Riverside, Calif. We are urged to give, lend, distribute, etc., in the Bible, and by so doing are pleasing God. We are also told to be obedient to our parents. May we give to those who need, if it is not particularly pleasing to our parents to do so, and still be favorable and sinless in God's sight? I have a friend who needs some money, which I would love to give, and which I do not need, but I do not believe my parents would like it if I gave any money to any one. What is the right thing to do?

You would do well to be guided by your parents' advice. Youth and inexperience should always seek counsel of older people, especially parental counsel. There may be some sufficient reason why you should not do as your heart prompts. Why not speak to them frankly on the subject, stating your feelings and your earnest desire to be helpful?

R. W. J., Henderson, Ia. The particular case to which Paul refers in I. Cor. 5: 5 is afterward explained in II. Cor. 2: 5-10, the sinner evidently having been brought to repentance in the interval between the two epistles. The persistent offender was to be subjected to the shame and mortification of exclusion from the society of God's people until such time as, having suffered for his sin, he became truly repentant, "the destruction of the flesh" (*i. e.*, the overcoming of the desire to sin) having been accomplished through the power of the Holy Spirit working for his deliverance. There is nothing to justify the conclusion that such a result could be reached save through genuine repentance.

A. R. P., Schenectady, N. Y. 1. What is meant by the Milky Way? 2. A few weeks ago you stated the age and mass of the earth. How is the mass determined? 3. What causes the seasons? Why is it winter in the North when it is summer in the South?

1. The Milky Way or Galaxy is a wonderful river of light which seems to foam across the sky. It is supposed to contain countless millions of stars. It has been referred to as "Infinity's illimitable fields, where bloom the worlds like flowers about God's feet." 2. There are several ways of determining the mass of the earth. The general method consists in comparing, by means of what is known as a torsion balance, the force of attraction of a leaden ball of known mass and at a known distance from a small ball with the force of attraction of the earth for the same small ball (that is, its weight) from which the unknown mass of the earth can be ascertained. 3. The seasons are caused by the way in which the earth moves in its orbit round the sun. While moving on its annular course the axis of the earth is not perpendicular to the plane of the orbit, but subtends it at an angle of 66½ degrees, and this slant causes the parts of the earth in turn to come under the influences of the sun. In the course of revolution when the Southern hemisphere is presented to the sun, the Northern is turned from that luminary, hence it is winter in the North and summer in the South.

G. B., Des Moines, Ia. Four events will distinguish 1912 as one of the epochal years, viz.: the transformation of China from a monarchy to a republic; the upheaval in Mexico, reorganizing the social and political condition of that country; the emancipation of Portugal from the incubus of Romanism, and the European downfall of the "unspeakable Turk," stung well nigh to death by the Balkan States, which he has held in contempt and oppressed for centuries. Last and not least is the political revolution here at home, which changes the political map of our Union and introduces new policies demanded by the needs of the times.

Mrs. E. M. J., Deals Island, Md. Will you not write something about unanswered prayer? My husband and I prayed so hard for the life of my dear little six-year-old girl to be spared. She was loved by the whole community and was her father's idol. I am under a shadow; I cannot sing nor laugh as I ought to. I want you to say something on this subject for me.

In the first place, do not feel condemned because of your grief. There is no sin in being sad when losses and disappointments like this come. It is just missing the little girl that makes you sad, and that is something you cannot as yet put away. If she had had a kind friend, let us say, who lived in a wonderful home and wanted her to come and live with him; if he could guarantee that she would never have another instant's pain or trouble or perplexity, could promise that she would have the very best that life could afford for her happiness and development, you might let her go. But you would miss her sorely. Now when you realize the kind of a Father God is—how he loves not only the little daughter, but you and your husband, and all the circle of her friends, you can believe that the decision he has made in taking her to himself is the best decision. Of

Continued on last column

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	71
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17	American Poultry Advocate
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47	Bookman
17	Boy's Magazine
80	Century Magazine
15	Commoner
16	Cooking Club Magazine
23	Cosmopolitan
70	Country Life in America
50	Current Literature
23	Delineator
12	Designer
37	Dress
23	Etude, for Music Lovers
23	Everybody's Magazine
17	Farm Journal (5 yrs.)
23	Field and Stream
23	Garden Magazine
23	Good Housekeeping
20	Harper's Bazar
70	Harper's Magazine
70	Harper's Weekly
16	Health
16	Health Culture
23	Housekeeper
8	Housewife
15	Jeffersonian (Watson's W'kly)
8	Ladies' World
17	La Follette's
35	Lippincott's
17	Little Folks
9	McCall's Magazine
23	Metropolitan Magazine
17	Modern Priscilla
17	Mother's Magazine
23	National Magazine
70	North American Review
50	Outing Magazine
60	Outlook
20	Pearson's Magazine
8	People's Home Journal
23	Physical Culture
17	Pictorial Review
35	Review of Reviews
60	Scribner's Magazine
50	Suburban Life
23	Sunset Magazine
23	Technical World
16	Uncle Remus's Home Mag.
25	Woman's Home Companion
12	Woman's Magazine
37	World's Work
12	Young People's Weekly
40	Youth's Companion

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from first column

course you do not really mean to suggest, e... in your deepest heart, that you know be... than God what was best for your child. He... breaking stories could be told of parents ... have insisted in prayer that their children ... spared, and have lived to repent bitterly; ... of mental faculties, terrible illness and pain, ... worse still, spiritual ruin may blight the ... thus spared. Is it not beautiful to think t... none of these things can ever touch your ch... Then, too, it is only a very little while bef... you will go to her. The years are very qu... and will soon bring you to her again. She ... only gone over to the Father's house to ... taught the beautiful things she needs to kn... After the few days you will be with her th... You will see what she has escaped here, w... she has gained there. And you will say: "... knew best." And eternity will be so long ... so bright that you may come to forget a... gether that you were ever separated for th... little moments that we call years.

P. M., Lexington, Ky. Is there a million ... millions in a billion?

According to British numeration there is, ... in the United States a thousand millions ... stitute a billion.

H. C. T., Travelers Rest, S. C. Is Dan. 8:... a prophecy of the airship?

The words "touch not the ground" me... imply the incredible swiftness of the conqu... of one who was to overrun the world in tw... years. Some interpreters believe it points ... Alexander the Great. Like all of Dan... prophecies, it has received various interpr... tions.

Reader, Tipp City, O. Rev. 8: 1. "TH... was silence in heaven about the space of ... an hour" is a figure of speech implying ... solemn pause, and is not to be interpreted ... the sense of material time. The last seal hav... been broken, the book of God's eternal plan ... redemption is open and about to be read. ... the previous chapter we have an account ... the jubilant songs of the multitude being ta... up by the angels, and now comes this impres... pause before the announcement of the ete... decrees. It is a pause between the precedi... vision and that which follows—a period of ... pectancy awaiting God's judgment.

R. S., Connelsville, O. What spirit is refe... to in the passage "Then was Jesus led ... of the Spirit to be tempted of the de... (Matt. 4: 1.)

The reference here is clearly to the H... Spirit. It does not mean at all that the H... Spirit brought about the encounter betw... Jesus and the devil. The attack of Satan u... the Saviour was inevitable. Satan would h... found Jesus wherever he might have gone, ... since the conflict was to take place the Spirit ... Christ to a place where he could prepare for ... ordeal by uninterrupted prayer, and wh... when the attack came, he would be free f... all distractions throughout the conflict.

Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Rumford, Me. Write to the S... retary of War, Washington, D. C., for the ... formation you seek.

C. K., Kedleston, Sask., Can. See the ... sage in II. Cor. 12: 2. This has recently b... explained in THE MAIL-BAG.

E. P. P., Bridgewater Corners, Vt. 1. ... "Dark Ages" is the name given to the pe... between the invasion of France by Clovis ... A.D. 486 and the latter part of the fifte... century. 2. Presbyterian.

H. L. P., Mayari, Cuba. His false pretens ... have been fully exposed, and it has been sh... that his investigation of missions in the Or... was worthless and totally unreliable.

W. J. C., Hubbell, Mich. 1. The two bo... to which you refer are classed among ... pseudo-revelations, none of which are inclu... in the canon of Old Testament Script... 2. The passage in mind is probably I. Cor. 7:...

R. B. McF., Tiffin, O. 1. The "Holy Cath... Church" in the Apostles' Creed, as we have ... peatedly explained, means the "Unive... Church," and is in no sense to be understo... as being the Roman Catholic Church. Th... was no Romanist Church in Apostolic tim... nor until centuries afterward. 2. There is ... authority for Virgin or saint worship.

LIBERAL REWARD OFFERED

MRS. WILLIAM J. HEWITT, of Ki... Iowa, would be glad to hear of the wh... abouts of her son, Crosby T. Hewitt, who ... his home on September 2. He is seven ... years old, nearly six feet tall, slender, ... eyed, fair skin and has black hair. He ha... small mole on the side of his chin and co... his hair pompadour.

Mrs. Hewitt in sending us the above desc... tion writes: "We will pray that God will ... the effort and restore to us our boy. I ask ... prayers of all God's people that we may ... directed to the whereabouts of our Crosby."

Any one giving reliable information as ... the whereabouts of Crosby T. Hewitt and ... ing such information to Mrs. Hewitt will ... liberally rewarded.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Refugees Waiting to Cross the Danube

Typical Bulgarian Artillerymen

Awaiting News at the Station, Belgrade

BULGARIA'S GREAT VICTORIES

CONSTANTINOPLE THE TURKS' LAST STAND ON EUROPEAN SOIL

[F THE Bulgarians succeed in forcing the Chatalja lines and advance on Constantinople, the Ottoman Government would be prepared to adopt the most extreme measures in order to void signing a treaty with the Bulgarians at Constantinople. It would pass over to Asia Minor and rganize resistance there, leaving the Bulgarians to ettle matters in Constantinople directly with the owers. At present, however, hope of defending ie Chatalja lines has not been abandoned." This the astounding statement wired by the London *aily Telegraph's* Constantinople correspondent n November 6, and it was based on the affirmation f the Foreign linister of the ttoman Cabinet. Ignominiously efeated, north, outh, east and est, the Turk tands ready to y from the Imerial City that Iohammed I rested from Constantine 459 ears ago. Only a w miles away— day's march for n army — the iege guns of the ulgarians are ounding down he last line of efenses at Chaalja. The shatered remnants f Turkey's once reat army is athered there or its final stand -a stand almost s hopeless as hat of Gordon at Khartoum. Outnumbered now lmost two to one by the victorious and elated Bularians, disorganized and poorly officered, the urks are clinging to a forlorn hope, while none of ie military experts entertain a doubt that they nce more face defeat.

Since the great three days' battle that was ought over the territory from Visa to Lule Burgas and which turned Nazim Pasha's army into a fleeing mob, the Bulgarians have swept the entire territory from Sarai to Tchorlu. In this great battle the outcome for a time seemed to hang in a balance. The Turks were at first successful on the left wing of the engagement, where they compelled the Bulgarians to retreat. The Bulgarian advance on the right was successful, and on the second morning of the battle, the Turkish main body was so broken that it degenerated into senseless masses of men without consistency or leadership or any power of resistance. On the third day the Bulgarians completed their great victory by the utter rout of Nazim Pasha's forces all along the line of battle.

General Savoff
Bulgarian Commander in Chief

Nazim Pasha
The Out-Generaled Turkish Minister of War

General Zitscheff
Bulgarian Chief of General Staff

Two days passed with no definite news of more fighting. The Bulgarians after their strenuous efforts were evidently recuperating and bringing up to this new line their wonderful Army Service Corps. During this time the despatches told of continued activities about Adrianople, which, in spite of the heavy bombardment of the Bulgarian batteries, still held out. The news of Greek successes in the south and of the occupancy of two more towns in the west by the Montenegrins was coupled with the announcement that the Servians had wiped northern Macedonia clean of all resistance by the Turks and were dividing their forces to aid the Montengrins before Scutari and the Greeks in their successful march to Salonica, and to take the place before Adrianople that had been occupied by the Bulgarians.

Then came the announcement from Sofia that another two days' engagement had been fought between the reinforced Bulgarians and the Turks along the line of defenses which the Ottomans had established between Sarai and Tchorlu. Here the resistance of the Turkish forces was that of unorganized desperation and the losses far exceeded those of the previous great battle. Every hospital in Constantinople is now crowded with wounded, as it is reported that 35,000 disabled soldiers have been taken back into the city. The Bulgarian advance has been greatly hampered by the fact that they are caring for not only their own wounded but are attempting to aid all wounded Turkish prisoners who fall into their hands.

On November 4 Turkey appealed to the Powers of Europe for aid, begging that they compel the Bulgarians to cease hostilities until peace could be arranged. To this note all of the Powers replied that it was impossible for them to act on such a

Continued on next page

WITH CHINA'S WAR AND FAMINE ORPHANS

Preparing Thread for Weaving

A Group of the "Door of Hope" Girls

At Work at the Hand Loom

THE old, old fact that through wars and rumors of wars, through famine and pestilence, it is the women and children who in the end pay the greatest price, becomes even more firmly established as letters giving greater details of the recent struggle come to us from China.

A few enlightened Chinese are toiling ceaselessly to lift their native land from darkness into light. They number only a few thousands, and the weight upon which they pull is that of millions who know nothing but the heathen customs of their forefathers, superstition, squalor and the fear of famine. Many of those who have felt the combined sting of war and famine will never know for what they have suffered. To them it has meant only the breaking of family ties, privation and misery. In a summer letter from the Free Methodist Orphanage at Tsingkiangpu, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fletcher say: "The thousands who have thronged our streets, begging piteously for food, and crying for help for their little ones, and telling us they were starving to death, show us only too plainly the great need of work among the children."

To those who, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have made it possible for them to carry on their orphanage work, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher send their warmest thanks. Their efforts are now being directed to the preparation of the children for self-support when they leave the orphanage. "We have begun trades for them to learn, but as yet none of them have become proficient in their line of work. Eight of the boys and six of the girls are learning to weave cloth and make towels on the native looms. Others are making thread, while some of the boys prove to be handy at sewing, and are learning to make their clothes. The boys and girls get their own meals, the boys carrying the water from the Grand Canal, which is only about a quarter of a mile distant. We have just harvested our wheat crop, the girls cutting and binding their part, about one-third of it, and the boys two-thirds of it. They considered it great fun, and as it all has to be cut with a little sickle, held in one hand, while the wheat is held with the other, it necessarily takes some time."

Another interesting letter about Chinese children comes from Miss Ethel Abercrombie of the Children's Home of the Door of Hope at Shanghai. Writing on August 19, she says:

"The Children's Home of the Door of Hope has 180 children, all girls, 92 of whom are now being supported by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. During the month of August these children had their holidays, and as many as possible were given an excursion to some kind friend's home. The photograph I send shows a little group that were invited to the China Inland Mission. The little baby in the center had been in the Door of Hope only a fortnight when the picture was taken. We do not know the exact age of the baby; she says she is four years old, but that is Chinese reckoning, and may be either two or three years really. She can walk and talk, but every now and then goes off into a language of her own, which neither the foreigner nor the Chinese can understand.

"The wee mite came in with the scars of red hot irons across her body and a hungry cry of 'eat rice, rice' all the time. Now, after a fortnight in the Home, she can play, laugh and forget her hunger. Some one may wonder how we got hold of such a little child, and the answer is, that like the majority of the Door of Hope children, she was given to us by the police and made over legally, so that no one else has any claim on her. The police discovered that the child had been bought as a little slave and was being badly treated.

"Whilst the photograph was being taken, the baby caused great amusement by fanning herself vigorously and refusing to sit still. One little girl, the next but one to the baby's right, took it upon herself to admonish her very seriously, thereby utterly extinguishing her own self."

BULGARIA'S GREAT VICTORIES

Continued from preceding page

one-sided proposition, as it really amounted to nothing more than giving the Turks a chance to reorganize and recuperate during an armistice. Then, too, Ferdinand, who now may truly claim that his title of "Czar of the Bulgarians" is no longer an empty one, has stated that the Turks must make their own appeal for peace to the conquerors.

The situation in Constantinople has caused great fear throughout the rest of the world that the wilder classes of the Mohammedans of the city may, in the face of utter defeat, get beyond control and start a massacre of both the foreign and native Christians. This brought about a most peculiar race. Along the Sea of Marmora, pursued by the Bulgarians, the remnants of Turkey's armies hurried back to the city, while on the high seas the ships of practically all the great Powers of the world were rushing to the Bosphorus that they may by their combined show of power quell any tendencies to Mohammedan lawlessness.

From Rodosto the reports announce that the fleeing Turks stopped to wreak a terrible revenge upon the defenseless Greek Christians. It is impossible yet to tell anything of the exact number that they have massacred or the amount of property that they have destroyed, but almost every report concludes with the statement that burning villages and the mutilated bodies of defenseless Christians mark the path of the retreat. One of the latest despatches says that it is now believed that the Bulgarians will see the wisdom of refraining from a formal triumphant entry into Constantinople. Such an entry would no doubt arouse the Mohammedan population to ungovernable fury, and yet to refrain from such a history-making climax to their successful campaign is something that will demand the greatest self-control on the part of the Bulgarians. Constantinople has been called "The Glory of the World." For two thousand years this city on the Golden Horn has been the goal of the ambitions of great military geniuses. Xenophon, Alexander, Constantine, Dandolo, Wallenstein, Napoleon and all the Czars of Russia since Peter the Great have coveted this key to three continents. Now a young nation stands the undoubted conqueror of this wonderfully historic ground.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S appeal in behalf of the widows and orphans of the Balkan War has reached the hands of its readers, and the first contributions are acknowledged below. We trust that there will be a speedy and generous response to this loud cry for help, and we hope that every reader will give his or her mite, however small, in order that lives may be saved and suffering alleviated. Every contribution should be addressed "Balkan Relief Fund, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York." THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already advanced $250 by cable, in confident anticipation of the gifts of its readers.

Many very touching incidents, showing the suffering and privation the people of the Balkans are enduring on account of the war, are related in letters forwarded by native pastors in Bulgaria to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Just as they did during the last war with Turkey, the Servians and Bulgarians, even the poorest, are making great sacrifices in aid of the wounded soldiers and also to help those unfortunate families whom the war has bereaved of their natural protectors. Cows, sheep, goats and clothing are given, for, as a rule, many of the people are too poor to give money. One poor widow, whose husband had been murdered by Turkish raiders (who had cut off her own left hand at the same time), gave her only cow to be used as food for the wounded. This woman, maimed as she was, tilled her own patch of land which furnished her whole living. Another woman, old and lame, gave a blue kerchief, saying: "I am poor, and this is all I can give; send it to some wounded soldier to wipe the sweat from his brow."

Knowing of the sufferings of their fellow countrymen at home, the Bulgarians in America are raising funds to help the wounded and the destitute. One group of women in Granite City and Madison, Ill., is doing a noble work in this way, sending the gifts for the relief of the wounded and the dying.

The following contributions are acknowledged:

O. K.	$10.0
Friend	2.0
G. H. S.	2.0
T. R. McN.	1.0
H. A. C.	.5
A. H. H.	1.0
X. Y. Z.	1.0
Two friends in Northampton	1.0
Sympathy	1.0

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THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AT HOME

"The Little White House" at Seagirt, N. J.

The President-Elect, Mrs. Wilson and Their Daughters, Margaret, Jessie and Eleanor on the Lawn at Sea Girt

The Wilson Home in Princeton, N. J.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago this fall there came to live at Bryn Mawr a young man by the name of Wilson, and a lady who had been his bride since the 24th of June. It was that date that Miss Ellen Louise son, the daughter and grand- ighter of two well-known rgian Presbyterian clergymen, s married at her grandfather's ne in Savannah to Woodrow lson. This young Mr. Wilson, ugh really only completing his dent career, had made quite a ne for himself as an essayist on ics of government. He had just left Johns Hopkins University to take a ir of history and political economy at the new college for women in the lish-named town.

At first the young professor and his wife lived at the edge of the campus, ere the dean and most of the other instructors had apartments. Later they ved to the pretty cottage on the old Gulf Road, that had been the parsonage a little Baptist church. In this, their first home, the Wilsons took great de and satisfaction. The long summer vacations were spent back in the rth amongst old friends and relatives. Mr. Wilson himself, you know, he son of a Scotch-Irish Georgian minister who was "stated clerk" of the thern Presbyterian General Assembly for thirty-four years. Here in the th the first two children of our President-elect were born.

Though the social life of the new college with its typical college atmosphere s most agreeable to the young professor and his wife, when an invitation to rger and older college came it was accepted. This call was from Wesleyan iversity, and the next home of the professor, now Dr. Wilson, and his little nily was just across the college grounds of the old New England university wn and looked out over the pleasant Connecticut valley. The next two years re spent in this quiet New England home, where the studous professor ved still more deeply into his beloved sciences of political economy and ernment, and where he produced his book *The State*. These were years of asant companionship with the families of the other pro- sors of the college, the social life of the town, and above with the young men of the classrooms. The Wilson home s a Mecca for them. It was such a quiet, homelike place, h such a quiet and motherly little woman as its mistress, t they all loved to come to partake of her good things and en sometimes with wide-open eyes to the comic limericks l humorous stories of the professor who could provide them h such stiff, though popular, courses of lectures when on siness bent.

In 1890 the chair of jurisprudence and politics at Prince- College was vacated by the death of Professor Alexander nson and the trustees elected to fill it the Princeton alum- who had made such an enviable name for himself during years since his graduation. So now back to his Alma ter as a doctor of law and of philosophy came Woodrow lson. He was now a man who was known in the world. s books and articles were being quoted and talked of. As public speaker he was popular, and as the head of a rming little family he was admired by all. Bringing h them the atmosphere of books and culture and high nking that had characterized their other two homes, Dr. lson and his family moved into a house in Library Place. ere he and his wife and their growing daughters lived until ew years after they built their present home from designs d plans which Mrs. Wilson herself had drawn. The story Dr. Wilson's connection with Princeton University need be repeated. Through the years that he saw it develop, up to the beginning his own presidency and during the years that he so ably directed its des- ies, his home was again a favorite meeting-place for those students who were tunate enough to be invited there. It was a most democratic home—a place which merit alone was a key—a place of good music and bright stories, deep versation on the destinies of government and delightfully old-fashioned, l domestic entertainment. A family shut in upon itself grows narrow and adually loses touch with the outside world. No such thing as this enters the ne circle of Dr. Wilson.

The university president's daughters were growing into young ladies and veloping along the lines that their education and associations made most tural. Miss Margaret Woodrow is a devotee of music; has a well-trained ratic soprano voice and was preparing for the concert stage. She had anned this winter to spend nine hours each day at her music and gymnasium rk. She and her younger sister Jessie Witherspoon are both deeply inter- ed in settlement work, and have become earnest and practical students of iology. It is not at all an uncommon occurrence to have them start off in morning announcing in a rather indefinite fashion that they are going to ne settlement or social workers' organization, and to have them telephone ne when evening comes not to worry as they have been kept one train later than they had expected and will be delayed for dinner. The youngest daughter, Miss Eleanor Randolph, is the artist of the family and inherits her artistic talents from her mother, who not only made a name for herself as a landscape painter of no mean achievement, but also studied architecture and planned to the minutest detail the charming Princeton house of stucco and Tudor beams—low ceilings and ample rooms and casement windows—in which the family now lives. Eleanor is perhaps the most socially inclined of the whole family. She has taken great pleasure in those social functions with which her father's governorship of the State of New Jersey has brought her in contact. As the State of New Jersey has no gubernatorial mansion and as the Princeton home is not large enough to accommodate very elaborate state functions, the Wilson family has done little elaborate entertaining. A few years ago Governor Wilson acquired the property at Sea Girt, N. J., that is now known as "The Little White House." It is here that the Wilsons have welcomed their friends in a hearty outdoor fashion, entertaining on the tennis court rather than in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

The new lady of the White House is perhaps one of the most domestic women who have ever occupied the position of the First Lady of Our Land. Full of the gentle charm of motherliness, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson impresses every one as wife, companion and mother first, and all things that are required of such a type of woman follow easily and attractively in her wake. Enjoying the full confidence of her daughters, Mrs. Wilson is the inspiration and the delight of her home. One who spent a few days as her guest not long since said: "She impresses one much as did Mrs. Cleveland. She has the same sweet motherliness of character and disposition. I doubt if the new régime at the White House will be an astonishingly brilliant one in its entertainments, but of this I am sure: there will be many a delightful dinner and many a delightful reception where the personality of the presiding lady will pervade everything with the same sense of hearty, homely welcome that has made her Sea Girt and Princeton homes such delights to the family's friends and acquaintances."

Ever ready with the gentle word of wisdom and encouragement, she is invariably consulted on important and unimportant household and family matters. Alive in the domestic partnership of husband and wife, Mrs. Wilson is the ideal silent partner, the inspiration that is the quiet power behind the throne. The President-elect owes more than is apparent to the almost ideal wife and mother who with unfailing cheerfulness and dignity reigns over his home. It may sound trite to say that to children and parents alike the days of the children's youth, crowded with attendant cares and anxieties, filled with responsibilities and strenuous ambitions, were the golden age in their lives, the time to which the children look back as a priceless heritage and to which they attribute their beautiful and happy home life to-day.

The President-elect is known to a vast circle as a delightful host. From his photographs one would gain the impression that he was of a terribly serious, almost sad disposition, but the lines that tell this story disappear when his face is animated in conversation. His friends have often spoken of the swift play of expression that marks his interest as he listens, and the suffusion of kindliness and good humor that accompanies his reply. He laughs easily and heartily. He is a man of few marked mannerisms. His devotion to details is perhaps shown by the painstaking way in which he wipes his pen before he replaces it after using and the precision with which he arranges the objects on his desk. There might be a repelling grimness about this apparently cold precision were it not for the ready smile that animates his features as he plunges his hands into his trousers pockets and squares his sturdily built shoulders in a spontaneous fashion that marks his whole personality with good humor. It has been said of him: "Governor Wilson is a man of positive opinion, relieved by an eager sense of humor. He moves and speaks with unfailing poise, with good-natured certainty of himself. The prime thing is that he is real—real all through, from top to bottom. There isn't a sham anywhere in his neighborhood. He is chock-full of energy; he likes action, hugely, though he did remark at the end of one exciting day: 'After all, life doesn't consist in eternally running to a fire!' Conversation with him is a delight; his talk is rich in allusion, illustrated from broad personal acquaintance, marked by a wide-ranging sweep of interest and thought. Mr. Wilson is a great story-teller—in private he keeps his friends in hours-long gales of laughter; he uses simple words and strong words, but seldom slang. He loves nonsense verse and limericks, and often reels them off while he is getting acquainted with his audience. It is a rare and an arresting combination of traits that this man presents. Perhaps nothing sums it up more vividly than this: he reads Greek, and he writes—short-hand."

POSITIVE FAITH

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

TEXT: "For I know him whom I have believed." II. Tim. 1: 12, R. V.

SUPPOSE you are a seedsman and I come into your store one morning and say, "Spring is coming and I want some seeds for my garden. Please send up to my house a package of lettuce, turnip, beet, cabbage, and some flower seeds. I would like nasturtiums, some sweet peas, etc." You would sit in your chair, and without even moving, you say, "I don't know as I have any fresh seeds this morning that I can recommend. I haven't any new stock on hand, and it is doubtful if my sweet peas will sprout, and I don't know about the turnips or lettuce."

Would this Pay in Business?

If you were that kind of a seedsman, how many seeds would you sell, and how many customers do you think you would retain?

Suppose you are a grocer and I come into your store on my way down to my business and say: "Please send up to the house as soon as possible a pound of butter, a package of breakfast food, a dozen eggs, fifty cents' worth of sugar, a sack of flour, and a bushel of potatoes." You sit in your chair and without even moving you say: "I don't know that we have any potatoes this morning; I think we are all out, and I am afraid I cannot speak for the eggs; I don't know that they are fresh, and we happen to be out of sugar just at present, and I am afraid I cannot recommend the butter. We have not had any fresh butter in lately," etc.

If you were to act like that in the grocery business, how much groceries would you sell and how many customers would you retain in the course of a year?

Suppose you are a real estate man and I come into your office one morning and say, "I have just come to this town to make my home here because I like the looks of the place. I want a good-sized house for my family, and am willing to pay a good price, and have come in to see you about it." Suppose you were to sit still in your chair and say with indifference: "Well, I don't know as I have anything this morning; business is dull on account of the presidential election. I had some good lots last year, and some good houses, but nothing I can offer you now. Real estate is way down; nothing doing."

If you were to act like that as a real estate man, how much business would you have at the end of a year?

What Shall the Church Accomplish?

How much business will a church transact or Christianity accomplish on a basis of indifference or a lack of positive faith? We need to remember that Christianity made its beginning in the hearts of men who were absolutely certain of what they had to offer the world. There were no question marks about their business. There was no indifference about what they had to offer the public. All the preaching of the first century was absolutely positive and affirmative, and it was because of that that Christianity made its rapid growth.

It is well for the Christian and the minister and the church member of to-day to sit down quietly and put down a number of things that he really *knows* about his Christian faith. Suppose we make such a list along the line of Paul's statement to Timothy: "For I know."

The first thing I know in the way of a positive faith is:

The "I Knows" of Positive Faith

I know there is a God.

Jesus never tried to argue about the existence of God. He simply took it for granted just as he wants us to. There is not a single human being in the world to-day who in his heart does not really believe this great fact. We can easily imagine what would happen to this universe if there were no God and if the whole thing came about by chance. Christianity, of course, can make no progress in the world unless in the heart of every Christian disciple there is the most unquestioning faith in the existence of a personal God, who is the Father of us all.

I know he is a loving God.

This means something more than power or force which creates. Suppose for a moment that the universe were ruled by a God of hate, and consider what awful harm he could bring upon us every minute. We would never be certain of anything. We could never depend upon any law to govern anything. If God were all powerful and all hateful, he could make every minute of our lives miserable. Instead of that, human life is crowded with happiness if we simply obey his commandments. The knowledge that God is love and not hate is an absolute necessity of the Christian faith.

I know that I can choose between right and wrong.

Sometimes we think that money is the great thing in life, or pleasure, or power; but in our sober moments we know that to do right or wrong means more to us than all the money, or power, or pleasure in the world. Money cannot buy the greatest thing in our lives. We cannot sell virtue or love for money. They are beyond price. Whether we do right or wrong in the course of the day determines our happiness or unhappiness in the end. This knowledge is something about which we should have no doubt.

True Values

Character is of infinite value.

During this last summer Mrs. Sheldon and myself were out on a lake in a boat with some friends and narrowly escaped drowning. There seemed to be no possible hope of getting the boat to shore. The captain ordered us to put on life preservers and said the boat would surely go down. For four hours we were in the heart of a tremendous storm, which threatened every moment to send the entire company to the bottom. In those moments everything else seemed to be of no value by the side of life. All that we had on shore faded into insignificance by the side of simply being alive. In the long run we know that character is the only thing that can survive. We cannot take our money with us into the other country. Nothing is eternal except love and righteousness.

This is a piece of knowledge that means everything to the disciple, for that means that Jesus is an example and One who can help him live his life as he should. Among all the imperfect beings that ever lived in this world there has been One that has been perfect. That is a great help to all of us who are daily tempted and who need something more than human to help us.

Jesus' teaching is the best for the world.

When we compare Christianity with other religions we see at once the great difference. Christianity has done for the world what no other religion has done. It has brought about the civilization we now have. It has abolished slavery. After a while it will abolish the saloon and war and all great evils that now are a part of our lives.

His teaching of love to God and men, if practiced in business and politics and amusement and daily life, would transform people's habits and make them love one another instead of hate one another. The first Christians were called "those who turn the world upside down." Christianity is the religion which is always turning the world upside down, and in the end it will conquer.

I know I ought to practice his teaching.

If his teaching is the best in the world, and if obedience will make heaven on earth, I ought to be a Christian myself. I cannot escape the obedience I owe to him who came into the world to save people from their sins. He came to call me personally. This is a logical conclusion I cannot escape. Jesus himself said once, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

This, of course, is a piece of knowledge that everybody has but very often forgets. It is w for us to remember that no matter how long li may seem, it will some time have an end. I oug to live conscious of that fact and act accordingly

I cannot prove this by science or by logic. I pend for this knowledge on what Jesus said about and simply rest my faith on his testimony. Wh he said, "In my Father's house are many ma sions; I go to prepare a place for you," and aga when he said to the dying robber on the cro "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," th is the knowledge that gives the world eternal ho of a world which will be free from sickness and s from selfishness and from death.

Life's Great Inspiration

The hope of the world is in Jesus Christ.

It is not in political parties or universities or c ture or money. Nothing can ever change me hearts except a faith in him which will chan their habits and make them new creatures. Th knowledge underlies all the great life of the wo and is its constant inspiration and hope.

We need to-day a positive faith, which grows o of the positive knowledge we have. A minist which is not sure about the miracles or the resu rection or the power of Christ to change huma nature is a ministry which will never prevail. some of our churches are losing ground, if men a not going to church services, if preaching seer to have lost its power, it is because the pulpit a the pew do not sound a note of positive faith. M and women are hungry for the bread of life. Th want affirmations, not question-marks. They wa the things that are knowledge and not the batt grounds of theological discussions. The chur to-day should be preaching and living a positi faith. That alone can redeem the world.

Wycliffe's Bones

THE London *Tablet* is generally recognized the leading organ of the Roman Catholic Chur in Great Britain, if not in the whole Englis speaking world, but in the issue of October 19, 191 we find a curious departure from the accura which is usually supposed to characterize its co umns. It appears that a number of nuns who we expelled from Nantes, in France, ten years ago, b cause they refused to conform to the terms of t Associations Bill enacted by the French Parliame (made up of men at least born in the Roman Cath lic faith), invaded England when they "left the country for their country's good." A convent h recently been built for them at Lutterworth, t home of John Wycliffe, frequently called the "Mor ing Star of the Reformation." He died in 13 and was buried at Lutterworth. The writer in t *Tablet* was evidently under the impression that t reformer's body had been allowed to rest in pea after the interment in this quiet parish churchyar for after referring to the saying of the first mass the new chapel, he says, "While Wycliffe's reli rattled in his grave, the townsfolk of Lutte worth came sight-seeing." The facts, however, a that thirty-one years after Wycliffe's death, t Council of Constance issued a decree (May 4, 141 that his remains were to be dug up and burned an order which was carried out by Bishop Flemi in 1428 (Encyc. Brit., 9th ed., vol. xxiv., p. 711 the ashes being afterwards thrown into the rive It is easy to understand that Roman Catholic co leges and schools do not teach much about historic episodes of this nature, but it seems a little curiou that the responsible editor of so important a Pap organ as the *Tablet* should have allowed an error this kind to escape his notice, since the facts ha been so widely known for so many centuries. It an instance of how the rancor of Rome pursue even after their death, those who have opposed h errors or sought to deliver the people from h tyranny.

* Ex-Pastor Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

ONG FOR OLD FOLKS' DAY

Tune, "Meet Me There."

UGH the veterans may be few, yet their
arts are warm and true.
y will they gather with us if they may.
clasp them by the hand, all the faithful,
al band
the old folks have the honored right of
y.

Chorus.

them home, gently home, lead them
me, gently home,
re the fount of youth is flowing, lead
m home, gently home,
life's sorrows all are o'er, on a fairer,
ghter shore,
ring young forever more, lead them
me.

ave gathered here to-day, as they oft
re met to pray,
join us in the worship of our God.
they're facing toward the west on his
omise they can rest,
he promise of their risen, living Lord.

cheer them on their way, for they have
long to stay,
we well may breathe for them an earnest
ayer.
ese blossoms fair unite, royal purple,
rest white,
message of our tender love and care.

burdens they have borne, many sorrows
y have known,
our Father's hand has led them all the
way.
f the lights of earth grow dim, yet the
ht they find in him
neth more and more unto the perfect
y." MRS. M. B. WINGATE.
field, Me.

THE OFF OX

THE winter had been a very hard one, very cold, and the snow very deep. The roads, in consequence, were very bad. rmer was trying to drive a yoke gen with a load of hay. After ng some progress he had come to stop. A neighbor came up from d, plowed around through the banks, and came up beside the er.

ello," said the neighbor, "what's natter?"

atter enough," growled the far- "The roads are so bad that I ot get along. Then the oxen d so that they cannot pull the '

en the farmer thrashed his oxen ely to make them go. They ged in the snow, both trying to onto the center strip of snow tearing it away in their efforts. after some minutes of strug- the "nigh" ox fell down and d down.

here!" said the farmer in disgust, t can a man do with a road like and stupid oxen that crowd like "

ou are an older man than I am," the newcomer, "but when you are igh let me have a try with those "

ave it now," said the farmer. at can you do? One ox is down, other is tired out, and the sled is in the snow."

f you do what I tell you, you will out of this trouble all right."

Well, go ahead, then."

iberate that nigh ox that's down let it go," ordered the neighbor.

ne ox was freed from the yoke, on being liberated, it quickly ed up and ran down the road. farmer looked at the neighbor would have expressed his disgust, ne thought his plight greater than but he had done all that he knew to do and had failed, and it was this other man's turn.

Now, friend," said the neighbor, put yourself into the nigh side ne yoke."

What?" exclaimed the farmer; re the ox was? What good will do? If the other ox could not the load, I can't; I'm not as strong n ox."

Now you are under my orders," the neighbor good-humoredly; hold up your end of the yoke and when I tell you."

ne neighbor took up the whip and

Continued on last column

ONLY A SINGLE STRING

H FOR a thousand tongues to sing!" cried the poet whose passion for praise was beyond his power of expression. He had only one tongue to sing, but he was able to put praise upon millions of other tongues, which was far better.

Man so often wants to be the whole orchestra. The ambition for great achievement, the desire to wield a compelling influence in the world, the eagerness to count for something, all create a tendency to magnify the importance of numbers and majorities and to belittle the value of a single individual.

The orchestra is a noble and inspiring thing, whose power and beauty have been considered heretofore in these talks. It has been described as "the most eloquent, potent and capable instrument of music in the world." But the orchestra is impossible except as it is composed of individual instruments and players, each doing faithfully and well an appointed part. It may be that this single part is small and apparently meaningless by itself, but vital and indispensable to the perfect harmony of the whole. Some are appointed to greater honor and prominence, others must play minor parts. Some are given voices of great sweetness and range, others can utter but a single tone, perhaps harsh and unlovely if taken out of its place in the orchestra, yet adding strength to the whole. Not all can be first violins, not 'cellos, nor harps, nor flutes. The perfect orchestra needs the heavy tone of the kettle-drum and the clash of the cymbals.

It is a greater art to combine all the instruments into the harmonious union of purpose and melody than it is to separate them into individuals and find fault with their restrictions or lack of tunefulness. When we learn that every life, every voice, every strong natural characteristic has its rightful place in the great human orchestra, and that the Master Musician can play on every string, we shall realize that it is more beautiful to help bring each one into tune with all the others than it is to isolate any and criticize its lack of individual power or sweetness. Perhaps the very one we are most inclined to slight would first be missed by the Conductor when he calls upon his orchestra for a chosen work.

. . .

AWAY back near the last row, almost hidden in a corner behind other players at the final rehearsal for the grand concert, sat a little old man with a piccolo. He loved the music and his heart swelled as the majestic harmonies filled the air. The violins thrilled him with their sweetness, and the heavy stringed instruments satisfied his sense of grandeur as the mighty crescendos rose in response to the conductor's signal. His own little piccolo seemed insignificant and out of place. Its small, shrill voice suddenly offended him because it seemed to add neither sweetness nor grandeur to the wonderful music. If only he could play a trumpet, or a first violin, he felt that he could add the inspiration of his soul to the music and so render a service worthy of the great composer. But the mean little piccolo—why, no one ever knew he was there!

He hardly realized that while indulging in his discontent he had stopped playing. Suddenly, with an imperious wave of his baton, the conductor stopped the orchestra in the midst of one of its grandest bursts of harmony. All was silence for an instant that seemed an age. Then—"Where is the piccolo?" the conductor demanded. "I cannot go on with this piece without the piccolo." The little old man turned cold and then hot. His eyes swam in a mist, as the whole orchestra seemed to melt away and he saw only the conductor looking straight at him. He had been missed. The wonderful music was spoiled and could not go on because his little piping piccolo had stopped. Never would he falter again, for the whole orchestra and the great conductor himself were depending on him to play his part.

. . .

EVERY kind and every condition of string may have its place in the orchestra if only it is kept in tune. Some are coarse of fiber, and loose in tension, giving low tones; others are finer and are keyed up tight, sometimes almost to breaking; but across both the bow may be drawn by the musician who knows how to bring out their best tones. He knows how much stretching each string needs to keep it true to the key, and to blend its tone with all the others.

Some one has remarked on the fact that a low note in tune with others is not noticed, while a tone in discord with others, though insignificant in itself, will command more attention than many in harmony. It is a painful fact that there are persons who would rather make a discord and be noticed than harmonize and be obscure. Knowing that their powers *rightly* used may never bring them into conspicuous notice, they deliberately produce discords to draw attention to themselves. They would rather be notorious in meanness, or quarrels, or crime, than unnoticed in virtue—daring and sensational in hostile criticism or heresy than earnestly and obscurely to praise where praise is due, or to contend for the faith of our fathers.

Many a man or woman is like the string of the harp that refused to stay in tune. The celebrated harpist sat down in front of an expectant audience and began to play. Just as the hearers were becoming entranced with the exquisite music, one of the strings gave back a harsh discord. The musician stopped in dismay and tightened the string to bring it back in tune. Hardly had the unpleasant effect passed and the hearers were coming again under the sweet spell of the melody, when suddenly the string rebelled and answered the touch of the harpist with another discord. Of what avail was the perfect harmony of all the other strings? One discordant note ruined the whole.

Only a single string, yet chosen by the great Musician for a part in his perfect symphony of life. Only a single string, yet related to all the rest so closely in the harmony that they are depending upon the single string and cannot go on without it. Only a single string, yet the Master's fingers will gently touch it and expect it to respond in answer to his will. Shall the response be harsh with discord, or shall it be pure, and true, and tuneful as he expects it to be?

THE OFF OX

Continued from first column

flourished it. He gave the farmer a little tap in play, and touched up the off ox. The ox responded quickly, and, now having the road to himself and gaining a grip in the snow, easily pulled the load and so got over the bad place, which had been made far worse by the struggling oxen. After they had got to fairly good road, the neighbor called them to a halt. The other ox, which had not gone very far, was caught and put into its place. Then the farmer turned to thank his friend.

"Well, did you ever!" he exclaimed. "I never saw anything like that and I can't account for it."

"Oh, that is easy," said the other laughingly. "You see, it was just this way: While the road was a bit bad, the load was not so heavy. The chief trouble was with the oxen, who were crowding, and both wanted the center of the road. That off ox is a good puller, and all he wanted was just to have somebody hold up the other end of the yoke, give him a grip on the road, and he'd pull the whole load himself."

And that is often the way with Him who said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." The burden is light because he is on the other end of the yoke. We often cause trouble by "crowding" him so that he cannot get a grip on the road, but when we bravely hold up our end of the yoke and go on, we find indeed that the yoke is easy and the burden light, and when we have our eyes opened to the truth, we realize that he has been the chief burden-bearer, and thus the goal has been won.

E. RYERSON YOUNG.

A Real Nobleman

PETER SCHOFIELD is one of the real noblemen of the world, although he is only a Kansas farmer. One day the people riding by the little country schoolhouse near the home of Peter Schofield found the following notice tacked on the schoolhouse door:

> The Lord has spared my stock. My horses have gone through the epidemic without loss, and I have twenty head to loan to my less fortunate neighbors, without charge, for plowing. Those who need are welcome to them.

This simple notice brought joy to many of the neighbors of generous Peter Schofield, for a stock plague had raged in the rural neighborhood and some of the farmers had lost all of their horses and were too poor to buy others. This plague was the worst disaster that had come to this part of Kansas since the days of the great pest of grasshoppers that swept thousands of acres of crops from the fields. This generous deed on the part of Peter Schofield proved that he was a man of a true heart and generous spirit, and all those who see things in their right perspective must agree with the writer who says:

"No title is more adorning and no honor is more enduring than the generous impulse which inspired this man to become a benefactor to the distressed in his community." J. L. H.

A Kindly Gift to the Bowery Mission

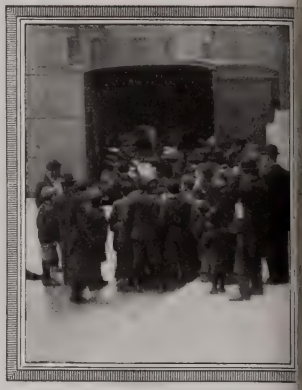
A FEW days ago Miss K. F. Ritchie, a refined, cultured woman from the South, called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices, and left a package containing thirty-five pairs of wristlets to be distributed among the Bowery Mission men and boys, who stand in the Bread Line during the cold winter nights. She said she had leisure time and enjoyed making these wristlets and if she found they were appreciated, she would employ all her spare moments during the coming winter in making more. The poor men on the Bread Line, who have no home to go to, and no shelter to protect them from the cold winter blasts, will be very grateful for a kindness of this sort, and Miss Ritchie would feel amply repaid could she but witness the thankfulness shining on the faces when they learn that some one remembered them so kindly.

HOW THE RED STOCKINGS WERE FILLED

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Some of the Joy That Comes in the Morning

The Red Stockings, Stuffed and Crammed, and Ready and Waiting



A Moving Van for the Distribution

MOTHER was, of course, the first one to think about Christmas. Thanksgiving was barely over before she said to Dad, "I'm going to speak to Jones early this year about the tree." Later she asked him to look at a coaster, "not too expensive, of course, but a good strong one," and a day or two after that she carried Mary's new doll over to Grandmother's, so that Auntie could dress it beyond the reach of Mary's eyes. Packages began to arrive in the snowy twilights. Mary and Jack could perfectly well hear the "Oh's!" and "Dear me's!" over them when the grown-ups opened the boxes, and could hear Mother say "Oh, they shouldn't spend so much money on just toys!" and Dad add, chuckling, "But won't the kids go wild!" Mary and Jack feared that they might not get the pony, and probably had better not set their hearts on gold watches and the real cat-boat just yet; but there would certainly be the coaster and the doll, and something wonderful from the aunt in Paris, and something else from the California uncle, and enough games and candy and horns and books and skates and dishes and oranges and nuts and blocks and paintboxes and new mittens and new bedroom slippers and new sweaters and new school umbrellas to make the dining-room on Christmas morning, with the sun streaming over the glittering snow outside, and the fire dancing on the hearth inside, look like a toy-shop picked up by the foundations and shaken into the house.

"It takes so little to make them happy!" Mother and the aunts and uncles and Daddy say over and over, listening to their chatter, as the morning wears on, and the odor of roasting turkey begins to penetrate the house. "And they'll never forget these Christmases!"

They'll never forget them; that is the joyful truth.

Now let us suppose that instead of speaking to Jones about the tree, right after Thanksgiving—and in this case a Thanksgiving without a turkey, and with no mince pie—a mother who loved her children just as dearly as Mary's and Jack's mother did, had to begin to prepare their minds for no Christmas—no big dinner, no tree, no toys, nothing but the old familiar round of hunger and cold and privation. Suppose that when this mother's Mary came to her knee, to ask, with a quivering little mouth, if there wouldn't be just one little doll, she had to say no. Suppose that when Jack asked if they could hang up their stockings anyway, she had to try to dissuade them, to remind Jack that he was a big boy, and big boys did not cry; to cuddle little Mary in her lap and tell her about Daddy's sickness, and the rent-day coming, and the baby's sickness yet unpaid for. And if the children's faith in the Christmas saint proved stronger than even this, let us suppose this mother, with the bitterness of death in her heart, creeping under her thin blankets on Christmas eve, with her eyes still full of the vision of three little empty flapping stockings, awaiting the children in the morning. Only the God of suffering motherhood knows what those Christmas mornings are.

And the children never forget them, that is the terrible truth.

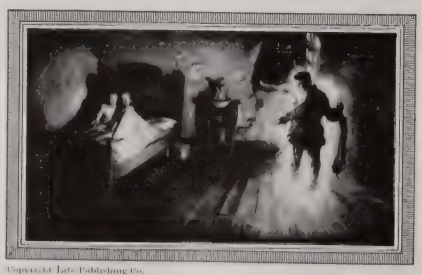
It is the children's holiday, it is the children who fill the shops with toys, and 'owd the streets with shoppers, and, without the children, gift-giving at Christmas-time would vanish from the land. And so it is to the children that we turn for a final solution of the Christmas problem, and it was through a child that it was found.

The child found a little picture that was published in *Life* some years ago—a picture of Santa Claus standing in a bare little bedroom, his troubled eyes upon the children asleep in bed, his empty sack hanging from his hand. The child's heart was touched by the picture, and he wanted to know if the terrible thing ever happened.

The lovely and motherly woman to whom he sent the picture is a member of the Brooklyn Tenement House Committee, and she showed the picture at the next meeting of the board, and the committee tried and tried and tried to think of some way in which the children of the rich could send a direct message to the children of the poor at Christmas-time. Nearly every mother had outgrown things at home, duplicated toys, surplus sweets and small treasures galore. But how could they have a Christmas-tree of the size that the situation in Brooklyn demanded, and how assort and deliver the right things to the right child if they did? And who could spare the time on Christmas Day anyway, and what is the use of toys and good cheer on December twenty-eighth or December thirtieth, if one's heart has been quite broken on Christmas Day?

The Board went home to think about it. One of them had as a dinner guest that very evening a nurse from the New York Presbyterian Hospital, Miss Mary Buley, and she, deeply interested, told her hostess that the year before every sick child in the hospital had had a big red stocking laid on his bed on Christmas morning, stuffed to the brim with delights, useful or amusing, but all selected for that particular child, and all *his*.

This was the nucleus. At the next board-meeting the Red Stockings were born, and although this was only in 1911, by this time thousands of them are marching gaily around the world. The women of the board bought yards—miles!—of red cambric that very day, volunteers were eager to cut, volunteers met at a hospital sewing-room to sew, volunteers sprang up everywhere to distribute, and,



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"Nothing Left"—the Picture that Started it all

finally, stockings couldn't be given out as fast as they were wanted to be filled.

The rest really reads like a fairy-tale. A thousand stockings, fifteen hundred stockings, two thousand and more stockings were filled that first winter. The Children's Aid Society, the Associated Settlements, the District Nurses, the City Missionaries, Little Italy, and several other organizations investigated the cases, and poured in the names, and as the names came in, each one was printed a linen-backed card, "Katharine Edwards, 20 Green Street, nine years old," or "Thomas Bat 600 Union Street, infant," and sewed firmly to t top of a red stocking.

And then the busy Red Stocking Committee—wi the motherly woman who began the whole thir Mrs. James Sears Waterman, at its head—we about distributing empty stockings. They talked school children everywhere, and even the high sch boys wanted to fill Red Stockings. As for the gir they took them by the hundred—and another hu dred—and another hundred. Nurses and colle girls and clubs everywhere wanted them, and in viduals did the remarkable things that individua always do when such a chance arises. One wom always fills one hundred personally, buying litt coats and woolly lambs by the dozen, and fair filling a room with Red Stockings. Checks pour upon the committee, telephone requests for stoc ings, boxes of useful and delightful things, boug wholesale, come to the committee room.

And by December 20 they begin to come bac bulging, heavy, stuffed from their fat toes to t doll hanging out at the top, and perhaps tied to sled or a doll's carriage, or strapped flat to a b of good things that couldn't possibly be squeez inside. They pile up around the walls of the co mittee room like some queer Christmas tide of go cheer; and frantic women try to keep abreast of t terrific task of assorting them, and dividing the into districts, and classifying them under the nam of various associations. On, on, on pours the tid motors, carriages, sleds and delivery wagons bri them to the door all day long, and every arrivi stocking is filled to bursting; there is never a R Stocking that could accommodate even a gingersn more!

Just before Christmas all the parents are notifi by postal card that the children's Christmas stoc ings are waiting for them, and they call for them a long line of patient, shabby mothers and siste and old men and women—and say an awkwa "Thank you!" for them, and go away again, som times managing to carry as many as seven or eig of the enchanting, mysterious, enormous things on sled or cart, and meaning to try, somehow, to g them into the house when the children aren't abo and hide them until the morning of the wonderf twenty-fifth, as happier fathers and mothers a doing all over the world.

But of course a great many mothers and fathe foreigners, or invalids, or because of a tiny bab cannot come, and their Red Stockings are taken them—largely through the kindness of the Eag Warehouse and Storage Company, whose immen vans and entire staff of drivers are placed at t committee's disposal, year after year, and partl of course, by private motor-cars, whose owners ju can't bear to go home until these three for t O'Connors, and the two for the Schultz famil and the Charpentiers' four, have been delivere Brooklyn twinkles with Red Stockings on Christm eve, and children everywhere are asking big polic men if they know where the Red Stockings are.

The children who open those Red Stockings tal out, perhaps, a toy or two first—a doll that neve will breathe to her new owner that she has on a ne wig and new clothes, but that she used to be anoth little girl's doll, or a pair of skates that have bee to a repair shop, but are all the stronger for that and a package of dates, and a box of candy, and little sweater that has been beautifully washed, an has all its buttons sewed on tight, and a warm litt

Continued on page 1166

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A paper pattern of a red stocking will be furnished any subscriber upon request.

YEARLINGS

A STORY COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE. BY ARTHUR HENRY GOODEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

TAKE it that a little rivalry—the good-natured kind—ain't a bad thing, bein' as the same spurs folks some considerable. But when Lem Dunkel dropped in at the forge one ornin' and told me that Lucy Landers had en-red a Jersey bull calf for the Woodsville County air, I was a mite disturbed. Right off I knew vas her dad that had made her do it, just to spite d man Krag. Old Krag's son, Polydore, had got bull calf entered too, a fine, beautifully marked rsey, and most everybody round had conceded at the critter would take the blue ribbon in the arlin' class.

"Didn't know Sim Landers had any prize-winnin' ock in his herd," I says to Lem.

"He didn't have, till he bought this here bull calf r Lucy," chuckled Lem. "Cal'late Polydore rag's chance for the blue ribbon this year's mighty m if what Sim says is true, and I 'low 'tis true ght enough, 'cause he showed me the critter's digree—blue ribbon takers every last one of n."

"Well," says I short, "young Polydore's year-' 's from winnin' stock, too. Just the same," I ys, "'tis bound to cause complications, which-er of 'em wins, and I call it downright mean of m Landers."

"You mean 'count of olydore bein' sweet on e girl?" questioned em.

"I do," I tells him, d Lem went off grin-n'. I felt sort of sorry I said as much as I d, knowin' his gos-pin', news-spreadin' ngue. You see, I'd own Lucy Landers d Polydore ever since ey was born, and two cer young folks than ey was never 'tended e old red schoolhouse the hill yonder.

Well, the news 'bout ucy Landers' new earlin' went the unds in no time. Of urse folks got to talk-', and first thing we ew there was two ctions in Woodsville unty, one side hold-' that Polydore's arlin' would get the ue ribbon, and the her side boastin' up ucy's critter fur first ace. 'Twas nigh as citin' as a presiden-il 'lection, and the sy old man Krag and m Landers glared henever they hap-ned to meet, you'd ve thought—and ought right, too—at they had it in for ch other to beat the nd. It sure did trou-f me a mite, as I said before, me knowin' the spirit the two young folks.

"'Tis like this, Flagg," said Polydore one day. 'd dropped in at the shop to have his brown colt d. "'Tis like this," he said. "Lucy's yearlin' a first-class animal, and can beat anything in oodsville County, so long," he said, "so long as ne ain't in the ring."

"Well," says I, "I cal'late you've got no cause to rry, then, bein' as you're so certain of winnin'."

"That's the trouble," he sort of groaned. "Any dge of Jerseys that's a judge at all has got to ve my yearlin' the blue, and just as sure as he es, 'tis all off 'tween Lucy and me."

"That so?" I says. "And why do you give up so sy?" I asks, though I knew why as well as he did.

"For me to beat her out will put me in bad with r father," he said sort of hopeless like. "He's sore ough now, 'cause of dad's gettin' the nomination inst him for sheriff."

"Look here," I says to the lad. "Which would you ther have, the blue ribbon—or the girl?"

"The girl—of course," he answered, starin'.

"Well, then," I went on. "Sure and it's easy tled, it is. Don't show the yearlin'."

"I've got to—else dad would never speak to me ain," he said.

"Then you want the blue ribbon more than you nt the girl," says I.

"No such thing!" shouted the lad angrily. "It's too late to back out now, and you know it."

'Twas sure a quandary the boy was in. I couldn't sleep that night for thinkin' of it, but I'll be jiggered if I could think of anythin' he could do. As he said, to back down now would only make things worse. It seemed ridic'lous, too, to think that so triflin' a matter as a blue ribbon was like to spoil a love match 'tween two such nice young folks as Lucy and Polydore, and I was that riled I could have taken the fool daddies of 'em and knocked their heads together.

The next day, the lass Lucy came snoopin' into the shop and sat down on the old nail-keg. She was a pretty slip of a creature, with brown hair and big Irish blue eyes that were always sort of laughin'. From the way she had of holdin' out her little chin, 'twas easy to see she'd spirit and pluck and fire, and I couldn't help thinkin' as I looked at her what a grand wife she'd make for a young chap like Polydore.

"Good mornin', Mr. Flagg," she said, flashin' the white teeth of her in a smile that warmed the heart of me to see. "Of course you've heard 'bout my yearlin'?" she laughed.

"Ain't you 'shamed," says I, "of startin' so much talkin' and makin' miserable the heart of a certain fine lad we both know, by reason of this same yearlin' of yours?"

The lass eyed me sharp. "So he's afraid of me," she said. "He knows he's beaten already," she laughed, throwin' back her head like she was tickled.

"No," says I, sober, "'tis not *that* he's afeard of."

Lucy's face went pink. "I'm no good at riddles," says she, tossin' her head.

"Sure 'tis no riddle at all, and you know it," says I.

The lass hung her head, and for a long time sat quiet as a mouse, not speakin' a word, and starin' thoughtful like into the fire.

"Well," says I, after a bit, "guessed the riddle yet?"

She didn't answer, and wonderin' what had got her tongue, I looked over to where she was sittin'. Well, if she wasn't cryin'!

"Why—Lucy?" I stammers, feelin' a mite awkward and troubled. I never could stand to see a woman in tears, though I cal'late there's times when adoin' the same sort of loosens things up in their minds a bit.

"I wish," said the girl fiercely, "that my wretched yearlin' was dead—or lost—or somethin'. There!" she said. "Now you know why I'm cryin'."

"Look here," I says to her, "don't you want to win the blue ribbon?"

"No, 'course I don't," she choked out.

"Dry your eyes then," I chuckled. "Polydore told me that your yearlin's a good one right enough, but that his is a sight better. So you needn't worry 'bout the blue ribbon not goin' where you want it to go."

"He said that?" questioned Lucy. "He's no judge of Jerseys then, Mr. Flagg, if he'll talk such nonsense. Why," she exclaimed scornfully, "he's got no chance at all 'gainst me."

"Well," I says, "if you're so sure your yearlin's the best, and so sure you don't want to win the blue ribbon from Polydore, why don't you withdraw the entry? 'Tis easy settled," I says.

"Don't I wish I could!" she answered hopelessly. "But 'tis no use talkin'—father'd never forgive me. He's set on spitin' old Mr. Krag, 'cause of that sheriff business—and Polydore—" she shook her head mournfully.

It was a week or so before I saw Lucy again, and then one mornin' she came gallopin' up to the shop on her black mare. The face of her was lovely to see, happy and smilin' and pink with excitement. Right off I knew that she'd got somethin' on her mind that tickled her a heap.

"Mr. Flagg!" she cried, springin' from the saddle and dancin' into the shop. "I've an idea that'll work!"

"That so?" says I. "I cal'late this same idea's 'bout that yearlin' of yours," I says.

"Never mind," she laughed, "what it's 'bout. I've come," says she, "to ask you to lend me a hundred dollars."

I sure was plumb foozled, and stood starin' at her wide open-mouthed and pop-eyed for certain.

"Well?" says she, sort of impatient. "Will you?"

"I ain't a money-lender," I tells her. "But seein' 'tis you, Lucy, that's askin', I 'low I will."

"All right," says she promptly. "I'll take your check, and give you my note for eight days."

"Shucks," I protests. "I don't want no note nor nothin'. I'd let you have a sight more than a hundred, Lucy, without such pesky things as notes of hand."

"Either you take my note for eight days," she persisted, "or you keep the check. I'll not borrow money without givin' security," she laughed. "Supposin' I don't pay you the hundred dollars back when the same's due," she went on, smilin' sort of queer. "What else can you do but sue me and attach my property—my yearlin', for instance?"

"Attach your—your yearlin'?" I stammers, not catchin' her meanin' right off. Then of a sudden, I saw what the girl was drivin' at.

"Your pa'll be fightin' mad at me, if I was to do such a thing," I argued. "Though," I added, "'tis not Sim Landers—or any other man I'm afeard to stand meself up to, old as I be."

"You'll not refuse me the little favor I'm askin' of you," she pleaded, breathin' quick. "I'm but a young girl," she said, "that's like to lose her lover if you don't."

The lass sure did have my admiration that day, and I let my eyes tell her what I thought of her as she stood there, all pantin' of breast, and blushin' like a wild rose.

"I'll do it," says I to her. "You're but a pair of yearlin's yourselves," says I, "and blue ribboners at that, and, though Timothy Flagg be a bachelor, he's not the man to stand idle when Love's flutterin' a broken wing."

The girl laughed triumphantly. "I knew you would," she cried. "I'll make out the note," she said breathless. "I got a form from the store, and when the time comes, you'll know what to do.

Continued on page 1158

"Then we'll take those notes right now, I guess," says she

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

President and People

NOW that the election is a thing of the past, the votes counted and the decisive result announced, the country can again breathe easier. Governor Wilson has been chosen as President by a vote so large and emphatic that it leaves no doubt as to his being the popular choice. Both houses of Congress will be of the same party as the incoming President, who will thus have full support in all measures for the benefit of the people. It has been a tremendous political revolution; but nobody has got hurt, the other candidates accept the result in good spirit, the people are satisfied and the great quadrennial tumult has passed away, leaving good feeling everywhere. Colonel Roosevelt made a gallant fight, and carried with him such a following as to demonstrate the continued vitality of Progressivism. Buoyant and hopeful in defeat, he has made an impression upon the political history of the country that cannot be and will not be forgotten.

That Governor Wilson appreciates the magnitude of the task before him is made evident in his first statement to the people, in which he proclaims that every true citizen, "of whatever alliance, must now lend his full force and enthusiasm to the fulfilment of the people's hopes and the establishment of the people's rights, so that justice and progress may go hand in hand." They look to him for an administration which shall be mindful at all times that the power of the Executive is derived from the people themselves, and not from a party or faction—an administration in which the interests of the whole nation and not of any class shall be paramount. There are wrongs to be righted, inequitable laws to be amended, privileged interests to be regulated and controlled, and economic conditions to be ameliorated. It is a mighty task, calling for clear-headed statesmanship and wide vision. We trust and pray that Woodrow Wilson may find reinforcement in that superior strength which comes from a Higher Source to undertake his task without any distracting entanglements which would divert him from being, in the best sense, a people's President. May head, heart and hand work together for the general good. The country looks to him for an administration free from partisanship, and which shall at all times try to promote the general welfare, and thus re-establish national confidence in the restoration of that ideal state which has been best described as a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Responsibility for the War

THAT the human race is still barbarian at heart is shown by the frightful war now devastating the Balkans and European Turkey, in which the dead and wounded already number over 100,000. Added to the horror of the battlefield are the still darker horrors of massacres of noncombatants by the Turks, and of the ruthless slaughter of defenseless women and children. It is the old, familiar tale of fiendish atrocities which invariably mark the path of Turkish armies, whether victorious or vanquished. Civilization has made but little impression on the mixed troops of the Moslems, and remembering their many outrages against the defenseless Armenians, Macedonians and Roumelians in recent years, Europe is contemplating with deep misgivings the probable fate of the non-Turkish population of Constantinople, should that city seem likely to fall into the hands of the allies.

Had the Powers of Europe been true to their pledges and had they lived up to their profession as civilized Christian governments, the present war would never have occurred. It would have been unnecessary, as the iron hand of Turkey, which has oppressed and brutalized and butchered her Christian subjects for centuries, could and should have been restrained. Every power in Europe, Greece and the Balkan States included, is pledged to take its disputes to the Hague Conference. There is no quarrel between them that could not have been satisfactorily adjusted by arbitration. But ignoring their solemn pledges to seek arbitration, they have taken up the sword as though there were no Hague Conference in existence. Italy, Austria, Russia, France, England and Germany must all bear a share of the responsibility for the Balkan slaughter, as with concerted action these Powers, or a majority of them, could have prevented the war, and they probably would have done so, had not selfish interests hindered them from taking the only course that was open to governments pledged to peace measures—early intervention, looking to the protection of the people of Macedonia. Failing the support of "Christian" Europe, and powerless to change the attitude of Turkey by any other means than force, the Balkans took what seemed to them the only course open to save Macedonia and protect themselves.

"All of Grace"

SPURGEON'S story of the old woman who hid in the garden behind her cottage when she saw her landlord coming to the front door is well worth retelling. The landlord was passing a few days later, so the story goes, and seeing his tenant, greeted her and said that he had called a day or two earlier, but had not found her in. Then the old lady confessed. She had not been out; but she supposed he wanted the rent and she had no money for him. Then her landlord laughed goodnaturedly: "Why, no, Margaret, I was not after the rent. I happened to have a sovereign I thought you would like to have. So I stopped, as I passed, to give it to you. Now, unfortunately, I haven't got it; I gave it to some one else."

So do we, again and again and again, miss altogether God's point of view, fail utterly to understand what he is at. We think he is after us; that we have something, or ought to have something, that he wants. We get scared and burdened and take to hiding, because whatever it is that God wants, we feel that we cannot give it to him.

How wrong this is! God comes to us kindly, with ineffable neighborliness in his heart. All sorts of blessings he has for us; all sorts of riches he wishes to bestow upon us. And we hide away, and close our hearts with the bars of doubt—so that not even God can bless us—for he cannot get his gladness into a soul that does not trust him and believe him to be kind. Whatever the nature or the size of the calamities which may have befallen us, there is instant peace for us, and the beginnings of joy, if we will but trust him at once. Even a murderer can be forgiven; will he not then forgive your sin, and blot it altogether out? If you are conscious of wrong things remaining in your heart, things that are un-Christlike, can you not believe that God has in his gracious hands the gift that will cleanse your soul? If there is failure or perplexity or burden, can you not reckon that he will take care of you, and tell you what to do?

You do not need to pay him anything; "Jesus paid it all." You have only to come bravely out from your hiding, go to the door and let him in. He will flood your soul with the golden sunshine of his presence and his power. He loves you, tenderly, personally, definitely. He comes to your home, he stands at your door, he calls you by name; he waits to forgive your sin and cleanse your heart and solve your problems and give you power for your work.

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NEXT week, Pollyanna!

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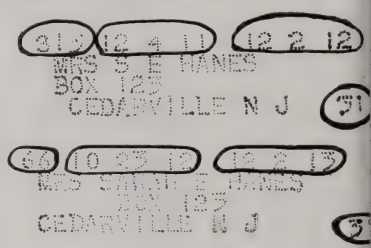
After you see the first chapter, Pollyanna's visit will be the event of the week until the tale is told.

Expiration Dates and Other Figures

MANY of our subscribers are puzzled by a series of figures appearing on the wrapper in which their copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is mailed.

Each wrapper is addressed by a stencil. Stencils are cut on a typewriter with a special type which perforates the parchment paper. After the stencils are cut they are run through an automatic addressing machine, which takes each stencil and prints through it the name and address of the subscriber upon the manila paper wrapper.



When an order is received for a new subscription it is first given a number in the order in which letters are received in each day's mail. On the first label illustrated above, the number 813 means that the letter which brought this order was the eight hundred and thirteenth on that day. The order number is immediately followed by the date on which we received the order, that is: 12-4-11 (December 4, 1911). The next number on the label shows the expiration date, namely, 12-2-12 (December 2, 1912). In the lower right hand corner appears a number which is required by the post office. This number is the mail route number within that particular State. This route number is a great assistance to the post office for distributing magazines and periodicals.

The lower label shows that the subscriber renewed her subscription, her letter being the sixth on 10-23-12 (October 23, 1912), and that she paid her subscription till 12-2-13 (December 2, 1913).

Look at the addressed wrapper of your paper and see when your present subscription expires. Do not wait until that date to renew your subscription. It should be sent in several weeks in advance, as it usually takes about three weeks' time from the time your order is received until the new date of expiration can appear upon the wrapper.

General Note

—OUR RELIEF COMMITTEE in the Balkans makes an appeal to America's generosity, which is printed on another page. We ask our readers, one and all, to send in their mites, however small, to help in this life-saving, Christlike work among the wounded and the destitute widows and orphans. War is always an evil, and these poor victims are innocent sufferers. You cannot invest a dollar or a dime to better advantage than by sending it quickly to "THE BALKAN RELIEF FUND, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York." Every gift will be forwarded to the Relief Committee in Sofia, Bulgaria.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Battleship "New York" Launched

THE warship *New York*, which, with her sister, the *Texas*, is the greatest of the country's battleships, was launched at the Navy Yard at Brooklyn the morning of October There were present at the exercises the Presi- nt of the United States, the Secretary and As- tant Secretary of the Navy, the commander-in- ef of the Atlantic squadron, the governor of New rk, many other distinguished men, and sixty ousand citizens as spectators. Commander John Bailey, barely thirty-five years of age, who had en charged with the responsibility of construct- g the vessel, touched the electric button that rted the *New York* on her way to the East ver. The battleship started slowly, glided oothly, and then shot into the water and out and der the Williamsburg Bridge, where she was ught by the tugs and towed back to e dock again. The sirens of four eat dreadnaughts, the whistles of ny vessels and factories on the ore, and the cheers of the sixty thou- nd people made such a noise that e "Star-spangled Banner" the band ayed could not be heard. The ship is 5 feet long, 95 feet wide, with a dis- acement of 27,000 tons. She has 14 ilers and engines of 28,100 horse- wer, with a speed of 21 knots. Dur- g the luncheon that followed the unching, the President expressed his tisfaction with the *New York*, and oke in praise of the new *Pennsylva- a* to follow. President Taft was the est of the enlisted men of the navy at e Sands Street Naval Young Men's ristian Association in the afternoon, d said: "I congratulate you from the ttom of my heart that there are such od women as Miss Helen Gould and hers, who are able to provide such lendid institutions as the Naval oung Men's buildings. There was a ne, my lads, when it was thought in der to be a good sailor one had to be ble to get drunk quickly. I am glad at day has passed, and to-day the uejackets and marines of our service e gentlemen, aboard ship or on shore. ey are men, gentlemen, who can be pended upon to respect the flag, and necessary to give their lives in its fense. My lads, the heart of all merica goes out to you." The United ates is now a great world power, and the present conditions the battleships ed to be needed to protect our rights nd maintain our standing, and yet ese great iron engines of destruction em a mockery to the best civilization nd to Christianity. It is to be hoped at by the very heavy armaments of e nations of the earth there may me to the conscience of the world the aste, the folly, and the wickedness of ar for ambition, or conquest, or im- ined wrongs, and there may dawn at day foretold when

They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isa. 2: 4.)

Starts Run on Bank

THERE was a run on a savings bank in one of the cities of New Jersey the other day, which threatened serious consequences. As early as 6:30 o'clock in the morning, two hundred persons had formed in line, awaiting the opening of the bank doors. Although the law of New Jersey allows that a sixty days' notice may be demanded by bank officials before deposits can be withdrawn, the president of the bank did not avail himself of that provision and paid all who came with checks, and the excitement subsided. The cause of all the trouble was a Hungarian, who was intoxicated and came out of banking hours for money, and being refused, he told all his countrymen that the bank was broken, and hence the panic of depositors. Financial credit is a delicate thing, that can often be destroyed by a breath of suspicion. And it often happens that the breath of falsehood will injure an institution as much as that of the truth. If this incident of the run on the bank started by the ignorant, babbling tongue of the drunken depositor can be said the word of the apostle about a dangerous tongue:

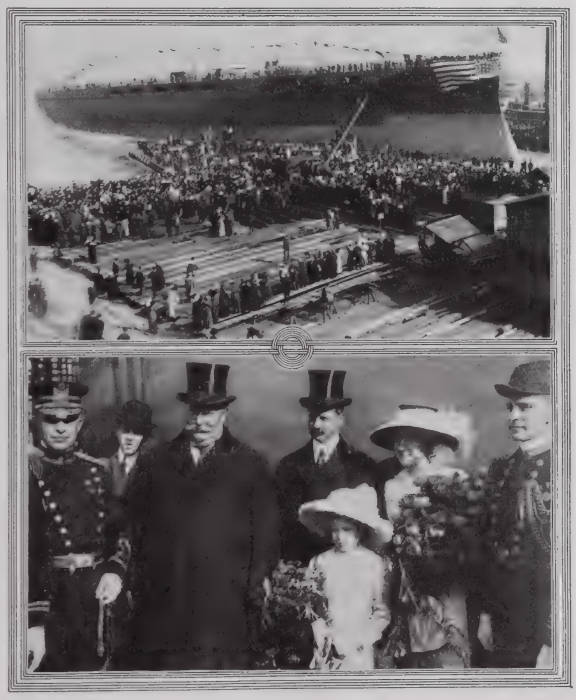
Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! (James 3: 5.)

Shipwrecked Captain

CAPTAIN FRED GODFREY, master of the three-masted schooner *John Maxwell*, wrecked the other day on the shoals of New Inlet, N. C., was the sole survivor of the ill-fated vessel. Soon after the ship struck the rocks, about three-quarters of a mile from the beach, the mate and five men launched the lifeboats. Before the boat got a hundred feet it was upset and all were lost in the furious storm. Pilmos, the steward, and Captain Godfrey stuck by the wreck. Pilmos let the line of the life-savers slip through his numb fingers, and then in desperation he plunged into the sea, and, struck by a timber, he sank and perished. The captain, who was lashed to a mast till it fell, then fastened himself to a timber of the ship and through twenty-four hours of intolerable suffering drifted toward land and was pulled ashore. He could have used the words of Paul:

I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. (II. Cor. 11: 25.)

The Great Battleship "New York" Slipping into the Water



Pres. Taft, Sec. Meyer, and Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald, Who Named the Ship

Fights Typhoid Successfully

THE State of Kansas has instituted a vigorous and successful warfare against typhoid fever. Whenever the vital statistics report of a city shows an unusual number of deaths from typhoid fever, an expert medical inspector from the State University is hurried to that city on the first train. He takes samples of the water and sends them to the university for analysis. Finding typhoid bacteria, he takes over the water supply system and instals a portable hypochloride plant for its purification. The plant consists of three large tanks that are set up outside the city pumping station. The mains are cut and run into the tank. In the first one the water is treated to remove whatever dirt may be in it, and in the second tank the water is given a hypochloride of lime bath. It passes into the third tank, where the lime is precipitated, and then the water goes into the water mains clear and free from all bacteria. The State furnishes the plant free of charge, and the work of the sanitary expert does not cost the city a penny. While the Federal and State governments are justly busy in finding cures for cholera among hogs, and tongue, lung and foot diseases among cattle, and gaps among fowls, it is a matter of the greatest importance also to safeguard the health and lives of the citizens, and to make a speedy and successful fight on such a fatal disease as typhoid, such as the State of Kansas has made in its movable water-purifying plant. The curative powers of modern medical science call to mind the physical healing of the Great Physician, and of the spiritual health of which it was a type.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. (Mal. 4: 2.)

Rare Chinese Antiquities

THERE was a notable shipment of Chinese antiquities from the collection of Mr. A. W. Bahr in Shanghai to an art gallery on Fifth Avenue, New York, for exhibition. The shipment includes about two hundred paintings, dating from the seventh to the fifteenth century, many pieces of Chinese stone and marble sculpture, bronzes, porcelains, and specimens of pottery. Of peculiar interest in the exhibit are two hundred coins, dating from fifteen hundred years before Christ to 400 A.D., and a collection of banknotes of the Tang dynasty in the sixth century. These banknotes are made of a peculiar kind of paper that crumples like silk, yet shows no creases. The system of currency was exactly the same as that of our American banknotes of to-day. They represented the promise to pay of private banks, and were guaranted by the government. Each bill is dated and has printed on its surface rings of a size varying with its value, so that the illiterate could not be deceived. These specimens are eloquent witness to the fondness for the beautiful, and the enterprise of the dim centuries of the past. It is a question whether the museums preserve, or the excavations have revealed, any coins or banknotes more ancient than some of these. Some of them are dated almost as many centuries back of Christ as are between us and Him who held a Roman coin in his hand and made it preach a sermon on the duty of the Christian to the state.

And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's. (Matt. 22: 20, 21.)

Named Baby After President

MR. AND MRS. J. Y. KYDER, of Denison, Texas, have done their part to prevent race suicide by giving to their country three healthy boys, born October 29. The parents determined that if the baby should be a boy he should be named after the President elected on November 5. As triplets were born, there was no difficulty in realizing their ambition to name a child after the President-to-be. So they called one William Howard Taft Kyler, another Theodore Roosevelt Kyler, and the other Woodrow Wilson Kyler. The day before the election the parents sent a telegram to the White House, announcing the birth and names of their three boys, and Assistant Secretary Brahny sent back a telegram in the President's name, wishing the triplets long life and prosperity. It has been the custom in all ages to call children after the great men of the world. In this country there have been babies named after every President. Almost any way we turn we can find a George Washington, a Thomas Jefferson, an Andrew Jackson, an Abraham Lincoln, a U. S. Grant, a William McKinley, a Grover Cleveland, a Theodore Roosevelt, or a William Taft. There is One in this world above every earthly potentate, with a name greater than theirs, which we may bear, and which it will be our glory to bear; it is that of Christian, after Christ, who is

Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come. (Eph. 1: 21.)

THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD FOR JESUS

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE best exposition of this story of the demoniac boy was given by one who said nothing about it—but he made a picture that speaks louder than words to those who have *eyes* to hear. I refer to Raphael's Transfiguration, which pictures not alone the transfiguration of Christ, but also the transfiguration of his three chief apostles, and two transfigurations of the boy—one by the devil, the other by Christ. It is this last transfiguration of the boy that is the real subject and object of the picture. As a skilled teacher would say, the demoniac boy is "the point of contact"; for this picture, the greatest painting in the world, is not a case of "art for art's sake"; it is a lesson, a sermon on how to beat the devil and save the boy.

I fear many who look at it do not really see it as the artist manifestly intended it should be seen, from the bottom up and back again. The message of this picture is addressed to those in every age who feel deeply, almost disheartenedly, the sins and sorrows of this world. Their boys, and their neighbors' boys, and other friends seem to be under the domination of evil to such an extent that neither loving parents nor sympathizing neighbors can break the spell. To all in such anxieties this message comes, as if spoken by Andrew, who, in the sad scene, is pointing up upward to a help that will be adequate, though his own efforts have failed.

There is help coming from the transfigured Saviour-King and the men of vision who have prayed with him at the verge of heaven. Such help can come by nothing but by prayer. Prayer will call the great Physician, and by prayer you may bring your devil-possessed children and neighbors to him. He who has been transformed by evil influences in his own life, or of heredity, or of social environment, shall be transfigured again by the renewing of his mind, beholding, as with open face, the glory of the Lord from character to character. To this end was the Son of God manifested.

The message is so especially appropriate to the Men and Religion work for boys that this picture might well be an illustrated seal to remind the workers that men of vision must not, will not, remain immersed in the work of their own particular organization when duty calls them to fight in the open to save the boy. The International Sunday School Association reports thirteen millions, under twenty, in all Sunday schools, and twenty-three millions of the young people of the United States under twenty years of age who are not in Sunday school. Taking out all who are under five years of age—and many of those should be in Sunday school kindergartens—there are more millions of children and youth outside of Sunday schools than in them; and those who are not in Sunday schools are very few of them in churches, and very few of them are getting religious teaching at home or in any other school. We are shut up to the horrible fact, which should make it impossible for any good man to be inactive in this matter, that one-half the children and youths of the United States are in the streets' school of evil on the Lord's Day and every day, and alas, many of the parents don't care, and in many cases there are no anxious apostles seeking to bring relief.

Few public schools give due attention to moral and religious training, and if they all did so, there would still be five millions unreached, for so many do not go to any day school, public or private. We have just secured these statistics from the United States Bureau of Education. And the Census adds other awakening figures that should rouse us to save the boys, namely, that in the "registration area" (about half of the United States) sixty thousand more males than females died last year—nearly twice that for the whole country—and three-fourths of these deaths come between twenty-five and sixty-four years of age, when the harvest of "wild oats" is reaped.

The great crusades for health against tuberculosis and hookworm and infant mortality and other physical ills have reduced the total harvest of death twenty-five per cent.; but in the face of this, death beyond forty are increasing, especially among men. There is one reasonable explanation of the fact that the average boy hasn't as good a chance as a girl of a strong and long life, and that is, that more boys than girls are led into sinful and foolish habits.

Now that we have heard the great appeal of the picture and the fire-bell statistics that show the peril of our own American boys, let us look through the lesson with intense watchfulness to see what it will teach us as to when and where and why and how we should save the boys, for we are surely the ones that should do it.

"They saw a great multitude, and Scribes questioning with them." Raphael condenses the whole Bible description; the afflicted demoniac boy, with strained muscles, wild eye and foaming mouth—an epileptic lunatic, we should regard him. On hand is the distressed father and despairing mother, their faces hardly less agonized than the boy's. On hand stand sympathizing friends and critical Pharisees, who care more for some theory about the case, or whether Christ's apostles may get some credit out of it, than for the distressed family. The nine apostles that did not go to the holy mount with Christ are there, perplexed and powerless; and there are the crowd moved by varying emotions of curiosity, sympathy, unbelief and anger. But Andrew is pointing up, for he has caught a ray of light from the transfigured Christ, as he comes back from his coronation to make the saving of boys his first royal act, as if to say in an age when less attention was

Continued on page 1159

"THE TRANSFIGURATION"

From a photograph of the world-famous painting by Raphael

* INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for December 1, 1912. The Lunatic Boy. Mark 9: 14-29. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto him, If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth." Mark 9: 23, R.V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—MR. CONANT, secretary of the Massachusetts Sunday School Association, handed to the editor of the Round Table a leaflet containing the following questions:

STANDARD FOR A BANNER SCHOOL.

1. Has your Sunday school "A Cradle Roll"?
2. Has your Sunday school a Home Department?
3. Has your Sunday School an organized Adult Bible Class?
4. Has your Sunday school a Teachers' Training Class?
5. Has your Sunday school Graded Instruction?*
6. Has your Sunday school Missionary Instruction and made a Missionary Offering?
7. Does your Sunday school urge a definite decision for Christ?
8. Has your Sunday school made an offering for Denominational Sunday School Work?
9. Has your Sunday school made an offering for Interdenominational Sunday School Work?
10. Has your Sunday school made a report to the State Sunday School Association through the district, and did it have a representative at the last Annual District and State Convention?

* "Graded Instruction" does not necessarily mean graded lessons, for the uniform lessons are also graded. The grading, by years, that Mr. Conant suggests in another place is as follows: "Beginners, under 6; Primary, 6-8; Junior, 9-12; Intermediate, 13-16; Senior, 17-20; Adults, over 20, by a class or department.

Although the Massachusetts Sunday School Association is one of the best State associations, we believe that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Class can improve it, and so we submit, with a request for the best thoughts of all readers, that the "Standard for a Banner Sunday School" should include the following points. (Let our readers name others or improve these):

1. The "Banner" or "Front Line" Sunday school should on its rolls have more than half as many boys and men as girls and women. More than one-third of its teachers should be men, some of them young men in their late teens faithfully and sympathetically teaching boys in their early teens. And there should be a strong men's class between the boys' department and the door.

2. More than half the children and youths from eight to sixteen should be regular attendants at morning church and at a midweek children's training class for church membership; and the obligation of the Sunday school to promote such attendance should be recognized by having those who do attend rise to be counted in the opening exercises of the school.

3. Those who have Bibles of their own and bring them for use in Sunday school should also hold them up each Sunday to encourage others to do likewise.

4. The Quarterly Temperance Lesson should be taught impressively in all grades, the teachers being called in council weeks in advance by pastor or superintendent to get suggestions and special helps to make the lesson a real power in individual lives and in the nation.

5. There should be allotted times when foreign, home and city missions should receive specific attention. The lessons of a year are sure to afford suitable occasions, and preparation for these great days should be made far in advance. Since the International Sunday School Association has appointed a "Commission on Adolescence," there should be supplemental lessons on the work it has taken up for different grades—to be taught preferably on a week day, at the home of the teacher or by parents in their own homes.

6. There should be systematic and proportionate giving in a way that will educate children for all forms of benevolence in which they should engage in mature life; including at least one offering for the support of the school, though the main reliance should be the regular church funds; including also some contribution to every denominational board, and a share something to local charity and to union work for State and nation and the world. The term "penny collection" should be tabooed, as belittling a great duty and cultivating meanness, and the word "offering" should connect it with the great teachings of the Bible about "sacrifices" to and for God.

Add to these Nos. 1, 2, 4, and 10 in Mr. Conant's list, and it will make up a standard well worthy of consideration and close thought for its improvement.

While this schedule is offered for careful study, there is danger of too much machinery and especially of too much dependence on machinery. The most important thing is spirit-filled, lesson-filled teachers, bent upon bringing their pupils to Christ and building them up into strong and useful manhood and womanhood.

THE CONQUEST OF THE KITCHEN

Domestic Science

THE domestic service problem is on a sure way to solution, however disheartening the outlook may be from some points of view. We can safely predict that the next generation will have it well in hand. In working it out, electricity, improved hydraulics, cooking and heating arrangements, easier distribution of food products (as by the United States Parcels Post), and similar measures of progress will play large part. Science, hitherto too much confined to business buildings and other fields considered of more importance than the home, is being brought into requisition to elevate housework from drudgery to a fine and agreeable art. Commanding all agencies to these tasks is the woman's school and college and the woman's club movement, which begin to feel their potentiality for converting each great city into a municipal home, and each little home therein into a fitting part. As indicator, we may take a glance (not mentioning half we see) at activities in Atlanta, which, in many respects, may be taken as a typical American city, neither too large nor too small, too Northern, Southern, or Western, for our purpose.

In fashionable Washington Seminary "society buds" gather with regularity about stoves and cabinets of cooking utensils in their popular Department of Household Chemistry and Domestic Science. They may also be found, under conduct of their teachers, studying the markets and the "high cost of living." In a big hardware store on Whitehall Street the writer asked a lovely "bud," one of an excited class observing demonstrations on a fireless cooker: "What school?" "Agnes Scott College." "You are interested in Home Economics?" "We are crazy about it! You ought to see our laboratory!" Laboratory! So that's what they call the kitchen!

The fall and winter program of the Wesley Bible Class of the First Methodist Church embraces study of Social Economics, some subdivisions being "The Vagrant," "Temperance," "Work and Play," "Environment," all bearing upon the great problem of "municipal housekeeping," as the women's clubs are teaching us to call city government.

At the convention in October of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, a large and effective share of attention was given to Social and Household Economics, not even the visit of one of the world's greatest peace pleaders, Baroness von Suttner, overshadowing it—rather, this might be said to accentuate interest in it, for the peace of the home is for the peace of the world; discomforts and discords in the home do not make for the larger peace. Mrs. Pennybacker, president of the National Federation, gave the home problem the most prominent place in her address.

The report prepared by Mrs. John K. Ottley, president of the Georgia division of the Welfare-Workers, for Mrs. John Hays Hammond, president of the national committees, records a significant incident in the act of Mrs. Charles A. Wood, of Atlanta and New York, who induced her husband to start the welfare work in his Southern hotels, beginning with the Georgia Terrace in Atlanta, where a model home for employees includes sleeping rooms, bathrooms, reading, rest, entertainment and hospital rooms. This is in line with what big department stores and manufacturing plants are doing everywhere in devoting attention to the improvement of the home lives of their operatives. While these measures are all directed to the right end, they yet fall far short in what should be the most important aim: Providing help for the wife and mother of the middle classes, the woman whose husband, however worthy and industrious, can make but a small salary; she must do housework, bear children and care for them. How can she pay trained, expensive help even to lend an occasional hand? The service of the college graduate of domestic science is not at the command of the purse of the mother of the people. It is the mother of the people who most needs it.

. . .

Greatness in Little Things

WOMEN have reason to be proud of the sons they bear. In the great matters of life men have proved that. In tremendous crises they rise to the issue. We can trust them. The loss of the *Titanic* proved that, oh, so pitifully! The wreck of the Springfield express October 3 proved it anew, when men unhurt, and men shaken, wounded, and burned, without regard to their own injury and peril rushed to the rescue and relief of others. Millionaires, lawyers, authors, poets, publishers, merchants—ay, and gamblers—worked side by side with the train-crew fighting flames and extricating passengers from wreckage.

In the little matters of life, how is it? Can women be as proud of the sons they bear, the sons they raise? How is it in life's little courtesies, life's little kindnesses to the home-folks? How about bearing in patience with the tired wife and worn-out mother as she seeks, her slender strength drawn upon at all points, to care for the sick baby in her arms, the older children clinging to her skirts, the hungry, weary husband home from work? Does he rise to the issue? Does he forget his own hurts and give aid to her? Does he speak crossly? Does he good-humoredly rush out to his club and leave the matter to settle itself? In daily trades, in ordinary business life, does he rise to the issue? If he does not, fathers and mothers, you can teach him to. It is in him. The *Titanic* and the Springfield express proved that. But wrecks, thank God, are few and far between, and daily life is all the time. Our nearest and dearest, close at hand; the friend, acquaintance, stranger, we pass on the street; those with whom we work, those under us in our work; those above us—each and all—may be struggling with an accumulation of mean little tasks and trials as well as with grave responsibilities pressing upon them, forcing them down and under as truly as would the wrecking of a train or the sinking of a ship on which they might be traveling. Let us raise our children to be great in all the little things of life. That is the one safe rule.

THE FIRST SEWING LESSON

. . .

"What Shall She Do?"

THE young girl's question as to whether she should marry an old man, whom she does not love and who does not love her but wants a housekeeper, "just for a home" for herself and father continues to interest our readers. In almost every letter on the subject the answer is, She should not; marriage without love is a crime. In the mass of letters before us, two ideas of the situation additional to those given may be presented; and then we think we shall "rest the case," as the lawyers say, with the young girl. If "in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom," she has certainly been well advised. A. B., South Dakota, says: "Try some other way than marrying for a home for your father, for that is what such marriage would be. It is just possible that dear father might not be wholly welcome in your husband's home after a while, and then what would you do? Your vows in marriage are for life." E. F., Washington, says: "The girl who marries simply for a home may find to her misery that she has only a house to live in. It takes love to make a home. My very soul revolts at such a marriage! She and her father had better go to the county farm. (That is pretty strong, but I would rather my daughter do that than marry without love.) She and her father would there have each other to care for without a third person to consider." A. F. K., Dorchester, Mass., writes: "The young man and woman begin life together with many a thing in common—the pleasures of life untasted. They grow old together. With the man years older, habits formed for life, ready to settle down; the wife young, eager to see, know, enjoy the things for which youth craves, the situation does not tend to make the machinery of the home run smoothly. My dear girl, it would not be 'home'; it would be bondage!"

. . .

A Young Man's Dilemma

IN a recent issue a young man asked our Family Circle to help him answer this question about his course to his sweetheart: "She teaches, and makes almost as much as I do. She does not yet know what she is to me. Is it fair to ask her to give up everything and help make a home on little more than half of what we both have now? and if she would do it, would she be sorry some time when she had to skimp? Would life lose its sweetness in the hard pull we might have?" "A Wife" answers: "Find out whether she loves you or not. That settled, it would be better to wait a year or two for marriage. During this time, each could be accumulating something for the home start. If she really loves her husband and he loves her, the skimping will not hurt. I know from experience. It would be pleasant for them while waiting to accumulate furnishings for the home, a little at a time. A girl should bring her husband as much help in the way of finances as possible." "Woman" writes: "It would be no more than fair to tell her of his love, and let her help decide. Teaching is a strenuous business. Most women long for a home of their own and one man's love. Life is not all to-day; time passes, women grow old, and nothing lives on like true love." "A Man" replies: "There is but one answer. It is absurd for him to ask her to live on half of what she now makes—that is what his proposal would amount to. Let him hustle and double what he makes. Then ask her." "Lover" writes: "He ought to tell her. If she loves him, it will inspire him to work harder and to lay up if she will wait a while for him."

. . .

Buttons for Souvenirs

BEFORE the late gathering of our warships in the harbor at New York, women were solemnly warned, or meekly implored, by the press not to debutton the United States Navy. Feminine visitors have a well-known fancy for buttons as souvenirs. The best way to secure the coveted prize is, of course, to get your officer friend to cut a button off his uniform with his sword for you. But this might not be handy—and to have an officer friend wearing a sword and willing to cut a button off for you is the fortune of few. So, it is said, women have a trick of slipping out a pair of scissors and snipping off a button from any officer or marine who will submit. It was a matter of comment that the Duke of Abruzzi was literally stripped of his buttons on the occasion of the visit of the Italian fleet to the Jamestown Exposition. The Italians were astounded and did not know what to make of it. The reason at the bottom of this "habit" lies not alone in the passion of the curio-hunter or in feminine desire for a military hatpin or brooch. It lies in woman's admiration for heroism; and she connects heroism with the military and naval uniforms. Let her keep the sentiment and leave the button!

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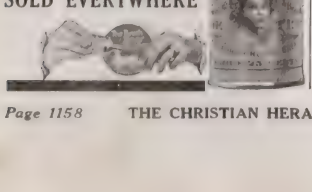

YEARLINGS

Continued from page 1153

You see, Mr. Flagg, the eighth day will fall a week next Saturday, and the fair opens the followin' Monday, and you mustn't forget that 'tis on Monday that the winnin' yearlin' is picked out by the judges."

"I'll not forget," I promised.

"Of course, not a word to Polydore—or anybody," she warned.

"Not a word," I agreed.

Well, no sooner had the lass rode off on her black mare, when in came young Polydore Krag himself. Mighty worried he looked, too, scowlin' black to see.

"Somethin's got to be done, and done quick, Timothy Flagg,", he opened up. "My yearlin' simply mustn't go before the judges a week next Monday. Lucy's father'll be that wild and ragin' at my gettin' the blue ribbon, he'll never consent to her marryin' me this side of doomsday—he's that stubborn."

"You've come to the right shop," I tells him, grinnin'.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded, lookin' plumb mystified.

"Let me lend you some money," I says.

"Money!" almost shouted the lad, eyein' me like he thought I'd gone crazy. "What do I want with your money?"

"You can give me your note of hand," I went on. "And if you don't pay me back a week next Saturday, I'll have the law on you. I'm a merciless, cold-blooded Shylock, if that was the fellow's right name," says I, "and if you don't pay me the hundred dollars I'm lendin' you the day that same is due, I'll attach yer prize-winnin' yearlin'. When it comes to business," I chuckled, "there's no mercy in old Timothy Flagg."

"Attach my yearlin'?" repeated the lad, lookin' plumb foozled.

"That's what I said," I laughs. "You'll have no chance for the blue ribbon then, I cal'late, Polydore, my boy, with the critter in the constable's charge."

The lad's face all lighted up. "Timothy Flagg, you're an old villain," he cried uproarious. "'Tis no blacksmith you be at all—but a lawyer—that might be earnin' thousands a year from some stealin' corporation that could use your fox's brain."

"That's neither here nor there," says I, not carin' for praise that wasn't rightfully due me, but not darin' to tell him the truth. "The question on the table," says I, as solemn as a lodge meetin', "is, will you do it?"

"Do it!" he cried. "You've saved my life, Flagg! 'Course I'll do it! Bring out your old note and let me put my monaker to it double quick short order." And he did, too.

"Mind you," says the lad, after we'd fixed the thing up, "not a word to Lucy 'bout this business 'tween me and you."

"Not a word," I promised, grinnin'. And after he'd gone, I took out my old pocketbook and laid his note 'longside the one Lucy Landers had give me.

'Tweren't a business that I exactly liked a bit, but there was no backin' out now, and when openin' Monday of Fair Week hove 'long, I closed up shop and went down to the store to see Ben Granger. Ben was constable, as well as storekeeper and postmaster.

"Ben," says I, "I've got a little job for you. There's parties here owin' me money and refusin' to pay the same. I want the law on 'em," says I.

"That so?" said Ben, lookin' kind of surprised. "Who be they?"

"Young Polydore Krag's one of 'em," I tells him, "and the other's Lucy Landers."

Ben's jaw dropped. "Lucy and Polydore owin' you money?" he squeaked.

"That's what I said," I went on. "And I cal'late the only way for me to get what's due me is for you to go over to the fair grounds and attach them yearlin's of theirs."

"I won't do no such thing!" he snapped, gettin' red in the face.

"Yes you will too!" I shouted. I hauled out the notes and legal papers that I'd had Lawyer Lane make out for me and slapped 'em down before his eyes. "There!" I says. "You serve the proper papers, and do it right off, or I 'low there'll be trouble."

"Well, seein' I was in earnest, and there bein' no way of his gettin' out o' the job, Ben started off.

"Be you comin' with me?" he asked sort of sour.

"No," says I. "I'm goin back to the shop to wait for developments."

Well, I cal'late stock in my reputation took a slump that day for certain. I knew there'd be hard words comin' to me, and right soon too. I weren't mistook either, for in 'bout an hour or so, 'long came old Krag and Landers, the pair of 'em, and fightin' mad they looked to be.

"Mornin'," I says, pretendin' not to notice the anger of 'em.

"See here, Timothy Flagg," shouted old Krag. "What's this mean—'bout Polydore owin' you a hundred dollars—and you attachin' his yearlin'?"

"And the same with Lucy?" put in Sim Landers, eyein' me fierce.

"Do they deny owin' me money?" I asks, feelin' plumb tickled, and not knowin' what else to say.

The two old fellers looked at each other sort of foolish.

"They don't," admitted Sim, swallowin' hard.

"They're of age," I went on, "and I 'low they've a right to borrow money if they've a mind to. What's more," I says loud and hostile, "they've got to take the consequences of not payin' debts when due. I'm actin' within my rights," says I.

Sim Landers reached inside his coat pocket and hauled out a check book, and Krag did the same.

"No, you don't," I says firm. "Those young folks has got to come forward and pay their own debts. I don't aim to encourage such doin's as their borrowin' good money and then have 'em expectin' other folks to come 'long and pay their debts for 'em."

"Look here, you old skinflint," hollered Krag, the face of him purple with rage, "you've gone and attached their yearlin's, and if you don't release 'em this very minute they'll be barred from the show."

"Can't help that," I tells him. "The minute Polydore and Lucy come 'long and settle, I'll release the attachment. Till they do," I says, "the attachment stands."

"But the young fools has gone off and hid themselves for shame," Sim told me. "When Ben up and served them pesky papers on 'em, they hiked out, and land knows where they be. Can't find 'em no place," he grumbled.

"'Tain't like you, Timothy," pleaded Krag, almost tearful. "My boy's yearlin' has got to win the blue ribbon, and would, too, if you'll only let up and act sensible."

"If Lucy and Polydore wanted to show the yearlin's, I cal'late they'd not run off and hide," says I, grinnin'. "You can bet they'd be seein' 'bout that attachment mighty quick."

"What you mean?" grunted Sim, suspicious.

"Figure it out for yourselves," I tells them.

The two old fellers stared at me hard.

"You've brought it all 'bout yourselves," I went on. "Tryin' to set one 'gainst the other."

Sim looked at Krag and Krag looked at Sim, and I could see that each of 'em was doin' some pow'ful tall thinkin'.

"Do you mean," said Sim again, "that 'tis a put-up job 'tween the two of 'em?"

Continued on next page

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1156

given to boys, that nothing could be more important than to rescue a boy from evil influences and give him a new start for a useful and happy life.

"Teacher, I brought unto thee my son, who hath a dumb spirit." Let us not waste time debating whether epileptics and lunatics were or are "possessed by the devil." Science is telling us, at any rate, that there are more of both among the children of bad parents than of good ones. And whether that boy was possessed of the devil or not, many boys right about us surely are. In most cases the devil possesses them not by any secret league, but because they have given themselves openly into his power to do what will injure body, mind and soul. Sometimes parents are partly to blame, and sometimes the citizens also, for allowing evil things on every side that have made it too hard to do right and too easy to do wrong.

"Bring him unto me." Nothing we can do in the way of instruction, nothing we can do to make the streets safer; nothing we can do to make a better environment, though we should do all that, can take the place of conversion and character on the inside. A boy needs not only direction but disposition; not only a plainly directing guidepost, but especially strength and disposition to go on the road. A boy must be transfigured so that he will love the right and hate the wrong. He is not really converted until he is "a good hater" of evil as well as a lover of good. Hear Jesus saying even of the little ones of five and six, "Bring him to me." When a child is daily loving, trusting, and obeying earthly parents, it is very easy for him to learn to love, trust and obey the heavenly Father; and that is the essence of being a Christian.

Professor Henry Drummond, author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, was converted at nine years of age in a children's meeting conducted by Mr. E. P. Hammond at Sterling, Scotland.

Dr. Joseph Parker writes of his childhood: "I cannot remember the time when I did not in some degree know the love of God's only Son. From a child I knew the holy Scripture, for it was the book most read in our house; from a child, also, though sinning oft and sinning deeply, I have known somewhat of tender spiritual experience, from my earliest recollections I have found supreme delight in prayer—prayer in that large sense which implies intimate and continuous communion with God. From the beginning until now my highest joy has been in solitary companionship with the eternal Spirit, my heart going after him with ardent and tender desire."

"If thou canst do anything." We often hear that we must have "great faith" to get anything of God, but the Gospel story abounds in cases like this where "little faith" was heeded; where a lamp that only smoked was not put out, and a bruised reed was not broken. When Peter sank as he tried to walk on the water, Jesus said, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" And Jesus reached out his hand to save even the man of little faith. In the storm-tossed boat, Jesus said to his apostles, "How is it that ye have no faith?" Their faith was too small to count, and yet Jesus answered. So in this case Jesus saved the boy in response to a father's prayer, who could only say, "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." However little our faith, let us use it to save ourselves and others. In the light of the whole story, this means we should first go to the holy mount with Jesus, and then come back empowered spiritually for doing good. Our orbit should be, "From prayer to work, and from work to prayer."

There can be no doubt that our modern religion is too much where Peter wanted to keep the transfiguration power—in "tabernacles." Many persons devote the time they have for religion almost entirely to meetings. They go and go again to the holy mount to "get a blessing," but they do not go to the rescue of devil-possessed boys. Many pious people do not even teach a Sunday school class. We need ever the warning of Longfellow's story of the monk who beheld Christ in a vision in his monastery, and just then the bell struck the hour when it was his duty to give bread to beggars at the gate. He hesitated whether he should leave the great vision for so prosy a task; but he went. Returning with anxiety lest the vision should meantime have vanished, the Christ said: "If you had stayed, I must have fled."

Another poem by some author unknown to the writer presents the same call from devotion to duty:

Hark, hark! a voice amid the quiet intense!
It is thy duty waiting thee without:
Open thy door straightway and get thee hence;
Go forth into the tumult and the shout;
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about.
Then, weary, go thou back with failing breath,
And in thy chamber make thy prayer and moan.

YEARLINGS

Continued from preceding page

"Lucy ain't hankerin' after that blue ribbon particular, under the circumstances," I says. "And I cal'late Polydore feels 'bout the same as she does. Sure 'tis natural they'd think the way they do 'bout the whole affair, lovin' each other as they do, and I don't blame 'em a mite."

The two of 'em stared at me sort of dazed. I could hardly keep from laughin' to see 'em, they looked that sheepish.

After a bit, Sim spoke up. "Anton Krag," he stammered, "I've been actin' mean as a yeller dog. I cal'late if folks hadn't wanted you for sheriff 'gainst me, they wouldn't have nominated you. Shake," he chuckled, stickin' out his hand. "The joke's on us, and I 'low the right thing for us to do is to be friends again, and give them young folks our blessin'."

"I be switched if you ain't right, Sim," answered Krag, his voice kind of husky. "You're right," says he, "and what's more, there ain't a girl livin' that I'd rather see wife to my Polydore than your Lucy."

Well, it did my heart good to hear 'em talk so sensible, and when Polydore and Lucy came snoopin' over to the shop 'long towards dusk that same evenin', the lass all radiant to see, and the boy lookin' like he'd got the world tucked inside of his vest pocket, I was the happiest blacksmith that ever fitted a horseshoe to a wall-eyed broncho.

"Mr. Flagg," said Lucy, smilin' and blushin', "thanks to you, neither of us won the blue ribbon for the best yearlin'."

"I'm a hard graspin' man,' says I, "and not till I see a little gold ring on the third finger of your left hand do the two of you get your notes back. There's no mercy in me," I chuckled.

The girl laughed. 'Twas the low, contented laugh of a happy woman. "Then we'll take those notes right now, I guess," says she, stickin' out her little hand.

"What?" I hollered, starin' at the gold ring that was on her finger.

"We thought we might as well get married to-day," she says softly.

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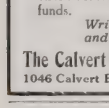

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

I AM eighty years old. I want to tell you how the Lord has answered my prayers from childhood. I have had lots of trouble and always took it to the Lord in prayer, and he has brought me safely through." So writes Mrs. E. S., of New Brunswick, N. J. "My son was very sick and I prayed to the Lord to restore him to health, which he has done." This is the testimony of C. S., of Waldwick, N. J.

"I want to tell in your Answered Prayer column how good Jesus has been to me. After praying for one of my heart's desires for almost seven years, he has answered. How sweet it is to know that he cares!" There are in this letter from "A Christian," of Bell Buckle, Tenn., suggestions of humility, patience, insistence, and affectionate gratitude, good characteristics for people who want to obtain results in prayer.

"I know that God hears and answers prayer. I always take my troubles to him, and he has never failed me. Only recently I had a very earnest prayer answered in a wonderful way. Thank God for his goodness to all his children." This bright and definite witness to the kindness of our Lord is Mrs. H. L. G., who lives at Meeker, Colo. "I was very sick," writes A. G., of Robertson, Pa., and wish to acknowledge God's great goodness and mercy to me in answering my prayer." L. M. H., of Huntington, W. Va., writes: "I wish to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that God has answered my prayers in restoring me to health."

"I wish to thank God for answering my prayer and restoring the life of a dear sister," writes L. E. N., of Erin, N. Y. Mrs. T. B., of Dwight, Ill., writes: "I wish to add my testimony to God's goodness in answer to prayer in finding a lost relative."

The first letter quoted in this list was from an aged saint; the last will be from another. J. J. E., of Bellingham, Wash., writes:

"I have been a constant reader and subscriber of the HERALD for many years, and it is a great support and comfort to me in my old age, and I want to add my testimony to the efficacy of prayer. I know that our heavenly Father does answer prayer. He has answered my prayers many, many times. Recently I was in trouble. I earnestly prayed God to give me strength and to guide me and help me to solve it, and I am happy to say that my prayer has been answered. How I wish everybody would go to God in prayer and ask his guidance in all things. He has promised to answer our prayers and he will do it."

Acknowledgements of answered prayer have also been received from:

Mrs. J. M. H., West Sunbury, Pa.; J. M., New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. D. B., Corry, Pa.; A Reader, Carlisle, Ind; D. E., Westport, N. Y.; E. M. S., Arabia, Pa.; N. N. P., Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. F. W., Harlan, Iowa; J. E. W., Mississippi; Mrs. W. B., Charles City, Iowa; Mrs. L. K. H., Riverside, Cal.; C. B. S., Greentown, Ind.; F. H. R., Winchester, Va.; Mrs. J. H., Galena, Ohio.; M. L., Zephyr, Texas; G. W. B., Boxoloinham, Me.; Mrs. B. E. F., Boise, Ind.; Mrs. H. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. W., Houston, Texas; E. M. M., Holland Patent, N. Y.; Mrs. E. C. L.; M. E. E., Holdredge, Neb.; M. M. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. G. W. H., Chambersburg, Pa.; Mrs. A. M., Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. G., Catasha, N. Y.; R. R. N., Haskell, Texas; Grace, Concordia, Kan.; Mrs. E. C. W., Afton, Iowa; E. L., Chicago, Ill.; O. E. S., Cleveland, Ohio; H. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. W., Mt. Sterling, Ill.; Miss J. A. P., New London, Conn.; Mrs. C. G., McConnell, Ill.; Mrs. H. G., Mt. Carmel, Ill.; Mrs. J. M. C., Greenville, S. C.; A. M., Raritan, Ill.; S. A. C., La Betette, Kan.; E. W., Lewisville, Texas; A. K. S., Rockport, Mo.; S. C., High Bridge, N. J.; A. E., Manhattan, Kan.; E. J. C., Kingston, Ontario; Reader, Otsego, N. Y.; Mrs. L. R. B., Emporia, Kan.; Mrs. E. N. R., Windsor, N. J.; Mrs. W. F. M., Melfa, Va.; A Reader, Smith's Basin, N. Y.; A Reader, Abingdon, Va.; M. C., Kahoka, Mo.; W. I. N., Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. E. S., Shamokin, Pa.; I. L. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. F. R., San Diego, Cal.; G. A. P., North Bangor, N. Y.; Reader, Whiting, Kan.; Reader, Timberlake, N. C.; M. L. S., Summerville, S. C.; A Constant Reader, Gallatin, Tenn.; S. L. B., Coldwater; E. F., Pontiac, Mich.; Manor, Texas; Mrs. S. E. W., McKinney, Texas; Mrs. A. D., Seward, N. Y.; A. G. V., Sugar Run, Pa; W. C. T., Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. A. C., Ashland, O.; Mrs. P. McN., Ingersoll, Canada; Mrs. S. L. K., Platt City, Mo.; N. C. M., Jacksonville, Fla.

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(368)

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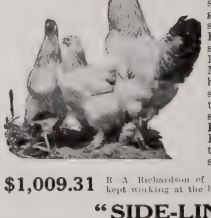

$1,009.31 R. A. Richardson of Haverhill, Mass., a shoe cutter, made his hens pay him $1,009.31 in 1910, and kept working at the bench at the same time. How he did it is told in "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping."

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is the name of a new book by the author of "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," the most popular poultry book ever printed. "Side-Line Poultry-Keeping" deals with the business side of poultry keeping as the other dealt with egg production. It tells how to make poultry keeping pay. It describes the methods by which F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., makes over $1000 a year from eggs, devoting not over two hours a day to his hens. Not a detail left out. The book tells how to make a start, what breeds pay, how, when and where to buy a farm, how to make a living from the first, describes the most successful bookkeeping system in the world, tells how to build the most economical poultry houses and trap nests, how to feed for best results, describes a feed that can be made for 15 cents a bushel and is without a peer for producing eggs, how to make money with pigeons, ducks and market gardening, how to buy and sell to advantage, how to pick out the laying hens, how to put down eggs so that they will keep a year, etc.

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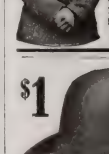

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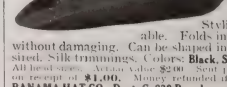

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ELIEF PLANS FOR BALKANS

Continued from page 1148

Pastor Furnajieff of Sofia, chair-n of the Relief Committee, writes to E CHRISTIAN HERALD under date of tober 23:

We will have in connection with Committee as representatives a ek, a Servian, a Turk, a Jew, two erican missionaries and four or prominent Bulgarian ladies and tlemen. Our committee will divide contributions sent by your gen-us readers, partly for hospital k through the Red Cross, among poor wounded fellows in the hos-ls, and partly in helping the lows and orphans of the war. Our d of operations will include Bul-ia, Servia and Greece. We purpose ting an audience from the Queen of lgaria, and asking her to be hon-ry president of the Relief Commit-

Your generous-hearted CHRIS-N HERALD readers are always ready, er the example of our blessed Mas-, to 'go to all in need.'

The situation here is the most seri-in modern history. The promises rkey has repeatedly made to the wers to introduce reforms in her ropean provinces have always led in failure. Only last summer ssacres took place, the victims be-innocent Christians. Turkey made excuses for these crimes, nor can make any. This hopeless situation brought about the present war. It a war for humanity and Christian-and for simple human justice. ile war is always an evil, it seems be the only plan that will give the per solution of the Balkan problem. Now the war is being waged all ng the line. The sentiment in Bul-ia is not for the war, as war; but Macedonia cannot be freed without oodshed, then Bulgaria accepts war the only alternative. Prayers have n offered to God for peace, or rather the peaceful settlement of the question; but the Turk 'cannot reform.' In my church we have had special services for prayer for three weeks, and the church is as full weekdays as on Sunday mornings. We have called upon God to free the enslaved without the terrors of war, but now we call upon him to make the war brief, and to accomplish the end without much sacrifice of life.

"With the opening of the war, the usual, or, rather, the unusual sufferings began. The Red Cross Society has organized all over the country. The women are working away daily. Everybody is doing his best helping. The people have a mind and heart to work. Of course, the Red Cross has the wounded as its particular care. But what about the families left absolutely penniless when the husband or brother, who supports little brothers and sisters, went to war? And what about the thousands of orphans that the war creates? Thanks to God for the generosity of his people. He is the God and Father of the orphan and widow. The help that may come to us through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be distributed according to the needs: Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Servians, Bulgarians, or any other person in need will be considered. I understand the broad, cosmopolitan sympathies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and am ready to assure you that its help will be distributed according to its creed.

"One word to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Pray and help us, dear friends. The case is exactly like that one: 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.' Already the fanatical rage of the Turks has made multitudes of children orphans, whose parents have been massacred. Put yourselves in our place; realize the situation if you can, and then act upon the golden rule of our blessed Master."

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

"I WOULD greatly help us," writes Professor David Smith in the *British Weekly*, "if, apart from details of erpretation, we had a broad concep-n of the Bible's nature and purpose. is not a promiscuous repository of fication. It is the record of God's f-manifestation in the history of ael—a revelation which dawned ly, and broadened from age to age til it reached the noontide of the spel. The recognition of this sim-fact is illuminating. It defines perspective of the Bible. Recog-e that the Bible is the record of a toric and progressive revelation, d all confusion will fall into order. sense of the perspective of revela-n helps us to find our way about in Bible, to understand what its mes-es meant when they were first de-ered, and to apply them to ourselves. is the office of a Christian teacher explain all this. A true ministry is ucative, and it seems to me that a nister is false to his trust unless he be continually enlarging his people's conceptions of the grandeur of the revelation which is enshrined in the imperishable record of Holy Scripture, and helping them to appropriate ever more and more of its hid treasure. As for difficulty about spending time in prayer, I am not sure that it is the time we spend that matters. You remember the prayer with which the saintly Bengel was accustomed to close each day: 'Lord Jesus, it is just the same as ever between thee and me.' That was all, and it was abundantly sufficient.

"It is a true paradox that we pray most when we pray least. For the exercise of prayer is so often a returning to God, and that would be unnecessary if we continued in his fellowship. The secret of prayer is loving Jesus; and if only we know him, we must needs love him, and our every thought of him will be a prayer, an outgoing of our hearts in faith and desire."

CALLED HIGHER

Mr. John L. Kenney, aged 57, of Narissa, Ill., ssed to the better land August 9, 1912. He one of God's good men beloved by all.

he Temperance, Industrial and Collegiate itute of Claremont, Va., mourn the loss of ir president, Rev. John J. Smallwood, Ph.D.

Mrs. Marietta Walters, aged 75 years, passed ay October 21, 1912, at her home, Lushton, . She was a devoted Christian, a loving ther.

Mrs. Susan Sutton Trimble (89), of Ot-wa, Ia., was called home October 1, 1912. was an earnest and faithful follower of her ster for over sixty years.

Mrs. R. H. Clark was called to her heavenly e September 9, 1912, at the age of 82 years. leaves a very large circle of friends in ta Clara, Calif., who miss her greatly.

obert Mathews, of Yates City, Ill., passed y September 10, 1912, at the age of 97 years. was an admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. ing been a subscriber for many years.

Mrs. Sophia Balliet, of Ashfield, Pa., was called higher on May 27, 1912, after a lingering illness. She was a faithful Christian serving him who doeth everything right.

Miss Sarah A. Starr died September 4, 1912, at her home in Canastota, N. Y., at the age of 86 years. She was an earnest Christian woman with a heart interested in every good work.

Mrs. Ellen Siglin passed away September 18, 1912, at her home in Marshfield, Ore. She was a devoted Christian and is greatly missed by her sisters in the Baptist Church of that city.

Mrs. Emilie Hatch Osgood (79), of Amesbury, Mass., passed away September 7, 1912, after many years of suffering. She was a devout Christian, and was for many years a reader of this paper.

William Schmidt, of Saltsburg, Pa., mourns the loss of his wife (66), his daughter Emma (41), and the daughter of his niece, Katherine Wiegmann (8), who were instantly killed in a storm on July 29, 1912.

THE assurance that there is *real* help for tired, exhausted nerves has come as a veritable boon to thousands of men and women—in a crisis when their nerves have broken under the taxation of strenuous effort, debilitating illness or weakening worry.

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The universal indorsement of Sanatogen by over 16,000 physicians gives scientific authority to the enthusiastic praise it has received from multitudes of grateful men and women who date their return to nerve-health from its use.

If you find yourself with shattered, weakened nerves—at a stage where work is driving effort—where you lack interest in things in which you formerly took pleasure—where digestion is impaired—where sleepless nights are the rule—where you are irritable—*you* will do well to give heed to what these physicians have said about Sanatogen.

Sanatogen is a nerve food—scientifically combining the elements necessary to feed the nerves. It is a compound of purest protein and organic phosphorus in a form that readily and easily digests—imposing no burden upon the most delicate stomach—and not causing harmful temporary stimulation. Sanatogen is just *cell and nerve food*—pure, real, ideal.

You may find Sanatogen is what your nerves need.

Write for a Free Copy of "Nerve Health Regained"

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Nerve Health Regained," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90, $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist----if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

THE BAUER CHEMICAL CO.,
26-F Irving Place, - - - New York

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of Bombay, writes:

"I use Sanatogen every now and then, under my doctor's advice, and always derive great benefit from it."

The Right Reverend, the Bishop of Chichester, Eng., writes:

"I have found Sanatogen most beneficial as well as pleasant."

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Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy, writes:

"After a thorough trial of Sanatogen, I am convinced of its merit as a food and tonic. Its beneficial effects are beyond doubt."

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Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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This is Duke Bolivar's newest and cleverest creation, rich in amusement and entertainment. One letter does for one or two persons, and enough letters to go 'round assures success to Hallowe'en and other parties. Send postpaid, key with each letter, 1 for 10 cents, 3 for 25, 7 for 50, 16 for $1. Address

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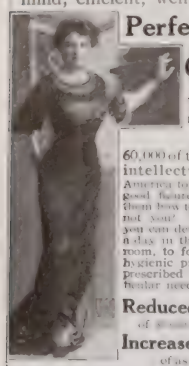

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I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

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Be Well so that every one with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your whole some personality, feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

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I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such **Chronic Ailments** as

Indigestion	**Torpid Liver**
Constipation	**Catarrh**
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Sleeplessness	**Weaknesses**
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The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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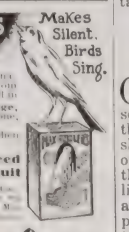

perfect health and plumage, give his voice a richer, softer tone, it will sing all the year round. No need to worry if notes seemed when your bird is fed

Max Geisler's Roller Seed and German Bird Biscuit

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Cannot catch in your hair or lace

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

PRAISE GOD, FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

PRAISE God for wheat, so white and sweet,
Of which we make our bread!
Praise him for yellow corn with which
His waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl
He gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which
He made and called it good!

Praise God for winter's store of ice,
Praise God for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit trees bearing seed,
To you it is for meat!
Praise God for all the bounty
By which the world is fed!
Praise God, ye people all, to whom
He gives your daily bread!

ANCIENT THANKSGIVINGS AND OTHER ITEMS

IN ANCIENT history days the feast of Thanksgiving lasted during one phase of the moon and was a sort of "harvest home" festival which was called the Feast of Tabernacles. The offerings which the ancient Hebrews made to God on this occasion were gold, silver and precious stuffs, besides laborers to work upon the rebuilding of the House of God. Read the first chapter of Ezra and you will find that this is so. The Thanksgiving was an occasion of great pomp and ceremony. Workers in the church of God from the head dignitary to the least among them were clothed in purple and fine linen and wore golden bands upon their turbans bearing the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." They blew great trumpets as a signal, and all the people gathered together in the open places of the cities singing and praising God and giving thanks. Moreover, the building received the name of the builder. The Temple of Zerubbabel, for example, was built by Zerubbabel under King Cyrus. So the feast of Thanksgiving which we observe so joyously to-day in our homes and churches and in memory of "good times," generous harvests, general welfare in the days of our Puritan fathers, has been a church festival for many centuries.

Latest Photograph of "The Little Czar"

Program for a Girl's Club Meeting

ROLL Call.

Reading of minutes by the secretary.

Club plans may be discussed and the place of the next meeting decided upon.

For half or three-quarters of an hour all members to work at Christmas-gift fancy work while a guest (or a club member) reads aloud some delightful story or article out of a book or magazine especially selected for the occasion.

A half hour of games.

Meetings should be kept regular and the play period may be delightfully occupied with impromptu and funny charades and tableaux from the books and stories read in the club.

For club meetings during Thanksgiving week, reading and entertainment may be appropriately taken from *The Story Hour* (Wiggin), The First Thanksgiving, *In the Child's World* (Poulsson), *A Boston Thanksgiving* and *How Patty Gave Thanks*, also *Hero Stories from American History* (Mace).

Poems: The Harvest Festival from *Hiawatha; Thanksgiving Day*, by Lydia Maria Child; *The Thanksgiving Turkey*, Susan Coolidge; *The Landing of the Pilgrims*, Felicia D. Hemans.

Eight Charming Pictures

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wants to send you a group of eight beautiful pictures in color as a Thanksgiving gift. The pictures are 15x12 inches in size, and include glued stripping with which to passepartout them. Owing to the limitations of space, we ask our girls who are interested to write to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

ON RAINY days, when I was a little girl, we screened off a corner of the nursery with a taut sheet, making the space on one side very dark and the other bright with the light of a lamp that had a reflector, and then we played at Shadow Pictures to our hearts' content. Our principal properties, as I remember them, were an old bonnet and a cardboard beak for Mother Goose. A tin horn and a woolly lamb on a tiny platform, for Boy Blue, a basket of flowers and a rake, a fishing line and a pail, a cardboard crown and a bowl for Mistress Mary, Simple Simon and Old King Cole. At every performance we added new properties and new pictures to our rainy day pantomimes, and among the many good times that we had together in the old nursery at home, somehow the rainy days shine out the brightest and best.

Can't Tell Where to Find Them

I remember the evenings too; mother usually came to tell us a story around the big open nursery fire, and after our *little folk* supper of bread and milk and cooked fruit, we often spent the hour before bedtime making up the verses which invariably we recited before each shadow picture, and to this day I recall those verses as clearly as the Mother Goose rhymes themselves. Can you guess this one?

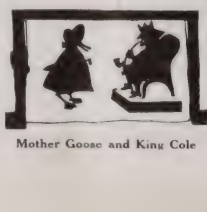
My *first* is as easy as easy can be;
My *second* a long drawn sigh must be;
My *third* is a man spelled with an O:
My WHOLE is a boy too stupid to know.

Our Good-Night Verse this week is:

I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me. *From the Psalms.*

Lovingly and faithfully,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner



Mother Goose and King Cole

Physical Culture for the Face and CARE OF THE **Hair Eyes** and **Feet**

"My facial exercise do for the face what my exercises for the body have done for the health and figures of 60,000 women. The results are quick and marvelous. In six to ten minutes a day you can do more with these exercises at home than massage will accomplish in an hour a day in a beauty parlor."

Susanna Cocroft

Miss Cocroft has prepared the instruction for this course. Those who know her—national—yes international—reputation as a restorer of health and youth, will be pleased to hear of this new feature in her work as they will be certain that it will produce precisely the results she claims for it:

Wrinkles **Sagging Facial Muscles**
Double Chins **Flabby and Thin Neck**
Tired Eyes **Crows Feet**
Pimples **Pouches beneath the Eyes**
Sunken Cheeks **Thin or Oily Hair**
Tender Inflamed Feet **Sallow**
Discolored or Freckled Skins

and many other blemishes are relieved by invigorating the muscles and bringing more nourishing blood to the parts affected.

The expression is invigorated, the skin becomes firm, smooth and clear, the hair glossy and abundant, and our pupils **look ten years younger.**

A Woman Is As Old As She Looks

The direction of this work is in the hands of her nieces, Miss Grace L. Ballack and Miss Mildred A. Albee, whose association with Miss Cocroft for many years has adequately qualified them to assume the direction of this department of Miss Cocroft's culture training.

Write for our Free booklet **to-day.**

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624 Michigan Ave., Dept. 9 CHICAGO

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Buy a Gold Coin Stove direct from factory and save $5 to $20. We pay freight and insure safe delivery of stove—polished, all ready to set up.

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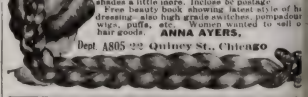
$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 4c postage.

Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell our hair goods. **ANNA AYERS,**

Dept. A805 22 Quincy St., Chicago



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WERE only one automobile made by a factory it would come sky high to the lone purchaser. It would it thousands and thousands of dollars.

But when 40,000 people insist that their be built in one factory—each car comes he rock bottom price—*less than one thousand lars apiece.*

This accounts for the exceptional value verland buyers secure. Combined buying wer—the 20th century economy factor—is key. This is the reason folks talk "Over-d" this fall, from Seattle to Savannah d Portland to Pasadena. Never before s there been such a car at such a price. astonished the civilized world.

The Overland 69T is the direct result of olution. A limited output of good cars s the acorn from which the oak grew. e better Overlands became known—the re folks wanted them. The more Over-ds made—the less each cost. Because more raw material bought—the less the it expense. Thus, every year, Overland ices have been reduced.

Realize the tremendousness of this Over-d production; try to visualize a pro-ssion of 40,000 Overlands. This is not estimated output. Dealers contracted for ,000 cars before a public announcement as ever made. Our output is 150 cars a y—nearly 1000 a week. Right now we are er 3000 cars behind our immediate ship-ping orders and have been for ninety days. How else—were it not for this wonder-ful production efficiency—could $985 buy the highest priced features in motor car con-struction? Set the big quality features down on paper; balance them up in other cars; compare them; study them; you cannot match them for less than $1200 in any other factory in America. Size, strength, seating capacity, wheel base, chassis construction, comfort, beauty and finish—this model matches any $1200 car manufactured.

Where in a car at less than $1200 can you secure a thirty horsepower motor—a wheel base of 110 inches—center control, three-quarter floating rear axle and drop-forged I beam front axle, fitted with expensive Timken and Hyatt bearings? The double set of drum type, internal expanding and external contracting brakes—13 inches by 2¾ inches—are not surpassed on $1500 cars.

Consider the economy in buying equip-ment for 40,000 cars. Here on this $985 car you get the very finest accessories manufactured—those placed on $5000 cars. It has a Warner speedometer—the best made; it has a fine mohair top and boot; it has a clear vision wind shield; it has a self-starter and Prestolite tank. And all for the one price; there are no "extras."

Our greatest problem is in supplying the demand. The entire 1913 Overland output is contracted for. If you want an Overland we advise quick action.

See the Overland dealer in your vicinity. He is at your service. His name and ad-dress supplied by us if you wish.

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This book discusses motor car construc-tion in general. Filled with vital infor-mation, written in good, understandable style, it will be read with interest.

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This fine work is yours, free. Just drop us a postal and you'll get it by return mail.

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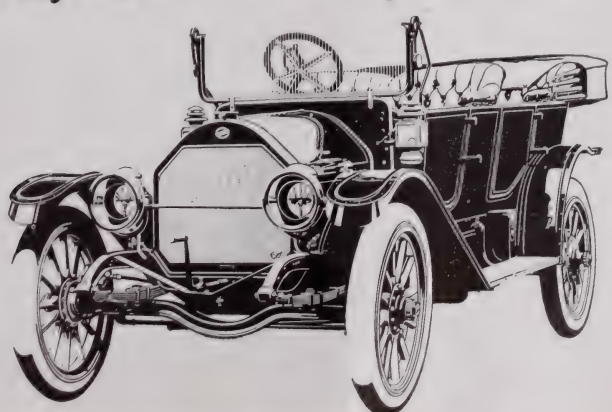

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is the most *efficient* and *economical* stereopticon. It projects brilliant, sharply defined pictures from ordinary lantern slides; and can be arranged also for opaque objects direct, such as *photos* and *colored post cards*. *Simple* in *operation*, very *durable* in *construction*, *moderate* in *price*.

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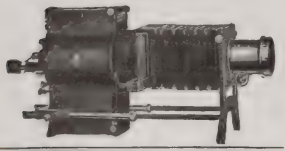

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THE PEOPLE'S VOICE ON ROME

VARIOUS VIEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS ON THE PLAN TO "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"

The Hierarchy's Pretensions

THE Roman Catholic hierarchy claims as an inherent right of the Pope the so-called two swords, the sword of the church and the sword of the state; that is, it claims not only the right to govern the people spiritually but also civilly or politcally. According to Roman Catholic public teaching since the time of Innocent III, the Pope is the vicegerent directly under God, having supreme power over church and over state in the whole world, the "supreme *potestas spiritualis* and *temporalis*," which latter power the Pope conveys to kings and emperors, to be exercised, however, only subject to his, the Pope's, control. This is fundamental papal law, and holds not merely in Italy (where the Pope poses as a voluntary prisoner because the temporal power has been taken from him), but in every other country of the world, and therefore, also, in these United States. Rome bows only to necessity; it does not change. Its claims, being directed from Rome, are the same everywhere, the same here in our country as in Italy, or France, or Spain. The purposes and hopes which certain high dignitaries have lately expressed concerning our country are not new; they have only been left in abeyance because they were not seasonable. Rome watches her chance through the ages, and her religious features are only her sheep's clothing.

Expose these facts. Prove them from Rome's own mouthpieces. If you can make them clear to the people, then they will understand why foreign peoples now for centuries have had to fight Rome in the state and to throw off the temporal yoke. Then they will also understand the reason for the hitherto existing unwritten sentiment of our nation, to wit: No Roman Catholic in high political office. They will see that this sentiment is not one of religious bias, but one of elementary civil government.

Show the results of Roman Catholic dominance, viz.: 1. Interference from Rome in our government. 2. Interference of a power openly out of sympathy with our institutions and sentiments. 3. Opposition to religious liberty by a power claiming the title, "alone saving church," and declaring the mission to overcome and to crush all heresy even by the use of the civil sword, laying this duty on emperors and kings at the pain of papal displeasure and ban, and of the loss of their crowns. 4. License for the Roman Church, its dignitaries and every priestly servant to do as they will. Immunity from the courts of all of its servants, even in criminal matters, for Rome always judges, and is judged by no one. 5. Branding of diverging belief as heresy, wives as concubines, and our sons and daughters as illegitimate, etc., etc.

Permit me to assure you of my sympathy and sincere Christian charity for every Roman Catholic in so far as he is seeking his soul's salvation in his own way. Spiritual light cometh only from above, and every servant standeth and falleth to his own master; I would not judge him, but on the contrary accord him that same measure of religious freedom which I should desire for myself. But the Roman Church as an organization is more than a religious corporation; it claims power not only over its own members, but over me and all the people of the world. This I must resist, and this I believe every American citizen should resist. If they become familiar with the facts, I believe they will, and the advice of the great reformer, Dr. Martin Luther, will be understood and cherished: "*Deus vos impleat odio papæ.*" (REV.) H. B. HEMMETER,
St. Louis, Mo. *(Lutheran.)*

A Campaign of Education Needed

FOR a number of years I have been deeply interested in watching the maneuvers of the Church of Rome, and have always felt that we were too lenient as a nation to have our best institution, viz., the public school system, so publicly abused. For a number of years I taught school in northwestern Ohio, my native State, and I had my eyes opened many times to the workings of this church. We should begin a campaign of education to wake the people up to the fact that we are at the present time allowing a foreign church to educate 1,500,000 children, who are openly taught to honor the Pope ahead of all other men.

I do not believe in religion mixing in politics, but I do believe in religious men getting in politics, and the women, too, for I am a believer in woman suffrage. Every nun or sister who teaches or nurses is a direct competitor of women who are making a living for themselves, and sometimes for others, and their money goes into the treasury of Rome. Protestantism has, during the past few years, been flirting with Romanism, and it does no good. Lincoln saw this, and Lafayette, our great French friend, also said that "if ever the liberties of the republic would be destroyed, it would be by Roman Catholic priests."

I am not pessimistic, but we cannot get away from the truth. I was in Canada during the last Federal election, and it was Romanism that defeated Laurier, not reciprocity or annexation. One day among thinking people soon brought this to light.

Mrs. C. E. V.
Britannia Beach, B. C.

How Rome Falsifies History

IN YOUR issue of June 21, I see you give the new Columbus monument an extensive notice. Now, with your stanch attitude on the Roman Catholic menace, it is perhaps just a little oversight to so recognize what is on the part of that church a deliberate attempt to turn the ideals of the people of this land from the Pilgrim Fathers to Columbus and Spain and the Catholic Church. We all know that the erection of this monument was brought about by the appropriation of $100,000 out of the public treasury, and instead of being a national event at the unveiling, it was strictly a Roman Catholic Church function. The rector of the Catholic University at Washington termed the dedication of this monument "the greatest public act of Catholic faith since the time of the plenary council of Baltimore."

I enclose a copy of part of a sermon by Bishop William S. Perry, in St. Paul's Church, at Baltimore, I think in the '90's. It is quite fitting to-day, and should be given the widest publicity, owing to this recent event and the brazen attempt to have October 12 made a national holiday for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church.

Elgin, Ill. A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

The extract from Bishop Perry's sermon is given below:

"We, throughout American history, read of the struggle between the Latin nations and faith, and the English nation and religion, for the supremacy of the North American continent, including these United States. This contest began when Castile sent forth Columbus to discover the New World, and when the Roman Pontiff issued his bull recognizing the discovery of America as in the interest of Spain and of the Roman Catholic Church. It is clear that there

Continued on next page

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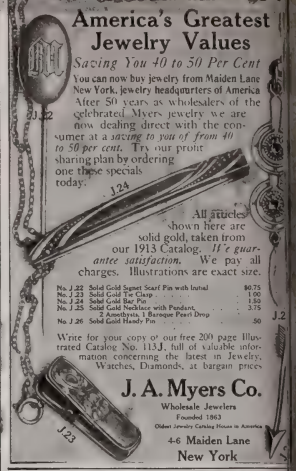

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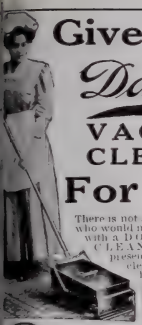

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THE PEOPLE'S VOICE ON ROME

Continued from preceding page

was no intention to allow any other people or religion, except Spain and Rome, to share the benefits of the discovery of America. The bull of Pope Alexander VI (the Borgian) makes this plain. Francis I of France later emphasizes this, and then the struggle continues.

"England never recognized the alliance between Spain and the Roman Catholic Church, nor the claim to territory growing out of it. Little recked Rome that Sebastian Cabot would discover the best part of the Western World, carrying to it the liberty which England's Magna Charta secured. On June 24, 1497, Sebastian Cabot sighted the North American shores, off the coast of Labrador, and sailed south along the coast of Newfoundland and New England. It was Cabot who first found, in spite of the decree of the Roman Pontiff, the territory now held by the United States and Canada. This priority of the discovery of North America emphasized England's dislike for Spain and Spain's jealousy of England.

"Strange, indeed, would have been our religion, the features of our government and of our estate, if the standard of Spain had been raised on our shores. But God, in his providence, provided a different destiny when he designed that North America should be settled by the robust English and Scotch race; that ours should not be like the territory of Mexico and of the South American republics. Let us in our congratulations, public and private, heartily thank God that Columbus *did not* discover the territory of North America; and that we do not owe our freedom of religious faith, nor of speech, to Rome. The bull of Borgia was not allowed, by the reckless tracing of a line on a map, to dispose of the territory of the United States, for God's hand was there, ordaining that the (so-called) successors of Peter should not control the religion of that territory, or the destiny of North America.

"The discovery of Cabot was thirteen months before Columbus discovered the coast of North America. Cabot's eyes had first seen, and his feet had first trodden, the soil of America for England's queen and church. To him also belongs the credit of knowing what he had discovered—a new world—while Columbus still thought he had discovered the East Indies, or the fair land of Cathay.

"The struggle is not yet ended, for God intended it to go on between the two civilizations, the two religions, the two races, from the discovery of America to the present day. The old claims, the old assumptions, exist in Rome to-day. The Roman Catholic Church now seeks to control things, and at this time it is specially important that the principles which are now forming and the problems now threatening should be studied.

"We owe nothing to Columbus or to Spain. Our nationality, our liberty, our history, our literature, our culture, are due to the acknowledged power of the principles of the survival of the fittest, and to the settlement of North America by English soldiers, sailors and other colonists. The ruling ideas, the very turn of our thought, the manhood of our people, declare who was in the struggle for the continent."

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"My sister was employed in an eastern city were she had to do calculating," writes an Okla. girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfitted for duty.

"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and use Postum and in a few days she was entirely free from headache." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.) "She told her employer about it, and on trying it, he had the same experience.

"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble.

"However, we finally quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headaches and sour stomach which I am now convinced came from coffee.

"A cup of good, hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances caused me to locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy demand for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HOW THE RED STOCKINGS WERE FILLED

Continued from page 1152

dress or two that may diffuse a faint odor of benzine, and perhaps mittens or a muffler, flannel shirts, stockings or a little felt hat, pencils for school, hair-ribbons, or a brush and comb, or a new purse—and a twenty-five cent piece in the purse has never been known to go begging for an owner—boxes of sweet crackers, nuts, raisins—well, there! *that* one is filled to bursting, at least! And every separate thing is tied up in tissue paper, with red ribbons, and at the very toe there is a tiny "surprise," a puzzle that only cost ten cents, or a little Japanese doll, or a string of blue beads! Imagine all those things spread about in a shabby little kitchen, away across the city, on a fine Christmas morning, and imagine another stocking or two in the flat below, and a dozen more scattered down the block. It certainly seems to add, at a very small cost, an incalculable amount of cheer to one's own Christmas.

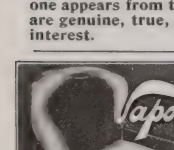
All through December pathetic little letters come in, begging for Red Stockings. One cannot read these penciled, hard-wrought little missives with dry eyes. A twelve-year-old begs for a stocking for "our children," the two younger sisters and the baby. "You would send it if you could see them," writes the loyal big sister. "It was all the children had"—"I had been dreading the day for them"—"It was the happiest Christmas of their lives"—the phrases occur over and over, when the letters of thanks begin to come in. "But how did they know about us, the names and ages and all?" the bewildered, happy mothers say.

Two small brothers sat "just touching" the wonderful stuffed Red Stockings, until a conscientious mother could go through the snow to the corner grocery to telephone and find out if the good thing could possibly have come to them. One small girl "prayed" for a doll's carriage, and, used by this time to Christmas miracles, the committee wasn't enormously surprised when that identical little girl's stocking was wheeled to her in the handsomest doll's carriage imaginable. The funny and pathetic and delightful episodes multiply hour after hour. One young mother, before the second Christmas, brought back to the committee the little caps and dresses, socks and wrappers, that her baby had been given a year before, all beautifully laundered and sweet, ready for some other mother's baby.

The second Christmas saw three thousand five hundred and thirty-five Red Stockings going their happy ways, and in 1910 there were nearly a thousand more. This Christmas will break all the other records—and even a pessimist might predict that every coming Christmas will see more and more and more Red Stockings. They are filling them in India, in Vienna, in California, and so far and wide is the enthusiasm spreading that one can't help feeling that this will some day be the recognized way of equalizing things on Christmas Day everywhere.

It is inexpensive, for the committee says that it can fill any stocking for a dollar and a half, with new things, and of course outgrown things cost much less. Any mother of two or three children could keep a bureau all the year round for things that would fit into Christmas stockings. In Brooklyn they are doing things on such a large scale now that they are glad to have the Edison Electric Company cut their stockings, and the staff of the Brooklyn Employment Bureau make them; but in a smaller city this work would not be so hard, and in a village a committee of a dozen women might well hope to put a Red Stocking into the hands of every needy child on Christmas Day without exception, and could give a personal touch to this stocking or that that might be appreciated by the grown-ups as well.

Think about it. Let the Red Stockings march into your town.



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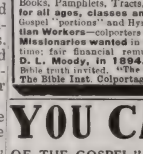

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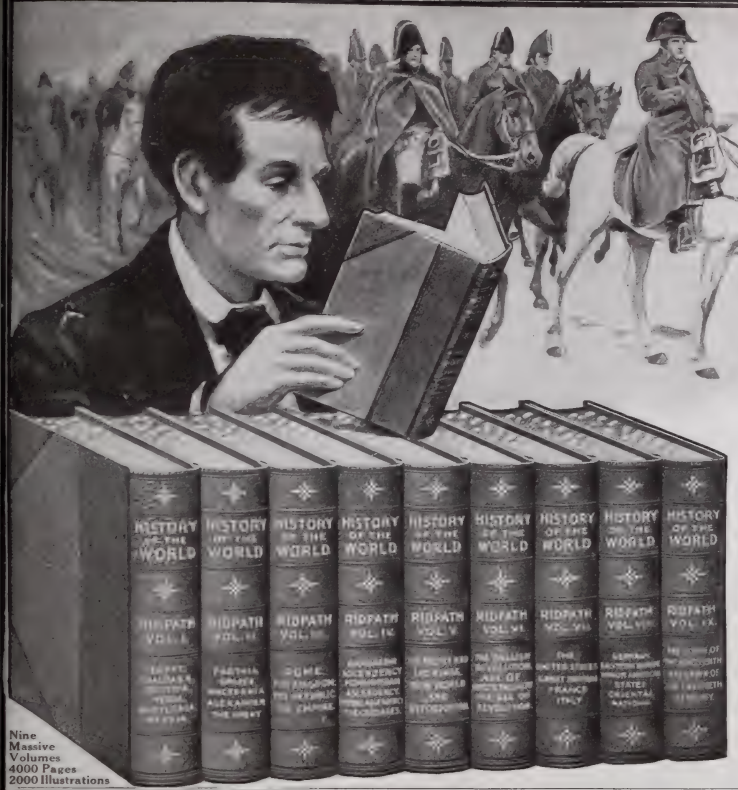

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1912

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MARION AND SYLVIA
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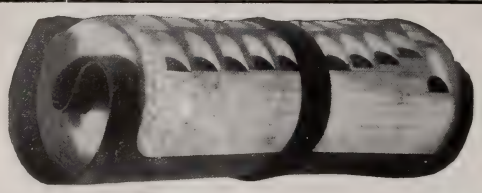

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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ONE OF CONSTANTINOPLE'S DEFENSES

Copyright International News

A GROUP OF FANATICAL MOSLEM IRREGULAR CAVALRY, TYPICAL OF THE SECTION OF THE POPULATION THAT IS FEARED BY THE CHRISTIANS

SALONICA, CAPTURED BY THE GREEKS

TURKEY SUES FOR PEACE

HOPES FOR PEACE BRIGHTEN IN THE NEAR EAST WHILE THE DISTRESS OF THE SUFFERING GROWS

THE end of the war in the Balkans is in sight. The Turkish Government, forced to a realization that the saving of even a last remnant of its European domain depended on own efforts, has now approached the Balkan es directly and sued for peace. This move was stponed until the Bulgarians had practically ed the last line of Turkey's defenses at atalja, and Constantinople, the capital city, lay their mercy. Then, too, the Sublime Porte found its appeals to the great Powers of Europe were le and that the termination of its losing fight nded entirely upon itself. As King Ferdinand definitely refused to consider an armistice with- assurance that it would lead to a conclusion of war the cessation of active tilities may well be taken as urance that he and his ad- ors are convinced that the rks contemplate no further istance.

The situation in Constanti- ple on November 12 was mmarized by the correspond- of the London *Daily Tele- aph*, who despatched the fol- ing uncensored report via reless from a steamer in the ck Sea:

eaten, demoralized, without hope reorganization in time to make an ective stand against the enemy, the ks have recognized the futility of her resistance. Nazim Pasha ha- rmed the Grand Vizier that the kish Army is both unable and un- ing to fight, and suggests that the course left is to make the best sible terms with the allies by direct otiations opened with the Bulga- n. Some Turkish advisers in the ital are anxious to continue the nse of Chatalja. That would cer- ly result in disaster. As a basis proposals for an armistice Turkey ready to abandon Chatalja, pro- d the Bulgarians undertake not to r the capital. The Porte is pre- ed to make heavy sacrifices to t this crowning humiliation, and King Ferdinand is not too exigent ce is in sight.

The situation in Constanti- ple itself continued to cause great deal of anxiety oughout Europe and Amer- ica all through the week. Foreign warships in the Bosporus lent some assurance of assistance should time of need arise, but the presence of thousands of starving and wounded though not disabled soldiers gave the entire Christian population of the city the feeling that it was resting on the top of a sleeping volcano, which might burst forth at any moment. Food in the city had soared to famine prices. The hospitals, barracks, clubs and every available warehouse were filled with wounded men. The streets were crowded with refugees who sought the city in fear of the advancing Bulgarians.

In the provinces where the armies of the Montenegrins and Servians have been at work success has attended their arms, and they are now in undisputed possession of the land. The operations throughout those sections have been forced to a standstill. Winter has settled over the country, and a blanket of snow two feet deep covers practically all of Albania and northern Macedonia.

The Greek forces from the south have advanced steadily to Salonica, and after a three days' battle taken possession of that city with all its defenses and all its garrison. The advance of the Greeks has presented one of the most remarkable spectacles in military history. As they captured town after town, they also took vast numbers of prisoners who laid down their arms. By the time they reached Salonica they were reported to have 65,000 Turkish soldiers under guard, and when the prize city of the Ægean Sea fell into their hands they took 27,000 more. A despatch describing the Greek capture of the city reads in part:

> Before they entered the town the elements of disorder broke loose and a terrible massacre of the non-Moslem population took place. Shooting and looting was general. When the Greeks took possession of the city, they imprisoned all the pashas, officials, and Turkish officers.

In the district about Adrianople the fighting has continued along lines very similar to those of the last week. The Bulgarians have captured two more of the important outer forts of the city, and with the aid of the Servians who have joined them, poured a continuous artillery fire upon the crumbling defenses. The Turks are reported to have made several desperate sorties, but were repulsed in every instance.

The success of the Balkan allies led to a diplomatic tension, which for several days caused many of the most conservative newspapers of the world to state that the peace of Europe hung by a very slender thread. Servia has made it plain that she will make this opportunity serve to end her days of "suffocation."

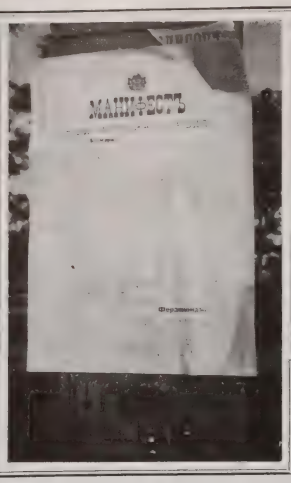
Continued on next page

A BULGARIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL TRAIN RUSHING SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT

THE BALKAN SUFFERERS' APPEAL

From Photographs by The Courier—Russian Correspondent in Sofia.

The Newspaper Correspondents Leaving Sofia for the Front



The Declaration of War Posted in Sofia

A Bulgarian Military Train Taking Soldiers Into Thra

She has always been surrounded by the territory of other nations and has been at their mercy in the matter of the shipment of her produce. She demands a seaport on the Adriatic. To this demand Austria emphatically said "No," and for several days it seemed as if she were willing to enforce her decision even at the cost of war. Italy was known to stand with her as an ally, and though Germany's sympathies were at first unknown, she is the third member of what is called the Triple Alliance. England, France and Russia, the Triple Entente, stood together, and it was rumored that Russia was willing to fight for Servia. All the chanceleries of Europe buzzed with activity. Then Kaiser Wilhelm made plain his attitude. He told of his ambition to go down in the annals of history as "William the Peace-keeper," and, though discreetly silent himself, allowed some of his officers to make the statement that Germany was going to see that the peace was kept. Premier Asquith of Great Britain also outlined this as the attitude of King George's government, and the danger of a general conflict seems averted.

According to the cable despatches, the last battles of the war have produced suffering such as has not been paralleled in Europe in half a century. United States Ambassador Rockhill is quoted as estimating that about 75,000 sick and wounded soldiers of every nationality need care. In the hospitals of Constantinople alone there are 14,000 sick and wounded, and there is much suffering through hunger and exposure among the 18,000 refugees. Constantinople has a million population. Cholera, bubonic plague and typhoid are reported to have broken out and have already begun to claim many victims.

In the Balkan camps, too, there has been very great suffering, and the hospitals of Sofia and other cities are unable to accommodate the victims. The Relief Committee in Sofia, which is in communication with THE CHRISTIAN HER has cabled an urgent appeal for funds to be used in plying food for the thousands of destitute widows orphans, as well as in assisting the wounded who medicines and bandages. Pastor Furnajieff, chairma the committee, assures us that every gift will be of greatest value at the present time, both in saving life and relieving hun Food of every kind is scarce and at almost famine prices. The villages ar Adrianople and on the Turkish line of retreat in Mac nia have been pillaged and the populace is in g distress. Some of the Turkish prisoners in the hands of Bulgarians say that the garrison and population of Adr ople are literally starving.

The Czarina of the Bulgarians

Queen Eleanor has been asked to become Honorary President of The Christian Herald Relief Committee at Sofia

Christian America has a great opportunity to demonst once again its world-wide generosity. Many of our rea are now responding to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S appea behalf of the Balkan Relief work and we trust that m others will follow their example and send their gifts qui to the "Balkan Relief Fund," care of this journal. E dollar and every dime will find its mark and will be cable full to the Relief Committee in Sofia. Send in your gi once and have a share in this humane and Christlike v which recognizes no creed or race distinction.

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SUFFRAGISTS ON THE MARCH

WOMEN have marched in varying numbers and for varying causes during the centuries, but for upwards of fifteen thousand women to get together and march down one of the chief thoroughfares of the New World's biggest city, with torches, trumpets, choruses, bands, horses, chariots, and floods of fire, with five thousand men marching proudly in the rear of the procession to demonstrate their belief in "the cause," with Fifth Avenue lined with thousands of spectators who cheered and applauded—this was a spectacle and an occurrence quite without precedent. The suffragists had a parade last May, but the attitude of the populace on that occasion was not entirely respectful and commendatory. On the night of November 9, however, whether because of the beauty and magnificence of the spectacle, or out of respect to the recent actual victories won by the cause in four States at the November elections, or because of a real change of conviction on the suffrage question, New York stood approvingly in enthusiastic and dignified delight, as the phalanxes of the determined hosts of daughters, wives, mothers and grandmothers strode down the avenue declaring to the world that they were going to vote.

There were a few anxious moments before the parade began when a cold rain set in fitfully and dismally from the north. It subsided, however, before the hour set for the march arrived, and though the sharp wind continued to blow coldly and the asphalt was soiled and slippery from the rain, the white-shod, white-skirted, white-coated, white-helmeted ranks moved forward undismayed. Incredible as it may sound, the parade, despite the preceding rain, started two minutes ahead of time.

The route was from Fifty-eighth Street, down Fifth Avenue to Union Square, where arrangements had been made for a number of open-air addresses. Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale was grand marshal of the procession. She was preceded by a platoon of mounted police and a line of young women trumpeters clad in white gowns, typifying "heralds of victory." A company of horsewomen followed Mrs. Hale, and behind them the leaders of the National American Woman Suffrage Association marched on foot, among them Rev. Anna Shaw in academic cap and gown; Miss Carr Riley and Miss May Ware Dennett. Next the floats representing the four States, Michi Kansas, Arizona and Oregon, which adopted principle of woman suffrage at the recent elec

A company of songsters followed, made u young women in black skirts with white surpl with a quota of men to carry tenor and bass. A other marchers, the charioteers appeared, Inez Mulholland, representing Wyoming, the State to adopt suffrage; Miss Florence M. Co driving the Colorado car; Miss Nina Wilcox Put the Utah chariot; Mrs. James Duane Livings the Washington; Miss Gwenc Brooks the Idaho, and Mary Au the California cars. Miss Isabel mounted, made a charming and pressive Joan of Arc. Norway, den, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, tralia and New Zealand were represented, as well as many St cities and organizations. Prohibi ists, Socialists and Progress marched, representing in chrono cal order the political parties w have stood for equal welfare. Y suffrage sashes, colored fires se along the line of march, flaming terns carried by the marchers enormous yellow flag stretching curb to curb and borne by t girls, were among the brilliant tures of the spectacular pageant.

When the parade reached U Square, addresses were made by Anna Shaw, Mrs. James Lee I law, chairman of the Manhattan man's Party and also of the Pa Committee, Miss Harriet May M Mrs. Martha Wentworth Suffern Miss Leonora O'Reilly.

The Suffragists' Parade on Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE NEW GOVERNORS

M. Ralston (D)
Indiana

James M. Cox (D)
Ohio

F. Worcester (R)
New Hampshire

Edward F. Dunne (D)
Illinois

William Sulzer (D)
New York

Locke Craig (D)
North Carolina

John C. Karel (D)
Wisconsin

Charles R. Miller (R)
Delaware

Gov. B. W. Hooper (R)
Tennessee

rthur Capper (R)
Kansas

H. Morehead (D)
Nebraska

L. B. Hanna (R)
North Dakota

A LARGE majority of the recent gubernatorial contests resulted in Democratic victory. New York, the Empire State, has elected Congressman William Sulzer, who has emphatically been a man of the people from the beginning of his public career. Mr. Sulzer has an international reputation. His father was a German, a Heidelberg student, and joined the revolution of 1848. He was imprisoned, fled to Switzerland, and came to New York in 1851. His son William was born at Elizabeth, N. J., on March 18, 1868. The governor-elect likes to say that his father was a German, his mother an Irish woman, and he himself an intense American. He was graduated from Columbia Law School, elected to the New York Assembly in 1889, and re-elected every year till 1894, when he was sent to Congress, of which he has been ever since a member.

Illinois has returned Edward Fitzsimmons Dunne, who was mayor of Chicago from 1905 to 1907. Mr. Dunne has been well known both as lawyer and judge in the State over which he has been called to rule. He was born at Waterville, Conn., in 1853, educated at Trinity College and called to the bar in 1877.

Another well-known Democrat, James M. Cox, has been victorious in Ohio. He was born in that State in 1870, and is the son of a farmer. He became successively farmer, printer, school teacher, and newspaper man. He has been a member of Congress since 1909.

S. M. Ralston, the new Democratic governor of Indiana, is a self-made man in the best acceptation of the word. He was born on a farm in Ohio, December 1, 1857; in his early life he had to work hard, but persevered at his books and was graduated from Central Normal College, Danville, Ind., 1884. He was admitted to the bar in 1886. He is a man of splendid physique and is a distinguished orator.

The new Democratic governor of Missouri, Elliot W. Major, is a native of Bowling Green. He became senator and afterwards attorney general for Missouri, in which capacity he was active in atacking the methods of the packing industry.

The Honorable Locke Craig of Asheville will rule North Carolina. He is a lawyer, and has been twice a member of the State House of Representatives. Mr. Craig was born in 1860, was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1880, and admitted to the bar in 1883.

County Judge John C. Karel, who was successful in Wisconsin, is a lawyer of high ability and has been a Democrat all his life.

Besides the Democrats mentioned above, the following were elected: S. E. Baldwin, Connecticut; P. Trammell, Florida; E. G. Dunn, Iowa; E. N. Foss, Massachusetts; W. N. Ferris, Michigan; S. V. Stewart, Montana; J. H. Morehead, Nebraska; C. L. Blease, South Carolina; E. S. Johnson, South Dakota; O. B. Colquitt, Texas; and E. Lister, Washington.

It is remarkable that a large number of newspaper men were elected to various offices in the recent contests. Of the new governors, the successful Republican candidate in Kansas is Arthur Capper, publisher of the Topeka *Capital*, and, in addition, the Capper farm publications, extensively circulated in the West.

The man who has been selected to rule the largest State in the Union, Texas, for a second term is Oscar B. Colquitt, who has been a prominent newspaper man for many years.

Despite the great Democratic landslide, Republican candidates captured office in several States.

Charles Russel Miller, the new Republican governor of Delaware, hails from Wilmington, and has been a State senator. He is still a young man.

Louis Benjamin Hanna, Republican governor-elect of North Dakota, is an Eastern boy who, born at New Brighton, Pa., in 1861, went to North Dakota at the age of twenty. He was a member of the State House of Representatives from 1895 to 1897, a State senator from 1897 to 1901, and again from 1905 to 1909. He has been a member of Congress since 1909.

Other Republicans elected are: J. M. Haines, Idaho; A. Capper, Kansas; A. O. Eberhart, Minnesota; F. Worcester, New Hampshire; A. J. Pothier, Rhode Island; W. Spry, Utah. H. D. Hatfield of West Virginia was elected on the Progressive ticket, and B. W. Hooper, Tennessee, was returned as a Fusionist.

E. G. Dunn (D)
Iowa

Elliott W. Major (D)
Missouri

W. N. Ferris (D)
Michigan

SPAIN'S PREMIER ASSASSINATED

MADRID, the capital of Spain, was thrown into a fever of excitement on November 12 by the assassination of Señor José Canalejas y Mendez, the President of the al Council of Ministers. It was Premier Caejas's custom to walk each day at about noon to Ministry of the Interior. On this walk he was ally guarded by two private detectives, whom he ays compelled to follow him at a distance of ut twenty paces. On November 12 the premier stopped near the San Martin library, which very close to the ministry, and was looking he books displayed in a shop window. While was thus occupied a man approached him and d three or four shots directly at his head. One he bullets entered his skull just back of the ear, the premier immediately fell to the ground. two detectives rushed up and captured the asin. He fired at one of them but without doing harm, then seeing the hopelessness of resistce, put the last bullet that the revolver contained his own head.

he premier was carried by two reporters into lobby of the Ministry of the Interior. The atest excitement was aroused here, as no news he assassination had preceded the premier's ar-l. As he was being taken up the steps, a police ector exclaimed, "What is this, Señor Canalejas?" prime minister answered, "This wretch has ed me," and expired a few moments later in the ector's arms. King Alfonso, who was immedi-y advised of the tragedy, arrived within a few utes and received the story of the event n two of the other ministers of his cabinet. sincere affection which he entertained for his cabinet minister was attested by the tears filled his eyes as he paid his tribute to the deed premier. Before the king left the ministry, a great throng had gathered in the Puerta del Sol, and as he made his way through, there rose from all sides cries of "Long live the brave king!"—the same shout which the Madrid populace raised in 1906 when the king and his bride were the objects of an attack by a would-be assassin.

The perpetrator of this crime was conveyed immediately after his arrest to the nearest first-aid depot. Here it was found that the bullet which he had fired at himself was lodged in his right temple. He was identified as Manuel Pardinas, aged thirty-two, of the town of El Grado in the province of Huesca. No important papers or evidence of any kind was found upon his person, though it is believed that he was a member of an anarchistic band and that his attempt was inspired by the now famous Ferrer execution.

The Late Jose Canalejas y Mendez

When Don Juan Riano y Gayangos, Spanish minister to the United States, learned of the assassination of Premier Canalejas, he said: "Spain has lost the strongest man in the country. He was a man of high ideals and one of the most capable in Spain. I do not know of any man who can fill his place. He was democratic in all his actions."

Señor Canalejas, though identified for years with the most liberal party in Spanish politics, was a close personal friend of the king. He belonged to a wealthy and cultured family, but was himself a man of very simple habits and recreations. He had been in political life for forty years, having filled various ministerial posts in the cabinets of other premiers. He had been one of Spain's most enlightened and progressive public men. It has been under his leadership and influence that King Alfonso has taken the initial steps toward freeing his country from the overruling influence of the Vatican. Under Señor Canalejas's able leadership non-Roman Catholic bodies have received the right to proclaim their places of worship as such, and the number of Roman Catholic religious orders, each of which was free from taxation, has been greatly reduced. He was directly responsible for the bill which was known as the padlock bill, which passed the Spanish Cortes on December 23, 1910, and which was the first step toward the separation of church and state in Spain.

THE THANKFUL HEART

A THANKSGIVING SERMON

BY REV. FREDERICK F. SHANNON*

TEXT: "For all things are for your sakes, that the grace, being multiplied through the many, may cause the thanksgiving to abound unto the glory of God." II. Cor. 4: 15, R. V.

THE Bible is like a melodious steeple set with thanksgiving chimes. The variations of the tune are many, the spirit, the tune itself, is one. Hearken to the music of these Scriptural bells! They ring out gloriously, and they ring out unceasingly as well. To whom shall our thanksgiving be offered? Unto God, our Heavenly Father. Through whom shall it be made? Why, through our Lord Jesus Christ. What are the reasons for thanksgiving? Well, all our gifts are from God—our temporal benefits, our daily providences, our unfailing guidance, our immortal hopes. What are some of the forms of expressing gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift? Worship, prayer, offerings, and praises. These are just a few of the thanksgiving chimes that ring in the Bible tower.

Now, the player of the chimes in our text needs no introduction. He is well known in heaven and on earth. This old master of spiritual symphonies is never better than in his rendering of thanksgiving music. For Paul was a great thanks-giver because he was a great thanks-liver. It is this, I am sure, that gave him such a vast conception of the grace of gratitude. "For all things are for your sakes!"—think of the immensity of Christian privilege in the words!—"that the grace, being multiplied through the many, may cause the thanksgiving to abound unto the glory of God"—think of the solemn responsibility of so using all things that our thanksgiving may glorify God! Surely the genius of the thankful heart is the highest quality of genius—life expressing itself in the very noblest terms.

"For all things are for your sakes!" Without attempting to compass the inclusiveness of this thanksgiving pæan, let us consider a few things which will stir the thankful heart.

This American country of ours should make every heart throb with gratitude to Almighty God. Think of its natural resources! Think of its boundless plains! Think of its fertile valleys! Think of its hills, mountains, streams, rivers, lakes, and oceans! Indeed, the crop report for 1912 furnishes a very tangible, if quite immeasurable, illustration of the fertility of our country. A few Sunday mornings ago I walked across the Queensborough Bridge. Always interesting, this walk is never more satisfactory than in the sweet dawn of God's own holy day. The spell of October was over all—the rich-tinted leaves; the shocks of corn, those golden tabernacles of the autumntide; the robins, whose faded, tattered breasts told of their approaching flight southward to exchange their old garments for bright, fresh new ones; the melancholy expression brooding upon human faces—everywhere the October magician had left his mystic touch.

Well, I thought that dense forest of skyscrapers never looked more splendid than on that Sabbath morning from the high arched bridge. They looked massive and high enough, too. But after seeing that picture in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 6, showing what would happen to those skyscrapers if our mammoth grain crop for 1912 should be dumped in and on and up and around them, I admire the vast buildings not less, but the marvelous productiveness of our farms more. Three billion bushels of corn! What cribs can hold that? Seven hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat! What granaries can contain them? One billion four hundred million bushels of oats! What bins large enough for them? Two hundred and forty million bushels of barley, rye, and buckwheat! What is material to make pancakes for the universe! In round numbers, the plow, the harrow, the hoe, the threshing machine have coaxed five billion five hundred million bushels of grain from American soil in a single year. It is stupendous, amazing, incalculable! Why, if the American farmer should empty his sacks upon Park Row, Broadway, and Wall Street, immediate suffocation would set in. For he would literally engulf beneath his mass of grain the Stock Exchange, the thirty-story Bankers' Trust Building, the forty-one-story Singer Building, Wall Street with all its buildings, lower Broadway with all its buildings, Bowling Green, the Custom House, the Battery, the North River piers, and the docks of South Street; every single one would be actually buried from sight if the American farmer should spill his 1912 golden treasure over this particular area of real estate!

The fact is, the output is so immense as to surpass the powers of imagination. But we ought certainly to include the fecundity of our soil among the "all things" that "are for your sakes." Moreover, we ought to acknowledge our debt of gratitude to the American farmer. The whole world is his debtor. He is greater than any ruler, or potentate, or emperor, or king, or president, or general that ever lived. The farmer gives us our wardrobe. Ours is the sheep on a thousand hills! The farmer fills our meat chest. With the lowing herds on our like plains! The farmer alone makes it possible for the great business of national housekeeping to go on. Let the farmer die and crêpe as black as midnight would hang on America's front door. Some men may die and not be greatly missed; but let the American farmer die, and there will be a nation-wide funeral. But he is not going to die. He is going to do something far harder and grander and nobler. He is going to live, and out of his industry and toil and sacrifice this nation will receive a new birth of integrity and simplicity and devotion to the causes that make for national righteousness. All honor to this horny-handed, wind-tanned, sun-burned hero! We thank him for the soil he vexes, for the crops he raises, for the virtues that thrive in the garden of his heart, for the sons and daughter he rears, for the God he worships!

A second thing for which right-thinking people are thankful is the church of the living God, which an apostle describes as the pillar and ground of

Continued on next page

THANKSGIVING DAY

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER, Jr.

WHEN the pilgrims had their harvest,
And garnered the yellow grain;
When the fruits were piled under cover
From the autumn's blinding rain;
When the graves were wreathed with flowers,
And the game was laid away;
Then they praised the Lord, who had blessed their hoard;
And they made Thanksgiving Day.

They stood their guns behind the door,
And they laid their knives in a heap;
And they went unarmed through the close-cropped fields,
Which their children had helped them reap.
And they met the scowling tribesmen,
In warpaint and feathers gay;
And their war they ceased, while they made a feast,
On the first Thanksgiving Day

The pies were baked in the ovens
By the housewives young and old;
And the meats were browned and roasted
Away from the frosty cold.
And the copper savage mingled
With the pilgrim old and gray;
And they blessed the Lord by that humble board;
Ah! It was Thanksgiving Day!

Yes, we keep the day in a fashion;
We eat our turkey and pie;
But do we think of our brothers,
That starve in the cold—and die?
Do we praise the Lord from our inmost hearts?
Or do we only play
At the love they taught, and the good they wrought,
When they made Thanksgiving Day?

*Minister of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn.

E THANKFUL HEART

Continued from preceding page

n. It is well, now and then, to go
to fundamental things, to dis-
, in the midst of a world where
and change and decay are vigor-
at work, what are the founda-
of ultimate reality. In his mas-
l work on *The Foundations of Nineteenth Century*, the author
us back, century by century, to
) and beyond. But the church of
goes back beyond Plato, beyond
h, beyond David, beyond Moses—
to the heart of the Eternal him-

"y church!" God's church, Christ's
ch—no man's church, and no
church—that is why hell and all
ayrmidons must fall back before
rrible might! Do you believe in
ity? Then this truth is as sure
avity. Do you believe in the ebb
low of the tides? Then the moon
not sway the tides more cer-
y than that the truth of Christ's
s shall finally sway the hearts of
Indeed, is it not high time Chris-
people throughout the world
getting a new vision of the as-
triumph of the Christian
ch? Again and again her altars
been forsaken; the people have
hed for lack of vision; quacks of
conceivable stripe have traded
the by-products of Christianity;
tudes have bowed before pagan
and burned strange fire upon the
of the Most High; but always,
r or later, the God of Jesus
t has shaken the foundations of
religions and true, and after the
e earthquake was over, the floors
valls and windows and towers of
hristian Church stood forth more
ously than ever before.

antime, there are two essential
s that Christian people should
The first is this: They must quit
gizing for the Gospel. They
proclaim it in love and with un-
shed sincerity; and they can do
nly as the power of the Gospel
owed to create and sustain their
souls in good works. Our need
y, my brethren, is not expert
getics; we need original, first-
practitioners, experiencers, if
vill, of the unspeakable things of
in Christ. I mean no criticism
egitimate apologetics. I mean,
r, that we have dissected so
that the dissector needs rest.
as exhausted himself. He needs
treat, a hospital, some place
e he can be quiet and visionful
h to see that this patient named
Gospel was never really sick at
nat he is the real invalid in need
ritual convalescence. These phy-
ns have found that they cannot
themselves, and their only hope
lvation is in the very thing that
have been "scientifically" cutting
eces. It is a glorious time for
who really believe in Christ to
themselves. Away with our
guessings! Away with our
tic questionings! Away with our
gs religion! Let us give the
el a chance, and be thankful to
uthor that we have such a Gos-
) be deeply thankful for!

are not only to stop apologizing
the Gospel, but the Christian
h must do another thing: It
cease its unworthy competition
the world. Be assured of this—
vorld will never be converted to
t by adopting worldly methods.
very age when the church has
ed such methods, the world has
iably and heartily despised the
h. Patting the church on the
with one hand, it has thrust a
n dagger into its inmost heart
the other. No; the world does
eed, and the world will not ac-
what is glibly called an up-to-
Gospel. I am frank to say that I
a dateless, eternal Gospel;
hat is what every man needs,
the whole world needs, what
nay have, and do have, in
athomless Gospel of the blessed

Continued on page 1206

THE RING OF TWO WHITE PEARLS

YOU have a perfect right to make yourselves beautiful. It is your privilege, unchallengeable, to put on the most effective adornments. Take, therefore, a kindly word of suggestion and with it a word of caution to the end that your beautifying may be successful and without a flaw.

Advice, instruction and command have been more than ever insistent of late. If you try to follow them all, trouble without measure will be your portion. Your safety lies in your own good taste and the promptings of a pure heart. Heed them, and heed what I shall now say no farther than it helps you to hear the true voice within you.

School teachers, business employers, pastors, and arbiters of style have contended with you. They have criticized and sometimes forbidden certain kinds of apparel. They have denounced the putting on or the taking off of various articles or portions of dress. They have urged the evil and the ugliness of painted faces and fraudulent coiffures. You know that in the main they are right, though sometimes, perhaps, a gentler tact would win readier acceptance of their decrees. But they do not recognize, or at least they do not acknowledge frankly the right and the need of adornment.

. . .

JUST the other day I read in the newspapers that fur coats costing as high as $100,000 will be worn by women during the coming winter. Others will be wearing pearl and diamond necklaces costing as much and more. Here is personal adornment regardless of cost. But only the very rich can so indulge themselves. Perhaps you may have to forego the pleasure of any fur coat, and it may be that your jewels will have to be of quite another order. I should like to give you, though, and every girl, a ring with two white pearls. I'll tell you why in a moment.

In Philadelphia a few days ago a professor of a great university delivered an address in which he urged young women to spend all their earnings on dress and finery, and if they wanted more, to borrow money for their own adorning, but by no means to save for the future or to contribute from their earnings to help make life easier for aged or infirm parents or younger brothers and sisters. It was so difficult to believe that any man of respectable standing in the community could devote himself to giving instruction in profligacy and to setting up a guidepost to ruin that I took unusual pains to verify the first report. There seems to be no doubt that such advice was publicly given. I am glad it met with prompt rebuke as public as the offense.

Am I contradicting my own statements? Have I not been urging you to the most liberal and effective self-adornment regardless of cost? And now some one stands up publicly and proclaims the unstinted indulgence in dress and finery, is he to be rebuked? Let us turn for a moment to a better authority on beauty and adornment than Professor Patten of the University of Pennsylvania. There was a greater authority—indeed, it was the very Creator of Beauty, who loves beauty so intensely that he has lavished it upon the whole earth, even in places where none but he can see it. One day, thinking of the superlative loveliness of some of his most modest creations, he asked in mild protest, "And why take ye thought for raiment?" There might be some reason if you were like the person in the old drama, "Honest Man's Fortune," who was told "Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast." But that isn't true of you, nor of any girl under the blue sky.

. . .

IN THAT wonderful story, *Quo Vadis*, the author describes a beautiful Christian maid, loved by a Roman: "Vinicius looked at her profile, at her drooping lashes, at her hands lying on her knees; and in his pagan head the idea began to hatch with difficulty, that besides physical beauty, confident and proud of Greek and Roman symmetry, there is another beauty in the world, new, immensely pure, in which a soul resides."

Nothing in all the catalogue of finery—nothing anywhere within the reach of womanhood, can be found for the adorning of physical beauty so effective and so enduring as the radiance of a noble soul which is wholly independent of fashion or fortune.

You have not thought of the apostle Paul as a beauty expert, have you, yet no one has surpassed him in that respect. He gave very definite consideration to feminine adornment when he said, "Let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even in the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." Again he urged "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel; . . . not . . . costly array; but with good works."

An ordinary artist tries to gain admiration for his picture by painting some splendid thing—a golden harvest, a bird of brilliant plumage, a tree in blossom, or a rainbow. But some of the world's greatest painters have never touched any of these things. One paints a railway cutting, another a plowed field. There is no bright object to attract the eye, but the black earth, the brown earth, the red earth were touched with the supreme touch, and you seemed to see the blossom in the dust, and the rainbow shone out of a cloud, and the picture without a brilliant thing in it was altogether bathed in imagination, poetry and beauty.

Adorn yourselves with that superlative and irresistible beauty of the soul which is the pearl of great price. I wish I could give you a ring with two white pearls, one to symbolize purity of body and the other to represent purity of soul. With these two unmarred your loveliness is assured. Do not think to gain such adornment at trifling cost. You must pay for it in patience, and effort, and self-sacrifice. But it is worth the utmost cost.

Beautiful faces are those that wear
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Burdens with patient grace and prayer.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Flowing rivers of helpfulness.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

AN OLD man sat at the cross-road
On a stone by the village street.
He was weary and worn and travel-stained
And faint from the dust and heat,
And his gray head drooped as he sat there
With hunger and travel spent,
While the noon-day throng went hurrying by
On their homeward journey bent.
And I passed by with the others
In that heedless current caught
That recks nor cares for the stranger poor,
Nor the homeless wanderer's lot.

But the picture left its image:
I could not drive it away,
And I thought of One who would surely have paused
Had he been in the crowd that day.
How his eye sought out the outcast,
Who was barred from his fellow's door,
How he gave his hand to the woman shamed,
And bade her sin no more.
I saw Him kneel by the leper,
As he shuddered and cried, "Unclean!"
And health and joy and manhood came
At the touch of the Nazarene.

They are sitting there at the cross-roads,
Weary and faint—alone,
There are many bowed with a sinner's shame
Or a shame that is not their own.
It may be a friendless orphan,
Or a slave in the thrall of drink—
Your path may lead to a happy home,
And his to the river's brink.
The wretched, the weak, the burdened,
The pilgrim with way-worn feet—
They are sitting there as the old man sat
At the place where the cross-roads meet.

Oh, linger a bit at the wayside,
And let your heart be heard,
As it bids you pause by your brother-man
And give him a cheering word.
For the life that loves is lovely
And the soul that gives expands,
And the heart that warms to a brother's need
Is like to the Son of Man's.
And the meed will be right royal,
When he says to you and me,
"Inasmuch as ye did for the least of these
Ye have done it unto me."

F. C. WELLMAN.

Do You Know Your Bible?

AGAIN the publication of the Honor Roll and answers to the Bible questions must be postponed to the first week of a new month. December will round out our year of Bible study. Here are the November questions. Be sure to mail the answers promptly. Last time many arrived too late to be counted.

LIST NO. 11

1. What chapter in one of the historical books is repeated with very slight changes in one of the prophets?
2. Find three Bible passages in which spiders are mentioned?
3. Where is happiness declared to be like good medicine?
4. Where is friendship declared to be like perfume?
5. What king, by following the advice of his younger counselors, lost the greater part of his kingdom, and who became ruler of the revolting States?
6. Where is spiritual joy symbolized by the singing of hills and mountains and the hand-clapping of trees, and transformation of character by a change in the nature of tree and bush?
7. What prophet visited a craftsman at his work?
8. In what Psalm does David emphasize the futility of trying to get away from God?
9. What chapter in the Old Testament describes the preparation of the ashes of a heifer for making purifying water, and what passage in Hebrews declares that Christ's blood has greater cleansing power than this?
10. Find Old Testament passages alluding to the Holy Spirit in which he is referred to as water, as fire, as wind, as oil (look for word "anoint" or "anointed"), as rain or dew (or "showers"), as a voice.
11. What chapter tells of a busy day in the life of Jesus, in which he healed a paralytic, called an apostle, went to a feast, delivered an address, healed a sick woman, raised a dead child, and cast a devil out of a dumb man?
12. What did Paul tell the people at Rome he would be sure to have in his soul when he came to visit them?

Anvil Sparks

. . THE hill of difficulty is a muscle-making opportunity.

. . THE misapplication of the truth is the worst of all errors.

. . IT IS foolish to pray for revelation when your Bible lies unopened on your table.

HOW I FILLED MY CHURCH

SUCCESSFUL PASTORS RELATE EXPERIENCES WHICH PROVE THE MAGNETIC POWER OF THE OLD GOSPEL

S. Parkes Cadman
Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y. City

David James Burrell
New York City

Reuben A. Torrey
Chicago, Illinois

THE problem of getting people to church is one of the very gravest of present times. Many a minister and evangelist has been grieved to learn, perhaps at the close of an earnest appeal, that he has not had a single unconverted person in his audience. Of course it is delightful to contemplate that an entire audience is religious; but it is fearful to contemplate that the people who need salvation will not come to hear about it. It is not for lack of room. The seats are there; the welcome is there; the message is there. But they will not come.

To some churches they do come. Why? THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has asked a number of successful clergymen to give briefly the results of their own experiences. What do they do or say that makes people flock to hear them? It has been refreshing and delightful to note how largely the answer is that it is the old-fashioned Gospel that draws best, when it is given a chance.

What Has Succeeded In Seattle

Our first letter is from the pastor of the largest Presbyterian Church in the world. Dr. M. A. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, Wash., and Moderator of the General Assembly, writes in answer to the question: "How I Filled my Church":

It is not a pleasure for me to talk about myself and therefore I must decline; but if you will let me answer your questions with no reference to myself I shall do so.

First—This church has been filled for nearly eleven years. Most of the time it is crowded, and scores and hundreds have been turned away. The evening audiences number anywhere from 2,500 to 3,500. We can only seat about 3,000. The rest have to stand or be crowded out. The audience has in it from 55 to 70 per cent. of men. The church is doing an immense amount of work. Frequently there are from six to eight services running at the same hour in the different rooms of the church. You may ask how it is done.

Second—The results accomplished are entirely due to the operations of the Holy Spirit. We pray much, expect much and get much.

Third—The pure, simple Gospel is preached. Sinai and Calvary are held up to the people. The vicarious atonement is emphasized; the sacrifice of Christ is presented daily; his deity and his mediatorial work are kept before the people. The whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel, is preached.

Fourth—We make the Gospel apply to every condition, circumstance and point of a man's life. We deal with his social, domestic, commercial, political, civic life, with the Gospel and only the Gospel.

Fifth—Every service is an evangelistic service. We never preach the Gospel or finish a sermon without making an appeal for immediate decisions and confessions of Christ. At every service we urge men to accept Christ and join the church. In other words, we try to demonstrate a passion for souls with profound love for God, implicit confidence, faith and trust in Christ and in the leadership of the Holy Spirit.

Sixth—We do not have a sermonette after a long musical program of questionable ecclesiastical music. Every member of the choir must be a Christian and spiritual music must be used, but that program is kept in its minor place. The sermons are not dictated by the clock, nor are they closed at the suggestion of some man who would like to hurry through the service. Time enough is taken to present the case of sin, produce conviction in the hearer's mind and ask for the work of the Holy Spirit to produce conversions. In other words, we all work, and we all work at the business of saving souls, preaching the Gospel, and believing absolutely the promises of Jesus Christ.

Seventh—Every man, woman and child in this church is supposed to have something to do and is required to do the thing assigned. Personal work and personal evangelism are keynotes. If the churches of the country could be lifted from their blight of materialism and could get from under the control of godless trustees, indifferent and lukewarm church officers, and could be made to understand that it is their business as individual Christians to evangelize the world, the pews would be full and the pulpits would be on fire with the love of God and an undying passion for souls.

* * *

Two Views From New York

Dr. David James Burrell, beloved pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, and one of the regular preachers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD congregation, writes:

I believe that the deepest longing of the average man is to know the way of salvation. In my preaching I have tried to make that clear; and I am gratefully happy to say that I have never had to beg for a hearing.

"The old-time religion is good enough for me."

The hurdy-gurdy and the stereopticon may have their uses; but a minister who is constrained by the love of Christ and sensible of his calling as a fisher of men will be slow to resort to adventitious attractions. Mr. Moody once said to me, "We have the best thing in the world; if only we had the consecrated power to make the people see it!"

The longer I live the more profoundly I am convinced that nothing "draws" like the great Magnet; as the Master said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

* * *

The following letter is from another good friend of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers:

I do not know that I can answer the question as to how I have filled my church, except by saying that I have always striven to do two things: First, to obtain as wide a personal, and, if possible, intimate acquaintance with as many of my people as constant intercourse would secure. To this end I have visited them continually and still pay, on an average, about thirty pastoral calls a week. Second, by presenting in the pulpit a consideration of those greater and vital truths which directly affect a man's spiritual well-being. In addition to these two main methods, I have found that a faithful observance of the smallest details is the best preparation for discharging the chief duties and obligations of a minister's calling.

I wish I could say more, but there is little left except that in both Manhattan and Brooklyn I have been assisted by a devoted and self-sacrificing staff of workers, without whom I could not have accomplished any results. S. PARKES CADMAN,
Pastor Central Congregational Church,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

A Word From a Pastor-Author

1. I have had but one preaching service, at eleven o'clock, and have tried to emphasize its importance because it was the only one of the week.

2. The preaching, at least of late years, has been expository, with no attempt at learned or doctrinal sermons. The thought of the pulpit has been to teach.

3. The element of worship has been emphasized. The congregation has been given a large part in the service.

4. The Gospel as taught has been applied to men's everyday needs.

5. All the service has had an optimistic tone. The atmosphere of hope and good cheer has been prevalent.

6. During a large
of the year I have use
morning service to
my Sunday school, g
it the right of way.
has accustomed the
dren to attend church
it has become a habit.

7. Several months i
year, at night, I have
sermon-stories, which
attracted men to c
who would not go to
preaching service.

8. My people, thr
their organizations, lik
Brotherhood, the y
people's societies, the
men's societies, etc.,
loyally helped to keep
church filled at all our
vices. I have had the s
did co-operation of my
ple, without whom I could have done little.

9. A Gospel of everyday need, a simple se
of real worship, much attention to young life
a love of the multitude with Christ as the con
Hope of the world, have been some of the facto
my ministry which have made it a joy and ke
full of hope and life. CHARLES M. SHELD
Minister-at-Large,
Central Congregational Church, Topeka,

* * *

A Popular Rector's Opinion

Some time ago a student of religious life in
don asked himself the question which you have
to me, and then set out to find the answer.
went from church to church, churches of va
creeds and different types, some evangelical,
ritualistic, some rationalistic, others engaged i
social activities. And this was his finding:
every type had its failures and its successes
was no one type as such more than another
which succeeded in interesting men. Men do n
in for evangelical preaching more than for ri
istic ceremonies, for social service more than
tionalistic teaching. In every case it was the
in the pulpit who drew men. Where men
found there was found a real personality in
preacher. In every case among all these va
types the human factor in the ministry either
or failed to draw men. J. H. MELIS
Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N.

* * *

An Evangelist's Early Experiences

In answer to your question, "How I Filled
Church," I would say that when I took the past
of the Chicago Avenue Church in Chicago, it h
seating capacity of 2,200, 1,200 on the floor
1,000 in the gallery. Upon taking the church
first sermon I preached was on Prayer. In cl
the sermon, I said something to the effect of
glad their new pastor would be if he knew that
sat up late Saturday night or arose early Su
morning to pray for God's blessings on the
ings of the coming day. Quite a number of the
ple took these words to heart, and many sat up
Saturday night or rose early Sunday morni
pray for God's blessing on the work of that da
also spent much time in secret prayer myself, o
times not going to bed until it was well on into
day morning, and never until I had received
God the assurance that the power of the Holy S
would be present in that day's work. Further
this, I had gathered about me a little group of
ple who really knew God, and instead of sittin
alone praying, these continued with me in pr
Further than this, I began at once to anno
my evening subjects along lines of immediate i
est, such as "Why I Believe the Bible to Be
Word of God," "Did Jesus Christ Really Rise
the Dead?" "Infidelity, Its Causes, Consequ
and Cure." The morning meetings were give
expositions of the Scripture with the usual ai
the edification of the church. We advertised
we did not put our dependence upon advertis
We would have large bulletins out in front o
church, which stood in a prominent place w
many passed. We printed attractive cards by
tens of thousands. The young men of the ch
visited all the saloons and hotels about the ch
every Sunday night, inviting people to the meet

Continued on next page

THE REFORMATION FESTIVAL

BY REV. W. F. SCHOENFELD

WHAT the Fourth of July is to American patriots October 31 should be to all Protestant Christendom. October 31 of the year 1517 may rightly be called the hday of the Reformation. On that day Luther, Augustinian monk, priest and professor at the versity of Wittenberg, nailed his world-famous ety-five Theses against the Papal Indulgences he chapel door at Wittenberg, and thereby made first onslaught on the citadel of papal error, in ch, for almost one thousand years, the Chris-lom, particularly of Western Europe, had been captive. Little did Luther dream of the tre-dous upheaval that was to be caused by this act is. In fact, he expected to receive the Holy her's commendation, and was more than sur-ed when, instead, Pope Leo X condemned his es and commanded him to recant what in them ad pronounced the truth of God rary to Rome's teaching and tice. But the truths Luther had laimed in his theses were not e problematical theorems nor e scientific conclusions or intel-al convictions; they were truths h had become to him divine life power, and which, after passing ugh a fierce soul-struggle, had d him out of despondency and air into the very realms of heav-peace and bliss. Of these truths ad become convinced as being unquestionable and indestructi-Word of God. Hence it was that er, grieved and shocked though as, could not do otherwise than lessly and heroically uphold and nd what he knew to be the divine soul-saving truth. And so it e about that what Leo had at declared a mere straw-fire, sure ie out in a short time, developed a huge conflagration, truly set-the whole world afire. Thus it came about that the Pope, seeing even his bull of excommunica-hurled against Luther in 1520 er threw terror into the heart of monk of Wittenberg nor proved tual in stopping the spread of the r heresy," prevailed upon Em-r Charles V to have Luther before Diet of Worms, where Luther, on the 17th day of il, 1521, in defense of the truth of God and of istian faith and liberty, bid defiance to all the ers of the earth and declared that he did not ve the Pope and church councils alone, since it manifest and well known that they had oft-s erred and contradicted themselves; that it not safe nor advisable for any one to do aught nst his conscience; and that, his conscience be-caught in the Word of God, he could not and ld not recant, unless convinced by clear pas-s of Holy Writ that he had taught aught to lict therewith. It is of that day and declara-Carlyle has said: "The Diet of Worms, Lu-'s appearance on the 17th day of April, 1521, be considered as the greatest scene of modern opean history; the point, indeed, from which whole subsequent history of civilization takes ise. The world's pomp and power sits there on hand, on the other stands up for truth one , the poor miner Hans Luther's son. Our peti-—the petition of the world—to him was: 'Free it rests with thee—desert us not.' Luther did lesert us."

uther's day at Worms must indeed be desig-d the crisis of the Reformation, but the nailing ie Ninety-five Theses against Papal Indulgences was its birth. And the 31st of October is the day that Lutherans all over the world and all over our own country commemorated by special services in their churches to remind themselves of the mighty blessings, spiritual and temporal, which God has vouchsafed the church of Christ and civil government through the Reformation, and his chosen instrument for that gracious work, Dr. Martin Luther. Of late years it has become a custom that, in addition to the Reformation services in the individual churches, joint services are held in large halls, in which many congregations unite to ponder the blessings of the Reformation and to strengthen the loyalty and gratitude of these children of the Reformation.

Martin Luther Before Charles V at the Diet of Worms

Such services have been held this year, on either the last Sunday in October, or the first Sunday in November, in many of our largest cities—Boston, New York, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, St. Louis and others. In some localities Lutheran congregations of a number of towns have combined and arranged for a joint celebration in the most central town. Such a celebration was held in Hartford, Conn. In New York City the celebration was held in Carnegie Hall. Pastor W. C. Kohn of Chicago, the president of the Illinois District of the Missouri Synod, delivered an oration in German on the theme: "What Are the Blessings We and Our Country Owe to the Reformation?" Pastor D. H. Steffens of Baltimore (Martini Church) followed with an address in English: "What Is the Debt We, as the Children of the Reformation, Owe Our Country?" The services were embellished by a rendition of appropriate anthems by the Students' Choir of the Lutheran Collegiate Institute at Bronxville. Perhaps the most inspiring feature of these services is the singing of the Lutheran Chorals by the entire assemblage. Luther's battle hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (A mighty fortress is our God) is never omitted and is usually sung standing. At Baltimore this year the preachers were the Rev. A. Pfotenhauer, the president of the largest Lutheran Synod in this country, and the Rev. A. Dobbyn, formerly a Roman Catholic priest. At Boston, the services held in Tremont Temple were entirely in English, the preacher being the Rev. H. P. Eckhardt of Pittsburg, formerly president of the English Synod of Missouri. In St. Louis, Dr. F. Pieper, the President of Concordia Seminary, the largest Lutheran theological school in this country, having an enrolment of over three hundred students, was the chief speaker. In some cities like Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis, the largest of halls have proven too small to hold the mighty host eager to hear and zealous to praise.

The subjects of the sermons or addresses at these celebrations are varied, indeed, yet in substance they deal with the contrast between Christendom in church and state and family before and after the Reformation. At the individual church services the main emphasis is usually placed on the religious reform brought about through Luther's own enlightenment by the Gospel of Christ and his fearless, untiring and energetic preaching and teaching of the pure Gospel. At the joint celebrations the educational, social, economic and political reforms, effected pre-eminently by Luther and his preaching of the Word of God, receive equal consideration with purely religious and spiritual matters.

At many of these services, the results of the Reformation were set forth clearly and eloquently. Luther was presented as the father of our modern popular education. Since everybody is to read the Bible himself and by his own study of the Bible convince himself as to what it really teaches, everybody must also receive an education enabling him to do this. Luther re-established, furthermore, a right view, the Christian view of life, and above all else vindicated the sanctity of matrimony and of the family. Maintaining as fundamental truths of the Gospel of Christ that free and full salvation, and all the treasures of Christ become, by faith, the property of every Christian, he, of course, banished every thought of merit on the part of man in his justification before God, and also of every special order of men or priests in the church of God. Salvation is by the unmerited grace of God, wholly and alone, and the impartation of God's grace depends solely upon the means of grace, instituted by God, being administered pure and undefiled. The efficacy of those means of grace depends upon no man, no divine orders or ordination. There are no special orders in the New Testament, only an office, the office of the ministry. The Power of the Keys is the common possession of all Christians. All man-made doctrine, superstition and tyranny are done away with, and full and real liberty under God secured to all Christians and the entire church.

American Protestants who study thoroughly the mighty changes wrought by Luther through the teaching of God's pure Word and the blessings they in consequence of his labors enjoy both in church and state, must surely agree that true gratitude should induce them to celebrate annually the Festival of the Reformation, and the whole Protestant world should without delay begin to prepare for an appropriate religious and civic celebration of the four hundredth anniversay of the Reformation on the 31st day of October of the year 1917.

HOW I FILLED MY CHURCH

Continued from preceding page

bringing them to the meetings. The evening ices were emphatically evangelistic, always wed by an after-meeting.

ie church began to fill up at once. I had been ching but three or four Sundays before the 'ch was packed downstairs and upstairs, and inued packed, until the question arose how to in-se the capacity of the church to 4,000 or 5,000, as le were being turned away every Sunday night. found it impossible to do this, so we held a sec-meeting in the rooms below. These rooms d seat 1,100 people. On many occasions we the audience room packed upstairs, and the is packed downstairs, and a second overflow ing in the lecture room of the Bible Institute. standing people up and seating them on the s, we were able to pack 2,700 people into the ling by actual count, until the fire authorities ade our doing this.

At the close of the service, the church at once became a beehive of Christian activity. The organist was not permitted to play the organ and thus distract the attention of the people.

The best of it was that we not only filled our church, but there were many conversions. The eight years that I continued there actively pastor, there was never a single Lord's Day without conversions—I doubt if there was any day in the week without conversions, for we had over fifty meetings a week of one kind and another, and many were dealt with and won to Christ where there were no meetings. Of course, the great majority of those that were converted did not unite with our church, as they were transients passing through the city, or they were people brought from other churches to be converted, then were taken back to their own churches and united there. Nevertheless, the smallest number that I received into active membership in the church in any year that I was pastor was 250, and I had the joy in those eight years of service of receiving over 2,000 into the membership of the church. I remained four years nominaly pastor while I was going around the world in evangelistic work, but was at the church only a month in the whole time. Still the work went on just the same, and went on under Dr. Dixon, my successor, and is going on still, though there has been no pastor for over a year.

The secret of it all lay in three things: First, Utter dependence upon God, manifesting itself in constant, persistent, believing prayer. Second, Giving the people what this old world needs most of all, the Gospel pure and simple, unadulterated and full. Third, Soul-winning activity on the part of the membership of the church as well as on the part of the preacher.

Sincerely yours,

R. A. TORREY.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

THANKSGIVING?

NATIONS at war, thousands in pain and want, cities abroad smitten by the plague and the sword, cities at home tangled up with cruel crimes, violence and death abounding, sons and daughters lost—shall we celebrate Thanksgiving Day? If the world of health and sickness, of wealth and poverty, of metal and vegetation, of flesh and blood were the only world, we might question the call to Thanksgiving. But we may be thankful, first of all, that that world is not all. We must be thankful that out from a world of war and crime we can look up through the blue skies past the diamond stars and see the face of God. We do not need to live in this world of wrong; "our citizenship is in heaven." We know that to match and infinitely outweigh this little world of strife and pain there is another world, a spirit world, a world of tranquillity, of eternity. We are glad we have heard of it and are moving toward it.

But God is not only there in that quiet and orderly world; he is also here, here in this world of tumult and sin. Right here on our bloodstained battlefields and our sin-stained streets the two worlds exist side by side. In the body of his Son and in the flames of his Spirit God is here. And advancing steadily against the forces of sin are the armies of the faithful, of men and women of faith, men and women who are holding God's power in their hearts and whose hands he is moving to deeds of love and peace. Two things more to be thankful for—that God is at work in the world and that he lets us help him.

. . .

NOW, as we come to our own corner of the world, how much, how incalculably much, we have to be thankful for! Here the triumphs of right and justice over wrong are evident and manifold. It is a happy coincidence that the nation-wide celebration of "Home Mission Week" is taking place just before Thanksgiving. We take account of the triumphs the church is making and plan for its future victories. And because the church is victorious our hearts are glad on Thanksgiving Day.

As for material things in America, this year of all others should be a year of heartiest Thanksgiving. Nature, under the smile of God, has been bountiful almost beyond any previous record. Three billion bushels of corn, one billion five hundred million bushels of oats, seven hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat! THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stated a few weeks ago "As to the wheat crop alone, it would make a river of grain 100 to 125 feet wide, four feet deep, and reaching from New York to Chicago." Shall the stream of our wheat be fuller and longer than the river of our praise?

. . .

FOR love of home, for cherished friends, for strength to work and for work to do, for bountiful fields and busy factories, for heavily-laden tables about which grandsires and grandmothers, mothers and fathers, husbands, wives, young men, maidens and children gather with laughter and song, for bright churches whose bells call the nation to praise, for peace and plenty, for the gifts of grace and the hope of heaven, our souls are flooded with gratitude. "Thou hast put gladness in my heart," sang the Psalmist, "more than the time that their corn and their wine increased."

This gladness grows fuller and richer and deeper as we pass it on. Every home, every heart, may fit into the bright plan of spreading joy, just as America has been called to the vast task of spreading peace and welfare over the world. Thanksgiving is ceasing to be a selfish festival. We share our bounty with the poor on that day; so must the American nation and the American church share its bounty with the world. Ring, bells! Laugh, little children! Smile, grandsires! Sing, young people! "God's in his heaven," his glory is in our hearts and in our homes and upon our land. Soon it shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Share Your Blessings

PAUL in Troas heard the cry from far-off Macedonia and responded gladly by taking the Gospel to that country. We in America heard the cry from the same land, now filled with the victims of a terrible war. It comes to us from desolated homes, from widowed mothers and little children. We cannot turn a deaf ear to such a call. What the generous-hearted CHRISTIAN HERALD Family did in Armenia, India, China, Finland, Russia and other lands in times of great distress, it can do in Macedonia. Under our banner of Christian love we can carry to these unfortunate ones a Gospel of bread and helpfulness that will prove our loyalty to Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." While you are counting your blessings at this Thanksgiving time, give a thought to the innocent victims of the war. By sending a gift to the Balkan Relief Fund, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, you will be adopting the most practical way of sharing your blessings. It is within the power of every reader to brighten up one poor, saddened Balkan home. Do it by sending in your contribution to-day.

Back to the Fold

MANY a stormy life that has wandered far from God, and seemingly forgotten the religion taught at a mother's knee, has come back in its closing hours to its first love, to find it the only refuge. It is told of August Strindberg, the famous Swedish poet and dramatist who died a few months ago in Stockholm, that he passed through such an experience. From a quiet childhood in a Christian home, he went out into the world and became a rebel against God and religion. His literary productions have been characterized as "volcanic, rebellious, unbelieving and revolutionary." There came a time when he felt that he was done with the world, and his heart yearned for something more satisfying than irreligion had afforded. He had not touched a Bible in many years; but now it became his constant companion and his solace. "This alone is right," he said, pointing to the sacred Book, where it lay on the table in his sick-room. He returned to the belief of his youth and a great light broke in on the darkness of his ebbing life. One of his last messages was to his old teacher—a brief message, only the refrain of a hymn he used to sing in school long years before. "Only one can save us, Jesus, our Lord." In those last hours the world, with its distractions, its wild theories and its spiritual rebellions, mattered now but little. The wanderer had come back.

The Dead Spanish Premier

IN THE assassination of Premier José Canalejas y Mendez, whom his country regarded as one of the greatest statesmen Spain has produced in many years, we see another evidence of the hidden perils that surround men who are foremost in the public eye, and against which it seems impossible to furnish adequate protection. Premier Canalejas's murderer is a young anarchist, a disciple of the self of Francisco Ferrer, who was executed at Montju in 1909, and the assassin is said to have admit the fact that his act was one of premeditated venge for Ferrer's death. Canalejas, although premier when Ferrer's trial and conviction t place, was bitterly regarded by the radicals for defense of the government, when in the Cortes upheld its conviction of Ferrer as in accorda with military law, although he was silent as to execution itself.

As premier, Canalejas showed remarkable ministrative capacity. King Alfonso himself ch the rising statesman, notwithstanding his kn radicalism, and brought him to the front. soon became the central figure in the anti-cl cal movement. With royal approval, his admi tration gave increased privileges to non-Cathol Then came the long and arduous struggle to red the number and influence of the Romanist religi orders and to regulate the convents, which swar in Spain and were exempt from taxation. Vatican, by every means at its command, oppo the project. There were disturbances, but Alfo trusted the situation in the hands of his prem who put down disorder by strong measures, stored tranquillity, and continued his program the internal development of the country, the se ration of church and state, the taxing of chu property, and the placing of the religious orc under government control. Spain at present has minister accredited to the Vatican.

Canalejas was a radical, but of a salutary t Strong, courageous, conscientious, progressive, proved the backbone of a weak throne. In the sense a friend of the people, he strove to lift t out of their condition of ignorance, superstition moral degradation. His penetrating mind saw t as long as his country was in bondage to Ro and while the Vatican had a controlling voice in councils, it would remain illiterate and unenlig ened. His vision showed him the light of civil erty, of religious freedom, of national progr shining across the hills and valleys of Spain. planned for freedom of conscience, for the unloos of the priestly grasp on the nation's throat, popular education and better government. Ca lejas's dream will yet be realized; the vision not die with him. The new life he helped to ki in the hearts of the people will yet be the mean Spain's redemption.

The Man Who Will Be Blessed

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornf writes the Psalmist. "But his delight is the of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate and night. And he shall be like a tree plante the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his frui his season; his leaf also shall not wither; whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." It is a g thing to be considered blessed by men; still gre to have the Lord call us blessed. Men are o mistaken in their views of what is a blessing misfortune. Our own heart is apt to long for w is poison, and to loathe what is manna to our God regards that man as blessed who knows w where, and how to *separate*. The people who wicked at heart and show it by their designs— people who practice sinning in their daily actio the people who scorn religion and organize for purpose, are not fit company for the child of He is blessed if he stays away from them. says so, and God knows. The child of God kn when, where, and how to *unite:* he holds com nion with God. What God has said is food thought to him during the busy day, and eng his reflection in sleepless nights; yea, fills dreams. He is blessed again in these meditati God says so, and God knows. The result is the blessed man becomes a blessing: as a tre full foliage and laden with fruit is hailed by weary and famished wanderer in arid wastes, child of God offers the shade of his counsel comfort and the active help and support of kindly actions to his needy fellow men.

O God, my Father, bless thy child with wis to see and with a desire to practice what wouldst have me think, and say, and do, thro out this day and this entire year. Keep me fr becoming a curse, and make me to be a blessin this world. To this end cause thy Word to b all-absorbing interest to me, for Christ my viour's sake. Amen.

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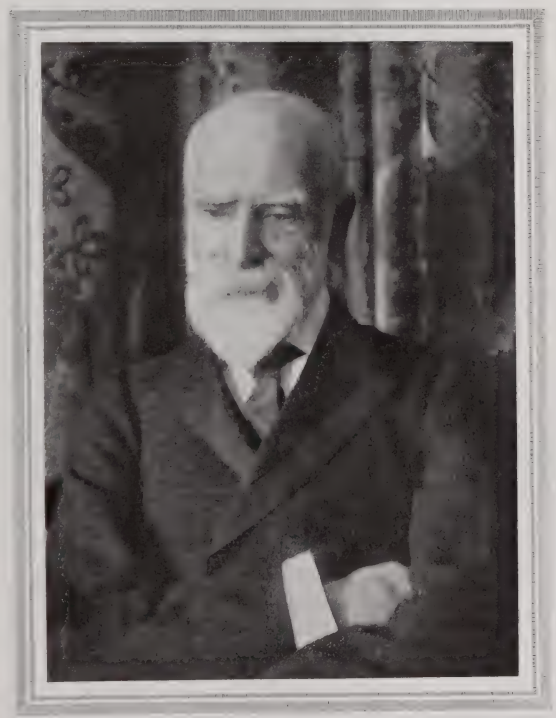
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D.D.

Bryce Resigns Ambassadorship

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, the British ambassador, has notified President Taft that he has tendered his resignation to his government, and will return to England. friends of Mr. Bryce gave two reasons for his on. One was that, being seventy-four years old, desired to take himself out of the whirl and tion of political life, and the second one was his re to finish a monumental work on world-wide ocracy and a historical work on the Emperor tinian. James Bryce, lawyer, author, diplomat, born in Belfast, Ireland, on May 10, 1838, and educated at the University of Glasgow and nity College, Oxford, which conferred on him degree of Doctor of Laws in 1870. He was itted to the bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1862, and cticed law until 1882. He was appointed ius Professor of Civil Law in Oxford in 1870. 880 he entered Parliament as the Liberal mem- from the Tower Hamlets, London, and ame under secretary of state for for- affairs in 1886. He was chief secre- y of Ireland from 1905 to 1907, when was appointed ambassador to the ted States. It was said at the time of appointment that his selection was nded as a compliment to the United tes, in whose government and people Bryce had shown such a deep inter- and that his government took especial le in sending to our government so an author, so wise a statesman, and good a man as Mr. Bryce. He has n exceedingly popular here. He has n in great demand as a lecturer and tor since coming to this country, and egarded as one of the happiest after- ner speakers heard in any city of the d. A year ago Mr. Bryce indicated to Majesty's government a desire to re from his post at Washington, as by t time the question which he came m Europe to settle (including those ting to the North American fisheries, boundary waters between the United tes and Canada, fur sealing in the ring Sea, and pecuniary claims out- nding between Britain and the United tes) had all been disposed of. At the uest of the British Government, how- r, he remained in Washington till v. It is understood that Mr. Bryce will asked to stay a few months more at post to assist in the settlement of the pute over the tolls of the Panama nal and perhaps other questions. The ndon *Times*, in speaking of the retire- nt of Ambassador Bryce, after a few rds of criticism, has this to say: "They of little enough account in compari- with the general influence for good ich Mr. Bryce's reputation and per- ality have exerted on Anglo-Ameri- affairs. He went to Washington h a reputation so high as to be diffi- t to maintain. He has not decreased He has made it higher in both coun- es by the work he has done. He has en a dignified and capable ambassador, distinguished public figure, and, in vate life, a man of many friends."



The Right Honorable James Bryce

The Retiring British Ambassador to the United States

e official representative of the king is used by the ostle as the type of the mission of the minister presenting the Divine Ruler.

ow then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did be- h you by us. We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled od. (II. Cor. 5:20.)

Tablet to "Titanic" Bandsmen

UT from the screams and tumult of the *Titanic* as she sank in the icy waters of the Atlantic re came the sweet strains of music by the ship's chestra, who remained like heroes and played to lm the passengers. And it is reported that as e vessel was settling to its watery grave, divine reams of melody were sounded by the members of e orchestra, and that the last song breathed be- re there was the silence of death was "Nearer, God, to Thee." A bronze tablet in memory of e seven musicians who went down as heroes on e *Titanic* was unveiled the other day by the Mu- al Protective Union in their clubhouse at 214 st Sixth Street, New York City. The tab- has a feminine figure, symbolical of Music, plac- g a wreath of oak leaves on an expanse of open water broken by an iceberg. Beneath is the inscription, "A tribute to the bandsmen of the *Titanic*. When the order was, 'Each man for himself,' these heroes remained on board and played unto the last." Then follow the first two bars of music of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the names of Wallace Hartley, bandmaster; George Krins, Roger Bricoux, W. T. Brailey, J. Wesley Woodward, P. C. Taylor, J. F. P. Clarke, John L. Hume. The exercises were simple. American and English flags were draped about the tablet; an orchestra played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and W. J. Kerngood, president of the union, made a short address, after which the "taps" were sounded. Music has not only a refreshing but a refining, influence upon the soul. It is the instrument of the communication of human and divine love. It has ever been used in the services of the Lord's house in bringing the human heart into fellowship of the heart of the Eternal. How sweet, and pathetic, and divine the ministry of music on the *Titanic* commemorated in the tablet! The pathos of the incident suggests these words:

My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep. (Job 30: 31.)

Oldest Newspaper Suppressed

THE president of the Chinese Republic, Yuan Shi Kai, recently suppressed the newspaper *King Bao*, which was undoubtedly the oldest paper in the world. For 1,500 years it has reported the more important news, not only of China, but also of foreign countries. The first edition was printed on ten sheets of yellow silk neatly tied together, and was sent to all the high officials of the Chinese Empire. Since 400 A.D. that paper has been issued regularly till it was suppressed by the government. Many think that printing was discovered in Europe in the fourteenth century, calling into use at first letters cut out of the bark of a tree, and taking impressions from them. As late as the second half of the fourteenth century every book in Europe used for school or church, every public document, every letter, was written out by hand, and the illustrations of the same were made by hand. Wood letters were used for printing in Europe on silk cloth and vellum nearly two hundred years before they were used for printing on paper. In the year 175 the text of the Chinese classics was cut upon tablets which were placarded outside the university, and impressions were taken from them. The newspaper *King Bao*, founded in the year 400 of the Christian era, is the natural product of the art of printing in that day. It is presumed that the president of the republic suppressed this paper because it was unfriendly to democracy, or to the present administration of the government. Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in an address before the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University recently, spoke of the untold power of the writer in the newspaper of to-day. The province of journalism is strongly suggested in the publishing of a king's decree in favor of the Jews:

The copy of the writing for a commandment to be given in every province was published unto all people, and that the Jews shall be ready against that day to avenge themselves on their enemies. (Esther 8:13.)

Dogs as Hotel Guests

THE papers report that a wealthy woman well known in the community went to one of the finest hotels in New York and engaged a suite of four rooms and three baths for the winter at $50 a day. There was a living-room, a bedroom and a bath for herself, a room and bath for the maids, and a bedroom and bath for her "babies," as she called her three dogs, two Japanese and one a Pekingese spaniel. Arising from their satin-lined baskets in the morning, the dogs are bathed with scented water in the big white tub. After that comes breakfast with milk and toast. At luncheon the "babies" are served with lamb chops and creamed potatoes. Dinner consists of a bit of chicken, mashed potatoes, and a dessert of ice cream or some creamy confection. The fare for the dogs is $10 a day, $3,650 a year. It could hardly be thought possible that there should be such a wicked waste of money and such a misdirection of affection as this story would indicate, when there are so many children dying for want of food, and whose hearts are crying for want of love. The sum of $3,600 might have been given to poor little real babies to save them and make them happy, and then the dogs could have lived luxuriously on the $50 left. So many waste their time, their money and their energy on the things that are little, insignificant and low, neglecting the things that are lofty and divine, making proper the inquiry:

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? (Isa. 55: 2.)

Mother Sells Her Blood

GOVERNOR WILSON of New Jersey the other day signed requisition papers for the return of Charles Leroy Brown, who had deserted his wife and children, to Baltimore. By the authority of these papers, Brown was taken from Vineland, N. J., to Baltimore to answer an indictment by the grand jury there for deserting his family. Brown left his family last March. Until three months ago the mother worked to provide for herself and children. Then she had to go to Johns Hopkins Hospital to become the mother of another babe. During her illness her savings had dwindled to a few pennies. It was then that she sold for $25 a quantity of her blood to the surgeons for transfusion to another woman. She stood the operation well, and her blood saved the life of the other patient. "I would sell more of my blood, and would even sacrifice my life if it would keep my children from suffering." A mother's love—who can measure it? Who can describe it? It is nearer the love of the Christ than anything this side of heaven. Amid the scenes of evil, the acts of frozen selfishness, the tragedies of crime, the beautiful act of this devoted mother in selling her life's blood to save her children from starving appears in striking contrast. The prophet uses the pathetic affection of a mother for her child as a type of God's love for his children.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. (Isa. 66: 13.)

POLLYANNA

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Story of Marco," "Into Still Waters," "The Transformation of Margaret," etc.

A SERIAL STORY. ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD

CHAPTER I

Miss Polly

MISS POLLY HARRINGTON entered her kitchen a little hurriedly this June morning. Miss Polly did not usually make hurried movements; she specially prided herself on her repose of manner. But to-day she was hurrying—actually hurrying.

Nancy, washing dishes at the sink, looked up in surprise. Nancy had been working in Miss Polly's kitchen only two months, but already she knew that her mistress did not usually hurry.

"Nancy!"

"Yes, ma'am." Nancy answered cheerfully, but she still continued wiping the pitcher in her hand.

"Nancy"—Miss Polly's voice was very stern now—"when I'm talking to you I wish you to stop your work and listen to what I have to say."

Nancy flushed miserably. She set the pitcher down at once, with the cloth still about it, thereby nearly tipping it over—which did not add to her composure.

"Yes, ma'am; I will, ma'am," she stammered, righting the pitcher, and turning hastily. "I was only keepin' on with my work 'cause you specially told me this mornin' ter hurry with my dishes, you know."

Her mistress frowned.

"That will do, Nancy. I did not ask for explanations. I asked for your attention."

"Yes, ma'am." Nancy stifled a sigh. She was wondering if ever in any way she could please this woman. Nancy had never "worked out" before; but a sick mother suddenly widowed and left with three younger children besides Nancy herself, had forced the girl into doing something toward their support, and she had been so pleased when she found a place in the kitchen of the great house on the hill—Nancy had come from "The Corners," six miles away, and she knew Miss Polly only as the mistress of the old Harrington homestead, and one of the wealthiest residents of the town. That was two months before. She knew Miss Polly now as a stern, severe-faced woman, who frowned if a knife clattered to the floor, or if a door banged—but who never thought to smile even when knives and doors were still.

"When you've finished your morning work, Nancy," Miss Polly was saying now, "you may clear the little room at the head of the stairs in the attic, and make up the cot bed. Sweep the room and clean it, of course, after you clear out the trunks and boxes."

"Yes, ma'am. And where shall I put the things, please, that I take out?"

"In the front attic." Miss Polly hesitated, then went on: "I suppose I may as well tell you now, Nancy. My niece, Miss Pollyanna Whittier, is coming to live with me. She is eleven years old, and will sleep in that room."

"A little girl—coming here, Miss Harrington? Oh, won't that be nice!" cried Nancy, thinking of the sunshine her own little sisters made in the home at "The Corners."

"Nice? Well, that isn't exactly the word I should use," rejoined Miss Polly, stiffly. "However, I intend to make the best of it, of course. I am a good woman, I hope; and I know my duty."

Nancy colored hotly.

"Of course, ma'am; it was only that I thought a little girl here might—might brighten things up—for you," she faltered.

"Thank you," rejoined the lady, dryly. "I can't say, however, that I see any immediate need for that."

"But of course you—you'd *want* her, your sister's child," ventured Nancy, vaguely feeling that somehow she must prepare a welcome for this lonely little stranger.

Miss Polly lifted her chin haughtily.

"Well, really, Nancy, just because I happened to have a sister who was silly enough to marry and bring unnecessary children into a world that was already quite full enough, I can't see how I should particularly *want* to have the care of them myself. However, as I said before, I hope I know my duty. See that you clean the corners, Nancy," she finished sharply, as she left the room.

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Nancy, picking up the half-dried pitcher—now so cold it must be rinsed again.

"Are you Miss—Pollyanna?" she faltered

In her own room, Miss Polly took out once more the letter which she had received two days before from the far-away Western town, and which had been so unpleasant a surprise to her. The letter was addressed to Miss Polly Harrington, Beldingsville, Vermont; and after the preliminaries of date, etc., at the top, it read:

"DEAR MADAM: I regret to inform you that the Rev. John Whittier died two weeks ago, leaving one child, a girl eleven years old. He left practically nothing else save a few books; for, as you doubtless know, he was the pastor of this small mission church, and had a very meager salary.

"I believe he was your deceased sister's husband, but he gave me to understand the families were not on the best of terms. He thought, however, that for your sister's sake you might wish to take the child and bring her up among her own people in the East. Hence I am writing to you.

"The little girl will be all ready to start by the time you get this letter, and if you can take her, we would appreciate it very much if you would write that she might come at once, as there are a man and his wife here who are going East very soon, and they would take her with them to Boston, and put her on the Beldingsville train. Of course you would be notified what day and train to expect Pollyanna on.

"Hoping to hear favorably from you soon, I remain,

"Respectfully yours,
"JEREMIAH O. WHITE."

With a frown Miss Polly folded the letter and tucked it into its envelope. She had answered it the day before, and she had said she would take the child, of course. She *hoped* she knew her duty well enough for that!—disagreeable as the task would be.

As she sat now, with the letter in her hands, her thoughts went back to her sister Jennie, who had been this child's mother, and to the time when she, as a girl of twenty, had insisted upon marrying the young minister, in spite of her family's remonstrances. There had been a man of wealth who had wanted her—and the family had much preferred him to the minister; but Jennie had not. The man of wealth had more years, as well as more money, to his credit, while the minister had only a young head full of youth's ideals and enthusiasm, and a heart full of love. Jennie had preferred these—quite naturally, perhaps; so she married the minister, and had gone South with him as a home missionary's wife.

The break had come then. Miss Polly remembered it well, though she had been but a girl of fifteen, the youngest, at the time. The family had had little more to do with the missionary's wife. To be sure, Jennie herself had written, for a time, and had named her last baby "Pollyanna" for her two sisters, Polly and Anna—the other babies had all died. This had been the last time that Jennie had written; and in a few years there had come the news of her death, told in a short but heartbroken little note from the minister himself, dated at a little town in the West.

Meanwhile, time had not stood still for the occupants of the great house on the hill. Miss Polly, looking out at the far-reaching val below, thought of the changes th twenty-five years had brought to her

She was forty now, and quite alo in the world. Father, mother, siste —all were dead. For years, now, s had been sole mistress of the house a of the thousands left her by her fath There were people who had openly p ied her lonely life and urged her have some friend or companion to l with her; but she had not welcom either their sympathy or their advi She was not lonely, she said. She lik being by herself. She preferred qui But now—

Miss Polly rose with frowning f and closely-shut lips. She was glad, course, that she was a good wom and that she not only knew her du but had sufficient strength of charac to perform it. But—*Pollyanna*—wh a ridiculous name!

CHAPTER II

Old Tom and Nancy

IN THE little attic room Nancy swe and scrubbed vigorously, paying p ticular attention to the corners. There were tim indeed, when the vigor she put into her work w more of a relief to her feelings than it was an arc to efface dirt—Nancy, in spite of her frighter submission to her mistress, was no saint.

"I—just—wish—I could—dig out—the corners of—her—soul!" she muttered jerkily, punctuati her words with murderous jabs of her point cleaning-stick. "There's plenty of 'em nee cleanin', all right, all right! The idea of stick that blessed child 'way off up here in this hot lit room—with no fire in the winter, too; and all th big house ter pick and choose from! Unnecessa children, indeed! Humph," snapped Nancy, writ ing her rag so hard her fingers ached from t strain; "I guess it ain't *children* what is most n necessary just now, just now!"

For some time she worked in silence; then, h task finished, she looked about the bare little roo in plain disgust.

"Well, it's done—my part, anyhow," she sigh "There ain't no dirt here—and there's mighty lit else. Poor little soul!—a pretty place this is t put a homesick, lonesome child into!" she finish going out and closing the door with a bang. "Oh she ejaculated, biting her lip. Then, doggedl "Well, I don't care. I hope she did hear the ba —I do, I do!"

In the garden that afternoon, Nancy found a f minutes to interview Old Tom, who had pulled t weeds and shoveled the paths about the place f uncounted years.

"Mr. Tom," began Nancy, throwing a qui glance over her shoulder to make sure she was u observed, "did you know a little girl was com here ter live with Miss Polly?"

"A—what?" demanded the old man, straighte ing his bent back with difficulty.

"A little girl—to live with Miss Polly."

"Go on with yer jokin'," scoffed unbelieving To "Why don't ye tell me the sun is goin' ter set in t east ter-morrer?"

"But it's true. She told me herself," maintain Nancy. "It's her niece; and she's eleven yea old."

The man's jaw fell.

"Sho! I wonder, now," he muttered; then a te der light came into his faded eyes. "It ain't—b it must be—Miss Jennie's little gal! Glory be t praise! ter think of my old eyes a-seein' this!"

"Who's Miss Jennie?"

"She was an angel straight out of heaven breathed the old man, fervently; "but the old ma ter and missus knew her as their oldest daught She was twenty when she married and went aw from here long years ago. Her babies all died, heard, except the last one; and that must be the o what's a-comin'."

"She's eleven years old."

"Yes, she might be," nodded the old man.

"And she's goin' ter sleep in the attic—mo shame ter *her!*" scolded Nancy, with another glan over her shoulder toward the house behind her.

Old Tom frowned. The next moment a curio smile curved his lips.

"I'm a-wonderin' what Miss Polly will do with child in the house," he said.

"Humph! Well, I'm a-wonderin' what a child will with Miss Polly in the house!" snapped Nancy.
The old man laughed.
'I'm afraid you ain't fond of Miss Polly," he inned.
'As if ever anybody could be fond of her!" rned Nancy.
Old Tom smiled oddly. He stooped and began to rk again.
'I guess maybe you didn't know about Miss lly's love affair," he said slowly.
'Love affair—*her!* No!—and I guess nobody e didn't, neither."
"Oh, yes, they did," nodded the old man. "And feller's livin' ter-day—right in this town, too."
'Who is he?"
'I ain't a-tellin' that. It ain't fit that I should." e old man drew himself erect. In his dim blue es, as he faced the house, there was the look of the ral servant's honest pride in the mily he had served and loved for ng years.
"But it don't seem possible—*her* d a lover," still maintained ancy.
Old Tom shook his head.
"You didn't know Miss Polly as did," he suggested. "She used ter real handsome—an' she would now, if she'd let herself be."
"Handsome! Miss Polly!"
"Yes. If she'd just let that tight ir of her'n all out loose an' care- ss like, as it used ter be, and wear e sort of bunnits with posies in n, and the kind o' dresses all lace ' white things—you'd see she'd handsome! Miss Polly ain't d, Nancy."
"Ain't she, though? Well, then, e's got an awfully good imita- on of it—she has, she has," iffed Nancy.
"Yes, I know. It begun then— the time of the trouble with her au," nodded Old Tom; "and it ems as if she'd been feedin' on ormwood an' thistles ever since— e's that bitter an' prickly ter al with."
"I should say she was," declared ancy, indignantly. "There's no easin' her nohow, no matter how ou try! I wouldn't stay if 'twan't r the wages and the folks at me what's needin' 'em. But some ay I shall jest b'ile over; and hen I do, of course it'll be good- Nancy for me, it will, it will!"
Old Tom shook his head.
"I know. I've felt it. It's nart'ral but 'tain't best, child; 'tain't st. Take my word for it, 'tain't st." And again he bent his old ead to the work before him.
"Nancy!" called a sharp voice.
"Y-yes, ma'am," stammered ancy, and hurried toward the ouse.

CHAPTER III

The Coming of Pollyanna

N DUE time came the telegram announcing that Pollyanna would rrive in Beldingsville the next ay, the 25th of June, at four clock. Miss Polly read the tele- ram, frowned, then climbed the tairs to the attic room. She still rowned as she looked about her.
The room contained a small bed, eatly made, two straight-backed hairs, a washstand, a bureau— ithout any mirror—and a small able. There were no drapery urtains at the dormer windows, o pictures on the wall. All day the sun had been ouring down upon the roof, and the little room as like an oven for heat. As there were no creens, the windows had not been raised. A big y was buzzing angrily at one of them now, up and own, trying to get out.
Miss Polly killed the fly, swept it through the indow (raising the sash an inch for the purpose), traightened a chair, frowned again, and left the oom.
"Nancy," she said a few minutes later, at the itchen door, "I found a fly upstairs in Miss Polly- nna's room. The window must have been raised some time. I have ordered screens, but until ey come I shall expect you to see that the windows main closed. My niece will arrive to-morrow at ur o'clock. I desire you to meet her at the sta- on. Timothy will take the open buggy and drive u over. The telegram says, 'light hair, red- ecked gingham dress, and straw hat.' That is ll I know, but I think that is sufficient for your urpose."
"Yes, ma'am; but—you—"
Miss Polly evidently read the pause aright, for she frowned and said crisply:
"No, I shall not go. It is not necessary that I should, I think. That is all." And she turned away—Miss Polly's arrangements for the comfort of her niece Pollyanna were complete.
In the kitchen, Nancy sent her flatiron with a vicious dig across the dishtowel she was ironing.
"'Light hair, red-checked gingham dress, and straw hat'—all she knows, indeed! Well, I'd be ashamed ter own it up, that I would, I would—and her my onliest niece what was comin' from way across the continent!"
Promptly at twenty minutes to four the next afternoon, Timothy and Nancy drove off in the open buggy to meet the expected guest. Timothy was Old Tom's son. It was sometimes said in the town that if Old Tom was Miss Polly's right-hand man, Timothy was her left.
Timothy was a good-natured youth, and a good-looking one as well. Short as had been Nancy's stay at the house, the two were already good friends. To-day, however, Nancy was too full of her mission to be her usual talkative self; and almost in silence she took the drive to the station and alighted to wait for the train.
Over and over in her mind she was saying it—"light hair, red-checked gingham dress, straw hat." Over and over again she was wondering just what sort of child this Pollyanna was, anyway.
"I hope for her sake she's quiet and sensible, and don't drop knives nor bang doors," she sighed to Timothy, who had sauntered up to her.
"Well, if she ain't, nobody knows what'll become of the rest of us," grinned Timothy. "Imagine Miss Polly and a *noisy* kid! Listen! there goes the whistle now!"
"Oh, Timothy, I—I think it was mean ter send me," chattered the suddenly frightened Nancy, as she turned and hurried to a point where she could best watch the passengers alight at the little station.
It was not long before Nancy saw her—the slender little girl in the red-checked gingham with two fat braids of flaxen hair hanging down her back. Beneath the straw hat, an eager, freckled little face turned to the right and to the left, plainly searching for some one.
Nancy knew the child at once, but not for some time could she control her shaking knees sufficiently to go to her. The little girl was standing quite by herself when Nancy finally did approach her.
"Are you Miss—Pollyanna?" she faltered. The next moment she found herself half smothered in the clasp of two gingham-clad arms.
"Oh, I'm so glad, *glad, GLAD* to see you," cried an eager voice in her ear. "Of course I'm Pollyanna, and I'm so glad you came to meet me! I hoped you would."
"You—you did!" stammered Nancy, vaguely wondering how Pollyanna could possibly have known her—and wanted her. "You—you did?" she repeated, trying to straighten her hat.
"Oh, yes; and I've been wondering all the way here what you looked like!" cried the little girl, dancing on her toes, and sweeping the embarrassed Nancy from head to foot with her eyes. "And now I know; and I'm glad you look just like you do look."
Nancy was relieved just then to have Timothy come up. Pollyanna's words had been most confusing.
"This is Timothy. Maybe you have a trunk," she stammered.
"Yes, I have," nodded Pollyanna importantly; "I've got a brand new one. The Ladies' Aid bought it for me—and wasn't it lovely of them, when they wanted the carpet so? Of course I don't know how much red carpet a trunk would buy, but it ought to buy some, anyhow; much as half an aisle—don't you think? I've got a little thing here in my bag that Mr. Gray said was a check, and that I must give it to you before I could get my trunk. Mr. Gray is Mrs. Gray's husband. They're cousins of Deacon Carr's wife. I came East with them, and they're lovely! And—there, here 'tis," she finished, producing the check after much fumbling in the bag she carried.
Nancy drew a long breath. Instinctively she felt that some one had to draw one—after that speech. Then she stole a glance at Timothy. Timothy's eyes were studiously turned away.
The three were off at last, with Pollyanna's trunk in behind, and Pollyanna herself snugly ensconced between Nancy and Timothy. During the whole process of getting started, the little girl had kept up an uninterrupted stream of comments and questions, until the somewhat dazed Nancy found herself quite out of breath trying to keep up with her.
"There! Isn't this lovely? Is it far? I hope 'tis—I love to ride," sighed Pollyanna, as the wheels began to turn. "Of course, if 'tisn't far, I shan't mind, though, 'cause I'll be glad to get there all the sooner, you know. What a pretty street! I knew 'twas going to be pretty; father told me—"
She stopped with a little choking breath. Nancy, looking at her apprehensively, saw that her small eyes were full of tears. In a moment, however, she had hurried on, with a brave lifting of the head.
"Father told me all about it. He remembered. And—and I ought to have explained before—Mrs. Gray told me to, at once—about this red gingham dress, you know, and why I'm not in black. She said you'd think 'twas queer. But there weren't any black things in the last missionary barrel, only a lady's velvet basque which Deacon Carr's wife said wasn't suitable for me at all; besides, it had white spots—worn, you know—on both elbows, and some other places. Part of the Ladies' Aid wanted to buy me a black dress and hat, but the other part thought the money ought to go toward the red carpet they're trying to get—for the church, you know. Mrs. White said maybe it was just as well, anyhow, for she didn't like children in black—that is, I mean, she liked the children, of course, but not the black part."

Continued on page 1198

Pollyanna had fairly flown across the room and into her aunt's unyielding lap

A Turkish Kavass of Macedonia

A Bird's-Eye View of Modern Kavalla, Looking Over the Harbor Out to the Ægean Sea

A Street in Modern Kavalla

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

THE MAN OF MACEDONIA AND WHITHER HE LED THE APOSTLE

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.
Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

SUCH an indefatigable traveler as Paul, with a mission to the whole world, a mission but yet fulfilled in a very small part, could not always remain in a back current of the world's civilization, though he tarried some time with the brethren of Syrian Antioch, and in the meantime attended a famous and important council at Jerusalem. A few months later found him on his travels once more. Going around the eastern end of the Mediterranean he came first to Adana and Tarsus, two important centers of modern missionary work, then through the famous "Cilician Gates" in the Taurus Mountains to the cities of Galatia, which he had before visited, he came at length to Troas on the Ægean Sea.

On this journey he was accompanied by Silas, his disagreement with Barnabas over John Mark having led them to take different routes, Barnabas going to the island of Cyprus and Paul to Asia Minor. At Lystra, where we remember he was first treated as a god, and then stoned as a disturber of the peace, he found his "beloved son" Timothy, who evidently was converted on the first journey, and in the meantime had had opportunities to test his faith, and was now ready to accompany Paul, and "suffer hardship with him as a good soldier of Christ Jesus." A good authority in calculating the time that Paul would take for this journey, tells us that if he walked it would take eight days from the Cilician Gates to Derbe, two more to Lystra, one to Iconium, four to Antioch, and seventeen to Troas, but of course he stopped on the way to encourage the disciples and confirm their faith, and he always rested on the Sabbath Day. Since Timothy was circumcised at Lystra his stay there must have been of some considerable length.

It is supposed that he left the Cilician Gates about the first of June, A.D. 51, and that he reached Troas some time in the following September. As we approach Troas we come near to the very center of classic lore. Though Troas is not on the site of ancient Troy, it is, however, near by. Of Troy Homer sang. In the Æneid Virgil relates the story of Troy, and how Italy was the inheritor of its glory. Horace told the Romans that if the walls of Troy were rebuilt the power of Rome would be forever lost. We are told that Julius Cæsar, when at the height of his power, intended to fix his capital at Troy, and from that point rule both East and West, embracing the whole world in his kingdom. It had not reached the height of its power, to be sure, in St. Paul's time, at least as a Roman city, but it was a great and growing metropolis, just such a city as Paul loved to use as a center for his Gospel propaganda.

Even to-day the traveler in Troas finds many signs of its former glory. It was evidently a granite city like modern Aberdeen. Many of the stones have been carried off both by Mohammedans and Christians for their building operations during the last fifteen hundred years.

Travelers in the early part of the last century saw far more of the ruins than are left for the modern traveler. One tells of "a stupendous column which was concealed among some trees in the neighborhood the like of which scarcely existed even in Egypt." Another early traveler speaks of hundreds of columns, and says that many are bristling among the waves to a considerable distance out at sea. We are even told that the granite columns of Troas were used for making cannon balls for the defense of the Dardanelles. But all these reminiscences of former glories do not interest the Christian so much as the fact that once, in the fall of the year of our Lord 51, a man, insignificant in personal appearance but mighty in spirit and in his influence over all time, came to Troas after a long and tedious journey over the mountains and across the plains of Asia Minor.

A Missionary Industrial School in Macedonia

Here he had a wonderful vision. A man of Macedonia appeared to him in a dream of the night, beseeching him and saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" Paul had never been out of Asia. To him Europe must have been as strange a country as is China or Japan to the American who has never visited those shores. Ever since that day the man of Macedonia and his message have stood for the Christian for the call of opportunity, the message of Providence, often for the unconscious cry of the needy for help. "The man of Macedonia" and his message have passed into the literature of the world. It is not too much to say, perhaps, that this was the most important vision ever vouchsafed to mortal man.

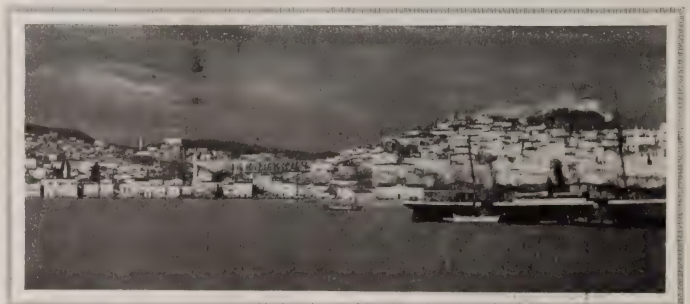
And Paul was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Attractive as Troas must have been to a man who was always seeking important centers of influence, especially centers in the Roman world, he did not linger in Troas. "Straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia, concluding that God had called us to preach the Gospel unto them." Setting sail therefore from Troas the missionaries made straight course to Samothrace and the day following to Neapolis.

We must linger in Troas long enough to remind ourselves of a later visit that Paul made to this famous city, on his return from his third missionary journey. Here he spent a week, and a minute account is given of his last day. It was Saturday evening, the evening which succeeded the Jewish Sabbath. On the following Sunday morning the vessel was to sail which would take Paul away from his devoted Trojan disciples. With them he was celebrating the Lord's Supper.

Dean Howson's account of the Bible story of this evening is so graphic that I cannot forbear quoting it in part: "The night was dark; three weeks had not elapsed since the Passover and the moon only appeared as a faint crescent in the early part of the night. Many lamps were burning in the room where the congregation was assembled; the place was hot and crowded. St. Paul, with the feeling strongly impressed on his mind that the next day was the day of his departure, and that souls might be lost by delay, was continuing in earnest discourse and prolonging it even till midnight; when an occurrence suddenly took place which filled the assembly with alarm, though it was afterwards converted into an occasion of joy and thanksgiving. A young listener whose name was Eutychus was overcome by exhaustion, heat and weariness and sank into deep slumber. He was seated or leaning in the balcony; and falling down in his sleep was dashed upon the pavement below and was taken up dead. Confusion and terror followed with loud lamentation, but Paul was enabled to imitate the power that Master whose doctrine he was proclaiming. He went down and fell upon the body like Elisha of old, and embracing Eutychus said to the bystanders 'Do not lament, for his life is in him.' With mind solemnized and filled with thankfulness by this wonderful token of God's power and love they celebrated the eucharistic feast.

It has been a great comfort to many modern preachers to know that even in Paul's audience one at least was overcome by sleep. This incident connected with the city of Troas occurred some six years later than the journey we have been describing, but we have introduced it here, since in the articles we are not likely to return to this ancient and interesting city.

The voyage from Troas to Neapolis was a speedy and favorable one. On a later journey the same voyage occupied five days instead of the two. Over classic seas, coasting the classic islands, the apostle and his companions sailed until the famous island of Thasos loomed upon the horizon, and soon the beautiful harbor of Neapolis opened to the little ship.



Kavalla, the Ancient Neapolis, Where St. Paul Landed on European Soil

It was a memorable company indeed that this ship contained. Paul the greatest of apostles, Timothy and Silas, his most faithful disciples. The evangelist Luke was in that ship, for at Troas Paul had been joined by the beloved physician, the graphic and accurate historian, to whom we

Continued on page 1205

TWO-TOED TURK

BY ARTHUR H. HOWLAND

A Thanksgiving Story. Complete in this issue

OME now, bo! Toot! toot! This ain't no hotel. Beat it."

Jack Sanders climbed slowly from the fifty-fathom depth of slumber to which he d sunk and blinked at the lights of Madison uare. There was nothing unkind in the voice or anner of the patrolman who was bringing back to m the agony of sleeplessness and the bitter con- ousness of "nowhere to go." He was simply do- his duty as laid down in the mystic and ultimate de. The municipal laws forbade long naps on e park benches. He had allowed Jack to sleep teen minutes. So it was with a feeling of real ighborliness that he had pped the young fellow's oulder with his night-stick d advised him to seek her quarters.

Jack staggered to his feet. e was absolutely sober. In ct, he could not have been herwise if he had had the ish, for forty-eight hours d passed since the last ckel left his pocket. But staggered nevertheless. o little food is as bad for e steadiness of one's limbs too much drink. But rse now than the distress hunger—in fact, that had own almost negligible—as the agony of needing eep. Weird fancies came ating back to his mind of ings he had heard about eping men or spirits from ep; how torturers prodded ir victims when they zed, and how lost souls re driven perpetually from e comforts of slumber. He membered stories his fa- er had told of sleeping on e march in the old days of e Civil War. In fact, Jack d fall asleep as he stag- red across Madison Square.

"Now, then, youngster, ep off me, will you?" owled the same good-na- red policeman who had used him a moment ago. e had lurched heavily against m. "Bad 'cess to you en- rely! I'll have to run yez in spite of myself. On ur way, now! I'll give yez an more chanst to git out here. An'—don't tell any in I told ye—but up at ryant Park they don't al- ays run them in when they rop asleep. I used to be there wanst, and I re- ember. Only I shouldn't ave told ye. Git on, now."

"Where's Bryant Park?" uttered Jack feebly.

"For the love of Mike, you re a rube, then. Well, ryant Park is bechune For- -first and Forty-second treets. And if ye don't know here Forty-first Street is, 's just above Fortieth. Now ill ye go, or shall I have to er-rest ye afther all? I couldn't advise ye to walk o Fift' Avenya with them gs and that swagger. The ghts is too dazzlin', and the dies mightn't like to look at sz. Just mosey up Madison nd sneak through some shady reet. The park'll be a block t' your left. And ind, don't say that I told ye."

At least a dozen times ack Sanders fell asleep aking his way from Madi- n Square to Bryant Park. e rolled in the entrance at ngth. Could he believe his yes? They were actually let- ng men sleep stretched out ull length on the ground ast behind the big library, the dancing arc-light shad- ows of the park shrubbery. He crumpled up and lay still, too tired to straighten himself out, drop- ping asleep even before he reached the ground. As he sank to the ground he smiled. Surely this must be heaven!

But heaven, apparently, is very cold. He woke, aching and stiff. His muscles were cramped, his feet aching with cold, his whole body shaking. Nature was as cruel as the police. When a man dropped asleep she stung him to wakefulness with frost. He looked along the row of homeless sleep- ers. They all had wrapped newspapers about their feet. Some of them were lying on newspapers; a few had newspapers spread over them. Jack thought of the old bed back in Sterling, of the thick soft mattress and the heavy quilts. He must move on again. At least he must go out and find some papers.

But his three hours of sound sleep had restored something of his strength and a good deal of his nerve. Also he began to feel hungry again. Sud- denly he remembered that back home they used to read, around the dining-room table on cold winter nights, about a certain mission on the Bowery for homeless men, and that his mother two or three times every year sent money and supplies for its support. His pride was just about gone. He would eat any- thing that any one might give him; would sleep where any one would let him lie down and give him a blanket.

The resolution once formed, he set off toward the Bowery. His feet were sore and his legs still unsteady, his stom- ach frightfully empty. But he had an idea, which is something. Also he had had some sleep, which is almost everything.

It is queer how trifling things come before the mind at times and assume an in- terest altogether out of pro- portion to their actual im- portance. Tramping down Third Avenue toward the Bowery, Jack fell to thinking about Two-toed Turk. He smiled as he walked along. Two-toed Turk was certainly a comical bird. He recalled vividly the grotesque hop with which he tried majesti- cally to combine something of his former dignity with his present misfortune. Dig- nified, certainly, was Two- toed Turk, but it was with a dignity impaired.

There, amid the clatter of trolley car and the roar of the elevated trains, the glare of light and the noise of many tongues and many feet, Jack Sanders lived again the hours of that fair June day when Two-toed Turk had re- ceived his name—and lost his dignity. Late blossoms were clinging to some of the or- chard trees. Most of them had fallen to the ground, but oc- casionally there came to one's nostrils a flood of that in- toxicating fragrance. When- ever the hum of the mowing machine ceased there was the lighter but quite similar hum of the lazy bees. Among the stubble a red, wild straw- berry gleamed occasionally. Blackberry vines stood bravely by the stone wall separating the meadow from the or- chard, whose grass would be later in ripening. Over the stones wild grapevines clam- bered. He and Jared Poole were loading the hay cut yes- terday. His father drove the mower through the sweet, thick grass still standing in the west half of the field.

Suddenly there was a jar in the quiet order of the meadow. His father's voice rose sharply over the whirr of the mower. Machine and voice ceased abruptly, and out over the sun-filled field and up through the splendors of the summer air toward the glor- ies of the summer sky swelled the frantic wailing of a tur- key gobbler in distress. Then they saw him speeding across the field toward the shelter of the barn, with his new and utterly indescribable gait.

Continued on page 1195

Drawn by Warren Keith

THE PILGRIM'S THANKSGIVING

DEEP plodding through the virgin snow,
The pilgrim takes his way,
His thoughts intent on festive cheer
To grace Thanksgiving Day.

The blasts are whistling shrill and keen,
The woods are dark and cold—
How different from the Holland dikes,
And from Old England's wold! *

Here in this new and wondrous land
He'll spread a bounteous board,
And with a grateful, happy heart,
Give thanks unto the Lord

For dangers passed, for mercies shown,
For help in days of woe,
For all the blessings of the past,
For blessings yet to flow.

The God to whom his fathers prayed,
To whom they bent the knee,
Will be the same to him and his;
From ills will keep them free.

The Pilgrim's children's hope in God
Is just as strong to-day
As when the *Mayflower*, safe and sound,
Sailed into Plymouth Bay.

The lesson that the Fathers taught
Is still our guiding rod;
We have their love, we have their faith,
We have their trust in God.

So when the blessed day comes round,
We look to One above,
And ask his blessings for ourselves,
And for the land we love.

J. D.

* The Pilgrims after leaving England remained for a time in Holland

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

F. J. K., Logan, Mont. 1. How are the Germans and the Jews related? 2. Do they speak the same language?

1. The Germans and the Jews are not related at all, except that many Jews live in Germany. They belong to two distinct races, the Jews to the Semitic race, the Germans to the Teutonic branch of the Aryans. Since the Jews have had no national home they have been scattered among other countries. 2. The Jews who live in Germany speak the German language, using among themselves a peculiar dialect, called "Yiddish," that term being itself a corrupt form of the German word "Jüdisch" (Jewish). Russian Jews also use this language, while by a curious chain of historic events Turkish Jews speak Spanish. Printed Yiddish shows an interesting combination of languages, the words being essentially German, but printed in Hebrew characters. It must be remembered that the term "Jew" has both a racial and a religious interpretation; since the beginning of the race, persons from other races have frequently become proselytes, accepting the Jewish faith.

J. B., Decatur, Ia. What is the origin of the crescent, the Mohammedan standard and emblem?

It is of ancient origin, and appeared on the coins of the Byzantine rulers and was adopted immediately by the Turks after they conquered Constantinople. It was first used as a standard in B.C. 339 long before the dawn of Mohammedanism and immediately after the city's preservation from the attack of Philip of Macedonia. The attack was made on a moonless winter night; but the darkness was lit up momentarily by a meteor, which revealed the position of the attacking army. The grateful citizens, in commemoration of the event, struck coins bearing the crescent moon, the emblem of Hecate the Torch-Bearer, a pagan deity.

M. H., Clarksville, Pa. An "indulgence" is a spiritual bill of health or official act of pardon granted by the Church of Rome. There are indulgences to ease the way of souls out of purgatory, indulgences for the living, permitting them to eat meat on holy days; indulgences for the forgiveness of past sins, and, in Spain at least, and probably in other countries, indulgences for those who have committed crimes, by which they are relieved of the responsibility of their acts. Indulgences are usually purchased with a fee, although in some cases they are granted in consideration of undergoing some form of penance. A recent illustration is the distribution of indulgences during the Eucharistic Congress in Vienna, where they seem to have been granted free to many people as a reward for their loyalty and devotion to the Catholic Church on that occasion.

C. S., Soreley, Md. 1. What did Paul mean when he spoke of the thorn in the flesh? 2. What is meant by the first and second Adam?

1. It refers to some bodily affliction affecting him individually and physically and not his work as an apostle. In Gal. 4: 13, 14 he refers to it as an "infirmity of my flesh"—some form of bodily sickness which had detained him among the Galatians. It was probably something that caused him acute pain, and also some degree of shame, since it "buffeted" him (I. Pet. 2: 20). There have been many conjectures as to its real character. Some have imagined it to be blasphemous thoughts, and others, remorse for his former life; but the most probable view is that it was an affliction which caused him physical annoyance, possibly a disorder of the eyes, or some nervous ailment. At all events, we are assured that it was so persistent and recurrent that he speaks of it in terms of apology and mortification. 2. The life brought in by Christ is coextensive with the death brought in by Adam. Paul marks the contrast of the posterity of the first Adam, who in their natural state are "earthy" and mortal, and subject to death; while all who are reborn in Christ are "heavenly" and have eternal life. The natural state precedes the spiritual state.

J. H., Clark, N. C., and Mrs. J. C. N., Redlands, Calif. Why was not the washing of the disciples' feet kept up, as well as the Lord's Supper? Both seem to be required.

Foot-washing in the early centuries and in Oriental lands stood for kindly service and for hospitality. A guest would wash the dust from his visitor's feet, after removing his sandals, just as we take a friend's coat and hat and hang them up for him. Of course the specific acts change with changing customs, but the spirit is the same. We want to show our friends that we are willing to serve them. Christ emphasized this by his performing this service for the disciples though he was recognized as their Teacher, Master and Leader. It was a concrete sign of his whole message that his followers must be humble, and quick to serve others. He did not limit this spirit and motive to one act of life, but insisted that it become the principle of action for our whole lives. The courtesies and kindnesses that hosts show to guests Christians must show to one another at all times and in all ways, and to all whom they meet.

Mrs. R. B. J., Weeping Water, Neb. Please explain Matt. 5: 3. I recently heard the meaning given that the "poor in spirit" are those who are poor because they do not obey God. Is it true that Christians reach a state in which they cease to be "poor in spirit"?

The simple meaning of this passage is that it is the humble soul that gets blessed. And the higher a saint gets in the divine life the more humble he will be. Spiritual progress which is not accompanied by humility is progress in the wrong direction. This is one of the distinctive points of Christ's doctrine; at the very threshold of the Christian life the Christian gives up his self-confidence; he surrenders all hope of making himself righteous, and gives himself to Christ to be made righteous. And his highest attainment can be expressed in the words of Paul: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Interested Reader, L. I. 1. Matt. 12: 32, referring to what is known as the "unpardonable sin," is interpreted as meaning attributing the works of the Holy Ghost to Satanic agency. 2. There are many verses both in the Old Testament and the New Testament relative to Sabbath-keeping. See chapters 16, 20 and 35 of Exodus; Leviticus, chapters 16, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26, and many other passages in Numbers, Deuteronomy, Nehemiah, Psalms, Ezekiel, etc. In all the Gospels the references are also numerous to the rigid Jewish observance of the Sabbath.

J. M. C., Birmingham, Ala. What was the manna fed to the Israelites in the wilderness?

It is supposed that the manna of the Israelites was a saccharine exudation of a species of tamarisk, the sap of which was set flowing by an insect. Several trees yield manna, as the flowering ash of Sicily and the eucalyptus of Australia. In India a sweet exudation comes from the bamboo, and a similar substance is obtained from the sugar-pine and common reed of our own country.

Mrs. J. M. B., Richmond, Calif. 1. Where can I obtain a book telling about the ring that was formerly around the earth like the one now around Saturn? 2. Also tell what you think about this idea of all worlds being made alike. 3. Has Saturn's ring ever shown any signs of breaking up?

1. Any book on the science of the Solar System will be likely to give the information asked. What is known as the Nebular Hypothesis assumes that in the process of world-making a ring of nebulous matter was formed around the earth, much like the rings around the planet Saturn, and that in the process of condensation the ring was broken and the fragments coming together made our moon. The process of world-making has been substantially the same, at least throughout our solar system. 3. Some observers have detected a seeming oscillation in one of Saturn's rings. The period of astronomical observation, however, has been so brief that any considerable variation in the rings could not be expected.

Daytona, Fla. S. P. LELAND.

J. B., Milwaukee, Wis. Please explain Ps. 8: 1,

In the preceding verse, the Psalmist is contemplating God's work in the starry firmament and in that which follows he marvels at the divine condescension which moves the Creator of these worlds to regard frail man—mere speck on the earth's surface—with love and pity. The fifth and sixth verses show the Psalmist's belief that man is so regarded and that the divine goodness passes human understanding.

J. E., Washington, Pa. Can you explain to me how it is that whereas my Bible gives 4,004 B.C. as the date of the creation of Adam, the histories of a civilization dating as far back as 7000 or 8000 B.C.?

The chronological references found on the margin of many Bibles (though not in all) are believed to have been the work of Bishop Ussher, a prelate of the Irish Church who lived in the sixteenth century, and who was a famous authority on Bible history. Taking the year 1 A.D. as his point of departure, he reckoned backward in Bible history as far as his researches seemed to warrant, and his calculations were given, not as authoritative or as a part of the Bible in any sense, but as helps to Bible study. The Bible itself fixes no date for the creation, but simply says (in Gen. 1: 1), "In the beginning God created." Later revelations in the form of ancient monuments, inscriptions, etc., have shown the fallacy of Ussher's computations, and they are now generally discarded. Geology has proved that the antiquity of the world and of the human race extends countless ages back of Ussher's figures. There is here no conflict of science and the Bible, although many have so supposed.

Mrs. W. R. I., Beaver, Pa. 1. Lydia, who is mentioned in Acts 16: 15, was a resident of Thyatira, a city celebrated for its purple dyes. She seems to have been a business woman, engaged in the sale of dyed goods, and she evidently had an extensive establishment, as she was able to accommodate the missionary party. She was a proselyte to the Jewish faith, but became a believer under Paul's ministry. 2. All card-playing for prizes is a species of gambling and should not be countenanced by Christian people. We are told to "avoid even the appearance of evil," and, if for nothing more than to show a good example to others, we should leave gambling alone. There is no such thing as sanctified gambling. It is quite a different matter, however, where rewards are given for Christian work which are a legitimate stimulus to others to do likewise.

Miscellaneous

Constant Reader, Millerstown, Pa. One was a Unitarian and the other an Episcopalian.

G. B. G., Malinda, Neb. The Mary spoken of in the New Testament are Mary the mother of Christ, Mary Magdalene, Mary the sister of Lazarus, Mary the wife of Cleophas (John 19: 25) and Mary the mother of John (Acts 12: 12).

E. C. S., Wilmington, N. C. 1. Presbyterian, we believe. 2. "Attorney at law" is a standard phrase, meaning simply a practicing lawyer. It would be therefore incorrect to say, "attorney of law." 1. Pet. 3: 19, 20 is better understood by the more accurate translation of the original in which the word "preached" should read "made the announcement," or "published the announcement" of his finished work, thereby declaring the condemnation of their unbelief and the salvation of Noah and the believers of that time; this announcement being made to the spirits awaiting the judgment. This gives no limitation of a second day of grace, however.

T. J. B., South Dos Palos, Calif. There is nothing in Scripture to make one believe that the whole world will be converted before the Second Coming. On the contrary, we are told that up to and immediately preceding the event, there will be widespread apostasy and spiritual decline, with false Christs and many leaders of men. We should not overlook the fact, however, that the duty is imposed on all Christians to spread the Gospel throughout the world, and to do everything that lies in our power for the conversion of the nations, but the complete harvest can come only in God's own time.

A Personal Letter

Dear Friend:

We desire to call your attention to the Pillar of Service on the opposite page, which represents some of the things the Christian Herald Family have accomplished through the agency of their favorite paper during 1912. Surrounding that Pillar of Service is a partial list of remarkable features which will give you some idea of how splendidly inspirational The Christian Herald will be throughout 1913.

Year after year a new Pillar has been added to the structure which our readers have been rearing all these years "In His Name." Year by year The Christian Herald, encouraged by their cordial support, has improved in spiritual uplift, editorial efficiency, and mechanical make-up.

It has been possible to accomplish this only through the co-operation and loyalty of The Christian Herald Family. We feel sure we can count upon YOUR renewal as in former years. Not to renew would be to forget that which you, yourself, have lovingly helped to build up. But we WOULD ask that you pass this issue of The Christian Herald along to some friend who will be interested in the great work, or, better yet, send us that friend's name, accompanied by the subscription price, according to the attractive terms offered in the following pages, and selecting as your reward one of our splendid book premiums.

We will then forward The Christian Herald to your friend with a special gift card bearing your name, and not only will your friend be reminded of your kindness every week for the next year, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your part in bringing at least one new member into The Christian Herald Family.

Cordially yours,

GHS/CD Geo. H. Sandison - Editor.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD FOR 1913

THE list of attractions for 1913 shown on this page, while formidable in itself, is but a small portion of the large and varied programme which is being arranged for 1913. Many additional features are still in process of arrangement, and will be announced later with the assurance that 1913 will be the brightest, most interesting and inspirational year in the history of The Christian Herald.

ermons by Great Preachers

UR Sermonic Department will be maintained at the highest standard of excellence during the coming year. Fifty-two great Sermons by most eminent Pastors of the leading denominations in two ntinents will be published, among the Contributors being:

Rev. A. C. Dixon,	Rev. David J. Burrell,
Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman,
Rev. J. H. Jowett,	Rev. Charles F. Aked,
Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst,	Prof. R. A. Torrey,
Rev. C. L. Goodell,	Prof. W. H. T. Dau,
Rev. C. A. Eaton,	Bishop Wm. A. Quayle.

aily Meditations *By DR. J. H. JOWETT*

HERE is no more spiritual writer or preacher in the American Pulpit than Dr. J. H. Jowett. He exemplifies the true angelical spirit. He has prepared for *The Christian Herald* a es of "Daily Meditations" for every day in the year, which will published weekly in advance. They contain a leading thought each day, so clearly and helpfully set forth that they must prove itually elevating and strengthening to all. We commend this mal tonic and refreshment for use in every home where *The ristian Herald* is taken.

even Cities of Asia *By FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.*

his journeyings this year, Dr. Francis E. Clark, Founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, has visited the Seven Cities of Asia, ich are the subject of exhortation and discussion in Revelation, l he has recorded his impressions in a series of wonderfully ghtening articles which will appear exclusively in *The Christian rald* during the coming year. They are illustrated with beautiful otographs taken by Mrs. Clark, the companion of his travels.

he Roman Church Question

HE overshadowing question of our time is the Romanist Campaign to "Make America Catholic." The open par- ation of the hierarchy in politics, and its subtle schemes for cing this country the last greatest stronghold of the Papacy, ether with its bold assumption of royal privileges in our public, will be prominently discussed in *The Christian Herald* ing the coming year by leading Protestant writers, pastors, ege professors and laymen. Among the contributors will be . W. H. T. Dau, Dr. D. H. Steffens, Prof. Dahlmann, and ıy others eminently capable of dealing with this topic.

00 Missionary Correspondents

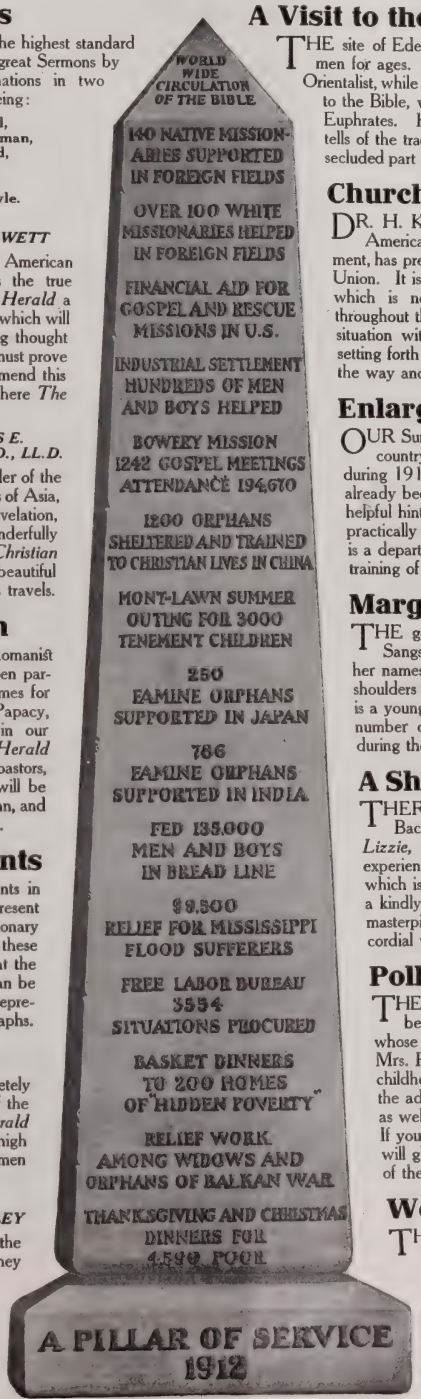
WITH nearly two hundred missionary correspondents in foreign fields, *The Christian Herald* is enabled to present is readers the very latest and most accurate news of missionary rt in every land under the sun. The contributions of these espondents are instinct with the life of the movement at the it and give such a picture of Gospel activities as can be nd in no other publication. Every denomination is repre- ted and the letters are copiously illustrated with photographs.

lories by Famous Writers

HERE is nothing in modern literature so completely fascinating as the "Short Story" well told. Some of the iters in this line will contribute to *The Christian Herald* t year, and we confidently expect to surpass even the high ıdard we have set during 1912, and men and women ous in this field are among our contributors.

unt Samantha *By MARIETTA HOLLEY*

ENS of thousands of our readers, who laughed over the adventures of Josiah and Samantha Allen at Coney nd last year, will be delighted to know that Miss lley will contribute a series of bright sketches to our mns during the coming year, in which there will be of her quaint fun and philosophy. We simply can't without Samantha—she's the sunniest of optimists, she will "let her light shine" and her wit sparkle our amusement and edification at regular intervals.


WORLD WIDE CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE
140 NATIVE MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED IN FOREIGN FIELDS
OVER 100 WHITE MISSIONARIES HELPED IN FOREIGN FIELDS
FINANCIAL AID FOR GOSPEL AND RESCUE MISSIONS IN U.S.
INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT HUNDREDS OF MEN AND BOYS HELPED
BOWERY MISSION 1242 GOSPEL MEETINGS ATTENDANCE 194,670
1200 ORPHANS SHELTERED AND TRAINED TO CHRISTIAN LIVES IN CHINA
MONT-LAWN SUMMER OUTING FOR 3000 TENEMENT CHILDREN
250 FAMINE ORPHANS SUPPORTED IN JAPAN
786 FAMINE ORPHANS SUPPORTED IN INDIA
FED 135,000 MEN AND BOYS IN BREAD LINE
$8,500 RELIEF FOR MISSISSIPPI FLOOD SUFFERERS
FREE LABOR BUREAU 3554 SITUATIONS PROCURED
BASKET DINNERS TO 200 HOMES OF "HIDDEN POVERTY"
RELIEF WORK AMONG WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF BALKAN WAR
THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS DINNERS FOR 4,599 POOR
A PILLAR OF SERVICE 1912

A Visit to the Garden of Eden

THE site of Eden is a mystery which has allured and puzzled the wisest of men for ages. Prof. Frederick Simpich, the distinguished traveler and Orientalist, while in Arabia lately, visited the traditional site which, according to the Bible, was bounded by four rivers and lay somewhere along the Euphrates. He describes with keen interest what he saw there and tells of the traditions that have been preserved by the inhabitants of that secluded part of the world.

Church Union *By Dr. H. K. CARROLL, D.D.*

DR. H. K. CARROLL, the most eminent Church Statistician in America, who conducted the Religious Census for our Government, has prepared a remarkable and comprehensive article on Church Union. It is an accurate and authoritative presentation of the subject which is now engaging the attention of the Protestant churches throughout the country. Dr. Carroll writes without bias and gives the situation with the arguments on either side, for and against Union, setting forth clearly and logically its advantages and the difficulties in the way and showing how the latter may ultimately be overcome.

Enlarged S.S. Page *By DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

OUR Sunday School Class is admittedly the biggest of any in this country in point of numbers. This department will be enlarged during 1913 and our "Superintendents' Round Table," which has already become a popular feature, will be a weekly interchange of helpful hints and personal experiences by men and women who are practically interested in the development of Sunday School work. It is a department that no one should miss who has at heart the Gospel training of the young.

Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

THE gentle spirit of our beloved and lamented associate, Mrs. Sangster, who was called away this year, has descended upon her namesake and relative, Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., upon whose shoulders her literary mantle seems to have fallen. Miss Sangster is a young writer of rare promise and a remarkably sweet poet. A number of her poems and short stories will appear in this paper during the coming year.

A Short Story by Irving Bacheller

THERE is no more popular American writer than Irving Bacheller, the author of *Eben Holden, Keeping Up With Lizzie*, and other "best sellers." He writes from personal experience and observation and always has a helpful message, which is none the less agreeable because it is often expressed with a kindly, mirth-provoking humor. Every story from his pen is a masterpiece. *The Christian Herald* Family will give him a cordial welcome during 1913.

Pollyanna *By ELEANOR H. PORTER*

THE author of "Pollyanna," the publication of which has just begun in *The Christian Herald*, is a charming little woman whose other stories are already well known to our readers. Mrs. Porter in "Pollyanna" describes American home life and childhood in a way that is inimitable. Every one should read the adventures of this little sprite. It is a story for grown-ups as well as for the young folks, and will make a tremendous hit. If you have not got the first chapters, send us a postal and we will gladly forward them. You cannot afford to miss a line of the adventures of "Pollyanna."

Wonderful Art Covers

THE wonderful success of our Art Covers this year is evidenced by an avalanche of letters from our readers, who delight in really fine pictures. Lots of these cover pictures are now framed in home parlors and sitting-rooms, as they deserve to be. We have an artistic surprise in store for every week of 1913, and we will print such a line of beautiful and artistic covers as will delight everybody. They are reproductions of the best in modern art.

Christian Herald Almanac—For 1913

Given FREE to All Yearly Subscribers of The Christian Herald

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104 Pages of Facts and Figures

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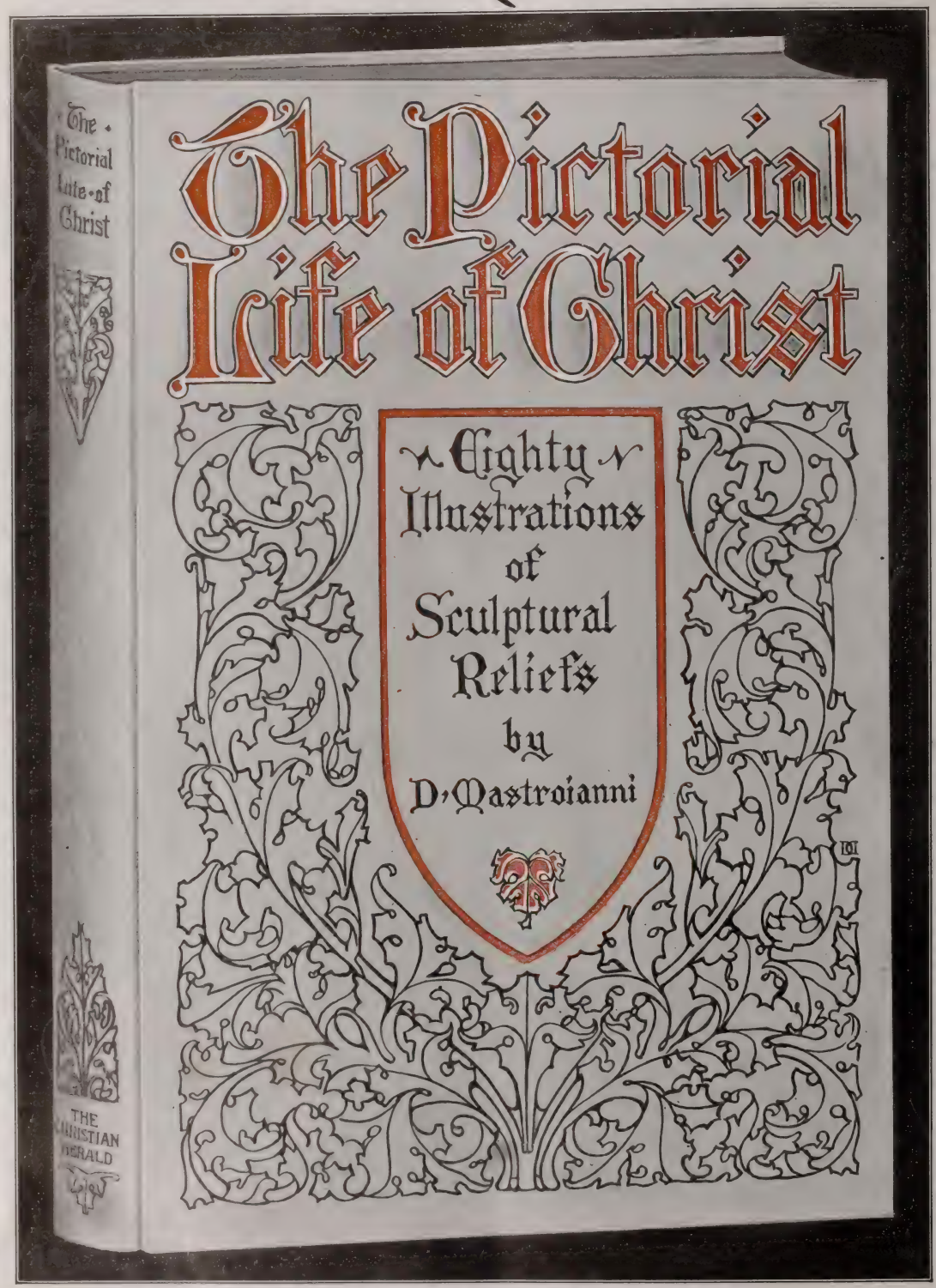
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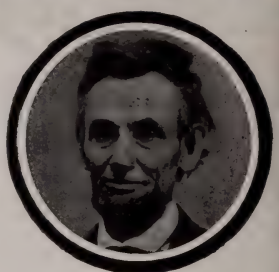

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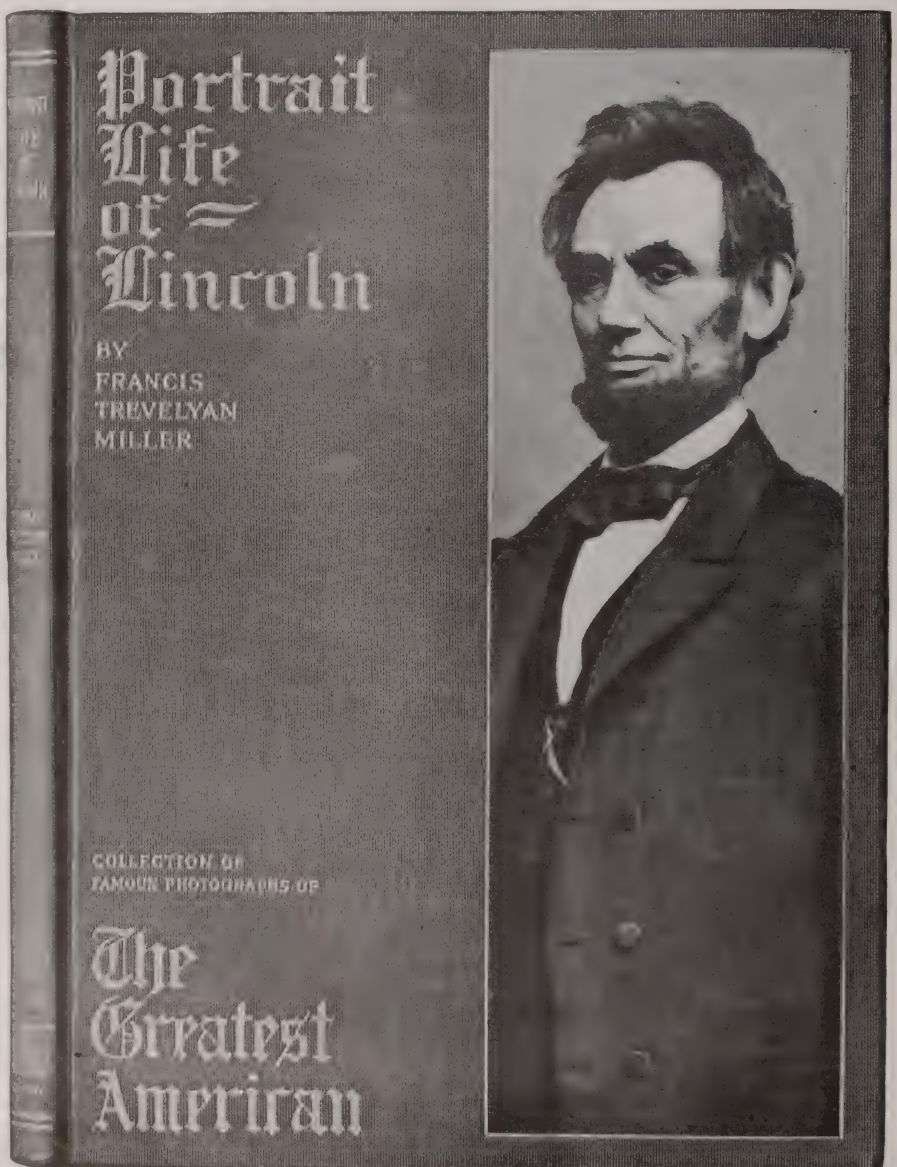

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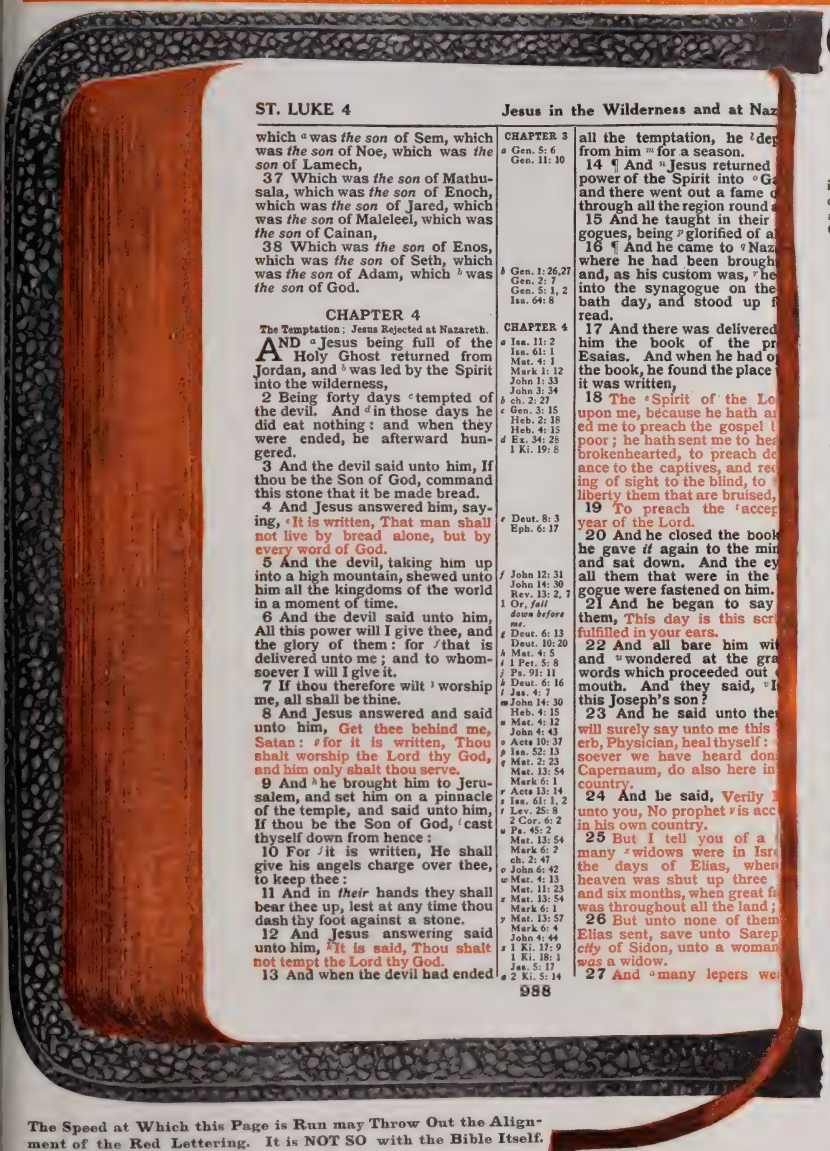

ST. LUKE 4 — Jesus in the Wilderness and at Naz

which [a] was *the son* of Sem, which was *the son* of Noe, which was *the son* of Lamech,
37 Which was *the son* of Mathusala, which was *the son* of Enoch, which was *the son* of Jared, which was *the son* of Maleleel, which was *the son* of Cainan,
38 Which was *the son* of Enos, which was *the son* of Seth, which was *the son* of Adam, which [b] was *the son* of God.

CHAPTER 4

The Temptation; Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.

AND [a] Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and [b] was led by the Spirit into the wilderness,
2 Being forty days [c] tempted of the devil. And [d] in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered.
3 And the devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread.
4 And Jesus answered him, saying, [e] It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.
5 And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.
6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for [f] that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it.
7 If thou therefore wilt [1] worship me, all shall be thine.
8 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: [g] for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.
9 And [h] he brought him to Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, [i] cast thyself down from hence:
10 For [j] it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:
11 And in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.
12 And Jesus answering said unto him, [k] It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
13 And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he [l] departed from him [m] for a season.
14 ¶ And [n] Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into [o] Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about.
15 And he taught in their synagogues, being [p] glorified of all.
16 ¶ And he came to [q] Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, [r] he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read.
17 And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,
18 The [s] Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,
19 To preach the [t] acceptable year of the Lord.
20 And he closed the book, and he gave *it* again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.
21 And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.
22 And all bare him witness, and [u] wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, [v] Is not this Joseph's son?
23 And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.
24 And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet [w] is accepted in his own country.
25 But I tell you of a truth, many [x] widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land;
26 But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, *a city* of Sidon, unto a woman *that was* a widow.
27 And [a] many lepers were

CHAPTER 3
a Gen. 5: 6 Gen. 11: 10
b Gen. 1: 26, 27 Gen. 2: 7 Gen. 5: 1, 2 Isa. 64: 8
CHAPTER 4
a Isa. 11: 2 Isa. 61: 1 Mat. 4: 1 Mark 1: 12 John 1: 33 John 3: 34
b ch. 2: 27
c Gen. 3: 15 Heb. 2: 18 Heb. 4: 15
d Ex. 34: 28 1 Ki. 19: 8
e Deut. 8: 3 Eph. 6: 17
f John 12: 31 John 14: 30 Rev. 13: 2, 7
1 Or, *fall down before me.*
g Deut. 6: 13 Deut. 10: 20
h Mat. 4: 5
i 1 Pet. 5: 8
j Ps. 91: 11
k Deut. 6: 16
l Jas. 4: 7
m John 14: 30 Heb. 4: 15
n Mat. 4: 12 John 4: 43
o Acts 10: 37
p Isa. 52: 13
q Mat. 2: 23 Mat. 13: 54 Mark 6: 1
r Acts 13: 14
s Isa. 61: 1, 2
t Lev. 25: 8 2 Cor. 6: 2
u Ps. 45: 2 Mat. 13: 54 Mark 6: 2 ch. 2: 47
v John 6: 42
w Mat. 4: 13 Mat. 11: 23
x Mat. 13: 54 Mark 6: 1
y Mat. 13: 57 Mark 6: 4 John 4: 44
z 1 Ki. 17: 9 1 Ki. 18: 1 Jas. 5: 17
a 2 Ki. 5: 14

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THE CHILD IN THE MIDST*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE topic assigned for our lesson, "The child in the midst," is a well-chosen point of view with which to begin our Christmas study, for when Christ came from heaven he brought Godlike childhood to the earth, and thus taught that it is possible for little children to become Godlike. Several times in his ministry upon earth he declared the nearness of the child to God: "Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven," he said (Matt. 18: 3), and emphasized his words by placing his hands on their heads, and by gathering them in his arms. We are also to learn of another time when Jesus exalted childhood. He overheard his apostles contending with each other who should be greatest in the kingdom, the kingdom of the Messiah Jesus. James and John once actually asked Jesus to give them the two greatest places in his kingdom—one on his right hand, and the other on his left (Mark 10: 35-38). One day Jesus rebuked their contentions by placing a little child in their midst, and saying: "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. 18: 4). How strange a thing that a little child should be made a pattern for strong men! He himself brought the pattern when he came on that first Christmas day and was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And now "when Christmas comes the world suddenly grows better, sinless, lovely, and heaven nearer; and all because a little boy was born in Bethlehem."—*Edwin Osgood Grover.* But that glad day had not at all entered into the thoughts of the apostles—possibly they had little or no knowledge of the childhood of Jesus—so the child pattern was wholly a new thought to them that day when Jesus set the child in the midst. It is natural to believe that it was a very good child. Tradition says it was the child of the apostle Peter, because Jesus was at that time a guest in Peter's house in Capernaum, but the Bible does not tell us whose child it was.

That they should become as little children was strange doctrine to the apostles. They might have felt as Nicodemus did when Jesus told him that he must be born again. What did Jesus see in that little child for strong men to take as their pattern? It was the gentleness, the teachableness, the obedience, the loving confidence of the child. He wanted them to feel toward their heavenly Father just as the child felt toward its earthly father in all these ways. That was leaving out of sight all of the weaknesses of the child; its lack of understanding, its forgetfulness, its bodily weakness, etc. Jesus was teaching them that they should be childlike, not childish. "Childlikeness" includes the lovely, desirable qualities of the child, while "childishness" is the sum of the undesirable qualities.

We are not told what was the effect upon the apostles, but it was certainly not the last time that they sought preeminence one over the other (John 13: 12-16). How slow they were to learn, and so are we!

And Jesus called unto him a little child

The arms of love which Jesus placed about the little child in the midst of the apostles, and again when he blessed the little ones brought to him by their mothers, even now girdle the childhood of the world. When he said to the apostles, "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones to stumble (to their injury morally or physically) it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea." Not that Jesus would have a corruptor and disturber of youth put to death, but the ignominy which would fall upon such evil persons would be a far worse punishment than death itself. And still closer Jesus drew all childhood into his embrace when he said: "See that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." And so we must know that childhood is "holy ground" where unseen guardian angels minister, even the archangels of heaven, those who come so close to the throne of God that they behold his face! Who would dare wrong any child since all children are under this wonderful guardianship! We do not need to turn to the story of Old Fagin, who taught little boys to steal, for today many people are teachers in the school of evil, whose sessions are held in our streets, in our stores, in our factories, etc. A report is brought to heaven by the guardian angels concerning all of this dastardly undoing and the day of accounting will surely come. Glad are we that a department of the United States Government has recently been established called "The Children's Bureau," which stands for the righting of children's wrongs. Let the church look to it that nothing is done against a child either inside or out of it. Let the church remember that Jesus gave children a right to be members of the church when he said: "These little ones that believe on me" (Matt. 18: 6). All churches do not seem to have clear vision on this point, and while they do not put up the sign: "No children admitted," very few children, if any, are to be found in the pews, or at the altar, asking for membership. It has been said that less than sixty-five per cent. of Sunday school scholars become church members. That is appalling! They belong to the "lost sheep" tribe which Jesus spoke so tenderly about and described so sweetly the search of the Shepherd and his rejoicing when it was found. The churches would not have so many lost sheep, if they but watched over the lambs more closely, and guarded against a breach about that part of the fold that lies between the Sunday school and the church. An incident from the life of the Oriental shepherd will help us in this matter. He does not have a "wireless" to help him in his search, but he does have something that closely corresponds with it. He carries his club in his hand, and ever and anon he strikes the rocks in a way perfectly understood by the sheep. He strikes the rock and lays his ear against it, for the lost sheep will certainly bleat in reply if it has

Continued on page 1207

* The International Sunday School Lessons for December 8, 1912. "The Child in the Midst." Matt. 18: 1-14. Golden Text: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." Matt. 18: 10.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

Mr. R. M. Armstrong, of Brooklyn, makes the following good suggestion: "A no-Sunday school should be without a supply of means of closing the week. Parents: 'Teacher of Pass.' 2. Request the word 'Collect' to be erased and it to be memory. Make plain that the statement is the requirement of 'I pledge to the Christian Church,' pronounce it, that pledge should be known by means of a number of times and answers as to a question. 3. Explain that they are 'Preachers.' 4. Remember to every Sunday school the memory of Matthew 28: 19, 20. 5. Explain to them who wrote the Bible.

Mr. J. E. Rader, of Yuba City, tells how he can greatly increase the membership of his Sunday school at present writing: "I give every pupil who brings two visitors to school one new penny. Every visitor who brings two more gets a penny, and every pupil who brings a visitor gets a penny. I give a premium for good lessons, one penny per month for each pupil, and the visitors get pennies, too. I have a Primary Department, Intermediate, Senior, and Adult Bible Classes. Two must be here for penalties and $2.50 per quarter. All other Sunday School duties are left to me. I am the Superintendent, Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, and Chorister. Come one, come all, and bring two more with you."

Mr. Rader writes us that he has been using the Round Table for two years, and that it has been a great help to him. He says: "I get more interest on the day that the new page appears than on any other day in the week. I do not require verses to be memorized, but I do require that the new page be studied three or more times before coming here. I keep an index card record of the new visitors. I also record each Sunday the new pupils on our side of the house and mark the number with the initials of the pupil's name, so as to know who to call back to the Home Department. I have used the method to secure pupils in my Sunday school and have increased the average of attendance to one and one-half times as much as it was before I used it. I use page 28 one week and the next page 29, page 30 one week and the next page 31, page 32 one week and the next page 33, page 34 one week and the next page 35. Then I have you begin again with Temperance and Bible Readings. I have found it most helpful."

A lady teacher in the same parish of which Mr. Rader is Superintendent writes us as follows: "I have been using the Round Table for two years, and find it very helpful. I give every pupil who brings a new visitor to the school a card on the day that the new page appears on the Round Table. I do not require verses to be memorized, but I do require that the new page be studied three or more times before coming here. I keep an index card record of the new visitors. I also record each Sunday the new pupils on our side of the house and mark the number with the initials of the pupil's name, so as to know who to call back to the Home Department. I have used the method to secure pupils in my Sunday school and have increased the average of attendance to one and one-half times as much as it was before I used it. I use page 28 one week and the next page 29, page 30 one week and the next page 31, page 32 one week and the next page 33, page 34 one week and the next page 35. Then I have you begin again with Temperance and Bible Readings. I have found it most helpful."

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Twenty-four speakers in automobiles. These are representatives of every state and used in lecturing for Baby Day by Mississippi Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Detroit. Hundreds of cards had been distributed among the people of the congregational state and "I am ready for Sunday school." That was only one of the Detroit churches that held their services on the lawns in the front yards, and wherever the pastor happened might have stopped to have the audience to Sunday school.

A pageant, which has been added to the equipment of the boys' department in Sunday School, Chicago. It has been a great aid in securing of the boys, and it is expected that classes will be organized, so that they may have parties in the various locations.

"The Sunday school Room, to be used at Sunday time, and a dining room for the people of [illegible] Sunday school of Detroit, Mich., has been used by [illegible] of the week. The pupils are served with the best of a [illegible] luncheon, and among a number of interesting [illegible] have been [illegible] to be used as mail carriers, and also used to be [illegible].

3 Things Make a Fountain Pen *Leak*

THEY are: 1st, a straight or blunt feed tube. 2nd, ink remaining in the feed tube after you stop writing. 3rd, heated air which expands and goes up.

The straight or blunt feed tube holds ink even when the pen is upright in your vest pocket.

The air in the pen gets warm from the heat of your body—98 degrees. The heat makes it expand. It expands up through the inky feed tube. It pushes ink up and out through the pen opening. It spatters and around the writing end of pen. And this spattered ink decorates your fingers when you remove the cap to write.

Just one thing keeps the Parker from leaking. It is the Lucky Curve feed tube. See X ray picture.

The curve of the Lucky Curve feed tube top has the barrel. This touch starts Capillary Attraction. The Capillary Attraction pulls the ink down out of the feed tube before the air heats and expands.

Do you see why there's never any ink smearing the writing end of a Parker Pen?

Capillary Attraction, by the way, is what makes a blotter suck ink.

Hegel I gave you a pen of hard rubber. Modern Parker Pens always write smooth. Parker "Spear Head" Ink Controller makes ink flow with ease, never blotting, never clogging.

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up, according to size and ornamentation.

PARKER

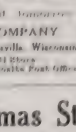
LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen goes in any pocket—won't uncork—won't leak. Parker $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up.

New Parker *Disappearing* Clip grips tight as debt—but *disappears* out of the way when you write.

You can take back any Parker Pen within 10 days and have it exchanged or your money refunded—no questions asked. Any pen dealer will do it.



If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers let us know. We'll send you complete catalogue by return mail and tell you where you can see them.

If you do it today you won't forget it tomorrow.

PARKER PEN COMPANY

70 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

New York Retail Store, 11 Park Row — Opposite Post Office

Gift for Xmas Stockings

Every Woman Who Uses

Wheatena

Send most of you do, for it is made of the

Hard, Plump and Sweet Winter Wheat

from which it is made, and used out of these

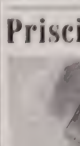
New Aluminum Half pint Measuring Cups which are graved at 2½ prepaid

Brother Cushman's Mont. July, 3

In every package of Wheatena will be found a coupon which explains how many more we can obtain. Each coupon may be redeemed.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Pulaway, New Jersey

Priscilla Morning Cap



Useful as well as attractive for every morning wear made in pink blue and lavender. Boxed with cord & tassel complete. Postpaid 50 cents. One of the many useful Xmas gifts shown in our illustrated "Thoughtful Little Gifts" booklet sent free on request.

POULSON GIFT SHOP, - PAWTUCKET, R.I.

6%

Gold Bonds for Christmas

PRUDENT buyers in selecting their gifts look further ahead than Christmas morning. They consider the elements of permanence, stability and actual merit before choosing.

These qualities are well embodied in A-R-E Six's, the American Real Estate Company's 6% Gold Bonds. They are issued in denominations of $100, $500, $1000 and upward, pay interest semi-annually and return principal in 10 years.

They are ideal Christmas gifts for any member of the family. They never wear out, they are always fashionable, and twice each year for ten years, they bring a happy reminder of the gift and giver.

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Founded 1888 Assets $24,134,240.39
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Room 534
527 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THANKSGIVING IN THE COZY CORNER

AFTER THANKSGIVING DINNER

Table Tricks and Games

LAY a bit of mirror or ordinary glass upon the table, announcing that you can make a fresh laid egg balance on its point and stand erect upon the glass. Almost no one will believe you; but this can easily be done if beforehand, by way of preparation for the trick, you have shaken a fresh egg until the yolk is broken and mixed up with the white. The trick would be impossible if the egg were in its natural state.

Water Hanging in the Glass

ANNOUNCE that you can fill a goblet with water so that no one will be able to move it without spilling every drop of the water in it. Then fill a small glass of any kind with water; completely cover the surface and rim with a calling card or bit of glazed paper; place the palm of your hand on the paper and suddenly invert the glass on the smooth hard table. Draw out the paper, the water will forthwith remain suspended in the glass and no one can move it without spilling all the water.

A Foolish Funny Trick

TAKING a biscuit in either hand and stretching your hands far apart, announce at the same time that you can contrive to bring both biscuits into the same hand without bringing the hands near to each other. Everybody will be mystified and wonder—How? All you have to do is to lay one biscuit on the table, turn yourself around and pick it up in the other hand.

Magic Ten Cents

HAVE two dimes of your own, each waxed on one side with beeswax or paraffin. Then borrow a dime from a guest and exchange it unobserved for one of the waxed ones, laying your own waxed coin on the table with the wax side uppermost. Then in the left hand take two squares of ordinary cardboard, and while transferring them to the right hand, press the second waxed coin against the center of the undermost card, to which it will stick. Now lay the card on the table about twelve or fifteen inches from your own dime which is already there, and cover it with the second card. Lift both cards simultaneously to show that the coin is under card A, and that, apparently, nothing is under card B. You may now make the magic coin appear under whichever card you prefer. You have only to remember that if you wish the dime *not* to adhere to the cardboard, you have only to bend the card slightly upward as you lift it from the table. Otherwise you have only to lift it without bending the card.

THANK GOD

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not.

Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Thanksgiving Candy

DISSOLVE one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in four dessert spoonfuls of cold water. Into one heaping cupful of granulated sugar put about four dessert spoonfuls of water and heat until the sugar is dissolved. Add the gelatine, a grain of salt, and flavor to taste. When the mixture is cool enough, whip it up until it will slowly settle into a sheet. Pour into shallow buttered tins and dust thickly with confectionery sugar. Cut into squares and dust again and you will have about a pound box of delicious marshmallows.

Pollyanna

BE SURE to read the cheery, homey and altogether delightful story of *Pollyanna*. Every "growing-up" and grown-up girl as well, who knows Pollyanna, will want to be like her. And Pollyanna is pretty sure to be the "first love" of every boy who will spend the half hour before bed time listening to some one tell the story of one of the bravest, pluckiest, and most adorable girls that ever got into a story book.

The Souvenir Pictures

OUR space here is too limited in which to explain about our Anniversary Gift Pictures. If you really want them, send word to the Cozy Corner Aunt.

"What the Guaranteed Radioptican Does"

"I have thrown this picture up 10 times its size so that you may all see at once how simply the Radioptican is operated and how clean and clear is the image it produces and how beautiful the color reproduction. Now note how thoroughly the Radioptican is guaranteed by its makers.

Guarantee

RADIOPTICAN

"This Radioptican has given me and my family more fun than anything I could possibly have bought them. It has helped me entertain my guests, it has amused and instructed my children, it has made every picture in the family album a life size portrait.

"The Radioptican projects anything—no lantern slides necessary. Just slip in your magazine or newspaper clipping, your photo, your colored post card, and every detail is reproduce with surprising accuracy.

"This model No. 341 cost me $15.00. There are many other models at lower and higher prices for electricity, acetylene (complete with generator ready to operate) and gas lighting. All models pictured and explained in a free book.

'Home Entertainment'

Write for it. With the book you will get a card entitling you to a free demonstration of the Radioptican. Sold wherever photo supplies and optical goods are sold. Also in department stores and toy shops. $2.50 to $50.00. Canadian price 20% higher."

H. C. WHITE COMPANY
809 River Street, North Bennington, Vt.
Lens Grinders and Makers of Optical Instruments for over 40 Years
GRANCHES: 45 W. 34th St., New York San Francisco London

AGENTS WANTED to sell the wonderful Magic Story. **Big Profits.** Vest pocket edition of part one sent **Free.** Write for it and our new sales plan which makes the business so easy that Boys and Girls can make money at it. Book is endorsed by Bankers, Lawyers, Doctors and Business Men everywhere. **F. E. Morrison, Publisher, 1133 Broadway, N.Y.**

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PATENTS that PAY BEST
R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 36 Washington, D. C.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality Largest Variety

GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, **shines without rubbing**, 25c. **"French Gloss,"** 10c.

STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. **"Dandy"** size, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (a liquid form with sponge) **quickly cleans** and **whitens** dirty **canvas** shoes, 10c and 25c.

BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A 1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth, 10c. **"Elite"** size 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

Getting Ready for Thanksgiving

CLEANLY CLARA

WHAT! not know our cleanly Clara?
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,
And the cold Eskimo,
Our clean Clara know!
Our cleanly Clara, the poet sings,
Cleaned a hundred thousand things!
In a single day.
She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,
She cleaned the spring of the secret lock.
She cleaned the Dutch tiles in the place,
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace,
She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler,
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers,
Until madam in mittens was moved to tears!
She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,
The oldest bird that ever grew;
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself.
To-morrow morning she means to try,
To clean the cobwebs from the sky.
Some people say that she will rue it,
But my belief is she will do it.

WILLIAM BRIGHTLY RANDS (*Adapted*).

Ever lovingly yours,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

Baby Is Safe Mother Is Sure

No worry about baby when he is safely tucked away in a Foster IDEAL Crib. Has extra high sides and ends. The spindles are set close together—he simply can't poke his head through. The sides, when raised, are held by a catch that can't shake loose; and the smooth top rails are a further protection.

Foster IDEAL Cribs
Accident-Proof—Noiseless
Made in several patterns

You know what happens when the sides of an ordinary crib are raised and lowered—squeaking and jingling. None of that in the Foster—they are smooth and silent—let baby sleep on.

A Word to Mothers: **The Foster IDEAL Crib Booklet is Mailed Free. Contains a lot of interesting information.**
Send for it.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
146 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.
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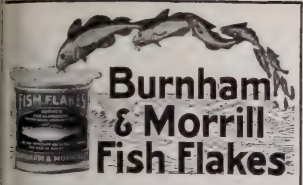

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

Saves

Time—Ready cooked—instantly available for preparing many dishes.

Trouble—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling—

Money—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage—

B. & M. FISH FLAKES are caught in the deep cold sea waters—cleaned—cooked—slightly salted—placed in parchment lined containers—Not a speck of preservative used.

Can be used for almost countless ways of preparation, but they are certainly good in **Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder.**

Try one tin of **B. & M. FISH FLAKES**, 10c—sizes—15c (*except in Far West*)—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.

Free Book of Recipes—Every housewife should write for *Good Eating*, containing many new recipes, menus, etc., by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor, "Boston Cooking School Magazine."

Free if you mention The Christian Herald.

Burnham & Morrill Co., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

The Giant Heater

Will heat any ordinary room in zero weather at almost no cost

Applied to round wick lamp or gas jet (open) flame or mantle burner.

Heat and Light at One Cost

Easy to apply; clean and odorless. A handy, sensible, economical, positive heater that insures comfort wherever and whenever wanted. Just the thing for nursery, bath, bedroom, heating water for shaving, making tea or coffee, etc.

On Gas Flame

Mr. H. P. Howe, 712 2d Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "Giant Heater is a perfect success. I would not be without it in my home."

Price: Polished Brass $1.50 Nickel Plated $2.00

By mail or express prepaid

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded if returned in 10 days. Book Free.

GIANT HEATER CO., Inc.

On Round Wick Lamp 1963 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

LADIES! A customer writes: "I never thought it possible to get so much SOLID COMFORT and such a shapely style in the same shoe."

THIS VICI KID PILLOW SHOE

eases the foot and pleases the eye. Soft, comfortable, neat, durable, stylish. No lining to wrinkle and heat. No breaking in required. Made *Good-year Welt* and *Turn* style. Price includes O'Sullivan Live Rubber Heels.

$3.25 TURN STYLE Postpaid in U. S.

Comfort and fit *absolutely guaranteed* or money refunded. Write for *Free Catalogue* and self measure blank.

Trademark registered

Customers everywhere

PILLOW SHOE CO., Dept. 3, Boston, Mass.

A Chopper *Made* to Chop Meat

One difference between Choppers is just this:

The Enterprise Meat AND Food Chopper is *made* to chop meat AND anything else you want to chop.

The ordinary chopper is *not* made to cut meat, although the claim is made that "it also cuts meat."

Nine days out of ten when you use a chopper you want to chop meat, to use up scraps that could not otherwise be used for food. Therefore buy the Chopper designed to chop meat AND food—

Family Size $1.75

Large Size $2.50

The Enterprise Meat AND Food Chopper

It will take the toughest meat and by really chopping it, convert it into tender morsels, daintily to the taste and nutritious in quality. For using up left-overs and keeping down table expenses it is unequalled.

The Enterprise chops with a four-bladed steel knife. You cannot find the knife-blade principle on any other chopper. Thus we claim that it is the only chopper which actually gives a chopping cut to meat, fish, vegetables, fruit or whatever is put through the chopper.

If you want a still lower-priced machine, our standard pattern Enterprise Food Chopper will be found very satisfactory. It, too, is Enterprise quality.

Housekeepers: Send for "The Enterprising Housekeeper," more than 200 tested recipes and household helps. Sent to any address for 4 cents in stamps.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA.
Dept. 79, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO-TOED TURK

Continued from page 1185

Jack stopped in the glare and glitter of Third Avenue and gave a pretty fair repetition of the laugh he had contributed to the occasion then. And he saw again that terror-stricken passage of their pet gobbler and heard once more his most unroyal screams as he fled from his encounter with the mowing machine under which he had left two toes of his right foot.

Henceforth he had a new gait, a new voice, and a new name. But Jack found that he couldn't indulge in too much reminiscent laughter, for it intensified the discomfort of his aching, empty stomach.

"This is a new sort of stomach-ache," he muttered with a grim smile. Many a time I've ached because I'd stowed away too much pie—and on Thanksgiving Day—!"

Then stopped short. To-morrow was Thanksgiving Day.

. . .

Out over the sidewalk stretched the transparency, "Bowery Mission." It was late and the men had filed away from the meeting. A few hung about in groups, and he heard various muttered lamentations that the Bread Line didn't start till one o'clock.

"Come now, come now, bums. Is your meeting out, or ain't it? If it is, beat it. You can't stand here."

So spoke municipal authority again, and the groups dispersed. But a brisk, somewhat tired, but extremely friendly-looking man came bustling out of the mission's side door and stood face to face with Jack before he had had time to get under motion at the policeman's orders.

"Well?" said the man.

"Well?" said Jack.

"Were you inside?" asked the man.

"No, I just got here."

The man half turned to go, but, after all, the look in Jack's face was altogether too plain to be misunderstood.

"You're hungry, youngster, ain't you?"

"I was yesterday," said Jack, with a grim attempt to smile. "To-night it ain't so bad."

"Well, take these. I've got to beat it home and get to bed. To-morrow is a busy day. Come back here in the morning early. I'll set you to work for one day at least. Good-night."

The man was gone, but in Jack's hand were two tickets, one calling for a meal at a restaurant a few numbers down the street, the other for a bed in a neighboring lodging-house. Twice more that night Jack was to have the feeling of having stepped into heaven.

. . .

Next morning found him in the mission kitchen helping the men get ready the big feast. He had never seen so much food at one time in his life. He was used to seeing wagon-loads of apples or potatoes or pumpkins, or even pigs. But this passed everything. Turkeys, potatoes, apples, celery, pyramids of bread, and chickens, and more chickens. They were piled everywhere. Some men were packing baskets to be sent out to needy families; others were preparing the great feast to be given the men of the Bowery at noon. Jack had been assigned the humble task of peeling potatoes. Already the hunger and sleeplessness of yesterday seemed like hideous dreams. Here was so much plenty, so much warmth, so much good cheer that it could not be possible that the horrors of the last days should ever return. Brain and muscles were deliciously rested; his stomach had ceased its strange protestings, had ceased from another cause now; for, what with last night's supper and the mission breakfast before work began, it was altogether satisfied. This would surely be the beginning of better things. They would keep him busy at the mission all day. Then he would doubtless get a job. Meanwhile the

Continued on next page

Brighten your kitchen and lighten your labor by using a Set of

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils

For Christmas a Set of "Wear-Ever" utensils is a pleasing gift—more pleasing than one can realize who has not learned to

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Pot roast without water — *Griddle cakes without grease* — *Preserving without stirring* — *Oven utensils bake evenly*

Go to your dealer for a set of "Wear-Ever" utensils which will suit your particular requirements. He will quote you a "Set" price—which, because of transportation charges, may vary somewhat in different parts of the country.

If not obtainable at your dealer's, any Set shown below will be sent, transportation prepaid (method optional with us), to any express or freight station in the United States or Canada upon receipt of price. But bear in mind that we will not fill orders received from territory in which a dealer sells "Wear-Ever" utensils.

"Wear-Ever" Set A—$25.10

Consists of Taper Coffee Pot, 2 qts., Lipped Sauce Pan, 1 qt., Lipped Sauce Pan 1½ qts., Lipped Sauce Pan, 2 qts., Berlin Sauce Pan, 3 qts., Deep Pudding Pan, 1 qt., Two Mountain Cake Pans, 9¼ in., Sheet Tea Kettle, 6½ qts., Preserving Kettle, 8 qts. Two Deep Pie Plates, 10 in., Lipped Fry Pan, 7 in., Lipped Fry Pan, 10½ in., Double Roaster, 15⅞ x 11½ x 7¾ in., Cast Waffle Mold, 7⅞ in., Steamer Sauce Pot, 3 qts., Double Boiler, 2 qts. Price of Set $25.10

"Wear-Ever" Set B—$20.05

Consists of Taper Coffee Pot, 2 qts., Taper Tea Pot, 2 qts., Lipped Sauce Pan, 1 qt., Cover for Lipped Sauce Pan, Berlin Sauce Pan, 3 qts., Shallow Stew Pan, 1 qt., Cover for Shallow Stew Pan, Two Jelly Cake Pans, 9½ in., Biscuit Pan, 11 x 7½ in., Muffin Pan, 6-cup, Double Boiler, 1 qt., Double Baking Dish, 2 qts., Pie Plate, 10½ in., Lipped Fry Pan, 7 in., Lipped Fry Pan, 10 in., Drip Pan, 14¾ x 10¾ in., Steamer Sauce Pot, 2 qts., Windsor Kettle, 6 qts. Price of Set $20.05

"Wear-Ever" Set C—$15.15

Consists of Taper Coffee Pot, 2 qts., Tea Pot, 1½ qts., Lipped Sauce Pan, 1 qt., Lipped Sauce Pan, 3 qts., Berlin Sauce Pan, 2 qts., Pudding Pan, 1½ qts., Jelly Cake Pan, 9½ in., Muffin Pan, 6-cup, Double Boiler, 1 qt., Lipped Fry Pan, 7 in., Drip Pan, 14¾ x 10¾ in., Heavy Household Fry Pan, 11¾ in., Berlin Kettle, 4 qts. Price of Set . . . $15.15

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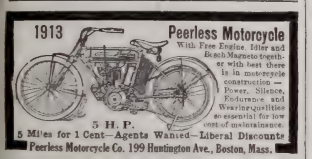
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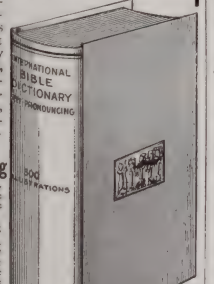

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TWO-TOED TURK

Continued from preceding page

fifty-eight. He'll lend me enough to get a ticket."

"Here's your three cents. I'd give you the rest, too, but I'm just about busted. These fellows have me nearly cleaned out. However, if there's any uncertainty about your friend—"

"No, he'll be on."

The man held out his hand. "Here's a quarter. You're right. There's no place quite like the farm."

"No," said Jack, glancing at Two-toed Turk.

"And remember, too, youngster, what this place stands for. You ain't bad. But you haven't quite got on the right foundation yet. Promise me you'll go to church next Sunday, will you?"

"Yes," said Jack, taking the man's hand.

"And next time when your mother asks you to hook up and take her to prayer-meeting, you'll do it?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"One thing more before I let go your fist," said the man. "Show the stuff you're made of by not acting sheepish about this licking. Tell them you got licked. Say that the city is a tough proposition, particularly in November—"

Jack looked again at Two-toed Turk.

"Tell 'em you've come back to be a farmer not because you like it, but because the other jobs are hard to get. And by the way, when you come back to get your watch and vest, drop in to see me. I'd like to know how you're getting along."

Jack opened his mouth to speak, but his friend had gone. He was being called in many directions. The boy put up his hand and shook the maimed fingers of Two-toed Turk.

"Good-by, old sport. I'm sorry to leave you here. But you'll make some other folks happy yet to-day besides mother and dad and me."

* * *

"Marthy, can't I help ye?"

"No, Joel, everything's about ready. Still, if you don't mind, you can mash the potatoes. My back's tired from stooping down at this oven."

"Give 'em here, then. That's a job you can set down to. I'll take this apron to put over my knees. Now then!"

The potato-masher moved steadily a while. Then it stopped. Martha looked up from her place at the sink.

"This horse-radish is powerful strong, Joel," she said, laying down the grater.

"Well, I can't say that these potatoes is strong, Marthy, but I can't keep the tears out of my eyes nohow. I ain't got no appetite, Marthy. What on airth did you cook up such a big feast for? I know ye hain't got no heart to eat it, no more than I have."

"I thought 'twould be the best way, Joel, just to kind of go right on—and—and I wanted to keep you perked up, if I could—but—but—it's—it's—O Joel, I just can't stand it, I can't."

She came toward him with outstretched hands, tears raining down her cheeks. At that moment Jack opened the door.

"What in the world did you want to go and kill Two-toed Turk for, father?"

They both stood looking in open-mouthed amazement at him and at his words before they ran forward to smother him in embraces and kisses.

Joel spoke first. "What's this about Two-toed Turk? Who said I killed him?"

"I saw him all ready to be stuffed and cooked in New York this morning."

"No, you didn't. Turk must have had a double. Look at here."

His father opened the kitchen door. Leaving the commonplace habitués of the barnyard, Two-toed Turk was walking gravely, if not gracefully, toward them.

"I seen him through the winder over your shoulder just as he started," explained dad.

"Oh, we had mince pie and—and some other things," replied Willie when asked what he had for dinner. And that's about the only way you can describe a dinner that includes mince pie.

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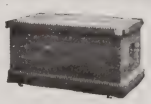

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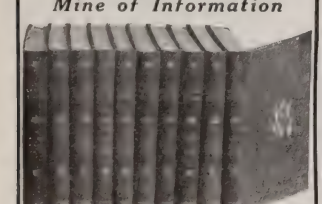

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POLLYANNA

Continued from page 1181

Pollyanna paused for breath, and Nancy managed to stammer:

"Well, I'm sure it—it'll be all right."

"I'm glad you feel that way. I do, too," nodded Pollyanna, again with that choking little breath. "Of course, 'twould have been a good deal harder to be glad in black—"

"Glad!" gasped Nancy, surprised into an interruption.

"Yes—that he's gone to heaven to be with mother and the rest of us, you know. He said I must be glad. But it's been pretty hard to—to do it, even in red gingham, because I—I wanted him, so; and I couldn't help feeling I *ought* to have him, specially as mother and the rest have God and all the angels, while I didn't have anybody but the Ladies' Aid. But now I'm sure it'll be easier because I've got you, Aunt Polly. I'm glad I've got you!"

Nancy's aching sympathy for the poor little forlornness beside her turned suddenly into shocked terror.

"Oh, but—but you've made an awful mistake, d-dear," she faltered. "I'm only Nancy. I ain't your Aunt Polly, at all!"

"You—you *aren't?*" stammered the little girl, in plain dismay.

"No. I'm only Nancy. I never thought of your takin' me for her. We—we ain't a bit alike—we ain't, we ain't!"

Timothy chuckled softly; but Nancy was too disturbed to answer the merry flash from his eyes.

"But who are you?" questioned Pollyanna. "You don't look a bit like a Ladies' Aider!"

Timothy laughed outright this time.

"I'm Nancy, the hired girl. I do all the work except the washin' an' ironin'. Mis' Durgin does that."

"But there is an Aunt Polly?" demanded the child, anxiously.

"You bet your life there is," cut in Timothy.

Pollyanna relaxed visibly.

"Oh, that's all right, then." There was a moment's silence, then she went on brightly: "And do you know, I'm glad, after all, that she didn't come to meet me; because now I've got her still coming, and I've got you besides."

Nancy flushed. Timothy turned to her with a quizzical smile.

"I call that a pretty slick compliment," he said. "Why don't you thank the little lady?"

"I—I was thinking about—Miss Polly," faltered Nancy.

Pollyanna sighed contentedly.

"I was, too. I'm so interested in her. You know she's all the aunt I've got, and I didn't know I had her for ever so long. Then father told me. He said she lived in a lovely great big house 'way on top of a hill."

"She does. You can see it now," said Nancy. "It's that big white one with the green blinds, 'way ahead."

"Oh, how pretty!—and what a lot of trees and grass all around it! I never saw such a lot of green grass, seems so, all at once. Is my Aunt Polly rich, Nancy?"

"Yes, Miss."

"I'm so glad! It must be perfectly lovely to have lots of money. I never knew any one that did have, only the Whites—they're some rich. They have carpets in every room and ice cream Sundays. Does Aunt Polly have ice cream Sundays?"

Nancy shook her head. Her lips twitched. She threw a merry look into Timothy's eyes.

"No, Miss. Your aunt don't like ice cream, I guess, leastways I never saw it on her table."

Pollyanna's face fell.

"Oh, doesn't she? I'm so sorry! I don't see how she can help liking ice cream. But—anyhow, I can be kinder glad about that, 'cause the ice cream you don't eat can't make your stomach ache like Mrs. White's did—I ate hers, you know, lots of it. Maybe Aunt Polly has got the carpets, though."

"Yes, she's got the carpets."

"In every room?"

"Well, in almost every room," answered Nancy, frowning suddenly at the thought of that bare little attic room, where there was no carpet.

"Oh, I'm so glad," exulted Pollyanna. "I love carpets. We didn't have any, only two little rugs that came in a missionary barrel—and one of them had ink spots on it. Mrs. White had pictures, too, perfectly beautiful ones of roses and little girls kneeling and a kitty and some lambs and a lion—not together, you know, the lambs and the lion. Oh, of course the Bible says they will some time, but they haven't yet—that is, I mean Mrs. White's haven't. Don't you just love pictures?"

"I—I don't know," answered Nancy in a half-stifled voice.

"I do. We didn't have any pictures. They don't come in barrels, much, you know. There did two come once, though. But one was so good father sold it to get money to buy me some shoes with; and the other was so bad it fell to pieces just as soon as we hung it up. Glass—it broke, you know. And I cried. But I'm glad now we didn't have any of those nice things, 'cause I shall like Aunt Polly's all the better—not being used to 'em, you see. Just as it is when the pretty hair-ribbons come in in the barrels after a lot of faded-out brown ones. My! but isn't this a perfectly beautiful house?" she broke off fervently, as they turned into the wide driveway.

It was when Timothy was unloading the trunk that Nancy found an opportunity to mutter low in his ear:

"Don't you never say nothin' ter me again about leavin', Timothy Durgin. You couldn't hire me ter leave!"

"Leave! I should say not," grinned the youth. "You couldn't drag me away. It'll be more fun here now, with that kid here, than movin' picture shows every day!"

"Fun! fun!" repeated Nancy, indignantly. "I guess it'll be somethin' more than fun for that blessed child—when them two tries ter live tergether; and I guess she'll be a-needin' some rock ter fly to for refuge. Well, I'm a-goin' ter be that rock, Timothy; I am, I am!" she vowed, as she turned and led Pollyanna up the broad steps.

CHAPTER IV

The Little Attic Room

MISS POLLY RICHARDSON did not rise to meet her niece. She looked up from her book, it is true, as Nancy and the little girl appeared in the sitting-room doorway, and she held out a hand with "duty" written large on every coldly extended finger.

"How do you do, Pollyanna? I—" She had no chance to say more. Pollyanna had fairly flown across the room and flung herself into her aunt's scandalized, unyielding lap.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, I don't know how to be glad enough that you let me come to live with you," she was sobbing. "You don't know how perfectly lovely it is to have you and Nancy and all this after you've had just the Ladies' Aid!"

"Very likely—though I've not had the pleasure of the Ladies' Aid's acquaintance," rejoined Miss Polly, stiffly, trying to unclasp the small clinging fingers, and turning frowning eyes on Nancy in the doorway. "Nancy, that will do. You may go. Pollyanna, be good enough, please, to stand erect in a proper manner. I don't know yet what you look like."

Pollyanna drew back at once, laughing a little hysterically.

"No, I suppose you don't; but you see I'm not very much to look at, anyway, on account of the freckles. Oh, and I ought to explain about the red gingham and the black velvet basque with white spots on the elbows. I told Nancy how father said—"

"Yes; well, never mind now wha your father said," interrupted Mis Polly, crisply. "You had a trunk, presume?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Aunt Polly. I'v got a beautiful trunk that the Ladie Aid gave me. I haven't got so ver much in it—of my own, I mean. Th barrels haven't had many clothes fo little girls in them lately; but ther were all father's books, and Mr White said she thought I ought to hav those. You see, father—"

"Pollyanna," interrupted her aun again, sharply, "there is one thin that might just as well be understoo right away at once; and that is, I d not care to have you keep talking c your father to me."

Pollyanna drew in her breath trem ulously.

"Why, Aunt Polly, you—yo mean—" She hesitated, and her aun filled the pause.

"We will go upstairs to your roon Your trunk is already there, I pre sume. I told Timothy to take it up—if you had one. You may follow me Pollyanna."

Without speaking, the little gi turned and followed her aunt from th room. Her eyes were brimming wit tears, but her chin was bravely high

"After all, I—I reckon I'm glad sh doesn't want me to talk about father Pollyanna was thinking. "It'll b easier, maybe—if I don't talk abou him. Probably, anyhow, that is wh she told me not to talk about him. And Pollyanna, convinced anew of he aunt's "kindness," blinked off the tear and looked eagerly about her.

She was on the stairway now. Jus ahead, her aunt's black silk skir rustled luxuriously. Behind her a open door allowed a glimpse of rose strewn rugs and satin-covered chair Beneath her feet a soft carpet was lik moss to the tread. On all sides the gi of picture frames and the glint of sun light through the filmy mesh of lac curtains flashed in her eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, breathed the little girl, rapturously "what a perfectly lovely, lovely house How awfully glad you must be you'r so rich!"

"Pollyanna!" ejaculated her aun turning sharply about as she reache the head of the stairs. "I'm surprise at you—making a speech like that t me!"

"Why, Aunt Polly, aren't you? queried Pollyanna, in frank wonder.

"Certainly not, Pollyanna. I hope could not so far forget myself as to-b sinfully proud of any gift the Lord ha seen fit to bestow upon me," declare the lady, sternly: "certainly no *riches!*"

Miss Polly turned and walked dow the hall toward the attic stairwa door. She was glad, now, that she ha put the child in the attic room. He idea at first had been to get her nie as far as possible away from herself and at the same time place her wher her childish heedlessness would not de stroy valuable furnishings. Now with this evident strain of vanit showing thus early—it was all th more fortunate that the room planne for her was plain and sensible, though Miss Polly.

Eagerly Pollyanna's small feet pa tered behind her aunt. Still mor eagerly her big blue eyes tried to loo in all directions at once, that no thin of beauty or interest in this wonderfu house might be passed unseen. Mo eagerly of all her mind turned to th wondrously exciting problem about t be solved: behind which of all thes fascinating doors was waiting now he room—the dear, beautiful room, fu of curtains, rugs, and pictures, tha was to be her very own? Then abruptly, her aunt opened a door an ascended another stairway.

There was little to be seen here. bare wall rose on either side. At th

Continued on page 1200

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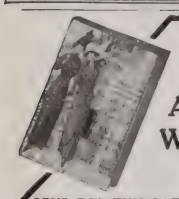

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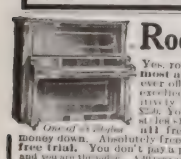

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POLLYANNA

Continued from page 1198

top of the stairs, wide reaches of shadowy space led to far corners where were stacked innumerable trunks and boxes. It was hot and stifling, too. Unconsciously Pollyanna lifted her head higher—it seemed so hard to breathe. Then she saw that her aunt had thrown open a door at the right.

"There, Pollyanna, here is your room, and your trunk is here, I see. Have you your key?"

Pollyanna nodded dumbly. Her eyes were a little wide and frightened.

Her aunt frowned.

"When I ask a question, Pollyanna, I prefer that you should answer aloud—not merely with your head."

"Yes, Aunt Polly."

"Thank you; that is better. I believe you have everything that you need here," she added, glancing at the well-filled towel rack and water pitcher. "I will send Nancy up to help you unpack. Supper is at six o'clock," she finished as she left the room and swept down stairs.

For a moment after she had gone Pollyanna stood quite still, looking after her. Then she turned her wide eyes to the bare walls, the bare floor, the bare windows. She turned them last to the little trunk that had stood not so long before in her own little room in the far-away Western home. The next moment she stumbled blindly toward it and fell on her knees at its side, covering her face with her hands.

Nancy found her there when she came up a few minutes later.

"There, there, you poor lamb," she crooned, dropping to the floor and drawing the little girl into her arms, "I was jest a-fearin' this."

"But I'm bad and wicked, Nancy—awful wicked," she sobbed. "I just can't make myself understand that God and the angels needed my father more than I did."

"No more they did, neither," declared Nancy, stoutly.

"Oh-h!—Nancy!" The burning horror in Pollyanna's eyes dried the tears.

"There, there, child, I didn't mean it, of course," she cried briskly. "Come, let's have your key and we'll get inside this trunk and take out your dresses in no time, no time."

Somewhat tearfully Pollyanna produced the key.

"There aren't very many there, anyway," she faltered.

"Then they're all the sooner unpacked," declared Nancy.

Pollyanna gave a sudden radiant smile.

"That's so! I can be glad of that; can't I?" she cried.

Nancy stared.

"Why, of—course," she answered a little uncertainly.

Nancy's capable hands made short work of unpacking the books, the patched undergarments, and the few pitifully unattractive little dresses. Pollyanna, smiling bravely now, flew about, hanging the dresses in the closet, and putting away the undergarments in the bureau drawers.

"I'm sure it—it's going to be a very nice room; don't you think so?" she stammered, after a while.

There was no answer. Nancy was very busy, apparently, with her head in the trunk. Pollyanna, standing at the bureau, gazed a little wistfully at the bare wall above.

"And I can be glad there isn't any looking-glass here, too, 'cause where there *isn't* any glass I can't see my freckles."

Nancy made a sudden queer little sound with her mouth—but when Pollyanna turned, her head was in the trunk again. At one of the windows, a few minutes later, Pollyanna gave a glad cry and clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy, I hadn't seen this before," she breathed. "Look—'way off there, with those trees and the houses and that lovely church spire, and the river shining just like silver. Why, Nancy, there doesn't

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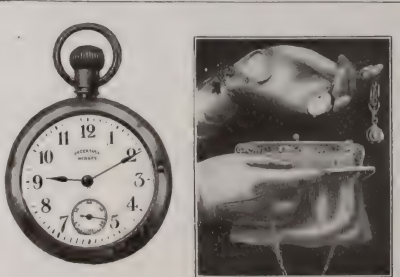

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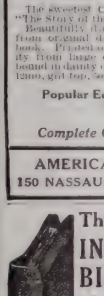

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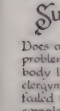

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POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

anybody need any pictures with *that* to look at. Oh, I'm so glad she let me have this room!"

To Pollyanna's surprise and dismay, Nancy burst into tears. Pollyanna hurriedly crossed to her side.

"Why, Nancy, Nancy—what is it?" she cried; then, fearfully: "This wasn't—*your* room, was it?"

"*My* room!" stormed Nancy hotly, choking back the tears. "If you ain't a little angel straight from heaven, and if some folks don't eat dirt before—oh, land! there's her bell!" After which amazing speech, Nancy sprang to her feet, dashed out of the room, and went clattering down the stairs.

Left alone, Pollyanna went back to her "picture," as she mentally designated the beautiful view from the window. After a time she touched the sash tentatively. It seemed as if no longer could she endure the stifling heat. To her joy the sash moved under her fingers. The next moment the window was wide open, and Pollyanna was leaning far out, drinking in the fresh, sweet air.

She ran then to the other window. That, too, flew open under her eager fingers. A big fly swept past her nose, and buzzed noisily about the room. Then another came, and another; but Pollyanna paid no heed. Pollyanna had made a wonderful discovery—against this window a huge tree flung great branches.

Suddenly she laughed aloud.

"I believe I *can* do it," she chuckled. The next moment she had climbed nimbly to the window ledge. From there it was an easy matter to step to the nearest tree-branch. Then, climbing like a monkey, she swung herself from limb to limb until the lowest branch was reached. The drop to the ground was—even for Pollyanna, who was used to climbing trees—a little fearsome. She took it, however, with bated breath, swinging from her strong little arms, and landing on all fours in the soft grass. Then she picked herself up and looked eagerly about her.

She was at the back of the house. Before her lay a garden in which a bent old man was working. Beyond the garden a little path through an open field led up a steep hill, at the top of which a lone pine tree stood on guard beside a huge rock. To Pollyanna, at the moment, there seemed to be just one place in the world worth being in—the top of that big rock.

With a run and a skilful turn, Pollyanna skipped by the bent old man, threaded her way between the orderly rows of green growing things, and—a little out of breath—reached the path that ran through the open field. Then, determinedly, she began to climb. Already, however, she was thinking what a long, long way off that rock must be—when back at the window it had looked so near!

Fifteen minutes later the great clock in the hallway of the Harrington homestead struck six. At precisely the last stroke Nancy sounded the bell for supper.

One, two, three minutes passed. Miss Polly frowned and tapped the floor with her slipper. A little jerkily she rose to her feet, went into the hall, and looked upstairs, plainly impatient. For a minute she listened intently; then she turned and swept into the dining-room.

"Nancy," she said with decision, as soon as the little serving maid appeared, "my niece is late. No, you need not call her," she added severely, as Nancy made a move toward the hall door. "I told her what time supper was, and now she will have to suffer the consequences. She may as well begin at once to learn to be punctual. When she comes down she may have bread and milk in the kitchen."

"Yes, ma'am." It was well, perhaps, that Miss Polly did not happen to look at Nancy's face just then.

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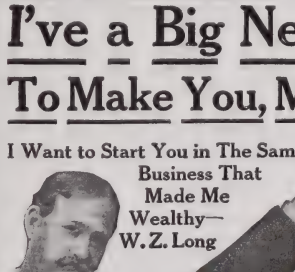

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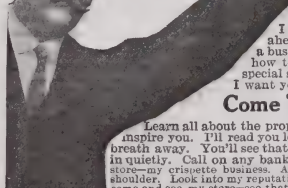

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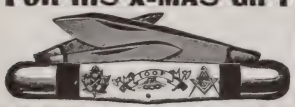
FOR HIS X-MAS GIFT



For him a handsome transparent handle, three-blade, Golden Rule pocket knife No. 3, same as illustrated here. We will put his lodge emblem or his photo on one side and name and address on the other side. The knife is a beauty. Made extra strong and will stand the most severe usage. Each of three keen cutting blades, forged from the finest razor steel and are fully guaranteed. He'll appreciate a knife like this for it's so practical and useful. Top cut ¾ actual size. Price prepaid to him $1.60. Order today.

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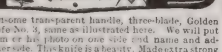

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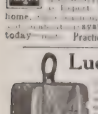

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SELCHOW & RIGHTER CO., NEW YORK

POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

At the earliest possible moment Nancy crept up the back stairs and thence to the attic room.

"Bread and milk, indeed—and when the poor lamb hain't only cried herself ter sleep," she was muttering fiercely, as she softly pushed open the door. The next moment she gave a frightened cry. "Where are you? Where've you gone? Where *have* you gone?" she panted, looking in the closet, under the bed, and even in the trunk and down the water pitcher. Then she flew downstairs and out to Old Tom in the garden.

"Mr. Tom, Mr. Tom, that blessed child's gone!" she wailed. "She's vanished right up into heaven where she came from, poor lamb—and me told ter give her bread an' milk in the kitchen—her what's eatin' angel food this minute, I'll warrant!"

The old man straightened up.

"Gone? Heaven?" he repeated stupidly, unconsciously sweeping the brilliant sunset sky with his gaze. He stopped, stared a moment intently, then turned with a slow grin. "Well, Nancy, it do look like as if she'd tried ter get as nigh heaven as she could, and that's a fact," he agreed, pointing with a crooked finger to where, sharply outlined against the reddening sky, a slender, wind-blown figure was poised on top of a huge rock.

"Well, she ain't goin' ter heaven that way ter-night; not if I have my say," declared Nancy, doggedly. "If the mistress asks, tell her I ain't furgettin' the dishes, but I gone on a stroll," she flung back over her shoulder, as she sped toward the path that led through the open field.

To be continued

We Will Give Away 25 Packages Lord's Sirloin Cut Pure Cod Fish for Recipes Telling How to Prepare Same

For the best recipe we will give 5 two-pound boxes
For the second best we will give 3 two-pound boxes
For the third best we will give 2 two-pound boxes
For the next fifteen we will give 1 two-pound box

LORD'S SIRLOIN PURE COD FISH is not the ordinary kind, but a quality you have never seen unless you know the SIRLOIN CUT COD. The contents of every package visible to the purchaser; only the large, choice, selected cuts of steak cod fish used. The thin tail pieces and scraps are eliminated, packing only the clear, white, firm meat in large chunks. It has the flavor and is pure, clean and wholesome.

The package is perfectly sanitary and is doubly protected by an outside wrapper of parchment paper sealed at the ends, assuring the purchaser that the contents have never been interfered with or handled by others. This alone, should be sufficient guarantee of wholesomeness and convincing proof to the most skeptical, that LORD'S PACKAGES OF PURE COD FISH can always be relished when served.

Competitors may infer their cod fish is just as good. This is not so, and a trial of LORD'S SIRLOIN CUT PURE COD FISH will surely be convincing proof. Every package is guaranteed to be superior to any package of cod fish now on the market. We only ask for a trial as we feel certain, from the increased output and enormous sale of this package you will follow the now extensive list of consumers.

Lord's Sirloin Cut Cod Fish may be found at any good dealers or we will send direct for 50 cents a two-pound box for trial or four two-pound boxes for $1.75. Carriage prepaid any where in U. S.

Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, editor of the *Cooking School Magazine*, will be the judge for this contest.

Further information will be given upon request.

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10 Post Cards for tinting, 10 cts. 100 ass'td. 80 cts.
10 Xmas, 10 Superior Xmas, 10 New Year **POST CARDS** 10 cts. 10 cts. 10 cts.

Any Three 10-cent Packages mailed for 25 cts.
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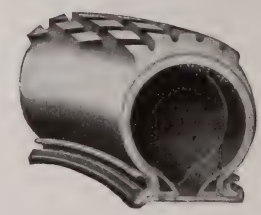

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Perhaps you know, as we do, the usual shortcomings. Our experts spent three years in getting around them.

The usual projections are too short-lived. So we made a thick, extra tread of very tough rubber and vulcanized it onto the regular. That means a double-thick tread.

Thus the blocks are deep-cut and immensely enduring. They last for thousands of miles.

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We present to the road surface countless edges and angles. In every direction, under every condition, they hold with a bulldog grip.

The usual projections carry the strain to only a part of the tire surface. Thus the fabric is easily wrecked.

These blocks of ours widen out at the base. They distribute the strain exactly the same as with smooth-tread tires.

200,000 of these treads in use prove that nothing has ever solved the skidding problem like this Goodyear Non-Skid. You can see at a glance that we've done it.

230,000 Cars Last Year

Last year's output of Goodyear tires was enough to equip 230,000 cars.

The best other tire made has never approached this wondrous popularity.

Yet the demand is doubling over and over, faster than we can build factories

For we ended rim-cutting with our patent No-Rim-Cut tires and we added one-fourth to the average tire mileage by making them 10 per cent oversize.

Men are now coming to this type of tire in a way that is breaking all records of Tiredom. For your own sake, make a comparison.

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Moore's are made in various sizes and lengths of barrels with pen-points to suit any hand. Prices range from $2.50 to $5.50.

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THE PEOPLE'S VOICE ON ROME

FURTHER OPINIONS OF CORRESPONDENTS AND NEWSPAPERS ON THE PLAN TO "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC

THE Episcopalian Diocesan Convention, held at Mount St. Alban, near Washington, D. C., recently, took up the question of the political aggressions of the Roman Catholic Church, and a series of resolutions were presented by Rev. Dr. Randolph McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany. The resolutions set forth that a demand is now being made by the Roman Catholic Church to enforce in the United States the *Ne Temere* decree of the Pope, and in this connection it was declared:

"We enter our indignant protests against this attack of a foreign potentate upon the validity of the laws of the United States."

At the conclusion of the reading of the resolutions, Dr. McKim said:

"The Roman Church is endeavoring to work itself into the government of the United States, somehow. It is not proper that the head of the Catholic Church should attempt to override our civil laws with some canon laws of old Europe. The civil law is supreme. Church laws can in no consistent way interfere with their working. To allow it is one step backward."

Rear Admiral Selfridge declared that if he had been writing the resolutions, he would have suggested that in the future at all public occasions the Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court and Senators should take precedence over a cardinal.

* * *

Spain and the Vatican

THE Spanish premier, Señor Canalejas (since assassinated), recently gave an interview to the representative of the *Indépendance Belge*, in which he touched upon the present relations of Spain with the Vatican. When asked whether he intended to resume diplomatic relations with the Curia by standing a minister to the Holy See, the premier replied: "The attitude of the Spanish bishops who sent me a letter of protest in regard to the projected law submitted by me for parliamentary approval gives me little encouragement in the matter you mention. The clergy, in fact, are maintaining an impossible claim. They take the position that before my proposed law was presented to the Cortes, I should have come to an understanding with the Vatican. According to their view, in order to secure the passage of a law in Spain, one must take four factors into account—the Pope, the House of Deputies, the Senate and the King; but the Constitution only mentions the three last. Therefore, without underestimating the great moral force which the church represents, a force which the statesman ought not to neglect to consider, I could not negotiate as a condition of such action with the Vatican. For the time being, therefore, a simple *chargé d'affaires* represents Spain at the Holy See. I am not anticipating any near change in the present situation."—*From the Churchman, October 5, 1912.*

Catholic Stage Censorship

IT IS announced in the daily press that the Pope has approved and Cardinal Farley has endorsed a plan to organize a National Catholic Theater movement in this country, its ostensible purpose being the eradication of the immoral drama from the American stage. Plays that are approved by a Board of Censors in New York will be repeated in other cities, and plays which the censors condemn will have trouble to find audiences elsewhere. A number of cardinals, archbishops and bishops have decided to support the project and a theater will be opened under Catholic supervision. There are immense possibilities for advancing the interests of the Catholic Church through the use of the stage and these, of course, will be attended to. With its new system of stage censorship and its far-reaching Publicity Bureau, the Roman Catholic Church is showing a lively and wide-awake appreciation of the advantages of printer's ink. Through the Publicity Bureau, which is now in full operation throughout the country, the American people are being gradually familiarized with the grandeur of the rites and ceremonials of the Roman Church and if it succeeds to any appreciable extent in controlling the stage, it will have another vehicle of immense value for the education of the people in Catholic forms and ideals. The latest scheme is worthy of the brain of an up-to-date press agent.

* * *

The Bible Protestantism's Best Weapon

I AM greatly interested in the discussion in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about the Roman Catholic Church. For ten years I collected money and distributed Scriptures for the American Bible Society, and during that time learned a great deal about the Catholics. I learned that the devout Catholic is, first of all, loyal to his church, or, as one expressed himself to me, "We must do what those fellows across the sea tell us" (meaning the authorities at Rome). I learned also that the old claim, "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic," is false. Through reading, personal observation and study of the situation, I became convinced that if we cannot chop off the head of this "Apocalyptic Beast," we can begin at the tail and chop off piece by piece until there will be no body left for the head to control.

Let me tell you what I mean. God's Word is now doing among the Roman Catholics of this country what no political party nor power can do. This fact is evidenced by the work which the American Bible Society has been doing among the immigrants and the foreign populations in our midst, which are largely Catholic. The past year the Bible Society's colporteur force in the United States attained the number of 376. Probably one-half of these were once Catholics, or freethinkers, and many of them priests. Their conversion usually was brought about by a Bible or Testament falling into their hands. The colporteur force includes representatives of nearly every nationality of Europe, and each one speaks from two to five languages. One, a converted Polish Catholic priest, speaks six languages. Through their efforts many Catholics are converted and even missions are started, so that today many of the Protestant churches are conducting missions among Italians, Poles, Bohemians, and other European nationalities which were started by the colporteurs of the American Bible Society.

There is power in the Word. Think of a man who belonged to the "Black Hand Society" being converted by reading an Italian Gospel of John left in his home by the colporteur! Think of four Bohemians who were freethinkers being converted by the Bibles placed in their hands by the colporteur! Think of a Catholic down along the Gulf Coast inviting a colporteur to hold a meeting in his house, so that he and his neighbors might hear the pure Gospel, and a number of conversions resulting. Eugene de Lucca, a converted Italian Catholic in the employ of the Bible Society, has started six or eight missions among his Italian countrymen, which are now being conducted by various denominations. So the work goes on.

Perhaps two-thirds of all the immigrants who land upon our shores come from Roman Catholic Europe. Rightfully, the Catholic Church in America counts on them to swell her numbers.

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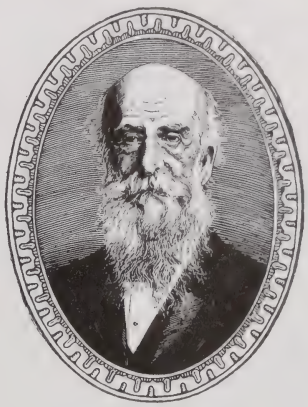

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT

will mark the rounding out of his half-century as a minister by one of the most notable series of personal articles that he has written, under the title of

MY 50 YEARS AS A MINISTER

to be published in successive issues of The Ladies' Home Journal, beginning with its next, the January number.

Doctor Abbott will, in these articles, endeavor to suggest answers to the five most vital and throbbing questions which confront the church and the minister today.

Beginning with his boyhood, when, as he says, going to church was to him, while not a hardship, "certainly not an enjoyment," he tells, in a delightfully intimate and personal way, the two ministers who most influenced him; what led him to turn from the law to the pulpit; his varied experience as a minister; the churches in which he has preached; the folks he has found in church.

Out of this wonderfully ripe experience he tells what his half-century in the pulpit has taught him about some problems of the church and the people; wherein the church fails to reach the people and wherein the people fail to understand the church; what a church has a right to expect of its minister; what makes a great minister; what is the place of the minister's wife and what he believes will be the church of the future.

In the first article Doctor Abbott answers, as it has never before been answered, the question, "Why Should I Go To Church?" This will begin the series

IN THE JANUARY
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia

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There is no alcohol or habit-forming drug in Scott's Emulsion —just purity and strength.

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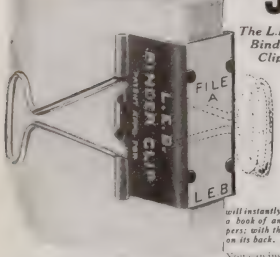

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with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums. I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. No one knows it. Write me and I will tell you the true story, how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.

Medicated Ear Drum Est. Nov. 3 1901

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is a sour stomach. It often results in a sour disposition, as well as pain and distress. Sure relief may be obtained by the use of Murray's Charcoal Tablets (absolutely unmedicated), which absorb gas and acid, prevent fermentation, and sweeten both stomach and disposition. *Once only,* 10 cents in stamps will secure a full size, 25 cent box. A. J. Ditman, Astor House, N. Y.

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THE PEOPLE'S VOICE ON ROME

Continued from preceding page

No wonder the hierarchy is dumbfounded at the revelation made by the census takers, when they reported being able to find but twelve millions who would confess to being Catholics. Remember, this includes infants as well as adults. Do not blame them for asking for a recount. But where are the missing ones? Let me call your attention to two facts. First, multitudes, glad to escape European priestly tyranny, vow eternal separation from the Roman Church as soon as they plant their feet upon free American soil. Second, multitudes more receive from the colporteur the first copy of the Scriptures they ever handled. The reading of the Bible in their native tongue brings to their hungry souls food that was never furnished by the mother church. The result is hundreds are converted. A *converted Catholic once told me that he had been the means of the conversion of twenty-three of his Catholic relatives. I asked: "How do you do it?" He replied: "I first give them a New Testament."* Is it any wonder that the Catholic priesthood is driving the Bible out of our public schools?

And so to me it is quite evident that the proud boast that "America will be Catholic" will end soon in a sad wail if united Protestantism will sow America with Bibles.

Mt. Morris, Ill. J. H. HANSTINE.

An Incendiary Who Needs a Straitjacket

THE increasing tide of distrust of the Church of Rome and its pretensions is entirely due to the rank things some of the people and leaders of that church are constantly saying. That church ought not to be surprised if Protestants take some of these things seriously. There is no reason why they should not. We do not rejoice in any hostility to this church, but it should see to it that some of its priests use more moderate speech. Here is Father Phelan, saying in the *Western Watchman:* "We would like to rack and quarter Protestantism, we would like to impale it and hang it up for crows to build nests of; we would like to tear it with pincers and pierce it with red-hot irons; we would like to fill it with molten lead and plunge it into hell fire a hundred fathoms deep." This priest is not only militant, he is ferocious. He should be curbed in, otherwise he might create a disturbance.—*Lutheran Church Work.*

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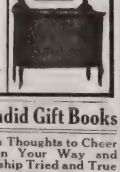

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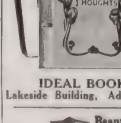

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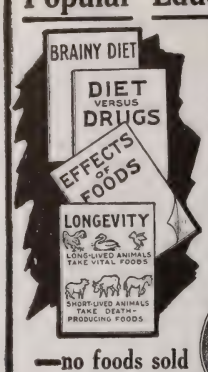

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I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste-making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables and fresh, juicy fruits do not.

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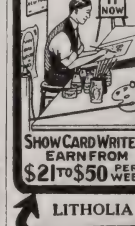

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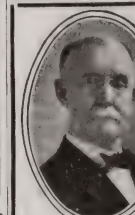

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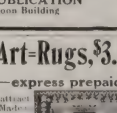

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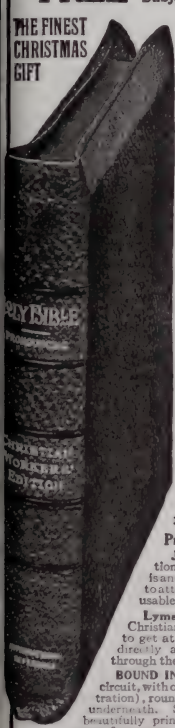

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IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from page 1182

indebted for much of our knowledge concerning the apostle and his journeyings.

It was a momentous day for Christianity, too, when that ship entered the harbor of Neapolis, and for the first time Christian missionaries set feet upon European soil. To that ship that safely bore its precious freight from Asia to Europe we are all indebted, for the day that these pilgrims landed on European soil began the history of the Christianity that has spread from the Ægean to the Atlantic, and across to the shores of America, and then in reflex waves has gone back to the Asia from which Paul and his companions sailed.

A historian, writing less than fifty years ago, speaks of Kavalla, the Naples or Neapolis of Macedonia, as "a small Turkish village." When I visited it in the early days of 1912 I found it a thriving city, the second seaport in Macedonia, beautifully situated around the little bay that forms its harbor, while on one side is a great citadel crowned with a Turkish fortress.

The narrow streets are cleaner than most Turkish cities can boast, and there are some really fine and imposing buildings. These are mostly tobacco warehouses, or belong to tobacco magnates, for this noxious weed must at least be given the credit for the present prosperity of this rising town, which is the great tobacco port and manufacturing center of Macedonia.

The chief ruins, which date back to Paul's time, are the remains of a huge Roman aqueduct, whose magnificent arches until within two years before my visit had brought water to the modern city.

A present center of interest is the house where Mohammed Ali was born, the great conqueror of Egypt. This house is maintained by the government in the same condition as when Mohammed was a baby and swung in a cradle hung from the hooks in the ceiling of the room where he was born. Ali loved his birthplace, and when he became rich and powerful he founded here a great school attended by poor boys from all the region round about. Here once a week in the great dining-room everybody who comes is fed, Turks, Jews, Christians, Greeks, Armenians, Americans even—no one is turned away. As I visited the establishment I saw great fires of logs in the basement of one of the school buildings, and over the fires pots of pilaff cooking. This delicious concoction, made of rice and meat and various delicious sauces, gave forth a savory smell, and I do not wonder that many a hungry mortal who comes for a square meal once a week to this ancient foundation blesses the name of Mohammed Ali.

Apparently Paul made no stay in Neapolis. He hastened on to the more important city of Philippi, and thither we must follow him in our next article.

FROM A NINETY-THREE YEAR OLD READER

The premium, *Twilight Tales*, received. I am delighted with the book and I cannot speak too highly of it. When I take it up to read, it does my soul good and draws my affections heavenward. I take great pleasure in reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I would feel very lonely did it not come to me every week. I have passed my ninety-third birthday. A goodly number of friends came with little gifts to cheer me; they said perhaps it would be my last birthday. May the Lord bless you and all that is dear to you, and pour upon you all the riches of his grace and make you strong to win precious souls.

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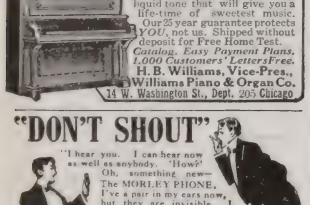

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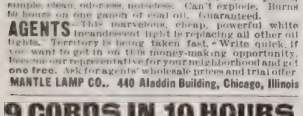

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THE THANKFUL HEART

Continued from page 1175

God. Now, if the genius of the world is capable of creating the content of the Gospel, then the Gospel is a misnomer; but just because "the world through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the thing preached to save them that believe." Never was this more profoundly true than in our own age. For, with all our cleverness, we are no match, either in intellectual strength or philosophic subtlety, for the Greek mind to which Paul spoke. Thus, while modern Jews are asking for signs, and while modern Greeks seek after wisdom, let us, in the name of Paul's God, preach Christ crucified, though he be a stumbling block unto Jews and foolishness unto Gentiles; for unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ is at once the power of God and the wisdom of God.

The thankful heart will not overlook the Christian Church. Its toil and tears and substance will be consecrated to her service. In the best and broadest and deepest sense—and I am measuring my words—no man is a good citizen, a good father, or a good patriot; no woman is a good mother, a good wife, or a good neighbor who belittles the Christian Church; and no son, no daughter is worthy of inheriting the privileges of this republic who lays profane hands of scorn and skepticism upon that Ark of the Covenant named the Church of God. Those who practice the new persecution of neglect and indifference toward the church will one day confess: "I am not worthy to be called citizen or disciple, because I persecuted the Church of God."

But I must especially mention the home-makers. Of all the people who are placing heavenly mortgages upon the to-morrows of life, the Christian mothers are foremost. They shape the future for God and humanity by shaping their children according to high ideals. Our mothers are the most potent people in the world today. We do not underestimate the work of the statesmen, the physicians, the ministers, the bankers, the educators, for we are all workers together; but we *cannot* overestimate the importance of the mothers. Tell me what a nation's mothers are, and I will tell you what the nation itself is. God has indeed called motherhood to awful responsibility; and the majority of mothers, I like to think, are accepting, in fine sincerity and holy joy, the significance of their call. Oh, I like, at this Thanksgiving season, to think with grateful heart of the humble women whose fame is not great on earth, but who are well known in those radiant and invisible spheres where earth's shadows are never cast. No blocks of marble do they round into statues; no canvases do they adorn with glowing colors; no books do they write with scholarly taste; no music do they compose with sweet strains; no platforms do they occupy with persuasive speech. Yet are they all these, and more, because they are God's disciples of the unexplored and the unexpressed. Sculptors, they chisel the veined marble of flesh and blood into living, breathing, human statues; artists, they paint the colors of righteousness on undying souls; authors, they write the literature of godliness on the hearts of their sons; musicians, they sing the white songs of chastity into the souls of their daughters; orators, their lives speak so eloquently of the invisible things of God that, after quitting the world, they, being dead, speak on from the high places of eternity. So, to-day, we chant the beauty of these mothering lives which, like angel-watered lilies, grow close to God, and are quiet, sometimes quaint, and always queenly.

Look about you, then, and within

Continued on next page

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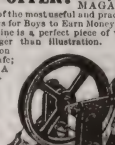

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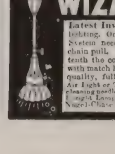

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THE THANKFUL HEART

Continued from preceding page

you, and beneath you, and above you, and you will be sure to find many things which will fit in with the liturgy of the thankful heart. We should be grateful for the heavenly hurts which leave no scars, for the celestial benedictions which drop upon us in dark disguise. Some one has said that the late Francis Thomson, the young English poet, like Lamb, was "called by sorrow and anguish and in strange desolation of hopes into quietness, and a soul set apart and made peculiar to God." I saw a strong man kissing the cheek of his dead old father, venerable with years and wealthy with invisible gold. Turning away, the son said, half musing: "I wonder if father is not already young again, and if he has not lost even the memory of his terrible pain." Yes, I think we go to the land where we grow younger the longer we stay, and where, also, the younger we grow in the youth of immortality the more heavenly wise and the more soulfully healthy we become. Give your hearts to God, then, and he will take your hard questions, give you joy for sorrow, peace for pain, hope for despair, and love that knows no measure. And when life's school is out, and your lessons have been learned, you will run shouting and singing home to the outstretched arms of God, who will solve your intricate problems, illumine your dark mysteries, and wipe away your tears. For all things are for your sakes—all true teachers, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas; all wondrous schoolrooms, whether the world, or life, or death; all hopes and all experiences, whether things present, or things to come; all are yours, if you are Christ's, because Christ is God's, and nothing shall be able to separate you from his love. Ring out, then, your happy bells of gratitude, ring them clear across the world, ring them until their golden tones are heard in heaven, and so may you cause this and all thanksgivings to abound unto the glory of God!

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1193

heard the note struck by the shepherd, and thus its whereabouts are revealed to him, and he loses no time in going where it is, and gathering it in his arm, and returning it in safety to the fold. And so the love of Jesus is constantly in exercise between him and the children of his care, but we are the shepherds—we parents and teachers—and Jesus expects us to do our duty, so that not one of these little ones should perish."

Little children should be taught to realize the presence of the Christ child in their midst to-day, and for this presence they should become more obedient to parents, more loving to everybody, more careful always to do right because he is their example.

Jesus was once a little child,
A little child like me,
And he was pure and meek and mild,
As a little child should be.
He played as little children play,
The pleasant games of youth,
But he never got vexed if the game went wrong,
And he always spoke the truth.

Jesus was once a little child,
A little child like me,
And he was pure and meek and mild,
As a little child should be.
So, little childen, let you and I
Try to be like him. Try! try! try!

JAMES R. MURRAY.

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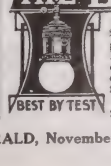

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WAKE UP! IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING

From the original painting by Arthur J. Elsley

ALL of us, grown-ups as well as youngsters, can enjoy the winter thoroughly without having our hands and faces become rough and chapped. The only thing we need do is to use a little care in washing.

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A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

A CARAVAN ENCAMPED ON THE SHORE OF THE EUPHRATES RIVER

HOW THE GARDEN OF EDEN LOOKS TO-DAY

BY FREDERICK SIMPICH, *U. S. Consular Service*

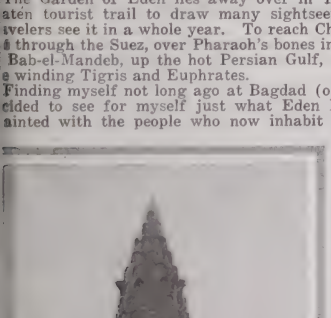
FORTY miles west of old Bagdad, in the vast level valley of the historic Euphrates, near Hit of the Hittites—lies the traditional Garden of Eden. Such is the interesting conclusion of Sir William Willcocks, the famous Egyptian engineer and Bible student, and many other authorities agree with him.

"Out of Eden came a river which watered a garden, and from thence it was parted and became four rivers." And these four rivers, known in Bible days as the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates—the ancient "River of Babylon"—have been identified by Sir William.

It was while studying, surveying and mapping Chaldea previous to starting work on the giant irrigation scheme planned for Mesopotamia, that Willcocks became convinced that the real Garden of Eden lay in the region described.

The Garden of Eden lies away over in Turkish Arabia, too far from the beaten tourist trail to draw many sightseers. Probably not a dozen white travelers see it in a whole year. To reach Chaldea, the safest and surest route is through the Suez, over Pharaoh's bones in the Red Sea, through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, up the hot Persian Gulf, and thence five hundred miles up the winding Tigris and Euphrates.

Finding myself not long ago at Bagdad (old home of Sindbad the Sailor), I decided to see for myself just what Eden looks like to-day, and to get acquainted with the people who now inhabit the old traditional homestead of Adam and Eve. I wanted to see Babylon, too, and the excavated palace of King Nebuchadnezzar—where the handwriting appeared on the wall—and I wanted to get a picture of the reputed Tower of Babel, which still lifts its battered head above the flat, empty plain of Mesopotamia.



The Tomb of Ezekiel in Kifil

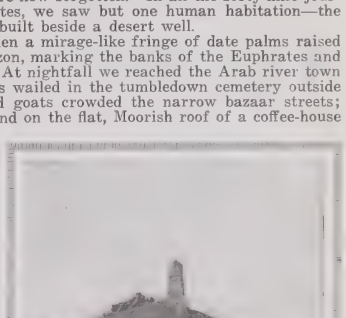
So I crossed the odd pontoon bridge that spans the yellow Tigris at Bagdad, slipped through the massive West Gate, passed the supposed tomb of Zobedia, and mingled with the pilgrim horde on the great Shia caravan trail that stretches down from Turkestan and Persia, crosses Chaldea, and enters the golden-domed mosques at Kerbela and Nedjef. Millions have passed this way in the centuries, bringing with them the salted and dried bodies of their dead for burial in the sacred soil outside the walls of their holy Shia cities. Two hundred thousand mummified human bodies have passed through Bagdad in a single year, borne by these Shia devotees. For miles along this strange highway, our "arabanah," drawn by four galloping mules, passed these weird death caravans, silent and mysterious. The bodies of departed relatives were carried in oblong bundles, lashed to the backs of pack animals. Veiled women rode in queer, cage-like boxes, slung one on each side of a mule or camel. The men, clad in the round, hard caps and padded clothes peculiar to Persians, marched behind, prodding any lagging donkey or camel.

For miles out of Bagdad, not a human habitation, a tree, or any living green thing broke the empty solitude of the dry, flat plain. Yet the whole desert was marked off like a checkerboard with the ruined, half-filled canals which in ancient times watered all Mesopotamia, and made it "the cradle of the race and the granary of the world." Here and there, wind-torn mounds, glistening in the sun with broken tiles and fragments of glass, showed the sites of once prosperous cities, whose very names are now forgotten. In all the forty-mile journey from Bagdad to the Euphrates, we saw but one human habitation—the mud-walled khan of Mamoudieh, built beside a desert well.

It was late in the afternoon when a mirage-like fringe of date palms raised themselves from the western horizon, marking the banks of the Euphrates and the edge of the Garden of Eden. At nightfall we reached the Arab river town called Mussayeb. Hungry jackals wailed in the tumbledown cemetery outside the village. Redolent camels and goats crowded the narrow bazaar streets; odors of Bedouin cooking arose, and on the flat, Moorish roof of a coffee-house a tom-tom beat and an indolent dancing-girl amused a group of Bagdad Jews and Armenian wool-buyers. The muezzin's call to prayers awaked the town at sunrise.

This, then, was Eden! But how different from the paradise of Adam's halcyon days! What ruin, what wreckage wars and the ravages of ages have wrought! Yet what romance, what tragic events have been staged in this remote nook of the world! Scores of giants in history have passed this way since the episode of Eve and the serpent. Cyrus, Tamerlane, Ghengiz Khan, Alexander, Herodotus, Marco Polo, all famous in the annals of the East, have invaded this Garden of Eden. Just to the north ran the old wall of the Medes. Farther up the Tigris basin stands ancient Nineveh, where Layard and others unearthed so many wonders, and whence came the famous cuneiform tablets, confirming

Continued on page 1213



"Birs Nimrud," the Supposed Tower of Babel

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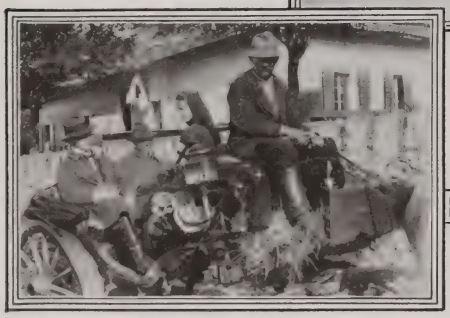

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD NURSE OFF TO THE FRONT

A SCENE IN THE TRENCHES

VOLUNTEER NURSES AT ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL, SOFIA

THE depths of winter have now settled over the warring nations of the Balkans. With drifting snow and intense cold have come untold hardships to many who were left almost destitute when the sudden mobilization order called the men of their families to join the colors. In town and village and many a mountain hamlet women and children and old men have been left alone. Many are already in dire need. Not all the battles are being fought in the trenches; heroically those who have remained at home are facing their sacrifices. At the call of their persecuted brother Christians across the border these nations have laid their all at the altars of faith and patriotism. Both Servia and Bulgaria are nations which have been remarkable for their lack of poverty. It may truly be said of them that no one was poor, as we know poverty, and no one is very rich. They are lands of small farms which give a comfortable living but do not allow for accumulation of wealth. Bulgaria has never found it necessary to organize a society for the relief of the poor. There were none to relieve.

Now that their hour of need has come THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is rejoiced that it has been enabled to send an additional **$1,000** for the relief work.

Pastor D. N. Furnajieff, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief committee at Sofia, in a letter just received, says:

"The weather is now bitter cold. The beginning of the winter is here. Around us the fields were covered with the first snow yesterday morning. This is the cause of great suffering. The other day some poor women, leading their half-clad little children by the hand, went to the committee that is charged by the city council with the distribution of the city relief appropriation. To each individual that is left without support in consequence of the mobilization of the army, eight cents a day is given—just enough for bread and salt. The women asked for wood and clothing. 'We are left penniless,' they said; 'our children are freezing and our husbands have been taken to war—you must support us!' But the answer was the almost tearful 'No' of the official. 'The city cannot afford to clothe and warm such great numbers of destitute.'

"There are many families whose little children, having no bread for supper and having to go to bed hungry, cry out loudly with bitter tears, 'Oh, when will father come to bring us bread to eat? We shall die of starvation before the war ends.' And surely for many of them the war has taken away their bread and supporter in life! What shall we do? May the good Lord provide!"

This is not the ugliest side of the situation. Rev. T. T. Halway writes and says: "Samokov has great need too. My sister writes from Bansko, where the liberating army has brought life and liberty to all, and says: 'In Eleshnitza the population was subjected to terrble tortures, violence and outrage by the retreating Turkish army and the local Turks. The eyes of many were put out. Others had their arms cut off. Many young girls were captured and carried off by the Turks. The cannons are thundering continually. How much violence and shame and suffering are in store for us to see and hear God only knows.'

"From the Adrianople district the news comes that the retreating army not only burned to the ground the villages that it had to give up, but robbed and pillaged the population so that thousands and thousands are left homeless and utterly destitute for the winter. Liberty is being brought to them, but at what a price! What will these people do without aid? Relief work is insistently urgent, and that without discrimination as to creed or nationality. More than ten thousand Turkish families have left their homes and fled to Constantinople, but many more are remaining in their home town or village. How will they pass the winter? The war has left them with no provisions, many without shelter and penniless. The land is filled with widows and orphans, poverty, suffering and crying need for help. These wretched people are God's people, and God is calling to-day on his better favored people through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to come to their aid."

From Samokov, Rev. R. H. Markham writes telling of the spirit of devotion which animates the Bulgarians in this struggle. In his letter he says: "To say that no selfish, cruel, or sordid motives enter into the quarrel would, of course, be false, but with Bulgarians, at least, the all-consuming motive is to establish justice, peace, security and freedom, to do away with oppression, and to glorify the name of Jesus. One continually hears such sentiments expressed, and the two most frequent words here are *freedom* and *Christianity*. An indication of this religious zeal are the church services which are held throughout Bulgaria. In Sofia, Philippopolis, Bourgas and other large cities not only the churches but even the streets have been filled.

"The service which was held here in Samokov after the war had been in progress for one week will illustrate all the others. The time of the meeting was at nine in the morning, and when it

Continued on next page

HOW THE GARDEN OF EDEN LOOKS TO-DAY

Pilgrims Crossing the Garden of Eden as It Is To-day

An Engineering Train in the Garden of Eden

Arab Workmen on the Mesopotamian Irrigation Scheme

e Bible story of creation, the fall of man, and the od. Northeast of Eden lies ruined Opis, once the orld's center of wealth, and the site of the great m which irrigated all Mesopotamia. And when e invading hordes destroyed this dam, all canals n dry, crops withered, the famishing people per- ied or fled to the hills, and the ruin of Babylonia gan.

Is is to restore this lost fertility, to give back a h, productive Garden of Eden to modern man d a land-hungry world, that one of the greatest igation schemes ever planned is now being car- d out here in Mesopotamia. Millions of acres of h land, idle for ages, highly adapted for cotton- owing, grain and fruit, are to be reclaimed. Sir hn Jackson and Sir William Willcocks—it was e latter who built the great Nile dam at Assouan d won fame in Egypt—have been engaged by the rkish Government to direct this important work. arly $100,000,000 is required to complete this nt enterprise, which is already well under way. illcocks says the ancients were scientific irriga- rs, and that all he has to do is to clean out many their old canals and ditches, which will answer rfectly for use in his new system. At the British gineers' camp below Mussayeb, I saw four thou- id Arab workmen busily digging a new channel the Euphrates. A concrete-mixing machine m Chicago and tons of American interlocking el piles are being used to build a great dam in bottom of this false channel. Already the price land in the Garden of Eden, and as far away as gdad and Amarah, has risen on account of the ogress of this reclamation work. The Arab, un- foreign guidance, makes a good laborer. It s only when the British introduced a steam en- ne—the first ever seen in Eden—that a few of the douins became nervous. Desert sheiks came m miles around to see the strange "smoke-horse th fire in it."

Among these wild deserts Arab life is as primi- e as in Abraham's time. Sheep are still slain seal a vow. The salt or bread covenant is ob-

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served, and when a man dies his tent is torn down and destroyed. Old names like Joseph, Moses, Alexander, etc., are still in common use among Arabs, though pronounced "Yusuf," "Musa," and "Skandar." To divorce his wife a man may repeat the formula *"Ent telek"* three times; usually saying it once makes the woman behave, and its final repetition is not necessary. The "evil eye" superstition is common, and the first injunction given a visiting foreigner by experienced Arabian travelers is that he must not point at animals or persons in Arab settlements. Arabs say a man gifted with this malign power can look at a bird flying in the air and that it will drop dead; that if he chooses to cast his wicked spell on a camel, it may go lame, or a child so selected will be struck blind. None of the lower class can read or write, but the Arab is noted for his ready wit and his habit of speaking in allegory.

From the engineer's camp I followed the course of the old river of Babylon down to the famous city of Nebuchadnezzar, where the German Oriental Society is digging up the records of four thousand years ago. I saw the famous stone lion; the bas-relief of Nebuchadnezzar himself, with his quaint, curly beard; the stone goose which was the standard measure of weight in Babylonian grocery stores; the odd tribe of kinky-tailed cats; the thousands of queer dishes, urns, vases, utensils, figures of men and beasts, bath tubs, bowl-shaped coffins, and cuneiform tablets which have been unearthed by the careful Germans. They showed me the magic name of Nebuchadnezzar stamped on numerous bricks, and I walked through the very banquet hall where, peradventure, the handwriting came on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar and "a thousand of his lords." On the perfectly preserved walls of the palace I beheld the strange figures of mythological beasts, and the everlasting bull, which held a high place in Babylonian worship. Under German guidance a host of Arabs have toiled—toiled for a quarter of a century—digging carefully, as they dig at Pompeii, not to crack or ruin the priceless treasures which lie buried everywhere. And each day brings some new surprise.

From the mounds of Babylon, you may look off for miles in every direction—the view that led Nebuchadnezzar to boast of his great city. To the west is Ezekiel's tomb, to the south the Tower of Babel, to the east the great arch of Ctesiphon and the tomb of Salman Pak, private barber to the Prophet Mahomet. In Nebuchadnezzar's time the plain about was a waving mass of verdure, grain and fruit; canals of water traversed it everywhere, and here and there cities dotted the landscape. No wonder he was proud! It is to reclaim this historic land, to make the Garden of Eden over again, that the irrigation works and the famous German-Bagdad Railway are being built.

Now a wave of modernism sweeps the long, changeless East. As it reached out to transform China, so the long arm of progress is reaching out to Turkish Arabia. From the Mediterranean the inevitable railway to link Europe with India is stretching forth. Already trains are running on its western lengths, and the German engineers have surveyed it into Bagdad. The historic, untamed Euphrates is to be bridged at last, and Europe's dream of a railway to the Persian Gulf is about to be realized. Even an aeroplane race from Constantinople to Bombay, crossing the Garden of Eden en route, is now being discussed in the press of Europe. Soon excursion trains may be run to the traditional Garden of Eden, souvenir postals of the Tower and the famous stone lion may be sold in curio shops at New Babylon, and another of the world's once inaccessible regions will echo to the whistle of the engine.

Such is Eden to-day—vast as the basin of the Mississippi, and just as productive, if irrigated. Who can say that in a few years the Garden may not blossom again, a paradise as beautiful as when it staged the world's first romance?

RELIEF FOR THE BALKAN SUFFERERS

gan the church, which will hold a thousand peo- was completely full.

"In the course of the service the chief clergyman unted a little platform and gave a stirring, fer- l address, which in many places showed real ngelical spirit. He said at the close:

"'It is God who leads our armies; it is God who hts our battles. The conflict is not of flesh and od, of powder and of steel, but of light against rkness, right against wrong, freedom against op- ssion, Christ against Mohammed.

"'Oh, mothers, dry your tears! Let wails give ce to prayers! Let our sons fall, our fathers ed their blood! It is for right, for Christ, and not be in vain.'"

Among the letters received from contributors to Relief Fund are many that express the fervent oe that peace may soon come. M. P. S., Brook- n, N. Y., writes: "I send this with a prayer that d may soon deliver them from war and all its rrible consequences." A. M., Jonesboro, Tenn., ites: "May the Lord bless the contributions sent d for the relief of these brave people, and may e cause of righteousness prevail in all parts of e earth." "Please accept this small amount to the widows, from a sympathetic heart which ows the experience of being left alone to battle th the world," writes Mrs. A. J., Pawtucket, R. I. ld Soldier," Mineral Point, Wis., sends $5 to be ually divided between the wounded and the wid- s and orphans, and adds, "May God bless THE RISTIAN HERALD in doing such good work. I ght from 1862 to 1865. War is an awful thing see." H. P., Leola, S. D., sends a contribution d adds: "While poor myself, I feel that I must d a little out of my meager earnings to help

Continued from preceding page

those unfortunates. My prayer is that God will put it into the hearts of those abundantly able to give freely to this worthy cause. See how God has blessed our country this year. Ought we not to do something for him in return?"

The following additional contributions for the wounded and the relief of the widows and orphans have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

In His Name, Newark N. J.	$5.00
C. Blencowe	5.00
Mrs. R. Primmer	3.00
Benj. B. Edmands	5.00
J. P. Habegger	5.00
F. W. Stewart	25.00
H. L. Wingard	5.00
Carrie Davidson	10.00
A. P. Mathes	1.00
——, New Church, Va.	1.00
J. J. Parker	1.00
Mrs. Jennie Gustus	1.00
Mrs. Mary E. Fitzpatrick	10.00
Mrs. H. D. Spencer	5.00
C. W. Freeman	5.00
Cora A. Wing	3.00
J. R. Davison	2.00
William Williams	1.00
L. C. Stephens	1.00
E. L. Erickson	1.50
G. C. Brown	10.00
——, Delton, Mich.	10.00
E. M. Young	2.00
O. H. Elstad	1.00
Mr. & Mrs. Tuller	5.00
Fred E. Cook	2.00
——, Williamsport, Pa.	.50
Mr&Mrs Wm H Mininger	2.00
Anna V. Ford	3.00
Mrs. J. McGinley	1.00
Mrs. Charles Gray	2.25
K. E. Straight	6.00
W. C. Heymann	5.00
F A & L H Carpenter	5.00
Rev. F. G. Freed	2.00
Mrs. A. Johnston	1.00
Reader, Norfalk, Va.	1.00
Fannie DeW. Conklin	10.00
Mrs. Wilson	2.00
C. B. Elmer	30.00
Anna J. H. Printz	1.00
Mrs. B. R. Catlin	10.00
George Dew	1.00
In His Name, Phila., Pa.	1.00
F. L. West	2.00
L. U. Lane	1.00
Mrs. Chas. H. Lund	5.00
——, Dover, N. J.	20.00
J F & Mrs J F Williams	2.00
H. P. S.	1.00
Noah S. Hoover	2.00
Rev. & Mrs. H. Northcott	2.00
Mrs. J. E. Spealman	1.00
W. C. Hartman	1.00
"A Subr,"New Castle, Pa	1.00
John E. Harris	5.00
——, Jacksonville, Fla.	2.00
Mrs. Anna B. Newton	1.00
——, La Bette, Kan.	.50
Wm. Telkamper	2.50
Luther Shearer	1.00
Miss Josie S. Reed	3.00
Mr & Mrs W W Kempton	5.00
Mrs. J C Houghten and daughter	1.00
Mrs. S. C. Chester	5.00
B. W. Uphoff	1.00
Rev. W. A. Ness	1.00
Mrs. Sarah Bickenboch	1.00
Grace Betzner	3.00
Mrs. H. A. White	3.00
Miss A. J. White	2.00
Geo. Van Riper	5.00
D. & Wife	2.05
Ida Schliep	2.00
Cora Carpenter	1.00
I H N, —— Lenark, Ill.	20.00
Hanna Palmquist	11.00
John Sondberg	2.00
Cornelia Georgia	.50
Mrs. Lizzie C. Nicholas	.10
Mr. & Mrs. R. W. Huie	50.00
Charles W. Wills	2.00
Mrs. Julia Benson	2.00
"A Subr," Princeton, N J	1.00
B. F. Melville	1.00
R. C. Tubbesing	1.00
Mrs. Eliza J. Bellows	1.00
Mrs. A. B. Hamor	1.00
Ernest A. Eggers	1.00
Frank Seely	1.00
Mr & Mrs E L Burse	2.50
C. W. Leighton	5.00
Roscoe Sweadner	.50
C. Wilson	1.00
Old Soldier, Mineral Point, Wis.	5.00
B. L. Heagy	2.00
Addie M. Williams	5.00
Elizabeth Link	2.00
Henrietta Pierce	3.00
An Old Subscriber, East Orange, N. J.	1.00
J. M. Smalling	5.00
A. B. King	2.00
Mrs. W. W. Dungan	1.50
Mrs. Frances Bosworth	5.00
Sarah Heiney & James G. Hahn	5.00
H. C. Piguerors	2.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. Burrows	2.00
Miss Isabella F. Price	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. McGath	6.00
"T. E. C."	10.00
L. L.	2.00
W. H. Rice	1.00
John E. Irvin	2.00
Anna Myers	1.00
F. E. Heinzr	1.00
C. H. Lind	5.00
Wilhelm Heller	5.00
J. Boston	1.00
Pulaski Calvert & Wife	6.00
F. D. Johnson	1.00
Edward Mansfield	1.00
Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Davies	2.00
J. W. Miller	5.00
Mr. Geo. Mander	2.00
Cavendish, Vt.	1.00
L. D. Rutty	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. Farrer	5.00
Wm. A. Sweezey	5.00

The greatest interest of the war has now shifted from the actual field of battle to the relief work and the diplomatic problems with which the peace commissioners are face to face. The most recent reports from the actual firing line state that the greatest enemy of both sides now is Asiatic cholera. Some of the word pictures painted by the correspondents fill the soul with horror. Ellis

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HOLY NIGHT

From the painting by Walther Firle

HOLY night, peaceful night,
Through the darkness beams a light
Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep,
O'er the Babe who, in silent sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Darkness flies and all is light;
Shepherds hear the angels sing:
"Alleluia! hail the King!"
Jesus, the Saviour, is born,
Jesus, the Saviour, is born.

Silent night, holy night,
Guiding Star, Oh, lend thy light;
See the Eastern Wise Men bring
Gifts and homage to our King.
Jesus, the Saviour, is born,
Jesus, the Saviour, is born.

Silent night, holy night,
Wondrous Star, Oh lend thy light
With the angels let us sing
Hallelujah to our King.
Jesus, our Saviour, is born,
Jesus, our Saviour, is born.

WALTHER FIRLE, the painter of this picture, was born at Breslau in August, 1859. His parents had planned a business career for him, and at an early age he began his apprenticeship. It was not long, though, before Art claimed him for her own, and he entered the academy at Munich. He finished a course under the instruction of well-known masters, and went to Holland for a time, but soon returned to Munich for further study with the master Wohnsitz. His first pictures were in art's minor key—plaintive, almost melancholy subjects. Then an inborn love of the human face and form came into his work. During the following years of development he became well known as an illustrator of journals and magazines. His love was for the simple and sincere things of life. He found many of his favorite and most successful subjects amongst the peasants of his native land. The strong faces and simple faith o these people impressed him deeply and gave the inspiration for such picture as his "Holy Night."

The production of canvases in which scenes from sacred history wer peopled with the types the artist loved, was not at all unusual in the period t which Firle's best work belongs, though they seem to us to-day to be suc strange mixtures. Other artists of high repute have given us their concep tion of the Christ in what were to them modern surroundings. Such well known examples of this type of art as Israel's "Christ Among the Lowly," "The Power of Prayer," by Ludwig Roth, and "Suffer Little Children to Com Unto Me," by Ottilie Roederstein, are already familiar to many readers.

DR. ABBOTT ON THE "OUTLOOK'S" CREED

BY PROF. W. H. T. DAU

WHILE explaining its course during the political campaign just closed, the *Outlook* in its issue of November 9 declares that it wishes to be regarded neither as a partisan, not as a neutral, but as an independent journal. Its remarks about the position occupied by the *Outlook* on religious questions are of special interest.

The *Outlook* points out—and, we believe, correctly—that "it has not been a Protestant organ"; again, that "it has not been a Christian organ." While "it believes profoundly in the right of private judgment, in the ultimate authority of conscience, and in the direct and immediate communion between the individual soul and God," it has tested all claims of all churches, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, by that religious faith." And while "it believes profoundly in Jesus Christ as Master and Leader and accepts his teachings and his spirit as containing the solvent of all spiritual and ethical problems," "it has been as ready to commend and to co-operate with Jew or agnostic as with orthodox Christians, etc."

These statements are fully borne out by facts. Especially in the signed articles of Dr. Abbott there is abundant material to show that the attitude of the *Outlook* in matters religious has been as here described. We still remember vividly the address by its editor-in-chief at the dedication of the Meeting House of the Society for Ethical Culture in New York. Dr. Abbott told his audience part of the history of his life in that address and stated his religious standpoint with great clearness. "I became convinced," he said, "that I could not be an Augustinian, nor a Calvinist, nor a Lutheran, nor an Arminian, nor a Wesleyan, but I could be a Christian. I could not be a disciple of any one of the theological leaders whose creeds were offered as more or less a solution of the enigma of life, but I could be a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, whose teachings were offered as a practical guide to useful and happy living. For fifty years I have been studying his life and teachings and endeavoring to apply to the problems of life his spirit and his principles, who is my Master and to whom I gladly acknowledge supreme loyalty and pay supreme love and reverence." While Dr. Abbott in these words declared his dissent from most of the established creeds of Christianity in the past, he also expressed his hope as to what the religious aspect of the future would be. He said in the same address: "In the Conference (at Lake Mohonk) last week, Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Quaker and Episcopalian, Agnostic and Orthodox, met together on terms of mutual respect in discussions for a common end. The time will come, though I am not quite optimistic enough to think that I shall live to see it, when, in the same spirit, Jew and Gentile, etc., in New York City will meet on similar terms of self-respect, united not by a common creed, nor by a common ritual, nor in a common organization, but in a common spirit and purpose." The speaker expressed the belief that the society, with its honored leader, Felix Adler, would hasten the time "when, with all our varied creeds and all our varied rituals, we can all subscribe to Abou Ben Adhem's dedication: 'Write me as one that loves his fellow men'" (The *Outlook*, November 19, 1910, p. 640 f.). Again, we find in the *Outlook* this statement by the same author: "The democratic spirit finds the authority and source of religion, not in priests or prophets, past or present—that is, neither in the Book nor in the church—but in the soul's recognition of its divinely ordered duties and divinely bestowed privileges. The church is an authority in so far as it gives true expression to the spiritual consciousness of spiritual souls. The Bible is an authority in so far as it is an expression of spiritual experience by men of a truly spiritual nature, whose experiences have power to awaken an indorsing echo in our own souls" (September 17, 1910, p. 123 f.).

In the same article the writer addresses himsel to answering the old question: What think ye o Christ? He says: "The democratic spirit is n longer interested in the old debates about the Per son of Christ, and is not satisfied with the old defi nitions. The various theological questions whic are different forms of the one question, What i the metaphysical relation of Jesus Christ to th Infinite? do not interest; the old definition o Christ as 'the only begotten Son of God; begotte of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Ligh of Light, very God of very God; begotten, no made; being of one substance with the Father does not satisfy. . . . Whether democratic Chris tianity will attempt a new definition of Jesu Christ may be doubted. Perhaps it will be conten simply to listen to him and follow him without de fining him. . . . Jesus Christ is not the founder o religion. . . . Jesus Christ defined his own mission in the memorable words, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' He was and is a life-giver. This life is religion: the religion of faith and hope and love; the religion of doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly with God. Of this life his own is a supreme example—an example possible for us to follow. It is characteristically a human life. . . . To all who profess and call themselves Christians the Christian religion can mean nothing less than this. And this is both a divine and a human life. For there is no difference. And he who manifests the ideal human life does, by so manifesting the ideal human life, reveal, that is unveil, the divine life—'the human life of God'" (p. 125 f.).

There is no need of multiplying statements like these, which have abounded in the *Outlook*. It is plain that the *Outlook* is not a neutral journal, like the *Literary Digest*. But it is not so plain that it is not partisan. The religious views advocated by the *Outlook* may not be found in an ecclesiastical organization like the churches now existing, but

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POLLYANNA

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Story of Marco," "Into Still Waters," "The Transformation of Margaret," etc.

A SERIAL STORY. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STOCKTON MULFORD

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Miss Polly Harrington, a wealthy spinster of Beldington, Vt., receives word from the Ladies' Aid Society of a small Western town that her niece Pollyanna has been left an orphan by the death of her father, the pastor of their poor home mission church. Her mother, Miss Harrington's sister, had died some years before, having never received the forgiveness of her family for marrying the poor young preacher. Miss Polly consents to receive the little eleven-year-old girl into her home, and directs her servant Nancy to prepare a small attic room for her. She wished to put her at a distance from her own apartments and avoid the risk of her breaking the valuable furnishings of any other room. Nancy is sent to the station to meet Pollyanna. From every fresh disappointment she rallies amazingly, always finding something to be glad about. Left alone in her little room she clambers down the branches of a huge tree at her window, and runs to the top of a big rock which has attracted her attention. Nancy sees her and goes to bring her back.

CHAPTER V

THE GAME

FOR the land's sake, Miss Pollyanna, what a scare you did give me!" panted Nancy, hurrying up to the big rock, down which Pollyanna had just regretfully slid.

"Scare? Oh, I'm sorry; but you mustn't, really, ever get scared about me, Nancy. Father and the Ladies' Aid used to do it, too, till they found out I always came back all right."

"But I didn't even know you'd went," cried Nancy, tucking the little girl's hand under her arm and hurrying her down the hill. "I didn't see you go, and nobody didn't. I guess you flew right up through the roof—I do, I do."

Pollyanna skipped gleefully.

"I did, 'most—only I flew down instead of up."

Nancy stopped short.

"You did—what?"

"Came down the tree outside my window."

"My stars and stockings!" gasped Nancy, hurrying on again.

For a moment there was silence. The sky was darkening fast. Pollyanna took a firmer hold on her friend's arm.

"I reckon I'm glad, after all, that you did get scared—a little, 'cause you came after me," she shivered.

"Poor little lamb! And you must be hungry, too. I—I'm afraid you'll have ter eat bread an' milk in the kitchen with me. I'm sorry—I am."

"Oh, I'm not. I'm glad."

"Glad? Why?"

"Why, I like bread and milk, and I'd like to eat with you. I don't see any trouble being glad about that."

"You don't seem ter see any trouble bein' glad about everythin'," retorted Nancy, choking a little over her remembrance of Pollyanna's brave attempts to like the bare little attic room.

Pollyanna laughed softly.

"Well, that's the game, you know, anyway."

"The—game?"

"Yes; the 'just being glad' game."

"Whatever in the world is that?"

"Why, it's a game. Father told it to me, and it's lovely," rejoined Pollyanna. "We've played it always, ever since I was a little, little girl."

"What is it? I ain't much on games, though."

Pollyanna laughed again, but she sighed, too; and in the gathering twilight her face looked thin and wistful.

"Why, we began it on some crutches that came in a missionary barrel."

"Crutches!"

"Yes. You see, I'd wanted a doll, and father had written them so; but when it came the lady wrote that there hadn't any dolls come in, but the little crutches had. So she sent 'em along, as they might come in handy for some child, some time. And that's when we began it."

"Well, I must say I can't see any game about that," declared Nancy, almost irritably.

"Oh, yes; the game was to just find something about everything to be glad about—no matter what it was," rejoined Pollyanna, earnestly. "And we began right then—on the crutches."

"Well, goodness me! I can't see anythin' ter be glad about—gettin' a pair of crutches when you wanted a doll!"

Pollyanna clapped her hands.

"There is," she crowed. "But I couldn't see it, either, Nancy, at first," she added, with quick honesty. "Father had to tell it to me."

"Well, then, suppose you tell me."

"Goosey! Why, just be glad because you don't need 'em!" exulted Pollyanna, triumphantly. "You see, it's just as easy—when you know how!"

"Well, of all the queer doin's!" breathed Nancy.

"Oh, but it isn't queer—it's lovely," maintained Pollyanna enthusiastically. "And we've played it ever since. And the harder 'tis, the more fun 'tis to get 'em out; only—only—sometimes it's almost too hard—like when your father dies, and there isn't anybody but a Ladies' Aid left."

"Yes, or when you're put in a snippy little room 'way at the top of the house with nothin' in it," growled Nancy.

Pollyanna sighed.

"That was a hard one, at first," she admitted, "specially when I was so kind of lonesome. I just didn't feel like playing the game, anyway, and I had been wanting pretty things so. Then I happened to think how I hated to see my freckles in the looking-glass, and I saw that lovely picture out the window, too; so then I knew I'd found the

"Why, Mr. Tom—Aunt Polly! Don't look so scared!"

things to be glad about. You see, when you're hunting for the glad things, you sort of forget the other kind—like the doll you wanted, you know."

"Humph!" choked Nancy, trying to swallow the lump in her throat.

"Most generally it doesn't take so long," sighed Pollyanna; and lots of times now I just think of them without thinking, you know. I've got so used to playing it. It's a lovely game. F-father and I used to like it so much," she faltered. "I suppose, though, it—it'll be a little harder now, as long as I haven't anybody to play it with. Maybe Aunt Polly will play it, though," she added, as an afterthought.

"My stars and stockings!—*her!*" breathed Nancy behind her teeth. Then, aloud, she said doggedly: "See here, Miss Pollyanna, I ain't sayin' that I'll play it very well, and I ain't sayin' that I know how, anyway; but I'll play it with ye, after a fashion—I just will, just will!"

"Oh, Nancy!" exulted Pollyanna, giving her a rapturous hug. "That'll be splendid! Won't we have fun?"

"Er—maybe," conceded Nancy, in open doubt. "But you mustn't count too much on me, you know. I never was no case for games, but I'm a-goin' ter make a most awful old try on this one. You're a-goin' ter have some one ter play it with, anyhow," she finished, as they entered the kitchen.

Pollyanna ate her bread and milk with good appetite; then, at Nancy's suggestion, she went into the sitting-room, where her aunt sat reading.

Miss Polly looked up coldly.

"I'm sorry, Pollyanna, to have been obliged so soon to send you into the kitchen to eat bread and milk."

"But I was real glad you did it, Aunt Polly. I love bread and milk, and Nancy, too. You mustn't feel bad about that, one bit."

Aunt Polly sat suddenly a little more erect.

"Pollyanna, it's quite time you were in bed. You have had a hard day, and to-morrow we must plan your hours and go over your clothing to see what it is necessary to get for you. Nancy will give you a candle. Be careful how you handle it. Breakfast will be at half past seven. See that you are down to that. Good-night."

Quite as a matter of course, Pollyanna came straight to her aunt's side and gave her an affectionate hug.

"I've had such a beautiful time, so far," she sighed happily. "I know I'm going to just love living with you—but then, I knew I should before I came. Good-night," she called cheerfully, as she ran from the room.

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated Miss Polly, half aloud. "What a most extraordinary child!" Then she frowned. "She's 'glad' I punished her, and I 'mustn't feel bad one bit,' and she's going to 'love to live' with me! Well, upon my word!"

Fifteen minutes later, in the attic room, a lonely little girl sobbed into the tightly-clutched sheet:

"I know, father, I'm not playing the game one bit now—not one bit; but I don't believe even you could find anything to be glad about sleeping all alone way off up here in the dark—like this. If only I was near Nancy or Aunt Polly, or even a Ladies' Aider, it would be easier!"

Downstairs in the kitchen, Nancy, hurrying with her belated work, jabbed her dish-mop into the milk pitcher, and muttered jerkily:

"If playin' a silly fool game—about bein' glad you've got crutches when you want dolls—is got ter be—my way—o' bein' that rock o' refuge—why, I'm a-goin' ter play it—I am, I am!"

CHAPTER VI

A QUESTION OF DUTY

IT WAS nearly seven o'clock when Pollyanna awoke that first day after her arrival.

The birds were twittering joyously, and she flew to the window to talk to them. She saw then that down in the garden her aunt was already out among the rose-bushes. With rapid fingers, she made herself ready to join her. Down the attic stairs she flew, leaving both doors open.

Aunt Polly, with the bent old man, was leaning over a rose-bush when Pollyanna, gurgling with delight, flung herself upon her.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly! I reckon I'm glad this morning just to be alive!"

"Pollyanna!" remonstrated the lady, sternly, pulling herself as erect as she could with a dragging weight of ninety pounds hanging about her neck. "Is this the usual way you say good-morning?"

The little girl dropped to her toes and danced lightly up and down.

"No, only when I love folks so I just can't help it! I saw you from my window, Aunt Polly, and I got to thinking how you weren't a Ladies' Aider, and you were my really truly aunt; and you looked so good I just had to come down and hug you!"

The bent old man turned his back suddenly. Miss Polly attempted a frown—with not her usual success.

"Pollyanna, you—I—Thomas, that will do for this morning. I think you understand—about those rose-bushes," she said stiffly. Then she turned and walked rapidly away.

"Do you always work in the garden, Mr. Man?" asked Pollyanna interestedly.

The man turned. His lips were twitching, but his eyes looked blurred as if with tears.

"Yes, Miss. I'm Old Tom, the gardener. "You are so like your mother, little Miss! I used to

Continued on page 1222

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

CHRISTMAS

CAN anything new be said about Christmas? How many myriad words have been written about it, its cheer, its fragrance, its carols and chimes, its message and lessons! But Christmas is always welcome, always fresh and beautiful, always new.

No other day in all the year has the same charm, the same kind of joy, the same brightness. Even a rainy Christmas is delightful. The day's store of cheer is so measureless that it can conquer the gloomiest weather and fill it with glory. And a sunny Christmas—sunny and white with gleaming snow, with the amber twilight glow stealing on and the faint stars growing big and brilliant as the night comes down—what can possibly be like that! When has home such joy, love such sweetness, religion such glory, life such richness—as on Christmas Day!

But one Christmas lesson can never be repeated too often, emphasized too earnestly, applied too universally. We think of the Christ child coming to the Bethlehem manger, of the shepherds, the angels, the Wise Men; we hear the Christmas hymn:

> How silently, how silently,
> The wondrous gift is given!
> So God imparts to human hearts
> The blessings of his heaven.
> No ear may hear his coming,
> But in this world of sin,
> Where meek souls will receive him still,
> The dear Christ enters in.

And every earnest heart must ask itself: "Have I let him in?" Is it wise or fair to take the charm and cheer and melody of Christmas and keep the Lord of Christmas outside my own soul's door?

Christ came to Bethlehem centuries ago in order that he might come into your heart now. The shame that there was no room for him in the inn is nothing to the shame that there is no room for him in your heart. "Peace on earth!" It must spread by being let into human hearts one by one. How inexpressibly sad that after these many years there is still strife, and hard-heartedness, and woful bloodshed! The Prince of Peace looks at this world to which he once came and sees, as the anniversary of his birth draws near again, that leagues upon leagues of its ground are drenched in the blood of battle. Millions of souls do not yet even know about him. Millions who know about him are not spreading his message of peace. Millions who know about him do not know him personally as Peace-giver and friend. Are you helping the world to welcome him and his great gift of Peace? Christmas joy is all about you. You feel it in your finger tips; you hear it; you breathe it. It is in body and brain. Will you not let it into your soul, by opening the door—to him? You will find then that, sweet though the words have always been, you never before have known their meaning. Merry Christmas!

Is It a "Change of Heart"?

THERE are indications of unrest in the Roman Catholic camp. It is evident that its "Publicity Campaign" has reacted in a way that was wholly unexpected. Only a few weeks ago, there was hardly a Catholic newspaper in the United States that did not openly proclaim the purpose of the hierarchy to "make America Catholic." They gloried in the fact that the Papacy was making such magnificent headway. Their Publicity Bureau was doing splendid service through the daily press, in familiarizing the American people with the grandeur, pomp and mystery of the ceremonials of Rome. Their prelates were receiving the honors and ovations due to princes of the blood. Their cardinals sat on thrones like sovereigns, and in speech and printed page they pointed to the fact that here, in this republic, lay the hope of Rome and the future seat of its rejuvenated power.

Now, a change seems to have come over the spirit of their dream. The *Catholic News* of November 9, 1912, sounds the alarm in an editorial strongly deprecating the very natural and logical construction which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as well as many other independent Protestant journals, placed upon these events and utterances. It says:

> Who among Catholics has ever expressed the wish that the Catholic Church become a political power here? No one with authority to speak for Catholics. We American Catholics would consider it the greatest evil that could happen to our church if it became a political power. Catholics here desire only such rights as belong to them as American citizens, just as the members of other denominations expect to enjoy such rights. They want nothing more. Neither do they consider it just that because of their religion they shall be discriminated against in any way. We submit that our friends who are Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, or affiliated with any other Protestant body, would as strenuously object if any attempt was made to proscribe them. Then why should not Catholics protest when they are victims of discrimination?

If these expressions by an influential Catholic journal are to be accepted as the sober second thought of the Roman Catholic press and people generally, they would indicate a most salutary change of heart. But, unfortunately, there is abundant evidence that few if any other members of the Catholic press are of the same opinion as the *News*. (See details next week.) Here is the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, exulting in a double-column article, headed "Many Catholics Elected," over the fact that "Tuesday's election brought into prominent public position a larger number of Catholics than heretofore in the history of the country." It follows with a long list of governors, State officers, United States Senators and Congressmen—all Catholics—who won at the polls. The Cleveland *Universe* (November 15) also shouts a pæan of victory over the "High offices to be filled by Catholics," and prints a similar list. How does the *Catholic News* harmonize these jubilant utterances with its own fervent declaration that "We American Catholics would consider it the greatest evil that could happen to our church if it became a political power," when the Catholic journals are fairly screaming their delight that it *is* becoming a power in politics? Can it point to a single Protestant paper that is publicly glorying in the defeat of any Catholic candidate in this election? If any one did, its editor would be regarded as either a politico-religious incendiary or a lunatic. Yet this is the sort of thing which the hierarchy evidently approves on the part of the Catholic press. If it really disapproved, it could easily apply a wholesome quietus.

Now, the best and most satisfactory test of the whole matter will be the future attitude of the Catholic prelates and press. We shall watch these with interest. If they adopt the policy of the *Catholic News*, we may expect them to promptly disclaim any purpose of future interference in politics, or of further propaganda to "make America Catholic." The term is wholly their own—not ours. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD claims for Protestants, either as citizens or as religionists, no more than it would willingly accord to Catholics; but if any Protestant denomination were to declare its purpose of securing political control, we assure our neighbor that it would be visited with swift condemnation from other Protestant bodies and Protestant journals as well, ourselves included. While we would like to indulge the hope that other Catholic journals will speedily follow the sensible example of the *News* in disavowing the political pretensions of the Roman Church, we confess a doubt, which can only be removed by seeing such a disavowal in cold type in the columns of every Catholic paper that has been engaged in this wrong-headed, un-American crusade. What has happened in the last few months in the way of "stirring up strife" has been sole due to themselves, and we can assure them that they have the means of remedying the situation in their own hands.

Why Not Do It?

A PASTOR loves to meet his people outside of the pulpit and to greet them personally, and an editor enjoys cultivating the familiar personal relation between his readers and himself occasionally on the editorial page. If we were visiting together, we might tell you of the amazing growth of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and how it is steadily climbing the hill that leads to the great goal of world-wide influence and service which Dr. Klopsch saw in his vision—the Million Mark in Circulation! This advance has been made possible by the co-operation of very many of our readers, who have responded splendidly to our appeal to send in at least *one new subscription along with their own*. They are doing so now, and that we are greatly encouraged.

Let us tell you of the experience of one of our readers. She is a quiet, elderly lady, rather small of stature, but sweet of face and genial of heart. She came up to the subscription clerk's window in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House and laid her gloved hand on the glass counter. "I want to renew my seven subscriptions," she said with a smile. "To what address?" asked the clerk. "Oh," she said, "they all go to different places; some of them are here and others are across the water, in Ireland and Scotland. They have been my Christmas gifts to my friends for many years and I always renew on time, so that they won't miss the Christmas number."

There are many readers of this journal who, like the one quoted above, have been in the habit of regularly subscribing for a number of copies to send to friends as their weekly messenger of loving remembrance. This is the kind of Christmas hospitality which constantly rekindles with the arrival of every new issue, so that there is no danger of the donor being forgotten. Some of those kindly, thoughtful souls send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the aged, the invalid, the prisoner, or to those who are stricken with sorrow or affliction, knowing that it always brings a bright ray of cheerfulness and consolation.

If you are contemplating a Christmas gift to a friend, may we not suggest that, instead of sending your own copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD after reading it and when it is a week old, you make your friend a Christmas present of a year's subscription? Your friend will then get a copy fresh from the press every week, simultaneously with your own, and will enjoy it all the more, and value your gift very highly on that account. Besides, we are making a special rate to those who, like yourself, may contemplate subscribing for their friends. To any one of our subscribers sending us a new subscription with their own renewal, the rate for both together will be $2.25. You will find, by doing a little figuring, that this will be an actual saving to you in supplying both papers to different addresses at less outlay than if you paid the regular postage rates to mail your copy to your friend after you have read it. If you should send us two new subscriptions *together with your own renewal* with $3 to cover all, we will send *three* copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD weekly to three distinct addresses. This is an offer we are making for the special advantage of those who are interested in doing a kindness to others by supplying them with a copy of their favorite journal beginning with the Christmas season. Of course a *free* copy of *The Christian Herald Almanac* goes with every subscription.

—THE FOUR GUNMEN, charged with the actual shooting of Herman Rosenthal in New York last summer, for which crime Police Lieutenant Charles Becker has already been sentenced to death, were found guilty of murder in the first degree on Nov. 19 after the jury had deliberated only twenty-five minutes. They were Horowitz, Rosenberg, Lewis and Ciroñci. Jack Rose, Sam Schepps, Harry Vallon and "Bridgie" Weber, who had informed against the convicted men, were released from custody Nov. 2

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D.D.

Bird Dogs Detect Smugglers

TO STOP the smuggling of quail across the Oklahoma-Kansas line, the use of bird dogs as detectives has been started by three railroad companies in southern Kansas and orthern Oklahoma. Shipping quail by smugglers om one State to another is illegal, and the railads are held responsible for game thus transorted. Trainmen have been unable to discover e quail in the suit cases so often used for transortation, and it occurred to some of the employees the roads that trained bird dogs would be able scent the birds even through the leather of the ses, and the experiment of using them for the rpose succeeded so well that the rule has been lopted by the railroads, and the dog detectives are cely to break up this method of smuggling. Into e dogs God has put unerring instincts, one to ent the quail, another the rabbit or squirrel, anher to chase the fox or the deer; one care like a man for the sheep, anher to fight a wolf or a bear. The ithful dog can scent his master's otsteps among the prints of a thoud feet. Men, like dogs, have varia characteristics—one to cultivate e earth, one to buy and sell, one to ake machines, one to practice medne or law, or teach, or preach. It ould be well if people could always id out what they are fitted for as eas as the animal can. It would be well our instinct for the right, for God, r Christ, might be as certain and effient as the scent of the dog for the ail. The success of the dog detecve suggests that the moral law of the niverse tends to uncover wrong, and at it is folly to try to hide moral evil om the eye of God. Christ has anunced the principle:

For nothing is secret, that shall not be made anifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be own and come abroad. (Luke 8: 17.)

Ten Million Pension Fund

HE American Telephone and Tele- graph Company and its associate mpanies have announced a pension nd of $10,000,000 for the benefit of eir 175,000 employees, who receive in ages $115,000,000. The plans for the d age and disability pensions, as pubhed officially by the company, are as follows:

Male employees who have reached the age of 60 years, and who ve been twenty years or more in service, may retire on pens. They may be retired at the option of the company when y have reached the age of 55 years, and have been twentye years or more in service. The pension age of female emyees is in each case five years younger than that of male emyees. Any employee who has been thirty years in service, cardless of age, may be pensioned on the approval of the esident of the company. The amount of the pension is autoatically based on the years of service and the amount of pay. d will be one per cent. of the average annual pay for ten ars, multiplied by the number of years of service. Therefore, man who had been thirty years in service would get 30 per nt. of the average salary which he had been receiving during s last ten years of service. No pension will be less than $20 a nth. In the case of accidents occurring in and due to the rformance of work for the company, the employee will receive total disability full pay for thirteen weeks, and half pay for remainder of disability up to six years. If the disability is mporary, he will receive full pay for thirteen weeks, and half y until able to earn a livelihood, not exceeding six years. mployees who are disabled by sickness or accident outside of the gular course of duty after ten years or more in service will ceive full pay for thirteen weeks and half pay for thirty-nine eks; if from five to ten years in service, full pay for thirteen eks and half pay for thirteen weeks; if from two to five ars in service, full pay for four weeks and half pay for nine eks. In the case of employees who have not been two years in rvice, heads of departments will be permitted the same disetion as heretofore, in continuing pay during temporary illss. In the case of death resulting from accident in and due to rformance of work for the company an insurance amounting three years' pay will be paid to the dependents of the emyee, the maximum payment being $5,000. In the case of ath resulting from sickness or from accident outside of busiss, the payment will be one year's pay for employees who ve been ten years or more in service, and one-half of one year's y for employees who have been from five to ten years in rvice, the maximum payment being $2,000.

Such action will promote the dignity of labor, crease the productiveness of capital, go far ward correcting the unjust inequalities that ex- t in the industrial world, kindle a spirit of fraernity, and aid in ushering in the kingdom of God. is the reaching up of business and manhood to e standard of the Golden Rule, in the interest of personal character and of public righteousness and happiness, and in obedience to Christ's command:

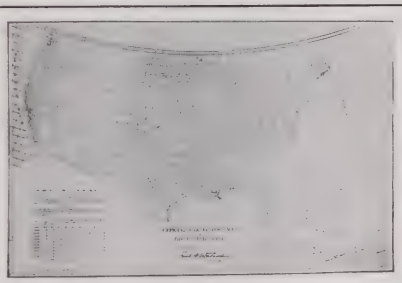
Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. (Matt. 7: 12.)

New Parcel Post System

THE new Parcel Post system authorized by Congress goes into effect January 1, 1913. The post will carry all kinds of manufactured articles and farm products whose length and girth combined do not measure over 72 inches and whose weight does not exceed 11 pounds. A group of postal department men were detailed to figure out a table of zones and rates, which they have done, and which has been approved by the Postmaster General. The following is the result of their work, which will go into effect on January 1:

The Men Who Are Figuring Out the Parcel Post Rates and Rules

Standing, left to right: George L. Wood, Superintendent of Division of Rural Mail; A. A. Fisher, Chief Clerk to Second Assistant Postmaster General; C. B. Hurrey, Chief Clerk to Third Assistant Postmaster General; John C. Koons, Superintendent of Division of Salaries and Allowances. Sitting: Robert S. Sharp, Chief Post Office Inspector.



An Official Parcel Post Map of the United States With Washington as a Zone Center

Weight.		Local rate.	1st Zone, rate.	2d zone, rate.	3d zone, rate.	4th zone, rate.	5th zone, rate.	6th zone, rate.	7th zone, rate.	8th zone, rate.
1	pound.	$0.05	$0.05	$0.06	$0.07	$0.08	$0.09	$0.10	$0.11	$0.12
2	pounds.	.06	.08	.10	.12	.14	.16	.19	.21	.24
3	"	.07	.11	.14	.17	.20	.23	.28	.31	.36
4	"	.08	.14	.18	.22	.26	.30	.37	.41	.48
5	"	.09	.17	.22	.27	.32	.37	.46	.51	.60
6	"	.10	.20	.26	.32	.38	.44	.55	.61	.72
7	"	.11	.23	.30	.37	.44	.51	.64	.71	.84
8	"	.12	.26	.34	.42	.50	.58	.73	.81	.96
9	"	.13	.29	.38	.47	.56	.65	.82	.91	1.08
10	"	.14	.32	.42	.52	.62	.72	.91	1.01	1.20
11	"	.15	.35	.46	.57	.68	.79	1.00	1.11	1.32

A parcel weighing four ounces or less may be mailed at the rate of one cent an ounce regardless of distance. Each post office will be taken as the center of the series of zones. Zone One includes all territory within a radius of fifty miles from the mailing place. Zone Two includes all that area outside of Zone One, but within a radius of 150 miles. Zone Three reaches 300 miles away from the central point; Zone Four, 600 miles; Zone Five, 1,000 miles; Zone Six, 1,400 miles; Zone Seven, 1,800 miles; Zone Eight, all distances beyond Zone Seven. There is no calculating the advantage of this new system to the people of the country. There is a great difference between the mile-a-minute or minute-and-a-half transportation of the mail we have and that of the olden times when it went by the hand of a footman, or on the back of some animal, or in some chariot. There was a pretty good parcel post system of delivery when the king of Syria sent by mail not only a letter, but a number of packages also, to the king of Israel.

And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel. (II. Kings 5: 5, 6.)

Boy Swept to Sea

WILLIE TAYLOR and Clinton Fox, each eleven years old, went to the beach at Gravesend, N. Y., and paddled around in a leaky rowboat. The boat struck the stone breakwater, and threw Taylor out, but the ebbing tide carried Clinton and his dog Tim to death. There are so many physical and moral perils in childhood, so many high winds and swift tides carrying children in the oarless leaky boat out to physical and moral death, so many shipwrecked when scarcely started on the voyage of life.

Which some having put away concerning faith have made shipwreck. (I. Tim. 1: 19.)

Half Million New Autos

IT IS said there were 250,000 new automobiles in the United States in 1912, and that there will be at least 500,000 new ones in 1913. Word has been heard from 109 car manufacturers, and the conservative estimate on the information received is that a half million new pleasure cars will be disposed of during the coming year. It is estimated that the output of one firm alone will be 200,000 for the year, that another factory will produce 50,000, another 40,000, another 30,000, another 25,000, and twenty-five others from 3,000 to 15,000 each. The market for low-priced cars scarcely has a supply equal to the demand, few of which can be found for second-hand sale. It will never do for a country that has the ability or courage to demand 500,000 new cars in a year to satisfy the needs of its growing business and its desire for comfortable travel or exhilarating pleasure to whine much about hard times, or the high cost of living. Nor will it do for a country with record crops and fabulous expenditures for pleasure to be anything but generous with men and with God and his kingdom. There is a great difference between the automobile and the wagon of the early centuries thus mentioned:

And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived. (Gen. 45: 27.)

$35,000 Fur Coat

THE fashion columns in the Paris papers and those of this country are interested in the rivalry of two women of America over the possession of the most costly fur coat. Last winter one of the rivals, who are relatives, had made a Russian sable coat at an estimated cost of $25,000. The other woman, who is very wealthy, determined to outdo that, and gave an order for a coat regardless of cost. Furriers were sent all over Europe to select the finest skins. Returning to America, they visited the New York houses for others. Out of $200,000 worth of furs 106 perfect skins were selected, from which the garment was made at a cost to the wearer of $35,000. A misfortune befell her rival before the coat was completed, for a thief stole the $25,000 coat. Rich and beautiful wearing apparel is becoming to those who can afford it. But a display of excessive extravagance is in bad taste, provoking the enmity and discontent of the less wealthy, and feeding a vanity in themselves which is unhealthy to the best growth of womanhood. Those tempted to extravagance of dress in the fashionable world might listen with profit to the apostle:

In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array. (I. Tim. 2: 9.)

The New King and the Kingdom

A Sermon

BY

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis*

TEXT: "The kingdom of God is within you." Luke 17: 21

THIS is a proverb. Every picture has a right to be judged in the best light. It ought to be a principle that every man has a right to be measured by his best work. It is a truism that every discoverer has the first right to explain the nature of his discovery. Thus, we rank Webster by his reply to Hayne; we measure Victor Hugo by his *Les Misérables;* we estimate Raphael by his Sistine Madonna. Not otherwise is it with Christianity. The body of Christian truth has a right to be studied in the best light—that is, from the viewpoint of sympathy. It should be considered, also, with reference to its greatest and most distinguished teachers—the love of God, that love manifest in Jesus Christ, his tender providence, the forgiveness of sins, his redeeming cross, the immortal hope and its sure foundation.

To-day we hear much about going back to Christ. But we need to return to him in nothing so much as in this matter of definition. The questions, What is Christianity? Who is the Christian? What are the tests of discipleship? have been answered by a thousand different men. Unfortunately, also, they have been answered in a thousand different ways. In the midst of all the differences of the scholar, therefore, we turn to Christ's statement, for we can find rest when we allow him to define Christianity in his own words, and in his own way.

Consider the importance of this definition and right thinking. Nothing can be more certain than the statement that as a man thinks so he is. It is thought that makes life. Ideas color character. The principles that we accept shape our conduct. The river slowly digs a channel, the channel compels the river to remain within its banks, and the banks issue this decree, "Here stay thy proud waves; thus far and no farther." Some men will tell you that character shapes thought, and this is in part true, but primarily the thought shapes the character. The habits themselves are simply the grooves digged by thought for the movement of the faculties. The issues of life and death, therefore, are in the definitions and the thoughts that we think. There must be no careless thinking, then, as to what is Christianity, or who is a Christian. Fortunately Christ has defined Christianity in terms of great simplicity and clarity. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," he tells us. The kingdom of heaven, then, is a state of mind and character. It is a dispositional quality. It is not a city, located yonder behind the fretted firework of stars. The kingdom of heaven is enthroned in the city of man's soul. Sometimes we forget that Christ's use of the word "kingdom" has colored all scientific thought, and that, just here, science will help us. We characterize the stone as the kingdom of mineral, having weight; the tree represents the vegetable kingdom—it adds life to weight; the bird represents the animal kingdom—to weight and life it adds the power of movement; man represents the rational kingdom—to weight and life and locomotion he adds reason. Last comes the Christian—he represents Christ's kingdom of heaven. To weight and life and locomotion and reason he adds God's life in the soul of man, through righteousness, love, peace, joy. And who is this Christian who has the kingdom of heaven within him? He is one who loves what Christ loves, hates what Christ abhors. He also loves whom Christ loves—the chil the publican, the prodigal, the poor, the broken-hearted. He loves the dee Christ did and does them. And he who is conscious of the beginnings of lo for what Christ loved, and of abhorrence for what Christ abhorred, has begu to be a Christian.

This is Christ's definition of Christianity; this tells us who is the Christia and what are the tests of discipleship.

But it is not enough for Christ to define Christianity. He goes on to illu trate it. Indeed, Christianity is Christ. His test of discipleship was that man loves what he loved, does what he did, and does all of these thing under his personal leadersh and love. Indeed, for the pu pose of illustration I may sa that he did not emphasize t church as important, nor t doctrine as important, nor t government as important. C course, this is a half truth, bu for purpose of illustration I u this half truth. Lest men confu Christianity with the church, I never organized a church. Thirt years after his death, his disc ples were still offering sacr fices of lambs and wheat an doves in the synagogues, n did they suspect that a separa church would ever spring u Lest his disciples confuse Chri tianity with ecclesiasticism, never ordained any priest bishop or founded a presbyter or church. He wrote out sermon, he left no creed, spoke his words and his wor died with the vibrating a What did Jesus Christ do? H simply was. Jesus, in his ow person, was Christianity. Wha he was is light and leaven an salvation to the world. But w worship no dead Christ, bu the living Christ; and what he still saves men. He, therefor during his career, illustrate his definition of the kingdom heaven in the soul of man. H was poor in spirit; pure heart; meek and gentle; hu gered and thirsted after righ eousness; was a peacemaker was persecuted for righteou ness' sake; forgave his enemie unto institutions he was sal unto darkened minds he wa light; unto all who were pu sued he was a city on a hill, o fering refuge; he was leaven he was love. And being th and manifesting forth the kin dom of heaven in the soul man he lived it. Witness h love to children, his solicitu for the sinner, the prodigal; h succor for the lost, his patien all-forgiving love for his disc ples. Christ's Sermon on th Mount is only a verbal phot graph of Christ's life on th hills of Galilee. He is an en bodied sermon, an incarna Gospel, a fleshed kingdom heaven.

In view of these definitions Christianity, consider the beaut and attractiveness of the Chri tian life. At one single blo fallen all somberness, sadnes ugliness in connection wit Christianity. To be a Christian is to be an all-round man or woman, to b ample in faculty and fertile in resource. It is to love birds and flowers an trees and clouds, to be a nature-student, as Christ was. It is to love th market place, and all the movements of life at its heart, as Christ loved then It is to be interested in everything that makes for the home, the commerce, th government, the literature, for reform, for religion. It is to be Christlike i all ways. Some men think that to be a Christian means to wear sackcloth, t deny the eye beauty, to deny the taste loveliness. They dislike the duties, bu rather than be damned, they will do them. They have such a fear and horro

Continued on next page

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY RICHARD ARNOLD GREENE

Be patient, Christian brothers!
The eastern sky's aglow;
Encompassed with its radiance
Blush all the fields of snow.
Take heart for daily duty;
Face frigid blasts of scorn;
The Sun of Peace is risen;
The Saviour Christ is born.

Be strong, O Christian brothers!
The dawn with rapture thrills;
In robes of tender glory
Stand forth the eternal hills.
The strength of God will triumph,
The foemen's ranks be torn;
Mount Sion shines resplendent;
The Saviour Christ is born.

Be true, O Christian brothers!
Clear is the Christmas sky;
Soft canopied beneath it,
How white the snow-fields lie!
Give welcome, hearts discouraged,
By strife with error worn;
The Truth Himself is with us;
The Saviour Christ is born!

Be loving, Christian brothers!
With holly boughs caressed,
The evergreen unbendeth,
In children's service blessed.
Let love-light banish shadows,
The rose displace its thorn;
The King of Love is with us;
The Saviour Christ is born.

* Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

THE NEW KING AND THE KINGDOM

Continued from preceding page

being punished beyond death, that escape it they will wear sackcloth d sacrifice themselves here. Oh, serable, scant, pinched conception the Christian life! What is Chris-nity? The most beautiful of lives, e fullest, freest, amplest, happiest of reers. God has fitted this great rld up for his children and has ven men all things richly to enjoy, d a Christian is a citizen of the uni-rse. Nothing true, or beautiful, or od is foreign to him.

The kingdom of heaven is "right-usness," that is, character embod-, obedience to law, honesty, recti-de, integrity; it fills a man with aracter as the sunbeam is filled th warmth, and an apple with ripe-ss; righteousness, that makes a man manhood all compact. The king-n of heaven is "peace and joy." In s world full of anxiety and turmoil d strife, the things all men are king for are peace, mental tran-illity, the realm of restfulness, out-aking joy. The kingdom of heaven love. Who can be infidel to love? 10 does not desire it? What is the e thing that all the world's a-seek-g? To love and to be loved. Oh, at a magician is love! It steals o the life like a sunbeam, it warms e a winter's fire, it glows on the e like ripeness on the cheek of a ar, it binds us to life with a chain gold. These are the fruits of the ristian life. This it is to be a ristian.

Consider also that from Christ's wpoint of Christianity the Chris-n life is something that is to be rned. We begin as pupils, we are rners in his school. Ours is a rld where the seeds start at noth-g and journey toward the shock; ere the babe grows by long pro-ises toward the sage or statesman. man was ever born a poet, despite proverb. Slowly all the artists ve mastered the rules of color. No v ever entered the college, begin-ig at perfection. We hear men say it the church is full of imperfect ristians, and they will not join the urch where there are so many hypo-tes. Of all the statements full of ly, that statement is the most fool-and the most hypocritical. When-er a man says that he stays out of church because there are bad peo-e in it, you had better lock up your ons when that man is around. r this critic of the church and the ristian understands that the only ople that go to the school are im-rfect scholars. Men learn how to Christians as they paint pictures. e artist puts on his background of int, lays in the outlines of features. wly he puts in his colors. Little little the life lines come out. Then lets the paint dry that the features ly sink in. Then with a coat of rnish he lifts the lines again. wly the author perfects his book. wly the poem goes toward perfec-n, and by processes long and painful e Christian journeys upward away m littleness toward largeness. Let youth be discouraged because of his ilures.

Oh, all ye young hearts, consider, en, the claim of this higher life upon u. To have the kingdom of heaven your life and heart is the only thing rth while. When yonder sun is a rned-out ash-cinder you are to "live and on!" Do you love what rist loves? Do you hate deed at he abhors? Is the kingdom of aven set up in your soul? Being se for to-day, so be wise also for e to-morrows! For it profiteth an nothing "if he gain the whole rld, if he lose his own soul."

APPRECIATES TWILIGHT TALES

"Please accept my thanks for Mrs. Sangster's book, *Twilight Tales*. I appreciate it very much, for I have always been fond of Mrs. Sangster's writings. MRS. LINCOLN.
Hartford, Conn.

WORKING BY HEART POWER

HERE, as well as abroad, every department of the world's work-power is measured by its recognized units. We hear continually of the number of horse-power in a machine, or the watts and volts of an electric current, the voting power of a party, and the money power of big business. Power, of whatever kind, provided it can be harnessed and employed, is the one thing in greatest demand in the busy world to-day. Little is said in the factories, or the counting-houses, or the laboratories, or the political councils which would indicate any great desire for *heart power*, yet no occupation or pursuit is worth much which is not dominated and impelled by heart power.

Men have risen to great prominence in business or national life by skilful use of voting power or money power. In their day they have been regarded as mighty, and their will has prevailed. The newspapers have printed many columns about them. Their most trivial doings have been recorded among the events of the day, and their names have been as a household word in the mouths of millions. Surely they have had every possible opportunity to secure an imperishable place in the history of the world. Yet in a few short years their names are laid away with their bodies in the grave, and their fame vanishes like smoke before the onrushing wind.

Think for a moment of the great men of money who fill so large a place in the public mind to-day. We are inclined to regard them as exclusive products of the present age, yet every other age has had its giants of wealth. Perhaps you can remember two or three of the last generation, or even the last century; beyond that the mind fails to recall the names of those who ruled the world by money power alone.

In the ages long past a man named Crœsus gained much prominence because of his wealth. Who can tell now what place he occupied in the world? Was he a merchant, a king, a money-lender, or a pirate? What did he do, and what became of him? His name has been used as a symbol of enormous wealth and means nothing more. Ages ago, another man walked, and talked, and worked among the common people for a few years and then died in poverty a shameful death. He had no money, no military nor political forces, and very few influential friends. He was arrested, charged with crime, and his handful of followers forsook him and fled. Measured by most of the prevailing standards of power his work was doomed to failure and his name to quick oblivion. Yet he freely chose his poverty and ignominy and by the strange power of it his name has been exalted above every other name, and his work has redeemed a world. It has been said of him that he might have been a mere Crœsus, or a mere Cæsar, but he cast aside the petty power they grasped so greedily and rested his whole cause upon the prevailing might of heart power.

* * *

HAVE you anything to do? Put heart power into it. No life has ever become great, and no work has ever gained real success without the impulse in it of an eager heart. Search every achievement in science or art, in literature or music; hunt out the source and the life of every great movement for advancement and uplift, and if you go deep enough you will find at the beginning and at the very center of it a burning, throbbing heart.

Reform movements, political parties, and propaganda of every sort have been urged again and again for purely economic or theoretical reasons, and they have found partial acceptance for a time, but never have they won great success unless there was behind them and all through them a passion of human hearts. Patriotism, and service to the weak, and brotherhood will unite men, while questions of tariff will divide them. Man's brain is more liable to error than his heart. It will never carry him as far nor as high. It will never enable him to "endure hardness like a good soldier." It will never impel him to self-sacrifice for the good of others. It was not the music of Jenny Lind's wonderful voice as she sang at the Leeds Festival, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which led a young man in Dr. Forest's parish to give his heart to Christ. It was the heart of the singer, who testified that she never sang the song without first asking God that it might be blessed to at least one soul in her audience. It was the passion of faith and love in her own heart which carried conviction and kindled a flame in another heart.

* * *

AS TO charity and welfare work, it is all very edifying to analyze the economic value of a man, his part in the wealth of the state, his share in the work of the community, the expense of his keep if he becomes a public charge. But what chance would a Bowery Mission have if its plea for support were based alone upon such argument? It is the love of men and women, the burning passion for saving a fallen, homeless, needy brother, which keeps the doors of the Bowery Mission open with its glad welcome, gives warmth and clothing and food to cold, hungry wanderers, and saves their lives from slipping away forever into darkness and anguish.

Paul had no use for cold-blooded charity. He urged again and again the burning heart—burning with the fervent heat of love. "Above all things," he said, "have fervent charity among yourselves." In fellowship, in service, in prayer, he proclaimed the need of heart power, of a heart burning with a passion which would prevail over every hindrance. "See that ye love one another with a pure heart *fervently*"—no mere conventional affection. "*Fervent* in spirit, serving the Lord"—no perfunctory service resting on habit and organization. "The *fervent* effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much"—no repeating of accustomed phrases which reach no higher than the ceiling.

There is unceasing need for heart passion to combat the coldness of the world. If a cause is worth advocating, if a work is worth doing, if a friend is worth loving, if a life is worth living, put heart power into it.

HE KNOWS

IN THE times of trial and trouble,
When the way was hard to find,
And with tears that came unbidden
My eyes were often blind,
I have always found a comfort
For all life's bitterest woes
In the thought that, whate'er befalls me,
My loving Father knows.

Our feet may miss the pathway
That leads into happier lands;
Our backs may be bowed with burdens,
And cares fill hearts and hands;
But, though the way may be thorny
And the winds of sorrow blow,
We've a Friend that will never fail us,
For God will be sure to know.

So in the shadow and sunshine
That checkers this lower land
God always seems close beside me—
I can reach and touch his hand.
And a peace that is deep and lasting
The comforting thought bestows—
No matter what may befall me,
My loving Father knows!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Dr. Clark in Jerusalem

WE HAVE reached Jerusalem on our second long journey following "in the footsteps of St. Paul," and as these journeys are made especially in the interest of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I thought your readers would like to know something of our itinerary. After spending a few days in Jerusalem (where St. Paul went to school, and which he visited several times in later life) we shall go back to Jaffa, and thence to Haifa by land, in order to visit Cæsarea, from which port St. Paul sailed as a prisoner on his last journey to Rome. Then we expect to go to Damascus by way of Nazareth to see the scene of St. Paul's conversion and enlightenment in the Christian faith. Later, from Beirut we hope to go to Tyre and Sidon, most interesting cities of antiquity, and also connected with St. Paul's wanderings.

Then we expect to go to Antioch of Syria, where the disciples were first called Christians. From this city St. Paul started on more than one of his missionary journeys. This is a difficult city to reach in these days, and, like Cæsarea, Tyre and Sidon, is seldom visited by Christians.

After this we shall probably sail back to Alexandria from Beirut or Alexandretta, and there take ship for Sicily for the sake of going to Syracuse and Rhegium, both of which cities are connected with Paul's pilgrimages. Then we shall go to Pozzuoli, near Naples, where Paul landed, and thence to Rome, where he met his martyrdom.

Thus, with the journey taken last year in Macedonia, Greece and Asia Minor, we shall have visited all the principal places that St. Paul is known to have touched, as well as the "Seven Cities of Asia." We shall appreciate the interest and prayers of the editors and readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this journey, especially as the country just now is disturbed by war and rumors of war.

Faithfully yours,
FRANCIS E. CLARK.
Jerusalem, October 29.

A Sunday School Opportunity

THIS is the season when Sunday schools are preparing their rewards for good scholarship. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S fine Special Edition of the *Red Letter Testament* is admirably suited for this purpose. It is bound in flexible Levant, overlapping edges, red under gold, with silk book mark. The usual price is $1, but it will be sent in quantities to any church or Sunday school, postpaid, at 50 cents per copy. This offer will be open during December only. When ordering, state whether you wish the Authorized or Revised Version.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO MISS LAVINIA

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

A Story Complete in This Issue

THERE ain't one mite of Christmas coming into this house this year, Samuel Parsons," said Miss Lavinia. "Not one mite." Miss Lavinia closed the door with a slam upon the unfortunate vendors of Christmas postcards.

Samuel started to speak and thought better of it.

"What say, Samuel?" asked Miss Lavinia.

"I sort 'o cleared my throat," said the old man apologetically.

"Ever since last Christmas," said Miss Lavinia, now emphasizing her words with sharp snips of the scissors in her carpet-rags, "I've been thinking things over. We had a dozen or so things we couldn't be expected to want. We gave a dozen or so we didn't want to give—and probably the folks we gave 'em to didn't want 'em. I've decided there's such a thing as too much Christmas. We had enough last year to keep us goin' for two—mebby three—years. And this year there ain't a mite of it goin' to get in here with my consent and approbation. I'm goin' to notify folks." Miss Lavinia glanced at her brother over her spectacles, her keen dark eyes boring into his thoughts like gimlets.

"I ain't said nothin', Lavin'," said Samuel uneasily.

"But you're a thinkin', Samuel, and you know it," said Miss Lavinia. "Christmas ain't ever quite so bad on a man as 'tis on a woman. He just hands out the money. She has to work her brain threadbare plannin' how to do the very most with it, and her fingers to the bone doin' it. You went without that overcoat, though—"

"The season was so extra mild," said the old man, "I didn't need it none."

"You didn't know 'twas goin' to be," snapped Miss Lavinia. "You went without it just so we could give a few extra things to folks who didn't need 'em. Then didn't Ordelia tell Dolly Ann and Dolly Ann told me she'd a good deal rather have had a pinkish-lavender shawl than a bluish-lavender one? And didn't Ordelia's little Ordelia say she wished Aunt Vinnie'd made a red dress for her dolly 'stead of a blue one—'cause her dolly liked red the best? You can't suit even children and dolls at Christmas, any more, to say nothin' of grown-ups."

"We found a leetle fault, too, didn't we, Lavin'?" said Samuel.

"Who wouldn't?" cried Miss Lavinia. "I had six neck mufflers, Sam, and every one who knows me well enough to give me a Christmas present knows I never tie up my throat. And how about slippers, Samuel—those left-overs from the church sale?"

Samuel grunted.

"That's where the shoe pinches," said Miss Lavinia, not without a humorous appreciation of the aptness of her speech. "And gettin' and givin' things ain't all there is to it." She gave a vicious snip with her shears. "It's the thousand and one extras you're asked to do—getting things ready for church sales and poor-boxes and trees—I've got so I just hate the smell of popcorn, Samuel."

"Well," said Samuel. He twisted his foot anxiously in the ill-fitting slipper. "Mebby you're right. But it sort o' seems to me that you can try as hard as you want to keep Christmas out and somehow you just can't. I don't know why—but somehow you can't, Lavin'. That's just my way of thinkin'," he added humbly.

"We'll see," said Miss Lavinia, as she began winding the red carpet-rags into a firm round ball. "Not a scrap or a sign of Christmas is comin' into this house this year with my consent. Not a gift, nor a card, nor a message, nor a bit of holly, nor nothin'."

"Sort o' seems," said the old man with mild persistence, "that Christmas ain't really none o' them things, Lavin'. And I don't believe keepin' them out will keep out Christmas. It'll creep in somewheres."

"We'll see," said Miss Lavinia grimly.

"She'll do it," said Samuel the next morning when he talked things over with Lindy. "Lavin'll do it, Lindy. She always does what she sets out to do."

Lindy was the little orphaned school teacher who taught the dozen or so youngsters in the schoolhouse down the hill. She had found a good home with old Samuel Parsons and his sister, Miss Lavinia.

"Aunt Vinnie's tired herself all out with Christmas doing and giving," she said cheerily, "that's all, Uncle Samuel. Just you wait—something'll happen—you'll see."

"The day of mer'cles is past, Lindy," said the old man solemnly, "and 'twould take a perty good-sized mer'cle to stir Lavin' when once she makes up her mind."

It certainly looked as if Samuel was right. Miss Lavinia stuck grimly and silently to her determination. She declined outright to be present at the meeting of the Sewing Society to arrange for the annual Christmas box. She refused to donate her usual crocheted shawl to the church sale. When the subject of a Christmas tree was brought up in

Drawn by Joseph Cummings Chase

"I wants my mudder. I wants my fadder. I wants my Christmas tree"

Sunday school she arose and walked out of the church.

Everybody in the straggling little village knew that this year Miss Lavinia Parsons wasn't going to let a mite of Christmas get into her house.

Lindy, who was preparing a Christmas tree for her little flock, staid at the schoolhouse every night to make bags for the candy.

She kept her gifts at Ethel Davidson's, who lived in the one big house in the village. And all the rehearsing of verses and songs was done at the schoolhouse or at Ethel's.

One night, Samuel sat in his warm corner with his newspaper. Miss Lavinia snipped and sewed and wound carpet-rags. Lindy was knitting something in bright crimson silk. It looked like a necktie. Miss Lavinia feared it might be a Christmas gift. But she didn't ask. As Lindy's slender fingers moved in and out of the crimson meshes she sang softly, unconsciously:

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie!

Miss Lavinia glanced at her nervously. Her lips set themselves in uncompromising lines. She loved to hear Lindy sing—in fact, there was nothing that Lindy did or wore or said that Miss Lavinia didn't love. But— She opened her lips to speak, then closed them again.

The lamplight fell caressingly over Lindy's brown head, bent just enough to show the kissable spot at the nape of the neck. But it fell, too, on a long strand of twisted red and green wool, which clung to the back of Lindy's school gown. The immediate Christmas suggestion of the colors hardened Miss Lavinia's heart.

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by,

trilled Lindy unconsciously, her voice sweet as rippling waters.

Unconsciously, too, Samuel began to beat out the time with one rheumatic old foot. The sight of that foot, too big for its Christmas slipper, was too much.

"Sing something else, Lindy," said Miss Lavinia. "I'm sick and tired of Christmas hymns. Seems if—"

Lindy laughed softly.

"I'll sing Yankee Doodle," she said. And she did, till the living-room rang and Samuel quite forgot he'd ever had rheumatism.

But late that night, as Miss Lavinia was going off into her first sleep, a little hushed voice rippled across the darkness:

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!

"For the land sake," said Miss Lavinia, as she turned over with her dear ear uppermost. But even deafness didn't keep Christmas out of her dreams. She dreamed all night of having to give every one in the world knitted slippers and crocheted ties, and awoke quite worn out the next morning.

Whether or not it was coming to Miss Lavinia, to the rest of the little village away up in the hills, Christmas was on the way. Each shortening day with its flurries of snowflakes and shimmers of sunshine, brought it nearer. There was a thrill in the air—not all of the first fairness of freshly fallen snow, not all of deepening cold, nor of frozen river and brightening stars. There was a joy, too—Miss Lavinia saw it reflected from faces everywhere, heard it echoing from every voice, felt it in the silence of her own heart, as if again, the Christmas angels were brooding above the earth with the message of peace and good will.

The day before Christmas Miss Lavinia and Samuel were going to town. It was not a Christmasing expedition Miss Lavinia made plain at the dinner table.

"I'm goin' to take my rags over to Christine Savage. Folks say she does real good weavin'. I'm goin' to have a rug to sort of brighten up the livin'-room."

"I won't be home until late, Aunt Vinnie," said Lindy. "There are so many things to pick up after the exercises at the schoolhouse. Ethel will help me—and her cousin John."

"John Davidson here again?" said Miss Lavinia. "What's he come here visitin' so often for?"

"I don't know, Aunt Vinnie."

"Hum-m," said Miss Lavinia with a glance at Lindy's reddening cheeks; "well—he's a mighty fine young man—John Davidson is."

"Yes," murmured Lindy.

Half an hour later the old wagon—there wasn't quite enough snow for sleighing—with the box of rags in back and Samuel and Miss Lavinia on the seat, rattled along the frozen road toward town. On their arrival there, Miss Lavinia climbed out at a small house on the main street. Samuel set the box of rags on the porch.

"I'll put Dolly in Barnes's shed," he called back, as he rattled out of the yard. "I'm goin' with Granther Barnes to look at a horse he wants to buy."

Barnes's shed wasn't far from Christine's. After Miss Lavinia had arranged for the rug, she walked slowly up the street, tugging the big empty box with her.

As she set the box in the wagon she noticed

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THE "MILLION" MARK

IF every member of the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will carefully read every word on the following four pages, and will act upon the suggestions contained therein, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will at last reach the Million Mark.

It was the dream of the late Dr. Klopsch that the time would come when he would be able to send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD every week into one million homes. How hard he struggled to bring this about, every old member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family knows; and ever since his death we, who have followed in his foot-steps, have been trying our utmost to make his dream come true.

At first glance it would seem to be an easy task—this accomplishment of the Million Mark. There are millions of Protestant homes in the United States, and surely it would seem that every one of these Christian homes would demand, not alone desire, such a weekly paper as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. But while we have steadily progressed, the way has been hard nevertheless. For there are obstacles which no one, not directly concerned, could realize.

In order to be appreciated, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD must be read, not once, but many times. And to have it read many times in families where it has never before been taken, requires an expenditure of time, ingenuity, and money. It cannot be circulated free. There are, for instance, the limitations of the Post Office Department, which impose upon publications certain rules which are meant to safe-guard the interests of the public.

There is, moreover, the cost of paper and of printing to be considered, which, in the case of so well illustrated a periodical as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, amounts to many thousand dollars in the course of the year.

However, we have had the faith to believe that if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can be introduced into new Christian homes and read there long enough, it will become a fixture therein. And as each Christian home becomes a new working adjunct to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family as a whole, so the accretion will necessarily go on until not only the Million Mark, but even a higher standard will be reached. It is hardly necessary to point out the influence which would be possessed by such an army of earnest workers.

The greater the circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the greater will be its power for doing good in the world. We can give you a better and bigger paper; we can enter into campaigns for the common good with the assurance of wider success than ever before. We can extend CHRISTIAN HERALD enterprises — your enterprises — as we have never been able to extend them before.

But how shall we bring it about? The figures are climbing slowly, but steadily. But how shall we accelerate them? How shall we cause them to mount to the Million Mark in the shortest possible time? Only with your personal help, dear Reader. If you will help us we can succeed. We know you will, and so we have provided Special Coupons for your use, each of them good for one quarter dollar on account of a four months' subscription, which brings the actual price of the paper down to twenty-five cents for one-third of a year. And in addition, for your trouble we give YOU free, the splendid premiums described on the following pages.

This is an opportunity of which every member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family should take advantage. It is an opportunity which we may not be able to repeat, and certainly this coupon offer as printed here will ***not*** be repeated.

We earnestly hope that every member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will realize just what this means to the broadening influence of the Family itself. Read the coupons carefully. If every member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family induces but *one* friend to send in only *one* of the coupons on these pages, properly signed, the number and the influence of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will be doubled.

If every member induces *two* friends to send in a coupon each, we shall be within sighting distance of the Million Mark. And if every member induces the sending in of *all four* of the coupons, properly signed, we shall have gone beyond the Million Mark and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family will have become the most influential congregation on earth.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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I ENCLOSE with this Coupon (good for one-quarter dollar, as on the face hereof) the sum of twenty-five (25) cents in cash for a four months' subscription to *The Christian Herald* (regular price $1.50 per annum), and I hereby certify that I am not now a subscriber to *The Christian Herald*, and that this subscription is not intended to take the place of one now on your books.

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The Christian Herald

WONDERFUL PRE[M]

For Short-Term Sub[scr]ion

MORE THAN ONE MILLION COUPONS

MORE than one million coupons are printed with this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. If each of our subscribers will return only two coupons, we would be very close to the Million mark. There are more than twenty million members of Protestant churches in the United States. If you help us reach only one out of twenty, we will then have the million subscribers we are so earnestly striving for. Would you not be glad with us to know that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was being read and enjoyed in more than these million homes each week? It is easily possible for us to reach this number if you will give us your help. We co-operate with you in an extremely liberal way by offering four months' subscription for exactly *one half the regular price*. We do this by making each coupon worth 25 cents. It may seem wonderful to you that we can, in addition to making this special half price on the subscription itself, give such extraordinary premium values to you for so little effort on your part. We could not afford it, only that a large percentage of these short-term subscribers will renew with us this fall and be glad to pay the regular subscription price for their CHRISTIAN HERALD. They, in turn, will help to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to a still wider circle among their friends and acquaintances. So you see it is of the greatest importance that you send us at least two coupons with new subscriptions. A single one may lead on and on in an ever widening circle until your single effort has produced hundreds or even thousands who have been started and helped by your initiative.

Talk The Christian Herald to Your Friends

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is widely known, and almost every Christian man and woman in America is more or less familiar with it, but many do not know of its progress and improvement during the last few years.

First, do you realize that last year we gave our readers more pages of reading matter than in the previous year, and that the year before last we gave an increased number of pages over the year before that. We shall continue during the coming year to add additional reading matter to our paper.

Call your friend's attention to our illustrations. We have the very best that money can buy. Our covers are a great feature, and we give during the year more than a score of reproductions of famous paintings.

The Six Reproductions on Art paper which are offered and described as a Grand Extra Free Premium upon this double page are examples of what we have given—and of those to come during the next year.

Take the matter of price: Our subscription rate is still $1.50 a year—the figure at which the paper was started more than thirty years ago. Thus we have continued to keep down the subscription price against the rising tide of all kinds of costs which have made it necessary for other publishers to raise their rates time and time again. It must be therefore self-evident to every CHRISTIAN HERALD subscriber that they are receiving in their paper splendid value for so low a subscription price. It will be easy to impress this fact upon your friends and get two, three, four or more to take advantage of this great special mid-summer offer of *four months for half price*—or only 25 cents.

Read the Coupons Carefully

Each Coupon attached hereto will be accepted in lieu of *ONE-QUARTER DOLLAR*, if accompanied by *25 Cents for a FOUR MONTHS' Subscription to The Christian Herald.*

But no subscription induced through this offer will be permitted to take the place of one now on our books. Each subscription must be *NEW*.

GRAND EXTR[A FREE]

Six Beautiful [Pictures]

Size 11x14 Inches, Printed on Heavy Plate Pap[er, Lettering, Ready]

By M. E. Inness

POPPY FIELD

The reproduction here gives no idea of the wonderful qualities in this picture. There is no red so royal and gorgeous as a "poppy" red. The coloring throughout the painting is sumptuous yet surprisingly harmonious, combining the deep green of the fields, the brilliant red of the flowers and the luminous blue of the sky.

When Humpe[rdinck's] of Hansel and [Gretel] children, the Ge[rman] and demanded [that] lowed to hear th[em] Our Hansel is a[n] ful child in the[ir] when they were [in the] forest.

By H. Gissler

A CANAL IN HOLLAND

A glimpse of Holland reproduced in all the rich coloring for which the Low Countries are noted. Every year art students from all over the world go to the Netherlands to catch the splendid color combinations abounding in the towns and landscapes. The picture also gives an excellent idea of how the streets formed by both water and land make highways and waterways through the towns.

MME[.]

This portrait [of Raphaelite] easily the favor[ite] painted by Mad[ame] mous critic said [that] for many years [she] almost enough ac[tress] to carry her rich[ly]

Address Special Coupon Offer, THE CHRI[STIAN H]

UMS GIVEN FREE

tions at Half Price!

EXTRAORDINARY PREMIUM VALUES!

'E OFFER here, with descriptions on this and the next page, some of the most remarkable premium values that we have ever made. Purchasing as we do in large quantities in the greatest markets of the world at lowest prices, we are often able to buy high class merchandise at cost or an cost. We have recently made several such advantageous purchases. Especially remarkable e values we offer in Japanese Awaji Ware and in the Miniature Swiss Clock. We know you will be sed when you receive any one of these splendid premiums and wonder how it is possible to give extraordinary value in the premium and also a four months' subscription at half price. following list of Premiums will be given Free for the number of 25 cent coupons as specified. are briefly described below. For more complete descriptions see next page.

REE PREMIUM

ures in Color

ettering, Except the Title and the Artist's Name

By Paul Thumann

ART WINS THE HEART

tchless story for his own up *en masse* ildren be al- old by music. the thought- forted Gretel ep forest.

The coloring of this delightful subject is exquisitely rich and beautiful. The Greek decorator at his work and the absorbed maiden watcher have not only the appeal of their beauty, but the added fascination that all the world feels in watching the craftsman at his handiwork. Then, t... just the suggestion of a story. Just the same old story that has made all ages one.

By Virgil Lauraan

ID

-Raymond is any portraits un. One fa- inting, which re. "There is in that girl as."

By Gutzon Borglum

A SUMMER DAY

One of the most attractive of the pictures we offer. The scene gives a vivid idea of a hot June day in the country. By the shadows under the trees, one can see that it is nearly noon. The quiet peace of the country stretching away to the distant mountains suggests a "Sunday stillness"—and this, with the contentment of the children, is wonderfully restful.

For One Coupon: One volume of The Christian Herald Home Library of Useful and Helpful Books.

For Two Coupons: Highly polished Olive Wood Paper Weight from Jerusalem.

For Three Coupons: One volume of "The Pilgrim Ship." A splendid allegorical story.

OR a Powerful Pocket Microscope, enlarges 500 times.

For Four Coupons: One Miniature Hand Carved and Hand Made Swiss Clock.

OR One Handsome Japanese Green Awaji Ware Vase, bamboo basket covered, in package as imported from Japan.

Postage Extra on All Premiums.

For Extra Coupons

Only Four Coupons could be printed in this issue. You may have as many extra Coupons as you can use. Simply drop us a post card: "Send more coupons."

For Five Coupons: One first class Fountain Pen with 14kt. gold pen point.

OR One pair Cut Glass and Sterling Silver Salt and Pepper Shakers.

For Six Coupons: One large American Flag, 4x6 feet.

OR One Half Dozen Embroidered Handkerchiefs in Fancy Box.

OR One Volume "Mother" (now running serially in The Ladies' Home Journal) by Kathleen Norris.

Postage Extra on All Premiums.
(See next page for full description of all premiums.)

Extra Free Premium

While there are only four coupons printed in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, you may secure as many coupons direct from our office as you can use. We shall be very glad to send you by return mail as many as you ask for. For six coupons we offer (in addition to the extraordinary premiums described under heading "For Six Coupons") a great Extra Free Premium of Six Beautiful Pictures in Color. These pictures are shown in the small halftone illustrations on this double page. These small illustrations can give you only a very inadequate idea of the splendid reproductions of these beautiful paintings in color on heavy plate paper, without lettering, ready and suitable for framing. These pictures have all been recently used as covers for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We have received a great many requests for copies of these pictures suitable for framing. The six pictures, printed on heavy art paper in rich colors, will be mailed postpaid in a strong tube so as to insure safe delivery.

Special Notice!

Remember, this offer will hold good *only until August 1*, and we reserve the right to return any coupons and money sent us after that date. All subscriptions *must* date not later than from the first issue in August.

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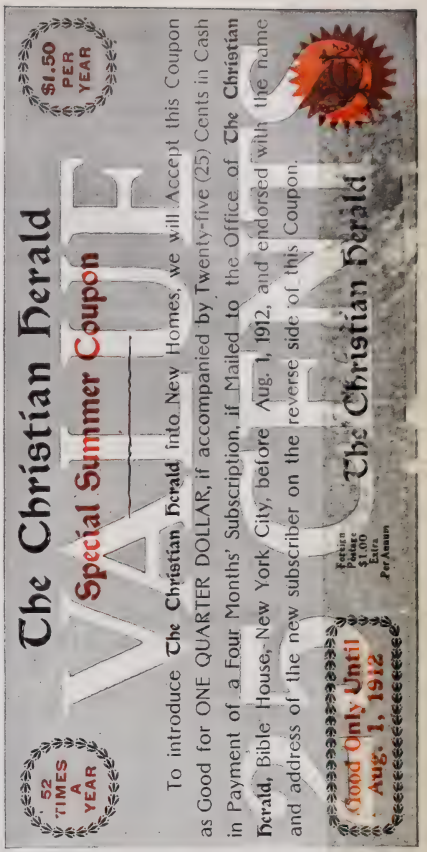
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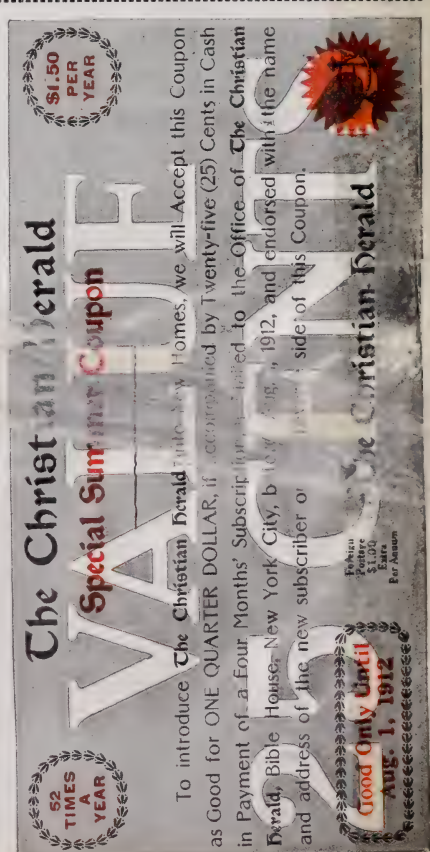
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CUT THROUGH ON THIS LINE

FREE PREMIUMS

For Christian Herald "Million Workers"

YOU may have any of the following beautiful and useful articles for sending in one or more coupons filled out with the names of *new* subscribers and accompanied by 25 cents each. **Extra Coupons.**—If you can use more than four coupons, write us for an extra supply, and we will send you as many as you desire.

For One Coupon We Will Give as a Premium

The Christian Herald Home Library of Useful and Helpful Books (Your choice of any one of the following volumes as long as they last): Practical Suggestions for Mother and Housewife—Healthful Sports for Boys—Helpful Talks with Girls—Business Hints for Men and Women—The Handy Man's Manual—Marvels of Modern Science. Instead of other premiums, you may, if you wish, have two volumes for two coupons, three volumes for three coupons and so on. **Add for Actual Postage for Each Volume 4 Cents.**

For Two Coupons We Will Give as a Premium

Highly Polished Olive Wood Paper Weight from Jerusalem. This olive wood paper weight is a traverse cut section, about one inch thick, from the trunks of small olive wood trees ranging from three to four inches in diameter. The bark is left on, and each side is highly polished and varnished, and the inscription stamped on one side, "From Jerusalem." These olive wood paper weights are made in Jerusalem and sold to tourists in the bazaars along the narrow streets. **Add for Actual Postage 4 Cents.**

For Three Coupons We Will Give as a Premium

One copy of *The Pilgrim Ship.* This splendid allegorical story was published last winter as one of our principal premium books. It is one of the most fascinating tales that has ever been penned. It is a wonderfully romantic narrative of the voyage of the Prince of the Happy Isles to a far distant country, and it tells of the many extraordinary adventures that befell him on his journey. **Add for Actual Postage 12 Cents.**

Or,

A Powerful Pocket Microscope. This little instrument is of extraordinary high power, one of its lenses enlarging 500 times, and the other, for examining insects and flowers, enlarging 150 times. The whole fairyland of science can be entered through the magical doorway of the Microscope. You will find this little instrument to be a means of unfailing interest and pleasure in the study of thousands of different objects. See preceding page. **Add for Actual Postage 4 Cents.**

For Four Coupons We Will Give as a Premium

One *Miniature Hand Carved and Hand Made Swiss Clock.* This handsome Miniature Swiss Clock, size 3x4x7 inches, was made in the mountains of Switzerland by the peasants during the long winter months. The frame and face of the clock is all dovetailed and carved by hand. The brass works are perfectly made and adjusted, and the clock will keep accurate time. It may be regulated from fast or slow by simply raising or lowering the weight on the pendulum. **Add for Actual Postage 24 Cents.**

Or,

One *Japanese Awaji Ware Vase.* We have only a limited number, about 500 pieces, of these handsome Awaji Ware Vases made in Japan. Awaji ware is very handsome glazed porcelain, and our pieces are all of a rich dark green color, each one covered with a fine dark brown basket weaving of polished rattan. This dark brown rattan on the bright green porcelain surface gives an extremely handsome effect. These vases will be prized highly by every one who is fortunate enough to secure one. **Add for Actual Postage 20 Cents.**

FOR EXTRA COUPONS

We could print only four coupons in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but you can have extra coupons, all you can use, by simply dropping us a post card asking for them.

For Five Coupons We Will Give as a Premium

One first class *Fountain Pen* with 14kt. gold pen point. This Fountain Pen is made by one of the largest and most reliable manufacturers of pens in the United States, and by a very large purchase we were able to get so low a price that we can offer them for five coupons. Each Pen Point is guaranteed and stamped 14kt. solid gold. We believe this Fountain Pen will give thorough satisfaction for continuous and regular service. **Add for Actual Postage 4 Cents.**

Or,

One pair *Cut Glass Salt and Pepper Shakers.* This pair of Cut Glass Salt and Peppers was imported from Germany, and they are guaranteed by one of the largest of American importers to be genuine cut glass. They have combination tops of sterling silver and pearl. The pearl top, of course, cannot corrode or fill up easily. **Add for Actual Postage 4 Cents.**

For Six Coupons We Will Give as a Premium

One large *American Flag.* We do not need to describe "Old Glory" to you. The Flag we offer you is a large Flag, 4x6 feet, and is finished with a strong canvas back strip with brass eyelets ready for fastening to halyards. **Add for Actual Postage 9 Cents.**

Or,

One Half Dozen *Embroidered Handkerchiefs* in Fancy Box. These Embroidered Handkerchiefs look like real hand work. They are so cleverly done on such perfect machines that the embroidery on both sides of the Handkerchief looks exactly alike. The Handkerchiefs are twelve inches square, hemstitched and linen finished, and although not pure linen, they are splendid value and we know you will be pleased with them. **Add for Actual Postage 8 Cents.**

Or,

One volume *Mother.* This wonderful story has been so cordially received in thousands of homes that its sale in book stores is going up by leaps and bounds. For the first time in its history *The Ladies' Home Journal* is now running serially a story already published in book form, and that story is *Mother.* We have had printed for us the third special edition of this book for CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. **Add for Actual Postage 6 Cents.**

***And* Grand EXTRA FREE Premium**—*See Preceding Pages*

Remember, August 1, 1912, is the Last Mailing Date

Address, Special Coupon Offer, The Christian Herald, Bible House, N.Y.

CHRISTMAS, THE FORGIVING SEASON*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

PEACE on earth, good will toward men." This was the glad note of the angel song when Christ was born, and Christmas bells have been echoing it ever since; and not only the bells, but heart-throbs as well; for if ever there is a time in the year when one does not want to feel mean and be mean, it is at the Christmas time.

Come thou, dear Prince, oh come to us this holy Christmas time!
Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet homes, the noisy streets, the humble lanes,
Come to us all, and with thy love touch every human heart,
That we may know that love, and in its blessed peace
Bear charity to all mankind. EUGENE FIELD.

Nothing could be better for us to study as a Christmas forgiving-lesson than the incident assigned for our lesson to-day, which embodies Christ's teachings concerning forgiveness. The incident was one of Jesus's parable stories, and was probably given to the apostles at Capernaum, in the summer of A.D. 29, in the latter part of the third year of Christ's ministry. It was not the first time Jesus had spoken to his apostles about the duty of forgiving others (see Matt. 6: 14), and Peter had been so impressed that he had forgiven more than the Jewish teachers said was according to the law, "three times." Peter had probably forgiven seven times, and so brought the reproach of the rabbis upon himself—hence his appeal to Jesus: "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? seven times?" How wonderful the answer of Jesus: "I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven," that is, four hundred and ninety times; that is, without number. One would get lost in trying to keep the count. A teacher once tried to represent the four hundred and ninety times on the blackboard, making one straight mark at a time, and having the class of one hundred and fifty children count aloud each mark as it was made. Now and then the teacher stopped and asked the question, "What are you counting?" "Marks," said some children. "No," said others, "we are counting how many times Jesus said we must forgive others." And when the four hundred and ninety times were counted from the blackboard, the children exclaimed, "We should think they would forget what they had to forgive." That was just the point: all bitterness would disappear before forgiveness had reached the limit.

Jesus, knowing that Peter had been taught that the threefold forgiveness was based upon Jewish law, then proceeded to instruct Peter and all of the disciples on the bedrock of the new law of forgiveness, and this he did by a parable. A king had a reckoning with his overseers or managers. One acknowledged himself greatly in debt to his master; it would seem that he had misappropriated funds—used for his own purposes the large sum of ten thousand talents—in all about ten millions of dollars. The master commanded that he and all his family should be sold as slaves, as well as all his possessions, and that payment should be made; that was according to Jewish custom (II. Kings 4: 1-7). But the defaulter prayed that he might have time to make good—to pay all. The king was so moved by the sad plight of his servant that he did more than he was asked to do—he forgave the whole debt. What followed? The man should have been humbled by such kindness; but, instead, he was so set up by his added riches that he determined to collect to the last farthing the amount which others were owing him. He came upon an associate who owed him about sixteen dollars, or a trifle more; he took him by the throat, saying: "Pay me what thou owest." The man begged that time might be given him to pay. "No!" was the response, and instead he was put in prison until he should pay the whole debt. How monstrous! The king heard about it, and sent for the unfeeling man to come into his presence. Then he recalled his mercy, and again fastened the debt upon the man, and delivered him to the tormenters until he should pay all that was due—ten million dollars.

Copyright, J. J. Tissot

Jesus Discoursing with His Disciples

From the Painting by J. J. Tissot

The parable thus spoken by Jesus had a deep and terrible significance: that among those men who had been redeemed and forgiven by a merciful God for all their shortcomings, some were so uncharitable that they harbored all sorts of grudges against those they thought had wronged them by word or deed; men who would not yield an inch by way of forgiveness. The carrying of a grudge is worse than carrying a bullet embedded in a bone or muscle. The bullet becomes encysted and is no longer a menace to health or life, but not so with a grudge; it becomes the center of a canker in the soul, which eats its way into immortality. Jesus pronounced woe upon the unforgiving: "So shall also your heavenly Father do unto you if ye forgive not every one his brother from your hearts." The worst tormenter to whom the unforgiving can be delivered is Self. Our worst enemies are our own unhappy and wicked thoughts. Read the biography to be found in Ps. 36: 1-4, and see if you have any personal acquaintance with the person there described.

The verse chosen for the Golden Text puts the cap sheaf upon the large harvesting of forgiveness which the whole world owes. It is this: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you."

It is said that Louis XII, king of France, had many enemies before he succeeded to the throne. When he became king, he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each of their names a large black cross. When this became known, the enemies of the king fled, because they thought it was a sign that he intended to punish them. But the king, hearing of their fears, caused them to be recalled, with an assurance of pardon, and said that he had put a cross beside each name to remind him of the cross of Christ, that he might endeavor to follow the example of him who had prayed for his murderers, and had exclaimed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

We quote a story from Tarbell's *Notes*, which is just to our point. It will do for a teacher of little people to give her class. John and his sister Gladys were out in front of the house. Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The beads were on a little work table beside her. John was playing at trains. "Don't come here, John," said Gladys. But John soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came around the corner, and before he knew it the table was upset and the beads were scattered in every direction. "Oh, John," cried Gladys, with an angry face, "what did I tell you?" "I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. Gladys did not answer for a moment, and then she said, "Never mind, John, I'll forgive you," for she remembered the lesson she was studying for next Sunday about Jesus telling Peter that he must forgive others seventy times seven. "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she said to herself, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book: "List of times I forgive John," and under this: "Monday, for spilling my beads." Then she remembered that on that very day she had upset a block tower John had built to show his father when he should come home, and John had not been the least cross with her. She then wrote on the other side of the page, "The times John forgives me: Monday, for knocking down his tower." That made them even. And so day after day it went on. One day she had the longer list, and another day John had it—often they were even. And Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps, after all, that was what Jesus meant.

Let us determine, at this Christmas-forgiving season, we shall clean up the record by going to each person we have "something against," saying that we wish to forgive and to be forgiven. Let us begin now so as to get the slate clean before the anniversary of the angels' song: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." It will be the grandest tribute of praise we can give to the Prince of Peace.

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for December 15, 1912. Forgiveness. Matt. 18: 15-35. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." Eph. 4: 32.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—IN THE RECENT annual gathering of the District of Columbia Sunday School Convention, at Washington, Mr. W. C. Pearce, the superintendent of the Adult Department of the International Sunday School Association, gave a lecture illustrated by the stereopticon, showing men's classes held in churches, in mines, mills, manufactories, railroad round-houses, battleships, mostly at the noon hour on some week day, for Bible study, even the cowboy class standing beside their ponies—some of them having ridden twenty-one miles to attend. Mr. Pearce stated that within the last four years one million and a half of men have joined the Sunday school in these men's classes.

THE EDITOR OF THE Round Table has heard and read thousands of incidents of conversion, not one of which occurred on Christmas, the very day on which Christ should be born in more souls than on any other day of the year. Surely this is proof that our celebrations are radically lacking in this respect. As it is very hard for one home or one Sunday school to reform its Christmas alone, there ought to be a town council of pastors, superintendents, teachers and parents to study prayerfully the reason why the day when Christ became a child for the very purpose of showing that a child may be like Christ fails to carry that message effectively. Is it not that the children incongruously and by our fault celebrate too much by getting instead of giving? Many, instead of thinking joyfully what they can give to those less favored, in imitation of Him who "for our sakes became poor," are thinking what they will get. We believe that children, and especially boys and girls in altruistic teens would enter joyfully into some plan by which one or several Sunday schools—or, better, all the Sunday schools of a city—should celebrate Christmas by carrying loads of gifts to an orphanage, or to the scattered poor, or to a newsboys' home, or sending barrels of gifts to the children of home missionaries, or gifts of money to Sunday schools in missionary lands.

—SOME SUNDAY SCHOOLS have had a happy success in getting pupils to bring each on Christmas a pound for the poor wrapped so that the poor child's gift of a pound of potatoes looks no less valuable than a pound of anything else. But even such giving is not enough—nothing but the self-giving to Christ of a multitude of children all over the land and world will ever make a fitting celebration of the fact which Christmas represents—that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." He says:

"I gave, I gave rich gifts for thee—
Hast thou given aught for me?"

Why not add to the thought of the giving of gifts and make the one absorbing thought of Christmas the giving of hearts to Christ? With that the giving of a generous sheaf of the year's savings to the agencies that make known to all the world that God loves and gives and calls us to love and give to God and man, to our own great gladness as well as theirs. In any case, the very holy of holies of Christmas should be some sweet, quiet meeting of children where they can be gently shown the fitness of giving themselves to Christ freely, fully and forever. The best Christmas tree is the tree of life, whose root is love, whose trunk is law, whose sap is life, whose fruit is liberty.

[CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are beginning to send suggestions for this Round Table. More are invited, especially from superintendents who have seen good results accomplished in their own schools or others. Send them to Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.]

SHOPPING, AN ART OR A MANIA?

A GENTLEWOMAN who has spent many years abroad commented unfavorably in conversation with a friend on the manners of the American woman when she goes on a round of shopping. She said:

"It would not occur to me to omit 'Good morning' or 'Good afternoon' when I addressed the young woman who waits on me in a shop, nor should I ever think of going out after buying what I wanted without thanking her for the trouble she had taken. I have seen surprise on the faces of saleswomen when I have addressed them courteously and have noticed smiles on the countenances of people around me. I shall continue to be as polite at home as I learned to be on the other side of the Atlantic."

Another woman, young, beautiful and gifted, was called from earth to heaven suddenly a few years ago. In a sketch of her life written by a friend the statement was made that she never entered a department store in New York without diffusing around her an atmosphere of good cheer. She had friends at every counter, and as she passed along the aisles would nod a greeting or toss a pleasant word to the girls who sold ribbons and laces and to others whom she remembered and who never forgot her. She would stop an instant to say at the glove counter, to one of the young women:

"You were not very well last week. Are you feeling better now?" To another she would bring a rose or bunch of violets and say, "I thought of you this morning and brought the flowers for you. Perhaps you will take them home this evening to your sick mother."

The name of this gracious lady was Janet McCook Whitman, and there were a great many people in various stations in society who missed and mourned her when God called her hence. She was grace and graciousness personified. Why should we keep our good manners and our courtesy for one set of friends, and not carry them with us to offices and shops and everywhere else on the road of life? It costs nothing to be considerate.

On a tombstone in a New England cemetery, under the name of the silent sleeper, the simple phrase is inscribed, "She was so pleasant."

. . .

NOW for a little talk about shopping. With the recurrence of Christmas the shops and stores all over the land are gay with myriad colors. The red and green of the decorations mingle with rainbow tints of the holiday goods the merchants have spread to tempt our generosity and our pocket books. Like magnets the shops and their windows draw us to them. We all must do some shopping. In our Family Circle are many who may spend lavishly for the joy of others on Christmas morning. There are some who must burden small gifts with the love they would send to friends and dear ones. Then, too, there are some for whom the rest of us must provide the cheer of this season when we celebrate the greatest gift of all the ages—the birth of Christ. So we hie us to the shops impelled by the love that fills all the air—but we come home tired and nerve-worn. This shopping takes such a lot of energy! Is there any way we can help matters?

In the first place, the woman whose object it is to spend some hours in this interesting pursuit should know beforehand what she intends to buy and how much she can afford to spend. Then she should make a list and economize time and strength by systematizing her errands. When she is selecting toys or gloves or sweaters or skates, she may as well complete all the business she has in that store or portion of the store. In the larger stores there are goods to be found in the basement; there are goods distributed over a dozen other floors and galleries; thoughtless chasing may make your task a frightful burden. By itemizing her purchases and, above all, by making quick decisions and satisfying herself that she is not going beyond her margin, the lady who sets out on a Christmas shopping tour will go back from it feeling as a victorious general does when the battle is over. She may be tired, but she is proudly satisfied.

The woman to whom shopping is merely a foolish way of killing time is wantonly wasteful unless her object is to tell other people where to find specific articles and how much they will probably cost. If this be her purpose she is not a mere spendthrift of time. Clerks and salespeople in general soon learn to discriminate between the shopper who comes with intention and the other who has not the slightest idea of doing anything except amuse herself. She who needlessly obliges men to unroll and display heavy rugs and carpets, she who allows bales to be taken from shelves and exhibited, she who handles all the small objects displayed and stops to price many things she has no intention of buying, she, in fact, who makes useless trouble, is not a thoroughly worthy member of her sex. Women who are deliberately reckless of other people's time are to blame because they give color to assertions continually made as to the childishness of the ordinary woman. Few of us deserve to be stigmatized as immature, stupid or silly, and we cannot help resenting the occasional patronage of those who seem to think that women never grow up.

. . .

THIS has been said so often that you may well be tired of hearing it, but please let me remind you once more of the weeks of arduous labor for the men and women behind the counters, in the packing-rooms and on the delivery wagons. Their feet will be tired, their nerves will be strained and their heads will ache when the days of the final rush come. Let us each try to ease their burdens by buying early, by deciding promptly, and by taking the Christmas spirit with us as we buy.

. . .

JUST one thing more before we leave the subject of shopping. This is for all the year and is not particularly Christmasy. The word "bargain" is irresistible to a multitude of shoppers. There are women who do not understand that ninety-eight cents lacks only two cents of being a dollar. There are others who have never learned that there are seasons in the year when one may buy to advantage and secure for future use materials at a reduced cost that will compare in quality and style with stuffs that cost far more at another season.

Unless a woman has a large and sufficient income she would very much better pay as she goes than shop on the credit system. Husbands occasionally prefer to settle their bills monthly and let their wives purchase goods on account. Watch these expenditures most carefully, for the business man sometimes criticizes items that seem superfluous, and the wife is not quite happy in explaining why she wanted this or the other bit of trimming.

. . .

A Christmas Quotation

ARE you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much friends love you, and to ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the other things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give you more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings with the gate open—are you willing to do these things for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE YOUNG MOTHER

From a painting by B. L. Blommers

POLLYANNA

Continued from page 1215

chow her when she was even littler than you. You see, I used ter work in the garden—then."

Pollyanna caught her breath audibly.

"You did? And you knew my mother, really—when she was just a little earth angel, and not a heaven one? Oh, please tell me about her!" And down plumped Pollyanna in the middle of the dirt path by the old man's side.

A bell sounded in the house. The next moment Nancy was seen flying out the back door.

"Miss Pollyanna, that bell means breakfast — mornin's," she panted, pulling the little girl to her feet and hurrying her back to the house; "and other times it means other meals. But it always means that you're ter run like time when you hear it, no matter where you be. If you don't—well, it'll take somethin' smarter'n we be ter find anythin' ter be glad about in that!" she finished, shooing Pollyanna into the house as she would shoo an unruly chicken into a coop.

Breakfast, for the first five minutes, was a silent meal; then Miss Polly, her disapproving eyes following the airy wings of two flies darting here and there over the table, said sternly:

"Nancy, where did those flies come from?"

"I don't know, ma'am. There wasn't one in the kitchen." Nancy had been too excited to notice Pollyanna's upflung windows the afternoon before.

"I reckon maybe they're my flies, Aunt Polly," observed Pollyanna, amiably. "There were lots of them this morning having a beautiful time upstairs."

Nancy left the room precipitately, though to do so she had to carry out the hot muffins she had just brought in.

"Yours!" gasped Miss Polly. "You mean you raised those windows without any screens?

"Why, yes. There weren't any screens there, Aunt Polly."

Nancy, at this moment, came in again with the muffins. Her face was grave, but very red.

"Nancy," directed her mistress, sharply, "you may set the muffins down and go at once to Miss Pollyanna's room and shut the windows. Shut the doors, also. Later, when your morning work is done, go through every room with the spatter. See that you make a thorough search."

To her niece she said:

"Pollyanna, I have ordered screens for those windows. I knew, of course, that it was my duty to do that. But it seems to me that you have quite forgotten your duty."

"My—duty?" Pollyanna's eyes were wide with wonder.

"Certainly. I know it is warm, but I consider it your duty to keep your windows closed till those screens come. Flies, Pollyanna, are not only unclean and annoying, but very dangerous to health. After breakfast I will give you a little pamphlet on this matter to read."

"To read? Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly. I love to read!"

Miss Polly drew in her breath audibly, then she shut her lips together hard. She did not speak, indeed, until the meal was over. Then she rose, went to the bookcase in the sitting-room and took out a small booklet.

"This is the article I spoke of, Pollyanna. I desire you to go to your room at once and read it. I will be up in half an hour to look over your things."

Pollyanna, her eyes on the illustration of a fly's head many times magnified, cried joyously:

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Polly!" The next moment she skipped merrily from the room.

Half an hour later when Miss Polly, her face expressing stern duty in every line, climbed the stairs and entered Pollyanna's room, she was greeted with a gay burst of eager enthusiasm.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I never saw anything so perfectly lovely and interesting in my life. I'm so glad you gave me that book to read! Why, I didn't suppose flies could carry such a lot of things on their feet, and—"

"That will do," observed Aunt Polly, with dignity. "Pollyanna, you may bring out your clothes now. What are not suitable for you I shall give to the Deans, of course."

"You have been to school, of course, Pollyanna?" asked Miss Polly a moment later, as she inspected her niece's pitiful little wardrobe.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Polly. Besides, fath— I mean, I was taught at home some, too."

Miss Polly frowned.

"Very good. In the fall you will enter school here, of course. Meanwhile, I suppose I ought to hear you read aloud half an hour each day. Have you studied music?"

"Not much. I don't like my music—I like other people's, though; but I'd just as soon let that go as not, Aunt Polly. I'd rather, truly."

"Very likely," observed Aunt Polly, with slightly uplifted eyebrows. "Nevertheless I think it is my duty to see that you are properly instructed in at least the rudiments of music. You sew, of course."

"Yes, ma'am," Pollyanna sighed. "The Ladies' Aid taught me that. But I had an awful time. Mrs. Jones didn't believe in holding your needle like the rest of 'em did in buttonholing, and Mrs. White thought backstitching ought to be taught you before hemming (or else the other way), and Mrs. Harriman didn't believe in putting you on patchwork ever, at all."

"Well, there will be no difficulty of that kind any longer, Pollyanna. I shall teach you sewing myself, of course. You do not know how to cook, I presume."

Pollyanna laughed suddenly.

"They were just beginning to teach me that this summer, but I hadn't got far. They were more divided up on that than they were on the sewing."

Miss Polly paused a moment, then went on slowly: "At nine o'clock every morning you will read aloud one-half hour to me. Before that you will use the time to put this room in order. Wednesday and Saturday forenoons, after half past nine, you will spend with Nancy in the kitchen, learning to cook. Other mornings you will sew with me. That will leave the afternoons for your music," she finished decisively, as she arose from her chair.

Pollyanna cried out in dismay.

"Oh, but, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, you haven't left me any time at all just to—to live."

"To live, child! What do you mean? As if you weren't living all the time!"

"Oh, of course I'd be breathing all the time I was doing those things, Aunt Polly, but I wouldn't be living. You breathe all the time you're asleep, but you aren't living. I mean *living*—doing the things you want to do: playing outdoors, climbing hills, talking to Mr. Tom in the garden, and Nancy, and finding out all about the houses and the people and everything everywhere all through the perfectly lovely streets I came through yesterday. That's what I call living, Aunt Polly. Just breathing isn't living!"

Miss Polly lifted her head irritably.

"Pollyanna, you are the most extraordinary child! You will be allowed a proper amount of playtime, of course. But, surely, it seems to me if I am willing to do my duty in seeing that you have proper care and instruction, you ought to be willing to do yours by seeing that that care and instruction are not ungratefully wasted."

Pollyanna looked shocked.

"Oh, Aunt Polly! as if I ever could be ungrateful to you! Why, I love you—and you aren't even a Ladies' Aider; you're an aunt!"

Continued on next page

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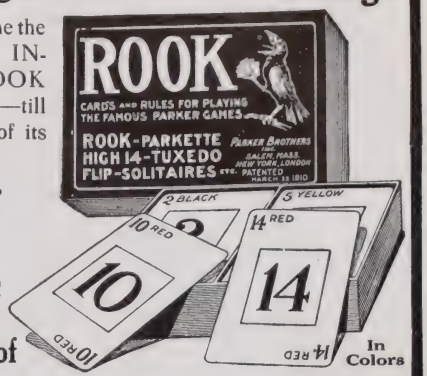

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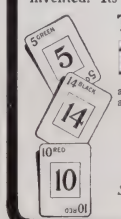

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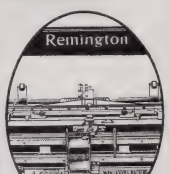

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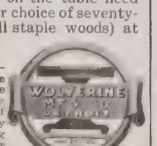

POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

"Very well; then see that you do not act ungrateful," vouchsafed Miss Polly, as she turned toward the door.

She had gone halfway down the stairs when a small unsteady voice called after her:

"Please, Aunt Polly, you didn't tell me which of my things you wanted to —to give away."

Aunt Polly emitted a tired sigh, a sigh that ascended straight to Pollyanna's ears.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Pollyanna. Timothy will drive us into town at half past one this afternoon. Not one of your garments is fit for my niece to wear. Certainly I should be very far from doing my duty by you if I should let you appear out in any one of them."

Pollyanna sighed now; she believed she was going to hate that word—duty.

"Aunt Polly, please," she called wistfully, "isn't there any way you can be glad about all that—duty business?"

"What?" Miss Polly looked up in dazed surprise; then, suddenly, with very red cheeks, she turned and swept down the stairs. "Don't be impertinent, Pollyanna!"

In the hot little attic room Pollyanna dropped herself sorrowfully into one of the straight-backed chairs. To her, existence loomed ahead one endless round of duty.

"I don't see, really, what there was impertinent about that," she sighed. "I was only asking her if she couldn't tell me something to be glad about in all that duty business."

For several minutes Pollyanna sat in silence, her rueful eyes fixed on the forlorn heap of garments on the bed. Then, slowly, she rose and began to lay the dresses away.

"There just isn't anything to be glad about that I can see," she said aloud; "unless—it's to be glad when the duty's done!" Whereupon she laughed suddenly.

At half past one o'clock Timothy drove Miss Polly and her niece to the four or five principal dry goods stores, which were about half a mile from the homestead. The shopping expedition consumed the entire afternoon; then came supper and a delightful talk with Old Tom in the garden, and another with Nancy on the back porch, after the dishes were done and while Aunt Polly paid a visit to a neighbor.

Old Tom told Pollyanna wonderful things of her mother, that made her very happy, indeed; and Nancy told her all about the little farm six miles away at "The Corners," where lived her own dear mother, and her three equally dear brother and sisters. She promised, too, that sometime, if Miss Polly were willing, Pollyanna should be taken to see them.

"And they've got lovely names, too. You'll like their names," sighed Nancy. "They're 'Algernon' and 'Florabelle' and 'Estelle.' I—I just hate 'Nancy'!"

"Oh, Nancy, what a dreadful thing to say! Why?"

"Because it isn't pretty like the others. You see, I was the first baby, and mother hadn't begun ter read so many stories with the pretty names in them, then."

"But I love 'Nancy,' just because it's you," declared Pollyanna.

"Humph! Well, I guess you could love 'Clarissa Mabelle' just as well," retorted Nancy; "and it would be a heap happier for me. I think that name's jest grand!"

Pollyanna laughed.

"Well, anyhow," she chuckled, "you can be glad it isn't 'Hephzibah.'"

"Hephzibah?"

"Yes. Mrs. White's name is that. Her husband calls her 'Hep,' and she doesn't like it. She says when he calls out 'Hep—Hep!' she feels just as if the next minute he was going to yell 'Hurrah!' And she doesn't like to be hurrahed at."

Nancy's gloomy face relaxed into a broad smile.

"Well, if you don't beat the Dutch! Say, do you know? I shan't never hear 'Nancy' now that I don't think o' that 'Hep—Hep!' and giggle. My, I guess I am glad—" She stopped short and turned amazed eyes on the little girl: "Say, Miss Pollyanna, do you mean—was you playin' that 'ere game then—about my bein' glad I wan't 'Hephzibah'?"

Pollyanna frowned; then she laughed.

"Why, Nancy, that's so! I was playing the game—but that's one of the times I just did it without thinking, I reckon. You see, you do, lots of times; you get so used to it—looking for something to be glad about, you know. And most generally there is something about everything that you can be glad about, if you keep hunting long enough to find it."

"Well, m-maybe," granted Nancy, with open doubt.

At half past eight Pollyanna went up to bed. The screens had not yet come, and the close little room was like an oven. With longing eyes Pollyanna looked at the two fast-closed windows —but she did not raise them. She undressed, folded her clothes neatly, said her prayers, blew out her candle, and climbed into bed. Just how long she lay in sleepless misery, tossing from side to side of the hot little bed, she did not know; but it seemed to her that it must have been hours before she finally slipped out of bed, felt her way across the room and opened her door.

Out in the main attic all was velvet blackness save where the moon flung a path of silver halfway across the floor from the east window. With a resolute ignoring of that fearsome darkness to the right and to the left, Pollyanna drew a quick breath and pattered straight into that silvery path, and on to the window. Outside, there was a wide world of fairylike beauty, and there was, too, she knew, fresh, sweet air that would feel so good to hot cheeks and hands!

As she stepped nearer and peered longingly out, she saw, only a little way below the window, the wide, flat tin roof of Miss Polly's sun parlor built over the porte-cochère. The sight filled her with longing. If only now her bed were out there! And folks did sleep out of doors. Joel Hartley at home, who was so sick with the consumption, had to sleep out of doors.

Suddenly Pollyanna remembered that she had seen near this attic window a row of long white bags hanging from nails. Nancy had said that they contained winter clothes, put away for the summer. A little fearfully now, Pollyanna felt her way to these bags, selected a nice fat soft one (it contained Miss Polly's sealskin coat) for a bed and a thinner one to be doubled up for a pillow, and still another (which was so thin it seemed almost empty) for a covering. Thus equipped, Pollyanna in high glee pattered to the moonlit window again, raised the sash, stuffed her burden through to the roof below, then let herself down after it, closing the window carefully behind her—Pollyanna had not forgotten those flies with the marvelous feet that carried things.

How deliciously cool it was! Pollyanna danced up and down with delight. The tin roof under her feet crackled with little resounding snaps that Pollyanna rather liked. Finally, with a sigh of content, she curled herself up on the sealskin coat mattress, arranged one bag for a pillow and the other for a covering, and settled herself to sleep.

"I'm so glad now that the screens didn't come," she murmured, blinking up at the stars; "else I couldn't have had this!"

Downstairs in Miss Polly's room next the sun parlor, Miss Polly herself was hurrying into dressing gown

Continued on next page

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DO YOU KNOW YOUR BIBLE?

THIS is a pleasant though strenuous work for a workingman. I hope you will continue it," writes one of our Bible students from Canada.

A young friend from Liberia, Africa, Randolph Cooper, Jr., sends answers to List No. 8. They arrived rather late, but have had a very long journey. Only one more set of questions this year. Time yet, though, for some of the prize-winners to change places. Don't slacken your efforts till the year is finished. Then we'll make a fresh start for 1913.

Be sure to send your answers promptly. Question List No. 11 was published last week. Following is the Honor Roll for List No. 10:

Twenty-seven answered 12 questions:

Eleanor Arnold, Ellen D. Ainslie, Miss J. H. Archibald, Emma Bothseall, Rev. A. E. Bloom, J. W. Baker, Jennie Cunningham, J. Harry Deems, Mrs. B. DeYoung, Sadie Davis, Mary J. Elmore, Mrs. W. C. Henderson, Mrs. M. B. Irwin, Mrs. Kate A. Jackson, Esther D. Jones, M. Murray, George McLachlan, A. L. Mossman, Mrs. Addie Perrine, Rebecca Peirce, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rodgers, Mrs. Alonzo Sedgwick, Hallie M. See, Mrs. Abbie W. Trueblood, Viola M. Tennant, Mrs. C. B. Wood, Edward Yoder.

Twenty answered 11½ questions:

Mrs. Charles L. Adams, M. J. Archibald, Mrs. Louis A. Black, Mrs. Isaac T. Coppock, Mrs. E. E. Cammack and daughter, W. K. Desh, Mrs. M. E. Diament and daughter, George M. Elliott, Mrs. A. L. Freeman, Mrs. R. F. French, Mary Fitzgerald, Marion F. Grinnell, James B. Gilchrist, Annie M. Grover, Mrs. Susan A. Glover, Rosa Hirschy, Bertha Hutchings, Mrs. Annie Howell, Minnie Lohr, Anna M. Smith.

Thirty answered 11 questions:

Mrs. Kittie Baldwin, Mrs. M. W. Barr, S. J. Black, Mrs. A. L. Brackett, Mrs. O. C. Barnes, Mrs. Madison Clark, Una Corner, Ora M. Curry and parents, I. Dalgleish, Eliza J. Fuller, Anna Fitts, Mrs. F. M. Gainfort, Etta F. Graves, H. D. Gordon, Edward Hicks, Jennie E. Holmes, Delinda A. Jackson, Esther Jacquith, Mrs. Ella Jameson, Julia E. Kemp, Mrs. Alice Lee, Mrs. A. Lobdell, Mrs. Emily O. Lewis, Lizzie McLean, Rosina Rausch, Carrie L. Ray, Ellen Simkin, C. H. Sultner, Clara M. Spencer, J. P. Street.

Twenty-seven answered 10½ questions:

Mrs. O. G. Beard, Mrs. G. W. Brown, Fannie L. Bell, Mrs. S. B. Barnes, C. Jane Barton, Mrs. Ralph S. Bridgeman, Emma B. Burrill, Agnes Cowan, Mrs. Mary E. Coupland, Mrs. R. Cance, Mrs. B. Grimshaw, Mrs. J. C. Hooper, Mrs. Percy W. Holmes, Mrs. Emily H. Harrington, Mrs. M. P. Isbell, Mrs. D. W. Jackson, A. W. Merker, Mrs. George F. Miller, Mrs. G. W. Metzger, Annie M. McLellan, Charles Miller, David T. Newson, H. Maud Plaisted, Mrs. E. R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Eli Shafer, Amelia Williams, Julia E. Wilson.

Twenty-nine answered 10 questions:

Mrs. J. Adam Andrea, John Bissett, Lawrence A. Brooks, Mrs. E. Barney, Mrs. Mattie K. Burges, Mrs. John Burgoyne, Mrs. Lina Bagshaw, Edith M. Chandler, Mrs. Harriet N. Chaney, Mrs. H. P. Calkins, Mrs. Annie S. Dyer, Mrs. J. W. Floyd, Kate M. Goddard, Mrs. H. C. Glidden, Mrs. Maria L. Harkness, David Haisley, Mrs. William L. Jones, Samuel A. Lowrance, Miss F. M. Moseley, Mrs. E. M. Matthews, Mrs. M. Perry, Mrs. Alonzo Purinton, Mrs. A. S. Ross, Miss Leanora Reese, Alonzo N. Smith, Mrs. D. H. Shumway, Mrs. J. A. Tuthill, L. M. West, W. A. Wilson.

ANSWERS TO LIST NO. 10

1. In which one of the four Gospels do the words "immediately" and "straightway" occur with striking frequency? Ans., Mark.

2. What king was commanded to dismiss an army which he had hired and was given a rich promise on condition of his obedience? Amaziah. II. Chron. 25: 5-9.

3. In what three passages is the word found which is used in present times to designate the taking of offerings in public worship? "Collection." II. Chron. 24: 6, 9; I. Cor. 16: 1.

4. What New Testament writer urges Christians not to make distinctions between rich and poor in church, and sounds a warning against those who have grown rich by oppression? State passages. James. James 2: 1-9; James 5: 1-6.

5. How many persons upon whom Jesus wrought miracles are mentioned by name, and who are they? Bartimeus, Mark 10: 46; Lazarus, John 11: 43; Malchus, Matt. 26: 51; Mark 14: 47; Luke 22: 51; named in John 18: 10.

6. In how many and what cases are the names mentioned of persons upon whom the apostles worked miracles? Eneas, Acts 9: 33; Dorcas, Acts 9: 36; Eutychus, Acts 20: 9-12.

7. Every verse of one of the Psalms closes with the same refrain. In what other Old Testament passages does this refrain occur? Psalm 136. Repeated in I. Chron. 16: 41; II. Chron. 5: 13; 7: 3-6; 20: 21; Ps. 106: 1; 107: 1; 118: 1; Jer. 33: 11.

8. What Psalm of seven verses is repeated, with slight changes of expression, in another Psalm of six verses? Psalm 14, repeated in Psalm 53.

9. The word "lion" occurs five times in two verses [A. V.]; the word "chest" four times in four verses. Find the passages. Lion, Job 4: 10, 11. Chest, II. Chron. 24: 8-11.

10. What king was told by a prophet that he would not need to fight in the battle about to be waged, and what great leader was given this same message at an earlier stage of Israel's history? Jehosaphat, II. Chron. 20: 17; Moses, Ex. 14: 13, 14.

11. What two persons were injured by falling from a window [not thrown by violence], one dying from his injuries, the other recovering? Ahaziah, II. Kings 1: 2; Eutychus, Acts 20: 9.

12. To what three crucifixions does Paul make reference in a verse in Galatians? The crucifixion of Jesus, the crucifixion of the world to Paul, the crucifixion of Paul to the world. Gal. 6: 14.

POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

and slippers, her face white and frightened. A minute before she had been telephoning in a shaking voice to Timothy:

"Come up quick!—you and your father. Bring lanterns. Somebody is on the roof of the sun parlor. I have locked the attic door down here—but hurry, quick!"

Some time later, Pollyanna, just dropping off to sleep, was startled by a lantern flash, and a trio of amazed ejaculations. She opened her eyes to find Timothy at the top of a ladder near her, Old Tom just getting through the window, and her aunt peering out at her from behind him.

"Pollyanna, what does this mean?" cried Aunt Polly then.

Pollyanna blinked sleepy eyes and sat up.

"Why, Mr. Tom—Aunt Polly!" she stammered. "Don't look so scared! It isn't that I've got the consumption, you know, like Joel Hartley! It's only that I was so hot—in there. But I shut the window, Aunt Polly, so the flies couldn't carry things in!"

Timothy disappeared suddenly down the ladder. Old Tom, with almost equal precipitation, handed his lantern to Miss Polly, and followed his son. Miss Polly bit her lip hard—until the men were gone; then she said sternly:

"Pollyanna, hand those things to me at once and come in here. Of all the extraordinary children!" she ejaculated a little later, as, with Pollyanna by her side and the lantern in her hand, she turned back into the attic.

To Pollyanna the air was all the more stifling after that cool breath of the out-of-doors; but she did not complain. She only drew a long, quivering sigh. At the top of the stairs Miss Polly jerked out crisply:

"For the rest of the night, Pollyanna, you are to sleep in my bed with me. The screens will be here to-morrow, but until then I consider it my duty to keep you where I know where you are."

Pollyanna drew in her breath.

"With you?—in your bed?" she cried rapturously. "Oh, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely of you! And when I've so wanted to sleep with some one some time that belonged to me, you know; not a Ladies' Aider. My! I reckon I am glad now those screens didn't come! Wouldn't you be?"

There was no reply. Miss Polly was stalking on ahead. Miss Polly, to tell the truth, was feeling curiously helpless. For the third time since Pollyanna's arrival, Miss Polly was punishing Pollyanna—and for the third time she was being confronted with the amazing fact that her punishment was being taken as a special reward of merit.

To be continued

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

Words by CAROLYN S. BAILEY — Music by MARY B. EHRMANN

Tempo di Valse

On Christ - mas Eve, would you be - lieve, the
They clapp'd their paws and joined their claws and
Each squir - rel found pe - cans, a pound the

for - est gave a par - ty, She
danced in diz - zy meas - ure, And
wood - chucks corn and clo - ver; And

poco rit

asked the lit - tle squir - rels in, and
San - ta *Claus drove home that way and
San - ta stayed to watch a while un

a tempo

rab - bits, fat and heart - y. She called the
dropped them each a treas - ure He gave the
til the fun was o - ver, On Christ - mas

rall *poco animato*

bear who slum - ber'd there un - til he heard the
bear a li - on's share of sweets and Christ - mas
Eve, would you be - lieve, and yet I think it

talk - ing, And all the lit - tle wood-chucks
can - dy, The rab - bits, *bows and no one
shock - ing Not one of all these fun - ny

ff

came in comp - les - meat - ly walk - ing
knows how *time they felt and spand - y
folks could hang a Christ - mas stock - ing

*Use half note and small quarter note in 2nd & 3rd verses.

From "Songs of Happiness." Courtesy of Milton Bradley, publisher.

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WOMEN AND THE SUFFRAGE

EVELYN BAKER DODD'S article on "The Rule of American Women," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 13, has brought out replies from several readers, who criticize the writer's views sharply. Mrs. Dora Kerschner, of Winfield, Kan., writes:

I ask a little space in these columns to call upon the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to note the misleading statements and inconsistencies of Mrs. Dodd's article. One of the most glaring of these is the assertion that three of the suffrage States do not prohibit children from working at night, while many other States do. Mrs. Dodd here gives us a splendid opportunity to impress on the readers that in all of the four oldest suffrage States, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho, child labor is not permitted at all, *either day or night*. Is Mrs. Dodd honestly ignorant or would she willingly mislead her readers? She cites several other similar instances in an attempt to prove that the welfare of women and children is not well guarded in the suffrage States. The best answer to this is found in a summary of facts on these matters, a partial list of which is given below, the full list being too lengthy. The women of Mrs. Dodd's acquaintance seem to be "fame-seeking, pampered, self-indulgent, highly emotional, undisciplined," etc., etc.; and I grant that the women she describes are not desirable as voting citizens; and far less are they desirable as mothers, wives and home-makers. We believe that the home deserves the finest and best of humanity for the shaping of its destiny. We believe that the home-makers should be invested not only with the finest qualities of heart and brain, but also with the fullest powers, the largest liberties and the widest opportunity for full development that man can find.

Mrs. Dodd is alarmed lest women should neglect the home, invade man's sphere and finally lose her maternal instincts. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless be slow to accept the advice of one who knows so little of the "mother-heart" that she thinks it may be so easily eradicated. Does Mrs. Dodd know anything about the thousands of heart-hungry women who are working in factories and shops, because there are no homes for them under the conditions of man suffrage? Does she know anything about the mothers who have been forced away from their firesides and their little ones to earn a living, under the conditions of man suffrage? Let her ask herself what has prevented the complete overthrow of the home under the misgovernment of a half-race in its greed for profits, in its mad rush to coin into gold the loving hearts of women and the smiles and dimples of little children. And if she ever finds the answer to that question, she will begin to understand something of the width and depth and height and power of the mother-love.

This cry for the ballot of which Mrs. Dodd is so fearful is the veriest manifestation of this mother-love. It is the struggle of the mother-heart to preserve her place in her own realm. It is for the sake of the home and the children that she asks it, and it is the enemies of the home such as the saloon-keeper, the gambler and the corrupt politician, that make up the large part of the opposition to granting it.

WHERE WOMEN VOTE

IN WYOMING, Colorado, Utah and Idaho—wife's earnings and personal property not received from husband, but in her sole control. Spouses' interest equal in each other's real estate. Equality in inheritance for both sexes. No children under fourteen to work in mines. Free kindergartens. American flag on schoolhouses. Alcoholic drinks forbidden to minors. Gambling and prostitution forbidden. Age of consent eighteen to twenty-one years. Father and mother share in guardianship of children. Survivor the sole guardian.

Women physicians or matrons in institutions having women or children in custody—Wyoming and Colorado; customary in Utah and Idaho.

Lewd persons forbidden to register and vote—Idaho.

No factory work for children under fourteen—Colorado and Idaho; practically none in Utah and Wyoming.

Eight hour maximum labor day for women—Colorado and Idaho.

No women to work in mines—Wyoming, Colorado and Utah; not customary in Idaho.

Tobacco forbidden to children under eighteen—Wyoming and Utah; Idaho, 21; Colorado, 16.

Compulsory education for children under sixteen, with instruction in physiology and hygiene—Wyoming and Utah; Colorado and Idaho, under 14.

Equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex—Wyoming and Utah, by custom in Colorado and Idaho.

Juvenile courts and probation officers for delinquent children—Colorado, Utah and Idaho.

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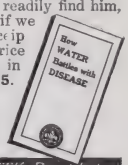

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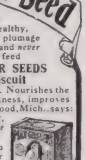

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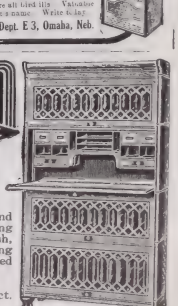

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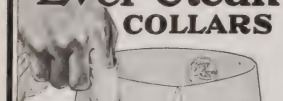

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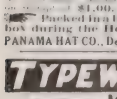

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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO MISS LAVINIA

Continued from page 1220

absently that in the next stall was a wagon similar to theirs, with a similar box in the back. She fastened the blanket a bit more securely about Dolly; then, not knowing what else to do, went slowly along the street. Lights were already flashing out from homes and shops. And look where she would, wreaths and ropes of Christmas greens met her eyes. Bells of all sizes hung in the windows. Christmas trees, with flashing tapers, gave alluring invitations. And everywhere, happy hurrying people filled the walk, all with Christmasy looking bundles and holly.

In front of a window filled with toys, Miss Lavinia found herself held a prisoner for a moment by the jolly, jostling crowd. Next her was a young poorly-dressed woman with a baby in her arms. A little girl clung to her skirts. A young man, with a broad, good-natured face, stood near, his arms full of packages.

"Guess I've got 'em all, Ben," the woman said in a tired but vibrantly happy voice. "The baby's and Mamie's and Bennie's—I'm so glad we could manage 'em all. A ten-cent store's a blessing to poor folks, ain't it, Ben? Benny'll be so pleased—where is Benny, Ben?"

"While you and the kids was in here, Ben and me did a little shoppin' on our own account," said the young man, with a smile so broad and beaming that it embraced Miss Lavinia. "A man in one of the stores gave Benny a big bunch of holly, and the little chap wanted to go to the shed and trim up the old horse. Then he wanted to trim all the horses—thought they'd feel bad, mebby, if they didn't have any Christmas. I told him, when he was through, to just climb into the wagon and wait. Come on, now, Mayme, I'm goin' to buy you a new dress."

"We can't afford it," began the girl, but her eyes shone like stars.

"Can't afford it? Well, I guess my wife's goin' to have a Christmas present."

They disappeared in the crowd, talking eagerly. But others came and gazed in at the brilliantly lighted window, went in, and came out with packages and Christmas greens. Miss Lavinia hurried back toward the shed. She found herself thinking how Samuel did really need a new overcoat. Passing a jewelry shop, she fairly saw the glint of one of the necklaces on Lindy's pretty round neck. Once she opened her purse. But she shut it again with a snap. And her lips came together tightly.

In the shed she found Samuel untying Dolly. The other wagon, with its similar box, still stood in the next stall.

The ride home was a silent one. Snow was coming quietly—big white flakes, soft as cotton-wool.

"Guess we'll have sleighin' by tomorrer, all right," said Samuel.

As they drove into the yard, the door of the kitchen flew open. In the broad path of lamplight which lay across the porch, stood Lindy. She wore a white wool gown. There was a red ribbon in her hair.

"Supper's all ready," she cried. She flew down the steps. Regardless of the snow, she reached up to give Dolly her lump of sugar.

"Where did you get your holly?" she cried.

Sure enough, bobbing rakishly over one ear, Dolly wore a bit of Christmas green.

Samuel was already shaking his head when Miss Lavinia turned inquiringly toward him.

"I d'know where it came from, Lavin'," he said. "Some one 'sides me must have stuck it there."

"Dolly looks about as well pleased as most folks do with Christmas things," said Miss Lavinia, as she stepped down from the wagon. "Catch holt here, Lindy—we'll just set this box in the store room."

Lindy on one side, Miss Lavinia on the other, they started to lift the big box from the wagon.

"I didn't know there was anything in it," laughed Lindy. "I almost dropped my end of it."

"What have you gone and loaded into this box, Sam Parsons?" called Miss Lavinia, but old Samuel on his way to the barn didn't hear.

Miss Lavinia and Lindy tugged the box up the steps and into the kitchen. Lindy, proudly anxious about her supper, ran to the oven to see that the potatoes were just right. The next minute she heard a sharp exclamation.

"For the land o' mercy, Lindy Blake," cried Miss Lavinia, "there's a live baby, or something, in this box."

Lindy ran to the box, knelt down, and peered in. There, sound asleep, a jumping-jack in one hand, holly a-top of him, lay a small, plump, yellow-haired boy.

"Where'd it come from?" gasped Miss Lavinia.

The boy opened a pair of big round brown eyes. At sight of the strange faces they grew bigger and rounder and browner.

"I wants my mudder," he cried, "I wants my fadder. I wants my Chrismas tree."

Fifteen minutes later, stamping off the snow from his boots, Samuel limped into the kitchen. Near the door he stopped short, his mouth wide open in astonishment.

Before the stove sat Miss Lavinia. In her lap was a small, woe-begone, yellow-haired boy. Even while old Samuel gazed, he wailed, "I wants my mudder! I wants my fadder! I wants my Christmas tree!"

On the floor knelt Lindy, making distracted efforts to soothe the child. A jumping-jack sprawled near by. Adding the last touch to the picture, on the back of Miss Lavinia's chair, was a large spray of holly. In the oven the potatoes burst their brown skins. On the stove the bacon sizzled crisply. The air was full of the odor of coffee.

"Land sake alive!" cried Samuel.

"You'd better say 'Land sake alive,' Sam Parsons," cried Miss Lavinia. "How in the name of goodness did this baby get in our box?"

Before Samuel could make any answer, the boy sat up.

"I'm not a baby," he said, "I'm—I'm Benny. I bought Baby's Christmas present and Mamie's and mudder's wiv my own pennies—I did. An' 'en I trimmed the hosses an' 'en I trawled in the box to wait for fadder and mudder. I wants my mudder. I wants my fadder. I wants my Christmas tree."

"He belongs to those people in front of the ten cent store," cried Miss Lavinia. "That must have been their wagon next ours in Barnes's shed, Sam. It had a box in the back, too. He got into the wrong box—that's all."

While Miss Lavinia told all she knew and Samuel ejaculated, "For the land sakes!" several times, and Lindy ran to save the coffee from boiling over and the bacon from burning, Benny sobbed and cried, and refused all comfort.

"S'pose I'd better harness up and take him back to town?" said old Samuel anxiously.

"Take this baby back in this storm?" cried Miss Lavinia. "Have you lost your senses, Sam Parsons? Not a step shall he go before morning."

"You couldn't go 'way back to town yourself to-night, Uncle Samuel," said Lindy softly to the old man. "Besides, if you did, maybe you couldn't find Bennie's people. We'll take good care of him till morning."

"But what's his folks do? That's what beats me," cried Samuel. "Think

Continued on next page

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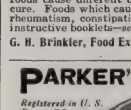

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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO MISS LAVINIA

Continued from preceding page

of losing your baby at Christmas time."

"I wants my Christmas tree!" wailed Benny.

In spite of a good supper, in spite of Lindy's tender cuddling and coaxing, in spite of everything every one could do, the piteous homesick little voice kept saying over and over, "I wants my Christmas tree!"

"If you'll do up the supper things, Lindy," said Miss Lavinia, when the meal was over, "I'll rock him a spell. He ain't anything but a baby if he is the oldest of 'em."

She carried the child to the firelit dusk of the living-room. She sat down in the old rocker and began to rock, crooning softly. Lindy, splashing the dish-water in the sink, smiled to herself. For Miss Lavinia was singing, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

Fainter and fainter grew the sobs. At last they died away altogether. After some time, Miss Lavinia came back into the kitchen, softly closing the door of the living-room.

"Now," she said briskly, "we'll all get right to work."

"Work?" cried Samuel. "There ain't such a sight of work to do to-night, is there, Lavin'? Lindy and me's been thinkin'—mebby we could telephone over to Barnes's shed about the boy—says she's most sure John Davidson would do it."

"There's considerable to see to first, Sam," said Miss Lavinia, lifting a cover from the stove. "To begin with, we've got to have a Christmas tree."

"Christmas tree!" gasped Samuel.

"That's what I said, Sam," said Miss Lavinia; "you can get right to work shellin' corn."

"Oh, Aunt Vinnie!" cried Lindy; "there's the children's tree at the schoolhouse, and all the trimmings. We can use that."

"How'll we get it, Lindy?" said Miss Lavinia. "It's stormin' something dreadful."

"John—Mr. Davidson—will get it—I know he will," said Lindy. "He's so good about such things. He helped me set it up and trim it. And he was Santa Claus—he loves children."

"How'll we get John Davidson?" asked Miss Lavinia, with a grim little smile. "It's further to the Davidson's than 'tis to the schoolhouse—quite a piece."

"He—I think—that is, he said he might drop in this evening to see you and Uncle Samuel," said Lindy.

"It'll take something more than Sam Parsons and me to get John Davidson out in this storm—still, Lindy, I wouldn't be a mite surprised to see him. Meanwhile, we'll just go up to the attic, you and me, and look up some of great-nephew Tom's old toys. There's a cart and a rocking-horse and a horn. I guess it'll toot some yet, mebby. Sit there and stare, Sam Parsons, if you want to. I guess I've got mind enough to change it, if I see fit."

In spite of one of the worst blizzards of the season, John Davidson did get to the Parsons house. And in spite of it, too, he brought the little tree from the schoolhouse. Then he went back to his cousin's home, and, after an hour's patient trying, got into communication with a distracted father still hovering about Barnes's shed, and set him easy about his small boy. And late as it was, with the storm worse every minute, he went back again to the Parsons house to tell them all was well and that Benny's father and mother and Mamie and the Baby would all be there early the next morning.

"There's plenty of turkeys and pumpkins and mince-meat and jelly," said Miss Lavinia from her place on the stepladder, where she was hanging a bunch of scarlet holly. "I guess Lindy and me'll just fly around and give 'em all a good Christmas dinner 'fore they go back."

At quarter past eleven that stormy Christmas Eve, the little tree stood in the living-room of the Parsons house, ready for lighting when Benny awoke in the morning.

"Don't take so long to trim a tree, if you go at it right," said Miss Lavinia. "And if I do say it as shouldn't, Sam Parsons, I never saw a prettier tree in my life."

It was pretty with its colored paper chains made by the school children, its popcorn, popped and strung by Samuel, its shining red apples, its tinsel and ornaments John Davidson had found somewhere.

Samuel nodded his head in wordless approval. From the kitchen, where John Davidson still lingered with Lindy, came the murmur of voices. It didn't seem one small home could hold quite so much love and joy and good cheer. They must run over and bless the world.

"Christmas did come in spite of me," said Miss Lavinia. She laughed happily. But something like a tear sparkled for a moment on her cheek and then was lost among the sparkles of the tree. "I guess I'm as glad as any one that it did. And I shan't ever try to keep it out again."

"It came with the little one there." Samuel jerked his thumb toward the door of the bedroom where the child lay asleep. "I knew, somehow, Lavin', when you was a talkin' a spell back, that 'twasn't just holly and them things—not even givin' gifts—that made Christmas. They're just signs and symbols, or suthin' like that. It's the little Child makes Christmas, Lavin'."

"Guess like enough you're right, Sam," said Miss Lavinia. "Hush—Lindy's singing."

And Lindy, who had just said good-night to John Davidson, came slowly through the firelit dusk of the kitchen, trilling tenderly,

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!

GENERAL NOTES

—THE RECENT CONTRIBUTION of Evelyn Baker Dodd in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the suffrage question has stirred up some healthy criticism on the other side, and we take pleasure in giving place in this issue to some of the letters received from the friends of woman suffrage. These letters, it must be admitted, make out an excellent case in disposing of Mrs. Dodd's statements.

—THE AMERICAN BAPTIST Publication Society has issued a new translation of the Scriptures. The work has been under way for twenty-three years and some of the most eminent Biblical scholars have contributed to the production of the new volume, which is named "An Improved Edition." It is based in part on the "Bible Union Version." Professor Barnard C. Taylor, of Crozer Seminary, was assigned the task of revising the Bible Union Version of Genesis, Job, Psalms and Proverbs, and also the translations of Exodus, Levitieus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth and I. and II. Samuel; Professor J. R. Sampey translated I. and II. Kings, I. and II. Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon and Lamentations. President Harper began the work of translating Isaiah and the Minor Prophets; his work was continued after his death by Professor G. W. P. Smith. Professor Ira W. Price translated Jeremiah and Ezekiel. Some notable changes are the following: Exodus 20: 5 is made to read, "visiting the iniquity of fathers upon sons upon the third generation and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me." "Graven image" is made to read "carved image." In Luke 16: 23 "hell" is made to read "underworld." In many places where the word "baptize" occurs the word "immerse" is set beside it in parentheses. The Lord's Prayer according to the new version reads as follows: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debt, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." A more extended notice of the new Bible will appear in a future issue.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
Bible House, New York City

RELIEF FOR THE BALKAN SUFFERERS

Continued from page 1213

Ashmead-Bartlett, the London *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, wired in part as follows:

"Every village through which I passed has its victims, every road over which the troops move to the front is marked by a trail of corpses or of men dying by the roadside. As there are no medical arrangements of any sort, it is impossible to succor and save any of these wretched victims of the war. Those who fall are left to die where they drop. No pleading or prayers will move the living to raise a helping hand, even if they are in a position to do so. . . . Three days ago I rode over the hills, intending to visit Hademkeui. I mounted the last slope which hid the valley in which it lies, and then I was brought to a standstill by the awful babel of sounds which arose beneath me. . . . In the center of Hademkeui lay a large square, formed on one side by some barracks, on two others by lines of white hospital tents, on the fourth by the highroad. This square resembled a successful flypaper in midsummer—it was covered with corpses of dead and writhing bodies of living in all attitudes; some prone, some sitting, some kneeling, some constantly shifting, some with hands clasped as if in supplication. In some parts of the area dead were piled in heaps, in others those still living were almost as closely packed."

The Bulgarian troops operating before the Turks' strongest position at Hademkeui were ordered to cease fighting and merely hold the positions they had won until the outcome of the negotiations for an armistice were known. The Turkish reports that have come via Constantinople state that the Bulgarians have been repulsed and that fresh troops are arriving daily from Asia Minor. From Sofia, on the other hand, the reports announce the retirement of the Bulgarians from their most advanced positions for the purpose of avoiding further contamination from the cholera. Already a number of cases have appeared among the Bulgarian troops, but with the more effectual medical arrangements of the Bulgarians it is hoped that the numbers of those attacked may remain very small.

Due apparently to a misunderstanding of the terms set forth by Bulgaria on behalf of the allies, the Turkish Government refused to treat further on the matter of a cessation of hostilities, and on the morning of November 21 fighting started again on the Chatalja lines. The allies demanded the surrender by Turkey of practically all the territory that their troops have won at the point of the bayonet. This the Sublime Porte declared impossible to grant, and despatched Nazim Pasha to the front to resume the fighting.

As this statement is prepared for the press, the despatches bring unconfirmed news of a Bulgarian naval victory. Through London it is reported that the Bulgarian torpedo boats attacked the Turkish cruiser *Hamidiyeh* off Varna and sent her to the bottom. Greek success is reported in their occupancy of the Turkish town of Florina to the south of Monastir.

The latest despatches bring still further tales of devastation and suffering. From THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S own correspondents we have received further letters and an excellent photograph of the Relief Committee at Sofia. These will appear in the next issue.

All contributions for the relief of the widows and orphans and the treatment of the wounded should be sent as early as possible to the BALKAN RELIEF FUND, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY. Every contribution will be acknowledged.

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NOTE: To use the Sparkling package instead of the Acidulated for the above recipe, for the first part use 4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice and 1 teaspoonful lemon extract instead of the pure fruit acid. For the other part follow directions in the Acidulated recipe.

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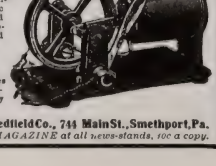

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

CONDUCTED BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

Talk About Spectacles

Marietta Holley
Author of Samantha at Coney Island

JOSIAH wuz cleanin' his fur-off and near-to spectacles. And I wuz readin' about a famous actress who ad just married a man oung enough to be her on, and I sez:

"It seems dretful resky, osiah."

And he sez, "I d'no; ome wimmen are born d, and some are born kinder young nd always stay so."

But I sez, "Considerin' the elastic ater of men, I consider it resky."

He kep' on with his work and I be-an to eppisode how necessary it wuz keep spectacles crystal clear. Thinks how many spots on the sun are win' to spotty specs. How many aults in our neighbors we see through aulty glasses! how many books are illed dull, owin' to critics' dull specs! ow many hearts are broken and ves ruined by somebody lookin' rough nasty glasses and tellin' what ey see and makin' folks believe it! nd how much sorrow folks cause by riticisin' them that's richer and more stinguished — middlin' good folks ebby they are, only the pizen vapors sin' from envy and jealousy have ettled on their spectacles and they on't see clear through 'em. The ood nater in them they envy is alled heartlessness, their pleasant ords, deceitfulness, their dignity is alled haughtiness, their honest desire be friendly is called patronizin' and alse, and their attempts to help and etter the community, looked at rough them dirty specs, looks black nd offensive.

And friends, congenial friends, who ved each other—oh, *how did* the dust gin to gather on their glasses? Only speck at first, mebby, but gatherin' ther atoms of distrust, suspicion, alse gossip, and they gatherin' dis-ke, till the glasses are dim and the nes who wuz so dear look fur off, as snow covered mountains lay be-ween 'em. Oh! the tragedies of lone-ness and sorrow caused by poor mor-uls tryin' to look through such lasses!

Josiah got through with his near-oos, and as he begun on his fur-offs ly thought turned itself over and I ee the other side on't. I begun to ppisode on how necessary it wuz to *ot see* too plain sometimes—some ke the Bible verses, "Answer a fool ccordin' to his folly, and answer a ool not accordin' to his folly." Some-mes you must look at things with our near-toos and then agin with our fur-offs.

Now, sometimes to git along peace-ble with folks, you have got to look ver through 'em, not see a thing, r act as if you didn't. In bringin' p children you've got to use both pair f specs on lyin', theft, laziness and uch, magnify 'em, and make 'em look as big as possible. But thoughtless naughtiness, a cross word or look, accidental damage, etc., look over and beyond 'em, and most likely they will disappear of themselves. Yes, it is good sometimes to not see things that annoy. No two folks can always think alike, and thoughtless, impatient words and acts that might, if noticed and magnified by altercation, bring on onhappiness—don't see 'em, look on the blue onclouded sky till the sunshine is reflected back in your heart, and from your heart to theirn.

And as I set musin' on these deep subjecks, the article I had been readin' come into my thoughts agin, and I begun to eppisode on marriages occurrin' late in life. Fair and downy and blessedly happy the little fellow with wings and arrows looks, seen through the glowin' eyes of youth. But the down on the wings seen through near-too spectacles is but feathers and quills sharp-pinted, liable to prick and smart. The arrows show their brassy pints, pizened by fears, cautions, and disappointments. The naked limbs look cold and shivery, the laughin' face takes on a scoffin' mirth. Be careful, elderly lovers, how you look at the form of young love. If you must gaze on him at all, look through the tinted glasses called goggles, coloring the objects looked at, and don't look too closely and critically.

Indeed, I would advise my elderly friends who are in such a case to take off their spectacles entirely, and contemplate things through eyes too dim to see what I have mentioned. But let me warn 'em that Love, though centuries have passed since Adam and Eve entertained him in the beautiful garden, his eyes are always fur-seein' and keen, they have never needed spectacles and never will. They can see plainly the white threads amongst the gold; they note the failin' strength, the dimmin' vision, and see just how hard it is for a cane and halt to keep step with boundin' footsteps.

My beloved pardner wuz now polishin' the bows to a golden luster, and with a gentle sithe I told him my thoughts. "Why, Samantha," sez he, "I set more store by you now than I ever did, and," sez he, settin' his near-toos firmly on his nose and lookin' at me fondly through 'em, "you look more beautiful to me every day, every hour." Onconsciously he had fell into the words of a familiar him, in his desire to let me know that I wuz still charmin' in his eyes.

"Yes, Josiah," sez I, as I looked through my near-toos on his dear but small-sized figger, "no other linement looks so good to me as your linement duz. But," sez I half happily, half sadly, "we both look through glasses, Josiah."

CALLED HIGHER

T. W. Clark, 93 years old, died August 30, 912. He was a good Christian.

Mrs. Frances Beadlestone, of Waupaca, Wis., as called higher October 3, 1912.

Mrs. Cornelia M. Packer, of Brooklyn, Pa., ed 92 years, was called higher several weeks o.

Benjamin F. Stokes, aged 84 years, passed way on August 10, 1912, at his home, Morris-lle, Pa.

Mrs. E. G. Howland, of Springfield, Mass., as called to her heavenly home May 25, 1912, her eighty-fourth year.

Miss Lydia E. Cooper, of Richmond, Ind., assed to her heavenly home September 9, 1912, the ninety-seventh year of her life.

Mrs. Rowena C. Walthall, of Scotland, Ill., assed to her heavenly home August 29, 1912. e was a Christian from early childhood, re-aining faithful to the last.

Mark Redick, aged 54 years, passed peace-lly away at his home near Bluffton, O., Sep-mber 5, 1912, after a long illness. He was a ncere admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Milton C. Rufty, of Salisbury, N. C., entered into rest July 6, 1912, at the age of sixty-three years. He was a devout Christian and served faithfully as steward in the First Methodist Church.

Mrs. Jacob Metzger (70), of Stony Ridge, O., died July 29, 1912. She was a Christian who was willing to help everyone, and in her last illness proved a shining example of patience and kindness to those who attended her.

Newell P. Deming, of Lawrence, Kan., passed to his rest July 12, 1912, at the age of 86 years. He was a faithful member of the Baptist Church. When deafness prevented his hearing his pastor's sermons he depended on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sermons for his weekly message.

Mrs. Mary A. Schuyler, of Sherman, N. Y., passed to her heavenly home September 25 at the age of eighty-six years. For seventy years she had been a faithful Christian, and was beloved by all who knew her. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and a helper in all good causes.

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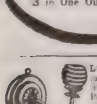

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DR. ABBOTT ON THE "OUTLOOK'S" CREED

Continued from page 1214

they are, to all intents and purposes, a religious creed, which a class of men has for centuries embraced, and is now embracing, with more or less consciousness, and which it has voiced, and is now voicing, with more or less distinctness. The men who deny the eternal generation of the Son out of the essence of the Father, or the incarnation of the eternal Logos in the infant Christ, or the vicarious atonement effected by the Life, which "was given as a ransom for many," or that the Scriptures, in the view of Christ, "cannot be broken," hence are authoritative; that repentance from sin is possible now and here by "hearing Moses and the prophets," and that men "must be born again by water and the Spirit" to be admitted to the kingdom of God—the men who decline these teachings of the Christ and the Book are a party in this world, although they may not have formed an organization by adopting a Declaration of Faith, a Constitution and By-laws, elected officers, etc. The history of the Church is evidence that Christians have always regarded the advocacy of these views, which negative the teaching of the Master by either rejecting it entirely or giving a strange meaning to the words of Scripture in which it is expressed, as coming from an opposition with which the Church would always have to wrestle, not indeed, in a warfare of carnal weapons, but with the might of God. The *Outlook* has served this party, and will continue to serve it, while the principles before indicated are advocated in its columns.

As to independence—what is that? The terms "independent" and "independence," when used to describe the actions or attitudes of men, cannot be taken in an absolute sense. There is no one absolutely independent except God. When applied to men, independence can mean nothing else than freedom from determining influences other than such as come from God, or arise from the operation of the fixed laws of nature and of being. A person is said to act independently when he is swayed by no force other than that of his own mind, when he is under no constraint to shape his actions to suit the demands of secondary, or human, authorities. Practically, independence is a person's own way of seeing, saying, doing things, regardless of what others may want him to see, say, or do. It will be difficult to show that the Protestant and the Christian who accept the views which the *Outlook* rejects are not as independent in their acceptance as the *Outlook* is in the rejection of these views. Such independence to willingly subscribe to all that the prophets and apostles have spoken is one of the trophies of Christian faith, yea, is faith. *"If ye continue in my word,* ye shall know the truth, and the truth *shall make you free,"* says Christ.

Whether a person's independence is worth anything to himself or to others depends entirely on the person. The quality of a person's independence is never better than the quality of the person's mind. Independence is not a good thing in itself. The independent thought or action of an anarchist, for instance, benefits nobody, not even the anarchist himself, though he may think so. Nor is all striving for independence good. The immature aspirations to independence of the ambitious youth who is still sorely in need of the wholesome tutelage of masters, and whose sole safety lies in following authorities, does not impress us favorably. We merely hint at these things in order to show that as regards independence—very much depends.

"The natural man," says Paul, "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness unto him,

Continued on next page

The Howard Watch

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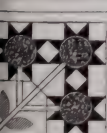

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Dr. ABBOTT ON THE "OUTLOOK'S" CREED

Continued from preceding page

neither can he know them; for they are spiritually discerned." The origin of Christian faith in any heart necessitates a break with the old mind in us, the thinking the thoughts of God as he teaches us to think them in his Word, and the willing of volitions after his will revealed in his Book. Such faith is a miracle of grace in us. It sets a person directly in opposition to his old self. But it is a free and independent act of the person's own intellect and will. That a divine power prompted the act, and teaches submission to the divine Word, detracts nothing from the independence of the action. Ask any true believer whether he is conscious of any constraint other than that of the Spirit of God in him in what he believes. The answer will invariably be "No." The Augustinian friar of Wittenberg, whose creed Dr. Abbott has found it impossible to adopt, was free and joyous and rejoiced in his newly found independence, at the same time declaring his dependence. He says: "In my heart there rules solely and shall ever rule this single article, viz.: faith in my dear Lord Christ, which is the beginning, middle, and end of all my spiritual and divine thoughts, which I may ever conceive by day or night."

There is much false assertion of independence in our days among those who decline the teachings of the Bible and stand aloof from organized Christianity as it exists in the Christian congregations. Men who lack critical acumen are being led to believe that it is a certain mark of bias, prejudice, ignorance, to still submit to the authority of Scripture, and the Apostolic or Nicene Creed. Over and against this it is necessary to assert the independence and freedom that goes with the old faith. The bias and prejudice may be altogether on the other side, and men may think they are independent but are not.

The *Outlook*, however, must be credited with perfect sincerity in stating again what it has always claimed for itself, that it is not a Protestant nor a Christian journal. The religion which it advocates will be found, in the last analysis, to be the religion of social service, of general good feeling among men because of their common origin and interests. "Political democracy," says Dr. Abbott, "unites us in nations; industrial democracy in trades; educational democracy in a republic of letters; but religious democracy unites men of all nationalities, trades, and social classes in a universal brotherhood. Because one is our Father which is in heaven, because we are all his offspring and share in his life, we are all brethren." (The *Outlook*, September 17, 1910, p. 127.) This religion can, indeed, exist without any reference to Christ except as an exemplary man. Abou Ben Adhem, or Renan, will be sufficient as guides; for even this independent religion of the future will have its guides and authorities.

As for ourselves, we wish to be written down as one who subscribes to Paul's declaration and dedication: "Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. . . . I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

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Questions and Answers

T. M. L., Penobscot, Me. What is pidgin English?

Pidgin English is a jargon which originated in the efforts of English-speaking persons to make themselves understood by Chinese in doing business with the latter. It consists of broken English with several words of Chinese and Portuguese origin construed according to Chinese idiom. Pidgin is a corruption of bidginess (bidgin), which in itself is a corruption of business.

Mrs. P. G., Montgomery, Ia. I. Cor. 5: 5 deals with a peculiar case. The protecting power of the Holy Spirit may be withdrawn from a persistent sinner (who has been repeatedly admonished without avail) in order that he may feel the depths of his own degradation and wickedness. At such times he may be said to be "delivered over" to sin, since the restraining power is absent. (See Ps. 109: 6 and I. Peter 5: 8.) Paul, however, points out that this is not to be a finality, but that the spirit may be saved. In this particular case it seems to have been in a sense a chastening permitted for the individual salvation (see I. Cor. 11: 32).

C. G., Annapolis, Md. I have seen a piece of poetry somewhere about a man who will smile when everything goes dead wrong, but I cannot quote it, nor do I know the author. Can you tell me anything of it?

Probably you refer to the following stanza from a poem by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But a man worth while is a man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Subscriber, Agosta, Ohio. 1. How old was Jesus when the Wise Men came to see him? 2. How long did it take them to travel from the East?

1. The infant Saviour was probably over two months old when the visit of the Magi took place. They had seen the phenomenon of the Star long before their arrival in Jerusalem, two months after Jesus had been presented in the temple, and it was some time after this that the Magi arrived in Jerusalem and went thence to Bethlehem to worship him and offer gifts. 2. It must have taken them many months to accomplish the journey from their own country to Palestine. They came "from the East" and tradition has preserved their names as Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar. Some accounts say they came from the Euphrates with a large retinue, and were nearly two years on the journey.

B. M., Quincy, Ill. Who wrote "You will reach the house of Never by the street of By-and-By?"

Cervantes, the great Spanish romancer, had it—"By the street of By-and-By one reaches the house of Never." Mary Howitt, the English authoress, paraphrased the expression into verse.

Reader, Lincoln, Neb. In II. Cor. 8: 12 the apostle is speaking of the cheerfulness and willingness with which believers should give to the Lord's work. He does not limit the giving to a tenth, but urges them to give freely and to spare not, that their abundance may make up for the lack in others. The widow's mite (Luke 21: 3, 4) was the largest offering, in a sense, for she gave all she had, and her faith and generosity were commended above those that gave far richer gifts. (See answer to A. S. C. on next page). There are many worthy people who practice tithing and we would not dissuade them, and there are others who do not limit their gifts to a tenth, but exceed it, and they, too, are worthy of commendation. God looks at the spirit of the gift more than at the gift itself. There are cases in which a tenth might work hardship and, on the other hand, there are many where a tenth would be a small offering.

J. R. J., Baltimore, Md. How old was Jesus when he began to understand the nature of his mission?

Although one cannot trace with any degree of precision the various stages of development of the consciousness of his mission, it is evident from the Gospel record that it must have begun early and gradually increased to complete appreciation as manhood approached. We are told that even in childhood he "grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom," and the "grace of God was upon him." (Luke 2: 40.) In youth we find him questioning and expounding to the rabbis in the temple and "increasing in stature and in wisdom and in favor with God and man." His wonderful knowledge, his amazing questions and his discerning answers to the elders must have become more and more accentuated during the passage of these early years, and we may gather that Mary had already premonitions of the future career of her Divine Son, since she pondered over and "hid all these things in her heart." There are indications that seem to warrant the conclusion that long before the opening of his public ministry, Jesus was absorbed by the thought of the mission to which he was destined. He knew his Father's business and did it, and he fr quented his Father's house. His life and su roundings in Nazareth brought him in conta with a simple, earnest people and with sorro and suffering. These were years of characte building and development. They bore fru when the time was ripe for his public ministr and prepared him for the baptism at John hands. This was the last act of his privat life and the first that marked the beginning his public mission, when the heavenly voic proclaimed him as the "Beloved Son" and th Baptist bare record that he was the Son of Go

M. R. C., Jackson, Tenn. 1. Can a gas gaseous substance be classified as matter 2. How many kinds of matter? 3. Defin matter.

1. Certainly; whatever has substance is ma ter, and some even classify the lack of a re essence as matter. 2. There are three states matter, determined by the motion of the mol cules composing it. According to the velocit of the molecules we have solids, liquids an gases. When the movement of the molecules oscillatory, there is a fixed relative position, th body has size and shape, and is called a *solid* When the velocity is able to carry the molecule beyond the reach of opposing forces, they mov in elliptic orbits, like the planets round the sun the body loses shape but retains volume and called *a liquid*. When the molecular velocity raised so high that the molecules move in para bolic paths, the body loses form, but tends t increase in volume, and is called a gas. 3. Ma ter is the indefinable of the universe. It is sai to be that form of being which is distinguishe by properties that can be cognized by the sense It is a very abstruse subject, and one which ha puzzled the greatest minds. Both mind an matter are abstracts beyond the pale of th physical sciences.

"What is mind? It is no matter.
What is matter? Never mind."

W. H. F. 1. The Los von Rom movement i Austria is one that in many cases looks rathe to escape from Papal domination than to abar donment of Roman doctrine; for out of th reported loss to Rome since 1898 (when th movement began) to the end of 1909, 14,97 had joined the Old Catholic Church founde by Dr. Döllinger, 1871-1873. This body we understand, accepts all the most importan Roman doctrines, while rejecting the dogma o Papal infallibility. The figures in both case are derived from government registratio sources, and undoubtedly represent an anti Papal sentiment far wider and deeper tha any cold official figures can indicate. 2. Meet ings are still held at Christ's Mission in Ne York City. The nature of the work probabl accounts for lack of information given to th public. 3. We have not heard of any sustaine or organized effort for the evangelization o our Roman Catholic fellow citizens, but th widespread awakening to the real nature o Papal claims and pretensions cannot fail t lead many to study the system that in larg measure withholds the Word of God from th people, and the spiritual failure of which is s ostentatiously displayed in the widespread prac tical atheism of France and Portugal, in whic countries the Roman Church has held prac tically undisputed sway for centuries.

Inquirer, New York City. During his earthl ministry, Jesus set before his hearers the wa of eternal life and also showed them the wa that leads to perdition and the means of escape There were many among the Pharisees an Sadducees who, having heard the message, stil persisted in their unbelief. He warned them o the fate that awaited the impenitent wicked He had come to save the world, and those wh rejected him must bear the burden of their ow rejection. The record of the Scriptures canno be altered or done away with. God is a God o love and ever ready to forgive; but if we rejec his Son and continue in sin after having re ceived the Gospel invitation, we should blam ourselves alone for what may befall us. W bring our punishment upon our own heads an are self-condemned by our own act.

J. K. C., Chicago. Please give Scripture ref erences which would authorize the use o quartets, duets, solos, voluntaries, etc., i the New Testament church worship. I not such music more entertainment tha worship? The congregation is not per mitted to join even if it could.

In I. Cor. 14: 26, Paul referring to the form of worship of the Corinthian church, wrote "When ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, etc." This verse, especially wher read in connection with verse 15, "I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the under standing also," implies that certain member sang alone. Tertullian and Augustine refer t this custom: "Every one," says Tertullian, "wa invited in their public worship to sing unto God according to his ability, either from the Scrip tures or one indited by himself." These song were often extemporaneous. From the time of the Song of Miriam, who either sang alone in response to the other women, or led off their singing (Ex. 15: 20, 21) there have been spe cial singers and groups of singers to lead the

Continued on next page

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Continued from preceding page

music in the worship of God. The organization of the ancient Hebrew choirs was very elaborate. (See II. Sam. 6: 5; I. Chron. chapters 15, 16, 23, 25, etc.) The congregation of Israel was so enormous that it was difficult if not wholly impossible for all the people to sing at once; and the songs were learned first by the great choirs and must have been sung first by them before the people learned them; but there is no reason for believing that all the congregation joined in all the songs. Such solos as those sung by Philip Phillips, P. P. Bliss, Chaplain McCabe, Mr. Sankey were certainly used by the Holy Spirit to do good. And many unsegregated Gospel singers are still rendering acceptable worship and service to God in solos, duets, quartets and choruses. You are undoubtedly right in holding that such music should be really *spiritual*. It should be sung without show, simply, clearly, earnestly, to the glory of God. You are also right in believing that the body of church singing should be by the congregation as a whole. But the special solo and choir numbers also have their place.

Reader, Greenville, N. Y. What is the belief of the Christian Scientists aside from their belief in healing?

Christian Science is based on the philosophy of idealism, or a disbelief in the existence of matter. Its followers claim that they achieve victory over pain and sin, not by recognizing these things as facts and claiming deliverance from them by faith, but by entirely denying the existence of these things. They hold that pain and sin are simply states of mind, that nothing really exists but God, who is also light, love, truth, health. This teaching, while it does undoubtedly lead some people to a calm and healthful life, is utterly opposed to the teaching of Scripture and of philosophy and of the great bulk of human experience. The Bible recognizes the existence of sin and wrong and pain; then teaches that we may always be delivered from sin and often delivered from pain by faith in the power of Christ.

A. S. C., St. Cloud, Fla. 1. A tithe is a tenth of the increase over and above all administrative expenses and not a tenth of the principal. In early days, when agriculture was the almost universal calling, it was generally a tenth part of the produce of the land or the flocks. Later it became a tenth of the profits of personal industry of any character. See Deut. 14: 22, 28; 16: 12; II. Chron. 31: 5, etc.). There is evidence, however, that at certain times it may have meant a tenth of one's entire possessions. The modern interpretation would limit it to a tenth of the increase. 2. It is our duty to employ all the means at our disposal for the preservation of health and to look to God for his blessing on our efforts. He has given us reason and a certain amount of knowledge, and these are to be used and not neglected. If one were accidentally to sever an artery, the first duty would be to bind a ligature around the limb.

G. L. B., Tarrytown, N. Y. 1. I cannot understand how a day is gained in going around the world—how, for instance, Tuesday can follow Sunday. Please explain. 2. Where is the constellation of the Southern Cross first sighted by a traveler going south, and what is it like?

1. A day is gained or lost according to what direction the traveler is proceeding. Suppose a person starts from New York at noon of a Wednesday and reaches Chicago an hour later, he will still find it noon in that city, for as he is proceeding west the earth rolls round 15 degrees to the eastward every hour, consequently the sun will be on the meridian. If in another hour he reaches Denver he will still find it noon, and in yet another hour it will be noon in San Francisco, and so on in all places fifteen degrees of longitude apart. Suppose he travels completely round the earth, making fifteen degrees to the hour, he will have a perpetual noon with no sunset or night until he returns to New York. But will it be the same noon on which he set out, the noon of Wednesday? No; it will be Thursday noon. So in going east a traveler gains one hour for every fifteen degrees; in going west he loses an hour. Consequently at the 180th degree of longitude twelve hours are either gained or lost, and this must be balanced by either adding or dropping a day. 2. The Southern Cross should be seen on the southern horizon about 30 degrees north latitude, but owing to the haze it is not much observable until the traveler is within 20 degrees or so of the equator. It gradually ascends the heavenly arch until when Australia is reached it is at its highest. It is not much like a cross, and only two of its stars are of the first magnitude.

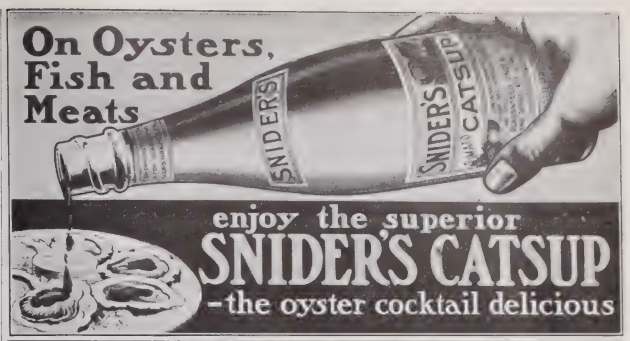
Miscellaneous

J. L. H., Conway Springs, Kan. See the meaning of the word "repented" explained in THE MAIL-BAG in a recent issue.

W. K. Quillin, of Spencer, N. C., an invalid and shut-in, desires to acknowledge the gifts of many kind letters and reading matter from members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family Circle, who have become interested in his case.

Mrs. R. S. B., Williamsfield, O. A regular course in college or in a training school is necessary to qualify as a teacher. In some small country schools, teachers are accepted without passing the State board examinations, but you would do well to take the regular course.

Subscriber, New Haven, Conn. There are various so-called sacred books, but only one Bible in which God's message to man and his plan for the salvation of the human race through his Son are revealed. The seven great "sacred books" of the world are the Mohammedan *Koran*, Hindu *Vedas*, the Persian *Zend-Avesta*, Scandinavian *Eddas*, the Buddhist *Tripitaka*, the Chinese Five *Kings*, and our own beloved Word of God, to which Chrysostom, in the fourth century A.D. gave the name in Greek *Ta Biblia* (the Books). The Douay Bible is the version which was prepared by Catholic divines at Douay in France.



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¶ The Willamette Valley in Western Oregon, 150 miles long, contains about 5,000,000 acres of very fertile land. It is well watered, thickly settled, embraces many fine farms, has much water power, and is the oldest settled part of the state.

¶ The Hood River Section along the Columbia River, has made itself famous with prize winning fruits.

¶ In Southern Oregon along the foothills and slopes of the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers are some of the most prolific fruit lands in the west. The valley lands are valuable for grazing, poultry raising, and dairying. This region produces bountifully of Spitzenburg and Newtown Pippin apples, and pears are a close second. There are large timber areas on the mountains, and extensive mineral deposits, including coal. There is much good water power and the climate is ideal.

¶ Eastern and Central Oregon embrace millions of acres undeveloped and now inviting settlement. Here, general farming is largely practiced, grains, grasses, vegetables and fruit all doing well, stock raising being an important industry. The mountains abound in fine timber and magnificent water power. Numerous irrigation projects are in operation and a great change is under way in this section, owing to the construction of the Oregon Trunk Ry.

¶ Oregon is said to have the best school laws of any state in the Union. Her State University, Agricultural College, Normal and public schools, and several denominational colleges, etc., provide educational facilities of the highest type.

¶ Write for free booklet about Oregon and details of low round trip Homeseekers Fares. Address

L. J. BRICKER, Gen'l Immigration Agent or A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent Northern Pacific Ry., ST. PAUL, MINN.

¶ The Northern Pacific Railway and its numerous affiliated lines have 429 miles of railway in Oregon. Much of this is comprised in the new Oregon Trunk Railway through the Deschutes River Valley from Fallbridge, on the Columbia River, into Central Oregon—that great virgin field for the Homeseeker. The remainder is in the valleys of the Columbia and Willamette rivers, comprised in the lines of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Ry., the United Railways and the Oregon Electric Railway.

¶ Oregon may aptly be termed the land of PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES. Central Oregon has millions of acres of homestead lands awaiting the homeseeker, while Western Oregon, more closely settled, has abundant opportunities on every hand for dairymen, poultry raisers, fruit growers and farmers.

¶ Send for free copy of "Central Oregon" and "Oregon for the Homeseeker" books, fully descriptive and containing names of Secretaries of Commercial Clubs, who will gladly help you in any way to get located.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO HOMESTEADERS:

¶ Recent revision of homestead law reduces period of required residence from 5 to 3 years and allows 5 months absence each year. Write quick for list of homestead lands adjacent to Northern Pacific, and full particulars.

NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Northern Pacific Railway

NOTE—Please mention title of this announcement and publication in which you saw it.

Your Perfume

may be exquisitely refined and delicate, without being too costly, if you will use

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

Paris creates the world's finest perfumes; hundreds of new brands are brought out every year. Few of them live beyond a season, but ED. PINAUD'S LILAC has been a world-wide favorite for a generation.

This is not remarkable, since its *quality* is really wonderful—each drop as fragrant as the living flower—and its price is moderate—75c per bottle (6 oz.). However, the great thing about this Lilac is not the low price, but the high quality, which is so fine, so delicate, so appealing, that its use has become an international habit. It is the favorite perfume of refined men and women everywhere.

Women use it for the handkerchief, atomizer, bath and finger bowl. Men use it for their personal linen and also after shaving (instead of bay rum or witch hazel).

If you want to please your friends, send them ED. PINAUD'S Lilac for a holiday gift. Six bottles are a fragrant reminder lasting six months.

You can *test* ED. PINAUD'S Lilac before buying—we have 50,000 little bottles to distribute. Send 10 cents to our American Offices to-day, mention your dealer's name, and if you like the perfume buy a 6-oz. bottle from your dealer for 75 cents.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

402 ED. PINAUD BLDG.
NEW YORK

Christian Herald

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THE WINTER SUN

From the original painting by Bernhard Schröter

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

D. C. E., Forestville, Conn.; D. C. M., Harrisburg, Pa., and others. Kindly advise as to the best education for one wishing to take up missionary work. What college or school would be the best to attend? At what age could one enter such a school? Would a high school education be necessary?

The prevailing idea among experts in the modern missionary movement is that the missionaries should have the very best training offered by the schools and colleges of the home land. The work of the missionary is difficult and intricate; it demands the best possible mental training. A missionary who is going to preach should take a college and seminary course; one who is to be a doctor, the college and the medical course; one who is to teach, the college course and, if possible, some graduate study in pedagogy. If the decision to go as a missionary was not made in time to take these full courses, training may be received at such excellent schools as the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago or the Bible Teachers' Training School at New York. For more detailed advice write to the Missionary Education Movement, New York; the Student Volunteer Movement, New York, or to the Missionary Board of your own denomination.

S. B., Waterbury, Conn. What is the largest planet in our system, and how does it compare with the earth?

Jupiter, having a diameter of 86,500 miles, with a mass 316 and a volume 1,300 times that of the earth.

M. G. C., Rowan, Iowa. 1. Are all church members true Christians? 2. Can the head of a house live a true Christian life without conducting family worship in his home? 3. Can one be a good Christian without joining the church?

1. Unfortunately it is impossible to say that all church members are true Christians, but it is very wrong to judge any particular member or members by thinking or stating that he or they are not true Christians. The New Testament commands about judging others are very strict and severe. 2. A man who is a real Christian should certainly have daily family worship in his home unless the circumstances of his work make it impossible. It is one of the most serious and dangerous facts of present-day life that so many homes are without family prayer. Yet here again it would be wrong to say that a man who does not conduct family worship is not a Christian. God must do the judging. 3. Every good Christian surely ought to join the church. It is hard to imagine a condition which would justify him in remaining outside.

W. F., West Middlesex, Pa. Will you kindly give some suggestions for conducting rural schoolhouse prayer-meetings so as to keep up a lively interest?

Make them real prayer-meetings. Prayer is the most interesting thing in the world. If people really feel that they can come together and talk with God, asking him for things they need and expecting to receive what they ask for, they will find the prayer-meeting a fascinating place. Get the people to bring in definite, personal requests for prayer. The petitions can be read without mentioning names; other requests will be made orally. The leaders and workers must really believe in the power of prayer. A small prayer-meeting, whose members ask great things from God and expect great things from him, may change the character of an entire community. Great revivals have begun in this way. With the prayers the service should include a careful study of some passage of Scripture, honest testimonies to the grace and blessing of God, and spiritual, hearty hymns. Outsiders will come if they know that something real and vital and intense is going on. Be sure to use good song-books and do not let the music drag.

M. E. B., Brookshire, Texas. Why are not our sins blotted from our memory when God's word declares (Isa. 43: 25; Jer. 31: 34) that he will not remember them?

The sense of "remember" in these passages is clearly that God does not remember the sin *against* the sinner. The account is canceled; the sins are no longer imputed to him. Since the revelation of God's plan of the atonement we see that the debt is paid. When a debt is paid it is forgotten, though the record of the transaction may remain in the brains of the people concerned. In this sense God forgets our sins, but there is no reason for supposing that he undoes or limits his omniscience by literally not knowing that certain past events have occurred. The very fact which your question brings out indicates that God must continue to know about our past sins; we know them, and God cannot observe our own minds without seeing there the record of our sin. It is simply a law of nature that a record made in the brain is made forever. We cannot, by the exercise of the will, make ourselves forget anything. It would be a subtle and almost inconceivable miracle for God to disentangle from our brains the memory of our sins and yet leave there the memory of other acts and events of the same days and hours. While we know that in every sense of debt or blame God forgets our sins when he forgives us, it should help to restrain people from sin to recognize the fact that a sin once committed will probably never be erased from our memory, at least in this life, and that it can never be lost from the simple, truthful record of the world's events.

Several Readers. The "Bible Question" Department of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be continued during 1913. Its popularity with our readers has been demonstrated by the very large number who have sent answers to the questions on the monthly lists. These studies are profitable as a means of instruction, and lead to a better acquaintance with the Scriptures.

A. H., York, Pa. It has often been urged that cards in themselves are not sinful, but the fact that they are the familiar tools of gamblers should be enough to deter us from their use. We are told to "avoid even the appearance of evil." If only for the sake of example—which has such an influence upon others, and especially the young—the use of cards is to be condemned. A card-playing Sunday school superintendent cannot be said to set a good example to his class. The same would of course apply in degree to any Christian, whether a church officer or not.

Mrs. A. N. H., Silver City, N. M. 1. Sound is the result of vibration, and if there be no vibration there can be no sound. Without a wireless receiver with its sensitive attachments, there can be no wireless message. The ear is a delicate instrument, and when its wonderful internal mechanism is absent or destroyed, there can be no sound. 2. The Bible contains no warrant for mass, purgatory, priestly confessional, the burning of candles, the use of holy water or the homage paid to images. Indeed, the latter is distinctly forbidden in Scripture: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any likeness of anything," etc.

Mrs. H. J. H., Gilsum, N. H. A prominent writer, in an article in a recent magazine says: "No more unreligious word was ever written than Paul's: 'What advantageth me, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we perish.'" What is your idea about this?

We cannot agree with such a view of the passage in question. Paul was quoting from Isa. 22: 13, and describing the reckless indulgence of those who despised the divine warnings to repentance and the call of the Spirit. It was as though he had said that if this life ended all and if men believed they were to die like beasts they would live like beasts. He imitates the language of the skeptics only to reprove them. See the application in verse 34.

W. G. H., Athens, Ga. 1. Please explain Lev. 16: 21. And who was the "fit man"? 2. How did the days of the week receive their names?

1. "Fit" here means a person already instructed concerning what was to be done and how to do it. According to Jewish tradition the goat was to be led not by a common halter, but by a piece of scarlet cloth tied around its horns, and if this scarlet cloth (or what ultimately remained of it after the death of the scapegoat) turned white, it was a token of divine acceptance. 2. The names of the days of the week are Saxon, and originated in Scandinavian mythology: Sunday, Sun's daeg (Sun); Monday, Moon's daeg (Moon); Tuesday, Tiu's or Tuesco's daeg (Mars); Wednesday, Woden's daeg (Mercury); Thursday, Thor's daeg (Jupiter); Friday, Frygga's daeg (Venus); Saturday, Sæter's daeg (Saturn).

J. B. G., Wilton, Me. Please explain the parable of the unjust steward, Luke 16. What truth did Jesus mean to teach in that parable?

Verse 8 gives the key. Though the children of light are infinitely superior to the worldlings, the latter display some qualities the former might imitate, viz.: sagacity, discretion, energy, determination, perseverance. These qualities they employ to evil purpose, and in the pursuit of fleeting enjoyments. But that the children of darkness should excel the children of light in anything is a reproach on the latter for their indolence and indifference. The parable has its parallel in a sense in the advice, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

R. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. What is the origin of the prophecy that when the Golden Gate is assailed the Mohammedan power will pass away?

It was Emperor Constantine Palæologus who, over five hundred years ago, forecasting the future, uttered the famous prophecy that the successor of Mohammed should yet hear the blows of the nations upon the Golden Gate, demanding the restoration of the Christian ruler's heritage which had been taken by the Moslems. Through all the centuries, this prophecy has been remembered both by the Turks, the people of the Balkans and the Greeks, and now it seems in process of fulfilment.

Miscellaneous

C. E. T., Woodriver, Neb. Modern commentators hold that there is nothing in the Gospels to identify Mary of Magdala with the "sinner" mentioned in Luke 7: 37, or with other women of like character.

J. M., Decatur, Iowa. According to recently compiled statistics, the Empire of Germany has 64,925,933 population. The Protestants number 39,991,411; Catholics, 23,821,453; Jews, 615,021; 2,114 non-Christians (unallotted); 205,900 belonging to various creeds; 6,138 religion not given.

Reader, Ionia, Mich. Teaching that the soul dies with the body is distinctly opposed to the Scriptures. Christ himself tells us that the souls of the redeemed have a place prepared for them in glory. (See John 14.) Doctrine such as that to which you refer is pagan in the last degree. You only need to read the Gospels to be fully convinced that it is not Christian.

B. A. T., Troy, Vt. 1. In 1. Thess. 5: 12, 13 the apostle commends the leaders in church work—pastors, elders and teachers—to the respect and confidence of the congregation. They were to recognize their office and treat them with respect, giving attention to their admonitions and responding liberally to their requests for material aid in the Lord's work. The church in Thessalonica had been lately organized; some of the ministers were probably new to the place and the people and Paul urged that they be cordially received. They were specially chosen laborers in the vineyard and were entitled, if for no other reason than that they had been selected for places of such importance and responsibility in the Gospel ministry and to work for the salvation of souls, to reverent love and cordial support. Above all this they should be well received "for the very works' sake." It was advice which might be taken by many congregations to-day with great advantage, especially in dealing with any new spiritual leader who comes among them. 2. We do not know the address your letter calls for. 3. There are many legitimate amusements, social and otherwise, which are quite proper for Christian people to have a share in, but we do not count dancing as being among them. Your other question is a matter to be decided by the individual conscience.

THE BOWERY MISSION

Cash Account for the Year Ending May 31, 1912

BALANCE ON HAND—JUNE 1, 1911		
Guaranty Trust Company	$7,633.87	
Bowery Bank	13.36	
Cash on hand—Bowery Mission	100.00	
		$7,747.23
RECEIPTS		
Contributions	$34,520.73	
Legacies	4,014.40	
Wood sales (kindling trade), etc.	2,322.48	
Sub-rentals	903.28	
Transportation	687.20	
Mrs. Bird	671.04	
Interest on bank balance	202.77	
Sundries	35.00	
		43,356.90
		$51,104.13
DISBURSEMENTS		
BOWERY MISSION (Including Bread Line)		
Rent	$6,500.00	
Pay roll	6,233.62	
Appeal and addressing	4,690.22	
Food	3,885.01	
Light and fuel	2,019.65	
New York City 4½'s	1,030.00	
Services and public notices	744.20	
Shelter	738.46	
Thanksgiving and Christmas meals to unemployed and poor families	673.16	
Repairs	335.33	
Insurance	281.39	
Printing and stationery	243.42	
Accounting expense	200.00	
Telephone and telegraph	134.82	
Equipment	111.27	
Postage	102.05	
Meal and coal tickets	71.70	
Water taxes	70.80	
Clothing and gathering expense	61.08	
Surety bond premium	60.00	
Estate of Louis Klopsch	60.00	
Wiring—fire alarm	50.00	
Interest	49.41	
Disinfecting	35.85	
Freight and express	32.09	
Cash disbursements	30.95	
Legacy charge	25.00	
Miscellaneous	392.82	
		$28,912.30
FREE LABOR BUREAU:		
Salaries	$1,769.00	
Transportation (for unemployed to positions)	635.75	
Car fare	167.64	
Postage	40.79	
Extra meals	12.05	
Miscellaneous	36.27	
		2,661.50
LABOR SETTLEMENT:		
Food	$1,510.58	
Salaries	1,335.00	
Wood (for kindling trade)	1,096.88	
Equipment	789.50	
Rent	698.00	
Stable expense	675.00	
Light and fuel	140.94	
Repairs	95.04	
Telephone	62.50	
Car fare	61.21	
Postage	28.95	
Insurance	22.50	
Freight and express	13.13	
Miscellaneous	338.84	
		6,868.07
		$38,441.87
		$12,662.26*
BALANCE ON HAND—MAY 31, 1912		
Guaranty Trust Company	$12,552.26	
Petty cash fund	110.00	
	$12,662.26	$12,662.26

We have carefully examined the records of the Bowery Mission for the year ending May 31, 1912, and hereby certify that all disbursements are properly supported by satisfactory vouchers, and the receipts, in our opinion, have been properly accounted for. The balance in the bank at May 31, 1912, was reconciled with the amount shown by the bank statement and the cash on hand was verified by actual count at the time of our examination.

WRIGHT, SCHOOLEY & MORSE.

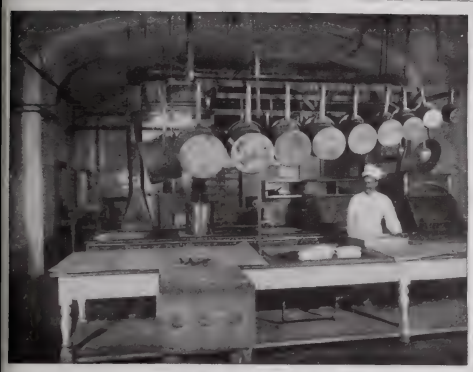
* This balance on November 27th amounted to less than eleven hundred dollars.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

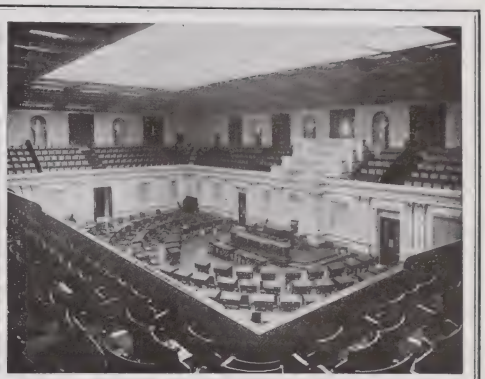
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

The Model Kitchen in the Capitol Where Meals Are Cooked for the Congressmen



Spraying the Trees at the Capitol

The Redecorated Senate Chamber, Where the Archbold Impeachment Trial Will Be Held



CONGRESS REASSEMBLES IN A REJUVENATED CAPITOL

IMPORTANT work awaits Congress during the winter of 1912-13, although this interval will constitute what is known as a "short session" of our national legislature, and it is only reasonable to expect that atmosphere of restlessness and uncertainty which usually precedes a change of ational administration. To add to the confusion is the circumstance that so any of the members of both houses of Congress are not coming back to the ecial session of Congress which President-elect Wilson has announced his tention to call for a date not later than April 15.

Of the law-makers who will deliver their valedictory at the Capitol this inter a number both in the Senate and in the House are withdrawing volun- rily, or, at least, were not candidates for re-election. Others—some of them eterans of long service on Capitol Hill—went down to defeat at the polls in ovember. Among those who will pass, at least for the present, out of ational politics at Washington after this winter, are a number of the rominent figures who are always pointed out by the guides at the apitol—former Speaker "Uncle Joe" Cannon; Representative cKinley, the millionaire congressman from Illinois, and epresentative Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, who was arried in the White House to Miss Alice Roosevelt. The ry circumstance that so many members have not been able "renew their leases" on their offices in the Senate and ouse Office Buildings that flank the Capitol, will in itself responsible for considerable activity at this session. ost of the retiring members have what may be called rsonal bills (in behalf of faithful constituents), or pet ojects which they are anxious to see enacted into laws fore the clock strikes twelve on that eventful day next arch, and they will put forth strenuous endeavors to cure action. However, there are so many weighty mat- rs pressing for disposition at this brief session that ere would seem to be little chance for lesser responsi- lities. In the Senate much of the time during the first onth or two of the session will be taken up with the mpeachment trial of Robert W. Archbold, judge of the nited States Commerce Court. Judge Archbold has been cused of having had business dealings to his own profit ith parties having cases before him, and of having accepted oney from attorneys practicing in his court. President Taft, as is his duty, brought these charges to the attention of the Judiciary ommittee of the House of Representatives, and that body, having ncluded that there was ground for the accusations, recommended the House that the jurist should be impeached, which was done. he Constitution of the United States provides that, whereas the ouse of Representatives has the sole power of impeachment, such ses must be tried in the Senate, and accordingly the Archbold case will cupy the attention of the Senators, sitting as a jury, for several weeks after e opening of the session.

Elliott Woods
"Housekeeper to Congress"

Meanwhile, considerable new legislation of importance will no doubt be cumulating in the House. The Lower House of Congress is expected to take e initiative at this session for a much-needed revision of our patent laws. dditional legislation will be required for our new Parcel Post and certain ovisions will have to be made in anticipation of the inauguration of a new esident. With a special session of Congress assured for the early spring, it not anticipated that there will be much tariff legislation at this closing ssion of the present Congress, but certain special investigations by Con- essional committees, such as the probe of the so-called "money trust," may come in for attention. Altogether it is likely to prove a very lively three months in the great white-domed building. And, speaking of the Capitol, it is worthy of mention that, for all that Congress was rather tardy in getting away from Washington last summer, the brief respite has sufficed to provide a rejuvenated Capitol for the use of the law-makers. The "housekeeper to Congress," Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the United States Capitol, has been more than busy since his five hundred employers departed. His has been the task of crowding a six months' housecleaning job into half that time, but he has managed to accomplish it, and the huge building has been rendered spick and span outside as well as in. The exterior of the building was given a "bath" by means of the co-operation of four fire engines and a large force of firemen, who dragged hose into position from which it was possible to turn streams of water on all the marble surfaces in need of scrubbing. Some rather notable improvements had been planned at the United States Capitol for this year's recess, but when Congress continued in session until "dog days' lack of time placed a veto on such ambitious plans. Minor improvements and ordinary repairs were carried out, however, and perhaps the scope of this work will be the better appre- ciated when it is stated that in the quarter of a year a total of nine hundred and eighty-one separate tasks have been completed. Not all of these were within the Capitol build- ing. Considerable "freshening up" was done in the two office buildings that serve as annexes to the Capitol, and Uncle Sam has spent a tidy sum this autumn on the Capitol grounds—the beautiful park which surrounds our legislative headquarters and which Congress has lately voted to enlarge through the purchase of much of the adjoining property. The severe winter of a year ago left its scars on the Capitol grounds as it did elsewhere in the country, and the most unwelcome outcome was the loss of a number of the stately trees that have won the admiration of visitors to Washington in years gone by. Such loss is in a great measure irreparable, but the gov- ernment has hastened to plant a number of young trees, and that these newcomers may, in after years, possess added interest for the nation, the custom has been followed of having them planted by prominent men. Speaker Champ Clark planted one, as did the late Vice-President Sherman, and a number of the leading Senators followed the example. Meanwhile the officials at the Capitol have bestirred themselves to safeguard such of the forest monarchs as have been spared. The trees have been re- peatedly sprayed to discourage insect pests, and the most expert "tree doctors" in the country have been engaged to practice the new science of "tree surgery" in an effort to arrest the decay of the older trees. From the standpoint of the housewife perhaps the most interesting of the improvements at the Capitol have had to do with the kitchens in which the food of our law-makers and their guests is cooked. Among the new furnishings in the kitchens are two refrigerating machines of four tons' capacity each, and a variety of cooking utensils, including some designed for the use of Mrs. Murphy, the Senate's much-praised official "pie- baker," who turns out each day fifty pies of the proverbial kind "that mother used to make." In keeping with the improvements in the kitchens is an enlargement of the Capitol restaurants, including the provision of an addi- tional dining-room at the Senate restaurant. Easily the most notable of the current improvements at the Capitol is a novel railway on which our Senators

Continued on page 1245

TURNING DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

RUDYARD KIPLING in *The Light That Failed* told how Dick Heldar, the war correspondent, gone blind in the service, and eating his heart out in London, sensed the battle afar off in the Soudan, and how he made his way by steamer to Port Said, down the Suez Canal to Suakin, by armored train to Tanai-el-Hassan, until at last he rode out over the desert, perched high on the hump of a light riding camel, calling loudly for his friend Torpenhow, and breathing joyfully, blissfully, the old smell of the East.

There are two versions of that story. In one, Dick, picked off at last by the bullets of the Soudanese, falls headlong from the hump of the "bisharin" into the arms of "Torp," dying. In the other he recovers and goes home to "Maisie," his old sweetheart, hand in hand with whom he walks through life, blind as to eye, but clear-seeing as to soul.

Only a story, you say, compelling though it be. Well, then, listen to the truth about another newspaper man whose light went out only to fall with greater brightness upon the lives of others more unfortunate than he.

It is usual in writing the story of a man who is going blind to picture the sad interview that takes place when the specialist tells him for the last time that there is no hope, and to tell how he goes brokenly home to his wife and children, there to receive the precious sympathy which forever after shall brighten the days of his darkness. This is not going to be a story of that kind, for when W. I. Scandlin realized the full force of the specialist's verdict in his case, he then and there made up his mind that repining was not to form any part of his conduct. He had been a good business man, a good writer, and a good friend all his life, and so he bravely resolved that if he was to be blind he was going to be the very best specimen of a blind man that it would be possible for him to be. True, he received the sympathy of his wife and children; but it was not the kind of sympathy that spends itself in words, for his wife, who had been his good comrade ever since they started in life together, also resolved bravely to be that good comrade still, to go hand in hand, to keep step with him in the dark days to come.

Naturally, his first thought was of his family. What could he do as a blind man, not only to support himself, but support them as well? That his children were grown and might be expected to look to themselves never entered his head. He had always provided for them and he meant to keep on doing so. He began assiduously to cultivate such arts as may be pursued by those who are without sight. For instance, it occurred to him that he might become a lecturer, and so he proceeded to write out and to memorize a series of lectures to be delivered after he became blind. He had been an enthusiast in photography, so he proceeded to make a set of lantern slides with which to illustrate each lecture, and for practice he gave these lectures in the privacy of his own home, his brave wife learning them with him, one by one, so that she too might help him in the coming darkness.

He also took lessons on the typewriter, learning every part of it with his hands so that one day he might be able to manipulate any part of it without sight.

Of course, this is all very far from the sad story of a blind man, but this man was a good soldier. He was not looking for sympathy. He had been an efficient worker in all the days of his sight, and would be an efficient worker within his limits during all the days of his darkness; and in this our story gains its greatest pathos.

And so, when the time came that W. I. Scandlin was forced to take up his work as a blind man, he never was compelled to depend upon the generosity of his friends. He soon found work to do along the lines mapped out by him, and, having prepared himself to do that work, he had no difficulty in setting himself to it. Even that in itself is a very good achievement for one who simply refused to be depressed by what is generally accorded to be a most unfortunate condition. But Mr. Scandlin did not stop here. He knew that while he had been foresighted in providing for his own future, there must necessarily be others who had not been, who must need help.

And now a still finer and more beautiful part of the story. With his wife as his eyes he went down into the slums, for there he could expect to find the greatest congregation of poor blind people. And from the little surplus moneys which he earned he began not only to help those blind people who had not been as foresighted as he, but to teach them how to become efficient themselves. So with this one, skilful with his hands, it required but a little manipulation to bring him in touch with work which could be done either at home or in an institution. Did that one possess an acute intellect? There were ways where it might be used to the profit of its possessor.

Naturally, it was not long before his personal efforts became known to those who had tried to help the blind in a larger and perhaps more efficient way. He, as a blind man, could gain the sympathy and the confidence of other blind men more quickly than a sighted person. The New York Association for the Blind asked him to become its regular authorized investigator. He accepted the position, as he says, because he knew it would widen the scope of his work among the sightless. He had been successful to the utmost degree, making daily visits to the slums and even visiting

W. I. SCANDLIN

unaided distant points in New York and other States in his constant endeavor to bring work-a-day opportunities to those who wish to take advantage of them.

Of course he has found that all blind men are not of as self-reliant a character as himself; that there are failures among them for reasons that are exactly similar to those which occasion failures among sighted people. A blind man may be just as lazy, just as impractical, just as likely to lie down under misfortune as any person with sight. On the other hand, there are men who have gone blind after reaching the adult period, who are willing and anxious to earn their own living, and who will do so gladly, rather than become a burden on their friends. Mr. Scandlin's own description of his efforts reveals a world of endeavor which is without the ken of the ordinary person. He tells of it in a matter-of-fact way that gives no hint of that tragedy which is revealed in every case where lack of the power to see the beautiful sights of this world is concerned. He says:

"When I found that darkness was inevitable, I started in to work up three illustrated lectures. I had been fond of photography, and I had a lot of prints showing phases of the United States Life-saving Service. Then I worked up a lecture on 'Photography in its Relation to the World'—that is to say, its everyday use—illustrated by seventy or eighty slides. I had still another lecture describing the Postal Service. I started in to learn these slides in regular order, so that to-day I have a number of lectures with seventy to eighty slides each. I can now start in on any of them, talk over an hour and a quarter without a break, and if my operator makes no slip, I can guarantee to make no slip myself. I sometimes get mixed up if the operator becomes unsteady, but Mrs. Scandlin usually goes with me and soon straightens that out. She has been my help and inspiration. I could not do anything without her.

"Well, I won out splendidly. I got $10 a night at first, but nowadays for out-of-town lectures I receive thirty-five and sometimes fifty dollars. In the meantime I had written some short stories which were sold and published, and I have written and published many verses for special occasions, such as Christmas, Easter, and for birthday cards.

"I keep up with the literature of the day as far as I am able, and of course new ideas keep coming constantly. Mrs. Scandlin reads to me, but that can be only when she is disengaged. She has been eyes to me ever since the beginning of my trouble. She learned the typewriter with me so that she might relieve me of the burden of correspondence. She keeps my books. She does everything that a confidential clerk or private secretary could do and more. She gives me ideas, and her off-hand intuition is oftentimes much better than my studied decision.

"Of course, it is but natural to suppose that there would be many blind men who had not gotten ready to be blind; but very little work is required to fill them with the inspiration to do things. Not every one possesses initiative in the first place, but initiative may sometimes be communicated. That is, if you can get close, very close indeed, to the person who is to be helped. In nine cases out of ten, when a man goes blind he will give up and do nothing, but I can take you to half a dozen cases right here in New York of people who have responded to our efforts to help them to help themselves and are doing it splendidly. We have a blind man's improvement club that meets twice a month. I happen to be president of it. We have nearly a hundred members who are profiting by the contact.

"I gain more and more in enthusiasm every day, although naturally I meet with failures. However, the cases which do respond splendidly to treatment are a sufficient encouragement and more than make up for the failures. We keep this constantly in mind. Blind men are just like sighted people except that they do not see. We go on the principle that a person blind or not should be helped accordingly as he deserves it. The sighted public will agree to this as a general proposition, but in the next breath will say, 'Well, he is a poor blind man and he ought to be helped anyway. Why don't you get busy and do something for him?' We may find that he has been helped on many occasions, has had opportunities for self-help given him, and has fallen down in every case.

"Only a short time ago my attention was called by a regularly organized philanthropic society to an appeal which had been inserted in a daily paper for a blind man who had lost his position with a firm where he had been getting $16 a week. Investigation was made and it developed that this man had been kept employed by that concern to the last possible moment, and when informed of the inevitable had become so lazy and abusive that they had been forced finally to lay him off. He is now living almost in luxury owing to the appeal. That appeal should never have gone out, simply because he did not want to work. However, as I said, the successes more than compensate for the failures. I am able very quickly to approach the man who really deserves help. There is a bond of sympathy between us that brings the blind investigator in closer touch with his subject than could be possible with a sighted person.

"I may go into a tenement house, stop in the basement, and ask for John Jones, 'the blind man.' Half a dozen youngsters will immediately volunteer the information that 'he lives on the third floor back' or 'in the rear of the alley way.' I grope along and find the steps, and as I go on up the stairs I hear people whisper under their breath, 'Poor man! he's blind.' That is no deterrent to me. I get up to the third floor, and ask 'Does John Jones live here?' If he does, I greet him with 'Hello, Mr. Jones; I hear you are walking along in the dark like myself. How are you?'

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SOULS WON AT THE BOWERY MISSION

THE unexpected often happens to us workers at the Bowery Mission. Never a day passes but some strange human craft appears in the offing, some new star shines out upon the midnight sky, some unexpected traveler stands upon our threshold, some sudden tragedy thrills our hearts.

It was a recent Sunday morning and I was on my way to our meeting. I had just descended the stairway of the Houston Street elevated station on the Bowery, when a man accosted me whom I did not remember to have seen before. He told me he wanted assistance for an old man who had been robbed. No officer was in sight. Guided by my informant I found the man who had "fallen among thieves" in a most deplorable condition, sitting on the stairs of a tenement house. It was the old story. A man of over seventy years of age, overcome by liquor, had been stripped of nearly everything he possessed. He was sober enough by this time to tell me that if only he had a pair of shoes (for the robbers had taken even his shoes), he could manage to get home.

I was already due at the meeting and was obliged to perform the Good Samaritan act through the proxy of my new acquaintance. We obtained a pair of shoes and he promised to see the old man home and report to me later at the Mission. To my great delight, he appeared during the course of the meeting and heard many of the testimonies. When the usual "invitation" was given at the close, he was the first man to rise to his feet. He stayed to the after-meeting and gave himself to God, and since that time has been most regular in his attendance at the Brotherhood meetings and at the Mission services. He had faithfully carried out his commission in attending to the old man, and the little spark of goodness in him, fanned into a flame by his pity for a suffering fellow creature, swept him into the kingdom.

In that same meeting I noticed a respectably dressed man, who, somehow or other, did not seem to fit into our usual crowd. I wondered whether he was a drummer, or a minister on a vacation, or a left-over cart-tail spell-binder from the recent election. He was a man of gigantic stature, weighing probably two hundred and fifty pounds, and of an exceedingly intellectual appearance.

To my surprise he also responded to the closing invitation, and stayed to the after-meeting. There he rose and in decided terms declared his intention to lead a better life. There was no opportunity to converse with him, but in passing out he hurriedly and surreptitiously pushed something into my hands, saying, "There, I will not want that any more." It was the murderous slung-shot of a highway robber. The possession of it, had it been discovered by the police, would have condemned him to a term in the penitentiary. He came to the evening meeting, and next day into our Labor Bureau seeking for honest work. He got it. He is in our Labor Settlement, doing well, qualifying himself for an upright life, and with every promise of success.

Another after-meeting incident of the same day was very dramatic. One of our leaders was formerly connected with a large detective agency, and during that connection had many exciting experiences. On several occasions his life had been in great peril. A few years ago a gang of desperadoes were cornered in a room in the northern part of the city, and a pistol was leveled at the detective's head. His life was saved by one of the crowd, who, realizing the game was up, and that there was no need for loss of life, dashed the gun from the hand of his companion. Other scenes and circumstances soon effaced the memory of this event from his mind, until this particular Sunday in the Bowery Mission of which I am writing. Here, in the after-meeting, the ex-detective met face to face the man who had saved his life. The ex-gangster had come as a penitent sinner, seeking deliverance from a sinful life, and tenderly and patiently did the ex-detective lead him to the Saviour who gives eternal life to all who believe in him.

Distributing Thanksgiving Baskets in the Basement of the Bowery Mission

Never was the work of the Bowery Mission so much needed as at present. The crowds of homeless, hopeless, Christless men are bigger than ever. This is the time of year when we look to the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to contribute to the support of the work. I know we shall not look in vain.

J. G. HALLIMOND,
Superintendent.

. . .

Sunday, November 24, was the thirty-third anniversary of the founding of the Mission. The day was one of the best, in spiritual results, in its history. At the morning service, Dr. W. P. Ferguson spoke most forcibly and winsomely on the subject: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Forty-three men accepted cards, and at the evening service forty cards were returned signed, bringing two score men into the fellowship of the Mission "Brotherhood." This is an unusually large percentage; ordinarily about a third of the men who are willing to take cards sign and return them. The intense spiritual impression made at the morning service was well sustained in the evening by the address of the beloved Bishop Darlington, one of the Mission's best friends, who had come all the way from Harrisburg to talk to the men of the Bowery about "Thanksgiving," reminding them of the things they still have to be grateful for and gently urging them to a better life. At the evening service eighteen men took cards. Mr. Hunt, at the bishop's special request, sang "The Homeland." Monday night was devoted to the industrial interests of the Mission. Reports were made, showing that in the five years the Labor Bureau has been in operation, positions have been found for 17,334 men. Figures for the present year will run to five thousand. Mr. Hunt, manager of the bureau, is proud to state that of all the thousands of men who have found positions, unsatisfactory reports have come from less than five per cent. The successful work of the new Industrial Settlement in the Bronx was also described. Nearly fifty men at a time are now kept at this Home from which they are sent out to positions at useful labor. It is expected that the capacity of the Home will soon be increased to 100. The mission is also establishing industries such as chair-caning, upholstering, mattress-making, etc., etc., in its Bowery building. Mr. Bolton Hall, lawyer, author, labor and farm expert, delivered a telling address at the night meeting.

On Tuesday evening Mr. George B. Class conducted an evangelistic service. On Wednesday evening Dr. Wilbert W. White, president of the Bible Teachers' Training School at New York, delivered a devotional address. At midnight Mr. C. D. Usinger, a convert of the Mission and now superintendent of Faith Mission, New York, led a service inaugurating the "Bread Line" for the winter, after which the first long line of hungry, homeless men were given their one o'clock lunch. Thanksgiving Day morning at nine, the basket dinners were distributed; at eight P.M., the great annual Thanksgiving dinner was given to twelve hundred men. On Friday evening, Dr. C. H. Mead, president of the board of directors of the Mission, delivered a temperance address, and on Saturday evening the Brotherhood held a social reunion. A fuller account of the Thanksgiving Day proceedings and the later events of the week will appear in the next number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

TOPICS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD

—REV. L. F. OSTRANDER, an American Board Missionary at Samokov, Bulgaria, who was a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Macedonian Relief Committee in 1904, writes us as follows: "The following paragraph appeared in the issue of October 25 of *The Near East*, a publication that is decidedly pro-Turkish in its sympathies and attitude: 'The "victims" mentioned in the Turkish newspapers as having been maltreated in Bulgaria of late have telegraphed to the ministry of the interior *indignantly denying* the statements of the Turkish press. Two Turkish notables, inhabitants of Dobritch, near Varna, whom the Turkish newspapers reported as having been murdered, have sent the following telegram: 'The statements in the Turkish newspapers *Sabah* and *Tanin* that we have been murdered are not true. We are alive and enjoying good health, and up to now have not been molested in any way. It is not true that £T3,000 were taken from me, Hajji Hassan Bekiroff. We indignantly reject the aspersions cast upon the Bulgarian authorities. Signed: Turham Bey, Hajji Hassan Bekiroff.' Almost all the chiefs of the Turkish communities throughout the country have sent similar telegrams, stating that they are quite satisfied with the care and protection of the Bulgarian authorities.' In confirmation of the view that all such reports of massacres by Bulgarians are malicious fabrications disseminated by enemies and non-sympathizers for the purpose of discrediting Bulgaria, it may be stated that Turkish inhabitants of Bulgaria have the same political rights as Bulgarian citizens; that there are Turkish officials both local and in parliament. During a residence of more than ten years in Bulgaria I have known of no acts of public or mob violence of Bulgarians towards Turks in Bulgaria in spite of the great provocation that has so often been given by atrocities perpetrated on Bulgarians across the boundary in Turkish territory. The fairness, moderation and self-restraint of the Bulgarian population of the country has been simply wonderful in view of all the circumstances. We are glad that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has started a relief fund for the Balkans. The ravages of war and massacre cannot be fully stated at the present time, but what we have already heard indicate an appalling condition in many places. Moreover, winter has begun unusually early and threatens a long period of suffering for those who are destitute of food, fuel, clothing and shelter. We therefore pray that your efforts for this humane purpose may be abundantly successful."

—CLARENCE W. BOWEN, the proprietor and publisher of *The Independent*, has retired, having transferred his ownership to Hamilton Holt, who for the past ten years has been managing editor.

—EUROPEAN TURKEY comprises about 60,000 square miles. Bulgaria is about the size of Indiana; Greece of West Virginia; Montenegro is smaller than Connecticut, and Servia has an area equal to New Hampshire and Vermont. Constantinople has 1,000,000 population. These statistics are interesting in view of the present war.

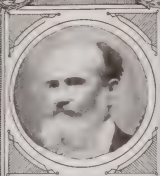
—COUNT ROMANONES, a man of distinguished family and great wealth, has been appointed prime minister of Spain to succeed Premier Canalejas, lately assassinated. The choice seems to be a popular one, but whether the new appointee will carry out the policies of his predecessor is not made clear. The count has been at the head of great business enterprises and has successfully financed large undertakings in Morocco, where he holds valuable concessions.

—IN A RECENT after-dinner speech in New York, President Taft declared strongly for a single six-year term for President, and favored the admission to both Houses of Congress of members of the presidential cabinet, but without a vote.

—THE VOTE ON THE Prohibition amendment in West Virginia, November 5, resulted in about 80,000 majority for the amendment. Every county in the State but two went "dry." The temperance forces were federated and the churches thoroughly united in the contest, and they regard the result as one of the greatest temperance victories within a decade. The law goes into effect July 1, 1914. The States now in the Prohibition column are Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia.

—WITH VERY LITTLE publicity, the movement for a union on vital questions of faith and order among the Protestant churches makes steady progress. This movement was begun at the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church two years ago, since which time a number of the leading denominations have appointed representatives and others are looking toward similar action. Among those that have already appointed representatives are the following bodies: Episcopal, Congregational, Disciples, Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Moravian, Evangelical Lutheran, United Presbyterian, Free Baptist, Church of England in Canada and others. The scope of the proposed joint commission includes all questions touching faith and order and the invitation is open to every Christian communion throughout the world which confesses Christ as Lord and Saviour. It is too early to speculate on the possibilities of this great work for the harmonizing of Christian beliefs, as its labors will hardly be concluded within five years from the time of organization.

The Eastern Question and Armageddon



A Sermon

BY

Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D.*

TEXT: "And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." Rev. 16: 16

THE Eastern Question has been the traditional problem of European statesmen for many generations. The Balkans have been the storm center of Europe for more than a century. The watchful eyes of diplomacy are ever upon these little nationalities which to-day are waging such successful war against the Turkish Empire. The subject is one of intense spiritual as well as political interest, and God only knows what the issues of this great conflict may be.

While these Balkan States are petty nationalities in themselves, none of them having more than a few million inhabitants, yet their location and the elements that constitute their population and their relation to the surrounding nations, all combine to give them a peculiar significance and to make them the source of infinite possibilities of trouble.

One cause for this is the fact that they are what diplomatists call buffer States. A buffer State is one that is geographically placed between two Powers to keep them from getting too close together. The neutral territory of this intervening State makes it impossible for them to reach each other with hostile armies.

The Cause of the War

These Balkan States are political cushions that soften the force of military aggression as between Austria, Russia, Germany, Italy and Turkey, and for that reason it has been considered by diplomats a matter of supreme importance to keep their territorial limitations and political relations as unchanged as possible. That is the problem that is now facing the Great Powers.

A still stronger reason for trouble arises from the different races and religions which we find in these different States. Less than one-half the population are Mohammedans. The rest are Oriental Christians belonging to various ancient churches of the East, but all united against the hated despotism of the Turk and the Moslem.

In view of these conditions there has been ceaseless strife and constant suffering in all these little communities, and war after war has arisen because of these difficulties. The Powers of Europe have tried to compel Turkey to treat her Christian subjects in these provinces with justice and fairness. She has been lavish in promises, but has invariably failed to fulfil them, so that revolution after revolution has broken out in Macedonia, Albania and other European provinces of Turkey. At last these four Powers, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro and Greece, have united their forces against the Turk, and we hear the echoes of the thunders of war from the Bosporus and the Balkans.

This is the human side of the question and one of intense interest. The forces are perhaps evenly matched. About ten millions of allies are fighting European Turkey with about eight or nine millions, and Asiatic Turkey, with still a larger force behind.

As It Was Prophesied

Turning from the human to the divine side of this question the light of prophecy falls upon all the interests involved here with peculiar significance. In the seventh and eighth chapters of Daniel we have a prophetic vision of the great empires down to the end of time. Among these various powers that are to rise and fall the vision of the prophet was concentrated upon two which he described as "Little Horns." The one described in the seventh chapter is a little horn which rose up among the other horns of this wild beast and became greater than all of them. It was to be a spiritual as well as political power and become the oppressor and persecutor of the saints of God, and at last to be destroyed by the coming of the Son of Man.

While there are differences of opinion among prophetic interpreters, yet a great body of Bible teachers unite in identifying this with the Papal power, the Little Horn of the Roman Church, which for more than a thousand years fulfilled the first part of the description and is now fulfilling the last by its gradual decay, the breaking down of the temporal power fifty years ago, and the evident weakening of all the political States which stood behind it.

In the eighth chapter of Daniel we have another Little Horn which fills the Eastern world as the Roman horn filled the vision of the Western world. This Oriental Little Horn of the eighth chapter rose out of Alexander's empire, especially out of Syria, and is easily identified with the Mohammedan Antichrist, that awful system of iniquity that arose at the same time as the Papacy, that swept a circle of devastation as great as Rome and lasted for the same period, and is now being gradually destroyed by the same unseen hand of the Ancient of Days and the Son of Man.

We are told of that Little Horn that he waxed "exceeding great, toward the south and toward the east and toward the pleasant land" (Dan. 8: 9). The pleasant land is Palestine. Mohammedanism swept the south of Asia and a large part of Africa. It covers India to-day and the East. One of its first goals was Jerusalem, and within twelve years after the flight of Mohammed, Omar, his captain, had captured Jerusalem and turned the site of Solomon's temple into the site of the Mosque of Omar. "And it waxed great even to the host of heaven." That is the church of God. "And it cast down some of the host and of the stars to the ground." The stars are the ministers of Christ. Mohammedanism swept away in a few years thousands of Christian churches, and many of the mosques of the East to-day have the inscriptions of Christian temples under the plaster which covers their arches. "It cast . . . the stars down to the ground and stamped upon them. Yea, he magnified himself even to the prince of the host, and by him the daily sacrifice [worship] was taken away and the place of the sanctuary was cast down." Jerusalem was trodden down by the Moslems. "And a host was given him against the daily sacrifice by reason of transgression, and it cast down the truth to the ground; and it practiced and prospered." Idolatry and apostasy on the part of the Christian Church brought about these conditions. What a picture of the story of Mohammedan triumph and oppression!

The Seven Vials of Revelation

Now that is the fearful power that for twelve hundred years or more has been overshadowing the Oriental world. It finally swept into France, conquered the south of Spain, invaded Eastern Europe, and but for the victory of Charles Martel would have swept the whole of Europe and blotted out the last vestige of Christianity. This thing, Mohammedanism, specially identified with the Turk, is the incarnation of all that is devilish in Satanic power and fiendish in human ferocity. The pages of history are red with the stain of its fierce cruelty. The very gates of Paradise are opened to them by the murder and outrage of the followers of Christ. Within our lifetime the stories of Armenia and Bulgaria reek with nameless shame and horror, and have imprinted upon our memory the realization of the unspeakable Turk, which no language can fully express, and which no doubt to-day is inspiring an earnest prayer in the hearts of millions that the time may at last have come for his being driven out of Europe and even banished from the face of the earth.

But as we turn to the prophetic page we find that judgment is sure to fall upon this abominable system of Satanic power and human oppression. We have already referred to Daniel's prophecy that it should be "broken without hand." In Revelation 16: 12 we have a distinct vision of the judgment that is to fall upon it. "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared." This sixteenth chapter of Revelation is a very wonderful summary of God's last judgments upon the powers of evil before the coming of the Son of Man. These are represented by seven vials, seven great visitations of fierce judgment that are to be poured out from heaven by special avengers sent forth from the throne. The first four of these vials seem to indicate the wars of Napoleon in the beginning of the nineteenth century, that period of carnage and judgment that swept over all the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. And the allusions here are so distinct that there is no doubt in the minds of multitudes of interpreters that this is the beginning of those divine judgments that began to break the power of Papal Rome.

The fifth vial was poured upon the seat of the Beast. That was Rome itself. After all the papal lands had been devastated, then Rome became the target for the batteries of heavenly judgment. This covered a number of years, during which the Pope was twice taken prisoner. In 1870 in the hour of his blasphemous proclamation of infallibility, his temporal power was swept from him and he was made a prisoner in the Vatican. Italy became a free land and the last vestige of the throne that had oppressed the world for centuries was destroyed. Judgment to that extent at least was complete. God had poured out the vial of his judgment upon the seat of the wild beast.

The Passing of the Turk

Now we come to the sixth vial. The scene is changed from Rome, the Western Little Horn, the Antichrist that had overshadowed Europe, to the Eastern Little Horn, the Mohammedan Power, the Turk, represented by the River Euphrates. It was from this valley that the Turk had come and it was the peculiar type of his desolating power. Even historians of Oriental nations sometimes use the very figure of the Euphrates as describing Mohammedanism and the Turk.

The drying up of the Euphrates is an appropriate symbol of the gradual weakening of the Turkish power, which has now been in progress for more than one hundred and fifty years. From 1768-1774 there was almost constant war between Russia and Turkey, ending in the Peace of Kanardje, which sealed the first series of dismemberments of the Turkish Empire, and followed the practical annihilation of the Turkish navy. In 1806 the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia were separated from Turkey and afterwards became the kingdom of Roumania. In 1827 Greece secured her independence, and Servia in 1829. In 1832 Egypt, under Mehemet Ali, threw off the Turkish yoke and even threatened Constantinople itself. In 1844 the Powers compelled Turkey to issue a decree of toleration permitting religious liberty to all her Christian subjects. In 1876 Bulgaria became a free state. Since then further reductions have been made on Turkish territory in Asia and a firmer restraint has constantly been pressed upon her by the European Powers. A few years ago the revolt of the Young Turkish party overthrew the old régime and for a time promised radical reforms. But these have failed to materialize, so far, at least, as liberty for her Christian subjects has been concerned. Steadily her cup of iniquity has become filled until at last the overflow came in the recent Italo-Turkish war through which her African possessions have been wrested from her, her navy utterly humiliated, and her prestige greatly weakened. The Balkan States have been quick to take advantage of all this, and now at last have united in a great religious alliance, and already half a million men are pressing forward to Constantinople.

On to Armageddon

Whether this is to bring the final chapter in the fall of Turkey, God alone knows; but the most superficial observer cannot fail to see that the Eastern world is facing a momentous crisis and that prophetic fulfilment is moving on apace.

But the fall of Turkey is but the means to a greater end. The waters of the Euphrates are drying up in order that the way of the Kings of the East may be prepared. Who are these kings? What interpretation so simple and so obvious as the chosen people, the Jews, the elect nation, whom God has foreordained to be the sovereigns of the East and of the millennial age? Already they are the

Continued on next page

* Dr. Simpson is the founder and head of the Christian Alliance (interdenominational).

MY PRAYER

I LONG to serve thee better,
To love Thee more each day,
To trust Thee, heavenly Father,
To guide me all my way.

I long to do some service,
For Jesus Christ my king,
Some one who knows not Jesus,
This one I'll gladly bring.

I ask for grace, O Father!
Thy strength to me impar
And may thy Spirit ever
Abide within my heart.

MRS. WM. ARTHUR SNELL.

THE EASTERN QUESTION AND ARMAGEDDON

Continued from preceding page

ngs of the financial world. Already eir influence in politics, literature ıd diplomacy is paramount. Al-ady through the powerful organi-tion of Zionism they are carefully ıd effectively planning for the reor-ınization of a Jewish state at no dis-nt day. But the great obstacle to eir national hopes and the great op-essor of their race has always been e Turk. By him Jerusalem has en trodden down for more than 'elve centuries, and the removal of ırkish misrule and oppression will en the way for Israel to come to its 'n, and every student of prophecy ıows that the restoration of Israel eans the return of the Lord.

And so the vision widens as we fol-w our text and come to the next age of prophetic fulfilment, Arma-ddon. Armageddon is the last bat-e of the ages with the Lord Jesus ırist and his few faithful followers ong with the Jewish nation on one le and the earth's ungodly myriads cretly led by Satan on the other.

We are permitted in this chapter to ive a glimpse behind the scenes. "I w three unclean spirits like frogs me out of the mouth of the dragon, ıd out of the mouth of the beast, ıd out of the mouth of the false ophet. For they are the spirits of evils, working miracles, which go rth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world, to gather them to e battle of that great day of God lmighty." These are the forces that e leading up to the Armageddon. ney are spiritual forces. They come om three sources. The first eman-es directly from Satan, and this we ay be sure is kept well in disguise. e is too skilful a leader to show mself and his immediate emissa-es. The second are the politicians. pirits that come from the mouth of e beast represent earthly power. his beast stands for the evil govern-ent of human history and these are last consolidated in the one final nfederation representing political ower, commercial corporations, hu-an culture and false religion.

And this leads us to the last of ese spirits of evil, which comes om the mouth of the false prophet. hat represents false teaching, false orship, fanaticism and all those piritual forces of irreligion which are oroad in the world to-day. These are l mutually approaching and heading o for the last great conflict, that day ' days which will bring the end of the resent age, the expulsion of Satan nd all his works from this sin-cursed orld, and the kingdom of our Lord nd Saviour Jesus Christ.

The forces of earth and heaven re rallying for Armageddon, but efore the storm shall burst upon is devoted world the whispered sig-al falls upon our ears, "Behold, I ome for you: be ready and robed to eet me." And then when we have en caught from the awful scene the sion of Armageddon sweeps on and ie tragedy of earth is complete. "He athered them together in a place illed Armageddon."

THE CHRISTMAS SPENDERS

THE army of holiday spenders is moving to the front three hundred million strong—more or less. In a few days the ranks, if there be any, will be broken by the last frantic assault upon the bargain counters, and the toy counters, and the fancy contraption sales everywhere, as the spenders cast themselves desperately into the final battle of Christmas Eve. Everybody must be remembered, and everybody must have a gift. Note books and pencils are busy. There are father and mother and sister and brother and all the close relatives and friends who come within the first list for real gifts. Then there is the second list of relatives not quite so near and friends not quite so dear, who can be remembered with post cards. But, oh! there are so many, when the lists are all made up. How can the money be made to go around!

You hear excited or nervous questionings on every hand. "What shall I get for Tom? I can't spend more than $— on him, and I'm sure I don't know what he wants that doesn't cost more.". . . "There, I've spent all but $— and my list isn't half finished! I'll have to cross off Kate, and make Jim and Harry get along with less than I intended." . . . "I suppose I must give Aunt Sue something. She sent me something last year. Do you know anything she wants that won't cost more than $—, but will look like $—?" . . . "Well, that's done at last. It's pretty, but you'd never imagine the amount of time and work I've spent on it. I hope Dorothy will appreciate it and not get the lace and ribbons all mussed the first day."

The cry of the spenders of money and labor and time is going up in an endless complexity of pleasure and discontent from multitudes at this season, until one is tempted to quote the protest of Isaiah, "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

What! Am I uttering a note of discord at this season of joy? Am I causing a jangle, out of tune with the prevailing spirit of good will and Christmas cheer? No, not causing one, only recording one, and that for the purpose of suggesting how greater harmony and more perfect joy may be given to the celebration of Christmas.

. . .

SPENDING for others is the most natural and appropriate expression of the Christmas spirit. It is beautiful and God-like if done rightly. Christmas began with the most stupendous expenditure ever known. God gave the first Christmas gift. If we follow his example in giving we celebrate Christmas day most fittingly. Our giving, however, has, to a very large extent, degenerated into "shopping," and buying or making foolish things for the purpose of keeping up our part in the annual exchange of presents. We spend money lavishly "for that which is not bread," and we spend hours of labor "for that which satisfieth not."

Thousands of gifts are bought grudgingly and are received with profuse acknowledgments, but a concealed sniff of discontent. Thousands of other gifts are offered to balance accounts or to serve as substitutes for real affection. A year of indifference or unkindness has made a long record on the debit side. Never mind, a watch, or a bracelet, or a fur piece, or a pair of embroidered slippers will square the account, with a little credit over to apply on the next year. If there has been dissension or coldness in the home, anything that will bring peace and good will is to be welcomed, even if it be reserved for Christmas. If there be a long debt to pay, something on account is better than nothing; but to many a father, or mother, or husband, or wife, or son, or daughter, or brother, or sister, the gift at Christmas time is a mockery instead of a joy. They have been hungry and starving for love, and behold! in the glitter of candles, festooned in green and tinsel, bedecked with laces and ribbons, or gorgeous with gold and jewels—a stone.

. . .

THERE is just one thing in all the catalogue of gifts the giving of which is sure to satisfy. There is just one thing that every spender may put at the head of the Christmas list, and it will insure the best celebration of the beautiful birthday. No purse is too small, though the value of the gift is beyond price. Without it Christmas is a failure; but joy is sure for the one who receives and the one who gives, when the gift is—self.

Be very sure, you daughters who are preparing pretty things for father or mother, or for sister or brother, that they will care little for your gift unless they know you are giving yourself with it. Be very sure, you husbands who think to satisfy the hunger of a whole year by giving your wives some costly present, that the gift will not satisfy their hunger. They want you. Be very sure, you big sons who may be wondering what to give to "pop," that he is hungry for one thing only, and in the tense silence of his busy, hurried life, he is crying out with a voiceless echo of the man in Proverbs, "My son, give me thine heart!"

. . .

SPENDING for Christmas will glorify the day if it is a spending of self for the joy and blessing of others. Only by such spending will the matchless Gift of the first Christmas day be fittingly commemorated. Charity to the poor and needy is incomplete unless love goes with it. In all our busy preparations during these days before Christmas, isn't it possible to plan for a little *self-giving* to some who are neglected and cheerless? Send money, and clothing, and food and toys to the families whose address Santa Claus has forgotten. Yes, send them by all means. You will have to spend no more money for them than you can afford. But think it over first and see if you cannot *take them* instead. Take them, and go yourself. Spend some of your time and strength and sympathy in *personal contact* with those who are in sorrow and distress. Spend your money—that will help; but spend also *yourself*, for that will help more. A good Christmas dinner, a warm coat, and a pile of coal and wood will strengthen and warm a poor body; but a bright smile, a hearty word of cheer, a brotherly, sisterly clasp of the hand will strengthen and warm a poor heart. Remember the poor, homeless men and boys of the Bread Line. You can make Christmas a real festival for them, if you will.

Spend your money for Christmas as wisely and as unselfishly as you can; but think of the Maker of Christmas and join with him in spending your heart's love.

MY MISSION

I WAS longing for a mission
Fancy made it something grand—
Something that would win the praises
Of the world on every hand.
So I squandered time in waiting
For the chance that never came—
Quite forgot to think of others
In my longings after fame.

But one day I had a vision
Of the needy ones near by
Of the hearts that starve with hunger
Till they faint, and fall, and die.
Starve for little deeds of kindness,
Or a word of hope and cheer,
And the smiles that cost so little
But can make it heaven here.

Then it was I found my mission—
Knew what work God meant for me,
And I cried, "Forgive my blindness,
Now, at last, thank God, I see!"
And my heart, that had been selfish
In its longing to be great,
Saw great fields of labor waiting
For me just outside my gate.

So I seek to scatter sunshine
In a dark and cheerless place.
Loving words have given courage:
Smiles have cheered the tearful face.
In the joy of helping others
God's good time I waste no more
Since my life has found its mission
Waiting at the very door.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Jewish Colonists in Palestine

THERE are now over 100,000 colonizing Jews in Palestine, and according to a writer in the *Osmanischer Lloyd* they are rapidly redeeming the country. Of these 50,000 or 60,000 are in Jerusalem alone, and despite the "red passport" with which foreign Jews must provide themselves, and which limits their stay in Palestine to three months, their establishment of stores in the city and their purchase of farms in the surrounding country goes on. In other words, these foreign Jews furnish the capital and the executive ability in making the native Jews of Palestine self-supporting, and in many cases wealthy, while insuring to themselves the basis of comfortable fortunes.

What this influx of Jewish capital and brains has meant to Palestine may be gathered from the figures presented by the *Osmanischer Lloyd*. The colonists now own forty villages and about 40,000 hectares (100,000 acres) of land, 75 per cent. of which are under cultivation, viz., 8,600 hectares (21,000 acres) in Judea, (15 colonies); 6,000 (15,000 acres) in Samaria, (eight colonies); 16,200 (40,000 acres) in Galilee, (16 colonies); and 200 (500 acres) in the Trans-Jordan country, (one colony). The most important of these settlements, which were founded between 1878 and 1902, are Pethach-Tikweh (1,500 colonists), Rishon le Zion (1,000 colonists) in Judea, Zikhron-Jacob (1,000 colonists) in Samaria, and Rosh-Pinah (800 colonists) in Galilee.

Anvil Sparks

..A HOT temper causes some folks to be treated coldly.

..WHEN the proud fall no man can foretell the landing place.

..IF THE grass is skimped, the sheep have gone into the wrong pasture.

..NO ONE is so narrow as he who thinks he is big enough to hold all the truth.

..THERE are more people who watch and don't pray than there are who pray and don't watch.

..SOME folks just store their lofty ideals in the loft and let the dust of neglect cover them up.

..THE heart was never made to carry a grudge, and such a burden always sags it out of shape.

..SOME folks imagine that they are cut out for a career and do very little to cut out one for themselves.

..SOME folks hate mightily to grow old, and yet they have so much time on their hands as it is, that they do not know what to do with it.

OUR RELIEF WORK IN THE BALKANS

PRIVATIONS, HARDSHIPS AND NEED IN THE NEAR EAST. ANOTHER $1000 FORWARDED FOR THE SUFFERERS

Photos Copyrighted, International News Service

Captive Turkish Soldiers, Marching Under Guard Out of Uskub

Princess Eleanor of Greece (on the left) Talking with a Wounded Soldier

Macedonian Children Awaiting Relief. The Figure in Black Uniform is the Servian Jeanne d'Arc

NOT on the firing-line at Adrianople or before the grim, disease-hiding wall at Chatalja, but in the chancellories of Europe, in the hospitals and in the homes of Bulgaria and Macedonia has the interest of the last week centered. Behind closed doors the statesmen of six great nations are working desperately to avert war between Austria and Servia and the general embroglio that would inevitably follow. From the hospitals and the homes come stories of privation and suffering that rival any the world has ever heard. The heroic fortitude of the wounded soldiers and of their needy families is inspiring. The blood of thousands of their own race—their own church—calls for vengeance on the Turk now that the weight of his iron heel is lifted. They are sacrificing everything, even life itself, in their devotion to their Christianity, their king and their country.

The feelings of the whole nation find expression in a few sentences of a letter from Rev. N. P. Mihailoff, one of the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee. He writes: "The Bulgarian king has characterized this war as the cross against the crescent. That it is, of course, but more. It is light against darkness, liberty against oppression, civilization against barbarism. Martyrs for the confession of Christ! Look not to Rome! The flowery fields of Macedonia have been impurpled with the blood of more than Nero slew." He concludes: "But, alas, how great the price of liberty! Thousands must fall before the cruel scythe of war while hundreds of thousands quail before the grim specter of starvation."

By cable from a professional correspondent at Philippopolis comes the following heartrending account of the sufferings of the wounded. Most of the wounded make the long journey from the front in ox-wagons, slow-moving and springless, jolting and reeling over roads that are unimaginable by English people. In wet weather they are seas of liquid mud, often axle-deep, which hide cruel hollows and hillocks in the track; in dry weather they are wide, dusty paths broken by innumerable gullies and hummocks and deep-worn wheel-tracks.

"Very many of the less badly hurt," says the correspondent, "those with cuts and shrapnel wounds about the hands and arms, trudge along beside the wagons in which their sorely wounded comrades lie on a bed of straw. One never hears a groan or a murmur. Those peasants have much of the stoicism of the East. But the long jolting journey to the hospitals is, alas! not the worst part of their sufferings. I saw in one hospital near the front—I wish I could forget the sight—a young Bulgarian officer whose body, head, arms, and legs were torn and gouged with thirteen separate wounds, shrapnel and bullet, and he was dying of exposure. He had lain thus wounded on the battlefield for three nights and two days, yet so strong was his physique that but for the exposure and the resulting gangrene and pneumonia, the doctors said he surely would have recovered. And his mother sat at the foot of the bed, motionless and dry-eyed, dumb with grief, watching the nurses tenderly dressing her son's awful wounds. They told me that she was a widow, and that she had two other sons at the front. I saw one great bearded Bulgarian, with a bullet in his head, lying on the floor between two beds in one of which was a Turk and in the other a Pomak. He beckoned to the doctor and muttered something. 'He wants to know when he will be able to go back,' said the doctor. 'He has a wounded son in the next ward, but he does not ask about him.'

"More than a third of the wounded men in this big hospital were Turks. They say that the Turks left most of their wounded on the field. They also say that they left few of the Bulgarian wounded. I heard horrid stories of mutilation and murder, but one hears so many tales of horror in a war that one should only tell of things seen. I saw a chubby little Bulgarian baby, scarcely three years of age, which the soldiers said they found in a village near Kirk-Kilisseh crying by the side of its murdered mother. One of the nurses, who lost a seventeen-year-old son at Kirk-Kilisseh, was going to adopt it.

"No praise can be too high for the foreign doctors and nurses and for the Bulgarian women of all degrees who are working night and day, often in circumstances that must be trying beyond description. What must be the emotions of mothers and wives and daughters and sisters tending the terrible wreckage of friend and foe while ignorant as to the welfare or even the whereabouts of their own loved ones! And as I write this I hear from the street below the lusty singing of several thousand more Macedonian and Armenian men and Bulgarian boys on their way to the front."

The Christian Herald Relief Committee at Sofia, Bulgaria

Sitting, from the left: D. Atanasoff, Treasurer of the Committee; Father Mesrope, the Armenian Chief Priest; Pastor D. N. Furnajieff, Pres. of Committee; Rev. N. P. Mihailoff, Editor the *Swetnik* of the National Church; and Rev. S. Tomoff, Ph D. Standing, from the left: S. Polychroniadis, the Greek Vice-Consul; Mrs. V. Iconomova; The Secretary of the Turkish Mufti, wearing the *fez*; Mrs. B. J. Kasurova, Vice-Pres. of the Committee; Dr. M. E. Temcoff, Secretary of the Committee; Mrs. D. N. Furnajieff; Mrs. S. B. Tsoneva, wife of former Rector of Sofia University; and M. Nenadich, the Servian Vice-Consul.

The generous treatment that has been accorded the Turkish captives and wounded by the Bulgarians recalls some of the early statements of the newspaper correspondents only to discredit them. In an account of the outbreak of hostilities in the Near East which appeared in our issue of October 23, a despatch which emanated from Olenitza, Roumania, and which was forwarded from Vienna to London, was quoted. This telegram described a massacre which was stated to have occurred at Turtukai. During the last few days we have learned not only from the authoritative statements of our own correspondents but from general news despatches that this and many similar statements were inspired by Turkish officials and never had the slightest foundation of fact.

Pastor D. N. Furnajieff, the president of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee, writes in forwarding the accompanying photograph, which was made in Sofia: "You will notice that some of the members of the committee are not shown. Rev. T. T. Holway, who lives in Samokov, could not attend the first meeting when this picture was made. Rev. Dr. E. E. Count, Methodist Episcopal missionary in Sofia, was absent from the city on official duties. The Turkish mufti, who is a splendid old gentleman, was present at the studio, but as the Koran forbids it, he could not be in the picture. He permitted his secretary to be photographed,

Continued on next page

THE COMING SESSION OF CONGRESS

ill ride as free passengers. As it happens, however, this unique transportation line is not located t the surface but in a tunnel underneath the Capiol grounds, where it will not be seen by many visiors unless they specially seek it out. The new ad is an electric line of the monorail type, which as attracted so much attention in Germany and ther foreign countries. Only, in the present inance, the distinguished passengers, instead of raveling in vehicles uspended on either ide of an elevated rail as saddle bags are ung on a horse's back), ill ride in small cars hat will hang from a ramework attached to he top of the tunnel. he subway in which his odd shuttle train ill operate connects he Capitol with the enate Office Building. Heretofore electric utomobiles have been perated in this underround thoroughfare, ut the officials have oncluded that an elecrically-operated railay of this new patern would be likely to rove more satisfacory.

An electric-lighted tunnel hat is a duplicate of the one bove mentioned connects the apitol with the House of Repesentatives Office Building, but he Representatives have deided to wait and see how the onorail line satisfies the Senaors before ordering a similar ne. The "House end" of the apitol this year boasts a novlty in the form of a remarkable neumatic tube system, which acilitates the transfer of mail, ooks, papers, etc., between the apitol and the House Office uilding. By means of this ystem, which is operated by uction, a heavy-laden mail sack

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may be whisked between the two buildings as easily as the pneumatic carrier in a department store brings the customer's change from the cashier's desk.

A problem to which the lawmakers and the officials at the Capitol must give attention at this present session is that of providing for the larger Congress that will assemble in response to the summons of President Wilson next spring. Perhaps the general public has overlooked the fact that this is the last session when a body of less than four hundred men makes up the House of Representatives, but the officials at our national law factory have not lost sight of the impending increase in the legislative family, and they are duly puzzled as to the best manner in which to take care of the larger assemblage.

The new Congress that will assemble in the spring will have 433 Representatives on its roster—an increase of 43 over the present strength—and it is imperative that an entirely new plan of seating the members shall be adopted. Although it may be a little early to predict, it seems certain that the solution will be found in removing all the desks that are now provided in the House, and substituting chairs, which would occupy little if any more room than the desk chairs now provided, and would thus enable a gain of all the space now occupied by desks. If the desks are removed, as is now planned, each of the new chairs will be provided with a broad arm or some such rest for books, memorandum pad, etc. The officials had expected that they would have all the time between March 4 next and December 1 in which to make the needed alterations, but now that an extra session is planned it means that only a few weeks will be available in which to refurnish the Hall, and this will necessitate very lively work.

WALDON FAWCETT.

Mr. and Mrs. Longworth

Senator Root Arriving at the Capitol

Mr. Sereno Payne

Senator Crane Entering His Automobile

Senator Owen and Mrs. Owen

OUR RELIEF WORK IN THE BALKANS

"Dr. Erenpreis, the Jewish rabbi, who is the last member of the committee, was prevented from attending by official duties. The committee is regarded here as a strong and representative one.

"The Red Cross Societies of various countries have already come on the field, but their special work is not along the line of relieving the needy outside the hospitals. This work must, to a great extent, be handled by our committee. I am glad we have the mufti with us, because the need among the Turks in Macedonia and the Adrianople district is simply appalling. They have, for years, subsisted on the labors of the other peoples and have never known need. Now all this is changed. They are simply starving.

"Our present plans are to continue giving assistance by providing necessary clothes, food and fuel. The pressure of the need has become so great that we are feeling more than ever the importance of the relief work and seeing more clearly how long it must continue. Wounded soldiers are rapidly arriving from the front, and though the hospitals take all the serious cases, there are many who return to their homes with minor wounds. Already the heads of many households have been killed. There will be widows and orphans in such numbers as our land has never known before, and they must be cared for, for the time being at least.

"Yesterday a number of wounded soldiers were brought to Sofia. As they were laid on stretchers one by one to be carried from the autos to the Red Cross Hospital, a throng of eager men and women were intently watching them. A woman, the wife of an officer, who had heard that her husband is wounded, was watching the soldiers, intently anxious to see her husband. He happened to be there; and as he was taken out of the auto she recognized him and gave a shriek, speaking his name, to which he raised his head a little only to say 'quite well,' but dropped down in the cot as if overpowered by his wound.

"The Turks have been told that any who fall into Christian hands will be butchered. A few days ago three Turks were brought to one of the hospitals in Sofia. The scare on their faces was touching. After a nurse had dressed the wound of one of

Continued from preceding page

them, the Turk turned and offered her a coin equal in value to two cents, as a token of appreciation. The attending physician said, 'You need not tip, you will need all the money you can get. We are not so badly off as you are,' and handed to him a franc, which the Turk took.

"The weather is getting to be cold. Our winters are far from mild, especially about Sofia. This morning the weather was cold and frosty. In front of a house the evening before they had been sawing wood. Pieces of bark had been left on a heap with the sawdust. A woman, perhaps about fifty years old, was picking up the small chips and pieces of bark, evidently to warm herself and family. There are families whose head has gone to the war without leaving a shovel of coal, or armful of wood, or a handful of flour, or any other provision for the winter. What do you imagine these families do for a living? God only knows! Here is a sample of the condition of hundreds of families. On the evening when the mobilization of the army was declared, a certain father, a laborer, whose dwelling I know, saw that he had nothing to leave for his family. He had only one kitchen vessel that could be sold. He had bought it at eight francs, and now he went, sold it for two francs, bought five loaves of bread, and came home. The oldest of his children, a boy of fourteen years, asked him: 'Papa, are you going to-morrow?' The father replied, 'Yes.' 'And what shall we do when these loaves are finished?' At this question the boy began to cry, realizing the utter poverty and hunger to which they would be reduced. The father went across the street to see a family of my own congregation. There he related the above incident, and when he told them how his oldest child cried, he himself broke down and wept.

"Dear CHRISTIAN HERALD reader, is it not you that God wants to use in his providence to feed these poor and hungry people?

"Any and every help will be gratefully received, and you may be sure it will be recorded in the books of the Judge of all the earth."

Another remittance of $1,000 has gone forward for the use of the sufferers, and will be distributed before this reaches our readers. The following additional contributions to the fund have been received:

Friend in Westport, Me.	$2.00	Mrs. H. E. Loflin	5.00
Gordon Granger Post, Clifton Springs, N. Y..	5.00	Asa Bearss	1.00
D. S. Watson	5.00	W. F. Dennis	2.00
Mrs. J. D. Washburn	1.50	"In His Name," Bouler, Colo.	2.00
——, Sweetsburg	50.00	Wm. Meyer	2.00
A. C. Woodcock	2.00	M. W. Smith	1.00
W. C. Meadows	2.00	Mr. & Mrs. O. F. Munger	3.00
Mrs. R. R. McCall	1.00	U. R. Clark	2.00
D. C. Clouser	1.50	L. S. Templeton & Sister	2.00
Mrs. H. D. Clark	10.00	W. H. Housel	2.00
John Keil & two Sons	3.00	Wm. H. Cary	2.00
Mary L. Gore	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. A. Pierce	2.00
Mary Robbinett	5.00	Mrs. J. B. Harris	1.00
Mrs. Mary Bruce	5.00	Chas. N. Eayers	2.00
D. Greene	5.00	C. W. Kelknap	5.00
"From a Subscriber," New Albany, Ind.	5.00	Mrs. Sallie Taylor	1.00
J. H. & Lillian Webb	10.00	Miss Ruth G. Carder	1.00
——, Rawson, O.	.50	Mrs. Geo. N. Butterway	2.00
Clara Louise Vail	5.00	N. R. Rutherford	2.00
Francis Rockwell Vail	5.00	G. M. Paisley	3.00
Rev. B. Silkwood	1.00	Nora M. Rhodes	1.00
Mrs. H. McCartney	1.00	Mrs. John Ayton	1.00
J. C. Zimmermann	20.00	H. S. Hodib	2.00
Thos. N. Thompson	5.00	Mrs. Sadie E. Pirtle	1.00
W. Rosser Thompson	1.00	Mrs. Robert Robinson	1.00
Clara Johnson	.50	John B. Irons	.10
G. Goodale	2.50	Mrs. C. Little	1.00
"A Reader," Allen, Mich.	1.00	David S. Calley	1.00
Miss Annie C. Tepper	15.00	E. & M. Simkin	3.00
E. N. Scrogham	1.00	Mrs. Sarah C. Howell	1.00
Mrs. Cynthia E. Shaw	2.00	"A Friend," Wallingford, Vt.	1.00
Mrs. L. T. Foreman	4.00	——, Ripon, Wis.	5.00
Mrs. L. A. Moserop	2.00	J. C. Jensen	2.00
Mrs. H. B. Hatch	2.00	Catherine Schwabenland	2.00
C. E. Hershberger	1.00	"From a Friend," Dover, N. J.	1.00
Rev. Geo. Bohn	2.00	Mr. & Mrs. P. Peterson	2.00
Roy Dawgert	2.00	Frank W. Hack	1.00
Mrs. R. Watts	1.00	Mrs. S. S. Ballaine	2.00
Walter E. Warren	1.00	G. A. Beidler	1.00
Mrs. Sarah A. Duckett	3.00	John F. Loehr	5.00
Mary L. Marshall	1.00	Harry Tiedtke	5.00
William O. Douglas	3.50	Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Hulton	1.00
Mrs. T. B. Bush	5.00	Mrs. L. A. Monroe	2.00
Rev. G. M. Knapp	10.00	Otis Lapham	5.00
Wallace Griggs	5.00	Elizabeth Ellis	3.00
Wm. G. Bennett	5.00	Mrs. Barbara Zinert	2.00
Anna Deborah Berry	20.00	Mrs. Sarah Jane Wood	1.00
Cyrus Kass	5.00		

All remittances should be addressed to The Balkan Relief Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Pensioning Ex-Presidents

WHILE we cannot believe that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was moved by anything other than a generous impulse in proposing to provide, through the Carnegie Corporation, a liberal life-pension for our ex-Presidents, it has been made clear by the very emphatic expression of opinion on the subject that the offer is one that cannot be accepted by the American people. National self-respect forbids our acceptance as a gift from any citizen of a service which, if it is to be performed at all, should be done by the nation itself. If our ex-Presidents are to be pensioned, the provision must be made for them from the public treasury and not from the pocket of any individual, native or foreign-born.

Mr. Carnegie is a successful business man. His wealth came from the people and he has endeavored to do much good with it in the support of educational facilities and the erection of libraries. Without undervaluing the generous impulse, there are many who will conclude that Mr. Carnegie, being a shrewd business man, simply meant to bring up the whole question in an acute form, and if this was his purpose, he has succeeded. Two plans are now suggested: the first, to make our retiring Presidents life Senators, with adequate compensation; the second, to make every future ex-President a Representative-at-large, with all the rights of a member except the vote, and with an annual salary of $17,500. Each of these plans has features that commend it to consideration, not the least advantage being that the experience of the beneficiaries could occasionally be made of practical service to the country.

"Heroes" of the Faith

THAT irrepressible sheet, the *Western Watchman* of St. Louis, edited by Father D. S. Phelan, has fairly won for itself the doubtful distinction of being the chief swashbuckler of the Papal hierarchy. In its issue of November 21 it seizes the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Wilhelmshaven as an opportunity for indulging its favorite rôle of historical misrepresentation. The emperor, in an address to the naval conscripts, referred to the life of Admiral Coligny in terms of heroic commendation as an ideal patriot and Christian soldier. "Coligny," says the *Western Watchman*, "was a hypocrite, a traitor who would sell his country to the highest bidder, . . . and paid with his death the price of his perfidy." Then the *Watchman* gives its version of the St. Bartholomew massacre in these words:

> Somehow we prefer the Protestant to the Catholic account. Catholics say only 30,000 were slain; Protestants put the number at 70,000. We prefer the latter figure. . . . If there were 70,000 Huguenots in Paris the night of the massacre so much the more justification for the slaughter. . . . We have heard ring out many a time the very bells that called the Catholics together on the fatal night. They always sounded sweetly in our ears.
>
> Catholics are always too slow to rise in their own defense. They have always too much confidence in the good will and honor of their non-Catholic neighbors. But this time they were alert and they caught their enemies napping. The Lutherans of Germany were hard-drinking fanatics. The Calvinists of Switzerland were canting cutthroats. The Huguenots of France were common thugs. In their inroads on the peaceful provinces of France they burned fifty cathedrals and five hundred parish churches. Our heroes are the Duke of Alva and Catherine de Medici. They knew the Huguenots and they drove them off the continent. You cannot excite any pity in our souls by whining recounts of Catholic atrocities in the seventeenth century. We have never written a line in extenuation or palliation of the Inquisition. We never thought it needed a defense.

It is instructive to know of what sort of stuff the men and women who are heroized by Catholic writers are really made. The Duke of Alva and Catherine de Medici are here put forward by Editor Phelan as exalted types, and we may naturally conclude that they are so regarded by other Catholics. Motley, in his famous history of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, says of Alva (vol. ii, page 231):

> A special messenger arrived from the Pope bringing as a present to Alva a jeweled hat and sword. The duke was requested, in the autograph letter from the Pope which accompanied the presents, to "remember when he put the hat upon his head that he was guarded with it as with the helmet of righteousness and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who supported the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith.

On page 407 Motley says: "So finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history, as in Alva's administration of the Netherlands." On his journey from the Netherlands (page 405) he is said to have boasted that he "had caused 18,600 inhabitants of the provinces to be executed during the period of his government. The number of those who had perished by battle, siege, starvation and massacre defied computation." He himself admitted that he had incurred "the universal hatred of every individual in the country." As his parting advice (page 407), he recommended that every city in the Netherlands should be burned to the ground except a few which could be occupied by the royal troops. Motley's description of the frightful tortures and terrible deaths to which the population were subjected by this fiendish commander has probably no parallel in literature. His crowning infamy was the massacre of Netherland Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day. Motley estimates the number of victims at from 25,000 to 100,000, within the whole kingdom of France (page 318). "The heart of Protestant Europe stood still with horror." This was the man whom the *Western Watchman*, claiming to represent the attitude of the Roman Church, applauds as one of that church's greatest heroes.

One would imagine that the sort of journalism of which the *Western Watchman* is a type would be repudiated by the sane and sensible portion of the Catholic press; but we have yet to find a single journal which has attempted to put a stopper on this turbulent, strife-making, incendiary pen. Will they endorse this latest ebullition heroizing the murderous Alva and the infamous Catherine de Medici? We doubt it, especially in view of the fact that they have not yet seen fit to repudiate the *Watchman's* recent wild utterance which, assuming a choice by Catholics between their loyalty as Americans and as Romanists, boldly declared that they would stick by the church and consign the American Government to perdition. We note in the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, November 22, a lame and belated apology for that utterance, in which it asserts that the phraseology (of the anti-Catholic press) is not Dr. Phelan's, and adds:

> But the essence of that sermon is one that is so obviously the rule of conduct and the conviction of every Christian that we wonder that any one has had the effrontery to take issue with it.

Unfortunately, the editorial page of the *Western Watchman*, which we have before us, flatly disproves this specious apology, as it contains the exact phrase in cold type, thus placing the matter wholly beyond conjecture and dispute. The attempt of the *Universe* to smooth over an ugly situation is unavailing. There is but one course in the matter: either to accept the language as it appears in Phelan's sheet, or, in the name of all sensible and order-loving Roman Catholics, to repudiate it altogether. Having climbed the tree, the *Universe* must now come down as gracefully as possible or else stay on its perch and share the disgrace.

After all, Phelan is merely an incident. He is a person of no importance, and it is inconceivable that even the hierarchy can endorse his wild, irresponsible rant. If his periodical outbursts are approved by those in clerical authority, the American people must revise their opinion of the intelligence and acumen of the leaders in the campaign to "Make America Catholic."

Overtaken of Justice

JUSTICE has taken a firmer grip on the scales and sword. In the trial of the four gunmen for the murder of Rosenthal, the gambler, there were none of the familiar delays, and all subterfuges were swept aside. Within an hour after the case had been delivered to the jury, they rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Within a few days sentence was pronounced condemning the prisoners to death in the electric chair during the week beginning January 6. On November 26 they were taken to Sing Sing and placed in the dreary cells of "Death Row."

Following so closely the conviction of Police Lieutenant Becker, the case against "Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louie," "Dago Frank" and "Whitey" Lewis has established a new record in dealing with crime in the metropolis. District Attorney Whitman expressed the belief that the verdict marks the beginning of the end of the rule of gangsters and gunmen from which New York has suffered so long. It should also mark the abolishing of every form of official "protection" of criminals, gamblers and keepers of evil resorts.

One of the saddest features of the situation is that a large proportion of the class of criminals who compose the gangs are young men; indeed, the convicted gunmen, as they stood in the dock, looked little older than boys. Lack of opportunity for moral training, together with evil associations, had made the criminal path easy and attractive and the downward pace was swift and terrible. Under the wing of their official protectors, politicians or police, the young desperadoes ran the whole gamut of crime. Now that they have been overtaken by justice, the class to which they belong will be broken up and scattered. New York will no longer be a safe or lucrative place for gangsters, and it must be made equally unwholesome for official grafters and protectors of crime and lawlessness. The moral victory will only be half won if justice does not sweep them out with the rest of the rubbish.

The Bread-Line

THIS winter promises to be a season of unusual activity at the old Bowery Mission. On Thanksgiving morning, the Bread-Line assembled shortly after midnight, and the long and seemingly endless file of unemployed and destitute men and lads were helped to a good, substantial meal. Every morning during the winter and until Easter, the same pitiful scene will be re-enacted. It is saddening to contemplate the condition of these poor "wanderers of the night"—homeless, shelterless, penniless and seemingly out of touch with all that makes life worth living. This silent array is a mute protest against conditions which seem hard to understand and still harder to improve. Fortunately, the Mission's Free Labor Bureau is able to help many to temporary employment; but while the winter lasts, the long, gaunt line must be fed and sheltered, temporarily at least. It is a Samaritan work in which we invite the co-operation of our sympathetic readers. A few pennies will provide a substantial midnight meal for a bread-liner; a dime will feed four and a dollar provides forty with steaming hot coffee and big roll sandwiches enough to stave off hunger for a time. Send in your gifts to the Bread-Line, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have a share in this simple charity. It was Jesus himself who commanded us to seek out the wanderers from the highways and byways. "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee." Surely this is the spirit of the Bread-Line.

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Carnegie Educational Trustees Meet

THE seventh annual meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teachers met in New York City November 20. More than a score of the presidents of the leading universities of the country, including those of Harvard, Yale and Columbia, were present. All the trustees were present except David Starr Jordan, Jacob Gould Schurman, and Frank A. Vanderlip. The trustees announced that an important bulletin on medical education in Europe had been issued by the Foundation in the year, that the report of the president for 1912, containing a general discussion of educational problems, was in press, and that forty-eight retiring allowances and pensions had been granted in the year, making a total of 398 now in force, at an annual cost of $570,000. The endowment now amounts to $14,000,000, Mr. Carnegie having paid in $2,000,000 since the last meeting of the trustees. The care for the superannuated teachers and professors to which this pension fund is dedicated is one of the most beautiful of the benevolences. The teachers render a service which no arithmetic can calculate and no language can describe; and yet their pay is pitiably and shamefully small. The true minister renders the highest service to society and receives correspondingly small compensation. The various denominations of the country are, many of them, providing pensions for the veterans that drop out of the ranks, and for the widows that are left. It would not be surprising if some multi-millionaire should set aside a large endowment fund for the aged and disabled ministers, thus doing an unspeakable amount of good, and securing widespread gratitude and universal praise. This provision for the teachers and professors by the Carnegie Foundation Fund, and for the veteran ministers by the various denominations, is in imitation of the divine care for the aged, as voiced by the prophet:

And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. (Isa. 46: 4.)

Sight Restored

RECENTLY Rev. Dr. George R. Van de Water, who celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City, also celebrated his restoration to sight. Several years ago he went blind, but a surgical operation has restored his sight, and he and his people are unbounded in their enthusiastic gratitude. On Sunday, November 24, his parishioners held a special service to rejoice with him, and incidentally showed their gratitude by presenting a $10,000 organ to the church. At a service on Thanksgiving Day the rector publicly proclaimed his thanks for the restoration of his sight. He said he was in a condition to appreciate the feelings of those in olden times whose eyes Christ had opened. He said:

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. (John 9: 25.)

Prison for Light Weight

A JUDGE the other day sent a New York coal dealer to prison for giving short weight. The driver was given two tickets, one for 4,000 pounds for the customer, the other for 3,000 pounds for the city inspector. The cart had 1,000 pounds short of the two tons he claimed to deliver to the customer. One-half ton of theft in an order of two tons was a pretty deep cut. So the judge fined the dealer $250 and sent him to prison for twenty days. The high price of coal, almost out of the reach of the poor, makes its theft by light weight peculiarly reprehensible. Most men are honest, but the prisons would not be large enough for all who give light weight and short measure, a fraud which is offensive to good men and an abomination to God:

A false balance is abomination to the Lord: but a just weight is his delight. (Prov. 11: 1.)

Disgraceful College Hazing

HAMMOND SMITH, a freshman at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., was perhaps disfigured for life while being hazed the other night. He was seized by students, who painted his face with nitrate of silver, making several letters on his forehead and chin with the acid. The nitrate burned down deep, giving the young man great pain, and it is feared that some of the marks will remain as scars on his face. The faculty is busy trying to find out the names of the students who committed the deed. Smith himself has said little about the affair. It is not likely that the students intended to do their college mate any permanent injury. It is likely they had no idea of the danger there was in the powerful nitrate of silver. But they were responsible for their ignorance and their barbarism. Fun is one thing, and foolishness that is not at all funny, but dangerous, and which borders on criminality, is another thing. A number of students in our government academies and colleges throughout the country have been killed by hazing, and quite a number more have been injured for life. The brutal habit, which has been generally stopped by most educational institutions, should be made a crime by State laws, carrying heavy penalties on all perpetrators of such misdeeds. The words of John the Baptist are here applicable:

Do violence to no man. (Luke 3: 14.)

Earthquake Kills a Thousand

A TELEGRAM from Mexico City says that there was an earthquake in the State of Mexico which destroyed at least a thousand precious lives. The towns of Acambay and Timilpa are reported ruined. The church at Acambay fell while the people were at early mass, killing every one in the building. Other churches and large buildings fell in various towns, causing an appalling loss of life. There was also a great volcanic disturbance. The report indicated that hundreds of bodies were unburied and that pestilence was threatened. A wire from Vancouver, B. C., says two slight shocks of earthquake were felt there three days after the disastrous one in Mexico. Those who build their homes in earthquake zones do so with the knowledge of their peril, and yet circumstances compel many to live in such districts. The sympathy of the civilized world goes out to the stricken community of Mexico, and prayers ascend to the God of all comfort for his care; and the hand of charity cannot open too swiftly or generously to those thus afflicted. A number of the people fled from the building districts to the country, in imitation of the action of those mentioned by the prophet:

Ye shall flee, like as ye fled before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah the king of Judah. (Zech. 14: 5.)

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A Group of America's Greatest Educators

STANDING, from left to right: Alexander C. Humphreys, president, Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J.; William H. Crawford, president, Allegheny College, Pennsylvania; Thomas McClelland, president, Knox College, Illinois; Robert A. Franks, treasurer, Carnegie Corporation and Carnegie Foundation; Samuel B. McCormick, chancellor, University of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Edwin B. Craighead, president, University of Montana; Charles R. Van Hise, president, University of Wisconsin; Samuel Plantz, president, Lawrence College, Wisconsin; William L. Bryan, president, Indiana University; Henry C. King, president, Oberlin College; T. Morrison Carnegie; James M. Taylor, president, Vassar College, New York; Hill M. Bell, president, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa.

Sitting, left to right: William F. Slocum, president, Colorado College, Colorado Springs; George H. Denny, president, University of Alabama; Arthur T. Hadley, president, Yale University; Ira Remsen, president, John Hopkins University; Andrew Carnegie; Henry S. Pritchett, president, Carnegie Foundation; William Peterson, principal, McGill University, Montreal; A. Lawrence Lowell, president Harvard University; Nicholas Murray Butler, president, Columbia University; Charles F. Thwing, president, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hogs, Cattle and Men

DR. HARVEY WILEY, the pure food specialist, remarked in a lecture to the Wellesley Women's Club in Boston the other day that it was better to be a steer than a man, and a fat hog than a woman. He said: "A man may have smallpox and travel in a Pullman car. No one ever thinks a Pullman should be fumigated. In the transfer of cattle every precaution is taken to prevent the spread of disease. In a Middle West town a woman with a child was stricken with tuberculosis. She applied to Washington and received no answer. In that same town a farmer had a fat hog with cholera. He wired to Washington, collect. In an hour he received a reply. The next day three men from the Department of Agriculture treated the hog and it recovered." Dr. Wiley has rendered an invaluable service to the country in the fearless manner in which he has exposed and condemned wrongs against the bodies and souls of the people. He is right in his criticism of the public neglect of the health and comfort of men and women, as compared with the care for the lower tribes. When we see the tired faces of the boys and girls and men and women who have worked hard all day hanging to the straps in the surface, subway and elevated cars; when we see them crowded into a car with more than twice as many as it will properly accommodate, shaken and thrown from side to side and often from their feet against others; when we see women at the point of fainting with the weariness of work and standing, subjected to immodesties that are simply outrageous in civilized society, we have said often: "If these people were cattle, horses, or hogs, the law would not allow them to be jammed in this cruel manner into a car, because it would reduce the weight of the creatures and might kill some, at the loss of hundreds of dollars." In parts of Europe they pay as much attention to the comfort and health of the transportation of people in the public conveyances as to that of cattle, horses, or swine. We do not protest against care for the lower tribes, which is beautiful and proper; we only plead for equally good care in the transportation of people by the public utilities commissions. Christ cared for the lower tribes, but he showed his estimate of the difference between them and a human life in these words:

Ye are of more value than many sparrows. (Matt 10: 31.)

POLLYANNA

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Story of Marco," "Into Still Waters," "The Transformation of Margaret," etc.

A SERIAL STORY. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STOCKTON MULFORD

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Miss Polly Harrington, a wealthy spinster of Beldington, Vt., receives word from the Ladies' Aid Society of a small Western town that her niece Pollyanna has been left an orphan by the death of her father, the pastor of their poor home mission church. Her mother, Miss Harrington's sister, had died some years before, having never received the forgiveness of her family for marrying the poor young minister. Miss Polly consents to receive the little eleven-year-old girl into her home, and directs her servant Nancy to prepare a small attic room for her. She wished to put her at a distance from her own apartments and avoid the risk of her marring the valuable furnishings of any other room. Nancy is sent to the station to meet Pollyanna. From every fresh disappointment she rallies amazingly, always finding something to be glad about. She explains that this is a game which her father had taught her and played with her. Nancy agrees to try to play the game, too. Forbidden to open the window of her attic room because the fly screens had not arrived, Pollyanna takes some furs which had been wrapped up for the winter out on the porch roof and sleeps there, having carefully closed the window behind her. She is brought back by the alarmed household, but her aunt finds it difficult to punish her, for every punishment appears to Pollyanna to be a reward of merit.

CHAPTER VII

POLLYANNA PAYS A VISIT

IT WAS not long before life at the Harrington homestead settled into something like order, though not exactly the order that Miss Polly had at first prescribed. Pollyanna sewed, practiced, read aloud, and studied cooking in the kitchen, it is true; but she did not give to any of these things quite so much time as had at first been planned. She had more time, also, to "just live," as she expressed it, for almost all of every afternoon from two until six o'clock was hers to do with as she liked—provided she did not "like" to do certain things already prohibited by Aunt Polly.

It is a question, perhaps, whether all this leisure time was given to the child as a relief to Pollyanna from work, or as a relief to Aunt Polly from Pollyanna. Certainly, as those first July days passed, Miss Polly found occasion many times to ejaculate "What an extraordinary child!" and certainly the reading and sewing lessons found her at their conclusion each day somewhat dazed and wholly exhausted. Nancy, in the kitchen, fared better. She was not dazed nor exhausted. Wednesdays and Saturdays came to be, indeed, red-letter days to her.

There were no children in the immediate neighborhood of the Harrington homestead for Pollyanna to play with. The house itself was on the outskirts of the village, and though there were other houses not far away, they did not chance to contain any boys or girls near Pollyanna's age. This, however, did not seem to disturb Pollyanna in the least. "Oh, no, I don't mind it at all," she explained to Nancy. "I'm happy just to walk around and see the streets and the houses and watch the people. I just love people; don't you, Nancy?"

"Well, I can't say I do—all of 'em," retorted Nancy, tersely.

Almost every pleasant afternoon found Pollyanna begging for "an errand to run," so that she might be off for a walk in one direction or another; and it was on these walks that frequently she met the Man. To herself Pollyanna always called him "the Man," no matter if she met a dozen other men the same day.

The Man often wore a long black coat and a high silk hat, two things that the "just men" never wore. His face was clean shaven and rather pale, and his hair, showing below his hat, was somewhat gray. He walked erect, and rather rapidly, and he was always alone, which made Pollyanna vaguely sorry for him. Perhaps it was because of this that she one day spoke to him.

"How do you do, sir? Isn't this a nice day?" she called cheerily, as she approached him.

The man threw a hurried glance about him, then stopped uncertainly.

"Did you speak—to me?" he asked in a sharp voice.

"Yes, sir," beamed Pollyanna. "I say, it's a nice day, isn't it?"

"Eh? Oh! Humph!" he grunted, and strode on again.

Pollyanna laughed. He was such a funny man, she thought.

The next day she saw him again.

"'Tisn't quite so nice as yesterday, but it's pretty nice," she called out cheerfully.

"Eh? Oh! Humph!" grunted the man as before; and once again Pollyanna laughed happily.

When for the third time Pollyanna accosted him in much the same manner, the man stopped abruptly.

"See here, child, who are you, and why are you speaking to me every day?"

"I am Pollyanna Whittier, and I thought you looked lonesome. I'm so glad you stopped. Now we're introduced—only I don't know your name yet."

"Well, of all the—" The man did not finish his sentence, but strode on faster than ever.

Pollyanna looked after him with a disappointed droop to her usually smiling lips.

"Maybe he didn't understand—but that was only half an introduction. I don't know his name yet," she murmured, as she proceeded on her way.

"There! now I reckon we're ready to be looked at!"

Pollyanna was carrying calf's-foot jelly to Mrs. Snow to-day. Aunt Polly always sent something to Mrs. Snow once a week. She said she thought it was her duty, inasmuch as Mrs. Snow was poor, sick and a member of her church—it was the duty of all the church members to look out for her, of course. Miss Polly did her duty by Mrs. Snow usually on Thursday afternoons—not personally, but through Nancy. To-day Pollyanna had begged the privilege, and Nancy had promptly given it to her in accordance with Miss Polly's orders.

"And it's glad that I am ter get rid of it," Nancy had declared in private afterwards to Pollyanna; "though it's a shame ter be tuckin' the job off on you, poor lamb; so it is, it is!"

"But I'd love to do it, Nancy."

"Well, you won't—after you've done it once," predicted Nancy, sourly.

"Why not?"

"Because nobody does. If folks wan't sorry for her there wouldn't a soul go near her from mornin' till night, she's that cantankerous. All is, I pity her daughter what has ter take care of her."

"But why, Nancy?"

Nancy shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, in plain words, it's just that nothin' what ever has happened has happened right, in Mis' Snow's eyes. Even the days of the week ain't run ter her mind. If it's Monday she's bound ter say she wishes 'twas Sunday; and if you take her jell you're pretty sure ter hear she wanted chicken—bu if you did bring her chicken, she'd be jest hankerin for lamb broth!"

"Why, what a funny woman!" laughed Pollyanna. "I think I shall like to go to see her. She must be so surprising and—and different. I love different folks."

"Humph! Well, Mis' Snow's 'diff'rent,' all righ—I hope, for the sake of the rest of us," Nancy had finished grimly.

Pollyanna was thinking of these remarks to-day as she turned in at the gate of the shabby little cottage. Her eyes were quite sparkling, indeed, at the prospect of meeting this "different" Mrs. Snow.

A pale-faced, tired-looking young girl answered her knock at the door.

"How do you do?" began Pollyanna, politely. "I'm from Miss Polly Harrington, and I'd like to see Mrs. Snow, please."

"Well, if you would, you're the first one that ever 'liked' to see her," muttered the girl under her breath, but Pollyanna did not hear this. The girl had turned and was leading the way through the hall to a door at the end of it.

In the sick-room, after the girl had ushered her in and closed the door, Pollyanna blinked a little before she could accustom her eyes to the gloom. Then she saw dimly outlined, a woman half sitting up in the bed across the room. She advanced at once.

"How do you do, Mrs. Snow? Aunt Polly says she hopes you are comfortable to-day, and she's sent you some calf's-foot jelly."

"Dear me! jelly?" murmured a fretful voice. "Of course I'm very much obliged, but I was hoping 'twould be lamb broth to-day."

Pollyanna frowned a little.

"Why, I thought it was chicken you wanted when folks brought you jelly," she said.

"What?" The sick woman turned sharply.

"Why, nothing much," apologized Pollyanna, hurriedly; "and of course it doesn't really make any difference. It's only that Nancy said it was chicken you wanted when we brought jelly, and lamb broth when we brought chicken—but maybe 'twas the other way, and Nancy forgot."

The sick woman pulled herself up till she sat erect in the bed—a most unusual thing for her to do, though Pollyanna did not know this.

"Well, Miss Impertinence, who are you?" she demanded.

Pollyanna laughed gleefully.

"Oh, that isn't my name, Mrs. Snow—and I'm so glad 'tisn't, too! That would be worse than 'Hephzibah'; wouldn't it? I'm Pollyanna Whittier, Miss Polly Harrington's niece, and I've come to live with her. That's why I'm here with the jelly this morning."

All through the first part of this sentence, the sick woman had sat interestedly erect; but at the reference to the jelly she fell back on her pillow listlessly.

"Very well; thank you. Your aunt is very kind, of course, but my appetite isn't very good this morning, and I was wanting lamb—" She stopped suddenly, then went on with an abrupt change of subject. "I never slept a wink last night—not a wink."

"Oh dear, I wish I hadn't," sighed Pollyanna, placing the jelly on the little stand and seating herself comfortably on the nearest chair. "You lose such a lot of time just sleeping! Don't you think so?"

"Lose time—sleeping!" exclaimed the sick woman.

"Yes, when you might be just living, you know. It seems such a pity we can't live nights, too."

Once again the woman pulled herself erect in her bed.

"Well, if you ain't the amazing young one!" she cried. "Here! do you go to that window and pull up the curtain," she directed. "I should like to know what you look like!"

Continued on page 1250

A CHRISTMAS DECISION

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IN THE Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, there gleams a silver star set in the pavement of a recess, and around it is this inscription: *"Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est"*—"Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." No one can deny that it marks the very center of the universe. Before Jesus came to earth from heaven the "Aureum Milliarium" (the Golden Milestone) set up in Rome by the Emperor Augustus was boasted of as marking the center and crowning point of the world; from it radiated the great military roads throughout the Roman Empire, under whose imperious and resistless authority the then known world was held. But this is now classed among "the remains" of Rome, the fragments of which would not attract the attention of the traveler unless pointed out by a guide. How different the star at Bethlehem! Increasing throngs go there at Christmas time, and numerous travelers seek the place at all seasons of the year Bethlehem is the center of Christendom, and the influence of Jesus radiates from there into all the world.

Still there are those who are against him as well as for him. This was known to Jesus when he was here upon earth, and not infrequently he spoke of it. The lesson assigned for our study to-day describes one of those occasions. Jesus, with his twelve apostles, was on his way to attend the Feast of Tabernacles in Jerusalem. That was the great harvest home festival of the Jews, eminently a religious festival, but mingled with social joys, which lasted through a week. The favorite pilgrim-way laid through Perea, on the other side of Jordan, but Jesus chose to pass through Samaria. When the Samaritans discovered that Jesus was on his way to attend the feast in Jerusalem, they would not receive him, for it was their policy to have no dealings with Jews. The bitter hatred of the Samaritans for the Jews caused them to ignore the memory of those two memorable days that Jesus had spent in their city, by their earnest invitation, when many believed in him because of his own word (John 4: 1-42). When the apostles saw the opposition of the Samaritans to Jesus, they were angry, and James and John wanted Jesus to exterminate them by calling down fire from heaven—perhaps they had in mind the prophets of Baal upon whom Elijah called down the vengeance of heaven. James and John thus won from Jesus the bestowal of the title, "Sons of Thunder." But that was not Jesus' way of treating those who were against him; he quietly turned aside and crossed the borders of Samaria, and passed into Jewish territory, for he had come to save, not to destroy. The apostles were on the alert for those who were against Jesus; even before the incident just noted, they had sprung to his defense when they saw a man who was casting out demons in the name of Jesus, but was not allied with the apostolic band. They thought, therefore, that he had no right to be doing that sort of work. They had appealed to Jesus and he had replied in substance, "He is doing a good work; let him alone." Jesus' actual words were: "He that is not against you is for you."

We come now to the stories of three would-be followers of Jesus, those who were out-and-out for him, but one with more enthusiasm than the other. The first man said, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Did he think that the path of Jesus led to an earthly throne, as did the Jews? The man probably was a Jew, or he might have been a Samaritan who felt the injustice of his people toward Jesus. We are inclined to think that this latter was the case. But Jesus plainly told him that he had nothing to expect of worldly honor, and he described himself as being more destitute of bodily comforts than even the birds and the foxes, for they had nests and holes, but he had not where to lay his head. Tender charity, however, provided for his wants, as in the home of Peter in Capernaum, and in the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus at Bethany. We are not told if the would-be follower was turned aside by the dreary prospect; if he really was "for" Jesus, he cast his lot with the other friends of Jesus. Discomforts do not count when the soul abides with its King.

The Silver Star in the Church of the Nativity that Marks the Spot Where It Is Believed the Manger Stood

As Jesus and his apostles passed along on their way, they met a man who either looked or spoke his desire to go with Jesus, and Jesus, seeing him, said: "Follow me." It was a gracious invitation from Jesus. But the man hesitated, and by so doing he placed himself in the company of those who were against Jesus. There is no middle ground, for Jesus has said: "He that is not with me is against me" (Matt. 12: 30). He offered as an excuse that he wanted to wait until he should bury his father. According to the Oriental way of speaking, the man meant to have Jesus understand that he had an aged or infirm father to care for, and therefore he was not free to follow him. But Jesus perfectly understood that he could do both, and so he urged the man to follow him. We are not told that he did.

Farther along the way, a man joined himself to the company of Jesus and his apostles, and said: "I will follow thee, Lord," but he was really not so much "for Jesus" as he seemed to be, for he added, "but let me first go and say farewell to my friends." And when he proposed thus to delay, Jesus counted him with those who are against him, saying, "No man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

There is no better time than just now at this Christmas season, on this the last Sabbath before Christmas, for all grown-ups and children to join themselves with the followers of Jesus, and tell it out, "We are for Jesus and not against him."

We can talk to the children about it in this manner: I want to tell you about a Prince, who lived up on a high mountain, whose home was more beautiful than the finest house you have ever seen. It was built of gold and silver and bright shining stones of all colors. But the Prince was more beautiful than his home, because he had such a loving heart, with never a bit of hate in it for anybody. The Prince had a great company of servants, ready at any moment to go anywhere, or do anything for him. The good Prince heard of some people living down in the valley who were very sorrowful, and he wanted to make them happy, and bring them to his house to live. He saw little children down there too, and he loved them, and wanted to have them come to his home to live, but he knew they could not climb the steep mountain without his help. So one day the Prince told his servants that he was going down into the valley. He took off his beautiful clothes and his crown, and dressed himself in such clothes as the people in the valley wore, so that they would not be afraid of him. How his servants wondered when they saw him doing that! While I have been telling you this story, have you not been thinking who the Prince was? If you have not, I will tell you that he was Jesus and his servants are the angels. You are some of the little children he saw when he looked down from his home in heaven. He knew that you could never live in heaven with him unless he should first come down to this world, and make a way for you. It was Christmas when he came. And we are so glad he came, we keep Christmas every year.

> Around the throne of God in heaven
> Thousands of children stand,
> Children whose sins are all forgiven—
> A holy, happy band,
> Singing, "Glory, glory, be to God on high."

And there are thousands of little children in this world, like yourselves, who have not yet gone to heaven, but Jesus is their loving friend and yours. Will you not say to him, "I give my love to you, dear Jesus, for a Christmas gift. It is the best that I can give." And here is your teacher's Christmas wish for you:

> A bright and blessed Christmas day,
> With echoes of the angels' song,
> And peace that cannot pass away,
> And holy gladness, calm and strong,
> And sweet heart carols, flowing free—
> This is my Christmas wish to thee.
>
> FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Let us repeat to the older ones the solemn words of warning uttered by Dr. Maclaren: "Your heart is only a tiny room after all, and if you cram it full of the world, you relegate your Master to the stable outside."

A story is told about how a big package from the South Sea Islands was received in England a short time before Christmas. When the outer cover was removed, a label with large letters was seen with the words: "Dead Gods." Twenty years before a band of devoted Christians had left England for the benighted Pacific isles. During long years, amid privations and persecutions, they had

Continued on page 1259

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for December 22, 1912. For and Against Him. Luke 9: 49-62. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that is not against you is for you." Luke 9: 50, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—IN COMPLIANCE WITH your request in the Superintendents' Round Table, I am sending a brief story of the work of the Little Builders' Presbyterian Sunday School. The proportion of this work of so small a beginning is simply marvelous, and would make an interesting story. Hundreds of children have been brought into a better knowledge of the Lord Jesus, and many have accepted him as their Saviour. Scores of homeless ones have found homes in this and other States. A pretty little chapel is always a scene of lively interest with its wide-awake Sunday school, active young people's and church organizations, mother's club and other activities. A Children's Home with a family averaging twenty children coming and going as Christian homes are found for them is a part of the work of the Little Builders.

—USE THE CHILDREN to interest and bring the children. Mrs. E. N. Jones, of Iola, Kan., saw her opportunity in a work for children, and accomplished it through their co-operation. A group of four motherless little ones were idling along a creek and playing upon the bridge that spanned it one Sunday afternoon. They were invited to the house, told the story of Jesus and his love, given cards and papers, and left with an invitation to return the next Sunday, bringing others of their playmates with them. In happy anticipation of the event the days quickly passed, and before the appointed hour, three o'clock, eight or ten eager little people were waiting outside. Again the story was told, and the children sent on their mission. Again and again they came, until the home was full to overflowing with children who attended no other Sunday school. A barn was secured and as quickly they swarmed into the alley. Now a pretty little chapel (auxiliary to the First Presbyterian Church) is the center of interest every Sunday afternoon, and many times a week for the "Busy Builders." The Children's Home, presided over by two faithful women, is a safe retreat for the homeless little ones.

—"WHAT BOOKS CAN YOU recommend for superintendents?" *The Superintendent and His Work*, Frank L. Brown; *How to Conduct a Sunday School*, Marion Lawrance; *Sunday School Problems*, Amos R. Wells; *The Sunday School Superintendent*, John R. Pepper.

—AGAIN WE INVITE NOT only superintendents but teachers to send us questions and suggestions for the Round Table by which the new year at hand may be made happier because we have done our work in Sunday school better than ever before. Address Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

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POLLYANNA

Continued from page 1248

Pollyanna rose to her feet, but she laughed a little ruefully.

"Oh dear! then you'll see my freckles; won't you?" she sighed, as she went to the window; "and just when I was being glad it was dark and you couldn't see 'em. There! Now you can—oh," she broke off excitedly, as she turned back toward the bed; "I'm so glad you wanted to see me, because now I can see you! They didn't tell me you were so pretty!"

"Me!—pretty!" scoffed the woman, bitterly.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know it?" cried Pollyanna.

"Well, no, I didn't," retorted Mrs. Snow, dryly. Mrs. Snow had lived forty years, and for fifteen of those years she had been too busy wishing things were different to find much time to enjoy things as they were.

"Oh, but your eyes are so big and dark, and your hair's all dark, too, and curly," cooed Pollyanna. "I love black curls. (That's one of the things I'm going to have when I get to heaven.) And you've got two little red spots in your cheeks. Why, Mrs. Snow, you are pretty! I should think you'd know it when you looked at yourself in the glass."

"The glass!" snapped the sick woman, falling back on her pillow. "Yes, well, I hain't done much prinkin' before the mirror these days—and you wouldn't, if you was flat on your back as I am!"

"Why, no, of course not," agreed Pollyanna, sympathetically. "But wait; just let me show you," she exclaimed, skipping over to the bureau and picking up a small hand-glass.

On the way back to the bed she stopped, eyeing the sick woman with a critical gaze.

"I reckon, maybe, if you don't mind, I'd like to fix your hair just a little before I let you see it,' she proposed. "May I fix your hair, please?"

"Why, I—suppose so, if you want to," permitted Mrs. Snow, grudgingly; "but 'twon't stay, you know."

"Oh, thank you. I love to fix people's hair," exulted Pollyanna.

For five minutes she worked swiftly, deftly, combing a refractory curl into fluffiness, perking up a drooping ruffle at the neck, or shaking a pillow into plumpness so that the head might have a better pose. Meanwhile the sick woman, frowning prodigiously, and openly scoffing at the whole procedure, was, in spite of herself, beginning to tingle with a feeling perilously near to excitement.

"There!" panted Pollyanna, hastily plucking a pink from a vase near by, and tucking it into the dark hair where it would give the best effect; "now I reckon we're ready to be looked at!" And she held out the mirror in triumph.

"Humph!" grunted the sick woman, eyeing her reflection severely. "I like red pinks better than pink ones; but then, it'll fade, anyhow, before night, so what's the difference?"

"But I should think you'd be glad they did fade," laughed Pollyanna, "'cause then you can have the fun of getting some more. I just love your hair fluffed out like that," she finished with a satisfied gaze. "Don't you?"

"Hm-m; maybe. Still—'twon't last, with me tossing back and forth on the pillow as I do."

"Of course not—and I'm glad, too," nodded Pollyanna cheerfully, "because then I can fix it again. Anyhow, I should think you'd be glad it's black—black shows up so much nicer on a pillow than yellow hair like mine does."

"Maybe; but I never did set much store by black hair—shows gray too soon," retorted Mrs. Snow. She spoke fretfully, but she still held the mirror before her face.

"Oh, I love black hair! I should be so glad if only I had it," sighed Pollyanna.

Mrs. Snow dropped the mirror and turned irritably.

"Well, you wouldn't!—not if you were me. You wouldn't be glad for black hair nor anything else—if you had to lie here all day as I do!"

Pollyanna bent her brows in a thoughtful frown.

"Why, 'twould be kind of hard—to do it then; wouldn't it?" she mused aloud.

"Do what?"

"Be glad about things."

"Be glad about things—when you're sick in bed all your days? Well, I should say it would!" retorted Mrs. Snow. "If you don't think so, just tell me something to be glad about; that's all."

To Mrs. Snow's unbounded amazement, Pollyanna sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

"Oh, goody! That'll be a hard one—won't it? I've got to go, now, but I'll think and think all the way home; and maybe the next time I come I can tell it to you. Good-by. I've had a lovely time! Good-by," she called again as she tripped through the doorway.

"Well, I never! Now what does she mean by that?" ejaculated Mrs. Snow, staring after her visitor. By and by she turned her head and picked up the mirror, eyeing her reflection critically.

"That little thing has got a knack with hair, and no mistake," she muttered under her breath. "I declare, I didn't know it could look so pretty. But, then, what's the use?" she sighed, dropping the glass into the bedclothes, and rolling her head on the pillow fretfully.

A little later, Milly, Mrs. Snow's daughter, came in.

"Why, mother! the curtain is up!" she cried.

"Well, what if it is up?" snapped the sick woman. "I needn't stay in the dark all my life, if I am sick; need I?"

"Why, n-no, of course not," rejoined Milly, in hasty conciliation, as she reached for the medicine bottle. "It's only—well, you know very well that I've tried to get you to have a lighter room for ages—and you wouldn't."

There was no reply to this. Mrs. Snow was picking at the lace on her nightgown. At last she spoke, fretfully.

"I should think somebody might give me a new nightdress—instead of lamb broth, for a change!"

"Why—mother!"

No wonder Milly quite gasped aloud with bewilderment. In the drawer behind her at that moment lay two new nightdresses that Milly for months past had been vainly urging her mother to wear.

CHAPTER VIII

WHICH TELLS OF THE MAN

IT RAINED the next time Pollyanna saw the Man. She greeted him, however, with a bright smile.

"It isn't so nice to-day, is it?" she called blithesomely. "I'm glad it doesn't always rain, anyhow!"

The Man did not even grunt this time, nor turn his head. Pollyanna decided that of course he did not hear her. The next time, therefore (which happened to be the following day), she spoke up louder. She thought it particularly necessary to do this, anyway, for the Man was striding along, his hands behind his back, and his eyes on the ground, which seemed, to Pollyanna, preposterous in the face of the glorious sunshine and the freshly-washed morning air. Pollyanna, as a special treat, was on a morning errand to-day.

"How do you do?" she chirped. "I'm so glad it isn't yesterday; aren't you? It's so nice to-day!"

The man stopped abruptly. There was an angry scowl on his face.

Continued on next page

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POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

"See here, little girl, we might just s well settle this thing right now, nce for all," he began irritably. "I've ot something besides the weather to hink of. I don't know whether the un shines or not."

Pollyanna beamed joyously.

"No, sir; I thought you didn't! 'hat's why I told you."

"Yes; well—eh? What?" he broke ff sharply, in sudden understanding f her words.

"I say, that's why I told you—so you ould notice it, you know—that the un shines, and all that. I knew you'd e glad it did if you only stopped to hink of it—and you didn't look a bit s if you were thinking of it!"

"Well, of all the—" ejaculated the Ian, with an oddly helpless gesture. le started forward again, but after ie second step he turned back, still rowning. "See here, why don't you nd some one of your own age to talk)?"

"I'd like to, sir, but there aren't any ound here, Nancy says. Still, I don't iind so very much. I like old folks ist as well, maybe better, sometimes -being used to the Ladies' Aid, so."

"Humph! the Ladies' Aid, indeed! s that what you took me for?" The ian's lips were threatening to smile, ut the scowl above them was still try- ig to hold them grimly stern.

Pollyanna laughed gleefully.

"Oh, no, sir. You don't look a mite ke a Ladies' Aider—not but that ou're just as good, of course, maybe etter," she added in hurried polite- ess. "You see, I'm sure you're much icer than you look!"

The Man made a queer noise in his nroat.

"Well, of all the—" he ejaculated gain, as he turned and strode on as efore.

The next time Pollyanna met the Ian, his eyes were gazing straight nto hers, with a quizzical directness nat made his face look really pleas- nt, Pollyanna thought.

"Good afternoon," he greeted her a ttle stiffly. "Perhaps I'd better say ight away that I know the sun is shin- ig to-day."

"But you don't have to tell me," odded Pollyanna, brightly. "I knew ou knew it just as soon as I saw you."

"Oh, you did; did you?"

"Yes, sir; I saw it in your eyes, you now, and in your smile."

"Humph!" grunted the Man as he assed on.

The Man always spoke to Pollyanna fter this, and frequently he spoke rst, though usually he said little but good afternoon." Even the "good fternoon," however, was a great sur- rise to Nancy, who chanced to be ith Pollyanna one day when the reeting was given.

"Sakes alive, Miss Pollyanna!" she asped. "Did that man speak to you?"

"Why, yes; he always does—now," miled Pollyanna.

Nancy's eyes widened.

"But he never speaks ter anybody, hild—he hain't for years, I guess, ex- ept when he just has to, for business, nd all that. He's John Pendleton. He ves all by himself in the big house on 'endleton Hill. He won't even have ny one round ter cook for him— omes down ter the hotel for his meals hree times a day. I know Sally Miner 'ho waits on him, and she says he ardly opens his head enough to tell 'hat he wants ter eat. She has ter uess it more'n half the time—only 'll be somethin' cheap! She knows nat without no tellin'."

Pollyanna nodded sympathetically.

"I know. You have to look for cheap hings when you're poor. Father and took meals out a lot. We had beans nd fish-balls most generally. We sed to say how glad we were we liked eans—that is, we said it specially 'hen we were looking at the roast irkey place, you know, that was sixty cents. Does Mr. Pendleton like beans?"

"Like 'em! What if he does—or don't? Why, Miss Pollyanna, he ain't poor. He's got loads of money—John Pendleton has—from his father. There ain't anybody in town as rich as he is. He could eat dollar bills—if he wanted to—and not know it."

Pollyanna giggled.

"As if anybody could eat dollar bills and not know it, Nancy, when they come to try to chew 'em! They'd be worse than hairs; and hairs are awful. I got one in my mouth once—and I know."

"I mean, he's rich enough ter do it," shrugged Nancy. "He ain't spendin' his money, that's all. He's a-savin' it."

"Oh, for the heathen," guessed Pollyanna. "How perfectly splendid! That's denying yourself and taking up your cross. I know; father told me."

Nancy's lips parted abruptly, as if there were angry words all ready to come; but her eyes, resting on Pollyanna's jubilantly trustful face, saw something that prevented the words being spoken.

"Humph!" she vouchsafed. Then, showing her old-time interest, she went on: "But say, it is queer, his speakin' ter you, honestly, Miss Pollyanna. He don't speak ter no one; and he lives all alone in a great big lovely house all full of jest grand things, they say. Some says he's crazy, and some just cross; and some says he's got a skeleton in his closet."

"Oh, Nancy!" shuddered Pollyanna. "How can he keep such a dreadful thing? I should think he'd throw it away!"

Nancy chuckled. That Pollyanna had taken the skeleton literally instead of figuratively, she knew very well; but, perversely, she refrained from correcting the mistake.

"And everybody says he's mysterious," she went on. "Some years he just travels, week in an' week out, and it's always in heathen countries—Egypt and Asia and the Desert of Sahara, you know."

"Oh, a missionary," nodded Pollyanna.

Nancy laughed oddly.

"Well, I didn't say that, Miss Pollyanna. When he comes back he writes books—queer old books, they say, about some gimcrack he's found in them heathen countries. But he don't never seem ter want ter spend no money here—leastways, not for jest livin'."

"Of course not—if he's saving it for the heathen," declared Pollyanna. "But he is a funny man, and he's 'different,' too, just like Mrs. Snow, only he's a different 'different.'"

"Well, I guess he is—rather," chuckled Nancy.

"I'm glader'n ever now, anyhow, that he speaks to me," sighed Pollyanna contentedly.

To be continued

Called Higher

Mrs. Abbie M. Spencer (68), of Hayward, Calif., passed to her heavenly reward September 27, 1912. She was a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gave liberally to charity and lived and died a true Christian.

Mrs. Wm. H. H. Clark (74), of Delaware City, Del., passed away to her heavenly home July 12, 1912. She was a life-long Christian, a faithful and loving wife and mother, and a devoted reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Miss Sarah A. Starr died September 4, 1912, at her home at Canastota, N. Y., at the age of 86 years. She was an earnest Christian woman whose heart was interested in every good work. The church and community will especially miss her.

Miss Susan DeGraff Toll, of Monroe, Mich., passed away September 17, 1912. Although in her ninetieth year, she did not feel old. Her interests were world-wide, wholly optimistic, full of Christian charity, which impelled her to excuse one's shortcomings and caused her to wish to be of assistance where help was most needed. Although greatly handicapped, being a shut-in, she was a ray of sunshine to those who knew and loved her.

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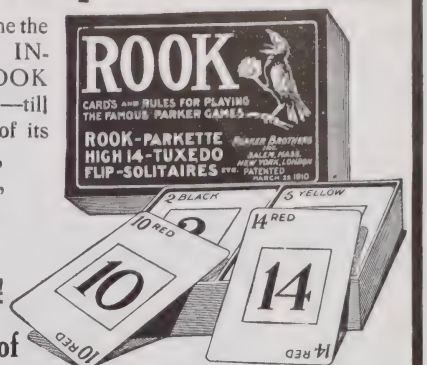

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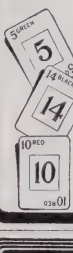

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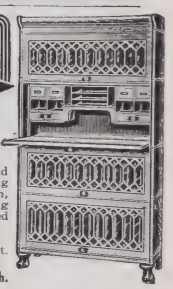

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THE VOICE OF THE NATION ON ROME

ROME'S WANING POWER AT HOME AND HER EFFORTS TO ESTABLISH IT HERE

Temporal Power a Vanishing Dream

A NEW YORK *Tribune* correspondent in Rome cables under date of November 13: "It is again stated on high authority that the king of Italy is about to assume the title of Emperor of Rome. If this be true, it will be symbolical of the last step in the union of the kingdom of Italy, for the Papal States, or the "Holy Roman Empire," were the last part of the present kingdom to accept the new régime. Supported by France, Rome resisted all the attempts of Garibaldi to capture it, and the House of Savoy had to be content with a kingdom without its capital. It was not until the overthrow of the French Empire in 1871 that the Italian Government was able to deal an effective blow and Rome was taken by force. The Pope, Pius IX, then withdrew to the Vatican in enforced confinement.

"The Popes have always been opposed to the kingdom, and even up to 1905 forbade Roman Catholics to take any part in the political life of the country. Temporal power is now, however, little more than a dream, as the present king's popularity has done much to consolidate the position of the House of Savoy."

. . .

The Catholics and the Election

THE Romanist Church papers are jubilant over the results of the recent election. They claim they have one-eighth of the voting strength of the country, though in reality they have but about one-twelfth. They did, however, elect five governors, or about one-tenth of the whole number chosen, and three lieutenant-governors.

The *Western Watchman* of November 21 says: "The late election brought into prominent public position a larger number of Catholics than heretofore in the history of the country—yet no more than their just proportion. Four and perhaps five Catholics are put in the governor's chair, and at least two on the road to United States Senators."

The following list of Catholics elected is abbreviated from the *Western Watchman* and the East Orange, N. J., *Citizen:*

Governors: Dunne, Illinois; Monaghan, Delaware; Dunn, Iowa; Karel, Wisconsin; Pothier, Rhode Island.

Lieutenant Governors: Glynn, New York; Walsh, Massachusetts; O'Neill, Indiana.

Secretaries of State: Donahue, Massachusetts; Kelly, Nebraska; Roach, Missouri; McGarry, Rhode Island; Ryan, Oregon.

Attorneys General: Carmody, New York; Lucey, Illinois; Kelly, Montana; Morrisey, Nebraska; Cahill, Rhode Island; Hogan, Ohio.

State Treasurers: Ryan, Illinois; Brennan, Ohio; Brennan, West Virginia.

State Auditors: Brady, Illinois; O'Brien, Indiana.

State Comptroller: Dunn, Connecticut.

Associate Justices: Prindiville, Mahoney, Rafferty, J. Sullivan, D. Sullivan, Illinois; Prendergast, Texas; McCarren, Nevada.

Judges of Appeals: Hogan, New York; Shea, Indiana.

Senators: Walsh, Montana.

Congressmen: Reilly and Donovan, Connecticut; McDermott (re-elected), Gallagher (re-elected), O'Hair, Graham (re-elected), Illinois; Connolly, Iowa; Connelly, Kansas; Johnson (re-elected), Kentucky; Broussard (re-elected), Louisiana; McGillicuddy (re-elected), Maine; Murray and Curley (re-elected), Massachusetts; Manahan, Minnesota; Igoe, Missouri; Maguire (re-elected), Nebraska; Scully and Eagan, New Jersey; Leary, Maher (re-elected), Fitzgerald (re-elected), Griffin, O'Brien, Riordan, Sullivan, Conroy, Dowling, Driscoll (re-elected), New York; Ansberry (re-elected), Ohio; Murray, Oklahoma; Donohue, Logue, Burke, Pennsylvania; O'Shaughnessy, Kennedy, Rhode Island; Byrnes, South Carolina; Burke, South Dakota; Burke, Cary (re-elected), Wisconsin.

. . .

A PERUSAL of the list of Catholic Congressmen elected last week must give the "Guardians of Liberty" the shivers. About four-fifths of them were elected on the Democratic ticket, too. And now there is a rumor that Charles P. Neill, a Catholic, is to enter Wilson's Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce and Labor. Perhaps, after all, Tom Watson knew what he was about when he opposed Wilson. At any rate, Tom and his crew fell out the breastworks. Will the "Guardians of Liberty" be able to console him?—*True Voice, Catholic Citizen.*

. . .

Another Papal Throne

THE great ball-room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel was a scene of magnificence, brilliant in color and light, and graced and vivified by a splendid gathering of representative Catholic men and women Monday evening at the reception to His Eminence, the cardinal, by the Catholic Union of Boston. It was the first anniversary of the elevation of the archbishop to the great dignity of the cardinalate, and was the first social function of the season by the Catholic people of the diocese. The reception was confined to members of the Union and their families, and at least one thousand persons were present during the evening.

The ball-room was artistically decorated with myrtle and English ivy, and draperies of cardinal red and gold, with the Stars and Stripes and the Papal flag surmounting the throne which had been erected for His Eminence. An orchestra furnished music. The cardinal arrived at eight o'clock, and headed by bearers of Roman torches, and escorted by Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. J. Splaine, D.D., spiritual director of the Union, a committee of the Union, the officers and Henry V. Cunningham and James M. Prendergast, in the regalia of Knights of St. Gregory, the cardinal with his gentleman of honor, William J. Dooley, and Rev. Joseph F. Coppinger, pastor of St. Aidan's Church, Brookline, marched from the presidential suite to the grand ball-room. The cardinal was greeted with round after round of enthusiastic applause. —*From the Boston Pilot, November 23, 1912.*

. . .

Molding the American Mind

A CORRESPONDENT in Colorado tells us that he was present in Denver on the occasion of Cardinal Farley's visit to that city recently. The ovation was very great indeed. The cardinal was taken over the city in a private car, and dined and fêted like a great potentate. At the dedication of the new cathedral in Denver, at which our informant was present, seated only about ten steps from the balcony on which "his eminence" was seated, the cardinal was surrounded by a distinguished company, which included the governor of Colorado. Fifteen thousand persons marched in the parade, accompanied by nearly all the bands in the city, each band of music preceded by the United States flag, which in nearly every instance was dipped as it passed "his eminence," who was seated with his hat on. In the new cathedral, before the high altar, the cardinal conducted mass; and at the elevation of the "host," thousands knelt in the dust, and a large majority in the crowd removed their hats. The writer, who has witnessed many celebrated pageants in honor of European royalty, is free to confess that as far as reverent subserviency was shown, this one stands unique. But these very impressive pageants are what are molding the American mind toward Catholicism. —*From Signs of the Times, Mountain View, Calif., November 19.*

. . .

Valiant Service

VALIANT service is being rendered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York in the work of awakening the American people to the Roman peril which is impending. In its issue of October 23 it began the publication of a series of letters from leading clergymen, analyzing the present situation and stating their personal attitude toward the campaign "to make America Catholic." A strong editorial upon this question was printed in the same issue. As was to be expected, some Roman Catholic papers are now abusing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for telling the truth about Rome's plans.—*Protestant Magazine*, December, 1912.

. . .

A Needed Agitation

THE question "Shall Rome make America Catholic?" is now agitating the Protestant religious press of our country, and it is well that such is the case, for publicity is the first important step toward a right understanding of the deep significance of Rome's aggressive policy in American politics. The Biblical doctrine and also the fundamental principle guaranteed in the constitution—the complete separation of church and state—has not as yet been fully understood by many people in the Protestant churches. We believe that right here is the place where a wide campaign of education must be made if our people are to be aroused to defend our nation's priceless heritage—religious liberty.

The Church of Rome—as a church—should not be opposed by any loyal citizen of our country, for we must grant it the same rights that we grant to any other church. But when the Roman hierarchy unites church and politics, and through political influence seeks to "make America Catholic," it is quite a different matter. In this connection, when I as a citizen contend against the machinations and political influence of the Roman hierarchy, I am not contending against the Church of Rome as a church, but I am contending against a foreign power that is insidiously seeking and planning to rob me of my religious liberty guaranteed unto me by the first amendment of our constitution.

Let wide publicity, therefore, be given this important matter, for such publicity is the first important step toward a right understanding of the deep significance of Rome's aggressive policy in American politics.

P. C. HENRY.

Lutheran Pastor, Conover, N. C.

. . .

Turn the Searchlight on Rome

I AM exceedingly gratified to see the stand your noble paper has taken on the Roman question. It is time the nations of earth knew the truth and facts of her intrigues; and you are the people who can give both. In doing this you are offering to the world the greatest service you have ever given to mankind—a service that is intended to benefit Protestant and Catholic as well. It is high time our deluded brothers were set free from bondage; and no one rejoices more than one of them who has been "converted from the error of his ways." I stand with you, a willing worker.

Albert Mines, Canada.

Semper Idem

G. B. C., Davenport, Okla. "Your stand against Romanism as a menace to our country and civilization is to be commended. The subtlety, arrogance, bigotry, and ignorance of Romish devotees make our stand a dangerous one. *Semper idem* is her watchword, and 'America for the Pope' her battle-cry."

The Fashion that Does not Change

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Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

the standard dentifrice, makes her granddaughter use it today.

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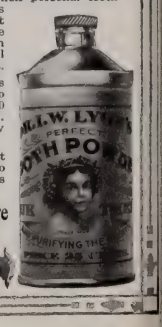

If your dealer is not yet ready to supply it, send $1.50 for it direct to I. W. Lyon & Sons, New York City.

Only your dentist is competent to do what Dr. Lyon's will not do.

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HOW I FILLED MY CHURCH

MORE LETTERS FROM BUSY PASTORS TELLING OF SUCCESSFUL METHODS

Dr. Eaton's Experience

MY FIRST pastorate was in a Massachusetts town where a fight against corruption, largely due to the prevalence of drinking, attracted attention to the newcomer. This wide publicity, supplemented by patient and persistent effort in winning individuals to Christ, resulted in a large increase in the membership and attendance of our church. In my second pastorate, Toronto, the increase was helped by my connection with the editorial staff of a newspaper and by keeping in close and intimate touch with the students of the university. In Cleveland, my third pastorate, the editor of the Cleveland *Press* printed excerpts from one of my books as editorials in his paper, and ended his campaign of education by advising his readers to go and hear the author preach. This was a great help. Then, after a careful study of all the conditions, I went down on the public square one day, mounted a soap box, and told the noonday crowd that, since they would not come to my church, I was coming to them. That week, and for several years afterward, it was my custom to preach on the public square at noon on Friday and Saturday the two sermons I had preached the preceding Sunday in my pulpit. Almost immediately my church was filled, and remained so during my pastorate.

I have had one fundamental principle to which I adhere without reservation. I believe that the business of the church is to win men to a personal faith in and surrender to our divine Lord as their Saviour and Master. A congregation which is simply a crowd, gathered for the purpose of listening to a lecture or music, constitutes a failure from the point of view of the Gospel minister.

I have been down town in New York City as pastor of Madison Avenue Church for nearly four years. In this instance I cannot discuss the question, "How I Filled My Church," because I have not yet completely filled it; but it has been steadily filling from the first day. My first sermon, on the first Sunday morning, resulted in the conversion of a business man who had been sinking down under heavy trials and temptations. This I accepted as God's token of his blessing upon my ministry here.

There are three agencies by which, under the blessing of God's Spirit, a church in New York can reach real success. First, the preacher must preach and live a permanent, universal, spiritual Gospel in language which every one can understand, and in such form as to make it easily applicable to the everyday experience of everyday men. It will take him much longer to gather a congregation in this way; but when he has his congregation, it will stay. We make much of the ushering. Our very best personal workers, old and young, attend to this, and see that all strangers are welcomed with Christian warmth and courtesy. After each service I personally meet as many of the congregation as care to speak with me. By my side there is always a representative of the Young Men's League, the Young Women's Social Union, the Women's Society, the Sunday school and the Board of Deacons. To these I present strangers who live in the city and later they are followed up by personal calls and letters.

The second element of success is personal work on the part of the church membership. Without this no church can succeed, although it may linger on at a poor, dying rate under an impulse inherited from more heroic days. By personal work I do not mean professional utterances of the technical phrases of Christianity, in season and out of season, but a warm, simple and wholesome interest in folks on the part of church members, coupled with the belief that their church has something which these folks need, and that these folks ought to be connected in some way with the church.

In the third place, I look upon the newspapers as the chief, if not the sole, medium of social exchange in our city. If we resort to sensationalism there will be instant notice in the papers; but such notice ends in forgetfulness, or contempt, or both. If, on the other hand, the minister has something to say concerning religion in its wide relations to life, he will gradually find room for himself and his message in the newspapers, and ultimately will become known to the city at large.

CHARLES A. EATON.
Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

* * *

The Church Must Save Souls

"The audiences are held by useful and clear sermons. . . . But our adversaries preach their people out of the churches, for they teach nothing of the necessary parts of the Christian doctrine; they narrate the legends of saints and other fables. The true adornment of the churches is godly, useful, and clear doctrine, the devout use of the sacraments, ardent prayer, and the like." These words of the XXIV Art. of "The Apology of the Augsburg Confession," written in the sixteenth century, give, as I am firmly convinced, the real reason why, also in this twentieth century, some churches hold their audiences and others do not. The alarming falling-off in church attendance, together with the spiritual indifference, the "go-as-you-please Christianity," and the unbelief of our day as a necessary result, is due to a lack of good, sound, old-fashioned, simple, Biblical Gospel preaching, "useful and clear sermons."

The mission of the Church of Jesus Christ in this world and its only purpose of existence is *to save souls.* The Gospel is the only means which the Lord has given for the accomplishment of this sublime purpose. "Preach the Gospel," the good news of salvation by faith in Jesus through grace, is the Lord's command. By preaching this Gospel I have by the grace of God (to him alone be all glory) been successful in building up my congregation and have enjoyed and still enjoy the pleasure of preaching to a comparatively large audience of men and women every time the church is open for services.

To persuade strangers to come to the services, as also to bring back the erring, I have made frequent and repeated visits to the homes of the people and have had a heart-to-heart talk with them as the occasion demanded; the daily press, especially the neighborhood paper, has been pressed regularly into service; my congregation has made me a fair allowance of funds to get our printed matter, which was distributed at the church doors, through the mails, and in other ways; the members have also themselves, aware of their Christian duty, asked the stranger to come in. When the stranger came, we tried to make him feel that he was welcome; after the services I meet the people as they pass out of the church door and very few have left our church without having been given at least the "glad hand."

The one and only thing, though, which has *held* the members and persuaded the stranger to *return* and *bring* his friends has been the preaching of the good old Gospel of Jesus Christ, which I have endeavored to preach in plain, simple English, so as not to preach "over the heads" of the people, and which I have applied in accordance with the general and special needs of the people and the times in which we are living.

Let it be remembered that after all, as experience has also amply proved, people will soon grow tired of going to church when there is withheld from them that spiritual food which the Lord has provided for them. They soon realize that to hear a discourse on politics, science, philosophy, and the like, they need not the church; in fact, they can very often get these things better elsewhere. Neither do people care to go to church and hear a preacher tear the Bible to pieces, for they soon realize that if he cannot speak to them with *divine authority*, then he cannot give them what their souls need. Such a preacher may draw crowds for a time and get into the newspapers, but he will utterly fail in building up a Christian congregation and will fail in holding his audiences.

The Word of God will fill the churches and keep them filled to the greatest possible extent in which this can be at all done. Because the Word of the Lord has largely been kept out of the pulpit, many people have been kept out of the churches. The Gospel has not lost its power, but the pulpit has lost its power in the very measure in which it has failed to preach the Gospel.

JOHN H. C. FRITZ,
Pastor English Lutheran Church of Our Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

The Church of the Strangers

In reply to your inquiry of the 24th, as to "How I Fill My Church," I am at a loss just what to say. In the first place I would state that the very uniqueness of the Church of the Strangers is attractive. There is never a Sunday that we do not have strangers from distant places and distant lands worshiping in the church which, in a peculiar way, they can call "theirs." In the second place we seek not to "attract the people" by the unusual features nor by unusual subjects. We seek to portray the love of God and the winsomeness of the Gospel of Jesus in as simple and as direct a manner as it is possible to do, and this directness of appeal with hearty congregational singing, along with an atmosphere of welcome to the stranger, has always assured the pastor or the one preaching from the pulpit of the Church of the Strangers a congregation of which he might feel pleased and from which he might receive encouragement and inspiration. As our motto is "All for Jesus," we seek never to enter the services of the church without feeling that what is all for him is also always with him, and this consciousness of his presence instils into the heart of the speaker and the hearer alike a deep spiritual atmosphere which makes every service of profit and help. We do not feel that the problem is one of numbers, but rather one of spiritual uplift and power, and as we try to forget the one and seek the other, we find that with the latter realized, the first comes as a natural sequence. We are far from solving the problem as fully as we would like, but we see evidences in every service that the plan thus followed is increasing and widening the circle of influence day by day.

PAUL MANSFIELD SPENCER,
Church of the Strangers, New York.

* * *

Bible Training and Bible Preaching

I have not filled my church, if by "filled" is meant that standing room is at a premium Sunday by Sunday. While in the church there always have been, are, and will be more empty seats than is right, yet I haven't experienced in my congregations, nor is the Lutheran Church as

Continued on next page

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Dept. J. (31) **Buffalo, N. Y.**

HOW I FILLED MY CHURCH

Continued from preceding page

a whole complaining of, a "serious falling off in church attendance." Rather, if we view the disproportionately large growth of the Lutheran Church the reverse may be said. Unprecedented number of calls for ministers and unprecedented attendance at colleges of the church are symptoms. Over three hundred students are taking the three-year seminary course at one institution, Concordia Theological Seminary, St. Louis, which number perhaps exceeds that of any divinity school in the whole country.

This is happening in that synod, which of all Lutheran synods is most conservative and holds most uncompromisingly to the old confessions. But from earliest days it laid stress on the thorough Bible training of its youth (prolonged instruction before confirmation and preparation for an intelligent Christian life through the Christian Day School), and has emphasized the all-sufficiency of the Word of God, its ministers preaching the old Gospel without any sensationalism. Politics, astronomy, geology, newspaper gossip, is all left to the six week days and left out of the Sunday sermon. The fruits of this policy ripen slowly but, it seems, surely. Bible training and Bible preaching, therefore, are to my mind the reasons of the hold my church has on the people. And these reasons fit in well with the old God-given promises.

(Rev.) Walter Koenig.

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Paterson, N. J.

. . .

How I Am Trying to Fill My Church

In a recent letter from the editor of The Christian Herald, I was requested to tell how I fill my church. In answer to this request I wish to state that I do not fill my church. That is to say, there is always room for many who are not there. And because there is room in evidence at every preaching service I have somewhat changed the title of this article. This request, coming as it did, is personal; so I trust that my readers will pardon the repeated use of the personal pronoun.

In the first place, I believe that a church should advertise. The world advertises. Why not the church? Let me say in passing, that the public will soon learn whether a man is trying to fill collection plates, attract attention to himself, or whether he is trying and striving to win men with an immortal message that shall do them good.

It will perhaps sound strange when I say that I always preach the Gospel. My themes are always closely related to the Bible if not taken directly therefrom; realizing that the old verities from the old book are still good for this age and the only balm for sin-sick souls and the only comfort for erring, mistaken lives. We have at the most but "thirty minutes to raise the dead in." Therefore, let us use that time in helping the world to see God and live.

I am often asked to give the source of my sermon material, in the nature of illustrations. I get it from the people. To be sure a minister must read books and study them, for he is to be also leader of thought. This is only part of his preparation. I have often held and still hold to my theory, that a minister can preach better sermons after visiting the sick and shut-ins, the bereaved, discouraged and sorrowing members of his flock. How can we expect to touch the wellsprings of humanity's heart, if we do not know of the doubts, the perplexities, sorrows and disturbing elements that are lurking in its depth?

I am always ready and willing to enter the community life and the social activities of my neighbors. I want them to feel that I am one of them; that I believe in wholesome, clean, vigorous sport. I want them to feel that I like to go to picnics and reunions, institutes, and chautauquas, and do all I can to make such affairs a success. Very often I am requested to speak at these gatherings and never refuse, realizing that it is but another opportunity to get in touch with many whom otherwise I should not meet. Many people who have heard me speak on these occasions have afterward come to hear me preach.

Some of my brethren in the church have often told me that they do not find time to do all the things I am doing. This makes me sometimes wonder what they really do. A minister's life is a busy one, and it is just doing the "work of an evangelist" that makes his life busy—or at least that is my impression. I believe that a minister should be like Paul, all things to all people, that at least some might be saved.

I have always found it a good plan to give people something to do in the church, especially the young people. Every Sunday I have a committee for furnishing flowers for the pulpit. These flowers after the services of the day are taken to the sick and shut-ins. I appoint committees for the gathering of materials for missionary boxes; other committees to pack the same; another committee to send it on its way of cheer and evangel of comfort. Of course, one committee can do all this, but it is good to enlist as many as possible in such good work. It is the joy of service that holds the people.

Another plan I have used with much success is a "personal worker's league." I request young men and women to bring their friends to the church and prayer-meeting services. This they do; the young man or woman who has been brought last is in turn requested to bring some one else. I have seen a prayer-meeting grow immeasurably in this way.

It is well to talk *live church*. Sometimes the laymen who are carrying the burden of our churches become discouraged. It will never do for the pastor to lose heart. The promises upon which he has built his faith are too large for that. Talk dead church and you will kill a society in one year. Much better to have the large optimistic spirit, believing that the kingdom will come in due time if we faint not. God will not see the labors of his servants go to naught. To have this spirit will put new life in the activities of the church and a new impetus to every department. The church life will throb with a new strength and inspiration that will not down. We are doing God's work. He is with us. To be able to say "The best of all, God is with us" and *believe* it, will do much toward filling our pews. In the past we have relied too much upon our own efforts. Let us invoke in the future the witness of the Spirit.

Although there will be many problems in the future to confront us in this sweet fight of faith, if we strive earnestly, prayerfully, to preach Jesus Christ and *live our Gospel*, and hold Jesus up to the masses in all his matchless beauty as a Saviour of immortal souls and a Divine Cure for sick souls; if we really are in earnest in this business of saving men, and sincere in our efforts to be good pastors, real shepherds of the sheep, going down life's dusty highways in search of sin-sick weary souls, with a message of brotherly love and a true friendship akin to that of God for erring humanity, I am sure our problem will not be that of an empty church.

Richard Braunstein.

M. E. Church, Ashland, N. Y.

Admires "Twilight Tales"

I received Mrs. Sangster's book, *Twilight Tales*, and thank you very much. I admire Mrs. Sangster in many ways, and know I will enjoy her book and that it will help me greatly to read it. The Christian Herald and everything it endorses is uplifting and I trust its influence will never grow less. Hester A. Prentiss.

Mount Gilead, O.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS

TO MEET the many requests for Christian Endeavor Topics and news in The Christian Herald columns, we have made a special arrangement by which we can offer a combination of The Christian Herald with the *Christian Endeavor World* at less than the regular price. We can highly recommend the *Christian Endeavor World* to Christian young people of all denominations. It is a religious weekly of particular interest to members of the Christian Endeavor Society and other similar organizations. Its editor-in-chief is Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, and every number contains an article from his pen. Dr. Clark is a regular contributor to The Christian Herald. Among his articles in The Christian Herald during the coming year will be "The Seven Cities of Asia," mentioned in Revelation. He has visited these cities and has recorded his impressions in a series of wonderfully enlightening articles which will appear exclusively in The Christian Herald.

Dr. Amos R. Wells, the expert on Sunday School and Christian Endeavor methods, is the managing editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*, and every number contains the latest and best plans for the young people's prayer meeting and general work of the officers and committees.

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THE OLDEST PROTESTANT MISSION

DR. GIOVANNI LUZZI of Florence, Italy, is visiting the United States in the interest of the Waldensian Order—the oldest Protestant mission in the world. The Waldensian Church has always laid claim to great antiquity; indeed, it is believed by many scholars to have originated with the apostles themselves. The road from Rome into Gaul and Spain led through these valleys, and it is highly probable that earliest disciples of Christianity planted the Gospel there while on their journeys.

One of their most noted leaders, Henry Armaud, who, when they had been banished for their evangelical faith, led their return in 1689, says of them in his book, *Glorious Recovery by the Waldenses of Their Valley:* "Their church has never been reformed, whence arises its title of Evangelic. The Waldenses are descended from those refugees from Italy who, after St. Paul had there preached the Gospel, abandoned their beautiful country and fled to these wild mountains, where they have to this day handed down the Gospel from father to son in the same purity and simplicity as it was preached by St. Paul."

"Italy needs the Gospel pure and simple" is the burden of Dr. Luzzi's message to this country. "She is gradually cutting off the dominion of the Church of Rome, and has as yet made no decided choice as to what she will have in its place. Shall it be the true and living Gospel of Christ, or infidelity?" The Waldensian Church, Dr. Luzzi declares, is already rich in triumphs, and its messengers are making their way slowly and surely making converts and asking funds with which to carry on their work, and for sympathy and prayers for the success of the true Church of Christ in the land of the Papacy. There have recently been established fifty new Waldensian churches and two hundred and fifty mission stations, and many new members and enthusiastic workers have been added to the Order of Waldensians, who, under new leaders, are looking into the future with hopeful hearts. Brave-hearted, earnest men preach and pray and write pamphlets and spread the true teachings of the Bible, in direct contradiction to the brigandage and piracy which is practiced to-day in the name of the Romish Church.

The Waldesians believe in "Modernism," which stands in Italy for the undermining and rooting out of the hideous superstitions and beliefs with which the Church of Rome is choked and stifled. The home church is seeking to meet her great opportunity. It has already established colonies in Uruguay and Argentina, France, Spain, and the United States. Here the prosperity and education of the immigrant Italian Waldensians is adding strength to the church at home.

Before Dr. Luzzi left Italy, he received many fervent, earnest letters, commending his purpose. "Lift up your voices in our behalf," writes a distinguished missionary in Milan, whose following is so great that even the Vatican dare not dictate nor criticize his methods, "and tell them that Modernism is aiming to put clearly before a superstition-ridden nation the undisputable truths of God. Do your best to persuade them that we are neither hypocrites nor destroyers of Christianity nor rebels in the church. We are Christians believing in the revelations God has made of himself through Christ. We want the inspired document of that revelation, the Bible, to become again the unshaken basis of our belief and of our morals. Tell our Christian brothers beyond the sea that we need their earnest prayers and brotherly sympathy."

TURNING DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

Continued from page 1240

Such a greeting will bring me closer to him in a few minutes than a sighted person could possibly get. In the course of our conversation I try to work upon the pride of the man who is to be helped. For instance, I talked the other day to a man who made reference to his desire to peddle shoe-strings. I said, 'My gracious, man! you don't want to do that sort of thing. You're too good. You're too sturdy for that.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am, sir. I don't really want to do it.' We soon had him pleasantly placed where he can do work of a more ennobling character.

"Some time ago we had correspondence with a man living up above Albany. The man was very anxious to get something to do, but could not seem to locate. I went there [Mr. Scandlin makes such trips unaccompanied] to see him. I found him living with his brother-in-law, who manufactured a certain kind of goods. I asked the brother-in-law to describe every operation employed in the manufacture of these goods. I wondered if there were not some part that could be done by a blind man. It finally developed that several parts could be done by a person without sight, and he promised me that he would instal in his house a machine especially for his blind brother.

"Sometimes, however, we find problems, the solution of which seems obvious enough until we come to investigate. For instance, I called the other day on a man who lived with his wife and five children on the West Side. He had become blind five years ago. He had been in the coal and ice business before he lost his sight. Now, it seemed obvious that we should instal him in a small retail coal and ice business. I thought we might get him a cellar, buy a small supply of coal and ice and start him off. But he convinced me quickly and logically that it was not a profitable undertaking in his section, owing to the fact that a great many Italians are in the business, that ice and coal are so very high in price, and that gas ranges are now being used where coal was formerly used. The result of that call will probably be that he will go into an institutional shop and learn to cane chairs and make brooms. He will certainly be able to earn $7 a week before the end of the year.

"In the early years of my investigation I came across a blind ash-cart man. He had been sightless for fourteen years when I met him, and had supported his family, his wife and two children in comfortable circumstances. A boy drove the cart but he took care of the horses himself. He had two, but one died, and soon after the other became ill and had to be killed. We got hold of him and raised money enough to buy him another horse. Now he is doing as well as ever, a splendid specimen of a manly, strong, blind man.

"He is the man who gave such a good definition of the word optimist. I asked him if he understood what the word meant. 'No,' he said. 'Well,' said I, 'do you know what a pessimist is?' 'No.' 'Well, a pessimist is one who looks on the dark side of things.' 'Sure then I know what an optimist is,' he replied. 'He would be the man who would be looking for the sunshine on both sides of the street at the same time.'"

If ever a definition suited a man this definition of an optimist suits W. I. Scandlin, for surely he is looking for sunshine not only on both sides of the street, but in all dark places as well.

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

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BOYS can gather the evergreens and make them up into Christmas wreaths and garlands. A basket of pine cones, gilded or silvered, is a wonderful gift for boys to gather and sort and give away. String the popcorn, the cranberries and raisins. Make a neat doll's house of a cardboard box or a tiny set of box furniture delicately decorated with stripes of water color or gilding for little sister; an Indian village of colored paper tepees and penny china dolls for little brother or turkey feather Indian war-bonnet. I have seen homely gifties such as these bring more joy on account of the time and trouble it took to make them than many a rich gift which has cost the giver only money.

FOR A GUEST ROOM

LEEP sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With thoughts of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweetly then. Good-night.

Gifts and Gifts

There is almost no end to the variety of Christmasy things girls can make; from the Christmas cookies in circles, stars, crescents and triangles with holes in the middle, all iced and ready to hang on the tree, to all sorts of pretty personal things, a jabot, a nice flannel bag for the thermos bottle, sleeping slippers of angora wool, an embroidered slip for grandmama's "nap pillow," a crinkly paper lampshade for the library, a nightgown case for mother when she goes traveling, made of huckaback, like an envelope, and just the size to hold a neatly folded nightgown; burlap tablecloths, tastefully scalloped and cross-stitched, are always pretty; embroidery bags made over two embroidery rings with the cover neatly made on the inside ring, are up-to-date and pretty; a new dress for sister's old and favorite doll; a skate bag; mittens, long ones that reach above the elbow, where winter cold runs up the sleeve; a collar bag for father made of a round box over which a bright bag with a drawstring has been securely fastened; jingle bell reins with many tiny bells for playing horse with the baby; a cloth picture book, full of colored advertisements; a ball, made of the odds and ends of worsted; some bright beanbags; a velvet cat; a pair of prancing gingerbread ponies.

A ribbon wreath with tiny rosebuds in it would be a lovely gift for your schoolgirl sister, and nothing could be more stylish than one of these up-to-date fillets for the hair, a pretty slipper-bag, a box of Christmas goodies, a jar of sweet pickle or jelly for your other sister at boarding-school.

A collar and cuff set for the parlor maid, a nice "all-over" gingham apron for the cook; a box of Christmas home-made goodies with the recipe inside; or a guest-room verse neatly lettered on a fancy card.

Next week we shall have something to say about Christmas books and other Christmasy things.

TOODLEKINS AND FLIP

A Pussy Pantomime

Flip (wakens up, stretches and yawns):
"Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
Our coats are clean, and our paws are too;
And Mammy's gone around the house
To see if she can find a mouse.
Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
Toodlekins sleeps the whole day through;
This world is so dull, there's nothing to do—
Except to doze again—mieu, mieu!"
(Yawns and curls up.)

Toodlekins (wakens up):
"Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
Flip's sound asleep, and there's nothing to do.
I wish I could catch a great big mouse,
Life is so dull in this old house!
Mieu, mieu, mieu, mieu,
There's nothing at all for a kitten to do—
Except to doze again—mieu, mieu."
(Yawns and curls up.)

Flip—"Toodlekins!"
Toodlekins—"Flip!"
Flip—"Toodlekins! Mieu!"
Toodlekins—"I hear a nibble!"
Flip—"I do too!"
Toodlekins—"Must be a rat! Such a great big noise!"
Flip—"Maybe it's one of those horrid boys!"
Toodlekins—"No, it's a mouse! I see its tail!"
Flip—"No, it's a rat as big as a pail!"
Toodlekins—"I see its eyes! Its tail! It's mine!"
Flip—"No, no! It is mine! Take that! and that!" (Cuffs her.)
Toodlekins—"It's mine, you horrid robber cat!"
Flip—"I saw it first! Take that and *that!*"
(Slapping and scratching.)

Mother Cat enters:
"Meow, meow! Why, children dear!
Is this what happens when I'm not here?
For shame! For shame! There's a baby mouse—
The tiniest thing in all the house—
Has just slipped away.
Kittens must be quick and quiet
If they would have fat mice for diet."

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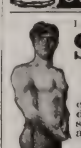

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ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD

BY OSCAR NEWFANG

HOW shall we become acquainted with God, who is beyond the scope of our physical senses, whose intelligence and plans are far beyond the grasp of our mental capacity? While we may not hope in this life to understand perfectly the wisdom and benevolence of God, we may obtain a sufficiently clear perception of his good-will toward us, from our present limited knowledge of his creation, to kindle within us a love for him and a trust in him that will ever urge us toward a closer acquaintance with him and will afford us an increasing happiness.

To point out all the evidence of good will toward man in the universe, would be to outline practically all of the natural sciences known to man, and would be beyond the present purpose. We will therefore merely note a few salient facts to illustrate the method by which we may perceive the goodness of God in the phenomena and laws of nature, rather than to demonstrate that all of those phenomena and laws prove the love of God toward us.

How admirably adapted to the preservation of life are the phenomena of the earth's axial inclination, its diurnal rotation, and its annual revolution! It is doubtful whether man could exist upon the larger part of the earth's surface, if at all, were any of these phenomena omitted. Geology reveals the far-seeing goodness of God in laying aside vast beds of coal for the use of man, when the internal heat of the earth should have disappeared and artificial heat should be required. Physics and chemistry show us how the process of preserving and improving the earth's soil is being continued at the present time by the action of flowing water, of thawing and freezing, of glacier and avalanche; and how this soil is watered and rendered fruitful by the action of evaporation, winds and rainfall. Botany reveals the beneficence of an arrangement by which the mineral substances are prepared in a form of food which the human body can assimilate. Biology reveals benevolence in the arrangement for the increased propagation of the more perfect and the decreased propagation of the less perfect, in the inherent tendencies toward healing, toward acclimatization, toward reversion to type. Sociology most clearly reveals the goodness of God in the indissoluble connection between brotherly love and happiness, thus prompting all to work together for the common good.

But can we hold communication with the invisible God? Does God have a personal interest in his creatures as a father has in his offspring; or does he leave the human race, like the inanimate world, entirely to the play of natural law? If it be granted that all nature indicates an active, intelligent good-will toward man on the part of God, it follows that, with his inscrutable wisdom, he must be able and must be inclined to take a personal interest in the welfare of each individual human being, however humble. And if man is able to converse across a continent by telephone, or even without wires to convey his thoughts across the vast ocean, it is very reasonable to suppose that God understands every prayer to him formed in our minds, and can interpret our longings for a better life more perfectly than we can express them.

And if it is granted that this life must of necessity be but a preparation for the real, eternal life to come, and that, therefore, God's love must frequently deny our prayers for material things, we can be sure that our prayers are received by God in precisely the same way in which we are sure that our wire or wireless message has reached its destination—by the answer received. It is safe to say that no man ever prayed sincerely to God to be made a better man, who was not made a better man by the very prayer. Looking at life in the light of eternity, and realizing that the object of this brief earthly preparation is the development of a character that will be a source of eternal happiness to us in our future relations with intelligent beings and with God himself, it is evident that the burden of our prayers should be directed to the cultivation of love toward man and toward God. And if our prayers are thus directed, the answer to them is never wanting. No man can sincerely pray the Supreme Being for kindness toward a fellow man without finding his mind inclined to such kindness by the very effort of making the petition.

Any one can test the truth of the foregoing remarks for himself, and to those who have thus tested God's hearing and answering a prayer for righteousness, nothing more need be said. But, as an explanation of a natural phenomenon greatly strengthens the evidence of its reality, so we may note, regarding prayer, that God has so constituted the human mind that a sincere desire or longing for a better life, expressed in prayer, inclines the mind itself strongly toward such better life, and so the prayer insures its own answer; and if the prayer is persistently and repeatedly formed in the mind, the fixed inclination which we call habit is formed, and thus the character is permanently molded into the forms of righteousness for which we pray. So, likewise, a sincere and hearty prayer against a temptation or inclination to do wrong itself so strengthens the aversion to the wrong within us, and so clearly keeps before our minds the real relative importance of the immediate pleasure from the wrong-doing, and the far greater, though more distant, pain which would result, that such a petition also insures its own answer. Let no one say that such results are the less answers from God to our prayers, because his provident wisdom and love have made the answer to a good prayer inseparable from the sincere asking itself. It is rather but another evidence of his goodness.

In what manner communion with God increases our perception of his goodness and increases our love to him and trust in him, thus giving us the beginning of a happiness greater than any other of which we are capable, is not easy to explain. It may be that the molding of our own characters by prayer more into harmony with the character of God enables us to perceive more clearly his love as displayed in nature and in his providence; or it may be that God, in imparting his spirit of universal love to us in answer to our sincere and constant prayers, reveals his love directly to our minds and gradually enlightens our intellects so that we can begin to grasp it. Though we may be unable to grasp the manner of God's revelation of himself to us in prayer, it is very reasonable to suppose, and, indeed, very probable, that he would do so, if he is a being of wisdom and love infinitely beyond our present conception. And that he does thus reveal himself to those who sincerely seek to live according to the law of universal love, and who earnestly pray God for guidance and help in attaining such a character, may be tested by any man in his own experience.

Habitual prayer produces in us a calmness and peace superior to the fluctuations of earthly prosperity or adversity, and a trust in God's guidance that robs earthly sorrows and trials of their bitterness and removes fear, anxiety and worry from our lives. Prayer is the fountainhead of true contentment, or humility, and of patience. If we are persuaded of God's power and love, of his immediate presence and his interest in us and in our prayers, the cares of life disappear and the preponderance of joy in life becomes immeasurably greater.

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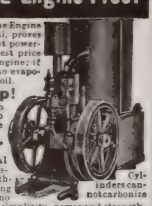

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The term "investment" is made, by common usage, to cover a very wide field and is all too often applied to highly *speculative* issues that are by their very nature in no sense entitled to be designated as investments. The line of demarcation between *investment* and *speculation* may be quite accurately drawn. The word *investment* is rightly applied to only *non*-speculative securities, to those considered absolutely safe, preferably the bonds of railways; the bonds of cities, counties, States; the bonds of public utility and public service corporations, and so on; in other words, to securities about the safety of which there is practically no question. The terms "speculation" or "speculative issue" may cover all securities not included in the first classification and may be applied to any form of security, ranging from mining, oil or plantation stocks up to the shares of prosperous railway corporations.

But for our own and for our readers' convenience, we shall claim considerable latitude in the use of the word "investment" in our correspondence; in extending the scope and usefulness of this department to cover the entire field of investment—the good and the not good—it will become necessary to discuss quite often the merits or demerits of highly speculative issues, but in employing this latitude, we want our readers to bear in mind that *investment* is one thing and that *speculation* is quite another thing and one that all too often ends in loss. We shall always, when asked, advise against mere speculation.

Every CHRISTIAN HERALD reader is entitled to free use of the service of this department. If you have accumulated money and desire to obtain a maximum rate of interest return thereon, or if you desire to accumulate money through systematic saving, the Financial Editor is always ready to offer suggestions that should be profitable. If, perchance, you have made investments that have not proved satisfactory, we will, on request, offer opinion as to the probable market value of your holdings. This department is maintained for the benefit of our *regular* readers; the service is offered *entirely free* of cost to them and all correspondence is *strictly personal* and *confidential*, in so far as the identity of the inquirer is concerned. Always enclose letter-postage and write name and address plainly, addressing your inquiry to Financial Editor, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

ANSWERS TO FINANCIAL QUERIES

B. W., Canada.

The first mortgage bonds of the Canadian Michigan and Chicago Railway Company have no value. The road was never built.

P. M. deL., Georgia.

This department cannot offer market tips, nor does it encourage marginal trading. Far better to keep your margin money in the savings bank, or else buy a good bond.

F. J. E., Arkansas.

Keep out of the scheme of the banana company. Either keep your money in the bank, or else buy a good bond, preferably a $1,000 bond issued by your own city, paying 4½ per cent.

D. M. D., Ohio.

(1) This department cannot furnish commercial ratings of firms. Hence I cannot be of service in matter of P. G. Stamm & Co., of St. Joseph, Mo. (2) Cheap oil stocks are poor gambles.

C. I. N., Idaho.

I cannot pass on the values of the tract at Fort Fraser, B. C. Land values are quite often a matter of opinion only and subject to quick and radical change. Do not buy land of which you have no personal knowledge.

D., Nebraska.

(1) Stay out of the reorganization; take your loss and try to forget it. (2) Same advice; don't send good money after bad. (3) Evidently a get-rich-quick swindle. Leave the stock severely alone.

D., Virginia.

The Copper Range Company, the 100,000 shares of which are practically all owned by Copper Range Consolidated, has declared two dividends of $1.50 each, payable November 2. The last previous dividend was $1.50 paid in May.

M., New York, and D. E. P., Kentucky.

American Can, common, cannot be said to present dividend prospects that are brilliant. Its stock-market activities are controlled by prominent operators who have the power to move it up or down at will, and it is not a safe speculation.

W. P. C., Maryland.

The "Cotton Belt" is known officially as the St. Louis Southwestern and is sometimes erroneously classed as a "Gould road." The road's record year of 1911-1912 is being eclipsed by the earnings of 1912-1913. The common stock can pay dividends, and may.

C. W. H., Manitoba.

Virginia Carolina common has not maintained a perfect dividend record by any means, but there are large equities behind it and the earnings are of a nature to inspire confidence in the future, although not sufficient to put it in a high dividend-paying class.

Rev. E. D., Illinois.

Reading, C. & O., Atchison and Pennsylvania are standard "rails" that possess attractive investment features as well as speculative possibilities. Perhaps both C. & O. and Atchison will show a better return to an investor than either of the others named.

N., Michigan.

Underlying railway bonds secured by underlying liens on parts of a railway system are exceedingly sound investment securities. Pennsylvania, Union Pacific, New York Central all issue bonds of this class. Any stock exchange firm will send you particulars upon request.

Small Investor, Maine.

(1) Your Wabash first 5s are, I believe, perfectly safe. True, the bonds are of a company in present financial difficulties, but the assets back of the bonds are far in excess of the bond issue in which you have invested. (2) Wabash preferred, with a heavy assessment pending, is not attractive; I should sell.

S. H. H., Pennsylvania.

Your $500 may be invested as follows: One Virginia Railway first 5 per cent. bond at 99. One Mobile & Birmingham first 4 per cent. bond at 81. One Norfolk & Western first Con's. 4 per cent. bond at 98. One Colorado & Southern Ref. & Ext. 4½ per cent. bond at 95. One Central Vermont first 4 per cent. bond at 93.

O. F., Colorado.

It is a common practice for mining companies to levy assessments, *i. e.*, I presume the Doyle Consolidated has merely followed custom; but whether the company had a legal right to levy, after selling you a "non-assessable" stock, as you say, is not for this department to determine. In the future don't put money into mining schemes.

C. B., Michigan.

Pennsylvania and Reading are both "half" stocks; that is, the par value of each is $50. For convenience, the New York Stock Exchange lists stocks in the $100 unit. Both Pennsylvania and Reading pay 6 per cent. each per annum. Many predict that Pennsylvania will be returned to a 7 per cent. rate in 1913. Earnings seem to justify this prediction.

B. C. L., New York.

I do not favor instalment or deferred-payment plan of buying stocks or bonds. It possesses too great an element of risk even when the firm is a Stock Exchange house. Better establish an account in the best savings bank in your city and regularly deposit $50, which, you say, you can save each month from your salary. When you have $500 buy five $100 New York Stock Exchange bonds that will net you 5 per cent. return. Send for the lists issued by the firm advertising $100 bonds and study up on these issues.

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AS WERE THE DAYS OF NOE

IN Holy Writ the story true we read
Of God forgotten by his creature, man;
How Satan came, and sin's dark work began;
How like fierce flame it spread till riot ran
And God the Lord was mocked by wicked man,
Who scoffed His Word, nor would the warning heed.

God's hour comes swift and sure. The day was dark;
The clouded sky the coming storm portended;
The floodgates opened wide, the rain descended;
And 'neath the wrath divine all nature bended;
While terror-stricken man in vain contended
For entrance, now too late, within the Ark.

Then further in the Book inspired we read:
"As were the days of Noe, again 'twill be.
No thought of God or of eternity;
No warning voice he'll heed or danger see;
Ensnared by worldly pleasure, man will be
Lured on to doom by selfishness and greed.

No thought of God, or Father's tender care,
Man rushes to and fro on business bent;
In quest of fame; on getting gold intent;
His days and years in Mammon's service spent;
No time to hear the message God hath sent
No time for holy things; no time to spare.

Ah, yes, the same to-day! The Word is true
No fear of God; no time to watch and pray
His Word unread; unkept his holy day.
Absorbed in self, the time speeds fast away
Nor will the coming judgment long delay.
Our Lord in glory comes! His Word is true

CHARLES H. GARDINER.

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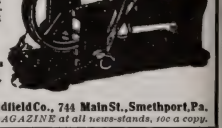

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1249

labored without a single token of good, but at length numbers of the poor savages were led to Jesus, and the native king joyfully embraced the new faith. The natives gave up their idol gods, and the missionaries packed them in a box like a coffin, and sent them to England, labeled, "dead gods," so that the English Christians might know that the people in Tahiti were now for the true and living God.

It is said that once an artist painted a picture of a wintry twilight, the trees heavily laden with snow. There was a dreary dark house in the middle of the picture. Then the artist painted a bright yellow light in one of the windows of the house; the whole picture was illumined, and everything that had looked gray and sad before grew bright and happy. To open the windows of our soul to let the Lord Christ in will not only make us glad on Christmas day but will make us joyful on every day.

The great Martin Luther once said: "Whoever preaches Christ rightly, preaches the Gospel of pure joy. Of what benefit would it be to me if Christ had been born a thousand times, and it were daily sung into my ears in a most lovely manner, if I were never to hear that he was born for me, and was to be my very own?"

Some years ago there appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a picture of "The Christ of the Andes." Many HERALD readers will remember it. Let us describe it again. For generations the South American republics of Argentina and Chile had quarreled over a boundary line, and at times had fought about it. It was finally agreed that they should fight no more, and both sides yielded their cannon to be melted into a statue of Christ to be placed on a peak of the Andes Mountains as a boundary. The figure is twenty-six feet high and stands upon a granite hemisphere. Upon the pedestal has been cut this inscription (in Spanish): "The mountains will crumble to dust ere Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to keep." That bronze statue is magnificent, but it has not the power of the ever-living Christ to bind men to be his followers.

It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front,
My Lord will have need of me.
But if, by a still small voice, he calls me
In paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine—
I'll go where you want me to go.

MARY BROWN.

Among the Workers

—REV. MATTHIAS KLEIN, of Awaji, Japan, has returned to the United States on account of Mrs. Klein's health.

—IF ANY READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is desirous of doing a worthy work of charity, quietly and without ostentation, on receiving the name of such reader THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will forward full particulars of the case.

—W. A. EASTMAN writes from Los Angeles, Calif., saying: "I received the sixty Testaments to-day that have been at Y. M. C. A. in Sacramento some days. They are just what I wanted. I have used all the others you sent and bought fifty more of the American Bible Society in San Francisco, and used them. I also received the little second-hand Testament, and appreciate it more than the rest, if possible, on account of the spirit in which it must have been sent."

—OUR OLD AND WELL-KNOWN friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Rev. Z. C. Beals, who returned home five months ago because of sickness in the family, has just been elected secretary and treasurer of the American Advent Christian Mission of Boston, Mass. He surely has had the needed experience in foreign mission work, and is in every way well qualified for his new position. He has been in China twenty years and has had a wide experience in all phases of missionary work. He has served on three different occasions on our famine committee work and aided in distributing CHRISTIAN HERALD relief supplies. This past year he was appointed buyer of food supplies for the flood sufferers in China, buying in one month supplies to the value of $150,000 (Mexican).

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SUNRISE

From the original painting by Alf. Bachmann

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

I. M. P., Sussex, Del. Of how many kinds of distinct substances is matter composed?

There are thousands of substances, but all can be resolved into about eighty distinct elements, that is to say, substances whose molecules contain only one kind of atom and so cannot be further analyzed. A molecule is the smallest particle of a substance which exhibits the individuality of that substance. The atom, however, as we explained in THE MAIL-BAG some time ago, is not the smallest particle of matter of which we have cognizance. The most recent advances in radio-activity indicate that the atom in itself is a complex system consisting of a positively charged nucleus around which are grouped numerous negatively charged particles of infinitesimal dimensions called electrons. The electron is now described as the unit of the material universe, the basal ingredient underlying all forms of matter.

B. C., Columbus, Ohio. Can a married woman, who owned property previous to her marriage, dispose of it without her husband's consent, or appropriate to her own use any emoluments accruing from it, such as rent, etc.?

Under the laws of Ohio a married woman can own and dispose of her property the same as though unmarried.

Enquirer, Reading, Pa. What is the precise meaning of the term "in Christ," which we hear so frequently in sermons? I know what confession means; but has the phrase quoted any further significance?

Its reference is exclusively to the relation of the believer to the risen Lord, and expresses a peculiar spiritual connection. Rev. David Smith, the distinguished theologian, defines it as a spiritual way of four connecting links, viz.: (1) Christ for us (see II. Cor. 5: 21) which is substitution; (2) We in Christ (II. Cor. 5: 7; Rom. 6: 11), which is justification; (3) Christ in us (Rom. 8: 11; II. Cor. 13: 5; Gal. 2: 20), which is sanctification, and (4) We for Christ (II. Cor. 5: 10), which is consecration. This is the condition of Christ's true disciple. He stands in the world as representative and witness-bearer for Christ. It is not merely a question of his own salvation; he must be a shining light to guide others, and must live the Christ-life, under whatever circumstances he may be placed. One who lives the Christ-life and all of whose thoughts, acts, influences and hopes are centered on carrying on the work of Christ, and who is guided by his will, can be said to be truly "in Christ."

C. H., Garden City, Cuba. Kindly explain Matt. 10: 23.

This passage, like many other predictions by Jesus, has a twofold meaning: it applies in the first place to the brief opportunities Israel was to have of "knowing the time of his visitation," and in a wider meaning it relates to the Second Coming. See parallel in Matt. 24: 14.

A. H. R., Peekskill, N. Y. The William Wheelwright you mention was a lineal descendant in the fifth generation from the great Puritan minister, John Wheelwright (brother of the celebrated Anne Hutchinson), who came to Massachusetts in 1636, and who was a theological controversialist. With his followers he founded Exeter, N. H. William Wheelwright was born in 1798, and as a young man became interested in South America. He devoted himself to developing that country and on benevolent purposes spent over $700,000. He assisted in establishing many churches. He died in 1873.

Interested Subscriber, Waverly, N. Y. I believe there are many people all over this country who would like to know Christ as a personal Saviour if they knew how to find him. In some cases they do not get the help they need from the pulpit, and are too timid to speak to Christian friends. Through the columns of your estimable paper could you not tell them in a very simple way just how to find him? Perhaps many who are now walking in darkness might thus be led into the light.

It is strange that though salvation by faith is such a simple thing so many souls stumble at it. It seems too simple to be true, so they go about trying to find a harder way to be saved, and of course they do not find it because there is no other way. This is what we should say to every seeking soul: The first step toward Christ is to realize what it is that keeps you away from him, that is, your sin. Christ is very near you, nearer than your closest friend; but your sin separates your soul from him. You must confess your sin, acknowledge that you have sinned; you must repent of your sin, making restitution if you have wronged any one; you must determine to forsake your sin. But these things are not faith; they are only the necessary steps to faith. Faith is the definite belief that Christ died for your sins and that he actually forgives them now. "He tasted death for every man." If that is so, then he really, literally died for you. It is very easy to believe Jesus if you will just let yourself do it. Faith is an extremely simple thing; doubt is difficult. In your brain you know that he died "for every man." How can you doubt, then, that he died for you? You know that he died for the sins of the whole world; this must include you. Nothing in the history of the world is a surer, steadier fact than that Christ was crucified to save you from sin. The moment any one will stop doubting that fact and begin to believe it he will find peace, and find Christ. "Be not afraid—only believe." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Have you not proved that the way of doubt is hard and sad? Will you not try now the way of trust, and find how sweet and light and glad it is?

R. J., Pueblo, O. Please state the most fatal disease in the United States and also give the world's death-rate.

Consumption is the most fatal disease; it is claimed that it carries off 200 out of every 100,000 of our population annually. Next comes pneumonia with 195 out of that number; heart disease claims 135; diarrhœal diseases 90; kidney diseases 88; apoplexy 68; cancer 62; old age 55; bronchitis 50; cholera infantum 48; general debility 45; inflammation of the brain and meninge 42; diphtheria 36, and typhoid 35. The world's mortality is said to be 70 a minute, or 100,800 a day, or 36,792,000 a year.

S. M., Melrose, Mass. What is the cause of earthquakes?

Earthquakes are a sudden vibration or breaking out of the earth's crust caused by an internal commotion which arises from the great heat inside our globe. The crust of the earth comparatively speaking is very thin, while the heated interior is immense, but the mass is gradually cooling, and as it cools it contracts. The outer shell or crust must contract too, but being solid it cannot do so without breaking and shifting over in folds, consequently we have earthquakes. There is never a moment in which some part of the earth's crust is not in disturbance; the seismograph shows a constant tremor, for the internal heat is always at work.

A. T. A., Chambersburg, Pa. 1. See page 43 of *The Christian Herald Almanac* for 1913, for an outline of the creed of the Seventh-Day Adventists. 2. The six days of Creation are interpreted to mean six periods of time. "A thousand years is as a day in his sight." 3. Rev. 8: 10, 11 has been variously interpreted, some holding that the fall of the star Wormwood presaged the fall of a great leader or some future false teacher, whose doctrines would be fatal to multitudes of souls. 4. Your other question is one that cannot be decided satisfactorily, and would simply involve needless discussion.

J. H. McL., Lindsay, Calif. The passage in John 14: 2, 3, while it has reference to Christ's second coming, refers also, in a secondary and comforting sense, to each believer individually when "he puts off this tabernacle, sleeping in Jesus, but his spirit being present with the Lord." The Saviour does not enter into details, but thinks it quite enough to reassure them to say that where he is they shall be also. There are many things concerning which we have no means of arriving at any definite conclusion in this life, and we should be willing to leave such problems to be solved in God's own good time and in his own way.

W. M. W., Winona, Miss. Mohammedanism has unquestionably been an enemy to human progress and an obstacle in the path of civilization. This is abundantly proved by the record of history. Were the Turk driven out of Europe, Christendom would rejoice. But even while we may look with satisfaction on the downfall of the Moslem power, we should not forget that the Turk, however mistaken his religion, is entitled to our sympathy and help in his time of trouble and even to our prayers. Jesus taught us that we should pray even for our enemies.

W. I., Penns Park, Pa. Where, in the Bible, is found the quotation: "As a man thinketh so is he"?

See Prov. 23: 7; also Matt. 5: 8-28; Matt. 15: 19; Mark 7: 21; Luke 6: 45, and other passages bearing on the same subject.

R. S. M., Lincoln, Miss. Mercury is nearest the sun, its mean distance being 36,000,000 miles, but it has a very eccentric orbit and sometimes approaches to within 28,000,000 miles and at others recedes to 43,000,000. Only at odd times during the year is it visible to the naked eye, because it lies so close to the sun and so near to the horizon that it is obscured by the denser layers of the earth's atmosphere. The bulk of the planet is about one-nineteenth that of the earth, but its weight is only one-thirtieth, therefore its mass is proportionately less dense than that of our globe.

A Great Wesleyan Methodist Church House

THE erection of the great Central Hall and Connexional Buildings at Westminster, London, has been the chief subject of talk in Wesleyan Methodist circles in England. It is claimed that it is the finest evangelical church building in the world. It has cost something like £250,000 ($1,200,000) to build, and the whole scheme and its carrying out are acclaimed everywhere as triumphs of organization and financial skill. A fourth of the million guinea fund, which the Methodists raised some years ago, was set aside for this building, but, taking into account the site, the cost greatly exceeded that sum. Methodists are not unnaturally extremely proud of the fact that the great building has been erected in a neighborhood that has always been dedicated to things ecclesiastical, for it stands close to the ancient Westminster Abbey and the famous St. Margaret's Church. In such a neighborhood, close to the Houses of Parliament, and practically in the heart of London, land is extremely valuable, and it is undoubtedly a tribute to the organizing skill and business capacity of the leaders of the Wesleyan Church that they have been able to build such a place in such a spot. Sir Robert Perks, the great civil engineer and business magnate, has been the guiding spirit of the whole scheme. The big dome is the third highest in London, being only exceeded by the dome of the British Museum and that of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is over two hundred feet from the pavement to the top. Inside there is a grand staircase which is said to be the finest example of the elliptical staircase in the metropolis, and there is a great hall which is one of the best in London.

Miscellaneous

A. L., Minn. No such passage in the Bible.

Reader, Hallettsville, Texas. Address Woman's Exchange, 334 Madison Avenue, New York City.

E. L. J., Mohawk, N. Y. Ahasuerus was a king of Persia, and is mentioned many times throughout the Book of Esther. He lived and reigned about B.C. 450, and was the third of that name on the Persian throne.

R. E. K., Reardan, Wash. "Rev. John Smith, D.D.," is correct form. D.D. means Doctor of Divinity, and one may be an ordained preacher without being a D.D. "Reverend" is a title of courtesy applicable to any regular minister.

A. O. T., Hinsdale, N. Y. There is no prophecy concerning steam cars or horseless vehicles, or flying machines in the Bible, although some have construed such passages as Nahum 2: 4 as referring to these things. Such a construction is not justifiable.

J. S. A., Plevna, Kan. 1. Christian burial in what is known as consecrated ground in former times was refused to suicides and noted criminals. 2. God alone is the judge of men's hearts, and we should not attempt to set limits to his mercy and forgiveness.

S. P. K., Rancocas, N. J. There are many uses to which churches are put nowadays besides preaching, and some of them are rather doubtful. Lectures and literary entertainments of a suitable character could not reasonably be objected to; but care should always be taken to exclude anything that would be derogatory to the character of the Lord's house.

S. M. H., Hillsboro, Vt. The largest guns in the world have been provided for the latest super-dreadnaughts of the United States Navy. These are fourteen-inch guns; each weighs about sixty tons and costs some $70,000 with $55,000 additional to mount. They have a range of 25,000 yards, and at 10,000 yards a shot will penetrate sixteen inches of hardest steel. A single round of ammunition costs about $500. Each of the new battleships will carry ten of these guns.

Mrs. O. W. H., McKenzie, Tenn. 1. The bright star in the southwestern sky in early evening is the planet Jupiter. 2. Yes. Arcturus always appears first at the horizon in the northeast.

S. P. LELAND.

A CORRECTION

In the account of the recent gubernatorial elections which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 27 it was stated that John C. Karel was elected in Wisconsin and Arthur Capper in Kansas. These statements were founded on the latest telegraphic reports available when that issue of the magazine went to press. Since that date certificates of election have been issued to Francis E. McGovern in Wisconsin and George H. Hodges in Kansas.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Some of the Recipients

The Bread Line in the Bowery Mission Basement

Filling the Dinner Baskets

FEEDING THE FRIENDLESS

THE STORY OF THE BOWERY MISSION'S THANKSGIVING AND THE OPENING OF THE BREAD LINE

NE by one, two by two, in places three by three, a line of hungry men etches both ways along e street. Northward it aches clear to the cor- r and extends down the le street. These men, se hundreds of men, are homeless and hungry on anksgiving Day. In some cases it is their fault; many cases it is not. But in all of the cases it ould not and does not make any difference at the wery Mission. If a man is hungry the first ighborly duty is most obvious—feed him. Other nsiderations can be taken in hand after that. But more men are hungry in this single section of w York than are standing in this pathetic line. e man at the Mission door will let you in if you going to sit on the platform or in the gallery. e auditorium is already full, filled with men who mostly in slightly better circumstances than se waiting on the street; that is, they find jobs re frequently, have acquired some better clothes, d haven't been so many nights recently without ging. But these men, too, are glad to come to e Mission's Thanksgiv- g Day dinner.

It is eight o'clock Thanks- ring evening. The doors e opened to the base- nt of the Mission. A liceman guides the long ne on the street and one one the men go down, proach the kitchen unter and receive a box ntaining a hearty meal d, at the coffee urns, a eaming cup of coffee. out eight hundred men t their Thanksgiving pper thus, and later me three hundred come wn from the meeting ing held in the audito- im and take their turn th supper box and cof- . It is a good square al they get, too, a tur- y sandwich, a ham ndwich, half a pie, ree apples and three llers, beside the coffee. This Thanksgiving din- r to nearly twelve ndred homeless men s the last number of the day's program at e Bowery Mission. It had been a busy day, lowing a busy night, and many busy days d nights had gone before. If you had stepped off the Bowery a few minutes before mid- ht Wednesday, made your way through the audi- ium, where men were gathering for a midnight eting, stepped across the platform to the kitchen beyond, your nostrils would have been assailed with pleasant odors and your ears with pleasant sounds. The air seemed full of the fragrances of cooked turkey and chicken. Piles of roasted chicken lay about, and platters of sliced turkey-meat were on the tables. Mingling with the odors of the savory meat were whiffs of fragrant steam from the coffee urns. And in the midst of these sights and smells of delicious plenty a small group of men, workers who were to dispense the Thanksgiving bounties, were standing and singing:

"What a friend we have in Jesus."

The music floated through to the auditorium, and some of the men waiting there joined in.

Then:

"There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus."

The Women and Girls Waiting to Receive Their Baskets

Then:

"He will hold my hand."

The superintendent of the Mission, Dr. J. G. Hallimond, then led the little group of workers in prayer, a special prayer for God's special blessing upon them during the busy hours of the night and day to follow, a prayer that they might be kept strong and sweet and patient and glad as they tried to bring Thanksgiving Day cheer to the needy.

At the midnight meeting Mr. C. D. Usinger, a convert of the Bowery Mission, now the superintendent of Faith Mission, in New York, gave an earnest evangelistic address from Acts 3: 19, 20, "Repent ye therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and that he may send the Christ who hath been appointed for you, even Jesus."

The meeting closed at one o'clock, and at this hour the famous "Bread Line" opened for the winter. The men from the auditorium filed downstairs and at the counter received a big roll and a cup of coffee. After the first roll and first cup were gone they could take their place in the line again and receive a second supply. Meanwhile the men who had been waiting on the sidewalk came down and took their places in the line. While the men ate and drank, Mr. Usinger and workers from the Mission's own staff went among them talking with them about their spiritual and physical needs. Many lodging house tickets were given out and the men invited to get into touch with the Mission's Brotherhood and Labor Bureau.

Think of the homes they come from! Think of the fields and the lanes, the kitchens and the halls and the barns where their footsteps are missed! Think of the preparations for the Thanksgiving home feast in which they will not share! Think of the mothers and fathers waiting; the wives and children watching! See the flashing fires and the bright lamps, the cozy tables and the warm beds. Then see them standing shivering here, unkempt, forlorn, forsaken. Chilled and tired feet, chilled and aching fingers, forms crouched forward in the instinctive effort to huddle flesh together against the sharp midnight air, stomachs empty, and hearts how weary! Some of them to blame for their plight; many of them not to blame. Some of them detained by sin or pride from the homes waiting to welcome them; some of them away so long that the home has disappeared and the dear ones are dead.

Continued on next page

FEEDING THE FRIENDLESS

The Contents of a Thanksgiving or Christmas Dinner Basket

Food for the Dinner for the Men Who Ate at the Mission

Yet they are hungry, right down hungry. So they stand in the line and move down the stairway and seize the bread and coffee and are glad for an hour's respite from the cold, for the savor and warmth of the coffee, for the nourishment of the mission bread. It is a fine thing to shelter and feed them thus; but it is still finer that many of them are led, through the "Bread Line," to work, to helpful fellowship, to salvation, and, in many, many cases, to their homes again.

The "Bread Line" dispersed between two and three o'clock, but workers were busy all the rest of the night in the kitchen, packing the boxes for the men's dinner and putting the finishing touches on the baskets which were to go out at nine o'clock. In the early hours of the morning a light snow had begun to fall. It gladdened the heart of many a boy and girl in the country who loves a "white Thanksgiving." It was fine to look out upon it even from the window of a warm, cozy room in the city. For those who could not start home for Thanksgiving dinner till that morning, the snow gave a peculiar zest and joy to the journey through the fields and villages between the city and home. But to the wanderers who had had no shelter, to the homes where there was no fire and no coal and no food, the snow was an unwelcome feature of Thanksgiving Day. It made the pavements damper and colder for ill-shod feet; it sent a chill through the thin coats and meager shawls; it made warmth and plenty seem still more unattainable things.

Through the snow they came to the Mission doors, women, girls, and boys, each armed with a postal card which was to be their guarantee of a big

Continued from preceding page

basket containing a Thanksgiving dinner for ten people; 150 baskets were waiting for them. Dr. Hallimond led in prayer again—a simple, earnest prayer. Then the distribution began. As the names were called the representative of the family came forward, a big basket was brought out and the superintendent or one of the other workers carried it to the door where it was turned over to the happy recipient. A basket contained a whole roast chicken (it had been found from the experience of other years that it was unsatisfactory to give uncooked chickens for the extremely simple reason that many of the families who took them had no fire or coal to cook them with), potatoes, turnips, a pound package of coffee, one of sugar, one of prunes, a half pound of tea, a half pound of butter, a loaf of bread, a can of milk, a bag of salt, a bag of onions, and a cake. Mr. Hunt, business manager and assistant superintendent, who shoulders the intricate details of these big events—was particularly tickled about that cake. He had figured it out that you can't have a really satisfactory feast without a cake, a real cake, a complete cake. So he had those delicious and complete snug, brown, round loaves of cake made, and one was tucked away in every basket.

Our story comes round again to Thanksgiving night, the waiting line of men outside, the packed mission room where the Thanksgiving service is about to begin, while the men from the street eat their Thanksgiving dinner in the room below. There is no space to describe that meeting, the songs, the testimonies, the good cheer. Space must be made, however, to mention the beautiful song which Mrs. Hallimond rendered exquisite "The Song That Reached My Heart," and the s Mr. Hunt sang, though he had had no sleep night before and had caught only an hour's during the busy day when he was responsible the filling of so many empty stomachs. This ti it was hearts that he was reaching—and he reach them as he sang "Sweet Dreamland Face One never knew that so much real religion could put into a ballad usually thought of as secul But hunt up your old song-book that contains and try to imagine yourself homeless and hung on Thanksgiving night, and ask how that sc would make you feel sung by a man who knew h to sing and who was, you were aware, directing feeding, within twenty-four hours, of well on five thousand hungry folks.

Other special features of the meeting, which c not be overlooked, were the poem by "Brothe Moran, good enough to be printed in full in T CHRISTIAN HERALD, though it would demand nea two pages of space, and the testimony of "Brothe Cluever, the genial cook, who praises and serv God at the big mission range where he prepa the food to nourish the great sad family of Go poor.

Nearly a thousand men in the first bread li Thanksgiving dinners in baskets for fifteen hu dred more; Thanksgiving dinner at night nearly twelve hundred; a thousand more in bread line at one o'clock Friday morning. But, as it was, one's heart aches to think of the need untouched, the bodies yet unnourished, the hon unwarmed, the outcasts homeless still.

THANKSGIVING MASS AT WASHINGTON

THE fourth annual celebration of what is called the Pan-American Thanksgiving Mass was held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Washington, D. C., at ten A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. This was the occasion on which the Roman Catholic Church at the center of the American Government calls together the official representatives of all the republics of the two Americas to join with her in the services of her house, while she throws the cloak of the "mass" over this ancient American institution. The President proclaims the day and calls upon the people to offer thanksgiving. Then the Roman Church calls upon the President to lead the representatives of the American nations into her sanctuary. Thus does the Catholic Church use the influence of the great American Republic to strengthen her hold upon the other republics of the Western hemisphere who have been looking toward liberty and longing for enlightenment and prosperity.

The first "Thanksgiving Mass" was celebrated in the first year of Mr. Taft's administration, and called forth considerable protest and much criticism from Protestant America. He may have regretted the precedent thus established, and there was unmistakable evidence that he would have been glad to have eliminated it this year from his Thanksgiving Day program. As a matter of fact, the program at St. Patrick's was placed at ten o'clock instead of eleven as heretofore, in order that the President might attend the services at All Souls' Unitarian Church at eleven o'clock.

The President departed from St. Patrick's at eleven o'clock sharp, with the services but half over. There is no question but that the President has at last become convinced of what many have known for months—that the many favors bestowed by him upon adherents of the Catholic Church have made him unpopular with the majority of the people.

The absence of the Pope's envoy, Archbishop Bonzano, when it was expected that he would be in attendance seated upon a purple throne opposite the cardinal throne occupied by Cardinal Gibbons; the absence of the papal flags that have on former occasions decked the front of the rectory and church; the absence of conspicuous papal colors within the church itself; and the change of the hour of the service that the President might attend his own church—these can only be interpreted as a result of the popular protest against the course of the President in past years in such matters.

Promptly at a quarter before ten, the cathedral orchestra opened the program with musical selections faultlessly rendered, and the large cathedral was filled in a few moments. At the center of the church almost directly in front of the high altar two beautifully upholstered chairs were placed for the President and Mrs. Taft. The center of the church was reserved for the representatives of the various American republics, each pew bearing t flag of the country whose representative was occupy it. The high altar was most beautifu decorated with flickering candles and yellow chr santhemums, the lights and the flowers showing t colors of the papacy.

At ten o'clock the strains of the hymn "Americ burst forth from the orchestra gallery, and wh the audience arose to its feet, the President a Mrs. Taft, with the President's military ai marched down the center aisle to the places pr vided for them. Then came the procession of alt boys, acolytes, priests and prelates, led by alt boys carrying the crucifix and lighted candl Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Keene broug up the rear of the procession with pages carryi the long trains of their scarlet-colored silken rob The chasubles of the priests who were to officia at the service of the mass were resplendent wi gold and stiff with embroidery. The members the procession stood within the sanctuary un Cardinal Gibbons had been seated upon his scar throne at the right of the high altar. Then beg the service of ritual and ceremony, coverings a uncoverings, kneelings and risings, chantings, bo ings, incensings and ring-kissing, so characteris of such occasions in a Catholic Church, and whi it would be folly for a non-Catholic to attempt describe.

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The Riverside, Where Prayer Was Wont to Be Made

All That Is Left of Ancient Philippi

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

PHILIPPI, THE CITY OF THE DEAD

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and President of the Christian Endeavor Society

EVERY man of European extraction may well pause in reverent gratitude for a moment as he remembers the first landing of Christian missionaries on European soil, so pregnant is that arrival with the mighty events of the future.

With that quartette of brave and unselfish adventurers, Paul and Silas and ...othy and Luke, came that which was to make Europe famous as the center ...ivilization for centuries to come. Her laws, her morals, her manners, her ... and architecture, her poetry, her prose literature, all landed with the ...ent of those four men upon her soil.

We do not know how Neapolis looked in Paul's time, though it must have ...n a place of some considerable importance, since the great Egnatian Way, ...plendid road paved with marble, and which stretched all the way from ...ne to this outermost boundary of Macedonia, ended here. This road, tra...sing the whole southern part of Italy, from the Mediterranean to Brindisi ...the Adriatic, began again after the interruption of the Adriatic at Dyrrha...um; then it went across the breadth of Macedonia to Thessalonica, Appolo..., Amphipolis, Philippi and Neapolis.

With all our modern pride in road building, since time began there has per...s never been constructed such a magnificent highway as this. Paul fol...ed it for many weary days in the journeys we are about ...describe, and the modern traveler in that land does not ... far away from it.

...n our journey following St. Paul, we arose early one ...ruary morning and left our fairly clean hotel in Ne...olis for four hours of travel over the modern road near ... Via Egnatia, which should take us to ancient Philippi. ...r vehicle was a somewhat dilapidated hack, such as ...ericans are familiar with at almost every considerable ...lway station, but a surprisingly comfortable convey...e for this part of the world. Rattling down some ...ep, roughly paved streets, we came to the center of the ... Neapolis, passed near the great Roman aqueduct, ...ich must have stood there in Paul's time, and ascended ...other steep street on the other side of the market place. ...Early as it was we found that the people of Kavalla ...re up and doing. The stalls of the fruit men were at...ctive with oranges, pomegranates, lemons and dates. ...e vegetable dealers displayed a tempting array of cauli...wers, cabbages, onions, okra, leeks and potatoes. As in ... Eastern cities, there was no privacy. The cook was ...paring his breakfast on the sidewalk; the shoemaker ... plying his awl; the tailor his needle; and the black...ith was shoeing his horses almost in the very street.

After passing some large modern tobacco warehouses ...d some fine homes belonging to the tobacco magnates, we ...me to the edge of the city and faced a tremendous rocky ...ll, seemingly composed of solid granite, on which not a ...de of grass or the smallest shrub could find lodgment. ...ack and forbidding is this great mass of rock, like the ...ack hills" of Montenegro. Beside the modern road, and not more than fifty ...rds away in many places, the old Roman road which St. Paul trod was ...inly visible. It is now so out of repair as to be impassable, and yet in some ...all stretches it is as smooth and as well paved as in the ancient days, though ...aw none of the marble slabs with which it is said to have been covered. To ...l that I was actually walking in the footsteps of St. Paul I descended from ...r ancient chariot and walked upon some of these stones of the old road.

Up, up, up, our horses toiled, until we reached the summit, and at the same ...he one of the most beautiful views which all Europe can furnish. Looking ...k we saw the busy city of Kavalla, made more enchanting by the distance. ...yond the city rippled the waters of the Ægean. To the east is Samothrace, ...ofty island, which for thousands of years has been a landmark for Greek ...riners. Thasos we could see to the southeast, an island famous in song ...d story and in actual history. Still further off we could see towering Athos ...ing more than six thousand feet above the sea, on whose precipitous sides ...less than 180 monasteries existed at one time, and where were preserved in ...ir famous libraries some of the most valuable Greek manuscripts. Even now the mountain shelters scores of monasteries and thousands of monks. When we turn about and look toward the west a scene of still greater historic interest is spread out before us. There is the wide, low, marshy plain of Philippi, where one of the most momentous battles in all history was fought. Here the Republicans of Rome, under Cassius and Brutus, met the Imperialists, marshaled by Octavius Cæsar and Mark Antony. Here the Republicans lost the battle. A glorious page of Roman history was turned and the monarchy with all its strength and might, but also with all its corruption, lust and cruelty, was established.

With the field of Philippi in plain sight we could read our Shakespeare with new interest. There on that field, according to the immortal bard of Stratford, Brutus soliloquized:

> Oh that a man might know
> The end of this day's business ere it come.
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

There on that field Cassius was killed with his own sword, and at his own command, by his slave Pindarus, while he exclaims: "Cæsar, thou art revenged, even with the sword that killed thee."

A Macedonian Turkish Woman Wearing the Yashmak

In order that the army might not be overwhelmed by the news of the death of their great leader, his body was secretly sent off to the island of Thasos while the battle was still raging. On that same field of Philippi Brutus killed himself by running upon his sword. "Brutus, the noblest Roman of them all!" as Antony said of him.

When the news of the disastrous battle of Philippi reached Portia, the wife of Brutus, in her island home at Nisida, near Pozzuoli, where afterwards Paul landed on his way to Rome, she killed herself by the most horrible of all suicidal methods, swallowing live coals of fire. Such were some of the tragedies connected with the bloody field of Philippi, a battle fought nearly a hundred years before St. Paul's arrival at the same historic city, which had then become a Roman colony.

We descended the steep slope of this spur of Mt. Pangaeus by zigzags, until we came to the marshy plain at its foot.

A few miles of a very tolerable road and we found ourselves on the site of ancient Philippi, a city which every student of St. Paul's life and letters must ever remember as conspicuous in the story of the great apostle. Here he preached with power and persuasive eloquence. Here he was arrested and cruelly beaten and imprisoned in a filthy dungeon. Here, through a direct interposition of providence, he was released, and there took place the wonderful conversion of his jailer, which has stood as a type of instantaneous conversion in all the ages since. To the church of Philippi he wrote one of his most inspiring epistles by which Christians for nearly two thousand years have been warned, encouraged and strengthened. But it must be acknowledged that Philippi in its present condition is one of the most dismal and dispiriting places in all Bible geography. It may well be called a City of the Dead.

At first sight, it seems as if there was absolutely no habitation of human beings within sight of ancient Philippi. On approaching nearer, however, one sees a little cluster of rude Turkish houses to the east of the ancient acropolis. Aside from this little hamlet, the only sign of a dwelling-place for man is a dirty khan. On the doorstep of the khan sits a dirty Greek in baggy Turkish trousers. Within is a smoky fireplace which sends more smoke out into the dingy room than goes up the chimney. Into the fireplace is built an ancient marble containing an inscription, which can still be read, if one brushes away the soot and dirt. Here the traveler may obtain a tiny cup of thick Turkish coffee for an extravagant price, and here our horses rest before we take up our journey again for Drama, the railway station some ten miles farther on. There is one redeeming feature about the site of ancient Philippi, and that is

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A NOBLE NOBLEMAN

A SERMON

BY

Rev. Richard W. Jungfer*

TEXT: "Go thy way; thy son liveth." John 4: 50

JESUS was very practical. He not only instructed his disciples in his doctrines concerning the everlasting truths of the kingdom of God, but he also sent them among the people to preach, to teach, and to work miracles. This they did, and they had splendid success. They returned with enthusiastic words: "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us." But this power was not always theirs. On one occasion a man brought his lunatic son to the Master, saying (Matt. 17: 16): "I brought him to thy disciples and they could not cure him." Jesus said to the father (Mark 9: 23): "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Jesus healed him and everybody marveled. Then his disciples came to him and said: "Why could not we cast him out?" And Jesus said: "Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you." In John 14: 12, Christ says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do," i.e., heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils.

The Promises for Us

Now we believe that these promises were not only to the disciples of his time but also to those of the present day. We believe that the words of Christ to his disciples at the institution of the communion are also to us, when he says, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." If we believe this one, then we can believe that all other promises are for us also. If we cannot do the works his disciples did, it is only because we do not fulfil the conditions. Since this nobleman's son was cured, as narrated in our text, he must have had all that was required. Let us therefore look at the man very closely to find out what he had and what we are wanting.

We see, first of all, that he humbled himself before the Lord. The nobleman's son was sick. Possibly it was his only son, and like Abraham of old he loved him with all his heart. He looked upon him as his heir and as the preserver of his family. Sickness and death, however, make no distinction between rich and poor, between high-born and lowborn, between young and old. The best physicians were called, everything that human science knew was tried. But instead of getting better the boy became worse. It was plainly to be seen that he would die. It was a terrible blow to the father; he could not realize it. In tearless grief he spent hours. What should he do? What could he do? Suddenly he aroused himself. Like a flash the thought of the Master had come to him. If any help could be had at all, he would be the only one to give it. Possibly he had seen the Master at work, maybe he had heard him preach, but like Nicodemus was afraid to confess him in public, or had been too proud to do so. The news of Jesus' whereabouts always spread over the surrounding country; therefore the news soon reached Capernaum that he had arrived in Cana. No sooner had the nobleman heard this than he decided to go there.

The Humbling of Pride

He sets forth; he arrives. The drift of the people guides him to the Master. He pushes himself through the crowd until he is before the Lord. He falls upon his knees; he raises his arms; he pleads with imploring look: "Lord, come down and heal my son, for he is at the point of death." What does he care if he belittles himself in the eyes of the multitude, or if he is ridiculed by his friends? What does it matter to him if he should become the laughing-stock of the entire country? What is it to him if he is despised henceforth by those of his rank and by his superiors? To many it would be worse than death. Now he is nothing but an anxious father, pleading with the Master for the life of his boy.

Aristocratic people are very proud. Only recently a young bride of the imperial house of Austria had to renounce her rank before she was allowed to marry her lover, himself a nobleman, but not of royal blood. It is the boast of the German emperor that his house has not been defiled by just such marriages. Many a child has been disowned because he married beneath his rank; many a parent has said to his child: "I would rather see you dead than to have you dishonor the family with such a disgraceful marriage." Such sentiments have been uttered in cases where the persons born outside of royal circles were of spotless character, finished education, great refinement and beauty. Herod the king was very proud; this nobleman was one of his household. But he put all that pride away when he came to Jesus. We must humble ourselves before God. If we come proud, like the Pharisee, boasting of the good works we have done, we will not be heard. If we come like the rich young ruler, conceited as he, stating, "All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" or if we come to Jesus in the haughty spirit of Pilate and Herod, we shall plead in vain; the Lord will surely work no sign. But if we come in the spirit of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner"; if we come in the spirit of Paul, who said, "I am not worthy to be called an apostle, I am sold under sin"; if we are as humble as John the Baptist, who did not think himself worthy to loosen the strings of the Master's shoes; if we are like Peter, who said, when he beheld the miraculous catch of fish, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," then and only then will Christ hear us. God spoke to Moses only after he had removed his shoes. God answered Samuel's prayers because he was humble. When Solomon styled himself God's servant and said of himself that he was but a little child, then God was pleased. Those who boast of their good works and are proud of them will ask in vain. Pride is foolish. God scorns the proud. Pride was the cause of the fall of man. How can such expect to be heard of God? Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. It is only the humble whose prayers God answers.

Continuing in Prayer

We see also of the nobleman that he kept on in prayer. There he knelt in the dust before the Lord, with his hands lifted up, begging, with tears in his eyes: "O Master, come down and heal my son, for he is at the point of death." Jesus knew that the father was speaking the truth, but he did not go according to his wish. He tarried and said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." This must have been a terrible experience for the poor father. It seemed as if the Lord did not want to help, and as if he were angry at the request. But the father did not give up; he did not run away; he was not sorry that he had humbled himself in the presence of all the people. No, he would continue to pray. And he did. He said, "Sir, come down ere my child die." Ah, there it is. We must not get tired and discouraged. If those Jews in Elijah's time who prayed to Baal from morning until evening in vain were not discouraged, then certainly we should not be, but should keep on in our petitions. The Jews in Egypt cried to God for deliverance year after year. Instead of being delivered, matters grew worse, but they continued, believing God's promise. The Canaanite woman kept on right along, although Christ paid no attention to her and discouraged her. God is able to do all; and the promise is to us that he will hear us. Therefore, keep on in prayer as long as you dare. But let us not be obstinate. If Christ prayed, "Father, not my will but thine be done," then it certainly behooves us to pray in that same spirit. Paul prayed to be delivered of the thorn in the flesh. But when the Lord said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," then he stopped. Some one has said that we shall thank God more for the things he did not grant than for those he gave us. Beloved, continue to pray as long as you dare. But never forget to follow Christ, who put his Father's will above his own.

Then, the nobleman had faith. The man had humbled himself: he had not been discouraged; he was indeed worthy to receive the grace of Jesus. Jesus said unto him, "Go thy way; thy son liveth!" The man believed his statement, and without a word he turned about. All his anxiety had gc he was in no special hurry to get back home. needed rest from his trip, and now was the tim get it. I believe he did this, as the word "yes day" is used in one of the following verses. son is well.

"Because of Your Unbelief"

His wife knows of her husband's anxiety. must get the news to him as soon as possible t the fever has left the boy and that he is well. sends the servants to Cana to bring the good n to her husband. They hurry on. The father them in the distance. What news do they bri As soon as they get sight of him they gesticul What can it mean? But he is not afraid. Ch had said, "Thy son liveth." As soon as the vants were within speaking distance they cr "Thy son liveth." They were astonished at tl master's passiveness. Can it be possible that does not believe them? Were his feelings chill But they would soon find out their mistake. inquired of them, "At what hour did he begir amend?" And they said unto him, "Yesterday the seventh hour the fever left him." Yes, t was the very hour the Lord had said to him, thy way; thy son liveth." He believed, theref he was helped. Unless we believe, Christ will help. All those that Jesus ever helped, believ "Thy faith has saved thee," is a phrase one reac number of times. Without faith it is impossi to please God. Surely God will help no one whom he is not well pleased.

A woman lived on the farther side of a hill on road to town. To get to town she had to fol the road around the hill or climb a pathway o it. It would have been much nicer if the hill w out of the way. She had heard that the Bible sa "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to y der place, and it shall remove." She thought would try it. If it wouldn't do any good, certai it wouldn't do any harm. So before she retir she asked the Lord to remove the hill. The f thing she did the next morning was to peep out the window to see how things were, and lo! the was at the same old place. Then she turned said, "I knew it would be there yet." Anybo who prays with such a spirit as this need ne expect any answer. Pray with the spirit of t little girl who came to prayer-meeting with a la umbrella; when she was asked what she wan with it since the sun was pouring down his ra she answered: "Why, are we not going to pray good Lord to send us rain?" Noah believed G that a flood would come. Abraham believed G that a son would be born to him. Let us also lieve that God is not only willing but also able help, and that with him nothing is impossible.

One of the Ten

Then we see that this nobleman glorified G When he came home he found his wife, his boy, servants waiting for him. His wife said: "Th of it, dear husband; our boy was delirious, thre ing himself around; his face was flushed. S denly he changed color and called for me. It around the seventh hour. I sent the servants bring you the news." Then the husband sa "Yes, my beloved; it was just at that hour wh the blessed Lord said to me, 'Go thy way; thy liveth!' The Lord be praised, the Lord be praise And he praised God; then his wife began, and boy and the servants all joined in. Jesus is w pleased when we thank him. Notice how kindly spoke to the healed leper, who returned to offer h thanks, and how sorry he was that he was the o one of the ten. Many are like these nine; they to him in time of need but forget him when h has come. In case of sickness people pay the d tor's bill, the druggist and the nurse; that is go But we should on no account forget the Lord. the people would do more of this, praising God word and deed, I believe that they would profit. our prayers are not granted, if the works are done to-day as they were in the time of Christ the apostles, it is we who are at fault. As to Lord, let us remember, "He is the same yesterd to-day and forever." His promises are for us j as much as they were for those who lived on ea when they were spoken.

* Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Manchester Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE flower by the wayside growing
Lifted its face to God,
passersby smile at the bit of brightness
beauty gave the sod.

tle word in thoughtful kindness spoken
ide glad a sorrowing heart,
those who heard it went their ways for-
getting
fe's bitterness and smart.

tle smile from one who was a stranger
ide glad a child's sad face,
lo! it was as if a day of sunshine
wned in the market-place!

tle word that angry thoughts made bitter
as spoken to a friend,
a hurt heart ached on in grieved, dumb
silence
ntil the long day's end.

tle frown from one of whom a comrade
ught help in time of need
hed the last hope of one whose heart was
starving
r kindly word and deed.

e little things of life—but, oh! how mighty
ey are for good or ill—
less or blight—to ease another's burden,
make it heavier still.

e it mine by deed or word of kindness
strengthen for the strife
hands and hearts that sorely lack the
courage
make the most of life.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

The "Handful Offering"

A PRETTY custom is the "handful thank-offering" initiated in the Girls' High School, Atlanta, Ga., some rs ago by the then principal, Miss geant, now Mrs. Fountain Rice. went to each class-room, suggest- that any girl wishing to express reciation of her own blessings of past year might bring to the ol a "handful" of something for very poor. This limitation was le so that the offering might not den any giver or her parents. The cipal also wished to teach the e of co-operation; to have her lars see how much good could be mplished by many working to- her, each doing a little. The girls d tables in the hallway of the ol on which to place packages, no e to be attached. Any girl find- it inconvenient to bring an article od might contribute a penny or

After the opening of school, con- utions were taken into a room, graduates, who gladly came and ed, put them in baskets, donated merchants. The penny contribu- s were sufficient to pay for delivery hese baskets.

orting things and putting right together was a task. Each basket given a portion of flour or meal; e cereal, tea or coffee, sugar, pota- , a can of corn or tomatoes or r vegetables, oranges or apples, , raisins, candy, crackers, pickles, es. "You would have thought we e running a grocery in the school!" hed one girl. Each basket held ugh for a dinner of three or four le, meat excepted. The baskets e all ready and on display in the at the hour of school's dismissal, hat the girls might see what they done. The tables overflowed, kets were piled up against the wall, spread about on the floor. The n of distribution was that each girl ht name some family whose cir- stances she or her mother had in- igated; from among these names, most worthy and needy were cted. Thus, the offering meant ble duty on the part of the girl and own self-giving. Their "handful" ring made them very happy. If same plan were adopted by the ol children of New York at Christ- time and their gifts distributed ugh the Bowery Mission, what a sing it would mean to many poor ilies!

THE UNKINDNESS OF IDOLS

PEOPLE are constantly getting the wrong angle and emphasis in considering the commands of God. We forget that the real point of every command is, not that God shall gratify himself, but that his creatures shall get what they need. God warns us from evil because it will hurt us, and woos us to good because it will make us eternally glad. "God is love." That is the real explanation of every law.

Take the commands about idolatry, voiced from Sinai in the words, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and echoed constantly through the Scriptures until John the Beloved Disciple wrote pleadingly, with age-stricken hand, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Why does not God want us to worship any other than himself? The reason given chiefly in the Old Testament was that he is a jealous God, and this is true. Intense jealousy is the companion of intense love. God loves us so much that he cannot bear to have us forsake him. And, dealing with the childish, primitive tribes of his chosen people, he must make them understand, first of all, that they must not forsake him because it is dangerous to do so. Yet even that is love. He wants his people now, as he wanted his people then, to keep themselves from other gods because the other gods will use them badly.

* * *

HEAR the thunders of the prophets against the worship of Moloch. Why did not God want his people to put their children in the fire in accordance with this grim ritual? Why? In the Old Testament we might have to search for the real reason. We can find it there; but in the New Testament we find it without searching. Was it not because he loved the little children? He did not want them to be burned up; he wanted them to live and laugh. He did not want the mother-arms emptied, the mother heart broken. "Don't put your children in the fire," he was pleading. "Keep them in your arms and teach them that I am kind."

Why did not John the Beloved Disciple want his younger companions in Christ to divide their affections between the Saviour and the world? Because he knew the world would disappoint them in the end. Riches? Poor solace at death. Honor? Pleasant enough, but a transient thing. "Keep yourselves from idols," he was saying, "because they will fail you. They cannot really comfort or protect you; God can."

We must not love any one more than we love God; we must not love any one so much as we love him. Why? Because when he is second or third all life is topsy-turvy. Because when he is second or third we do not get the most out of our very love for the others, and they do not get the most from us. No man ever loved his child or his wife less by making God first in his affections. To put him first makes us love every one, the near and the distant, more than we ever loved them before. Their love blesses and enriches our life then as it never could before we made him our heart's closest and fondest companion. And our love blesses them as it never could if we did not love him most of all.

* * *

ONE time a Christian woman was seeking a deeper religious experience. The evangelist conducting the altar service tried to tell her about consecration. She must give up all, he said, to God. But she told him of a little child at home. She loved that child more than she loved God. She could not bring herself to say that she was willing to give the baby to God if he should ask her to. The evangelist, in perplexity, asked his wife to come and try to guide the seeker. With womanly tact she got her to tell again the puzzle that was keeping her from a perfect surrender.

"But," said the evangelist's wife, "God doesn't want to kill your baby. He knows all about babies. He knows how to take care of them. He loves your child more than you can possibly love her. Won't you trust her to him?"

And the mother said yes. Of course the trouble vanished then, and there came a deep, strange, new peace into the woman's heart. Some time after that her baby became very ill. For days and nights its life hung in the balance. One night, after long watching, the doctor came from the child's bedside and took the mother into another room.

"Your baby will get well," he said. "This was the crisis night, and the crisis is passed. And now I want to tell you why it has passed safely."

She listened eagerly.

"You know," the doctor went on, "that the atmosphere of a home and of a sick-room has a great deal to do with a patient's recovery. Now, there has been a strange serenity about you all these days and nights while I have been fighting for your baby's life. You weren't nervous, or restless, or frightened. Some way there seemed to be peace all through the house. It was around the baby's bed all the time. And it saved her life."

God knew best. To put him first makes everything come right.

* * *

WE DO not often think of doubt as a form of idolatry, but in reality it is that. What is doubt? It is trusting or worshiping something else more than we trust and worship God. Doubt is not merely a negative thing; it is positive. The man who doubts is fixing his attention on some argument, or some object, some book, some person, some undefined mental misgiving, any one of a hundred wretched substitutes for God. "O Lord of hosts," cried the Psalmist, "happy is the man that trusteth in THEE." And only as we turn our eyes off from the things and the thoughts that produce doubt and fix them on the eternal God are we really worshiping him. To stop short of that is idolatry. And God longs that we shall not do so, because to stop short of him is to stop short of happiness. "Thou hast made us for thyself, O God," said Augustine, "and our hearts are restless till they rest in thee."

Often in our very efforts to be good we get into a sort of idolatrous bondage. We have vague and stern ideas about duty; troublesome convictions about self-abnegation; queer, mysterious, difficult fancies about guidance. We must beware. Through such gloom and under such bondage walk those who worship the wraiths of pagan deities. Not that kind of a God is ours; not such is the pathway trod by those whose fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. He asks us to give up nothing that is good. He "giveth us richly all things to enjoy." But he knows we can enjoy them to the full only as we are worshiping him loyally and loving him ardently. It is for our safety, our comfort, our strength, our success, our joy that he urges: "Keep yourselves from idols."

THE DEVIL'S MIRTH

WHEN the lights are shaded and glowing,
And the gold and diamonds shine;
When the dancing feet are slowing
'Neath the weight of the foaming wine,
Then the people toil in the dark and cold
(For they have no time to grieve):
'Tis the same sad story, never old;
And the devil laughs in his sleeve.

When the snow is drifting in crystals gay,
That fall on velvet and fur;
In the light of lamps that mark the way
Through the night's dark, gloomy blur,
There are other streets where people sigh,
That are dusky and round about;
Where the women faint and the children die,
While the devil's laugh rings out.

For the devil laughs at sorrow,
And the devil smiles at woe;
When there can be no to-morrow,
And there is no place to go.
Ah, if there is heaven o'er us
(And we know that it is on high),
Will the good Lord look down for us,
And hark to his children's cry?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR.

Bring Out Your Best

IT IS said that when Longfellow was at Harvard, he gave as a motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best there is in you." The counsel was worthy of the man, and enforced by his own noble life. The best in us is not the physical; the highest to which we can attain is not material good. Though these be so perfected as to leave nothing of the sort to be desired, yet if the spiritual functions be undeveloped, the spiritual potencies unenthroned, the real man, after all, does not come to the surface.

In the memorial chapel in Florence commemorating the family of the Medici are two sitting statues, and beneath each of them an allegorical group by Michael Angelo. The statues are of two of the later members of the family, Lorenzo and William. In one of the groups, representing Day and Night, is the recumbent figure of a man in which Angelo's art as a sculptor is seen at its best. The perfection of this figure in grace and strength and beauty of proportion is the admiration of all beholders. But it is strangely unfinished. Where the head should be, one sees only a rough, cubical block of marble with no semblance of a human countenance. Referring to "that ugly, shapeless mass, which should have been the crown and glory of the sculptured form, otherwise faultless in every line," a famous speaker said that he read in the figure an allegory other than the artist intended. It seemed to tell the story of many a human life in which the beautiful design of the Creator has been forever marred by the subjection of the higher to the lower nature. On every side we may see splendid animals called men, who appear to have in them now no more of the image of God than if their origin dated from the morning of the sixth day of creation, instead of the evening thereof. They seem to have divorced the "living soul" which God breathed into the human form when he made it a little lower than himself, crowning it with glory and honor and setting it over all the works of his hands. They live for the flesh and for the day. They eat and drink, labor and play, compete with one another and devour one another in the struggle for wealth or place; they seek to gratify all appetites and all ambitions, and when all is done, even when the highest success has been attained, what is the result but a mockery of manhood? To attain the full stature of man as the Creator meant we should, we must strive to bring out the best there is in us. Set yourself no lower standard. Be satisfied with nothing less.

A VOICE FROM BEYOND

Margaret Sangster's sweet book, *Twilight Tales*, comes as a voice, familiar and beloved, from the land of light and beauty into which she has entered. MRS. ANNA L. PRICE.
Marlinton, W. Va.

Feeding Starving Turkish Prisoners of War Who Are Willing Captives in the Bulgarian Lines

Hospital Attendants Taking Wounded from the Train

Photos copyright Geo. Grantham

Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria (the first lady at the left of the photograph) in One of the Hospitals

Three Brothers, All Wounded, Returning from the Front

THE PROGRESS OF OUR RELIEF WORK IN THE BALKANS

MEMBERS OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD RELIEF COMMITTEE GIVE INCIDENTS OF THE DESPERATE NEED AND OF THE PROGRESS OF THE RELIEF WORK. $1,000 MORE SPEEDS TO AID THE SUFFERERS

The Long Line of Turkish Refugees from Mustapha Pasha

WITH the deepening of winter throughout the Balkan Mountains the conditions against which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee is striving are becoming more and more aggravated. The continuation of the armistice has given the armies a chance for readjustment and to ship homeward all of the sick and wounded. This has relieved the stress at the front, but has increased the burden in the home towns and villages. Mr. Furnajieff, the chairman of the Relief Committee at Sofia, writes as follows:

"The wounded soldiers are filling the hospitals. Scores and hundreds are coming almost daily. As the interested public flocks to the railroad station to get a look at them one can hear sympathetic people give loud expression of their pity, not alone for the wounded, but for the loved ones at home, who are called upon to endure sore privations and sufferings as a direct result of the war.

"This afternoon I made a visit to one of the families in my parish. Their situation as a family is deplorable. The two sons upon whom rests the responsibility for the support of the family have both gone to war. The mother is so delicate that she can hardly help around the house; the father has been for months laid off because of a badly crippled foot; the two younger children, like all other children, are out of school, and the whole family eagerly looks for the scant earnings of one daughter, a private dressmaker, who is not sought after at this time because of the general depression of business. The situation is deplorable; but worst of all is that one of the sons has returned from the battlefield with a serious wound. God only knows what the end will be!

"On that same street, within a stone's throw, there is more suffering than I can express. An old woman, paralyzed, living alone in the room where her only son lived with her, passed day after day without food, or light, or fire. Her son has gone to the war, and she passes her days imagining his safe return, while night after night she dreams that he is numbered with the slain. Can THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers imagine the amount of joy a dollar would bring to her in supplying at least in part her bread and fuel?

"Next door to this house lives a widow with her mother of ninety-five years, and five small children. When I asked what this old mother of ninety-five needed most they told me a pair of stockings and shoes. She goes to the neighbors these cold and slushy days to warm her feet a little at their fire. This tells a sad story of privation. The income for the family was the rent of a room, but now that income has stopped, for the lodger, too, has gone to the war.

"Individual cases cannot do more than serve to illustrate the widespread poverty and misery that the war is creating. To-day I received from the commandant of the city a pass to all the hospitals. I am going to visit the poor homesick soldiers and write letters to their loved ones at home for them. They will want something to read, so I'll give them a tract or a part of the Gospels or a New Testament. But if they tell me, as I am sure they will, of children and wife left without provision, wood and clothes for the winter, what shall I say and do for them? Dear reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, can you instruct me what to do for them? This is not a case of 'tell,' but a case of 'give.' If I cannot give, I cannot benefit. With those contributions that have already come to us, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee is doing its best to purchase flour and wood and coal for the most needy as well as to furnish cheap, but warm, clothing."

Rev. Theo T. Holway, the American Board Missionary at Samokov, who is serving on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee, writing about the middle of November from his Bulgarian station, says:

"We rejoice that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has again, as so often in the past, come to the relief of the needy and the suffering. As to the need of this part of Europe now, and for some time to come, there can be no question. Even here in Bulgaria, where the foot of the invader has not trodden, there is already very much privation. Winter is at hand, and it is certain that the distress will continue long after the cessation of hostilities. The order for mobilization, issued September 30, met with an immediate and enthusiastic response. Within forty-eight hours all men subject to call, throughout the whole kingdom, left their work, and started to join the colors. The country was put under martial law. Banks and all other public institutions closed. Schools were shut up. Shops were abandoned. Salaries of government officials and employees (including those in telephone, telegraph and railroad services, schools and banks) ceased. Goods and provisions were requisitioned. Horses, buffaloes, oxen, carts and even donkeys were pressed into army service. Payments on debts were legally postponed for three months. Naturally all regular business came to a standstill. It is no light matter for nearly the whole male population between nineteen and forty-five to be taken suddenly out of their daily vocations. I myself know of several families where four, five and even six sons and the father have gone to the war. With wages cut off one can easily see the condition of those left at home.

"In the towns and cities official aid is being given. It is, however, far from sufficient; hence municipal help is given first to those whose wage-earners are in the army. But there are many more who are now deprived of the income they would ordinar get from work for their neighbors. This city, f instance, has about two thousand families; fo hundred of these families, whose wage-earners a at the front, are being helped by the city. It estimated, however, that such help will amount only about $7.50 each. There are still about t hundred families who have no bread-winners in t army, but who are still in great need owing to la of work, sickness, etc.

"So far no statistics have been allowed to be pu lished as to Bulgarian losses. But it is quite certa that our loss in killed and wounded must be ve great. Hundreds of Bulgarian homes have be bereaved; to thousands more the bread-winners w return crippled or ill.

"If there is much need here, Macedonia a Thrace—all of European Turkey—will have vast greater need. The action of the allied forces h been admirable so far as we can learn. No pilla ing has been allowed. But an army must be fe Often it tramples over fields, ruining the crops. consumes the stores on hand. It requisitions f future needs whatever it can obtain. Sometimes sweeps the country clean of stock, etc., etc. Ar unfortunately, there have been many men ma sacred by the Turks, many villages burned, ma places devastated. Many more have fled from the villages, disbelieving the sincere Bulgarian sta ments that they will be guaranteed security of li and property under Christian rule. Many more a sick and weak through exposure and hunger.

"One of our friends has just returned from t Djumáa Balá district, where he saw two Christi villages absolutely deserted—no living thing them except two kittens. The houses had be stripped. Another village had been burned to t ground. He also saw a Turkish village which h been deserted by its owners, in which, however, t 'furniture' remained. To the latter Servian v lagers had come from their own plundered home and also some Bulgarians from the above burn village. Hundreds of refugees, who fled to t mountains or who crossed the frontier into Serv and Bulgaria, are now returning to their devastat homes, and are in great need of help."

Mr. M. N. Popoff, whose accounts of the progre of evangelical work in Bulgaria have often a peared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sends us the f lowing incidents of the war:

"It is well known that in many places the Turk fled at the approach of the Bulgarian army. Suc was the case at Mustapha Pasha. There was suc a panic among the Turks that in their flight mothe left their children. Our soldiers along with th dead and wounded had to gather the crying babie

Continued on next page

THE PROGRESS OF OUR BALKAN RELIEF WORK

any a Bulgarian soldier considered it his duty to nd home a Turkish baby to be taken care of when discovered that its mother had abandoned it d could not be found. A cavalry lieutenant from fia added the other day to his family of six chil- en a seventh one—a Turkish baby girl. His horse ddenly shied, and the rider saw on the ground e baby, and jumped off to take it. Just at that oment a shell fell on the saddle of the horse. The aby saved the man's life. He left it in the care of Bulgarian woman in the city, and when after the ttle he could not discover its mother, he sent it to a wife to care for as one of her own.

"When King Ferdinand met the first wounded om the battlefield and decorated them, one turned him and said: 'As soon as I am well I will be back gain in the fight.' An elderly man was insisting being permitted to go as a soldier, but was re- sed on account of his age. Asked why he insisted much to enlist, he said: 'I want a cross either on y breast [a decoration] or on my grave.' With st such spirit all the allied armies have under- ken this war for the liberation of the oppressed."

The remittances which have gone during the last w weeks to the Relief Committee in Sofia have ached their destination safely and promptly rough the kindly agencies of Messrs. Cook & on, the world-famed travel experts. The trans- tlantic cable companies have an established rule at all messages authorizing the transfer of oney shall be sent in the words of a special code.

Under ordinary circumstances this works splendidly, but the Bulgarian Government, to safeguard its military secrets, has forbidden the despatch or receipt of any code messages. It looked for a time as if the remittances of our Relief Fund would have to go by the much slower method of the mails. Then it was learned that through the tourist agency the money could be sent by cable without running counter to the Bulgarian Government's ruling.

One thousand dollars more were sent this week, through the Cook agencies, for the relief of the sufferers.

The following additional contributions for the Balkan relief work have been received:

Mrs. Ida A. Simmons	$3.00	W. A. Flynn	5.00
J. Lowry	1.00	Mary E. Publes	2.00
Mrs. R. Pfaff	2.00	Mrs. Roger Moore	10.00
Dr. S. J. Harris	2.00	Geo. A. Ress and Wife	5.00
Mrs. E. L. Croft	4.00	R. N. Crooks	20.00
Mrs. E. J. Grimes	.25	Friends, Wilmington, O.	25.00
"Herald Reader," Mass.	1.00	"Yours for Christ"	5.00
R. T. Butman	2.00	"Reader," Orefield, Pa.	2.00
Mrs. E. J. Gartrett	5.00	C. R. Cearhart	10.00
Peter Taylor	1.00	Mrs. M. H. Hendron	2.00
A. W. Bugbee	2.00	—, Salem, O.	2.00
J. W. Blackwell	5.00	Mrs. B. F. Snowe	10.00
A. J. Vaughn	5.00	Sophia X. Simmons	2.50
Mary Stibal	5.00	Lydia Youngworth	1.00
J. W. Clarkson	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. A. Mottaz	10.00
"Dorothea," N. Y. City	5.00	E. J. Turner	5.00
F. L. Lake	5.00	Margaret McGregor	1.00
Lizzie H. Gey	5.00	Mary Cornish	1.00
"Wisconsin Friends"	12.00	Robert Heron	1.00
Mrs. N. McVicar	6.00	Mrs. M. E. Kirkwood	2.00
"A Widow," Brooklyn, N Y	2.00	Daniel Pierson	4.00
Grace M. Miller	1.00	M. W. L.	15.00
Mrs. S. E. Coffman	1.00	Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt	.50
C. L. Lister	2.00	Miss J. H. Mason	5.00
Henry Reichelt	5.00	Mrs. Helen A. Wood	1.00
M. H. Belz	10.00	Mrs. M. A. Gronow	1.00
"A Friend," Providence, R. I.	3.00	Wm. Woodside	2.50
Mrs. Mary Boggs	1.00	"A Friend," Newark, N J	5.00
Gabriel Schiesser	3.00	Miss Annie Woolfenden	2.00
Miss A. U. Woodson	1.00	"The Sycamores"	2.00
L. N., Westerville, O.	1.00	X. Y. Z.	1.00
Dora A. Fritch	1.00	H. A. C.	.50
Mrs. Chas. A. Howell	2.00	A. A. H.	1.00
Rev. Jacob Hurrel	2.00	T. R. McN.	1.00
Mrs. A. W. Mapes	10.00	G. H. S.	2.00
Mrs. Sarah Hildebrand	5.00	Friend	2.50
Miss E. A. Alden	10.00	O. K.	10.00
Miss Elizabeth B. Clark	10.00	Cyrus H. Cline	2.00
Charlotte Weaver	2.00	Miss Adelaide D. Swift	2.00
Mrs. H. C. Edgett	1.00	Mrs. F. A. French	1.00
Mary E. Parker	1.00	Mrs. Mary M. Grant	1.00
Mrs. Raymond Hodges	2.00	S. M., Brilliant, Ohio	2.00
Mary E. Davis	5.00	George Clynick	1.00
M. A. Reed	1.00	Mrs. D. B. Truss	1.00
—, Rosiere, New York	1.00	Lina Johnson	1.00
Marion Seisk	1.00	Mrs. O. Carlson	1.00
Carl E. Ericson	2.00	Mrs. Eklund	1.00
J. H. Orne	1.00	L. M. Wagley	1.00
Mrs. J. T. Robinson	5.00	Baraca Class of Hawesville Baptist Church	5.50
Mrs. C. Cornuand	1.00	Doris Chapman	1.00
Mrs. S. S., Easton, Pa.	1.00	A. L. Whitcomb	2.00
F. W. Herzberger	1.00	Mrs. E. M. Burtless	5.00
Mrs. R. E. Leonard	5.10	"In His Name," Portland, Me.	2.00
Wm. W. Hammond	25.00	P. G. Ingalls	1.00
Wm. L. Jones	10.00	Fanny Swan	1.00
Mrs. S. A. Richardson	7.00	D. W. Wyant	2.00
Rev. E. Roglin	5.00		

All remittances should be addressed to The Balkan Relief Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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Refugee Families Saving Their Household Goods from Their Ruined Homes

Copyright, Geo Grantham Bain

Wounded Bulgarians Listening to the War News Read from a Sofia Newspaper

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. PAUL

Continued from page 1265

ie river side, which is beautiful now as in the days hen Paul met Lydia of Thyatira and the other omen beside its banks, in "the place where prayer as wont to be made."

Beyond this river, the Zygactes, to the south tretches a great level plain often flooded in the inter time and only partially capable of cultiva- ion on this account. Beyond the plain rises a triking mountain which the proprietor of the khan old us was called Bounar Dagh or the Mountain f Fountains. Indeed, this whole region might be alled the Plain of the Springs.

So long has Philippi been used as a quarry by he villagers and the tombstone seekers in all that egion that little is left to mark the site of the once amous Roman colony. The one exception to this tatement is a striking ruin, supposed to be the alace of the governor of Philippi, near which it is hought by some was the prison of St. Paul. All his, however, is mere conjecture. Yet this must ave been some building of marked importance, as shown by the enormous stones used in its construction; so huge that the iconoclasts who have arried off the rest of Philippi were evidently aunted at the thought of their removal.

Some of these stones that I measured were welve feet in length and four feet thick. Here, oo, are several great springing arches with fine rnamentation visible in many places. This one uin gives the traveler some faint idea of what the ity of Philippi must have been in Paul's time. It as the "first city of the province," as the Bible ells us. After the great battle to which we have lluded, Octavius made it a Roman colony, and any of his veterans were established there. Streets and houses crowded up the slope from the lain to the top of the hill," we are told, "which as crowned by a huge dark castle. Stone walls f great thickness went all around to protect the ity from attack."

We need not dwell long upon the familiar story f St. Paul in Philippi. There was no Jewish synagogue in the city, and so he went to the Proseucha, the Jewish place of prayer by the river bank. Here he found Lydia, who had come from far-away Thyatira, a long journey in those days. She was probably a widow of business ability, and doubtless of some considerable property, since she dealt in the finest of wares, and to carry her stock in trade must have required some capital. The madder root from which the so-called purple Thyatira dye was made still grows abundantly in the neighborhood of Lydia's own city, and I was able, after leaving Philippi, when visiting Thyatira, to obtain some of the dye root such as colored Lydia's cloths.

But Lydia was not the only godly woman who lived in Philippi. Euodia and Syntyche were also in that little group. It is worth while to note the exceedingly quiet, simple beginning of Gospel work in Europe. Four men from Asia and a few open-hearted women apparently made up the whole of that first congregation of believers. Thus begins every great reform; every far-reaching movement in the religious world.

But the Gospel was not to have free course in Philippi. A poor slave girl, who had the powers of a ventriloquist, and, because of that, impressed the people with the belief that she had miraculous gifts of divination, heard Paul and cried out, "These men are the servants of the most high God!" Thus she continued to cry day after day until rebuked by Paul.

It is thought by some that she then lost her power as a ventriloquist, or else failed to use them to impose upon the people, and thus was no longer of value to her masters. They raised a riot. The Christians were accused of disturbing the peace of the city and teaching unpatriotic truths. They were beaten and thrown into prison, but their undaunted spirits could not be quelled. In the long, weary night, when perhaps their bruised bodies prevented them from sleeping, they prayed and sang the hymns of Zion. We do not know what they sang, but very likely this Psalm of David's: "O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve those that are appointed to die." "The Lord helpeth them to right that suffer wrong; the Lord looseth men out of prison; the Lord careth for the righteous."

If this was the Psalm it was a prophecy as well as a song, for very soon the Lord did loose the prisoners, and, through the great earthquake that shock the prison walls and opened the prison doors, Paul and Silas were released. Through the same marvelous circumstance the jailer and his family were led to accept the apostles' teaching and be baptized, and the prætors of the city, learning now that their prisoners were Roman citizens, and that in beating them without a trial they had laid themselves liable to severe punishment, came to the prison and humbly begged Paul and Silas to leave the city. This they could not or would not do at once, but going to the house of the faithful Lydia they abode for some days longer, before pursuing their journey to Thessalonica.

During these days was laid the foundation of the most beloved of all Paul's churches, the one to which he wrote his most affectionate epistle; the church of which he could say: "I thank my God upon *every* remembrance of you, always, in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy, for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now." He tells them that they "shine as lights in the world in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation." He praises them for their liberality, as the only church that had "communicated with him as concerning giving and receiving"; the church that had "sent once and again to his necessities."

We can imagine that the aged prisoner in the Roman dungeon, as he wrote to the beloved Christians of this church, with unusual emphasis and joy closed his letter with the gracious words: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. . . . The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Responsibility of Wealth

LORD BACON called wealth "the baggage of virtue," the impedimenta which, though the owner would not willingly spare it, he can leave behind when it hinders his progress. Great riches have little real use except in the distribution. A wiser than Bacon asked concerning riches: "What hath the owner thereof save the beholding of it with his eyes?" Wealth to-day is the goal of a very large part of the human race; the making of money is the objective point of their existence. A few days ago, a young man in New York attained his majority and became the possessor of $100,000,000 inherited from his father. With one of the vastest of fortunes at command, he also has a correspondingly vast responsibility. He can buy and sell, speculate and invest, and with such resources at hand he can in a few years possibly double his inheritance. On the other hand, if he regard his wealth as a sacred trust, he may be the means of doing infinite good with it even if he does not increase it. In the hands of a man or woman of enlightened and noble mind, wealth becomes a public benefaction. There is misery in the world to be relieved, education to be promoted and many good causes that call for material encouragement. If the possessor of wealth have in him the spirit of Christ, he can make his life a blessing. He can become a benefactor to multitudes, a strong helper in all worthy enterprises, and the world will be the better for his having lived.

Great wealth has its perils and not the least among them is that, in shallow minds, possession breeds selfishness and incapacity, takes away the desire for worthy achievement and makes the owner the servant instead of the master of his fortune. To many it is simply a means of gratification and indulgence, instead of being the key to a career of usefulness. Not money itself, but the love of it, is "the root of all evil," and the relation between wealth and the mind and character of its possessor determines whether in his case it is an evil or the reverse. The young man whose "great possessions" drew him away from Christ was a type of the selfish rich, who cannot distinguish between affluence and character. Let us so use the means at our disposal that when we come to give an account of our stewardship we may be found worthy of commendation instead of condemnation.

A Defender of Lynch Law

GOVERNOR BLEASE of South Carolina is an outspoken executive. He served notice on the Governor's Congress at Richmond, Va., a few days ago that there would be no punishment of lynchers of negro assailants of white women in his State, with his approval at least; in other words, that lynching under such conditions would be considered no crime in South Carolina. This is a bad precedent and one which fortunately is not shared by the executive of any other State as far as heard from. Law should be supreme, and for a governor to contend that lynching, even for a heinous offense, is not a crime is an open encouragement of lawlessness. Such sentiments from the lips of an executive are equivalent to a surrender of the judicial functions to the hands of any mob that might be gathered in a time of excitement, and which might wreak its vengeance upon the innocent as well as the guilty. It is putting into the hands of the mob the power which belongs exclusively to the courts, and for the exercise of which they are created. From the standpoint of the sentimentalist the governor may be right; but as the legal executive of a sovereign State, he is altogether wrong in encouraging the people to ignore the regularly constituted channels by which alone the guilt or innocence of any accused may safely be decided.

Privileged Criminals

THAT the possession of wealth and influential friends can often be depended upon to save a criminal from many of the discomforts attaching to his crime, is again illustrated in the case of Charles F. Hyde, former Chamberlain of the City of New York, who was lately convicted of bribery while in office and committed to the Tombs awaiting sentence. Hyde was lodged in comparative luxury in the warden's quarters of the prison, surrounded by comforts which the ordinary inmate of a cell could not hope to enjoy. His case will probably lead to a searching investigation of the management of the city prison. This is not the first occasion in which the Tombs authorities have been persuaded to make imprisonment less of a hardship for a favored class of criminals than the law directs. Even rich convicts should be made to know that the Tombs is a prison, and not a fashionable hotel. It is the old story, which makes jail mean one thing for the poor and another thing for the rich. An enormous amount of money is said to have been expended in the effort to save Hyde, and attempts will be made to delay as long as possible his ultimate sentence and commitment to State prison. Meanwhile, his brief enjoyment of the "suite de luxe" in the Tombs will probably bring about an official shake-up, with the introduction of rules that will compel wardens to deal with law-breakers on an equal basis.

Our Balkan Relief Fund at Work

LETTERS from our relief committee in the Balkans, written from Sofia and Samokov, give pathetic accounts of the suffering caused by the war. Many thousands are starving and destitute. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week cabled a fourth remittance ($1,000) to the Committee, which is doing excellent work. Our contributors have the satisfaction of knowing that their gifts, undiminished, are already being converted into the necessaries of life for many poor families, and are also being applied to the comfort of the wounded. There is no distinction of race or creed in this Christlike benevolence. We are glad that the generosity of our people is so deeply stirred in behalf of these poor sufferers, a great proportion of whom are innocent victims of the war. We trust that the responses to our appeal will be so prompt and generous that we can send a good-sized weekly remittance to Pastor Furnajieff and his associates, to speed the good work with all haste. A gift now may save a life; a few weeks hence it may be too late. Remember, "He that gives quickly gives twice." Every contribution will be acknowledged.

The Rise of the Farmer

IN THE annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, just issued, there are many points from which the farmer as well as the great body of consumers may draw encouragement. This has been the most productive agricultural year in the history of the country. "The men behind the plow," writes the secretary, "have filled the nation's larder and crammed the storehouses, and will send liberal supplies to foreign countries. Farm prices generally are more profitable than before; during the last sixteen years the wealth production of farms has increased 141 per cent. Increased production of crops is the greatest aid toward the reduced cost of living." To the training afforded by agricultural colleges and experiment stations and the wider publicity given in agricultural literature these improved conditions are largely attributable, and the output will continue to increase as practical ways and means become better understood by the farmer. Only a few years ago, intensive agriculture was a novelty. Dry land problems are now being solved in a practical way. Disease in the fields is more successfully combated than before. "Taking care of the soil," the secretary declares, "is the first consideration in the conservation of our resources." In the work of the department over 130,000 farmer correspondents have contributed much enlightening information concerning conditions of production. Three thousand country bankers have also materially aided in showing the financial status of the average farmer. Seventy-seven per cent. of the farm owners and 46 per cent. of the tenants are reported as men of substantial means. That the tiller of the soil has kept pace with the progress in all lines of industry is made clear from the record which Secretary Wilson sums up as follows: Sixteen years ago there was an annual farm production worth $4.000,000,000, which has now grown to $9,532,000,000. There has been an uplift of agriculture and of country life. The farmer is a national factor of growing importance. He is coming into his own.

Why Not?

The wealth of the city is not in its buildings, not in its banks but in the boys and girls, and the ideals in their lives. These ideals are the things that we neglect most.

THIS is not a paragraph from a sermon, but the expressive language used by the First Assistant District Attorney of New York City in an address recently delivered before a gathering of professional men, who cheered it to the echo. Then the speaker, Mr. Frank Moss, proceeded to say:

> The grist of the mills of the seven courts in the Criminal Courts Building is boys and lads. A recent grand jury investigation declared that the city is full of gangs of boys. These gangs are not handled by the blue-coated men in the Police Department or touched by the detectives, but are allowed to grow up to produce a great mass of criminals willing to do anything.

His remedy? A mayor, with a heart full of love for the children; good men with ideals as heads of every city department; honest officials, whose public life and conduct would be a living example and an inspiration; every branch of the city government so conducted that the environment of childhood and youth would be bettered, instead of being totally neglected as now; and finally, the introduction of a system which would bring the young into personal contact with those whose duty it should be to love and care for them, to awaken in them true manly ideals of life and to instil a proper horror of lawlessness and crime. "Is such a condition of things attainable?" some will ask. Well, it is surely worth the experiment.

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OUR NEW PREMIUM BOOKS

Orders are coming in fast now for our three great premium books, *The Pictorial Life of Christ* with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at $3.00; *The Portrait Life of Lincoln* with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at $2.00, and *The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton* with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at $2.00. For full description see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for November 27.

Whichever you choose, you are sure to be pleased with your selection. *The Pictorial Life of Christ* you will count among your greatest book treasures. *The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton* will be equally interesting to women, men, boys and girls. It tells you about all the strange customs and beliefs of the South Sea Islanders, tracing many of them back to Hebrew ancestry and the days of King Solomon. The first edition of these books is now being rapidly distributed. We need hardly add that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC FOR 1913 is sent free to every subscriber, old or renewal, whether with or without premium.

—A SPECIAL MESSAGE to Congress, sent in by President Taft on December 3, makes an elaborate explanation of our foreign policy, which has resulted in the recognition of this country as a "peer in the great concourse of nations." In describing the country's commercial progress, the President says our policy has been to substitute "dollars for bullets"—which has at least the merit of frankness. The message reviews the various successful efforts for peace on the part of our government, especially in South American countries. In closing, it refers to the approaching completion of the Panama Canal as an event which will "mark a new era in our international life," and establish conditions for which we must prepare ourselves.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

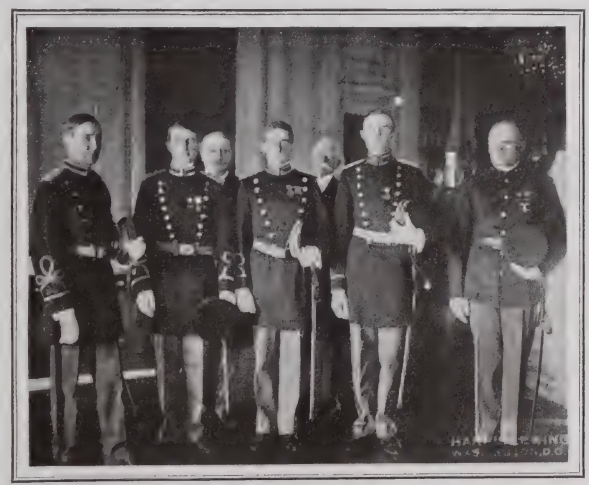
CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Medals to Army Officers

The Medal of Honor

PRESIDENT TAFT decorated with medals five officers of the United States army at the White House on November 23. The decoration was a coveted medal bestowed upon the men for conspicuous bravery. This medal has been given to but few men in the army, and there are perhaps not more than thirty-five men in active service who have received it. All five of the officers were summoned from their posts in the Far West to receive the decoration. Captain Julian Gaujot of the First Cavalry received the medal for going alone under fire into the federal garrison at Douglas and persuading the remnant of the Mexican Government forces to surrender to him before they were all killed by the insurgents. Captain Archie Miller, Lieutenant Arthur H. Wilson, Lieutenant John T. Kennedy and Quartermaster Sergeant Joseph Henderson, all of the Sixth Cavalry, were given the medal of honor for the capture of a famous Moro pearl pirate who intrenched himself on a rocky island in the Malay Archipelago. England has the Victoria Cross, more highly prized than any honor in the British service. It is bestowed for the risking of life for another in action, the risk being by fire, flood, bullet or weapon of steel. Germany, France, Russia, and other nations have similar decorations for conspicuous bravery. We have a splendid army and navy of intelligent, loyal and brave men. They are the pride and boast of the people whose government they defend. The nation congratulates the five officers who received the medal for their conspicuous courage. There is very great need of courage upon the part of the soldiers of the cross. The moral evils are so large and strong, they are so insolent and aggressive, they are so malicious and destructive that it behooves every officer and soldier in the army of the Lord to fight, and fight bravely and desperately, to save the young and the old from moral and spiritual destruction. And the Ruler has a decoration ready to bestow upon such bravery. Such bravery and its reward are recorded by the great hero:

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day. (II. Tim. 4:7, 8.)



The Officers and Non-Commissioned Officer Awarded the Medal of Honor

Cost of Living Compared

IN THESE days of well-nigh universal complaint at the high cost of living, it is interesting to read the letter of an optimist to one of the daily papers claiming that the price of living in 1872, a number of years after the Civil War, was greater than it is now. "I have lived some seventy years and my memory is good. I quote you some figures taken from 1872, and apply them to the same articles of to-day. On the same day in 1872 I paid as follows: For three tons of coal, $48; one barrel of flour, $16.25; two bushels of potatoes, $5.50. In the same month I paid as follows: For one pair of shoes, $5.50; one felt hat, $4; one suit of not all-wool clothes, $35; one quarter (front) of beef, 150 pounds, at 14 cents, $21; one pig, 175 pounds, at 12 cents, $21; total, $156.25. The same cost to-day: Three tons of coal, $18; one barrel of flour, $6.25; two bushels of potatoes, $1.60; same quantity of front quarter of beef, at 12 cents, $18; same quantity of pork, at 9 cents, $15.75; one pair of better shoes, $4; one hat of better quality, $2.25; one suit of better quality and make, $24; total, $89.85. In favor of to-day, $66.40." Whatever may have been the cost of living in inflated periods of the past, it is ever so much too high now, and it will be worth while for the statesmen, the philanthropist, the reformer, to seek carefully the cause and undertake a remedy. It must not be forgotten that the utilization of the waste from the appetites and armaments alone would contribute immensely to the nation's material wealth and happiness. The cost of living in Samaria was thus explained:

And the people went out, and spoiled the tents of the Syrians. So a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the word of the Lord. (II. Kings 7: 16.)

Lungfish from Africa

A FISH that can live out of water for months, possibly for a year, has recently been added to the American Museum of Natural History. It came from Africa. The specimen is called a lungfish, because when out of water it inhales air as if it were a land animal, though when in the water it breathes through gills. The fish was received at the museum in a dormant condition coiled up in a cocoon, deeply sunken in a clod of earth which had been dug up from a dried-up river bottom in Africa. When received at the museum the cake of earth showed a little tunnel-like opening where the fish burrowed in the soft mud and through which later it secured its supply of air. As far as is known this is the second specimen of a lungfish ever brought to this country, and will be viewed with great interest by the many visitors to the museum. The variety of God's handiwork in the creation of fishes is illustrated in the prophet's description of the fishermen and their successful hauls:

Their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many. (Ezek. 47: 10.)

A Fitting Monument

THIRTY years ago Bishop and Mrs. Ridley undertook a most difficult and perilous task in a mission at the north of British Columbia. The burden fell largely on the shoulders of Mrs. Ridley. She so lived Christ among the Indians and miners that they almost worshiped her. And when after many years of service she died suddenly, the whole region for a hundred miles around was thrown into the deepest mourning. "Our mother gave her life for us," the natives said. "You now give her body to our keeping. Her grave will be holy. Now we have seen pure feet walking in the way. She kept all the commandments of God. We never saw it so before." At the northernmost point of British Columbia's seacoast there stands a white marble cross as a memorial of the Christly Mrs. Ridley, who gave her life to save others, and who emphasized the apostle's argument for martyrdom:

Because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. (I. John 3: 16.)

Typhoon Swept Philippine Islands

BY a telegram received at Washington it was learned that a terrible typhoon swept parts of the Philippine Islands late in November, causing an enormous loss of life. The figures of the dead have been placed as high as 15,000. The storm swept the Visayas, and is said to have practically destroyed Tacloban, the capital of Leyte, and to have wrought immense damage at Capiz, the capital of the province of Capiz. Tacloban has a population of 12,000, and Capiz of 20,000. The typhoon swept in a southerly direction, crossing the island of Leyte, going on to Panay and along the coast to Mindanao. Iloilo, where the damage is said to be greater, is one of the most fertile provinces of the Philippine Islands, with vast sugar and hemp plantations owned largely by natives, with a sprinkling of former American soldiers as land-owners. The Federal Government in the Philippines and at Washington has done all in its power to relieve the suffering and repair the damage. The people of America feel deeply for the sufferers from the terrible typhoon. There are storms in the air of the material and spiritual world. They are necessary for its purification. As with most other blessings, they carry their perils, which have to be guarded against. The storm is the expression of the Almighty Power. The prophet calls it so:

The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. (Nah. 1:2.)

Dr. Eliot's Unsound Religion

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT, president emeritus of Harvard, addressed the Unitarian ministers in Canning Hall, Boston, the other day, and has this to say on the kind of teaching he thought was needed in mission work in converting the heathen Chinese. He denied the teaching of the English prayer book, and the existence of hell he called a most horrible doctrine. He said: "You cannot go to these Chinese or Japanese with doctrines that are mere traditions. Take the doctrine of justification by faith, or the atonement, or the doctrine of the Trinity, etc. These are not acceptable to the Chinese or Japanese minds. They find more in Confucianism or Buddhism. But tell them that you believe in good works and that you do not accept the inferiority of women, and then they listen to you." Dr. Eliot is a man of fine character, and his opinion on many subjects would be of great value. But as a theologian he is no authority whatever. He must himself know that the cardinal doctrines he so glibly denied at the meeting in Boston are the ones that have built ninety one-hundredths of all the Christian churches in America and the world, have sent almost all the dear men and women to Gospel fields, and have redeemed almost all of the converts in heathen lands. To take the divinity and atonement of Christ out of the Bible and from the minister, the church, the mission, and the heathen convert would be to leave nothing worth while. Would the wise teacher offer the bum of the Bowery or the opium fiend of Canton good works, which he cannot perform without the divine life and love to regenerate him, or female suffrage as a remedy for his fatal spiritual malady? Or would the true minister offer the man with better dress and surroundings, whose heart before God is as black as the charred wrecks of appetite, cold morals and woman suffrage instead of a crucified Christ as a remedy? To take female suffrage and the doctrine of good works as a novelty to China, which has had no religion but good works for four thousand years, as a substitute for the heavenly Father's love in the gift of his Son on the cross would be simply ridiculous and a betrayal of a solemn trust as well. The missionaries on the ground are wise enough to minimize denominational differences, to present the live truths in terse, strong language rather than in involved theological formulas, but they have never been guilty of the folly or sin of denying the cardinal doctrines of their religion and bringing them down to the low levels of the morals of Confucianism, or of the equality of the sexes. A majority of the ministers and church members at home and in the foreign field believe the truth of the apostle's words:

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. (Acts 4: 12.)

POLLYANNA

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Story of Marco," "Into Still Waters," "The Transformation of Margaret," etc.

A SERIAL STORY. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STOCKTON MULFORD

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Pollyanna, eleven years old, comes East to live with her aunt, Miss Polly Harrington, of Beldingsville, Vt. Miss Harrington is a lady of most unlovely and ungenerous character, though she believes herself to be a very good woman, and tries vigorously to do in every case what she believes to be her duty. She has consented to receive Pollyanna at the request of the Ladies' Aid Society of the small Western town where the child's father had been pastor of a poor mission church. Her mother had died some years earlier, her father but recently. The young wife had never received her family's forgiveness for marrying the poor minister. But now Miss Harrington consents to receive the little girl and directs her servant Nancy to prepare a small attic room for her. She wishes to put her at a distance from her own apartments and avoid the risk of her marring the valuable furnishings of any other room. Nancy is sent to the station to meet Pollyanna. From every fresh disappointment she rallies amazingly, always finding something to be glad about. She explains that this is a game which her father had taught her and played with her. Nancy agrees to try to play the game, too. Forbidden to open the window of her attic room because the fly screens had not arrived, Pollyanna goes out on the porch roof to sleep there. She is brought back by the alarmed household. Her aunt finds it difficult to punish her, for the punishment appears to Pollyanna to be a reward. Pollyanna takes jelly to bed-ridden Mrs. Snow, who always wants something different from what is sent, and wheedles her into having her hair dressed and her curtains raised. She also meets a mysterious silent Man and after a number of one-sided salutations makes him talk to her.

CHAPTER IX

A Surprise for Mrs. Snow

THE next time Pollyanna went to see Mrs. Snow, she found that lady, as at first, in a darkened room.

"It's the little girl from Miss Polly's, mother," announced Milly in a tired manner; then Pollyanna found herself alone with the invalid.

"Oh, it's you; is it?" asked a fretful voice from the bed. I remember you. Anybody'd remember you, I guess, if they saw you once. I wish you'd come yesterday. I wanted you yesterday."

"Did you? Well, I'm glad 'tisn't any farther away from yesterday than to-day is, then," laughed Pollyanna, advancing cheerily into the room, and setting her basket carefully down on a chair. "My! but aren't you dark here, though? I can't see you a bit," she cried, unhesitatingly crossing to the window and pulling up the shade. "I want to see if you've fixed your hair like I did—oh, you haven't!—but never mind; I'm glad you haven't, after all, 'cause maybe you'll let me do it—later. But now I want you to see what I've brought you."

The woman stirred restlessly.

"Just as if how it looks would make any difference in how it tastes," she scoffed. But she turned her eyes toward the basket. "Well, what is it?"

"Guess! What do you want?" Pollyanna had skipped back to the basket. Her face was alight.

The sick woman frowned.

"Why, I don't want anything, as I know of," she sighed. "After all, they all taste alike!"

Pollyanna chuckled.

"This won't. Guess! If you did want something, what would it be?"

The woman hesitated. She did not realize it herself, but she had so long been accustomed to wanting what she did not have, that to state offhand what she did want seemed impossible—until she knew what she had! Obviously, however, she must say something. This extraordinary child was waiting.

"Well, of course, there's lamb broth—"

"I've got it!" crowed Pollyanna.

"But that's what I didn't want," sighed the sick woman, sure now of what her stomach craved. "It was chicken that I wanted."

"Oh, I've got that, too," chuckled Pollyanna.

The woman turned in amazement.

"Both of them?" she demanded.

"Yes—and calf's-foot jelly," triumphed Pollyanna. "I was just bound you should have what you wanted for once; so Nancy and I fixed it. Oh, of course, there's only a little of each—but there's some of all of 'em. I'm so glad you did want chicken," she went on contentedly, as she lifted the three little bowls from her basket. "You see, I got to thinking on the way here—what if you should say tripe, or onions, or something like that, that I didn't have! Wouldn't it have been a shame—when I'd tried so hard," she laughed merrily. "How do you do today?" she finished in polite inquiry.

"Very poorly, thank you," murmured Mrs. Snow, falling back into her usual listless attitude. "I lost my nap this morning. Nellie Higgins next door has begun music lessons, and her practicing drives me nearly wild. She was at it all the morning—every minute! I'm sure, I don't know what I shall do!"

Pollyanna nodded sympathetically.

"I know. It is awful! Mrs. White had it once—one of my Ladies' Aiders, you know. She had rheumatic fever, too, at the same time, so she couldn't thrash 'round. She said 'twould have been easier if she could have. Can you?"

"Now you don't look as if you'd be glad even for calf's-foot jelly"

"Can I—what?"

"Thrash 'round—move, you know, so as to change your position when the music gets too hard to stand."

Mrs. Snow stared a little.

"Why, of course I can move—anywhere, in bed," she rejoined a little irritably.

"Well, you can be glad of that, then, anyhow; can't you?" nodded Pollyanna. "Mrs. White couldn't. You can't thrash when you have rheumatic fever—though you want to something awful, Mrs. White says. She told me afterwards she reckoned she'd have gone raving crazy if it hadn't been for Mr. White's sister's ears—being deaf, so."

"Sister's—ears? What do you mean?"

Pollyanna laughed.

"Well, you see, Miss White was deaf—awfully deaf; and they had such an awful time making her understand anything, that after that, every time the piano commenced to play across the street, Mrs. White felt so glad she could hear it, that she didn't mind so much that she did hear it, 'cause she couldn't help thinking how awful 'twould be if she couldn't hear anything, like her husband's sister. You see, she was playing the game, too. I'd told her about it."

"The—game?"

Pollyanna clapped her hands.

"There!—I 'most forgot; but I've thought it up, Mrs. Snow—what you can be glad about. It's this: I thought—how glad you could be—that other folks weren't like you—all sick in bed like this, you know," she announced impressively.

Mrs. Snow stared. Her eyes were angry.

"Well, really!" she ejaculated then, not quite agreeably.

"And now I'll tell you the game," proposed Pollyanna, blithely confident. "It'll be just lovely for you to play—it'll be so hard. And there's so much more fun when 'tis hard! You see, it's like this." And she began to tell of the missionary barrel, the crutches, and the doll that did not come.

The story was just finished when Milly appeared at the door.

"Your aunt is wanting you, Miss Pollyanna," she said, still in the tired voice she had spoken in before. "She telephoned down to the Harlows across the way. She says you're to hurry—that you've got some practicing to make up before dark."

Pollyanna rose reluctantly.

"All right," she sighed. "I'll hurry." Suddenly she laughed. "I suppose I ought to be glad I've got legs to hurry with; hadn't I, Mrs. Snow?"

There was no answer. Mrs. Snow's eyes were closed. But Milly, whose eyes were wide with surprise, saw that there were tears on the wasted cheeks.

"Good-by," flung Pollyanna over her shoulder, as she reached the door.

One by one the July days passed. To Pollyanna they were happy days, indeed. She often told her aunt, joyously, how very happy they were. Whereupon her aunt would usually reply, wearily:

"Very well, Pollyanna, I am gratified, of course, that they are happy; but I trust they are profitable as well—otherwise I should have failed signally in my duty."

Generally Pollyanna would answer this with a hug and a kiss—a proceeding that was still always most disconcerting to Miss Polly; but one day she spoke. It was during the sewing hour.

"It wouldn't be enough then, Aunt Polly, that they were just happy days?" she asked wistfully.

"Certainly not, Pollyanna."

"They must be pro-fi-ta-ble as well?"

"Of course."

"What is being pro-fi-ta-ble?"

"Why, it—it's just being profitable—having profit, something to show for it, Pollyanna. What an extraordinary child you are!"

"Then just being glad isn't pro-fi-ta-ble?" questioned Pollyanna, a little anxiously.

"Certainly not."

"Oh dear! Then you wouldn't like it, of course. I'm afraid, now, you won't ever play the game, Aunt Polly."

"Game? What game?"

"Why, that father—" Pollyanna clapped her hand to her lips. "N-nothing," she stammered.

Miss Polly frowned.

"That will do for this morning, Pollyanna," she said tersely. And the sewing lesson was over.

That afternoon Pollyanna, coming down from her attic room, met her aunt on the stairway.

Continued on page 1276

TELLING IT OVER AGAIN*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IT IS suggested by the International Sunday School Lesson Committee that all of the lessons for the quarter shall be considered in the Home Daily Bible Readings during the week before the Review. It is hoped that all CHRISTIAN HERALD homes will do this. Let it be done in the following order: Monday, Mark 6: 45-56, Jesus Walking on the Sea; Mark 7: 1-23, Clean and Unclean. Tuesday, Mark 7: 24-30, Matt. 8: 5-13, Mission to the Gentiles; Mark 7: 31, 8: 10, Wanderings in Decapolis. Wednesday, Mark 8: 11-26, The Sign of the Leaven; Hosea 7, Wickedness of the Wicked. Thursday, Mark 8: 27, 9: 1, The Great Question; Mark 9: 2-13, The Transfiguration. Friday, Mark 9: 14-29, The Lunatic Boy; Matt. 18: 1-14, The Child in the Midst. Saturday, Matt. 18: 18-35, Forgiveness; Luke 9: 49-62, For and Against Him.

On the Sunday previous to the Review, give to each scholar two or more of the following questions, typewritten if possible, telling him that he will be expected to give replies on Review Sunday.

First Lesson. On what sea did Jesus walk? From what mountain did he descend to walk on the sea? Show a sketch map of the mountain and the sea. Why did Jesus leave the mountain and come down upon the sea? How did Jesus still the tempest on the sea and in the hearts of his apostles? Where dd they land? What happened as soon as they were landed?

Second Lesson. Who were the Pharisees? What fault did they find with Jesus? By way of reproof to them from what prophet did Jesus quote, and what was the quotation?

Third Lesson. Show a sketch map of the region of Tyre and Sidon. What did a mother from Tyre ask Jesus to do? How did she prove her faith in Jesus? How did Jesus show his power to grant her request? What other sick person did Jesus cure by his word of power? Show a sketch map of Capernaum.

Fourth Lesson. Draw a sketch map of Decapolis. How did Jesus cure the deaf and dumb man in Decapolis? Why did Jesus request the man he had healed "to tell no man"? How did a multitude of people learn of it? How did Jesus feed the hungry multitude? Compare that with the feeding of the multitude at Bethsaida.

Fifth Lesson. How many blind men are described in this lesson? What did Jesus do to open the eyes of those who were blind in their understanding? What did Jesus do to the man who had two blind eyes? Show by a sketch map where this occurred.

Sixth Lesson. What effect did strong drink have upon the Jews and the Samaritans? By what prophets of God were they warned? Is the taking of strong drink a sin of our nation? Compare drunkenness and alcoholism. What is the only safe and sane course in regard to liquor?

Seventh Lesson. What were the opinions of different men about Christ? Who had the right opinion? Why did Peter have the right idea? Into what error did Peter fall?

Eighth Lesson. When did Moses and Elijah come back to earth from heaven? Where did they meet Jesus? Tell the names of the three men who saw the meeting. When Moses and Elijah had returned to heaven what did the three men say to Jesus? Why was their proposition unwise?

Ninth Lesson. When Peter, James and John had come down the mountain with Jesus, what wonderful thing did they see him do? How does Jesus help boys to-day?

Tenth Lesson. What pattern of goodness did Jesus give his apostles? What spirit did Jesus see in the little child to be taken as a pattern? Are all children like the one Jesus commended? Should all children try to be like that one? Whom has Jesus appointed to be the helpers of all children to make them good?

Eleventh Lesson. What was the rule of the apostle Peter in forgiving others? When he asked Jesus about that rule, what did Jesus say? Why did Jesus teach that there should be much forgiveness? How many persons can you count that you have not forgiven? What is the greatest number of times that you have ever forgiven any one?

Twelfth Lesson. What nation of people set themselves against Jesus and caused him to quit their land? How did the apostles of Jesus feel about it? Show a sketch map of Samaria. Why were the Samaritans opposed to Jesus? Tell of three would-be followers of Jesus. What did Jesus say to them to show that they really did not desire to follow him? What place must Jesus have in the hearts of his followers?

(NOTE.—The above questions might be asked in the family group on the days the lessons are read. It is suggested that there should be both a morning reading and an evening reading in order to cover the whole quarter's lessons.)

"Straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14: 27.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS
From the painting by H. Lerolle

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing; as a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood forevermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"For the kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." Rom. 14: 17.

Glowing Souls. There is near Pottstown, Pa., a large surface deposit of dark stones covering several acres, called "ringing rocks." They have a metallic sound when struck with a hammer, which gives them their name. During a recent thunderstorm on a dark night, persons passing the rocks were startled to see a light bluish flame rise from the ground and spread over a space ten or twelve yards square. That flame rose and fell after the manner of the northern lights, lighting up the darkness around it. Some old residents in that neighborhood say that these strange lights are always seen on stormy nights. They explain that the rocks are so metallic in formation that they attract all the electricity in the atmosphere for miles around, and through some natural cause the electricity becomes luminous like a phosphorescent glow. Scientific men declare that the rocks are so highly charged with magnetism that any electric disturbance will cause the glow. It is possible for men and women to be so highly charged with the magnetism of the Holy Spirit that they will glow with a divine light, and will illumine the spiritual darkness of the world about them. It is possible for every one of us to live a luminous life like that.—*Rev. Louis Albert Banks.*

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (John 6: 37.)

I have been enabled to commit my soul to him who says: "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," and who is "able to save to the uttermost." These two texts have been as sheet anchors by which my soul has outrode many a storm when otherwise hope would have failed. "In no wise" takes in all characters, and "to the uttermost" goes many a league beyond all difficulties. I recommend these anchors; they are sure and steadfast.—*John Newton.*

"He hath done all things well; he maketh even the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." (Mark 7: 37.)

Lippen is a beautiful Scotch word, well understood by the common people, and means "to trust implicitly in." Chalmers beautifully applied the word to the act of faith on a visit to a poor woman who was dying. He found her very ignorant, incapable of comprehending the most common terms. With all the earnestness of his nature, he pointed out to her the way of salvation, spoke of faith in the Lord Jesus, of belief, of confidence, of trust. But all was of no avail; no spark of intelligence responded to his words. At last, guided by the Spirit of God, he said in gentle tones: "Oh, woman! it is just to lippen to him." "Is that all?" said the dying woman. "That's all," said the minister. The word echoed in the woman's heart, and she died, believing in Jesus.

"Jesus spake unto them, saying, I am the light of the world," etc. (John 8: 12.)

"Jesus Christ is the light of the world in every sense in which that sentence can be interpreted, for every oil lamp, gas light, electric, acetylene, oxyhydric, or any other light except a tallow candle or a dish of oil with a wick floating therein has been made in a land with a Bible."—*Saying of a Chinese gentleman, quoted in China's New Day, by Dr. Isaac T. Headland.*

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong dink; that tarry late in the night, till wine inflame them." Isa. 5: 11.)

Continued on next page

* THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, December 29, 1912. GOLDEN TEXT: "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself." John 7: 17, R. V.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS' ROUND TABLE

—HERE IS THE best suggestion yet offered on the superintendent's hardest problem, holding the boys. The new book, *Boys' Work in the Local Churches*, which is volume V in the *Messages of the Men and Religion Movement*, tells us the best way to make a boys' class in the Sunday school stick till it is a men's class, is to take a gang of boys, already attached to each other, transplant them into the school and make the gang an organized class with the gang leader for president, and allow the class to become a patrol of Boy Scouts without ever ceasing to be a Sunday school class in the years when that form of action makes its strongest appeal; then somewhere from twelve to fifteen let the class be Knights of King Arthur, and from fifteen years up let the class be a Pilgrim Fraternity. Fads may come and fads may go, but the Boys' Organized Sunday School Class goes on forever, becoming in due time a men's class with the same teacher as before if he has kept on growing all the while. Without the connecting thread of the class the boys are apt to fall out when they outgrow the "Scouts" or "Knights." The whole book is packed with such wise suggestions, and no superintendent can afford to miss them.

—PROBABLY THERE are no more common mistakes made than working for boys rather than getting boys to work—a continual appeal to the selfishness of the boy, rather than to his altruism. "The five necessities of a live class are: The gang spirit, qualified male leadership; organization of the class itself; recreation, and the altruistic spirit." The book recommends a "Boys' Council" if there be a separate boys' department in the Sunday school, a majority of the boys elected by the boys themselves and two additional named by the church committee on boys' work. "Generally speaking boys below twelve should be grouped by themselves (nine to twelve). Boys of about twelve, thirteen and fourteen form a fairly natural group. Boys of fifteen, sixteen and seventeen form a natural group, and boys of eighteen, nineteen and twenty a still other natural group. When the churches of a community are really thoroughgoing in their work for boys they will cover the whole territory with a friendly supervision of the boy life of the place. Every block in the city will have some Christian man or supervisor whose business it shall be to know the boys in that block, discover the danger spots, find out who needs help and then organize leagues of friendship, secretly perhaps, to keep those boys from going wrong."

—TO-DAY WE HAVE a problem that challenges the imagination of youth as a merely individualistic program did not. We ask boys to-day not only to be good, but to be good for something. They glow with enthusiasm over their part in such a great task as lifting society Godward.

[Let our readers call the attention of Sunday school superintendents to this department, and ask them to send questions, opinions and suggestions to Dr. W. F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.]

CHICAGO'S "FIRST FRIEND"

SUPERINTENDENT F. EMORY LYON of the Central Howard Association, Chicago, is big brother, or "first friend," to probably as many, if not more, paroled prisoners than any other man in the country. Yet the Association which he heads is comparatively obscure. This is partly because the work it does can be better done in a quiet, unostentatious manner, and partly because the world as a whole seems to pay but little heed to what is done to help the friendless prisoners in penal institutions.

F. Emory Lyon in His Office

Although the work of the Central Howard Association is of a quiet kind, it is no less one of high aims and wonderful accomplishments. Under the parole laws of the States in the Middle West, certain prisoners may be released on condition that some individual qualifies as "first friend," guarantees employment and general oversight of the one thus given his liberty. Hundreds of prisoners appeal to this association for such help. Mr. Lyon either signs the papers of approved applicants as "first friend" or secures an employer who is willing to do so.

The work of this organization is not confined, however, to merely releasing prisoners and standing by them until they get upon their feet. It champions the cause of the friendless transgressor in other ways. Those brought before the courts without friends or funds to aid them in their effort to secure justice have found help and practical encouragement from Mr. Lyon and the Central Howard Association. Destitute families of prisoners are frequently provided for, and better laws for the handling and care of prisoners have been placed on the statute books because of this earnest work.

"What are some of the results you have to show for your work?" was asked Mr. Lyon recently.

He reached above his desk and took a letter from a drawer in his filing cabinet.

"Here is a letter that came not long ago from one of our 'boys,'" he replied. He was paroled a little over a year ago and we secured him a position as traveling salesman. He is still under our supervision. This letter tells us that he has been advanced to a position paying $4,000. Pretty good, isn't it, for a man who not so very long ago was an inmate of a penal institution and without a friend in the world?"

It is needless to state that this result was accomplished through giving the friendless one a helping hand at the right moment.

"Here's another case," Mr. Lyon continued, refreshing his memory from the filing case.

"A lad of eighteen left his home in Massachusetts to see the world. With but little experience he soon ran aground, was taken up on a charge of vagrancy here in Chicago and sent to the House of Correction. We secured his story, investigated, obtained his release, and started him home with a ticket that carried him straight to his waiting mother's arms."

The spirit of Christ is still in the world! And some of it is hid under a bushel in Chicago—the Central Howard Association.

"No," said Mr. Lyon, "we do not shout our work from the housetops. We're too busy for that. If we can get it done we don't mind if the world doesn't know all about it."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from preceding page

The following is learned by heart at the request of the late Hon. William E. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England, by every boy and girl being educated at the Hawarden Castle Orphanage:

Drunkenness expels reason,
Drowns the memory,
Distempers the body,
Defaces beauty,
Diminishes strength,
Inflames the blood,
Causes external and incurable wounds,
It's a witch to the senses;
A devil to the soul;
A thief to the purse;
A beggar's companion;
A wife's woe and child's sorrow,
It makes man become a beast and self-murderer.
He drinks to other's good health,
And robs himself of his own.

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16: 16.)

"What think ye of Christ?" is the test,
To try both your State and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.

"A voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my Son, my chosen; hear ye him." (Luke 9: 35.)

From the heaven above, God commanded that his Son, Jesus Christ, should be obeyed. "Hear ye him." It was not the first time that his authoritative voice had been heard.

Bread and meat are the stuff that makes our bodies; obedience is the stuff that will make our manhood and womanhood.

"Let us be, and do, and love like him."

"And Jesus said unto him, If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth." (Mark 9: 23.) The incident connected with this text gives encouragement to all who are striving to help boys. We honestly believe that no boy is so bad but a Christ-like man may be made out of him.

"In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." (Matt. 18: 10.)

"Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up into my face,
And I look up to thee."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you." (Eph. 4: 32.)

Forgive, dear heart, forgive:
Let not the tide of strife
Mar thy sweet inner life:
Forgive, dear heart, forgive.

Forget, true heart, forget;
Let Love heal all thy scars;
Face upward to the stars;
Forget, true heart, forget.

WILLIAM BRADFORD DICK.

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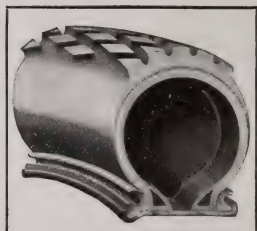

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OUR YOUNGER READERS

CHRISTMAS MESSAGES FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL

WE WANT to wish all boys and girls in the homes where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD comes *a very Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.*

This winter is sure to be the best and jolliest season in the Young People's Department. The cupboards are as choke full of plans and prizes, pleasures and surprises as a bulging Christmas stocking. Our harvest of good things is gathered in and no matter how it storms and blows otherwhere we shall always be warm and inviting in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Cozy Corner.

Our Young People's Department is so big and popular that we have set forth on a crusade of happy times together and besides all the other good things we are going on a magic trip around the world right here in our own Ingle Nook. But I am giving secrets away and must stop it.

Keep on a sharp lookout; do not miss a single detail, for everything will be important. Watch for our prize offers and send the very best work you can do. I want to feel that every "younger reader" of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will earn a prize before the winter is over, and I will try and see to it that this comes about.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

Christmas Prizes and Prizes

AND right here and now is a special Christmas prize offer of *Thirty Best Christmas Books and One Hundred Beautiful Reproductions of One of the World's Greatest Paintings of the Baby Christmas King.*

Best letters not longer than three hundred words will win these Christmas books and pictures. The books are the newest and best and the pictures are as lovely as any colored lithographs I have ever seen, and they are 10x13 inches.

Come now, let me hear from you all, and see what you can do in the way of a Christmas letter to the Cozy Corner Aunt.

Our Little People

THIS offer must not discourage our littlest folk. If you could see some of the delightful letters that little people send me every day you would know that older boys and girls must needs bestir themselves to win out in this competition.

Remember this: I want to hear from *every one,* and from your friends and schoolmates who care to try their hand at winning one of these very beautiful and special Christmas gift prizes.

AMONG THE CHRISTMAS PRIZE BOOKS

Boys Will Like These

The Wireless Man, His Work and Adventures on Land and Sea (Francis A. Collins), *Don't Give Up the Ship* (Charles S. Ward), *The Tool Club House* (Jaques Reindorp), *The Captain of the Nine* (Heyliger), *The Young Crusaders,* the story of a Boys' Camp (Atwater), *The Fourth Down,* a football story (Nesbit Quirk), *Hike and the Aeroplane* (Tom Graham), *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill* (Charles Pierce Burton), *Dave Morrell's Battery* (Hollis Godfrey), *Young Honesty, Politician* (Bruce Baker), *A New Robinson Crusoe, Tom Brown's School Days, The Boys' Parkman.*

New Books for Girls

BETTY BIDE AT HOME (Beulah Marie Dix), *The Lady of the Lane* (Frederick O. Bartlett), *The Secret of the Clan* (Alice Brown), *Sue Jane* (Marie T. Davidess), *The Lucky Sixpence* (Emilie Kenson Knipe), *At the Manor* (Mary B. Sleight), and be sure to read *Pollyanna;* her story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is one of the dearest of all the bewildering array of new stories.

The Big Christmas Book

IF YOU want a Christmas gift that will last you all your life and never grow tiresome, ask for *The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton,* or give it to yourself. Every boy and girl will revel in this book just as much as every father and mother and grown-up friend in the house will revel in it. This is in every sense a book for everybody and for every day; because the marvels and wonderful experiences described by brave old Captain Quinton are truths which are more astonishing than romance. There never has been such a strangely fascinating book published; in all of its four hundred and ninety-six pages there is not a dull paragraph. Santa Claus could do few more satisfactory or kindly favors this year than to leave a copy of this book in every home. See editorial note on page 1270 of this issue.

For the Little People

WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME TOO EARLY (Miss Blodgett), *Princess Rags and Tatters* (Harriet T. Comstock), *A Little Book of Christmas* (John Kendrick Bangs), *Wonder Tales of Old Japan,* with beautiful colored pictures, by Shozan Abota, *Cherry Tree Children* (Miss Blaisdell), *Some Little Cooks and What They Did, The Goldfish* (by Julian Street), *The Party Book, The Fir-Tree Fairy Book, Prayers for Little Men and Women* (John Martin), *Two and Four-Footed Friends,* a collection of nice short stories about interesting children and animals.

NOTE: These are some of the best Christmas books which will be given away in this week's prize contest in The Cozy Corner.

Our Good-Night Verse

There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man, come into the world.—*John 1: 9.*

P. S.—I think it would be a Christmas courtesy to the Cozy Corner to send a stamp for a Christmas answer to your letter, because this makes our Christmas an affair in which we all take part, otherwise the expense of putting a two-cent stamp on so many letters is really very great, as you will readily see.

I am lovingly always,

The Aunt to the Cozy Corner

What A Million Like

Will Please a Million More at Christmas

Think what it means for one million people to wear one brand of hose. It means that those hose must be pretty close to perfection. They must be silky, soft and light. They must fit like a glove. They must wear longer than hose are expected to.

More than a million men, women, children and infants are wearing Holeproof Hose for exactly these reasons.

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We pay for the yarn in the cotton "Holeproof" an average of 74c a pound. Some yarn is sold for 32c.

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Cotton "Holeproof" cost $1.50 to $3 for six pairs, guaranteed six months for men, women, children and infants.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

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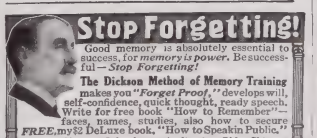

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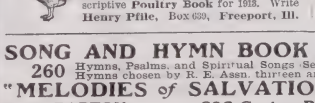

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POLLYANNA

Continued from page 1272

"Why, Aunt Polly, how perfectly lovely!" she cried. "Come right in. I love company," she finished, scampering up the stairs and throwing her door wide open.

Now Miss Polly had not been intending to call on her niece. She had been planning to look for a certain white wool shawl in the cedar chest. But to her unbounded surprise now, she found herself, not in the main attic before the cedar chest, but in Pollyanna's little room sitting in one of the straight-backed chairs — so many, many times since Pollyanna came, Miss Polly had found herself like this, doing some utterly unexpected, surprising thing, quite unlike the thing she had set out to do!

"I love company," said Pollyanna, again, "specially since I've had this room, all mine, you know. Oh, of course, I had a room, always, but 'twas a hired room, and hired rooms aren't half as nice as owned ones, are they? And of course I do own this one; don't I?"

"Why, y-yes, Pollyanna," murmured Miss Polly, vaguely wondering why she did not get up at once and go to look for that shawl.

"And of course now I just love this room, even if it hasn't got the carpet and curtains and pictures that I'd been wanting—" With a painful blush Pollyanna stopped short.

"What's that, Pollyanna?"

"N-nothing, Aunt Polly, truly. I didn't mean to say it."

"Probably not," returned Miss Polly, coldly; "but you did say it, so suppose we have the rest of it."

"But it wasn't anything only that I'd been kind of planning on pretty carpets and lace curtains and things, you know; but of course—"

"Planning for them!"

Pollyanna blushed still more painfully.

"I ought not to have, of course, Aunt Polly. It was only because I'd always wanted them and hadn't had them, I suppose. Oh, we'd had two rugs, in the barrels, but they were little, you know, and one had ink spots and the other holes; and there were never only those two pictures—the one fath—I mean, the good one we sold and the bad one that broke. Of course, if it hadn't been for all that, I shouldn't have wanted them so—pretty things, I mean; and I shouldn't have got to planning, all through the hall that first day, how pretty mine would be here, and—but, truly, Aunt Polly, it wasn't but just a minute—I mean, a few minutes—before I was being glad that the bureau didn't have a looking-glass, because it didn't show my freckles; and there couldn't be a nicer picture than the one out my window there, and you've been so good to me, that—"

Miss Polly rose suddenly to her feet. Her face was very red.

"That will do, Pollyanna," she said stiffly. "You have said quite enough, I'm sure." The next minute she had swept down the stairs, and not until she reached the first floor did it suddenly occur to her that she had gone up into the attic to find a white wool shawl in the cedar chest near the east window.

Less than twenty-four hours later, Miss Polly said to Nancy, crisply:

"Nancy, you may move Miss Pollyanna's things downstairs this morning to the room directly beneath. I have decided to have my niece sleep there for the present."

"Yes, ma'am," said Nancy aloud.

"Oh glory!" said Nancy to herself.

To Pollyanna, a minute later, she cried joyously: "And won't ye jest be listenin' ter this, Miss Pollyanna? You're ter sleep downstairs in the room straight under this. You are—you are!"

Pollyanna grew actually white.

"You mean—why, Nancy, not really—really and truly?"

"I guess you'll think it's really and truly," prophesied Nancy, exultingly, nodding her head to Pollyanna over the armful of dresses she had taken from the closet. "I'm told ter take down yer things, and I'm goin' ter take 'em, too, 'fore she gets a chance ter change her mind."

Pollyanna did not stop to hear the end of this sentence. At the imminent risk of being dashed headlong, she was flying downstairs two steps at a time. Bang went two doors and a chair before Pollyanna at last reached her goal—Aunt Polly.

"Oh, Aunt Polly, Aunt Polly, did you mean it, really? Why, that room's got everything—the carpet and curtains and three pictures, besides the one outdoors, too, 'cause the windows look the same way. Oh, Aunt Polly!"

"Very well, Pollyanna. I am gratified that you like the change, of course; but if you think so much of all those things, I trust you will take proper care of them; that's all. Pollyanna, please pick up that chair; and you have banged two doors in the last half-minute." Miss Polly spoke sternly, all the more sternly because, for some inexplicable reason, she felt inclined to cry—and Miss Polly was not used to feeling inclined to cry.

Pollyanna picked up the chair.

"Yes'm; I know I banged 'em—those doors," she admitted cheerfully. "You see, I'd just found out about the room, and I reckon you'd have banged doors if—" Pollyanna stopped short and eyed her aunt with new interest. "Aunt Polly, *did* you ever bang doors?"

"I hope—not, Pollyanna!" Miss Polly's voice was properly shocked.

"Why, Aunt Polly, what a shame!"

"A shame!" repeated Aunt Polly, too dazed to say more.

"Why, yes. You see, if you'd felt like banging doors you'd have banged 'em, of course; and if you didn't, that must have meant that you weren't ever glad over anything—or you would have banged 'em. You couldn't have helped it. And I'm so sorry you weren't ever glad over anything!"

"Pollyanna!" gasped the lady; but Pollyanna was gone, and only the distant bang of the attic stairway answered for her. Pollyanna had gone to help Nancy bring down her things.

Miss Polly felt vaguely disturbed; but then, of course she *had* been glad —over some things!

CHAPTER X

Introducing Jimmy

AUGUST came. August brought several surprises and some changes. First, there was the kitten. Pollyanna found the kitten mewing pitifully some distance down the road. She brought it home at once, as a matter of course.

Miss Polly looked at the forlorn little gray bunch of neglected misery in Pollyanna's arms, and shivered: Miss Polly did not care for cats—not even pretty, healthy, clean ones.

"Ugh! Pollyanna! What a dirty little beast! And it's sick, I'm sure, and all mangy and fleay."

"I know it, poor little thing," crooned Pollyanna tenderly. "And it's all trembly, too, it's so scared. You see it doesn't know, yet, that we're going to keep it, of course."

"No—nor anybody else," retorted Miss Polly, with meaning emphasis.

"Oh, yes, they do," nodded Pollyanna, entirely misunderstanding her aunt's words. "I told everybody we should keep it, if I didn't find where it belonged. I knew you'd be glad to have it—poor little lonesome thing!"

Miss Polly opened her lips and tried to speak; but in vain. The curious helpless feeling that had been hers so often since Pollyanna's arrival had her now fast in its grip.

"Of course I know," hurried on Pollyanna gratefully, "that you

Continued on next page

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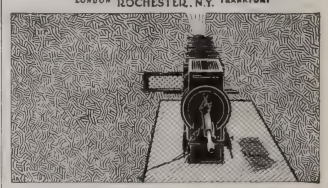

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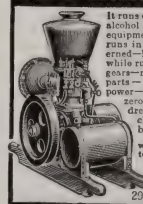

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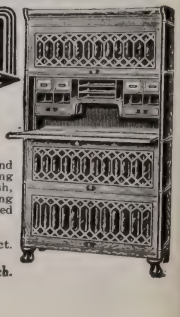

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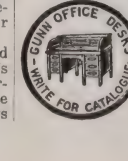

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POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

wouldn't let a dear little lonesome kitty go hunting for a home when you'd just taken me in; and I said so to Mrs. Ford when she asked me if you'd let me keep it. Why, *I* had the Ladies' Aid, you know, and kitty didn't have anybody. I knew you'd feel that way," she nodded happily, as she ran from the room.

"But, Pollyanna, Pollyanna," remonstrated Aunt Polly. "I don't—" But Pollyanna was already halfway to the kitchen, calling:

"Nancy, Nancy, just see this dear little kitty that Aunt Polly is going to bring up along with me!" And Aunt Polly, in the sitting room—who abhorred cats—fell back in her chair with a gasp of dismay, powerless to protest.

The next day it was a dog, even dirtier and more forlorn, perhaps, than was the kitten; and again Miss Polly, to her dumfounded amazement, found herself figuring as a kind protector and an angel of mercy. When, in less than a week, however, Pollyanna brought home a small, ragged boy and confidently claimed the same protection for him, Miss Polly did have something to say. It happened after this wise:

On a pleasant Thursday morning Pollyanna had been taking calf's-foot jelly again to Mrs. Snow. Mrs. Snow and Pollyanna were the best of friends. Their friendship had started from the third visit Pollyanna had made, the one after she had told Mrs. Snow of the game. Mrs. Snow herself was playing the game now, with Pollyanna. To be sure, she was not playing it very well—she had been so sorry for everything so long that it was not easy to be glad for anything now. But under Pollyanna's cheery instructions and merry laughter at her mistakes, she was learning fast. Pollyanna was thinking of Mrs. Snow when suddenly she saw the boy. He was sitting in a disconsolate little heap by the roadside, whittling half-heartedly at a small stick.

"Hullo," smiled Pollyanna, engagingly.

The boy glanced up, but he looked away again, at once.

"Hullo yourself," he mumbled.

Pollyanna laughed.

"Now you don't look as if you'd be glad even for calf's-foot jelly," she chuckled, stopping before him.

The boy stirred restlessly, gave her a surprised look, and began to whittle again at his stick, with the dull, broken-bladed knife in his hand. Pollyanna hesitated, then dropped herself comfortably down on the grass near him. In spite of Pollyanna's brave assertion that she was "used to Ladies' Aiders," and "didn't mind," she had sighed at times for some one of her own age to talk to. Hence her determination to make the most of this opportunity.

"My name is Pollyanna Whittier," she began pleasantly. "What's yours?"

Again the boy stirred restlessly. He even almost got to his feet. But he settled back.

"Jimmy Bean," he grunted with ungracious indifference.

"Good! Now we're introduced. I'm glad you did your part—some folks don't, you know. I live at Miss Polly Harrington's house. Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Nowhere? Why, you can't do that—everybody lives somewhere," asserted Pollyanna.

"Well, I don't—just now. I'm huntin' up a new place."

"Where did you live—before?"

"Well, if you ain't the beatin'est for askin' questions!" sighed the boy, impatiently.

"I have to be," retorted Pollyanna calmly, "else I couldn't find out a thing about you. If you'd talk more I wouldn't talk so much."

The boy gave a short laugh. It was a sheepish laugh, and not quite a willing one; but his face looked a little pleasanter when he spoke this time.

"All right then—here goes! I'm Jimmie Bean, and I'm twelve years old, goin' on thirteen. I come last year ter live at the Orphans' Home back here; but they've got so many kids there ain't much room for me, an' I wan't never wanted, anyhow, I don't believe. So I've quit. I'm goin' ter live somewheres else—but I hain't found the place yet. I'd *like* a *home*—jest a common one, ye know, that don't spell itself with a big H. If ye has a home, ye has folks, an' I hain't had folks since—since dad died. So I'm a-huntin' now. I've tried four houses, but—they didn't want me, though I said I expected ter work, 'course. There! is that all ye want ter know?" The boy's voice had broken a little over the last two sentences.

"Why, what a shame!" sympathized Pollyanna. "And didn't there anybody want you? Oh, dear! I know just how you feel, because after *my* father died, too, there wasn't anybody but the Ladies' Aid for me, until Aunt Polly said she'd take—" Pollyanna stopped abruptly. The dawning of a wonderful idea began to show in her face.

"Oh, I know just the place for you," she cried. "Aunt Polly'll take you—I know she will! Didn't she take me? And didn't she take Fluffy and Buffy, when they didn't have any one to love them, or any place to go?—and they're only cats and dogs. Oh, come, I know Aunt Polly'll take you!"

Jimmy Bean's thin little face brightened.

"Honest Injun? Would she, now? I'd work, ye know, an' I'm real strong!" He bared a small, bony arm.

"Of course she would! Why, my Aunt Polly is the nicest lady in the world—now that my mama has gone to be a heaven angel. And there's rooms—heaps of 'em," she continued, springing to her feet, and tugging at his arm. "It's an awful big house. Maybe, though," she added a little anxiously, as they hurried on, "maybe you'll have to sleep in the attic room. I did at first. But there's screens there now, so 'twon't be so hot, and the flies can't get in, either, to bring in the germs on their feet. Did you know about that? It's perfectly lovely!"

To be continued

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Oresta Howland, aged 78, of Lisle, N. Y., passed to her last rest November 17, 1912.

Harry A. Bowne, aged 85 years, passed to his reward October 23, 1912, at Georgetown, Ky.

E. M. Geiger, of Adna, Wash., aged ninety years, passed to his reward October 18, 1912. He was a reader and admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

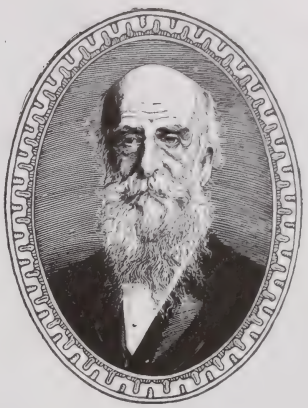
Mrs. Nancy Jane Nawagon Barnhouse (67) passed away at her home near East Springfield, Ohio, October 16, 1912. She had been a member of the Presbyterian Church since girlhood.

Mrs. Thomas W. Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn., passed away September 8, 1912, at the age of 54. She leaves behind a sorrowing family and host of friends. She was an earnest Christian.

Mrs. Caroline Youngs, of Mt. Freedom, N. J., passed to her reward November 20, 1912, at the age of 76 years. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Mary Catharine Luff (86), of Felton, Del., passed away November 2, 1912. Although her life was not all sunshine, the love and sympathy she gave to all who were in trouble made her a constant burden-bearer.

Mrs. Nancy D. Deming (75), of Lawrence, Kan., was called higher November 19, 1912, after a brief illness. Her husband, Newell P. Deming (86), was called home July 12, 1912. They had been married fifty-two years. Both were earnest Christians, members of the Baptist Church.



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THANKSGIVING MASS AT WASHINGTON

Continued from page 1264

The sermon was preached by Archbishop Keene of Dubuque, whose theme was the prospect of peace. Very soon after the sermon, the pastor of the church, Father Russell, came down from the rostrum, informed the President that it was eleven o'clock, and escorted the presidential party to the door of the church. The services of the "mass" occupied another hour, and were closed by Cardinal Gibbons.

The list of invited guests included the President and Mrs. Taft, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney General, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court of the United States, the minister of Costa Rica, the minister of Bolivia, the minister of San Salvador, the minister of Venezuela, the minister of Cuba, the minister of Uruguay, the minister of Nicaragua, the minister of Chile, the minister of Haiti, the minister of Guatemala, the minister of the Dominican Republic, the minister of Peru, the minister of Colombia, the minister of Honduras, the minister of Panama, the chargé d'affaires of Argentina, the secretaries of the Mexican legation, and many other prominent officials of both church and state.

Following the services, the members of the diplomatic corps and other invited male guests were escorted to the rectory of the church, where luncheon was served. The government officials informally complimented the clergy and members of the Pan-American Union for the success of the ceremony. They lauded the high ideals which prompted the movement to cement the bonds of friendship between the republics of the Americas. President Taft did not attend the luncheon but was represented by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeigh and Attorney General Wickersham. Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court and District Commissioners Rudolph and Judson, with many of the leading business men of the District, were also present at this function. Cardinal Gibbons at the luncheon spoke eloquently of President Taft, and praised the "fine discrimination which enables him to select the right man for the right place," mentioning the selection of Chief Justice White (a Catholic) as an illustration of this admirable quality in the President.

It has been the oft-asserted purpose of the Roman Church to "make America Catholic," and these annual Pan-American Thanksgiving Masses are designed to make and to keep both Americas Catholic by binding them more solidly together, and then, through the influence of powerful diplomacy at Washington, to use the great influence of the government of the United States to hold the other nations in line. There will be no such striking falling away in the Western hemisphere as she has been forced to witness in the Eastern if the great American hierarchy can accomplish its purposes. CHARLES M. SNOW.

An Embarrassed Postmaster

SEVERAL weeks ago, a woman in Elgin, Ill., wrote to the mayor of San Francisco announcing herself as a candidate for matrimony and asking his help in making her case public. She had fallen heir to a valuable estate, but it was conditioned that she must be married by a certain fixed date in December, otherwise she would lose the property. All applicants were to write to her at Elgin. Now, the lady in the case has disappeared, either having changed her mind, or else having found a suitor nearer at hand; but there is serious trouble in the Elgin post office. The postmaster is practically buried under a mountain of mail, which has come in reply to this lady's invitation. There are over 7,000 letters, and almost as many photographs, and they are still pouring in at the rate of hundreds daily. Doubtless the too complaisant mayor now regrets having given the matter publicity. It would be hard to describe the feelings of the poor Illinois postmaster, who is the only real sufferer in this absurd affair.

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Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) . . **$4.15**

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CLASS NUMBER	EXAMPLE
	23 Christian Herald
	23 American Magazine
	17 Pictorial Review
	63x5
	$3.15 Total Clubbing Price.

Class Numbers	
23	**The Christian Herald**
17	American Boy
23	American Magazine
8	American Poultry Advocate
77	Atlantic Monthly
47	Bookman
17	Boy's Magazine
80	Century Magazine
15	Commoner
16	Cooking Club Magazine
23	Cosmopolitan
70	Country Life in America
50	Current Literature
23	Delineator
12	Designer
37	Dress
23	Etude, for Music Lovers
23	Everybody's Magazine
17	Farm Journal (5 yrs)
23	Field and Stream
23	Garden Magazine
23	Good Housekeeping
20	Harper's Bazar
70	Harper's Magazine
70	Harper's Weekly
16	Health
16	Health Culture
23	Housekeeper
8	Housewife
15	Jeffersonian (Watson's W'kly)
8	Ladies' World
17	La Follette's
35	Lippincott's
17	Little Folks
9	McCall's Magazine
23	Metropolitan Magazine
17	Modern Priscilla
17	Mother's Magazine
23	National Magazine
70	North American Review
50	Outing Magazine
60	Outlook
20	Pearson's Magazine
8	People's Home Journal
23	Physical Culture
17	Pictorial Review
35	Review of Reviews
60	Scribner's Magazine
50	Suburban Life
23	Sunset Magazine
23	Technical World
16	Uncle Remus's Home Mag.
25	Woman's Home Companion
12	Woman's Magazine
37	World's Work
12	Young People's Weekly
40	Youth's Companion

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THE VOICE OF THE NATION ON ROME

FURTHER OPINIONS ON THE ROMANIST CRUSADE TO "MAKE AMERICA CATHOLIC"

A Methodist Minister on the Designs of the Roman Hierarchy

DURING a period of over forty years in the Christian ministry, I often wondered why ministers and other Christian workers were so silent and inactive in the presence of the subtle activities and measureless assumptions of the Roman Catholic Church. At last I am cheered to see an interest awakened in this subject, and believe this interest will continue and increase wherever loyalty to Christ is found.

It is scarcely possible to emphasize the seriousness of this subject. Taken in all its bearings the followers of Jesus Christ never faced a more serious one. And while preserving the kindest feelings toward Roman Catholics as individuals, the designs of the Papal hierarchy must be exposed and defeated. These designs may be set forth in one sentence—*the absolute control of the body and soul of every member of the human family.* Any one who thinks them less lives in a fool's palace. If these designs are not frustrated, then the following is a sample of the teaching and action that are sure to go on and increase. In a recent issue of the *Catholic Progress*, it is stated: "The woes of—naming the county—are due to one cause, the existence of Protestantism. . . . Would that every Protestant meeting-house were swept from the land." What followed? A church in which I held many services, and in which I rejoiced over souls brought into saving union with Christ, was forcibly entered at night, the Bibles and hymn books gathered into a heap, the harmonium placed on the pile; kerosene and matches did the rest. Fortunately the building was not wholly destroyed. Vicious conduct is sure to follow vicious teaching.

(REV.) JOHN GOOD, *Methodist.*
Lindenhurst, L. I.

. . .

The Importance of Father Phelan

IT MUST naturally have occurred to many persons, as it has occurred to me, that the editor of the *Western Watchman*, whose name is so frequently coupled in the religious press with some of the most extraordinary statements I have ever read, must be a person of more than usual authority. Who is he, and how does it happen that he, alone of all men, is accepted as the undisguised champion of the Vatican in its fight to "make America Catholic"?

Dubuque, Ia. J. B. M.

Our correspondent has rightly surmised that Father D. S. Phelan is a person of consequence. We have his own modest admission of the fact in these words, which he copies in his own paper (September 26 issue) from the *Catholic Register* and *Canadian Extension:* "Some of our American contemporaries are being given a course of instruction on the *'Ne Temere'* by the venerable editor of the *Western Watchman.* They have yet to learn, apparently, that the Holy Father himself regards Father Phelan as a veritable fountain-head of orthodoxy. When he makes a pronouncement they will do well to accept it. The contrary course has gotten some good people into serious trouble." In the same issue (September 26), Father Phelan gives an admiring and breathless world a glimpse of his intimate relationship with the Pope. The Omaha *Voice* apparently had the temerity to remark that Dr. Phelan was "brilliant but erratic," to which that gentle soul retorts: "It is a comfort for us to have in our lonely wanderings the company of the Holy Father." Lest this sweet though rather ambiguous remark might be regarded by some of Father Phelan's co-religionists as savoring of disrespect, the Pope's friend clinches his claim by relating an incident, which happened fifty years ago, when he had such a "pull" with the then Pontiff that he won single-handed a fight to stop the enlistment of an American Catholic regiment in St. Louis, which was meant to go to Rome and take the place of the French troops that were to be withdrawn. "The Pope was with us," he now writes, in explanation of his wonderful pull, which continues unimpaired to this day. He is a mine of original information and has given more snap and acrimony to the situation than half a dozen cardinals could have done. He disdains hyperbole, calls a spade a spade, and on the strength of his intimate relations with the Pope has written things that would have paralyzed the pen of any other Catholic editor in the country.

. . .

Germany at Odds with the Vatican

ACCORDING to a special cable despatch to the New York *Times* from Berlin, dated December 1, Germany's 24,000,000 Roman Catholics are on the verge of a controversy with the German Government, which presages a bitter renewal of Bismarck's Kulturkampf crisis. The Roman Catholic Center Party, together with the Conservatives, constitute the only reliable Parliamentary majority at the chancellor's disposal. If the Centrists, as they now openly threaten, declare war on Bethmann-Hollweg, his position will be perilous in the extreme. The chancellor has promptly taken up the Catholic challenge. Matters have been brought to a climax by the action of the Federal Council rejecting the application of Bavaria for a more liberal interpretation of the anti-Jesuit laws. The Cologne *Volkszeitung,* the Catholic organ, and *Germania,* the Berlin organ, declare that the "Pope's subjects in Germany will never tolerate the police régime of a Prussianized Germany, which now essays to impose upon them an anti-Jesuit propaganda, and are prepared to resort to political extremes to annihilate it." The chancellor is quoted by the Frankfurter *Zeitung* as having notified a prominent Catholic parliamentarian that "German patience with the dictatorial practices of the Vatican was approaching the point of exhaustion." Prussian diplomatic relations with the Holy See, he intimated, would be broken off next time the Pope attempted to interfere with the sovereign rights of the State, as was recently the case in the encyclical relating to trades unions. The chancellor warned the Catholic deputy that it was "the last Papal intervention in the independence of interdenominational labor organizations Prussia will tolerate."

. . .

Rome's Mayor Defies the Vatican

A CABLE despatch from Rome (December 1) says: "In anticipation of the municipal elections, Mayor Nathan made a speech to-day before an immense audience, reviewing the work of his administration. He recalled his speech of September 20, 1910, on the occasion of the commemoration of the entry into Rome of King Victor Emmanuel and the fall of the temporal power, in which he warmly criticized the Papacy. In that speech, said the mayor, he had merely contrasted the condition of Rome before 1870 with the position it assumed afterward. He had simply stated facts, but his speech had acquired importance through the criticisms directed against it, even by the Pontiff. He said he would not retract even a syllable of that speech, submitting it to the legitimate judges, the electors. Mayor Nathan concluded by urging the maintenance of the bloc of the Liberal forces against 'the bloc the reactionary clerical forces are organizing under the shelter' of the Vatican."

For Christmas

Give Everybody Parker Gift Pens —*Leakless* Pens

LAST year hundreds of people made up their Christmas lists with Parker Gift Pens for everyone.

Why don't you save the hurry and worry of Christmas shopping this year by taking your Christmas list and a Parker catalog now, and picking out appropriate pens for each person on the list?

Parker Pens are more than handsome gifts. They are fine writers, and they *never leak.*

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A straight feed tube always holds some ink drops—even when the pen is upright in your pocket.

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And there's air in the pen barrel, just above the main ink. This air expands from the heat, pushes up into the feed tube to escape, and pushes the ink drops up and out around the writing end of the pen to smear your fingers when you remove pen-cap to write. But

The Parker Feed Tube is *Curved* and touches the inside of pen-barrel. This touch causes Capillary Attraction. (That's the force that makes a sponge take up drops of water, etc.) So, when you turn a Parker upright to go in your pocket, Capillary Attraction *pulls back the ink drops* that want to loiter in the Parker Lucky Curve feed. Thus the feed tube is free of ink when the heated air expands and climbs up. And thus the Parker never leaks.

Parker 14k gold nibs, tipped with hardest Iridium, never scratch. *Spear Head Ink Controller* regulates ink-flow and prevents blotting. New *Disappearing Clip* hangs on to your pocket like a beggar but clears out of the way when you write.

Standard styles $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5 and up, as per size and decoration.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen is *leakless in any position*—even on its head. Fine for lady's purse. $2.50, $3, $4, $5, and up.

Get your Christmas Parkers *on trial.* Dealer will refund, any time within ten days from purchase, if there's the least dissatisfaction. If your dealer doesn't sell Parkers, we'll send you complete catalog, and you can order direct. Parker Christmas Pens come in *handsome gift boxes.* Settle Christmas shopping excitement now.

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Daily Bible Reading Rose Calendar, 1913, sent for 10c. 10 Holly Covered Testaments for Xmas Gifts for $1. A B R A. Caxton Bldg. Cleveland, O.

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Christian Herald

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1912

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MARY AND THE CHILD

From the original painting by Murillo

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

M. R., Cleveland, O. What is known of the religion of the great composers, whose productions for a century at least have delighted the music-loving world?

Martin Luther was the founder of the German school of music. Handel has been called "a Christian, with the Jewish artistic temperament." Bach came of Lutheran parentage. Mendelssohn was of Jewish ancestry, but his father embraced Christianity and had his children baptized. Haydn was a Roman Catholic, and so also were Mozart and Liszt.

J. A. C., Farmington, Minn. You have stumbled against an old argument which has been frequently used by skeptics. What the Creator may have done or may do for other worlds, even assuming there are other inhabited planets, we can only conjecture. All our speculations in this direction must end in nothing, for the sum of human knowledge, contrasted with the vast infinity of creation above and around us, is very small. Some spiritual writers have conjectured that the "many mansions" to which Jesus referred (John 14: 2) may be those shining orbs above and around us.

Mrs. J. C. S., Central Lake, Mich. When did modern Christmas giving commence?

Although Christmas gifts may be said to have had their origin in the gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh presented by the Magi, the modern celebration of Christmas only dates from the sixth century. Much earlier, however, the old heathen festival of the Saturnalia had been transformed into a Christian festival, which was celebrated by the giving of presents. It is now generally observed in its present form by nearly all Christian bodies throughout the world.

G. S. B., Scranton, Pa. Please state the naval strength of Turkey.

Turkey has eight battleships in commission and two more almost finished; twenty-four destroyers and torpedo boats and a number of small gunboats. The personnel consists of about 900 officers, 30,000 sailors and 9,000 marines. It was British officers who reorganized the Turkish navy and Germany who sold to the Turkish Government the two best battleships, the *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm* and the *Weissenburg*, which are now known in the Turkish navy as *Kheyr-ed-Din Barbarossa* and the *Turgut Reis*. These ships cost $4,500,000. The two now in course of construction will each cost much more.

Mrs. M. O., Thorp, Wash. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. When we use the customary phrase that God takes away any of our friends from this world, it is simply a familiar form of acknowledging submission to his will as the Disposer of all things. Life and death are in his hands. There is nothing irreverent about such an expression. We should learn to bow to his will, even though it may sometimes try our hearts sorely to do so. Surely, it is well to regard your little one as safe in the arms of a loving Father.

W. A. L., Philadelphia. I have been interested in your crusade against the teachings of the Catholic Church, and would like to know whether the "Oath of the Knights of Columbus," which is being circulated in Philadelphia, is in fact as used by the Catholic Church. In this oath they promise to harass, and, if possible, kill any opposition to their faith, and in particular the Masons and Protestants. They are to be furnished with daggers and promise to keep firearms in case of necessity for religious uprisings and to obey the Pope in everything; failure to obey will be punished by severing arms and legs and cutting the throat and burning sulphur in a slit opened in the stomach. The signature to be made with their blood for faithful performance, etc. If you have not seen a copy of this oath I will loan one to you.

We do not consider resistance to the political activities of the Roman hierarchy at all in the nature of "a crusade against the teachings of the Catholic Church." We do not feel called upon to deal with the so-called "errors of Rome" or the beliefs of any other religious body; but we think that the success of the efforts made by the Roman hierarchy to obtain political control throughout the land is a menace to our free institutions, and, in the interest of the whole country, should be checked. As to the so-called "oath" we have no means of testing its accuracy; but there is nothing in any of the copies that have reached us that is contrary to either the spirit of Rome or her practice in years gone by. On pp. 406-408 of Vol. II of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* you will find a description of Alva's actual doings in the Netherlands that will remind you of the most gruesome paragraphs of that alleged "oath." And in the *Western Watchman* of November 21, 1912, in an editorial Dr. Phelan said: "Our heroes are the Duke of Alva and Catherine de Medici. You cannot excite any pity in our souls by whining accounts of Catholic atrocities in the seventeenth century. We have never written a line in extenuation or palliation of the Inquisition. We never thought it needed a defense."

The Christian Herald Children's Home

Receipts and Disbursements for Thirteen Months Ending March 31, 1912

RECEIPTS:

CONTRIBUTIONS:		
General Fund	$35,140.88	
Klopsch Memorial Fund	10,627.32	
		$45,768.20
Legacies		811.41
Interest		1,202.92
		$47,782.53

DISBURSEMENTS:

EXPENSES:		
Operating—		
Payroll	$4,668.28	
Food supplies	4,503.84	
Transportation, livery and stable	2,509.45	
Rent and insurance	861.25	
Clothing and laundry	653.97	
Ice, light and fuel	287.49	
Medical services	233.15	
Telephone	151.74	
		$13,860.17
Maintenance—		
Maintenance, improvements and betterments	$141.38	
Repairs, lumber and hardware	1,165.92	
House furnishings	216.73	
		1,524.03
Collection—		
Postage	$57.71	
Stationery and printing	108.59	
Appeal circulars	5,370.04	
		5,536.34
Miscellaneous—		
Fourth of July celebration	$151.50	
Sundry services	65.00	
Sundry	459.65	
		676.15
Total expenses		$21,596.69
FUND INVESTMENTS:		
Klopsch Memorial Fund	$15,780.00	
Cot Fund	3,945.00	
		19,725.00
NEW CONSTRUCTION:		
Sewage disposal plant and toilet		8,518.05
		49,839.74
Excess of disbursements over receipts for period		$2,057.21

We hereby certify that we have audited the receipts and disbursements of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home for the thirteen months ending March 31, 1912, and that the above statement, in our opinion, reflects the true results from the transactions of the period.

WRIGHT, SCHOOLEY & MORSE,
Public Accountants.

E. V. E., Marshfield, Ore. 1. Is the religion of the Balkan States and Greece the Greek or the Roman Church? 2. Has the Greek Church all or any of the objectionable features and errors of the Roman, or is it more like the Protestant?

1. The prevailing religion of Greece and the Balkan States is that of the Greek Catholic Church, called more accurately the "Oriental Orthodox Church." 2. The point of doctrine on which the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches differ is the "procession" of the Spirit. The Roman Church holds that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and from the Son; the Greek omits the words "and from the Son." The most striking difference is that the Greek Church does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. There are a number of divisions, having different heads, or "patriarchs." The clergy are married; communion in two kinds, *i. e.*, both the bread and wine, is allowed to the laity.

R. A., Saratoga, N. Y. What are the general points of difference which distinguish the new Baptist Bible from the current versions?

In the proper sense, the new Bible is not altogether new. The American Bible Union (Baptist) issued a New Testament in 1862, which was prepared mainly by Professor T. J. Conant, and this, together with four books of the Old Testament, which he had also translated, is included in the latest publication. The work of preparing the new Bible as a whole was begun in 1889, being assigned to eminent Baptist scholars. Some of the changes may be noted: The Greek words for baptize and baptism are so translated, being followed by the words "immerse" and "immersion" in brackets. Archaic forms of expression such as "loveth" and "leadeth" are rendered in the modern forms "loves" and "leads." "Epistles" is rendered "letters." "Calvary" becomes simply "a skull." In John 4: 24 "God is spirit" is substituted for "a spirit." Acts 17: 22 reads, "I perceive that ye are very much given to the worship of divinities," which is an excellent change. Matt. 6: 34 is changed to "the morrow will have its own anxiety." Matt. 5 substitutes "happy" for "blessed." In the Psalms "praise ye Jah" takes the place of "Hallelujah." In Gen. 3: 17-21 "Adam" becomes "the man." In certain passages "hades" becomes "the underworld," and "hell" "infernal regions," although in a number of others "hell" is retained. These are only a few of a number of similar changes. The whole book gives evidence of careful, conscientious scholarship, and the textual notes at the bottom of the pages are a great help to the reader, being frequently in the nature of a commentary. It should be remembered that as far as the New Testament is concerned, the changes noted have been in use in the Baptist denomination for many years, and further, that in no single instance do they affect the essentials of the Christian faith. They are simply corrections of the older translations with a careful modernizing of the phraseology.

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Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Blue Mountain, Miss. See answer on tithes in a recent issue of THE MAIL-BAG.

L. C., Groesbeck, Texas. See Ex. 24: 18; Deut. 9: 9; Matt. 4: 2; Mark 1: 13, and Luke 4: 2.

L. M. R., Stormsburg, Neb. We consider it possible that a man might be a Christian and yet be a professional ballplayer. There are no doubt honest, upright men in that business as in other callings.

R. M., Caledonia, Minn. 1. We know of no reason why a Christian could not be a member of any of the organizations you mention. 2. The confessional, as practiced by Rome, has no warrant anywhere in the Scripture.

W. L. P., Goldsborough, N. C. The passage in Eph. 4: 5 indicates the rallying-point for believers in the early church. The church is one in the unity of its allegiance to Jesus Christ as its head; one in unity of faith of the Gospel as once for all delivered to man, and which is not to be superseded by any other belief (see Jude 5: 3), and one in regarding baptism as the sacrament whereby we are incorporated into the visible body of believers. Alford remarks concerning this same passage in Ephesians: "There is not added 'one Pope, one council, one form of government'." Where there is no ministry with Christ as the head, there is no Christian church.

E., Seattle, Wash. 1. W. T. Stead had some peculiar views, and was an experimenter in psychology and spiritualism, but he gave evidence on many occasions of true Christian belief. Those who knew him best regarded him as a man of exceptionably fine Christian character. Many of the tributes paid to him by the British and American press took this view. 2. There is no record in Scripture of any of the apostles exercising in a literal and authoritative sense, the power of personally forgiving sins. They all, without exception, preached the forgiveness of sins through faith in and acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour. This power, which is mentioned in John 20: 23, is intended in a ministerial or declarative sense, as the authorized interpreter of his Word.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1912

THE · CHRISTIAN · HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

All That Is Left of the Cebu Christians' First Protestant Church

The Wreckage of Mr. Jansen's Boys' Dormitory

THE DISASTROUS TYPHOON IN CEBU

THOUGH the seriousness of the devastating typhoon that swept parts of the Philippine Islands a short time ago was apparent from the cabled despatches, it was not realized that such an appalling disaster had visited those with whose progress and efforts we are familiar and to whom we are linked by ties of sympathy and friendship. From the island city of Cebu, P. I., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jansen send us an account of the terrible ravages which the storm wrought in their missionary "parish of a hundred islands." Mr. and Mrs. Jansen and their work are already well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, for it is in their watery field that the big mission motor boat *El Heraldo Cristiano*—largely the gift of our readers—is doing such able service.

Mrs. Jansen writes of their recent disaster as follows:

"A week ago, on our arrival at Hongkong en route for Cebu, P. I., we cheerfully faced the short stretch of the ever restless Chinese sea which lay between us and the Philippines. But the hotel in Hongkong, where we awaited the ship which was to take us on the rest of our journey, held terrible news for us. A copy of the Manila *Times* lay on the reading-desk and it told us in a few big headlines what had just happened in the city and island to which we were hastening:

"'Storm Wrecks Cebu City. Tens of thousands homeless. Deaths from the island of Cebu total close to a thousand.' We now know that it was more, as this number did not include the then unknown loss in the country around Cebu City. Nine steamers are reported lost, four were sunk in Cebu harbor, and a large number of sailing bancas (fishing boats). The destruction of the cargo boats which ran in and out of Cebu is in itself a tremendous loss to the island. So terrific was the force of the wind and torrential rain which burst upon the land and on the sea around Cebu that not only ships but stone bridges, roads, railway lines, and of course thousands of the frailly built Cebuan houses, were swept to destruction. The force of the wind lifted roofs and walls and entire houses, carrying them away, scattering and destroying and burying timber and household stuff. It hurled sticks of timber and pieces of wood and metal five feet into the ground in some cases.

"Added to all, tidal waves rushed into the most thickly populated districts of the city, sweeping before their waters people and homes.

"As we thought, when we first read this news, of the children, of those mothers and fathers so well known to us we did not dare to picture them in that whirlpool of death. They had their warning. The harbor hurricane signals had been telling of the nearing typhoon, but it was upon them even while the warnings spoke. And the wind at a velocity of over 100 miles an hour drove all power of quiet reasoning away, while from two to six feet of rushing waters made escape by flight impossible. The city river bed, which the children during the previous awful five months of drought had made their playground, now became for many of them their place of death, while the parents perished on every hand with the last death longing to save their children imprinted on many of their faces. The entire city was plunged in darkness, and to the people who had become so accustomed to the electric lighting the unbroken darkness was an added horror. Had the sea wall of the city not stood the awful strain of the tidal wave death must have played far more awful havoc in the city. Neither was the fresh water cut off, although the typhoon rains caused an overflow of the reservoir, so that the rush of its waters tore away rocks in their course.

"Appalling stories of death and anguish are being brought into the city by scores of bereaved parents and orphaned children. Children were swept from the arms of mothers and fathers, and parents from their children, to be crushed to death or drowned by the force of the mountain streams, which had become wide and deep torrents, as they tore down the steep hillsides to carry with them the beaten bodies and the wrecked homes to the rushing rivers in the valleys.

"The patient sorrow of the Christians is terrible to see. They do not weep except when they pray aloud together. They do not complain. Old and young alike gather around almost silently, like little children stricken by great sorrow. With voices thrilled by strange grief they pray together. They tell of their sorrows, saying,

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Distributing Food and Other Temporary Relief to the Sufferers from the Typhoon in the Streets of Cebu City After the Storm

CHRISTMAS AT ELLIS ISLAND

BY GRACE HELEN BAILEY

Some Types of Future Citizens Awaiting the First Christmas in the New Land

AS a belated group of people hurried off the little government steamer that plies between Ellis Island and Battery Park, one of the crew called out a greeting. It sounded like: "Merry Christmas to ye, folks." Yet it may have been only the trickeries of the wind, for no one stopped, although every one was smiling good-naturedly. Some of the passengers were officials, a few were visitors, and one amply proportioned, kindly woman was so unmistakably a missionary that the identifying badge was not necessary. As she went swiftly along the wharf, the woman with the badge suddenly paused with a quick exclamation. She called out to a man with gold braid on his cap:

"Tell Miss Hasper I'll be up in a minute."

Her voice had a thrill in it of keen interest as she bent down to investigate a bit of a something huddled on a queer oilcloth-covered bundle which had been conscientiously bound about with yards of rope. The something had two red woolen stockings which might have been taken for robins lost in the snow. But it was only a child in the grip of an infinite desolation. Down on her knees went the missionary, swift fingers plundering the bulging twine-netted bag on her arm. Out came a staring worsted doll, ruddy of cheek, unwinking of eye. The missionary couldn't understand the child, and the child couldn't understand the missionary—the doll understood them both. Out flung the arms of the child, in through the portals of a forlorn, homesick, little heart went the worsted orphan, and the Judean splendor of the world's first Christmas dawn enveloped the three.

An old woman came hobbling toward them. Brown and shrewd was the peasant face, and kindly too. Her wrinkled old hands twitched at the missionary's sleeve to show that she understood. She wanted to share in the joy of it. The two women smiled as only women can smile on the happiness of a little child. It was the season for the little children and for those with the heart of a child. The passing of nearly two thousand years had only made greater the glory of the first divine Child and his wonderful star.

For days Ellis Island had kept the secret of the kindly plan—worked out by the missionaries and approved by officials—of giving a Christmas surprise party to the children, small and large, of ten or twelve nations. Most of these pilgrims from the Old World were very ignorant; all were poor; many had need of the healing hands that would never touch them. Among them were future citizens, who some day would point out the island to their children while gaily voyaging to Coney in the summertime. But among them also were scores to whom the very memory of the island would bring the bitterness of life's greatest disappointment.

The missionary had much to do this day. She hurried into the side entrance of the huge building, interminably vibrant, like some gigantic hopper, shaking day and night, sifting into the country citizens in the raw. But to her—to all these missionaries who work here at the gateway of the nation—the immigrant is not a part of so much raw material, but a personal equation, a man, woman or child with individual wants, secret griefs and fears, trembling aspirations and great hopes for the future. Most of these port missionaries are foreign-born themselves; many came over in the steerage and landed at Ellis Island; all know exactly how it is with the bewildered newcomers.

The missionary ran up the steps to the women's detention quarters on the second floor. She was laughing and panting, for to-day she was twenty years young and her feet had the willingness of a young girl's. She waved to a man in uniform, sitting by a door, whose sign said warningly, "No admittance." He opened it for her, she passed into the room of the women, and they fell upon her like a swarm of locusts. She made a sign to an attendant, and, with the netted bag held high over her head, ran out, still laughing. Together they went down long corridors, white-tiled and immaculate, to the big dining-room, where twelve hundred hungry voyagers can sit at table. Here everything was bustle and brilliance, for this was the room chosen for the Christmas party. Two great, sparkling trees were flanked by long tables, and these were being piled high with presents for old and young. Just a few touches here and there and everything was ready.

Around the Christmas Tree at Ellis Island

Then the music struck up, and from the tiled corridor came the sound of heavy, shuffling feet trying to march, as the doors of the detention rooms were thrown open and the wondering occupants poured forth. The men filed into the dining-room first, the women came next, the girls and smaller children bringing up the rear. They are mostly Italians, dark-eyed, vivacious, swiftly responsive and easily moved to tears or smiles of pleasure at the music and the fascinating mounds of presents that they passed. Here and there, tragic, lowering, a Slav or a Russian passed by; now and then a brightly turbaned Oriental followed on the heels of a Hollander or Scandinavian. There were robust youths and maids; men bearded like patriarchs, and women bent and withered with much service. Two hopeless cripples dragged past in the line.

The tramping ceased and the orchestra, from a rollicking march, slowed into the first majestic bars of "America." Too often, the singing of our borrowed national hymn is a perfunctory thing. But when "America" is sung in halting English or wordlessly, by eight hundred men and women who have sold their all, turned their backs on the homes of their forefathers, and are standing at the gateway of the Promised Land, then "Sweet Land of Liberty" bursts forth as a prayer. That hymn to Liberty was a great sob full of pent-up, inexpressible emotion. Those faces, swarthy or pale, glowing with something that was to them a new hope, almost a new religion, held a tremendous significance.

The port chaplain, his own eyes moist, raised his hand and the room was stilled. It was a very little prayer, for he knew they could not understand a word he said. But they felt the sympathy in his voice and listened reverently. When a young Italian clergyman spoke his people huddled eagerly about him, responding to every word. Each missionary addressed his own people in their native tongue. They are very wise, these missionaries, in the needs of the people in their care. They knew just what the Christmas festival had meant to the emigrants at home—few gifts, for the spare pennies were few, but much good cheer and real devotion. They knew when to start the singing of the Italian, German, Russian, and Swedish national songs, in which the homesick travelers could join. But the children of the immigrants wearied of prayer and singing long before their elders. The material slaps and shakes had anything but a quieting effect upon the restless, wriggling little rebels, and squalls of wrath and pain began to break through the music; so when the signal came to move, a general sigh of satisfaction was distinctly audible. Two lines of attendants were formed and the men advanced singly. Hat and cap in awkward hands, they moved eagerly toward the tables. As they filed by, they received packages of stockings, handkerchiefs, fruits, German honey cake, and—apparently most welcome of all—two cakes apiece of scented soap. The popularity of those cakes of scented soap was instant and overwhelming. Certainly, none of the other gifts seemed so to delight the grown-ups, even when tentative nibbles proved conclusively that they were not exactly certain of the nature and purpose of the highly-perfumed white cakes.

The women and girls climbed on benches to watch the men and boys receive their presents. These folk had not been long enough in the New World to set aside the customs of the Old, where the dominant male comes first always, and at Ellis Island they were wise enough to conform to age-long prejudice. But when the men had passed into the corridors the subdued chatter threatened to burst into riotous gaiety. Grandmothers and girls alike bubbled over

Continued on page 1303

WITH THE BALKAN RELIEF WORKERS

ANOTHER $1,000, FIFTH REMITTANCE, FORWARDED TO SOFIA. THE NEED AND HEROISM OF THE SUFFERERS

IN THE military school at Sofia, that has been turned into a hospital, two soldiers died the other night of their wounds. One of them, feeling his end near, handed the bullet that had been removed from his wound to the nurse attending him, saying: 'Please send this to my wife as a memento of the part I took in this war for the liberation of our brothers in Macedonia.' He also handed her his purse containing eight francs ($1.60), requesting that this be sent to his wife, who is left with six children. The other soldier, before breathing his last, also handed his purse, containing four francs (80 cents), asking that this amount be sent to his wife and children. Both of these men sent, through the nurse, their last greetings and benediction to their wives and children. They did not seem to regret having offered their lives for their country; their only grief was for the helpless ones who are left in want."

These are just two little incidents taken from a letter from the Rev. Dr. Stephan Tomoff, one of the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee in Sofia. They might be duplicated from another letter, and to them might be added the long stories of the privations and sufferings of those who are waiting—many hopelessly—for the heads of the families to return from the front. Dr. Tomoff, in his letter, gives the details of many of the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the retreating Turkish army. He says: "In Bansko, a small town in Macedonia, all the members of a Bulgarian family were ruthlessly murdered by the Turks when they saw that they would be forced to let the place be occupied by the advancing Bulgarian column. First, the father and mother were slain, then the two eldest daughters, who were teachers in the town school, and finally the little children.

"In the town of Serfidjeh, in southern Macedonia, the Turks murdered seventy-five men, of whom five were priests and most were the heads of families. A correspondent writing from the so-called Tcherna Scala (Black Rock), a stronghold recently captured by the Bulgarians, says:

"'I visited the lazaretto in Tsarevo Selo, where I talked with two wounded Bulgarians from the village of Gurnevo, who had barely escaped with their lives. In that place the Turks had perpetrated massacres that surpassed all former atrocities. A squadron of Turkish troops passed through the village and killed the Bulgarian peasants in their houses and yards. They compelled the men to lie on the ground, and shot them. In this way they killed one hundred and forty-seven. One of the wounded men could hardly speak. He whispered that the Turks first murdered his father before his eyes, then the other members of the family and finally his son, whom they compelled to lie down on the ground, and there shot him. Only a few hours after this, the Bulgarian troops met and defeated that body of Turks, almost annihilating them.'"

Mrs. Furnajieff writes: "Our wounded soldiers are arriving daily in hundreds. No more marching to the roll of the military drum for them, for they are all bandaged and pale from suffering. Sticks and crutches are in great demand, and many will never again walk without them. Yet, as they are carried from the station to the waiting cars, those of slighter wounds sing the national song and shout their hurrahs like American college boys returning from a football match that they have won.

"Heroism is contagious. It has taken hold of the women and children, the boys and the girls. Every one is anxious to be of service, ready to comfort those in tears, to succor hunger and help the starving, to work where there is need, night and day; in a word, to do his part in these strenuous days."

From a photo by the Christian Herald's correspondent in Sofia

Some of the Convalescent Wounded at Dinner in the Hospital

The contributions toward the Balkan Relief Fund continue to flow through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office to the sufferers in Bulgaria and Macedonia. This week a fifth remittance, $1,000, is being sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Committee at Sofia.

That the appeal for the sufferers in the Balkan struggle has made a deep impression on the heart of sympathetic America is evidenced by hundreds of letters which have reached THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office. Many mention specially that part of the work which most stirs the heart of the writer. From Portland, Ore., J. E. W. writes: "Please use the enclosed to the very best advantage as you see it in relieving the sick and wounded in the war of the Allies and the Turks, and may God bless it and cause it to do some good." L. J. H., a Nova Scotian lady, encloses a bill, saying: "Please use this in aid of the Balkan widows and orphans and for the wounded soldiers. May our heavenly Father bless this glorious undertaking, and from his boundless store provide full and plenty for the brave sufferers." From A. P. W., of Falmouth, Va., comes this letter. After mentioning an enclosure the writer says: "To think of the suffering in that cold mountain climate without food or other comforts and of Christians being massacred is enough to make one weep. While we send up our Thanksgiving anthems for the peace and plenty of our homeland we are too apt to forget that even now our brothers and sisters in the East are hungry, and cold, and sick, and wounded, and dying. I hope this small sum may, when added to others, do some one good." The following additional contributions toward the Relief Fund have been received:

I. H. Hoffman	$10.00	T. M. Fleming	1.00
H. W. Paul	10.00	Eugene A. Cook	2.00
Agnes Forth	10.00	Mrs. H. J. Burr	2.00
A. Hanson	3.50	Miss Julia Haskell	5.00
E. Runge	1.00	Miss C. Leonard	5.00
Lloyd Baker	1.00	Esther Phetzing	2.00
W. F. Scott	2.00	Mary B. Olmsted	5.00
Mabel Scott	2.00	Samuel F. Ancrell	1.00
Julia Scott	2.00	Mrs. H. Frahm	1.00
R. W. Foster	5.00	Mrs. M. D. Smith	1.00
Jonas Olson	1.00	T. L. Dickerson	5.00
Mrs. Henderson	2.00	George Mackie	5.00
Mrs J E Jones	2.00	Lafayette Peters	2.00
J. M. Schappell	2.00	Mrs. E. Dennstedt	1.00
J. F. Beam	1.00	S. Krupp	5.00
B. P. Beam	1.00	E. D. Bezant	5.00
J. F. Dodd	2.00	Lydia V. Joseph	8.00
W. J. D. C.	5.00	C. G. Main	5.00
Ben Gren	1.00	J. W. Blume	1.00
——, Vermont	2.00	Archie McEwen	2.00
Alice Cron	3.00	Mrs. A. T. Terry	1.10
W. K. Desh	10.00	Carrie E. Speck	1.00
——, Pella, Ia.	1.25	Mrs. Wm. Hopper	5.00
A. Bartter	10.00	Rev. Wm. Bast	1.00
A. Dempster	100.00	R. M. Sweeney	1.00
Katie Kennell	.50	John Weikart	1.00
E. E. Boyce	2.00	J. H. Underwood	10.00
Martha Smith	5.00	M. Barton	1.00
Lizzie Corch	2.00	Mrs. Wm. Cleland	2.00
W. L. Stone	1.00	G. W. Parker	3.00
Chris Bouder	3.00	E. H. H.	5.00
M. E. S.	1.00	E. A. S.	2.00
Mrs. J. G.	2.00	C. R. McC.	3.00
J. W. Smith	2.00	M. W.	2.00
Wm. Greer	1.00	L. M.	1.00
Geo. A. Clark	1.00	S. T. Johnson	5.00
G. U. N.	1.00	A Friend	5.00
W. Knostman	2.00	Maria Elliott	5.00
D. Faulk	1.00	C. R. Sandling	100.00
David Gladstone	10.00	H. F. Kent	5.00
——, Goode, Va.	2.00	Helen Powell	2.00
N. McL.	10.00	J. H. Hibbard	10.00
Miss McDowell	1.00	E. U. E.	5.00
Charles H. Upham	5.00	Mrs. C. H. Randall	5.00
Frances H. Douglass	5.00	——, Jodie, W. Va.	2.00
Logan D. Ayers	2.00	Mrs. R. H. Benedict	1.00
——, Sturgis, Mich.	5.00	S. R. Lawrence	3.00
Mrs. Mary Ackerman	3.00	B. P., Waupaca, Wis.	1.00
Mrs. John Williamson	1.00	Two Poor Widows, St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
Mrs. F. T. Getman	5.00	Unknown, Minneapolis, Minn.	20.00
Benjamin Hartman	2.00	Caroline E. Furman	2.00
Alexander Kinmont	1.00	——, Hampton, N. H.	25.00
I. T. W., Dingman's Ferry, Pa.	10.00	"A Friend," Gilbertsville, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. L. Chamberlin	2.00	"Friend," Albion, N. Y.	5.00
Francis Osborne	20.00	Mrs. R. S., Naches, Wash.	1.00
Richard H. Nelson	2.00	Mrs. D. A. Miller	6.30
Mrs. D. S. Fowler	2.00	Wm. A. Gillespie	35.00
Mrs. B. S. Watson	5.00	——, Sawyers, Va.	1.00
Mrs. H. C. Chilson	1.00	Elizabeth Hickman	3.00
Mrs. Anna G. Wahl	2.00		
Mrs. H. L. McKinley	1.00		

All contributions should be forwarded as early as possible to the Balkan Relief Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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A Bulgarian Improvised Ambulance and Field Hospital Corps on the Way to the Front

The King of Servia After a Visit to the Military Hospital

Some of the First Wounded Who Were Brought from the Front to the Sofia Hospitals

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

PRESIDENT OTTO KOENIG | MANAGING EDITOR GEO. H. SANDISON | SECRETARY THEODORE WATERS

Christmas and Beyond

AS WE celebrate the Christmas festival in our homes and churches and public gatherings, let us not forget that the anniversary of the Advent has a double significance. Jesus came to earth, the world's Redeemer in the form of a little Child, and was cradled in a manger. When he comes again—and we have his own blessed assurance that he will—it will not be in the same humble wise, but the "nations shall see the Son of Man coming with power and great glory." This is the larger vision which ought to be associated with the Christmastide.

So as we listen to the Christmas songs, and while we take down the Old Book and read to the group around the blazing hearth the sweet story from the second chapter of Luke, which tells of the angel's message and the coming of the world's Redeemer, let us not forget that King Jesus will come again. It is a beautiful and sublime thought that this world is drawing nearer to that great event which is the logical rounding out of the prophecies. It brings to us a vision of a time when there will be no sects or denominational divisions in the Church of Christ; when all the old quarrels will be healed and when his followers will be everywhere united. And what a welcome he will receive! With what joy he will be acclaimed by those who have suffered for his sake and who, amid trials, privation and persecution, have remained faithful and true. Let us look beyond the Christmas Day, then, to this event for which the whole world longs, and let us so live and act and think and love that we may be worthy to welcome him.

Befogging the Issue

IT IS to be regretted that a journal usually so candid and fair-minded as the *Catholic World* should resort to unworthy attempts to befog the great issue now before the American people, viz.: the plan of the hierarchy and its official following to "Make America Catholic." In the December issue it endeavors to divert public attention from the main question by attributing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD purposes which do not enter into the present discussion at all. It objects most vociferously to the application of the term "Romanist" to its coreligionists in this country, denouncing such an appellation as "an ugly, malicious falsehood," of which this journal has been "knowingly guilty." "That we are Romanists in the good sense is our glory," it goes on to explain. "We recognize Pope Pius X, the Bishop of Rome, as the Vicar of Christ upon earth." . . . "To call them Romanists" in "the bad sense" it regards as an affront. It has evidently overlooked the fact that Pope Leo XIII in his letter of January 22, 1899, to Cardinal Gibbons on "True and False Americanism in Religion," himself declared that the Catholic Church was "rightly called Roman"; and it follows that a member of that church would be very properly designated as a "Romanist"—a term which does not necessarily convey a sense of disparagement, although the *Catholic World* seems to regard it as offensive in the highest degree. We wonder why. Our erudite neighbor the New York *Sun* points out that for a thousand years the term "Roman" was applied to Catholic Christianity. The Pope was "Pontifex Romanus." Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* (chap. 103), writes of the "Roman" Catholic Church and the "Roman fold" in America. Cardinal Amette, archbishop of Paris, in an address at Notre Dame Cathedral, Dec. 17, 1911, declared himself "Roman and French." Butler's Catechism (1852) carries the official approval on its pages of four "Roman" Catholic archbishops. The Vatican's own formula is "The Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman." These examples from authoritative sources amply justify the use of "Romanist," not in any derogatory sense, but as a logical term in referring to Catholics, just as we use the words "Methodist," "Baptist," and "Christian Scientist" in speaking or writing of the members of these respective churches. Does the *World* think these good people would regard such terms as opprobrious? Not a bit of it!

Now, we can only view the ill temper of the *Catholic World* as a subterfuge to cover up its inability or unwillingness to face the real issue. It next takes another tack, also wide of the mark, when it goes on to say: "To an honest discussion [of religious principles] no one will take exception." If the editor of that publication has read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—and we make little doubt that he has—he must know that the question of religion, *per se*, has nothing to do with the present controversy. Catholics, Protestants, Christian Scientists, Jews and even Mohammedans all enjoy the same right and privilege of freedom of worship in this republic. We have never expressed a desire to begin a religious controversy with our Catholic brethren. The real issue lies in another direction altogether, and, moreover, it is one which has been raised not by Protestants, but by Catholic prelates and Catholic journals. They have forced it upon the attention of the nation. How else can the *Catholic World* interpret the voluntary and almost simultaneous action of the great Protestant assemblies—Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational, Lutheran and Baptist—which uttered "the voice of the nation" in resolutions denouncing the political aims and aspirations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America? What moved them to take such definite action? It was such incidents as the setting up of a new and un-American claim of "precedence" by a cardinal of the church over the governor of an American State at a public banquet; the claims of the right of cardinals to the recognition due to "princes of the blood"; of their right to salutes by American warships that are usually accorded to princes. It was their strenuous efforts to secure increased political power and undue representation in Congress, on which subject one archbishop declared "The church can never have its own until this comes to pass," while a cardinal made the broad assertion: "Where the liberties of a people are committed to a Catholic, their liberties are safer than where committed to any other individual" (see New York *Times*, January 28 and October 9, 1911). It was incidents such as these, together with the glowing announcements in the daily press of the setting up of "thrones" for cardinals in America, that aroused the public spirit of inquiry and protest. It was the wild, boastful utterances of Catholic journals openly proclaiming themselves to the world as "Catholics first and Americans decidedly afterwards." If any Protestant body had attempted such things, it would have been instantly condemned by every sensible citizen, regardless of religion. But it was done and is still being done by Catholics, and yet the *Catholic World*, neither admitting nor denying these plain facts, attempts to persuade its readers that the criticisms of the non-Catholic press, including, of course, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are malicious, un-Christian and untrue. No; it is not a religious controversy, but it is an arraignment by the American people of a church which has gone so far and so flagrantly out of its sphere that the time has arrived for rebuke.

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A New Slaughter of Innocents

THE story of the slaughter of the little children of Bethlehem at the order of anxious Herod has always been a sad paragraph in the sweet Christmas chapter of the Gospel story. Now as Christmas time comes round again, there is, in the midst of the merriment, a new strain of surprise and sadness as the revelations are being made of the sufferings of little children in the perplexing tangle of our nation's industries.

Shocking revelations have been made to the New York State Factory Investigating Commission, which has been holding sessions in a number of the cities of the State. Most startling were the revelations made by Miss Mary Louisa Chamberlain, who gathered during the past summer a supply of first-hand information by getting employment in several canning factories and making careful notes of her observations. By some sort of manipulation the recent reform measure limiting the hours of factory labor for women and children exempted the canneries from these restrictions. The plea was made that since the season of fruit and vegetable gathering is short and the crops must be cared for hastily as soon as they ripen, it is necessary to crowd the laborers. But it is appallingly poor economy to destroy the health of the women and children of a State to protect one of its industries.

Saddest of all, at Christmas time, are the tales of sleepy little babies in city tenements put and kept at work making dolls for the Christmas trade. It seems that baby fingers can do part of the work better than fingers fully grown. Could there be a more grotesque and pitiful irony? Frail babies of poor people drained of their scant vitality and robbed of their scant pleasures to provide toys for the children of the well-to-do!

In the midst of our Christmas giving and Christmas singing and Christmas feasting, let the people of our States plan for a Christmas gift worth while—the gift of life and liberty to the sad hosts of child laborers throughout our prosperous land.

The Road to High Ideals

I have been receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about five years. It was subscribed for me through the kindness of a dear old grandmother, who, thinking I might go astray in this game of life, thought your paper would be a guide for me, I suppose. Not being used to such reading or literature, I did not take to it for quite a while; but I always did like truth, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD seemed to be full of it, and I must honestly say it just seemed to plead for me to lead a clean life. It has taught me to seek higher ideals, and makes me believe more and more that we have great power in God, if we will only give in and live up to his great laws, which give us strength to be of use to God and our fellow man.

Now, I am anxious for some one else to get a lift from your paper. Surely you would know one who needs it, so I am sending $1.50 for one year's subscription, if you will kindly see to it and oblige

A READER OF YOUR PAPER.

Sacramento, Calif.

WE PRINT the foregoing, not because the writer, from being indifferent, has grown to be a lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, but because his letter is corroborative of many others which unite in declaring that, under Providence, this journal has been to them a means of spiritual uplift, strength and encouragement. This is precisely what the editors desire the paper to be to all of its readers—a Gospel messenger, a safe counselor, a faithful guide and a leader to higher ideals and nobler living. We feel it to be a very gracious thing that our efforts are made instrumental, even in a humble way, in bringing about such results. We know that many of our readers share in this feeling and that they, like the California subscriber quoted above, believe in "passing on" the blessing to others. The most direct way of showing one's gratitude for help thus received is to assist others to the same privilege by sending them a subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This is real home missionary work in which all may have a share. There could be no more appropriate time than the Christmas season for such a gift. Don't forget that we are making a special price of $2.25 for two subscriptions to all who wish to have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to a friend as well as to themselves. If you take advantage of this opportunity, a copy of *The Christian Herald Almanac* will be sent with each subscription FREE.

THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY
FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Discoveries at Pompeii and Cumæ

THE International Archeological Congress meeting at Rome, and including the most famous scientists of Europe and America, after having completed its important work, went to Naples to visit the ruins of Pompei, Cumæ and Pæstum, which, under the direction of Professor Victor Spinazzola, have given wonderful results in the last few months by the complete and wise policy of making use of all the ruins. He has been able to reconstruct the balconies, windows, façades, and in some cases entire houses. It is a new demonstration of the life of the time when those places were destroyed. The frescos which ornamented the façades of these houses gives an effective idea of the luxury of the past. The excavations at Cumæ, which have only just begun, promise very important results. Cumæ dates back from the time when the Romans captured the town from the Samnites, and it became a very fashionable resort, where Cæsar, Cicero and other famous Romans built their luxurious villas. The place is mentioned in the works of Virgil. The excavations at Cumæ promise to be even more significant than those of Pompeii itself. The spade is busy revealing the material, intellectual and religious records of the past. These revelations are corroborating many of the stories of the Bible, and are making contributions to the knowledge of the present that can hardly be calculated. The paths of science seriously followed naturally lead to God, the Author of all truth and wisdom. The excavators at Pompeii and Cumæ are in search of knowledge and their work suggests the words of the wise man:

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then thou shalt understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. (Prov. 2: 3-5.)

The Members of the Archeological Congress Inspecting Work at Pompeii

Newly Discovered Fresco of the Divinities of Rome

Suffragist Against Bible

A WOMAN in Chicago the other day advocating female suffrage in an address said: "We cannot accept the Bible as a divine inspiration, because it features the male sex in everything, almost to the exclusion of the female. In the Bible we know God is represented as a man, Christ as a man, the apostles as men, and women are commanded to obey their husbands. The Bible was written by men at a time when women were chattels." Fortunately few women, and few women who advocate female suffrage, share the unbelief of the Chicago speaker. The old Testament gave woman a higher place than the literatures of any of the contemporary nations. It recorded a Miriam at the head of a band of women shouting over victories, a Deborah leading an army, a prophetess and a judge, a mother of Samuel, whose songs were a part of the sacred hymns, a mother of Lemuel, the ideal woman of the world's best literature, ancient or modern. Aristotle regarded women as beings midway between freemen and slaves. Plato said that "a woman's virtue is to order her house, to keep what is indoors, and to obey her husband." The Grecian daughter could not inherit a penny of her father's estate. All women were counted as minors. Seneca was bitter against the women of his time. It would scarcely be known from his writings that Cicero ever had a mother. Pliny in an essay commends the action of his friend who celebrated the funeral of his wife with a gladiatorial fight, indicating, however, regret that the African panthers intended for the occasion had been delayed by a storm. It was the nations of the past that had no Bible that underestimated, oppressed and degraded the millions of their women. And in heathen lands at this time there are hundreds of millions of women occupying an inferior relation to man, and many of them pressed down to the point of intolerable slavery to the men in body, mind and soul. The New Testament is full of reverence for, love of, and loyalty to womanhood. A woman was the mother of the Babe in Bethlehem, the Christ of the Bible. Women were his warmest friends and supporters. They were the last to leave the cross, the first to find the Saviour's tomb. They have furnished about two-thirds of all of the membership of the churches since the days of Christ. Christianity has given to women her largest liberty, her greatest opportunity, her highest dignity, her sweetest joy and most exalted hope for this life and that which is to come. It is fortunate for both church and state that our women are believers and not unbelievers, and that Christ can address most of the women of our land in the words he once used:

O woman, great is thy faith. (Matt. 15: 28.)

Christianity and National Life

MR. JAMES J. HILL, the railroad magnate, was present at the dedication of a building for the North Star College at Warren, Minn., which he had erected at an expense of $50,000. He made a significant address, in which he pointed out an agreement between science and Christianity, and gave several reasons why Christianity should be taught in the public schools. He concluded with these words: "No nation can exist without a true Christian spirit behind it, and laws that forbid teaching Christianity are the weakest things in our government. I hope to see the decalogue in every schoolroom." The Bible and the Christ of the Book will be the measure of the mental growth and virtue of the children of the republic and of the prosperity of the nation. For childhood, manhood or the nation the words of the Psalmist are of practical significance:

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. (Ps. 119: 105.)

King Not Whisky Manufacturer

A FOREIGN correspondent of a Chicago paper said this recently: "Few people outside English court circles are aware that King George is a whisky distiller on a large scale, and that the famous Lochnagar whisky is produced on his Balmoral estate, the great distilleries being situated about two miles from the castle. They supply not only the royal cellars, as well as those of the Kaiser and of the Czar, but also many of the leading clubs in London and the market genrally, the revenues derived therefrom by King George's privy purse being enough to pay every penny of expense in connection with the maintenance of the Balmoral castle and estate, and to leave a handsome profit besides." Rev. John Lee, D.D., a Methodist minister of the Rock River Conference, which includes the city of Chicago, wrote King George, informing him of the charge made against him. In due time he received from the King's private secretary the following letter, dated at Buckingham Palace, October 30: "The private secretary presents his compliments to the Rev. John Lee and is commanded by the king to acknowledge the receipt of his letter of the 14th inst. In reply, the private secretary begs to inform Dr. Lee that there is no truth in the report referred to in his communication." Lying is always bad; it is especially so when it is widespread in its consequences. Some fanatics who thought they were good temperance people and Christians, but who were mistaken, circulated openly and widely the wicked falsehood that President McKinley was a saloonkeeper. The only basis for the slander was that Mr. McKinley's wife inherited from her father's estate a hotel which had on it a long lease, the proprietor of which took out a license to sell liquor. Mr. McKinley tried hard to buy off the lease and prevent the sale of liquor on the premises, but failed. President McKinley told one of our most intimate friends that in all his public life he had never been so keenly stung as by the false slander persisted in by Christians and church people who ought to have been his best friends. The more recent charge made broadcast that one of the most illustrious citizens of the land was a confirmed inebriate, on his way to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, was just as false as the other slanders, though made by those who claimed to be church members. A lie against a king, a late President or an ex-President, or any one else, told however loud or long, can never become a truth, but will be eventually exposed. Truth is self-revealing in its nature. The vile slander hurts worst the person indulging in it, as the thief steals most from himself. The false charge is forbidden by the Ten Commandments and by Christ's royal law of love, on which the commandments rest.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. (Ex. 20: 16.)

Giant Gun Bursts

ONE of the fourteen-inch guns was shattered into fragments during a test at the Fort Hancock reservation at Sandy Hook the other day. Portions of the barrel weighing three thousand pounds were hurled a quarter of a mile out into the ocean. The test was made with a charge of 320 pounds of powder and a projectile weighing 1,660 pounds. The masonry was wrecked, the breechblock was reduced to fragments, and the outer casting of the gun was ripped open for nearly half of its length. The great gun, which had cost the government $130,000 of the people's hard-earned money, was dismantled and its muzzle rested in the sand, worthless save for the junkheap. Though all of the men operating the gun were stunned and one of them was thrown into the air, fortunately no one was killed. A commission of investigation will report the cause of the disaster. It is pretty certain that it was the result of a flaw in the casting. In the present state of civilization in the world huge guns for coast defense will be necessary for a while; but the explosion of the giant gun and the wicked waste of money in its destruction awaken in us the hope that such mammoth murdering engines may all be abolished, and our nation enjoy the era of peace, which Christ came into this world to bring to nations as well as to the individual heart. The prophet saw the Babe to be born and called him

The Price of Peace. (Isa. 9: 6.)

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

GOOD TIDINGS AND GREAT JOY

BY CHARLES AUBREY EATON, D.D.*

Text: Luke 2: 8-18

NIGHT upon the fields and in the city and upon the silent stretches of the sea. The world at rest, except a little band of humble men keeping watch over their flocks upon the Judean grazing grounds; just shepherds, lowest of all laborers, dull of mind, unlearned in the language of life. The night winds sound their trumpets along the passes of the hills: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork," even as when the shepherd king looked upon the Syrian stars. But these simple shepherds heard not the mystic voices of the night nor saw the splendors of the sky. Their thoughts were of feeding flocks and wild beasts prowling for prey. They wished only the morning and rest.

"And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Time's Greatest Event

The Bible is always a book of contrasts because it deals with human life, but nowhere in all the unfolding drama of redemption are there more amazing contrasts than here. In a moment there flowers upon these common men engaged in common tasks the vast and solemn mystery of eternity. The shepherds and the angel of God; the feeding flocks and the rejoicing heavenly hosts; sordid fear and deliverance for all men; meager existence amidst the sheepfolds and the rolling floods of eternal glory bearing to a world the message of mankind's redemption. O wondrous night! when eternity lifted time into its bosom, heaven was thrilled with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and men were afraid because they did not know.

The birth of Christ is the greatest event in the annals of time. While the glory of God is revealed in creation there seems to be a nobler glory surrounding his work of redemption. When the dawn of the world broke and the morning stars sang together man came forth from God. Designed for dominion, he became a slave. Born for life, he fell into the dark abyss of death. Offspring of infinite holiness, he sullied his spirit with sin.

After long millenniums the world lay prostrate under the shadow of universal ruin. Religion had become a burden. Philosophical systems led only to despair. All societies were breaking down of their own weight. Tyranny and force were the foundations of government. But God had not forgotten. In his heart were the purposes of love and at last he appears among men in the person of the Eternal Son, to recreate the world which had wandered from him. Well might the heavenly host break forth into praise. This is the essence and meaning of the Christmas time. Salvation has come to stricken men. Salvation from sin in its power, its guilt and its consequence. Salvation from despair and hate and fear and failure. Salvation from self and selfishness. The world and all men in it may be born anew from above. The Saviour has come and death shall reign no more.

The Gift of God

Redemption of men through the gift of his Son is a glorious work of God. It opens infinite vistas of thought and possibility. It identifies the eternal with time, gives new values and meaning to life, and kindles afresh that "spark which animates our clod." "One world at a time" was the sneering protest of a noted unbeliever in the supernatural. But even without God "one world at a time" is impossible. The stars cling to each other by gravitation as inevitable as their own existence. The tides throb response to other worlds. All life drinks sustenance from the distant sun. You can cross the oceans only by the guidance of the stars. And when you enter the mysterious region of the soul you feel at once a subtle and persistent outreach after that which lies beyond. It is not an idle fancy of superstitious ignorance that God has appeared among men. Nay, rather it is the inevitable, the logical attention of a Father to the welfare of his childen whom he loves. He made the world, and now in Christ he remakes the world. Regeneration of the race through Christ is even more wonderful than its generation through Adam. In Adam all die, because all have sinned; and the wages of sin is death. In Christ all shall be made alive, because in him the Gift of God is eternal life. Left to himself, the moral history of man attaches itself to and springs out of a principle of decay. With the coming of our divine Redeemer the world-history of man is identified afresh with the glorious God. We are hid with Christ in God. The law of sin and death gives place to the law of love, holiness and life. Peace has come to earth and found lodgment amidst the din of battle. The grim anguish of death is penetrated by a new hope. And because peace is now possible in a world of struggle, and good will falls like the dew of heaven upon hearts throbbing with hate, let us join with the heavenly hosts in their glad ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving. Glory to God in the highest. A new creation has dawned upon the world.

It is not surprising that the birth of the Saviour should be announced to men so lowly. Christ came to bring life. And life always grows from the lower to the higher; from simple to complex; from the one to the many. A religion designed by God for the salvation of all men everywhere must be more than a cult, or a system. It must be in its essence *life*, and it must impart life. Cults and systems may grow out of it as leaves and fruit grow upon a tree; but like the tree it cannot grow upward and outward unless it grow downward. It must be planted in the earth before it can spread its branches in the air. The coming of Christ set the heavenly hosts to singing for joy because at last the poor had the good news of life eternal preached unto them. Glory to God in the highest because he thrust the precious seed of the new life of man into humble lives. Let the shepherds tell their story. God has spoken to them, and through them to all that are oppressed and weak.

The Message of Christmas

It is Christmas time again. No portents fill the sky for us. No angelic hosts break from the engulfing silence to ravish our ears with heavenly harmonies. Rather it has become to many a season of hectic commercialism. The giving of gifts has been caught in the coarse clutch of buying and selling. Crowds throng the market places, not to rejoice in Christ our Saviour, but often to buy things they cannot afford to give to people who do not need. The spirit is being killed by the letter. The symbol has taken the place of the substance. It is not a time of spiritual uplift; of vision, and response to eternal realities. The hardest month in the year for the doing of religious work in city churches is December; and it is the hardest and most fruitless because it is the month in which we celebrate the birth of our divine Redeemer. Everybody is tired. My friend, stop a moment. "There is born this day to you in the city of David a Saviour." "Yes, yes; but how shall I make forty gifts when I have only enough money to pay for five?" "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." "Yes, yes; but delays in delivery of bundles are most vexatious." "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." "Oh, yes; but do you think my presents expensive enough?"

This madness cannot last. The day is too great; its message too divine. Already there are signs of reaction. The real spirit of the day struggles for supremacy, and it will win. The message of Christmas is all told in the word of the angel. "There is born unto you this day a Saviour." Good news indeed for the Shepherds! And for us!

The world has many needs, but most of all it needs a Saviour. Not a series of propositions about religion; not a study in psychology; not a ritual nor a polity; but a personal Saviour who loves us and gives himself for us and to us. This is the need of every life, and Christ is the Saviour we need.

Let Us Go to His Cradle

Let us go with the shepherds to his cradle. Unlike them, we know the story of the centuries. We behold in him the incarnate love and life and power and wisdom and justice of the eternal God. We see in the matchless beauty of his manhood the ideal possibilities of human nature. We have seen him in his manger cradle and we have seen him upon the cross. We know that in the compass of his spirit there has been fought to a triumphant issue the whole battle of human life. He is a Saviour indeed, because he comes from God, the only begotten Son. In him the Creator recreates the lost world. He is a Saviour to all men, because he is man as well as God. Tempted in all points like as we, yet is he without sin. He lived our life, bore our sorrows, died our death, suffered for our sins, rose again for our justification. He is our Saviour. He knows while we are ignorant; he is strong where we are weak; good where we are bad; victorious where we are beaten. He writes the promise of God's love like a rainbow in our tears. He changes the grave into a door of hope. He makes our very weakness to become glorious strength. Oh, thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

With the song of the angels in our ears, with the spell and passion of our Saviour's spirit upon our hearts, how shall we spend our Christmas? First of all, with him. It is his birthday. Because he lived we live here and shall live more gloriously hereafter. Begin the day with him. Look upon his face. Let him kindle the lamp of your soul.

Then with him live your day. To those dear ones in your home bring your love. Thank God for them and they will thank God for you. Give simple gifts that shall symbolize your love. You love because God loved you and gave himself in Christ for you. Think of Christ at Christmas.

Do not send gifts to those who know no need. Send them your love. Write them a letter. Let them hear in the glad accents of your voice the echo of angelic acclaim. We have a Saviour, and in him we have everything. Glory to God in the highest; because Love has found a habitation in the hearts of men.

If you have money for many gifts or few, give something to the children of the poor. A doll for a little girl; something for the boy who has nothing and who needs love brought to him in symbols. Remember the sick and the homesick. Do as Jesus did. He blessed the children. He had compassion. Let your soul enlarge itself by a day of companionship with him. You have no sorrows that he cannot heal. Do not be sad if you are growing old, and the children have gone far away, and you sit in the twilight. Beyond the evening sky the sun is shining. Beyond the silence is song. And you have a Saviour. He will make your old heart young. Spend the day with him, and the saddest of memories will become sweetest. If no gift is left at your door and no friendly voice wishes you a merry Christmas, you have the gift of God's love, and his voice speaks gently if you will only hear.

The shepherds, anxious about their flocks, dreamed not that God was near. Yet all eternity was blazing with the glory of redemption, and song was sounding like ocean upon summer shores. Listen; for heaven is very near. Look up and behold the angels. You have a Saviour. He is here to-day. Welcome him and give glory to God!

* Pastor Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

AS YE TWINE THE WREATHS OF HOLLY

AS YE twine the wreaths of holly,
And the plumy fir boughs free,
All the dear home walls to brighten,
As ye trim the Christmas tree
With the many dear love tokens
That ye give with lavish hand,
All the wee loved hearts to gladden
Of your own dear childish band,

As ye hear their laughter ringing,
As they romp with happy play,
As ye hear their voices singing
In their joy this holy day,
See ye not, beyond the windows,
Sad eyes longing, looking in,
Faces pale with want and sorrow,
Faces marred with shame and sin?

Have ye seen the little children
Crying in your sight for bread?
Drawn with pain their little faces,
Shivering with the cold so dread?
Do you know the Christ Child loves them?
That he's asking you to give,
From the bounteous stores he's given,
Bread that these may eat and live?

Can you turn away unheeding,
Careless since your own wee band
All are safe, no sad want knowing,
Since he opened wide his hand
Unto you with kingly giving?
What if yours stood in their stead?
Will you not his poor remember?
Give that these, too, may be fed?

Philippi, W. Va. IDA L. REED.

The School, Its Teachers and the Home

WHEN a family moves into a new community the question first asked, if there are children to be considered, is whether there is a good school in the neighborhood. The school should by preference be conveniently near the home. It ought to be well warmed and lighted, and the several grades should be cared for by competent teachers. Whenever ground is broken for a new town, one of the best locations is selected for the school which shall attract the children. Yet in many a country neighborhood boys and girls are well and thoroughly taught by the little school-ma'am, who is herself one of the finest forces in civilization. There is a little hamlet in the mountains of northern New York, thirty miles from a railroad station, and so shut in by deep drifts through the winter that the mail is often delayed for weeks, in which, remote as it is, a teacher has lived and labored for nearly twenty years. She foregoes the comforts and luxuries that might be hers nearer her own home, and contentedly and cheerfully stays among the people in the mountains in order that she may send from their fastness after a while boys and girls fit to serve and earn their living in the large cities. She has books and papers and culture, and all that she has and is she freely gives to her pupils and their families.

The mother who invites such a teacher as the most honored guest does more for her children by showing that hospitality than she could possibly do in another way. The children obtain a glimpse of the teacher in her personal character, and she becomes better acquainted with them in the home than when they meet only in the schoolroom.

Concerning Church Fairs

BEING asked whether he considered it consistent with Christian teaching that the Church resort to bazaars, etc., as a means of increasing the finances, Professor David Smith makes this reply in the *British Weekly*:

"Misgiving is inevitable when one remembers how our Lord dealt with the traffickers in the court of the temple: 'Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.' Yet indiscriminate condemnation is generally a mistake; for institutions are seldom absolutely good or bad, and it is usually the spirit which animates them that determines their legitimacy. I confess that I cannot help thinking rather kindly of bazaars, when I remember the experience of my own happy ministry. One of the pleasantest institutions in my dear old congregation was a ladies' work party, which met regularly during the winter in the lesser hall of the church. I never visited the work party without remembering how it is written in the story of the building of the tabernacle in the wilderness (Exod. 35: 25) that 'all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, the blue, and the purple, the scarlet, and the fine linen.' And the truly religious aspect of the institution was revealed to me when an active member of the party, the daughter of a godly working-class home, told me how she felt about it. She had no money to give the church, but she could give her time and her work; and she gave these gladly for the Master's sake. And thus I learned that a bazaar may be a sacred opportunity, a 'means of grace,' an outlet of Christian love and devotion. My experience then has disposed me rather favorably to bazaars; yet there is no denying that the institution is liable to serious abuse, and in these days, it seems to me, the abuse frequently approximates to a scandal. The only way of avoiding the abuse of an institution is to define its use; and, to my mind, the guiding principle here is that the bazaar is essentially abnormal; it is a legitimate adventure, but it should never be made a regular function of congregational life. No congregation is in a healthy condition when its income is inadequate to its expenditure; for this means the preponderance of waste overrepair. Of course, there may be an occasional deficit, but this should need only to be brought before the members to be amply supplied by their free-will offerings. Wherever there is a live population, it is poor preaching that is responsible for sparse attendances and niggardly contributions. The minister must do his honest part by strenuous devotion to the supreme office of the study of the Word. This is the sure secret of congregational prosperity: and there is no other, neither pastoral visitation nor pious rapture."

Glory to God in the Highest
A New Christmas Carol
Fanny J. Crosby.
Hubert P. Main.
1. The shepherd's reed was si - lent, And safe - ly in the fold The fleec - y flocks were
2. O night of ra - diant splen-dor From God's e - ter - nal throne, O night of ho - ly
3. O hap - py, hap - py Christ - mas! Let ev - 'ry-one re - joice, And come to our Re-
gath - ered, And shel-tered from the cold: When, from the gates of E - den, Ap-
rap - ture Whose like was nev - er known: For then, our God and Fa - ther, Was
deem - er With joy - ful heart and voice; O gath - er in His tem - ple A
rit. p
peared an an - gel throng, A won-drous sto-ry tell - ing, And this, their joy - ful song,—
rec - on-ciled to man, And with the birth of Je - sus That Song of songs be - gan,
glad and grateful throng, While o'er the word re-sound-ing We hear the an - gels song!
CHORUS.
ff
mf
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est!" There was life in ev - 'ry word;
ff
ff
mf rit.
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est!" For the birth of Christ the Lord!
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HOPE

THE world is asleep, all hushed is nature's warm, sweet breath,
The world is asleep and dreaming the silent dream of snow;
But through the silence that seems like the silence of death
Under the shroud of ermine the souls of the roses glow.

And forever the heart of the water throbs and beats,
Though bound by a million gleaming fetters and crystal rings;
No sound on lonesome mornings the lonely watcher greets—
But the frosty pane is impressed with the shadow of coming wings.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Do You Know Your Bible?

ANSWERS to the November questions will be published next week, together with the Honor Roll for the month. As soon as the replies to the December questions reach the office the Honor Roll for the year and the announcement of prizes will appear. Here are the new questions, closing the lessons for 1912:

LIST NO. 12

1. What man was tempted five times to leave the great work he was doing, but stood firm at his post?
2. Where is a kind of copper mentioned which was said to be as precious as gold?
3. On what occasion were people helped to understand the word of God by its being read "distinctly"?
4. What verse contains four exhortations to sing praises?
5. Each of two verses in the same part of the same chapter contains the words "beams," "doors," "locks" and "bars." Find the verses.
6. On what occasion did priests and Levites of Israel weep with a loud voice while many shouted aloud for joy?
7. The five verses of the seventieth Psalm are a practical repetition of a part of what other Psalm?
8. What king of Judah earnestly sought God when he was but sixteen years of age and began to accomplish a great work at the age of twenty?
9. Of what king is it said that he and his people were "guided on every side"?
10. What king was mighty because he "prepared his ways before the Lord"?
11. Which one of the miracles of Christ is related in all four Gospels?
12. In what two chapters, in different epistles, does Paul show that faith brings us into the family of Abraham and thus makes us heirs of the promise given to him and his descendants?

Among our faithful students is a brave soul whose work should stimulate all the rest to their best endeavors. This lady believes in the old proverb: "If at first you don't succeed," etc. She writes: "I have had very little use of my eyes at night for fifteen years." This statement explains the first part of her note: "I was so discouraged when the last answers came I thought it did not pay for me to tax my weak eyes and send the answers in. I was too rusty and dull for the HERALD class. But I found myself at it again, and this is the best I can do." But her best is perfect, and she sends twelve correct answers to the November questions.

—MISS LOTTIE PHELPS, 2209 Spencer Street, Omaha, Neb., writes: "My father, J. H. Phelps, who lives here, will be eighty-eight years old on January 3. As he is something of a 'shut-in,' I would like to make the day a pleasant one for him, and I wonder if THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family (of which he has been a member for more than twenty years), would kindly remember him with letters or postal cards on that day. He has been a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for more than sixty years; he organized the Presbyterian Sunday school in Burr Oak, Mich., in 1855, and was its superintendent for nearly twenty years."

THE VISITOR

A CHRISTMAS STORY COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE. BY OWEN OLIVER

THE lights of Halsham Junction blinked at me through the snowstorm as I walked along Station Alley on Christmas Eve. I saw the down light change red to green and knew that the last train was "on." I heard the engine snort as it started from Halstead Town, and it puffed loudly as it struggled up the incline. I was close to the station before the bright cars overtook me, and turned the passage into a dazzle of white. I had only to run fifty yards to catch the train; but I did not run. The four-mile tramp across the snow appealed to me more than my own fireside.

I think my decision was only semi-conscious; but, when I had passed the station, a voice within accused me, as if one part of myself spoke to another: "You lost the train deliberately." The other part answered sharply, like a man who is confronted unexpectedly with an unpleasant fact: "Yes; I know."

I had been married a little over three years, and in those years life had changed gradually from an affair of two to an affair of one. I had realized this for a long while, but I had refused to set it out plainly in my mind before. Now that I had done so, the change seemed to demand explanation. I accepted the alienation between Margaret and myself as established beyond alteration and past regret; but I puzzled how it had come about; puzzled till I left the outskirts of the town and came into the open road. Then the great white world invaded my mind and crowded my little affairs out.

The snowstorm had stopped suddenly, and the black sky had cleared. The full moon had come out above the white hills; the blinking stars were watching her ride. The frost was creeping upon the earth like an unseen army of pigmies with tiny nipping fingers. The white carpet had crispened under my feet. Crish, crish, crish! The snow and the moonshine made a fairy phantasy of everything. The fleecy bushes seemed turned into flocks of sheep, and the white-robed trees into shepherds who guarded them. . . . "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." I hummed the carol that I learned at my mother's knee; and my memory passed on to other tales of Christmastide that I learned there. . . . The gabled house up on the knoll might be the home of Santa Claus. The queer-shaped cloud between his house and the moon might be the chariot waiting to carry him through the air to drop his gifts down the chimneys of good little girls and boys. The tall, besnowed countryman who strode down the lane which slanted to the main road might be Santa Claus himself. He carried a great sack over his shoulder, just as the good saint might have done. It was the hour when every year he walked abroad. I played with the fancy awhile. When the heart is empty we fill it with creatures of the brain.

Our ways joined at the signpost. He slowed his steps a little, as if he waited for me. I took a good look at him in the moonlight, and was glad that closer inspection did not dispel my illusion. He seemed somewhat young for the kindly Visitor—I thought that snow rather than age whitened his long hair and beard—but he was sufficiently like the picture of my imagination to satisfy me; a more saintly Santa Claus than my childish pictures; but still Santa Claus. He had a noble face; peaceful and wondrously kind.

"Good evening, Santa Claus," I greeted him, hoping that he would enter into my fancy.

"A happy Christmas, friend," he answered.

His voice was singularly pleasing; deep and full and yet sweet, and like his face marvelously kind. I knew at once that he was no ordinary countryman.

"You are a stranger here, sir," I suggested.

"Not quite a stranger," he answered, "a visitor."

Drawn by Robert W. Amick

"A happy Christmas, friend," he answered

"Of course," I agreed; "the Christmas Visitor!"

"I come every year at Christmas," he said, and smiled. Evidently he was quite disposed to humor my jest.

"With your bag of gifts," I said; and I, too, smiled.

"With my bag of gifts," he assented.

"For the good little boys and girls; and perhaps for the naughty little boys and girls too, if they have promised to be better."

"For all my little children," he said, "and sometimes for children who have grown bigger."

"Then there might be one for me," I laughed.

"There may be one for you," he told me.

He smiled again, and I smiled again.

"The fancy is in keeping with the night," I remarked. "You must not spoil my illusion."

"Illusions are better than the truth sometimes," he remarked, "and truer!"

"Then you should carry some in your bag," I told him.

"My bag is full of illusions," he replied.

"Hush!" I implored. "Let me believe it is full of toys for Santa Claus's children."

"Was there ever a toy without an illusion?" he asked. "Does any child find a wooden horse, or a waxen doll on Christmas morning? The boy mounts a prancing steed and rides off through fairyland to kill the giant and slay the dragon and rescue the beautiful princess. The girl finds a sleeping princess; and, when she kisses her, for the prince, and picks her up, the princess opens her eyes and lives. You say it is a leaden ball at the end of a wire that wakes her. The child says it is the kiss of love. Which explanation is best?"

"Explanations have to follow facts, unfortunately," I protested.

"In the great things of life," he stated gravely, "the facts have to follow the creations of the mind, which you call illusions. It is the illusion of love which wakes the princess."

"And hard fact which changes the illusions," I commented, "including the princess!" I sighed.

"Ah!" he said gently. "Is that your trouble, friend? You have lost the illusions which made a fair princess? And now you see just a waxen doll?"

"No," I denied. "No. . . . She is a very beautiful lady. . . . She who was my princess."

"But you find her ungracious? Or dull?"

"Her grace remains," I asserted, "although . . . She is not ungracious, even to me. She is certainly not dull."

"Is it greatness of mind that she lacks—the illusion gone?"

I shook my head.

"My—the lady whom I called my princess is not petty-minded or small," I declared. "She bears herself very nobly."

"But the soul that you saw in her? Is it that which you see no more? Or"—he looked at me keenly—"is it virtue that you miss?"

"Sir," I said haughtily, "the lady is my wife; and I can leave my honor in her hands. She is a high-souled woman, and there is no virtue that she misses."

The stranger looked at me again.

"There would seem to have been little need of illusion," he commented, with a touch of severity. "What fault do you find with this excellent lady, now that your illusion has passed?"

"I find no fault with her," I told him. "You cannot blame the doll—but she is no doll—that the child grows older and the illusion is gone."

"But I can blame the princess," he retorted, "and the prince. I gather that the illusion was about your relations to each other. You expected to live in love and concord; and in plain fact you quarrel."

"Scarcely that," I dissented. "We have had no bitter quarrel. . . . Sometimes I have thought it would be better with us if we had! We—it is as if fate—"

He held up his hand.

"You are part of fate," he told me. "You and she. Remember that."

"As if we," I substituted, "had mixed two unlike

Continued on page 1302

New Year Greeting

Reuben A. Torrey

Charles M. Sheldon

Charles F. Aked

David J. Burrell

Richard W. Jungfer

Charles A. Eaton

Newell D. Hillis

Christian Herald for 1913

THIS is the season of universal good wishes and good will, of friendly exchange of gifts and greetings, of loving remembrance, of feast and song, of mirth and enjoyment. To each and all of its Readers and to every Member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family Circle we send hearty greetings, with cordial wishes for a Happy New Year. May it be rich in blessing to you all; in health, in spirit, in basket and store, in every home where THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a welcome guest.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in announcing on the following pages its prospectus for 1913 has arranged for all of its friends a literary *menu* which will furnish a continuous "feast of good things" during the coming twelve months. Here is food for old and young, for body and spirit, for entertainment and instruction.

Men and women who are famous in many walks of life will give the benefit of their experience in interesting and helpful contributions. Great preachers will tell the old, old story of Salvation; missionaries and explorers will relate their travels and adventures; poets will sing their sweetest songs, and brilliant authors will relate their most attractive stories. But we will not go into these things in detail, for you may read them for yourselves with greater satisfaction in the pages that follow.

We submit the Prospectus for 1913 to your consideration, trusting that you will find many things in it that give promise of enjoyment and profit during the coming months.

Charles H. Parkhurst

John H. Jowett

Frederick F. Shannon

Wallace MacMullen

Louis A. Banks

Charles L. Goodell

A. H. Dickson

FIFTY-TWO GREAT SERMONS

AFTER all is said and done in religious work, the preached Word continues to be the steadiest and strongest agency for the spread of the Gospel and the development of Christian character. It is bewildering to think of the number of sermons preached in Christendom every week, yet THE CHRISTIAN HERALD feels justified in stating that the very best of this world-wide message from the pulpits of the Christian Church is offered to its readers through its Sermon Page. No other part of the paper is edited with more painstaking care and earnest discrimination.

The Sermons are evangelical and deal with the fundamental facts of faith and life; not with minor points about which Christians differ and dispute.

The series for 1913 will bring conviction to the unconverted, counsel to the harassed, comfort to the sorrowing, inspiration for work, instruction in the Scriptures, guidance toward places of spiritual power and victory, and practical help and encouragement for the problems and tasks of daily life. There will be also inspiration in the thought that you form a part of this world-wide congregation listening to the best thought and utterances of the leaders and teachers of the Church Militant.

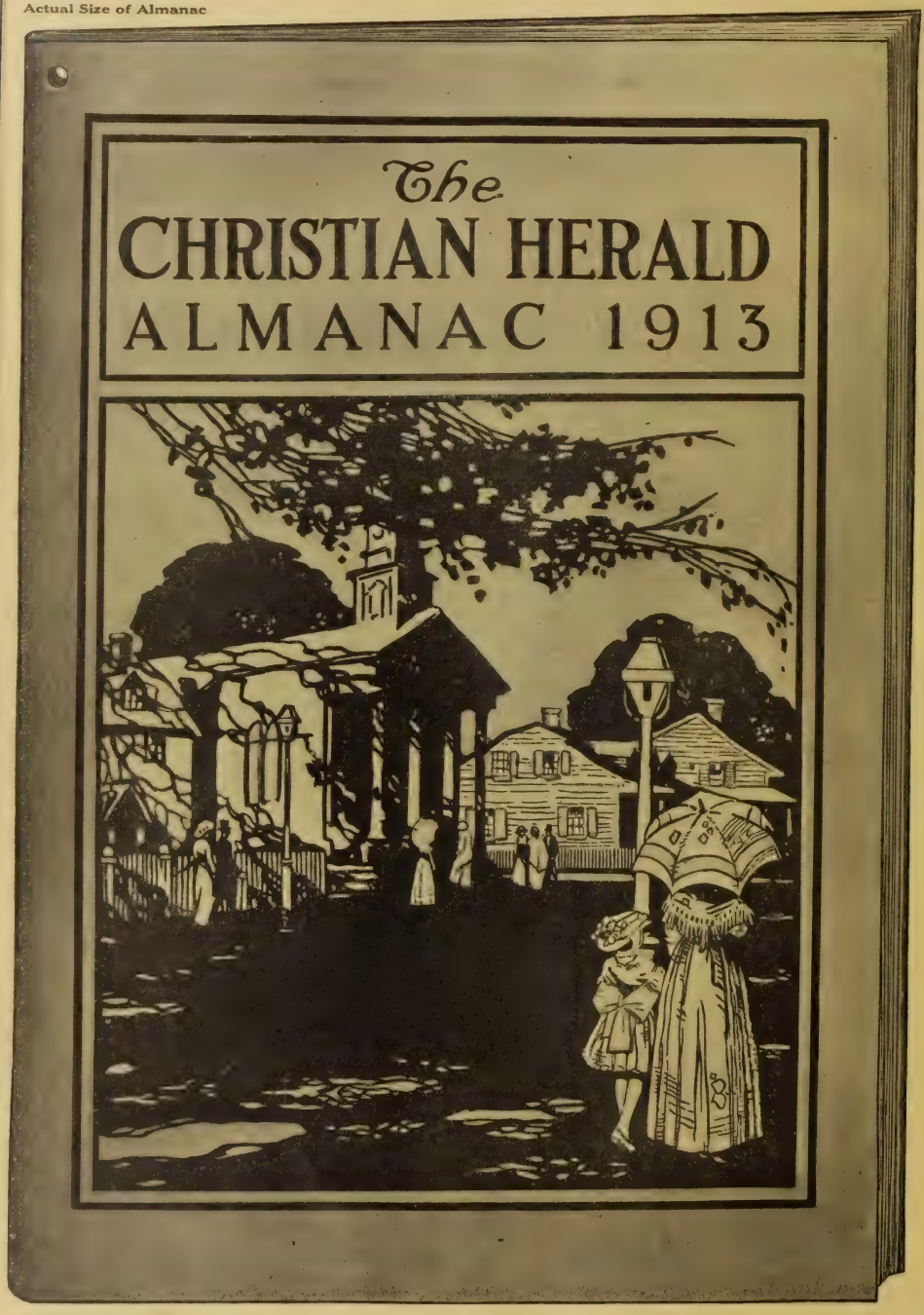
Among those who will contribute these 52 vital, helpful Sermons will be the following:

CHARLES M. SHELDON
JOHN BALCOM SHAW
JOHN H. C. FRITZ
FREDERICK F. SHANNON
WILLIAM DALLMANN
A. H. C. MORSE
D. H. STEFFENS
CORTLAND P. BUTLER
WALLACE MACMULLEN
JOHN HENRY JOWETT
CHARLES H. PARKHURST
AMZI C. DIXON
BISHOP WILLIAM A. QUAYLE
MALCOLM JAMES MCLEOD
RICHARD W. JUNGFER
DAVID JAMES BURRELL
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN
CHARLES L. GOODELL
CHARLES A. EATON
A. H. TUTTLE
RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN
NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS
E. JASPER HOWELL
REUBEN A. TORREY
PROF. W. H. T. DAU
CHARLES F. AKED
ALBERT B. SIMPSON

Christian Herald Almanac for 1913

Given FREE to all Yearly Subscribers of The Christian Herald

Actual Size of Almanac



108 Pages of Facts and Figures

In short, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC is a handy manual of the very information you need from day to day. Once in the habit of consulting it, you will do so often and conveniently, for not only are there "Contents and Index" which will enable you to turn instantly to any subject on any page, but the book itself has a hole punched through the upper left hand corner so that you may hang it by the fireplace, in the library, or any other place where you may most handily reach it

FREE To Yearly Subscribers

THE new CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC contains 108 pages, eight more than last year. It is a book of facts and figures that will be found constantly useful in every Christian household. In addition to the calendar and special information concerning dates, holidays, and facts pertaining to the year 1913 itself, it is a liberal compendium of useful knowledge on all subjects, but particularly those which have an immediate interest for CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

Progress of Religion

For instance, there is an article entitled "The Progress of Religion," which is a preface to eighteen pages of statistics and information relating to the various religious bodies or denominations in the United States—what they are, what they do and what they number. These statistics have been prepared especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ALMANAC by H. K. Carroll, LL.D., who was religious statistician of the United States Census.

Another section of the ALMANAC is devoted to the government of the United States. It contains many statistics concerning the government officials, the various bureaus at Washington, the public debt of the United States, Post Office regulations, the Census, Immigration, etc.

Following this is a section devoted to comparative statistics of all States, showing their area, largest cities, population, agriculture, minerals, wealth, schools and public charities.

Other Features

"The Market Garden" is treated very fully, and so is "The Great American Hen."

A page entitled "The Liquor Traffic" shows the progress of prohibition throughout the world.

"The Realm of Woman" is full of interest for the homemaker.

"While Waiting for the Doctor" tells you what to do in case of accident before the physician arrives.

Of course there are tables of weights and measures, interest laws of the States, "Things the Farmer Should Know," "Household Hints," "Hints for the Care of Children," and "Facts Worth Remembering" concerning mountains, islands, rivers, cities, railways, etc.

Finally there are fiction stories, great thoughts of great men, pages of humorous material and jokes—jokes which can be read with innocent enjoyment in any Christian household.

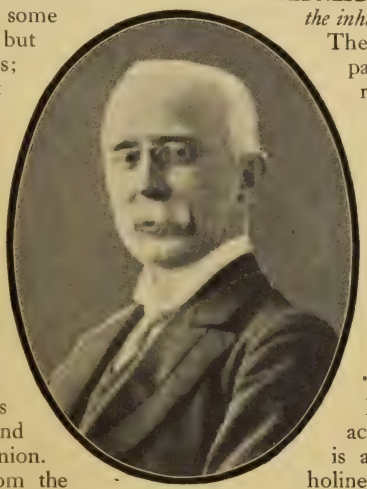
Address: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

Your RENEWAL and ONE NEW Subscriber for $2.25. Your RENEWAL and TWO NEW Subscribers for $3.00

DR. JOWETT'S DAILY MEDITATIONS

A BIBLE THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

THERE is probably no more spiritual writer or preacher in the American pulpit to-day than Dr. J. H. Jowett. He speaks to vast audiences, and his discourses always have the clear evangelical note which assures them of a welcome everywhere. He is not like some spiritual writers, a dreamer or a visionary, but rather a preacher of practical righteousness; a loving guide who leads us by the quiet valleys and pleasant waters of God's mercies; a wise counselor in worldly troubles and difficulty, and a safe adviser for those who are sick of soul and wearied with the battle of life. In these Meditations Dr. Jowett gives a daily tonic to every one who reads them—a daily thought that will prove helpful in developing the spiritual life—a daily ministry of hope and encouragement and of restfulness in the Divine help and favor. Religion with him becomes a very personal thing. We realize in these Meditations the meaning of living "near to God" and walking with Christ as Saviour and Companion. They are a daily morning draught from the wellspring of "living water"; a morning anthem of praise; a sunrise song in the heart; a putting on of the garments of holiness. Regularly read, the Meditations will be the setting up of an altar in every home, at which all may get strength and grace for the trials and labors of the day. They are the choicest gift in our New Year's budget. The following is the New Year's Day Meditation:



DR. J. H. JOWETT

WEDNESDAY, January 1, Psalm 33 : 1-9.—*"Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him."* The awe that expresses itself in dread would paralyze us: the awe that expresses itself in reverence would fill us with life. Mere dread would stiffen us into stone: reverence makes us sensitive as an aspen leaf. The reverent spirit thrills to the Divine presence as the silver birch on the mountain slope thrills to the touch of the morning breeze. Reverence is sensitiveness, perceptiveness; it bows before the August, it responds to all the delicate movements of love.

And so it is true that reverence is the basis of all noble character. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is the raw material of all wise and noble achievement. Given reverence, perfection is a radiant possibility. We can "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord." The man who is devoid of reverence may be very busy, but no temple does he build: at the end of the day he will have a rubbish-heap. "The nations that will not fear thee shall utterly perish."

The Seven Cities of Asia

By FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D.

IN HIS journeyings this year, Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, has visited the Seven Cities of Asia, which are the subject of exhortation and prophecy in Revelation, and he has recorded his impressions in a series of wonderfully enlightening articles, which will appear exclusively in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the coming year. Those who have followed him in "The Footsteps of St. Paul" these last months in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be delighted with his entertaining and instructive letters in "The Seven Cities." He opens with a description of his visit to Sardis, "The Buried City," of which the angel declared, "Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead," and it shows how wondrously the prophecy has reached fulfilment. Next comes Thyatira, the "City of the Iron Rod and the Morning Star." Then Laodicea, "the Lukewarm," which was "neither cold nor hot." Ephesus, "the Church of Waning Enthusiasm"; Pergamos, "the City of Satan's Seat"; Philadelphia, "the City of the Open Door"; and Smyrna, "the City of the Noble Crown," are all described, the most fascinating story of travel and the most enlightening commentary on Scripture ever written. The articles are illustrated with beautiful photographs by Mrs. Clark, the companion of the Doctor on his travels.

Enlarged Sunday School Page

By DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

Wilbur F. Crafts, D.D.

OUR Sunday School Class is admittedly the biggest of any in this country in point of numbers. This department will be enlarged during 1913, and our "Superintendents' Round Table," which has already become a popular feature, will be a weekly interchange of helpful hints and personal experiences by men and women who are practically interested in the development of Sunday school work. It is a department that no one should miss who has at heart the Gospel training of the young.

Statisticians have asserted that there are millions of American children of the Sunday school age who are now not enrolled in any school. This fact alone should demand the careful consideration of every parent and guardian who has the moral and spiritual welfare of the child at heart. In many communities THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunday School Department constitutes the chief dependence of members and teachers in the conduct of their classes. In expanding the department, our object is to make it still more widely serviceable, and this will be accomplished under the capable leadership of Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts and Mrs. Crafts.

Mrs. W. F. Crafts

Church Union

By H. K. CARROLL, D.D.

H. K. Carroll, D.D.

DR. H. K. CARROLL, the most eminent church statistician in America, who prepared the last Religious Census for our government, has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD two very remarkable and comprehensive articles on Church Union. They form an authoritative presentation of a subject which is now engaging the attention of Protestant churches throughout the country. Dr. Carroll writes without bias and gives the situation, with the arguments on either side, for and against union, setting forth clearly and logically its advantages and the difficulties in the way, and showing how the latter may ultimately be overcome. There should be a widespread demand for these articles, since they come from the best-informed source in this country. Church leaders and members of all denominations are equally interested in informing themselves of the future of this great movement for a united Christianity. Now the outlook would seem to indicate that the time is ripe for definite action. It will not be a battle for denominational extinction, or for the relinquishment of denominational autonomy, but for union on a basis so broad that all the branches of the Christian Church can gather under the banner of the great Commander, and work harmoniously for the advancement of his Kingdom.

Do You Know Your Bible?

By THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR

A. H. Howland, B.D.

DOES any one in the world know enough about the Bible? Who has ever gotten to the end of its treasures and its splendors? THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Bible Question Class, which has now been in successful operation nearly two years, will be continued in 1913 on the same broad and popular lines. It is designed to develop an interest in Bible study and to increase the familiarity of its members with the contents of the Bible.

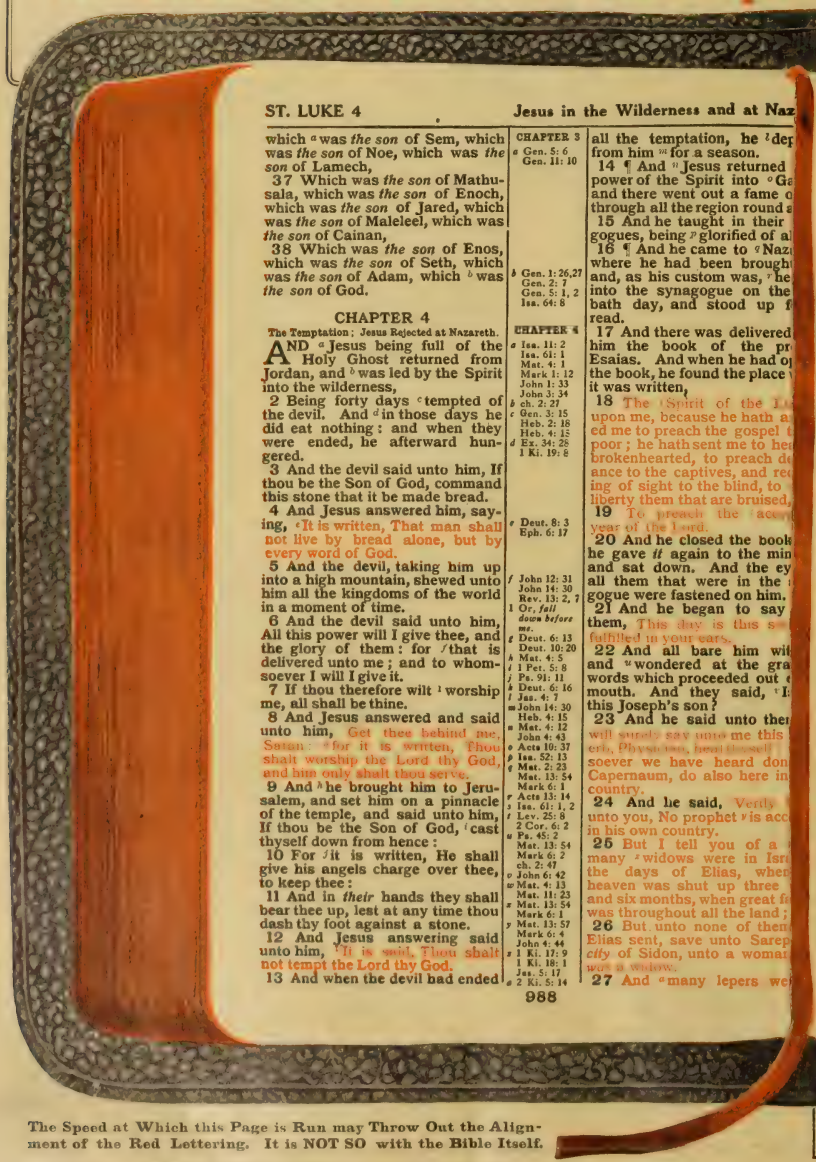
It's a totally different form of Bible study from that ordinarily followed—something quite new. The element of human interest is kept prominent. The questions are largely about the people of the Bible and the interesting events of their lives—things that are useful and helpful to know and which the students find real pleasure in searching out for themselves. They deal with the important truths of Christian experience and the vital elements of the Christian faith. A very large number of readers sent answers to the questions for 1912. The students included successful business men, busy housewives, schoolboys and schoolgirls, and even prisoners. The "honor roll" is printed every month, in which appear the names of the readers who have answered the greatest number of questions. At the end of the year prizes are awarded to those who have made the best record. There is no formality about enrolling. Any one can join the class at any time.

The Roman Church Question

DURING the last few months, the widespread agitation caused by the Roman Catholic campaign to "Make America Catholic" has steadily increased, and it has now assumed the proportions of a great national question. Its discussion will continue in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the coming year, among the contributors being distinguished leaders in the various Protestant denominations and men prominent in educational and civil life. It is a problem which the Roman Church has precipitated through its open claims to such recognition as no other religious body has ever dared to assert in this Republic. Its pernicious activity in politics; its setting up of Papal thrones for the cardinals in America; its steadily growing hold on public offices and its increasing demands on the public treasury, have all been rightly interpreted as a part of the general propaganda for making this Republic an appanage of the Vatican. Official utterances from the Vatican leave no doubt of the truth of this interpretation. It should not be forgotten, however, that the religious doctrines of the Roman Church form no part of this particular discussion. Every Protestant denomination concedes to our Catholic citizens the same rights and privileges of religious freedom and worship which it claims for itself; but as the Roman cardinals have set up claims involving temporal authority and the hierarchy has openly used ecclesiastical influence for political purposes, such authority and influence being apart from "spiritual" church activities, the present situation calls for serious consideration.

The whole propaganda to "Make America Catholic" is one concerning which the whole nation needs enlightenment.

The Christian Herald India Paper Red Letter Bible


ST. LUKE 4 — Jesus in the Wilderness and at Naz

which [a] was *the son* of Sem, which was *the son* of Noe, which was *the son* of Lamech,
37 Which was *the son* of Mathusala, which was *the son* of Enoch, which was *the son* of Jared, which was *the son* of Maleleel, which was *the son* of Cainan,
38 Which was *the son* of Enos, which was *the son* of Seth, which was *the son* of Adam, which [b] was *the son* of God.

CHAPTER 4

The Temptation; Jesus Rejected at Nazareth.

AND [c] Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from Jordan, and [b] was led by the Spirit into the wilderness,
2 Being forty days [c] tempted of the devil. And [d] in those days he did eat nothing: and when they were ended, he afterward hungered.
3 And the devil said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread.
4 And Jesus answered him, saying, [e] It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.
5 And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain, shewed unto him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.
6 And the devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them: for [f] that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it.
7 If thou therefore wilt [1] worship me, all shall be thine.
8 And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan: [g] for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.
9 And [h] he brought him to Jerusalem, and set him on a pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, If thou be the Son of God, [i] cast thyself down from hence:
10 For [j] it is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee:
11 And in *their* hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.
12 And Jesus answering said unto him, [k] It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
13 And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he [l] departed from him [m] for a season.
14 ¶ And [n] Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into [o] Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about.
15 And he taught in their synagogues, being [p] glorified of all.
16 ¶ And he came to [q] Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, [r] he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read.
17 And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,
18 The [s] Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,
19 To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.
20 And he closed the book, and he gave *it* again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.
21 And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.
22 And all bare him witness, and [u] wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, [v] Is not this Joseph's son?
23 And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself: whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.
24 And he said, Verily I say unto you, No prophet [w] is accepted in his own country.
25 But I tell you of a truth, many [x] widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land;
26 But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, [y] *a city* of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow.
27 And [z] many lepers were in

CHAPTER 3
[a] Gen. 5: 6; Gen. 11: 10
[b] Gen. 1: 26, 27; Gen. 2: 7; Gen. 5: 1, 2; Isa. 64: 8

CHAPTER 4
[a] Isa. 11: 2; Isa. 61: 1; Mat. 4: 1; Mark 1: 12; John 1: 33; John 3: 34
[b] ch. 2: 27
[c] Gen. 3: 15; Heb. 2: 18; Heb. 4: 15
[d] Ex. 34: 28; 1 Ki. 19: 8
[e] Deut. 8: 3; Eph. 6: 17
[f] John 12: 31; John 14: 30; Rev. 13: 2, 7
[1] Or, *fall down before me.*
[g] Deut. 6: 13; Deut. 10: 20; Mat. 4: 5
[h] 1 Pet. 5: 8
[i] Ps. 91: 11
[j] Deut. 6: 16; Jas. 4: 7
[k] John 14: 30; Heb. 4: 15
[l] Mat. 4: 12; John 4: 43
[m] Acts 10: 37
[n] Isa. 52: 13
[o] Mat. 2: 23; Mat. 13: 54; Mark 6: 1
[p] Acts 13: 14
[q] Isa. 61: 1, 2
[r] Lev. 25: 8; 2 Cor. 6: 2
[s] Ps. 45: 2; Mat. 13: 54; Mark 6: 2; ch. 2: 47
[t] John 6: 42
[u] Mat. 4: 13; Mat. 11: 23
[v] Mat. 13: 54; Mark 6: 1
[w] Mat. 13: 57; Mark 6: 4; John 4: 44
[x] 1 Ki. 17: 9; 1 Ki. 18: 1; Jas. 5: 17
[y] 2 Ki. 5: 14

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The only genuine edition of the **Red Letter Bible** is the **Authorized or King James' Version,** unchanged save for the variation of the color in the type. Two colors **(Red and Black)** are employed, in accordance with the simple plan devised by the late Dr. Louis Klopsch, the **Originator** of the Red Letter principle applied to the Holy Scriptures.

What Is a Red Letter Bible?

1. In the Old Testament, the passages quoted by our Lord, or directly related to incidents to which he referred, are Printed in Red.
2. In the New Testament, the words universally accepted as those of the Saviour are Printed in Red.
3. A Red Star (★) immediately following a verse in the Old Testament indicates that the verse embodies a prophetic reference to Christ as the coming Messiah.

Our Red Letter Bible, illustrated herewith, Contains Full References; also a **Concordance,** Subject Index, and Dictionary —all under **One Alphabetical Arrangement**—together with **Helps, Maps,** and Numerous **Illustrations.**

The text of this Bible is set in Bold-Face Minion, especially designed for this work. There are 268 pages of **Helps** or **Concordance** and 17 superb **Maps.** This gem of a Bible, small in bulk, light in weight, very legible and very durable, weighs only 20 ounces. It is bound in American Levant, overlapping edges, red-under-gold, and makes altogether the handiest and most satisfactory Bible now on the market. For size of type, size of page and appearance, see illustration on this page. We send this superb Bible, together with **The Christian Herald** for one whole year, and our valuable and intensely interesting **1913 Almanac,** for **$3.00**

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Given FREE for FOUR New Subscriptions at $1.50 each.

Genuine Morocco, Calf Lined

IF you can afford to pay $1 more, ask for the same Bible bound in Genuine Morocco, Calf Finish, Leather Lining, Silk Sewed, which will wear a Lifetime. This Bible is Equal to Any $10.00 Bible. It is Sent with *The Christian Herald* for One Whole Year and Our Valuable 1913 Almanac for **$4.00**

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This beautiful volume is the **ONLY NEW TESTAMENT** which contains **ALL THE WORDS SPOKEN BY OUR LORD PRINTED IN RED.** The Type is Very Clear, and the Alignment of the Red and Black Lettering Absolutely Perfect. The Red Letter New Testament is Exquisitely Bound in American Levant, Soft and Flexible, with Overlapping Edges—Red Under Gold—with Book-mark—a Compact Volume that may be Conveniently Carried in the Pocket.

The Red Letter New Testament is Issued in Both the **Authorized** and **Revised Versions,** and is **Sent, All Charges Prepaid,** Together with ***The Christian Herald*** for **One Year,** and our **1913 Almanac, ALL THREE FOR ONLY . . .** **$2.00**

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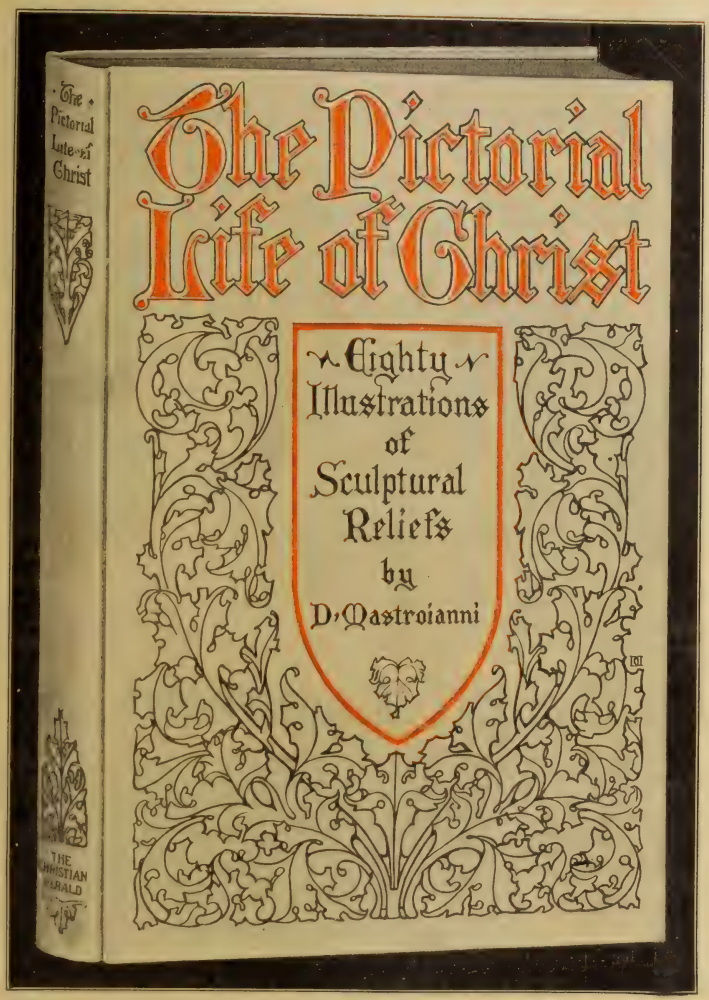
THE PICTORIAL LIFE OF CHRIST



Miniature Reproduction—Actual Size of Volume, 8x11 Inches

DEAR READER:

A few days ago, I received the first finished copy of *The Pictorial Life of Christ*, fresh from the binder. On looking over the book at leisure, I was so much struck with certain things about it that I decided to jot them down for the benefit of those members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family who have not yet seen the volume.

While THE CHRISTIAN HERALD produces many books, most of them of good quality of workmanship, this is easily the superior of them all. When we secured the rights of publication and set about the work of production, several months ago, we brought to the task all the loving care and forethought that we could expend on a book that dealt with the greatest theme in the world—the Life of our Saviour on earth. In the reproduction of Mastroianni's sculptures, we spared no expense. The engravings are the finest that can be produced; the paper of the best quality for work of this class; even the inks were chosen with a care such as we have bestowed on no other work in my recollection, and this applies to both letterpress and illustrations. Its covers are a triumph of the binder's art, beautiful in design, chaste and appropriate in finish.

Dr. Dodd has written a reverent and faithful Life of the Master, free from controversial blemishes and accordant to the Gospel story, while incidentally shedding much needed light on the people and customs of that time in Palestine and on the social and political atmosphere of the period. Although I had read every line of his work before it went into the hands of the printers, I am now more than ever struck with its charm and value, and with its eminent appropriateness to the use of this noble volume. It was surely a happy combination of artist and author.

Three months ago, while the *Life* was in process of production, I felt that we had something which every member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Family would love to possess. Now that it is finished, I am more than ever convinced that it would be a most welcome addition to your store of books—indeed, next to the Bible, you would mark it as the first of your literary and artistic possessions. Every one of the eighty-five full-page mezzotints is a real masterpiece—something absolutely new in artistic treatment and giving a new conception of the Master and his surroundings which you cannot fail to appreciate. Not that it is revolutionary in the slightest sense, but rather that it more clearly presents our inmost thought of the Son of Man and his environment than any artist till now has been able to set before us. This, then, is the thought I wish to urge upon you: that you have here, in this new *Pictorial Life*, the closest approach to the real Jesus as he was among men, which the skill of man has yet been able to give us.

I wish I could send you some of these wonderful pictures, but the better way is for you to get the book for yourselves.

In material and artistic value, it is a book that belongs to the de Luxe class; but our ample book-making facilities have enabled us to combine it with a CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription at $3.00 for both. Let me express the hope that every subscriber who reads these lines of mine will take the opportunity to secure a copy of *The Pictorial Life of Christ* with the renewal of subscription. We are now sending them out by the thousand.

Cordially yours,

Geo. H. Sandison

Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D.

Is Evangelism Dying Out?

THERE are several hundred evangelists in the United States and the leaders of this particular branch of the ministry give their views in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the much discussed question "Is Evangelism Declining?" They will write the actual facts, drawn from personal experience, and our readers can form their own judgment of the accuracy of those prognosticators—many of them clergymen, by the way—who assert in pulpit and press, that "the day of the evangelist has passed away forever." We have our own opinion on the matter, but prefer to give both sides a hearing. Churches, like other organizations, need an occasional stirring up, and when home talent is incapable of rekindling the spiritual fires, the evangelist becomes a necessity. Look out for the evangelists' articles, for they will be interesting reading.

F. C. Iglehart, D.D.

Bible and Newspaper *By Dr. F. C. IGLEHART*

THE Bible and Newspaper, edited by Dr. Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart, records current facts in this and other countries, and with them interprets intellectual, sociological, moral and religious truths. The facts are selected from farm, mart, shop, mine, home, school and church. The page sparkles with the jewels of thought and beautiful sentiment. It is deep in its convictions and fearless in their expression. Some of the ablest ministers, editors and speakers of the country regularly use its facts and incidents as illustrations for their sermons, editorials and addresses. The page draws from the daily newspaper with its live people and important facts. It also refers to the Bible, the granite of truth, the rock of ages. Each story leads to a Bible illustration, which relates divine providence to the practical affairs of men.

A Leading Contributor for 1913

PROFESSOR DAU stands among the foremost of those who have done signal service in dealing with the vital religious issues of the day. His high scholarly attainments, his familiarity with church history here and abroad, and his stanch adherence to Protestant principles have been strikingly shown in his contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1912. He is a versatile writer of great spirituality and unusual literary charm and his helpful and uplifting articles deal with a wide range of Christian experience.

Prof. W. H. T. Dau

What Is Conversion?

A HUNDRED evangelical pastors of different denominations have been requested to give their personal interpretation of the meaning of True Conversion. The replies will doubtless be widely read and discussed. A Japanese proverb says, "Many paths lead up the sides of Fujiyama, but they all meet at the top," and so, however various the methods these workers may adopt, if they result in true conversion, the end will have been attained. Their letters will be one of the most interesting features of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the coming year.

Hugh Black, D.D.

Irving Bacheller

By the Author of "Eben Holden"

THERE is no more popular American writer than Irving Bacheller, the author of *Eben Holden* and other "best sellers." He always has a helpful message, which is none the less agreeable because it is often expressed with a kindly, mirth-provoking humor. When visiting us the other day in the Bible House, he quietly said he had a new story in preparation for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Bacheller lives in a beautiful ideal world which is peopled by "the children of his brain," who have always been dear to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Marietta Holley

Quaint Wit of Josiah Allen's Wife

TENS of thousands of our readers, who laughed over the adventures of Josiah and Samantha at Coney Island last year, will be delighted to know that Miss Holley will contribute stories and sketches to our columns during 1913, in which there will be lots of her quaint fun and philosophy. If Samantha was simply funny, she would be good, but a bushel of wisdom comes with every shaft of her wit.

Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

THE gentle spirit of our beloved and lamented associate, Mrs. Sangster, who was called away this year, has descended upon her namesake and granddaughter, Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., upon whose shoulders her literary mantle seems to have fallen. Miss Sangster is a young writer of rare promise and a remarkably sweet poet, whose contributions will appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1913.

Mrs. Anna M. Shaw

Woman Suffrage in America

MRS. ANNA M. SHAW, the leader of the Suffrage Movement in America, is a wonderful woman. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has requested Mrs. Shaw to tell its readers about the progress and prospects of Suffrage in America, and also to express her opinion concerning the "Violent Suffragettes" abroad, whose militant methods she very strongly deprecates.

Edwin Markham

Poems Every One Should Know

WHEN Edwin Markham wrote his fine poem, "The Man with the Hoe," America realized that a great poet had come into view. His career has been brilliant and successful beyond all his contemporaries. Many will remember his splendid poem, "The Cup of Pride," which appeared in our pages early this year. He has been asked to contribute to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during 1913, and our readers may look forward to several remarkable poems from his wonderful pen. Other poets, each meritorious in some particular field, many of them already known to our readers, will send in their contributions during the year.

Mrs. F. M. Kingsley

A Story by Florence M. Kingsley

FEW names are better known in American literature than that of Florence Morse Kingsley, the author of *Titus, Stephen,* and other famous books. Mrs. Kingsley, who has repeatedly contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been requested to send a short story, to appear some time during the coming season, and we anticipate for our readers a pleasant and enjoyable perusal of her work. She is now in the heyday of her fame and popularity.

Gayle Porter Hoskins

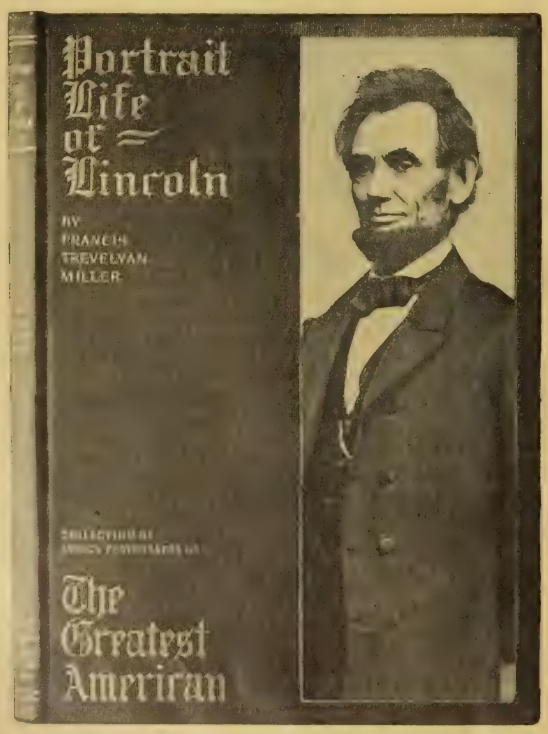
Work of Well-Known Illustrators

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD illustrators are among the best known and most skilful artists of America. Such talented workers as W. B. King, Hanson Booth, Lawrence Herndon, Robert W. Amick, Walter O. Reese, John Rea, Maginel Wright Enright, Tony Nell, Gayle Porter Hoskins, Corwin Knapp Linson, Charles L. Wrenn, and Vincent Lynch are making the illustrations which appear week by week in our pages. The serial fiction and short stories are interpreted by these gifted men and women, and their work, besides adding to the delight of the stories, helps to carry their message to our readers. We are especially pleased to announce that Mr. M. Stockton Mulford, whose illustrations for our serial story, *Pollyanna,* have attracted much favorable attention, will continue to draw for the fiction department.

Lawrence Herndon

A Portrait Life of Lincoln

By Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller



THE PORTRAIT LIFE OF LINCOLN is more than a book. It is a gallery containing every picture taken of Lincoln, the majority of which were part of the great collection of photographs made by Matthew B. Brady during the Civil War. These photographs are a revelation of historical truths. They are all of large size and many of them occupy full pages.

Among the 110 treasures are the first portrait ever taken of Lincoln; photographs of Lincoln taken when his name first passed over the country during the Lincoln-Douglas debates; photographs taken while he was running for United States Senator; during the Missouri Compromise; on the battleground of Antietam, the bloodiest day of the Civil War; last photograph of Lincoln ever taken; Secret Service photographs of the assassins of Lincoln taken on the gallows; photographs of the funeral bier and procession while Lincoln was being taken on his sixteen-hundred-mile journey to Springfield, when twenty-five million people were attending memorial services to the martyred President.

ORIGINALS ARE VALUED AT MORE THAN $110,000

The Portrait Life of Lincoln, however, is not merely a collection of photographs. Accompanying them is a prose commentary by Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, which throws further light on the life of this great man. As near as possible Dr. Miller has told it in Lincoln's own words, that is, with copious quotations from his speeches and sayings, which show the foundation of Lincoln's character; the influence of love on his life; his political principles; the rugged honesty of his heart; the problems that tested his strength; the gathering of humanity under his leadership; his fortitude in the hour of trial; his faith in the common people; his humility in the hour of victory; his sympathy for the unfortunate; the veil of sorrow that spread over the nation when he was assassinated. The volume contains Lincoln's first public speech and many of those delivered throughout his life, particularly the address at Gettysburg, in magnanimity of spirit, simplicity, brevity and historical import the greatest speech in American annals.

IT IS MORE THAN A BOOK—SIX GREAT BOOKS IN ONE

FIRST—An epigrammatic philosophy on life and its opportunities, drawn from the experience and life of Lincoln.

SECOND—A new interpretation of Lincoln's example in character building.

THIRD—An appeal to the American heart and conscience to utilize the inspiration of Lincoln.

FOURTH—An entrancing narrative and complete hand-book of the main facts in Lincoln's life.

FIFTH—The greatest gallery of original photographs of Lincoln ever embraced between covers—from original collections valued at $110,000.

SIXTH—The strongest application of the principles of Lincolnism in everyday life that has ever appeared in print.

WE will send you, postpaid, *The Portrait Life of Lincoln,* bound in cloth with illustrated cover, *The Christian Herald Almanac for 1913,* and *The Christian Herald* for one full year, all three for only $2

Or, we will send to old subscribers Free, as a premium, *The Portrait Life of Lincoln,* for sending us one *new* yearly subscription to *The Christian Herald* with $1.50.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman

Sacred Music for the Home

MUSIC is one of the most attractive features of family life. Whether it be only the family group or an occasional social gathering of friends, that household which is musical derives far more enjoyment out of life than one which cares little or nothing for the "concord of sweet sounds." During the coming year, a number of our best American writers of sacred and patriotic song will contribute new productions to the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Poets a-plenty too will send their finest verses, including aged Fanny Crosby, Eben Rexford, Alice Whittier and others.

Fanny Crosby

Our Church Societies

DURING the coming year THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in response to a very general demand, will publish three departments in which the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union topics will be fully discussed and illustrated with new anecdotes, specially applicable to the lessons in each case. This department will be conducted by special writers, thoroughly familiar with the work and its needs, who have already had long experience in this particular field. The lessons will appear regularly fully a week in advance of the date on which they are to be used, thus affording ample opportunity for teachers and students to familiarize themselves with the contents, and especially with the anecdotal illustrations—a most valuable feature in all three departments.

William Dallman

200 Missionary Correspondents

WITH nearly two hundred missionary correspondents in foreign fields, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is enabled to present to its readers the very latest and most accurate news of missionary effort in every land under the sun. The contributions of these correspondents are instinct with the life of the movement at the front and give such a picture of Gospel activities as can be found in no other publication. Every denomination is represented and the letters are copiously illustrated with characteristic photographs taken by the workers themselves.

Rev. D. H. Steffens

Mary Stewart Cutting

Interesting Short Stories

THE short stories published regularly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD during the past year have been exceptional in quality and interest. The idea of being able to find a complete story in each issue has proven very popular. This feature will continue with few exceptions through 1913. Among the short-story writers who are contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are Frederick Owen Bartlett, Ella Higginson, Jean Mahan Plank, Helen Coale Crewe, Anne McQueen, Anne Warner, Alice Garland Steele, Grace Boteler Sanders, J. J. Bell, Owen Oliver, Evelyn Gill Klahr, Mary Stewart Cutting, Anna E. Finn, Nora Fitch, Mabel Nelson Thurston, May Belleville Brown, Mary Lavinia Bray, Lily A. Long, Stella Clanton Dysart, Arthur Wallace Peach, Charles Lee Sleight, Annie Hamilton Donnell, Edwin Balmer, A. Ross Mackay, Charles G. D. Roberts, Florence Guertin Tuttle, Margaret Horner Clyde, Arthur K. Akers.

Edwin Balmer

A particularly fine Memorial Day story has been written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mary Stewart Cutting.

A. Ross Mackay

Wonderful Art Covers

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the coming year is to have the finest collection of covers that it, or any other magazine, has ever given to its readers. We have obtained rights on some of the greatest paintings of religious subjects, among which are Hoffman's "Christ in Gethsemane," and a beautiful painting of the Christ Child by Emilie Collier, called by the artist, "The Breadth of His Love." Another subject is "The Castle of the Holy Grail," painted by H. Thoma, one of the best known of modern German painters. This picture has never been reproduced before and copies from the original cannot be obtained in this country. Paintings by Old Masters will be represented in "The Concert" by Ter Borch; "The Blue Boy," by Gainsborough; and "Georg Gisze," by Hans Holbein. We are glad, also, to promise another picture by Farquharson, the famous Scotch painter, who is noted for his wonderful pictures of sheep. These are only a few of the fifty-two wonderful covers we shall publish during 1913.

Eleanor H. Porter

The Strange Adventures of Capt. Quinton

A TRUTHFUL RECORD OF HIS EXPERIENCES AND ESCAPES DURING HIS LIFE AMONG CANNIBALS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

IN 1690, Daniel Defoe, who had never been out of England, sat him down, and from the depths of his imagination evolved *Robinson Crusoe*, a book that will probably remain forever enshrined in the hearts of adventure-loving mankind.

In 1912, Robert Quinton, who had traveled the world over, sat him down, and, without drawing on his imagination at all, wrote a history of his experience in Crusoeland that is entitled to be placed beside the more famous book.

NOT FICTION, BUT THE TRUTH

We believe *The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton* to be one of the most remarkable books of its kind yet published. More than all, it is true. It is not a mere figment of the imagination. The things described really happened. Yet Stanley, Livingstone, and Peary, all together, had not so many escapes from death as had this unassuming sailor-man, who tells the story of his life in such convincing language as to call forth the remark from one reader that "he doesn't write like a literary man, but more like a man who has really been there."

Open the book at any place, and you will find him encountering one or more of innumerable perils—canoeing on a boiling lake; escaping under a shower of poisoned arrows; battling with cannibals; racing through the tropical night in a launch, pursued by crocodiles; imprisoned in a ship's cabin by a horde of monster devilfish; spending the night in a tree with a leopard; battling hand to hand with head hunters; being pursued by angry monkeys; running a gauntlet of war canoes.

WILL INTEREST WOMEN AND MEN ALIKE

These are sanguinary experiences which must be read with bated breath, yet they are not more thrilling in their way than are the exquisite descriptions of treasure-chambers in caves lurid and beautiful as a dream of Arabian Nights; of a wave dance in which tribes of cannibals with an uncanny sense of beauty and rhythm represent with their bodies the ocean dashing high on imaginary coral reefs; of a silvery night spent in tropical tree tops in order to witness the stately dawn-dance of birds of paradise. The very multiplicity of incident is overpowering, but it must be remembered that the experiences of over thirty years are crowded into this book.

Assuredly Captain Quinton's truth is stranger than any fiction possibly could be, and the spirit of the South Seas is in it.

It is a big book. too, 496 pages and 185,000 words, enclosed in illustrated binding, and with a frontispiece portrait of the author, showing just what he looks like, this man whose life has hung in the balance so many times, and who yet has lived to tell the tale.

WE will send you, postpaid, *The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton* handsomely bound in cloth, *The Christian Herald Almanac* for 1913 and *The Christian Herald* for one full year, all three for only $2

Or, we will send to old subscribers Free, as a premium, *The Strange Adventures of Captain Quinton* for sending us one *new* yearly subscription to *The Christian Herald* with $1.50.

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LOWEST PRICE MAGAZINE COMBINATIONS

This is by far the most complete list of magazine clubs ever offered by *The Christian Herald.* You are invited to make up your own clubbing lists and order all your magazines and periodicals through us at one time — we save you time and money. The prices and class rates quoted are the *new* rates which took effect Nov. 1st. There are a number of changes from last year's rates. Do not order on last year's basis. Prices quoted are the lowest possible to secure from any one.

Make Up Your Own Magazine Clubs

Set down the class numbers of the magazines you want. Add up the class numbers and multiply by 5. The result is the right clubbing price. The class numbers of the leading magazines are given below:

Class Numbers — EXAMPLE
23 Christian Herald
23 American Magazine
17 Pictorial Review

63x5

$3.15 Total Clubbing Price

Class Numbers
23 The Christian Herald
17 American Boy
23 American Magazine
8 American Poultry Advocate
17 Atlantic Monthly
17 Bookman
17 Boy's Magazine
80 Century Magazine
15 Commoner
16 Cooking Club Magazine
23 Cosmopolitan
70 Country Life in America
50 Current Literature
24 Delineator
12 Designer
37 Dress
23 Etude, for Music Lovers
23 Everybody's Magazine
17 Farm Journal (5 yrs)
23 Field and Stream
23 Garden Magazine
23 Good Housekeeping
20 Harper's Bazar
70 Harper's Magazine
70 Harper's Weekly
16 Health
16 Health Culture
23 Housekeeper
8 Housewife
8 Ladies' World
35 Lippincott's
17 Little Folks
9 McCall's Magazine
23 McClure's Magazine
23 McClure's and Ladies' World
23 Metropolitan Magazine
17 Modern Priscilla
17 Mother's Magazine
23 National Magazine
70 North American Review
50 Outing Magazine
60 Outlook
20 Pearson's Magazine
8 People's Home Journal
23 Physical Culture
17 Pictorial Review
35 Review of Reviews
60 Scribner's Magazine
50 Suburban Life
23 Sunset Magazine
16 Uncle Remus's Home Mag.
25 Woman's Home Companion
12 Woman's Magazine
37 World's Work
12 Young People's Weekly
40 Youth's Companion

Christian Endeavor World ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.50
American Magazine ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Cosmopolitan ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Everybody's ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Etude ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Garden Magazine ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Metropolitan ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
McClure's Magazine ($1.50 a Year) + Ladies' World (50c a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Review of Reviews ($3.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$3.00
World's Work ($3.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$3.00
Current Literature ($3.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$3.65
Scribner's ($3.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$4.15
Harper's Magazine ($4.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$4.65
Century ($4.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$5.15
Pictorial Review ($1.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.00
Harper's Bazar ($1.25 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year) Special.—With "Cook-Book of Left-Overs," $2.30	$2.15
Good Housekeeping ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Delineator ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.30
Woman's Home Comp. ($1.50 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.40
Housewife (50c a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$1.55
People's Home Journal (50c a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$1.55
McCall's (50c a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$1.60
Designer (75c a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$1.75
Woman's Magazine (75c a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$1.75
Modern Priscilla ($1.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.00
American Boy ($1.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.00
Little Folks ($1.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$2.00
Youth's Companion ($2.00 a Year) + Christian Herald ($1.50 a Year)	$3.15

Special Religious Press Combinations

We are glad to be able to present the following special combinations of the leading religious papers. You can add any one or more of them to your Magazine Clubs by simply using the class numbers which appear before each paper.

10 American Messenger + 23 Christian Herald	$1.65
16 Association Men + 23 Christian Herald	$1.95
25 Bible Review + 23 Christian Herald	$2.40
10 The Bible To-Day + 23 Christian Herald	$1.65
70 Churchman + 23 Christian Herald	$4.65
25 Epworth Herald + 23 Christian Herald	$2.40
17 Christian Wkrs. Mag. + 23 Christian Herald	$2.00
8 Daily Bible + 23 Christian Herald	$1.55
23 Golden Age + 23 Christian Herald	$2.30
8 Messenger (Helena) + 23 Christian Herald	$1.55
20 Sunday School Times + 23 Christian Herald	$2.15
35 Southern Churchman + 23 Christian Herald	$2.90
35 Survey (New) + 23 Christian Herald	$2.90
17 Rec. of Christian Work + 23 Christian Herald	$2.00
17 Watchword and Truth + 23 Christian Herald	$2.00
27 Christian Endeavor Wld + 23 Christian Herald	$2.50

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The Christian Herald Almanac will be sent FREE to every Christian Herald Subscriber, New or Renewal, immediately after receipt of Subscription

GOD THE CREATOR OF ALL*

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS WILBUR F. CRAFTS

HERE in Genesis we have the preface of the Bible: one verse about the universe; forty-four about the creation of the earth; a few verses about the beginnings of the human race; a more extended record of the ancestors of the Jewish people. Then in Exodus the Bible story really begins, the preface having covered more than half of the time of Bible history, 2,500 years, during which time there was no written record. Job, living in those early ages, expressed his longing for the written word when he exclaimed, "Oh that I had one to hear me! and that I had the indictment (book) which mine adversary hath written. Surely I would carry it upon my shoulder; I would bind it unto me as a crown" (Job 31: 35, 36).

Let us thank God daily for his written Word!

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Those are the first words in the Bible, but the apostle John, in writing his Gospel, goes farther back than "the beginning," when he says: "In the beginning was the Word." Let us read the first three verses of the first chapter of John, and as "the Word" refers to Jesus, let us read in the name of Jesus. "In the beginning was Jesus, and Jesus was with God, and Jesus was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made" (John 1: 1-3). And furthermore in the written book of God concerning the kingdom of "the Son of his love": "all things have been created through him and unto him" (Col. 1: 13-17).

"And the earth was waste and void." That was the time of so-called "chaos." A little boy once explained what he thought chaos to be, saying: "It is a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in."

"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. The last word in this verse makes us think that the appearance of chaos must have been a vapor, a mist, and the mist was the halo which surrounded God. But most illuminating is the thought that the Spirit of God was there. Thus in the first two verses of the Bible there is set forth the Trinity: the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, the triune God, three persons in one God working together to make the world!

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." Now we will give what is called the literal translation, made from the Polyglot (expressed in several languages) Bible: "And God said, Let light be, and light was. And God saw the beauty of the light, that it was good; and God divided the luminous from the dark. And God called out to the light, Day, and to the darkness he called out, Night; and it was the wearing of shadows and it was the breaking of shadows, day one." But what shall we say of that word "day"? Let us read what the written Book says about this: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (II. Peter 3: 8). David the inspired Psalmist wrote: "Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth and as nothing before thee" (Ps. 39: 5); and again in Ps. 90 we read: "For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." If the day cannot be measured by our arithmetic, neither can a thousand years. Truly God's times are in his own hands. To avoid misunderstanding therefore it would seem wisest for us to interpret that day one, or first day, as the first *event*. The creation of light was the first event, and chaos was illumined with the glory of God.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters" (the mist). It was then that God measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span (Isa. 40: 12). We must know that the span is the space that lies between the thumb and the little finger when the hand is stretched. So God formed with outstretched hand the region above us toward which we gaze into its blue depths and wonderful cloud pictures. And it was the second day; the second event in the creation of the world.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heavens be gathered unto one place." Thus was the sea formed and the earth also, for when the waters receded the dry land appeared.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass and herbs and fruit trees." And it was so, and God saw that it was good. And it was the third day or event.

Then God said, "Let there be lights in the firmament." And there appeared two great lights, the sun and the moon, and lesser lights, the stars. It was day four, or the fourth event.

"A strange book is that Bible of yours," said a skeptic to a Christian. "Why do you say so?" asked the Christian. "It says that light was created before the sun and moon and stars," he replied. "So it does," replied the Christian, "it says that light was created on the first day, and the sun and moon and stars on the fourth day, but you do not seem to be up to date on science, for Tyndall and the best scientists of our day hold and explain a theory that light is independent of the sun in its origin." The skeptic was struck dumb, so to speak, and the Christian went on to tell him that "Science finds every year some new point of agreement with the Bible, where it had supposed there was only discrepancy: that Nature and the Bible are only two volumes by the same great Author — the written word and the created word. Their seeming disagreements at times are but the fault of our own rendering. The same great truths are stereotyped in both forever."

"And God said, Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth" (Baptist Revision). Look at the birds and fishes, and the wonderful variety in form and color will cause you to think how myriad-minded is our God, for the variety in these two creations is almost infinite. Children should be shown such pictures when this lesson is being taught. When the fishes and great sea monsters and every winged bird were created it was "day five"—the fifth event.

"And God said, Let the earth bring forth living creatures after their kind; cattle, and creeping things." Straightway the earth swarmed with animals as the waters had swarmed with fish and birds.

There remained but one creation for God to make, and he said to his Son and to the Holy Spirit: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." And so were born our first parents Adam and Eve. God gave them dominion over every creature he had created and every green herb for food. And it was day six, and the sixth event.

Dr. Joseph Parker asks, "What do we know about our own earth? Nothing worth naming! We have chipped the rocks here and there, and drawn diagrams which we have sold to children, and paid carpenters for drawers to keep spars in; we have made maps of the world which we are always readjusting and recoloring; we have called common things by uncommon names; but who knows anything about the earth? Who has walked over all the ocean beds, and acquainted himself with all the mystery of the sea? Who has seen both hemispheres at once? Who has been in both hemispheres in one day? Who can make the wind blow from the east or west? What is the wind? Ay, poor idiot philosopher, not with carrying large burdens of polysyllables, tell me what is the wind, and thy answer shall be the root of another question." Verily, it is the highest wisdom to accept with faith in God that which we cannot understand. Let us then

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THREE OF THE SIX PANELS ENTITLED "CREATION"

These pictures were painted by Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., in 1877, and are now in the collection of Sir Alexander Henderson, Bart. Each day in the creation story is symbolized by an angel who bears a shining sphere in which is suggested the story of the day. The panels here reproduced are "The Ordering of Chaos." "The Creation of the Firmament" and "The Division of the Waters from the Land." The remaining panels of the set will be presented with the second lesson on the creation in next week's issue.

* THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for January 5, 1913. The Creation. Gen. 1: 1-23. GOLDEN TEXT: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Gen. 1: 1.

POLLYANNA

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "The Story of Marco," "Into Still Waters," "The Transformation of Margaret," etc.

A SERIAL STORY. ILLUSTRATED BY M. STOCKTON MULFORD

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Pollyanna, eleven years old, comes East to live with her aunt, Miss Polly Harrington, of Beldingsville, Vt. Miss Harrington is a lady of most unlovely and unge...ous character, though she believes herself to be a very good woman, and tries vigorously to do in every case what she believes to be her duty. She has consented to receive Pollyanna at the request of the Ladies' Aid Society of the small Western town where the child's father had been pastor of a poor mission church. Her mother had died some years earlier, her father but recently. The young wife had never received her family's forgiveness for marrying the poor minister. But now Miss Harrington consents to receive the little girl and directs her servant Nancy to prepare a small attic room for her. She wishes to put her at a distance from her own apartments and avoid the risk of her marring the valuable furnishings of any other room. Nancy is sent to the station to meet Pollyanna. From every fresh disappointment she rallies amazingly, always finding something to be glad about. She explains that this is a game which her father had taught her and played with her. Nancy agrees to try to play the game, too. Forbidden to open the window of her attic room because the fly screens had not arrived, Pollyanna goes out on the porch roof to sleep there. She is brought back by the alarmed household. Her aunt finds it difficult to punish her, for the punishment appears to Pollyanna to be a reward. Pollyanna takes jelly to bed-ridden Mrs. Snow, who always wants something different from what is sent, and wheedles her into having her hair dressed and her curtains raised. After a number of visits Mrs. Snow herself begins to play the game. Pollyanna also meets a mysterious silent Man and after a number of one-sided salutations makes him talk to her. Aunt Polly at last has Pollyanna moved to a larger and more beautiful room. After she has surprised her aunt into adopting a stray dog and cat, she finds a homeless boy, and brings him in, confident that Miss Polly will keep him.

CHAPTER X—*Continued*

WHEN the house was reached, Pollyanna unhesitatingly piloted her companion straight into the presence of her amazed aunt.

"Oh, Aunt Polly," she triumphed. "Just look here! I've got something ever so much nicer, even, than Fluffy and Buffy, for you to bring up. It's a real live boy. He won't mind a bit sleeping in the attic, at first, you know, and he says he'll work; but I shall need him most of the time to play with, I reckon."

Miss Polly grew white, then very red. She did not quite understand; but she thought she understood enough.

"Pollyanna, what does this mean? Who is this dirty little boy, and where did you find him?" she demanded sharply.

The "dirty little boy" fell back a step and looked toward the door. Pollyanna laughed merrily.

"There, if I didn't forget to tell you his name! I'm as bad as the Man. And he is dirty, too; isn't he? —I mean, the boy is—just like Fluffy and Buffy were when you took them in. But I reckon he'll improve all right by washing, just as they did, and—oh, I most forgot again," she broke off with a laugh. "This is Jimmy Bean, Aunt Polly. I brought him home so he could live here, you know. He wants a home and folks. I told him how good you were to me, and to Fluffy and Buffy, and how I knew you would be to him, because he's even nicer than cats and dogs."

Miss Polly dropped back in her chair and raised a shaking hand to her throat. The old helplessness was threatening once more to overcome her. With a visible struggle, however, she pulled herself suddenly erect.

"That will do, Pollyanna. This is the most absurd thing you've done yet. As if tramp cats and mangy dogs weren't bad enough, but you must needs bring home ragged little beggars from the street who—"

There was a sudden stir from the boy. His eyes flashed and his chin came up. With two strides of his sturdy legs he confronted Miss Polly fearlessly.

"I ain't a beggar, marm, an' I don't want nothin' of you. I was cal'latin' ter work, of course, fur my board an' keep. I wouldn't have come ter your old house, anyhow, if this 'ere girl hadn't 'a' made me, a-tellin' me how you was so good an' kind that you'd be jest dyin' ter take me in. So, there!" And he wheeled about and stalked from the room with a dignity that would have been absurd had it not been so pitiful.

"Oh, Aunt Polly," choked Pollyanna; "why, I thought you'd be glad to have him here! I'm sure, I should think you'd be glad—"

Miss Polly raised her hand with a peremptory gesture of silence. Miss Polly's nerves had snapped at last. The "good and kind" of the boy's words were still ringing in her ears, and the old helplessness was almost upon her, she knew. Yet she rallied her forces with the last atom of her will power.

"Pollyanna," she cried sharply, "will you stop using that everlasting word 'glad'? It's 'glad' from morning till night, until I think I shall grow wild!"

From sheer amazement Pollyanna's jaw dropped.

"Why, Aunt Polly," she breathed, "I should think you'd be glad to have me gl— Oh!" she broke off, clapping her hands to her lips and hurrying blindly from the room.

"Well, that is better," he murmured faintly

Before the boy had reached the end of the driveway, Pollyanna overtook him.

"Boy! Boy! Jimmy Bean! I want you to know how—how sorry I am," she panted, catching him with a detaining hand.

"Sorry nothin'! I ain't blamin' you," retorted the boy, sullenly. "But I ain't no beggar," he added, with sudden spirit.

"Of course you aren't! But you mustn't blame auntie," appealed Pollyanna. "Probably I didn't do the introducing right. She is good and kind, really—she's always been; but I probably didn't explain it right. I do wish I could find some place for you, though!"

The boy shrugged his shoulders, and half turned away.

"Never mind. I guess I can find one myself. I ain't no beggar, you know."

Pollyanna was frowning thoughtfully. Of a sudden she turned, her face illumined.

"Say, I'll tell you what I will do! The Ladies' Aid meets this afternoon. I heard Aunt Polly say so. I'll lay your case before them. That's what father always did, when he wanted anything—educating the heathen and new carpets, you know."

The boy turned fiercely.

"Well, I ain't a heathen or a new carpet; besides—what is a Ladies' Aid?"

Pollyanna stared in shocked disapproval.

"Why, Jimmy Bean, wherever have you been brought up?—not to know what a Ladies' Aid is!"

"Oh, all right—if you ain't tellin'," grunted the boy, turning and beginning to walk away indifferently.

Pollyanna sprang to his side at once.

"It's—why, it's just a lot of ladies that meet and sew and give suppers and raise money and—and talk; that's what a Ladies' Aid is. They're awfully kind—that is, most of mine were, back home. I haven't seen this one here, but they're always good, I reckon. I'm going to tell them about you this afternoon."

Again the boy turned fiercely.

"Not much you will! Maybe you think I'm goin' ter stand round an' hear a whole lot o' women call me a beggar, instead of just one! Not much!"

"Oh, but you wouldn't be there," argued Pollyanna, quickly. "I'd go alone, of course, and tell them."

"You would?"

"Yes; and I'd tell it better this time," hurried on Pollyanna, quick to see the signs of relenting in the boy's face. "And there'd be some of 'em, I know, that would be glad to give you a home."

"I'd work—don't forget ter say that," cautioned the boy.

"Of course not," promised Pollyanna, happily, sure now that her point was gained. "Then I'll let you know to-morrow."

"Where?"

"By the road—where I found you to-day, near Mrs. Snow's house."

"All right. I'll be there." The boy paused before he went on slowly: "Maybe I'd better go back, then, for to-night, to the Home. You see I hain't no other place ter stay; and—and I didn't leave till this mornin'. I slipped out. They ain't like folks, ye know. They don't care."

"I know," nodded Pollyanna, with understanding eyes. "But I'm sure, when I see you to-morrow, I'll have just a common home, and folks that do care, all ready for you. Good-by!" she called brightly, as she turned back toward the house.

In the sitting-room window at that moment, Miss Polly, who had been watching the two children, followed with somber eyes the boy until a turn in the road hid him from sight. Then she sighed, turned, and walked listlessly upstairs—and Miss Polly did not usually move listlessly. In her ears was still ringing the boy's scornful "you was so good and kind."

CHAPTER XI

BEFORE THE LADIES' AID

DINNER, which came at noon in the Harrington homestead, was a silent meal on the day of the Ladies' Aid meeting. Pollyanna, it is true, tried to talk; but she did not make a success of it, chiefly because four times she was obliged to break off a "glad" in the middle of it, much to her blushing discomfort. The fifth time it happened, Miss Polly moved her head wearily.

"There, there, child, say it, if you want to," she sighed. "I'm sure I'd rather you did than not—if it's going to make all this fuss."

Pollyanna's puckered little face cleared.

"Oh, thank you. I'm afraid it would be pretty

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THE COMING OF "MARY CHRISTMAS"

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JR.

IT WAS Christmas Eve, and the Rich Man was sitting alone in front of the fire, when the Poor Man breezed in.

"Merry Christmas," said the Poor Man as he unbuttoned his overcoat, and looked around for a comfortable chair, "how goés it?"

"Oh, as usual" replied the Rich Man; "wheat has gone up, and cotton has gone down; the factories are closed for the holiday, and—"

"For heaven's sake, man, keep still!" cried the Poor Man, "have you no sentiment? It's Christmas Eve, and to-morrow is going to be Christmas—Christmas! Do you know what that means?

"Yes," said the Rich Man, "it means tips to the servants, and elevator boys, and office boys, and head waiters. It means a special gift to the orphan asylum; it means lots of begging letters in the mail and perhaps a Christmas card from a designing niece. Oh! yes, I know what Christmas means."

"And when I came in I envied you!" said his friend, "yes, I envied you. You with your money and your big house, and your open fireplace (that was built to hang stockings at), and your servants, and—well, everything. Now I pity you! Why, my oldest girl is knitting me a necktie for Christmas, and my boy made me a chair, a morris chair, in school; and the baby bought me a woolly lamb with her own pennies. To-morrow we have a chicken for dinner—yes, I know that you will have a turkey: but you won't enjoy it, you can have all you want any time through the year—and the boy will have a leg, and the girl a wing, and the baby, yes, the baby will have the wishbone; and my wife will decorate the table with holly. I am going to give my wife a box of chocolates and a five dollar bill. She'll give the candy to the kiddies, and she'll spend the five dollar bill on them, and she'll be happy doing it—well, I must be going—"

And as the Rich Man drew a check-book from his pocket:

"No, I don't take money from friends, even on Christmas."

"But what can I do," said the Rich Man, "I want your girl to have a Paris doll, and the boy to have a watch, and the baby—"

"But I bought the girl a doll," said the Poor Man. "It isn't very large or expensive, but it has beautiful blue eyes; and I got a watch for the boy. It cost a dollar, but it keeps good time, and my wife and I spent a dollar and five cents in the ten cent store for the baby's stockings. No, Mr. Rich Man, we don't need your money to have a merry Christmas."

"But I should like to do something, something good," said the other. "What shall I do?"

"You ask that?" said his friend. "What shall I do?" Why, there are men and women starving in this city to-night. There are children who do not know what Christmas and Santa Claus mean. There are homeless babies freezing to death. And you ask what you can do! No, don't go riding down Fifth Avenue in your limousine and say, 'My friend was fooling me; I see no starving babies or freezing men.' Go down to the East Side, through the Ghetto and along the docks. And don't ride; walk. You'll see it!"

The Poor Man rose to go. He shook the proffered hand and strode away. But at the door he turned.

"Yes, I'm sorry for you," he said. "I'm going home to the wife and the kiddies, but you—you're going to stay here alone with your ghosts and your broken dreams."

The Poor Man went out and the door slammed behind him.

The Rich Man sat and stared into the flames, in front of the fireplace that was built to hang stockings at.

. . .

THE clock striking nine aroused the Rich Man. He stared about him for a moment and then left his cozy fireplace and went into the hall. His heavy fur-lined overcoat lay across a chair, and as one in a trance the Rich Man got into it and walked out of the house. It was a cold night, a black night outside. A bitter wind came whistling down the avenue as if it would tear the earth apart. The Rich Man wished for his limousine, but remembering his friend's admonition, he struck out instead for the nearest trolley line.

Many people looked up as the aristocratic figure in broadcloth and fur entered the car, and he returned their glances with interest. A letter carrier with a tired face and an empty bag sat next to a cheerful-faced mother with dozens of badly tied packages in her arms. A young girl, pale but pretty, smiled as he looked at her, and he saw that a sprig of mistletoe was pinned to her shabby muff. A laborer snored in his corner, but a furry toy dog protruded from his bulging pocket; and a shame-faced but happy looking young man carried in his hand a large florist's box. Even the conductor had a piece of holly in his buttonhole, and the Rich Man, looking, felt rather ashamed of his lack of Christmas spirit.

The Rich Man, after a moment's thought, got out at the next corner. A gaily gleaming restaurant with a glass front greeted him before the other stores. He stopped to watch a dextrous cook make butter cakes in the window. It was a novelty to him, for they did not do it that way in the days when he ate in such places. Soon he realized that he was not the only spectator. Three ragged, thin little newsboys, with red noses flattened against the glass, eyed the cook wistfully. And the Rich Man thought of the starving millions.

"Boys," he said in a husky voice, "want some dinner?"

The largest boy spoke up:

"Aw! quit yer kiddin'!" he said, not rudely, but sadly.

"But I mean it," said the Rich Man hurriedly; "come along," and with that, in he marched, followed by the most admiring train he ever possessed. How those boys ate; with a ravenous hunger that brought tears to the eyes. And when the Rich Man had given them each a handful of change, and had paid for their dinners, he felt the first real glow of happiness that had warmed his heart for years.

The Rich Man walked on and on. Suddenly he was conscious of a stealthy but unpracticed hand in his pocket and he turned to confront a wretched looking woman in a thin, threadbare shawl. At any other time he would have called a policeman, but the Christmas spirit had softened his heart a little bit.

"Why," said he, "are you doing this?"

"Oh, Mister," said the woman, we can't pay the rent, and they are going to turn us out," and she began to cry.

"How much do you need?" he asked.

"Six dollars," she whimpered in the midst of a sob.

"And would you endanger your immortal soul for six dollars?" asked the Rich Man curiously. A flash of anger passed over the woman's face, making her almost pretty.

"You," she cried, "you in your fine clothes and furs and heavy shoes, you can talk! What is six dollars to you? Six dollars is a lot to me. It means home!"

Without a word the Rich Man pulled a bill from a fat roll in his pocket. It was a big bill with a yellow back.

"Merry Christmas!" he said, and passed on, followed by her confused blessing.

An old man was tottering down the street. His queerly fashioned coat was a style of many years ago and it still showed that the handiwork of an expert tailor had gone into its making. He wore no overcoat. The Rich Man went up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"I have a message for you," he said.

"Me, suh?" The old gentleman straightened up.

"Yes, you," said the Rich Man. "It's a message from Santa Claus. He said for you to take this." He pressed some crumpled yellow bills into the old hand, and before the man could say a word, had vanished into the thickening crowd.

At last he turned into a dark alley that led between two buildings, and, though he did not know it, feet followed him, soft-shod feet that were as noiseless as an Indian's. As the Rich Man walked into the darkest part of the alley, something soft and heavy struck him upon the head, and as skilful, supple fingers removed his watch, scarfpin, and money, he drifted off into oblivion.

. . .

IT WAS not long after that the Rich Man unclosed his eyes and with a trembling hand felt his head. He was so dizzy, and yes, there was a large lump on his forehead. He lay still for a moment, and was not very much surprised to feel a tiny hand upon his head, and to hear a soft little voice say:

"Poor man, poor man; did him hurt him's head?"

"It's a dream," thought the Rich Man. "I had better get up," and with a great effort he struggled to his feet, upsetting as he did so a tiny, thin little girl.

"Hello!" said the Rich Man thickly—he was still very dizzy—"where in time did you come from?"

"I didn't." said the little girl, "I was here when you falled when the naughty man hitted you."

The Rich Man's head began to get a little clearer.

"Oh, yes," he said; "he hit me; also," as he felt in his pockets, "he took my watch and my stickpin, and my roll. Thank God he left me a little change," as he pulled out a couple of dollars in silver, "that will get me home—"

He felt a tugging at his coat, and he looked down

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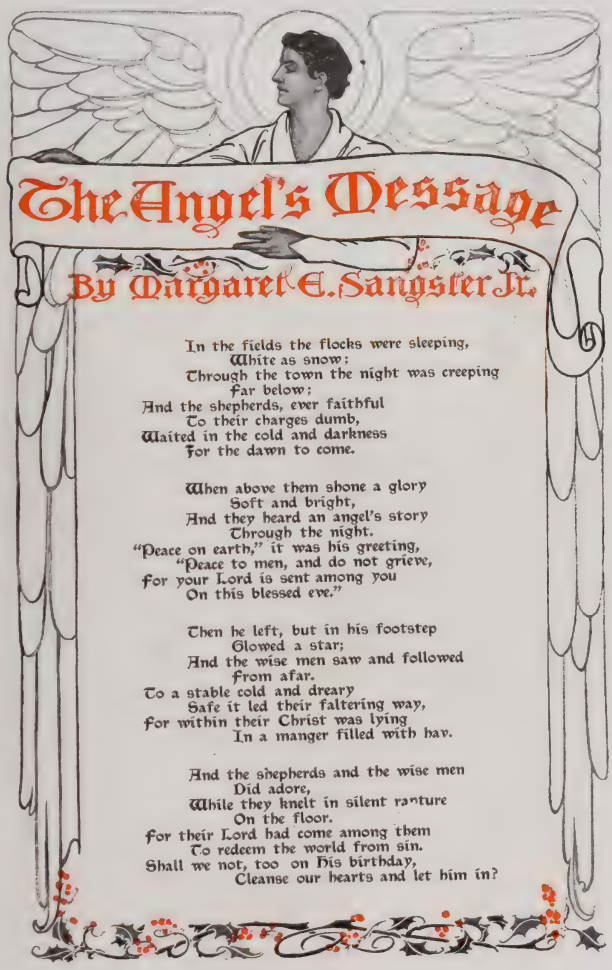
The Angel's Message
By Margaret E. Sangster Jr.
In the fields the flocks were sleeping,
White as snow;
Through the town the night was creeping
Far below;
And the shepherds, ever faithful
To their charges dumb,
Waited in the cold and darkness
For the dawn to come.
When above them shone a glory
Soft and bright,
And they heard an angel's story
Through the night.
"Peace on earth," it was his greeting,
"Peace to men, and do not grieve,
For your Lord is sent among you
On this blessed eve."
Then he left, but in his footstep
Glowed a star;
And the wise men saw and followed
From afar.
To a stable cold and dreary
Safe it led their faltering way,
For within their Christ was lying
In a manger filled with hay.
And the shepherds and the wise men
Did adore,
While they knelt in silent rapture
On the floor.
For their Lord had come among them
To redeem the world from sin.
Shall we not, too on His birthday,
Cleanse our hearts and let him in?

THE DISASTROUS TYPHOON IN CEBU

Continued from page 1283

'The Lord has taken them all,' or 'The Lord has taken that one and the other.' But how the children who have been spared a father or mother cling to those left them! while the parents, whose children have survived, grasp them with a visible dread, as if they still fear that they may be torn from their grasp.

"Probably the worst of all is that a swarm of locusts descended upon Cebu immediately after the winds, and these may devour what little had escaped the destroying hurricane. What a story of distress the Cebuan Christians have already had to tell us! As yet this year they have been unable to gather any harvest. Famine, through drought, had made the past five months a season of trialindeed. Then when rains at last came and softened the hot baked ground and crops were sown the dreadful locusts cut off all hope of reaping from the precious grain. Again the weakened Cebuans had gathered strength, and borrowed to obtain grain for sowing. While this last crop was growing the devastating flood and hurricane came, bearing with its terrible winds the dreadful locust pest which visits sections of the Philippines periodically and which so often follows a storm.

Clearing Away the Wreckage and Preparing to Rebuild in Cebu

"Christians at home have linked the poor Cebuan converts' hearts to theirs by the sympathy and compassion that have been shown them. More than ever grateful to God and the home friends are the poor Christian parents whose children were preserved from death through the awful time of danger just past by being housed in the more strongly built mission schools.

These Cebuan Christians have, in accepting the faith taught by the Gospel, cast in their lot with their foreign friends, and by so doing to greater or less measure from the day they became Christians linked their lives with their fellow believers of whatever race they might be."

THE VISITOR

Continued from page 1290

elements and stirred them into one; and when the stirring stopped they slowly separated."

"And who," he asked, "stopped the stirring?"

I did not answer. He shifted the bag from one shoulder to the other. I offered to relieve him for a while, but he shook his head.

"We have all our own burdens to carry," he said, "and the burdens of others. I carry the burdens of many. Friend, let me ease you of some of yours. I will take up your parable of the elements that mingled together only so long as emotion stirred. It was love which stirred you and your princess, was it not?"

"We called it so," I replied. "It seems that this was our illusion. I suppose, nowadays, love is."

"Love is the greatest of illusions," he told me, "and nearest to the truth."

"What is truth?" I demanded.

"I have been asked that before," he replied, "and I have not answered. For no man can understand. But this I can tell you; that illusions make truth."

"Your parable is too hard for me," I confessed.

"I will make it easy," he promised. "Consider. A man dreams things which are not. If he only dreamed they would be only illusions; but he goes out into the world and fashions it to his ideas. The dreams of yesterday are the facts of to-day. So the poet sings of great deeds which never were; but his songs stir hearts to the deeds. It was the prince's kiss that made a sleeping woman a waking princess. Do you not understand?"

"Ah!" I said sadly. "They were a prince and princess; and we are a man and a woman—but she lacks little of the princess—in a world that kills romance. She is not . . . I cannot criticize my wife to you, sir."

He laid his hand on my shoulder.

"I bear the burdens of many," he said once more. "Speak of yourself. There is no fear that you will speak ill of your princess."

His touch seemed to win my confidence; and my heart was full to speech; and I spoke.

"I will tell you of a man and a princess," I said. "There was no unforgivable deed between them; no ill deed at all; no ill will, I think. . . . The man has none. God forbid that he should. They were just unsentimental."

"The princess was the less sentimental, perhaps."

"Perhaps. She had great dignity and self-respect. I—the man would not wish her different. Anyhow they could not help seeing the childishness of—of their illusion. They laughed away the romance, I think; and then there was nothing left to bind them. They were totally unlike. So they went their unlike ways. It is a separation of mind, and—and domestic life—that I mean. There is no open breach. There will not be. It isn't that they have altered. He is no less a prince than he was. Well, he wasn't. She was a princess; and she is. They are the same as they were. It is only the illusion—what they called love—which is lost.

"I think," the stranger remarked, "that the man was much more romantic than the princess. Perhaps that is part of the unlikeness?"

"Perhaps," I agreed. "Yes. I think the man was only superficially matter-of-fact. But he had more to stir romance. The princess was—is—so very beautiful. . . . Anyhow, his illusion has gone; and nothing can bring it back."

"Are you so sure that it *has* gone?" he asked. "Suppose some great danger threatened your princess? The fiery dragon of death—or life? It is the same dragon. Would you not stand between?"

"Of course," I said.

"And if it threatened you? Would not she—"

"Of course!" I said again. "But we haven't to fight dragons."

"Ah! You do not see them! Suppose she were ill? Hurt? In bitter trouble? . . . Friend, your face answers me. The illusion has not gone. It only sleeps. . . . Will you wait for it to be wakened by sorrow, or sickness, or death?"

I was silent for a time.

"I think," I said at last, "there is nothing less can wake our romance. There are harder things to win past than giants and dragons. . . . Indifference . . . ridicule. . . . You are very wise, sir; and you know that love is a double illusion. Perhaps I could wake half . . . I admire my princess so much. But the other half—if I went home and kissed my—my princess—I can see her raise her eyebrows and shrug herself. 'My lord is pleased to be merry to-night!' I can hear her say it."

"And suppose you told her that you were not merry but sad at the separation between you. You are sadder than you know, I think."

"Perhaps," I murmured. "Perhaps."

"Suppose you said, 'We loved each other very sweetly once, Princess. Shall we try again?' Are you sure that your princess would not reawaken?"

"Tolerably sure," I declared bitterly. "My princess would probably toss her head and walk off to her room. I can see her turn at the door, and suggest that 'Really, we are old enough to behave like rational beings.'"

"That seems to be your common illusion," the stranger told me. "You are more than rational beings. God who gave you minds gave you hearts."

"It may be an illusion," I answered; "but the dragon of the commonplace—the *drag* of the everyday upon our minds and hearts—is the greatest illusion in the world, I think. It will take a bigger sword than you bring in your bag to kill it."

He put his hand on my shoulder again; and this time his touch made me cold with fear.

"How do you know," he asked sternly, "what I may bring? How do you know what any year, any day, any hour may bring to one of you?"

He looked in my eyes, and his shone like seas of light. The snowy landscape glowed with a strange radiance. I thought the Visitor was more than earthly. If this was illusion, it mastered me, and I cried out: "If you bring sorrow, bring it to me, not to her."

His eyes softened and his touch grew gentle.

"I bring you memories," he said; and the strange light faded; and the Visitor was gone. I hardly missed him for a moment; for my whole mind was full of memory; memory so vivid that I seemed to live the past again.

I stood opposite Delse Village, remembering. Margaret and I had passed there this very night three years ago. The sound of carols came to us from the village, as it came to me now. It was a dark, wet night, and slushy under feet. We had walked through a drenching rain, and she paused, and took off her cap to wring it. I pressed her mass of glorious black hair between my hands and squeezed out the water. She laughed with her head hanging back, and her beautiful face turned upward. And I bent and kissed her wet cheek with sudden passion.

"You silly!" she cried; and her eyes still laughed. "I'm *dripping!* Let me go!"

But I held her fast.

"Haven't you an atom of romance, Margie?" I asked. I used to call her that sometimes; but no small pet-name could endure for queenly Margaret.

"Only—" She looked at me and laughed again. "Only Christmas," she said, with a teasing way that was unusual to her.

"I have another," I said. "You!"

"Have you? . . . Well, I'll give you a kiss, if you'll pull your poor cold romance along. . . . There! Now run!"

We ran for a little way. When we reverted to a walk, Margaret turned to me and spoke of romance—the only time ever.

"You have run your romance warm," she said gaily. "I suppose that is why—I am a very unsentimental person, Jack, as you suggest. My romances are atomic. . . . Such as they are, I recognize three: Christmas; me-to-you; you-to-me. . . They won't bear too much handling. Romances are—oh! like silky cobwebs that rough hands mustn't touch. . . . No! Gas-mantles after they've been flared!" She laughed quickly. She always ridiculed sentiment like that. "We'll put my cobwebs by till next Christmas; but . . . I'm going to surprise you."

She turned to me, put her arms round my neck, and deliberately kissed me; the only time she had ever done so unasked; and never since.

"Now, for goodness' sake, don't talk about it," she implored. "It just won't bear talk. I feel a big fool. We'll run again."

We ran; and I never spoke to her again of her unsolicited kiss. That,

Continued on next page

THE VISITOR

Continued from preceding page

hought now, was how the stirring pped. I ran my Romance—my utiful, beautiful Romance—warm; then I let her cool. I would go e and tell her that of all the good nents in my life the moment when kissed me unasked was the best. . Yes. I would do it; but I pic- ed her dignified face looking con- ptuous; and trying, with that rtesy which was so characteristic er, to veil the contempt.

"My dear Jack," she would say. needn't remind me of my—my dishness." She would pretend to r a yawn. "I wish you a happy istmas; and the success which you rve in the new year. Good-night." es. Margaret's cold dignity would l me off. I knew her better then— the Visitor of whom I had amed. It must be a dream. . . garet would curl her lip at my at- pt at romance. . . . But I would her first. Two of the romances e dead; but "she to me" had ied its eyes again. I would kiss garet before I said a word.

turned my face homeward again, king fast.

t is so hopeless," I muttered. "I d love my princess again; but she not move a step to meet me."

rounded the corner by the oak said that. . . . And I saw Mar- t walking toward me along the ! . . . She would know I must that way, if I missed the train. er face—I saw it in the bright nlight—was dignified and grave lways. There was no expression I could read. Her bearing was statelier than usual. Her broth- alled her Queen Margaret.

wanted a walk," she explained, in calm, measured tones, as we met. said nothing, but took her face y between my hands. I expected tle cry, half indignant and half ished; but she made no sound. n I bent to kiss her, she did not t, but the huge hat which she came between us. She lifted one d hand and took the hat off! I and kissed her. She did not gle, though I held her for a long ; did not move at all and her eyes fathomless.

ou gave me a kiss once that I remember," I said. "I thought perhaps—"

"Perhaps I shall," she said quietly; "but not yet. I want to say something. Shall we walk on now?"

"May I kiss you again?"

"Yes."

I kissed her lips, and they returned the kiss faintly. I offered my arm, and she took it, and we walked on.

"I was sitting over the fire," she said in her still, rich voice, "after the last train was in. I knew you must be walking home, as we walked three years ago. I was thinking of that. I suppose I fell asleep, but I thought I was awake. There was a knock at the front door. I had sent the servants to bed. So I went and opened it. This part is a dream, of course; but I will tell it as if I was awake. Do not laugh."

"Dear," I promised, "I will not laugh."

"A man stood outside. He carried a great sack. His face was . . . I thought he was the—the Christmas Visitor." Her voice trembled.

"I think," I said huskily, "he was that. I, too, have dreamed."

"He said, 'I bring you a happy Christmas, friend'; and I said, 'You cannot bring me that.' He smiled and laid his hand on my arm. 'There is one coming along the road who can,' he told me. 'Come!' My hat and jacket were on the chair in the hall. I had left them there to take upstairs. I put them on and went with him." She paused.

"Yes," I said. "Yes?"

"It was a dream, of course; but I do not know when I woke out of it. We walked this way—the way that you would come. He spoke of the coolness that had come between me and—and the man who, in his heart, regarded me as a Princess—"

"Oh, Margaret!" I cried. "I do."

"The man whom, in my heart, I loved—"

"And you do?"

"And I do. . . . No, dear. Do not kiss me yet . . . You shall . . . It was only that our hearts were hidden away, he said; especially mine. 'He would not love you more, if you wore it on the surface,' he told me; 'it would be enough, if he knew it is there.' . . . He warned me not to hide it until it was discovered by sickness or sorrow or death. Jack, I am a proud woman; and I am very ashamed—not really ashamed; shame-faced—over my—my love!" She gave a quick cry. "I cannot talk of—of these things often. I did not think that I could even to-night; but you made it possible when we met . . . . Three years ago I uncovered my heart; and now—"

She stopped, put her arms round me, kissed me once, twice, three times.

"That is for three years," she told me, flushing, and putting on her hat. She was never so regally beautiful before. . . . . .

"You don't mean that you won't kiss me again till next Christmas eve, Margaret?"

"I will kiss you back whenever you kiss me—but you mustn't too often—and perhaps I will kiss you sometimes, if you ask. Please only sometimes. But not unasked. You understand me quite well, Jack; and you must take me as I am. Now! We can't talk of ordinary things; and we mustn't—handle romance. Some romances are—are shy. Mine is. Let's be very quiet, Jack."

I gave her my arm, and we walked in silence to our door, opened it and went in, but before we closed it I looked out.

"I do not see our Visitor," I said; and the thought of him made my voice hushed and awed.

Margaret turned back and stood beside me at the door. She put her arm through mine.

"He came to you, too?" she asked.

"To me, too," I said; and standing there in the moonlight, facing the white fairyland below, and the heavens above, I told her what passed.

"He said that illusions were nearest the truth," I concluded; "and perhaps this is." I looked up and down the road, and across the snowy fields. And presently I looked above.

"Our Visitor is gone," I said.

"No, dear," Margaret whispered. "He has come to stay with us, all the year, and every year. Our lives shall show; and our love—"

She put her arm round my neck, again unasked, and kissed me. Her face was wet with tears.

CHRISTMAS AT ELLIS ISLAND

Continued from page 1284

heir arms were piled with gay kerchiefs, warm stockings, rib- n candy, fruit and cake, while the tots hugged dolls and all manner ys and good things to eat. They all very polite and grateful, and manner of courtesy accompanied tinuous murmur of blessings and lot thanks.

e tiny girl, laced into a tight e with a flowered kerchief about lump neck and trailing a long it was so generously supplied that r progress down the hall was ed by a train of dropped toys. was Rosie, and she had been a at Ellis Island for five months. nother and the younger children in the hospital stricken with . In the meantime Rosie was g care of herself and exhibiting markable capacity for attending job.

n there was Maria, from the village as Rosie, shy, and oh, so ! She had become engaged to coming over in the steerage, and oung Italian priest had promised rry them—if they were permitted d. One Neapolitan woman stared ll anguish at the merrymakers her, and wept silently as the awakened the feeling that d to have died when they told her that her fate had been decided. She was to return to Italy by the next steamer, rejected after all the sacrifices, the self-denial. She would never see her boys grow to manhood in the land where everyone had a chance.

These immigrants had come to the long-dreamed-of America at the time of year when good-will and kindness were at the very floodtide. Rich and poor alike were craving the things of the spirit. It was the simple things they wanted and understood, these self-exiled peasants. For the first time real Christmas possessed them. The ancient thrill which touched the watching shepherds with the coming of the world's first Christmas held these simple, ignorant children in thrall. Christ was poor, Christ came as a little child, and because the spirit of the little child was leading them contentment wrapped them round.

THE COMING OF MARY CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 1301

into a pair of great, round blue eyes.

"Take me too," said a soft baby voice.

"But, honey," the man took a cold little hand in his and noticed with a start that it was ungloved, "where is your mamma, and your papa?"

"My papa wented long ago," said the sad baby voice; "he wented up to heaven. An' my mamma wented to stay with him yesterday, she tole me so. She said, 'Baby, God will take care of you,' but I can't find him nowhere."

"And what is your name, little girl?" asked the Rich Man, with a sob in his voice.

"Mary," said the tiny girl, "Mary after my mamma."

"Mary," repeated the man, "and have you no other name? Mary—Mary—Mary what?"

"Mary Christmas," said the little girl solemnly.

"It is an omen," said the Rich Man, and with her hand in his they started uptown for the big waiting house.

CHRISTMAS Day broke over the land. A cold snowy Christmas that promised wonderful coasting and sleighing. Again the Rich Man sat before his fire. But he was not alone. A tiny girl was sleeping in the room above, tangled curls framing a flushed baby face; and a fat stocking was hanging over the fireplace that was built to hang stockings at.

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POLLYANNA

Continued from page 1300

hard—not to say it. You see I've played it so long."

"You've—what?" demanded Aunt Polly.

"Played it—the game, you know, that father—" Pollyanna stopped with a painful blush at finding herself so soon again on forbidden ground.

Aunt Polly frowned and said nothing. The rest of the meal was a silent one. Pollyanna was not sorry to hear Aunt Polly tell the minister's wife over the telephone, a little later, that she would not be at the Ladies' Aid meeting that afternoon, owing to a headache. Pollyanna knew that the Ladies' Aid met at two o'clock in the chapel next the church, not quite half a mile away. She planned her going, therefore, so that she should get there a little before three.

"I want them all to be there," she said to herself; "else the very one that wasn't there might be the one who would be wanting to give Jimmy Bean a home—and, of course, two o'clock always means three, really—to Ladies' Aiders."

Quietly, but with confident courage, Pollyanna ascended the chapel steps, pushed open the door and entered the vestibule. A soft babel of feminine chatter and laughter came from the main room. Hesitating only a moment Pollyanna pushed open one of the inner doors. The chatter dropped to a surprised hush. Pollyanna advanced a little timidly. Now that the time had come, she felt unwontedly shy. After all, these half-strange, half-familiar faces about her were not her own dear Ladies' Aid.

"How do you do, Ladies' Aiders?" she faltered politely. "I'm Pollyanna Whittier. I—I reckon some of you know me, maybe; anyway, I do you—only I don't know you all together this way. I—I have come to lay the case before you," she stammered, unconsciously falling into her father's familiar phraseology.

There was a slight rustle.

"Did—did your aunt send you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Ford, the minister's wife.

Pollyanna colored a little.

"Oh, no. I came all of myself. You see, I'm used to Ladies' Aiders. It was Ladies' Aiders that brought me up—with father."

Somebody tittered hysterically, and the minister's wife frowned.

"Yes, dear. What is it?"

"Well, it—it's Jimmy Bean," sighed Pollyanna. "He hasn't any home except the Orphans' one, and they're full and don't want him, anyhow, he thinks; so he wants another. He wants one of the common kind, you know, that begins with a little h, and that has folks in it. He's twelve years old going on thirteen. I thought some of you might like him—to live with you, I mean."

"Well, did you ever!" murmured a voice, breaking the dazed pause that followed Pollyanna's words.

With anxious eyes Pollyanna swept the circle of faces about her.

"Oh, I forgot to say—he will work," she supplemented eagerly.

Still there was silence; then, coldly, one or two women began to question her. After a time they all had the story and began to talk among themselves, animatedly, not quite pleasantly.

Pollyanna listened with growing anxiety. Some of what was said she could not understand. She did gather, after a time, however, that there was no woman there who had a home to give him, though every woman seemed to think that some one of the others might take him, as there were several who had no little boys of their own already in their homes. But there was no one who agreed herself to take him. Then she heard the minister's wife suggest timidly that they, as a society, might perhaps assume his support and education.

A great many ladies talked then, and several of them talked all at once, and even more loudly and more disagreeably than before. It was all very confusing, and not quite pleasant, so that Pollyanna was glad, indeed, when at last she found herself outside in the hushed, sweet air—only she was very sorry, too; she knew it was not going to be easy, or anything but sad, to tell Jimmy Bean to-morrow that the Ladies' Aid had decided that they did not want him.

Pollyanna had not turned her steps toward home when she left the chapel. She had turned them, instead, toward Pendleton Hill.

"I don't have to get home till half past five, anyway," she was telling herself, "and it'll be so much nicer to go around by the way of the woods, even if I do have to climb to get there."

It was very beautiful in the Pendleton woods, as Pollyanna knew by experience. But to-day it seemed even more delightful than ever, notwithstanding her disappointment over what she must tell Jimmy Bean to-morrow.

"I wish they were up here—all those women who talked so loud," sighed Pollyanna to herself, raising her eyes to the patches of vivid blue between the sunlit green of the tree-tops. "Anyhow, if they were up here, I just reckon they'd change and take Jimmy Bean for their little boy, all right," she finished, secure in her conviction, but unable to give a reason for it, even to herself.

Suddenly Pollyanna lifted her head and listened. A dog had barked some distance ahead. A moment later he came dashing toward her, still barking.

"Hullo, doggie—hullo!" Pollyanna snapped her fingers at the dog and looked expectantly down the path. She had seen the dog once before, she was sure. He had been then with the Man, Mr. John Pendleton. She was looking now, hoping to see him; but he did not appear. Then she turned her attention toward the dog, who was acting strangely. He was still barking—little short, sharp yelps, as if of alarm. He was running back and forth, too, in the path ahead. Soon they reached a side path, and down this the little dog fairly flew, only to come back at once, whining and barking.

"Ho! That isn't the way home," laughed Pollyanna, still keeping to the main path.

The dog seemed frantic now. Back and forth, back and forth, between Pollyanna and the side path he vibrated, barking and whining pitifully. Every quiver of his little brown body and every glance from his beseeching brown eyes were eloquent with appeal, so eloquent that at last Pollyanna understood, turned, and followed him.

Straight ahead now, the dog dashed madly; and it was not long before Pollyanna came upon the reason for it all: a man lying motionless at the foot of a steep, overhanging mass of rock a few yards from the side path. A twig cracked sharply under Pollyanna's foot, and the man turned his head. With a cry of dismay Pollyanna ran to his side.

"Mr. Pendleton! Oh, are you hurt?"

"Hurt? Oh, no, I'm just taking a siesta in the sunshine," snapped the man irritably. "See here, how much do you know? What can you do? Have you got any sense?"

Pollyanna caught her breath with a little gasp, but, as was her habit, she answered the questions literally, one by one.

"Why, Mr. Pendleton, I—I don't know so very much, and I can't do a great many things; but most of the Ladies' Aiders, except Mrs. Rawson, said I had real good sense. I heard 'em say so one day—they didn't know I heard, though."

The man smiled grimly.

"There, there, child, I beg your pardon, I'm sure; it's only this confounded leg of mine. Now listen." He paused, and with some difficulty

Continued on next page

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POLLYANNA

Continued from preceding page

ed his hand into his trousers
t and brought out a bunch of
singling out one between his
b and forefinger. "Straight
gh the path there, about five
es' walk, is my house. This key
dmit you to the side door under
orte-cochère. Do you know what
te-cochère is?"

n, yes, sir. Auntie has one with
parlor over it. That's the roof
ot on—only I didn't sleep, you
They found me."

n? Oh! Well, when you get to
ouse, go straight through the
ule and hall to the door at the
On the big flat-topped desk in
iddle of the room you'll find a
one. Do you know how to use a
one?"

, yes, sir! Why, once when Aunt
—"

ver mind Aunt Polly now," cut
man, scowlingly, as he tried to
himself a little. "Hunt up Dr.
as Chilton's number on the card
find somewhere around there.
now a telephone card, I suppose,
you see one!"

, yes, sir! I just love Aunt
s. There's such a lot of queer
, and—"

ll Dr. Chilton that John Pendle-
at the foot of Little Eagle Ledge
dleton Woods with a broken leg,
come at once with a stretcher
vo men. He'll know what to do
s that. Tell him to come by the
rom the house."

broken leg? Oh, Mr. Pendleton,
erfectly awful!" shuddered Pol-
. "But I'm so glad I came!
I do—"

s, you can—but evidently you
Will you go and do what I
d stop talking?" moaned the
aintly. And, with a little sob-
ry, Pollyanna went.

as not long before she came in
f the house. She had seen it
though never so near as this.
as almost frightened now at the
eness of the great pile of gray
with its pillared verandas and
osing entrance. Pausing only a
t, however, she sped across the
glected lawn and around the
o the side door under the porte-
. Her fingers, stiff from their
clutch upon the keys, were any-
but skilful in their efforts to
he bolt in the lock; but at last
avy, carved door swung slowly
n its hinges. Pollyanna caught
eath. In spite of her feeling of
she paused a moment and looked
ly through the vestibule to the
omber hall beyond, her thoughts
irl. This was John Pendleton's house; the house of mystery; the house into which no one but its master entered; the house which sheltered, somewhere — a skeleton. Yet she, Pollyanna, was expected to enter alone these fearsome rooms, and telephone the doctor that the master of the house lay now—

With a little cry Pollyanna, looking neither to the right nor the left, fairly ran through the hall to the door at the end and opened it. The room was large, and somber with dark woods and hangings like the hall; but through the west window the sun threw a long shaft of gold across the floor, gleamed dully on the tarnished brass andirons in the fireplace, and touched the nickel of the telephone on the great desk in the middle of the room. It was toward this that Pollyanna hurriedly tiptoed.

The telephone card was not on its hook; it was on the floor. But Pollyanna found it, and ran her shaking forefinger down through the C's to "Chilton." In due time she had Dr. Chilton himself at the other end of the wires, and was tremblingly delivering her message and answering the doctor's terse, pertinent questions. This done, she hung up the receiver and drew a long breath of relief. Only a brief glance did Pollyanna give about her; then with a confused vision in her eyes of crimson draperies, book-lined walls, a littered floor, an untidy desk, innumerable closed doors (any one of which might conceal a skeleton), and everywhere dust, dust, dust, she fled back through the hall to the great carved door, still half open as she had left it.

In what seemed to the injured man an incredibly short time, Pollyanna was back in the woods at his side.

"Well, what is the trouble? Couldn't you get in?" he demanded.

Pollyanna opened wide her eyes.

"Why, of course I could! I'm here," she answered. "As if I'd be here if I hadn't got in! And the doctor will be right up just as soon as possible with the men and things. He said he knew just where you were, so I didn't stay to show him. I wanted to be with you."

"Did you?" smiled the man, grimly. "Well, I can't say I admire your taste. I should think you might find pleasanter companions."

"Do you mean—because you're so—cross?"

"Thanks for your frankness. Yes."

Pollyanna laughed softly.

"But you're only cross outside—you aren't cross inside a bit!"

"Indeed! How do you know that?" asked the man, trying to change the position of his head without moving the rest of his body.

"Oh, lots of ways; there—like that—the way you act with the dog," she added, pointing to the long, slender hand that rested on the dog's sleek head near him. "It's funny how dogs and cats know the insides of folks better than other folks do; isn't it? Say, I'm going to hold your head,' she finished abruptly.

The man winced several times and groaned once softly while the change was being made; but in the end he found Pollyanna's lap a very welcome substitute for the rocky hollow in which his head had lain before.

"Well, that is better," he murmured faintly.

He did not speak again for some time. Pollyanna, watching his face, wondered if he were asleep. She did not think he was. He looked as if his lips were tight shut to keep back moans of pain. Pollyanna herself almost cried aloud as she looked at his strong body lying there so helpless.

At last the dog pricked up his ears and whined softly; then he gave a short, sharp bark. The next moment Pollyanna heard voices, and very soon their owners appeared—three men carrying a stretcher and various other articles. The tallest of this party, a smooth-shaven, kind-eyed man whom Pollyanna knew by sight as "Dr. Chilton," advanced cheerily.

"Well, my little lady, playing nurse?"

"Oh, no, sir," smiled Pollyanna. "I've only held his head—I haven't given him a mite of medicine. But I'm glad I was here."

"So am I," nodded the doctor, as he turned his absorbed attention to the injured man.

To be continued

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Continued from page 1299

ledge him as our Creator, and
ator of the world and all that
in. Not doing so has betrayed
to the wildest imaginings, and
hem something far harder to
than the truth of God in all and
l.

Teaching the Lesson to Children

hers are advised to cut six large
f pasteboard, at least twelve
across. Take one disk for each
Creation, and on it represent
r colors the events belonging to
y: First, a mist; second, sky
nd water below; third, the sea
dry land with trees and plants
wers; fourth, the sun, moon and
ifth, the fishes and birds; sixth,
and man. These should be
efore coming to the class and
be shown in the order of crea-
t would be well to give each
x small round pieces of paper
ss than three inches in diame-
ter—to carry home that he may draw from memory the objects he has seen on the large disks shown by the teacher. He should be requested to bring his drawings to show to the teacher on the following Sunday.

O Jehovah, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom thou hast made them all.
—*Ps. 104: 24.*

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton had an atheist among his acquaintances. It is well known that Sir Isaac Newton was a Christian as well as a philosopher and an astronomer. He had in his study a celestial globe on which was an excellent representation of the constellations and the stars which composed them. His atheistic acquaintance came one day to visit him, and was struck with the beauty of the globe. He approached it, and examined it, and said to Sir Isaac Newton, "Who made it?" "No one," replied the celebrated philosopher. The atheist understood and was silent.

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in selecting nourishment devoid of starches and sugar,

should know that the food-value of cod liver oil as emulsified in *Scott's Emulsion* is a wonderful help.

Its concentrated fats are highly nutritious, and its glycerine is a medical substitute for sugar in diabetes.

Scott's Emulsion contains no sugar, alcohol or narcotic. It is wholesome body-nourishment.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-120

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Is he insured against *idle times* by some form of profitable, congenial employment—something of educational value that will develop *thrift* and *industry* and keep his physical and moral energies properly conserved?

If not, let *The Christian Herald* tell him how he can make a substantial weekly income and earn many splendid *prizes* and *premiums*. Let us tell him how he can become a Business Boy.

The Christian Herald's **Ninth Grand Surprise Contest** has started. He can enter it now — but the quicker the better. Have your boy write to us at once for particulars and entry blanks, giving his name and address. He may win the *Motorcycle!* — or the *Automobile!* — a *Bicycle* — or any of a dozen other fine *prizes*. Tell him to write.

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The great insurance companies, banks and trust companies can always be relied upon to purchase only the safest and most attractive bonds in the market. We are now offering, to yield 5.30%, a First Mortgage Bond which has been purchased in large amounts by such institutions. In addition to the safety of this bond and the liberal yield it provides, purchasers can always be assured of a ready market for it.

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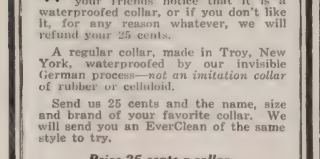
Ever Clean COLLARS



WEAR this collar a week. If any of your friends notice that it is a waterproofed collar, or if you don't like it, for any reason whatever, we will refund your 25 cents.

A regular collar, made in Troy, New York, waterproofed by our invisible German process—*not an imitation collar* of rubber or celluloid.

Send us 25 cents and the name, size and brand of your favorite collar. We will send you an EverClean of the same style to try.

Price 25 cents a collar.

Ever Clean Collar & Cuff Co.
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Department of Investment Counsel

I AM often asked what are "Baby" Bonds, or what are Hundred Dollar Bonds, and if they are good investment securities. A "baby" bond, or the equivalent term—a $100 bond—is the exact one-tenth fraction of a $1,000 bond, every bit as good and every bit a bond. Some of these baby bonds are exceedingly good investment security for small investors, for they permit a diversification which minimizes risk. The trouble chiefly lies in the fact that so few bond issues of standard railways include bonds of one hundred dollar denomination that there are not enough to go around, and the law of supply and demand, stepping in, naturally effects a higher price for $100 bonds than the price of the $1,000 bonds. But the difference in price is but small and should not prejudice the small investor who is desirous of becoming a real bondholder.

About thirty different $100 bond issues are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It is believed that in the future more corporations will see the wisdom of borrowing from small investors and will make it convenient for them to become financially interested in railway and industrial enterprises by cutting up part of their future bond offers into $100 denominations. An indication upon the part of heads of big corporations of regard for the savings of the wage-earner is expressed in the unqualified endorsement given "baby" or $100 bonds when Mr. Frank Trumbull, the chairman of the board of directors of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, in his speech at the banquet of the Investment Bankers' Association, said in discussing the best means of interesting capital in railway investment:

"One thing that will help bridge over the problem will be to peopleize our industries; that is, to make a wider and wider distribution of securities. There are four billions of dollars in the savings banks of this country. Think what effect on legislation and on the attitude of the people in all these matters if even one quarter of that amount could be directly in the hands of individuals in the shape of investments. Why do we go, hat in hand, to the peasants of France to get money for our railroads? If the savings bank depositors of America are satisfied with two or three per cent., can you not satisfy them with five or six per cent? Perhaps your association can devise ways of increasing from year to year the distribution of securities in smaller denominations. Why not try it? If you can help increase the savings of the people, will you not be widening the opportunities for your own business?"

The *Financial World*, in quoting Mr. Trumbull's remarks, says, commenting thereon:

"Yes, why not try it? Popularize or 'peopleize' our securities. And that can only be brought about by splitting them into small denominations, not only in $100 amounts, but make them as little, if need be, as $20. Think what would be the purchasing power of nearly 90,000,000 people, if only one out of ten bought a $20 bond annually! Here alone would exist a market that would absorb $180,000,000 in securities annually, not considering the thousands upon thousands who would buy in larger amounts. Once this becomes a practice, and it is certain in time to become such, then our corporations will be no longer forced to the necessity of going hat in hand, pleading to the French peasant and the Dutch burgher for their savings."

ANSWERS TO FINANCIAL QUERIES

C. B. R., Vermont.

Collins Wireless Telephone stock has no value.

B. W. D., Ohio.

I have found no quotable value to your Narragansett silver and gold stock.

E. D., California.

This department cannot undertake to furnish advice upon land speculation. Ask the president of your local bank about the Sunny-Vale enterprise or visit the tract yourself and be somewhat guided by your own deduction.

W. E. P., M.D., Georgia.

I regard the Tampa (Fla.) Electric Railway 5 per cent. bonds with favor. In the Boston (Mass.) market you may possibly save a trifle off from par, but not much. Better let Wabash stock alone.

A. B. W., Utah.

I think well of Seattle Electric Company 5 per cent. bonds at 98; also Southern California Edison Company 5 per cent. bonds at 96; but I do not recommend either issue as coming within your requirement "strictly gilt edge."

D. D. M., Ohio.

You probably have received your notice that the owners of the first mortgage 5 per cent. bonds of American Felt Company have been notified that the bonds have been called for redemption at 110 per cent. or par and accrued interest on January 1, 1913, at the U. S. Mortgage & Trust Company, New York City.

Mrs. C. R. F., Michigan.

I have obtained an interview with Mr. Benjamin D. Haight, Special Deputy Superintendent of the Banking Department, State of New York, now liquidating the affairs of the New York Mortgage Company, Times Building, New York City, who tells me that all the bondholders of this company have been sent by his department two separate letters, which fully explain in concrete form all that the Banking Department has done to date in its efforts in liquidation. You doubtless have received these letters, so I need not quote in detail their contents. Mr. Haight also informs me that he believes the investors in this company will lose nothing.

T. W. M., Maryland.

Your inquiry involves a novel point and I acknowledge that you may be right; but, nevertheless, Seaboard Air-Line Railway Adjustment 5 per cent. Cumulative Income Bonds at 77 (Baltimore Stock Exchange quotation) do not appear wholly attractive to me from either a speculative or an investment viewpoint. By the specific terms surrounding these bonds the interest is paid only when earned. Up to the present interest has been paid promptly semi-annually, since August, 1910, when the reorganization of the road was effected and the receivers discharged. Moreover, the satisfactory earnings of the road justify the belief that the interest payments will be continued. I have no fear of that. Still the menace of the terms of the bonds is there just the same. Hence the low price. These bonds sold at 70 in 1909 when they were issued. They have never been above 84⅛.

J. B., New York.

You state that you paid $4.75 for Goldfield Consolidated, and it is now quoted at $1.20. You ask for a reason for the "slump" in price. In a broad way, it is an axiom that a mining company never earns or pays a dividend. The $23,830,819 the Goldfield Consolidated Company has paid out in cash to the shareholders represents money taken out of the property that cannot ever be put back or ever be paid again. Unlike a manufacturing enterprise that creates a constant product out of raw material and can continue its activities indefinitely, with but a small depreciation of its plant, a mine contains just so much gold or silver or copper—and no more—and when this store of metal is mined and marketed there can be no further production and the property becomes valueless. Goldfield Cons. cannot dig gold forever. Some day the last available ounce of gold will have been reclaimed. Some day the last dividend will be declared. Now the question is, when will that unfortunate day come? I don't know, and I don't believe any one knows, even the directors. I believe the present price of the stock around $1.50 and the fact that the directors at their annual meeting held December 5 voted to pass the next dividend, furnish a somewhat satisfactory forecast of the extent of the ore reserves. Preceding the action of the directors December 5 regarding the dividend, preliminary unofficial reports for the October production showed that the company has not been earning its dividend requirements by about $400,000.

NOTE.—**The Christian Herald does not in any way guarantee investment advertisements. It is impossible to do so, because our subscribers have far more money to invest than our total capital would permit us to refund. We do all we can, however, to make sure of the integrity of our advertisers before admitting them to our columns.**

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Over 300 Banks have invested over $50,000,000 with us in the past ten years. A good reason why you should consider

5% M. C. TRUST CERTIFICATES

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and Monthly Magazine "WORKING DOLLARS." Both free to those interested in investments.

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PAID IN CAPITAL $1,000,000

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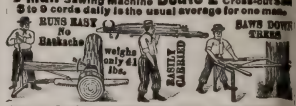
1 Man with a Folding Sawing Machine **Beats 2** MEN with a Cross-cut Saw

3 to 9 cords daily is the usual average for one man.



Our 1913 Model Machine saws faster, runs easier and will last longer than ever. Adjusted in a minute to suit a 12-year-old boy or strongest man. Ask for catalog No. 316 and low price. First order gets agency.
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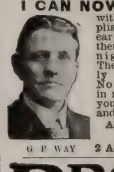

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums, I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you the true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3 1908 No. 902785

ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY
G. P. WAY Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager
2 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

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For Bronchitis

Nothing better for the cough of bronchitis and asthma, hoarseness and throat irritation. Used over 50 years.
25c, Mc, $1.00. Sample Free.
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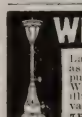

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Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, choice of two colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER, 25c each; $2.50 dozen; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 dozen. BASTIAN BROS. CO. 125 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

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Happy
Cozy Corner Days
Harriet Kaucher
Then let us all rejoice amain
Then let us all rejoice amain
Then let us all rejoice amain On Christmas day
In the morning

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

CHRISTMAS gifts! Christmas gifts! This holiday number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is like the measures in the Bible that were pressed down and running over with good things.

Do not stop this week, my boys and girls, at our Cozy Corner where there is not room enough, by far, for all the Christmas pleasures we would have liked to crowd into it, but turn to the Christmas editorial on page 1286. You are all included in its message and goodwill. Sing the Christmas song and learn the Christmas poems by heart. Do not miss the sweet message of the Sunday school lesson, nor Miss Sangster's charming Christmas story. And I am certain you will enjoy the beautiful Christmas cover, which is a copy of one of the great pictures of the world. It hangs in the Madrid Gallery in Spain, and is worth a king's ransom. Then there is Pollyanna—did you ever know such a dear Christmasy girl as Pollyanna?—and a dozen other delightful surprises besides.

This, you see, is your own festival, when all the world is paying tribute to little children, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends out a greeting to you which rings round and round the world.

But there is one thing all among your gifts and greetings of which I want to remind you.

Listen, My Dears

Young people very generally have an idea that the principal pleasure of the Christmastide is the pleasure of receiving gifts, and just here their Christmas ends. They will never know until they try, that the greatest joy of all is the deep Christmas joy of *giving*.

"But what can we give?" you ask. "We are only children."

Listen, dears: Give back to those who are no longer care-free little children the sweet gift of your merry and grateful selves. This is gift-giving indeed. No frowns nor tears nor disappointments at the Christmas season, if you please. Will you all remember this? Perhaps if you tell yourselves that in groups of happy children everywhere at this blessed time, lo here and lo there, the Christ child is among you, it will help you in your Christmas giving of love and gladness to point the way to the kingdom which Christ has said shall be ours when we older ones, like you, once more become just joyous, glad-hearted and happy little children in his sight.

The Baby Prince of Peace

Snow-Ships

HAVE you ever made a snow-ship? No? Well, if Christmas Day is all fluffy and snowy and you want an all-round exciting afternoon just rig up a snow-ship or two or even a small fleet of them and get up a boat race with yourself or your chum. You will have all the fun you are looking for then.

Take a medium-sized pasteboard box with a lid. Cut holes in the sides and top for two horizontal sticks and the mast to pass through. Fasten the sticks firmly together inside the box, and, after slipping the cover over the mast make the sticks secure in their places with sealing-wax. This will hold things trig and steady. Now rig up a paper muslin sail on a wooden arm at right angles with the top of the mast, fasten a stout cord from the lower left-hand corner of the sail to the end of the stick projecting from what would be the stern of the ship, and lastly, out of bent tin fastened to a bit of pine board, make a shoe or kind of runner to fasten on the bottom of the boat. You will discover how perfectly simple the mechanism of a snow-ship is when you begin to make one, and every bright boy will adopt some novel ideas of his own.

I have seen snow-ships all the way from five inches to five feet long, and last Christmas our boys at home rigged up a fleet of a dozen fliers, and the jolliest part of our Christmas Day was watching the pretty things in their vari-colored sails drive over the smooth snow like things bewitched.

A Prize Watch and a Kodak

A GUARANTEED gold-faced gun-metal watch will be awarded the boy who sends to the Aunt in the Cozy Corner before January 8 the best article in less than four hundred words with one drawing or photograph of some simple scientific toy or contrivance and how it can be made.

This competition is open to all boy readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and their schoolmates. The watch and kodak will be awarded on January 10.

Ever lovingly,

The Aunt in the Cozy Corner

"I feel like a new man— Sanatogen certainly did help MY nerves"

THE greatest boon vouchsafed any man is good health. And thousands of men and women to-day tender grateful tribute to the remarkable revitalizing power of Sanatogen in aiding them to find their way back to health and strength.

If YOUR nerves have given way under the overtaxing strain of illness, overwork or worry, if your daily work is toilsome effort, if digestion is an uncertain, discomforting function, if you lack ambition in even the little things of life—it is high time you gave serious and thoughtful heed to the crying demands of your nerves for help. You may do well to consider whether Sanatogen will do for you what these multitudes of men and women have said in writing it has done for them.

Sanatogen offers a natural food-tonic for overworked nerves in its combination of purest protein and organic phosphorus. This combination feeds the nerves with the elements they require and in a form that is easily and readily digested. There is no tax on the stomach—no artificial stimulation to urge on the tired, hungry nerves. It reaches the nerve cells, supplying them with the material they need and helping other foods to nourish and invigorate.

That Sanatogen has meant renewed health and ambition for a vast number of men and women is significant—that it has won the enthusiastic praise and written endorsement of over 16,000 physicians may suggest Sanatogen as the logical answer to the demands of your nerves.

This Remarkable Book FREE

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Nerve Health Regained," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, $1.00, $1.90 $3.60

Get Sanatogen from your druggist if not obtainable from him, sent upon receipt of price.

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Emperor of Austria's Private Physician
Surgeon-Gen. Dr. Kerzl, of Vienna, writes:
"I have been using Sanatogen with splendid results and recommend it continually and everywhere, because I am truly highly convinced that it is an excellent food tonic."

C. H. Stockton
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy, and President of George Washington University, writes:
"Some time ago my physician recommended Sanatogen to be used in my family. After giving it a fair trial, I am highly convinced it is most excellent for the nerves and an invigorating food tonic."

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Chichester, England, *writes:*
"I have found Sanatogen most beneficial as well as pleasant."

Prof. Thos. B. Stillman, M.S., Ph.D.
the well-known research chemist of Stevens Institute, writes:
"The element material the constituents of Sanatogen is a fine one, representative of the highest skill in the formation of a product containing phosphorus in the organic phosphate condition, and so combined that digestion and assimilation of Sanatogen are rendered complete with the greatest ease."

Prof. C. A. Ewald
of Berlin University, Doctor honoris causa University of Maryland, states in his examination as "Typhus abdominalis":
"I can say that I have used Sanatogen in a great number of cases that is, in those disturbances of metabolism which were mainly of a nervous or neurasthenic origin, and have obtained excellent results."

Waterproof Your Leather Things
Your shoes, traveling bags, driving gloves—protect them from rain, snow and dampness, make them wear longer by the use of

LEAKANOT KEEPS THE FEET DRY

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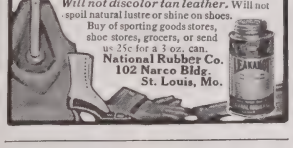

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